

Life

RADIO
NUMBER

September 22, 1927
Price 15 cents



J. Hallon

The Man at the Switch

World Radio History

The New STEARNS-KNIGHT



The supreme test

Of all the steeplechase, the water jump demands the most of both horse and rider. Only a thoroughbred makes the grade consistently . . . The new Stearns-Knight is a thoroughbred—always ready for any test the person at the wheel may devise.

The new standards of fine performance

85 miles an hour in high · · 55 in second · · 100 horsepower

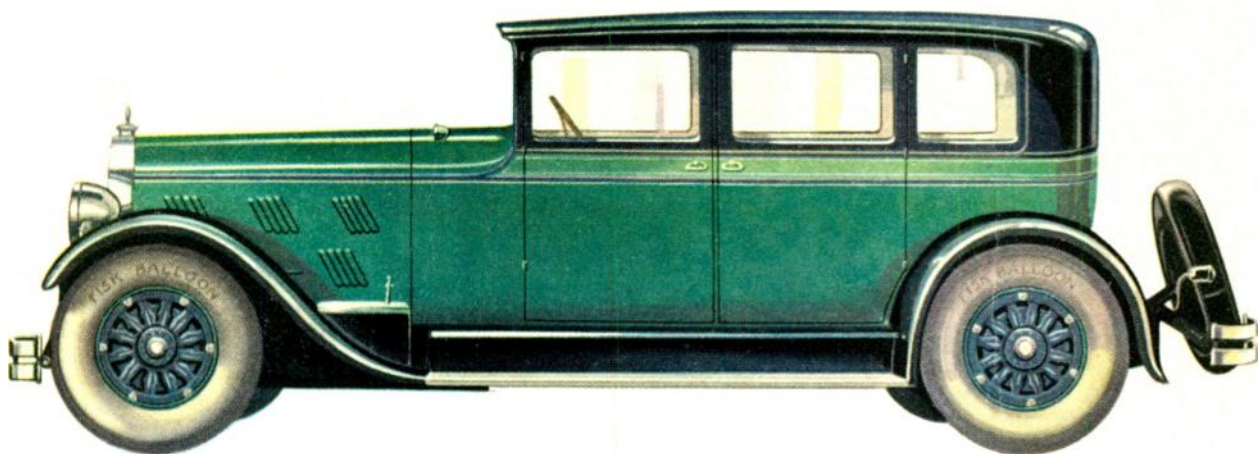
Surpassing every standard of fine performance—meeting every ideal of beauty—the new Stearns-Knight rides a sure, triumphant road to greater distinction—greater luxury.

Built for years of pleasant, trouble-free service—responsive to the end of the last far mile. As sure and swift—as noiseless, efficient and powerful as on the first day you drove it.

The new Stearns-Knight is now available in 17 body styles—a complete line of six and eight-cylinder models. Prices range from \$3250 upward, at Cleveland.

Stearns-Knight

America's most Luxurious Motor Car



THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY · CLEVELAND · OHIO



*Sterling Jacobean Coffee Service by the
Gorham Master Craftsmen*

*Specially hand wrought and decorated
for a prominent customer*

IN all the science of modern engineering there is no substitute for the skill of the Master Craftsmen: personal skill acquired through patient years of apprenticeship, leading to a complete mastery of their art.

There is no easy road to the beauty which subtly marks Gorham productions. The finest creations



*Thomas H. Yates, one of the
silversmiths of the special creation
shown above. For 26 years a
Gorham Master Craftsman, Mr.
Yates still devotes his skill to the
creation of Gorham Sterling.*

in silver are products of the Master Craftsmen's genius aided only by the simplest of hand tools.

The special Coffee Service shown above is an example of their exquisite workmanship. Other creations by these same Gorham Master Craftsmen are on display at your jeweler's. You will find they cost no more than ordinary silverware.

GORHAM

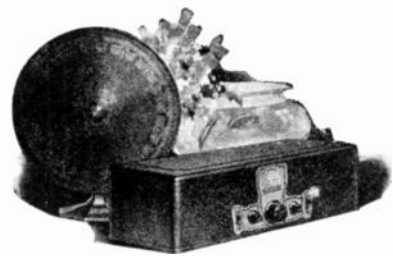
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

A CROSLEY advertisement as it might be written by Robert Benchley

This opportunity to tell you about Crosley Radio delights me greatly. I started for Cincinnati on my bicycle last August but an uncouth deck hand on the Weehawken ferry carelessly flipping a rope flipped my bicycle into the water. So I



A neat job—this BANDBOX—the like of which has never been seen at so low a price

had to content myself with standing on the Jersey heights and gazing westward toward Cincinnati with a postal card picture of the Crosley factory in my hand. By shading my eyes and reading the notes Mr. Crosley had written on the card I got an excellent idea of Crosley Radio. It seems from the information I have that by virtue of the R. C. A. and the Hazeltine licenses Crosley is privileged to include with his radios a General Electric dynamo and Westinghouse air brakes.

They tell me the set is completely shielded so that neighborhood squawks won't bother it and is completely balanced so that it won't squeal to annoy the neighbors.

The illuminated dial is nice when you sit in the dark. On such occasion there is not a crowd providing the third is the Bandbox. The light is not too bright.

The low price of \$55 seems to be the result of mass production effort, whatever that is.

The darn thing runs off the house lighting by paying \$65 and buying a Crosley power converter for \$60.



Acuminators bring distant stations right up close as a telescope brings far-away scenes close to the eye

I think one of the reasons for its success is Crosley's sense of humor. He gets a great kick out of seeing his friends going down town and paying a couple of hundred dollars for something he could give them as much fun with for \$55.

I'm quite sure that you'll like it! I'd trade my bicycle for one in a minute if it hadn't fallen overboard.

Write Dept. 51 for more information.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley is licensed to manufacture under patents of The Radio Corporation of America and associate companies, also The Hazeltine Corporation and The Latour Corporation, only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended \$385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,071 poor city children. Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help? Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged	\$28,036.15
Mrs. R. P. Holliday, Santa Monica, Calif.	10.00
Ann Lee Kremers, Lewiston, N. Y.	5.00
K. M. Cockrell, Waco, Tex.	5.00
Anonymous, New York.	25.00
Carl F. Reimer, Wyomissing, Pa.	4.24
E. L. Powell, Newport, R. I.	10.00
M. Freundler, New York.	5.00
Anonymous, New York.	300.00
Mrs. A. E. Foote, Englewood, N. J.	30.00
In memory of my Father and Mother—Caroline F. Anderson, Brookline, Mass.	60.00
C. G. N., Santa Monica, Calif.	20.00
Frederick G. Lieb, Yonkers, N. Y.	5.00
Esther and Dana Loomis, Washington, Conn.	5.00
"From M. S. T.—in gratitude"	5.00
M. J. Spencer, New York.	5.00
Mrs. E. M. Eldredge, Brooklyn.	5.00
Duncan C. Higgs, Flushing, N. Y.	3.00
H. S. Eaton, Westfield, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Edward Burling, Windsor, Vt.	5.00
Henry P. McIlhenny, Germantown, Pa.	20.00
Mrs. R. M. Newlin, Whitford, Pa.	3.00
Mrs. James O. Foss, Boston.	20.00
"Contribution"	25.00
John W. Gilbert, New York.	10.00
Mrs. N. L. Goodrich, Hanover, N. H.	10.00
Mrs. R. C. Swayze, Torrington, Conn.	75.00
Mrs. A. Huffman, Bedford Hills, N. Y.	20.00
Anonymous, Kerhonkson, N. Y.	40.00
"A Friend," Schenectady, N. Y.	40.00
W. L. Brown, Pasadena, Calif.	20.00
Mrs. R. D. Walbridge, Honolulu.	10.00
M. W. S. Lead, S. D.	10.00
Friedens Sunday School, No. Tonawanda, N. Y.	40.00
M. K. Westervelt, Englewood, N. J.	5.00
Mrs. Edwin B. Holden, So. Salem, N. Y.	25.00
George Francis Will, Jr., Bismarck, N. D.	10.00
Mrs. F. J. Danforth, New York.	5.00
C. J. Cleborne, San Diego, Calif.	5.00
Drs. Loomis & Sherrick, Oakland, Calif.	50.00
Mrs. A. H. Inglis, Upper Montclair, N. J.	5.00
Guy K. Fullogar, Port Washington, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. A. M. Sherwood, Stockbridge, Mass.	25.00
Henrietta V. Voitle, Montclair, N. J.	4.00
L. S. Page, Chatham, N. Y.	10.00
Mildred P. Cutler, Pasadena, Calif.	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sloan, Balboa, Calif.	10.10
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Brooks, New York.	40.00
Guy Northrop, Pass Christian, Miss.	5.00
Donald C. Swatland, New York.	25.00
E. F. Gibbon, Wichita, Kan.	1.00
Margaret Carr Jackson, Brookline, Mass.	20.00
Donald and Oakley Dietz, Waterford, Conn.	5.00
Melville H. Zacharias, Detroit.	25.00
John T. Cooper, Los Angeles.	10.00
Deborah Lesan, New York.	3.00
Burns Henry, Jr., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	20.00
W. H. Perrine, Washington, D. C.	10.00
"Gordon, Alice, Constance, Francis and Graham," Berkeley, Calif.	10.00
Ruby Farnham, Piedmont, Calif.	1.00
Miriam W. Cragin, New York.	5.00
Mrs. P. H. Wilks, New Bedford, Mass.	-50
B. B. Schneider, Jr., So. Orange, N. J.	25.00
"Anonymous," Montclair, N. J.	2.00
"Friend," Pasadena, Calif.	20.00
John C. Wenrich, Rochester, N. Y.	20.00
H. D. N., Norwich, N. Y.	50.00
W. T. Bedford, La Salle, Ill.	1.00
"In memory of Lloyd, West Virginia"	10.00
Hiram D. Ingersoll, Denver.	5.00
Jane Payson, Cape Elizabeth, Me.	20.00
Anna H. Schimmel, Orange, N. C.	10.00
May E. Lynah, Charleston, S. C.	50.00
Mrs. Rufus C. Patterson, New Castle, Pa.	10.00
J. W. Smith, Burr, Mich.	10.00
Mrs. J. E. Morris, Pelham Manor.	10.00

(Continued on page 33)

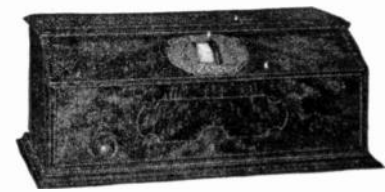


At your club tomorrow—ask any ten men which is the best radio

MEN know the goodness of a good receiver—and they say that Zenith is first in radio.

Here are both art and science, perfectly attuned to the whole range of sound reception. Zenith is marvelously natural in the rendition of voice or instrument. Hair-fine selectivity, power, ruggedness beyond years of constant service and exquisite cabinet artistry. That is Zenith Radio.

Inspect the many Zenith models. Every idea in radio price is thoroughly fulfilled.



Model 11. The famous Zenith 6-tube chassis in a cabinet of butt-matched walnut veneer with matte finish. Front panel routed and beautifully two-toned. Price—\$110.

Western United States Prices Slightly Higher
Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3618 Iron Street • Chicago



Largest manufacturers of high grade radio in the world—\$100 to \$2500
Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception.

Rhymed Reviews

Your Money's Worth

By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink The Macmillan Co.

NOW Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink,
Your dollar's stanch defenders,
tell you
Both how and what flamboyant ink
And pushing business methods sell
you.

"The Greatest Thingumbob on
Earth!"
Some advertiser trumpets daily;
But do you get your money's worth?
Alas, alack and willow-waly!

The public squanders tons of dimes
(What trustful hearts this news
will fracture!)
On goods at many, many times
Their paltry cost of manufacture.

For they that buy the toilet things
That every movie queen endorses
And wares extolled by baseball
kings
Severely tax their slim resources.

A fiendish joy these authors take
In baring bluff and false veneer-
ing,
Deception, substitution, fake
And unrestricted profiteering.

Oh, can this coat be really wool?
Oh, can these shoes be truly
leather?
These riding-breeches neat and full—
Oh, will their stitches hold to-
gether?

I've given unalloyed belief
To all that sellers said to buyers,
And now I read with pain and grief
That lots of business men are liars.

How can they keep on doing such,
Yet think themselves both good
and clever?
I'm sorry that I've learned so much,
For I'll be stung the same as ever.
Arthur Guiterman.

Stop Thief!

INDIGNANT MOVIE SPECTATOR: Just look at that plot!
The guy has to marry before a cer-
tain date or lose the million dollars!
They've swiped my plot, that's what
they have! I'll sue 'em for plagia-
rism! They can't get away with
that stuff!

CLARICE: What would you say
if I told you our affair must be
wholly Platonic?

MAURICE: I suppose I'd have to
take it philosophically.



SO that good-looking Jones man
got promoted, did he?

Yes; boys at the bank say he is
the type.

Well, I'll say he has the clothes.
Perhaps if you wore Arrows, you
might some day be enrolled in the
Battalion of bank vice-presidents.

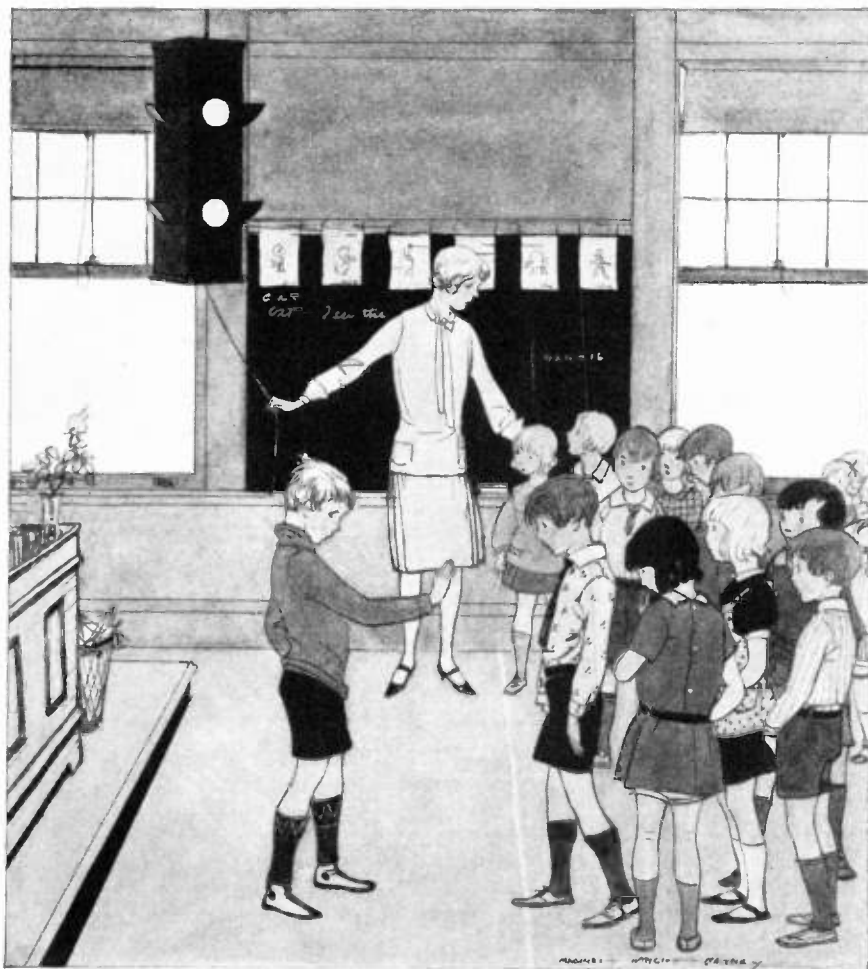
You'll never get there on a
Campus outfit.

ARROW COLLARS

THE COLLAR of the WELL-DRESSED MAN

C200

Is Your Town Safe?



These boys and girls are being taught to save their lives! They are learning the meaning of the "Stop" and "Go" traffic signals. In many schools the children make their own semaphores, and the teacher appoints different members of the class to act the part of a Traffic Officer so that the lesson of caution at street crossings can never be forgotten.

EVERY five minutes someone dies from cancer. Every six minutes someone is killed by accident. One death in every 13 is caused by cancer—one in 15 by accident. One—a tragedy foreseen weeks in advance when

beyond hope of prevention. The other—swift annihilation that could have been prevented.

Most fatal accidents need never happen; 90,000 a year in the United States—240 a day—deaths from various causes that

could be prevented. One half of the children who are killed are the little untaught ones less than five years old. And accidents claim all too many persons past middle age—who have not adjusted themselves to the swift pace of passing vehicles.

In cities where public caution and protection are taught, the deathrate from accident is far less than the Nation's sad average. Modern scientific Safety Campaigns are organized in these cities. The Mayor, the Police Department, local associations, clubs, societies and citizens of ability and initiative are working together for safety in industry, in the home and on our streets. The newspapers which help to promote Safety Campaigns find a quick response.

These continuous safety programs are as carefully and skilfully planned as a great battle, but with this difference—a battle is planned to end as many lives as possible and a Safety Campaign is planned to save as many lives as possible.

No longer has one a right to say, "Accidents are bound to happen. You can't prevent them." Today accident prevention is neither a beautiful dream nor a vain hope. It is a splendid reality. In cities which have said, "It can be done"—it has been done. In some cities the deathrate from accident has been reduced more than half.

Do you know how many people were killed by accident in your town last year? You will find, again and again, that a little forethought or a little more care would have avoided many tragedies. Help to prevent such deaths.

700,000 Americans seriously injured last year; 23,000 killed by one cause alone—motor vehicle accidents.

Appeals to individual caution have failed to stem the constantly rising tide of accidental deaths. Last year the New York State conference of Mayors decided to conduct an "entire city" Safety Campaign. Albany, N. Y., was selected for the test, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was invited to send safety engineers to co-operate.

A vigorous educational program was undertaken. Every stage of this campaign was carefully mapped out in advance. During the first six months of the demonstration, while practically the

entire city supported it, accidental deaths of all kinds were reduced 31%. Fatal accidents to children were reduced 33½%. Fatal accidents in homes were reduced 71%.

Based on the results in Albany, the Metropolitan has prepared two booklets, "Promoting Community Safety" and "The Traffic Problem", which outline practical ways and means for accident prevention. Send for two copies of each, one for personal study and one to send to your Mayor. If your town has a working safety organization, support it whole-heartedly. If not, help to establish a local Safety Council.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



*Bride: HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SOUP, DEAR? I GOT
THE RECIPE OVER THE RADIO.
Her Husband: I CAN TASTE THE STATIC.*

The Radio Announcer Phones in a Fire Alarm

FIRE Department? This is Ernest Truex Snilph, announcer for Station GLX, telephoning by direct connection over a seven-party line, one of the subscribers of which is Joe Curd, from whose West Randolph Street apartment I am now speaking. My own telephone seems to be out of order, so I just stepped across the hall and gave a buzz over Joe's talk-meter. Joe says he thinks I'm trying to save wear and tear on my own phone. Ha, ha, better forget the wisecracks and write poetry instead, Joe. Joe, you know, is called by his friends 'The Poet Laureate of the Insurance Business' because he writes poems about insurance. As you know, Joe is divisional superintendent of the Beneficent Life Insurance Company, with offices in the Hartshorn Building, and he says that of the many poetical masterpieces he has created, his favorite is a simple little bit of verse which embodies the whole spirit of life insurance in a nutshell:

"I would rather live in a quiet lane
Than seek the gaudy wreaths of fame;
Far better to dwell, quiet folks among,
Than strive for a position in the sun."

"Too bad Joe doesn't sell fire insurance, because to judge by the smoke that's pouring out of a basement window in the Rob Roy Apartments next door—1931 West Ran-

dolph Street—that's all the proprietor, Mr. Lazarus Eppich, will be interested in at present. It looks as though your entire company and perhaps an extra hook-and-ladder truck will be needed, so don't forget the address: The Rob Roy Apartments, 1931 West Randolph Street..."

E. B. Crosswhite.



First He: DOES JIM KEEP VERY LATE HOURS?

Second He: DOES HE? WELL, HE USES THE SETTING-UP EXERCISE PROGRAM FOR A BEDTIME STORY.

Probable Preliminaries at Chicago

"TURK" GORE vs. "Slitter" Szgxy, six rounds with knives.
"Bull" Archibald vs. "Percy" Carholic, eight rounds with sawed-off shotguns.

"Casey" Clout vs. Lieut. O'Brien, Sgt. Murphy, Corp. Kelley, and Privates Muldoon, Duffy, O'Hara and Mulligan, fight to a finish with clubs.

The Herrin Gang vs. the Loop Gang, one thousand rounds with machine guns.
Bill Sykes.

Prospects

AUNT: So you're going to college? I suppose you will start in as a freshman.

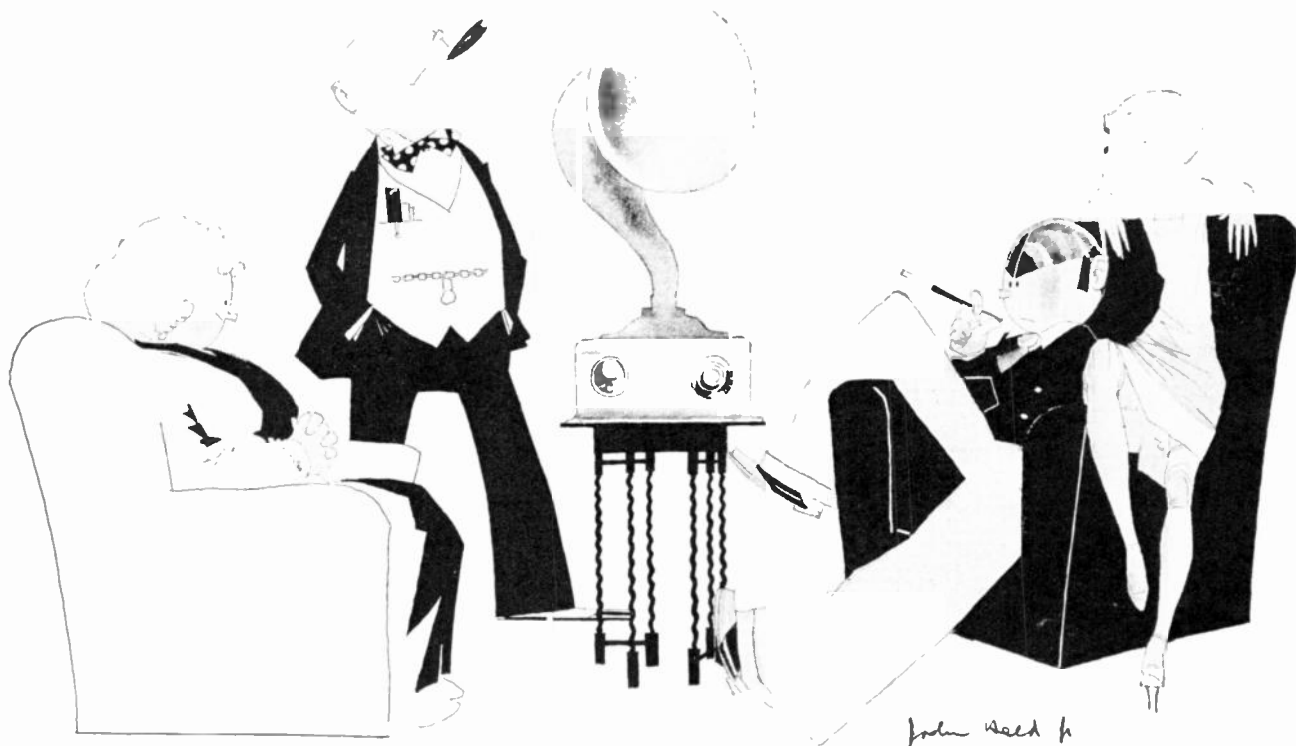
NEPHEW: Freshman nothing. My Pa pretty near owns that college. He ought to be able to get me a good position as vice-president of the Senior Class.

Illustrated

EDITOR OF TABLOID: Have you got the story on that chorus girl who threatened to reveal all?

REPORTER: Sure thing, chief, and what's more, I've got a photograph of her that does.

AT forty a woman stops patting herself on the back and begins under the chin.



The Speaker of the House

Samson and Delilah

"**G**OOD morning, Mr. Samson. Lots of mail this morning!... Why, Mr. Samson! You've got on a *new lion-skin*! Oh, I think it's *larvely*! It fits you wonderful!... You've got such broad shoulders, I suppose you're easy to fit. So many men are getting these leopard-skin things now, but I think they're awful loud, don't you? Mr. Jephthah's got one of those hyenas, but I like this much better....So dinnified and rich-lookun'. Oh, Mr. Samson, I saw one of our posters for the Philistine Phizz Company last night and it looked *larvely*! I just *saw* it as we drove by....Oh, Mr. Samson, aren't you *awful*! I *did not*! I just went for a short chariot ride with my cousin...he's got a new Ephraimite Six....Oh, I think you're *terrible*, the things you say!...You must think me a *nauseful* character indeed, Mr. Samson!...Yes, you must!...Oh, I just noticed something... You won't be offended, will you, if I tell you that your lion-skin is just the *least li'l bit crooked* across the shoulders? Oh, you're making it worse! Aren't you men just *helpless*!...Here, let me....Now please, Mr. Samson, I can't fix it if you.... Why, *Mister Samson*! What do you

mean I *did not* sit down in your lap I never I tell you!!! Why...why....Of all the *nerve*....Now, Mr. Samson, you let go of me this *minute*! It *reely* isn't right....Why, if Mr. Zoab or anybody came in now and found me in your lap I'd be so *mortified*....I think you're just as *mean as you can be*!...Very well, then, since you won't be a *gentleman*....You must be awful strong though....I'm awful tired this *morn-*



HER FIRST SLIP

ing....Ho-hum....Oh, you've got the funniest little curl *right behind your ear*....You need a haircut *terribly* though, Mr. Samson....Hm?...We-e-ell, Sammy, then....Oh, I couldn't, I never went out to supper with my *employer* in my *life*....No, I simply couldn't, Mr. Samson....It's against my ideals....We-e-ell...Perhaps...I tell you, I'll go tomorrow if you'll get a haircut....No, I won't go if you don't....I always like my gentlemen friends to look nice....Oh, I didn't mean that...It's just your hair *reely* does need cutting....Oh, there's your telephone....No, you *mustn't* let it ring....Mr. Jephthah saw me come in and he'll...well, I'll answer it then, Big Stubborn Mans!...

"Mr. Samson's secretary speaking. Yes, he's in his office, but he's *reely very busy* just now...could you call again?"

Heman Fay, Jr.

Dissatisfied Customers

FIRST FIGHT FAN: That was the worst fight I ever saw.

SECOND FIGHT FAN: You said it. I wouldn't be surprised if it was on the level.

Journalistic Portraits

William Hale Thompson

HE understands being elected Mayor of Chicago.

He has made voting for him the secret vice of some very good people.

He is good enough to make the tabloids and bad enough to make *Harper's Magazine*.

He is the first politician since Theodore Roosevelt really to get anything out of a cowboy hat.

His administrations are said to be perfectly terrible, assuring his city a contented and happy populace.

He will be President of the United States if he can keep the reformers against him.

He has the secret of big city government.

He could have made the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial a success.

McCready Huston.

In Round-by-Round Numbers

THE widespread interest shown in the amounts which fighters receive for their professional services nowadays prompts us to pre-broadcast, for the statistically-minded, a specimen round of a \$1,000,000.00 Battle of the Century, lasting, say, five rounds, which is at the rate of \$1,111.11 per second.

Round (x)—They advance to the center of the ring and fiddle about for \$12,222.22 or \$15,555.55. Demp-



/NORMAN LYND.

First Manager: NOW AT THE END OF THE SECOND ROUND YOUR MAN HITS MINE ON THE CHIN AND HE GOES DOWN FOR THE COUNT.

Second Manager: NAW, BILL, MAKE IT THE EIGHTH OR NINTH; WE GOTTA PLAY FAIR WITH THE PUBLIC.

sey leads with his left but is a fraction of \$1,111.11 too slow. They clinch. In the infighting Tunney slips to his knee for \$1,111.11 or \$2,222.22 but is up and at it again. They spar cautiously for a full \$16,666.66, when Tunney slams a left to the cheek. Dempsey retaliates in the twinkling of an eye, which is approximately \$222.22. They clinch for \$7,777.77. In the breakaway Dempsey crosses the right to the jaw and Tunney goes down

for a count of \$8,888.88. He rises unsteadily and covers up for several thousand dollars. He suddenly nails Dempsey on the button, staggering the ex-champ for \$3,333.33 or \$4,444.44. With \$29,999.98 of the round yet to go, Dempsey stages a \$24,444.44 rally that brings the customers up yelling but Tunney weathers the full \$200,000.00 in good shape.

F. G. C.

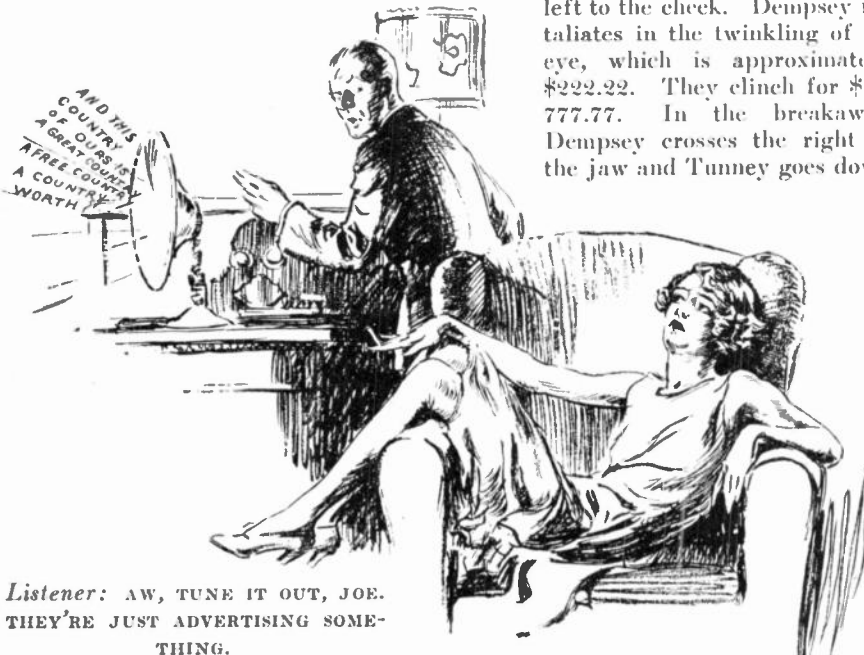
Not on the Program

MRS. WITSEND (*from stairway*): Wilbur, for mercy's sake, turn off that radio! That woman has the awfulest voice I ever heard!

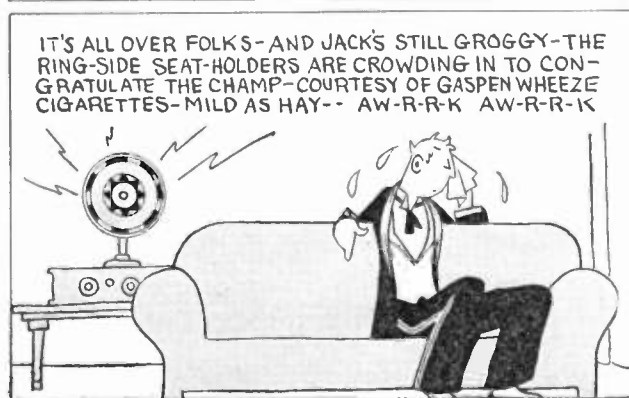
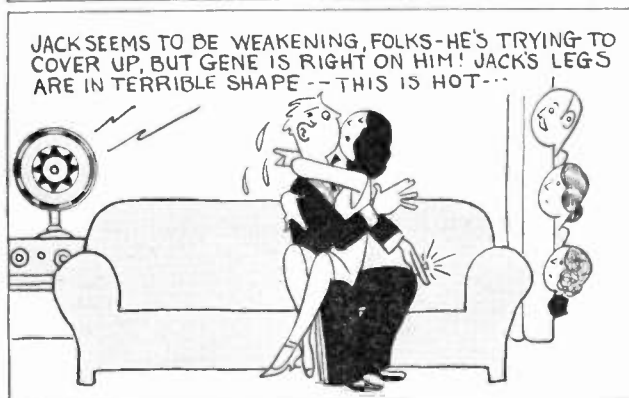
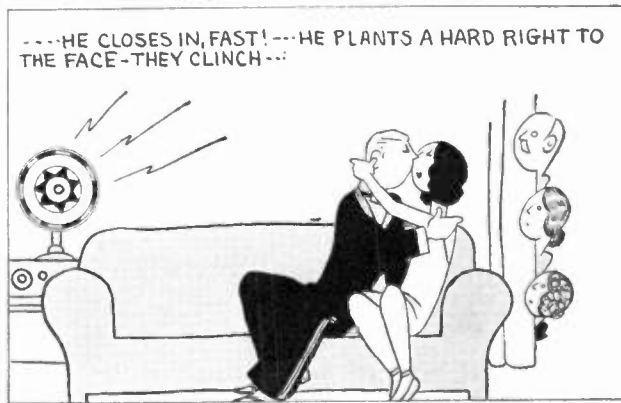
WILBUR: Ha! Ha! This isn't the radio, Ma. This is Mrs. Highpitch come to call!

LET the five-tube Super-Heterodyne DX radio hound consider the East Indian Yogi. He doesn't need any kind of set to be in tune with the *Infinite*.

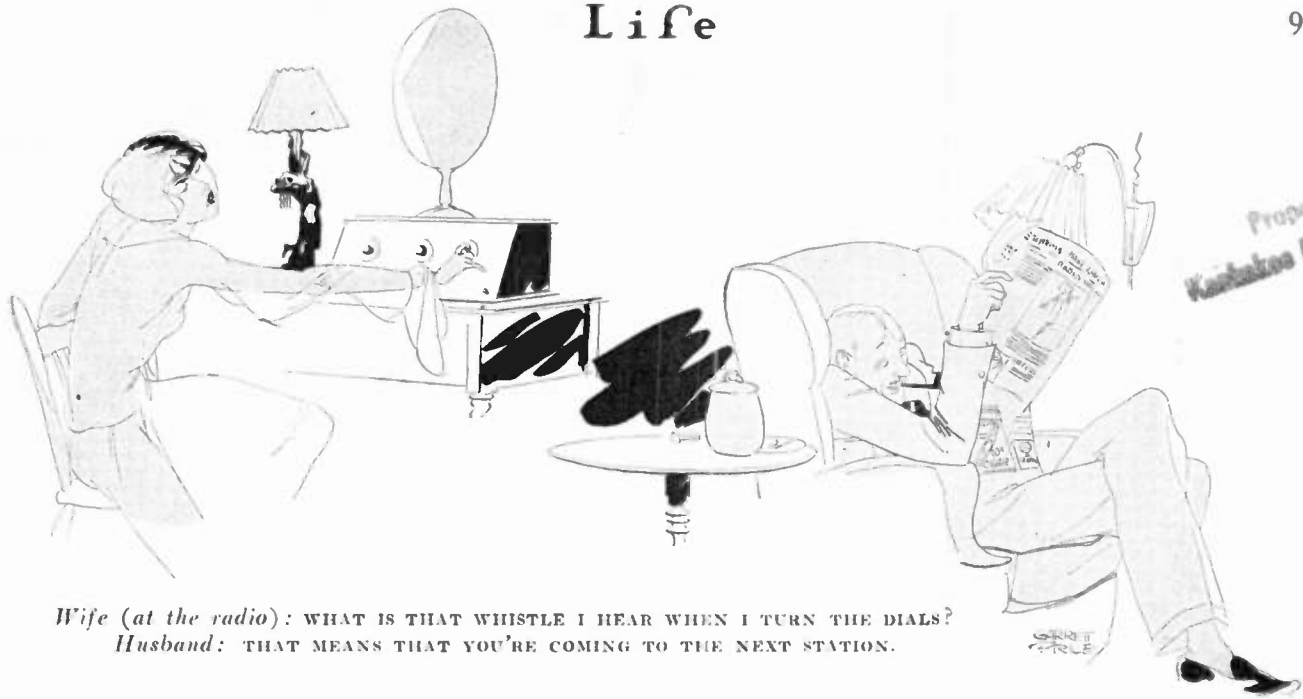
IT is always dullest just before the yawn.



Listener: AW, TUNE IT OUT, JOE. THEY'RE JUST ADVERTISING SOMETHING.



The Battle of the Centuries



Wife (at the radio): WHAT IS THAT WHISTLE I HEAR WHEN I TURN THE DIALS?
Husband: THAT MEANS THAT YOU'RE COMING TO THE NEXT STATION.

"I Don't See Why You Can't Discuss People Without Saying Disagreeable Things About Them"

SHE: I don't see *why* you can't discuss people without saying disagreeable things about them, do you?

HE: No, why can't you?

SHE: Well, but practicably every time anybody is mentioned in a conversation somebody always has to say something disagreeable about them, do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah—I s'pose that's true.

SHE: I s'pose it's because practicably everybody has faults, don't you s'pose it is?

HE: Yeah, that's prob'ly it, all right.

SHE: But I think you ought to be charitable, sort of, and overlook it when they have faults, don't you think you should?

HE: Yeah, that's right.

SHE: I mean I honestly think

it would be heaps better if everybody just said nice things about people instead of making a lot of poisonous remarks about them the way Lydia Fravvel is always doing, don't you really think it would?

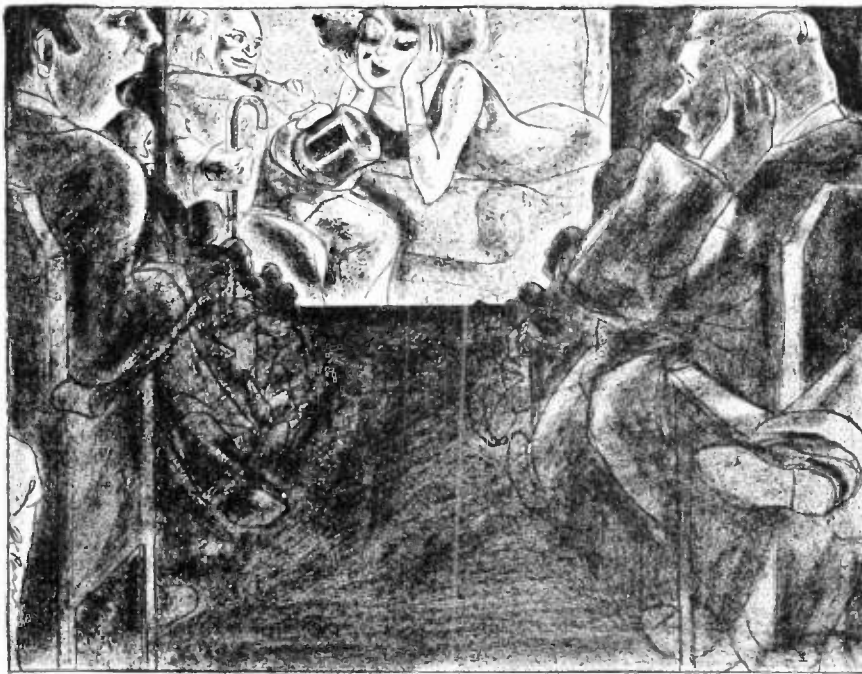
HE: Abs'lutely!—Does she talk about people that way?

SHE: Heavens, yes, my dear, she's the worst scandal mongrel in town with the possible exception of Grayce Ives.

HE: I never knew Grayce talked about people that way.

SHE: My dear, that's practicably all she *does* do! I mean she's a perfect little hell cat because she practicably spends her entire time just making vile remarks about everybody she knows! I mean I don't see *why* you can't discuss people without saying disagreeable things about them, do you?

Lloyd Mayer.



Criss: HOW IN THE WORLD DID THEY VACCINATE THAT MOVIE STAR SO IT WOULDN'T SHOW?

Cross: THEY VACCINATED HER DOUBLE.

Twosome

GWEN: Tom was so sweet yesterday! We played golf, and he gave me a bisque on each hole.

PRUDY: How priceless! Tomato or lobster?

It's about as far north of Los Angeles proper as the Montmartre district of Paris is north of the Champs-Élysées of that great city.

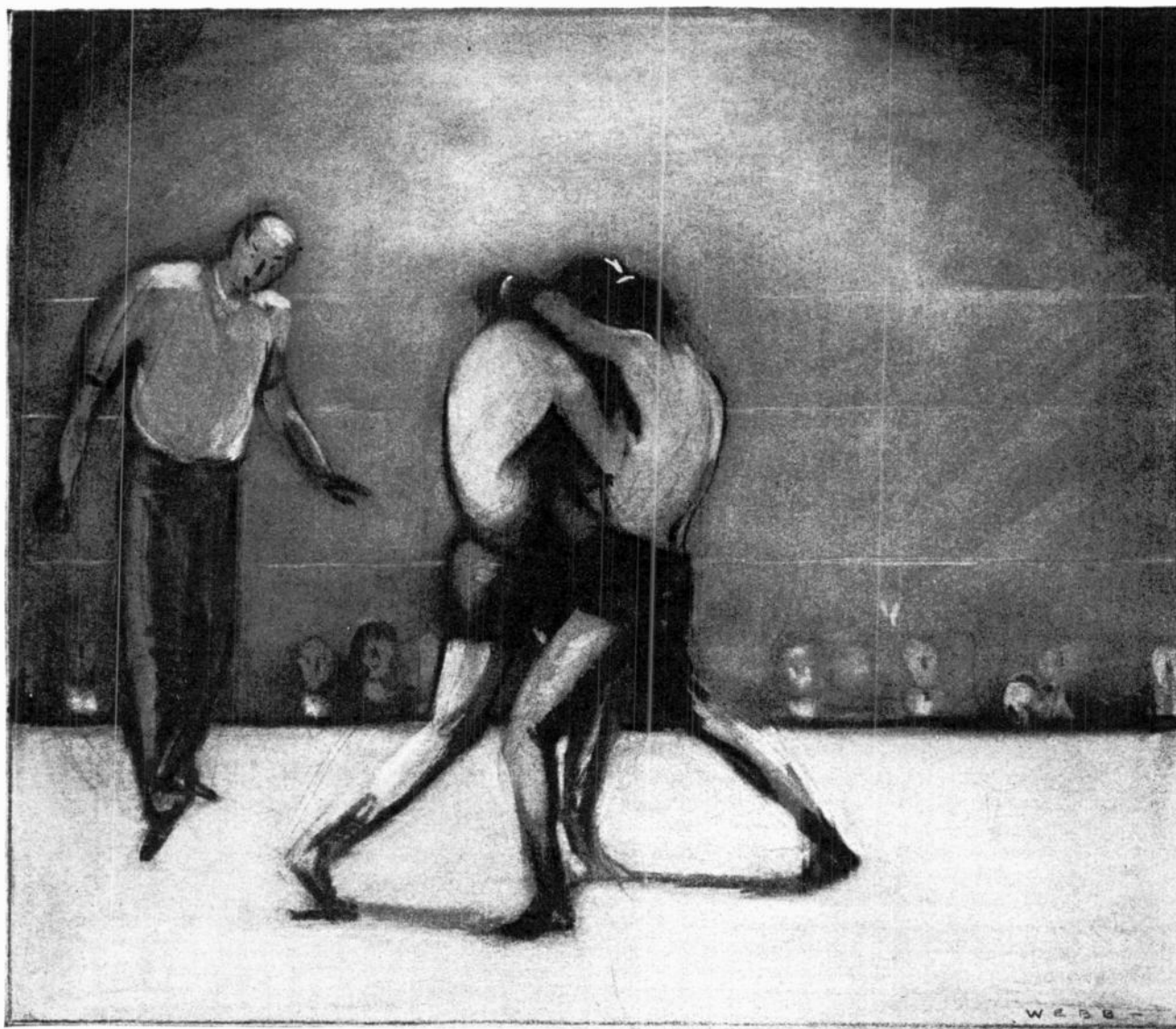
About lunch time, Eddie's place is the greatest round-up on the Pacific Coast. At the tables, there are more moving picture long horns, short horns, cows and heifers with no horns at all, branded and unbranded strays, wanderin' steers, and unclaimed ranch stock, than can be found in any other part of Hollywood. All the picture folks, from the big and great to the almost big an' the almost great, drop in. Aside from the movie crowd, which predominates, there's always a throng of visitin' brothers and sisters from Hog Eye, Texas, Red Dog, Arizona, an' scatterin' points in Iowa, who

The presidin' genius of the Montmartre, next to Eddie, is a quiet-lookin' young chap who shows you to your seat and whom the regulars know as Alphonse. He always smiles deftly an' says "Oui, M'sieu," no matter what question you ask. Along with the rest, I got in the habit of callin' him Alphonse until the other day I was sneakin' in the back way, like a lot of the wise boys do to make sure of a certain seat, and passed through a portion of the kitchen. I heard some one callin' "Mike." "Has any one seen Mike Kelly?" yells a cook's assistant. "Here he comes," says some one an' I discover the aforesaid Alphonse and Mike Kelly are one an' the same person. Now, I don't know what to call him. If I call him Mike in front of company, I stand a good chance of getting throwed out.

There's a table over in one far corner (*Please turn to page 36*)



World Radio History



"SAY, JOE, WHAT THA HELL IS THAT STUFF YE'RE USIN' ON YER HAIR?"

Some Impossible Developments in Radio

"FATHER, do let me turn off the Weasel Syncopators and tune in on Mrs. Fishcake's 'Hints to Happy Housekeepers'—how can a girl of twenty forego such an opportunity of preparing herself for woman's serious work in life?"

* * *

"Well, I put three hundred dollars in this outfit, but I'll swear I hear sets that cost fifty that sound just as good—it's certainly not worth the difference to get one that cost as much as mine."

* * *

"You can? Well, that certainly beats me—I used exactly the same chart and material in building mine,

and you know I can't pick up anything over a hundred miles away that can be recognized as music."

* * *

"No, I haven't the slightest idea what can be wrong with your set—I had some trouble with mine that I fixed with a few tools, but I'd probably just make your trouble worse if I tinkered with it."

* * *

"Oh, yes—I've got one, but you wouldn't be interested in hearing it after your own here; I've never had five minutes' use of it without a new brand of static."

* * *

"Yes, I built my own set, and it

does fairly well, but somehow I wish I had just gone and bought a big set complete—I'd have saved money."

Wayne G. Haisley.

Matrimonially Speaking

BUSINESS MAN: Why did you leave your last position, Miss?

FAIR APPLICANT: There was no future to it.

BUSINESS MAN: Indeed?

FAIR APPLICANT: No; the boss was already married.

A MAMMOTH restaurant, the largest Chinese café in the world, has been opened in Chicago. Damn clever people, these Greeks!

The Last Words (We Hope) in Radio Sets

SET UX-653: Combination radio set and electric grill, providing light meals and light opera from the same outlet. Eliminates kitchenette in small apartments. Includes patent interchangeable egg and station scrambler.

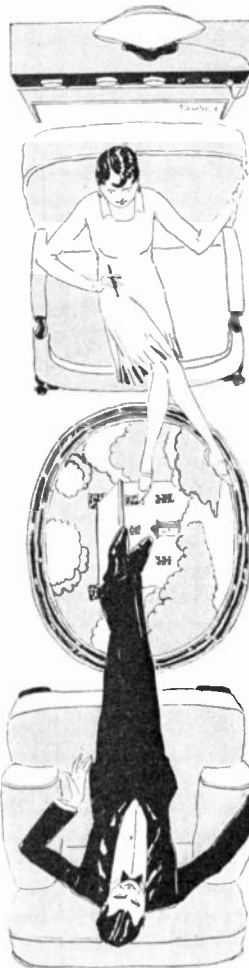
Set UXX-653: Same as UX-653 with the addition of folding bed and bathroom. Loud-speaker operates in bathtub, making false notes virtually impossible. Folding dining table and wine cellar included.

Set UXXX-653: Same as UXX-653 but includes a pair of handsome bridge lamps, two easy chairs and two guest chairs. Oil furnace with heating system for winter use makes this the ideal set for young couples just starting in housekeeping.

Set UXXXX-653: The last word in radio. Comprises twelve-tube set electrically equipped, all parts shielded, handsome Colonial entrance, living-room with fireplace, dining-room, butler's pantry, kitchen with electric icebox, garage, two master's bedrooms, two bathrooms and guest room or nursery, attic with cedar-lined closet, oil-burning furnace. Oh, yes, and a sun parlor. Plenty of closet space. Will install on your own real estate or can furnish that, also, in a pinch.

Note. Upon request, Set UXXXX-653 can be equipped with balloon tires, steering mechanism and a sturdy truck motor for land cruising, or the equivalent on a handsome yacht body, if your pleasure is the salt sea spray. For a small additional down payment, a Wright Whirlwind Motor, an earth inductor compass and four ham sandwiches will be thrown in.

Henry William Hanemann.



"HAVE YOU A FIVE-FOOT SHELF IN YOUR HOME?"
"SURE! IT'S JUST LONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE SET, THE LOUD-SPEAKER, AND THE BATTERIES."

Down, but Not Quite Out

"HELLO, Ed; how's things?"

"Not so good, Bill. I'm in danger of getting laid off from work."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and I couldn't meet the last instalment, so they came and got the piano last week."

"That's too bad, Ed."

"Not only that but the grocer has shut off my credit 'cause he said the bill got too high."

"Well, that's tough."

"And then the old Shylock threatens to foreclose my second mortgage 'cause I'm a little behind on the interest."

"Gee, you're kinda hard up."

"You said it. Say, I hardly had enough jack to get this ticket to the big fight!"

Roland M. Wiggins.

Boob's Dictionary

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION—An inquiry to fix responsibility for some public injury.

Safety Zone—A small area marked off on congested streets where pedestrians may stand without danger from automobile traffic.

Sacco and Vanzetti—Criminals executed for murder.

Fireproof Building—An edifice whose materials and construction make destruction by fire impossible.

Wedding Invitation—Message sent to request the recipient's attendance at the marriage ceremony.

Bankrupt—An individual or firm that has failed in business.

Yellow Peril—Yellow peril.

W. G. H.



Sylvia: POOR MARGE! CAN'T YOU GET A WORD IN?

Marge (looking up from the telephone): SHH! JERRY'S PRACTICING THE SPEECH HE'S TO BROADCAST TO-NIGHT.

My Ideal Girl

SHE must have preserved her schoolgirl complexion. Her hair must have that lustrous sheen due to brisk massagings both night and morning. She must be popular in the ballroom. Men must not turn away from her in disgust. Her smile must reveal her treasure. She must be able to wear the sheerest hose without the slightest embarrassment. Her kisses must be warranted to stay on—her. She must watch her weight, being sure it is correct for her age and height. She must know how to make a witty after-dinner speech, address a head waiter, order a meal in at least two languages, write a note of regret, make neat replies to ambassadors, authors, actresses, or college presidents, and receive the ministrations of a weekend lady's maid without awkwardness or dismay. She must be the one out of every five.



"DID YOU HEAR ABOUT GEORGE? HE GOT PHI BETA KAPPA."
"WHAT'S THAT? SOME GREEK STATION?"

Her home must reflect her own good taste. Her shabby floors must be concealed by something better than tiles. The plebeian iceman must not call at her back door. She must not be inconvenienced by the unexpected guest. She must know how to add hot water and serve. She must be able to turn on the latest dance music and make her home a social center. She must meet the world with a smile and avoid that morning grouch. She must be able to swim, dance, play tennis, perform on the trapeze, and take long motor trips in the filmiest garments without the slightest fear.

When I find my girl I'll kindly mention this magazine.

J. Dupont.

THE radio put the family back into the home, but not necessarily into the same room.



The Chicago Younger Set

"GOING OUT TO THE FIGHT TO-NIGHT, GERTIE?"
"WHAT! AN' SEE A COUPLA BIG LOAFERS STALL AROUND AN' PAT EACH OTHER? NOT ME. I CRAVE ACTION. I'M GOING SOME PLACE AN' DANCE."

No Bathing

HOWARD: Good morning, Mr. Bootleg! I want to lay in some liquors.

BOOTLEG: I can't let you have enough to lay in—only to drink.

A LEARNED professor states that "mental work can be done more effectively when one is lying down." Pass the word to Rodin's "The Thinker."



HAZING THE FRESHMEN IN A RADIO UNIVERSITY.



THE HUMANE SOCIETY PUTS RADIO HEADSETS IN OPERA BOXES FOR HUSBANDS WHO HATE OPERA.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

August 28th Shocked out of dozi-ness betimes by the sight in the public prints of Mayor and Mistress Walker seated on chairs reserved for British royalty, and from what I do hear of the progress of their journeyings abroad, it does seem a pity that Ambassador Herrick is not beside them. I do wish, also, that something could be done to inject new blood into the social section of rotogravure material, the reappearance of the same faces being exceedingly tiresome, and in especial it would seem that Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte in this connection has had her day. To church, through which I sate in a critical spirit because my mosquito bites asserted themselves unduly and the hymns were not to my liking, wondering why so many clergymen lean backwards to achieve a precious enunciation and what their reaction would be to Chic Sale's imitation of them, and also why so much sacred music has noth-

ing to do with the words, when God knows the Te Deum and the Jubilate were written first. A great company for luncheon, mostly week-enders from Saratoga, and G. G. did tell how his great-grandfather, called to the defense of Washington in the War of 1812, had, along with the other Baltimore blades, taken his dancing pumps and evening clothes in the confidence that there would be a ball after the battle, and had later declared that he did never walk a step after the enemy fired the first gun. To tea at Fenmere, and Mr. Cooper showed me his fine pictures in their fire-proof room and the concealed kalamein door which closes automatically for their protection when a certain degree of temperature releases it, and when he did tell me how once he had mistakenly thought he heard it closing in the night, I could not but think what J. S. Fletcher might make of it. Kept by the rain, to (Please turn to page 35)

Fistic Mother Goose

ONE, two—knockout in view;
Three, four—still on the floor;
Five, six—the manager kicks;
Seven, eight—count the gate;
Nine, ten—sock him again.

* * *

Little Jack Horner
Went to his corner

Gently feeling his eye;
He'd broken his thumb,
And his face was all numb;

So he thought: "What a dull boy
am I!"

* * *

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick;
Climb before he knocks you sick;
If he hits you, start to howl;
Your manager will claim a foul.

Norman R. Jaffray.

DX

WE understand that the Tunney-Dempsey fight is to be broadcast to the intermediate section between the twelve hundredth (or last) row of Ringside Seats and the Ultimate Bleachers. The fate of the Ultimate Bleachers is as yet unsettled, owing to lack of co-operation by the Canadian authorities at the boundary.



First Roman: ARE YOU GOING DOWN TO SEE THE CHRISTIANS THROWN TO THE LIONS?
Second Roman: NO; THEM FIGHTS ARE ALL FIXED.



Pathetic Figures

A HIGH-POWERED SALESMAN TRYING TO SELL HIS BABY THE IDEA OF GOING TO SLEEP.

The Manly Art

FOR the first time in his life, Brown had seen a prizefight that wasn't "fixed."

It was a real fight, and no fake about it. The pugilists fought with all that was in them. It was good, clean sportsmanship; no foul blows

were struck, and the referee was always right. When the knockout finally came it was clear that the better man had won.

For the first time in his life, Brown had won a bet on a prizefight.

P. S. P.

Incomplete List

I WISH I were dignified,
Orderly, good;
I wish I would act as a tall girl should.

I wish I were less of an Optimist;
I wish I objected to being kissed.

I wish I'd make par on that Fourteenth hole; and
Some day meet Lindbergh and Gilbert Roland.

I wish I could love with
Abandon and laughter,
Instead of crying before and after.

I wish I weren't given to
Lyric spasms
And later-regretted enthusiasms.

I wish that my hair weren't
Growing darker;
I wish I could write like Dorothy Parker.

Eleanor Chase.

Catch as Catch Can

SHE: I wonder if Claire will marry the chap she's running with.

HE: She probably will if he doesn't speed up.



This Radio Age

"WHAT IS THE CORRECT TIME?"

"I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I THINK IT MUST BE ABOUT HALF-PAST THE BALLOON TIRE HOUR."



SEPTEMBER 22, 1927

VOL. 90. 2342

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE Annual Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science always provides the papers with something to report. This year its first gun was fired by Sir Arthur Keith, who said that Darwin was right and that our human descent can and must be traced back to the same origins as those of the monkeys. Sir Arthur is an authority on this subject and doubtless knows as much about it as anybody and drew on his supplies of information for the benefit of the meeting and of the readers of his discourse.

That is all right until some one produces fresh news of some kind that will conflict with it. We do seem to have come down most of the way as the monkeys have, and to be specifically related to some kinds of monkeys in an impressive degree. For that matter, we are related to all creation and nobody can skin a mouse or dissect a flower without finding traces of the same process of which in its latest development we are examples. Monkeys developed in varieties, quite different in power, size and mental ability. So did man. Man developed yellow, white and black. There are a lot of different kinds of him, all interesting, none of them stationary but some considerably more progressive than others.

So far no one seems inclined to dispute with Sir Arthur Keith about the origin of man. He says, however, that man has been a long, long time on earth, a million years anyhow. Of only the merest tip of that period or any such period is there a

record that is anywise reliable. Go back even two thousand years and who knows what was going on in England or down in Yucatan or in Peru? We get the news of Rome at that time and for five or six thousand years before we get more or less news out of Eastern Europe, North Africa and Asia. When we have gone back eight thousand years recorded information gets pretty scarce. You have to dig for it. Back of that are fossils, the news of geology, bones, some ruins. But what is ten thousand years in a million?

The interesting part of anthropology is the ups and downs of peoples since they came to be human and the difference was established between man and the highest grade of monkey. Maybe that is what is really talked about in the beginning of Genesis. There seem to have been great fluctuations in civilizations, great rises, great collapses. Some civilizations have handed down their knowledge, Greece for one; others have gone to pot. We can see that, and the main question asked about ourselves is whether contemporary peoples in the world are making orderly progress and will be able to hold what they gained or will burst like bubbles and disappear.



NOT only Sir Arthur held forth but Dean Inge has broken out again! Delightful man; the Mencken of the British civilization! The

Dean, restored probably by vacation, is at it in the London *Standard*, croaking as cheerfully and profitably as usual. He discusses universal education as "an essential part of the great experiment to which we are committed." He says the costliness of a gentleman's education in England to-day is resulting in the slow suicide of the whole middle class. He finds all the learned professions overcrowded except the ministry, and men in black coats worse off than skilled labor. He would have education related to what the pupils are going to do, a plan that is now being put into effect in the public schools of Chicago. He points out the difficulties of teaching religion, which, he says truly, "is caught rather than taught."

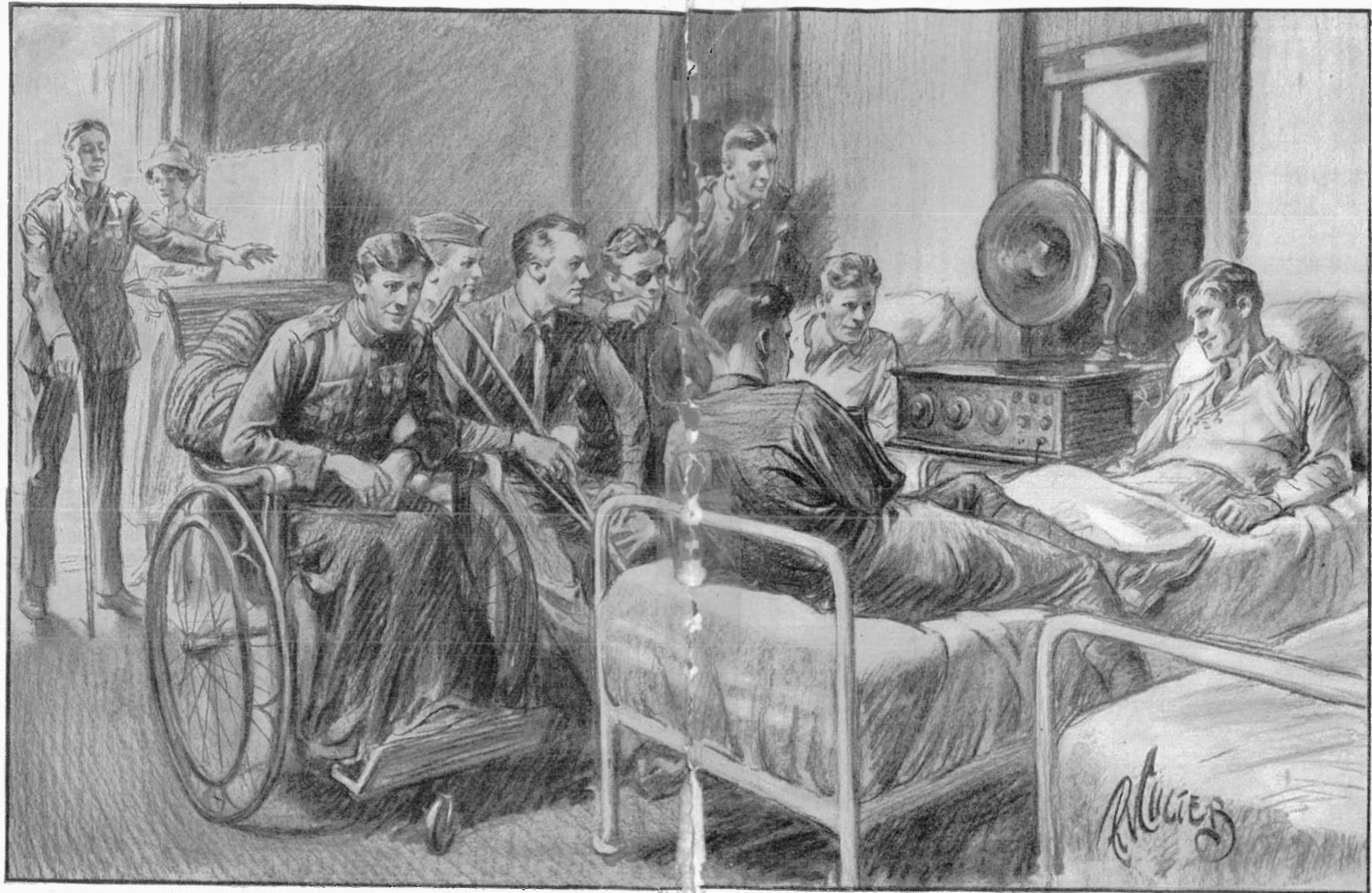
Then a week later he says that the two coming world powers that will develop in this century are the United States and the Latin American Republics; the only possible rival being Russia, against which he believes Austria and Germany will unite to prevent Western Europe from being overrun with Slavs. In these predictions the Dean seems to be getting back to "Tolstoi's Vision," which has the world divided up into four great families, the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians.



PEOPLE continue to die and to be remarked upon in the papers. Wayne B. Wheeler, the Field Marshal of the Drys, has lately passed on. He was not exactly popular even with the Torrids, but notices of him have been most respectful; a little awed indeed by the astonishing political and legal abilities that he showed in putting over Prohibition. He went out rather curiously. His wife's death by an accident and his own setback in the management of the Drys seemed to combine to floor him. It seemed that he had finished and dropped off.

He may not leave many mourners but he leaves plenty of admirers of a sort, especially among the Wets, who, knowing what he did and how he did it, rank him high among the remarkable men of his time.

E. S. Martin.



The Loud-Speaker: We are now at the ring-side of the most important battle of the century . . .

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Blood Money. *Hudson*—A melodrama which would be better if people didn't talk so much in it. Thomas Mitchell and Phyllis Povah are featured.

Creoles. *Klaw*—With Alan Dinchart, Helen Chandler, Natacha Rambova and others. To be reviewed later.

Four Walls. *John Golden*—By George Abbott and Dana Burnet. To be reviewed later.

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The Spider. *Music Box*—Sight unseen, we are backing this against any of the new murder mysteries.

The Squall. *Forty-Fifth St.*—Even if you like sex, this isn't much good.

Such Is Life. *Morisco*—Reviewed in this issue.

Tenth Avenue. *Filling*—Home life among the crooks. William Boyd, Frank Morgan and others act it well, which is lucky.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Come on, Miss Nichols, a joke's a joke.

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The Triumphant Bachelor. *Billmore*—With Robert Ames. To be reviewed later.

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Merry-Go-Round. *Belmont*—Marie Cahill and Don Barclay in a small revue with good spots.

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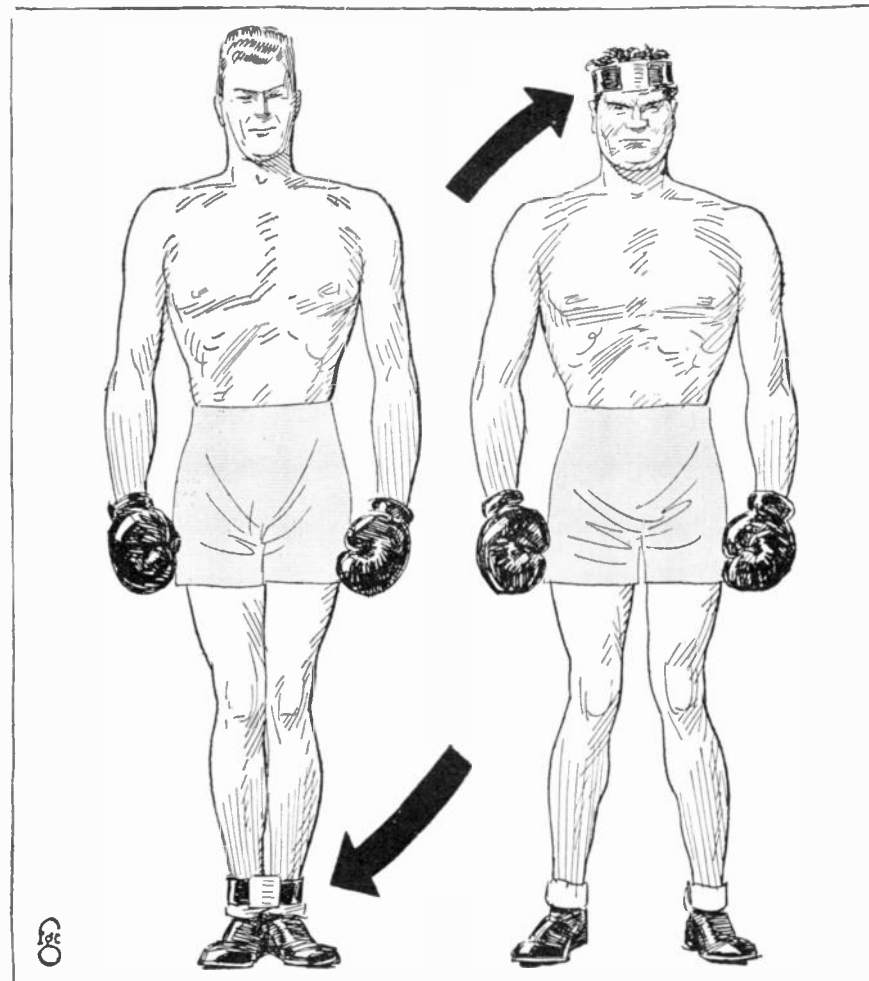
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"THIS," said the college boy who had obtained a job as a bill collector, "is just like getting money from home."



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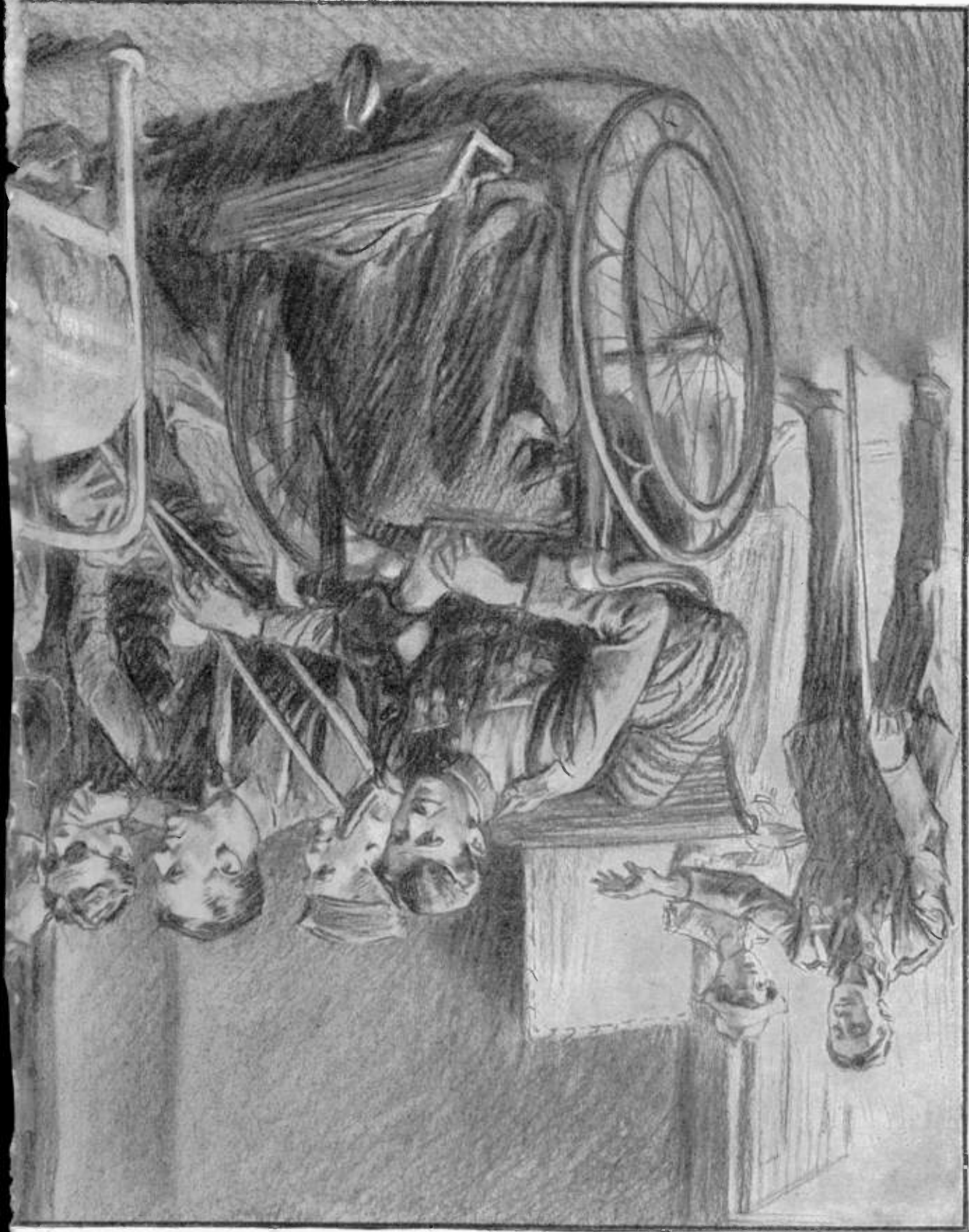


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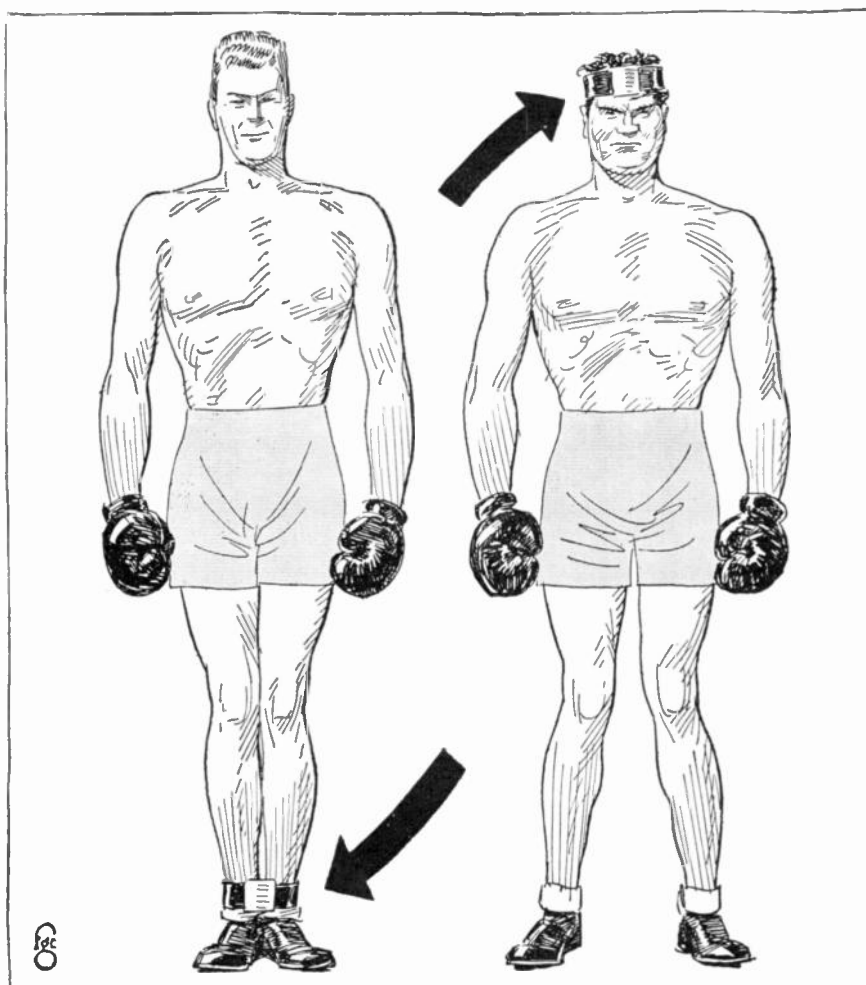
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Gradually Busy

FOR those who like to see actors and actresses dressed up to represent Dickens characters, and who are willing to waive for an evening all considerations of reality and human behavior in the contemplation of a naïve and innocent Punch and Judy show, "Pickwick" at the Empire Theatre will suffice. If, by any chance, you happen to crave just a touch of illusion with your drama, or if you believe that Dickens wrote about real people, you will get a bit fidgety.

Much of the trouble with "Pickwick" lies in its direction. The actors (and there are hundreds of them in the play) are allowed to embellish the already theatrical speeches with a series of postures and hip-holdings, boundings and leaping and vocal tail-spins such as are seldom seen outside Shakespearean comedy. Granted that Dickens wrote lines which are not susceptible of modern readings and that his whole spirit of comedy was elaborate and wordy, it has never been proved that in England in the early Nineteenth Century ladies never went anywhere without hopping in little bird-jumps or spoke without tittering, or that the men were incapable of ordering a mug of porter without four weeks of rehearsal under a trained elocutionist.



MR. JOHN CUMBERLAND, as *Mr. Pickwick*, was the only one who gave us any idea that he might possibly be a real person, and although he was not exactly what we had imagined *Mr. Pickwick* as being, we do not hold that against him in the slightest. We simply changed our conception of *Mr. Pickwick* a little in order to enjoy the refreshing naturalness of Mr. Cumberland. Mr. McNaughton (Charles), as *Sam Weller*, was unquestionably expert, and once you could grant the fake quality of the whole direction, a perfect imitation of *Sam Weller*. But it was Bruce Winston, as *Sergeant Buzfuz*, who accomplished the miracle of speaking the longest and most highly embroidered speech in the play and making a *tour de force* of it. It was the least believable passage of all, and yet we believed Mr. Winston when he read it. The reason probably lies somewhere deep within the impressive edifice which Nature has erected around Mr. Winston himself.



ON reading over the above paragraphs, we discover that they suffer from the same artificiality that afflicts the play and the acting. They read like a play-

review. The sentences are balanced and contain words. For the moment we must have felt that we were a critic, God help us. "Pickwick" is a stiff play, stiffly done, and we have written a stiff review of it.



THERE is no sense in comparing "Burlesque" with "Broadway," because "Broadway" is a melodrama and "Burlesque" is to be taken at the tempo of heartbeats. They both peek in back-stage from the alley and there the similarity ends.

"Burlesque" is a simple story of lowly love, but not so simple as it sounds. Every once in a while you realize that some one had to know a lot about something to have written this. And whichever one of the authors (George Manker Watters or Arthur Hopkins) conceived the curtain to the second act, had he been Russian the local drama-lovers would have been thrown into an epilepsy. It has a horrible, macabre quality, this travesty wedding-dance so uncannily done by Hal Skelly, which, like that of the parade of the crazy farmhands in "The Field God," gives you something to play over on your spine after you get home.

Mr. Skelly is at times nothing short of magnificent in the rôle of the burlesque comic, and Barbara Stanwyck is a worthy team-mate for him. Mr. Hopkins' casting genius was never displayed to better advantage than in the selection of these two for his leading rôles. The rest of the cast is of the same high grade, Charles D. Brown, Eileen Wilson and Ralph Theodore being particularly happy choices for the work at hand.

Our chief kick at "Burlesque" would be that the burlesque show with which the play ends is too dressy, and that several of the wise-cracks sound just a little too wise. But that's not much compared with its good points.



THERE was a play at the Morosco called "Such Is Life" which we probably needn't take much time on, as "The Letter" is due there next week anyway.

It was one of those plays which begin in the 'Nineties, making sure of several good laughs when the ladies come on in costume. These laughs over, there wasn't much to wait for, especially as the play got very tragic and people began overhearing things from the stairs.

And yet somewhere in the sandy last act of "Such Is Life" there was the germ of a pretty good tragedy—or perhaps we are just going goofy and seeing tragedy in everything. It's the hay-fever. Robert Benchley.

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SIX

Barber: TRYING TO RAISE A MUSTACHE, ARE YOU, SONNY?

Willie: WELL—ER—YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... After cuttin' my hair I want you barbers to say, "Thank you, sir," instead of, "Thank you, Miss."

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

INGRID JONASSEN,
Somerset House,
Washington, D. C.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following contestants:

WILLIAM P. HADWEN, *Passaic, New Jersey*, for the Alibi: "I'm entering college soon, and I want to avoid as many cuts as I can."

MAY KENNELLY, *Astoria, Long Island*, for the Alibi: "I'm undecided myself. Even my best friends won't tell me."

BEATRICE M. LOEB, *Norfolk, Virginia*, for the Alibi: "It's the answer to my maiden's prayer."

FRANK MARA, *New York City*, for the Alibi: "I'm a student in a New York barber's college and that's my fraternity emblem."

C. W. STIKELEATHER, *Florence, South Carolina*, for the Alibi: "I want to stop my girl from saying that my kisses don't even scratch the surface."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 30

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

LIFE for some people on this planet is just one embarrassing moment after another. And for such moments, of course, there is nothing quite like an Alibi. An Alibi in need is a friend indeed.

Never has this profound truth been more aptly illustrated than by the overwhelming response that our readers have made to the Alibi Contest. Alibi-making has now become literally a national pastime.

The touching situation that our artist has pictured below is one that might well happen in any up-to-date household. Since the day the new radio arrived from the dealer's, Father has been its declared bitter enemy. A waste of time, he called it, and always retired to another room when it was turned on. But

now the family have surprised him in the act of fiddling with the dials. He is embarrassed, as who wouldn't be? How can he explain his change of heart? If you can help him to put together a clever and ingenious Alibi which will make this moment less embarrassing, and can do it in twenty-five words or less, you will be eligible for one of the cash prizes, which are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

**Five Second Prizes
of \$10.00 each**

ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-TWO will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions on page 30 carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-ONE



The Family: HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU COULDN'T BE BRIBED TO TOUCH THAT MACHINE? AND NOW HERE YOU ARE TUNING IN. HOW DOES IT HAPPEN?

Father: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

So Much Better

TO see ourselves as others see us
 Was thought by Burns to be a star
 Worth hitching wagons to; 'twould free us
 From idle vanities that mar
 Our charm. Perhaps, but what a jar
 The ugly sight! Instead, my plea: Do
 (I ask a greater gift by far)
 Let others see ourselves as we do!

Wayne G. Haisley.

And Why Not?

"GOT a match?"
 "Sure here. But I thought you had a lighter."

"I had but it was always in the shop. If it wasn't one thing it was another. There was something wrong with the sparking. She was using up too much fuel and besides, I was dated wherever I went with it. So I'm trading it in for one of these small, streamline 1928 models with all the latest accessories, including a wind shield."

"How much did they allow you on your old one?"

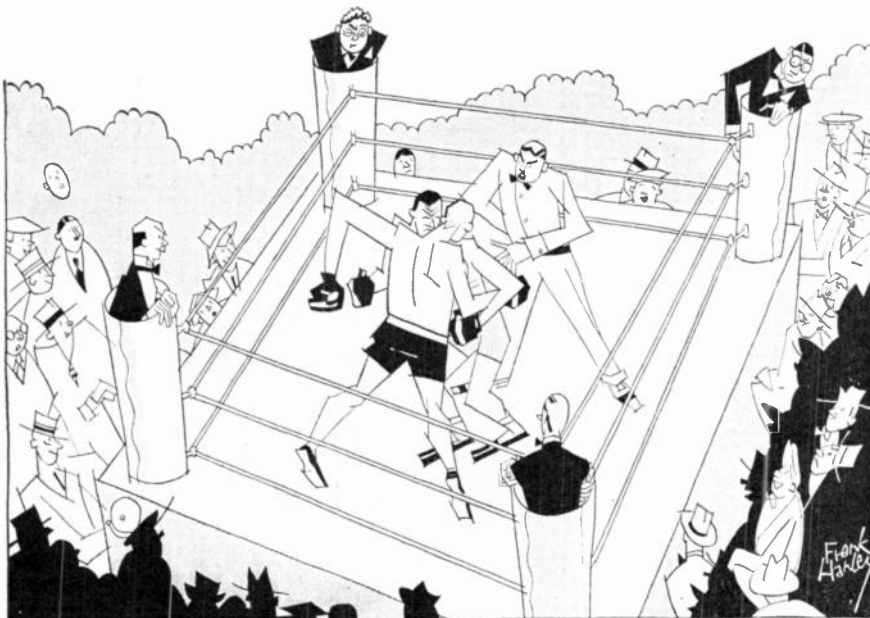
"A dollar fifty. But they're giving me awfully good terms on the new one, two dollars a week and service for the first year. Why don't you get one?"

"Well, I'm thinking it over. I guess I'll wait till the Cigarette Lighter Show opens so I can look around and pick out just what I want." C. C.

Forced Into It

"SO you're getting a new radio set?"
 "Yes. My wife and I were getting along all right with the old one, but it gave such poor reception on the last big prizefight we had to make a change. Grandmother missed the knockout."

FATHERS once sent their sons to college for an education; now they send them for Big Game tickets.



WHY NOT UTILIZE THE RING POSTS TO GIVE THE JUDGES A MORE ADVANTAGEOUS POSITION FOR SPOTTING FOULS?

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm all-of-a-DOOdah—I mean I'm honestly so exCITED I could shell PEAnuts at this point because I'm simply THRILLED to DEATH about this PRIZEfight effect which this Jack DEMPsey and this Gene TUNney person are going to have because I mean PRIZEfights have always had a sort of Fatal fasciNAtion for me because I mean I have ALWAYS been simply MAD about anything like that because it is so sort of PRIMitive and aVaTISTic or whatever you call it, do you know what I mean? I mean I am ABs'lutely all agog and AGitated at this point. Who are you FOR, my dear? TUNney? Well, I can't help it but I am for this DEMPsey person because I simply aDORE his BUILD. I mean I think he HONestly has the MOST divine BUILD of any man I've ever SEEN and simply NOTHING can make me believe he made a FOUL PUNCH when he punched this Jack SHARKey because I honestly think that was just a lot of POlsonous propaGAtion or something because all these obNOXious GAMbler people thought this SHARKey person was going to WIN and I mean it is just a lot of SCANDal mongrels like THOSE

sort of people who have been circulating all this propaGAtion about a FOUL PUNCH. Well, ANYways, my dear, I honestly don't SEE how you can be for this TUNney person because I ACTually think he is an AWfully wet SMACK because I mean he is all the time sort of BOASTing about being up on the CLASsics and all, and I mean the iDEA of a PRIZEfighter being able to READ is perfectly abSURD, my dear. And I bet my SHIRT that this DEMPsey knocks him COLD because I SIMPLY aDORE these sort of DARK, BRUtal-looking men ANYways—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Quite the Contrary

"PRETTY smart fellow, isn't he?"
 "He smart? Why, he thinks these schoolgirl complexions come from soap!"



The Wisdom of Solomon

Radio Dealer: WANT ONE WITH A LOUD-SPEAKER?

King Solomon: NO, I WANT A LITTLE QUIET. GIVE ME ONE THOUSAND PAIRS OF HEADPHONES.

The Advertisement Reader Goes to His Dentist

"WELL, Mr. Practicing Dental Expert, I must see you often at least twice a year, I shan't wait for warning signs, the health of my teeth is important, and nobody can take your place in life where the teeth and gums meet at the danger

line in the tragedy of the American bathroom to penalize four out of five after forty and thousands younger. I've gambled with health and lost, and under this modern régime of soft foods I've paid a fearful price, for my gums need exercise, my teeth are unconsciously neglected and covered with films that mask my beauty in the sparkling mouth of youth filled with deadly acids that cause

harsh grit, and the honor and integrity of four rows of sturdy bristles curved to fit the contour of the mouth. How simple this question of clean teeth really is! The evidence is overwhelming that you should simply supply me with a generous tube of the stuff and a good brush and let me out of this chair—quick, before you begin to hurt me. Good-by!"

W. W. Scott.



"ARE YOU GOING ABROAD THIS SEASON?"

"OH, NO; I CAN GET MOST OF THOSE EUROPEAN STATIONS FROM RIGHT HERE."

decay, and I can't pass the smile test, and realize this important truth that modern hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual action, and that dentists everywhere are preaching this modern gospel of gum massage and now insist that I switch to that quality dentifrice which is different from all others with a delicious taste and a scientific formula that provides protection, expands into bubbling foam, and cleans completely, the greatest thing a dentifrice can do with fifty per cent. of milk of magnesia in a convenient form. no



"YOU'D NEVER THINK THIS STREET USED TO BE A COWPATH, WOULD YOU?"

"OH, I DON'T KNOW; LOOK AT ALL THE CALVES ON IT."

The Freedom of the Air

By Marc Connelly

(A Senate Committee is meeting. Some radio men have asked for a hearing. Senator CUPPLING, the Chairman, raps for order.)

CUPPLING: Gentlemen, let's get down to business.

T. WESTLAKE VISSEY (rising): Good. Gentlemen, I have come all the way to Washington to—

CUPPLING: Hey! (VISSEY looks at him and stops.) I'll let you know when it's time for you to testify.

VISSEY: My mistake. (Sits down.)



Editor of a Confession Magazine (arriving home at 3 A.M.): I CAN'T THINK OF A THING TO TELL MARY.

CUPPLING: Gentlemen, suppose we get down to business. For the benefit of the Senators who weren't at the last meeting, these radio men are here to tell us how they feel about wave lengths and things like that; and when the hearing is over, why, we can tell them what wave lengths they can have. (Senator KITCH rises.) Senator Kitch.

KITCH: I thought this was a meeting of the Inland Fishery Conservation Sub-Committee.

CUPPLING: No, sir. They are meeting in Room 17.

KITCH: Then I guess I have come into the wrong meeting. (He starts to leave.) No offense meant.

SENATOR CUPPLING: And none taken. Am I right, gentlemen?

SENATORS GRIZNER, HEBBEY AND HANNIBAL: Yes, sir.

KITCH (in doorway): I have forgotten me rubbers. (Mrs. DELLA FORTREE, of Minargo, Wyoming, who has dropped in while seeing the sights of the Capital, hands them to him.) You are very kind.

Mrs. FORTREE: Not at all.

KITCH (blushing): I will put them on out in the hall. Good day, gentlemen. (He exits.)

ALL: Good day. (They can hardly keep from laughing.)

CUPPLING: I guess the laugh is on Senator Kitch. (Every one has to laugh.) Oh, dear, dear. Well, gentlemen, suppose we get down to business.

VISSEY (rising): Now?

CUPPLING: No. (VISSEY sits down, hurt.) Each fellow must take his turn.

VISSEY (to himself): I run one of the biggest radio companies in the world.

CUPPLING: Now, the proposition, as I understand it, is that there are too many broadcasting stations broadcasting at the same time and it's hard sometimes to decide just who has the priority. Some say this company and some say that company, so that a person doesn't know what to think. I guess we are now ready to listen to what you radio gentlemen have to say. I believe this gentleman would like to say something. (Indicates VISSEY.) What is your name?

VISSEY: T. Westlake Vissey, President of the Vissey Radio Company and Allied Organizations.

CUPPLING: You are in the radio business, are you not?

VISSEY: Yes, sir.

SENATOR GRIZNER: Do you control Station WTWV?

VISSEY: Yes, sir.

GRIZNER: Then why is it the Four Crooning Collegians don't try to fill the requests people make?

VISSEY: They have only to name their pleasure as a rule and the boys oblige.

GRIZNER (opening brief-case): I happen to have with me a copy of a postcard I sent on September 18. I

(Continued on page 31)



The Day of Rest



"The Garden of Allah"

THERE is magic in "The Garden of Allah"—the magic that is achieved only through an appeal to the subtler, more sensitive senses. Just what those senses are, I am unable to say, but I know that "The Garden of Allah" had the same effect on me as would the "Chanson d'Inde," played on a clarinet, and wafted by an evening breeze across the sands of Sahara.

(NOTE: I have never heard the "Chanson d'Inde," or even "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet," wafted across the Sahara, or any other desert; but no one can dispute my right to my dreams.)

"The Garden of Allah" is an extraordinarily beautiful picture, and it is so for the sufficient reason that it was directed by Rex Ingram.

INGRAM is an artist—one of the few real artists that have managed to survive in the movies. He is also a superb technician. I doubt that there is any other director who knows as much about photography, lighting and composition.

He has the admirable ability to reproduce on the screen natural scenes and natural people, as opposed to studio settings and grease-painted actors. "The Garden of Allah" possesses the same quality of truthfulness that distinguishes such

pictures as "Nanook of the North," "Chang" and "Stark Love."

Only in the characters and situations that come straight from Robert Hichens' novel is artificiality apparent. The hero and heroine, played by Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovitch, seem out of key with the others; both become a trifle monotonous.

As for the rest, the performances are sensationally fine. Marcel Vibert, Gerald Fielding and Ben Sadour are the best, and there are many more, most of them natives, who are unmentioned in the program.

THEY tell me that Rex Ingram is now out of a job because he insists on going his own way unhampered, and refuses to take orders from Mr. Mayer, Mr. Thalberg and Mr. Rapf.

Well, if the motion picture industry loses Ingram, it will lose a man who has contributed more to its artistic advancement than all the Mayers, the Thalbergs and the Rapfs, with all their relations, put together.



Mr. Callahan: DID YOU PROTEST AGAINST SHOWING THE MOVIE THAT REPRESENTS THE IRISH AS DISORDERLY?
Mr. Murphy: DID WE? WE WRECKED THE PLACE!

Rolled Stockings. A romantic comedy of the campus, played by Louise Brooks and other nice young people.

Resurrection. Dolores Del Rio gives a magnificent performance in a moving transcription of Tolstoi.

Old San Francisco. An earthquake

"Hula"

APPROACHING the theatre where "Hula" was on view, I noted an electric sign which bore the legend: "Clara Bow—the 'It' Girl." This, in itself, was enough to sour whatever sweet thoughts I may have had for Miss Bow—and I regret to say that "Hula" did nothing to restore the precipitation of saccharine in my system.

There's one redeeming feature in "Hula"—and an unexpected one, at that. Miss Bow does not appear as a little pidgin-English Kanaka girl who later turns out to be white clean through; she is white to begin with—but objectionable, for all that.

There is a dam in "Hula," with the inevitable dull, sickening thud when it bursts. There is also an opportunity for Miss Bow to wear a shredded-wheat skirt.

MISS BOW undoubtedly possesses that certain something which makes for long lines at the box office, but kind friends should lead her aside and tell her that eyelashes made up to resemble pine needles are not calculated to bring out the animal nature in men. They are, if the truth must be known, rather disgusting.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent

Underworld. George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent as a Chicago gunman and his Moll in the best crook melodrama of all time.

Adam and Evil. A bum farce about a flighty husband, his jealous wife and his twin brother. The sub-titles constitute a veritable mausoleum of old jokes.

Service for Ladies. Here, on the other hand, is a really worthy farce—done with intelligence, wit and Adolphe Menjou.

The Blood Ship. Good old-fashioned socking on a merchant vessel. Hobart Bosworth is at the head of an unusually fine cast.

The Callahans and the Murphys. Terrible.

Ten Modern Commandments. Esther Ralston as a chorus girl with legs.

Developments

comes galloping to the rescue just in time to save Dolores Costello from a fate worse than death.

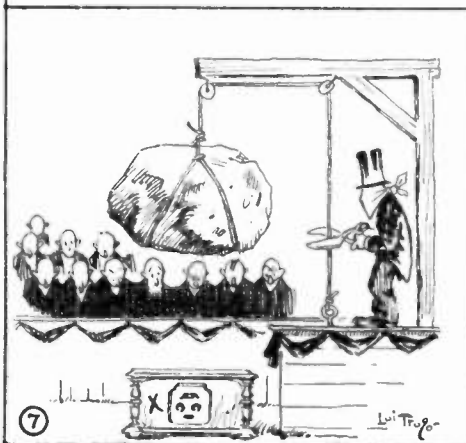
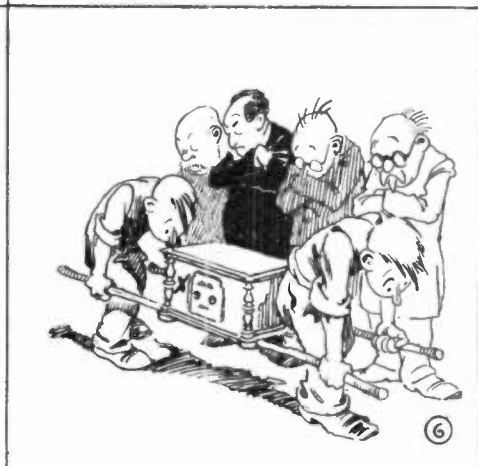
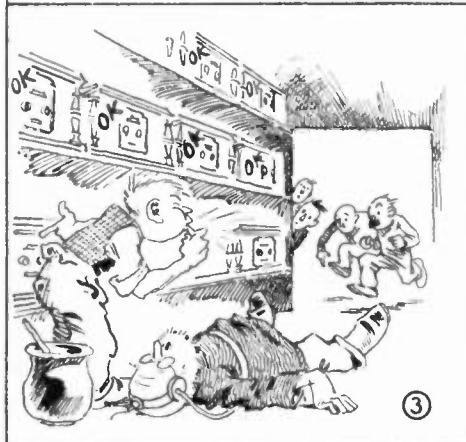
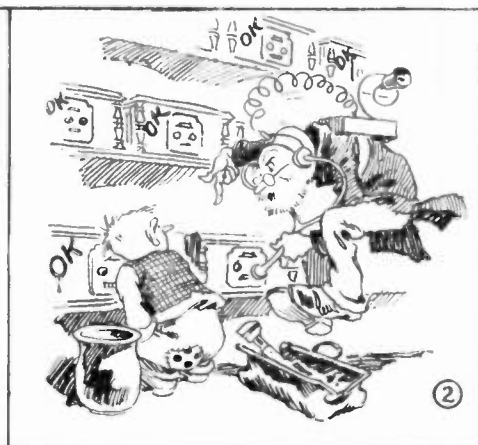
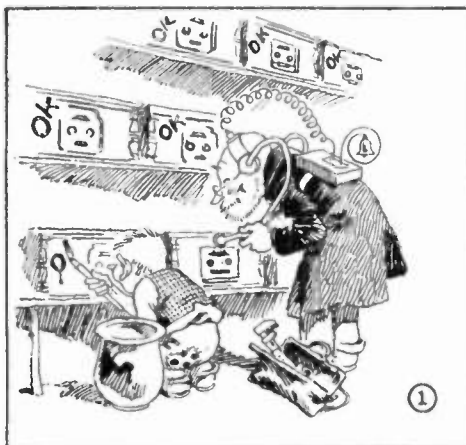
Fast and Furious. Another high-speed but low-powered farce, featuring Reginald Denny.

The Unknown. A picturesque melodrama, in which Lon Chaney does things with his toes.

Camille. Norma Talmadge as the sad young Parisienne who loved not wisely but too often.

The King of Kings. A gorgeous and almost always impressive repetition of the Gospels.

Wings, The Patent Leather Kid, Chang, Stark Love, The Way of All Flesh, What Price Glory, Old Ironsides and The Big Parade are recommended.



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Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"I BEG YOU, ADOLPH, KISS ME GENTLY, VERY GENTLY—I'M IN MOURNING."

—Le Rire (Paris).

Whither Thou Goest

THE bridal party was at the altar. The small flower girl was the adoring niece of the bride. All her life she had tagged Aunt Frances.

The minister, reading the service, asked: "Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?"

"I do," said the bride.

"I do, too, Aunt Francey," piped up the small flower girl, loyally.

—Chicago Tribune.

And There You Are

"WHAT," foolishly asks a magazine caption, "is sales resistance?" Offhand, we'd opine that it's what silk stockings don't have to contend with.

—Detroit Free Press.

Such a Load Off His Mind

PHYLLIS (after week-end party): Wasn't Peg a wonderful chaperon?

BILL: Oh-h-h! Was she our chaperon?

—Bulletin (Sydney).

"There were two sharp reports, and Radley lunched and staggered."—Short Story.

THOSE reports must have been caused by champagne corks.

—Humorist (London).

OUR simile for the day: "As safe as a syndicated editorial."

—Ohio State Journal.



IT WAS A PITY THE WINDOW-DRESSER—



HAD ONLY HALF-FINISHED HIS JOB WHEN AUNTIE PASSED.—London Opinion.

The Object of Solicitude

WHEN a hero arrives at a city

The welcoming throng does its best.

The reception committee

Is not due for pity:

The hero's the one who needs rest.

—Washington Star.

Nothing To-day

"No," said the lady of the house sharply, "I don't want a thing."

"Tell that to your old man," retorted the surly peddler; "it will make a bigger hit with him than it does with me."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT admits that he has never been able to finish a novel by Dickens. Yet he has managed to finish several by Arnold Bennett.—Punch.



"AT YOUR AGE ISN'T IT TIRING, O SIDI MARABOUT, TO CLIMB UP TO THE TOP OF THE MINARET, MORNING AND EVENING, TO SUMMON THE FAITHFUL TO PRAYER?"

"A LOT OF CLIMBING I DO! I'VE INSTALLED A LOUD-SPEAKER UP THERE."

—Le Monde Colonial (Paris).

His Hour of Rest

A WELL-MEANING pedestrian said to a man who was employed to advertise on the street: "Pardon me, but do you know that your sandwich boards are turned wrong side out?"

"Sure, I know it," was the snappy reply. "Yer don't suppose I'm goin' to work in me lunch hour, do yer?"

—Boston Transcript.

YOU can tour the world now on the easy-payment plan. Imagine falling down on the installments in Afghanistan.

—Detroit News.

"Did you enjoy your vacation?"

"Well, not slavishly."

—Louisville

Courier-Journal.



"DO YOU COMB YOURSELF WITH A RAZOR, UNCLE?"

—Kasper (Stockholm).

Probability

THE movie exhibitor had just insured his theatre against fire. As he signed his name he turned to the insurance agent and asked:

"What would I get if my theatre was to burn down to-morrow?"

"Oh, I should say about ten years," replied the insurance man, nonchalantly.

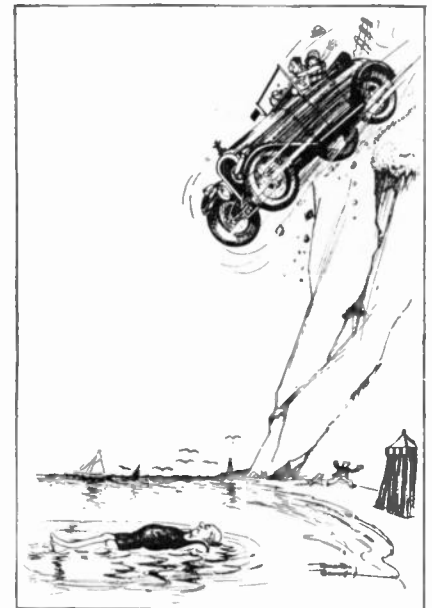
—Brevity.

That's So

"OLD men," reads a scolding editorial, "are too frisky these days. Too many of the doddering fools consider themselves romantic figures." Why not? After all, a man's only old once.

—Farm and Fireside.

COLORADO BUTLER (complaining to his Northern employer of overwork): My mistress down South always kept a general eternity man.—Golden Book.



"Security Is Mortal's Chiefest Enemy"

HOLIDAY-Making Pedestrian: ALL THIS MUST BE ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU CAN ESCAPE THE RISK OF BEING RUN DOWN BY THOSE INFERNAL MOTOR CARS.

—Sporting and Dramatic News (London).

News from the Outside World

A PENNSYLVANIA woman has been visiting in Kansas City this summer. Her husband is one of those Easterners who think Missouri would be a very fine place to live if it were not for the Indians and the coyotes, and in one of his letters to her a few weeks ago he said: "I suppose you have heard by this time of young Lindbergh, the aviator who flew to France. He has returned to the United States and is receiving quite a welcome."—*Kansas City Star*.

Outside!

"He sat for hours in the bar parlor, drinking nothing and speaking to no one. I have never seen a man so thoroughly ejected."—*Evening Paper*.

No wonder, if he never bought a drink.
—*Humorist (London)*.

Chapter I

TENTATIVE opening for novel on college life: "A small coupé drew up to the fraternity house and eleven passengers alighted."—*Detroit News*.

COMPENSATION — the roughest roads have the fewest billboards.

—*Louisville Times*.



"I LOVE YOU FOR YOURSELF ALONE; AS SOON AS WE ARE MARRIED, I WILL CLOSE THE DOOR TO YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

When Elmer Groaned

WHEN Robert Halliday returned to "The Desert Song" recently, his Negro dresser, Elmer, cornered him and asked if he hadn't forgotten something.

"I don't think so," replied Mr. Halliday.

"Why, yo' said yo' goin' ter bring me a bottle ob gin."

"I didn't forget it, Elmer. I sent it to you in care of the doorkeeper."

"Golly, Mistah Bob!" groaned Elmer. "Yo' might jest as well sent me a cabbage leaf in care of a rabbit."

—*New York Evening World*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. In stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co. Baltimore, Md.

Don't Wait!

TESTY GENIUS (sketching village scene): What do you want, little girl?

TENACIOUS SPECTATOR: Nothin'.

TESTY GENIUS: Then take it, child; take it and go!

—*Sketch Book and Printers' Pie*.

WHAT fools these mortals think other mortals be.—*Cornell Widow*.

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Next Week~

FRESHMAN NUMBER

A rare treat for all classes—from yearlings to oldest living graduates. . . . The cover is by JOHN HELD, JR. . . . There are other fine numbers of LIFE on the way—with covers by MCLELLAND BARCLAY, JOHN LA GATTA, PENRHYN STANLAWS, RUSSELL PATTERSON, GARRETT PRICE and JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG. . . . Any one who fails to Obey That Impulse, at any news-stand, is passing up the pleasantest form of entertainment now available. . . . We repeat—

read **Life** regularly—**EVERY** week!

KLENZO

Dental Cream and Antiseptic



A
THOROUGH
DENTAL
TREATMENT

Here is the happy combination for a healthy, wholesome mouth. Klenzo Dental Creme keeps teeth glistening clean. Klenzo Antiseptic mouth wash keeps breath fresh and sweet. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your

Rexall
Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also **Rexall** stores



Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(Please turn to page 22 for other information.)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-ONE.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it’s this way. . . .” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant’s name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-ONE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-ONE must reach LIFE’s office before noon on October 6, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of October 27, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE’s staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

Social Competition

Mistress (to applicant for position as maid): And why did you leave your last place?

APPLICANT: The mistress copied every new hat I bought.—*Smith’s Weekly*.

THE man arrested for tearing buttons off people’s clothes has been returned to his laundry.—*Atlanta Constitution*.



Introducing
The New
MARLBORO
“HUNDRED”

Send \$1.00 to address below for your first Library Package of 100 Marlboros and, if your order reaches us before Sept. 30th, 1927, we will also send you, free, the compact and efficient daintily colored enameled cigarette lighter shown above.

Two Prizes for the Price of One

MARLBOROS have become so popular in the home that thousands of men and women want them in large Library Packages. It’s the *one* cigarette *always* sure of pleasing *all* their friends.

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Mild as May

20 for 20¢

Always Fresh
Wrapped in Heavy Foil

Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. Ltd., Inc.
44 West 18th Street, Dept. R, New York

The Freedom of the Air

(Continued from page 25)

will read it to the witness and the Committee. (Reads.) "Dear WTWV Crooning Collegians: Will you please favor us during your next appearance during American Nut and Bolt Company Hour by singing 'Valencia' and 'Harrigan.' They happen to be favorites of mine and I would like to hear them sung. Respectfully, Senator Owen Grizner and family."

VISSEY: I know of no such request having been received.

GRIZNER: Oh, you don't! Well, it happens that it *was* received, because your announcer during American Nut and Bolt Company Hour the next Tuesday night said, "We've got a lot of requests to-night, folks. One is from Mrs. Whitney, of Chambersburg, who wants 'Black Bottom,' one is from Little Bessy Calthrop, eight years old, of One Hundred and Fourteen Dale Avenue, the Bronx, who wants 'In a Little Spanish Town,' and one is from Senator Owen Grizner, of Washington, D. C., who wants 'Valencia' and 'Harrigan.' The boys haven't got the music for those with them at this time, so they will sing them later. In the meantime they will sing for their next number, 'Hello, Bluebird.'"

VISSEY: I am sorry.

SENATOR HANNIBAL: I have to be at another meeting pretty soon and I wonder if I could ask Mr. Vissey some questions.

CUPPLING: Senator Hannibal.

HANNIBAL: It seems to me that Mr. Vissey might be able to tell me why it is that I sometimes start the radio and get two or three stations at the same time so that it's all kind of blurred and you can't tell what the dickens you're getting.

VISSEY: What kind of a set have you?

HANNIBAL: Our hired man made it. It's a kind of a special set. I keep moving the dials around and it doesn't do any good. If we made some of the other stations stop broadcasting and let you run just yours, would that be satisfactory?

VISSEY: Yes, sir. I can give you a list of the stations that ought to be allowed.

(Mrs. FORTREE has been laughing quietly but now becomes a little hysterical. She tries to stop laughing.)

MRS. FORTREE: I'm sorry I am laughing.

CUPPLING: May I ask what's the matter with the lady?

MRS. FORTREE: I can't get over Senator Kitch.

(The others all laugh, too. The meeting proceeds.)

CURTAIN.



THE ELECTRIC RADIO

Always Ready ~ Always Right

FRESHMAN EQUAPHASE

acids
trouble
batteries

NO

water
excuses
makeshifts

The New AC Tubes and scientifically developed circuit allow you to merely

plug in your light socket and listen

The cabinet, panelled entirely of genuine mahogany, contains a large cone speaker mounted on a Baffle Board, which is placed in a remarkably resonant tone chamber, rendering exceptionally fine tone quality and "true-to-life" reproduction.

Model G-7, One Hundred and Eighty-five Dollars—complete, ready to operate

A Freshman development—licensed under patents; RCA—General Electric Co.—Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. and American Tel. & Tel. Co.

CHAS. FRESHMAN CO. Inc., Freshman Bldg., New York



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AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

FOR HOMES BOTH OLD AND NEW

For burning any coal, coke, oil, gas or wood

WRITE US TODAY. We will promptly supply you with facts on radiator heating and refer you to a heating engineer who will advise and serve you.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

40 West Fortieth Street, New York City

Showrooms and salesrooms in principal cities of America, Canada and Europe

Makers of IDEAL Boilers, AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Tank Heaters, VENTO Ventilating Heaters, AIRID Air Valves, MERCOID Controls and devices for drying, humidifying, cooling and refrigeration.

"Jimmy glanced at the bill and shouted 'Water!'"—*Short Story*.

We know what it is to have a nasty shock like that.—*Humorist (London)*.

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ and 75¢ Pkg's. Sold Everywhere

Pleasant Trip. Except—

A BLOOMINGTON girl started out on a thousand-mile motor trip. So optimistic was she that she not only did not carry a spare tire, but did not have any repair tools either.

On her return she was asked how she had enjoyed it.

Her answer was: "I didn't have a bit of tire trouble. I told you I wouldn't. And I only ran out of gas three times and out of money twice and I only got held up once."—*Indianapolis News*.

Permitted and Forbidden

THIS seems a new contribution to an old form of international pleasantry:

In Germany everything is forbidden that is not permitted.

In England everything is permitted that is not forbidden.

In Austria everything is permitted that is forbidden.—*Outlook*.

World Radio History

Needless Commotion

THE master of the house was suffering from a nervous headache and was trying to sleep it off in the library. Maggie, the maid, descending the stairs with a vacuum cleaner and some crockery in her arms, tripped halfway down and fell the rest of the distance, arriving with a tremendous clatter.

"I suppose you've broken everything, including your head!" roared the householder in a rage.

"No, sir," replied the girl meekly. "Not a thing broken, sir."

"Then," bellowed the master, "what did you have to make all that infernal noise for?"—*American Legion Monthly*.

Spirit of the Time

"THE first time I went to Paris, I couldn't get any service in a restaurant."

"How did you get along the second time?"

"Fine. I disguised myself as an American aviator."—*Washington Star*.

His New Job

THE newest and most elaborate Pullman car is named "John Smith." We take this as final confirmation of what we long suspected—that the man who used to name Pullmans is now naming jazz bands.—*Akron Beacon Journal*.



Keep Thin To Keep Young

Fight excess fat, whatever else you do for youth, beauty and vitality. Fat is not popular today.

Some fight fat by strenuous exercise, some by starvation diet. But the fight is hard and never-ending.

Millions have learned to fight it with Marmola Prescription Tablets. They correct the cause. This is the easy, pleasant way.

Marmola has been used for 20 years. The use has grown, through proved results, until people are using a very large amount. You see the results wherever you look. You can learn them by inquiring of your friends. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

Some wonder if such results can be accomplished without harm. The evidence is everywhere. Countless people know that Marmola brings benefits other than reduction. It could not live and prosper for nearly two decades without that.

Learn what Marmola does. Watch the gradual but constant reduction. Watch the new vitality that comes. Then tell your friends. Tell them how easy it is to reduce in the right way. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 2)

Mrs. Robert Toland, Whitemarsh, Pa.	\$25.00
F. J. Cobbs, Portland, Ore.	50.00
Federation Settlement, New York.	25.00
Mrs. F. B. Parsons, Portland, Ore.	5.00
"In memory of C. H. McK., Alexandria, Va."	25.00
Mrs. Richardson Strathy, Kingston, R. I.	25.00
In memory of M. L. L., Quebec.	20.00
Mrs. Fred H. Bixby, Long Beach, Calif.	250.00
Mrs. F. H. Schaffler, New York.	5.00
Mrs. I. N. Collord, New Rochelle, N. Y.	5.00
Walter F. Kohler, Boston.	10.00
N. T. L., Philadelphia.	5.00
Mrs. H. S. Seeley, Waterbury, Conn.	10.00
Mrs. C. G. Knox, Morristown, N. J.	20.00
R. F. Guninson, Rye, N. Y.	20.00
Mrs. James B. Kerr, Portland, Ore.	10.00
Janet L. Buckley, Ocean City, N. J.	15.00
Thomas R. Gaines, Pasadena, Calif.	2.00
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Mrs. John Hinkel, Berkeley, Calif.	25.00
"B. M. S.," Omaha, Neb.	15.00
John B. Phillips, New York.	10.00
H. M. Bradley, Jr., Derby, Conn.	2.50
Estate of H. M. Bradley, Derby, Conn.	5.00
Eugene Carduner, Edgemere, N. Y.	1.00
H. M. Stern, Rochester, N. Y.	10.00
J. C. Ainsley, Campbell, Calif.	10.00
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Mrs. Lester Watson, Chestnut Hill, Mass.	5.00
Helen A. Hurlburt, Albuquerque, N. M.	2.00
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E. C. P., Lakewood, O.	10.00
Hazel T. Andrew, Little Valley, N. Y.	1.00
Anonymous, Greensboro, N. C.	3.00
L. G. Brickman, San Francisco.	1.00
H. J. B. Snell, Brooklyn.	5.00
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N. J. Howley, Rutland, Vt.	1.00
Miss F. M. Wheeler, MacMahan, Me.	5.00
James S. Watson, Indianapolis.	20.00
Mrs. Ross H. Skillern, Ardmore, Pa.	10.00
A Friend, Denver.	1.00
H. Bartow Farr, New York.	25.00
Henry L. Finch, New York.	20.00
Hamilton Abert, New York.	25.00
Helen B. Gilman, New Haven, Conn.	15.00
Dr. Esther Behout, Akron, O.	10.00
In memory of Caroline Kiser, New York.	5.00

(Continued on page 34)



By GUNARD-ANCHOR LINES' new oil burners. Rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees.

125 days, \$1250 to \$3000 Round the World

s. s. "Caledonia," sailing Jan. 16
8th cruise; 19 days Japan-China, option 17 days India; Palestine and Greece; also includes Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Manila, Java, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, the Riviera, Havre (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-overs.

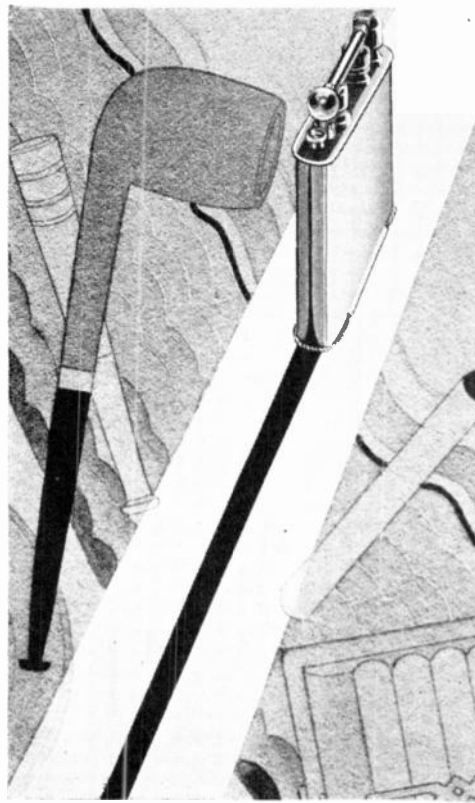
65 days, \$600 to \$1700 Mediterranean

s. s. "Transylvania," sailing Jan. 25
24th cruise; Spain, (Madrid-Cordova-Granada), 15 days Palestine and Egypt; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy, the Riviera, Havre (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-overs.

4th Norway Cruise June 30;
52 days, \$600 to \$1300.

Frank C. Clark
Times Building New York

NEW!



THINNESS IN A LIGHTER

Not that the standard Douglass was, or is bulky. Men like it, are buying it by the thousands.

But here's a new model, the silhouette Douglass, that's trimmed right down to thinness—379 thousandths of an inch, to be exact. Fits the pocket like a modern watch. (And slips into a vanity more neatly than a compact.)

It has the famous Doug-

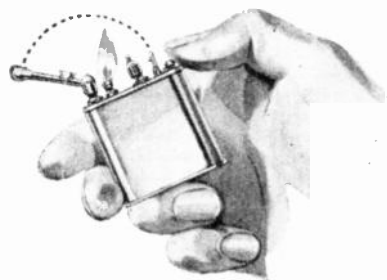


lass automatic action—lights at the mere press of a trigger. And lights with Douglass precision, for no working part has been reduced in size to make the Silhouette model thin.

You have often wanted a lighter, one that you could be proud of. See the Silhouette Douglass today at your tobacconist's or jeweler's—\$10 to \$1000—and the standard Douglass at \$5 and up.

The Douglass Lighter

Press the trigger—there's your light



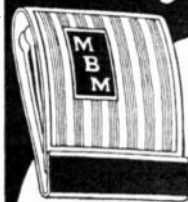
Ask to see the new wind shield attachment for Douglass Lighters; it's a wonder

Use Douglass Lighter
Fluid or aviation gasoline

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Earn Big Money

selling Diamond Monogram Book Matches. Latest craze. Everybody wants them. Easy to sell. Beautiful three letter monogram or any three initials. Four rich color combinations. Keep cash deposit as your commission. Samples free. Does not cost you a cent

to start this profitable business. All or spare time. No bulky samples to carry. No demonstrations. Simply show them. They sell themselves. Men and women... write at once for details and begin to earn the easiest money you ever made.

THE DIAMOND MATCH CO., Dept. 31, Springfield, Mass.

LAND FREE IF PLANTED TO BANANAS

Bananas bear a full crop the second year. \$5.00 monthly will plant five acres, which should pay \$1,500 profit annually. Reliable Companies will cultivate and market your bananas for 1/2. Bananas ripen every day and you get your check every 90 days. For particulars address Jantha Plantation Co., Empire Bldg., Block 965, Pittsburgh, Pa.



I Want to Try MOLLE

Name _____

Address _____

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa., U.S.A.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 33)

M. F. Millikan, New York.....	\$50.00
W. K. Nash, Minneapolis.....	10.00
Mildred McCready, Raton, N. M. Officers and Crew, U. S. S. Scorpion.....	2.50
Mrs. Herbert Church, Villa Nova, Pa.....	25.00
Dana McCoy, Carthage, Mo.....	20.00
Mrs. William Adam, Summit, N. J.....	6.00
Oscar Hinrichs, New Rochelle, N. Y.....	10.00
"17 Battery Place".....	100.00
Fred A. Miller, Bradford, Pa.....	20.00
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Ethel McCullough, Cincinnati.....	5.00
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Edward F. Cushman, Palmer, Mass.....	10.00
Mrs. H. H. Forbes, Worcester, Mass.....	25.00
Clare B. Peters, Brooklyn.....	5.00
Dr. Henry S. Goodall, Bennington, Vt.....	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Gallagher, Colo., Springs.....	5.00
Evelyn C. Stanton, Beverly Hills, Calif.....	10.00
Adelaide L. Close, Newark, N. J.....	5.00
E. S. C., Pensacola, Fla.....	20.00
Mrs. Edward G. Ashley, Rochester, N. Y.....	5.00
Jean H. Simpson, New York.....	100.00
Edward C. Gale, Troy, N. Y.....	10.00
Mrs. Jeannette S. Parmely, Erie, Pa.....	50.00
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In memory of Mary Moody.....	5.00
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World Radio History

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15-DAY VOYAGES

on largest, fastest ships in the service. Sightseeing at gay Havana and eight daylight hours through the Panama Canal. Check your auto, uncrated, as baggage.

REDUCED RATES NOW:

ONE WAY WATER	\$350 (up) Round Trip First Class including meals and berth on steamer. Tour begins at main line point nearest your home.	ONE WAY RAIL
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ONE WAY-WATER \$250 (up) First Class Lower rates in Second, Tourist, and Third Class.

Apply to our offices in principal cities or steamship or railroad agents.

No. 1 Broadway New York City

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

my great dismay, from wandering through the lovely gardens, but looking across them to the hills we did see figures moving atop B.'s Irish tower, and, training glasses on them, made out one to be Sam, with a high-ball in his hand, too, so I did pray that he would not lean too far over the battlements. Reading this night in "And Then Came Spring," a gay and naughty book which proves how misdirected are the activities of the censors, for Mr. Bertwistle does have a prodigious good time out of his side-stepping, and his wife and daughter profit enormously thereby, even to getting their long-desired shingle bobs.

August 29th To the village early on an errand, and stopping at Elsie's, I did find her trying on this and that costume for the polo matches according to weather calculations, and finally, a sufficient number being assembled, we fell to contract, a proceeding which, undertaken in the morning hours, does keep me in nervous expectation of handwriting on the wall at any moment, but I did gain six dollars, of which I was glad. After the last rubber, we did discuss somewhat of the game's psychology, and Mary did declare that never again would she play against a married pair; that she might not be so severe on two people living in sin, but that hereafter persons legally united were out as bridge opponents. To the Otesaga after luncheon to beseech the barber to trim my hair, and whilst he was engaged upon it I did overhear one of the manicures telling somebody's fortune with a pack of cards, and was at some pains to remain calm, for I did know well that if she would undertake to prophesy for a consideration, I could get up a queue extending to the lake inside of half an hour.

Baird Leonard.

HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS

JASON Weiler & Sons of Boston—America's Leading Diamond Importers—have just published the 22nd edition of an interesting book on Diamonds. This book tells "How to Buy Diamonds" and is considered an authority. It tells how to judge and select the precious gems—how they are mined, cut and marketed. It shows their weights, sizes, qualities and prices. Customers send thousands of miles to us from every country in the world for diamonds, because it pays to buy Diamonds direct by mail from Jason Weiler & Sons. It is the simplest, most satisfactory and most economical way for you to make a diamond purchase. Write for this Free Book!

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Diamond Importers since 1878
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1-4 carat	\$21.00
3-8 carat	50.00
1-2 carat	75.00
1 carat	145.00
2 carats	290.00
3 carats	425.00

Made for You, Sir

Do us the kindness to try it



GENTLEMEN:

One thousand men were consulted as to what they sought in a shaving cream. From them we learned four things in which they said others had failed.

With these as our goal our laboratories started in. Time after time they failed, only to try again. The 130th formula brought success. Brought, too, a fifth feature to assure still greater shaving joy.

Now we ask you to try this shaving cream we've made for you. In simple fairness let us send a 10-day tube to try. We believe we'll win you.

We know how

Our laboratories are competent, superlatively equipped. For 60 years they have studied soap chemistry. The leading toilet soap of the world—Palmolive—is one of our creations.

Before we would consent to put our name on a shaving cream we had to know that, in

this highly competitive field, our cream would be outstanding. And today millions are flocking to it, deserting preparations that never quite satisfied.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Don't buy—yet

Now we ask that for 10 days you shave our way. At our expense. If we have excelled, you will want to know. If we have not, you will know that, too. You can't fool men about shaving.

Do us the courtesy of a 10-day test. Cut out the coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE-PET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.



To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1383, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

The Montmartre of Hollywood

(Continued from page 10)

reserved for the producers. Eddie's got it fixed so they can talk an' their hands won't annoy adjoinin' guests. The other day, a waiter showed me a table cloth where three of these birds had lunched. I don't like to mention names, but a lot of people in the picture industry might recognize 'em if I called 'em Izzy, Waz-he and Haz-he. The table cloth was covered with lead-pencil figures in sums so big that they reached from the soup plates over to the pepper and salt cellars. Durin' lunch, these figurin' gen's had built four table-cloth studios and made six table-cloth pictures that made "The King of Kings" and "Seventh Heaven" look like two-reelers an' had the cost estimated down to a dime—a thin dime at that. Eddie Brandstatter tells me that next week he's a-goin' to put a couple of addin' machines alongside the producers' table with a girl to operate 'em, thereby a-savin' himself extra laundry bills.

"Give me half a portion of Clara Bow, a coupl'a slices of Margaret Livingston, with a dish of Claire Windsor on the side and a plate of Mary Pickford cooked rare," was the order I heard one of the Montmartre regular boarders give in the other day.

"My God," said an old lady at the next table, a-jumpin' from her chair, "the place is full of cannibals—let's get out of here—nobody's safe." The purse she left behind showed the old gal and her sister had a postoffice address somewhere along R. F. D. Route No. 4, Ft. Scott, Kansas. If she hadn't been in such a hurry, I'd have explained that a lot of the picture girls, havin' an eye on publicity, have induced Eddie Brandstatter and Paul, the obsequious maitre d'hôtel—the last three words borrowed from Odd McIntyre—to name various salads and other dishes after 'em and they're so printed on the menus. All the cannibal-talkin' boarder wanted was some Romaine salad, some hot spiced mutton, extra creamed mashed potatoes an' cold roast beef with an oil dressin'. Nothin' could be fairer or more simple.

A LOT of women give lunches in the Montmartre. Sometimes you'll see two an' three parties on the same day. That's so each hostess can swap guests, thereby gettin' all the latest gossip and missin' nothin'. Recently I noticed that on these lunch party days there's always a

couple of extra trombones and an added saxophone or two in the orchestra. Alphonse Kelly slipped me the information that a couple of well-to-do Los Angeles women pay special for 'em and get a table near the lunch party. Because of the augmented orchestra, the luncheon guests have to holler to be heard an' the two smart, trombone-hirin' gals hear the best an' latest of the Hollywood dirt dished at a fair price. Comin' out of the Montmartre the other night I stumbled against a long pile of dirt. I thought it was just the sweepin's from Eddie's place an' then I found it was a new gas-pipe trench the city is a-puttin' in.

If Eddie Brandstatter could get a few of the dirt-spreaders and grave-diggers I hear a-oratin' around his place to go East an' work, Congressman Hull could get his canal from the Great Lakes to the Gulf dug an' finished by fall, an' at a cost of not more'n fifteen cents a yard.

The greatest dietitian in all Hollywood is this same Eddie Brandstatter. He has made a study of fleshmakin' and fleshakin' foods. If the motion picture girls who are a-payin' a lot of money to these reducin' sharks would consult Eddie,

he'd save 'em a lot of money. Eddie has a flock of calories and vitamins up in the Montmartre so well trained that he calls 'em by their first names and they do whatever he tells 'em. Eddie can prepare a salad that'll take two pounds off on a Tuesday and make another that'll put three pounds on by 4 P.M. on a Wednesday. He can look at a lot of his young women customers an' tell to an ounce what they'll weigh a week from Sunday. I've noticed that these reducin' girls stick to the cracker-and-milk and pineapple system until you invite one of 'em to eat with you and then she starts where it says "Menu" an' stops where it says "Tea, coffee an' milk."

A LOT of picture folks lunch at Eddie's incostume. That is, they rush from the studio to the Montmartre without removin' their make-up or changin' clothes. The first day my wife was away an' I nosed in the place, I saw a well-known young screen chief come in with a trim-lookin' parlor maid. I thought meb-be he was a-good-timin' the girl on her day off, to show his appreciation of the fine work she was a-doin' in his household an' that, also, it might be that his wife had started for Paris. I was about to run over to my house in Beverly Hills an' get our upstairs maid, who is a pretty nifty-looker herself, an' show my appreciation, but just then the maid in the Montmartre nodded at me, and I saw it was one of my former leadin' ladies.

There's a dancing floor out in the center of the Montmartre. It has a draped canopy of gold cloth, carryin' out the idea, I suppose, of a desert sheik's tent. It's funny to watch the boys and girls when they get under it. The young feller unconsciously gets the notion that he's a real Sahara Arab an' the girl closes her eyes and imagines she is one of the aforesaid sheik's eighteen wives. They all tell me it's a great sensation; anyway, the idea is great.

I like the Montmartre. I like Eddie; I like Paul, Alphonse Kelly and the food. And, as I said, there's more comin's and goin's, doin's and not doin's around the Montmartre than any other place in Hollywood.

I can think of only one way to improve the place an' give it more of a romantic flavor—hire Aimée Semple McPherson as hostess.

S'long—until I nose around some more.

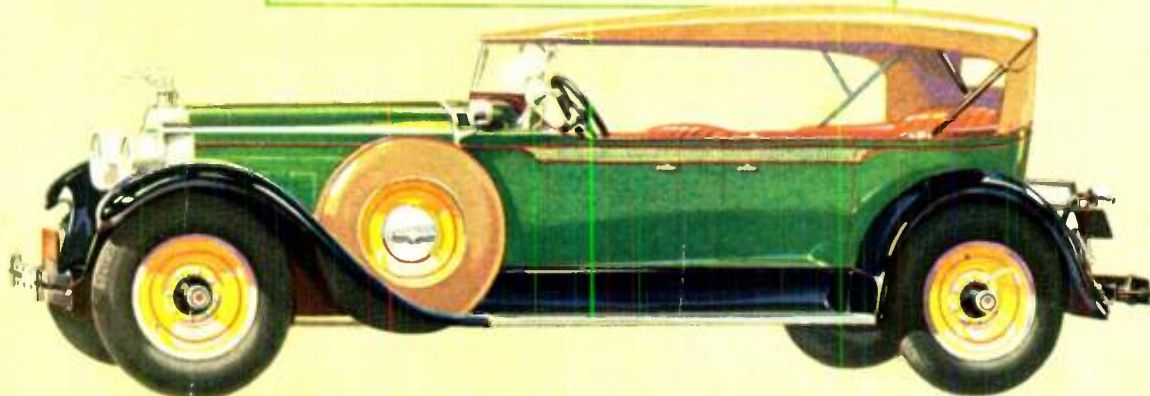
Tom Mix

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