

BURTEN'S

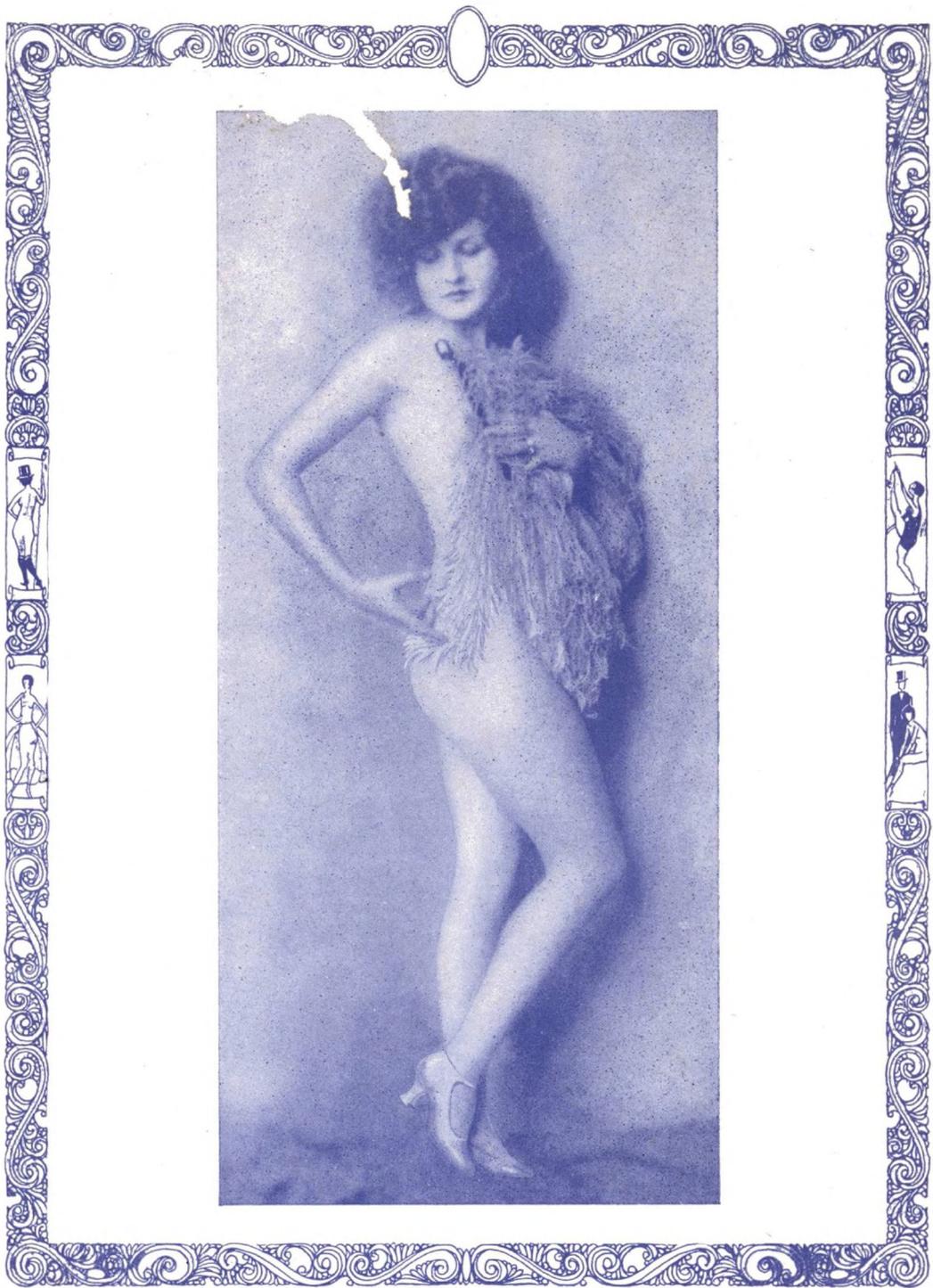
Ollies

25¢



Carnahan
-1924-

TURKEY NUMBER



MARCELLE MILLER

Rather Nifty—Don't You Think?

Also one of the reasons why the "Greenwich Village Follies" at the Shubert Theatre is a success.

(Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston)



FOLLIES

THE UNKNOWN LADY
By Professor Flatbush

THIS IS a tale of the unknown lady
Who figures in courts of divorce:
A girl with a rep that is nothing but
shady,
Though in truth she's not naughty
of course.

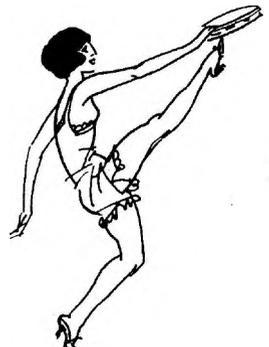
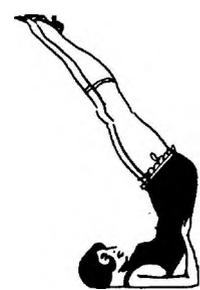
When a couple in wedlock find life
just a drone,
And in heaven's sweet name fain
would shirk it,
They hire a slick lawyer, a woman
unknown,
And here is the way that they work it:

The husband and lady put up for the
night,
At a road-house, hotel or a joint.
They make it appear that all things are
not right,
And thus score a strong legal point.

The lady starts to disrobe, the man
follows suit,
Then a signal they flash for the rail.
The evidence speaks, they need nothing
to boot,
And the lady is still a maid.

You see, it's so innocent, free from all
sin,
And merely a form of the law.
The object in view is simply to get
evidence,
And they don't have to pull stuff that's
raw.

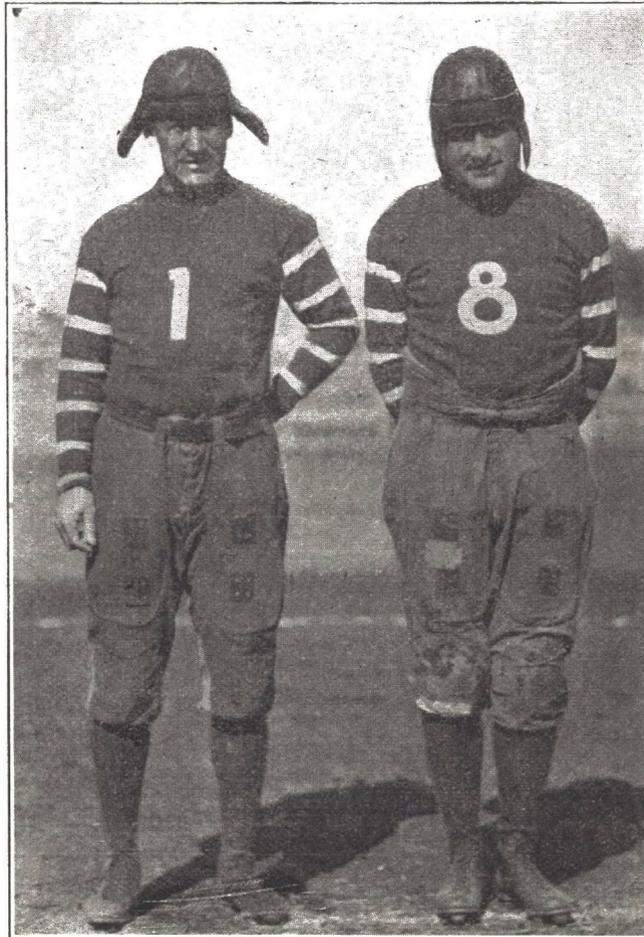
Now, if I were locked up with a keen-
looking dame,
And a party of raiders outside
Were awaiting the signal my morals to
frame,
They could wait—and wait—till they
died!



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BURTEN

Somewhere in the Golden West.



JIM THORPE AND CAP'N JOEY

(By CELESTINE VICHY): Sisters and check-payers: Above reproduction of Jim Thorpe, world's famous Indian athlete and our own Jo Burten, playing with the Rock Island INDEPENDENTS, claimed to be the greatest professional football team in the country. You didn't know our Travelling Editor was so versatile, but he is, verstatile to leave me flat for some farmer's daughter he's talking so much about. As a football player he's good but as a Sheik, he's got to take me into account, and I don't mean maybe. I'm publishing his picture so you Shebas will cheer him on the gridiron but lay off him in the moonlight country lanes. He knows his stuff, no fooling!

AFTER TOURING the wide world I had to come to the noble state of "ILLINOI" to find why Farmers' sons come to town. And there are 'nough farmers' sons here and enough towns. They come to town for the same reasons the traveling salesmen go to the country, but hold on to your rolled hose, Mary, and I'll whittle ye the tale.

DOWN IN the corn sections talk brews confidential sometimes over the home-brew or the apple-cider press—and what a "kick" some of this hard cider does give the Brothers and Sisters of these communities. That's why Jack having had a sly kiss from Nancy under the old lilac bush is as likely as not to brag about it when he gets a whiff of Volstead liquid darbs. Then poor Nancy gets her reputation unmade and no doubt the minister's wife gets on her track. But if Nancy wisely confines herself to being indiscreet with the traveling salesman from Chicago, she knows that he will not talk about it when he gets under the influence of hard cider. But if he brags about it to his fellow traveling salesmen when he gets to Chicago, it will bring more kisses.

That probably is one of the reasons why the farmers' sons come to town.

THEN AGAIN, a farmer's daughter on the stage is a dashing bit of femininity. She wears champagne sheer hose and her underclothes are not a bit Puritanical. But a farmer's daughter on the soil is a chicken from another roost, and we don't mean Mammy Palaver. Her clothes are for wear and not show. She has a blooming complexion and handsome figure but there is no denying the fact that she would star if she used some of the drug-

store complexion aids and took up the daily dozen.

AND SO the corn-fed boys want something more sophisticated — something that smells of explosive Parisian scent, and that makes love in a cozy flat. The new mown hay, the Indian days of Autumn have lost their savour. He likes to check into a theatre instead of into the quilts. He wants silk instead of calico, electric lights instead of moonlight, the town's cabaret instead of the country lane.

I ought to know. I once was that simple corn-fed country boy myself.

ALL RIGHT, with that we'll come down to the Post-office and get the morning's mail and the evening's female. That brings me back to the town, its good home-brew and the ladies. But all I can say is, "LADY, I LOVE IT BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT." However,, it's political days this month and I'm for LIKKER and WIMMEN, yep, for as many and as much as I can get.

THIS COUNTRY is tough. They tell me that they grow hair on frogs' legs. Even the ladies are that way. Take one out hereabouts and after an evening they'll tweet, "YOU'RE NOTHING IN MY YOUNG LIFE BUT foggy WEATHER." This is the place, boys, so far out in the Middle West that the Moon doesn't get a chance to show on a dark night.

AND FOLKS and cash customers, out here where it is 40 hours from ol' Broadway, don't think they're slow. They haven't so much lights, but they do know how to brew home likker, and worlds apart the kick IS the same. Maybe that's not apple-sauce, but it's moonshine. As an example, let's take

BLACKIE, Nicht Clerk, the best bald-headed sheik of Rock Island and all counties south, east, and northwest. I ought to know. Blackie made four laps ahead of we in one hour.
Page Blackie, Shebaal!

AS FOR sports, we have 'em down here, and ye **ROLLING STONE** is getting the kinks out by playing with a crack football team called The Independents. But when the shades of night come down they have indoor sports, which Jim Thorpe tried to tell me was crocheting water bottles. Probably he knows!

THIS EVENING at the General Store all the boys were gathered 'round. Squire Bowlby was down to the Post-office to see the afternoon mail come in, but the mail train only whistled, and didn't drop nary a letter.

MY GIRL that was—before Celestine Vichy picked me up and threw me back in the garbage heap. When I returned here after romping away for a year, I found she lived over a cheesemaker and had a sign with his trade hung thereon.

SMACK ME for a row of ballot boxes, but election time has gone. Some of the little ladies hereabouts didn't know how to cast their votes. Anyhow, they wanted to kiss the winning side and they weren't sure until it was all over. I know the boys took quite a harvest as the straw vote collected quite a few kisses and petting. Next year I think I'll run for chief bootlegger or Prohibition officer. Both, they tell me, gets one the same amount of good corn likker.

NOW, SINCE YOU'VE KEPT YOUR HANDS OFF THE MEAT, DID YOU EVER SEE A HORSE FLY?

Go, Burten



ED WYNN, With Four Good Reasons for Going to See the Best Show He's Ever Put On, "The Grab-Bag," at the Globe.

THANKSGIVING WEATHER is here and we think of that old Beer-Hoister, Omar Khayyam. Long may his soul be preserved in Alcohol. **MASTER**, in memory of that Verse of Thine, And of Thy rather pretty taste in Wine, We gather at this jaded Prohibition end, Our cheeks, if so we may to incarnadine.

THOU HAST the kind of Halo which outstays Most other Genii's, Thou a Boozehound's bays Should slowly crumple up, Thou lives on, Having survived a certain Paraphrase.

THE LION and the Alligator squat In DervishCourts—the Weather being hot— Under Umbrellas. Where is Mahamud now? Plucked by Prohibition and gone to Pot.

IRISH TURKEY DINNER

'TWAS THANKSGIVING dinner in the house of McGuire and a few sons of ol' Erin were invited. The turkey was set on the table and Pat began carving. "Who'd like a leg?" said he, tapping the bird. "I should," said Peter. "So should I," stated Michael. "I, too," announced Terrence. "Arrah," said Pat, "do ye think it's a centipede I'm carving?"

IN A Nebraska town where the Town Father was caught by a Prohibition Agent drinking some of the preserved alcohol, the Town Wag printed the following:

The Mayor some day
May pass this way
And see our Tom and Jerry.
Perhaps he'll stop
And drink a drop
To make his citizens merry.

ED. WYNN'S WISE CRACKS FROM "THE GRAB-BAG," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

WHAT'S THE difference between a "Scotchman" and a "canoe"?

Well, one "tips," and the other don't.

SOME FELLOWS are so stingy that that after he buys a girl a lemonade, he takes her home and tries to squeeze it out of her.

THERE was a Scotchman so tight that he talked through his nose to save wear on his false teeth.



☞ *Chains of Love*

HOT SHOT, THY NAME IS FIRE!

THE PETTING PARTY was rapidly reaching its climax when something went:

"Pow!"

"What was that?" inquired the Flapper.

The Jazz Hound, as he reached for his hat, explained: "A warning for me to leave."

"Don't be silly," she retorted. "Please explain."

"Well," began the Jazz Hound, "I always carry a thermometer in my pocket and the Mercury has just gone over the top. Good Night!"

SEATS FREE

THE FOLLOWING tailor-shop sign was observed: "Pants Sale—\$6.00 to \$12.00. Other pants at \$2.75 per leg—Seats free."

TO SCARE HER AWAY

Photographer: "Don't assume such a fierce expression. Look pleasant."

Murphy: "Not on your life. My wife is going to send one of these pictures to her mother, and if I look pleasant she'll come down on a visit."

MODERN EXERCISE

"DO YOU really love me, George?" asked the fond wife on the third day of marriage. "I thought your love was cooling, as you haven't kissed me for fifteen minutes."

"I was waitin' for you to get that cud of gum out of your mouth," he excused.

"That isn't gum, silly, it's the end of my tongue—I just stuck it out to cool it."

DAD'S DEDUCTION

THE FATHER of a college youth inquired about the item, "Charity, \$50," in his son's expense account, and received a very hesitating and unsatisfactory answer.

"I conclude," he remarked, "that it is one of those instances where 'charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

ATHLETIC LADY

YOUNG pretty Miss Atherton on horseback, became separated from her companions. Seeing Farmer Moss' back standing at the forks of a road, asked him: "Is this the way to Stretchit?" After a few moments of close scrutiny and clearing his throat of all gastric juices that lodged there, he replied: "Wa'll, yes, Miss, that's the way to Stretchit."

A FRAME-UP

Edith: "Did you let Jack kiss you before you were engaged?"

Ethel: "Yes, that's how we happen to be engaged—papa came along."

"LINE UP!"

MISS INQUISITIVE, to workman repairing trolley wire: "If I were to stand with one foot on the car track and the other on the trolley wire . . . would I get a shock?"

Workman: "No, Miss—but the neighborhood would!"

AT A FOOTBALL GAME IN ROCK ISLAND a sporty gentleman from Iowa was caught by his missus flirting with a sportive-looking girl. "You—you worm!" she thundered. "Even a worm may yearn," he murmured under his breath.

Radio Bug

OVERHEARD at Broadway and Forty-Second:

"Say, Harry, I've got the best little baby in the world! All I have to do is to turn her over a few notches and I get long distance immediately!"

"Oh, well, I'll admit that's pretty good, but my babe does better than that! All I have to do is attach my battery, and she's off!"

And then the two radio fans passed on their way.

Practical Joker

"I WANT you to read what you printed at the head of my marriage notice," bawled the big man who had forced his way into the editor's presence. "Look." The editor read:

"HE MARRIED WHEN STUPID"

After a moment's reflection the editor went on: "Oh, yes, I remember now. It was about a month ago. But I headed it: 'HE MARRIED WHEN SUITED.' The printer must have set it up wrong; but I'll apologize and retract."

"You needn't mind," said the stranger mildly. "As you say, it happened over a month since. Let 'er stand and come out and have a drink. The joke's on me."

Little Girl

AN UNTRAVELLED farmer once went to Chicago and there for the first time he saw a little girl going through her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of some little children, with whom she was playing.

After gazing at her compassionately for some time, he asked a little boy if the girl had fits.

"No!" grinned the boy; "them's gymnastics."

"Ah! how very sad," said the man. "How long as she had 'em?"

**¶ In All Her Moods Man Is at the Bottom of it**

A YOUNG man returning to America on board a crowded steamer was asked to give up his berth to an elderly lady. He did so and spent his night, horribly ill, on deck. A few hours later his wife received a telegram from him, handed in at New York: "Expect to be home immediately. Bad passage; awfully sick. Gave birth to old lady on leaving London."

SOME WOMEN'S beauty is like a salad. A great deal depends upon the dressing.

THE HENPECKED husband has his nerve in his wife's name.

A GIRL never begins to care for a man until she tells him she hates him.

SEEING THE EQUATOR

MRS. VAN DUSEN was going across the ocean for the first time, and was very ignorant. When the captain informed her that they were within a mile of the Equator, she asked him if it were possible to see it and look through it." And while she did so, he pulled a hair out of his head and held it across the end of the telescope.

"Oh, I see it now!" she exclaimed with delight. "And now there's a camel just going across it."

PREJUDICE

EVELYN: "You've been courting me now for a number of years, George, and I want to make a proposal."

GEORGE: "I—I—I am not in a position to m-marry yet, but—"

EVELYN (*interrupting*):—"Who said anything about marriage? I was going to propose that you stay away from here and give somebody else a chance."

LET THE BIRDMEN TELL YOU

DURING THE recent war a simple old lady was having her first conversation with an aviator home on leave in the States: "But if your engine stops when you are up in the air you can't get down can you?" "That's just what happens," said he. "Once when I was up in France there were two Huns up in the air over me and they couldn't get down because their engines stopped. They starved to death, madam."

PAGE THE IVORY IN HER BEAN

A NEWLY-MARRIED woman who was giving a little dinner party went to the kitchen to see how her one maid was getting on with the preparations. Finding her a bit flustered, she asked if she could do anything to help. "Yes, ma'am," said the maid, "you could wash the lettuce and make the salad if you don't mind. "Certainly," said the mistress. "And where shall I find the soap, please?"

WEAKENING

Brinkert: "I was out in the country for seven days with my wife, and now I'm so weak I can hardly walk."

Doctor: "Well, being out in the country for seven days would certainly make one 'week.'"



¶A wasp cannot be fooled without being stung.

WEE HANDS

IF a wee white hand you are permitted to hold
With a wonderful whiteness about it,
Would it loose without even a squeeze?
Well, maby you would, but I doubt it.

If two red lips are turned up to thine own
With no one to gossip about it,
Would you pray for indurance to leave them alone?
Well, maby you would, but I doubt it.

If a dainty little waist is in reach of your arm
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Would you argue twist the right or wrong?
Well, maby you would, but I doubt it.

KEYHOLE INFORMATION

Teacher: "What is a mushroom?"

Apt Pupil: "Ma's boudoir is a mush-room."

A MINER explained one day to a bishop why he never went to church. "You see, sir, 'tis like this," he said: "the fust time I went to church they threw water in my face, and the second time they tied me to a woman I've had to keep ever since." The bishop smiled grimly and said: "And the third time you go they'll throw dirt on you."

Bobby: "Are you the trained nurse that ma said was coming?"

Nurse: "Yes, dear. I'm the trained nurse."

Bobby: "Well, come on! Let's see you do some of your tricks."

Nervous passenger on railroad: "Conductor, why are we running at such a frightful speed?"

Conductor (reassuringly): "There's a rotten bridge, madam, a mile ahead, and we want to get over it with as little strain as possible."

"SIR, YOUR daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."

JOHNNIE WAS sent into the garden to mind his baby brother. Hearing loud cries, nurse looked out of the window and asked what the trouble was. "I don't know what to do with baby, nurse; he's dug a hole in the ground and wants to bring it indoors to play with."

He: "If you will give me just one kiss, I won't ask you for any more."

She: "I've heard that request before."

He: "Well, just give me your usual answer."



☐ The Beauty that Will Page's Publicity Campaign jumped from \$40 per week to \$400

Householder (severely): "Ah, it's the old story—the unskilled man dodging work that he might get."

Tramp: "Unskilled? You try dodging work in these days, and see if it don't take a bit of skill."

Fortune-teller (to motorist): "I warn you a dark man is about to cross your path."

Motorist: "You'd better warn the dark man."

"FATHER, what is human nature?"

"It's the thing that always catches it when a fellow can't blame it on to anybody else."

Dilly: "I heard Lance ask you for a kiss last night. Did you give him one?"

Dolly: "No—but I lent him some."

"WHAT DID father say when you asked him if you could marry me?"

"He didn't actually refuse, but he made a very severe condition—he said he'd see me hanged first."



MAGGIE IS our country
cousin,
Who daily does her daily
dozen.
She rises with the early
dawn,
And puts her gym suit
quickly on.

*MOTHER GOOSE AND
FATHER GANDER*

THERE WAS a little man, and
he had a little flute
Which he tooted, both night and
day!
Till he met a pretty miss, whom so
often did he kiss
That he wore his little tooter all
away!

LITTLE JACK Horner sat in a
corner . . . so fev'rish, he thort
he'd die. . . .
'Cause he'd sneaked in the room of
a bride and groom. . . .
And the door was locked. . . . Oh
My!

PETER, PETER, base-drum
beater, took to wife a tough old
meater. . . .
Still he treated her quite well; and
if you laughed at him he'd yell:
"Y' c'n play new tunes on an old
fid-dle!"

"BAA-BAA Black Shee, have you
lots of wool?"
"Yes, mam, yes, mam, besides my
bag is full."

OLD MOTHER Hubbard blub-
bered

When she caught her poor
daughter undressed;
"T've a date with a man, whom I'll
vamp if I can!"
Now, that's what her daughter
confessed.

THERE IS a woman who sleeps
in her shoes. Gets drunk or
stays sober whenever she'll
choose.

She has rings on her fingers; wears
"Paris-made" clothes. . . .
"How does she do it? . . . Ask
dad—HE knows!

FOUR AND Twenty tailors sat
around a pail; which bore the
phoney label: "Snappy Ginger
Ale???"

A "snooper" butted in . . . and of
the fluid took a drink. . . .
But—he didn't squeal about it . . .
'cause he couldn't even THINK!

DAUHTER DEAR, daughter dear,
fly from the men,
They love long and often, and wed
now and then.

LADY BUG, Lady Bug flew away
home; after leaving her card on
a bald-headed dome!

OLD MOTHER Hubbard, stept
into a cupboard to put on a
"crepe de chine!"

When she came out again, you
could see, very plain. . . .
She was knock-kneed, and awfully
lean!

TAFFY WAS a welcher. . . . Taffy
was a sneak . . . climbed up to a
window, to take a little peek!
A girl was making candy . . . she
tript, and landed so. . . .
"Taffy . . ." went a-sliding down
her portico!

ONE, TWO—Buckle her shoe.
THREE, FOUR—Hold on t' her
paw.

FIVE, SIX—Peep at her "Knicks."
SEVEN, EIGHT—Kiss her. Don't
wait. . . !

NINE, TEN — K I S S H E R
AGAIN! Keep it up, till
ELEVEN—She'll think she's in
Heav'n!

From TWELVE to ONE—Be
ready t' run . . . 'cause her man's
a "tuff actor . . . an' carries a
gun"



SHE'S ONE of those cute little
things
Who loves her gym and diamond
rings.
And oh! my, Maggie, she is there,
Swinging lightly in the air.

LITTLE MISS Muffit thort she
could bluffit by sayin' her form
was her own!

But a snopy outsider, went peepin'
an' spied 'er. . . .
(A rag—hank of hair, an' a bone!)

THERE WAS a little boy went
into a barn, to smoke a cigarette.
He dropt the butt amongst the hay
. . . and he ain't done smoking . . .
yet!

"MARY, MARY—quite contrary
—how does your garden bloom?"
"Two dandelions in my bed would
recline—but—only for one . . .
there is room!"

—ELMER.

ADAM AND EVE

(A New Version)

Adam and Eve were on a raft
afloat,
Eve had a good time, she got
Adam's goat.
Adam had an apple and Eve took
a bite,
They stayed on the raft the rest
of the night.

OH, DAMN!

OUR married life, we vowed
should be—

Perfection—to the very last 'tee';
One kiss today—tomorrow two—
The next day—kisses taboo;
Then kisses for dessert the fourth
day—

The fifth day—SOME oscula-
tion, I'll say!

The next abstemiousness—

Oh, damn such squeamishness!
Then we threw the rules away—
And kissed and kissed all day.



HER GYM'S a place you'd
like to see;
She's the kind of a girl I'd
like to be—
She knows a hundred
clever ways—
For she learned that good
health always pays.

CALL HER DOWN

"I DON'T know how to fly, she
said,
I never went to school,
But take me out in the evening
For I'm a pettin' party fool."

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

A MAN named Melon saw a girl,
A Peach, who made his headpiece
whirl.

She had that bright Strawberry
hair,
And that's what got him then and
there.

Love's Currants started working—
so
He was electrified, you know.

"You are the Apple of my eye,"
He said. "Come, darling, let us fly!

"We'll go to Parson Grape's house,
He'll marry us. We'll be a Pear.

"I'll work for you to beat the band
At my old dad's Banana stand!"

Her heartless answer struck him
dumb,
"I Cantaloupe—I'm Mrs. Plum!"

Chagrined, he fell down on the
spot;
They rushed him to an Apricot.

They had to Berry him one day,
Because he grieved and passed
away. —MCCARTHY.

THEY WERE sitting in the
darkened drawing-room, and were
startled by a terrific crash over-
head.

"Wha-wha-what was that, dud-
darling?" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh, only father dropping a
hint," replied the fair one as she
nestled a little closer.

Lady: "What caused you to be-
come a tramp?"

Tramp: "Our family doctor,
lady. He advised me to walk after
me meals, and I've been walking
after 'em ever since."

YOU SHOOT WHILE I HOLD
HIS HEAD

"YES, I'll go riding," the guy said
To the flapper in her flivver.
"But don't stop here—you naughty
thing,
The darkness makes me shivver."

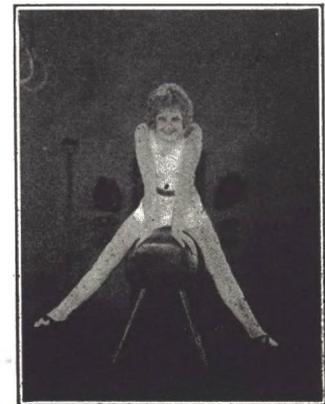
THAT TWO CENT GAME

"I'LL MARK down my kisses to
\$5.98,"
Joked the salesgirl. A guy over-
heard.
"I'll take one at that!" and quicker
than Scat!
He bought. Then her senses
seemed blurred.

But she soon came to—and quite
P. D. Q.,

And what does she do but hollers:
"Today's Bargain Day. There's
the devil to pay,
But, Mister, take two for \$6.00."

*Exercise Girls—Mack Sennett Bathing
Girls of the Movies.—No. 1, 3 and 4
posed by Edna Gregory. No. 2 by
Blanche Mahaffy of the Hal Roach
Studios.*



AND ON the "horse" she
spreads 'em wide,
Oi, cat's pajamas! she can
ride—
Turns a somersault or two,
As regular athletes love
to do.

THE FIRST SIGNS OF WINTER



☛ *Follies girl who temporarily forget she was not on the stage.*

GEMS OF YE FAIR LADIE

THE OPAL—Sometimes called the child of love; is supposed to render the wearer lovable, and was considered by the ancients far from being an unlucky stone.

THE SAPPHIRE—Signified chastity and the granting of all prayers.

AMBER—Wards off all throat affections.

CORAL—Is supposed to avert the evil eye.

TURQUISE—Protects against accidents and heals differences between man and wife.

AMETHYST—Or mourning stone, signifies grief.

THE DIAMOND—Is the symbol of innocence and constancy.

THE AGATE—Is said to quench thirst and to avert storms.

THE PEARL—Is the emblem of purity.

THE RUBY—Was considered by the Brahmins the luckiest gem of all.

WHAT STRUCK ME MOST AS A FLAPPER

(Radio's Passionless Queenie)

WHAT the privilege of wearing short skirts and displaying a well-turned calf is being usurped by form-fit gown.

THAT "Sweet Seventeen" knows as much today as biase thirty-seven.

THAT the introduction of bootleg liquor is the reason for such change.

BOOTLEGGERS SIGN IN 1924
MY LIQUOR'S GOOD
MY MEASURE JUST,
EXCUSE PROHIBITION,
I CAN NOT TRUST.



☛ *The great American spirit of fair play.*

PROSPECTING WITHOUT A GRUB-STAKE

THEY MET at a midnight cafe,
In a basement just off of
Broadway—

He, a retired errand boy,
She, just a millionaire's toy.

He asked if a kiss he might steal.
She said, "Kindly order the meal:
A pate-stuffed squab, for the fry
And the champagne must be extra
dry."

In the taxi he tried to make love,
But she gave him a petulant shove.

When they got as far as her door,
She told him, "There isn't no more;
But if my affection you'd have,
You must lubricate me with the
salve."

"Now, I've got a fine diamond in
hock.
It is truly a marvelous rock.

"One day, when I hadn't a cent,
And on food my poor tummy was
bent,
I pawned my shining stone,
For I'm poor and all alone.

"Two hundred will get it out
And make my sad heart shout,
And I'll do what'er you ask,
No matter what the task."

Now, things looked pretty dark:
Two hundred bucks for a lark!
The poor boy hadn't the dough,
But determined to put on a show.

She already had dug him for fifty,
And could easily spare him a nifty.
When joy is at stake, we think fast,
So the young man answered at last:

"The sparkler, my dear, is a trifle,
And never our love should stifle.
Just be my honey dove,
And I'll get it early and bright."

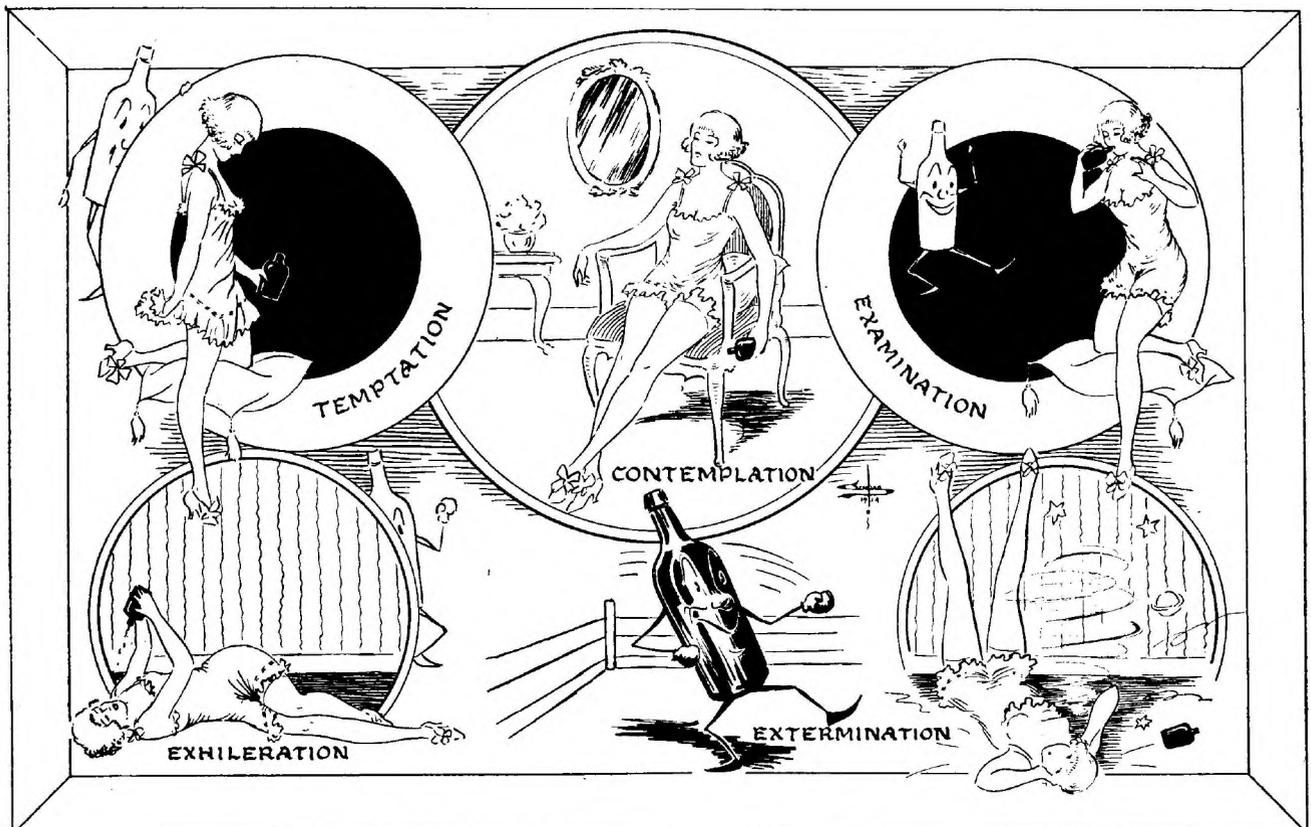
She said, "Don't you play me
false.
I gave you the bargained-for waltz.
Now, here is the pawn-check, my
dear,
Redeem it and fill me with cheer."

He said in a voice cruel and rough:
"I spent fifty on you—that's
enough!

Keep your pawn-check. Perhaps
you can use it.
If I take it, I'm liable to lose it."

Heard in an alcove at a dance.
Male Voice: "What's to prevent
me from petting you?"

Female Voice: "My goodness!"



☛ The five "negations" forming the "Follies' " own Leg of Nations.

☛ *Open Season for Rabbits*



MORE POWDER THAN SHOT!



Even Fools Make Girls Believe:

"I THINK YOUR HAT IS BETTER THAN MINE."

"LIKE CAMELS, I'D COME A MILE TO SEE YOU, DEARIE."

"I DIDN'T KNOW HOW NICE A GIRL COULD BE 'TILL I SAW YOU."

But You Can't Fool the Ladies. They Don't Believe Your:

"WORK KEPT ME LATE."

"I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO THE LODGE MEETING BUT I COULDN'T GET OUT OF IT."

"IT'S A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY, HONEY. WHY SHOULD SHE SMILE AT ME? I NEVER SAW HER IN MY YOUNG LIFE BEFORE."

BRIDGET'S PHILOSOPHY

Phot the divul makes ye git married anyhow, at tall, at tall? Listen, whilst oi edickte ye:

A healthy woman meets a healthy man, un' phot happens? They go red in the face, and shimmy all over. He gazes at her "Stock-Market Bosum" which starts tu roise and fall. "Would ye like a apple?" sez he. "If ye don't moind, koind sir," sez she.

Then away they go to Father Mulduney's for the Sacramentitus. After the Holy Father gives ye er workin' papers, our Lord and Master takes ye over to Bernstein's Furniture Store, where fer one dollar down and a dollar a wake ye buy one table, four chairs, one bed. There! I've said it: One bed!

The raisun ye got married was becus the economiz-in' creativ spirit whispered in ye're ears that much cud be akomplished by usin' the same furniture.

MISTER

JAMES BEE

RECENTLY MARRIED

MARY ANN FLOWER.

WELL hath this little busy "BEE"

Improved life's shining hour;

He gathers honey now all day

From one sweet chosen "FLOWER"

And from this Hive, if Heaven please,

He'll raise a swarm of little "BEES."

☛ *"WHO ARE THESE VISIONS OF FEMININE LOVELINESS! WE ASK YOU?"*

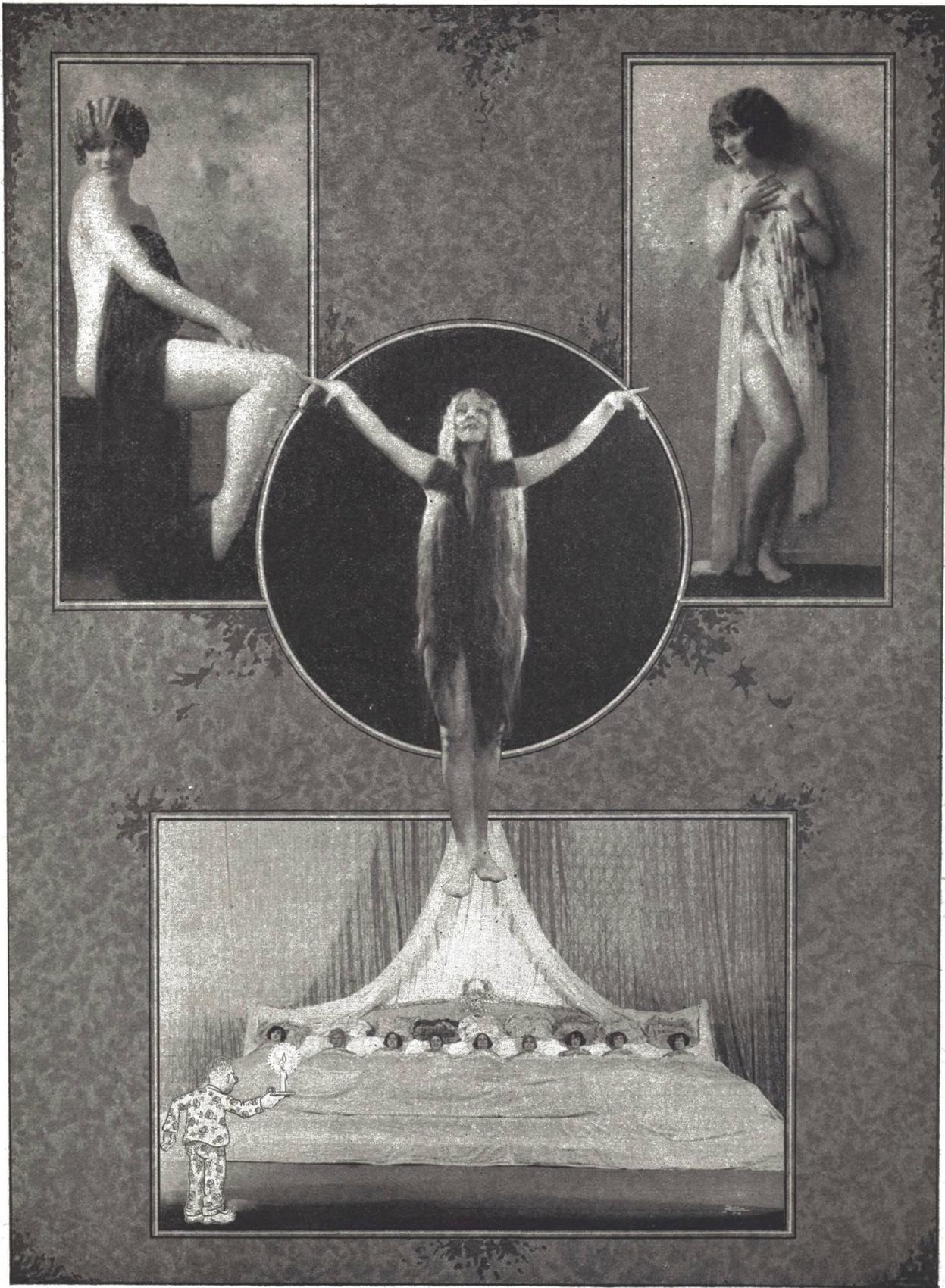
(Consult Opposite Page)

Upper Left: Doris Downs, "Passing Show of 1924" Winter Garden. Photo—(De Mirjian Studio)

Upper Right: Miss Wilson, Artists and Models." Astor Theatre. Photo—(De Mirjian Studio)

Center: Genevieve Semashko, "Artists and Models." Photo—(Tornello)

Bottom: Myrtle Schaaf (Center) and the Revue Girls. From the Broadway's Boudoir" number in "Hassard Short's Ritz Revue"—Ritz Theatre. By the way, how would you like to have a goodnight bedroom story told you by these nine alluring damsels.



BROADWAY BUNK AS IS



For Chickens young, and for Chickens old,
For Chickens hot, and for Chickens cold,
For Chickens tender, and for Chickens tough,—
Many thanks we render, for we've had enough.
(FROM AN OLD STAGE-JOHNIE'S DIARY.)

FROM A FORMER FOLLIES CHORINE

HERE in my wicker chair I sit,
Far from folly and far from wit,
Content to live, devoid of care,
With country folks and country fare.

To listen to landlady's tale,
And drink her health in home-brew ale,
Then smoke a cigarette and read the B'way Haunt;
I'm happy and 'tis all I want.
Though few my clothes and light my purse,
I thank my God it is no worse.

*WE'RE NOT mentioning names, but a pretty little
Broadway chorine recently wrote her dad in a Western
City:*

THE ROSE IS RED,
THE VIOLET BLUE,
IF YOU LOVE ME AS I LOVE YOU,
SEND ME FIFTY, I. O. U.

Papa's answer:

THE SKY IS BLUE,
THE PINK IS PINK,
I'LL SEND YOU FIFTY,
I DON'T THINK.

*and that made her mad enough to go out and dig some
up like a Broadway Butterfly would.*

AT THE BURLESQUE SHOW

Father (who has taken his daughter to the theatre):
"I wish I hadn't brought you now. This isn't a play
fit for a young girl."

Daughter: "Oh, it's all right, Dad! It'll probably
liven up a bit before the end."

The costumer of a Broadway musical show boasts
that no matter what shape a chorine may possess, he
can always make a tight fit.

"Full many a gem of purest rays serene,"

Is the only pure thing about a Broadway queen.

TRIPPED IN DRINK GULCH

(*Heard in the Dressing Room*)

"SO HER dress fell right off! What happened?"

"Five invitations to supper!"

—*From the Book of Folly*

Clinging Daisie: "And do you love me—me alone?"

The Man: "Yes, pet—decidedly alone."

SCORE OF BROADWAY'S BEST.

"Hassard Shorts' Ritz Review," Ritz Theatre—"A Dar-
ing Review."

"The Passing Show of 1924, Winter Garden—"With the
Famous Runway."

"The Dream Girl," Ambassador Theatre—"Fine Music."

"Artists and Models," Astor Theatre—"Some Show."

Marx Eros' "I'll Say She Is," Casino Theatre—"A corking
show, we'll say."

Ed Wynn, "The Grab Bag," Globe Theatre—"The perfect
Fool."

"Greenwich Village Follies," Shubert Theatre—"A daz-
zling Review."

"Vanities of 1924," Music Box Theatre—"With Joe Cook.
'Nuf sed."

"The Chocolate Dandies," Colonial Theatre—"With
Sissle and Blake, very peppy."

"George White's Scandals," Apollo Theatre—"Great re-
view."

"Cobra," Long Acre Theatre—"Worth Seeing."

"Show Off," Playhouse Theatre—"Comedy Success."

"Izzy," with Jimmy Hussey, 39th Street Theatre—"Fin-
est Comedy on Broadway."

"High Stakes," with Lowell Sherman, Eltinge Theatre—
"Fine cast."

"The Firebrand," with Joseph Schildkraut, Morosco The-
atre—"bold but amusing."

"What Price Glory," Plymouth Theatre—"Best war
play."

"White Cargo," Daly's Theatre—"Strong play."

"Rain," with Jeane Eagles, Gaiety Theatre—"The Reign-
ing sensation."

"Lazybones," Vanderbilt Theatre—"A second 'Light-
ning.'"

"Grounds for Divorce," Empire Theatre—"Ina Claire
triumphs."

COCKTAILS FROM BROADWAY

(As Is)

BROADWAY CHORINES who recently returned from Indianapolis brought the news that nineteen Sheiks flashing the girls as they walked from the stage entrances of one of the theatres were put in the hoosegow. Naughty Indianapolis, to put the poor boys away, but FOLLIES knows many a theatre in New York and Chicago where the chorus girls get all het up if there aren't any stray stage-Johns to give them the once over.

WE'RE NOT mentioning names, but a "62-year-old kid" and an automobile got all mixed up in an argument with a trip of girls in "Vanities." Much hair-pulling ensued among the \$40-a-week chorus girls in the show, rated as "12.50 dumb doras."

BROADWAY FOLKS who play Washington now and then daily receive curb prices of booze. When they go to the

BROADWAY'S BUTTERFLY BETTER

HE MET her at a hoof-joint on Gold Digger's Alley. She was good-looking and a swell stepper. He asked to take her home but she was being escorted by another gent. However, he manouvered her address, and as he was a theatrical man in the sticks, he wrote the following:

DEAREST ONE:

AM OUT ON ROAD, BUT WOULD RATHER BE WITH YOU. I LOVE YOU FROM THE EDGE OF YOUR GOWN TO THE PEROXIDE ON YOUR HAIR. WILL BE BACK IN TOWN NEXT WEEK.

U. KNOW.

To his surprise, he received this answer at his hotel two days later:

MY OWN:

PLEASE HURRY. CAN'T WAIT. MUCH LOVE AND KISSES.

BLONDY.

On his arrival he called on her.

At this point in the story there is a lapse of six weeks.

* * *

Then he received the following:

FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES \$90. PLEASE REMIT.

DRS. BLACK AND BLUE,
Dental Surgeons.

Capitol they'll know just what to pay for their bootleg. Bootleg alcohol is \$3 the gallon, an increase of \$1.85 over the price of a few weeks ago.

ED WYNN is back on the Big Street with "Grab Bag." He has the unfolding of a "The Birth of a Chorus Girl," which is delicious in its way. On a huge stairway, dressed in velvet, these girls are hidden in flowered effects. They come to life in exquisite white satin costumes, with skirts of green chiffon and silver slippers. Something wrong, sez the Squire of Broadway. Who ever heard of a chorus girl being born with clothes, anyhow?

A PLAY that will soon see Broadway is the new farce "Le Monsieur de Cing Heures," presented in Paris with a real "Frog" success. The script tells of a dog bearing a lady's address who is trained to accost gentlemen. Well, come on to America, say we!



(Dainty Katherine Frey, a smaller edition of Ann Pennington



Taming "The Terrible Turk"



Thanksgiving

By Wayne Sabbath

IT'S TURKEY time with jolly pickin's—
(No, we haven't forgot the Broadway
chickens)

But when this time of year comes down,
We like the country better than town,
And though we haven't seen sights like this,
We're hanging around so we won't miss
Them if they happen to pull "their stuff."

(We'd like to call the farmers' bluff)
Thanksgiving comes but once a year,
Gosh! we're glad the dinner's near—
A great big turkey on a platter,
Beside us some sweet cutie's chatter—
Plum puding cooked exactly right;
Cracking nuts by firelight;
The pianola going strong;
Dance and laughter, girls and song—
Then in the parlor, light turned low,
With some patotie we'd like to know,
Holding hands and holding tight,
The old clock ticking in the night.
And then we lie to dream in bed,
This picture floating through our head.

FLAPPER BEDTIME STORY



BREATHES THERE A MAN?

A SOCIETY woman, idling about a park, called to a handsome man in uniform, "Won't you come for a ride?"

The man, knowing nary a single soul in the city, felt very lonely, so he was very glad to go.

For two hours the motored about the city, and then he started to get out of the car.

"But where are you going?" asked the society lady in surprise.

"To get some dinner and find a hotel for the night," answered the soldier simply.

"Why not come out to my residence for dinner?" she rejoined. As a matter of fact, hubby was on a trip.

He did. She prepared the dinner with her own hands, and for desert made an enormous apple pie. Cutting it into four pieces, she ate one piece and the guest two. Thereafter, the soldier arose, effusively thanked his hostess for the perfect dinner, and started to depart.

"But, indeed," said the lady, "why go elsewhere?"

Stay in my house for the night." She gave him a lovely room, and upon saying good-night, thankfully added, "if there is anything else you need, my room is just across the hall."

As he was about to fall asleep, he heard a rap on his door. It opened and there stood his hostess. In a hushed voice, she asked, "IS there nothing else you need?"

For a moment the soldier was quiet, then said, "Really, I can't think of another thing unless it would be that other piece of apple pie."

SHORT SIGHTEDNESS

MRS. FROCKS had been unable to attend a certain dinner-party, and wishing very much to know what the women wore, delegated her husband to be sure and notice carefully the dresses of the females present.

"Tell me all about the dresses before you forget," demanded Mrs. Frocks of her husband anxiously on his return.

"The dresses! Oh, yes, my Angel. I remembered, I remembered, but I dared not look under the table!"

THE
AGE
of
DISCRETION
is the
—
AGE
of
IMPOTENCE



The Origin of the Jazz

SWEET SIXTEEN

Gwladys: "Look, mother, I'm engaged!"

Mother: "But my dear child, you are far too young to be married."

Gwladys: "Why, mother, who said anything about marriage?"

ANGEL FOOD

FROM FORCE of habit, an old maid looked under her bed one night. She nearly fainted—there WAS a man there. Softly she dropped the spread and went to her dresser.

She took her hair out of the curlers, fluffed it, powdered her face. Perfumed front of her gown and with agitated catches of breath, crept into bed.

Absolute silence except her loud heart beats and sighs.

Then she got out of bed, knelt down and whispered to herself . . . "He must be asleep," reached out and touched him. He was cold.

She got a flashlight and threw it's rays full upon him. IT was a clothing dummy some girl friend jokers had put there.

"Oh, God," exclaimed the old maid, "give him the breath of life!"

WHEN A woman looks at you through a lorngette, you always feel as if she were trying to classify some bug.

THE SWEETNESS of some girls reminds us of sugar-coated pills.

LOVE'S YOUNG dream should not develop into a matrimonial nightmare.

LADIES, PLEASE wear more clothes. The manufacturers need the money.

THIS IS about the time of year June brides begin to yearn for Reno.

ADVICE TO THE LOVESICK IN A NUT-SHELL

By Professor Flatbush

NOTE—Prof. Jonathan Flatbush, B.V.D., P.E.Z., noted expert on all matters pertaining to love, has boiled down the philosophy of love into a series of proverbs, which the reader may fold up and keep in his watch-case, for ready reference.—EDITOR.

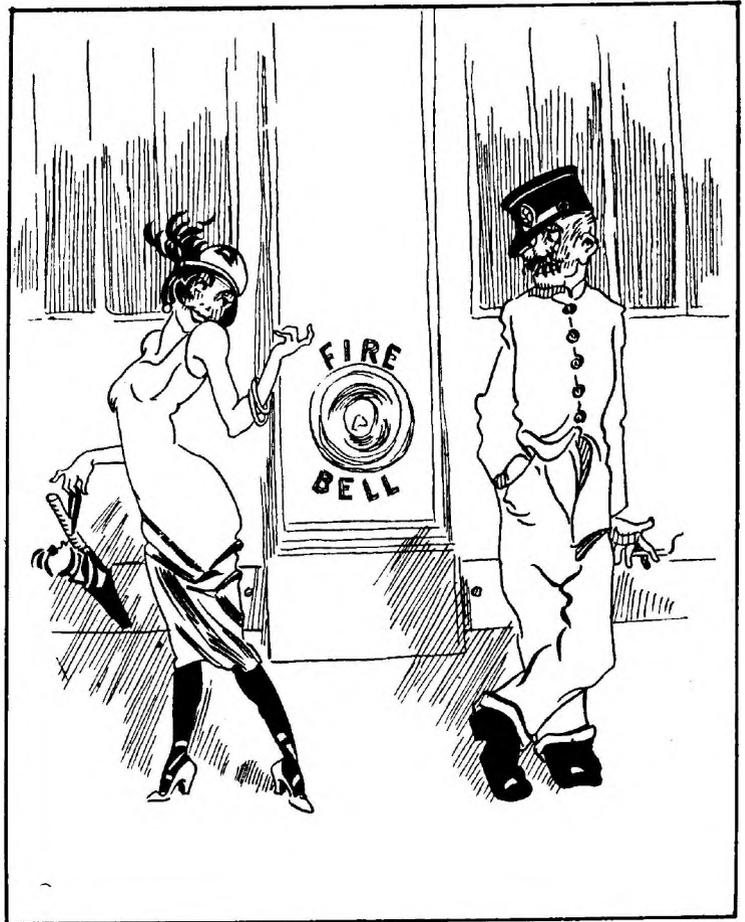
Life without love, isn't life.

Many a maid who thinks herself in love, is merely troubled with indigestion.

Thoughts of love give rise to many things.

A gold-digger is a "heart" without a conscience.

People who live in glass houses should bathe in their underwear.



☞ "The Most Frivolous Call of the Month"

FROM BROADWAY

A BIRD on the arm is worth two in the Chorus.



Toasted Bits from Greenwich Village.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN TOWN

EATING THE big Gobbling Turkey on Thanksgiving Day has become as great a festival in this country—particularly in the Mid-West—as Christmas to the starving Armeinans.

MEN AND women of all classes find their way to towns to ply themselves with Turkey and forbidden wine, song and dance. After eating of the Turkey the question always arises: "*What shall we do?*" and "*Where shall we go?*"

SOME FOLKS will rush off home, swallow their hasty dinner, dress, and with equal speed rush off to a theatre, an auto ride, or a good football game. I know of some boys and girls who used to go nutting, after hickory nuts or walnuts. But there are a lot of other nuts in the woods including the people in question who down a Turkey in one hour and spend an afternoon finding a pig-nut, let's say, that won't be fit to eat 'till Yuletide.

NOW COMES ye snappy Winter and GLOVES. So here's how:

**THE RIGHT GLOVE
HOLDS MY LOVE,
AND THE LEFT GLOVE
MY WIFE'S LOVE;
AND BOTH THE GLOVES
BOTH OUR LOVES—
LOVELY GLOVES!**

LATE HAPPENINGS

IT WAS at a dance. The two men were standing chatting in a corner when a rather striking-looking girl passed them.

"Good evening!" she smiled at the younger of the two.

But the man only replied with a glare.

"You seem to dislike that girl," remarked his companion when she had gone.

"Yes," said the other bitterly. "I once gave her an engagement ring, but she threw me over."

"Well, I wouldn't nurse a grudge against a girl I once loved."

"It isn't exactly that," was the bitter answer. "But it makes me peevish every time I see her. I'm still paying installments on the ring."

"GEE! AIN'T SOME GUYS LUCKY?"

"ARE THOSE the prizes?" the sweet young thing asked of the man in charge of the table of medals, loving cups, etc., etc.

"Yep!" he replied. "The medals 're fer th' classiest waltz; th' silver cup fer th' most eccentric fox-trot, an' th' gold cup fer th' neatest 'shimmie.'"

"Oh, put me down for the last!" she enthused. "And—will I show you here, or shall we go to the dressing-room?"



A pair of aces from Triangle Theatre—Judy Fairfield and Blanche la Garde.—Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Current Bill."



AS OUR artist saw the Playboys' Frolic at Webster Hall, Greenwich Village—But the New Year's Eve racket—Fete Futuriste Ball, on December 31st!—promises blase joy hounds ultimate Parisian touch. For details, Playboy, 39 West 8th Street, New York.

GENIUS

GENIUS!
Thin, pale, enemic!
Mussed clothes, straggled mustache!
Eats with his knife, sops his cake in his coffee!
Chews tobacco, spits on the sidewalk!
Clothes immoral thoughts in wonderful English!
Glories in the telling of smutty stories!
Revels in profanity!
Picks his feminine company from the many engaged in the world's oldest profession!
Detests convention and does the most peculiar things at the most inopportune time!
Seeks enjoyment and finds it by

reading third-class magazines and attending the performance at the burlesque and the vaudeville!
Is possessed of a perverted sense of humor; is proud of it, and tries to live up to it.
Is a passionate lover in spite of stomach trouble.
Is always "broke"!
Is yet to be "discovered" and is always receiving RETURNED manuscript and NO checks!
Believes that genius never IS understood!

—NOONAMAKER.

SOMEONE TOLD CELESTINE VICHY THAT:
TO WEAVE and spin was once
A girl's employment;
But that's applesauce, for with a beau
A Girl can get a lot of enjoyment.

TEDS

OFTEN IN the silly night,
As I sit and regard you,
I think your usefulness is gone,
But still, I can't discard you.

For with me you have always been,
In parlor, bedroom, bath.
I hesitate to cast you off—
It might arouse your wrath.

Though but a harmless pair of 'teds,'
Such secrets you could tell.
My gosh! If you could only talk,
It certainly would be—awful!

—JULESMGREEN.

He: "If you refuse me I shall never love another woman."
She: "And if I accept you, does it still hold good?"

Falling Leaves



DOES TRUE LOVE RUN WITH STRAIGHT TIME?

TURN BACK the Universe but keep the clocks ahead. Just the other day in its early hours the clocks were put back an hour, and Daylight Saving until next year was over. As a matter of fact lots of folks made the mistake of adding on an hour instead.

AND IT TAKES EVENING TIME AND DARKNESS TO MAKE LOVE!

THE POINT of clock turning back was that autumn-time had officially arrived. Gone were the hot days of summer. Instead we were to have long Indian Autumn days in which to flirt with Eva or Mary in the shade, the philander in all the beauty of Nature's open-air parlor. And then when Fall passes comes the warm fires and cozy interior privacy.

I BELIEVE that this daylight-saving business is acturely an anti-lover enactment. No lover ever found a night too long unless it separated him from his beloved. The evening has always been the sacred time—the shaded period when prying eyes do not threaten the sacredness of his emotion. How, for instance, can any lover liken his lady's eyes to the stars when the stars are not out?

SO TURNING the old clock back to what it was is pleasant news indeed to the mooning Romeo and romatic Juliet, be it in the city park or the country stable. Lots of poets write of love in the country places but only a few of them talk of lovers in an automobile or the thrill of a kiss in a crowd.

HERO WOULD never have swum the Hellespont in daylight even if Leander had been twice the vivacious creature that she was. Besides John Law would have pinched him for not wearing at least a loin cloth.

THEN AGAIN a few of our respectable citizens are deacons until the sun has set. This is especially true in the State of Massachusetts, where they try to tell you how good they are. But wait and see what a hypocrite can do when the sun has turned in for the day. Few of these deacons and goody-goodies can do anything in the daytime, being so well-known. But when it becomes dark, and Daylight-Saving is no more, then they become real devils. And the longer the Autumn and Winter nights the longer their roistering.

DON'T YOU know there are spots in New England and even in Iowa, for that matter, where that old alibi still holds: "OH, DON'T, GEORGE — SOMEBODY WILL SEE!"

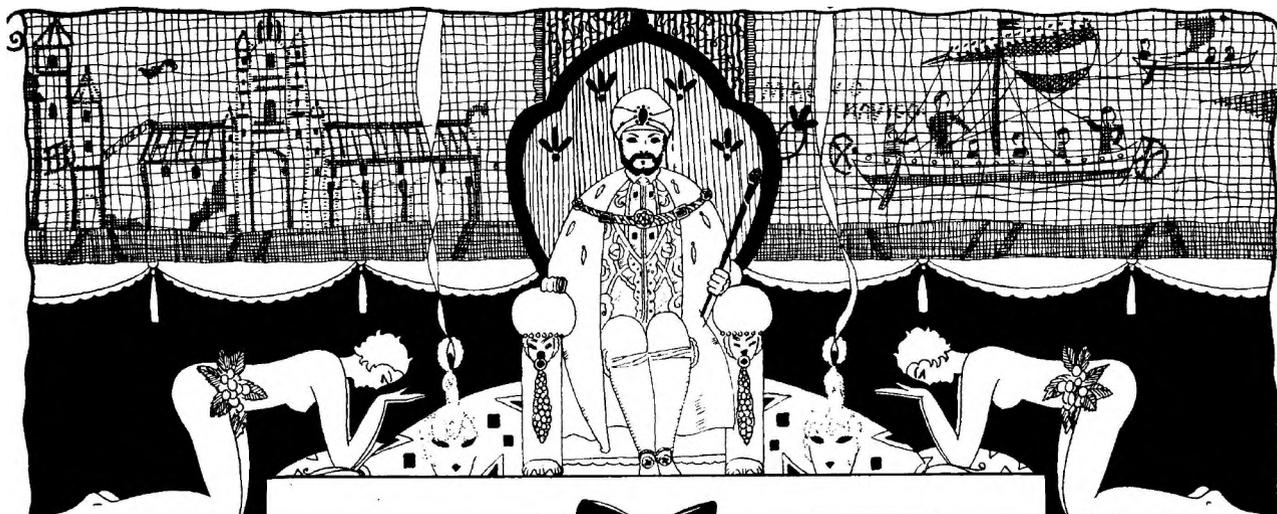
BUT THE Daylight Saving man thought he'd go back to business and things are what they used to be. Now perhaps George MIGHT see but not the nosey ones. . . . YOURS FOR AN IN- GERSOLL WITH THE DAY- LIGHT SAVING TIME.

BUGLE NOTES from the COUNTRY

GIRLS AREN'T what they used to be in the good old long ago. There was a time when the young lady was satisfied to stand by the old hearth and be content with her monthly meeting of the W.C.T.U. or the weekly gathering of the Ladies Aid Crochet Club. But the younger folks are for seeing the world nowadays. Our own Frances Wilson has packed away that new dress she bought when she was in Davenport. She says this will dazzle them city fellers up Chicago way. We hear lots about the bad city boys, but gosh darn, we don't believe half of it, and anyways Frances can call her home folks on long-distance tellyphone.

SMART JI MBRUNER got off a good one down at the village pump the other day. He was talking to Squire Long and said that his poor little dog Towser was chasing his tail when he met his end. Ha-Ha- Ha laugh we!





Original Slang of *the Ancients*

☐O listen SHISTERS AND BLISTERS to the tale of the Legend of the Peacock. Back when FATHER TIME knocked the Hour glass for a handful of sand there wandered in the moonlit CASHMERE garden a wondrous Peacock. As undressed chickens went even in this day, 2,000 B. C. (before Christmas) she was a speedometer speed.

As she pecks her corn from the courtyard she remembers the tragic ending of its hooman incarnation. You see she oncet of a time was a dancing girl of a powerful rajah. And when we say Dancing Girl we mean all tha^t it implies. She could step then, in one place all evening, or if her partner so desired all over the Persian garden. When she danced she made the old Rajah almost lose his whiskers. Alexander the Great would have cut the Gordian knot for her.

☐But she stepped too far. She petted the old whiskered Rajah, and kocked his Kween clean off the throne—if one can say that Kweens even washed on Sattidays back in them moons. Anyways, at the moment of her success while putting on the great ring of the Ranees, she turns up her pretty toes cold from the Babylonian poison secreted in the ring by the deposed Kween.

☐SO THAT'S WHY WHEN YOU SEE THE PROUD PEACOCK —YOU KNOW THAT ONCE UPON A TIME SHE WAS A STEPPING MAMMA WHO KNEW HOW TO STRUT HER STUFF. AND SHE STILL STRUTS, NO FOOLIN!



*Between the Pages
of Hollywood*



THE PERFUMED LOCK

(A Typical Upto-Date Moving Picture Scenario as is Written.)

Scene 1—Lovers celebrating leave-taking with wild orgy. He grabs a hair. She screams.

SUBTITLE:

Heroine: "Whatinell are you doin'? Trying to suin me?"

Hero: "No, I merely snatched this 'perfumed lock' to remember you by.

Scene 2—They part.

SUBTITLE:

Time takes wing in its onward flight. Year elapses.

Scene 3—The hero discovered in scene, sitting on the sagging mattress of a one-man cot. Takes out little box containing a single curly hair. Sniffs of the "perfumed lock."

SUBTITLE:

"All I have to do is sniff the elusive odor of this 'perfumed lock' and it all comes back to my mind, where I got it and why."

Back to Scene 3—Hero still thinking when ceiling of room caves in. Hero seems to be more than mildly surprised.

SUBTITLE:

After the accident—a changed man.

Scene 5—Outside of hospital. Hero coming to front door. He looks so entirely different, you would not know him if we did not tell you who it is.

SUBTITLE:

"I will take the damages I collected from the landlord and marry my 'lady of the perfumed lock.'"

Scene 6—The heroine's bath-room. She is washing her teeth, etc.

SUBTITLE:

"I must wash me clean, for tonight my man is coming to make me his bull-ushing bride."

Scene 7—Just outside the bathroom. Hero, looking entirely different, enters scene just as heroine is coming out of the bath-room.

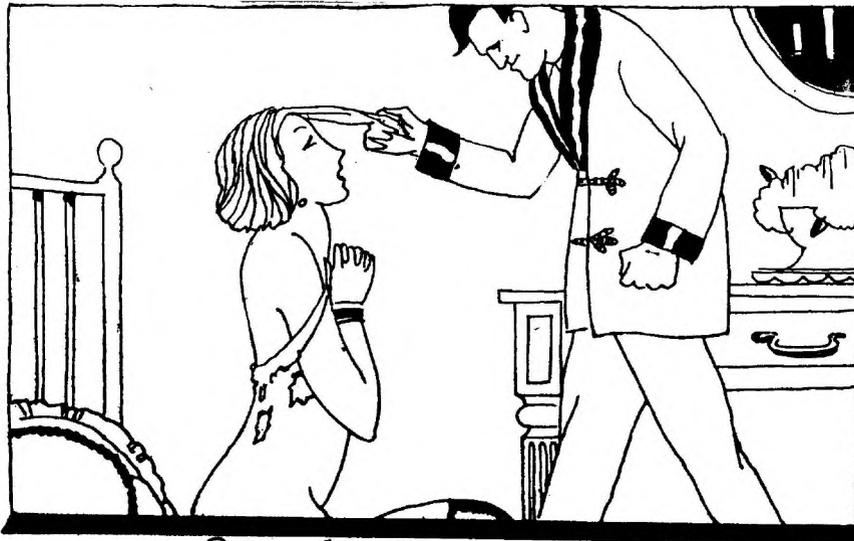
SUBTITLE:

Hero: "Sweetheart."

Heroine: "Sir, I don't know you!"

Hero: "Why, dearest, I am John Gilks, your true and only Romeo."

Heroine: "You lie like hell. John Gilks had a handsome phiz, but that pan of yours would wreck a freight-train."



The perfumed lock

Hero: "I repeat, I am John Ernest Gilks. A slight accident has wrought this change in my looks."

Heroine: "Sounds fishy, but prove to me that you are really J. E. Gilks and I will marry you blindfolded."

Back to scene. Hero produces little box and draws forth the curly hair.

Subtitle.

Hero: "This little token I snatched from you January 28th, where love is sweetest, will prove my identity."

Back to scene. Heroine sniffs the kinky bit of hirsute efflorescence.

Subtitle.

Heroine: "'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! Then you are really J. Ernest Gilks—but wait! There are others who have my perfumed locks."

Hero: "Curses! If the hair will not convince you, the scar I got from my appendicitis operation will do so."

Heroine: "Keep your shirt on! (Bashfully.) Get me one of your perfumed locks."

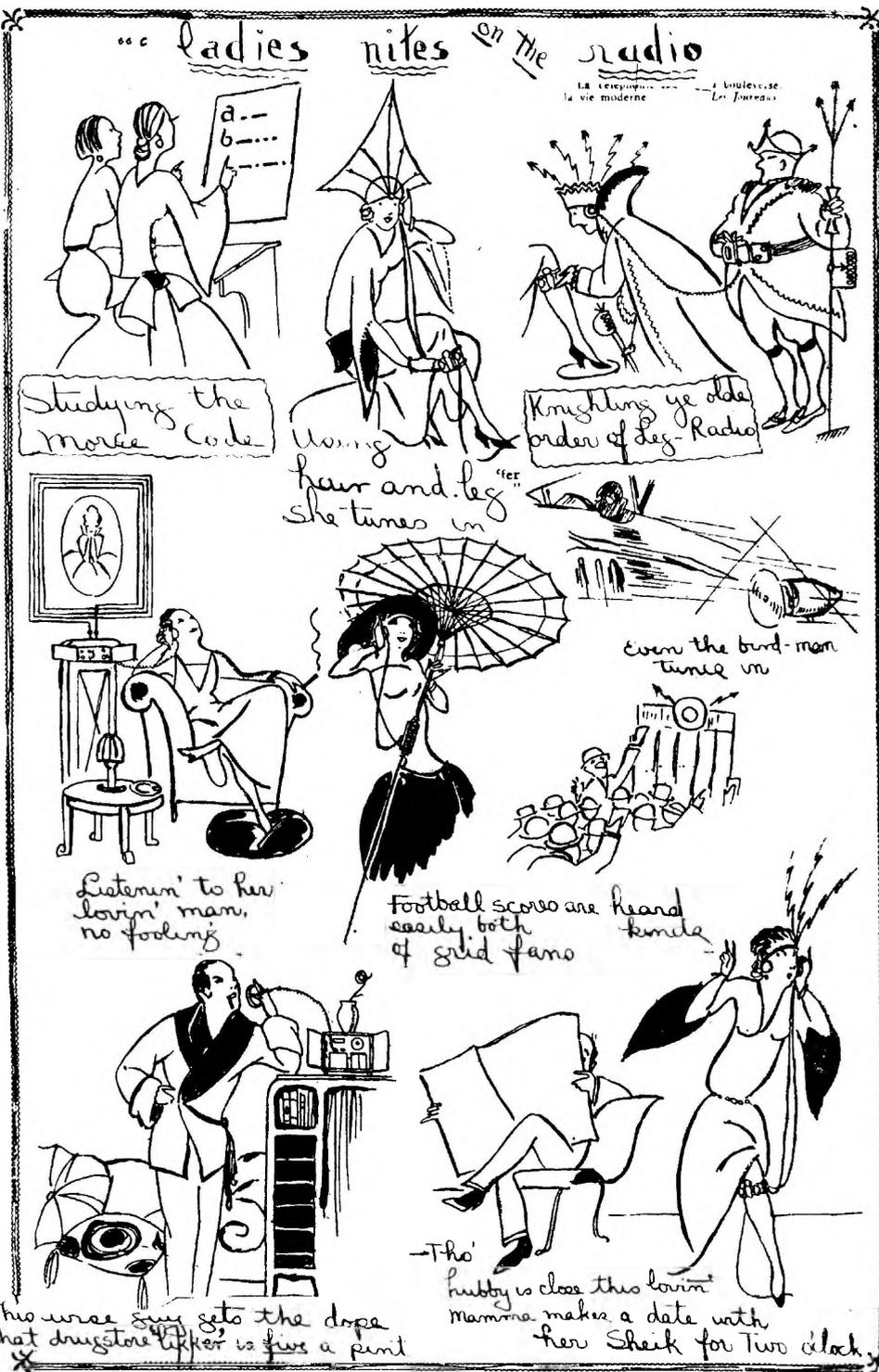
Back to scene. Hero pleased with the idea. Enters bathroom and comes out directly with another perfumed lock. Heroine sniffs. Embraces hero warmly.

Subtitle.

Heroine: "Gilkie my own beloved!"

Hero: Won by a HAIR'S BREATH!"

The End.



A NEVER FAILING REMEDY FOR CORNS

TOAST small pieces of cheese until nicely crisp and brown. Rub the cheese over corns and then retire immediately. Let your feet hang out of the bed for a night so that the mice may nibble the corns off.

FLAPPER PHILOSOPHY

"YA CAN fool all of the fellers part of the time and part of the fellers all of the time. But when a bonehead is stucco on ya, ya can fool him any old time."

CATFISHTOWN CAT-CALLS



Poster in a Catfish-tozen Picture Show

"Can a Woman Love Twice?"

"RASTUS?" asked the boss, "Did you ever join anything?"

"Yassir," agreed Rastus. "I dun jine up in de holy bonds o' matrimony fo' years ago."

"No, no. I mean, do you belong to any secret societies?"

"No, Sah. No use me trying to have secrets from dat woman, she find out who de gal is ebery time and kick up trouble, so I done quit trying."

CATFISHTOWN PREACHER

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 En cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair en happy land—
 (DON'T LET DAT HAT PASS BY!)

O de transportin' rapturous scene
 Dat rises to my sight!
 En rivers of delight!
 (DRAP IN DAT NICKEL, BRUDDER GREEN!)

Could I but stand whar Moses stood,
 En view de landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, or death's cold floor,
 (WE WANTS TEN DOLLARS MORE.)

MIXED NAMES

AT THE Christian Science testimony meeting there were many enthusiastic talks by those present in acknowledging the inspiration and help they had received from Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. Finally a meek-looking little woman in the audience arose and said, "I am only a visitor here and never heard of Mary Baker Eddy before but I just want to tell you of what Lydia E. Pinkham has done for me."

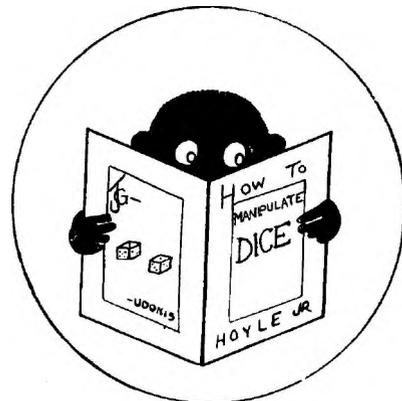
CARELESS CONCEALMENT

MRS. JOHNSON was a stout woman of extraordinarily protuberant proportions. One afternoon, of all days, while she was taking a bath in the family wash-tub, the pastor of her church must needs call and knock at the side-door that opened into the very room in which she was busied. Stepping out of the tub, Mrs. Johnson hurriedly pulled a folding-screen around her, but in her haste neglected to see that she was sufficiently concealed. Standing there shivering, she sent her little daughter to answer the door.

"Mamma isn't home this afternoon. She went down town," the little girl veraciously informed the parson, as she had been instructed by her mother.

The divine was a man a bit soured on life, and with a knack for occasional sardonic speech. He cast one cold glance through the open door and in the general direction of Mrs. Johnson's hiding-place, just opposite. Then, starting away again, he favored the child with this bit of advice in a voice distinctly audible within:

"Well, you tell your mamma, next time she goes to town, to be sure and take all of herself along, so that she can sit down and rest when she gets tired walking."



A GENTLEMAN remarked to a lady that he had just been to see the great nave in the new church. "Don't mention names," said the lady. "I know the man you are referring to."

Master: "Why are you late for school?"

Pupil: "Please, sir, I must have overwashed myself."

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

JUST THE evening before that terrible storm of brimstone that destroyed Gomorrah and the nearby thriving town of Sodom, the Reverend Doctor Dickey of the Sodom First Church, speaking before the Gomorrah Rotary Club, congratulated the two cities on the high standard of their citizenship and the salubrious character of their climate, and prophesied that in less than a decade they would make Damascus look like a thick place in the turnpike.



MEN-FOLKS, you'd think you've been imbibing the old corn hooch you've hidden away. Girls, you'll find your Rolls-Royce's and diamond tiaras a poor second to the big noise in our X'mas Number, even the sugar daddies will glean the wisdom therefrom. The X'mas number will be—

BIGGER
RIGHTER than ever
BETTER

Place your order with your dealer. X'mas Number will be a wow wow! 'Till then girls and boys laugh and dance and sing with the Turkey Number.

X'mas Number will be on all news-stands December 3rd, POSITIVELY, and we don't mean, maybe.

JAIL HOUSE BLUES
ONCE UPON a time, when I was pure,
Before I'd made a jail-house,
I went upon a little tour
And landed in an ale-house.

The bar-maid's name was "Krazy"
Kate—
She served me ale and whiskey,
And froglegs, which I promptly ate—
And then I got real frisky!

I jumped upon the shining bar
And hollered: "Come on, Maety!"
She hit me with a hunk of tar—
And then I jumped on Katey!

She hit me then with a spittoon,
A pick-axe and a black-jack,
Till I puffed up like a balloon
And lit out down a side-track.

The booze died out, the frogs stayed in,
I came unto a river;
I thinks, thinks I: "I will wade in."
The water made me shiver.

But I was full of froggy legs,
So I struck out a-swimmin'—
I Drowned—and now I begs
You-all, *Beware of Wimmin'!*
—WRIGHT.

A MAN'S IDEA OF LOVE IS
ONE HOUR ON DUTY AND
THE REST OF THE TWENTY-
THREE OFF.

Harry: "What a lovely ring!
May I hold it a minute?"

Nellie: "But I can't take it off my finger."

Harry: "Well, that doesn't matter."

PAY AND THE WORLD
DINES WITH YOU.

IT'S THE BEING FOUND
OUT THAT IS THE DIVIDING
LINE BETWEEN GOOD AND
BAD.

Lucy: "Mamma, where is daddy going?"

Mamma: "To a stag party."

Lucy: "Oh! I suppose they will all stagger, then."

A WOMAN'S past is like a mine. It's risky to go down into it with a light.

A PHILADELPHIA boy wrote a composition on the subject of Quakers, which he described as a sect that never quarrelled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other, and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words: "Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't."

Auntie: "Good gracious, Bobbie, you do eat an awful lot for a little boy."

Bobbie: "You know, auntie, I don't believe I'm half as little as I look from the outside."

"MUMMY," said little Elsie, "teacher says I mustn't sing any more in class, and I'm the fastest singer in school, too."

Max: "Why so happy, darling?"

Millie: "When I passed the pond just now. I heard a frog croak, and I'm so glad it was the frog that croaked, and not me."

Contributors to Turkey Number

Jo Burten, W. Sabbath, Celestine Vichy, D. Baker, C. Elmer, F. Pennoyer, L. Markun, J. Robinson, L. Jones, J. Woodford, R. Brenner, M. Chamber, G. Wright, G. I. Mottes, G. Wright, G. I. Mottes, G. McCarthy, J. Green, L. McKinney, H. Ramey, R. Carnahan, Julia Hopper, C. Smith, P. Love, H. S. Groipe, J. Gudonis.



ON KISSING

Bus: A kiss.

Rebuss: Kiss her again.

Omnibus: Kiss all the girls in the room.

Blunderbuss: Kissing your mother-in-law.

Syllabus: Two girls kissing each other.

NO WOMAN who uses lip salve is quite natural when she kisses.

A COURT decided that a wife has a right to ask her husband for a kiss, and if he refuses she can hit him in the face, and he can have her fined for the blow and pay the fine himself.

THE LATEST style of woman's headdress is called the KISS-ME-IF-YOU-DARE. When worn by a cross-eyed woman with a wart on her nose, the defiance is terrible and never answered.

'TIS BETTER to have kissed and caught a cold than never to have kissed at all.

A WOMAN'S lips are poor things to kiss unless you can feel the heat behind them.

PONCA CITY might be a whistling station, but just the same the railroad station agent recently concocted the following and posted it, too:

IF ON THIS FLOOR YOU CHOOSE TO SPIT,
JUST PAUSE, MY FRIEND, AND THINK
A BIT.

LAST NIGHT, WHEN ALL WAS COLD AND
STILL,

I CARRIED WATER UP THE HILL;
WASHED THIS FLOOR BY THE SILVER
MOON,
THAT YOU MIGHT USE OUR NEW Spittoon.

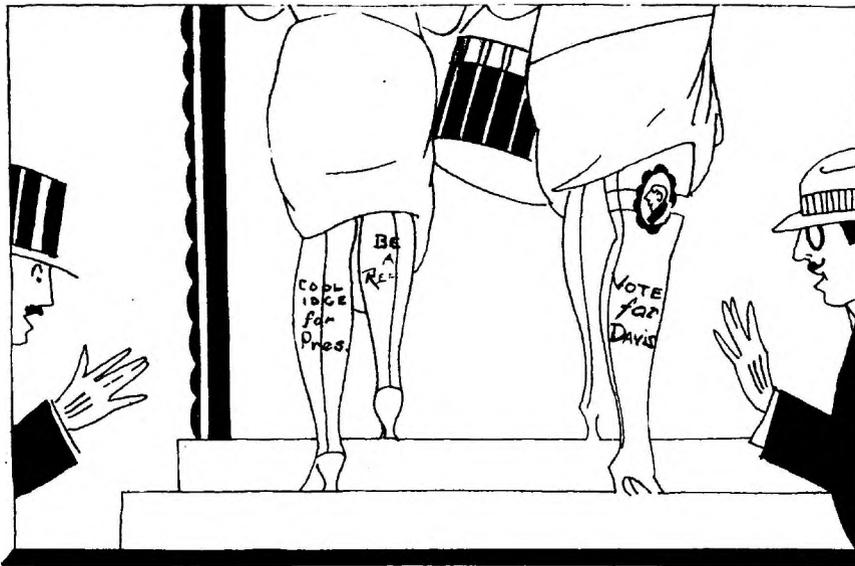
FOOTBALL RULES—1924-25

Enumerated by Physicians of all Broken-Shoulder Hospitals.

1. *Opponents* shall not kick each other in the face unless steel masks are worn.
2. *Players* who intend to maim or kill must first apply to referee for proper certificate.
3. *Should* any player kick a cheek, another player has the right to put his own cleats on the other's cheek.
4. *Time* must be allowed by the timekeeper for removal of players with broken bones.
5. *The team* in which a player falls on the stomach of an opposing player more than five times shall be ruled from the gridiron.
6. *In case* of controversy it is considered improper to raise one's fist.
7. *Crippled* or maimed players shall have the right to request the officials for the address of such athletes at whose doors such crippling or maiming can be laid to.



☞ *The Human Octopus, She Wants Everything She Sees—and Then Some*



The latest from Paris

THE LATEST FROM PARIS

I SEE by the papers that skirts are very short again in gay Paree. They're so short that the girls are paying particular attention to their garters. The latest is to have pictures on the garters. They may be pictures of prominent politicians, and again may be pictures of husband or *Lover*.

That's all right over there, where they have a short ballot. But suppose a girl wants to show she's a good Mixer. She wears Izzie McSwallow, the Prohibitionist candidate for dog-catcher on her left leg. Her rich daddy doesn't know the phiz of the Prohibitionist candidate for dog-catcher. He gets sore. Hot dog!

Patriotic women are wearing Coolidge or Davis or LaFollette on their right leg, and Dawes or Bryan or Wheeler on the left. The girls with shapely legs are the best campaigners, you can just bet on that. Don't miss any of their eloquent talks, boys. Take a good look at your candidate, while the looking is good.

I'm passing out pink garters with the noble face of Uncle Pete Hellsbells, the anti-Volstead, anti-Mann Ac candidate. I expect him to get all the Regular Fellow, He-Man and Jazz Glands vote.

—Markui

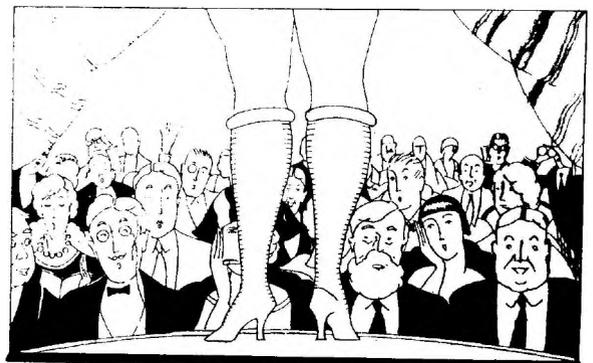
HOW to develop your imagination—Listen in to a bedroom farce over the radio.

PHILISOPHY OF CAP'N JOEY

IF ALL the whiskey drunk during the Thanksgiving season should be placed in an immense cask, I should like to be there.

LET ME SHOW YOU WHY, SISTER

AN INDIAN legend accounts thus for the creation of woman: When the Creator of the Universe was about to create a woman, He discovered that all the material at His disposal had already been employed in the creation of man. Thereupon He took the tortuous windings of the serpent, the clinging capacity of the orchid, the trembling of the grass, the lightness of the leaf, the glance of the gazelle, the brilliance of the sun rays, the tears of the clouds, the tricks of the wind, the tenderness of the rosebud, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the consuming heat of fire, the stiffening cold of ice, and the chattering of the magpie. Having mingled all these elements together, He created the female sex.



HOPPER

Calves Bull the World

Hot Dogs from the Kampus

FRUM RED 2 PAL

(Back to Back at College)

DEER PAL:

WARE IN mi young life hav u bean ole Sock? Seems like Tymes & Corn Liquor aint the same since thet skirt foundered U in2 a house & chillun 'round de door. As King Ozo said to the white man, "It's Noodle soop with me."

Butt wile wear onn the grape nuts lett me tell U ime bak at Kollege. Furthermore hear & yon, Ime playing Guard on the Footbawl team. U aint herd of us butt U will. Its grate 2 be again onn the Kampus & look over these dizzie Blondes thay Kall Co-Eds. i no won dizzie Blonde who is the *Pig-skin* for looks. She gets the worm tho, 4 she talks like a footbawl coach.

OUTE HEAR in the West ware men are men & Footbawl players hav Hair on thare chests a Triple threat looks like a Colt revolver. Next Fawl wen i graduate with a coupla orr so degrees i think ile play with sum Professional footbawl team. There iznt enuf action round hear unless its shootin Craps. i craves action & i cant break an arm or leg hear unless i Carrie off my own dead & wounded.

THIS ARMISTIC day thare was a meeting on our Kampus. the fuzzy-faced Dean wuz theare. Every institushun haz won & wee hav mour then hour share. Well the dean wuz speaking about won uv the footbawl players hoo had gone in2 the War. that guy, next to Rasmussen Littletwig, the pocket-pool champeen, wuz a herō. No kidding camisole wearers. "Let us never forget the Hero-Izm young T. Caponi," he tolde them between his chewin' terbacker. "Twas he who led the Success-Ful advance on LORRAINE! it wuz he hoo took NANCY by surprise! It wuz . . ."

Then an olde lady on the edge of the Kampus spit out between her False teeth, "THE BRUTE!" & left the KAMPUS.

URES FOR KOLLEGE WIMMEN with Shingle Bobs, & az many az i can get!!

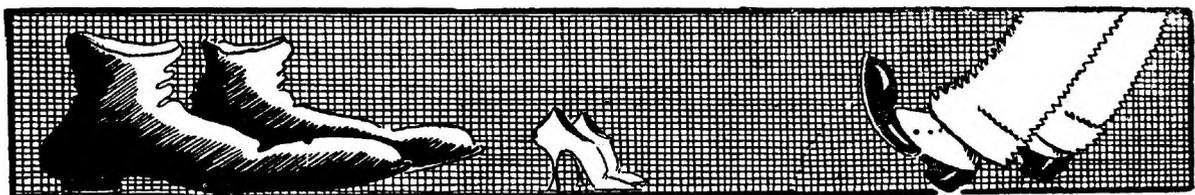
RED.

Address:

HORRORS UNIVERSITY,
City of Hard Knocks,
MUTILATION, ILLINOIS.



WHEN Mother Wind's children blow and blow,
And scatter the leaves so gay,
Soon comes the winter to whiten with snow
The clothes of Mildy that were blown away



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San Francisco, Cal.

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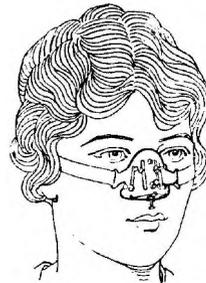
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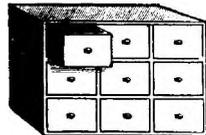
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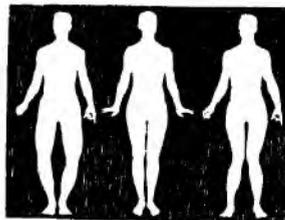
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