

The Lady Smoker

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From the glittering nineties. Thirty-five years or so ago, when Miss Cissy Casino sang a ditty about "Naughty Cigaret" and actually *smoked* one, the boys and girls of grandpa's day were pretty well shocked at the state of things the stage was coming to!



The lobby smokers. And here are a few lady theater lobby smokers puffing away between the acts as big as you please—particularly the short lady on the right, who told her girl friend she'd *die* if she couldn't have a smoke. (For years she never touched the filthy weed, saying that men would respect her more if she didn't smoke. Well, somehow or other the men respected her too much. Now she smokes all the time.)



The schoolgirl. Laurel is only in first year high school, and consequently does not get the consideration that older members of the household are accorded. Though her mother, her sister, and her Aunt Caroline are inveterate smokers, Laurel is supposed not to have her growth or something and has to puff her cigaret in strict seclusion.



Grandma's ashes. Elderly lady smokers, so statistics show, are very untidy cigaret addicts and will drop cigaret butts, ashes, and burnt matches all over with impunity. How often in our modern homes will you hear a tidy member of the family complain, "I do wish grandma wouldn't drop ashes down the cracks in this sofa! And she leaves cigaret stubs all over my Boston fern!"



The school teacher. Miss Parkinson is a resident teacher at Detmer School for Young Ladies for nine months of the fiscal year, and of course has to comply with the rules of the curriculum, which says, "No smoking," on account of the girls' morale, etc. But from July to October the aroma of tobacco smoke will stick to Miss Parkinson like the bark on a tree!



The young housewife. A young wife and mother will make terrible headway in a carton of cigarets, because she has to light at least five in order to get one good smoke. No sooner has she lit a cigaret and started in than the interruptions begin.



Sworn off. Winifred's husband just hates to see her smoke, being that old fashioned, so Winifred doesn't smoke much around the house and has practically sworn off just to please him. Waits until she goes calling.



The beach smoker. A most unpleasant type of lady smoker is the bathing girl who rushes happily up from the surf, all dripping, and cries, "O, do give me a puff! Just a couple of drags from your cigaret will do!"



The comic girl smoker. Mrs. Mae Sealpack has a lighter and everything that goes with my lady nicotine, and when she lights a friend's cigaret she will say, "My Lawd, Mary, it worked!" And over her desk is a motto which reads, "T is better to smoke here than hereafter."