INSURE yourself for a year's fun, for one dollar, by filling out the coupon on the back cover now
September Daze

The reason a floorwalker wears a flower in his buttonhole is because it won't stay in his hair.

The chorus girl bread line: From the toast of Broadway to a crumb on Tenth Avenue.

Beauty is only skin-deep—and not always knee-high.

One thing no married man can understand is why Niagara Falls—which is 35,000 years old—is still on its honeymoon.

A dumb-waiter is the shortest distance between two gossips.

Being in love is like sleeping in a pullman; no one can do it in comfort and some people can't do it at all.

Our memory goes back to the time when a "run" in a girl's stocking was a private affair.

When Little Eva began to talk about the angels, she wasn't referring to the backers of the show.

The modern dance craze started in the Garden of Eden—with the apple bounce.

"Let's be perfectly frank," she said, as she stepped between me and the setting sun.

Woman tried to commit suicide by drinking a large bottle of iodine. She said there was a stain on her character.

That's neither here nor there, but she certainly has a stain on her interior.
Doesn't old General Humidity make you feel like going down cellar and tying a pink satin bow on the snow shovel?

A certain young Omaha woman had a man arrested because he threw her into a bathtub full of water with her clothes on!

Every one to their own opinion, but we hold that the young man was quite modest about it.

A Bronx girl yawned the other day, and now she is unable to close her mouth. Making her look just like a married woman.

They launched one of our superdreadnoughts the other day with prayer. But they will use real ammunition when she goes into action.

An undertaker of Bayonne, N. J., who has been dead for three years, is summoned to appear as a Grand Juror. Bayonne will be shocked when they hear that the war is over.

A Jersey City man, after serving one day as a policeman, quit the force to go back to his trade as a plumber.

It's easier to wipe a joint than to pull one.

The Fourth of July was celebrated on the fifth, but rent day is never celebrated on the 2d?

There's a song that says if you can't get a girl in the Summer time you can't get a girl at all, but few of us ever have such good luck as that.

A prize pig gets the prize because it's a pig; and some men should get prizes for the same reason.

A sign we soon expect to see tacked outside the lawyer's office is, "Divorces a Specialty — Eventually, Why Not Now?"

Elephants are said to be afraid of mice, but we'll bet the mice don't know it.

We object to all this scientific experimenting to lengthen human life. Supposing they find it practical, what then?

Will we all get a whack at it? Not so you can notice it!

Wall Street backing will be secured, and the invention will be made a monopoly. The poor man will die as young as ever. The hard-working bootlegger, on whose efforts we have been depending, will turn up his toes right when we need him most.

Those we owe money to will live, and those who owe us money will cash in without any cash.

Besides there will be exclusive list of long-livers, made up of the following: W. J. Bryan, so he can run for president perpetually.

John D. Rockefeller, so he can be the wealthiest man in the world continually and play golf indefinitely.

United States senators, so they can keep right on talking.

Rich uncles, who have promised us a legacy when they die.

Poor relations, so they can keep on visiting us.

Book agents.

Life insurance agents.

Coal dealers.

Landlords.

Income tax collectors.
Christine Welford in "Scandals of 1921"
With Variations

Pauline Lord is not the usual person. She has what might be termed an ineluctable personality. She is refreshingly combative in her outlook. There is something astringent in her point of view.

Pursuing the same line of thought, to say nothing of the same flow of language, we are moved to remark:

Raymond Hitchcock is not the usual person. He has what might be termed an indestructible personality. He is refreshingly wet in his outlook. There's a Volstead infringement in his point of view.

DeWolf Hopper is not the usual person. He has what might be termed a marrying personality. He is recurrently connubial in his outlook. There is something Solomon-ic in his point of view.

Harry Lauder is not the usual person. He has what might be termed a banker's personality. He is financially sound in his outlook. There is something Scotch in his point of view.

Ann Pennington is not the usual person. She has what might be termed a terpsichorean personality. She is refreshingly dimpled in her outlook. There is nothing to complain of from any point of view.

Look for the Label!

Flo Ziegfeld has a grievance. He has registered a kick—in print, that is—not anatomically—against the girls of every walk of life, who have never been within striking distance of a Ziegfeld show, and yet whenever they get in the clutches of the law, immediately announce that they are Ziegfeld chorus girls—on the theory that the jury will relent at least fifty per cent.

Whenever these girls are out after two a.m., they explain that they are just returning from a Ziegfeld rehearsal.

Whenever they are caught helping to dispose of illegally-gotten liquor, they say that they were taking a bracer for tomorrow's Ziegfeld chorus work.

Whenever they are interrupted at a stag party, for which they are putting on a dance specialty, they murmur something about having been a Ziegfeld show girl.

And when they come up in court the next morning, the chances are that (1) the butcher, (2) the plasterer, (3) the real estate agent, (4) the retired cobbler, (5) the non-participating ticket-chopper, (6) the newly naturalized night-watchman, (7) the tin roofer's helper, (8) the self-filling booze-fighter, (9) the Y. M. C. A. worker, (10) the auction bridge fiend, (11) the ex-yeggman, and (12) the Sunday school superintendent—all the twelve men good and true—will get their heads together and decide as how she oughtn't to have done it, but seeing as how she's a Ziegfeld showgirl, they mustn't be too hard on her.

In view of all which, who can blame Mr. Ziegfeld?

Since lying, however, is only a penal offense in certain forms, we don't exactly see what the impresario is going to do about it.

All we can suggest is that every girl admitted to the sacred ranks of pulchritude be stamped with an indelible Ziegfeld trade-mark (registered), applied to some inconspicuous spot (if any), and thereafter this label be used as a mark of identification.

With this arrangement, any girl who claimed to be a Ziegfeld product would have to disclose the evidence, and Flo could bring legal action against the infringers.

Many a man has had his better judgment washed away by the waves in a woman's hair.

The average young man would be surprised to know how easy it is to kiss a girl who says she won't let him.

The Motion Picture Classic.
HERE seems to be plenty of the forbidden liquid around Times Square, if the tales told of players’ breakdowns due to its use may be believed. For instance, a stage manager, without a sense of humor, appeared before the curtain to apologize for the indisposition of a male star.

“Despite the fact that he is suffering from a slight paralysis of the tongue he is courageously determined to play his role,” said the long faced announcer.

The curtain rose. The male star appeared. Shouted a gallery god: “His tongue is paralyzed all right, but why didn’t you tell about the rest of him having a stroke.”

The truth behind the announcement of a female star’s nervous breakdown and her departure to Atlantic City for a rest, was that being unable to negotiate the descent of a pair of stairs, a conspicuous part of the action of the play, she had to be assisted. But the aid came too late to prevent the smile that passed, ripple-like, over the faces of the audience. Much sympathy has been expressed for this case of more or less secret dipsomania because the victim is an example of the power of heredity. The alcoholic sins of father and grandfather have been visited upon her. But in the instance of the young man there is no such extenuating fact. He is the son of one of the most popular and conscientious writers in America and husband of a much loved star.

THE mystery of why Jessie Reed, a queen of the show girls, at least the highest-paid one, for she earns $100 a week, left her millionaire’s son husband, after a four weeks honeymoon, has been solved. The beautiful Titian-haired Texan has herself furnished the solution to her friends of the beauty show. She says that when the pair reached Cleveland, the groom’s home town, the trustees of his late father’s estate sent for the young man and held a close conference with him. After four hours’ absence he came back to their hotel.

“I hate to tell you,” he said, “but they won’t give me my allowance.”

WHEN counting the beads of rapid fire romances of Broadway, place beauteous Edna Wheaton high on the list. For Edna married someone the middle of
the week a Wednesday or Thursday the gossip bird tells me—and went to Atlantic City for a honeymoon. At Atlantic City she met a man whom she admired more. Her heart jumped out of her bosom, as it were, straight into the embrace of this hero of the boardwalk.

Edna related her heart experience to her husband. The woman of today is frank. Concealment to her is neither admirable nor necessary. Following this confession, he left, and one of the loveliest of the Follies Girls will soon sue for a divorce or be sued according to the complaisance or nobility of her brief term husband.

Isn't it sad to think that Eve never lived to know how stylishly she was garbed?

WHILE the combers are mounting high at Manhattan Beach, and the management is asking two dollars for a bath to keep the place exclusive, Eddie Zimmerman, the handsome life saver, and his autumnal bride are spending their honeymoon in terror of the camera.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman are living in one of the show places of Manhattan Beach. It occupies half the block at the jointure of Falmouth and Hampton Avenues. Of red brick, it has a Spanish tile roof. It has twenty rooms and six baths. A large garage and playhouse of similar construction add to its conveniences and attractions.

The play house was more than a convenience. It was practically a necessity. For know you that the autumnal bride aforesaid is the mother of six children. She was the widow of Cornelius Zane, the retired publisher of Philadelphia, when after a courtship of two years she concluded to become the bride of the stalwart life guard.

The good looking bridegroom, who is so averse to being snapped in the company of his older bride, is an automobile salesman or a bond salesman in the winter, but has saved lives at Brighton Beach and Manhattan Beach for six summers. His prowess on the beach is proven by his rescue of between 250 and 300 lives. His war record as an aviator is excellent. Hero in war, hero in hearts.

The bride's parents, Mr. Murray and his wife, of Philadelphia, strongly disapprove of the match. They have been glum since the June wedding, which they did not attend. A simple wedding for a millionairess it was, in the old gray frame cross-surfaced church at Sheepshead Bay, witnessed only by her brother and a woman who had been her schoolmate and who came from Philadelphia.

The bride had lived a secluded life during the widowhood. Only the kindly rector of St. Mark's parish was a frequent visitor in the red brick mansion. It is understood that the bride, mindful of her maturity, and the claims of her motherhood, asked the priest's advice.

"Follow your heart, my daughter, if he is a good young man," is said to have been the good priest's counsel.

Her heart had followed handsome Eddie, it would seem, ever since they met at a euchre party in Brooklyn when he modestly received the praise for his war record and tried to hide behind his medals.

His friends declare that the match was not a mercenary one on Eddie's part, for "he is very fond of her, you know." He is said to be her equal in education, at least, for he was an undergraduate of Lehigh University.

Illness prevented his finishing his course.

Manhattan Beach bathers say he appears on the beach every day, ready as before, to save lives. But he has a better boarding place than before.

Black—Why doesn't Miss Petite speak to him any more?

White—Well, he wrote her a note asking her if he could take her out to a little supper, and being slightly under the influence he wrote by mistake in the corner R. S. V. B. D.

THE disappearance of Rennold Wolf from Broadway is causing much wagging of tongues. Not vinegar-tipped tongues, but those dipped in the honey of sympathy, for the long, lean, former critic has the humanly warm heart that is a magnet of friendship. His health is so impaired that he is said to have done little work for a year. The claim is made in certain quarters that his retirement from the newspaper which he faithfully and brillianly served for fourteen years was not voluntary but was caused by pressure from a firm against which he
KYRA — An artistic pose, by Mishkin, of the famous dancer in "The Whirl of New York" at the Winter Garden
bears personal animosity. Or it may be the boot is on the other foot. At all events it is said that he was asked to resign. He went to London to watch the production of the play which he had a share in writing, "The Man Behind the Gun." Since his return he has attended a few public dinners. He made a speech on the Davids of Broadway at the banquet tendered to David W. Griffith at the Hotel Astor. The host of theatre folk whom he has paragraphed say they will play at any testimonial anywhere given for him, if ever desired, which they hope it will not be.

A Texas man has divorced his eighty-year old wife. He said she had too many friends.

Some chicken!

We wonder whether Jeffrey Farnol, the British novelist, found time to saunter backstage at the Astor Theatre during his recent sojourn in New York. Perhaps, because he's an author with more than a trace of sentiment in his nature, he did—just for old times' sake. It's strange the shifts of fortune which ten years will make. When Farnol visited this country ten years ago, he carried the manuscript of "The Broad Highway" under his arm, and when the fickle dame declined to smile on him in seeking a publisher, the author was finally compelled to take a job as a scene painter at the Astor Theatre. The wolf was at the door and—figuratively speaking—he threw a paint brush in its face. And now the novelist, with willing publishers dogging his tracks, can smile at his earlier hardships.

You can do a lot with a whisper, if you just know how to manage it. This is what the manager of one of the expensive cafes in the Fifth Avenue district has discovered and he has found the knowledge so valuable that he is giving his waiters special training in the art of the subrosa hint. A waiter whispers to a patron confidentially that he can serve a vermouth cocktail for a dollar. The patron jumps at the chance, and in a few moments a non-alcoholic cocktail is set before him. It's the whis-
Gracing the Silver Sheet

Constance Binney, Realart star

Mary Miles Minter in Realart pictures

Anita Stewart in “The Price of Happiness”
(Continued from page 8)

several actresses. One of them, who has felt the lash of critical scorn more than one occasion and was just in the mood for a little dig of her own, asked the writer what he intended to call his column of dramatic criticism. Hammond confessed that he hadn't made up his mind. "Really?" drawled the actress. "Then, if I might make a suggestion, why not—'Read 'em and weep'?"

The whirligig of public favor turns fast. A certain show-girl, only a few years ago one of the toasts of the town, now dines alone every night in a little tea-room on the upper West side, and then goes drearily back to her lovely apartment, which was decorated for her by the most famous woman interior decorator in America, and which contains scores of almost priceless gifts from admirers. She still applies the lipstick conscientiously as ever and lavishes just as much money on her wardrobe—but still she is left alone with her memories.

She is a vaudeville headliner, and although she's an "artist" when it comes to drawing a good salary in the two-a-day, she's not much of an artist so far as the other arts are concerned. In fact, her career has left her practically uncontaminated by culture—and she's never missed it. Not long ago, however, someone upon whom she wished to make a good impression began to talk highbrow music to her, and wound up by inviting her to a symphony concert.

She concealed her true feelings, and accepted. She figured that by saying nothing, and by sighing as soulfully as she knew how, she might get away with it. They were delayed in reaching the concert hall, and the program was on. On the way down the aisle, she whispered to the usher: "What are they playing now?"

"The Fifth Symphony," was the reply.

"Thank God," breathed the actress, "I've missed four of 'em!"

SAID Benjamin Hampton once at a soup-and-fish affair of the Western Motion Picture Advertisers: "Motion pictures are a universal language through which all peoples can come to understand each other and join in peace."

Is it possible, Mr. Hampton? Or, perhaps you refer to all peoples except the studio-tribes?

"Join in peace?" Sounds sweet, but—not if we know Hollywood!

BARBARA CASTLETON, screen star, has joined the ranks of the would-be divorcees. She says that her life with George W. Zimmerman was "one bill collector after another" and that keeping a husband is expensive these days, even on a star's salary. She is also going to amend her complaint with a cruelty charge.

Zimmerman is a practicing attorney in Vancouver, B. C., but Barbara says all he ever practiced was how to spend her money faster than she could earn it!

PAULINE FREDERICK just can't seem to make up her mind which chap she will marry. When she returned to Hollywood with the glamor of New York and Willard Mack still upon her, she announced a possible resumption of their marital life, but now says it's not so—yet. In New York, Willard Mack confided to the reporters that they had become reunited and that wedding bells were in prospect. But Polly's still trying to decide whether to accept Mack's protestations of renewed allegiance or a certain splendid Western chap's unquestioned loyalty.
Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt in a typically beautiful Lucille gown of red (cerise) silver cloth, elaborately embroidered in rhinestones and pearls. The underskirts are of cerise chiffon.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston
The Taboo

By Berion Braley

The magazines now glory in
A flavor mid-victorian;
You cannot get a story in
That's sensuous or skeptic,
Where Hearst once spent his wallet on
Sex stuff for Cosmopolitan
His magazine is now so clean
It's almost antiseptic.

Such is the status of literachoor;
Editors say, "Oh, be careful that you're
Ninety-nine decimal 44 pure!
(If you don't get my statistical dope
Look up the ads about Ivory Soap).

With Magazines Smart Set-ical
Or Snappy Story-etical
You may more energetical-
Ly sneer at prim tradition.
But pabulum for vernal minds
For undefiled Home Journal minds,
Devout of sex, brings larger checks
And thus rewards ambition.

Thus we are reaching an art that is truer
Elinor Glyn is passe, that is sure,
Editors cry, "Oh be certain that you're
Ninety-nine decimal 44 pure!"

But books—that's something else again,
There passion burns and melts again
And under human pelts again
Sex surges, you can bet you.
So in your book, be gay with it,
Write sex—you'll get away with it;
And yet, beware and have a care
Or Mr. Sumner'll get you!

So in the main we are shunning the lure
Striving our passionate yearnings to cure
Editors say, "Oh be certain that you're
Ninety-nine decimal 44 pure!"

What the Bank Notes

The directors of a Chicago bank got
their heads together the other day
and decided that their clerks were need-
ing a little fatherly attention.

So they announced a new rule to the
effect that no clerk receiving less than
$125 a month should enter into matri-
mony without consulting the bank's chief
clerk.

Appropriately in Chicago a man who
makes less than $125 is supposed to be in
love with his job—and nothing else.

Or perhaps the directors fear that a
man with nerve enough to marry on that
salary is liable to run away with the
safe.

It does not follow, however, that
simply because a man falls in love he's
going to fall into temptation. The world
is full of poor but otherwise honest
bridegrooms.

And just why should the chief clerk be
consulted? Our personal experience
with chief clerks in banks is that they
are no Cupids. Most of them are so thin
that one of the well-known arrows would
miss them, and the majority are so near-
sighted that they can't see a wife.

Moreover, the life of a chief clerk
won't be worth the paper he wraps his
lunch in if a few jilted girls find out
that he came between them and wedded
bliss. He'll have to go about the streets
with an armed guard, like a load of
silver bullion.

No, on the whole, we figure that
the $125-clerks will have to make the deci-
sion for themselves, letting their con-
sciences be their guide.

If a man is willing to ask a girl to split $125 with him—
that's his affair, and her's.

Any girl who would take a clerk at
that figure should be able to manage him.

HOW TO BE POPULAR—AND WHERE

In New York—Pour something hard out of a bottle. It doesn't make much dif-
ference what it is—just so it's hard; i.e., hard to get, hard to drink, and hard
to identify.

In Boston—Drop an "r" out of Harvard, and put it on the end of idea; speak
of Emerson as intimately as you do of the ice-man; go in strong for Boston common
and copper preferred.

In Chicago—Mention casually the number of times you have been held up;
take a dose of civic pride before and after every meal; invent a hat that won't
blow off.

In San Francisco—Whenever you feel an earthquake shock, rush up to the
first person you meet and ask: "Where's the fire?"
Artistic and Acrobatic

Vera D'Artelle, who specializes in the Oriental

Ann Pennington in "Scandals of 1921"

Evelyn Law in "Two Little Girls in Blue"

White Studio
Our Query

TO THE EDITOR: Which are the easier to raise, ducks or chickens?

AMELIA WOLTER.

Depends on which kind of eggs you bought—Ed.

To the Editor—What does “Guaranteed by the Food and Drug Act” mean?

CAREFUL.

Nothing.—Ed.

To the Editor—What shall I do for the rose bugs in my garden?

X. Y. Z.

If you think they are hungry, set out some more roses.—Ed.

To the Editor—In the celebrated and popular card game called “Five Hundred,” why do they always call the cards left for the one who makes trumps to pick up, “The Widow”?

GAMESTER.

Because you never can tell.—Ed.

To the Editor—When it is 7 o’clock P. M. in Hoboken, N. J., what time is it in Philadelphia?

SNIDER.

Bed time.—Ed.

To the Editor—Every Summer I have freckles, and it just makes me boil. Please tell me what to do.

DOTTIE.

Have them in the Winter time when it is cold. That’s a nice time to boil.—Ed.

To the Editor—What is the distance between Philadelphia and New York City?

CURIOUS.

It all depends on whether you are coming or going.—Ed.

Department

To the Editor—May I inquire through your valuable medium as to how I shall go about proposing to a very charming widow?

WORRIED.

You don’t have to propose. She’ll marry you some day when you are not looking.—Ed.

To the Editor—When you step on a lady’s dress and tear it, what should you say?

CLUMSY.

You don’t have to say, she will do all the saying. But we believe you are faking this. It is utterly impossible to step on a lady’s dress while she is dancing unless you get a stepladder.—Ed.

To the Editor—What’s the difference between a land and a nautical mile?

STUDENT.

Try to walk a nautical mile and find out.—Ed.

To the Editor—My husband says my new bathing suit of pink mousseline de soie is immodest. Is it?

FAY.

Not unless you wear it, Fay. By the way, where are you going this Summer?—Ed.

To the Editor—I am a very good dancer, but a stranger here and so I have no partners. How can I get an introduction so as to get a dance?

J. J.

This is a very serious problem in etiquette, J. J., but we will put you hep. The proper way to secure an introduction is to walk up to anyone in a dance emporium and say, “How about it, Kid?” The young lady will smile and dance with you.—Ed.

When a woman thinks the world is all wrong something is the matter with her wardrobe. When a man feels that way something is the matter with his liver.

No more beehives in New York is the ruling. It has been suggested that all bees be muzzled.

The man who made this suggestion is approaching the subject of bee stings in the wrong direction.

Suggestion for small town warning to motorists: “GO SLOW and see our city; GO FAST and see our jail.”
ROSE ROLANDER— Eccentric dancer who will be seen in a new Broadway production this winter

Ira D. Schwarz
Beauty and the Ballot

SOMEONE who is running for office in Missouri has announced that he’s going after the feminine vote by handing out jars of cold cream.

That’s what we call flirting with disaster. No man who undertakes to win an election on a platform of wrinkle eradication—and fails to make good—need ever show himself in public again.

And it’s in Missouri, too, where they have to be shown! That boy’s due for some other kind of jars—besides cold cream ones.

He’d better be pretty sure of the stuff before he starts passing it around. We hope he has a wife or something he can try it out on.

A campaign cigar never won an election and it never lost one. The worst it can do is to cause a decent citizen a half hour’s annoyance. But when a woman gets cold cream she expects results.

A man who promises to beautify a city can forget all about it after he gets in office, but a man who promises to beautify a citizenette has got to watch his step.

Standing on a platform of “no wrinkles; no double-chins, and no obesity,” he’s got to make good; otherwise the dear girls will put a crimp in him, the double-chins will decide they have been double-crossed, and the fat—figuratively speaking—will be in the fire.

Let’s not start this business of mixing beauty and politics.

Otherwise we may wind up with a President of the United States who delivers massages instead of messages.

EVER STOP TO THINK—

THAT accounts are figures that must be kept straight?
That men keep them straight by means of adding machines, while women use corsets for the same purpose?
That the alphabet is a series of letters which are not nearly so interesting as the letters that are read in divorce and breach of promise cases?
That the principal modern use of the alphabet is to provide names for submarines and Summer underwear?
That there has never been an automobile accident in Abyssinia?
That there probably won’t be any until somebody brings an automobile into the country?
That alimony is the interest on the bonds of matrimony?
That the modern farmer can raise anything?
That he finds it just as hard to raise money as the rest of us?
That woman is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair?
That the safest way to tell her so is over the telephone?

UNSUNG HEROES

THE man who ate the first oyster; i.e., the first man to eat an oyster.
The oyster he ate.
The inventor of the olive.
The man who remains faithful to his palm beach suit through the second season.
The woman in summer furs.
The man who paid for ’em.
The person who invented the “Stop-Go” signal.
The hotel patron who walks past a hat-check boy.
The hat-check boy who lets him get away with it.
The tenor in a male quartette.
Everybody in a female quartette.
The gentleman behind you at the Winter Garden who refrains from announcing that he’s acquainted with the third from the end on the right.
The clerk who doesn’t try to sell you something just as good.
The woman who can keep her monthly expense account straight.
The woman who not only can—but DOES.

The average man never tries to get religion until he has tried everything else.

It’s a hard life. Just as soon as a boy gets so big his mother cannot make him go to Sunday School, he gets a wife who drags him off to church.
Pretty Poses and Posies

Helen Knight in "Scandals of 1921"

Geneva Mitchell in the "Follies"

Mae Devereaux, Shubert principal
Calendar for September

Thu. 1—Al Woods bought a blank verse tragedy by accident, 1931, and when he discovered the mistake, filled in the blanks.

Fri. 2—Several churches converted into movies, 1922, but no movies converted into churches.

Sat. 3—Having played in all the capitals of Europe, Elsie Janis opened in the capital of Afghanistan, 1927.

Sun. 4—George Cohan wired Mme. Bernhardt for an option on her patented reversible farewell. He wants to try it out over here.

Mon. 5—For the first time in twenty years no chorus girls were reported stranded west of Pittsburgh, 1924.

Tue. 6—Picture companies began to take the public into their confidence as to the cost of productions, 1914.

Wed. 7—Picture companies woke up to the fact that the public took their figures with a grain of salt, 1922.

Thu. 8—Eddie Leonard went to work for Lew Dockstader, 1906. Leonard and Dockstader both still using burnt cork, 1921.

Fri. 9—Bee Palmer got her shoulders insured for $100,000, but there was a shaky clause in the policy, 1920.

Sat. 10—Walking sticks designed to hold a drink appeared, 1920, and some people began to carry canes in order to carry hooch.

Sun. 11—Said William to Gordon Dooley: "It's going to be a lovely fall;" and they practiced it until it was.

Mon. 12—Florence Moore can remember the time when she was timid and retiring on the stage; nowadays she's not timid, though often retiring.

Tue. 13—Shuberts installed a new runway at the Winter Garden, 1930, and disposed of the old one to souvenir hunters.

Wed. 14—Ziegfeld show girl complained of neglect because she hadn't had an offer to go into the movies for three days, 1921.

Thu. 15—"First Year" entered its last year, 1988, having broken all laughing records on a subject which is not a laughing matter.

Fri. 16—Louis Mann disguised himself by wearing a different style of collar, 1924.

Sat. 17—Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein made a public statement, 1931, which got by without a come-back from some other member of the family.

Sun. 18—Man mistook Fifth Avenue traffic tower for projection booth, and sat down on the curb to wait for the movie, 1921.

Mon. 19—William Faversham won first prize in expressive eyebrows contest.

Tue. 20—Raymond Hitchcock won blue ribbon in expressive forelock contest.

Wed. 21—Kay Laurel blames airplane flight for attack of pneumonia, but one can’t help thinking of those photographs wrapped in nothing but a turkish towel may have something to do with it.

Thu. 22—French chorus girls box to keep their figures, but American chorus girls seem to manage theirs without gloves.

Fri. 23—Only three producers stopped counting box office receipts in 1920 long enough to sigh over what a poor season it had been.

Sat. 24—Last theatre in New York removed its summer seat covers and sent them to the cleaners.

Sun. 25—Man who declared he had never tasted home-brew sent to Bellevue.

Mon. 26—First-night criticisms of a new Belasco production made no mention of the lighting, 1934.

Tue. 27—Sennett bathing girl broke her contract by accidentally slipping into the water, 1919.

Wed. 28—Broadway star admitted that not all her gowns came from Paris, 1921.

Thu. 29—New joke in one musical show on Broadway failed to reappear in another one for almost a week, 1926.

Fri. 30—First electric sign on Broadway said: "Buy Homes on Long Island." Wonder what the last one will say?
Peeping Behind the Screen
What Your Film Favorites Are Really Doing And Saying in Hollywood, The Hub of the Movie Universe

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. By MISS TATLER

Who will be the next object of Mildred Harris' wifely nagging?

Two of our husky young braves are waging a battle for the transient affections of the exquisite Mildred, whose love, it seems, resembles the gentle breeze that wanders. Now the competition seems narrowed down to Jack Pickford and Gareth Hughes, present contestants for the honor of becoming the next recipient of her matrimonial dirt-slinging. We hope Jack wins—for we like Gareth, he's a mighty nice boy and it would be a shame should he make such a mistake as Charlie did. Jack, however, can hold his own in any scrap. So it would be a good thing were he and the lovely Mildred to wed and fight it out. It would probably be a draw.

In spite of the ever-busy Federal officials, rumor has it that the business of "dope-peddling" still flourishes in Hollywood. With the arrest recently of Roy Rae Ripley, a motion picture actor, while, allege the officers, passing drug to Mrs. Claire Wilson, it was thought the morphine ring had been broken up. But one hears still of drug-orgies, and those of the film colony who are addicts seem well supplied, though their source of obtaining it is a mystery. One of the foremost leading ladies of the screen, now performing before the camera in a series of productions at a New York studio, has suffered such a widening of the nostrils from the practice of inhaling "dope" that she is contemplating an operation of some kind to restore her nose to its former aquiline beauty. We might suggest a clothes-pin—or refraining from this form of pleasure for a time might secure the desired result!

A very famous dusky-haired tomboy comedienne is back at her old stamping ground, cutting up her customary hilarious didoes after journeys to other studios and hearths. She had been on the payroll of a foremost comedy-chief for about sixteen years, or since the tender age of 14, when, returning unexpectedly one day to their domicile, she found him in the embraces of another. That was in 1916. But now, after five years in other company, journeys here and there and an unsuccessful sojourn at another studio, she has now returned to her original heart-mate. Maybe she realizes that, even with his infidelity, she can obtain far better results under his tutelage than elsewhere. But—such is the life of the Wandering Tribes—from boudoir to boudoir!

Retta Gillman, 23-year-old comedienne, got the habit of eloping in the last reel of the Christie Matrimonial Vehicles in which she has been appearing. So when Dr. A. A. Schwab, known somewhat as a local dentist but still better as a sportman, proposed to her, she took it as a matter of course and up and eloped with him. Dr. Schwab has often startled these innocent environs by his doings—particularly so when he recently chartered a special train to convey himself and party to the Dempsey-Carpentier buzz, July 2d.

Mother Gillman said she had never seen the groom. Well, isn't that the way in the movies? Daughter walks out for a flirtation and finds herself wed. The picture in which the bride was "working" (they do call it that out here) at the time of her elopement was called "In For Life."

Mebbe—but not necessarily.

Alberta E. Wilson, wife of John Fleming Wilson, noted author and scenario-writer, wants to get out. She has sued for divorce, stating her husband's income is $30,000 a year. Hmmm, scenario writing must be picking up!

Some perfectly shocking "ads" appeared in otherwise respectable Los Angeles newspapers. Many startled Mamas hid the papers away that their inquisitive daughters might not run across these sugar-coated advertise-
ments for young women to adorn a—harem! Yes, a HAREM! In Hollywood where, even though it does get itself in the divorce-courts, the population is still United-Statesian and not Turkish, and when a chap has more than one Nuisance, he doesn’t advertise the fact! But investigation disclosed that the harem belonged to Dick Ferris, a part of the show at the Actors’ Fund Festival. So the Mamas all apologized for misjudging Richard—and wondered why in the samhill such a handsome chap would have to advertise!

WHY is it that Theodore Kosloff’s genius is having so difficult a time asserting itself before the eyes of the public? Because it is too increasingly well known to the envious eyes of the studio!

The public every day is becoming more aware of the unjust discrimination against Kosloff, the Russian genius, whose art is of the eyes and the tense mouth rather than all over the yard. One hears of, and wonders why, Kosloff’s scenes are “cut” so, with much of his best work eliminated; why he is given small parts, often “bits,” when his consummate skill in bigger things has been proven.

Why? Because there are various male luminaries who have cause to feel envious of the Kosloff genius!

All pictures must be cut, of course, and it is often necessary to eliminate many scenes containing splendid work; some times even a star’s scene is cut. But—WHY are Theodore Kosloff’s scenes stripped to the barest thread? WHY is such a finished actor often forced to hide his art under the bushel of anonymity?

WHY? Ask the Green-Eyed Demon on the Lasky lot!

JUST after “What Happened to Rosa?” was produced, pretty Mabel Normand packed up her lip-stick and moved back to the Mack Sennett lot—where she used to cavort so merrily before the lure of the lucre took her out to Culver City. What happened to Mabel to make her change allegiance and dressing-rooms? Some say the lure didn’t materialize beyond the lure stage; others whisper ‘twas because the dainty comedienne wasn’t given sufficient opportunities to display her charms upon the silver sheet.

Anyway, Mabel is back at the old homestead, so to speak, antic-ing in “Mollie-O” and maintains discreet silence. And still the wonder grows: What happened to Mabel’s Goldwyn aspirations?

LOST, strayed or stolen. Jewels, we mean. Everybody’s losing ’em, or letting them get stolen, or something. First it was Anita Stewart. A burglar entered her home via the old-fashioned plumber-method and made off with several thousand dollars’ worth of jewels—according to Charlie Condon, her enterprising press agent.

But the Burglars’ Union is voted a clean ticket in the matter of the loss of Mrs. Thomas H. Ince’s $5,000 pearl necklace. She admitted she just lost it, careless-like, while with a party on the beach. It was found by little Billy Noble, of Hollywood, who said he was “just raking around in the sand and raked it out.” The “find” grew out of the youngster’s suggestion to the producer’s son that they “go out there and rake around ‘till we find it.” Mr. Ince loaded his car full of kiddies armed with rakes and good intentions and took them to the beach and the results of the “raking-party” were highly successful.

Oh, well, being a hard-worked star or a society-driven wife of a producer has its compensations . . . one’s jewels disappear . . . and one gets the panacea of publicity.

SOMEHOW Harold Lloyd just can’t keep out of print—but he always does manage to get publicity in the nicest, most respectable ways! Like his recent burglary, which didn’t mature. A beautiful blonde, attired as a “flower-girl” with papier mache blooms for sale, appeared one evening at the Lloyd home, on South Hoover Street. Gaylord Lloyd, the comedian’s brother, answered the bell. While he succumbed to her charm, her two accomplices entered the house via the basement, their noise attracting father Lloyd. The burglars got away—also the beauteous “flower-girl.” Also our credulity.

Anyway, the police believed it.

P. S.—The burglars did not tarry long enough to state whether they were after Harold’s jewels or just his glassless specs.
A Page Of Pulchritude

All in the "Scandals of 1921"

Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

Yvette Currier

Virginia Roche

Geraldine Alexander
There Are Still Heroes

In these piping times of peace, about the only way a man can gain a reputation for conspicuous bravery is by serving as a judge in a baby contest.

It’s not the babies that make baby contests so dangerous; it’s the mothers. If it were only a question of pleasing the tiny tots, as they are called, the judge could get around that easily enough.

All he needs do is pat each one on the head and tickle each one on the sole of its foot, and then say to himself: “Eeny-Meeny-Min-Mo”—and put the blue ribbon on “Mo.”

No baby minds not getting a blue ribbon unless he gets the idea that it’s something to eat. And in that case the judge can square himself by thrusting an all-day sucker in the objector’s mouth.

Mothers are not so easy to bribe. Each one has a perfect baby—and admits it. A judge who differs with her has his work cut out for him.

Standards for judging babies vary according to the age of the contestant. At six months the baby should be able to look in the direction of unexpected noises (such as the pulling of a cork out of a pint bottle), and should be able to follow bright objects with its eyes. A silver dollar may be used as a bright object, if you can borrow one.

At twelve months the baby should be able to stand unsupported by either its grandmother or a monthly allowance.

At eighteen months it should be able to recognize frequent visitors, such as bill collectors and the iceman.

At two years the baby should be able to speak a little slang and begin to tease for cigarettes (especially if it’s a girl).

NO WAY OUT

MET her in the subway
And she stared down at me.
I did not know the lady
Nor e’en the name of she.

She concentrated on me.
Her anger was not hid.
Did I get up and give her my seat?
You know dam well I did.

OUT OF LUCK

There was a knock-kneed lady,
So beautiful of face,
The contest for to wed her
Became a vicious race.

She was the queen of Broadway.
The boys she did entrance.
Then the skirts went up above the knees
And she didn’t have a chance.

In a certain old English town, married couples who have passed through the first year of matrimony without regrets are given a side of bacon. Over here, bacon’s too expensive so they generally just get a divorce instead.

Dr. Lawton’s Guaranteed Fat Reducer

For Men and Women

Will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose. The Lawton Method Dissolves and Eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicines or treatment; not only rids you of fat but improves appearance and general health.

Brings Physical and Mental Vigor and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 lbs.; this reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people through the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy, disfiguring fatty tissue, without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost £1.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

Dr. Thomas Lawton, Dept. 230, 120 East 70th St., New York
For the Fashionable Woman

By BETTY GRANT

This is the month our thoughts begin to turn to theatres, thé dansants, etc. One of the prettiest frocks for a “thé dansant” I have seen is a black and white combination. The bodice is of figured white canton crepe, the little revers look as if they had been cut from the pattern of the ones on your tailored suit, the sleeves are very short. The underskirt is slender and of black moire, the bouffant tunic is of black silk net, banded with moire. The uneven hem line, that is so popular, is achieved by the two fringed ends of the black moire sash.

Lisette is a new cloth for fall. It resembles crepe marocain but of a

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt in a black sport satin striped with narrow bands of white satin—buttons of white satin

Miss Beryl St. John McCain in a gown of black velvet caught up on one side—jet straps over the shoulder. A peach-colored tulle bow finishes the waist

Another dainty gown of Miss Vanderbilt’s—trousers of black chiffon spotted with gold—smock of absinthe green chiffon embroidered in gold—girdle of blue-green chiffon edged with bindings and gold fringe

MODELS ON THIS PAGE BY LUCILLE

Photos by Alfred Cheney Johnston
gossamer firmness, with a crinkled surface.

A new cire taffeta that is being featured is very interesting. It is exceedingly light as to the construction of cloth and finish. The cire effect is slight, there being none of the high lustre that this treatment sometimes gives to satins.

Red isn’t going to die with the summer foliage. A shade called Amneris—between a rose and a red seems to promise a popular fall run. Another new color is Bouton d’Or—a tan yellow—and is particularly good combined with black.

For extra skirts for fall stripes seem to be the vogue. If the stripes are not woven into the material, stripes of glossy braid will be applied in the inverted pleats. Think this would be a very good way to freshen up a skirt you did not wear much last fall.

The popular model for cloth dresses seems to be the coat effect.

Crepes have been used almost to excess for summer hats but in spite of that it is possible that they will still be popular for the early fall lines of millinery. To give the crepe a heavier look for the cooler season, embroidery or heavy stitching will be used.

Felts are being shown for early fall wear, mostly tailored numbers using the hand blocked idea. Very little has been done with felt recently but it certainly looks as if it were coming back into its own this winter. In Paris black felt has been used to great advantage. Wonder if the American woman will take to it.

Narrow widths of grosgrain, cire and cut velvet ribbons are going to figure prominently as trimming for fall hats. I have seen hats with the whole crown or the complete facing of narrow ribbon.

Although black is talked of for fall hats, bright colors are still going to be popular. Black crepe dresses are much in demand and a bright colored hat just adds the brightening touch.

The straight line loosely belted model seems to be the favored one for coats for fall, although a great many tuxedo models are shown. A very attractive tuxedo model was made of black Bolivia with a standing collar of gray krimmer.

A new imported material for coats is a chiffon velvet treated to a process which gives it a Persian lamb fur finish. It is being shown in dark brown or black. A very attractive coat was made of this material in black on slender lines and had a shawl collar and cuffs of flying squirrel.

Speaking of coats brings to mind a very novel idea for a fur coat I have seen recently. It was a plaid effect in combination of gray squirrel and seal.

A straight coat of gray caracul and stunning big collar and cuffs of gray fox.

High fur collars and flaring cuffs of fur are still going to be used a lot on coats and even suits. Even long haired fur for chin collars is shown.

An odd fur sport coat was made of skunk. There is some talk of this fur taking the place of leopard and raccoon this fall for sport coats.

Gauntlet gloves for fall in two tones of brown are very popular. The grosset or strap at the wrist introducing the lighter shade.

Long black suede gloves are in great demand. After all is there anything quite so dressy?

Fairly large modern beads, in a variety of colors, and patterns are being used on crepe de chine blouses. The patterns seem to almost cover the waist although the beads are not set so closely together as to make the waist too heavy.

Monkey fur is also being used to great advantage on various styles of blouses.

Here is the latest secret from Paris. You may be interested in it and again you may not. Our French sisters are having red tips put on their cigarettes to hide the rouge marks. Rather a good idea don’t you think?
Stars in the Five-Reelers

Marie Prevost, Universal star

Lucy Fox, a Pathe favorite

Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe
Dear Sir: While Dr. Straton, Dr. Crafts, Mr. Sumner and the other vigilant boys of the uplift have been pursuing other pur-sewers, I have gone thoroughly into the question of the contamination of the young and innocent-minded through the medium of nursery rhymes, and I am shocked and chagrined at the alarming state into which I find them. Evidently, they have not been investigated for a long time, and a lot of double entendre and that sort of thing is the result.

In order to go into this crying evil with the utmost detail, I have been sitting up nights with Mother Goose. Don't misunderstand me—we were well chaperoned. There are so many shady nooks in the old jingles that the safest course would be to condemn them entirely, and substitute something more scientific, such as the well-known work of Drs. Bib and Tucker, "What Every Infant Should Know," or Miss Pura Tanner's "Sex Problems of the Cradle Roll."

If, however, it is felt that this is too radical a change, then I propose that the worst of the verses be gone over by a committee of uplift workers, and the objectionable passages removed. Merely as examples of what I have in mind, I call attention to several flagrant violations of good taste (as I practice it).

Take the widely quoted nursery favorite:

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his Baby Bunting in.

Obviously, the modern chorus girl implications are too shamelessly paraded in these lines to make the jingle fit for infant enjoyment. The idea of a "daddy"—probably a Wall Street one—going out and buying expensive furs for his "baby" is one which should be rigidly excluded from the home. The American child finds out quickly enough about these affairs even in spite of us reformers.

The only way to render this jingle fit for tender minds is to substitute "father of the child" for "daddy," and then to add a second verse, explaining that the baby is a real baby and not a grown-up one.

Let us proceed to the next example:

Goosy, goosy, gander, where dost thou wander?
Upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber;
There I met a man who wouldn't say his prayers,
Took him by the hind legs and threw him down the stairs.

What must an innocent child think of such disreputable goings-on? The idea of a man in a lady's chamber, and with no religion, is enough to warp all conceptions of decency. These bedroom scenes, backstairs discoveries, and unseemly brawls have no place in nursery rhymes.

There's a whole Al Woods farce in those four lines, and personally, we can't see a single redeeming feature in them. The lady should have been more discreet.

And perhaps the worst of all:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them all some broth without any bread,
Then she whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

In the first place, there is nothing to indicate whether the old woman was married or not. Not only does she have an embarrassing number of children, but there's no reference to the father. The very least thing to do, in the circumstances, is change "woman" to "widow." Besides, why was she living in a shoe? Couldn't she get into a respectable place, or did the landlords object to children? All these questions rise in the child's mind when it hears this jingle, and I maintain that the dear little ones should be shielded from the problems of life as long as possible.

Instances might be multiplied to strengthen my contention, but I feel that enough has been said to prove the case. I am having several hundred banners printed, bearing the words "Down With Mother Goose." I want these banners displayed on baby carriages throughout the length and breadth of the land.

One reason why fewer children are tied to their mothers' apron strings these days is that fewer mothers wear aprons.
By Way of Contrast

Tot Quarters ready for a plunge in the briny

and

Ann Dennis ready for a plunge into the merry whirl
WHILE discoursing the other night with St. Vitus, my Wee Gee board shimmied so that it shook loose a leg, and has been running around bipedally ever since. The spirits and I don't get our stuff over so well when the Wee Gee is loping around that way with a leg gone, but we managed to get over one hot one with the Wee Gee limping perceptibly on the last lap.

St. Vitus and Bill Shakespeare and Brutus and Plato and a bunch of the boys were fussing along, trying to keep out of the way of their dames, according to the last Wee Gee message, and they bump into Marc Antony, who, it seems, was wearing crepe on his lamp, where Cleopatra had hung one on him with the family frying spider, or maybe it was a golf club—but anyway, Marc, he joins the dame dodgers and they find a spot under some trees, where they can enjoy some of that Celestial happiness for which the resort is noted, when the dames ain't around.

Marc, he insists on telling about his troubles and the gang tries to hush him up, but it ain't no use, because when a guy has a dame on his mind, he just has to talk about it, and there you are.

"I told her if she kept bringing in all her pet snakes, I was going to walk out on her and reincarnate," said Marc, seeking sympathy. The gang just ho hums and so Marc proceeds:

"She said the snakes were harmless and never failed to attract attention, and I said 'Like attracts like' and from that one word led to another, and pretty soon she ups with something and knocks me for a tail spin, and I hurt one of my wings. I told her to lay away from me or I'd slam her slab-sided, which starts her weeping, and hollering about going back to her mother, and I told her if her mother was where she ought to be, it would melt the brass buckle on her girdle, which makes Cleo sorer 'n sorer and so she wallops me again, and I go down in a nose dive, and come up with this lamp, so you see how it is yourself.'

Brutus, he wasn't taking much interest, and Marc asked him if he never was married nor nothing, and Brutus just grits his teeth, and says that he was just wondering what he wasted that wallop on Caesar for when he considers how many other worse guys was at large.

This awakens memories in the bosom of Plato, and he opens up with a harangue, longern the lecturer on a seeing Chinatown bus, and St. Vitus, who is ordinarily a happy guy, gets plumb disgusted and beats it to where he can shake himself in comfort without having to listen to a lot of matrimony and such.

That left Shakespeare sitting alone and we soon were en rapport. He said, said he:

"I want you to throw me a rope, in the matter of a misunderstanding that has run the gay mutt of the literary market. It is true that in my last will and testament, I bequeathed my second best bed to my wife. But why not? It was a good proposition. The transaction was above board. She got into it for nothing. In fact she had nothing when she got into it and lost nothing in getting out.

"Of course my wife went hollering around among the neighbors about it. All wives do that. It's the way with women. Give them a good second best bed and they go squawking about not getting twin beds and twin husbands to glö with them. Since my friend Columbus discovered Connecticut, all the husbands are getting twin wives, which is giving wives a new slant at personal liberty, and the like o' that.

"How did I come to take to tragedy? Well, you see it was this way son: I got married."
Popular On Stage and Screen

Marie La Vonne in "The Last Waltz"

Jean Thomas in "The Last Waltz"

Carmel Myers, Universal Star

Nicholas Muray
It Is Nothing But A Guess:

When the lover swears by “yon silver moon” to be forever faithful to her;
When the bride promises to love, honor and “obey”;
When the Weather Man says it will be fair and cooler to-morrow;
When the debtor promises to pay that little bill next Tuesday;
When the doctor diagnoses a disease;
When a new play opens on Broadway;
When you see a shapely girl on the street;
When a lawyer tells you what the ruling of the judge will be;
When you order hash;
When you make a “safe investment”;
When your wife will be dressed for the theatre;
When you read a railroad time table;
When you go to a new Summer resort hotel;
When a preacher tells you what the hereafter will be like;
When you name the baby in advance;
When you take a steamer for England;
When you eat cucumbers;
When you run for your train;
When you read an epitaph;
When you pass on.

A NEW GAME

LOUISE, the seven year-old hopeful of a Brooklyn househo'd, has a passion for cards, which is a source of distress to her old uncle, a religious man. That the youngster does not know one card from another, and that her games consist of shuffling and dealing and the indiscriminate use of a few terms she has picked up from her elders does not allay the old gentleman’s fears in the least. He thinks that some day the child will really learn to play, and then there’s no telling what it will lead to.

While the old gentleman was shopping for the holidays he saw on the counter of one of the department stores what he thought would prove a solution of the difficulty. It was a set of Bible cards. Here was a chance to turn the child’s love for cards to good account.

Louise was delighted with the cards. To her they seemed exactly like those her mother used for bridge. So eager was she to experiment with her new possessions that she would have no breakfast. To her surprise, the uncle not only encouraged her to play, but offered to be her partner. Louise dealt the cards.

“Now, uncle,” she asked, with a professional air, “What have you got?”
“Well, dearie, on the first card is a picture of Moses.”
“All right, uncle,” said the child, “Moses is trumps. Go ahead.”

HOW HEAVY ARE YOURS?

SCIENCE keeps getting more romantic all the time. It’s just been having a perfectly lovely time weighing kisses.

Yes, kisses do weigh. They do way with lots of things.

A Frenchman, who volunteered his services out of his devotion to science, has been computing the weight of osculation in its various manifestations. He has evolved a standard of weight, acting as his own scales.

It appears that the lip kiss is not the lightest kiss known to science.

The lips, he says, are not the most sensitive part of the face and they are chiefly used for kissing—not because of their peculiar fitness—but merely from force of habit.

For example, it takes a much harder kiss on the lips to put across the same sensation which can be obtained by kissing temples.

To create an equally weighty tingle you must impress a two-milligram on the forehead or cheek, a three-milligram kiss on the eyelid, a five-milligram kiss on the lips, or fifteen milligrams on the finger tips.

The lip kiss, which is our favorite little five-gram dose, is most popular, irrespective of weight. Perhaps that’s because you can crowd on a few extra ounces without hurting anyone’s feelings.
A Pair of Youthful Beauties

Kathleen Meyers in the movies

Dorothy Walker in the new "Greenwich Village Follies"

Old Masters Studio
A Short History of Beds

As an article of furniture, a bed may be almost anything. As one of the props in a modern farce, it has to be all that—and then some.

Beds are of two general kinds; the domestic and the wild. The domestic ones are the kind that are slept in; the wild ones are the kind that are crept under—and they are frequently quite wild.

There is no such thing as a mixing of the breeds. A bedroom farce bed knows its place—which is not in the home; and a fireside bed never forgets its early training sufficiently to aspire to the stage.

The crept-under beds; i. e., beds for creepers rather than sleepers, are usually very ornate. Some of them are decorated within an inch of their four-posters. The moment you see them you realize that they are not made for service but for impropriety.

As a matter of fact, these beds would be the death of the average sleeper. They are not substantial enough, in the first place, to withstand a prolonged siege of snoring, and you couldn't turn over in them without ruining nineteen yards of imitation lace and perhaps strangling to death in baby ribbon.

The common, or boudoir, variety of bed comes in many styles. A few years ago, the folding variety was especially popular. It was treacherous, which doubtless explains why it's not as popular as it once was. No one ever went to sleep in a folding bed without saying his prayers, whether he was accustomed to them or not. You never knew whether you would wake up intact or in eternity. Some of these beds folded once, and some folded twice. Once was enough.

When folded up for the day, they held a mirror in their false fronts and were looked upon as quite imposing. A folding bed in a room was the most conspicuous object for miles around. It hit you in the eye the moment you opened the door, and if you sat down in a chair, it seemed to topple over and rest on your chest.

These beds were frequently disguised, but they never fooled anybody in the daytime. They did that at night. One of the more modern versions of the folding bed is the in-a-door kind. You start for the bedroom, and it comes out to meet you. If you occupy a room containing one of them, half the time you can't make out whether you are going out or the bed is coming in. And after it has dropped down on you carelessly a couple of times, you don't much care.

There is also a disguised bed in the get-up of a library table. It has fake drawers and a literary veneer, and if you place a lamp and a few books on it, it looks almost human.

Only don't try to open the drawer. We did that once, looking for a dictionary. Instead of a dictionary, we got a mattress.

The first bed mentioned in history is in the book of Deuteronomy. It belonged to Og, King of Bashan. It was nine cubits in length by four cubits in width, or about sixteen by seven feet. Apparently Og was a longer king than his name indicates, and all we hope is that he didn't have to travel much and put up at hotels. Even in Kansas, where the legislature once voted that bed sheets must be not less than nine feet in length, he couldn't have slept with comfort.

The bed built for Solomon was of cedar from Lebanon, so that the wise king wouldn't be molested by moths. It had pillars of silver and its bottom was gold. Sleeping on a row of gold slats must have been rather difficult for the king, but perhaps after his matrimonial experiences, he was hardened to anything.

Bedsprings were first made of bamboo, but it has since been found that bamboo is more adaptable to putting a fish to sleep than a human being.

In rural districts, corn husks were formerly used to stuff mattresses. They were all right when you first went to bed, but after an hour or so, the husks seemed to turn to cobs. By morning you generally had corns on your spine.

Great strides have been made in mattress manufacture. Nowadays you can almost buy one with a guarantee of eight-hours' sleep or your money back.

In conclusion, it may be said that beds are not nearly as hard to lie in at night as they are to "lay off of" in the morning.

The newest bathing girl trick is to smoke a cigarette while floating. But it's not as useful as the oldest bathing girl trick—which is to almost drown.
YOUR DEALER IS SELLING IT,
YOUR FAVORITE ORCHESTRA IS PLAYING IT,
SINGERS ARE SINGING IT EVERYWHERE
YOUR DEALER HAS PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
AND PIANO ROLLS MADE BY YOUR
FAVORITE ARTISTS, ASK TO HEAR THEM.
Sing It !! Play It !! Dance To It !! 

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