

THE INDORSERS

By W. E. Hill

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Patent Medicine. This is what Mrs. Minnie G. Teeter of Springsteen, Idaho, has to say of Dr. Growl's Patent Nerve Enlivener and Kennel Ration: "When my little girl, Hazel, was six months old she used to be subject to twitchings and convulsions and was very unattractive, so that people hated to have her around. This made her self-conscious and sullen. The doctors just seemed to aggravate her. There seemed nothing to do but take her out and lose her, when my husband brought home a sample bottle of Dr. Growl's Nerve Enlivener and Kennel Ration. Right away Hazel seemed to improve, and that night she said, 'I don't believe I shall need a pill to make me sleep tonight.' Now, at the age of three years and four months, Hazel is strong and well, has no more dizzy spells, and can help me with the wash and the housework, thanks to Dr. Growl's Nerve Enlivener and Kennel Ration."



The Bi-Weekly Book Lovers' Guild. "I don't know," writes Mrs. Lizzie R. Snuffle of Tudor City, Oklahoma, "what I would do without the Bi-Weekly Book Lovers Guild. We can hardly wait for each book to come. There are six in our family and, honestly, not one of us slept a wink we were all so excited the night before the guild book was to arrive. Indeed, the last selection of the guild, 'Indecent Daisy; the story of a repressed adolescent,' should be in every parlor."



The Rival Indorsers. Princess Xenia Flaherty, the social leader, who indorses only the most luxuriant in beauty creams and the grandest baby grands, giving a direct cut to Mrs. Howard De Moosey Hiss, who only indorses a wringer. After all, noblesse oblige demands something of social leadership, now doesn't it?



A baby Wampas star, as they are known out Hollywood way, will indorse anything gladly and will even have big stills made for publicity purposes, showing Gladys with her Whosis bed spring, her bottle of moth or flea exterminator, or her electric dish scraper. Here's little Miss Lethal Del Broun, star of Winklewurst Pictures, showing magazine readers her new garter watch, named for her. "I just love my new garter watch," writes Miss Del Broun, "and so does everybody else, because it has all the charm of the Rue de la Paix, with the durability of the rugged west."



The Correspondence Course, indorsed into great aplomb by Fred Lumpe of Devils Lake, S. D., who writes: "Dear Crobar Institute: Almost the very day I enrolled in your correspondence course for film writing, short story writing, use of capitals and spelling, and scenario constructing I sold my first article, and I was so pleased I just wanted to hug Crobar Institute and give it a big kiss."



The Cigaret. "After a round of golf," states Barry Porterhouse Van Splash, "a canter through the woods, a soar in the plane, or even a good old-fashioned game of puss in the corner, I find nothing so soothing as an 'Exclusive' cigarette, mellowed and weathered in the wood and combining the exotic softness of the orient with the brisk tang of smart country club exclusiveness."



The Men's Wear. "Dear Marveline Knit Goods," pens Mel Avacado, the handsome movie star, "I am entranced with my Marveline swimming suit. I am never without it for long whether on the beach at Playa del Ray or at home in my new Grecian shower!"



The Household Deodorant. "While hunting in Africa," indorses Mrs. Stanley Granite, wife of the famous explorer, "we were fortunate in bagging a wama, a three-toed ignoramus, a glue cat, and a couple of man-eating short haired wheezers. All these animals are notoriously lazy and slothful and untidy generally. What we would have done without our can of Jupp's Smell Chaser I don't know, because even the natives hate to touch a short haired wheezer, smelling as it does of garlic and onions and cheap scent."



The Tonic. Writes Ralph Opal of Endocrine, North Dakota: "While in the navy I was afflicted with boils, many of them as large as a good sized hen's egg, or a ripe tomato. Sometimes there would be as many as a couple of dozen on my face and neck alone and I used to scream with the pain of them in the dead of night. One day our admiral came to me with a dozen bottles of your tonic. 'Try it, Ralph,' he said to me, 'it may bring you the happiness you so richly deserve.' Although skeptical, I did as he suggested and in three days' time all my boils had disappeared. Today my skin is as clear as a babe's."



The Phonograph Records. Says Mme. Villanova Disiree Bloomer, world-famous coloratura and lieder singer: "I am charmed and astounded at hearing my voice by way of your new recording process. The record of 'Oh, that my songs hadst the wings of a pale dove, beloved,' was so soaring in its lyric quality that I could not realize that, etc., etc., etc."