

THE TATLER

JANUARY, 1922



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



MRS. LYDIG HOYT

Photo by Abbe

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VOL. III

JANUARY, 1922

NO. 12

Shots For The New Year

THE rest of the army—from Gen. Pershing down—may be disarmed but there'll still be a few shots left in Private Stock.

Post-mortems on auction bridge will be just as numerous and just as useless as ever.

Society will open its doors to a Russian if his name is Vestoff, but will think twice if his name happens to be Pantsoff.

Some inventive cuss will stucco his Ford sedan and solve the housing problem.

The average girl never knows what they're playing at the concert because she's so busy telling others how much she loves music.

“What is a bigamist, Dad?”

“A bigamist, my boy, is a man who makes the same mistake twice.”

It is often stated that the man who loves animals cannot be wholly bad, but the same is never said of the man who loves women. And why?

Cities are places where a number of people live in the same square but do not move in the same circle.

What we can't understand is why the art committees hang some pictures, but let the artists go.

Those who think that all the fools are in Congress forget the voters who put them there.

When a man is married he sees his mistake. He sees her every day.

Slogan for our Merchant Marine: Let the Stars and Stripes have a permanent wave!

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby
Vice-President and Secretary

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One thing that contributes to the house shortage is starting fires with kerosene.

When a person says a tune haunts him, it is probably because he has often murdered it.

Two women in any company constitute a quorum—three, a riot.

A flirt is like the Tower of Pisa. She is always inclined but she never falls.

At 21 you believe there is only one woman in the world for you.
At 41 you know it—but it is always the other one.

The first time a woman loves, it is for what she gives; the next time for what she can get.

A French scientist tells us that emotion expresses itself at the weakest point. We wonder. Is that why an actress clutches at her heart—an actor at his head.

Hanging on the Medals

WHENEVER we look in the paper we see a picture of someone hanging a medal on somebody else.

Maybe it is the ambassador from Hootchistan hanging a two-pound piece of bronze on the manly buzzom of the Viceroy of Swat, the same being the Order of the Hunchbacked Camel, for conspicuous valor during the fly swatting season.

Maybe again, it may be General Hitemupski of the Herzegovinian army pinning the Order of The Siberian Weakfish on the breast of Count Hoola-Boola of the Island of Sulu, or the Order of the Golden Fleece on the buzzom of a Wall street financier for lending the Herzegovinian government \$1,000 at 15 per cent. interest.

It, again, may be the King of Snickum placing the Order of the Garter on the calf of Ambassador Ali Murad Pasha from Arabia, whose socks have the unhappy faculty of slipping down during court functions.

Look at the upper left-hand breast of the average general's coat and it will look like a sieve from the pin-holes. These boys could save a lot of money by having all the medals pinned through the same holes, but the donors get nervous and generally make several ineffective jabs.

With all his medals on, the average general or diplomat weights 800 pounds.

But there is one faithful old party who hasn't received a medal yet, not even one that weighs 2.75 per cent. He paid for the war and is still paying for it. He went without adequate clothes and food. He spent his hard-earned savings for bonds, and pays an income tax. And he is still paying war taxes on soda water.

He is Old Man Consumer.

When his medal is made, let it be stamped in shape of a goat.



Edward Thayer Monroe

In Mr. Dillingham's new musical success, "Good Morning, Dearie," is a new beauty, Consuelo Flowerton. We see her here adorning a beautiful rope of pearls

Dr. Cupid

“I SUPPOSE I ought to go along with them,” said Cupid, “but my duty ends at the church door. Besides, I’ve another engagement.”

* * *

“Darling,” whispered the bridegroom as they were on their honeymoon, “Cupid wasn’t missed at all.”

* * *

“Well, once upon a time you wouldn’t have said ‘bother’ when I asked you for a cushion.”

“Oh! that’s a long time ago—three years, isn’t it?” and he yawned.

“Oh! you do remember that. I thought you had a bad memory.”

“So I have for bills, and idiocies like that. I can remember girls in blue frocks, and—”

“And how you said you would be miserable away from me for a minute, and how six months afterwards you dined at the Club five nights out of seven.”

“Well, one can’t live in a fairy tale always.”

“Why not? Why shouldn’t things always be the same? Don’t you think I am as nice as I used to be?”

“Of course, but—well, there isn’t any fun in making love to one’s wife. What’s the use of holding the hand of a woman you can see any moment, day or night?”

“But you would object to any one else holding my hand?”

“Certainly I should. You’re my wife.”

“Yes, but you take girls out to tea and buy them candy—oh! I know you do. I have seen you.”

“Well, suppose I have. I can do it because I am a man, and the reason you can’t is because you are a woman.”

* * *

“Well, I’m damned!” said Cupid when he came across a man whispering to a girl in blue that evening in an out of the way lane.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Little Economies

EVERY day, according to the efficiency experts and the life planners, we waste enough energy to add years to our life. If we didn’t expend so much strength on the little things, we’d have so much surplus pep we wouldn’t know what to do with it.

When you get up in the morning, instead of stretching, devote that energy to combing your hair. If you haven’t any hair, devote it wishing you did.

Instead of rubbing your eyes to get wide awake, rub your boots. And instead of useless yawning, shave yourself.

At breakfast, instead of stirring your coffee, drink it straight and then swallow a lump of sugar as a chaser. Instead of spreading butter on your toast, eat it dry. Never fold your napkin; it’s

lost motion, and, therefore, wasted energy.

Caution your barber against lost motion. He has a habit of making extra snips with the shears when cutting off your locks. Point out to him that he should conserve these wasted snips for the next man.

Notice that the street car conductor pulls the rope twice to start the car. Once should be sufficient.

The waiter who serves you at lunch makes a lot of unnecessary flourishes to remind you that he expects a tip. Tell him not to expect it. In this way, you save the lost motion of digging into your trouser pocket.

Getting into the subway, lift your feet and let the crowd push you in. You’ll find that the packing is done much better if you leave it to others.

TWO DROMIOS

Two men sat by the broad highway,
Bemoaning their lot,
For one had buried his wife that day,
And the other had not!

"I Hear—"

Interesting Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

WONDER who will be Willie Jefferson's successor in the af-

fections and to the hand of Vivian Martin? That exquisite young actress, who is appearing in "Just Married," is calculated to disturb the balance of any masculine heart. If she remains unmarried, it is without doubt her own fault. But I hear that lovely Miss Martin is ambitious. Also that she has quite definitely determined against a second marriage.

By *THE TATLER*

EDWARD E. RICE, of the evergreen mem-

ory, says he gave the other perennial, Lillian Russell, her first job on the stage.

"Harry Brahams, my musical conductor, had just married her," he says. "I knew he wanted her to go along to Boston with the company; but I didn't want to engage her because she would be the twenty-fifth girl. I had selected my chorus. It was set in groups of twenty-four. To add another would disturb the equilibrium. Besides, she wasn't especially pretty then. She did not stand out among the others. She was very young, only about seventeen, I think. She hadn't developed. She was merely an amiable, fair-looking girl. But I knew Brahams wouldn't be happy unless she went along and I engaged her."

THE announcement that Norman Trevor will enter the managerial field was not surprising. Mr. Trevor, who has been leading man for Maude Adams and Billie Burke, has had much experience in stage direction. Moreover, he was a tea merchant in India and a young blade in London before he adopted the profession of the stage. He had adopted, with some variation, the advice of Sir Philip Sidney. "Look into your heart and act" was his principle. Being intimately acquainted with life in its great variety is a preparation for most professions.

This writer recalls being in Florenz Ziegfeld's office when Mr. Trevor entered after a day of stage direction of Caesar's Wife. Mr. Ziegfeld listened with admiring attention to Mr. Trevor's recommendations.

WHEN William A. Brady made a speech at the banquet to David Wark Griffith at the Hotel Astor he pleaded with those present to uphold the standards of the best motion pictures. "I won't be with you long," he said, "and I want the work to go on."

Mr. Brady's utterance was lightly regarded at the time, as a mere emotional utterance. This writer has since learned that the doughty and veteran manager's heart is pathologically affected. His condition is such as to cause himself and his family deep anxiety. The domestic troubles of his daughter Alice, whom he calls "My Baby," have aggravated the complaint.

BALZAC or Maupassant would have made a dramatic tale of it.

Broadway and Hollywood merely shrug their accustomed shoulders at it. Those intrepid playwrights who made David Wark Griffith into the leading man of one of their plays, Fannie and Frederick Hatton, may do this story into a drama, if they hear of it, as they are more than likely to do, for it is gaining wide circulation.

It might be titled "Hell Hath No Fury Like a Woman Snubbed." A star of the stage and screen, risen from humble origin to high place and a still higher appreciation of that place, has chosen to ignore the humble origin, and the persons who assisted her in her stage of obscurity. One of the persons who tided her over financial straits is a woman who is frankly beyond the moral pale. She is a love pirate. One distinguished man after another has played providence for her for a year, two years, three, then gone his way.

We will call the first woman Miss A, though her name begins with a letter nearer the middle of the alphabet. The second woman we will name Miss B, though the initial of her name belongs farther down the alphabet and not far

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

from that of Miss A's true appellation.

Miss A had many admirers. She married early and divorced her lord after finding him, as she thought, in many respects unfit. Close upon her divorce came the attentions of a young man engaged in a financial institution. This young man she kept on probation, as she herself has said, for five years. And now we come to the crux, the situation out of which Balzac would have woven a novel, Maupassant a story, Sardou a play.

The father of the young man was once enamored of Miss A. He and Miss B talked without noticeable reserve.

"I want your advice," he said. "My boy is losing his head over a girl that I myself was very fond of. Now what shall I do? Shall I tell him and break his heart or let him marry her?"

They talked long about the matter and the woman cast the die.

"Don't tell him," she said.

The marriage came about. It is reasonably happy.

But enters the element that makes the situation complex and dramatic. Miss A has met Miss B and disregarded her. Although in her youth they had been neighbors Miss A chose to forget the circumstance. At an assemblage chiefly of distinguished players, when tableaux were given in the name of charity, the women met and Miss A seemed not to remember Miss B. Afterwards she apologized for her "short sightedness," particularly when she had seen the ever gracious Ethel Barrymore, bestow gracious recognition upon the lesser player, Miss B.

But the slight sunk deep into Miss B's heart. Ingratitude tore as deep at her vitals as it did at those of razed King Lear. In her rage she determined to "tell." And tell she has to several not noted for their reserve. If the story percolates to the devoted husband there will be an end to the happiness, probably to the marriage of the young financier.

It would be so painful, and embarrassing, to regard your own father as a former rival.

Divorce is one of the penalties for catching dear out of season.

AS I cast about for paragraphs to interest you, I can't omit mention of Peggy Hopkins whose matrimonial

manipulations have made her a millionairess, provided she has been at all thrifty. A new groom is in the offing as I write but his identity is being concealed for the present. It will be Peggy's fourth. And she's young yet.

Modern worship is divided between the golden calf and the silken calf.

VISITORS to Paris have brought a hitherto unpublished story of the elation of Eiffel, builder of the Eiffel Tower.

Mons. Eiffel's project to erect a thousand-foot tower was regarded as folly. During his importunities to the government to grant him land on which to erect the tower, M. Eiffel's project was characterized in and out of the press as Eiffel's impossible dream. When it was erected a few who had declared it impossible now said that anybody could have done it. But it continued to be known as Eiffel's folly. It was an object of sight-seeing parties to the Exposition grounds, on which it stands. Doubting Paris indulged in a repast of crow when, because of these visits and the ascents made, it became self-supporting and "paid its way."

But Mons. Eiffel's joy in the triumph of his "folly" is due to the fact that the wireless attached to its top caught the message of the Crown Prince's approach upon Paris.

"Can't come today; will be over tomorrow," was the tidings that flashed from the Crown Prince's luxurious camp to where he and his officers held wassail to Maux.

Eiffel's Folly picked up the wandering message. That night every car and taxi cab in Paris was commandeered to carry troops to the Marne. The Germans were turned back. The Victory of the Marne was achieved. Eiffel's Folly had become Eiffel's Wisdom.

WORD comes from Los Angeles that an interesting event is being anticipated in the happy household of Mr. and Mrs. "Buster" Keaton. Mrs. "Buster" was Natalie Talmadge, as you remember.

(Continued on page 8)



Edward Thayer Monroe

Edward Thayer Monroe

Miss Helen Lee Worthing, always so at home before the camera; attractive ever in no matter what pose. We suppose it's only a question of time before she goes into the movies. Just now with Mr. Ziegfeld

(Continued from page 6)

THEY tell me that Macklyn Arbuckle's affairs have been seriously hampered this season because of the publicity given the "Fatty" Arbuckle case. You'd hardly think that even the blundering public would make the unfortunate error of confusing these two men. Hard luck for Macklyn, for he certainly has nothing to live down.

TULLULAH Bankhead is making interesting progress in her stage career. Yes, that's her real name, and she actually comes of good family. Her father is United States Senator from the south.

BROADWAY'S most mystifying triangle is nearing its end. The woman in the case is weary of the man who is the third point of the triangle.

"I find my husband is the better man of the two," she said. "I was a fool ever to think otherwise."

The triangle is in process of straightening into two parallel lines that will remain side by side "till death us do part."

The triangle that is straightening was formed nine years ago. The lines crossed for two married couples. A leading man and a leading woman fairly well known to the street had been married for five years. They seemed devoted to each other until the leading man joined the company of a rapidly rising star. Dutifully the actress wife travelled to Boston to spend the week ends with her husband while he was rehearsing and playing the new role. She observed what she deemed an ex-

travagant admiration of the star. She chided him for the emotion he displayed in rehearsals with her. It was the beginning of a series of quarrels that culminated in a separation. The separation was followed by a suit for divorce. The wife won the suit.

THE ESSENTIAL THING

ONE morning a gentleman called at the school,

And sought the stenography class,
In hopes he might add to his office force
An intelligent, bright young lass.

And did they reach for their notebooks, all,
At efficiency making a bluff?
No! Not on your life! Each hand slyly went
In search of her powder, puff!

the brokenhearted wife. He did not abandon the matrimonial ship. On the contrary, he played the boy Casabianca. He had no confidantes.

Broadway regarded him with surprise tinctured with contempt. "Why doesn't he do something?"

He might at least break the furniture," it said. But he continued to live under the same roof with his beautiful wife, received as a guest and friend of the family the man who had stirred her imagination and kindled romance on what has been deemed a calculating breast. The three were seen together often in public. Only once was a cry wrung from the patient, seemingly

I NEVER SAW—

I never saw a peachy maid
Come tripping down the street
But what I looked her in the face—
(Beginning at her feet!)

I never saw a cabaret
With sorg and jazz and zip
But what one half of all the men
Kept reaching for their hip!

I never saw a gay coquette
But what I ran away,
For I'd rather be a coward
Than to pay and pay and pay!

complaisant husband, "I won't let her make a fool of herself. I will not divorce her and let her make a fool of herself. What future would she have with him?"

The triangle is nine years old. The divorce occurred eight years ago. The
(Continued on page 10)



A long shot and a close-up of dainty Lillian Gish, in her new picture, "The Two Orphans," in which she co-stars with her talented sister Dorothy



Photo by Frank Diem

(Continued from page 8)

rapidly rising star continued to rise. She is one of the most successful of the younger stars. She is intelligent, beautiful, talented. An intellectual woman, sooner or later weighs her romantic assets and is likely to find them wanting.

To one who has watched the sub-rosa attachment from its beginning, having been a member of the company when they met, she said: "I am through. I have found that I care more for my husband. I wonder how I can dispose of the other without hurting him too much?"

It will hurt him a great deal. Not merely in the region of his heart, but his regular, sure fire, season after season job will be gone. Always a mediocre actor, or less, he is now afflicted with accumulating years and flesh.

Troublesome, uncertain Cupid.

The moral of this true tale is that it is a hoary error that the man always tires first. The modern woman is apt to be the first to weary of a clandestine love affair. The young woman who is eliminating a point of the famous triangle is an essentially modern woman.

FOUND: A woman who has never laughed. Not a sad woman. Not in the least. But Elsie De Wolff, twenty years ago, determined that she would not grow old. Therefore she refused to laugh.

"Laughing makes wrinkles," she said. Her face is without a line.

ERNEST TRUOX expects a delightful present from his wife in holiday time. It will be a small brother or sister added to their family of two offspring.

Why Not?

THE suggestion comes from some quarters that in this day when news of the world and its doings—financial, political and just plain scand'lous—is flashed to offices during business hours from countless merry little tickers, a service offering gossip of the social world over tickers starting at, say, nine o'clock nightly, would find many subscribers.

Imagine the entertainment, however, that might be afforded by such tickers. At informal gatherings the guests might themselves gather 'round the ticker and spell off the latest bit of spice as the tape unrolls. At more formal affairs professionals might be employed to read off the gossip as it comes over the wire.

Just by way of example:

TESTING TESTING TEXMSNTM
TESTING TESTING ABCDEFG
TESTING TESTING

GOOD EVENING

THURSDAY NINE P. M.

ST 1

BULLETIN

Reggie Van Schuyk has just been carried out of the Marvin-Clay-Marvin Dining Room by Haydock Richardson and a Butler. He has been deposited on a lounge in the conservatory.

End 9:05

ST 2

Society Tickers, Inc., is able to an-

nounce that a young arrival may be expected shortly in the family of Archie Plummer. End 9:14

ST 3

BULLETIN

Reggie Van Shuyk (Correct: Schuyk) has just made an unsuccessful attempt to re-enter the Marvin-Clay-Marvin Dining Room. He has again retired to the Conservatory. End 9:19

ST 4

In the interests of fair play and to avoid a libel suit Society Tickers, Inc., takes this opportunity of announcing that the story sent out last night over St wires to the effect that Carlton Sudbury had whipped Eric Stanton in a brawl that followed the Leffingsten dinner is untrue.

ST 5

BULLETIN SUB FOR EARLIER STORY

A son seven pounds in weight was born to the Archie Archie Plummers shortly after nine o'clock. Mother and child doing well. Child will be named for Uncle Charlie Livingston who controls seven railroads. End 9:30.

ST 6

BULLETIN

Reggie Van Schuyk has been repulsed in a second attempt to re-enter the Marvin-Clay-Marvin Dining Room. He has gone to bed upstairs.

*Old Masters Studio*

B*BROADWAY* well remembers pretty Helene Jessmer, one of the beauty spots of last season's "Greenwich Village Follies." They also recall her serious and nigh fatal injuries received when an automobile in which she and several others were riding along the Boston Post Road turned turtle. Since the welcomed report of her convalescence nothing has been heard of her, until a few days ago it was learned that she had emerged from her retirement to bring suit against wealthy Philip M. Plant, owner and driver of the car in which she met her injuries.

Broadway Statistics

By Lisle Bell

FOUR thousand chorus girls are idle. The rest are working as hard as you can reasonably expect a chorus girl to work.

Nine tons of cosmetics were sold in the Times Square district in less than two months.

Several hundred easy-marks were "sold" in the Times Square district in the same length of time—and chiefly as a consequence of the nine tons.

The distance from the hem of the chorus girl's skirt to the sidewalk, multiplied by the number of chorus girls on the sidewalk, would reach from here to the moon.

However, the chorus girls are not interested in such statistics, because they're not headed in that direction.

The stage-door population of New York has decreased eight per cent in the last year.

The number of angels on Broadway is not quite equal to the number of angels in heaven.

On the other hand, the number of angels on Broadway are equal to anything.

Out of 23,134 chorus men, eighty-five have regular jobs and the rest are looking for them.

Several hundred have deserted art in favor of floor-walking, discovering that the aisle man is better paid than the end man.

Three chorus men have come into sudden wealth within the last year. One died of shock, and the other two woke up suddenly and blamed it on what they had eaten the night before.

Seven retired actresses have become boarding-house keepers, and seven retired boarding-house keepers have become actresses.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENTS

THREE strikes, two out, bases full, tie score, ninth inning.

Dog chewing stick of dynamite.

Man and bull running toward ten-foot stone wall.

Jam on nose. Johnny tells mama he didn't see none!

Nurse to Smith: "Twins, sir—and wait, I'll see."

The hypothetical question: "Will you marry me?"

Bank examiner looking over nervous cashier's books.

Telegram: Mother-in-law expected to die.

Mr. Closefit Trousers bending for a lady's fan.

Summer boarder about to pet striped animal with bushy tail, thinking it a cat.

TATLER'S DEFINITIONS

DAAME—A woman of rank.

DAMSEL—Merely younger than a dame.

DANK—A poet's idea of a fine way to say "wet."

DARK—A handy time for burglars, lovers and other freaks.

DARLING—A word most frequently used when we don't mean half we say.

DARN—A Y. M. C. A. substitute for a bigger word.

DATE—Bitter-sweet fruit from the garden of love.

DAUB—A work of art if made 500 years ago.

DAVENPORT—A bed so modest it disguises itself during the day.

DAY—When most of us would sleep if we could afford it.

DEACON—A man who does not let his right hand get wise to what his left hand is doing.

DEAR—Expensive; e. g., a sweetheart or wife.

DEBRIS—Stuff one usually finds decorating the mantel.

DEBUTANTE—A young woman who has succeeded in coming out, as can be told at a glance by her gown.



Dorothy Valerga, formerly a European dancer, who has deserted the light fantastic to let her face win her fortune in the movies

Ethics of Theatre-Going

WHEN there is a long line always stop and kid the box-office person and entertain him with a few gags. Ask him if he has any seats facing the stage. This always makes a hit with the people behind you.

When going down the aisle, the husband should always precede the wife, as this is probably the only chance he has to get ahead of her.

When the lady in front of you refuses to take off her hat, put yours on and let somebody behind you start the rumpus.

Always tip the usher. By doing so, you will get a program which everybody else gets for nothing.

Be sure and remind the people in front of you that you saw the star when she was in Bucyrus, Ohio, playing "East Lynne" in stock.

When going out between acts for a cigarette, look carefully to left and right. If there are four persons between you and the center aisle and thirteen per-

By Roy K. Moulton

sons between you and the side aisle, go out by the side aisle.

Never step upon a woman's train. You can't do it anyhow when the train is up to her knees. The only thing you can do is to get around in front of her and step on her feet.

If you want to stay in town all night, check your hat and overcoat when you enter the theater. Then, going out, you will miss the 11:36 for home, which is the last train.

If you go in on a pass, crab the show in a loud voice. If you pay \$3 a ticket, say the show is bully.

Take your program home and read the "Hints for Well Dressed Men" and find out what a slouchy sod-buster you are. If you wear a 46 belt, the wasp waists affected by stylish men, will interest you.

When you get some "ice-water" in a little paper cup from the usher, sip it slowly so it won't scald your throat.

DISILLUSIONMENT

By Adele Pryce

WHY shouldn't a girl take tea alone with a bachelor in his apartment? He was so handsome and his behavior was that of a perfect gentleman. I sat on the long, richly upholstered davenport in front of the fireplace in a room which he called his study.

As he passed me the lemon and sugar, he told me I was the first girl who ever sat there.

As he handed me the plate of *petits fours*, he told me how the firelight illuminated my hair.

As he handed me a second cup, he said I was the first girl that had ever come into his life.

I listened with a little thrill of excitement. Leaning back amid the cushions, I found myself sighing a little sigh of surrender; it was wonderful to be the first girl in a man's life.

Then I chanced to slip my hand down back of the cushions, into the crevice between the seat and the back of the davenport.

I am a good girl—and not unduly suspicious. Still, I couldn't help wondering how so many hairpins got back there.

SPEAKING OF CLUBS

A CLUB is a steam-heated institution, with chairs facing the street. The chairs are usually upholstered in red plush, and the occupants of the chairs are usually upholstered in stocks and bonds.

The first clubs were used by men in the stone age who were hunting wives. Nowadays clubs are favored by men who are hiding from wives rather than hunting them. Some club members are bachelors; the rest have wives in the country, at art lectures, or in Reno.

Clubs are well supplied with newspapers—which are used by the members both for reading and relaxing. If caught dozing, the newspaper is a good alibi; it also gives a certain privacy.

Every good club used to have a bar. The reason they had a bar was because the members didn't care about rushing out with a tin bucket every time they became conscious of a thirst. As a rule, they remained conscious of a thirst until they became unconscious.

Now that clubs no longer have bars, they are not as popular as they were. As soon as a few more bootleggers are admitted to membership, however, their popularity will revive.



Photo by Abbe

Betty Linn, as the Ace of Hearts (why not the Queen of Hearts, Mr. Director?), in the "Greenwich Village Follies." Betty is quite pleased with her Benda mask

The Funny Side of Fashion

BAGS at the side will be popular. Bags at the knees, masculinely speaking, will be unpopular.

The new muffs are creating a fur-ore.

Those who have to take care of the furnace should wear shirts made of shaker flannel.

Artists should wear blouses with drawing strings.

Dressmakers when making out their bills should remember that there is only one letter difference between robe and rob.

White coats of chinchilla are being ordered. Extremely stout people should order double-chin chillia.

Roman stripes will be all the go. A jail breaker is also a case of roamin' stripes that is all the go.

New hats will be trimmed with skunk fur. That's scents-ible.

Red will be the fashionable color this year. Topers with radish-hued probosci please note.

Among infants strong "yeller" will be all the go.

At the opera this Winter the skin will be worn very close to the body.

MINUTES ARE PRECIOUS

YOU never can tell what's going to happen. Most anything can happen in a minute. For instance, in a minute you can:

Be born.

Get married.

Get run over.

Pay a bill.

Contract typhoid.

Propose.

Be accepted.

Answer the door when a collector calls.

Sit down on your silk hat.

Lose your money.

Eat a toadstool instead of a mushroom.

Make all the afterdinner speech necessary.

Have your tooth or leg pulled.

Make a bad break.

Get your wife mad at you.

Miss your train.

Read a theatre programme.

Get off the car the wrong way.

Fall off the wharf.

Speak to the wrong girl.

Get your head punched.

Get bitten by a dog.

Read the comic weeklies.

Get fired.

Sit on some fly-paper.

Make your will. (WE COULD.)

Write a letter to your wife.

Kick a stick of dynamite.

Break your just filled pocket flask!

Die.

RUBAIYAT OF THE HAS BEENS

WHO knows in what secluded, distant
nook

The world forgetting, by the world for-
sook,

Rests now that hero of the Gum Drop
dash,

That once illustrious Dr. Frederick Cook?

Once on a time a lovely princess wed
Nicholas Longworth of the bare, bald
head;

Dost not remember what a time there
was,

The endless columns that we read and
read?

And he who bravely dared old Neptune's
wrath

To cross the seas upon the aerial path—
A day the prints were filled with Al-

cock's name,
But silent as the tomb the aftermath.

Battling Behemoth of the flail-like fists—
A writer's cramp has seized upon the
wrists

Of scribblers once so free with Jeffries'
name;

For fame, it flyeth like the driven mists.

A Cross of Gold, a Crown of Thorns, and
thou

Didst make some thunder, that we'll all
allow;

Yea, quite some noise you made a little
while,

Where, Bill Bryan, is thy thunder now?



DESHA
with
The Fokine Ballet

Nicholas Mursay

How to Translate Your Time-Table

YOUR time-table seems simplicity itself with all the trains numbered and all the hours so neatly boxed off, but when you try to use it the blamed thing fails to function.

You arrive in time to take the 9 o'clock train. You learn there isn't any. You show your time table to the Information Man to prove there is such a train, right there where your finger is pointed, printed plainly. The Information Man looks at you in disgust and points to a ragged little dot, like this: * "Cantcher see that there asterisk?" he demands. You admit it. The Information Man turns back three pages and at the foot of the page is this:

* Except week days and Sundays.

Of course it was either a week day or a Sunday that you tried to take that 9 o'clock train. Consequently there wasn't any such train. If you had tried on any other day—

The gentlemanly Information Man grins at your silly blunder.

For the benefit of others we here-with translate some of those weird hieroglyphics so deftly attached to every

time table:

≠ Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.

% Weather permitting.

/ Newspaper train, stops at every crossing.

@ Express to end of line.

** Stops for baggage, freight, milk and passengers.

φ Shoppers' accommodation, departs five minutes after husband's commuter's special.

⊖ Dinner-getter's accommodation, returns five minutes before husband's train.

: : Contains extra car which is always locked until all standing passengers get off.

() Theatre train, leaves at end of second act.

(/) Extra—starts after the rush is over.

!! Subject to cancellation without notice.

& Every third Tuesday of the week.

*: Stops at junction two minutes after other train departs.

\$\$ Millionaire's special. Plush racks for pocket flasks.

Any After Dinner Speech

"MR. Toastmaster and Ladies and Gentlemen—The remarks of the speaker who just preceded me brought very forcibly to my mind a story which I once heard.

(Insert Story.)

"This being the case, therefore, you will readily realize my feelings when asked to speak here to-night. My emotions were those of the man who was once requested by his pastor to:

(Insert Story of the "Man.")

"Well, those were my feelings exactly, only mine, I may say, were even more so. There is an old legend back in the country where I was raised to the effect that

(Insert Legend.)

"Naturally no man who has been brought up on that sort of doctrine can aspire with confidence to any altitude records of after-dinner oratory. Perhaps I can best make my limitations clear by relating to you a brief anecdote. A very young boy once said to his father: 'Papa, why it is

(Insert Story About "The Boy.")

"If I have made my position plain to you, the anecdote has served its purpose, and there but remains for me to say, in the apt and well-chosen words of your honored president:

(Insert Guff and Slush.)

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill climbed up a hill
To view a hockey game.
Jill stood between him and the sun,
And Jack was glad he came.

Peeping Behind the Screen

What Your Film Favorites Are Really Doing And Saying in Hollywood, The Hub of the Movie Universe

HOLLYWOOD:—The Great Costume Riddle or "How Ethel Copped Gloria's Costume" has never yet been solved by this intrepid correspondent, though devious ways have been traversed in the effort. It happened at the pageant given for the Actors' Fund Festival at the Speedway last June. Gloria, you know, is considered Chief Luminary among the goddesses on the Lasky lot—at least, pretty nearly always, what Gloria says goes. Yet Rumor has it that the gorgeous costume worn by Ethel Clayton in "The Adornment of Women" tableaux was designed expressly for Gloria and at her wishes. What ho! and how-come? Having heard much, one still wonders what happened backstage to cause the sudden switching of costumes? And what happened afterwards, when the party was over and company manners removed and Gloria could say just what she thought about it?

Gloria just hates to see any one else wearing one of the gowns especially designed by the wardrobe department for her to wear in her pictures and has stated upon numerous occasions that she always manages to hurt the dress just a trifle, not enough to ruin it but sufficient to necessitate its being remodeled before given to "some extra" to wear in a later picture. She says it makes her "wild" to see another in a gown designed to set off her own beauty. Such is fame! It made me "wild," too, the day I boarded a street car and sat down beside a big fat negress wearing a dress just like mine but—it didn't do me any good to rave!

A while back Gloria and Agnes Ayres were the best of friends. But today Iceland is torrid beside their warmth of greeting. Tomorrow—but tomorrow is another story out here. They'll probably be drinking an ice-cream soda with the same straw.

IT was thought for a while that there was a budding romance between Colleen Moore and Rupert Hughes' son, but the boy got packed off to College and Colleen has another cavalier, so probably it's all off.

By *MISS TATLER*

JA C Q U E L I N E LOGAN is having a time with her automobile

—but in a new way. This one, she claims, was given her by R. Crane Gartz, California millionaire, and is one of those ducky sport models with lines almost as trim as Jacqueline's. Gartz seems to have been Indian-Giver, for one day when the twinkler was out twinkling, he came to her garage and took the car away. And now she has a writ—or whatever you call those legal things—and she's sworn to get it back again. She threatens to tell the judge about a "romance" between them. I'll bet no California judge can get excited over *that*, or even hear a story of a "romance" that will be new to *him*! Judges out here have gotten so they sleep through such tales. They're as common as real estate offices.

NEAL HART won a verdict of \$6403, due him from the Capital Film Corporation, but they've been fighting over it so long I forget what it was for. Guess when Neal pays his attorneys 'n'everything, he'll have all of the \$3 left.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG and Harry Garson are made co-defendants in a suit for \$13,000 damages filed by P. A. Powers, attorney, in New York, according to word the wires flashed here today. Seems they gave him their notes for various amounts and he says he failed to collect. My, my, what would the judges do to occupy their time if it wasn't for the movies? Guess there'd be more poor golf players!

WHAT has happened to the Jack Dempsey-Bebe Daniels budding romance? Apparently it did not bud. For Jack has gone a-vaudevilling and is otherwise occupied telling the world and Al Siegal that he didn't make love to Al's wife, Bee Palmer. Siegal charged the champion with the modern pastime of wife-stealing and said \$100,000 would square the matter. But Jack didn't feel like writing a check that day, so Al will

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 19)

have to tell it to the court. Incidentally, Jack went on record as saying, "When I marry a girl I won't marry an actress. I'll go out and get myself an honest-to-goodness girl with bloom in her cheeks." But Jack, Bebe is an actress! And I know her bloom is natural. Anyway, I hope Bebe doesn't send back that gorgeous diamond wrist watch.

DONALD CRISP, popular director, is being sued for separate maintenance by his wife. She says he promised to meet her in Kansas City but didn't. Really, Donald shouldn't be held accountable for *that*; stranger things have happened in K. C.

THANK goodness the Hallor family is reunited. All Hollywood is glad that Ethel has promised to stay home and be a good girl and let the white lights twinkle without her. Their difficulties began eight years ago when Papa Hallor packed up and left. Last summer he heard about the trouble Mama Hallor was having, being forced to have the girl arrested in an effort to rid her of friends Mama considered objectionable; so he hopped the next train for the scene of action. The Court decided Ethel was eighteen and therefore could choose her own friends. And Ethel, having won, magnanimously returned home. Under Papa's guiding hand chaos has become peace; and now the dove reigns over the happy Hallor home.

TOURISTS often wonder why the beauteous star with the big black eyes whose particular cinematic forte is showing the wives how to make hubby-pay-the-bills, doesn't marry the handsome producer-chap who has been cavaliering her so long. Maybe it is because his wife won't let him! On several occasions the husband magnanimously offered his wife permission to accompany the duo, but the lady, for some reason known perhaps to the League of Wifehood, demurred.

KENNETH HARLAN'S wife, suing for separation, called him a "cave-man" and said he treated her something awful. Now Kenneth will have to hire five more secretaries to open his lady-fan-mail.

"**E**AT and grow tall" should be the motto of her who would act in Katherine MacDonald's productions. No small or very thin people are accepted for work in her pictures, excepting of course children and where the script demands an unusual type. For the most part her co-theatians must be tall and—er—abundant. Why? Because the American Beauty herself is taking on the avoirdupois at an alarming rate and it was found that when young women of the "normal" sizes appeared in her scenes, the contrast was painful and not favorable to the star! Hence the open gateway to the cafe—if you would act with Katherine, indulge freely in the chocolate eclair and look with favor upon the caramel kisses!

WALTER MOROSCO has been seeing a lot of Betty Compson lately—but Betty says it doesn't portend anything. Betty ought to know.

THE comedy-fort assuredly must be a training-school for youth. At least, Anthony Julius Hector, husband of Carol Curtis, who "bathes" for one of the big studios, said his wife was getting younger all the time—and sent her home to mother. Carol got her a nice divorce—the judge was sympathetic and thought it perfectly all right if little girls like to bathe and get younger instead of older. But my, oh my, what *will* this startling assertion lead to? I expect any day now to see Phyllis Haver stepping out with an all-day-sucker and Harriett Hammond pulling somebody's taffy.

LILA LEE isn't going to get married or anything for ever so many years, oh, my goodness gracious, *no!* She says so herself, even though folks do keep on hinting that she has a sentimental interest in Jack Gilbert, recently elevated to stardom by Mr. Fox. Lila is still busy with Latin and history and piano lessons, even though she has just finished growing up—in about a week—and has no time for love. She says that her picture work and the lessons keep her occupied, and getting used to the short skirts that grown-ups wear, and what with it all how *can* a girl get married? So, as far as Lila cares, the little birdie can just keep on whispering and she'll "walk out" with Jack whenever she pleases, so there!



*Peggy Shaw, who
went from the
"Follies" to Fox*

Johnston

*Gloria Swanson,
Paramount Star*

Maurice Goldberg



*Constance
Talmadge,
heading
her own
company*

Stars that Shine on the Silver Sheet

The Dear Children

ONE thing which makes it more expensive to bring up children nowadays is that so many of them have to take "fancy dancing." Fancy dancing didn't cut much ice in the nineteenth century—but that was before parents became enlightened and fashionable.

Fancy dancing is something which all little girls crave and some little boys are lucky enough to escape.

The main object of fancy dancing is to make normal children "develop" into cheese-cloth "sprites," and winged "fairies," who are taught to "interpret" Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in a manner to make Mendelssohn turn over in his grave.

At the end of each term, the children who have been torturing themselves into imitations of Greek friezes are called upon to give an exhibition, in order to display the progress they have made—or the damage that has been done to their "normalcy."

On this occasion, an assortment of fond mamas, and a scattering of fond papas who couldn't get out of it, gather

on the sidelines and root for their young hopefuls. It doesn't take much for a fond mama to see a resemblance between her precious pet and Isadora Duncan, and she can easily dope it out that her dear baby boy is going to give Mordkin a run for his money.

The "exhibition" is one of the few occasions when nobody comes late. Everybody is on time, because the interested parties—usually the fond papas—distinctly remember having paid out \$30 for the course, and they want to see how much of their money's worth they are getting.

As a rule, however, the papas are not much impressed with the teacher, who is generally one of those amiable, self-conscious dames in an evening dress which will soon become an heirloom.

Papa is apt to think that the lady's neck would keep her out of Mr. Ziegfeld's choruses, even if her training didn't.

After the exhibition, she pays off the janitor, puts out the lights and catches the last car home—being compelled to interpret strap hanging all the way.

The New and the Old

ONE of the fashionable accomplishments of the old days was the ability to carry on a conversation—flirtatious or otherwise—by means of flowers, handkerchiefs, gloves, fans, parasol and other trimmings.

If a young lady dropped a handkerchief in a certain way, it implied a certain thing. And if she didn't, it didn't.

If she waved her handkerchief over her left shoulder, it was encouraging. If she waved it over her right shoulder, it was a warning.

Holding the parasol one way meant "Look out! My husband is watching," and holding it another way implied that what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Holding the gloves in one position meant "I'll be home this evening," and holding them another way meant there was a hole in them.

Holding the fan one way said as plain

as words: "See you later," and holding it another way meant "I can't see you at all."

Whereas fanning yourself with a fan meant that you were warm.

The modern version of the ancient sign language does not require these articles; it can be carried on entirely with gestures.

Holding one hand a few inches above the other and moving them up and down means "I'd give anything for a cocktail."

Lifting one foot eight inches from the floor means "Gone are the days."

Clutching one's throat may be interpreted as "This wood alcohol is not as smooth as the last I had."

Blowing the foam off a glass of soda means "old habits are hard to break."

And drinking the stuff means "Anything is better than nothing."

Whiskers are not as common as they used to be but those you see look pretty common at that.

Popular Fashion Hints

Laced Stockings—Shorter Street Skirts—Cut Steel Buckles—
Sealing Wax Ornaments—The Paisly Craze—Mono-
grammed Lingerie—Pockets In Hats

By BETTY GRANT

HOW would you like, girls, to lace your stockings instead of wearing garters? You may if manufacturers take kindly to the new idea now being tried out. Think it would be rather effective to have your pretty silk stockings laced with contrasting colors, and what a blow it would deal to longer skirts.

While on the much discussed subject of longer skirts I have it on good authority that the new Spring suits will not be longer but will be twelve inches above the ankles. The evening dresses will remain long but the suits and afternoon dresses will be shorter even than last year.

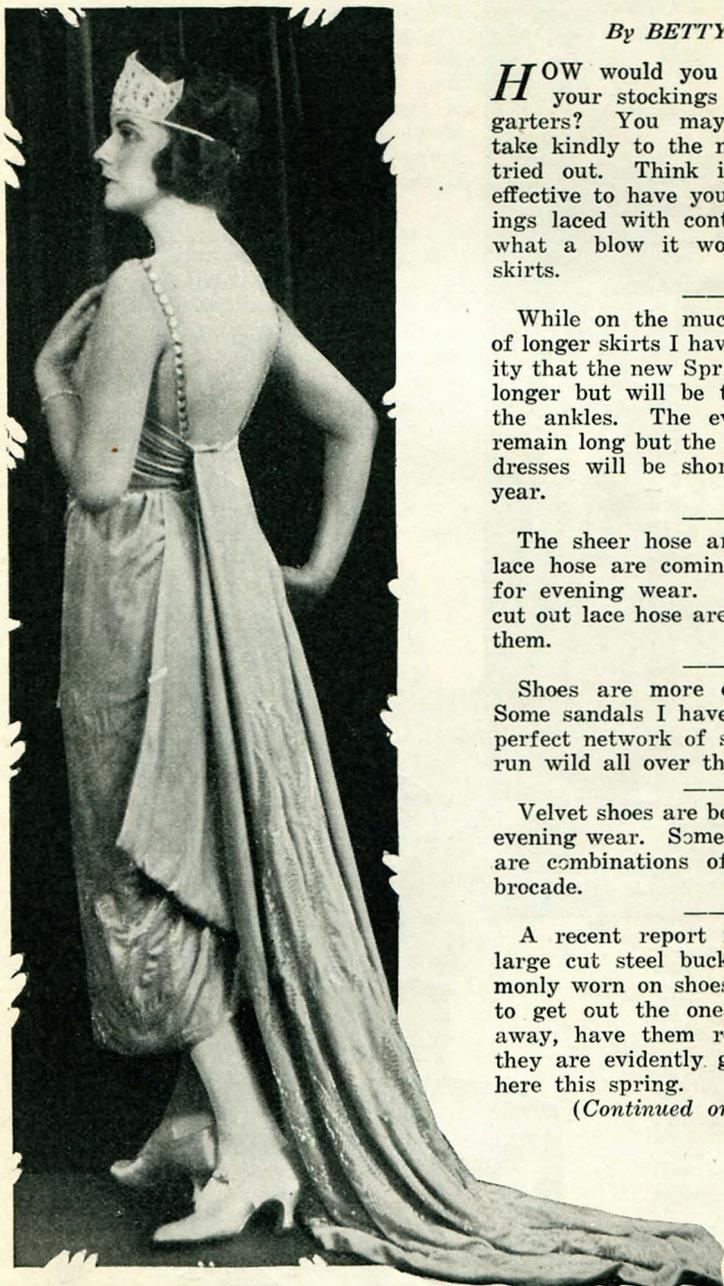
The sheer hose are still popular but lace hose are coming into favor again for evening wear. Shoes are so much cut out lace hose are very effective with them.

Shoes are more extreme than ever. Some sandals I have seen seem to be a perfect network of straps while cutouts run wild all over them.

Velvet shoes are being shown some for evening wear. Some very beautiful ones are combinations of velvet and metal brocade.

A recent report from Paris is that large cut steel buckles are being commonly worn on shoes. You will do well to get out the ones you have packed away, have them re-burnished because they are evidently going to be popular here this spring.

(Continued on next page)



A new Grecian dress, unusual in cut, made of thistle covered Salome velvet and lined with silver. A key of rhinestones extends around the bodice and skirt, while the waist line is defined by medallions of amethysts. The gown was designed by Peggy Hoyt and worn by Jean Ferguson in "The Merry Widow."
White Studio

(Continued from page 23)

The holidays brought out innumerable novelties. A set consisting of lip stick holder and powder box, made out of ordinary sealing wax, is most unusual and attractive. That anything attractive could possibly be made out of sealing wax must sound foolish but a little gift shop in New York has an adorable line of novelties made of that ordinary material. The line includes hat ornaments, drops to be worn around the neck on black ribbon, cigarette cases, etc.

A new umbrella named "The Travel-la" is interesting. It has the appearance of a regular umbrella but can be shortened by detaching the handle and unscrewing the ferrule end. It fits nicely in a suit case or drawer and is very convenient for travelling.

(Continued on page 26)



A romantic frock of lace and roses. Silver lace and cerise silk roses are employed in this stunning new dinner gown. The very full skirt is lengthened on each side to emphasize the new silhouette. Designed by Peggy Hoyt, and worn by Miss Beck in "The Merry Widow."

White Studio

Monkey fur—vogue of the day both here and abroad—is used in an unusually effective manner in this velvet costume. Also used on the turban.

Photo by Eddowes Co., Inc.





*Billy Burke
in "The
Intimate
Stranger."*

Johnston

*Alice Joyce
and
Beatrice Joy
in
pictures*

Monroe



Married Life and Happiness



"Married Life and Happiness" is Dr. Wm. J. Robinson's latest and greatest book. It is the result of 30 years medical practice, dealing with the intimate relations of the sexes. During his long period of practice he has helped thousands of men and women to a proper understanding of the married relationship. He has given them knowledge that meant happiness at a moment when their lives were on the verge of being wrecked on the rocks of ignorance.

Dr. Robinson Has Put Into This Book The Sum total of his knowledge—knowledge that cost him years of labor and research to acquire. It is not only a treatise on the subject of the Marriage Relation, but is a veritable encyclopaedia for the treatment of hundreds of ills to which married men and women are susceptible.

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(Continued from page 24)

The "applied while you wait" initials for umbrellas are also new. They are arranged on imitation ivory and can be pasted on in a short time.

Fans are as popular as ever but seem smaller in size. Coq feathers are in great demand and are made in a sweeping one-sided effect with Mr. Coq himself reproduced in miniature as the first stick.

The craze for paisley has spread to jewelry. There are pins and bracelets in the wonderful paisley colorings that are most attractive.

A popular hat shop is showing an innovation by adding pockets in the folds of the hats. Sport hats sometimes have an adjustable place for powder or cigarette case.

Sharpness of line seems to be taboo in the advance Spring millinery showing. Draped crowns and soft rolled brims are most in evidence.

A stunning canton crepe hat had tiny sea shells appliqued all over it.

Women's pongee night gowns are proving very popular. The slip-over-the-head style with round or square necks and kimono sleeves or the sleeveless gown with the V-shaped neck.

Canton crepe will not be the leader in materials this spring. Failles of a more pronounced rib are shown. Prints will undoubtedly be popular. Crepe de chine prints presented in delicately colored, tiny floral patterns on white grounds will take the place of cotton frocks. Paisley, as I have said before, will be largely used. Combined with black it is most effective.

A new embroidery feature is little tubes in which can be placed real flowers. This I should think would be very convenient as one could change the color scheme of one's frock by just adding a few fresh flowers.

Fifth Ave. stores are showing a line of French silk lingerie with embroidered medallions ready for monogramming. Monogrammed lingerie is certainly on the road to popularity.

Irene Hart (left)
and Mildred Keats (lower)
in "Bombo" at Jolson's Theatre



The Acrobats' Broad Biceps--

THE theatrical business leans on the broad shoulders of its acrobats. Without the acrobats there would be no box offices or no paydays.

The next time you hear anyone knock or rap an acrobat, just remind them that 90 per cent of the comedians are really acrobats; 90 per cent of the dancers are and about half of the vocalists and instrumentalists should be.

Acrobats have been abused long enough. I hasten to throw them a net to fall in, for when they fall they fall hard, and nobody seems to care but the undertaker. 'Tain't right. People should care. Just think of the many, many good acrobats who have been spoiled in the process of making a few legitimate actresses and actors.

I have been both amused and saddened by the attitude of the theatrical business towards its acrobats. It is peculiar psychology. The same psychology that makes a cat out of a chorus queen.

We should properly respect our acrobats. I will prove this by a bit of rough gossip, hot from Hollywood. It seems there is a heavy out there on the lots who marries a beautiful, spiffy, young blonde ong-jew-noo. A few weeks later the heavy learns by assault and battery that he had accidentally taken on an acrobat for a mother-in-law.

You see he starts an argument and it is getting along to where he expects mother to burst into tears. She says: "You oughta be pinched."

And he says, "Go ahead and call a cop."

By Roy A. Giles

And she says, "I don't need to call no cop."

And she don't neither.

That's the funny part of it. She don't need to call no cop a-tall. She beats the heavy husband into unconsciousness with a series of short arm jabs and when he comes to, she's got a handful of his hair and he's hanging, with the grip of death, onto a piano leg, which he thinks is her ankle.

From then on, it appears, this heavy bird takes on a healthy respect for acrobats, which is right and proper, considering that an acrobat either has to open or close a show, and if it's bad, he started it, and if it's good everybody walks out on the last act, anyway.

I meet an acrobat the other day and he says, "Why they all the time handin' the razz to the acrobats in this here business, I'd like to know."

And I says, "No, you wouldn't neither. Bein' an acrobat you don't care to know. Take my suggestion and pursue the matter no further."

He feels of the calluses on his shoulder blades which he gets from holding a high ladder which the rest of the family climb and he says, "Don't a acrobat work harder'n anybody?"

And I says, "Sure he and she does."

Then he says, "Wasn't Ray Dooley an acrobat? Ain't the other Dooley's acrobats? Wasn't Montgomery & Stone acrobats? Ain't Poodles Hannaford a acrobat? Ain't Charlie Chaplin a acrobat; and Douglas Fairbanks acrobats, don't he?"

"Yes," I mused, "that's all true."

"Sure," agrees the acrobat, "And the only reason Sarah Bernhardt never took no interest in acrobatics is because Shakespeare didn't know how to write that kind of a act, and neither does Bernard Shaw."

So then I explains the way I look at it. I says: "In every line of business it is the nature of humans to choose some particular class of honest workmen to pick on. In the theatrical business it's the acrobats. They look down on acrobats until they are forced to look up to them in order to see the three-ringed figures on their salary slips. It's the way of the world."

I insist that acrobating, especially on the four-a-day, is honest labor.



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Kitty Kelly
(top)

Adelaide Mason
(middle)

Ernestine Myers
(right)

Appearing in sketches and skits on the Keith two-a-day circuit

The Empty Harem

THE unemployment problem is getting worse all the time—especially for those who are out of work. It's not a local condition, however, like home-brewing, but is spreading to all parts of the world.

Even in Siam, where work never made much difference, it's beginning to be missed. This is what we call carrying a problem to extremes.

The responsible party in the Siamese situation is the new king—who, according to the cable dispatches, is turning out to be a one-woman potentate. That is to say, he believes in the old rule of safety which is endorsed by all bigamists who get found out: One wife at a time.

The king's cowardice—or conservatism—whichever you choose to call it, has thrown a harem of three hundred on their own resources, and put an acute unemployment problem up to the royal cabinet.

Needless to add, throwing a harem beauty on her resources is the last thing you should do.

These ladies are not accustomed to housework, and they have not had much office training. They are unfitted for either the kitchen or the business world, and they are drifting into hobo-dom.

What they should have done, of course, is to form a union. Then they would

have been in a position to enforce their demands, and the king could have been brought to terms by their walking—or gliding—delegate.

But being strictly non-union workers, with no provision for time-and-a-half for overtime, they are in an awkward fix.

According to recent reports, they are to be absorbed in other callings as rapidly as their previous training permits. And although they are generally regarded as fast workers, this is not very fast.

Fifty of the former comforts of the castle have turned to literary production, and are at work upon de luxe editions of memoirs, to be published under such alluring titles as "A Salaam in Siam," "The King as We Knew Him," "Knights of the Bath," "In a Harem Without a Chaperon," etc.

Some are establishing fashionable dancing classes and courses in the esthetic arts for the society matrons and debutantes of Siam, and a few have gone into vaudeville.

All those who have failed to get other employment will be brought to America and go into the movies.

We understand there are still quite a few ex-darbs of the imperial pool with nothing—absolutely nothing—to do, and not much more to wear.

The Home Union

DON'T be surprised if the cook comes in one of these days and begins to knock the works out of the grandfather's clock in the front hall.

It merely indicates that she has joined one of those homeworkers' unions, and is required to punch the clock.

Domestic servants are getting tired of long hours. They want shorter hours

so that they will have less time to rest at someone else's expense.

They have enough to do as it is, reading "Brittle Stories" and entertaining the ice-man.

They want a trade union so that they can exchange loafs.

Then when the whistle blows at noon, she can drop whatever china she hasn't dropped already, and go out to lunch.

After lunch, and a spin in the park, she will be back on the job, ready and willing to scorch the soup and heat the sherbet.

After dinner, she will break whatever dishes happen to be in her path on her way out to the Window Washers ball.

Having had some experience with domestic servants, one trembles to think what a wild one would be like.

Your Skin can be Quickly Cleared of

PIMPLES

Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN", telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. \$1,000 Cold Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes. E. S. GIVENS, 203 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Everybody's Doing It

WHILE you are waiting for the eggs to boil, or have seven or eight minutes to spare before you go out to take a car, why not employ it to advantage.

Write a few plays during these spare moments. They bring quick returns—in fact, you have no idea how quickly they will be returned. Any one can write a play with these simple patterns to guide them.

THE CROOK PLAY—Take a few crooks and make them steal the chairs from under the people in the house, make them steal the front door and take up the carpet and carry away the piano while the owners are in the room, doing it so cleverly the owners do not see them, and have the owners suspect poor old Aunt Elvira, who has been bedridden upstairs for twenty-eight years. This allows the crooks to get away and gives the audience plenty to laugh about.

THE COMMERCIAL PLAY—Take a hero who has founded a mammoth business, but who, owing to the high price of gasoline and Summer lingerie, needs just a couple of millions to tide him over. The girl who loves him realizes his need, and to help him makes love to the head waiter and robs him, turning the money over to her lover. This saves the lover,

and the girl repays the man she robbed by marrying the other chap.

THE WAR PLAY—Daughter of a rebel general hides a handsome young Union officer who is wounded. Later he saves her father's life, and after the war the girl marries the Union officer. This is a deep plot, full of many intricate windings, but with care you may be able to study it out. There should always be a colored mammy in it.

THE SOCIETY PLAY—All characters married at beginning of play. Fill in two acts with a lot of talk. All characters married at end of last act, being careful, however, not to have them married to the same people they were married to in the first act.

MUSICAL COMEDY—Take any good plot, remove the plot from it, fill in with songs, engage a lot of girls and a modiste who can make a yard of crepe de chine cover a multitude of shins—and produce it.

PROBLEM PLAY—Make the characters talk a lot of stuff you wouldn't repeat in your own home, see that the virtuous become unhappy and the other sort are rewarded with riches and contentment and you have your problem play.

What's Wrong with Kansas?

THEY'RE always starting something in Kansas. It's the greatest state for crops and agitations in the union. They raise wheat by the acre and rumpuses by the square mile; there's something about the climate or the soil that does it.

Kansas originated the cyclone. They began to brew tornadoes in Kansas long before they began to brew other things in other states. The cellar became the fashionable part of every Kansas home, long before the rest of us realized how important it is.

Kansas put over the nine-foot hotel sheet. You could go into a hotel, and if you didn't get your legal allotment of linen, you told the sheriff.

Kansas started prohibition, and set a horrible example which has since been

followed by other states which ought to have better sense.

Now Kansas proposes that all wives be considered as in the employ of their husbands. This is the last straw. The domestic problem is serious enough, without turning it into a labor problem.

A wife is difficult enough to handle, without being made into a clock-punching, eight-hour worker.

A man has troubles enough as it is—dodging the tax collector and the prohibition enforcement sleuths—without having his home invaded by a representative of organized wifehood, trying to find out whether his better half is wiping the dishes and the baby's nose in accordance with union rules.

What's wrong with Kansas, anyhow? Anybody know?

How Does the Other Half Live?

THE remark has been made that "Half of the world does not know how the other half lives."

How does the other half live? We'll like to know.

Jinks is sporting an auto. How does he do it?

We wonder and worry about that. Perhaps the butcher and baker know how he does it—to their sorrow—but everyone else wants to know.

Mrs. Jones looks as young and svelte as she did twenty-five years ago.

How does she do it? We wish we knew, don't we?

Well, shame on us for rubberers!

Sometimes, at a musical comedy, we just sit and wonder how on earth those girls got into those costumes. We men folks simply can't see how they do it. We wish we could. We women folks don't care about seeing how they do it, but we do wish we knew how they did it.

Mr. Pious is such a solemn, long-faced guy, and passes the contribution plate every Sunday and wears nice clothes and shiny lids, and lives in such a nice house and always goes into the city every day. We wish we knew where he gets his money, what his business is, how much he has got and all that.

We suspect he may keep a gambling place in the city, or a horrible liquor saloon, or something like that.

And wouldn't we be sore if we did know, and learned he merely was a wholesale dealer in churns or hemp rope or baking powder!

And remember how we heard Mrs. Blink scream the other night, and Mr. Blink's voice rose loud and deep. We'll just bet they were having a regular cat and dog knock-down and drag-out fight of it. Oh, dear, we do wish we knew how they managed to live together.

And wouldn't we be disgusted if we

really knew, and thus learned that Mrs. Blink saw a mouse and leaped into a chair, and Blink struck at it with the poker and hit his sore toe and so cursed horribly, and that the Blinks never quarreled and loved each other dearly?

Yes, indeed, it would disappoint most of us terribly to know that, as it would put an end to our gossip about how terribly the Blinks fight.

How DOES the other half live?

How do all the Joneses manage to live in that little bungalow—there's eight of them and only two sleeping rooms?

Who hooks the old maids' dresses up the back?

How is it so many of these terribly homely women are just covered with diamonds?

Is that handsome man who calls so frequently at the Gazumps a relative of theirs, or only a bill collector?

How on earth does Mrs. Gaddabout manage to be all dolled up and on the street every morning, and yet do her work, when she doesn't keep a maid?

We've always been puzzled to know why the Swiftleighs can never keep a maid more than a week.

How on earth do so many people manage to keep an auto?

Is the bold lion tamer really afraid of his little wife?

Did our minister actually go to a moving picture show?

Are those real diamonds Mrs. Derbluffe wears?

Was that Mr. Harry's wife he was with down in Chinatown the other day?

If it wasn't, he should worry.

Yes, indeed, we DO wish we could learn how the other half—but HOLD ON, wait a minute!

In that case, everyone else would know all about US, wouldn't they?

Er—well, let's let it go as it is.

Resolutions of 1922

I SHALL never be photographed without a moustache.—W. L. Douglas.

I shall do most of my reading by electric light.—Thomas Edison.

I shall still be able to get it, if I pay the price.—New Yorker.

I won't turn around for anybody.—Statue of Liberty.

I shall never talk back to my mother.—The Incubator Chicken.

I shall make not less than five dollars a day.—Henry Ford.

I shall give every egg the benefit of the doubt.—Careful Housewife.

I shall not disarm.—The Porcupine.

I shall not drink.—Volstead.

LEAVE ME WITH A SMILE



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SINGERS ARE SINGING IT EVERYWHERE
YOUR DEALER IS SELLING IT.
YOUR DEALER HAS PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
AND PIANO ROLLS MADE BY YOUR
FAVORITE ARTISTS. ASK TO HEAR THEM.
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