

"BIG TIME" CHARLEY - - - - - FORGET-ME-NOTS



THIS INTERESTING COMIC APPEARS WEEKLY IN THE ILLUSTRATED FEATURE SECTION.

Remarkable, Strange, Thrilling!

The Creeping Thing

By the Foremost Serial Writer in America CORA JEAN MOTEN

In Twelve Installments

DON'T MISS THIS MYSTERIOUS STORY! Beginning in the June 22nd Issue of The Illustrated Feature Section

THE PARIS PEPPER-POT

By J. A. ROGERS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

bits that go into the Pepper-Pot may not be eaten for weeks and weeks. Besides you know the saying: A watched pot never boils.

While waiting for the avalanche of wit and humor to pour in, we'd better get busy. The editor suggested that we begin with a series of articles on Paris. So since there is no help for it, here goes:

Paris has this distinction of being the only city in which we have not been bored. In Chicago, where we once lived, time hung heavy on our hands. The same is true of London. In Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Milan, Brussels, things were a little better. But being in Paris is like being on a perpetual holiday.

There are amusements to suit every taste in Paris. They range from the sublime to the silly, from the sacred to the sexy.

Are you interested in art and literature? Well, there are museums and libraries galore. Are you religious? You can ask nothing better:

the churches are always open. Are you thirsty? You can buy a drink any time of night or day ranging in price from \$16 to two cents.

Do you like walking? The parks and promenades are the finest and most beautiful in the world, chief of which is the Champs-Elysees. Do you like theatres? You can see Shakespeare, Hugo, Racine, Moliere, any night. But perhaps your tastes run, well—to things a bit more frivolous? Then you can go to places where the ladies frolic in fig leaves, and if you are exacting, you may see them dance in less.

And prices are arranged to suit every pocket. Some of the places are so cheap you go in for the price of a pack of chewing gum; others are so dear that the French, thrifty by nature, will not pass them lest even the odor of the bill strike them on the sidewalk.

There is Montmartre. This is the jazziest and sexiest spot on earth and the first place visited by every good American. Cut out Montmartre

and you'd make an awful dent in the tourist trade, which is about 90 per cent American.

Paris has an awful reputation, although the average Parisian is not a bit worse than the average citizen of Hickville, Oshkosh, or any place you may name. He goes to bed early because he has to punch the clock early, just like you.

But Paris' reputation is the making of Paris. Give it a better name and the hotel-keepers, the tourist agencies, the rich jewelers, the modistes and dress-makers would certainly set up a howl. For with the present war against cabarets and sexy places in America, Montmartre is doing a finer business than ever.

Montmartre's night life reminds us of Harlem and Chicago's South Side. When the respectable Nordic wants to cut loose he goes to Harlem.

When the Englishman wants to have a good time he comes to Paris though a Montmartre would be unthinkable in straight-laced England. France is the land of personal liberty. Every one minds his own business.

The principal music halls of Montmartre are the Folies-Bergere, the Casino de Paris, Moulin Rouge and Moulin Bleu. All frankly cater to the nude, and the jokes are—well—a trifle high. If you don't understand French, however, you'll keep as straight a face as if you were listening to a sermon while all around you, are laughing.

Scores of ladies throng the stage. Some have figures eclipsing the Venus de Milo, and almost eclipsing her in the matter of clothing, or rather lack of it. Some of the chorus girls, who, by the way, are mostly English, do wear a garment about one-fiftieth the size and thickness of the ham in a railroad ham sandwich. Josephine Baker, who starred at the Moulin Rouge,

really took the record for the amount of clothing she wore. Miss Baker wore two bananas, one in front, the other in the rear, attached to a string.

Colored musicians and others from America play an important part in furnishing the pep for Montmartre's night life. In our next we'll tell something about them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: You have been reading the first installment of a new feature to be contributed to the Illustrated Feature Section by Mr. J. A. Rogers, one of the foremost writers of the race. Mr. Rogers is now a resident of Paris, France, has travelled extensively and is well-qualified to discuss topics of a widely varying nature. From time to time he will discourse upon the customs and manners of the most interesting cities and capitals of Europe. Mr. Rogers and this department intend that this feature shall be not only interesting but highly educational. Therefore, as freely as they

wish, readers are asked to send in their opinions of this feature addressed to the Pepper-Pot, in care of the editor of this newspaper. Moreover, questions and topics of wholesome importance in regard to Parisian life requested by our readers will be gladly discussed by Mr. Rogers. Simply address your letter to the Paris Pepper-Pot, in care of the editor of this newspaper.

A Baby In Your Home

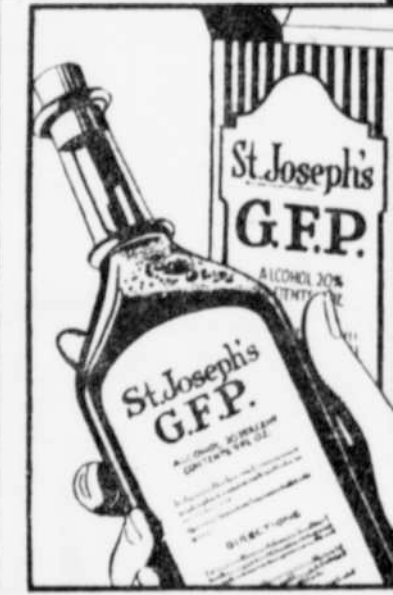
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