

# Life with HENRY & George V. Hobart John Henry on Turkey Trotting

SAID did you ever get ready and go to a Turkey Trot party?

Scott me—I deserve it, Paw!

You wouldn't think it, but here in New York the pet of fortune—who makes his life here—has a Turkey Trot is sometimes had just for an excuse to Light the Match.

When a Paloufa with nothing in his attic but shoddy wheat falls to a haul of Mazuma he quickly realizes that the money has to be ignited—but how to do it!

The evening that hangs between his pompador and his eyebrows becomes care-torn from trying to figure out just how to set fire to the coin that left him without attracting the attention of the police.

The Poor Thing soon discovers that it's awfully hard to invent a new style in Financial Bonanza, so he falls back on the flint-and-steel method of ignition—and Gives a Party.

He knows that his bundle of green and yellow pathfinders will burn with a brighter flame if he can induce a lot of Night Riders to tarry by his heart-stirring during the ceremony.

And joy to abundance is his when they begin to kick the ashes around his \$5,000 apartment with their slippered feet.

Having heard Peaches breathe a desire to be Among Those Present at a Turkey Trot, his friend Pep Hardy got busy with his favorite paying tailor and gave one.

I tried to explain to friend wife that she'd find herself in a bluish-proving atmosphere where she'd hear them discussing White Slave dramas hot from the Grand Jury room, but she merely stung me with a dimpled smile and said, "Tough; come on; let's take a taxi."

Hep lives in one of those expensive shacks where the entrance is made up to look like the room Louis the Fifteenth used to get shaved in.

When you step in the front door you think you've suddenly arrived at a forced sale of art objects and bric-a-brac.

The attendant who greets you with a grin like a copstone cashmere must have been at one time a Captain in

to inquire if we were having a good time.

"Great! I announced; but say, Hep! you've been getting some new statury, haven't you? What's that over in the corner there, with the bright lights around it—Le Venus de Milo, with the arms restored?"

"Let go!" Hep snickered. "That's Charles Swift of the Fidelity Trust."

"Oh!" I said; "what's the matter—did the dressmaker disappoint her?"

"Why no," Hep assured me, "she's wearing the latest in French creations—the cobweb gown."

"Well, why not get the poor girl a screen; she'll catch cold." I snickered just as the lady from England hawhawed his way over to us, whereupon Hep whispered something to me about being kind to the nobility and the fact that the "cobweb" is the cobweb gown.

"Ripping, isn't it?" said his Lordship.

"Which one?" I queried; "that makes even I've come in to help the host."

"What are you referring to, I mean to say?" monologued the son of a Belated Earl.

"The skirts," I answered; "they're being ripped over since the music started. Some of these ginks do the Turkey Trot like a hungry man going up an apple tree for a holiday meal."

"Quite so," peevishly the last of his race; "but I was referring to the affair—the party! Ripping! I didn't



Meantime the War Dance of the Manhattan Indians Went Gravely On.

the Imperial German Army, for he still wears his Urban uniform with the gold-embroidered buttons and the gold panels inserted in the silk stockings.

"Some class, take off Uncle Jasper!"

There is such an air of subdued elegance and concentrated luxury about the lay-out that you want to rush to a telephone, call up your office and tell them there that you're never going to work again as long as you live.

The elevator doors swing open disclosing a picture post card of a Turkish sergeant—whatever that is. Then a West Indian chauffeur, all dolled like Sir Walter Raleigh on his way to see Queen Elizabeth, gives you the high sign and shoos Heavenward while you stink to your wist in the Persian rug on the floor of the gilded cage.

Peep's parade grounds are on the Twelfth floor. His apartment consists of eleven rooms and nine baths. Through an overnight dining room and the butler's pantry have the baths attached, but Hep says that defect will be remedied if he has to drop another \$10,000 a year into the kitty.

The Party was in full blast when we reached the scene of the Confaragatio.

A string orchestra contended behind a lot of aristocratic rubber plants centered enough rag-time for everybody to dip in and help themselves, so up and down through Hep's library into the drawing room, through the living room across the hall, and through the card room, around the foyer, back through the sitting room, down the hall again and back into the drawing room the various couples pranced and galloped and wriggled and squirmed and joshed each other into the belief that this was Life.

Hep met us at the door of the Fun Factory and introduced us to all the celebrities present, with the exception of those who were busy stepping on each other's feet in the joyous dance.

Peasack and I went down to watch the mad revolve, but as we did so a music box concealed in our little tete-a-tete sofa began to play "Snooky Oukums," so we arose hurriedly and decided to stop during this rest of the interval.

When we hurriedly across the occasion a Literary Quiz whose name is forgotten Nathan got the laugh of his life.

"Fardon me!" he said, smiling, "but so a man with my keen sense of humor the episode of the concealed music

box was intensely ludicrous. Now that my laughter has subsided would you mind doing it over again that I may study the situation from a psychological point of view?"

"You are you going to do with a tried comic like that?"

I wanted to coax him into one of the side rooms and turn the show on him, but Peaches begged me not to dampen his youthful ardor, so I told him what, particular ingredient of a cheese sandwich he resembled and passed him up.

George is fearfully snidish. With his thumb and forefinger he picks his words out of his bulging forehead and assembles them into neat little paragraphs. These he carries on a tray to a magazine where kind-hearted men pay him money and beg him to write some back until he has spent it all.

George was getting along very nicely until one day somebody told him he was clever—his wrist real hard.

Now he makes up his pieces in front of a mirror and when he thinks of something devilishly cute he and his reflection exchange loving glances. Then he pins a medal on his breast and quits work for the day.

Somebody should take off George's watch and slap his wrist real hard. In the meantime the war dance of the Manhattan Indians went bravely on. It was catch-as-catch-can all over the place.

They swayed and toddled and wobbled and bobbed, each and all of them trying hard to conceal the fact that they are human beings.

They danced the Lame Duck and Stumping Cinnamon Bear; the Linger Drag and the Jack Rabbit Jump; the Boston Antelope and the Philadelphia Scramble. Every once in a while they'd stop, take a long breath and then go again into the Buzzard and the Wren Wriggle.

Each individual tried to act as a special agent for the Zoo.

"How do you like it?" I asked Peaches.

"It's awful," she gasped. "Look at that girl over there. Why does she try to act like a penknife?"

"Come out of the hard-party store."

There Was Peaches With Hep Hardy Hoofing It Down the Room.

I think I was going to like America. I mean to say, but these Turkey Trot parties have quite won me over—rich and intestinal ailments for years. Year after year he spent endless time and money with specialists and for creative treatments that failed.

He took May's Wonderful Remedy at last and wonderful results followed. When he had taken only one bottle he wrote:

"I got more relief out of one bottle of your wonderful stomach remedy than I did in all my years of treating with specialists."

"If I had all the money I have spent for doctors' bills I could buy a farm. I will certainly recommend May's Wonderful Remedy."

May's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much as whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfied factory money will be returned—Adv.

One Condition.

"Are you afraid to trust your daughter's happiness to me, Mr. Gotro?"

"Not if you can prove that your wife is not afraid to trust you for the necessities of life."

Wanted to Buy Fatima.

There's no form of tobacco more pleasing than the highest class cigarette—FATIMA.

While it's mild, it is yet so satisfying that three out of four smokers won't have any other 15 cigarette.

Ask your dealer for Fatima!

20  
FATIMA  
TURKISH  
CIGARETTES

## Bringing Sunshine to the Darkest Day

**GAVE DOCTORS ENOUGH TO BUY FARM**

Battle Creek Man Finds New Life in First Dose of Wonderful Remedy.

William N. Goss, 218 Aldrich St., Battle Creek, was troubled with stomach and intestinal ailments for years. Year after year he spent endless time and money with specialists and for creative treatments that failed.

He took May's Wonderful Remedy at last and wonderful results followed. When he had taken only one bottle he wrote:

"I got more relief out of one bottle of your wonderful stomach remedy than I did in all my years of treating with specialists."

"If I had all the money I have spent for doctors' bills I could buy a farm. I will certainly recommend May's Wonderful Remedy."

May's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much as whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfied factory money will be returned—Adv.

**FREE LOVELY HAIR**

Because Free From Dandruff, Itching, Irritation and Dryness.

May be brought about by shampoos with Cuticura Soap preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair. Try these supercreamy emollients if you have any hair or scalp trouble.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postpaid, Cuticura, Dept. XX, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

**Stand More Huggin'**

Patience! You know as Eskimo maiden can't stand more huggin' than we American girls.

Patience—I wonder who?

"Oh, the fact that Eskimo have two more ribs than any other human race has been discovered by an English scientist."

Extra Pay.

"Willie," said his mother on her return from a shopping expedition. "I told you if you were good while I was out, you might have a piece of candy, and now I find you've taken all there was in the house."

"Yes, mamma," replied Willie, "but you've no idea how very good I've been."

Traveling in Safety.

Smith—If you don't own a motor car, why are you wearing goggles?

Smith—My wife has hatpins.

Some persons are habitually so mean that their few good qualities are never remembered.

**Don't Persecute Your Bowels**

Carl and Catherine and Margaret. They are bright, bash, unassuming. They are CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Book Previews.

"The kind of books people read now-a-days is rather startling."

"Yes," replied Mrs. McGonigley, "but I have my doubts whether folks keep dancin' long enough to read 'em. When I was young we used to read books and pretend we didn't. Now people pretend they read 'em and don't."

About the time we imagine that our cup of happiness is going to run over it springs a leak.