

TORONTO GIRL DROPS 10 STORIES

Vol. 1, No. 2

BROADWAY

MAY, 1937

BREVITIES

. Gossip - Gags .

Fiction

Laughs

Cartoons



INTIMATE
GOSSIP
of
BROADWAY
HOLLYWOOD
GREENWICH
VILLAGE
HARLEM

●
SCANDAL IN A
"WOMEN'S HOTEL"

●
WHAT BECAME
OF
EVELYN NESBIT

●
"NUDE TENANT"
(Short Story)

●
50 OTHER
EXCITING
FEATURES

●
All For

15c

BROADWAY BREVITIES

(The Sheet With Never
A Dull Moment)

PUBLISHED BY
UNION PUBLISHING CO.

446 Spadina Ave., Toronto

May, 1937 — Vol. 1, No. 2 — 15c

Publisher's Announcement

We take pleasure in informing our readers of the interesting, indeed rather thrilling fact that we have been able to secure the editorial services of Stephen G. Clow, the founder of "Broadway Brevities" in 1917.

Mr. Clow happens to be Canadian-born, and is thus especially fitted to gauge the tastes of Canadian readers. Let's hope you'll all enjoy his sparkling contributions.

LISTENING IN ON BROADWAY

"Whenever you shake hands with that guy, you're out money."
"Gert, did you see 'The Four Horsemen and Their Pocketbooks'?"
"Let's be respectable tonight for a change."
"Say, the only Old Taylor I've seen for a year is the guy that presses my trousers."
"So you live on 95th street. Do you ever come to New York?"
"I could be happy in jail, kid, if the keeper were young and ambitious."
"Oh, so you've spilled it all over your clothes at last, May."
"That guy's a sawdust drunkard."
"I may have rotten morals but I can write a good check."
"So you're going to call me down in a public place, eh?"
"The wages of sin is an apartment on the Drive."
"It's goin' to be a sleeper jump—from the first chorus to the second."
"That guy is so mean he'd yank the pearls out of an oyster and then send the order back."
"Can't you be decent, Jack, just for one evening?"
"So I'm not worth a little \$30.00 taxi fare?"
"You've got to wear armor to go in a taxi with him."
"That's enough of your conversation-money for one night."
"Sure, I've heard of Macbeth—that's the egg that makes the lamp chimneys."
"They say Gert's taken it in her head to make money."
"That bimbo's so dumb he'd start talking electricity in a home where they'd had an electrocution."
"When our landlady's cat died we dodged the hash for a week."
"That lil gal would play a great role in 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"
"C'mon in, kiddo, and lets' put on the old feed bag."
"He's so damn rough you'd think he had you on an Albany night boat."
"When Joe gets three drinks you've got to put a diver's suit on him."

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" NO. 7

Ever go into a shoe store and get stuck on a short vamp?

The Stars Getting Stale

The studios had, however, best be looking about for new faces. It's a safe bet (as hinted by our cor.) that only grease paint and "scrimmed" lenses are hiding the deadly age-lines of the current female stars. The Editor, in short, wouldn't like to be waiting for a drink since Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert, Janet Gaynor and Irene Dunne blew out their 38th bunch of birthday candles. What's more, their limited mannerisms and dramatic tricks are long since gone stale on the fans, who generally "cheer them on for what they used to be." Incidentally we'd like to know Grace Moore's age?

Among The Newcomers

however, are some depressing exhibits. To this critic Rochelle Hudson uncomfortably suggests a hen. It was genius to retire the funnily-dialected Marion Marsh. June Lang is a severe pain. And that goes for someone called Anita Louise. But the severest shock is Loretta Young. Probably a sweet girl—but that vapid soulfulness of hers, those poney love-glances send one instantly out to Tony's. In fact we don't feel good this pretty morning . . . But what a revival of one's morale, what a breath of adorable allure comes with Shirley Temple! How the old battle-axes must squirm in their bungalows when they think of this child out-selling them five to one at the box-office . . . No, you can see we don't like Shirley ! !

Reliable New York Guide

PLACES TO SEE

Empire State Bldg., 34th st. & 5th ave.
Grant's Tomb, Riverside Dr. & 125 th st.
Museum of Art, Central Park.
Bedloe's Island (Statue of Liberty)

PLACES TO THRILL

Radio City's Movie Temple.
Minsky's (for Strip-Tease)
The Flea Circus (West 42d St.
Bronx Zoological Park.

PLACES TO DINE

The Ritz Japanese Room.
Algonquin Hotel (for celebs).
Mori's (in the Village).
Astor Roof (Vincent Lopez).

PLACES TO STAY LATE

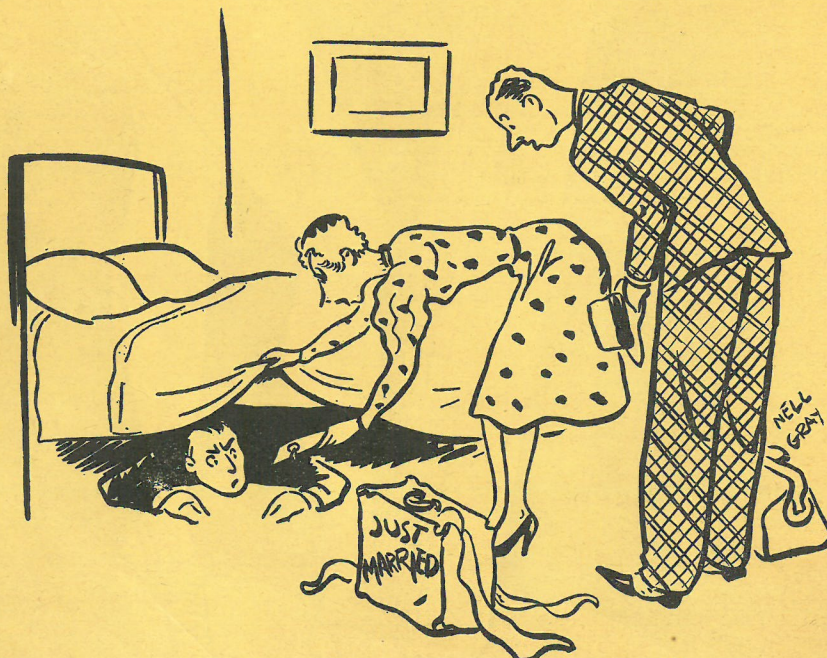
Paradise Night-Club (B'way and 49).
Hollywood (B'way and 48).
Jimmy Kelly's (181 Sullivan).
Stork Club, 3 E. 53)Top hat).
Ubangi Club (Harlem) 7th ave. at 131.

WINCHELLING THE WHEEZES

Circumstances alter whiskey cases
At summer resorts you get bored and lodging
If thine eye offend thee—scram to an oculist
If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek use thy "left"
Did the man killed by train die from locomotive-attacks-you?
Isn't the real Irish question the hotel chambermaids?
It's a long lane that has no one squirming
The rose by any other name would still cost \$5 per dozen

Mother, "Why is Bobby crying?"
Bad Little Brother, "'Cause I'm eating my cake."
Mother, "Is his cake all gone?"
B. L. B. "Sure," he bawled. "All the time I was eating that too."

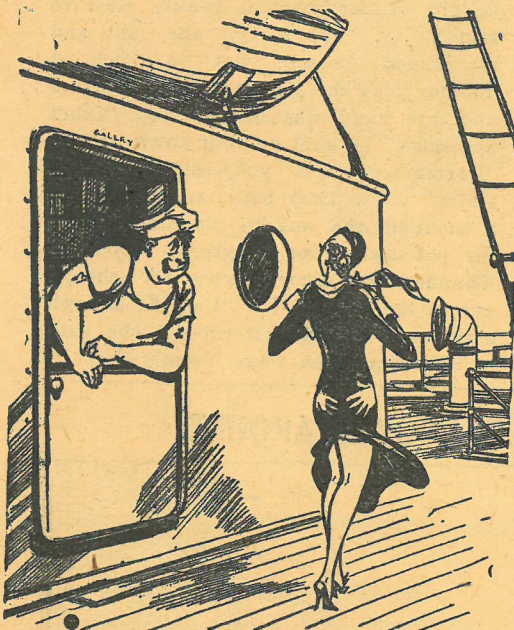
AS IF IT MATTERED



"What did you expect—to go Partners?"

GIRL DROPS 10 STORIES

Miss Milly Young, of 8950 Yonge Street, while reading SNAPPY TALES last night by her window, had the mag accidentally drop from her hand—when it floated down to the street. There were 10 stories in the nose-diving issue.



Hands Across the Sea('t)

Our Idea of Leisure

Sports editor of the War Cry.
Admiral of the Swiss Navy
Old maid with warts and halitosis.
Night watchman in a harem.
Society editor of the Charlottetown Guardian.
Hat-check girl at Childs.
Orange drink salesman in Dublin.
Barber to the Smith Brothers.

FLASH!

KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR OUR JUNE ISSUE!

Which begins a series of inside stories, from a non-sensational, clinical standpoint of that strange set of humans grouped under the head of THE THIRD SEX.

New Stories, Gossip, Cartoons, Gags such as you can find in no other publication on the continent.

Some personal peeks at Montreal life, and other patter of strictly Canadian interest.

BREVITIES drives away the blues!
Use it for your morning pick-up!



The Nudist Influence on the Reservation

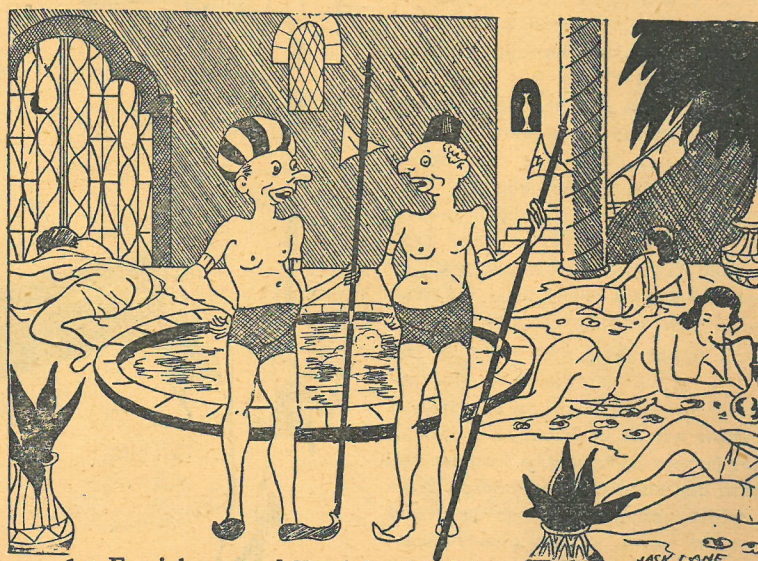
An amusement park is any place where a car pulls off to the side of the road.

By the way, have you heard about the German girl who thought a great deal about her Heinie?

LADIES, BE REASONABLE!

Club women seek reversal of union suit.

Then there was a girl who named her baby "Encore," because she wasn't on the program.



1st Eunuch to 2nd Eunuch, "Did I ever tell you about my operation?"

Female detectives should be good lookers.

Women politicians are likely to get embarrassed when they find that they're losing their supporters.

When a pugilist is in the pink of condition there isn't a superfluous ounce on him. When a cutie is in the pink there is barely an ounce on her, either.

Short Story

NUDE TENANT

By HAROLD TEESWATER

Phil was working for the electric company and like most utility company employees became used to going into homes and stores with just a knock and a call, "electric light man." He had heard other men who worked on the job tell of some of the things they had seen and heard while working on installation jobs in houses and apartments, but to Phil it was just so much hearsay . . . That is until that summer afternoon when he went to No. 44 Mapleleaf Drive.

Phil knocked on the back door and was sure that he heard someone say "come in", so as usual he wiped his feet and stepped inside. The instruction service card informed him that a new tenant had moved in and wanted some estimates on special installation for an electric furnace. There wasn't a soul in the kitchen nor the basement so he started through the hall to see where the voice bidding him to "come in" had come from. It was a bungalow with the rooms all on the one floor and as he walked up the hall a charming feminine voice called out, "Just leave the groceries on the kitchen table." Phil turned to inform the "voice" that he was no grocery boy when through an open doorway on his right he saw reflected in a full length mirror the head and nude shoulder of a beautiful woman in the full bloom of her early twenties. It was quite obvious that she could not see him and while they conversed about the business of the furnace she went on arranging her hair in what he supposed was a smaller wall mirror out of his range of vision. Phil did not spare the details and encouraged her to talk to her heart's content. He had never seen anything more alluring, he told himself, when she finished fixing her hair and came out clad in a bright blue silk kimona. He was afraid he blushed fiercely when he faced her. It was so easy to remember what a gorgeous picture she made standing there a moment before and to recall that what was now partially hidden by the sheer material of the kimona had been his to feast his gaze upon but a few minutes before.

He could hardly keep his mind on the information he was supposed to give regarding the furnace. Once as she leaned over to show where she wanted a special hot water heater installed the kimona fell away from one shoulder and one of those lovely white shoulders was exposed to his ardent gaze. — Its owner hastened to cover it and Phil was almost overcome by her beauty when their eyes

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met and a flush lent added color to her cheeks and a new light to her dark eyes. He didn't have the nerve to say what he wanted to but he did mumble, "you are beautiful . . . pardon me for staring so" . . . She smiled and said, "do you think so?" . . . "How could any man in his right mind think anything else," he demanded and felt he would have to be getting out of there or he would make a fool of himself . . . She placed a soft hand on his arm and said, "Don't apologize . . . I haven't heard anyone say that for a long time . . . not since I was married two years ago anyway" . . . "Doesn't your husband?" . . . Phil began. "No," she said quickly, interrupting him, "My husband is so busy with his business that he never notices me any more . . . I can't imagine why he ever married me." . . . They went upstairs in silence.

As they walked into the kitchen Phil noticed that it had grown darker outside and then a sudden clap of thunder told of the approach of one of those sudden summer storms so prevalent in that part of the country . . . He noticed her shiver and move closer to him. Then when a second roll of drums from the

skies had crashed nearer to them and a flash of lightning lit up the room for a second he saw she was thoroughly frightened. Rain began to beat against the house and he suggested that if she was afraid of storms he would be glad to stay in the house until it was over. "That is very kind of you," she replied. "But how about your work?" . . . This was the last call for the afternoon, he explained and then before he had finished a thunder clap fairly shook the house. With a cry of terror she flung her arms about his neck and clung to him for a full minute . . . Long enough for him to place his arms about her and feel the delight of her precious beauty close to him . . . "I'm sorry," she said and disengaged herself, but in such a manner that she still stood close to him and one hand was on his arm. "Don't apologize," he said smiling down at her, "Remember what you told me down stairs." . . . They both laughed and in a moment she was in his arms again, for old man Thor, mythical God of Thunder, was busy driving his chariot across the skies . . . "I might as well stay here for the afternoon," she said

(Continued on Page Twenty-Six)

WHY BRIDES START LOOKIN' AROUND



"S'pose, dear, we spend an hour or two with Dickens!"



“The dirty peelers—just a skin game on me!”

A HANDSOME CONTRIBUTION

A gentleman waited upon Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend, who was constantly in want of a round sum of money.

“Well,” said Jerrold, who had contributed on former occasions, “how much does—want this time?”

“Why, just a four and two noughts will,

I think, put him straight,” the bearer of the hat replied.

Jerrold—“Well, put me down for one of the noughts this time.”

A FEELING WITNESS

A Lawyer, upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms,

YONGE STREET ‘BEST-SELLERS’

“I’ll pay it back tomorrow, old man.”

“Say, if you ever get in a jam, just give me a buzz.”

“I worship a girl like you, that doesn’t either smoke or drink.”

“C’mon up and see the etchings—remember you’re just like a sister to me.”

“I kin phone Mama I’m staying over with Pearl.”

“Fred, if you were stone broke I’d like you just the same.”

“Sure, honey—have your family spend the winter with us.”

“Why, I’d walk right up to Dempsey and sock him on the kisser.”

and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child, “What made him cry?”—“He pinched me!” answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

DODGING A CREDITOR

A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind. “That’s a beautiful mare you are on!” said Sheridan. “Do you think so?”—“Yes, indeed! how does she trot?” The creditor, highly flattered, put her into full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

Sequel: Murder or Alimony

The darndest things happen. This is about a hubby who was a dirty stay-out. Night after night this cluck would romp back home to wifie around 3 and 4 a.m.

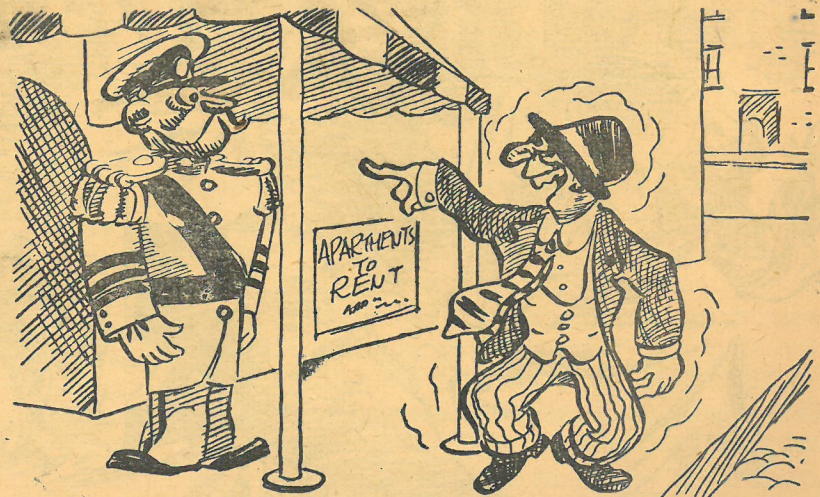
Finally the little woman put up a fine screech. “Listen, Fred,” she hissed, “Either you’re home here in bed after this at 12 o’clock or I’ll go back on the WPA.”

Next night the slouch was home and in bed with his better half at twelve bells

About 3 in the morning a noise wakened him. He nudged Mary. “Listen, honey,” he cooed, “Do you know what time it is?”

“Sure, darling,” she replied sleepily, “I just heard the ash-cans. It’s about 3 o’clock.

“Holy cats,” yelled hubby, taking a lam out of bed — “And I promised my wife I’d be in by twelve!”



“How’s the Swiss Navy, Admiral?”

SO'S YOUR OLD MANHATTAN

Budget of Breezy Bits and Inside Gossip Fresh From the Old Broadway Canyon—Where There's a Busted Heart or Chorus Girl for Every Fractured Bulb

By PECK'S GLAD BOY

CALLING NAMES

Broadway has more monikers than Gandhi has nightgowns. Aspirin Alley, Booze Boulevard, Gin Gulch (the writer's) the Hardened Artery (Prof. Winchell) the Great White Way (author unknown, but it's red now) and forty or sixty-two other half-affectionate, half-satirical handles.

Meanwhile, Main Street, Manhattan, surges along, quite unconcerned, on its way, getting funnier and badder every month, the most publicised street in the world, clear of St. Dominick, Montreal, or the Jerusalem Wailing Wall. (Different reasons of course!) Let's try and take some of it apart—and see the wheels go round!

THE NEW WORLD-ADVISORY BOARD

That's the columnists. Headed by Winchell, supposed by some to be God's Confidential Associate. Winchell has had a meteoric career—came up through a \$25 hoofing turn in vode to debut on the old Graphic, then to the Daily Mirror, where his stipend is now said to be \$1,000 per week . . . Louis Sobol, whose daily strip in the Evening Journal has a high literary flavor, emerged by way of Hartford, succeeding Winchell on the Graphic, thence to his present post . . . Ed. Sullivan, of the

Daily News, was once a sports writer. Not many of the strippers are liked personally, except the kindly Sobol, who probably can't count two enemies on his busy fingers . . . It was said that for a time Winchell provoked on an average one libel suit a week for the Mirror. But he knows his parsnips better now. The lad isn't more than forty, but his dizzy climb, with its attendant strain, has stamped twenty extra years on his grey thatch and convoluted countenance . . . So much for the literary strip-teasers.

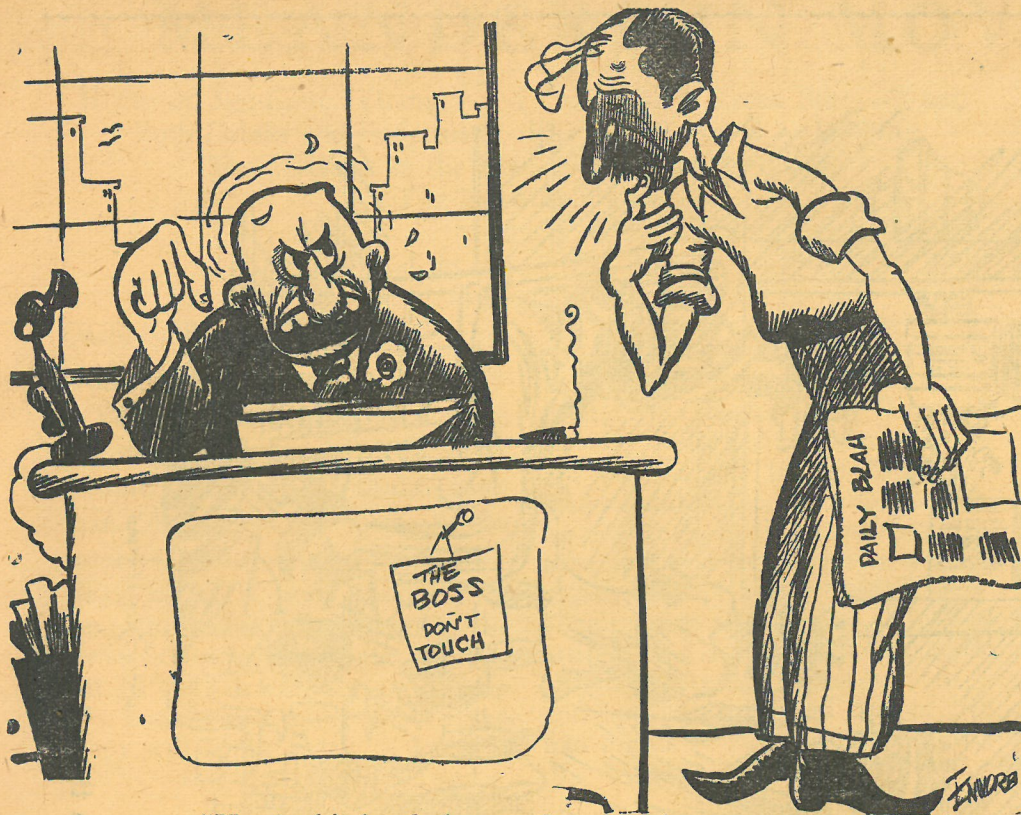
THE CITY'S HEN-ROOSTS

Little publicised, probably New York has nothing more weird in all its daffy panorama than what are known as Women's hotels. There must be at least fifty of these single-sex contraptions in town, all with some slight resemblance to a penal institution. Visiting males are barred from the cells, and all of the trousered get the bum's rush out of the reception rooms at twelve bells. Naturally, some laughable yarns come out of this situation—and your Glad Boy Peck is right on hand with a lulu.

Continued on Page Five)



“Once there was a ghost who missed his train and came back home unexpectedly.



"Here's this head about a dame getting run over and the damn fool leaves out 'beautiful'!"

HIGHER EDUCATION

The pretty young teacher was very much perturbed over the showing made by some of her pupils.

"Three of you boys have not prepared your lessons today. I want you to tell me why, and I shall fit the punishment accordingly. Now, Johnnie, tell me why you didn't study last night."

"I was holding hands with Lucy."

"You are suspended for two days. What have you to say, Willie?"

"I was playing postoffice with Mary."

"You are suspended for three weeks. Here, Freddie, where are you going?"

"Teacher, I'll be back next fall."

So's Your Old Manhattan

(Continued from Page Four)

THE SPINSTER'S SNOOP ACT

In the largest of the skirt emporiums lived a little gal who per usual had a nice sweetie. And no wonder that her irritation at the STOP rule on visitors finally evolved into a cute plan to beat the game. No sooner thought than done—and one night—with sweetie's connivance—she got him dressed up "in drag" (female attire to youse), rougered, powdered and high-heeled to perfection and yanked him up in the lift about 11 bells, without a rumble.

NOW FOR THE BAD NEWS

It seems that in the adjoining cell dwelt an old maid, who at this moment was probably dreaming there was a man under the bed. Anyway, about an hour later, she was awakened by noises percolating through the wall. Up she lammed, and stole down the hall to cutie's keyhole. Uttering a wild yell she instantly raced back to her cell, phoned the clerk—and in less time than you imagine, cutie and sweetie were ejected onto the sidewalk.

CLIP, CLIP—THE GALS ARE MARCHING

Funny, but the old clip-joints, a product of

Prohibition, were carried over to Repeal. There are probably 200 of these sucker outfits still functioning, mainly in the Times Square sector. The clipperies are ostensibly legitimate cafes, but each employs a staff of frills known as "fishers" who stroll Broadway seeking easy-marks (preferably visiting firemen) to "steer" back to the joint. Once landed, the "fisher" disappears, to resume her patrol, while the sucker finds himself surrounded by a bevy of beaus, apparently dropped out of the ceiling. He's urged to buy drinks, dolls, cigarettes ad lib—and finally about 4 a.m. has a check stuck in his mitt that would make a first deposit on the Hamilton car-line. He either pays or gets socked. P. S. Yes, he pays.

TOUGH ON OLD-TIMERS

Broadway recognizes only success. Once you drop out or down you're forgotten, ignored. This hits a tragic blow (in particular) at the femme favorites of yesterday who've gotten in the backwaters, their beauty faded, their names elbowed out of the bulbs by younger Circes. Right now you have a number of examples.

NOLAN AND NESBIT FOR INSTANCE

Everyone knows of Evelyn Nesbit, heroine of the Thaw-Stanford White scandal and murder. Evvie was the town's toast for years—feted, courted, blazoned. Today—or rather tonight—you'll

(Continued on Page Ten)

Oh! You Toronto Derby!!



J.C. ZIMMERMAN

“Yes, Liza, Ise always able to keep abreast of de times.”

MEANDERS IN MOVIELAND

Home of Sun-Kissed Oranges and Over-Kissed Screen Stars—Where Both Drinks and Bedposts Sometimes Get Mixed — Looking The Gelatine in the Face — And the Hell With The Fan-Mag Drool

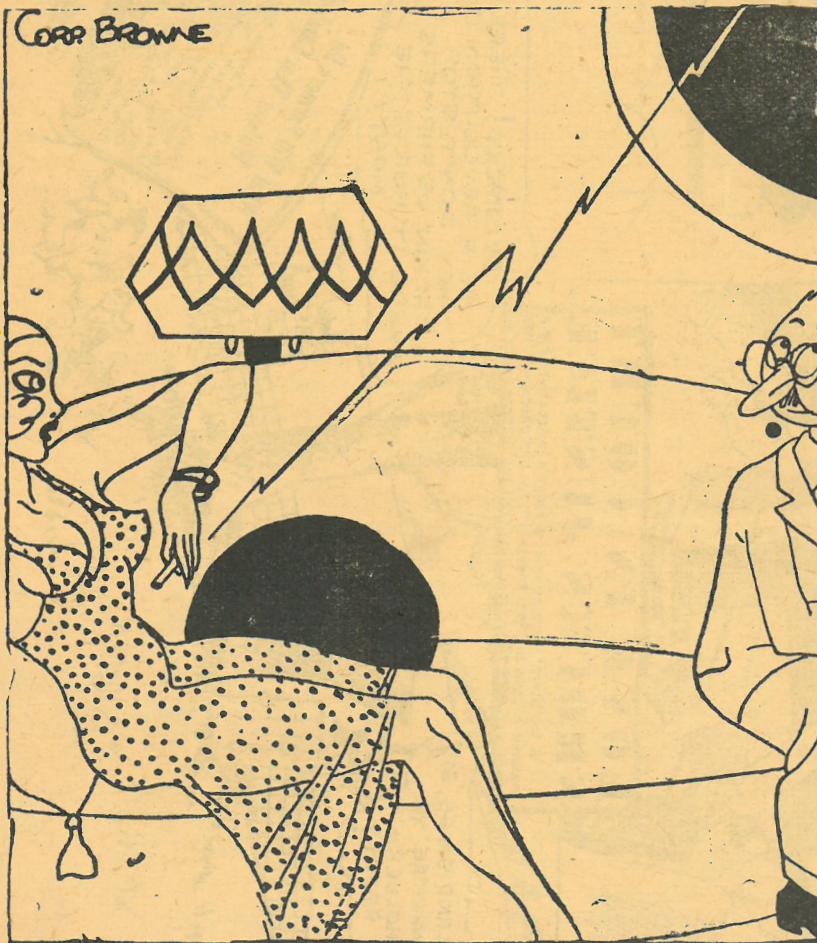
Hollywood, in the Merry Month of May.

OUR COR. DOES A RAVE

Dear Ed.:

You put me on the spot when you shipped me here! I've got more trouble crashing the studio gates than Andy Gump. One of the troubles is they don't want anyone (least of all a press snooper) to lamp the screen gals off set in the pitiless California sunlight. They've got all the fan mag scribes tied up in a knot — but never know when a spy will sneak in Look at LOOK—and those Crawford snaps.

But trust your little B.B. scout to go to town. Dodging the electric eye and a couple of police dogs your cor. succeeded in vaulting the palings this a.m. about 11 at the Taj Mahal villa of Joan Kay Oliver in Beverly Hills. Creeping on all fours (in plus fours) to the breakfast-room window of the famous star, he saw her actually sitting down to breakfast with her 4 Chows, a Doberman Pincher and 2 trained seals. (She's crazy about pets). She was attired in a soft gown of some clinging material (is that line old?) and had evidently had one of her bad nights Listen, I spelled that without any K.



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

"What was I saying Miss Brown?—Oh, Yes, about the Einstein Theory."

After bawling out the maid about the egg souffle, she happened to turn her facade to the window. I can tell you she's at least five years older than Shirley Temple. Oh, what's the use kidding, she doesn't look a day over 70 Listen boss, I just can't stand this fracturing of my illusions Let Gov Hoffman have my job—I see he wants to be a columnist I'm coming back by the first bus. That is, unless I see some start under 60 Do you think May Robson would help any?
Dolefully,
Your Boy Saturday.

GENTLY, JEMMY

Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Pass to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jemmy," says the doctor, "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jemmy." Once on terra-firma, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jemmy, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him; and now, I'll leave you to manage him—I'll walk back."

VISIBLE DARKNESS

A gentleman at an inn, seeing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of decent candles to see how those others burn."

MONEY RETURNED

A lawyer being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen; being asked the reason for so doing; "From such," said he, "I had it, and to such I give it again."

NOT RIGHT

A prisoner being called on to plead to an indictment for largency, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Please your honor," said the culprit, still keeping up his left hand, "I am left handed."

"HE LIES LIKE TRUTH"

A person who had resided for some time on the coast of Africa was asked if he thought it possible to civilize the natives. "As a proof of the possibility of it," said he, "I have known some negroes that thought as little of a lie or an oath as any European."

"All the News, the Way It Should Be Printed"



LOVE IN COURT SHOCKS JUSTICE

A too literal translation of a judge's instructions for a married couple to "get together" in his chambers has again, and for a third time, disrupted the divorce proceed-



PRINCE MDIVANI WINS DIME STORE HEIRESS

(By United Press) PARIS, May 20.—Barbara Hutton, heir to one-third of the \$58,000,000 Woolworth 5-and-10 estate, will be married here on June 20 to Prince Mdivani, Georgia.

THE ABOVE PRIZE-WINNING CLIPPING MAILED IN BY: CHARLES A. FOX MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



CAN YOU USE TWO DOLLARS?

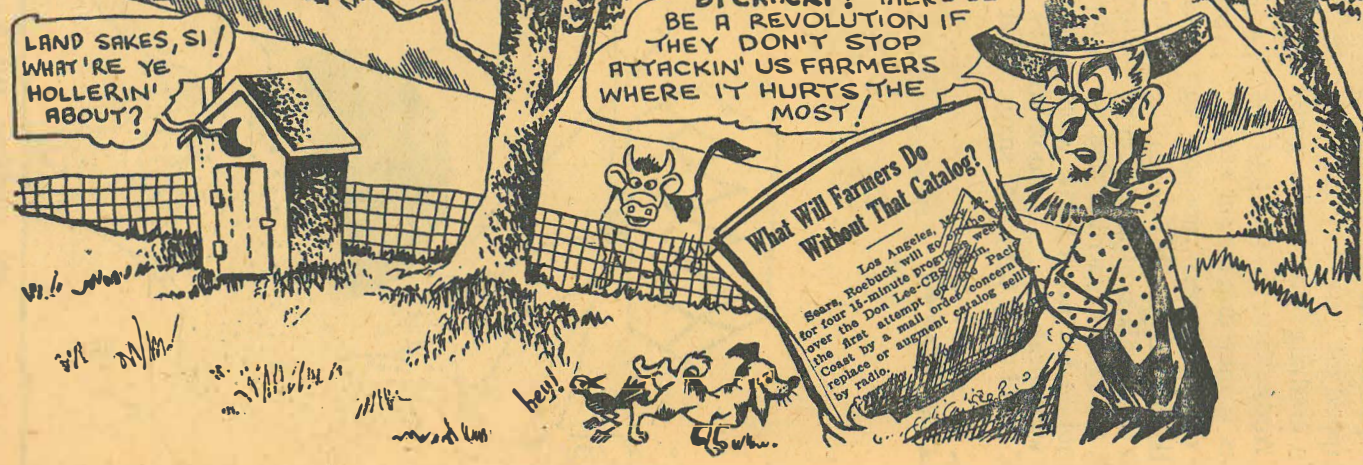
Just clip out a heading from a newspaper, tie it up with a wis crack or a popular song. Every one used net you "two bucks."

LAND SAKES, SI! WHAT'RE YE HOLLERIN' ABOUT?

BY CRACKY! THERE'LL BE A REVOLUTION IF THEY DON'T STOP ATTACKIN' US FARMERS WHERE IT HURTS THE MOST!

What Will Farmers Do Without That Catalog?

Los Angeles, May 20.—Sears, Roebuck will go over for four, 16-minute programs over the Don Lee-CBS radio network for the first time. Costed by a mail order concern replace or augment catalog sent by radio.



THE STOCKING

By Garter Top

Cynthia Westover, married into the long blocks of the west Eighties, to a chap at least fifteen years her senior, was thinking.

This thinking—an unusual operation for most of us—had a most original turn.

Cynthia, enclosed in west Eighties wedlock for now ten years, had led a rather drab existence. Harry was a splendid fellow in every way, not a three bottle man though liking it, what is termed in the cabarets a "good provider" and perhaps rather boresomely loyal.

One of those Babbittish males with that ideally negative personality that sometimes drive quasi-Pagan femmes either to heroin or the night clubs.

In the bosom of the most painfully virtuous woman ever hides a spark that some day, with proper ignition, is likely to add flares to the income of the Colts or the Reno hotels.

Thus Cynthia—who was thinking!

How it happened. The afternoon before, at the Ritz, dining with a girl chum, she had been introduced to a man.

About thirty, with the blackest of hair, smart clothes, Pebecoed teeth, a dangerous smile and a manner still more so. Half Broadway, quarter Murray Hill with another quarter-suggestion of Meadowbrook and Newport.

There comes a psychological crisis in every weeded woman's life, though she out-virtued the famed Mrs. Caesar, when she is ready prey for the other man. This crisis had come for Cynthia. So, filled with an unhelpable helplessness, she was now receptive to destiny, taking on the form and substance of the stranger made known to her this day over her

cinnamon toast.

Matters at such times move fast and always with a relentless certainty.

Within five minutes bridges are down, ships scuttled, cargoes jettisoned, with the open sea of Desire stretching its tumultuous reaches ahead.

Cynthia hadn't a single logical reason for the escapade except boredom.

In other words she had all the reasons in the world. For no Limbo ever limned by a Dante or Milton can compare to that Limbo which too often encases the married.

Hell has its torments—but the morning after morning two-lumps-of-sugar and the evening after evening paper and slippers prove to be something far more frightful than the sizzling brimstone or Charon's barge.

Therefore and thereupon she was to go to George Randolph's apartment next afternoon at two—for a bite of lunch and a cocktail.

The question was—and particularly in George Randolph's mind—whether this visit would survive the second thought that might come to his latest catch in the intervening hours. That reflection did not flutter Cynthia's mind very pungently, as she was in a state not to think much about why and wherefore.

Her husband, at dinner that evening, however appeared to her in a curious new haze of alienship. She had for some years regarded him—so she would herself have termed it,—as "a nice, good old soul"; at dinner this evening, by some odd inversion, she felt towards him a furtive repugnance, the very way he spoke, the way he used his knife and fork, irritated her.

Cynthia was not aware of this familiar phenomena, so well known to all of us once we tincture an old friendship or an old devotion with disloyalty. She did not know that man and woman alike often must kill even the things they love.

Cynthia was thinking. We are now in the next high noon, and she is to leave for the rendezvous at sharp quarter of two. Randolph's apartment twelve blocks away. She is thinking more collectedly than she did yesterday at the Ritz.

As we all do, when within actual touching distance of some predetermined act, she was making a summation. It was hardly fair, she felt, to Henry Westover, to thus summarily transfer and deliver over to George Randolph certain sumptuous physical goods and chattels that he, Henry Westover, had originally made



Bride: "Tell him to go to Hell—you're busy—or something."

deal and bargain for absolute possession of, and had held safe against cold and famine these long ten years. It was not, to her inner consciousness "playing the game," not to speak of "playing fair." There was not even the provocation of reprisal. For Henry Westover was that most awful and excellent of all beings, a "true" husband. He never had slipped so far as to have even a "club." His bed had received his decent corporeal entity regularly each night at eleven for the whole uncolored decade. His purse, too, was long and free, his manner of a mellow affamily, his friends unexceptionable, and his mother had never visited them.

With this summation in her mind, therefore, there was every earthly and heavenly reason for Cynthia to deliver her beautiful self without any delay to George Randolph. She would be bored no longer. She had read and heard of such things, as one who takes reck, from a quiet bed, of the blasts howling without. She had never thought of them as even remotely lurking in the background of her own placid wedlock. Now, her own hour was here.

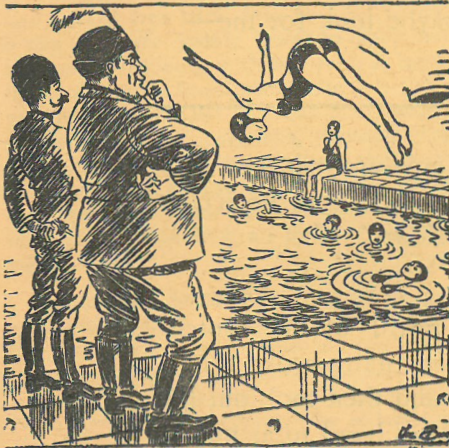
At a quarter of two she got her taxi, and in rather trembling tones directed the driver to—West 57.

As she was turning west on Fifty-seventh from Broadway, an awful realization benumbed her.

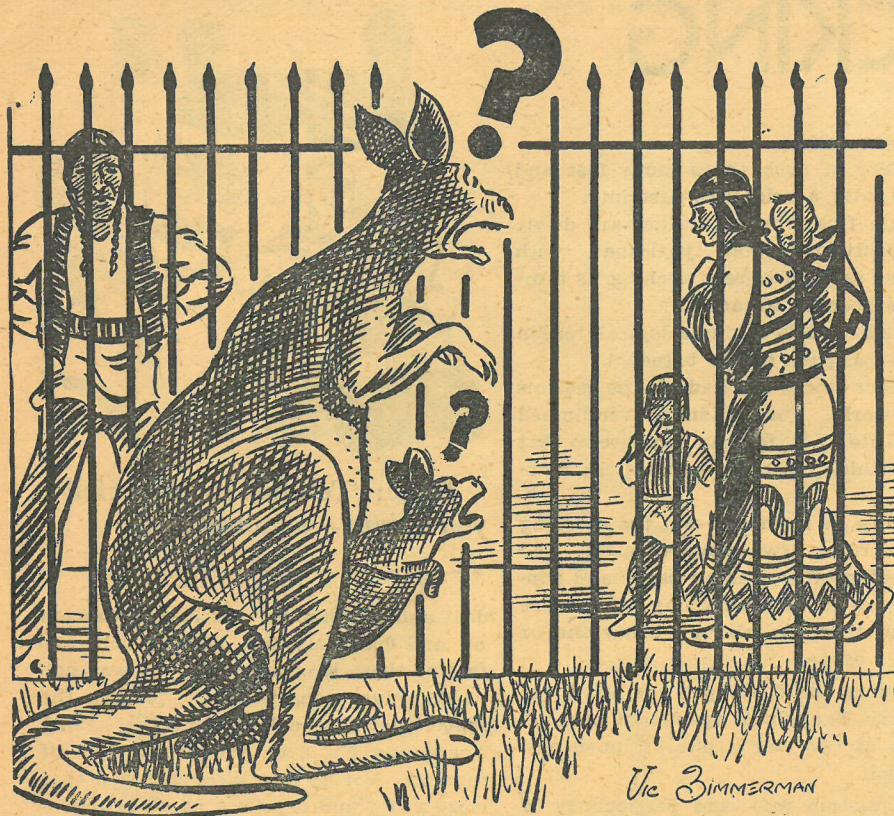
Cynthia was by birth, tastes and under-wear a patrician. Had her husband, at any time in their ten years together, caught her with a finger out of a glove or a frayed brassiere she would have considered herself forever disgraced. A gaucherie was to her a tragedy.

She shouted frantically to the driver to take her back home.

She had suddenly remembered that the toe was out of her right stocking.

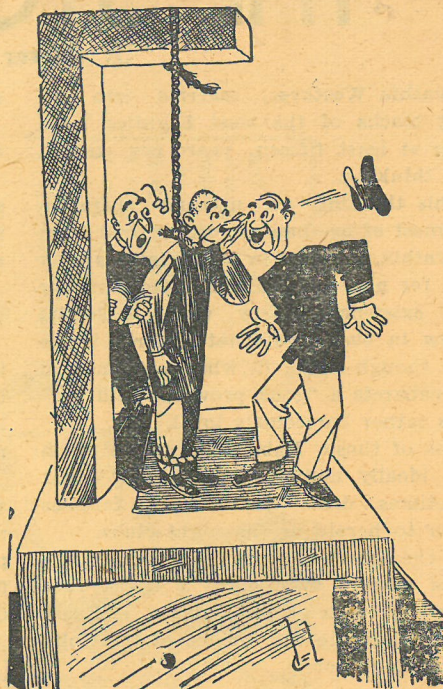


Mussolini: "War isn't everything, is it?"



"Mama, there's been double-crossing here somewhere!"

LAST REQUEST!



"Say, Warden, do you mind finishing that cross-word puzzle I left in the cell?"

So's Your Old Manhattan

(Continued from Page Five)

find her chirping chanteys in a small Brooklyn night-club. Up in the Bronx, in another obscure cabaret, is Mary Nolan (former Imogene Wilson) once the darling of the Follies the adored of Frank Tinney, himself in eclipse. Mary has grown pretty fat. But both she and Evelyn retain a remarkable aura of youth. Time has just licked them, that's all.

THE COLUMBUS CIRCLE SPIELERS

With the Spring zephyrs come back again the soap-boxers at Columbus Circle, often called New York's Hyde Park. Here on summer nights you'll find a dense mob surrounding seven or eight wildly shouting zealots—a lady evangelist, an Atheist, one or two Communists, a "medicine man" and always some dancing dervish who's "agin the government."

JOHN LAW STICKS AROUND

You'll always find a blue-coat circling the rim of the crowd, apparently 50 per cent down-and-outers for some heckler usually starts a fuss. Particularly with the sky-pilot, known as Fatima, who is a chronic cop-caller. But a good time is had by all. By midnight the last echoes die away, and the

bums return to their dormitories under the Park trees.

Let's close with an appropriate bit of verse from the brilliant pen of Esther Pinch:

IN THE PARK

I sit here in the park and wait for death
I'm old and tired and sick.
She passed today
And passing took a child,
A child at play.
Death must be old herself,
Her thoughts may stray,
I wonder did she maybe look for me—
And lose her way!

"Mama! Come and take the dice away from Junior before he scraps all over the floor!"

Have you heard of the Scotchman who accidentally broke a bottle of iodine and then took out his knife and cut his hand so as not to waste it?

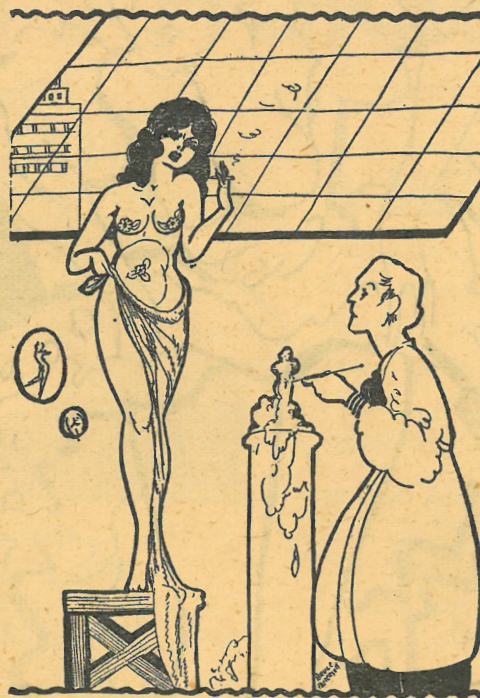
LADIES GET LONESOME TOO

By NAT SYMINGTON

Big Bob Cunningham stood in the window of his brother's smart apartment and watched the traffic lights make splotches of color on the wet pavement. Here he was, just down from a six month's stay in the far north, where his work as a mining engineer had given him plenty of work but provided no play . . . Yes here he was . . . his first night in town . . . and look at it . . . raining the well known cats and dogs. His brother Ed had apologized for having to leave him alone on his first night in town but explained that he had to make a speech at a business men's gathering and promised a round of night life and partying for the whole two weeks Bob would be in town . . . This didn't ease the feeling of unrest which the handsome young engineer experienced as he looked out at the downpour. Taxi-cabs slipped by and in the faint light of their interior illumination he saw many a pair snuggled over in one corner, saw beautiful faces aglow with smiles for their escorts. It was one scene however that made him turn away and look for the bottle he and his brother had sampled prior to Ed's leaving . . . The instance . . . brought back all the days and nights of loneliness up there in the north . . . A cab passing had attracted his attention. His brother's apartment was only on the first floor up so he could see what was going on quite easily . . . A man and a girl were evidently on their way to a party and with perhaps the aid of a few pre-party cocktails were feeling very funny. The man was trying as far as Bob could make out to stop the girl from powdering her nose and a lot of good natured plain and fancy wrestling went on as the car stopped right opposite the window during a traffic tie up.

He could see they were laughing and as the man caught the girl in his arms and forced her back into the far corner of the seat she vainly tried to keep her balance by kicking with her feet. A turning car's lights floodlighted the cab for a moment and in that moment Bob caught a glimpse of shapely silk encased legs raised high above the level of the driver's head and as the flimsy dance frock cascaded down, he was treated to the view that made him go looking for the liquor.

Finding the bottle he sat down to get good and drunk . . . Here he was spending the first night of his all too short holiday, sitting in an apartment all alone . . . He could be alone months on end, he said with a few appropriate adjectives, and poured himself another, stiffer, drink. But he never got it to his lips . . . The noise of someone pounding on a door out in the hallway made him



Do you think the statute people would mind if I dropped this d — scarf?

hesitate. Then a woman's voice telling someone to go away and threatening to call the police. Bob was on his feet and out into the hall in three strides. A girl whose wavy black hair, heightened color under the circumstances, made her startlingly attractive stood in a partly opened doorway across from that of his brother's apartment. Staggering around the hallway was a big lout of a fellow, who despite his rumped formal evening attire was just a "pain in the neck," Bob told himself at first glance . . . The girl looked appealingly to Bob. He used to know somebody who lived in this apartment before I took it," she explained breathlessly, "And he insists on coming back here when he gets drunk." . . . Before she finished the sentence, Bob had the big boy in tow and when the intruder wanted to "make something out of it," the young lady saw her champion pick the big lug bodily off the floor and carry him like a sack of flour to the elevator. There was a sound of opening doors, the beginning of a filthy oath and then a crack that was Bob's weather hardened fist doing a job of work on a too noisy jaw and then all was silent . . . When she heard the elevator come up again, she waited until the door opposite was being opened . . . or at least being rattled, and then she stepped out into the hall . . . Bob didn't know

when he had seen anything as lovely. She had on some lacy negligee affair which revealed in a tantalizing way just enough of a gorgeous figure to make the fortunate onlooker . . . in Bob's case a very appreciative one too . . . want to see more of what those luscious curves promised the man lucky enough to gain her love.

"You're locked out," she said laughingly, "And it's all my fault. Won't you stay in my apartment until your brother comes home?" "Can a duck swim," Bob replied, using a favorite expression of his. "I won't promise you a swimming pool," she said stepping aside and indicating the softly lighted and well furnished room beyond, "But I can dig up a drink if you would be interested in that?" Bob was interested alright and after they had the drink he suggested that they dance to the toe teasing tune coming over the radio. It was the best and quickest way he knew of getting her in his arms and how his arms ached for the feel of her soft loveliness. When they were out in the kitchen mixing the drinks he had observed her stirring beauty. Her hair delicately perfumed brushed his cheek and before the dance was over Bob could restrain himself no longer and he found himself putting both arms about her vibrant body and tilting her head back as he sought her lips with his . . . If he expected refusal he didn't find it, for she melted against him in a passionate embrace and as her lips parted after a lengthy kiss, she snuggled her head against his shoulder and whispered, "How long are you going to be staying with Ed?" Bob told her and she said, "Then I'll be seeing you again soon?"

Some time later she sighed, suggested he pour another drink and give her a cigarette. When their eyes met over the glasses she asked "Like me a little bit?" "You are perfect," Bob replied, and when the glasses had been deposited on the end table he once more took advantage of the situation and kissed her lovingly. Her answer came with a kiss that spoke volumes.

When Ed came home and found his brother missing he was at a loss to know how he came to go out without his hat or coat and when Bob knocked on the door much later, Ed was still at a loss for all Bob would say was, "I found a gold mine old man and was just doing a little preliminary assay work on the sample. Just miner's luck that's all . . . miner's luck.

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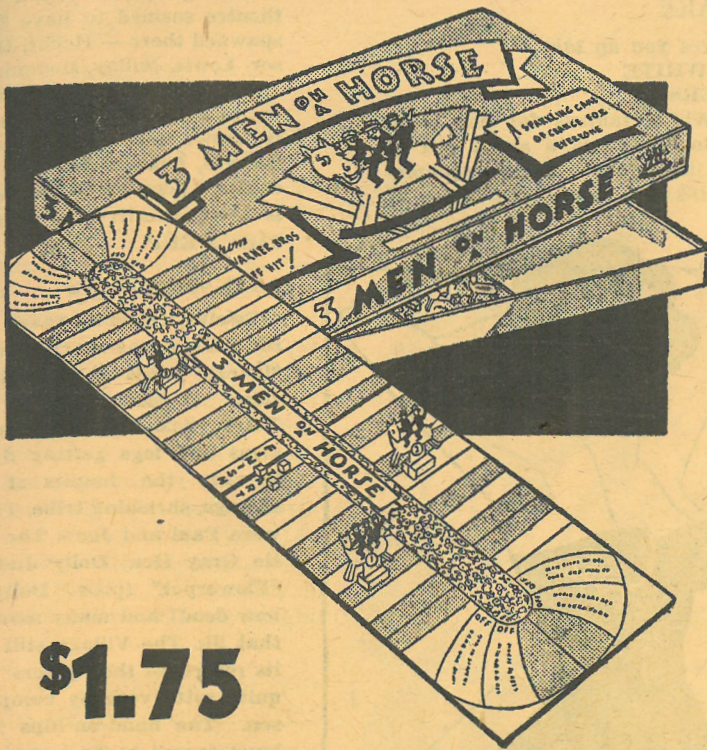
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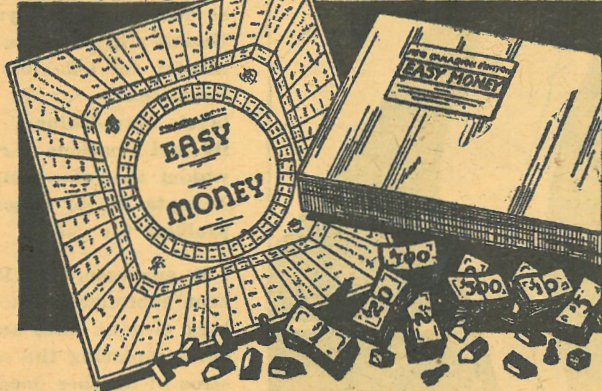
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By SHERIDAN D. SQUARE

NO PLACE FOR LUX

"Find me 10 bath-tubs and 15 recent hair-cuts in Greenwich Village," howled some dyspeptic critic about a dozen years ago, "And I'll find you three bimboes that believe Free Verse is an acute symptom of insanity!"

Which gives you an idea.

CYNTHIA WHITE AND OTHERS

Cynthia White, famous for her Webster Hall blow-outs and a sweet girl of the upper Village strata, is now reminding the outfit in a newspaper series. It

certainly seems as though the Village, if more sanitary now, had more celebs (actual or a-borning) 15 years ago than at present. Most of the current noted figures in fiction and theatre seemed to have been spawned there — Hecht, Dreiser, Lewis, Millay, Bodenheim (who wrote "The Replenishing of Jessica") and Allah only knows how many more. Oh, yes, Louis Sobol, who occupies a pent-house, but Louis is a comparative newcomer. **THE DEEP**

LAVENDER DAYS

Twelve, fifteen years ago the Village was over-run with "invert" joints of all descriptions. A mad orgy of the Third Sex. Visitors broke arms and legs getting down to visit the haunts of the strange, shrieking tribe. There were Paul and Joe's, The Little Gray Hen, Dolly Judge's "Flowerpot" (poor Dolly is now dead) and many more of that ilk. The Village still has its resorts of the "queers" but quite sotto voce by comparison. The hand-on-hips boys have ceased to be a novelty. But they're mad as the devil about it.

THERE'S

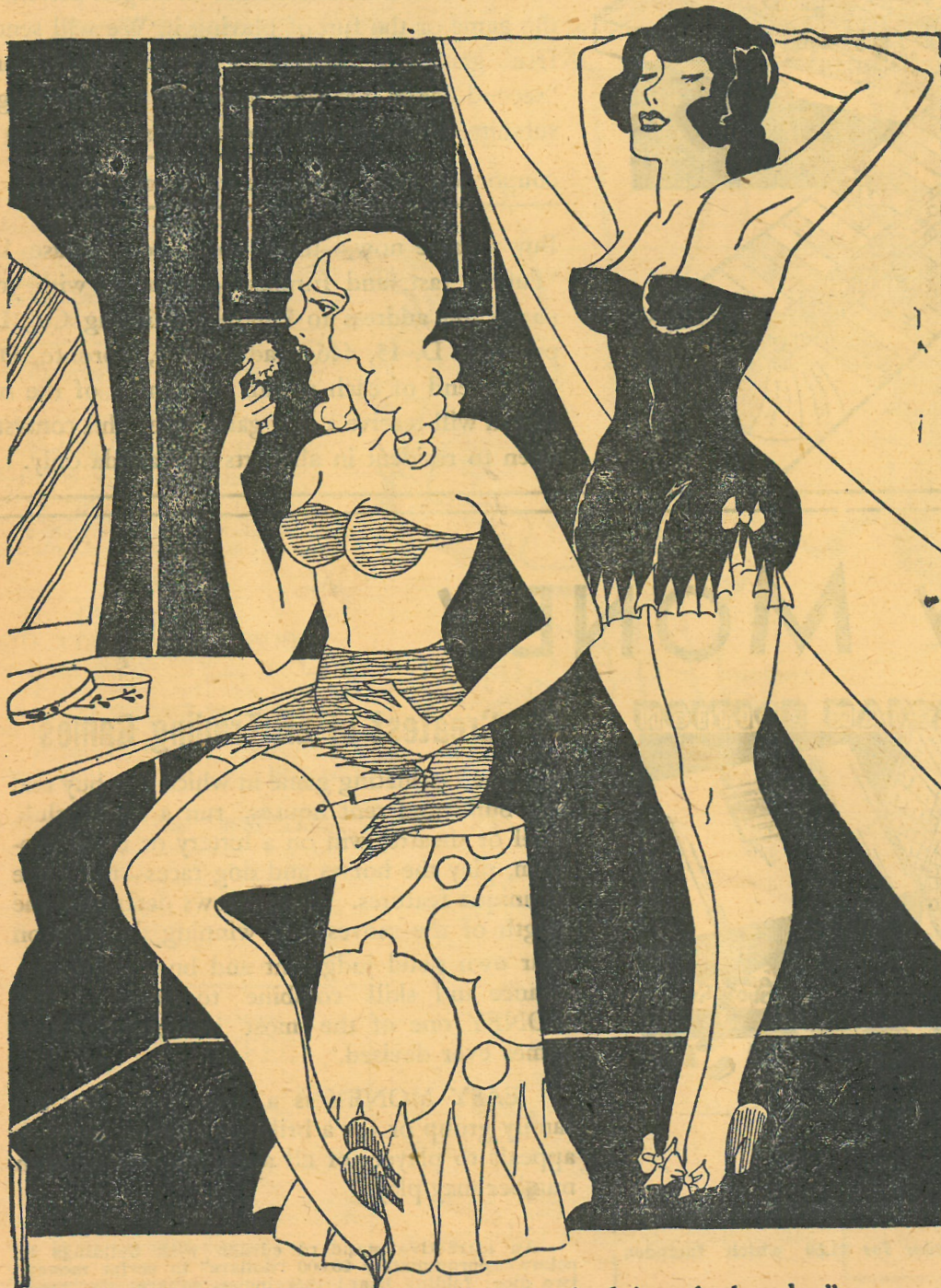
JUANYTA CLIVETTE

Poetry (if you don't mind your nouns) seems to thrive in the Willitch. The beautiful young Juanyta Clivette there pipes her fanciful lays, so does Mary Carolyn Davies. Genius still seems to have an affinity for ash-cans and delicatessen — or do the Village's extraordinary owl-habits and libations serve to awaken the unwilling Muse? Juanyta could dissect that problem for you.

In any case, the Village has been sublimated — new buildings, elegant cafes and night-clubs replacing the sordid bistros of another decade

Funny thing, mentioning Maxwell Bodenheim above — Body was officiating, the last time we saw him, as lyrical m.c. in a cellar cafe near 11th street where he the present Intelligentsia of the quarter.

Continued on Page 15



"We'll put Gypsy Rose Lee back into the laundry."

Among Greenwich Villagers

Continued from Page 14
Body has a sharp eye for the "pretties", who all seem to take instant interest in him. He has "color."

BARD OF

THE QUARTER

How could any saga of the Village (this is merely an opener) ever omit Bobby Edwards — Bobby who once ran the Quill magazine — unfortunately into the ground — and who will live for his one poem beginning "The Sultan's Wives They Had the Itch". Bobby is a "personal" photographer of first rank in his cubicle on McDougall street, doing little literary stuff these days. Last time we saw this Epitome of the Village he was strumming his ukelele in a drab joint on Eighth St.

Oh just the beginning about the Willitch, so be sure to watch out for the next budget!

If a petty jury was bribed with a thousand dollars, would you say it was a "grand" jury?

WHAT IS IT?

Luke had it before; Paul had it behind; mother never had it at all; all girls have it once; boys cannot have it; old Mrs. Mulligan had it twice in succession; Mr. Lowell had it before and behind, and he had it twice as bad behind as before.

ANSWER—The letter "L".

Pie-Eyed Pete wants to know if you have heard about the shoemaker's wife who told her husband to stick to his last when their thirteenth child was born?

There are a lot of women today who would rather bare their shoulders than children.

DAFFY-NITION
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To be a social success today you must be able to dance . . . and dance well. Do you envy others the ability to whirl gracefully about the dance floor? Are you always apologizing to your partner for your inability to do the new steps or for your clumsiness in executing the ones you do know? Dancing is as natural as walking WHEN YOU LEARN THE FEW SIMPLE STEPS THAT MAKE UP PRACTICALLY ALL MODERN BALL ROOM DANCE ROUTINES as they are explained (through easy-to-understand instructions and illustrations) in GUIDE TO DANCING by Helene Davis, well known instructress. NOTE NEW LOW PRICE . . . **75c**

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This might easily be the title to the story of thousands of men and women, boys and girls, who have LEARNED TO TAP DANCE and have MADE MONEY and HAD LOADS OF FUN on the RADIO, in the MOVIES, on the VAUDEVILLE STAGE. Millions more have learned a new way to BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY among their own friends.

IT'S EASY . . . YOU CAN DO IT TOO IN 8 EASY LESSONS AT HOME. This beautifully illustrated one volume course was written by none other than HARLAND DIXON, hits as SHOW BOAT, ZIEGFELD International Dancing Star of such FOLLIES, KID BOOTS, etc., and has been recommended by the Lambs Club (gathering place for famous theatrical folk in New York City) to all, young and old who want to learn TAP DANCING for FUN, PROFIT and HEALTH. Write NOW or your copy . . . the supply is limited at this low price **\$1.00**

GRAPHOLOGY

The Study of Handwriting By SARAH LASH

Recognized today by big business, the courts and the press is the science of telling character or proving identity by handwriting . . . It is as plain as a finger print to the expert no matter what changes the person may try to make in his style. As a HOBBY nothing can be made more FASCINATING. Many persons carry it further and MAKE A HANDSOME LIVING SETTLING DISPUTES AND TELLING CHARACTER by simple analyzing a sample of handwriting . . . Here in beautifully printed and fully illustrated booklet you can learn in your own home how it is done. **75c**

Books That Will Bring You Pleasure and Profit

HOT ASSIGNMENT

By CARL BLAND

A reporter's life isn't all it's cracked up to be in the movies," said Bill Simmons, "but then there are compensations . . . sometimes." He had a peculiar smile on his big handsome puss so I urged him to tell us what he was thinking . . .

"You remember that time the chief sent me down to Bursville to get something new on that Senator Mc-Fee story we were trying to keep alive until election . . . well about one hundred miles this side of that

jerk water berg we ran into a honey of a snow storm and at some small town the name of which I forget our train was held up over night because of an accident down the line which they couldn't clear for eight hours . . . It was a devil

of a night and after I wired the office and found out the wreck was being covered from the other end I wasn't a bit mad to have to stay in a hotel all night instead of prowling around that mass of wreckage trying to get a story with everything against me from the weather to the train officials.....

Hastily summoning local aid the train crew got us all up to the one small hotel and as far as they knew safe for the night . . . We had to share rooms with people and I wasn't long in the blankets until I knew that the bird they had chosen to share my room was the champion snorer this side of the Rockies . . . After lying awake for some hours I got up and remembering seeing a small parlor at the front of the house and off our floor, put on a top coat over my pyjamas, grabbed some cigarettes and a magazine and determined to smoke and read un-



1st Honey—Oh! Good, flowers
2nd Sugar—Oh! Goody, a man!

(Continued on Page 19)

Hot Assignment

(Continued from Page Eighteen)

til I was so tired a steam shovel wouldn't bother me I tiptoed down the hall and into the darkened parlor, about the size of a hotel bedroom, and felt around for the light switch.

I was fumbling along the wall when a soft voice from the shadows said, "Don't turn on the light . . . please" . . . I guess I acted as though I had heard a ghost — if they talk — but in a few seconds found my tongue and my feet and guiding the latter over in the direction of the voice saw in the pale, reflected light of the sign over the hotel door outside, the outline of a woman's head and shoulders above the back of a couch in one corner of the room. Below all was a blur.

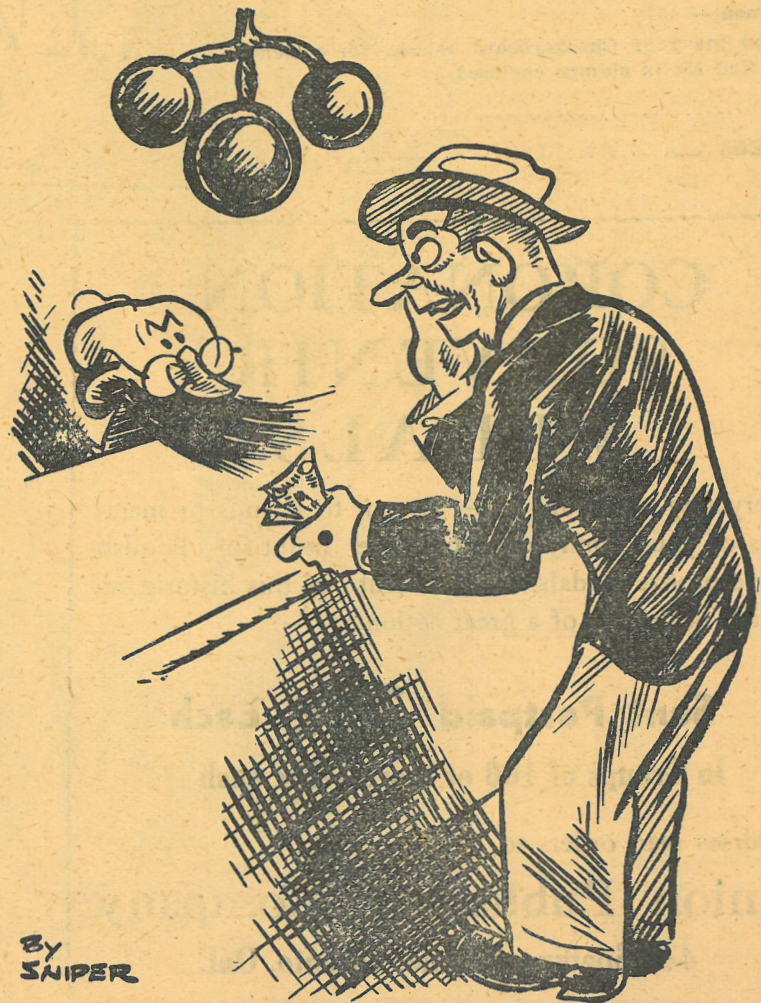
"I'm sorry to disturb you," I said bending over her and whispering, "But the fellow I'm bunked with snores like the very deuce and I can't sleep. She gave a low, pleasant, throaty laugh and then explained that her roommate, a big fat woman, did the same thing and that was why she was seeking quiet out here in the "parlor". I started to laugh, it seemed so odd that two people should be doing the same thing for the same reason in a place the size of this one horse town hotel. But she quickly placed her hand over my lips and told me to be quiet or we would have the night clerk . . . if there was one . . . coming up to investigate . . . I caught her hand as she made room for me on the couch and was still holding it as I sat down beside her. She didn't pull it away too quickly and I made up my mind to make the most of the night and the opportunity thrown in my lap . . . I told her why I was on the train and found out she was a singer going for a holiday to her home town . . . We found we knew several people in common among concert, stage and show business folk . . . She had on a dressing gown, which I noticed when we lit cigarettes, was of some dark blue silky material which accounted for the fact her fair hair and milky white throat stood out above the dark background as though it were floating

in space . . . I saw also that she was exceedingly beautiful . . . I was wondering what reception the intimate gestures I wanted to make would receive, when she shivered and said she was cold. Back to the room I crept and returned not only with a blanket but a bottle of gin from my club bag . . . Wrapping her up snugly in the blanket, I thrilled to the touch and made the most of the tucking in process, don't worry. We got quite friendly over the drink and after a while she said, "You'll need to get some sleep and you'll catch cold sitting there . . . and after a pause . . . why don't you sit down here with me?" The couch was an old fashioned affair, lots of length and width and she moved over to the inside making room for me beside here.

I took off the top coat and put it over the blanket for extra warmth

trying to appear nonchalant although I was passionately anxious to take her in my arms without further ado. Later she whispered in my ear that if anyone came in we were to tell them we were married . . . "That won't take long I replied though it's hardly light enough for a formal ceremony." I put one arm around her with that invitation and held her close. She snuggled close to me and our lips met in a glorious kiss that told me all I wanted to know. Her beauty soft and warm pressed against me. I suppose the snorers snored on till morning awoke us. Funny thing, Bill concluded, but we remained there an hour after all the rest had gone down to breakfast without being disturbed . . .

Boy that was a 'hot assignment' he said with a deep sigh and ordered another drink all round . . .



"How much on the ticker, Moses?"

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TO FORM A CHECKERBOARD

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ADDRESS



"I told you not to eat so much or you'd
be too heavy—didn't I?"

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PICKED BY THE MISSUS
— and looks it —

UNDER THE HARLEM MOON

Bits of Gossip About the Quarter That Broadway Has Half Forgotten — Former Glory of Truckin' Land Dimmed

HARLEM'S PASSE

..Leaves have their time to fall, and it looks as though the once-famous Black Belt has gone down for the count (if a belt can) so far as its night places are concerned. Even its nationally known Cotton Club took a flying jump downtown to the corner of Broadway and 48th street.

Only the Ubangi Club, at 131 street, has saved the day for Darkieland. It sprang up a year or so ago just in time to beat the red light. Of course there are the usual run of smaller resorts, usually open until dawn, but the Harlem gold-rush is over for the big spots. It was a fad—it lasted seven years—and then like most fads, died out.

SKY-PILOT FADES THE SWING JOINTS

Probably Father Divine, the colored sky-pilot who masquerades as God, has done much to steal the spotlight from the haunts of nocturnal sin. Divine has more fans than even Joe Louis, not to speak of Bill Handy, Duke of Edgewood avenue, who gave the "St. Louis Blues" to the world. Divine goes on, despite various spirited prosecutions bent at exhuming the source of his exchequer. He's one Lamb-chop boy that has opposition by the neck. Every day in every way he's getting bigger'n bigger.

YARN OF ANTI-KINK MAMMY

About four years ago there passed to a land where pork-chops are probably unknown, one of the most famous Black Belt personalities. This was Mme. L'Alelia, a dusky belle who had climbed to wealth and celebrity by inventing a Hair-Straightener. This Anti-Kink mixture was of course hailed by Senegambians far and wide, sold like hot cakes, and soon L'Alelia was a rich woman. The chocolates simply dipped a hot comb in the liquid and combed out their kinks. L'Alelia forgot to warn them however, that the snarls would return over-night. Although this benefactor of the corkscrew-tressed is gone, it is said her compound is still enjoying a good sale.

TRAGEDY OF GARVEY THE GREAT

Then there was, in the Harlem Pantheon, the historic figure of Marcus Garvey, for a time Monised by his race. He launched a project for repatriating all the blacks in an African kingdom, whereof he would be Emperor. To this end he collected enormous contributions, and planned his Black Star ocean line. Through Harlem, booted, spurred and plumed he rode again and again before cheering thousands. Alas! The shadow of Uncle Sam's P. O. inspectors fell across his golden trail. Bang — Marcus went to Atlanta for three years! When he emerged he was deported, and is now spending his remaining years on the Isle of Jamaica.

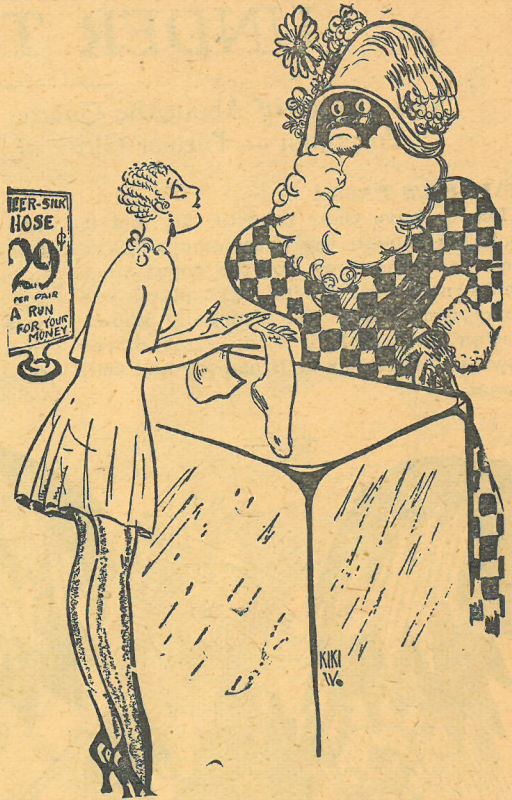


"Something funny about this yar soup!"



Clerk at Birth Registration Office, "You say your husband has been dead for ten years?"

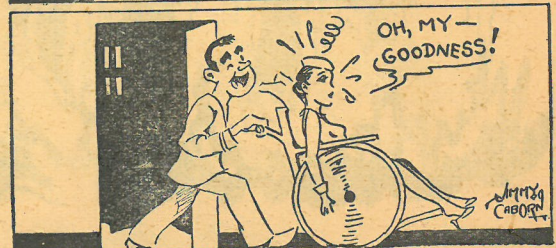
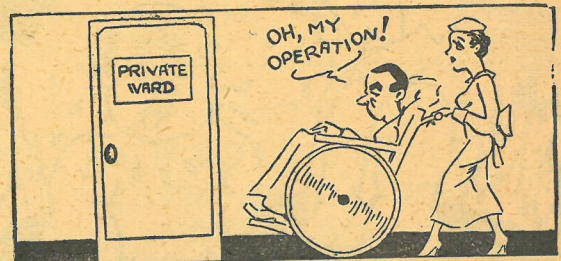
"Yassah, tha's right, he's all been daid, but I hain't."



"I said I wanted a Brassiere, you dope."

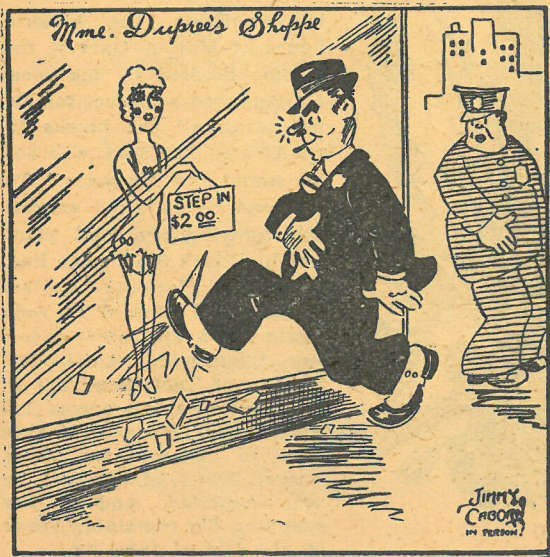


No, No, No! Who do you think I am—Sappho?"



"He believed in signs."

"Make up your own title"





Books You've Always Wanted

How to Read Tea Leaves

Public interest in, "what will tomorrow bring into my life?" has always been keen. You can delight your friends and make money reading tea-cups . . . Many of the largest tea-rooms and restaurants retain the services of a tea-leaf reader to entertain their patrons . . . This book will enable you to qualify for this interesting and profitable work. . . . Price **40c**

Our Fortune Teller

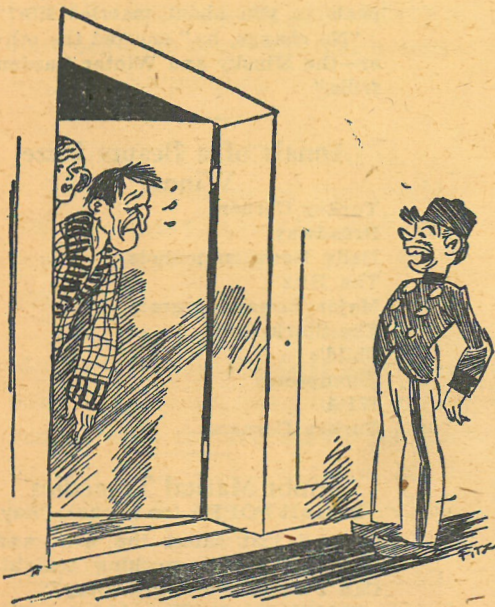
Phrenology, Palmistry and Tea-Leaf Reading methods are herein explained so that anyone can understand them. Charts illustrate every part of the instructions so that in a surprisingly short time you can tell character at a glance. **IMPORTANT IN BUSINESS and LOVE** and vitally interesting **AS A MEANS OF ENTERTAINING** is this study. Learn the **GOOD** as well as the **BAD** points in those with whom you come in contact. **50c**

The Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic

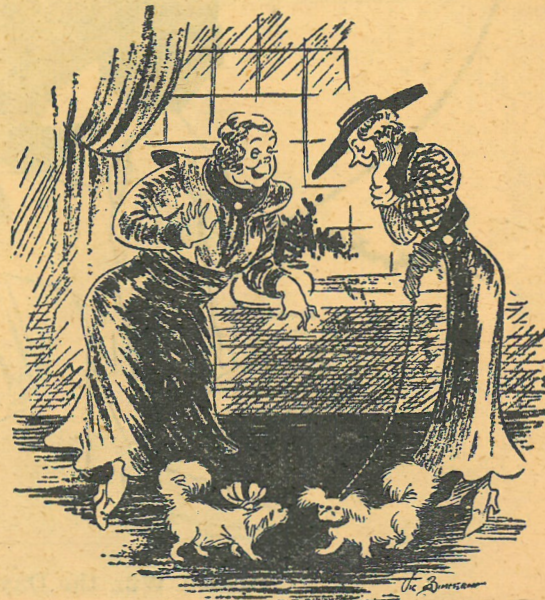
Who hasn't marvelled at a magician's performance! Now you don't have to **WONDER HOW TRICKS OF MAGIC ARE PERFORMED**. This book, unveiling the art of conjuring, showing how card, handkerchief, box and trunk sword and levitation (remember the lady floating in mid-air) tricks are done will be a source of interest and an education to all members of the family. Fully illustrated. . . . Price **40c**

Card Sharpers

(Their Tricks Exposed)
 "This is one of the most interesting books I've ever read," says one famous card player. You will agree when you read these stories of intrnationally known card sharks and the men who exposed them. Robert-Houdin, the author, not only tells the stories but **SHOWS HOW IT IS POSSIBLE TO "ALWAYS WIN"** . . . Packed full of tips on professional card playing . . . This book translated from the French is a real buy at this low price. . . . Price **50c**



"You say you rang the bell nine times, — Hully Gee."



"You know Fido isn't very sure about his father."

Hot Paragraphs!

Testimonial to a Chorus-Girl
Good to the last (back) drop.

Panic in Hollywood!

They've just discovered that one of the stars actually uses the face-cream she endorses.

Probably Plastered Plenty

Ever hear about the dame who was always boasting about the shows she'd been in.

Finally they found out that her only connection with the theatre was the time she had her leg in a cast!

Repartee in the Death-Cells

The Warden had brought Trigger-Eye Dan a bunch of the latest magazines.

"Thought some good reading would cheer you up," said Wardy—"especially the fiction."

"You're a sweet guy, Warden," said Trigger-Eye — "But I don't want any damn continued stories."

Slogan For the Digest Mags
"Clip, clip, clip the boys are marching."

Why the Proofreader Took A Scram

(Clippings From Rural Gazettes)
Mrs. Balton's supporters collapse on

eve of election.

Conclusive evidence of the girl's innocence having been established, she was released from prison and granted a full parson.

James Abner Jones, our renowned local bachelor, says marriage is okey, but he simply doesn't care to tickle the proposition.

Miss Nellie Peters, local telephone girl, reported to Constable Wallace that she was chafed by a strange man on her way home from work late Saturday night.

Putting Her Foot In It

Not many old-timers will recall the occasion in New York when Bernhardt, on the fifth of her last tours, came before the curtain for a sentimental outburst:

"Dear friends," she said (of course among other things) "I love your country. But two cities have been particularly sweet to me—New York and Philadelphia. I only wish I could stand forever with one foot in New York and one in Philadelphia."

At this point a dope in the back of the theatre yelled: "Gee, I wish I was a Trentonian!"

Women's Rights — And Lefts

A 10-gallon-hatted Westerner entered a Times Square boozorium with his wife and 3-year old boy.

The modern edition of Buffalo Bill ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, pop," yelled the kid, "Ain't Ma drinkin'?"

ABSOLUTELY STATIC

"Married now, eh, Fred—then tell your old side-kick what most appeals to you about married life?"

"No change, bo," snorted the other—the Minsky and Winter Garden frills."

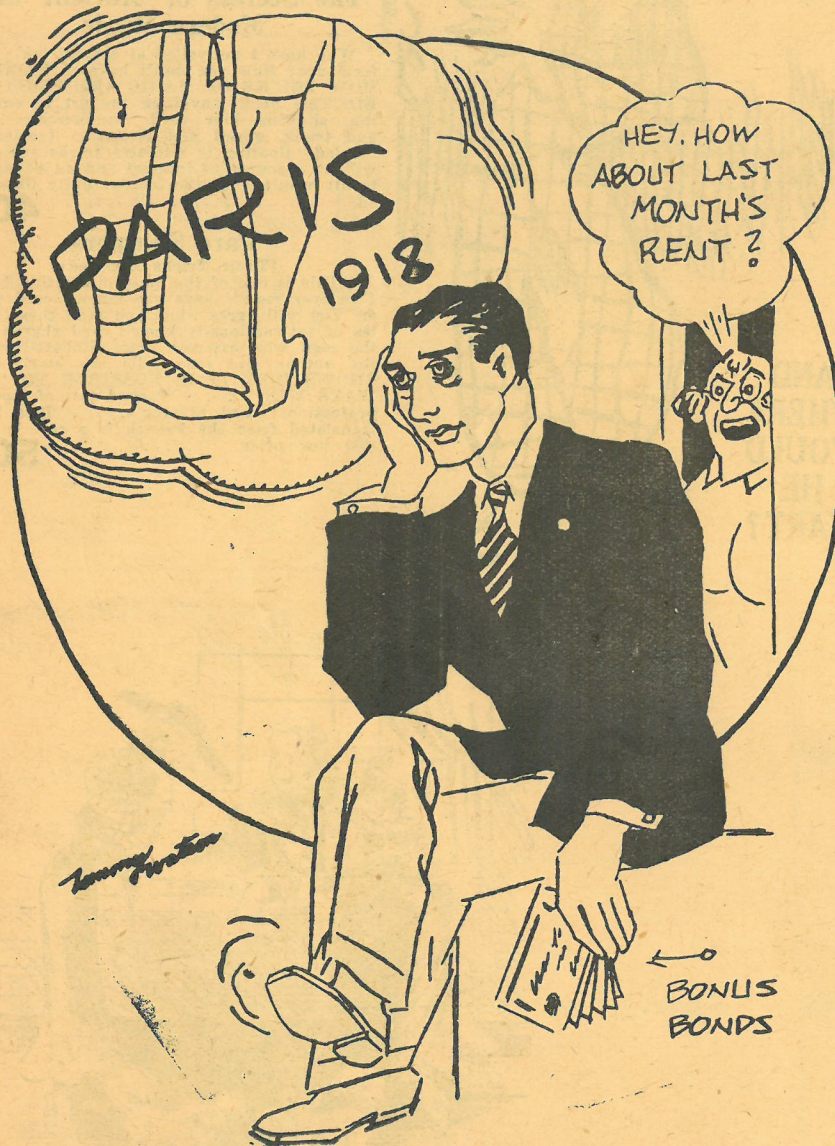
Annals of a Beauty Prize Winner

Turkey Corners
Broadway
Daily News snap-shots
The Ritz
Major Bowes' program
The Stork Club
Child's
Thompson's
WPA
Turkey Corners.

Minor Marital Tragedies

SUGAR POPPA (on phone): "Say, cutie, I just called the wife, and told her I was working tonight. Can I come over right away?"

VOICE NO 2: "You old buzzard—you have the wrong number. This is your wife!"



"Them Wuz the Days"



"Listen, Mr. Glumm. I could help you out with a \$10.00 loan—just between US."

Suggested New Broadcasts

- Jugglers
- Pantomime acts
- Acrobats
- Card tricks
- Bicycle stunts
- Mind reading

* * * *

Coming Artillery Practise

He: "Je t'adore ma cherie, jet t'adore!"
 She: "Hell—I didn't know it was open!"

* * * *

Linguistic Humors

Gaydog: "I say, old bean, you're paying a lot of attention to that Mrs. Leaper."

Gayboy: "Sure—why not? I don't think her old side-kick pays a bit of notice to me."

Gaydog: "Listen. Let me tip you off Her husband stacks a rod—and I'm the only man he won't shoot."

HEHEHEHEHEH!

Miss Norton, the bride, is an adorable blonde with golden-brown hair, sea-blue eyes, and real honest-to-goodness pimples.

GREEN LIGHT SPECIAL

"What seems to be the trouble with the Jones family?" said the new minister's wife to Mrs. Murphy.

"Aw, it's thim kids," said Mrs. Murphy. "When the first baby was born, Mr. Jones bought a baby buggy. Wid the second he put on balloon tires, and when the third was born he put on four-wheel brakes, and a rumble seat. Now she's had twins and when she ordered a stop light, Jones wint right up in the air."



"So I said—You say zis to me and we are not yet acquaint ma cherie!!"

Hollywood Happenings

PUT DOWN THAT BROOM, KERNEL!

Lyric Revival for the Hollywood Yes-Men

"Have courage, my boy, to say No."
(Editor's Note: So far as we can learn, the only persons in Hollywood saying NO at the present time are the pretty "extra" cuties.)

The Pedal Urge

45 Years a Postman—He Quits: New York Times Head.

But he'll run true to form and join one of Bernarr Macfadden's hiking parties.

Typist Chantey

"You are late," said the boss, as he glanced at the clock, He addressed his stenographer, Nell, But a half-hour later When Alice loped in He snorted, "You're later'n Nell."

You've Met One

There's a prominent Broadwayite who is so loud that he makes a noise putting on his hat.

Life Gets Evened Up

Infuriated sweetie pushes crooner through 25th story window—News Item.

Beating the Average 16 Years

Married 17 Years, Wife Avers Husband Now Loves Another—Emporia Times.

The 5 Ages of Woman

Can't
Shan't
Won't
Don't
Please



"Fido loves Papa!"

NUDE TENANT

(Continued from Page Two)

teasingly. "If the storm is going to keep up like this . . . and for answer Phil drew her to him tenderly and raising her head, with his blood pounding a tattoo against his temples, kissed her passionately for what seemed like an eternity. "Your husband?" he asked when they had opened their eyes again and faced the realities of the world about them. "He will not be home for two day," she replied, and after a moment, "he is away in New York on business. . . If you don't mind staying I will be forever grateful and try to make you . . . comfortable." . . . "That won't be hard to do if you'll," here Phil hesitated. They looked at each other for several seconds and then putting her head on his shoulder she murmured, "You are very nice, do you know that?"

Phil's senses were more steady as he

Page Twenty Six

took her in his arms again and made sure that what was before him wasn't just a dream . . .

After a delicious supper which they topped off with a bottle of well aged wine, the storm showed signs of abating but she insisted that he must not go out as it was still raining . . . Phil pretended to go because she was lovely when she pleaded with him to stay . . . in his arms in another room of the house she said, "You must remember I haven't been loved like this for a long me and I have much to make up for." . . . Whereupon Phil held her close and drank in the intoxicating nearness of her beauty; doing the best he could to help her "make up for lost time." That his effort was entirely satisfactory was evident from the contented sigh she breathed into his ear some time later as she sat close beside him, as lovely as he had seen her in the mirror a few hours before.

TOO MANY COOKS

Elwes, the noted miser, used to say: "If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it's half done; and if you keep three, you may do it yourself."

OUCH!

This year's high school play is a wild and woolly story of the Old West, one of those twenty-redskins-bit-the-bust epics.

WHAT'S IN A NAME (Or getting homographic for a change)

Steve Brody, 8th Ave., N.Y., takes a chance with a studio. Sam Hug is doing business on 3rd Ave. Trotsky's dining parlors are near 34th St. C. A. Powders is a chemist on Central Park South. One Lung is a doctor's valet in the 70's.

Visions of Yester-Year



"Gee, what a time we had on the roller coasters."

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF A MOVIE STAR TO HER DIRECTOR

DEAR OLD BEAN:

Hope you haven't got too much of a headache this a.m. Wasn't that **SOME party?** You looked so cute on all fours, with that feather stuck in your panties. Isn't Wally the limit? He certainly kept us on pins and needles all evening. And would you ever believe "our Mary" could do the gobbler glide? Honest to Gawd, what are we all comin' to. But you, dear heart—how I loved you every minute. For, Bill, you **CAN** kiss. Oh, boy! You bit my tongue something horrid—but I should worry. What's a bite more or less at a party like that. It all ends in smoke. See you tonight at the "hop, skip, and jump" at Edna's. Till then, over the foot-hills,

YOUR PARALYZED MABEL.

MY DARLING OLD TOP:

I'll be over as per usual at six. Have the smoke mix some of the same we had at five this morning. My tongue tastes

like a lunch on an owl wagon. Did you hear about Doug's new moustache? They say May insists on it. Well, we've all got our suspicions. You know how it goes. They're trying to get Charlie out to Coronado next Sunday. I think that gink thinks he's somebody the way he tries to sidestep our little set. Can you do anything? I've just finished Dante and will start on Homer tomorrow. It's so elevated to read them classics (is that right?). Had another letter from Mack. He makes me sick. Seems to be jealous of you, dear old rubber hose! But I like you, for you're such a quiet worker. It's great to work, but dandy if you can be quiet about it. Don't worry—it'll all come out in the paste. Don't forget the shaker—I'll be on the minute. Adoringly,

MABEL.

DEAR OLD SNIFFLES:

What the hell's worrying you? He'd never dare do anything like that. Why, he'd run from a gun if he saw one. Quit

DEFINITIONS OF LOVE

- (1) Love is the feeling you have for a woman until a "prettier" one comes along.
- (2) Love is the feeling you have for a woman until "another" one comes along.
- (3) Love is the feeling you have for a woman until the Niagara boat gets back.
- (4) Love is the feeling you have for a woman until she starts picking her teeth.
- (5) Love is the feeling, etc. until she says "irregardless."
- (6) Love is the feeling, etc. until you discover she lives in Mimi-co.

A WEAK WOMAN

A loving husband once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them," said the doctor, "every morning with a small glass of brandy." A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the husband. "Well, my friend, has your wife followed by advice?"—"She has done everything in her power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but she never could get the glass higher than her mouth."

yer kiddin' and keep the country safe for lil Mabe. And another thing—I want you to quit May—d'ya hear? And quit good. Last summer you put it over on your damn old trip to the east—you know what I'm chinnin' about. I s'pose I'm gettin' too old—when you hear the rustle of a chicken's skirt it's the old dump pile for lil M.

If you don't cut this stuff I'm going to slap you on your silk cuffs and slap you good. If there's any lovin' to be done, you've got my phone number. These young cats think they can grab you on their winning ways—but I'll slip them another guess . . . Now, I'll be over at seven, jingle bells, and you be right there. And don't forget the shaker, for I'm as thirsty as a seven day camel. I will bring along Coleridge and Schiller with me, and we'll do some reading. Say, don't you think Schiller's "Burglars" is grant? And I think Hood's "Song of the Night Shirt" is the cutest thing. However, I'll discuss this with you when I get there. You'll see me when I open the door, and I don't want no fade-outs.

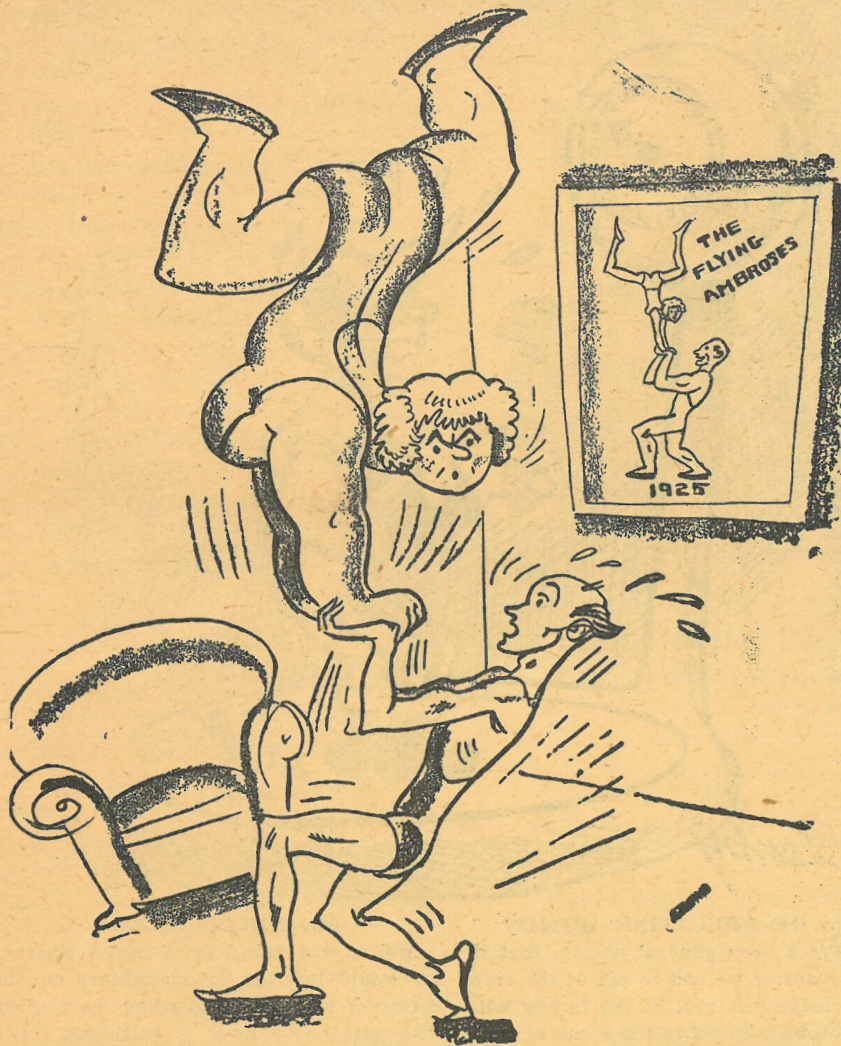
Until Yosemite Falls,

MABEL.



"Dear Old Pal Schultz: "Hope you are well . . . Say why don't you pay that long overdue bill, you louse? Lovingly, Jake."

BOTH HANDS FULL !



The Lady — "Don't shake so Etheldred, we'll never get that booking at Sunnyside."

BETTER FILMS NEEDED, ME BHOY!

Say what you like, Hollywood is turning out some swell pictures these days. Cagney's "Great Guy" is one of his best, "Lost Horizon," "Three Smart Girls," "Green Light" "Love Is News," "Nancy Steele is Missing"—all are delightful advances over last year's product.

YEAH! AND LIKE IT

Laugh and world laughs with you—but eat crackers in bed and you'll sleep alone.

THE PATH

There winds a little path
Off through the stalwart trees
That shade it well
And carpet it with variegated
leaves,
While on each side the flowers
bloom
And grass grows green and tall.
I found this path was traveled
much;
I saw footprints large and small.
Curiously I followed it,
This path of some pretense,
And at the end I found a house,
And on the door was "Gents."

The Osculator's Progress

Days of the Week

MONDAY

Told her if she'd let him kiss her hand
he'd tea her at the Esquire.

TUESDAY

Told her if she'd let him kiss her neck
he'd take her to the Equity ball.

WEDNESDAY

Told her if she'd let him kiss her
shoulder he'd buy her that certain coat
at Simpson's.

THURSDAY

Told her if she'd let him kiss her be-
hind the ears she could charge the dol-
man at Eaton's.

FRIDAY

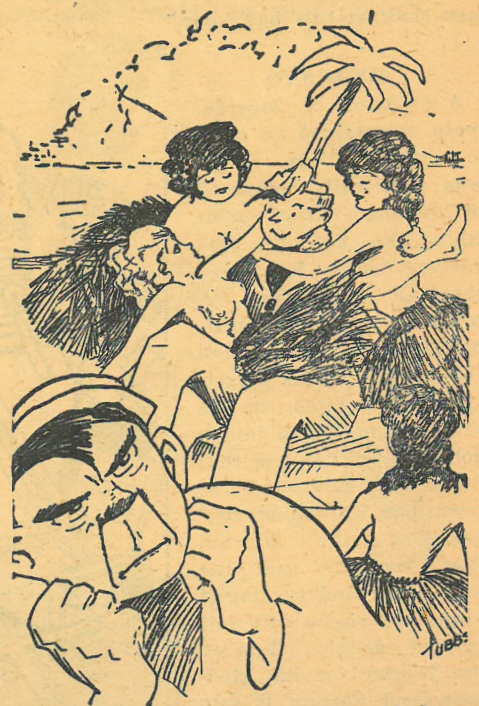
Told her if she'd let him kiss her pret-
ty little toes there'd be a Tiffany solitaire
waiting.

SATURDAY

She was sporting a Rolls-Royce.

SOUNDS KINDA UNFAIR

Mrs. Cronin stated her husband
gave her only one kind word in
their four years of married life. She
was awarded the custody of their
only child, Robert H. Cronin, Jr.,
three and a half years old.



Pity all poor sailors on a night
like this.

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS



WHAT KIND OF NOISE?

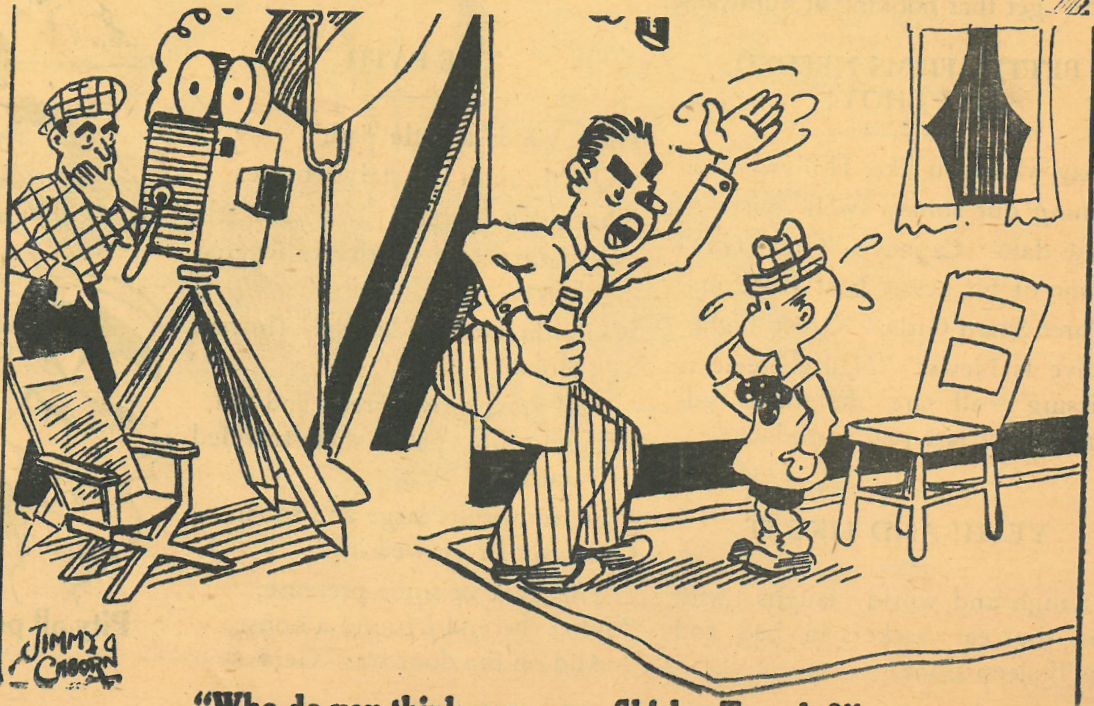
The docs report an alarming increase in insomnia, yet no one seems to be doing anything about sound-proofing the walls in the bridal suites.

SHAKING HANDS

At a duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected, as unnecessary,—“For,” said he, “their hands have been shaking this half-hour.”

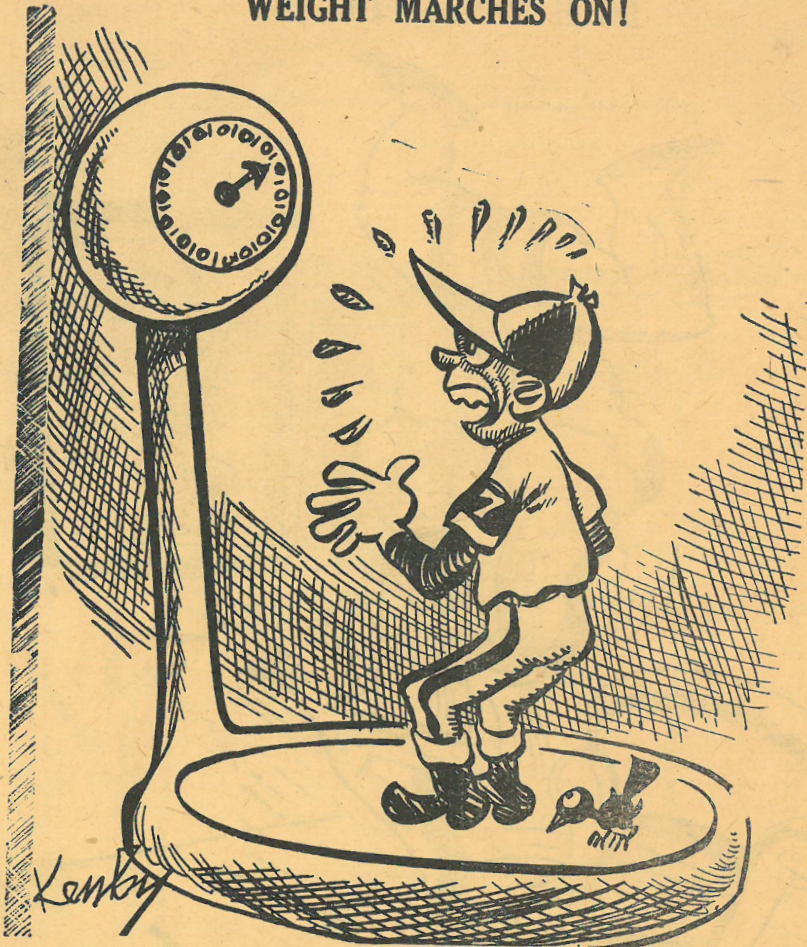
JUGGLING

A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village, which was principally composed of townsmen. After ‘astounding the natives’ with various tricks, he asked for the loan of a cent. A townsman, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, “transformed into a gold eagle.” “And is that my cent?” exclaimed the townsman. “Undoubtedly,” answered the juggler. “Let’s see it,” said the townsman; and turning it round and round with ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it into his pocket, said, “you’oo not turn this back into a cent.”



“Who do you think you are—Shirley Temple?”

WEIGHT MARCHES ON!



FEAR OF EDUCATING WOMEN

There is a very general notion, that if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet.

MILTON ON WOMAN

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters on the different languages: to which he replied, “No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman.”

(A Helluva Life!)

In a clothing store you get a **FIT**
By a manicure you get **TRIM-**
MED.

In the movie profession you get
SHOT.

At the barber's you get **SING-**
ED.

When you buy eggs they usu-
ally get **FRESH.**

In international marriages girls
TAKE THE COUNT.

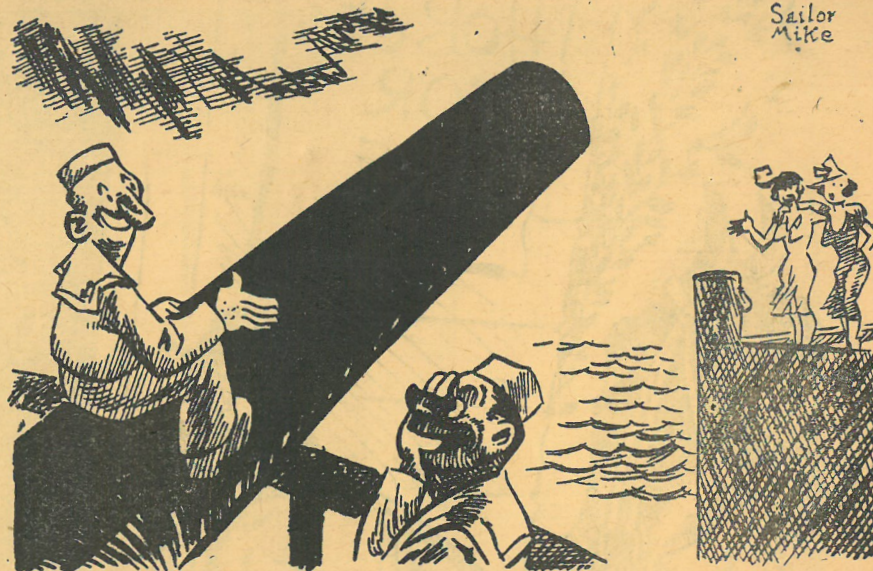
On an auto tour you must **TAKE**
GAS.

At the beach you get **PEELED.**

When you're double-crossed you
get **HOT.**

At the haberdasher's you get
SOCKED.

Yes, a helluva life!



"He can't see us for his darned old gun!"

Notes From A Summer-Resort Booklet

Our Location—Unsurpassed. Nearest hotel to the brewery and right opposite the jail.

Our Food—Specialty, hash, and we have no cat. We put everything in the stew you can mention.

Climate—Only 96 cases of malaria so far this season.

Courtesy—Special and constant attention given to guests minus baggage. We meet you at the door and say good-bye at the station.

Rooms—10 courteous, pretty chambermaids attend every want of our guests. On duty night and day. Come one, come all.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world skins."

A STRANGE OBJECTION

A great drinker being at a table, they offered him grapes at dessert. "Thank you!" said he, pushing back the plate. "I don't take my wine in pills"

Can't Have Everything

God's mercy is beyond describing. For to most of those females with faces like a bum check he gives Marlene Dietrich gams.

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

Ever Hear of the Word-Wrecker

Who, when asked how his kid was getting on at Yale, replied: "Great! It's only his second year and they've just put him in the lavatory."

Shadow Boxing

A Senegambian was trying to saddle a fractious mule over on St. Dominick street in Montreal, when a bystander asked:

"Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?"

"No sah," quipped Sam, "But he sometimes done kicks where I'se just been!"

Echoes From the Next Table

"Say, she looks like blood-poison in that new dress."

"That guy's face reminds me of a can of worms."

"Next we went to Childs, and then we didn't care what happened."

"Just for a change, let's all be decent for one evening."

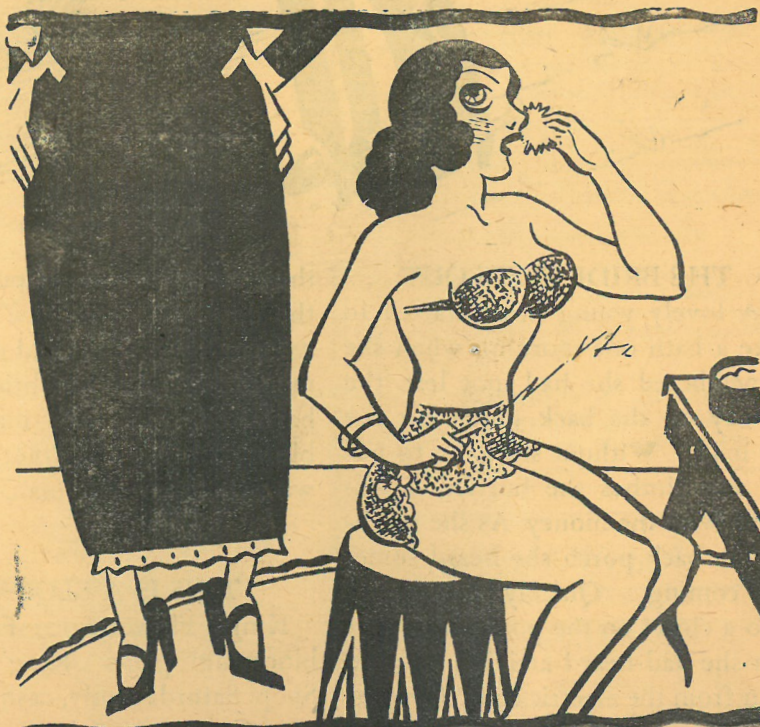
"Gert, my opinion is that familiarity breeds attempt."

Brevities "Special"

A certain prominent department store in Toronto advertises that anything bought there may be returned if unsatisfactory. Now this store has a restaurant.

Shakespeare Revised

"Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown.
"It's a wise father that 'No's' his own child.
"Sweet are the uses of perversity."
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for White Horse!"



"Tell him to come up and ski me some time!"



The Lady—"Will you trade a horse for a night's lodging?"

The Sap—"What the hell can Pa do with another horse?"

WARD
JICKY

THE BRIDE STEPS OUT

A lovely young bride started to take a bath one morning when she remembered she had not left the money on the back porch for the ice man. Without stopping to put on any clothes she hurried downstairs with the money. As she reached the back porch she heard someone coming. Quickly she stepped into a closet on the porch. The person she had heard arriving was the man from the electric company who reads the meter. The meter was in

the closet. The man pushed open the door and as he saw the nude woman his eyes popped out and his mouth fell open. The bride was embarrassed, but she managed to blurt, "Don't mind me; I'm just waiting for the ice man."

THIS IS A BLOOMER

King's Flower Sale—Fancy \$1.50 blooming pants King's Flower Shop. Saturday only, cash and carry, 39c. Get yours early.

The only fancy work most modern maidens do is to make slips.

ER-R, AND WHAT ARE THOSE

Young lady, employed, desires front room with usual Hollywood privileges. DE. 4063.

SOUNDS GOOD, GIRLS

If you are looking for a good guy in a 5-rm. stucco, strictly modern bungalow, see Mrs. Thomas, Westside Realty Co., OR. 4290.

STANDARD "OPENERS"

"Dearie, did anyone ever tell you you're the dead stamp of Marlene Dietrich?"

"Do you know, that first night I saw you I just sat and looked."

"Listen—I want you to understand it isn't THAT I'm after—it's YOU I like."

"Come along to my flat, and you'll be just as safe as in your own little bed."

"You're the first girl I've met, with brains and beauty together."

"Gee, those lips of yours drive me crazy."

"Remember, I'm not like other guys—I RESPECT you."

YOUTH AND MAID

In sylvan shades they strolled,
On this summer night,
A night of bliss,
Wet with their kiss,
Yet unafraid,
This youth and maid.

But not forever strolling,
(Coy summer night)
A night of bliss,
Yet how amiss,
Afraid—
The youth and maid.

One drunk—"Do you know Smith?"
'Nother drunk—"Whas his name?"
O. D.—"Who?"

Probably Waiting For A Street Car



"So I asked her to come up and see the etchings!"

"I'M DRINKIN' TRYIN' TO FORGET!"

The speaker was a mere wisp of a girl—in appearance but a child.

The place, one of the string of bedizened midnight clubs now woven in a thick web through New York's Frantic Fifties.

The child's half-articulated cry barely surmounted the ear-stunning blare of cornets and saxes and the strident melee of a hundred throats shrieking, singing, hooting in dissonant din.

"I'm drinkin' tryin' to forget!"

The tears were near the moist childish eyes. She took another hysterical swallow from the half-emptied glass. Her head sank on the table betwixt her clasped hands.

"I'm drinkin' tryin' to forget!"

From the group nearby a college youth shouted: "Cheer up kid! and have another."

We heard the story later. Just the same old story that a thousand and lonely and drifting girl-children of the Great City could tell through sobs. Full of man's deceiving, of suffering and heartache and heartbreak, of bitter remorse and wakeful hours as the price.

With the deceitful nepenthe of drink in the midnight places at the end, not a soul caring, and only thoughts of the Man the man who FORGOT.

"I'm drinkin' tryin' to forget!"

Through the curtains the morning sun was creeping like some ghostly goblin come to collect its due of the Wasters. —S. G. C.

BREVITIES "SPECIAL" NO. 6

We thought the matter of berth control was safe enough in the hands of the Pullman porters.

Your Problems Handled Psychologically

Worries? Problems? Obstacles? Love troubles? Married troubles? Maybe I can help you . . . I have advised psychologically in such cases for many years. Write me in confidence.

Francesco X. Sauchelli
FEMINO-PSYCHOLOGIST
Hotel Plaza, New York City

Are You A Writer?

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE?

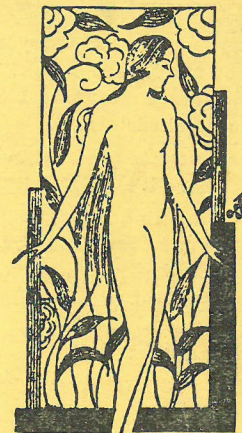
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Regained!**

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**Reducing—
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In Nature's Own Way.**

Don't Slow Down Before Your Time!

Are you losing energy and endurance in your daily test? Check up on yourself . . . does it scare you? Do you wonder how to get back to normal. . . more pep, a more confident outlook, joy in work? Countless people trace their danger sign of premature aging to lack of balance . . . too much acidity. The Human Machine gets clogged up. Acid "Clinkers" slow down the body process, then come headaches, muscular aches and pains, indigestion, lack of energy, sleeplessness, slow-thinking, nervousness . . . all increasing.

Are you feeling older than you really are? . . . Here is Welcome News. Join the Thousands who are drinking Vita-Ray Mate. The Marvelous "Tonic in a Tea Cup" from the leaves of a South American tree! The green gold of Brazil, approved by Health experts. The Jesuit Fathers who came as Missionaries to the Indians in 1610 A.D. called it the "Jesuit Tea."

This healthy beverage is widely reputed by great authorities as a balancer, a neutralizer. It is no drug or medicine. It is a Natural Tonic. Effective when taken in the morning and before retiring. A source of sound peaceful sleep. It is a delicious drink.

Healthier at 60 than they were at 35!

The British Medical Journal reports:

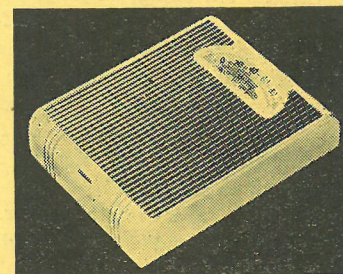
"Mate is used with good results in cases of Dyspepsia and other afflictions, for convalescents, aged people, anemics, and nervous ones."

U. S. Dispensary, the government's Encyclopedia of Herbs and Drugs:

"People praise it for its benefits to the Nervous System and as a safeguard against insomnia."

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