

OCTOBER  
1933

25¢

# WILD CHERRIES

VOL. I

No.

AMERICA'S BEST  
HUMOR MAGAZINE

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- PEPPY





# Are You Flat-Chested?

## LET ME DEVELOP YOUR BUST

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm bust that fashion demands.

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Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only \$1.00. Send me the Miracle Cream treatment, including large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions, with FREE Book

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# Wild Cherries

**W**E were justly proud of the September Issue of Wild Cherries and we are even more proud of this issue. It is our aim to improve our publication every month and to eventually make of it the ideal humor magazine of the United States. To this end, of course, we need the readers help. We want you to criticize each issue. Tell us what you like and what you don't like. After you have read this number won't you sit down and dash us off a few lines telling us just how the issue registered with you?

As we go to press, the headlines of the news proclaim that America is rapidly approaching Repeal. We wonder how many of you realize that it isn't just the repeal of an unpopular anti-thirst law that we are looking forward to but to the final repeal of the great Depression, the repeal of Unemployment, the repeal of federal waste and the repeal of political intolerance. President Roosevelt and his Army of the Blue Eagle are marching on to a glorious victory and soon the American people will bask again in the pleasant sunlight of National Prosperity.

Wild Cherries is out to accomplish its own Repeal Program. The repeal of the Blues. We want to fill your steins with the foaming brew of real humor, mix you cocktails of sparkling wit and spicy flavor, and treat you generously to the wine of laughter. When you are downhearted, grouchy, tired or restless just sit down for a few minutes with a copy of Wild Cherries. If you cannot find a cure for your condition somewhere in the sixty-four pages of fun and fancy, your next stop should be the undertaker. "Support Wild Cherries and Repeal the Blues!" That's the battle-cry of this campaign. Let's go!!

THE EDITOR.

# WILD CHERRIES

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No. 3

## TABLE OF CONTENTS



BROADWAY AFTER DARK.....	4
WHISPERINGS OF THE SPHINX.....	8
RUBAIYAT OF BROADWAY.....	13
IT'S IN THE STARS.....	18
ASAP'S FABLES No. 3.....	22
ON THE AIR.....	28
INTO THE UNKNOWN—Part 2.....	31
WILD CHERRIES PUZZLE PAGE.....	38
HARLEM NITES.....	40
THE SULTAN'S WEAKNESS.....	43
NOW YOU TELL ONE.....	48
LOVE STRATEGY.....	54
WILD CHERRIES MAIL BAG.....	63

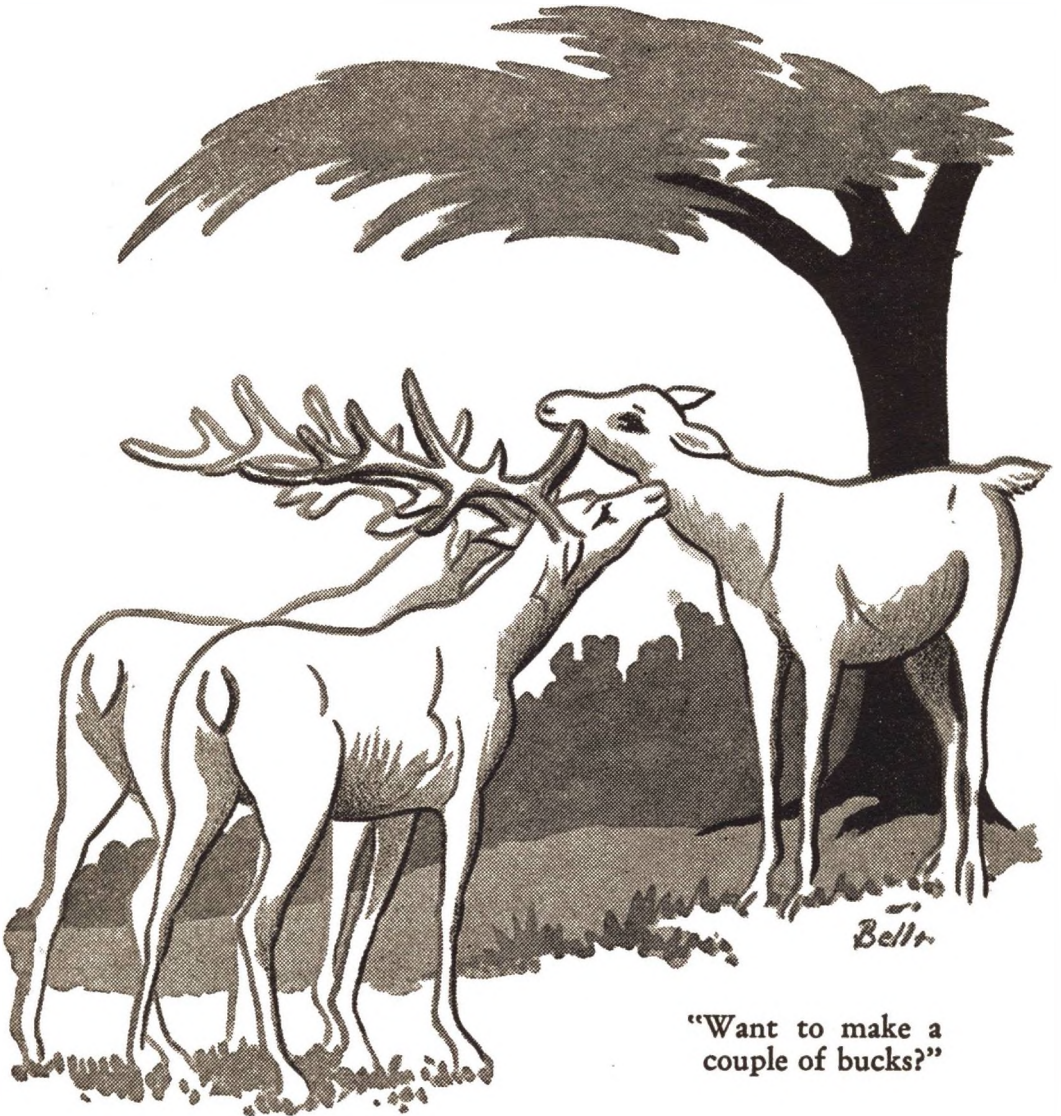
Sixty-four peppy pages full of spicy humor,  
really clever drawings, funny, jokes, good  
stories and interesting novelties.

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October, 1933. Vol. 1, No. 3. WILD CHERRIES published monthly, by the Publications Service Syndicate, Inc., 145 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright, 1933. Price 25 cents single copies, \$3.00 a year. No manuscripts or cartoons will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and self addressed return envelope. Always place full name and address on each separate item.



NO STAG PARTY



"Want to make a couple of bucks?"



The Stag, he is a business man,  
And puts on quite a show.  
He believes in advertising,  
When he's out to make the doe.





# BROADWAY AFTER DARK

by

DOROTHY DAVIES



A million lights, a thousand glowing colors—the busy hum of a gigantic beehive—crowds pushing North, crowds pushing South and other crowds weaving in and out at cross-streets—couples in evening dress bound for the theatre and the club—college students out for a lark—shop girls looking 'em over—“tired businessmen” in search of “rest”—hard-eyed sleek-hipped lionesses out to make a kill—sweet young things from boarding schools getting a look at Life—shifty-eyed, nervous gentry just “keeping moving”—bold, flashy “sports” frankly “on the make”—timid small-town visitors, wide-eyed and awed—smug looking school-teachers doing the street—fashionably gowned debutantes chasing thrills—shabby derelicts shuffling along in a haze of memories—strong lunged newsies competing for pennies—gaudy show girls stalking meal-tickets—cynical arms-of-the-law on the alert for familiar faces—old daddies feeling their oats—fresh youngsters laughing at life—inquisitive merchants comparing prices—voluptuous mistresses getting “the air”—misunderstood husbands seeking solace—neglected wives contemplating revenge—professional crooks looking for victims—rural hicks all agog—waitresses spending their tips—screen-worshippers paying homage to their idols—has-been actors reverently treading familiar ground—fat overdressed dowagers eyeing each passing youth—lightfingered individuals reaping their nightly harvest

—giggling stenos ripe for a thrill—out-of-town buyers padding the expense account—hungry looking artists searching for inspirations—ballyhoosers—hawkers—shills—panhandlers—beggars—blondes—brunettes—red-heads—children—old people—rowdy boys—tittering girls—noise—din—tooting of horns—clanging of bells—the shriek of a siren—grinding of brakes—throb of countless motors—laughter—altercations—risque jokes—good natured banter—cries of anger—the shrill notes of traffic whistles—pushing—jostling—rubbering—handling—echoes of jazz from some garrish dance-hall—subway exits vomiting more crowds—crowds—crowds—crowds—sailors from visiting ships—soldiers on leave and without leave—wide-hatted hombres from the West—dark-skinned foreigners—hot-chocolates and high yellows down from Harlem—swanky citizens from Park Avenue—tough customers from the tenderloin—cokies—rummies—snowbirds—brass-buttons—flatfeet—stool-pigeons—stooges—con-men—promoters—brokers—salesmen—hookers—solicitors—secret-agents—reporters—reformers—writers—fugitives—homeless waifs—fallen women—sleek villains—pert youngsters—cursing taxi-drivers—painted hussies—the shuffle and tramp of a million feet—that is Broadway, Broadway from sundown to the wee small hours, Broadway the Mecca of America's millions and the envy of the World!



## THE HELL OF IT



“Dorothy, how many times must I tell you to stay indoors? The devil seems to have gotten into you tonight!”



## BOILED IN GREECE



Three little maids from Syracuse,  
 Got Pythias drunk one night.  
 They tried their best to shake him loose,  
 But Pythias drunk was tight.

He drank their wine and ate their cake,  
 But he wouldn't pay for his fun,  
 So they lugged him off to the edge of the lake,  
 And drowned the son-of-a-gun.

## Business Before Pleasure

The junior partner of a Wall Street firm decided to get married right at the season's most hectic period. The senior member was none too well pleased but finally realizing that, after all, youth will be served, agreed to a two week's honeymoon leave. Business was piling up and all hands working over-time when the two week period was up. "Well," said the Old Man, "Harry will be back

from Niagara Falls tomorrow and we'll get caught up on all of this work." But just then a messenger handed him a wire from his partner, it read, "It is wonderful here, am staying another week." At this the senior partner exploded in no uncertain terms and dashed off the following answer, "It is wonderful anywhere, get back on the job at once."



AN  
OLYMPIC  
TEAM



YE GODS!





### WHISPERINGS OF THE SPHINX

A Love-Pirate is a mug who gets his face slapped when he starts digging for buried treasure.



“If Youth but had the wisdom of Age and Age the vitality of Youth!”



#### What Kisses Mean

To the maiden—FAITH  
To the old maid—HOPE  
To the widow—CHARITY  
But how about the wife?  
Oh that’s SUSPICION.



And then there was the old-maid who sued a hotel for “Mental cruelty” because they put her in the bridal suite.



A prince once wooed a lady fair,  
He saw her incognito,  
(Oh, the brazen thing!!)

She loved him from the bottom of her heart, but there was always room for someone else on top.



Many a Chicken Sand-witch is made with plenty of boloney and no dressing.



#### Pretty Tough

Man hasn’t had an easy time of it since the Serpent made it hard for Adam.



The old fashioned girl blushed when she was ashamed.

The modern maid is ashamed when she blushes.



When a woman goes wrong you’ll find some man going after her.



Mother used to wear tight stays but daughter—she stays tight!



SERVICE

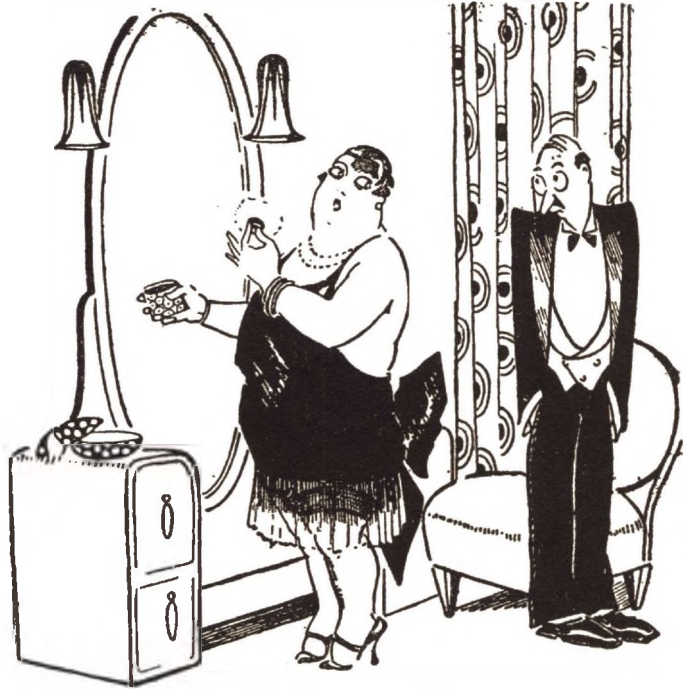


“The boss sent me over to fit a plug in your basin.”





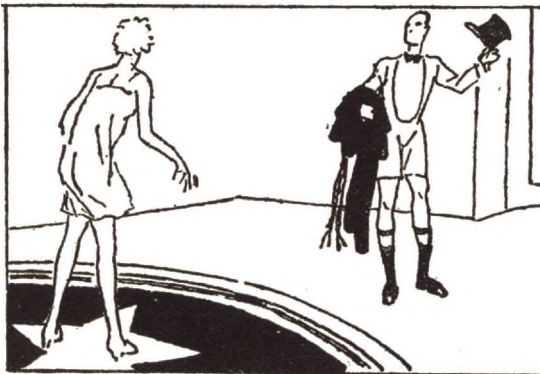
The Viking bold,  
In days of old,  
Liked women hot,  
And weather cold.  
He sailed the seas,  
With rugged ease,  
He fought the males  
And loved the shes.



"Do you think the radio will eventually replace the newspaper?"  
"Hell no! You can't swat flies with a radio!"



Here's to Marie in her high-heeled shoes,  
She eats our dinners and she drinks our booze,  
But she always goes home to her mother to snooze.  
Such is life.



"I'm leaving, Miss Smith. You have been eating garlic again!"



"Hello central  
give me Heaven,  
Golden Gate 2-1-11.  
Line is busy?  
Just as well,  
Cancel that call,  
And give me Hell!"

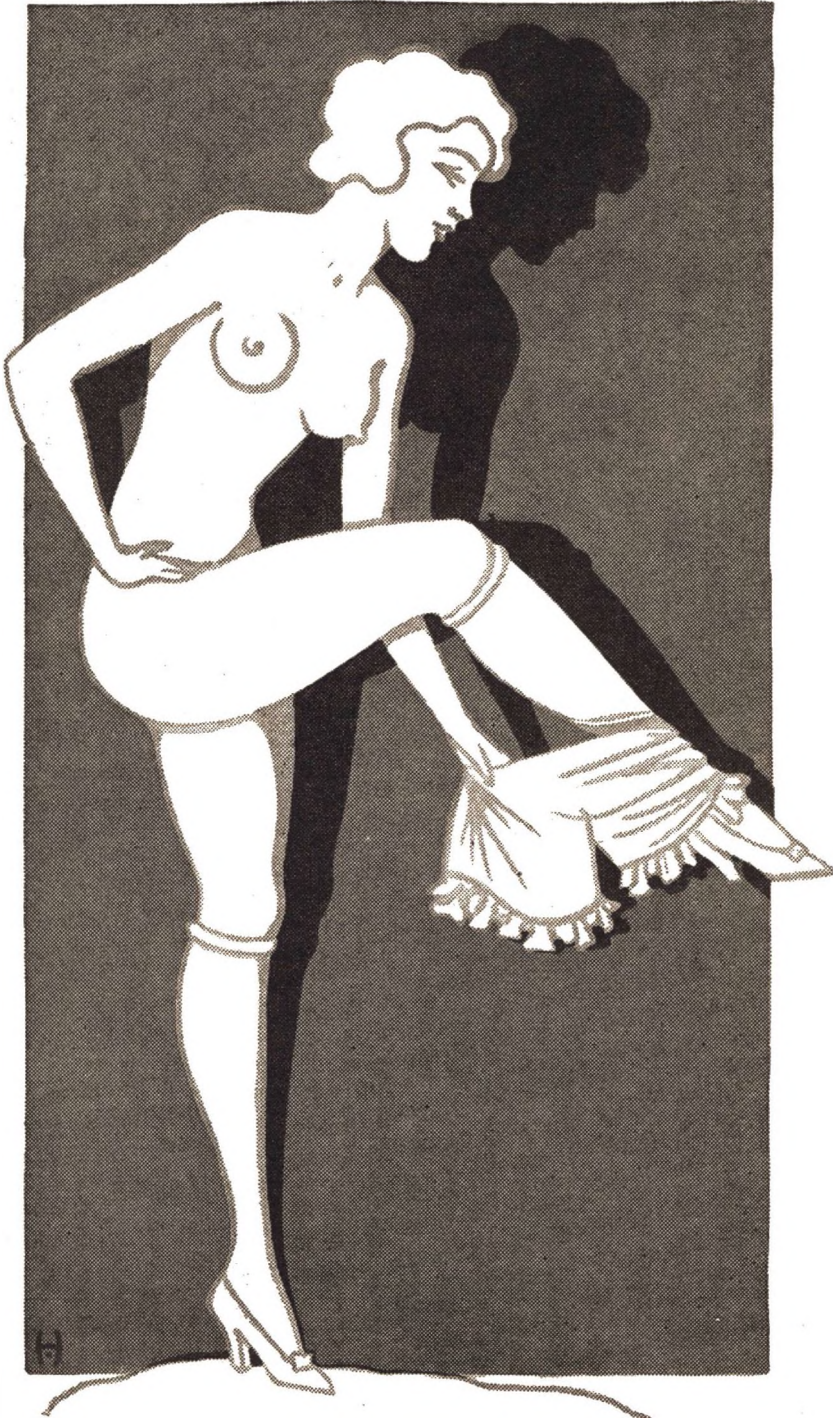




“Perkins, if I don’t stop drinking soon you’ll have to make me!”







HIGH STEPPIN' STEP-SISTER  
STEPPIN' OUT OF STEP-INS.





The many Lights that on the Main Stem burn,  
 Are Beacons for some Pilgrim's safe Return,  
 Some Son or Daughter wandered far afield,  
 The Secret of the Flesh to learn.

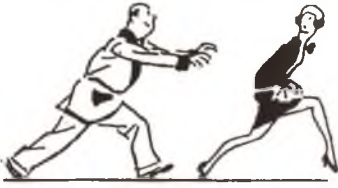
And Broadway's heart is made of purest Gold,  
 It beats a Rhythm that is strong and bold,  
 But let a Tear attempt that Heart to reach,  
 'Twill find it like the metal, hard and cold.

There is the maid who tramps the busy street,  
 That she might live. She rests her weary feet,  
 In some cafe and sips the foaming brew,  
 While looking for an escort, indiscreet.

And then we see the Actor, unemployed,  
 Searching for the Fame he once enjoyed,  
 The brilliant lights that used to spell his name,  
 Now herald triumphs of the Celluloid.



1st Gold-digger—"So Old Morganbilt's check bounced back, eh?"  
 2nd Gold-digger—"Yeah, it was marked 'insufficient fun'."



## *“Let the Chips Fall Where they May!”*

The lady of the manor was about to present her Lord and Master with an heir. The household was keyed up to a high nervous pitch and the servants went about their various duties as though walking upon eggs while the Squire, in preparedness for the ordeal, proceeded to fortify himself with great quantities of brandy. Even now he was beginning to feel decidedly “fatherly” and attempted to pinch the cook’s generous anatomy playfully as she passed on her way to the kitchen.

“Begone with ye!” snapped Bridget pettishly, “With yer poor wife awaitin’ torture for yer brat ye be afther gettin’ fresh with a body! It is ye that should be in there ahavin’ the pains, then it would be a different story!”

“Fiddlesticks!” snorted the Squire in disgust, “I’ll wager it’s all put on, anyway. You women are—hic—all alike, wanting sympathy or something to talk about. Bring on the pains, I’ll take ’em!”

“An’ that’s a foine idea, begorrah!” cried the cook, “Oi’ll just arrange the matter for ye. It’s me own first cousin who is a sort of ’faith healer’ and Oi’ll be afther gettin’ her over. She’ll do it.”

“Nonsense!” exploded the master of the house and went off in search of more brandy.

Bridget meant business, however, and her gifted cousin arrived the same time the doctor did. Madam was perfectly willing to transfer her discomfiture to the Squire, who by this time was almost beyond feeling anything. The doctor escorted the inebriated Master to an adjoining bedroom and made him as comfortable as possible on the bed where he was soon snoring peacefully.

The blessed event was not far distant so, the faith healer started her mystic ritual. She passed her hands several times over the face of the expectant mother while she recited the formula. Over and over again she repeated the words, “Mother to father, mother to father, mother to father.” Her voice became a drone and she swayed from side to side.

Meanwhile the doctor was busy performing his duties. The mother felt no pain. It was marvelous!

Through the doorway the faith healer could see the Squire asleep on the bed, nothing seemed to be bothering him. She was puzzled.

“Madam,” she queried, “Are you sure that you feel no pain?”

“Why no, not a bit! You are wonderful!” exclaimed the Mistress.

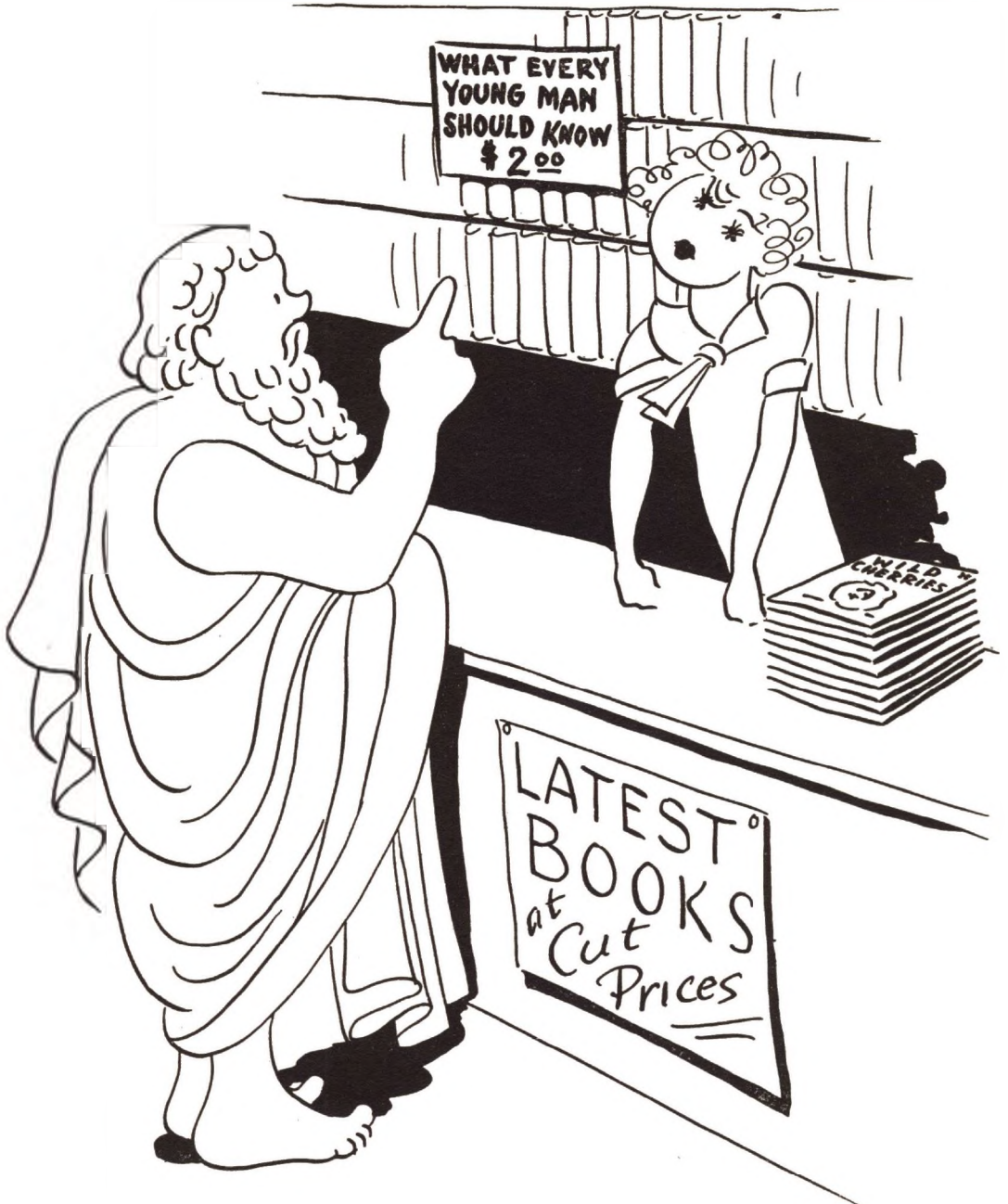
The healer looked again at the snoring Squire and shook her head perplexedly still keeping up her chanting repetition of “Mother to father, mother to father—”

“A perfectly extraordinary birth!” exclaimed the doctor, “I have never witnessed anything like it!” He busied himself for a moment with his paraphenalia. “Presently, madam, it will be all over and without one single pain! Marvelous!”

The healer was still muttering her “mother to father, mother to father” incantation when there came a loud knocking at the bedroom door and Bridget, the cook, cried out hysterically, “Doctor, oh doctor, please come quick to the kitchen, sor! It is Mike the gardenor who is lying on the floor an’ he’s afther writhing in agony!!”



“A Little Knowledge Is A Dangerous Thing”



Socrates—"One of those please."

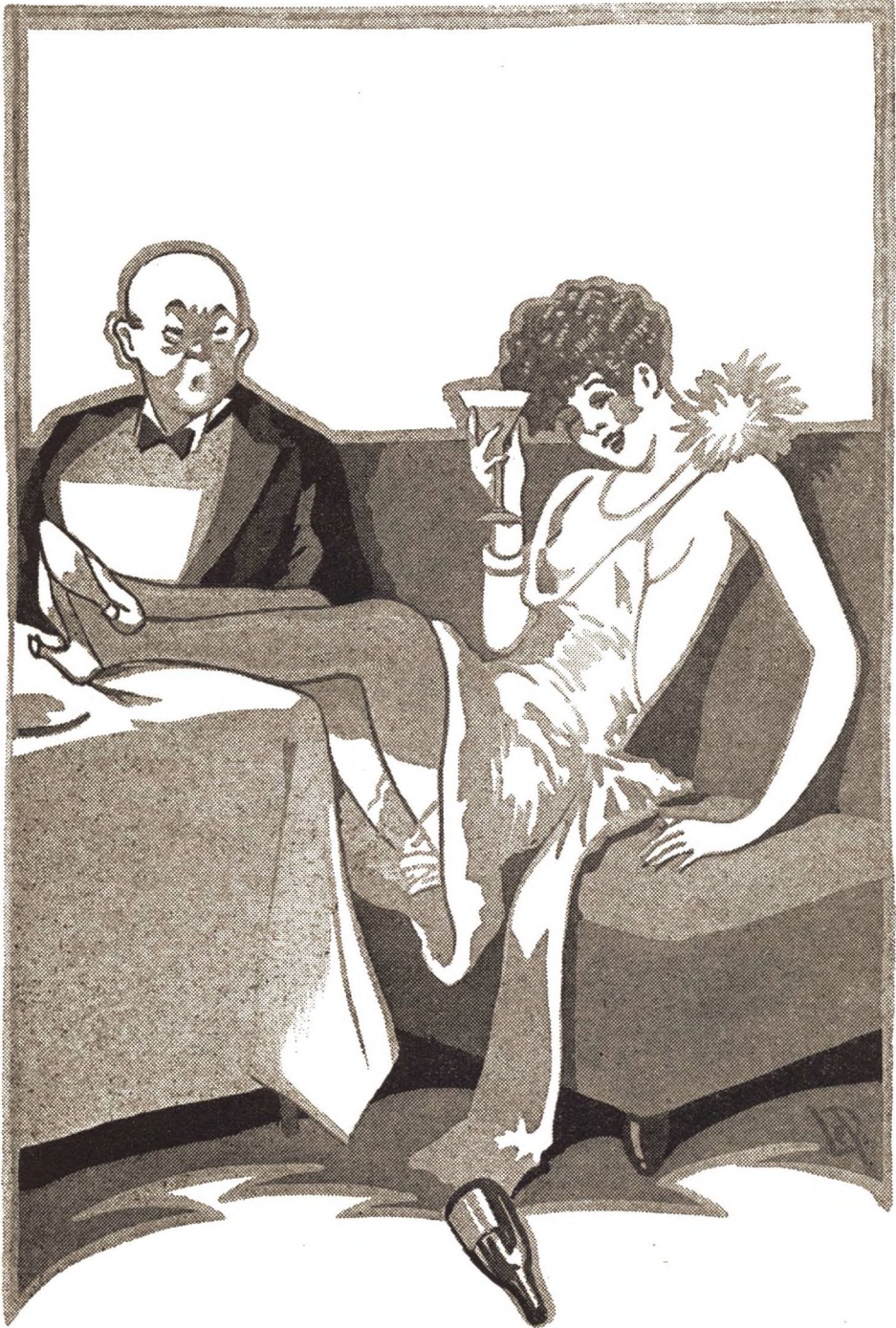
THE OPPORTUNIST



"Any cast-off clo'es, lady?"



No Cover Charge



“Whoopee sugar-daddy! Gonna  
be bottoms up in li'l minute!”





The 24th of September brings us under the influence of the planet Saturn. That grim majesty of the heavens casts a baleful eye upon the lives of man. Well it is for those born under the sign of Libra that gentle Venus is present to temper Saturn's stern will. It is this contradicting influence that imparts the dual nature to the Libra-born. They are ultra-sensitive folk loving balance and harmony, affable, suave, tactful and diplomatic. Physically, they are usually exceptionally well set-up, good looking and enjoy good health. They are noted for their longevity and manage to keep a youthful appearance longer than most folks. Librans are witty, mannerly, appreciative of art and beauty, willing co-operators in public and private causes, convincing talkers, ardent lovers, good partners and possessed of much personal charm.

Although the power of Saturn is felt strongly during this period, Venus is the ruling planet. The Goddess of Love and Beauty imparts to her children most of their many good points. They are generous, affectionate, artistic and peace loving. Among the great Libra-born will be found such names as Hindenburg, Constance Bennett, Ina Claire, Isadora Duncan, Gandhi, MacDonald, Janet Gaynor, Caroll Lombard, Sarah Bernhardt, Clemanceau, Alice Joyce, Lillian Gish, Jenny Lind, Lillian Langtry, Aimee Semple MacPherson, Elizabeth Rethberg, Owen D. Young, Com-

mander Byrd, Buster Keaton and Dr. Annie Besant.

Children of the sign of Libra love order and neatness, mind their own business and appreciate discreetness in others, are apt to be moody and subject to fits of the "blues," object to "thumbscrew" methods, abhor "scenes" and unnecessary noise and confusion, and have an innate sense of the fitness of things.

Libra-men are great lovers but somewhat hard to hold as many an amorous maiden has discovered. They must be handled in an indirect manner, prefer the mature, intellectual types of femininity to the gushy, baby-talk variety. A dashing divorcee or a charming widow will hold more lure for a Libra-born gentleman than will a blushing debutante or a lisping ingenue. Girls are often fooled by mistaken Librian courtesy and the natural chivalry and affability of the son of Venus. They are led to believe that he is something of an "easy-mark" or a "sucker." They look upon his generosity as the sign of a foolish spender. However, a Libra-man is only imposed upon once. All of the tears and wiles known to womankind are of no avail after a confidence has once been betrayed.

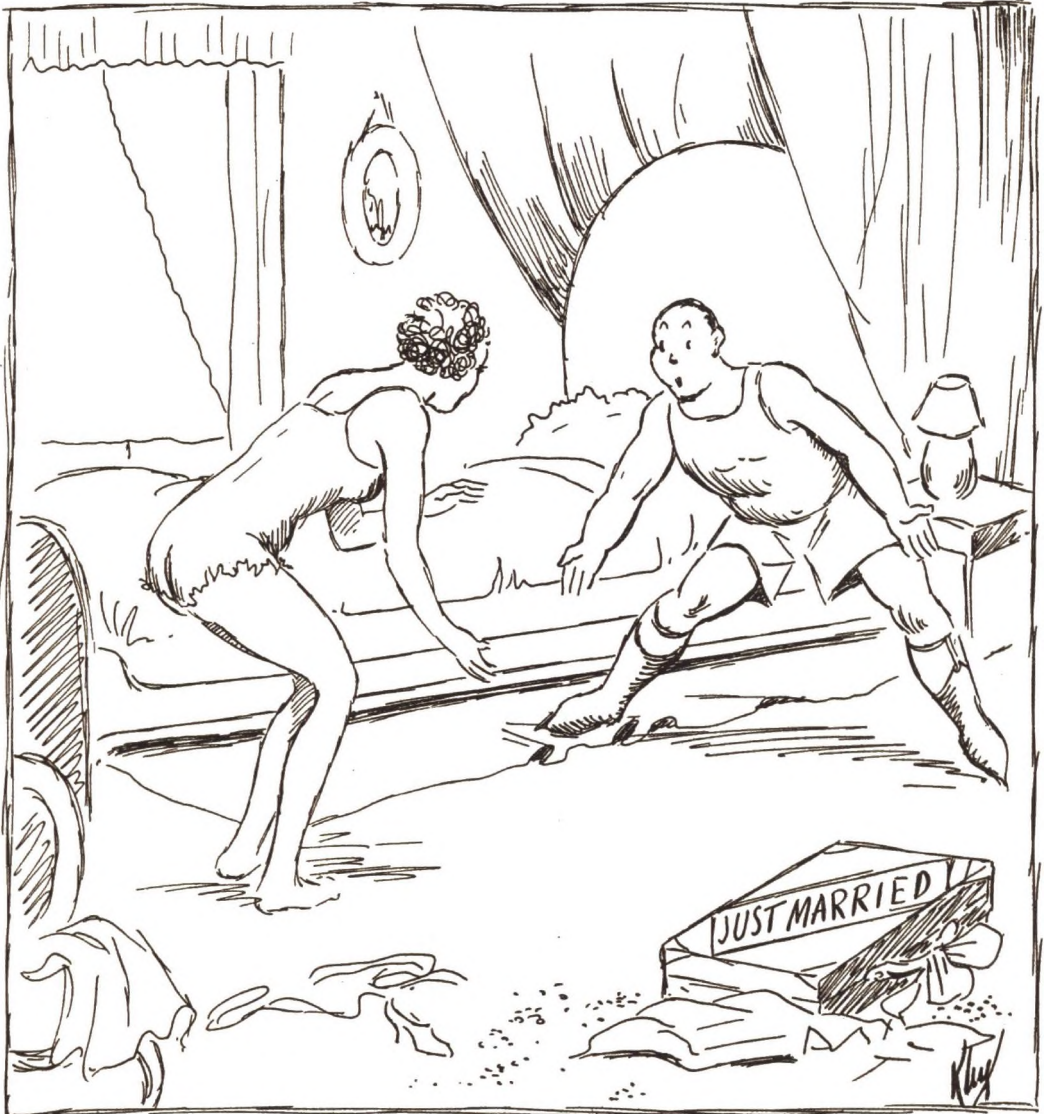
Libra-ladies are the most charming ones of the Zodiac. They are noted for their physical beauty, gracious manners, disposition, wit, passion and personality. They usually marry young and, as is often the case, more than once. They



make good wives and are natural-born home-makers possessing true ability to live for someone and with someone. Libra-women are not contented unless they are mated. Byron spoke truly of a Libra-lassie when he said, "Love is of man a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence."

The sign of Libra reigns from the 24th of September to the 23rd of October.

Note to readers—We are considering discontinuing this department of Wild Cherries and substituting another page of humor. We would be pleased to hear from our readers on this subject. The decision, after all, rests with you. Do you want more humor or do the stars interest you? Drop a line to the editor and let him know just where *you* stand on the question.



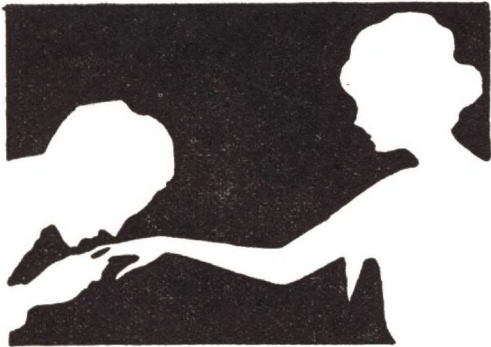
◆◆◆◆◆ "Whoops Mable, catch as catch can!" ◆◆◆◆◆



Mistress—"Marie, I saw that young man necking you in the hallway last night!"

Maid—"I can give you an explanation, madam."

Mistress—"Er—I think I'd rather have an introduction."



"See you at the party Jack. I'll be there with bells on!"

"O. K. Tillie, I'll ring you later."

### Talking Turkey

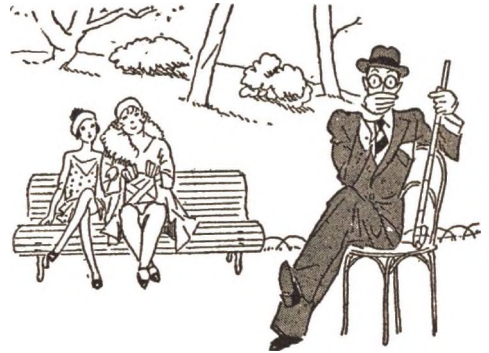
"The Sultan's son is inclined to be a little wild."

"Hm, harem sacrem?"

"Oh no, he's used to them."

### Sitting Bull Stands Up

An Indian called upon a judge one day and demanded a divorce from his squaw. The judge thought that perhaps the trouble was of some minor nature, and that perhaps a little reasoning would alter the brave's decision. "Just what are your grounds for this divorce?" he asked the redskin. "Umph!" grunted the Indian, "Me plantum sometime corn, me gettum corn. Me plantum wheat, me gettum wheat. Me plantum Injun, me gettum Chinaman—wantum divorce!"



"What's the matter with poor Jones? He looks as though he were about ready to jump off a dock."

"Well, it's really a sad case. You see, he got a job with a collection agency so that he could pay up his back rent. His landlord became a client of his firm and no wif he doesn't collect from himself he'll get fired and put out as well."

### Things To Worry About

Wise guy telling the gang how he gets away with it—

"—and when the husband comes in I just start fixin' the radio an—"

Cheerful Charlie—"Yeah? And suppose there ain't no radio?"



## When the Fleet Gets In



"Yum-yum, I've a yen for you."

"Hm, sailorman cheap - skate.  
Make it five!"

A lad invited a lass to go on a hay-ride.  
"I'd be tickled to go!" said she.

"Grace had tar on her last night."  
"Humph! The fleet must be in."



## Asaps's Fables

Number Three

### So This Is Paris? WE, We!

The Old Hill called Olympus was all ga-ga. Reports had it that some of the Girls were jelly of each other or something. At any rate there was more in the Air than the smell of Cabbage. Old man Zeus cast a weather-eye over the Situation and decided to go Fishing.

Well, things rapidly got no better. One day Venus said to Minerva, "Min, old gal old gal, you'd make more of a hit with the Daddies if you'd ditch those Iron Corsets of yours." Whereupon Min retorted, "What you need, Ve, is a little taking in in the Middle. That Equater of yours is beginning to suggest a Blessed Event. Perhaps I could loan you a corset." The war was on. Male residents of the Mount suddenly decided to run down to Athens for the Week-end.

And so it happened that a great Beauty Contest was Staged to pick Miss Olympia and all the Ladies started Training for the Event. When Venus cut down on her Ambrosia that showed that she was in earnest.

Well, the day for the Drawing approached and suddenly the Fair Con-

testants discovered that they had forgotten one important Item. They had neglected to appoint a Judge! A check up of the Masculine Population showed them to all be A.W.O.L. and of course a Woman Judge was out of the Question. Besides all the women were in the Contest. Finally, Minerva, who was a bit Wiser than the rest (having known a few Traveling Salesmen in her day), phoned her old Boy-friend Priam, King of Troy, and said, "How about coming up here on the 5.15 and slipping me First Prize?" But Priam had a Previous Date and couldn't make the Grade. However, he said that his son Paris didn't have Anything On and that he was a Chip off the old Block.

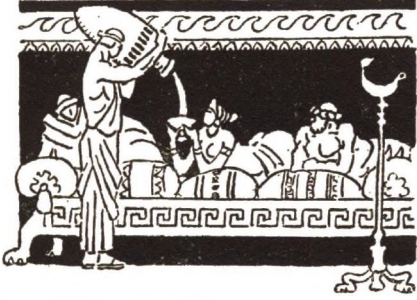
Now Minerva had heard all about Paris' Eyeful Tower and besides she knew that Youth would be Served so she said, "O.K., send the Kid along. WE'll get ready and I know he'll enjoy the strip."

And so, instead of the Beauties going to Paris, Paris went to the Beauties—and how he went for them! A great time was had by all until someone happened to remember that it was supposed to be a Beauty Contest. One by one the Fair Ladies called upon Paris and offered him the Works if he would only slip them the Coveted Fruit.

Venus rang the Bell by promising the young Trojan his choice of all the Women on Earth so in due time she was Officially Presented with the solid gold Banana and acclaimed the Best Looker of the Bunch. That, of course, tickled Venus but it didn't do the rest any Good.

Paris got his Woman alright too, and did he pick 'em! None other than Helen, wife of the old Fire-eater Menelaus, King of Sparta. Helen was not adverse to playing Paris, so she packed





up her Vanity-case and extra Step-ins and set Sail for Troy.

All may have been well if Paris hadn't overlooked the Formality of asking Menelaus' permission to Elope with his Wife. The Old Boy was a bit Fed Up with Helen anyway and would probably have Welcomed a little Vacation, but to have some Trojan Upstart muscle in and snake his Bed-fellow right out from under his Nose—that was a different matter! Menelaus got peeved. It was the Principle of the Thing, he declared.

And so he Broadcasted a call for Volunteers to march on Paris, tapped

the Spartan Treasury for a few million Drachma and produced the Trojan War with a full cast, even to a Wooden Horse. Boy, oh boy! Wot a war, wot a war!! They messed about so long that they forgot what they were Fighting for and at last, when Troy finally Cashed in, old King Menelaus didn't know what he'd Come For. Whereupon the fair Helen put on her best String of Beads and threw her arms about his Neck crying, "Ah, you have saved me! Take me back with you and I will be content in your arms forever!!" Menelaus looked her over and found her very easy on the eyes. "O.K. Baby!" he agreed. "Meet you at the Palace." Then turning to one of his "Yes" Generals he was heard to remark, 'You know, I've seen that Dame somewhere before. Maybe it was Atlantis City. At any rate she's some Pippin, eh what?'"

*Moral*—"Half a loafer is better than no bread-winner."



An inquisitive old lady at the zoo accosted a weary keeper with this—"Tell me, my good man, how do you tell whether an alligator is male or female?"

"That," replied the keeper, "is the personal business of another alligator."

They were celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. He, several years his wife's senior, looked across the table at her still pretty features and raising his glass said, "My dear, fifty years ago tonight you were ashamed, tonight—I am ashamed!"



## Some Class!!



"Ah my pretty little flock, look upon me as your shepherd—"

"Nothing doing mister, I was raised on a sheep ranch!"



A bee was busily seeking honey among the clovers when she was devoured by a grazing cow. This made the bee very angry and she resolved to teach the cow a lesson. "I'm rather tired," she said to herself, "I'll just take a little nap in the cow's stomach and when I wake up I'll sting her good for this outrage!" But when the bee woke up, the cow was gone!

It is told of the Emperor Agrippa that he once was attracted by the appearance of a certain slave while inspecting the palace grounds. The slave, strange to say, was almost a double for the emperor. The likeness was so pronounced that Agrippa questioned the slave, saying, "Ah there, fellow, tell me, did your mother ever happen to have passed this way prior to your birth?" "No, sire," was the rejoinder, "But my father did."



Polly Want T' Cracker?



"Well, then, how'd you like to take home a cockatoo?"



Waiter—(making out check)—  
“Did you have vegetable soup or clam chowder, sir?”

Dissatisfied Diner—“Humph, so you’re wondering too?”



Two bold bandits, one a big strapping fellow and the other rather short, held up a passenger train. They lined the passengers up in the approved fashion with hands above their heads and the big chap announced in a deep voice that he was going to rob all the men and kiss all of the women. The little fellow, however, was nervous and in a hurry to get away. “C’mon, grab the dough and let’s beat it!” he counseled. At this an old-maid in the crowd turned upon him in a fury crying, “Keep out of this, you shrimp, the big gentleman is running this hold-up!”



Two club-men were discussing their patronage of the opera and one of them had just remarked that he had been using the same box for ten years. A third man joined them at this juncture and overheard the latter part of the statement. “I’ve been married that long myself,” he admitted.



“What would your husband say if he knew you were kissing me like this?”

“I really can’t say. He doesn’t know that I can kiss like this.”



Nellie—“Alright Bill, I’ll marry you upon one condition and that is that our children will be brought up in my church.”

Bill—“Children? Say, I thought you were a Vassar graduate!”





## Bull Artist



“Please Mr. Bull, I didn’t mean anything personal!”

What is it that a dog does on three legs, a man does standing up and a woman does sitting down?

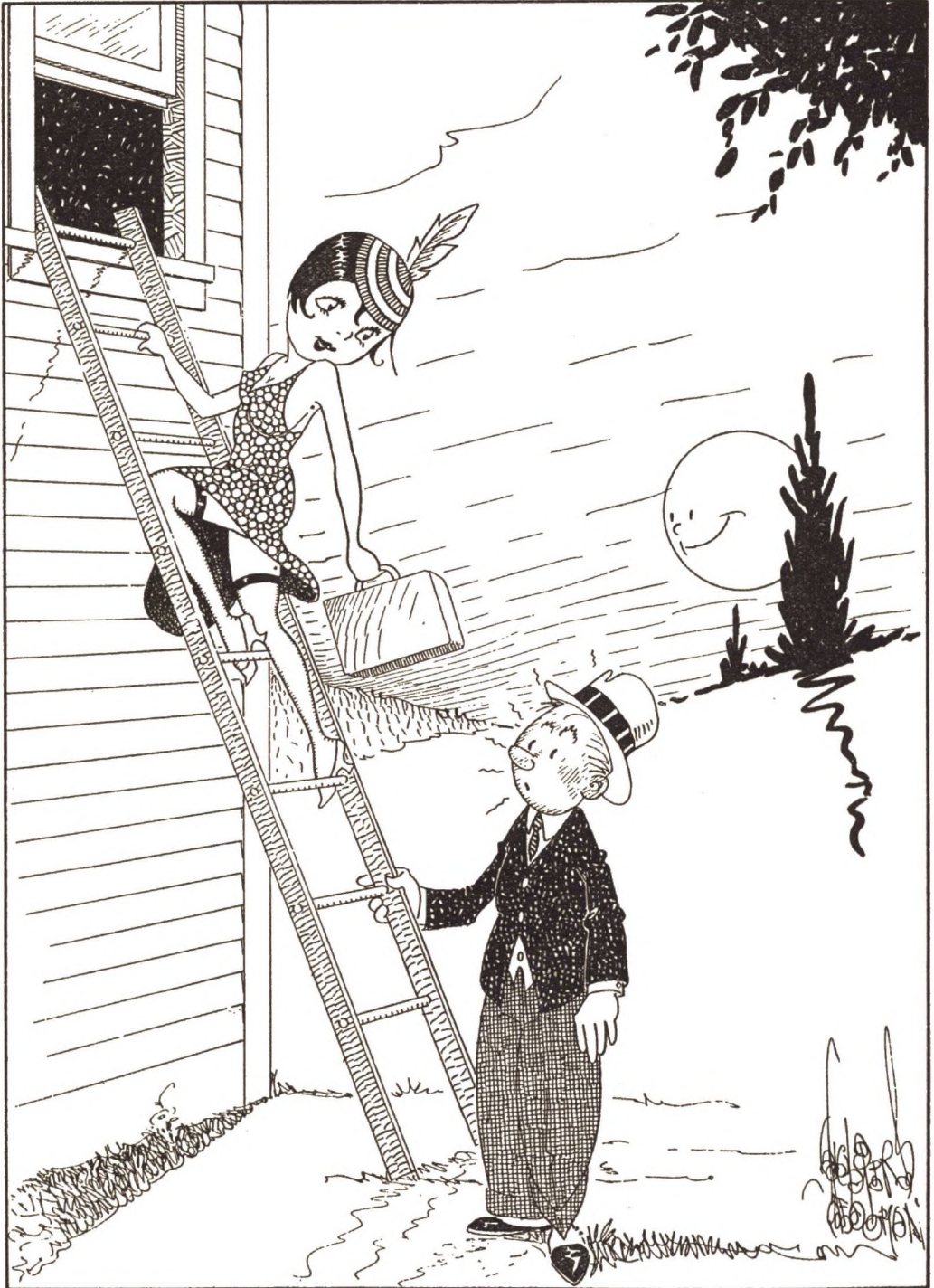
Answer—Shake hands.

Charley Hoss was so dumb that he thought he couldn’t get married if he had his tonsils cut out.

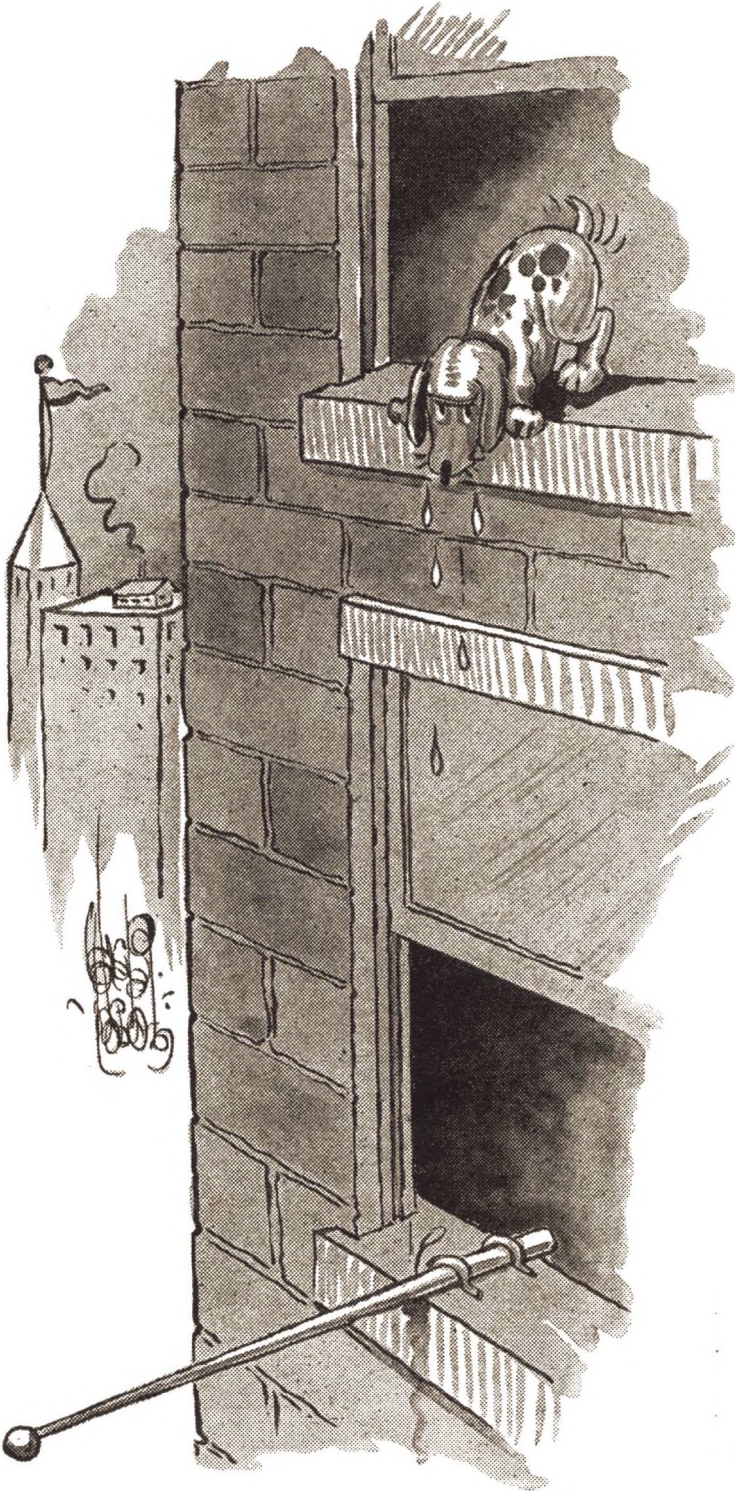




The End's In Sight!



"I told you, Willie, there would be no slip!"





# INTO *the* UNKNOWN!

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

## PART 2

"Well," continued the Professor, "I was completely flabbergasted! It was really a most embarrassing experience and I involuntarily blush even as I think of it now. There I was, facing a huge auditorium full of total strangers, a strong spot-light playing upon me when—whoosh! every bit of my raiment was neatly and mysteriously stripped from my person and I was exhibited stark naked to the gaze of the audience! I tried vainly to cover up, I looked wildly from right to left for some avenue of escape—but there was none. I was marooned in that devilish circle of light! My feet seemed leaden or fastened to the floor. I could not move them. Cold perspiration broke out upon my brow and I trembled as with a chill. The humiliation was almost more than even I could bear. I could hear whispering out there amid the sea of upturned faces and I knew that my physical aspect was being made the topic of surreptitious conversation. However, something interrupted my painful thoughts. Resounding through some sort of an amplifier a not unpleasant voice started speaking.

"'Brother Fiddlesniff, you are now one of us. Be not ashamed of your nu-

dity for clothing is an unnecessary burden here. We have abolished it. Are we not all made after the same pattern? Should we belittle the handiwork of Mother Nature? We judge men here for themselves, not for the ability of their tailors. We are all brothers together. There are no women to upset our equilibrium or to cause hard feelings amongst us. We live in peace and harmony. We toil not, we war not. Ours is the acme of existence. We have achieved Utopia!

"Silence reigned again and I knew that I was expected to say something. Strangely, my embarrassment had left me and I stood there in all my nakedness boldly and unafraid. I cleared my throat.

"'Fellow Utopians,' I commenced, 'I am highly honored by this show of friendship on your part and wish to say that I am highly honored by this show of friendship on your part that honors me highly by such a show of friendship!' I awaited the expected applause but none came. 'Hm,' I thought, 'What a bunch of dumb clucks! Well, maybe they want a joke or two.' I forced a bewitching smile to my lips and continued. 'This reminds me of the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter—!' At this juncture the

lights suddenly went on and everybody started to leave. I thought it very rude of them but decided to say nothing about it. Besides my dignity was at a disadvantage without pants.

"Hist!!" someone was motioning to me from the aisle. It was Phipps. I had forgotten all about Phipps. As it was, I was glad to see him and hurried to meet him. In so doing I collided rather roughly with another hurrying nude figure and was just about to give the clumsy ox a piece of my mind when he called back over his shoulder, 'You're sorry, certainly, don't mention it!' and off he went.

"I joined Phipps and we were soon milling toward the exit with the rest of the crowd. 'Tell me,' I pleaded when we had reached the outer air, 'what is it all about?' Phipps said nothing but broke into a dog-trot and I followed suit.

"After trotting for some time we at last sank upon a grassy knoll to rest. Phipps looked me over appraisingly. 'You are fond of starches, aren't you?' he remarked, appropose of nothing at all.

"'Not unduly so,' I answered drawing my stomach in with an effort.

"'Oh, it's nothing to worry about,' he said quickly. 'You ought to see some of the corporations here. Take the Judge, for instance, he hasn't seen his feet for years. He was a scream with Cleopatra last night!'

"'With Cleopatra?' I asked. 'So there are women here after all!'

"'They would be after all, alright,'" laughed Elmer T. Phipps with a queer look in his eye, 'But, as it happens, my dear Fiddlesniff, there are no women here. We go to the women, they do not come to us. And, what is more to the point, we take our pick. We can have

any woman we want, past, present or future. It makes no difference. Come, let's indulge a bit! I'll show you the ropes.'

"With this Phipps stood up and clapped his hands together. At once I heard a great commotion in the bushes behind us and out hopped a couple of the queer looking man-beasts of my previous acquaintance. Phipps made a grab for one's neck and swung himself upon the creature's back so I followed suit. It was like riding on the back of a huge wooly caterpillar and I was conscious of a peculiar itching sensation in spots. I wondered if the beasts might not have lice.

"Phipps spoke a few words in what sounded like Pig-Latin and before I knew what was happening, we were bounding off over the red grass hillside at a terrific pace. At length we came to a great circular pool of blue marble around which were reposing several hundred naked men, all seemingly fast asleep. 'Ah, there are a lot out today,' remarked Phipps taking in the scene before him. 'Come, let's pick out our spot.'

"As we approached I saw ripples appear upon the surface of the pool and the figure of a man rose to the surface and clambered out. He looked odd, sort of ethereal. I thought that I could almost see through him. I watched as he singled out one of the sleeping figures that, strangely enough looked enough like him to be his twin brother, and stretched himself out beside it. Then, wonder of wonders, as I watched, I saw the two figures merge and blend into one! The erstwhile sleeper sat up, stretched, then arose and walked away!

"'Did you see that?' I whispered hoarsely grabbing Phipps by the arm. 'Maybe I'm going nuts or something!'

"'Oh no, that was nothing to get ex-



cited about. You'll get used to that soon,' commented Phipps. 'That was just his astral body coming back to its shell. Wonder who it was this time. He is somewhat partial to Helen of Troy. He says that the Greeks have more than a word for it.'

"Please be so kind as to enlighten me as to just what you are talking about.' I beseeched my companion. 'It all sounds like Greek to me!'

"We dismounted and our strange steeds pranced back the way we had come. I stretched my legs gingerly and followed Phipps down to the water's edge. It was the queerest water I have ever seen. More like pale blue honey than anything else I can think of. I could see many tiny bubbles below the surface and even as I watched one of the bubbles grew rapidly in size and I discerned the figure of a man within it. In a moment the bubble had reached the surface and burst with an audible 'pop' and the man drew himself out upon the blue marble rim, hesitated an instant then made his way to his twin lying sleeping nearby. He too melted into the other body, sat up, then walked away. I was nonplussed.

"Here is a good spot!" called Phipps from a short distance away. 'Come and lie down. I'll tell you what else to do.'

"He set the example and I followed suit. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. 'Well,' said I, 'what's the next move?'

"Now think of some woman who you would like to see, who you would — er — like to make love to. Any woman at all. Take a beauty out of history or a modern maid, it makes no difference. Just concentrate upon her, that's all. Wish that you were with her.' My companion talked like a fool but, well, there was no harm in *thinking*.

"O.K.," I agreed, 'here goes. I'd like to have a date with that hot looking blonde secretary of Senator Phooey Short's. She's a pip!'

"At once I felt a strange sort of thrill. The earth beneath me seemed to vibrate. I tried to rise but could not. I struggled against my invisible bonds and suddenly they snapped and I sprang to my feet. I felt oddly light and buoyant. Faintly in the distance I heard a voice calling my name. I listened and recognized the sound as coming from the depths of the blue pool. Without further ado I sprang to the edge and dived in. For a moment all was blank then I opened my eyes in a strange boudoir.

"Helly Daddy!' cooed a sweet voice in my ear!' So nice of you to come!'

"I looked about and there was the beautiful blonde in person! Yes, in person and very little else. What a knock-out she was! I knew that she was class but—well, she was in a class by herself!

"So you were expecting me!' I exclaimed. 'How did you know I'd look you up?'

"Oh I could tell it in your eyes when you met me in the Capitol elevator,' she replied laughingly, pinching me playfully and rather intimately. 'When you looked me over I knew you'd make the grade.'

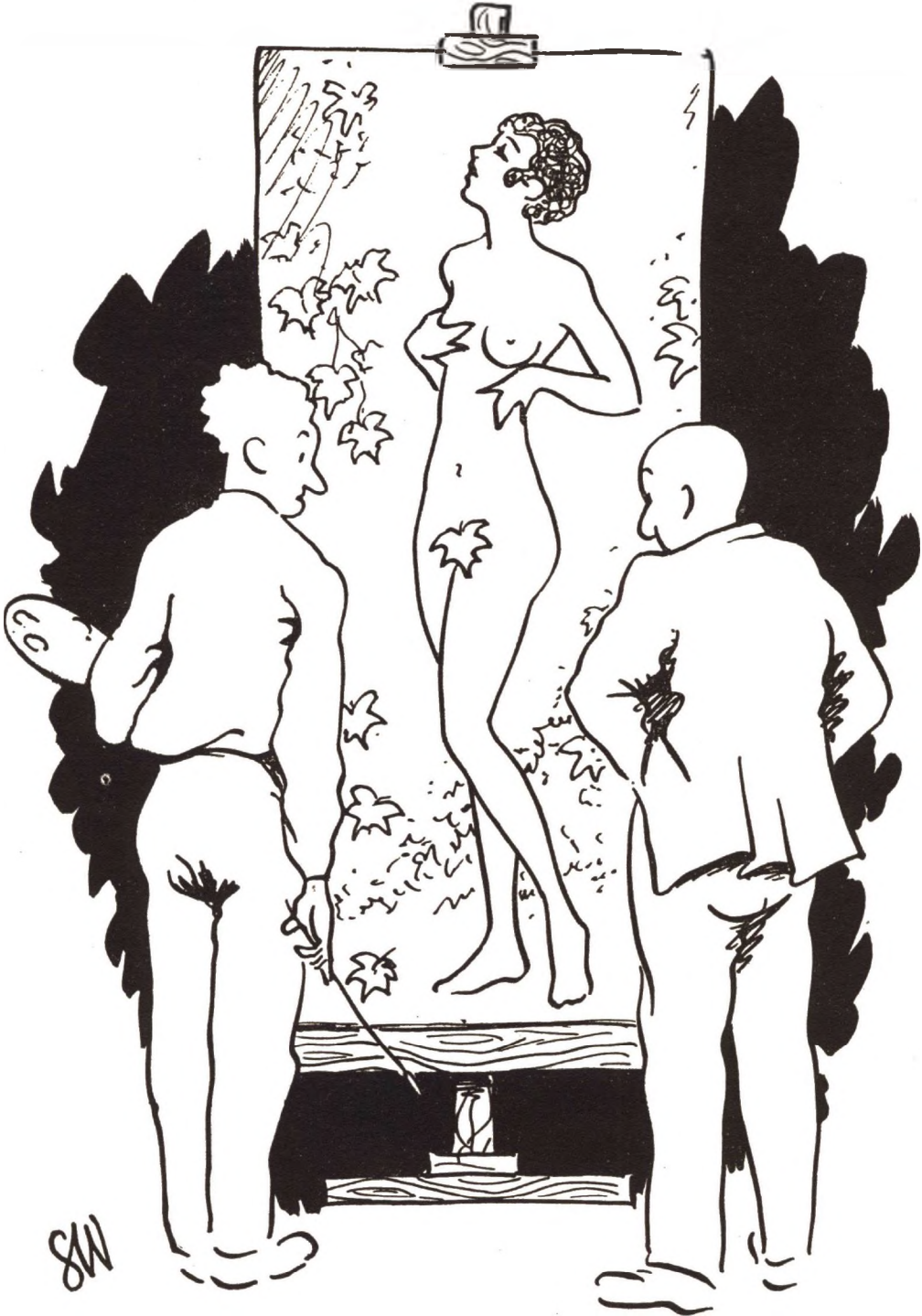
"Where is the Senator?' I wanted to know.

"She looked a trifle annoyed. 'Why bring him up?' she pouted. 'I'm tired of him anyway. He's just an old two-timer!'

"Why did she look at me that way? I suddenly remembered that I was even more unclothed than she was.

"Well, I've often made a fourth at bridge,' I ventured.

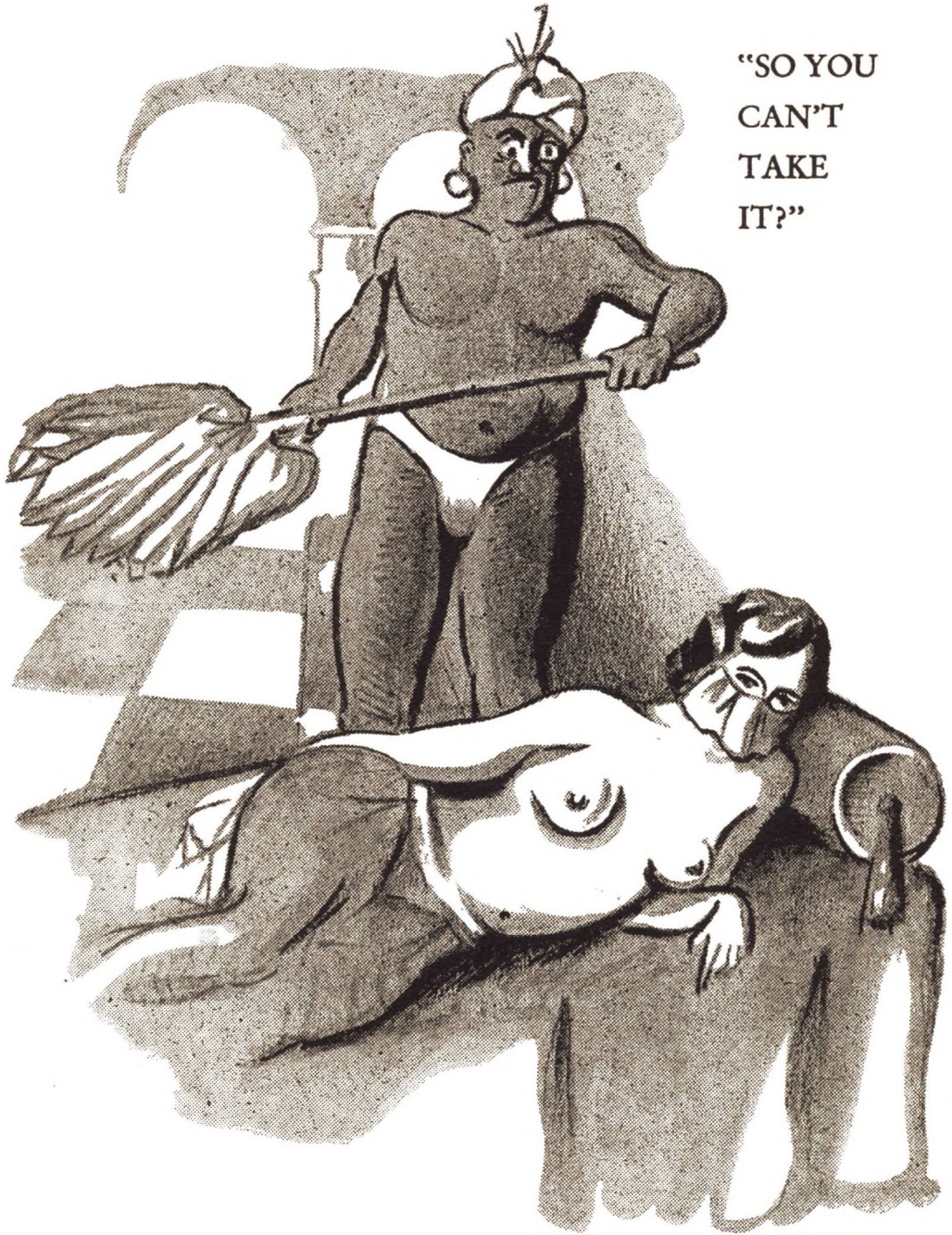
"Who was the fourth?' she came back right off the bat.



“Hm-m not bad, but why so many leaves?”







“SO YOU  
CAN’T  
TAKE  
IT?”

And then there's the dame who was so dumb that when she was asked to get a can-opener she went and phoned the plumber.

“The tomato,” commented the professor, “is not a vegetable, but a fruit.”

“Perhaps,” muttered the actor, “but I believe it is a missile.”



Continued from page 33

"'Do you play bridge?' I asked looking for an opening.

"'I prefer checkers,' she replied. 'I like to play with the men.'

"'Checkers it shall be,' said I, laying out the paraphernalia.

"'Who moves first?' she wanted to know.

"'Does it make any difference?' I countered. 'Gwan, you do it.'

"'Oh, but then you'll jump me!' she cried.

"'Well, what did you expect, a brass band?' I laughed.

"'Her mood suddenly changed. 'Are you musical?' she whispered, cuddling up. 'I love to play the organ at twilight!'

"'Sure enough! The sun had set and day was fast drawing to a close. I looked out upon the gathering shadows and knew that she was right!!

\* \* \* \* \*

"'Came the dawn. Irene (she told me that was her name) had pillowed her pretty golden head upon my manly breast and there she slumbered on as peacefully as a babe. I placed a kiss upon her brow and watched it slowly sink in. Presently she opened her baby-blue eyes and gazed at me with a dog-like affection. 'You should run for Congress,' she said sweetly. 'What a ducking you could give the taxpayer!'

"'Baby, you're not such a bad politician yourself!' said I, and meant it. I could readily see that she had not been

old Phooey Short's secretary for nothing. That gal was *good*.

"'I suddenly remembered Elmer T. Phipps and the blue-honey pool. I'd better be hurrying back before the Judge marked me A.W.O.L.

"'Well, honey, I've got to leave you. Duty calls. Thanks for the buggy ride!' I blew her a kiss and started for the window.

"'Wait!' she called, 'haven't you forgotten something?'

"'She ran over to me and caught my hand in hers. 'G'bye daddy, you must come again sometime!' I felt something pressed into my palm. A strong current of air seemed to sweep me bodily out of the window and I felt myself falling slowly as if through—honey! That was it, honey, blue honey! I was nestled within a cosy bubble and instead of falling I was rising, rising to the surface of the mystic blue pool. As I floated slowly upward I remembered my parting with Irene and I opened my clenched fist. There in my palm was a neatly folded two-dollar bill."

Again Professor Fiddlesniff hesitated in his narrative to mop his perspiring brow. His listeners said not a word, they had all fallen sound asleep except the News reporter and he was busy figuring out his weekly expense report on the Head-waiter's shirt-front. "Go on, spill the rest," he invited, "I heard every word you said, it's the nuts!"

End of Part Two



AN ADVERTISING MAN



❖❖❖ "Oh yes, he has very good family connections." ❖❖❖



# WILD CHERRIES PUZZLE PAGE

PRINT THE NAMES OF THE FIVE OBJECTS IN A DIFFERENT ORDER IN EACH FORM—AND HAVE A DIFFERENT FEMININE CHARM READING DOWNWARD IN EACH.

CAN YOU SPELL THE NAMES OF THE TWO PALM BEACH CUTIES WITH THE LETTERS IN THE NAMES OF THE OBJECTS—AND HAVE NO LETTERS LEFT OVER?

—ARITHMETIC—

IF YOU'LL ADD AND SUBTRACT THE LETTERS IN THE NAMES OF THE OBJECTS, YOU'LL KNOW AS A RESULT, WHAT HE DID TO HER LAST NIGHT. EASY NOW. WHAT WAS IT?

AND SHE SAYS I CAN DO IT AGAIN T'NIGHT! BOY!

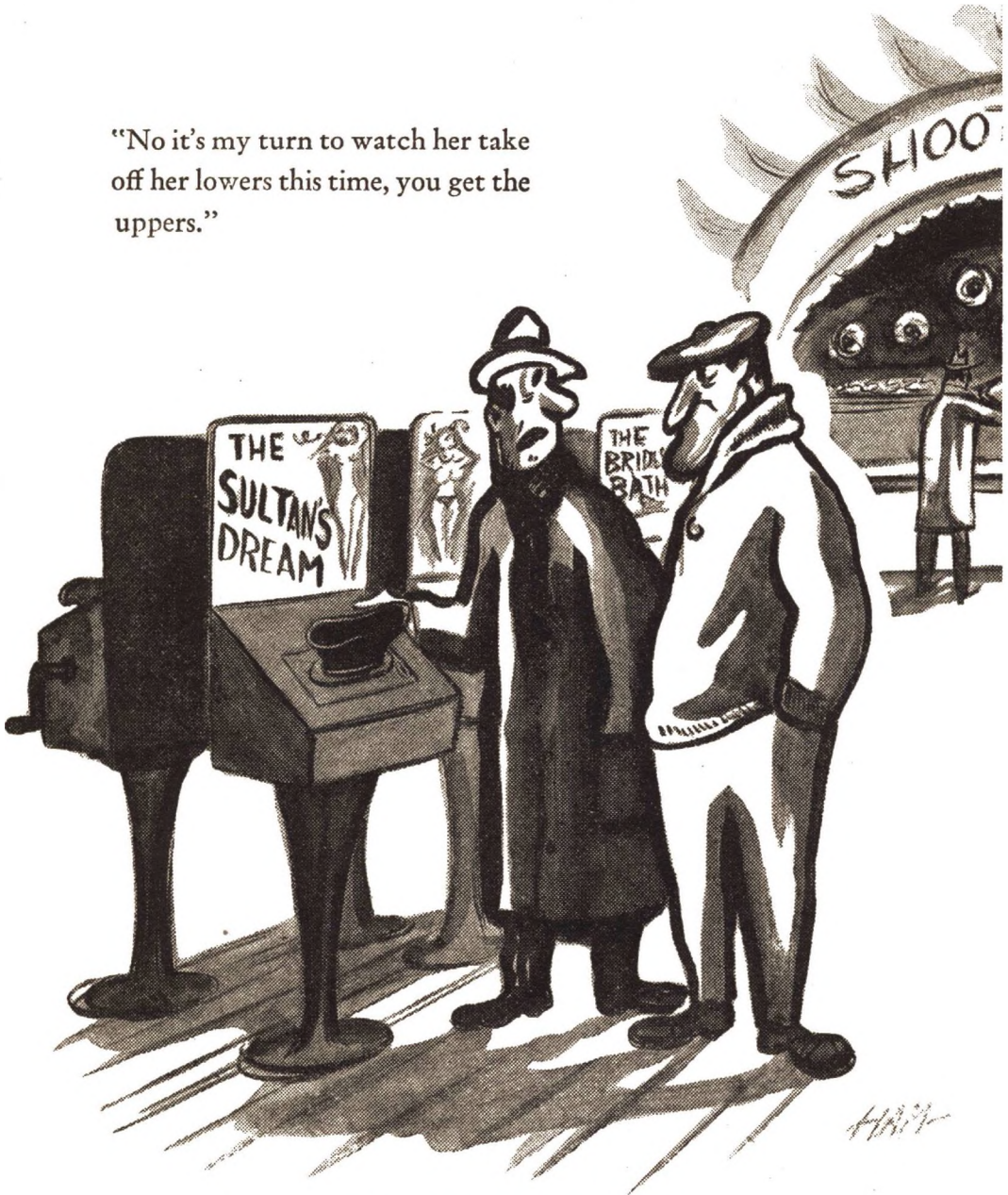
—WORD DIAMOND—

PRINT THE NAME OF THEIR FAVORITE INDOOR SPORT IN BOTH HORIZONTAL AND VERTICAL COLUMNS—AND HAVE A PERFECT WORD DIAMOND.



There are many liberties taken with the naked truth nowadays.

"No it's my turn to watch her take off her lowers this time, you get the uppers."



— PATRONS OF ART —

Tsk-tsk-tsk! She asked for a seat cover and the clerk showed her a pair of bloomers!

Say, did you ever hear about the African princess who had two monkeys?



Last month we promised to take you to one of the Harlem "hot spots" for an exciting evening, well, we always try to keep our promises. Let's go!

Our party assembles at Times Square. We have agreed to meet in the Times Building subway entrance at ten o'clock and, wonder of wonders, we are all on time. Someone suggests a taxi but that motion is overruled by the majority who prefer the trip on the Sixth Avenue "L". The "L" is less expensive and besides it is quicker.

So we emerge from the underground rendezvous and make our way along famous 42nd Street amid jostling cosmopolitan crowds until we reach Sixth Avenue. Here the imposing elevated structure confronts us and we mount the stairs, pass through the turnstile and are soon roaring off uptown to the heart of Harlem and our date with adventure.

We thunder past the ornate architecture and dazzling lights of Radio City, we swerve to the left and cross the brilliant colorful cañon of Broadway, we turn right and pass along between the tenements of Ninth Avenue, we cross Broadway again at 66th Street and continue on up Columbus Avenue, swerve at 110th, follow Lenox, cross 125th, 135th, 145th, and here we are at 149th! Out we pile, through the gate, down the steps and we are soon at the doorway of our destination.

We will call the club of our evening's choice the "Hot-hips Club" because that is not its real name and, after all, this is not a paid advertisement. Perhaps

some of you will recognize the place from the descriptions. All well and good, there is no law against that.

At the door, we deliver our hats and wraps to a pretty little brown-skinned vixen boasting a muchly abbreviated maid's costume and a wealth of silk-clad shapely legs. We accept the disc she hands us and remark the creamy velvet texture of her flesh and wonder if it is as warm and delightful as it looks.

"Duke," the genial host and master of ceremonies, greets us with his famous broad toothy grin and we are escorted to our reserved table convenient to the dance-floor and yet capable of a little privacy by virtue of a slight niche in the wall. "Duke" is most attentive and does his utmost to make us feel at home. To his guarded inquiry as to our supply of the "forbidden nectar" we answer that we could use another bottle if it were exceptionally good. "You just try our 'White Satin' mister, it's smooth, I mean!" "Duke" doesn't wait for an answer but sends the hovering waiter off on his silky errand.

The waiter is soon back with a bottle of excellent gin and all the accessories so we proceed to "liquor up" a bit. "When in Rome do as the Romans do" someone once recommended. Well, this isn't Rome but we make our minds up to "go native" for the evening just the same. Um, say that drink sure hits the spot!

The waiter now presents us with a rather enticing menu and we order a flock of salads and what-not just as the orchestra breaks into throbbing rumba. Shall we dance? We shall, and do. The floor is a little small but well waxed and the music is excellent. We enjoy every step of the dance and applaud loudly for an encore.

After the rumba we retire to our





table for another drink and to nibble at our salads. We notice the rich subdued lighting effects of the place, the bizarre decorations and the unique assembly of guests. It is indeed a melting -pot of race and station. At a nearby table we note a portly well-dressed white man dining and flirting outrageously with an Octoroon beauty. She is employing all of her arts and he is going for the bait, hook, line and sinker.

At another table are seated two young

white women who are trying hard not to be interested in a sleek bronze Adonis seated near them. He is faultlessly dressed in the latest of Fashion's dictates and is eyeing the women with bold approval. As the music starts again he arises and courteously asks one to dance. She blushes and hesitates but as a subtle barbaric quality creeps into the measures of the Tango she suddenly smiles, presents herself, half-wildly, to his em-

brace and they glide off into the maze of dancers on the floor. The remaining young woman lights a cigarette and tries to appear indifferent but one can easily see that she is consumed with jealousy and disappointment.

We see bejeweled Park Avenue do-wagers with their brown-skinned gigolos, blase reporters sipping gin-concoctions and occasionally making a note, a pompous local merchant playing host to a couple of out-of-town buyers, an actress with a new boy-friend, somebody's misunderstood husband trying to make somebody else's wife understand, a come-on man for a nearby gambling-house looking over prospects, a Wall-Street big shot is having an argument with his hand-painted mistress, perhaps the rent is due again and the sugar has gone a trifle stale, over in one secluded corner an overflowing colored matron is laying down the law to a wizened little saddle-colored negro whose tight-fitting evening clothes make him look for all the world like a trained monkey and there by the door a couple of burly waiters are effectively persuading an alcoholically inclined party to take his noise elsewhere.

Now the floor show is commencing! The lights are dimmed and a brilliant yellow spot is focused on the dance floor, the orchestra breaks into a lively jazz number that ends with a crash of brass and a wailing minor note. There is momentary silence, nobody says a word. You can almost hear the proverbial pin drop. Now the drummer starts tapping lightly on a barbaric looking tom-tom. He rubs and beats upon the taut hide with a strange hypnotic rhythm that grows louder and faster. It seems to quicken the blood in the veins of the listeners and unconsciously they sway to the throbbing cadence.

Suddenly, from a concealed entrance behind the orchestra a nearly nude dancer dashes into the spotlight. She is a beauty in a wild exotic sort of way. Her bronze flesh glistens in the golden ray and her long wavy black hair swirls about her perfect body like a mystic cloud. She picks up the rhythm of the drum and her lithe limbs weave fantastic patterns as she postures and glides about the floor. The musicians are now contributing some sort of native music that is low, plaintive and seductive. The dancer's full voluptuous breasts rise and fall in time to her eccentric movements, her fine muscles ripple underneath her coppery skin and her well-proportioned torso writhes with a distinct serpentine motion. It is a dance of the jungle, lurking, hypnotic, dangerous!

The climax of the dance is reached when several half-naked blacks painted like African savages enter upon the floor and portray a wild war-dance around and around the native girl. As the throb of the drums reach a final crescendo the "savages" seize the girl dancer, lift her high over their heads and carry her screaming from the room!

A moment of dramatic tension is experienced, then the orchestra swings into a popular dance tune, the lights flash on and a buzz of conversation swells to almost a hysterical babble. Couples crowd onto the dance floor and try to drown the weird thoughts in their minds in syncopation. We hear forced laughter, the tinkle of hastily filled glasses and occasional bits of boistrous conversation. The guests are trying to shake off the ghost of the jungle that still hovers about their tables. After all, they are here for pleasure and pleasure they will have or drop in the attempt.

The further adventures of the evening will be continued in the next issue of Wild Cherries.





## The Sultan's Weakness

Abdul Hammid was in a vile temper. He glared fiercely at Mushka, the Chief Eunuch, waiting silently before him and Mushka felt fear strike at his heart. Was it just another of the monarch's temperamental fits or was it that he—suspected something! Beads of perspiration stood out upon Mushka's brow for, if the truth were known, Mushka had anything but a clear conscience.

The Sultan studied his servant for a time then in his deep inscrutable voice addressed him. "Mushka, for nearly three years now you have had charge of the precious flowers that bloom in my garden of passion, and, to the best of my knowledge, you have exercised your duties well. The rare blossoms in your care are unsurpassed by any upon this earth and I, the master, am wealthy indeed in their very possession. But Mushka, my cup of happiness is not full. In fact, I thirst for more than the meagre drops allotted me. It is not only the beauty and the perfume that I desire from my priceless garden but it is the heavenly nectar as well. That has been, for the most part, denied me. Me, Abdul Hammid III, Sultan of all Tabiria is a pauper in the common currency of the flesh! Think of it! My treasury is ample to purchase nations and yet I must beg for the very crumbs of love!"

Mushka looked long at his master and said nothing. The Sultan, after all, was

a comparatively good master. He was generous when pleased, lenient where punishment was concerned and inclined to give his Chief Eunuch his own way in nearly everything. And Mushka had made good use of his authority. His was an ideal job from every angle and one that should have provided utter contentment to anyone in his position, but Mushka had a secret, a very dangerous secret that took the element of peace and contentment out of his station even as it increased the desirability of his environment. If the Sultan ever so much as suspected—that would be the end! No wonder Mushka was a little nervous.

The Sultan, still scrutinizing Mushka narrowly continued, "I suppose that you have some idea as to why I have summoned you and I dare say that you are right, as usual. Yes, Mushka, my inner being is again rebelling against the meagre fare of my royal senses. The synthetic morsels of pleasure that I am able to procure only fan the fires of my hunger to more consuming heat. You, of course, cannot appreciate what this means. Your senses have been dulled to the gnawing desires of the flesh and you are at peace with yourself. Give you a full belly and a fragrant pipe and your cup is full. As for me, ah, I crave real nourishment! Were I not created a man



that I might demand from life a man's birthright? What have I here? Wealth, power and a harem of twenty of the fairest women in all the world. They are mine, mine body and soul! Mine and yet, I have them not. There is no sincerity in this ghastly place! All is false, sham! My wives fawn upon me for favors, they embrace me not for myself but as a duty or as a bribe. They come at my bidding, actresses that they are, they simulate passion in my arms, whisper honeyed words in my ear, rob me of jeweled trinkets and slip away at the first opportunity to wantonly throw their charms at the feet of any brazen dog whose filthy gold bribes the traitorous Keeper of the Gate! I am sick of it, Mushka, I want no more of it! I want to experience *real* affection, to know *real* passion, to taste of the *real* cup of life before I pass on to Allah!"

The Sultan had, by this time, worked himself into a state of high nervous excitement. He paced up and down, up and down. Suddenly he halted in front of his Chief Eunuch and stared at him full in the face. With his hand he turned the features of the wondering Mushka from side to side examining it closely. "By Allah, I believe I have an idea!" he finally exclaimed. Mushka had a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach.

A few more minutes of restless pacing and then the Sultan said, "Mushka, in many respects, to the superficial outer appearance, you and I are like as two peas. If I were to shave my royal beard and you were to possess yourself of false whiskers of similar cut we could most readily pass for one another. Now, if we were to exchange raiment the transformation would be complete. You would become, to all outward appearances, Abdul Hammid, Sultan of Tabiria, cursed with an insatiable longing for the delights of honest passion and I, by

the same token, would take the station Chief Eunuch of the Royal Harem, a creature of sexless ambition and unchallengeable loyalty to his monarch. That, my dear Mushka, is exactly what is going to happen! Go at once and fetch me my shaving implements. No, on further thought, go you into my private chamber there and await me in silence. Nobody must suspect our change. I will obtain the necessary paraphernalia and presently we shall become—each other!"

Mushka, left alone with his thoughts, was far from comfortable. He knew the situation only too well. Had he not, himself, accepted a handful of heavy gold from a bold young trader in exchange for a key to the Harem garden? Ah, those garden keys were many in number and a source of much wealth! And had he not watched from concealment while Aleetah, the Sultan's newest blonde angel shed her heavenly wings and halo and gorged herself with truly human fare? He had been nearby to minister to the raven-tressed Zulieka when she swooned in the arms of her Greek lover and brought fresh raiment to the golden haired Dorinda as she bathed nude in the fountain pool with none other than the Sultan's own nephew.

There is no doubt but that Mushka could have told the Sultan many interesting things about his own household but they would all have reflected, more or less, upon his job and, above all, Mushka wanted to keep that job.

When the Sultan had inferred that Mushka did not appreciate the complex problems of sex, the Sultan was wrong. Although bearing the office of Chief Eunuch of the Harem, Mushka was, himself, something of a masquerader. He was one of those biological rarities known as a false eunuch and therefore fully susceptible to the temptations and



the ways of the flesh. This was his jealously guarded secret and to make the situation the more acute, Mushka was something of a connoisseur of such matters. This fact, however, none suspected except a select few of the Sultan's prize beauties who, from time to time, considered themselves amply repaid for their silence.

Presently the Sultan entered and put an end to Mushka's musing. Reclining upon a silken couch, the monarch motioned toward a case of shaving material and said, "Remove this beard from my weary face, Mushka, quickly before I falter in my resolve!" Mushka hastened to obey.

Soon Abdul Hammid was clean shaven. He examined himself carefully in a mirror, a smile of satisfaction upon his lips. "I look ten years younger!" he declared.

Next the Sultan changed clothing with his Chief Eunuch and handed Mushka a small neatly trimmed false beard. The result was really remarkable! Only a very close and intimate observer could have detected who was who. In height, weight, and general contour of the features they were identical!

"Now," spoke the Sultan from the lips of the Chief Eunuch, "We are going to exchange places for exactly one week. You are to be the Sultan and carry on my business in my place. You know enough of the inside details to enable you to do this while I will usurp your office of Chief of the Harem and, if I am successful, I am afraid that I will give you a reputation amongst the ladies that you will never be able to explain or even appreciate. I anticipate the sport with keen pleasure. Mind you now, not a word upon pain of death! Seven days from today we will again meet in this room but until then, may Allah be with us!"



A crafty look crept over Mushka's face as he watched the receding back of his master. Now *he* was Sultan! Nobody knew the difference and he did, indeed, know much of the little inside details of his position that would tend to convince the most sceptical. He had noticed before the striking similarity between his features and those of the real Sultan and had often contemplated upon what might happen in just such a situation as the one at hand. Now the opportunity was here he would make the most of it.

On the other hand, Abdul Hammid made his way toward the women's section, his brain a chaos of conflicting thoughts and plans. Now that he had the affair launched he hardly knew where



"Excuse me lady but have you seen a stray horse around here?"

to start or what to do first. Mechanically he saluted one of his underguards at the doorway and passed on to Mushka's own quarters where he sat himself down to think the matter over and decide just what course to pursue.

The day faded into dusk as Abdul reclined upon the Chief's divan and considered the whole aspect of the situation. He was just about to arise and touch flame to one of the many hanging lamps when the silk drapery over the doorway was pushed aside and there, faintly outlined against the deepening shadows, he made out the figure of a girl.

Abdul sprang to his feet in astonishment. What was a female doing here

in a eunuch's apartment? She was unveiled too and clad only in the thinnest of silken trousers. It was too dark to recognize the girl except that she was light of hair and small of stature.

Not a word was spoken by either, then, suddenly as a frightened deer, the maiden ran from the sheltering shaw-ows of the doorway and threw herself passionately into the bewildered arms of the masquerading Chief Eunuch. Abdul's brain whirled for a moment! What was the meaning of this? Then hot moist lips sought his and he experienced a burning, breath-taking kiss, the likes of which he had never known before.

End of Part One



NO LITTLE JOB



“O mamma, come and see what big tools the plumbers have!!”





## NOW YOU TELL ONE!



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

Too bad that we haven't room to print all of the excellent jokes sent in but we will endeavor to make the most of the space that we have. Here's one submitted by Mr. Paul Williker of Trenton, New Jersey. — Mother discovered little Willie out in the yard holding one of his pet rabbits up by the ears and shouting at the poor frightened creature. "Two times two! Five times five! Three times four!!", he cried, shaking bunny. "Willie! What on earth are you doing?" asked the startled mother. "Aw, that teacher of mine is a liar!" exclaimed Willie, "she said that rabbits multiply rapidly!"



G. H. Bently of Cincinnati contributes the following. — A story used to be told about Chauncey Depew to the effect that a young lady once challenged him to an exchange of wit. The bout was short lived however. "I believe that I can give you tit for tat," the lady remarked. "Alright," agreed Depew, "TAT!"

And here's a snappy little thing from Herman Grossbeak, New York City. — Brown had been married for nearly four years. He had a very beautiful wife but so far had not been able to increase his family any. Brown was very desirous of a little son and heir and most envious of his friend White who was the proud father of a fine boy and a pair of twin daughters. He finally decided to ask his friend's advice on the matter. White listened gravely and then said, "Why certainly I can tell you what to do. That's really quite simple. Will you follow my instructions?" "I sure will!" agreed the grateful Brown. "Just tell me what to do." "Well," said White, "the first thing is to get your wife in good physical condition. Take her away to the seashore somewhere. Feed her well, let her get plenty of rest and sleep and, whatever you do, don't make love to her for at least three weeks. Then, when she is thoroughly rested and in high spirits, buy her some fine silk lingerie, get a few bottles of good liquor, rent the bridal suite of the best hotel in town and—send for me!"



Mrs. Elberta Franklin of Providence, Rhode Island, is responsible for this classic. — It used to be the custom in some towns to strew the street in front of the residence of influential citizens with straw whenever a blessed event was expected. The reason for this was to deaden the noise of traffic so that the household might enjoy as much quiet as possible. A lady and her little daughter once encountered a straw strewn street while out walking and the little girl wanted to know what it meant. "Why, you see, the stork brought Mrs. Jones a new baby last night," explained the mother. "It must have been pretty well packed," remarked the daughter.



"Dear Grace, I dreamed of you last night,  
Your arms were 'round my neck.  
We kissed as I turned out the light  
And—enclosed find check."



A little country girl was visiting the zoo of a large city and there she saw a peacock for the first time. She looked at it strutting about with its gorgeous tail out-spread and a passerby heard her say to herself, "I know ma and pa won't believe it but I've seen a rooster in bloom."



There is a story about a certain editor who for some reason or other became highly incensed against a contributor to his publication. He wanted to insult the man but, being a gentleman and also something of a diplomat, hesitated to do so in the common manner. One day when the offending contributor was leaving the publication office the editor's opportunity came. "So long, you old pair of shears!" called out the contributor. "Oh, good bye," answered the editor, "When you get home, throw your mother a bone!"



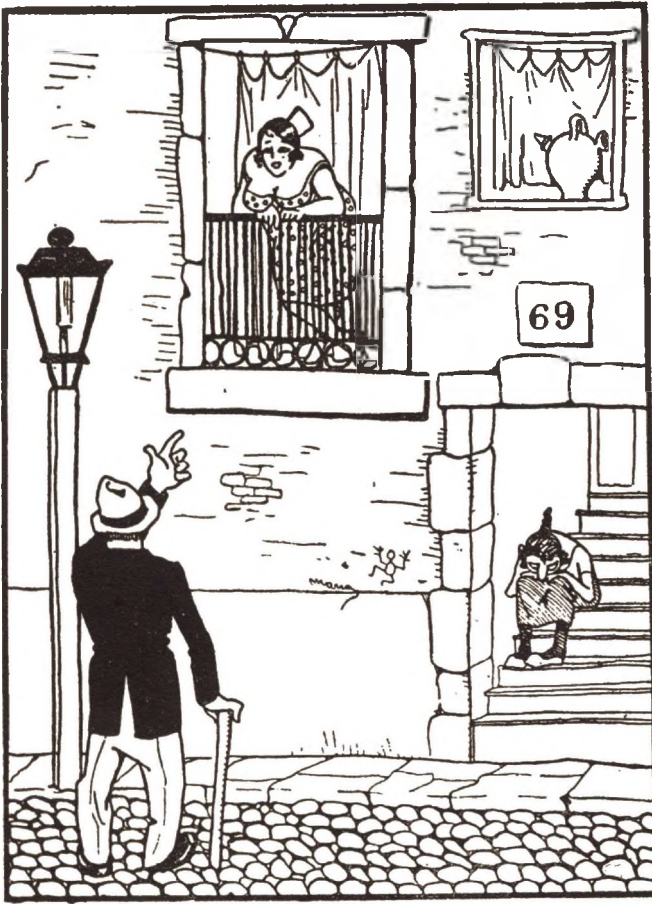
He was rather shy and it was the first time that he had dared to bring her flowers. She, delighted, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. He suddenly grabbed his hat and started out the door. "Oh!" she said, "I'm sorry if I have offended you!"

"Oh, that's not it," he called back, "I'm going after more flowers!"



"Have you ever been pinched for money?"

"Well, I made one guy cough up five grand."



### The Gay Caballero

Oh fair Senorita, you lika to eata?  
 Den coma wit me for a bite down da streeta.  
 You can drinka my wine, smoka my cigarettes.  
 If you letta me play with your nice castanets,  
 You'll finda dat I am one gooda da guy,  
 Gotta mucha da pep an' dat no dama lie!  
 So you coma wit me an' I showa you life,  
 But for lova da Mike you no tella da wife.



### Chicken Hearted

Some like the legs,  
 Some like the breast,  
 If you give me the gravy,  
 You can have all the rest.



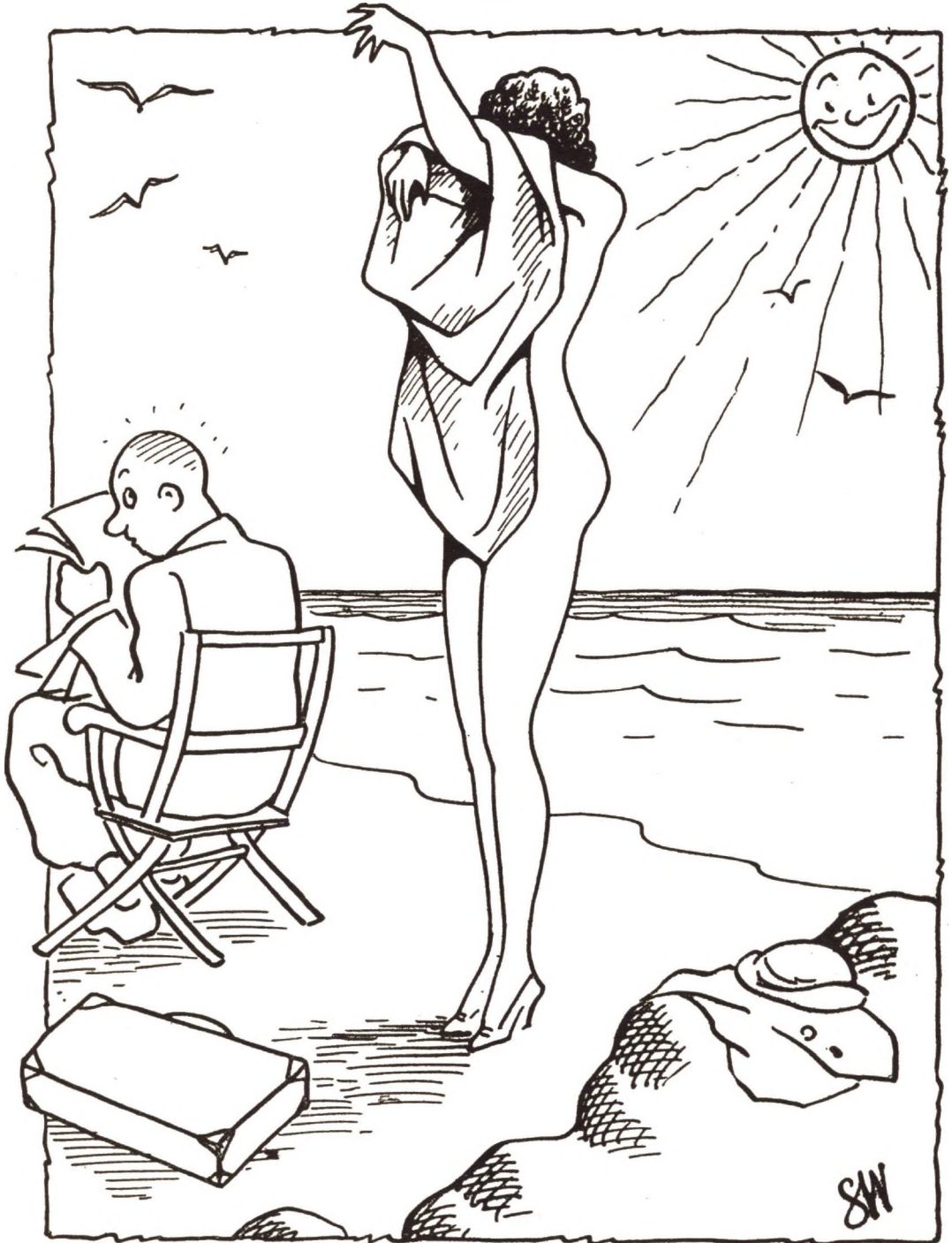
PROMENADE  
 READY MAID  
 ESCAPADE  
 FIRST AID



We hear that the Crap is a strange sort of bird,  
 It lays square eggs that are really absurd.  
 They have spots on the sides and often get hot,  
 Yet a Crap's not a Crap until after it's shot.



— THE SUNNY BEACH —



“Quick Henry, the cold-cream! I’m afraid my cheeks will get sun-burned!”



### "What Fools These Mortals Be"

1st Travelling Man—"You look amused, brother, what's the joke?"

2nd Travelling Man—"Oh, it's just something funny that happened at home this morning."

1st T. M.—"Let's hear it, I need a good laugh."

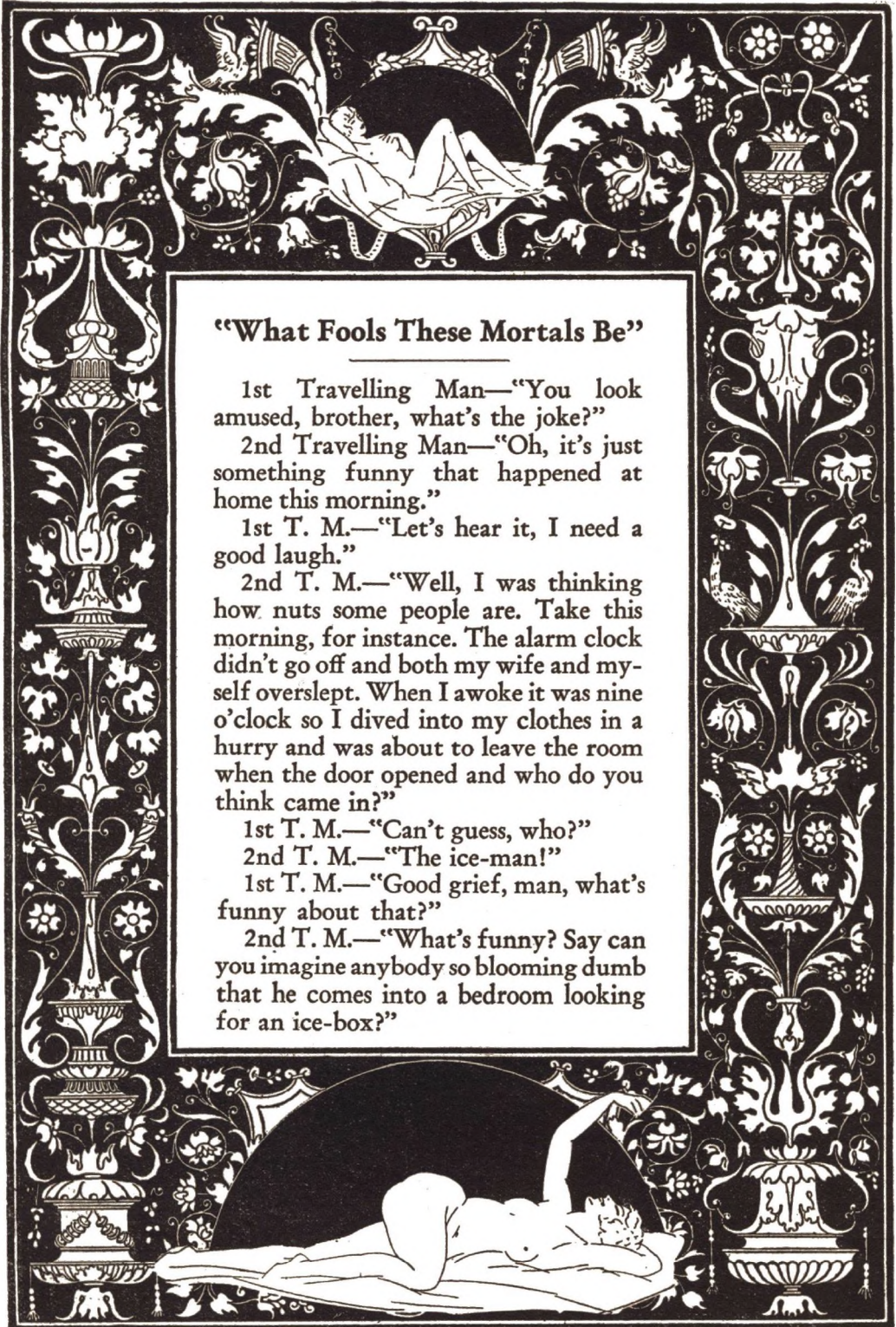
2nd T. M.—"Well, I was thinking how nuts some people are. Take this morning, for instance. The alarm clock didn't go off and both my wife and myself overslept. When I awoke it was nine o'clock so I dived into my clothes in a hurry and was about to leave the room when the door opened and who do you think came in?"

1st T. M.—"Can't guess, who?"

2nd T. M.—"The ice-man!"

1st T. M.—"Good grief, man, what's funny about that?"

2nd T. M.—"What's funny? Say can you imagine anybody so blooming dumb that he comes into a bedroom looking for an ice-box?"





## — JUST A QUIET LITTLE FAMILY PARTY —



“—an’ I says to her ‘Hello Sister!’, an’ she says to me, ‘Say, where do you get that sister stuff, was you’re old man a traveling salesman?’”



# LOVE STRATEGY

By LOIS HAINES

Ralph saw Lelia coming toward him down the garden path and heard an inner voice warn him to escape from her tempting presence before she saw him. But he stood to admire the lissom swing of her hips as she approached and at that moment she looked up and saw him. She waved and hastened toward him.

"I was looking for you," she said when she reached his side. "Let's go for a drive. My car is right in front of the house."

He offered a conscientious protest. "Margaret might want me." He felt that it would be unfair to his fiancée to run off without a word.

Lelia smiled coaxingly and took his arm, pulling him toward the front walk. "She'll never miss you," she prophesied.

With a doubtful frown he let her lead him away. He suspicioned she had manoeuvred the situation. There had been nine girls invited to the surprise kitchen shower on Margaret, leaving one over for two tables of bridge. Ralph had shied from the party, being the only man present. And Lelia, whose bridge game was notoriously bad, had begged off with ease. She had made some pretense of watching but soon after drifted away, seeking Ralph. And here she was beside him at the wheel of her cream colored roadster, just as if it had all been prearranged between them.

Lelia, when alone with him, made no secret of her liking for him, and he admitted a reluctant attraction to her spirited personality. Why, he could not understand. Ralph loved Margaret because of her reserved manner, her womanly charm, her quiet affection, her

judicious common sense. Lelia was her very antithesis, sophisticated, audacious, flirtatious. Everything she did added to his disapproval of her; yet by her very repulsion she seemed to exert a fascination over him. It disturbed and annoyed him.

Lelia chose a country road leading away from the town. After driving several miles, she turned in at a grove, secluded from the roadway by many trees, and stopped the car.

They lit cigarettes. Lelia took a deep breath of April air. "Isn't it exhilarating here?" She turned yellowish eyes upon him; eyes which seemed to convey deep messages however commonplace the words her lips uttered. She leaned against him and put her hand on his, twining her fingers with his.

He stirred uncomfortably and pulled his hand away. "Did it burn?" she taunted.

He met her mocking eyes coolly. "You're trying to be a siren," he accused.

The suggestion that she put effort into it annoyed her. She bit her full under lip. Then she laughed with good humor. "You make a perfect specimen for experiment. You're so staunchly resisting."

He grinned, finding relief in frank discussion. "But why pick on me? There seem to be some very agreeable eligible men in town."

"Evidently you are not aware of your superior charm," she said. "Since the first moment your eyes looked into mine



—and all that sort of thing—” She laughed impudently.

He was about to charge her with disloyalty to her friend Margaret when she opened the door of the car and stepped out. “Come on, I’ll show you our merry little brooklet.”

Her sudden change of mood disarmed him. He followed her down a winding path through budding trees. Presently they came to a clearing. A little stream purled gently along on its way to the river. Lelia cast herself down and drank from the clear water. She looked up at Ralph, laughing, her face wet. There was something pagan in her movements. She rolled over to a patch of new grass and lay on her back, her arms under her head. “Sit down,” she invited.

He frowned severely. “You’ll get dirty.”

She wrinkled up her nose at him. “Why be so inhibited. Act as you know you want to.”

Her words were spoken as a challenge. He flung himself down beside her. “You’re a little vixen,” he reproved, but his tone had melted.

“I’m a nature lover,” she corrected. “I respond to nature like the birds and the flowers—” She raised an arm and ran her fingers through his dark, heavy hair. “Don’t you feel the chemistry of nature?” she asked with an intensity of emotion in her voice.

Suddenly he reached out and pulled

her into his arms. His mouth found her waiting lips and in her ardent reciprocation he forgot Margaret and those instincts of rectitude he clung to.

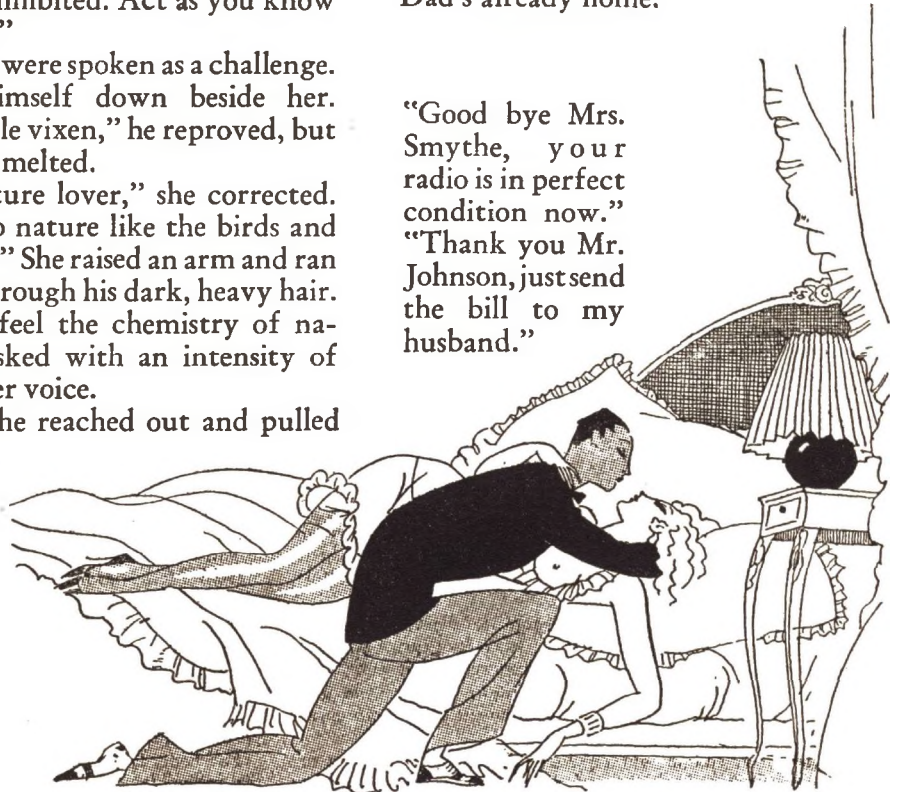
It was growing dark when they returned to the town. Lelia turned into her own driveway. Margaret lived a half block down. “I look so disheveled,” she said, excusing herself from taking him to the door. “I’ll see you tonight.”

Ralph found Margaret waiting for him with an anxious look. He told her, evading her glance, that Lelia had taken him for a drive.

Margaret picked a tiny twig from his shoulder and her brows went up in a peak of inquiry, though the smile she gave him was friendly. “Did my girl friends scare you? I’m sorry. I felt guilty in leaving you alone. It won’t happen again.” She did not mention Lelia. “And now run along and get ready for dinner. Dad’s already home.”

“Good bye Mrs. Smythe, your radio is in perfect condition now.”

“Thank you Mr. Johnson, just send the bill to my husband.”



Not a word of reproach. Ralph gave her a quick hug and ran lightly up the broad old fashioned stairway to the second floor. He condemned his behavior of the afternoon and the weakness that had permitted his habitually passive emotions to be so savagely aroused.

After dinner he tried to make recompense for his aberration to Margaret. He drew her into the garden away from the family and made love to her with sudden and intense impetuosity, almost as if he wished to convince himself as well as her that he loved her.

Much surprised, Margaret shrunk from his unexpected ardor, and Ralph, for the first time, found her chaste propriety irksome. He laughed shortly as she strove to hold him off. "I can't help desiring you," he murmured, kissing her almost roughly.

Margaret struggled with him, more hurt than angry. "I don't understand you tonight," he reproved him. "You've never been so—so—intense—" She faltered with modest embarrassment for a delicate subject.

"Don't you expect me to be human?" he challenged.

She gave a frightened gasp. "Yes, dear," she whispered and patted his shoulder as she might sooth a distraught child. "But please don't spoil everything."

"I don't know what you mean by 'spoiling everything'," he muttered, sulkily.

"Why, since we're to be married so soon," she explained, coldly, "I should think you would restrain yourself."

He released her. "I'm sorry," he said harshly, but he was irritated rather than apologetic. Margaret changed the subject with an abruptness that showed a distaste for further discussion. "We'd better get ready for the party. Since

we're the guests of honor we should be on time."

Dressed for the party, Margaret was ravishing. Her fair hair was dressed in loose waves, brought into a tiny knot at the nape of her neck. Her tall figure wore with queenly grace a white satin gown, simply made. Ralph, stirred with pride, reached to take her in his arms, but Margaret, laughing, would not permit it. "You'll spoil my hair," she objected.

He stepped back, hurt, and put on the formal demeanor that he thought would please her, the mood of love she had inspired crushed. He was disappointed in her. Could it be that they were not destined to be congenial mates after all? All the way to Lelia's home his mind revolved the problem.

"Nice of you to rescue my boy friend from boredom this afternoon," Margaret said sweetly to Lelia upon greeting their hostess.

Lelia reddened. She retorted gaily, her tone a little high pitched, "You shouldn't leave your man laying carelessly around loose; someone might pick him up and forget to return him."

Margaret laughed. "Oh, I scarcely think there's any real danger of that," she said, and glanced amusedly at Ralph. But he noticed that immediately afterward her happy expression faded and her face became pensive.

Lelia had invited not only the younger set, but the young married crowd of the town and by nine o'clock the large living and dining room which she had stripped of furniture and carpets was filled with merry, dancing couples. Lelia had hired an amateur student orchestra from the neighboring college town and though their repertoire was limited, their tempo was good and their pep contagious. An improvised bar in the large pantry behind the dining room provided



beer and cocktails for the guests and plates of food laid out like a free lunch counter.

The music and a cocktail stimulated Ralph's simmering emotions. He danced with Margaret but she was sedate and silent. When someone claimed her and he found Lelia at his elbow, he swept the latter into his arms with an eager gesture.

"If I were to rumple your hair," he asked, "what would you do?" He was still resenting Margaret's rebuff.

"I'd love it," Lelia affirmed.

Ralph laughed and danced with more abandon. Then he turned and saw Margaret dancing right along side of them and realized from the hurt expression on her face that she had heard his remark and Lelia's answer. He felt guilty and wanted to escape from her sensitive face. When Lelia remarked that she wanted to show him something in the library he went with her without hesitation.

The library was across the hall from the living room. It was dark when they entered. Lelia shut the door behind them, closing out the light from the hallway. She came close to him, waiting; a wisp of her golden hair tickled his chin. "Well?" she murmured, invitingly.

A slight sound startled them. Lelia quickly turned on the light. Ralph saw a large room with high windows trimmed with voluptuous green drapes extending clear to the floor and held back by heavy silk cords. A cursory glance convinced them that they were alone. There was another door which Lelia said opened to a hallway which separated the walls of the library and kitchen. She locked this door and put the key in her dress. Then she turned off the light again and came close to him, putting her arms

around him. "Now we are alone," she whispered.

"What makes you so sure I want to be here with?" he asked.

She removed her arms immediately. "Very well, go if you wish." Her tone of indifference taunted him.

"Thanks," he replied, sarcastically. But he did not move; he was fastened to her like a needle to a magnet.

He heard her soft chuckle in the darkness. The next moment he had grasped her close. "You devil!" He kissed her several times. Here was someone who responded willingly to his mood.

Every ripple of the body he held in his arms tempted him. All pretense of resistance left him. He pressed her still closer.

She laughed softly. "Not here, man dear. Upstairs."

He relaxed his hold, panting. "Where?"

She gave him directions as if she had had it all planned. "Go back to the other room and dance a couple of dances. Then go upstairs and come into the little room at the end of the hallway, the one on the right. I'll be waiting for you."

Ralph went back into the living room. The sight of others behaving sanely if hilariously made him ashamed again. This delirium was undermining his sanity. He hated Lelia. He looked for Margaret, thinking the sight of her would help him. But he could not find her. He went outside into the air. He would not go upstairs, he vowed. He walked around the house, trying to gain control of himself. At the rear of the house, he stepped into a faint patch of light, reflected from a lamp in a room upstairs. Unconsciously he looked up and saw a feminine form undressing. His pulse beat furiously. A force that he could not resist directed his feet back

into the house and up the front stairway. Without being observed he found the room at the end of the upper hall. He opened the door and stepped cautiously in. A hand gripped his, the door was shut and quickly locked. The room was in total darkness.

"Ralph?" A throaty voice whispered his name.

"Yes."

The hand pulled him further into the shadows. He put out his hand and encountered soft, firm flesh. He pulled the figure to him, ecstatically. "I meant not to come," he murmured, "but I couldn't help myself. You've set me on fire."

\* \* \*

When Ralph returned to the first floor he found a strange commotion. The crowd was milling around the door to the library. "What's happened?" he asked.

"We heard a noise from this room," he was informed. Everyone was excited. Presently the door gave way and they stumbled into the room. The light was turned on. Ralph stared in blank amazement at the figure on the floor. "Lelia!" She was sitting on the floor, her arms bound to her sides with a cord of the drapery, and a handkerchief tied tightly over her mouth. Beside her on the floor was an overturned pedestal, the vase that had been upon it shattered in pieces scattered around it. They freed her quickly.

She was livid with anger. Her yellow eyes flashed fire. "I've been banging the floor with my heels for an hour!" she exclaimed. "I had to break an expensive vase to get you to hear me."

"What happened?" they all asked at once.

"I was in the library," Lelia explained pettishly, "when someone set upon me and bound me."

"Why didn't you scream?"

The question appeared to disconcert her. "I did," she insisted, "but no one heard me."

Ralph did not wait to hear any more of her story. He ran back into the hallway. Coming down the stairs was Margaret, poised and smiling. Ralph ran up the stairs to meet her. A thousand questions crowded to his lips as he tried to meet her eyes.

She looked at him guilelessly. "There seems to be some commotion," she said, pointing to the library. "What has happened?"

"Oh, never mind that," he said impatiently. "Tell me, Margaret, my darling—it was you—upstairs—?" His eyes and voice were warm with tenderness.

Margaret raised her brows in quizzical amusement and smiled enigmatically. "What are you talking about?"

Ralph stared at her, flushing in confusion. Margaret paid no attention to him. "Let's see what is going on," she said, continuing down the stairs. Ralph followed beside her, studying her in perplexity.

One of the men had suggested a search of the house for possible marauders. They returned to report that there was no sign of any disturbance. It was all very mysterious.

Lelia came out into the hall, surrounded by solicitous friends. She was still furious. She looked up to see Ralph and Margaret coming down the stairs together. "Well," she said, shortly. A sneer flitted over her lips.

"Did something happen?" Margaret asked, mildly. "I hope you're not hurt?" Her expression was one of sympathy, but Ralph saw a faint smile of triumph hovering over her mouth. He saw the two girls exchange glances. Lelia's was venomous; she quivered with suppressed



— POST MORTEM —



“Didn’t I tell you to always count a hundred when tempted by a man?”

“Yes mother, and there I was—still counting!!”

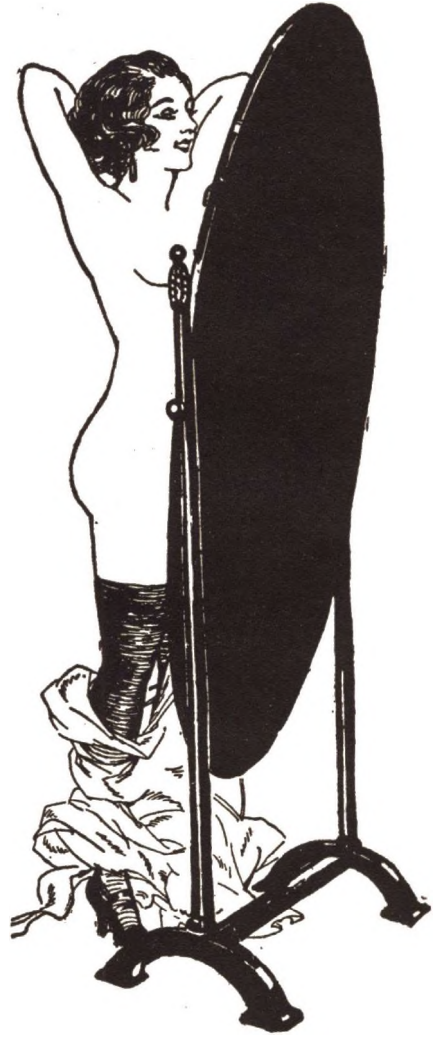


Doctor—"Your trouble, young lady, seems to be too much petting and er—indulgence."

Modern Maid—"But that's not trouble, that's pleasure!"

Cinderella, up to date,  
Fled and lost her scanties.  
The Prince, a beauty contest held,  
To fill her little panties.

"The farmers need more laying hens."  
So says the egg report.  
"And so do I," the rooster said,  
"For that's my favorite sport."



### Reflections

O maiden fair,  
Oh vision rare,  
Oh gorgeous sight to see,  
I know that you,  
Are clever too,  
Because you see you're me!



"Love is silly."  
"Yes, two silly."





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 HEADWORK
 

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A young man had been wanting for some time to consult a famous phrenologist and have the bumps of his head read. The professor, however, was a very busy man and the young chap could never seem to get an appointment. At last the phrenologist's secretary told him that the consultation could be arranged for the following evening. "That will be fine!" exclaimed the young man, "But, you see, I have an engagement with Trixie Wiggle of the Follies and I—er—

don't know just what to do about it." The secretary told him to call the girl on the phone right away as she could not hold the time open for long. So he got Trixie on the wire and told her of the situation and asked her if she would excuse him from their date. "Well," said Trixie, "That's up to you. You know what to expect from the professor and you know me so what you better do, big boy, is toss a coin, toss a coin!"



Continued from Page 58

fury. Her whole attitude was that of a person writhing in defeat.

With careful deduction Ralph guessed at what had occurred. When they had heard that sound in the library it had been Margaret entering by the back hall door. She could have easily hidden behind a window drape before they turned on the light. And she had heard the conversation between him and Lelia and when he had left the room, Margaret had confronted and bound Lelia who was naturally too guilty and ashamed to protest. Then Margaret had gone to keep Lelia's rendezvous with him.

Of course it was suppositional, but how else could it have come about? Ralph chuckled and beamed upon Margaret; her act captured his admiration, it was so unexpectedly daring of her. He adored her for being capable of such strategy. He wanted to hear the whole story from her lips, and hovered about

her the rest of the evening, trying to make her betray herself.

But Margaret was in complete possession of herself and successfully evaded his every effort. She kept him puzzled with an exasperating, but delicious elusiveness. Not till they went home did she give him even a hint.

Parting for the night, he took her in his arms and kissed her with ruthless ardor. This time she did not protest as she had in the afternoon.

"Honey," he whispered, "Let's be married tomorrow so you can go back home with me Monday. I can't wait until June to have you."

Margaret hesitated shyly before replying. "All right. I guess I want you just as badly as you want me," she confessed and hid her blushing face on his shoulder.

It was not a commission but it satisfied him.

THE END

### Navy Blue

"What's the matter with Grace?"

"Oh, she's waiting for her ship to come in."

"Humph! What's the matter with the rest of the fleet?"

"Did you say she was a gossip?"

"Well not exactly, I said she was a tale-bearer."

### Parlor Tricks

He—"I can read you like a book, girlie!"

She—"Maybe, but do you have to finger the pages?"

### No Dividends

"What happened to that nice couple that summered here last year?"

"Oh, they split up. He had too much principle and she had too much interest."

"No, I didn't say she was Dutch, I said she was a 'wooden shoe' girl."

"Wooden Shoe, how come?"

"Oh, wooden shoe buy me this and wooden shoe buy me that, you know."

"You say that you had maternal Egyptian ancestors, who were they?"

"Grand-mummies mister, grand-mummies!"



Quick, get your mind out of the gutter—here comes a street-cleaner!





## ILD CHERRIES

## . . . . MAIL BAG

Dear Editor:

Your first issue was good, your second issue was better and at that rate you should have a lallapalooza for your third issue. How do you do it? Have you a corner on all of the good material in the country? I notice that while Wild Cherries is steadily getting better the other magazines in the humor field are slipping. What's the reason?

Give us more clever cartoons and less reading matter and you will go up another notch. Your second cover was a pip too.

HARRY THROCTENBERG,  
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:

I just wan to tell you what a pretty and lively little magazine I think you have. It is so bright and cheerful!

Some of your jokes make me blush but then they are told in such a nice clean way that there is really nothing to get offended at. In fact I rather like the naughty sort of flavor.

If I might be permitted to offer a suggestion it would be to eliminate the stories and use the space for more fun.

Your cartoons and little poetry bits are very, very clever.

Most appreciatively yours,  
MRS. J. L. FLATHERTY,  
Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I am glad you are going to give the readers a break. An extra sixteen pages of your peerless humor is just like a visit from Santa Claus every month. Am looking forward to the next issue of Wild Cherries with great anxiety. What is going to happen to Prof. Fiddlesniff? Please, Mr. Editor, hurry up the next issue before I go off my nut!

CHARLES B. DENTON,  
Portland, Oregon.

After all dust is just mud with the juice squeezed out of it.

Dear Sir:

Just a line to let you know how much I liked the September Issue of your peppy little magazine. It was really a masterpiece of its kind. I read them all and I can truthfully say that Wild Cherries is the outstanding humor publication on the newsstands today.

Yours for continued success,  
BAYARD V. KEMP,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The judge asked Sam Jackson why he wanted to get a divorce from Mandy and Sam said that he'd just realized that ever since he'd married her he'd been getting into a rut.

# YOUTHIFY YOUR SKIN!

RECAPTURE THE SKIN LOVELINESS OF YOUTH WITH THESE REMARKABLE NEW PREPARATIONS . . . . .

## ATKINS SKIN LOTION

An emulsified cream that penetrates quickly, lubricates thoroughly, restores normal skin action and possesses unusual healing and antiseptic qualities.

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A generous supply of both preparations with thirty day money back guarantee will be sent postpaid upon receipt of one dollar, cash or money order.

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### SPECIAL OFFER

both for \$1.00

“Why do you refer to your girl as your ‘cherry pie?’”

“Because she’s hard to make.”



“Sir, I’ll have you to understand that I have worked under some of the best directors in Hollywood!”



“Smith was making money until he got married.”

“Yep, and now he’s always in the hole.”



“Why can’t a nudist be an aviator?”

“I’ll bite, why?”

“Because he can’t take-off anymore.”



“Artists are born, not made.”

“Hm, and so are old-maids.”



Marriage is the splice of life.

## Answers To Puzzles

### 1. Upper left hand puzzle.

TACK	PATCH	PATCH	SHOE
PATCH	CHAIN	CHAIN	CHAIN
CHAIN	TACK	SHOE	TACK
LEGS	LEGS	LEGS	PATCH
SHOE	SHOE	TACK	LEGS
THIGH	ANKLE	CHEEK	SHAPE

### 2. Upper right hand puzzle.

The objects are—ACE—LEG—ROPE—PEN.  
The names are—GRACE—PENELOPE.

### 3. Lower left hand puzzle.

APPLE plus BIT minus PAIL equals PERT,  
plus ONE minus BONE equals PET.

### 4. Lower right hand puzzle.

K	
H	I S
H	A S T E
K	I S S I N G
S	T I E S
E	N S
G	

KISSING



# COMING

NEXT ISSUE

AN ALL-STAR PROGRAM

THE LAST OF PROFESSOR FIDDLESNIFF



SEEING AMERICA FIRST



THE WIND UP OF A WILD NIGHT IN HARLEM



MORE ABOUT THE SULTAN'S WEAKNESS



ASAP'S FABLES NUMBER FOUR



PHILLIP McCAN BROADCASTS A WEDDING



A GREAT MOVIE EXPOSE



PLASTERED POLITICS



WHY REPEAL?



AND PLENTY OF THAT  
GOOD SPICY HUMOR  
AND CLEVER DRAWINGS



*DON'T MISS IT!*  
BETTER ORDER YOUR COPY IN ADVANCE



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

# "One Week from To-night You'll See PROOF that I can make You a New Man!"

**NOTE — No other man  
in the world has ever  
DARED make such an  
offer!**

*Charles Atlas*

My amazing discovery, *Dynamic Tension*, changed me from a 97-lb. weakling into the champion you see here—twice winner of the title, "*The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man.*"

**I GIVE MORE** than "promises." I give **PROOF!** If you're sick and tired of half-baked ideas—if you really want a build like mine—then one week, just 7 DAYS, is all I need to prove I can give it to you!

You've got a body, man. Why not make it a real handsome man's body! There's NO good reason why you shouldn't have rippling cords of mighty muscle across your neck and shoulders. No reason at all why your chest shouldn't be strapping, big and husky like mine—your arms and legs powerful—your wind lasting—your vigor and pep 100%!

I used to be a sickly, half-pint runt weighing only 97 lbs.—a "laughing-stock" wherever I went. No fun. No friends. Right there I almost "fell" for some of these freak spring or weight contraptions to make me "strong." But THEN—by a lucky break of my life—I discovered *Dynamic Tension*.

## Apparatus is OUT!

Look at me now. You don't see any skinny, flabby, no-account bag of bones here, do you? This is what my remarkable secret has done for my body. Twice—against all comers—I have won the title, "*World's Most Perfectly Developed Man.*" No wonder I've got no use for tricky apparatus or machines that may strain your heart or other vital organs. I've found the natural way to build the husky, solid, fighting muscles that Nature means for you to have! And I've shown thousands of other fellows, many of them probably much worse off than you, how to develop themselves into champions MY way!

I'll give you clean-cut health inside, too—show you exactly how to get rid of constipation, poor digestion, bad breath, pimples, other weaknesses that are robbing you of the good times and things in life that can be yours.

Now make me PROVE I can do it. Let me send you the FREE Book that opens the door to he-man living. Just tell me where to send it. There's no obligation. But—be MAN enough to send the coupon NOW!

## FREE BOOK

My big book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*"—packed with actual photographs and vital facts every fellow must know to face life—tells the whole remarkable story of *Dynamic Tension*. Privately printed for me, it's FREE if you act AT ONCE. Are you ready to learn my secret?—ready to learn how I can give YOU the kind of body that will make you a masterful leader? Then tell me where to send your copy of my book. Fill in the coupon below, and mail TODAY to me personally. Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. W-4, 133 E. 23rd St., New York City.



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FOR FREE  
BOOK**

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133 East 23rd  
Street, New York  
City.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength.*"

Name .....

(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City .....

State .....

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