

WILD CHERRIES

SEPTEMBER
1933

25¢
LADY WORKS

VOL. 1.

NO. 2.



REGARDING

N R A



It is the patriotic duty of every American to give whole-hearted and energetic support to the N R A movement and we are proud to be able to do our part.

**Publications Service Syndicate
Incorporated**



Wild Cherries

AS we go to press with this second issue of our little magazine, we do so with a justifiable pride. Our first issue was a success and the reading public has shown that it wants Wild Cherries to continue. We have received many letters to this effect and are glad to see our faith in the popularity of real humor vindicated.

We hope that you will find this number of Wild Cherries even more entertaining. It is a little different in content than the last one but the fundamental principal of spicy but clean fun still prevails. There are many "hot spots" and some really serious bits of reading as well as abundant art and plenty of laughs throughout these sixty-four pages.

We would be interested to know just what particular thing in this issue impresses you most. Won't you dash us off a line or two when you get a spare moment and tell us about the bull's-eye in your estimation? But, if you don't wish your letter published you must be sure to say, because we have a "Mail-bag Department" in the back of the book for just such emergencies.

For the benefit of those readers who wish to get their copies of "Wild Cherries" while they are "hot," this publication will be on sale at all available newsstands on the twentieth of each month.

And now a word to contributors. In the case of unsolicited manuscripts, cartoons, etc., these must be accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelopes to insure return if found unsuitable for publication. We have received considerable material that has not conformed to these regulations either in whole or in part. Contributors complying with specifications will get quick action on their submitted material. A list of our present requirements and rates therefore will be mailed on request.

Yours until next issue,

THE EDITOR.

WILD CHERRIES

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VOL. I

No. 2

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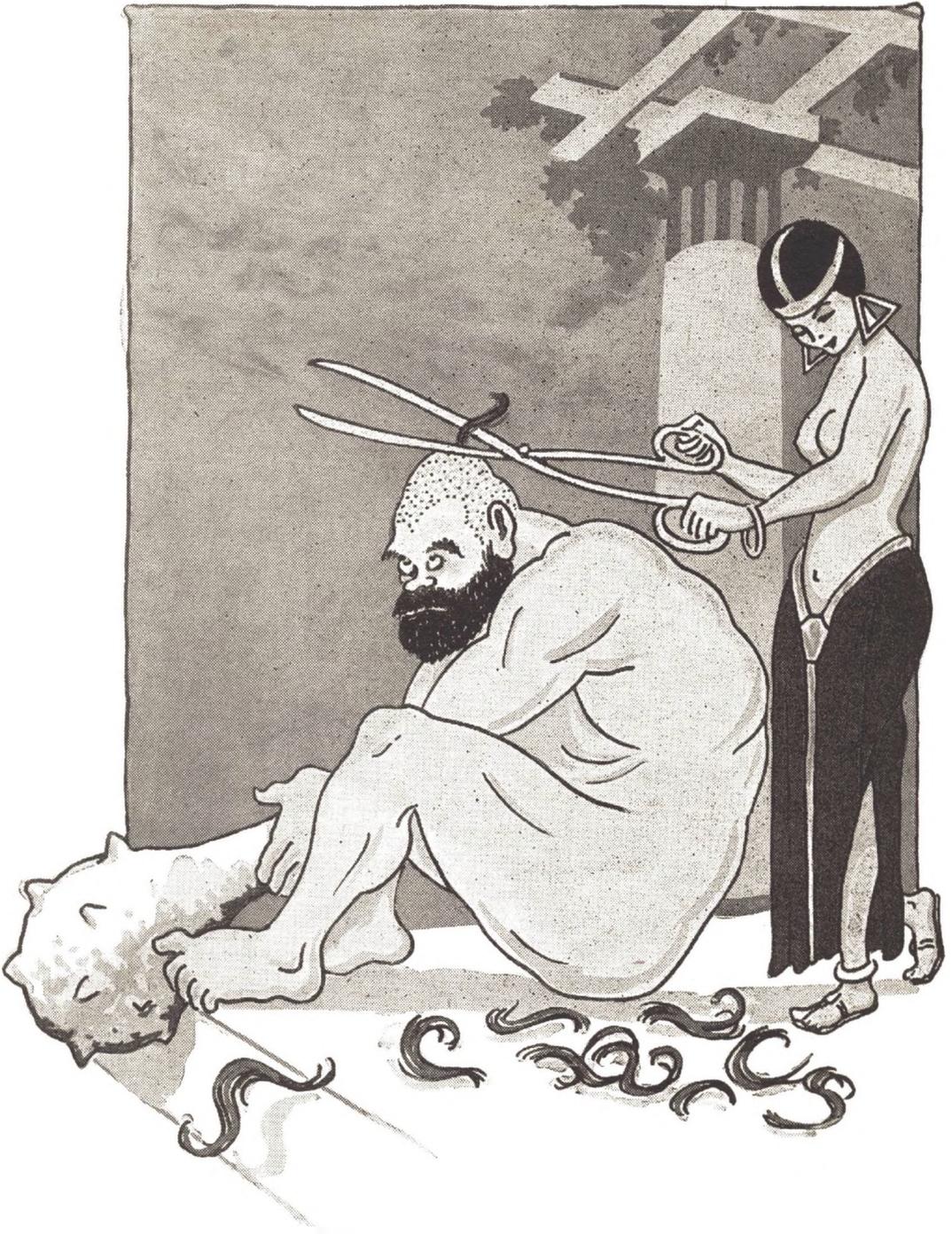


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Sixty-four peppy pages full of spicy humor,
really clever drawings, funny, jokes, good
stories and interesting novelties.

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SAMSON GETS HIS FIRST CUT



“Aw Del, now I feel like a blamed Nudist, or something!”

INTO *the* UNKNOWN!

by
HORATIUS Q. FIDDLESNIFF,
B. V. D., B. O., R. S. V. P.

As told to Allen Mack

"Yes," smiled the Professor through his whiskers, "It is all true. I have been there."

"Been where?" questioned Smyth, the News reporter.

"How do I know?" snapped the great man impatiently. "All I know is, I was there. Please don't interrupt me. It is very rude."

Prof. Fiddlesniff fixed the circle of listeners with his pale blue eye and proceeded with his narrative:

"It all came about so suddenly and so strangely that some of the details have escaped me. You will have to bear with me, my friends, if my story seems incomplete in places. After all, who knows but what some of us may be incomplete in places."

"If you mean anything personal in that crack I'll take a sock at your nose!" exploded Haasha the Harem Steward.

The Professor took no notice of the remark and continued:

"It was when I was in Washington on official business for the International Bunion Growers Association that I first became acquainted with 'Congressional Gas.' This gas, gentlemen, is several thousand times lighter than air, or even Helium, for that matter. A minute quantity injected into a block of worthless oil stock will send it skyward at a

remarkable rate. The great possibilities vested in this new found element stunned me. I felt actually dizzy as my poor brain tried to grasp the full portent of it. The outlook was gigantic!

"At once I started plotting to commercialize Congressional Gas. My one great trouble seemed the problem of obtaining the element in large quantities without letting the legislators in on the secret. That would have spoiled everything. It is said that a Congressman is his own worst enemy but I preferred to play safe. At last I hit upon an idea!

"I would corner the market on Congressional Records and distil the precious gas therefrom! No sooner said than done. I borrowed a large capitol still and—"

"But Professor, stills were against the law!" cried Lord Helpus.

"That is where you are wrong, your lordship," retorted the professor. "Not against the law but against the Constitution."

"Well, isn't the Constitution law?" demanded the nobleman.

"Not at all, not at all!" Prof. Fiddlesniff explained. "Up to 17 amendments such was the case, then—blooey! The last straw, you know. Nobody seemed to give a hoot after that. But let me get on with my story, it looks like rain."

"Shoot the works, Whiskers!" bel-
lowed Iron Jaw Pete, the Pug.

The Professor gave him a scornful
glance but continued with his tale:

"Well, I distilled fifty thousand cubic
feet of Congressional Gas and stored it
in the Capitol dome. That was a mis-
take, as I afterward found out. Any-
way, I had the gas. Now the question
was what would I use it for first.

"I consulted a doctor friend of mine
and prevailed upon him to construct for
me some tiny pills each containing one
half of one percent Congressional Gas.
The idea was, for people who found it
hard to get up in the morning, to take
one pill before retiring. The sugar coat-
ing would dissolve in exactly eight hours
and the liberated gas would insure the

sleeper of a guaranteed rising the next
morning. I tried it out on my landlady,
to whom I owed considerable back rent.
She got up all right, floated out of the
window and was last seen over Halifax.
If she had not insisted upon the rent
again I would not have given her so
many pills. It was therefore, really her
fault.

"I went back to the Capitol dome to
get some more gas and—then it hap-
pened!"

The professor mopped beads of per-
spiration from his high forehead and
took another hitch in his belt. His audi-
ence waited in silence.

"Well, I had not taken the weakening
effect of the Depression into considera-

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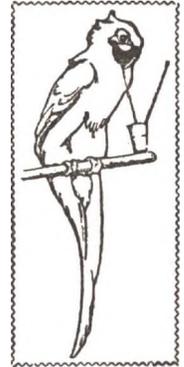
The Masterpiece

"But, mother dear, it's ART!"



"What can I do to keep my husband from running after other women?"

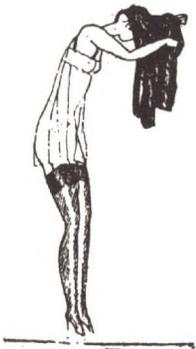
"Cut his—er—legs off!"



POLLY SAYS

* *

"Women are all alike. They take from Pat and give to Mike."



Remember when pansies used to come in bunches instead of groups?

Continued from page 5

tion and I had hardly shaken hands with Freedom on top the dome when, with a mighty wrench, the whole structure tore loose from its supports and I found myself hurtling madly through space. So great was the lifting power of that Congressional Gas that in less time than it takes to tell, the whole Capitol dome, statue of Freedom and myself had traveled millions of miles into the great void and landed with a considerable jar upon a strange planet.

"I must have been stunned momentarily for when I opened my eyes I found a queer being looking down upon me. It was neither man nor beast and partook somewhat of both. I got hastily to my feet preparing to defend myself as best I could from this menace. Then I heard a laugh.

"'Ha-ha-ha! If you only knew how silly you look!' I turned and saw a fat man watching me from a clump of blue and pink bushes. He was stark naked but something about him looked familiar.

"'Who are you?' I asked nonchalantly. For answer he handed me a card. 'Elmer T. Phipps,' I read.

"'You are not *the* Elmer T. Phipps who disappeared a year ago during a Senate investigation?' I exclaimed in surprise.

"'None other,' he flung back. 'Have you got a cigar?'

"I ignored his question. I, for one, would not tolerate his chisling. I resolved to get the lowdown on him.

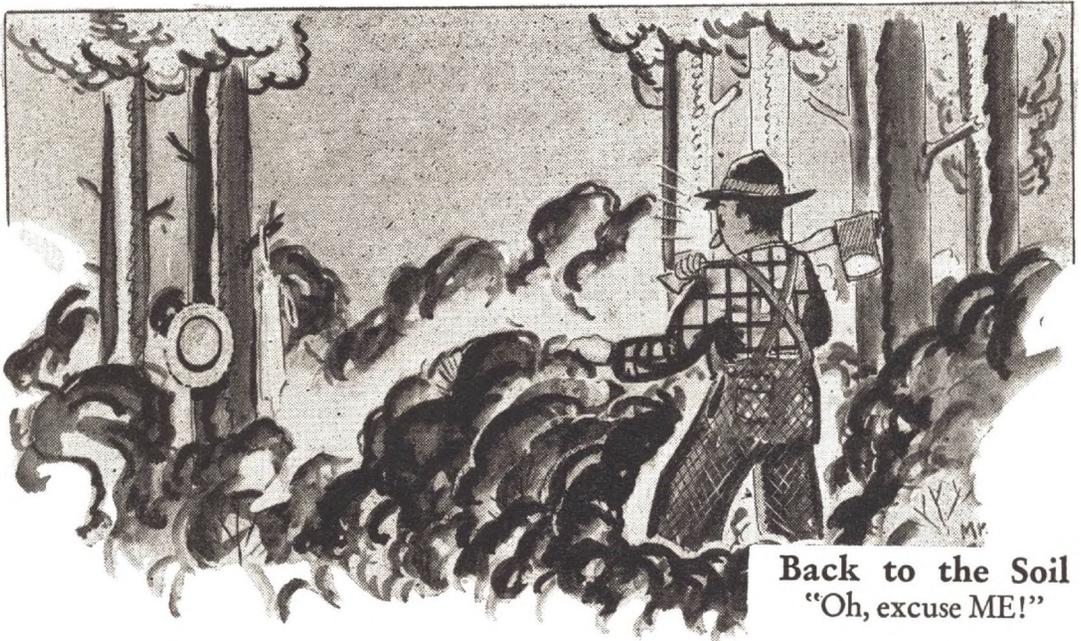
"'What are you doing here and why?' I asked in my best third-degree manner. 'And also, where in hel—er—space are we?'

"'Come, we'll ask Judge Crater, he ought to know,' grunted Mr. Phipps and led the way off down the hill.

"What a funny world this was! Red grass, blue and pink bushes and violet colored trees. The sky was a bright yellow hue with a spattering of sea-green clouds. The queer beast or whatever it was followed us.

"I hurried to catch up with my guide

Continued on page 8



Back to the Soil
"Oh, excuse ME!"

BROADWAY'S MOTHER GOOSE



Simple Simon met a pie-man,
 Going to Central Park.
 Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
 Meet me after dark.
 Said the pie-man to Simple Simon,
 Show me first your money,
 Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
 Are you trying to be funny?



Jack be nimble, Jack be quick.
 Or a taxi's liable to do the trick!



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty wanted it all.
 All Tammany's bosses, all Tammany's
 men,
 Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty to
 work again.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
 Why do your panties show?
 They cost five bucks,
 And I wash 'em in Lux,
 Is that all you want' to know?

Continued from page 7

but found that I could not keep to my feet. I felt top-heavy. 'Hey!' I yelled, 'Wait up, will you?' Phipps stopped and looked back.

"The trouble with you is, you're drunk!' he flung at me. Before I could get a hot reply off my chest he continued, 'It's the air here, but you'll get used to it. We all do. You see the air contains more than 3.2 percent alcohol by volume. Sometimes, just before a storm, it is nearly as strong as gin.'

"I was aghast at such a situation. 'Why doesn't the government do something about it?' I asked.

"We have no government here,' replied Phipps with a wink. 'The Judge will tell you about that too.'

"I finally managed to stagger along after him in some fashion and we at length arrived at a huge square building without windows. There were many doors, however, and each one marked with a number but, unlike our earthly numbers, these were both upside down and backwards.

"We entered through a door marked with six crazy figures and I found myself in what appeared to be a large movie theatre. There were row upon row of high-backed seats and a silver screen at the far end. Phipps motioned for me to be seated. I was tired and glad of the chance to rest.

"Soon the place began to fill up. A great throng of people poured in through the many doors and before long the seats were all occupied.

"Are we going to see a show?' I whispered to Phipps who was sitting on my left.

"That all depends upon your viewpoint,' spoke up a bald-headed man on my right.

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The Tale of a Shirt



"Lookie Hop Sing, allee samee too muchee beanee!"



"I LEARNED TO DUNK MY COFFEE-CAKE"

Continued from page 8

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not address you!' I retorted with some heat. His manners were atrocious!

"Phipps said nothing and appeared as though he had not even heard.

"I was annoyed and made up my mind to let the fact be known but before I could utter a word all lights went out and the screen glowed with a bright blue radiance. I gazed at the phenomenon in wonder. What was going to happen now?

"A picture was appearing upon the screen. I saw a humble cottage that, somehow or other, seemed vaguely familiar. There was a woman with a squaling infant in her arms. The scene shifted and I saw the same infant a little older playing on a dirty floor. My, what an ugly little brat! Again the scene changed and the youngster had grown some more. Bit by bit I saw the kid grow up and the impression kept getting stronger and stronger that I had seen him before or at least that there was a strangely familiar note to the whole business. Then the whole truth suddenly struck me, I was seeing MYSELF. The whole thing was a pictorial history of

my own life from the cradle up and none of the embarrassing little details were left out. Was my face red!!

"Keep you shirt on,' said Phipps in a whisper. 'Every new member has to be given the works.'

"Well, I'll tell you that that was certainly a mortifying experience. I had to sit there and see myself grow from childhood into manhood with all the trimmings! There I was kissing little Mary Piddle on her back porch one hot summer night. She was my first 'girl,' was Mary, but one of the older boys down by the gas-house took her away from me. The whole scene was enacted again there before my eyes. All I had to offer her was a slightly used apple and he, the scoundrel, had a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* and a jar of cold cream.

"Then I saw the time the Widow Willing had me over to her house for dinner. That was the first time I ever—er—dunked my coffee cake. The widow, she let me. In fact it was she that suggested it. I was somewhat ashamed because I had been told that it was not the thing to do. But it was nice and I enjoyed it.

"The screen picture left out no details and I wondered how the film had been made in this day of censors and such. It must have been faked anyhow for I was sure that I had not posed for any such pictorial revelation. It must all have been some trick—but what was happening now?

"There I was, a young man in my prime, staggering down a dark street. I seemed to be under the influence of liquor. I remembered the incident well. One of those dark chapters from my past that I preferred to keep secret. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead.

"Sure enough, there I was entering a darkened doorway. The shadowy figure of a sailor greeted me and we went up—

stairs together. He was a handsome brute, that sailor! I shut my eyes.

"When I again looked at the unfolding drama I saw myself just kissing a big buxom blonde goodnight. And did I put feeling into that kiss!! I tingled all over at memory of the occasion. Then came the fly in the ointment, her husband came home a little ahead of schedule and caught us in the—vestibule. What a kick that man had. I couldn't sit down for a couple of weeks after that night.

"The picture sped on and on rapidly drawing nearer to the present time. I saw the scene where my oldmaid landlady slipped into my rooms bent upon collecting my rent or else—. The fact that I was preparing to retire did not phase her in the least. As a matter of fact she too was in her nightie. She knew what she wanted and was determined to get it. She had been waiting a long time for it and—well—I had no choice in the matter. If the episode had occurred a few years earlier in my history or, perhaps, if the landlady had been a trifle more possessed of feminine charm, the whole outcome would probably have been different. I might have paid my rent up in full and even a bit on account but as it was—promises didn't help matters one iota. That woman was sure mad. I was glad that I had sent her on that trip to Halifax.

"At last I saw myself in Washington extracting Congressional Gas from heaps of old Records. I saw my pre-emp-

tory flight astride the Capitol dome and my abrupt landing upon this queer world, then the picture faded and the auditorium was brilliantly illuminated.

"'Horatio Q. Fiddlesniff!' thundered a deep voice from somewhere near the screen. 'You have seen yourself as others have seen you. We have seen you. You are unmasked. Step forward and receive the final degree in this great brotherhood!'

"I felt myself being forced into the aisle by Phipps and cautiously I made my way toward the stage where hung the movie screen. Now what was going to happen? I was prepared for almost anything, after what had occurred so far, but what actually took place was beyond my wildest anticipation."

Professor Fiddlesniff paused to take a swig from a pocket flask and his listeners stood spellbound, waiting for him to continue.

End of Part One

(What further adventures befell the brave Professor in the strange unknown world? What connection had that far off planet with our own globe? Who was Elmer T. Phipps and the mysterious Judge? Read the next issue of Wild Cherries for the thrilling details of Part Two of this wild tale. Adventure and politics on two worlds! Science versus the occult! Weird situations, snappy action, humorous moments and a whirlwind finish. Don't miss it!)



Hitting the Hay



“Aw come on! Let’s hunt a needle!”





I

Wake! For the Lights of Broadway, one
 by one,
 Flash their Defiance to the setting Sun,
 Each twinkling point a promise
 made!
 The nightly round of Pleasure has
 begun.

II

Painted Lillies from their silken Beds,
 Arise and shake their pretty little Heads.
 Butterflies their gorgeous Wings un-
 fold,
 And Night his sable mantle quickly
 sheds.

III

Along that famous Avenue of Light,
 Priestesses of Pleasure woo the living
 Night,
 And Pagan Gods their differences
 Forget,
 Intoxicated with the thrilling Sight.

IV

Virtue throws her tattered robes aside,
 And Wades into the bubbling lustful
 Tide.
 She kicks the sandals from her weary
 Feet,
 And on the Wings of Passion seeks to
 Ride.

V

And here are Strangers from the outer
 Space,
 Who stare in awe about the gaudy Place,
 Hesitating on the Threshold while
 their Feet,
 Burn to join the Others in the Race.

VI

This teeming Mart that doth in Flesh
 abound,
 Where Merchants selling Souls are
 nightly to be found,
 Its carnal Wares in gay abandon
 makes Display,
 And trades its empty Values pound for
 pound.

Alcoholic Alliteration

o o

Alice Agatha Allerton arrived at Astor Arms and accosted Algernon Ashley accusingly. Algernon assumed an angel-air as Alice argued. "After all, Alice," avered Algernon, "Alcohol administers artistic aplomb. As an art aspirant Archibald Akers affords an admirable advertisement. Archie adores art and absorbs all alcohol available."

Alice appeared abstracted. "Al, Archie's Aunt Arrabella abhors alcohol. Archie's attempted abstinence appears amusing although advisedly advantageous. Archie accepts Aunty's allowance accordingly. Archie's alcoholic abuse abbreviates Archie's artistic ability and Aunty's affections are at abeyance."

"Absolutely admitted," answered Algernon alertly. "Alice, acquaint Archie adroitly and attend Archie's aunt after accomplishment."

Alice accosted Archie actually abed. Archie ached and assayed another aspirin. Alice asked Archie about aunty's art academy allowance. Archie, acutely athirst, appeared apprehensive. Archie avered Aunt Arrabella approved absinth and anisette. Alice admonished accusingly. "Archie, abstain altogether. Alcohol and art are antitheses! Aunt Arrabella anticipates an artist, another Angelico. Avoid Aunty's anger, Archie, and abdicate all alcohol appetite."

Archie arose abruptly. All ablush Alice attempted adjournment. Archie accelerated action and anticipated Alice's agitation. Always attractive, Alice appeared absolutely adorable. Arms akimbo, Alice addressed Archie acidly, "Ape! Another attempted assault and Algernon Ashly arrives after apologies. Asinine animal, art ashamed?"

Archie assumed an abject aspect. "Ah Alice," avowed Archie, "All Algernons are accursed. Archie, and Archie alone adores Alice! Allegedly alcoholically addicted, Archie's affection assumes alarming aspects? Accept Archie's abject apology and alibi. Acquaint Aunt Arrabella accordingly. Archibald Akers abandons alcohol, absinth, anisette, ale and all. Art ascends absolute above abasing alcoholic abominations. After all, Archie Akers, Artist, augers achievement. Adieu, Alice, adieu!"

Aunt Arrabella's affluent allowance arrived, Archie affected an artist's atelier and ambitiously applied art. All appeared amicable.

Algernon Ashley ascertained Archie's artistic accomplishments and Alice's apparent animated attention. Agony attacked Al's amatory aspirations. Audaciously aflame, Al arrived at Archie's atelier.

"Artist Archie!" addressed Al amusingly, "Ambitious?"

"Absolutely!" answered Archie.

"Apple-jack?" asked Al accommodatingly.

After an argument, Archie accepted. Al administered apple-jack attentively. Archie absorbed all available and after awhile acted awful. Al appeared astonished. "Ah Archie, assuredly alcohol apprehends art and affects adolescent amateurs accordingly. Algernon acquires adorable Alice and Archie, Artist Archie, abides alcoholically accursed!"

Abruptly Archie angrily assaulted Algernon and attempted annihilation. Algernon, always agile, attacked Archie's abdomen adroitly.

Alice and Aunt Arrabella arrived auspiciously all agog. Alice advanced aggressively addressing Archie and Algernon accusingly advising an armistice.

Concluded on page 16

A BACK-TO-NATURE MOVEMENT



Now For the Dessert

"Don't you love to go on picnics?"

"Oh yes, and vice versa, my dear."



Treed



The Social Climber does her
stuff,
Among the Family Trees.
She minds not if their Bark is
rough,
Or what the Public sees.



She loves to match 'em limb
for limb,
It puts her on the Map.
The daily Climb keeps her in
trim,
To get the rising Sap.



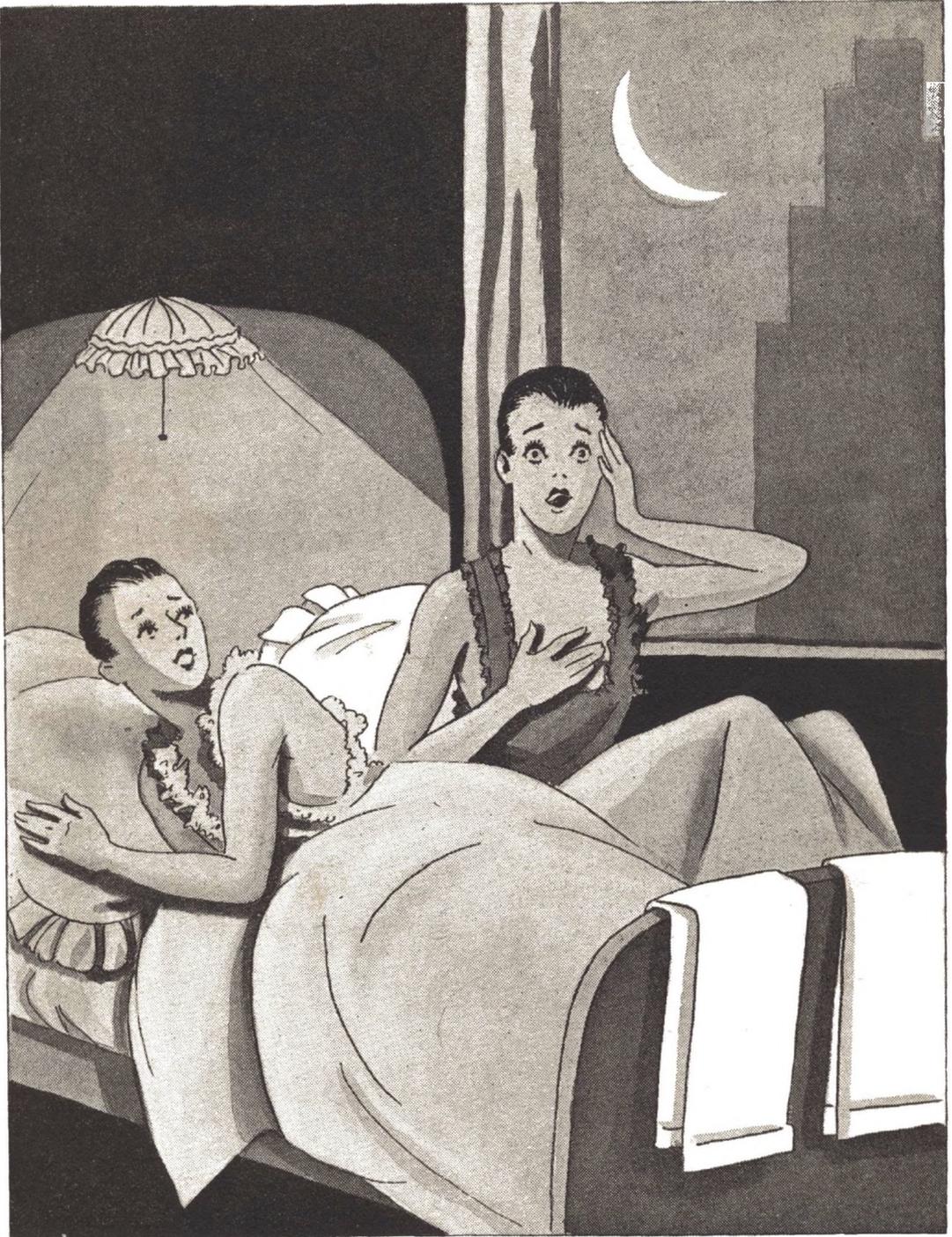
Algernon appeared ashamed and apologized. Archie assumed an annoyed air. "Archie!" admonished Alice, "All absurd abusive affrays arouse Aunty's animosity and alcohol appears accountable."

Archie assayed an attempt at arbitration asserting ardently Algernon's adverse announcement. Alice appeared anxious. All argument additionally aggravated Aunty. "Archibald Akers," accused Aunt Arrabella, "All are ashamed! Absurd asinine actions are ap-

parently alcoholic. Accordingly all allowances are apprehended awaiting appropriate atonement. Away afore apoplexy attacks!"

Alice, Aunt Arrabella and Algernon adjourned. Archie alone assumed an arrogant attitude. After all Aunty's allowance afforded an attempt at art and Archie admitted artistic aspirations. Archie's acute alcoholic appetite afforded agony. All athirst, Archie acceded alcohol's advantage and anxiously awaited absinth.

A GRIM FAIRY TALE



“Oh Horace, I just had the most terrible dream! I thought I was drowning and going down for the LAST time!”





People born between the 24th of August and the 23rd of September are Virgo-folk and are ruled by the planet Mercury. If your birth-date happens to come within this sphere you are endowed by the heavens with an innate sense of detail, selectiveness, method and routine. You pride yourself in your moral and physical cleanliness. You are industrious and tenacious but are apt to be fault-finding in others. Your lack of imagination is a serious handicap in some fields of endeavor.

The Virgo-born, as a rule, are mostly interested in themselves and care little what other people are doing or thinking just so they are not interfered with. They are systematic in their work and painstaking as to detail but often radical as to their methods of getting their results. They resent being told how to go about a thing and much prefer to work out their own ways and means. Regardless of what paths they may pursue they are always thorough and, strange to say, accurate.

Among the famous children of Mercury will be found such names as William Howard Taft, Theodore Dreiser, Greta Garbo, Charles Dana Gibson, Dolores Costello Barrymore, Marilyn Miller, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Neil Hamilton, Maurice Maeterlinck, General Dawes, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Lee de Forrest, Frederick March, Margaret Sanger and Maurice Chevalier.

The vibrations of Mercury are care-

free, lively and gay imparting to the Virgo-born a sunny disposition. They love laughter, music and dancing. They are fond of bright colors, lights and action. They crave variety, love travel, delight in fine clothes and go out of their way to find adventure. But there is always a fly in their ointment, they are too prone to criticize others, pick out the flaws in their work and often miss entirely the glory of the masterpiece in the exposure of some minor faulty detail. The Virgo-born have little sympathy for others and are many times snobbish and guilty of mental cruelty. They also have a tendency towards moral cowardice.

And so we find the composit Child of Mercury a sort of living paradox. Carefree and gay—unsympathetic and unimaginative. A stickler for detail in the work of others yet resentful of personal criticism. Pioneering in new methods yet condemning the same tactics in others. Virgo-folk love applause and like the bright lights.

In the marriage tie you will find the Virgo-born, for the most part, devoted and steadfast. Fidelity is a major virtue with them and they not only practice it but demand it unquestionably of their mates. Virgo-women make good wives and excellent housekeepers. However, the natural tendency of this sign seems to be toward single-blessedness rather than matrimony. As a rule, people of the sign of Virgo, the virgin, do not crave children but when they have off-

spring they show themselves to be conscientious, loving parents.

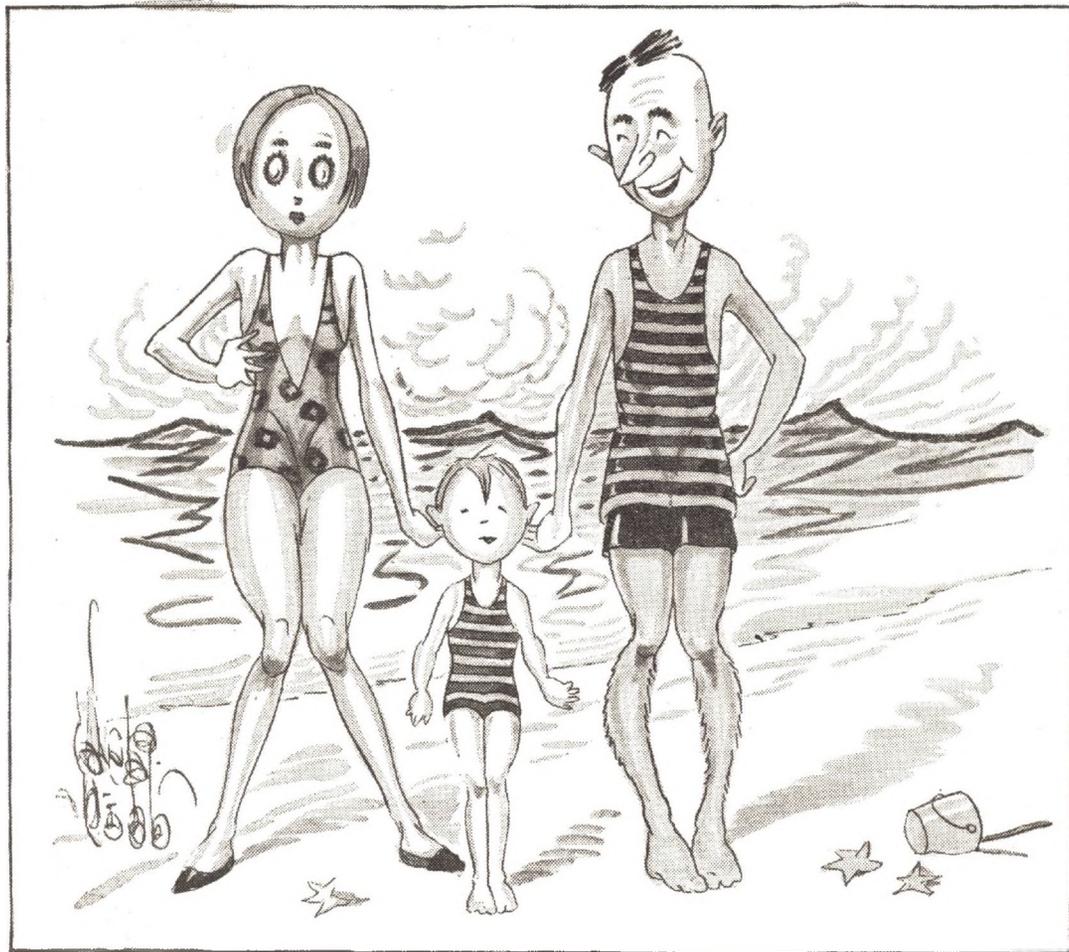
If you happen to have been born between the 20th and the 25th of September, you are what is known as a Cuspal. That is you partake of both the houses of Virgo and of the succeeding Libra. People born on the Cusp are usually of dual natures, sometimes of conflicting natures. In the case of the Virgo-Libra union we find a charming combination. Cuspals of this period are aesthetic souls, refined of manner, possessed of great personal charm, high thinking, diplomatic, artistic, born leaders in states-

manship and military genius, adept at strategy and have the power to handle large groups of men or to sway the masses.

Some of the noted Virgo-Libra Cuspals are Mahatma Ghandi, Maurice Chevalier, Christobal Pankhurst, MacDonald, and Clemanceau.

Under this double sign many famous doctors, lawyers and judges have been born. Women - cuspals are gracious, famous for political influence, arbiters of style and possessed of great histrionic ability.

Watch "Wild Cherries" for the astrological lowdown each month and keep yourself posted



Cause and Effect

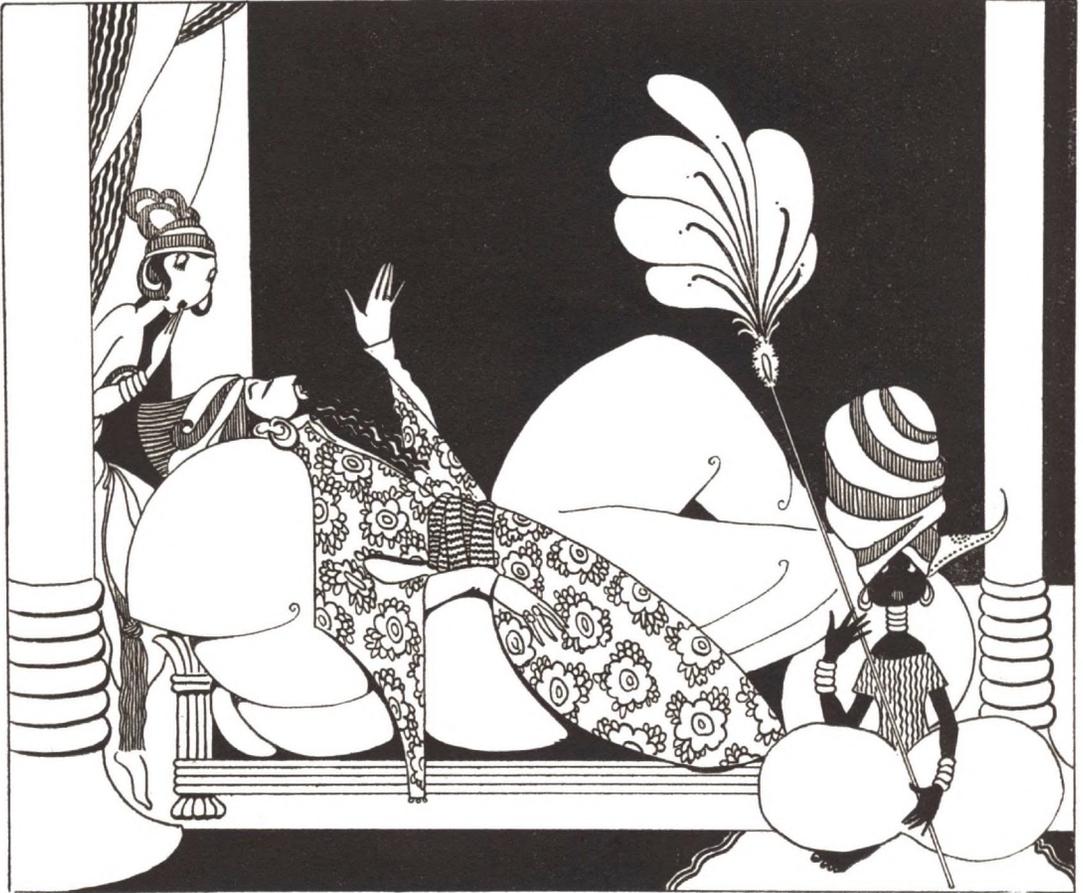
A case of where two wrongs DID make a right.

A CHICKEN SAND-WITCH WITHOUT DRESSING



» » » A STORY WITHOUT WORDS « « «

They Can't Take It Any More



"My wives seem unusually cold here of late. I fear that there is too much ice being delivered to the Harem."

Girls who give too much resistance,
Lead a rather tame existence.

Nifty Nelly Sez—

"A gentleman is a gentleman until you know him better."



Fleurette—"Everything my sugar daddy touches seems to turn to gold."

Suzette—"Gosh kid, you'd better be careful!"

Breaking It Gently

"Why are you so silent?"
"Money talks, you know."



"What's the matter Kitty? You seem peeved."

"Aw someone's always petting me the wrong way!"



Asaps's Fables

Number 2.

Et Two Brutus, So Don't Forget The Bicarbonate

It seems that back in the good old Days of the Ptolemies, or what have you, in a Country that was called Egypt, (because it would be a few hundreds of years yet before people thought to call it just plain Lousy), there lived a high-yaller Gal by the name of Cleopatra.

Now this torrid Dame was getting pretty sick of playing Pharaoh, which was anything but a Card Game in those days, so she decided that nothing would do but that she should be Queen. The fact that she didn't know enough to come in out of the Reign made no difference, she just had to be Crowned. So she telephoned her Fairy Godmother, who, by the way, was more fairy than godmother for his name was Harold, and she said in her sweetest voice, "Listen Harold, ole boy, ole gal, since I moved down to Egypt from the Bronx I've been herring a lot of hooey about myself. You're a hell of a press agent. Why don't you pull a Winchell and get a column in the Thebes Temple Gazette? Come over here and sock me on the knob with that magic wand of

yours. Crown me, kid, and make me Queen!"

Well, she was made, though not by Harold for the Fleet came in just about that time and he had other fish to fry. Egyptian Deities were O.K. at times but he much preferred a sailors' horn-pipe.

The days came and went. The knights came and went. Still Cleo was itchy. The Israelites were fleeing Egypt. Cleo thought that she had Fleas. At any rate she needed a Bath because it was Saturday night. So she sat on her Ivory and tried to Palm Olive, Olive, by the way, was a nifty little bath-maid with a skin you love to touch. After her bawth, Cleo reached for her Radio instead of a Sheet and amused herself by fiddling with the Dial.

By accident she tuned in on an Eye-talian program and heard a smart guy by the name of Anthony give a pep talk to the Rome¹ Chamber of Commerce. He was a real go-getter. As a matter of fact he was saying that he was going to get Egypt. He was willing to lay any-one two to one that he would mop up the Nile in ninety days. Cleo was interested. Here was a man after her own heart for she was no slouch at laying two to one herself. The musical note sounded and the speaker said that it was Marc Antony signing off. Then and there Cleopatra resolved to make her Marc in the world.

Nine months later, Marc the Wop, who had been making his Headquarters in the Cleopatra Arms, one of the swell-est Dives in all Egypt, suddenly announced that he had to see a man about a dog. Cleo said that she'd have hers with mustard, but to hurry back for she wanted a itsy bitsy tiss from her dreat big mans. Marc didn't like the baby-talk so beat it while the beating was good.

So Antony went back to Rome and while he was there Roming about a big Butter-and-egg man by the name of Caesar ankled into Egypt looking for new Poultry. One day he overheard a couple of Hieroglyphics talking. "If that guy Caesar sees her he will seize her." said one. "Well, it'll take a butter egg than that butter-and-egger to butter her," remarked the other. Caesar took down the Phone Number and lost no time in getting himself a Date.

She said that he had a lot of Gaul but finally agreed to trot out the Royal Barge for a trip to Atlantic City. She wanted to see the board-walk and the ocean-wave. Caesar wanted to see more of Cleo who had been bragging about her Cellophane Bathing Suit.

At the hotel, Caesar bought a German paper and Cleo heard him mutter that

the mark was going down every day. Cleo's whole trip was spoiled. She thought of godmother Harold back in Alexandria and of the noble Antony and of a lot of other things.

The next day, before Caesar was awake, Cleopatra bought a pet Asp and took it to Brest. After all she was a lady.

Moral—"A Bird in the Bush is worth Two in the Hand any old time."



Flossie—"Oh no you don't! Of all the nerve! You're not going to kiss me, Fresh!"

Freddie—"O.K. if that's the way you feel about it get off of my lap!"

Ben—"I've lost a hundred and fifty pounds since I saw you last, old man."

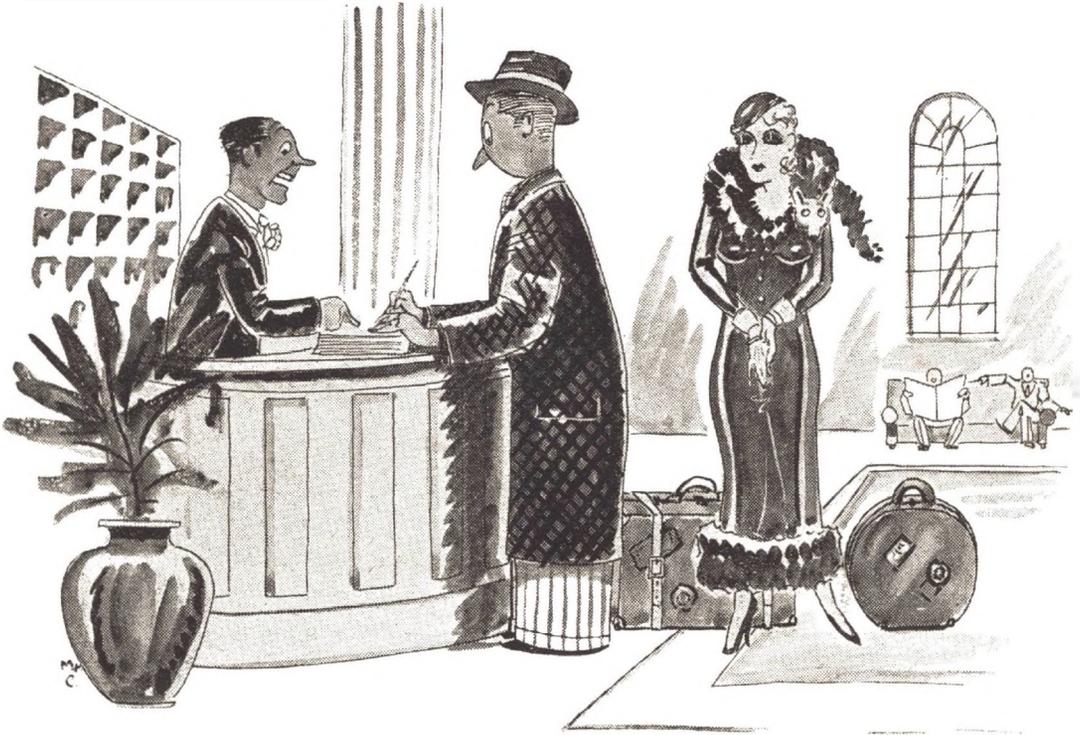
Day—"Great gosh, what was the matter with you?"

Ben—"Oh nothing. My wife left me."

Wise Gertie says that you can fool all of the men some of the time and that you can fool some of the men all of the time but just leave 'em alone and they'll all make fools of themselves most of the time.



HOTELEPHONIC



A Social Register
"Married,—or the Bridal Suite?"



"THE STAG AT EVE."

WELL CANNED

**Squaring the Circle**

"Did she faint when you got rough?"

"And how! That baby fainted with her right and then socked me with her left—!"

"Just Before the Battle, Mother"

"Do you want to see a hot necking party?"

"Yeah, where?"

"Me!"

Sauce for the Goose gathers no Moss

Now what about Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter? Puh-lenty, customers, puh-lenty! It is said that he sleeps with one eye open so that he'll not miss anything and that he never looks through his mail until he has first arranged it in the shape of a keyhole. Just leave it to little Walter to discover a Maxim Silencer on a shotgun somewhere whenever a quiet wedding is announced or to predict an epidemic of blessed events after a cold hard winter. When the Park Avenue Whoosises were doing a Reno, he found out that it was because of a lover's spat in Mrs. Whoosis' boudoir. Mr. Whoosis didn't wear spats. And yet you never heard of a love-starved oldmaid looking under her bed and finding Winchell there. He knows his scallions, does Walter, and he is the original television champeen. He has a vision and tells about it and from some of his broadcasted nightmares we'd readily believe that he was addicted to eating lobster in bed and pushing the shells out with his feet.

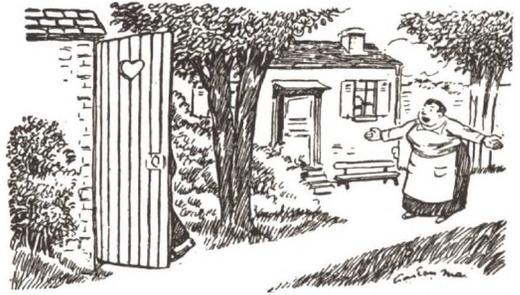


"Are you a music lover?"

"Oh yes, but I don't *have* to have music."

"Where is the population the densest?"

"From the ears up."



"VOS YOU DERE SHARLEY?"

A Sad Tale

"Poor Gertie. Mr. Gotrocks gave her a diamond necklace the other night and she didn't know how to thank him for it!"

A Spade's a Spade

Bessie—"You say that yours is a thrilling vocation?"

Tessie—"Oh my yes! I pose for art photos."

In Pansylvania

1st Moth—"Have you time for a good lunch?"

2nd Moth—"No, I'll have to take mine on the fly."

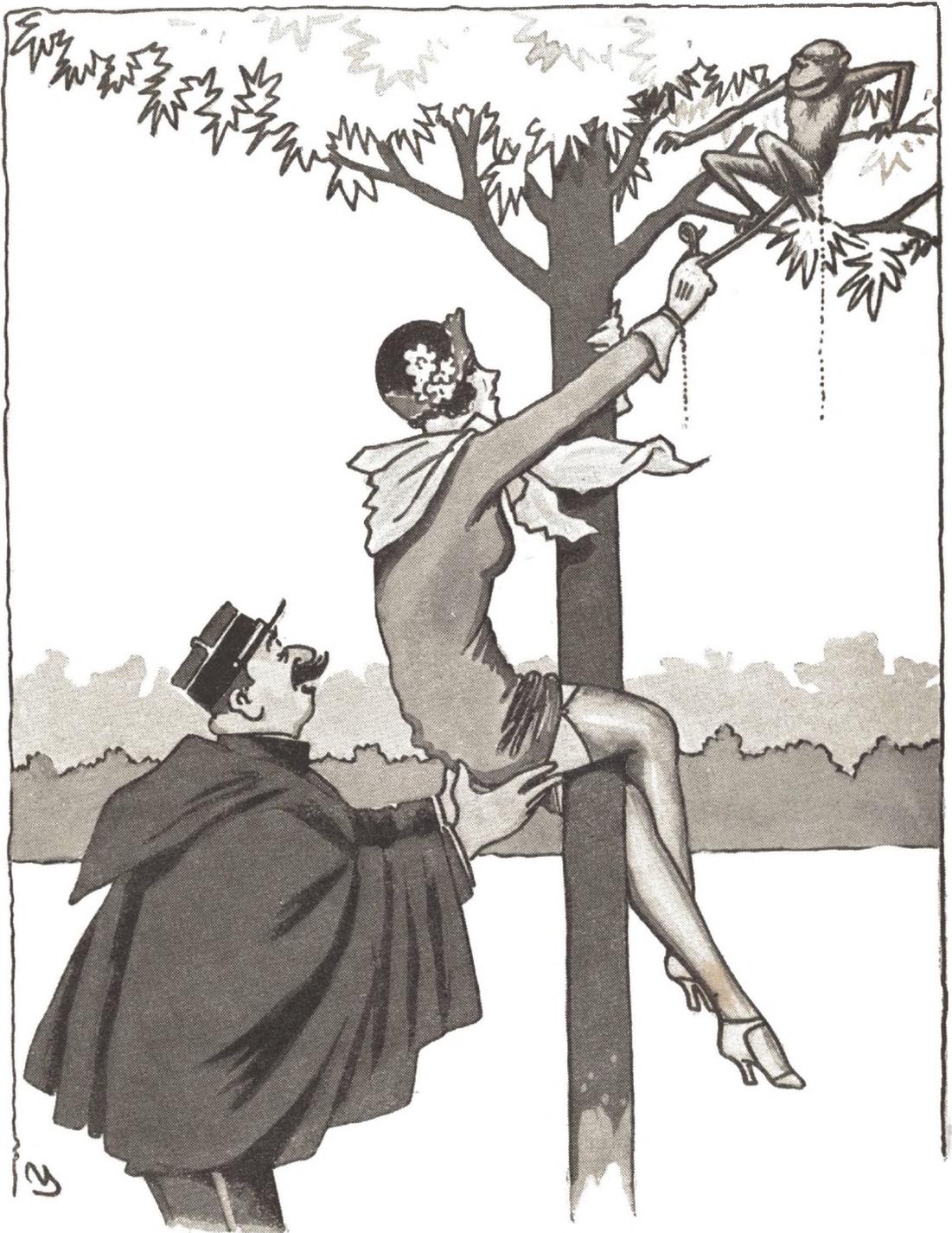
Progress

When my grandfather used to write a letter he would take his pen in hand—me, huh, I take my typewriter in my arms.

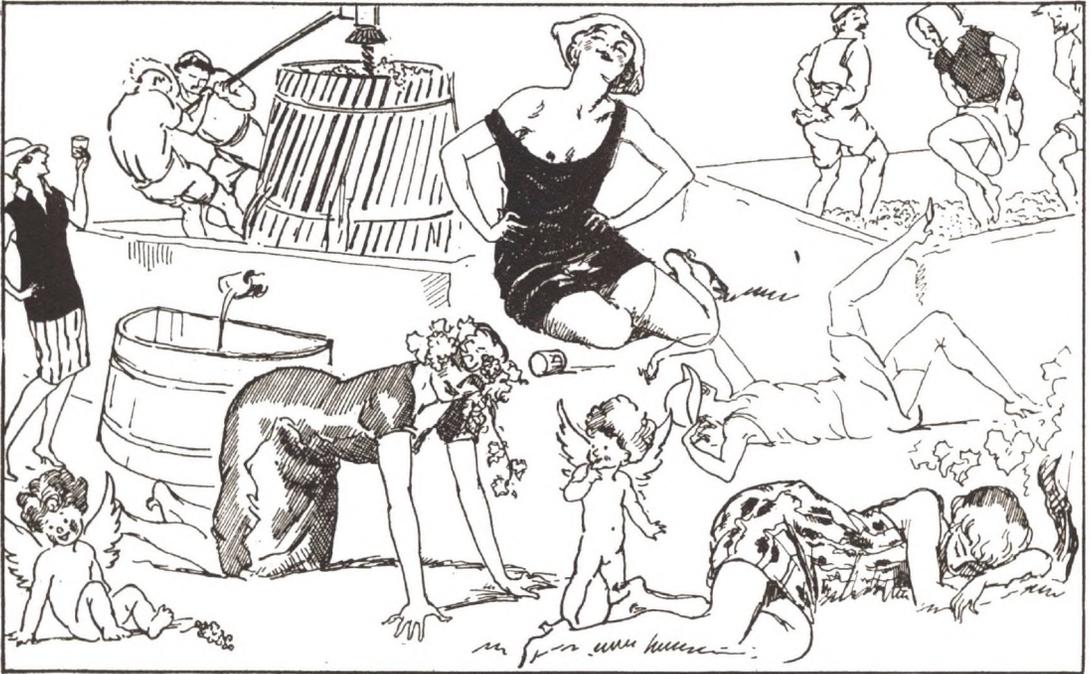
She (disgustedly)—"I wish to goodness that your mother had believed in birth-control!!"

Scientific note of interest to stiff collar adicts—"A Viennese surgeon has succeeded in grafting belly-buttons upon Adam's apples."

MONKEY-BUSINESS A LA FRANCAIS



Gendarme—"But mademoiselle, you should not have been playing wiz your monkee on zee boulevard!!"



And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
 And robbed me of my Robe of Honor—Well,
 I wonder often what the Vinters buy,
 One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.



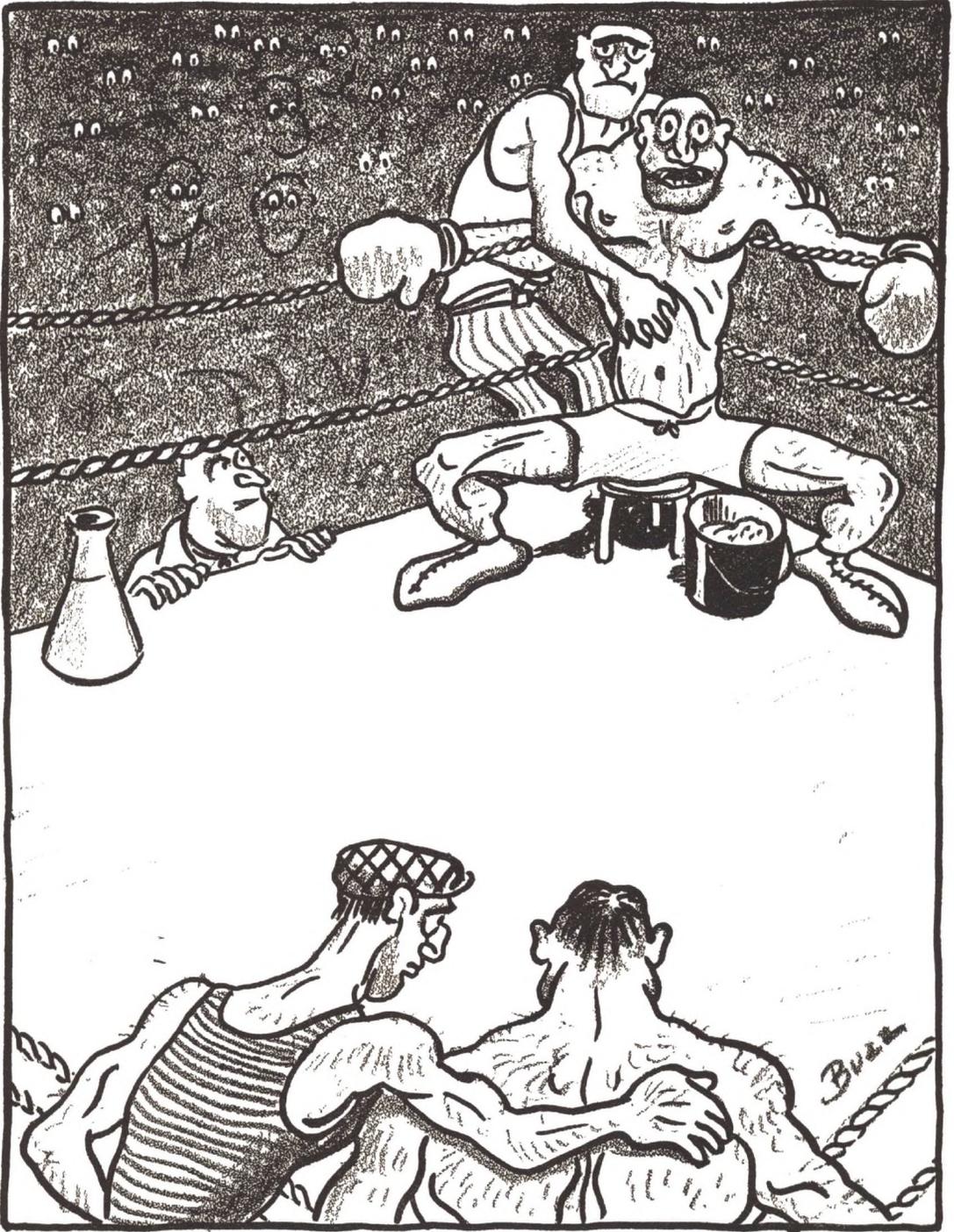
On The Air

They're off, customers, they're off!—no no, you nitwits, not the widow's step-ins but the horses, the horses, horses, HORSES!—Boy, oh boy, what a sight!—down the track they go neck and neck—what a necking that is—it looks as though "Trump" was in the lead with "Scotchman" running a close second—and is he close!—now "Redskin" is creeping up—he is trying to pass "Mexican Money"—it's not a pass it's a crap—just look at 'em go!—if they'd only give "John the Baptist" his head he'd be in the running too—the track is fast today—the women are fast—"Trump" is now being led by "The Dummy"—Wheat is up—he was up all night—he looks it—now "Cabbage" is ahead—it is sure some day for the race—what race?—why the Human Race you ninny—now who started that?—just look at those goats run—they are com-

ing down the home stretch—"Schnozzle" is leading by a nose—"Queenie" and "Sweetheart" are running abreast—they need a brassiere—the crowd is going wild—it is wild—hear 'em roar—with a clatter of hoofs and a cloud of dust the gallant steeds tear off the last few yards—and the winner is—wait—there seems to be a dispute—there is a dispute—just hold your seats, ladies and gentlemen, while I go down and see what's the matter—just as I thought, the judges were asleep and nobody knows who won that race—rain-checks will be issued as you leave the track—come back again sometime and bring your own ducks—when you hear the musical note it will be me snoring—this is station W.G.I.N., the Breath of a Nation, your old boy-friend Philip Mc-can speaking.



Ring-Around-a-Rosy



“Now remember Mike, this is for Charity, Sweet Charity, so go in there and knock hell out of that big palooka.”



The Bride's Made



◀ “Er—haven’t I met you some place before?” ▶

SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

by
RUBY
GRUBER


With expert guidance, a slim suntanned hand brought the huge low slung roadster to a stop. A trim little foot slipped gracefully from the clutch and almost with the same movement, a small hand brought back the brake with ease yet determination. This business done, hands that were so capable in handling the heavy roadster were just as capable in lightly dusting the adorable little nose with a powder. Soft lips that made even chance acquaintances think of kissing, were passed over with crimson lipstick. Then, with a deft pull of the chic little hat, the girl opened the door and stepped to the street.

She crossed the sidewalk and pushed her way through the revolving door. A uniformed girl was in the act of closing the elevator door: she waited. Without any trace of hurry, Dorothy Parker made her way across the lobby and entered the cage that would shoot upward to her father's offices.

Dorothy Parker walked through the big outer office. The buzzing din of the busy stenographers and clerks dropped to a lighter tone as her father's employees hesitated in their work: the stenographers, to admire and envy her the men to adore her.

She came to a door marked "Private": a conscientious secretary half arose from

her chair—but Dorothy had already passed through.

A handsome grayhaired man seated at a big flattopped desk raised his eyes: he smiled fondly. "Hello, Dorothy, what brings you here?"

"Wanted to have a serious talk with you, Dad," the girl sat down on the edge of his desk and reached for a cigarette: she tapped it lightly then leaned forward to accept the lighter offered by her father.

"How much?" Mr. Parker reached for his check book.

"I don't need any money," the girl shook her head and smiled. "It's another matter this time."

"Wait until I don my best paternal expression," Mr. Parker stroked his chin with feigned seriousness.

"You were out all night," her voice did not accuse or condemn: diagnosed, it would prove to hold more envy than criticism.

"Are you questioning my actions?" her father asked a bit sharply.

Disregarding her father's question, she asked. "Was it the pretty little widow we met at the Club dance?"

"Strange as it may seem, she didn't like me," Mr. Parker answered frankly. "I asked her—but she was busy, so she said."

"She is a very foolish young widow," Dorothy answered stoutly. "You are a very handsome man and the bit of gray at your temples only adds dignity and an air of sophistication—"

"You and I are too sophisticated, more sophisticated than good citizens sanction. Maybe my way of raising a girl child will cause us both heartaches and sorrow but I wanted you to be free from petty rules of living. I wanted you to live your own life," Mr. Parker raised his eyes meeting a glance that told him, however, the experiment turned out, she would always adore him. "I sincerely hope that you are more like your angel mother than you are like me. I have tried to make myself believe that my wild blood will be counterbalanced by her sagacity.

"You are in a beautiful serious mood: stay that way as I want to talk to you about—myself," Dorothy's eyes were lowered.

"You want to take up Greek dancing or become a Communist!" her father answered with mock alarm.

Unmindful, she continued. "It's this

way, Daddy. I have been around quite a bit, drinking some, smoking a lot, dancing and have lived through some pretty torrid petting parties, and it all means nothing to me—the kisses and roving fingers—I mean."

"Good girl: your dear mother's girl," Mr. Parker exclaimed happily.

"Kisses are becoming boresome: I am tired of exploring hands," Dorothy answered. "Mary Granden told me, she is afraid of kisses: afraid she will—Oh, don't be difficult, Daddy, you know what I mean."

"Who is the man?" Mr. Parker asked after a moment's thought.

Dorothy laughed. "That is the queer part of it: there is no man."

"Then, there is nothing for me to worry about." Mr. Parker drew a deep sigh of relief.

"But I am worried," Dorothy admitted. "'Daddy, do you think there could be something wrong with me? I don't get the thrill from a kiss that Mary Granden gets—from the same fellows: we compared the reaction and—"

Continued on page 35

The Fortune Teller

Rufus—"What has four legs, sings at night, drinks like a fish but has no brains?"

Goofus—"Must be a couple of chorus girls."



Handy—"What's the difference between a girl and piece of cheese?"

Andy—"I dunno, what is the difference?"

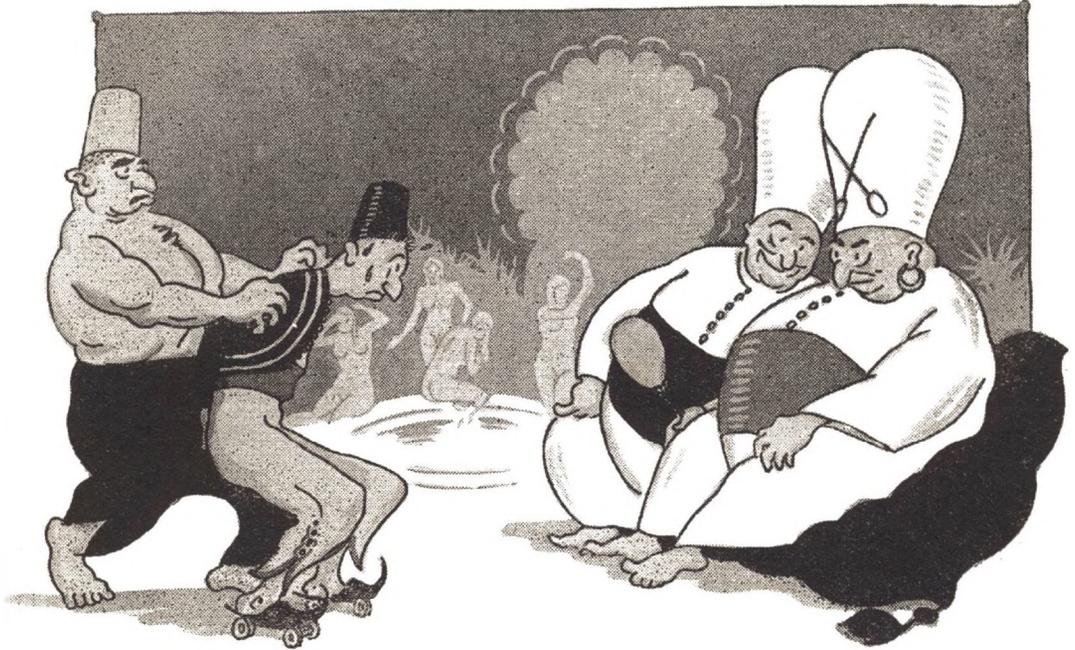
Handy—"Gosh kid, you must have some hot dates!"

Ye Gods ! !

Mars took Venus for a Ride,
To keep a Date with Hector,
He fed Cherries on the Side,
Ambrosia and Nectar.



The Eunuchs and the Cheap Skates



“But Yussuf, what harm can there be in this roller-skating?”

“Ah, my dear Hammid, knowest thou not that the infidels’ wheeled footwear is BALL-BEARING?”

Flirtation is attention without intention.



What’s the use o’ mental groanin’,
An’ depression times bemoanin’,
When your appetite’s a’stirin’ you’ve
a heap o’ hidden wealth.

So o’ good food eat your fill, sir,
Life will brighten if you will, sir,
Lift your glass and drink a toast, sir, to
Prosperity an’ health.



SOME MEN PREFER ORIGINALITY BUT
THERE ARE SOME WHO MARRY WIDOWS
AND CO-EDS.



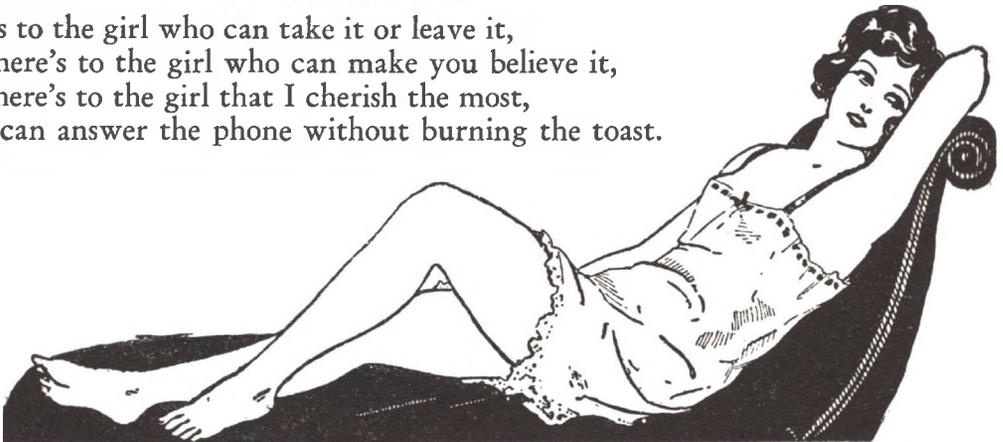


In the Act

“Hurry Jimmy, Pop’s teaching the
trained nurse some new tricks!”

All you need to feather a lovenest nowadays is a little down.

Here’s to the girl who can take it or leave it,
And here’s to the girl who can make you believe it,
And here’s to the girl that I cherish the most,
Who can answer the phone without burning the toast.



Continued from page 32

"You modern little hussy," her father scolded as he lifted her from his desk. "Enough of this nonsense, get out!"

Back to the street, Dorothy slid under the steering wheel of her car. Absently, she joined the steady stream of slow moving traffic but at the first cross street she turned the nose of the heavy roadster toward the open country. The afternoon sun glistened down on the shiny hood of the motor: the afternoon was young, the day perfect.

Mile after mile, the big tires rolled over and over, leaving the crowded streets far behind. At the slightest pressure of her toe, the huge monster of mechanical perfection dashed forward or lingered, as she willed it. Happily she tossed her hat on the seat. The wind quickly found the exposed mass of brown curls and began to play havoc. Dorothy sighed with content: life was pretty good, after all.

The gentle rhythm of the purring motor was broken by the asthmatic cough, an apologetic sneeze followed: then, a deep wheeze and the wheels came to a stop.

"Out of gas!" Dorothy muttered through clenched teeth. What did one do? Walk along the highway? She remained behind the steering wheel: a long ribbon of concrete highway reached out as far as eye could see, and not a filling station in sight.

A car was coming: Dorothy got out and raised the hood of her motor.

The approaching car slowed as it drew nearer: a greasy young man leaned over the battered door, his face wreathed in a smile. "Having trouble?"

"Out of gas, I think," Dorothy answered.

"I'll take a look," he was getting out of his car as he spoke. "I'll tow you in if it's more serious than that. I was just



Modern Gangster, to Satan the Snake
"Scram yuh mug! This is *my* territory, see!"



out on a service call."

"Lucky for me that you were," Dorothy smiled: her rescuer was tall, blonde, a determined chin and shoulders that made one think of football.

"Out of gas" was his verdict as he turned back to his car for a can of necessary fluid. "Always carry a can with me: half my service calls are 'no gas'."

"Very careless of people, isn't it?" Dorothy laughed: she watched him swing the heavy can in position to pour the gasoline into the tank. She wondered how it would seem to be kissed by an auto mechanic. Dorothy had been kissed by a young lawyer, a bank president's only son, a number of artists and a few aviators. She took a step nearer. Hesitating she spoke. "Will—you do me a favor?"

"Anything!" was the positive answer.

"I want you to wipe that big daub of black grease off your chin—and kiss me."

The young man set the gasoline can down with a heavy thud. Surveying her from head to feet, he spoke. "You don't happen to be a loose nut, do you?"

"Oh! well, if you don't want to—"

The auto mechanic looked down into her pouting face a fraction of a second, then hastily wiped his chin on the sleeve

of his overalls. His arms drew her to him and his lips found hers.

Dorothy's arms stole up around his neck. Time stopped. An automobile came into view, drew nearer, slowed up then reluctantly passed on. The roar of another approaching machine brought them back to earth.

The young man who's business it was to fix automobiles was plainly embarrassed. Pushing her from his embrace, he stammered. "I—er—I beg your pardon."

"Not at all, I am glad you did," Dorothy answered. "I liked it—a lot."

"Well—that's fine. I mean—I liked it a lot, too," the young man floundered.

"You kiss expertly. You must be married or engaged or something," Dorothy reasoned.

"Wrong! I am twenty-four, single and not even engaged. The name is Bill Howard, at your command."

"Then, I command you to come to dinner tonight. I am the only child of the Parker Motors, very badly spoiled and have spells when I am disappointed. You may call me Dorothy and I live on Parker Drive," she got in her car.

"But you don't know me—what will your folks think—"

"I shall expect you at eight."

Bill Howard stood with one foot on the running board, his dirty cap in his hand: he grinned. "I'll be there, if I don't wake up before then and find I have dreamed all this."

Dorothy dashed home. She went straight to the kitchen.

"But, Miss Dorothy, your father is dining at his club and you are invited to a dinner dance," the old cook objected.

"I am not dining out: I am having a dinner guest, a young man," the girl stated firmly. "We will have fried chicken, chocolate cake and ice cream and anything else an auto mechanic

might like."

"A what?" the old cook asked, aghast.

"Never mind: I want a perfect dinner for two, a bottle of Daddy's French cognac and—"

"But Mr. Parker has only one bottle of cognac left," the old butler objected, from his place at the kitchen table where he was sipping his afternoon tea.

"Nevertheless, the one bottle of cognac will be opened tonight and I will take care of Daddy: I shall open it myself, if it will make you feel better."

"Very good, Miss," the old butler sipped his tea.

"I want caviar on toast, very thin toast—in the living room—and cocktails. Turn on only the rose shaded lights and immediately after dinner bring the coffee to the living room—and then all of you go to a movie."

"Thank you, Miss Dorothy: I'll tell the maids," the old butler beamed.

So the dinner was planned, and in due time the guest arrived.

Bill Howard had a dress suit and wore it nonchalantly. His handsome face was clean but did not look scrubbed.

As Dorothy came to meet him, he grinned boyishly. "I haven't awakened yet, but I have been dreaming about you."

"That's nice," Dorothy held out her hands.

The dinner passed uneventfully. Bill Howard knew his forks and spoons. The butler served the coffee in the living room, as directed then discreetly vanished. Dorothy turned the dial of the radio: a dreamy melody floated into the room, a melody that would not be denied. Bill Howard got to his feet and Dorothy melted into his arms.

"You dance just like I knew you would," Dorothy raised her eyes as she spoke.

The young auto mechanic answered

her gaze: tried to tear his eyes away, hesitated and was lost. Eagerly, hungrily his lips covered hers.

Visibly shaken, he released her and walked over to the doorway. "I guess I'd better be going. You see, I don't want to make a fool of myself by blurt-ing out that I love you: am mad with desire for you. I can't offer marriage, I am just out of college, had enough money to see me through. I had to take the first job I could get: the man who at one time was our chauffeur offered me a job, I knew automobiles and needed the thirty dollars a week he offered me—"

"Come over and sit down," Dorothy linked her arm through that of her guest. "Now! that's better: we will sit here and you shall make love to me—as if you were a millionaire."

"Can't you see that I had better go."

"No! I am very sorry to appear ob-stinate, but I do not agree with you," Dorothy leaned a bit nearer. "Please don't want to go."

"I don't want to leave you—ever," his arms reached for her: together they clung, forgetful of everything but the thrill the nearness of each other created.

Her voice was only a whisper, scarce-ly audible to the man who held her so close. "Your kisses are wonderful—but not enough."

"Darling!" his voice was a sob, broken with happiness: eagerness.

The cold gray dawn cast accusing fingers at the dishevelled couple as they stood in the doorway of the Parker home. Down the street, a milk man rattled his wire basket filled with bottles. A taxi turned into the street.

"That must be Dad," Dorothy spoke. "You better go."

"I'll wait," Bill Howard stepped back into the hall.



Just a little boudoir athlete showing good form in a cross-country race.



By
M. Hardway Brown

It used to be Greenwich Village, now it's Harlem. Harlem, the rendezvous of Art, the inspiration of Genius and the recreation of the Elite! Harlem, the twilight zone of an ultra-civilized and cosmopolitan city! Harlem, the melting pot of races, creeds, conventions and emotions!!

In spite of the garish veneer of civilization there is something about Harlem. One feels it instinctively and yet there is no tangible foundation for the impression. It is just there, that's all. Somewhere in the background of the jazz, the gayety and carefree laughter, the din of the dancing feet, the clink and tinkle of glasses and the crooning of bluish melodies there is the rhythmic hypnotic beat of the tomtom. The long fingers of the jungle seem to reach through the maze of sound and pluck at hitherto unknown chords within one's breast. There is a mysterious pagan undercurrent to the evening's round of pleasure.

When the day is done and downtown the purple shadows deepen between rows of colossal temples of finance and industry, when the famous lights of Broadway cast their nightly defiance at the setting sun, and bathe the glittering Rialto in a kaleidoscope of rainbow hues, then the full-lipped Goddess of Pleasure bestirs herself in her Harlem retreat and prepares to greet the host of nightly worshippers. Subtle incense

burns within the temples, the dusky priestesses rehearse their sensual rituals, high priests of jazz exhort their followers to new heights of rhythm and harmony. The stage is set for the revel and from the Bronx, the East Side, Park Avenue, the Riviera a steady flow of eager converts pour into the heart of Harlem. By motor, elevated, subway and trolley they come, laughing, singing, shouting, and ever present above the pulsing medley of sound is heard the throbbing of distant native drums! Or is it, after all, but the beating of one's own heart?

Harlem, where the devotees of the flesh abandon all to pleasure. Harlem where Bacchus mates with Venus. Bronze mingles with silver and the ancient alchemy of the senses turns the molten mass into gold—hard yellow gold! Harlem, the magic crucible!

Music swells in enchanting cadence, wailing blues, hot-cha choruses, irresistible rumba and dreamy alluring waltzes. The hypnotic sway of lithe brown bodies, full red lips, dark fringed eyes and white flashing teeth! Hot red blood merging with the blue!! Moonlight wooing the shadow! Harlem, the exotic mistress of Manhattan entertains.



In the next issue of Wild Cherries, Hardway Brown will take you to one of the "Hot Spots" of Harlem where you will witness first-hand the orgie of pleasure and passion indulged in by the mixed crowd of thrill-seekers. You will feel the spell of the jungle together with the chaotic witchery of jazz. You will see the brown-skin belles with their aristocratic white admirers. You will see jaded Park Avenue matrons flirting with their slim-hipped tan gigolos. Don't miss it!

Continued from page 37

"Better let me talk to him," Dorothy objected. "You see, I've never—well—he might not like—he may be angry."

"I'll wait," Bill Howard was stubborn.

Mr. Parker came up the steps. His evening had been pleasantly spent, his mood jovial. "Good morning."

"Dad, this is Bill Howard. He was just leaving when we saw your cab."

"Glad you waited, Mr. Howard," her father held out his hand.

"Mr. Parker, I was going to your office today. You see, that is—I love your daughter and I want to marry her—in fact, we got to get married."

"I think I understand," Mr. Parker nodded knowingly.

"But you don't, Daddy," Dorothy objected. "It was all my fault. He said he was too poor to marry me. He is too honorable! Now his honor is compell-

ing him to marry me—to make a good woman out of me."

"You little minx! Did you deliberately trap this young man into proposing to you?" Mr. Parker's voice was stern but a trace of humor twinkled in his eyes.

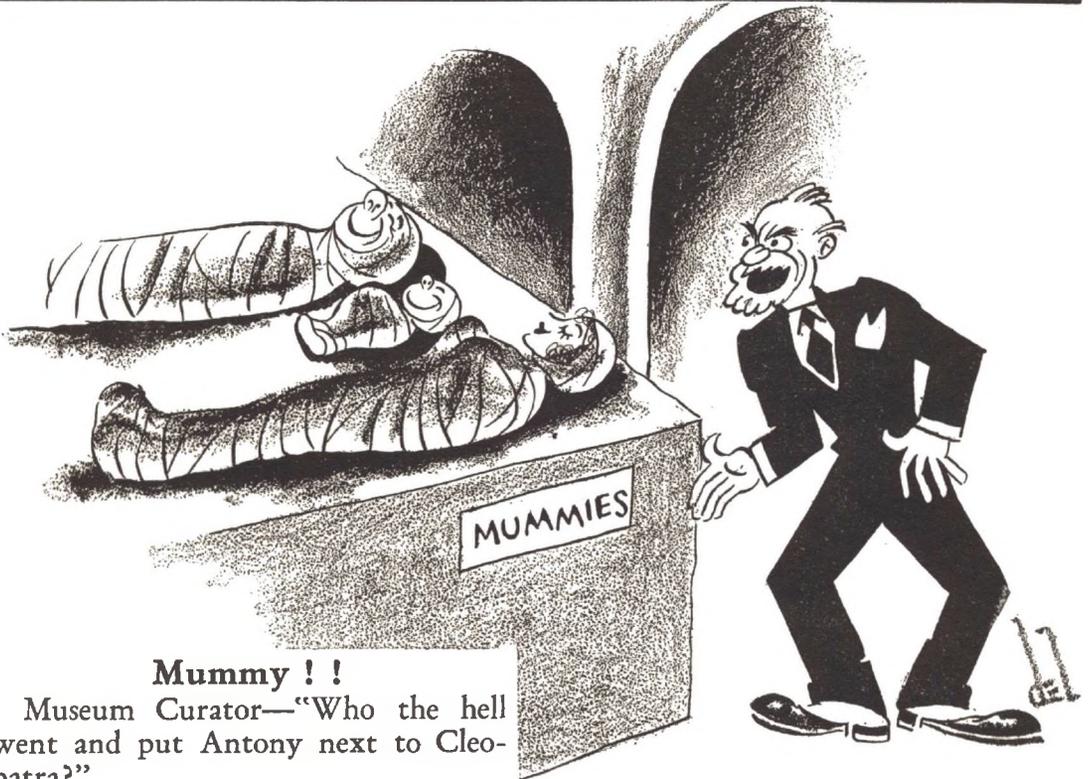
"But, Dad, there was no other way," Dorothy defended. "I knew I loved him and when I found that he loved me, I had to do something about it."

"Mr. Howard, few men are as honorable as you and I sincerely hope that few girls are as foolish as my daughter."

Bill Howard met the older man's eyes. Earnestly he began, "You will never regret the attitude you have taken—"

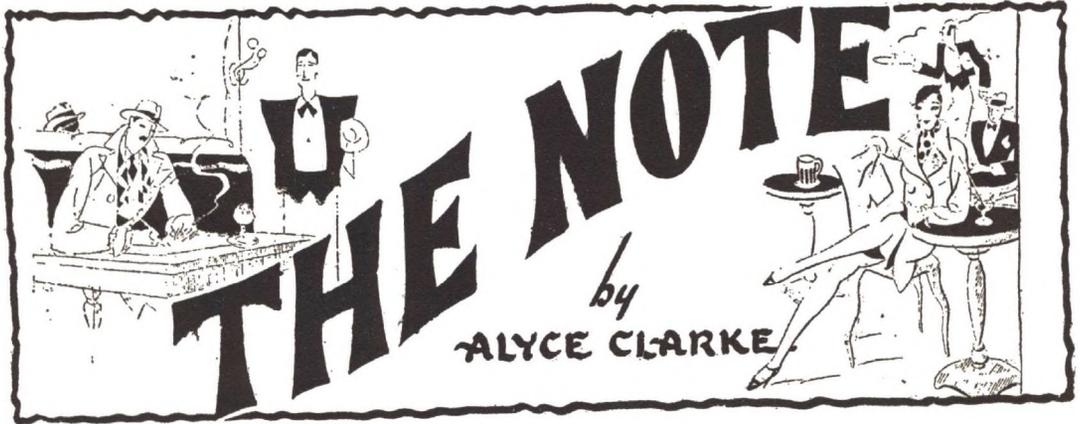
"Regret it?" Dorothy's father laughed. "It's a relief to get her off my hands!" Then to his daughter, "The widow has changed her mind. We leave for Bermuda tomorrow."

The end.



Mummy !!

Museum Curator—"Who the hell went and put Antony next to Cleopatra?"



She was a beauty, that girl at the table behind the pillar. Perry Morgan, dining alone at the Cafe de la Paix, just couldn't keep his eyes off of her. Dark, somewhat mysterious and gowned to ultra-modern perfection the intriguing bit of exquisite femininity commanded more than one pair of masculine eyes as she sipped daintily at her glass of sparkling wine. From where he was sitting Perry was almost facing the charmer, but her escort was hidden from him behind one of the cafe's elaborate pillars.

So far Paris had seemed somewhat dull to the young American and not at all as he had anticipated it from lurid bits of fiction and enthusiastic accounts of returning friends. It was his first trip and he was just a little disappointed.

Suddenly Perry felt almost a physical shock, the beautiful girl he had been admiring was smiling at him! Of course that smile might have been meant for her invisible escort but Perry preferred to believe that it was his. He smiled back. The girl's pretty features at once became serious and she said something to the man opposite her.

Perry busied himself with his meal for a few moments and when he dared to look up the girl was staring at him. Again she smiled and this time he knew that the smile was meant for him and for him alone. His heart skipped a beat,

the hypnotic drums of Romance throbbed in his temples. Scarcely knowing what he did, Perry slightly raised his glass in the girl's direction and their eyes met. For one delicious moment he forgot all else. Here was Romance! Here was Adventure! Here was LOVE! The maiden smiled again and she too raised her glass, her perfect lips touching the bubbling liquid and her eyes flashing him an unmistakable message.

Perry's head swam. He half arose from his table, changed his mind, and sat down again. After all the girl was with an escort and he had no right to butt in. These Frenchmen were very touchy about their women. It might mean a duel or at least an embarrassing scene. But he just had to meet that girl! He called his waiter to him.

Hastily scribbling a few words upon one of his cards he gave it to the waiter together with a five franc note instructing him to see that the girl received the card. The waiter, who spoke fairly good English, smiled knowingly and winked, "Just leave it to me, monsieur, I will, what you call it, do my stuff!"

From her distant table the girl in question was observing the proceedings. She saw the waiter leave and then loiter near the entrance to the "ladies' room." Presently she excused herself for a moment and went to powder her nose, in

so doing she passed Perry's waiter and he saw his card change hands. Perry thrilled with the thought of conquest.

After what seemed to be an exceptionally long time the beautiful young woman reappeared and went directly to her table. Her escort arose at her approach and Perry saw that he was a rather small man of unprepossessing appearance. The girl did not seat herself but spoke a few hurried words to the man and then came directly towards his table, her escort following close behind.

Perry was filled with vague misgivings as she bore down upon him. These grew to consternation as she came nearer. What to do now? He went hot and cold by turns. Well, it looked as though he was in for it.

Now she was opposite his table! Would she speak first? What would her escort do? He was inoffensive enough to look at but—one never could tell. Perry didn't dare to look up. He was very much interested in his glass of wine just then. How his hand shook! Damn it! Why couldn't he be cool and nonchalant?

Then, with a swish of silk and never a glance at Perry the girl swept past and

on out of the cafe. She was gone! And she hadn't given him a tumble! He sat there stunned for a moment. The let-down after the intense nervous tension was almost too much for him. He felt foolish, utterly foolish. He had jumped at conclusions. He was just an egotistical damned fool! After all why should that gorgeous creature pay any attention to him? She was probably with her husband or something. She may have not even seen him. He had just imagined things. Disgustedly he started to arise, he would leave the place. He needed air anyhow. It was then that he spied the note!

There on the floor beside his foot was a little square of folded paper! He suddenly had a relapse of the old panicky feeling. She *had* noticed him after all! Deftly he dropped his napkin over the beckoning bit of paper and casually picked both up.

Sure enough, there in a neat feminine hand were several words of French. He studied it covertly for a moment but could make nothing out of it. Why, oh why hadn't he taken French at College? Just to be able to read that intriguing

Continued on page 43

Waste Motion

Artist—"—er—you seem annoyed."

Model—"Well you've been sketching me for over half an hour and I don't think there is any lead in your pencil."



Side-Show Chatter

Snake-Charmer—"What's happened to that thin little blonde dancer that Hercules, the giant, was trying to make?"

Bearded Lady—"Oh she quit the show and has been taking on weight ever since!"



"Why did your parents name you 'Encore'?"

"Oh, I guess that I wasn't on the program."

About to Be Embarrassed



"I said *BOTH HANDS!*"



Dolly—"I'll never marry a man who snores!"

Mother—"Yes, but be careful how you find out, daughter."



"Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder."—*Washington*.

"Why don't you stop drinking?"

"Can't. I'm on a liquid diet."



And we suppose the Greeks had a word for it too.

Continued from page 41

little note would well be worth the long hours of study.

Then a thought struck him. The waiter spoke English and he would translate it for him, especially for a few francs. Catching the garçon's eye he motioned to him.

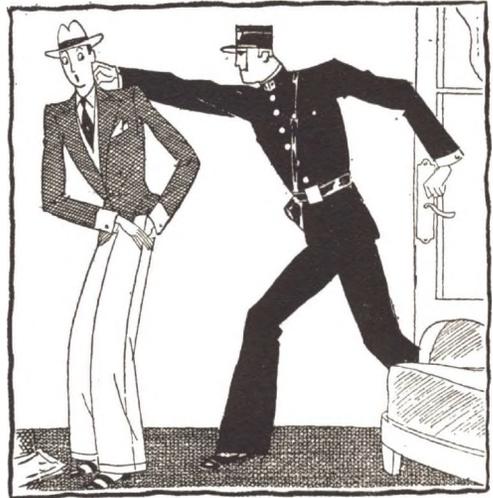
"The lady *was* interested," he said with a wink, "and she dropped me this note. Would you be good enough to read it for me?" At the sight of a five franc bill the waiter grinned and readily agreed. Perry handed him the note and waited.

A queer change of expression came over the waiter's face as he scanned the little piece of paper. A look of fear showed in his eyes, fear tinged with loathing. He threw the note upon the table and without a word to the mystified Perry hurried off toward the manager's desk.

The café manager was a plump red faced little man with large bushy mustaches and a shiny bald head. As the waiter whispered excitedly to him beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead and his mustaches twitched spasmodically. Perry glanced at the innocent looking note and back to the excited café manager. Something was decidedly wrong. He felt very uneasy.

As Perry arose and was about to call for his check and depart, he was suddenly set upon by two burly waiters and hustled uncerimoniously to the door where the manager was waiting. After a volley of heated French words that he didn't understand, Perry felt himself propelled vigorously out into the street where he sprawled in a most disgraceful attitude under the feet of the passersby.

Bewildered and highly embarrassed, Perry picked himself up and motioned to a cruising taxi. The ancient vehicle rattled to a stop and a friendly looking



driver assisted him to enter.

"Perhaps, monsieur, desires to drive around a bit for the air, no?" suggested the driver, evidently suspecting that Perry had been imbibing too freely of expensive French liquors.

"No thanks," answered the American, "Just take me to my hotel, the Coup d'Oeil." Then he happened to think, the taxi-driver spoke English and maybe he would translate that note for him. He asked the favor and the Frenchman was only too glad to comply. "Certainment, why not? Ze affairs of ze heart! Ah, when one ees young, how wonderful ees life!"

They had pulled up to the curb in front of Perry's hotel when he handed the driver the note to read. The lamp on the side of the car afforded enough light and he bent close to the Frenchman to learn the meaning of his strange epistle.

As the driver read his whole manner altered. No longer the courteous public servant anxious to please a patron, he suddenly turned and glared at Perry, a look of passionate hate upon his face. Perry recoiled as though struck. What was the meaning of this?

Without wasting time on words the

Continued on page 46



"Listen, young lady," the Sultan said, "If you two-time me you'll lose your head!"

"Aw nertz!" said the maid, "You've missed your cue, I'll not lose my head over such as you!"



FIGGER!

"So you named your boy Valentine. After his father?"

"Well—er—ah—not exactly. You see he was born on the 14th of November."

The Lesser Evil

A shower came up just as church was out and Mandy Jackson was afraid that her new millinery adornment would not prove waterproof, so without hesitation she pulled her skirt over her head and started off towards home. She had not gotten far before she was overtaken by the preacher who came puffing along in her wake carrying an umbrella. "Sistah Jackson!" he exclaimed, "Aint yo'all 'shamed ob yo'se'f? Don' yo'all know yo' am 'sposing yo' pusson sumpin scan'-lus?" "Ah knows dat alright, Pahson," replied Mandy without lowering her clothes, "But dis heah *bat* am new."



Madam Motorist Has Her Body Overhauled



"Now go easy on the curves, Hulda, and remember, no back-seat driving!"

Continued from page 43

driver forcibly ejected Perry from the automobile and drove rapidly off without even thinking of his fare.

Perry retrieved the note from the pavement where it had fallen and entered his hotel in a daze. It was too much for him. Something was decidedly wrong but just what it was he couldn't guess. He would give a lot to find out, though.

The night-clerk at the hotel had been very friendly with him and Perry determined to get him to solve the mystery of the note. Henri Le Brun had spent several years of his life in America and Perry felt that he could rely upon him to explain the reason for his recent indignities. He approached the desk where Henri was perusing the late Paris paper and with his best smile said, "Henri, you once told me that you loved puzzles. Well, I have one that I wish you would solve for me. Will you translate this little note and tell me just why it should have caused me to have been thrown out of one of your best cafés and deserted by a stupid taxi-driver as though I had the plague?"

The night-clerk looked up with a friendly grin. "Why, most certainly Mr. Morgan, it will be a great pleasure to be of any service to you. Allow me to see the billet-doux in question. There

is doubtless some silly mistake."

But upon perusing the contents of the note, Henri Le Brun's expression changed completely. He looked searchingly at Perry for a moment then pounded the desk bell for the sleepy porter to put in his appearance. "Monsieur Morgan," he said in a tense dramatic voice, "is leaving, at once!"

"But," protested Perry in alarm, "I didn't say anything about checking out tonight! I am staying the week out. You must have misunderstood me."

The night-clerk utterly ignored him and directed a tirade of excited French at the slow-moving porter who immediately snapped into action and rushed up the stairs. Perry was stunned. Mechanically he watched as his trunk and bags were deposited on the street outside. This was terrible!

The hotel clerk would give no explanation but thrust the mysterious note into Perry's reluctant hand and shoved him almost roughly out of the doorway. Once again that night Perry found himself marooned on a Paris sidewalk.

A gendarme was approaching. Perry determined to find out the meaning of all of this strange business. He would go to the Law about it!

"What seems to be the matter, monsieur?" Ah, the gendarme spoke Eng-

Continued on page 48



Ornithological

An old BUZZARD took a young CHICKEN for a LARK. They had a few SWALLOWS and were flying high, got mixed up in some ROBIN and ended up as JAIL-BIRDS. Now they're RAVEN.



More Than Likely



“What would you say, girlie, if I told you that I used to hold you on my lap when you were a baby?”

“Aw, I’d say that you were all wet!”



Continued from page 46

lish, that was a break! Perry surveyed the "arm of the law" and saw a pleasant-faced, powerfully built man of middle age with the usual handle-bar mustaches and a twinkle in his blue eyes. A friend at last!

Without further ado Perry poured forth his whole sad story. He told of his attempted flirtation with the girl in the café, of her dropping the note and of his subsequent embarrassment on account of it. The policeman listened gravely but his eyes still twinkled. "Does monsieur still have the note?" he asked.

Perry opened his hand and displayed the crumpled bit of paper. The gendarme took it and spread it out on his palm. "Is this all of it?"

"Why, yes," answered Perry, thinking to himself that it was too much if anything.

As the French policeman's eyes traveled over the missive he too began to show signs of intense excitement. His polite manner changed to one of almost open hostility. "Here," he said gruffly, shoving the offending note back into Perry's hand, "Begone from my beat at once or, *sacre bleu*, I will not be responsible for your safety! Quick! Do not stand there like a camel!"

Without further ado Perry hurried off down the dark street toward the distant Bois. He needed to walk. Perhaps the exercise and air would dispel some of the cobwebs from his brain. Surely there was a colossal mistake somewhere. But where? And why? Perry would give a lot to find out.

For the rest of the night Perry Morgan wandered about the streets of Paris trying to figure the thing out. Several times he was approached by villainous looking Apaches but he neither saw nor heard them and kept on his way, lost in the mystery of his own troublesome prob-

lem. Miraculously he escaped assault and the first blush of dawn found him in front of the American Consulate resolved to settle the matter once and for all with no less a personage than the Consul himself.

He knew that it was too early for his countryman to be in his office so Perry seated himself on the doorstep and waited. He must have dozed for the next thing he knew someone was shaking him by the shoulder and saying, "Here, here sir, what is the meaning of this? This is no sort of lodging, you know. What do you want here at this ungodly hour?"

Perry scrambled to his feet and faced the Consul's young secretary.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he stammered, "I-I er-must have fallen asleep. When will the Consul be in? I must see him. It is very urgent!"

"It *must* be urgent," remarked the secretary, suppressing a grin with difficulty. "Better come inside, it is more comfortable."

Nine o'clock, when the Consul finally arrived, found Perry asleep again but this time he slumbered in one of the massive easy chairs in the comfortable waiting-room. The nap refreshed him somewhat and he met the American Consul with a clear eye and resolve to get to the bottom of the strange happenings of the night before.

The Consul listened to his story with the tolerant expression one might assume when hearing a child's tale of fancied woes. Even Perry began to feel that it was rather ridiculous to say the least. Thrown out of a café, a taxi, a hotel and chased by a cop just because some French dame had dropped him a note. Yes, it was a laugh on him after all. Why had it seemed so serious before. He must have taken more wine than was good for him. Ha, ha, no wonder the Consul laughed!



The Naked Truth

"O.K. Tom, run over for a minute, that is if you don't mind finding me in my working clothes."

"And now, young man, let me see that terrible message. She perhaps told you that her husband was a famous duelist or maybe that you were just a plain nut and should be locked up." The Consul smiled and held out his hand for the note, now somewhat soiled and rumpled but still a matter of some concern to Perry.

"What does it say, sir?" he asked as the Consul adjusted his glasses and scanned the missive. But again he was doomed to disappointment.

"Where did you get this?" demanded the official sternly, his whole manner changing.

"Why, just as I told you!" replied Perry in alarm.

"Well, young man, there is just one

thing to do, you must leave Paris at once! Do not hesitate a moment. A train leaves the Gare du Nord in half an hour. My advice to you, sir, is be on that train without fail. Go to the coast and take the first boat back to the States. It is my duty to protect American life and property in this country. I do my duty!" The Consul paced up and down nervously, pent up emotion evident in the stern lines of his face.

"But, sir, what have I done? What is the meaning of this?" cried Perry, a cold fear clutching at his heart.

"Don't stand there spluttering, you fool!" exploded the official, "Get out at once! I can do no more for you. BE ON THAT TRAIN WHEN IT PULLS OUT!"

Perry got out without further ado, hailed a passing cab and made at once for the station. Something was certainly wrong, it must be very serious. He sought safety in flight. The Consul must know what was best to do.

He purchased his ticket and soon was putting mileage between himself and the terrors of Paris. He thought of his trunk and bags abandoned on the street in front of the hotel but, after all, there was nothing very important in them. He had all of his papers with him.

At LeHavre he took passage to Liverpool and thence back to America. The voyage back was uneventful but all the way over he kept wondering and worrying over his strange adventure. He was afraid to say anything to anyone on the boat about that mysterious note. They might throw him overboard or something. Several times in the privacy of his stateroom he took the little scrap of paper out and studied it carefully. It seemed to mock him. He began to regard it as having almost an impish personality that delighted in tormenting him. Time and again he attempted to destroy it but somehow or other he just couldn't bring himself to accomplish the act.

Home again among family and friends, Perry tried to forget his strange and unpleasant experiences abroad. His acquaintances questioned him, of course, about his sudden return and his relatives were concerned as to his health but Perry managed to passify them and settle back into his usual routine. No need to become the laughing stock of his set.

But try as he might, Perry Morgan could not dismiss the French episode from his mind. Many a night he awoke with a start from some wild dream that had to do with beautiful women, hypnotic notes and vague, weird dangers that lurked in dark corners. He lost weight

steadily and at last had to go away to a sanitarium for a rest.

While he was away recuperating his kid sister graduated from college and dropped in to see him on her way home. She was a typical modern young woman with progressive ideas. Perry was very fond of her.

"What are you going to do now that you have finished school?" he asked her. "I suppose you will be marrying some poor chap and practicing a lot of those modernistic theories on him."

"Oh, not at all," she replied, "I am going into business, preferably with some American export company in France. I took special honors in French, you know!"

"French!" Perry's heart did a flip-flop. "You can read French?"

"Why, of course. I am an *expert* in French. Why, Perry darling, what on earth is the matter? You look pale as a ghost!"

"Oh, er—it's nothing. Nothing at all, sis," muttered Perry through trembling lips. Then almost in desperation he took her hand. "Tell me, little sister, do you think I am going insane? Is there anything wrong with me?"

She looked at him in wide eyed amazement. "Certainly not, Perry! What makes you ask? Don't you feel well? Tell me, there *is* something the matter, I know. Let me help you, if I can."

"Oh will you, will you?" Perry nearly broke down. Soon he had told her the whole story about the devilish note. Would she put an end to his awful suspense and tell him the contents of that fatal epistle? She would be glad to. Perry hurried off to get his bag while his sister awaited him on the veranda.

An hour passed and no Perry. The girl finally became alarmed and went in search of him. In his room with his head buried in his hands, she found him, big

wet tears coursing unheeded down his cheeks.

"Perry, dear Perry What has happened now? she cried.

In a weak listless voice the miserable young man answered, "Sis, I've—I've l-l-lost that blamed note!"

Note to Reader—See page 64



A Finished Gentleman

Always polite, was Chesterfield Croften,
But he tipped his hat just once too often.





NOW YOU TELL ONE!



(A department wherein our readers can swap yarns with each other and retell those funny stories that have given them enjoyment from time to time. Do you know a good joke with a kick in it? If so, just write it in to the editor of "Now you tell one" and if it is not too risqué he will be glad to print it.)

Here's a hot number from Harry V. Packer, New York City.

Rastus went to a neighboring town to look for work. He didn't find work but he did find matrimony and came back home the proud possessor of a big buxom wife. "Yas suh," he told Sam Jackson, "Ah's de luckiest man in dis heah town!"

Rastus moved out into the country a ways and worked a small farm. All went well for a little over four months, then one day Rastus breezed into town to celebrate. He lined all of his old cronies up to the bar and set up the drinks.

"Boys," he cried, "Ah's proud to announce dat Ah's de pappy ob an eight pound son!" The boys all drank but Sam took Rastus aside for a little serious talk.

"Look heah man, yo' all aint been married long 'nuff to be habbin' no chillun. Yo' better not say so much 'bout it. 'Taint propper."

"'Taint propper?" retorted Rastus, fixing Sam with a withering glance. "Listen yo', aint Ah done been married fo' an' a half mont's an' aint mah wife done been married fo' an' half mont's? Well, figgah niggah, figgah!!"



Lord Sunffbox and Lady Picklebottom were entertaining at dinner. It was a gala affair and many continental celebrities were there as well as the shining lights of English society. The food, the wine, the appointments were perfect and the guests were in excellent humor.

Now it so happened that several times during the course of the meal a muffled explosion was audible above the conversation and upon each occasion Lord Snuffbox, in a most matter-of-fact tone

said, "Pardon me."

The majority of the guests seemed to take little notice of the matter but Count Fromage, the dapper little French diplomat, was becoming more and more agitated. His little waxed mustaches bristled with indignation and he could hardly contain himself during the latter part of the repast.

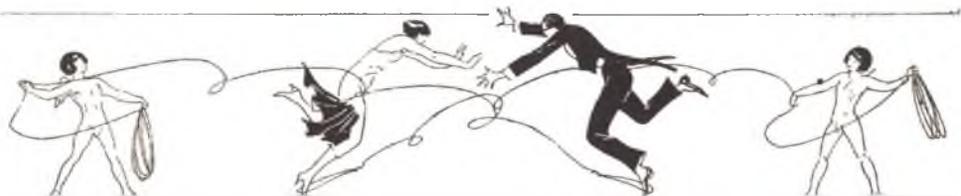
At length the womenfolk retired and left the men alone with their cigars and

(Continued on Page 55)

When the Cat's Away, He Still Must Pay



“Dining room? Send up breakfast for two, and cigars, . . . yes, the kind my husband orders.”





WHISPERINGS OF THE SPHINX

A bigamist is his own worst enemy.

Puppy-love is often the beginning of a dog's-life.

"Does she draw the line anywhere?"
"Yeah, the line of the least resistance."



Can she
make a
Cherry pie
Billy boy
Billy boy,
Can she
make a
Cherry pie
darling
Billy?
She can
Make a
Cherry pie
but to
eat it
means to
die!
She's
hot stuff
but cooks
just like
her mother!

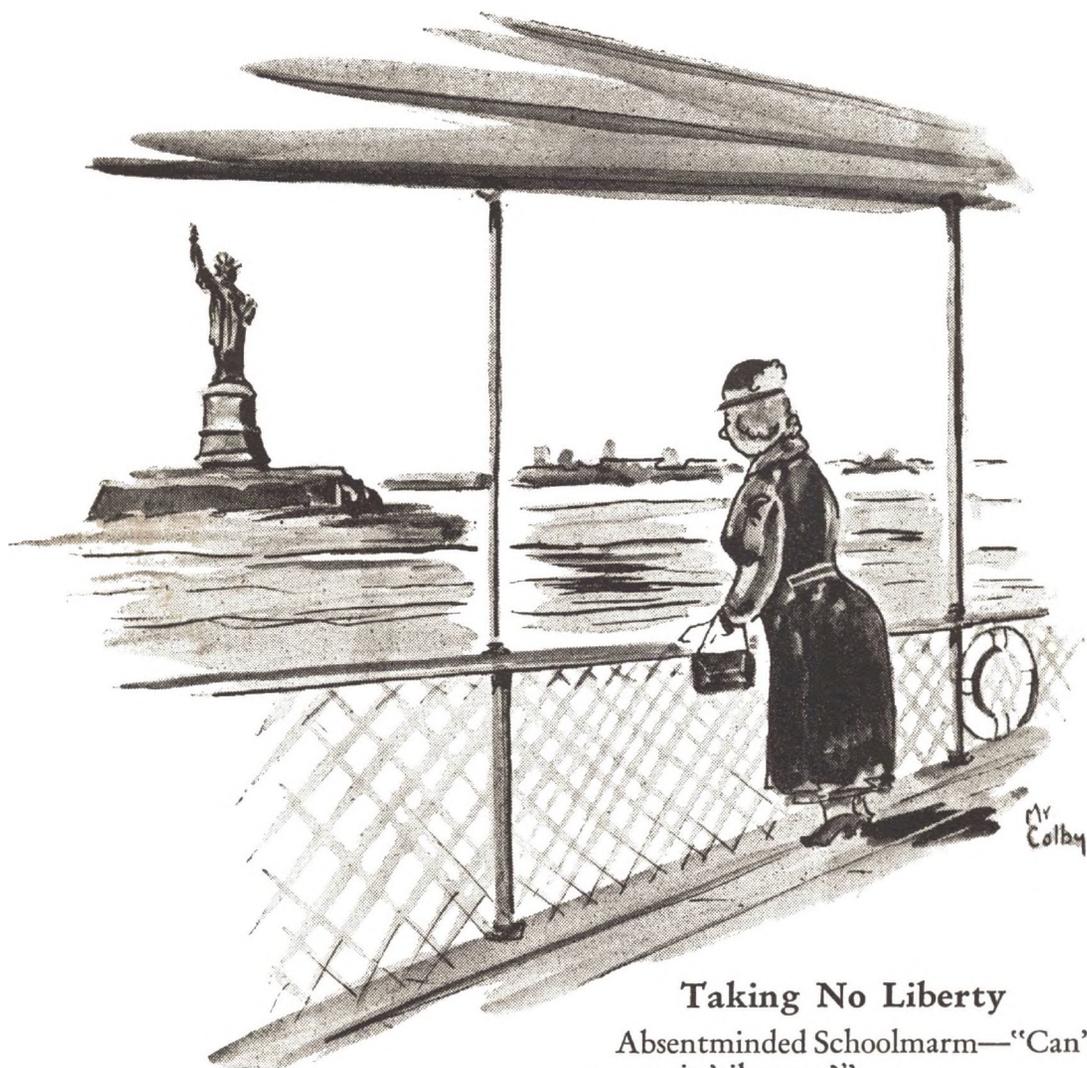
Baby-talk is not always cute in a girl.
Sometimes it will cause young men to leave town.

(Continued from Page 52)

liquors and it was then that the Count gave vent to his pent up emotions. "Monsieur host," he demanded of Lord Snuffbox, "I must have ze apology! It ees insult! Me, I do not understand such a sing for in France we do not, how you say, make ze burp, at ze table. Zat, monsieur, ees such bad manners, but to call attention to ze fact by saying all ze time, 'Pardon me'—eet ees—so—ah—most unforgivable. I am insult! We are all insult!!"

Lord Snuffbox waited patiently for the Count to finish his tirade, then he addressed the gentlemen present quite calmly. "There is really nothing to get perturbed about, my friends. I am sure that when I have explained the situation that you will forgive my apparent bad manners. It is this way. Lady Picklebottom, whom we all esteem most highly, is afflicted with an embarrassing weakness that makes itself manifest under certain conditions, such as you have just

(Continued on Page 56)



Taking No Liberty

Absentminded Schoolmarm—"Can't you wait 'til recess?"



Beginner's Luck

"No, I don't need any brushes but my sales resistance is low today."

(Continued from Page 55)

witnessed. She cannot control herself and, of course, you must realize that that in a lady of her high social standing is extremely mortifying. And so, gentle sirs, in order to spare her feelings as much as possible, I take the blame upon myself, say 'Pardon me' and that is all there is to it."

At this, the little Count actually beamed. "Ah monsieur, how magnifique! How noble! How chivalrous!! Zat ees so different. I salute you for a great gentleman, monsieur!"

The matter, being thus satisfactorily

explained and good humor restored all around, the menfolk joined the ladies in the music room where Madame Schnitzkopf was to warble a few popular melodies.

All went well until Lady Picklebottom, feeling the effects of her recent meal, succumbed again to her embarrassing weakness. As before, Lord Snuffbox essayed to take the blame and say "Pardon me" but, quick as a flash, the little Frenchman interrupted him. "Oh no, no, monsieur," cried the Count, jumping to his feet and bowing most politely, "Zis one, she ees on me!!"



FRONT!

Despise not small beginnings for many a bright young man's opening started with a keyhole.



"— and furthermore, your nose was too cold!"



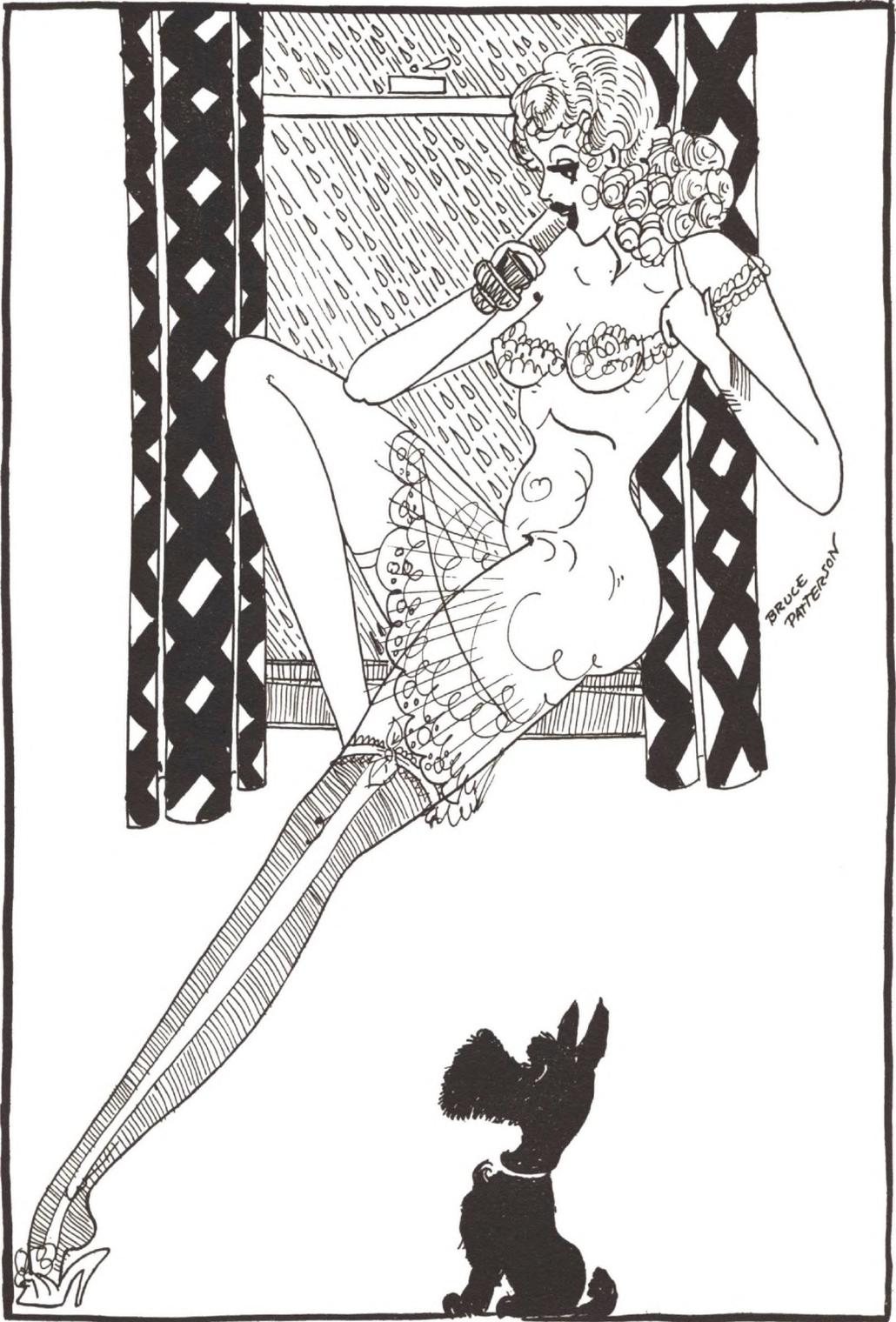
DOWN WITH TROUSERS



The mother instinct in woman will not tolerate the trousers fad for long—they want something to raise.



"Oh George, do clothes really make the man?"



Sloppy Weather Hints
"Bundle up well, dear, and don't forget your rubbers."

"The Man Who Came Back"



He bet the husband would return,
But figured not the cost,

And now he's planted 'neath the sod,
For though he won, he lost.

The Skeleton Rattles?

A young Englishman was visiting New York and just before his return to his native land he was conversing with the night-clerk at his hotel. "I say, old fellow," he exclaimed, "You Americans are supposed to be very witty, you know, and I would be no end grateful if you would tell me one of your ripping old jokes so that I may spring it on the governor when I get home. He's a jolly old fellow!"

The clerk thought for a moment then said to the Briton, "My mother once had a child. It was not my brother, neither was it my sister. Who do you think it was?"

"My word, a deucedly complicated situation, what!" gasped the Englishman, "Who was the little blighter?"

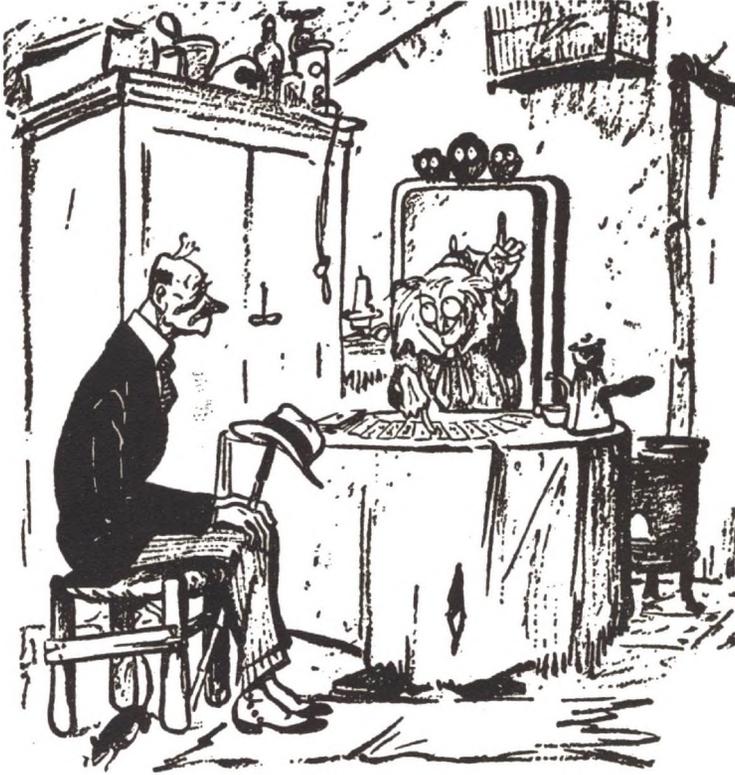
"Me!" replied the night-clerk with a

grin.

A look of understanding spread over the other's face and he roared in merriment. "Simply topping, old chap, I shall remember that!"

Well, in due time the son of Britain was back in his ancestral environment and he lost no time in trying the American joke upon his father. "I say, pater, while I was in America I learned something most amusing. It seems that my mother once had a child and the infant was neither my brother nor my sister. Who do you think it was?"

The elder man looked strangely at his son and did not venture to answer. "I'll tell you," chuckled the young man, "It was the night-clerk in a New York hotel!"



"I can tell you how to make your own anti-freeze."

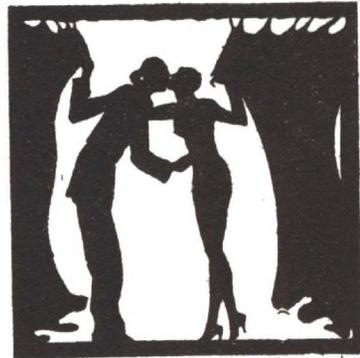
"How?"

"Hide her nightie some cold night."



"Is anyone going to give the bride away?"

"Naw, let the groom find out for himself!"



"I believe in keeping my eye on business."

"Just what is your business, sir?"

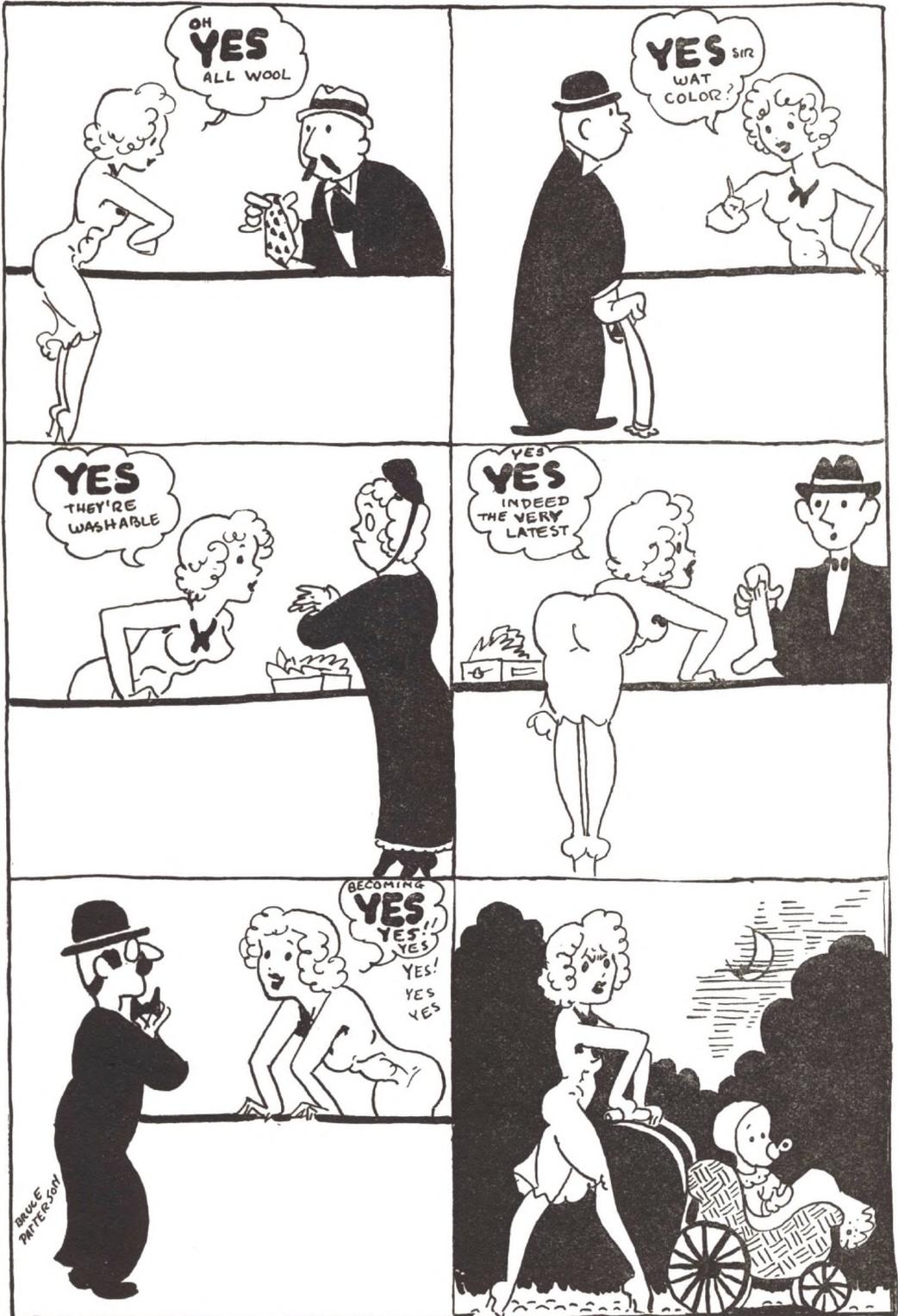
"Ladies' lingerie."

~~~~~  
Too many cooks are apt to spoil the ice-man.

Result of a Bear  
Movement



“Omigosh!! Thish ish turrible! I’m wiped out!!”



Tragedy of the "Yes" Girl



# ILD CHERRIES

## . . . . MAIL BAG

EDITOR "WILD CHERRIES,"

Dear Editor:

I was muchly surprised and pleased with the first issue of Wild Cherries. I was afraid, when I first heard about it, that it was going to be just another vulgar magazine with a common attempt at "sex appeal." I am glad that I was wrong.

Wild Cherries, without exception, was the most thoroughly enjoyable magazine that I have seen for months and months. Keep up the good work and show the reading public that a joke or picture does not have to be really dirty to be appreciated. There is a vast difference between the risque and the downright vulgar.

Yours for bigger and better Wild Cherries.

HAMILTON J. LINCOLN,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR OF "WILD CHERRIES

Dear Sir:

You really have a bawling out coming to you for handing the public such a red-hot publication. It is a wonder that the newsstands do not burst into flame. I must say, however, that you have handled the whole thing so cleverly that there is nothing actually "wrong" with any part of it, but I have to blush at the very thought of many

of your pages. If I ever catch my daughter reading Wild Cherries I'll spank her good, big as she is!

Better watch your step, mister editor, you can't play with fire without getting your fingers burnt, you know.

Yours truly,  
MRS. WILMA F. DUNKIRK,  
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR:

Have just finished reading Wild Cherries for the fifth time.' Each time it gets better than before. How many magazines are there today that can boast of that distinction?

Can you let us have a little longer snappy story in your next issue? I think that you should have at least one such story to give the "heavy readers" a treat.

Good luck to your clever little magazine.

MARION H. TALBOT,  
Baltimore, Md.

Editor's Note—Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a reading public, thank goodness! At any rate, we'll just lay a little bet that Mrs. Dunkirk will be one of the first in her community to buy the next issue of Wild Cherries and may we quote Page 20 of our number in question—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."



She reads "Wild Cherries"  
 An' she stays out nights,  
 She throws wild parties,  
 An' she loves prize fights.  
 She smokes an' she cusses,  
 An' she takes 'em straight.  
 She's a damn good sport,  
 But a damn poor mate!

**To Readers of "The Note"**

What do you think was the contents of that mysterious missive? Write your idea of the text of that note in not more than fifteen words and send it in to the Editor of Wild Cherries. If he thinks it interesting enough to print he will do so and send you a dollar bill. This is not a "contest," it is open to all readers and there is no limit to the number of answers you can send in so—hop to it!

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Answer to last month's cross-word puzzle

EDITOR "WILD CHERRIES,"

Dear Sir:

I just want to let you know how much I appreciate your peppy magazine. I got more laughs and thrills out of it than any that I have ever read before. It is a wow! A reader can only expect two or three real kicks out of the ordinary quarter magazine but in the Summer Issue of Wild Cherries almost every page was a bull's eye.

Your cartoons were exceptionally good. How on earth did you ever get together such a diversified collection of humor? Take it from me, Wild Cherries is in a class by itself.

Here's to a long life and to a prosperous one.

CHARLES G. HOFFMANN,  
 Milwaukee, Wis.



DEAR EDITOR:

Who said a publication couldn't be hot and still be clean? That first issue of Wild Cherries rang the bell alright. Guess it will make some of the other publishers who dish out a lot of filth sit up and take notice.

I will be waiting anxiously for your next number. Make it soon, please.

HARRY J. FANCHON,  
 New York City.



DEAR EDITOR:

Just what classification can we give that magazine of yours? Are you trying to crack the Ballyhoo field, the sex field or the art field? The book is good but a puzzling hybrid as far as I can see. Leave it to me, I'll find something wrong with it yet. I always do.

JOHN V. BAKER,  
 St. Louis, Mo.

# COMING

NEXT ISSUE

AN ALL-STAR PROGRAM

READ THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PROF. FIDDLESNIFF



SPEND A WILD NIGHT IN HARLEM WITH HARDWAY BROWN



KNOW THE THRILLS AND THE FUN OF "LADIES NIGHT"



KEEP POSTED ON YOUR ASTROLOGICAL OUTLOOK



LAUGH AT PHILIP McCAN'S ATTEMPT TO BROADCAST A  
BEAUTY CONTEST



GET A KICK OUT OF FRIEND ASAP'S FABLE NUMBER THREE



LEARN THE SULTAN'S WEAKNESS AND TAKE A PEEP  
AT THE HAREM



GRAB AN EYEFUL OF NAUGHTY BROADWAY AFTER DARK



JOKES, CARTOONS, NOVELTIES GALORE!!

*DON'T MISS IT!*

BETTER ORDER YOUR COPY IN ADVANCE



WATCH FOR THE "NUDIST NUMBER" OF WILD CHERRIES, COMING SOON!



## Attention



# AMERICA

Our President has designated the National Recovery Administration to assist in the revival of business conditions under which reemployment will be made possible through shortening of working hours and the stimulation of purchasing power, the lack of which has paralyzed industry.

By providing a common meeting ground for employer and employee, by eliminating the unfair practices which legitimate business finds itself unable to compete against, by providing liveable wages for all workers and by so doing, to increase the national ability to spend millions for the necessities of decent living, it is expected to attain these objectives.

The Blue Eagle is the emblem of economic recovery, it represents the wholehearted support and cooperation of those displaying it. There can be no middle ground of accomplishment . . . . the President's plan must succeed 100%. . . .



WE DO OUR PART