

VANITY FAIR

CLARA FEE.

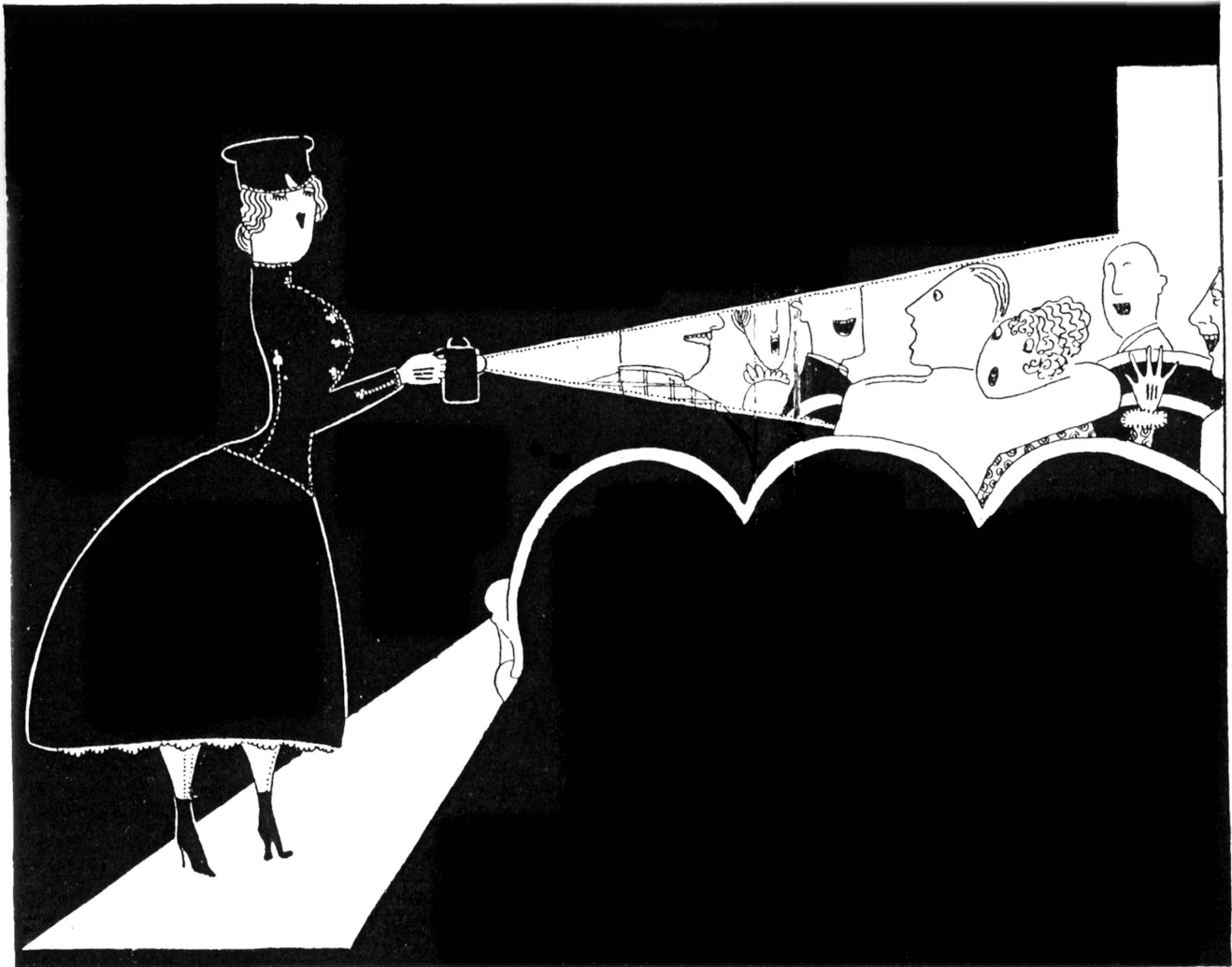
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GREAT MOMENTS AT THE MOVIES

How the Bitter Taste of Life Can Be Sweetened by a Little Dash of Cinema

THE FILLUMS BY FISH



OH, THOSE CRUEL USHERS

THE proud and lately elected President of these here United States ought to start right out by making one or two really sensible laws. Why, in Heaven's name, can't he let the old tariff alone and begin on those super Huns, the lady ushers at the movies. A female firefly is all very well in her place—say in a garden or at the grave of a dead love—but, really, *not* in the aisles of a movie palace. They all wear rubber soles, and they just dote on snooping along until they see their chance to light up little Lottie, lately a lady presiding at the ribbons, or at the toilet goods, or the marked-down notions—and her gentleman friend who was only protecting her, anyway, just because she was so frightfully afraid in the dark.

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