

# An Old Man's Darling

By W. E. Hill

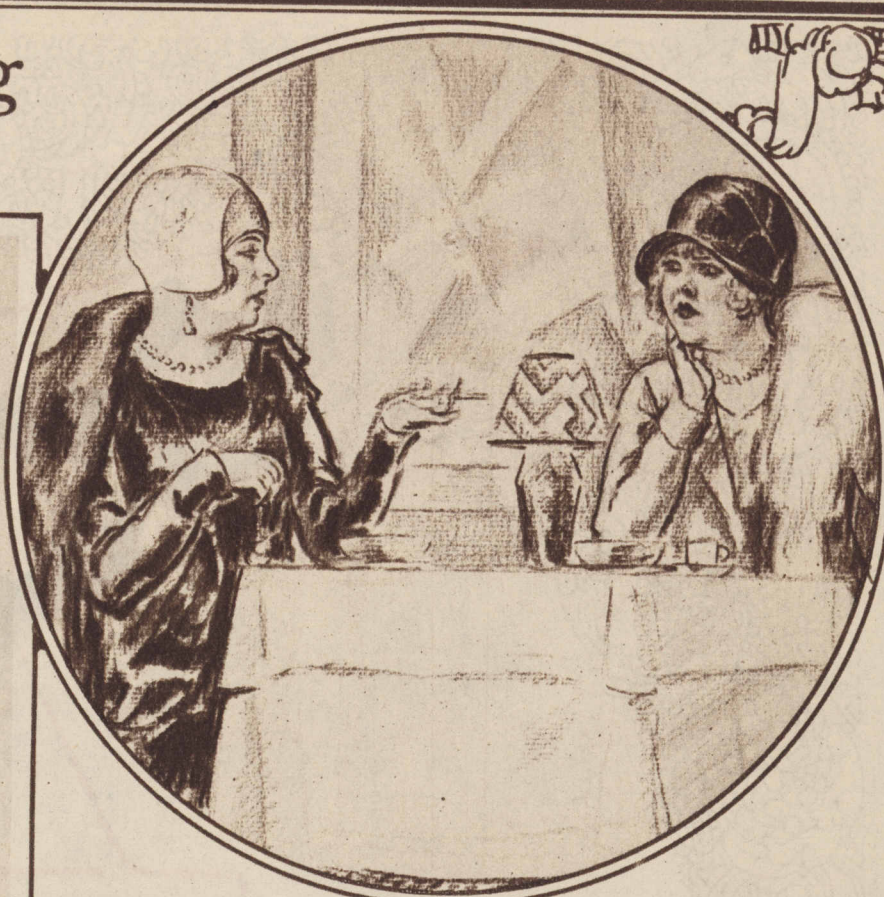
(Copyright 1929: By The Chicago Tribune)



Madelyn, the old man's darling, and her elderly fiance are keeping a love tryst in one of those romantic hotel lounges. "O, daddy, I'm so glad," Madelyn is saying, "you like old fashioned girls because that's what I am, just a lil' old fashioned girl. I guess I must be kind of a throw-back."



Ethel has been keeping company with a retired gum manufacturer for six months past and there has been some talk of an engagement ring and marriage and such. All the fall Ethel had been driving him wild telling him how chilly she gets and just before Christmas she cultivated a little hacking cough. Well, sir, if she didn't receive a box full of nice warm woolen undies instead of the new ermine coat Ethel really needed so badly. Poor Ethel, she does not believe in Santa Claus any more!



"Believe me, dearie, our happiest days were our working days when we could do just what we wanted to do, when we wanted!" Just two lovely girls who married their elderly bosses wondering if all is gilt edged that glistens.



"Daddy dear, let's walk home and save the nickels. I can't bear to have you think you're engaged to a little gold digger!"



Sadie, who aims to be a widower's mite, is ever on the lookout for Prince Charming. If Sadie's dreams come true, Prince Charming will be a nice feeble widower around seventy, with a few millions in negotiable securities and no near relatives who would be mean enough to contest a real love match.



An old man looking in a jeweler's window is a gladsome sight to the eye of all girls between the ages of sixteen and sixty. It gives a girl that warm-all-over feeling that her grandmother experienced in another age, whenever she saw a cupid and a big red heart with an arrow through it.



Five assorted sour looks from a sugar daddy's near relations. This is what an old man's darling has to buck up against about the time he buys the wedding ring and she gets him to change the will, cutting off cousin Lou and sister Emmy with a dollar each and Fred, Lilly, and Wilbur with a stick-pin apiece.



Whenever anything over sixty who looks marriageable comes to the Palace Lunch where Roseabel Clancy works she has to work quickly, for Roseabel would dearly love to be an old boy's darling and sport a platinum wedding ring. "You're so much like a Yale boy I used to know you give me a terrible start when you come in," she will say brightly. "Would you like your order of toast buttered on both sides? I hear there are some swell shows in town now."