

AN AD-LESS NEWSPAPER—ALL THE NEWS IN
TABLOID FORM—BIG TYPE—EASY TO READ

THE DAY BOOK

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ONE CENT

THRILLING, HYPNOTIZING, LIP-TANGLING SOUL KISSES WIN AGAINST DISH WASHING

**Hubby Washed Dishes and Pecked Wife's Lips—Doctor
Found Her In Rose-Colored Bath-Robe and
Attended to Her Soul-Kiss Wants.**

If you so loved your wife that you nearly got housemaid's knee washing the dishes and scrubbing the floors for her,

And if then you heard another man calling your wife such names as "honey," "dearie" and "sweet-heart,"

And if your mother, through a peephole, saw your wife, bath-robe-clad, in the arms of this other man,

And if you asked your wife about this other man, and she called you

A poor boob, and told you,

That you couldn't kiss a kiss worth a cent, that your kisses were mere pecks, and that she pecked you never would be able to kiss a real kiss,

But that the other man was an artist at kissing thorough-going, lip-tangling, thrilling, hypnotizing, fascinating soul kisses,

Wouldn't it make you so mad

you'd want to go out in the garden and eat angle worms by the peck?

It probably would, Percival, it probably would, and that seems to be the explanation of the present peeved state of mind of Harry O. Whitlock, postal clerk, 2718 West Adams street.

Harry is now suing his wife, Jessie, for divorce in Judge Dever's court, and has named Dr. Charles C. O'Byrne, 2955 Washington boulevard.

Jessie is the lady who, according to her husband, preferred a soul-kisser to a man who washed the dishes for her.

Dr. O'Byrne is the lip-tangling, thrilling, hypnotizing, fascinating soul-kiss artist, whose kisses gave the kissee a glimpse of heaven.

Harry says:

"I loved my wife. I even washed the dishes and did all the housework for her.

"And then I heard Dr. O'Byrne