Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge

by S. J. Perelman

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«+s DAWN--_ GINSBERGH’S REVENGE “I love you, gal,’ said Ned hoarsely. & HORACE LIVERIGHT 2 NEW YORK | | | | California State College | Long Beach, Library

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PUPPETS OF PASSION A Throbbing Story of Youth’s Hot Revolt Against the Conventions I ss Se AWN GINSBERGH lay in her enormous sixteenth-century four-poster bed and played tag with her blood pressure. Oh, it was so good to be alive on this glorious May morning instead of being dead or something. Dawn, you must know, was very fond of being alive. In fact, as she used to remark to Nicky Nussbaum, the most devoted of her lovers: “T would rather be alive than be Alderman.” Such was Dawn Ginsbergh, impetuous dashing Dawn of the flame-taunted hair and scarlet lips beestung like violet pools and so on at ten cents a word for a page and a half. With a lazy hand composed of five tapering manicured fingers Dawn reached over to a small table by her bed and picked up a dainty chiffon handkerchief. II

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge OOOO She folded it several times and tied it securely around her eyes. Then she groped about and lit several cigarettes, inhaling long breaths of smoke. Ah, there-it was, sure enough—an Old Mould, her favorite brand, which she could distinguish from the others even blindfolded. She removed the bandage and lay blowing thin spirals of smoke at the chandelier. How like a chandelier was her life, she thought; and the familiar lines of the poet came again to her in all their intensity: “IT burn my chandelier at both ends. It will wot last the night .. .” She looked around at the immense room that was her bedroom. It was, she reflected, large enough for the whole Sixty-ninth Regiment. To tell the truth, the

Sixty-ninth Regiment was in the room, in undress uniform. Dawn was like that, unconventional. A knock. on the door aroused Dawn from her lethargy. She hastily slipped it off and donned an abstraction. This was Dawn, flitting lightly from lethargy to abstraction and back to precipice again. Or from Beethoven to Bach and Bach to Bach again. It was her mother, Mrs. Wharton GinsberghI2 Puppets of Passion —o™~»eRe Aa e——eararrIrerwrree eaeaeaeraeeeroeeero wl _ :.k _—e eee Margolies, a slim nervous woman, nervous like a She wore her hair piled high But then the Ginsberghs were all iconoclasts. They When Dawn, at five, had come down with the whooping-cough, not a whoop Perversely, she broke out with the manatee or Firpo. on her head, an odd place one must agree. never gave a whoop. did she give. yellow jack. But she lived. “Dawn!” “Yes, Uncle Nate,” replied Dawn stretching Dawn always called It was her mother. lazily like a great tawny cat. her mother Uncle Nate—ask me why. “Dawn, how can you lie in bed with those three suitors waiting hours already to propose to you?” Dawn made a little moue of distaste. It did not ‘satisfy her, so she made another, then still another. She lay there making moues while her mother stood there getting grayer all the time. “Dawn, stop making moues and get dressed. Remember, time and tide waits for no man.” “What the heck has the tide got to do with it?” inquired Dawn, “What do I look like, an oyster-dredge?” “I will oyster-dredge you, you momzer,’’ said her mother. “Come on, get into your clothes!” And she’slammed the door. 13

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge eee NS II The eyes of her three suitors followed Dawn as she swept gracefully down the stairs into the early Ludwig Baumann drawing-room. She was a slim little thing, mostly eyes. There was even an eye in the middle of her back, not to mention one on her left leg. The three suitors spoke together. “Dawn !”? She regarded them disdainfully. Nicky Nussbaum, tall, dashing, soldierly Nicky, leader of the Pants Gang; DuBois Moskovicz of the Foreign Legation, and Hastings Berman, the great portrait painter, any one of them an ideal catch. They stood there with worshipping eyes, holding their hearts out to Dawn;

and she trod airily upon them with her high French heels. It was Nicky who was the first to speak. “Dawn, come with me. : I will give you villas in Firenze, chateaux at Nice, estancias in the Banda Oriental, shooting-boxes in Scotland, and castles in Wales. I will deck you in cloth-of-gold, drape you with rare jewels. I will But the courtly diplomat Moskovicz had interrupted him. “Do you long to mingle amidst the gay throngs at Ascot, to rub shoulders with England’s nobility, 14 Puppets of Passion to be smart, smart, sMaRT? Do you desire to be amongst those seen at Longchamps, Melton Mowbray, the Lido, St. Moritz, the Danish Duck Shoot? Then come with me on the ‘Aquazonia,’ sailing July twelfth for Cherbourg!” “Stop! cut in Hastings Berman, impatiently. “Throw aside this stifling artificial existence and as my bride share my carefree Bohemian existence, roistering by night in Montmartre and Chelsea, posing as my model by day; we shall dream away our days in some tiny Breton village, or tiring of that, take lessons in basket-weaving at the Barbizon school.” Dawn, heavy-lidded of eye, yawned. How many thousands of times had she heard these same proposals. She reached for another cigarette and three lighters flared. A voice, a cool masculine voice, startled them. “Pardon me, lady, but I thought this was the kitchen.” They turned around, these three lovers, to behold a clean-limbed young man with laughing blue eyes and wind-tossed hair. He bore a huge cake of ice on his shoulder. Dawn was staring at him, a wild thought forming in her mind. In an instant she had crossed the floor like a livid moonbeam. 15

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge “What do you do for a living, buddy?” she asked tensely. “T am an iceman,” he replied simply. ‘“‘Are you—are you married?” asked Dawn and there was a catch in her throat. “No,” was the bewildered answer. “Listen,” said Dawn in a low fierce voice, ‘‘will you marry me?” “Why, sure, ma’am, but I’m not very rich— qa “That doesn’t matter,’ exclaimed Dawn hurriedly, “I have millions.” She turned to her astounded lovers. “Gentlemen,” she said with a satirical bow, ‘‘meet my future husband—er, what did you say your name was?” “Moe Feinbloom,” replied the youth, with a pardonable blush.

“Gentlemen, my future husband, Marvin Furbish,” said Dawn, her eyes mocky, and she kissed the young man full on the mouth. “Oh, Marvin, I’m so happy,” she breathed. “I knew you were the man when you walked in through that door! And after we’re married, PI go along with you on the route and help you carry the ice into the kitchens, won’t 1?” 16 Puppets of Passion al There was a moment of perplexed silence. Moe scratched his head slowly. “Sure, lady,” he replied doubtfully. “But who'll hold the horse ?” | 17

LOVE’S WHIRLPOOL A True Blue Confession Story es SF & CAME to New York a simple little unsophistiI cated girl. It took me about three days to get ‘the tar and feathers off, and, girls, I wouldn’t wish my worst enemy anything like that experience. All those horrid men riding me out of town on a rail— ugh, I can still see the whole thing! But to get on with my story. I began to cast around for work. ‘What could I do? I asked myself. I could play the bass viol and I knew a little about musical sawing. I registered at a small inexpensive hotel called the Plaza, but after two weeks I began getting dirty looks from a man with a badge who used to hang around the desk, so I selected a cheap boardinghouse near a traffic tower. I love traffic towers and I used to lean out the window and watch Flaherty ‘switch the traffic every afternoon. But finally the thought of money began to worry 18 Love’s Whirlpool me. I had changed from Post Toasties to Pep and back to Post Toasties again. I ate so many bran flakes that I used to. wake up nights picking them off the coverlet. One night I was sitting in my room spelling out a newspaper when there came a knock on the door. “Come in,” I said in Polish. Two girls whom I recognized as living in the next room walked in. “Tm Sallye Belmont,” said one, a pretty little blonde with a strawberry mark between her shoulderblades, “and this is Elaine Finklefoot,” pointing to the other like she was a French pastry. Elaine was a snappy brunette with a bun on. “Say, don’t you ever get lonely hanging around here all day?” asked Elaine. “No,” I replied, “for after all I am a home girl and as long as I have a piece of wood to whittle, I’m satisfied. But I can’t afford to buy wood to

whittle now; in fact, I'm starving." : "That's too bad," said Sallye. 'I'm in the chorus, but perhaps Elaine here could get you a job playing your bass viol in her cabaret." "Sure!" said Elaine, and they left soon after. The next day Elaine told me to call at the cabaret where she worked and I was given a job shoveling cracked ice for the cocktails. The pay was poor, but t9

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge SSS SS eee I could now afford to buy wood for whittling and I was happy once again. One night I was passing through the hallway coming from work when a viper in human form who lived on my floor passed me in the gloom and snatched at my ankles. I immediately floored him with a short jab to the heart and he took the count, but in a moment he was on his feet and infighting furiously. He tried to stagger me with a right cross to the head, but I blocked it with a vicious left hook on his chin, just as the bell saved him. After this episode I determined to spend that night in Sallye's room, and I went in and told her so. She showed me into a small bedroom adjoining her large room. "We're having a party here this evening, dearie," said Elaine, "why don't you come in on it?" "No, thanks," I said, "I have to go to bed early; I'm going on an auto ride to-morrow night and I got to be in shape to walk back." I soon retired and was hardly asleep when I was awakened by the noise of revels in the next room. Much as I hate to say it, I distinctly heard the noise of bean-bags and several oaths which could only belong to the game of "hop-scotch." I listened: to the din for a moment and then my door was thrown open. There stood a policeman. 20 _Love's Whirlpool BEES Oe EPOoEe=s> "Get up, you're pinched!" he said roughly. "G wan, I'll knock you for a row of red-headed Riffians!'? I retorted, but it was no use; and scantily clad in a pair of seal-skin bootees, a meal-sack, and a square piece of aeroplane cloth I was taken to the jug. How shall I describe the period that followed? I often used to wonder, as I sat making shoes up there in Elmira, who the h—ll ever wore all the shoes I made. The food in the reformatory was pleasant and we used to get a finger of brandy every other Thursday, but these luxuries soon palled. Came the day of my release

and again I was in New York. This time I secured a job as a governess to some trained fleas in a museum. And it was through this circumstance that I met the man who was to become my husband. Gregory Garfinkle. One day one of my fleas—a cute little thing with blonde hair—came in with a tall blue-eyed stranger, just like one of those Yale boys, only bright-looking. “Papa, this is Miss Furniss,” said the little flea, wrapping her arms around my neck. “T’ve often heard about you from my daughter,” said Mr. Garfinkle. ‘You must be a red-hot mamma!” 2

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge ee er “Heh, heh!” I said, appreciating the jest (I ain’t so dumb), “‘try me!” And so his courtship began, to end six months later with my consent to marry him. We took his little daughter to live with us, but very nearly lost her when my husband sent one of his suits to be drycleaned. She had fallen asleep in a vest-pocket and was awakened by the noise of hissing steam. But two weeks at Lakewood cured her and our happy circle was reunited. And then, after four years, my dead past leaped up and bit me in the arm. One of my cell-mates from Elmira saw me on the street and threatened me with exposure unless I paid her money. I gave her huge sums, took her to the movies, wined and dined her. But she was dissatisfied, and I lived in constant fear that she would tell all to my husband. And then, one day, after J had refused to give her more money, my husband came in, his brow black like thunder in the summer sky. ‘Why, what’s the matter, Gregory?” I asked, my heart thumping like mad. “T’ve been trying to clean out that furnace and I’m so full of clinkers I feel like an ashcan!’ he cursed. My heart leaped with excitement. He did not know! 22 Love’s Whirlpool Just then the phone rang and I answered it. My daughter had learned all, and, determined to save me, had bitten my blackmailer on the knee-cap so hard that the woman went out like the tide in the Bay of Fundy three days later. I was saved! Now we own our own home, drive a Ford car, play the saxophone, read fifteen minutes a day, and talk intelligently on any topic. I am a happy mother at last, and I owe it all to Bilge Reducing Gum, — which I have chewed ever since I left primary school. How can I ever repay them? 23

Two striped adders captured near Harlem Casino. “Isn't it fun to be photographed?” one of them ts asking the other. THOSE CHARMING PEOPLE The Latest Report on the Weinbloom Reptile Expedition ae & IGHTEEN months ago, when Lieut. Buster Weinbloom left with his expedition into the lower ramp of Grand Central to add fresh reptiles to his collection, many wiseacres dubbed his project “ramp foolishness.” ‘Fresh reptiles, indeed!” said they, ‘as if the reptiles he has now aren’t fresh 24 Those Charming People | enough! We dub his project-ramp foolishness.” But this criticism only succeeded in irritating Lieut. Weinbloom and he soon began to chafe under restraint. The chafing had been barely finished and the saltines spread with butter when the Dean appeared with the college whip to flay the offenders. Lieut. Weinbloom was overcome with impatience. “You people make me tired,” he said; “if you must vex somebody, why don’t you go home and vex the floors?” The Dean went home but, as there were no floors in his house, he had to close the act with a blackout and three bends. The expedition met with small success at first. Three months after they had shuttled over the upper headwaters of the Leblang they captured a small orange drink stand which had gotten separated from its mother. The small but fierce prisoner attempted to gore Lieut. Weinbloom, and when it failed, offered to take him into business on a fifty-fifty basis. But the lieutenant was wary. To quote his own words: “No. I am wary, I am wary wary.” His men then took up the refrain: “He is wary, we are wary, All of us are wary wary; 25 Yeas.

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge None of us have beri-beri, But we all are wary wary.” At the end of the first half the orchestra plugged the theme song, “‘Snakes No Difference to Me,” and after signing the customary contracts with Hearst, the expedition struck camp and mushed on. Only one member of the party had to be left behind, a colored beater named Cobra Perelman, who had mumbled something about “Hearst by his own petard.” His bruises were so numerous that Dr. Dietrick, the medical adviser, ordered him buried up to his neck in rice puddings and set fire to. This was done. Seven days later pythons were sighted, and the python traps were

baited. To lure the tricky reptiles to the snares, a man named Leeds was tied to a tree and smeared with honey. But the cautious pythons refused to bite. Another man named Leeds was smeared with honey and tied to the same tree, but still without results. Lieut. Weinbloom's entry in his log for that day reads: ''Gave the pythons lots of good Leeds but without effect. Perhaps we are wrong in using traps and snares? Will try muted woodwinds, tympani, and oboes to-morrow." But the oboes did not do the work either, for it is 26 Those Charming People notorious that oboes never do work. That, kiddies, is why they are oboes. Leaving the pythons to their own devices, Lieut. Weinbloom now decided that the-expedition must cross a plateau. Maps were consulted but no plateaux could be found. After some discussion an advertisement was inserted in the Times and the following morning found owners of several good second-hand plateaux on hand. The best one was selected and the party then put on its swaddling clothes, in preparation for swaddling the pleateau. In a very short time the plateau was completely swaddled, and tired but happy, we pitched camp outside the city walls. Camp had been unruly anyhow and some of us felt that he should have been tied - to the tree and smeared with honey along with Leeds. Maybe some of you feel the same way about Cobra Perelman. And now, exactly seventeen months and five days after starting out, the expedition is reported in the East Baggage Room of Grand Central, being held for charges. It has been there thirty-five days, and at the usual rate charged for expeditions (ten cents a day), there is three dollars and fifty cents due on it. Anybody who has three dollars and fifty cents and feels that he would like to own a nice almost27

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge new expedition can get same by applying there. Nothing like a nice stuffed expedition to hang up on the wall of your den, boys. Do you stuff expeditions? Here's your chance! 28 ASHES OF LOVE Our Daily Original True Story es & & ENISE and I were happy in our little love nest. We had been married four years and Denise's loving hands had made a home for us. A little rolypoly urchin named Dick had come to bless our union. Denise's wifely care and

tender love lavished itself in every-possible way. At the office I had been promoted from shipping clerk to assistant shipping clerk and every one was saying: “Keep your eye on Kerry Rodbloom; he’s a good man.” . Mother Arrives One day Denise came to me and told me that her mother, a Mrs. Leffingwell of Woonsocket, was coming to live with us. ‘‘But, Denise,” I objected, “You know there’s no room in the garage!”” “Never mind,” said my little wife determinedly, ‘‘we’ll sell our St. Bernard and redecorate the kennel.” Expostulation was in vain and Mrs. Leffingwell arrived 29

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge the next day in fine fettle. We installed her in the kennel, which she found rather small at first; she had to sleep with her feet sticking out of the door, but it was still warm outside and she was easily satisfied. One day about a week after she had arrived I felt unwell after breakfast and I went to my doctor. He gave me a stomach test and found traces of arsenic and bichloride of mercury in my stomach. Upon questioning, mother-in-law admitted that she had been slipping small doses into my coffee. I rebuked her soundly and thought no more about the matter. Three days later I awoke from a heavy sleep to find Mrs. Leffingwell stropping a razor alongside my bed. asked, puzzled. “Why, mother, whatever are you doing?” I “Lie still and see,” was her reply as she sprinkled a drop of oil on a pocket hone and ground the razor to a sharp edge. Fearing she was at her pranks again, I took away the razor and sent her to bed. She seemed pettish at my interference That night I had to scold her again for putting ground and was sullen next morning at breakfast. glass in my bananas and cream and she became so bitter that she would not reply to my small talk. _ The next day I received a phone call. from Denise 30 Ashes of Love asking me to come home right away. Upon my arrival Denise told me that she could not find little Dick. We searched the house thoroughly and finally found Dick in the garbage incinerator, looking very worn. He had a high fever, and when we questioned him, he told us that his granny had shoved him in the incinerator and told him to look there for her gold watch. This was too

much and I criticised mother sharply. To my surprise Denise defended her vigorously. “Why can’t mother have a little fun if she wants to?” she asked. shopping. You men are all alike, you beasts you.” “Well, if that’s the way you feel about it,” I said with spirit, “I’m through. “She never goes to the movies or I guess I can get a room!” And I flang out of the house, mouthing. Leaves City I gave notice at the office, packed my few things, and went to Cleveland. There I began a new life. A bank was badly in need of a president and my early experience in the shipping room won me the post. I threw myself into my work and before long I had been promoted to assistant paying-teller. Then one day my past life confronted me. I received a letter from my wife telling me that mother31

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge SEE EOEOEOEOeEeESEeSeOSOeeeeseoeeee5uesrs eVect ee eee eree_eEee in-law had disposed of Dick in some unknown manner and then turned the gas on in Denise’s room. This, said my wife, had led to a fierce quarrel, at the end of which Denise had poisoned Mrs. Leffingwell and sold her for scrap iron. She concluded by asking me to forgive and return to her. My heart trembled with joy and I took the next train out of Cleveland back to Denise. To-day we live in our little home with the creepers crawling up the door. I have finished my course in draftsmanship and am working for a certificate in a school of cartooning. We often think of little Dick and wonder where he canbe. Perhaps we have misjudged mother; maybe the gypsies really got him. But who knows? Life is like that. 32 COOLIDGE NOT COOLIDGE AT ALL! Nation-Wide Hoax Aired in “Judge’’ Exposé—Was Bucholz or Higginbotham, Is Claim! ae SF ASHINGTON, March 1.—THERE Is NO SUCH PERSON AS CALVIN CooLipcE! The sensational pay-off of the century broke here late this afternoon with the admission by White House attachés that the name ‘“‘Coolidge”’ is an alias. Further grilling revealed that America’s late helms man was named Bucholz or Higginbotham, and was born in Tunis. The revelation is directly due to a Tunisian laundryman employed in the executive mansion, Anna May Wong. (That is, the laundryman is

named Anna May Wong, not the executive mansion. Please excuse my bad handwriting, but I am writing this with a post-office pen which belonged to the late executive and His Nibs are very bad. By the way, if you will reverse the word “nibs” you will get the word “sbin,” which makes no sense at all. 33

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Interesting if you care for that sort of thing.) It seems that Wong often encountered ‘“‘Coolidge”’ in the corridors of the gubernatorial grotto and was surprised to hear that dignitary reply ““Olav hasholem” (“Good morning” in Tunisian) in response to his salutation. One morning “Coolidge” told Wong casually that he had composed a popular song, “Tunis to Kiss My Blues Away,” and had sold it to Donaldson, Douglas, Gumble, Ager, Yellen, Bornstein, Malevinsky, Driscoll & O’Brien, a firm of New York music publishers. Wong’s suspicions were confirmed and he called up the publishers on long distance. The following conversation ensued. After this conversation, Wong had a warrant sworn out and “‘Coolidge” was arrested for grunting and parsimony. He was tried, found guilty, and bastinadoed till he admitted that his name was Finch Bucholz. At this point an elderly man whose spleen had just been removed came forward and identified Bucholz as Higginbotham, an erstwhile classmate of his at Amherst. To prove this, he and ‘‘Coolidge” gave an imitation of a fight between a mongoose and a cobra which all Amherstians present recognized as having taken place there years ago. “Coolidge” was then given fifteen lashes for good 34 Coolidge Not Coolidge at All! measure and asked what he intended to do now that his term of office had expired. “Well, men,” beamed the Little Corporal, ‘you know the Flonzaley Quartette has asked me to play piccolo in their team and the Goodman Matzos Company wants me to design modernistic matzos, but I intend to just sit and think.” The last crack panicked the wise mob and when the pandemonium had died down he was asked what he intended to do with the Sioux war-bonnet, cowboy chaps, and electric horse. He replied that he had already received several offers from a cigar-store chain to pose in front of their shops with his red-man regalia, holding a

sheaf of cheroots. “TI am turning it over in my mind,” stated the son of the Granite State. Altogether, the situation remains much as usual, with low pressure over the Eastern States, high pressure over the advertising agencies, and a dense veil of hot fat entirely obscuring the District of Columbia. | 35

REPORT OF PERELMAN BEARD COMMISSION & & Bs in 1632 when the horse was first invented the newspapers were submerged with letters cursing horses as a mere fad and would not last and if feet were good enough for my grandfather, why : they are good enough for me, etc. But the horse is here to stay, I will hazard. It was the same way with fireless cookers, corn pone, and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. They are all here to stay. Now I and my mob have been teasing ourself with the idea that Santa Claus should ought to be reupholstered and given a new lease 36 Report of the Perelman Beard Commission on life. Well, this same bunch of cheap knockers and Bolsheviks has come forward again and says you cannot get a leopard to change his spats or something. This just goes to show what they know about leopards. In the first place Santa Claus is not a leopard and it makes me boil to hear them backbite on him when he is up in Lapland and cannot defend himself. In the second place everybody knows that a healthy leopard changes his spats every four months and along about this season the shoe clerks are worn to a mere Frazier just waiting on leopards alone. The manager of a certain shoe store on Evans Street told me recently: “I and my staff of shoe clerks are being worn to a mere Frazier just waiting on leopards who are changing their spats.” Well, I guess I have proved my point so we will omit the rebuttal and get on to something else. As. a first step we brooched our plan to Dan Beard, that is a noted beard(architect and designer of many famous beavers. Few people know that the beards worn by King George, Charles Evans Hughes, and Calvert Coolidge are the handiwork of Dan, for he is so modest that he rarely permits himself to be seen nude in public places. However, we “bearded” him in his lair and found him just 37

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge aan eee Oe OOo eee eee eee eee Oe mixing the batter

for one of his delicious lair cakes.. He served us portions of cake and kumyss and regaled us with many bizarre anecdotes on his pocket regaler. One of them concerned the time he was called in by Centre College on the eve of the Centre College-Dartmouth game. All their players had full beards and the Dartmouths were smooth-faced with downy complexions to boot. Centre was afraid that the Dartmouths would seize the Centres by the beard and hold them till the ball was passed. What Dan advised can be found in his little pamphlet, “How the Big Game was Shaved,” put out by Doubleday, Levine and Co. Santa Claus this year will have his pick of the four models shown above. Fig. 1 is the “FinDopey,” to be worn with a double-bosomed suit and no hat. It has a secret drawer for holding rejection slips and is ideal for editors of comic magazines and other fiends. Fig. 2, the “Trader Horn,” is wired for electricity and lights up with an eerie glow at night that is positively zoftik. When pushed around with the hands it is useful for general housework and just chases dirt. In Fig. 3, the “Underbrush,” we see something for the more conservative ; it has a hole bored in it for running strings through to loop behind the ears and can be combed and 38 Report. of the Perelman Beard Commission parted easily with a jig-saw. The last model, the “Menjou,” is a bit dapper and even sinister; there is talk of the government refusing this type to be sold. without license plates. When not in use it should be kept in a damp place, like the kitchen sink. The only other step that I and my henchmen have taken is to buy up all the neckties we can lay hands on and we invite you to a bonfire next Tuesday at Soldier’s Field. If you would like to bring your aunt that generally gives you them for Xmas and put her on the neckties, we will furnish you with free gasoline. We understand. We are asking all ours and if they refuse, we have the chloroformsoaked handkerchiefs and the big black touring car ready. This is going to be a different Xmas from last year, by the beard of the Prophet! / 39

LINDBERGH HOP IMPOSSIBLE, SAYS EXPERT! & & & LOGAN, N. J., April 1.—In a special interview granted to-day by Lieutenant Saul Waring Pigeon of the

aviation corps to this correspondent, Lieutenant Pigeon declared that Charles Lindbergh of St. Louis, who plans to fly his plane “The Spirit of St. Louis” from New York to Paris, is undertaking the impossible. “T have been in a position to examine the various factors involved in such a flight,” stated Lieutenant Pigeon, who will be five years old in August, “and I should say that Lindbergh, as he styles himself, will never make it. It’s suicidal.” Lieutenant Pigeon, who is in charge of sandwich preparation for transatlantic fliers, revealed to this reporter for the first time something that should interest those who look to Lindbergh to succeed in what has been dubbed “‘Lindbergh’s Folly.” “In the first place,” stated Lieutenant Pigeon, “there is no such person as Lindbergh. ‘Lindbergh’ 40 Lindbergh Hop Impossible, Says Expert! is the name chosen by.a wealthy syndicate composed of bankers and manufacturers. ‘This syndicate is in reality controlled by Henry Ford.” “By Henry Ford?” we asked, mystified. ‘But surely—”’ “Ah, you are mystified,” smiled Lieutenant Pigeon. “You ask what possible connection Henry Ford can have with his mad plan. “I will tell you. For some time past, ‘Tin Lizzie’ Ford, as I believe you newspaper men call him, has been trying to buy the Wayside Inn at Concord, Mass. Good. Now: The Yonkers Sirloin and Sausage Company, which owns the Wayside Inn, has been loth to lose control of this property. Suppose—simply suppose—that the attention of the whole civilized world were to be distracted by a young aviator’s successful transatlantic flight. And then suppose that while the Yonkers Sirloin and Sausage Company were preparing to present a testimonial to Lindbergh in their wild joy, Henry Ford were to quickly gain control of the Inn. You follow me? You see the ingenious intricacy of the man?” “Yes, yes,” we replied, a thought slowly taking shape in our brains, “‘and Ford proposes to send this daring young aviator in his errand of distraction— Gad !—the man is a Machiavelli!” 41

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge “And what does this scheming mind use as a last brilliant climax? What does he do?” ‘What ?” we inquired, writing like mad. “HE GIVES THIS YOUNG AVIATOR HAM SANDWICHES CONTAINING HAM

PREPARED BY THE YONKERS SIRLOIN AND SAUSAGE COMPANY THEMSELVES!” ill-suppressed fury. “Exactly!” said Pigeon triumphantly. ground out Pigeon, his eyes blazing with We were too overcome with surprise to venture a remark; but before we had a chance to frame our next question, Pigeon, who was slicing bread distractedly, spoke. “Thank God,” he said, ‘‘thank God that America has at her beck and call a man who will let nothing —bribes, cajewelry, town cars, bags of money—inWe,” “my slicing terfere with his duty. We are that man. he said, pointing to his slicing knife, knife and I, we shall prevent this.” “But how?” we. inquired bewildered. “By refusing to place ham stamped with the gray goose seal of the Yonkers Sirloin and Sausage Company in Lindbergh’s sandwiches,” said Pigeon resolutely, ‘‘and that is why I say that Charles A. Lindbergh will never land his plane at Le Bourget, not as long as I wear on my sleeve the purple and gold 42 Lindbergh Hop Impossible, Says Expert! insignia of chief gunner’s aviation sandwich preparer!” ” we said, blowing our nose “Lieutenant Pigeon, vigorously to wipe away the suspicion of a trace of moisture lingering there in our eye, “if you ever come to my home in Mattawan, I want you to be my guest. I promise you that there will always be a room freshly swept awaiting you, no matter what time of the day or night you arrive. Greater love hath no man.” As I concluded, the clean sweet call of a bugle rang out into the New Jersey night. Pigeon drew himself up and saluted. His eyes were shining under his boyish*tousled mop of hair. There was a moment of silence, and then he spoke. “Oh, shucks,’ he said modestly, “I just can’t help doing what I do. You know, when one’s a Harvard man—” In a single splendid ie I understood. It was noblesse oblige. Never again would I say that there is no honor among thieves. 43

MY ESCAPE FROM THE HAREM The Amazing Narrative of the Adventures of the Beautiful. Half-Caste Armenian Princesss Abou Ben Perelman in the Stronghold of the Sultans ee Ss & AFE at last! How glad I are to be here amongst this country with all those kind “Americans” with your motto “The Land of the Free and No

Hard Centers, All Nougats” after my harrowing experiences over there in Mesopotamia as a captive in the harem of the Sultan! Will I ever forget those days and nights of girlish Armenian despair? Will 1? I hope not—at least not as long as I can still remember them at ten cents a word. .><. But perhaps I had better go back to the beginning, or ‘Genesis,’ as the Koran says. Close your eyes and imagine yourselves amongst the fields of waving Koran in sunny Asia Minor—a little hut tucked away by the edge of an oasis where stately camels dreamed. There I grew up, one of a family of 44 My Escape from the Harem . eight roving Kurds. I was just a little Kurd who dwelt amongst untrodden wheys, a wild irresponsible daughter of nature who knew no master. I used to spend the long Armenian days in the pool near our desert One time I won three dolhome. lars in that pool. It was the time Montreal played a double-header. But I -must continue with my story; there is so much to tell. I had grown into a Princess Abou Ben Perelman, from a photograph taken in the harem. The Princess is wearing her court regalia. dusky-eyed and languorous beauty with a mass of coal-black curls. Well will I remember the night of my twentieth birthday when my parents had announced my betrothal to the dashing Moron Khan, a sheep-stealer from the neighboring cafeteria (Armenian village). 45 =

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Sas_CEOtlTEOEeTEOeOTEOeeOEOEeeESEeeSere ESA nOOeeeeeeeeesPs eee eee ee eee” I was so happy! I lay in my little straw-lined stall | next to Herman, our blooded Arabian steed, and I was so happy I gave three short barks of joy. I felt like a dog in the manger; really I did. Suddenly I felt myself torn brutally from my bed, and before I could say “Jack Robinson” (Jack Robinson) I was being borne off on horseback by ruthless Turkish nomads. I did not even have time to utter a Kurdling cry before we had swept over the horizon into the sand dunes. Half dead with fright I nestled in the arms of my captors and wondered where they were taking me. I was soon to find out. For the next three days my mind was a blank, and even now I often feel that same blankness stealing over me. The morning of the fourth day our motorcar drew up at the eastern gate of the mighty city of

Bagdad, the portal of the Orient. There we were met by turbaned guards who bore me forthwith to the palace of the Sultan. My clothes were taken away from me and I was given a gauzy robe of richly brocaded scrim. And before I had a chance to protest or scrim, I was taken into the presence of the Islamic ruler. Hudson Bey, twenty-ninth Sultan in the Soporific dynasty under the Moslem faith, was a tall, impos46 My Escape from the Harem —_“_—— a ekeeeeree—oeV— er ee ~nr~er eer ssaere—e eee elles ing man of a kindly nature, being fanned by two Birmingham boys whom I remembered vaguely from the Grand Central Terminal. I told him in rapid Turkish what I thought of the trick that had been played, and upon my conclusion we played the trick over. He bid two no-trump and I redoubled, as my strength was in spades. The result was a grand slam and I took simple honors. That night the country club was a blaze of lights, the soft candelabra falling gracefully over the powdered shoulders of charming women and distinguished diplomats. It was a veritable fairyland. But my happiness was short-lived.. A few days later I received a curt note from Jack, telling me that Alice had left the children and that mother was ill: I sat plunged in despair for days, wondering whether Bob had told Jack about the episode at the road-house. The first few days in the harem were uneventful, to coin a new phrase. Fortunately, several of the other captives in the seraglio were Vassar girls, and as I had often carried chains for my father when he was a blacksmith, the common bond united us. One of the girls, a pretty little thing, named Alice Mack, became a fast friend of mine, and soon people would 47

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Bas_asS_EeESEES_ -""Y”- Oe ole eee eee point at us and say, “There go Moron and Mack.” With the spring, life grew more exciting; there was always a brisk walk in the fields or a smeltdrive if we grew bored. I recall vividly the flushed cheeks and shrill cries of the bewildered smelts as our smelt-beaters treed them in a young sapling and the excitement of the kill when one of them would wave aloft the smelt’s brush with loud shouts of “Tally-ho!” Then the evenings spent lounging before the fire puffing lazily on my old clay while Alice

cleaned and fried the now thoroughly exhausted albeit juicy smelts. And the stories told under the haunting magic of the stars! Stories of life on the great African veldt, stories so realistic and thrilling that I veldt hot and cold all over when I heard them. There was one story that Alice never tired of telling, about the time she took a sleeper from Pittsburgh to Wheeling and there was this traveling man. . . but why attempt to relate an incident which relies wholly on its Turkish idiom for flavor? Then, like a thunderclap, in the fourth quarter of the game, Ambercrombie was sent to the bench. As the coach turned to me I noticed that his lips were set in a straight, thin line. “Boy Fenwick,” he said softly, his voice trembling just the least bit as he 48 My Escape from the Harem handed me the -pigskin, “for purity!’ And he gripped my shoulder as in a vise of steel. The next thing I knew I was running down the field, my heart pounding like mad, the rooters in the stands cheering themselves hoarse. When I regained consciousness, Mona was bending over me and there was a new light in her eyes. She slipped the engagement ring tenderly on my finger and averted her head shyly. On the fifteenth of March, five months after I had been confined in the harem,/ my food was brought to me by a little old woman whom I had never seen before. To my surprise she lifted her veil and revealed that it was none other than my betrothed, Moron Khan, who had braved worse than death to come to me. He whispered that he would be waiting for me that evening in the Moorish Grill. Sure enough, when I arrived both he and Ali Ben Bernie were there. They were both equipped with ropes; they offered me one, but as I never smoke the weed, I declined. It was but the work af a moment to scale up the side of the steamer, as my steward had left a painter hanging there. I think it was a man named Matisse or Renoir, but I am not quite sure. However, dawn a

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge The Princess Abou Ben Perelman being abducted _ by native Zikkthriskik. 50 found me snugly ensconced in my _ stateroom, and eleven days later I was leaning over the taffrail looking at the Land of My Dreams. Oh, how good it looked to me, with its waving palms and milky surf thundering on coral

beaches! I found out later that what I had thought to be America was really Staten Island, one of a barbarous group controlled by the Curtis publications, but that is a horse of a different color. It is seven years now since I escaped from bondage among the Turks, but it all seems like yesterday. I mean it actually seems like yesterday. VANDAL EXPLOSION ROCKS CHOW MAINS! Orientals Flee as Suey Geyser Spouts es & 8 EW YORK, Mar. 14.—The central chow mains carrying chop suey and fried rice with chicken to six important Chinese restaurants were to-day burst by a mysterious explosion, causing havoc among thousands of bland noonday feeders. A sixty-foot geyser of sweet and pungent chop suey with almonds and chopped peppers has been spouting in Mott Street from the injured mains and is visible with the naked eye from any part of the Bronx. An inspection tour of the Bronx this afternoon revealed hundreds of naked and scantily clad eyes peering in wonder at the succulent shower of Oriental foodstuffs. In old Chinatown itself the tenement dwellers have been poling about in flatbottomed boats, or junks, on the ever-rising tide of bird's-nest soup and noodles. The chop suey eaten by New York's swarming millions is excavated in the chop suey bogs outside Ly!

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge EOE the walls of Peking and is sent thence by direct pipeline to Siegel's Inlet, Manchuria, to be cleaned and dressed. From there it passes through other pipes under Behring Straits and along the Canadian line into New York. Captain Havoc Ellis, in charge of the Bomb Squad here, expressed the belief that the catastropheel was the work of vandals. "T express the belief that the catastropheel was the work of vandals," expressed Capt. Ellis when interviewed at headquarters. He seemed somewhat depressed, and we asked the reason. 'What is the reason you seem somewhat depressed ?"" we asked him boldly. "Well, boys," the Captain told us newspaper boys, "I bought a pair of pants for a lark this morning and now I get a wire from the lark and he says they're three sizes too small. And on top of it the chow mains burst. The next thing you know they'll tell me my wife ran off with the butcher." Sure enough, as he finished speaking the door opened and a

messenger entered hurriedly to inform Capt. Ellis that his wife had eloped with the butcher. The Captain's depression lifted at once and his rubicum visage was wreathed in smiles. "Yes!" he barked when asked for a statement, "you can tell them that the lid is on the underworld §2 Vandal Explosion Rocks Chow Mains! and I am sitting on it! Throw out the drag-net!" The drag-net was thrown out, hauled back again, and a depressed shad, two herrings, and a bushelman named Gustave Flaubert were found in it. Flaubert was thrown back, as he was too small to pass through the hoop as required by police regulations. The shad was revived with hot drinks and flaxseed poultices and gave a graphic description of life in a shad-pound. Upon being quizzed with the police department's giant power quizzers, however, he had no explanation to offer of the bursting of the chow mains. He did intimate that the herrings may have been responsible. "Shads and herrings have always been inimical," he said icily. 'The herrings have always been jealous of the fact that we are the only fish allowed to migrate from the Pacific through the Chinese Chow Mains to New York. The whole thing looks like a herring coup to me." The suspects were locked up in the herring coop immediately and will be tried and eaten to-morrow by Capt. Havoc Ellis. Relatives and friends of the finny malefactors are invited to attend and eat Capt. Ellis in turn. For the benefit of out-of-towners we will repeat the program: Grover Whalen to be eaten in Times Square Tuesday; John (Roach) Straton in 53

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Grand Central Saturday, and Paul Ash to be poured into molds, frosted and iced Monday. If there is time, a large bonfire composed of John S. Sumner, Alexander Woollcott, and Lord Jeffrey of Pym will be held in Central Park. Please mail other nominees for this bonfire to the Conflagration Committee, and avoid the rush. 54 CUTWORM FADS AND FANCIES & & 8 HOSE of us who are staying home and saving peach-pits and tinfoil whilst our boys are at "the front" making the world safe for Democracy will be interested in two bulletins from the Dept. of Agriculture. The first of these, called "How to The author and his wife with

their pet cutworms. Take Out Spots and Stains," says, 'Spots and stains on the tongue can be slayed by bathing them with alcohol and ginger ale. Do not leave lighted matches in the mouth, however, as ginger ale is highly combustible."" The second bulletin, "Alle Religiosen 55

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Ee OOSESeSaSereeeer Ss rs ere ee ee ee eee eee Reformatoren sind der Profanierung Liebe" (Sacred and Profane Love) contains some fine suggestions about grooming cutworms for the State Fair that all cutworm fanciers and collectors would be crazy if they passed it up. The author and his wife, who was a minus sign before she was soldered to him in the bonds of matHosmer Gosling, our prize cutworm. rimony, first became interested in these sterling creatures when they found a pitiful she-cutworm with a tiny white bundle in her arms on their doorstep one snowy night. They took the pariah in and as time passed their feeling kindled into love (I mean their feeling for the cutworms; the two principals have always despised each other). Since that day they have never lost their love for cutworms. The family by this time has grown, as the large photograph above shows. Mr. Perelman and his chief wife are shown leaning on their elbows in the background, whilst 56 Cutworm Fads and Fancies the happy family of cutworms is reclining on the turf in front of them. A portrait of Hosmer Gosling, the prize cutworm of the family, is also shown above. Hosmer has spent the last two years in a baking college where he is learning to create pies and cup-cakes with his deft hands. In,regards to this there was a side-splitting anecdote enacted when he was home this summer from college. Hosmer was lying in the porch swing playing his fife when the shy little girl cutworm from next door came up the steps. "Well, Hosmer," she said, "I suppose you are now a full-fledged master baker." "No," said Hosmer, with a humorous twinkle in his six eyes, "I am only a Studebaker (student baker)." The incident created much laughter amongst the dragoons on the stairway and even that stern old martinet, Cardinal Richelieu, betrayed a twinkle in his eye. ; Most of the skilful technique which the author and his consort employ with the

cutworms has been learned from Clive Weed that is a cardboard salesman from next door. Mr. Weed is never found without his trusty briar pipe and he is always fondling some sort of tobacco. Another of his whimsical oddities is spraying himself with eau de cologne, 57

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge SS _EE—EeEeEEEeEOeEeEOeEOeOeeeeeou3uo3u3res—o ule eee" and these two quirks are probably why the wife and I have nicknamed him "'the fragrant Weed." He is at present selling packages of blueing to all the neighbors and hopes to have a magic lantern by Arbor Day. Next month the cutworm season gets under way with a smash and we invite our friends to visit us at our booth in Donnybrook Fair. Besides our collection of the jovial worm the little lady will read fortunes with tea leaves and I will give imitations of Emil Jannings and other members of the Romanoff family. The price of admission will be ten pins and tennis balls will be served. 58 OVER NIAGARA IN A ROTARY WASHER es & 8 VER since I announced in the columns of the Parthenon last July that I was going to take the trip over Niagara Falls in a rotary washing-machine on Mothers' Day next year, there has been a flood of two letters a month pouring in demanding details of all sorts. As this is eating up all the overhead in the office and wearing three stenographers to the nub opening and answering these missiles, I have decided to quench the stream of curiosity and explain my position. So many people have gone over '"'Lover's Leap" (Niagara Falls) in barrels and canoes that the thing has almost become a platitude and you might just as well be lying at home in bed playing halma for all the excitement you get. Last year Major Weathercock even made the journey in a gravy boat to prove how easy it was. My plan, however, is to put back a little sport into the old ride, and I figure that if I am whirling in a rotary motion, at the same 59

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge RS ee ———e time descending a four-hundred-foot falls, why perhaps there will be a few moments when I am not bored. For this ride I have chosen a model 3-B Little Gem Rotary Washer, which sleeps two and even has

a little galley attached in which I can do a little cooking. Everybody gets tired of eating in restaurants all the time, and if I ever want to, why I can boil an egg or fry some water and thus avoid acid stomach, that curse of previous navigators of Niagara. Also, attached to the starboard side of the craft, is a beautiful brass binnacle; so shipshape, in fact, that I might almost dub it the binnacle of my ambitions. There are also other accessories too numerous to mention, including a sextant, should I care to take along a female companion. The sextant is 2 handy little instrument that determines the sex of anybody that comes near it. For instance, if a girl should approach within five feet of the indicator, it would blush a deep red and leave the room. Then you will know you are standing in the presence of one of "the weaker sex," and you can look around and see if any women have climbed aboard. Why are you taking this trip on Mothers' Day? '5 the most numerous question asked by admirers. I | am taking this trip on Mothers' Day because I want 60 es Over Niagara in a Rotary Washer it to be a lesson to children the world over and not beat their mothers on this day in the future. When I have come out of the water below the falls, they will regret that they ever took a stick to their old gray-haired mammy that rocked them to the Land of Nod many's the time and nursed them from the Valley of the Shadow. How would you like to be a mother and for no reason at all get cudgeled black and blue? It would not be so nice, I can tell you. Although I have never been a mother, still I have feelings like any one else and rarely if ever beat mine, unless she has talked back or some real offense like that. So please, boys, do not flog your mothers. Of course, like all people that have he-men's blood in their veins instead of lukewarm milk, I have been flayed by the critics, and they have dubbed my whole scheme "Perelman's Folly" and "The Great Mississippi Bubble."" Some of them have even gone so far as to predict that I will be riding for a falls, while one or two smart Alexanders have cracked wise on hearing that I am navigating a rotary washer and said that I should be "collared"' before it is too late and that I will receive many a "cuff." But to these I can reply with Moses, the great

law-giver, that pride goeth before a falls, and let them paste that in their hat and smoke it. 61

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge ee OOeeeeesee-er ree ee ee oeeemws* Well, I hope that all my well-wishers will be "on hand" to see me take the voyage, and it certainly will be a gay scene, with all the flags flying and the bunting. Everybody should wear a little bunting to give me courage, and I hope there will be nobody there so pessimistic as to be caught with their bunts down —ha! ha! ha! So good luck and I will write you from the Cave of the Winds. 62 THE PITFALLS OF THE STAGE, OR LIFE ON THE GAY WHITE WAY EXPOSED By A Woman of the World & & & THINK it was the Father of the American Stage, '"'Windblown Bob" Finchley, who once remarked "Few roads are so flanked with danger as that calcium-lighted path toward the gateway of Fame— that glittering Golden Street speckled with laughter and tears where many an aching heart is breaking *neath the buffoon's gay motley. I refer, in short, to Broadway, especially from Forty-second to Fiftythird Streets inclusive." What girl has not dreamed of a stage career replete with expensive jewels, flowers, the adoration of thousands? What girl has not conjured up gleaming visions of herself wrapped in sable, ermine, mink, seal, skunk, chipmunk, wolf, fox, cat, dog, giraffe or other fur, entering her exclusive imported Minerva, the whilst obsequious feetmen stand respectfully by? . 63

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge EEE Oe ECE°? Or' oR eeeeeeeeremmr" Ah, poor deluded moths around the flame of Success, soon to fold their bescorched wings as Life's sickle shaves them down! Girls of America, you girls in the hamlets, villages and towns of this great country, you who hunger for the glamour of wealth | and renown, listen to my story. I was the only daughter of a small hardware merchant in the rising town of Centreville, Ohio. Needless to say, Centreville was not its true name; it was really Cairo, Egypt, but I suppress its real name for obvious reasons. There it was that I grew up into a heedless, beautiful thing. My head was full of romantic notions; I read novels like "The Devil's Dilemma" by Oscar Shaw and

“Ulysses” by Alice Joyce, and I saw myself clothed in sumptuous gowns and superb gems, the toast of Broadway. Bred in Centreville, but the toast of Broadway, so to speak; that was my ambition. I was nineteen when I decided to come to New York. When I told my father of my plans, he was furious. “You are a mere child!’ he objected. “Why, you are still in 6-B in grammar school!” “And why?” I inquired. “Because the teacher’s jealous of me; she keeps me back all the time. I 64 The Pitfalls of the Stage CR FSS IS haven’t been promoted since the spring of 1901; there’s no future in the education game.” His remonstrances were in vain. I had made up my mind to go; and two weeks later I was gazing down at the shiny steel rails on which I was being borne swiftly toward New York. The click of the wheels was as music in my ears, though I wished that the rails were a little further away from my face; besides, it was so cold riding underneath those freight-cars in the winter. New York! I shall always remember the day I arrived in the great swarming metropolis. Everything was so strange, so novel. I took a humble room in a modest hotel and went immediately to a theatrical agency. In a few moments I was escorted into Mr. Oglethorpe’s private office. Mr. Oglethorpe was a kindly-looking gentleman of forty by the name of Oglethorpe who nodded pleasantly when I walked in. “Mr. Oglethorpe,” I said directly, “I have come Ze your city to go on the stage. Have you a position as leading lady in a good, wholesome drama which will be a smashing success?” He looked through some papers and then scrutinized my features closely. He seemed puzzled, and finally said: 65

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge en EO EOEOEOeEOOEOOeeeaecuenutwrs OSs mS Sa ee se ee eceG5eleeee eee eee “Fave you ever had an experience with billiards?” “Mr. Oglethorpe!” I said sharply, “you will remember that. you are in the presence of a lady; kindly do not use that word in my presence.” “T meant no harm,” he replied, and he smiled kindly. “And now will you have dinner with me?” And he offered me his arm. We dined at an expensive Chinese restaurant on tasty chow mein and washed it down with lichee nuts and great draughts of Oolong. While we were

engaged in conversation on current events, Mr. Oglethorpe happened to take out his handkerchief. I noticed a peculiar aroma. ‘What is that peculiar aroma which I notice?” I inquired. “That is Coty’s Le Désir du Chloroform,” he said. ‘Would you care for a few drops?” Unsophisticated country girl that I was, I assented, and he took out a small bottle and soaked my handkerchief thoroughly. Then he held it to my nose. A feeling of languor, even lassitude, began to steal over me, and I knew no more. When I came to I found myself amid strange surroundings. I blinked my eyes and attempted to discover my whereabouts. I seemed to be in a long room containing large tables covered with green 66 . The Pitfalls of the Stage I I I OI baize. Suddenly an intense feeling of shame and. loathing swept over me. I was in a bDilliard-hell! I looked down at my hands and discovered to my horror that I was holding a cue; I had just finished a three-bank carom. Shuddering, I turned to confront Mr. Oglethorpe, who had discarded his jacket and was preparing to execute a difficult massé shot with left-hand English. I stopped him with an imperious wave of my hand. “You cad!” I said coldly, “to take advantage of my inexperience thus. Take me home!” He sneered and resumed the game. I fought like a tiger, but it was useless. He won, 185 to 114. Why go on? My degradation was complete. I could not return to Centreville and face my father’s wrath with my story. If he knew that I had spent the evening in a billiard-hell, he would disown me and send me out into the night with my little cue. That was five years ago. To-day I am a wretched woman, broken under years of billiards; the curse of billiards has gripped me and for hours I stand by the devil’s tables practicing, practicing... . Gad, will it never cease? Oh, girls, heed my warning—give up your dreams before you too sink to worse than death. Sometimes, thinking of the day that might have been, I take my little three-cornered 67

Dawn. Ginsbergh’s Revenge rack in my arms and croon over it softly, humming a lullaby my mother taught me. But before I know it, the accursed “‘billiard mania” has clutched me again, and I am chalking my cue by the tables. . . . Ah, Life, Life!

PERELMAN'S CHILDREN'S WEEK-END GUIDE ee 8 OW that all my little rascals have laid away their slates and spit-balls and are prepared to woo "Dame Vacation" and "Dame Outdoors," a few pointers on how to manage their week-ends will not come amiss. Yesterday I received a letter from Frances Pooch of Fatuous, New Jersey, with a query that I am sure you will all want to hear. "Dear Mr. Perelman," runs her letter, "J have been troubled a good deal the last few evenings with a guy leering over the transom every time I take a bath. Whenever I rise from the table and announce that I am going to take a bath, he always gets up and starts to leer over the transom. As I almost always take a bath in 'the nude, this is very embarrassing to me. I think this man's name is Leary, and believe me, 1 am. What shall I do? "Anxiously, "FRANCES PoocH." 69

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge a EEEEEETTOOEE-DE"S—-"n-_ —e=— ee eke" Well, Frances, I'm afraid you will have to do as your own conscience dictates. After all, the human body is a beautiful thing, don't you think, and nobody should be ashamed to be caught in the nude. Of course there are a lot of people with evil minds, but hold your head high, Frances, and give yourself a good scrub even if the whole U. S. Senate is looking on. However, if this really bothers you a great deal, send me your address and the location of your bathroom, and I will look into it. But getting back to the week-ends. If you are going down to the shore, you will certainly want to be able to tell a clam from the other shellfish, or "bicuspids." Sometimes it is no easy matter to tell a clam, for they are rarely good listeners and are prone to draw into themselves. Indeed, it is no uncommon experience to walk along the beach and say to a clam, "Good afternoon to you, and how are you to-day?" only to have the canny bivalve shut up like a clam and walk aloofly away. Clams, oddly enough, are of both sexes; that is, a clam is both a he-clam and a she-clam at the same time. This makes it very convenient just before a big dance, for instance. Let us say that Bob, a boy-clam, wants to go to the annual Clam-na-Gael 70 Perelman's Children's Week-End Guide Ball, but has no partner. He simply calls up his

boy-friend clam and says: “Well, Doris, I think I shall take you to the ball Wednesday night.”. This is the signal for him, or her, whichever you like, to go home and start taking pleats in her Louiseboulanger evening gown. Of course it is quite expensive to keep a whole male wardrobe as well as a number of frocks and dainty underthings on hand, but when a clam has money he spends it freely. Now then, how to tell a clam from, say, an evergreen or a mongoose, also members of the bicuspid family? An evergreen is taller than a clam and belongs more to the bush family than the clam clan. Clams, however, are not boisterous, and that is where they differ from mongeese, whose shrill honking when they start south in winter needs no introduction. Another thing you will want to be up on at the shore is swordfishing. Everybody has gone ‘“‘nuts”’ and “dippy” over this “Sport of Kings” (swordfishing), for a good sword is hard to catch, and you will have to: be careful in choosing your bait. I generally use a No. 3 palooka for rough water and a shiny brass momzer for smooth. There are two 7p.

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge SauSEOeeeEOeEOeOeeOe ere ome ra eee ee eee see eee” kinds of swords you can catch: (a) sabres and (b) rapiers, and it is certainly a glorious feeling to sail in from the sword grounds with your creel stuffed with good fat swords and the knowledge that “to the victor belong the foils.” And now a final word as to poison ivy. A good many people seem to fear this harmless little shrub; why, I do not know, for the poison ivy does not fear human beings. If you are afraid of Merriweather ‘(the medical term for poison ivy), the best way of protecting yourself is to pluck a handful of its leaves and rub them vigorously over your skin with an upand-down (not sideways) motion. This will inoculate you with poison ivy serum, and if you live you HOCKEY PROSPECTS FOR 1929 will be immune from attacks of Bright’s disease or | pe a se Black Bottom. | Well, I guess I have said enough for to-day, so I will shut up now. i F you were lounging about the dormitories of Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Sweetbriar, Mt. Holyoke, Paranoia, or even Pembroke, you would probably see various notices posted on the bulletin boards

announcing hockey tryouts. One of my agents, who is responsible for this information, was unfortu| nately confused the whilst hunting about for the | bulletin boards and had a severe fall from a fire| escape, almost severing a leg from a table he was SS 73

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge carrying at the time. The table showed clearly— and I think without racial prejudice—that over 95 per cent of our domesticated swines hate pork and practically never touch it, except when washing their faces before a big dance. The discreet lover of pork-flesh will do well to mull over these statistics with his pocket muller. The most important changes this year in college hockey is in the costume worn on the ice. Everybody remembers the sensation caused last year by Agnes Belknap, roving center of the Pastrami Prep team, appearing clad in blanket and surcingle for the fray. Her opponents, confused by her informal costume, and imagining they were at a social barbeque of some sort, had tea brought in by Eno, their Filipino boy. The heat of the tea, you understand, melted the ice and Pastrami Prep won by a mere Oolong, so to speak. That night at the Chi Omeg dance, Agnes, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, announced her engagement to a retired pork-butcher named Tennessee Hogboom. How little did portly Police Inspector Javert dream that the lady who had lightly tapped him with her fan was none other than his quarry, Jean Valjean! It was a tense -moment, all jokes aside. The pictures above show four members of the 74 Hockey Prospects for 1929 Se FT leading hockey teams dressed in the uniforms they will wear at the important ice clashes. Reading from left to right they are Jackie Fairbrother, Vulpine Tompkins, Grace Gatchell, and Nadia Winterbottom, just four girls and not an inhibition in the whole lot of them. Jackie, a forward on the Canadian side but a subnormal on her mother's, is holding a slung-shot in her left hand which she has just used to good advantage on the policeman shown lying in the foreground. Patrolman Cassidy, it seems, asked her if she did not deem herself just the least bit "forward" to appear in public in such a uniform. The foolhardy Celt soon realized his error, for had not a

Fairbrother stood on the ramparts at Shiloh with General Jubal Early and given the wild rebel yell? Oh, yes, indeed, I'll tell the cock-eyed world. The only other innovation listed is that on Oct. 11 Daylight Saving will go into effect. So many letters have arrived from different cowboys in the diocese asking me what the hell that I will explain briefly. Supposing it is eleven o'clock. You have just sprinkled your bed with cake crumbs, because whether you have had cake or no, why you could not fall asleep unless you had detected the crumbs. Now under Daylight Saving—or to give it its full 75

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Saf EOeeeEOSeeESEeeSEeeSEer-eSsoepe rE eee eeee5uereer eeece eeeeerr_eeeee" name, Daylight Saving and Cake Crumbs Law—there will be no more wasteful expenditure of cake crumbs and the government will reap all that extra revenue. It looks like a good thing for the layman. Well, in a month the hockey season will be under full swing and as far as this reporter is concerned, all the hockey players might just as well be under full swing too, with lassos around their pretty necks in the bargain, as I hate the game anyways and my sister married a hockey player with a head like a peanut, only there is no law against roasting peanuts. That is all for to-day, boys, and next week we promise you we will have that stag smoker and peep-show you have been waiting for so impatiently. 76 IN OLD CHINATOWN Fred Berkowitz, Trapped by the Almond-Eyed Plotters, Again Gives Them the Slip eS 8 HE dinner dishes had been cleared away, and Benson and I were comfortably ensconced before a glowing can of Sterno. Jitters, Benson's man, was preparing our whiskies and soda, the kettle was steaming on the hob, and hobstairs and houtside the wind was whistling. "Benson," I said, lazily puffing on my Trichinopoly cheroot, "'they call you the most eminent surgeon in the world. Tell me about your most unusual case.' "That is a poser," laughed Benson. Benson is somewhat of a joker, although he looks more like the nine of clubs or one of the low face-cards. "Well, I should say that the Philip Forceps affair was the most peculiar." And closing his eyes and going to sleep, he told me the following story:

Philip Forceps was a young pair of pliers in 77

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge I EER the employ of John Greenblatt Whittier, author of "Snowbloom." He was an honest and upright pair of pincers whose duties were few; he would extract tacks and glass which had become imbedded in his master's legs and every fortnight he would trim Whittier's luxurious orange beard. But time passed and John Greenblatt Whittier fell on evil days. He was forced to trade Philip to one Leon Error for a handful of glass beads and Manhattan Island. Error was at that time a dancer and Forceps used to stand in the wings and enviously watch Error's twinkling legs collapse to the applause of the multitude. One night he returned to his modest hall bedroom on Evans Street. He was about to leap into bed when he happened to spy himself. in He was astounded. His legs, which had always been straight as an arrow, the full-length mirror. were now curved like a bow. He rushed to the theater to confront Error with the facts and found him out in the barn milking his cow, a Holbein. "Tf I can't do it any other way, I'll have to use that brute Error offered to take Forceps into his act. Forceps," he admitted. The distraught young pair of pliers accepted and LEon Error & Forceps PHILIP opened, spotted next to the trained leopards. From the first they were a wow. When they played 78 In Old Chinatown RS the Palace the waiting line stretched to Bedloe's Island and the Garden held the overflow. Flowers, jewels, beautiful women and rain rained in on the young pincers. And then, at a musicale at Libby's baths, Forceps met Anne Margoulies. She was a young dental pincers in the first flush of radiant womanhood, alive, impressionable, dainty. Philip showered her with Lancias, orchids, and telephone calls. He took her to Chinatown, through the Holland Tunnel, through the great red network of sewers. He wined her, dined her, and shined her with steel wool. But she would have none of him, for his legs, curved, like parentheses they were curved, annoyed her. Frantic, Forceps took his problem to Error. "Why don't you give her a booking?" suggested Error. "She already has a booking," groaned Forceps with a groan. His unrequited love was maddening him

when, on the verge of insanity, a friend advised that he see Benson, the renowned physician. Benson, or Bensdorp, as he was then called, for he was in the cocoa racket, as we have already shown, was sympathetic, but held out little hope. He consented to do what he could, however, and prescribed a diet 79

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge for Philip. He must eat no more horseshoes ia between meals and he was forbidden to look at croquet wickets. He must not ride horseback and How Philip Forceps' legs gradually straightened. he must eschew arch glances. For this he was given a small pocket eschewer and ordered to eschew each arch glance thirty-two times. Slowly, painfully, under Benson's tender care, he was won back. It was a hard and desperate fight, 80 In Old Chinatown for his legs curled outward like hoops on the slightest provocation. But by degrees his ankles became less bowed and one sunny May morning Benson pronounced him normal again. Philip and Anne were married next day in the Little Church Around the Corner. The blushing bride carried a bouquet of magnets and the happy couple left for the Horseshoe Falls. The Sterno embers were dying out with an eerie glow as the story ended. I awoke Benson. "Yes," he murmured as we drank each other's health from a slipper. "It was another scalpel to hang at my beltel." And from the next room we heard the quaint cracked notes of Benson's welltempered clavicle tinkling out the theme song from Olive Hasholem's opera: "Marriage by contract, I love you, Marriage by contract, you thrill me thro' and thro', Dreaming in the gloaming, bringing in the loam, Mammy and her gigolos, my old Kaintucky home." SI

THE FLIGHT OF THE "GRAF WINCHELL" By Commander Hugo Von Perelman & Ss & EST some of my more hot-headed admirers become enraged by my modesty and compel me legally to expose the inside story on the flight of the "Graf Winchell," why; I will make a clean bosom of the whole matter. During the past week mobs of two and three people with flashing eyes have been gathering beneath my window and goading me with cries of "We will compel you legally to expose the inside story of the flight of the 'Graf Winchell,' so make a clean bosom of the whole

matter!’ As it is against my principles to take money personally from anybody for this, why, I will ask Otto H. Kahn to leave the usual bag of doubloons in the stump of a hollow tree named Margolies at 45th Street and Eighth Avenue. It was my old friend Georgia Cling that dances in “Show Boat” and is really a perfect peach that first dubbed flying in dirigibles “the sport of Kings.” I 82 The Flight of the “Graf Winchell” believe that Madame DuBarry was also called by this odd name, but let us not get too involved in the reasons for that, for aftet all this is a family album and if that is the way your mind runs, look her up in any good encyclopedia. Practically every airman since 1905 has been named King and it has got so now that if your name is Applebaum or Louise Greshler or something, why the chances of your even getting a ride in a gas-bag is less than lousy. The idea of dirigibles was first conceived by the author. He and a bevy of his enthusiasts and foils were punching the breeze in a midtown speak when a rich ironmonger named Winchell wandered in. When not monging iron, this Winchell went about striking automobiles in a fit of pique. Fits of pique were common in those days and we all spent hours and even days piquing. I may say modestly that l have piqued over some of the best transoms in. . . but there I go again. Winchell, as was his wont, passed out a number of cigars and subscription blanks for ‘‘Farm, Fireside and Funny Business,” as he was then taking subscriptions to aid his way through reform school. When he handed me my cigar it suddenly occurred to me that it would be a good idea to have airships in the form of cigars and stuff them with helium gas 83

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge .8FejeFTerTero.oeETaerere eV3err eer ea ee lll ll Te so that we could span the Atlantic. A few days later my workmen had completed the odd craft and we gathered for the launching. Winchell, who by now had been graduated and had set himself up as a cordwainer, attended and broke a bottle of champagne over the ship’s nose and the huge bird was now ready for flight under its new name, the “Graf Winchell.” We had just passed over Hummer’s Inlet when the Hearst representatives sped up in an I. Miller Short Vamp scouting plane and we

signed the usual exclusive contracts not to eat meat or each other until we had reached Le Bourget. Then we were off, with Death riding in the cockpit and Life on the tables in the smoking lounge. The next two days we spent combing stowaways out of our beards. Among those who had sneaked aboard were two people named Applebaum and Louise Greshler, and when we had grilled and quizzed them, they "°fessed" up that their name was not King after all. Incensed, we decided to abandon them and asked how they would like to be maroons on an island. Applebaum retorted that the mere mention of Harvard gave him the starboard jitters. This led to blows and the secretive twain finally had to be removed with a damp cloth and benzine. 84 The Flight of the "Graf Winchell' —_oO,oOeeoeeereen_u_uV3"aerlt reeeGco3<wcr eee _—_ee eee ser _—e eeeeeeeeeSEOesS Over St. Luke's our fuel began to lash up against the sides of the tanks, and my. navigator, who had been holding the bag up to this time, passed a remark about "stormy petrol." It then became imperative to use the damp cloth and benzine treatment on him. We had barely sat down to our braised bananas again before Barney, one of our men, complained that he was being bothered by barnacles. The other boys immediately took up the cry '""Barney has barnacles!_ Oh, what I know about you, Barney!" Poor Barney bridled and left, but he had not gone two yards before his nag collapsed under him and again I had to order the damp cloth and the benzine. A moment later I heard the whir of motors and in a few seconds faithful old Pietro laid down his whip and drew up alongside. He asked me if we had any pots to mend or scissors to sharpen. I inquired: "ave you your emery wheel with you, my good man?" "Foreign devil ask if I have emery wheel?" asked Pietro. "Yes, Sahib." "Then I have an ax to grind with you, fellow," I said through set teeth, and I slapped him across his face with my glove. 85

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Well, it is all over now, and as I look across at Fanny quietly knitting there by the fire, I refill my And as the embers glow in the darkening room I take down old briar with shag and I wonder. my fiddle from the shelf and

play an old familiar tune. Fanny smiles at me and I smile at Fanny. I feel like an old ship that has reached a snug haven at last. I have spoken. Salami. 86 “BELL'S FOLLY,” OR THE FIRST TELEPHONE es & 8 HE other day, the whilst I was glancing through my encyclopedia for a corkscrew which had gone astray, I chanced to encounter an account of the first telephone conversation. It seems that Prof. Bell, desiring to uncover whether his brain-child would function, had addressed his assistant in the next room crisply, ‘“‘Mr. Watson, come here, I want you.” The narrative went on to say that Mr. Watson was so bewildered by these words issuing from the receiver that he was paralyzed in his left leg and thus was prevented from taking out his first citizen’s papers. Besides being totally inaccurate in this account, the encyclopedia forgot to mention that there was another person present in the room with Prof. Bell at the time. This was a man named Chowder, who was acting in the capacity of an iceman to Bell. Chowder was a branch of my family tree, 87

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge ew EOeeEOEEOOOEOeEeESESeEeeSeeeeresae—rs»rnr a eee ree eee and as we Chowders are a proud lot I will attempt to describe the exact events. Chowder’s statement says that he had gone around to Bell’s place on Evans Street to see if Bell wanted any ice that day. He knocked on the door twice and received no answer. Thinking that Bell was out and that somebody might have left the safe open, he entered. Bell was sitting in a chair smoking what Chowder describes as a pipe. There was nobody in the next room, principally because it was a one-room apartment without bath. ‘What can I do for you?” said Bell. “Can you use some ice to-day ?”’ said Chowder. ‘‘What kind of ice is it?” was Bell’s query. “Tt is some ice like this,’ said Chowder, showing him a sample he always carried in his pocket. “No, I don’t think I can use any,” said Bell. “I have not any ice-box.” “No?” said Chowder. ‘What do you do, send your drinks to the North Pole to cool them off?” “Get the out of here before I ——!” said Bell with an oath. Chowder then withdrew to a corner of the room and hid behind a test-tube, for he had heard that Bell was going to try his

telephone that day. His patience was rewarded finally, for Bell picked up the 88 “Bell’s Folly,” or the First Telephone ESS transmitter. Chowder waited with bated breath, his hands clammy. “Hello?” said Bell. “Give me Buckwheat 3668.” There was a moment of silence, broken only by the noise of the ice melting in Chowder’s pocket. Then Bell spoke again. “Hey, Barney, is that you? . . . Yes, Alex... . Fine. . . . Say, how did that one you pulled at the club yesterday go? . . . what? .. . a little louder. ... ‘Yes, lady, but who’ll hold the horse?’ . . is thateat fe. (o- hay ha -dhay thas ayehs rits2 peach .. . thanks, Barney . . . be good.” Bell then put on his hat and coat and was about to leave when he spied Chowder secreted behind the test-tube. “Did you eavesdrop on my conversation?” he asked with eyes blazing. “Yes,” replied Chowder, hanging his head. “You rascal, where is your ethics?” demanded Bell. “T traded it in for a Chrysler!” was my grandfather’s answer. Bell was so taken aback by this reply that he forgave Chowder and made him his assistant. And he even told him the first part of the story he had mentioned over the phone. And what a story it was! 89

WEEKLY REPORT OF SECRETARY OF BRONX PARK BIRD AND WANDERVOGEL SOCIETY cs ss & R. President, Fellow Bird-Lovers and Hikers: The Bronx Park Bird and Wandervogel Society gathered last Tuesday in the home of Mr. Harris Feinstein for their weekly meeting. The roll was called and four members were absent, Morris Rubin, Irma Fessbaum, Ruby Janssen, and Celia Reznick. Miss Fessbaum was reported dead of gall-stones and Mr. Rubin, Miss Janssen, and Miss Reznick had moved to Chicago. The absent members were fined twenty-five cents each and will be expelled if not present at the next meeting. New business was then in order and Mr. Harris Feinstein, our chairman, introduced a motion to give a theater party next Wednesday evening. Mr. Feinstein has generously provided tickets at his own expense for ‘“‘“The Ladder.” Following this a motion was made and seconded that all members not present at the theater party be fined twenty-five cents. The motion was passed. Mr. Feinstein 90 Weekly Report of

Secretary of Bronx Park Society then introduced a motion asking for a nominal tax of twenty-five cents on each member attending the performance to cover expenses. The motion was seconded and passed. Mr. Feinstein, who is also flamingo curator of the club, then read an essay on flamingoes which was well received. It was voted that fifteen dollars be set aside for Mr. Feinstein to devote to flamingo research. The vote was carried. Chairman Feinstein then announced that Member Marshall Sugarman had been very ill and took up a collection for flowers among the members which the chairman undertook to deliver to Brother Sugarman personally. The next item in order was a reading of the treasurer's report by Treasurer Feinstein, who reported a deficit of twelve dollars due to overhead expenses. To remedy this, Treasurer Feinstein suggested a Levy on all members of fifty cents, which was seconded by the chairman and passed. Mr. Feinstein also announced that all members were invited to a dance at his home on the fifteenth of next month. <A slight charge of twenty-five cents will be required of those attending. Music will be furnished by Mr. Feinstein's radio. The chairman then spoke at length and deemed the meeting one of the most successful he had attended in some time. Before adjourning the meetgi

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge ing, Chairman Feinstein urged all members to contribute freely to the fund he is gathering to build a clubhouse for the organization. Checks can be made payable to Mr. Harris Feinstein. Respectfully, submitted, Mr. Harris Feinstein, Secretary. 92 SEA-SERPENT MENACE AGAIN REARS UGLY HEAD HE United States Department of Fisheries has been going around with a bewitched look on its face the last few days. Ever since the crew of the tramp steamer "Max Beerbohm'' reported sighting a sea-serpent off Cape Cod, why the Rho Shad Rho fraternity house in Woods Hole has been deserted and the boys have been gathered together in little discussion knots, discussing. The serpent was first reported to the Department by one Jim Hawkins, a powder-monkey aboard the lugger. This Hawkins had got thirsty for an apple and had crawled in a barrel.

Whilst there he heard voices which he recognized as those of Israel Hands, Long John Silverman, and Stephen Wise, three piratical members of the crew. Thesé mutineers, who were all upstairs girls on the ‘“‘Max Beerbohm” but were dissatisfied with only getting Thursday nights off, were plotting to make off with the ship’s cargo of Oh Henry bars and melt them down to sell in 93

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge a IIE Cuba. They were also planning to melt down bluff old Squire Trelawney, the floorwalker of the sloop, and sell him to Frank Munsey. But just as they The sea-serpent following the steamer. were about to seize pistols and cutlets, there was a shout from the lookout in the momzer-mast, ‘‘Seaserpent ho!” The sea-serpent’s wife. “Where away?” called Squire Trelawney, looking up from his dry-point etching. The lookoutman, misunderstanding him, told the serpent that the crew was away in Lake Placid and not expected back till 94 Sea-Serpent Menace Again Rears Ugly Head oe ea ea ee ea ee ea es after lunch, as they were in conference. He offered to take the serpent’s name and address and they would let him know if anything turned up, but right now they were not casting. “By the way,” interrupted the serpent, “I was with Walter Hampden last year, if experience means anything around this jernt, which it certainly ought to.” “Were you?” parried the Squire. “I was with Childs myself. Just a counterman, of course,’’ he added modestly. ‘But every little bit helps.”’ “T bet you don’t know what my ambition is,” remarked the serpent slyly. “I bet I don’t,” remarked Squire Trelawney dryly. “TI want to eat A. A. Milne,” beamed the serpent, and together they took up the refrain: “Fle wants to eat that A. A. Milne, Whose writings are so quaint. Pm glad of that because they fill me With a tendency to faint. Chorus: So it’s heave, my hearties,” etc. The serpent then swam alongside. He was a pure white, as the larger photograph reveals, and . wore a soap-dish on his neck in which were Nikolay 95

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge ase eee Eee EOE EOeeOEOeeOEOeeeOeeeeereeep ere eee rr ee O_O Gogol, and Hedwig, a sutler in charge of the subtle trains between Grand Central and Times Square. With the serpent was his wife, shown in the

smaller photograph. She, luckily, had a stopper out, KingAce in spades and Ace in hearts. No trump was bid and Squire Trelawney left the bridge in high dudgeon. But it was not ten minutes before he returned in low dudgeon, thus clearly demonstrating his versatility. Special credit is due the pantryman of the “Max Beerbohm,” who snapped the serpent photos just as he (the pantryman) was going down for the third time. Squire Trelawney succeeded in luring the serpents within range and finally bored them to death with readings from “The Bridge of San Luis Rey.” Always an expert serpent-stuffer, he then stuffed them and hung them on the walls of his cabin. And there, children, they hang to-day, a bit wistful, a bit sad, but poignantly sweet with the memories of the days when Mama was young and acacias diss pelled their fragrance in a perfumed garden. 96 WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY ec ss & O= day she was just little “Connie” Perelman, a tiny, fragile beauty in her second year in “High School” in Mencken, Mass. The next she was Constance (“Peaches”) Perelman, the idol of America, acclaimed by beauty judges the most pulchritudinous girl'in the whole U. S. A. How de you account for this? Let us go back to Constance’s girlhood, when she was sixteen years of age. Or rather, let us go back to her fifteenth year. Now that we have gone back to fifteen, we may as well “go the whole hog’’ (that is, if we may call Constance a hog, for she more closely resembles 2 wombat). When Connie was twelve she was always retiring. No sooner would you look around for her than, sure enough, she had gone off to bed. It was always bed with her, no half measures. No porch swings or couch hammocks for her, just good old-fashioned bed. I believe it was La Rochefoucauld who said, ‘‘More than 97

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge two-thirds of our life is spent in bed.” Let us add that with Constance it was always her own bed, and it was probably spending so much time in bed that laid the foundation for her later success. In fact, a good name for this essay would be “From the Bed to the Stage, or Constance Perelman’s Good Luck Ha Ha.” But getting back to Constance as a child. The growing girl was

always shy. Every morning on entering St. Irving Parochial, Connie would take out her lighter and place four pecks of sweet potatoes or yams over it. Finally one of her "mentors" remonstrated with her. 'Why do you always hide your light under a bushel?" she inquired. "You must be in a hell of a yam." Constance pondered her teacher's words and then, taking the flint out of her lighter, she replaced it with thirty-two quartz. _.. A handy boy can make lots of useful things with a pun-knife. By this time the dainty Connie had moved to New York and was living in an apartment hotel provided by a mysterious benefactor whose name she did not know. Various friends took a fatherly interest in her and opened charge accounts for her at Cartier's and Hickson's, much to her girlish surprise. Then, - 98 What It Means to Be a Professional Beauty eoeleraTare eee a aH~»ereeren sewn eoenroeenroeenroeonrenoeonooneonsen one morning, she awoke to find that she had been elected Miss Greater 72nd Street East of Third Avenue. "Yes, they were awfully dear to me," confided Miss Perelman to us. "I was taken to Atlantic City for the week-end for the beauty contest, and there, after three days of balloting, three other girls and myself were the only remaining contestants. Another day of balloting and only Miss Lake Shore Drive of Chicago and I remained." "Were you nervous?" we asked, buttering a scone. "I should hope to spit in your left eye I was nervous," laughed Constance gaily. "I couldn't sleep that night, mostly because there was no bed in my room (Miss Perelman was staying in a hotel composed entirely of bathrooms), so I stayed up all night and drank beer. In the morning the papers announced that one of the two contestants had caught a cold during the night and died; so I knew right away it was not I. claimed Miss America." Offers followed thick and fast on her success, some of them unusual and all of them unprintable, except one. The next day I was acThis last came from a well-known as ho ei _ iB re ° Ci 199». nic sTrarTre Hag east Wud £2 Omid oraTe WCOHed ww Ran-l ho RSA Long Beach, Library

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge artist who had been commissioned to paint partridge

livers and needed models. Miss Perelman's early experience modeling partridge livers came in handy now, and she earned big money in a very very short time. From this it was but a step to a leading role in a Broadway show. In her first season she was the well-remembered squid in "Sh! The Octopus" and the year following she was one of the rungs in "The Ladder." "Yes," replied Miss Perelman in answer to our question, "'my mother calls for me every evening after the performance. The poor dear is almost bald now and smokes perfectly enormous cigars, but I do love my 'Daddy,' as I call her. You should see some of the letters from her I keep locked away in a good safe place." 'Are you happy, Miss Perelman?'' we inquired, closing our notebook. "Yes, I am happy," she said, extending her hand. "Marriage? No, I do not think so—for a while. Children? That's bedrock."' Not till after marriage. Here are the measurements which won Constance Perelman. her enviable title as Miss America: Wrist—Four inches. 100 What It Means to Be a Professional Beauty Leg—Sixty-two inches, -round trip except on Sundays, carries no sleeper. Instep—Open 1234, High 175%, Low 934, Close 11%, market firm. Neck—Positively. IOI

BILLIARDS AND THEIR PREVENTION ae Ss & yYEFORE going into the act I should like to announce that a diamond lady's bar pin has been lost and will the finder kindly return it to the author, as it belongs to his aunt? 'The bar pin will be recognized as it is pinned to his aunt, so if the lucky person will mail me the pin, why he can keep the aunt to mend his shirts or light the fire with. Pardon the interruption. Billiards is a very old game, even older than you orme. Iam 25 years old and hate children, in which respect I am different from billiards; aithough I can not say for sure whether billiards hate children, as I never asked them. But seriously, this 'royal game"' (billiards) is very old. { will now finish the paragraph. The object of billiards is to hit the three balls together with long wooden poles that they are called cues. I guess if you couldn't do this you could say you missed your cue—ha ha! To give you an even 102 Billiards and Their Prevention break in doing this, the

management of the billiardhell furnishes you with chalk and there is a very interesting tale which hangs thereby. It seems a man in Berlin was playing billiards one time and the management asked him if he wanted any chalk. “No,” said the German, ‘‘I Gottschalk.” So then everybody knew his name was I. Gottschalk and that he had chalk. A rather amusing story, especially when you are writing space. The first question you will ask if you have read this far is, “What is a ‘carom’? Well, friends, a carom is a word that you make sentences out of when you write letters to columnists, like ““(Carom a back to ole Virginny” and “I don’t carom not married to him.” If you still want to know what a ‘“‘massé’’ is, why it is a man who presides over the slaves on a plantation and excuse me the whilst I duck out to the water-cooler. When you start in to play billiards, if you have any appetite to do so after reading this, you will probably be told to call your shots. The best way I can think of for doing this is to walk around the billiard-hell with a lantern and say loudly, ‘Calling Mr. Shotz!” or “Paging Shotz!” If there is anybody there named Shotz, you are likely to be in the 103

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge BR OE bag, as there are some tough babies hang out in those there hells. A “combination” shot is one that you make wearing your dainty underthings, like a step-in or scanties. Personally I have never seen anybody playing billiards in their scanties, but it takes all sorts of people to make a world, and if you knew what I was thinking about you could have me arrested, so let us draw the veil. A “gather” is a pleat, that plaintive noise you often hear if you are a hanger-on around sheep-folds. For those of my public that they are in complete darkness about pleats, it is like a flounce and turning again to Bartlett’s Book of Quotations, we learn that a flounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Two cracks in one paragraph, what more do you want? Well, dearies, I could go on like this for hours, but I think I hear the process-server hammering on the door to hand me a libel summons, so I will see you next Tuesday afternoon at the abattoirs. 104 WHAT IT MINNS TO BE A MINNOW ae s&s & RECEIVED your letter, dear Editor, asking

me to write a few thousand words on how it feels to be an artificial minnow; but I've been so busy canning plums and putting up the spring curtains in our 'Love Nest," as Morton calls it, that I really Josephine. haven't had a minnow to myself to sit down and puzzle my foolish little head about it. I suppose I had better begin right in the beginning and tell you all about myself. I am a little artificial minnow one inch and three-quarters long with a light blue body and a black nose, and my name is Josephine Eppis. I have two small hooks about an eighth of an inch abaft my gills and one large double-shanked hook near my tail. My back is 105

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge SEE EOeOEOeeOEOeeOEOeOeeeOeeeeS oe eeu eee ems] slightly speckled with red spots and I am shaped like a torpedo. When I was just a little girl minnow I was the property of a man named Morris Flowers, who was in the feed-and-grain racket out West. I had a lovely warm home in his tackle box and every Sunday he would take me out to a brook and let me crawl inside trout. But after a while he tired of me and cast me aside like a broken thing. One day he sold me to a man named Axelrod, who was visiting him, and two weeks later I came on East with my new owner. Axelrod's tackle box was gloomy and cold, and the other artificial minnows were the sort no lady could associate with. They had all lived in New York one time or another and thought they were very sophisticated, just because they knew a lot of Morton. obscene jokes and drank all the time. Goodness! What I say is, New York is all right for a visit, but I should certainly hate to Live there! Well, one day Axelrod took us all out to catch some trouts. I guess it must have been destiny or 106 What It Minns to Be a Minnow Nn something, but while I was swimming around lazily waiting for a bite, the line I was attached to snarled with another, and I was thrown violently up against a strange artificial minnow. My mother had told me to beware of entanglements, so I began to move away like a lady when the strange minnow addressed me. : "Pray do not think me presumptual," he said in a slightly artificial tone, "but my name is Morton Margolies, and here is my card." His manner was so charming that I could not be

haughty to him. He was about two and a half inches long, of a red and green-striped body, and he had five beautiful hooks. Immediately we struck up a friendship and he invited me to tea the next afternoon. It was but the beginning of our courtship. Morton fairly drenched me with all sorts of expensive gifts. He bought me a new set of hooks for my ears and a little tail-propeller. He wined and dined with me. I felt my friendship slowly turning into love. Three months after our chance encounter we had an understanding. But Fate still had withheld an obstacle to our happiness. In the tackle box where I lived was an artificial minnow named Barclay Goldfarb, a hard107

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge OT Oe ened old roué whom I avoided whenever I could. He always treated me very politely, however, for he was a minnow of the world in every sense. One evening he invited me to attend a party in his apartment. He told me that several other girl minnow friends of mine would attend. Young heedless thing that I was, I accepted. . When I arrived at his apartment, I was surprised to find that no other minnows were present. I asked him where they were. His answer was a sneer as he walked over and locked the door, putting the key in the pocket of his elaborately tailored dinner jacket. "And now, little girl,' he said, moving slowly toward me, "why have you always avoided me?" I felt faint as I beheld the monster advancing on me, and I uttered a faint minnow shriek. He attempted to take me in his arms; I repulsed him, but again he tried to kiss me, an evil leer on his countenance. I gave a last despairing shriek for aid and just as I did so, the door crashed in. As I slid to my spotted back in a dead faint I saw my Morton standing in the doorway, his teeth gritted and his hooks doubled with anger. When I came to, I was in Morton's arms. He was stroking the hook near my left gill and whis108 What It Minns to Be a Minnow pering tender words of love into my ear. On the floor lay Goldfarb, stripped of all his hooks and his nose in splinters. "Morton, my own Morton," "Thank God! you arrived in time." "Darling!"' he said brokenly. "The cad! But tell me—is minnows badly damaged?" "T don't care if it

is,’ I replied. ‘I love you, nose or no nose, Morton!” And, hook in hook, we walked forth into the dawn of a new to-morrow. I murmured. 109

A MARRIED MAN’S GODSEND es Se & HOSE amongst the reading element of us who _ keep our hand on the pulse of public affairs through the daily prints will doubtlessly be interested in a novel invention recently patented in Washington by a man named Lothar Zwieback, a German, I believe, but who fought on our side during the late conflict and thus cannot be accused of being an enemy spy. Zwieback is of a natural retiring disposition and rarely appears unfrocked in public, a fact which makes it incumber on me to say a few words on his invention, known to most of us as ‘“Zwieback’s Folly.” This discovery is intended exclusively for the benefit of tired married men, and according to statistics obtained from the U. S. Bureau of Hatcheries, why there are at present over five million tired husbands in our borders. With this view in end, Mr. Zwieback has designed and perfected “Zwieback’s Boon,” so that all these weary providers could take a well-earned respite. 110 A Married Man’s Godsend eee a~=_>»r'werawrmw7w’reerrrer oer eee ae es As shown in the colored photograph below, the Zwieback Husband’s Rest-Machine consists of two tubs, between which is mounted a small appliance controlled by a handle. This latter appliance Mr. E Zwieback’s Folly. Zwieback has termed a “wringer” after his eldest boy, Patsy, that has been playing semi-pro push-ball at Bayliss High for the past year. The manner in which the entire contrivance operates is extremely simple, and I would pass over it except that the monitor just let in three foreigners, Armenoids or Tit

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Turks or something which do not understand the English tongue so well, and consequently I will strive to be more explicit. . First one of the tubs is filled with a good soapy solution of water and soap. Into this is dumped a pile of soiled clothes which has been collected by your wife in the neighborhood. Then your wife (who is expected to manage this, it is so simple that even a small child could do it) rubs these linens vigorously to and fro on a

washboard setting in the soapy : She then would pass the dainty underthings through the “wringer,” brine until thoroughly cleansed. from whence they would issue into the second tub filled with clean water. She now gathers the finished products and hangs them on a clothes-line with Zwieback’s Little Giant Clothes-Pins. After exposure to sun and air, she irons them out neatly and delivers them to their owner, charging a small fee at the same time. Mr. Zwieback has tried out this machine with his wife’s aid for the last two years and states that it He often sits in the kitchen with trusty briar pipe clamped in his teeth and reading works perfectly. the Sunday papers, now and then pausing to shout a word of good cheer and encouragement to his spouse. In this way Mr. Zwieback finds it possible NE) A Married Man’s Godsend ON RS SS for him to support the family at a nominal cost to himself, merely the price of a Sunday paper and a small tin of shag. Lest some wives who are naturally indolent and inclined to sleep late mornings do not take readily to this healthful exercise, he has also invented a side accessory which he calls a “mangle.” It is shaped like a small whip and whenever the lazy helpmate would show an inclination to shirk her duties, then Mr. Zwieback would dust off the back of her neck with this harmless toy. This bracing stimulant will send the spouse back to the tubs with renewed zest and whistling. The process is called “mangling.” If the happy couple are so fortunate as to be blessed with children, a respectable profit can be amassed by sending them out collecting the laundry and also delivering. Now and then a good pat on the head—not too hard—or a piece of rock-candy will reward the wife and make the home a place where peace and plenty reign. All honor to this resourceful brain responsible for developing that labor-saving device and may he live to be a hundred! 113

FOR THE HONOR OF OLD NASSAU Another One of Those Dog Stories & & of AM a full-blooded Scotch collie named Gins| berg II and I am just two years old to-day. I am black all over with a beautiful white collar and white fore-legs, and I have lovely manners. In short, I am a splendid animal. Last night was the happiest

evening of my life. The Master sent one of the gardeners out to my kennel to say that he wanted to see me. ‘Whrre is the Master?” I asked O’Houlihan. “Fe is in the study,” he replied, picking flaws rapidly. O’Houlihan was always picking flaws; he had nearly half a bushel. I went into the house and looked around for the Master. Sure enough, I found him in a brown study. : “Hello, Ginsberg,” said the Master, “sit down and rest your dogs.” “No, thanks,” I answered, “rather lie on the floor, if you don’t mind.” I14 For the Honor of Old Nassau “Have a cigar,” he invited, “help yourself, right in that box over there.” I lit a Havana and lay down on the floor. The Master stared moodily at the wall. Finally he turned to me. “Ginsberg,” he said thoughtfully, “how old are you?” “Two years old to-morrow, sir,” I said. “Ginsberg,” said the Master directly, “I’m in a bad hole and I want to know whether you will help me out.” “Gladly,” I said, licking his shoe—I love tan polish—"Gladly. Even if I am a dumb animal, I ain’t so dumb. But what do you want me to do?” He was silent for a moment. Then he spoke. “The fact is, old man, a certain dame has a bunch of my letters and I’ve got to get hold of them tonight!” “Gee, I never knew you could write!” I exclaimed, astonished. “Well, in a small way,” he replied modestly. “I went to Princeton for a year or so when I was younger.” “H—Hl, that’s funny!” I said. “So did I! What was your class?” “Nineteen-nine,” said the Master. IIS

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge ee eee “Then you must know old Larry Schultz, my roomie!” I cried. “Good old Larry!” he said huskily, wiping away a furtive tear. ‘Too bad he died.” ‘He didn’t die,” I objected. “He switched to Brown in his junior year.” “Well?” asked the Master. “T guess you're right,” I said, “But about those letters. I'll get them for you, and that to-night!” “Will you, Ginsberg?” he asked. “Will you?” And he rose to his feet and seized my foot. “Ginsberg, you’re a man. I’m proud to call you my friend.” “For dear old Nassau,” I said, as we stood shoulder to shoulder, a lump in my throat and a mist of tears before my eyes. “For the Orange and the Black.” * * * The room was in complete darkness. I stood behind

the curtain, nervously gripping the cold automatic in my pocket. Suddenly I heard the grating of a key in the lock and a moment later the room was flooded with light. From behind the curtain I saw a magnificent tawny blonde slip off her sables. She disappeared for a moment behind a screen and emerged attired in a filmy lace peignoir, to sink lan116 For the Honor of Old Nassau guidly into a chaise-longue. I parted the curtain. “Madame,” I said, ‘fa word with you.” She sprang up, drawing her wrapper about her seductively. I tried hard to remember what I was there for. “Who are you?” she inquired in a frightened voice. “I am a full-blooded Scotch collie and my name is Ginsberg II,” was my reply. “You dog!” she said in a fierce low tone. ‘“‘To thus invade a lady’s boudoir!” “Your servant, madame,” I answered, bowing from the waist. ‘‘But to be blunt, I must have those letters you received from my master, Irving Reznick-Windsor, Princeton ’o9.” “Heh heh, fat chance!’ she said contemptuously. “You hound you!” I seized her wrist and said evenly: ‘“‘Madame, I am a Princeton man myself, but unless you hand over those letters I shall have to employ violence.” “T know you Princeton men,” she returned sneering, ‘‘you gouge, scratch, spit, swear and bite!” “We do not!” I retorted hotly. ‘It’s just some more of those Harvard lies, that’s what!” “Princeton or not, you don’t get those letters!” 117

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge she said moving quickly toward her dressing table. I got the letters. * kK cs I knocked at the door of the Master’s study. A nervous ‘‘Come in!” and the Master was on his feet, his face anxiously searching mine. I threw down the packet of letters on his desk. “Ginsberg !’? he cried joyfully. “Good old Ginsberg! You came through! Our side beat!” “Tt was easy,” I said, blushing. ‘‘Please don’t thank me.” “Ginsberg,” said the Master, determination writ large on his countenance, ‘‘you shall have anything you name for this service! A coonskin coat, a derby hat, a banjo,—anything!” “Make it a box of dog-biscuits and a brass-studded collar,” I said. ‘“That’s all I want, sir.” “Ginsberg, I want you to be my guest at dinner to-morrow night,” said the Master. “Will you do that for

me—and we'll pledge the old school with a bottle of Veuve-Clicquot ?" "T'm sorry, Mr. Reznick-Windsor," I replied, "But the fact is I—I got a date with a swell blonde." 118 ADD FAIRY TALE FOR BORED BAR-FLIES. es s & ELL, my little turkeys, there was once a certain Moorish bimbo in the great wastelands along the upper Bronx River by the name of Etta Falcovsky who had become twenty-three years of age WITHOUT changing her name to Yvette Falconer — and who did NOT comb her hair straight back and sag from her hips in order to look like Edna Best. This particular dame worked in an insurance office running an addressograph and she NEVER told anybody she was private secretary to Crosby Gaige. She NEVER gave her address as 30 Fifth Avenue and she honestly had NEVER dined and danced at the Villa Vallée. She did NOT know Paul Whiteman personally and she didn't go to Anton's to have her hair done. And she COULDN'T for the life of her whistle snatches of the "(Rhapsody in Blue." So one night she went to a jam and met another young Moor named Izzy Workman who also had NOT changed his name to Irving VJallace and who TIQ

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge looked cloudy when anybody mentioned Brooks Brothers. The boy friend did NOT wear striped shirts with stiff bosoms and there were NO pleats in his waistband. He had NOT read "The Mansions of Philosophy" and he was NOT taking journalism courses at Columbia. He worked in Macy's wrapping bundles and he NEVER fanned the air with stories about being office manager of the Du Pont de Nemours Company. He HATED Stadium Concerts and he couldn't tell the difference between . Johannes Brahms and Gus Kahn. They fell for each other like snow and in two months they were leaning over the City Clerk's desk giving their right ages. When they went apartmentsniping, they did NOT pick out a cozy studio in the Village and furnish it with gaily painted benches and old maps.in quaint frames. NOR did they buy old lamps with music scores for shades and put cretonne covers on the day-bed. Instead they took a flat out there in the Dyckman section where the subway gives in and bought furniture outright in a

department store. They REFUSED to have a Steinway baby grand with a Spanish shawl thrown carelessly over it and they NEVER had grenadine or cocktail shakers lying around. The lady did NOT join a bridge club and 120 Add Fairy Tale for Bored Bar-Flies not only did Izzy know NOTHING about golf, but he even went so far as to imagine that a bunker is a place to put coal. So they lived happily ever after and brought up two children and did NOT name them Marvin and Lois. ‘They did NOT send them to the Country Day School, because the kiddies went to work when they were fourteen. When Izzy’s grandpaw shook bye-bye and left him a half million clams in the will, they did NOT move immediately to Park Avenue and they STILL subscribed to the Literary Digest instead of the New Yorker. And when the angel Gabriel finally served his summons he found he had to take a subway ride to the end of the line and walk four blocks. There was NO marquee in front of the house and NO dignified smoke in gold cord and buttons in the lobby. He had to walk up five flights and NOBODY but Mrs. W. herself answered the door. The newspapers gave them a line apiece and their neighbors gave them the bird and called them tight. And if you go out to visit them, you will find that their children have honored them with a twentyfoot tower of streaked red marble ornamented with cupids and wreaths and engraved with hand-made sentiments from the Elks’ Magazine. -[2I

WHY I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A WHITE SLAVE ae Ss HE other day I was cleaning out some old MSS., as we members of the writing craft allude to our ‘‘inspirations,” from under the bed, and come across my diploma, which had been hid there during the sack of Rome by the Goths. These papers had hardly been disturbed at all on account of the lady who cleans the hideaway has Follansbee (the medical term for cold roast turkey of the left arm) and can’t bend over without throwing her hook out of joint. So I was sitting there in the hushed peace of my study, and the whilst I was recalling the old days on the quad and the striped hatbands and the banjos, why, two or three suspicious little splashes of moisture

dripped down onto the old sheepskin. It turned out later that the people in the upstairs apartment had overflown their bathtub making gin and the gin had eaten through the floor and thus caused my ludicrous error. The first college I went to was a place called Hegemuth or Imbrie, I disremember which, situated E22 Why I Should Like to Be a White Slave —™™™™ eee eee eer eek ke _ee eles at that time in Vilify, Wisconsin. It has since been converted into a Turkish bath for great Danes, amongst whom may be mentioned Bjornson Bjornson, author of ‘“““The Plastic Age,” and Bjack Bjohnson, in regards to whom an amusing incident crops out. It seems that he was living for a time in Snape, South Carolina, in which town there was a speakeasy run by a Polish scofflaw. So one afternoon, whilst the Snape elections were in progress, Mr. Bjohnson left his ‘“‘domicile” and did not return until late in the evening. “Where have you been, Bjack?” queried Mrs. Bjohnson. “Thave just had a heavy afternoon at the Pole’s,” was Bjack’s reply. His wife, thinking that he had been balloting, was satisfied and died intestate three years later. She was a very nice woman, I understand from friends. But getting back to Hegemuth, or Imbrie, College. The dean of Hegemuth was a man whose name at the time was Fralick, but he is since married and now called Riordan. Well, Dean Fralick, or Riordan, owned an old horse and all his bones were visible through his skin; that is, the horse’s bones. What I mean is the horse’s bones were visible through his own skin, not Dean Fralick’s. He was 123

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Re a very bony horse. Well, it seems as time went on, the Dean got to resemble the horse so much that nobody could tell them apart. After the Dean died, the horse naturally took his place, and nobody ever knew the difference, as deans and horses are sisters under their skin. But one day the student who attended the university noticed a wisp of hay on the horse’s coat and made a jesting remark to the effect that he must have been out with a blonde the night before, and then of course the jig was up. The horse was court-martialed and shot subsequently. He was a very nice horse, I understand from friends. One of my

fondest courses at Bostwick Prep was ironing pleated bosom shirts, although it took an iron nerve to withstand the plaintive pleatings of the shirts going through the mangle. I still have several pleated bosom shirts embalmed and mounted in my study as J write. In August, 1914, however, Germany declared war on Latvia for the third time, and I was called to the collars. The rest of my story is brief. When Francie returned from Ben's apartment, she told me that she had just received a notice to renew the dog's license. Realizing hér perfidy, I consented to give Francie her freedom. The next afternoon we motored out to Woodmansten and were divorced by Vincent 124 _ Why I Should Like to Be a White Slave —_—e—oeeeeeeeraras-@yVrereereeea—eoanwer-rer,er eee es Lopez. I now have a good job in the Water Department and no longer need fear the hydrantheaded monster of Jealousy. 'And to think that a fuzzy little wire-haired wombat first drew us together! 125

A HOLIDAY ALLEGORY es SF & ELL, gents, here is a quaint little Yuletide yarn I pasted together out of old meat scraps and bits of gingham I found in the attic. It's shot through and through with all sorts of whimsy and fantasy and it's all about a lonely old man named Mr. Nabisco and a poor little waif named Bruce Greenstein. And after you've finished it, I'd like to ask you to pause a moment and then go out and get cock-eyed. It was Christmas Eve and the snow was driving down over the city as thick as gruel, wrapping everything in its mantle of virgin white and causing the manufacturers of snow shovels inexpressible joy. Everybody was brimming over with good will and bad gin except a little lonely old man in the incredibly exclusive duplex apartment on the fortieth floor of 126 A Holiday Allegory NS the new Sherry-Goldblatt Towers Hotel. This poor old man, whose only protection against starvation was the ownership of four banks, a railroad, and two steamship companies, was named Mr. Nabisco. Mr. Nabisco, of course, was not his true name; he was really called "Jake," but this is a Christmas fantasy. So Mr. Nabisco was sitting in front of a roaring log fire in his genuine quattrocento fireplace dejectedly

sipping a cointreau and reflecting that on this of all nights he was alone. Mr. Nabisco's man, a trusty old peon named Morris, was clearing away the few dinner dishes. "Morris," said old Mr. Nabisco suddenly, "I want you to go out into the street and bring in the first newsboy you meet. He must be shivering with cold, dressed in patched but neat clothes, and of a bright and wholesome appearance." "Yes, sir," replied Morris wearily, wishing fervently that Oliver Optic had been run over when he was a boy. Fifteen minutes later, the door opened and in came Morris, his face blue with cold. With him was a small boy about twelve years old carrying a large bundle of newspapers. Mr. Nabisco got up and led the shivering boy by the hand to the fire. 127

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge SaqtaeaeaateEeeeeEeeSEeeeereereee crs eee eee eee eer ems": "Poor child!' he said kindly, "'to think that you should have to sell papers on a night like this! What is your name, laddie boy?" "Taddie boy?" asked the urchin suspicious "What do I look like, a collie?" "TTa, ha!" smiled the old man. is your Christian name, my boy?" "Bruce Greenstein," was the reply, ''and no cracks "T mean, what from you, either." 3 "Morris," ordered Mr. Nabisco, "Bruce is probably hungry; bring him a small glass of milk right away." While he gave the order, Bruce slid the bottle of cointreau expertly under his jacket and looked appraisingly around the room. They sat down before the fire; Mr. Nabisco questioned the waif and learned that he was supporting an invalid mother and three sisters just like in all Christmas fantasies. As a matter of fact, he was selling papers _to buy a magic lantern, but little Bruce was nobody's fool. "Well," said Mr. Nabisco after Bruce had finished feasting off the small glass of milk, "how would you like to hear the story of my life?" "Tovely," said Bruce aloud, but under his breath he made a reference to Mr. Nabisco's parentage that would have surprised you. 128 A Holiday Allegory NR The old man talked on for hours, boring poor little Bruce to extinction. He told the boy all the things any dummy can learn by looking through the files in the Public Library, and what is worse, he lied about most of

them. But the plucky newsboy yessed him to death and kept an ingenious smile on his boyish kisser. Presently the fire burned down and the old man's speech came slower and slower: at last his head nodded and gentle snores were audible above the howling of the wind. Bruce looked around the room and smiled mischievously. * * * Several hours later, Mr. Nabisco awoke after very odd dreams. He opened his eyes and discovered to his surprise that his mouth was full of a large handkerchief tied firmly behind his ears. A most peculiar odor of chloroform filled the room. Mr. Nabisco in his haste to remove the handkerchief was also surprised to discover that his hands were tied behind his back. After a few struggles he managed to unloosen his hands and remove the handkerchief; then he arose and nearly fell over his faithful Morris, trussed up neatly like a fowl and sleeping off his chloroform peacefully. Bewilderment swept over Mr. Nabisco; he stared perplexedly around the room and discovered a note pinned to the upholstery of 129

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge a chair. He tore it open; it was written in a childish scrawl. "Dear Santy Claus," it read, "I enjoyed your visit and I hope you come again next year. I am taking along a few souvenirs of your visit, including your collection of Limoges porcelain and the silver table service. I left a pillow-case of candlesticks and brica-brac in the other room; it was too heavy for me to carry and I wish you would deliver it as soon as possible to 658 Rivington Street, my home address. A Merry Christmas, Santy Claus, and God bless you." A rush of tears came to the old man's eyes. "That little rascal!' he said, but his voice was soft with emotion, and he smiled through his tears. For the bells outside were ringing out their message of peace on earth and good will toward men. Christmas had come to old Mr. Nabisco. 130 A Holiday Allegory ee eect can my * ne. One Mr. Nabisco was sitting in front of a roaring log frre. 131

THE LOWDOWN ON "THE LADDERS" ee OW that my play "The Ladders" = been folded together and put in Mr. Cans back parlor, batches of one letter have been flooding ay den at the rate of one batch per year, demanding the inside dope on

this unusual drama. Although there could be none lother than 2 ue: of = play to drag theirselves into the limelight, why will stifle my embarrassment with my Doses a and speak up, even if it kills me. (Cries of a we depend on that?" and "Do not keep us on tender . r i a of "The Ladders" was as follows: An abandoned waif named Edward John James Res Windsor is found one night in mid-February in a basket on the steps of a Turkish bath by the Keeper of the bath and his wife. The only clue to the = fant's identity is a locket around his neck containing a lock of fair hair, such as Yale students often wear. The keeper and his wife give way to pity and adopt the frail babe. This concludes the first act 132 The Lowdown on "The Ladders" and for the next ten minutes everybody stuffs their pockets with free Dunhill cigarettes in the lounge. In the second act the waif has grown to manhood, having spent all his past years of seclusion in the steam-room of the bath. He is clean in both mind and body and still wears the locket around his neck. His only vice is bringing home ladders from a ladder mine, which he has discovered on Evans Street. But the bath has become so stuffed with ladders that there is now no room for the bathers, who have become irked. A crowd of would-like-to-bathers enters the bath and sings: "Why is there no room to bathe in? Nights are long and days are fadin', Gone is all the water from the fountain, And our hopes and fears are slowly mountin', So if you do not break out with some sponges, We will have to go home to our lunches," etc.. Realizing that something must be done or the mortgage on the bath will be foreclosed, Edward Windsor goes to the telephone and calls up the man who is backing the show. This dialogue then ensues: Angel—Won't you—er—sit down? Edward—But I am calling you on the 'phone. 133

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Angel (crustily)—Humph—my error. Edward—tThree people just walked out in the balcony, Mr. Goosens. Angel—They got out just in time. I wish I had. Edward (hopelessly)—Are we going to be paid in wampum again this Saturday, Mr. Goosens? My landlady won't take any more. : Angel—I don't care for landladies anyway, or women very much, but when I want women, I

wampum bad. This concludes the second act, and anybody that's still lucid in the audience goes out to the lounge again and steals the rest of the Dunhills. Whilst they are out, the cast of the play goes through the audience's pocketbooks and overcoats and nets a first edition of a book of two-cent stamps, a packet of hairpins, and four cents in change. The third act is the Yale Bowl. Yale is being badly beaten by Olvany and there is only two minutes to play. Shouts of ""Where is Windsor?" and 'Viva Windsor!" fill the air. But Windsor is outside the Bowl and as the coach has mislaid the key, he cannot get in. Suddenly the thought of the ladders enters his mind. Ina trice he has unfolded the one he always carries with him and is on the field. Amid the frenzied cheers of the Yale side he runs 134 The Lowdown on "The Ladders" down the field for a two-hundred-and-eighty-yard touchdown and climbing his ladder places the ball on top of the Olvany goalpost. Just as he is being tapped for Scroll and Key Bones, and Doubleday Doran, a white-haired old gentleman hobbles out onto the field. He asks to see the locket around Edward Windsor's neck. He pieces and as he realizes the truth his eyes are aswim with tears. Edward—But who are you? Crowd—Why, he is King George, a visiting monarch. Edward—Then I—I am the Crown—FATHER! Old Gent (brokenly)—My boy. My boy. And it was all because of a fuzzy little wire-haired ladder! The curtain now falls, and since there are no more cigarettes to be had the audience puts on his hat and coat and goes out for a coff of cuppee, taking the mouth-piece out of the pay-station phone on his way out. As for the New York critics and their reception of my play, why, I will not sully my lips with the Proper words, but let them look at the record. We ran I10 weeks and if Goosens had not been so tight we could have kept on forever. But some backbiter 135

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Se eEOEEOeTEeEOeeEeaeeeee see ee ee ee eae in the cast told him the play would be a flop and he left town. If there is anybody that would be interested in being a producer, why, I will be standing in front of the Railroad Men's Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Weehawken next Tuesday at

four-thirty. I will be wearing a white carnation. 136 WHAT SHALL WE GIVE THE JUNE BRIDE? & & & OW that “the merry month of May” is with us again and from every nook and cranny one hears the plaintive wood-note wild of the doublebreasted quail with slashed pockets and georgette overdrapes, our thoughts turn often to June and that sweet person, the June bride. In the words of the great Jewish poet-sportsman, Max Ravine: “In June, in the merry, merry month of June, Our thoughts turn often to that there June And that sweet person, the June bride... . 99 How true! And what more natural trend for our thoughts than, ‘What shall we give the June bride?” I mean, what shall we give her besides the usual “rasp” berry, that little token tendered to brides and grooms of every other month as well? I have been thumbing over a number of gift catalogues the last few days and three gifts in particular have wooed my eye that would be suitable for the 137

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge SOOT June bride. The first of these is a new French invention called the Crumb scoop, that is exposed in Fig. 1 below. This is the brain-child of Henri Crumb, the French inventor, already beknownst to most of us by his invention of “Crumbs,” as they are commonly called. A few years ago the world of science was startled by M. Crumb’s announcement that he had perfected a small pellet or morsel of iy Crumb Scoop. bread or cake and had named it a “Crumb” after himself. Soon Crumbs became very fashionable on account of their many diverse uses, like stuffing them in a bed, etc., and to-day they prevail wherever “the staff of life” is used. Now M. Crumb has designed this new scoop for conveniently handling Crumbs and carrying them from one room to another. Up till now it has been necessary for Crumb-bearers to cup their hands and transport the little fetishes about, but this new wrinkle practically reduces Crumbcarrying to an absurdity. Fig. 2 would be a delightful asset to June brides. It is a small machine called, for the sake of con138 What Shall We Give the June Bride? SS I Gos Ee venience, “Fred B. Shroug,” consisting of a gallery of little saws, hammers, button-hooks, corkscrews, reamers, punches, and bushes which unfortunately are of

no earthly use but look very well worn as a lavalliére or anklet. This is a great fad in Hollywood at present, where they are constructed to hold Fig. 2. Fred B. Shroug. a set of keys to the owner's apartment. As soon as the bride's husband has set out for the office, she simply hurls the little mechanism out the window where it is deftly caught by a sweet poppa standing amongst the shrubbery. The latter then tries, sometimes with success, to get into her apartment. This game is called "Bean Porridge Hot" and is considered illegal in some states. Getting back to the gift problem with an effort, 139

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge CC FS we now come to Fig. 3. Here is a truly dandy gift with all sorts of uses for the June bride. These "Horns," to give them their right name, are found on full-grown moose. The moose are captured and after being ‘‘‘cured’’—most moose are severe winebibbers—they are deprived of their "Horns" and Fig. 3. Horn. are set free. Brides who are deaf and dumb can use a "Horn" for an ear-trumpet, or, when cooking, as a funnel to pour the vinegar through. They can use it to shout epithets through at the neighbors, or as a flower-pot, or to snuff candles out with. And when 140 What Shall We Give the June Bride? — EEEEEEEEEEEEeEeEeEeEeeeeSOeenot in active use they make splendid decorations for hubby's head. Some interesting variations on the model shown above can be seen in the gift catalogues of Balzac and Rabelais, the Parisian gift-mongers. And finally, a note addressed to the young author of these lines will find him glad to impart free instruction in the use of any of the gifts shown above. I4I

ALDERMANIC BODY IN PANIC! CITY FATHERS PROHIBIT POISON-GAS! ae & & EW YORK, March 7.—The Board of Aldermen of New York has been messing around parching for something to prohibit. Last Tuesday they passed an ordinance that no policemen could be eaten whilst on duty. Wednesday they rushed through a bill compelling the Southern states (Georgia, Louisiana, Rosalsky, Weber, and Heilbronner) to stop making Confederate money. And now they have gone and

passed a ruling that nobody can make poison-gas for home use or even buy it at the corner _ galoon. This latest cute move on the part of the Aldermanic chamber is bound to make a lot of disgruntled voters. Formerly a man could go out and get gruntled and nobody could even gainsay him. Now with the parks full of disgruntled poison-gas addicts, people are going to use dangerous substitutes. Already five casualties have been brought in suffering with freckles and windburn bought in waterfront 142 a Aidermanic Body in Panic! speakeasies. On closer examination two of them were discovered to have caviar and were put up in quart cans and sold to delicatessen stores. Among the first arrests yesterday for breaking the new regulation were those of Hermione Greenspan, colored, and Grover W. Garbo, also colored. Miss Green's pan (or rather, Miss Greenspan's pan) is colored bright green, and Mr. Garbo, neither blonde nor brunette, uses Nude, the new chic pastel shade. Mr. Garbo was accused of heaping coals of fire on Miss Greenspan's head, which violates Section III of the law. (That is, Miss Greenspan's head does not violate Section III, but heaping coals on her conk is forbidden.) The guilty pair were taken into Custody, New York, and waivers were taken out by McGraw, Ruppert, and Rupert McGraw. Some of the waivers were found to be fully developed and almost three feet long. "We had a hard time landing some of the waivers," admitted Capt. McGraw as the party posed in front of the day's catch with their rods. ''You know we're not allowed to tip the waivers and the service you get is something terrible. Why, only yesterday my wife and I—by the way, Baker, you must come up to the house some day and meet the wife—" "I was up not long ago," I hedged shyly. 143

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge "When?" demanded McGraw, beginning to bristle. "Oh, you weren't there," I riposted. '"'And if it's all the same to you, I prefer a little more of the white meat without so much bristle." "Gladly, old man," brimmed McGraw, carving the bird. 'Well, well, so you have met the little woman! Tell me, don't you think I'm a lucky fellow?" "We're both lucky fellows, babe," I sallied, and judging by the laughter of the doorman four stories below, you could have heard my

sally in our alley. The poison-gas enforcement ban is in charge of “Municipal Ban” Johnson. Mr. Johnson, whose exquisitely tailored bans are familiar to the wise mob on the main throb, has offered twenty-five grand for the best solution of poison-gas prohibition enforcement. The younger generation has rebelled and carouses nightly with bootleg gas. Mustard Gas and Tear Gas are served wherever la jeunesse congregates. Hardy spirits are even tapping the kitchen stoves to distill gas for their orgies and plans are under way to prohibit stoves and perhaps the younger generation. The latter will be wiped out by compulsory readings of Heywood Brounstein and 144 Aldermanic Body in Panic! ———_eoar-rar erereerereaewareroaw~Vcore<3—ee5G5'~r'-ere ee eee eee es ss Christopher Morleystein. These two roguish cavaliers will then be iced, salted, and shipped by dog team to Devil’s Island or Van Diemen’s Land and forgotten. . . . It all sounds too good to be true. 145

HOW TO FALL OUT OF A HAMMOCK ee WEEK ago last Tuesday at seven o’clock Spring will be on us again and from every hedgerow the cry of the speckle-breasted brown thrush with pleated trousers will resound. Soon the crocus will be shoving its sharp snoot above the sod, the buds will be breaking into leaf on the trees, and A. A. Milne will be breaking out with three new plays, five thousand yards of baby-talk, and several vats of taffy about Winnie-the-Pooh. It has been a hard winter, but it will be a harder Spring. . Don’t say to me, “It’s too early to start thinking about falling out of hammocks.” Every summer this department has to listen to a lot of cheap complaints from people who have been frittering away their time “reading” or “washing their hair’ when they should have been training with their hammock sn the cellar. Our shipping department has been up to its armpits in work shipping a hammock with each subscription. Understand me, I’m not angry; just terribly, terribly hurt. We do our part and what 146 How to Fall Out of 2 Hammock de we get? Magnolia. Last week we had just gotten Peoria when the landlady pinched our aerial to strangle her husband with. Now we got no aerial or

nothing and we have to just sit and neck. There are several ways of falling out of a hammock, but if you are not a mere dilettante and want to earn your merit badge, there is only one right way. Don't tell me what it says in the manual; I was a boy scout before they wrote the manual. And another thing, there's going to be less back-talk in this troop or one of you little palookas is going to have all your front teeth out like Wesley Barry. Anybody can fall out of a hammock and get up without even breaking a bone, but it takes real science to do it right. Practically every bone in my body, and certainly every one in my head, has been fractured, but it has all been done scientifically. The first step is to tie the hammock between two trees, using a good brand of frayed rope. Now climb into the hammock and lie face downward, first having loaded your pockets with small lead weights, which you can procure at a few cents' cost anywhere. As soon as you feel the hammock giving way, just bob up and down. Some experts sprinkle broken glass and nails under the hammock. I myself generally dig a pit and fill it with barbed wire and porcupines. 147

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge ee After you yourself have become experienced, you will naturally want to train your relatives. All of mine have undergone the ordeal by hammock, although without success, as they have all lived through it. If they are hesitant or timorous, a soft cloth soaked with iodoform and sneaked into their mouth will turn the trick. After they are comfortably asleep in the hammock, build a good hot fire . underneath and saw away the ropes. Their consternation will be amusing and instructive at the same time. One bright boy of my acquaintance even sold tickets to his friends and made a gala day out of the occasion. He, however, varied the routine by putting a live bear in the pit beneath the hammock and smearing his aunt with honey. In conclusion, we are offering our subscribers the usual holiday rate: a two-year subscription for ten dollars. Send us the relatives you want taken care of and we will send you actual photographs of your aunt wrestling with the bears or dead porcupines. If you have enjoyed this program, drop a post-card in care

of the station to which you have been listening and I will send you any one of my aunts or uncles stuffed with Brazil nuts and ready to fry. A handsome, useful and enduring gift for old and young; take advantage of this unusual offer. 148 GAG GONIFS STRIKE AGAIN! Quip Smugglers Defy Justice! ae & EW YORK, March 30.—Smugegling, like Sex, has again reared its ugly head in New York. Smuggling should not be confused with snuggling nor with schmeling, a totally different sport introduced into this country by Max Schmeling, German heavyweight boxer. The familiar refrain, “Fe-fi-fofum, I schmel the blood of an English-mun,”’ does not need any introduction to readers who know anything about schmeling. According to the United States Customs Department, a band of international joke smugglers have been at work running contraband quips into the office of Judge. Although all contributors are stripped, washed, and searched before entering “‘the editorial sanctum,” each issue of the magazine seems to contain humor, which, as every one knows, is forbidden by the Papal Concordat of 1801. Morris Plan, chief of the customs service, spoke bluntly when interviewed on the matter. 149

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge “Speaking bluntly, I think they smuggle them into the office in their mouths,” said Mr. Plan point“One of my men arrested a cartoonist recently on the prebluntly when interviewed on the matter. text of looking at his porcelain inlays, but when we opened his vis the suspect had swallowed the jokes and we were nonplussed.” Mr. Plan yesterday seized a group of morris dancers who have been in the habit of visiting the Judge offices weekly to beg pennies by their quaint folk-rhythms. In the troup were Morris Falcofsky, Morris Siegel; and Morris Rosenthal. The latter, Mr. Plan contends, looks mighty lak a Rosenthal he once indicted for dunning an abbot in a public place. “Our chemists have analyzed him,” continued Mr. Plan, ‘‘and we find that he contains Vitamin D in large quantities. Upon boiling he went into colloidal suspension and later into ‘Good Little Bad Little You.’ Shortly afterward his lip curled in disdain and he disappeared. You know,” muséd Mr. Plan musingly, ‘‘in disdain age things like that aren’t very apt to

happen.” ‘Was there a cough in the colloid?” we inquired, our pencil poised. “Infuriated, Mr. Plan immediately placed us under 150 Gag Gonifs Strike Again! SN Ne ROS arrest. In a few moments Hannah brought in the muffins and we sat down to a piping hot breakfast. “Why, Hannah, where did you learn to make these delicious muffins?” I inquired, reaching for another. “Yes, Hannah, where did you learn to make these delicious muffins?” Mulholland chimed in, reaching for Hannah. “Well,” Se WAS ashamed when you boys taunted me at the country club with my ignorance of muffin-making, so I bought a simple muffin-punch and stamped these out of odds and ends of flannel woolies. Aren’t they just ducky?” We all agreed that Hannah’s flannel-cakes were just too ducky for words. Mulholland, however, complained that he was still hungry, so to appease him we ate Hannah. She was very juicy and tender, but we both regretted that we had no chestnuts and whimsy with which to stuff her. | Well, boys,” said Hannah, as she escorted us down to the estuary where our outriggers were drawn up waiting for us, “I don’t think you'll ever taunt me again with not being able to make muffins!” “We should say not!” we chorused in unison. “And when the other boys in the group taunt us with 151 declared Hannah proudly,

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge not being able to make Hannah, won’t we laugh? Won't we jest?” And jesting gaily we launched our birchbark sampans onto the lagoon and headed back toward Paresis and the setting sun. 152 DO SPARK-PLUGS THINK? eS MEED of interest has been rife lately over the important question, “‘Do Spark-Plugs Think?” Meeds have a way of basking quietly in the gloom of a cave like bats and then suddenly becoming rife that is almost disconcerting, and, God knows, there is nothing worse than a rife meed. I feel, consequently, that I owe it to my clients to shed a little light over this engrossing problem, so that the next time they are confronted by a house detective or somebody and asked this question, they will not turn scarlet and try to sneak down the fire-escape in their pajamas. Up till last Xmas I thought with most people that spark-plugs were dumb and did not have

/a jardin de ma seur (the power of speech), as the witty Frenchman Balzac termed it. But at Xmas time Bella Follinsbee, the veteran veterinary editor of Judge, presented me with a couple of young sparkplugs which she had picked up in Paris for a song. I believe the name of the song was "'Iwas Down 153

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge LGR Se Noe Ue nO i EE in the Lehigh Valley'? or something, but anyway, I thanked her and took the spark-plugs home, placing them in a big jar of fresh water. Can you imagine my embarrassment three days later, when I noticed that one of the spark-plugs (a female, by the way) had sprouted several small buds? Of course, I was very much surprised and immediately called up Bella. She, too, was very much surprised, as it was then half after four in the morning, and—well, as I say, she was very much surprised. In fact, as she said laughingly, she thought at first it was the room clerk calling. Anyhow, she came over first thing in the morning and we both looked at the spark-plug. The more we kept looking at it, the more buds sprouted, until at last it (the spark-plug) was just crawling with them (the buds). Several days later I was combing my beard in front of the mirror (we Perelmans are constantly fussing with our beards) when I heard a sharp voice say: "Say, if I had a'pan like that, I would want to go through life under anesthetics!" As I was alone in my apartment at the time, save for my Schnauzer and a man named Durante, who had been tongue-tied since infancy, 1 was consider154 Do Spark-Plugs Think? ee EOeeEOeeEOeOOEOeOOEOeeSererees Ow rE eee ee eeeeGel eee eens eee ee ePree5_SO OO Oe" ably hors de combat (horse of the combat). I looked around-and the first thing my eye encountered was the spark-plugs. Sure enough, they were both leaning over the edge of the jar and surveying me coldly. "Well," I said, just as coldly, "would you like to make something out of it?" replied the bud-covered spark-plug, 'I think God made a bad enough job "Tf you mean your pan,' without us trying." I was so enraged by this sally (the female sparkplug) that I would have wreaked bodily harm on the plugs had' not the door opened at this juncture and Bella came in. She was wearing a

beautiful chiffon wrap around which she had just washed in boric acid, and consequently was a sight for sore eyes. ‘Well, Bora,” I ventured, ‘I see you have just washed your wrap-around with bellic acid.” “Yes, Paul,’ she answered simply. Paul was at that time my nom de plume (plum name). “How are the spark-plugs to-day?” “T think they have been teething,” I said. “Fave they been teething each other, Paul?” asked Bella, who lisped frightfully. “Tet us have tiffin,” I rejoined acidly, and forth1$5

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge eee with we left on a crumpet bender. We bent crumpets for three days till well-nigh exhausted (that is, the crumpets were well-nigh exhausted. I am never exhausted). The scene now seemed to change, and the next thing I knew I found myself walking down Times Square without any pants on. Nobody seemed to notice my predicament, Bella least of all. In fact, Bella herself was clad in a somewhat informal costume consisting of a brassiére, scanties, corned beef and Russian dressing on rye bread. I was just about to enter the lobby of the Palace when I heard mamma’s voice say: “Wake up, sleepy head! You will have to hurry or you will be late for school P I rubbed my eyes in amazement. What do you think? It had all been a dream! 156 WHAT ARE YOU GIVING THE LOVED ONES? es & & VERY year about this time the young genius that is spawning these words receives letters from all the cowboys in the diocese, begging what shall they give their Aunt Fred for Xmas. Well, I have been pouring through some catalogues during the past semester and rooting out some unusual presents for your kin that I would willingly give mine, but as luck would have it, they all left on the Byrd expedition as engine-wipers and have not been heard of since last Tuesday. If you have a relative like an aunt or uncle that is always wanting to run in the river and get baptized, why what better gift for he or her than a pair of sturdy baptismal trousers like in Figure 1? Here is a good pair of canvas breeks with Indiarubber feet and only 63 shillings the pair. A good feature of these pants is the little hot water pipes imbedded in the ankles in case they would want to get baptized in the winter. If your

aunt is fond of (157

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Ge A SSUES Ns dredging for chicken patties, you can buy her a pair of these slacks and she can go out and track the wary pastries till she is black in the face. If she has no face I could easily remedy that by shipping you any one of my aunts and you could simply detach their face and burn the rest of them out in the yard. I had an aunt that did well in the chicken patty game till she bit a dog and the latter went insane, thus making what is called ‘“‘news.” If you are raking your brain for Fig. 1. a gift for some people that has little ones, there is nothing better than a pram, or bushwick. This is a comfy box mounted on wheels that you simply wedge the infants in there and push them around instead of carrying them by the scruff of their neck with rubber gloves. Many people complain that they have to carry their offspring on their back and if your aunt is an Indian squaw this will be a true boon. If your aunt is a kangaroo, this would also be a godsend, because she would not have to carry her young in a 158 What Are You Giving the Loved Ones? tobacco pouch in front of her, but could prod them along on wheels. I have an aunt that she moved to Australia and we all thought she was going to turn into a kangaroo, but she foxed us by becoming a lemur and is making good money, we hear. Figure 2 shows a good handy pram that has side-curtains that you can pull down when you tell your mother to take a turn in Central Park. The only trouble with this job is it generally breaks in half during December and has to be fed sugar like a horse. To he who is fortunate enough to have an aunt that likes rabbits, there is an ideal gift in Figure 3. Here is a fine hutch that is not a house, but a home, Fig. 3. and the upkeep is practically foolish. All you do is hurl a bunch of beets or other greens in it and your aunt’s rabbit lives like a prince. The makers of this hutch guarantee that no aunt’s rabbit will escape. In my next article, appearing on Arbor Day, I will describe the Black Hole of Calcutta and give some suggestions about packing and shipping your 159

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Oe relatives there that will astound you. If any of my

fans has worked out a quicker or easier method of ridding themselves of these "weasels," as I have christened mine, why a fifty-cent piece enclosed in a letter will reach me in care of Bishop Benzoin, P. O. Box 372, Van Diemen's Land. 160 . SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE EAGLE ee & ff AS the new vices which has sprung up in the fast set this winter the most fascinating is eagle-beating. The well-dressed man, no longer interested in drabbing and dicing, is seen everywhere these days with his pet eagle, which he beats regularly. Wives who have been accustomed to their weekly or monthly beating now eye their husband's eagle with jealousy, and their face is moist with tears as they see his wife-whip covered with dust in the corner. The idea of lashing the King of Birds with the birch goes back to Roman times. At that time it _ was considered en brochetie in good society to feed yourself to lions in the arena, anything for a clean wholesome laugh. As manners changed, fashion decreed that the lions should be chained to a steak in the amphitheatre and Milady would go in and eat the lion and afterwards the steak. A grim episode arose out of this custom. An aunt of mine, by name 161

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge BIR SR A Mother Gotham, happened to pass through the arena on her way home from a theme song. One of the lions who was chained to a steak—a sirloin with parsley garnish, as was brought out at the inquest—collapsed and died before extreme unction could be administered. The coroner's jury pronounced it due to fright and Mother Gotham was held for trial. She later proved her innocence, however, by whistling "Anitra's Dance" from the Peer Gynt suite, by Ferenc Molar. And just think, when we had all put on our reefers and came out on the stoop, the snow was piled up to our armpit, sparkling like a million diamonds in the clear moonlight! It was a veritable fairyland as we drove homeward in the cutter with the bells tinkling and Irma's cheeks red like two apples her cheeks were red. But here am I going off on a tangent again and my head still aching from last night's tangent, too. Well, as I say, soon the haut monde began to substitute mandrils, tendrils, lentils, and even pumas for the lions on their menu, and when they had run

out of mandrils, tendrils, lentils, and even pumas, they tried odd pumas. It was just a step to eagles, as you can see, and soon the smart world at Juan les 162 Spare the Rod and Spoil the Eagle Pins, Antibes, Sands Point, Meadowbrook, and Aiken, were eating eagles furiously. And then, just like a melody from out of the sky or a2 woman disputed or marriage by contract or something, along came Barclay Titmarsh, the Father of Eagle-beating. Said Titmarsh, ‘“““Why eat the patient bird? Why not beat him?” Immediately licenses were taken out, eagle-beating suits were hurriedly ordered from Abernethy and Itch, and gracious hostesses the country over were flailing away at their eagles. A demand sprang up for pocket flails and sprang down again. American Eagle Common went up thirty points and on the Curb tight-lipped traders unloaded Backgammon as the panic spread. And in faraway Sequestria, a tiny kingdom nestling in the Balkans, a gray-bearded tinware salesman named Simon & Schuster was knocking on the door of Mrs. Curry’s apartment. In his pocket was the manuscript of “The Story of Philosophy” and on his head was a Hershey bar. So there, my little furry friends, let me leave you. As you suspect, all the trolls and gnomes appeared in full force at the wedding of Irving Dembitz to the Queen of the Woodpeckers, and they stuffed themselves with barley zoop till their itsy-bitsy eyes 163

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge ——__EeEEESEOeSeOanrrs eee ee ee eeeeeee_eeeeO ’most popped out. And if you ever break a leg just call up the writer any time of the day or night and he will be glad to shoot you. No trouble at all, that’s what we’re here for. 164 IN MY BOUQUET OF SEAWEED MEMORIES & & & URING my spare time when Uncle Fagin has not been sending me out with the Artful Dodger to steal handkerchiefs, I have been building up a museum of different kinds of seaweed or kelp and saving them in my creel. A creel is really an old telephone bulb stuffed with raisins, but I have shelled out the raisins and it makes a good pouch ne for my specimens. I have three in all and am writing this essay so if I win the first prize of ten dollars, I will buy ey an Indian outfit and scalp Thornton Wilder. My first

specimen is called President Polk, and it is the one on the right above. This lovely fraction of ‘‘the weed,’ as seaweed smokers are prone to term it, was the gift of a man named Wolf that he used to live near us on Evans Street. Wolf did not have a telephone in his house, so every time any one “called” him on the “phone” my brother Patsy 165

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge would be sent over to fetch him. Wolf used to sleep late mornings on account of he worked nights scanning bridgework in the mouths of high-bred Sealyhams. He often used to say merely as a joke that his work was picking dental flaws and I used to answer that maybe it was better to let sleeping dogs lie. People who were present at the time gave Fig. 2. up going to vaudeville shows, because they could hear us free. But anyway, to get back to Patsy and Wolf. So one morning when Patsy went over to call him he got mad—I mean he got angry, only dogs get mad —and he hit Patsy over the head with a baked apple. This shows what happens to little boys that they cry Wolf too often. It is a good specimen of 166 In My Bouquet of Seaweed Memories seaweed, and has often been lauded by expert seaweed-lauders. The second picture is a hand painting by Leslie Thrasher, of my musical seaweed that I have named Walt Whitman, after the jolly if somewhat stout bandsman as he, too, is musically inclined. Walt plays any tune you want, and especially ‘“‘Laugh, Clown, Laugh.” Suppose you want to hear “I Wanna Be Rubbed By You” or “Blue Shadows.” All you do is say ina loud voice, “I wonder & what ‘Blue Shadows’ or ‘Pickin’ — Cotton’ sounds like.” Walt will eee immediately oblige with “Laugh, Clown, Laugh.” We have offered him all kinds of money, including the Confederate, to learn some other tune, but you cannot learn an old dog new tricks. Of course, Walt is not really an old dog; he is an old seaweed, but the thought is the same. The prize specimen is No. 3. This rare kelp grows in gymnasiums the world over, and whilst on the latter subject 1 might say that I have been working on a blackout sketch that will panic them. The scene is a college campus and two girls accidentally bump into each other. “That is a pretty sweater

says the first girl. “Yes, I am 167 you are wearing,’

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge S EEOEEEOEOEOEOEOEOeEEEeEeeEeeeeSeout for gym,” says the other. “Why,” says the first with a twinkle, ‘I didn’t know you cared a rap about him!’ I forgot to say that just before the curtain rises, a man comes out and explains that Jim is the captain of the rugby team and popular with all the co-eds. Several leading Broadway producers have urged me to expand it into a three-act play, as I also have a good joke about fish hatcheries that is an interesting sidelight on the way fish woo. ‘“““The Way Fish Woo” has been boomed as a title, but has been discouraged as too sexy or sounds like a Chinese mystery thriller. Next week’s bill will be all acrobats and a short playlet entitled, “Frank and Jack at the PostOffice,” or “Getting in Some Good Licks.”’ Reserve your seats now. 168 WHALING FAD SWEEPS NEWPORT FASHIONABLES IN THRALL TO FISHY ART cS & Newport, R. I., Aug. 25. OW that the smart new diversion of whaling has reached its height amongst the sporting strata, havoc has been wrecked in the ranks of the mah-jong and bridge instructors. A recent observer at the Bowery bread-lines reports seeing no less than Whitehead, Lenz, and a slant-eyed Oriental named John Chinaman with their coat-collars turned up and a bowl of hot steaming soup in their hands. When asked what had dragged them to this miserable pass, one and all placed the blame on whaling. ‘We place the blame on whaling,” is what they are alleged to have said. Practically everybody in our set here has taken up this new and exciting pastime of whaling. Our set, by the way, is almost entirely a love set, as will be seen from the following figures: 169

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge ~~ Aw - — — 0 OSS a 0 000 0 RO OOOO OIL 0 er— — — EI I OOOOOOOSOO SO” Tanzer Cressup 6—o 6—o 6—o 6—o 6—o checkmate But seriously, we call our set a love set because almost everybody in it married for love, that is, all except Kitty Thing, who married for money; and of course without being catty about Kitty, everybody knows she married Joe King for his money and nothing else. Poor Kitty! She broke her leg taking a fence last Spring

and they had to shoot her. . . . But getting back. to whaling. Most of the whaling enthusiasts here have formed the habit of taking a harpoon in to dinner with them and placing it beside their plate. Last season if you were to ask one of the younger set ‘‘What are you taking in to dinner?” the reply would probably have been ‘“‘A polo mallet” or “A bit of old chives,” but la plume de mon oncle est dans la jardin (that was in another land, and besides, the wench is dead). The well-dressed whaleswoman hereabouts who would be distinguée has gone in for a mere suggestion of blubber at the throat to soften the line of the neck. Many whaling devotees, too, have adopted names formerly heard only in Nantucket or New 170 Whaling Fad Sweeps Newport Fashionables —_“_~-owareereeco3oco3a 03S eee eee eee ee eeeeeee—oee_G5ueuoee _e_ eee Bedford. Glimpsed amongst the gay throng the other evening at the Rockaway Casino were Starbuck Garfinkle, H. Coffin Resnick, and Natica Stubb Horowicz. ‘These three personalities of the whaling world have eschewed white linen knickers and are affecting hip-length boots. The demand for tattoo artists has been enormous and everybody has been outvying the other in designs. The most unusual of these is the laundry-list which Captain Ahab Kornbloom, the millionaire wet-wash king, has had tattoed on his chest. It is interesting to note that the price of ladies’ corset covers on Captain Ahab’s chest is two cents lower than commonly quoted at most laundries. As for the actual business of going out and sticking harpoons in the whales, nothing much has been done about that, due principally to the fact that no whales have been seen here since 1764. The one seen then was merely passing through and claimed he was looking for somebody named Nancy or Clancy or something who had promised to meet him there. His story was incoherent and it later turned out.that he had been sleeping in the subway for over a week. He was given thirty days in the workhouse by Magistrate Evans. I7r ¢

AROUND THE SHOPS WITH “BABS” PERELMAN es IRLS, I found the QUAINTEST shop yesterday! It was in one of those quaint little oldworld alleys off

Evans Street and the quaintest old man in just the quaintest smock in the world charged me eight times what I would have paid in Mimbel's Junior, take the knishes off the stove; Mamma is busy writing an article for the turks out basement. in the tall celery. This week, as you know, girls, is the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the birth of A. A. Milne, the good gray poet, whose memory is ever green on account of his synopsis of '"Thanatopsis," and who died in Harness, L. I. I went to Harness recently and I must say I was shocked at some of the events that took place there. The first event was a ten-round go between Sailor Blumenthal vs. Patsy Spivack, both welters. Spivak smeared the tar all over the canvas and hit him on the gong so often it sounded like an alarm clock. Ugh! The brutality 172 Around the Shops With "Babs" Perelman RE IS IFS I ES: of it, and can you imagine, Bessie and I had to pay four-forty for seats for the match next Tuesday at the armory? But what a flutter-budget I am, to be sure, she murmured, her face suffused with color. I feel all Fig. 4. nebby or something; it must be that lacquer-remover I drank last night. I must tell you about some of the novel things I saw while I was downtown shopping with Vilma Banky. Mr. Ramsbottom has some English walking-sticks with the most unusual heads. 173

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge When the handle of Fig. 1 is turned it releases a stream of the most delicious hot chocolate, which is kept at the proper temperature in a thermos bottle inside the cane. For those who desire the more complete beverage Mr. Ramsbottom also stocks a quart-size whipped-cream container to be worn strapped to the left leg just above the tibia. Fig. 2 is more elaborate; it contains both coffee and tea and even sweet buns on Friday. A clerk in Mr. Ramsbottom's shop named Serena Blandish, or a Gentlewoman of Quality, reported that after ' fifteen turns of the handle she received an order of roast milk-fed veal, hashed brown potatoes, and a rather homely girl with the sweetest disposition in the world who had attended Mt. Sinai for three years but had been expelled in her junior year for simony. Fig. 3 is the sensation of Mr. Ramsbottom's shop, a general utility

instrument for people who are inveterate question-askers. Few of us care to bother carrying around a pocketful of question-marks; this instrument when held up in plain view will warn your friends that you are about to query, and the blunt side makes an ideal means of commanding attention. It can also be used to trap foxes, and is simply delicious with a little sugar and cream. The 174 Around the Shops With “Babs” Perelman SR RS No I IS beauty of this is that it has already been boiled when it reaches you and so requires no steaming or shrinking. Just rub a little of it on your grandmother, wipe with a bit of chamois, and your rubberplant will sing like a canary. All you girls who wear dress-shields will be inad about the one shown in Fig. 4. The little loop fits snugly over the shoulders and you can even-hold up your stockings by smearing the inside of them with rubber cement and pasting them to your legs. Fishermen’s wives should be a sucker for these and if your husband is a disciple of Edith Wharton (the patron saint of the finny art), he can throw away his creel and give you his carps to care for. And now, girls, if you'll pardon me, I have to run out to the grocer’s and get a hot towel; I promised Ralph a hot towel supper and besides his mother is coming over with Irma at eight and I’m not even shaved yet. Come over soon again, won’t you, and we'll rip a herring in half. 175

PERELMAN’S POLITICAL BAROMETER & & & HE One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Congress (‘the fighting One Hundred and Sixty-ninth,” as dubbers have already dubbed it) of the United States met yesterday in the livery stable on Evans Street. Ever since last Tuesday, when General Beauregard’s howitzers were turned on the Capitol at Washington, why our lawgivers have been at a loss to know where to convene. Senators Lastfogle, Foglelast, and Fastlogle advocated that Congress be called in the derby division of the Knox Hat Company, claiming that they had been raised in the school of hard Knox and more of the same. However, after three hours in the Iron Maiden, they apologized and were penalized by being made to wash the blackboards and clap erasers. Congressman John Garbo then suggested the livery stable and the motion was carried. After the session was called to order yesterday

confusion resulted when three of the Senators whinnied during roll-call and had to be fed sugar 176 Perelman's Political Barometer and carrots. Their defense was that they invariably went pony in stables. The first bill to be introduced yesterday was the Bison Franchise Resolution. This has long been a moot point in Congress and only seems to be growing mooter with time. For the past two years American bisons have been clamoring for the vote. "No taxation without representation!" has been their clamor. Last August a crowd of enraged bisons dressed as Indians sank a shipload of tea in Boston Harbor while the A. & P. Gypsies played Russian airs on their balalaikas. After the music a cold collation was served, the minutes of the previous meeting were read, and Mrs. Frank Constantinopolitanischedudelsachpheifersgesellschaft, noted female bison, gave an exhibition of eating a macaroon hang"ing upside down on a well-tempered clavichord. The bisons feel that after all they are really the first Americans and claim that their ancestors were civilized long before the Hudson River Night Line was conceived. The Daughters of the American Bisons have chain-stitched a camisole demanding the vote and are sending it to Congress. The bison bloc in the House is considering merging with the beaver bloc and if this should go through, the bison bloc would probably merge with the beaver bloc and run 177

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Se _EeEEOEOEOOEOOEEOEOEOeOeeeeee_eesee eee esr, em" amok. Both these factions ran amok last year but barely made enough money to pay off the caterer with a little cigarette money left over. The only drawback visible thus far in the session is that most of the lawmakers spend their time in Sullivan's shooting gallery across the street, looking at the exhibits entitled "Adam and Eve in Madison Square Garden" and "She Forgot to Look Under the Bed." become quite expert on the lung tester and can blow off the straw hat in the glass case, while Congressman Polsky Soldat has punched four hundred and The Democratic floor leader has been informed by the meSenators Point and Counterpoint have fifteen medals to send his constitutents. chanical fortune-teller

that his star is now in Pisces and that he will marry a steam-shovel with blue hair. Two unnamed Republicans, attempting to shoot a clay bird in the gallery, winged the attendant instead, and although they did not get the bird, “oot the bird” from their fellows. Ah ha ha ha ha. Altogether, to summarize the situation, political observers are optimistic, the Cabinet is optimistic, in fact, everybody is optimistic except the scrub-women who will have to tidy up the livery stable. And you can’t very well blame them. 178 THE COMPLETE SPEECH-MAKER A Practical Manual of Elegant and Appropriate Replies for Every Occasion SPEECH ON THE OCCASION OF BEING FIRED FROM A JOB es & & R. McELROY, Mr. Ginsberg, Mr. Hinchey, Ladies and Gentlemen: Before I launch out into a few general remarks on your parentage, your manners and your breeding, I should like to make one point clear. I wasn’t fired; I quit the job about two minutes before you told me to get the h—Il out of here and stay out. I mention this simply because I can already hear you slobs telling everybody that you gave me the air. The fact is, I’m sick and tired of you three cheap grease-balls anyway. I’ve been working here for five weeks now in the shipping room and I’m still getting the fifteen a week I started in with. I thought you said I’d get a raise after I’d been here 179

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Sa Ce a month. I guess you meant a raise in the elevator (laughter and cheers). I wouldn’t mind it so much if it wasn’t for my poor feet, but the way you make me bound around this plant you’d think-I was made of rubber. But I won’t talk about myself. God knows I got a dirty, rotten deal here and if I ever get the chance I'll pay you back with interest. But what surprises me is how three dummies like you can run a business for even a week. If I owned a business like this, I would no more let you three parsnips run it than I would let a deaf mute announce the World’s Series over the radio. One look at you would send a healthy grown-up boy into convulsions, and yet they trust a business to you. Somebody’s a sucker, all right, all right. Well, the funny part of the whole thing is that Not me! get out of here while the getting’s good; it’s better you think I’m sore. I’m overjoyed to

than being taken out of here in a pie-wagon when the bulls pinch the outfit. You can't kid the cops very long, boys, and when they take you off to the coop and you hide your faces from the newspaper photographers just remember what I said. And believe me, I only hope they let me get on the jury 180 The Complete Speech-Maker EEE EPs that tries you. Anyway, I'm not worried; I was going to leave anyway, because I have a swell job as a cashier in a bank waiting for me right now. That's all, boys; thank you. 181

THE COMPLETE SPEECH-MAKER A Manual of Elegant and Appropriate Replies for Every Occasion ON BEING BUSTED OUT OF COLLEGE FOR SHOOTING CRAPS ae & & RESIDENT CRUSINBERRY, Dean Vokes, Members of the Faculty: I can't begin to describe to you my relief at being drummed out of this regiment. I have spent the better part of three years in this internment camp, and when I think back over it I feel giddy. Believe me, I wanted to fold up my tents a long time ago and give this barracks the berry, but I forced myself to stay here just as self-discipline. But now that you have so neatly railroaded me, I want to express my sincere thanks to you all. When I use the term railroaded, I mean just that. You have been looking around a long while for some cheap stall to frame me on; some of the marks I got here made the rest of the prisoners look like a parcel of grammar-school boys, and, in short, I 182 The Complete Speech-Maker Oe was altogether too smart for you. Then you got sore because I used to make up a little book now and then on the races at Belmont Park. Besides that you were jealous of the few pennies I used to pick up selling a quart of gin now and then to the brothers. It sort of grieved you to think that you'd never bumped onto the idea first; I'm wise to you, my bully boys! So you had the watchman snoop around and break in on what you thought was a big crap game. ; ; But the laugh is on you after all. We were only playing parcheesi, and just because somebody mislayed the parcheesi board and I happened to drop some money on the floor at the time, you pulled an Arsene Lupin and diagnosed it as a real session. As if I'd waste my time on a paltry two or three

bucks! Why didn't you come around when we used to have a REAL game with REAL jack on the floor? God knows I would have been glad to take you over the high hurdles! Well, boys, I can't stand around here giving you good free advice; the old trunk is packed and I hear the 3:45 whistling down at the grade crossing. Did I hear somebody mutter something about twentyfour hours to get out of here? Say, gents, you must be senile to think I would wANT to stay around 183

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge SS here twenty-four minutes more than I had to! And, by the way, there won't be any use in sendiag me beseeching letters to come back once I've gone; if the place goes to wreck and ruin it's only your own fault. I'm going down to the Big Town to start a little three-card-monte racket with a friend of mine and I'll be too busy to answer your letters. 'And if you ever get train fare down there, look me up and J'll send you home clean. Shake bye-bye, lads, and don't dab at your eyes even if you do know what a man you're losing; I hate emotion. 184 SPEECH ON BEING GIVEN THE GATE BY THE GIRL FRIEND & & & ISS BUCKMINSTER, Relatives and Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen: Well, gorgeous, you thought you pulled a hot one when you just handed me the one-way ticket, didn't you? I suppose you thought I'd flop down on the floor and 'moan like a banshee. Let me point out a few facts, that is, if you can keep that fat face of yours quiet for three minutes. The truth is, I've realized for a long time now that even if you had the money for a mud-pack you'd still look like a bad hangover. You have the kind of face that makes a gent wake up in the middle of the night in terror when he was only dreaming about you. And yet, if it was only your face I wouldn't mind. But you've got a tongue that makes your mother look like she had lockjaw—and believe me, babe, that's saying something. How your poor old father ever stands that woman is more 185

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge IIS SN A I eS UL OE than I can figure out. By the time you're as old as she is they'll be giving you shots in the arm to quiet you. You ought to feel glad you met me, though; I did a lot for you. When I first met you, people

used to avoid you like a diphtheria sign, but since I've been taking you around I notice they speak to you now and then; it must be because you're a friend of mine. And to think of some of the hot numbers that I've turned away on account of you! Only the other day I had to hang up on a little dame when she started crying over the phone how I hadn't given her a minute lately. And then to think you having the gall to shove the skids under me! But you'll find out some day when it's too late, and you'll curse yourself for letting a smooth benny like me slip through your fingers. Well, I'd like to tell you a few things about yourself if I had the time but it's almost eight-fifteen and there's a big blonde mamma waiting for me that makes you look like a pail of clinkers, so don't cry because I've released you and call me up sometime. Id like to see you if I'm not doing anything. 186 ON BEING OFFERED A NICKEL TO RUN ALONG AND BE A GOOD BOY & SS EVERED parents, neighbors: I suppose you feel like Andrew relatives, friends, and Carnegie every time you yank a buffalo out of your pants and throw it to me like a fish to a seal. Ive lived around this dive long enough to know that it's pulling teeth for you to part with the rhino; the way you clutch your small change makes me think you'd keep your money rolled up in your handkerchief if you didn't think people would laugh at you. But the point I want to make is this: you think this measly nickel you toss me is a gift or alms. Far from it, boys, far from it! What you're really paying is hush money, whether you know it or not. If I wanted to open my chin and tell about the time I saw the iceman ... (thanks, Ma) .. . or the time the maid . . . (much obliged, Pa) ... or the night Lily and that chinless wonder boy friend of hers . . . (attagirl, Lily, shower down), but you can count on my lips being sealed, guys. It's a point 187

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge See of honor with me to keep quiet about things that don't concern me—that is, if it's made worth while. While I'm on the subject, I might say that in the future I'll expect a little more consideration around this rancho. I'm sick and tired of being shushed every time I pipe up at the table or when company's here. Just because I ask humbly for a second helping of tapioca pudding,

I get a look that makes me feel like I been using sash-weights for face-cloths. Remember I'm a member of this family, whether you like it or not, and I don't relish being treated as if I'd been left on the doorstep some snowy night in a peach-basket. So I'll leave a word of warning with you: I've seen enough katzenjammer around this place in my time to give even a divorce judge a thrill, and I know the addresses of some tabloids that simply LOVE juicy stories. So watch your step, mates, and GIVE. GIVE till it hurts and then some. No reasonable offer refused and no questions asked. Every client confidential. That's all and don't scrape your feet on the way out; it makes me nervous. 188 THE PERELMAN MAGIC WARDROBE ee HE bombardment of letters, telegrams, mash notes, postcards, and even carrier pigeons begging for a statement about the Perelman Magic Wardrobe has attained such heights that the public has finally offered the talented youth $.11 per word to be brazen and explain. The young genius's natural modesty, however, was so great that he remained abashed until the figure was raised to $.25 (for each word, not for the article). I hope that there are very few if any of my male readers that have ever been in the unfortunate predicament that they suddenly had to flee into a wardrobe for some reason, like for instance the husband came home from Council Bluffs unexpectedly. From all that I have heard, why it is no experience to brag about, especially if you have to remain with your feet resting in an old golf bag and your face full of rusty buckles or coat-hangers or something. Well, what my admirers call my mind has been dwelling 189

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge on this problem and so here is the way I would flay away this evil. The photograph shown below does not give a al The Perelman Magic Wardrobe. very good idea of the Perelman Magic Wardrobe, as it was taken by a drunk Armenian named Formamint or something and besides he had forgot to bring his camera, but it will give you an idea. To 190 The Perelman Magic Wardrobe best illustrate how the ingenious machine works, let us imagine a little scene as follows: Albert, a young man, suddenly hears loud footsteps on the stairs outside. "Why,

what can that be?" he says to Irma. "Why, that must be my husband back from Council Bluffs," exclaims Irma. 'Quick, step into the Perelman Magic Wardrobe here!" Albert, who by this time is nervous enough to step into a tube of anchovy paste and get lost in it, dives into the wardrobe. What is his surprise to _ find a completely appointed barber shop with attendant inside. He steps into the chair and within a trice they have shaved off his mustache and singed his eyebrows. Albert now looks like another man. He steps through another door and finds himself in another room containing hundreds of different costumes and disguises. "What can I do for you, mister?" says the clerk behind the counter rubbing his hands. Albert explains the circumstances and asks the clerk's advice. After a moment of thought the clerk says: "Well, sir, I should advise a pirate's costume with smoke glasses.' b) So Albert puts on the pirate's costume and some make-up and then steps out of the wardrobe. I9I

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge "Why, who are you?" says the surprised husband in surprise. "Why," says Albert aloofly, 'I am a pirate bold." And then he sings a song like: "Oh, I am a pirate bold, And I rab all men for gold, And many's the slave I've sold, And what riches we have in the hold, So it's yo-ho-ho and a dead man's chest!" Naturally the husband is so surprised at seeing 2 real live pirate that he puts up his hands and allows Albert to take his purse and his watch and chain. Then Albert leaves the house and divides his illgotten gains amongst the pocr and needy and thus is known far and wide as a modern Robin Hood. In this way we see how a young man named Albert escapes a husband's wrath. Of course sometimes this does not work out so smoothly and if the wary husband should be wearing rubber heels, wardrobe or no wardrobe, Albert might leave the room in a paper bag instead of on his own feet. But that is the chance men in every profession take. On second thoughts I have decided to turn this 192 The Perelman Magic Wardrobe a into a whimsical fairy tale with the husband a dragon from Peoria instead of a traveling man and sell it to St. Nicholas Magazine next Christmas. They pay $.32 a word. 193

HOW TO MAKE LOVE ee S & HAT is that Mysterious Force which hastens the breathing, makes the heart tender, the spirit brave, the impulses generous, and the will Fig. 1. strong? Yes, children, you are right—Scotch. But there is still another Force which does not retail in four-fifths quart bottles and is infinitely more 194 How to Make Love expensive. This Force is called Love. In this series of articles we shall discuss various kinds of LovE and the proper methods, grips, holds, and punches connected with this fascinating pastime. When two people fall in Love, the man is known as a LOVER and the woman as a LOVED ONE. Another name for the man is SUCKER or FALL GUY, as you probably were about to say. How should two people with a yen for each other behave in each other's company? ~ In the first two photographs shown here (specially posed by Paul Dombey and Frances 'Peaches' Rabelais) two LOVERS are shown in a woods with only the photographer looking on. In Figure 1, Paul and Peaches are exchanging preliminary caresses and are just examining each other's teeth to see whether they will be the lucky one out of five. Peaches sees the LOVELIGHT shining in Paul's eyes; as a matter of fact Paul is slightly shut-eye, having just come from a five-day bender with the boys in the foundry. Paul, as the photo reveals, is just crawling with s. a. The pair are on their way to a dog-fight, hence the natty toggery. In Figure 2, Paul has taken Peaches in his arms and is whispering, "Frances, you fascinating little witch!" This is just plain duck soup to Frances, 195

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge and she is even chewing on the spoon: In the heat of the clinch Paul's hat has slipped back, revealing an expansive forehead and nut-brown eyes. No wonder Frances is just saying to him, "Paul, my great big wonder boy!" See how her nose, tiptilted like a flower, lures on her gallant swain to pour out his ardor in LovE's romantic language. This is true LOVE, noble, undefiled, sincere. Study these pictures well and then go out and buy a revolver. 196 How to Make Love Second Lesson One of the most fascinating kinds of LovE—and there are many fascinating kinds—is OUTDOORS LOVE. important kinds of OUTDOORS

LOVE—OCEAN LOVE and PASTURE LOVE. In this lesson we shall discuss the two most In Figure 1 (specially posed by Ward McAllister and Nancy Marchbanks of the “Black Crook” Company) two LOVERS are shown in a stout skiff, or yawl, gliding smoothly over the green waters of the Bay of Funday. Ward, an expert sailor, has taken his ‘‘inamorata”’ out in his stalwart barkentine and there proposes to declare himself in tender, passionate speeches. But first a sailor, he has furled 197

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge sail and thrown the one oar over the bow in true shipshape fashion. Now he has taken Nancy’s hand and is pressing it lightly; she, sensing that Ward is about to say something, has gone on talking in her own sweet woman’s way. But Ward, glanc‘ing over her shoulder, sees the ominous periscope of a German submarine, or Untersee-boot, and is wondering whether he can escape unnoticed with the valuable cargo of peach-pits he is running through the lines for the Allies. “Take that cigarette out of your mouth, you swab!” he orders Nancy. ‘Don’t you know that if those Huns see us, we will be torpedoed?” “What Huns?” asks Nancy affrightedly. “Heh, heh, heh! I fooled you!” cries Ward. “You thought there were some Huns here, but there weren’t none AT ALL! Were you scared?” In Figure 2 (also specially posed by Sybil Grife and “Dopey Benny” Bengough) two LOVERS are shown demonstrating PASTURE LOVE, the second kind of OUTDOORS LOVE. background we see the lush undergrowth of ferns, anemones, and old rubber heels that make up the Sybil and Benny are arrayed in their best It is spring, and in the forest. clothes, and the best is none too good. Benny has his hat at a rakish angle, suggesting the “‘devil-maycare” clubman and raconteur that he is. Sybil, whe 198 How to Make Love likes to be thought a bit fast, has slanted her new hat by Reboux over her right eye, thus cleverly concealing the fact that the right side of her head is completely bald. Benny has just asked Sybil if she knows why firemen wear red suspenders, and in anFig. 2. swer to Sybil’s interrogation has retorted, “To hold up their pants, Silly!” We may well envy these two carefree LOVERS, holding each other’s hands as the sunset slowly tints the west and a solitary bird wings

homeward. And now that we have that finished, let’s tear out for a good stiff hot grog. I’m parched! 199

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge On eeEOEEESEeSeeSeeeeee_—eaeeerey ers eer ee eee Eee Third Lesson Who does not remember his student years when he walked across the verdant campus shaded by immemorial elms, hand in hand with “the only girl in the world”? Who does not remember the troth plighted, the vows of fidelity and constancy, in some flowering leafy woodland bower on Class Night, as he sat, his arm around her slender waist, his ardent lips caressing her pink eyes? Ah, memory, thou naughty elf! Of all the various kinds of Love, the truest and 200 How to Make Love a Ns Ai Ne AS EN most tender is STUDENT LOVE. In -the two (specially . painted by Max Beerbohm), we see two touching scenes of STUDENT LOVE. paintings reproduced here (posed by Anna Karenina and the elder Booth), one sees In Figure 1 the flower-bedecked campus of Holy Cross, with Al’s Jigger Shop in the background. The enamored couple have stolen away for a moment from the crooning violins of the “Prom.” How Anna has waited for this night, when her own Rafael will tell her of his hopes, his fears, his ambitions! He has just told her that he passed the geography test and that he has been selected to stay after school and clap the erasers. How proud Anna is of her boy, even if he does look slightly like a walrus! In a moment Rafael will pin a daisy in Anna’s hair and then they will steal back to the “Prom,” flushed and radiant. For has not Rafael sworn that Anna is his own true “light o’ love” and that he will take her to wife as soon as the snow flies? In Figure 2 (posed by Joyce Hawley and Michael Strogoff), two more LOVERS are shown sitting on the steps of Perkins Hall in the Harvard “Yard.” Michael is next year’s football captain, which explains the pointed beard and the dull look around the eyes. Michael has just told Joyce how 201

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge en en Oe eOeOeern een eas ese eee eee eek :S~ce Scec5—e e 0 _00lCO eel Oma Ore ownr they swear down at Princeton and Joyce shudders as the oaths float across his lips. Michael,” she begs, ‘promise me that

you'll never ‘Promise me, Fig. 2. scratch or spit and that you'll be ctEAN!” “‘T will, Joyce,” says Michael, as he throws his head back and whistles a few notes like a partridge, ‘“‘Remember, it’s for you—and for Harvard, Mother of Men!” Let us leave them here as the golden harvest moon rises up over the Charles River and love’s sweet melody plays on. 202 — How to Make Love Oe eeaEeeeOeeeee Sere eee eee eee em Fourth Lesson The problem of giving your loved one a “chaste salute on the lips” has become harder since the new fashion of wearing a full beard has come into vogue. In the photograph below (specially posed by “Laughing Adolphe” Menjou and Lillian RusFourth Lesson. sell) the man is wearing one of the new Fall and Winter model beards known as the Kenmore. This is the proper model for a short face and a fat neck. Adolphe has arrayed himself carefully in his new meal-sack before calling on Lillian, for he knows her to be very observant. On his beard particularly Adolphe has lavished a great deal of attention. He has first washed it well in hot bear’s grease, 203

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge scrubbing the beard at the base with coarse sand. He has then allowed it to dry in the sun and divided the luxuriant growth into two parts, the anode and the cathode. A dash of seltzer and Adolphe is ready for his conquest. What maiden so hardhearted that she could resist this sleek fellow? Is it any wonder that Adolphe has left a trail of broken hearts behind him? As the photo reveals, Adolphe is a “‘fast worker”; he has just asked Lillian to flee with him to far-off sunny climes and, she having assented, they are sealing the bargain with a kiss. To-morrow they will lean over the taff-rail of Adolphe’s fast waterwitch, the ‘‘Leviathan,” and watch the coral reefs and waving palms of Brooklyn recede in the distance. Another interesting fashion point is shown in the picture, namely that Adolphe keeps his hat on all through his call. This is the new craze imported by smart New Yorkers from the great capitals of Europe, where one keeps his hat on his head for a ‘quick exit in case the husband should arrive. Adolphe’s experience teaches him that he can control his hat bills by this simple method. Note that the kiss

shown in the picture is none other than the Fleewith-Me-to-Sunny-Climes Kiss and that it is taken 204 How to Make Love standing up, like a little man, and mamma will give you a nickel, that's a good boy, D—N you—oucuH! stop biting my leg, you little rascal! Fifth Lesson Can love between one of low station and one born to the good things of life be successful? Can Fig. 1. a boy of humble birth Love and woo successfully a girl who was born "with a silver spoon in her mouth'? 'This is the absorbing question we shall answer to-day with the story of Paul Sprocket and Ruby Pickerbaugh. 205

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge In the first picture (posed by ''Honey-Boy" Shugrue and Maggie Cline) we see Paul and Ruby immediately after Paul has rescued Ruby from a horrible death. Ruby, wandering idly through the meadow looking for half-dollars, was chased by a mad bull (played by Hoot Gibson). Terrified, the distracted girl flees toward a fence, but too many "ciggies'' and too many gay wine suppers have shortened her breath; and just as the enraged animal, glimpsing her red petticoat, rushes at her to rend her limb from limb, Paul, a farmer boy in the next field, sees her predicament. With a single leap he has vaulted the fence and seizing the bull by the horns, throws him with a stomach scissors and presses his shoulders to the mat. The referee has just awarded the decision to Paul, who will meet Joe Stecher in East St. Louis some time next month. Our photographer has caught a charming picture. Ruby is thanking Paul for saving her life and he has asked her for permission to call on her that evening. She tells him to be careful crossing the railroad tracks, as she understands they are running trains on them now. Paul promises to be there at eight and hints the possibility of a cherry flip or limeade, whereat Ruby's eyes sparkle in anticipation. "This is indeed my fairy prince!" thinks she. 206 How to Make Love OO The second picture is even more charming. The tender passion (LOVE) has overcome Paul, whom we see in gala dress. He is wearing the coat and mustache which he wore to the Big Turnverein Dance last Hallowe'en, while Ruby is wearing a few odds and ends of curtains and chintz she

found in her father's stable. How she blushes as Paul's ardent words fall from his lips! He is "throwing the bull" for the second time that day (ha! ha!), but she just Joves it. Soon the banns will be posted and Paul, a humble farmer's boy, will have won Ruby, pride of the Pickerbaughs. Is not this convincing 207

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge — proof that "'a cat may look at a king" or something? And when the wedding bells ring out and the happy couple entrain for Niagara Falls amid a shower of confetti and sardine cans—ah, Paul, you lucky dog, how we envy you! Sixth Lesson Fashions in LOVE change as in dress. Once it was considered to be very smart to attend a party at the Ritz in breech-clout and aigrettes; but times change and now fashionable society demands a poncho or at least a sailor suit for even informal gatherings. And so with Love. With the advent of a new sport, BASEBALL, a new kind of LOVE called BASEBALL LOVE has come into being and seriously threatens to replace the old-fashioned bathstopper. Here we show two photographs posed by Moll Pitcher and Tris (''"Ty Cobb") Speaker of the St. Louis Wombats. The situation in the first picture is very interesting and has come about as follows: Finlayson has just bunted a fast one which Gipke on third base has intercepted and thrown to Rakewell, who is fielding. Rakewell, recognizing Moll, threatens to tell all, but Jack, her brother, shows Field the papers and says he will expose his crooked 208 How to Make Love dealings with the grafters unless Marshall (Richard Dix) surrenders the oil leases. Gurney, therefore, warns his sister that Humphries is in town for no Fig. f. good purpose and asks her not to tell the parson. Now go on with the story. The second picture shows the winsome miss in the arms of Tris, whom she considers a good ''catch" (ha! ha!). In the background one sees Ebbets Field, where gallant Pickett led his famous charge. 209

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Th Sr Otro ee eer: The couple are standing at "home plate" and Moll has just whispered to Tris: "Love me, love my dog!" Tris is looking around for a dog to love, but Moll must have been fooling, as there are no dogs in sight, unless she meant that mangy collie asleep on the doorstep, and who wants

collies? Attaboy, ‘Tris! Not many baseball players have the opportunity of kissing a player on the opposing side and who would want to, anyways? 210 How to Make Love Seventh Lesson With the Maxixe, the Turkey Trot, the Hesi-. tation Waltz and the Schottische out of favor in the “haut monde,” the Tango seems destined to Fig. 1. replace even the Lancers in popularity. Out of this fashionable and refined dance a new kind of LOVE has sprung, a LOVE of tender wooing to the dreamy strains of ‘‘Dardanella’” and “Sam, the Old Ac211

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge —_eareeSeerseeee es ees eee em een eee kk _k_ eee cordion Man,” amid scenes of almost magic splendor. This daring and original form of LOVE is called TANGO LOVE. In the two photographs used here (posed by Gilbert Seldom and Rose Coggles), we see a pair of LOVERS “tripping the light fantastic toe.” They dance to bewitching music played by the orchestra concealed behind the palms shown in the background of the pictures. Unfortunately the palms are also invisible, but they are there, all right, all right, if you only look close enough. The rich hangings and splendid candelabra form an appropriate setting for this happy pair indeed. See how Rose, coquette that she is, shows a dimpled smile as Gilbert, that handsome rascal, tells her that she is the only gravel on the beach for him. Her laughing “Go boil your ears in deep fat” only spurs on this impetuous chap to renewed ardor. But suddenly Gilbert grows serious. ‘‘And when will wedding bells ring for us, Rose colleen?” he asks his amoureuse, who playfully pinches his watch and chain and disappears behind a royal palm for a swig of beef tea. In the other picture the pair are doing an exhibition dance in honor of their engagement. Rose has a‘pretty ankle (Lord bless us!) and she knows it; 212 How to Make Love —~—_—<_—reo_r_ar»r err. ee ee<S_rereereen _eeeeeeeeeees Gilbert looks down at her pretty foot stealing in and out underneath her denim smock and gazes appreciatively at her “pedal extremities,” for who so old that he cannot still admire a pretty foot? Rose, Fig. 2. blushing like a pail of whitewash, quickly adjusts her skirt and chides the chuckling Gilbert with a But stay! The orchestra is playing “Good

Night, Ladies" and already the police wagons are backing up to the rear entrance. Zn roguish admonishment.

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge In a moment another night of romance and glamour will have drawn to a close as Rose, her head on Gilbert's shoulder and his arm encircling her small waist, walks slowly homeward. Finita la commedia, boom boom boom! Eighth Lesson The other day a young man said to us, "When I first started reading your series on 'How to Make Love,' I was a shy country lad, awkward, fumbling, and suffering from bucolic. After reading your book, 'One Thousand Ways to Kiss,' and studying your series, I wooed and won the daughter of Squire Cockerill, a jolly lass and the toast of the countryside. Can I ever repay you?" 'This is but one of the thousands of gratifying testimonials received since these articles have begun. To-day our peeps into AMOUR reveal two interesting situations. In Figure 1 (posed by "Smoky Fritz" Fishwick of the Brooklyn Fire Department and Shirley Spruggs), two LOVE-DOVES have paused in their picnic in the woods to carve their initials on a sapling. As you see, Fritz has just asked Shirley what her REAL name is, for his experience as a fly cop in roadhouse raids has left him somewhat 214 How to Make Love suspicious. She laughingly assures him that her real name is Spruggs and that she is proud of it; just The happy pair are so engrossed in each other that they have not noticed the why,. we fail to see. Fig. 1. fierce Bengal tigers crouching in the underbrush. These bullies of the jungle, having devoured the lunch of the LovERS, now lurk menacingly, preparing to spring. Will Fritz realize the danger before 215

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge these terrible hell-cats tear him into yard lengths? We await the outcome with beating heart. In Figure 2 (posed by Hyman Arbuthnot, the Silver-Nosed Tenor of WEAF, and Wanda FishFig. 2. bloom of Bayside, L. I.), the important relation of cards to LOVE is ably demonstrated. Love's token, as the cards show, is the ace of clubs, spades, hearts, and diamonds. This is called a pat hand, and 216 How to Make Love —__eoeooeoeera er' Oj, ee eee en ee _—_ee_o303 Nl TO Hyman, therefore, obeys the signs and pats Wanda's _ hand,

simultaneously bestowing a chaste salute on her pan. Irving Berlin’s famous song, ‘Pat Hands, Here Comes Charley,” grew out of a like situation. If the cards were all of one color, that would be called a flush, and both Lovers would promptly turn red. A full house would mean that a wedding is near and that there will be a full house, or a house full, of guests. The fascinating game of telling LOVE-FORTUNES by cards has taken such a hold of late that many people are sitting up all night figuring’ out various combinations of the “pasteboards.”” The game has been dubbed “The Sport of Kings,” although it is also called “jackpot,” “stud,” and “draw.” Ninth Lesson Unfortunate though it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that a good many married men get tired of staring into the same old kisser every morning over the scrambled eggs and chicory. In despera_ tion the unhappy hubby turns to the blonde fluff who pounds the Remington in the outer office or the trim pullet who pretties up his nails. This is called MARRIED MAN LOVE and furnishes our text to-day. 217

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Se In the picture below we see Perry Fishback, president of the Fishback Footfault Company, and Rachel Snood, his confidential secretary. Rachel is one of those old-fashioned girls whose motto is “‘Rags is riches when worn for virtue’s sake” and Fig. 1. who looks simply darling in a white shirt-waist and cotton stockings. Perry, in the midst of giving dictation, has flung himself on his knees before Rachel and is giving her a fast line about what an awful 218 How to Make Love —_—ooeerao eer? eeeereee—reeGueeeeeeee ere ee eS _e__GOGe Gl _lUTl lll ll OT dog Mrs. Fishback is and how he sees the love-light gleaming in the Snood eyes. Rachel, who wouldn’t mind lunging at a hot lobster while champagne gurgles into one of those thin-stemmed glasses, pulls Fig. 2. the coy act entitled Hush, Perry, Remember You’re a Married Man. “Oh, shucks!’ retorts Perry, adjusting his toupee, “‘we’re only young once, Rachel, my gazelle!” In the above picture the erring Fishback and 219

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge Rachel are shown some time later, hugging in a park. He has just told her that Mrs. Fishback has gone to Arverne for the day with the

milkman; but the suspicious wife has followed her spouse and now prepares to confront him. In her right hand she holds an umbrella or bumbershoot, which she will shortly wrap around Perry's neck like a string of seed pearls. Rachel, unaware that her dreams of Kolinsky coats and Pedemode shoes will be waved away by an ordinary parasol, nestles in Perry's arms 'and swallows the saccharine. Oh, what a cruel awakening! Soon the tabloids will cry FINANCIER FISHBACK. FONDLED STENOG, ASSERTS INDIGNANT MRS. PERRY, as the sob sisters unleash their Coronas in court and another romance takes the count. Married men will do well to see the obvious lesson and to confine their hugging to isolated places like hotel lobbies or railroad terminals instead of parks. Tenth Lesson In response to frequent requests from readers, we present as the final lesson in this amazing series on the Art of Love two _ photograhs posed by the author, Mr. S. J. Perelman, and his wife, Princess Veronica of New Haven, a full220 How to Make Love blooded Turk. These are the first authentic photographs of the well-known author and his "ball and chain" and were secured only after much urging. The accompanying figures in the first picture are the Fig. 1. wardens of the Raymond Street jail in Brooklyn, where it was taken. Figure 1, bearing the appropriate inscription "I Couldn't Resist You," is a worthy tribute from Princess Veronica to her distinguished husband, who, by the way, is a baron in his own right and wears the order of the Star and Garter presented to him 22k

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. The story of the meeting of Princess Veronica and the author is a romantic one. The princess was formerly part of the harem of Sultan Abdul Humid II. Mr. Perelman, at that time an ace in the Lafayette Escadrille, Fig. 2. chanced to fly over Turkey and saw the princess waving to him from a quandary. He was so impressed by her beauty that he abducted her and hid her in his ancestral home in Wales. 'Then, under the nom-de-plume of Charles Lindbergh, he flew back to America with Veronica secreted in the 222 How to Make Love fuselage of the plane. The rest is history.

Veronica, unfortunately, has splay feet, and her witty husband often remarks that she is of a splayful disposition. But she is a good wife to him and even earns an extra penny now and then shagging grounders for the Yankees in the outfield. In Figure 2, the princess and the author are shown in their home in Manhattan Transfer, N. J., surrounded by their three adorable children, Thackeray, Michael Arlen and Cyril Hume. Arlen and Hume are still in boarding-school, but work summers at Latonia as stable-boys. Thackeray supports his father and mother by working in a meat-market. All the boys seem literary and we predict great things of them. Is not this a truly charming scene, the proud father of the family embracing his blushing wife as the boys shake poker dice to see who will pay for the next round of drinks? How apt the caption, ‘“When Dreams Come True”! 223

THE ANNUAL OUTING OF “JUDGE” CONTRIBUTORS ee & HE subject which I have chosen for my essay is “The Annual Outing of Judge Contributors,’ which was held last Wednesday at Pig’s Neck, the summer home of Lawrence Looney, our president. Before writing down the interesting events which took place on our day at the shore, why I will describe myself roughly. My name is Douglas Zoftick and I am fifteen years old. My parents were sheep-stealers in Amenia, but moved to Centerville when I was but a mere youth. I am planning to go to M. I. T. when I grow up and be a famous civil engineer. I have two Belgian hares and a strawberry mark on my left leg and I like nothing better than to lie down with a good book in the dark and read myself to Slumberland. Now for our trip. Mr. Looney furnished cars to take us to the beach and in my car were Gardner Rea, Gardner Fuller, Gardner Hanley, and Gardner 224 The Annual Outing of “Judge” Contributors eee ee_V7<weree.e er ecoeGVG nw ree ke eee hele ee ee Lippmann, who draw the “funnies” that go in the magazine. In the second car were Barksdale Rogers, Barksdale Trembath, Barksdale Russell, and Barksdale Seuss. In the last but not least car were Jefferson McKee, Jefferson Gross, and “Judge, Jr.” (who is John Riddell, who is Jefferson DeAngelis, who is Machamer). Bringing up the rear were

the sheriff, the printers, the banks, and the paper manufacturers, who just happened to be going our way. When we arrived at Mr. Looney's palatial home we found that it had been torn down to put up a five-story tent. Mr. Looney took us in on the ground floor, where a box of cheese-straws and some appetizing rain-water soon dispelled our pangs of hunger. Then, with merry cries, we tore the clothes off each other and plunged into the Atlantic Ocean, which happened to be near Pig's Neck at the time. Soon we were diving for counterfeit halfdollars thrown to us by Jefferson Mooney, our treasurer. While this was going on Mr. Looney was in the bathhouse looking through our wallets to see' whether we had brought any drawings or stories for next week's issue. Next on the schedule was the potato race, but when the gun was fired we found that all the potatoes had been eaten by Gardner Hanley. As 225

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge revenge for his greedy action, he himself was divided and eaten and certainly proved delicious for a man of fifty-six. While eating Hanley somebody happened to notice that Jefferson McKee and Barksdale Trembath were missing and we came to the conclusion that the greedy Hanley had eaten the sportive twain. We also found that Samuel Clemens had not turned up after the swim and judged that Hanley also must have eaten the sportive Twain. Just then Hanley appeared on the scene of the feast, thus inferring that we might have eaten some one else. "The sheriff has seized the motor-cars!"' he cried tremulously. "Then we'll have to take the twain back home," lisped one of the junior artists. He was given a sound box onthe ear and is getting perfect reception with it, something he could never do with his old one-dial set. And so, tired but happy, we piled into the steam cars and soon were speeding back to the sweltering city. Gardner Fuller, Barksdale Tousey, Milt Bushmiller, and Jefferson Gross unfortunately blew up during the trip from eating poisonous berries and Barksdale Seuss, when the conductor punched his ticket, got up and punched the conductor. For this 226 - The Annual Outing of "Judge" Contributors he was handed over to the dining-car cooks, made into a salad, and thrown away. Two hours later, sunburned and weary, but glad that we had gone,

we arrived in- Penn Station. The annual outing of Judge contributors was at an end. 227

INDIAN NATIONS ARM FOR ATTACK! New Yorkers Swarm to Defend City Walls! es & & EW YORK, May 16.—-Whilst grim-jawed settlers cleaned their rusty fowling-pieces at the Harlem 'stockades and prepared to resist the red man's onslaught, barbaric sachems of the Six Indian Nations met to-day in council at Reuben's to discuss plans for attack. The Indian Nations are' composed of the following tribes: Three Star Hennessey, Hays Five Fruits, the Fabric Group, Borrah Minnevitch and his Rascals, the Mound City Blue Blowers and Anton P. Schwartz. Some consternation was evident among the chieftains, two of whom had appeared in public without their Knopf book. They were frightfully embarrassed, for a Knopf book is as much part of their regalia as their buckskin bloomers. One chief absent-mindedly did forget to bring his buckskin bloomers, but several of the squaws heroically tore strips from their petti228 Indian Nations Arm for Attack ——_—_—_~_=~-_—a=ia—rereereeraeear~eer er oeeeerrereerener eee coats and quickly built him temporary breeks so that the council could convene. The Indian uprising traces its cause to the desire of the redskins to get back the bottle of liquor which they included with Manhattan Island when they traded this parcel to our forefathers. This reporter sought out Howard Thurston, head of the Three Star Hennessey tribe, for a statement. The noble aborigine was shaving in his three-room tent without bath when I lifted the flap of the tepee. "I already have a complete set of the works of O. Henry," he said as I greeted him. I explained that I was now working for Judge and desired an interview. "Are they still paying you in wampum?" queried Chief Thurston. I admitted that I often took clamshells or rock salt instead of money, but simply because I had no need of the latter, being a favorite of a wealthy aunt who paid me to stay away from her house. "Now, what is your name, Mr. Thurston?" I asked, pencil in hand. "Howard Thurston," came the surprising answer. "That is a name to conjure with,' commented I. 'Are you sure

that you aren't the great magician and that this isn't a hoax?" 229

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge Ra "A hoax? A hoax?" inquired the bewildered savage. "You mean those things that grow from little hacorns?"" As he seemed on the verge of tears, I changed the subject. "Tell me, Howard," I said, changing the subject, "what part of New York have you chosen for yourself after the city is captured?" "The Haquarium," replied the untutored Ute, and added simply, "'I love fish." "Why did you add simply that you love fish?" I quizzed sternly. | "T po love fish!" cried Thurston heatedly. "TI betcha a million dollars I love fish! I betcha a million million dollars I love fish! I betcha As there seemed to be no end to this, I again changed the subject. "Is that your little boy over there?" I asked, pointing to a papoose hanging on the wall. "He's no little boy, he's eleven years old," grumbled Thurston. ""Why, he seems like a mere Ute," I objected. "Well, he's small for his age," parried Chief Howard, "'but he's husky and he'll fight at the drop of a hat." Hats were dropped, but as the papoose did not move, I held a mirror in front of his mouth. "Why, he's dead!' I exclaimed. 230 Indian Nations Arm for Attack "So he is, so he is," said the surprised sachem. '""My, my! Why, it seems only yesterday that he was 'prattling around with his fat little prattle, and now he's gone cold onus. Ah, Kismet!'? Overcome with fatherly grief, he picked up a pumice stone and began to rub his face with it to soothe that after-shave sting. "Well, Howard, I must be going,'"' I confessed, donning my ulster. 'Come over to the house some night and bring the Kismet you." As I went down in the elevator, it seemed to me I heard him bravely whistling, "Oh, Pumice Me" through his tears. An officer and a gentleman, were my unspoken words as Fowler helped me into the Fleetwood sedan and carefully adjusted the lap-robes around my tootsies. A last-minute news flash on the hostilities announces that the tribes have signed a pact with Grover Whalen to delay attack until the traffic situation is untangled. This means that you can put your howitzers and catapults back in the closet until at least 1950. 231

OUT NEXT WEEK, THE NEW "JUDGE"! By J. S Perelman ee & &

MYSTERIOUS letter has been received in the offices of Judge, signed “Gentile Subscriber.” What makes it mysterious is not that it is from a Gentile subscriber but the contents of the missive. It reads: ; “Dear Harry. I am glad you received the calves’-foot jelly and hope you like it. We are all well here except brother Phil, who was eaten by grouse last Tuesday. He didn’t show up at the office next day, so the boss fired him. It never rains but it pours—now he is both - dead and out of a job. Is there any truth in the rumor that JUDGE has merged with the PTARMIGAN BREEDERS’ MONTHLY? Irma von Bulow.” Well, the secret is out and good wishes are in order. For now Judge is only a memory and Stan232 Out Next Week, the New “Judge”! en Ee EOEEeEeEOEeEeEOeOEOeeereSeeee see ee eee eee eee" ley P. Holstein II (the name of the new periodical) will greet you on the newsstands right after ‘Independence Day. For the past twelve years Judge has been published in an abandoned macaroon mine on Pratt Street. An old macaroon prospector sold it to Grover Gildersleeve, the owner of Judge, in return for the last forty pages of “Ulysses” and died contented. Recently, however, water has been flooding the upper levels of the mine and rats have been gnawing on the editor’s leg till Judge was faced with the alternative of buying him a new leg or a new office. Mr. Gildersleeve shopped about for artificial legs and found that he could buy a whole new editor for what a new leg would cost. Several minutes later the phone rang and he answered it. “This is Pschwartz of the Ptarmigan Breeders’ Monthly,” he heard. “I have always wanted to know you closer. What say we combine our magazines ?”’ “Done,” barked Gildersleeve. “Your hand, Pschwartz.”’ “Flere it is, old man,” replied the latter. And thus it was decided. The next thing to do was to call a conference. Pressing a buzzer, Gildez233

Dawn Ginsbergh’s Revenge sleeve lit a cigar. His secretary appeared, willynilly. “Willy, where is my ne’er-do-well son, Granule?” he demanded. “Out in the barn, currying Favor, your filly,” replied Willy. “Fetch him here instanter,”’ ordered the magnate. “Very good, sir,” smiled Willy. “What is very good, Willy?” asked

Gildersleeve with abruption. “Well, massa,” mused the menial, “the cornedbeef hash is very good to-day and also the calves’libido and onions.” “T don’t believe I care for any, thanks,” frowned the Rasputin of finance. “Go call Granule and libido open so he can come in.” Several minutes later Granule appeared in the doorway, horseless. : “Why, Gran, where is our horse, Favor ?” “Oh, Dad, how can I ever tell you?” sobbed Granule. “The gypsy moths stole him out of his bassinet during the night!” “They had better not go too far!” raged Gildersleeve. “They think they can tread on us, these aristocrats with their mincing manners and their finery! Tyrants! Fakers! Bums!” “New London! Stonington! Stamford! Bridge234 Out Next Week, the New “Judge”! port! One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street!” _ cried Granule, now thoroughly aroused. “Smash yer baggage, mister?” But a new figure had appeared on the scene. Bridget, the honest old applewoman whose cart stood near Trinity Church, had leaped to the head of the runaway horse and soon dragged the foaming steed to his feet. “Flow can I ever repay you, my lad?” murmured the financier. “You have saved my daughter’s life!” “Tt was nothing, sir,” replied Rod modestly. ‘“‘All I want is your hand in marriage.” “But, Rod,’ stammered the banker, blushing from stem to stern, “J—I thought you were dead!” “Not he, Squire Rosenhirsch,” laughed Frank Castlemon, appearing on the poop of the gunboat. “The Johnny Rebs threatened to string him up, but I interceded and saved his life.” “Then I owe you a double debt,” cried the banker, “and I shall marry both of you ere the wild goose honks in the marsh again!” . And that, gentile reader, is the story of the merger of Judge and the Ptarmigan Breeders Monthly. How Ralph Treadwell recovered the bonds, what a certain pair of laughing blue eyes told him at the rectory, we can leave to your imagination. Our part in the tale is finished. Pastrami. 235

CONSIDINE SCHWARTZBARD, THE MAN OF THE HOUR : es F & S HAT would you do if you suddenly won a prize of five hundred thousand dollars?” That is the question which to-day is agitating Considine Schwartzbard, first prize winner

in Judge's latest contest, "My Most Unusual Hobby." Schwartzbard, who collects lawn-rollers for diversion—a photo of his roller museum appears herewith—-sat quietly in his suite at the Ritz and ate shredded newspapers and cream as we questioned him. He admitted that he was over a hundred and thirty years old'‘and ascribed his long life to absti_nence from tobacco and hazel-nuts. "To what do you ascribe your longevity to what, Mr. Schwartzbard?" he was asked. "I have been taking a drink of whisky every day since the Sepoy mutiny," replied the patriarch, throwing away a piece of cigarette and reaching for a candy. "And I began smoking when I was only three years old. But I never overdid it." 236 . Considine Schwartzbard, the Man of the Hour Teese reeeSeamnrerrr errr oes Asked how old he was, Mr. Schwartzbard chuckled in his gray-green dimity beard. "I am pretty old, boys," he told we reporters. "I am ninety years old and can remember shooting rabbis where Grand Central Station now stands. I will be seventy-nine years old in March, and I can still read a newspaper without glasses." "How did you come to collect lawn-rollers, Mr. Schwartzbard?" he was asked by a Papal nuncio. ""Begob, it was a howl," replied the aged collector. "Moran and meself is havin' a bit of the wine of the country we are in Barney Kieran's when in comes the Lord Mayor of Dublin himself. ""What's the best news, your reverence?' says Moran, succinctly. 'Is the wife entertainin' to-night ?" '"'Not very,'.says his worship. 'Begob, I've devil a place for my lawn-roller, and it covered with moss and wastin' away in the cellar, and the old lady jawin' me to give it some one!' ""Faix,' I says, 'give it to me,' I says. 'And strike me pink, I'll start a collection af the craytures.' """Done, Considine boyo,' says the Lord Mayor. 'And what's more, it's the soft snap I'll be after givin' you in the Sewer Department!' " With the Lord Mayor's roller as a nucleus, Con237,

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge —_<eeoeoeeaer errr, rk eee Nee ee sidine set about building up his collection. He sold his wife and bought a steam trawler with which he dredged the Baltic for new specimens. By the strict Irish roller laws he was

compelled to throw back all rollers which would pass through a hoop. In 1913 he organized the Schwartzbard roller expedition into the Khyber Pass. With seventeen native Dublin beaters to flush the rollers from their lairs, he bagged twelve good specimens and stuffed them on the spot. Often a baby roller would be tied to a sapling, and when the mother roller, her tusks lifted in rage, would charge on the scene, Considine would bring her down with a few well-directed oaths. “And that was how I met my second wife,” said Considine, indicating Nostalgia, who was filling her husband’s shoes with lemon pie in preparation for filling them with lemon pie. ‘She looked so wistful with her foot caught in one of our roller traps that I simply had to propose. When I made my first proposal she slapped my face. I apologized, and we were married by a Spanish holy roller to the strains of ‘Duenna New Low-Down.’ ” Dusk was settling over Manhattoes Island as we tiptoed noiselessly out of Schwartzbard’s suite. Down Limehouse way slant-eyed Chinkies dreamed ‘neath rustling lanterns and wooed the Poppy Queen. 238 a a Considine Schwartzbard, the Man of the Hour In the compound the Kaffirs hummed their primal ‘chant; and Danny, the whimsical old lamp-lighter, stole along Evans Street in the violet hush of twilight. Love had come to Mr. Schwartzbard. A small corner of the Schwartzbard Roller Museum. 239

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Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge