

# Laughter

A MAGAZINE OF GOOD HUMOR

*December  
25 Cents*



*Giving the Bear Facts*





*Posed by Jean Laverty, a Metro-Goldwyn beauty.*

## THE WINTER GIRL AND HER GIDDY WHIRL

*The winter's here, and so am I—  
The winter girl,  
The giddy whirl  
Of parties now again to try;  
To flirt, be flirted with, and then  
Bestow my heart;  
Then quarrel and part  
And play the same old game again.*

*'Tis thus I'm charged. I swear  
I'm wrongly used,  
To be accused  
Of this. It's shamefully unfair!  
For I love George most true, profound—  
That is, when Fred  
And Will and Ted  
And Joe and Ed are not around.*



VOLUME 3  
NUMBER 3

# Laughter

A MAGAZINE OF GOOD HUMOR

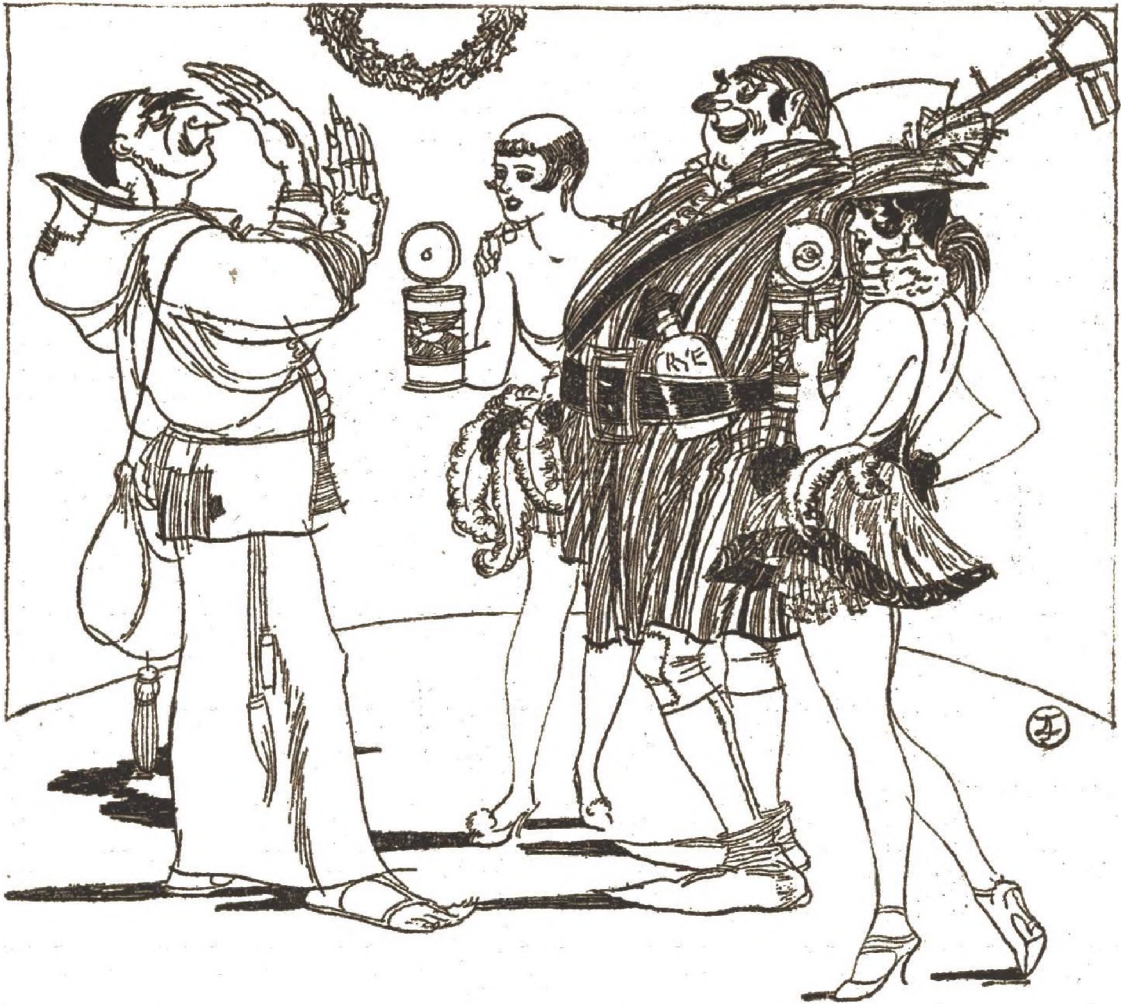
DECEMBER  
1926

## Contents

YE BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS DAY ( <i>Frontispiece</i> ) —By Elliot Kays Stone.....	2
MOMENTARY CHUCKLES .....	3
JUNE WALKER IN A LOOS ROLE—By Tip Bliss....	4
THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS—By L. T. Holton.....	6
A DOUBTING MAMA—By Algernon Free.....	8
YE PESTE'S TALE ( <i>Verse</i> )—By Parke Cummings..	20
HONORE DAUMIER—By James House, Jr.....	22
THE WAY OF ALL SOFT, WHITE FLESH—By Jack Woodford.....	32
SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY ( <i>Verse</i> )—By Caltha Burns.....	39
DRESSED KID ( <i>Verse</i> )—By Henry A. Courtney.....	41
WHO GOT THE PROM BIDS?—By Max Plaisted.....	42
WHEN BOOB MEETS BOOB—By James H. Baker.....	44
THE WRECK AT SEA ( <i>Verse</i> )—By Paul Skinner.....	50
ATTACK AND COUNTER ATTACK—By Howard Hogue Kennedy .....	56
WARM SYMPATHY NEEDED ( <i>Verse</i> )—By Arthur Neale .....	60
LONG PIG—By E. Charles Vivian.....	61
GIFTS ( <i>Verse</i> )—By Jane Thomas.....	64
LAUGHTER'S OUTLINES OF HISTORY: <i>The Truth on the Garden of Eden</i> —By Max Plaisted .....	65
OH-H, MR. ARTHINGTON—By Howard Kennedy..	70
A SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION .....	76
TWO DOWN FRONT—By Tip Bliss.....	79



Issued monthly by The Guild Publishing Company; Office of Publication, 809 Linden Street, Scranton, Pa. Editorial and Business Offices, 534 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa. Single Copies, 25 cents. Yearly subscriptions, \$2.50. Canadian, \$3.00. Foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter, September 22, 1925, at the Postoffice at Scranton, Pennsylvania under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1926, by The Guild Publishing Company.



# *Ye Ballade of Christmas Day*

By ELIOT KAYS STONE

*Come all ye scribes and Pharisees,  
Glad tidings now convey;  
Repent your smug hypocrisies;  
Wash, for a change, your sins away;  
Self-humbleness for once display;  
With publicans and sinners here  
Make merry on this Christmas Day,  
For "Christmas comes but once a year."*

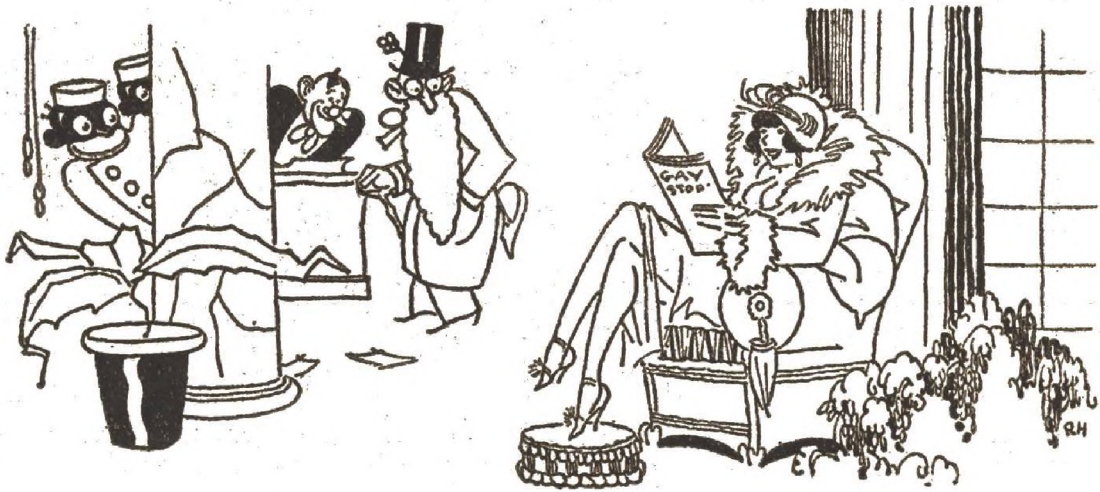
*Ye prohibitionists, the breeze  
Blows o'er a canting U. S. A.;  
Bacchus is banished, if you please,  
But bootleggers are making hay.  
The jails are empty (so ye say),  
The dry millennium draws near;  
Rejoice! Ye kill-joys should be gay,  
And "Christmas comes but once a year."*

*Ye publicans and sinners, these,  
Your harmless sports, are now  
passe,—  
A plague upon your revelries  
Without the A. S. L's O. K!  
Bring forth the mistletoe and bay,  
And pledge your healths in Volstead's beer  
Make ye as merry as ye may,  
For "Christmas comes but once a year."*

## L'ENVOI

*Lord Jesus, thou of finest clay,  
With Publicans did'st hold good  
cheer;  
Forgive all Pharisees, I pray,  
For "Christmas comes but once a  
year."*





## *Momentary* CHUCKLES

**A** WIFE may be unhappy when her husband is drunk, but a husband is always unhappy.



Many a close friend has come from Scotland.



Some people make you feel at home, others merely make you wish you were.



A man's clothes may make him—but a woman's break him.



A modern debutante is a girl who begins to wonder—as he slips the ring on her finger—if her happiness will last until the wedding day!



Sophistication is the art of yawning with the mouth closed!



A woman never knows how many really fine men she might have married until she gets a husband.



A nose by any other name would still be the scenter of the face.



Consider the pin—its head keeps it from going too far.



At the sea-side a girl soon shows her real form.



It is a pretty small man who will hide behind a woman's skirts these days.



Many a girl marries for support, and accordingly sits down on her husband.



*A New LAUGHTER Series*  
**June WALKER**

*When Anita Loos Wrote Those Up-  
of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", She  
Flesh---But Along They Came, Just  
and Not So Dumb Lorelei. This  
Miss Walker in*

*By TIP*



*June  
Walker*

Lorelei: "Oh, dear, I suppose I'll have to borrow the money from a strange Englishman."

Dorothy: "He must be a strange Englishman if he'll give you \$5,000."

Dorothy: "Listen, lady, you could no more hurt my girl friend's reputation than you could sink the Jewish fleet."

Lorelei: "Just think! Right down there on the corner is the historical spot where Mr. Coty makes his perfume."  
Dorothy: "I suppose he came to Paris and took a smell and realized that something had to be done about it."

**W**ELL, it seems there were a couple of guileless young American girls named Lorelei and Dorothy, alias June Walker and Edna Hibbard, who went to Europe to get educated, and all the education they got were a few tiaras and coronets, and assorted diamonds and millionaire-reformer with a leaning toward risque photographs, that lived in the suburbs of Philadelphia. (It was the millionaire that lived in the suburbs of Philadelphia, not the photographs; they tell me you can't get one there for love nor money. This time I am talking about the photographs and not the millionaire. Damn the English language).

The more astute of my readers who have taken correspondence courses in detecting, may deduce from the above that I am referring to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Elementary, my dear Watson.

Having witnessed the first act, in which Lorelei by being soulful inveigles a tiara and a dozen orchids out of an English knight—and God help the poor Englishmen on a knight like this—I lent my watch and \$2.40 to a trustworthy looking pick-pocket who was lurking on the corner, and went backstage.

"Tell me, Lorelei—or may I call you Miss Walker?" I asked, "how do you get this way? And," I added sternly, "there is no use being soulful with me, because all I have left is carfare home which I owe to Mr. Interborough, and I want to warn you that anything you say for publication will be used against you at the trial."

"Oo-o-o!" cooed Miss Walker. (The intermission between acts hadn't progressed far enough for her to become used to private life.) "You look like such a wonderful man! Who are you?"

"I'm a freelance," I said. "That means I write for magazines, and I don't get any regular salary, and God in His infinite wisdom only knows when the next check will come in."

"Well, then," said Lorelei, shedding her soulfulness as Cal Coolidge sheds the Official Spokesman's utterances when they don't quite click, "how do I get what way?"

"Blonde," I said. "Every other time I've seen you your hair has been the color of 3 a. m."

"It's a gift," interrupted Dorothy-Edna Hibbard, the wise cracker. "Well, maybe not exactly a gift, but a loan. Compli-



## *Interviews with Famous Funny Men and Women* —in a **LOOS ROLE**

*roarious Little Character Sketches Under the General Title May or May Not Have Visualized Her Characters in the the Same, with June Walker in the Lead as the Beautiful Month Your Correspondent Strolls Back-Stage and Involves One of His Soul Searching Interviews*

### BLISS

ments of the management. Also complaints of the season."

"We might run two or three seasons," suggested Miss Walker. "Is my blonde on straight?" Miss Hibbard inspected the wig thoughtfully.

"Straighter than a dollar-limit poker game at the Ladies Anti-Gambling League," she assured her.

This interview was getting out of hand. An interviewer is supposed to be a sort of district attorney who has the right to scowl and shout, "Answer me YES or NO!" It was time to take charge.

"What is your favorite hobby, Miss Walker?" I demanded grimly.

"Hubby?" inquired Miss Walker. "Oh, I don't know. All the husbands I met are very, very nice, so—"

"He said Hibby," corrected Miss Hibbard. "When I was a kid they used to call me Hibby. Tell him you're my favorite Hibby, June."

"I don't believe I ever met anybody else by that name," said Miss Walker. "Yes, I suppose you are."

"Enough of this, Miss Walker," I stormed. "Which of the Walkers are you more closely related to—Jimmie or Johnnie? Answer me yes or no!"

"No!" said Miss Walker.

"If you ever mention the name of Johnnie Walker again," broke in G. P. Huntley, who takes the part of Sir Francis Beekman in the show, and is far more British than George M. Cohan himself, "I shall burst into tears." Sobbing became general, and even your Case Hardened Correspondent (his arteries having been hardened by many, many cases) could not restrain a slight groan.

At this point several bells began ringing, indicating either that the theatre was on fire, or that the show had been changed to "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," or that it was time for the curtain to go up. Miss Walker, after a few painful grimaces in the mirror, suddenly became soulful again.

Lorelei," said I, edging near her, "when I came in you said I looked like a wonderful man. Do I still look like a wonderful man? Tell me, Lorelei is the answer yes—or no? I have a watch and \$2.40 waiting outside."

"No," said Lorelei.

This talk about women's intuition is all the bunk.

Louis: "My father has to cry when he thinks of poor Lady Francis Beekman."

Dorothy. "Cries when he thinks of her? What does he do when he looks at her?"

Lorelei: "What is a solicitor?"

Dorothy: "I don't know, but I think you get pinched for doing it in America."

Lorelei: "It certainly is unusual to see such a young gentleman so Presbyterian."

Lorelei: "I am going to give you some champagne because I am a Christian Science and don't believe there is any harm in anything."

Gloria: "All the ladies nowadays have imitations made of their jewels so they can go out and have a good time and not worry about them."  
Lorelei: "No girl who is a lady would have such a good time that she'd forget her jewels."



# *The* Night Before Xmas

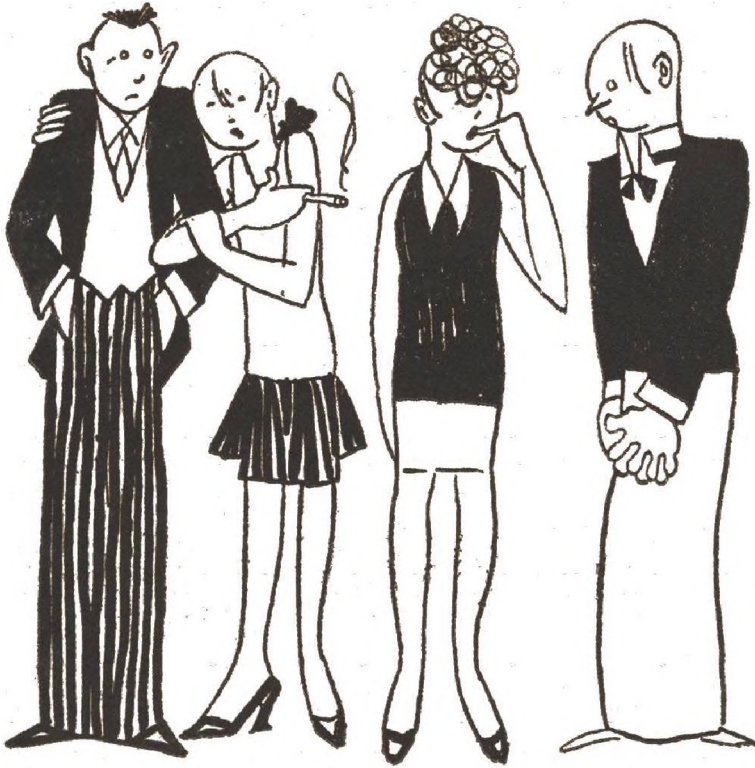


Esther's butter and egg boy friend stopped off just to help her with the tree, thus inspiring the little lady to her very best brand of trimming.

To Freddy and Arabella, Santa arrived just in the "neck" of time and scared the poor darlings half out of their wits.







In this harassed household, not a creature was stirring, for alas there was nothing to stir . . . not a drop. Hopes, however, are high that Saint Nick will soon be there with "oil" for the troubled waters.

Picture the consternation of Clarissa, who fell asleep without hanging up her stockings, and woke up to find that the jolly old fellow had been there and filled them anyway.



*Pictures and Text*  
by L. T. HOLTON



By ALGERNON  
FREE

A



*He felt as though he had been struck by lightning, felt as though it had unlaced his shoes and snatched off his underwear while leaving his dress suit intact. Love at first sight is like that.*

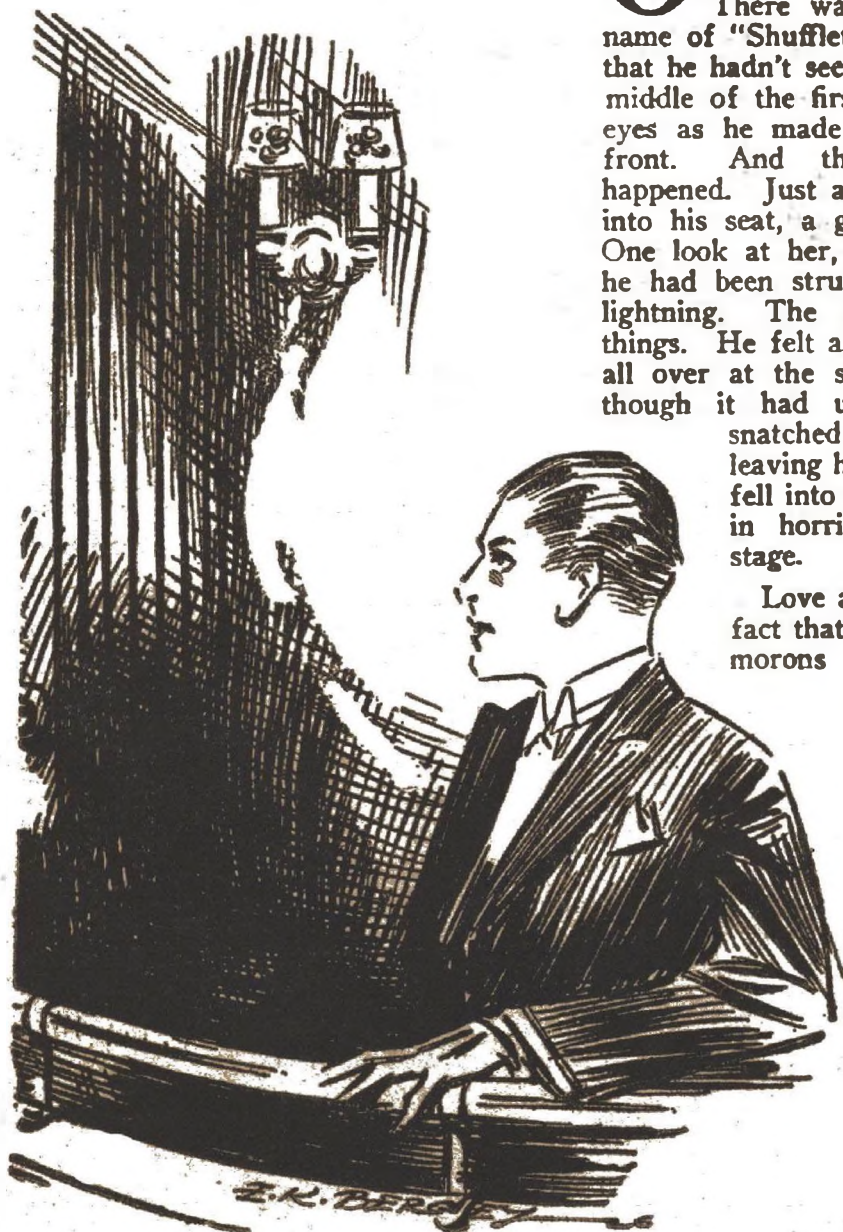


# Doubting MAMA

*Of Course Ted's Mother Could Not Look With Anything But Disfavor Upon His Infatuation for a Chorus Girl—No Matter How Beautiful the Little Lady Might Be. And that's What Makes This Story the Big Laugh That It Is*

**O**NE night Ted Handerson wandered into a theatre just off Broadway. There was a play billed by the name of "Shuffletoe." All he knew was that he hadn't seen the damn thing. The middle of the first act greeted his blasé eyes as he made for his seat near the front. And then a strange thing happened. Just as he was about to sink into his seat, a girl came on the stage. One look at her, and he felt as though he had been struck by lightning. Heat lightning. The kind that does funny things. He felt as though it had hit him all over at the same moment. Felt as though it had unlaced his shoes and snatched off his underwear while leaving his dress suit intact. He fell into the seat and sat staring in horrible fascination at the stage.

Love at first sight, despite the fact that it is dealt in largely by morons who write sentimental junk having to do with 'spiritual' and 'psychical' love, that age old Pink Pill For Pale People that has kept neurasthenic women alive long after they should have been dead, and taken the thought of hypochondriacs off their imagined ailments, is not wholly horses. There is a lot to it for even analytical thinkers like you and me to contemplate. It happens somewhat thuswise. Subcon-





sciously a man accepts woman after woman in spite of the fact that she does not exactly fill out his mental requirements for the perfect female. Back in his unconscious, however, his ideal woman always exists, nebulously outlined it is true, but nevertheless having every desirable physical attribute from his viewpoint. Almost every man subjectively, in this manner, creates a vision of perfection far beyond any of the women in this world with their legs too wide above the knee, too small or too large mouths, etc.; but every once in a great while . . .

The girl that Ted saw upon the stage was as slim and agile as a young boy. Her hips were as narrow her eyes were wide. Her maddening mouth was crumpled up in an invitation to kiss that was enough to make a maniac out of the beholder. She had a shock of taffy colored hair that flopped all about her small, well-shaped head as she shook her diminutive self in the tortuously inflammatory movements of the Black Bottom. The curve of her glistening white throat was like the curve of a young colt's neck. She was like flexible, colored, heated glass. Wearing no tights, and laying on no liquid-form powder, nevertheless the tinge of her lithe limbs was not that meaty, overpinkness that so offends the eye since chorus girls stopped wearing tights; her skin, and there was almost none of it withheld by the costume of a bead or two that she wore, was paper white; ivory smooth, and tinged, somehow, with just the heat of a very warm rose.

At last she left the stage, and Ted let go the arms of his seat and sank back exhausted, like a man who has been struggling in an electric chair against a current not strong enough to kill, but just potent enough to torture. His face felt hot and dry; there was not a drop of perspiration on him—he knew that he was in a high fever. He felt as though he would die before morning, whether or not serum arrived. Dazed, he sat very still until he had gotten together sufficient strength to stagger out and consult with the manager.

"Sorry, Mr. Handerson, I know how you feel—I felt the same way myself when I hired her, but she's absolutely unapproachable. She will talk to no man . . . nobody knows where she came from . . . nobody knows who her

parents are . . . nobody knows her age. She appears to be about sixteen or seventeen, though she claims she's twenty-one. If I ever saw a straight chicken in my life; she don't look as though anyone had even breathed upon her. Maybe you'll appreciate that I can't do anything for you with her, when I tell you that I've been trying to make her myself ever since I hired her, and I can't even get her to say good night to me or thank me for her check, even though I increase it fifty per cent every time I hand it to her."

"But, my dear sir," insisted Ted, speaking as though in a dream, "you don't understand. I must have her—tonight—why, if I don't I shall certainly not live until morning."

"You look it," sympathized the manager, "but you'll have to die, then—I can't do nothing for you."

The manager smiled pityingly and indulgently. He knew that Ted Handerson had never been denied anything in his life before; the manager had been denied many things in his time, but he had learned that life is merely the working out of the Law of Averages; if you don't get one, you get the next, so why worry? However, he knew that Ted Handerson's money and family had always entitled him to a 100% bulls' eye when he shot at the Law of Averages. Ted hastily took out a card, and, with it, a fountain pen. He wrote for a moment upon the back of the card, very simple, potent words, four in number:

*"Will you marry me?"*

"Take that out to her," he ordered, "tell her who I am, if she'll listen to you;—if she marries me, I'll give you ten thousand dollars the day she does." Wide eyed, the manager took the card and hurried out. In a moment he was back, pop-eyed, speechless, white, all of his faith in human nature gone. Mutely he handed Ted back the card. There was a word printed upon it:

*"Yes!"*

**T**ED'S father having carried himself off, pre-embalmed, Ted's mother ran the mausoleum on lower Fifth which for a generation had been "East of the Water Tower," for New York's elite. The minute she heard of her son's marriage she cut him off without a penny, the which she had been longing to do for a long time



*"I tell you that I've been trying to make her myself ever since I hired her, and I can't even get her to say good night or thank me for her check."*

because of his definite tendency to embalm himself before dying, after the manner of his father. But she did not cut him off fast enough to prevent his cashing a check for one hundred thousand dollars for his honeymoon. He didn't want to see Europe, there was just one thing he wanted to see, and an inexpensive palace that happened to be for rent in Italy did very well. For three months Ted and "Holly," as the uncanny little vision's name proved to be, remained at the palace. These three months were a revelation to Ted in many ways. Accustomed to the beauty spots of the world, accustomed to great works of art, sculpture, architecture . . . familiar with the dreadful noise the sun made com-

ing up out of China "across the bay," fully aware of all these things, yet now he was to learn that within one slender woman may lie more of beauty, more of complexity, more of fulfilment than there is in all of the scenic splendors, all of the graphic arts, all of the literature in the world. After three months of married life he still swooned with delight at the very sight of his wife—which is, of course, a miracle. Miracles, however, have no effect upon money. Presently Ted returned to New York with his wife and pled with mama, but to no avail. She was adamant. And, knowing that she looked her best while being adamant did not help matters along any.





In vain did Ted take his vision of loveliness to the family mansion one day, unveil her before his mother much as one would unveil a statue, and then step back to wait for his mother to be struck blind with her beauty. The only comment

mother had to make afterward was that she looked "bilious." No wonder there is so much trouble in the world when it is utterly impossible for a woman to see what a man sees in a woman, and vice versa.





*With some difficulty mother, who had no more sense of delicacy than a straight commission salesman, managed to make herself heard.*

Bilious or not, Ted for the first time in his useless life went to work for her. He got a job in a brokerage office, annoying patrons about putting up more margin when the market went against them, and managed with the proceeds to keep up a small flat in the Bronx. For entertainment they went to picture shows during the winter, and during the summer they found other occupations. But such is the magic of love that, after a year of this, Ted began to make money. Fistfulls of it. They moved to a hotel of *ton* in the Perfumed Garden district of New York. They bought a foreign motor car; were seen at the opera, at the better night clubs, and, finally, were invited about a little in society. This was too much for mother. That a relative should refuse to be dependent upon her was irritating. She in-

vestigated her sons affairs to see where all of the money was coming from, and to her astonishment found that it was coming from two sources. The primary source was the writing of moving picture sub-titles, the annoying explanatory remarks with which a picture is sprinkled. It seemed that he had developed the most amazing genius for this ever known to the movie world. The continuities of pictures were sent to him by dozens of big companies for sub-captions for which they gladly payed him anything he asked; the secondary source was keen investment in securities of various sort. This last did not amaze mother so much as the first. Latent in him, she knew, was the family instinct for the hock shop business; but to have awakened in him the cleverness to get money to manipulate with—ah, there *was* a miracle. Only one thing could have done it—the little white bilious hussy that wriggled like a chameleon. Mother's heart softened toward her, she must be one of the cleverest women in New York. Without inquiring further into the situation, mother arranged a ball for all of the wealthy morons in New York, at which Ted's wife was to be introduced to the élite. She realized, even as she sent out the invitations, that this was a somewhat risky business, for, once the ball were given, there would be no time to recede from her position of social acceptance.

Broached on the subject of the ball, however, Ted proved recalcitrant.

"Why should I introduce my wife to all of the greatest male hazards in New York? I don't give a damn about your social prestige; leave me in peace with my wife."

"But it's so unhealthy for you to spend all of your time indoors, especially during the summer months—and besides you need exercise," argued his mother, "you are beginning to look bilious."

**T**HE upshot of it was that she had to settle an income of a million a year upon him in order to get him to attend the ball and come back to her fireside. Some qualms assailed her as she thus one by one burned her bridges—still, she argued, the girl must be a miracle of cleverness



to have assisted him to a substantial income, despite the fact that he was drawing-room broke and knew nothing of business.

The night of the ball came. It was, on the whole, a success; Holly was introduced to everyone in New York, murmuring after each introduction a set phrase which Ted had taught her. The evening went off well to mother's huge delight—but still, some doubts assailed her.

When the guests had gone home, and Ted had retired to his old rooms with his bride, she tapped at his door.

There was no response. After repeated tappings she opened the door and gazed within. Holly and Ted stood in the center of the floor, arms locked and double locked. Lips glued together; both looking exceedingly bilious in their crepe nightgowns. With some difficulty mother, who had no more sense of delicacy than a straight commission salesman, managed to make herself heard.

"I just dropped in to tell you," she said, addressing Holly, "that I thought you were wonderful tonight; you were a huge success—I predict a brilliant season ahead for you."

"Yeh?" said Holly, noncommittally.

"But do tell me," insisted mama, "how you ever came to get Ted on his feet?"

"Me?" returned Holly. "I didn't do it—it was the movie caption business."

"But surely you must have been the incentive; he never did anything before except attempt to emblam himself, and raise patricular hades in general."

"Well," began Holly, "you see, it was like this. I was nuts about the movies, and although Ted don't like movies—leastwise not that kind," she stopped to bend a peculiar look upon her husband, "he goes along with me anyways. Well, one night after we been going to the movies fer a long time, there was a moving pitcher magnet sitting behind us, and all of a sudden, while Ted was telling me what a caption said, this here moving pitcher magnet leans forward, and he says:

"Say, fellah, I been listening to you. You've reduced every damned caption in that hull picture from about ten words to two—say, that ability is worth money to me'—and from that time on Ted makes a lot of dough writing movie captions from his practice at reducin' em to a coupla words."

Mother felt a horrible premonition of disaster creeping over her; she had barely the strength to ask the question:

"But, my, er—dear; why did Ted—?"

"Aw, hell—he had to—I'm sorry, but I can't read."

## PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE

"John!" shrieked Mrs. Professor, as she caught her husband sitting with his young and pretty secretary's shingled head nestling against his greying one.

"Don't get hysterical, my dear," said the savant softly, "I am but attempting to disprove in a practical way the ancient adage that you can't put young heads on old shoulders."



FAIR CATCH!



**MABEL:** Cleopatra was a pretty fast character, wasn't she?



**ABEL:** Well, I guess she never swam back from any barge rides.

### Old Stuff Put to Jazz??

LaVerne: "Oh, mother, grandma must have killed herself last night?"

Mother: "What do you mean child?"

LaVerne: "Well, I heard papa telling auntie that he waited up for her last night and when he spoke to her about staying out so late that she shot off her face to beat the band!"

Jim: "She's got a mean pair of knees."

Jack: "Yes, they're always knocking each other."

### A Course in Love

*"Let me teach you how to love me,"*

*A handsome young professor said  
To his titian haired, young pupil  
Who in love was quite well read.*

*"Surely!" said the lovely pupil,  
"And your time won't be a loss,  
If you promise, dear professor,  
None but I will take the course."*

**STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY  
THE WIND IS BLOWING. AND—  
THANK HEAVEN—SO DO SKIRTS.**



*"She's a snob!" says everyone as Betty passes by,  
Because, you see, whenever she walks she holds her nose so high.  
But Betty has a reason, her little head to tip—  
Her beau's an aviator and she watches for his ship.*

**Fore-knowledge**

"What we want to get at," said counsel in an assault case, "is who was the aggressor."

"Eh?" said the large, bull-necked witness.

"Let me explain," said the counsel patiently. "If I met you in the street and struck you in the face, I should be the aggressor."

"You'd be an idiot," muttered the witness.

"No, no, you don't understand, my man. Suppose I struck you without provocation, I should be committing an act of aggression."

"Excuse me, gov'nor, you'd be committing suicide," declared the witness darkly.

**And a Big One, At That**

"When I drink champagne," explained the guileless girl, "I lose my head, but I always know I've got it again next morning."

**As a Matter of Fact—**

Humorist: "What was wrong with that joke of mine you turned down about more slaughtering on the street than in the packing houses of Chicago?"

Editor: "That's no joke!"

**MODERN ADVANCEMENT HAS GIVEN US FIRELESS COOKERS AND BABYLESS MARRIAGES.**

**Stuff**

An old maid we know still has her school-girl complexion. She's had eczema ever since she was seven years old.

**Easy Start**

"How long have you been a life saver?"

"I began as a small buoy."

**A NOISY WIFE IS A SOUND INVESTMENT.**

**A Sign of Speed**

Jim: "Is that girl a fast one?"

Will: "Sure, just watch her smoke."

**THE CRAZE FOR VACUUM CLEANERS HAS SWEEP THE COUNTRY.**



**SWEET YOUNG THING:** Say, just look at those stockings! Gone already, and I only bought them yesterday!  
**DEPARTMENT MANAGER:** Sorry, miss, but you've got to admit we gave you a run for your money.





### We'll Say You Did!

*Her ankles were quite slender,  
Her knees were dimpled too,  
But when she turned her back you got  
A different point of view.*

**MANY A HUSBAND PUTS HIS  
FOOT DOWN ONLY TO FIND THAT  
HE HASN'T A LEG TO STAND ON.**

### The Only Consolation

**S**HE was slowly drowning in tears when hubby arrived from the office. She immediately threw herself into his arms, and when he had recovered his balance, she was almost too distraught to pick up the wages he had been holding in his hand.

"Oh, George, dear," she sobbed, "s-something t-terrible has happened. I—I left the c-cage door open, and the canary has va-vanished. Oo-o-oh-h-h."

His attempts at consolation were un-availing. She only clutched tighter and gasped a choking, gulpy gasp. "It's gone!" she moaned. "Gone! And now, n-now. George, I-I've only y-you left."

**A DUMB ISAAC IS A BOZO WHO  
THINKS A WENCH IS SOMETHING  
THAT IS USED TO TIGHTEN NUTS  
WITH.**

### Pressing A Suit

*Men have yearned toward many things:  
Love and gold and fame . . .  
I crave lack of memory about the time  
I signed my name  
To words that said I love you,  
And other rot, forsooth . . .  
Which changed my balance in the bank  
From ripe old age to youth!  
—Peter A. Lea.*

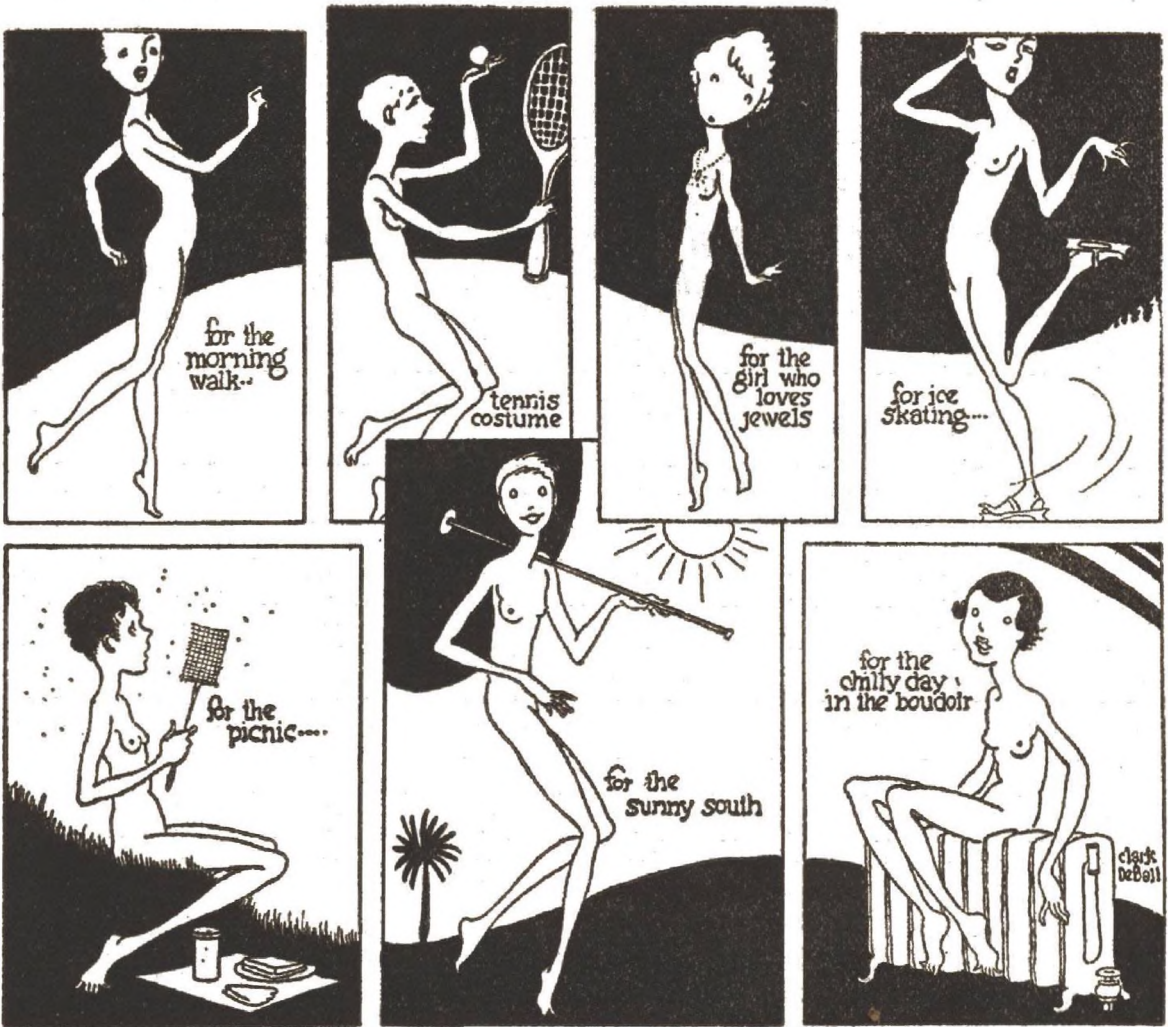
"The modern girl insists on buying clothes first," says a writer. Apparently she never lets anything come between her and her frocks.

A bloodless revolution recently took place in South America. The only shooting done was by some disappointed Los Angeles cameramen who had obtained the exclusive film rights.

### Adventures of Flazzydoo

*Flazzydoo lost Ermintrude,  
With all her charms, the boulder!  
For she was bathing in the nude,  
And it was thus he found her.*





Advance showing of styles in women's wear for various occasions (if the present tendencies continue much longer)



"Whither away, old dear?" chirped he.  
 "I'm exercising my dogs," quoth she.  
 "May I exercise 'em, old dear?" smiled he.  
 "Your dogs might worry my calves,"  
 mocked she.

### A Kick in This

Brenda: "I'm to marry Harold in a week, and yet I'm not really sure if I love him."

Belinda: "My dearest, how perfectly thrilling!"

A Boston woman married a man whose acquaintance she made when he snatched her purse on a crowded street car. We dislike people who harbor a spirit of revenge.

SUSIE SAYS THAT QUITE OFTEN SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE "HELD UP" REALLY NEED TO BE.





# Ye Peste's Tale

*There dwelleth in ye town of Caunterbury  
A smithe hight Nick, a mortal blythe and merrye.  
That on a summere's morn gang for a strolle,  
Ye peace of Godde, I wot, within his soule.*

*The berdes singe and the buddes thrive.  
"Jesu," quoth he, "'tis goode to be alive."  
But as he steppeth downe ye Maine Streete  
Ye clerke, Samme, he chaunceth for to meete.*



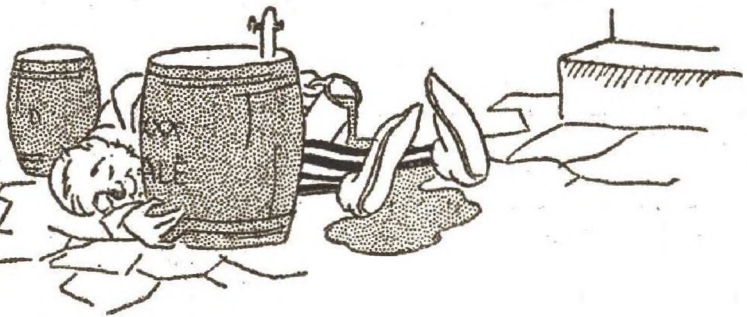
*"On yester eve," quoth Nick, "I saw ye nighe  
Unto a goodlye dame of station hige.  
I praye ye, ende my curiositie  
And telle your goode friend who she be."*

**By Parke  
Cummings**

# A Chaucerian Fragment



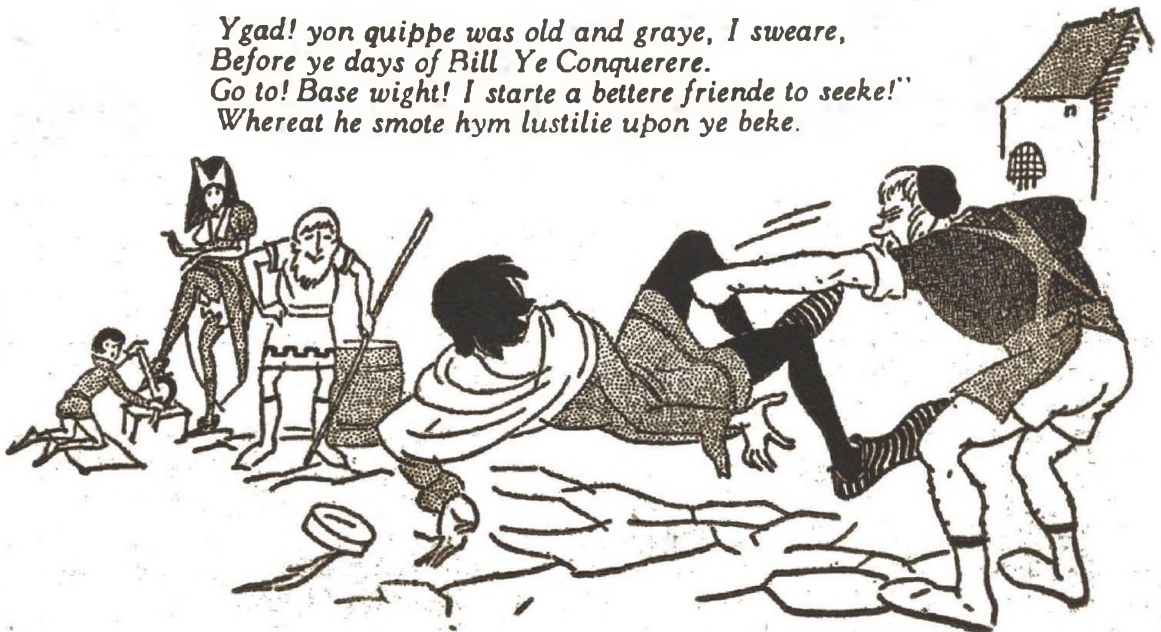
*A ghoulish lighte there creepteth in Samme's eye,  
And straightway sterteth the foule wretche to crie!  
(Amidst guffawes, and gaspes and fiendish shriekes,  
That Nick to stoppe his eares vainlie seekes)*



*"By Peter's Bearde and Keyes, so promise I,  
It was no goodlye dame of station highe.  
For as I dwelle and sleepe in yonder house,  
I sweare ye' goodle dame' was butte my spouse!"*

*Again ye swollen knave to guffawe durste  
Until ye swollen paunch nighe unto burste.  
"By Crist!" swore Nick. "How low hath England sunke  
That knaves and wastrels pulle such low borne bunke!"*

*Ygad! yon quippe was old and graye, I sweare,  
Before ye days of Bill Ye Conquerere.  
Go to! Base wight! I starte a bettere friende to seeke!"  
Whereat he smote hym lustilie upon ye beke.*





A Series by James House, Jr.

# Honoré Daumier

*This is perhaps the Most Interesting of Mr. House's Articles to Date—Due to the Splendid Reproductions of the Daumier Caricatures on pages 24 and 25.*

**D**AUMIER was the first true caricaturist of consequence, for it was as such that he was acclaimed by all of France, judicially acclaimed by the judges of an offended monarchy, and recognized by compatriot artists for a craftsman's ability overlooked by others because of the appeal of the characterization. And it was this ability, coupled with his great record, which caused the overshadowing sadness of Daumier's old age. He plied his lithographic crayon from 1828 to 1851, during a time when the politics of France were unstable, and a caricaturist was a personage of immense political consequence. Louis-Philippe, ruler of France, clapped the young artist into prison, where he remained for five months, a penalty for adverse advertising, an acknowledgement of Daumier's power.

In his day, the lithographic stone, the woodcut and the steel engraving were the only means of reproduction, and Philipon's magazine, *Caricature*, employed the former: consequently, Daumier became a lithographer. The drawing was made directly on this lithographic stone, and, without the intermediary of any engravers, this same stone printed in the magazine its scathing crayoned texture. Possessors of original copies of these magazines have original prints of Daumier which on the market would bring a good price.

But this man's caricatures were not confined to paper: they utilized colored clay, but there are left only thirty-one examples of a mastery of this medium by his diligent hands. Each possesses the

logic of construction possessed by a human, so skilfully distorted that it is in no way impaired, but rather enhanced. And each has a powerful and appropriate composition, a part of each differing character portrayal. There are two versions of the story of their making:—one, that they were done with the subject before him, storming in the Chamber of Deputies, unaware of the observant, deft strokes of fingers on the clay. The other version contends he observed, and then immediately afterward molded the impression. It is known that some of his caricatures were drawn from the sculpture.

He was a master, first because there appeared in each drawing the essential revelations, the subject's moral maladies and intellectual weaknesses and powers, told by means of the physical features.

At the time of writing, I cannot foresee the results of the reproduction process on the two accompanying examples when they appear in LAUGHTER. I only hope. No better source of reproduction could be wished. Better examples could be had, but could not here be reproduced for mechanical reasons. Both of these used are political caricatures. No comment is needed to accompany them. Study of the craftsman's touch, the drawing and the knowledge it reveals of the construction of a head, study of these will bring its own reward. The hiding of Jean Vie-nuet's head in the large collar has accentuated the shrewdness and sly conceit of this politician.

It was as a caricaturist that Daumier was first known, then loved and famed.



**ANN PENNINGTON**

**T**HE possessor of the liveliest legs on Broadway is here shown in the throes of the Charleston's successor, the Black Bottom. Caricatured by James House, Jr., especially for LAUGHTER.

JAMES  
HOUSE  
JR. 26





*This is Daumier's visualization of Pierre David, a French politician, during the reign of Louis-Phillippe. Reproduced from the book, "Honoré Daumier, Lithographien; 1826-1851," published by Albert Langen, in Munich.*



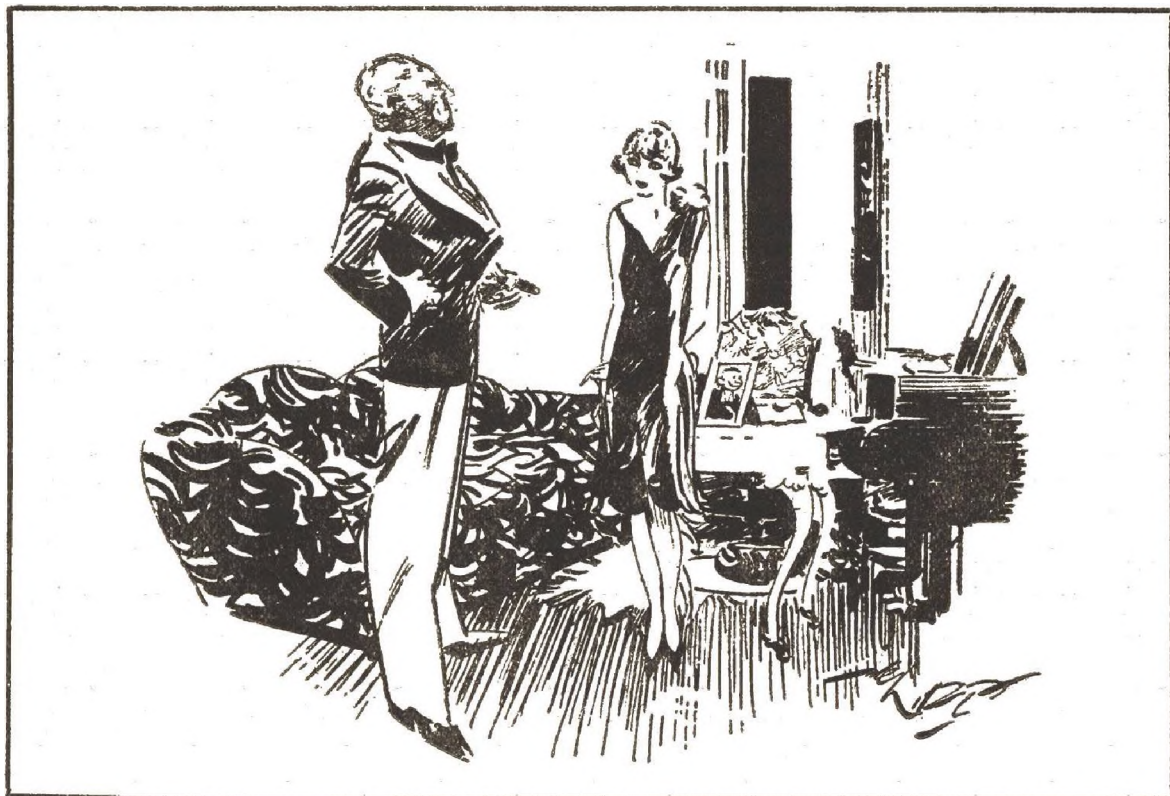


*Above is Daumier's caricature of Jean Viennet, another French politician of the Louis-Philippe period. This work also is included in the book on Daumier published by Albert Langen in Munich.*

In his old age, but on the strength of earlier work, he was recognized as a great lithographer. But not till almost the present day did his painting achieve general recognition, though during his life time a few great contemporaries proclaimed them. His popularity as caricaturist, humorist and lithographer was so powerful, so overwhelming, so intoxicating to the France of the day, that it did not wish to take its attention from where it was so capably entertained, and the painting in

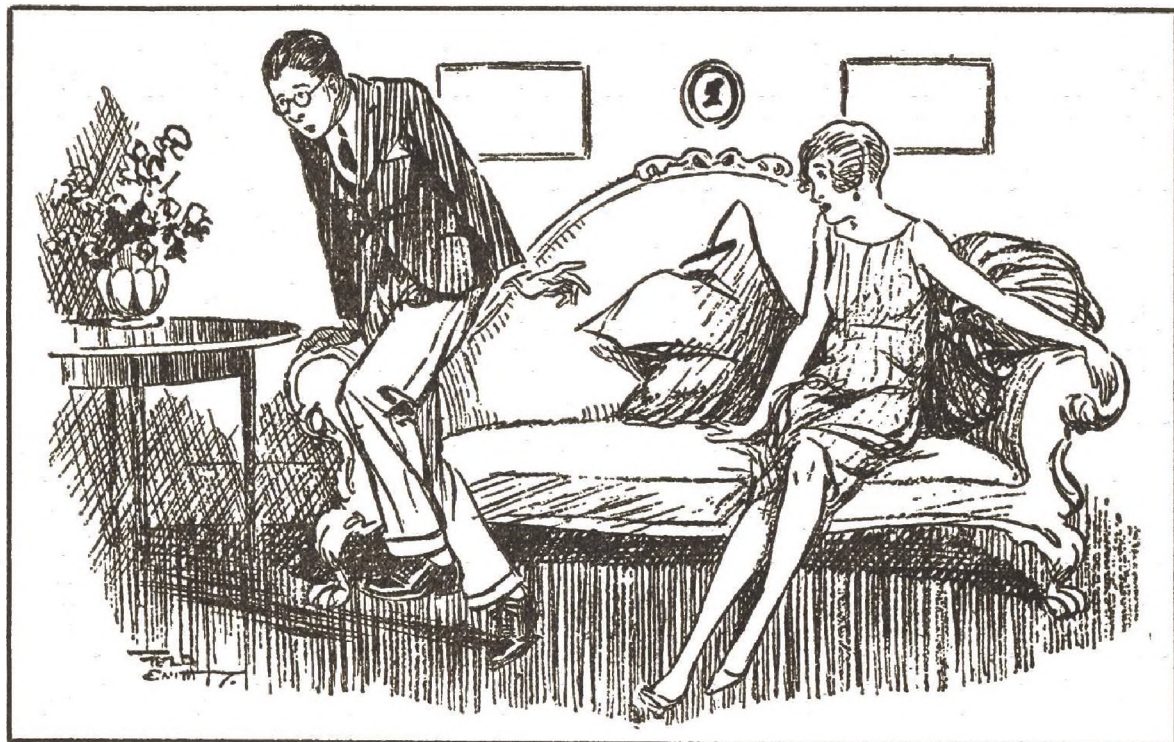
which his soul was entering, waited its time, a time too often beyond the artist's time of need. For the last two years of his life he was blind, and for several years previous he was poor. Compelled to accept the hospitality of Corot and other compatriots during his declining years, he carried on his painting oppressively conscious of a mortal appreciation never obtained, and an eyesight fading into darkness.





FATHER: *You can't marry that young man—he only earns thirty dollars a week.*

DAUGHTER: *That's true, but then, daddy, time goes so much quicker when you love one another.*



HE: *I really must go. If I stop a moment longer I'd be tempted to kiss you.*

SHE: *There, now, and you promised you wouldn't rush off.*

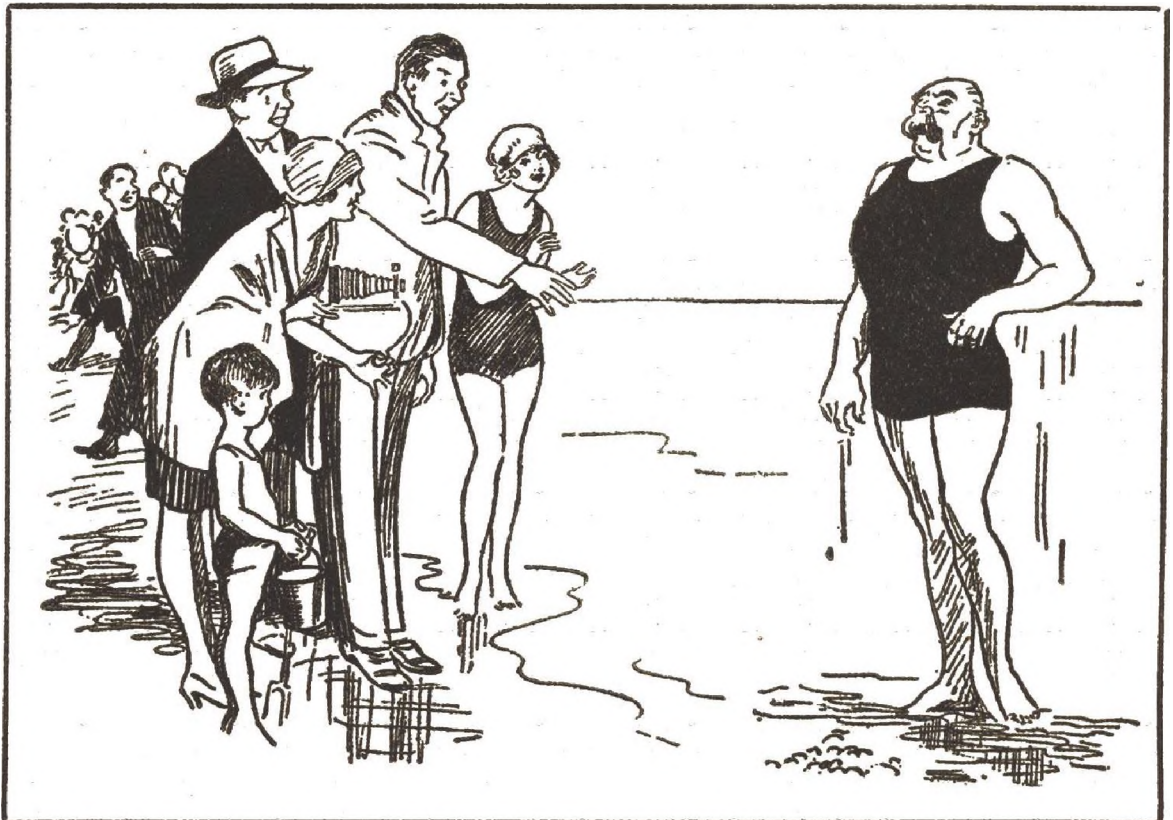




GLADYS: *My dressmaker wrote to Harry, that she would make no more dresses for me until her account was settled.*

HELEN: *And what did he say?*

GLADYS: *He just sent her a letter of thanks.*



*"Hurrah! Hurrah! Another Channel victory!"*

*"Channel be blowed! I've just swum from Australia!"*





*It's a changing world, all right. Only a few short years ago the doctor would tell fond parents that he'd vaccinate the child where it wouldn't show.*

### Accommodating

Deacon: "Can I see your mistress?"

New Servant: "She isn't dressed yet, sir, but I'll ask her."

### Anent Dough

"Money," says a financier, "means trouble." Then it's the only kind of trouble it's difficult to borrow.

A young man was recently summoned for throwing his father-in-law out of the window. Well, well, youth must have its fling.

**A TOAST TO BLONDES — MAY THEY ALWAYS BE LIGHT-HEADED!**

**Maybe He Was Stung, at That Wife (scandalised):** "It says here the South Sea Islander will exchange his wife for ten dollars and some fruit."

**Husband:** "Oh! er—how much fruit?"

**More Operations**

**Mother:** "Where are you going."

**Daughter:** "To have my dress lifted."

**IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE HOW THE POLICE LIKE THEIR YEGGS NOWADAYS, THEY ALWAYS GET 'EM HARD-BOILED!**

**He:** "Did you hear that story about the two Irishmen?"

**Him:** "Which one?"

**He:** "Both of 'em."

**Mother:** "Willie! Go right up and wash your hands before you play the piano!"

**Willie:** "Aw Mom, I'm only gonna play on the black keys!"

**Passionate Percy:** "I'll go through everything for you dear."

**His Dream-Girl:** "How much have you got to go through?"

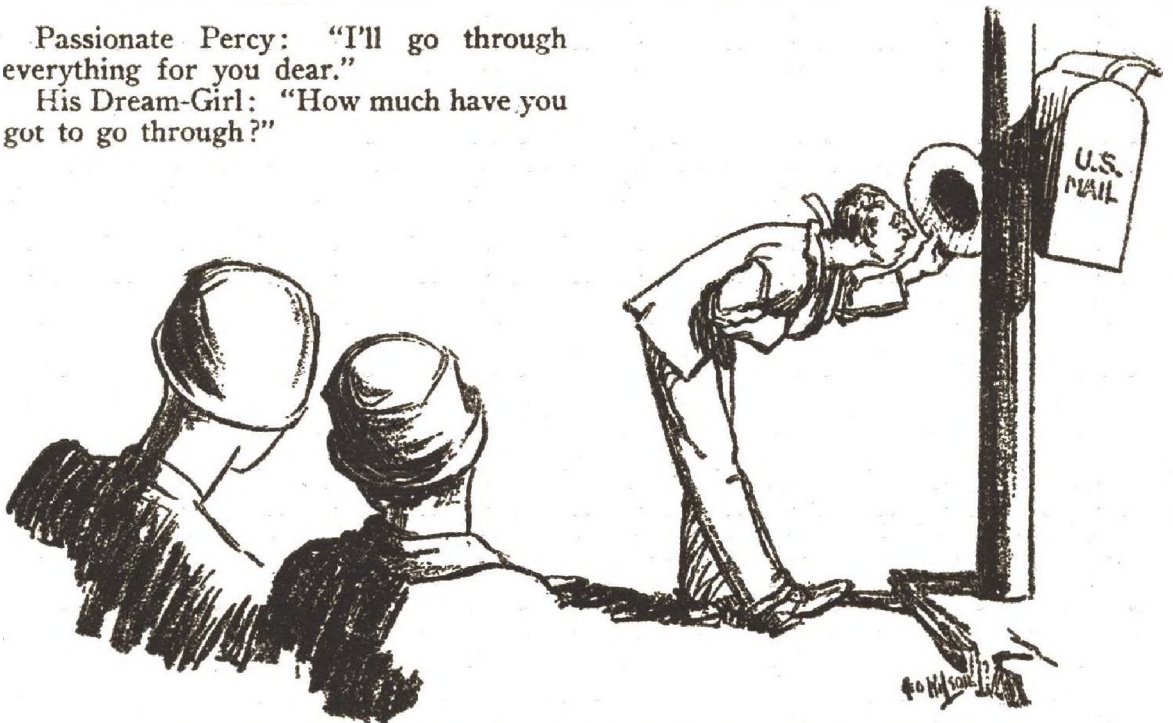


**WINDOW TRIMMING**

**Rather Foul**

"Did the turkey I sent for your Christmas dinner do for the lot of you?"

"Very nearly. I'm the only one that's out of bed so far."



"Alice says he acts like a prune—much nicer when stewed."





**JIM:** Her niece is rather good looking.  
**HENRY:** Don't say knees "is" say knees "are!"

### Gyped

Friend: "Did you get the estate settled?"

Lawyer: "Yes; but the heirs managed to grab part of it."

### Mary

This, by the way, is the last variation of

"Mary had a little . . ."  
 Mary had a little, and  
 I hesitate with fear,  
 To take the dear girl  
 home while she  
 Is acting so darn  
 queer!

**"THE RENT IS AL-  
 MOST DUE NOW,"  
 CRIED THE FEL-  
 LOW WHOSE  
 PANTS WERE THIN  
 IN THE SEAT.**

### Too Far Away

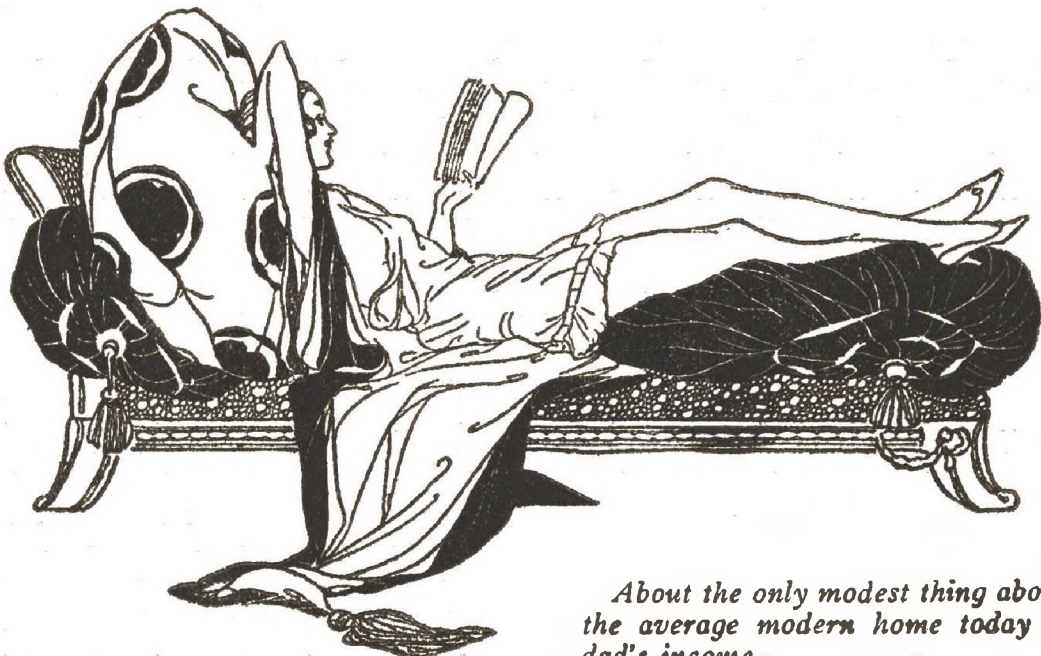
Film Star: "Will you love me when I am old?"

Third Husband: "Why, my dear, we'll be divorced long before that!"

### The Gimmes

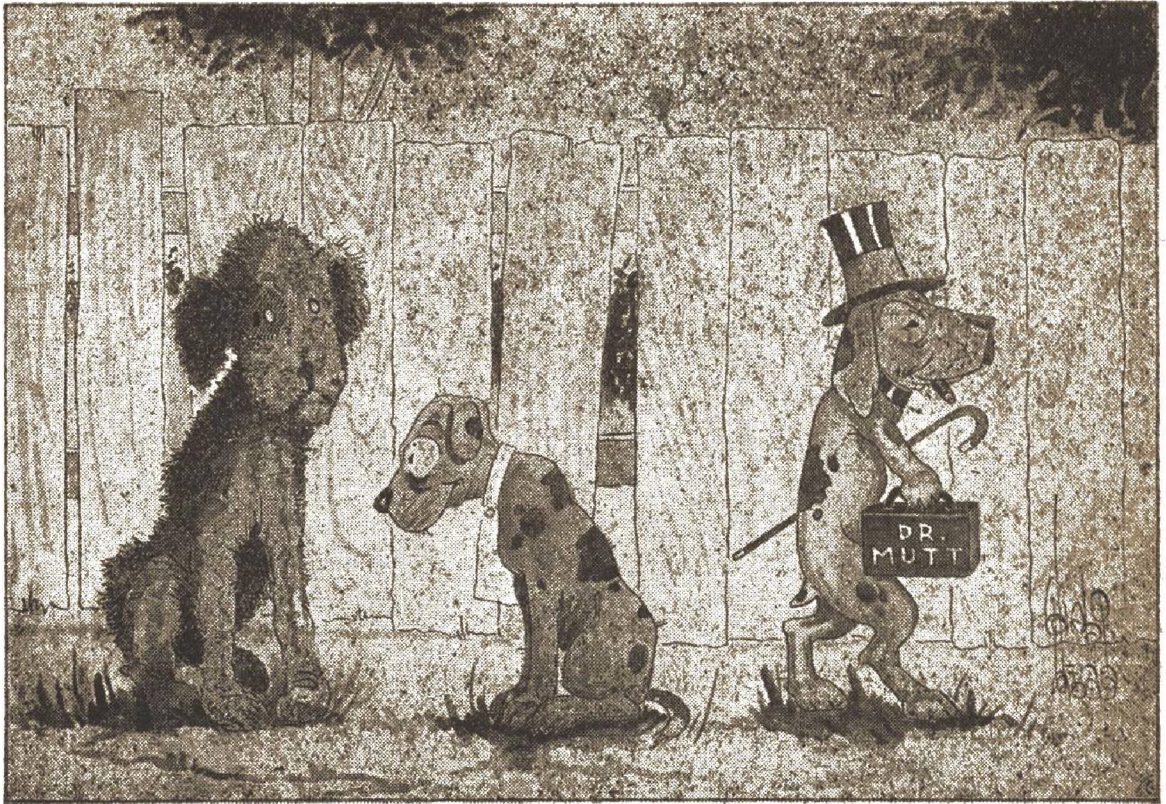
Wife: "Oh, dear, I'm always forgetting."

Husband: "So I notice. Always for getting this or for getting that!"



About the only modest thing about the average modern home today is dad's income.





*"There goes Old Doc Mutt. I understand that he uses nothing but roots and herbs."*

*"Roots and herbs and barks—mostly barks."*

**A SOPHISTICATED MAN IS ONE WHO HAS NO DELUSIONS ABOUT THE REASON WHY HIS WIFE MARRIED HIM.**

*"How came that bruise on your forehead?"*

*"Bumped it getting out of bed on a Pullman. It's a berth mark."*

**Good Game**

Mrs. Relax: "Does your husband gamble?"

Mrs. Reflux: "Yes, but not in an objectionable way. He nearly always wins!"

**Live Ones**

Get rid of the fellow who asks you for a kiss. The live ones take it without asking.



**THEY CALL HIM ADAM BECAUSE HE KNOWS HIS APPLES.**

*"How do you tell those twin sisters apart?"*

*"Why, when you kiss one of them she always threatens to tell ma, and the other one always says she'll tell pa."*



# THE WAY OF ALL

By JACK  
WOODFORD

*“The Ladies” — Bless ‘Em — Although Better Developed Physically and Indulging in Greater Freedom Than Ever Before in History — Are Still “The Ladies”, as Witness This Rollicking Story of Modern Femininity*

**B**ARNARD Cummings had sunk pretty low. He was an editorial writer on a newspaper. One of those parasites who laugh to scorn, under a safe cloak of anonymity, anything in the way of a new idea that rears its head to challenge the rule of capitalism, thereby offending the paper's large advertisers. One of those crawling, snivelling worthless scribblers who take old Watterson editorials, lift the Watterson out of them, use the frame and fill it with the weak water of present day editorial, “viewing with alarm.” In other words, Barnard was worse off than if he had become a dope fiend, or an exploiter of women or a pervert—sitting day by day twisting clichés around so they spelled “hurrah for the existing order, and our town's leading stuffed shirts.”

When some unlucky lad, employed at a man's job in a bank, on an officeboy's salary, became crazed with the sight of money, in view of the fact that he was hungry and half clothed, and tried to run away with a few thousand, Barnard wrote an editorial hoping that the city's legal agencies would overlook no rigor of the law in dealing with the culprit; and when some large advertiser locked his stenographer in his office and attacked her, Barnard wrote an editorial to the effect that it was an outrage how the city's leading citizens found themselves liable to be blackmailed by every conscienceless little circe whom they employed.

It was after two such editorials as this



that Marie 'phoned him one day at the office and said:

“Barnard, dear, I could forgive you if you had beaten me; or had become a drunkard, or a bootlegger, or a gambler, or any half way decent sort of a bum—but an editorial writer—especially the ‘approved’ type of editorial writer . . . that's something else again! Please don't ever come around again.”

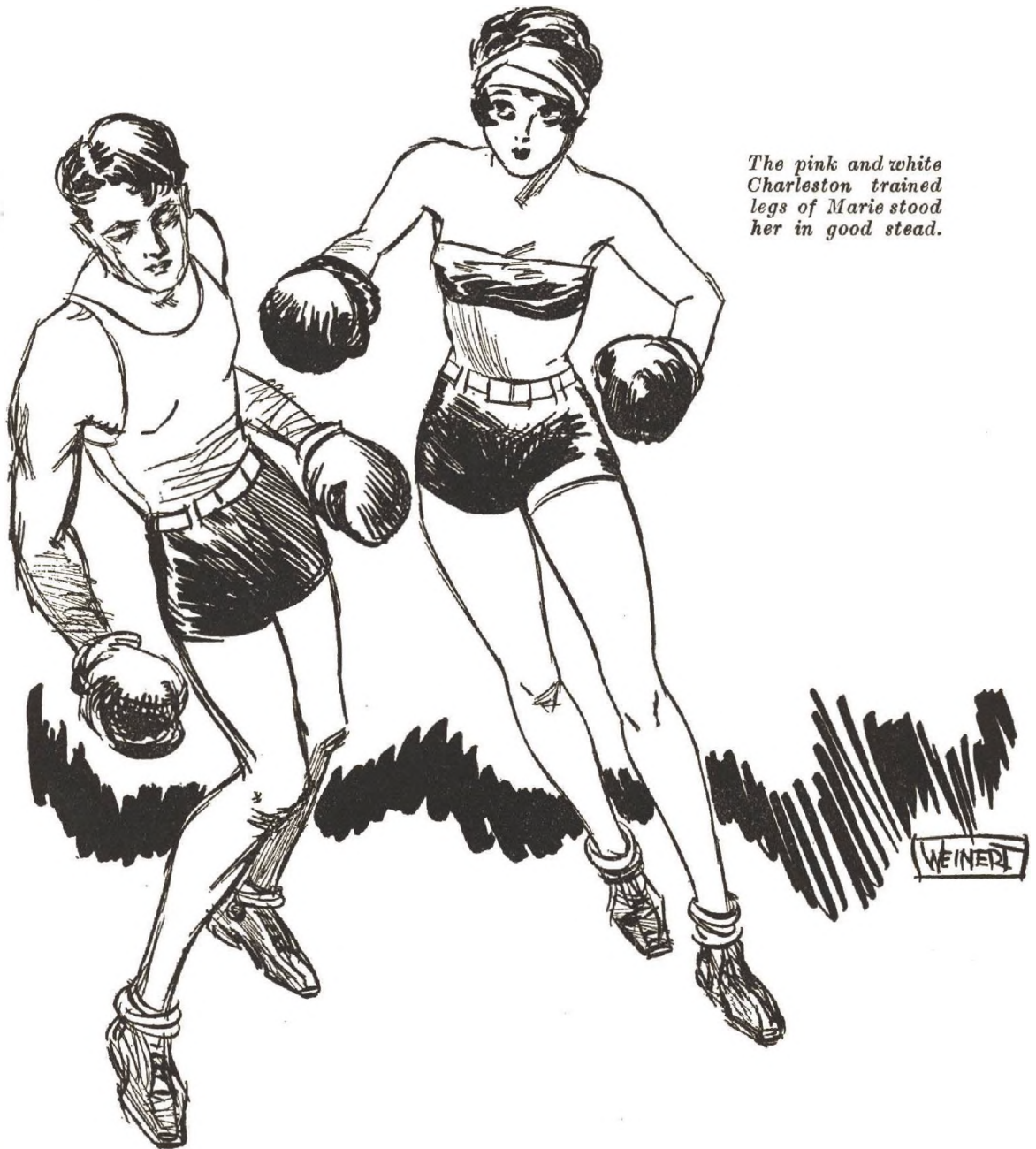
With that she hung up, and Barnard hung his head for a time, but such is the virile-poison which drips from the pens of contemporary editorial writers that very shortly Barnard found himself writing an editorial upon the decadent tendencies in modern youth. Under the lash of his anger he produced his masterpiece—the following day the morons who read newspapers gloated over it. Bobbed

haired girls fighting for their plain right to get equal pay for equal work beside men in the city's offices were laughed at.

*Illustrated by*  
**HARRY WEINERT**



# Soft, White FLESH



*The pink and white  
Charleston trained  
legs of Marie stood  
her in good stead.*

They were eyed with that easy virtue look that the older generation views the younger with in every age; they were miserable, for the trenchant editorial had put poison into the minds of the emotional minded idiots who have time for newspapers, a pleasurable sort of poison that was easy to take, surrounded as it was with Barnard's greasy adjectives.

He had, however, made one rather egregious mistake in his editorial . . . he had referred to the modern girl as "a white Jezebel, as soft in the head as she is in the body, as useless as three thumbs, dependent upon man yet ungrateful of man's effort to care for her; incapable of physical work, yet impatient of the fair salaries paid to her in offices for the little



that she is able to do; unable to care for herself, to defend herself physically, yet unwilling to observe such ordinary precautions as fathers and husbands would impose for her own good, and blah and blah and blah . . . .”

It was the crack about not being able to defend herself physically that got Barnard into hot water. He woke up the following day to find in a rival daily, a column devoted to the story that one Marie Ellwell had challenged him to a fistic encounter with six ounce gloves, to take place in any gymnasium in the city. There was a three column, hundred and fifty line picture of Marie. For a moment he was overcome again with her fresh young charm as he looked at it; and then, remembering his 'phone conversation with her, he threw the paper into the waste basket . . . but the thing was not so easily disposed of. The following day another rival daily ran an editorial jeering

him for having preserved his anonymity in view of the girl's challenge; dared him to meet her. And, for several days after that Barnard was made acquainted with the abysmal stupidity of the herd for whom he had been writing specious editorials, by seeing the whole city seized of the idea that he ought to meet Marie and box with her to prove his assertion that girls were not able to defend themselves. At last the bandit who owned the paper came to him.

“You've sure got us in wrong,” objected that individual, “with that fool editorial of yours. Everybody in the city's laughing at our sheet. The circulation has fallen off. Some of the large advertisers have withdrawn. Can't you write another editorial explaining that you must refuse to meet the wench because she is a woman of easy virtue and therefore not one to be met officially in a ring or elsewhere . . . of course, hint at it . . .



*“I'm not going to rub it in, Barney boy; I'm going to rub it out.” She walked over and put her arms around his neck.*

don't say it outright." But Barnard had not been an editorial writer very long, so he balked at the suggested editorial which would not cause a confirmed editorial writer a moment's reflective pause.

"There's only one thing to do, I guess," he snapped at his employer, "and that is to meet her at some gymnasium and box with her."

"Fine," encouraged the louse, "a great publicity stunt. If you knock her out I'll give you a raise; and if she knocks you out you can run an editorial about your chivalry prompting you to permit it rather than to sock her . . . you're a clever boy, after all."

AND so it was arranged that the fight would take place at one of the city's largest gymnasiums the following Saturday. Barnard had no fears. That Marie could lick him never occurred to him at all, since he did not know that through high school and college she had been the champion boxer of the girls' class; the only thing that worried him was the terrific bad taste of the thing. This, however, did not prevent him from showing up on scheduled time at the ringside. The gymnasium was crowded. People had done more fighting to get in than ever could take place in the ring. Barnard went to his dressing room, and arrayed himself in black tights and a sweater which completely concealed his person. He went up to his corner in the ring and sat down. There was a terrific booing and hissing in the crowd. Presently Marie came in with her seconds. A tremendous ovation greeted her. She climbed to a corner, threw off her bathrobe and stood revealed a white and pink sprite, stripped to the waist, with a pair of black bathing trunks on, and a band about her bosom. The crowd nearly went insane at sight of her. And not without cause. Her limbs were long and lithe and supple; her every movement was a poetic stanza of grace. Her taffy colored hair was bound down by a tight black band, and her eyes shone with excitement. The referee motioned for them to come to the center. They shook hands. A bell rang. Marie stepped back. Sock! Her right fist shot to Barnard's jaw, and he fell heavily to the floor. Thoroughly awakened by this tremendous surprise he sprang to his feet



*The crowd nearly went insane at sight of her.*

and assumed an attitude of defense, such as he had seen fighters assume in pictures. It was the first fight he had ever had in his life. For several moments they sparred about the ring, and then the bell rang. It was Marie's round by a mile. Sitting in his corner, Barnard tried to get over the shock of her punches . . . he had not dreamed that a girl could punch like that. It might be necessary for him to hit her. Yes, he better had, to slow her up a little, as the sports writers said.

The bell clanged. Barnard, meeting her in the center, decided to tap her on the cheek, just to let her know that she hadn't better get rough. But when he reached for her, she was gone—but not for long. Before he could cover up, a left to the chin floored him again. This



time he felt dizzy, and stayed down for a full nine to collect his wits. The crowd was screaming itself hoarse. He rose, and forgot to cover himself up as he did so. Something heavy and hard fell against him. His next conscious thought was that he had miraculously gotten into his chair in the corner without having walked there. Gradually it dawned upon him that he had been saved by the bell. It rang again, and he walked out to meet Marie. There was only one thing for it—he'd have to fight her. Viciously he swung at her bobbing head; but it wasn't there when he got there; and, worse, he got one square in the teeth for his pains. Mad-dened, he tore at her, intent upon knocking her clear out of the ring. But the pink and white Charleston trained legs of Marie stood her in good stead. His blows fanned the air, and for his pains he received back socks upon the body and face that made him reel drunkenly to his corner when the bell rang again. It seemed no time at all before it clanged once more, and he got dizzily to his feet. This time he merely walked to the center of the ring. There was a terrific plop and everything went black for Barnard.

Downstairs in his dressing room he woke up ten minutes later. A doctor stood over him.

"You're all right," said the doctor gravely, "and the feminine lightweight champion of the city is outside wanting to know if she can come in and see you." Barnard did not answer. He merely struggled down off the table and established an uncertain foothold on the swaying cement floor. Presently the door opened, and Marie, pink and white and cool and as fresh as a daisy, entered. The doctor left the room. The trainers, as if propelled by some inward understanding, left the room. Barnard found himself alone with her. Never had she looked so beautiful.

"You damned, ornery little she demon!" he said, addressing her very sincerely.

"You're not so good as you thought

you were, are you?" she questioned impishly. The worst of it was he had an almost overmastering desire to take her into his arms, feel that cool looking flesh against him, kiss those overripe red lips. He sighed, remembering that this would probably not ever be possible.

"I suppose," she taunted, "that you pulled your punches on account of my being a woman."

"No," said Barnard with a slow shake of the head. "Far from pulling them, I tried to knock you clear out of the ring. If I could have reached them, I'd have knocked every one of your teeth down your throat. I'd have given you a shiner that would have lasted you for six months. I'd have smacked you down with glee—only, damn you, I couldn't find you. Right now I have two separate and distinct desires. One is to bean you with a baseball bat, and the other is to kiss you."

"Then you admit that I licked you fair and square?"

"Hell, yes—why rub it in?"

"I'm not going to rub it in, Barney boy; I'm going to rub it out." She walked over and put her arms around his neck. She got up on tiptoe and kissed him. He tried to hold her to him, but it was embarrassing—wherever he tried to touch her, it couldn't be done . . . one simply didn't—! Particularly when it felt so warm and satiny.

"One thing is certain," interrupted Barnard; "you've saved me from a life of shame. . . . I'll never write another editorial as long as I live."

"Oh, Barnard," was her soft rejoinder, "I'm so happy . . . will you marry me?"

"No, damn you—I won't . . . not until I've spent six months hard work at a gymnasium getting into training so that I can lick you."

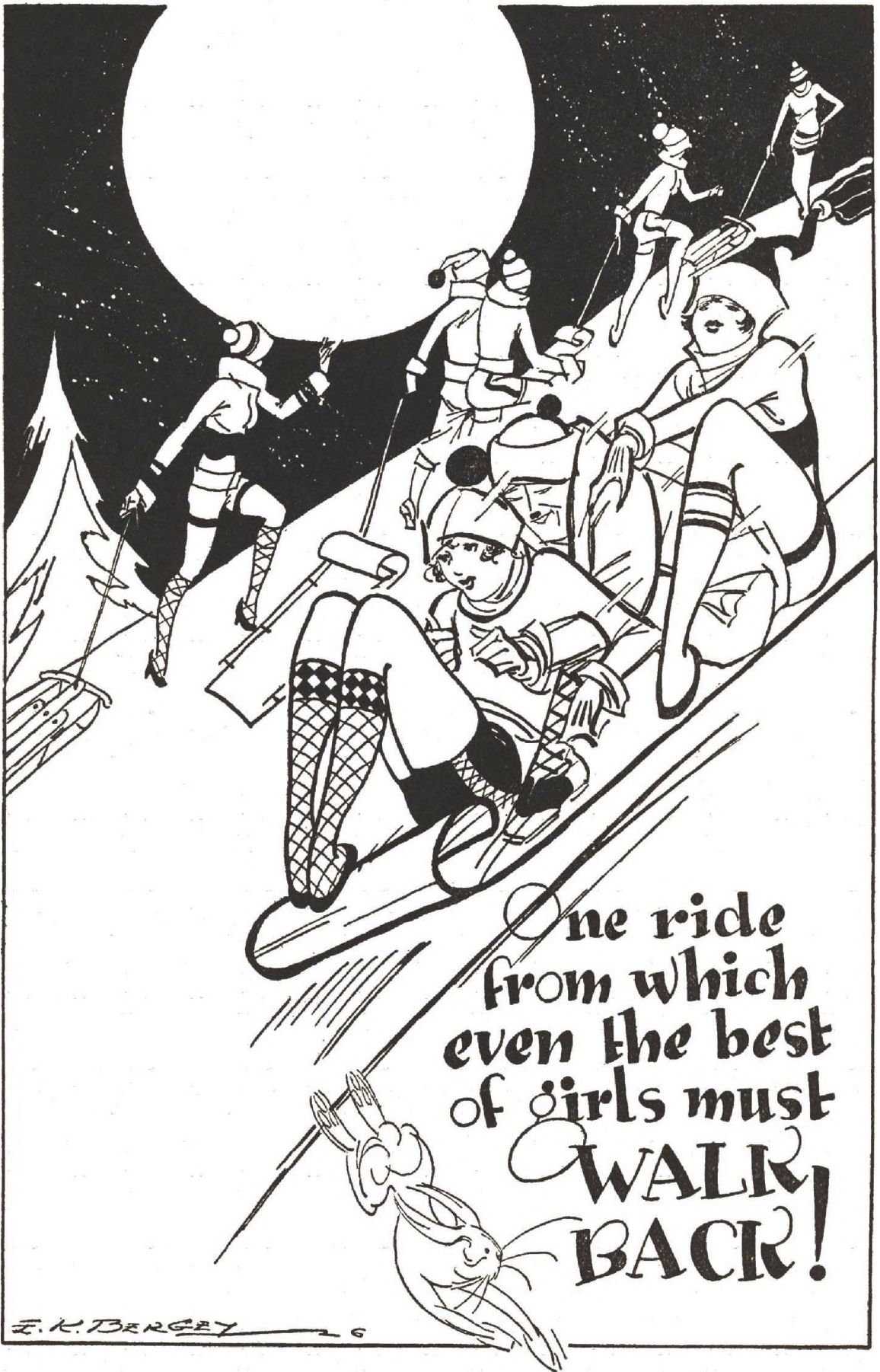
"Oh, Barnard," she breathed, ecstatically, stepping back and throwing herself wide open—"sock me now, to get even, and train after we are married."

But he didn't sock her—he kissed her.

**Customer:** "Give me enough Hamburger Steak for dinner."

**Butcher:** "How many pounds do you want?"

**Customer:** "Oh, pound it till it's good and tender."



One ride  
from which  
even the best  
of girls must  
**WALK  
BACK!**





**"THEM'S TRUE WORDS, IKE!"**

*A girl doesn't have to be on the stage to be a show girl.*

**Signs of the Times—Watch your hat, coat and wife!**

### Usurping the Wife's Place

"THIS is the chief of police speaking, Mrs. Jones," said the voice over the phone. "An actress just shot your husband."

"Why, the designing hussy," was the lady's indignant answer. "After me buying a pistol this very afternoon."

### Sticking to the Last

*The car conductor when he gets  
A day off goes to ride  
Upon some friend's vehicle and  
Just stands around outside.*

*Likewise the shoe clerk waiting on  
The lady trade, they say,  
Will go and see a burlesque show  
Upon his holiday.*

—Fred B. Mann.

### Disapproved At Last

"I don't think the Scotch are so close."

"Why?"

"A lot of jokes are published at their expense."

### Story of the Turtle

A turtle that was in the habit of crossing the road, was occasionally run over by flivvers. Not minding these, he grew bold, until one day along came a ten ton truck, which crushed his shell.

"Damn," said he, "I never did like those animal crackers."

**A MODERN CYNIC IS A MAN WHO THINKS THE ONLY WOMEN DRIVERS WHO ARE EFFICIENT ARE THOSE WHO DRIVE THEIR HUSBANDS TO DRINK!**

### Adventures of Flazzydoo

*Flazzydoo sat on a rail . . .*

*And petting was no crime.*

*His trousers caught upon a nail—*

*He had a ripping time.*

**Local Color**

"That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know."

"Ah, that explains it! I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

**We Know**

A new film is entitled: "Daughters of To-day."

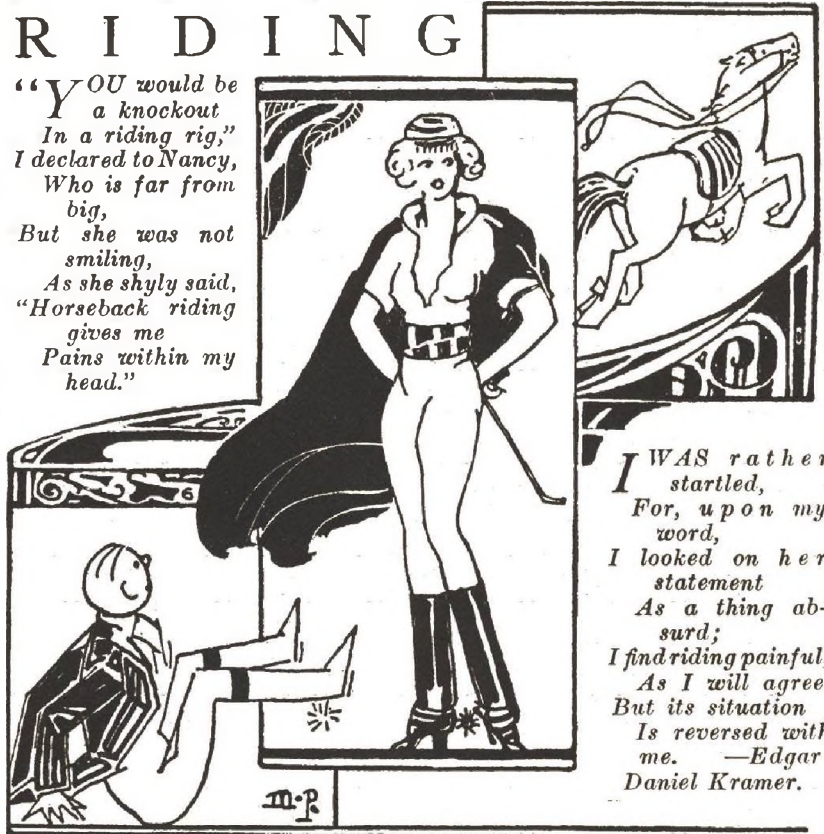
Judging by the title, the producer did not have to expend much money on the costumes.

**We Know Now**

The Chicken crossed the road because there was a Cake-eater on the other side.

**R I D I N G**

"*YOU would be a knockout in a riding rig," I declared to Nancy, who is far from big, But she was not smiling, As she shyly said, "Horseback riding gives me Pains within my head."*



*I WAS rather startled, For, upon my word, I looked on her statement As a thing absurd; I find riding painful, As I will agree, But its situation Is reversed with me. —Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

**MUCH MAY BE LEARNED FROM SUCH DESPISED INSTITUTIONS AS LAUNDRIES. THEY CERTAINLY OFTEN BRING HOME TO US THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.**



*WIFE: Do you know I have a very little mouth? In the glass it doesn't look large enough to hold my tongue.*

*HUSBAND (testily): Well, it doesn't.*

**Silence Appreciated**

Wife: "My dear George, don't run away with the idea that I am ignorant. I know a great deal more than I care to tell."

Husband: "Well, my dear, I hope you will acquire a lot more of that kind of knowledge."

**Sufficient Unto The Day—**

*This sweet, secret dream of ours  
Can last but little longer.  
We must go our separate ways  
Lest our love grow stronger.*

*For a passion such as this  
Can bring us only sorrow.  
We must part forever—but—  
Come early, dear, tomorrow!*

—Caltha Burns.

**A fig leaf by any other name sounds just as vulgar.**





**TOM:** *What do you do in your spare time?*

**MARALYN:** *I make all my own clothes.*

**TOM:** *Ye Gods! Is that all?*

E. K. BERGET

### Smart Work

"All new arrivals are washed," explained a warden to some visitors, who were being shown over a model prison.

"And if they make a fuss?" asked one of the visitors.

"Then they are ironed!"

### THE MORE CHASTE THE LESS HEED.

### The Perkins Girl

*There was a young girl named Perkins,  
Who was exceedingly fond of green gerkins.*

*She ate a whole quart,  
Which was more than she ought,  
For it pickled her internal workin's!*



### The Night Before

**FLAMING YOUTH:** *Did you and Tessie race motoring home last night?*

**ONE-HAND DRIVER:** *Yes. We came in neck-and-neck.*

A correspondent in a contemporary asks how one can get some idea of the extent of eternity. One method is to buy a motor-car on the instalment system.

**It's a Pity**

**T**HE man raised his eyes to hers. "Come here," he said, softly. She neared him a little tremulously. He gazed into the unfathomable depths of the liquid blue eyes of the fair young maid sitting next to him—oh, so close to him! Her face expressed acute anxiety, but she was smiling weakly nevertheless. Ever and anon a sigh seemed to rend his very soul. For many minutes they remained thus. Neither spoke, but each gazed intently—into the other's eyes.

"Yes," said the oculist at last, "one eye is seriously affected, and if not treated immediately may develop into a decided squint!"

**The Wrong Designation**

**Woman:** "What is the price of your pants?"

**Clerk:** "Lady, my pants are not for sale."

**Social Error**

"How did you make a faux pas last night, dear?"

"Well, I told Jack I had never been kissed before, and it appears I was engaged to him last year."

**CAPTAINS ARE NO LONGER ALLOWED TO MARRY FOLKS ABOARD SHIP. THUS THE PERILS OF THE SEA ARE BEING REDUCED ONE BY ONE.**

**Some Memory**

There are four thousand people in the United States who are over a hundred years old. They can all remember why the Statue of Liberty was erected.

**Dressed Kid**

*When baby goes to bed she wears  
A little garment cute,  
Which is more clothing, pa declares  
Than mother's winter suit!*

—Henry A. Courtney.



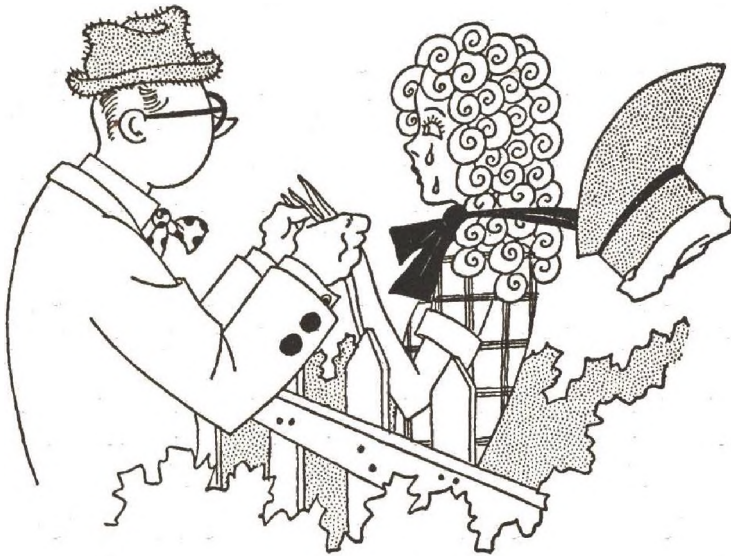
**A WEDDING NOTE**

**SHE:** *How was the wedding?*

**HER:** *Lovely! The bride was dressed in white satin with garters to match!*



# Who Got *the* Prom Bids?



NOW children, when Freddie left for dear old Seewash, his last words to Maggie, the little girl back home, were, "And you'll be down for the prom, sweet?" Now he writes that he has an awfully tough math exam next week . . . and just can't take in the prom. Liar!

AND here is Anne . . . that gloriously divine creature that plays Eve in the *Immoralities of 1926*. Horace, varsity tackle, promised her a bid that evening he was thrown for a loss on her champagne and was forced to spend the night in her cozy little eight-room Park Avenue apartment. Now he wires that he's called home for his grand-uncle's funeral.

AND Helen just knew that she had knocked Jack simply dead with the milk and honey southern accent last summer. Just



*Pictures and Text*  
by MAX PLAISTED

think of the swath she would cut in the hearts of all the eligible men at Seewash . . . and now this special delivery says he's sorry but he can't raise the money!

**B**UT, children,—Horace appears with Winnie, that horrible goggle-eyed co-ed who sits next to him in Latin. He must keep in her good graces. Freddie brings Ruth, one hundred and ninety pound daughter o f Professor Baggs. And Jack clinches his diploma by dragging in Lois, the daughter of the wealthiest trustee of the college.





# When BOOB

*Midnight! A Stealthy Step! The Encounter!  
And Mild Mannered Henry Does---What?  
a Roaring Farce, for When Boob Meets*



*"No woman ain't  
satisfied 'till she's  
got 'em."*

**P**UT 'em up!" snapped the highwayman.

Henry Malcom's chest felt the muzzle of a revolver but his cerebration was somewhat tardy. Only a few hours before the world's most wonderful woman had promised to marry Henry, and since then he had existed in more or less of a celestial daze.

A brisk poke with the revolver brought him crashing down from the Parrish-tinted clouds of romance. His hands shot up without further orders.

"Keep 'em up; I'll do th' friskin'."

Already the footpad had found Henry's watch and wallet and was brushing one hand over his victim's pock-

ets while the other held the revolver in emphatic readiness. Henry could not but admire the man's efficiency.

"What's this?" demanded the highwayman suddenly.

"That's—that's—that's my pay envelope," Henry stammered.

"Hum. And what you got here?"

"That's—You can't have that, mister. You can't have—"

"Say, listen to me, bo. I've got a gun in my hand an' you tell me I can't take—. Why, some guys I know would shoot you for less 'an that!"

"But it's—it's no good to you."

"Keep your trap shut!" I'll take 'it along just for luck. Now clear out an' don't look around—beat it!"

"I'll go; only please let me have the picture," pleaded Henry.

"Picture?" spoofed the man. "That's a new line but it don't get you nowheres. Beat it an' keep lookin' straight ahead or I'll—"

Again the revolver tapped menacingly on Henry's chest.

"It is a picture," Henry asserted with desperate courage. "Picture of the girl I'm engaged to!"

"You engaged?" Some of the professional hardness left the man's voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Henry, hopefully. "And that's her picture you've got there."

"Huh!" The highwayman squeezed the tissue-wrapped object dubiously.

"How long you been engaged?" he demanded.

"Tonight—I mean she just took me tonight. I was coming from her house when you met me."

"Thought so," remarked the man. "Smelled perfume on you—they usually has a lot of it on 'em when they're first engaged."

In the darkness, Henry

*Illustrated by*  
**JOHN DALY**

# Meets BOOB

*"Put 'Em Up!" Snaps The Highwayman.  
All the Elements of Melodrama Resulting in  
Boob, Even the God's Must Laugh*

By JAMES  
H. BAKER

blushed unseen. "Please, please don't take the picture," he requested again. "I don't care about the rest, only leave me the picture."

"Ever been engaged before?"

"No, of course not," said Henry scandalized. "I've never loved any girl before."

"That's what they all say," observed the highwayman. "An' your girl—suppose she gives you th' same line?"

"I'm the only man she ever loved!" declared Henry, still overwhelmed by his recent discovery of this fact.

"An' you believed her?" asked the man incredulously.

"Of course I did—I do," replied Henry loyally.

"Well, I'll be—!" ejaculated the highwayman.

"Hortense wouldn't deceive me," Henry insisted.

The man laughed tolerantly. His laugh was rather pleasant. "Man, don't you know that all women is born deceivers. Why, that's their job just like cookin' an' keepin' house an' raisin' kids. They takes to it natural-like, just like they takes to chewin' gum an' gossipin'. Why, women couldn't get nowheres without deceivin' us men!"

"Well—" Henry began weakly.

"Ain't you never caught your girl puttin' nothin' over on you?"

Henry thought a moment. "No," he



*"An' you got the nerve to tell  
me that you're going to get  
married on forty a week?"*





*"I've never loved  
any girl before."*

*"And you're the  
only man I ever  
loved."*

answered. "No—that is, not yet."

"How long you knowed her?"

"Three months."

"Three months! That all?"

"It's enough to know that she's the only girl for me."

"Danged short time, I'll tell th' world. Now, I'd knowed Sadie six years before I asked her."

"You're engaged too?" questioned Henry with new hope. "Then you know what that picture means to me. Please let me keep it, and—and I won't say a word about the other things."

"Sure, keep it. You'd be queered for life if you lost that."

**H**ENRY'S self-respect returned with his possession of the picture. He fingered it lovingly, caressing it with his hands as he awaited the highwayman's next move.

"Plannin' on bein' married soon?"

"The last of next month," said Henry.

"Hum—. How much is they in this pay envelop?"

"Forty dollars," replied Henry proudly.

The man whistled and rubbed his rough chin reflectively. He had lowered the revolver but neither appeared to have noted this fact.

"That all you get?" he demanded suddenly.

"Forty—but I'm due for a raise the first," said Henry with more pride.

"An' you got th' nerve to tell me that you're goin' to get married on forty a week? That you're plannin' on takin' a girl from a nice home an' expectin' her to live with you on that car fare?"

"Why—why we can live on that, can't we?" demanded Henry anxiously.

"Look here, I'm goin' to tell you somethin', you—you poor boob!"

"Yes, sir," said Henry meekly. This was a most unusual highwayman. Henry could not recall ever having read about such a man.

"Forty dollars! Why, that won't pay th' rent an' th' grocer an' th' meatman, you're crazy!"

"Are you sure?" Henry questioned.

"Ain't it been tried on more? An' me, ain't I in hot water all th' time? Ain't I in trouble with everybody? Only tonight, th' dressmaker's husband comes 'round an' says if I ain't got Sadie's dress paid for by a week from today, he'd come an' take it if he has to grab it off'n her back! Says he can't afford to have his wife work without she's paid for it. Tried it? I'll say it's been tried! It can't be done!"

"Are dressmakers expensive?" quavered Henry.

"Expensive? Say, do you know how much I paid—how much I got to pay for that dress? Fifty-five dollars! That's what I got to pay, fifty-five dollars! That'd make your forty a week look like an old Bock beer sign! An' hats—my Gawd!"

The highwayman sighed weakly.

**H**ENRY leaned against a tree and thrust the picture into a pocket. This was a phase of matrimony which he had failed to consider. Always he had regarded Hortense as an asset, but this—this was different.

"Now I understand," he said dully. "Hortense—she wanted me to wait awhile so as to have some sewing done, but I talked her into getting married next month. She—she was trying to help by paying for those dresses herself."

"Maybe she's different from th' rest," admitted the highwayman. "An' you wanted to jump right in without knowin' the ropes or nothin', you poor boob!"

Henry accepted the rebuke without protest. Certainly he had been precipitate.

"Your girl wear silk stockings?" interrogated the man abruptly.

"Why—er, I don't know," replied Henry modestly.

"You got eyes, ain't you?"

"She—she does sometimes."

"Silk stockin's costs jack," observed the highwayman.

"Do they?"

"You ain't expectin' th' ones she's wearin' to last forever, do you?"

"Gosh, I hadn't thought of that!"

"An' them ain't all th' silk stuff you got to buy, either."

Henry gulped weakly. "Does that—that 'stuff' cost much?"

"Much?" snorted the man. "Say, if them things was made of yellow-backs, they wouldn't cost no more! Funny thing, no woman ain't happy without she's got 'em, even if th' rent ain't paid or nothin'. You can't have no peace in th' house till a woman's got an outfit of them things—you might as well know that, first as last."

Henry groaned.

"An' if you're thinkin' of gettin' anythin' for yourself, you better do it quick—before your jane gets her hands on your pay envelope!"

"Before she gets her hands on my pay

—? Why, my pay is my own," protested Henry.

The man laughed tolerantly. "Not so's you'd notice it! Not after you're married!" he remarked.

Again Henry groaned.

"Every pay day, Sadie goes through my jeans an' helps herself to every cent—every red penny of it," continued the highwayman in a far-away voice. "An' if they's anythin' missin', I catches the devil, I do! Then she hands me a dollar a week for spendin' money!"

"That's not even car fare," asserted Henry indignantly.

"I'll say it ain't."

"Not enough for smokes and pool," bristled Henry. "It isn't right."

"An' with th' woman goin' to th' movies every afternoon!"

"Rotten deal, I call it! But—but Hortense wouldn't do that—she wouldn't take my pay."

"Yes, she will," declared the man with conviction. "They're all alike. They're born that way. That's why I'm out here tonight doin'—doin' this sort of thing. Naturally I'm as peaceful and law abidin' as th' next guy, but I can't make th' grade with Sadie an' th' old woman."

"Say, your skirt got a mother?"

"Of course she has—all girls have," said Henry, surprised at the question.

"She goin' to live with you?"

"Why—why—nothing has been said about that,"



"On pay day Sadie goes through my jeans an' helps herself to every cent."

confessed Henry.

"She live with th' old woman now?"

"Yes—"

"Well?"

"Well—"



"Who pays th' rent?"

"Hortense. She's a stenographer and makes a lot of money—at least, I think she does."

"An' when she quits an' starts raisin' your kids—who's goin' to take care of her old woman then?"



"An' with the woman going to the movies every afternoon."

"I—we haven't talked of that." Henry sank down on the curb. The man sat down beside him.

"Ain't nothin' been said about that yet, eh? Well, most likely they're waitin' to spring it on you easy-like. One thing at a time. I'll bet when you was askin' her tonight, her old woman was sittin' just outside ready to sing th' Doxology!"

"She's a nice, quiet old lady—"

"They makes th' worst mother-in-laws. Th' quiet kind goes wild when they gets a son-in-law to jump on! No mother ain't happy till she's got a son-in-law to blame things on; that's what they live for. I know; I've seen 'em! She'll be eatin' you alive in less 'an a month!"

HENRY buried his face in his hands. Hortense was shifting over into the liability column.

"Ah, they runs th' place," continued the highwayman, still on the subject of mother-in-law. "You ain't got nothin' to say about it; not a thing. Why, I can't even vote th' way I wants to!"

"What?" cried Henry, glancing up in surprise.

"No, sir. Not even vote accordin' to my convictions! Why, last election day, Sadie's old woman took me to th' polls with her just like I was a kid and she says to me, 'Now you go in there an' vote th' way I told you or I'll pull every hair out of your worthless head!' An' that right before th' gang I'd knowed all my life! You'd ought to of heard 'em give me th' razz! An' when I comes out of th' booth, she ups an' says, 'Leave me look at that vote!' She was goin' to do it, too, only one of th' judges tells her she couldn't an' while she was lightin' into him, I puts it in th' box and beats it."

"That's an outrage!" exploded Henry.

"Maybe you think I'm strong for bein' kidded about that? Th' gang will never forget it—never. When I meets 'em on th' street, they yells, 'Lemme look at that vote!' I've had fights an' stood th' treats an' everythin' but 'taint no use."

"I'd like to see any woman do that to me," Henry snapped.

"Wait, you'll see plenty of it."

For a time, both men meditated on the injustices of the world. This silence was broken by the one with the forgotten revolver.

"An' I used to belong to th' Idle Hour Athlaetic Club—used to be pretty fair with th' gloves. One night I says I was goin' to get a little exercise in th' gym, an' th' old woman says, 'If you wants exercise, get after th' carpet an' beat it! You ain't goin' to that loafer's joint any more! That's th' way mother-in-laws raises the devil with a man's sociable affairs!"

"I'm an Elk," Henry offered.

"You won't be long. But I could forget all them things. It's th' way they runs a man's place that gets me. Why, I can't give Sadie a lovin' little bat in th' eye without her old woman takes after me with th' broom an' drives me out of th' house!"

"But I'd never strike Hortense—I couldn't," Henry protested.

"Lord, man, you've got lots to learn about women," sighed the other, mournfully. "All women got to be beat up just every so often an' th' more you beats 'em, the better they likes you! Why, women takes to gettin' beat up just like a bum used to take to free lunch. It's good for 'em. An' you got to beat 'em up when you comes home to a cold dinner or th' stew ain't right—say, can your jane cook?"

"Why—why blamed if I know!" exclaimed Henry. "I never asked her!"

"Don't ask her," admonished the highwayman. "Of course she'll say she can. Anyway, a woman's no judge of good cookin'—takes a man to be that. You've let yourself in for somethin', I'll say."

"It seems that way."

"Too late to pull out?"

"I've a job offered me in Chicago and —"

"Grab it," advised the man. "Put your name in it an' clear out quick. Tell th' girl you made a mistake—tell her anythin', only beat it while the goin's good."

"By George, I believe I will!" asserted Henry savagely.

"That's th' idea—"

"What goes on there? Better move along—it's getting late."

Henry and the highwayman turned to face the policeman's flashlight. Henry evidenced no concern. The highwayman watched Henry's face and crouched, tense and prepared.

"Never mind, officer," said Henry calmly. "We're just getting a breath of air."

"Beg pardon, sir—no offense. There's been a couple of stick-ups reported to-night—I'd advise you not to stay out too long, sir."

"Thanks," said Henry in a tone of dismissal.

The policeman's footsteps echoed down the quiet street.

**T**HE man wiped his forehead and regarded Henry wonderingly. "Wow! That was a close one!" he breathed.

"You're certainly on th' level. You could of had me cold! I got all your stuff on me!"

"Forget it," snapped Henry. "I hope I know my friends. I'm going to Chicago!"

"Now you're talkin'," approved the highwayman. "You come clean when the bull was 'round—here, take your stuff an' light out!"

Henry accepted his property.

"You've made me see this thing in a different way. I've been deceived—deceived by a woman. I've been led into this against my will, against my better judgment. I'm going away! I'm going to be free! No woman is going to spoil my life!"

"You said a mouthful," the man began. He paused to observe Henry, who was tearing up an object. Bits of ragged tissue paper fluttered to the street.

The men rose and regarded each other in silence. Henry extended his hand. "You've pulled me out of a bad mess to-night," he said.

"Aw, shucks," protested the man.

"You've saved me from a designing woman and her mother. I'm free and I'm going to start over again. I'm done with women—I'm going to leave them alone. I've got money in the bank and you've got Sadie and—and her old woman. You take the forty! You need it worse than I do!"

Henry thrust his pay envelope in the man's hand and strode off.

"I'll be hanged!" muttered the highwayman. Then he sauntered off in the opposite direction.

Passing an alley, he espied a garbage can. Lifting the lid, he thrust his revolver into the can.

"Guess I won't need that no more," he said to himself. "Let's see—forty, an' sixty from them other jobs makes a cold hundred. Sadie said she'd marry me when I had a hundred bucks!"

---

**"She told me her husband had left her for good."  
"For GOOD, eh! And she told me he'd gone to  
Paris."**





'Twas on a dark and stormy night,  
The ship was sinking fast.  
The passengers arose in fright,  
Their faces wan, aghast.

Our hero stood with proud disdain,  
In silk pajamas clad.  
The frightened crowd 'round him did strain,  
But he was calm and glad.

His brain worked fast. Said he, "I'll wait  
'Till all have left the ship,  
Then I will hurriedly vacate  
And give my wife the slip."

His latitude he knew at sight;  
'Twas in the southern seas.  
A topic isle lay on the right,  
A stretch to swim with ease.

Thought he, "I'll leap into the wade  
And dive out to the band;  
From out a boat snatch some fair maid  
And swim with her to land."

*Pictured by* E. K. BERGEY

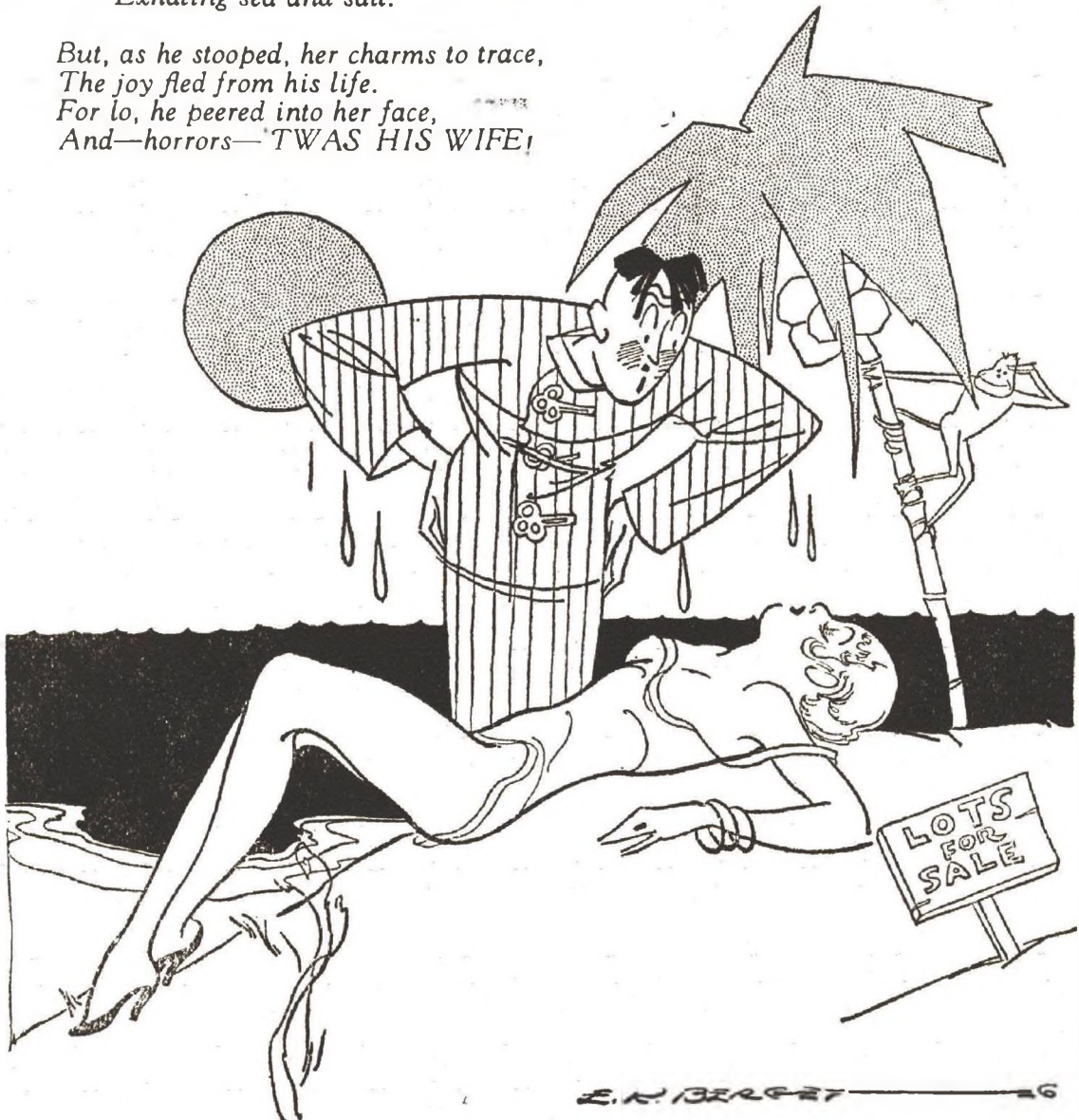
# Verses by PAUL SKINNER

*His moment came—he cleared the deck  
And pierced the waters drab.  
He reached the life-boats off the wreck  
And blindly made a grab.*

*A woman screamed, there was a splash,  
Then darkness, cold and vile.  
He clutched his prize and teeth a-gnash,  
He headed for the isle.*

*They reached the shore at break of day;  
He scrambled up the smalt.  
Upon the sand his catch he lay,  
Exhaling sea and salt.*

*But, as he stooped, her charms to trace,  
The joy fled from his life.  
For lo, he peered into her face,  
And—horrors—'T WAS HIS WIFE!*







### THE FLAPPERS' NATIONAL ANTHEM

*Roses are red, violets are blue;  
Give me a drink and I'll love you.*

### The Three Epochs

The three important epochs in a man's life: When he was born, when he is married, when he dies.

The three most important epochs in a woman's life: Whether it will be a boy or a girl, what the bride wore, how much he left in his will.



**Mother:** "Isn't that rather a sketchy costume?"

**Flapper:** "Well, mother, I'm going to wear it in the drawing room."

**A MODERN GIRL IS ONE THAT HAS AS MANY RINGS UNDER HER EYES AS SHE HAS ON HER FINGERS!**

### Spare the Rod

*I own two young, mischievous mid-gets,  
And each of them worries and sid-gets;*

*They ignore my command,  
So I keep them in hand  
By firmly applying my digits!*

**Recompense**

**Y**ESTERDAY—  
 My wife left me;  
 Some brute shot my dog;  
 My tailor began suit against me;  
 My dentist said he must see me every  
 day for a month;  
 And I lost my job!  
 BUT—this morning—  
 I found a place  
**WHERE THEY SELL THE REAL  
 OLD STUFF!**

**Naturally**

“You are concealing something from me,” said the young man.  
 “Certainly I am,” replied the girl,  
 “I’m no Salome.”

In Alaska socks are worn on the hands.  
 Among pugilists in this country socks on  
 the jaw are quite common.

**THEY CALL HER PEACHES BE-  
 CAUSE SHE’S ALWAYS GETTING  
 CANNED.**



**SHIRLEY:** How are you getting along  
 with your Charleston lessons, Sammy?  
**SAMMY:** Oh, I can’t kick!

**Hick Stuff**

**First Farmer:** “He told me where I  
 could get a thoroughbred bull, but when  
 I investigated I found that the animal was  
 a mixed breed.”  
**Waggish Farmer:** “Ha! I see! He  
 gave you a bum steer.”

**A Soft Thing**

“I never permit my  
 partner to hold me  
 very close during a  
 dance. I bruise so  
 easily.”

**Going Well**

“Where are you going,  
 my pretty maid?”  
 “To heaven or hell,”  
 she softly said.  
 “May I go with you, my  
 pretty maid?”  
 “Oh, you can go to  
 hell,” she said.

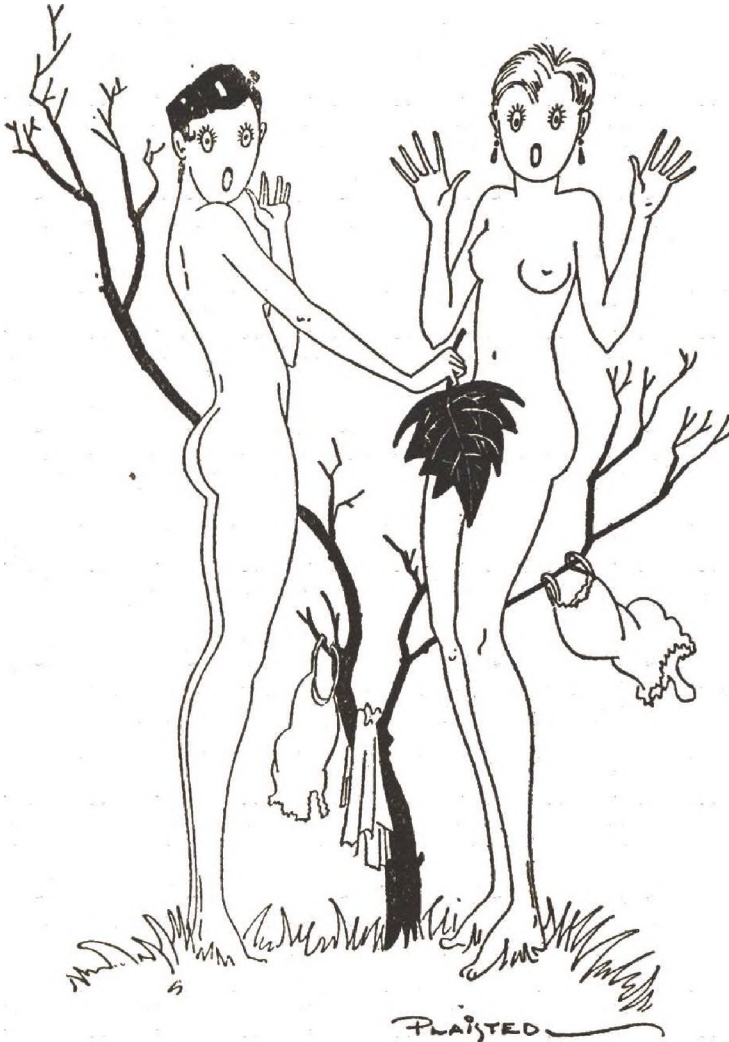


**THEY DON'T WEAR 'EM**

**FATHER:** Can you keep my daughter in clothes?  
**SUITOR:** Not clothes—but I can buy her all the  
 wearing apparel she needs.

**BEAUTY IS NOW  
 A BUY-PRODUCT.**





### EMPHATICALLY

*Two minds with but a single thought;  
Two hearts that beat as one.  
Two nudes with but a single leaf;  
But better far than none.*

### Perfectly Clear

**C**USTOMER: "I want a pair of spec-rimmed hornicles—I mean sporn-rimmed h e c t a c l e s—confound—I mean heck-rimmed spernacles—"

Shopwalker: "I know what you mean, sir. Mr. Perkes, show the gentleman a pair of rim-spurned hectacles."

**THE GREATEST MISTAKE IS TO  
THINK THAT GRASS WIDOWS ARE  
GREEN.**

### Nature's Way

"Your daughter tells me that your wife is having her voice cultivated."

"Yes! And did she tell you that the rest of us were growing wild?"

"That was some big cow you were talking with down the street!"

"Oh, yes, but did you see her calves?"

### Epitaph

*The grave of a cute little  
girl—  
Who had a cute little  
figure—  
A cute little curl,  
A cute little foot,  
A cute little way;  
Acute indigestion took  
her away!*

**"A WOMAN WILL  
ALWAYS LEAVE  
HER MARK ON A  
MAN," ASSERTS A  
CRITIC. EITHER  
LIPSTICK OR ROLL-  
ING-PIN, SAYS A  
CYNIC.**

### Well-behaved Child:

"I've been a good girl all day, mummy! Please may I go to bed without listening to the bed-time story on the radio?"



*When an ice man  
Isn't an ice man.*



JACK: *The dance floor is awfully crowded.*

JILL: *I know it is but I guess we can wiggle through.*

### London Fog

**"Thanks,"** said the London flapper as she alighted from her sheik's coupe, **"for the muggy ride!"**



*"They say she is very reserved."  
"Oh, do you suppose you can get a reservation for me?"*

### Wear-about's?

**"N**OW, children," said the infant-class mistress before the children's concert, "whatever any of you do don't break down. If you can't remember your words just keep to the tune and sing 'tummy, tum, tum,' or something like that until the words come back to you."

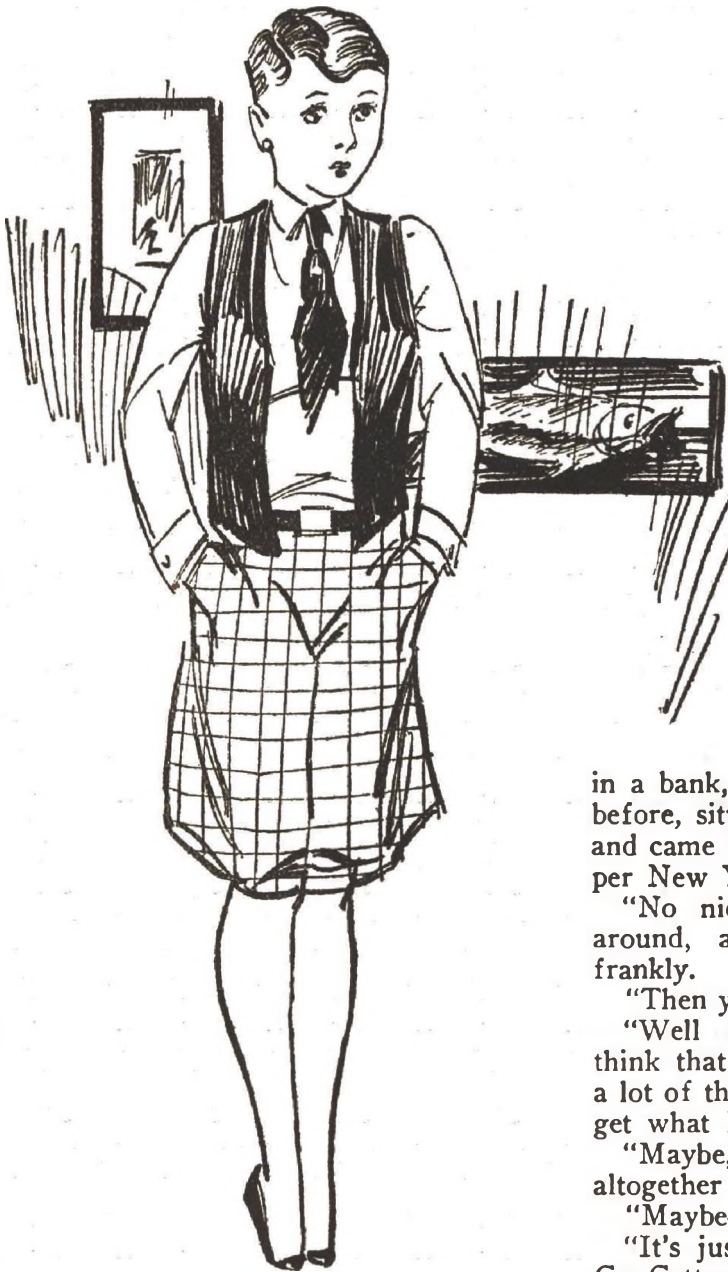
And little Rose, half-way through her song, bore the advice in mind, and sang: "She wore a wreath of roses round her---tummy, tum, tum."

### As Revised

*There was a maid in our town  
And she was wondrous keen,  
She rode into a new romance,  
A la a limousine.  
But when she found the fellow out  
Why then with might and main,  
She jumped upon her roller skates  
And scooted home again.*

**THEY CALLED HER QUEENIE  
BECAUSE HER HUSBAND CROWN-  
ED HER WITH THE PIANO STOOL**





*"Then you don't think I'm a nice girl?"*

**T**HERE is no telling what there was about Harvey Scott that intrigued Winnifred. At any rate, the house party, which was to last ten days, had not been two days old before Winnifred was, to all intents and purposes, courting Harvey.

"I wish you wouldn't follow me around like a poodle," he told her the third day when, since post-breakfast golf, she had literally trailed him everywhere he went.

"What should I follow you around

# Attack

*"I Wish You Would-Day When, Since where He Went. But though, as You*

*By HOWARD*

like?" was her only rejoinder to this. She was a little slim thing, with a boy's haircut, a girl's hips, an athlete's limbs, and a siren's brain. Her lips were scarlet temptations, and her long lashed eyes seemed ever to be dancing. Harvey was not at all her type. He was very serious, even solemn, did something or other

in a bank, where she had seen him once before, sitting at a large mahogany desk, and came from an excellent family in upper New York state.

"No nice girl would follow a chap around, anyhow," he told her quite frankly.

"Then you don't think I'm a nice girl?"

"Well . . ." he temporized: "I think that you are a nice girl who does a lot of things no nice girl would—if you get what I mean."

"Maybe," she told him, "you're judging altogether too much by appearances."

"Maybe—" he admitted.

"It's just," she explained, "that I'm a Go Getter. I don't see any real reason why women shouldn't be Go Getters as well as men. Why should women wait passively around for some man to select them out and court them, possibly, eventually, marry them? What's to prevent a woman from deliberately selecting the man *she* wants and setting out after him to make him her husband?"

"Nothing, apparently, has prevented you from attempting to do so," he replied.

"Harvey, will you marry me?" she next said, amazingly.

"No!" was his instant reply. "In the first place, it's so sudden; in the second

# and Counter Attack

*n't Follow Me Around Like a Poodle," He Told Her the Third Post-Breakfast Golf, She Had Literally Trailed Him Every Picture Being Followed by Such a Charming Poodle, Even Will See, Poodles Sometimes turn and Bite*

## HOGUE KENNEDY

place, I prefer to do the seeking; in the third place I don't want to marry anyone, and in the fourth place I particularly don't want to marry you—is it all perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly," she told him, "except why?"

"Oh, my Lord!" he groaned. "Must I tell you why I don't want to marry you?"

"Yes, you must," she assured him. They had been walking through the woods, and, emerging into a clearing, had sat down upon an old tree trunk probably felled by the lightning. The sun was about an hour above the horizon, and that quiet hour just before sunset had set in.

"WELL," he began, "in the first place, I don't like your style; you're too jazzy. You remind me of a boy, and I could never, positively never, fall in love with a boy, however handsome. In the second place, judging by the way you're throwing yourself at me, there must be some reason why you need to get married. In the third place, I am a bank officer, and your expenditures would probably wreck the bank of which I am an officer. In the fourth place, you're too fresh and forward and independent. I should like to have a wife that I could at least imagine was a little dependent upon me. Foolish, perhaps; but you asked for reasons—I'm being honest with you."

"You didn't really say that you didn't think that I was pretty," she reminded him; "and you didn't really say that you didn't love me—which would be the first real reason for not wanting to marry a girl, and would have been stated first in order of sequence if it were a fact . . ."

"My goodness!" he rose up irritably, "why do you annoy me this way, anyhow?"

"Well," she returned, "you've been real honest and frank with me—I'll be equally so with you. So far as you, personally, are concerned, you don't interest me in the least. I don't like men who wear glasses, they look as though they were seeing too much; I don't like men with the beginning of a bay window; I imagine they eat too much. I am in love with a man who is an officer in a bank, he is much like you, only entirely different, if that is perfectly clear. I thought if I practiced a bit on you, I would know exactly how not to act when I start out to get him . . . you see?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned Harvey in horrified amazement. She promptly turned from him and strode off into the woods. He stood rooted to the spot for a time and then suddenly started after her. He did not catch up with her until they were nearly at the house. It was dark in the shade of the woods now, for the sun had set.

"This other man you're telling me about," he said breathlessly, as he caught up with her, "how is he different from me?"

"Oh, he's not solemn, or important, and doesn't take himself too seriously, and oh!—he's different, every way."

"You couldn't—that is, you're thoroughly satisfied you love him—you couldn't ever think of changing your mind?"

"Well—" she temporized, standing upon one foot. Suddenly she was in his arms.

"I didn't realize," he

*Illustrated by*  
E. K. BERGEY







*W*HAT'S to prevent a woman from deliberately selecting the man she wants and setting out after him to make him her husband?"

"Nothing, apparently, has prevented you from attempting to do so," he replied.

"Harvey, will you marry me?" she next said, amazingly.

said, "darn it, I love you—he can't have you. You can teach me not to be solemn or to take myself too seriously; I need someone to teach me that, I know—won't you please consider the job?"

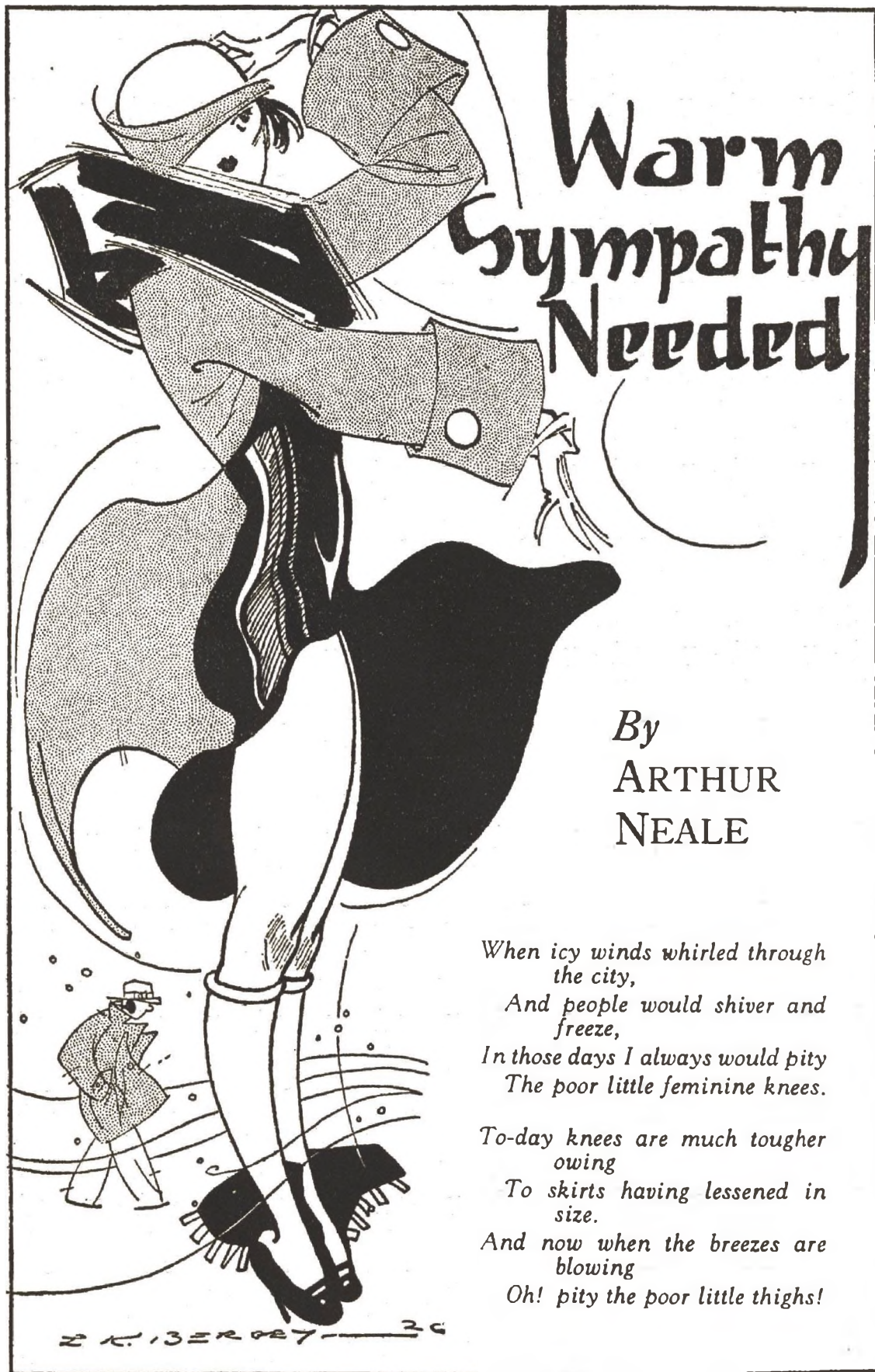
"Sure," she said; "I meant you all the time—the other banker I was talking about was you made over the way I could see you made over in my mind's eye."

"Winnifred, dear," he breathed at her neck, "I'll promise not to see too much or eat too much if you'll marry me "

"Oh! this is so sudden!" she objected—but, by now, it was very dark, and they stopped talking and clung together—possibly for fear of bears.

*More of Mr. Kennedy's charmingly humorous little love stories are scheduled for early appearance in LAUGHTER. Watch for them!*





# Warm Sympathy Needed

By  
ARTHUR  
NEALE

*When icy winds whirled through  
the city,  
And people would shiver and  
freeze,  
In those days I always would pity  
The poor little feminine knees.*

*To-day knees are much tougher  
owing  
To skirts having lessened in  
size.  
And now when the breezes are  
blowing  
Oh! pity the poor little thighs!*

# "LONG PIG"

*"What's Long Pig?" Asked the Mate. "What? You Don't Know What Long Pig Is?" The Captain Was Blankly Amazed. "Long Pig Is You, Cooked--Cannibal Meat!" And That's the Beginning of This Jolly Adventure*

By E. CHARLES VIVIAN

THE MATE was young, and had much to learn; the captain had faded eyes, his hair was grizzled, his nose was red and bulbous. He stood up in the long-boat and watched while the *Jocunda* canted up her stern and took her last plunge to the depths.

"Cocked up her tail and away she went," he soliloquised, with acid satisfaction—the mate had been at the wheel when she struck. "That rock must have torn yards out of her portside, under the water line."

"I don't care—it wasn't marked on the chart." In saying this, the mate continued his share of the argument which had begun before the Kanakas swung the long-boat out-board.

"Then," said the captain, "do you suggest that a shark bit a piece out of the keel, or perhaps that a swordfish rammed her?"

"I went by the chart," the mate answered.

The captain, by his reply, inferred that the South Pacific climate was not warm enough for the chart.

"I shall make it clear to the owners that I went by the chart," the mate persisted.

The captain suggested a change of climate for the mate, as well as for the chart. He felt aggrieved, having been raked out of a comfortable bunk in the middle of a calm night, and it was poor satisfaction cursing Kanakas.

"We shall both get there, in time," the mate said, hopefully.

When the *Jocunda* had struck whatever it was that was not marked on the chart, and had shown clearly that the outward voyage from Auckland to the Solomon Islands was to be completed in the long-boat—if at all—the captain had transferred a wicker-covered stone jar to the locker under the stern seat of the long-boat. His other personal belongings he merely tumbled in when the boat was clear of the davits and the Kanakas had the oars unshipped; the jar had travelled with greater care. Now, in moody silence, he dragged it out and uncorked it. He ventured a remark, before applying himself to the jar, that there was a bite in the air.

The mate sniffed toward the jar. "Smells more like a nip than a bite," he reflected aloud.

"Plagues and pestilence!" the captain exploded. "Am I to sit here and be joked by you, you half-baked rudder-post? You and your chart—" He tilted the jar skyward, and gurgled a goodly draught. When he had got his breath back he held the jar out to the mate.

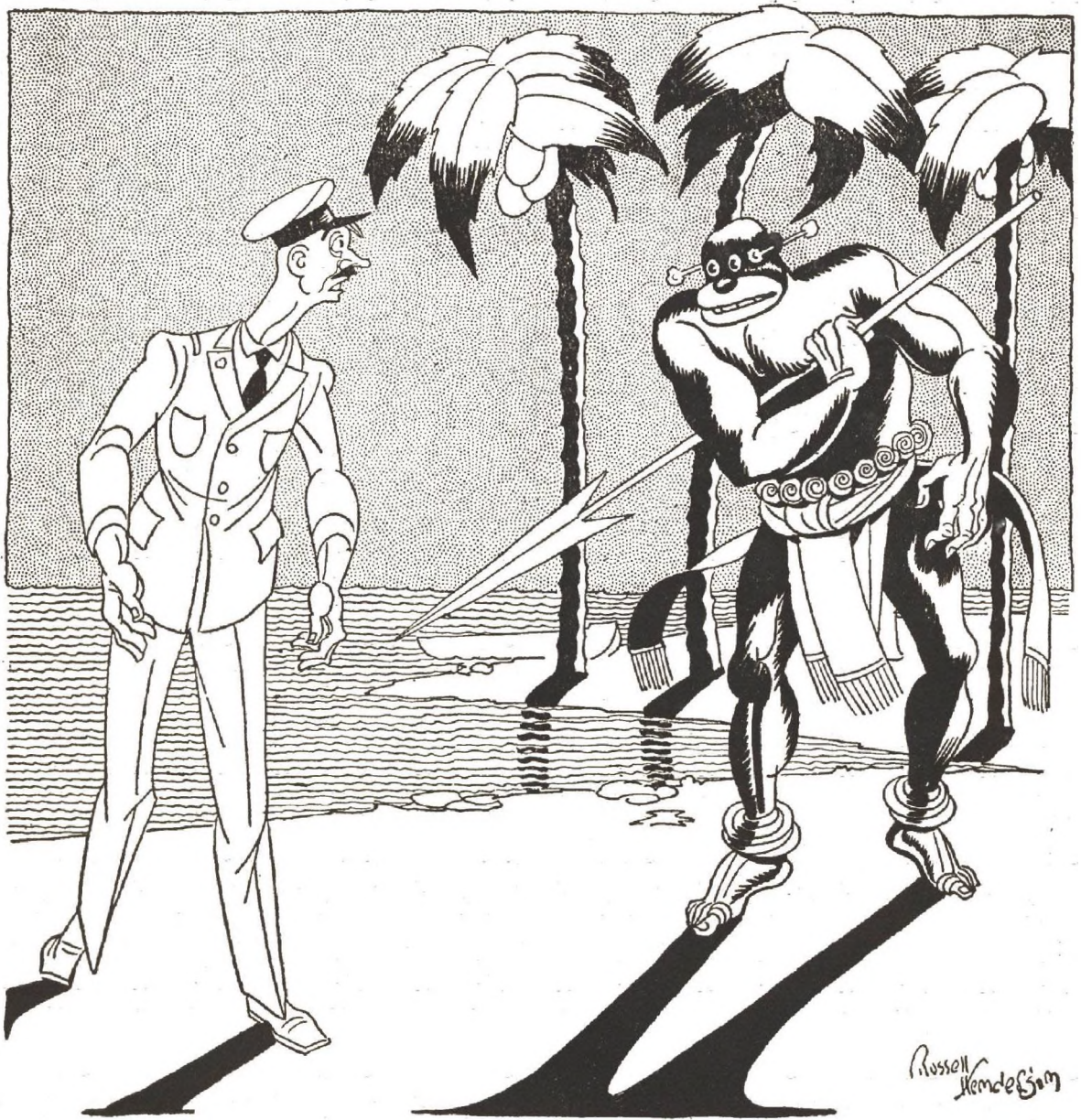
"Nip!" he bade, fiercely.

"I'd hate—" the mate got a grip on the two wicker handles—"to have any little jars, situated as we are." He drank, while the captain gazed at him wrathfully. "What we want is big ones," he concluded, putting the jar down.

"Hor, hor!" the captain said scornfully. "You're *too* funny." He diverted his attention to the six Kanakas, implying that the oars were good, stout stuff, not likely to break under such strain as might be put

*Illustrations by*  
RUSSELL HENDERSON





*He faced a copper-colored individual, brawny and large, with a shining bladed spear.*

on them by a lazy, misbegotten, unclean, thick-headed, squab-faced, yellow-livered set of thieving back-boneless—here he paused to get his wind. and the Kanakas, grinning, pulled no harder than before. They were used to what they understood, and what did they not understand naturally failed to take effect. The captain, relieved, corked his jar and put it back in the locker.

"We'll make Wahe-Wahe by dawn," he said to the mate, more amiably. "I'll write up the log, then. Twelve-forty by Auckland, when she struck."

"Wahe-Wahe?" the mate inquired.

"Ah!" the captain soliloquised. "Long pig land. Many's the joint of long pig been cooked on Wahe-Wahe."

"What's long pig?" the mate asked.

"What?" The captain was so blankly amazed that he lifted the lid of the locker and reached for the jar again. "You don't know what long pig is?"

"This is my first trip among the islands," the mate retorted, rather sullenly.

"Well," said the captain, changing his mind about the jar, "long pig is you, cooked. Pig is pig, but long pig—cannibal meat—you—anyone."

"And you're making straight for Wahe-



Wahe?" the mate inquired, in utter consternation.

"Where else?" the captain said cheerfully. "It's nearest, by the chart."

"But—" the mate began a protest.

"Look here!" the captain invited, interrupting him. "Who's in command—you, me, or the biscuit bag. Am I responsible for this boat's course, or am I the ship's monkey? First you want to persuade me the old *Jocunda* struck a floating cocoonut, and now you question the course. You've got to find, young feller, that there's more things in heaven and earth than ever you learned at Sunday school. I am the law, and if them blasted Kanakas—" The rest of it went to the Kanakas direct.

The mate gave it up. Perhaps the Captain had a friend among the chiefs on Wahe-Wahe, and perhaps, with six beefy Kanakas as a bribe, the Wahe-Wahe cannibals would give one so lean as himself a chance to live and fatten up a bit.

"It's your risk," he said. "I don't know these seas—I got my experience and my ticket in the China trade—tea coasters, and such."

"Huh!" said the captain, scornfully. "China trade! Peddling teacups in a sampan, most likely."

"For two pins," the mate retorted, goaded to wrath by the insult, "I'd forget about rank and slosh that strawberry you wear in the middle of your face."

"Don't do it—don't even think of it," the captain advised, unmoved. "My private graveyard's about full, and a tablet to your memory would cost me a month's pay."

He ruminated while the long-boat rocked over the Pacific swell in brilliant moonlight.

And you're not worth it, he concluded, eventually.

THE sky gradually lightened eastward as the moon sank; the wind freshened with the coming of dawn, and a faint line appeared above the waters, beyond the bows of the boat.

"Dead on," the captain remarked in a satisfied way. "Take the tiller and keep her on that cut in the hills. It's Wahe-Wahe. I want a snooze."

He settled down uncomfortably with his head on the stern locker, and very soon was snoring peacefully. The mate looked down at him with vindictive gaze: he wanted to alter the course, but dared not.

So the mate held on until, as the boat's nose ran on to firm sand, and the Ka-



"Huh!" said the captain scornfully. "China trade! Peddling teacups in a sampan, most likely."



nakas lay on their oars, the captain sat up with a start.

"Long pig land," he remarked. Then, in a roar at the Kanakas "Out, you devils, and haul her up!"

He stepped dry-footed on the sand, and the mate followed. The Kanakas, having pulled the boat up above high water mark, waited.

"Squat — sleep!" the captain bade. "Drink, if you want—no biscuit yet."

He turned to the mate. "We'll sleep, too," he announced. "I've not had enough yet, and you look as bleary-eyed as a chicken after a bath."

He grubbed himself a depression in the warm sand and got down in it. He was asleep—and so were the Kanakas—when the mate, still grubbing half-heartedly and wondering at his superior's indifference, looked up with a start as a shadow fell across him, and sprang to his feet.

He faced a copper-colored individual, brawny and large, who wore a sort of red flannel sash with the ends tied in front, a chicken bone through the lobe of his right ear, and a spear with a shining blade—the Wahe-Wahe cannibal advance guard,

obviously. Stories of heroic actions flashed through the mate's mind; he could do little, he knew, but he could at least die defending the captain—if only he could get hold of that spear. He was still undecided as to what to do when the savage grinned at him unpleasantly, and slowly raised the spear; at that the mate leaped forward and struck at the ferocious face—

HE recovered consciousness slowly. He had seen many brilliant constellations, and had a vague memory of turning catherine wheels in the air for hours. Also he felt battered and dizzy.

"I hope you've *quite* finished knocking my friend about," the captain's voice came to him. "If so, we'll move around the point to the wharf under escort of Chief Moses here, and see about some breakfast. Then I'll see if I can't get a cable through to the owners."

The mate leaped to his feet. "You *said* they were cannibals!" he shouted, raging.

"So they were, fifty years ago," the captain answered calmly, "but they ain't now. How's trade in copra, Moses?"



## Gifts

By JANE THOMAS

I gave her a smile, and she gave back mine  
In the friendliest kind of way;  
I gave her an invitation to dine  
And she gave me a sweet "I'll say!"

I gave her some flowers—it wasn't hard  
To match her bright eyes of blue;  
She gave me her name on a tiny card,  
And her telephone number, too.

I gave her a ride through the country fair;  
She gave me a line of talk;  
I gave her a kiss—she gave me the air,  
And I gave her a nice long walk.

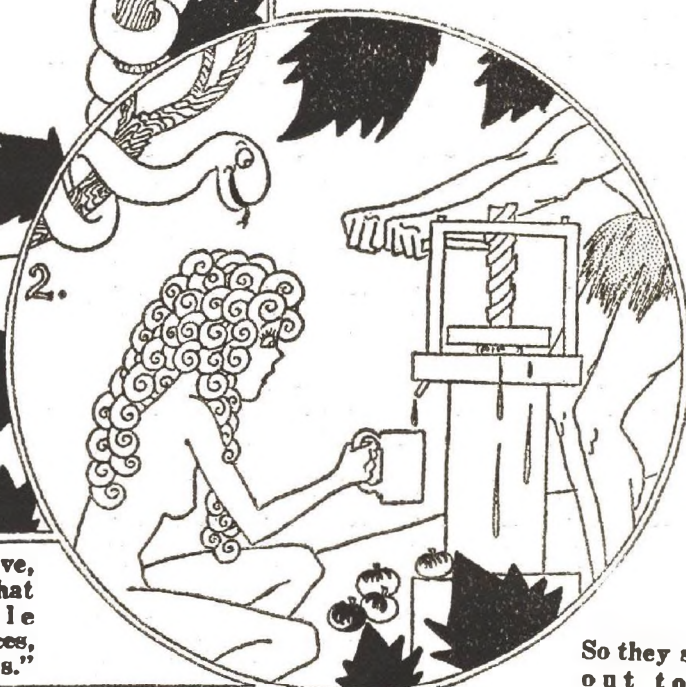
# LAUGHTER'S Outlines of History

## The Truth on the Garden of Eden

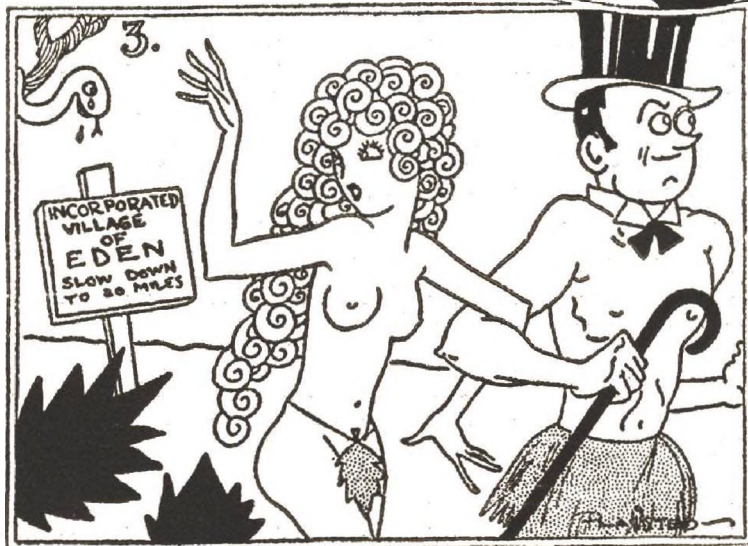
By M A X  
PLAISTED



"Y'know, Eve," said the serpent, "you're not so worse to look at—you'd be a stunner in the city—but you need a little something to pep you up . . . now, have you ever tried . . . ?"



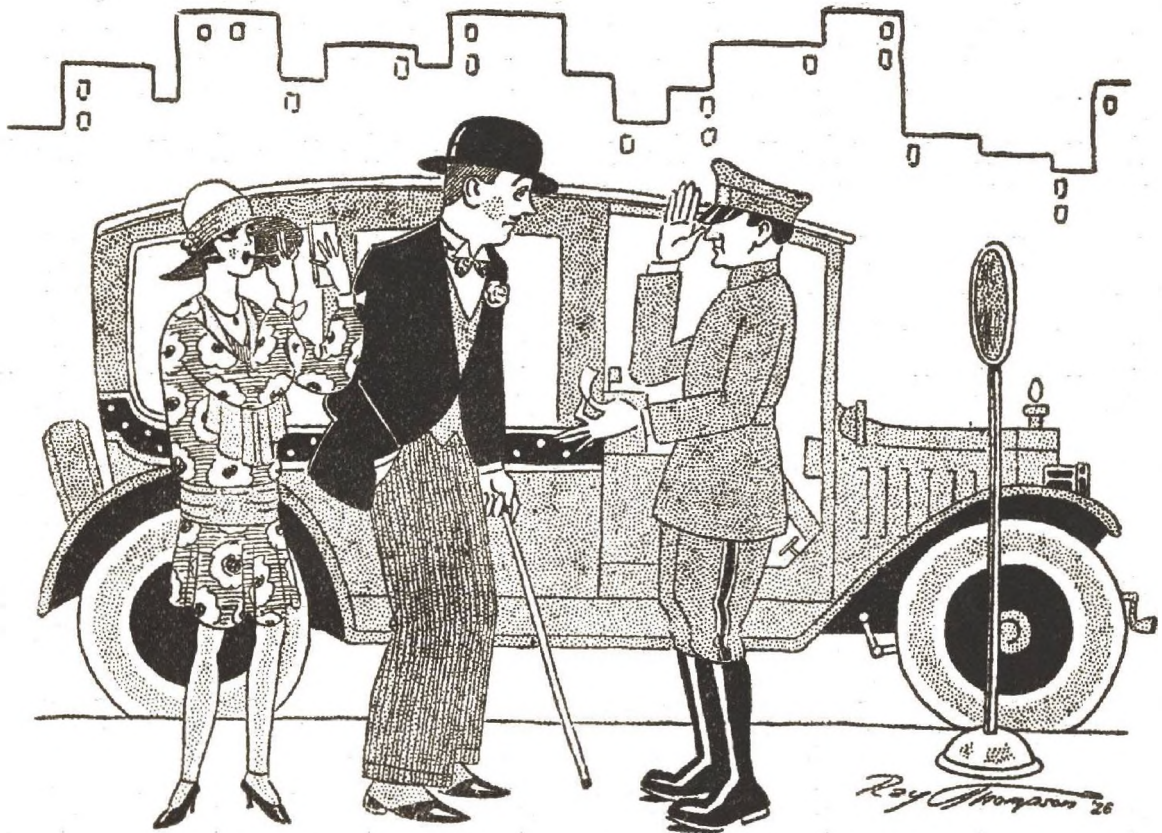
"Whee, Adam!" yelled Eve, after a few drinks of that delicious forbidden apple vintage, "let's go places, see people, and do things."



So they started out to raise Cain and never did come back to the old home town. And the effect of that daring move is evident today in the accumulated idiocies of the race—notably prohibitions that do not prohibit, night clubs whose cover charges alone strip one to one's very fig leaf, and, of course, the movies and daily tabloids and confession magazines!

Adam and Eve, you have a lot to answer for!





*In this day and age, it seems more appropriate to call the MEN the "Fare Sex!"*



*"Is there an affinity between you and your husband?"*

*"I'm not sure, but I suspect 'Alice!'"*

### Even Unto To-day

**"L**OVEMAKING," said a wife to her hubby, "has been the same, I guess, since the world began."

"Just why do you say that?"

"Well, I've just been reading in this book about a Greek maiden that sat all evening listening to a lyre."

### Such Frankness!

She: "I've been reading a terrible lot of books lately."

It: "I'm surprised at you!"

A LECTURE WAS RECENTLY GIVEN ON "HOW THE WORM CONDUCTS ITS COURTSHIP." ANY MARRIED WOMAN COULD TALK AT LENGTH ON A SUBJECT LIKE THAT.



**Punishment for Prudery**

**T**HE auto came to a sudden stop near a dark, dismal detour.

"You are going to make me get out and walk?" asked the little flapper, tremulously.

"Worse than that," exclaimed the sheik brutally. "We're out of gasoline. You've got to get out and help me push this car to a filling station."

**Sadness De Luxe**

*Sad is the sound of the sobbing sea  
As it breaks on the rocky shore,  
But sadder still is the sound to me  
When my last lone bottle of Hennessy  
Breaks on the cellar floor!*

The girl who rolled hers last summer soon must do her stocking up for the winter.



"FORE"—AND "AFT"



*He'd suffered agonies with toothache, and the only dentist for miles around was his rival for the hand of a wealthy widow. But at last he made up his mind. And he came out of the gas to find all his upper teeth gone, and the dentist half-way along his lower set with "She loves me!" (yank), "She loves me not!" (yank).*





**F**OR months the girl had eluded the pursuit of the infatuated youth. "I suppose you think you have a lot of will-power," he snapped, one evening. "No; but I've got a lot of won't-power," she replied, calmly.

### Very Ungentlemanly

Mrs. Jones: "I don't believe Helen's young man is just all we thought he was, John."

Mr. Jones: "What is the trouble now?"

Mrs. Jones: "He has hung his hat over the keyhole."

### It is, Indeed!

*The wind blows cold, the wind blows hot,*

*She loves me, then she loves me not;  
But now until our fate unravels,  
It's just as well her husband travels.*

**WHO IS THIS PERSON, BATH,  
THAT IT ALWAYS COSTS MORE  
TO GET A ROOM WITH?**



"Madam, the mortgage bonds that salesman sold you are secured by land that is ten feet under water!"

"Oh, now I understand what he meant by the sinking fund."

## "What Every Young Girl Should Know"

(From a Flapper's Note-Book)

**H**OW to smoke a cigarette without getting it messy.

How to give a perfect "come hither" smile.

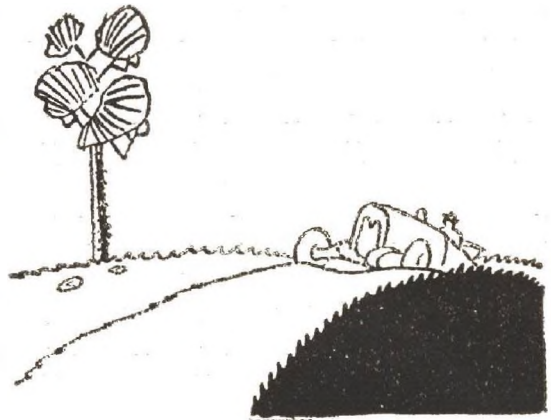
How to kiss as though you meant it.

How to prevent him from going too far in the car.

How to prevent him from going too far after he stops the car.

How to get in quietly at three a. m.

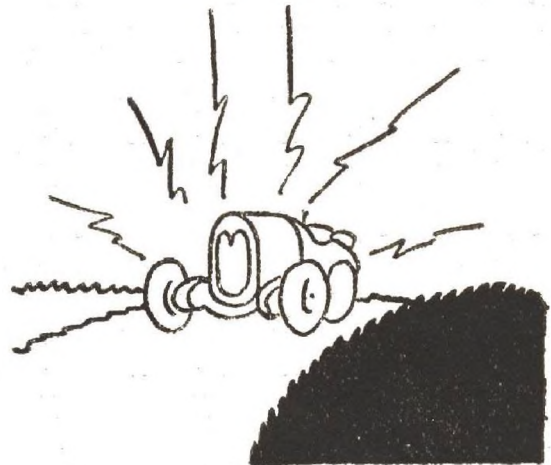
How to yawn gracefully at breakfast time.



### Natural Mistake

Waiter: "Pardon, sir, but there is a cover charge."

Patron (to flapper daughter): "There, I told you to put on a decent dress."



### Avoiding Defeat

There was an old sailor of Crete  
Whose peg leg propelled him quite nete.

"Strong liquor," he said,

"Never goes to my head,

And I know it can't to my fete!"

**MANY HARDY PIONEERS HAVE BEEN KILLED OFF BY EXPOSURE —IT HAS ALSO HAPPENED TO POLITICIANS.**



### News

Head-Writer: "Here's a dispatch that says Irvin S. Cobb is suffering from a severe corn. How shall I head it?"

Editor: "Just write 'Corn on Cobb'."

### STORY WITHOUT WORDS

#### Adventures of Flazzydoo

Flazzydoo met Peggy Joyce.

(He had been quite a rover.)

"If I could be your next," quoth he,

"I would re-Joyce all over."

#### Shakespeare Up-to-date

All the world's a screen; and all the men and women merely movie-actors. They have their exits and their entrances; and when the reel of Life is wound up it's packed in a box and sent away.





*Leaning over, he pressed his lips to hers and left them there while he counted fifty.*

**I**T was just eleven o'clock. The "prom" had an hour yet to go. Dick Arthington had it all figured out that it was his birthday, Christmas, New Year and the Fourth of July; for he had stumbled across what he supposed was a miracle.

She was as slim as the shadow of a sprite thrown upon a gossamer veil by a spirit light. She was as beautiful as a composite picture of Psyche and Mary Pickford, but, more than that, she was as innocent as the old maid editor of a sex complication magazine, and as artless as an 1892 bustle.

"Let's not dance any more," he begged; "I just want to take you out into the night and see what you'll look like under moonlight; although I'm a little afraid. You're so beautiful you frighten

# Oh-h, Mr.

*She Was as Beautiful as a  
and Mary Pickford and Dick  
self That It Was Almost a  
Her Naviety, But He Did  
About Women*

By HOWARD

me under the electrics, what you'll do to me out under the moonlight remains to be seen."

"Oh, Mr. Arthington," she said breathlessly. He was thrilled clear down to his insteps.

She accompanied him out upon the wide veranda which surrounded the academy hall, and they chose seats on the moon side. What the moon did to her was



*"I've got a good mind to stop at the side of walk"*

# Arthington!

*Composite Picture of Psyche Arthington Thought to Him—Shame to Take Advantage of So Anyway---And Learned From Her!*

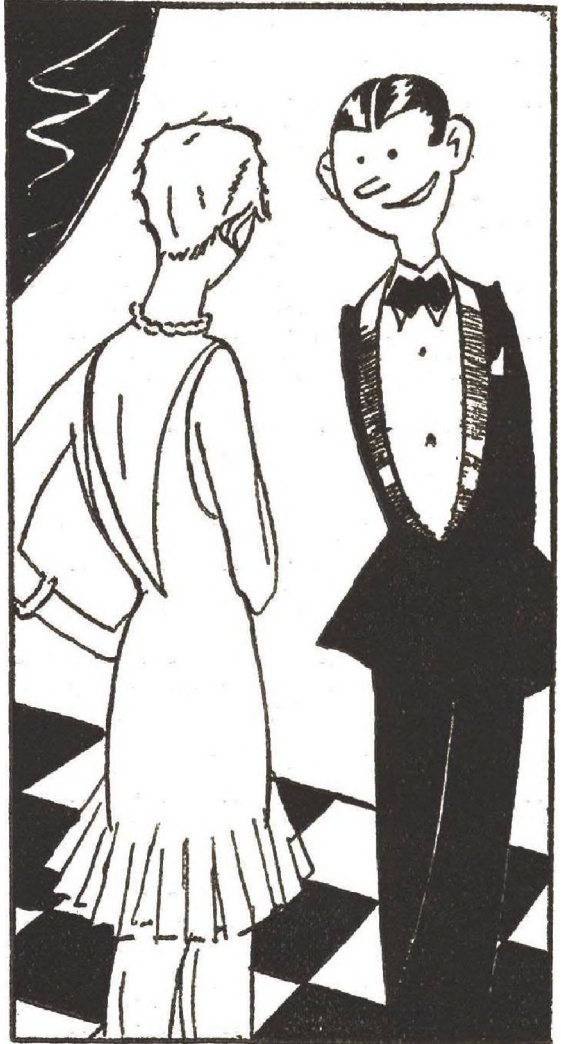
## KENNEDY

plenty. He sat beside her and held on tightly to his chair.

For a long time nothing was said. That was the astounding thing about her. She was full of no sophisticated chatter about complexes, gin fifths and sex appeal. She was at every moment, apparently, bashful and timid. Dick thought to himself that it was almost a shame to take advantage of her naivety, but he did so anyway and, leaning over, pressed his lips to hers



*the road and bent you up and make you in!"*



*"I just want to take you out into the night and see what you'll look like under moonlight."*

and left them there while he counted fifty.

"Oh, Mr. Arthington!" was all she said, and then she hid her face with both of her hands. He kissed the hands, both of them; they were like the petals of a moon drenched lily.

"Little girl," he said feelingly, "I love you. I'm simply wild about you. All of my life I've been more or less exposed to the infection of love, but I must have been deeply vaccinated in early youth, for it never took before—but tonight! oh! I can't tell you what tonight's been like. I want to carry you off somewhere to an ivory tower, where there'll never be anyone but just you and me and, and, and—everything!"

"Oh! Mr. Arthington!" she said breathlessly.



"Couldn't we go for a little spin in the moonlight?" he next begged.

"Well," she temporized, "do you think it's perfectly all right for us to do so?"

"Oh, what a shame to do it," he reflected. She was a child.

"Not only all right, but glorious," he assured her.

**T**HEY walked out to the mass of cars parked near the entrance to the private driveway, and he picked out his snappy little Chrysler roadster and soon they were flying over the roads. When he was safely in the next county, he stopped the car at the side of the road and turned to her with everything he had.

He put his arms around her soft, yielding form and lifted her into his lap. It seemed to him that she weighed exactly nothing minus; he felt almost that he ought to hold her very tightly for fear sheer gravity snatch her away from him and take her up to the moon; and, feeling so he *did* hold her very tightly. What she had to say about it was:

"Oh! Mr. Arthington."

"You know," he proceeded to explain, with a little inward wink to himself at his own cleverness. "I can see that you're not at all like modern girls. You're big. You wouldn't hesitate to drink to the full of the cup of life if you really felt that way toward someone, would you?"

"I don't know what you mean," she told him, turning round, large enquiring eyes upon him.

"That's perfectly all right, dear," he assured her; "I will show you."

It was a shame he decided, to take advantage of such an innocent, trusting lit-

tle thing; but, nevertheless, he proceeded to demonstrate; and then, suddenly, a strange thing happened. She slapped him with a force that almost demounted his demountable tires.

She stood up in the car, and taking him by the shoulders of his coat, shook him until Dick felt as though if he were to spit all of his teeth would fall out upon the road. With a final slap that left him half conscious, she jerked him out of the driver's seat, threw him into the seat she had been sitting in, and herself turned about the car and started back at a clip that made their former rate of speed seem like the asthmatic creeping of an old fashioned brush car. And as she drove she talked to him out of the corner of her mouth in a new voice.

"You weazel. You good-for-nothing, cross-eyed, knock-kneed, hair-lipped, son-of-a-toad. You sickly specimen of dementia praecox. You anaemic, neurasthenical, half-witted garter-snake; do you think for one moment you could put anything like that over on me? Why, you pet like a two-year-old baby. You kiss as though you were a postage stamp without any glue on it. You neck like one of those things they used to hold people's heads within photographers' shops, you, you, you—do you know why I let you climb around in my lap all evening? Well, I'll tell you; because you looked stupid, and thoroughly safe. I'm being initiated into a sorority at school, and part of my initiation was to act innocent, completely innocent, until midnight tonight; and its after twelve now. I got a good mind to stop at the side of the road and beat you up and make you walk in!"

But, being soft-hearted, she didn't.

## A POINT OF HONOR

Jones had bought a horse on the instalment plan. A week after he had made the purchase he drove to the dealer's stable to say that he was not entirely satisfied with the animal.

"There is one thing I don't like about her," he said. "She won't hold her head up."

"That's her pride," said the horsedealer. She will when she's paid for."



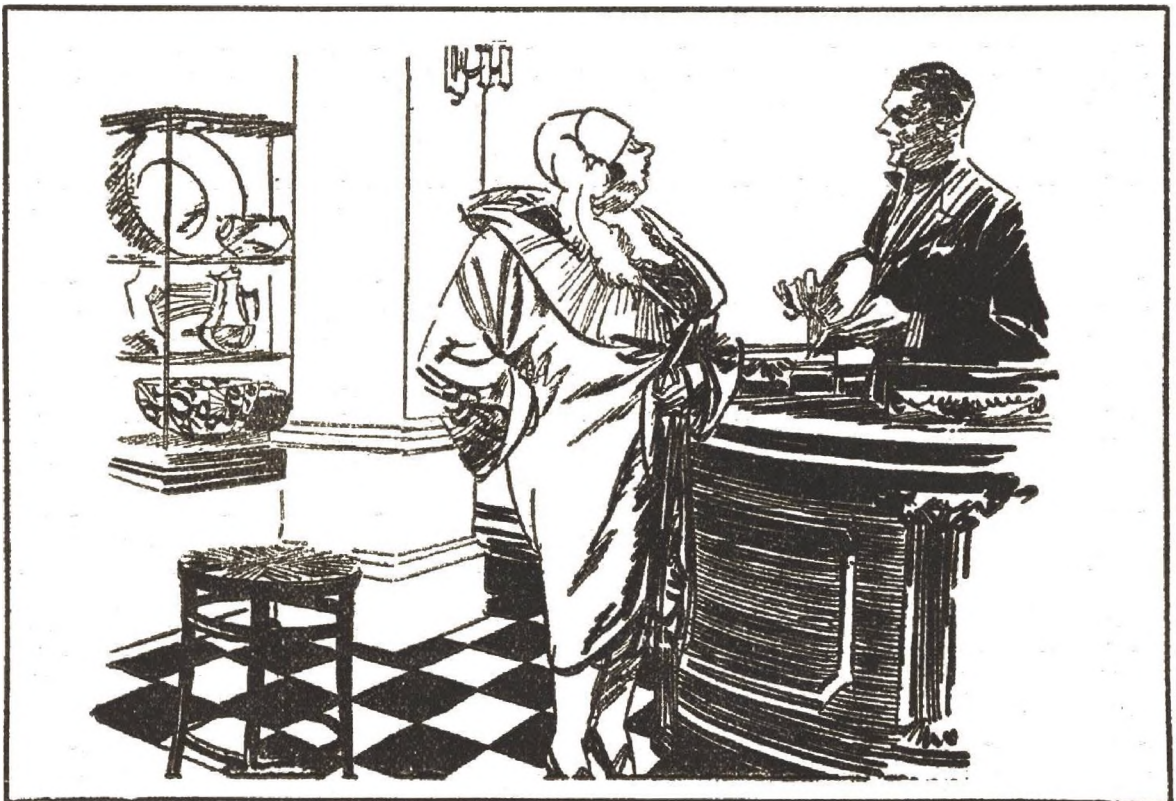
**PALM BEACH BOUND**

*To the bright reader who can guess which bag holds the bathing suit, LAUGHTER offers a prize of one hand-embroidered whatsis.*





**NIGHT-WATCHMAN** (*who has surprised lovers bidding each other good-night*): *Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?*  
**FLUSTERED LOVER** (*taken aback*): *No-o, sir.*  
**NIGHT-WATCHMAN**: *Here, then, hold my lantern.*



**CUSTOMER**: *I want to see something cheap in a silver hand-mirror.*  
**TACTLESS SALESMAN**: *Certainly. Now just take a look at the one I have here, madam.*





HE: *We've got to carry the quarry at the next hole.*  
SHE: *Why should we? Let the caddies carry it.*



*"I wish I was that lady, Mummie, then people wouldn't always be saying, 'Don't bite your nails, Dear.'"*



# A Satisfactory

*A Good Enough Fellow May Luck, But It's the Way Things Counts After All. And Manner in Which Jimmy This Amusing Tale of*



*"Misfortune! Why, I think I'm the luckiest man man in the world."*

**F**ROM the state of middle-class respectability to that of plain bum is not such a hard drop in a land where millionaires are made over night and busted in the morning.

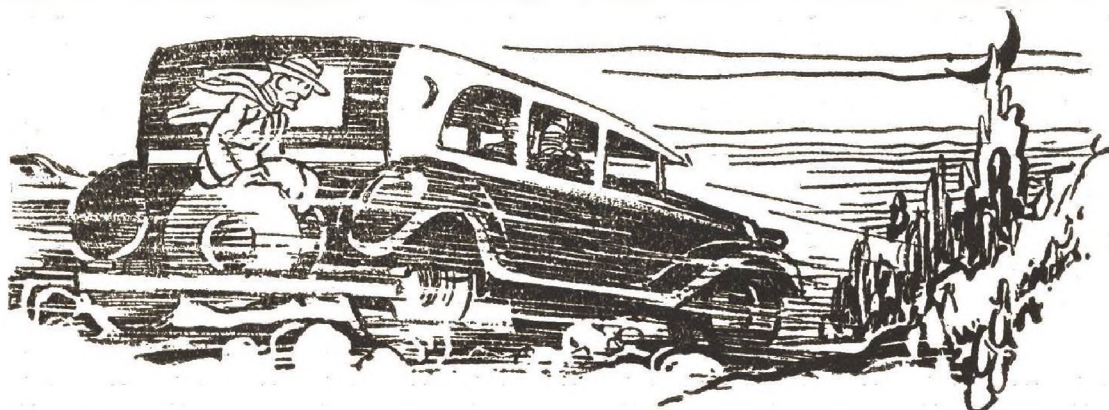
Jimmy Wales could never have told exactly how it had happened, but, at any

rate, one day he found his sales falling off. Since he was on a straight commission basis, as are so many business parasites nowadays, his manner of living of course suffered a decline; the red curve on his chart of life looked like a red divining rod pointing at hell.

He didn't mind the fact that he had to do without proper clothes half so much as he minded the fact that he had to stop taking Grace to shows that cost \$8.80 a whack. At first, she had said that she didn't mind it either, but after awhile, she had started being "out" now and then when he called, and finally it got so that she was "out" most of the time. Eventually he just stopped calling altogether, and soon he began to see her around town with another fellow.

It was that which hurt, for Grace wore his engagement ring.

The fact that this *did* hurt so dreadfully, interfered materially with Jimmy's getting upon his own mules again; he brooded over it day and night, with the result that in the new sales positions he got he invariably failed to gyp anybody into buying the worthless crap that straight commission salesmen hang on people who have to buy in self-defense to



*Jimmy swung into the small circle provided by two spare tires on the back of the car.*



# Conclusion

*Go Through Lots of Hard  
Turn Out at the End That  
That's the Philosophical  
Wales Came to Look at it in  
Love and Salesmanship*

get rid of the most pestiferous single species in the business world. At last he gave up and became more or less frankly a



*They went at each other in a business-like manner.*

bum, which, after all, is a decidedly more respectable occupation anyway, and one which interferes with nobody's life, liberty or pursuit of good liquor.

It was one night early in June, the month that had been set for their wedding, that Jimmy was loafing around the corner of Malden Street and the River Road, when he saw a familiar-looking car come along and stop not far from where he stood.

Presently another car turning the bend

in the River Road swept its searchlight across the parked car, and Jimmy saw that the lone occupant was Grace. Her companion had gone into the drugstore to buy something.

He noted that the car was parked facing the River Road, and all of a sudden a dreadful fear swept over him.

Acting almost automatically, when the man came out of the drug store, and climbed back into the car, Jimmy swung into the small circle provided by two



spare tires fastened to the back of the car and crouched there.

Sure enough, as Jimmy had suspected, far out upon the River Road the car stopped, and for some time there was a low-voiced conversation; then the tones grew louder and remonstrative, not to say expletive; finally he could hear the sounds of a struggle and Grace's voice pleading, filled with fright. An agony of jealous rage swept through him. Delicate, weak, white skinned, lithe limbed Grace, helpless in the arms of a brute. Only one more moment did he hesitate, and then, going around to the front part of the car he yanked the astonished man down into the road, and in a business-like manner they went at each other.

**B**ECAUSE the other was more or less full of hootch, Jimmy soon got the upper hand, and also the lower hand, not to mention a knee in the pit of the abdomen, and in a few minutes more the fight resolved itself into a plain beating match, with Jimmy in the leading role. When he had perpetrated internal injuries of unknown extent, Jimmy threw the man into the back part of the car, and started back toward town. Where is the woman who does not admire physical force, when expended in the right direction?

"Jimmy," said Grace softly, "where have you been all of these months? I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Most of the time that you were looking," replied Jimmy, firmly, "I was calling once a week or more at your home and finding you out."

"The maid **must not have** told the truth—I was never out to you, Jimmy dear."

"Well, perhaps the maid was lying," he agreed, "but my number is still in the telephone book, you know—or was, up to a short time ago."

She was silent for a long time.

"We all make mistakes, Jimmy," she said at last; "can't you forgive and forget what's happened?"

He did not reply to her at once. Suddenly an exultant feeling swept over him. He still felt the intoxication of the interchange of blows which had ended with himself victorious; as he drove on through the night at the wheel of the powerful car, blood seemed to flow back into his veins warmingly, blood that it seemed had not flowed in them for weeks, even months.

The girl moved closer to him and put one hand over his as he sat at the wheel. The touch of her cool hand thrilled every fibre of his being, but he sat motionless, the cool air playing upon his face like wine.

"What shall we do with that chap in the back?" he asked her when they reached town. "The chap in the back" was sitting up now nursing his back.

"Kick him out," suggested Grace, in a vicious tone.

"No," replied Jimmy, "I think I'll take him to a doctor; he may be seriously injured; I'll take you home first."

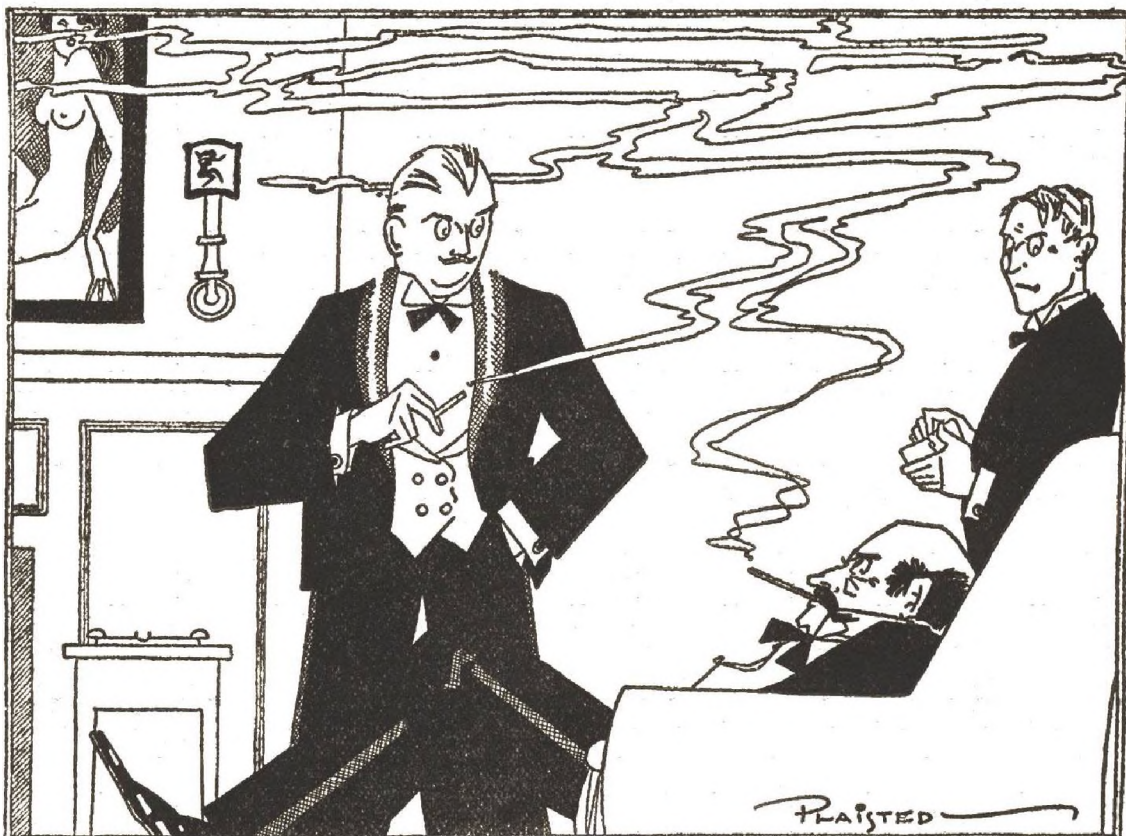
Reaching her home he escorted her to the door and would have turned to go, but she held on to his arm.

"Jimmy," she said softly, "I'm so sorry you've had so much misfortune; get busy now and get back on your feet, and when you're well heeled come around and see me again."

"Misfortune!" said Jimmy, a little breathlessly, "why, I think I'm the luckiest man in the world." He took both of her arms and looked into her eyes. "If I hadn't had that run of hard luck, just when I did, I might have married you—you damned little wench."

## WHAT HE LIKED ABOUT HER

She was only a garment worker, but he loved her striking appearance.



*The only objection to the play was one voiced in the smoking room. . . .*

# Two DOWN FRONT

*A Department of Theatrical Criticism Conducted  
By One of America's Leading Humorists*

*By TIP BLISS*

**!!!SIOIS!!!**

**Y**OU know the one about the man who caught the bear. No, don't leave the room, girls, this isn't that kind of story. Why, I wouldn't think of telling you that kind of story—you'd know it anyway. This is just that a man caught a bear, and then found himself just naturally obliged to hang on until the bear starved to death or died of hardening of the arteries.

That's the way it is with this dramatic criticism job. All summer long there weren't any new shows worth writing about, but in order to keep my speaking part on LAUGHTER'S payroll, I had to

prattle along in my innocent way about nothing at all. And now, dawgone it, there are more shows than you can shake a stick at—and a lot of them should have sticks shaken at them—and I don't know where to begin. Oh, well, nothing's perfect in this world, unless you're going to believe what your bootlegger tells you about his stuff.

### *Gentlemen Prefer June*

Of course, you've read that little thing that Anita Loos dashed off between Los Angeles and New York as a bit of free publicity for the peroxide people, but if you haven't found time to read it all these





Anyone who cannot get a lot of fun out of "Criss Cross" should lose no time in seeing a doctor.

long winter evenings, why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for playing cards for money.

Well, Anita and John Emerson, who in private life is Mr. Loos, have turned it into a play which is now engaging the efforts of a lot of expensive talent at the Times Square. The Press agents neglected a golden opportunity by failing to tell where the play was written, but I surmise it was between the Park Place and Fourteenth Street stations of the Seventh Avenue Subway, because "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" practically was a play all along. All the genius required to dramatize it was to change a passage such as:

"'She looks like Bill Hart,' I said. 'No,' Dorothy said, 'she looks more like Bill Hart's horse,'"

LORELEI—She looks like Bill Hart.

DOROTHY—No, she looks more like Bill Hart's horse, and then interject the word "CURTAIN" into the manuscript every now and then. I think maybe I could handle that assignment.

Lorelei is June Walker, who has suddenly gone blonde by an overwhelming plurality, and Dorothy is Edna Hibbard. G. P. Huntley is Sir Francis Beekman,

husband of the lady who so strongly resembles Mr. Hart's equine; Arthur Ross is Gus Eisman, the painfully gold-dug button king, and Frank Morgan is Frank Spoffard of the Old Philadelphia Spoffards.

It's a rattling funny show, and all I'm worried about is that Gilbert Seldes or some other of our Hidden Meaning Experts will discover that it represents a Vital Cross Section of American Life. It doesn't represent a blamed thing, God be praised for his infinite mercy!

### Give My Regards to Broadway

Another play that opened with a bang when the majority of, to put it generously, attractions were just popping, is "Broadway." Here is something that is very definitely of 1926 vintage—or maybe synthesis would be a better word. No pre-war stuff is "Broadway," but a razzle-dazzle concoction of night clubs, cabaret girls, hoofers, bootleggers and human fish from the Great Open Spaces.

I wouldn't advise Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler to attend, because I'd hate to ruin his childish illusions that the Prohibition Law is sending us city folks in droves to the Public Library in search of a Real Good Book for the evening's entertainment, and I just couldn't bear to take Mr. Wheeler up on my knee and tell



... in which a German Colonel does wrong by our Nell.

him, with tears in my voice, that there ain't no Santa Volstead. But for you skeptics still suspicious that there are oases in the desert, and that all is not old that liquors, "Broadway" is good medicine.

Lee Tracy, once the inventive kid brother in "The Show-Off," is the principal celebrant of the piece, but he only slightly eclipses Robert Gleckler, Edith Van Cleve, Clare Woodbury, John Wray and several others.

The only objection I heard to the play was one voiced by an imbibing gentleman in the smoking room of the Broadhurst who insisted it wasn't right for the authors (Philip Dunning and George Abbott, by the way) to make the head bootlegger of the piece the villain instead of the hero. "But then," the gentleman conceded, "of course this is only a show—it ain't real life."

### *Them's Harsh Words, Matey*

When I settled down into G-21 at the Forrest and started reading the program of "The Woman Disputed," I fervently hoped that it would turn out to be pretty terrible. For once I found there was efficacy in prayer. It was.

In the first place, the title sent chills down my well-known spine. This, said I to myself says I, is going to be one of those things. Probably they won't even



*You'll pardon me, but I've got to finish these sketches. The little model I'm using is becoming impatient.*



*Broadway is a concoction of cabaret girls, bootleggers, and human fish from the great open spaces.*

name the characters, but will call them "A Man," "A Woman" and so on.

Yea, verily. I quote from the cast: A Passerby, A Blind Man, Two Soldiers, A Waif, A Thief, Two Men, A Woman, First Policeman, Second Policeman, An Orderly, A Father, A Grandfather, A Boy, An American Soldier.

This sort of thing is what makes rabbits bite bulldogs. If instead of "A Thief" they say "Gerald Chapman," and name "Richard Enright" for "Second Policeman," you know where you are at, but darned if I can get enthusiastic over the doings of nameless waifs and orderlies—no, not even grandfathers, passionately fond as I am of waifs, orderlies and grandfathers. Bellhops and waiters are the only persons who should be permitted to go through life without any proper handle at all.

And the story! Must I tell it? Oh, very well, but you wait and see if I don't get even. Well, *Marie-Ange* is one of those little sidewalk sirens of Paris who loves Lieutenant "Yank" Trinkard of the Foreign Legion, but a doity dug of a German colonel captures her and does wrong by our Nell, saying that if she yells for a cop or anything he'll kill off all the French and American prisoners. Hell will be paved with German colonels by the time all the war plays have been





### Spanish "Vig" Tabs

known the world over. Used for centuries by the aristocracy of Europe. "Vig," the famous Spanish pep tablets, can now be bought in this country.

Do you Lack Vigor and Pep?

"Vig" Tabs will give you pep and energy. Its magic-like action will create vigor and red blooded vitality. Marvellous Spanish element in "Vig." Re-charges your run down glands. Contains no harmful or habit forming drugs. Be a red blooded man.

Try Vig Tabs. Get a new grip on life! Results Guaranteed.

Send \$2.00 for double strength package. Special, 2 packages for \$3.00. (C. O. D. plus postage.) Sent in plain wrapper.

### SINCERE LABORATORIES


24 East 21st St. Dept. P-17 NEW YORK

### SONG POEM WRITERS

Send for "real" proposition.

RAY HIBBELER, D172

2104 N. Keystone Ave. Chicago, Ill.

**Sale!**  **CUT TO \$9.15**

Buy Direct And Save Money. Only \$9.15 for this Blue Steel. Swing Out Cylinder. Hand Ejector Revolver. Six Spot Accurate. Light Action. Sure Fire. Hard Hitting. Full Rifled Barrel. Best Make. Latest Model. Fully Guaranteed. 32, 32-20, or 38 Calibers. Send No Money. Pay Postman \$9.15 plus postage on arrival. Money Back If Not Satisfied.

ARLEE WHOLESALE CO., DEPT. 5 BALTIMORE, MD.

**BIRTH CONTROL**  
**3 BOOKS-239**

Don't take foolish chances and suffer later. Learn the real facts about Birth Control and Sex Life. Read Dr. Armbrage's famous book. Tells simply and clearly all you should know about Birth Control, Too Many Children, Facts for the Married, Childbirth, etc. Over 200 pp., cloth bound. Real information.

**TOO MANY CHILDREN?**

In addition we will give absolutely FREE 2 startling books. Margaret Sanger's "What Every Woman Should Know." Also "Aspects On Birth Control." Order at once.

**SEND NO MONEY.** Pay the postman only \$2.89 plus postage when these three valuable books arrive.

GUIDE PUBLISHING CO., 225 W. 34th St., N. Y., Dept. 423

**KNOW!-DON'T TAKE CHANCES**

**SEX BOOKS** Facts other sex books don't dare discuss. Practical information all matters. Send 10c today, stamps or coin, for illustrated catalog. Nothing else like it in America.

**10c**

Dept. 8, Counsel Service, Box 62, Sta. N, New York

**LIQUOR OR DRUG HABIT CURED FOREVER OR NO**

PAY. Full treatment sent on trial. Can be given secretly at home. Guaranteed to free you forever from desire for whiskey, gin, wine, beer, opium, morphine and heroin. Costs \$2.00 if cured, nothing if it fails. It is a preventative for Poison liquor, carry it with you. Standard Laboratories, Dept. B18 28 29 Guilford Ave, BALTIMORE, MD.

gotten out of dramatists' systems. So after somebody has declaimed the immortal line, "What! Would you buy your freedom with this poor girl's shame?"—fancy that, now—she consents, and Lieutenant "Yank," after a fit of peevishness, forgives her, and the entire American Army is saved. Honest! It wasn't God or the Marines or even the M. P.'s that won the war. It was *Marie-Ange*, via Miss Ann Harding.

The program credits the idea to a story by Guy de Maupassant. M. de Maupassant's seconds should wait upon those responsible in the morning. A Frenchman's honor is at stake.

### Na-a-a-a!

Having worked myself into a nasty frame of mind over "The Woman Disputed," I might as well get what I think of "The Shelf" off my chest. Usually, when the return of Miss Frances Starr to the stage is announced in a hushed voice, the public closes its eyes in ecstasy and, uttering a long "Ah-h-h!" goes off into a cataleptic trance of sheer delight.

But Miss Starr, who of late has been bumping around in such mugginsses as "Shore Leave" and "One," is still on the skids. In "The Shelf" she is a lady of pinkish reputation who gets stalled in a small town of the They-do-say variety, and gets herself talked about for three acts. At least, I think there were three. After the first intermission you can't prove anything by Papa.

Arthur Byron and Donald Meek were in the cast. They're always good, but not even Byron and Meek can make a dish of tripe look like broiled lobster.

### Nize Fred! Nize Baby!

At a comparatively early age—this was a little while before the Battle of Waterloo, I think—I began attending musical comedies of which Fred Stone was the principal ingredient. I don't remember whether I saw "The Wizard of Oz"—probably if I did I laughed so hard the nurse had to carry me out, but I did rolic merrily at "The Red Mill," and all subsequent Stonings, including this year's shebang, "Criss Cross."

There really isn't much of anything to be said about any musical comedy, a bless-

When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.

ing for which my hosts of delighted readers are probably piously thanking Heaven at this moment. Either you like it, or you don't, and anybody who can't get a lot of fun out of "Criss Cross" should lose no time in seeing a doctor and getting examined for rabies.

Dorothy, Fred's daughter, is becoming as much of a headline attraction as the agile old gent himself, and there is grand music by Jerome Kern and some perfectly swell dresses for the gals and a lot of dancing and funny cracks, so what more could anybody ask?

There's no hurry about getting to see "Criss Cross." It's going to be hanging around for a long, long time.

### Also Running

The typewriter ribbon seems to be getting pale and wan so we'll have to hustle over some of the others. Item, "We Americans." Variation No. 32,642 of the "Abie's Irish Rose" school. Just about like it sounds.

Item, "They All Want Something." Glorifying William T. Tilden, Jr., who is beginning to need a little glorifying. Notable chiefly for including the world's most embarrassing question, as when one of the characters asks Mr. Tilden, "Do you play tennis?" Somebody tactfully changes the subject.

Item, "Black Boy" with Paul Robeson. A fair-to-middler about the rise and fall of another Harry Wills. Good enough, but nowhere near good enough for the Paul Robeson of "The Emperor Jones."

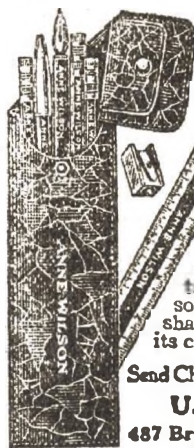
Item, "Scotch Mist." Not a dramatized Rogers Peet ad, and not much anything else, for that matter.

Item, "Buy, Buy Baby." Another "Cradle Snatchers," but slightly less so. There are a lot I've missed here, but it was a pretty late party last night and a guy has to sleep *some* time. And so to bed.

### Four of Them

Fond Mother: "Here is a ukelele for your Christmas, my dear. You must not play it while daddy is sleeping, or in the morning before mother is up."

Marjorie: "I thought there were a few strings to it."



## The Write Gift for Children

Individual Names  
**PENCIL SETS \$1.00**  
De Luxe Set: **1.00** post paid

Finest genuine sheepskin leather case with coin pocket, richly embossed. Any name engraved in 18 kt. gold. Contains pencils and penholder in assorted colors, point protector, ruler, sharpener. Absolutely supreme in its class.

Send Check, Money Order or U. S. Postage.  
**U. S. PENCIL CO., Inc.**  
487 Broadway Dept. 1 New York

## MARRY!

**BIG DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos, mailed in plain wrapper for ten cents.**  
**SONAFIDE CO., Dept. 124 Kansas City, Mo.**

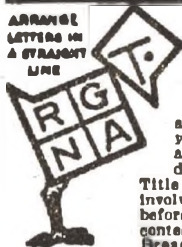
## "HANDS UP!" LOOKS LIKE A REAL AUTOMATIC

Protect your home. New Style Automatic. No Permit Necessary. Absolutely Safe and Harmless. Full trigger, Top opens revealing Cigarette Case or holder for Hip Flask, Powder Puff, Coin Purse, etc. **SEND NO MONEY** Pay postman \$1.69 plus postage  
**FEDERAL MAIL ORDER CORPORATION**  
561 Broadway, New York, Dept. 1-10



## Solve This Puzzle!

ARRANGE LETTERS IN A STRAIGHT LINE



What President's name do these 5 letters spell? All correct solutions will be awarded a lovely home site in beautiful New Jersey, between New York and Atlantic City. 20x100 feet. Free and clear of all encumbrances. If your solution is correct, there will be a small charge of only \$8.50 for the deed, title certificate by Ocean County Title Co., etc., including all the costs involved in this transaction. Mail answer before January 15th. No strings to this contest. **Beachwood Park Co., Inc., 290 Broadway, New York Dept. 1**

## MAGIC DICE

\$6.00; Cards, \$1.25; Inks, \$1.50; Magic Fluid for Transparents, \$3.00; Slick Ace Cards, \$1.25; Factory Readers, \$1.00. Sales Boards, etc.

**GENERAL NOVELTY CO.**

112 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

**TEXAS 38 CAL. RANGER**

ALL Prices Smashed!!  
Buy now and save 50 percent. Newest model, case hardened frame, blue 6-inch barrel with side rod ejector, with special handles, used by every cop-puncher because of accuracy, dependability. **SEND NO MONEY** Pay postman on delivery \$9.25, plus postage. Money back guarantee. **Federal Mail Order Corp.**  
61 Broadway, New York. Dept. S148

## TOBACCO Or Snuff Habit Cured Or No Pay

Any form, cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chewing or snuff. Full treatment sent on trial. Harmless. Costs \$1.00 if it cures, nothing if it fails. Used by over 400,000 Men and Women. **Superba Co. NT-20 Baltimore, Md.**

When writing advertisers please mention **LAUGHTER**.



# \$35100 CLEARED IN ONE DAY

He writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from V. A. Marini of California reports \$11278 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey \$4980 profits in two months. Alexander of Pennsylvania "38000 profits in four months." Ira Shock \$688 sales in one day. Beam bought one outfit April 8 and 7 more by August 25. Iwata, bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pittsburg says "sold 8000 packages in one day." J. B. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that advertised advertisement." John Culp says:



## WE START YOU IN BUSINESS

Furnish secret formulas, raw material, and equipment. Little capital required; no experience needed.

### Build a Business of Your Own

No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start now, in your own town.

### Profits \$1000 a Month Easily Possible

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free! Write now!

**LONG-TAKING COMPANY**  
3104 High Street Springfield, Ohio

## GUN BARGAINS BONE-ITE HANDLES

NEW improved 1926 double-action models priced for quick sale. Genuine white boneite handles free if you order right away. Mention number of gun.  
 No. 1B—Powerful six-shot swing-cylinder revolver; nickel or blue steel finish; 32, 32-20, 28 or 44 cal. . . . \$11.95  
 No. 2B—Handsome five-shot break-open revolver; 32, 38 or 44 cal. . . . \$7.95  
 No. 3B—Beautifully made seven-shot automatic with improved safety; 25 cal. \$6.95



All three shoot any standard American cartridge. **PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY** plus postage. Money back if not satisfied. Consumers Co., Dept. 311 34W. 28St., N.Y.

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG**  
We Compose Music.  
Our Composer Wrote Many Song Hits.  
**MONARCH MUSIC COMPANY**  
1472 Broadway, Dept. 141, New York

**LOVE'S CHARM** *Enchanting, Fascinating, Mysterious.*  
Enticing. Its gentle charm, persuasive influence attracts young or old. \$1.00 including "How to Love." Magic Incense. Oriental gift \$1.00. Pay postman. **MORELLE CO.,** 893 Cable Building, Chicago, Ill.

## Country Life in America Or Have You a Little Family in Your Home?

FATHER—Sh, now. Quiet, Bobby. Hear it? Omaha. That's what it is. WXY, Omaha.

BOBBY—Where have you got the dials?

FATHER—41-42.

BOBBY—That's not Omaha. That's Hartford, Connecticut.

FATHER—I beg your pardon, Bobby. Hartford is 41-42 and a half. This is on 41-42. Keep quiet now. I think he's going to announce.

MOTHER—Clara was saying today—

FATHER—Sh! Quiet. Quiet! Uh. He didn't announce the station. They're playing another piece.

BOBBY—Let's get Pittsburgh again.

FATHER—Now I'm trying to help you to run this set. If you don't want me to show you—Sh. They're going to—

GRANDMOTHER—Isn't it wonderful the way you can hear things from all over the country. To think that—

MOTHER—Sh. You musn't talk. He's trying to hear what they're saying, and it's very faint.

GRANDMOTHER—What?

MOTHER—He can't hear when you talk.

GRANDMOTHER—Oh. Sorry. I didn't—

FATHER—Sh. Quiet! They're—DON'T rattle those papers! Sh. Quiet.

MOTHER—Well, I can't help—

FATHER—There. That's it. Talk right in the middle of the announcement. I can't tell what it was.

BOBBY—I bet it was Hartford. And anyhow I'd rather hear the story the man in Pittsburgh was telling.

FATHER (*with great dignity*)—Do you want to go up to bed?

BOBBY—No.

FATHER—Then you'll have to keep quiet.

BOBBY—But, Father, you gave me that set for my birthday, and—

FATHER—Yes, Bobby, I know it, and you can run it all you want—after I show you how. Now everybody keep quiet. Sh. It's time for them to announce—now! No. They're playing an encore.

GRANDMOTHER—To think that probably a thousand people are listening to the same thing we are! These modern inventions! What have you got now?



FATHER—Omaha.

GRANDMOTHER—Ottawa?

FATHER—No. Omaha.

BOBBY—41-42 is Hartford. I had it this after—

FATHER—Bobby, you can go on up to bed.

BOBBY—But, Father, I only—

FATHER—Sh! Quiet! I can't hear what they say when you people talk. Quiet, now.

BOBBY—Mother, do I have—

FATHER—QUIET!—Too late. Come over here! Now then, I've a good mind to spank you. No. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. If you can't learn not to meddle when I'm helping you I'm going to send the set back. I'm sick and tired of this continual whining. I can't tell what we're getting when you interrupt. Now, I'm warning you. Go on up to bed.

(Exit Bobby)

MOTHER—I think you're rather unfair to him. We got this radio for Bobby, and—

FATHER—Yes, I know. But, when— Sh. Quiet. He's going to announce—

GRANDMOTHER—To think—

FATHER—Sh! QUIET! Damn. I couldn't hear what he said. Yes, the more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that Bobby oughtn't to run this set at all. He's too young, and he doesn't— Sh. Quiet.

—Parke Cummings.

### Aren't We Wonderful!

An old preacher told the boys of the Bible Class what lesson he was going to read the following Sunday. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next Sunday the preacher read on the bottom of one page:

"When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was (then turning the page) one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopherwood, and covered with pitch inside and out."

He was puzzled. He read again, verified the statement, and then said:

"My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

## Tobacco Habit BANISHED

Let Us Help You

No craving for tobacco in any form after you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's often a losing fight against heavy odds and may mean a serious shock to the nervous system. Let us help the tobacco habit to quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions. It is marvelously quick; thoroughly reliable.

### Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a very few days. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded. Write today for our free booklet and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

NEWELL PHARMACAL COMPANY  
Clayton Station

Dept. 804 ST. LOUIS, MO.



**GUN BARGAINS SEND NO MONEY**

No. M2. Swing Out Cylinder, Blue Steel, 6 Shot, Accurate, Riffled Barrel, 32, 32-40 or 38 Cal. \$10.95  
 No. T5. Top Break, Blue Steel, Sure Fire, 32 or 38 Cal. 7.75  
 No. A8. Automatic, Blue Steel, 32 Cal. 6 shot \$7.75, 25 Cal. 7 shot. 7.35  
 No. R7. Solid Steel, Blue Finish, Accurate, 38, 32 or 22 Cal. 6.85  
 No. 94. Blue Steel, Solid Frame, Double Action, 38, 32 or 22 Cal. 4.95

ORDER BY NUMBER. GIVE CALIBER WANTED. Send no money. Pay your Postman price plus postage on delivery. Money refunded if not satisfied after inspection. All guns new, use Standard American Cartridge. STERLING CO. R-10 BALTIMORE, MD.

## A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE

CAN EASILY BE YOURS



Trades Medal No. 25 corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. Model 25 Junior for children.

Awarded Prize Medal by big Wembley Exposition, London, England. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which

tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist

Dept. 1488

Binghamton, N. Y.



# The Art of Engraving



**T**HERE is a marked increase in the demand for illustrative printing. The illustrative language is resorted to more and more in all forms of communication. Indeed, the dignity, value and usefulness of the graphic arts have never before been so fully and highly expressed. We seem to be in the dawn of a still greater application of this universal language. All these developments foretell a greater future for the photo-engravers' art.

The enormous possibilities presented embrace likewise increased duties and responsibilities on the part of those who are engaged in this branch of the graphic arts. To merit continued and growing public support we are willing and ready to serve the general public in a larger

sense than we have ever served it before. The genius of our craft is being given full play. It remains for the public to understand and appreciate the possibilities of photo-engraving, and to realize the continued rise in standards that has marked all recent progress.

This rise in the standards of plate-making is shown in the work of the Lotz Engraving Company, equipped for prompt and effective service, both locally and out of town. Through the mails accurate and high-grade reproductions of photographs and pen and inks can be supplied to any part of the United States. Not only is this work done for publishing houses, but quick service of a satisfactory order is rendered the business man and the advertising agency.

*The* **LOTZ**  
PHOTO-ENGRAVING COMPANY  
N. E. Corner 12th and Cherry Streets  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**Ladies' Legs**

ONE of the greatest discoveries of this century was that all women have legs. Up to the dawn of 1900 it was assumed that only ladies of the stage and artists' models possessed them.

Of course, from time to time, some stray man suspected, when a girl turned her ankle at a picnic, for instance, or when some other female had so well-turned an ankle that she just couldn't help showing it on the street, that there was a strong possibility of the ankle being attached to a leg. But the knowledge did not become general until the style-makers seized the female skirt by the hem and moved it upward.

It seems strange that the different varieties of lady legs have never been described nor catalogued for ready reference—in spite of the recent date of the discovery. For everyone know that millions of observations have since been taken daily by scientists upon the streets and elsewhere. It is only charitable to assume that the procrastination of these observers is due to the fact that they have not had time yet to stop gathering data and to put on paper the knowledge gained. But since these males may never get through observing, it is essential that someone—even though he is but a mere layman—shall place each type of leg in its proper niche along with appropriate descriptions. The attempt follows:

The Piano—A sturdy matronly type.

The Ten Pin (inverted)—Not built for speed but for general all-round use during the year.

The Rounded—Usually corn-fed. Highly admired by most observers.

The Pigeon-kneed—Formerly frowned upon but since the Charleston arrived, in great favor.

The Bow—The least important discovery of the lot. Really should have been left covered.

The Cylinder—The name diameter from the feet upward for about two feet. Not an alluring type.

The Sport Model—Long and rakish. Intriguing.

Look about you, as you stroll upon the streets or hang about the lobby of some large hotel at tea-time, and see how many of these types you can identify. It will make a very fascinating game.

—Fred B. Mann

**The Cleanest, Yet Most Outspoken Book Published**

The greatest necessity to ensure happiness in the married condition is to know its obligations and privileges, and to have a sound understanding of sex conduct. This great book gives this information and is absolutely reliable throughout.

Dr. P. L. Clark, B. S., M. D., writing of this book says: "As regards sound principles and frank discussion I know no better book on this subject than



When Soul Meets Soul

Bernard Bernard's 'Sex Conduct in Marriage.' I strongly advise all members of the Health School in need of reliable information to read this book. "I feel grateful but cheated," writes one man. "Grateful for the new understanding and joy in living that has come to us, cheated that we have lived five years without it."

New to insure

**HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE**

Answered by Dr. Bernard Bernard, D.S. (Phys.) in His Great Book

**SEX CONDUCT IN MARRIAGE**

It answers simply and directly those intimate questions which Dr. Bernard has been called upon to answer innumerable times before, both personally and by correspondence. It is a simple, straightforward explanation, unclouded by ancient fetich or superstition.

**PARTIAL CONTENTS**

- INTRODUCTION
- Sex Binds All Life in One. Sex Communion.
- CHAPTER I
- The Consummation of Marriage.
- The Art of a Beautiful Conception.
- The Conservation of Sex Energy.
- CHAPTER II
- Anatomy and Physiology. Female Sex Apparatus.
- Male Sex Apparatus.
- The Book on Which Many Marriages Founder.
- The Spontaneous Expression of Love.
- CHAPTER III
- Those Who Should Practice Conception Control.
- The Husband's Function to Keep.
- The Wife's Function to Keep.
- Why Women Have Been Subjected.
- The Complete Confidence of Man and Wife.
- CHAPTER IV
- Desirable Sex Conduct. Life and Sex Energy.
- Sex Fear Destroyed. The Immorality of Preventing Conception Control Knowledge.
- CHAPTER V
- Initiation to Matrimony.
- Men Who Marry in Ignorance.
- CHAPTER VI
- Monogamy or Free Marriage. Hereditary Passion.
- The Limitation of Population.
- An Eminent Divine and Conception Control.
- Unlimited Breeding Involves a Struggle for Existence.
- Marriage a Joy to the End.

This book is supplied only to those married or anticipating marriage.

Health & Life Publications, Room 258, 508 S Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send **SEX CONDUCT IN MARRIAGE**. I will pay postman \$1.75 plus postage on arrival.

Name.....

Address.....

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

If remittance accompanies order we will ship book postage prepaid. (Cash must accompany Foreign orders.)

When writing advertisers please mention **LAUGHTER**.



**I Brings You**  
ANY OF THESE WONDERFUL  
**XMAS GIFTS!**

Simple and BIGGEST  
VALUES! easiest terms,  
Mail order. With 15 to this  
age - these gifts are being  
sold NOW. There are NO  
RED TAPE - STRICTLY  
CONFIDENTIAL! Pay for  
each half year. TEN easy  
monthly payments. \$1.00  
SAYS "TRIAL" - Money  
Back if unsatisfied. RUSH  
YOUR ORDER TO DAY.

**X61-18K white gold hand engraved  
and pierced. Fiery blue white  
diamond. \$48. \$4.40 Monthly**

**X62-Newest Square prong ring.  
18K white gold. Fine Blue White  
Diamond. \$50. \$4.00 Monthly**

**X63-18K white gold ladies three  
stone ring. Three fine Blue White  
Diamonds. \$42.50  
\$4.15 Monthly**

**X64-Gents 18K White Gold Ring  
Two Blue Sapphires. Fine Blue  
White Diamond. \$47.50  
\$4.65 Monthly**

**X65-Gorgeous Dinner Ring. Beauti-  
fully pierced and engraved 18K white  
gold. Three Fine Blue White Di-  
amonds. Two blue sapphires \$46.75  
\$4.57 Monthly**

**X66-Ladies New Oval Shaped  
Wristwatch. Four blue sapphires-  
four genuine diamonds 15J guaran-  
teed movement. \$38.75  
\$3.77 Monthly**

**X67-Gents Strap Watch. Jeweled  
Movement. White metal case.  
Black enamel inlay. \$14.50  
\$1.35 Monthly**

**X68-Jeweled Elgin Octagon Watch  
Chain and Knife FREE. Furnished  
in presentation gift case. \$21.  
\$2.00 Monthly**

FREE CATALOG & GIFT  
SUGGESTIONS. art. CALENDAR for 1927 sent  
FREE with catalog. Illustrations. SILVER  
WARE. IVORYWARE. C. A. NEEDLE &  
DIAMOND JEWELRY, ETC. Thousands  
of suggestions on our famous PA  
AS YOU - PLEASE PLAN to answer soon  
answering this ad.

**O.F. BALE & CO.**  
21-27 Maiden Lane New York

## Recommended Speech on the Occasion of a Scout Federation

"I FEEL deeply honored at the privilege of addressing this great gathering of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts of America. It is, I suppose, my duty to eulogize this splendid organization, and indeed I *could* eulogize it no end for I am sincerely in accord with its aims and ideals. However, I shall devote this occasion to something definite, something specific.

As far as I can ascertain, your chances of becoming a member of this organization depend primarily upon your ability to make a fire with a stick and a piece of dry wood. I understand that this custom originated with the American Indian. So also did the practise of lifting scalps, but the latter, I believe, is practically obsolete. Now peel your ears, my young people, listen carefully, and I shall impart for your benefit an astounding bit of information:

At your corner grocery store you will find on sale any desired quantities of little boxes containing in the neighborhood of fifty slender little pieces of wood with some sort of brown material on their tips. Now what do you suppose happens when this brown material is struck against the side of the box? I shall tell you. A flame results. Children, that is the truth, incredible as it may seem. With that flame you can start almost any kind of a fire. These are called matches.

Now here is my plan. Every scout shall buy a few boxes. Instead of taking up his time learning to make a fire with dry sticks let him employ that time in repeating over and over again: 'I must remember to take plenty of matches when I go to camp out in the woods.' Have you ever heard of a French gentleman named Coué? Well, that's the idea. And then on wet days you can vary this little saying to: 'I must take some kind of a container along to keep my matches dry.' To the boy or girl scout who sets the most fires in one year by this method I am going to give a gold medal known as The Smith Medal For The Abolition of Useless Labor. I thank you, children."

—Parke Cummings.

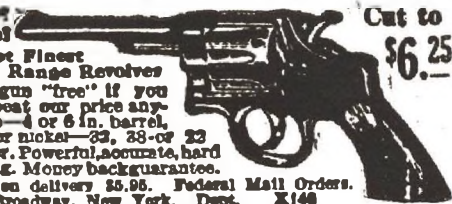
400's  
Barrel

6-Shot Finest  
Long Range Revolver

This gun "free" if you  
can beat our price any-  
where—4 or 6 in. barrel,  
blue or nickel—32, 38 or 22  
caliber. Powerful, accurate, hard  
hitting. Money back guarantee.

Pay on delivery \$3.95. Federal Mail Orders.  
561 Broadway, New York. Dept. X148

Cut to  
\$6.25



## SEX BOOK

Latest and best, price \$2.00 postpaid. Catalog  
of rare books, novelties, etc. 10 cts.

UNION SALES CO.

740 W. Madison St.

Chicago, Ill.

When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.

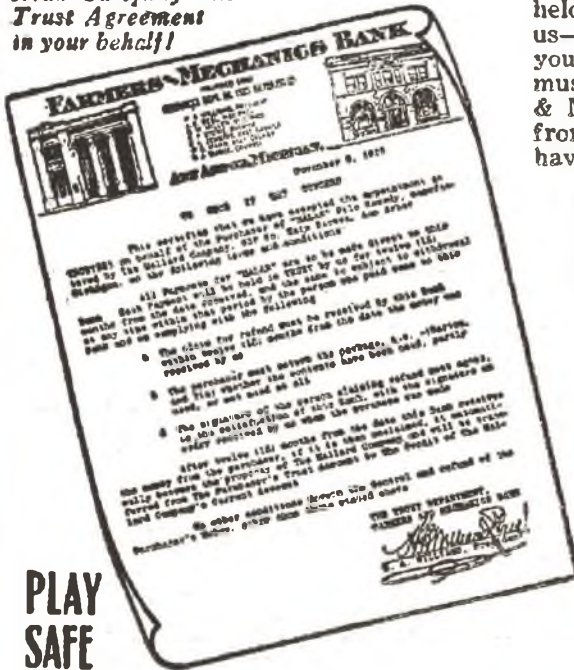


# Freedom from Piles!

**-A Strong Bank Refunds Your Money  
If MALAR Fails to End Piles  
THE STRONGEST GUARANTEE EVER MADE  
Read This Explanation - Then Act!**

MALAR has been a success in permanently ridding people of blind, bleeding itching or protruding Piles for over 50 years. A single package has healed stubborn, long standing cases. Such results have made many members of the medical profession marvel. Yet with all of the overwhelming evidence that more than a 100,000 treatments have proven, we still give you the protection of a strong bank. Your money is held in trust by the bank—NOT us—for a whole year—subject to your call at any time. MALAR must make good—or the Farmers & Mechanics Bank will. Freedom from Piles is worth any risk—we have removed the risk for you.

Read Carefully this Trust Agreement in your behalf!



**PLAY SAFE**

The guarantee behind MALAR would be financial suicide for us if MALAR failed to heal Piles. If MALAR does not completely and entirely free you from Piles of ANY sort all you have to do is to send to the Farmers and Mechanics Bank of Ann Arbor, Michigan, the original package and any unused portion of MALAR and the Bank will promptly refund your money in full. Read the Bank's letter—it protects you absolutely. MALAR is not expensive and MALAR is effective.

**Don't Suffer Longer---Get the Facts Now!**

The coupon mailed to us does not obligate you in the slightest, but it will bring you everything you want to know about MALAR—the greatest Pile remedy ever offered the American public. Act now—you will be glad you did so ever after.

**THE MALLARD CO.**  
637 S. Main St.  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

End Your Agony  
N-O-W!

**MALAR**  
FOR PILES  
U.S. PAT. OFF.

Send No Money--Mail Coupon For Details

No advertisement can do justice to MALAR—it must be used to appreciate its marvelous healing properties. You folks who have suffered from Piles for years, those who have "tried everything" including painful operations will be astounded beyond belief. MALAR is different from any Pile remedy you ever heard of. It works! This is why it carries such a remarkable guarantee—the only one of its kind in existence. The coupon below brings ALL of the facts. Fill it in and mail it now if you have ever suffered from Piles. Full information will come to you by return mail!

**This Will Bring You The Relief Facts  
Put It In The Mails Today!**

THE MALLARD COMPANY 22-9  
637 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, Michigan.  
Dear Sirs: Without obligation to me please send me full particulars about MALAR.

Full Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Printed)

Address \_\_\_\_\_ (Printed)

(Ink Runs—Use a Pencil)

When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.



## A Baby In Your Home



So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of Sterilitone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

Every woman who wants to live a normal, happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Sterilitone is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Send NO Money. NO Obligations. Simply name and address to Dr. H. Will Elders, 2064 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.

FINAL SALE

### KING OF REVOLVERS

Has all improvements of latest guns. \$35 value, left wheeler, safety hand ejector, guaranteed never out of order, 6-shot, 32-20 or 33 cal. Send No Money. Pay on delivery \$8.99 plus postage. Satisfaction or money back. FEDERAL

MAIL ORDER, 561 Bway, N. Y., Dept. E148



\$1 each or money order or \$1.95 for 2 pack. Guaranteed or Your Money Back. SUPER PRODUCTS CO.

### Get New "PEP" In 20 Minutes

Send right now for Super Tabs, the most amazing quick acting "PEP" producing tablet that has ever been created. Absolutely pure—no harmful or habit forming drugs. Yet contains the most marvelous element in all nature for a quick "Pick-up" of VIGOR, STRENGTH, VITALITY. Dept. F-3 220 Third Street BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ONLY \$1.97

### BANJO UKE



Become popular. Play the latest song hits. Wonderful professional instrument. You can have this one with maple finish and good quality strings for only \$1.97. Regular \$6.00 retail value. Complete instructions free showing you how to play in 5 minutes. Order now and pay postman \$1.97 plus postage. Winchell Studios, Box 3, Woodbine, Penna.

## The Great Baffle Murder

JACORN BAFFLE, multi-millionaire, had been found dead in his deep brown study, and Impervious Unravel, the great detective, had taken charge. Unravel had soon released it, however, seeing at a glance that it could not be guilty. Alone in the room, he set about his examination while the police fumed and smoked.

An open letter had been found on the table in front of the dead man; this Impervious hastily closed before the contents should evaporate, and examined under the microscope. "Traces of irony!" muttered the great man, and smiled grimly.

Next Lydia Redham was called in for questioning. She admitted coming to see J. Acorn in a burst of fury, which she had kept waiting at the door. Seizing the opportunity, the great detective held it before her startled eyes and asked if she had ever owned it. No; she had never had such an opportunity. Impervious smiled grimly.

Next Trixie de Lite was called in by the great man, who pointed to the figure in the chair, and ran swiftly forward to take her pulse. It was racing madly, but overtaking it as it skipped a beat, he examined it carefully under the microscope. Questioned, Trixie admitted Baffle had been her lover, that he had been seen by her with another woman she suspected was his wife, and that she was trying to reduce. Just before she was dismissed by Impervious, she nervously let slip that she had that afternoon killed him with a 22 pearl-inlaid revolver. "Pearl-inlaid," murmured he, and smiled grimly.

In quick succession eight women were questioned by the detective, each one of whom admitted calling that afternoon, and of that number eight explained some illicit relationship with him in private life. It developed, also, they had been driven to desperation that afternoon by the same taxi. On a sudden impulse, Impervious walked to the window and looked out, glancing quickly back at the impulse as he did so. He smiled grimly. A remark let fall by the last woman questioned rolled to his feet, and he put his foot down sharply.

That night in his lodgings, overlooking the river and the furniture, the Chief of Police waited patiently for the great Un-

When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.

ravel to give his explanation. He limped badly as a result of jumping to a conclusion early in the case, and wore a harried look well buttoned up the front.

"Which one of the women did it—or did all of them? They all seemed to want to bad enough," the Chief asked, knitting his brows and occasionally dropping a stitch in his embarrassment, at his feet.

"None of them! False clues to throw me off the track! Didn't you observe that not one of them was a blonde? Then they couldn't have done it—what kind of headlines would it make to have a murder by any woman except a blonde? Bah!"

"Then what is your solution?" asked the Chief, applying some of it to his swollen face where the other's rebuke had stung him.

"Too obvious. There wasn't a blonde in the bunch we examined today, but—" lowering his voice so that it trailed along the floor "did you notice the little tow-headed girl playing next door?"

"But, Impervious! You'd never convince a jury a kid eight years old committed this crime! Why—she's blonde, I s'pose, but a mere baby!"

"Quite so," replied the detective, and smiled grimly. He let his gaze wander about the room till it was tired, leaned forward quickly, and whispered: "We must wait till she grows up!"

—Wayne G. Haisley.

**The Modern Hamlet  
(He Has Married Ophelia)**

SCENE

*A Graveyard near a golf course.*

*(Hamlet strolls on. He is attired for golf. He walks to an open grave.)*

HAMLET (*picking up a skull that lies beside the opening*)—Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well! He made this hole in one and died of a stroke.

*(He has just put down the skull when Ophelia enters the graveyard. She also wears the trappings of golf. Hamlet turns and frowns upon her.)*

OPHELIA—What are you mad about?

HAMLET—Why didn't you take the caddy and play on by yourself? I came

*(Continued on page 93)*



*Does a palting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel" Page 199.*

**Are You Afraid  
To Love?**

Has true love come into your life—or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

**Sex Secrets**

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or beating around the bush. This startling 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," written by Prof. B. G. Jefferies, M. D. Ph. D., and Prof. J. L. Nichols, A. M., contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at its frankness. Words are not minced. "Polite" phrases are forgotten—the right word is used in the right place. "Safe Counsel" contains nine startling sections: I. The Science of Eugenics; II. Love; III. Marriage; IV. Childbirth; V. Family Life; VI. Sexual Science; VII. Diseases and Disorders; VIII. Principles of Health and Hygiene; IX. The Story of Life; Here are just a few of the subjects discussed—Love, Anatomy and Physiology. A Word to Mothers. Maternity. Parental Influences. Change of Life. Impotence. Fighting Modern Evils. You owe it to yourself, to your happiness and your health to read this wonderful book.

**Send No Money  
simply mail the coupon**

Just clip the coupon. Send it in today. No money is required. In a few days when the postman brings you "Safe Counsel" (in a plain wrapper) you can pay him \$1.98 and postage. If you are not thoroughly satisfied after examination, return the book and we will refund your money.

**Mail the Coupon NOW!**

**FRANKLIN ASSOCIATION**

186 N. LaSalle St., Dept. 6216, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your amazing 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," in a plain wrapper marked "Personal." I will pay the postman \$1.98, plus postage, upon arrival. If I'm not satisfied I'll return book within 5 days and you are to refund my money.

Name.....

Street  
or R. F. D.....

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

(Price outside of U. S.—\$2.22 cash with order)

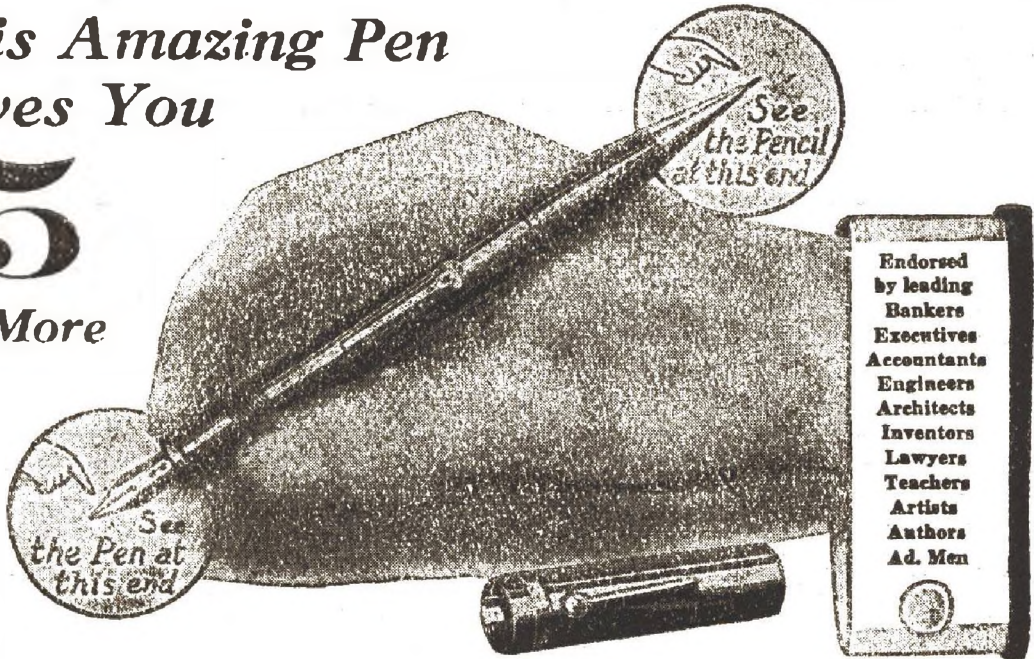
*When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.*



# This Amazing Pen Saves You

# \$5

## or More



Endorsed  
by leading  
Bankers  
Executives  
Accountants  
Engineers  
Architects  
Inventors  
Lawyers  
Teachers  
Artists  
Authors  
Ad. Men

## THE WORLD'S SMARTEST PEN IS ALSO THE CHEAPEST!

Instead of paying \$5 to \$10 for a Fountain Pen and \$8 more for a Mechanical Pencil, you can now buy the COMBO Pencil-Pen (which combines both) for only \$5.00!

### THE "COMBO" PEN AND PENCIL COMBINATION

is the most startling value ever offered. Every person who writes has always wished for such an instrument. Doesn't it always seem as if you only have a pencil when you really have to use a pen—and vice versa? Once you have used it, you will wonder how you ever managed without one. Guaranteed to give Better Service than any other Pen at any Price.

#### FREE 30-DAY TRIAL

Test it 30 days at our risk. Compare it with the most expensive pens you can find. If you can find a better bargain—send your Combo back! Longest trial offered by any Maker.

#### LIFETIME GUARANTEE

The Combo is guaranteed unconditionally for life against mechanical defects or flaws in material or workmanship.

#### QUANTITY DISCOUNTS

If you can use dozen lots or more for office or premium use, write for special prices to—

**COMBO PEN CO., Park Row Bldg.**  
Dept. 21                      NEW YORK

#### FAMOUS 14 POINTS

1. Pen and Pencil in one.
2. Solid 14 kt. Gold Point.
3. Hard Iridium Nib. Lifelong wear.
4. 18 kt. gold strata trimmings.
5. Never clogs—always ready.
6. Master feed—prevents leakage.
7. Ladder feed. No blotting.
8. Self-filling; self-cleaning.
9. Leads propel, expel, repel.
10. Air-tight chamber prevents dry point.
11. Unbreakable Cap.
12. 30-Day trial offer.
13. Lifetime guarantee.
14. Supreme quality throughout.

### HOW YOU CAN GET IT FREE

With every Combo you get 5 coupons which you may sell to your friends at \$1. each and keep the money. If you sell all five coupons you have your money back.

### FREE \$1.00 COUPON

This coupon and \$4 entitles you to a \$5.00 Combo.  
Combo Pen Co., Park Row Bldg., Dept. 22, N. Y.

Please send a COMBO Pencil-Pen. I enclose \$4.00 (check, stamps or M. O.) or will pay on delivery, plus 1% government fee. After 30 days' trial I may return it for refund if I am not satisfied. Send also 5 free coupons.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....  
Nearest Dealer.....

#### CHECK YOUR CHOICE

Black.....  
Red.....  
Jade (\$6).....  
Fine Point.....  
Stub point.....  
Medium point.....  
Men's.....  
Ladies'.....

Buy direct or through your nearest store. Dealers are hereby authorized to honor this coupon.

When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.



here to do my soliloquizing. I'm way behind in it.

OPHELIA—You ought to quit that talking to yourself. It's a sign that one is a little off and you seem to be getting further away each day.

HAMLET—I don't seem to be able to get very far away from you. (*He turns and begins talking to himself.*) To be or not to be, that is the question.

OPHELIA—The question is, are you going to be sensible?

HAMLET (*facing her again*)—Sensible! Why, you would drive a fellow crazy.

OPHELIA (*angry*)—Now look here, Hamlet Denmark, don't you talk to me like that! I'll not stand it. I can't say a word to you without getting my head snapped off. You talk about this soliloquizing of yours as though it was something wonderful. I have heard it often and it's just about the poorest monologue I ever listened to. And if you expect to get any intelligent answer by asking questions of yourself, you are indeed an idiot. Somebody probably has told you that geniuses are half mad and you are acting mad so people will think you're a genius. Just let me tell you something—I'm no genius but I'm mad, and if you snap at me any more, I'm going to hit you with this driver right in your soliloquy. (*She brandishes the driver. Hamlet shrinks back.*)

HAMLET—Why, Ophie, dear, I—

OPHELIA—Not another word from you. I'm going to play out the round now by myself. (*She begins to walk away.*)

HAMLET (*blinking*)—What round is this?

OPHELIA—Never mind, you meet me at the clubhouse in an hour. (*She departs.*)

HAMLET (*picking up the skull again*)—Ah, lucky Yorick, you lived and died a bachelor!

### Place Card

THE table, gleaming with crystal and snowy linen, blooming with exotic flowers, was a delight to her eyes. She clasped her slim fingers, red lips parting in an ecstatic "Oo!" She moved around, heart fluttering with that eager anticipation known only to habitual scanners of place cards. Who would be next to her?

Lightly she bends forward, smiling. She  
(Continued on page 94)

SEND NO MONEY  
ONE FULL YEAR TO PAY

**\$49.50**  
\$1 Weekly

**DIAMONDS**  
Pick Yours Now!  
We Deliver and Trust You

Again country's foremost diamond merchants lead in startling offers. Look over these bargains, at almost unbelievable low prices. Read descriptions. Your opportunity to secure the gem you longed for. Easy terms—lower than cash prices.

**Your Guarantee**  
We have faithfully served the public for nearly 100 years. Make your selections. Our money back guarantee fully protects you. Order from this ad. on 10 days' free trial.

**Send No Money Now!**  
Keep your money in your pocket. Select the gem you want and wear it for 10 days. No. 1—Ladies' 18 kt. white gold ring, genuine blue white diamond, \$49.50—\$1 weekly. No. 2—Ladies' 18 kt. white gold ring, blue white diamond, blue sapphires at each side, \$69.60—\$1 weekly. No. 3—Ladies' friendship ring, 18 kt. solid white gold, 3 snappy, genuine blue white diamonds 4 blue sapphires, \$53.60—\$3.50 monthly. No. 4—Gent's 18 kt. solid white gold, genuine blue white diamond, \$69.75—\$4.65 monthly. No. 5—Ladies' 14 kt. solid white gold wrist watch, 15 jewels, 2 genuine diamonds, 4 blue sapphires, \$53.25—\$2.50 monthly.

**Million Dollar Bargain Book FREE**  
Contains up-to-the-minute gift suggestions at startling low prices and very liberal terms—write for a copy now!

**FREE MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK**

**J. M. LYON & CO., INC.**  
Dept. 222 2 Maiden Lane  
New York, N. Y.

**Breath of Love**



The most alluring perfume ever made, blending the passionate desire of the Parisienne with the seductive power of the Orient. Its exquisite scent surrounds you with an atmosphere of enticing charm. Attracted by its fascinating fragrance, young and old quickly surrender to its persuasive influence. Gives an enchanting atmosphere. Confidential instructions FREE. Plain wrapper. In handsome bottle \$2.25 post-paid cash with order. If you wish us to mail C. O. D., price is \$2.50 post-paid. If not satisfied, return within five days and money refunded. Order today.

**PARIS IMPORTERS, Dep't D. C.**  
535 W. 31st St. Chicago, Ill.

### FITS—BOTTLE FREE

My simple home treatment has stopped attacks of thousands the past 18 years. Should stop yours. Send for FREE bottle together with valuable information. Give age. R. Lepso, Apt. 112 695 Island Ave. Milwaukee, Wis.

When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.



# CLEOPATRA'S SECRET



ROBERT COLLIER has discovered that "Aladdin's Lamp" of Arabian fable, exists today. It appears that "Aladdin's Lamp" was merely a poetic way the ancients had of expressing a great truth. The Lamp is in reality a great central Light or source of power. It performs miracles today as it did ages ago for those that know how to turn on the Light!

## The Seven Keys

Just how one may summon this miraculous power to solve problems of health, prosperity, love, success—today—is revealed in seven handy art volumes Mr. Collier has prepared on the subject. This set of seven books, or keys, of the amazing new power everyone is talking about, is called the "Book of Life." A limited edition is now open to subscription.

## Secret of Ages Revealed

Did Aladdin really build gorgeous castles by simply wishing them into existence? What was it about Cleopatra that drew and held Kings and Emperors as her lovers? By a process as easy and simple as rubbing the lamp, claims Robert Collier and other psychologists. How to unlock these amazing powers for individual use, is clearly explained so that anyone can understand, in the marvelous new Book of Life—Seven Keys (or volumes.)

## Grateful Subscribers Amazed

"Book of Life is the Key to Perfect Man. Had amazing results."—M. W. Bissett. "Book of Life increased my salary from \$54 to \$100 a week, same work, less hours, greater prestige."—J. B. Rowney. "Healed by reading these seven wonderful volumes."—F. Fanning.

## Miraculous Gain Made Easy

Learn these ancient Arabian secrets, explained so you can understand them. Each handy volume a treasure store of daily help. Big type; art paper; easy to read. Here are a few of the chapters: "The Magic Secret," "The First Law of Gain," "The Gift of the Magi," "Open Sesame!" "The Formula of Success," "How to Gain Health."

Robert Collier personally guarantees that the Book of Life will add \$300 to your earnings this year, or he will refund your money.

Only a few dozen sets of this Artcraft Edition remain. When the new edition is ready, the price will go back to \$9. While they last, you may have your handsome Artcraft Set of Robert Collier's "BOOK OF LIFE" for only \$3.95. SEND NO MONEY. Send the TRIAL COUPON.

Aladdin's wonderful wishing lamp may actually be yours to get what you want! Send this coupon at once (no risk on your part). Try out for yourself these amazing formulas for acquiring Wealth, Love, Happiness, Health!

--- TRIAL COUPON ---

MIRACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY (M56)  
509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Send me one Artcraft Set (7 Volumes) of Robert Collier's "BOOK OF LIFE" on Mr. Collier's \$500 guarantee. I will pay postman \$3.95, plus postage on arrival.

Name.....

Address.....

reads, and straightway wilts inwardly. Of all the men there, he had to be the one! It proves what she had always suspected—the hostess was stupid as salad without its dressing. He advances, smiling, urbane, pleasantly cynical. Quite the handsomest and most attractive man in the hall, too.

He leans over her shoulder, makes some little flattering remark as he seats her. But it—as they say—derives him nothing. Her evening is hopelessly spoiled.

He is her husband.

—Stanley Jones.

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF LAUGHTER, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1926.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA {  
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA { ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Kofeod, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the LAUGHTER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above Caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Guild Publishing Company, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.; Editor, William H. Kofeod, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.; Managing Editor, none, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.; Business Managers, Edward Longstreth and Wm. H. Kofeod, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.

2. That the owner is:  
The Guild Publishing Company, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total stock:

Edward Longstreth, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.; William H. Kofeod, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state. None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GUILD PUBLISHING COMPANY,

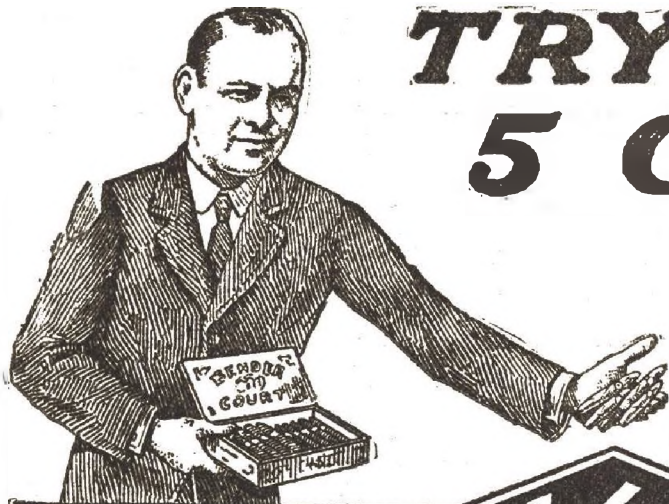
By Wm. H. Kofeod.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1926.

Wm. J. Martin,

(My commission expires March 18, 1929.)

When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.



# TRY THESE 5 CIGARS FREE!

Smoke five at my risk. If you don't think they are worth twice my price, you won't be out one cent.

LOUIS BENDER

## SAVE $\frac{1}{2}$ ON CIGARS

**BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER!**

*Save the Middlemen's Profits of \$2.50 per Box!*

Thousands of wise smokers cut their cigar bills in half by ordering direct from factory. Why pay a profit to the wholesaler, the retailer and the salesmen of the maker, when you can buy *direct* and put those profits in your *own* pocket?—and get better cigars!

A 13c Smoke for only **5¢**

My "Bender Specials" contain the same tobacco used in the standard 2-for-a-quarter cigars. Compare them with any 13c store cigar.

**Made by Hand**  
from Finest Tobaccos

Careful curing—perfect blending—skillful hand manufacture—insuring fragrance and flavor. Smokes evenly and smoothly.

**I sell by mail only—**  
at half price

For 12 years I have sold my cigars by mail to discriminating smokers. I have no store rent and salesmen to pay but put all the money into the cigars. Every buyer tells his friends about this 13c smoke for 5 cents, and my business grows by leaps and bounds.

**Try them at my risk!**

Just send for a box. Pay the postman on delivery—smoke 5 out of the box—and return the rest for full refund if you are not completely satisfied.

**Will you gamble 2 cents to save \$2.50?**

All you risk is a 2c stamp to send for the trial box and you save \$2.50 or more—while I risk 5 cigars and all the expenses. My profits come solely from the orders I know your friends will place when they see what amazing values I gave YOU.

### Your Choice FREE!



Mystic Cigar  
Lighter

STORMPROOF  
INFALLIBLE  
FOOLPROOF

\$1 Value

This Lighter or Razor is sent FREE with every order for two boxes of Bender Specials.

Genuine  
Gillette  
Safety Razor  
COMPLETE  
Ready For Use



### For Christmas!

Make sure your gift will please by giving him twice the value you could otherwise afford. Why gamble on the doubtful "Xmas Specials" that blossom forth every season, only to be thrown away by the critical recipient?



### FREE TRIAL COUPON

LOUIS BENDER & CO.  
Dept. 7, 90 West Street, New York

1. Send me that box of 50 Bender Specials for trial. I enclose \$2.50  (or will pay postman \$2.50 on delivery). After smoking 5, I will return the rest for full refund if I am not completely satisfied. Mild  Medium  Strong
2. Send me 2 boxes for \$5.00 and the Lighter  or Gillette  FREE, Under your Money Back Guarantee.

Name .....

Address .....

*When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.*



**MEXICAN**

# LUCKY STONE FREE

**TO PRECIOUS STONE LOVERS**

Why risk losing hundreds of dollars in a Diamond when you can get the **SAME SATISFACTION** for 1/100th the cost? To get the names of Gem-lovers everywhere and tell them about a **Marvelous NEW GEM** positively matching the finest genuine **Diamond SIDE-BY-SIDE**—same perfect cut, dazzling steel-blue brilliancy and flashing **RAINBOW FIRE—GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**, yet low in price, we'll give **FREE** this beautiful, many-colored Mexican Lucky Stone, brilliant and fiery, symbol of a year's **GOOD FORTUNE**. For this **FREE Gem** and our catalog about this wonderful new Diamond reproduction, send quick your name, address and 10c partly cover handling cost.

**MEXICAN GEM IMPORTING CO. Dept. P. N. 7L, MONTEREY, CAL.**

# Pep!

are simply marvelous. Used for 30 years by millions of men who sought youthful vigor, pep and energy. Don't experiment, but be safe, sure and satisfied. 45-time package, triple strength \$2 postpaid (or \$2.16 C. O. D.). Plain wrapper. **Money Back** if not pleased.

**NOVO CO., 15 Beekman St., New York, Dept. 902.**


## LONELY HEARTS

LET us arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Meet your sweetheart thru 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. Why not you? Particulars **FREE**. Write today if sincere.

**EVA MOORE, BOX 908, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.**

*—HAVE A SWEET HEART FOR YOU—*

**\$7.98** 32 Calibre Military Automatic



Biggest bargain. Flash-like, accurate, hard-hitting Blue steel, checkered grip. A real he-man's gun. With extra magazine, shoots 20 quick, hard and straight shots. Send no money. Pay postman \$7.98 plus postage. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Federal Mail Order Corp.; 561 Broadway, New York City. Dept. T 140

## Play this ~ ~ ~ JAZZY UKULELE!



The very simplest instrument in the world to play. No lessons are necessary—strum all the latest hits. Great fun—Sing—Dance—Make Merry. Become the most popular one in your crowd.

**SINCERE STUDIOS**  
24 East 31st St. Dept. 81 New York


**\$2.98**

**FREE LESSONS**

Beautiful professional instrument, very finely made. Not a toy. Worth \$6.00.

**FREE: Instant Lesson and Song Book** sent with ukulele. Pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.

# LUCK



**\$ Money, Happiness, Success!**—all symbolized in this rich, new "LUCKY MAGNET" ring. Attracts, compels, mystifies! **Be RICH!** Win at games, business, love. *Order Yours Now!*

**Send NO Money**  
Pay postman \$2.98 on arrival. Postage paid. **Guaranteed.**  
**Bradley, 277 Newton, MASS.**

## WANT NEW PEP QUICK? HERE'S HOW TO GET IT




# Whiz Bang

**NEW WONDER TABLETS**

"All that's weak! Lack of vigor! This send at once for **WHIZ BANG**, the amazing new discovery with all-quick magic-like action. Pen and energy come back **QUICK**—you feel like a new man full of red-blooded vim and push. Nothing like **WHIZ BANG**—that's why 1000s use it. No harmful drugs that form habits. Results guaranteed or money back. Send \$2.00 for double strength package.

**Special 2 package offer, \$3.00. Also C.O.D.**  
**Sani-Research Co., Inc., Dept. PW, 349 W. 84th St., New York**

## SEX EXPLAINED! BIRTH CONTROL



Sex Truth at last. "THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE." Dr. Cowan's book answers in plain language all you want to know. Explains The Sex Appeal—Choosing a Mate—Birth Control—Blissful Marriage—HOW BABIES ARE CONCEIVED AND BORN—What to Avoid, etc. 320 pages illustrated. **FREE 2 BOOKS** (with every order)—Margaret Sanger's "What Every Girl Should Know", also "Debauchery Birth Control". All 2 books sent in plain wrapper postpaid for \$2.50 (C. O. D. 17c extra).

**OGILVIE PUB. CO., 57 Rose St., Dept. 85 New York**

**SEXUAL LOVE AND LIFE!**

**ONLY \$5.85**



**WESTERN SPECIAL** World's Greatest Value. Fully Guaranteed. For defense or target. Best Make. Finest Solid Blue Steel. Smooth Action. Sure-Fire. Accurate. Powerful. Perfectly Rifled Barrel. .38, .32 or .22 Caliber. Use Standard Cartridges. **Send No Money.** Pay Postman \$5.85 plus postage on arrival. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

**ALFEE WHOLESALE CO. DEPT. E BALTIMORE, MD.**

## Can you solve this?

# WIN A BUILDING LOT

What great president do the above letters spell when properly arranged? **RUSH** correct answer and win a choice lot (20 x 100 ft.) free and clear of all encumbrances, located between New York and Atlantic City. Mail answer to Evergreen Heights Development Corp., World Bldg. 63 Park Row, N.Y.C. Dept. 100

*When writing advertisers please mention LAUGHTER.*





*Mabel Normand, Pathe Star.*

**MOTHER GOOSE**  
*for* **GROWN-UPS**



*"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"*

*"I'm off for a joy-ride, sir," she said.*

*"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"*

*"If you'll push the vehicle, sir," she said.*



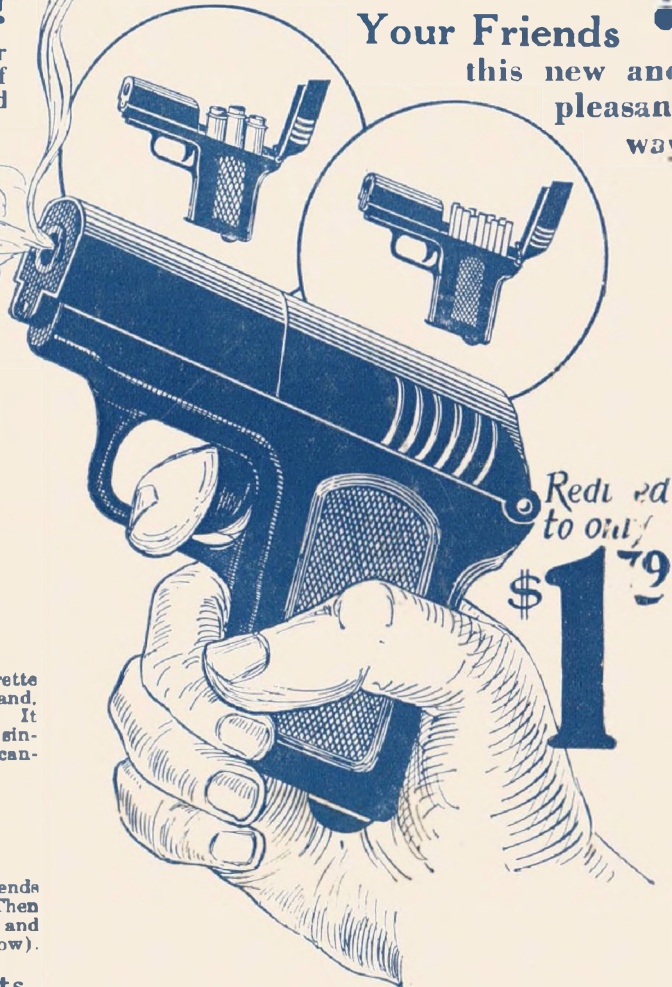
# SHOOT!

Your Friends  
this new and  
pleasant  
way

**Protect Yourself!**

Don't let hold-up men or rowdies get the best of you! They're easily fooled

**BANG!**



MANY a robber, roughneck and burglar has been fooled and put to flight by this innocent but extremely dangerous looking cigarette case. It can not be told from the real thing until you pull the trigger and the cigarettes pop out.

**Only a Cigarette Case!**  
but a "startling" novelty

This vicious "Automatic" is only a clever cigarette case, holding a whole pack of your favorite brand, but it has all the earmarks of a real Automatic. It is cast in one solid piece of metal, enameled in sinister, dull black to carry conviction. You simply cannot tell it from a real gat.

**Free 3 Day Trial!**

Keep it for 3 days. Use it to worry your friends stiff and to collect all the money they owe you. Then—if you don't feel you want it—send it back and get your deposit refunded. (See the coupon below).



"Where's that dollar you owe me?"

**You Can Have Lots of Fun—**

sticking up your friends with this ugly "Gat" and then soothing their startled nerves with a nice cool smoke or liquid refreshment. You'll be the life of the party even if you scare a few to death.

**WHICH "GAT" DO YOU WANT**

1. No. 1 has space for a pack of cigarettes. Saves its coat in no time by protecting your smokes against breakage.

2. No. 2 has 3 screw-cap bottles for buttermilk, cider and near-beer.

**The Two Gun Guy  
1927  
MODEL**



This Modern Two-Gun Guy has a lot more sense than he of the Gold Rush days. Nowadays he has a gat with cigs on one hip, and on the other hip a brother to it, loaded with sarsaparilla or what have you?

Always ready for a bang-up good time, you see. Everybody is joining the "Two-Gun Army"—why don't you?

**FREE TRIAL COUPON**

Sincere Co., 24 East 21st Street,  
New York, N. Y. Dept. G-110  
Send me Cigarette Gun No. ... for 3  
days' trial. I will pay the postman \$1.79  
and postage when delivered. If I am not  
fully pleased after 3 days' use, I will  
return it and you are to pay me back  
every cent without argument.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

**AGENTS AND SALEMEN WANTED**

With this new cigarette case you can shoot any of your old sales records full of holes. There are millions of men (and women, too), waiting to get one. Motorists, mechanics, farmers, executives, clerks, stockkeepers, EVERYBODY—in fact, whether a smoker or not, will buy one.

Write for special proposition to live wires.

**SINCERE CO.**  
24 E. 21st St. New York  
Sales Dept. G110