

BROADWAY NIGHTLIFE

Snappy Spicy Stories

25¢

NOVEMBER



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NIGHTLIFE

BROADWAY
Snappy Spicy Stories

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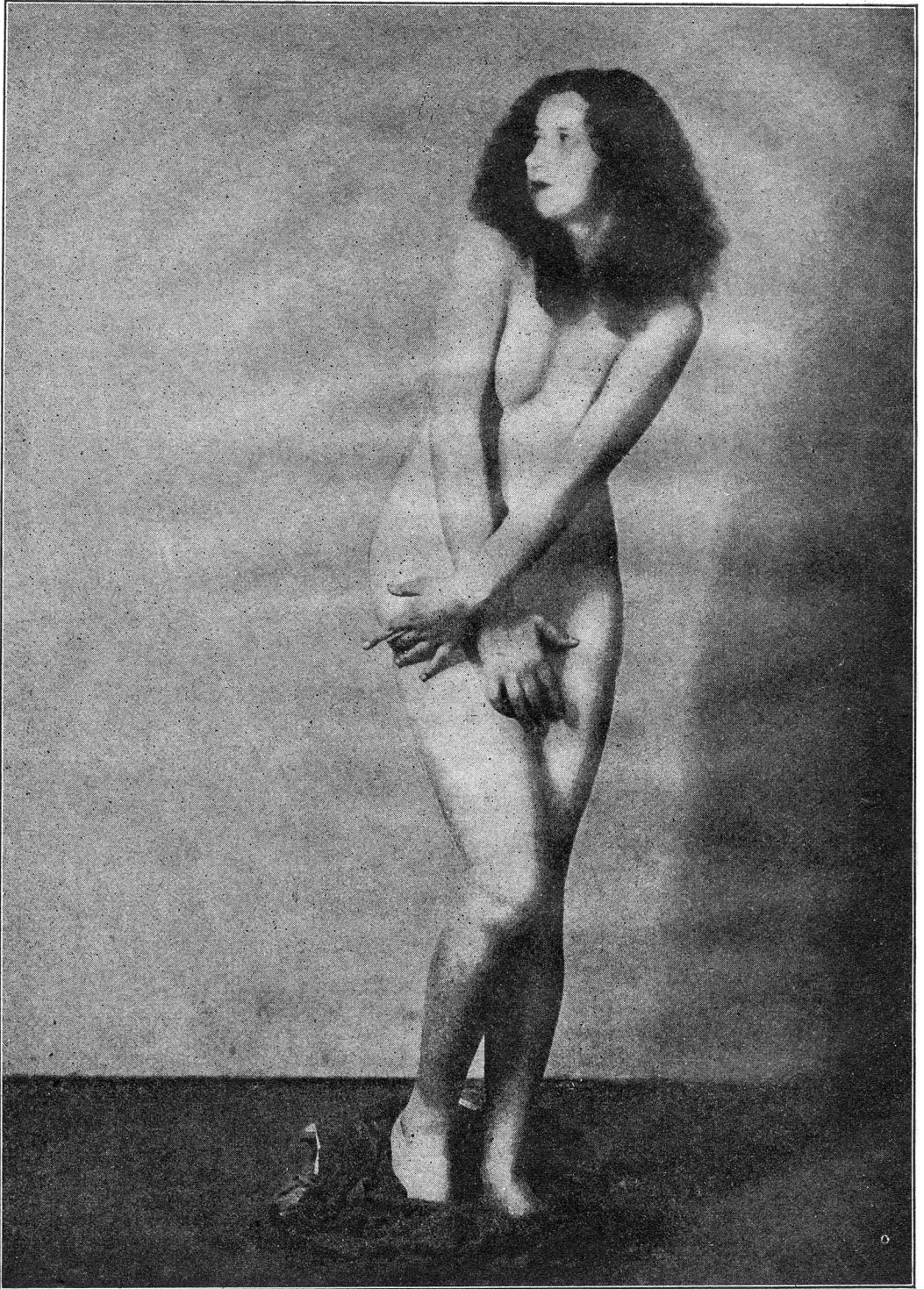
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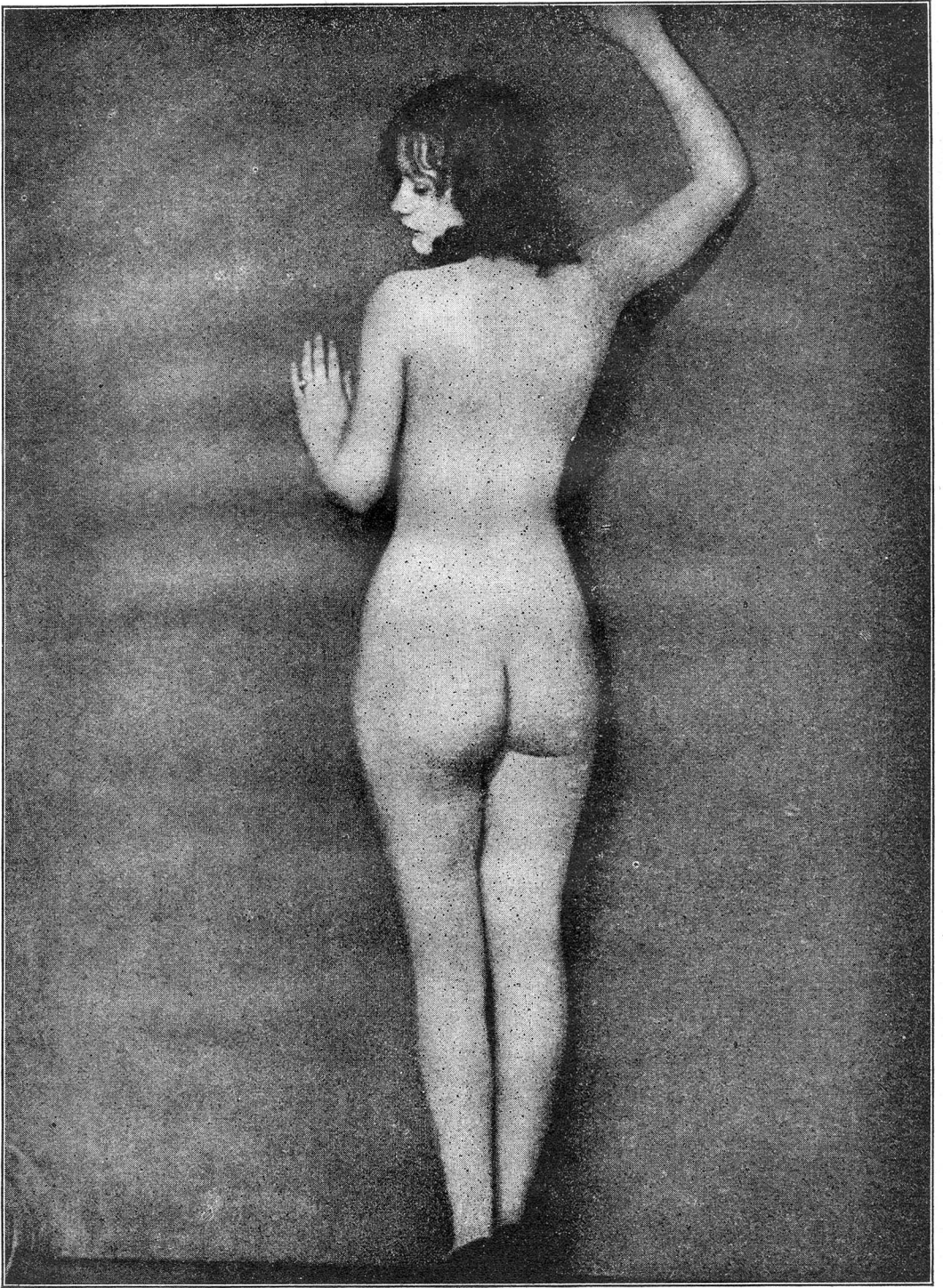
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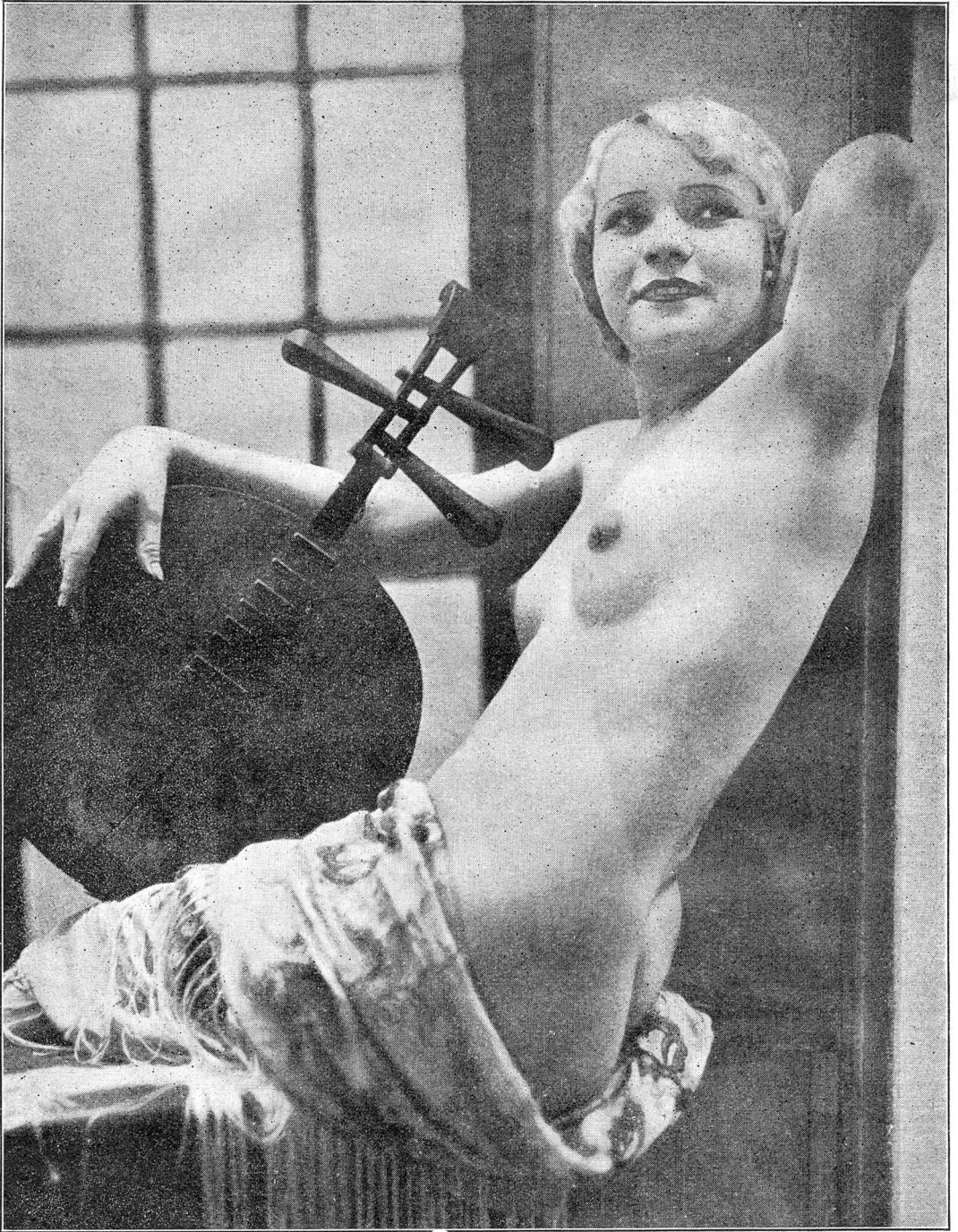
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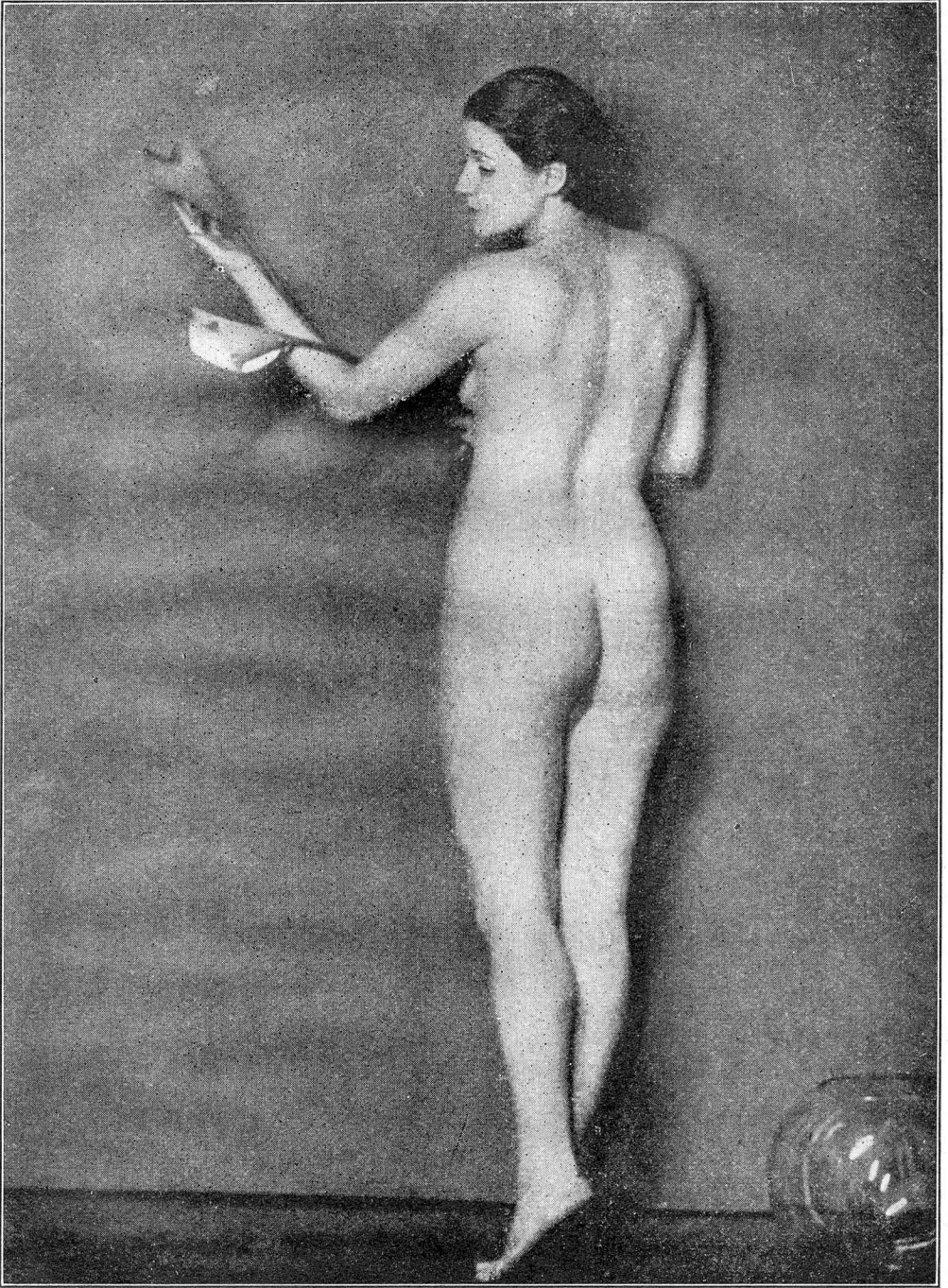
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HIS *Double-Duty* MODEL

By CURT HOWARD

PHIL RAMSEY leaned despondently on his easel. It was not that he had much cause to feel blue. The Academy, in fact, had accepted his last picture, a careful work portraying a young virgin in an innocent nude pose.

So Phil really should have been very happy, but he was not. In the first place he wasn't working on a picture right then, and he never could be happy unless he was working at his beloved art. Then, too, he was lonely. What chance had a poor lonely artist in a big town? He longed for female companionship, for someone to share his joys and console him in his troubles.

But then, he recalled, he had a grand

idea for his next picture. He was going to portray a lovely young mother with a babe at her breast. What family group could be more affecting than such a simple little scene?

But the trouble was, where could he get the models? Beautiful young women with nursing babies aren't very easy to find, and even harder to persuade to pose as he required for the picture. Where, thought he, are there women with babies? And like a flash the answer came to him. The hospital! Of course, why hadn't he thought of it sooner? All he would have to do would be to drive around to the hospital and park in front. Then, if he waited patiently enough, he would be sure to

find an appropriate model leaving the institution.

Eagerly Phil ran downstairs to carry his plan into effect. He stepped into his high-powered roadster that had been bought after he had "arrived." Recklessly he sped through the traffic towards the hospital.

Soon he arrived before a large, clean-looking building, and after drawing up beside the curb, settled down to wait. Carefully he watched the intermittent streams of people going to and from the building. Now and then his attention would center on some woman with a babe in her arms, but always there was some objectionable point either in her face or figure, or in the age of her child. He thought once that perhaps he should have gone to a "rescue home" or some such institution, but decided that, as long as he had come there, he would stay.

Still the crowd filed past, tall women, short women, buxom women, anaemic women, sometimes pretty women, but never beautiful women. Almost he began to despair, but remembering that the true artist never despairs, resumed his search.

His eyes wandered listlessly, roamed from calves to hips, hips to breasts, breasts to faces, then down again. Lord, did no beautiful women have children? Did no—His eyes brightened. Approaching from beyond the hospital was a lovely dark-haired creature who walked as though her feet scarcely touched the pavement. Her luscious body swayed vivaciously beneath a light summer frock. As she approached all thought of his search left him. Both the artist in him and the man in him, responded to the lure of her perfect figure. Dimly he realized that she was

the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

With a shock, Phil thought that perhaps she was going into the hospital, that she wouldn't reach him if she did. Fervently he prayed that she might not. If she did, if she did, by God he'd run after her! He couldn't let her get away. Now her footsteps neared the entrance. Would she go in? Would she?

Ah! Relievedly he sighed as she passed the gate, continued towards him. As she drew near, his raptured gaze took in the silky brown hair, dark, liquid eyes, and moist-red lips.

Now she was almost to the car. God! She might pass him! Suddenly the queerness of it struck him that he had been so enrapt in her beauty that he hadn't thought what he'd do when she got to him. But he must do something, he must stop her! As she neared him, her eyes, caught by the brilliant blue of the roadster, lifted to him. For a moment it seemed as if they were each sounding the depths of the other's soul. Convulsively his hand beckoned to her. He heard a strange voice that seemed to come from within him saying, "May—may I take you home?"

She nodded, as though not trusting herself to speak. His hand fumbled with the door, opened it. She stepped in gracefully, stretched her silk-encased legs before her. Automatically, he found himself starting, turning out into the maze of traffic. For a moment neither spoke, then he said huskily. "I am Phillip Ramsey—Phil to you."

She responded, "And I am Marilyn Hampstead—May to you." From any other girl this would have sounded like mockery to Phil, but now he sensed that she too was agitated, so much so that it was an effort to her even to in-

roduce herself. Perceiving this, he felt his heart leap within him. Then it *was* mutual attraction—love at first sight! With the knowledge came a return of his self-confidence.

Already he could visualize her posing for him, her lovely body unshrouded by any encumbering drapes. "Vestal Retiring"—that was what he'd call it! Her lovely nude body seated on a bed, stretching lazily, a tumbled robe at her feet. It would be a masterpiece!

Now they were spinning merrily along in a less crowded district. He turned to her, bubbling over with his enthusiasm for the new painting. Spontaneously he burst out with his plan, explained it to her. Swiftly he told her about his career, his hopes and aspira-

tions. And with her for a model! Why, the world would be theirs!

His enthusiasm seemed to communicate itself to her. Her eyes glowed with eagerness. "Oh, let's go to your studio now!" she cried. "I've always thought I'd love to be a model—and for you!" Her eyes told him what her lips had failed to say.

Happily he put his arm around her shoulders. "No," he answered, "it's late afternoon now. We'll just go riding for the rest of the time. Shall we?"

For answer she pressed his hand. "Of course, Phil," she murmured, "anything you say."

And so till dusk they drove heedlessly about, revelling in each other's company. When he let her out at her home,



she promised him that she would be at the studio bright and early next morning. Then leaning forward she eagerly kissed him good-bye, and ran up the walk without turning to look behind. Joyfully he drove away, headed back toward the studio.

That night Phil slept fitfully, happy in the thought of what the morrow would bring. He rose and dressed, singing. By the time he had breakfasted, it was almost time for her arrival. To still his nerves and calm his beating heart, he went about the studio cleaning up a little and here and there rearranging some of his paintings.

Soon there was a knock on the door. When he opened it, in stepped May, radiant with expectation. He took her in his arms briefly, anxious for his view of her in the pose. He led her into the studio, May blushed a little, but his arm around her waist reassured her. Their eyes met, and slowly their lips melted together in an ecstatic kiss.

He picked up the light robe lying across the chair and handed it to her, then indicated the screen and turned without a word to his canvas. Somehow his tongue seemed to resist any attempt to speak, so he had to let her go without being able to reassure her. While she was undressing, Phil busied himself with his colors. As he aimlessly daubed at his palette, he felt his heart beating strangely under his vest.

Soon she called, "Ready?"

A strange trembling came over him as he replied, "All right, come on!"

Phil tried not to look as she stepped from behind the screen, but try as he might he could not keep his eyes in front of him. In the soft robe she was even more beautiful than the first day he saw her. May walked slowly to the

bed, a slight flush creeping up her neck into her face. Now, he thought, turning himself to the task of posing her, I'll just have to control myself. He stepped towards her.

"Now," he said, "stand quite close to the chair. That's it. A little closer, so you can sit down on it without disturbing the robe at your feet. Put your left foot a little behind the right. All right." He gritted his teeth; this was going to be hard. "You may drop your robe now."

Nervously he clasped the edge of his easel as she unfastened the shoulder of the robe. Slowly she let it fall, gradually uncovering the pink tips of her breasts, then down past the white hips it fell past the tapered thighs, the perfect knees. Now it lay at her feet, shrouding them in its folds. The drape had achieved just the effect he wanted, but his breath came in short gulps and his heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

"Now," he concluded, "sit down a little sideways on the chair. Carefully, don't disturb the drape! There, that's it. That's just fine." He could hardly suppress his excitement. What a pose! What a beauty! He forced back a desire to take her in his arms.

Busily he worked on the painting, occasionally giving her an opportunity to stretch from the tenseness of the pose. Thus the day went quickly.

The next day it was the same, and the next, till several weeks had sped by on winged feet. Weeks of pure joy they were, though Phil was continually fighting back that overwhelming lure of her wonderful figure.

The day of completion arrived. The painting was indeed a masterpiece, and this day Phil felt overjoyed at the

thought of it. Feverishly he toiled for the first few hours of the day, putting on the finishing touches. Frequently he had to gaze long and earnestly at May's lovely form in order to ascertain some delicate point of light or shading, and each time he did so he was conscious of his rising ardor. But somehow as Phil worked, he thought again of that picture he had wanted to make—the one of mother and child. Deep down in his heart the artist realized that he would never really be satisfied until he had painted that scene.

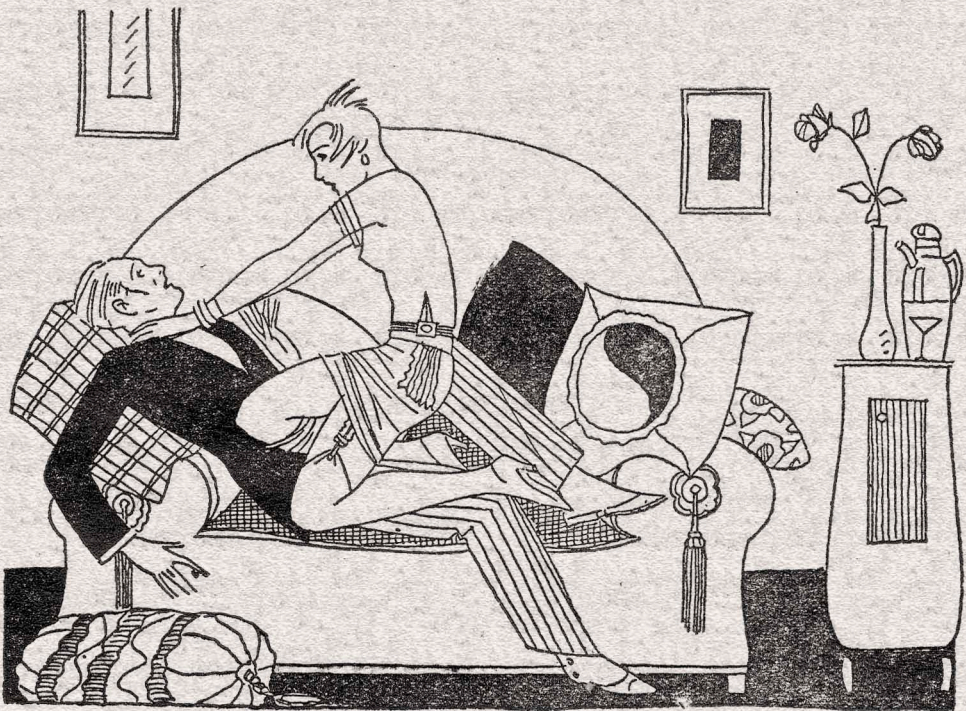
Then again his eyes turned to May's warm body. The picture was finished.

He laid down his brush. As he walked to the chair and sat down beside her, all the long-suppressed passion of those past days welled up in him again. He seized her willing, pliant form in his arms, glued his hungry lips on hers.

"May, darling," he cried huskily, "you do love me, don't you?"

He could feel her warm bosom heaving against him as she tenderly replied, "Oh, Phil, I do! I have loved you ever since the very first day I saw you!"

Then, as she surrendered herself to his ardent caresses, he thought joyfully to himself, "I'll have that group for the painting yet!"



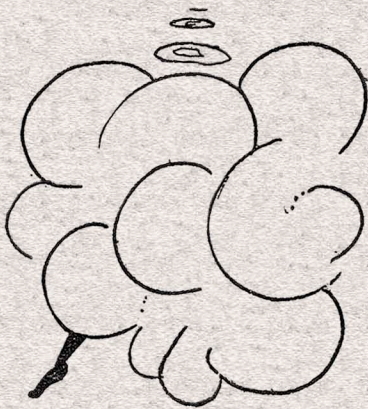
TURKISH AND



WHEN THEY SHOW-ER UP



HOT
TA MOLLIE



-ASK DAD HE KNOWS



WHEN
A GIRL
K-NEADS
A FRIEND



POOLING
HER
ASSETS



GIVING HERSELF AWEIGH

TICKLISH

SOME SALE

By FRANKLIN KEENE

When a young man sells an antique bed its up to him to stand behind his sale.



STANLEY KING, at home in his beautifully furnished Hollywood home, had just finished reading his daily paper, and was lazily enjoying a cigarette, when Perkins entered the room to announce a visitor.

"Madam La Due to see you, sir," said the butler unctuously.

"Oh, yes, I was expecting her. Show her in, Perkins!"

Stanley punched out his cigarette and prepared to receive his guest. Nat-

urally, an extremely handsome young man, he was appearing at his best as he rose from his chair.

The door opened and Perkins ushered in a matronly-looking lady possibly thirty-five years of age. She had dark hair and snapping, black eyes, full, red lips and a complexion the color of cream. Her Junoesque figure was fashionably attired in garments which became her well and had a tendency to make the most of her exquisite proportions. She seemed a woman who might attract favorable attention in any crowd, and who would not be displeased by the fact.

"Madam La Due, sir!" said the butler before retiring.

"Mr. King?" inquired the lady, pausing after entering the room.

Stanley bowed. "I am highly honored by your visit, Ma'am," he said cordially.

"I am the lady who phoned you early this morning," she continued. "With your permission, I have called to examine your bed."

"To be sure," replied Stanley enthusiastically. "But won't you be seated and allow me to make your better acquaintance before we—?"

"That is nice of you," she smiled. "But, really, my time is so limited—"

"Very well," he hastened to say. "If you will follow me, Madam, I shall be pleased to conduct you to the bedroom."

"Thank you."

Stanley led the way to the stairs, and Madam La Due followed talking volubly the while.

"When I saw your advertisement in the morning paper, I decided to phone you at once. As I told Colette —"

"Colette?" interrupted Stanley politely.

"Pardon me! I forgot that you wouldn't understand. Colette is my maid! I told Colette it was a chance in a hundred, and I had better come right over!"

"Quite right!" said Stanley amiably.

Pausing at the head of the stairs, he threw open a door leading into a sleeping chamber in which stood an antique, four-poster bed.

"Oh, what a treasure!" exclaimed Madam, sweeping past Stanley and stopping to admire the quaint carving of the nearest bedpost. "Isn't it a darling? — the very thing I've always wanted!"

She turned a bright, animated look upon Stanley. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her red lips were parted. In the moment she appeared truly beautiful — a fascinating woman.

She passed around the bed, admiring it from all sides, several times leaning far over it to touch its snow-white coverlet; and none of her movements were lost to Stanley, who could not help thinking to himself how invaluable were beds to ladies who desired to display a seductive figure to good advantage.

"This bed is a family heirloom," he explained. "It has been handed down from generation to generation. There's any number of secrets locked within its mahogany heart — births, deaths, and so on — er — one thing after another!"

"Isn't life wonderful?" commented Madam, showing she was not unaware of Stanley's delicate innuendo. "I wonder if the springs —"

"Try them!" he urged. "It is an axiomatic rule of business that the buyer be satisfied."

The lady hesitated a moment,

chuckling faintly. Then moving forward, she disposed her Junoesque figure gracefully upon the snow-white coverlet. A moment she reclined in voluptuous ease, gazing up at Stanley, and he was conscious of sudden warmth as he returned her gaze. Truly she was beautiful, and there was a certain fascination in the intimacy of the moment.

"Now I know why the picture pres-

ented by that old bed has never before seemed quite complete!" he said gallantly.

"Thank you!" she chuckled, rising and flashing an appreciative glance. "The springs are very comfortable. But, it is large and wide, isn't it? I shall feel quite lost sleeping in it all alone!"

"It's like the old-fashioned bicycle," grinned Stan. "It's built for two!"



Madam flushed faintly, yet did not try to avoid Stan's meaningful glance. "How unfortunate that I am a widow!" she murmured.

"Or that husbands cannot be purchased with beds!" added Stan.

"In this instance, at least, I think a demonstrator should go with the bed," replied Madam. "I'm sure I shall never be able to put it together alone."

"I shall be delighted to be of service," said Stan quickly.

"May I suggest that you call this evening?" — with an extra invitation in her eyes.

"Ma'am!" Stan grasped her hand and held it.

There was a moment of tense silence, while his burning gaze found and held hers. Then his arm encircled her waist and drew her into a passionate embrace, and his lips descended upon her warm, red mouth — kissed and clung!

That evening at nine, Stanley called at Madam La Due's residence, and was admitted to the living room.

Madam came to meet him attired in a clinging, diaphanous negligee that both emphasized and revealed the lines and proportions of her Junoesque figure. Her black eyes sparkled dangerously; her lovely face bore a happy, expectant expression.

"I am so glad you are here!" she murmured, clasping his arms and pressing warmly against him. "The bed arrived safely, and is now waiting only to be put together by some strong, young man."

"When I have finished with it, it will look as if it were a natural part of your room," boasted Stan.

"Then come," murmured the Madam, leading the way.

No need to describe in detail the

subsequent tussle with headboard, footboard and springs. Suffice to say that, for the next half hour, Stanley worked as he never had before, putting the bed together and placing it at the proper side of the room. But, as he labored, he was ever conscious of Madam's alluring presence and her delighted eyes watching his movements.

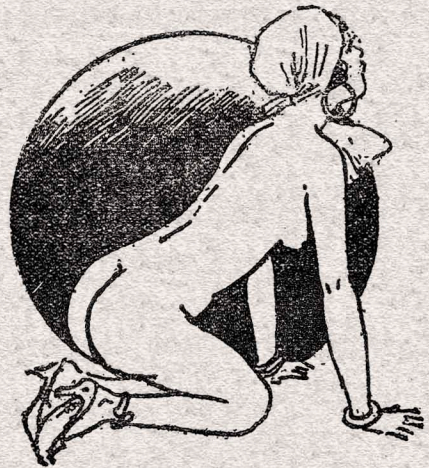
When, at last, the task was done, Madam moved forward to lend a feminine touch in spreading the coverlets. Stanley appraised her as she stepped from side to side, sometimes leaning far over the high siderail to arrange a refractory pillow or spread, and was entranced by sight of her loveliness as revealed by her clinging garment. Truly, she was a fascinating woman!

When all was arranged, she turned to him with a smile on her face.

"There!" she announced, "you have helped me to acquire a real object d'art! I'll wager not even newlyweds could have made a lovelier bed than ours!"

"And no newlywed ever had a more beautiful bride than you!" he replied gallantly.

"You wonderful, young man!" she whispered, moving closer and gazing seductively into his eyes.





For the second time that day, his arm encircled her waist and his eager lips descended upon hers in a long, satisfying kiss!

"How fortunate that you chanced to read my advertisement!" he whispered.

"For you, or for me?" she asked.

"For you and me both!" he answered.

Both laughed, and clung more tightly to each other. . . .

Then there came a knock at the door.

Suspended animation — a tense moment!

"Prudence!" called a man's voice.

"Let me in!"

"Your husband!" accused Stanley.

"And you told me you were a widow!"

"Forgive me!" — in frightened whispers. "I didn't want to risk losing you, dear!"

"Well?"

"You must hide till he goes! Quick! — through that door into the next room — and remain very quiet!"

Dragging him across the room, she pushed him through a doorway into the dark, and closed the door quietly upon him.

From his hiding place, he was able to overhear scraps of conversation that followed after Madam hurried to admit her husband.

"Jacques! . . . But you said business would keep you away from Hollywood for three whole days!"

"I know, my pet. But it was finished sooner than we expected. . . . Why, bless me, Prue, you are pale — trembling! Are you not glad to see me?"

"Oh, of course, Jacques! But I have not been very well today, and your sudden return startled me for the moment. I was afraid something had happened!"

There were other remarks and murmured endearments to which Stanley paid no attention. Satisfied that the husband suspected nothing, Stanley turned to explore the room in which he was hidden, and stumbled against a bed. Instantly, he paused remembering that it behooved him to remain as quiet as possible.

There was a faint stir in the dark. Heavens, the bed was occupied! Holding his breath and feeling his way, he started to creep around the footboard. Then from the darkness came a cautious whisper.

"Do not be alarmed, Monsieur, and do not be in so big a hurry! Won't you

sit down, here by me?"

"Who — who are you?" he breathed sharply.

"Colette," replied the voice.

"Colette?" he repeated puzzledly.

"Oui — Madam's maid. . . . Surely, you do not mind being alone with a maid, do you?"

"Why—er—no," he answered, and not knowing what else to do, sank down upon the edge of the bed.

After a moment of silence: "Er — you understand why I do not care to meet Monsieur, don't you?"

"Oh, oui" — with a faint giggle. "It is a case of the husband arriving too soon, n'est ce pas?"

"Exactly! . . . Will you turn on a light, please?"

"We dare not have a light. Monsieur La Due may see and decide to investigate."

"But we might have a very dim light."

"That's right!" he breathed faintly, "mightn't we?"

"If Monsieur is willing to take the risk," she replied.

Slightly altering her position, she touched a switch and the boudoir lamp threw a faint glow of light over herself and the bed.

Stan saw a mischievously-smiling face framed in a cluster of dark curls half-sunk in the snow-white pillow, the upper half of a beautifully-curving figure attired in a low-necked nightie that left little to the imagination, and his admiration knew no bounds.

"Gee, Colette!" he breathed, "you're more beautiful than your mistress!"

Her cheeks tinted rosily. "Thank you, Monsieur!" she said.

"I—I'd like to make your better ac-

quaintance, but I really must go."

"Must you?" she chuckled. "But I do not see how you can! There is no way out unless you pass through madam's room. You will have to wait patiently till Monsieur La Due leaves in the morning!"

"The devil!" he muttered under his breath.

"Then you would not care to wait here, with me?" she asked provokingly.

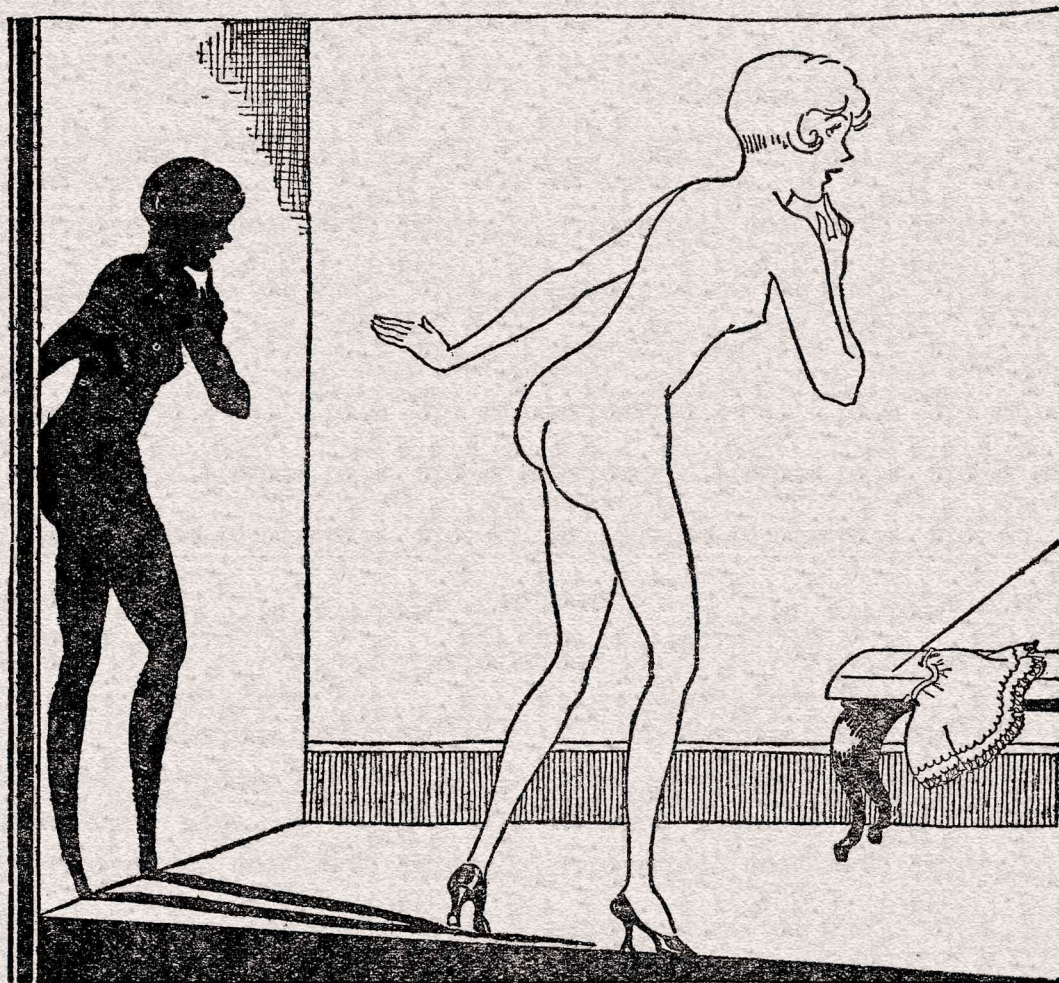
"Oh—if you put it that way!" . . .

"My room has two beds," she explained. "When madam decided to buy your four-poster, she moved her bed

into this room temporarily. My old one stands there in the corner—see!"—pointing across the room. "You would not be obliged to sleep on the floor, Monsieur!"

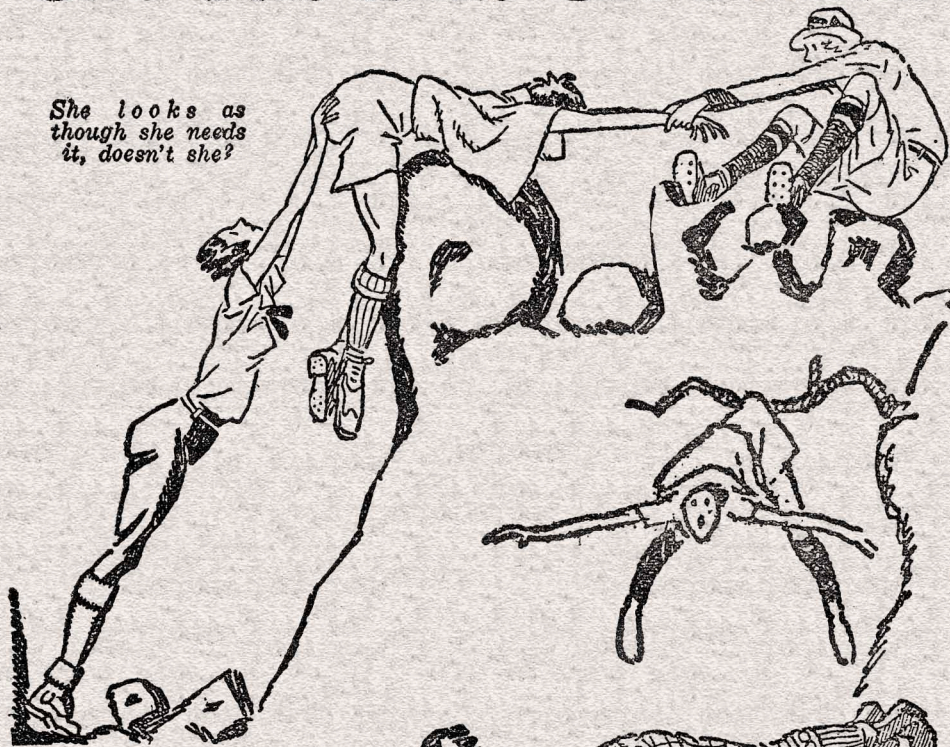
"That's true," said Stan, gazing from one bed to the other and back to Colette. "It is nice of you to offer me lodging for the night, Mam'selle! But that bed is almost as old as the four-poster, and I believe modern beds are best, after all, don't you?"

She said nothing. But one bare, white arm reached slowly out and switched off the light! . . .



Give This Little Girl a Hand!

She looks as though she needs it, doesn't she?



From the looks of things I guess there are quite a few of us who wouldn't mind lending the girl a hand.

But after it's all over out comes the eternal beautifier.



"Bill's in an awful mess!"
 "Well, did his wife leave him finally?"
 "No, she just came back!"

On her bridal night she entered the bridal chamber dressed in pajamas. "Ye gods!" yelled the bridegroom, "how different you look when you're dressed!"

She: "This is the dress I wear when I go out to teas."

He: "Gee, baby, it's teasing me now!"

"Say, you're the girl who wore a bathing suit at the blow-out last night, aren't you?"

"Boy, you must have left early!"

Some girls are as useless as a Cue without "u."

Him: "This is the first time I've been out with a girl, so in a way, you're giving me my first lesson in love."

Her: "And boy, when I get through, you're going home with a diploma!"

Helen: "I'm sorry for Jim. Edith is angry at him."

Sue: "Serves him right for slapping a girl who was so terribly sunburned."

Helen: "Well, how was he to know she was sunburned there!"

Dumb Danny can't understand why we call a girl wearing an evening dress, "All dressed up!"



*She was only a photographer's daughter,
but OH how she was developed.*

—◆—

OF COURSE YOU'VE HEARD

About the Scotchman who was married
in the back yard—so that his chickens
could get the rice.

—◆—

BUT HOW ABOUT

*The Scotchman who got married in the
dry season and—was saving for a rainy
day. (Deep!)*

—◆—

The Chamber of Commerce

—◆—

IN THE FUTURE

They were resting.
'To be or not to be,' she wondered.

—◆—

THERE WAS A REASON

Once upon a time there was a Virgin
But
Not from choice—
Maybe she
Didn't
Have
IT!

—◆—

ANOTHER NAME FOR THEM
Knights of Pleasure?

—◆—

MERELY A MATTER OF FORM

Her figure intrigued him.
He awaited his opportunity.
Finally his patience was rewarded.
He saw her taking a bath—
At the seashore!

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

Two had occupied the room—

It was in fine disarray—

Cigarette butts littered the place

*The floor was covered with empty
bottles—*

*Bath-room linen was crumpled and cast
aside*

BUT

The bed had not been slept in—

*Playing cards were scattered over the
table*

They had been traveling men.



A careless writer is Sue
She never crosses her T's;
But then she's consistent too
When she crosses her knees!

The Guy Sold Brushes

By ED DUMONT

*He was just another brush salesman but he had a method all his own.
If he couldn't sell brushes he sold his personality.*

BILL SHEPHERD dodged a god-like doorman, sneaked by the elevators and skipped nimbly up the inlaid stairs of the Golden Arms Apartments. Said apartment house located on the swankiest street in Beverly Hill where all the stars from the Hollywood studios do their home work.

He climbed two flights when he

heard the elevator coming up. He didn't want to be caught by the operator. Bill had found that elevator operators were tough individuals to deal with — they didn't seem to realize the brushes carried in Bill's little black grip were necessities that no well regulated apartment could afford to be without.

He heard the inner gate of the el-





erator swinging open. A door was in front of him. Without the formality of knocking, the brush salesman entered. He closed the door softly and turned to face the room. He nearly dropped his sample case. His eyes rolled in their sockets. His breath came in short gasps of ecstasy. It's a wonder he was able to breathe at all, for he was in a bathroom, and the tub was filled; filled with scented water and a delectable lady, whose back was a soft expanse of white shimmering beauty. Her hair was golden with a little glint of deep bronze here and there and underneath her shoulder blades were tiny dimples. Dimples that winked and seemed to beckon to the young man. He had a wild desire to leap across the

tiled room and plant a kiss of admiration at the base of that velvety neck.

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by a soft voice from the tub. He couldn't see her lips because, as stated before, the young lady's back was toward him.

Bill hardly believed his ears when the vision in the tub commanded:

"Please, hurry and scrub my back, Elsie."

Bill's knees shook; not from fright, but from a terrible panic when he wondered if he'd be able to get there before the girl decided to turn around. "Gosh," thought the young brush salesman, "what brush in my kit is best for such delicate work."

He had a brush out in a jiffy. It was

usually *that* brush's duty to flick bits of dust from shiny surfaced furniture — it was guaranteed not to scratch. Bill thought it might do. In two quick steps he had arrived behind the girl. He wished that he could see her face, he knew it would be lovely to look upon. But why think of faces when a demonstration of his beloved brushes was called for. He dipped it into the warm water and felt his face become warm, not on account of the water, but because he had seen so much more of the wonderful job nature had done on this girl in her scented bath. What a break he'd had when he had popped into that room. His hand was gently steering the brush up and down the soft ripply lines of her back.

"That feels so good," said the girl. "I could just sit here for hours having you do that."

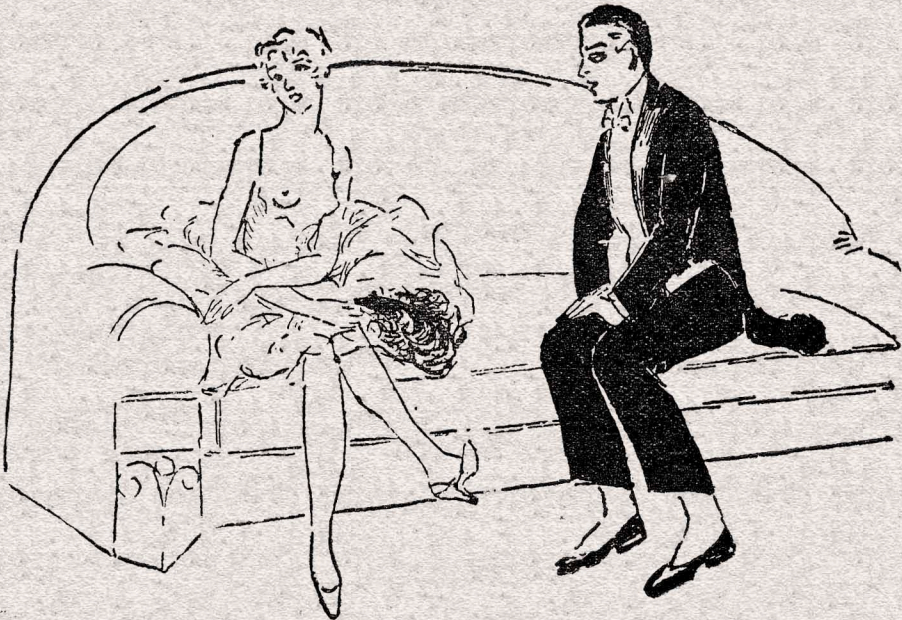
"It's okey with me," blurted Bill.

There was a swirl of shimmering flesh. A scream and a wet little hand

flipped up and made contact with the brush demonstrator's chin. He lost his balance. Soap from the vision's hand filled his eyes. He felt himself flying through the air. Water rushed into his mouth and nostrils. Something soft and warm wriggled away from him. A door slammed and Bill was alone in the bottom of the tub. He was so surprised that he nearly forgot to get his breathing apparatus out into the air. He finally sat up and spurted like a whale. His eyes burned. His clothes hung limply on his well set up frame. He thought of that cigarette ad suggesting one of their fags for embarrassing moments.

"No," thought Bill, "this moment is more than embarrassing; it's fatal if I don't get out of here before the cops or the official house bouncer arrives." He started to hike himself out of his wet housing when he heard a voice.

"Just stay where you are, young man, and don't try any tricks. I have a very



small pistol here, but it makes a big hole."

Bill twisted around and gazed into the loveliest face he had ever seen. Lips that were just made to be kissed. Eyes that were full of dreams — dreams of love. His imagination ran riot. He forgot his undignified position in the tub. He pictured himself close to this girl with the dreamy eyes. He could imagine the soft texture of her face as he pressed his lips feverishly against hers.

Somehow or other he climbed out of the tub without moving his eyes from hers. Forgotten was his lowly occupation of door to door brush salesman; he was a man full of wonderful emotions and wanted to show the girl that she would make no mistake if she took him to her bosom and let him demonstrate his wares.

The pistol wavered and the dreamy eyes crinkled at the corners. The negligee, carelessly flipped about the girl's graceful form, rearranged itself in looser folds; it fell away from her shoulders when she lowered the gun, thereby revealing a sweep of flesh, scintillating with life, that glowed and shimmered in the bright light of the bath room.

"I'm really very much upset," said the girl, "but also I have a sense of humor. I don't know whether to have you arrested or invite you to stay and have a drink. I—"

"I'll accept the invitation to stay for the drink."

The girl touched one pink tipped finger to her desirable lips. Her brows met in a tiny triangle. She gazed at the dripping figure and laughed softly. "I at first thought you were a burglar, but now I feel that you're just an over-ambitious young man who didn't have

the courage to say 'No' when I asked you to scrub my back."

The girl let her eyes sweep over the wet figure. "I think I'm going to invite you to stay; but you won't be comfortable in those wet clothes." She went into the next room and returned with a blue suit of men's clothes. "Put these on; they're my husband's. You'll find underwear in that dressing room, also shirts and what nots."

She was gone and Bill swept the clothes into his arms. He followed her instructions and in a few moments was dressed and ready for further adventure. "So she has a husband," he mused. "Well, I'm in deep already so why not shoot the works."

He knocked on the door and receiving an invitation to enter went in.

"I am Mrs. Vernon, but if you're real nice you may call me Eve."

Bill thought he'd like nothing better than to play Adam with this desirable female. "I'm Bill," he informed her smiling and accepting the drink she held out to him.

"We'll sit here," said Eve, indicating a deep tufted divan.

Bill noticed that the dress she had draped herself in while he was dressing was nearly as revealing as the negligee. It encased her flowing figure so tightly that every little hollow and voluptuous rise of her figure was accentuated with maddening highlights and shadows. She was even more beautiful in this costume than in the negligee.

He felt as though he was sitting on a sizzling radiator. He was feverish. His nostrils sniffed the delicate perfume rising from the radiant woman at his side. He moved closer and found his hand closing about one of hers. It was soft and throbbing and very warm.



Bill thought he felt a reassuring pressure as he held the slim fingers in his. He took it as a signal of friendliness and threw all caution to the winds. Her eyes were half closed. Her adorable head was tipped back and no man could have resisted that invitation. Lips that burned his very soul were pressed against his. Her body was against his — her hair, with its delicate perfume brushed maddeningly against his cheek. His arms were pressing her close. She sighed contentedly and her hand stroked his hair lightly.

Bill was in a heavenly haze. He could not believe that it was he who was so lucky. A half hour before he had been a lowly brush salesman and now he was a prince charming who had found his lovely lady — in her scented tub.

Suddenly the girl in his arms stiffened and a little cry of fear fell from her lips.

"My husband!" she gasped.

She quickly arranged her ruffled dress. She moved across the room to a chair and was sipping from her glass when a broad shouldered man entered

and stood gazing at the two.

"Fred," said Eve indicating Bill with a graceful wave of her hand, "I want you to meet Mr. Brown, the New York representative of Glamorous Pictures. He has come to arrange for my personal appearance in some of the large picture houses along the Great White Way." She smiled at Bill and winked her left eye slightly.

Friend husband's brow cleared and he strode across the room and wrung the visitor's hand. "It's nice to have you with us," he said. He looked at his wrist watch and turned to his wife . . . "I've got to get to the flying field in twenty minutes — going down to San Diego — back in the morning." He smiled at Bill and handed a couple of theatre tickets to that surprised young man. "Will you accept these tickets? I was going to take Eve to the theatre. Will you take my place?"

Of course Bill would. He'd take her any place.

After the not wanted husband had taken himself hence, Eve, with some difficulty held the amorous Bill at a safe distance. She dolled him up in hubby's evening clothes that had a well filled wallet in one of the pockets. This helped considerably, for our hero had exactly three dollars in his damp jeans.

The next three scenes were dinner at a fashionable restaurant, a good show and an intoxicating ride home in Eve's limousine. Those three scenes can be skipped and we'll pick up the two as they enter the apartment.

"How does it feel to be a big New York representative?" laughed Eve as she threw off her wrap.

Bill's answer was a long kiss in the New York manner.

Eve's eyes became dreamy. She slip-

ped out of his arms and ran into her room. She smiled back as she closed the door. It was a smile that made Bill tremble all over. It warmed the cockles of his heart. It made a vein throb at the side of his neck. He knew that all was well. He had impatiently awaited this hour. At the theatre, he had been a nervous wreck.

He poured himself a stiff drink and gulped it down. Another followed and then the bedroom door swung open and the lights in the living room were dimmed. A wraith-like figure in mauve colored filmy drape floated across the velvet carpet. Floated is the only word that could describe that undulating snakelike movement as she laid down her feet like a pacing horse. Her form was revealed in all its glory to the man standing in the centre of the room. She seemed to rise from the floor as she neared him and then he was engulfed in a flutter of cobwebby material. Two soft arms were sliding around his neck. Lips, deliciously warm were against his. He felt the warmth of her young body through the thin draperies. He came out of his trance and with a convulsive motion had her in his arms — he forgot time, he forgot place — he was at peaks of ecstasy that he had never dreamed existed. He was in Eden with Eve!

The friendly California sun streamed into the cozy dinette. Bill nibbled on a piece of burnt toast. It was delicious because *she* burnt it. Really, it had been partially his fault because he had insisted on kissing her while breakfast was being prepared. That kiss had lasted so long that the room was filled with smoke before either one came out of their haze.

"Your suit doesn't look much the

worse for its ducking in my tub," murmured the girl. She smiled and sniffed. "But it does carry a faint odor of bath salts."

"I'll never have it cleaned. I want it to carry that odor forever."

"Sweet Billy."

Again it was in order to embrace.

Bill felt the girl stiffen in his arms. He remembered a similar reaction on her part. It meant one thing — HUSBAND!

With one swoop, he had his breakfast dishes in his hands. One mighty heave and they disappeared through the window. He grabbed his hat and pulled it down well over his eyes. He yanked his little black case of brushes from its hiding places and leaped into the kitchen. He had a brush out. It was the magic one that was supposed to dust glossy furniture and had doubled at massaging a strange lady's back. He was under the sink vigorously swabbing the drain pipes when the unwelcome husband entered.

"Morning, Fred," said Eve, "I didn't expect you, till later."

The man started to answer but spied Bill's legs in the next room.

"Who's that?" he barked.

"One of those men who call at the door with such lovely assortment of brushes," answered Eve. "I thought I'd take one if he could demonstrate

that it would do all he claimed for it."

Eve turned toward the kitchen. "Young man," she said, "I think that I will take that brush, it is just what I have been looking for months."

Friend husband dug down into his pocket and dropped a dollar bill on the floor beside Bill's knee.

Bill got up and edged toward the exit. He kept his face averted.

"I'll have to return to San Diego over the week end," Eve's husband remarked. "Could you go with me, Eve?"

The young lady thought a moment and then answered, "No, I think not. I have some important work to do over the week end, but you run along, dear."

At the door Bill half turned his head and in a disguised voice asked. "Would the lady like me to call again — er — I have some brushes; some very unusual brushes — that I would like to demonstrate."

Eve's eyes became dreamy. Her color mounted and her heart missed a beat as she answered. "Yes, you may come again, if you're sure you have something new to show me." She seemed to study a corner of the ceiling. "Can you drop in next Saturday?"

"Yes'm," mumbled the salesman of magic brushes. "And thank you kindly for your appreciation of my service."



American: "That's the way they dance over here."

Englishman: "But they marry afterwards, don't they?"

—◆—
"Susie's a wonder."

"How come?"

"She got a penny back out of a Guess Your Weight machine."

—◆—
He found her beside a stream—she was in a very nonchalant position and—reading a book.

"The latest sex novel?" he inquired.

"Shakespeare's Hamlet," she replied. His glance was not at the book—

"To be or not to be," he mused.

—◆—
"The difference between a snake and a flea," said the village wisecracker,—“what is it?”

No one volunteered the information.

"Well," he drawled after an appreciable wait, "you see, a snake crawls on its own belly—and a flea's not particular."

"Where are you going my pretty maid,"

"I'm going skating sir," she said;

"And may I go with you my pretty maid,"

"You may—NOT—you cut no ice with me sir," she said.

—◆—
Frank: "The woman who hesitates is lost."

Hank: "Lost hell, she's EXTINCT!"

—◆—
I never barked an onion, so why does it make me cry?

—◆—
PAYING THE PRICE

She had done it

Concealment was necessary

Her reputation would be shattered

She could not stand the shame

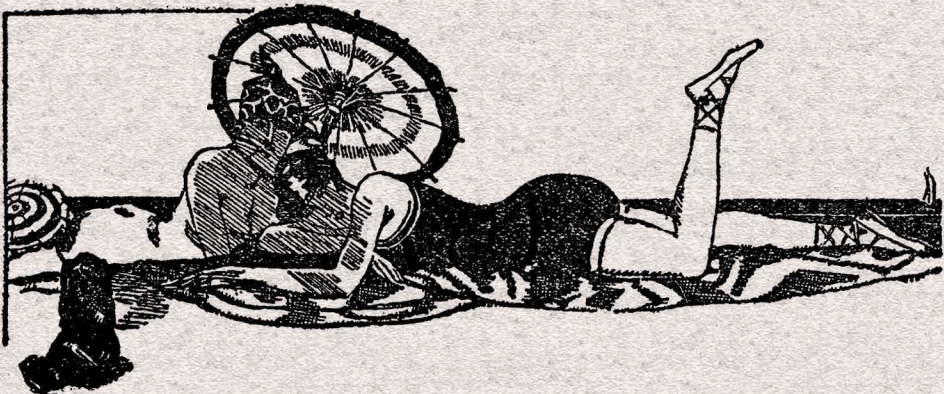
It would kill her

Within the folds of her dress she hid—

The stolen pocket-book!

—◆—
CIGARETTE?

"Ah! Lucy Strike," he said. It was in her boudoir.



THE FINAL PAYMENT

By FRANK SMITH

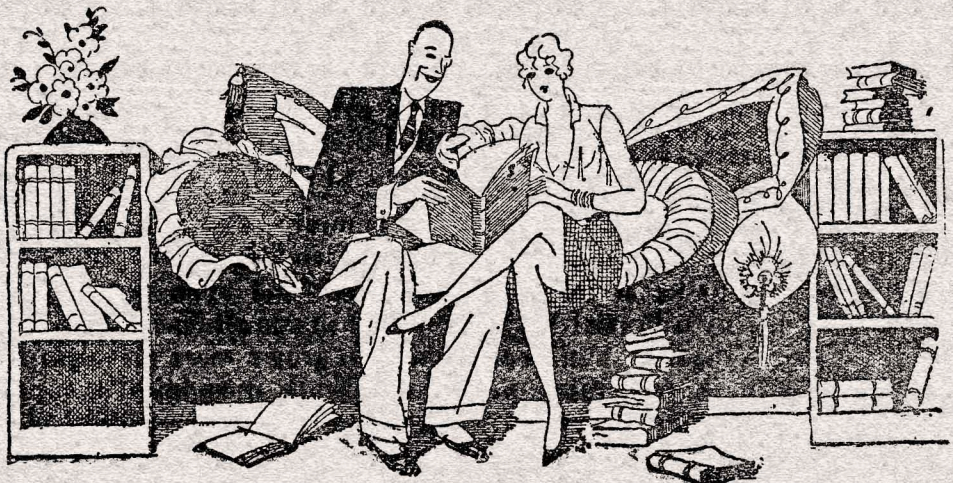
ALL his life he had been putting things off. Though American-born, Procrastination ruled all things save his pleasures: and these predominated all sense of duty.

Always in hot water, forced to "Rob Peter to pay Paul," compelled to invent subterfuge with deceit with their attendant untruthfulness, his business and home life were in a constant state of unequilibrium.

She who had stuck to him as a friend, pal, adviser, through it all, made every effort to regulate and systematize, to save, skimp, adapt, and contrive. High ideals had this wife of his, and hopes, for HIM.

The days continued to be lean — and still she did not complain. She had taken him for better or for worse, — hoping for the better. If things had turned out worse, she would accept her share of the bargain with complacent grace. She loved this strange composite with unwavering intensity, despite what seemed to her, more than an ordinary share of short-comings. He filled a certain niche in her life, and she, hoped she did, in his.

Instead of improvement, things grew financially worse, until dire necessity compelled her to seek employment. Never once did she rebel, but arose each morning and journeyed to her



daily tasks with firm assurance, resolution, and the joy of being more use than a mere household chattel.

As a stenographer, she had earned a living in her unmarried days; it was a pleasure to aid her husband now. She had no reason to feel ashamed of her ability, but the only clothes she had, were somewhat more shabby than those of the flashy, attractive blonde who typed at the next desk. That the girl was stunning, she was forced to admit, and of healthy appeal — though the jewels and finery were out of place; neither could they be afforded on a stenographer's salary. Perhaps she had a rich mother, — or a wealthy Daddy. Ah well, once she too had been pretty, and after all, clothes didn't mean everything. She bent all her energies to the tasks at hand.

Her husband, that evening, casually asked where she was working, but at her reply, had seemed more abstracted than usual. As time went on, he grew still more abstract, for a while the added income helped some, bills continued to pile up, and from day to day payments came due — for the furniture, the piano, a radio, and all the rest which had been bought on credit. Time had been extended, but interest had to be paid — time for the next payment would soon come around — he lived in a World of Tomorrows.

She made a budget, sat up nights trying to figure it all out. They were getting more money, still bills grew larger. He seemed to be spending more. "Things need fixing at the office." "The mailing list is heavier," — "the rent has been raised," a hundred and one alibis each week, were made in explanation of his failure to contribute the same amount as before. He had to pay extra club dues; how she hated

that club, and wished he had never joined it. Two nights each week she spent alone. At last, she took in sewing to make ends meet. She cooked, scrubbed, sewed, and put the house in order, with increased monotony, day after day. The theatre, Broadway, a motion picture, or Fifth Avenue, were unknown quantities — he never took her out — she never asked to go out.

She grew paler, her clothes shabbier — the girl at the office, more radiant, better dressed. What was the secret of the clothes — did she — no it was hardly possible, and yet — could it be? A sudden realization of her own pitiful condition took possession — could SHE — COULD she — the very thought was repugnant. Better by far, poverty, — than disgrace. Still what COULD she do — the vital problem of keeping mind and body, and SOUL together, was killing her.

Through force of propinquity, the girl and she became quite friendly. They ate their lunches together, yet neither pried into secrets of their private lives, nor suspected the other of anything more than just what she appeared to be. Neither asked the other's address. There was one day, however, when the plodding wife had fancied, upon suddenly turning, an almost patronizing look of pitying appraisal in the eyes of her friend — or enemy, which?

Club meetings, which her husband always attended, seemed to be later than usual; and upon repeated occasions he had come home in a condition which has grown more prevalent, since the eighteenth amendment is supposed to be enforced. This worried her with increasing depression until the time, when in a semi-stupor, he had rolled in

at 6 A. M. She just couldn't go to work that morning, but tearfully, kneeling at his bedside, prayed to her God for deliverance. Her prayers were to be answered — much sooner than she expected.

One word escaped from his delirious lips, "Mona." — MONA! THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE GIRL IN THE OFFICE! Good God — and she had never suspected — it was this, she had slaved for — THIS, she had scrubbed, worried, withered and aged, to accomplish! She gave way to a paroxysm of hysterical incoherence—sobs racked her frame, indefinite shapes danced before her eyes, the gruesomeness of final despair preceded a merciful oblivion. . . .

When consciousness claimed her as its own, cold upon the floor where she had fallen, a realization of the truth could scarcely force itself into an actual assurance. With an almost super-human effort, she dragged herself to the bed; it was only too true, there, upon it, lay the faithless sot she had once idolized.

Should she leave him at once — yes — or should she wait until he awoke? Or — with the last shreds of her self respect, which had been torn to tatters, should she try to reclaim what had once been hers? — How could they go on? What would the Future ever hold in store, now? To forget — impossible; to forgive — Divine — yes, but how could she once again hold in her arms an unappreciative cad; to her

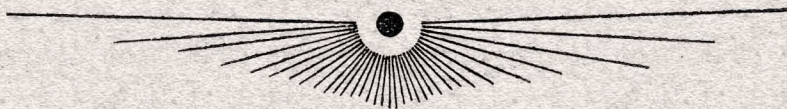
bosom, a second-hand lover? She had no money, no place to go; nor could she, by any force of circumstance, make herself resume work at the same place where that smirking, smiling, doll-face he —

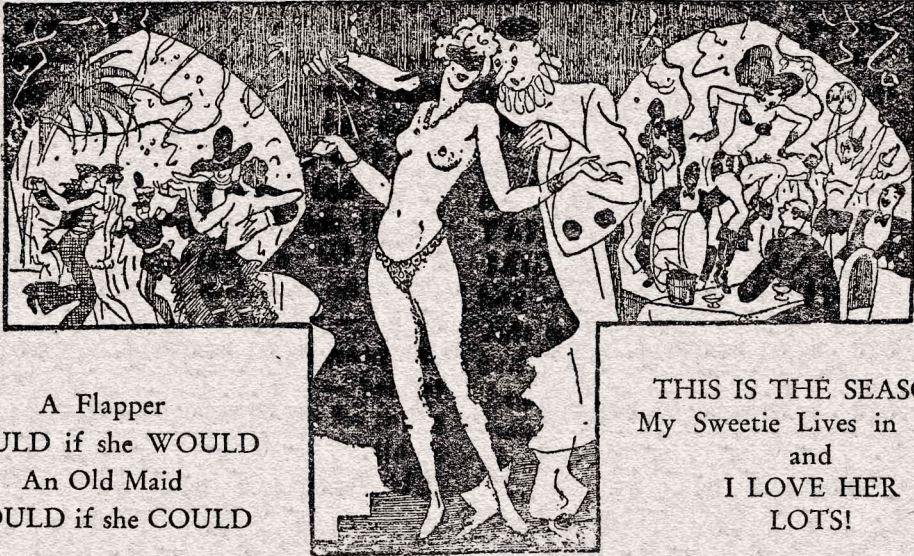
He had opened his eyes — despite herself she felt sorry for him — he asked for ice-water, she fetched it. With no recriminations, they argued it out — he pleaded for another chance and promised to reform. She finally acceded — but, like everything else, he put it off until — ah, the saddest words of all — "just too late!"

Unable to forgive a second time, his wife had gone to Mona, and, whereas there had been two havens before, there was neither home, nor love-nest now. Both cast him off — his business went to smash — he owed everywhere — all of "Tomorrows," now were Todays. And then — no longer could he put off the depths which were engulfing him. Into the very drags of humanity he descended, and there was tolerated, only as long as the little he had left would purchase the incipient poisonous mixtures vended under another name.

In the cozy private parlor of an apartment house on upper Broadway, sat two women who ran the establishment. They were well dressed and wore diamonds. Limousines awaited their convenience. One was a blonde. The other, in glancing over an evening paper, had her attention suddenly arrested. She read the notice to her friend. There in cold type —

He had made The Final Payment!





A Flapper
COULD if she WOULD
An Old Maid
WOULD if she COULD

THIS IS THE SEASON
My Sweetie Lives in Florida
and
I LOVE HER
LOTS!

IN THE FAMILY

They had been together many times
Now she had a little trouble
Would he help her out?
He couldn't see why it was up to him
She finally prevailed—
Her brother was a good sport—
He paid off the mortgage.

Flo: "Do you want me even if I'm a—
bad girl?"

Joe: "Yes, I want you bad!"

MAKES A DIFFERENCE

On her sofa had its start
Healthy youth and gay young Miss;
Tell us were they far apart
Or closetogetherlikethis?

QUIT KIDDIN'

Someone has written us that a certain
welfare worker has six hundred children,
and wants to know to do good.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

There are Flappers

Love is an entrance to Heaven or Hell
—whichever you choose to make it.

He: "Well, my father has another
wife to support now."

She: "How's that—a bigamist?"

He: "No, but I'VE just got married!"

PAGE TEXAS GUINAN

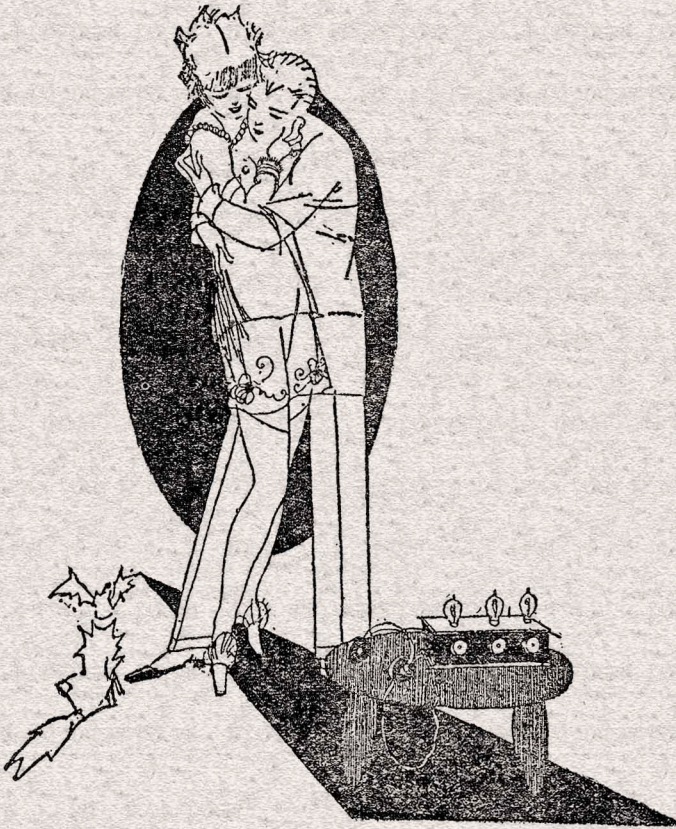
"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot Ease."
"Who is this guy Allen?"

Manager: "How did the new comedian's
jokes get across?"

Stage Manager: "Most of them CAME
across with COLUMBUS!"

The LADY KILLER

By MALCOLM PARKS



HELEN TAYLOR sat at a table in the Owls, a night club noted for its exclusive patronage, and wondered at her boredom. She knew that she loved her husband, Jerome, with all the love of which she was capable. Yet the fact remained, she was bored. Bored to tears.

There was no apparent reason for her attitude. She was lovely, nature had bestowed on her a divine figure and a beautiful face. Jerome was moderately wealthy, he had a modest fortune that enabled them to live very comfortably, although his hobby, practicing law, often brought an augmented income.

She glanced across the table to where

he sat sipping his cocktail, his tall lithe blondness failed to give her the fierce thrill that she craved. The velvet ardor of the honeymoon seemed gone. The bright flame of passion was gone, only the ashes of satisfaction now remained.

By some caprice of heredity she had been given, at birth, a nature that was almost intensely masculine. She loved to stalk men. The hunting instinct was strong in her, she loved to subjugate men to the lure of her personality. Loved to see them gloat and prostrate before the silken gleam of her milk-white body, unblemished and pure.

Jerome looked at her and smiled warmly. She smiled back, her thoughts far away. It was queer, she thought, how easy it had been to deceive him. He still wandered in the daze of silken delight and ecstasy that had been a part of their honeymoon. And he still believed that he had been the first to brush the bloom from his virgin rose.

Their new raptures, ever a recurring delight to him, were an old story to her. She was an enlightened modern, and there had been numerous episodes in her life before her marriage.

As Helen's gaze wandered around the crowded and stifling room, she idly listened to the moaning sob of the orchestra, panting out the latest blues. Suddenly she stiffened.

"Jerome," she said excitedly, "who's that man over there? No. not that one, the tall dark man sitting with Ray Morris. See him?" Jerome looked quietly around.

"Oh, that fellow. He's Slim Jenkins, they say he's the bootlegger king. Made a cool million last year."

"Really? I'd love to meet him. You know Ray quite well, go over and get them to come over and see us for a while."

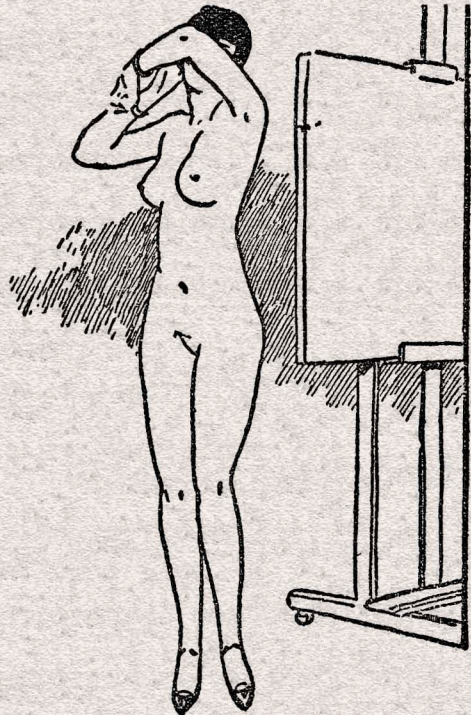
"Alright dear," he answered. "You must be careful. He has the reputation of being a lady-killer."

He laughed lightly, then sobered.

"And a man killer too, if all I hear about him is true. Heard that he killed three men himself last year."

"How thrilling! Now I must meet him. You run along and get them, there's a dear. I'll have the waiter bring more gin."

He excused himself, and as he threaded his way through all the dancing throng she lost herself in swift analysis. She knew now the cause of her restless boredom. She wanted to feel the quick impetuous kisses rained on her lips with passionate abandon. She wanted the thrill of bringing a strong man groveling on his knees, pleading for her greatest gift. She wanted to feel the rough gentleness of masculine arms, holding her tightly. She wanted novelty, newness.



Presently Jerome, Ray and Slim came, pushing their way back to the table. Something in the bearing of the man thrilled her to the core. He walked with a slight unconscious swagger, and thrust his way through the crowd with a ruthless disregard for propriety. He was intent on getting to her table, and he would brook no opposition.

"I wonder if he gets everything he goes after," she mused softly to herself, and the contemplation of the thought filled her with unaccustomed feelings, that were elemental.

Slim acknowledged the casual introduction with a glance that sent the swift blood pulsing hotly through her being. The orchestra started to play. A waltz. The lights were dimmed, and the great room took on the aspect of mystery, and magic witchery. The soft mellow beat of the rhythm floated lazily on the air. Couples started dancing. Slim arose and, coming to her chair, asked for the privilege. She assented, the swift exultation that she had felt before, again assailing her.

They whirled off into the dance, its slow sensuous melody firing their blood, turning it into streams of flaming desire. She bent her body to Slim and he clasped her closer and closer.

"Girlie," he said, his voice husky, "I like you. That don't mean nothin' to you I guess, but when I like anybody, I like 'em strong, see?"

She smiled into his blazing eyes, coolly.

"I had imagined that—anything—you did would be done strongly," she said lightly.

He pondered this a moment.

"I ain't sure whether you're kidding me or not," he said, "but I ain't the kind of guy to beat around about any-



thing. I like you, and I want you to like me."

"You're forgetting that I'm married, aren't you?" she asked.

"Aw, that don't make no difference with me," he answered, "your husband is a good fellow. I like him a lot. I'll give him a chance to get some of my work. Takes a lot of lawyers to keep me outta trouble," he said, grinning. "I got a case that he could do for me down in Florida. I'll send him down there and you and I can play around a while. What say?"

"Well," she answered slowly, "I might consider the proposition."

He drew a deep breath. The magic mood of the music had stopped and the spell of the moment seemed past. He strived to regain it.

"Come on, take a chance," he urged. "I'll have your hubby go down to Florida. He'll grab the chance. You can make up some excuse to stay in New

York, and then we can have a lot of fun together."

She considered.

"Alright, I'm game, she said.

"Atta girl," he whispered fervently and approvingly.

The next morning, Helen was glancing through the morning papers when she gave a startled exclamation. In screaming headlines it proclaimed the fact that Slim Jenkins and his gang had given battle to hijackers. Although the dead and wounded made an imposing total, Slim, with his usual luck, had escaped without a scratch. She thought of their conversation of last night. Here was a dangerous *inamorata*. Perhaps she had better recall her rash promise. But no, danger was the spice of life, and she found herself aching for the feel of Slim's arms.

That night, at dinner, Jerome was full of important news. The biggest firm of lawyers in the city, Harts, Bigelow and Schultz, had approached him with a proposition that involved his going to Florida. Something clicked in Helen's mind. Florida. That was what Slim had said. But could there be any connection between Slim, and the city's biggest law firm? She must call him up and find out.

* * * *

A week late she had her first opportunity. She had seen Jerome safely off on his long trip, and the phone tinkled its cheery demand. It was Slim.

"Hello," he said. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, and yourself?"

"I'd be fine, too, except for one thing."

"What's that?" she asked.

"I'd be fine," he said, "if I could see you alone, soon."

She thought swiftly. She must not

be too precipitate. She gave her answer.

"I'll see you a week from today," she said, "perhaps you would like to come in the evening?"

"Fine," he gave answer, his voice breathless in anticipation.

A week to the day he called her again.

"Honey," he whispered softly over the phone, "I'm gonna be a little late. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," she said, "but what do you call late?"

"Oh, about midnight, not any later."

He added an afterthought, "Promise that you won't get scared and disappoint me."

She answered tauntingly, the lure of promise in her tone.

"You will keep forgetting that I'm married, won't you?" she reminded him softly.

Helen hung up and thought over the conversation. A delicious expectancy enveloped her. Her body grew hot and cold by turns. She had never experienced a rapture like this, even in the first days of her honeymoon. Even on the day of her first affair, there had been no feeling of pulsing anticipation. She shopped and went to a theatre, in a vain endeavor to pass the leaden hours until midnight. At about ten she arrived home. She bathed, and luxuriated in the warm caress of the water as it clothed her superb body. She posed before her mirror, her gleaming skin shining with a subdued radiance. At the stroke of twelve she was ready for him.

A few moments after midnight the buzzer sounded and she went to the door. He stood there, immaculate in correct evening attire, faultlessly groomed, from his glistening black hair to the shining black pumps. He stared at her in awe. She was a vision of love-

liness. Her beautiful hair was piled in soft waving masses around her head. A sheer negligee covered her body without disguising. It revealed her white skin and gleaming body with the allure of mystery. It flared around her body and opened in studied carelessness at her thighs. The subdued light from the dimmed reading lamp struck her legs and etched the down in golden threads.

He advanced toward her, then suddenly took off his top-coat and hat, and threw them, along with his stick and gloves, on a nearby chair. In the living room the big davenport had been pulled out into a bed, and the pale moon lighted the sheets like a lake of glistening silver.

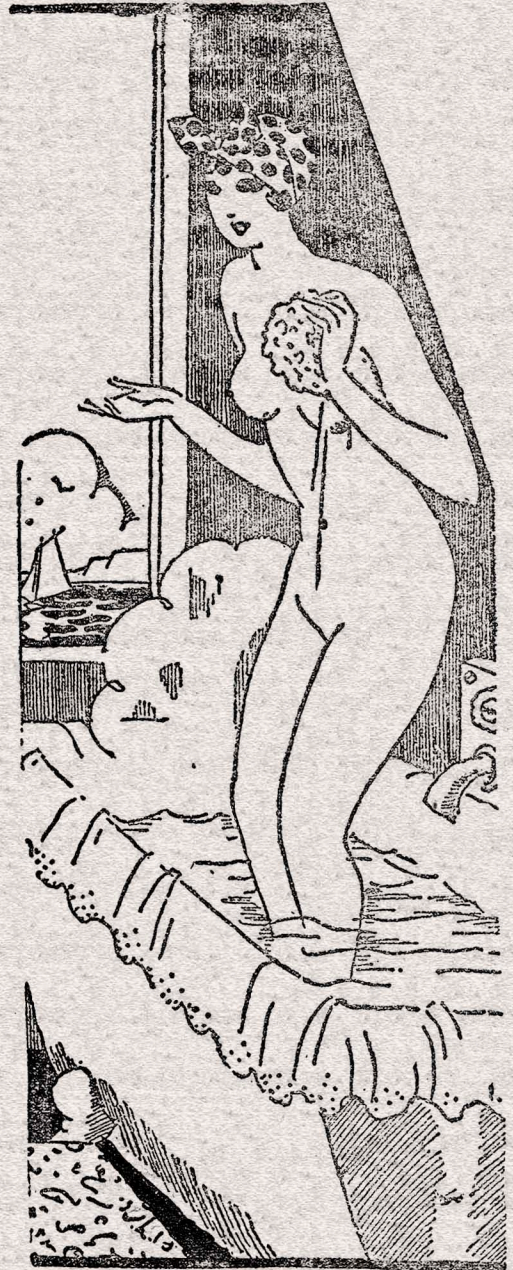
They sat down and his lips sought hers. Under the fierce impact of their flaming desire she went limp in his arms. He laid her gently back, while he softly stroked her hair. Her arms reached and curled around his neck, while her lips eagerly sought his . . . The molten light of the moon poured in the half-open window.

A month passed and Jerome had not come home. Slim had begun to pall on Helen. She had made the acquaintance of a slim dancing youth. His very innocence was an invitation to her. She imagined herself the recipient and cause of his youthful passion. He loved her with the fierce flame of the very young. She lived in a sweet poignant ecstasy, spending her days in dancing with him, and her nights in listening to his panting protestations of his love.

Until Slim found it out.

He called on her early one morning.

"You're doing a pretty foolish thing," he said seriously. "You can't throw me up like this and get away



with it. You had better get rid of that punk you're dancing around with, or it will be just too bad, see?"

She answered him swiftly and angrily.

"Since when have you become my
(Continued on Page 50)

BROADWAY

Owen Moore met Kathryn Ray,
 Owen Moore had more to pay;
 Owen Moore left town one day—
 Owen Moore!

WELL TOLLED

She: "I'll be there with bells on."
 He: "I'll ring you later."



1900

When Fannie was a girl's name.

Tillie: "They say she's a bad egg."

Millie: "Yeab and she's all that she's
 cracked up to be."

Old Director: "But I don't know you."

New Star: "What you don't know
 won't hurt you."

He Called HER
 Jekyll
 Because She
 Didn't
 HYDE
 much

A Blush Used to Mean
MODESTY
 Now it indicates
EXPECTANCY

Many a girl is "Busting" into musical
 comedy.

LOVE NOTES

Adam had 'em.

The Sunday morning Belle, told.

She had her Phil.

He was Frank.

She was too close to the "Mike."

She was finished in a Finishing School.

The bow-legged girl was taking a walk,
 pleasure bent.

Will: "There are twenty-five cats in
 the back yard—what time is it?"

Bill: "Twenty-four after one."

Faithful "CIGARETTE"

By ALAN CRAWFORD



RUBY McCOY is a cigarette girl—

She sells her wares in the Dew-drop Inn, a night club in the roaring Forties. Just why, with her looks and her figure, she is only a cigarette girl, will always be an unsolved mystery, to the patrons of this temple of Jazz. More than one of them has attempted to interest her in

a pearl necklace, a Hispano-Suiza, or an apartment on Park Avenue. Several have gone so far as to propose a legal union. And all any of them has received in return is a cold stare.

Her story begins on the night when Barry Romaine breezed into the Dew-drop Inn—and into her life. A big, handsome brute was Barry. Six feet two in his stockinged feet, with the

shoulders of a longshoreman, a chorus girl's waist, the face of a poet, and the instincts and passions of an animal. Add to this, hair the color of ripe corn, humid blue eyes from which the questioning, childlike look had never entirely departed, season with native wit and the sheer joy of life, and you have a mental picture of Barry Romaine, *bon vivant* and man about town.

It was one o'clock on a cold, grim morning when Barry made his first, and last, appearance at the Dewdrop Inn. He was well liquored up. And he was alone, which was strange, for he was one of those boys who are always in demand, the life of every party. The truth was that he had been attending a little party down in the Village which had not come up to expectations, and after imbibing freely of liquid refreshment, had slipped off and come uptown, to see what the new Dewdrop Inn was like.

In spite of his condition, he entered with the air of a conquering hero, and protested loudly when a waiter attempted to lead him to a secluded corner. The head waiter was drawn into the argument, and settled it by giving Barry a table next the stage. As each performer appeared, he greeted him or her with vociferous applause and a running fire of wise cracks, that convulsed those at the tables around him; they thought him a part of the show. And then he saw Ruby.

She had on a scanty little red dress, cut daringly low in front, affording a glimpse of rounded breasts, pearly waves on a sea of alabaster; sheer red stockings rolled below dimpled knees, and red pumps. Her sleek, black hair was parted in the middle, and drawn

into a fragrant knot at the nape of a white neck. Liquid brown eyes looked out at the world from beneath thick, demurely lowered lashes. Lipstick could not have aided her lips to form a more perfect Cupid's bow than they did, nor could rouge have added to the natural color of her cheeks. Surely this was a strange combination, the face of a nun and the dress of a harlot!

When Barry saw her coming down the aisle, his lips formed a soundless whistle of pleasure and gratification. "Where've you been all my life, girlie?" he said to her as she approached. Now Ruby was, strange as it may seem, that *rara avis*, a Broadway virgin. No man had ever played on her heart strings. But when she saw Barry her heart seemed to do a complete flip-flop, and everything became hazy for a moment, everything but his face. Could this queer, all-gone feeling be love? She wondered. Barry had risen and drawn out a chair for her. "C'mon, baby, sit down," he said. Gone was all her *sang froid*, gone the witty and scorching retorts she kept in store for presuming patrons. "I—I can't," she faltered. "I've got to work." "Aw, what's a little thing like work between friends," said Barry. "C'mon, stick aroun'." Ruby stood there like a schoolgirl, all her poise fled, twisting the hem of her skirt with one hand. "What's your name, girlie?" asked Barry. "Ruby." "Ruby. That just fits you. You're a jewel of the first water, kid." Ruby blushed, a vivid crimson. "Do it again, Rubv," pleaded Barry. "What?" "Blush." Again her face was suffused and she had to look down at the floor to escape Barry's magnetic gaze. "Listen Ruby,



who's takin' you home?" "Nobody."
"Yes, there is. I am, aren't I?" "I—I don't know," Ruby wavered. "Say yes, Ruby." Ruby looked at him for a long moment, then said softly, "Yes."

When closing time came Barry was dead to the world, sprawled over a

table in somnolent bliss. Ruby, who had been watching him all morning, was at the height of emotion. So this was the kind of a chap he was. Make a date with a girl and then get drunk and forget all about her. She stood there watching him a moment, pre-

paratory to going out. Barry looked up and saw her. He got up and stood, swaying. "Ruby," he said thickly, "Waiforme." He lurched towards her, took hold of her arm and started for the door. "Oh, take your hands off me," she cried, disgusted, as he half-dragged her outside. "Why Ruby, whassa matter?" demanded Barry, gazing at her owlshly. She began to cry softly. "And I thought you were different," she said. "You're just like the rest of them. As long as you get your liquor everything's all right."

Barry sensed firmly that something was wrong. "Lissen, Ruby," he said. "S'wlep me, I'll never drink 'nother drop again if you don't like it." "Oh, y-yes," answered Ruby, still sobbing softly. "And as soon as you're sober you'll f-forget all about your p-promise." "Honest, Ruby, I'll swear off," said Barry, as earnestly as he could, under the circumstances. "C'mon, baby, less go home." He hailed a taxi and they got in, Ruby still weeping quietly. Barry took a handkerchief from his pocket and began clumsily to wipe away her tears. "Aw, honey," he said, "Turn off the rain. Smile for Barry." Ruby gave him a tear-drenched smile. "Is that your name?" she asked. "I like it." "Like me too?" asked Barry. He pressed his lips to hers. She held herself tense, rigid, resisting for a moment, then gave herself so suddenly, overwhelmingly, that it almost took Barry's breath away. Her arms stole around his neck and tightened in a passionate embrace. "Oh, Barry, Barry!" she breathed.

The ride was all too short for Barry, but he dwelt anticipatngly on what was in store for him later on, as he followed her up the stairs to the apartment door and switched on the

light. "You may only stay a minute, Barry," she said, looking shyly at him. "It's four o'clock now." "Aw, gimme a kiss," whispered Barry. He swept her into his arms. Once more she seemed to hold herself back, and then in a moment she was returning his kisses so ardently that his sense reeled. After a long interval he drew back, her eyes searching his face. "Do you love me, Barry?" she whispered. For answer he rained kisses on her upturned face. She gave a low murmur of content and abandoned herself to them. Then Barry picked her up and carried her into the next room—

An hour later Barry stole from the house like a thief in the night. He left behind him a starry-eyed girl, lost in the raptures of first love. And he left her, in spite of his fiery protestations of undying love, for good. For Barry, like most men, held a woman cheaply if she was "had" to easily. So he left with the intention of never seeing Ruby again. And he never did, for as he was crossing the street a block away, he stepped in front of a speeding truck.

Ruby read about it in the paper the next day.

For a week the patrons of the Dew-drop Inn missed her, and then she was back, a little thinner, a little paler, but otherwise the same cool, demure, aloof Ruby.

How can they know that she compares all men to her golden haired, blue-eyed lover of a night? How can they know that she thinks, he went to his death with her image in his heart? If they knew, they could tell her what a rotter he was, of his many lights o'love. But after all, would she believe them?

Ruby McCoy is a cigarette girl—



"Honest, Ruby, I'll swear off," said Barry.



When exercising with one of those elastic pulls in a small bathroom — always **FACE** the radiator.



Hell Hath No Fury
like a
BACK SEAT
Scorned!

"Just because your little boy picks out melody with one finger, is no sign that he will be a great composer."

"But LISTEN—there's no rhythm to it!"



The Vicar: "And which of the parables do you like best?"

Small Boy: "The ones where somebody loafs and fishes!"



Newsboy: "*The Morning World just came out.*"

Playboy: "*The Evening son is just going home.*"



CHEATING

The girl who goes to play Strip
Poker
and
wears

TWO PAIRS OF STEP-INS



T. N. T.
Tillie Never Tells.



"How's your wife coming along with her car?"

"*She took a turn for the worst.*"



Molly: "I had such a shock last night."

Polly: "Yes?"

Molly: "I though there was a man in the house — but it was only my husband!"



Mrs. Soap: "My husband ran away with our maid!"

Mrs. Suds: "How terrible!"

Mrs. Soap: "Yes—it's so hard to find a good servant."

She: "Every time a man asks me where I live I say in the Suburbs."

He: "And where do you really live?"

She: "In the Suburbs!"



Carry: "Why does that artist always paint his model in the nude?"

Harry: "Oh, he's just studying a broad."



Flapper: "Is it my imagination, or is my face dirty?"

Director: "I don't know about your imagination."



HOLLYWOOD?

Mother: "How is it that you came home so late from that auto ride—what happened?"

Daughter: "We went wrong."



He: "Every little movement has a meaning all it's own."

She: "Well, don't move and you won't mean anything."



BOX-OFFICE

He: "Have you a good seat in the rear?"

She: "You're too doggone fresh!"

Mary: "You say you're giving your hand to Harry and you already promised Pete!"

Merry: "Well, I can't give everything to the same man, can I?"



Wife: "Isn't one woman enough for you?"

The Bitter Half: "Sure, I'll take Greta Garbo."



"And can you imagine it? I bid four spades."



Lena: "What's the difference between the Army, the Navy and a kangaroo?"

Tena: "Dunno. I've never been necked by a kangaroo!"



This wise baby says men are peculiar. One day they want to neck and the next don't.

Therefore she only sees them every other day.



Pearl: "Is John really an atheist?"

Poil: "Sure, he doesn't believe in women."



(Continued from Page 41)

guardian?" she asked, cold anger in her voice. "You forget that I am married and that my husband is quite capable of taking care of me—I never want to see your face again. I wish that you would walk off a bridge or something, so that I wouldn't be bothered with you."

Slim looked at her quietly.

"Alright," he purred, "we'll wait and see." He turned on his heel and stalked from her room. She had a sudden *notion* to call him back. She ran to the hall but he was gone. She shrugged her shoulders.

That night she danced with her latest love. They had whirled around the room, and were walking to their table when Slim suddenly confronted them. He pulled a vicious looking black automatic from his pocket and fired the entire contents into the boy's chest. He reeled and then slumped to the ground. Helen screamed and knelt swiftly beside the still figure. When she looked up, Slim was gone.

Jerome rushed home in response to her wire. He coddled her at the station and patted her soothingly.

"You are a brave little girl," he said admiringly. "It must have been a terrible shock to you."

"Oh, it was, it was," she sobbed. "I'm so glad you're home to protect me. You don't know how I miss you when you are gone."

He patted her reassuringly.

That night they sat in the big easy chair before the fire. Helen sat on Jerome's lap and studied how to get him to let her go to France. The men over there were said to be wonderful. Jerome kissed her hands and laid them against his face. She smoothed his hair, and kissed his ear gently.

"Like to go to bed, honey?" she asked softly.

He glanced at his watch.

"Why, it's rather early to go to sleep now, isn't it, dear?" he asked.

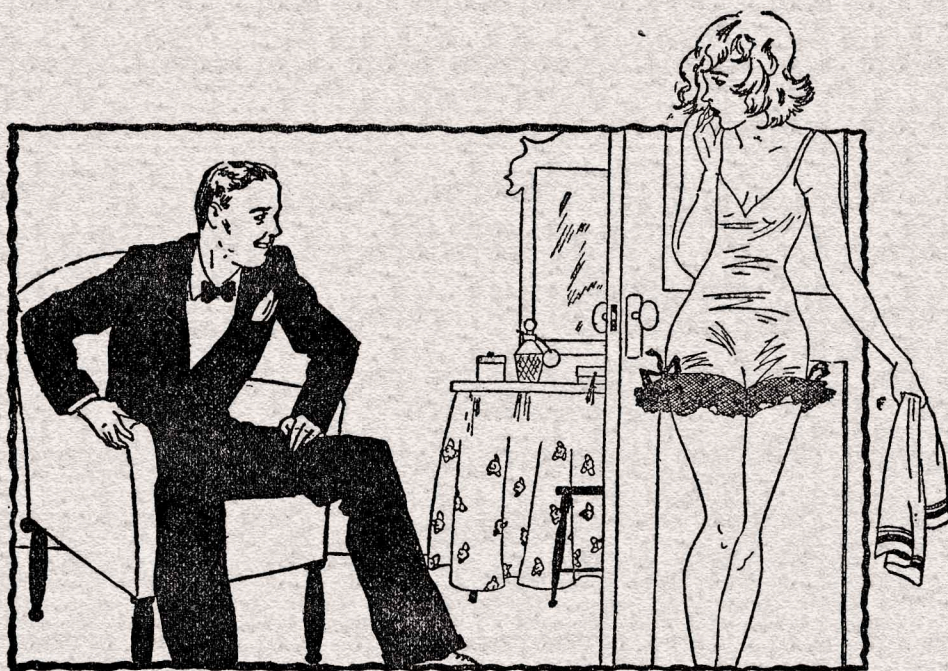
"Perhaps it is, but I said bed, dearest, not sleep."

"You're on, honey," he said huskily, and clasped her tightly. Her negligee fell open. His hand felt the warmth of the naked flesh. He stroked its silken softness gently, then patted her lovingly, in expectant abandon. The door closed gently behind them.



Intimidating Timmy

By EDEN RICHARDS



“**W**HAT do you think I asked you for, to exercise my musical voice?”

“Your what?”

Peggy turned over on her tummy.

“You heard me. Who was the wire from?”

Baby let Peggy get the full effect of her large, soft eyes.

“From Timmy.”

“Timmy?”

“The boy who took care of me in New York.”

Baby smiled mischievously as the import of her words fell on Peggy’s inquisitive ears. They hadn’t known each other very long. Three weeks, to be exact. Thrown together in the wilds of Hollywood they had decided to live together. Peggy’s response was gratifying.

“Say that again. I’m not hearing right.”

"You're hearing perfectly. I said 'from the boy who took care of me in New York'."

"Tell me about him, Baby. Will he like me?"

"Like *you*? He telegraphed *me*, if I can read correctly."

Peggy shrugged a dimpled shoulder.

"When he meets *me* he'll probably ask Western Union for his money back. What's his last name?"

"Dugan."

"Timmy Dugan? Gee! That's cute. What does he look like?"

"He's tall, and dark, and handsome, and sweet, and a swell dancer, and a swell swimmer, and loves gin, and is c-a-razy about your little blonde girl friend. Enough?"

Four-thirty the next afternoon saw Baby running up and down the platform, eagerly searching for the broad shoulders and black, curly hair of Timmy. With a little shriek she saw him swing off a Pullman. With a running jump she was around his neck. His face was smothered in her mass of gold curls.

"Timmy! Timmy darling! I was afraid I'd missed you! Oh — I'm so glad you're here!"

The tall, good-looking boy crushed her up to him and held her in a hug and kiss while the porter grinned, shut his eyes, and spun around on his heel.

"Ain't *no* place fo' a married man! Nossuh! Where you want yo' bags, boss?"

"Take them up in the cab with you, Timmy. We're going out later. I want to talk to you before we get back to the hotel, though."

Going up in the cab, his hand clutched over hers in a tight squeeze, Timmy listened to her hurried recital

of Peggy's threat to take him away from her. When she got through, he leaned over and kissed her.

"Don't worry, honey. There's a party tonight? Good. We'll make Peggy sorry she ever said that."

Back at the hotel, Peggy was desperately trying on every possible combination of dress, earrings, stockings and slippers that she possessed. Finally she decided that she had done the best she could. And the best was something to take away a statue's breath.

When she was introduced to Timmy, she got the shock of her life. Men were generally so eager to hold her warm little hand that they made themselves conspicuous while prolonging the operation. Not Timmy. He bowed stiffly, put his arm around Baby; and ignoring the astonished little brunette smiled down at her bundle of golden fluff that was curled under his shoulder.

"Where's my room, honey?"

"On the floor under ours. I tried to get one on the same hall, but we couldn't manage it. It's all right for a couple of nights, isn't it?"

"Sure. We'll probably be up all night, anyway, won't we?"

"If you can still dance the way you used to, we will be!"

Peggy didn't miss the triumphant gleam in her roommate's eyes. She certainly had that shiek buffaloeed. Peggy wondered what he would say if he knew the way Baby had been carrying on since she had been on the loose. She made a mental note not to forget the various exploits of her gloating girl friend. After all, there was lots of time. Timmy Dugan wouldn't ignore her again.

But he did. And quite consistently. As a matter of fact, you wouldn't have thought there was anybody at the par-

ty but Baby, to judge by the way Timmy followed her around. And Peggy, naturally, was as insanely jealous as her good natured makeup would permit. Finally, she thought she was going to have to resort to fainting right in front of him. She *did* drop her bag, so that he had to pick it up, but that was all he did.

"Is this yours, Miss Lawton?"

"Damn!" Peggy swore to herself, and decided to bide her time.

Some of the other girls noticed Baby's triumph and Peggy's violent attempts to distract the new sheik. Their comments hardly put the blackhaired girl in a better frame of mind. Grimly she held on, and once she thought she caught a response to her deliberate smile. That was as near as she got to making an impression.

Baby was in her element. She and Timmy Charlestoned and Black Bottomed and laughed and drank for hours. Her envious playmates openly flirted with Timmy until it was a wonder his head didn't swell up like a balloon. Never had a mortal man received such massed attention.

Sally Drake danced over near Peggy.

"Who's the new lure?"

"Timmy Dugan, he's from New York."

Peggy said it as casually as she knew how.

"What is he, with a name like that? A German count?"

"No, dear. He's a Swiss mountain climber. Anything else you'd like to know about him?"

Sally grinned.

"Yes, dear. How's his memory?"

"I couldn't tell you. Why?"

"I thought maybe he'd forgotten he met you. Good luck, Peg."



"Meow!" was the best Peggy could muster.

Finally, much to Peggy's relief, the party ended, and she grabbed her escort by the arm.

"Ralph, dear. How would you like to take me with Baby and her boy friend? We can go some place and get a few more drinks before we go home. What do you say?"

Ralph looked apologetic.

"I'm sorry, Peggy. It's almost five now, and I have to be on location at eight forty-five. I think I'll beg off and get in the hay for a couple of hours, while I still have the chance. Do you mind terribly?"

Peggy had a hard time choking the tears back where they belonged. All right, to hell with it. She smiled up at Ralph.

"Don't be silly, honey. I don't mind. Drop me at the hotel, and I'll let you go home."

She had been in bed for two full hours before Baby came in, snapped on the light, and started to throw her clothes around the room. Not that they took up much space, but the gesture of disorder annoyed Peggy.

"Did anybody ever tell you what closets were for?"

Baby wheeled around.

"I'm sorry, dear. I thought you were asleep. Have a good time tonight?"

Damn her, was Peggy's reaction. She didn't have to rub it in, did she?

"Sure. I had a swell time. That boy Ralph dances like a streak. Did you get

any of that gin Eddie had?"

"No, I guess I didn't. Timmy had rye, and we got polluted, as usual. That boy can kinda dance himself. Want to go swimming with us tomorrow?"

"Love to." Here was the showdown. Baby couldn't swim any more than a puppy. Peggy — well, when she walked out on the beach with that orange suit people automatically ducked behind beach umbrellas. And when she got into the water, the fish came out.

Things didn't turn out exactly as Peggy had foreseen. Not exactly. Timmy spent the entire morning with his arms around Baby's tummy, telling her





to breathe deeply, and assuring her she wasn't going to drown. Every time a wave threatened to prove him a liar, and Baby would swallow another barrel or so of water, Timmy would kiss her as she threw her arms around his neck.

It was a great morning — but not for Peggy. Dejectedly, she came back to the hotel. When Baby suggested that the three of them go riding, Peggy smiled and declined. There was a limit, after all.

She spent a sufficiently miserable afternoon by herself, picturing Timmy and Baby far out along the bridge paths. Her jealous imagination brought

before her eyes the vision of the pair stopping and dismounting, and lying blissfully in each other's arms beneath the shade of some sheltering tree. It was maddening, and it was with a distinct sense of relief that she heard them return.

Then Peggy got her chance. She heard Baby lisp to her new sheik how sorry she was that she'd have to leave him for a couple of hours. She knew where Baby was going. They were rehearsing a couple of scenes over on the lot.

Peggy locked the door of her room, and divested herself of every last stitch of clothing. Her coppered body almost



shone with the desire that was tormenting her. She repeated Baby's trick of standing before the mirror, running her hands over her limbs and trembling breasts. With half-closed eyes she cupped her hands and stroked their contours. With a deep sigh she pulled herself together, and manipulated her powder puff, touching the downy ball lightly over her entire body. Satisfied, she slipped into a negligee and pattered down the stairs.

At her knock, she heard Timmy's voice.

"Come in."

It was not necessary for the phrase to be repeated. He started in surprise as Peggy slid into the room.

"Why Peggy! What does all this mean?"

For answer, she slipped off the pale green tulle garment and emerged like a triumphant nymph. She reached her arms up around his neck.

"Timmy, oh Timmy! Can't you see?"

Timmy could, and did. His blood pounding, his temples senseless, he strove to extricate himself from the maddened embraces of the quivering girl. His breath was failing him as he finally managed to tear her hot hands from his neck. As he stood up, leaving her exposed and unprotected, she realized the shame of her position. Groping for her treacherous garment, she clutched it close around her and almost ran from the room.

There was another party that night, and Peggy was tempted to refuse to go. Her campaign had been noised around, and the kids were all standing on the sidelines and offering her encouragement — however sarcastic that encouragement might be.

She decided, finally, that she'd be damned before she'd leave the ground *that* completely to Baby, and she went — studiously avoiding Mr. Timothy Dugan as though he were the ambassador from the leper colony. She thought she caught another one of his guarded smiles, but she wasn't sure.

That night she was home again, long ahead of Baby. At five-thirty the latter came in, and tiptoed over to the bed.

"Peggy, Peggy." Her voice was a hoarse whisper. Peggy lay still and feigned sleep. Baby slipped out of her clothes, jumped into her pyjamas, rummaged around the bathroom cabinet, and went out, closing the door softly behind her. Peggy, sitting up, heard the click of her mules on the stone stairs. With a twisted smile she looked at her watch. Quarter to six. She waited fifteen minutes, and no Baby. Then, at the end of her rope, she turned over on her pillow and cried herself to sleep.

The jangle of the telephone awoke her. She looked over. Baby's bed was mussed up, but empty.

"Hello."

"Hello, Peggy? Listen, dear, I'm down in Timmy's room. Will you come down and have breakfast?"

Peggy hung up, furious. That was a little too much. The telephone rang again.

"Hello, Peggy? Please, honey. Come down — for a minute anyway. Will you? O.K."

Peggy made up her face, threw on a negligee, and went slowly down the stairs, praying she wouldn't run into any of the hotel employees. She rapped on the door of Timmy's room.

"Peggy? Come in, honey."

She opened the door and walked in. Just what she thought. Timmy still in bed, and Baby sitting on the edge of the pillow, feeding him.

"Close that door, honey. It's breezy."

Timmy was grinning at her openly.

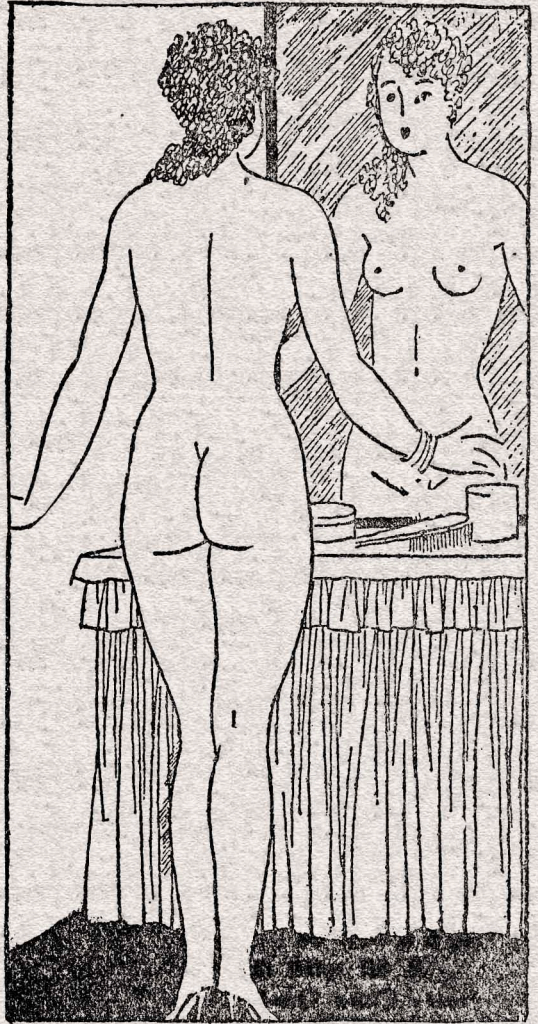
"Hello, Peggy. How about toast and coffee?"

She nodded dumbly. What was there for her to say? Baby turned and smiled at her.

"We've played a dirty trick on you, Peg. You're not sore are you? Timmy's my big brother."

Peggy's world swam around her. Her brother? Then how — why — Baby's voice was explaining.

"—and you were so sure you could take a man away from me that I thought this would be funny. We fixed it up coming up from the station. You didn't think my right name was 'Doree', did you? And last night — Timmy had a headache from all that liquor, and I brought a hot water bottle down



and stayed with him for a while. I tried to tell you, so that when you woke up this morning you'd know where I was. But you were too tight asleep, I guess."

Peggy was scarcely listening to her. Her eyes were on Timmy's face. With a smile that stretched completely across it, he reached out and took her hand.

"Will you go to the party with me tonight, Peggy?"

No wonder they called her the belle of the village, someone was always ringing her up!



"Young man," said the reformer, "you will pay dearly for your sins. Why don't you reform now and begin to attend a place of worship?"

"Hey!" bawled the young man, "who said I don't! I'm on my way to her home now!"



Him: "There was a burglar in my apartment the other night."

Her: "That so? What did he get?"

Him: "Plenty! My wife thought it was I!"



Proverbs Modernistrique: Love laughs at wedlocksmiths.



First Gob: "How do you know that kootch dancer loves you?"

Second Ditto: "Why, she shakes every time I look at her!"



*She'll always be
A hit with me—
Pretty Clara Spark;
She always chirps,
"Turn out the light,
"It's so cool in the dark!"*

SYLVIA SPINSTER WAS GOING FOR A TRAMP IN THE COUNTRY BUT SUDDENLY DECIDED TO STAY AT HOME AND WAIT FOR THE ICE MAN.



"What's the idea of totin' around a drunken co-ed now?"

"Taking her to a lecture."

"Lecture? Nobody gives a lecture at this time of the night!"

"Oh, yes, her Mother will and that's where we're going!"



Kitty: "Who took you home from the frat dance last night?"

Cutey: "How should I know? I couldn't see him, he was wearing a raccoon coat!"



**GOING or COMING?
EVE**

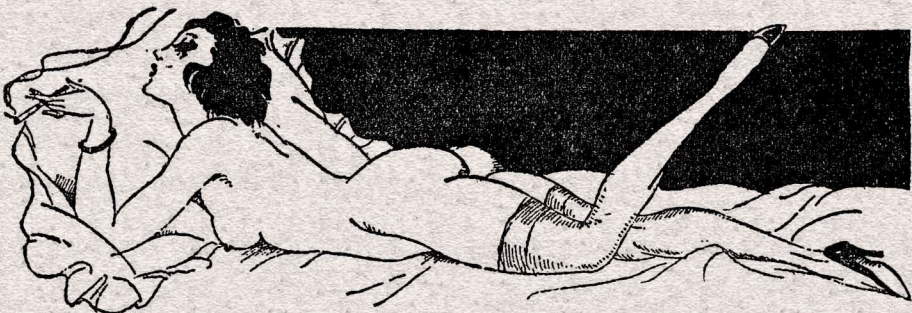


WE WONDER

Was the old fashioned girl more innocent or more discreet?



*There's a world of difference
Whether you play Bridge or
Whether you play
UNDER THE BRIDGE!*



BURNT FINGERS

By BEATRICE CHAPEL



THE big policeman rapped heavily on the door of the second story rear, and getting no response said to the other officer:

"Guess we'll have to bust it down, Jim. She's in there, right enough!"

"Honest, I don't think so," the landlady said, "I ain't seen her come in. If you break that door, the owner of the house will take it out on me! She's a nice young lady, that one, and I don't believe she'd harm a flea!"

"'Course she wouldn't!" agreed the

policeman grimly. Then bending to focus an eye at the keyhole, "She's there, all right! The key's turned on the inside. Come on, put your shoulder to it, Jim."

The landlady was wrong, for the girl was there. Two hours before she had stumbled up to her room, where, with a feeling of impotence, she had locked the door and thrown herself on the bed—just to wait. They would come to her, that was certain, for she had been recognized while leaving the hotel. As she lay staring at the ceiling, events of the last week flashed in sequence like a story on the screen; first the man singling her out from the other telephone girls at the hotel. In the beginning there were merely candy and flowers, then restaurants where music played to her the things he had never said, but just looked. Romance was about him like an aura—a golden one, for he seemed a part of the beauty of *things* rather than moments. Mentally she had replaced his stocky figure with the slender person of Jerry; and when they danced, it was Jerry's arm that tightened about her. Jerry! She began sobbing now. There would be no chance to tell him, that after all, she wanted only their simple evenings together forever and ever . . . Yet, there had seemed little harm in accepting those gifts that meant so little to a rich man, so much glamour to her barren life. After that first dinner there had been a simple piece of jewelry, then a smart coat, hats, a pretty gown; for he had talked well, and until tonight had always left her at the door with a friendly good night. Until tonight!

The horror of it all now came in

stark realization for the first time. Dinner had been served in a suite at another hotel. ("People in town who mustn't see me. A business matter," he had explained.) She had been reluctant about this, of course, but ashamed of appearing prudish, had routed her qualms with many sophistries. Then champagne had appeared, miraculously, he had seemed so boyishly pleased in offering her this surprise that she could not refuse to sip it, at least. It made her feel tingly and happy and she had finished the glass, then taken another. Now when he offered a cigarette she took one, but as he held the match for her, she had lurched forward a little and scorched her fingers in the flame. When he took her hand and kissed the tips of each fingers, her resentment was out of all proportion to the act. (Jerry used to do that, only differently, somehow!) This man's mouth was thick, too moist and warm. It angered her. She pulled her hand away, but he had come behind her chair and sought for her lips.

"Don't, please!" she had begged. "I thought—"

"What did you think?" He was pulling her up into his arms.

"That I was just a—a good thing?" he demanded coarsely.

She had tried for dignity, but the fumes of the wine made things seem a little unreal.

"I just want to—to go home!" Her voice WOULD tremble. "Please let me go now, and then forget about me!"

"You're a little fool!"

He walked to the door and turned the key, pocketing it. In her desperation and inexperience she decided upon ridicule.

"How melodramatic!" and she managed a little laugh.

"Yes?" he jeered back. "Well, let's have the whole play then! 'Working girl pays and pays and pays!' " Turning suddenly he caught her again. She had not guessed how powerful he was, for as she struggled with him she felt like a bird in some cruel fist. To scream must be her last strategy, ran through her mind. But it should have been her first, for a hand closed over

her mouth as he forced her head back, the hateful lips lingering at her throat. He held her more closely, his panting nauseous breath sickened her; she felt weak, as through sheer strength, he pushed her shoulders to the couch.

Her infuriated hands beat at him. He had not imprisoned those, probably not fearing their slight strength. Now he laughed as she struck, each blow becoming weaker through a fear that began slowly to numb her mus-



cles. She had often felt this way in dreams. "Oh, God!" she prayed with her soul, "Save me for Jerry!"

Suddenly her knuckles, striking wildly and feebly, had hit something hard, something in his coat pocket. Suppose—As deftly as some stage magician, her fingers had found and closed about the handle of a revolver, had pressed it into his side. "I'll kill you!" her cry flattened against his palm as her weakened fingers relaxed their hold. He seized her frail wrist, and as the room began to darken she gave a little moan and pressed . . . pressed. A deadened report, and he sagged from her with a grunt. She stood looking down at him, conscious only that he made a grotesque figure huddled before her like that. She pressed her hands against her eyes in an effort to remember what it was she must do now. . . something very important. Oh, yes, she must go, get out of this room. Things were clearing fast now. She had just killed a man, and he had the key to the door in his pocket. She stopped quickly, looking away saying "Jerry, Jerry," over and over to make the search possible. She got the key, unlocked the door and tried casually to walk down the corridor. She did not take the elevator, but went down the stairs, running and stumbling towards the sanity of outdoors. On the street her feet became winged, frightened things that would not obey her cautioning.

They would come for her any minute, she knew. That man in the lobby had recognized her. But she would not go with them. Ever since she had been in the room her gaze had been on a small pasteboard box on her dresser; and as the horrors of the past hour had

clarified, the box had insistently become part of it all, its size, lettering, the way it was placed not quite evenly—these things she had studied with the magnified and ridiculous interest one gives to inconsequentials at a crisis, Now it disentangled from the mesh of her thoughts and become just a box. Why had she been giving it such importance, what was it? . . . Shoe polish. Only a few days ago as she had daubed her shoes, she had wondered that the poor girl on South Street could have sought death from such smelly, unpleasant stuff! Her lips twisted into a bitter smile, then suddenly she stopped breathing and listened. There were voices in the hall below, and now footsteps came on the stairs, heavy ones. She crept from the bed, took the bottle and stood with ears strained. They were on the second flight now . . . were at her door. Her landlady was protesting to gruff demands. She felt cold and light as air. There grew a roaring in her ears, so that she could not hear everything, but from the jumble came, ". . . Come on, Jim put your shoulder to it."

The door splintered, gave from its hinges and fell to the floor. Near the window they saw the girl in a heap, her hand clutched about a bottle that was trickling a black stain on the rug.

"She's killed herself!" screamed the landlady. "See what you done?"

One of the officers raised the head of the girl, peered at the still, white face.

"Say, look at this dame, Pete! What the hell—"

"Well, what d' you know!" the other said slowly.

"One thing I *do* know — it ain't Tiger Annie," declared his compan-



ion. "We got a bum steer that time. But this is the house—" reaching in his pocket and smoothing out a slip of paper—" yep, this is it!"

"Aw, say, look at *that!*" jointed the other man. "It says *East Garden Street*, and this is *West!*"

The landlady was crying softly.

"The sweetest, finest girl ever lived—"

"And still livin', so don't worry, lady," the big policeman told her as the girl stirred. "There ain't a bit of

that stuff on her mouth. Must have passed out before she got a chance to drink it."

The girl opened her eyes at last.

"Them cops has gone," answered the landlady to their frightened questioning. "They was after some lady crook. You'll be all right now, and you needn't tell me nothin' you don't want!" She was stroking the girl's hand gently, and suddenly she exclaimed, "My, your finger's all blister-

(Continued on Page 64)

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ed! And say, that reminds me, some man 'phoned just before them' cops came and left a message—kinda crazy, it sounds to me. Said to tell you that them as plays with fire must expect to get burned. Can you make any sense out o' that?"

There was a little silence and then the girl hoarsely whispered, 'No,—not a damned thing!'

*He was waiting—
The MOMENT HAD COME
and she was AQUIVER
intense—
Then he spilled the
perfume on her gown—
it was done—
That's what made her
so highly
INCENSED!*



THE SWEET POTATO SONG
"You Made Me What I YAM Today!"



SO BROAD MINDED

He: "Let's go to a musical comedy."

She: "I haven't a thing to wear—"

He: "Alright, let's go to a night club."



IMAGINE

A Flapper standing at

TIMES SQUARE

singing

"TAKE BACK YOUR GOLD

for

GOLD WILL NEVER BUY ME"

Just Imagine!

OPTIMIST: "THE LARGE DIVORCE RATE IS MAKING AMERICA THE LAND OF THE FREE."

PESSIMIST: "DON'T WORRY. THE LARGE MARRIAGE RATE IS KEEPING IT THE LAND OF THE BRAVE."



THE MOTORCYCLE COP PULLED UP ALONGSIDE THE SMART ROADSTER: "OVER FIFTY, MADAM."

THE LADY SPEEDER LOOKED AT HIM GLARINGLY: "OFFICER, I'VE JUST PASSED MY FORTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY!"



First Bookkeeper: "Let's spend the evening looking over figures."

Second Ditto: "Yeab, I know of a good burlesque show we can drop into."



They were a couple of cute little bookkeepers all right, but they lost their jobs because somehow they got careless with their figures!



Child Harold asked his sweetie's old man for her hand, but the fond daddy insisted that he'd either have to take all of her or nothing. Fair enough!



YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TRUST THESE "MODEL" HUSBANDS. SOMETIMES IT'S ONLY A POSE.

Good for Goose and Gander

By ARNOLD GINGRICH

What happens when a gay young American wife doesn't recover from the dazzling life of Paris as quickly and circumspectly as friend husband thinks she should?

“YOU know, Diane, I think our time in Paris got us both into the habit of doing too much of what the Parisians do.”

They were sitting on the verandah cafe of the S. S. *D'Orsay*, from which there was, and had been for the past five days nothing but Atlantic to look at. Bernadine Wethered, blonde, beautiful and bored, was intent upon the business of stubbing her cigarette in the ash tray on the little wicker table at which they sat. But the sentence which her husband had just drawled, seemed to give her something more interesting to think about.

“Oh, so it got *us both*, did it? Well, Tommy boy, if I admit — and of course I do — that I danced once or a few times too often last night with that adorable young Russian, still, darling, that hardly brings me down to the level *you've* maintained so consistently for the past few months! What *you've* done, and when, and where, I'd like to remember for a long time — to think of whenever I'm afraid of what my conscience will say if I frisk about a bit.”

“There, that's just the attitude I'm

referring to. Just because we let out a notch or two in our moral belts, so to speak, in order to enjoy Paris more appropriately, is no reason why we should neglect to take those notches back in on our return to — to proper society. The things we grew accustomed to in Paris were the things we always fought shy of in Connecticut.”

“Tommy, whenever you begin bragging about *your* moral standards I know you're jealous . . . jealous as a gold-digger's chauffeur. It's good for you. Nothing better than a little groundless jealousy to make a smug young husband take an interest in his wife.”

There was something significant in the way she emphasized “wife”. Tom appeared to realize, immediately, who had the better of the argument. He realized, too, that he could at any rate never complain that his wife “didn't understand him”. Perfect marriage!

In his gay days as a typical young blood, Tom Wethered had joyfully subscribed to the philanderer's dictum: “Marriage is a deluded institution, based on the fallacy that one woman is different from another.” But upon mature reflection, checked carefully a-

gainst the experiences of his then-jaded spirit, Tom Wethered had at twenty-six realized that this dictum might be two-edged. The thought had occurred to him that, perhaps, after all, "Philandering is a deluded institution, based on the fallacy that one woman is different from another."

Thus Tom had "discovered" marriage, after long journeying through the mazes of philandering, much as Balboa "discovered" the Pacific, after weary traveling across hot barren land.

But the *real* discovery had been Bernadine. There was a woman! She had made married life as wonderful as Tom had expected it to be — and more.

Then had come Paris . . . giddy days and giddier nights in Paris . . . Paris in springtime, at that. And Bernadine and Tom, with that perfectly natural inclination of smart young Americans abroad, had raised general Cain. Tom was used to it . . . he was an expert in that sort of thing. And, now that they were returning home, he was ready to settle down again. But Bernadine, quite apparently, wasn't! Paris had changed Bernadine.

Tom reflected on this change as he sat quietly contemplating her as she smoked her cigarette with an insouciant air that was openly admired by some thirty or so passing male promenaders. . . .

"Yes," he reflected, "she's a damn sight more dashing than she was — and a damn sight more difficult!"

"Well," she roused him, "is your little lecture really over? Haven't you anything further to say, aside from what you've already said, that Papa hates to see Mama doing what Papa has tired of doing himself?"

"Bunk and you know it! Why, I haven't looked twice at a single damn

female since Paris —"

"Cherbourg, as I recall it," she corrected him sweetly.

"Have it your way, you always do, eventually — but, anyway, I haven't looked —"

"Good reason, too. In fact, the very best! When there's nothing worth looking at, I think it is commendable that you refrain —"

"Oh, hell, will you argue all day when I'm trying —"

"I certainly will not!" And with a glance at her wrist watch which may have been inspired merely by habit, Bernadine rose and stepped briskly away from the little wicker table, past other little wicker tables, out to the line of boxed evergreens which made the informal demarcation between the cafe proper and the rail-side promenade. And from behind one of the evergreens — inspired, maybe, by simply a lucky flair for good old Coincidence — sauntered a very nice and absurdly young Russian.

Tom settled down in preparation for some heavy thinking.

"Well," he thought, "if I can't *talk* her out of it, maybe I can stew up some better way. Let's see, 'there's nothing better than a little groundless jealousy to make a smug young husband . . . ' Well, then, why shouldn't that —" But his half-formed plan of action was interrupted, then given a sudden completion, by the arrival at the next table of a quite striking brunette, with ravishing sloe eyes. Tom's thoughts turned into a new and highly promising direction.

Tom knew, as indeed everyone knows, that there are two kinds of women who are likely to be traveling alone on Trans-Atlantic liners: those who *are* school teachers returning from

their vacations, and — those who aren't! This one, it appeared, wasn't.

Tom lost no time.

"Young lady, would you care to earn fifty dollars?"

"You are blunt, not to say rude!"

"Sorry." His warm smile roused her interest. "We'll make it a hundred, then."

"Sir!" Her effort to appear shocked just failed, as she no doubt intended to be convincing.

"This is strictly a business proposition. As a matter of fact, you can qualify for the job right now."

"First, let me see if you can talk to me as though you were really deeply in love with me." She of the sloe eyes



tried, and succeeded very well. It wasn't hard. Tom was handsome—and he had shown her the century note.

"That's fine. Now if you will kindly repeat after me . . ." So, Tom and the ambitious young lady rehearsed, at some length, an amorous dialogue.

"You'll do splendidly," he told her, finally. "Meet me tonight, after dinner, in the lounge on "A" Deck. That's the one adjoining the ballroom, where the dancers sit it out—and out—and out—in the chummy little alcoves."

In the little alcove it was cool, and almost dark. The sea breeze, blowing through the partly open window, was toying with Bernadine's hair, murmuring in her ear, and caressing her hot cheeks. So was the young Russian, as a matter of fact.

While Bernadine was vainly endeavoring to remember how many drinks of champagne she had had, the young Russian was talking to her in a low impassioned tone.

"I think," thought Bernadine, "that it . . ." her thought was pretty vague, "that it . . . must have been . . . an awful lot of champagne."

The young Russian was talking. She tried to remember what his name was . . . Count Alexis . . . Some-thing off . . . or Somethingavitch. With an effort, she roused herself to listen to what he was saying.

"Love lends its most exquisite moments to those few who can appreciate them. We are young, you and I. We have hovered near love's magic portal. We are of those chosen few who can penetrate to the innermost sanctum. Cupidon has breathed his welcome on us tonight. He will not soon come again. Cupidon is a wayward child—he comes not the same way often. Let us accept his bidding tonight—the hos-

pitality of Cupidon—is it not the finest thing this world affords us? Come—you draw away? But why? What is this—you falter? Beauty like yours is dedicated to love. Is not your perfect body love's most lovely chalice? Come—"

"But Tom—" With the outer fringe of her consciousness, Bernadine clung to Tom's name as she might have clung to a charm to ward off the evil eye, as she might have clutched a wisp of straw on the surface of waters that were closing over her head.

She wanted to run away from this too-sweet temptation—wanted to run to Tom. Poor Tom, lonely for her, no doubt, at that moment! She must go to him. She loved him. She wanted—

There was the faint stir of sound which meant that some other couple had taken possession of the next alcove. There was the soft light sound—the unique sound of a grown woman talking baby-talk. There was the smooth deep sound of a man's voice engaged in love-talk. And the voice sounded distressingly like Tom's!

Bernadine sprang up, thrusting herself from Alexis' clasp, by one deft manoeuver. With her finger tips she found his lips, and enjoined him to silence. Then pressing her ear close to the crack where the alcove partition joined the outer wall of the lounge, she listened, breathless—

"Oh, Tom, will it be like this from now on? Will you love me from this night forward as you have loved me in the past?"

"Zada, you know I will. You know the power you have over me. You know that for you I will cast everything aside—to follow you to the ends of the earth!"

There was a stupendous sigh, follow-



ed by a little eternity of silence. Then the villainous Tom resumed—

“Of course, there are one or two unimportant matters which I must clear up eventually. For example, my wife—”

“Oh-h-h, Tom! How could you! You never told me you were *married!*”

“Didn’t I, really- Well, it slips my mind when I’m with you, darling. I can think of nothing but you. But that’s perfectly all right. There’ll be

some young fellow who will take her off my hands. Now give me your sweet lips again, darlingest.”

“O-o-, Tomkin.” Another long silence.

Through Bernadine there surged a delirious abandon—a desire to shriek, to laugh wildly, to cry. She felt hysteria fastening its grip upon her.

Her husband and first lover, a promiscuous petty love-snatcher! So this was the man who had preached to her!

Under this sudden emotional stress, the effect of the champagne was redoubled. Bernadine's mind was a motley merry-go-round, with but one coherent thought spinning madly in her brain. "There'll be some young fellow who will take her off my hands, there'll be some young fellow who will . . ." Yes, she would be off his hands—she would show him—she would—

She threw herself at the bewildered Count Alexis Feodor Makarov, embracing him madly, hysterically pouring an effusion of endearments upon him . . .

Once alone with Alexis, away from the lounge and the other people, Bernadine's blind resolution began to falter. She was frightened; she wanted to dash back to Tom. But the thought of Tom's perfidy was too much. She must square accounts with Tom—in kind.

She faced Alexis coolly, with a defiant taunting note of invitation in her voice.

"We were speaking of a wayward little chap named Cupidon, if I remember—"

Alexis moved toward her impulsively, but checked himself, apparently taken aback by the incomprehensible manner of Americans.

"We both need a strong drink, I guess. I've heard of *vodka* all my life, but I've never tried it. You don't happen to have any?"

Alexis, like one rudely awakened from a trance, moved to the buffet and picked up a crested decanter of hammered silver.

Bernadine took the tiny glass, saw Alexis down his drink with evident relish—followed by a revived interest in her—then raised her own to her lips. Ugh! Dynamite! But she downed it, determinedly.

She felt, rather than saw, Alexis approach, pick her up in his arms, and hold her there like a cradled baby. He bent his flushed face over hers . . . and in that moment, for all she knew afterward, Bernadine Wethered died, her last impression that of hot breath upon her face and two bright glittering serpent-eyes boring down into her consciousness.

Bernadine opened one eye — then quickly opened both eyes wide. A strange room, a strange bed, a strange dressing table—conspicuous at once for the total absence of women's toilet accessories. A man's stateroom!

She shrank down between the sheets, *not* daring to look about for fear of being obliged to meet the mocking gaze of her host—whoever *he* might be! She was lying on her right side, her face turned toward the edge of the bed. As she became fully awake, she felt the startling awareness that her bed was shared with a bed-fellow.

Had the man no delicacy at all? Wouldn't he leave her, to dress and slink off . . . alone with the shame that was, after all, her own private business? Was he awake? She did not dare look, afraid that he might be! His breathing was regular, but not heavy. He sounded like a waking person.

Her ruminations were given a terrifying interruption. A brawny hand clasped her bare shoulder. With a startled quick glance out of the corner of her eyes she saw a pajama sleeve-cuff of maroon silk—

With a scream she leapt out of bed, catching up her evening gown to provide covering. She turned to face the man—

"Hello, blonde Angora! Penny for your nightmare." Tom Wethered lay back in bed, grinning broadly. "How



y'like the trick pajamas I borrowed from our friend Makarov?"

Bernadine began to cry, increasing her attractiveness one hundred per cent—if two hundred per cent attractiveness is a possibility. "W-what happened?"

"Well, come back to bed before you pick up pneumonia, and maybe I'll tell you. At that, you're rather young and unsophisticated to hear such a story."

"B-but, Tommy, please tell me what happened."

"Everything—and nothing. To begin at the end, you gave me rather a surprise by coming down to this state-

room last night, and fearing that you might be acting against the well-known Best Interest of All Concerned, I ditched my party to come along on yours, as a sort of trailer."

"But did I come here alone with the Count?" Her tone was one of utter incredulity.

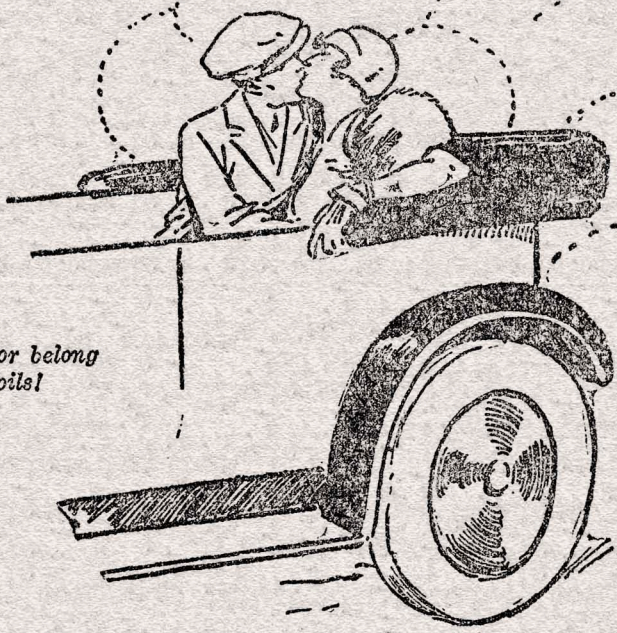
"Yes, and he took the count soon after I arrived. Not that I'd brag much about that, though, because he was a most nobly drunken young man. But, well, I almost lost my temper. So he left in some haste and much disorder. And I figured as long as we held the fort, we might just as well stay here—

(Continued on Page 73)

The Kind That Doesn't Walk!



"What's the matter, miss, in trouble?"
"Yes, my boy friend developed engine trouble."



To the victor belong the spoils!

(Continued from Page 71)

particularly since you weren't in your best walking form."

"I'm beginning to remember now. Yes, and I remember what you did, and, as usual, it was worse!"

"I admit it was a bum job. I saw you and young whatsisname go into the alcove — and I saw that you had a champagne head as a handicap. Well, as you seem to recall, I trooped into the next alcove with—with a lady-friend, acting on a grand hunch that didn't seem to work. You remember you prescribed a little groundless jealousy as a sure cure for the waning interest of young well, I thought that might just possibly work both ways, but—"

"O-o-o, Tommy boy, it has! And—and I think you're utterly sweet!

Bernadine snuggled her little blonde head beneath her husband's.

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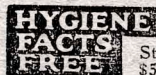
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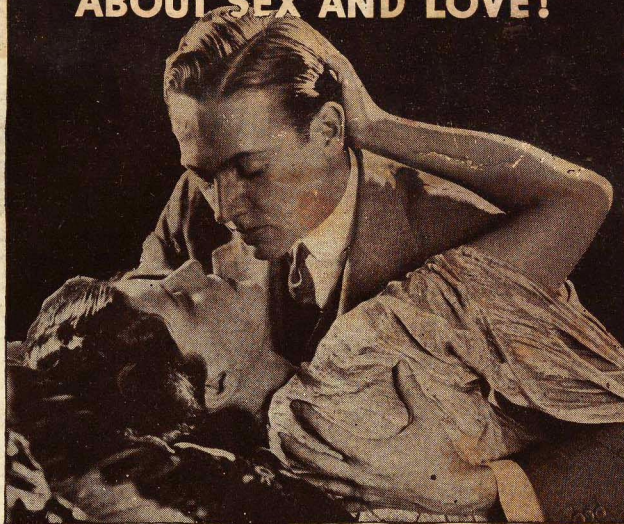
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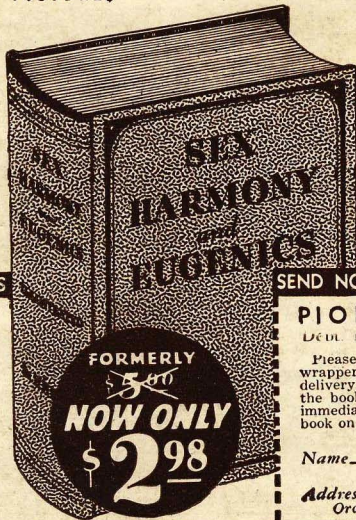
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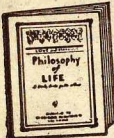
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