

The Bootleg Queen

By S. E. KISER.

WHEN Sonia LeGrande was twenty-four, Ted Ledgeworth met her at a week-end spree; He had but lately come from Singapore, Much tanned from having been so long at sea. At Princeton, or perhaps it was at Yale, Ted had been famous in his football days, But Sonia was engaged to Albert Hale, A pallid little shrimp with snobbish ways.

AMONG the guests was Madeline St. John, A lady with a somewhat shady rep, And she and Teddy Ledgeworth carried on A brisk flirtation, Sonia being hep. Ted did not know, it seemed, that Madeline Had been divorced a time or two; she still Had youth and beauty, and her chief design Was luring men to serve her wish and will.

TED wandered blindly, as if in a spell; He followed Madeline around the place, While Sonia, knowing much she would not tell, Had certain gloomy thoughts about his case. Her nature was sublime, her beauty rare, She never had done wrong in all her life; Her father was an honest millionaire; Too bad she was to be a bounder's wife!

THE Government had long been on the trail Of some one who was called the Bootleg Queen; Ted Ledgeworth kept an eye on Albert Hale, And followed Madeline, sometimes unseen. One night when she and Albert slipped away, Supposing no one knew the course they took, A launch conveyed them out across the bay, And landed them within a sheltered nook.

THERE, after greeting a rum-running crew, The Bootleg Queen—for she it was, indeed— Framed orders for the others to pursue. And Hale, the rascal, urged them to proceed. Then Ledgeworth, of the Secret Service, sprang As if by magic on the shameful scene The fight was thrilling; it was biff and bang, But Ted brought back the beaten Bootleg Queen.

HALE ran away; his goose, of course, was cooked, And when the news, at breakfast time, was heard Sweet Sonia, meeting Ledgeworth, sighed and looked, But didn't say a solitary word. They wandered later to a handy spot, And there Ted took her gently by the hand; Ah, was that all he did? No, it was not, Ain't in the Secret Service grand!

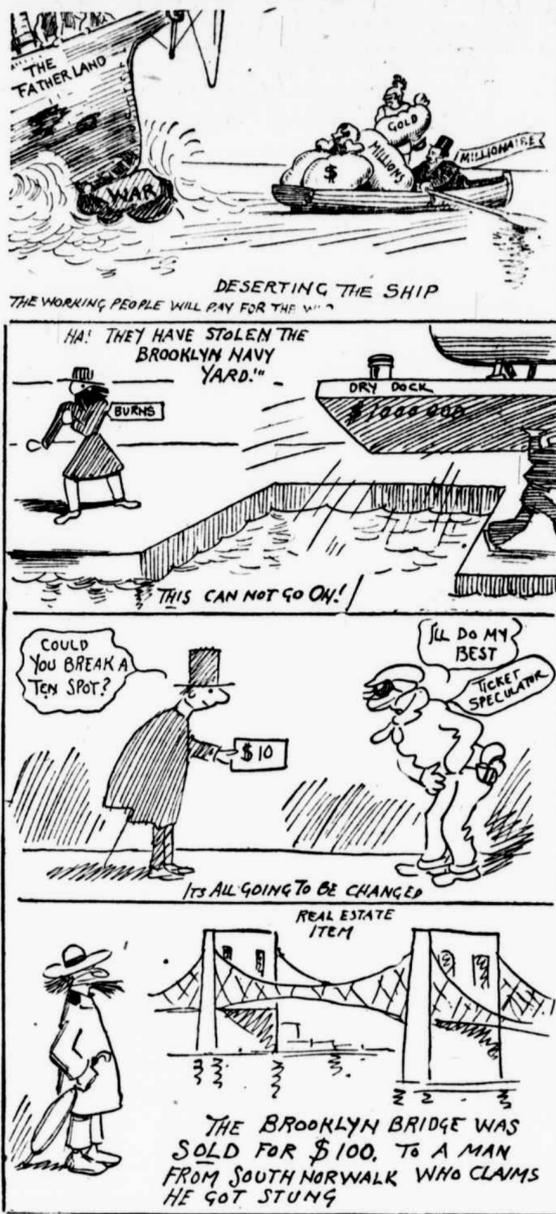
Some Common Mistakes.

The man who is always telling you what he would do if he were some one else believes that increases your respect for him. When the lady who is having lunch at your expense says she isn't a bit hungry she thinks you are going to cease immediately to think about the size of the check. The old maid who says she has turned down five offers of marriage never doubts that you think she is single from choice. The millionaire who tells you that he would rather be poor and have no responsibilities thinks you are simple-minded enough to believe he means what he says.

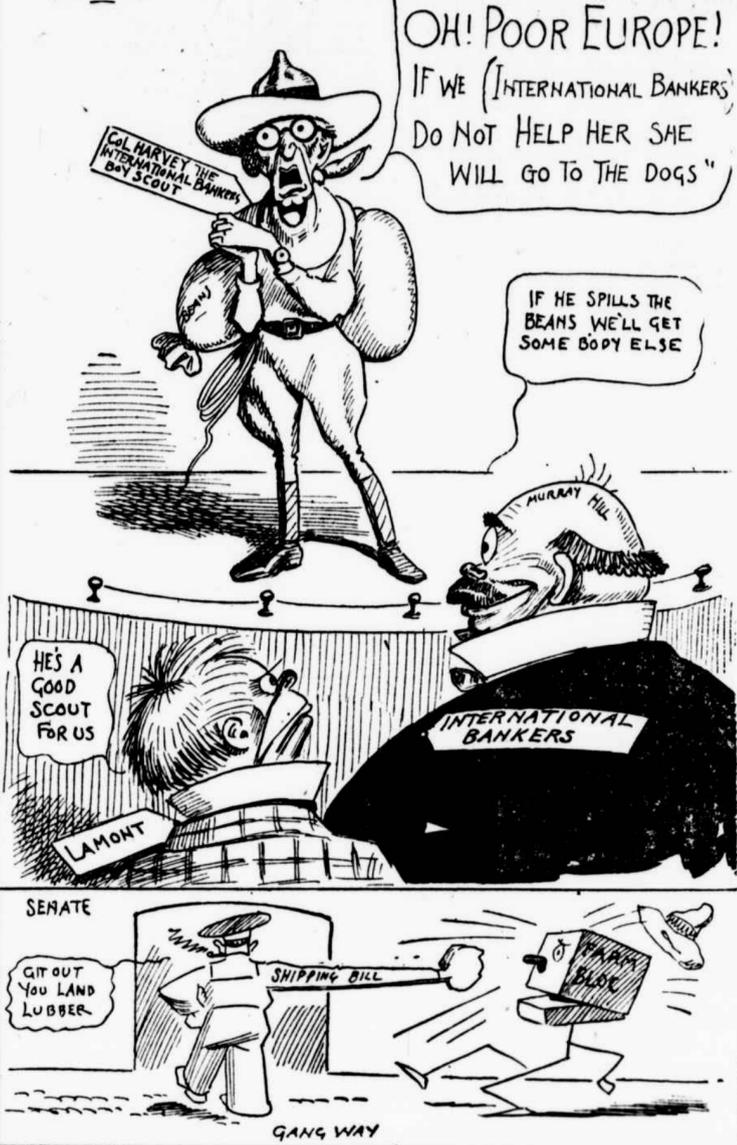
There once was a terrible leopard, Who placed a young shepard in Jeopard. At this little trifle, Unclinging his rifle, The leopard he terribly peopard— The Log. "23—We have a cuckoo clock in our room. "26—Ours doesn't work very well either.—Froth.

I See by the Papers

By T. E. Powers



OUR DIPLOMATIC SCOUT



What I Saw To-day

Grand Prize This Week—Genuine Celluloid Gas Burner.

TODAY I saw a man walking along with a cane, and he really had to have it on account of having a game foot. JOE KOSE.

I saw three women friends get on a street car together and each had her own nickel ready to drop in the box. This wins the celluloid gas burner. MISS LOTTA PEPPER.

While walking along the Drive this morning I saw a stylishly dressed young woman who did not have a small one-pound purp on the end of a leash. P. S.—She carried it in her arms. O. B. GOODE.

I saw Raymond Hitchcock on the street to-day and he didn't have his hat on the side of his head. What s'matter? LUKE PURDY.

To-day in Wall street I saw a pale young man with bone-rimmed glasses hurrying along, and he did not have a brief-case under his arm. MONTAGUE FISH.

To-day in a vaudeville show I saw a monologist who did not stand with one foot in the foot-light trough while addressing the audience and did not try to imitate Al Jolson. BARNEY GOOGLE.

To-day I saw a delicatessen store where they did not have a roast turkey in the window. Would you believe that? MAMMA KATZENJAMMER.

To-day while passing a bakery I saw a man on the inside pointing to some pieces of green French pastry that had been on display ever since I had lived in the neighborhood, and he bought a dozen of them and took them home. I don't know what happened to him after that. J. FULLER GLOOM.

I saw some enforcement agents loading cases of whiskey onto a truck and they did not get them out of a garage. TILLIE JONES.

Quincy Todd on Resolutions

By Roy K. Moulton

"AIN'T going to swear off a dummed thing this time," says Elias Q. Higginbotham. "I have looked the proposition all over and it looks to me like a lot of bunk. What's the use in swearin' off if you don't observe the same more'n a couple of days, and what's the use in keepin' resolutions if you don't have no fun?" "I am surprised at you," says Quincy Todd. "A citizen which is in the public eye as much as you are has got no right to haul off and pull a lot of revolutionary remarks like that. You got to be an example." "The kind of an example I am in the New Year's resolution business," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "ain't going to do any community a lot of good. I remind myself of old Tage Butts,

back home. He used to swear off on January 1 and say he would not never touch another glass of liquor and he would keep this resolution for quite a spell, too. The way he would keep it was to show up at the Golden Nugget saloon about seven times a day with one of his wife's coffee cups in his pocket." "No feller should ort to try to make a monkey out of any New Year's resolution," says Quincy. "Especially if a feller is at all well-known and everybody is expectin' him to do something hand-some on this great national holiday. As for me, I have not broke a New Year's resolution since I live in this town." "That," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "is very simple. You do not break any New Year's resolution since you live in this town

not to get up at 4 o'clock every morning and have onion soup and hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. I have got my list of resolutions purty well framed up, and they will be about as follows, and I shall keep every one: "I shall not go to Europe and deliver any lectures telling them what their duty is toward America. "I shall not eat onion soup and hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. "I shall not fall in love with any choir-singer and be shot on that account. "I shall not start any bucket-shop and beat a lot of widows and orphans. "I shall not run for Congress on a wet platform and change my idears after I get there. "I shall not wear spats, smoke cigarettes or use any flapper slang. "I shall not get up any list of questions for young men to answer to prove they are mentally alert. "I shall not go on any jury and clear any murderess just because she happens to be good-looking. "I shall not shoot my wife for the purpose of getting a job in the movies. "I shall not eat garlic salad, drink wood-alcohol or smoke tobacco that has got bugs in it. "I shall not manufacture any counterfeit money to pay to bootleggers, because I do not believe they have anything to sell which is worth the effort. "I shall not start any new cult and charge the suckers \$5 for the book which explains same. "I shall not play poker with

any bird who can play poker better than I can. "I shall not go into any business deal with any crook who is any sharper about business deals than I am. "I shall not set fire to no orphan asylum or rob any children's banks during the year." "Well, Quincy," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "you will certainly set very pretty with them New Year's resolutions you have outlined. As a matter of fact, the only thing you will have to do to keep them resolutions is to go along just as you have been going along. In other words, all you have got to do to be a hero in this matter is to set still and do nothing." "Which," says Quincy, "is the true inwardness of successful New Year's resolutions. A lot of boobs will go to work and haul off and give up a lot of things that you can't get along without and when you come to bust these resolutions, you will realize how weak you are and then you will lose your self-respect. My plan is the best. It is easier to get along without something you never had than to give up something you are used to." "Anyhow," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "I am a firm-minded man and there is one resolution I have always made, and I am going to make it again on January 1. I am not going to make no will leaving my fortune to some flapper who has busted up my hope." "And you will keep that one sure," says Quincy. "But there is no telling what you would do if you had the fortune."

Let the Monkeys Work

ONE of the most popular plans suggested in this country in some time will be the one, just propounded, to import an immense number of chimpanzees to do all the work. The notion has been tried out before in some of the equatorial countries, and the monkeys proved themselves excellent banana and cocoonnut pickers. Bringing them to the United States is an experiment which will be watched with considerable interest. Why not let the monkeys do the work? Nobody else seems to want to. The monkeys are growing in importance every year. Formerly they were valued only for entertainment purposes, but it was the sort of an entertainment that people outgrow. Then monkeys came into prominence in the shape of furs for women. A monkey was not so cute as a fur as he was when in his cage, but his habits were much more dignified. Then the monkey reached the pinnacle of his fame by giving up his glands to make old men young. There were so many old men who wished to make monkeys of themselves by the use of these glands that the monkey population grew discouraged. Now, turning chimpanzees into working men will be tried and, no doubt, when the little brown brother is allowed to do the white man's work it will uplift the whole ape race. Chimpanzees are second only to human beings in intelligence, and it is sometimes rumored they are not second to some human beings, at that. At first, the chimps will be tried out in the farming districts and if they are a success there they will be used also in town. It is not difficult to see how, in some branches of farm work an ape might be about 200 per cent efficient. In the matter of picking apples or peaches an ape could hang on with one hand or by his tail, if he had one and use all his other hands. The best a man can do, even a good picker, is to hang on with one hand and pick with the other. One of the difficult jobs on the

farm is that of plucking the festive potato bugs from the plants. Some of the new-fangled farmers have spraying machines, but the old-fashioned way is to go forth in the morning with a tin pail and garner as many of these delightful little creatures before nightfall as possible. If a man is a good picker he can get a two-quart pail full during the day, but then he can use only one hand, as he has to carry the pail in the other. What a chimpanzee could do with four efficient hands, staggers the imagination, and perhaps it is well that this is so. Even though his time were worth more than a man's he could quadruple the man's output. It is said to be the intention of those behind this enterprise for chimpanzee colonization to train

the chimps to a high degree of efficiency in the arts and sciences in the densely populated centres. As a ukelele player, also, he would furnish the usual amount of technique and about four times the usual amount of music. As a trap-drummer in a jazz band, a chim could make just twice as much noise as one of the gentlemen now engaged in that delectable art, as he could handle just twice as many instruments at one time. He could play the locomotive bell, the boiler explosion, the garbage can and the glass-crash simultaneously. The only objection that has been raised is that the monkeys might in time get into politics and try to run things, and this, of course, would be contrary to our well-known present system.

Nothing But Rules

GLANCING over my new lease, the one which I recently signed for an apartment "in the better part of town," I ran across a set of rules occupying two closely printed pages of legal cap. The print was so fine I could hardly read it, but the rules were all there. I do not remember how many rules there were, and I will not attempt to give more than a rough sketch of them. I have picked them at random from the list and they will reflect, I think, the average tenant's attitude toward his landlord and vice versa: 1. Tenants will be allowed to use the passenger elevator. Bootleggers and other servants must use the service elevator. 17. Tenants will not be permitted to park their Fords or baby cabs in the lobby. 22. No pets or petting parties are allowed, without consent of the owner. 49. If any tenant purposely sets fire to the building the damage will be added to his rent. 89. All tenants shall leave their gold teeth and grand pianos at the office before retiring at night. Nobody shall move out without notifying the landlord. 127. There shall be no shooting or gun play in any apartment after 10 o'clock at night. 156. All garbage must be sent down in garbage cans. Those desiring ice shall notify the ice man. 276. Crying babies shall not do so after 10 p. m. 279. Those intending to make home-brew shall notify the landlord. 367. Tenants are not allowed to run up and down the fire-escapes. They shall use the elevators. 435. No tenant is allowed to entertain gunmen, burglars or pickpockets in his apartment without consent of the superintendent. 673. Any tenant who moves out without paying his rent shall move back in again and remain until same is paid. 786. Tenants are not allowed to throw anything from the windows, like their wives, gas ranges or refrigerators. 985. Tenants shall pay their rent on the first day of the month, except when that day falls on Sunday. In that case they shall pay the rent on the first day of the following month.

"Have you noticed," says Quincy, "that I have not wore a plug hat this whole year? Plug hats is one of the things I give up last January, and I keep this resolution inviolate up until this time." "I know you for twenty years," says Elias Q. Higginbotham. "I do not remember ever seeing you in a plug hat as yet." "And," says Quincy, "I do not smoke no cigarettes this year, not a-tall. Further and more, I have not wore no wrist-watch, all of them being resolutions. Also I have not licked the wife, and neither have I run away with no chubris girl. You see, I keep my word." "As to whipping your wife, I'll say you do not, and that is one resolution you will always keep, if I am any judge of wimmen." "As to this coming year, I already have one very important resolution all framed up," says Quincy, "and I get the inspiration for this resolution from old man Clementine, who is over here from France. That resolution will be to the effect that during 1923 I shall not go over to France to tell them how to run their business. Also, in this connection, I shall make a resolution

not to get up at 4 o'clock every morning and have onion soup and hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. I have got my list of resolutions purty well framed up, and they will be about as follows, and I shall keep every one: "I shall not go to Europe and deliver any lectures telling them what their duty is toward America. "I shall not eat onion soup and hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. "I shall not fall in love with any choir-singer and be shot on that account. "I shall not start any bucket-shop and beat a lot of widows and orphans. "I shall not run for Congress on a wet platform and change my idears after I get there. "I shall not wear spats, smoke cigarettes or use any flapper slang. "I shall not get up any list of questions for young men to answer to prove they are mentally alert. "I shall not go on any jury and clear any murderess just because she happens to be good-looking. "I shall not shoot my wife for the purpose of getting a job in the movies. "I shall not eat garlic salad, drink wood-alcohol or smoke tobacco that has got bugs in it. "I shall not manufacture any counterfeit money to pay to bootleggers, because I do not believe they have anything to sell which is worth the effort. "I shall not start any new cult and charge the suckers \$5 for the book which explains same. "I shall not play poker with

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Choose Your News THE fat girls have gone out of style, the thin ones have the call, The gowns they're building nowadays will hardly fit them all. But still the well-upholstered dame Will have her champions just the same. Now former Premier Clemenceau, in statement very port, Says he's in favor of a law to ban the new long skirt. On this the "grand old man" stands pat, He cannot be so old, at that. The "wets" and "drys" both say they won a verdict at the polls. Both say their causes were advanced and both approach their goals. So long as both are well content, The folks don't know which way it went. The women on the jury in the hammer slaying case All held out for conviction and with pity, not a trace. Defendant, she was pretty and— The rest of it you'll understand. When women would a-slaying go, nine chances out of ten, They'll pick the juries that are made exclusively of men. A juryman of tender stamp, But jurywomen, one can't vamp. The Chancellor of Germany, a new one at the game, Has tinkered up a cabinet and started on to fame. A very foolish man to roam Far from his peaceful Hamburg home. A Prohibitionist is now in Parliament, they say: Who ever thought that old John Bull would live to see this day? For such a thing he never carried; A bally k'outrage, pou me word!

Cogitations of a Cuckoo

MANy new Congressmen are learning their political A B C's by playing with blocs. We must call Clemenceau a Tiger. It wouldn't be polite to our guest to insinuate that he is a lion. It is better to have loved and lost than to have married her whole family. One court has fixed \$2 as a reasonable price for a kiss, but we have seen cases where this might be called excessive profiteering. One Pennsylvania bootlegger was fined \$2,000. Probably the fine ate up a whole day's profits.