



Sometimes Fame Becomes Embarrassing.

as for Instance—



"She Suddenly Appeared on a Catsup Bottle Label * **"

Mrs. Fine--The Girl in the Ad, Whose Husband Called for Help When She Smiled at Him Everywhere, from Posters, Bottles, Calendars, Trains and Hotel Lobbies:

Mr. Dawson--The Man in the Collar Ad, Who Went to Court When His Profile About-Faced, East to West.



Mrs. L. M. Fine of Chicago, Whose Pretty Face, Used by Advertisers of Many Different Articles, Became So Common a Sight That It Almost Drove Her Husband Frantic.

THERE was once a man who fell in love with a girl on a magazine cover and wrote a song about it. To him it was an enchanting circumstance that his beloved should peer out at him from every news-stand he passed. It made each trip down the street an adventure. But take it from L. M. Fine of Chicago this ecstatic songster never knew the girl in real life or he wouldn't have felt that way about it.

The serio-comedy of Mr. Fine and the Familiar Face presents a valuable laboratory test in experimental matrimonial psychology. Several generalizations might be made from this test, the most valuable of which is—"Don't let your husband see too much of you." Not that Mrs. Fine was one of those parasitic female growths known as a Clinging Vine. Far from it. But she might as well have been. For everywhere he went he saw her. She was in the cars, on the news-stands, in hotel lobbies, on the backs of blotters, on boxes of candy—everywhere.

Wants \$10,000 for a Collar "Change"

Meanwhile, a New York man named Thomas F. Dawson was also finding out that it's possible to have too much of a good thing. In his case the good thing was his own likeness done up in glistening, laundry-soap finish by J. C. Leyendecker, the well-known poster artist. Mr. Dawson, according to his story, allowed Mr. Leyendecker to make a picture of him wearing one kind of a collar but the manufacturers put another collar on him, as soon as the first advertisement had grown old. As a result he couldn't get away from himself. He saw his chiseled profile in every conceivable place that he looked.

Mr. Dawson, through Atty. Robert B. Pope of New York City, has asked the courts for redress to the extent of \$10,000. He was a bond salesman, he said, and it injured business to have his phiz jammed in between a cold-cream cutie and

an old gentleman who had been cured of asthma.

The story of the Haunted Husband (Mr. Fine) and the Familiar Face, really started several years ago in a cradle—Mrs. Fine's cradle. She was a pretty baby. She was all curves and dimples and soft, radiant flesh. A photographer took her picture one day. After that, photographers got to be as regular as the butcher boy. She had the assemblage of feature and the glistening eyes—that always looked well in pictures. She posed with dolls, without dolls, with sleds, wagons, and Teddy bears. And, as she grew older, she became an even more acceptable photographic subject. When her engagement was announced the photographers besought her to let them make pictures of her in her bridal gown—in her going-away gown, in any part of her trousseau that she would wear. She yielded, and the picture—the picture that was to haunt her husband for many a long day—was taken.

Life was serene for the Fines at first. They were so immersed in feathering their nest that the world roared past them unnoticed. Friend Husband would say, "You will always be in my thoughts wherever I may be."

One day he dropped by the grocery shop to pay a bill and the grocer made him a present of a calendar. He unrolled the calendar at home. Mrs. Fine took one look and fled into the kitchen. When Mr. Fine, a little confused by his wife's perturbation, took a look himself he saw above a lot of gaudy lettering advertising a "square-deal" printing establishment, the picture of a pretty, pensive face. It was his wife!

Mr. Fine wasn't particularly excited at first. But with the passing of the weeks he saw his wife again and again. She smiled at him from soap wrappers, cigar boxes, laundry advertise-



Reproduction of a Calendar Bearing His Wife's Profile Which Mr. Fine Himself Took Home.

ments, tooth paste, street car cards and what not. At a noonday meal she suddenly appeared on a catsup bottle label—and his friend almost died of merriment.

He made a trip to New York and every three-
Newspaper Features Service, 1922.

quarters of a mile his wife's face dotted the landscape along with the silos and hayricks. When he arrived he sent a bellboy for a bar of soap and saw her face on the wrapper. In a magazine that the girl at the counter forced on him he counted her picture seven times.

On his return trip he refused to look out of the window or buy a magazine. When he arrived he drove to his house in a taxicab. Bill posters were busy across the way putting up an advertisement for Somebody's Lip Stick. His wife's picture dominated the "ad." The taxi driver thought he was sick and helped him upstairs. He WAS sick.

Anyone Could Look at His Wife

Then his friends started joshing him. "I've a wonderful picture of your wife in my office," one of them would say. "Pretty soft," said another. "What are you working for with a wife like that?"

It was maddening to think that anybody—just any old body—could look at his wife any time he wanted to. Furthermore, it made him a bit uncomfortable to have his wife looking at him all the time.

He adopted the practice of seeking out advertisers who used her picture and threatening them with suit. For a while this seemed to stop the picture's appearance. Then, one day, his stenographer offered him a new blotter. He started swearing. His wife's picture was on the back.

Torn with rage Mr. Fine rushed to the office of a prominent Chicago newspaper.

"I am desperate," he shouted, when he reached the city editor's presence. "I just wanted to say

that I will do bodily harm to the next man who prints my wife's picture. Tell the world that I'll sue and I'll fight. And, for the love of Mike, print that I never got a dime out of it. That I support my wife."

He was led away, still protesting. Though several of the older advertisements carrying Mrs. Fine's picture are still on the boards, no new ones have yet appeared. The advertisers have evidently taken him at his word. And Mr. Fine is quite satisfied now to see his wife only in the flesh.

The suit brought by Mr. Dawson, in New York, is still pending. His grievance is based both on principle and the practical harm which he alleges was done to him by the collar "ad" people.

It appears that when he posed for the Leyendecker collar picture he was looking south. In the new one he was turned around and headed north.

This, he averred, was all wrong and contrary to ethics. What would those "Seven Sisters" say if somebody clipped their hair? How would the portly gentleman in one underwear "ad" feel if some careless advertiser should place him in another garment? What would the gentleman who professed a willingness to walk a mile for a certain cigarette think if he were asked to go two blocks for some other brand?

Mr. Dawson hopes to establish a precedent which will prevent any further tampering with original poses. It is his belief that when he's through the ladies and gentlemen who populate the advertisement will be as free from further manhandling as a Rembrandt portrait.

Thomas F. Dawson as the Camera Presents His Features Full Face.



Thomas F. Dawson as His Profile, Looking Westward, Appeared in an "Ad."

