

ABSENT-MINDED NUMBER

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# JUDGE

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MARCH 20, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS



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# INCREASE YOUR VOCABULARY

Emulate Lincoln, Roosevelt and Will Rogers.  
Have the correct word, phrase or story ready  
when you want to make your meaning clear.

JUDGE, "The World's Wittiest Weekly," will  
develop your latent powers of expression.



*Whet your cerebellum on the word*

**epithalamium** (*ep-i-thē-lā-mi-um*) *n.* a nuptial song;  
a poem in praise of the bride or bridegroom.

Reno would lose its reputation, Paris get along without  
its new industry, if only Americans were taught the  
meaning and the use of this word. Compose and sing  
an epithalamium to your wife to-night and all your sins  
will be forgiven.



Each week JUDGE is chock-full of quips,  
jokes and stories, that will not only give  
you many a hearty laugh, but will help  
you to express your real thoughts.

If you would increase and improve your  
vocabulary, and your reputation for re-  
partee, fill in and mail the coupon and you  
may JUDGE for yourself.

JUDGE  
627 West 43rd Street,  
New York.

Let me have JUDGE for—  
10-Weeks for.....\$1.00  
21-Weeks for..... 2.00  
1-Year for..... 5.00

I'm enclosing the money.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

**JUDGE**  
627 West 43rd Street  
New York



# JUDGE

A UNIVERSITY professor who heard that JUDGE was going to publish an Absent-minded Number claims that he wrote us and objected to our printing any more jokes about absent-minded professors. He later discovered, however, that he forgot to mail the letter.

IT is claimed that in fifty years England and America will need separate dictionaries in order to understand each other. The difficulty has already become very apparent in such matters as disarmament and the price of rubber.

MORE than \$11,000,000 worth of Chicago-made laundry soap was exported to foreign countries during 1925. There are no statistics on the quantity of Washington-made soft soap similarly disposed of.

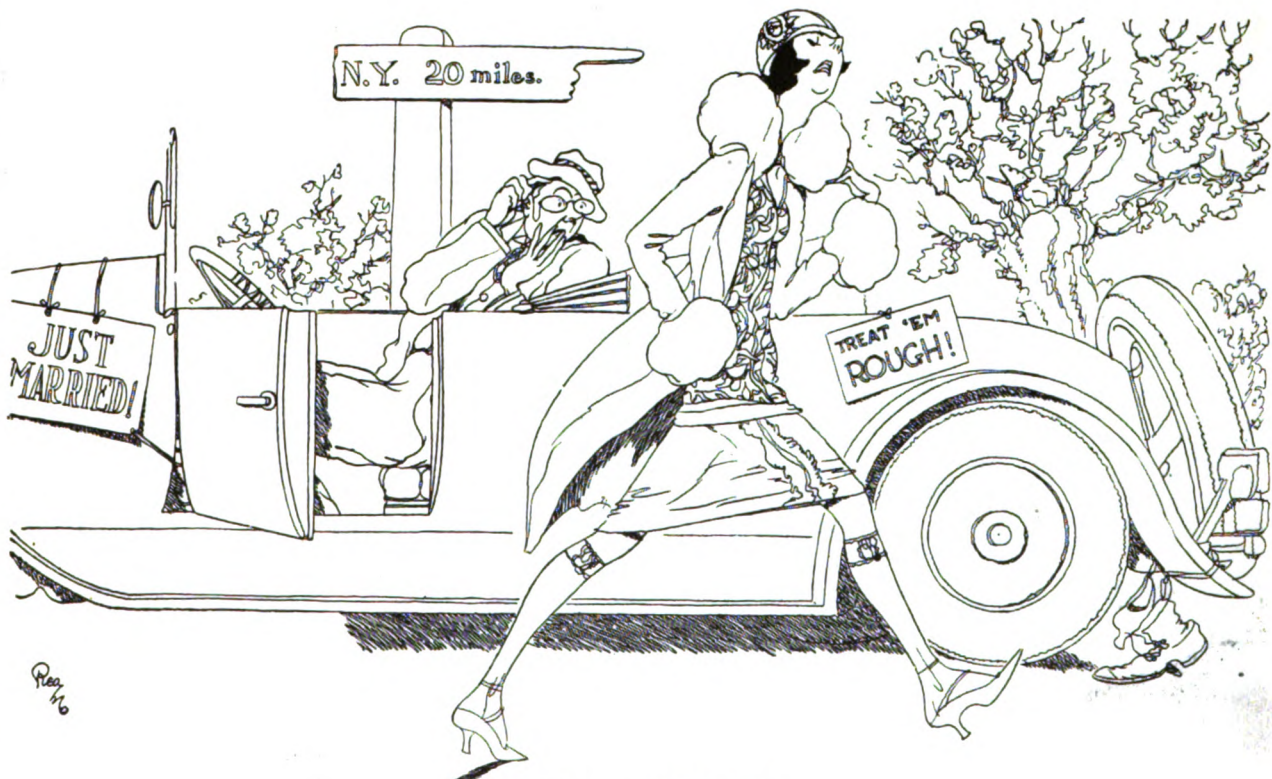
IT is claimed that the first saxophone was made some time during the Sixteenth Century. Music lovers are wont to point out that at that time the Spanish Inquisition was very much in vogue.

AN inventor recently transmitted a motion picture and a verbal description of it at the same time. It is not believed, however, that he can secure a patent on the verbal description idea, as movie audiences have been doing that for years.

AN English novelist claims to have gotten most of his ideas for stories while driving a taxicab in New York. This, perhaps, accounts for his tendency to run down all Americans.

THREE convivial members of a New York Night Club recently conducted a rather unsuccessful liquor raid on one of the city's police stations. When the police raid a night club it's not news. But when a night club raids a police station that's news!

A SCIENTIST recently conducted a series of experiments to determine how long fish could live in hot water. One way of finding out would be to look up the dates on their marriage licenses.



*The absent-minded bride.*





*They'd never miss 'em.*



BURGLAR'S WIFE—*Why, Bill, what are you doing?*  
 BURGLAR—*Gee! Kin y' beat that! I forgot I was home.*

**Song for an American Husband**

Since memos will linger,  
 And memory goes,  
 I have strings on each finger,  
 A ring in my nose!

*Cyril B. Egan*

**Examples In Absent-mindedness**

**L**or's wife.  
 The girl who forgot to remember.

The man waiting at the church.  
 Most husbands on their anniversaries.

Out o' gas.  
 Wrong number.  
 Every woman when asked her age.  
 When the supper check arrives.  
 Flapper trying to think.

*Florence Vanard Crane*

**Aids for the Absent-minded**  
 Wedding Ring      Ball and Chain  
 Skull and Crossbones  
 Ball of String      Handcuffs  
 Watch Your Overcoat



"There are teeth in the prohibition law," says one Congressman. Maybe he's right, but they seem to be false teeth!





Artists are also absent-minded.

### Sheer Luck

I've forgotten one girl for another,  
I've been absent-minded of late;  
And many a mix-up  
I never could fix up  
I've had for forgetting a date.

I forget them as fast as I meet them,  
I guess I am just one of those  
Whose mem'ry is rotten,  
But I've not forgotten  
Myself, yet, enough to propose.  
Carroll

### A Hopeless Case

We heard of a fellow who was so forgetful his wife had to remind him at the end of every week to remove the strings from his fingers.

*Blink*—What's the name of that song by Irving Berlin we heard last night—remember?

*Blank*—No, I don't.

Which is worse: Remembering to telephone but forgetting what you had to say, or remembering what you had to say after forgetting to telephone.



The absent-minded pick-pocket picking his own pocket.





HE (absently)—Now, what was I going to do?





*The absent-minded flapper.*

To the Editor of JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: For quite a long while I've planned to write a story for your "Absent-minded Number."

Two weeks ago I sat down to write and then remembered that my typewriter was at the repair shop. The next day I went down to Mr. Goldberg's and paid the \$5 I had borrowed on it and brought it home. Then I discovered that I didn't have any paper.

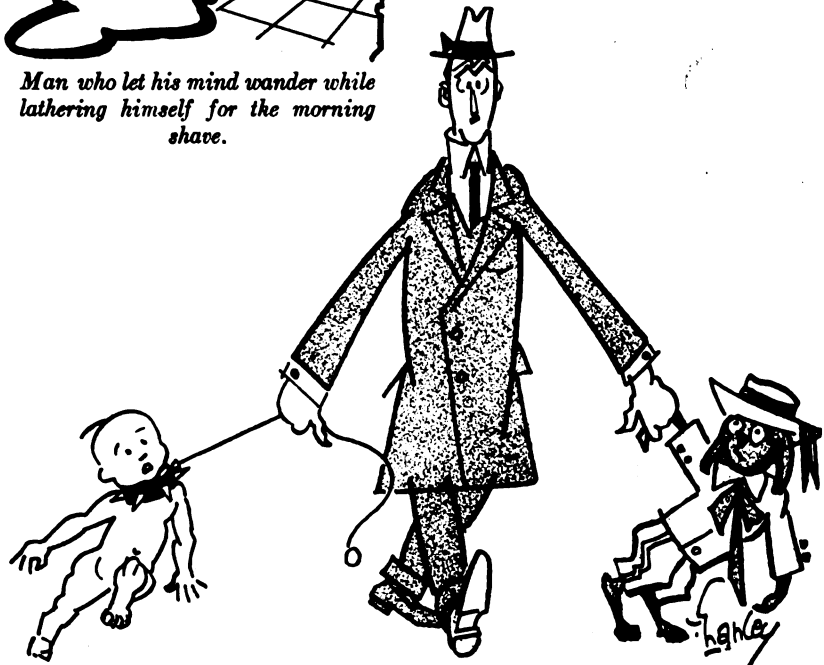
A few days later, I forget just how many, I stopped in a store to buy a vacuum cleaner for my wife but when I got home and opened the package it turned out to be a box of stationery. This again reminded me about the story I was going to write for you so I put one of the sheets of paper in my machine and began writing. An hour, or perhaps several hours later, I can't just remember, I was quite put out to discover there wasn't any ribbon in the machine.

Then two days ago, because I couldn't find a string to tie around my finger, I cut off a piece of a new typewriter ribbon I found in one of my desk drawers, and with this securely knotted about my thumb for a reminder, I walked to the corner store and purchased a ribbon for my machine. This time I am positive I haven't forgotten a thing. And the only reason I haven't a story to send you is because whatever it was I was going to write about has somehow slipped my mind.

Yours very truly,  
Jack Shuttleworth



*Man who let his mind wander while lathering himself for the morning shave.*



*Confused father who was told to dress baby and take him and the dog out for a walk.*

## How to Tell if People Are Absent-minded

A BARBER—if he doesn't say, "Hair's getting kind of thin on top. How about a shampoo?"

A dentist—if he doesn't say, "Hmmm. You should have been here six months ago. Now I'm not going to hurt you."

A bootlegger—if he doesn't say, "This is real pre-war stuff. I get it direct from a sailor on an English freighter."

A husband—if he doesn't say, "Nope, sorry, can't, the little woman's waiting dinner for me. Well, just one."

A golfer—if he doesn't say, "I was off my game to-day. I usually make this course in 77."

A head-waiter—if he doesn't say, "Sorry, sir, no tables just at present."

A taxi-driver—if he doesn't say, "Which side o' the street's that on again?"

A plumber—if he doesn't say, "I've forgotten my copy of 'The Rubiyat.'"

A traffic cop—if he doesn't say, "X-&XXX<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>-1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>?-H---D---S---%\$%&MH\$"

An editor—if he doesn't say, "This is rotten."  
Percy Flage



# UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO 2 - THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSORS



## Mr. Memo's Marvelous Memory Course

Mr. B. R. Tubbs, New Rochelle, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: We take great pleasure in informing you that you have satisfactorily completed Mr. Memo's Marvelous Memory Course and are now a *bond fide* graduate. Accept our heartiest congratulations, and wishing you all the success and prosperity we are sure you will achieve, we enclose herewith your beautiful hand illuminated gilt-edged engraved on finest of parchment diploma.

Yours very truly,

Mr. Memo's Marvelous Memory Course Co., Inc. Mr. Memo, Pres.

P. S.—We call your attention to the fact that you forgot to enclose a check with your last lesson.

Mr. Memo's Marvelous Memory Course Co., Inc. Mr. Memo, Pres.

Dear Sir: I take my pen in hand to tell you that I got your letter about me being a graduate of your Mr. Memo's Marvelous Memory Course and about the beautiful hand illuminated gilt-edged engraved on finest of parchment diploma. Now, Mr. Memo, I tell you right now I'm quitting your Mr. Memo's Marvelous Memory Course and don't want to be no graduate. I'm not saying, Mr. Memo, your course is not all O. K. for some folks, but for me,



THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—*Ha, ha. That's a good one! They call me forgetful, and here my own wife passes me on the street and doesn't know me!*

Mr. Memo, it's losing me a lot of money. You see, Mr. Memo, I'm a union plumber.

Yours very truly,

Mr. B. R. Tubbs.

P. S.—You forgot to enclose the diploma, anyway.

*Jack Shuttleworth*

## Our Absent-minded Ballads

NEXT in importance to the mammy ballads in American folk songs come the absent-minded ballads, treating chiefly of remembering and forgetting. While the sentiment is always very scented, the issue is usually clouded and confusing. We are never quite sure who does the remembering, and who the forgetting, and what it is that is remembered, or, as the case may be, forgotten. In writing such a ballad it is essential that you remember the months with the "r" in them for the sake of rhyme—no—they're the oyster months—our error. At any rate September, November, December *do* help. We throw out ember as a suggestion, and, come to think of it, why not "dis-member"?

Have you heard the latest?

*Do You Remember What You Forgot?*

Do you remember what you forgot?

Forget, forgot, forgotten.

I'm so unhappy, I'm so what not,

For I can't remember just what you forgot

Or whether you ever forgot it or not—

But you have forgotten, you're memory's rotten.

Forget, oh, forgot, ah, forgotten. . .

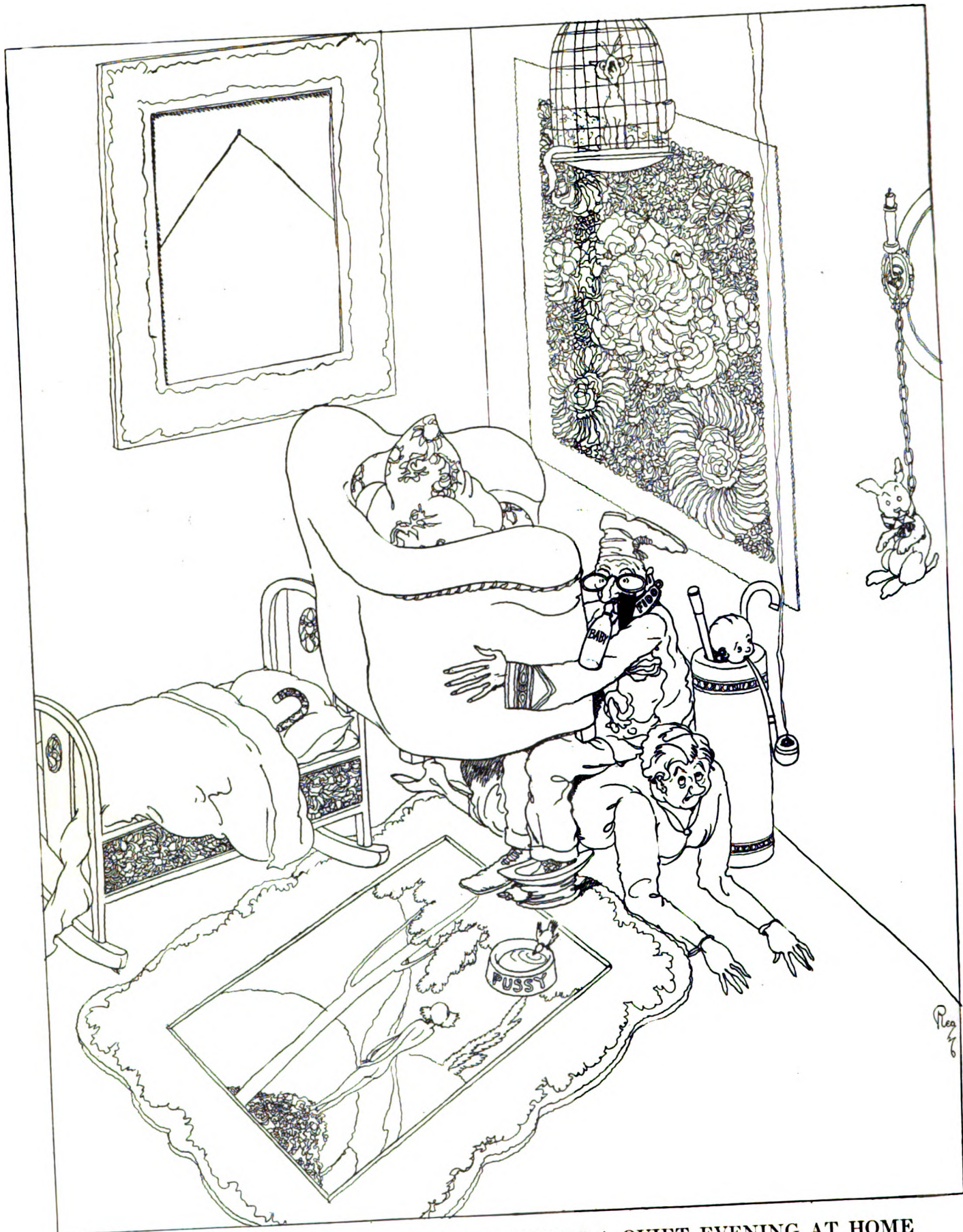
*G. A. Paravicini*



## AN INHERITED TENDENCY

*The absent-minded college professor's daughter goes in bathing.*





THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR SPENDS A QUIET EVENING AT HOME



WHY SUFFER IN SILENCE? CARRY OUR POCKET KNOT INDEX AND REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE SENT FOR



*True lover's knot*—rolling-pin and package of canary seed.

*Sailor's knot*—pound of sliced bacon and Dreiser's "An American Tragedy."

*Running bowline*—mail letter; get vacuum cleaner and spool of white thread.

*Granny knot*—pair of antique andirons, and two yards of pale blue crepe de chine.

*Figure of eight*—tickets to "Cradle Snatchers" and buy yourself a new hat.

Memorandums of a Business Man

**MONDAY**—Buy new bulb for upstairs hall.

**Tuesday**—Gas bill due. Get bulb when downtown to pay it.

**Wednesday**—Income tax due, also rent. Make out checks for rent and gas bill. See some tax expert. Get bulb for hall.

**Thursday**—Phone bootlegger. Find out bank balance. Pay gas bill. Pay rent. Look up income tax man. Urgent!—Get bulb for hall!

**Friday**—Find out why Jones forgot to order the new memo pads I told him to. Phone bank. See tax expert. Pay rent and gas bills. Bootlegger. Memo: Stop some place for that damn bulb.

**Saturday**—Pay gas bill and phone company to turn gas back on. Write nice letter to landlord and enclose

check. Income tax important! Stop at bank. Stop at bootleggers. Bulb, bulb, bulb, bulb, bulb. Give Jones a week's notice, can't have clerks who forget things. *Jack Shuttleworth*

Diary of an Absent-minded Person

**MONDAY**—Met Whosis to-day—or was it last Friday?—on the corner of what's the name of that street and where was I? He said something about something or other and I forget what I answered. Was very hungry this evening—must have forgotten to have eaten lunch again to-day.

**Tuesday**—The alarm clock said four-thirty when I got up this morning. Late for work. Must remember to wind that clock hereafter. Lunch at Automat. Wanted chicken pie and coffee, but got a cheese sandwich and cocoa.

**Wednesday**—Marched in the parade to-day and wound up at the starting point. Then it occurred to me that I had been marching in the wrong direction.

**Thursday**—Arrived home earlier than usual—train was a local and didn't go any farther than my station. Door of house locked—key wouldn't fit—so climbed in window. Found strange man in parlor—he was evidently a burglar or something because he had removed all our furniture and put inferior stuff in its place. I threatened to call the police, but he was very obliging—he said he would. He did—and that's all I remember. *R. C. O'Brien*

Several Moments with the Professor

**T**HE absent-minded professor had just lathered his face when the telephone rang, so he went to the door and opened it—but nobody was there.

"Come in," he said pleasantly, and ushered his imaginary guest into the parlor. "I will be with you just as soon as I have finished polishing my shoes," he added.

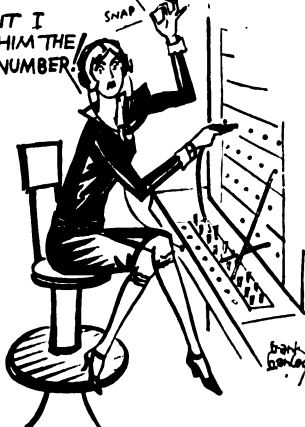
Noticing that the door was open he remarked to himself: "That's strange; I must have been going out."

So he put on his hat and coat and went out. *R. C. O.*

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Player pianos are all right in their place, which, we informed our neighbor, is in a storage warehouse.

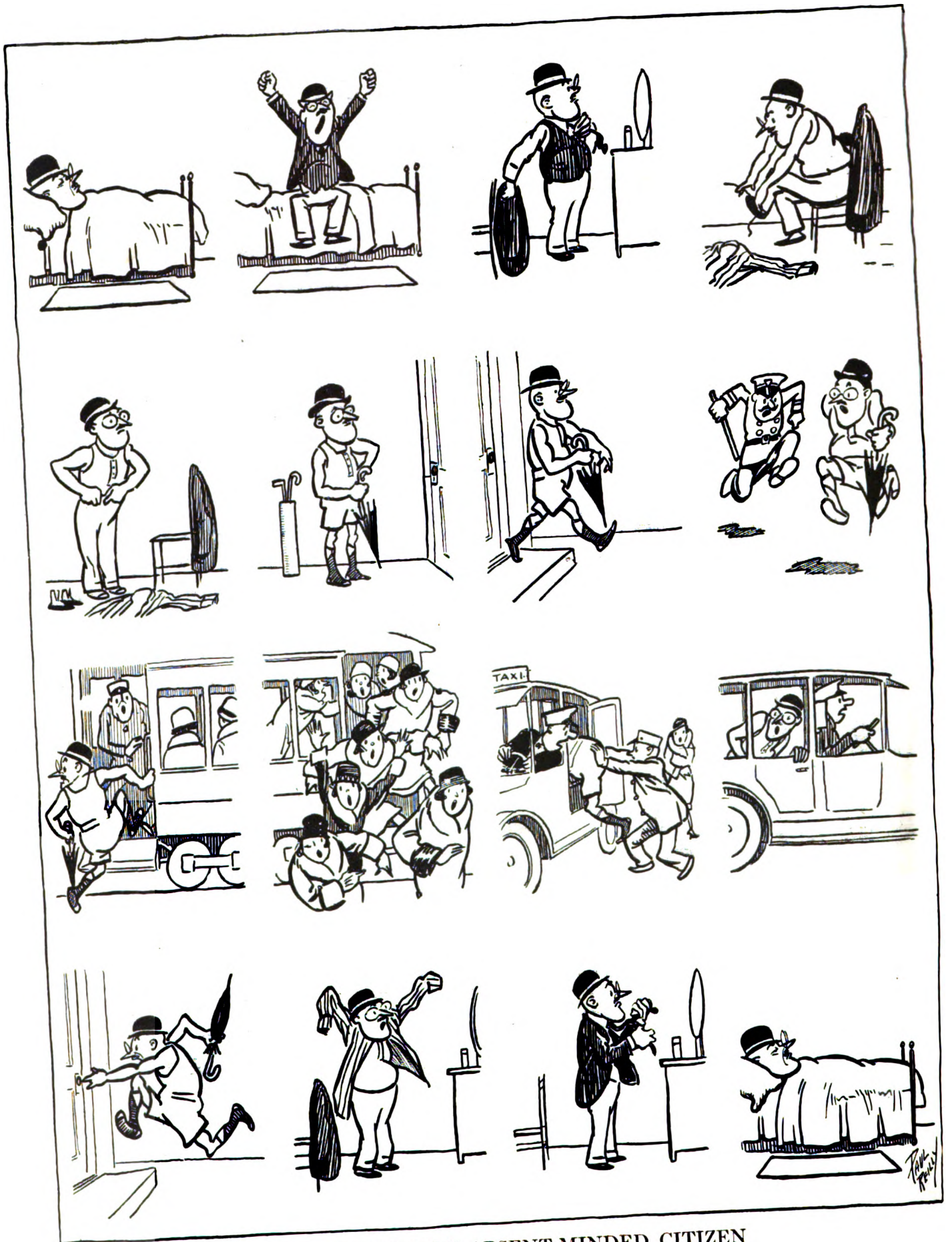
DARN IT I GAVE HIM THE RIGHT NUMBER.



Absent-minded telephone operator.



The girl who forgot to wear her fur garters.



A PARTICULARLY ABSENT-MINDED CITIZEN





# HIGH HAT

Read a mighty fine book this week.  
 . . . . "Pig Iron," by Charles Norris  
 . . . . rather long-winded, but I liked  
 it even better than "Brass" or "Salt."



Have you heard "Sleepy Time Gal"  
 on the records? It isn't very new,  
 but it's a humdinger.



The Six Best "Steppers":  
 "Sleepy Time Gal"—(*No show*).  
 "Only a Rose"—(*Vagabond King*).  
 "Cuddle Up"—(*Bunk of 1926*).  
 "I Know Someone Loves Me"—  
 (*By the Way*).  
 "What Can They See in Dancing?"  
 —(*By the Way*).  
 "That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-  
 Toes*).



Gosh, I forgot! I was supposed to  
 write something special for the  
 Absent-minded Number!

*Judy Jr.*

What's this country coming to,  
 anyway! With all this night club  
 and speakeasy raiding going on it's  
 getting so a man's afraid to call his  
 drink his own! I'm going to write  
 my Congressman about it! But  
 then I suppose he's just as sore as  
 I am.



And the worst of it is it has started  
 raiding parties. If they hear a place  
 is apt to be "pulled" that evening  
 just try and get in! This invitation  
 came in the mail the other morning:  
*The proprietor of the "Cat's Meow"*  
*requests the pleasure of your company*  
*at a raiding party Friday evening.*  
*Favors to throw at the policemen will*  
*be presented to the ladies and souvenir*  
*police whistles to the gentlemen.*  
*R.S.V.P. (Raid starts very promptly.)*



And speaking of night clubs, there's  
 a new place way over on Second  
 avenue near eighty-toid . . . . it's  
 called The Gypsy Inn or Camp . . . .  
 you'll meet anyone from Gyp the  
 Blood to Reggie Parkavenue there  
 . . . . mighty interesting . . . . and a  
 dancer . . . Mignon . . . a real artist.



Took in the Kit Kat ball last week  
 and how the old place has changed!  
 Time was, when the Kit Kat was  
 almost an affair of state . . . . this  
 year it looked like the Butter and  
 Egger's convention.

If!

(With Due Apologies)

*History Hinges on Mere Coincidence*

ASSUMING that important his-  
 torical personages had suffered  
 from absent-mindedness, think how  
 historical lore would have been  
 changed—

If Nero had inadvertently left his  
 fiddle on the piano that morning.

If Sir Walter Raleigh had for-  
 gotten to put on his coat when he  
 went strolling.

If Samson had thoughtlessly gotten  
 a hair-cut once in a while.

If George Washington had over-  
 looked chopping down that cherry  
 tree.

If Paul Revere had forgotten to set  
 his alarm clock on that memorable  
 night.

If Ben Franklin had ever thought  
 of flying a kite—

And if Eve had put the apple in  
 the ice box and then forgotten about  
 it!

*Hugh Wood*

A Way to Reduce

A tout gave me a tip on a horse the  
 other day and told me I couldn't lose.

He was a liar. I lost several  
 pounds just watching the horses run  
 around the track.



You tell people you have water on  
 the knee and they don't seem to care.  
 But tell them you have something on  
 your hip and they become interested  
 immediately.



"Gee! I forgot and ett a mouthful too much!"





LEST WE FORGET!





Editor, Norman Anthony. Associate Editors, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. Dramatic Editor, George Jean Nathan.

**R**EPRESENTATIVE BLANTON, of Texas, has asked that the editor of the *Washington Post* be prosecuted under the Volstead Law for printing George Washington's recipe for beer. We can visualize the day when it will become a criminal offense to quote the Declaration of Independence.

### Absent-mindedness

**T**HE Mosleys, Captain and Lady Cynthia, on their visit to this country have been investigating working conditions and making socialistic speeches. We have heard no protest or complaint on the part of our State Department, although in the meantime the Karolyis are still barred. A clear case of absent-mindedness, no doubt.

Other conspicuous cases of absent-mindedness:

Attorney General Sargeant forgets to remember about the aluminum inquiry.

The South ignores the Fifteenth Amendment.

Wayne B. Wheeler ignores the Fourth Amendment.

The country ignores the Eighteenth Amendment.

Secretary Davis mislays his common sense.

God forgets Chicago.

### Shades of the Vigilantes!

**T**HE Better Government Association of Chicago has assumed the rôle of little Rollo. Surely you remember little Rollo. He was the boy who hated rowdies so dreadfully that when they sassed him and spit in his face and pushed him into the mud puddle why—he ran to his uncle and begged him to make them be good. He was also the little boy who, when they pasted him in the eye with a ripe tomato, cried, "I shall let it remain till father sees it!"

The Better Government Association of Chicago and Cook County, through "hell and Maria" Dawes (of all people!), presented a petition to the United States Senate urging a Congressional investigation of outlawry in its home town. It charges a conspiracy between public officials and gangsters to terrorize the city and virtually confesses the inability or unwillingness of its citizens to cope with the situation. Never before in the history of the country, so far as we are aware, has a responsible civic body seriously proposed such an abject surrender of self-government. The nearest approach to it was the appeal of certain Philadelphians for another year of Smedley Butler. But that sounds now like a declaration of independence compared with this bleat from the Windy City.

Sooner or later, of course, the policy of prescribing our private conduct from Washington and seeding the country with Federal spies was bound to undermine and

destroy our self-reliance and the wholesome pride we took in ruling our own civic roosts. But who would have supposed that the moral fiber, which a generation or two ago tamed the West, would so soon disintegrate? If this petition had come from almost any other town we could have understood it better. But from the second city of the country, the boastful Metropolis of the Mississippi Valley, the top-lofty Leviathan of the Lakes! It almost persuades us that what the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals has been saying about the pure and helpless West must be true.

Meanwhile, may we congratulate the Senate on promptly dismissing the petition? Such a display of intelligence is startling.

### More Moral Turpitude

**A**ND yet, to look at it from another side, one can hardly blame any American city for putting its police problem up to Uncle Sam. For the Volstead Act has complicated that problem almost beyond endurance. What was it that Smedley Butler expended almost all his talk and time on during his brief reign in Philadelphia—what was it that finally defeated him there? Prohibition enforcement. What is it that so appals the Chicago petitioners? The power and ruthlessness of the rum ring.

But with characteristic hypocrisy the Better Government boys ignore utterly the obvious culpability of Volsteadism and try to put the blame for Chicago's predicament on the stranger within her gates. "There has been for a long time in this City of Chicago," their petition recites, "a colony of unnaturalized persons hostile to our institutions and laws, who have formed a government of their own—feudists, blackhanders, members of the mafia—who levy tribute upon citizens and enforce collection by terrorizing, kidnaping and assassinations. . . . Many of these aliens have become fabulously rich as rum-runners and bootleggers, working in collusion with police and other officials, building up a monopoly in this unlawful business and dividing the territory of the county among themselves under penalty of death to all intruding competitors."

In other words, please, Uncle Sam, come and kick these foreigners out and let's have only 100 per cent. American bootleggers.

\* \* \* \* \*

**M**R. BUCKNER despairs of enough Federal machinery to enforce Prohibition in New York, so he has urged that "to protect their own community from bands of professional criminals" New Yorkers have a new State enforcement act. Just like the one Chicago enjoys?

W. M. H.





IF MOST OF US WERE ABSENT-MINDED



# The Adventures of Flubb and Tubb

by Arthur L. Lippmann

## Say It with Flower Pots

Now that Henry Flubb, president of the Flubb Flower Pot Company, had reached his anecdotal, evenings at the Flubb mansion were as riotous and thrilling as the pages of the *Congressional Record*. Perpetual permanent waving, mud massage and chin liftings had finally convinced "Ma" Flubb that a woman is as old as she feels, and acting on this theory, one Wednesday evening, she dragged the protesting Henry forth from his slippers seclusion and smoking-jacketed ease to view "Pulsing Passions," Hollywood's latest gift to the silver screen and tribute to the Great God Hokum.

It is easier to break into the United States Mint than to get into the Paragon Theater between the hours of seven and nine-thirty P.M. Even the chaste marble columns that adorn the Broadway side, the goldfish bowls in the lobby, the gold-braided, sufficiently supercilious door men, the silver cherubs on the ceilings and the Kollege Kut tuxedo on the third assistant manager could not soothe Henry Flubb's irritation at being compelled to stand in line fifty-five minutes before getting a seat. Finally, however, he found himself seated behind a marble column and after the first prologue, second prologue, overture, news reel, tabloid "Faust," specialty dancers and pictures of the Boston fire, which resembled every other fire picture he had seen, Henry Flubb reveled in the passionate Romeoing of the feature.

Dormant romance, long stifled by flower pot problems and a balky blood pressure, once again surged through Henry's veins as young love, moon-lit amorous trysts near the old ruined castle, and similar tender bits flashed before him. Later, riding uptown, he leaned back in his limousine and, in fancy, rode black chargers, slew dragons for pale, panic-stricken princesses and waged valiant wars for love's sweet sake. Beside him snored "Ma" Flubb. Around his feet they had wrapped an automobile robe. But even mental Lotharios are not immune to icy blasts and the streptococci, for a paroxysm of sneezing seized the middle-aged Don Quixote who had



CAME THE DAWN

just mentally taken a seat at King Arthur's Round Table and thereafter a most unromantic, but obviously utilitarian handkerchief was brought into play.

And so, when an engraved, blue-tinted card bearing this inscription was handed to Henry Flubb at his office the following morning: "J. Parker Wethersfield, Vice-President, The Wethersfield Industrial Film Company," the magic of the movie genie dissolved Flubb's chronic forenoon grouch and J. Parker, though he knew it not, owed much to the Cupid's bow mouth of Sally Sayre, star of "Pulsing Passions," as well as three divorce suits.

"Is this the Henry Flubb who writes such inspiring wall mottoes?" questioned Brother Wethersfield, as his six feet of blue-serged, determined chin, wing collared and bow tied masculinity breezed in and he smiled an ingratiating grin that revealed several hundred dollars' worth of flawless, 1926 model dentistry. "I am J. Parker Wethersfield, a business physician, an industrial healer and a sales engineer. I capture the fleeting romance of business and harness it to increase sales. This I can do for the Flubb Flower Pot Company."

When Wethersfield mentioned romance, a glow came over Flubb's face and he sent for Tobias Tubb, his general infield utility. Then Flubb so far forgot himself as to hand the stranger a cigar. J. Parker leaned forward and orated with the fervor

of Mark Anthony telling Rome what a good feller J. Caesar was when he had it.

"I propose to produce an industrial film here in the Flubb Flower Pot factory to be titled 'The Romance of the Flower Pot.' This picture will deal with the complete manufacturing process of a Flubb flower pot. I will write in a beautiful love story, to give it human interest and heart appeal. This film, a mixture of sentiment and business, will, however, be nothing but a marvelous publicity stunt to sell thousands of Flubb flower pots. The Flubb flower pot factory will decorate the screens of moving picture theaters from the rock-bound coasts of Maine to the Pacific's broad expanse. The Flubb flower pot will be shown on the same screen with Valentino, Mary Pickford, Sally Sayre—"

"Sally Sayre," rapturously muttered Henry Flubb, "she is a wisp of sunshine, a golden gleam, a—"

Wethersfield's keen, black eyes noticed the blush on Flubb's cheeks. Little wheels clicked silently in his head. Then, rather indifferently, he announced, "I think we can get Sally Sayre to play in 'The Romance of the Flower Pot.' She has a contract with the Supersupersuper Films, but we can get her away. But we would have to get two good leading men, Mr. Flubb. Two men of charm, intelligence and magnetism. Two men like Mr. Tubb and yourself." Then Wethersfield paused and suddenly banged his fist down on Flubb's desk. "I have it," he shouted. "Mr. Flubb you are just the type to play the virile, clean-minded lover who comes riding from the rolling plains to save the Flower Pot industry from the clutches of the trusts. Mr. Tubb can be your partner. You are just the type, Mr. Flubb, just the type."

Henry Flubb drank two glasses of water and walked over to the window. Twenty-two stories below was a little ribbon, filled with moving dots. As far as the eye could see, huge signs were silhouetted against the sky. With the coming of darkness these signs would blaze forth in nightly competition with the starry firmament on high. A mist o'erspread

(Continued on page 22)



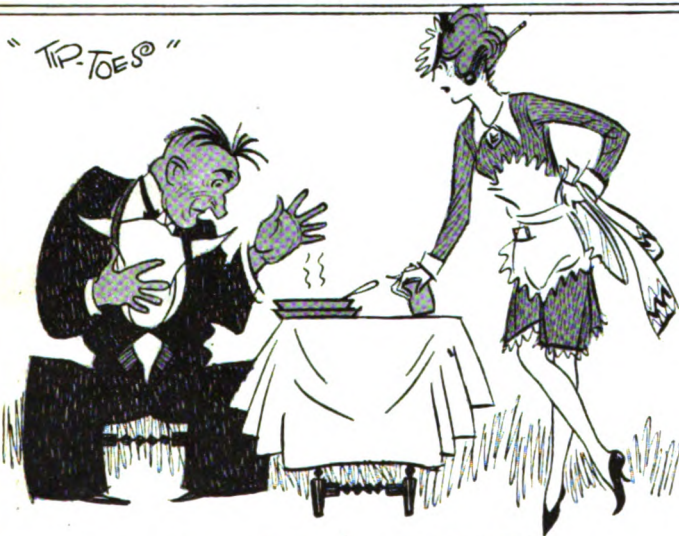
# LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS -



BUNK OF 1926 "

WIFE - "I GAVE YOU THE BEST SEVEN YEARS OF MY LIFE!"  
 - "MY GOD!!! - ARE THOSE YOUR BEST?" -

## "TIP-TOES"



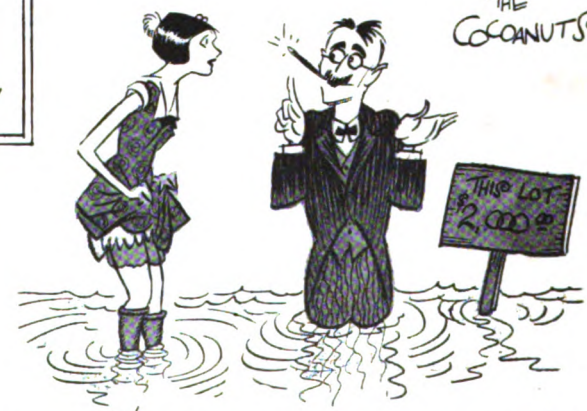
GIRL - "HOW'S THE SOUP?"  
 HARRY WATSON - "I AM KIND OF SORRY I STIRRED IT!"

IT'LL SOON  
 BE TIME TO QUIT  
 'N' GO T' BED!!!

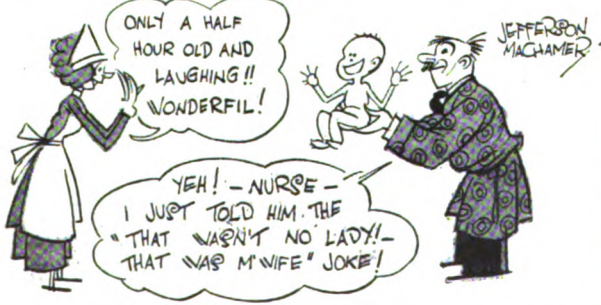
## "KEITH"

"MY OLD MAN'S THE  
 IDOL OF THE FAMILY -  
 HE'S BEEN IDLE!!"  
 TEN YEARS!

## THE COCONUTS



GROUCHO - "\$2,000 - WHY THAT'S CHICKEN FEED!  
 - A POULTRY PUM LIKE THAT!"



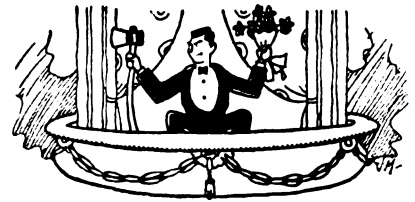
ONLY A HALF  
 HOUR OLD AND  
 LAUGHING!!  
 WONDERFIL!

JEFFERSON  
 MACGAMER

YEH! - NURSE -  
 I JUST TOLD HIM THE  
 "THAT WASN'T NO LADY! -  
 THAT WAS M' WIFE" JOKE!

# JUDGING the SHOWS

by George Jean Nathan



## I

**B**EFORE bringing out the artillery, let us put everybody in good humor by saying something nice again about Walter Hampden's "Cyrano." (Business of saying something nice again about Walter Hampden's "Cyrano.")

## II

**I**HOPE you will believe me, son, when I tell you that this spanking business hurts me more than it does you. Take "The Virgin," for example. If you think it is any fun trying to make faces in a new and interesting way at the play in which the lumberjack, Louie le Bombard—"wan damn fine fella," as he is ever wont to designate himself—finds that a fair wench has played him false and proceeds to lock the door and hot-foot it around the boudoir after her, if, as I say, you think it is any fun scratching your head to discover a new way to pan such a dingus, you are an optimist beside whom a millionaire astrologer is a limeade. There are persons who argue that it is much easier to write a roast than a boost, but I'd like to see one of them try his hand at a roast of "The Virgin" after he has roasted plays exactly like it since 1906 A.D.

It is now three days and six hours that I have sat here trying to pan "The Virgin" in a fresh and lively manner, but I'll be hanged if I can do it. It is dismal stuff, and it deserves an application of the back of the hair brush, yet all I find myself able to say of it is that it is dismal stuff and deserves an application of the back of the hair brush. I could somewhat exaggeratedly recite the plot for you and give you a couple of laughs at the show's expense in that way, but I've negotiated that trick so often that it is stale. I could burlesque the names of the characters

"The Creaking Chair" (Lyceum)—Glance to the right.

"The Right Age to Marry" (49th St.)—This one is about lowly Lancashire folk, so I haven't been around yet.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—Widely praised fantastic play which somehow fails to work me up.

"The Great God Brown" (Garrick)—A fine play by O'Neill, heartily commended to your attention.

"The Green Hat" (Broadhurst)—The heroine proves her enduring love for the hero by having affairs all over Europe. Drivel.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Comedy of the British schoolboy, worth seeing.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Beck)—It appears that the chief pastime in Chinese bordellos is talking.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—The most comfortable theater in New York and a diverting show.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—Joe Cook and Julius Tannen at their best.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Feeble comedy decorated by Claiborne Foster.

"Easy Virtue" (Empire)—Le Coward should mention La Cowl in his prayers.

"The Student Prince" (Century)—The most satisfactory musical comedy evening in town.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—The most satisfactory dancing show in town.

"Tip-Toes" (Liberty)—Gerahwin yes; libretto no.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—An evening of laughs.

"The Unchastened Woman" (Princess)—An evening of grunts.

"The Virgin" (Elliott)—Reviewed opposite.

"The Masque of Venice" (Mansfield)—To be lectured on next week.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Interesting American play, well acted.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador)—Scott Fitzgerald in sock and buskin. A good dramatization of a good novel.

"A Lady's Virtue" (Bijou)—A sex play for very old maids.

"A Weak Woman" (Ritz)—Amusing boulevard comedy.

"The Butter and Egg Man" (Longacre)—Another that will give you some loud laughs.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyne" (Fulton)—Ina Claire as a yegg-lady.

"The Love City" (Klaw)—"The Shanghai Gesture" minus.

"The Makropoulos Secret" (Hopkins)—Czech drool.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Correspondents still writing in to the editor complaining about my calling it flapdoodle. Flapdoodle.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—Ibsen actors favorite show.

"Virvana" (Greenwich)—To be reviewed next week.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Harris)—A sister-act in the American language.

and incorporate them in an otherwise straight rehearsal of the plot and thus bring the exhibit into the realm of immediately discernible absurdity, where it belongs, but that, too, is a wornout device. Or I might even write a couple of thousand words of serious destructive criticism of the thing if I didn't have any humor left in me. But I'll be blessed if I can think up any other way to handle the job. I, therefore, take refuge in setting down simply the fact that "The Virgin," by the Messrs. White and Bennison, is a pretty low grade of drama and let it go at that.

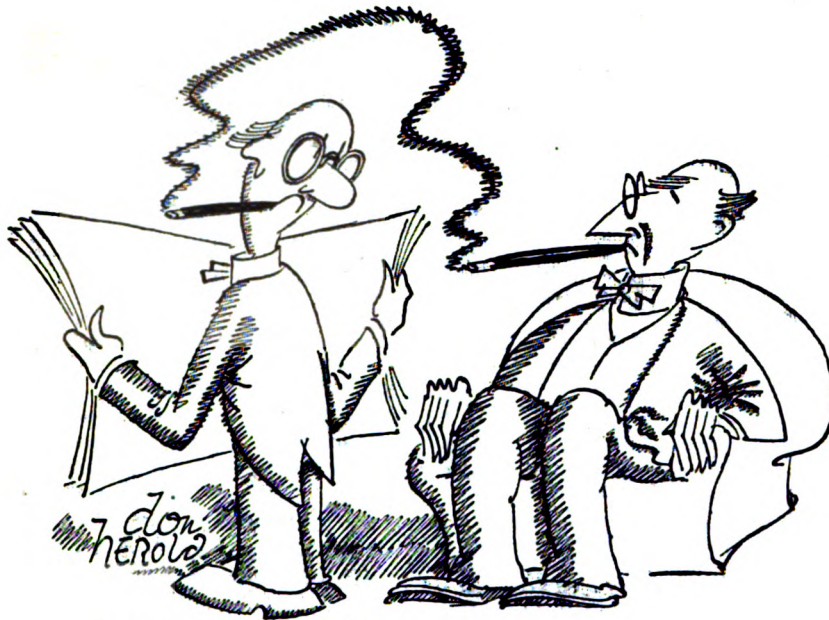
## III

**T**HE management of the mystery play called "The Creaking Chair," on view at the Lyceum, hasn't put a note in the program requesting the audience not to divulge the solution of the mystery. The reason isn't hard to figure out. If you told anyone the solution he wouldn't believe it even after he had seen the play for himself.

Not that "The Creaking Chair" is so much different in this respect from 50 per cent. of our mystery plays. When a playwright sets out to connect one of these *opera*, his technique generally consists in building up a mystery that has no logical and rational solution and then solving it in a manner that makes it even more mysterious than it was in the first place. When the playwright doesn't go at things that way, his method is to show the audience the character who undoubtedly committed the crime and who he damn well knows committed it, and then to chase his tail proving that the character in point didn't commit it. Allene Tupper Wilkes, author of the Lyceum play, follows this second course. The murder of the woman living in the neighborhood was unquestionably

(Continued on page 28)





*"I see there is a fur strike."  
 "I've been on a fur strike for a long time. As long as my wife insists on freezing from the knees down, I'm not going to worry about her temperature from the knees up."*

## PRO, BUT MOSTLY CON

by Don Herold

**G**ENTLEMEN prefer blondes, but take what they can get.  
 \* \* \*

Galoches set the calf off pretty.  
 \* \* \*

A couple of other similes:

As superfluous as a fifth Marx brother.

As noncommittal as a cigarette advertisement.  
 \* \* \*

The technique of to-day becomes the hokum of to-morrow.  
 \* \* \*

It ought to be easy for me to get a lot of money; everybody gets mine easily.  
 \* \* \*

There is some talk of their making paper money smaller. This will increase one's chances of losing a dollar bill in an old suit of clothes, and thus getting the start of a fortune.  
 \* \* \*

America and Italy are now the two nations most notably lacking in a sense of humor. The Cathcart case is a recent instance in America, and as for Italy, instances come to our ears nearly every day, the most recent being their ruling that no passports shall be issued to Italians with performing monkeys or bears

for fear they may injure Italy's prestige in other countries.  
 \* \* \*

Oh, Lord, spare us from the doings of our Dignity.  
 \* \* \*

We have always talked of England as a land with no sense of humor. They have it beyond any of us. For centuries England has got away with the greatest rascalities because she has worn a twinkle in her sleeve.

It is illuminating, in a discussion of national sense of humor, to compare our so-called greatest American playwright, the somber and sophomoric Eugene O'Neill, with England's greatest playwright, George Bernard Shaw, the greatest living kiddier.  
 \* \* \*

Mississippi is passing a law prohibiting the teaching of evolution. It seems to me that all monumental guesses, even if mistakes, should be told about in schools as a matter of historical completeness. I would like for my daughter Doris to be told about all big human hunches, religions and tangents, and allowed to take her choice. My hope would be that she would choose all. They're here—I don't see how anybody can reject any of them.  
 \* \* \*

"The dial system is a real advance in the telephone art," says an ad of the New York Telephone Company. Is there anything left that ain't art?

We have tolerated the use of the word in connection with barbering, horseshoeing, vaudeville acting, circus performing and pastry making. Are we now going to have to listen to references to the trucking art, the piano-hoisting art, the building-excavating art, the baggage art, the bituminous coal mining art, and banking art?

Next thing we know, somebody will be referring to life itself as an art.  
 \* \* \*

Mail carriers are now reputed to be our most healthy class. This is perhaps because they don't spend their vacations sitting around.



ABSENT-MINDED PIANO MOVER—*Doctor, I'm worried—got a bearing-down feeling all over my back and shoulders!*

# JUDGING the MOVIES I

by William Morris Houghton



**S**OPHISTICATION makes its American screen debut in "Torrent," from the novel by Ibanez. Not only are love and convention *not* happily reconciled in this picture, as in 99 44/100 per cent. of other movies, but there is no attempt to camouflage the character of Leonora, played by Greta Garbo. Miss Garbo, by the way, is the Swedish star who made a European reputation in the leading rôle of "The Story of Gosta Berling," the screen version of Selma Lagerlof's Nobel Prize story. This is her first American appearance.

"Torrent" is the story of two lovers, a Spanish peasant girl and the young don of her village, who are twice on the point of grasping happiness and defying the world, but each time are defeated by the will to regularity of the young man's mother. After the first desertion Leonora journeys to Paris where in the course of time she becomes a famous prima donna, fêted and pursued by half the titles on the Continent. In her wicked splendor she returns to her native village to find her don a deputy and engaged to marry the pork king's daughter. Again the old magnetism works its spell. They meet, they love, all one moonlit night in the old garden. The mother drives her from the village. The son meets her in Madrid. There is talk of flight to America. But—oh, well, the romance comes a cropper. Nothing sensational, you understand; nothing melodramatic. Nobody is killed, or dies, except in spirit. But the tragedy of the outcome is all the more poignant for the lack of blood and tears.



"John, where's your manners? Isn't the man supposed to help the lady up?"



"The Big Parade"—Still the best movie going.

"A Woman of the World"—Pola Negri against a Main street background. Very good.

"Time, the Comedian"—Ma's sweetie returns to woo her daughter. Poor stuff.

"Siegfried"—With a good orchestra it beats the opera.

"Tumbleweeds"—Standard Bill Hart fare.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Near Wilde.

"A Kiss for Cinderella"—Sentimentality at its charmingest.

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives"—The sheik business burlesqued.

"Womanhandled"—The wide-open spaces kidded.

"Soul Mates"—Elinor Glyn piffle.

"Mannequin"—Fanny Hurst's \$50,000 prize melodrama. Not worth it.

"That Royle Girl"—A dip into Chicago's underworld with a cyclone to boot.

"The Splendid Road"—Deep in slush.

"Ben-Hur"—The chariot race is worth the price of admission.

"Sea Beast"—John Barrymore in a mixture of slush and blubber.

"The Black Bird"—Lon Chaney in a good crook drama.

"The Reckless Lady"—See comment on "Time, the Comedian."

"Memory Lane"—Mush.

"Moana of the South Seas"—Personally conducted tour to Paradise.

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"—First rate comedy.

"Partners Again"—Potash and Perlmutter smeared on thick.

"Mare Nostrum"—Florid war tragedy from Ibanez.

"Dancing Mothers"—The old lady rebels.

Miss Garbo gives a finished performance which without heat or effort extracts the last ounce of scorn and pity and frustration from the situation. Ricardo Cortez, her vis-a-vis, does equally well with his part. But I can't believe he actually plays the last scene. The transformation is too appalling.

To appreciate "Torrent," see "La Bohème." By that I don't mean to imply that King Vidor hasn't made a really brilliant picture out of this ancient tear wringer. He has, with the conspicuous assistance of Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. But "La Bohème," for all its accent on tragedy, is a bit of sentimental unreality. It leaves you with no question in your mind, no rebellion in your heart. It brushes your emotions and passes on.

But I don't see how it could have been done better. Lillian Gish merely has to walk through the part to make a perfect Mimi. And John Gilbert, as Rodolphe, is quite as handsome and spirited and inconsolable as one could wish.

What's come over our movie magnates that they should be giving us such unaccustomed fare? Used to chocolate nut sundaes and fudge, I feel like the lady who thought *filet mignon* was fish. This is the third screen tragedy I have seen in succession, all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Some one in that organization must have had a sudden attack of artistic conscience, or gone crazy. Perhaps both.



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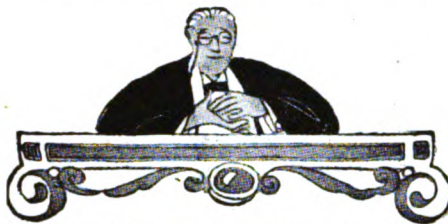
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## Concerning Bonds by Theodore Williams

**S**TRENGTH and activity in bonds were a recent rather marked feature of the securities market. Issues of this class are popular with conservative individual investors and with institutions because of their generally superior safety as compared with preferred and common stocks. This is considered a fair offset to the lower return they make on capital. It is not a bad sign that the public is spending vast amounts of money for this species of securities, however moderate their yield, instead of for dog-cheap mining, oil and other gambles with which the country is yearly flooded. Buyers of sound bonds are not throwing their dollars into the fire. They get back something every year, and their holdings are certain to be redeemed at par on date of maturity. Purchase of them, therefore, is in accord with the dictates of prudence and thrift.

Yet all the bonds sold on the exchanges or over the counter are subject to frequent price fluctuations. This is a consequence of their having an open market, which is often an advantage to the holder, but sometimes not.

Neither government, municipal, railroad, public utility or industrial bonds are exempt from this condition. The buyer in each case has to decide whether the item of safety is sufficient to commend the issue in spite of low yield and changeable quotations.

There is a class of bonds, however, which, while they have a high, if not the highest, degree of safety, are undisturbed by the antics of speculation. These pay liberal rates of interest, and both interest and principal are paid in full as they fall due. The general testimony of those who have purchased them from responsible companies is that no loss ever befell them from these bonds, and they never lost any sleep through worrying over what was going on in the "Street." These highly desirable securities, which are

steadily growing in popularity, are first mortgage real estate bonds, which, when properly safeguarded, form the world's ideal investment for the great majority of the toiling and saving people. Investors who have not studied the merits of real estate bonds are doing themselves an injury which they should repair without delay. No investment scheme is complete and well-balanced which ignores securities of this type.

## Answers to Inquiries

**K., NEW YORK CITY:** You might wisely hold your forty-two shares of Amer. Steel Foundries common bought at \$25 per share and lately selling at nearly \$20 higher, for the \$3 dividend makes you a net yield of 12 per cent. on market price. Your purchase at \$91 per share of B. & O. R. R. common was too high for the current dividend of \$5. A switch to Studebaker common, or Dodge Bros. preferred would furnish you more income. Kennecott Copper is one of the leading corporations in its industry, and there is a chance of a higher quotation for its stock. The dividend is making a good yield on market price. The outlook for International Nickel is not especially bright and it makes only a moderate return on your purchase price. Moon Motors, selling much lower, would produce more revenue. Northern Pacific R. R. stock, with its \$5 dividend, yields well on current price of about \$72, but whether your purchase figure of \$115 will again be reached depends on continued improvement of earnings and restoration of the \$7 dividend. Your list of holdings contains no first mortgage real estate bonds. These are safer and more profitable than the vast majority of stocks.

**H., RALEIGH, N. C.:** A better stock than Prairie Oil & Gas is Texas Co., paying \$3 yearly, but a still better switch would be to Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. preferred. Atlantic Refining, nondividend payer, might well be exchanged for Sinclair Consolidated Oil preferred, paying \$8 and selling but a few points higher.

**F., DETROIT, MICH.:** Several years ago the Mother Lode Copper Mines was succeeded by the Mother Lode Coalition Mines Co. Mother Lode Coalition Mines has been paying dividends since 1921, and the present rate is 75 cents a year payable semi-annually. If you hold the stock of this company and it is properly registered, you should have received the dividend. If your shares are those of the old company you are entitled to nothing at present. Shares of the new company were exchanged for those of the old company. You should write to the Mother Lode Coalition Mines Co., 120 Broadway, New York City, for information about your stock and the dividends.

**S., CORNISH, ME.:** First Thought Gold, quoted at 8 cents per share, is nothing but a cheap gamble. I do not advise its purchase. Better put your money into a sound dividend payer than to waste it on doubtful issues.

**R., BILLINGS, MONT.:** The West Penn Power Co. and the National Electric Power Co. are prospering organizations and paying dividends on their 7 per cent. preferred stocks, which are meritorious business men's investments.

**A., LEWISTOWN, PA.:** Amer. Steel Foundries common still appears to be a good stock to hold and to be sold only in case of a marked speculative advance, of which there is no present prospect.

**T., DOTHAN, ALA.:** American Telephone & Telegraph Co. stock has very high merit. Atlantic Coast Line and Western Union Telegraph stock also are highly regarded. All these issues have now reached levels where yields on market price are good, but not specially liberal. Vick Chemical makes a satisfactory yield and looks like a good business man's purchase. More remunerative se-



curities are the 7 and 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds which may be purchased on the installment plan.

S., NEW YORK CITY: Woolworth's earnings in 1925 were about \$9 per share on its 2,600,000 shares of stock. If all this profit had been paid out in dividends the yield on market price would not have been high. The company is making great progress and the high figure of the stock is explained by expectations of increased returns in the future. First mortgage real estate bonds will give you a better immediate return.

T., LA GRANGE, GA.: There seems to be very little choice between Briggs Mfg. stock and Seagrave Corp. stock. Each is at present a profit-making concern and net yields on market prices of shares differ but little. Both stocks look like fair business man's purchases.

H., TROY, O.: Any number of sound investment schemes could be devised, but your list of twenty issues is in the main quite satisfactory. In your foreign holdings the Italian bonds are somewhat less inviting than the other four issues, but Italy's financial condition is improving. Your industrial and railroad list is well selected with the possible exception of Laren's Ice Cream Common. The preferred stocks deserve an excellent rating, and your domestic bonds are unquestionably safe. It would strengthen your list of holdings if you would add to it some first-class first mortgage real estate bonds.

C., TAMPICO, MEX.: The Victor Talking Machine Co. had a very bad year in 1925, but it has worked off its old stock of instruments, and now is manufacturing new types of machines that bid fair to be popular. The officers of the company state that the concern is in a good financial condition and that orders thus far received indicate that 1926 will be a very profitable year. Should this promise be realized the stock might advance.

C., MEMPHIS, TENN.: Many people anticipated that the rise of radio would adversely affect the telephone companies. Nothing of the sort has occurred yet, these companies are as strong as ever and seem likely to be doing big business at the end of the next five years and much longer.

D., EVART, MICH.: Wabash common, Mo. Pacific common and Seaboard Air Line common do not seem to have much forward impulse at present, although if the predicted "spring rise" should materialize, they might all make advances. I have not much liking for non-dividend payers. Good stocks already making returns should be more attractive from the speculation as well as the investment standpoint. Wabash common has had a big advance seemingly discounting its future.

Mo. Pacific common is not likely to come into a dividend until after several years. Seaboard Airline common will also have to wait for some time. There are perhaps quicker possibilities in Armour A. Paige Detroit Motor common or Moon Motor, all of which pay dividends.

F., LOGAN, O.: As a subsidiary of the Cities Service Co., the Empire Gas & Fuel Co. is subject to good management and is making a fine show of prosperity. The company's 7 per cent. preferred stock, selling some points below par, is an excellent business man's investment.

M., PITTSBURGH, PA.: The recent severe break in the market could not be ascribed to business conditions. Business had shown no signs of a slump. Its outlook had continued good. The market's course could not, therefore, be regarded as "a barometer of the business situation." In fact, the causes of the crash were technical, and due to the state of affairs within the market itself. There had been overbuying, undue inflation of prices in many instances, and audacious pool operations. Many persons were carrying securities on weak margins and when the professional bears got in their heavy blows there was widespread collapse of quotations. First-class issues became most inviting after the drastic declines and gave fine opportunities to shrewd buyers. Since your holdings were bought outright and the earnings and dividends are not endangered, you can afford to disregard all market changes. You purchased at judicious prices, which are likely to be reached again in due time.

G., St. LOUIS, MO.: It might be well for you to defer buying California Petroleum shares until after the annual meeting of the company on March 22, when the stockholders will be asked to authorize an increase of the capital stock from \$77,500,000 to \$125,000,000. The effect of this increase, if voted, would logically be a decline in the market price for the stock. Whether the shares will then be an attractive purchase will depend on whether productive use will be made of the additional issue, and the dividend outlook of the larger capitalization.

W., ERIE, PA.: Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. had an excellent year in 1925, earnings on common stock after preferred dividends having been \$12.38 per share compared with \$6.68 in 1924. The figures indicate that the present dividend of \$4 yearly can be maintained, and even that it may be increased. The common stock is in the business man's good purchase class.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1926.

### Free Booklets for Investors

Investors who are not satisfied with the ordinary conditions of safety are reminded by the Adair Realty & Trust Co. that Adair first mortgage real estate bonds are not only amply secured by valuable properties, but are also guaranteed to yield 6½ per cent. This guarantee is unconditional as to both principal and interest, and is backed by the company's resources of \$2,500,000. The company's business dates back to 1863, and its record has been commendable. Full particulars concerning these securities are contained in a booklet, "Why Your Real Estate Bonds Should Be Guaranteed," which, together with a list of current bond offerings, may be obtained by writing to the Adair Realty & Trust Co., Healey Building, Dept. G-3, Atlanta, Ga.

United States Mortgage Bonds based on high-grade apartments, homes and office buildings in the flourishing industrial City of Detroit, are offered by the United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., 150 United States Mortgage Bond Building, Detroit, Mich. The company, with resources of \$12,000,000, sells 6½ per cent. bonds for which, on certain terms, it furnishes a guarantee. Complete information regarding these bonds with a full list of investments will be mailed by the company to any applicant.

"8% And Safety," a booklet issued by the Filer Cleveland Co., 2503 Bedford Building, Miami, Fla., details the merits of the 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds dealt in by the company. These are based on income producing business properties in Miami, "the concrete city." The bonds are safeguarded in many ways. Write to the company for its booklet.

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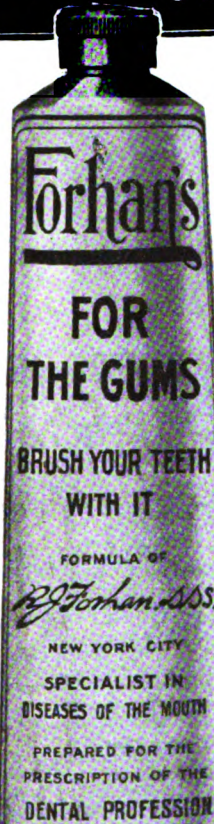
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Science proves the danger of bleeding gum.



**C**OAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. **Four out of five** people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes  
All Druggists

Formula of  
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.  
FORHAN CO.  
200 6th Ave., N.Y.  
Forhan's, Ltd.  
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**Forhan's**  
FOR THE GUMS

**STOPS SHOPPING SICKNESS**



and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct  
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
New York Montreal  
Paris London

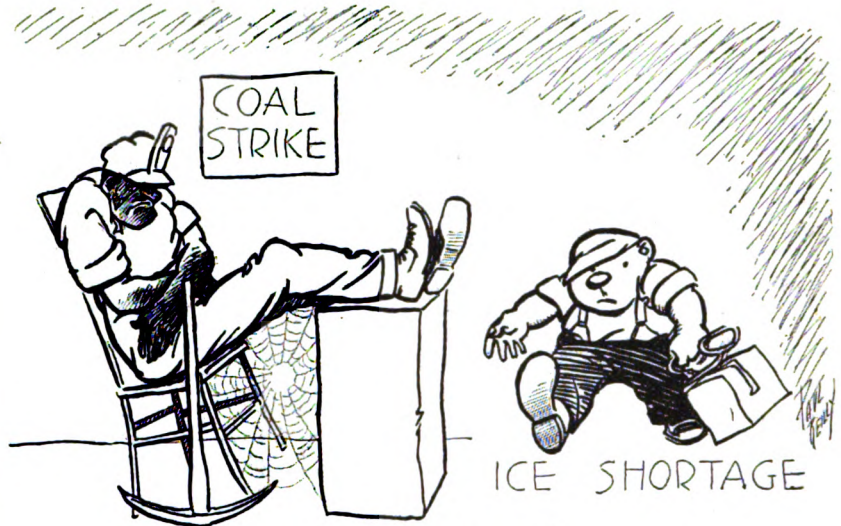


25 Years

**CLASSRINGS & PINS**  
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE  
Samples loaned class officers. Prices \$.20 to \$8.00 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc. 7718 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



A couple of hardy annuals.

Say It with Flower Pots  
(Continued from page 15)

Flubb's eyes and a dull underwear sign across the street began to flash "The Romance of the Flower Pot, with Henry Flubb and Sally Sayre—The Smashing Story of How One Man Licked the Trust Ogre." Then Henry Flubb turned around. On his desk was a contract providing that Henry Flubb agrees to invest \$20,000 in the film and J. Parker Wethersfield agrees to put in ten thousand. A filled fountain pen was suspiciously ready in Wethersfield's hands.

"Do you really think I can play the part and that Tobias Tubb will be satisfactory?" anxiously questioned Flubb.

"Mr. Flubb," purred Wethersfield, "a man like yourself is made for romance. You are the dashing cavalier type. I am amazed that the silent drama has not claimed you before this. You are the quiet, God's-nobleman type. As a lover, you will be irresistible. In your scenes with Sally Sayre you will reach mountains of emotion, terraces of tenderness—"

Thus, when dusk descended on Bagdad-on-the-subway, The Flubb Feature Film Company had been organized. With a farewell flash of pearly teeth, J. Parker Wethersfield breezed out, heavier by a certified check for \$20,000. Tobias Tubb fervently shook hands with Mr. Flubb and went out to have his hair cut. When all were gone and his office empty, Henry Flubb switched on the lights and stood before the mirror. Intently he regarded himself in the glass, turning this way and that. He held out both arms in Amorous Position No. 1 as taught by the Mammoth Moving Picture Mail

Order College of Post Corners, Box No. 3, Indiana. Swiftly, he changed to Ferocious Demeanor No. 2 and then to Sentimental Attitude No. 5. He ran the complete gamut of cinema moods as described in the Mammoth home instruction book. Finally, his eyes glaring and his hands trembling, he shouted: "No, Mr. Murgatroyd, the Flubb Flower Pot Company will never forget the millions of women and children in America by joining the trust. No, never." Swiftly he changed to Righteous Indignation No. 8 and stalked home to "Ma" Flubb, his slippers and smoking jacket.

For eight weeks thereafter, the Flubb Flower Pot Factory at Weehawken, N. J., beheld sights that moved old employees to tears and new employees to grins. Leather-putteed directors, languorous sirens, gushing ingenues, professional "yes-men," beauty contest winners from the sticks and a vague group of caption and continuity writers rubbed elbows with the Flubb underlings. As Mamie McInerney, who ran Moulding Machine No. 456, remarked to Rosie Spikanelli, who operated Moulding Machine No. 457, "Take it from me, Rosie, you'll see me name in de papers yet." To which Rosie replied, "I'm tinkin' o' goin' to Hollywood meself." Routine, system, organization, shipments and efficiency in The Flubb factory were literally shot to pieces. Horny-handed sons of toil posed without much coaxing. Faces that went without the feel of a razor for months were liberally smeared with cold cream and make-up paint. Shipping clerks became college boys. College boys became shipping clerks. Cosmos became chaos.

Then one day they finished the last



scene, in which Henry Flubb and Tobias leap from a moving train, grab an automobile and trail the trusts' hireling to a deep ravine, Henry Flubb struggles with him on the edge of a cliff and then throws the villain 2,500 feet into the waters of Death Lake. Comes the dawn and Henry Flubb, closely holding Sally Sayre to him, walks off into a synthetic 1,000 candle-power sunrise. There are birds and they go "tweep-tweep," as the two united hearts forever pledge their troth, but of course you can't hear them.

"To-morrow we show the film in the Flubb Factory Employees' Mutual Benevolent Association Auditorium," shouted J. Parker Wethersfield to Henry Flubb that evening. "Declare a morning holiday and invite the help. We'll serve hot dogs and ice cream cones."

The next morning 3,000 Flubb boosters sat in the auditorium waiting for the show to start. Suddenly, his face white and his hands trembling, Henry Flubb appeared before them. "Boys and girls," he sadly said, "there'll be no show. Mr. Wethersfield has disappeared and has taken with him the film that would have made cinema history. 'The Romance of the Flower Pot' has been stolen. Go, folks, go back to your work and ponder on the loss that has been inflicted on the picture-going public."

\* \* \* \* \*




Five months passed. Flubb and Tubb, their personal disappointment keener than rhetoric, sadder than words, listlessly went through the barren ritual of business. Wethersfield had never been found. The film had never been recovered. The birds in Weehawken still went "tweep-tweep," the sun still set in splendor, but the name of Flubb and Tubb did not appear in flashing glory against the dark evening sky, along with the soap, soup and socks signs.

And then, into Flubb's office one afternoon dashed Mrs. Tubb and "Ma" Flubb. "We saw 'The Romance of the Flower Pot' at the Paragon Theater," they shouted. "The audience went crazy. They rolled out into the aisles in spasms of laughter. Five ambulances had to take them away. The manager of the theater made a speech and said that the names of Flubb and Tubb would go down in history as greater comedians than Weber and Fields. They laughed so hard that some of the seats became loose. Why didn't you tell—"

The door was suddenly pushed open and J. Parker Wethersfield sauntered in. "Mr. Flubb," he

AMERICA'S BEST-KNOWN SHOES

# W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

**WHAT PRICE** should you pay to get style, fit and wear at lowest cost?

Each year millions of men decide by choosing W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

Newest styles, good fit, finest workmanship and high quality of leather are offered in W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES at savings of several dollars per pair.

Pictured here is one of many new Spring models awaiting your selection at the W. L. Douglas store, or the Douglas dealer in your vicinity.

W. L. Douglas' name and portrait, stamped on every shoe at the factory, guarantee the quality and the value.

*Women's Shoes, Too*  
New Spring models that will delight women who want smart style and best value.

Boys' Shoes, \$4.50 & \$5.00

The STRUTTER  
Tan or Black Calf,  
Bright Finish

W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men  
All Good Values \$6 to \$8



Husband No. 8,627 reports no progress in his investigation of why his wife ever bought that \$75 vacuum cleaner.

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## He Adored

*The Hair-Free Beauty of Her Soft White Arms*

The hair-free skin of her smooth, round arms was like the creamy petal of a rose—soft as velvet to his impulsive caress. All women were not like that—he knew. *She* knew that before she learned of NEET her arms were blemished with hair.

The wonderful thing about Neet, the dainty hair-removing cream, is that it is ready to use the moment you buy it. You merely smooth it on and then rinse away the unsightly hair. The liberal sized 50c tube can be had at almost every drug or department store. Call for Neet by name. Accept no substitute.

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# Neet

The Hair Removing Cream



“POPULAR RADIO is without question the *best* radio magazine” You will understand when you see it how very interesting and valuable it is to every owner of a radio receiving set and to every one considering the building or the purchase of a set

Westcott 

At Leading Dealers

sadly announced, “I am grieved to report that no exhibitors would book ‘The Romance of the Flower Pot!’ For five months I have tried to sell the picture, but no one wants it. Therefore, since I am responsible for it, I am ready to buy back your two-third share for \$20,000, the amount of your original investment.”

Mrs. Flubb winked at Mrs. Tubb. Mrs. Tubb winked at Mr. Tubb and Mr. Tubb winked at Mr. Flubb. “If you want my share,” solemnly spake Henry Flubb, “it will cost you exactly \$50,000. And you must act quick.”

“I’ll take it!” shouted Wethersfield. “Here’s a certified check for \$20,000 on deposit. I’ll bring back the balance to-morrow,” he announced, seizing his hat and dashing out.

Then Mr. Flubb’s secretary shyly sauntered in. “There are twenty men in the outer office with contracts for Flubb and Tubb to star in vaudeville,” she announced. “Every moving picture company interested in comedies wants Flubb and Tubb to come to Hollywood as idea men. Two musical comedy producers want to put on ‘The Girl in the Flower Pot,’ if Flubb and Tubb will appear in the production.”

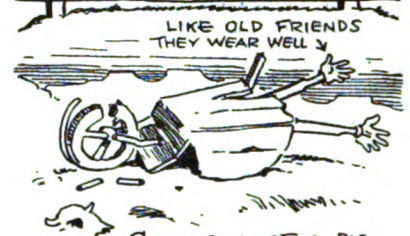
A quiet, cold look came into the eyes of Mrs. Flubb and Mrs. Tubb. They had good husbands and they knew it, even though Tobias would insist on wiping his hands on Mrs. Tubb’s embroidered guest towels. “You may announce that Mr. Flubb and Mr. Tubb will remain in the flower pot business,” calmly pronounced Mrs. Flubb, who was spokesman by pre-arrangement. “We’ll not have them corrupted by Hollywood and hanging around the stage. They will continue to manufacture a popular priced line of distinctive flower pots for discriminating buyers.” So saying, Mrs. Flubb glanced at her wrist watch and very austere walked out. At the door she turned to her husband and said, “Supper at seven, as usual, Henry. I’ll have your slippers and smoking jacket ready. A man of your age should stay home evenings and rest.”

Mrs. Tubb joined her at the door. “Tobias,” she said, “stop in at the Economy Market and bring home a roasting chicken.” The door slammed shut and a group of architecturally beautiful air castles smashed to the ground, their fragments falling like the pieces of a broken flower pot.

“Well, we’ll sell thousands of flower pots while the picture runs, consoled Tobias.

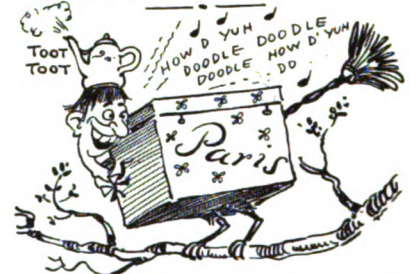
“Great guns!” roared Henry Flubb, “do you realize that the critics will

## THE CUCKOO ISLANDS



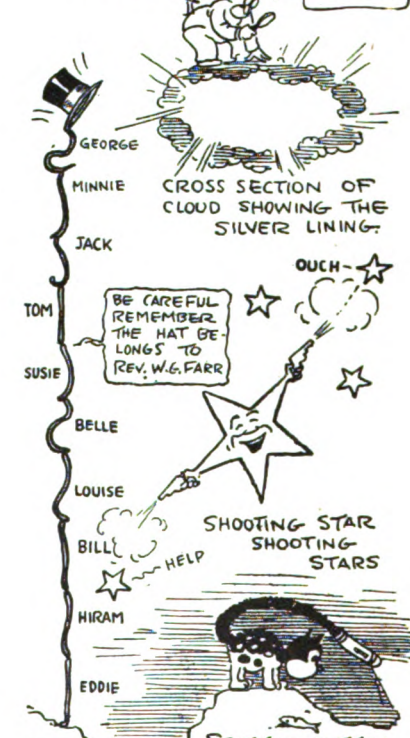
LIKE OLD FRIENDS THEY WEAR WELL

SKELETON OF A PIONEER WHEELBARROW ALONG THE TRAIL ACROSS DEATH VALLEY, STRETCHING UP ITS WHITE SUN-BLEACHED ARMS IN MUTE APPEAL.



OH SEE THE PRETTY DOODLE BIRD DIRECT FROM GAY PAREE, HE SINGS HIS DOODLE DOODLE SONG AND BREWS A POT O’ TEA.

CUCKOO BAH ITS ONLY NICKEL-PLATED.



THE ANGLE-WORM FAMILY IN THEIR FAMOUS EQUILIBRIST ACT.

SPOTTED KITTEN WITH A FLASHLIGHT ON ITS TAIL HUNTING PETRIFIED GOLD FISH AT MIDNIGHT.

POTATO BUGS BY NATE QUALIERI THIS WAY OUT



hail 'The Romance of the Flower pot' as a comedy, a low piece of buffoonery and slap-stick? We made it with an ideal in our minds. We wanted to drive home an allegory proving that virtue is triumphant in other than theatrical performances. I gave it my best and it is hailed as a custard-pie throwing joke. Oh, if I only had kept my two-thirds share and scrapped the picture forever! Our prestige in the industry is ruined. Why did I not think of it? I, Henry Flubb, president of the Flower Pot Manufacturers' Association, The Flower Pot Board of Trade, The Flower Pot Industrial Commission—I will see my earnest thespian efforts mocked at, laughed at and gradually we will lose our position. On every hand I will be a jest, a clown, a low comedian. Rather sacrifice my \$20,000, but keep my good name. You know what Shakespeare said, Tobias, 'A good name is—'

But Tobias had just finished reading a telegram, which he handed to Henry Flubb. "Read it," he grinned.

"You read it," groaned Flubb. "I suppose the president of The Little Eva Flower Pot Company has seen the picture and wants to rub it in."

"Not by a long shot," answered Tobias. "Listen to this:

*Mr. Henry Flubb,  
Flubb Feature Film Company,  
New York City.*

*Understand you have sold complete rights to film "The Romance of the Flower Pot" to J. Parker Wethersfield. Am requested to inform you that film will not be allowed in any moving picture theaters as it is mere commercial propaganda masquerading under the title of a comedy. Pictures that advertise or exploit a certain industry are not permitted to be shown. We are instructing Wethersfield to destroy film immediately.*

**NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP."**

A tear of gratitude trickled down Flubb's face. Tobias discreetly withdrew. Henry Flubb furtively opened the middle drawer of his desk. From it he drew a picture of Sally Sayre on which was inscribed: "To 'Hen' Flubb—the screen's great lover." Silently, Henry Flubb tore the picture into small bits and cast them out of the window. Then he took a throat tablet, put on his gaiters, wrapped his muffler warmly about his throat and went home to his slippers, his smoking jacket and the evening paper.

# Guard against germs —this way!

WITH the March wind come flying germs—and threatened infection.

Make a gargle and mouthwash of Absorbine, Jr. your safe, sane and sensible protection. Just a few drops in water. Use it daily! Regularly!

With this habit comes a sense of security. *The magic bottle* is a powerful antiseptic. Its ability to destroy germs is proven in laboratory tests.

And for the smoker, a mouthwash and gargle that is cooling, cleansing and refreshing—and relieves throat irritation.

Absorbine, Jr. stands guard in the medicine cabinet of every home where precaution is the watchword.

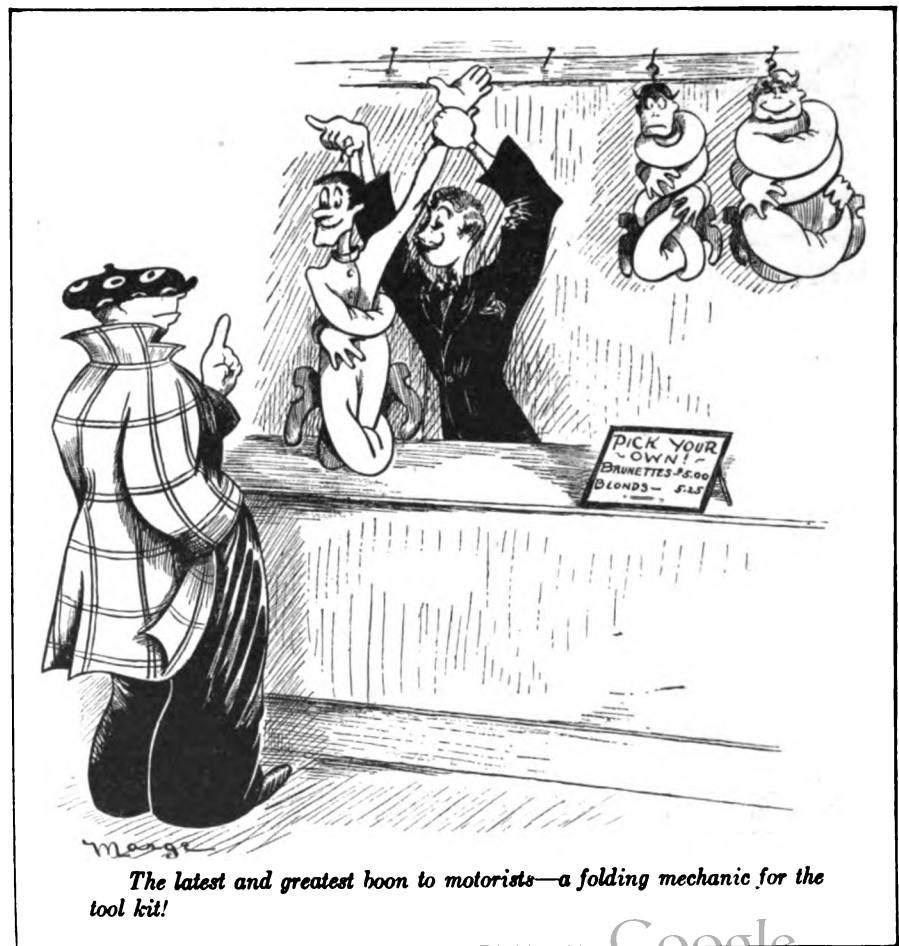
W. F. YOUNG, INC.  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

At all druggists', \$1.25  
or postpaid  
Send for free trial bottle



## Absorbine Jr

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



*The latest and greatest boon to motorists—a folding mechanic for the tool kit!*





## If You Must Get a Girl's Number—Try Numerology!

SEVENTEEN, thought Jacqueline, was a dreadful number of men! Seventeen was too, too many! Each one was jealous of the other sixteen—or of as many of the other sixteen as he knew about. They gave her advice on every phase of life. They protected her from themselves, each other, and herself. They said: "Darling, you mustn't kiss men. It's wrong, and risky. You mustn't kiss anyone—but me. You and I are different, of course."

Some of those seventeen had to go. Why not eliminate by numerology?

Tilley Juke, who was present at the moment, shivered. "This is no time for optimism," he said. "My name isn't going to vibrate to nice numbers, Jacqueline, and you know it. I demand the privilege of a condemned man! Just before they execute a man, they ask him what he would like to have to make his last hours happy. Terrapin à la Maryland, or a dry Martini, or—"

"What is your last wish?" Her tone was cool and entirely tentative. "It's not a dry Martini? Because there's no vermouth . . ."

"No," he drawled. "It's not a dry Martini." "I thought not."

"It's what you've been thinking it would be," said Tilley.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**Q** If you were in the enviable position of claiming just any privilege from a pretty girl, what would you choose? See "What Care We?" a story of love and numerology by Arthur T. Munyan, in the current issue of SNAPPY STORIES. Now on all newsstands—20 cents.

**MEN—Stop Falling Hair!**

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Send for "GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on Scalp and Hair." It will show you practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

Write Dept. AC-18  
H. Clay Glover Co.,  
Inc.  
119 Fifth Ave.  
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GLOVER'S

IMPERIAL  
MANGE MEDICINE

At  
Druggists,  
Barbers and  
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Trace my sunken letters two hours and note a big change in your writing—almost perfect penmanship in 10 days. Sample letters free. Write, C. J. Ozment, 81, St. Louis, Mo.

INSIST UPON

KEMP'S BALSAM

FOR THAT COUGH!



"If"

(by *Kipperd Herring*)

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are chorus girls with nought but flimsy gauze  
To hide from you the secret of their make-up,  
And prove to all around they have no flaws,

If you can dream of shady glades in summer  
With ladies bathing in a hidden nook,  
And wake up grasping out to reach them—  
Get up, sleepless, to read your physics book,

If you can stand the gaze of lustrous beauty,  
As you hold her closely in your arms,  
And feel those warm lips to you slowly yielding—  
Then cast her off, resisting all her charms,

If beauty, sighs, caresses don't disturb you,  
Nor put your self-composure on the run:  
I think there's something faulty in your make-up—  
And what is more, you're not a man, my son.  
—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

~~~~~

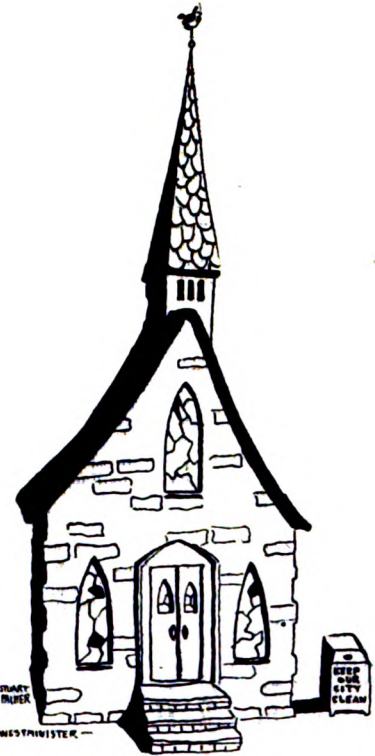
*Visitor*—Does your father play golf?  
*Little Boy*—No; he learned to swear like that in college.  
—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

~~~~~

*Bounder*—Why is Sleighton's wife suing him for divorce?  
*Rounder*—He and his stenographer had tonsilitis at the same time last month.  
—*Texas Ranger*

~~~~~

Prithee, Timisthones, define to me the meaning of the word *biology*.  
Methinks, Alisander, it is the science of shopping.  
—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*



Fire Escape.  
—*WISCONSIN OCTOPUS*



"Why do they paint battleships gray, Mimi?"  
"Forsooth, Erneast, and how should I know?"  
"So the fish can distinguish them from radishes, thou silly."  
—*W. VIRGINIA MOONSHINE*



## Bumbashoot!

HAVING now owned the same umbrella for the past fourteen years, it is high time the curious public should be apprised of why I have managed to hang on to this venerable bumbashoot for so long.

The reason is simple. Any absent-minded person who grabs my rain-catcher from a vestibule rack, cannot help but know within a moment that it is *my* umbrella, or—still better—that it is *not* his umbrella.

This is due to its excellent and unique internal arrangement.

My umbrella does not shed rain—at first; but it receives rain, takes it from an open top into its long barrel-like rod until full; whereupon the cap of the stick automatically closes and the normal shedding process is begun.

Once inside a house, I park my umbrella, and grasping the lower handle firmly, snap on the water pistol catch, which only the owner may touch with immunity. Then I go down to dinner, eat with a hearty appetite, and, at the coffee and cakes, watch with relish an early departure on his way to the vestibule. In fancy I follow him, into the hall and over to the umbrella rack, where absent-mindedly he grasps at the handle of my rain-choked boomerang.

*Snap!* The cap of the umbrella flops back.

*Swish!* A column of water rushes out and hits him in the eye.

In a trice he is dripping wet, and absolutely certain that this is not his umbrella; thus tacitly placing his O. K. on the excellence of my invention.

The reader will of course realize that to be effective, there must be only one of such a device. However, there is nothing to prevent him from contriving, for his personal use, something similar in the way of a dagger umbrella, bludgeon umbrella, bomb throwing umbrella, infernal machine umbrella, mantrap umbrella, sock-on-the-nose umbrella, or bust-in-the-jaw umbrella. If he can devise any or all of these contraptions, he is welcome to them. This inventor will continue to stick to his old favorite, the water pistol, of which—by the way—he holds the exclusive patent rights in all countries including the Scandinavian.

Cyril B. Egan

✻

One magistrate said to another, "That prisoner put up a very good fight the other day, didn't he?"

"No wonder," replied the second; "he's got the courage of his twenty-one convictions."  
—*Tit-Bits*

# Charleston overnight!

**N**OW for the fun! [Now for the thrills! Now for the joyous times you've missed all these months! Here's your big chance to learn the peppy, zippy Charleston that has set Society awirling! Right in your own home without music or partner you can now master this thrilling new dance—quickly, easily, confidently!

## Learn in One Evening

No expensive fees—no waste of time—no spectators to embarrass you! You learn at home thru an amazing, simplified home-study method invented by Arthur Murray, the famous dancing instructor to New York's "400." It's the very same Charleston course for which hundreds of debutantes gladly pay Mr. Murray \$10 a lesson at his private studio. Yet now you can learn—almost overnight—the same thrilling movements for just a fraction of the original cost!

## Whirlwind Popularity

Don't be a wallflower! Old-fashioned steps will never win new friends for you today. A mere "walk-around" never makes a hit at any party! Be up-to-the-minute! Learn the Charleston this easy way! Let Arthur Murray make you a graceful, versatile dancer! It will bring you new friends, joyous good times, whirlwind popularity!

## Send No Money

Simply mail coupon. Act at once and you receive in addition Mr. Murray's \$10 complete 52-lesson course in the Fox Trot, Waltz and new



## FREE 52 LESSON COURSE Former Price, \$10.00

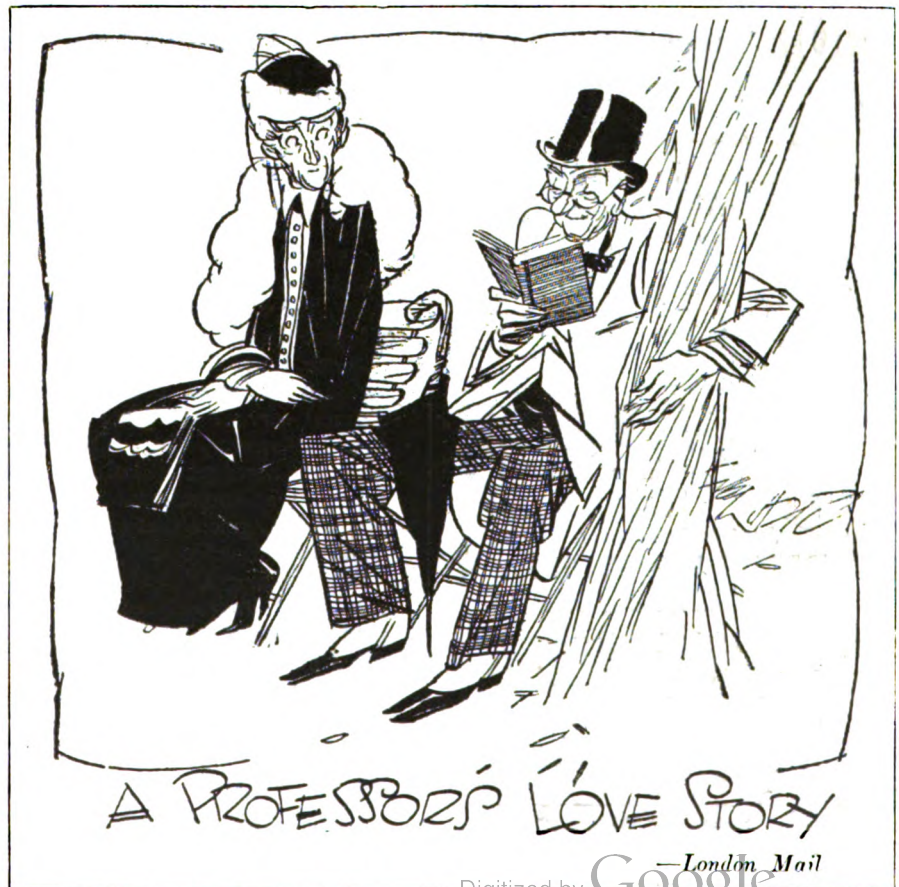
Even if you don't know one step from another this marvelous course will teach you to dance with grace, finesse, style! This famous course teaches you the Fox Trot, Waltz and French Tango. Gives your dancing the Arthur Murray Foundation which makes all new dances easy to learn. 52-lesson course Sent Free with Charleston Course. Act Now!

French Tango—the hit of Paris—absolutely Free! When complete course arrives deposit with postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Try the lessons at once! At the end of 5 days if you are not absolutely delighted, simply return course and your deposit will be instantly refunded. Don't wait. Sign and mail the coupon NOW! Arthur Murray, Studio 631, 7 East 43d Street, New York City.

Arthur Murray, Studio 631  
7 East 43d St., New York City

Please send me the complete course in the Ballroom Charleston. You are to include Free your \$10.00 52 lesson course in the Fox Trot, Waltz and French Tango. I shall deposit with the postman \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage). If not absolutely delighted I may return the course within 5 days and receive return of my deposit.

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# SATIRE & SONG

BY  
MAURICE SWITZER

A small volume of clever, humorous and snappy verse, by a business man with a keen but rare sense of humor who has put into words, which you will be glad to quote, some of his observations of life.

"She doesn't know how to cook,  
And she doesn't know how to mend,  
But I can work like a barbarous Turk,  
So she'll have money to spend."

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One Dollar

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WORTH  
\$18

Learn  
in 30  
minutes



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Just drop us a line—telling you are interested in receiving full particulars, and to reserve one of our regular \$18.00 full size professional grade tenor banjos for you. Write now for free book and sample lesson. N. Y. Academy of Music, Studio 103, 100-8th Avenue, New York.

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The most radiant, perfect substitute for real diamonds, RADEX GEMS are worn by fashionable society without fear of detection.

We will send you choice of solitaire or dinner ring, beautiful Sterling Silver mounting, postpaid on receipt of \$1.00, our regular \$3.00 value. Send \$1.00, your name, address and string showing size.

**\$1.00 Is All You Pay**

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

**RADEX SPECIALTY COMPANY**  
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**Old Money Wanted** Do you know that Coin Collectors pay up to \$100.00 for certain U. S. Cents? And high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 469, Ft. Worth, Tex.



Newly appointed prison doctor—(absent-mindedly)—What you need is a complete change. Why not try and get away to the south of France?  
—Humorist

### Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 17)

committed by the wife of the hero, but, since that wouldn't make a mystery play but a domestic drama, Mrs. Wilkes works herself up into a terrible sweat proving unconvincingly that the wife is innocent and that the dirty work was done by a character who appears for a moment early in the show and who I am ready to go on the stand and swear was in a beer saloon in the next town when the murder was done.

In contriving her parlor trick, Mrs. Wilkes has resorted to most of the stencils of the mystery play. The hand that steals around the portiere and douses the glim, the precious Oriental jewel, the detective who roars around the house and commands everyone periodically to sit down, the comic servant, the footprints on the lawn, the sudden scream of terror, the sliding panel, the comic assistant detective, the mysterious Oriental servant—they are all here again. However, there are audiences who never get tired of acquiring gooseflesh at entertainments of this sort, and I suppose that they will be made as uncomfortably happy by "The Creaking Chair," as by any number of its predecessors. Reginald Mason, Lenore Harris, E. E. Clive and Eleanor Griffith are the best of the presenting troupe.

IV

"MAMA LOVES PAPA," a farce on tap at the Forrest, unfortunately doesn't provide me with

material to end up to-day's lecture with a welcome burst of eulogy. Aside from several minutes of fair clowning, it has little to recommend it to students of jocosity.

An Italian, having applied for American citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court. "Who is President of the United States?"

"Mr. Coolidge."

"Who is Vice-President?"

"Mr. Daw."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse me, please; I vera busy worka da mine."

—Tut-Bits

Old Lady (to weary tramp)—Poor fellow, you're an ex-airman and got hurt going up in a flying machine?

Tramp (soulfully)—I'm a truthful man, mum—I got hurt coming down.

—Answers

"My dear, the doctor says a brisk walk before going to bed will cure my insomnia."

"Well," returned his wife, "I'll clear the room so that you can walk, and you may as well take the baby with you."

—Western Christian Advocate

Lady (staying in the country)—Is this milk from contented cows?

Farmer—Well, now, lady, to be honest, one of them did seem to be a little bit annoyed by the flies.

—Answers



**J**

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Do not enclose postage for Funnybones, Epilaughs, Lizzie Labels, Crazy Kracks or Letter Laughs, as they will not be returned.

\$5 will be paid for each one printed if it has not previously been received. In cases of duplication, the first one received will be accepted.

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**JUDGE FOR YOURSELF**



**Paradise Enow**

JUDGE: I go up to Naples twice a month and buy JUDON on the newstand there. Some wine, my JUDON, and Sunday sports, make me laugh, ha, ha, at the bigoted U. S.  
Cheerio,  
Julian Wilson, formerly of Philadelphia, where the letter carrier was shot.

Pozzuoli, Italy,  
February 7, 1926.

**Ouch!**

JUDGE  
Gentlemen: I cannot understand why JUDGE, a magazine of wit and humor, should contain biased opinions of your Mr. Houghton. If instead of airing his personal views on serious problems he would omit his "say," I feel your friends would grow in greater numbers than you could realize. Hatred is an evil. Mr. Houghton seems to hate everything but himself. He hates everything that is good. Consequently, he must be no good. Very truly yours,  
Russell O. Ludlow.

New York City,  
February 23, 1926.

**Between the Eyes**

Dear JUDGE: Your Real Estate Number has hit us right between the eyes. Out here on Eastern Long Island we are nursing a bouncing baby real estate boom of our own, and so, with the great open spaces fast becoming house lots, we are inclined to wax a bit fretful as JUDON shows us the fate which is awaiting our tranquil little isle.

Dad and I think JUDON is great, from cover to cover; mother says it is mostly nonsense; the neighbors think it is Bolshevik. There was a perfectly gorgeous Klan rally in the neighbors' pasture lot a while ago, with real goblins 'n everything.

And I think your carefree little Montreal correspondent, Miss Renee Recary, is charming. I can't do your old crossword puzzles, either.

Sincerely,  
Jack Rose

Water Mill, L. I., N. Y.  
January 15, 1926.

**Our National Farce**

To the Editors of JUDGE:  
Gentlemen: Allow me to express a few words of approbation of your beliefs and policies. I am with you—in your fight against everything except your view of evolution—on that point I disagree with you, but that small difference does not forever keep your publication from me.

Prohibition—what a joke that turned out to be! A few days ago this startling bit of news appeared in a Washington paper. "Prohibition has succeeded"—credited to Representative Cooper of Ohio. Within three days of that we learn via the same information, "Upshaw says few members of Congress get drunk." "Washington leads U. S. in arrests of drunken drivers," "Says rum fight 'has just begun,'" "That last headline makes me wonder where in — all the money appropriated to the enforcement of the farce has gone if they are only beginning it now. In the capital of the nation, where the law is made, they cannot enforce it. They need a lot more than the long-faced jackasses they send upon us. The majority of the people have no use for it—let us strike it from the Constitution.

The editorials of W. M. H. always give me great satisfaction. It is a satisfaction to read one's own beliefs and opinions voiced by another. Some of your readers have the desire to have no more of W. M. H. I say why not two pages instead of but one?

In closing I want to extend to you my appreciation of your efforts to bring the Government of this nation back to where it belongs, "a government of the people, by the people and for the people."  
Sincerely,  
Thomas Vincent Scott, Jr.

P. S.: I also am very much pleased at your display of Americanism—i. e., your support for "AL."  
T. V. S.

Washington, D. C.  
February 3, 1926.

**Are you ever**

Do you say "who" when you should say "whom"? Do you say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"? Do you mispronounce common words in your speech or use them incorrectly when you write? . . . Many a man has been held down all his life and suffered untold embarrassment because of mistakes in English.

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**AGENTS**



# DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay \$25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

*You do not have to be an artist.* The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail

to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.  
Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes March 29. Winning ending appears in the issue of April 17.



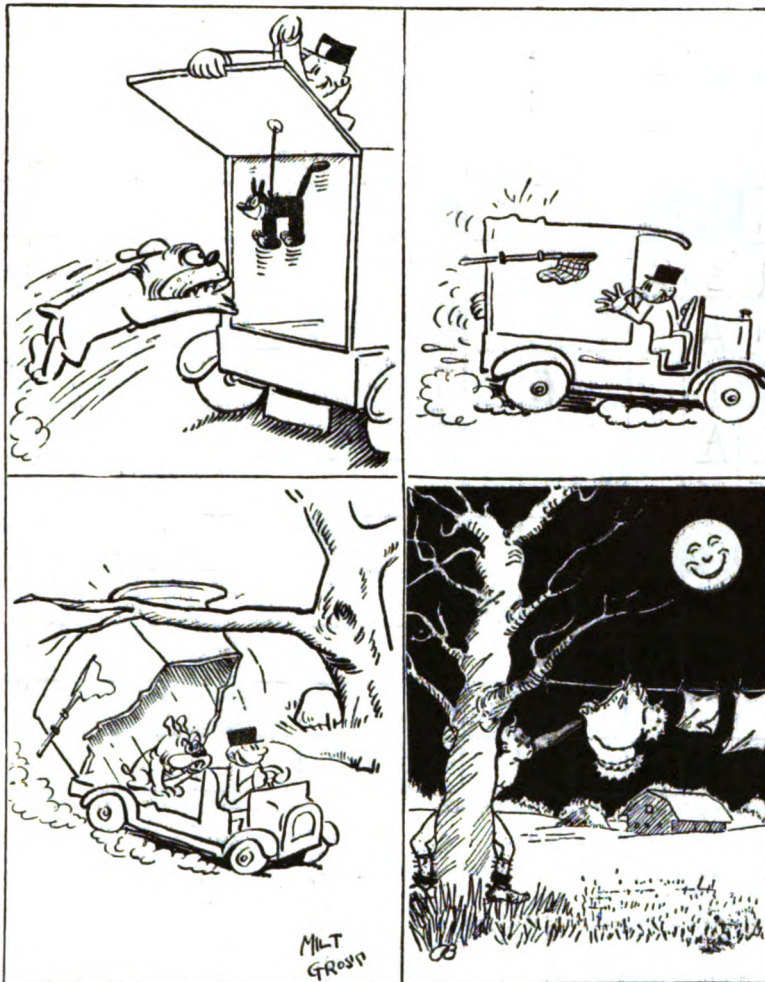
Contest No. 34





# Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 30



R. Brown, R. D. No. 2, Geneva, O.

## Close Seconds



M. George Freitag, East Canton, O.



Sam Rigling, Philadelphia, Pa.



Edward Sotzky, Chicago, Ill.



G. T. Haywood, Indianapolis, Ind.



V. J. McCarthy, St. Louis, Mo.



R. E. Doherty, Jr., Chicago, Ill.

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-----Please print your name and address-----  
**MARY T. GOLDMAN,**  
 1233C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....  
 Name.....  
 Street..... City.....

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Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue Entitled.....

By.....

Should be entered in the Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of March 20)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a \$500 Prize. VOTE YOUR FAVORITE!

**Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 67**

|    |    |    |             |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |         |
|----|----|----|-------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|---------|
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4           | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12      |
| W  | B  |    | C           |    | M  |    |    |    |    |    |         |
| 13 | E  |    | A           |    | A  |    | 15 |    |    | 16 |         |
| 17 | E  | A  | M           |    | N  |    | S  |    |    | 19 |         |
| 20 | R  |    | E           | 21 |    | 22 |    |    | 23 |    |         |
|    |    |    | L           |    |    |    |    | 26 |    |    |         |
| 27 | 28 | 29 |             | 30 |    |    | V  |    |    | 31 | 32      |
| 33 | A  |    | E           | 34 |    |    | M  |    |    | 35 | F O R E |
|    |    |    | T E N A N T |    |    |    | 37 |    |    | A  |         |
| 38 | A  |    | S           |    |    |    | 39 |    |    | 40 |         |
| 42 | T  | N  | T           |    | 43 |    |    |    | 44 |    | 45      |
|    |    |    |             | 46 |    |    |    | 47 |    | 48 |         |
| 49 | 50 | 51 |             |    |    | 52 |    | 53 |    | 54 |         |
|    |    | C  |             |    |    |    |    |    |    |    | F       |
| 57 |    | A  |             |    |    | 58 |    | 59 |    | 60 |         |
| 61 |    | N  |             |    |    | 62 |    |    |    | 63 |         |
| 64 |    | S  |             |    |    |    |    | 65 |    |    |         |

The above puzzle was submitted by A. C. Engstrom, Two Harbors, Minn. JUDGE pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

**Horizontal**

- Something bill collectors never find (except in dictionaries).
- A gas bag.
- This should be executed if it's good.
- Something all storms eventually do.
- A theater box.
- A parting place.
- Fictitious prose narrative of considerable length.
- The best kind of water to dive into.
- When a speech has done this it's very good.
- A small shot.
- Besiege.
- Girl's nickname. (No gold point required.)
- A nut found in baseball stadiums.
- Country once noted for its beer and free lunches (init.).
- These kind of men should sing "The Prisoner's Song."
- An abbreviated synonym for climate.
- Home of the bulldog.
- The call of the golf bug.
- A landlord's meal ticket.
- This is the end.
- Water pushers.
- Difficult things to keep in coal bins.
- People go all to pieces over this (init.).
- Something an ambitious tailor does.
- Cat food.
- A line of light.
- A guardian uncle.
- An animal that likes water.
- A pastry with a liquid foundation.
- This makes waste.
- To labor.
- The kind of a girl that's hard to find.
- Plow.
- Henry VIII's bitter half.
- Girl friend of Sally and Mary.
- It's a short one that has no parked autos.
- Cuddled.
- What Miles Standish did when Priscilla said "come in."

**Vertical**

- What Solomon was in spite of his matrimonial adventures. (Two words.)
- Famous garden.
- A metal.
- Something the sheik said he'd walk a mile for when his flivver broke down.
- Island suitable for an old maid's home.
- Webster says "black."
- Something people who live in Charleston have to watch.
- Crossword puzzle fish.
- First victim of "speak for yourself John."
- These always come out all right in the end.
- An architectural molding that sounds like a cry of joy.

- This broke up a nice garden party.
- Place where you'll find some queer looking birds.
- This kind of light has the most scandal power.
- A kind of an egg.
- This brings things home to you you never saw before.
- These are the cats.
- A devil of a fellow.
- Something people who want to live in Chicago have to be.
- What girls get from using too much rouge.
- A fight ring. (Not a solitaire.)
- Printer's half measure. (Sorry but it can't be helped.)
- The kind of a head it's necessary to have to be a Congressman.
- These people talk Turkey.
- To take for granted.
- What the helmsman of the *Mayflower* did.
- Equality.
- Ethiopian for "sir."
- To lease again.
- American shade tree.
- Quality of a sound.
- Sardine residences.
- This is a bird!
- This comes after eight o'clock on Sunday mornings.
- Something stocks do after you sell them.
- Something singers should sing in.
- The thing that binds and we don't mean maybe.
- A husband's retreat.

**Solution of Last Week's Puzzle**

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P | E | T | E | D | I | N | E | R | F | O | R | D |
| O | R | A | G | E | O | A | T | O | P | R |   |   |
| E | P | I | T | A | P | H | A | V | A | R | I | C |
| T | O | M | S | T | E | A | M | E | R | N | A | G |
| E | M | S | H | E | L | E | N | S | I | N |   |   |
| S | M | E | L | T | L | E | N | S | H | O | T | S |
| T | D | E | E | D | S | S | H | E | A | N | H |   |
| I | N | E | A | T |   | A | L | P |   | G | O |   |
| R | E | P | S | O | M | O | G | L | E | R | U |   |
| S | P | R | E | E | O | E | R | S | L | E | E | T |
| E | A | R | A | T | L | A | S | Y | A | M |   |   |
| H | A | S | A | P | O | S | T | L | E | D | I | E |
| E | R | E | C | T | O | R | E | A | R | N | E | R |
| I | R | U | E | R | B | T | E | A | R | F |   |   |
| R | U | S | T | T | R | I | B | E | T | S | A | R |



# The Lost Books of the Bible

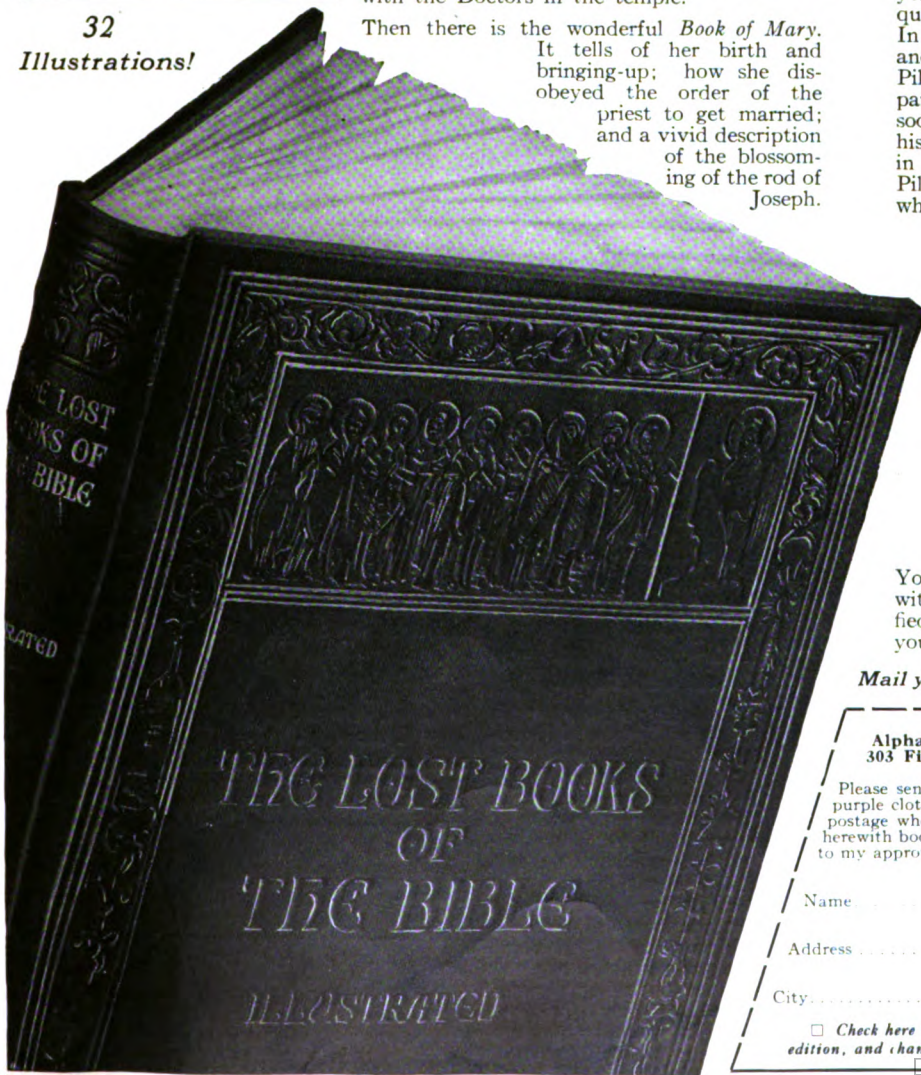
## and Letters of Pontius Pilate!

THE ORDER OF ALL THE BOOKS CONTAINED HERE

- Mary  
 Protevangelion  
 1. Infancy  
 2. Infancy  
 Christ and Abgarus  
 Nicodemus  
 The Original Apostles' Creed  
 Laodiceans  
 Paul and Seneca  
 Paul and Thecla  
 1. Clement  
 2. Clement  
 Barnabas  
 Ephesians  
 Magnesians  
 Trallians  
 Romans  
 Philadelphians  
 Smyrnaeans  
 Polycarp  
 Philippians  
 1. Hermas—Visions  
 2. Hermas—Commands  
 3. Hermas—Similitudes  
 The Letters of Herod and Pilate

32

Illustrations!



*The nature of the Apocryphal Scriptures has been one of the greatest mysteries of the Christian Era. What did they record? Why was the testimony of such witnesses as Nicodemus rejected? What are other legends that surround the life of Christ? ALL the "lost" gospels and epistles that have been compiled during nineteen centuries are now offered here complete—with 32 illustrations!*

Do you realize how much first-hand information of New Testament days was hidden or rejected because somebody in power was afraid or angry?

Many of these writings have been discovered in out-of-the-way places. They form an astonishing group of anecdotes, legends, narratives and beliefs. They reveal Jesus as others saw Him or heard about Him. They multiply the legends that cluster about His life. They bring forward new personalities. They tell of miracles not reported elsewhere.

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It seems incredible that now, nineteen hundred years later, we should have an answer to these questions in the words of Pontius Pilate himself! In the back of the volume you will find letters and reports of Herod and Pilate. We learn that Pilate, his wife, and fifty Roman soldiers who participated in the Crucifixion, fled into Galilee soon afterward. In another letter Pilate gives his version of the earthquake that is reported in the Bible. One of the reports tells how Pilate was arrested and brought to Rome, where he later committed suicide.

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# —and Everybody Else Seemed Speechless!

HE looked around the table. To think that he had been afraid! To think that he had hesitated about coming to this dinner party! Among all these important and cultivated people, he alone could speak easily and with calm assurance of literature, history, philosophy, art.

These others—they seemed speechless! They all turned to him with questions, amazed at his great fund of information, paying him the compliment of absolute attention.

At first they had hardly noticed him at all. He had seemed so quiet and unassuming, even a little timid in this fashionable and well-bred company. But then conversation began to lag. Not even the latest murder trial could revive it. There was an awkward pause. No one seemed to know what to say.

"I wonder if capital punishment will ever be abolished," someone ventured.

"More than a generation ago," said the quiet guest whom nobody had noticed, "Victor Hugo predicted the end of legalized murder. He said the dawn of the twentieth century would see the end of hangings. His prediction hasn't come true yet."

## Why They Began to Notice Him

Everyone turned to look at him. He spoke so quietly, so confidently. He saw that they were interested, and he continued to speak. He knew what to say, and he said it with the assurance and ease of one whose mind is simply stored with information.

And suddenly he realized that he was being noticed, admired, envied even by these people among whom he had expected to feel out of place. He saw now how valuable it is to have a well-furnished mind. He was the best-informed man at this dinner! The others spoke in vague generalities and deferred to him because he had facts. They hesitated, weren't sure of themselves; he could talk readily and authoritatively on almost any subject.

He answered them all their eager questions. He quoted from Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw. He spoke of Rossetti and Keats. He repeated fragments from the writings of Tolstoy and Robert Ingersoll. They listened fascinated. Everybody else seemed speechless! This man seemed to know about *everything*.

## How Did He Acquire His Great Store of Information?

"How do you ever get the time to read so much?" someone asked him at last.

"I really read very little," he answered with a smile. "Every now and then I browse a bit in Elbert Hubbard's famous Scrap Book. It's a digest of the best thoughts and ideas of the last four thousand years, and it gives you all the information you want in a few words—without wading through great, ponderous volumes. Hubbard used this same Scrap Book to inspire him in his work—in his writing and

speaking. Every time I open it my own pulse is set to beating."

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And—just as it made this man such a wonderful talker, it will add to the mental calibre of anyone who reads it, even occasionally!

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### The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

is a fine example of Roycroft bookmaking. The type is set Venetian style—that is, a page within a page—and printed in two colors on high-grade tinted book paper. It is bound Scrap Book style and tied with linen tape. The covers reproduce the binding of Elbert Hubbard's famous magazine, "The Philistine."

Included among the contributors to Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book are:

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