Setting Chrysler Performance
Still Farther Ahead

Nothing has so stirred the motoring public in years as the Chrysler "Red-Head" high-compression engine. Through it the immense vitality and brilliance in speed, acceleration and hill climbing of Chrysler have been accentuated.

Now, for the first time, the virtues and values of high-compression are available in fullest measure, to Chrysler owners, new and old alike. The "Red-Head" is standard on the roadsters of the "52," "62" and "72," and on the Sport Roadster of the Imperial "80." It is available at small extra cost for all other body models of these lines, and may be applied as well, to earlier Chryslers now in the hands of owners.

Chrysler "52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80"
—priced from $725 to $1395 f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.
The Good Things in Life ....

Among them—and well to the front of the list—is a good radio set.

A Grebe Synchromphase Seven gives the unfailing performance you enjoy in a fine motor car. It is reliable. This is because it is built completely in the Grebe factory.

The workmanship is comparable to that in a good timepiece.

Pride of ownership of a Grebe asserts itself for two reasons. One is because of the superior reception it affords—its unrivaled naturalness of tone, especially in combination with a Grebe Natural Speaker.

Another is its refined beauty—the result of quality materials and dignity of design, enhanced by a real French marquetry inlay panel, exquisitely wrought.

Hear a Grebe. Not until then can you understand how Grebe engineers interpret the word, performance.

Send for Booklet L; then have a Grebe dealer prove, in your home, that you can “get it better with a Grebe.”

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc.
109 West 57th Street, N. Y. C.
Western Branch: 4435, San Pedro St.
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Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Makers of quality radio since 1909
Sunshine all the way to California via the Sunset Limited

Let this world-famed train or the Argonaut speed your journey through the balmy air and superb climate of the Golden Southwest. Daily from New Orleans to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, with the Apache Trail as an enchanting motor link along the way.

For the homeward trip have a Southern Pacific representative arrange your return over the

Golden State Route: through El Paso, portal to Old Mexico; via Apache Land, Kansas City, Chicago.

Overland Route: along the American River Canyon and across Great Salt Lake via Omaha to Chicago.

Shasta Route: North via Klamath over new Cascade Line—Mt. Shasta, Portland and the Pacific Northwest.

See the whole Pacific Coast from Mexico to Canada—Metropolitan Cities—Movieland—China town—quaint Spanish Missions—smiling valleys.

The Phrase-Makers

Though he brings tears of anguish to my eyes,
And makes me wish he rested 'neath the clover,
I do not crown the coot who coyly cries:
"You must come over!"

And though with rage he makes me leap and dance
And burst out into grim and gloomy song now,
I wreak no vengeance on the chump who chants,
"It won't be long now!"

Yet patience has its end, like other things;
In Charon's craft a humid, hot and muggy ride
Is what I wish the sap who sweetly sings,
"Thanks for the buggy ride!"

D'Annunzio Cohen.

Another Chicago Crime

Our, this wicked world! A reader writes to the Chicago Tribune: "A few days ago I found it necessary to punish my little daughter for using the word 'troll.' Yesterday your moving picture critic used it in a review."

—Kansas City Star.

Southern Pacific offers you four great routes for trans-continental travel

Southern Pacific

For information and literature, write, phone or call your nearest Southern Pacific representative

I MUST empty my warehouse shelves, in preparation for a new series of better, larger, more beautiful books at a higher price. I do not want to lose one of these. Buy now, while the selection is complete. Orders will be filled as received and shipped at once.

I Will Pay the Postage to clear out the last of the little Blue Books at

5c each (Postage prepaid)

Buy your last supply of Little Blue Books during this sale. They will not be reprinted. Send only 5c per book—we pay postage.

I

G

Haldeman-Julius Publications

Dept. X-132

Girard, Kansas
There are more millionaires on Park Avenue, New York
Than any other thoroughfare or section in the world
That's what the Income Tax men say.
Go there some morning or evening and note the men who go into the $45,000 a year apartments
And you'll see a Starched Collar crowd.
Or look at the
Aristocrats of Manhattan taking their ease in the big chairs at the windows of the Avenue Clubs—
All Starched Collars.
And look again at the men in the executive offices of the big banks—
Starched Collars again—
And Arrows at that.
So it only takes a few cents
To dress like a man that counts.

ARROW COLLARS

Conditions in Hollywood
According to the Public Prints
The motion picture industry has never been in healthier condition and prospects are excellent except for the fact that all the large producing companies are on the verge of bankruptcy. A meeting of picture people proved conclusively last night that perfect harmony prevails throughout the entire industry. The meeting terminated in a riot which ended only with the arrival of Police Reserves. Every one in Hollywood is busy and prosperous with the exception of sixty thousand people who are starving to death. Wall Street reports that never before have motion picture stocks attained their present high level and Stupendous Pictures Corporation stock dropped from 109 to 2 2/3 in less than an hour.
All the big studios are working night and day to complete their next year's programs. There will be no motion picture production in Hollywood for the next year because the studios are closing to save operating costs.
Robert Lord.

He (at football game): Your eyes are wells of mystery. Your—
She: Hold that line

It is undoubtedly true that its ingratiating service and superlative cuisine are responsible in large measure for the popularity of THE ROOSEVELT among discerning folk.
It is equally true that THE ROOSEVELT dispenses such hospitality without the penalty of excessive cost.

1100 Rooms — Single or En Suite
Ben Bernie
and his Roosevelt Orchestra
Write for a complimentary copy of "Rooseveliana", containing interesting anecdotes in story and picture, from the life of the great American.
Life

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security.

Protection for those who go . . . protection for those who stay—is it fair to yourself and your loved ones to leave it entirely in the hands of others?

How few among us are immune, upon being left alone in isolated places, to an inward feeling of dread? Fearful, apprehensive thoughts, too, for the one who has departed on a journey which may take him, alone, to unprotected and dangerous places before he returns.

A revolver of the modern super-safety type made by Smith & Wesson—in which accidental discharge by adult or child is absolutely impossible—can be as readily and expertly handled by a woman as by a man.

With its possession comes a tranquil feeling of satisfaction. The feeling that, while the chances are you will not be molested, the certainty is that you are at least prepared for very vigorous self-protection in the event of frightful need.

Somewhere, every day, the things are happening which go into the newspapers the next day.

Our Descriptive Booklet may interest you—it will be sent free upon request.

SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.
THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER
A man may spend a lifetime in thought and experimentation. But not until he sends out to the world the results of his experience, is that accumulation of any service to humanity. The Mimeograph is helping thousands to reap harvests of a lifetime. A modern-day requisite in commercial and educational life, with its remarkable ability to accurately reproduce letters, announcements, forms, maps, drawings, etc., it is one of America's most successful contributions to the world of useful things. It reaps enormous results with enormous saving. Vastly large its products; vastly small its cost. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will be glad to send you a free booklet explaining this small wonder-worker.

BRANCHES IN THE FOLLOWING CITIES
New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, all direct factory service and supply branches.
A Movie Director Discovers Roget’s Thesaurus

"P OUT!!" cries the director. "Knit the brows! Frown! Scowl! Snarl! Growl! Gnarl!—a little more gnarling, Miss Del Amour: ho-o-old it!—Snap! Redden! Color! Well, try to! Look black! Look daggers!!! Bite the thumb!!! Show the teeth—! Grind the teeth—! Too bad, that 'bite the thumb' won't go in Pennsylvania.

"All right, Miss Del Amour! You've just learned that Boris is secretly your husband. You wonder—you marvel—you admire! You are surprised! You start—you stare! You open your eyes! You rub your eyes! You turn up your eyes! You gloar! Ah! Gloar again. You gaze—enough, enough! You are all agog! You look blank—pe-perfect!—You cannot believe your eyes! You cannot believe your ears! You cannot believe your senses! You cannot account for it! You don't know whether you are standing on your head or your heels—no, stay on your heels!—You are astonished—you are amazed—you are astonished! You are startled—you are dazzled—you are dazed! You are dumfounded! You are electrified! You are stunned! You are stupefied! You are petrified! You are confounded! You are bewildered! You are flabbergasted—not too much flabbergastion—you are staggered! You are thrown on your beam end! The other end! Now up again! It turns your head! It strikes you dumb! It makes your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth! Hold that cleave! You are aghast! You are breathless! You are open-mouthed—show your dimple. You are awe-struck! You are thunderstruck! You are moonstruck—planetstruck—spellbound! You are lo-o-ost in amazement! You are lo-o-ost in astonishment! You are struck all of a heap—ahh! That's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous—colossal—overwhelming—beggarly description—CUT!"

L. L. Laedlein.

Typical

ONE COMMUTER

(read paper): Well, well, what do you know! It says here that Jack ("Gene") Cartilage, the heavyweight champion, was married last night.

RAPID FIGHT FAN: Maybe—but I'll bet the wedding was "fixed."

Gladys: DO YOU KNOW THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT?

Beth: HUMOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER, ISN'T IT?
The Flagpole Sitter's Manager: Hey, Bill! The mayor of this burg is going to be buried at three o'clock this afternoon—you gotta half-mast yourself during the funeral.

The Dentist Becomes Slightly Confused

Well, I see that the fellow who tried to fly from Siam to Patagonia is open wider please and one of my patients gets it for me by the case genuine pre-war abscessed condition of the gums so when Coolidge refused to run again I don't think this will hurt you much but the Cadillac is a darn good car and you can always trade it in for a removable bridge between those two teeth I knew all the time she was married open wider please and the movies are getting so terrible that I never go any more this oughtn't to hurt very much when the Irishman saw the Englishman speaking to the girl about the middle of next month I'll send you the bill for the balance we tuned in and got Cuba just as clear as if it had been a local station and some orchestra was playing that wisdom tooth is impacted let's yank it out because I've changed my stance and corrected that slice by using Novocain to block the nerve.

Robert Lord.

Bostonian She: Let's do something exciting.
Bostonian He: All right. Let's read a book.

The Driver: Lend me your cigarette lighter a moment—I've run out of gas.
"Lovers, Loiterers, Etc."

or

Take That, Miss Oelrichs!

(The reading time of this article, in case you're interested, is 4 hours, 18 minutes, 32 seconds, which is equal to the time you will save by not reading this article.)

What's the matter with American Men?

What is the matter with American Men?

What, indeed?

This question was recently raised, in Liberty, by Miss Marjorie Oelrichs. Her article presented a soul-stirring struggle between two titanic forces—the Man of the Old World vs. the Man of the New (World)—in which the score at the end of the last period seemed to be about 81 to 0 in favor of the Old World. I am left, after reading it, torn and bleeding, every bone in my body broken, every atom of my conceit crushed, every spark of my pride extinguished—the pathetic remains of my former magnificent self. "The glory that was Rome." (Ah, yes! I, too, have been on the Continent.)

But, summoning my scattered energy as best I can, I am prepared to raise the cudgel (by the way, where can I get a nice new, shiny cudgel?) in defense of America's Manhood.

SOMETHING must be done about it! Off with our coats (and vests, too) and let's show these greedy foreigners what stuff we Yankees are made of!

"I approve of them as lovers, loiterers, dancing partners and sportsmen and because they are without ambition," announces Miss Oelrichs, referring to European men.

Come, come, my brethren! Are we to allow this statement to go unchallenged?

LOVERS, huh? Lovers? And our newspapers screaming at us every day (and especially on Sunday) such brilliant records of our Native Lovers as—"Slays Heik with Axe"—"Strangles Sweetie's Mate with Picture Wire"—"Jealous Hubby Traps Bride's Boy-friend in Love Nest." Can Europe boast of any Lovers like these? Name to me the foreign lover who has chopped the object of his affection into little pieces and then, with wistful and pathetic care, has wrapped each piece separately and, tears streaming down his rugged face, thrown the parcels into swamps and stuffed them in old drain pipes. Show me the foreign lover who, with amazing courage and fortitude, has eliminated his rival with a sashweight. Lovers, indeed!

Loiterers. Ho, ho! Don't make me laugh. Why, I could name half a dozen prominent gentlemen ("I mean, of course, men of the aristocratic class, for I do not know any other kind."—Paragraph No. 3 of Miss Oelrichs' article), half a dozen gentlemen, I say, who could, and do, out-loiter the best loiterers Europe has to offer. Let France, or Spain, or any of those far-off lands, send over here the best all-around loiterer to be found in the entire realm, and let him try to compete with any of our home talent. He'd be out-loitered (Please turn to page 37)
Mental Hazards

The Rough
Two Inspirational Writers Have a Little Chat

"HELLO, fellow human being. How are you?"
"Well, I'm not so good just now. But the sun is sure to break through the clouds before long."

"Ah, you have stumbled upon a great truth. There is an opportunity for every man and woman in this country."
"Yes, and the slums are a bad environment."
"Yes, and war is bad for the race and should be abolished."
"And a prize-fight is but a test of brute strength, after all."

"That's correct. A highly developed brain is what distinguishes man from the apes."
"Yes, and Prohibition would be a good thing; but it can't be enforced. We can all learn something from the birds and animals."
"Yes, and from the fish too. Let's go get a drink."  
W. W. Scott.

"My dear, he's been CALLing me up and beSEEching me to go OUT with him but I HONestly don't think I OUGHT to because I mean they say he's FRIGHTfully FAST and I mean HEAPS of boys simply LOATHE him because I mean they say he's SIMply VILE but I bet you ANYthing they are prob'y just JEALous of him because he's so awfully good-LOOKing and all—you know the type? But I really think it's AWfully sort of ODD that he sort of ignoreS practically EVERY girl in TOWN...YES, my dear, it's the FUNniest THING! I mean WHY should he just sort of CONsacr ate on ME when there are HEAPS of TERRibly attractive girls round here who would prob'y go OUT with him in a MINute if he asked them because, my dear, I KNOW Sylvia EARL is MAD about him and she's certainly NEVER been very parTICular about who she lets BEAU her aROUND, do you know what I mean? But I bet you ANYthing the whole REAsOn that he has the rep for being terribly FAST and all is because he's been sort of SNOOTy to a lot of girls like SYLVia who are a bunch of HELL-cats and SCANdal mongrels because, ANYways, I KNOW SYLVia has been MAD about him for ages and he's NEVER given her a TUMBle; so she's just turned against him, sort of, which is exactly LIKE her, my dear, and ANYways, I HONestly think the ONly way to sort of form an OPINion of anybody is to sort of JUDGE them for yourSELF instead of b'LIEVing what a lot of poisonous GOS sips say against them—I mean I ACTually DO?"  
Lloyd Mayer.

One Hundred Per Cent Plus

FROM the hall where the salesmen's con vention was being held came roar after roar of applause.
"What's all the noise about?" asked a policeman of a man who had just stepped out.
"They've been making speeches," replied the latter, "and somebody just introduced the man who sold Mussolini a book on how to acquire self-confidence."
Bride’s Father: I DO. AND NOW, FOLKS, I WISH TO REMIND YOU THAT TO-DAY’S PROGRAM IS COMING TO YOU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF WALTER Q. BLUBLAH, FATHER OF THE LOVELY BRIDE AND PRESIDENT OF THE BLUBLAH BUSHING AND WINCH CORP., MANUFACTURERS OF THE LITTLE WONDER WINCHES AND MILADY DAINTY BUSHINGS, AT ALL HARDWARE SHOPS OF THE BETTER SORT.

Such Language!

As the truck came to a sudden stop a natty little roadster behind it, in spite of a violent application of brakes, ended up with its front bumper giving the rear end of the truck ever so slight a jolt.

"Well, blankety-blank blank it! Don’tcha know how to drive, ya so-and-so? What’s the big idea, huh?"

I put my hands over my ears, but it did no good.

"Who in the this-and-that gave you a license, ya filthy something-or-other? For two cents I’d—"

What azzazy vulgarity, I thought, now slightly irritated. Is it any wonder that such people stay in the same old rut? Imagine one of my profession using profanity like that! "x---x---x+++!!!"——still the din kept up. Finally I lost what scant patience I still retained.

"Miss," I said with as much dignity as I could muster, "I’m sorry I had to stop so suddenly, but I had no desire to run over that three-year-old youngster who dashed across the street. Now go along to your tea or your bridge party—your car isn’t damaged, and as I said before, I’m very, very sorry."

And with that I climbed into my truck and drove away.

Parke Cummings.

Novel-Reader Bares Pogrom Plans

YOU’LL find me tearing out the hair and salting down the pelts of authors who say “otherwhere” instead of “somewhere else.”

I’ll fracture every slat of him, I’ll mash him like a rat, the scribe who writes “the hat of him” instead of just “his hat.”

To Hades I consign the crew (May Satan keep it hot there)

Of writers who employ “won through,”

When all they mean is “got there.”

And, last, I’ll mix a flock of drinks and stick some lethal herbs in them for ev’ry fannichurt who shrinks from sentences with verbs in them!

A. M. S., Jr.

At the Sign Painters’ Union

“Let’s go report Jake and Eddie to the committee, I am. I’m going to have them suspended.”

“What they been doing now?”

“Me and Tom was painting a sign and we had a big crowd watching us, and pretty soon we looked around and the crowd had gone.”

“Where’d it go?”

“They all went to watch Jake and Eddie paint a sign in the next block.”

“So you’re jealous, eh?”

“It was a dirty trick to take our crowd away from us!”

They ought to be lynched!”

Bill Sykes.

Titles in Moviedom

When you think of Mae Murray you think of a tall prince.

When you think of Gloria Swanson you think of a tall marquis.

When you think of Estelle Taylor you think of a long count.
An Ad. Writer Buys a Garbage Can

A D. MAN: Just a little thing it is, but one which only the fortunate few may possess and yet it solves one of the world's oldest hygienic problems in a newer and better way. Consequently, it will enhance my prestige with the neighbors, make me the center of attraction at our country club and show the world that I understand the gentle art of living. Because it keeps away those foul minions of disease which prevent health from playing on my side, it is a great service to humanity, a boon to the tired housewife I married and something which my daughter should know about. I am looking for one in bright, nickel-chrome tin-plate with extra-heavy detachable "Swing-Shut" lid, guaranteed to keep off prowling animals for three years. Mounted upon a beautiful Renaissance base made of choicest woods from the Old World, this receptacle for kitchen refuse will harmonize with my Early Colonial backyard.

GARBAGE CAN SALESMAN: Oh, you want a garbage can!

Ad. Man: In a word, yes.

Sportsman's Luck

AUNT CLAIRE: Well, Helen, I see you've landed a man at last.

AMATEUR FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER: Yes, Auntie, but you ought to see the ones that got away.

Choice of Desserts

"GIMME a cussed pie, wiya, Mae; minur awgone... Yuh, cussed... Onness, Mae, my feeta sa tied I ca drop, I onnially could... Sa dog's life, isure is... I tol in' ti gimme three cussed annce semmee up one cussed an two crambrv mangs; onnesta Gawd, he's tha dumness thing... He's sa dumma he otta be deffan bline... I tol im three cussed... Annye hadda woman jussa lil while ago that wammed cussed, annye sezz, 'I'm sorry, but I aigottenney,' I sezz. 'I got appul, minss, appercut, cheeklutemaker, and crambrv mrange,' I sezz, busshe sezz, 'Welliss very funnny, alla other counters got cussed,' annye sezz, 'Yessiss funny.' I sezz, 'I tol tha boy I wanned three cussed,' I sezz, 'annee brommee one cussed and two crambrv mrange, affer I tol im three cussed,' I sezz anshen sezz, 'Welliss mus ne stupid,' she sezz annye sezz, 'Stupid aina wuyd,' I sezz. 'Heza dumness thing,' I sezz. 'He's sa dummm he otta be deffan bline,' I sezz... Laff... Onnially, Mae, I thawssse wuzza gonna fall offa tha stool! She sezz, 'Thass offal funny,' she sezz. 'Sa dummm he otta be deffan bline,' she sezz, annomess, ya shoulda seena laff!... 'Yorta ry e fra..."
The Gay Nineties

THE HEYDAY OF THE CURE-ALL MEDICINE MAN WHOSE CONCOCTION WAS GUARANTEED TO "FATTEN THE BABIES, BEAUTIFY THE LADIES AND MAKE THE MEN GROW TALL."

A Complete Sell-Out

FOR the fifty-sixth time the visiting Englishman was invited to a luncheon club.

The first speaker got up and said: "Gentlemen, we must sell our geographical location to the outside investor."

The second speaker got up and said: "We must sell our sunshine."

The third speaker said: "We must sell our pure water and milk supply."

The fourth speaker said: "We must sell our schools and churches."

The fifth speaker said: "We must sell ourselves. The United States has been sold to the world. It's now up to Chiggersville to sell herself to the United States."

"Whoop!" shouted the visitor, leaping wildly from his chair. "Whoop! Whoop! Yeow!" He seized his head in both hands and spun around like a top.

"What on earth's the matter?" asked the astonished Rotarians.

"All I've heard since I've been over here is, 'Sell, sell, sell.' My word! Don't you ever buy anything?"

Then the Rotarians, perceiving what was wrong with the poor man, gently led him away, and he was locked up in a quiet, cool room with padded walls.

She Would Be

PARKER: Who is that stunningly dressed lady?
BENDER: The fine-looking brunette? Oh, she's the wife of that worried-looking little man.
Advice to About 20,000,000 Lovesick Maidens

You to whom his protestations, though they are devotional, seem, well, rather grotesque rations, lacking the emotional element you think you're needing, listen to this simple pleading:

Think of him as one who'd nearly die for you ecstatically; one who loves you quite sincerely but not cinematically; then, unless you're off your filbert, marry him and not John Gilbert.

Carroll Carroll.

System

"I HEAR they collected five thousand in the charity drive."

"Yes, but the superintendent of the charity bureau gets three thousand a year, the assistant fifteen hundred, office supplies and bills for past supplies, together with expenses of the drive, amount to four hundred—so only a hundred dollars is left."

"What are they going to do with that?"

"Start another drive."

A Business Man Views a Football Game

"YEAH, great crowd...Must be more than a hundred thousand people here...Let's see, at an average of, say, three-fifty a seat...Over three hundred thousand dollars...And it can't cost much to put on a game like this because they don't have to advertise it...Big chance for the boys, too...Heard of one who got a thousand-dollar-a-week offer in Hollywood...Wonderful organization in cheering...Not much overhead, ushers must serve for nothing and ticket-takers, too...Runs like clockwork...Must have taken a lot of conferences...Makes money for the merchants and the filling stations...And then the railroads...Why, these people must spend fifty dollars apiece...That's fine—million dollars just for one day...Wonderful organization...There ought to be an idea in this for my business...What? Somebody made a touchdown?...Oh!..."

Louis DeArmand.

Weather Report

Rub: There were eighty-seven serious motor accidents on Sunday.

Due: My! What a beautiful day it must have been!

"I'm a joke writer of parts."

"Oh, I see; you write the Ford jokes."

Mme. Thérèse (proprietor of Thérèse, Inc., Gowns): You will remember that the exclusive nature of our clientele dictates that you shall wear the formal morning coat when on duty.

The New Clerk: Yes, madame, and will the firm furnish the customary boutonnière, or must I buy my own gardenias?
October 12th Another influx of letters by the first post from persons eager to tell me that I did attribute in my journal to *Il Penseroso* something which should have been credited to *Lycidas*, so that I am more glad than ever of the slip of the pen wherefrom so many have derived satisfaction, to say nought of my own pleasure in marking, amongst a nation which supports the Pelman method and sings “It Made You Happy When You Made Me Cry,” such a goodly number of citizens who are Milton-conscious. Only one communication in an evil spirit, too, and that the only one without a signature. The circular mail at this season is truly astonishing, and I am amazed at the fatuousness of merchants who put any trust in it soever, my own custom being to toss most of it unopened into the waste basket with a silent prayer that I be not casting aside inquiries from the solicitors of the estate of a hitherto unheard-of uncle in New Zealand or Australia. In this connection I should set down that the appeals from laundries are far superior in style and substance to those of the merchants on Fifth Avenue, some conveying such a subtle desperation to do our linen that I am at some pains to resist them, but I shall never quit the establishment which we patronize at present so long as it continues to put under Sam’s shirt bosoms the kind of boards which are indispensable to me in piecing together jigsaw puzzles. To luncheon at a publick with Margot Wiltshire, and she did drive me near to distraction by conversing glibly on abstract subjects whilst we were en route, for I do find that my discourse cannot be so much as “Yea, yea” or “Nay, nay” when I am crossing a street or disembarking from a motor, but once we were seated at table and our order placed, I did find her diverting enough, and apropos of the literary criticism which she does write for various journals, she confided that she would leave D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, James Cabell and such to those reviewers who could understand them, but that when Mary Roberts Rinehart made a hero out of a cowboy and deliberately gave him a gold tooth in the midst of the action, she knew it was time for her to step right in.

October 13th The telephone a-ringing early, Marge Boothby beseeching me to go out with her to look for a chauffeur who is a Seventh Day Adventist, she having more need of her car on Sunday than Saturday, and, greatly to my amazement, we did find, at the bureau to which she had been directed, a likely fellow who said that his religion was a great convenience to him, since he had liefer be free on Saturday, when more life is stirring, than on the Sabbath, and he did mind me of the girl in “The Return of the Native” who did never enjoy leisure unless other people were working. Thence to the shops, to search out material for a tægown, and greatly depressed because the only stuff (Please turn to page 38)
Love Sonnets of a Lap Dog

I'm sorry, Love, I bring so small a bone
To put here as a tribute by that collie down the street;
I marked the spot and dug it up, alone.
He might have fought me for it, had he known,
But thought of you made e'en that danger sweet.
You'll note it still retains a shred of meat
Which I had thought of keeping for my own
My daily meals are cereal and cream
Which have ind tended to make me fat.
Often and often do I lie and dream
That I have snatched a drumstick from the cat.
My heart is in this gift, though it may seem
too small a bone,
that, and slightly soiled, at that.

Burges Johnson.

The Wise Guy

The Tunney fight? That bout wasn't a surprise to me. Not at all. Why, I picked Tunney to win three weeks before the fiasco. Dempsey never had a look-in. I analyzed the boys' chances and tipped off my friends. They cleaned up on the match. Tilden? Well, I got it direct from a friend of a friend of Bill's that he knew he was going to lose. Anyhow, I doped it out several days in advance and told the crowd to bet on the Frenchman. Remember when General Motors hit the ceiling a few months ago? I saw that coming too. Sure, I was on the inside of that pool. It wasn't a surprise to me.

"Yeh, I've made a lot of jack for my friends from time to time. They always ask me about fights and contests and the market. Say, any time I get a good hunch would you be interested in cleaning up a few extra dollars on it? Yeh? I'll be glad to tip you off. Oh, that's all right. By the way, just as a favor, could you let me have five until Saturday, when I expect to clean up on a certain railroad stock that's good for twenty points? It ain't often I ask anybody but I had two grand on a horse out at Belmont yesterday and the plug hasn't come in yet."

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Off with the Old

This is your new father, dear."
"But, mummy, we had hardly used the last one!"

He: I swear I'll love you always!
She: How monotonous!

More Than Brotherly Love

Nowhere is the spirit of good will and implicit faith so strong as it is in Chicago. In no other city do the people so reverently keep their faith alive and hold each other up.

Collegiate Dean

(Winding up address to freshmen): And now, are there any questions?
Voice: Yes. Who's the best bootlegger in town?
Of course it was a daring adventure, was not drowned, but there was a danger of escaping public notice. There was the flight of Ruth Elder and her man; something only important as a sensation; a flight apparently undertaken primarily for what there was in it for notoriety, for the tabloids and the headliners. Of course it was a daring adventure, and it was a relief that Miss Elder was not drowned, but there was a taint about it, as there was in the recent prizefight, of over-attention to advertisement and through advertisement to business. Whether it was promoted by agencies who wanted to sell papers or pictures on it does not appear, but since the Hall-Mills trial all great sensational proceedings are under suspicion. The great charm about Lindbergh was that he was so entirely free from that taint.

It is worth considering how far the organized agitation of the contemporary mind can proceed without upsetting it to a greater degree than contemporary life can afford. It will be recalled that about a dozen people who had bad hearts died of the Tunney-Dempsey fight as reproduced by radio. That is not in itself so very scary, but it is interesting for what it shows about the physical effects of organized sensation on sensitive people. An enormous industry sustains itself nowadays by agitating the human mind. No doubt that needs to be done, but there are limits to the extent to which it can be done profitably. One of the worst forms of it is the big electric, alternating-current signs that make a succession of pictures or of invitations to buy. Whether such signs are licensed or not is not within our knowledge, but they ought to be under much restraint, and when they seem to be unwholesome, licenses should be denied them. The privilege of driving people crazy by noises or by violent and ceaseless assaults on their vision does not seem to be a necessary detail of human liberty.

THE Bishop of London, talking the other day to the American Legionaries, protested against teaching American children to hate Great Britain. He had heard of it as going on and he objected to it very strenuously.

In so far as it exists of course it is objectionable. It seems to exist in Chicago by instigation of that droll campaigner, Mayor Thompson, and that is probably what the Bishop has heard of. But that is not a very important case, and can pretty safely be left to be handled by publicity and ridicule. Certainly there is a movement in this country to promote animity between the people of the United States and the people of Great Britain that far exceeds any power and activity of any other movement of the sort. The British have not fully reinstated themselves in the affections of the Irish or of the Germans, two peoples with whom they have had recent clashes. Some of the Yankees still hate them moderately but not nearly so large a proportion of them as did so sixty years ago. Language, literature, law, commerce and religion all operate to keep Great Britain and the United States in the same section of the international boat.

The Bishop of London need not worry. Organized and advertised effort to make the British and the Americans love one another may stir up so much suspicion as to fail of its end. Possibly as good a way is to let Nature take its course, but anyhow. Uncle Sam and Mr. Bull are not going to fall out. For one thing neither of them can afford to. Only politics of the most absurd and rationally sort finds a profit in playing Anti-English.

There seems to be proceeding in the Gulf States a really energetic anti-flogger campaign. With the waning of the Ku Klux the floggers have lost authority and apparently can no longer bully and terrorize the communities they live in. Witnesses dare to tell on them and juries to convict them, so their nasty brutalities seem by way of being cleaned up.

They represent one of the baser and more repulsive forms of the propensity, widespread in these States at this time, to shape one’s neighbor’s life according to one’s own sense of fitness. That is one of the things that Constitutional Government is intended to prevent, but Bills of Rights go for nothing unless there is courage and strength enough in the populations they affect to enforce them. In various parts of this land such courage seems to be developing.

Newspaper publishers have been discussing what has increased their sales. Mr. Pulitzer thinks it is the human interest stories that have made families take in more papers than they used to. Maybe so; but families also may have taken in more papers in hopes of finding one that did not spread its human interest stories all over its front page.

E. S. Martin.
Chicago Cop: WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN THAT CAR?
Gangster: NOTHIN' BUT BOOZE, OFFICER.
Cop: I Beg Your Pardon—I Thought It Might Be History Books.
"Hey, Mr. Lion!"
"Hey, Mister—do you want to join our team? We could use a good, fast quarterback."
More or Less Serious

The Arabian. Elgarr—With Walker White-
side, and, furthermore, by Walker Whitensle.
To be reviewed later.

The Bell. Playwright—This is to be reviewed
later, too, but don’t go getting snooty about
there being so many “to be reviewed later.”
They haven’t even opened as we write this—so
shut up.

Civic Repertory. Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gal-
lerie’s company in repertory, including “The
Good Hope,” “Cradle Song” and “Three Sisters.”

Dracula. Follies—A horror-play a bit over-
charged with creeps but effective enough in spots
to spoil an afternoon for you.

An Enemy of the People. Hampden—An
excellent production of them, with Walter
Hampden.

Escape. Book—By Galsworthy. To be re-
viewed later.

Four Walls. John Golden.—A drama about a
pugster which somehow ought to be better than it
is.

Hidden. Lyceum—This lady had desires
which were so suppressed that even people going
by in the street knew what she wanted. Philip
Merrile and Beth Merrill head the cast.

The House of Women. Maxine Elliott’s—A
dramatization of “The Green Bay Tree” which
gets a bit tiresome even though Elise Ferguson
and Nance O’Neill are in it.

II. Little.—The Duncan play revived by the
creaky Neighborhood Players. To be reviewed
later.

In Abraham’s Bosom. Provincetown—A sin-
cerity attempt to state the Negro’s problem.

Interference. Empire—To be reviewed next
week.

Jacob Slovak. Ambassador—Josh Ruben in
a drama of race prejudice which was good enough
to move upstage.

The Letter. Moreno.—Katharine Cornell in
a dramatic sketch by Somerset Maugham. Not
much one way or the other.

Porgy. Guild—The Theatre Guild’s first
production of the season and one to be proud of.
The cast is practically all Negro.

Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians

THE LION TAMER PUTS THE CAT OUT.

The Spider. Music Box—Still struggling along
with the most original mystery plot in town.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. National.—A
murder trial which, as much of the fact that it
takes place entirely in the court-room, is never
for a moment dull. Ann Harding and Rex
Cherryman head the cast.

Women Go On Forever. Forest.—Most of
the crimes on the statute-books are committed in
this play, but every once in a while you get a feeling
that in it you are witnessing something fine.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie’s Irish Rose. Republic.—There is a play
by another name supposed to be at this theatre
now, but you can’t find us. We know what it
really is.

And So to Bed. Comedy—The Samuel Pepys
play. To be reviewed next week.

The Baby Cyclone. Henry Miller’s.—Grace
Mitchell in a farce by George M. Cohan which
has revived our faith in farces.

Broadway. Broadway.—Oh, you know about
this.

Burlesque. Plymouth.—A splendid second act
makes this story of back-stage love worth seeing.
Amy Talor and Barbara Stanwyck.

The Command to Love. Longacre.—Elementary
sex behavior as of late is sophisticated.

Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone are the little
scamps.

Her First Affaire. Bays—More sex in
rompery.

The Ivory Door. Charles Hopkins.—To be re-
viewed next week.

The Mulberry Bush. Republic.—The show
that is supposed to have replaced “Abie’s Irish
Rose.” If the first act is about a Jewish boy
who married an Irish girl, get up and save

The 19th Hole. Coake.—Frank Craven in a
highly amusing golf play by himself.

Pickwick. Selwyn.—A Christmas dream of
Dickens characters.

The Road to Rome. Playhouse.—Jane Cowl
showing Rome, or any other city, could
have been saved by a gifted woman.

The Shannon. Martin Beck.—Some of the
best comedy in town, participated in by James
Gleason and Lucille Webster.

The Springboard. Mansfield.—A deft little
comedy, with Madge Kennedy and Sidney
Blackmer.

The Taming of the Shrew. Garrick.—In
modern dress, with Basil Sidney and Mary
Ellis. To be reviewed later.

Weather Clear, Track Fast. Hudson.—To be
reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Allez-Dorp! Earl Carroll.—Cecil Lean and Cheo
Marxfeld have been added to this revue which
means less than nothing to this department.

Chauve-Souris. Cameo—A new Bieloff show for those who liked the old.

The Five O’Clock Girl. Forty-Fourth St.—
Reviewed in this week.

Follies of 1927. New Amsterdam.—Certainly
better than most. Follies, if not the best. Eddie
Caster in the holder.

Good News. Forty-First St.—A whirlwind of
a musical play

Hit the Deck. Belmont.—The fact that people
have heard this music all summer doesn’t seem
to interfere with the show’s popularity.


Manhattan Mary.—Well, there’s Ed
Wynne.

The Merry Malones. Erlanger.—George M.
Cohan in person in a musical comedy of the old
school.

The Mikado. Royale.—The third of Windthrop
Ame’s unrevived revivals.

My Maryland. Johnson’s—The Civil War in
country operas.

My Princess. Shubert.—With Hope Hampton
and Robert Woodbury. To be reviewed later.

A Night in Spain. Winter Garden.—For general
entertainment you can’t beat the combination
of Phil Baker, Marion Harris and Ted Healy.

Sidewalks of New York. Hammerhouser—Re-
viewed in this issue.

Rio Rita. Ziegfeld—Still one of the nicest
sights in town. Walter Catlett, Ada May and
Bert Wheeler furnish the comedy.

Yes, You, Yvette. Sam H. Harris—Regula-
tional musical comedy, with Herbert Corbitt as
comedian.
Washed with Hyssop

A FEW months ago, in our youth, we wrote a piece in this column in which we wondered why it is that whenever one or two of the town's wise-crackers and wits write a show it turns out to be no better than the average. Now we know. We have been working on a musical comedy of ourself.

No one is going to believe this, but at that time we also wrote a paragraph, which had to be cut out on account of lack of space, in which we wondered if perhaps it might not be that somebody's idea of "what the public wants" had something to do with it. We would now give a million dollars, or at any rate ten dollars, if we had kept that paragraph in.

AFTER seeing our own show from the front, we have decided that, from now on, this department must of necessity be very, very lenient with all other musicals. There can be no more of this sitting back with a snooty sneer and saving, "Conventional musical comedy," or, "The cast did as well as they could with the material at hand." Guy Bolton, Otto Harbach and Harold Atteridge have become our heroes and we hereby apologize to them for any little nasty digs we may have taken at them in the past. Practically any musical show is going to get a great break in these columns from now on. Any line, no matter how old, which gets a laugh is going to send us into a paroxysm of huzzas.

ONE of the things we have found out in our experience as a librettist is that funny lines are so scarce in musical shows because funny lines are very hard to write. This is so simple that we never thought of it before. And, if you can't think of a funny line, you have to get a line that isn't so funny. The actors have got to say something. (We should perhaps like to argue that last point.)

In this frame of mind, it might be well if we took up some of the other musical shows we have seen in town since our Great Chastening. Practically every one of them looked great. While the mood is on us, here goes.

ONE of the biggest successes has been "The Five O'Clock Girl." The very fact that it is jamming the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre every night is, according to our present standards, enough to justify its being acclaimed herewith. In the old days we might have been just a wee bit bored at "The Five O'Clock Girl" but now—well, the sight of those standees applauding their hands off at Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw and laughing heartily at Louis John Bartels and Shaw and Lee arouses the greatest reverence in us for Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, to say nothing of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. They tell us that "The Five O'Clock Girl" does between $40,000 and $45,000 on the week. A great show. Don't miss it!

ANOTHER marvelous entertainment is "Sidewalks of New York," which is doing great business at the Knickerbocker. Hitherto we have been very indulgent with Mr. Eddie Dowling's opera, admitting that they were for the great American public but—well, just a trifle banal, shall we say? Banal me eye! Try to get in and see whether "Sidewalks of New York" is banal. When we saw little Ray Dooley, as the pathetic laundry worker in "Hop-o'-My-Thumb" of Maude Adams memory, and realized that she stood fair and now adored her man she loved, we cried lustily. And when Dale and Smith came on and talked Jewish, with a lot of sure-fire gags that we'd live to have written, we screamed with laughter. (As a matter of fact, we have always screamed with laughter at Dale and Smith. We will say that for ourself.)

WE cannot close this mellow survey of the musical comedy field in New York without a word of praise for Mr. Joseph Santley's "Just Fancy," in which he himself and Ivy Sawyer, together with Raymond Hitchcock and Eric Blore, make up an altogether charming evening. We have a feeling that, even if we had not been in this expansive mood, we should have liked Mr. Santley's show. In our present state, we beam with pleasure in contemplation of it.

And now all that we have to do is to think up some funny gags for our own show. Robert Benchley.
The Æsthetic Dancers Go "Back to the Farm"
How to Get a Ticket for the Big Game

DEMAND ticket from Athletic Association on ground you are great friend of the president.
Demand ticket from president on ground your contribution to Retirement Fund would have already reached him except for fact you were waiting until able to send double requested amount.
Demand ticket from football captain on ground you are professional football promoter.
Demand ticket from football coach on ground you are one of alumni who favor giving him ten-year contract.
Buy ticket from speculator.

And the Jury Voted Not Guilty!

"WILL you have some more meat, Mr. Zipser?"
"No, thank you."
"Oh, do have just a little bit more."
"No, thanks. It’s delicious. But I really couldn’t."
"Oh, now, Mr. Zipser. You had such a small helping. You must have just a bit more."
"No. Really. It’s awfully good. But I couldn’t."
"Sec. This nice, tender, brown little slice."
"Please. No. I’ve eaten so much and——"
"Didn’t you like the meat?"
"Yes! Oh, my, yes! But I had rather a late lunch and——"
"Oh, come on, Mr. Zipser. Just another small piece."
"No. Really. I couldn’t. I really mustn’t."
"Please do have just a little bit—it’s good for you."
"I know, but really——"
"Here’s a nice rare piece I’m sure you’ll like."
"No, really, I couldn’t eat another mouthful."
"Of course you can—just one. Pass your plate."
"No. Really—but if you’ll be so kind as to pass me that carving knife, I’ll——"

Robert Lord.

An Enthusiast

NORTH: Is Webster a wet?
WEST: Why, he not only wants the Eighteenth Amendment repealed, but he wants the repeal made retroactive!

WERE you personally conducted on your tour?
"Yes, my wife went along."

He: MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?
She: BUT I DON’T KNOW YOU.
He: THEN MAYBE WE HAD BETTER SIT ONE OUT FIRST.

PolICEMAN: How did the accident happen?
MOtorist: My wife fell asleep in the back seat.
To Her Lover
Who Writes Her Poetry
PARDON, pray, Sweet William, my
Mentioning such a touchy subject, but there's no use denying that you deserve my rubbing it in about your verse. Es which you, alas, continue to pen despite my cursing you out because you think I'll be simply flattered by this peculiar frost. En pretentious sort of chat. Why don't you write in prose!

Ernest V. Hegen.

All Over the Country
"YES," said the Young Man, "I've traveled over fifty thousand miles and have never seen the ocean."
"My goodness!" exclaimed the Fat Drummer. "Is it possible?"
"Yes, I'm a Notre Dame football player."

"Mr. SMEEDY (coming up): Sit down here, Mr. Rex. Glad to meet you. SMEEDY's my name. Shellac.
TWOOL: Al is in the king game, himself. Hey, Al? SMEEDY: The king game, eh?

Him: NO, I'M NEVER GOING TO MARRY UNTIL THE PERFECT WOMAN IS MADE.
Her: OH, MR. MARCHBANKS, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!

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SCENE: A Rotary Club Lunch.
AMR. TWOOL, (entering suddenly with the King of Belgium):

Boys—meet Albert Rex.

The Boys (in chorus): How d'ye do, Albert Rex, how d'ye do; How d'ye do, Albert Rex, how d'ye do; How d'ye do, Albert Rex, how d'ye do;

How d'ye do, Albert Rex, Don't take any rubber checks;

How d'ye do, Albert Rex, how do you do.

Mr. SMEEDY (coming up): Sit down here, Mr. Rex. Glad to meet you. SMEEDY's my name. Shellac.

TWOOL: Al is in the king game, himself. Hey, Al? SMEEDY: The king game, eh?

GANTRY: DID YOU ENJOY EUROPE?
BABBITT: NO, SOME OF THOSE CONFOUNDED FOREIGNERS HAD THE NERVE TO SAY "IF I DIDN'T LIKE THEIR COUNTRY WHY DIDN'T I GO BACK WHERE I CAME FROM."

SMEEDY: Well, he isn't exactly running things, is he? I figure, now, a king is sort of like a bank. vice-president, these days, a sort of a doo-dab on the letter head—no offense to you, Al. You probably make a pretty good thing out of it, don't you?

ALBERT: I make out. That is, I make out.

TWOOL: Still, it's a comic thing about that five-year-old kid in Rumania. Sort of like having Jackie Coogan on your board of directors.

SMEEDY: Say—that isn't a bad hunch, D. J. Mind if I use it?

TWOOL: Go ahead, D. J. Can't see how you are going to tie up Jackie Coogan with shellac.

SMEEDY: That's up to my executives. Tie anything up with shellac if you have good executives. You got good executives, Rex?

ALBERT: Best in the world. You know my business is very peculiar. Very individual. We are all just like one great big happy family.

SMEEDY: That's the stuff. Promote good (Please turn to page 39)
Drama... Adventure... Romance...

Get these thrills in Home Movies that you make yourself

LOOK around you! Pictures everywhere. Tragedy... adventure... romance. The Drama of Life. How closely it touches all of us. So real. And now so easy to preserve. For today, by just pressing the lever of a marvelous camera, you can capture life as it is... in action... to reproduce whenever and wherever you please.

The rhythmic action of your children at play... the fun and thrills of your outdoor trip... the dramatic second when football games are won or lost... are now easily registered for all time on a thin strip of film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of your darkened room.

The Magic of the Silver Screen that thousands now enjoy

If you haven't made a movie, you've missed one of the biggest thrills in life. It's so simple now, anyone can do it with the assurance of professional results.

Into the marvelous Cine-Kodak camera weighing only 3 pounds, Eastman Scientists have concentrated every vital necessity of Home Movie production.

What a triumph in simplicity! No need to focus. No tripod. No grinding crank. Everything is there that you need... the non-essentials have been done away with. Just sight the camera, either from waist height or eye level.

Then just press the button. A shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

...we do the rest

After pressing the button, your work is done. No troublesome developing. No bother or fuss. We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them to you ready to run. Then with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodascope Projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Crisp and clear you see the pictures you've made. Drama... adventure... romance... in the lives of people you know and children you love, parade before your eyes in a swift pattern of light and shadow. "Your own movies!" They are as easy as that to make.

For the day of the new sport, the new art, the new opportunity for self-expression, is here. Cine-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

Cine-Kodak

Simplest of All Home Movie Cameras

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects... comedy, drama, cartoons, travel... are available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel, which becomes a permanent part of your film library.

In addition, full length films, which constitute a complete entertainment and include the biggest screen successes of famous stars, may be secured at a modest rental from the nearest Kodascope Library.

Complete Cine-Kodak Outfit Now Costs Only $140

Today a complete outfit, Cine-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Cine-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Cine-Kodak safety film, in the famous yellow box. Don't deny yourself the thrills of amateur movie-making. Thousands of Kodak dealers are ready to explain and demonstrate the Cine-Kodak to you. See it today or write the Eastman Kodak Company for a new and fascinating booklet on Amateur Movie-Making. Clip and mail the coupon below.

FREE—This Interesting Book About Home Movie-Making

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dep't L.F.3, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name

Address

City
“The Magic Flame”

The strangely ill-assorted team of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky has had its ups and downs (cf. “The Dark Angel” and “The Night of Love”); their latest, “The Magic Flame,” may be listed among the ups.

It is one of those pleasantly preposterous romances of a mythical kingdom, with a dual role thrown in to make things more complicated. There is a lecherous prince and a noble circus clown, both of whom are in love with a fair trapeze performer, and both of whom, by the oddest coincidence, look exactly like Ronald Colman.

Thus, Mr. Colman is called upon to be but the of his two réles don't seem to bother him much. Miss Banky, on the other hand, is called upon to be her own sweet self—which is competently fulfilled.

Henry King has done an excellent job with the direction of “The Magic Flame”—giving the picture color, depth and imaginative beauty. It is the type of story that requires lightness of touch in treatment and if Mr. King is occasionally a bit heavy-handed, it is because he has tried to stress the glamorous romance at the expense of the potential comedy.

In other words, Mr. King has essayed to make “The Magic Flame” a good box-office picture, which it undoubtedly is.

“We’re All Gamblers”

The breaks seem to be against Thomas Meighan. In “We’re All Gamblers,” he has all the elements that make for a good picture, including a fine director (James Cruze) and a story that is rich in dramatic material.

Nevertheless, “We’re All Gamblers” manages to be about as inconsequential an offering as the season has yet yielded. It seems incredible that Cruze and Meighan between them could have countenanced, let alone participated in, such a thoroughly illogical, inconsistent and puny effort as this.

The title, by the way, has nothing to do with the story—and, if you take my advice, you’ll have nothing to do with it either.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Jazz Singer. Al Jolson and the Vitaphone score a substantial hit. The picture itself isn’t so much, but that deficiency is overlooked in the general excitement.

Three’s a Crowd. A Harry Langdon comedy which is far more a matter of tears than of laughs.

The Woman on Trial. Pola Negri on the rampage in a courtroom melodrama.

The Drop Kick. Another football victory in the last reel, but a far from thrilling one, though Richard Barthelmess tries hard.

Carmen. Dolores Del Rio and Victor McLaglen in a terribly strenuous and excessively amorous retelling of the celebrated story.

Soft Cushions. Wisecracks in old Baghdad, with Douglas MacLean prancing about and Sue Carol looking very alluring.

The Cat and the Canary. Laura La Plante in an effective spine-chiller.

Hula. There are many things that Clara Bow does well, but dancing the Hula is not one of them.

Old San Francisco. Dolores Costello in a melodramatic mess.

Service for Ladies. A gay, flip, well-bred comedy, in which Adolph Menjou is superb.

It is deeply gratifying to the Fisher Body Corporation that Bodies by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood play a major part in the brilliant success of the New Cadillac. —Presenting a radical departure from past design, the new cars are unmistakably the most luxurious and distinguished ever created for the fine car owners of America. —The bodies of the New Cadillac cars are the finest creations of master custom body artisans. —But Fisher resources and manufacturing efficiency enable Cadillac to present them without the usual price-penalty—a fact which contributes to making the New Cadillac incomparably the greatest investment value in the fine car field.

AT THE CUSTOM BODY SALONS
There will be presented at the Custom Body Salons latest body creations by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood on the Cadillac and La Salle chassis. —These custom body creations are embellished with combinations of colors selected from the unerring palette of nature. The unique method of color selection is described in a beautiful and colorful brochure, “Creations from Nature’s Studio”, which will be gladly sent to you on request. — New York, Hotel Commodore, November 27 to December 3, 1927; Chicago, Hotel Drake, January 28 to February 4; Los Angeles, Hotel Biltmore, February 11 to 18; San Francisco, Hotel Palace, February 25 to March 3, 1928.

Body by FISHER
Another Linguist

My friends looked at me pityingly as Hung Woo, the Chinese produce merchant, asked my order in his native tongue, but with an inscrutable Near-East-Side smile I shamed them when I calmly said:

"Lo, John, me likee sloup veg'ble, chabbage, plawysly, cellaly, tlamotto, plantaeto, slieng bean, kloosh, klon, ladish, cluchumba and slawbelly."

—M. A. P., in New York Sun.

The Nile Tabloid

All the notoriety that Cleopatra got Was a two-stick story with X marks the spot. Tragically she moaned with her dying gasp, "I'd have made front page if I'd bit that asp!"

—Stge, in New York World.

We Thought It Killed

"Twenty years ago, T—— was a frequenter of gambling dens and squandered a fortune with his more than dozenful companions. To-day, he is a Justice of the Peace."

—Local Paper.

We'll, he ought to know all there is to know about it.—Humorist (London).

Because a girl refused to marry him a man in Essex has stayed at home for forty years; but we've known a man to do that just because the girl did marry him.—Punch.

Stories about movie people getting married should end with a comma.—Arkansas Gazette.

Imitation is also the flattest form of sincerity.—Detroit News.

On the Road

"In my younger days," the old actor said, "I traveled from one end of the country to the other."

"Well, well," the young actor replied, "just think of that. And there were no rubber heels in those days, either."—Youngstown Telegram.

One of the famous Sitwells wrote a book on "All Summer in a Day," in spite of the fact that he had never spent a single afternoon at Coney Island.—Baltimore Sun.

No Shock

"My wife says she is going to leave me."

"Distressing!"

"At least, she has broken the news gently. She hasn't been home three nights a week in the last month."

—Washington Star.

MOTHER MAKES THE FAUX PAS OF ASKING HER YOUNG DAUGHTER WHAT TIME HER FRIENDS WILL BRING HER HOME.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE ICEMAN'S ELOPEMENT.

—Sindagensiste-Stris (Stockholm).
Viewed in Perspective

Standing transfixed, a man watched intently the antics of two tiny toy wrestlers which a street fakir was operating by means of a black thread in a doorway.

"Come on!" his wife exclaimed. "Didn't you ever see those things before?"

"Wait a minute, Mary," the man replied. "They look to me just exactly the way Tunney and Dempsey did from where I sat in my six-dollar seat."

—Youngstown Telegram.

Cutting In

The effect of the movies on church-going is shown in this Sunday morning conversation:

Mother: Hurry dressing, Ethel, dear. Services start at eight sharp.

Ethel (age eight): I can't hurry, Mother. Let's go to a temple that is continuous.—Chicago Daily News.

A burglar recently broke into a suburban bungalow and shaved himself with the householder's safety-razor. The owner has informed the police that the crime was committed with a blunt instrument. —London Opinion.

Precautionary

Since reading that a young Southerner knocked a man down on Seventh Avenue the other day because he didn't like his looks we have decided to have our face boarded up for the winter.—New York Evening Post.

Fortunes of War in China

The widow of a Chinese general has married another Chinese general. Ordinarily, it's the Chinese generals who change sides.—Detroit News.

Price

Extensively Mr. Elmer Davis, the writer, entered a bookstore the other day and picking up one of his own novels from a counter slyly wrote his name on the flyleaf. He thereupon called the saleslady and asked the price.

"That's a two-dollar book," said the saleslady.

"Only two dollars— with the author's autograph in it?" pursued the author.

"Ah, a damaged copy," said the clerk.

"That will be a dollar-fifty, then."

—New Yorker.

Wine jello when flavored with Abbert's Bitters is made more delightful and soothing. Sample Bitters by mail. 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Albert & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Baggage loss doesn’t mean financial loss

A World-Wide Reputation

What thousands of users know of Kermath performance and what they say in praise of that performance is the solid bed rock upon which the good name of Kermath is founded. It is an enduring and time-tried reputation that has been built around Kermath through its many years of manufacture.

Let us help you in the selection of the proper power plant for your craft. Our advice is free. Illustrated catalog will be sent on request.

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Kermath Manufacturing Company
5870 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Mich.
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"A Kermath Always Runs!"


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Munsingwear union suits, because of the correct manner in which they are designed, the satisfactory way in which they fit and cover the figure and the unusual service and comfort they give the wearer, are for sale by one or more of the leading merchants in practically every trading center of importance in the United States.

Munsingwear hosiery like Munsingwear underwear is a quality product made for every member of the family. If you want the utmost in underwear and hosiery value, ask for Munsingwear.

*Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service*

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Oh, Henry!

A perplexing phenomenon is noted in Baltimore, where at the public library branch nearest the home of H. L. Mencken, editor and critic, the greatest demand is for books on raising canaries!

Such is fame, such is influence! A man sends his voice thundering to the farthest corners of the land in praise of Lewis, Cabell and Nietzsche, and right in his own precinct people are reading how to mix bird seed and when to hang the cage in a sunny window. It would be easy to understand if the man had ever written a critical boost for canary raising, but a hopeful search of all the periodicals shows he has not.

No doubt the explanation is that Mencken paves on a false mustache, slips up to the library and draws these books out himself. It is recalled that his hero and model, Nietzsche, was in private life peculiarly mild and gentle. And while urging homo boobiens to a diet of literary raw-meat, most likely this terror of Hollins Street in the secrecy of his den pores over endless volumes on the scientific raising of canaries — and right how to make the wee birds sing.

—Elmer C. Adams, in Detroit News.

A Good Trick If He Does It

"Armless though he is, Charles Valer, 55 years of age, has made such a success of the begging profession that he has $4,093 in five different banks where he readily can lay hands on it."—Los Angeles Times.

ARMLESS though he, etc.

—New Yorker.
IT IS not recorded how Sitting Bull lit his pipe. But the absence of matches and uncertainty of lighters in his time would indicate that this champion old rester either had to break training or sit close to the fire.

What brings up the subject is that bridge tables these nights sometimes look like an Indian camp—burned and smouldering matchsticks cluttering every ash tray. The present praiseworthy dislike for such sights has sent people hunting a dependable lighter. And finding it, too, in the Douglass.

The Douglass is not only dependable but entirely automatic. Press the trigger—there’s your light!

One displays a Douglass, therefore, with an air of assurance, makes it an accessory as important as a watch (or a compact).

Charming leathers, glowing metals encase Douglasses in many varied styles. Standard models are priced from $5 upward, while Silhouette Douglasses range from $10 to $100. You’ll find one immensely pleasing to your pride and purse at some well placed jeweler’s or tobacconist’s.

There’s a new Douglass now—the Silhouette model. It is thin and naturally so, for with Douglass straight line construction no working part was reduced to make this model slender. It fits your vest pocket without a bulge (or sidles gracefully into the smallest mesh bag).

Press the trigger—there’s your light

Use Douglass Lighter Fluid or aviation gasoline
Ask to see the new windshield attachment for Douglass Lighters; it’s a wonder

The Douglass Lighter

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago

Canadian Distributor: A. W. W. Kyle Co. 3 St. Nicholas St., Montreal, Quebec
You men make too much work of shaving

Because you think it easier to take a new blade than to strip one, you make shaving just about twice as hard as it need be.

You forget about the time it takes to unwrap a new blade. You don’t think about the bother of changing to another if the first one isn’t keen. You ignore the time it takes to go to the store for new blades. You don’t count the extra time it takes to shave with a dull blade.

Now consider the easy way. You start with one new blade. You spend 90 seconds a day Twinplexing its edge to shaving keenness. You get a marvelous shave in two minutes less time than you required the old hard way. Daily gain 90 seconds.

Keep using that one blade at least 30 days. Gain 45 minutes and 30 cents. At the end of a year you will have saved four or five trips for new blades, 9 hours shaving time and about $3.00 cash.

The Twinplex Stropper helps you save the time it takes to go to the store for a dull blade, too. Because you think it easier to take a new blade than to strip one, you make shaving more work than it need be.

When you buy a Twinplex Stropper you will also get a NEW Stropped Blade FREE.

Name your razor and we'll send you a free, new blade Twinplexed. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

**NEW Stropped Blade FREE**

**TWINPLEX SALES CO.**

1685 Locust St., St. Louis

**NEW YORK**

**MONTREAL**

**CHICAGO**

**LONDON**

---

**Ensemble**

**ALL** the fair damsels in "Artists and Models"

Have more in their stockings than in their noodies—

Of motors and jewels they’ve oodles and oodles.

**W. F. B.**

**ALIBI CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS**

**ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO**

**Stern Parent:** WHAT! BACK FROM COLLEGE ALREADY?

**Ex-Freshman:** WELL, DAD, YOU SEE, IT’S THIS WAY... I WENT OUT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE AND I CAME BACK FOR MORE MATCHES.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of $50.00, was submitted by

**S. LUIS YOUNG,**

1726 Taft Avenue,

Hollywood, California.

Five second prizes of $10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

**ERNST M. BERRY,** Lowell, Massachusetts, and **LORIN KIRLY**, Chickasha, Oklahoma, for variations of the Alibi: “I sustained a serious injury; I sprayed my skuleke finger.”

**B. HARRISON WINFIELD,** Woodlawn, New Jersey, for the Alibi: “I’ve joined the ‘College-A-Month’ Club.”

**BLAINE C. BIGLER,** Scenery Hill, Pennsylvania, and **WILLIAM M. WILEY**, Santa Monica, California, for variations of the Alibi: “If I go to college you must make allowances for me.”

**Watch for the New $2,500.00 PRIZE CONTEST**

which starts in two weeks

---

**Pipe Smoker Enjoys Can of Tobacco Sixteen Years Old**

Of course, all good tobacco is aged before it is packed, but here is a case of "aged in the can."

On the strength of Mr. McDonald’s letter we certainly owe our packing department a vote of commendation. For no tobacco could retain its flavor and goodness lying in a dark dusty corner for sixteen years unless it had been properly packed in an absolutely air-tight can.

So while someone was deprived of this particular can of tobacco for sixteen years, it did provide smoke enjoyment for an appreciative railroad cashier when it finally came to light.

Mr. McDonald’s letter is reproduced below:

Waxahachie, Texas

May 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.

Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen: The agent while going through his plunder stored in our basement room came across a can of your tobacco, and on account of his not using a pipe he made me a present of this tobacco.

You will note the revenue stamp and your memo which was inclosed. The tobacco was put up in 1910, sixteen years ago. But it was in good shape, of remarkable flavor, and was greatly enjoyed by me.

Thought you would be interested in knowing how your tobacco held out in those days of fast living.

Yours very truly,

(signed) Gordon McDonald.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you’ll like Edgeworth where and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We’ll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WYRA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station.

Wave length 254.1 meters: 1180 kilocycles.
False Modesty

SHE: Gosh, I'm simply terrified this skirt of mine is too short!

HE: I don't think it is at all.

SHE: But, my dear, simply everybody seems to be staring at me!

HE: Oh, you're just self-conscious about it.

SHE: Well, I'm terribly afraid this skirt is too short.

HE: Well, you've got two good reasons for wearing a short skirt.

SHE: I think you're awfully fresh.

HE: No, but I really mean you have awfully good-looking legs.

SHE: Don't be absurd, my dear. You're just trying to flatter me.

HE: I'm not at all—I really think you have.

SHE: Well, anyways, I'm embarrassed to tears about this skirt—I really think it's terribly short.

HE: I don't think it is at all.

SHE: Well, I think you're awfully fresh.

HE: No, but I really mean you have awfully good-looking legs.

SHE: Honestly, my dear, you simply slay me!

HE: But you really have, you know.

SHE: My legs are awfully skinny, I think.

HE: They're not at all. You've got awfully well-shaped legs.

SHE: Don't be absurd, I haven't at all!

HE: But I really mean it. I think you've got swell legs.

SHE: I haven't at all, my dear—but it's awfully sweet of you to say so!

Lloyd Mayer.

The Fortunate Thing

The young bride had promised to take care of Barbara, a neighbor's child, for the afternoon. When tea was served, Barbara was given her milk in the "company china" cup along with the other guests. A sudden crash, and the new set was minus a cup.

The child looked down at the wreck, and then up at the hostess. With her face wreathed in smiles and a little sigh of relief, she said: "Gracious, wasn't it lucky I drank all my milk before it happened!"—New York Sun.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

simply everybody stares at me, my dear! I mean they couldn't be ruder.

HE: Well, it's probably because you have such beautiful legs.

SHE: Honestly, my dear, you simply slay me!

HE: But you really have, you know.

SHE: My legs are awfully skinny, I think.

HE: They're not at all. You've got awfully well-shaped legs.

SHE: Don't be absurd, I haven't at all!

HE: But I really mean it. I think you've got swell legs.

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MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce
BURNED matches dropped in the window boxes... under the clock... on the bathroom shelf may not cause a conflagration, but if they're discovered by one's eagle-eyed spouse, the result is apt to be no less fiery. Insurance against this sort of domestic disaster comes in the form of an Approved Golden Wheel Lighter—dependable-smooth—and smudgeless. In every way a better lighter. Almost any smart shop can supply you.

“Surest / thing you know”

$7.50 and up

GOLDEN WHEEL Approved Lighter

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.
Providence, Rhode Island

Books Received
Dimple Diggers. By Robin Christopher (Elm House).
Mother Goose for Antique Collectors. By Carrick and Robinson (Payson & Clarke, Ltd.).
Your Growing Child. By H. Adlington Bruce (Funk & Wagnalls).
Show Window. By Elmer Davis (John Day).
The Dividend. By Joseph Knox Stone (Doran).
Outside Eden. By Gertrude Nason Carver (Doran).
High Snow. By M. L. A. Gompertz (Doran).
Man Possessed. By William Rose Benet (Doran).
Crude. By Robert Hyde (Payson & Clarke, Ltd.).
The Cannoneers Have Hairy Ears. Anonymous (Simon).
Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell. (The Modern Library.)
The Gay Dreamers. By Roger De Biville (Stokes).
Dick Turpin's Ride. By Alfred Noyes (Stokes).
The Panther. By Gerald Bullett (Doran).
Julius. By “A Gentleman with a Duster” (Doran).
Camels! By Daniel W. Streeter (Putnam).
A Doctor Looks at Doctors. By Joseph Collins, M.D. (Harpers).
Lady, What of Life? By Lesley Storm (Harpers).
Avarice House. By Julian Green (Harpers).
Are They the Same at Home? By Beverley Nichols (Doran).
Plain Jane. By A. P. Herbert (Double-decker, Page).

Movies
frequently strain Eyes. Use Murine for relief
When you return from a picture show with strained, tired eyes, apply a few drops of soothing Murine. Almost instantly they will feel strong and rested... ready for anything! A month’s supply of this harmless lotion costs but 60c.

References Unnecessary

Jane: An’ just because I sauced ’er, she threatened to sack me wiout a character.

Annie: An’ wot did you say?

Jane: Told ’er I didn’t want no character, seein’ I was goin’ ter be married.

Passing Show (London).

"Law or no law, it’s gittin’ t’ be th’ rule in this country that a feller is innocent unless he’s tried by a good jury."

—Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.

Candid notice sent in to Society department: “During the ceremony a friend sang. O, promise me and others.”

—New York World.
Comfortable and better looking

Here's a watch strap that, five years from now, will be just as comfortable, just as good looking and just as new as it is the day you "discover" it.

Wristacrat
For Men

With the latest improvement—a center catch.

No need to drag it on and off over your hand. The patented center catch permits instantaneous removal, and is doubly safe when locked.

Most good jewelers can show you Wristacrat for Men in these decidedly masculine designs. In 12 K Green, White and Yellow Gold Filled.

Literature upon request

Louis Stern Co., Providence, R. I.

Bell-Ans Universally Used

Friend Tells Friend of Wonderful
SURE RELIEF for Indigestion
Samples on Request

For correcting over-acidity, normalizing indigestion and quickly relieving belching, gas, sourness, heartburn, nausea and other digestive disorders. The great value of Bell-Ans has been proved by over 30 years use. Doctors, Nurses and Dentists recommend this tested Safe, Pleasant, Sure Relief for Indigestion. Not a laxative. 25c and 75c packages sold everywhere. Send for free samples to: Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y.

Lovers, Loiterers, Etc.
(Continued from page 9)

at the very start and would probably go home crying (the big sissy!), complaining that the fight was fixed. Oh, no, Miss Oelrichs! We have you there.

And dancing partners. Now, really! Just let Miss Oelrichs step into the nearest “Danceland” (or maybe it is known as “Charlie Crash and His Rarin’ Redhot Ragamuffins’ Palace of Jazz”), and let her tell us, if she can, where abroad she has seen such steps as ours. Where, please, in any part of Europe can she find a dancing partner who could even approach the intricacies of position which our modest music-mad youths master without even trying? Could she, anywhere but right here in America (God bless her! America, I mean), find a dancing partner who could dance the Black Bottom without moving a muscle above the hips? No, she could not!

Well, Miss Oelrichs, I guess you’re feeling a little silly now. Fess up—you are, aren’t you? Yes, I thought so. But don’t go. We aren’t through with you yet.

Now—as to sportsmen. Who won the polo? To what nation does the world’s greatest golfer belong? How about tennis? No, we’ll drop tennis. But after all, we can’t have everything. And surely we would be the last people in the world to begrudge a splendid nation like La Belle France the possession of La Tasse Davis. Wouldn’t we, boys? There! You see, Miss Oelrichs!

I should like very much to quote to you, gentle reader, some of the richer plums from the literary pudding under discussion. But space forbids. Perhaps the best thing to do is to read the article yourself.

In the meantime, if we could just all get together and talk this thing over. How about meeting at my house to-morrow night at nine o’clock? Well, that’s fine! I knew I could depend on you in a crisis like this. We true-blue nephews of Uncle Sam will, I am sure, succeed in working out a plan to prove to the world that as Men, as Lovers, as Loiterers, as etc., you can’t beat us. Well, see you to-morrow night. Be sure to bring your American flags.

Thomas B. Wanamaker, Jr.

Salvaged

Was the operation successful?" "Yes—the patient died, but the doctor recovered from the estate."
Morocco
The Garden of the East

Land of the Farthest Sunset... Days of Enchantment... Nights of Mystery

At the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world"... North Africa... there... through all its wonders of exotic cities... of mirage-haunted desert and palm feathered oases... the forty-one famous Transatlantique hotels... every modern comfort and luxury... in the midst of primitive beauty... where all the smart cosmopolites of Europe gather for a gay winter season.

And the glorious adventure begins at the very moment you leave New York... on a French Liner... with all its radiant charm of atmosphere... the cuisine of Paris itself! A weekly express service... the de luxe liners, Le De France, Paris and France... first to Plymouth, England... then Le Havre de Paris. Four One-Class Cabin Liners sailing direct to Havre... no transferring to tenders... simply another gangplank... a waiting boat train... Paris, in three hours. Overnight... the Riviera. One day across the Mediterranean... North Africa!

Mrs. Pep's Diary
(Continued from page 16)

suitable for sleeves was twenty-six dollars a yard, but I do mean to have it nevertheless, being determined to economize in some other direction, albeit God alone knows which one it shall be. Looking also for some new stays, I was minded, when the saleswoman departed with my measurements, of the injunction in Joseph Hergesheimer's "Linda Condon," "Always remember Mama telling you that the most expensive corsets are the cheapest in the end," and was thoroughly conscious that such advice does not apply when the garment in question is not likely to be worn more than once. To the playhouse this night to see "The Shannons of Broadway," a piece so blatantly of the candle-in-the-window school as almost to defy reception by an audience with any pretense to sophistication, yet the acting of Lucille Webster and James Gleason was so natural and diverting as to send me home in a pleasing glow, and somehow confident that the stock which I bought unbeknownst to Sam and which has dropped steadily since my purchase will eventually turn into sunken gardens and a yacht.

Baird Leonard.

A Rabbit Parable

In Wildwood, a socially eminent Rabbit, Of dignity, substance and girth, Had chosen a suitable hole to inhabit— An excellent burrow or earth,

When up came a Woodchuck, a genuine groundhog, Who wanted the place for his lair; The Rabbit, impressed by a seventeen-pound hog, Abruptly departed from there.

But shortly thereafter a virtuous Badger Slid down from a neighboring shelf; Bequeathing the hole to himself.

A Fox who believed in the law of requital Appeared through the bordering fern; He questioned the Badger's title, Demanding the burrow in turn.

A battle ensued in a terrible smother, Affrighting the hardiest soul; The Fox and the Badger abolished each other, The Rabbit returned to his hole.

So here is appended the mildest of morals, Accept it for what it is worth: "When all of the Haughty are killed in their quarrels The Meek shall inherit the earth." —Arthur Guiterman, in New York Times.

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-seven years for

Colds Headache
Neuritis Lumbar Pain
Toothache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaet-acide salicylic acid

Disgusted

The following was found pinned on the door of a deserted shanty in North Dakota: "Four miles from a _abur; twenty-five miles frum a _ post ofis; twenty-five miles frum a r. r.; 180 miles frum timber; have a mile frum water; God bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start."

—Florida Times-Union.

Four useless things in the world are professional weightlifting, shoplifting, facelifting and uplifting.

—Louisville Times.

Simile: "Futile as subtle humor in the movies."—Youngstown Telegram.
AND today wherever Englishmen meet over a pipe, Craven Mixture will be found on the table. Craven Mixture is the chosen pipe tobacco of discriminating smokers the world over. A pure and unadulterated tobacco cured in the old-fashioned natural way. For a liberal sample tin send 10c in stamps to American Office, 11, Carreras, Ltd., New York City.

For 139 Years Carreras have supplied tobaccos to the connoisseur.

**Craven Mixture**

*Imported from London*

---

**GOLF • POLO**

Good times are not hard to find if you know where to look for them. Now an easy 15½ hour trip from N. Y. City brings you to Pinehurst, N. C., the Golfer’s Paradise, the Center of Outdoor Sports. Leave N. Y. at 6:40 P.M., arrive Pinehurst next morning. There you’ll find good-fellowship, health, climate and regal comfort at the Carolina Hotel. Write for illustrated booklet or reservations to General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

---

**In the Right Spirit**

(Continued from page 26)


TWOOT: Respect him, hell! They love him!

ALBERT (blushing): Aw, now, J. D....I tell you, all I want to do is to make Belgium the best little ole kingdom on the face of God’s green footstool. And with every last one of us working together to that end, with co-operation and faith and loyalty and good hard work...and...and...every last one of us working together...why...why...

SMEEDY: Fine! Fine!

TWOOT: That’s the old fight!

CHORUS OF MEMBERS: Here’s to you, Albert Rex, here’s to you; Here’s to you, Albert Rex, here’s to you;

We mean it when we sing, You’re every inch a king, Hinky, Dinky, parlay-foo.

ALBERT: Well, thanks, boys. It’s been a great treat. I’ll have to go now. Miss Katz, my secretary, gives me the old dickens if I stay out for lunch more than an hour and a half. So long, boys, and God bless you! (He goes.)

TWOOT: Great fella, D. J. He’s got vision. He’s going to make good in a big way.

SMEEDY: Yes, sir! That little impromptu talk he gave was a great inspiration. He’s a fella looks like he’s got both feet on the ground. What did you say his name was?

Curtain.

Henry William Hanemann.

**Quick Shave**

A well-known magician, who wore a goatee and mustache, happened one day to see a man who was his perfect double. The magician expected to use the double in a substitution trick.

“When I jump into the trunk,” he said, “you jump out of your chair in the audience and come up on the stage, and the people will think it’s me.”

That evening the magician jumped into the trunk and closed the lid, and at the same instant the double arose in his seat and yelled, “Here I am”—but the trick “flapped” miserably.

The new hired man had shaved off his whiskers.—Youngstown Telegram.

**A Familiar Cry**

“Davy,” called the doctor’s small son, “I want a drink.”

“Sorry,” murmured his dad sleepily, “but I’m all out of prescription blanks.”

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Parasite**—The large, loutish-looking football player who piles on top of the other twenty-one for effect, after the play is complete.—Detroit News.

---

**Life**

**For Christmas Give Fragrance**

Among the fragrant creations of Roger & Gallet, Parfumeurs, Paris, you will always find just the right gift for Christmas—a beautiful Gift Box containing a selection of fragrant toilet articles or, a single article in perfume—in these most appropriate fragrances:

**Pavots d’Argent**

*Silver Poppies*


**Fleurs d’Amour**

*Flowers of Love*

The most Luxurious Perfume in the World.

**Le Jade**

The Precious Perfume Duplicating in America its dominating Parisian success.

**ROGER & GALLETT**

*Parfumeurs*

**PARIS • NEW YORK**

You'r favorite ship will be glad to show you 100ct at 75c. 1 oz. pamphlet free.

**Among the fragrant creations of Roger & Gallet, Parfumeurs, Paris, you will always find just the right gift for Christmas—a beautiful Gift Box containing a selection of fragrant toilet articles or, a single article in perfume—in these most appropriate fragrances:**

- **Pavots d’Argent**
  *Silver Poppies*

- **Fleurs d’Amour**
  *Flowers of Love*
  The most Luxurious Perfume in the World.

- **Le Jade**
  The Precious Perfume Duplicating in America its dominating Parisian success.

- **ROGER & GALLETT**
  *Parfumeurs*
  **PARIS • NEW YORK**
  Your favorite ship will be glad to show you 100ct at 75c. 1 oz. pamphlet free.
MEN'S PORTRAITS

BECAUSE THE ANNOYING FUSS—THE UNNATURALNESS OF A SITTING—HAS BEEN ELIMINATED BY BACHRACH.

LEADERS IN POLITICS, THE BUSINESS WORLD AND THE PROFESSIONS HAVE PREFERRED OUR STUDIOS FOR HALF A CENTURY.

TELEPHONE FOR A SITTING BEFORE THE RUSH OF CHRISTMAS BUSINESS

Bachrach

PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINCTION

507 FIFTH AVENUE VANDERBILT 7400

Most cordial, thank you. . .

Countrywide, PICKWICK is pleasing the most fastidious. Tune in on the finest of brews. There's a tang and mellowness which bring back memories of famous old compositions.

PICKWICK PALE and STOUT

The Tang of Good Old Ale

At the better Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants

Haffenreffer & Co., Boston

There'll be one of these at every news-stand next Tuesday—and we advise you to snap into the huddle good and early if you want your copy of the

FOOTBALL NUMBER

a Life production, which is always the high-spot of the football season. . . . This year, it will be higher than ever, with what a PENRHYN STANLAWS cover (and such an eye-ful!); a double-page cartoon by JOHN HELD, Jr.; drawings and other things by RUSSELL PATTERSON, ROBERT BENCHLEY, COREY FORD, DOROTHY PARKER, LLOYD MAYER and other All-American wits.

* * *

In two weeks we shall announce a new

$2500.00 PRIZE CONTEST

which will be unusual, fascinating and pleasantly profitable. This will continue through twelve issues — with new prizes each week!

* * *

The TROPICAL NUMBER appears on November 24. Cover by JOHN LAGATTA—cartoon by WALLACE MORGAN.

And THEN——

The CHRISTMAS NUMBER

with the best of everything that Life has to offer.

read Life regularly—EVERY week!
Now—

Extraordinary Improvements!

The Improved Knight Engine — For carefree motoring. No carbon troubles, no valve-grinding. Remarkably economical. The only type of engine that actually improves with use.

7-Bearing Crankshaft—For smoothest possible operation—no vibration.

Skinner Rectifier—Keeps your oil at highest possible lubricating efficiency. Prevents dilution.

4-Wheel Brakes—Mechanically operated for positive results; also for simplicity and ease of adjustment by average mechanic.

Belflex Shackles—An invaluable feature—they prevent squeaks or rattles in the chassis—require no greasing or adjustment.

This illustrious motor car, world famed for its brilliant performance, now attains new and unprecedented heights of excellence. New top speed, flashier acceleration, your choice of beautiful colors—all at no increase in price!

Extraordinary Improvements

Willys-Knight Great Six 5-passenger Sedan at the Capitol, Washington, D.C.

Willys-Knight Great Six, $1295 to $1495. Willys-Knight Great Six, reduced prices range from $1850 to $2950. Prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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