

Caruso, the Husband Perfect! Other Men Kick on Wife's Losses—He Says "Don't Worry, I'll Buy More"

ROMANCE 100 PER CENT. SUCCESS

Perhaps Papa-in-Law Benjamin Will Now Forgive the Singer, as the Rest of the Family Have Done.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) YOU know that perennially popular, silly season query, "What is a perfect husband?" Nobody ever need ask it again. The answer has been found. The answer is "Enrico Caruso."



Merely the occasion for a fond, reassuring, magnificent cabaretman from the Perfect Husband in Havana—a cabaretman which should be printed in letters of gold and framed and sold as a household motto, to hang beside "God Bless Our Home," and to serve as an inspiration and a model to husbands of a lesser mould—THIS cabaretman, addressed to Mrs. Caruso: "NOT AT ALL WORRIED. DON'T WORRY. WILL REPLACE ALL DON'T THINK ABOUT IT AGAIN, ENRICO." The American husband—any American husband—long has been hailed as "the best husband in the world."

The Jarr Family

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) GREAT idea, what? cried Jenkins, the bookkeeper, as he and Mr. Jarr were leaving the office at the end of the day's toil. "The great idea, what?" Jenkins was alluding to was that Mr. Jenkins had received word by telephone from his home in East Malaria to bring Mr. Jarr out with him on the 5.41. As Mrs. Jenkins, in town shopping, had taken Mrs. Jarr home to her own flower and vegetable garden. Mr. Jarr scowled, as though the idea was about as jolly as paunching was a drizzly day. "We can play bid whist in the morning," continued Jenkins. "By George! You fellows living in the city don't know what comfort is. I ride home with a lullaby lot of good fellows; everybody has a seat and we can read our papers or have a game of cards. As I was saying, Jenkins resumed, "it doesn't take any longer to get to East Malaria than it does to get uptown in the crowded cars or buses."

Can You Beat It! By Maurice Ketten

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "YOU POOR DEAR! DOING YOUR OWN WORK?", "IT'S MY COOK'S DAY OFF. MRS BLUFFER", "O! YOU HAVE A COOK? WHAT'S HER NAME? IS SHE GOOD?", "YES, GLADYS IS A VERY GOOD COOK", "HERE IS A LETTER FOR GLADYS, CARE OF MRS JOHN", "GLADYS?", "IT'S A LETTER FROM MRS BLUFFER ASKING OUR COOK GLADYS TO LEAVE US AND GO TO WORK FOR HER", "OUR COOK!", "HAVE WE A COOK?", "THAT'S WHERE THE JOKE COMES IN SHE IS OFFERING HER TEN DOLLARS MORE THAN WE PAY HER. WHATEVER THAT IS", "I BLUFFED HER GOOD YESTERDAY. I MADE HER THINK WE HAD A COOK"

THE POOR ALWAYS HELD THE POOR

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) WHILE stopping over night at a small village in this State I was having my breakfast and was being waited upon by a middle-aged woman. Her pale, thin face spoke volumes of the misery she had suffered, but her smile was so sweet that it conveyed a message of her great goodness. I asked if she was the proprietress. "Oh, no," she said, "I am only the workwoman." And it did not seem lowly to her in the least, as indeed it was not. She was giving service for which she was being paid. Later I happened to go into the kitchen of this little hostelry. There I found a very old woman, a cook and a young girl. These three servants do all the work in this hotel, which caters to many a passerby. The old woman takes all the bread...

Courtship and Marriage

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) DEAR MISS VINCENT—I am eighteen years old, not good looking, a neat dresser and educated beyond the average. I am very unhappy due to the fact that I can't get along with the girls. I am self-conscious and always imagine I am the cynosure of all eyes. I have resolved again and again to overcome this habit but it seems useless. If I chance to be conversing with a girl and another fellow, handsomer than myself, comes along, I immediately begin to feel out of place. Is there any remedy? "A LONELY FELLOW." Certainly, within yourself! You have an idea that you are not good looking and are self-conscious. Stop thinking that, try being a little more confident of your powers and you will find that you will get along as the rest of the men you see. I don't think the average girl cares for a handsome man or a "pretty fellow," so cheer up. But she does admire the man who has character, who knows what he is talking about and has a sparkle of humor. Cultivate these qualities. "Dear Miss Vincent: I am in love with a young man a few years older than myself and although he has proposed and I have accepted, still at times I doubt his love. At present he is on the road travelling and some days he sends me cards and on other letters and signs himself as either 'with love' or 'as ever.' Now, Miss Vincent, don't you think that is a rather cold way to sign himself considering we are engaged? I have a friend who is also engaged to a travelling salesman, but when I read the letters she receives my heart aches. I would give anything in the world to receive such beautiful love letters. Please tell me if you think my lover is too cold?" "FLORENCE K." I think your fiancee loves you very much or else he would not send you so many cards and letters. If I were you I should not worry over the fact...

THE NEW PLAYS

"Susan Lenox" A Bit Old-Fashioned By CHARLES DARTON

PEOPLE who at one time were wildly excited over David Graham Phillips' novel, "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise," sat quite calmly through George V. Hobart's dramatization of the story last night at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre and came away with a very poor opinion of Susan's relatives. For one, there was Uncle George. It was little less than incredible in this day and age that he should threaten to send Susan to the House of Correction if she didn't marry drunken Zeb Ferguson just because she had made a mistake with the faithless Sam Wright. Surely, it was bad enough of Uncle George to say to her after Sam had been caught 'hauling' around the premises, "Will you tell me the truth, or are you as bad as your mother?" All this made the play seem a bit old-fashioned, and to add to the impression there were four acts and nine scenes, just as though we were getting Shakespeare instead of Hobart. At the same time the impromptu wedding offered a good acting scene to Alma Tell, as the reluctant bride, and to Robert T. Haines, who at first drank from the hip and then brought out the little brown jug. There was no occasion for Susan to jump through the window even if Zeb's dog hadn't been on watch. All she had to do was to give Zeb a lick until he was down and out on the bed and then unlock the door. Once aboard the "show boat" on the Ohio River she was enabled to get away a second time with a price on her head by the kindly old manager who turned a real situation into a rehearsal and had two of the strongest members of his company, bind and gag the bad actor who was after the reward. The audience enjoyed this bit of melodrama immensely. Luck came Susan's way again when she sat in the park in Cincinnati and saved Hederick Spencer from being blackballed by a thug. For Hederick's father owned a big department store and he gave Susan a job there as a model. With this happy turn of affairs there was a fashion show worthy of musical comedy in which Susan walked off with the honors. But she had no sooner got into her street clothes than Sam Wright confronted her and said such unpleasant things to her that she took a neat little pistol out of her muff and pointing it at him said: "The time has come for you to make your peace with God." Spencer returned just in time to avert a tragedy, and was so considerate that he didn't even ask Susan why she carried a gun to work. This may be a habit with Cincinnati shopgirls. Anyway, Spencer married Susan and we saw her gorgeously dressed and happy in his expensive drawing-room, where her troublesome relatives, who wanted to have her discharged from the store, felt terribly put out. Miss Tell was a very pretty Susan and managed her role with considerable skill in spite of occasional melodramatic speeches that sounded absurd. Mr. Haines, Anne Sutherland, Philip Lord and Beatrice Noyes were other aids to the performance. As for the play, "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox" ought to make a good movie.

"Nightshade" Lacks Reality.

AS the home of unhappy families the Garrick Theatre is breaking its record these afternoons with "Nightshade," in which the middle-aged wife of a mountaineer, whose son has married a stray girl, wants to know whether she is to become a grandmother or a stepmother. With the question still before the house she sends her daughter-in-law to pick cranberries in a gravel pit that is caving in, and after the girl has been half buried there for three days she is brought back raving mad. The mountaineer then turns his wife out of doors, and the son shoots at his father, but kills the girl. This play is produced by Henry Stillman, and he is said to be its author. The plot has dramatic quality, as you imagine, but the story is badly told. All the characters talk about life until the wonder is they still live. Instead of committing suicide, and the language they use has so little in common with their surroundings that the play lacks reality. Worse still, two of these simple mountain folk have decided English accents. Content Paleologue, as the wife and mother, makes the nearest approach to a real characterization.

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