

FABLE OF THE FOUR MERCENARY MINXES

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE in the dim Days, gone beyond Recall, when Parents were not compelled to take out Licenses, there lived in an E. Flat Town on the O. and A. H. a Quartette of Nectarines who had their Pick of all the Valentines between Padgett's Siding and Sumac Ridge. To look at the old Photographs of them, one might suspect that they were related to Sis Hopkins, but it must be remembered that in the dead-ly Nineties, when every Dorothy was banged across the Brow and had a New England Boiled Dinner sewed on to her wide Hat, the most ravishing Specimen of the only attractive Sex looked as if she had been dipped in something and then dried in the Sun.

Now these fair Vestals were Named Lib and Min and Stel and Jess, and it is of Interest to note that away back, nearly 35 Years ago, before the World had been reformed into its present deplorable Fix, these Maidens slept with one Eye open, kept Tab on the Opposite Gender and, in a General Way, looked out for Number one and the Blue Ticket.

A good many Weepers will tell you that previous to 1910, when a Nice Girl was supposed to Faint if anyone saw her Ankles, every Marriage had a Background of True Love and every Deb went looking for Nobility of Character instead of an A.A. Rating at the Commercial Agency. If the Truth must come out, full many a cold Calculation was made beneath a Poke Bonnet.

Weren't Too Ambitious.

Cleopatra knew how to put a Crimp in a Check Book. When Solomon began giving Presents to the Queen of Sheba she never begged him to stop because she was afraid he could not afford it. Going a little further back, the fuzzy Gentleman who wore a Leopard Skin bias, and naught else, always had the Inside Track if his Cave was stocked with fresh Pterodactyl Meat. And, checking up on those Relatives, can we not be certain that the gimpy and enterprising Ape who climbed the highest Palms and brought down the milkiest Nuts was the White-Haired Papa of the Jungle?

When the four Dulcinea out at Musselwhite began to look around for Feathers that could be used in a Nest, they were simply running true to form. Of course it was a Yap Era and a Dollar would go a long Distance, whereas now it seems muscle-bound. The Village Belle who was getting ready to take a Buggy Ride could hardly sleep a Wink the Night before and at a Musical Offering the Folks in the Back Rows would stand up to get a Peek at the new Triumph of Man's Ingenuity called the Saxophone.

The four conniving Cuties were not looking for Millions. It was no use trying to creep up on Something that wasn't there. Each of them merely wanted a Home with a Front Yard to it and a Hired Girl and the kind of Duds that would go with a Silk Parasol.

They were real Chums and used to visit One Another and lie awake far into the Night discussing their foxy Plans for landing and stringing some Live Ones.

It will ever be a Question in picking out the Envelope supposed to contain the Pay Check, whether it is wiser to spread the Bait for John who already has Currency in the Mitt or troll for a hard Worker who owns a set of Tools.

Lib was the first to take the High Jump. After burning up many a ton of Anthracite Coal to keep the Front Room warm through the Long Winter Evenings, and holding Hands until her Fingers were Blue, she finally picked out a large slow-moving Pachydehms with the very attractive Name of Wes. She pinned the Ribbon on him because he had just come into 100 acres of good Land. Other Improvements on the Same included a House with Scroll-Work around the Eaves and \$500 worth of Lightning Rods on the Barn.

Ike No Piker.

Anyone who expects to live on the Income from a Quarter Section should be ready for a Diet of Rainwater and Crackers. The net on that much Land, after paying Taxes and making Improvements and Repairs, would not keep the average Family in Bling. Furthermore, any time Congress gets too busy trying to do something for the Farmer by mere use of the Vocal Cords, any good Fertile Tract is apt to be a Liability Instead of an Asset.

Wes thought he was rich but he was sitting on the Front Stoop of The Poor House. One cannot obtain Actual Money from a Farm except by plastering a Mortgage, and any Gentleman who lives in Town and wears a White Shirt with a Granite Button and devotes the life-long day to Checkers and Criticism of the Government, has a Fat Chance of battling his Way out from under an Incumbence.

Everyone said that Wes was smart enough but never showed any Ambition, Initiative and deadly Resolution except when he was in a Pool Game.

Everything was Jake and rosy with the Couple as long as they could borrow on the Real Estate, but now the Farm belongs to the Hired Hand and Wes is Floor Walker in a Grocery

Store, while Lib Bakes Cakes for Parties.

Just to show you that there is nothing in Dope, it may be related that Min fell into the arms of Ike after making sure that his Share of the Estate would be about \$5,000. Well, the Wiz who ran a Tooth-pick into a Lumber Yard and Mr. Heinz, starting with only one Pickle, were timid Pickers compared to or with Ike. He took his little Hunk of Dough up to the City and made a First payment on some North Shore property and then Sold enough Lots to pay for the Land and had over 8,000 lots left, which is some figuring, no matter what you say. He and Min now spend most of their time in Travel and are scared pink all the while that some one will sneak the Jewel Case containing \$125,000 worth of Gems Suitable for a large Lady who never had Silk next to the Skin until she was 30 years of age. They are very unhappy.

George B. Shaw must have sized up the Human Menagerie through many Years before he invented that startling Catch Phrase, "You Never Can Tell." When Stel threw herself away on Silent Si who worked at the Grain Elevator, it was the Verdict for Miles around that she had been guilty of a prize Boner. Because he said little, most of the Town Folk thought he was a Dumfuddle.

Ball of Fire Upsets the Dope.

It was not generally understood in Musselwhite that anyone ever cut out Idle Chatter so as to devote more time to Thinking. Stel had been keeping Cases on him and she figured that he was doing something with the Bean besides using it as a support for a Derby Hat, so she crossed her Fingers and took the big Gamble.

It is now a matter of History that Si became such an Expert Accountant that finally he owned the Elevator and then began to touch up the Market Wire and finally moved right into Chicago and became one of the most audacious, unscrupulous and nifty Hounds that ever wore horn-rimmed Glasses and dealt from the Bottom of the Deck.

They are very proud of him, back in the Old Home Town, and will tell you that Stel and he live in a very exclusive and restricted District which bars out Colored People and Apartment Houses. They have a Japanese Servant and both have been to the Mayo Institute, than which nothing could be more so.

If any of the Locals ever raise a Question as to how he acquired the princely Bank Roll, some one speaks up and asks, "Well, he's got it, ain't he?" What more could be said even though Chapters were devoted to the subject.

It was the candid Opinion of the Wise Men of Main Street, back in the Glorious Days of Free Silver, that J. Percival Trigwhiltz was the coolest and cleverest kit of the whole gosh-blame Kit. No matter what anyone said to him he was right there with a snappy Come-Back. Keener than mustard and nothing got past him except Lightning. When Jess fell for Perce it was agreed that she had a little Ball of Fire who would cut some Streak.

He is now putting out One-Sheets for the Movie Theater but he is still very good at Repartee when anyone duns him. Possibly the J. Percival has held him back all these Years but Jess still has Confidence in him because when it comes to delivering Laundry Work after she gets it all done up, he is absolutely Trustworthy and always knows where he can borrow a Wheelbarrow.

Moral: After talking with the Neighbors and consulting a Fortune Teller, go ahead and use your own Judgment.

Collector Profits by

Odd Philatelic Error

A philatelic error in a million, the printing of the king's head on both sides of a sheet of 45 halfpenny stamps, has aroused the interest of collectors in every part of England and has sent them scurrying to post offices in the hope of finding another. The stamps were issued to a London suburban post office and six of them were sold before the error was discovered.

The purchaser of the seventh, however, was a lucky collector, who, realizing that he had chanced on an error unique in the history of his hobby, promptly bought up the remaining 38.

They are estimated to be worth £50 in all and are now in the possession of E. D. Bowie, a London stamp dealer. In commenting on the error, Mr. Bowie said that the value of the six stamps which were used and which might be any place in the world, could not be estimated. "Naturally," he added, "the search for them will be world-wide."

The same error occurred in 1881 in the printing of the one-penny Hiac, Scotts No. 89, which is now catalogued at \$75.

Where to Feed Birds

Swale or swamp borders, weed patches, brushy fence rows and the protected sides of woodlots or ravines are good places to place food for game birds in the wintertime. Grain put under dense clumps of evergreens or at the windward bases of large trees usually will be available to the birds, even after considerable snowfall.

Anemics Becoming Rare

Since liver treatment has turned pernicious anemia into a curable disease, some research workers say that it is hard to find enough anemia patients to provide data for further studies.

Quaint Ruffle-Trimmed Frocks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SPEAKING in terms of statistics, if all the ruffles that trim this season's prettiest frocks should be measured yard for yard and placed in a single row, they would extend around the circumference of the earth—well, we will leave it to you to figure out for yourself how many times. Anyway, what we started out to say is that designers are employing no end of ruffles on summer gowns.

Ruffles have a way of bespeaking the alluringly feminine as no other form of decoration seems to have, which is exactly the point we wish to stress, namely, that the call of the present mode is for lovely ingenue types in frocks which "say it" via quaint wide flounces and countless wee ruffles and rouchings and cunning puffs and the like.

The exquisitely sheer materials, chiefly organdies, chiffons, mousseline de soie, dotted swisses and cotton nets upon which fashion places such unmistakable emphasis this season, yield so gracefully to this form of ornamentation it is no wonder that a veritable riot of ruffles and such now adorn the mode.

There is nothing conventional about the new ruffled effects. As a matter of fact, ruffles and their near relations such as puffs and frills of various sorts are performing the most audacious capers imaginable. They are as apt to run up and down the length of a skirt as to go around and around, or perhaps they will go into a huddle on each shoulder or play merry-go-round in dozens and dozens of tiny rufflets which achieve a knee-depth hemline, and when they form themselves into little diaphanous shoulder capes made of organdie or sheer mousseline as many ruffles have a habit of doing this season, it would seem as if fancy could conceive of nothing more flattering in the way of feminine adornment.

Just to show you how perfectly lovely ruffles can be when handled by an artist who knows "lines" we are illustrating in the foreground of

this picture a "dream of a gown" designed by Lyolene of Paris. This charming debutante dance frock is fashioned of an all-white chiffon of benberg. It does not seem possible, to look at this exquisite sheer weave, that it launders beautifully, but it does. Not only that, but it is wrinkle proof. The narrow rose velvet sash which ties in a simple bow at the back gives just the right touch of color.

If you like dotted swiss you will be charmed with the dress shown to the left in the group. For this model of pale blue dotted swiss is combined with white organdie. Look close and you will discover that the little bodice of swiss fastens in points at the front over a semi-blouse of the organdie. Puffs on the sleeves of the organdie give that sprightly youthful silhouette which is characteristic of all gowns this season which are made of the popular starched sheers.

As to the girlish frock pictured to the right, isn't it just a "darling"? We think it is. It is made of quaint checked organdie—white and any color which suits your fancy best. See how fitted-to-a-nicety is the skirt about the hips. Young girls insist on this sleek, slim silhouette for their newer gowns. The broad ruffle which is cut on the bias is sewed on with a "heading." The puffed sleeves and the full ruffle about the neckline, and the large bow tell the story of present fashion trends most eloquently. The girle of black cre ribbon is also a "last word" feature.

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WIDE SAILOR HATS ARE NOW IN FAVOR

If you can wear them, be sure and include in your hat wardrobe for summer one of the dashing new merry widow sailors. In spite of all the rumors that fashion has gone high hat, these big shallow crowned sailors are increasingly popular.

One of the smartest is made of white rough straw, with a very wide brim, and a crown not more than an inch and a half high. A wreath of field flowers in bright red, blue and yellow encircles the crown.

Another sailor, with a more modified brim, and a low square crown, is made in stiffened white pique, with a navy grosgrain band at the back, and a nosegay of field flowers perched in the middle of the front.

Camisole Is Shown in New Fashions for Hot Weather

The camisole is back! Isn't that a laugh? But what else to do with these new transparent sweater blouses and thin dimity, organdie and lace things that all the world can see through? It's a problem for the under-world and no other, hence the threecold tale of the camisole. Of course, you can attach it to a slip, or a pair of panties, so that there is just the bother of one piece, but many of the shops are showing them aloof and unattached to anything.

When you go to buy an I-see-you blouse or sweater, the salesgirl immediately brings out her latest assortment of camisoles, taking for granted, naturally, that if you went in to buy a pair of new shoes, you wouldn't buy the left foot and refuse to take the right one. The relationship in the new fashion field is just as close.

Tailored Cottons

Trim tailored cotton suits in tones of beige, gray and navy blue are ready for sports wear in the country and in informal wear in town. Most of them are worn with white cotton blouses which may be kept fresh by tubbing.

IT'S BRAND NEW

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's the newest thing in the way of pajamas. Step into the right leg, wrap the left leg around, tie the ends in front and you are in the smartest, most comfortable pajamas you ever wore. These clever slyo-pajamas, as they are called, are as clever for home as for beach wear. They are attractive in stripes as you see here and they are just as good-looking made of gay plaided fabrics.

Linen Smartness

Linen shoes and hats are correct with linen suits and dresses this summer. Remember that they, too, can be washed as easily and as frequently as the dresses themselves.

Lingerie Trimming

The significance of lingerie trimmings cannot be over-emphasized. Pique in white, eggshell or dark colors will be used a lot with prints and plain color costumes.

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By WILL ROGERS

NOW about this movie business and how I got my start. To be honest about it, I haven't yet got a real good start. And the way I figure things, a fellow has to be a success before he goes lecturing and crowing about himself.

Out here in Hollywood, they say you're not a success unless you owe fifty thousand dollars to somebody, have five cars, can develop temperament without notice or reason at all, and been mixed up in four divorce cases and two breach-of-promise cases. Well, as a success in Hollywood, I'm a rank failure, and I guess I'm too old to learn new tricks, and besides I'm pretty well off domestically speaking and ain't yearning for a change.

Now, about how I actually got started in this picture business. Mrs. Rex Beach was really the one who helped me get started, by selling the idea to Sam Goldwyn that he ought to star me in the movies. Mr. Goldwyn was connected with the Eminent Authors, Inc., of which Rex Beach was president. There were eight eminent authors in the outfit, maybe that's where they got the name, I guess.

Anyway, Sam signed me up, and I starred in a series of 6-reel comedy dramas for him during 1921 and 1922. The outstanding picture of this group was "Jubilo" based on the theme of the song of that name.

I also made "Doubling for Romeo" for this company. It was the story of a cowhand who went to sleep and dreamed he played Romeo in Shakespeare's immortal drama. I like my work in this one a lot, but they had a sales convention at the studio and showed the film to the gang. Although I thought the picture was very funny, the boys seemed to think different and



Will Rogers.

refused to laugh. At the time I was nearly heartbroken. I felt that I was a flop and was about ready to quit pictures. Gosh, it was awful!

I wasn't writing much in those days, although since then the papers seem to like my stuff and pay me for making wise cracks, which doesn't make me a bit sore.

For recreation I used to keep some horses and goats on the lot back of the studio, and I spent most of my time enjoying the companionship of dumb but honest animals. They couldn't laugh at me. Which was encouraging!

From Goldwyn's I went to work for Hal Roach and made a series of 2-reel comedies there. It's a serious business—this making people laugh!

I remember when I was in the Follies. All I did was my rope act, and I didn't say nothing. But one evening the manager asked me to make an announcement, and foolishly I did, and everybody laughed at me or with me, and I was a success, and they've kept me talking or writing ever since. That's what comes of talking too much and trying to help some one out. Now I can't stop.

But wise cracks and picture work pay better than the rope-throwin' act, and that saves my feelings a lot.

Sam Rork, who produced "A Texas Steer," in which I got the big comedy part of a congressman who was a Texas cowman, says he picked me out of all the Hollywood actors because all the rest of them have morality clauses in their contracts and are afraid to act like congressmen.

But I figured it out that it's because I was in the Follies. I'm an ex-Follies graduate, and if Barrymore had my legs, he could still be on the stage.

But I'd been in the movies before I signed up for "A Texas Steer." I've been in more punkin' seed movies, and most of the job was handling the rope. But that was a smart movie, a comedy special they called it, with real actors helping me out, and all I had to do was act the big comedy part of being a congressman. That's a cinch. Any day in the week any congressman I've known can give me a big laugh acting natural.

My advice to aspiring movie-struck folk is to buy a good 12-foot rope, practice with it, and then if you don't succeed, why, you can always stretch it over a nearby tree with one end around your neck.

WNU Service

Dramatic Heritage

Arthur Rankin is a nephew of the famous Barrymore family and a descendant of the Drews and Davenport, immortal names in the American theater.

"Salad First" Is Now the Vogue

Idea Adopted by President's Daughter Finds Favor.

The United States is witnessing an interesting transition of one of its important food customs—the serving of salads. Our food customs in the past have most frequently originated in the East and spread westward. In this instance, the custom originated on the west coast, in California, and is spreading eastward.

For many years the people of California have eaten their salads as an appetizer at the beginning of their meals, while those living in the East have been accustomed to eat their salads with their meat course, or as a special course following the meat.

The California custom of serving salads at the beginning of the meal has been spreading rapidly eastward during the past few months and is now becoming the popular mode on the eastern seaboard. The custom first gained great headway in the South, and has recently been spread to all parts of the country largely through hotels and restaurants.

The custom of "salads first" became somewhat of a vogue in the East this summer when it was adopted and sponsored by no less a person than Mrs. Curtis B. Dall, daughter of President Roosevelt, who is popularly known as the "Darling of the White House."

When served at the beginning of the meal, salads are found to be more popular, especially with men and children, who otherwise would seldom eat them, thereby insuring them a balanced meal. The new mode also lends itself to colorful decorative schemes, which always please the hostess.

And He Seldom Objects

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