

GINGER

STORIES

February

5¢



Piquant
Pungent
Peppery
Pleasing

GINGER
will be preserved!

The Book That Zealous Reformers Once Burned in Public!



At Last!

Censorship No Longer Denies You This Thrill of Thrills—

Tales from THE GREAT DECAMERON...

YOU'LL never know life until you've read this greatest of all forbidden books! You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on the most fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books—the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Before your very eyes is unfolded the glittering pageantry of a golden age now vanished—an age when passion, intrigue and high-riding romance held full sway. Past you, in a breath-taking parade, sweep some of the most beautiful, yet unprincipled, women of all time—women whose intense fascination fired men's blood and even altered the fates of empires. . . . Here you will find tales of scandalous days, when a restless world drank of life and love to its very dregs!

Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth-century Italy ever preserved. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his ever-watchful eye—and what he saw, he wrote, without hesitation or fear!

Mystery No Longer Shrouds This Brilliant Masterpiece

Perhaps no other book ever written has had such an amazing history. Written in

so vigorous a style as to be actually startling, it has long been a storm center of fierce controversy and even persecution. Critics and the haute-monde have acclaimed it with unstinted praise for its sparkling vividness and subject matter—while prudish zealots and tyrannical reformers, aghast at the utter frankness with which Boccaccio exposed human life and love in the raw, resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation. At one time they actually went so far as to gather all the available copies and have them publicly burned!

But all that was yesterday. To-day the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. This is the age of reason—and the peerless word-artistry of genial old Boccaccio has come into its own at last! . . . Now, for a short time only, you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing in your own home for five days, without obligation!

A Literary Treasure-House

Rich in fascinating plot, tense with action and vibrant with human passion—the Decameron has furnished plots for the world's great masters of literature. Longfellow, Keats, Dryden, Chaucer, and even the great Shakespeare himself sought these immortal pages for inspiration. In no other volume are the morals and customs of Italy of the fourteenth century so graphically laid before you—the way people lived, the novels and palaces they dwell in, the fantastic pleasures they indulged in—

all are told with both wit and pathos that are indelible. These stories not only amuse and entertain, but constitute a landmark of literature which must not be passed over if you would broaden your vision—make yourself truly cultured.

Five-Day Trial Send No Money—

And now we are enabled to offer you these great classics—thirty-five of the best stories from the famous Decameron—for the amazingly low sum of only \$1.98! Send no money—just fill out and mail the coupon below. When the package arrives pay the postman \$1.98, plus few cents postage. Inspect this great book for five days, then if you are not delighted return it and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon this instant before this low price is withdrawn! Franklin Publishing Company, 800 No. Clark St., Dept. B-290, Chicago, Illinois

Franklin Publishing Co.,
800 No. Clark St., Dept. B-290,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me a copy of The Tales from the immortal Decameron by Boccaccio. When package arrives I will pay postman only \$1.98, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, I am at liberty to return the volume within five days and my money will be refunded.

Name
Address
City State

If you may be out when the postman calls, enclose \$2 with this coupon and we will pay all delivery charges. Customers outside U. S. must send cash with order.



The *Latest* and *Completest* and *most practical*
BOOK of SEX KNOWLEDGE
 BY A DOCTOR OF SCIENCE (PHYSIOLOGY)

IGNORANCE of the facts of life is to blame for the majority of human tragedies. This is now acknowledged to be true by all sincere people. Sex and all the problems surrounding it have been shrouded in the darkness of superstition and mystery. In "A Complete Book of Sex Knowledge" there is not a single side of the sex problem, and its application to every stage of human life that has not been fully treated. You cannot afford to be without this book, and no description of it can possibly convey to you its extraordinary value. It tells in non-technical language those things that worry people most.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

CHAPTER I—FROM BIRTH TO PUBERTY

The Psychology of Healthy Conception.—The Sex Acts of Little Children.—Babies' Habits That Must Be Corrected.—The Seeds of Masturbation.—Parents' Habits to Avoid.—The Dangers of Secret Habits.

CHAPTER II—ADOLESCENCE

Undesirable Sex Habits of Adolescence.—The Facts of Reproduction.—The Connection of the Genital With the Urinary System.—Sexual Anatomy and Physiology.—The Actual Birth of an Offspring.—Horrible Sex Perversions Preceded by Masturbation.—The Precious Vital Fluid.—How a Mother Can Explain Things to Her Daughter.—How Diseases May Be "Picked Up" Without Intercourse.—Correcting Irregularities.—Superstitions Regarding Menstruation.

CHAPTER III—THE YOUNG MAN

Should the Young Man Be Given Birth Control Information?—The Results of Masturbation.—Methods of Self-Disinfection Against Venereal Diseases.—Proper Sex Conduct.—Sex Weakness.—The Nature of Syphilis.—The Nature of Gonorrhoea.—How Masturbation Leaves Spermatorrhoea.—Sympathy for Victims of Ignorance and Vicious Heredity.—Flirting.—Platonic Friendships.—Falling in Love.—How to Choose a Wife.—The First Love Challenge.—The Spirit of Romance.—Subconscious Sex Emotions.—Why There Are Unhappy Marriages.

CHAPTER IV—THE YOUNG WOMAN

Childhood Dreams.—The Facts of Reproduction.—The World's Most Beautiful Story.—The Dangers of Life.—Erotic Feelings.—Sexual Irritation.—The Organs of Reproduction.—"Female" Illnesses.—Painful Menstruation.—Vamps.—Looking for the Best Ideal to Manhood.—A Woman's Maturation.—Bad Habits and Their Serious Consequences.—The Quickening of the Glands.—The Process of Fertilization.—Special Sexual Cells.—Fertilization and Development.—Courtship Part of the Function of Reproduction.—Immoral Intercourse.—Venereal Diseases in Women.—The Necessity of Knowing the Facts of Birth Control.—Sex Perversions Among Women.—The Best Age for Marriage.—Indiscriminate Love-Making.—Initial Sex Weaknesses Result in Serious Perversions.—Sexual Health and Efficiency.

CHAPTER V—THE MARRIED MAN

The First Nuptial Experience.—Normal Indulgence.—The Influence of Youthful Habits.—Sex Weakness in Marriage.—Sex a Blessing, Not a Curse, When Used Properly.—Why Women Run Away From Some Men.—The Basic Laws of Sex Conduct.—Ignorant Husbands.—The Technique of Love.—The Husband's Special Part.—Perversions and Weaknesses.—Abnormal Psychology Left by Masturbation.—Free Expressions of the Feelings.—Complete Unity.—Birth Control.—The Benefits of Proper Intercourse.—The Story of a Sex Pervert.—Predispositions Handed Down by Our Ancestors.—How Sex Weaknesses May Lead to Perversions.—Sexual Nerve Irritations.—The Supreme Object of Marriage.—The Fertilization of Women.—How to Insure the Wife's Health.

CHAPTER VI—THE MARRIED WOMAN

Surprising Ignorance of Women of the Meaning of Marriage.—Caution in the Acceptance of a Groom.—The Story of an Ignorant Bride.—Bad Habits.—Forewarning.—The Eradication of Bad Habits.—Sex Weaknesses and Abnormalities.—Union.—The Highest Condition of Human Bliss.—Unnatural Conduct.—The Part of Wife in Intercourse.—How to Maintain a Husband's Love Affection.—Helping a Husband in Control.—Female Anxiety.—Woman Guilty of Excesses.—The Sexual Nerve.—Adaptation to Peculiarities in Men.—Securing the Harmonic Action.—Choosing the Right Time and Place for Conception.—Pregnancy.—Sterility and Its Causes.—The Correction of Sterility.

CHAPTER VII—THE BACHELOR

Why There Are Bachelors.—Promiscuous Bachelors.—Pathology in Bachelorhood.—Physiological Dispositions.—The Physical Treatment Which Remedies Sexual Abnormalities.—Diverting Sex Energies.—Disorders Aggravating Sex Weaknesses.—Spermatorrhoea.—What Happens to the Sexual Secretions.—Sexual Weaknesses and Sex Weaknesses.

CHAPTER VIII—THE SPINSTER

Should Women Propose?—Never Too Late to Wed.—Dangerous Stages of Spinsterhood.—Sexual Anomalies.—The Cause of Melancholia.—Sexual Aggravations.—What Happens to the Secretions.—Sex Weakness Among Spinsters.—Sexual Hygiene.—Sex Fears.—Perversions.—Combating Erotic Feelings.—Leucorrhoea.

CHAPTER IX—POST MATURITY IN MAN

Sexual Promptings and Weakness That Few Understand.—Prostatitis.—Hypertrophy of the Sexual Glands.—Serious Perversions.—Lurid Stories of Vice.—Men Who Are Sent to Prison for Illnesses.—How Old Age Can Be the Happiest Time in Life.—How the Sex Organs Can Be Abnormally Irritated.—The Folly of Frightening Sex Victims with Damnation.—Building Up Depleted Nerve Centers.—The Normal Post Mature Sex Life.

CHAPTER X—POST MATURITY IN WOMAN

"Change of Life"—Superstitions Surrounding Menstruation.—Right Sex Conduct.—The Cessation of Menstruation.—Continued Sex Desire.—A Dangerous Phase of the Menopause.—The Legends of Youth.—Irritable Passions and How to Govern Them.—Normal Sex Living.—Maintaining Married Happiness.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY NOW

This book will be sold only to those over 18 years of age.

HEALTH AND LIFE PUBLICATIONS
 Dept. B-578, 508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
 Please send "A COMPLETE BOOK OF SEX KNOWLEDGE." I enclose \$1.75.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

If you wish the book C. O. D., send \$5 deposit. It will then be mailed C. O. D., the balance plus a few cents postage. Cash must accompany orders outside U. S. as Post Office will not accept C. O. D.

GINGER STORIES MAGAZINE

Vol. II

No. 4

Contents for February, 1930

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| TWO DEVILS FOR DEVLIN _____ | |
| | <i>by Robert Leslie Bellem</i> 7 |
| UNWELCOME DANGER! _____ | <i>by Prue Guinan</i> 12 |
| IN THE SWIM _____ | <i>by Grace Chandler</i> 17 |
| GINGER SNAPS _____ | 23 |
| THE MADAME OVERSLEEPS _____ | |
| | <i>by Frank Kenneth Young</i> 24 |
| MAD, BAD, BABY _____ | <i>by Eldon Lynch</i> 27 |
| DESIRE SYMBOLIZED _____ | <i>a cartoon</i> 33 |
| THE BIRD IN THE JILTED CAGE _____ | |
| | <i>by Lester Roberts</i> 34 |
| TROPICAL LURE! _____ | <i>by Malcolm MacGregor</i> 41 |
| THE CAT'S MEOW! _____ | <i>by Henry Hedberg</i> 48 |

Manuscripts will be given every attention, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. The publishers reserve the right to modify or change any manuscript accepted for publication.

"What? Learn Music by Mail?" they laughed



"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"

ONE day after lunch the office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me. "Just reading an ad," I replied, "about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy!"

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *easy*?"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then! Fred Lawrence sneered: "The poor fellow really believes he can learn music by mail!"

"Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it!" I cried. But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a dry dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the last laugh myself.

My Chance Arrives

Then came the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we had to sit around inside. Suddenly some one pulled a piano in the corner. Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. Some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag,'" shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further. I heard a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone; can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I began fidgeting the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes a fellow jumped to his feet and shouted, "Believe me, the boy is *first*! Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was having a whale of a time. I played one poppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm," and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a trumpet right under my nose.

"Talk," he said. "I want to apologize to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play by mail?" exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it?"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Talk," I continued, "is was the biggest surprise of

my life when I got the first lesson. It was the first night from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or thumb exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, chamber music, and in fact, anything I wanted! Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time—through this simple new method which has already taught over half a million people. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the parcel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost averages just a few cents a day.

Send for Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson which explains all about this remarkable method. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Auto-matic Finger Control*. No cost—no obligation. Sign and send the convenient coupon now. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3332 Broadway Building, New York City.

U. S. School of Music,
3332 Broadway Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons to Your Own Home," with Introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your own payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you
taught?

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

| WHAT INSTRUMENT FOR YOU? | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|
| Piano | Piccolo |
| Organ | Hawaiian |
| Violin | Steel |
| Clarinet | Guitar |
| Flute | Drums and |
| Harp | Traps |
| Corset | Mandolin |
| Cello | Sight Singing |
| Guitar | Trumpets |
| Ukulele | Piano |
| Saxophone | Accordion |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) | |
| Violin and Saxon Culture | |
| Harmony and Composition | |
| Automatic Finger Control | |
| Italian and German Accordion | |



Delicate piquancy and intrigue are the keynotes of this camera study.

TWO DEVILS FOR DEVLIN

By Robert Leslie Bellem

A WOMAN'S breasts were no novelty to Al Devlin. But these were different. Al had a copra plantation, with a side-line of pearl shells, on the tiny south sea island of Tongalusa and the light-hued native girls who wore a string of pearls and an amiable expression

had become an old story.

"Maybe I'm dead!" Al said, tearing his eyes away from the smooth white breasts and permitting his gaze to travel upward.

The girl who was leaning over him smiled. She didn't seem to realize how low her dress was cut in the

Loa-loa could wiggle in a G-string like nobody's business.



(turn over)



"Listen, big boy. Your lady-killing charms are being wasted. You're just another case to me," she told him flatly.

neck. She was dressed in crisp white. She had reddish-gold hair; her eyes had an amber tint; her nose was just the tiniest bit tip-tilted, and her mouth was red and smiling. Here and there a stray freckle intruded itself.

"No, you're not in heaven. You're in the hospital at Port Wytka. And you're not to talk!" the red-haired divinity said.

"Port Wytka?" Al said wonderingly. Why, Port Wytka was seventy sea-miles from Tongalusa, the better part of a day's journey in a launch! "What about my plantation?" he protested.

"Sh-h! Concussion cases are supposed to be kept quiet."

Al pondered. Then he grinned a little. "When did Earl Carroll bring

his chorus down here to act as nurses?"

The girl in white blushed. "No matter how ill, you must live up to your reputation, mustn't you?"

"Have I a reputation?" Al said in surprise.

"All over the islands. You're a lady-killer. But you can't work your charm on me. I'm strictly business, and you're just another case."

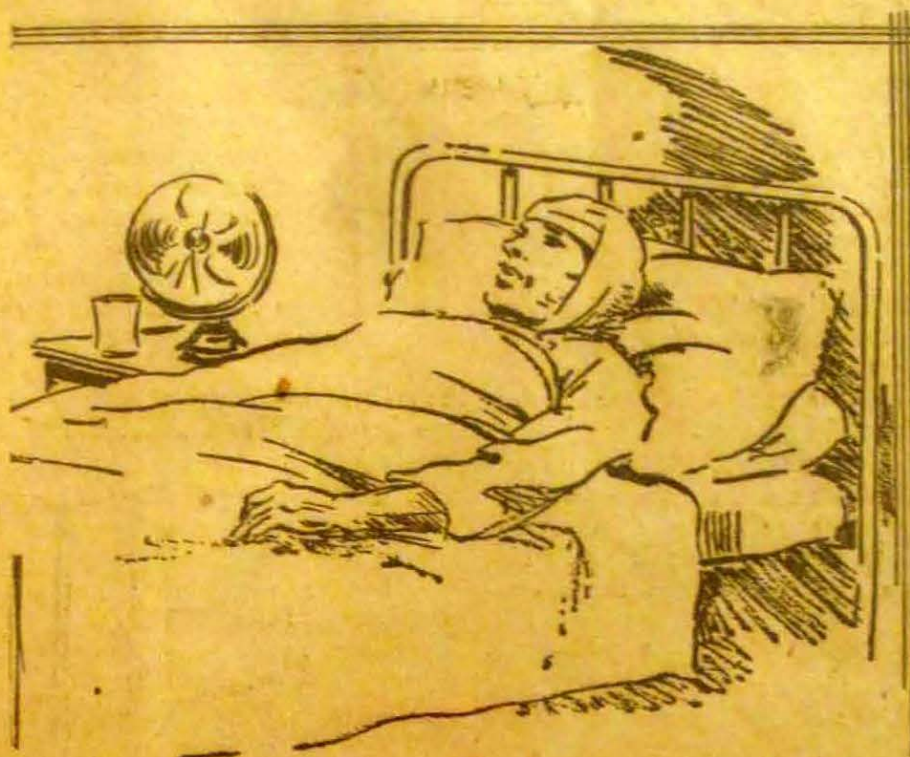
"How long have I been here and how did I get here?" he persisted.

"You've been here a week, dead to the world, and a fat native chief brought you."

"Old Illybo?"

She nodded. "I think that's who it was."

Al smiled. "I thought the old



blighter had run off. I misjudged him! Wow, what a scrap that was! The last thing I remember was being bashed on the head, and jumping into the lagoon."

"It's a wonder you weren't killed. You have a hard head."

"And a soft heart. In fact, every time I look at you my heart gets softer."

"You're still delirious! Now go to sleep."

"I'll only dream about you if I do."

"Well, see that your dreams are moral." And she left him.

In the week of Al Devlin's convalescence that followed, he came to the conclusion that the hundred or more previous times he had been in

love were but passing phases of dementia. There was no one like Alice Denny, the red-haired nurse.

"That's great," he had said when he learned her name.

"What's great?"

"Your being Alice Denny."

"Why?"

"Because you won't have to change your initials when you marry me. Alice Denny, A. D., and I'm Al Devlin, also A. D."

"Who said anything about marrying you?"

"Oh, lots of girls! But I turned 'em all down. I was waiting for you to come along."

"You take a lot for granted." She flung this parting shot and left him.

But he was persistent. The next

(turn over)

time she came in he said, "Listen. You've got to marry me."

"Why?"

"Well, you know everything about me there is to be known. You've bathed me and changed my clothes and all that sort of thing. You've got to marry me to save my self-respect. You've compromised me!"

She laughed. "If I married every man I've taken care of, I'd be a polyandrist a hundred times over."

"That's a good word. What does it mean?" he teased.

She smiled gaily. "Listen, do you think I'd marry a man with your reputation? Why, you'd two-time me the first chance you got. No, I'm a one-man woman for a one-woman man."

He blushed. "Oh, I know I've got a name for that sort of thing. But I'm a changed man now. Won't you give me a chance to prove it to you?"

"Don't you want your Dawn-Blossom?" the girl cried as she leaned over him.



"Well," she hesitated. "I'll tell you what: if, after you leave tomorrow, you can prove that you'd be faithful for—a couple of months, I might listen to you."

"That's easy! Just watch me!"

"That's the trouble—I can't watch you! But I tell you what I can do. I'll let you take my house-boy, Chong, back to Tongalusa with you. He can report to me about you. Would you be willing to do that?"

Which was how Al Devlin came to go back to Tongalusa with a Chinese house-boy and a heart full of resolutions.

The first thing Devlin did when he got back to his island was to clean out his household staff, which consisted of three native girls. One in particular, little Loa-loa, objected strenuously.

"Chinaman can't take place of Loa-loa!" she complained.

"Oh, yes he can! He's a good cook and he knows how to do house-work!"

Loa-loa wiggled sinuously. In view of the fact that her sole garment was a G-string, the wiggle was very effective. She was a rich gold color, and her form would have passed muster in any Ziegfeld show. "Chinaman can't do this!" she said seductively.

"He'd better not or I'll throw him out on his ear!"



Loa-loa came closer. "Can Chinaman kiss like Loa-loa?" she whispered.

"I don't know. Why don't you try him and see?"

The girl frowned and backed away. "Loa-loa no kiss Chinaman! Loa-loa only kiss Tuan Dev-lin!"

"Not any more you don't! I'm a good boy from now on! I'm sorry, Loa, but that's all over. Good-bye and good luck, and here's a box of stogies for you as a parting gift."

"I hope you noticed that," Devlin said to Chong.

"Me see. Me tell missie Denny," Chong answered.

That same night old Illybo, the chief, dropped in for a visit. Al was glad to see him. "So you managed to beat Rarapu off after all?" he said as he offered the native a swig of gin.

"You save Illybo's life. Illybo no forget. Illybo repay. Wait and see!"

"But Illybo has repaid already!" Al protested.

"No. Illybo repay. Wait and see!" the old man repeated mysteriously, as he left.

Al Devlin went to bed early. He was tired after the first day back at work. He went to sleep immediately, but soon awoke with the feeling he was not alone.

Al stared. Two native girls, as pretty a pair as he'd ever seen in the islands, young, fresh and absolutely pajamaless, were in his bed, one on each side of him!

"Me Tolu!" "Me Toa-lea!" they said softly.

"What in the devil are you doing here, both of you?"

"We present to you from Illybo. You like us some, maybe?"

"I don't want you to belong to me! I have other plans!" Devlin said angrily.

"Maybe you like just one of us tonight, eh? You like me stay and ber go?" Tolu's face was close to him. She pointed at Toa-lea.

"No! Me stay, she go!" Toa-lea said sharply.

(turn to page 62)

LY O B E slipped from the bed and wriggled her pink and white body. Her nightgown dropped to the floor. It was one p.m., early morning for Broadway.

The meager handful of clothing she had been wearing when she and Eddie entered the room the night before was heaped upon a chair. She began putting on step-ins and stockings before going to the bowl to wash.

Eddie rolled over on the bed and looked at her. He was wide awake.

"Well, honey," he said. "At least we had a beautiful last night together."

"Right, Eddie. You've still got plenty of the old S. A. But it's like I told you last night. You can't book this double any longer, as you know. Eddie and Lyöbe Morris have been over the routes so many times that even changing material don't help. We're old stuff to everybody who ever saw a vaudeville show. What we need is a new combination, and we can't have that and stick, too—right? I'm sick of wearing out my

By Prue Guinan



Unwelcome

half-soles duckin' from one booker to another and tryin' to fake prosperity to the bunch of Broadway phonies who are all as bad off as we are. So I've decided that Ben Rosedale is my way out. It'll be a different kind of an act for me. It's like gettin' a new start. Ben's a talented kid, too."

"Well, I didn't finish tellin' you. The Acosta dame's been after me to double up with *her*, and I told her I didn't know yet. But I suppose I can snap her up now. She's got a nifty routine of gab she just bought new, and there's more taps in that kid's feet than a wood-pecker's got



The blonde-by-decision screamed as the rusty house dick flew in upon them.

Danger!

in his bill. I think I can sell an act with her and me in it. It'll be fast, and brand new."

"Sure you can, Eddie, and more power to you. You get me, don't you, kid? No hard feelin'. I wouldn't hurt you for the world. But if we can't work together, and the managers won't buy us, we got to split, that's all. And as long as I got this chance with Ben Rosedale and you got the chance with Myrtle Acosta, why let's grab 'em. No sense in starvin'."

Eddie reflected a moment while Lyobe cleansed her face with some cream and the corner of a towel.

"Ben likes you, don't he, Baby?"

"Well, why else would he be propositionin' me, Eddie?"

"That's the way I feel about Myrtle too."

"And there you are!" Lyobe indicated triumphantly. "Course you and I can go on being married to each other, but what's the sense of a marriage with one party cheatin' in Topeka, and the other party cheatin' in Sioux Falls. You know how it is. Ben'll

marry me the minute I'm free, and the chances are that after a week on the road with Myrtle you two'll be yellin' for a parson to come and do it, also."

"Yeh. No gettin' away from it. That's the way things get between partners. Well, what do you want me to do?"

"It's simple enough, Eddie. Just bring some broad up here to the room and let me know and I'll come up with the house dick and ketch you. We can get an absolute decree that way. And it don't have to be Myrtle, if you don't want to drag her into it. Just tell her what we're

(turn over)

gonna do, and then go down in the lobby and pick somebody up. Say you do it tonight."

"But, look here. . . ."

"What's the matter? That's the way they all do it, ain't it? The guy lets himself get caught, that's all."

"Yeah. But you're kind of rushin' it, ain't you?"

"Well, if it's got to be done—the sooner the better. Ain't that right?"

"Yeah, I suppose so. All right. Say you make it about eleven to-night. I'll get somebody up here, and everything'll be all set. But don't let the dick break in the door cause they may put it on the bill. Just rap loud. I'll open the door."

"Come to papa, sweetness. You can't go by-by dressed like that," he said.



Eddie stalked through the lobby that night until he found precisely what he wanted. She was blonde, by decision, and looked quite as though anything that came out in the papers about her wouldn't do her

reputation any harm. She looked, in a word, as though she didn't have any reputation at all worth bothering about.

She was seated on a settee in an alcove, reading a pink-covered tabloid, and smoking. As Eddie sank down at the other end of the divan she put her cigarette on the rim of the ash tray between them. When she reached for it again it had burned away to little more than a cylindrical ash. She withdrew her hand disgustedly.

"Have one of mine," Eddie offered courteously, and extended the pack. She smiled and accepted one. Lyobe had given Eddie a lighter for his birthday. It worked for the blonde-

by-decision.

"Now, what'll we talk about?" Eddie grinned.

"You begin," she suggested.

After a while she threw away the tabloid and they got confidential. As Lyobe remarked in the morning, Eddie had plenty of the old S. A. and very little S-A-P. When they got up to take the elevator the blonde carefully looked

all about.

"You didn't see the house dick anywhere, did you?" she asked Eddie.

"No. But then, I wouldn't know him if I saw him. Come on. It's

all right."

"I hate house dicks," said she, as the elevator took them up.

"I don't take many of them to my little round bosom either," replied Eddie.

Her name proved to be Edith, and she was wearing a dress with a plaited skirt, so it didn't take her long to get that off. She said she wanted to preserve the plaits.

Eddie had a bottle of what-all-the shootin's-fer and gave her a drink.

"Where did you get this lic-ker?" she wanted to know.

"What do you want, baby, a pedigree? You ain't buyin' a dog. Look, I'll drink with you to show you it's safe."

They finished the drinks and Eddie looked at his watch. Nine-thirty. And Lyobe and her raiding party weren't due before eleven. Well, no use wasting an hour and a half.

They settled down to finish the bottle, and Eddie started to neck the young lady just to keep himself interested. Shortly before eleven o'clock there was a rap on the door.

"Don't move!" said Eddie.

Edith had sat up at the first sound, and now jumped to her feet. "I'm going," she said, starting to duck out to the fire-escape without a dress, and with her unhooked brassiere flapping around her like water wings.

"Come 'ere!" Eddie exclaimed, dragging her back. She struggled with him but he hung on. All this stalling for nothing? Wothahell!

The rapping became more insis-

"Wanna smoke?" he asked the girl.



tent and demanding.

"Now keep quiet!" Eddie said, and thrust his unwilling guest into a chair. She sat there tense and white-faced a moment, then abruptly relaxed. "Oh, tahell with them," she said. "Give me a cigarette before you open the door."

Eddie tossed her the pack from the table beside the bed, following it with a folder of matches. The door panel seemed ready to split from the pounding it was getting.

Eddie turned the knob and yanked the door open, pushing back his hair sheepishly.

Into the room blew the runty house dick with his soft hat on the back of his bullet head. Just behind him was Lyobe, wearing a mantle of righteous wrath.

They looked about, both showing a shocked expression. Then the de-

(turn over)

*She snapped
out of her
dress in a flash
—in order to
save the plaits.*



tective gave a yell like a man struck from ambush. With a leap he was on top of Eddie and pounding him about the head. Edith screamed. Lyobe looked at them as though they were all crazy. Then, seeing Eddie getting the worst of it, and taking rights and lefts with just about every part of him but the arms he had raised in defense, she grabbed the telephone and banged it down with all her might on top of the dick's head. He hit the floor like a sack of wet meal. Lyobe reached down, put

the telephone back on its stand, and hung up the receiver.

"What's the idea?" she demanded of the stunned detective. "I told you to come here to Mr. Morris' room with me and see what there was to see. I didn't tell you to assault him!"

"But you don't get the idea," said the detective, jumping up and staggering Eddie with more rights. "That little blonde is my *wife!* Take that, Morris, and that, and that!"

In The Swim

*Which to put it mildly is suiting the
action to the word, according to
Grace Chandler's story*

YUH can't see the half of it,
dearie!

This black eye ain't exactly a royal bull decoration, and I'm still limping some, but it's the collegiate collection of bruises in Harvard Red, Yale Blue and Princeton Orange and Black, to say nothing of Dartmouth Green, what I got parked on them parts of my anatomy not on view to the general public that would give yuh more of an idea of the swell time that was had by all.

Where at?

Why at a college PROM! Where else at would yuh expect anybody to come home from looking like they had just recovered from the Bubonic Plague, or been run over by a couple of cheer leaders?

When Mickey Marshall gives me the come hither to promenade myself up to the beer and pretzel institution where he was in for four years I wasn't exactly thrilled to a hot to-male over the idear.



*When she lost
her costume, she
thought it time
to dive!*

(turn over)

Yuh see, dearie, I'd made a New Year's resolution to lead the pure and simple for a change, and I'm not one of them low downs what make and break their resolutions the same week.

So I thought I'd ward off my destiny by running double, for awhile anyway, long enough to grease the skids of life with a little alimony. What's that? Yuh say yuh think a Prom would be a good place to pick up the necessary article wearing pants that show? Listen to me, dearie, college men make the grandest sugar papas, but for an honest-to-Gawd-bring-home-the-bacon-daddy oh, I could laugh myself into a state of semicolon.

A Prom, dearie, is a hifalutin' title for a Plumbers' Ball. They've got the same trimmings otherwise. Wine, women, and song are the same old tools of the devil since Eve invented ferment and torment by the simple act of sinking her upper set in a choice Ben Davis, whether you spell 'em that way, or call 'em Gin, Broads and Whoopee!

That's why I turned Mickey's sinful invitation down flatter than a nail hammered in by a woman. I knew only too well that PROMS were not conducted along the lines of a Wednesday night prayer meeting. But he kept urging me for old times sake, me and Mickey discovered our first red kiss together, so after saying NO absolutely positively five or six times I gave in as us weak sisters always do to cave man tactics. And, anyways, I figured it wouldn't interfere with my leading the pure life since Mickey's reformed just like me and is studying to be a minister. Though I might have knew, dearie, that D. D. can stand for Dirty Devil as well as other things.

But let me spill in your ear, dearie,

the awful truth about this Prom.— It'll paralyze you. Though it was conducted under the divine influence of Christianity, so to speak, it was a wow! Their high tide was a Costume Ball, your gentleman friend concocting said costume out of the billboards of his imagination.

Yuh'd be surprised at the single-track minds them ministerial students had. They could have been put in jail for infringing on the copyright of Eve's original little sin. And Gawd knows what Mickey was suffering from when he drew up the specifications for me, water on the knee, maybe. Or else he'd been reading that doggerel of Bill Shakespeare's, for my costume was "nothing much before, and half of that behind," if yuh can wrap the shreds of your mentality around that, dearie.

Of course I was flattered, any woman would be, to have a man think yuh wear a brassiere size number 28 with a couple of tucks, when I really have to wear a forty-fo—. Never mind, that's nobody's business, not even yours.

When that costume was delivered to my hang-out at the Deaconess' Home, I gave Mickey a ring to find out where and why the eighth letter of the alphabet they had only sent me a couple of patch pockets of chiffon.

"Patch pockets?" yells Mickey, getting temperamental.

"That's your costume! You're supposed to be a water-nymph!"

So I says, sarcastic like, "thank Gawd for the water!"

But it didn't penetrate, my remark, I mean. Now wouldn't that have socked yuh more bow-legged than yuh are already?

Needless to say it didn't overwork me to get dressed. Just as I was



*"Why turn the spotlight on me?" she whimpered as they dragged her out.
"I'm all lit up already."*

stretching a point on the chiffon Mickey calls me up.

"Be sure to wear the flowers I sent you, Yvonne," he articulates airily. "They're the crowning touch to that costume I designed."

"Well, if I had yuh here I'd put a crowning touch on yuh that yuh'd be an Unknown Soldier even to your own family," I sneezes back. "I'm getting a cold in my head already, due to your lack of chivalry, cash and cloth. What in Gawd's name

will I pin them water lilies to anyway?"

"Use your ingenuity, old hoss," says Sir Walter Raleigh the Second, as he hung up on me.

But I didn't have any with me, dearie, and the Heaven what is supposed to protect us poor working goils had closed at noon that day, so after much exercising of the old bean I gets a piece of ribbon, ties it around my meridian, stick that bunch of pond posies inside it, and wears 'em

(turn over)



"How was the Prom, dearie?" she asked.

as a boutonniere! Don't look that up, dearie. You'll never get over it.

The hour for the Prom finally rolls around just as I'm getting ready to catch double pneumonia, and I get another jolt, dearie. There was *two* Proms, both going on at one and the same time and in the same place. If yuh can deduce the Einstein of that, dearie.

Yuh see this was one of them *trial marriage* colleges. Men and girls both. And the idear was to see if yuh could stand each other at the

same table seven mornings a week. Restraint from throwing the coffee cups at each other's head was considered the same as a publicly announced engagement.

Then came the War of the Sexes! The males suddenly went big head, turned up their olfactory organs at the domestic brands and went in for classy importations like me, dearie. Of course that made the local dames madder than wet cats, so they got the hot idear of staging a Prom of their own on the same date and in-

"Well, darlin', I'm still limp'in' and I've got a collegiate collection of bruises in Harvard Red, Yale Blue and Princeton Orange and Black."



viting that tricky species "the man back home." There was only the one place to hold both armies so it soon got to be quite a mixed tea party, if yuh can sip the Oolong of that, dearie.

The college ribs had outguessed the boys in providing that which agitates the dogs by having a twenty-piece orchestra composed entirely of moaning saxaphones as against the mere fifteen blue shakers signed up by Mickey's gang. And when they both played at the same time without the

technicality of having the same tune, well, bring on your Hell and Damnation and let's see what they got what's worse!

The two camps was as chummy as a pimento cheese sandwich and a strawberry shortcake in the middle of the night without a soda mint in the house. The girls were out to avenge their insults, and their insulators were as well prepared as they might have been if they had taken their scorned women more seriously.

Mickey had got another of them

(turn over)

shockingly bright idears of his and had had the swimming pool drained, decorated up to the nines with the orchestra hidden behind a clump of bullrushes along the side, dim lights

lock as a peach of a place for a pie-eyed intermission.

For after all, dearie, Prom without liquidation is like going to a petting party with a cracked lip. What's the use?

Well, the afore-said intermission was a bit long, I'll admit, and when we came back our hilarity had increased in tempo per ratio per bottle. The first moonlight dance was the next scheduled and Mickey had ordered all the lights turned out except for a huge golden moon that resembled the rest of us, being full and a bit wobbly on its pins.

The music commenced to order everybody to button up their overcoats. Gawd, maybe I didn't wish later that I had one to button and we plunged back into the whirl of



Some flowers, a smile and a sprinkling of imagination and she was dressed.

and the rest of the stage settings of a sinful suite.

The effect was a stunner, and more than crabbed the rival attraction's dancing space unless they used the men's lockers, and of course, no self-respecting female would go in such a place without a special invitation. And, anyways, Mickey and his fellow Reverends were holding those locker rooms in reserve under a pad-

the dance.

Plunged is right! Right into the swim of things. I'll tell a listening world. We were up to our necks in the coldest, nastiest tasting water ever flavored with formaldehyde!

Them hell cats and their up-from-the-farm Don Juans had flooded the pool while we were intermissioning, and had aided and abetted the dastardly deed by attaching an extra

(Turn to page 67)



GINGER

SNAPS

Judy: "You had no business to kiss me!"

Rudy: "It wasn't business, my dear. It was a great pleasure!"

SINCE ONE WHIFF OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT MADE EVE BLUSH AT HER IMMODEST EXPOSURE, STRAIGHT - FROM - THE - SHOULDER STEVE THINKS IT'S TIME TO PASS THE APPLE OUT TO A COUPLE OF CHORINES HE COULD MENTION.



Fluffy Ruffles wants you to know that she has been leading a fast life, but is on her last lap now.



Dumb: "Were you ever crossed in love?"

Dumber: "Humph! I've been double-crossed and bow!"



He closed the door softly so that the sleeping woman might not be disturbed.

The Madame Oversleeps

By Frank Kenneth Young

TRAMPING from England through France may not agree with the popular conception of Summer sport, but Hampton was afflicted with the malady commonly known as "Wanderlust," and it led him frequently to seek adventures in far places. He was but thirty.

Stopping one evening at a small village, the name of which is immaterial to the story, he learned that the

check for which he had wired had yet to reach him, and he was without funds with which to pay for a night's lodging. The innkeeper refused to take a chance on an unknown Englishman who might or might not have a check coming from home, but suggested that some kind-hearted individual might be found somewhere in the village. Hampton was grateful.

Strolling toward the outskirts of town, he came upon exactly what he wanted, a neat, little cottage sitting back from the road a bit, and looking very homelike and hospitable. His rap at the door was answered by a good-looking, middle-aged Madame to whom he explained the circumstances of his plight, and of whom he begged the favor of shelter for the night.

"Certainment, Monsieur," she replied, ushering him into a plain, little living room. "You have walked a long way, and you are tired. It is only right that you have rest and sleep."

"But where is the Monsieur?" asked Hampton, gazing curiously about the room.

The Madame explained that her husband had gone on a journey from which he had yet to return.

"But what does it matter?" she asked naively. "Monsieur, the Englishman, is most welcome nevertheless."

She conducted him to the room he was to occupy, and explained that inasmuch as it led from the room in which she herself slept, it might be well were he to retire first.

"And in the morning," she said, "do not rise until six, please. For then I, too, shall have risen, and you may

pass through my chamber without fear of embarrassment."

Hampton thanked her profusely and retired. Being weary from his long walk, he slept soundly and awoke in the morning feeling much refreshed. He wondered, while dressing, if the Monsieur had returned home during the night, but assumed that he had. Then glancing at his wrist watch, he saw that the time was many minutes past six. Doubtless Monsieur and Madame were up and waiting breakfast for him. He opened the door of his room and stepped boldly into the adjoining chamber.

Mon Dieu! Surely, there was some mistake! There was no Monsieur to be seen, but the Madame was very much in evidence. She had not yet risen, much less left the room! In fact, she was reclining upon the bed in voluptuous abandon, apparently sound asleep. As the night



(turn over)



"I had the pleasantest dream about you," she told him.

had been warm, she had neglected to wear the usual sleeping garment and allowed the single coverlet to slip to the floor!

Hampton gasped as he glimpsed her unconcealed charms so temptingly disclosed, and would have stumbled back through the doorway had she not opened her eyes at that moment and seen him regarding her.

"What, Monsieur?" she exclaimed, starting up with flushed cheeks and bright eyes.

"A thousand pardons!" he stammered. "As it is past six, I assumed that Madame would be in the living room, else I should not have entered here."

"Ah!" she said softly. "It is the big mistake. I forgot to inform Monsieur that I have the habit of oversleeping. But what does it matter, Monsieur?"

"Er—it is nothing, I suppose," stammered Hampton, "unless, perhaps, my untimely intrusion has been embarrassing for Madame."

Her smile broadened; her bright eyes grew warm and glowing. Slowly rising to a sitting posture, she slid long, bare legs over the edge of the bed, and sat for a moment saucily regarding him. Then she rose and moved forward.

"It is nothing," she murmured in low tones. "For last night, I dreamed of the good-looking Monsieur, and there were no doors between us!"

Hampton coughed and dropped his gaze. "But the Monsieur, Madame's husband, did he not return in the night?"

"No, my friend," she answered. "Several months ago he went on a journey, and I did not expect him to

(turn to page 59)

MAD, BAD, BABY

By Eldon Lynch

The Story So Far:

Julie Rose, a little dancer known as "Broadway Baby," bitterly resents it when Dad Kinney, her platonic "sugar daddy" pays attention to another woman. To make him jealous she asks Philip Eliot, a prominent artist, to make love to her before Dad. He does so, but Dad seems not to care, so Julie desperately suggests that Philip and she marry. After a hasty marriage she telephones Dad, but instead of being enraged or jealous he congratulates her! Julie is heartbroken and dazedly consents to accompany her unwanted husband on a "business" trip to Boston, by boat.

By accident she finds three paintings of a nude woman in Philip's suitcase, and, shortly afterward, sees him walking the deck with the woman who posed for the pictures!

She believes he planned to meet her on the boat.

After Julie has gone to bed she is awakened by a searchlight shining in her face. A strange man, muttering something about the "sketches," is entranced by her beauty and makes love to her. Seemingly hypnotized by his caresses, she makes no resistance and is horrified to find herself responding. . . .



He swept her hungrily to him, kissing her rapturously.

(turn over)

SUDDENLY the lights were switched on and the next moment the man beside her was wrenched violently away. Still lethargic from the unknown intruder's sensuous love-making, Julie glanced up and saw Philip, white with anger, deal a blow that sent the white-haired man reeling. There was no fight, not even a quarrel. The intruder skulked silently away, nursing his cheek, and Philip locked the door behind him.

"So he's got you, too, has he?" he asked of the bewildered girl. Then, as she only stared, puzzled, he laughed harshly. "Or is he another 'platonic' friend, like Dad?"

"Why I never saw this man before!" she exclaimed, outraged. "I was asleep to-night when he came in. I heard him say something about some sketches. He never even knew I was here until I sort of screamed a little. Then, he seemed to forget what he'd come for. He—well, he kissed me and, I don't know, I just felt too weak to call out . . ."

"Don't you know that that is Old Fascination, who boasts of being able to 'get' any woman he wants?"

Disgust seized her at this startling information. She had heard plenty about the man whom the show girls all called "Old Fascination." Many times she had listened scornfully to their vivid stories of the old man's amorous conquests, of his strange and

unfailing power. Now she shuddered, filled with horror at her own weakness. She should have killed the loathesome creature! He was, undoubtedly, taking advantage of a foolish superstition that some silly woman had started. Strange power indeed! She almost wished for another chance in which to prove what little power he had over her, at least. There was no doubt that the man

knew how to love, how to please a woman's senses. He could, she thought, make surrender a very pleasant thing, but to make it an inevitable and certain thing—that she did not believe. It amused her to learn that Philip believed in it.

"His wife is on board, too," he went on, morosely, "She's very beautiful and he's terribly jealous of her."

Julie began to understand. That

tawny-haired woman, then, was Old Fascination's wife, and he was jealous of her! He had entered the stateroom to-night in search of those sketches of her! And after he got them, then what? Would he be satisfied to destroy them? Or would that one, wickedly inviting painting make him want to avenge himself on the man who had painted it? Julie was uneasy. Not that it mattered what happened to Philip, but murder is a very mussy business whoever the victim is.

"Well, run back to your deck

Fashions in Love

LADY in your underwear
LI could kiss you half to death,
Fondle you and find you fair
As we mingle breath with breath.

Dimpled shoulders sigh for love;
Through your frail brassiere I see
Twin delights you cannot hide
Fashioned just for ecstasy.

Don't put on that evening gown
Though it makes the others stare,
I prefer you as you are,—
Love me in your underwear!

—By Jed Russ.

chair," she said, suddenly conscious of her disheveled self, "I must get some beauty sleep."

"You don't look as though you needed much," he remarked, unable to take his eyes from the delectable picture she presented, "and I'm *not* going to run along. You're my wife, and as long as there are men like that

She, too, closed her eyes.

The guttural, eerie sound of a fog horn awakened her. She couldn't have slept long, because it was still dark outside, but in the short time she had slept a storm had blown up. She could hear the patter and swish of rain on the deck outside, and the boat itself pitched and tossed fright-



Philip, white with anger, sent the other man reeling.

old fool, I intend to stay here and protect you."

Their eyes met, locked, hers defiant, his burningly triumphant. At last she turned away, pulled the covers up to her shoulders and mumbled a grudging "g'night!" After a brief silence she heard little sounds that indicated he was undressing. A few moments afterward he climbed up into the top berth. He remained quiet and motionless for so long that she surmised he had gone to sleep.

eningly. The movement increased until she began to wonder if there was any danger.

Well, might as well read, she knew she couldn't sleep while the boat tipped like that. She pulled on the bed-light, leaned out over the edge of the bed to reach for a magazine. The boat, suddenly tilting, dipped so low that she lost her balance and was thrown on the floor. Before she could rise, a leg swung out from the top berth and Philip jumped down.

(turn over)



"Until tonight," he said in parting.

He cradled her slight form in his arms, his eyes fixed anxiously upon her. "Not hurt, are you, dear?" he questioned.

"No. Put me down, please."

He reluctantly placed her in the berth, then sighed loudly. "Lord, I don't know which are most becoming to you, rompers, or pajamas!" he said, smiling down at her.

She continued to stare at him stonily, and, after a moment, he leaned over, buried his head in the lace at her breast. "Julie!" he whispered unsteadily, his hands on her shoulders, "Julie, why are you so mean to me? Don't you like me at all!"

"No, I don't. You have no strange power over women!" she replied mockingly.

"But you have over men!" he cried, his lips burning through the silk of her blouse. "Julie, Julie, I want you, awfully!" His eyes begged, implored her.

"How much longer must I endure

this?" she inquired acidly. How dared he act like that? The memory of those paintings in his suitcase seared her with all their hateful implications. "If you persist in behaving so abominably, I'll take a deck chair!"

"Wrong. You are going to stay right here with me where you belong. I married you because of a foolish whim that you had, but that was before I knew how desire could torture a man. I'd do anything for you, you know I would! Why can't you help me? Let me hold you, kiss you, at least." Then, as she remained cold and silent, he gripped her shoulders hard. His breath came jerkily. The veins in his forehead showed, blue, trembling. He bit his lips in a struggle for control.

Angered at his clutch upon her shoulders, she twisted sharply about. Her movement loosened the slender ribbon straps of her pajama blouse. Hastily she endeavored to replace the

severed garment, but he held her arms down, his eyes frankly feasting upon the beauty thus uncovered. With an incoherent, pagan cry he swept her hungrily to his breast, bending her head far back with the fierceness of his kisses. When the torment within him had been somewhat appeased, he allowed her to sink back, exhausted, on the pillow.

"Don't be too angry, my dearest," he whispered and, with a lingering glance at her, he reluctantly climbed up into the top berth.

For a long, long time, she lay motionless in the dark, living over and over again those mad, passionate moments when Philip's lips had claimed and possessed hers. Useless to deny that his touch had thrilled her as she had never known a woman could be

No second-hand love for her, thank you! She regretted having allowed him a single kiss.

Sleep was impossible after that for her, though the deep, measured breathing of her husband assured her that he, at least had fallen asleep. She lay and watched dawn creep through the shuttered window.

Stealthy footsteps in the corridor caused her to sit up, alert and listening. In the dimness she saw a white square slide under the door. A letter, apparently! She waited, while the soft footfalls died away, then, noiselessly she rose, stole across the room and took the envelope. It was not sealed, and, regardless of the name "Philip Eliot," scrawled across the message, she opened it, praying that he would not awake. There was just

She glared as she read the letter written in a feminine hand.



thrilled. Useless, too, to deny that she longed, with every throbbing nerve of her to call him back, to give him the love he had wanted so badly. Then, recalling those paintings, the brazen-haired woman with her kiss-provoking mouth, Julie froze again.

one line, hastily written in a decidedly feminine hand.

Destroy the pictures at once or my husband will kill us.

In less than an hour, the ship would dock at Boston and, without a doubt, Old Fascination would

(turn over)

search for the paintings as soon as they landed. There was no time to waste. She hated her husband, so she told herself very vehemently several times, but she couldn't stand by and see him murdered in cold blood.

He chuckled but did not turn, so very quickly she re-arranged the contents of his suitcase and softly closed it. Then she dressed.

"We dock soon, better hurry," she said briefly and went out on deck.



"If I find he's painted a picture of you, I'll kill him," her husband yelled.

Tearing the letter in tiny bits she tucked the pieces away in a pocket of her suitcase, and then, keeping one eye upon the sleeping man in the top berth, she opened his suitcase and extracted the rolled drawings. Hastily she unwrapped them, placed them in her own suitcase and then wrapped the paper around a magazine, so that, if Philip looked, he would think the paintings were still there.

"Not up already, Julie?" Philip's voice drawled sleepily.

"Yes—I'm, I'm dressing. Don't look!" she managed to mumble, despite the fright caused by his question.

There was no sign of Old Fascination or his beautiful wife and she was rather relieved. She sat alone on a small folding chair, her troubled eyes fixed unseeingly on the water below. When they began to near the dock, she rose and went back to the stateroom.

Philip was just leaving, carrying both suitcases, but she insisted upon having her own and, surprised and not a little displeased, he finally surrendered it.

There was a large crowd below, waiting for the gang plank to be lowered, but nowhere could she see the two people she hated. Filing up the plank, sometime later however

(turn to page 57)



A Pen and Ink Sketch Symbolizing Desire

By
Lester
Roberts



The Bird In The Jilted Cage

J. TORRINGTON SMELL was not a wrestler, but he had spent a goodly portion of his twenty-nine years in either falling or being thrown over. He had been falling for girls for fifteen years, and fourteen years had been spent in being thrown over by the girls he fell for. Now the composer

of three successful musical comedies in collaboration with his friend Kelsey Hammond, he found himself once more left in the lurch.

Peggy Black was the offender this time, Peggy Black, the diminutive and peppy star of the first two Smell-Hammond music shows. J. Torrington had actually managed to stay en-

A lovely girl was just getting out of the tub when in he stumbled, a very much scared Knight of the Bath.



gaged to Peggy for three consecutive months, but at the last moment she had packed up and eloped with an Argentine beef baron and gone off to live in a South American castle, leaving her fiance and his new show in an embarrassing predicament.

"Oh, it's terrible!" J. Torrington groaned when Kelsey Hammond, with whom he shared a luxurious Park Avenue apartment, broke the news.

Kelsey grinned. "You got all the best of it, my lad!" he stated with conviction. "You're lucky and don't know it."

"But, Kelsey, I loved the girl!"

"A man's a fool to fall for some nitwit dame and let her get him all google-eyed. Me, I hate the sight of the creatures!"

"But you don't know what real

love is, Kelsey!"

Smell sat down at the ornate grand piano and strummed the keys reflectively, producing soft and melancholy chords. "It's beyond me how you, a woman-hater, can write such soul-stirring love lyrics," he said.

Kelsey grinned. "Oh, it's easy. I just close my eyes and say to myself 'Well, what would you write if you were damned fool enough to be in love?' Then whatever I write, well, there I am."

Smell sighed mournfully: "Well, I guess Peggy is well on her way to South America by this time."

Hammond started. "Yes! We've gotta dig up a new soprano for the rehearsals. Here, let's see, somebody was telling me about a young dame with a good voice and not much experience. She might take the job

(turn over)

during rehearsals until Katz and Kohn sign up some other star for us. Can't hold up the rest of the cast just because one dame decides to take a run-out powder. Oh, here's the address, over on Sixth Avenue. Take a run up that way, won't you, and look this chicken up?"

Smell took the slip of paper.

It was a shabby-looking brick dwelling which bore the number corresponding to that on the slip which J. Torrington Smell consulted. He mounted the worn stone steps and pulled an old-fashioned bell-handle.

A slatternly woman opened the door. J. Torrington doffed his hat, glanced at his memorandum again, and, clearing his voice, politely inquired "Is this where Miss Donna Hissup lives?"

The woman regarded him with apparent suspicion: "What do you want?"

"I heard she was looking for an engagement, and—"

His grim-visaged interlocutress relented a little. "Oh," she said, opening the door a little wider. "A job for her, eh? Well, you can come in. It's time she was landin' somethin'. She owes two weeks' board bill. Go right upstairs. She's on the third floor back. Go right up."

As he mounted the first flight of stairs, he heard a voice, pure and melodious, emanating from the regions above. When he reached the room from which the singing came, entranced by the voice, he forgot the formality of knocking. Grasping the door-knob impatiently, he turned it and shoved. J. Torrington stumbled awkwardly into the room and was met by a horrified shriek of dismay.

He raised his eyes and beheld a very beautiful and very nude young

woman!

He staggered back, his eyes roving the tiny room as though seeking escape. Why, it was a bathroom and this young woman was just stepping out of the tub when he opened the door!

"I beg your pardon!" he gulped and stammered dismally.

The girl threw a bath-towel about her, it covered her most incompletely, and glared through her blushes. "How dare you!" she stormed. "Didn't you hear me singing?" she demanded.

"Yes," he repeated. "I heard you. That's why I came in."

"Well, when you live in a place like this, singing means to stay out. That's why I was singing because there wasn't any lock on the bathroom door."

He managed to open the door under discussion. "I'm sorry!" he pleaded. "I didn't realize—"

She shoved him out and slammed the door after him. "The idea!" she sniffed.

He ventured to tap on the closed portal. "I beg your pardon, but I'm looking for someone," he protested feebly.

"Well, look some other place. I want to come out of here and I haven't my bathrobe."

"But—but can you tell me where to look?" he persisted.

"Where to look for what?"

"Why, for Miss Donna Hissup."

"What are you, a bill-collector?"

"No. I want to see her about a singing position. Do you know her?"

"Know her?" the voice was no longer fretful. "I *am* her! A singing position, did I hear you say, or are my ears deceiving me?"

"You *are* Donna Hissup, then? Oh, I was sure of it when I heard

your voice!" And absent-mindedly, J. Torrington Smell opened the bathroom door again.

There came another shriek and then something warm and wet, something that felt like a bath towel, was flung over his uncovered head, masking his face and eyes. Something soft and yielding bumped into him. He reeled, and felt a perfumed presence run past him with a little excited gig-

"Oh, Kelsey! She's the most wonderful, stunning, ravishing creature."

Hammond peered at J. Torrington Smell quizzically. "My lord, have you fallen again?"

Smell explained blushing: "And—and she's going to have dinner with me tonight!"

"Where?"

"Here."

"Oh, hell! That means I've gotta



gle. By the time he had untangled himself from the bath towel and blinked his eyes, the bathroom door was open and he was alone in the hall.

A soft voice called to him from behind a door a little further up the hall. "If you won't be so impatient, I'll put on some clothes and we can talk like civilized human beings instead of naked savages."

"No savage could sing like that," J. Torrington protested.

"Well, did you find her?" Kelsey Hammond looked up as his co-worker entered the apartment a bit later.

go out! Damn women, anyhow."

But J. Torrington didn't hear him. He was busy at the piano composing a new love-song.

Later that evening, Hammond, pausing before he went out, shook an admonitory finger at his partner. "Remember what Peggy did to you!" he said in warning tones. "Don't go putting your foot into another mess like that!"

"The trouble with you," said Kelsey Hammond to J. Torrington Smell over their breakfast coffee three weeks later, "is that you're too slow. You don't know an opportunity

(turn over)

when you see one, and even if you recognized it you'd be too dumb to take advantage of it."

"What do you mean?" asked J. Torrington.

"I'm talking about this Hissop female. You're crazy about her, aren't you?"

Smell shook his head. "I've sent her flowers and candy and raised her pay and promised her the understudy role in the show and she just smiles at me and says 'Thank you' and that's all I get."

"Listen, kid! You know that dame's got a voice and lots of it—she could hold down the lead herself and get away with it like a million bucks, and you know it. What's the answer?"

"I don't know. What is the answer?"

"You boob! Arrange for her to get the lead part—on condition, see?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that!"

"Why not? It's being done every day. They like it, I tell you! Fair exchange is no robbery."

"But how could I go about it?"

"Oh, that's a mere detail!" Hammond said with an airy wave of his hand. "Leave everything to me, kid!"

So J. Torrington Smell left everything to Kelsey Hammond, and two nights later the stage was set. Donna Hissup was invited up to their apart-

ment to go over certain interpolations in the score of the show, and, incidentally, for a snack of supper.

When she arrived, J. Torrington was alone. "Where is Mr. Hammond?" she asked as he awkwardly helped her to remove her evening wrap.

"He, he had to go out," her vis-à-vis explained with a flush. "You'll stay for a bite anyhow, won't you?"

They ate, and retired to the comfortable living room. Smell sat at the piano, and for twenty or thirty minutes they devoted themselves to the music under discussion. Then Smell swung about.

"Miss Hissup, Donna, how would you like to have the lead in our show, instead of just the understudy part?"



"You mean I'm to be the leading lady?" she gasped unbelievably.

he asked.

She rose from where she sat, her breath coming in sharp gasps. "The—the lead?" she said in unbelieving

amazement.

He nodded.

"But, you're joking?"

"I'm not! Here is the contract, see?"

He showed her the ready-prepared form that represented everything she had dreamed of for years.

She sank down on a chair, limply.

"Oh, it can't be true!" she said slowly.

"But it is!" he said. And then he did a curious thing.

He took the contract and its duplicate and deliberately strode over to the wall-safe at one side of the room, opened it, and carefully

placed the papers within its steel confines. He set a hand and twirled a dial. The door snicked shut.

She looked at him curiously. "Why did you do that?"

He blushed heavily and his voice squeaked as he answered. "That's a time-lock safe," he told her, "and it's set for seven tomorrow morning. It can't be opened until then."

She stared at him questioningly.

He tried to explain. "The contract is yours, when the safe opens, if you'll wait for it."

Understanding came to her suddenly. She rose to unsteady feet. "I'll take my wrap, please!" she said.

He was taken aback. The thing wasn't going according to Hammond's premeditated plot at all! She was turning him down!



As the bath towel struck him, a perfumed presence swept past him with a giggle.

It was nine the next morning when Kelsey Hammond returned to the apartment. J. Torrington Smell was dressed; there were blue circles under his bespectacled eyes. Donna Hissup was gone, the wall-safe was open, and the signed duplicate was on the table.

"Did it work, old timer?" Kelsey asked jovially.

"She left at seven-thirty this morning with the contract," Smell answered.

"Atta baby! Old Don Juan himself!" And Kelsey Hammond smote his partner a mighty thwack on the back.

Exactly thirty days from that morning, with Donna Hissup a smashing success in the Smell-Hammond musical hit, Kelsey Hammond looked keenly at his partner over

(turn to page 56)



A photographic composition in contrasting tones of black and white which is highly effective

TROPICAL LURE!

By Malcolm MacGregor.

*Slowly her body
began to sway to
the wild tune on
the phonograph.*



IT WAS Marcea, the golden skinned, black haired, petite half-caste girl, who had prevented Tuan Jim Holiday from visiting the meager civilization of Moari for more than six months. Now as his schooner came in out of the coral sea and anchored at the cove of Moari, his first thoughts were of her. The

thoughts were pleasant memories of the past mixed with a certain dread of the future.

That first time he set foot on Moari, the half caste Polynesian had

(turn over)

given herself to him as completely and unreservedly as only such a girl will bestow her affections on anyone who really touches her heart. Because he was lonesome and found that she was the answer to all his desires, Tuan Jim had taken all she so willingly offered.

But Tuan Jim was new to the tropics then and had heard strange tales of what happened to white men who took natives or half castes for sweethearts, and had run away even when he wanted to stay. He had also heard how fickle is the affection of a half caste, and since an unpleasant affair with a woman in the States had driven him to the South Seas, he was not anxious to have it repeated. He had come to love Mareea greatly and had postponed his visit to Moari because he feared a meeting with her would cause him to weaken. But business for his copra plantation, a small island several hundred miles from Moari, had made it necessary for him to return.

As soon as his boat anchored, he hurried up the beach to the one hotel Moari had to offer. Two men and one woman were seated on the veranda, and although he knew only one of the men, he nodded pleasantly

Pepeta almost gasped as his strong arms bound her tightly to him.



to the trio. When he entered the hotel he heard a whispered conversation among them and felt certain his affair with Mareea was the topic of it.

It was not until dinner that he met the woman. She was young and quite pretty, with a mischievous twinkle in her dark eyes that should not have been there. She was introduced to him as Betty Bettison, wife of the new missionary to the Moari district. At that moment, her husband was carrying on a religious campaign among natives in a group of atolls some distance from Moari. He had feared the heat would be too intense for his wife to accompany him, and had left her in the meager civilization of Moari.

Tuan Jim found her quite inter-

esting, and long after dinner was over sat on the mosquito-netted veranda alone with her. For one so young, and particularly as the wife of an island missionary, she seemed to know much of life and possessed a great love for it.

"I hear you are the one white man who has been able to resist the lure of native and half-caste girls," she said suddenly.

Tuan Jim looked at her with surprise for a moment; then, with a smile he admitted that affairs with native girls were not included in his weaknesses.

"Then you haven't met Pepeta, have you?" asked the woman.

"I don't think I ever heard of her," admitted Tuan Jim.

"Then you should know her before you pass judgment on half-caste girls. Pepeta is the embodiment of all life, love and passion, and or-ships only pleasure."

"Hasn't your husband tried to convert her?"

"I'm afraid my husband has reached the point where he is ready

to admit he can never do anything for her. You should meet her sometime."

"Thanks, but I am quite content without her acquaintance."

"But she is very beautiful, especially in the moonlight. Her hair is long and jet black, her eyes are large and dark and one look from them is enough to make any man forget himself. To see her strolling along the beach or beneath the trees at night makes one think of Diana. I always feel that men are the object of her hunt."

Tuan Jim thought it rather strange conversation for the wife of a missionary, but he had seen before strange emotions brought to the surface by the tropic moon. He made no comment, and a short time later, after a promise to take Betty Bettrison for an inspection of his schooner next day, retired to his room.

He had been in his room only a short time, writing several letters he intended to mail the next day, when he heard a faint rattling at the bamboo screen over the window that led



"Can't you love me just a teeny bit, Mistaire Jim?" she pleaded.

out into the garden. Looking up he saw a dainty, tapering leg, with a small leis encircling the ankle, project its way over the sill.

The leg was so pretty, with its golden hue made all the more sensuous in the moonlight, that he watched eagerly as another leg came over the window sill to join it. Dimpled knees came next into view, then well moulded thighs. He expected to see a naked girl enter the room from behind the bamboo screen, but as the body came further into view he saw that a gaudy sash had been tied about her hips, with a great knot in front. Then, with a sudden bound, the girl leaped into the room, and he saw that the sash was her only article of clothing, except leis about the neck and wrists and lotus blossoms in her hair.

For a moment Tuan Jim had feared it was Mareea, for he knew she would recognize his schooner in the harbor and would come hunting for him. But instead it was a stranger who faced him with a flashing smile of pearly teeth. The girl stood just inside the window, her smile becoming more sensuous as her great dark eyes surveyed his athletic body.

"Good evening, Mistaire Man," she said slowly in a droning voice that was almost a caress.

"Who are you?" demanded Tuan Jim.

"I am Pepeta, the desire of all men. And I have come to see Mistaire Tuan Jeem."

"I am Tuan Jim Holiday. What do you wish?"

"Ah, Mistaire Tuan Jeem! Men do not talk so to Pepeta. Ah, no, never! And especially, Mistaire Tuan Jeem, when I have come to dance for them."

"I'm afraid you have made a mis-

take, girl. I don't even know you."

"Ah, no, but before morning Mistaire Tuan Jeem will know Pepeta very well and will want her to come back always to dance for him and love him!"

Before Tuan Jim could say anything further, the girl walked across the room, turned on the phonograph, then glided to the center of the room. It was a tango and not the sobbing notes of a South Sea number that came from the battered machine, but it seemed the sort of wild music that suited the girl.

For several tense moments she stood with one hand on her hip and her head thrown back as she listened to the music, then slowly her body started to sway as she began a dance of her own conception. It was a weird, sensuous thing that called to all that was wild in Tuan Jim, and he felt himself growing weak as he watched her.

As the Phallic gods put into dances all their desires, so did the girl, and Tuan Jim felt the blood pounding at his temples with the same great desires. Each move of the girl made him want to crush her in his arms so tightly it would hurt her, yet he wanted to caress her bare shoulders tenderly; he wanted to kiss her lips more vehemently than he had ever kissed anyone, and wanted her to lie passive in his arms. It was not love, but carnal desire. He knew now why white men went mad over half-caste girls, and felt that it must have been real love he possessed for Mareea because she had only called to the tender romance in him.

But he was not thinking of Mareea or anyone else as he watched the sway of Pepeta's hips, the flash of her dark eyes as she let him know she found him desirable; her bare breasts that seemed polished gold in the pale



*"She is a white devil. Do not let her deceive you as she did the others,"
urged Mareea while the other girl cowered before her.*

light of the two oil lamps and fired his blood, and the appeal of her extended arms.

Before the dance had been completed, he leaped suddenly to his feet and gathered her tightly in his arms. Pepeta went willingly to him and held her lips ready to meet his. It was such a kiss as he had never before known. It was the answer to all passion, yet the keynote to more. With his lips pressed tightly to hers,

he lifted her bodily from the floor and carried her to the bed.

As he dropped down on the bed beside her, Pepeta began running her fingers through his hair and caressing his cheeks as she murmured soft little words of endearment and offered no objections to the liberties he took with his hands. Every few moments she leaned over and gave him another of those strange kisses while he pressed her body close to his

(turn over)

own.

Each kiss brought the blood pounding more heavily at his temples and called to all that his body had hungered for so long. When he could resist no longer, he forced her back upon the bed where he let her lay for several moments while he feasted his eyes upon her enchanting

ward the twin oil lamps that hung suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room. Before he reached them, however, a rattling of the bamboo screen at the same window where she had entered attracted his attention.

Looking up he saw Mareca glide into the room. Her eyes swept past

He looked up to find Mareca before him. "I've come back," she said simply.



body. Then, with a wild cry that came from a knowledge that he possessed her for the moment at least, he kissed her hair, her lips, her bare shoulders and breasts. When his hand reached down to unfasten the knot that held the sash about her hips, she placed her hand restrainingly over his.

"Mistaire Tuan Jeem will turn out the lights first, no?" she asked.

Amused that a girl like Pepeta should make this request, Tuan Jim rose from the bed and started to-

Tuan Jim to the bed where Pepeta lay, then back to him.

"Tuan Jim has let her deceive him, too?" she asked.

"Mareca! What are you doing here?" demanded Tuan Jim.

"I have come to protect my man, Tuan Jim. Long ago when we walked together on the beach in the moonlight you say you belong to me and I belong to you. So I never go to anyone else. Always I stay true to Tuan Jim. But Tuan Jim is frightened because I am not a white

(Turn to page 45)



The simplicity of the posing adds greatly to the attractiveness of the picture

The Cat's Meow!

By
Henry
Hedberg



*"This is
madness
but it's
divine,"
she
breathed.*

LELAND Hannum's arms tightened about Nan's slender shoulders. Slowly his lips touched hers. She had been struggling, but now delightfully she relaxed.

The little mandolin clock on the mantelpiece tinkled musically. Nan sat up straight at the sound. With a

soft exclamation she pushed Leland from her and jumped to her feet.

"Look, Lec, at the time! We're mad! Jack may come in at any moment. He mustn't find us here like this." She rushed to the mirror and with little feminine pats and pulls smoothed her tumbled golden curls and her charming teagown of peach-

bloom chiffon.

"Come!" She put out her dimpled hand and caught his large brown one and with a coquettish laugh led him from the room.

In the hall, she stopped long enough to brush his cheeks with her long eyelashes—her "Butterfly Kiss." Then she led him through the library door, and into the booklined room, glowing and mellow in the waning afternoon light.

Crossing to the table, she took a cigarette from a silver box.

Quietly, Leland Hannum watched her. Without a word, he took a match box from his pocket and held a match for her. He was so tall and she so petite that she almost had to stand on tiptoe to light the cigarette held in her full red lips.

He smiled down at her—the typical soldier, erect, bronzed, and silent with keen observant eyes and a firm-set mouth.

Leaning over, he suddenly took the cigarette from her lips and kissed her. "Nan, dear," he said, "you're a pretty thing!"

He squared his shoulders, took out a cigarette and, as he tapped it on his case, said quietly:

"Who is our friend, the cat? When did she appear in our midst?"

His eyes were on a china figure set on the flat desk under the window. It was an amusing cat, a grotesque conception.

Huge preposterous whiskers stuck out from a mouth that at one moment seemed to grin sardonically and at the next appeared merely a china cat's china mouth. But the whiskers only helped to give the cat its grotesquely human expression; it was the eyes that were really responsible for it. They were slanted in an insinuating subtle knowing way that gave them a mocking sinister watch-

\$25 Extra Each Week for YOU—Easy

Make BIG MONEY—Spare-Time or Full-Time—with Hawaiian Guitar

Be the life of every party—be paid big for your spare-time hours! Dances, parties, orchestras—all pay REAL CASH for the sweet melodious music of the Hawaiian Guitar. YOU can make \$25 a week and up extra; or \$60 to \$100 a week full-time part!

No Musical Knowledge Needed; Learn Quick—Right at Home in 1 to 3 Months

My easy method explains everything. No hard practice, no tiresome "scales" to learn. You also find tunes from the very first! And in only 1 to 3 short months you can actually be playing for pay. I'll prove it to you without cost. Get my FREE Book below!

PROOF

"Had learned only a few chords when I was asked to play at a dance. Received sixteen dollars (210) for one night's playing."

H. A. Postman, Lehighton, Pa.

"Only started with my course and already making 3 evenings a week, \$10 a night, for 10."

J. Krutick, Kitchener, Ont., Can.

"Have made almost \$200 with my Hawaiian Guitar in spare-time."

John B. McTulvin, Cadet, Mo.



PHONOGRAPH RECORDS and Complete Outfit at No Extra Cost

You also receive clear, correct, fool-proof *Demonstration Phonograph Records* of every selection in the course. And here's ONE GREAT GIVE-AWAY to you!

FREE BOOK Shows You How

Shows how I train you at home, quickly to play Hawaiian Guitar; how you risk absolutely nothing to learn; how I send you everything you need. Clip the coupon and send it today. NOW!

MAIL NOW!

A. F. Bloch, President, Hawaiian Studios 25020 of the New York Academy of Music, 300 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Without obligation, send me FREE Book, "How to Learn Hawaiian Guitar," with facts on how I can make BIG MONEY, spare-time or full-time.

Name _____

Address _____



BE A DETECTIVE

Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. DETECTIVE Particulars FREE. Write NOW to George Z. Wagner, 2190 Broadway, N. Y.



*"Unband me
Miss," he
teased.*

fulness.

"Isn't it cute?" asked Nan. "Jack brought it in the other day. Something fascinatingly uncanny about it, don't you think? I'm crazy about

her."

Leland lighted his cigarette thoughtfully. Then he smiled strangely and said:

"Yes, there is a grotesquerie about

the animal. Wonder where Jack picked it up?" He laughed. "You know, Nan, I think there's something strangely like Jack himself in that cat!

"Yes," Leland continued in a curiously flat ominous tone. "I've seen your husband look exactly like that, especially when he's been watching you and me."

He turned keen eyes on Nan's troubled face.

"Oh, Lee, what do you mean? You can't mean that Jack imagines that—" She broke off abruptly.

"That you are seeing too much of me?" Leland finished her sentence smoothly. "Well, I don't know. There have been times when I have thought that he did suspect my feelings." He laughed again, a short apologetic laugh. "Silly, I suppose. But sometimes I get hunches. Used to have them when I was in the trenches. I could always tell beforehand when gas was going to drift into our trench. I guess I got a sort of superstitious feeling about myself those days."

His eyes were again fixed thoughtfully on the china cat grinning through the gathering evening shadows.

"Oh, Lee, how fascinating!" Nan clasped her hands together excitedly.

"It did come in handy for all of us once or twice—that hunch of mine," he went on. "You see it was like this. I'll give you an idea first of how our trench was so that you'll see how difficult it was to forestall—" He took a pencil and paper from his pocket and scribbled for a few seconds. Then he handed the paper to her.

"That was our line," he said. "The gas drifted down like that—where those arrows are. It might have ruined all our plans, as you can see."

BACKACHE

If functional Bladder Irritation disturbs your sleep, causes Burning or Itching Sensation, Backache or Leg Pains, making you feel tired, depressed and discouraged, why not try the Cystex 48 Hour Test? Don't give up. Get Cystex today at any drug store. Put it to the test. See how fast it works. Money back if it doesn't bring quick improvement, and satisfy you completely. Try Cystex today. Only 60c.

YOU MEN WHO LACK VIGOR TRY THIS TEST AT OUR RISK!

777 FORMULA

Composed of **ACTUAL GLAND MATERIALS** and stimulative tonic in tablet form. Send \$2 for a full strength package.

Absolute Satisfaction GUARANTEED or Money Refunded—You Take No Risk.

2 Packages for \$3.00—also C. O. D.

PERES CO., Dept. KF-11 830 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.



FRENCH LOVE DROPS

An enchanting erotic perfume of irresistible charm, clinging for hours like lovers loath to part. Just a few drops is enough. Full size bottle 98c or \$1.32 C. O. D. Directions of how best to use it and Oriental Passion Flower Free.

D'ORO CO.

Box 90, Varick Sta., New York, Dept. KFG-2



Married Women Don't Worry

When they can quickly use VAG-ASEPTIC SLIPS in 5 seconds, any time, anywhere—the harmless sanitary preventative against infection—DESTROYS ALL GERMS IN A FEW SECONDS—DEPENDABLE—RELIABLE. No water, no bother, no accessories. Send \$1 for generous trial box. FREE INSTRUCTIONS for use included. Slip sealed in plain wrapper. ALICE VALENTINE, Inc., Dept. B-1, 1475 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



BE A RAPID-FIRE TRICK CARTOONIST

\$2 BUYS COMPLETE COURSE including 40 Clever Cartoon Stunts, "How to Give a Performance," "How to Originate Ideas," Fun—Profit—Popularity! Send \$2 or pay C. O. D.

Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York, Dept. O-32

SECRET DE PARIS

The French Hot Balm used on a formula of Dr. Veronoff for men and women who need Pep and Vigor. Sample 25¢ stamps. Money refunded. Information free. Beraldini, 2 Av. de l'Assomption, Nice, A. M., France.

DANGEROUS DELAYS

easily regulated with **PROF. DUPREE'S PILLS**. Standard for 85 years. \$2 a box. Three boxes \$5. Also treatment including large box suppositories, Dupree Tabs and Dupree Pills—all for \$3. Booklet FREE. Dupree Medical Co., Dept. K, 18 Warren St., New York



RARE IMPORTED FRENCH ART PHOTOS

Nude poses of beautiful young darling French girls. The kind men like but seldom get. 120 poses \$1.00. 250 poses \$2.00. Guaranteed the best and lowest priced in America. Sold for an art purpose only. Other dealers would charge you at least \$10.00 for this lot. Why pay that much? Be sure to send your express address.

B. E. FLOYD
Box 1200, Dept. 7-KF, Portland, Ore.

SONG WRITERS!



Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on work found acceptable for publication. Anyone wishing to write either the words or music for songs may submit work for free examination and advice. Part experience unnecessary. Now demanded created by "Talking Pictures," fully described in our free book. Write for it Today—Newcomer Associates
744 Erie Building, New York, N. Y.

X RAY KATHOSCOPE. Pocket Detector. Everybody wants it. See your best girl and all she's doing. No one knows; you see everything. Periscope operates in all climates; lasts lifetime, ready for use. \$1.19 cash with order for this wonderful instrument and 8 astonishing French pictures.

KATHOS CO., P. O. Box 837,
City Hall Post Office, New York City

VIM—VIGOR—VITALITY

Men—Women—Regain that lost virility that endears you to the other sex. Get that beaming strength and vitality of real manhood and womanhood. The wonderful results obtained by the use of these Fuller Pep Tonique Tabs will be surprising. Plain wrapper, \$2.00 if satisfactory, nothing if it fails. Special strength for severe cases, \$3.00. **PRINCESS ANNE MFG. CO.,** Dept. F-11, Box 693, Baltimore, Md.

LONELY HEARTS

Get an average romantic correspondence for you. Meet your sweetheart here the foremost high-class social correspondence club in the world. A club for refined lonely people. Members everywhere; strictly CONFIDENTIAL. Efficient and dignified service. We have made thousands of lonely people happy. Write today! Write today if success. **EVA MOORE, BOX 908, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.**

I HAVE A SWEETHEART FOR YOU!

Direct From France

FOR MEN ONLY. Madame Fl6, Agnes, Mabel and Beckie, Miss Lola, Two Men and a Maid, and 20 others, all for \$1.00 Bill. Sealed.
PARK ART CO., 4162 Park Ave., New York, Dept. K

Hundreds Seeking Marriage

If you are lonely and alone I can arrange a romantic correspondence that will help you find your ideal in a CONFIDENTIAL and dignified manner. Full particulars for stamp. **MRS. F. WILLARD, 3004 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.**

Imported Real Action Pictures

Imported Direct from Germany. Love Scenes of German Lovers, Fellows and Girls in Life-like actions. All different for only \$1.00. **SEA-BREEZE NOVELTY HOUSE, Box 196, West Haven, Conn., Dept. KF-F-AP.**

He was standing by her side. She stared at the paper and grew suddenly rigid. The color faded slowly from her face.

Leland Hannum laughed. With a swift strong motion he caught her up in his arms; he spoke passionately:

"I want you, Nan! I can't help it! You must listen. Let him go, let's go away together. Lord! How I want you!"

"Lee!" Nan found her voice. She struggled away from him. "How dare you take me in your arms? How dare you? You, of all men and I trusted you!"

Leland seemed surprised. He started at her voice and stared at her closely.

"But I thought—I thought that you cared for me, Nan." His voice was shaking.

"Cared for you?" There was a fine scorn in her tone. "Cared for you? I thought I liked you but I hate you now, Leland Hannum—hate you! Do you understand? I detest you!"

"But Nan—"

His protest was cut short.

"Go away," she begged. "Leave me alone. I want to be alone. If you don't go, I'll tell my husband the whole truth, how you've tried to make love to me again and again. I'm sick of it. I tell you, I want only Jack, just Jack! Oh, why did I ever even flirt with you? I'm so ashamed."

"But I love you, Nan. I want you."

"Stop!" Her voice was sharp. "If you don't go, I'll ring for Matthew." Her voice broke, she sank into a chair.

"All right!" Leland turned away from her. "If you feel this way, I'll go but I'll stay away. Remember that. I am no woman's play-

thing."

Leland was gone. Nan sat in the chair, near the huge center table, staring with wide startled eyes at the china cat. Its eyes seemed more sinister, more questioning than ever.

She straightened as her husband came into the room. He walked to her side, and she saw that he was in good humor.

"Home so soon?" she said slowly. "I hadn't expected you for hours yet."

Jack Pierce smiled. He was slightly inclined toward stoutness, and his small eyes, which usually seemed to glitter, were quite passive now.

"Rushed back," he said in his thick peculiar tone. "Meeting went along a little faster than I had expected. How about the 'Follies' to-night?"

"Splendid," she replied. "A little music would be pleasant."

He leaned over, kissed her upon the forehead.

"I'll run along and phone for tickets," he said and left the room.

Nan listened to his foot-falls as he went up the stairs to his room. Again her eyes rested upon the grinning slanting eyes of the cat.

Opening her left hand, she slowly uncreased the bit of white paper which Leland Hannum had scrawled upon. Again she read:

"Dictaphone in the cat. Wire under carpet to another room. Jack's probably listening in. Kick me out viciously when I make love and then meet me tomorrow at the Club Lido at eight. How's that for cat's eyes?"

Nan smiled a mischievous happy smile. She rose and walked to the humidor. As the note flamed, she glanced again at the china cat.

Its eyes were delightfully wicked. It was such a clever thing!

A Womanly FORM!

Ultra Parisienne Method!

No more sagging, lumpy breasts. My home treatment will quickly give you a full firm bust. I have helped thousands of fat chested girls and women develop a beautiful feminine form. Ugly sagging lines disappear just by the simple application of my rich, **Jucious PRESCRIPTION CREAM.** The results are truly magical.

FREE Confidential instructions how to send your breasts to full rounded, shapely proportions—furnished with my jar of Prescription Cream. **SAVE \$1.00—Send only \$1.00 for letter jar (Reg. at \$2.00 size) mail of postpaid in plain wrapper. Limited time offer.**

MARY TITUS
105 East 12th Street, Dept. 243, New York, N. Y.

Learn to Dance

This New Easy Way

You can learn all the modern dances—Charleston, Black Bottom, Valentin, Casino, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Latest Waltzes, Fox Trot, etc.—at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Learn anywhere, anytime. With new popularity, the demand at parties. Same course of lessons would cost \$20 if taken privately.



Send No Money

Just send your name and address. We'll ship the complete course—22 pages, 48 illustrations—without one cent in advance. When package arrives, hand postman only \$1.00, plus delivery charges, and the wonderful course is yours. Try for 5 days. Money back if not delighted. Send your name NOW.

FRANKLIN PUB. CO. 800 N. Clark St. Dep. A-711 Chicago

WERCO FRENCH TONIC TABLETS

Double Strength. A potent tonic and nerve stimulant for men. \$2.00 postpaid. In plain wrapper for C.O.D. \$2.15. 3 boxes for \$5.00. Special strength for severe cases \$3.00. 2 boxes Special Strength \$5.00. Money-back guarantee. Werco Laboratories, 205 Middlesex St., Lowell, Mass., Dept. W.

ACTION PICTURES

Only For Men! "Originals" with TILLIE & Mac and Also 24 Others. All for \$1.00 Bill. **ACTION PHOTO CO., 4160 Park Ave., New York, Dept. K**

"JUST A GIRL"

"Her Lover," "Room Eleven," "Her Hoodlum Key," "The Model," "Madam's Establishment," 6 Illustrated French Stories \$1.00. **FREE** Also two spicy thrilling booklets. Express only. **NOVELTY BOOK HOUSE, 129 Vine St., Dept. KF, Phila., Pa.**

LONELY?

Meet your sweetheart. Receive many interesting letters and photos. Make attractive and wealthy members. **E. BRAUN, 353 W. 47th Street, Chicago, Ill.**

Spicy

STORIES

Chuck full o' fun

WHEN your best girl has given you the atmosphere, don't fret!

Pick up a copy of Spicy Stories and soon you will be in the land of snappy fiction, witty jokes and lilting rhymes.

Our artists know their stuff.

You will search a long time before you see as cute babies and dapper males as are plastered all over Spicy Stories. They fairly ooze "it."

We recommend a copy of Spicy Stories for your broken heart.

The price of the prescription is only two bits, surely a measley sum to chase those blues away.

Here's ginger and spice

And everything nice

That's what this little magazine is made of.

Buy your copy now!

Tropical Lure

(Continued from page 46)

woman. I have been true to Tuan Jim, but white woman has not been true to her man. Look!"

Before Tuan Jim realized what she was about, Mareea ran across the room to the bed where Pepeta lay watching her with frightened eyes. With a quick movement, Mareea grasped the sash about the other girl's hips and snatched it off.

As Tuan Jim looked, he saw that the flesh the sash had covered was white. Pepeta was a white woman!

"Don't you know her, Tuan Jim?" demanded Mareea. "It is the wife of the missionary, who at night when her husband is away stains her body and becomes Pepeta. In the day she has all men's respect, and at night selects her lovers. But Mareea has always remained true to Tuan Jim."

As Tuan Jim stood looking at the two women, one who had fought for his love and the other for his passion, the girl who had been Pepeta quickly picked up the sash, and wrapping it hurriedly about her hips, fled from the room through the same window she had entered.

For several long moments after she had gone, Tuan Jim sat in a chair watching the window where she had disappeared. Then Mareea walked slowly over and knelt down beside him, taking one of his hands in both her own.

"Will Tuan Jim now be afraid to take Mareea on to his island to live with him and love him always?" she asked.

"We'll go back in the morning, Mareea," replied Tuan Jim, and stooping down, he lifted Mareea to him.



White gold effect case guaranteed 25 years. R. R. model, famous regulator, stem wind and set, metal dial with raised numerals found only in expensive watches. A real time piece. Written Guarantee by Million Dollar Factory. In addition to this magnificent watch you get absolutely FREE your choice of any of the six articles pointed by arrow. Just check mark the square and send us your name and address. Send your order TODAY before this Special Offer is withdrawn. Send no money—pay postman \$3.83 plus postage or prepay your order and we pay the postage.

Sterling Silver Horseshoe Ring
 Imported French Briar Pipe
 Deck of Cards with Gold Edges
 Scout Knife With Four Blades
 Chain and Knife
 Set of "Lucky Dies" with Diamond Cut Brillants

B'ORO CO., Box 90, Varick Sta., New York, Dept. KFG-2

AGENTS Represent THE CARLTON LINE
America's Best Paying Proposition!
SELL FROM A MILLION DOLLAR STOCK **SAMPLES FREE**

Shirts, Neckwear and Underwear.
 No Substitutions, 4 Hour Shipping Service, Highest Commissions, Bonuses, Profit Sharing, Biggest Company, Mail Coupon.

CARLTON MILLS INC.
 114 FIFTH AVE.
 NEW YORK

Dept. 530-G

Send me your Famous Soft Pine Cuff
 Name _____ Address _____

MAIL COUPON
 Policy FREE

1000 LIFE Insurance

LADIES!

I positively guarantee my great Successful "Relief" Compound.

Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail \$2.00; Double Strength \$3.00. Booklet Free. Write today.

DR. A. W. SOUTHWORTH REMEDY CO.
 Kansas City, Mo.

Paris hasn't a reputation for nothing. It is the gayest, most frolicsome place in the world. Here are the prettiest girls and the sweetest wines; the most artful actresses, the most daring revues.

This Paris, the city of love, intrigue, daring and passion is reflected in the pages of *French Follies*. Its humor is French; its stories are French; its illustrations are French.

On sale at newsstands everywhere! In other words, it's real Frenchy.

MARRIED WOMEN Order by Mail

VAGI-SLIPS make feminine hygiene convenient anytime—anywhere. Save yourself the embarrassment of going into a drug store, by taking advantage of my personal, confidential service rendered to married women by mail. These handy antiseptic cones are an effective sanitary protection. Carry a box with you for convenience. No water or accessories required. Safer, simpler to use than carbolic acid or compounds containing bichloride of Mercury. VAGI-SLIPS are preferred by modern women everywhere. They are reliable; contain no poison; will not injure delicate membranes.

FREE INSTRUCTIONS for use of VAGI-SLIPS in feminine hygiene included with your package. Send \$1.00 NOW for generous trial box in plain wrapper. Money back if not satisfied.



VIOLET PAGE (Dept. B-2)
143 Fourth Avenue New York City



Rare Daring French Cartoons

Real Stuff. The kind heard about, but never seen. A Southern Bedroom Scene, The Old Maid, Adam and Eve, Ma and Pa, Two Girls and one Man, Hot Stuff, and many more all for \$1.00. A dandy set of rare nude girl photos free with order. Be sure to send your express address. **B. E. FLOYD, Box 1200, Portland, Ore., Dept. 11-KF.**

PARIS ART

Paris sends you her finest picture postcards—the kind you have always wanted. Agents' sample set of 6 for 50c in stamps or coin or 15 for \$1.00.

CROSS CO., Dept. KF
25 Church Street New York



LUCK

Money, Happiness, Success!—all symbolized in this rich, new "LUCKY" SEVENTY Gold Acid Test Ring. Attracts, compels, mystifies! Get Secrets of How to Get Rich! Win at games, business, etc. 14c postpaid \$2.75 and postage on delivery. Guaranteed. **MAGNUS WORKS,** Box 12, Varick St., Dept. KF-2, New York

French Lovers Photos!

Life Poses of French Girls and Fellows, in Passionate Hot Love Scenes, Imported Direct from France 12 for \$1.00 or 30 for \$3.00, all different poses. **SEA-BREEZE NOVELTY HOUSE, Box 190, West Haven, Conn., Dept. KF-F-L.**

RARE BOOKS

A Wife's Confession, Madame Du Barry, Mlle. Fifi, Facts About Sex, Daughters of Eve, 25 Men and a Girl, Confessions of St. Augustine, 25c each, 3 for 50c. All for \$1.00 postpaid. Catalog 10c.

Union Sales Co. 740 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

Marry - New Big Directory - Photos!

Descriptions sent sealed, 10c.
Cosy Darling, Dept. 8, Kansas City, Mo.

The Bird in the Jilted Cage

(Continued from page 39)

breakfast coffee and smiled sympathetically. "Well Donna tells me she refused your proposal of marriage last night, kid!"

J. Torrington flushed painfully. "Why should she tell you that?"

"She said there was someone else in her heart, didn't she?"

Smell nodded gloomily.

"Well, kid, I'm him!"

J. Torrington Smell looked at him with eyes popping. "You? You, the woman-hater? Are you trying to kid me?"

Kelsey Hammond had the grace to cast his glance downward. "Guess I'm not a woman-hater any more, at least, as far as Donna is concerned," he said. "We're gonna be married next week."

Smell stared at him. "Even, even knowing that she stayed all night here with me to get the contract?" he cried.

Kelsey Hammond roared with laughter. "She told me all about that wild night with you!" he gasped between chuckles. "How you begged her to stay, promised not to touch her, and then played dominoes all night with her!"

J. Torrington managed to summon a grin. "Well, I beat her every game, anyhow!" he said. "She can't play a good hand of dominoes." But there was a funny glint in his eye, and Kelsey Hammond spent most of his married life wondering what sort of game his wife *had* played the night she got the contract.



Mad, Bad, Baby

(Continued from page 32)

her watchful eyes caught a glimpse of snowy hair. Old Fascination was waiting.

No sooner had they landed than two huge men seized Philip and held him while Old Fascination opened the suitcase and hurriedly pawed over its contents. It was all done so swiftly, so quietly that few people noticed anything out of the ordinary. Philip, seeing the impossibility of breaking away from the brutes that held him, did not struggle, made no outcry. But his face whitened and took on such a tense, strained expression that Julie longed to run to him, to tell him not to worry.

Old Fascination's wife leaned against the wall, weak and trembling, her big black eyes darting feverishly about as though seeking a place in which to hide. Julie was feminine enough to feel no sympathy for her, the woman whom her husband loved!

"So! You would lie to me, would you?" the old man exulted softly, picking up the rolled package and fingering it lovingly, gloatingly. "Expected me to believe that there never had been any paintings of you, did you?" His sharp, cruel eyes held his wife's frightened ones while he slowly untied the string. "Remember what I told you would happen to both you and the man who dared paint you? Ah yes, I see that you do recall! And you know that I *always* keep my word!" He tore off the paper, his mouth suddenly grim, unyielding. A gaudily covered magazine fell to the floor!

A silly, sheepish expression on his florid face, he snatched it up, leafed hurriedly through it; then, thoroughly disgusted, he flung it down again.

Save HALF with this OFFER. Send no money.



GUARANTEE SATISFACTORY OR MONEY BACK!

Get Strong WITH These Improved Muscle Builders All for \$5.00



Why pay an extravagant price for strength—get all equipment you require and excellent course of instructions for only \$5.00. Develop muscles of a super-man. Get strong and amaze friends. We show how to easily master feats which now seem difficult—if you want physical culture for your health's sake, this equipment is just what you need. Save at least half. We furnish a ten cable about cruetier adjustable to resistance up to 200 lbs. Made of new, live extra strength, springy rubber to assure long wear and give resistance you need for real muscle development. You also get a pair of patented hand strips for developing powerful grip and forearm.

We include wall exercising parts which permit you to develop your back, arms and legs—a real muscle builder. Business men and athletes, too, find use in these legs. Develop leg muscles with foot strap which we furnish. This will give you speed and endurance—but that isn't all you get. In addition we include a specially written course which contains pictures and diagrams showing how to develop any part of your body so you quickly get on with these exercises and gain greatest advantage from their use. **ACT NOW!**

SEND NO MONEY!



All items pictured are included in this special offer. Give name and address to coupon and rush to us. We send you the cable about developer, wall parts, a pair of hand grips, foot strap and the course by return mail. Pay postage \$3.00 plus postage on arrival. All you send check or money order in advance, we pay postage.

GUARANTEE

All Crusader products are guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money back.

Crusader Apparatus Co., Dept. 2462 44 Parker Ave., Maplewood, N. J.
I accept your offer. Send me everything described in your advertisement by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not entirely satisfied after examination I can return the goods and you will refund my money.
Note—No C. O. D. orders shipped to Foreign Countries or Canada

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

LONELY? Meet your sweetheart thru confidential club. Many well-to-do members. Particulars for stamp.
DORIS DAWN,
East Cleveland Ohio

MYSTIC DREAM BOOK



Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interprets dreams for your friends. Tell them what they will marry and whom, and other interesting phenomena. Tells "Terminator" by cards, tea-cup, palmistry, etc. Lists "ucky and unlucky" days. More amusement in this 200-page book and brochure than \$1 would buy anywhere. Regular \$1 value. Send only 45 cents, coin or stamps, that's all. Satisfaction Guaranteed. **COIN FROM CHINA** with every order.

FREE LUCKY
Wagner Works, Box 12, Varlet 6th, New York, Dept. KFG-2

LOVE? - SEX! - LOVE? - SEX!

SEX EXPLAINED
 The Mystery Revealed
 Sterling unashamed advice, Dr. Cowan's
BOOK - "THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE."
 Tells About: Sex Appeal, Choosing a Mate, Blended Marriage, Sex Habits Are Conquered and Survive, Birth Control, Sex Diseases. All fully illustrated pages. Free! 2 Margaret Sanger books. **Send No Money.** Pay postman \$1.45 plus postage on delivery of 1 book. Dept. Pub. Co., 57 Ross St., New York, Dept. 27.
SEX! - LOVE? - SEX! - LOVE?!

"The Unwilling Bride"

"The Unwilling Bride." "A Woman's Temptation." "Her Only Sin." "Why Women Sin." "An Englishwoman's Love Letter." 50c each. All for \$2. Sent in plain wrapper. c/o General Delivery if desired. Send stamps, or money order.

EDUCATOR PRESS, Dept. ON-92
19 Park Row New York

LADIES

As a retired physician I offer and guarantee my great successful "Ballet" Compound. Has safely relieved some of the longest, stubborn, abnormal cases in 3 days. Both married ladies and girls have been relieved without harm, pain or interference with daily duties. Single Strength \$2.00 Double \$3.00. Booklet **FREE** write today. Dr. W. F. Lorington Medicine Co., Kansas City, Mo.

EVER FEEL LONESOME ?

Ladies and gentlemen everywhere anxious to make friends. Vast membership, refined and sincere, find your sweetheart; write for particulars and see what we have done for others. Mrs. Violet Franz, 949 Montana St., Chicago, Ill.

The "SEALED BOOK." The only book of its kind in print. Over 200 illustrations alone. Complete and unexpurgated. The Publisher's Price is \$10, but we have 300 copies to sell at the Bargain price of only \$3.00 each. (Give us your "express" address.) **ARGONNE ASSOCIATION,** Box E-X, Antigo, Wisconsin.

40 PEPPY STORIES

OH BOY! Just what you want, 40 real hot peppy and spicy stories. Illustrated with lots of pictures, sure to please. **FREE WITH ORDER.** "10 PEPPY POCKET CARDS" big package sent express only for \$1.00. **Weekly Book House,** Dept. KF, 123 Vine St., Phila., Pa.

Women We guarantee our great successful Remedy. Safely relieves many obstinate, irregular conditions and abnormal disorders. No interference with work. Mail \$5 cash or C. O. D. **Ergo-Quina Co., Dept. 85, Providence, R. I.**

"You are delaying us. May I ask for what reason?" It was Philip's caustic voice who ventured this question. At a sign from the old man, he was released and he faced Old Fascination angrily.

"I—I was told you were carrying some—pictures of my wife," the old man stammered, chagrined and at a loss.

"But I told you that that rumor about the pictures was not true!" his wife said, triumphantly. She had recovered her poise and looked very completely the outraged grande dame.

Irritably he seized her arm and was about to walk away when suddenly his keen, white-lashed blue eyes encountered Julie's uneasy gaze. He stopped, glanced down at the small suitcase she carried. A slow smile crept over his face. He released his wife, walked deliberately over to Julie.

The dreaded possibility of this had occurred to her, however, and she was not unprepared. The grave fact that her husband's life depended upon whether or not she could successfully manage Old Fascination gave her a courage that, under vastly different circumstances, "Broadway Baby" had never had. She swung the suitcase carelessly back and forth, as though unaware that the man's eyes were fixed intently upon it.

Sitting alone on the deck that morning, just before the ship had docked, she had foreseen some such difficulty and had decided upon her own method of defense. Since Old Fascination was noted for, and proud of his ability to "get" women, in this very power, reasoned Julie shrewdly, there also lay his weakness. If he enjoyed swaying women to his will, it was inevitable that he should also like to be swayed. At any rate, it

was her only weapon, and she decided to use it.

When he was close beside her, but had not as yet spoken, she sidled up a little nearer, her red mouth curled up in a deliberately seductive smile. "I regret the untimely—interruption, last night," she whispered, glancing up at him through lowered lashes. "Perhaps, to-night, going back—matters could be more satisfactorily arranged." She looked up, with a boldness born of confidence in her own power, and over Old Fascination's shoulder her eyes met the agonized horrified ones of her husband.

What is the outcome of Julie's game with Old Fascination? Find the answer in March Ginger Stories.

What is the outcome of Julie's game with Old Fascination? Find the answer in March Ginger Stories.

The Madame Oversleeps
(Continued from page 26)

return. He has deserted me, the rogue, and I am left very much alone."

Abruptly it dawned upon Hampton that the "accident" had been very cleverly planned; that the Madame had desired it to happen!

"No, dear Madame," he said, moving forward and placing his hands upon her bare shoulders, "you are not alone! For am I not here with you?"

"Indeed, Monsieur, so you are!" she laughed, walking into his waiting arms. "You will not start on your journey again this morning, non?"

"No," replied Hampton huskily. "No, I've a mind to stay awhile, dear Madame."

Mon Dieu, oui, he remained all Summer!

Sex Mysteries!

Dr. Cowan's home doctor book for brides and grooms. The Mysteries and Science of Sex are explained in every detail in plain words: Anatomy—Love—Birth Control—Safety Measures—Eugenics—Diseases—Home Remedies—Conception. Birth and Care—Mistakes to Avoid—Spooning—Dangerous Habits—Female Complaints—Advice to Newlyweds—Rejuvenation, etc. More complete than all others put together. Cloth bound, gold stamped. Two important books of advice by Margaret Sanger, the birth control advocate, included FREE. All three books for \$2.45. Sent postpaid, sealed, in plain wrapper (or pay C. O. D. plus postage). All books sent c/o General Delivery must be prepaid in cash, stamps or M. O.

EDUCATOR PRESS, Dept. S8-92

19 Park Row

New York

BOURBON RYE & GIN

All flavors. Genuine old fashioned taste and aroma. Highest quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trial size 75c.

3/5 pt. \$3.50; 1 pt. \$6; 1/2 gal. \$20; 1 gal. \$35. 1 oz. favors 1 gal. beverage. FREE of 1 pt. or more. Complete catalog, favors, copper goods, etc., on request.

THOS. WILSON CO., Dept. C, Springfield, Mo.

TILLIE THE TOILER

The famous cartoon book. Also Mutt and Jeff, Bringing Up Father, 50c each.

"Famous Beauties" photo post cards, tinted—6 for 50c. 12—all different—for \$1. Stamps accepted.

PARK PUBS. CO., Dept. C-92, 15 Beekman St., New York

FREE TO MEN
"New Vigor Tablets"

If weak or debilitated use a REAL medicine. Write for trial package my famous "Vigor Tablets" sent free, sealed. Pier Company, 35A-74 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Direct From France

FOR MEN ONLY. "A Merry Widow," "Mother Eve," "Mama & Papa," "Mabel's Letter To Hubby," "Barbaric Kate" and 15 others. All for \$1.00 bill. Sealed. UNIVERSAL CO., 4166 Park Ave., New York, Dept. K

WANTED

LONELY MEN AND WOMEN to join Exclusive correspondence CLUB! Different from all others! Interesting, romantic, dignified. Happy hours for young and old, rich and poor. You'll meet delightful new friends! Free particulars. Write today to BETTY TRUE, Box 796, Los Angeles, Calif.

RARE BOOKS Spicy Peppy Snappy. Secrets of the Harem. French Tales of Passion. Doctor Book of Private Information. Mormonism Exposed. Secrets for Women only. The Diary of a New York Dick. Book of Startling Information. All 7 of above books \$1.00 postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. E. E. FLOYD, Box 1200, Dept. KF-17, Portland, Ore.

French Modern Novels

translated into English and the latest Parisian novelties. Special selections for \$1, \$2.50, \$5.00. Illustrated catalogue 5/c stamps. Hoffman's Studio, B. P. 123, Nice, A. M., France

In the Swim

(Continued from page 22)

LOVE LETTERS



OF AN "INTERIOR DECORATOR"

He learned about life as a bull dog. What little he missed seeing he saw in Paris. His letters reveal his gradual initiation into the mysteries of Love, Life and the Liquor Traffic from Paris to Hollywood. This book by Bert Green of unexpurgated letters from an "interior decorator" is positively the most hilarious thing prohibition ever produced! 124 pages—8 thousand loud laughs, hundreds of wisecracks, stinging satire, witticisms and sarcasm. Freely illustrated with many pictures. The most uproarious book of the year. Order yours before Prohibition begins. Send \$1.75 stamps or Money Order, or pay \$1.47 C. O. D. EDUCATOR PRESS, 19 Park Row, New York Dept. X-42

Girl Models

FULL LENGTH GIRL FIGURES, when viewed through the STEREOSCOPE stand out like LIVING MODELS in a background of great beauty. The STEREO MAGNIFIES. Reveals BEAUTY not seen with the naked eye. It is the only means of enjoying this THRILLING EFFECT. Largest size STEREO pictures. Finest quality STEREO lens. Price of STEREO and set 8 pictures \$1.98. SPECIAL for short time to make buyers for more pictures, will send STEREO and two sets 16 pictures for \$1.99.

POCKET STEREO CO.
1781 Summit Street TOLEDO, OHIO



—Men wise to the BEST demand good old
GLAND-GLAD!

The pure, wholesome gland food that overcomes weakness, gives QUICK animation, strength and vigor. If failing, Gladden Your Glands, rejuvenate—get GLAND-GLAD, health, pep, lingering satisfaction. Order now, \$2 brings box of 36 capsules; C.O.D. \$2.19. Money-back guarantee. Pureplus Remedies, Ltd. Box 377KF, Tulsa, Okla.

LADIES!

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS, for delayed or suppressed periods, give positive relief in stubborn cases. Harmless, no pain. Best for over 100 years. Double strength \$2 box. Sealed. Dr. D. Cheeseman, 11 East 12th St., New York.

TILLIE & MAC

Mac & Jess—Posies & Browing—Dumb Dora—Dor & Bobbie and 12 others. All for \$1.00 HULL.
SEX SALES CO., 4160 Park Ave., New York, Dept. K

FRENCH GIRLS IN DRESSING ROOM SCENES

Taken from Life Poses of Naughty French Girls. They are a knock-out to see. You will like them. 12 different poses for \$1.50 while they last. SEABREEZE NOVELTY HOUSE, Box 196, West Haven, Conn., Dept. KF-F-DR.

12 Action Pictures..... \$1.50
8 French Art Photos..... \$1.50
7 German Beauty Photos..... \$1.50
Cash Only. Mention Mag.

TWIN NOVELTY CO.

178th St. A. New Haven, Conn., Box 64

MARRY! BIG DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos, mailed in plain wrapper for ten cents.
Bonafide Co., Dept. 54, Kansas City, Mo.

hose to a seventy foot water tank nearby. I and Mickey were the first in, but the others followed with very wet smacks before we had a chance to lie about the water being fine.

The shrieks and yells would have quickened a bunch of Censors. Then the lights went on again. One of them vaunted superior intellects that colleges are supposed to turn out by the double gross actually lived up to expectations. Mickey was just pulling me out by the skin of my teeth, the only thing he could get a hold on, when the illuminations did their stuff. Honest to Gawd, dearie, I almost plunged in again.

I had lost my costume!

It turned out later, dearie, that I hadn't lost it at all. It was merely a case of guaranteed unshrinkable stuff thumbing its nose at the guarantee!

"Merciful Heaven! What is that?" shrieks the old maiden aunt of a Prexy who had to come at just that point of a watery tale to cast a benignant eye around to see if the benign influence was working. Anyways, that was what he was supposed to be doing. But between yuh and I and a telegraph pole, dearie, he was really losing both eyes gazing at me.

"Woman!" he thundered. "Who art thou?" Though why it's always my scornful luck to be picked on I don't know. There were plenty other perfect examples of high art standing around at that guilty moment.

"Who, me?" I says elegantly, getting my back up. It was the only thing I could get up, dearie. "Say, yuh son of a lady finger, pull in your phantasmazoria. Don't yuh know a

water nymph when yuh see one? That's what I am, a coy little water nymph!"

And do yuh know what that old Beelzebub said? "Then in the name of all the Fathers of Abraham, get into the water!"

That's a prayerful way of saying "take a dive," dearie. So I did, and that's the first time I ever took willingly to the H₂O. But instead of sinking gracefully out of the vulgar glare of the limelight, I floated grandiloquently on the surface!

There's a saying yuh know, dearie, about people of generous proportions being like Ivory Soap, pure and non-sinkable. I reckon I'm purer than I thought. I inhaled enough to sink the Leviathan, but I remained within sight of all concerned. And were they concerned? A good time was had by all but yours truly. A case of stay on the surface and yuh stay all over.


So there I was like a first cousin of Lady Godiva, only my mannish hair cut didn't begin to come up to my expectations!

And then as a final publicity stunt that blankety-blank old moon takes a header out of the skylight and falls into the pool right over my head like a halo. Though, Gawd knows, a halo was not what the undressed nymphs are wearing at present. The spotlight behind that deposed moon was now turned directly upon me, just as if I wasn't lit up enough.

I tried my level best to sink then, held my breath and everything, but I was like a government bond issue. I floated on a good foundation, architecturally speaking, dearie. Well, yuh know the old saw, yuh can't keep a good man down. I guess maybe it applies to the womanly sex as well.

And while I've never fell for this

QUIT TOBACCO



No man or woman can escape the harmful effects of tobacco. Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Join the thousands of inveterate tobacco users that have found it easy to quit with the aid of the Keeley Treatment.

KEELEY Treatment For Tobacco Habit Successful For Over 50 Years

Quickly banishes all craving for tobacco. Write today for Free Book telling how to quickly free yourself from the tobacco habit and our Money Back Guarantee.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
Dept. F-309 Dwight, Illinois

THE BRIDE'S BOUDOIR



Like peeps through private key-holes is this intimate story, revealed in a young girl's secret diary. It is the tale of her love life, from the early days of curiosity and courtship through a glowing honeymoon, to a thrilling climax that will stir your blood strangely. A new light on the question of birth control. A \$2 seller cut to \$1.43. Send money order or stamps, or pay on delivery plus 20c. postage. Sent sealed in plain wrapper.

EDUCATOR PRESS,
Dept. BB-92 19 Park Row, New York

"A' BRIDAL EVE"

The Bridal Eve. A Daughter of Eve. A Girl's Awakening. Love's Sweet Hour. Two Men and a Maid. A Loving Maid. A Mad Love. The Wiles of Love. An Ardent Wooing. Love's Carnival. A Nameless Sin. The Hour of Temptation. 50 cents each. Any three for \$1.00. All 12 for \$3.50. Sent sealed in plain wrapper care of General Delivery, if desired. All orders must be prepaid in stamps or M. O. **PARK PUBS. CO.,** Dept. N-92, 15 Beckman Street, New York.

FEMININE HYGIENE

SANICAPS quickly, reliably, conveniently solve the personal hygiene problem of all women; quick, safe; handier than douche; once used, never without. Be dainty, worry-free—get Sanicaps; health, regularity. \$1 Box of 20; C. O. D. \$1.20; return privilege, money-back guarantee. Pureplus Co., Box 377-KF, Tulsa, Okla.

RARE BOOKS

Confessions of an Amateur Blonde. Sapho. Confessions of a Bell Boy, 50c each, all for \$1 postpaid. Catalog, 18c.

UNION SALES CO.

740 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN!

Our valuable catalog of Sanitary rubber goods and feminine Hygiene sent free for 3c stamp. Write today. **NATIONAL SALES CO.,** Dept. K-72 1475 Broadway New York City

WHY BE LONESOME?

Join my correspondence club. Interesting confidential proposition. Photos Hundreds. Description attractive members everywhere. 10 cents. **MRS. G. GIBSON,** 2605 E. 9th St., Tulsa, Pa.

DAM-ZINE

FOR SICK GLANDS CAUSED FROM AGE, ABUSE, DISEASE, etc.

A product of medical research prescribed by physicians in the treatment of starved glands. You take no chances and waste no money. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We invite correspondence with physicians. Packed 25 Dam-Zines \$1.00. 200 for \$5.00. A \$1.00 order now means a \$500 order later. Special physicians offer 1,000 Dam-Zines \$21.25. All goods sent in plain sealed packages postpaid. No C. O. D. Send cash or money order and expect Dam-Zines by first return mail. No delay. Write now. All correspondence confidential.

DAM-ZINE LABORATORY

Box 101 Columbus, Ohio

Fortune Teller and Dream Book

Know the future. Will you be successful in love, marriage, health, wealth, business? Interpret and explain all about palmistry, finger nail observations, Napoleon's Uraculum or book of fate; lists lucky numbers, tells fortune by cards, dominos, dice, moles, marks, or scars on the skin; makes prediction concerning children born on any day, etc., etc. Greatest value for 25c. Nothing like it so cheap up a party. Rare Children gain given free with your book. Send stamps or coin. D'Ors Co., Box 90, Warwick St., Dept. K.F.S.-2, New York.



love stuff much, I'm telling yuh straight that I'd marry the sweet minded simp for pure, unadulterated love tomorrow that blew a fuse for my sake and helped me escape under cover of the darkness and an evening cloak that didn't belong to me.

Well, I got to run along now, dearie. I'm due over at the Y. W. C. A. for my swimming lesson. Yuh see, the next time I go to a Prom I'll know how to sink!

Two Devils for Devlin

(Continued from page 11)

The two girls were glaring at each other now, and their voices were gradually getting louder. Devlin knew that Chong, who slept only a couple of rooms down the hall, would hear if they kept this up. And if he heard, and reported to Alice. . .

Toa-lea and Tolu were closer to him than ever, working every wile they knew, and they knew a lot of them. In spite of himself, Al felt that he couldn't stand this much longer. He jumped out of the bed and slipped into a robe.

"We dance for you!" said Tolu. And forthwith she and Toa-lea began to trip an amazing, seductive dance in the moonlight. It was a dance that could mean only one thing. It wasn't suggestive; it was downright invitational!

Al had a sudden idea. He dashed to a cabinet and came back with a couple of boxes of cheroots. "Here, take these and go back to Illybo! Here, take another box for him, too! Yes, you each can keep a box! No, don't go out the door, for Lord's sake. Climb out the window. Now, go!"

Al knew the native girls would do anything for a box of cigars, even leave what promised to be an inter-

For WOMEN only

Why worry about delayed periods from unnatural causes? Get Quick Results using FEMINESE—Liquid-Tablet Relief. Used by doctors. Moves cases long overdue. Pleasant, safe, no interference any duties. Satisfaction guaranteed treatment \$2.95. Postage if C.O.D. Specially Compounded for Very Obstinate Cases \$5.00. Illustrated Folder Free with order. PETONE CO., Dept. 5-KF, St. Louis Mo.

Orphan Annie

and her adventures with "Daddy"; also in the Haunted House and in the Circus. Three different books 75c. each—all three for \$2.00. Send stamps or money order. Park Pubs. Co., 15 Beekman Street, New York Dept. OA-92

Lonely Hearts. Join Our Club

The world's greatest matrimonial bureau. We have a companion or sweetheart for you. Members all over the country. Many worth \$5,000 to \$50,000. Confidential successful service. Hundreds happily mated monthly. Information FREE. Prof. S. E. FLYND, Box 43, Gervoy, Oregon. (Desk No. 11.)

"A BLONDE'S CONFESSION"

3 Peppy Little Books, "A Blonde's Confession," "A Bell Boy's Confession" and "100 Ways of Kissing Girls," each illustrated with lots of pictures; also FREE WITH ORDER—"100 Peppy Parodies." Everything \$1. Postpaid sealed. NOVELTY BOOK HOUSE, Dept. KF, 129 Vine St., Pella, Pa.

WE HAVE 'IT'

FOR MEN ONLY. 5 Different rare and daring French Stories. Also 24 rare French Pictures. Also Tillie & Mac. All for \$1.00 bill. PARIS IMPORTING CO., 4166 Park Ave., New York, Dept. 4

esting party. They worked on the principle that, after all, a man was only a man, but a good cigar was a smoke! He breathed a sigh of relief as they disappeared through the window and sneaked quietly off, bare of foot, in the brilliant moonlight.

The next morning Devlin thought Chong looked at him a bit queerly, but he put it down to imagination.

That afternoon Chong was out in a proa in the lagoon, fishing for supper. Devlin lay in a hammock, taking his siesta. There was a light footfall on the veranda, and Al opened his eyes. Then he opened them wider, and opened his mouth too!

There before him stood a girl whose only garment was a brilliant-hued sarong about her middle, a girl whose hair was brown, and whose skin was almost as light as Devlin's own! Like some coryphee from the Folies Bergere she stood there smiling at him, swaying ever so little from the hips and waiting for him to speak.

"Who are you?" he gasped. Could this be a native girl? Her attire suggested it, but otherwise she seemed to belong more to Fifth Avenue than to Tongalusa.

"I'm Dawn-Blossom. I am yours."

"Mine?"

"Illybo sent me."

"You—Illybo—?"

She smiled. "Illybo realized that you didn't care for Toa-lea and Tolu, or you wouldn't have sent them back. So he gave you me."

"But, you don't talk like—"

"A native?" she laughed. "My father was a white trader. And I've gone through the high school at Port Wyrka. Illybo considers me his dearest possession, but I'm glad to get out of his harem. Being a queen

Let Me Develop YOUR Bust Like This



It is so easy to have the lovely, full, firm Bust that fashion demands. My wonderful new Miracle Cream Combination quickly fills out the contours and enlarges the size of the breasts.

BEFORE **AFTER**

BEAUTIFUL BREASTS FOR YOU

Are you fat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? Just a few minutes a day at home devoted to my easy, simple instructions, with the application of my dainty, luscious Miracle Cream will work wonders!

FREE Complete private instructions for moulding the breasts to rounded, shapely proportions, included with your jar of Miracle Cream.

SPECIAL OFFER NOW! Send only \$1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream and instructions. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write TODAY.

NANCY LEE, Dept. 8-2, 853 Broadway, New York City

FRENCH TONIQUE TABS

A wonderful, potent tonic for either sex. Justly famous for quick and harmless results. For lack of Pep, Vigor and Energy. A happy surprise awaits you. Stop experimenting. For REAL results. Sent sealed, plain wrapper. 40-time package \$2.00 (or \$2.15 C.O.D.). Special strength for severe cases, \$3.00. Money back guarantee.

France Import Co., Palisades, N. J., Dept. KF-2



Charming—Captivating—Irresistible DESIR D'AMOUR (Love's Desire)

This exotic perfume goes straight to the heart like Cupid's arrows. Its strength and mystic aroma thrills and delights young and old. Triple strength full size vial 98 cents prepaid or \$1.52 C.O.D. plus shipping charges. Directions free. One bottle gratis if you order three vials. **MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick St., New York, N. Y., Dept. EFG-2.**

NAUGHTY TILLIE

OH BOY! Just imported! "NAUGHTY TILLIE." She's full-o-pep. Something new for men who like a live one. Live! Peppy! A Knockout! Sent sealed \$1.00. FREE with order "Secrets of the Harem" and 7 other live booklets. **NOVELTY BOOK HOUSE, Dept. KF, 129 Vine Street, Phila., Pa.**

French Stenographer

A Bachelor's Dream—A Model's Life—Adam & Eve—Ely & Alice and 36 others for Men. All for \$1.00. **BOROUGH NOVELTY CO., 4150 Park Ave., New York, Dept. K**

Red Hot Action Pictures

The very best that money can buy. Sample 25c. 3 for 50c. 7 for \$1. **B. E. FLOYD, Box 1288, Dept. KF-4, Portland, Ore.**

STRANGE BOOKS

TWENTY NOVELETTES by French author translated into English exactly as originally written and printed in type so small they must be read with a magnifying or reading glass. To the uninitiated these booklets appear to be nothing but a confusion of printed matter too small to be read, but ah! Under an ordinary magnifying glass such as can be procured for a few cents in any variety store, EVERY WORD LEAPS INTO CLEAR BOLD RELIEF.

Read the amazing story of little Louise Rogee and the Mayor of Rouy-le-Ton and learn to what depths of infamy man in high places sometimes descend. Also 19 other curious stories including FORBIDDEN FRUIT, IN THE WOOD, STORY OF A FARM GIRL, etc. They're from the pen of a master of French literature who hesitated not to bring forth to the light of day the secret frailties of human nature. 60,000 words of story, condensed through photographic processes into THREE TINY VOLUMES. Remember the instructions as none will accompany booklets. THEY MUST BE READ WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS.

PRICE OF THE THREE COMPLETE \$1.00 ONLY.
DANNER AGENCY, APARTADO 670, HAVANA, CUBA

UNEXCELLED
FIGURE
PHOTOS
for
technical use
5 for 24
10 for 50
18 for 100
Clear stamp 5 by 7 desired
EXPRESS PREPAID
WATSON'S STUDIO
6605 Hollywood Blvd
Hollywood Calif.

HYPNOTIZE
25 Lessons in Hypnotism. Mind Reading and Magnetic Healing. Tells how experts hypnotize at a glance, make others obey their commands. How to overcome bad habits, how to give a home performance, get on the stage, etc. Helpful to every man and woman, executives, salesmen, doctors, mothers, etc. Simple, easy. Learn at home. Only \$1.10 including the "Hypnotic Eye," a new aid for amateurs. Send stamps or M. O. (or pay C. O. D. plus postage). Guaranteed. Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York, Dept. H-92.

RARE PRINTS



Imported from Paris. Never before shown here. Agents' Sample Selections sent by express for \$1, \$2, \$5, or \$10. Send stamps, money order (or cash by registered letter). Park Falls, Ca., 15 Switzer St., New York, Dept. L-92.

FOR MEN

"Mama & Papa," "Naughty Nina," "French Widow," "Old Maid," 10 Girl Pictures and Novelty. All \$1.00 sealed. WADE BOOK CO., Box 1429, San Francisco, Calif.

TOBACCO HABIT OVERCOME OR NO PAY

Over 600,000 used Superba Remedy to help stop Cigars, Cigarettes, Pipe, Chewing, Snuff. Write for full treatment on trial. Costs \$2.00 if successful, nothing if not. SUPERBA CO. B-28, Baltimore, Md.

has its drawbacks. It's confining. I think I'll like it here much better."

Al stared at her anew. She was just faintly tan, and her hair was straight and kinkless. The rest of her, well, he just stared. Then he came out of his stupefaction. He suddenly realized that there was Alice and that he had given her a promise.

"But Illybo's got me all wrong, Dawn-Blossom. I didn't send those girls back because I didn't like 'em. I sent them back because I didn't want 'em! Illybo's crazy! I don't want any of his wives! I'm going to get one of my own, soon. See? Now you o back like a good girl and put him straight, won't you?"

"You mean you don't want me?" the girl came over to him, leaned over him, her warm breath in his face. He closed his eyes to ward off temptation.

"Go away!" he said weakly.

"You would send me back to that fat old man? Look, look at me! I am young. I am fair. I am as white as you. Am I not desirable?"

He groaned. "Of course you are, damn it. You know only too well how desirable you are. But, please o!"

Her shoulders slumped. She turned away, and wandered off down the path that led to the lagoon.

Al, shaking, mixed himself a drink. If this kept up, that two months were going to be mighty wearing on the constitution!

At which moment a rich, tinkling laugh came from behind him, from the doorway of his house. He turned, startled. "Why, why, Alice!" he gasped. The red-haired nurse was standing there, cool and entrancing in a frilly pink frock that made her look more adorable than she'd been in her white uniform. "Alice!" Devlin gasped again,

"You here?"

She came to him. "My hero!" she said, and grinned. "Great big strong mans, to resist such temptation!"

His brain reeled. "You saw?"

She nodded. "And anyone who could resist Peg Malone in such a get-up deserves plenty of credit!" she stated.

"Peg Malone—?"

"Yes, 'Dawn Blossom'. She's a pal of mine. A nurse too. You see, after you'd left Port Wytka, I got lonely for you. I was sorry to have sent you away like that. So I got a launch, and Peg came along. It was a beautiful moonlight night and we came here to Tongalusa to see you."

"Last, last night?"

"Yes. We got here late, and Chong let us in and said you were asleep but that he'd get you up. He went to your room, then came dashing back and called us. We peeped in through a chink in your door and saw you having such a time with Illydo's envoys."

"You saw all that?" he breathed heavily.

She nodded. "I was satisfied, then, that you'd keep your word, but Peg suggested that perhaps you'd be that way only where native girls were concerned. So, with Chong's aid, we fixed up the little comedy of this afternoon. And oh, darling, I'm so proud of you!" She offered herself for a kiss.

"Then, that girl isn't half native?" Al said, after a while.

"Of course not."

"We'll let her be a bridesmaid, then!" he said. Then he whispered in Alice's ear. "She sure has it, hasn't she?"

"If you think so, wait till you see me!" the red-haired girl whispered modestly.



How to regain youthful activities through **GUARANTEED Lovejoy's Discovery.** Start life anew. "A man is as old as his glands," doctors now say. Go back 20 to 40 years, simply by re-charging your glands with **LOVEJOY'S NEW DISCOVERY.** No operation necessary. Yet results are guaranteed. Over 14,000 men are already using this product regularly although it is new on the market. Doesn't this prove it brings success? Would these men from all over the country keep on buying it if they didn't get what they are after? Lovejoy's New Discovery is certainly worth trying, especially since your deposit will be refunded unless it brings you the youthful energy you seek.

SEND NO MONEY. Just write name and address. Pay postman \$2.00 (plus few cents postage) deposit when he delivers package in plain wrapper. Don't let your life slip by unappetizingly without trying **LOVEJOY'S NEW DISCOVERY. AVOID ANY IMITATIONS.** **LOVEJOY LABORATORIES CO.** 31 Tenth Street Long Island City, N. Y.

What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of the head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried to overcome this but I remained bald until I used Kutalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This statement is by Mr. H. A. WILD. He is but one of those who voluntarily attest Kutalko has stopped falling hair, diminished dandruff or about now, luxuriant hair growth. **KUTALKO** is sold by drug, druggists everywhere.

FREE TRIAL BOX

To prove the efficiency of Kutalko for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Free Trial Boxes. Use coupon, or write to **KOTAL CO., C-679, Station O, New York** Please send me **FREE** Free Trial Box of **KUTALKO**.

Name

Address

The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn-out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon **STRENGTH**—upon live, red-blooded, be-man muscle.

Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong, virile muscles can give you. When you are all the strength to those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, on the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find success generally depends upon your muscular development.

Here's a Short Cut to Strength and Success

"But," you say, "it takes years to build my body up to the point where it will equal those of athletic champions." It does if you go about it without any system, but there is a scientific short cut. And that's where I come in.

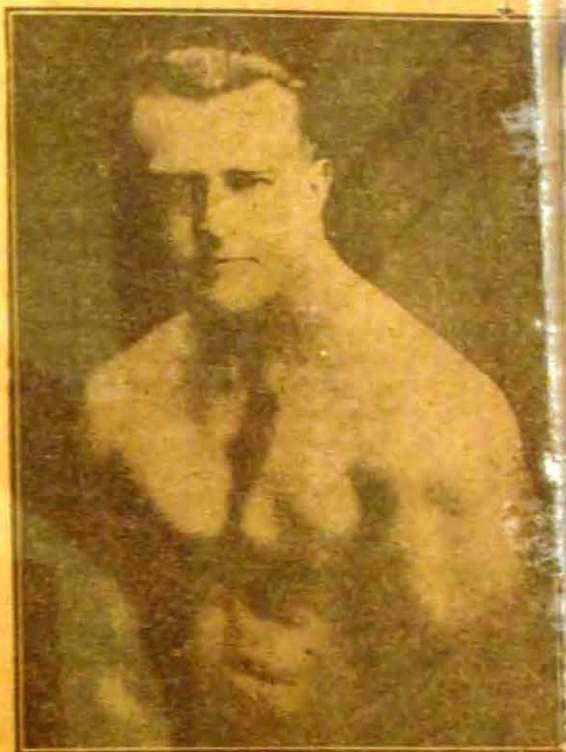
30 Days is All I Need

In just 30 days I can do things with your body you never thought possible. With just a few minutes work every morning, I will add one full inch of real, live muscle to each of your arms, and two whole inches across your chest. Many of my pupils have gained more than that, but I **GUARANTEE** to do at least that much for you in one short month. Your neck will grow shapely, your shoulders begin to broaden. Before you know it, you'll find people turning around when you pass. Women will want to know you. Your boss will treat you with a new respect. You'll look ten years younger, and you'll feel like it, too. Work will be easy. As for play, why, you realize then that you don't know what play really means.

I Strengthen Those Inner Organs, Too

But I'm not through with you. I want ninety days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you stand in front of your mirror and look yourself over.

What a marvelous change! Those great square shoulders! That pair of huge, like arms! Those firm, shapely legs! Yes, sir. They are yours, and they are there to



EARLE LIEDERMAN, The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling,"
"Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

stay. You'll be just as fit inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs, strengthening and exercising them. Yes, indeed life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed. But, remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness always demands action.

Send for my
Big New
Book

Muscular Development

EARLE LIEDERMAN

Dept. 2302, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely **FREE** and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name..... AGE.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Please write or print plainly.

64 PAGES AND . . .

IT IS FREE

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN

DEPT. 2302

305 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY

The Greatest Sin

Must every woman pay the price of a moment's happiness in bitter tears and years of regret? Must millions of homes be ruined—lovers and sweethearts driven apart—marriages totter to the brink of divorce—the sacred joys of sex relations be denied? YES—Just as long as men and women remain ignorant of the simple facts of life.

The Greatest Sin of all is total IGNORANCE of the most important subject in the life of every man and woman—SEX.

AWAY WITH FALSE MODESTY!

Let us face the facts of sex fearlessly and frankly, sincerely and scientifically. Let us tear the veil of shame and mystery from sex and build the future of the race on a new knowledge of all the facts of sex as they are laid bare in plain, daring but wholesome words, and frank pictures in the huge new library of Sex Knowledge.

"MODERN EUGENICS"

39 Chapters—Startling Illustrations.

This volume abounds in truthful illustrations and pictures of scientific interest that one seldom, if ever, finds outside of the highly technical medical books which laymen fail to understand. Every picture is true to life.

544 Pages of SECRETS

Everything Married Woman Should Know—

How to hold a husband
How to have perfect children
How to preserve youth
How to get off other women
How to get yourself attractive
How to get husbands tire of wives
How to avoid diseases due to ignorance
How to avoid diseases of women
How to control birth control
How to get a night sleep—easy childbirth
How to avoid babies are conceived
How to avoid diseases of children
How to get a healthy guide
How to get a long life—hygiene
How to avoid children die young
How to avoid traits and diseases
How to get a girl will tell your grow-
ing girl?
How to avoid maternity of twins
How to avoid hundreds of valuable remedies

Girls—Don't Marry before you know all this—

The dangers of petting
How to be a vamp
How to manage the honeymoon
What liberties to allow a lover
Secrets of the wedding night
B-enny diets and baths
Do you know—
How to attract desirable men
How to manage men
How to know if he loves you
How to acquire bodily grace and beauty
How to beautify face, hands, hair, teeth and feet
How to acquire charm
How to dress attractively
Intimate personal hygiene
How to pick a husband

Secrets for Men—

Mistakes of early marriage
Secrets of fascination
Joys of perfect mating
How to make women love you
Bringing up healthy children
Nursing and weaning
Fever and contagious diseases
Accidents and emergencies
Hygiene in the home
How to care for invalids
Limitation of offspring
The sexual embrace
Warrior to your men
Secrets of greater delight
Dangerous diseases
Secrets of sex attraction
Hygienic precautions
Anatomy and physiology
The reproductive organs
What every woman wants
Education of the family
Sex health and prevention

250,000 Sold

This huge volume of sales enables us to cut the cost of printing to \$2.98 instead of \$5.00. Would YOU risk your health and happiness for the sake of having \$2.98 more in your pocket?—Of course not!

Important!

This work will not be sold to minors. When ordering your book, state your age!

Cut Price Offer



PREFERRED PUBLICATIONS
58 West 45th St.
New York City

Please send me "Modern Eugenics" SEALED, in plain wrapper. I will pay \$2.98 and postage to the postman on delivery. In accordance with your special half price offer. My age is.....

Name

Address

It's all they say it is - and more!

Franklin Surety Co. Assets over \$1,000,000 Guarantees Fulfillment Of all Promises in This Ad.

ONLY \$2.00 \$1,000 REWARD

to anybody who can prove that these testimonials were solicited by us.

Inkograph has proven so satisfactory and has elicited a considerable favorable comment and encasing money back, please send me three more. P. J. Erwin, Traveling Sales Agent, Joplin, Mo.

The Inkograph fully justifies all claims you make. I own a Waterman but Inkograph is far preferable. Frank B. Sarrent, Oakland, Calif.

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blotch or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention. H. L. Coley, Albano, Va.

Oh, boy, I am tickled skinny to have the Inkograph. It's a darling. I can now make carbon copies in taking orders and send originals in ink to factory instead of a penciled sheet. It surely flows over the paper as if it were grease instead of ink. No trouble at all and a thing I could not do before to trace straight lines very fine and clean. No smear, no muss, of any kind. It's just great. E. A. Blum, Jersey City, N. J.

My Inkograph is the smoothest writing instrument with which I have ever written. That is saying a lot. I am a stenographer by profession. I have a \$7.00 pen and another that cost more than the Inkograph, but Inkograph is better than either. It is the greatest improvement in writing instruments since the Babylonians recorded their thoughts on clay tablets with a triangular pointed reed. John R. Atwell, Chadwick, N. C.



ANSWERS the purpose of both pen and pencil combined! Actually improves your handwriting! Writes freely and easily without a miss, skip or blur! Never blots, balks, dries up, scratches, leaks or soils hands! Writes equally well on rough or smooth paper! Wonderful for making carbon copies with original ink! Draws lines to a rule out smear or smudge. That's what thousands satisfied Inkograph say. Many tell us best writing instrument have ever used regardless of price. Unlike a fountain pen anyone can use your Inkograph without fear of spreading or injuring its 14-kt. solid gold point. Take advantage of our free 10 day trial offer and test the most satisfactory writing instrument you have ever used.

FREE 10 DAYS TRIAL THE NEW IMPROVED

PATENTED 1. 27, 1925 INKOGRAPH "PENCIL POINTED PEN"

Combines the best Features of both pen and pencil, minus the weak points of both, plus improvements not found in either.

A Pen of Refinement

Made of finest quality, highly polished, black fountain pen material, with 14-kt. solid gold point and feed, safety screw cap, self-filling lever and clip. Equal in workmanship, quality and appearance to pens costing considerably more.

Cannot Leak

One filling is sufficient to write thousands of words.

ALSO made in very attractive \$3.00 styles, red, black or metal hard rubber with 14 Kt. gold filled band and clip on cap, and self-filling lever. Same size as 57 and 58-75 fountain pens, colors and trimmings in ladies' size. All \$2.00 styles are black with nickel clip and self-filling lever. Prices outside U. S. A. styles \$2.50, \$3.00 styles \$4.00. Remittance must accompany order.

Patent Automatic prevents clogging. Novel mechanism to get out of order.

Makes 3 to 4 Carbon Copies

at one time with original in ink. No pressure will bend, spread or injure its 14-Kt. solid gold point. Ideal for Salesmen's Orders, Private Correspondence, Office, Sales and Billing Records of all kinds requiring exceptionally clear carbon copies.

If Dissatisfied With Your Fountain Pen

—try the Inkograph, it's all we ask for superior, handier and smoother writing than any pen you ever used, regardless of price. Return it to us and we'll refund your money.

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc., 161-112 Centre St., N. Y.

DEALERS Stationery Stores, Drug Stores, Department Stores, send for our catalog and trial

AGENTS

This big value sells on sight. Handier and smoother writing than any fountain pen. Big profits, quick sales, no investment, no competition. Immediate commissions. Send for Inkograph and receive order book to start taking orders or write for FREE Sales Plan.



That hard smooth ball-like 14-kt. solid gold point, which makes writing in ink possible over coarsest paper as rapidly as with softest pencil.

Only when ordering \$3.00 style mark X after color desired.

- Black
- Red
- Mottled

SEND NO MONEY Your name is sufficient

NOTE: When remittance accompanies order Inkograph is sent postpaid.

Make X Here If you prefer ladies size with ring on cap to be carried on lady's watch or man's watch chain.

INKOGRAPH CO., INC. 161-112 Centre Street, N. Y. City

Send Inkograph. I will pay \$ _____ plus postage of \$ _____

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____