

Laughter

A MAGAZINE OF GOOD HUMOR



*December
25 Cents*

Giving the Bear Facts



Posed by Jean Laverty, a Metro-Goldwyn beauty.

THE WINTER GIRL AND HER GIDDY WHIRL

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

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

VOLUME 3
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DECEMBER
1926

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Ye Ballade of Christmas Day

By ELIOT KAYS STONE

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

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

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

L'ENVOI

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



Momentary CHUCKLES

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

Many a close friend has come from Scotland.

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

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

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

Sophistication is the art of yawning with the mouth closed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

A New LAUGHTER Series

June WALKER

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

By TIP



June
Walker

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BLISS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No!" said Miss Walker.

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

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

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

"No," said Lorelei.

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

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

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

Lorelei: "What is a solicitor?"

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

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

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

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

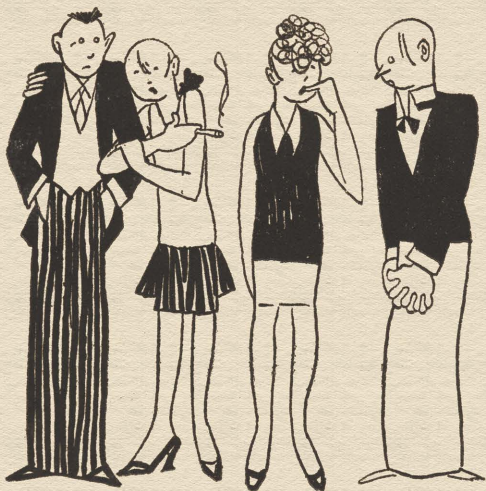
The Night Before Xmas



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

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





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

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



Pictures and Text
by L. T. HOLTON

By ALGERNON
FREE

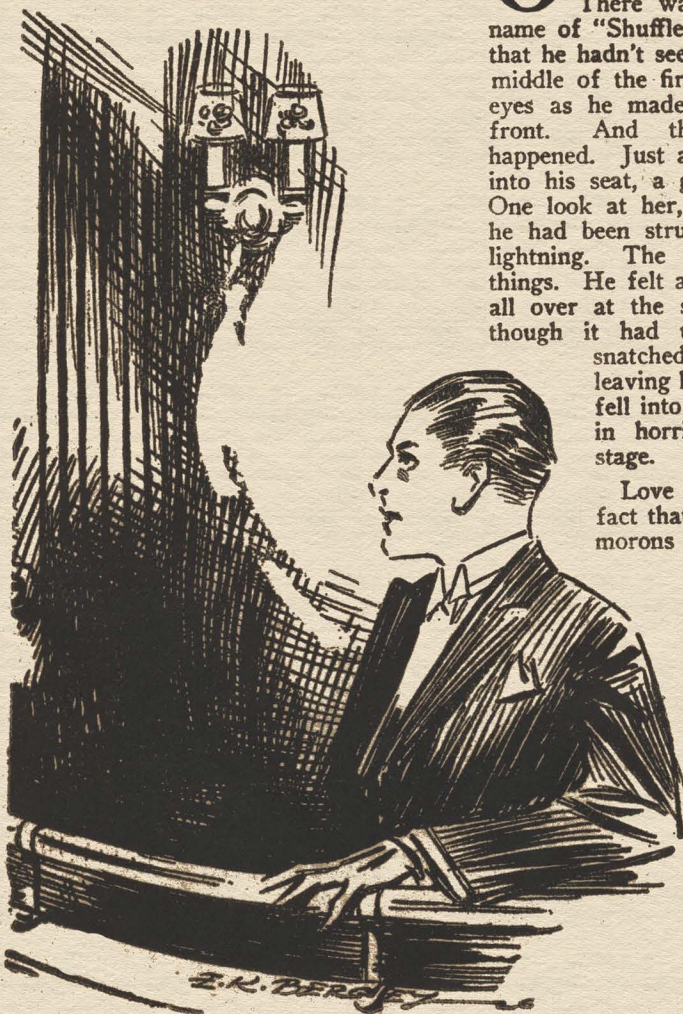
A



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

Doubting MAMA

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Will you marry me?"

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

"Yes!"

TED'S father having carried himself off, pre-embalmed, Ted's mother ran the mausoleum on lower Fifth which for a generation had been "East of the Water Tower," for New York's elite. The minute she heard of her son's marriage she cut him off without a penny, the which she had been longing to do for a long time



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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeh?" said Holly, noncommittally.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But, my, er—dear; why did Ted—?"

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

PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE

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

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



FAIR CATCH!

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



A BEL: Well, I guess she never swam back from any barge rides.

Old Stuff Put to Jazz??

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

Mother: "What do you mean child?"

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

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

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

A Course in Love

"Let me teach you how to love me,"

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

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

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



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

Fore-knowledge

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stuff

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

Easy Start

"How long have you been a life saver?"

"I began as a small buoy."

A NOISY WIFE IS A SOUND INVESTMENT.

A Sign of Speed

Jim: "Is that girl a fast one?"

Will: "Sure, just watch her smoke."

THE CRAZE FOR VACUUM CLEANERS HAS SWEEPED THE COUNTRY.

And a Big One, At That

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

As a Matter of Fact—

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

Editor: "That's no joke!"

MODERN ADVANCEMENT HAS GIVEN US FIRELESS COOKERS AND BABYLESS MARRIAGES.



SWEET YOUNG THING: Say, just look at those stockings! Gone already, and I only bought them yesterday!

DEPARTMENT MANAGER: Sorry, miss, but you've got to admit we gave you a run for your money.



We'll Say You Did!

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

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

The Only Consolation

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

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

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

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

Pressing A Suit

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

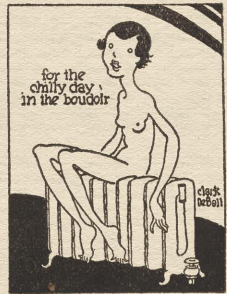
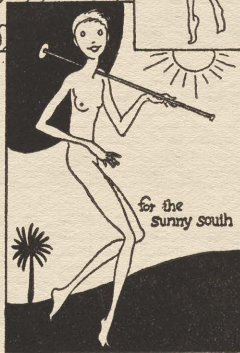
—Peter A. Lea.

**"The modern girl insists on buying
clothes first," says a writer. Apparent-
ly she never lets anything come be-
tween her and her frocks.**

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

Adventures of Flazzydoo

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



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



A Kick in This

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

Belinda: "My dearest, how perfectly thrilling!"

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

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

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

De Peste's Tale



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

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



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



By Parke
Cummings

A Chaucerian Fragment



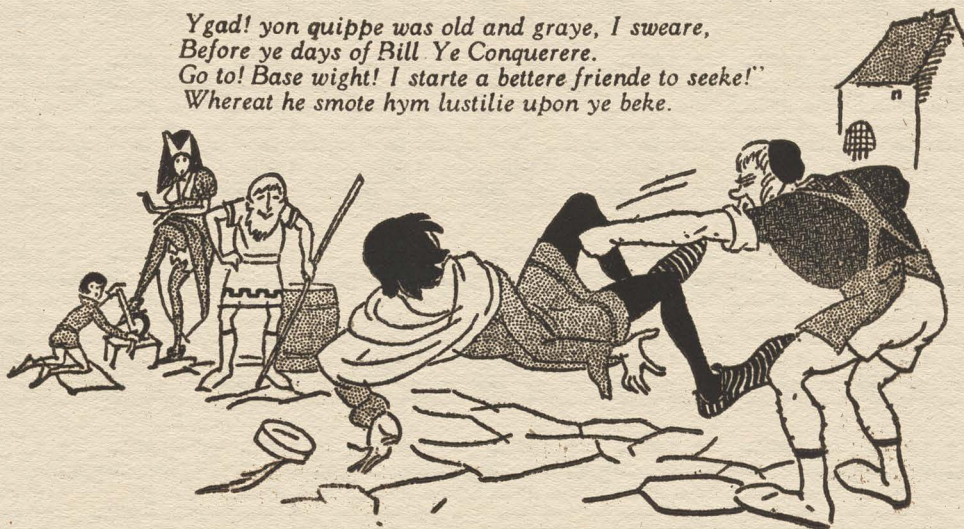
*A ghoulish lighte there creepteth in Samme's eye,
And straightway sterteth the foule wretche to crie!
(Amidst guffawes, and gaspes and fiendish shriekes,
That Nick to stoppe his eares vainlie seekes)*



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

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

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



A Series by James House, Jr.

Honoré Daumier

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



ANN PENNINGTON

THE possessor of the liveliest legs on Broadway is here shown in the throes of the Charleston's successor, the Black Bottom. Caricatured by James House, Jr., especially for LAUGHTER.



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



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

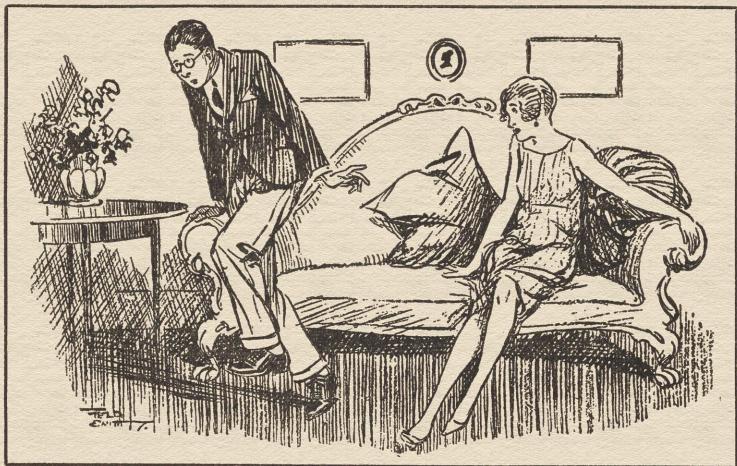
In his old age, but on the strength of earlier work, he was recognized as a great lithographer. But not till almost the present day did his painting achieve general recognition, though during his life time a few great contemporaries proclaimed them. His popularity as caricaturist, humorist and lithographer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

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



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

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



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

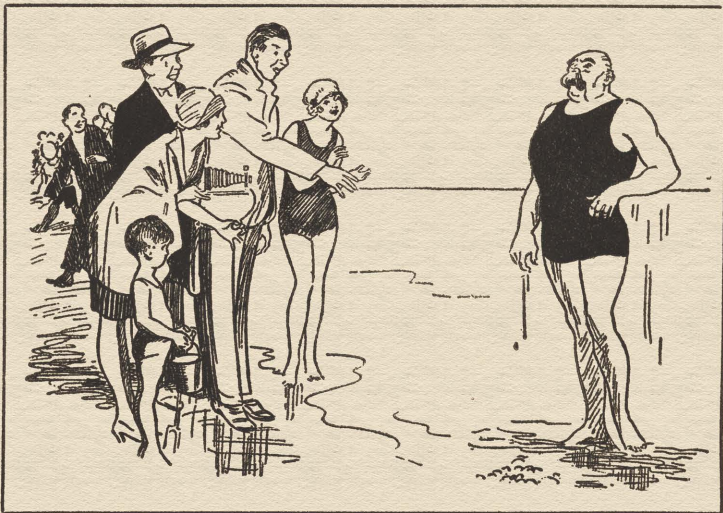
SHE: *There, now, and you promised you wouldn't rush off.*



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

HELEN: *And what did he say?*

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



"Hurrah! Hurrah! Another Channel victory!"

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



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

Accommodating

Deacon: "Can I see your mistress?"
New Servant: "She isn't dressed yet, sir, but I'll ask her."

Anent Dough

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

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

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

Maybe He Was Stung, at That

Wife (scandalised): "It says here the South Sea Islander will exchange his wife for ten dollars and some fruit."

Husband: "Oh! er—how much fruit?"

More Operations

Mother: "Where are you going?"

Daughter: "To have my dress lifted."

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

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

Him: "Which one?"

He: "Both of 'em."

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

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

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

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

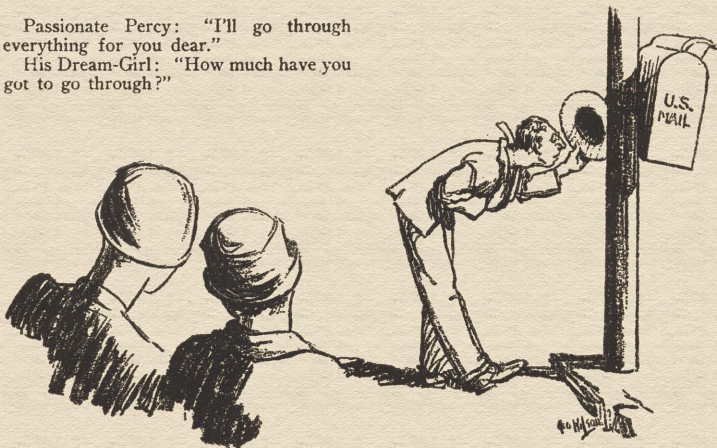


WINDOW TRIMMING

Rather Foul

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

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



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



JIM: *Her niece is rather good looking.*

HENRY: *Don't say knees "is" say knees "are!"*

Gyped

Friend: "Did you get the estate settled?"

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

Mary

This, by the way, is the last variation of

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

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

Too Far Away

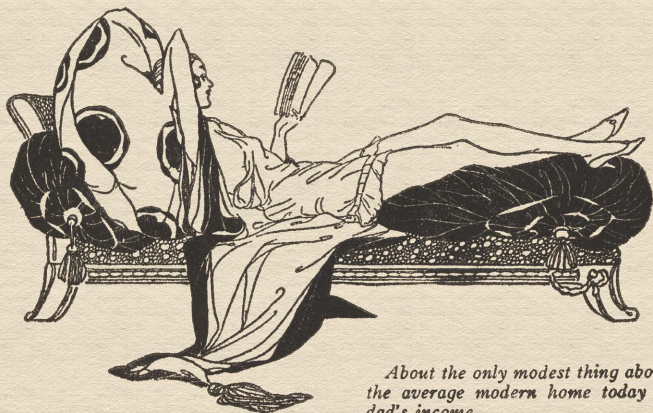
Film Star: "Will you love me when I am old?"

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

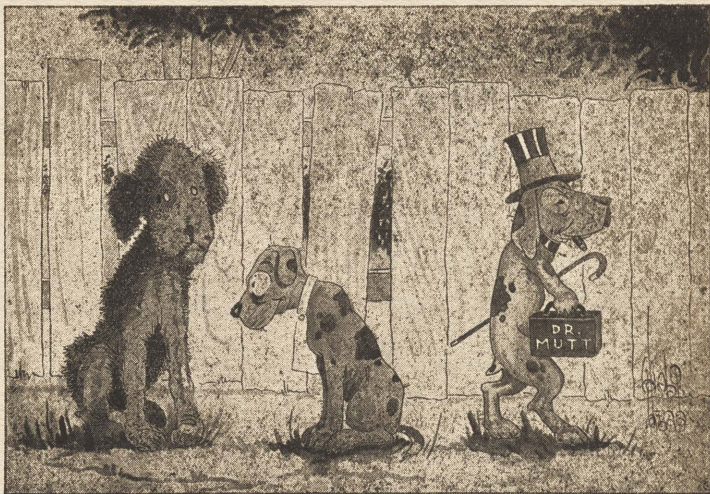
The Gimmes

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

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



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



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

"Roots and herbs and barks—mostly barks."

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

"How came that bruise on your forehead?"

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

Good Game

Mrs. Relax: "Does your husband gamble?"

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

Live Ones

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

THEY CALL HIM ADAM BECAUSE HE KNOWS HIS APPLS.



"How do you tell those twin sisters apart?"

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

THE WAY OF ALL

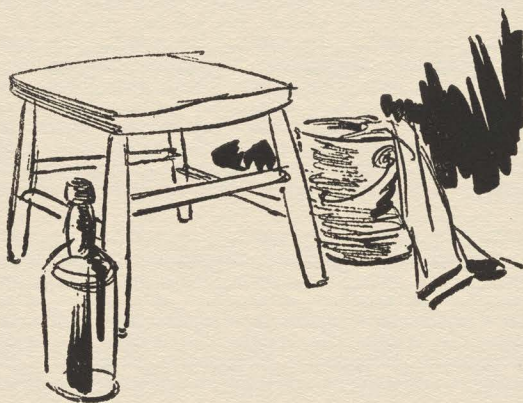
By JACK
WOODFORD

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

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

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

It was after two such editorials as this



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

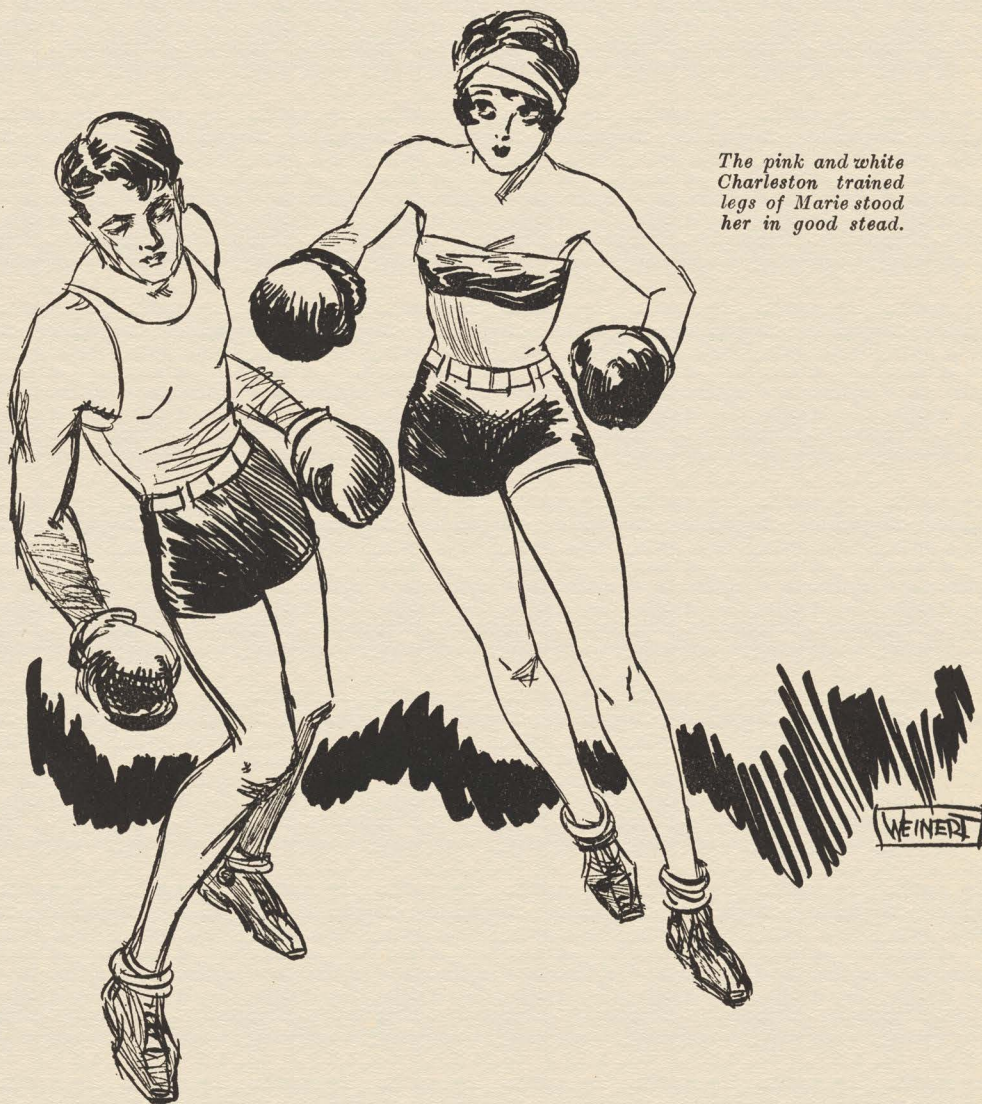
"Barnard, dear, I could forgive you if you had beaten me; or had become a drunkard, or a bootlegger, or a gambler, or any half way decent sort of a bum—but an editorial writer—especially the 'approved' type of editorial writer . . . that's something else again! Please don't ever come around again."

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

Illustrated by
HARRY WEINERT

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

Soft, White FLESH



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



The crowd nearly went insane at sight of her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're not so good as you thought

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

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

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

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

"Hell, yes—why rub it in?"

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

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

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

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

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

But he didn't sock her—he kissed her.

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

Butcher: "How many pounds do you want?"

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





"THEM'S TRUE WORDS, IKE!"

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

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

Usurping the Wife's Place

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

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



Sticking to the Last

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

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

—Fred B. Mann.



Disapproved At Last

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

"Why?"

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



Story of the Turtle

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

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



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

Adventures of Flazzydoo

Flazzydoo sat on a rail . . .

And petting was no crime.

His trousers caught upon a nail—

He had a ripping time.

Local Color

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

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

We Know

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

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

We Know Now

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

R I D I N G

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



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

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



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

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

Silence Appreciated

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

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

Sufficient Unto The Day—

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

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

—Caltha Burns.

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



TOM: What do you do in your spare time?

MARALYN: I make all my own clothes.

TOM: Ye Gods! Is that all?

Smart Work

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

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

"Then they are ironed!"

The Perkins Girl

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

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

THE MORE CHASTE THE LESS HEED.



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

The Night Before

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

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

It's a Pity

THE man raised his eyes to hers. "Come here," he said, softly. She neared him a little tremulously. He gazed into the unfathomable depths of the liquid blue eyes of the fair young maid sitting next to him—oh, so close to him! Her face expressed acute anxiety, but she was smiling weakly nevertheless. Ever and anon a sigh seemed to rend his very soul. For many minutes they remained thus. Neither spoke, but each gazed intently—into the other's eyes.

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

The Wrong Designation

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

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

Social Error

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

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

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

Some Memory

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

Dressed Kid

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

—Henry A. Courtney.

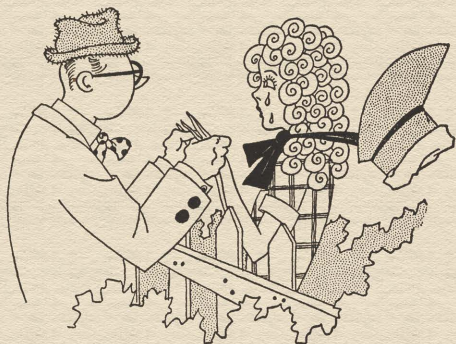


A WEDDING NOTE

SHE: *How was the wedding?*

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

Who Got *the* Prom Bids?



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

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

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



Pictures and Text
by MAX PLAISTED

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

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



When BOOB

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



PUT 'em up!" snapped the highwayman.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hum. And what you got here?"

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

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

"But it's—it's no good to you."

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

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

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

Again the revolver tapped menacingly on Henry's chest.

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

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

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

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

"How long you been engaged?" he demanded.

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

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

In the darkness, Henry

Illustrated by
JOHN DALY

Meets BOOB

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

By JAMES
H. BAKER

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

"Ever been engaged before?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well—" Henry began weakly.

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

Henry thought a moment. "No," he



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



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

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

answered. "No—that is, not yet."

"How long you knowed her?"

"Three months."

"Three months! That all?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Plannin' on bein' married soon?"

"The last of next month," said Henry.

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

"Forty dollars," replied Henry proudly.

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

"That all you get?" he demanded suddenly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you sure?" Henry questioned.

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

"Are dressmakers expensive?" quavered Henry.

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

The highwayman sighed weakly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You got eyes, ain't you?"

"She—she does sometimes."

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

"Do they?"

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

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

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

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

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

Henry groaned.

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

"Before she gets her hands on my pay

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

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

Again Henry groaned.

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

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

"I'll say it ain't."

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

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

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

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

"Say, your skirt got a mother?"

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

"She goin' to live with you?"

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

confessed Henry.

"She live with th' old woman now?"

"Yes—"

"Well?"

"Well—"



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

"Who pays th' rent?"

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

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



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

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

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

"She's a nice, quiet old lady—"

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

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

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

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

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

"That's an outrage!" exploded Henry.

"Maybe you think I'm strong for bein' kidded about that? Th' gang will never forget it—never. When I meets 'em on th' street, they yells, 'Lemme look at that vote!' I've had fights an' stood th' treats an' everythin' but 'tain't no use."

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

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

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

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

"I'm an Elk," Henry offered.

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

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

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

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

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

"It seems that way."

"Too late to pull out?"

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

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

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

"That's th' idea—"

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

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

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

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

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

The policeman's footsteps echoed down the quiet street.

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

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

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

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

Henry accepted his property.

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

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

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

"Aw, shucks," protested the man.

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

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

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

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

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

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



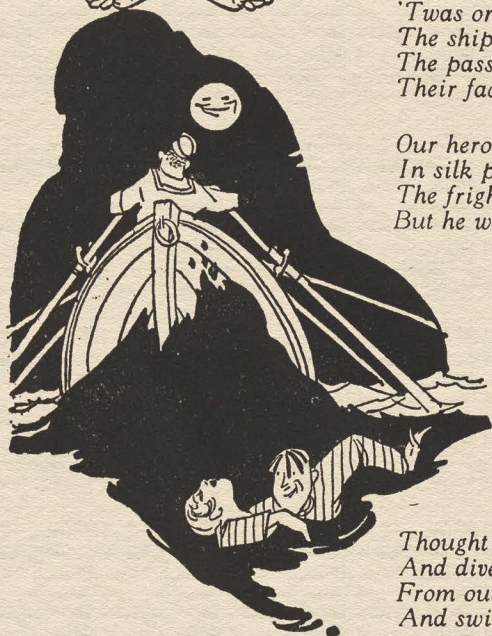
*'Twas on a dark and stormy night,
The ship was sinking fast.
The passengers arose in fright,
Their faces wan, aghast.*

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

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

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

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



Pictured by E. K. BERGEY

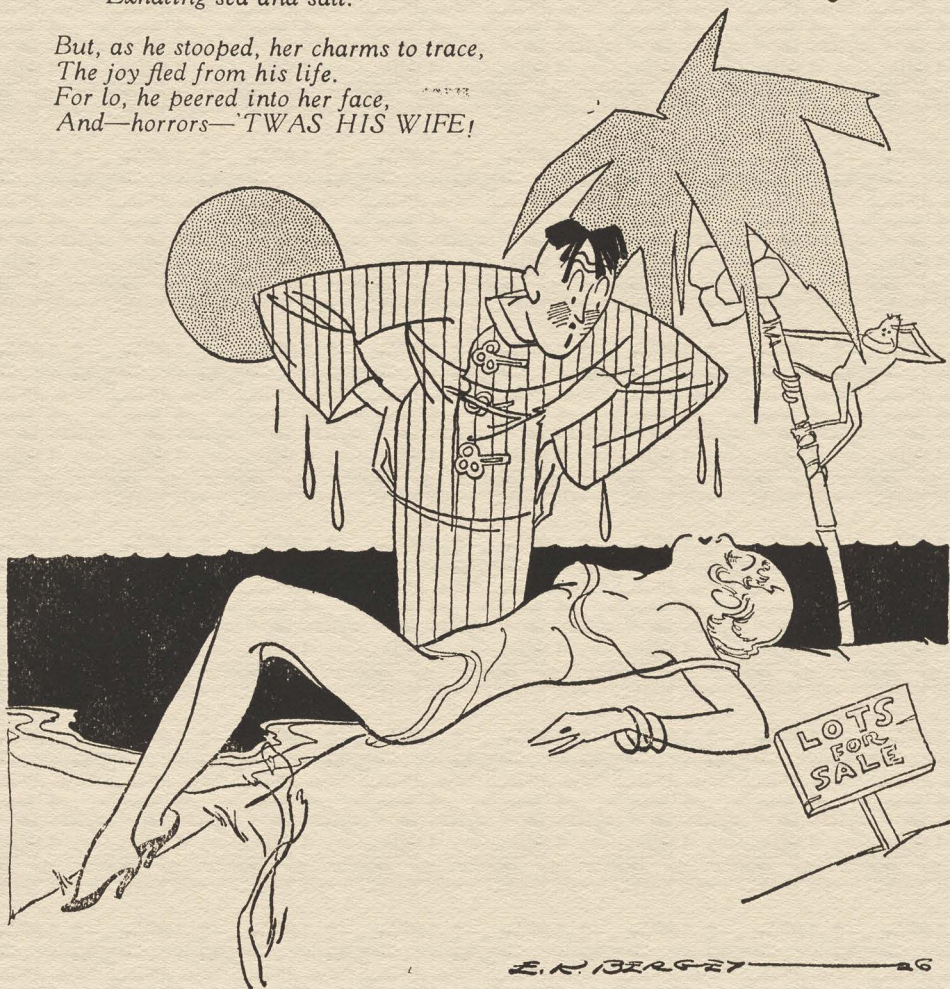
Verses by PAUL SKINNER

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

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

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

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





THE FLAPPERS' NATIONAL ANTHEM

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

The Three Epochs

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

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



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

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

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

Spare the Rod

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

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

Recompense

YESTERDAY—

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

Naturally

"You are concealing something from me," said the young man.

"Certainly I am," replied the girl,
"I'm no Salome."

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

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



SHIRLEY: *How are you getting along
with your Charleston lessons, Sammy?*

SAMMY: *Oh, I can't kick!*

Hick Stuff

First Farmer: "He told me where I
could get a thoroughbred bull, but when
I investigated I found that the animal was
a mixed breed."

Waggish Farmer: "Ha! I see! He
gave you a bum steer."

A Soft Thing

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

Going Well

"Where are you going,
my pretty maid?"

"To heaven or hell,"
she softly said.

"May I go with you, my
pretty maid?"

"Oh, you can go to
hell," she said.

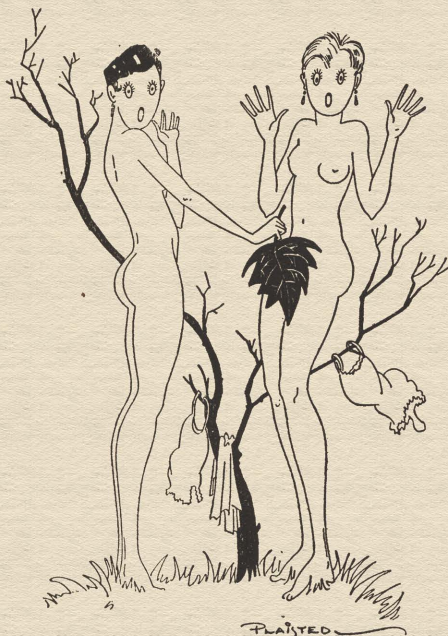


THEY DON'T WEAR 'EM

FATHER: *Can you keep my daughter in clothes?*

SUITOR: *Not clothes—but I can buy her all the
wearing apparel she needs.*

BEAUTY IS NOW
A BUY-PRODUCT.



EMPHATICALLY

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

Perfectly Clear

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

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

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

Nature's Way

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

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

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

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

Epitaph

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

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

Well-behaved Child:

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



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

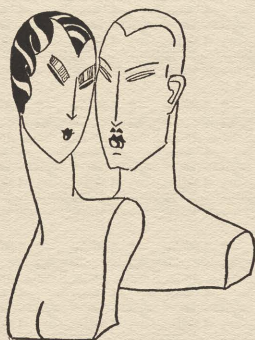


JACK: *The dance floor is awfully crowded.*

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

London Fog

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



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

Wear-about's?

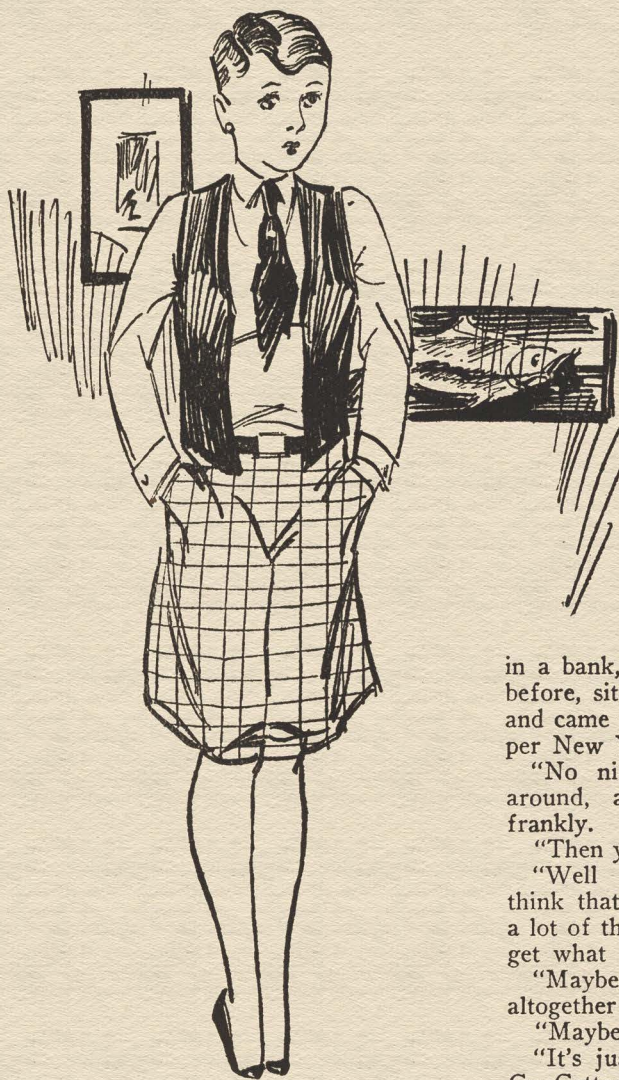
"NOW, children," said the infant-class mistress before the children's concert, "whatever any of you do don't break down. If you can't remember your words just keep to the tune and sing 'tummy, tum, tum,' or something like that until the words come back to you."

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

As Revised

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

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



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

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

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

"What should I follow you around

Attack

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

By HOWARD

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Maybe—" he admitted.

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

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

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

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

and Counter Attack

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

HOGUE KENNEDY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I didn't realize," he

Illustrated by
E. K. BERGEY





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Warm Sympathy Needed

By
ARTHUR
NEALE

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

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

"LONG PIG"

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

By E. CHARLES VIVIAN

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

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

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

"Then," said the captain, "you suggested that a shark bit a piece of the keel, or perhaps that a swordfished rammed her?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nip!" he bade, fiercely.

"I'd hate—" the mate got a grip on the two wicker handles—"to have any little jars, situated as we are."

He drank, while the captain gazed at him wrathfully. "What we want is big ones," he concluded, putting the jar down.

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

Illustrations by
RUSSELL HENDERSON



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

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

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

"Wahe-Wahe?" the mate inquired.

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

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

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

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

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

"And you're making straight for Wahe-

Wahe?" the mate inquired, in utter consternation.

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

"But—" the mate began a protest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Gifts

By JANE THOMAS

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

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

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

LAUGHTER'S Outlines of History

The Truth on the Garden of Eden

By M A X
PLAISTED



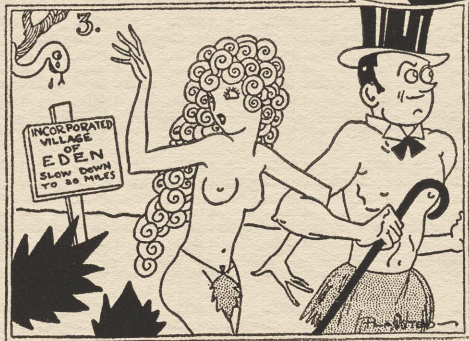
"Y'know, Eve," said the serpent, "you're not so worse to look at—you'd be a stunner in the city—but you need a little something to pep you up . . . now, have you ever tried . . . ?"

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

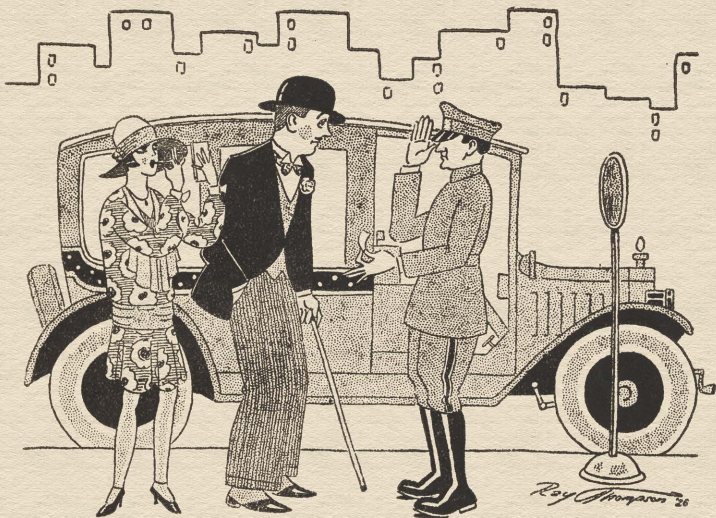


So they started out to raise

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



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



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



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

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

Even Unto To-day

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

"Just why do you say that?"

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



Such Frankness!

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

It: "I'm surprised at you!"



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

Punishment for Prudery

THE auto came to a sudden stop near a dark, dismal detour.

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

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

Sadness De Luxe

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

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



"FORE"—AND "AFT"



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



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

Very Ungentlemanly

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

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

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

It is, Indeed!

The wind blows cold, the wind blows hot,

She loves me, then she loves me not;

But now until our fate unravels,

It's just as well her husband travels.



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

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

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

"What Every Young Girl Should Know"

(From a Flapper's Note-Book)

HOW to smoke a cigarette without getting it messy.

How to give a perfect "come hither" smile.

How to kiss as though you meant it.

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

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

How to get in quietly at three a. m.

How to yawn gracefully at breakfast time.

Natural Mistake

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

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

Avoiding Defeat

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

"Strong liquor," he said,

"Never goes to my head,

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

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

News

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

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

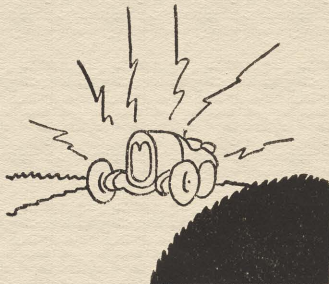
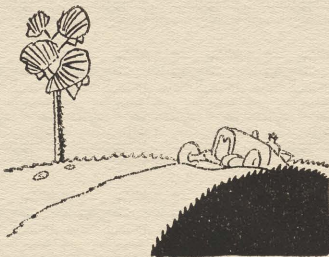
Adventures of Flazzydoo

Flazzydoo met Peggy Joyce.

(He had been quite a rover.)

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

"I would re-Joyce all over."



STORY WITHOUT WORDS

Shakespeare Up-to-date

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

Oh-h, Mr.

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

By HOWARD

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

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

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



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

IT was just eleven o'clock. The "prom" had an hour yet to go. Dick Arthington had it all figured out that it was his birthday, Christmas, New Year and the Fourth of July; for he had stumbled across what he supposed was a miracle.

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

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



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

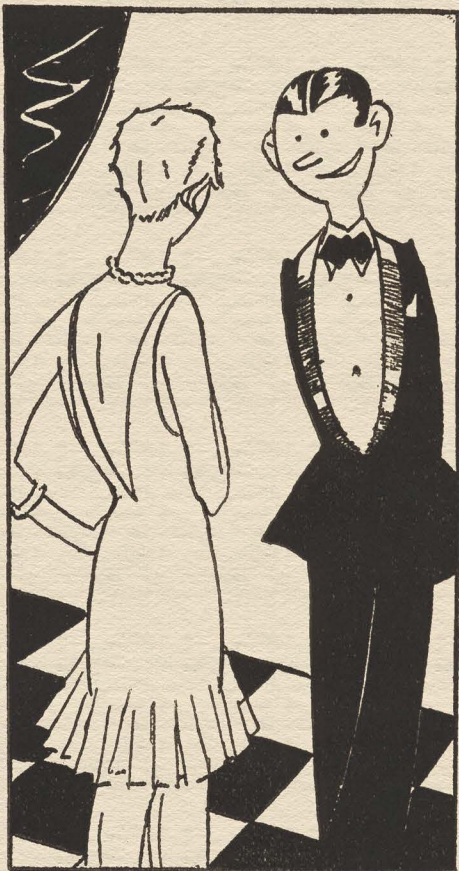
Arthington!

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

KENNEDY

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

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



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

and left them there while he counted fifty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, what a shame to do it," he re-
flected. She was a child.

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

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

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

"Oh! Mr. Arthington."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A POINT OF HONOR

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

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

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



PALM BEACH BOUND

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



NIGHT-WATCHMAN (who has surprised lovers bidding each other good-night): Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?

FLUSTERED LOVER (taken aback): No-o, sir.

NIGHT-WATCHMAN: Here, then, hold my lantern.



CUSTOMER: I want to see something cheap in a silver hand-mirror.

TACTLESS SALESMAN: Certainly. Now just take a look at the one I have here, madam.



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



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

A Satisfactory

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Conclusion

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

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



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

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

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

Presently another car turning the bend

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She was silent for a long time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT HE LIKED ABOUT HER

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



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

TWO DOWN FRONT

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

By TIP BLISS

!!!SIOIS!!!

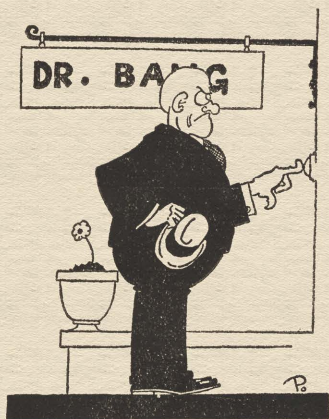
YOU know the one about the man who caught the bear. No, don't leave the room, girls, this isn't that kind of story. Why, I wouldn't think of telling you that kind of story—you'd know it anyway. This is just that a man caught a bear, and then found himself just naturally obliged to hang on until the bear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

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

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

Gentlemen Prefer June

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



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

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

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

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

LORELEI—She looks like Bill Hart.

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

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

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

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

Give My Regards to Broadway

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

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



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

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

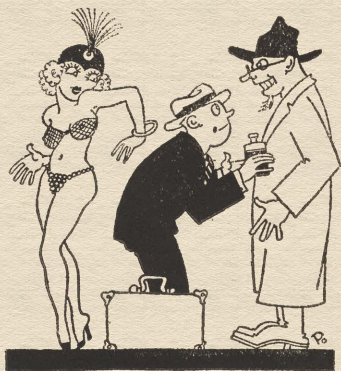
Lee Tracy, once the inventive kid brother in "The Show-Off," is the principal celebrant of the piece, but he only slightly eclipses Robert Gleckler, Edith Van Cleve, Clare Woodbury, John Wray and several others.

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

Them's Harsh Words, Matey

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Na-a-a-a!

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

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

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

Nize Fred! Nize Baby!

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

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

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

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

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

Also Running

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

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

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

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


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

Four of Them

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

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

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BOBBY—Where have you got the dials?

FATHER—41-42.

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

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

MOTHER—Clara was saying today—

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

BOBBY—Let's get Pittsburgh again.

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

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

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

GRANDMOTHER—What?

MOTHER—He can't hear when you talk.

GRANDMOTHER—Oh. Sorry. I didn't—

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

MOTHER—Well, I can't help—

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

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

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

BOBBY—No.

FATHER—Then you'll have to keep quiet.

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

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

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FATHER—Omaha.

GRANDMOTHER—Ottawa?

FATHER—No. Omaha.

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

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

BOBBY—But, Father, I only—

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

BOBBY—Mother, do I have—

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

(Exit Bobby)

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

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

GRANDMOTHER—To think—

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

—Parke Cummings.

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

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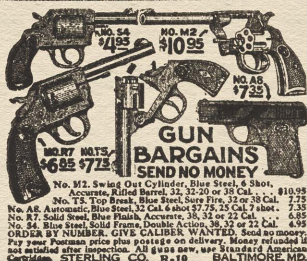
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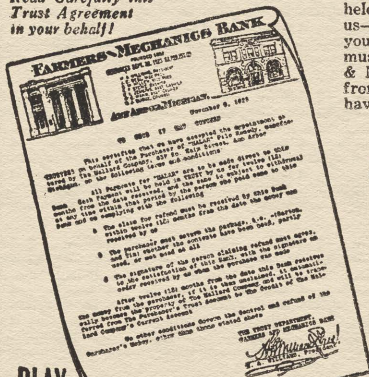
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The Great Baffle Murder

JACORN BAFFLE, multi-millionaire, had been found dead in his deep brown study, and Impervious Unravel, the great detective, had taken charge. Unravel had soon released it, however, seeing at a glance that it could not be guilty. Alone in the room, he set about his examination while the police fumed and smoked.

An open letter had been found on the table in front of the dead man; this Impervious hastily closed before the contents should evaporate, and examined under the microscope. "Traces of irony!" muttered the great man, and smiled grimly.

Next Lydia Redham was called in for questioning. She admitted coming to see J. Acorn in a burst of fury, which she had kept waiting at the door. Seizing the opportunity, the great detective held it before her startled eyes and asked if she had ever owned it. No; she had never had such an opportunity. Impervious smiled grimly.

Next Trixie de Lite was called in by the great man, who pointed to the figure in the chair, and ran swiftly forward to take her pulse. It was racing madly, but overtaking it as it skipped a beat, he examined it carefully under the microscope. Questioned, Trixie admitted Baffle had been her lover, that he had been seen by her with another woman she suspected was his wife, and that she was trying to reduce. Just before she was dismissed by Impervious, she nervously let slip that she had that afternoon killed him with a 22 pearl-inlaid revolver. "Pearl-inlaid," murmured he, and smiled grimly.

In quick succession eight women were questioned by the detective, each one of whom admitted calling that afternoon, and of that number eight explained some illicit relationship with him in private life. It developed, also, they had been driven to desperation that afternoon by the same taxi. On a sudden impulse, Impervious walked to the window and looked out, glancing quickly back at the impulse as he did so. He smiled grimly. A remark let fall by the last woman questioned rolled to his feet, and he put his foot down sharply.

That night in his lodgings, overlooking the river and the furniture, the Chief of Police waited patiently for the great Un-

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ravel to give his explanation. He limped badly as a result of jumping to a conclusion early in the case, and wore a harried look well buttoned up the front.

"Which one of the women did it—or did all of them? They all seemed to want to bad enough," the Chief asked, knitting his brows and occasionally dropping a stitch in his embarrassment, at his feet.

"None of them! False clues to throw me off the track! Didn't you observe that not one of them was a blonde? Then they couldn't have done it—what kind of headlines would it make to have a murder by any woman except a blonde? Bah!"

"Then what is your solution?" asked the Chief, applying some of it to his swollen face where the other's rebuke had stung him.

"Too obvious. There wasn't a blonde in the bunch we examined today, but—" lowering his voice so that it trailed along the floor "did you notice the little tow-headed girl playing next door?"

"But, Impervious! You'd never convince a jury a kid eight years old committed this crime! Why—she's blonde, I s'pose, but a mere baby!"

"Quite so," replied the detective, and smiled grimly. He let his gaze wander about the room till it was tired, leaned forward quickly, and whispered: "We must wait till she grows up!"

—Wayne G. Haisley.

The Modern Hamlet

(He Has Married Ophelia)

SCENE

A Graveyard near a golf course. (Hamlet strolls on. He is attired for golf. He walks to an open grave.)

HAMLET (*picking up a skull that lies beside the opening*)—Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well! He made this hole in one and died of a stroke.

(*He has just put down the skull when Ophelia enters the graveyard. She also wears the trappings of golf. Hamlet turns and frowns upon her.*)

OPHELIA—What are you mad about?

HAMLET—Why didn't you take the caddy and play on by yourself? I came

(Continued on page 93)



Does a getting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? A last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel" Page 119.

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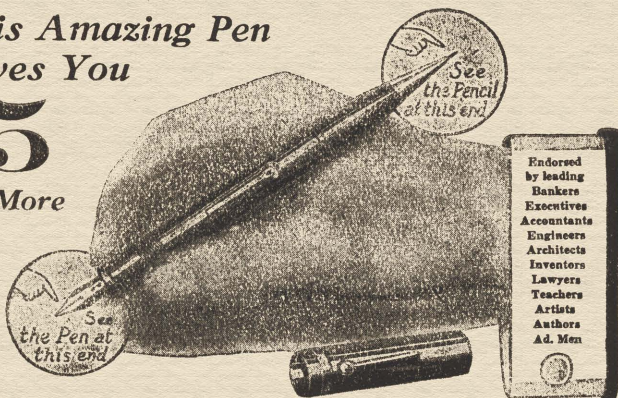
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here to do my soliloquizing. I'm way behind in it.

OPHELIA—You ought to quit that talking to yourself. It's a sign that one is a little off and you seem to be getting further away each day.

HAMLET—I don't seem to be able to get very far away from you. (*He turns and begins talking to himself.*) To be or not to be, that is the question.

OPHELIA—The question is, are you going to be sensible?

HAMLET (*facing her again*)—Sensible! Why, you would drive a fellow crazy.

OPHELIA (*angry*)—Now look here, Hamlet Denmark, don't you talk to me like that! I'll not stand it. I can't say a word to you without getting my head snapped off. You talk about this soliloquizing of yours as though it was something wonderful. I have heard it often and it's just about the poorest monologue I ever listened to. And if you expect to get any intelligent answer by asking questions of yourself, you are indeed an idiot. Somebody probably has told you that geniuses are half mad and you are acting mad so people will think you're a genius. Just let me tell you something—I'm no genius but I'm mad, and if you snap at me any more, I'm going to hit you with this driver right in your soliloquy. (*She brandishes the driver. Hamlet shrinks back.*)

HAMLET—Why, Ophie, dear, I—

OPHELIA—Not another word from you. I'm going to play out the round now by myself. (*She begins to walk away.*)

HAMLET (*blinking*)—What round is this?

OPHELIA—Never mind, you meet me at the clubhouse in an hour. (*She departs.*)

HAMLET (*picking up the skull again*)—Ah, lucky Yorick, you lived and died a bachelor!

Place Card

THE table, gleaming with crystal and snowy linen, blooming with exotic flowers, was a delight to her eyes. She clasped her slim fingers, red lips parting in an ecstatic "Oo!" She moved around, heart fluttering with that eager anticipation known only to habitual scanners of place cards. Who would be next to her?

Lightly she bends forward, smiling. She

(Continued on page 94)

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reads, and straightway wilts inwardly. Of all the men there, he had to be the one! It proves what she had always suspected—the hostess was stupid as salad without its dressing. He advances, smiling, urbane, pleasantly cynical. Quite the handsomest and most attractive man in the hall, too.

He leans over her shoulder, makes some little flattering remark as he seats her. But it—as they say—derives him nothing. Her evening is hopelessly spoiled.

He is her husband.

—Stanley Jones.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of LAUGHTER, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1926.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA { ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Kofoed, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the LAUGHTER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above Caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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What great president do the above letters spell when properly arranged? **RUSH** correct answer and win a choice lot (20 x 100 ft.) free and clear of all encumbrances, located between New York and Atlantic City. Mail answer to **Evergreen Heights Development Corp., World Bldg., 63 Park Row, N.Y.C. Dept. 100**

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"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm off for a joy-ride, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"If you'll push the vehicle, sir," she said.

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Don't let hold-up men or rowdies get the best of you! They're easily fooled

BANG!

SHOOT!

Your Friends
this new and
pleasant
way

MANY a robber, roughneck and burglar has been fooled and put to flight by this innocent but extremely dangerous looking cigarette case. It can not be told from the real thing until you pull the trigger and the cigarettes pop out.

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This vicious "Automatic" is only a clever cigarette case, holding a whole pack of your favorite brand, but it has all the earmarks of a real Automatic. It is cast in one solid piece of metal, enameled in sinister, dull black to carry conviction. You simply cannot tell it from a real gat.

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Keep it for 3 days. Use it to worry your friends stiff and to collect all the money they owe you. Then—if you don't feel you want it—send it back and get your deposit refunded. (See the coupon below).



"Where's that dollar you owe me?"

You Can Have Lots of Fun—

sticking up your friends with this ugly "Gat" and then soothing their startled nerves with a nice cool smoke or liquid refreshment. You'll be the life of the party even if you scare a few to death.

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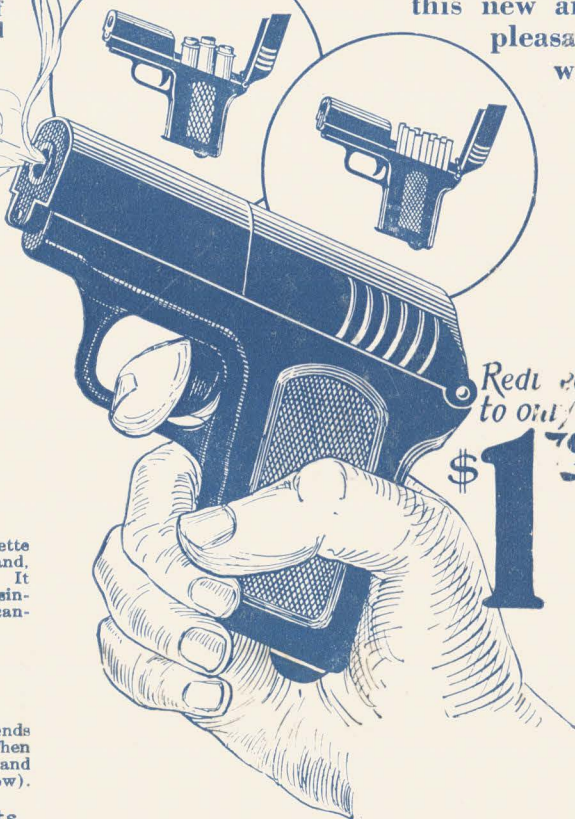


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This Modern Two-Gun Guy has a lot more sense than he of the Gold Rush days. Nowadays he has a gat with cigs on one hip, and on the other hip a brother to it, loaded with sarsaparilla or what have you?

Always ready for a bang-up good time, you see, Everybody is joining the "Two-Gun Army"—why don't you?



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