

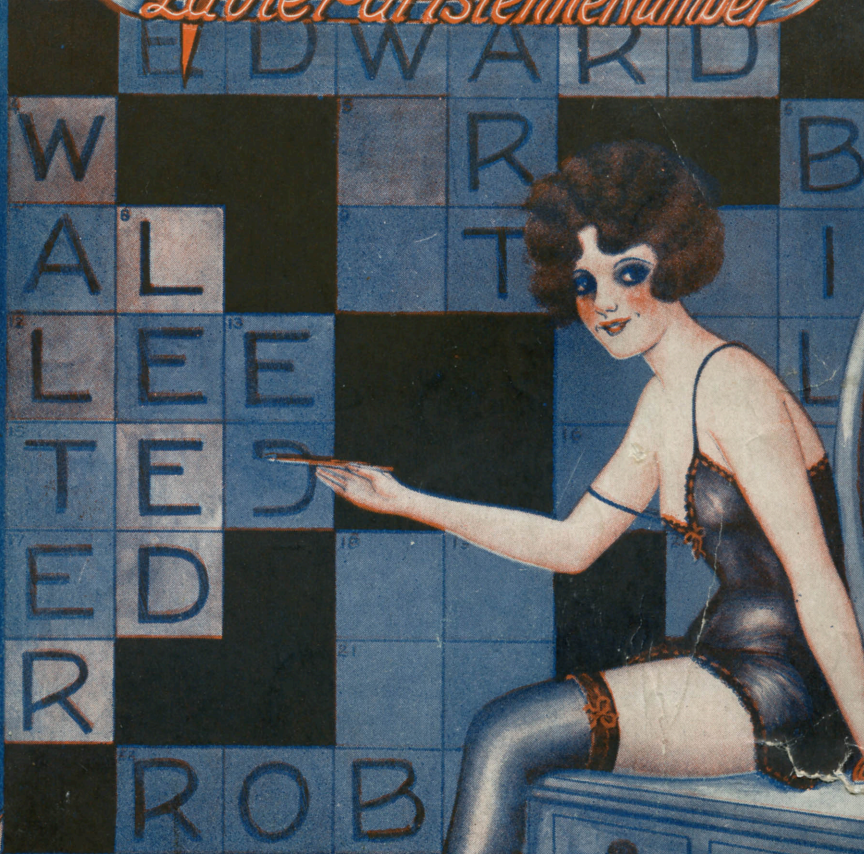
BURTON'S

Q Follies

QUARTERLY

50¢

La Vie Parisienne Number



1925

Winter Edition

Carnahan



Albert Vargas, the world-famous artist, captured the very spirit of MARY EATON in this drawing—and she's a real artist, too, because she's "drawing" crowds to see "Kid Boots."

BURTEN'S QUARTERLY FOLLIES, January, 1925. Vol. I., No. 1. \$2.00 per year; 50 cents per copy. (Copyright, 1925.) Issued Quarterly, on the 5th day of January, April, July and October. Distributed by Independent Magazine Distributors Co., 1416 Broadway, New York City.

WINTER NUMBER



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

FOLLOW ME



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

PAY, PAPA, PAY!



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

A MERE SLIP OF A GIRL



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

LIFE IS A SEE-SAW OF UPS AND UPS



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!"



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

OUT OF THE SNOW DOES THE CROCUS COME—
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, BOYS, BUT KINDA DUMB.



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

THE ETERNAL QUESTION



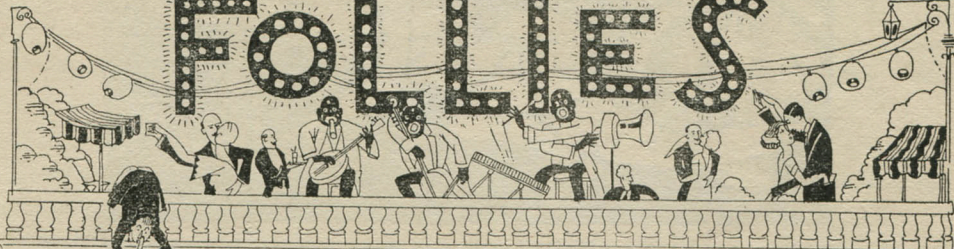
A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

"MONKEY BUSINESS"

Winter Quarterly

BURTEN'S

FOLLIES



La Vie Parisienne Number

THE OFFICE BOY'S LAMENT

OH! CAPTAIN Joey's far away,
Of Jim Thorpe he is fonder,
Am staying here to work all day,
Oh, why does Burten wander?

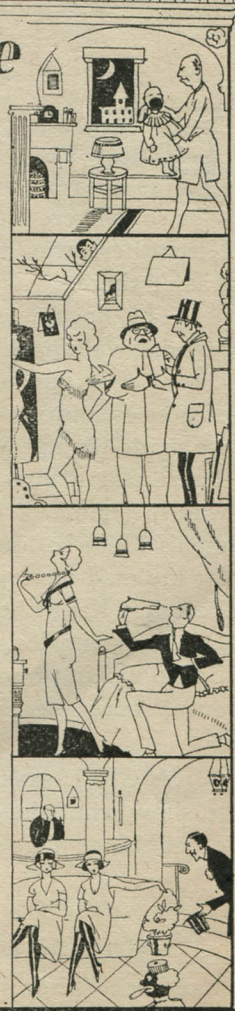
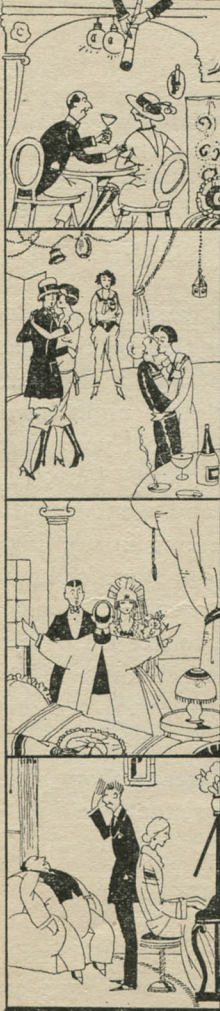
I have to get the pictures in,
My editing is sloppy!
How can I sit and work and grin,
Waiting for Burten's copy?

With Hula-Hula dames and such,
In football togs to roam,
It certainly does beat the Dutch,
That Burten don't come home.

Where is our wandering editor?
South Seas? or on the ocean?
Each time a knock comes at the door,
I tremble with emotion.

It's easy enough for him who reads
This Quarterly, for certain,
But think of me, my sad heart bleeds,
Waiting for Joey Burten.

But anyhow—I've done my best
Hullo! Hurray! Hullo!
It's up to you to do the rest,
For me and Cap'n Joey!



HOPPER.



JAZZINGS—BY F. LAPPER

As It Is Writ

KITTY AND I put on our keenest open-work hose last night and went uptown to where I had a date with flat wheeler. I was a strike breaker, as his regular finale hopped had the croup or lungitis of the blow horn—or so. There was a gang of goofs standing in the hall, and when they saw Kitty there was a couple of crashers who made a break for us. My goof wasn't there.


The floor was filled with a bunch of squirrels who were doing their scandal walking like they knew their stuff, and were doing their necking act jazzy. Kit ran across a dumbell who was shellacked but had a pocketful of berries and we proceeded to help him spend it. So, hailing a night hawk, we made for uptown to a place that didn't care how you strutted your stuff. There was a bunch of grease balls there and a few cake eaters. Perc, that was the name of our escort, ran across a liquor smeller, and went into the men's room so long I thought we had lost him and was feeling in my Onyx for my mad-money in case he didn't come back. When we did start for home, Perc left Kit at her door and took me home. Say, he's the best bell polisher I've seen in a long while, and I thought I'd never be able to get rid of him. Bell polishing him didn't seem to satisfy. He tried to weasel some. However, at last he bloused. I should worry—he's an Erie anyhow.

A GIRL says that with silk hose at \$3.00 a pair she wears short skirts to show what she gets for her money. If this lady was consistent she'd show other things that cost more than the stockings.

NO ADVANCEMENT

KING SOLOMON said: "There are three things I never could understand: the birds in the air, the fish in the sea, and the way of a man and a maid."

LA VIE-ING WITH JO BURTEN

 HE WAS THE LAMB'S LEGGINGS, no fooling—but that comes later in this tale of woe, woofs, warfare and wimmen.

☞ NOT SO long ago, when cannon boomed on the Western front, I did "my stuff"—but was unable to get close enough to Paris to tell whether French cognac had the kick of a mule or whether the "Mademoiselles" knew their oil in the Battle of Love and Kisses.

☞ BUT I heard plenty—and that was not the monkey's mustache, either.

☞ SO I left Celestine Vichy, playing Solitary Love, and my many friends and full cellars—for the CHAMPS ELYSEES—for the Rues of Paris.

FOR BENEFIT of moralists and cold-water purists, I'm spouting of what I heard was plenty of what I saw.

☞ BUT IF Paris was WARM STUFF, then DEAUVILLE was HOT TAMALES. Take f'r instance, the matter of baths. They bathe here even when it isn't Saturday! And do they bathe? A party of fair Parisiennes inaugurated a festival called the "Blue Train." They imitated a train; the further the train went, they gave a piece of clothes as fare. It got so, with my own eyes, I saw a girl give her best undies for a half-mile ride! When you consider the train was supposed to go fifty miles. And then in their Mother of Pearl skin, they and yours truly went in swimming! Goldfish, behave! Mermaids, do your stuff! I REMONSTRATED (now that is a two-dollar word) with a charming young damsel that I could see her epidermis, but, between gulps of the ocean salt, she said, "Et allez donc, t'es pas mon pere!"—I don't know just what she meant for my French comes mostly in cognac bottles, but a little birdie twittered that the interpretation was, "Go along with you, you ain't my daddy!"

☞ THERE'S AN American bar here (over which I spent many a happy hour) and little tables in its colonnades where bathers of both sexes refresh themselves.

☞ THEN THERE is the Casino where one can bet heavily on "eights" and "nines." Since they don't shoot dice here I lost my roll. And races, too!

☞ AFTER ALL, give me racing, gambling, cocktails and fair wimmen—and what's left give to the Blue noses for a good time!

☞ BUT BACK in Paris—Montmartre, to be exact—just before the boat left that took me away, I was treated to a Turkish bath by a fair Parisienne. Her words; her clothes; her morals, sums up Paris and I. And that was between the steaming when she said, "We French women treat Turkish baths purely as a means to reduce fat.

☞ THAT THE saps who come here often grow more fat when they're away.

☞ THAT MEN and women come here—but I like men.

☞ IT'S WARM tomatoes for folks in my baths.

☞ THAT I'M the warmest baby in them—because I spend the most time there.

☞ THAT I'M ready for anything from soup to nuts when off duty.

☞ THAT MOST the Paris men (judging from stories they tell) are ready for anything, for anything on and off duty.

☞ THAT THEY usually find it—with me off duty.

AND THEN TO ME:

☞ "MONSIEUR, when you have had your steam, I'll put on my sheerest silks and we'll break a quart of champagne . . . at the Cafe de la Prix . . . and afterwards, my apartment—Je ne sais pas!"

☞ SO THAT was Paris, "cash customers," and I left it broke, happy, ten pounds' lighter and ten years younger.

TO SIN FOR GRACE
A Parisienne Translation of Some
Guy

GO SIN for Grace or not—according to Wild Pete, the corn-fed shepherd from Wyoming—ain't or is, just according to the kind of light in Grace's eyes.

But this tale is of His Grace, the Hun, and Mademoiselle Grace.

And it all happens because when Cap'n Joey was in Paris he translated a group of short stories of Guy de Maupassant. He's some *guy* "Guy" is, about as big a duck in literature as oysters are in soup.

For this great service, Cap'n Joey was decorated by all the Dukes and demimondaines—some say with medals. But we think with champagne bottles.

FOLLIES readers are fortunate in securing this addition to the American slang, as it is "spoke" in *La Vie*.

"Boule de Suif" is one of the novels—novel stuff, done in oil and ink by Guy de Maupassant first and, second, by that unjailed Lochinvar, Cap'n Joey.

The lady who does her stuff in bobbed hair and a see-through pajama attire might be called on bloody Broadway as a wild mumma. But with all her abandon, she was heavy, given over to using slendaform tablets, yeast cakes, "roll-over-on-her-tummy" exercises, and living on two nuts and a marshmallow sundae.

She Looked Like She Was Full of
Lard

FOLKS, the above sub-title don't do our heroine justice. She was fuller than that. She looked full of liquor, lard and larceny—and full. But she was a heavy mamma who could do her onions.

Hordes of victorious Prussians were overrunning France at the time. The reader is introduced to a carriage full of people, prunes, and pee-eyes, fleeing to Havre.

Our heavy lady was the only quality folks along. The rest were aristocrats!

She was a fat little *courtesan*, she was, but no foolin', she and I would have gone round and round if words were real. That was Grace—the demi-mondaine.

But to go on with the orange cocktails.

Halfway on their journey the carriage was halted by an officer in command of the Huns. He examined all the papers, but the New York ones—and then saw the boudoir eyes of Grace.

After the party had dined, he commanded her presence.

Ten minutes later, folks, she returned, breathless, scarlet in the face, choking with rage and gasping, "The cad! The cad!"

No need to ask questions, boys,

(Continued on page 76)



AND THEIR PA WAS A
TRAVELING MAN

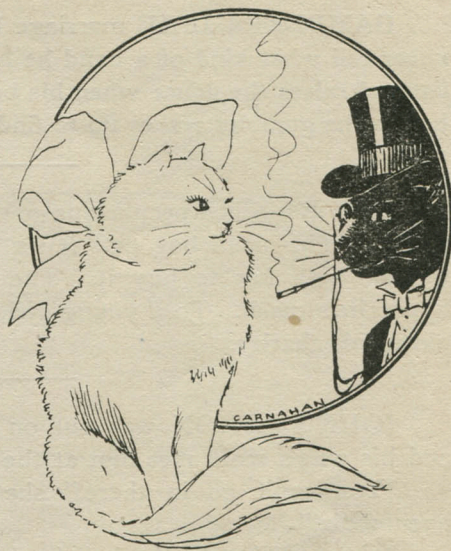
A PERSIAN kitty, perfumed and fair,
Strayed through the kitchen door
after air.
Then a Tom Cat, lean, lithe and strong,
And dirty and yellow, came prowling
along.

HE SNIFFED at the perfumed
Persian Cat,
As she strutted about with much
eclat,
And thinking a bit of time to pass,
He whispered, "Kiddo, you've sure
got class."

"THAT'S FITTING and proper,"
was her reply,
As she arched her whiskers over
her eye.
"Yet we're never contented with
what we've got,
I try to be happy, but I am not.

"I'M RIBBONED and sleep on a
pillow of silk,
And daily they bathe me in certified
milk,
For I certainly am highly pedigreed,
And I ought to be joyful, I should
indeed."

"CHEER UP," said Thomas Cat,
with a smile,
"And trust your new found friend
for a while,
You need to escape from your back
yard fence,
And what you require is experi-
ence."



NEW JOYS of living he then un-
furled,
And he told tales of the outside
world,
Suggesting at last, with a purring
laugh,
A trip for two down the Primrose
Path.

THE MORNING after the night
before,
The cat came back at the hour of
four,
The innocent look in her eyes had
went,
But the smile on her face was one
of content.

AND IN after days, when children
came,
To the Persian Kitty of pedigreed
fame,
They weren't Persian at all—they
were black and tan,
And she told them their Pa was a
Traveling Man.

GAMBLERS LIKE marriage because it is a good lottery and one can never tell what kind of a hand he holds. He still has Queens on his calling list and raises the deuce when his better half discovers. It usually isn't long before the gambler wakes up to find a little Joker in the family.

THE KISS is a peculiar proposition; of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing; the young man has to steal it; the old man has to buy it. The baby's right; the lover's privilege; the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; to an old maid, charity.

JOHN'S UNION was out on strike. One night he came home late and his wife's maid met him at the door.

"You can't go in there," she told him. "Your wife's in bed with pneumonia."

"Huh! What in the hell is she doing in bed with that scab?"

I LOVE the girls who do,
I like the girls who don't,
But the very best of all,
And I'm sure you'll think I'm right,
Is the girl who says she won't,
And then she says she might.

LITES AND LAUZ

GREEN LIGHTS,
How I hate them;
Relics of evolution,
Beacons of dissolution.

RED LIGHTS,
How I love them;
Martyrs of evolution,
Speeders of dissolution.

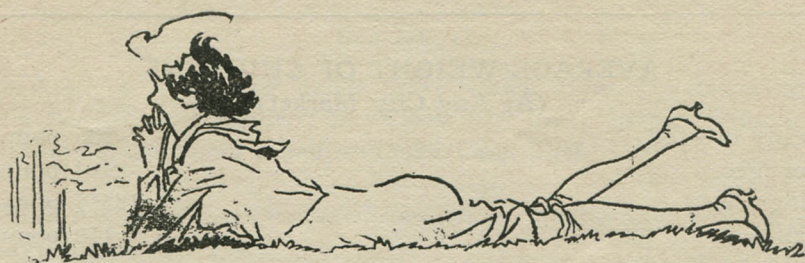
BLUE LAWS,
How I curse them,
Have changed the joys of red
Into the law's green ones.

ONLY THE anemic provincial Puritan objects to occasional humor founded on the good gross earth of human nature, the paradox of that star-aspiring animal which is man.

—Richard LeGallienne in N. Y. Times Book Review.



☐ *Finishing Touches*



THE VILLAGE CHESTNUT TREE

SINCE WASHINGTON chopped down the cherry tree, Washington Square chestnuts congregate on the benches.

ALL VILLAGE alcohol baths should be taken internally.

LONG HAIR hereabouts shows that the latest tonsorial amputation was insufficient.

SOME PEACHES we see in the Village are like apples of Sodom.

I HAVE taken my "best" to Grace's Garret, trusting that the flickering candles would go out some night.

A WOMAN is like a new house—as long as the calcimine lasts it stays young.

AT THE coming masked ball a few of us should attend rigged out as a jackass.

WONDER if a little salt in the "Pepper Pot" would season it.

DO YOU want to meet the Greenwich Village Knights? No, I'd rather meet the Grena (dears).

"WHAT WILL you have?" asked the artist who had turned waiter to pay the rent. "Ala mode or ala nude?"

JUDGE to Lady: "You are charged with being INDECOROUS."

LADY: "Not in the chorus, Judge, only in the burlesque."

AN OLD MAN who will marry a chorus girl is a glutton for punishment. But there is a lot of life in some of the old dogs.

WIGS ARE improving the appearance of the bald-headed row.

AVERAGE WEIGHT OF CHICKENS

(At Any City Market)

Ready dressed,	125 pounds
Negligeé,	124 pounds
Ringside,	123½ pounds
Half-fed,	110 pounds
Pickled,	135 pounds
Millionaire's chickens,	124 pounds, net
Bootlegger's chickens,	126 pounds, plus



☛ *Take It From Me*

LOONY LETTERS

(Published in the Pscycopathic Ward)

Salwashun Arme, Noo Yoik, en y.

DEER ARMY: Recently (abowt 6 mo. ago) I saw a poster bareing the following inscreepshun:—"A man may be down OBER hez never out!"—signed "Salwashun Army."

My dead pipples—Hear I am, a honest man, wonst full mit wim, wigor and witality. I couldnt raiz mi rent so I got shoved DOWN a flite of stares and kicked OUT into de crool hot woild. A man may be down but hez never out? How do you dat way?

When I wuz born I did not own a shoelace and all these years I have struggled and at last wen I wuz beginnin to succeed and owned a pair of shoelazes, my luck changed before I could get a pare of shuz.

A man can stand fisic-al suffering but its hard to stand mental suffering. I want to join yor army befour its stew late. Opposit my office lives a handsom maiden who has a habit of standing by her window every mornin dressed in an animal skin (I think they call it Bear) and here I am forced to gaze every mornin corruptin my morals an . . . an . . . my gosh, estarible!

Pleez send yore man here to take me away and save my sole. Smooch obli.

Yores truly,

I. M. DUMM.

SCANDAL

"SCANDAL" is a new dance craze which gives the impression of a wiggling hesitation, a modern St. Vitus. It starts in the vicinity of the equator and fluctuates north and south, east and west.

A WOMAN to a young man: passion; in middle age: his companion; in old age: his nurse.

SHE WAS a slender thing and one of her letters read: "If I'm your trifling mamma, I've got this to say—when the prodigal son returns, the fatted CALF will be prepared."

KENTUCKY IS a wonderful state—noted for its whiskey with aged-in-the-wood Bourbon flavor—then their fast horses with their big barrels and good looking legs—and their beautiful women with their er,— good-looking legs.

A MAN is as good as he has to be and a woman as bad as she dares.

WITH MEMORIES OF THE
ZERO HOUR

OH! HOW I hate to give up my
whiskey,
Oh! how I love to remain so frisky,
For the hardest blow of all is to hear
the bugle call:
You've got to give up,
You've got to give up,
Your whiskey.
Some day I shall murder the
prohis,
Some day you are going to find
them dead;
Then you'll find me drunk in revelry
For I'll get pickled heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

O LOVE, O fire! Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul
through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

—Tennyson.



◀ A Blow-up

THE CROAK OF THE WHIFFENPOOF

(With apologies to The Raven)

ONCE beside a Volstead beaker, while I blubbered weak and weaker,
 Over many a container and glorious remnant of the days of yore,
 While I nodded, nearly snoring, abruptly there came a boring,
 As of some one boldly rapping, rapping at my attic door.
 "Tis some rounder (Here I swore), tapping at my attic door."

Only this and nothing more.

Ah, soberly I remember, I was but a weak contender,
 And each separate bottle wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my firends more ease of sorrow—sorrow for the bottles on the floor,
 For the rare and golden droplets lying on the attic floor

Praised be them for evermore.

Presently my thirst grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 "Bum," said I, "or flapper, that I can't drink your health I deplore,
 But the fact is I was snoring, and so gently you came boring,
 And so faintly you came rapping, tapping at my attic door,
 That I scarcely was sure I heard you, 'till I opened wide my door;

Darkness there and nothing more.

As into my attic turning all my soul within me burning,
 In there stepped a somber Whiffenpoof of Archaic days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
 But, with mien of "deb" or flapper, perched above my attic door,

Chewed and spat and nothing more.

But the Whiffenpoof beguiling all my soul into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though your brow is rough and hoofy, you art but a pickled goofy,
 Ghastly grim old Whiffenpoof, delirious from the nightly ken,
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's delirium tremen!"

Quoth the Whiffenpoof, "Nevermore!"

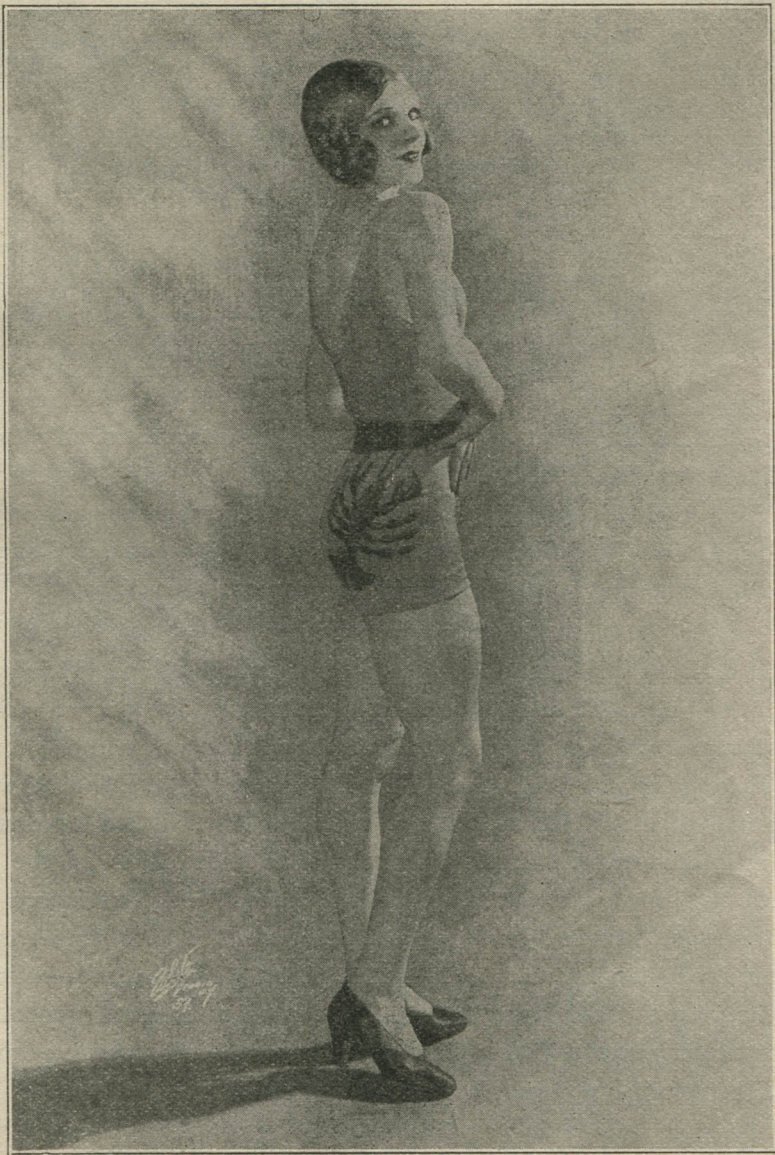
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! boozer still, if bird or weevil!
 Whether Bryan sent or whether Prohibition tossed here ashore,
 Desolate, yet undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
 On this land by Prohibi haunted, tell me truly I implore,
 Is there, is there booze in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Whiffenpoof, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting;
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Prohibition shore!
 Leave thy temperance unshaken! quit the clay above my door!
 Take thy snoot out my heart, and take thy hide from off my door!"
 And the Whiffenpoof, never grinning, still is sitting, still is spitting,
 On the temperance bust of Nation just above my attic door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a boozer that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my bottles show their shadows that lies empty on the floor,

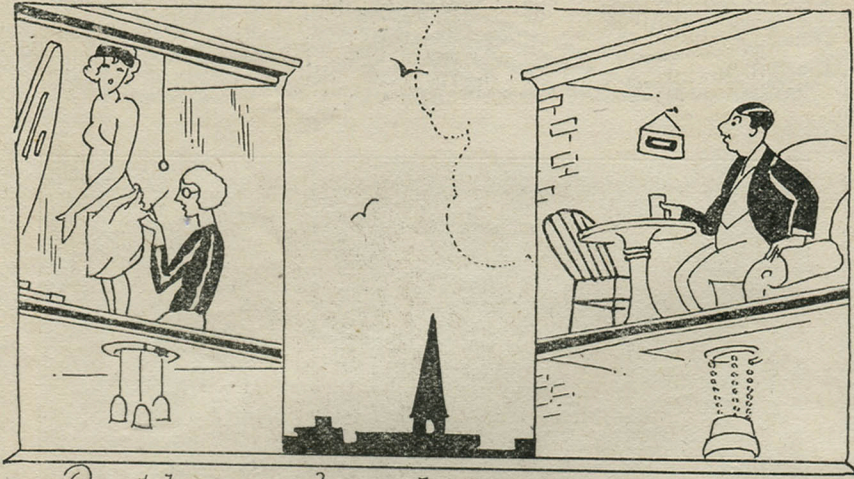
Shall be filled, nevermore!

L'ENVOI—Over my door sits a Whiffenpoof,
 Sorry, grim and red.
 The pickled sire of a son-of-a-gun,
 Moldy, dim and dead.—By CAPN. JOEY.



CLAIRE LUCE is a review all by herself in Irving Berlin's Fourth Annual "Music Box Revue."

Portrait by White Studios



*People in glass houses should pull
down the shade.*

RIGHT IN the heart of the White Light is a restaurant that has a peculiar way of ordering. If you want water, you say, "Water me." If you desire bread, you say, "Bread me." If you want meat, you say, "Meat me." A lady came in and sat at the same table where I sat, and she ordered milk, so I got up and went out of that restaurant.

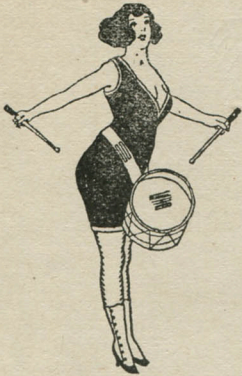
DEAR CAP: You are invited to attend the grand and glorious moonlit excursion of the rubber-neck switchmen which will take place at drunkards' grove (corner tough and pajama streets). Three barges and one growler will leave suicide wharf at 6:15 never to return, much like the flapper who went for an automobile ride and didn't have to walk home. Boats leave two hours before appointed time. Those late can chase themselves or the growler. To amuse the crowd a few murders will be committed. The Frisco Railroad passes the grove once every few years. Dancing until your flapper is pickled. Flap and flop and then flop again is the motto. Tickets free—children half free. The janitor of the Kansas City, Kansas, jail will furnish patrol wagons. Orphans accompanied by their legitimate parents will not be permitted to enter. The dancing will be all to the mustard.

Yours,

"PEE NUTS."



FEMALES OF THE NATIONS



THE TIME is near—in fact it's here—

When man can have a female
Supply his needs from cooking feeds
To polishing his toe-nail.

There's maidens cute in each pursuit
Almost that you can mention,
Some mend our shoes, some serve out booze,
Some 'tend the State convention.
In schools some teach, in church some preach
And steer you straight to Heaven,
Some wield their jaw and juggle law,
Some "seven-come-eleven."
In towns I've been, in place of men,
They're lady "nickle-snatchers"
Who punch transfers for passengers,
Or act as car dispatchers.

Some's raising oats and swine and goats,
And some are garden-trucking,
Some run a ranch and never blanch
At riding bronchos bucking.

One girl I knew (a regular shrew),
She was a butcher's helper,
She'd swat a steer abaft the ear
Then skin him with a scalper.

Another maid (of ebon shade)
Is raking in the dollars
By shining boots of male galoots
And sweeping off their collars.

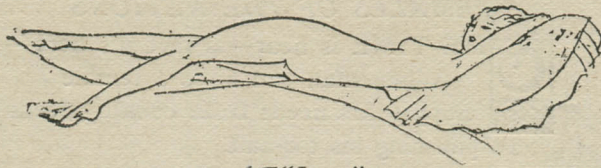
When I was down to Philly Town—
That burg of Independence—
It was to laugh: a "Turkish bath
With ladies in attendance."

Once, in Eu Clair, I took a chair
And waited for the barber,
And soon there came a blushing dame
And pruned my "whisker-arbor."

A lady "Doc" can clean your clock
And make your heart pump faster,
And feelings fine shoot up your spine,
As she glues on a plaster.

Gals ply all trades from chamber-maids
On up to Queenly stations;
They rear our kids: Men, tip your lids
To FEMALES OF THE NATIONS.





"Lazy"

THE LOVES OF ROSATSKI

By B. V. D.

2.75 Per Cent.

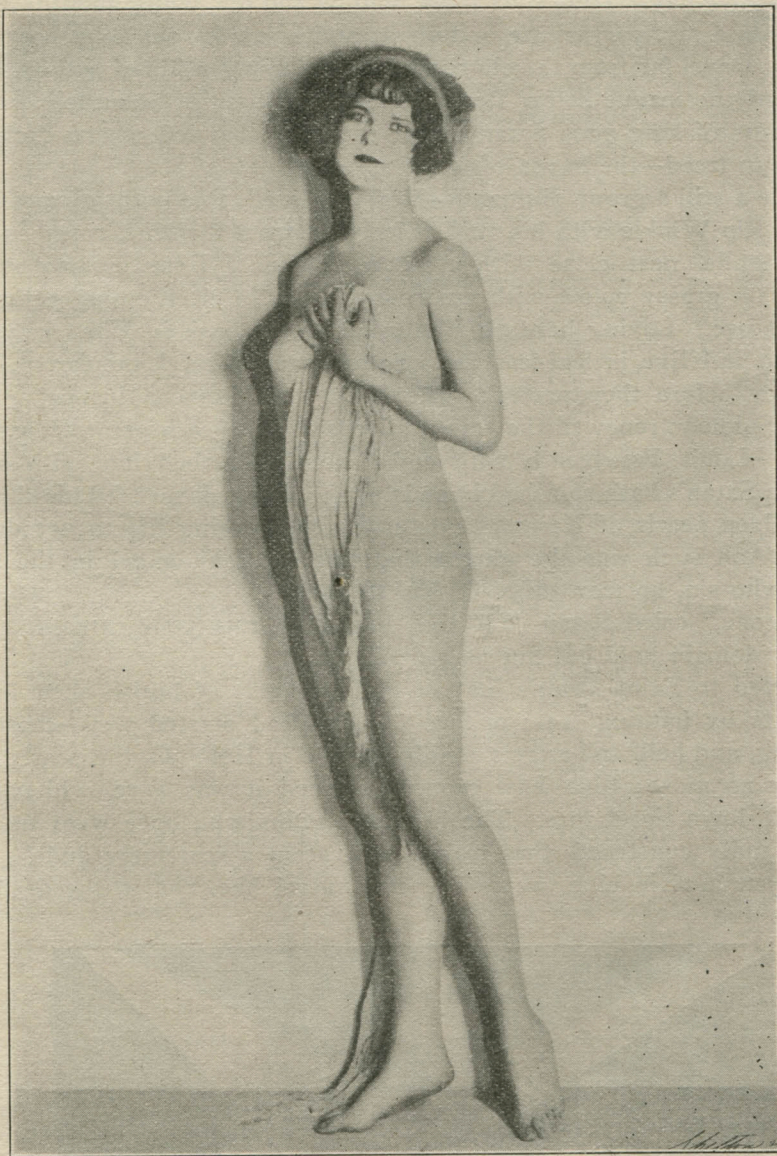
ROSATSKI was an English painter who threw a mean paintbrush on a bunch of five and ten cent pictures that he sold to Gullybrew and Rocky Felts living in squalid hovels on Fifth Avenue. He lived alone with four or five demi-monde blondes who posed for his nude debauches of canvas. Uncouth swingers of camel's brush as Peter Rosatski (that was his Greenwich Village name) stopped at nothing short of a finale-hopper's skirt. As wicked men go in this haven of dago rent-sharks, Peter was tight. He never let a nickel loose unless he had one coming.

150 Degrees Fahrenheit

ONE ZERO day while our hero sweltered in the clammy chill of his luxurious attic near the roof of the condemned tenement just south of Washington Square, he was hurried from his attack on a nude figure of Venus (which he was painting for a fellow who had four millions and only sixteen Rolls Royces and one yacht). Sweet reader, he was hurried from his artistic debauchery by the clamorous clanging of the door knocker five stories below his studio. Leaving his treasure in charge of Minerva, the idol of his nose, and at the same time the best built battleship of any kosher navy (including the upper turrets), he hastened down stairs to the sidewalk door. Putting his best glass eye to the key-hole, he was not surprised to see outside Jans Garlic, the lightweight coal-heaver, parvenu of his Minerva.

A second glance showed him that Mister Garlic was engaged in the idle sport of bending the six-inch cast-iron railing of the porch while he gazed with bleary eyes of a hawk at the attic window, where he knew that Minerva, pride of his heaving bosom, toiled wearily through a heavy day or thirty minutes for the withal which meant surcease of labor to him. This time, however Jan's quiet face was suffused with the placid sting of a viper—his features wreathed horrible smiles. He had come on an evil mission that boded no good intentions—nothing more or less than to collect the last two days' salary from Minerva with which to purchase a whole package of "They Satisfy." Today he was dressed in the pink of fashion with his sea-going trousers creased to the knees, his celluloid collar showing not a tarnish, his Prince Albert stove-pipe black and shiny, and his raven locks smoothed in an un-gainly manner.

(Continued on page 86)



Cap'n. Joey is ready to admit that NINA PIERSON is one of the comers in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

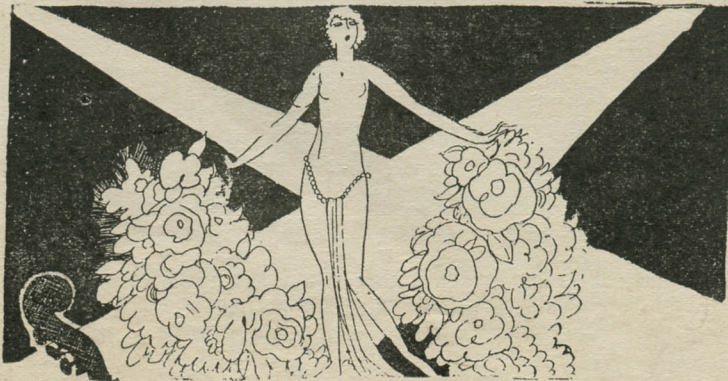
BLOO LAWS BLUES

THE DEEP-EYED son of a gun, dumped in the sewer all the rum, all the hootch, all the hootch but one. A quart of old booze that his eye, quick of hand, he hid on the sly—bottle of old aged-in rye. Hidden from the ken of day, slopt his entrails in a deadly way, made from the weed that grows like hay. Thus ends those who lie and die, whose mouths slobber with pigs in a sty, pervaricate and shout and cry. To old Blue Law Prohi it befell to travel far from the churchly bell, the slimy skids of path to Hell—Dante's Inferno league below Reno this large domain of Satan below, guart by dinosaurs of long ago; Satan markt the path that led where Prohis are forbidden to tread—the haven of forgotten dead.

Beside a still a group did quaff—Merry Falstaff, Poe with joy and laugh, Nero and Rip Winkle with his staff; Cleopatra from the Nile, robed in but a 'Gyptian smile, nest close with Anthony awhile. Here lounged mighty Hercules, on grassy couch with amorous Cerces, in close embrace that lets love not cease. Loving beneath Plutonic Sun, as back in Eden in year of one, Adam and Eve in leaf-less fun. Samson and King Lionhearted, drank English ale before they parted. The King took Rowena instead. Sheba and wise Solomon renewed the tryst of Jerusalem beneath great cedars from Lebanon. Louis Fourteenth with eight women—garbed but with a lone ribbon—in Satan's bath splashed in swimmin'. While Jasper fed his thirsting Fleece golden pearls of Kaintuck's late demise bringing life to her dummy decease. And such was the ghetto that knew not an angel in the abode of those who sin, no man toiled or had to spin.

"Be gone," cried Satan, 'PROHI, hence, or rots your carcass on yon fence; my domain hold but honest tents."

Escorted to Saint Peter's seat in highest vault of bluish sheet, where labor starts by bathing feet; prithe Censors had started well—ceased all chant, song, and bell, and angels sought to bide in Hell. O, the pearly gates are pearly no more; Blue Law censors deemed it was gore, whitewashed bright and down tinsel tore. The heavenly twins who once went nude, in sackcloth sadly construed, that makes each seem a scarecrow dude. High heavens once a vivid blue, wears deepest funeral hue, and to the dead all's well as its due.



MI-LADY'S GARTER

IT REPOSES under the ash pile,
The rubbish man to cart away;
The prop that stayed the silken sheen
Has passed from the ken of day.

IT ONCE held a shimmering paen,
A loveliness that possesses;
And snuggled deep from wolfish glance,
For Beauty that charmingly blesses.

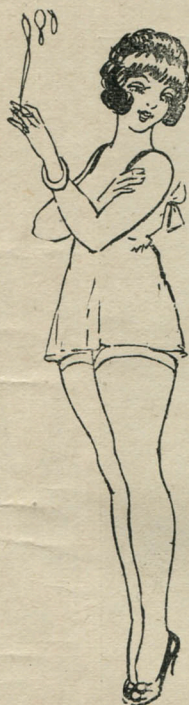
OFT PEERED from its lofty bower,
On neat slipper o'er waxen floor,
Where tripped Mi-Lady with twinkling
toe.
In golden days of forgotten yore.

IN FUNERAL shroud the garbage barge,
Will slip it down the sea,
And be dumped on the green, green
waves,
Lost forever to you and me.

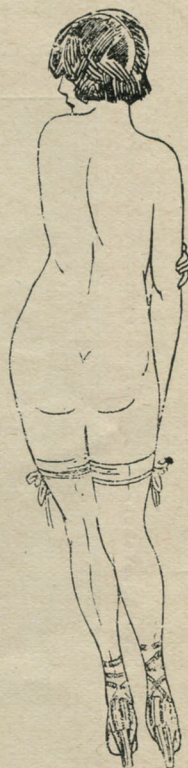
CROSSED LIMBS display a dimpled
knee,
Where a garter once proudly shone;
And the silken hose but tops the calf—
For Mi-Lady now rolls her own.

MAN'S LOVE is of man's life a
thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

—Byron.



Fore



Aft

ADVICE TO BUDDING AUTHORS

THE FIRST motto of Greenwich Village writers: "Be sure to insure your stuff. Always figure high with the express companies, for in case of loss you can make fifty or one hundred iron men very easily."

AN ARTIST in the Village has painted "Adam and Eve" and will place it on exhibition this spring until the leaves begin to fall.

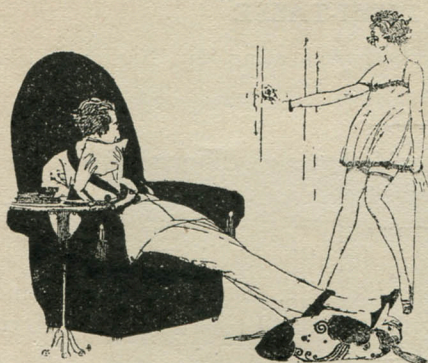
SCIENTIST: "If 32 is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point?"
STUDENT: "When she hollers daddy."





JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT didn't learn how to love by correspondence and NANA BRYANT, playing with him in the "Firebrand," doesn't seem to be running away, either.

Study by Apeda



SCHATCHENS

LOVE BUILT BY A SCHATCHEN IS UNDONE BY THE RABBI.

PROFESSOR HARDPICKLE'S
GEOMETRIC EQUATIONS

Axiom I.

A cake-eater and a flapper traveling
unequal planes will meet.

Axiom II.

A man's wife is his better half.

Postulation I.

The clothes of a flapper stretched
both ways will never touch.

Postulation II.

A single quart is that which hath
many parts and considerable distribution.

HER crimsoned lips were treasure
ships,
Until he took a notion;
He found her lips but painted ships
Upon a painted ocean.

EDITH: "Oh! Ethel! How did you dare? I never thought you'd fall."

ETHEL: "Well, Jack was responsible."

EDITH: "People are going to gossip."

ETHEL: "There (walking to nearest mirror), I don't care what people say of me in my new knickerbockers."

F. LAPPER'S BOOZE BLUES

PUT THE ice on my head;
Put the hot rock on my feet;
Don't let me get cold,
And don't bring me near the heat.

I WENT out last night
To a big street fair;
We didn't have much fun before,
But we surely got it there.

MY HEAD began to spin around,
The lights began to blink;
I don't know what I said or did—
I simply couldn't think.

FOUR and twenty drinks around,
The boys began to sing;
We went right back into the fair,
And took in everything.

I REALLY started talking then;
Told everything I knew;
Where the rum-runners flourished,
And where the marihuanas grew.

I COULDN'T get my clothes off,
I couldn't catch the bed;
I tried to kiss my hubby
And kissed the floor instead.

I'LL TAKE a drink when I find it;
And another if I get it free;
But I'll be gosh-whang-doodled
If I'll go on another spree.

BARONESS DE LA TOMBELLE, society leader of Paris, states in regard to short skirts: "It is all a question of age and legs."

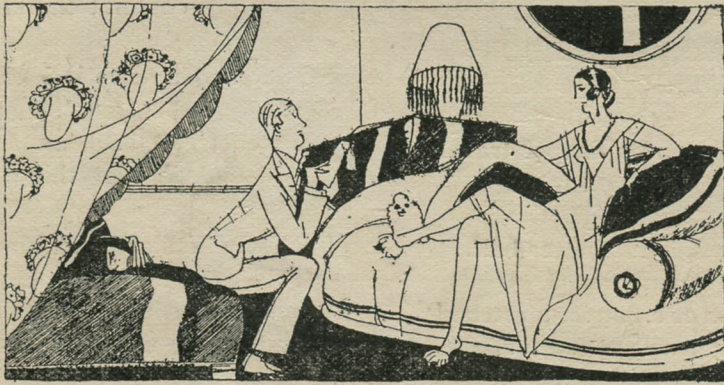
DADDY DEEPER'S DEMI-TASSE

BREADWINNER Motke Chobat says if you wear 'em higher I like to stick around.

FLAUSTINA in ancient Rome once said that any woman with a husband twenty years her senior must be allowed a lover or two.

CLOTHES PLAY a part in Cupid's pranks altho the little fellow goes naked, but does not allow his votaries to do likewise. However, give some of our broads time. Eve made her debut with a leaf and type may yet revert.

THE ROLLED down hose, cigarettes, cosmetics, open-work stockings, are secondary sexual manifestations. Nakedness like Venus coming from the sea would probably sober us.



Reporter—"You have a wonderful legacy." She—"Sir!"

CHINESE COSTUMES MAKE BOOTLEGGING DISGUISES

AT THE recent Greenwich Village dance at Webster Hall, some of the natives de femme tripped past the pure bluecoat, tricked out in capacious Chinese costumes. Once inside the hall, the Oriental costume was discarded for ultra-modern, and proved to be a magazine for the thirsty. The net results were that painted butterflies on the epidermis of the damosels would have shamed the famous Mesopotamian leaf. One live butterfly actually fluttered from the terra firma of a radiant and pink skin and 20-20 vision was not lacking. Some Villagers, costumed as Mother Eve, were festooned with heaps of fig-leaves.

Villagers inaugurated the fashion of bobbed hair and rolled hose and folks spoke of the sophistry of the Square. Nowadays all flappers cut 'em as close and roll 'em as low as possible and the laymen term it advancement.

A Villager who is a genius with the cornet and at the same time somewhat of a jackass, on every occasion he blows, his room is brayed with jazz.



“Look pretty, please,” said the photographer, and **DOROTHY GORDON** did! She’s playing nowadays in the “Greenwich Village Follies.”

Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY

FOR A fellow to jump from the Woolworth Tower with a lighted cigar and imagine he's Halley's comet.

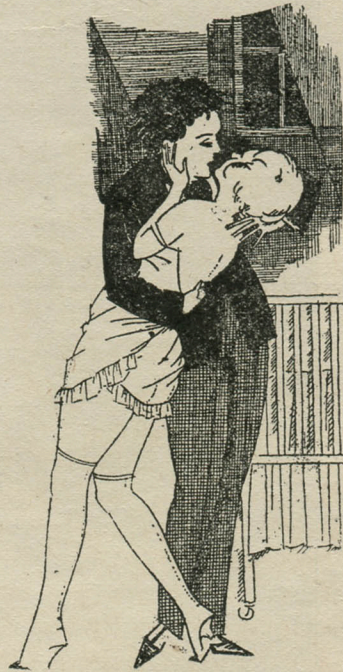
FLAPPERS are insisting on the freedom of the knees, the freedom of the breeze and the freedom of the squeeze. Then will come the freedom of the fleas.

LIVES THERE an old maid with soul so dead, who never to herself hath said, I'll not let him hold my hand; I couldn't be respected. And if he tried to hug me he certainly would be rejected; and if his kissing is detected then I wouldn't be respected; though I stay old and neglected, I'll surely die respected.

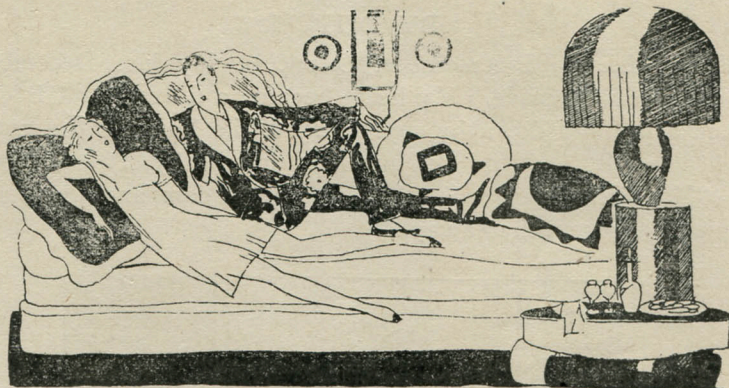
ROCK HOUNDS OF TOMORROW

FUTURE ARCHAEOLOGISTS probably will decipher the basalt hieroglyphics of the Palisades as follows:

- 1918—Prohibition adopted.
- 1922—First crop of wood-alcohol deaths.
- 1924—Death rate increases.
- 1925—Prohibition enforced by death sentence (100,000 more deaths).
- 19226—Izzy Einstein pinched his ten thousandth bootlegger.
- 1930—Football abolished—too rough.
- 1931—Soviet Russia recognized by U. S.
- 1932—Ping-pong adopted as national pastime.
- 1936—Blue laws forbid automobile riding on Sabbath; horse racing, gambling, boxing, punishable with lethal gas.
- 1940—Exodus of 5,000,000 to Cuba.
- 1945—Exodus of 1,000,000 by aerometer to Mars.
- 1950—1,000,000 died from wood alcohol.
- 1952—Professor Dewdrop discovered moonshine in sunlight. (Punished by death).
- 1954—10,000,000 hooch hounds emigrated to Guatemala.
- 1955—Germany pays last mark of war debt.
- 1956—Henry Ford's nitrate plant turned out its first batch of fertilizer.
- 1960—Wood alcohol deaths increasing.
- 1975—Last drop of anti wood-alcohol drinkers fighting for life on Palisades.



Inspiration



ABSENT MINDED

FROM THE rural districts comes this little story, where the new minister who was a little forgetful called on a parishioner with 19 children.

When he arose to go, the lady said: "But Minister, you haven't seen my last baby!"

"No," he replied, "and I don't expect to!"

IT WAS while passing through the South that I happened to run across one of those large families for which some Southerners are noted. Approaching the father of twenty-two, I remarked about his large family. "Yes, sah," he drawled, "that's a right smart bunch a kids—" then stopping to bat at a mosquito, he continued: "That's one of our greatest troubles in these parts. we're bothered pretty much by skeeters at night."

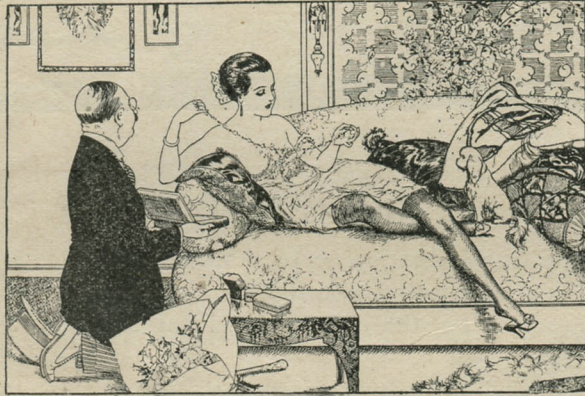
OH, THE LADIES!

OH THE ladies, they prefer THE LONG-HAIRED ART PHOTOGRAPHER,
 Who talks a lot of hocus-pocus, AND PHOTOGRAPHS THE OUT OF FOCUS.
 Oh, the ladies, ho they hanker, FOR THE FAT AND PORTLY BANKER,
 Eut though his conversation trys, THEY LIKE HIM FOR THE THINGS HE BUYS.
 Oh the ladies, how they go UP TO THE ARTIST'S STUDIO;
 They do not give a hoop for art, BUT HOW IT AGITATES THEIR HEART.
 Oh, the ladies, how they fall FOR ACTORS THEY DON'T KNOW AT ALL;
 They see them in the matinees, AND SIGH FOR THEM ON RAINY DAYS.
 But for the men we cannot answer, WHILE THEY SEE THAT CHEESE-CLOTH
 DANCER,
 For though she tries hard to please, SHE'S NOTHING BUT A PIECE OF CHEESE.
 When you take 'em in a Ford, OH, THE LADIES GET SO BORED,
 But take 'em in a touring car, LOTS OF TIMES THEY GO TOO FAR.

—song rights reserved by bobby edwards.

BY DUTCH

HOW WELL do I remember, One cold day last December, While strolling out in manly pride. My heart became a flutter, And I fell into the gutter, And a pig laid down by my side. While lying in the gutter, With both our hearts a flutter, And a young lady passing by, These words I heard her say: "You can always tell a boozer By the company's he's a cheeser," And the pig slowly mooched away.



¶ *Good Fish Bait*

TIT FOR TAT

THE SUN sets on me; the sun sets on you; the reformers set on me; the reformers set on you.

THE REVIVAL meeting of a Negro camp was in full swing among the Georgia pines. The kinky leader was pleading for sinners to be saved.

A flapper, "high yaller," in a bucolic condition, and supported by two "high browns," stepped forward.

"Preacher man," she said, "Ah done drank two quarts of moonshine an' been gone two days from Mah Mammy. Did ah do wrong?"

"Can't yo rec'llect, Sister, can't yo rec'llect?"

A VILLAGER who wrote free verse entered the office of a hard-boiled sob-editor, and his office boy went into the inner circle with the announcement:

"A writer to see you."

Editor: "Nope, can't see any writers."

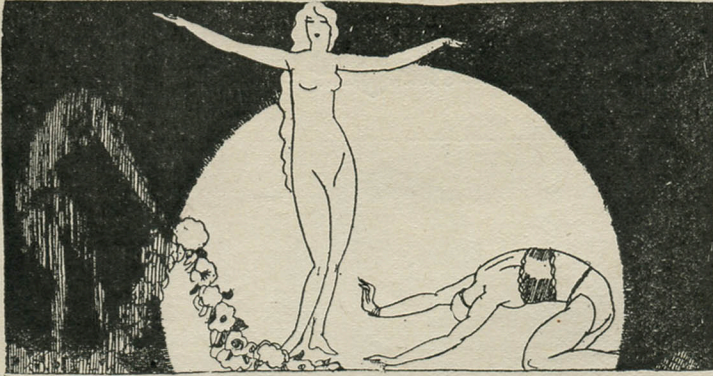
Office Boy: "But this is a young lady and she's the cat's whole hind legs for looks."

Editor: "Well, show her in—I'll be pleased to look over her, er, lines."





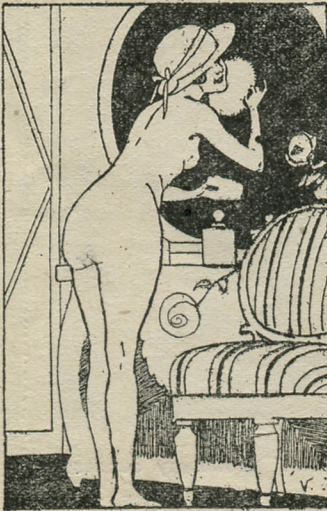
Charming BETTY PIERCE, in the astounding Broadway success, "White Cargo." No wonder Cap'n. Joey loves the tropics!



A VILLAGER'S CONCEPTION

The Milky Way is only another Prohibition evolution and the Pleiades, a second Bronx Cocktail. Then, too, the Great Dipper is certain to become full when Venus, with grisly Neptune peering from his maritmic depths, disrobes at sunrise. Blood-thirsty Mars and Father Jupiter probably will tarry in the Eclipse of the Moon at the Great Bear rendezvous. While the Northern Lights are trimmed down the two will battle for possession of the Goddess of the Dawn. Wicked, wild and woolly Aureleus Borealis, from the frozen north, will yearn zenithward to estrange evanescent Southern Cross. During the long hours of darkness the Moon will nestle in the lap of Mother Earth and in the morn the Sun will be born.

CONFESSIONS OF A BUTTERFLY



☐ *The Butterfly*

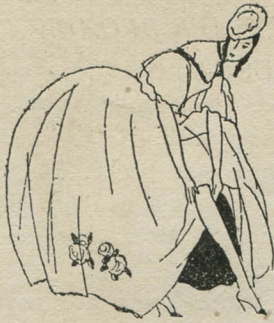
I WAS once a country moth.
But now I'm a city butterfly.
I swapped my humble gingham
dress for a sheen of gossamer.

Where once I sat on the doorstep
in the gloaming, a bowl of strawber-
ries and milk in my lap, now I am
bewaited at the Ritz. And I flit from
flower to flower sipping the pollen
therein.

Yet often I wish I were back in the
country.

An honorable rural moth once
more.

But now my wings are singed, and
some day when I fall into the candle
it'll be too late to go back into the
green spaces.



Ⓛ *Don't Peek*

LETTERS TO THE OLD GIRL

(By a Rolling Stone)

TO THE old girl in the old town,
When you are far away—
You will post her many letters,
And tell her what you may.

You will write her of your vict'ries
In this world of men afar—
You will tell of your coming
To heal her one heart's scar.

But you know that you are lying,
You are cheating every day—
You are telling of your winnings,
When you fight your job to stay.

You will write her of your conquests,
When you know not what you'll do
To keep the wolf from gnawing,
And pay the room rent that is due.

You will mail her of your mission
To travel far from home—
But you are lying just to keep her
From the knowledge why you roam.

For the getting of your living,
And that is hard to find;
You never seem to hold a place,
You're always just behind.

There sometimes comes a feeling,
When you're hungry to the bone,
Of the nights and all its frolics—
And the good times back at home.

Of the school house and its parties,
Or the dancing on the floor,
Of the town's brand new pavillion—
Or the nick nacks at the store.

And you walk the street looking
Where the next meal you will bum—
And you think of all the chicken
That at home you filled your tum.

Though but you the girl is loving,
You're now too big and great,
In the letters you have mailed,
To return from high estate.

In all those many letters
That you've written way back there,
You never spoke of coming home,
'Cause you never had the fare.



"POP THE BELLHOP"

HIS Hair was white,
And he'd lost his sight,
That's why his boss
Put him at night
In a swell hotel,
To answer the bell
At the head of the beds
Of the Newlyweds.

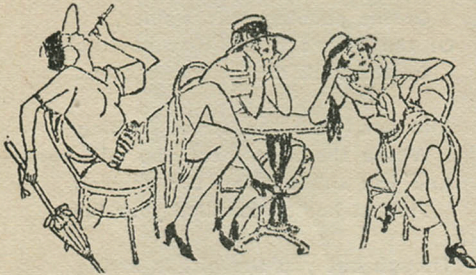
GOLD DIGGING QUEEN

FLIPPER to hard-boiled Broad-
way chicken:

"Have you a glass eye?"

"How can you tell?"

"When I asked you for a kiss your
right lamp was sympathetic, but the
other was cold and clear."



☛ *Three Queens and no Jack*

AT THE PIRATE'S BALL

Come the short ones and the tall.
 Pirates from all walks of life
 Dance and steal the other's wife.
 Toddling in that jазzing crew
 Masked Turk and East-Side Jew.
 Loving on the pirate deck,
 'Nuff to make a vampire wreck.
 How they writhe and how they squeal,
 Now they squirm their clothes to peel.
 Glad 'tis night o'er the bay
 Keep these sights far from the day.
 Crew so crazed with bootleg joy,
 Have captured many maidens coy.
 Here are Eves with but a smile,
 Try to show their garden guile.
 Jazz and sing and jazz and dance,
 Down the decks they sure do prance.
 Now the wassail flows so free,
 Bootleg wonders rare to see.
 'Till at last all pickled tight,
 Shut their eyes and sleep the night.

J' ever spoon, 'neath a sentimental
 moon,

And watch it gleam upon the sea?

J' ever sigh, as your impetuous eye
 Caught the sight of a silken knee?

J' ever squeeze, as her waist you
 seized;

Then kissed in hot embrace?

J' ever plead, a sophisticated need?

J' ever get slapped in the face?

J' ever?

I HATE BROADWAY

BECAUSE—

People don't talk to you unless
 you're flush.

When I was broke, the "Roaring
 Forties" drowned my plea.

It's full of cheers, beer and heart-
 aches.

The white lights are covered by
 blood-colored lust.

It is a place for paupers, beggars
 and misguided angels.



☛ *We Are Keeping this Dark*

VERBOTEN

To drink in the U. S. A.

To chew in the U. S. A.

To spit in Kansas

To smoke in Arkansas.

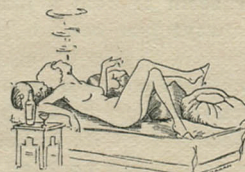
To finale hop in Newark.

To jazz in Flatbush.

To flop in Greenwich Village.

To swear in Kansas City, Mo.

To cuss in the Y. M. C. A.

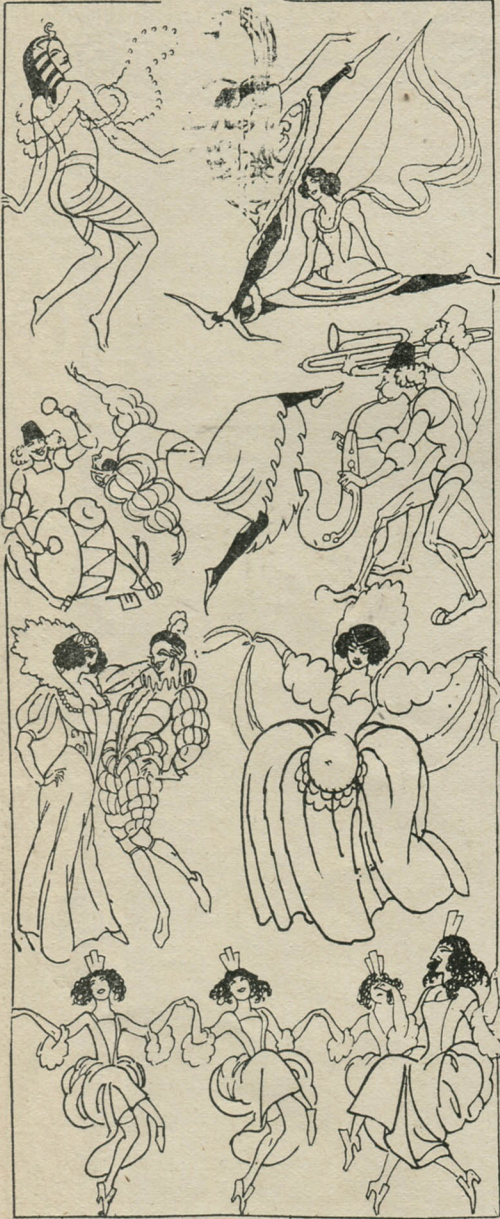


☛ *Solid Comfort*



Cap'n. Joey says that ALENOVA KARVLA made him remember "Artists and Models" for a couple of good reasons.

Portrait by de Mirjian Studios



◀ *The Carnival*

A WOMAN'S interest in man—
his bankroll and family.

A MAN'S interest in woman—
her morals and hosiery.

FAIRY TALES HEARD IN HOLLYWOOD

"Wouldn't play with her for anything."

"Don't see how he gets away with that stuff."

"Could act better than that."

"Was asked to dinner by Mary."

"Just signed a contract for five years."

"I'm resting between pictures."

"Can you lemme have a dime?"

Prohibitionist First: "How much was your raid?"

Prohibitionist Second: "Two quarts. Get the gals and we'll have a good time tonight."



WHY WOOF-WOOF WENT COO-COO

OVERHEARD at the Prohibition Club:

"It's a sad case!"

"What is?"

"A dozen empties."

WHEN IT was time for Izzy Einstein to ascend the golden staircase he was halted by St. Peter, dry and extremely thirsty.

"Halt! Who's soul is that?" came the celestial one.

"Izzy Einstein, Sir, with two quarts," was the reply.

To which St. Peter ordered: "Advance, Izzy's soul; but leave liquor."

REFORMERS PEE-RADE

The Signs They Carried

"There'll be no kissing on the corners,"

Was carried by a woman like a mule;

"If we catch you smoking you are goners,"

A man brought up who'd never went to school.

"We'll have no jazing, chewing, drinking, loving,"

"Hang the finale-hopper by the neck,"

"There'll be no children in the families,"

"Free love has simply got to stop, by Heck."



COME ACROSS, KID!

"But I can't do it!"

"Come across or walk."

"You brute!"

"Gonna gimme what I want?"

"Oh! Will some one save me?"

Then a handsome young man stepped forward and handed the fair one her lost purse.

"There's your darned old ticket," she said, handing it to the conductor of the train.

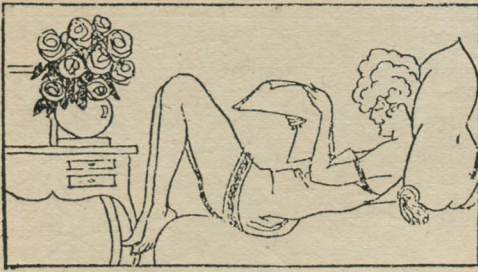
SMACK OVER THIS IN THE CELLAR

THE LAST drop being drunk, and the wedding feast over, old Midas and his young wife left for their money-moon.



At Mont Marte

AN OPTIMIST is a fellow who does not bring his girl any candy but expects two hours' mushing in the parlor.



☛ *Enjoying Follies*

Knees may be knock knees, but they are not shock knees.

Beauty again will be measured in the face.

Occulists already report improvement in eyesight.

Long skirts are like the Eve's original beat to cause curiosity and camouflage.

Many a bull was made by country calves.

Milk-fed chickens were catalogued in the best hotels by legs; now the bell-hops must look feminine guests in the face.

Now that skirts are coming down, hose at half-flag is soaring upwards.

Rolled hose garters will be returned to father for arm bands.

The well-turned calf is to be secreted again.

Damn those long skirts anyhow! Just when a fellow was getting an eyeful.

From now on the men will have to return to burlesque shows for their by-shows.

Everywoman realizes she gave away a million dollar's worth of entertainment, before she realized it was worth something.

Rolled hose at half-mast may still be rolled, but, perhaps, better keep hands off.

*GREENWICH VILLAGE LOVE
MUSH*

THE GUY I wed must be a bird,
If I'm to be a chooser,
Though he can be a country guy,
A quack or Prohi booser;
That when he takes me to the park,
He's got to throb with passion,
He's got to find the darkest place,
And love me in cave fashion.

I want to hear him madly cry,
"O love me, bite me, kiss me!"
I want to play with just that guy,
Who'll love me, love me, gladly.
For I am not of flesh and blood,
To thrill and love in pleasure—
Cold-blooded males I will forsake
To find a he-male treasure.



☛ *Between the Acts*



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

"TURN THE PAGE QUICKLY, PLEASE, I WANT TO DRESS"



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

PITY THE POOR FISH



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

LAZY



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

CROWNING GLORY



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

BULLED!



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

THE GAME OF LOVE



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

REFLECTIONS OF A KITCHEN MAID



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

SHIP SHAPE



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

THE CALL OF THE WILD



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

BAIT FOR LOBSTERS



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

A BROAD JUMP



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

POOR BUTTERFLY



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

A HARUM SCARUM

BY OTIS HARRIS



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

WINE AND FOLLY



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

THIS LITTLE GIRL WHO SHOWS DISTRESS,
HAS STARTED OUT WITHOUT HER DRESS (DON'T CROWD!)



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE VIEWPOINT

'TIS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE
THAN RECEIVE

A NICE young wife in the neighbor-
hood,
Treated me as a neighbor should,
Until one day the Stork came 'round,
And dropped a package, which she
found.

Her husband wouldn't claim the
child,

It drove the poor girl almost wild;
She said to me: "It's yours then,
Sir,"

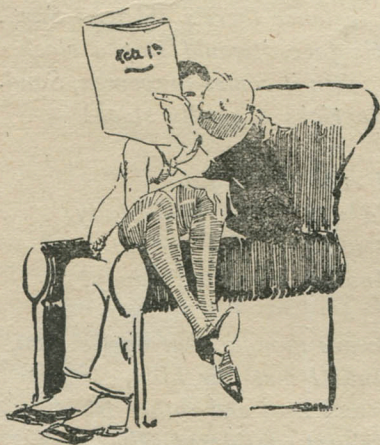
And this is what I said to her:

Chorus

'Tis more blessed to give than to
receive, so take it with a smile,
To be real generous, I do believe, is
certainly worth while.

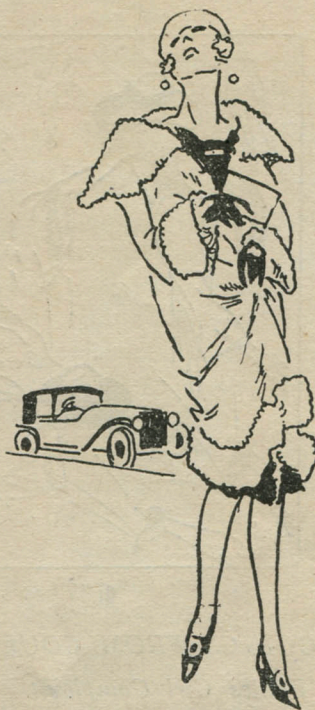
Just give and take, but do not grieve,
be pleased with what you get;

'Tis more blessed to give than re-
ceiver, so make the best of it.



☛ *The Home Lap*

BEAUTY MAY be only skin deep,
but we know of a flapper whose
beauty is four coats deep.



☛ *Deaf to Siren*

THE CAT'S CROCHET

I ONCE did wish to have the dish,
Such as the Sultan had.
With lots o' wives of different size,
I thought his life not bad.
That was before the Flappers wore
The things they wear today.
I'll say they're cute, the one-piece
suit.
Oh, they're the Cat's Crochet.

I watch the sight, with keen delight.
Now, isn't Nature grand?
The facts are bare, they do not care,
As they lay upon the sand,
The Sultan's old; his Kingdom cold,
His women do not play.
So we'll agree, the dimpled knee,
Is just the Cat's Crochet.



☛ "They All Fall Sooner or Later"

COOINGS FROM COUE

Follies Girl Complaint

DAY BY DAY in every way
I am getting stronger and stronger.

Wealthy Gland Poacher

DAY BY DAY in every way
I am getting stronger and stronger.

Cold Weather Flappers

DAY BY DAY in every way
My undies are getting longer and longer.

PETTING IS the scarlet fever of love. Of no use to one but bliss to two. The small girl receives it without questioning; the flapper gets it free; the old maid has to buy it.

MANY VILLAGE artists are getting bald from having young ideas.

Our Monthly Motto

LOVE to satisfaction but not to distraction.

HE WAVES A MAGIC WAND

I AIN'T much on scribin', folks,
But just 'tween you an' me,
In this life there's funny blokes
Who often we do see.

For instance there's old man Sand,
His face, 'twould stop a clock.
But when it comes to women, Sand,
He picks a goodly stock!

If I ever was a girl,
I'd never pick poor Andy; . . .
Not while in this ancient worl'
Another man was handy!

I always thought that way o' him,
Until I met fair Lilly,
She was neat and rather trim,
An' not considered silly.

She threw at me a puzzled look,
As I questioned her of Sand;
"He's a fairy," said she, "from a fairy
book,
He has a magic wand!"

"DE IDEE!!"

A COMELY "cull'd lady" set her basket of wash down, and stood looking in the window of a leather goods store, the while she rested.

Perceiving her, a zealous clerk came from the store, and smiling his most alluring smile, said: "Come right in, lady, and let me sell you a serviceable valise . . . cheaper than you can purchase anywhere else in the city!"

She looked at him. "Lawdy! Wha' fo' Ah wan'r buy er walise?" she asked.

"Why—to put your clothes in, to be sure!" returned the man.

"T' put mah clo's in???" repeated the lady. "Fo' de Lawd's sake, does yo' fink Ah's aimin' t' be took up fo' exposin' mah pusson in public?" and, with a disdainful sniff she picked up her basket and shuffled off, leaving the salesman gazing after her, greatly nonplussed.

"N—I—P—T!"

"MAH BOSS got de bestes' radio set eber!" boasted the valet to the Hon. Gott Rocks: "Why, man—er chil' c'n rerceibe off'n 'AT set! Las' night—'en Ah *know'd* Ah was ALL erlone, Ah tun'd in an' Ah got Souf Africker! How's 'at fo' er set?"

"Run erlong, frien', run erlong!" sneered the valet to Multy Millyuns: "Ah 'low yo's right, 'at em er set er chil' c'n manipyerlate, kase it on'y em er chil's set! But mah man, *he* got er set what cayn't be beat! Why, las' night—'en Ah on'y *FINK* Ah was all erlone, Ah tun'd in, an AH GOT HELL,!!!"

A Told in the First Person Story

MY TURRIBLE MISTAKE

By BRIDGET FINNIGAN

WELL, ME friends, it is I—Bridget Finnigan, who lives next door to the Stockyards, somewhere in Chicago that's a goin' to tell ye why me husband—Patrick Finnigan—lay'ft me all alone in the wurld wid a three day old cock-eyed red headed little Finnigan to support.

To make a long story short, Pat un I were marred on the third month of our Lord, April 1st, anodomani nineteen twenty three. Sure un I thought that wus goin' tu be one uv the happiest days of me young loife!

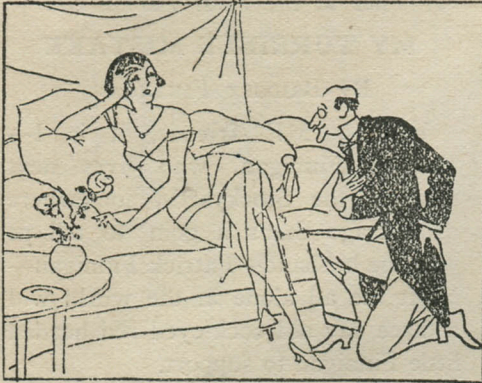
Well, aftur the knot wus toid, we drove home in a Taxy cab to the weddin' brekfust. Ah, T'was a swell affair! The divvul a daycent meal oive had since!

We had corn bafe un cabbage; Irish Stew; Hot Dogs on toast; and—sein' as how Pat's cross-eyed Cousin Dennis was in the boot-leggin' bisness, we had a melodius supply of impoted refreshments manufactured by Dennis *himself*.

Poor Cousin Dennis! Sein' as how he wus cross-eyed, the poor divvul could never look a body strait in the eye. But the women, Musha, Musha! He wus a sheek fur the women!

Well, to continu me story: Aftur the likker began to interfere wid the dancin', Pat starts to show the simtuns of a vilunt tempur. "Biddey," sez he, "becaus ye're marred is no rasun why ye shud quit yer job! Ye'd better go tu bed me darlin' or ye'll be late fur work tomorrow mornin'."

(Continued on page 87)



PHONEY FABLES

By Erysipelas

ALL THAT glitters is not gold. Neither is all that fizzes champagne, as the inhabitants of a Pennsylvania town have found out.

There is so much moonshine flowing wild that miners wear hip boots to keep the stuff out of their ears, while some of the prime spinsters of the Burg have formed a Vigilance Committee to trap the wiley bootlegger.

Recently two Lady Vigilantes dropped into the raliroad station to scout. A dapper young man rushed in, slumped down his suitcase and bought a ticket. Both ladies eyed him suspiciously, and their vigilance increased as a small stream emerged from a corner of the suit case.

After a whispered consultation, one of the ladies remained to watch the suitcase while the other went in quest of the town constable. When that worthy arrived, he insisted the suitcase be opened.

The young man vigorously protested that he had no hooch. and

asked: "Where is your authority to search my suitcase?" The trio acknowledged they had none, but were going to find out where he got the stuff.

The constable said, "I'm sure it is booze." Then they all started to give their opinion of what the suitcase contained.

The debate was at its height, the approaching train was heard, and the owner of the suitcase said, "To satisfy your curiosity, I will open it." They eagerly bent forward.

Up came a smiling puppy!

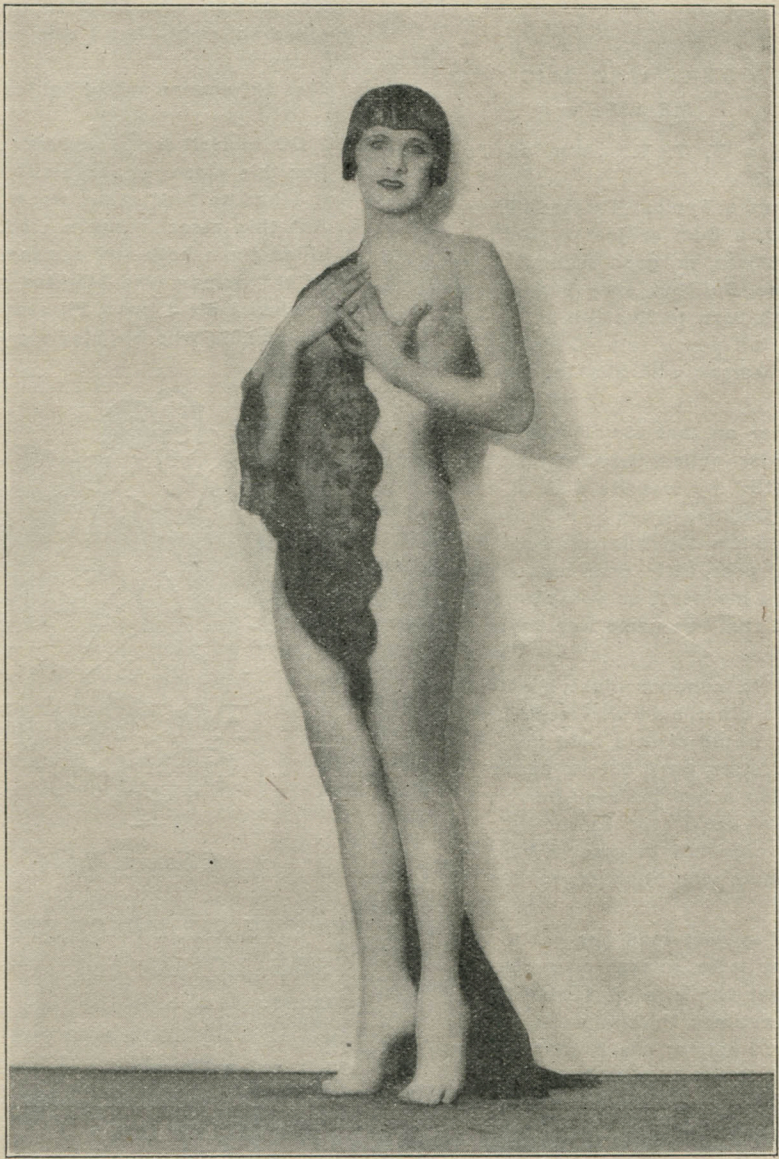
MORAL: The cross-eyed bootlegger may be perfectly straight, only he looks crooked.



HEARD IN A DEPARTMENT STORE ON MAIN STREET

SYLVIA: "Oh, Mabel! Did you really do it? How long did it take? Were you nervous? Do you like it as much as you thought you would? You do feel different afterwards, don't you?"

MABEL: "Yes, I had a funny sensation at first, but I'm quite used to it now," and with a toss of her head she proudly walked away to take a peek in the mirror at her bobbed hair.



“I’ll Say She Is,” says Cap’n. Joey, and MARION ORR is all that he says she is and more, too!



THE WOMAN WHO BLIGHTED ME LIFE

WHAT'S a T. T. T.? Why, don't you know?

It means a Typical Tropical Tramp;
A Drifter, a Bum or just a "Bo";
A worthless, no good scamp!
That's me, Pal, but once I was a man!
I wasn't born to this life.
List, I'll tell you a tale—O damn!
Of th' woman who blighted me life!

I MET her on that street of sham,
Otherwise called Broadway.
I was eatin' my favorite dish of ham
In th' Cadillac Cafe.
She was sittin' right across from me,
An' th' poor little dear was cryin'
It touched me heart so you c'n see,
I found that her name was Bryan.

THEN ONE summer night she told me
That no other man she could love;
That she would always hold me
Till th' stars went out up above;
An' me like a fool believed her,
A-figurin' she'd soon be me wife,
An' so I prepared to receive her,
Th' woman who blighted me life!

BUT TH' longest road has got to end,
Whether it be smooth or rough,
Or at least that's what I contend,
An' sometimes th' endin's tough!
One night I called; she turned me down,
An' Pal, it cut like a knife!
With another man she was leavin' town,
Th' woman who blighted me life!

WHY DON'T I go back an' get 'er?

Well, it's not that I'm afraid,
But I'm trying to forget 'er
Here, where it's hundred in th' shade!
Who? Th' man who took her away?
Th' woman who blighted me life?
He had th' right—but I was crazed that
day
O'er th' woman who blighted me life!

TO GO to Hell for a woman! I did,

For this place sure is Hell!
But I had to hide some place, kid,
An' this place answers well.
I killed them both—th' husband was he
Of th' woman who blighted me life,
An' when I die I know I'll see
Th' woman who blighted me life!



☞ Sweet Papa!

THE SHORTEST STORY
SHE LOVED and lost in one evening.

IT IS folly for a thin girl in bathing to eat a strawberry Eskimo Pie.

FIFTH AVENUE bus rides are not bust rides.





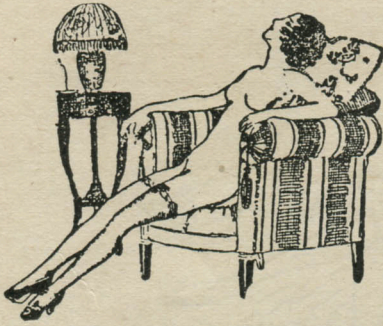
☞ *Crossed Wires*

THE CHICAGO COKIE

(An old-time poem published for the first time)

THE FIRST home that I knew *Was on the old South Side* In that dear Chicago town *When the law was high and wide*. Yes, I was born of parents *Who were honest but humble and poor*, And wild, all-night parties *Proved ever too much a lure*. I soon became a gangster *And pockets I could pick*; and I was quick to learn a spiel, *When I was caught by a dick*. I learned to burgle houses *And how to handle a gat*. But I learned one thing too much, *And that has made me a rat*. I lost whatever right I had *To hold my head up high*, For I learned to smoke at hop joints *'Fraid to look you in the eye*. I started running with dips, *The slickets of their kind*, And many a trick I pulled—I *thought the bulls were blind*. But since I hit the coke *I've somehow lost my nerve*, Always afraid of the bluecoats, *And a prison bit I'd serve*. 'Til one day on the corner *Where Madison crosses State*, A copper saw I had the habit, *And then it was too late*. But though I tried to lose him *And dodged a busy street*, A couple of bulls behind me, *Ran me off my feet*. They jabbed me with questions *And gave me the third degree*, But for a sniff I was dying, *And that was plain to see*. For a while I kept on grinning, *And they tried to have me tell* The guy who peddled the dope, *And they gave my body hell*. Then at last I up and blubbered, *I told them like a rat*, That the guy who sold the dust *Was my pal, old Red the Bat*. And when the gang heard what I'd done, *Then I knew I'd made a date*; For some day I'd get *A shot from a "thirty-eight"*. Now, boys, this is a reminder *That to go and shoot or steal* Is not half so bad as one *Who has made a dirty squeal*. So keep away from the stuff *That'll make a rat of a guy*, Keep far from the dust *Or you'll always live a lie*. And if you can't keep away, *Why get a "thirty-eight"*. And if you have to tell on a pal, *Why, shoot before it's too late*.





THE DEVIL'S AGE

Shimmying grandmothers,
 Philandering married women,
 Bobbed hair,
 Short skirts,
 See-more stockings,
 Lounge lizards,
 Jazzing families,
 "Snowbirds"
 Powder,
 Pain,
 Rouge,
 Hooch,
 "Kicking" kisses,
 Erotic love scenes,
 Clandestine menages,
 Petting and getting soires,
 Demi-virgins,
 Needless nudes,
 Female cigarette smokers.

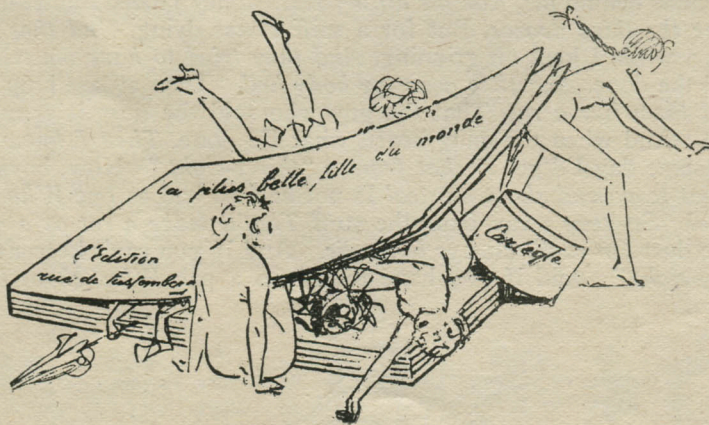
PRIZE-WINNING JAZZERS

HAZEL NUT, a flapper fair—
 Short of skirt and bobbed of hair—
 Rolled her hosettes rather low,
 So her dimpled knees would show—
 Rubbed some rouge on either cheek,
 Daubed some powder on her beak;
 Jammed her lid on her mop,
 Then she beat it for the hop.

AT THE Cake Eater's hall,
 Jazzers gave a grand prize ball;
 Hazel found her flipper there,
 Waiting for her on the stair—
 So they took a few good slugs,
 (One would drive a rum-hound bugs),
 Then they in a tight embrace,
 Jazzed a trot around the place.

HAZEL WAS a jazzing queen,
 Swift and wicked, lithe and lean;
 And her Johnny wasn't slow—
 Few could shake a meaner toe;
 So they shuffled off the goods,
 Like a cyclone in the woods;
 They went chasing through the bunch,
 And they did it with a punch.

FLAPPERS GAZED with jealous eye,
 While the cake-eaters heaved a sigh;
 Those two dumb-bells had a rep,
 Each were noted for their pep;
 They were there to pluck the prize,
 Any one could see it in their eyes,
 And they would have gained their point,
 But the cops, they pinched the joint.





LOVE TRUTHS

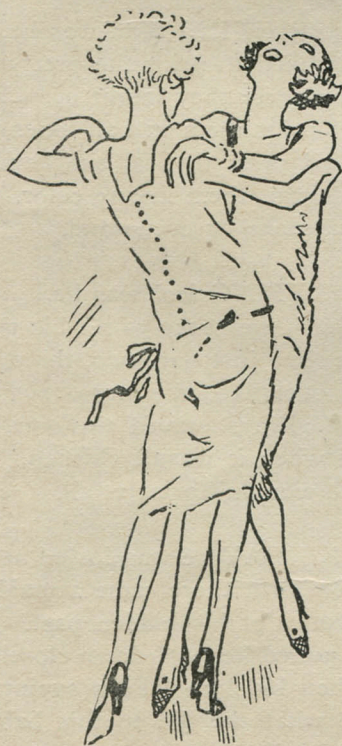
TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAP
AS ONE.

TWO CAN STARVE AS
CHEAP AS ONE.

OWNER OF FORD: "Hear my
motor? Runs like a Packard?"

PASSENGER: "What did you
do to it?"

O. of F.: "Put monkey glands in
its gasoline."



☐ Jazz Puppies

THE BATTLE OF PARIS

AS I sit on my bunk, arranging my junk,
With the thought of old Paree in mind;
With vivid reflections, and sad recollec-
tions,
Of the milestones that now lay behind.

And the words of those dears still ring
in my ears,

Who so openly, mockingly, dared us
To forget all friends 'till this awful war
ends,

And take part in the battle of Paris.

They were strikingly neat, from their
heads to their feet;

They had eyes like the stars in the
skies,

And ruby red lips, like a rose petal's
tips,

That made your thermometer rise.

And those camouflaged birds, how they
snapped the strength from the words,
That were told by the Champlains to
scare us.

So with a vigorous hop, we go over
the top,

In that terrible battle of Paris.

While up on the lines, the big guns
whined,

And the 75's were a smoking;

And the hell in the air, filled your soul
with despair,

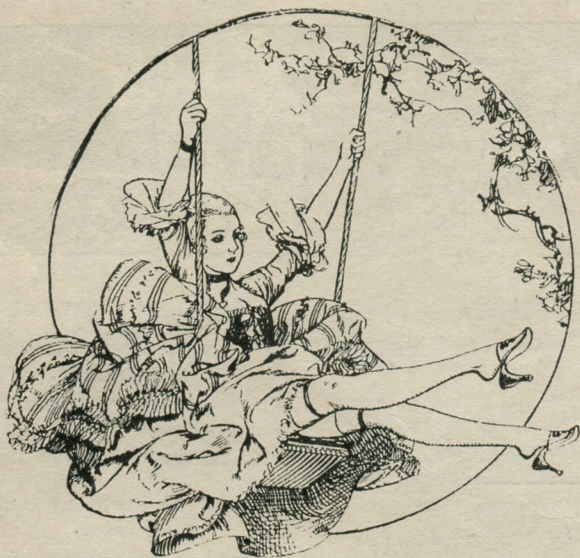
And the gas left you sneezing and
chocking.

But on the square, I had rather to have
been there,

On the Somme, on the Marne or at
Arras;

For with a "vin blanc" snootful, it was
hard to be neutral,

In that awful battle of Paris.



☪ *She murdered the air of a popular song and now she's swinging for it.*

DIVORCE CASES

"Mate Threw Shoes at Her."
 "Fed Cream Puffs."
 "She Sat on Potash and Wants a
 Divorce."
 "Wife Took Long Vacation."
 "Calls Her Husband a Golf
 Maniac."
 "Her Soul Dead, Husband Said."

WHY WOMEN LEAVE HOME

HENNA STRAND of hair on
 hubby's coat collar.

Men supposed to go to clubs really
 go to chicken coops.

Stenos who are pretty must suffer
 sins of the jealous.

Men marry for a future but over-
 look the past.

Women refuse to grow old to-
 gether.

Monkey gland stage has passed.

A DEVIL OF A PRINTER

A PRINTING Man was he,
 Who liked to print the pretty girls
 Wherever they might be.
 He'd print them in half-tones,
 He'd print to beat the band;
 He'd print them in any color,
 On stone or even sand.

A TYPING fool was he,
 When it was time to set his type
 In time just one, two, three.
 He never liked the large ones,
 He always craved the small;
 And when it wasn't chicken,
 He wouldn't print at all.

ONE DAY he was fooled at last,
 When forth there came a maiden
 From out his hidden past.
 She pulled her veil down closely,
 Then bid him take a squint.
 And what she did to this baby
 Is hardly fit to print.



Earl Carroll is a producer with many "Vanities," and FRANCES MARCHANT makes us envy his job behind the stage.

Photo by Ira D. Schwartz

TWENTY YEARS AGO ON
BROADWAY

TWENTY YEARS ago ping-pong was called tennis; good drinking whiskey was six bits a quart; girls met boys under the rays of a kerosene lamp; Broadway was a brewery and bustles were in vogue—and I was still damp behind the ears.

GIRLS CALLED BAD

THERE ARE pretty girls and flirty girls,

And girls who are timid and shy;
There are fast brunettes and whirly blondes,

And the girls with a wicked eye.
There's a naughty girl who sits on the world,

And awaits her little dapper,
But I take the girls the world calls bad,

They go by the name of "Flapper."

THEY'RE THERE with a smile and cheering word,

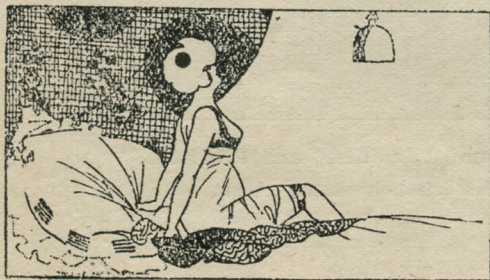
When everything has gone wrong,
They will joke with you and jolly you up,

And say that life's a song.

They are there to stick and play you square,

No shirks if you're on the outs,
They make wonderful pals and true blue friends—

I'll say they're regular scouts.



HE: "A penny for your thoughts."
SHE: "Oh, they're just day dreams."

HE: "But what are the day dreams about?"

SHE: "My night work."

THIS IS the story of Johnny McGuire,

Who ran through the town with his trousers on fire.

He went to the doctor's and fainted with fright,

When the doctor told him his end was in sight.



NEW YEAR DELIRIUMS

To a Flapper

Clothes
Chocolates
Hair Waves
Cosmetics
Jazz Parties
Love
A Home
A Man

To a Bimbo

Wealth
Midnight
Soirees
Booze
Gambling
Clothes
A Girl

TWENTY YEARS LATER

To An Old Maid

A Man

To a Glandless Veteran

A Shapely Leg

OMAR'S NEW YEAR DESIRES

Modern Omar Says a Reformer Has Been Put to Flight by Vamp
CAP'N. JOEY'S VERSION

RESOLUTIONS when I held a
quart of rye—
Methinks I heard a bird within
me cry,
"Drink, thou thirsty nut, and bottoms
up,
Before bogus Bluenoses drink it dry."

Now these New Year reviving lyres,
Ushers old memories and desires;
To make and break your every fear—
A bound from Heaven or the Devil's
fires.

Come, kill this quart that I myself
will bring;
Therein thy resolutions of repentance
fling;
Hey! you vamping Venus flapper,
Forget the world and its moral sting.

Come with old Kyayyam, and leave
the lot,
For I have not my monkey glands
forgot;
Let your spouse berate you as he will,
Or your Bimbo cry, "I love you"—
heed them not.

With me along the darkest road from
town
That just divides the city and the town
Where the name of you and I is still
unknown,
And no gossipy neighbors flock aroun'

Here with a can of beans and bit of
snow,
A hip with wine, a radio with jazz—
and thou,
Dancing in the grassy bench—

Such charms a burlesque act could
well endow.

Ah! my sweet flapper, take of hooch
that cheers;
Today I'll forget your past and future
fears—
Tomorrow! why, I've a date that day
With a maiden of forgotten years.

Yes! some I loved and some I worked
as I thought best,
For time and money when I was
pressed;
But I've outlived them all,
And am with glands and health still
blest.

Say, Jazzabelle, wilt thou more wine
repeat?
How this bootleg tickles me to my
feet;
Let's drink today and yesterday's
wife—
I'll not fret today if you be sweet.

Booze today is a checker-board of
night and days,
Where smugglers and the Volstead
flotilla plays.
Here and there three miles from the
shore—
That's brought to the beach and
carted in drays.

Please! With liquor my fading life
provide,
In wine wash my body when life has
died,
And in a winding sheet of mint julep
wrapt,
So bury me by some distilling side.

Oyez! Oyez! Resolutions once before I made—

But was I sober when I swore?

And then came Prohibition,

But I no longer drink as much but more.

And in days when you with silken shank shall pass,

To bring your love out here on the grass,

And in your joyous ecstasy touch this spot—

O think of me as you turn down the empty glass!



☛ *Cuddles*

THE BIG SURPRISE

I MET her in the lobby of one New York Hotel,

And said I'd have to leave that night for Jersey—and she fell;

She said, "That's where I'm going—oh, gee! I'm happy now,

For I can keep you company if you will but allow.

I THOUGHT she might change her mind, and without the least delay, We rushed to catch the midnight train and landed it O. K.

We reached Atlantic City and found a good hotel,

Then registered as married and from New York as well.

NO SOONER had we reached our room, and closed the door behind,

When all at once burst through the door a man with voice unkind;

He said he was the husband of the woman there with me,

And I could only square it by paying him his fee.

I KNEW that they had trapped me in the White Slave law so neat,

And congratulated both of them upon their nifty feat;

Then something happened then and there, which stayed their little game,

For I had several friends outside who for this purpose came.

I CALLED them in and said with grin, "My ruse has been successful;

You never thought this trip of ours would end so darned distressful;

I've trailed you crooks and now it looks as if your luck has passed,"

And then I slipped the handcuffs on while they looked on aghast.

RADIO CODE

COD—Sears Roebuck.

FFV—First Fathead of Virginia.

606—Hot Springs.

SOS—Prohibition Flotilla.



☛ *A Ring Champion*

BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE TOMBS

By CAP'N JOEY

(This is the fifth tale of Greenwich Village Nights recounted in Henry's coffee house. Once a month four Villagers meet. He who tells the best story will win the hand of Marie, Henry's pretty daughter. Marie, however, is really in love with Rawling, who at best is a poor story-teller. Tonight the tale is told by one of the four in the vernacular of a former ex-convict.)

FINE PLACE for romance, with screws, yeggs, grifters. Granite walls. Eight stories. Locks. Shackles. Death locks. spikes. Gates barred; double barred. And what ain't barred, ain't. It must have been that the builder knew what a prison ought to be from experience. Only Vinc Gafney got away, but he had guts. As cons they come in, but as free men must they go. This is the Tombs.

Only one thing has jimmied in and did as good a job as a bottle of nitro and boosted his way into the inner court where screws keep pounding the pavement. But that one thing tackled the Beau Brummel of the Tombs. His handle? No one tagged him, when keys brought him up the elevator and put him on the flats. Oh, he had a spout to notify in case of accident and other questions. They later took him to the dorm, and after a few old-timers shook him down for a V, he was OKay to the joint.

He had a lot of faults, chief of which was not getting hep to loaded dice, but the slick artists passed him over to his one monicker, "Beau Brummel," and it stuck until Big Boy put his John Henry to the document that said he and the law were quits. He was tagged for one nut stunt of his. Creased trousers.

He wore the only pair of the runner and tier men; you know the trustys who are trusted with nothing and givin' the air when they're through. Oh, he was the cat's meow, all right. His face was always slick and poppy like. Sort of stuck up for his five feet six, for as messenger, it put him in solid with the screws. It was as messenger he took a high flying place, being a regular Santy Claus at handin' out packages. He even got into that holy of holies—the skirt's ward. It was for these sweet mammas he put on his alibi.

It was durin' the exercise hour he looked like a Sultan lamping his houris as he looked up at the panes of the female ward. He liked to bum around them, his tongue in his cheek, like a chew of Picnic Twist, as if spoutin' his few virtues. The dames, glad to flirt with a guy further away than a ten-foot pole, especially one who brought them bundles, played him to a fare you well. O, they knew a sucker all right, these mammas did, for Beau was sometimes handling quite a poke. For these dames, and Kate. Sure, he had but a minute's mouth-in' and two months of eye baths when his scrap-iron heart was not foolin' with other faces.

But Kate was the belle of the ward, trim, neat, a moll who had everything from hair to figure.

Though twenty-five on the blotter, no one would have thought her such, and as this was her first rap, she got a short bit, and looks won her the short time. No one knew her, probably had an alibi, only the dick who nabbed her, and the Judge wouldn't give her the works.

"We find you guilty of shop-lifting," said the Main Gazabo, when the twelve tax payers came back to the box. "I trust sixty days will show a nice girl like you to stick to the straight road." He didn't say, "Take her away," like he does of some who get a bit in the Big House. Funny the Judge didn't pipe that the Madonna looks was just a cold cream that had stalled the carpet store dicks.

Then came the day before she got her ticket, and she held on the window. It's always this way, a guy or a dame, almost hates to leave the iron bars when it's time to hit the pa ----- . But this day she gave herself the once over in her prison glad rags—gingham wrapper, white stockings and black oxfords. Compare that to the Queen of Sheba thing she called her street clothes, a lookin' of Paris, but it was the jailbird regalia that made her think of the things us guys at the Big House do for indoor sports.

She cocked a mean eye at the stick-ups, cokies and dips. It made her think of the hick life on the farm where she first kicked the cow's bucket.

Beau Brummel, clicking himself in the courtyard, eyed her with that look that says, "I'm your daddy."

But this day her life's moving picture made his look like C. C. pills.



☞ Refreshments

Her glims were taking in the yard in a jump. No puddle jumper, her.

A con. There was a hangover stoop to his Tombs Kuppenheimer, but the yard was far to lamp his physog. But her Dan had been the kind of a guy who would bust the buttons of a 40 coat. She turned back the chart and remembered when Dan was framed and given a big bit up the river. But McElligott had never put his hob nails in the home town square again.

Pride—that was what the kid had. She knew that. Dan was too proud to come. Days—Months—Years. When the dick had put the jewelry on Dan and took him in, they must have thrown away the key.

Then one night she bought two pasteboards for the big terminal. In her search for Dan one had to live, and the corn-fed dame, when shekels got low, was up against it. She must have her ham an'—Jobs— But she never could tag one. Two

chances—A gold digger—luxury—or a cannon. She had done a bit in Chi, had her fingers printed in Frisco, but she never peddled—she was shootin' straight.

Release—came the day the Yale lock clicked and Beau Brummel stepped out, dressed like Morvich, goin' to the Derby. Limousine at the curb. Oh, he had a mean poke, Beau did. Kate on the sidewalk. Her lamps shining.

Beau Brummel. "Well, this is rich, Kate. Didn't think you'd be here."

But Kate was piping something beyond Beau Brummel. Slouching down the steps was the raggy ex-con of the jail-yard.

As the cokie put his walk-overs on the sidewalk, he walked into her extended arms.

His lamps were glued to the sidewalk. He tried to shake her and make his getaway. As he passed, she grabbed his shabby coat, but not like a gip artist.

About to lay the law to her, Beau Brummel put his hand on her mit.

"Come on, Kate," he threw at her. "Leave that cokie and we'll ride uptown together."

But the dame with the blue lamps gave him a look that would have fried a hard-boiled egg. The one with the Joseph shirt of many parts, lifted his beamers, but his eyes

might have had cheaters on for all they showed.

"Dan," she cooed at him. "Come with me."

He took her in, but one could see his works was dead, then passed her up.

Down the cheeks of Kate came some of the sob stuff. Somewhere inside the big works there must have been a touch that gives the solar plexus to all dames.

"But, Dan," she pleaded, getting a jiu jitsu on his arm, "This is Kate."

The lids of the guy widened and he seemed to douse the camel's hump in his shoulders. He gave her the once over and wnew her—but the slits came together again.

He opened his map. "God, Kate—too late."

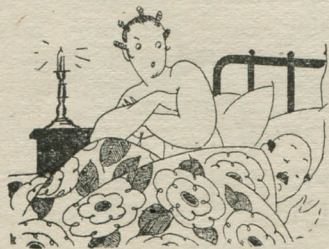
But the jane held him.

"No, not too late, Dan," and tried to put a half-nelson over the whiskered face which came to a full stop on the white skin above the half moon of her dress.

He would have opened his yap, but her soft mitt covered it.

"I know, dear," she oozed. "Don't talk now. Your guts locked—up—in there," and she gave the old pile of stone a mean eye. "But we'll dig it out—go back, just you and I, to the farm. The cherry blossoms are out now, and old Bess is waiting for you in the back pasture—and Dad wrote me he's never been ridden since you left."

His eyes—they looked like he had a shot of hop. "No, I couldn't," he handed her, in a look that was a package of indictments, but he didn't map her eyes or he would have seen the fireworks there.

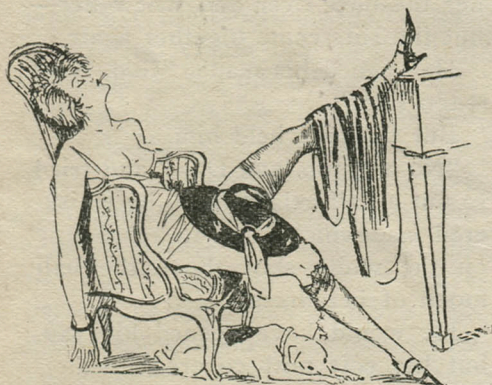


"I know," she slipped to him, "but you're going home with me," and she pulled out two return pasteboards, worn and yellow.

As the pair hit the pavement she led the shabby ex-con by the arm, but every step he seemed to straighten and make it look like an altar walk.

Beau Brummel, pounded the pavement, drawing on a tailor-made that had burnt to an inch of his nose, from which the kick had gone.

"Bah," he trotted out at last, as he plugged the stub into the gutter, "What some dames fall for!"

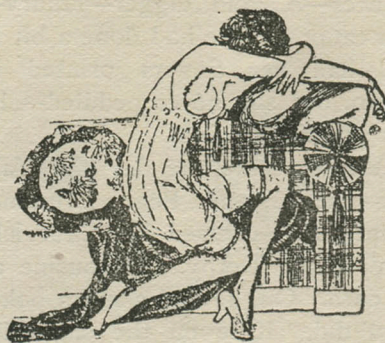


☞ *The Last Act*

VITAL STATISTICS report more single males have been killed from random night shooting than from any other single cause.

A YOUNG blade never figures distance until he gets too deep.

WHEN IN doubt, choose a grass widow—you can turn and practice shooting on some one else.



KWIZ

CHOCK-A-BLOCK with "OH! BE JOYFUL . . . !" he came staggering down the street. Halfway down the block, he bumped into a "clothier's dummy"; knocked it over, picked it up . . . and after apologizing profusely, went zig-zagging on his way.

At the corner, he paused before a man who had witnessed it all—and stood smiling in recollection

"Shay!" he asked, "Did yer shee me knock that guy over?"

"I sure did!" declared the stranger, wishing he hadn't stood there.

"Huh! Did yer ev'er shee me b'fore?" the swaying one wanted to know.

"Never!" the other declared.

"Gee! Thash funny! How'd yer know it was me, then?" asked the quizzer, embracing a post.

But the stranger hastened to board a passing car; and thus another "Problem of Life" was left unsolved.

HOKUM, SEZ HULA LU

"DAYS WHEN I yearn after the love of a good man, I couldn't look at liver and bacon."



Cap'n. Joey ought to know—he's traveling a lot and he says that GLORIA CHRISTY, in "Artists and Models," is the bee's knees!

Photo by De Mirjian Studios

(Continued from page 12)

'cause they can't be answered here.

Next morning the party assembled to continue their journey, only to find that the German had given them the reverse English. That was, they could not proceed. None knew his reason until they sat for their meal when the inkeeper came in:

"The Prussian officer wishes to know if Mademoiselle Grace has changed her mind yet?"

Talk about good gals walking back from an automobile ride today!

Mademoiselle Grace turned pale. She remained standing. But suddenly she flushed crimson, choking with rage, unable to utter a word. At last she broke out:

"You may tell that blackguard, that low-down bum, that filthy Prussian, that I never will! Have you got it? Put that in your pipe and smoke it! Never! Never! Never!"

She was teased by her companions, imploring her to reveal the mystery of the interview with the Prussian. At first she stood out. Finally, carried away with resentment, she cried: "What does he want? You know what he wants of a girl like me!"

Horrors, of course, but this was reduced by easy stages (as the one day of delay developed into a week)

to the point at which the aristocrats, even the clergy, approached the unfortunate girl. They told her:

"Then you prefer to keep us here, exposed like yourself, to all the outrages which would ensue if the Prussian troops suffered a reverse, rather than grant a favor, which you have conceded so often as a matter of course."

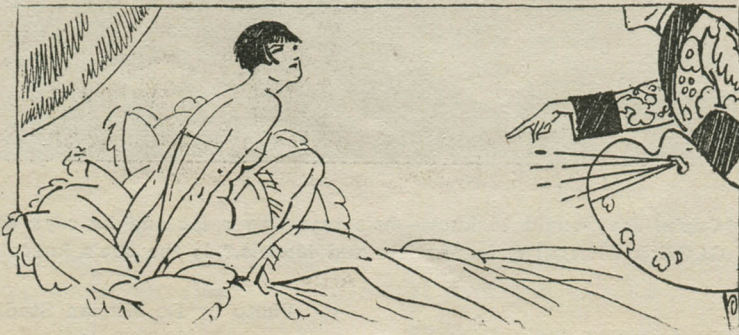
So it happens that Gracie did her stuff!

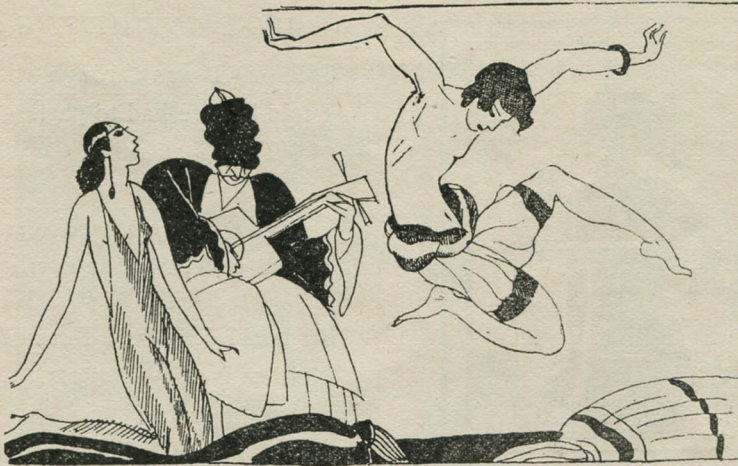
They began their journey again. Food is produced by all except Grace, who had been prevented by the Hun from replenishing her store. And they fed and omitted to feed the woman who had suffered for their sakes.

Before they reached Havre, the women had re-discovered her wantonness. Once more they beheld possibilities of contamination—they remembered their social and moral worth—and her outlawry.

It is a fascinating study of hypocrisy, enabling one to remember the Master's way of dealing with the Pharisees of His Day.

"And to think I get such treatment for a French kiss," said succulet Grace, between her bites on her chewing gum.





¶Step, Marc, Step!

OUR OWN FASHION NOTES

PARIS—Our correspondent reports that skirts are much shorter. Opticians report improved business. For outdoor wear, skirts will not disappear completely. Kola Quatschi, the Indian prince (Mr. C. of the scandal), has bribed the modistes to make skirts start at the knee and go downward. The more conservative members of the aristocracy refuse to accept this new style. At the Follies Bergere, however, it has been widely adapted.

LONDON—Fashionable ladies are using depilatory powders, but the gentlemen are holding back on account of a rumor that the powder has a queer effect on the glands. For evening wear, ladies are having crossword puzzles tottoed on their backs. It is considered a dangerous breach of etiquette to attempt to solve a married lady's puzzle while her husband is near. Rumor has it that some ladies have a second puzzle for the more intimate of their friends, but just where is something our correspondent is now trying to find out.

JAUREZ—The Dance of the Seven Veils is performed here in fairy fashion during the Christmas season and the rest of the year. That is, the veils, like some of Doug Fairbanks' stuff, are invisible.

VAMP UNTIL READY

"COME RIGHT in . . . come right in! The mistress is quite anxious to see you!" said the maid to the individual with the black bag, who had just rang the bell.

So, tho' rather puzzled, he followed her up the stairs, and into a room where a lady reclined on a Morris chair, breathing deeply.

She looked up as he entered, and hurriedly exclaimed: "Oh, quick! This pain is unbearable! It's here—" throwing aside her dressing gown, and rubbing the affected region vigorously, to the accompaniment of groans.

"My dear lady," he finally managed to wedge in, "I am very, very sorry to see you suffer so, but—why not send for a physician? . . . I'm merely a piano tuner!"



☐ "The shades of night were falling fast"—This one fell all the way.

PROHIBITION DAMMINGS

THE TURKS are fond of coffee and
the Chinamen like their tea,
For nations differ greatly in their
tastes, as you will see;
The Irish have good whiskey; the
Dagoes have good wine,
And they have beer across old
Deutschland's Rhine.
The English and the Scotch keep
well on brandy, ale and grog,
And Holland gin has always been a
balm in rain and fog;
The Russians have their vodka, and
the Frenchmen have champagne,
But people in dry countries must be
satisfied with rain.

WHEN THE hand of business
falls on a man's shoulders in day-time,
he craves the feminine touch at night.

A WOMAN looks into a man's
eyes for Love, and a man looks
around to see if the coast is clear.

WISE GUY AT THE GATE

I SAID I was through with women.
I told her we had to part.

Then I swore

As I tore

Her picture I wore,
In the pocket beside my heart.

At last I left; and I'm not sorry.
Neither is she—I guess.

With a bam

I heard the door slam

As she murmured "Damn!"
Yes, I guess she's not suffering dis-
tress.

I think I've been gone just one hour.
Now, I wonder. Could it be?

For I fear

That my dear

May be shedding a tear.

Don't you think I should return and
see?

Yes, I would; but there's a reason,
That prevents me. Don't cha know?

So I'll wait

At the gate

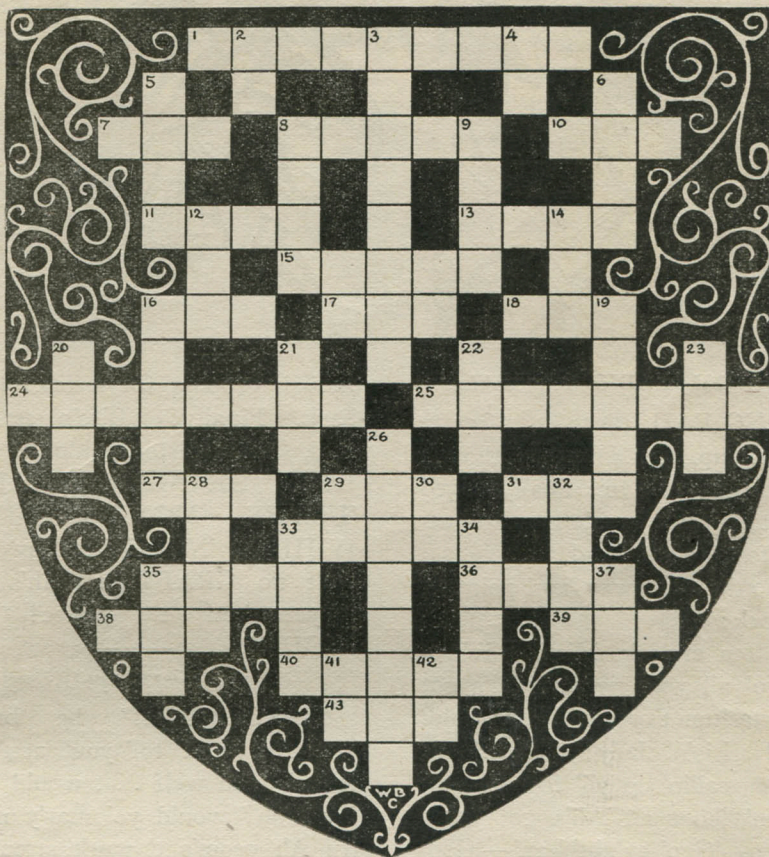
No matter how late.

'Til her husband decides to go.



☐ "Down, but not Out"

CAP'N JOEY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE



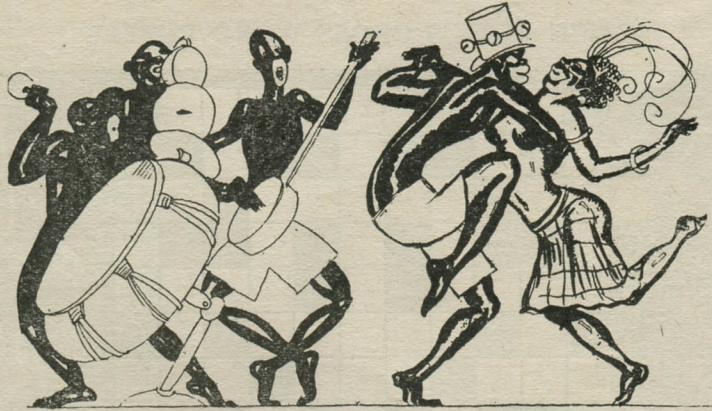
HORIZONTAL

- 1—Purveyors of syncoated noise.
- 7—Maggie's old man, also the way we stand with a full house.
- 8—One of the things that New York is noted for.
- 10—Something that we don't want to be given any of—that is, unless she's a pippin.
- 11—Hindu coin, also a jane's name.
- 13—Something some dogs have (no, not fleas).
- 15—What the neighbor's baby does at 3 A.M.
- 16—A jewel, also a razor.
- 17—A coco protector sat upon in comedies.
- 18—Safe number of wives to have at a time.
- 21—Found in every family, according to the daily papers.
- 25—Places where talent is sometimes found.
- 27—Signal given out by the Prince of Wales when sighted by flappers.
- 29—Parking place for pretty girls.
- 31—Associated with feathers on certain occasions.
- 33—A virtue lost to most of the modern girls.
- 35—A gent who doesn't have to worry about the income tax.
- 38—Camouflaged indigestion.
- 39—A word that gets a lot of us into trouble.
- 40—What she usually does if she doesn't love.
- 43—Woman's lawful prey.

VERTICAL

- 2—Our favorite Governor.

- 3—Best known street in the world.
- 4—Preceded by the word "I," means trouble.
- 5—Given to us too often.
- 6—Nothing divided by two.
- 8—Ruler of Persia.
- 9—Guys who believe in that innocent look.
- 12—Before marriage.
- 14—Made of tin for pies, made of flesh for guys.
- 16—Recompense for high cost of living, etc.
- 19—What every jane we meet turns out to be.
- 20—Guaranteed to shock most anybody.
- 21—The best way to keep if you know too much.
- 22—Female of the species (very deadly).
- 23—Product of India consumed by the English at every opportunity.
- 26—What we hope our jokes will cause.
- 28—A wind instrument.
- 29—Two letters that we couldn't be thrilled without.
- 30—Adaline Moore.
- 32—A social club joined by a lot of us a few years ago.
- 33—What we think of Prohibition (mildest version).
- 34—Actors (most of them).
- 35—What most any of Shubert's productions are.
- 37—Backbone of all modern plays, best-sellers, etc.
- 41—Time to get home after the party.
- 42—Prefix meaning "in."



"A LADY WITH A REP!"

HAVING FAILED to coax her to sit on his lap, the amorous, though economical, Mr. Blivins finally edged his way to a chair beside her, and attempted to take her hand.

But she drew it away, and pointing to the clock:

"'Mos ten erclock, Misto Bliv'n—'s tim' yo' all was gwine. Ah's got er repyertashun t' pertec'!" she said.

"Huh! Lis'n, lady!" he hissed: "Ah's been callin' on yo' fo' mos' fo' weeks, an' 'bout all Ah's got frum yo' 's been—'Goo' ev'nin' ' an'—'Goo' night!' Ah ain't neber had de pleasuah ob ev'n er few luvin' mom'nts wif yo'all. Com'—be nice . . . let's make luvin' mom'nts!"

"Luvin' mom'nts!" she repeated, with well-feigned indignation: "Man—Ah don' make no 'luvin' mom'nts' wif nobody less'n we's 'ngag'd! As Ah done tol' yo', Ah's got er repyertashun t' pertec'!"

"Is 'at so?" he sneered: "Huh! How com' Lafe Jenk'ns c'n come, an' go here at he pleasuah? How come *he* make 'luvin' mom'nts' wif yo' like he done boas's erbout? Am yo' all 'ngag'd?"

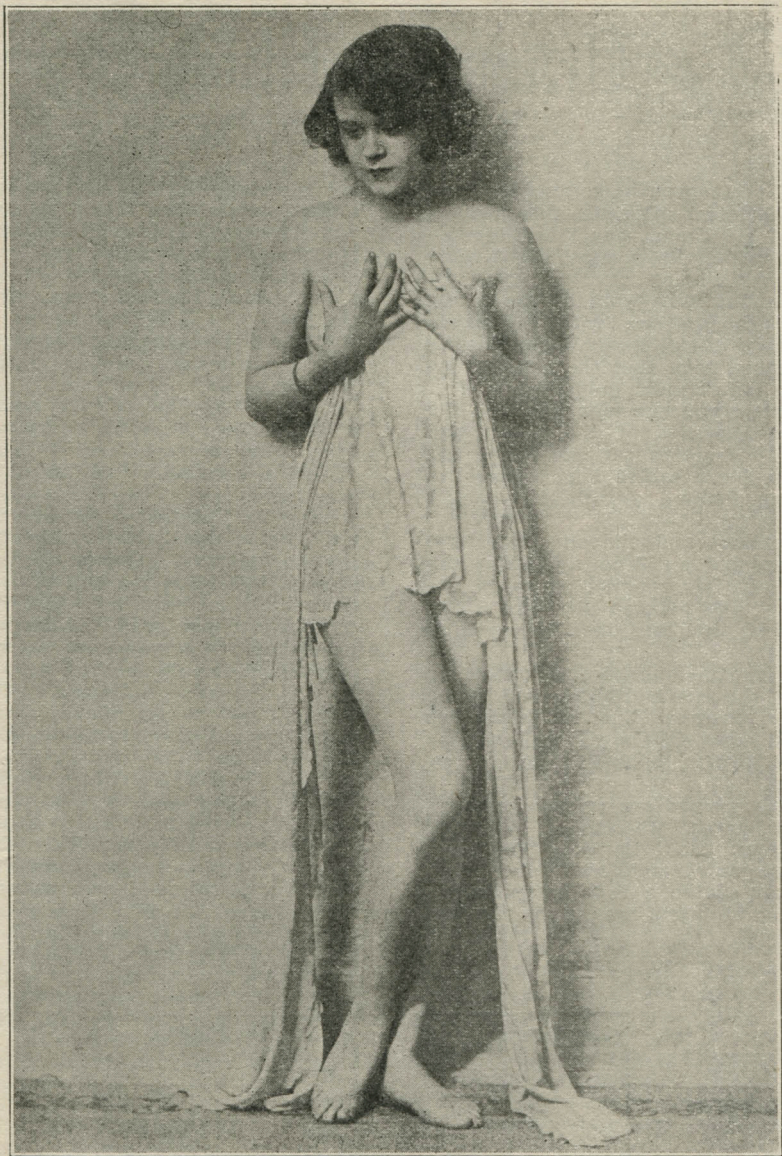
For a while she sat in silence as

though groping for a feasible comeback. Finally: "Liss'n, man!" she said, "Wif Misto Jenk'ns it am diffrunt! HE ALWYS MAKE HE 'LUVIN' MOM'NTS' WURFWHILE! 'NGAG'D! Lawdy! Ah ain't no GRAFT'R! Ah's got er repyertashun t' pertec'! GOO' NIGHT!"

"IFN!"

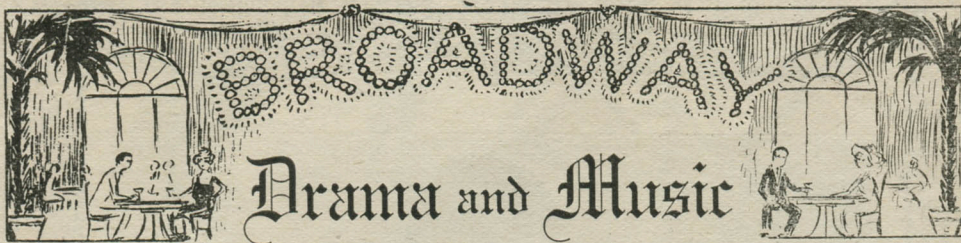
"JASERMINE!" he breathed: "Ifn Ah was t' tol' you' 'at Ah done los' all mah welf . . . would yo' still luv muh? would yo' mar'y me . . . ifn Ah prom's t' wurk strenyerusly, t' graterumfy yo' desiahs . . . ifn—Ah, c'n fin, er sizabl' job. . . ?"

She gave him the "once-over," then—"Uhuh! Ah'd still luv yo', kase Ah's alw'ys been taught t' luv mah enerny's!" she replied. "But—Ah couldn' ev'n fink er mar'in' yo' . . . kase Ah'd alw'ys be scairt 'at yo' fin' out 'at yo' done los' yo' 'IF'ER,' too! An' wifout no 'IF'ER . . .,' yo' strenyerousity wouldn' be IFFERCASHIOUS . . . nohow, t' graterumfy mah NOFFIN! Ah's sorry, Misto Laws'n . . . but luvin' an' mar'yin' am two diffrunt fings . . . 'nless dey is YERNITED by a A NUMBER ONE 'IF'ER!"



☛ NORA LYNN has that charm that makes you want to see "Artists and Models" all over again.

Portrait by de Mirjian Studios



A VEIL of deepest indigo swathes New York's theatrical offerings this season. The good old drama has "the blues"—blue plots, blue lines, blue adaptations and blue renditions.

While a few purveyors of the nicely naughty are profiting with the azure wares, many of the season's impresarios merely came, saw, shot the roll and returned to the garment industry.

The butter and egg men deserted the great, open spaces of the South and West, crap shooters par excellence left the green baize tables long enough to woo dame fortune angelically behind the footlights.

One hundred and sixteen plays have been presented on Broadway since the initial sheets were pulled down in the bed room sweepstakes for box office favor. And that was just five months or so ago.

Producers have battled merrily for freedom of the sees and bigger and better box office receipts. But the public has demanded more than a mere glimpse of skins you love to touch and obsenrty m lacy frills.

The girly revues are reduced to bare facts and figures. The fact is—few have made money. Earl Carroll, "Vanities," a venturesome revue owner, went to jail rather than clothe a few figures in his show. And he licked the busybodies to a fare the well.

Incidentally the hie-art craze has transformed several theatre fronts into Broadway picture galleries. The Metropolitan Museum of Art declares that its patronage has decreased and, as the owner of a Forty-Second Street penny arcade remarked:

"I can't get a break on my joint until the Shuberts take in their 'Artists and Models' paper."

George White brought the best edition of "Scandals" that has been glimpsed hereabouts to town early in the spring. It had a spectacular run for about six months.

"The Passing Show" came to the Winter Garden, was hailed by the critics as the most extravagant and daring of the yearly Shubert output and turned up its toes.

Hassard Short lured Al Jolson into the producing game, where he lost a lot the mazuma the ponies had piled up for him by running true to form. "The Ritz Revue" had an abundance of pulchritude, lots of scenery, few clothes—but the public howled "thumbs down."

"The Greenwich Village Follies" revealed a pair of aces in Moran and Mack, the best blackface team since the days of Williams and Walker. Then there was Anna Ludmilla, the most graceful and swanlike premiere danseuse seen here this season. Mordkin, Russia's greatest dancer, Toto, and the shapely Keene



twins were later added with excellent results.

The colored revues enjoyed considerable vogue with the aesthetes. Alexander Woolcott, Heywood Brown, Gilbert Gabriel, and other Algonquines dropped their toys to join hands in praising the undulations of Florence Mills and her high brown babies who strutted blithesomely for a while in "From Dixie to Broadway." Sissle and Blake's "Chocolate Dandies" also drew well for a time. They now are playing in Philadelphia.

Of course, no season would be complete for the "rave" bloc without the Amazonian Ethel Barrymore. Ethel came, was seen in a mid-Victorian presentation of the antiquated "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and did a Houdini from Broadway to the beguiling strains of Arthur Hornblow's pipes of praise.

Lowell Sherman, Valentino's rival of the speaking stage, cancelled several boxing bouts to please his public by allowing A. H. Woods to present him in one of those thrillers from the pen of that Volsteadian—Willard Mack. "High Stakes" rippled mildly on the Rialto pond and shifted its flutterings to Chicago's own Randolph Street.

Having walked among the ghosts of the passing procession let's spin into the gallery of the living for a few paragraphs. Hold tight. Here we go.

The outstanding musical wallop of the season has been "Rose Marie." Arthur Hammerstein plans to use his profits in starring his wife, Dorothy Dalton, former screen star, in the "speakies."

During the time he wasn't counting royalties from these musical gold mines, Mr. Harbach busied himself with writing another original musical comedy, "Betty Lee." Con Conrad and Louis Hirsch composed the music. Rufus Le Maire sponsored it on Broadway, where it found immediate favor.

It is an amusing farce of love and romance on one of those ideal ranches seen only on Western railroad prospecti. The men wear shirts that resemble crossword puzzles and the girls—we draw the curtain. Dave Bennett has endowed it with the speediest and most original terpsichorean novelties seen about these diggins in a long while.

Mr. Harbach, you will remember, was co-author with William Anthony MacGuire of "Kid Boots," which is still serving as an alluring financial vehicle for the talents of Eddie Cantor, Mary Eaton and Beth Beri.

Fred and Adele Astaire journeyed across the pond to London two years ago and proceeded to break a few long distance dancing records. Now they have returned to Broadway in a liltng

musical show pertly titled, "Lady, Be Good." It looks as if they were planning to shatter a few terpsichorean marks.

Florenz Ziegfeld has announced a Winter edition of his "Follies." His Fall show was a wow. It will be hard to better it. For what could be more enchanting than bebies of glorified beauties enmeshed in the lariats of that gum-chewing addict, Will Rogers—unless it be Ann Pennington strutting to the strains of George Oisen's hot music.

The Four Marx Brothers are successfully chasing gloom with scintillating comedy and zippy music in "I'll Say She Is." Lovely Hazel Gaudreau. Lotta Miles and Nat Martin's orchestra continue to assist the boys in turning them away at the Casino.

Billie Burke has returned to musical comedy—her first love. Hubby Florenz Ziegfeld is presenting the bewitching Billie in "Annie Dear," which Clare Kummer adapted from her comedy success, "Annabelle." Mr. Ziegfeld has staged the charming swansdown romance with his usual lavishness. If you are a Billie Burke fan you will adore her in musical comedy.

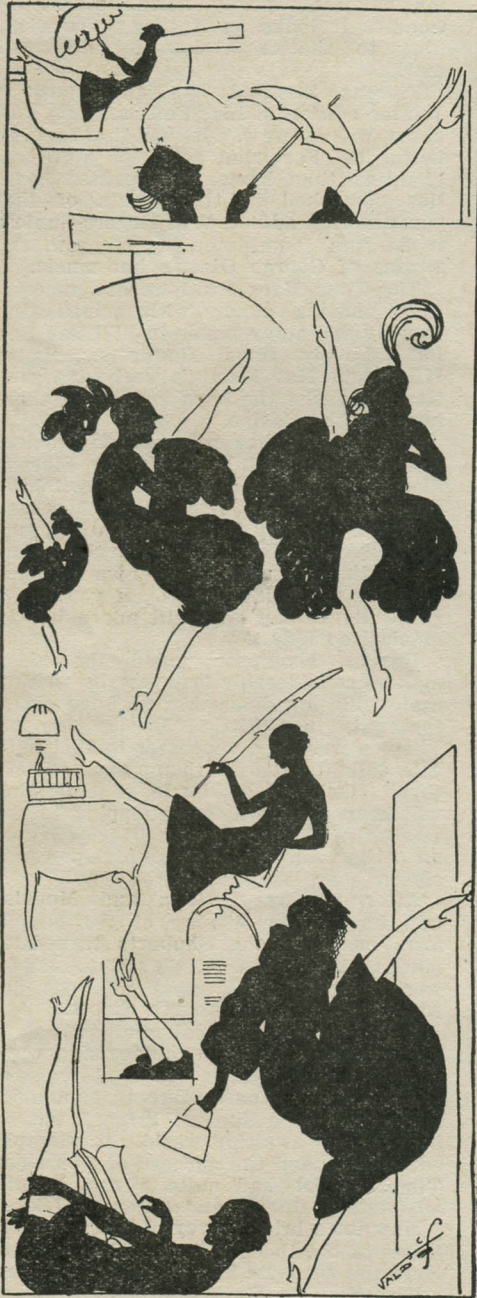
Harlan Thompson aided the shoemakers considerably last year by writing that titillating dance hit, "I Love You," featured in "Little Jessie James." They've written a successor to that half-sole delight. It's the theme song of "My Girl." Only an epidemic of chilblains will keep the town from tripping to the strains of "You and I." Marie Saxon, an elfin dancer, and a high-powered chorus share the honors.

After putting "Artists and Models" and its outdoor display of the human form on view, the Shuberts turned to more serious tasks. Nude artists models were forgotten. A great stillness descended upon Forty-fourth Street.

"What are Lee and Jake doing?" asked the curious. They must be devising ways and means to intrigue the tired business man. Then lo, there came an announcement that "The Student Prince" was to be given an awaiting world. It triumphed. It dwarfed the success of "Blossom Time," which had quite a run despite adequate costumes and absence of legs.

Now for a brief survey of that majestic queen of the theatre—the spoken drama. Here the sexperts hold sway this season.

The Theatre Guild started the spicy play on its conquering way by giving us the delectable Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in Molnar's "The Guardsman." An actor husband believes his wife is unfaithful to him. He sets out to prove it. If you are a cynic you know the flirtatious creature was only too willing



¶ *Parisian Silhouettes*

to betray her worshipful husband, but Molnar leaves an alternative for those who like happy endings. The curtain falls with the actor-husband preferring to believe himself a bad actor rather than believe his actress-wife a bad woman.

David Belasco followed the Guild with the exotic Lenore Ulric in Ernest Vajda's "The Harem." Here it is the wife who seeks to teach a philandering husband a lesson.

The moral of the play seems to be: "Your hubby is sure to be seduced, so beat the other woman to it." The exotic Miss Ulric has ample opportunity to wear the scantiest costumes seen in some time. She is said to have taken out insurance against pneumonia after essaying the role.

Mr. Belasco saw Arthur Hopkins presenting that sensational tidbit, "What Price Glory," to standing room only and came to the conclusion that if the public wanted to hear cussing he would give them a more finished and alluring brand than his competitors. The result has been "Ladies of the Evening." In "What Price Glory" soldiers cuss the army, generals, war, their pals. In "Ladies of the Evening," street walkers cuss reformers and one another. Both plays may be recommended as trustworthy lexicons of cussology.

In "Ladies of the Evening" Mr. Belasco and Milton Herbert Gropper come forward with the Pollyannaish suggestion that it is the duty of every good man to take a little street walker into his home—and reform her.

Beth Merrill gives a magnificent performance in the leading role. Edna Hibbard also scored as an impish little wisecracker who plays hob with moral codes, and annexes a fur-bearing sugar papa.

The Theatre Guild also scored with "They Knew What They Wanted," in which Pauline Lord gives one of the most gripping performances ever seen on the local stage. It narrates the betrayal of an aged husband by his young wife. Instead of weeping, wailing and gnashing his ancient molars, the husband forgives the wife and adopts the child as his own.

William A. Brady attempted to startle Broadway with a dramatic version of "Simon Called Peter" and found that we have become hard to shock. A first night audience refused to gasp when a scarlet woman attempted to seduce a clergyman. That same audience merely guffawed when the vampire tore away a goodly portion of her dress in an endeavor to startle.

In "The Firebrand" no less a person than that ingratiating liar, passionate wooer, adroit goldsmith and sculptor makes love to models and duchesses alike. Joseph Schidkraut plays the title role with his usual impetuosity. Frank Morgan gave a magnificently subtle and droll performance as the cuckold duke. Nana Bryant gave an exceedingly deft characterization of his royal wife.

"Quarantine" is a charming little play of the bed room variety in which Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer are terribly naughty in the nicest way. Helen Hayes is one of the most delectable bits of femininity this season. Adorable fails to do her justice.

H. B. Warner returned to the stage in "Silence," which proved to a worthy successor to that other melodramatic knock-out, "Jimmy Valentine."

Marilynn Miller delighted many with her portrayal of "Peter Pan." Personally, we liked her best in the Barrie fantasy when she was dancing.

Raymond Hitchcock came back to us in a new comedy, "The Sap," which was acclaimed by Mrs. Hitchcock, Joe Leblang, George M. Cohan.

Edna Ferber and George Kaufman collaborated on that interesting tragi-comedy of youth and age, "Minick."

Eugene O'Neil and Tom Barry whacked away at the die-hards of New England. The former presents "Desire Under the Elms." Mr. Barry gave the old-timers a vicious denunciation in "Daring Dawn."

Lovely Wilda Bennett scored a hit in "Madame Pompadour" which opened the Martin Beck Theatre. It is a delightful operetta of the Viennese school.

The Duncan sisters are pleasing their admirers with a musicalized version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which they call in their quaint fashion, "Topsy and Eva." According to last minute accounts from the Sam H. Harris Theatre the petite sisters have made a New Year's resolution against swatting cops.

Gregory Kelly and Madge Kennedy are appearing in a delightful mystery-comedy, "Badges," to the delectation of their admirers.

Irving Berlin's "Music Box," richer in talent than previous editions, continues a first choice at ticket stands. Clark and McCullough, Fannie Brice, Grace Moore, Ula Sharon and Carl Randall are the big names.

These are the offerings for which we are privileged to give thanks at the beginning of 1925. Goodbye, children, Santa Claus is signing off until next month.

By BRUCEROBERTO.



Shadows of Paris

THE LOVES OF ROSATSKI

*(Continued from page 22)***Spasm One.**

AH! HOW little did he know what lay on the other side of the door, did this Fifth Avenue fop who had toiled his last as a city street sweeper. Fifth Avenue knew him well; so did Madison Avenue and other swell avenues with swell dumps. He knew every crook and corner, every hidden secret and lure that would hide the elusive waste paper or the fragrant dung of the cheap-priced Locomobiles and Packards. Ah! little did Jans know what lay beyond the portal.

WITH SOFT steps that made the clinging stairway creak from anguish, Rosatski retreated madly upstairs and clasped Minerva, the pride of his harem, to his chest.

They Clinch.

EVEN AS he clinched he tore her light gossamer sheen from her snowy bosom, in the frenzy of a lasting embrace and he drew his sharp dirk from beneath his Kuppenheimer. Swiftly he stabbed her in the breast. With a moan of anguish he softly laid her on the humble couch of silk cushions, the jewel of his harem, the pride of his eye, but loved by another. Then quietly he gathered up the scant belongings of his wardrobe trunk and a change of B. V. D.'s. He then stole softly up the ladder to the roof and escaped the house wherein a dark deed had been committed in the name of lust.

Last Spasm.

HOW LONG Jans Garlic stood softly quaking beside the basement door, words cannot describe. At last, after eons of seconds, he meekly shoved in the door and foundered upstairs to the attic. There he found her—Minerva, the pride of his patrician heart, laid low in her youthful beauty, brutally assaulted and horribly cold. Ah! she lay, kind reader, on this sordid luxuriance of cushions, cold and still.

He DREW the dagger from the cold clay, but with it, the fair Minerva fell to pieces—this wonderful art of the sculptor, now nothing but bits of broken plaster. Gathering the pieces of clay he fled downstairs to his humble Rolls Royce and hurriedly ordered the chauffeur to his old job of manicuring the city streets.



(Continued from page 59)

"Pat," sez I, hardly belavin' me own ears, "I could'nt think of such a thing! Don't ye know that ye're supposed to suport a woman when ye marry her? Besides, I quit the laundry last noight."

That did it! "I'll suport ye," sez he, wid that he starts to bat me in the face with his bare fists. Poor Cousin Dennis—havin' a tender hart, starts to interfere. This puts coals on Pat's fiery tempur. Takin' the fiddle off the table, Pat brakes it across poor Dennis's nose.

Woman-like, un not being used to such tratement, I fainted. The next thing I remembur is hearin' the Doctor givin' me Pat a foine lecksure. "Pat," sez he, "this is a awfull way to celebrate yer weddin' day! Are ye awhere that I cud get ye foive years in prisun fur bateing a woman in her condition? Will ye be abul to look the baby in the face if its disfigured when it enters the world?" That did it! "Baby!" sez Pat, "I'll have ye know that I'm no fathur, and ye'll hear frum me thru the war office!" Wid that, he runs out of the house like a crazy man, and oive never seen him since, from that day to this.

One week latur, I received a letter from the war office sayin' as how it was impossible for me Pat to become a Fathur owin' to the nature of his wounds received whilst on aktiv serviss. Well, thats the end uv me story. Pat never cums to see me, so tomorrow I am goin' to get my devorce so that I can marry Cousin Dennis who as takun a great likin' for my three day old baby boy. Ah, well, maybe its the best thing that could have hap-puned. Seein' as how the baby is

cross-eyed, and has red hair just loike Cousin Dennis, evil minded pursons might start thinkin' awful things about us.

TEN JOLLY SAILORS

TEN jolly sailors from the Atlantic fleet,

One caught a chorus girl down on Forty-Second Street.

NINE jolly men-of-war, returning from liberty late,

One drank too much home-brew and then there were eight.

EIGHT happy sailors cast anchor in a female haven,

A jealous daddy visited the flat and those who ran were seven.

SEVEN sons of Uncle Sam, up to all their tricks,

One stole an ensign's wench and now there are six.

SIX seagoing gobs thought that they were live—

One was put in the brig and now there are five.

FIVE jolly mariners, fighting on the shore—

One hit a policeman and now there are four.

FOUR gobs in Chinatown, out on one wild spree—

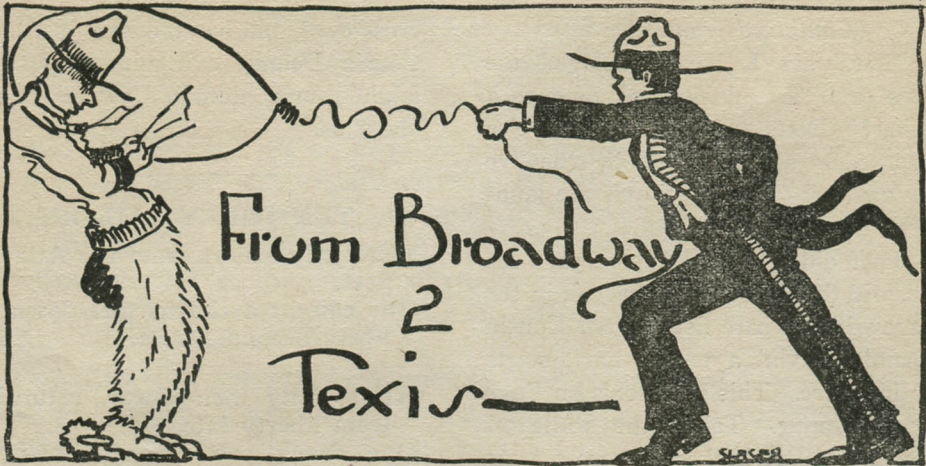
One made chop suey of a Chink and now there are three.

THREE policed-up sailors with nothing else to do—

Pinched the Admiral's liquor and now there are two.

TWO jolly sailors looked into a 14-inch just for fun—

But then the Gunner fired it and now there are none.



One Sorority Like the I Tappa Thi Has More Sensations Than Isadora Duncan Has Charms, Says Ray.

By PAL RAY

SINCE football is over I've gone in for heavy winter woolens & indoor cold weather sports, & taking course in the Square Root of Affections, chief of which is co-eds or the part of instyututions 4 the demouralization of the male.

Mi heavy lead against Tulane kollege in the last frame of the football omelet put me in solid with a handsome dame whose 4 years here is spent learning French & illustrating it in weights not taught in the curriculum. since she's a henna headed party, a figure that is the essence of wine, rapture and song, it don't take me long to fall, 4 i think she's the cucumber's wartz, O-kay. Especially as she's of the finest mellow old stock in the dry states.

she talks sparingly of Shakespeares bull, hesitatingly of Byron, but mi garters, Red, she's the butterflies finger tips when it kums to discoursing on Buccaccio. & she learned about men from me? I'll say not—she was just broken enough to be interesting, tho she speaks all the languages my hot stuff personality knocks 'em cold. Her name is Molly Lightrock—light in the bean and heavy on her feet—that's the kind I like.

i've been meeting rolled hose members of the Zet A Bet A Towel, I Tappa Thi, U Eata Pi, & I'll say I'm the lamb's bleat wen it kums 2 adjusting hosiery in darkened frat rooms

Yours til the cow has a calf but don't go further than the calf.

PAL.

New Orleans, January 1, 1925.

HELLO, MEMBERS OF THE FOLLIES FAMILY!

Here's "how" for the New Year, and I don't mean maybe . . . and down here in the city of Creole belles, I'm hoping that you cut the coupons off the bonds of happiness every day in 1925. Here's a toast of the pre-prohibition throat tickler to all the boys who served with me in the recent argument—to all the folks at home, wherever they are—and if my little offering of the "Follies Quarterly" takes off the edge of hard knocks and gives you half the pleasure it gives me to offer it to you, then I know you'll be barking at the newsstand for the next issue, the Spring Number, in April.

CAP'N. JOEY.



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

THE RECEIVING TELLER



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

A MODEL YOUNG LADY



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

TOUGH LUCK, OLD MAN!



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

PLENTY OF SPEED



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

"THANKS FOR THE SEAT, OLD TOP"



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

WHEN CUPID GOT THE WRONG NUMBER



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

THIS PRETTY MISS MAY BE FISHING FOR WHALES,
BUT UNLESS WE'RE MISTAKEN, SHE'S ANGLING FOR MALES.



A Color Plate from "Burten's Follies Quarterly."

THE BURGLAR