WIN $50.00
in "THE TATLER'S"
Unpopularity Contest
Have you got a kick coming?
Here's your chance to register it and win $50.00 at the same time
Kick against anything or anybody you don't like

$50.00 will be paid for the funniest kick
also
$50.00 will be paid for the best serious kick

Send in your kick and with it send two hundred words or less, explaining why you are kicking.
You can explain your kick in a satirical or otherwise humorous, funny way, or you can be serious about it.
The writer of the funniest kick will receive $50.00 in cash.
The writer of the best serious kick will also receive $50.00 in cash.
You can kick against anything you don't like or that you think should be abolished, such as long skirts, prohibition, the income tax, lap dogs, high heels, tips, etc.
Or you can kick against any person, man or woman, whom you think is a menace or a nuisance and should be elected to private life and seclusion.

With your kick send your reasons
Kick early and often
You can kick as many times as you wish against as many things or persons as you wish, but each kick should be written on a separate sheet of paper.
All kicks must be in "THE TATLER" office before 12 o'clock noon, February 20th, 1922, as the contest closes then.
The most meritorious of the kicks will be printed in the March and subsequent issues of "THE TATLER" and paid for at space rates excepting the two prize winners, who will each receive a $50.00 prize.
The Editors of "THE TATLER" will pass upon the merit of the kicks.
Watch for the result of the contest in the March issue.

Send your kick now to
UNPOPULARITY CONTEST EDITOR
Tatler Publishing Corp.
1819 Broadway
New York City, N. Y.

And see if you can win the $50.00 prize
Musings of Old Man Hattan

I HAVE been around here a long time, but I have never seen an actor who couldn't name off-hand the best actor in the world.

Since Prohibition, advertising has kind of fallen off. Not so many stars have three-sheets in the wind as formerly.

Government has ruled that when a woman gets a passport to go abroad, she has to give her married name. Now, ain't that just the darndest luck to have a lot of trips spoiled that way?

Actor and actress married by telegraph while three thousand miles apart. Those who have been wired together let no man put asunder.

One café jazz orchestra was all broken up the other night. The chef of the café borrowed five of the drummer's skillets and two wash-boilers, and there was no music that evening.

More good shows are put out of business by impoliteness in the box-office than by poor acting.

It is a long road that has no company walking home.

It looks as though, pretty soon, the Producing Managers' Assn. will have everything except producing managers.

Never ask regarding an actor's whereabouts. Maybe he is staying in bed while they are at the tailor's.
Silence is the college yell of the school of experience.

We don't know much about economics, but we think that before the currency is made any more elastic it ought to be made a little more adhesive.

If women were as frank with the customs officers as they are with the photographers when they land from abroad, nothing would be smuggled.

When women dress to the height of fashion, most of the emphasis is on the height.

A vaudeville fortune-teller and second-sighter has struck for an increase in salary. She's a prophetess.

A Child's Welfare Association has been formed, probably to look after the patrons of a famous chain of restaurants.

Disarmament of the Movies

We believe that the disarmament of the movies is a good idea. It was broached at the disarmament conference at Washington. And it has been taken seriously.

Being here on the ground where first presentations are made we are in a position to note the effect of arms in the movies on the young. Having a special leased wire from Los Angeles and Hollywood, we learn constantly of the effects of heavy armaments upon the actors and actresses.

Thus occupying a judicial position in the matter, we are prepared to offer the following suggestions, to be adopted and enforced immediately.

Cowboys and bandits in all Western pictures shall be armed only with bean blowers. Burglars who blow up safes shall not be permitted to have dynamite but shall use the good old prohibition explosive, yeast.

The weapons of movie heroines shall be removed entirely, this including lipstick, eye-lash paste, grease paint, rouge, powder, permanent waves, short skirts, studio smiles, dimples, peroxide, trimmed eye-brows, Woolworth jewelry and Cupid's-bow mouths.

The celebrated comedy weapons such as custard pies, bladders, baseball bats, Ford cars and jardinières shall be eliminated entirely.

No movie actor shall carry anything on the hip.

It shall be illegal for a hero to shoot a man-eating lion. He shall fight the lion with his fists. In the case of a ferocious alligator he shall not throw a bomb into the creature's open mouth but shall approach deftly and feed him anthrax germs out of a teaspoon.

If Caesar must be stabbed he shall be stabbed with a fresh and limber codfish.

The youth of our broad land, which, by the way, is considerably narrower than it used to be, must be protected. The next generation must be mollycoddles. That is imperative.
MARY EATON
in the
Ziegfeld Follies
Pre-Destination
A Drama with Its Climax at the End of the Line

By Lisle Bell

SCENE—A motor bus in motion.

Time—Late afternoon.

(The bus is crowded with men, chiefly patrons of bootleggers as may be seen by the packages which they carry with solicitous care. Most of them hold the bundles on their knees, to keep the bus from jolting their good cheer.)

Conductor (as the bus stops)—Make a little more room in there, will you?

(The men edge together, and three more get on.)

Conductor (as the bus stops again)—Make a little more room in there, will you?

(The passengers move half-heartedly, and five more get on.)

Conductor (as the bus stops again) — Plenty of room inside; crowd up a little, will you?

(The passengers squeeze, and two more get in.)

Lady (climbing in at the next stop)—Oh!

Conductor—No more room in there, ma'am.

Lady—But I can't hang out here on the step.

Conductor (thrusting his head inside) — Any gentleman want to give up his seat to a lady?

(Nothing doing; evidently no gentleman does.)

Lady—Oh dear!

Passenger (jovially, after a careful glance around to make certain there's no one in the bus who knows him)—The lady might sit on my lap, if she wishes.

Lady (noticing that he isn't carrying a bundle, and correctly surmising that he must be carrying it like a gentleman, instead of like a delivery boy)—Oh, that's awfully kind of you!

(She accepts his invitation. Outside the fact that she's a trifle plump, he has no regrets. She is a snappy article, and the other occupants look on with envy.)

One of Them—The voice with the smile wins.

Another—Opportunity only knocks once at every man's knees.

Another—Always room for one more.

Lady—I hope I'm not too heavy.

Passenger (underneath; gallantly) — Light as a feather. (Pause)

Lady—A lot of travel out this way, isn't there?

Passenger—Yes, luckily for me. (Pause)

Lady—Do you ride out on this line often?

Passenger—Every day.

Lady—Oh, is that so? This is my first trip.

Passenger—How far out are you going?

Lady—I get off at the last stop, and go to the second house on the left.

Passenger (startled) — The second house on the left, did you say?

Lady—Yes.

Passenger—Good heavens, that's where I live!

Lady—Really? Well, isn't that funny! I'm your new cook!

(Is it any wonder he got out and walked the rest of the way?)

CURTAIN.

THE WISE VIRGINS

By Katherine Negley

LONG ago, the wise virgins arose, trimmed their lamps, took oil in their vessels, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. When the bridegroom came, they were ready.

Today, the wise virgins drop a little belladonna into their lamps, trim their eyebrows to a thin line, darken their lashes with a lotion, and also go forth to meet a bridegroom.

But when the prospective bridegroom comes, they keep him waiting a half hour or so, just to make them seem harder to get.

People who have no use for the prince of Peace are the loudest in denouncing the price of war.
Two of the most distinguished guests at the banquet to David Belasco given at the Biltmore by the Society of Arts and Sciences were separated by the arbitrary placement of stars of the stage at the table of honor and their spouses or sweethearts or escorts at the round tables below.

The woman, looking especially lovely in a widely décolleté black gown, and wearing a wide band of black ribbon around her fair head, a diamond necklace encircling her fair throat and diamonds raying their brilliance from her fingers, listened to her neighbor, Otto H. Kahn, but looked often at a compactly built, dark haired man who smiled understandingly at her from the tier below. She smiled her relief when the long drawn dinner with its flow of compliments Belasco-ward was over and joined the compactly built, dark haired man in the foyer of the hotel. Meeting this stage star and that magnate of the theatre she alluded to her companion as "This sweet thing" and "my husband."

He helped her into a sumptuous limousine and they drove away at one in the morning to their home at that nest of both love and content at 350 Park Ave. The pair are known to the stage as Elsie Ferguson and her husband. To banking circles and in society they are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clarke. In both of these remote-from-each-other worlds we hear the same sentiment expressed in different language. In stage land it is, "Everybody likes Elsie Ferguson's husband." In Fifth Avenue homes, and on Wall Street, "Clarke is a model husband."

Another of the trio of Self-Elected Free Wives is Irene Castle Treman. Mrs. Treman's last marriage gives every evidence of being a success, save the fact that the pair is not constantly together; and that she is occasionally seen escorted to or from the Knickerbocker grill, where she is dancing, by someone else than the wealthy hardware merchant of Ithaca. Ex-Captain Treman, though devoted to his wife, is nearly equally devoted to business. He cannot let the hardware business languish while he sits in the Knickerbocker grill watching his wife's perfect dancing.

PNA CLAIRE is another intensely modern young woman who amazes the mediocre citizen and citizeness by not constantly rattling her marriage chains. The star of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," unlike the other young women I have mentioned, is not the wife of a rich man. Her husband is a newspaper writer, rich, she says, in talent and in amiability. His working hours are the numerous and irregular labor periods of the Park Row man. He cannot always arrive at the stage door at the time his wife issues from it. Wherefore she is sometimes seen at the Plaza or elsewhere consuming a Welsh rarebit with some other and possibly handsomer man.

Each of these young women is in love.
with her husband to date, and neither entertains a thought of life apart from him. Indeed Elsie Ferguson has promised in a current magazine article to write a book about "the noblest man in the world" when she has retired from the stage and screen. Irene Castle avows that at last she is really happy. Ina Claire said she followed her heart to the altar.

The only difference between these young women and other happily married and utterly domesticated ones is that they secured from their husbands, who are moderns too, the pre-matrimonial promise that they might do as they liked. The young men, confident that the girls of their hearts would never like to do what would humiliate their husbands, heartily agreed.

One of the husbands, in a moment of club expansiveness of mood, summed the situation with, "A thoroughbred does not need a bit."

ASKED about her birthday thoughts on her sixtieth anniversary, December fourth last, Lillian Russell looked surprised.

"I hadn't realized that it was my birthday until telegrams began to arrive. Then I had so much to do in getting through the day's engagements that I hadn't a moment to think of myself nor count the birthdays; I suppose my birthday thought was the same as my all through the week thought. I borrowed it from Marcus Aurelius. It is the greatest rule of conduct ever enunciated. 'Live each day as though it were your last.'"

RUMORS of the reconciliation of a couple well known on Broadway are current. A. J. Levy, the well known race-track man and part owner of the Eltinge Theatre, looks, and is, lonely. The habit of former happiness is asserting itself. From his solitary hotel room he set forth again and again to watch his beautiful ex-wife Lillian Albertson's performance in "The Six Fifty" at the Hudson Theatre. During her illness that followed he made daily inquiries about her progress and asked to be permitted to see the invalid. The young woman was obdurate but friends of the pair still hope for a reunion of the twain, who were divorced last summer.

**BILLY BURKE** has a novel rule for holding your husband.

"Always provide him with something to forgive," she says. "Nothing so intrigues a man as snuggling up to him and begging him once more to forgive you. A reconciliation is a rekindling of the fires of love."

The hardest blow to a woman who drives a limousine is to give the right of way to another woman with a Ford.

THE amicable separation of De Wolf Hopper from his fifth wife is a theme on Rialto tongue tips. Elda Curry has gone the way of her four predecessors. She no longer abides under the same shelter with the elongated comedian. Their young son is with his mother. A definite settlement is being considered by the attorneys of the husband and wife.

Meanwhile Jack Hopper, the clever and good looking son of the comedian by his first marriage, secretary of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, is furnishing his famous papa an example in keeping himself and wife happy for a long term.

No woman takes any interest in her soul until she begins to lose her complexion.

PRETTY little Mona Ceballos, who late last year had broker Frederick Florian arrested for misappropriation of seven thousand dollars entrusted to him, has had a litigious career. She was Mona Desmond, once a chorus girl at Weber and Fields. She married L. Reed Fuller, son of a multi-millionaire of New York, but somehow lost him after a brief term marriage which some memories register as of a week's duration. A Mexican husband, named Ceballos, then appeared and disappeared. Edna May named her as the co-respondent in her suit against Fred Titus for divorce. Last year the blue-
The unique and unusual HASOUTRA dancing orientally with Ed. Wynn, in "The Perfect Fool"
(Continued from page 6) eyed one sued Clifford Hendrix on the eve of his marriage for breach of promise.

L R. PRATT, who performed the last operation on Eva Tanguay's piquant face, robbing her of several inches of skin, but subtracting at the same time evidence of more than that number of years, says the whirlwind girl is an admirable pupil except that she knows nothing of the art of keeping still.

"While other patients rest after an operation, that little dynamo insisted upon running around the room as though she were playing hare and hounds. I expected that the results would be disastrous. But she said, 'It will be all right, Doctor. My face wouldn't heal if I kept still. It isn't used to it.' And she was right."

A GROWING friendship that theatre lane is observing with keen interest is that of Lynn Fontanne, the talented English actress who is playing in the title role of "Dulcy," and Alfred Lunt, Billie Burke's tall leading man whom New York accepted as a sterling actor when he was the Clarence of the Booth Tarkington comedy of that name. Mr. Lunt is a Swede, early transplanted to a Michigan farm. George C. Tyler was the friend maker. At least he afforded for them the propinquity that even Cupid demands for the furtherance of his erotic aims, when he engaged both for the trial performances of five new plays at Washington two years ago last summer. Although Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt were in different plays they met while making their entrances and exits through the stage door. Each admitted the other's excellence of artistry. Dramatic art caused many interviews, personal interest dictated others. Miss Fontanne visited "Bill," as she and other friends term him, on his Michigan farm, where his mother and sisters were hostesses. They attended the professional matinees of each other's plays. They appeared together at the Sixty Club and at David Belasco's memorable banquet.

Broadway hopes for a climax of the friendship at the Little Church Around the Corner.

THE CONTRARY BLUSH

I do not blush because a skirt is lifted,
I do not redden when I see too much,
I am not shocked because her tongue is gifted—
I am not such.

I do not blush because she sings with passion,
I do not redden when her dance is wild,
Yea! though she do it all with but a sash on,
My glance is mild.

I do not shrink from witty innuendoes,
The naughty talk excites me not to flee,
But, when my lady's dull, by all her ten toes,
I blush—MAIS OUI!

La Touche Hancock

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THE friendship of Ethel Barrymore and her one time leading man, William Boyd, is discussed at the Lambs and the Gamut Clubs, as a possible prologue for a happy romance culminating in marriage. While Miss Barrymore is still nominally the wife of Russell Colt, though legally separated from him, divorces and annulments have been secured by persons of her faith. Mr. Boyd is a popular actor and a manly man. It was he who, while resenting McGraw's remarks to a scrub woman, occasioned the fisticuffs that caused much comment in and about the Lambs.
Gloria Swanson, whose now famous suit, rumor has it, is to be withdrawn from the courts.
Broadway’s Wild Night Life

GENT demonstrating electric belt in drug-store window.
Salvation Army prima donna singing, “Father, Dear Father.”
Cop chasing three crap-shooting newsboys.
Mob in front of the Wide-Awake Shooting gallery.
Crowd around a stalled Ford taxicab.
Gent deftly flopping pancakes in restaurant window.
Man from Pittsburgh looking for a drink.
Man from Pittsburgh finding out there isn’t any.
Man riding on horseback advertising cigarettes.
Dense crowd watching electrician fix an electric sign.
Man being arrested for throwing gum wrapper in street.
Another man, a stranger in city, arrested for making eye-wink at lady.
Nine cops chasing birth-control lady who has been selling pamphlets.
David Belasco walking across street for his piece of pie.
Twelve thousand gentlemen moving their typewriters from one motion picture headquarters to another.
Lady trying vainly to attract attention by wearing short skirt.
Argument between traffic cop and taxicab driver. It’s a draw.
Lady dropping flask and walking away unconcerned, as though it belonged to somebody else.

So far as the disarmament conference is concerned, they came, they saw and they concurred.

How Old Were You When—

EVERY package of cigarettes contained the picture of Lillian Russell in tights?
Marlowe and Sothern made their first farewell tour?
McIntyre & Heath began talking about the livery stable?
Houdini first tried to get out of an upper berth?
Penny peep show were closed because they were wicked?
It was the height of boisterous night life to ride in a hansom cab with your feet over the dashboard?
John Drew appeared in his first dress suit?
A tragedian “couldn’t act unless he was drunk”? Ticket scalping used to be a disreputable business?
Men used to stand and watch women getting on street cars?
They named bum five-cent cigars after bum five-cent actors?
Plays used to have well-developed plots?
Louis Mann became America’s greatest actor?
A person could get a Lamb’s stew at that club?
Bill Hart was leading man for Minnie Maddern Fiske?
Dramatists used to write for art and not for the box office?
The American people were supposed to be old enough to be trusted with their liberty?

Nemesis was on him that morning. He wanted to look at his tongue, so he reached for a hand-glass, and picked up instead a silver-backed hair-brush. He stared at the bristles for a long time, then laid the brush down, and shook his head.
“My boy,” said he sadly, “you certainly do need a shave!”

The modern Lady Godiva, having done her ride, got back to the castle, put on a dressing gown, and called for the evening paper. She read it and sank down on the hearth rug, crying, “Only one man looked. Ye gods, what a bunch!”
Elsie Ferguson in "The Varying Shore"  
Ann Morrison in "The Bat"  
Lenore Ulric in "Kiki"

Stars of Three Broadway Successes
How To Be A Successful Married Man

I
When you are out until 2 A.M., admit it; don't try to tinker with the clock or invent an alibi. It will be twice as hard on you when you're found out.

II
If you drop half your week's salary on a bet, don't go home with a long face in place of the long green. Go home smiling, and tell her to go and buy herself a new hat.

III
When you have a poker appointment, don't pull the sick friend stuff. Your wife may be innocent, but she has some intelligence, and she'd rather you'd give her credit for it.

IV
If you commit the indiscretion of hiring a cutie for a stenographer don't pretend that the reason you did it is because she can spell better than the plain ones.

V
After a few years of matrimony, bring home a box of bonbons occasionally without mentioning how much they cost.

VI
When you're told to go into a department store to match some ribbon, don't feel so abused that you feel justified in flirting with the blonde behind the glove counter to cheer yourself up.

VII
On occasions when you are required to pull on your evening clothes, limit your swearing as much as possible and make a stab at tying your own tie.

VIII
When she gives you biscuits for breakfast that she baked herself, don't hit them with the edge of your knife and frown.

IX
If you get a raise in salary, don't expect to be treated as though you were giving Rockefeller a run for his money.

X
When you hand her a compliment, don't do it as though you expected a quarter.

How To Be A Successful Married Woman

I
Stay out late occasionally yourself, and when you come in, don't feel that you've got to give an immediate explanation. Keep him guessing.

II
If you can't make the household budget come out even, take a few more meals at the Waldorf; that will cut down your running expenses.

III
If he loses a wad during an all-night poker game, try to make it up to him by winning a hand-painted china toothbrush rack at your next bridge tea.

IV
If you know that he has engaged a cutie as a stenographer, always knock before entering his private office. Otherwise, you might embarrass your husband—to say nothing of the cutie.

V
Do not expect him to remember all the wedding anniversaries, or what each one signifies. If he brings home a wooden mallet on the tin anniversary, or a tincup on the wooden anniversary, bear up under the disappointment.

VI
Don't ask him to match ribbons for you, unless you have first inspected all the clerks on the line of march, and are sure they are harmless.

VII
When he puts on his formal evening dress, tell him how handsome he looks—no matter how funny he looks.

VIII
If he asks for biscuits, lock him up in the kitchen and tell him to roll his own.

IX
When he gets a raise in salary, see that you get it.

X
Don't expect compliments from your husband; he has a hard enough time thinking up plausible ones for business purposes.
FRANCES WHITE
who has been captured by the Shuberts for their vaudeville circuit
Fourteen

THE TATLER

Speaking of Broadway

NEW YORK is run on one principle: Never have any.

More people die in New York every day for the want of something better to do than any other place on earth.

The only difference between the average man and a Broadwayite is that the ordinary man is made of plain dust, while the Broadwayite is, of a necessity, made of gold dust.

It is not safe to cross Broadway at any other time but four o'clock in the morning.

This is why so many people wait and cross Broadway along about that time.

Greater New York is divided into several sections—and Brooklyn.

A Brooklynite is a stranger within his own gate.

The strangest thing about him is that he doesn't consider it strange that he should live in Brooklyn.

Ask a Brooklynite where he wants to be buried when he dies, and he'll tell you that he doesn't want to be buried at all; he wants to be dug up!

THIS is

The way the

Boys went home

Before the town

Went "dry." They

Did not care one

Hoot about

That nosey

Volstead guy.

They sang

Their songs

And, arm-in-arm,

They sauntered

Up Broadway.

They always

Stayed up long

Enough to

Greet the

Break of day.

And now that

Prohibition

Has been put

Upon the slate,

You'd think the

Wobbly citizens

Would have to

Walk more

Straight.

But though

Unk Sam has

Gone ahead

And clamped

Down tight

The lid, these

Blokes weave

Homeward just

Exactly like

They always

Did.

Yea, bo!

That's so.

AN open confession is good for the soul.

Miss Bee Palmer, darling of the cabarets and winsome wiggler of voodveel, has confessed.

People never thought it of Bee, really. But the thing she did has broken up her happy home and Friend Husband will not wash the dishes for her any more. In the final settlement, the mother gets the custody of the gold-fish.

It was a hard thing for Bee to confess, but she did it and has gone West to drown her sorrows in a vaudeville act with Mons. Jacques D'Empsey and other great actors.

The awful truth is that Bee invented the shimmy. Detectives have been working on the case ever since the shimmy first came into view. Had it not been for Bee's confession, they would never have known and another mystery would have gone down in the annals of crime.

The way Bee came upon this episode in her life is peculiar in itself. She was dancing one evening with her husband, recently resigned, when a strap, that went over one of her shoulders to hold her dress up, broke and she had to keep hitching her shoulder to make the bodice stay in place. After that, it had made such a hit, she did it regularly. The shimmy gets its name from chemise, which is a French word meaning nothing much.

Bee danced the shimmy for a long time and made a great deal of money out of it, and now she has gone far west to expiate this shame of her youth.

Now that the world has found out who invented the shimmy, all is serene.
(In the panel)
Ula Sharon in the "Greenwich Village Follies"

Ernestine Myers in vaudeville

Dorothy Valerga in "Primitive Passion"

Dainty Dancers on Stage and Screen
The Country Cousin

HER ears have never been pierced for jade earrings or by jazz bands.
She puts powder on her nose, but not on her knees.
Her skirt meets her shoes and her blouse meets its obligations.
She can walk without a swagger, a swagger stick, or a swig.
On Fifth Avenue she is conspicuous as the heroine of a thrilling western drama,
"No Pomeranian to Guide Her."
She goes to the movies three nights a week and to prayer-meeting one night.
She likes five-reel pictures and one-reel sermons.
Claret lemonade is her strongest drink, but she puzzles about the pronunciation
of champagne as if she had to order it, and about the price as if she had to pay it.
When she visits New York nothing escapes her—not even the animals in Bronx Park.
She stuffs cotton in her ears so she won't hear the rumble of the elevated at
night, but no one can pull the wool over her eyes in the daytime.
She believes in guide-books, street maps, traffic officers, and signs that say
"DANGER" in red letters.
She can walk longer distances in museums without getting tired than a New
York girl can dance in cabarets without getting arrested.
And before she has been in New York six months she gets her eyebrows shaped,
beginns to say "eye-ther," and inquires languidly: "So you're from the west? Really, how interesting!"

One on Golden

JOHN GOLDEN, who is worth oodles of wealth, generally dresses like a gardener.
One day his colored boy brought him for lunch some extra fine chicken. Golden asked where
he managed to get such a fine specimen of chicken. The colored boy told him, and some days afterwards Golden walked into the restaurant designated
by his darkey. He ordered chicken and ate it with delight. As he was paying his
bill he said to the cashier: "That's fine chicken, son. You can't get chicken like
that anywhere else in New York. Even at Sherry's they don't give you chicken
like that." The cashier looked him up and down for a moment, and then came out
with: "And when the hell were you ever in Sherry's?"

If
Your
Lady has
An idea that
A little gift is
Due, and by deft insin-
Uation she has put it up to
You, and you're driven nearly crazy
Looking round for something choice, and
Have asked your friends about it till you've
Nearly lost your voice. If your anxious nights are
Sleepless and you cannot work by day and you worry o'er
The present in a frenzied sort of way. If you can't
Think of a token that will win the lady's love,
And she is a beauteous maiden with the
Temper of a dove, take advice of me.
I tell you. Paste this info
In your hat. Just look at
The shape of this
Verse; take my
Hunch and
Buy her
That.
She tried to hide, and make us guess and we guessed right the very first time.
It's Vivienne Segal in "Little Miss Raffles"
THEY'RE taking the grin out of Lohengrin.

It isn't going to be any fun being a stylish bride any more.

The kill-joys are on her trail and what they have done to her—Oh, my wond!

Various ministers throughout the country have come out flatfooted and said they are tired of marrying half-dressed young ladies in front of respectable congregations. Several of them have promulgated the same set of rules, including the following:

"Sleeves must not be shorter than the elbow. (By the way, how short is an elbow, anyhow?)"

"Skirts must not be higher than the spring in the calf of the leg."

"When the bride kneels, the calf of her leg shall not show, much less her knee."

"All lingerie must be carefully concealed. All transparent or semi-transparent material shall be heavily lined."

"There shall be no decolleté except for a modest 'v' at the neck. Backs shall be completely covered."

Up to the time of going to press it has not been ordered that brides shall wear fur coats reaching to the heels or go to the altar clad in one of those much-advertised vapor baths which conceal everything but the head.

But, think of the bridegroom. Is he not to be given a chance to back out of the agreement when he sees the bride at the altar? He is entitled to some consideration. Marrying a girl when he can see only the tip of her nose or one or two fingers is rather a risky adventure.

Your Face Is Your Fortune

The world's greatest facial remedy will restore ruined Complexion and the skin are wonderfully effective, and are absolutely safe and harmless. The prescription was first used 36 years ago by Dr. Campbell, and he has made countless thousands of women and men happy in the possession of a pure, spotless complexion.

Mail in plain cover on receipt of $1.00 from RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 35, Kena Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. C. Every druggist can get this remedy for you from his wholesale dealer.
Peeping Behind the Screen
What Your Film Favorites Are Really Doing And Saying in Hollywood The Hub of the Movie Universe

HOLLYWOOD: — Constance Talmadge left here three years ago a starlet with hopes. She returned a star with seven trunks and the unique experience of having acquired—and lost—a husband in the interim. She and John Pialoglou have “agreed to disagree” because she won’t give up her career for the privilege of cooking his pancakes—and he won’t have a “professional” wife. So there! But those among her closest friends say the separation was inevitable, as it was a mesalliance to start with. Sympathy here is entirely with “Connie.” Norma Talmadge is one of the happiest of our young matrons, credit for which she claims is due to a great extent to the fact that both she and her husband have a common interest in their work.

THERE’S nothing like being popular, says Frank Mayo. The other day in his “fan mail” he found a scented envelope bearing the return address of Marthe Duys, Belgian opera star. The diva was inquiring if she might use Mayo’s last name—professionally only!—instead of her own. He wrote back that she might help herself to the name, but that he himself couldn’t accompany it, being the present property of his wife, formerly Dagmar Godowsky.

DIRECTORS live cheaply, it seems, though their pictures often cost money. Rex Ingram and his bride, Alice Terry, are honeymooning in the little studio-bungalow in which he kept “bachelor’s house” before his marriage. And Griffith, though reports credit him with spending several hundred thousand dollars on “The Two Orphans,” lives in two rooms at the studio, one of which is a gymnasium.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN slid out from the warming triangle—with May Collins and Claire Windsor at the other points—by going camping with Clare Sheridan, English sculptress, chaperoned by servants and Mrs. Sheridan’s small son. With a fetching air of boredom, he says he doesn’t even know whether or not his decree of divorce from Mildred Harris has become final. (It has.) Claire Windsor met him at the train on his arrival home from England. (I’ll bet she didn’t meet him when he returned from the camping jaunt with Mrs. Sheridan.) But May Collins stayed home, saying she thought it much more appropriate “having him come to see me!” He brought Claire an ermine scarf and muff—and May a silver fox fur. May was very anxious that the town should see her gift—and hear about it, too—but Claire, who is by nature conservative and quiet, locked hers up at home and it was only by chance that I heard of it.

May is reported to be accepting Richard Dix’s attentions, though she is very, very young to be engaging in such grown-up sports as love-making. Besides, she has just signed a contract to make pictures for Metropolitan Productions at the Mayer studio and it forbids her marriage. So things do look bright for Claire, don’t they?

DAME RUMOR doesn’t always know what she is talking about. For instance, while she had it that Jack Gilbert was sentimentally attached to Lila Lee, Jack was busy wooing and winning Beatrice Joy, whom he recently married. So much for the busy Dame!

AND the report of the attachment between Colleen Moore and Rush Hughes, son of Author Rupert, has gone its way in steam. Rush is away at college and Colleen has a brand-new Irish swain, a non-professional.

THE day after his arrival here, Joe Schenck thought he’d “get a line” on some of his employees in the new United studios (formerly Brunton) in which he owns controlling stock. Accordingly, he sallied around to the studio (Continued on next page)
entrance and demanded admittance. But Bill Colton, guardian of the gate, refused. "Let me in!" Joe commanded. "I'm Joseph Schenck, one of the owners of this studio."

"Howdy, Schenck!" Colton humored him while escorting him beyond the confines of the studio. "I'm Napoleon Bonaparte, who discovered America. Where's your keeper? G'wan!"

And Mr. Schenck couldn't get through the gates until he found somebody to identify him!

THE editor of a movie periodical was enraged recently because of Katherine MacDonald's refusal to pose for some hair-dressing pictures for his magazine—she being the only star in Hollywood to pass up this form of publicity that takes so well with the feminine "fan" readers. It wasn't because she wanted to be up-stage. Then why? Shh! Because the American Beauty is said to wear more "puffs" than real hair!

NAOMI CHILDERS has retired from the screen temporarily. Three guesses why! Correct! She is the wife of Luther Reed, scenarist.

J ACK PICKFORD is going to wed Marilyn Miller—they say today. (Maybe it will be some other damosel tomorrow.) Marilyn—a dancer in "Sally" on Broadway—was a great friend of his first wife, Olive Thomas. Mildred Harris, in whom Jack was rumored last week to have a sentimental interest, is consoling herself with Gareth Hughes. Mildred is about to burst forth in vaudeville.

W ILLARD MACK is in town. He has been trying his new play "on the dog" in Salt Lake and hopes to bring it to the Majestic here soon. He denied the report that he is to wed Peggy Joyce. "Me marry Peggy?" he was scandalized. "Why, she'd clean me out in a month!"

P AULINE FREDERICK has purchased a lot adjoining her beautiful Beverly Hills home, on which it is believed she contemplates erecting a home for "a member of her family." It looks as if Polly plans another matrimony venture, doesn't it, though she does profess herself to be through with husbands and entertainments since she has gone in for the "clean freedom of the West." Her mother has always lived with her.

S IG. LUIGI MONTAGNI, recently rechristened Louis Montana, but better known as Bull, gave $47 to the County the other day. He was in too big a hurry to leave one place in order to get some place else and a traffic cop happened—yes, that's the word there—to be around. Hence his little donation. "Say," the "Bool" told the judge, "it's worth $47 to get out of this town!" Bull, by the way, threatens matrimony—again. It isn't generally known that he is divorced. His wife decamped, he says, during the war, taking with her their two children and all his money.

A GNES AYERS has received legal permission to drop "Schucker" from her name, having recently dropped the gentleman to whom the name belongs. Thought Agnes' real name was Henkle? A boy who claims to be her brother makes a none too lucrative living by mowing lawns in Hollywood. Says he'd rather do that than work in the films! Wow! Agnes is a mighty fine girl, anyway.

W ITH a great blaring of the publicity trumpets, Ann Hastings was brought out from New York to play with Larry Semon in his comedies. And two days later found Ann rolling back toward New York as fast as the train could take her! She broke her contract "because of personal differences with Semon" and says "I do not wish to be associated with him." Semon calls it "temperament." But Ann uses another word. Ann is a pretty little thing.

E DITH HALLOR has decided to abandon the white lights of Broadway for a part in Universal's production of "Human Hearts," Hal Reid's great story.

A N "interesting event"—as the sisters express it—is expected in two Hollywood homes. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix (Victoria Forde) are awaiting the appearance of a well-known bird; likewise the Tom Moores.

(Continued on page 22)
LILLIAN GISH as "Henrietta" in "The Two Orphans"
Perhaps you adoring lady-fans would like to know what becomes of the violet-scented mash-notes you send in reams and reams to Rudolph Valentino, the “screen lover.” He gets only 900 of them a week and said recently that if they continued he might be forced to retire from the screen. Forced to retire—“by pestering women.” This may break the hearts of countless flappers—but truth must out. His “fan” letters are turned over to Madame Rambova’s maid, who is supposed to answer them in the name of the star. All money received from admiring women “fans”—and it is no small sum either—goes to the maid.

Pauline Hall, a film actress, has brought suit against a local “beauty doctor” for damages done her face in an operation to remove a portion of her lip. Sometimes it works—and then again it doesn’t. Fannie Ward emerged from a facial redecoration with such profound esteem for the art that she is opening a school for beauty specialists in Paris! But Jack Dean’s experience with the beauty knives was not so happy. He’s Fanny’s husband, you know, and wanted to keep apace with her rejuvenation. But it seemed that a piece of putty or something failed to connect properly and later caused his chin to fall, necessitating his withdrawal from the screen. Madame Yorska had her nose remodeled successfully by plastic surgeons. Eva Tanguay is able to trill “I Don’t Care”—blithely—for it happens that her sojourn with the beauty doctor resulted in the restoration of youthful charm. And Edna Wallace Hopper—remembered by our fathers—woreied by husbands and the years, sought the surgeoness in search of bygone beauty. After two hours under the knife, she emerged rejuvenated. And now nobody recognizes Edna save those who remember “Wang.”

Rudolph Valentino, the Italian actor who played the leading roles in the Rex Ingram productions for Metro of “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” and “The Conquering Power,” was being shown through the Italian gardens of a Hollywood hostess. “How charming!” he exclaimed, with bubbling Latin enthusiasm. “We have nothing like this in Italy.”
Popular Fashion Hints


Have you an artist in your home? If so, put him or her, as the case may be, to work on your patent leather pumps, for hand-painted shoes are on the road to popularity. A small spray of dainty flowers across the vamp and strap seems to be the popular means of decoration.

Black and white check woolen hose for sports wear are very effective and certainly striking.

A new form of knickers was shown at a well-known store. The skirt was of tan wool material and was slashed on either side. Three narrow bands connected the back with the front. A pair of rather full knickers made with a tight cuff just below the knee is worn underneath the skirt. The knickers are of the same material.

The Palm Beach fashions are interesting in that they are harbingers of spring modes. A Fifth Avenue store is showing sports dresses with white skirts and krepeknit jackets of vivid colors.

A cerise colored tweed is made extremely plain and has a tailored pongee vest fastened with round cerise buttons.

The vest effect craze has extended to waists. A very stunning model is one fashioned after a man's waistcoat. The sleeves and back are of white crepe de chine.

A cape costume of beige georgette crepe studded with brilliants is trimmed with roses made of pleatings of the material.

Flannel is the popular fabric for winter resort and summer wear. The stores are showing some very striking skirts to be worn with sport coats and sweaters. Models most in demand are bordered in bright contrasting colors in saw-tooth effects and pleated.

Silk sport skirts have novelty pockets and belt arrangements in bright colors. Irregular narrow tabs finished with tiny buttons make effective pockets.

Novelty pockets on suits and coats are shown on advanced spring models. Numerous rows of soutache braid decorated the pockets of one stylish suit.

The French women favor the blouse suit models for spring. One stunning model is straight-lined, both skirt and jacket very simple. The jacket is hip-length and bloused at a low waistline by means of a string belt. The collar is high but open at the front and the sleeves are slightly flared.

Dresses for spring favor the rust shades, caramel, golden brown and navy. Steel beads are used extensively as trimming on crepes.

Beads are still in favor and are running to extremes. Some shaped like doughnuts are sewed on with varied colored bright threads. One model had these beads stitched with red, green and blue on pale yellow.

A wholesale house is featuring short separate coats of camel's hair cloth in bright colors for spring.

Taffetas are always good for spring. An interesting frock of navy taffeta is trimmed in loops of fuschia moire ribbon. The ribbon forms the sleeves and is also used at the waistline.

Ribbons are being used extensively for dress trimmings, also for hats. A new line of French ribbons includes silk organdie ribbon, grosgrains corded so that they can be shirred, and taffetas with all sorts of fancy edges. The silk organdie ribbon is a stiff gauze with picot edge. It is moderately priced and will make effective trimming for light dresses. It comes in Swiss red, lemon and different colored plaids.
Ribbons woven to resemble barks of trees are new and interesting and are named for the trees they represent—poplar, pine, birch, etc.

Lace shawls in wonderful colorings are on the road to replacing the silk ones for summer wear. The foundation of the shawls is Brussels net. A large square shawl has a wide embroidered border of Paisley design and coloring. It is bordered with a silk fringe six inches long. The colors of the embroidery are repeated in the fringe.

Most of the shawls, however, are half-moon in shape because this type drapes more gracefully.

Gauze and lace fans are supplanting the popular feather fan. A fan of black lace had a tulle rosette with fringed streamers at one side. Gauze fans are hand painted with butterflies, flowers and birds.

Takes 10 Years From the Age

Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Be sure to state exactly the natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full sized bottle at druggist or direct.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

Mary T. Goldman, 1447 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

The figure corseted with a topless girdle does not permit of an undergarment with a tight waistband. A slip which hangs from the shoulders by its straps prevents a break at the waistline which you sometimes notice on women who wear the straight-line dress.

The newest idea for a slip has a top of white or flesh color and a bottom of black or navy, to suit a light blouse and dark skirt or the dresses with a transparent top and heavier skirt.

Ball fringe is very much used on imported lingerie.

A pretty pair of garters to be worn below the knee are made of quilled ribbon and trimmed with the ball fringe at the lower edge.

Synthetic silk, a product of a Scotland firm, is very practical because it loses none of its glossiness from washing and ironing. It has a wool base instead of the wool fibre and is practically as warm as wool. It comes in different weights.

The "Wendy" collar is the newest on the market and is adjustable to different style necklines.

Spats are being made in colors to match the suit with which they are worn. Ones of the heather mixtures are very good with the tweed and sports suits.

Coiffure bands are really popular. A novel one is made of a narrow band of white rabbit with tiny oblong garlands of small velvet roses in delicate shades of pink.

A Boston store is showing novelties in gingham called the "patch-work check." Two pieces of gingham are woven together and gives a very unusual effect.

A very pretty and practical perfume lamp is shown at Leigh's on Fifth Avenue. It is a parrot made of china and gives a very good light as well as daintily perfuming your boudoir.

This same store has a very pretty perfume vial of mother-of-pearl to be carried in your handbag.
Devah Worrell in "The Greenwich Village Follies" and (in the circle) Ada Mae Weeks in "The O'Brien Girl"
Of What A-Veil?

No woman considers herself correctly—not to say decently—gowned for the street without a veil.

She can leave off almost anything else—and does. But the veil is the sine qua non. She has to wear something, so it might as well be something to blush behind.

Veils come in many styles. There is the non-skid variety which fits under the chin, like the strap of an English policeman’s helmet. It is especially popular with inveterate gossips, for it gives them a certain amount of chin support during the “parade rest” intervals.

Then there is the extremely abbreviated pattern, falling just below the eyes and serving as an excellent dust-shield for the eye-brows. It is always worn just after the eye-brows have been shaped and varnished, as it prevents particles of dust from settling in the eyebrows before the varnish has had time to dry.

Certain types of veils have a coquetish nature, and their loose ends flutter in the breeze and tickle bystanders under the chin or playfully knock off their glasses.

Such veils are very charming no doubt, but should never be worn near an open fire. If one of them gets ablaze, it can do a lot of damage to a perfectly good marcel.

Kisses may be transmitted through veils, but not satisfactorily. A man doesn’t relish the interruption. For the social peck with which women greet each other—without meaning it—the veil is not a hindrance, but for serious, sustained osculation, it’s a mistake.

Germs, like kisses, can be transmitted through veils, but no self-respecting germ likes to be tangled up that way.

All Hands on Deck

We are in favor of the standardized handshake. We never know, when we are introduced to someone, whether to expect torture or trickery. And if it’s a woman, we never know whether it’s going to be a normal shake or a little second-story work.

SCREEN ACTING

By MAE MARSH, Famous Film Star

Star in such pictures as “The Birth of a Nation,” “Intolerance,” “Polly of the Circus,” “The Cinderella Man,” etc.

Her book gives requirements for successful screen acting with illustrations. It teaches one how to become an actress or actor.

This is just a new book written by MAE MARSH this year, giving the latest lessons for screen acting, with illustrations.

In addition to this original book on screen acting, we shall supply you with proper individuals to get in touch with regarding positions for screen acting, the proper procedure and how to get into the movies. This service is granted and included in the above price.

LEARN HOW TO GET INTO THE MOVIES, HOW TO APPLY FOR A POSITION WITH THE STUDIOS, THE NECESSARY REQUIREMENTS, WHO TO SEE AND WHO TO WRITE, WHERE THE VARIOUS COMPANIES ARE LOCATED, WHO THE STARS ARE, WHO THE STARRERS ARE, THE VARIOUS PICTURES NOW UNDER WAY TO BE RELEASED SOON, THE COMING PICTURES, ETC.

Send today for the famous film star’s book and our unequalled additional service that will be rendered at only one cost of THREE DOLLARS ($3.00).

Your money will be refunded at once if you are not satisfied with this book and service.

Learn the secrets and success of Screen Acting.

The Hillyer Company
Suite 610, Masonic Temple
159 N. State Street
Chicago, Ill.

Let’s get together and decide this thing, once and for all. We’ve had more shocks shaking hands than in almost any other form of politeness, and we’d like to know where we’re at.

We’ve been caught in the pump-handle non-stop, from the absent-minded chap who gets a good grip on your hand and forgets that you ever want it back.

We’ve suffered agonies with the steam-roller, the handshake of the hard guy who gives an imitation of Samson before he got a haircut.

We’ve come up against the dishcloth clasp, perpetrated by the spineless individual.

We have been introduced via the elevated exchange—the sort of shake you can expect from a grand dame, who curves her arm like a swan’s neck and murmurs, “Chawmed, I’m sah.”

Then there’s the tingle-linger—the kind your best girl gives you.

And the icy slip—three fingers and a quick getaway.

There’s no system at all, and the sooner we get a standardized grip, the sooner we’ll be able to move in polite society—without being asked to move.
Grace Bizet in the "Greenwich Village Follies"
Photo by Abbe

Julia Bruns in "Beware of Dogs"

Johnston
The Reports and the Truth

By Peter F. Meyer

The newspapers reported:

That Lina Cavalieri, renowned beauty of the Chicago Opera company, failed to make her debut in "Tosca" on November 15, and did not appear in subsequent productions of the Chicago Opera company, because she was ill—but the operatic star declined to appear because of a grievance which existed between herself and Mary Garden, and did not admit it because such an admission would affect the compensation clause in her contract.

That Katherine Titus, new beauty who is soon to join the forces of the Famous Players-Jesse Lasky Corporation, was engaged to marry Eddie Rickenbacher, America's premier flying ace in the late war—but Katherine never even met the man.

That Pola Negri was very fond of Charlie Chaplin—but after meeting Charlie for the first time, Pola made a cute little moué and said, "My, isn't he the saddest looking comedian you ever saw?"

That Theda Bara's early life was a mystery—but a number of people in Cincinnati know it like an open book.

That Grace Darling quit the movies three years ago following an automobile accident in which she was horribly crippled—but Grace, who was not crippled or even disfigured, quit the movies without a ripple of comment and went back to private life, where she is a noted member of America's aristocracy.

That Rudolph Valentino was a promising young bachelor, looking for a promising young wife—and now we learn that Mrs. Valentino is bringing suit for divorce.

That William S. Hart was engaged to be married, first to Jane Novak and then to Eva, and that it was supposed to be quiet—but the sly William, who is exceedingly shy in private life, had a purpose in letting that report leak out, for soon as Winifred Westover heard it, she came hustling back from Sweden, and now she is Mrs. William S. Hart.

That Conway Tearle, husband of Adele Rowland, grew up into a powerful man from a frail boyhood—but Conway, at fifteen, was a veritable husky, and even at that tender age was planning to become a professional boxer.

That Gloria Swanson "discovered" Bebe Daniels—but Bebe never met Gloria until they appeared together in "The Affairs of Anatol."

That Agnes Ayers had been on the stage before entering the movies—but Agnes never appeared in professional theatricals until that fateful day when a director at the old Essanay studios in Chicago met her and induced her to pose for the screen.

That Betty Blythe had quarreled with Tom Mix during the making of "The Queen of Sheba"—but Betty merely declined to let Tom "double" for her in the chariot race, which came as a suggestion from William Fox, who thought that chariot driving was too risky for a woman.

John D. advises us, if we want to be successful, to "pick one thing and stick to it."

Very good!

But suppose we picked something that he wanted to stick to himself?

Sign inside a restaurant: "If wife can't cook, don't divorce her; eat here and keep her for a pet."

A BIT OF PARIS

Darling art studies by famous French artists. Postcard size and beautiful. Fully colored studies of Paris models in mannyposes. Seven to a sheet, $1.00 per set. A set for $2.50 or $5.00 for $5.00, and with every order for $5.00 or more a large size picture (10×10) of subject here pictured, beautifully mounted and in full color, is given free.

This picture alone $1.00. 15 samples postpaid 36c. Do not send stamps.

GRAPHIC IMPORT COMPANY

The best thing with which to feather one's nest is cash down.

ZDS.

Each night on the piano she lbs,
Making strange and cacophonous sds;
Her muscles gain ozs,
As wildly she pozs,
Till it really gets quite out of bds.
Geneva Mitchell in the "Follies"
Edward Thayer Monroe

Mary Milburn in the Ziegfeld "Follies"
Edward Thayer Monroe

Vera Michelena, sometimes with the "Follies"
LEAVE ME WITH A SMILE

A DELIGHTFUL FOX-TROT

By Earl Burtnett and Chas. Koehler

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Waterson Berlin & Snyder Co.
Strand Theatre Bldg., N.Y.
Putting the Kick in Psychic

If you have a little spare time, and your income tax blank—not intended for swearing—is made out, you can do yourself a good turn, according to the latest scientific dope, by psycho-analyzing yourself. In this way you may find that you are a hotbed of complexes, all ready to sprout.

In fact, if you go over yourself thoroughly, and find out exactly what your subconscious mind is home-brewing, you may prevent lots of disasters—such as flirting with the wrong woman, hiring the wrong cook, leading the wrong suit, or bribing the wrong dry agent.

There used to be a time when, if a man was stingy, his neighbors called him stingy and let it go at that. Or if you had a stomach-ache, you recognized it as stomach-ache, and called it stomach-ache.

Not any more, however. Now the thing to do is to call all these conditions complexes, and let psycho-analysis do its worst.

Don't say to yourself, "Well, my liver is off again," and take a pill.

Sit down quietly, and dope it out.

"My condition," you should say, "is down to a hysteria, which is due to a libido, which is due to the repression of a desire, which is due to its conscious rejection, but also to its subconscious persistence, which has settled in my liver."

Then you can arise and go about your business, refreshed and joyful.

If the grouch still persists, just blame it on your grandmother, who wanted twins but was prevented because she was an old maid living in New England.

Specialists in analysis have a system of getting results by mentioning a word, and then timing to see how long it takes for another word to come into your mind, and what the other word is. Thus by putting two and two together, they can make fifty dollars.

If for example, the doctor says "solid" and you say "silver," it means you have a repressed desire for second story work.

If he says "kiss" and you say "Hookey," it's because you stayed out of school one day when you were nine years old because the teacher tried to kiss you. He may advise you to go out and hug a lamppost to get rid of the complex.

Should he murmur "June," and you reply "Bug," doubtless you should have been born a butterfly. You have missed your vocation.

But if he says "wife" and you respond "two," you'll have to draw your own conclusions. If you're really contemplating bigamy, remember that no man can serve two masters. Even psycho-analysis can't help you out of a fix like that.

The groundhog comes out of his hole in February, but not once during the short-skirt period has he had time to look for his shadow.

They are talking of making Broadway six miles longer so that the Shuberts can build more theaters.

A grand opera tenor was asked to sing at a funeral the other day. "Who is to be buried?" he asked. "An actor," was the reply. "All right," said the singer, "but if you'll bury a dozen of them I'll sing all day."

A girl in your arms is worth two on the 'phone.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of someone else.

The young bride worshipped her husband, And they actually do say She laid burnt offerings before him About three times a day.
Do It in Vaudeville

SHADES of Tony Pastor and Koster & Bial, what next? If you have any particular stunt that you can do, like playing a horse fiddle made out of a dry-goods box and a piece of rope or juggling a sawlog, an iron safe and a feather at the same time, do it now and do it in vaudeville.

The champion bean picker of Cayuga county, New York, has worked his stunt up into a vaudeville sketch with only himself and beans in the cast. He sits at his bean separator and differentiates between the good and bad beans by tossing the good beans out into the audience and throwing the bad beans up against the back-drop. He can pick beans so fast that the rattle of beans against the back-drop sounds like a snare drum and he can play any tune from "Yankee Doodle" to "Leave Me with a Smile."

A woman out in Iowa has gone on the stage recently. Her specialty is knitting socks. She can knit a pair of socks in full view of the audience in less time than it takes the ordinary actor to jump his contract and at the same time she gives advice to the lovelorn, tells fortunes and locates missing articles. As an encore, she knits a whole union suit in four minutes with the Stars and Stripes blazoned on the breast.

William Simms of Northern Michigan, the champion milkist of that locality, plans to go into vaudeville with his yellow plush cow, Winnie. He promises to throw the milk into the mouth of any crying baby in the audience — direct from producer to consumer — and he has a small papier mache house on the stage which he sets afire and then puts the fire out with the stream of milk. As he sits beneath the dripping eaves of his patient bovine, he also gives impersonations of famous war heroes and whistles "Listen to the Mocking Bird" between his teeth.

In Tony Pastor's time, when he had his first pastorate, the ultimate in vaudeville was given by the man who could tear paper into fantastic designs in full view of the audience and wear no mustache to deceive. But vaudeville has improved, as this article demonstrates. We now have everything from trained scarletina microbes to Russian imperial court dancers. It remains for somebody to introduce an educated monkey gland. Vaudeville will stand for anything.

Where Are the Movie Poppers?

WHAT becomes of all the movie poppers? It is a mystery. Are they fed ground-glass or do they drown their sorrows permanently in Prohibition hooch?

The movie mommers are as plentiful as bootleggers and they get into the papers about as often. The movie mother is about the most prominent member of the profession. There are more famous movie mommers than famous garters that don't touch the flesh. Next to the young lady who poses in the back covers of magazines in a pair of silk stockings, the movie mother is the most widely advertised person in this country.

When the credulous newspaper person goes to interview Miss Lucille de Vere, the sensation of the screen (for the moment), her butler informs the interviewer:

"Miss De Vere is indisposed. In fact, she is resting. Her mommer, Mrs. Hank Devery, however, will receive you."

And Mommer rushes in with: "So glad to see you. My poor dear daughter is so fatigued. She had to pose in a four-million-dollar rope of pearls for five minutes last week and she never was a strong girl. I fear for her health. I have some of my own photographs here, however."

"You may take your choice."

No newspaper interviewer dares ask where Popper is. It is none of his business.
No Woman Loves a Weakling!

At first she pities him—then she has contempt for him—finally she deserts him! How about you? Are you a weakling with hardly sufficient backbone yet courage left to approach a woman, to ask her hand in marriage? Do you tremble at the thought of what might be the situation in your home were you to marry a lovely girl and she discovers you to be a physical weakling?

Do Women Shun You?

Do you notice an aversion on the part of women you meet —to sidestep you, to refuse to dance with you, to cut you at social affairs, to act in a chilly manner towards you?

Do you know what a story that tells? There is evidence that women know instinctively that you are not the sort they would care to marry.

Make Yourself Fit Before You Marry!

It may be true that you inherited a weak constitution, or that heavy responsibilities overtax your strength and nerves, or perhaps excesses have made serious inroads on your health. But it is within your power to rise above any unhealthy condition. You have the strength—you are big enough—to pull yourself together. You only need to be told HOW to build your body and restore your health so that you can once more gain self-respect, attract friends, win the love of a woman who loves a strong man, and accomplish big things in life.

Drugs, dope and tonics will not give you permanent strength, but will impair your health. What YOU need is a scientifically applied upbuilding system which is based on Nature's curative powers. That is "Strongfortism."

STRONGFORTISM

The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Once you accept Strongfortism you enter a new life. It's bringing a new and never-ending thrill. You feel the physical and mental strength coursing through your veins—you feel the strength developing in every part of your body—you feel new power. You acquire poise and magnetic personality. Strongfortism has done this for thousands. Surely it can do the same for you. It can make you a 100% Man and fit you for the joys of life.

My Scientific Methods Are Beyond Physical Culture!

Do not confuse the Science of Strongfortism with gymnastic or ordinary physical culture courses. I am not merely a muscle-developer. I am far more than that, for I have devised a system that restores sick, ailing, hopeless, impotent men to the Glory of Powerful Manhood—to the Summit of Health, Strength, Happiness and Success—without the use of dope and drugs, lifting and stretching machines, unnatural deep-breathing, starvation diets, nerve-racking routines or other foolish fads and fancies. What I have done for thousands of others, I can do for you. I guarantee it!

Send For My Free Book

I want to send you a copy of my free book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It will tell you plainly how you can restore your vital powers and again become a full-powered, popular, magnetic, successful man. It will show you how to fit yourself to be a husband and a father—and forever rid yourself of all ailments and weaknesses. Just mark the items on the free consultation coupon on which you want confidential information and send with 10c. to help pay postage, etc. It's a man-builder and a life-saver. Send for my free book Right Now—TODAY.

LIONEL STRONCFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

Dept. 671 Newark, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 671, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," for postage of which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

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