



The Varady Facial Iron compact, containing Facial Iron, Cleansing and Astringent Lotions, and wonderful Wrinkle Cream, is introduced at \$10.00 and up.

## WHAT, *No Wrinkles?* WHAT? NO WRINKLES?

### *What...* NO WRINKLES?

It is no more difficult to subdue the American Facial Wrinkle than to correct the European line of Expression. The following pleasant and speedy method is just as effective here as in Vienna:

Light the blue bulb in your Varady Facial Iron. As it is warming, cleanse your skin with Varady Cleansing Lotion. Apply then the marvelous Varady Wrinkle Cream, (never anything like it), spreading it over all the surface to be improved.

With the Facial Iron at the temperature you, *yourself*, like best, smooth it over your skin with upward and outward strokes. The



Armin, Master of the House of Varady, Originator of the Facial Iron and Varady Corrective Cosmetics.

warmth opens the pores, releases the potency of the smooth adherent balm . . . and the skin absorbs it as dry sand absorbs water. Wrinkles just can't bear it!

Straight from the Salons of Armin Varady in Vienna, Budapest, and Paris comes this simple, joyous way to Facial Youth. In five short weeks a few fine stores have placed it in the hands of hundreds of America's most particular women. *No Wrinkles!*

What? No Wrinkles? . . . Be as skeptical as you please, but go and see! Varady-Vienna, Cleveland.

Bonwit-Teller • Saks-Fifth Avenue • Franklin-Simon  
Stern Brothers • Jay-Thorpe, Inc. • Lord & Taylor • John Wanamaker  
and fine shops and department stores everywhere

V A R A D Y  V I E N N A  
VIENNA PARIS  
BUDAPEST CLEVELAND

Miss Violet Heming became May Vokes, and Reginald Mason did the best he could to burlesque (which was not very natural, coming from Reginald Mason). Just because the first-night audience found the play mild was no reason for making it comic for succeeding audiences. It was a mild play, and no amount of mugging or walking pigeon-toed could make it anything else. It was also a bad play.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

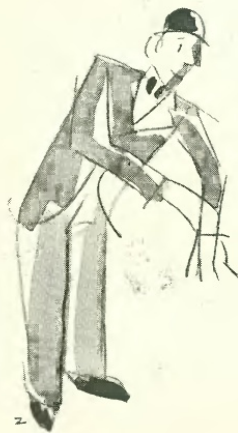
## THEY'VE COME TO CAVIAR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: For a long time it has occurred to me that the eating of caviar is a sin. Think of the fish which might otherwise have been born but for the greediness of caviar preparers. When one eats the eggs of the sturgeon—for that is what caviar is—it means that hundreds of little fish are deprived of life; and when one stops to consider that these little fish, once they attain maturity, would feed hundreds of starving unemployed, the gravity of the caviar situation becomes apparent. HONEST JOHN.—*From the Paris Herald.*

DEAR HONEST JOHN:

AS field secretary for the Caviar Preparers' Guild, I must confess that your letter threw a stir into our ranks, not to mention those of the sturgeons themselves. Some pretty nasty letters have already come in, one of them from a rather well-known sturgeon who cloaks his real identity under the name of "Richard Roe."

You probably know nothing and care less about the work we are doing down here at Woods Hole. It's all very well for Mr. Paris Sophisticate to loll on his café terrace and dawdle with his *Chambéry fraise*, but please remember that





WHEN ADOLPH, who always led the singing of "O Wie Schöne", came to the picture of cheese on the chart, what a roar came back from the old singing society: "Yah, das ist der Liederkranz."

They knew, the singing society did, that Liederkranz was *their* cheese—just as every male who has raised his voice in song in the forty years since then, has made it *his* cheese.

And rightly so. Liederkranz, gusty masterpiece of the cheese-maker's art, is fairly crammed with good fellowship. Tawny-crust, creamy-centered, there is mellow joy in every mouthful. Whole-hearted, big-hearted masculine joy!

That's why wise hostesses see to it that there is always plenty of Liederkranz in the ice-box. That explains, too, why so many women have hastened to taste it—to become forthwith as ravenous rooters for Liederkranz as the lustiest male ever was . . . Just buy a package of Liederkranz — and try it!

# LIEDERKRANZ

One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

© 1931, B. CO.

we over here are *living* with those sturgeons. Of course, I really don't mean "living" with them; there are separate dormitories for the girl sturgeons and the boy sturgeons and lights out at ten every evening, you may be sure. Mrs. Giddings is house mother for the girls. I guess that's enough recommendation for anybody; her name is synonymous with sturgeon around these parts, and if you were to enter a restaurant and absent-mindedly order cold sliced Giddings, the waiter would understand. So you see that your ugly little sneer about the moral life of sturgeons fell on barren ground.

You say "When one eats the eggs of the sturgeon—for that is what caviar is." How do you know what caviar is? Are you a sturgeon? Was your mother a sturgeon? Now that I think of it, I once saw a picture of your mother and she had an unpleasant red face. You never saw a sturgeon's mother with an unpleasant red face. Or a dowdy hat. Ho ho, what a hat! You'd better rush off to a milliner and do something about your mother's hats instead of heckling law-abiding sturgeons, Honest John.

IF anything is conceivably more fertile than the sturgeons, it's your imagination. So you want to feed sturgeon to the starving unemployed, do you? I suppose it never occurred to you that we are giving hundreds of starving unemployed sturgeons a break by buying their eggs. No, all you want is your three Pernods every night and somebody to put you to bed, you lush, you. It beats me how a man of your background can enjoy smashing glassware and wrestling with barmen the way you do, to say nothing of cadging drinks from everybody in the Quarter, including the *poules*. Oh, what has become of that fresh-faced youth with the springy step who mounted guard with me at Staunton?

Thank goodness there are still a few of us left with high enough ideals to keep from plunging a knife into a sturgeon the minute his back is turned. I'm too much of a gentleman to devote any of this letter to remarks about your private life, but watch your step, Honest John, and walk well in the middle of the Boulevard du Montparnasse. There are a couple of hot-headed Albanian student sturgeons over there who'll stick at nothing. Nothing, that is, but you—if I only tip my mitt.

Very truly yours,  
S. J. PERELMAN