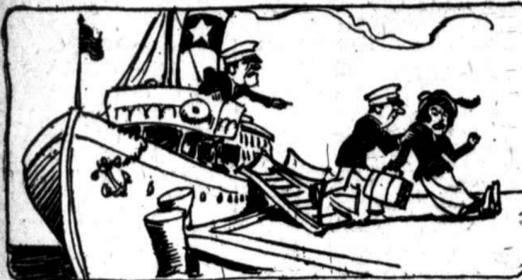


# THE FAMILY ALBUM

# By "BUGS" BAER

It's hot, 'tisn't it?  
Oh, yes, you can take off your coat for supper. Pop objected to that. He was very fastidious and always dined with two napkins over his overalls.

This picture here represents our family on a neighbor's picnic.



The Authorities Stopped Her.

That distinguished looking lady picking her teeth with her thumb is Aunt Etta.

She loved to have her pictures taken and would run miles to get into a group picture of anything. Whenever there was a flashlight taken of an unhappy wedding party, Aunt Etta would dash in between the bride and groom like bad

news. If she heard the ambulance gong playing she would rush to the accident and pose gracefully among the injured and wounded although she preferred accidents without survivors. She was the first woman to reach the scene of the Johnstown flood in a bathing suit.

It almost broke her heart when she read of the San Francisco fire three thousand miles away. But she organized an excursion party for non-resident members and that's her picture there with a handful of ruins that she brought home to use for pepper and salt. Catastrophes were appetizers to her.

When Auntie heard about twenty million Chinese starving without assistance, she tried to leave for China on the next raft. The authorities stopped her but she went on an enforced diet and had her picture taken with very good results.

She was an awful sympathetic woman and easily influenced by gypsy warnings. These two pictures are very interesting. One shows her surrounded by auntless orphans and the other by students in the Old Folks' Home. Any time there were pictures being taken of prize winning infants, you would be sure to see Auntie come dashing up in a baby carriage for some group picture of her profile.

She had one very economical fault. She never would buy any pictures.

This picture shows her in a fireman's hat and this one was taken in the visitors' gallery in the Senate, although Auntie tried hard to be included in the official records as the first lady member of a minority report.

You notice that all of the pictures are turning black. That is because they were never toned.

They are all photographer's samples. Auntie would order one dozen full-length pictures of her nose and chin. The photographer would tell her to look at the birdie.

Auntie would collect her expression and the photographer would tell her the birdie wasn't an ostrich. He would say look like you thought it was a robin or some beautiful bird.

The operation was never successful because all her untuned pictures look like she thought the bird was a cuckoo.

Then she would go home and deliberate over the proofs and that was all the photographer ever heard of her. He was out all his time, his labor and his flirtation.

By this method she got plenty of untuned pictures. When they got faded and black she would put her back combings up in curl papers and go out to fool another photographer.

I guess it wasn't very honest of Auntie to fool them out of their untuned proofs, but they had the satisfaction of knowing they would soon turn black like an African king. Still, lots of folks go through life that way living on untuned pictures.

No matter where you go you see the same people like Aunt Etta standing in the front row of group pictures while the important people are six rows back, and when the photographer tries to sell copies at one dollar apiece he goes into untuned bankruptcy because the people in front rows

never buy pictures and the folks in the back rows don't want to frame pictures of uttering strangers.

Did you ever see those flashlight men rushing back to the banquet with their sample pictures? They show them to



He Would Tell Her To Look At The Birdies.

invited distant relatives who look at the picture in surprise like they thought the dinner was last year some time. They never buy any but you always notice them before the flashlight standing on the tables. When the time comes to buy the picture you find them under the tables. Yet when the man on the stepladder tells 'em to hold steady and pulls the string that makes the explosion, they stretch out their necks like stove pipes in January.

Well, goodbye. And don't forget to write.

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## THE BATTLE OF SASSAFRAS CREEK

FROM what I hear my Grandpap Mugg say, and I guess I hear him say it a million times, more or less, our Western pioneers are in a very tough spot when they first light out around our country.

Of course they are now all old pappy guys such as are still alive, and nobody gives them much of a tumble when they start talking, but my Grandpap Mugg says things are certainly tough about fifty years back, what with Injuns and one thing and another.

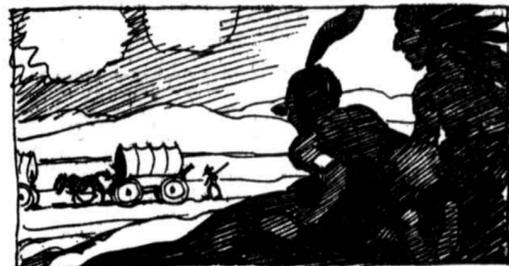
When it is not Injuns it is the heat, and when it is not the heat it is the cold, or maybe nothing much to eat. If it is not one thing it is another, and my Grandpap Mugg says it is a sin and a shame how little respect the young squirts show the old boys after all they go through.

You take the battle of SassafRAS Creek, my Grandpap Mugg says. That is a very terrible thing, he says, and, he says, if it is not for his wonderful strategy the chances are none of us will be here today.

This SassafRAS Creek is a little Humpty Dumpty stream three or four miles from my home town, and why it is called a creek nobody knows, because there is never any water in it except when it rains, which is seldom.

Well, it seems that many years ago my Grandpap Mugg and a bunch of other guys and their wives and kids are camped along this creek. They are traveling in these prairie schooners, which are big covered wagons with women and tow-headed children sticking out the back ends, and the dogs running along underneath.

These people are all in the pioneer business and are look-



Along Comes A Gang Of Kiowa Indians.

ing for some place to settle down. Most of them come from Missouri, which is a very popular place to come from in those days, and they stop off at SassafRAS Creek for the night.

Well, sir what happens, but along comes a gang of Kiowa Injuns, and they start to get very mussy with these pioneers. My Grandpap Mugg always says a Kiowa Injun is about the noaccountest guy in the world, but then my Grandpap Mugg is against all Injuns on general principles, so maybe he is prejudiced.

Anyway there are about a dozen Kiowas in this gang, and



By Daylight Grandpap Is Six Miles Ahead.

they start to sling arrows and tomahawks and one thing and another at the pioneers, besides yelling and carrying on something scandalous and waking up all the children.

Well, my Grandpap Mugg is asleep by a camp fire when this business starts, and the first thing he knows a big old arrow plucks him right where he lives, and sticks in an inch to an inch and a half.

Naturally my Grandpap Mugg wakes up right away and takes one look around, and he decides there is only one thing for him to do to save the situation, and he does it. My Grandpap Mugg hauls off and starts running to beat the

## BY DAMON RUNYON

cars, figuring to draw the Injuns away from that place. Well, when the Kiowas see him going they take after him, because naturally they figure that my Grandpap Mugg is a sure thing for them, while if they monkey around those pioneers too much they are liable to get in trouble, because it seems these pioneers are very touchy about being woke up by Injuns in the middle of the night.

Well, my Grandpap Mugg is young and spry in those days, and he goes lickety-split across the prairie, with the Injuns following and hollering yip-yip at him. It is a moonlight night, so they can see my Grandpap Mugg, but not much of him at that, because he is throwing plenty heel dust behind him.

By the time daylight comes on my Grandpap Mugg is six miles ahead of the Injuns and still stepping. Before 8 a. m. the Kiowas are all run bow-legged, and they have to pull up, because an Injun cannot run much anyway.

It is three days before the rest of the pioneers catch up with my Grandpap Mugg, and then only because he has to take on gas. Naturally they are very grateful to him for his strategy in drawing the Injuns off.

That is, most of them are, but it seems that some of them are jealous guys, and for twenty years or more they go whispering around that there is a little ki-yi in my Grandpap Mugg, which is a way of saying a little hound, and that he runs because he is scared.

But, of course, my Grandpap Mugg is too big a man to pay any attention to such talk.

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## THE COMING OF BONDED HUSBANDS

PLATFORMS that women candidates for office are building for themselves often assume fantastic shapes.

Having no inhibitions remaining from past political experience they come out boldly and naively asking for things that mere men would not have the capacity to imagine, much less to demand.

Dr. Anna W. Hochfelder, attorney, is seeking the Democratic nomination for Senator in New York State legislature, and she is not afraid to have a definite platform. She is not satisfied with the way husbands behave. So she would have a law providing that

when any man applies for a marriage license he shall file a good and sufficient bond insuring his wife support. When a man promises to protect his wife in the marriage ceremony "through sickness and in health, for better or for worse" Dr. Hochfelder wants those words to mean something more than mere sonorous exercises for the officiating clergyman or magistrate.

In a word, she intends to make the indorsement part of the marriage ceremony amount to something. It will be pretty tough on young romance to have to state in terms of cold dollars and cents before marriage just what provision will be made for the wife's

support in case the husband should tire of her and decide to run off with some other woman.

In addition to the bond she would require the masculine applicant for a license to furnish satisfactory evidence of the possession of health, educational attainments and domestic aptitudes. If this aspirant has her way a bride is to take minimum chances—is no longer to buy a ticket in the lottery.

Somebody is always trying to take all the fun out of life. What bride really wants a perfectly safe and sane husband? All the thrill of taking a leap in the dark would be eliminated from life by Dr. Hochfelder.

And then there is the bargain in-



Breakfast In Bed.

stinct that would be thwarted in women. All women get married with the sense that perhaps their newly-made husbands will turn out

to be something wonderful, after all. But if all of his good qualities are carefully tabulated before marriage there will be no "surprise" left in the grab bag.

And just what does Dr. Hochfelder mean by "domestic aptitudes?" Does that mean that he must be a wizard at putting the baby to sleep, that he shall hop happily out of bed when the czar of household wakes up in the middle of night and demands his royal bottle?

Does it mean that he shall adore spending his Saturday afternoons off cutting the grass, that he will dote on helping his wife with the dinner dishes? Perhaps Dr. Hochfelder believes that every wife

should have her breakfast coffee in bed, made and served by her dear devoted. There is no telling what lengths the law will go that Dr. Hochfelder would enact should she succeed in putting over her candidacy.

In divers masculine circles there is a tendency to think that the matrimonial burden is already sufficiently loaded as far as the men are concerned. If the burden is increased, or he is compelled to insure against joining a lodge or displaying other masculine weaknesses, will bachelorhood become more common?

The marriage ceremony is already sufficiently terrifying for the average prospective bride-

groom, and there are those who have been known to balk and leave their prospective brides waiting at the church through sheer inability to face the music, to make their cold feet keep time with the wedding march down to the altar.

If there is a formidable document to sign in addition to all of these nightmarish performances, will the young men of the future be even tempted to contemplate the thought of marriage?

But Dr. Hochfelder insists that all husbands not only become Volstead but bonded husbands as well, and with the persistency of women she will eventually get what she has set out after.

## By CAROLYN VANCE

## THE NEW FABLE OF THE SPEEDY SPRITE

ONE Monday Morning a well-conditioned Elf in of the Young Unmarried Set, yelet Loretta, emerged into the Sunlight and hit the Concrete Path with a ringing heel.

This uncrowned Empress was a She-Progressive assessing 88 per cent pure ginger.

In the crisp introductory hours of the Wash-Day already woven into the Plot, Loretta went to the office of the Kennel Club and entered the Chow Ki-Yi for the next Bench Show. Then she cashed a check, ordered a pound of Salted Nuts (to be delivered by Special Wagon at once), enveloped a slab of Iceland Pastry, and soon, greatly refreshed, swept down on a Department Store.

A Soisette Massacre was in full swing on the 3d floor, just between the Porch Furniture and Special Clothing for Aviators. Loretta took a run and jump into the heaving mass of the gentler Division. She came out at 11:53 with her Sky Piece badly listed to Port and her toes flattened out, but she was 17 cents to the Good. Three hearts Cheers!

In company with four other Seraphines, plucked from the Society Col, she toyed with a Fruit Salad and Cocoa at a Tea Room instituted by a Lady in Reduced Circumstances for the accommodation of those who are never overtaken by Hunger.

After that she had nothing to do except fly home and complete a Paper on the Social Unrest in Spain, after which she backed into the Spangles, because Father was bringing an old Shipmate to dinner.

In the evening she took Mother to a Picture Show. They come

home google eyed and had to feel their way into the Domicile.

At 9:30 Tuesday the Committee to arrange for the Summer Camp of the In-Wrong Married Women whirled through the untidy Suburbs in a next year's Motor Car, and Loretta was nowhere except right up on the front Seat picking out the Road.

After letting contracts for Milk and Vegetables, she and the other specimens of our Best People zippered over to the Country Club, and played an 18-hole Foursome which was more or less of a Growlome.

Then a little Tea on the Terrace with Herbert lolling by in his Flannels, just as you read about it in Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

That evening she had four throbbing Cuthberts curled up among her Sofa Pillows.

She had to bat up short, easy ones for this Bunch, as they came from the Wholesale District.

When they began to distribute business Bromides, the artful Mix set clear out on the edge of the Chair and let on to be simply pop-eyed with Interest.

Shortly after 12 she turned the last night-blooming Cyrril out into the Darkness and did a graceful Pirouette to the Husks.

On Wednesday morning, between the Ham and Eggs, she glanced at her double entry Date Book and began to gyrate.

The Response in behalf of the Alumnae of Yamma Gamma was a neat Affair.

After swiping the Table Decorations, she and two Companions hurried to a Mat. The Plot consisted of two victims of Neurasthenia discussing Impaired Circulation.

That evening she helped administer the Anesthetic to a Seminary Snipe who was getting into the Life Boat with a hardwood Bachelor grabbed off at the 11th Hour. Loretta wept softly while straightening out the Veil, in accordance with Tradition. Later on she did a Leap and landed the Bride's bouquet. At 11:30 she had the Best Man backed into a Corner, slipped him the Old One about his Hair matching his Eyes.

It is now Thursday morning and who is this in the Gym whanging the Medicine Ball at the Lady Instructor with the Face?

It is Loretta.

Behold her at 10:30, after an icy Splash and a keen rub with a raspy Towel.

She has climbed back into the dark-cloth Effect and is headed for the Studio of Madame to grapple with the French Lesson.

After that she will do nothing except try on White Shoes and fondle some Hats that are being sacrificed at \$80 per throw.

There was nothing on the Cards that night except a Subscription Dance, which got under way at 10 P. M. and never subsided until the cold Daylight began to spill in at the Windows.



Thursday Morning.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, don't imagine that she failed to come up for Air on Friday Mornings.

Life is real! Life is Earnest, and Happening into Automobile Row, she had a Gown to be re-surveyed around the Horse Shoe Curve, just as soon as she could leave the Gloves to be cleaned.

she permitted a blond salesman with a Norfolk Jacket to demonstrate the new type of Runabout. One of the most expensive pursuits of the well-dressed Minority is to glide over the Asphalt in a Demonstration car and pretend to be undecided.

She permitted the man to set her down at a Book Shop, where she furtively skinned eight Magazines while waiting for a Chum to pop through the Whirligig Door.

Was it seven or eight Party Calls that she checked from her social Ledger before 4 o'clock? Answer: eight.

Then a swinging Gallop for home. Whilst she had been socializing around, Rupert Hughes had taken a lead of two Novels on her.

Retiring to a quiet Alcove with four Volumes that were being dissected at the drawing-room Clinics, she took a hack at the first and last Chapter of each. Just enough to protect her against a Fumble if she found herself next to a Book Sharp.

That evening a famous Hungarian Fiddler, accompanied by a warbling Guinea Hen and backed up by Sixty Symphonic Helmsys wearing Spectacles, was giving a Recital for the True Lovers in a Mammoth Cave devoted to Art.

Loretta had a sneaking preference for the Fanny Brice School of expression, but she had to go through with the Saint-Saens Stuff now and then to maintain a Club Standing.

On Saturday Morning, after she had penned 14 Epistles, using the tall cuneiform Hieroglyphics, she didn't have a blessed thing to do before her 1 o'clock Engagement except drop in at a Flower Show

and a Cat Show and have her Palm read by a perfectly fascinating Serpent with a Goatee who had been telling all the Galls the most wonderful things about themselves.

A merry little Group went slumming Saturday afternoon. They attended a Ball game. Loretta had her Chin over the Railing and evinced a keen Interest, her only Difficulty being that she never knew which Side was at bat.

At dusk she began hanging on the Family Jewels. It was a formal Dinner Party with a list made up by Dun and Bradstreet. Loretta found herself between an extinct Volcano of the Political World and a sappy Fledgling whose Grandfather laid the cornerstone of Brooklyn.

Loretta was marooned so far from the Live Ones that she couldn't wigwag for Help.

She threw about three throes of Anguish before they escaped to the private Gambling Hall.

Here she tucked back her Valenciennes and proceeded to cap a little Pin-Money at the soul-destroying game known as Bridge.

At 11:30 she led a highly connected patron of the Bootleggers out into the Conservatory and told him she did not think it advisable to marry him until she had learned his First Name.

She approached the Porcelain in a chastened mood that Sabbath morning. She was thinking of the Night Before and of playing cards for Money. She recalled, with a sharp catch of the Breath and a little tug of Pain at the Heart, that she had balled herself up at the one Stage and got dummed out of a Grand Slam

"It would have meant a long pair of the Silk Kind," thought she, as she sighed deeply and turned the cold Faucet.

After Breakfast she took a long Walk up the Avenue as a Bracer.

After which to the Kirk, for she taught a class of Little Girls in the Sunday School, and she had to fake up an Explanation of how Joshua made the Sun stand still, thereby putting herself in the Scratch Division of Explainers, believe us.

She listened to a dainty Boston Sermon, trimmed with Ruching, singing lustily before and after.

Then back home with the Solemn Parade to sit among the condemned waiting for that superlative Gorge known as the Sunday Dinner.

While she was waiting, a new Friend dropped in. His Costume was a compromise between an English Actor and a Hired Mourner.

On Week Days he sat at a desk dictating Letters, saying that the Matter had been referred to the proper Department.

He looked at Loretta, so calm and cool and collected in her pious Raiment, and the Smile that he summoned was benevolent and almost patronizing.

"I was wondering," said he. "I was wondering if a Girl like you ever gets tired of sitting around and doing nothing."

Loretta did not cackle. She had read in a Book by a Yale Professor that Woman is not supposed to possess the Sense of Humor.

MORAL: The Settlement Campaign is not getting to the real Workers. Copyright, 1922, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.