For Women Only
WIN $25.00
In Our Fun Contest

They say women have no sense of humor. THE TATLER will show them different. Ladies, what is the funniest thing you ever heard? For the funniest thing THE TATLER will pay $25.

Send the funniest thing you ever heard to the Funniest Thing Editor. Contest closes March 20, 1922, at noon. The Editors of THE TATLER will be the judges.

Remember only women are allowed to compete. If you are a woman send in the funniest thing you ever heard and see if you can win $25. The prize winning funniest thing will be printed in the May issue. All others received and printed will be paid for at space rates.

Try and recall the funniest thing you ever heard and send it to

Funniest Thing Editor
TATLER PUBLISHING CORP.
1819 Broadway
New York City

$25 will be paid for the funniest
But remember you must be a lady!
Wise Cracks of the Month

"THE trouble about watching women is that those who need to be watched are too clever to be caught."—Louis Mann.

"There was an earthquake of some proportions the other day, but the Ford owners never noticed it."—Rube Goldberg.

"Picture one billion dollars in your mind. If you lose it, you don't lose anything but your mind."—"Bugs" Baer.

"Many a bird knows so little about racing that he thinks Man O' War is a steamboat."—Tad.

"The evenings are dull, but if a guy owns a car he can have a few blow-outs."—Roy K. Moulton.

"Some people worry so much about hard times they haven't got time to get out after new business."—Hugh Fullerton.

"The fellow who boasts that he is 'there' usually proves that he is nowhere in the vicinity."—Wilson Mizner.

"The man who sang all is fair in love and war, I don't trust in business, either."—Gil Boag.

"The idealist's idea of war is to say it with flowers."—Abe Merritt.

"When you drown you sorrows in prohibition hooch, they stay drowned."—Ted Lewis.

"They have real freedom in Germany. Every man prints his own money."—Jim Corbett.

"There are two kinds of marks and one kind buys the other kind."—Sam Bernard.
Microbes gave the drinking water in New York a queer taste three months ago, but Broadway hasn’t found it out yet.

Young flapper asked her friend to take her to Hell’s Kitchen the other evening. She thought it was a restaurant.

Man sent by his wife to bring home a camisole, brought a casserole. Well, it had something to do with covering the stomach, anyhow.

One bootlegger said he didn’t handle absinthe because it was against the law to sell that stuff.

**They Shall Not Pass**

**SEVERAL** well known theatrical managers recently advocated the removal of the war tax from passes. This aroused Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld jr., who gnawed his necktie wrathfully as follows:

"I am not in favor of this removal. In the first place, theatrical managers should not give passes. I never do it except to first-night critics. The theater is not a charitable enterprise."

Which states Mr. Ziegfeld’s point very well, no doubt. But, unfortunately for the argument, Mr. Ziegfeld does not cover the entire field of theatrical endeavor. Although this may seem preposterous, we believe there are others who have attractions outside the sallies, frolics and follies.

The pass is an ancient and honorable institution. It has helped theatrical producers more than the producers have helped the recipients of these paste-boards. No producer or manager throws passes broadcast except upon one occasion and he does not give a pass when he does not think this favor is going to help him.

Many a theatrical magnate has saved his hide financially by spreading his passes broadcast. It is impossible to fill a house for some shows by giving a silver shaving set or a celluloid brush and comb outfit with every ticket. Then the old trusty pass springs into the breach and brings home the bacon. "Papering the house" is a gentle art, much used, which has given many a punk show a start in life and kept it going until the experts could get the pul­motor going and pump the necessary oxygen into it.

When a whole department store is given passes, there is a reason. Therefore, if you happen to see a Gimbel audience or a Wanamaker audience or a McCreery audience, make up your mind that these seat-fillers were badly needed.

Therefore why knock the pass or the people who use it. Often the latter are entitled to a large need of sympathy.

Doubtless the immaculate Ziggy has never had to resort to a papering of the house and probably he is one of the few who have not.

He says the theater is not a charitable institution. But charity has covered a multitude of theatrical sins and, in the shape of passes has covered several multitudes of seats that would otherwise have been vacant.
Mary Leurs
Ziegfeld's Roof Show
Broadway

FLAPPERS are a-flappin' all around.
Scalpers are a-scalpin' safe and sound.
Jazzers are a-jazzin' and their joy's complete.
Dancers are a-dancin' 'thout movin' their feet.
Shimmiers are shimmin'. It never stops.
Reformers are a-clamorin' fer the cops.
Hippers are a-takin' their licker straight.
Undertakers all stand round and wait.
Guzzlers are a-guzzlin' in swell cafes.
Raiders are a-raidin' and find it pays.
Grafters are a-graftin', all day long.
Dips, they are a-dippin' good and strong.
Comics are a-comickin', same old gags.
Beggars are a-beggin' in the same old rags.
Bum you for a nickel in a subway dive.
But live in swell apartments facing on the Drive.
Dudes are still a-dudin' with the same old swank,
Haven't got a nickel in the savings bank.
Johns arc still johnnin' at the old stage door.
Same as what they did in eighteen ninety-four.
Everything is changin', or so they say,
BUT——
Not with old Flash Alley. It's the same Broadway.
—DE VAUX THOMPSON.

Emarking

When a very popular movie actor departed for Europe on a trip the other day, the impressive parade over the steamer plank was made in the following order:

PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE
FOUR PEDIGREED BULLDOGS
(in charge of valet)
VALET
(bearing pipe rack containing fifty-seven varieties)
TEN TRUNKS
(filled with photographs, press notices and mash notes)
PRIVATE SECRETARY
STENOGRAPHER, VALET
MOVIE ACTOR
TWO VALETS
GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS
PRIVATE DETECTIVE
FIFTY TRUNKS
(containing wearing apparel and personal necessities)
BATTERY OF ADMIRING FEMALES
(with flowers)
ADDITIONAL VALETS
WIFE

ANY OTHER CANDIDATES?

The old hook-worm got back on the front page again recently with the discovery that one dose of X-ray will make the worm turn—and exit.
The hook-worm doesn't care for electricity in that form. Out in Africa, where experiments have been made with the X-ray, it was found that one round of it would change a lazy aborigine into a peppy fellow eager to take up the black man's burden.
Of course, it's nice to know that the hook-worm has been invited to take the air in Africa, but how about cancelling a few leases nearer home?
We suggest a little X-ray for:
The janitor, who has a rendezvous with a hook-worm down in the furnace room every day.
The plumber's helper, who got his license to loaf from a union, and had it OK'd by a hook-worm.
The Park Bench Sunning Ass'n, Inc., whose emblem is the hook-worm.
The bank clerks, whose motto is "Illegal Hook-worms and Legal Holidays."
The Broadway brunettes, who have their hooks in some old worm most of the time.
"I Hear—"
Interesting Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

SOCIETY as well as the writing and theatre folk are watching with eager interest the outcome of a trial separation.

The principals in the separation are persons known in all of these three distinct fields. They are Mr. and Mrs. Conde Nast.

Mrs. Nast is the daughter of Charles Coudert. Her uncle, Frederic Coudert, the famous lawyer, gave her away at her wedding with Mr. Nast nineteen years ago.

Clarisse Coudert was a handsome girl, whose beauty consisted in great part in her air of breeding. She was accomplished, earnest, and of exquisite refinement. Conde Nast was an ambitious young man with predilections for the publishing business. He was not disinclined to the social side of life. Clarisse Coudert held in her tapering white fingers the slender but potent key that by a turn could swing open the gates of society to the young stranger who stood outside them. Mr. Nast, although of engaging manner and entertaining quality, had not passed those portals until his marriage. He was in love with Carlisse Coudert, but he was not insensible of the advantages derivable from his marriage with her. Miss Coudert was in love, but looked not beyond the altar and the now. It should not be expected of one who is in love to look beyond the now into the then. But some there be who are so far-sighted that they do.

The marriage of the Nasts was very happy. It passed into the stage of reasonably happy, which wiseacres say is all that may be expected of love after its first five intoxicant years. There were two children. The elder, Coudert, is at Harvard. The daughter, Clarisse II., is attending a smart school up the Hudson.

Mrs. Nast was proud of her husband's progress in the publishing business. She contributed no little aid to it. Her taste was the final arbiter in many questions that arose in the editorial sanctum.

It was this hand-in-handness, this common interest that misled their friends of the three strata, aforesaid. Society, the stage and Publishers' Row were astounded when they learned that the Conde Nasts had separated!

"After seventeen years!" exclaimed a lovely theatrical star who has much to forgive, and who for reasons of church and finance and domesticity has concluded to forgive. "Why not endure to the end? If only for the children's sake?"

"But the children are both away at school," returned Mrs. Nast. "At all events two separate menages are better than one that is divided in spirit!"

Mr. Nast remained in the home in a side street that had been theirs for most of the seventeen years of their marriage. Mrs. Nast migrated to a tasteful home on Park Avenue.

Confidantes of both have confided to their own confidantes. One of them has told the writer the reason for the separation.

"It is no other woman on his part nor any other man on hers," say the loyal friends. "It was dancing that separated them.

"Clarisse is an exquisite creature. She is as fine as a flower and as sensitive. She detested the promiscuity of dancing, even among her friends. She used to say, 'I can't bear some huge paw soiling the back of my gown. It is even worse if it touches my back. I won't dance.'"

Her husband was of a different mind. Dancing to him was recreation after the day's cares. It cleared his brain. It lightened his spirits. It was a mental and spiritual tonic. Therefore, when he was unable to persuade his spouse to go to the dancing parties to which they were invited he went alone. Having retired, Mrs. Nast would hear the door of her husband's room softly close; would hear him go quietly down stairs; would hear the street door snap upon its lock.

Her friends would tell her how divinely he danced and ask her whether she was feeling better. There was discussion, of course, well bred discussion,

(Continued on next page)
Six

(Continued from page 5) which ended with the husband's oft reiterated: "I want my freedom."

He has it. She has it. Their friends say that the trial separation is so satisfactory that it may become a permanent one.

To those who are proud of being progressive it is one of the signs of the times. A sign that the modern marriage is impatient of shackles. That it resents the command, the "ought."

Mr. AND MRS. LYDIG HOYT and Neysa McMein were among the guests at the mask ball of the Liberator's at Greenwich Village. And early this month Mrs. Hoyt departed in her role of Lady Diana of "The Squaw Man" for twelve weeks of trooping. Her husband smilingly bade her godspeed. But we wonder what the lawyer thinks as he sits alone in their house on East Sixty-fifth Street, with only Mickey, the black and yellow police dog, for companion.

Still, the ambitious young woman, setting forth at twenty-seven to conquer the stage, says she is making a concession to domesticity. If she were a bachelor girl she would work this summer in a stock company. As it is, she will spend two months at their country home at Woodbury on Long Island.

A wife is what a man stands for; a flapper is what he falls for.

CONTINUANCE in life has its compensations. For instance, Allan Pollock, wondering as he drags his war-shattered and pain-attended body about, wonders why his friends, Henry B. Stanford and the rest, were taken and he remains. But there is the successful play, one of the hugely successful ones of the season, "The Bill of Divorcement," by way of answer. Mr. Pollock is a bachelor. One wonders why he chose to spend Christmas alone at his fireside, though invitations rained upon him. "It's a way I have for certain reasons," he said. Who so bold as to attempt to climb that wall of British reserve?

And now May Yohe of the many colored, mosaic life, has sought the last refuge of the feminine storm-tossed, the little harbor of a tea room. She is at 150 West Forty-fifth Street.

Sometimes to oblige an old friend of lengthened memory she will sing a song or two, just enough to reveal the rich flutiness of her three famous notes and the emptiness of those that did not, through lack of deserts, go down to fame.

Hear that whatever the fate of her husband's play, "The National Anthem," Laurette Taylor will appear this spring in a dramatization of Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque." Wonder if Fannie will rise and denounce that?

Nobody knows how wicked a great city really is except the country deacons who come on twice a year to buy goods.

THE TATLER has several times commented on the climb to greater heights of young women of spectacular careers. Dorothy Russell is the latest to deserve mention in THE TATLER's hall of worthy fame.

The daughter of Lillian has a pretty gift for writing music. Publishers have encouraged her to write a cycle of songs. A musical comedy has been outlined and upon the advice of Shepherd Burnside of the Lambs, and less incidentally of the Hippodrome, she is filling it in. Miss Russell wearied of the smoke and other inseparable features of Pittsburgh, where she has been living with her mother and her stepfather, Alexander Moore. She besought her step-parent for an allowance. She is living above a tea room on the West Side, with a charwoman in attendance for a few hours a day. The young woman has addressed herself as earnestly to work as once she gave herself to the pursuit of pleasure.

No girl wants a man for a close friend.

Rumors of a separation between the Conway Tearles persists. There are two reasons why the most intimate friends of the pair doubt the stories. One is that the swarthy actor is notoriously negligent of his wardrobe. He requires an incessantly vigilant wife to keep him dressed up to his lithographs. Left to himself, Mr. Tearle will revert to sport caps for first nights at the theatres. He needs Adele's watchful-of-details eyes. One who probed the rumors to the depth of asking of their truth (Continued on page 8)
GRACE BIZET
one of the dainty bits in the
“Greenwich Village Follies”
(Continued from page 6)

from Adele Rowland Tearle herself received the answer: “Do you know how much he is earning? I would be a fool to separate from a man who earns as much as that.”

And both smile happily.

WHENEVER or wherever they marry, or by whom they are married, is beside the mark to Cupid. The tiny tricksy god is satisfied that the devotion between the society beauty, Mrs. Philip Lydig and the picturesque bachelor preacher, Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, continues. Mrs. Lydig sits in a middle seat of a middle pew and turns a rapt face upon the preacher, listening with that attention which is sweet flattery to any less than a stone man, to every word of his twice a Sabbath discourse.

F. S. MONTANE, who wrote “The Rose Girl,” has settled his breach of promise suit out of court. A platonic, wholly proper, prettily romantic case it was on the defendant’s part. One of those worship-her-at-a-distance cases. But the bachelor librettist’s determining that marriage would halt his labor of composition, settled the suit out of court, and generously, I have heard.

ANTICIPATION

THEY had just closed a business deal to their mutual satisfaction, and Jones suggested to Brown that they drop around to a certain place where they still serve it and have something. Brown was agreeable.

As the waiter served them, Jones reached over and shook hands with Brown. They finished the drink and ordered another.

The waiter set it down in front of them, and again Jones took Brown by the hand.

A third time they ordered, and once more Jones went through the formality. “Why do you insist on shaking hands before each drink?” demanded Brown, at last.

Jones sighed. “A man never said, “But if we friends.”

DON’T believe the many rumors of a parting of the ways of the Florenz Ziegfelds. Billie Burke has cast her hat into the matrimonial ring to stay. She says that the matrimonial ship that can weather the first two years of marriage should hoist the black flag if it cannot go on to port.

“Through much tolerance one comes to understanding. Through understanding to adjustment” is her maxim of marriage.

Poor little Alice in the Wonderland of an uncertain World! The breakdown of Alice Brady after a fortnight of her play, “Drifting,” was another misstep in her stumbling path of the last year. The dark-eyed girl who holds the hearts of many thousand movie patrons in the palm of her hand has been treading the way of sorrow in marriage. That she has freed herself from the incubus of misery in matrimony, rejoicing her friends in the audiences. Her illness and the menace of an operation for appendicitis grieves them. Particularly since many of them know that by too stern and rigorous diet Miss Brady has rid herself of her one-time alluring curves. Alice’s backbone shows as plainly as the springs of a horsehair sofa without hair, and you can count her ribs at a glance. This has left her with little resistance. But she has done this because she thinks no actress should be fat. If she dies she will be a victim to her art.

THE model married man of musical comedy they call Chauncey Olcott. Mrs. Olcott, who was once Margaret O’Donovan, joined her singing lord at Chicago on New Year’s Eve. She will travel with him and “The Ragged Robin” company indefinitely. Mrs. Olcott spends a part of each year on tour with the star. When his season has ended they will return to their beautiful and tasteful home that is building on the bank of East River, near Fifty-seventh Street. There they will have for neighbors Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt on one side and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dillman (Marjorie Rambeau) on the other.
Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, forsaking domesticity and society for the stage, in “The Squaw Man”

Kyra, who is appearing in vaudeville, and little else
In This Magazine for January, 1947

The government announces that bootlegging will be practically wiped out by the close of next year.

Pauline Frederick, who is appearing in a new picture, denies that she is about to be married again.

Lee and Jake built five new theaters yesterday, further up town, and plan to build three more tomorrow. The Strand has moved up as far as Yonkers.

In France the skirts now stop at the knees. On Broadway they stop at nothing. It is rumored that Doug and Mary will star together in a picture this season for the first time since their marriage.

Fanny Ward, who was a prominent soubrette in the 1880’s, is now appearing in a kid part in a new picture and winning fresh laurels.

The disarmament conference which met in 1921 is said to be getting ready to adjourn.

A yardmaster on the New York Central was killed yesterday by being hit in the head by a quart bottle of hootch which a passenger on a fast train had hanging out of a window.

Times Square is very desolate these nights as it is occupied now entirely by the cloak and suit business and nobody goes down that far in the evening.

“Ben Hur” and “Maytime” are both being revived for the present season.

Ed Wynn opened his new piece, “A Fool There Was,” last night and sprang that new one about the chauffeur running over himself.

Bebe Daniels had her picture taken while at the wheel of her automobile—for the first time in her life.

Thomas H. Ince has taken to putting his own name on the screen as a producer, this being an entirely new idea. The name is only slightly larger than the stars’. An author got his name on the screen last week and dropped dead of shock.

Being Translated

“Does ‘Veni, vidi, vici’ mean “I came, I saw, I won it?”

“Sometimes—but, when you’re wed, it means, “I’ve been, and gone, and done it!”

Our Want-Ad Department

(To insert ads in this column telephone Ginsberg Seven-oí-oí and ask for Mr. Fish. Care should be taken not to call the Aquaurium.)

LOST—In lobby of the Madison Theater by a lady—a half-pint flask with gold trimmings. Liberal reward. Address Box 1144.

WANTED—Tame Airedale with thick bark that can stand rigorous weather on a road tour. BINKS EDUCATED CANINES, LTD.

LOST—My husband, a vaudeville juggler. Finder please shoot him in the juggler vein and don’t return him to me. MAZIE TABASCO.

OPPORTUNITY—Mlle. La Blanche, mind reader, will be out of her present and tenth matrimonial entanglement by March 1 and would like to correspond with legible gent. Object alimony. It is hard for a mind reader to keep a husband long. Aged millionaire with hard cough preferred.

WANTED—Will pay liberal sum for picture of Mary Pickford, even one on postcard. Have not been able to find one in two years’ search. K. J. H., Box 13.

REWARD—For the whereabouts of my husband. He is sure he did not send them to the tailor. Mlle. Lutie de Vere, Box 23.

FOR RE NT OR SUB-LET—One goldfish globe and a phonograph. We are breaking up housekeeping. THE DANCING DUGANS.

WANTED—Man who can speak English to write sub-titles for motion pictures. Nobody with previous experience will be hired. PARADOX FILMS.
MARCH, 1922

Eleven

MARION COAKLEY
in "The Mountain Man"

Photo by Abbe
Knights of the Garter

EVERYONE is more or less familiar with the story of the lady of the court who lost hers, and about the bird who found it and gently returned it to the lady instead of holding it for ransom or to show to his friends. The king you remember created a new order on account of it and made the finder a knight, because he was pure minded.

I coincide with the king. I maintain there is nothing wrong about a garter. Take the old song for instance:

"There's a bathing girl in Dover
And her form fits her all over
She's a darling, she's a dear
When she's swimming in the drip,
She just gives her feet a flip,
And the boys all gather 'round from far and near.
Now this girlie met a broker,
A jolly, rich old joker,
She met him while a-swimming in the sea.
This broker was a card
And she fell for him so hard,
That she broke her — (pause)
That she broke her — (pause)
That she broke her garter just below the knee."

You see, that sentimental little ballad bears me out that a garter or a pair of garters may be perfectly pure in sentiment, and such. There is no doubt that a pair of garters may be pure.

Pure para rubber.
Pure para garters.
Simple isn't it?
I took the matter up with Baron Locomoto Ataxi, the Japanese envoy to the Oriental Gardens in Greenwich Village and he says in his country they do not wear them, but he has no doubt they may be pure. They are as far as he is concerned. He is sure of that.

George Bernard Shaw, the great controversial writer, refused to discuss the subject, on the ground that it was banned. Sort of elastic band as it were.

Flo Ziegfeld was approached. He rubbed his forehead reflectively and said that he remembered a show once that was called the Star and Garter, which had a lot of the latter and very little of the former, but personally he said he was more interested in stars than he was—and here he blushed, and asked to be excused.

Adolph Zukor said to ask Edison.

They have some great poets in Cork
And a few merry rhymsters in York,
While on Norway's cold breezes
Are blown rhythmic wheezes
By Snoilsky, Bjornsen and Bjork.

JINX—Does your wife wear rubber heels?
JINX—Not on your life, she don't. I won't permit it.
"What's the objection?"
"They're too dangerous. A friend of mine bought his wife a pair of them about a year ago, and last week she presented him with a bouncing baby boy."

There's no use in worrying over the equal distribution of wealth so long as we have the chorus girl with us. She attends to that.

Hood Mendel, of Alpine, Tex., shot two bears when a third attacked him, and he hugged the bear to death.
It is plain to see why Hood will be the most popular young man in that vicinity from now on.

Professor Potkettle, the eminent ornithologist is considering the daily reading of birth control literature to the storks in the Bronx zoo with an idea of controlling the product at its source.
Katherine Cornell in "A Bill of Divorcement"

Edward Thayer Monroe

Lenore Ulrich in the season's hit, "Kiki"

Ira W. Hill Studio

MARCH, 1922

Thirteen
HALF of the world doesn't know what the other half writes. That's what editors are for—to protect their loyal and unsuspecting readers from being inflicted with the illiterary effusions of those who are possessed with the idea they can write, and can't. Strangely enough, the efforts of these mental pygmies usually take the form of poetry. They just will write poetry and sent it to the editor. Charles Frohman used to say "There is a playwright to every block in New York." Your editor believes that there is a would-be poet to every block in the country. What would Milton, or Tennyson, or Byron say could he peruse these? What do you say? Postal regulations prevent us from expressing our opinion here, but maybe you can guess our innermost thought. Let's go:

IN THE MONTH OF JUNE

Wedding bells ringing everywhere.
Sweet roses perfumed air.
All the earth is covered with carpets of green.
All kinds of birds are seen.
The sheep grazing in the meadow.
On the woodpath is the beautiful sunshine and shadow.
Pretty bouquets of red roses go to the church with each bride.
These rose make the girls happy and fills them with pride.
The bright blue skies above.
The birds singing sweet songs that we love.
Lovely butterflies flying from flowers to flowers.
Heavy rain and thunder showers.

BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW

When the storm has stop, And the rain has ceased to drop.
Soon we will see the bright and shining glad rainbow in the sky,
Up above the world so high,
Like a circul of iridescent color in the sky,
Brings joy to every sad heart,
After the storm has depart.

PRETTY GIRLS ON THE STAGE

Oh see the pretty girls on the stage,
All dressed with clothes that are now in a rage.
With their face so sweet and fair,
And their beautiful arranged hair.
Their face is like snow and roses.
And they look like full blown roses.

OLD SANTA

I.
Old Santy is coming this way
I hear the ring of his bells,
And the creak of his sleigh,
Chorus
Oh yes Dear Santy is coming this way, Coming this way.

II.
Old Santy is coming this way
With candies and nuts and games to play.
Chorus
Oh yes Dear Santy is coming this way, Coming this way.

HER PLACE

She has curly hair that's bobbed
And oh such soulful eyes
With ankles trim and tiny feet
And still I soliloquize.
Could she make a pie like mother
Or darn my socks real neat,
Or help to make a home for me
Or give me enough to eat.
So here I sit and ponder
Over feet and eyes and curl,
And I've come to the conclusion
She's best as a chorus girl.

OLD SANTA

I.
Old Santy is coming this way
I hear the ring of his bells,
And the creak of his sleigh,
Chorus
Oh yes Dear Santy is coming this way, Coming this way.

II.
Old Santy is coming this way
With candies and nuts and games to play.
Chorus
Oh yes Dear Santy is coming this way, Coming this way.

It is not always politeness that prompts a man to let a lady board a street car first.

The only perpetual motion is that of the sucker toward the bait.
Fifteen (race A100re in "Up in the Clouds")

Grace Moore

Fay Marbe in vaudeville and cabaret

Edward Thayer Monroe
HERE are a few answers to questions in a midwinter examination given to pupils in a New York grammar school. Looks from these as if it would be unwise to cut down educational appropriations for a while.

To resuscitate a drowning person: Grasp the arms of the deceased, etc., etc. If he doesn't come to in two or three hours he won't come to at all.

The governor is the chief executive of the State. His two chief duties are to beg all pardons and fill all the vacant chairs in the House.

A ship subsidy is when a ship has more of a load on one side than on the other and tips over.

Since the earth is smaller around at the poles than at the equator, the number of square miles at the poles would be much less unless something were done.

A frog leads a double life.

How a frog gets his food: The frog sets on a log, puts out his tongue and a fly comes along and sets on it.

Use of the skeleton: It gives something to hitch the meat to.

If you do not breath through your nose, especially when you are asleep, you will lose control of your nose.

In India a man of a cask cannot marry a woman out of another cask.

Louis sixteen was jellatined during the French War.

Niagara Falls are very high. Sometimes they spring up to 552 feet high at one leap.

The President forces the laws, the Supreme Court disputes them.

Cause of defective eyesight: Sitting in the house with your rubbers on.

Oh for an island in the turquoise sea
Where tropic zephyrs softly skim it,
That would be Paradise enough for me,
Just outside the three-mile limit!

HERE'S Broadway's best for this month:

Bill loafed about all day while his wife washed clothes to make ends meet.

One Saturday night after delivering a lot of clothes she returned with fifteen dollars and handed it to Bill, saying:

"Bill, if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to take about $2.75 of that money and buy myself a pair of shoes."

Bill shot one long, withering look at her, and said scornfully: "NOT WITH MY MONEY."

I've never seen a purple cow
And never hope to see one,
But by the purple milk we get,
I'm sure there must be one.

You are right, Hortense. To dress in style these days one should not be straight-laced, but Oh Girlie, you just gotter be straight-legged!

Since hooch containers come in the shape of books many people have become stewdious.

At twenty, Rose Marie lifted her face, so The Man could kiss her,
At forty, she had her face lifted at the Beauty Parlor, so The Man would, perhaps, kiss her.
Dainty, petite Marjorie Peterson, protege of Ted Shawn who has recently drafted this little dancer from the coast to New York. She is only sixteen and exceedingly full of promise. Just now she is appearing at the Beaux Art.
What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.

It is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to know that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the illbred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe; that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?
How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Is it correct to say, Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith or Mr. Smith, meet Miss Brown? Which of these two forms is correct: Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby? When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith or Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on very occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

Do You Know

how to introduce men and women correctly?
how to answer a dinner invitation?
how to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?
how to plan church and house weddings?
how to use table silver properly?
how to word invitations and acknowledgments?
how to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?
how to do at all times the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured?

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Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

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☑ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at five dollars, with 5 days' examination privilege.
The New and the Old

The New:
The doorman takes your bag as you get out of the taxi, expecting a tip. He hands your bag to another doorman, who also expects a tip. The second doorman hands your bag to a bellboy, who expects a tip. He leads you to the desk. The clerk glances at you loftily, and continues to sort letters. He asks you if you have a reservation, suspiciously. He accepts your assurance that you have a reservation, tentatively. He looks it up leisurely. He finds it disdainfully. He rests one hand gracefully on the desk, so that you will notice the diamond on his little finger. He hands you a graceful pen, gracefully. He watches majestically while you sign your name in the register. He says “603,” and tosses the key nonchalantly to the bellboy.

The Old:
You went into the lobby, up to the desk, dropped your bag at your feet, took a decrepit pen out of an ink-stained potato, dipped it in a mixture of ink and soft coal, and registered. The clerk thumped a bell; the bellboy came forward yawning, and the clerk shifted his quid and said: “Show the gentleman to Suite A, on the parlor floor.”

Memorial Service Station

Before long, the winter will be fleeting instead of sleetling, and those who have machines will hear the call of the robin and the garage man. The usual array of pedestrians getting tangled up in automobiles, and automobiles getting tangled up in the scenery, will begin. It would be a good plan to have a special memorial service—with all the spare parts—for such occasions. It could be learned by heart by preachers all over the country, and would be a great convenience for them in officiating upon short notice at an unexpected funeral.

Organ Prelude: “Keep your tail-lights burning.”
Announcement of Text: “Blessed are the pacemakers, for they shall disinherit the earth.”
Offertory Hymn: “There’s a little spark of gas still burning.”
Sermon: “Consider the joyriders; they toil not but they certainly do spin.”
Song (by the Six-Cylinder Four): “I am a skidder saved by grease.”
Organ Postlude: “Crossing the grade crossing.”

Are You Worrying Over Being Fat?

Spare your nerves! Get to facts and learn the quick, easy and sensible way to reduce. Not by strenuous exercising—half starving—taking dangerous medicines or debilitating baths. Use Dr. Lawton’s Guaranteed Fat Reducer. This wonderful device (not electrical), praised by thousands of men and women who have regained normal, healthy figures with it, positively reduces excess flesh and at the same time vitalizes the muscles and enlivens blood circulation, giving an all-round healthy and vigorous feeling. Results usually come in 3 to 5 days. If reduction isn’t shown taking place within 11 days, full trial period, your money will be returned. Just apply the Reducer for 10 minutes, night and morning.

Dr. Lawton’s Fat Reducer costs only $5. Nothing else to buy. Get your Reducer today. (If sent by mail, add 20c., $5.20 in all, for postage, packing and insurance.)

Dr. Thomas Lawton
Dept. 230, 120 W. 70th St., New York City
Feminine Necessities and Novelties

Cape Back Effects—Muffs—Waistcoats—Guimpes
Crowding Out Waists—The "Comfort Veil"—Spring Shades

MODELS for women's suits this spring are numerous. It is early yet and manufacturers are groping a bit for a popular style.

Cape back effects for suits and dresses are courting favor. One charming suit I have seen had a cape effect back coming from a curved yoke. The sleeves were seven-eighths length with self cuffs slightly rolled back, finished with edgings of novelty braid and tipped with semi-tailored buttons at the end of each strip of braid. The fronts of this type of suit are generally straight, sometimes fastened with a single link and sometimes with a narrow string belt which starts only at either side.

The long straight-line coat and straight skirt so popular in last year's suits are putting in a bid for popularity this year. The style is becoming to most every type and will no doubt hold its popularity this Spring.

Muffs have been rather out (Continued on page 24)

Paris predicts shawls for wraps and evening dresses. Here is a shawl of exquisite workmanship imported for either wraps or dresses.
Two-piece cape dress designed in black and silver.

This decided-ly smart evening gown is designed in green Roma crepe, with applique of black velvet, embroidered with crystal beads.

The stamp of approval goes with hand-made simply trimmed underwear for children. This dainty garment is of Truhn Radium.

Blue and silver lace which gives the effect of a rich brocade has been used in this gorgeous dress. A narrow silver ribbon sash is its only trimming. (Fashion camera.)
At last the secret that scientists have been searching for has been discovered. No more self-denials or discomfort. Just follow the simple new secret, and pound after pound of your weight will disappear each day—the very first week! Most people begin to see actual results in 48 hours!

This new way to reduce is different from anything you have ever tried before. It is a sure way. Men and women who have been struggling for years against constantly increasing flesh, who have tried everything from distressing diets to strenuous exercising, find this new method almost miraculous. Not only has it quickly reduced their weight, but it has given them renewed strength and vigor.

You'll enjoy reducing this new way—it's so simple and easy. You'll be down to your normal weight before you realize it—and without the least bit of discomfort. Why, you'll actually enjoy your meals as never before!

Here's the Secret

Food causes fat—and Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, has discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, are converted entirely into blood, tissue, and bone. And in the meantime your excess flesh is eaten up for energy at the rate of a pound or more a day! To lose weight, if you eat two certain kinds of foods together at the same meal, they are immediately converted into fat. But if you eat these same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, no fat. It's a simple natural law—but it works like magic.

Don't starve yourself! Don't punish yourself with violent exercise. You can eat whatever you like and do whatever you want. Just observe this new simple system of food combinations as worked out by Christian, and watch your excess weight vanish!

How You Can Have Free Proof

Realizing the importance of his discovery, Eugene Christian has incorporated all his valuable information into 12 simple lessons, called "Weight Control, the Basis of Health," which will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. These lessons reveal all the startling facts about the recent food discoveries, and show you how to eat off a pound or more of weight a day.

Prove it! Test this wonderful new way of reducing at our expense. Send results 48 hours—and if you don't there is no cost to you. Fat people are not attractive; they suffer dyspeptic ills; doctors say they die young. Why continue to carry this harmful weight, when you can lose it so quickly, so easily, so naturally? Let us send you Eugene Christian's Course in weight-control on free trial.

No Money in Advance

This is a special Free Proof Offer. You need not send any money in advance. The complete 12 lesson course, containing all of the valuable information regarding the wonderful new food and combination discoveries, will be sent free to your door. Just mail the coupon and the course will be sent to you at once.
Maxixe Ladies’ Safety Razor

Ready for the occasion which requires an evening gown or bathing suit.

Avoid dangerous methods of removing hair.

The ordinary safety razor is too wide for the curves under the arms. The “Maxixe” is made just for this purpose, only \( \frac{3}{4} \) of an inch wide.

The “Maxixe” is beautifully gold plated, packed one in a box, four blades, and a cake of antiseptic soap.

Sent Postpaid on receipt of $1.00

OVERLAND MFG. CO. (Dept. 7.)
73 West 23rd Street
New York

(Continued from page 21)

of the running, but with the advent of Spring suits the old two-piece muff and scarf sets are putting in their appearance. The most widely shown sets are made of taupe fox.

I think I have spoken before of waistcoats to be worn with suits. They are very comfortable and extremely chic and although a bit extreme now, if women have the courage to try them they will not easily be discarded. For sports wear cotton homespun is used for striped waistcoats in natural colors and two-tone effect. For dressy suits satin waistcoats are used in lighter shades of gray, brown or blue than the suit.

Blouses are very varied in style. A stunning sports type is made of heavy white cloth with red leather trimmings.

The guimpe is sort of putting the waist into the background. Few women can gracefully wear a skirt and waist, so most women prefer to wear a guimpe and keep her coat on. The Peter Pan and Puritan shape collars with matching cuffs are always good. For these guimpes striped and plain linens are used, some have embroidered dots in white, outlined in color.

Guimpes of checked silk are also popular. These are trimmed with hand drawn work and edged with cluny lace.

An interesting development in this line is the sleeved guimpe for wear with sleeveless jackets or coatees. One good looking guimpe was made of biege crepe de chine, plain tailored with box pleats across the front. The back was the regular guimpe back of china silk while the long sleeves were of crepe de chine.

Some Paris shops are showing chiffon embroidered guimpes with long sleeves in various styles. These guimpes are very dressy and can transform a sleeveless dress for formal wear into a dress for semi-formal wear.

There is a new veil on the market called the “Comfort veil.” It has the double advantage of being easy to adjust and snug fitting enough to keep the hair in place.
MARCH, 1922

Lillian Woods, one of the fluffies in the Ziegfeld Roof Show.

Madge Merritt in the Midnight Frolic.

Lillian Woods, one of the fluffies in the Ziegfeld Roof Show.

Hazel Dawn in "The Demi-Virgin"

Photo by Tornello.
MYRTILLA was not happy.

A bride of three months, she found that she was married to a gas stove, a globe of goldfish, a victrola and an assortment of installment furniture.

Her two-room kitchenette overlooked the gas works and several other things. The smell from the gas works outlasted the honeymoon in staying power. She caught occasional glimpses of Ferdinand at dinner and in the morning when he was shaving for his daily trip in the interurban boobway. The goldfish were pleasant little things but, after the first few weeks, amiable though they were, they lost their charm.

And Myrtilla was not happy.

She thought of the good job in the five-and-ten that she had forsaken to take up a life-partnership with the gas-stove.

One night Ferdinand brought home a movie magazine. She read it. Fate was there in every line. Myrtilla was pretty. She was ambitious.

The next morning, after Ferdinand had swallowed his coffee and had departed on a run with a doughnut in each hand, Myrtilla repaired to a movie lot. She got a job as an extra. In an hour she was at work.

It seemed she was understudying the leading lady. Myrtilla did all the stunts and the star got the close-ups. It was Myrtilla who was thrown from the bucking broncho, rolled down an embankment, lifted from an automobile to an airplane, plunged into a lake and rescued by the hero. Fortunately her hair was her own.

At 5 o'clock, after she had spent two months there in one day, she was told she might go home and return at 8 o'clock in the morning for a sensational fall off the Palisades with a horse.

She took her $5 for the day's work and dragged herself home.

When she got there she kissed each individual goldfish, hugged the gas stove and put a jazz on the victrola. She got a job as an extra. In an hour she was at work.

ON WITH THE DANCE

IT began in the Garden of Eden, with a fancy step known as the Apple Bounce.

Noah introduced the grand march for the first time going into the Ark. Later he tried an evening of dancing on board, but it didn't go so well, especially when the animals began to change partners.

When a rabbit got paired with a giraffe, and a squirrel with a cow, the band struck up "Home, Sweet Home;" and the lights were put out.

The favorite dance of ancient Egypt was the Cleopatra Clutch. They say it was a live one—particularly after she threw out the clutch.

The early Christians did a few steps in the Coliseum for the amusement of the wholly Roman Empire.

In the Dark Ages, victims of the Spanish Inquisition danced—temporarily.

Modern dancing is more congested than it has ever been before. By taking up a 9x12 rug, you can have a ballroom at a moment's notice.

Dancing is at a standstill.

You simply toddle until your cheeks become calloused.
Two pretty lilies of different fields: Gish of the movies, Tashman of the Show Shop
Those White House Sports

Washington was a fox hunter. Old John Quincy Adams took an occasional dip in the Potomac. Andrew Jackson had a weakness for horse racing and cock fighting. Ben Harrison was a duck shooter, but it's never been held against him. Grover Cleveland went fishing.

But in these modern times, we seem to have settled down to one continuous round of full-grown golfers. Why is it, when there are so many good games to pick from, that we have to keep on turning the executive mansion into a nineteenth hole?

The next time there's a presidential election, we're going to throw our influence toward a croquet fiend or a pacheshi hound—just for a change. There was Taft, who played golf for the same reason that a woman takes Turkish baths. He was as faithful to the links as a sausage; in fact one of the first things he did when he got into office was to fill nine holes—the Cabinet vacancies.

Somehow a golfer who uses a golf course just as a fat lady uses a lemon—to reduce with—doesn't seem exactly sportsmanlike. It's such a large body after such a small pill.

Next we put in another golfer, long and lean, who didn't have to play to reduce, but went into it because it gave him an excuse to wear his golf cap on all occasions—walking, campaigning, touring, and living in Paris.

And now we have another one, who looks well in the togs, but still we need a change. If for no other reason, it would at least lend some variety to the weekly news reels.

Even a put-and-take president would be a welcome novelty.

Foreigners traveling in this country say that thirst impressions are the most lasting.

I heard the manager of a certain theatre say the other day that there was enough chewing gum stuck on the bottom of the seats to make Wrigley poor if it was reused.

It is a very short distance from Canada to the United States as the Old Crow flies.

Anti-dry organizations over the entire country are quietly at work enrolling members for future agitation against the eighteenth amendment. When their lists are completed it would make a good "Who's stewed in America."

NO EQUALITY YET

We will continue to regard the fair sex as the privileged characters in this world until a man, on a street car or at a theatre or in a restaurant, can:

(1) unstrap his brief case,
(2) take out a razor and shaving cream,
(3) lather up,
(4) shave,
(5) apply witch hazel,
(6) and finish off with talcum,—and do it all without attracting any more attention or comment than a girl using her lipstick and her rouge.

THE SCALPER

Five dollars in dough
For a two-dollar show
That is worth only one at the most.
He's the modern Cap. Kidd
And we do as we're bid
As we near the theatrical coast.
The pirate of old,
If the truth should be told,
Was an honest old thief, in a way.
He was surely a gent
With a sincere intent
When compared with the pirate today.

—MerceDES BUICK.
Beryl Halley in "Tangerine"
Photo by Tornello

Alice McGill in "Good Morning, Dearie"
Edward Thayer Monroe

Emma Haig in the "Music Box Revue"
OLD Silas Purdy got through with the milkin' on a bitter cold morning and struggled through the snowdrifts to the house where his wife Marthy was baking the pancakes. His brow was troubled.

"Marthy," he said, "we don't hear much from our datter Lucy this winter. I suppose the pore child is havin' a purty tough time with that musical comical show she is with."

"I'm afeerd so, Sile," replied Marthy, "and probably she is too proud to write home. It's a cold winter, Sile, to be in a big town like N'York on a small salary like her'n."

"They tell me N'Yawk gits purty cold when it does git cold," said Sile, "and prob'le the place she is livin' in ain't got no modern conveniences like this home she up and left."

And Sile took the tin wash basin and went out to the pump, chopped the ice away from it with an axe and washed his face and hands.

"It's powerful cold," said Marthy, "and the wind has nigh put the kitchen fire out two or three times this morning. I gotta go upstairs now and sweep the snow out'n our bedroom where it blowed in during the night."

At 9 o'clock Cale Harkins, the rural mail carrier, struggled through the snow drifts up to the house and left a couple of mail-order catalogues and a magazine.

"What do you hear from your datter Lucy?" he inquired.

"Nothin' much," said Sile.

"I pity them fools that has got to stay in the city in weather like this," said Cale.

Sile opened up the magazine and suddenly sat straight in his chair. He pointed out a picture in it with the stem of his pipe and passed it over to Marthy.

"It's a pitcher of our datter Lucy," he said.

Indeed it was, and it was a style picture showing one of the latest gowns. The caption was: "Latest Paris dinner gown, worn from the shops of Mme. Bluff-Jordan. Posed by Miss Lucille Purdee, the beautiful show-girl of 'The Banalities of 1922.'"

"Why, the pore thing," said Marthy.

"Look at our datter, Sile. She ain't got nothin' to wear but a rig like that, this cold weather."
Help the Poor Movie Star

A CONDITION exists in this country which is nothing short of an outrage.

We refer to the meagre pittance given the poor movie star for his services. For some time it has been known that these unfortunate young men have been forced to live on next to nothing. Not infrequently, indeed, do we hear of this one or that being obliged to worry along on $115,000 a year. Long have we known of these things and have wondered how long this scandal would be permitted to exist.

We have helped the starving Belgians, the Russians, the Armenians, the Yaps and the Tasmanians, to say nothing of the Herzegovinians, the Mesopotamians and the Finns.

But here in our very midst has existed suffering and want almost too pitiable to mention. What, may we ask, do the producing concerns do with their profits? It is high time to ask.

A very flagrant and unusual case brings this matter to a head now. The grasping methods of employers are here revealed in all their hideousness.

A prominent movie actor was sued for separate maintenance by his wife. He testified in court that he could pay her only $40 a month for the support of herself and the children for the reason that his income as a motion picture actor is only $46,000 a year.

That a man who is nearly a star in his line should be paid a mere trifle like that for his services is a condition almost too horrible for print, but it must come out soon or late. He testified that his taxicab expense in a year is no less than $2,500 and everybody knows you can't get anywhere in a taxicab for $2,500. Look how he has been obliged to pinch and save on that one item alone.

If this man had not entered the movies and had taken a position which he might have filled well, for instance, traveling man for a patent electric hair-curler or for a non-skid paper napkin, he might be raking down $30 a week.

And, it is just to say that there are many like him. Many of them, no doubt, are struggling along with only three or four motor cars and a mere half-dozen servants. When we think of the brain-power they put into their work, kissing heroines and hugging vamps all day long, the sin against them is unpardonable.

Help the poor movie actor. The line will form on the left.

The Stuff of Dreams

If you dream that you are pursued by a dark man carrying a club, you had better cut out the late suppers.

If you dream that you are pursued by a pretty girl, don't be discouraged. If,
The Little Eavesdropper

Doting parents who want to perform the duties of chaperone without appearing on the scene can install the social dictaphone, which is supposed to relieve their conscience at the same time that it relieves their embarrassment.

Thus, when Harold, the ribbon clerk pays court to daughter in the front parlor, the dear girl’s mother and papa can get a line on things from afar.

Mama, upstairs in the sewing room, may keep herself informed as to Harold’s intentions—whether honorable or otherwise. And papa, downstairs siphoning off some of last week’s stuff, can dope out whether Harold is serious, or simply wasting daughter’s time and the family electric lights.

He can figure, from what the little dictaphone tells him, whether the young man would make a good son-in-law, or simply prove another source of expense. Moreover, he can keep one eye on the parlor while keeping both eyes on the brew.

Certain parlor seances, however, would be apt to prove baffling to the family eavesdroppers. The thing would work all right as long as conversation continued, but by the time the young people had found a substitute, the dictaphone would be on half time.

It would be difficult to figure just how Harold was behaving, if all papa and mama managed to catch over the wire was: “Um . . . Oh . . . Um Eee-oh . . . Um . . . Whew!”

Beware the Hides of March

If heaven doesn’t protect the poor chorus working-girl’s chest during the blustery month of March, who will?

Dr. Copeland, health commissioner of New York, says it is perfectly safe to wear silk stockings in winter. It may be safe for the wearers but how about the witnesses?

A girl named Ruth went to a Greenwich Village ball. “What did Ruth’s costume consist of?” asked a friend. “Mostly Ruth,” was the reply.

A few years ago the girls were willing to wear next to anything, which only goes to show how styles change. Now they are willing to wear next to nothing.

An actress who lives in an apartment on Fifty-eighth street has an ice-box that has been robbed three times. She is thinking of buying a chest protector.

Women who were pursued, used to show a clean pair of heels. Now they show a clean pair of knees.

Beauty is only skin deep and the place to get skinned is in the average beauty parlor.

Every woman comes by her complexion naturally. It is perfectly natural for her to go to a drug store for it.

The skin she loves to touch is a sealskin.

One good way to keep the chaps away in March is to eat garlic.

How mad is a March hair when it is bobbed?
LEAVE ME WITH A SMILE

YOUR FAVORITE ORCHESTRA IS PLAYING IT
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
Sing It!! Play It!! Dance To It!!

A DELIGHTFUL FOX-TROT

By
Earl Burtnett
and
Chas. Koehler

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Waterson Berlin & Snyder Co.
Strand Theatre Building, N.Y.
The Two Breeziest Things in the World!

MARCH and

THE TATLER

March blows your hat away but The Tatler blows your troubles away.

It's the greatest cheer-up there is today. Read it through and you'll be in such a happy mood that you won't mind making out your income tax a bit.

Twelve issues packed with laughs, artistic pictures, gossip, fashions, etc.

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