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Judge

Younger Set Number

Edited by
Judge, Jr.



Tony Herold

How to Rear a Daughter

and then he got **JUDGE** —

for himself



*HE—I suppose my conversation bores you on such a hot night?
SHE—It isn't the heat, it's the bromidity.*

JUDGE
627 West 43d St.
New York

I want **JUDGE** for myself.
Here's \$1.00 for 10 weeks.
2.00 for 21 weeks.
5.00 for One Year.

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JUDGE

Judge Apologizes

IN A paragraph printed in a recent issue entitled “Milk Graft Disclosure,” JUDGE unwittingly did a grave injustice to the former health commissioner of New York, for which it wishes now, at the first opportunity, to offer him and its readers its profound apologies. The only graft disclosed in the recent milk scandal in New York was that paid to the secretary of the former health commissioner. The former commissioner himself has never been implicated in the scandal in the slightest degree. He bears a reputation for the strictest probity both in his private and his public life, to which JUDGE very gladly bears witness.



The Life of the Party.

The Lenglen Trail

SUSANNE LENGLEN was forced to retire from the Wimbledon tennis matches because of severe pains in her right arm. The diagnosis of many people who are familiar with American amateur champions, is writer's cramp.

On With the Show!

ATHEATRICAL producer says that the present-day styles in feminine clothes are bad for the show business. One reason may be that it is no longer possible to hold dress rehearsals.

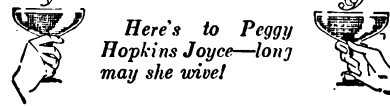


The supreme achievement of the human race after 50,000 years of existence.



How to "Make a companion of your boy."

Toasts of the day



Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

All Is Not Gold

A heart of gold has Belle—
Yet, ah, her smiles to me
But dress are, for, as well,
A tooth of gold has she.

Why Blame Radio?

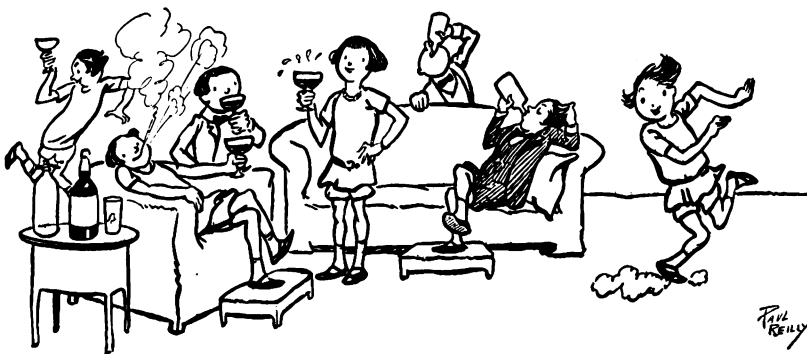
There are two things that kill a popular song—playing it and singing it.

When Pippa Passes

WHEN Pippa passes, all my world
Is filled with wildest joy
To see the light dance in her eyes—
To hear her happy little sighs—
To know her arts employ
Their skill in my behalf, as she
With fairy, fluttering hand,
Coos sweetly—Ah, I am in heaven
When Pippa whispers, "Come, you
seven!"

And passes for a grand.

Martin Shepherd



The Children's Hour.



"Huh—I'm twenty-one to-day. Wonder what the old boy's going to give me?"

The Perfect "Collegiate"

CALLS girls "women."
Wears twenty-four inch trousers.
Spends 75 per cent. of his father's
income on chorus girls.
Never studies.
Thinks garters were meant ex-
clusively as a feminine ornament.
Drinks gin for breakfast, beer for
lunch, and Scotch for dinner.
Judges girls' colleges by the proms
they throw.
Drives with one hand.
Is a competent authority on
women.
—And has never been to college.

Parke Cummings

FUNNYBONES

"The same fellows who sell those
lead pencil sharpening machines
also sell lead pencils."

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

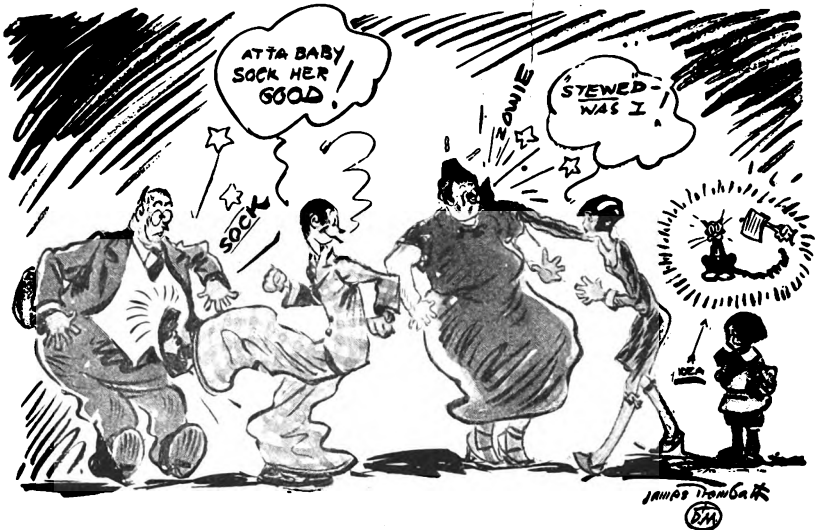
DIRZY LABELS

"We call him Axel."
Because "He's always oiled."

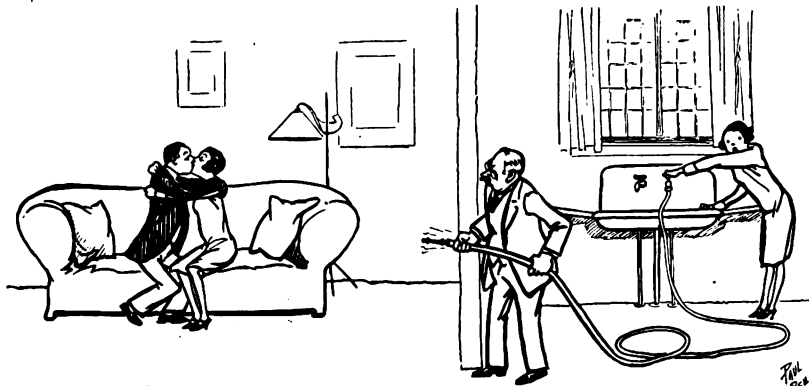
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The Party

HE is sitting on a moonbeam playing a ukulele. I'm afraid he'll fall, but he doesn't fear anything. He is my husband, and I am proud of him. Not every husband can sit on a moonbeam and play a ukulele. Not by a darn sight! We are at a party. Other husbands are lying under the library table. Some are climbing the portières. Mrs. Sparks, in a one-piece bathing suit, is doing a jackknife dive into the goldfish



"The New Freedom."

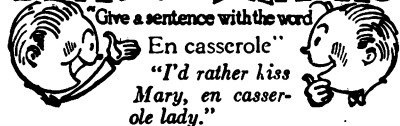


FLAMING YOUTH
MOTHER (to father)—Say when!

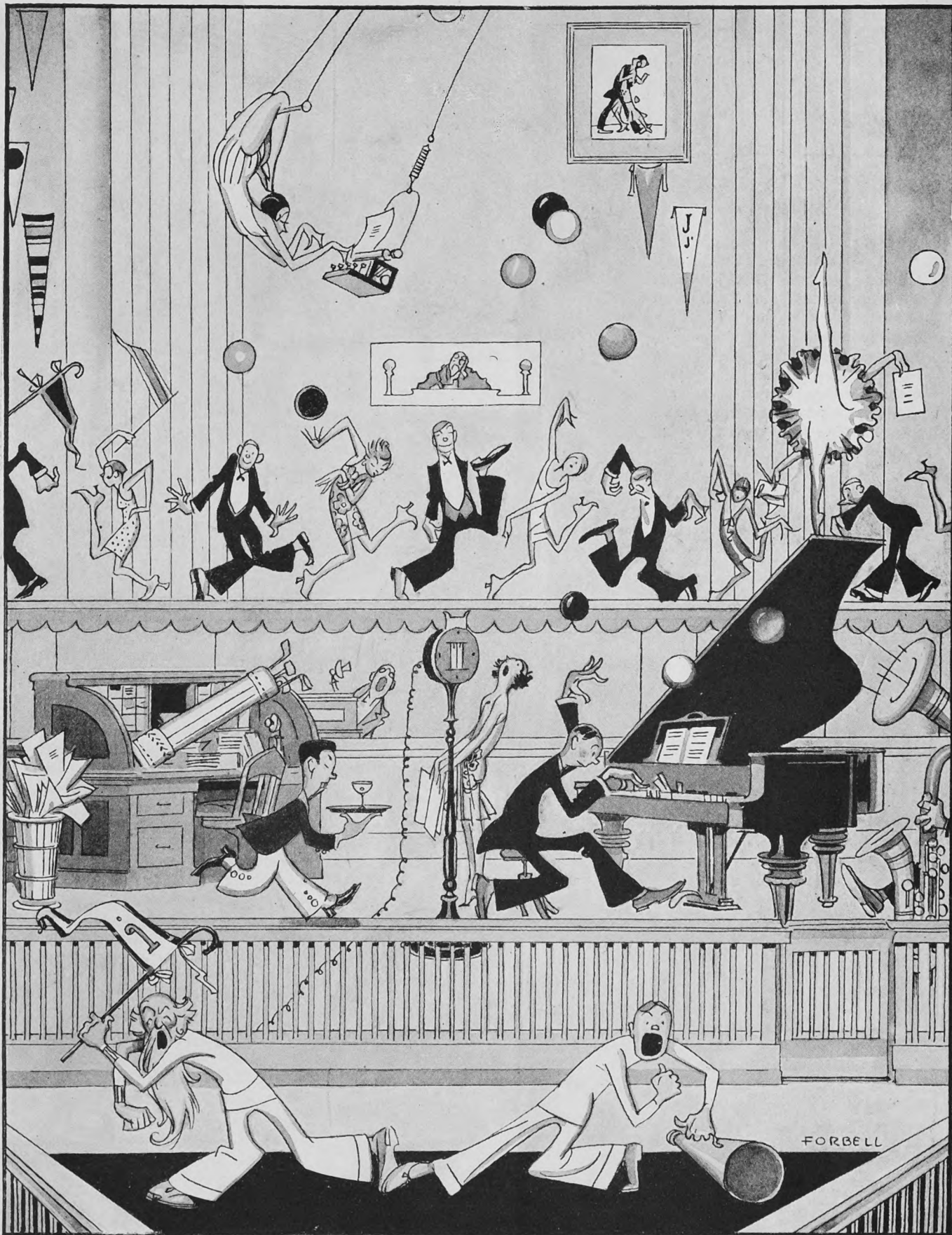
bowl. I seem to be sitting on the chandelier with a loaf of bread in one hand and a Harvard pennant in the other. The room is whirling. My Gawd! My husband has fallen from the moonbeam! I wonder if those cocktails I drank went to my head?
Nate Collier

"Have you seen the new hundred-dollar bills?"
"No, and I never expect to."
R. C. O'B.

KRAZY KRACKS



"Gas?"
"Yeh! Jus' fill up this cigar lighter."



EDITED BY JUDGE, JR.



How to get the younger generation into the museums—run them as night clubs—Hostess, dancing, etc.

Ultra-modern Methods for Ultra-modern Children

DON'T break your little one's spirit! Don't even crack it. We can give you hints on child-culture that will amaze you—and we are glad to do it. We feel it is a duty we owe to other parents to pass along the results of our experience. . . . For our children are really remarkable. Even the people next door say they have never seen anything quite like them. And this coming from a neighbor—!

You ask eagerly: "What is your secret?" We reply: "Diplomacy instead of force. We simply make the way pleasant for our children to do what they should. For instance:

How often you hear exasperated parents say: "My Elmer won't take orange juice, and the doctor says he simply *must* have it!" Our own Elmer was the same: "I won't take the nasty orange juice!" was his childish way of expressing it. But we fooled him—and yet without even denting his spirit. No old-fashioned

harmful method was used. Ours was the result of studying human nature, its likes and dislikes. Result? Elmer has never refused to

take his orange juice since we first put a generous amount of gin in it. He not only takes it without protest—he even asks for it! What further proof can you need that our method is successful? And Elmer is so cheerful about it! In fact, he stays cheerful for hours!

Another example. Does your little girl rouse the neighborhood with her screams when you suggest her going to bed? She does? Well, this is not necessary, as we have found. Our little Tessie used to make herself hoarse and the family nearly deaf in her rebellion against bed. You would never guess how we overcame this difficulty. Again we studied child nature, its likes and dislikes, particularly the former. And so we hide pieces of Tessie's favorite candy here and there through her little white bed. What fun for Tessie! You should hear her laugh when she fishes a big chocolate bonbon out from between the blankets! And now all day long she teases to

(Continued on page 21)



*"Seeing Nellie Home"
(Modern version)*

HIGH HAT

I've heard a great deal about the Editor's Easy Chair, but the bird who called it that must have been kidding no end since I've been sitting in it it's been more like an electric chair and my heart goes out in sympathy to the poor guy who has to get out this periodical of pleasure every week no wonder he's so sad looking!



Betty S. sends in a quaint idea a crowd of young step-outs take turns in selecting a show, Night Club or some place to go if the party proves to be a wow the person who got up the bright idea moves up one rank and another partner for the next week he or she can't go with anybody else for that week sounds rather wet to me, Betty, but may be somebody will like it!

As this number is devoted to the younger or more rising generation, we'll start off with a bang on the care and feeding of children as Dr. Holt might do it growing youngsters are very sensitive and great care should be taken with their bottles the labels should be examined carefully to see that the color won't come off If they insist on playing with cocktail shakers in bed see that the metal is not tarnished as it is apt to give them colic any father who has walked the floor all night with his child (in some Night Club) will understand this when a child suffers from hiccoughs a simple remedy is to take his bottle away from him.

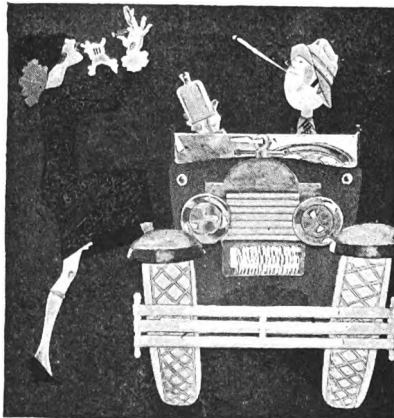
of Cuba. It is dedicated to his Majesty, the King of Spain, and is a story with a kick. The preface states that in 1889 Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, was in a dangerous state of weakness under the influence of an attack of grippe. Alcoholic stimulant was prescribed and Bacardi was selected for its purity. The hero is Benny Bacardi himself and he gets in more mix-ups! Chapter Six, where he meets "Bacardi Blossom," seems to me the most interesting other characters in this chapter are 1 teaspoonful of sugar, the juice of an orange, the juice of a lime, a grated nutmeg and cracked ice The Seventh Chapter has quite a "punch" also Bacardi gets mixed up with a glass of hot milk, a tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of grated nutmeg and the yolk of an egg, but everything comes out all right! the book has a very happy ending! Mr. Cadman, we thank you!

Speaking of bottles, discovered a peach of a drink last week . . . there was only one lemon in the ice box and a box of red raspberries being a resourceful young man I squeezed up the said raspberries and the lemon, added some Gordon Water and boy, what a beverage! it's hereby labeled a "Razzberry" because that's what I got for using up the desert.

We've received several letters this week from High Hatters suggesting young ladies who they think should be voted into the JUDGE family . . . that's all right, boys, they may be humdingers, but I don't know 'em and gosh, we can't have any strangers in the family! Of course, there is a way to get around that!

Have you been bathing this year? Of course you have! And of course you've noticed the bathing suits I've been color blind for two days! Saw a funny thing last Sunday a beach umbrella with a hollow handle there is something new under the sun!

The peaches on the family tree, up to date, are Phylis Cleveland, Bobbie Perkins, Betty Starbuck, Helen Hayes, June Walker, Claiborn Foster.



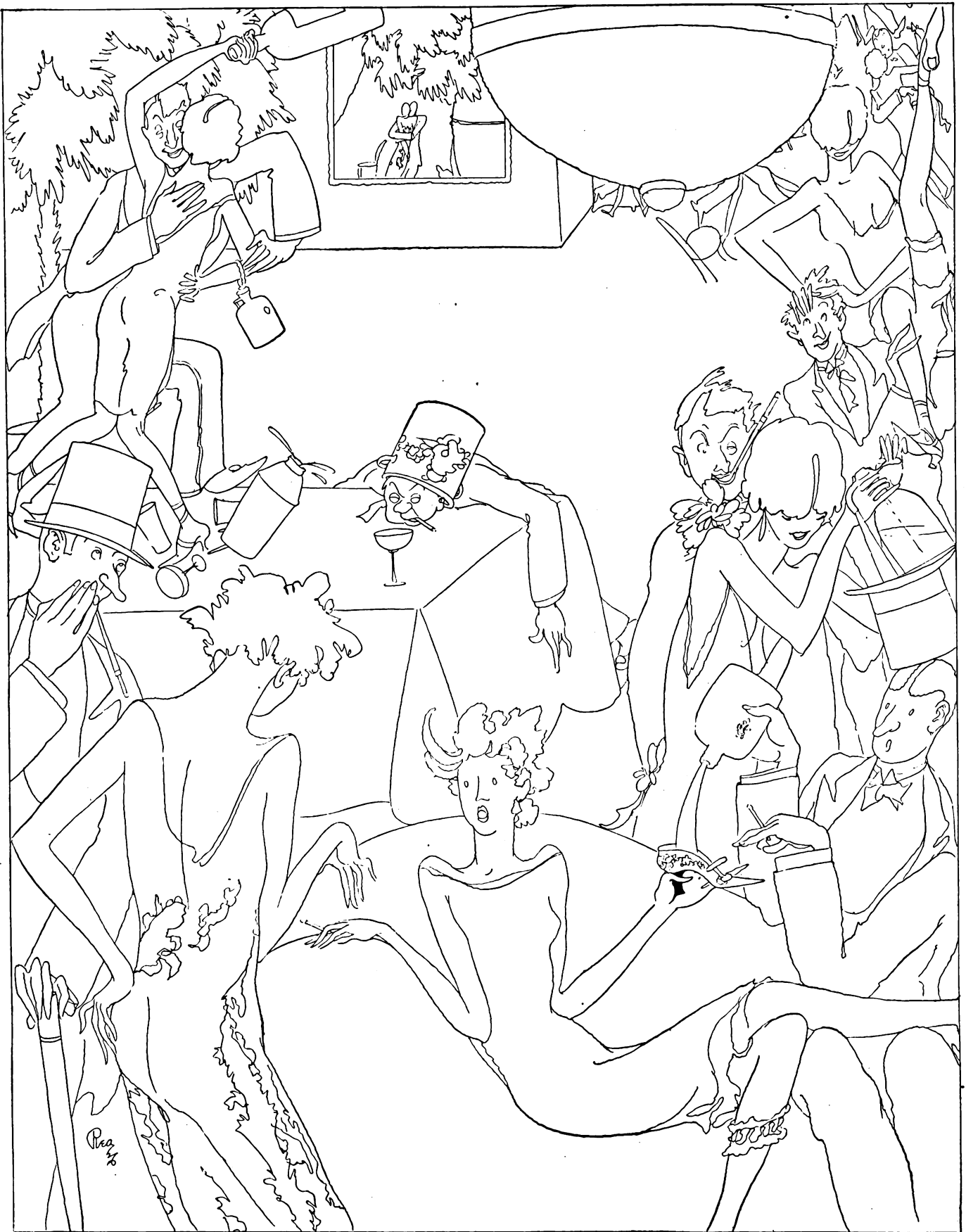
Here's a snapshot I had taken one day last week the one on the right is me. Having good time wish you were here.

We take great pride in announcing that Jamaica High School is behind us as one man they also suggest we get out a High Hat Number well, you asked for it. . . . Here it is!

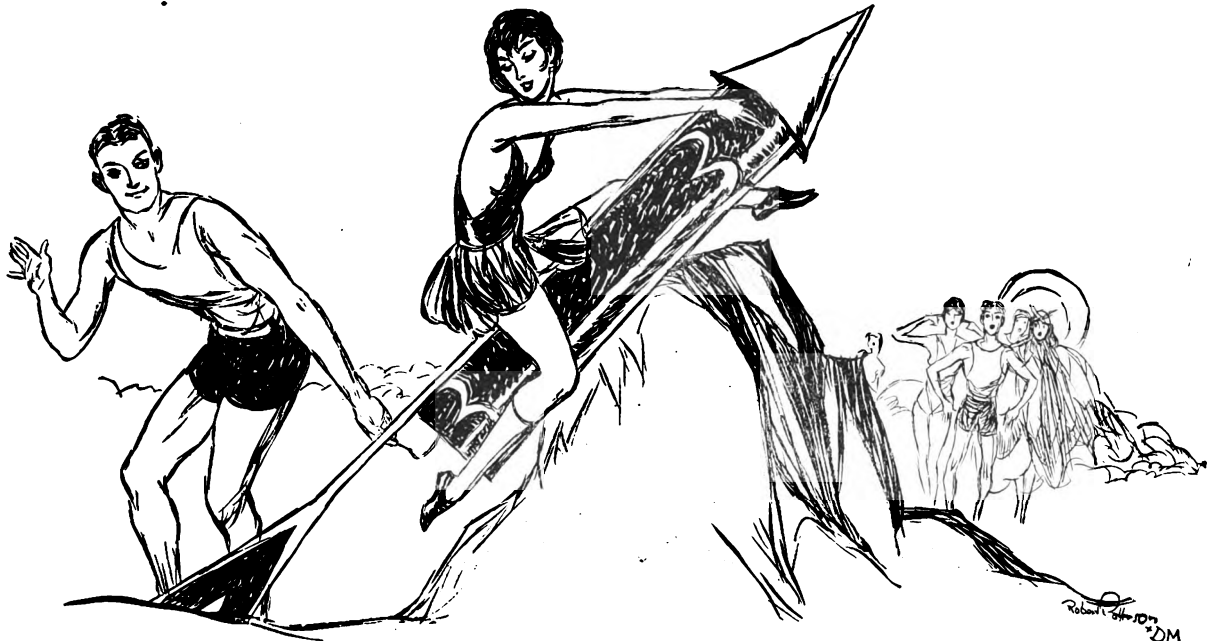
- The Six Best "Steppers":
 "Ting-aling" (*The Cocoanuts*).
 "Why Do You Want to Know" (*The Cocoanuts*).
 "Keys to Heaven" (*Garrick Gaieties*).
 "Mountain Greenery" (*Garrick Gaieties*).
 "The Girl Is You" (*Scandals*).
 "The Girl Friend" (*The Girl Friend*).

Judge Jr.

JUDGE



BORED DEB (to Hostess)—*God knows I hate to walk out on you, dearie. But your party's too dead for words!*



"Y'oughta get a new sensation out of this, Julie!"

It is stated that a peaceful life may be obtained through auto-suggestion. Not if it comes from your wife.

Caught At It

"How'd you happen to lose your job as night watchman?"
"I overslept one morning."

Grandma Says—

I DON'T care what they say about the shy and blushing sort of girl, I guess I'm just more modern than Eph is, but I still think that our girls have a certain fragrance about them. Eph says it's Scotch, but I'll be bound it's Rye.

When I was a girl they used to have programs at dances and a boy got his girl's program filled. Now they don't have programs any more, so they get the girls filled instead.

I can remember when after a dinner party we girls would leave the room so the men could tell their stories until one of them said, "Shall we join the ladies?" Now the girls don't bother to leave the room.

I guess I must be gettin' old. I can remember when a girl couldn't stick anything but her handkerchief on the window pane to dry.

Carroll Carroll



HUGO—Listen, Elsinore, here's a ditty that starts out with a crack about "Those endearing young charms," whaddaya suppose the feller meant?

Question

WHAT are little sheiks made of?
Hair oil that's sticky,
And clothes that are tricky.
That's what little sheiks are made of.
And what are little shebas made of?
Sugar and spice,
And everything nice.
That's what little shebas are made of.

For further details see the New York Evening Graphic.



"Dear Dad—How in heck do you expect me to live my own life if you won't send me more than \$200 a month?"



Since the ladies are going in for evening capes and gorgeous silk suits for beach wear, men are adopting the formal Tur bathing suit.



"WAS IT FOR THIS WE LOVED AND WAITED?"

Suggested Entrance Examinations for Modern College Freshman

Chemistry

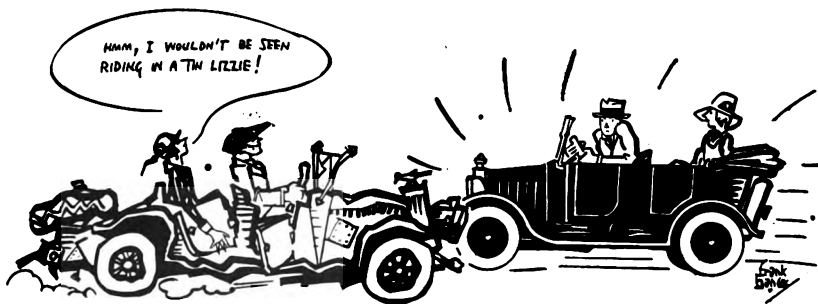
1. If you mix and drink two parts of rye, one part Scotch and one part Vermouth, how long will it be before you go blotto? 2. What is the saturation point of a healthy co-ed? (b) Describe the effect of (a) wood alcohol, (b) corn liquor, (c) shellac, (d) synthetic gin on a Camp Fire girl? Give the formulæ for "Orange Drink," Manhattan cocktail and Dry Martini.

Mathematics

1. A has a two-passenger roadster. B has two girl friends in The Follies. How will A and B place the girls and themselves in the car without displaying the girls' garters? 2. A's allowance is \$100 per month, gaso-



"It looks kind o' like they're going to do away with the Prohibition law."
 "Oh, gosh, I hope they won't do anything to interfere with our drinking."



Anything but a Ford!

line is twenty cents a gallon and good Scotch \$7 a quart. How long can A last without (a) hocking his watch, (b) his car, (c) being expelled from college?

Natural History

1. Describe the habits of the raccoon? How many raccoons are needed for a raccoon coat? What is needed for a raccoon coat? What is a "stag"? A tea hound, a parlor snake?

English

Write a sample letter requesting an increase in your allowance? What is wrong with this sentence: "Prohibition is a great success in America." Conjugate the verb "to neck." Define the following words: "Pre-war," "Red Hot Mamma," "petting," "wrestle."

History

Who introduced knickerbockers into America? (b) the slicker? Who

was the first man to discard garters? Describe the growth and development of (a) The Rolled Hose Movement, (b) The Gilda Gray Movement, (c) The Swiss Movement, (d) The Charleston Movement?

Physiology and Biology

1. Describe the various methods of treating a hang-over, (a) the bromoselzer method, (b) the black coffee method, (c) the "nother drink to straighten me out" method, (d) the remorse or conscience-stricken method.

Hugh Wood



"Young man I don't know who you are but I don't like my daughter to read that kind of literature."

JUDGE



IGGANORED!



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

Wine

TAKE Prohibition! Take one part Gordon Water, add the juice of a lemon, a little powdered sugar and some White Rock. What have you? An intoxicating beverage! Think of it! This sort of thing can't go on. Liquor is a curse. It makes a man propose marriage, makes a woman tell her right age, causes unhappiness everywhere. Take the other side of the question. Take Bacardi, lemon juice and a dash of Grenadine. It is this sort of thing that's undermining our national resources. Figures for the fiscal year, ending October 31, show that the American farmer has always supported a protective tariff. The April *True Confessions* carries a searching article, "The Evil of the Boll Weevil," by Eddie Cantor, which throws an interesting light on this question. Mr. Cantor agrees with Anita Loos that Protestantism is the main root of the modern capitalistic spirit. Can this go on? Decidedly no. There is an old saying which goes something like "all is not gold that glitters" and how aptly this fits the present situation. Meanwhile, what has been done? Nothing! In Ohio, alone, last year \$300,000 was spent for new lamp posts! In the last analysis Liberty is what our forefathers fought and bled for and in the course of human events the laboring classes will rise en masse and demand real beer. The oranges produced in the State of California in one year laid end to end would reach from one Bronx cocktail to another. The drunks produced in New York State in one year laid end to end would stay there. And why? The answer, gentlemen, is Prohibition!

Women

WELL, well, well! What next! What next! Wither is the younger generation drifting? Why such a high tariff? Why aren't the prices of commodities reduced? Where do mosquitoes go in the winter time? Who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle? But take the other side of the question. What this country needs is more beautiful women. Statistics show that in Europe four out of five women are beautiful. In this country four out of five have Pyorrhoea. Something should be done about it at once! This sort of thing can't go on. It's a national menace. Write your Congressman. Take Yonkers, for example. Conditions in that city are deplorable. It is this kind of thing that causes national unrest, creates Bolshevism, closes factories, causes labor troubles. The dictionary gives this definition of occiput: *that part of the skull which forms the back part of the head.*

Voters go to the poles! It is your duty as citizens of this great and glorious country to cast your votes. It may seem a little thing to you but it's the little things in life that count. And crooked politics must be wiped out!

Song

SOME ONE once said, probably Irving Berlin, "I care not who makes the Nation's laws so long as I may write its songs." Here is a happy solution to the housing problem which threatens our densely populated districts. After all, what is better than a good song? It is always fair weather when good fellows get together and a rolling stone gathers no moss. As we go to press the words of an old ditty come to our mind. As a matter of fact, the result in Iowa may be attributed, we suppose, to just one thing. But after all the early bird catches the worm. Soldiers march to battle singing; husbands come home singing. That is the amazing thing about orthogamy. Birds sing, radios sing, Sing Sing. Take the "Prisoner's Song!" The death rates in outlying districts has increased 6 7/8 per cent. in the last eighteen days. Is that not significant? Yes, it is not significant.

What Next?

THE future looks dark indeed for this nation. Trying times are ahead of us and who knows but what the panic of 1492 will be repeated. Of course, all this is mere conjecture and everything may turn out all right.

What this country needs is bigger and better bathtubs! Poor plumbing is what caused the crime wave in Chicago. Three hundred and seventy-one people were shot in that city in the last month and the rest were half shot. New York City is overrun with crime waves. You can see them on every bobbed head in town. Take Philadelphia, full of bunting and flags. There's a crime wave for you! Their motto is "Do not open until Christmas!" The Sesquicentennial is to celebrate one hundred and fifty years of Independence. We know of a man who walked down the middle of Broad street waving a liquor bottle and he was arrested! Ironic to say the least. A liberty bell hangs over the entrance to the Exposition and it isn't what it's cracked up to be. The Bell? No, the Exposition! Take the high cost of loving! A young man has to have an income of at least ten thousand a year to even take a girl for a sleigh ride! Or rather, she takes him. Flasks have gone up in price. Take alcohol—take a lot of it. Here's how!

J. Jr.

"O'Brien Outloud"

WINTER, summer,
Spring and fall,
This July we've
Had them all.

O

Infants kick and yell and utter sentences of two or three monosyllabic words and make general nuisances of themselves for a long time before they start to walk. So do adults when the car in which they're being driven breaks down.

O

A lawyer has to be careful not to swallow his words. If he ever did they'd choke him.

O

Short Sermon

After all, it is in serving others that people get a real kick out of life. Real joy, peace and contentment is known only to those who are in the habit of performing little acts of kindness for others. Those who serve others find happiness in the knowledge that they have been of service. That is their reward. And they receive it, not in dollars and cents, but in satisfaction.

It is my ambition to make people as happy as possible. I know that genuine happiness can only come through service. There is more fun in giving than taking; there is more real joy connected with performing a service than receiving one. That is why I always am willing to let people serve me.

O

Some detectives are so dumb they'd freeze a bowl of soup just to see if they could find any thumbprints in it.

O

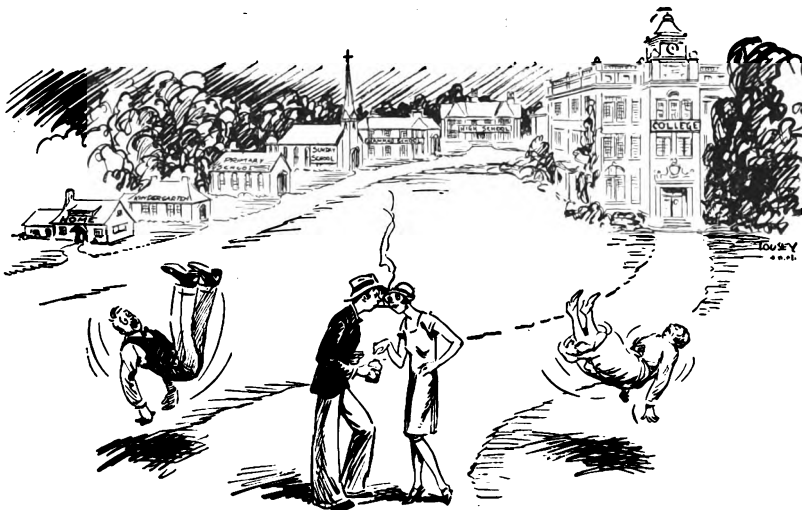
We're afraid reformers don't go to heaven. What the heck would they need them for up there?

O

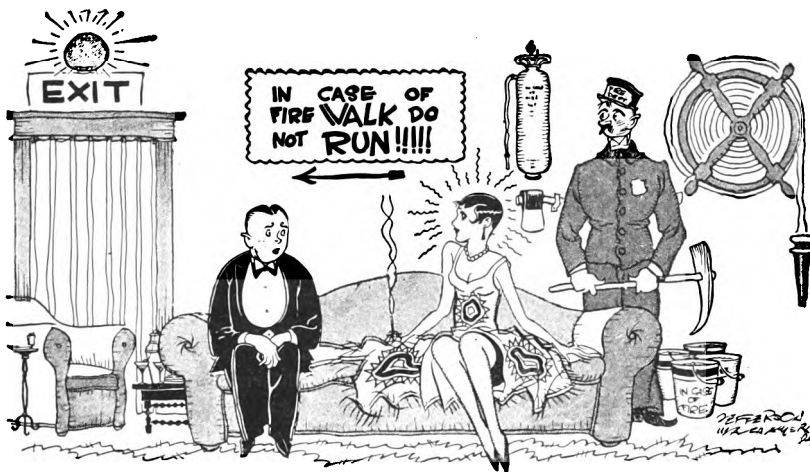
No Foolin'

How to make a cigar box a cigar lighter: Take a cigar out of the box, then it will be a cigar lighter.

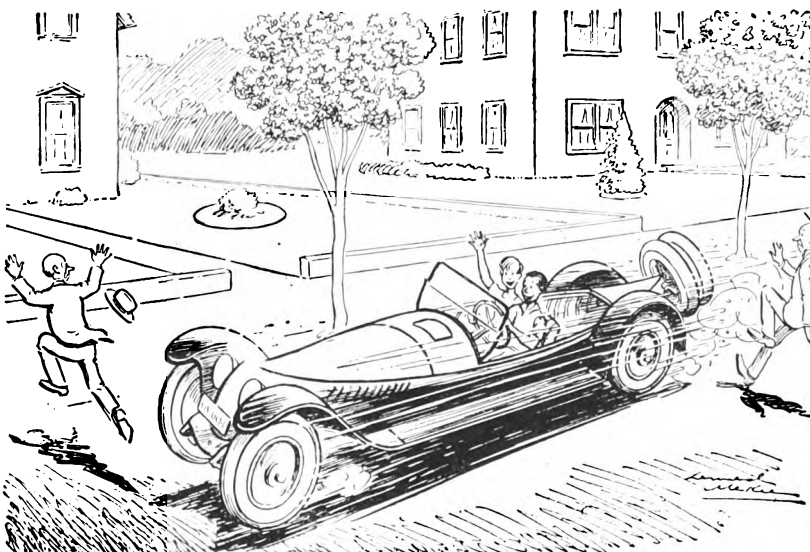
R. C. O'Brien



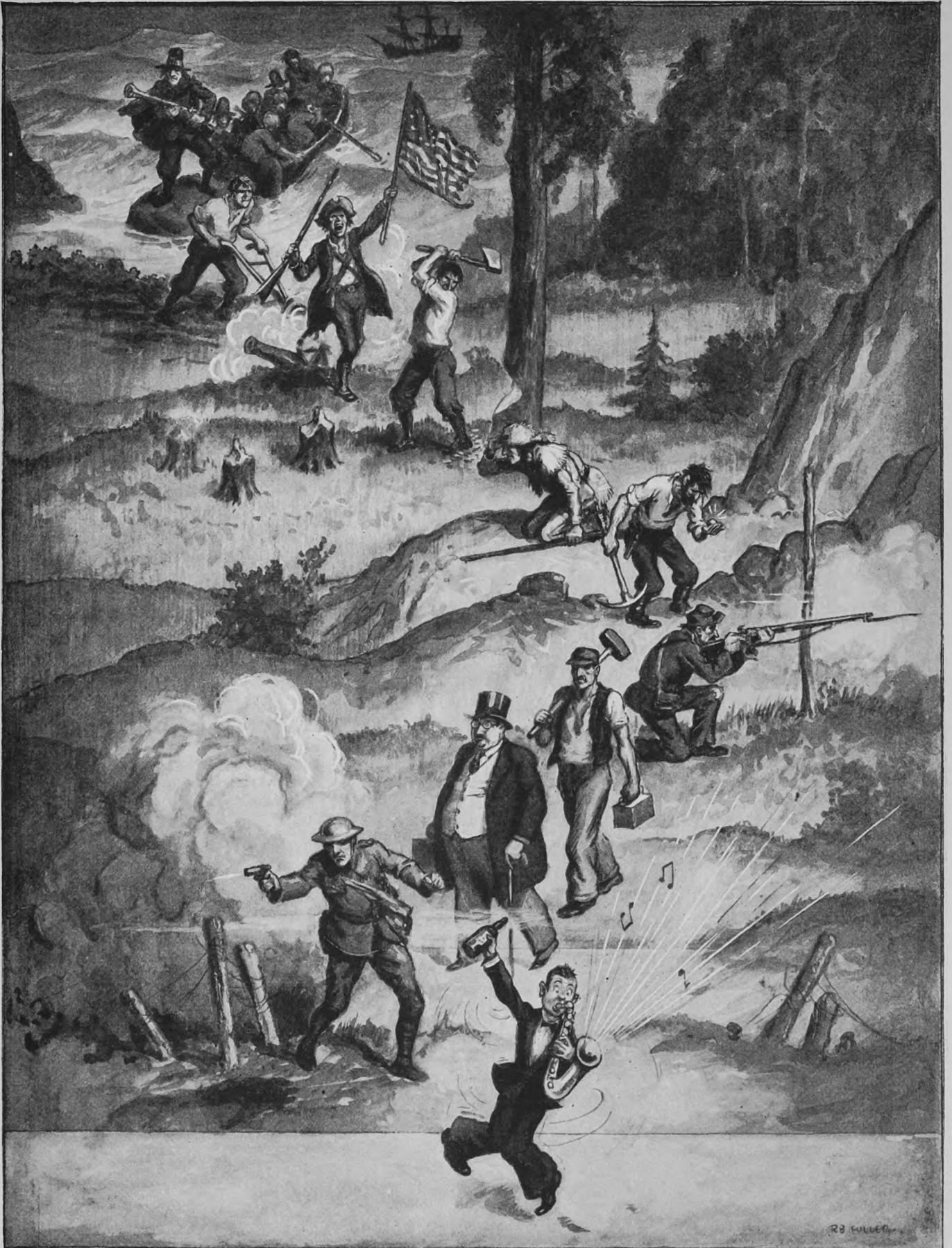
The finished product.



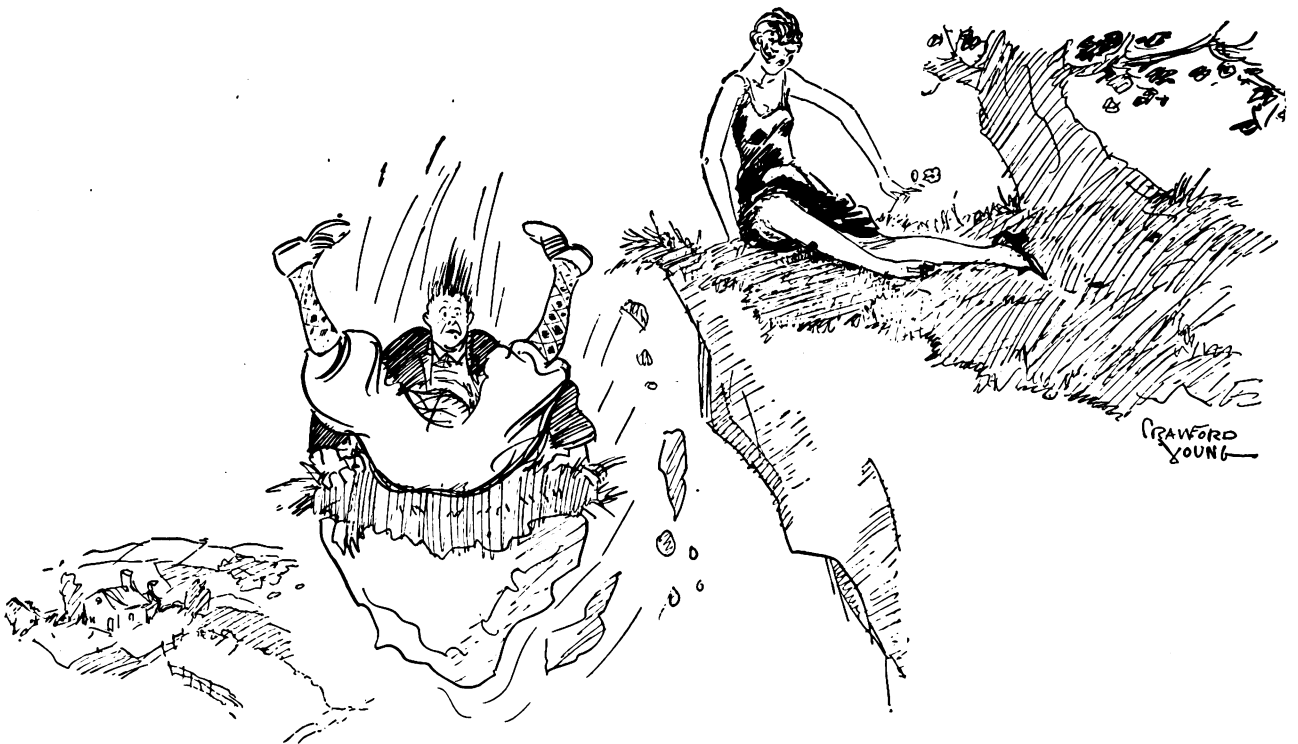
The new efficient reform administration has all the red-hot mammas listed and provided with proper safeguards.



The new canoe model roadster furnishes thrills to the younger generation —it's so easy to capsize.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



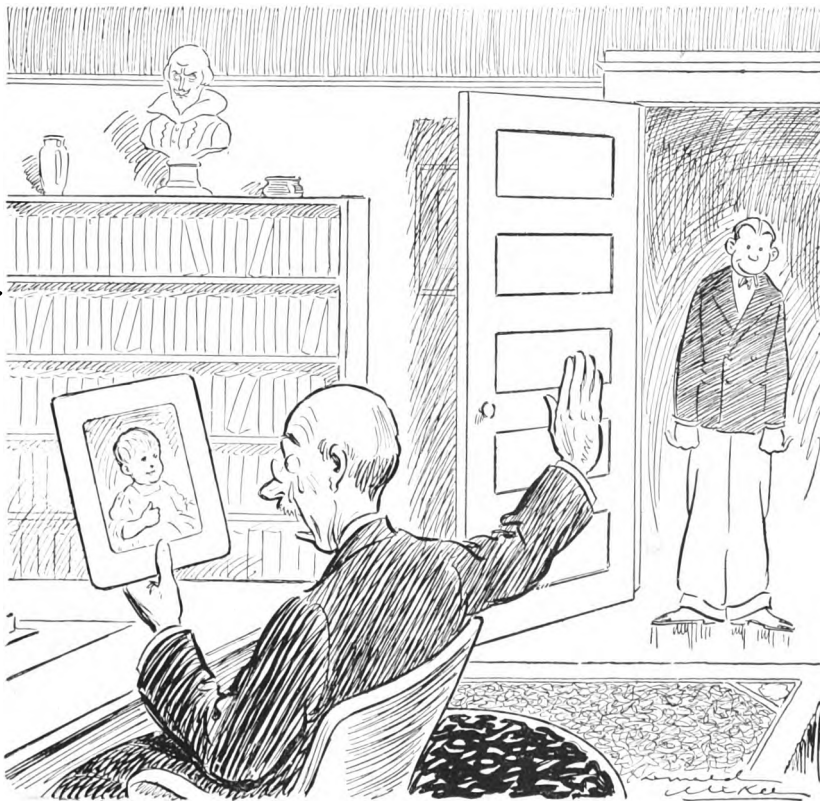
"Well, you're a funny boy! Ask a girl for a kiss and then sit motionless!"

"How about these co-educational colleges; which sex is really ahead?"

"Neither. It seems to be neck and neck."

The fortune teller says she'll achieve wealth from an unexpected quarter; but Dora says two bits can't go far.

They do things quickly at the race track. We found this out the other day when we bet on a horse and the bookmakers started paying off the bets before our horse had stopped running.



"No, sir, that's not my baby."

EPILAUGHS

*Here lies, and rests (God grant!) serene,
A golfer, Jock McKenney,
He teed off from the nineteenth green,
And took one shot too many.*

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

JUDGE



MY EYE!

JUDGING the SHOWS

By George Jean Nathan



I

ABOUT ten years ago, a very dull and tiresome comedy called "The Man from Toronto" was produced in London. A couple of years afterward, Henry Miller bought it, tried it out on the road in America, saw that it was pretty awful and quietly let it die. Now, eight years later, another management has bought it all over again, put it on in New York and allowed all the rest of us, and themselves, to see how right Henry Miller was.

"The Man from Toronto" might conceivably have been a modest success back in the days of Charles Frohman, provided Billie Burke, John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, William Gillette and John Barrymore had been engaged to act it, provided Langdon Mitchell or some other such talented dramatist had been hired to rewrite it and provided the management gave away sufficiently handsome and expensive souvenirs on the opening night, but I doubt that even the M. Leblang and his cut-rate corps can do much for it at the present time. Even were it a much better dingus than it is, the troupe currently merchanting it could hardly be relied upon to enchant the customers. The leading man, Mr. Curtis Cooksey, late of the masterpiece called "One Man's Woman," is, for all his large and elegant shape, not the sort of gent to inflame the matinee girls' fancies, and the leading lady, Miss Beatrice Hendricks, has little more appeal than a starving fat man. Gavin Muir, as the comic relief, meanders through his rôle with a forced nonchalance that makes one feel like sending out for a turpentine hypodermic. Only George Graham gives the trade its money's worth in the way of a performance.



II

The plot has to do with a young woman who masquerades as her own maid in order to test a wooer's worth. The play in general may be described as the kind in which some one always enters unexpectedly as two other characters are kissing and is greatly shocked and horrified at the discovery.

I HAVE mentioned souvenirs. One of the saddest features of modern theatergoing life is the passing of that grand old custom. There was a day, gone these twenty-five years and more, when one always came away from a theater with a *pourboire*, a memento graciously bestowed by the management. Who of us oldsters doesn't remember the celluloid illustrated programs tied with pink tassels that were given away at "Princess Nicotine," the buttons with Anna Held's picture at "A Parlor Match," the boxes of sweet cakes at "Princess Bonnie," the silk playbills at "El Capitan," the ash-trays, fans, inkwells and what not that were handed around on a hundred and one other gala evenings of the mauve decade? Why has the souvenir gone from the theater? To-day, all that one gets for nothing when one goes to a show is a paper program, and it's a lucky night when some one hasn't torn out the cast of characters from it at that.

I herewith propose that the souvenir custom be brought back, and at once. I offer a few appropriate suggestions. Let Belasco, at "Lulu Belle," give away photographs of the Black Patti, affectionately signed by himself. Let the management of "Sex" present the audience with miniature custard pies, each containing a license to project it where it

(Continued on page 28)

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—A lively and fetching show—and you may smoke.

"The Merry World" (Imperial)—Stereotyped revue with a couple of amusing skits.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—An excellent dancing show that still retains its first-night spirit.

"The Grand Street Follies" (Neighborhood)—Not to be compared with last year's. Heavy and dull.

"The Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—Fair in spots, with La Perkins as its feature.

"Scandals" (Apollo)—Expensively mounted and periodically diverting.

"Ziegfeld's No Foolin'" (Globe)—To be reviewed next week.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—O'Neill at his best.

"Bride of the Lamb" (Miller)—The performance shows a bad let-down. The stage manager should look up some good cuss words.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Shubert)—The Grand Guignol dons a Chinese peignoir and smells itself up with incense.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—A genuinely funny exhibit.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—A lukewarm fantasy.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Admirable Gilbert and Sullivan revival, highly recommended.

"The Bunk of 1926" (Broadhurst)—Stupid stuff.

"Kongo" (Biltmore)—Melodrama for the bobbletariat.

"Sex" (Daly's)—Guano.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—The Pulitzer Prize play, but don't let that keep you from seeing it.

"The Man from Toronto" (Selwyn)—Dull, dull stuff.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—A cheap music show, with Dorothy Diley and Nick Long dancing well.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—Another cheap one.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Still going. Why? God knows.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyne" (Fulton)—Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews in a crook confection.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—A cool, comfortable theater and an agreeable revue.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Feeble comedy.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—Joe Cook and Julius Tannen make you forget Frank Tinney.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Times Square)—Moderately amusing here and there.

"Pomeroy's Past" (Longacre)—Pleasant little comedy, nicely played.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—"If I Were King" tuned up.

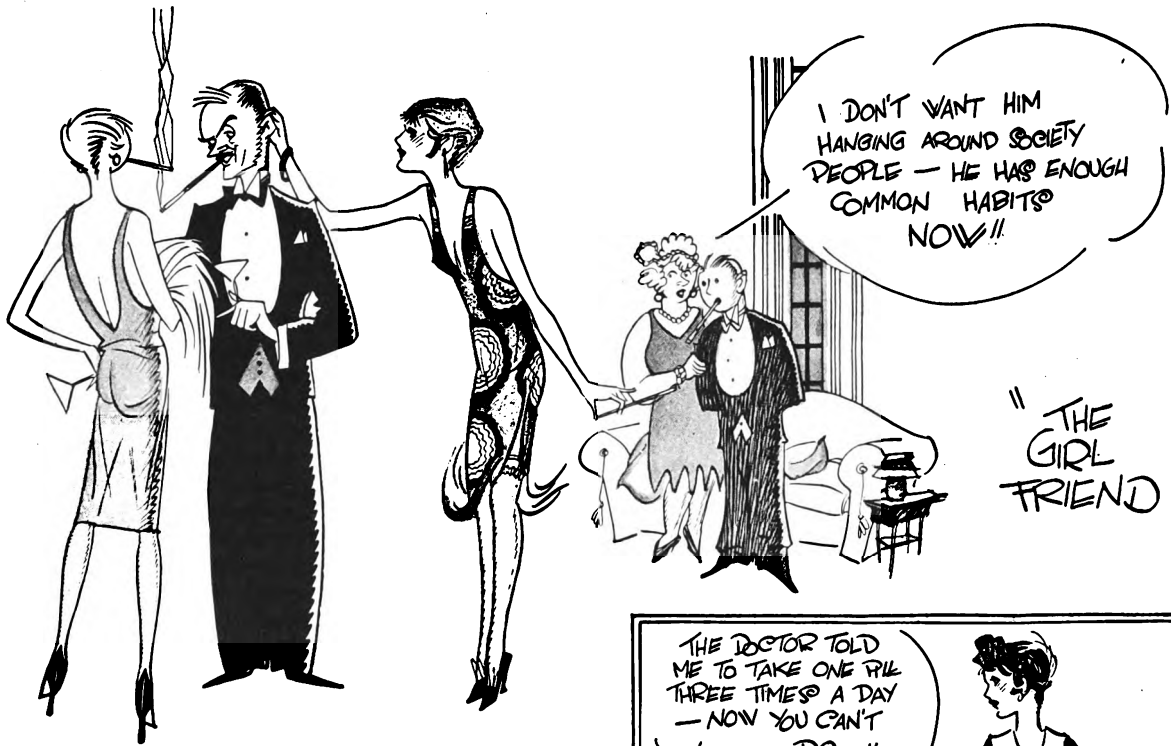
"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—A tedious evening.

"At Mrs. Bean's" (Guild)—Fairly entertaining comedy, with Jean Cadell's good performance.

"Song of the Flame" (44th St.)—Not much.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Marx boys in humorous vaudeville.

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS -



"THE GIRL FRIEND"



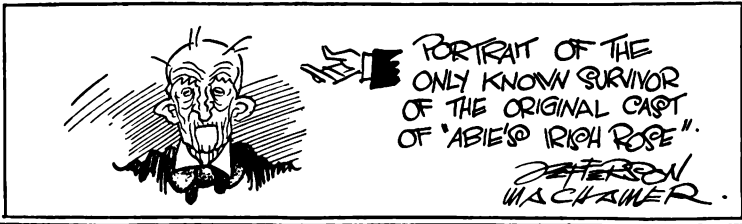
"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLO!"



"KITTY KISS!"



"THE COCONUTS"



PORTRAIT OF THE ONLY KNOWN SURVIVOR OF THE ORIGINAL CAST OF 'ABIE'S IRISH ROSE'.
JEFFERSON WACKNER.

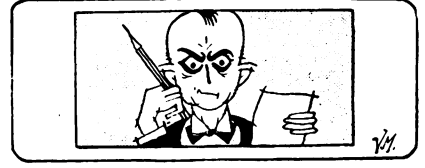
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



IF THE gag movie is art, and I think Charlie Chaplin has demonstrated that it can be—possibly Harold Lloyd also—then “The Palm Beach Girl” is a chromo. It is much harder, of course, to fit gags to the female form divine than to the more naturally clownish male, but it would seem that Erle Kenton might have done better by Bebe Daniels. For instance, I don’t think seasickness is especially amusing in anyone, though something might be said for the first few qualms undermining the rugged masculine front. But in a pretty girl with sex appeal it becomes disillusioning and distressing, and when carried to realistic lengths embarrassing. I shall never feel quite the same toward Miss Daniels since watching her approach the rail.

In another part of this violent picture Miss Daniels happens to lean out of her Pullman window crossing



- “The Big Parade”—The screen’s best.
- “Ben-Hur”—Vast crowds and excitement.
- “Sea Beast”—Jack Barrymore, love and blubber.
- “The Black Bird”—Good Lon Chaney film.
- “Moana of the South Seas”—Genuine travelogue and beautiful photography.
- “The Grand Duchess and the Waiter”—The waiter is Adolphe Menjou.
- “Mare Nostrum”—War tragedy from Ibanez.
- “Torrent”—Greta Garbo makes her bow.
- “La Bohème”—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert enact the old story.
- “The Black Pirate”—Doug struts his stuff.
- “The Bat”—Exciting mystery drama.
- “The Untamed Lady”—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be.
- “The New Klondike”—Florida boom farce.
- “The Crown of Lics”—Pola Negri in a flimsy Balkan romance.
- “The Flaming Frontier”—Custer’s Last Stand melodramatized.
- “For Heaven’s Sake”—Harold Lloyd farce.
- “A Social Celebrity”—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
- “Kiki”—Norma Talmadge in a bowdlerized version.
- “Brown of Harvard”—Conceived by a Yale man.
- “Hell Bent for Heaven”—Melodrama with flood.
- “The Greater Glory”—One long yawn.
- “The Wilderness Woman”—Chester Conklin comes into his own.
- “Aloma of the South Seas”—Gilda Gray and applause.
- “The Rainmaker”—Disjointed melodrama.
- “Wet Paint”—Don’t touch it!
- “Paris”—Apache melodrama.
- “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp”—Harry Langdon.
- “Money Talks”—Terrible.
- “Say It Again”—For Richard Dix fans.
- “Ella Cinders”—Cinderella in farce as Colleen Moore.
- “Ransom’s Folly”—Melodramatic western.
- “Good and Naughty”—Malcolm St. Clair does well by our Pola.
- “The Volga Boatman”—Red romance.
- “The Brown Derby”—Limp gags.

a bridge. A tug alongside belches a cloud of soft coal smoke into her face and she ducks back black. When she alights at the Palm Beach station, therefore, she is bundled into the Jim Crow bus and wins the amorous attentions of the negro porter. Isn’t this, too, a little rougher than it is funny, considering the victim?

Maybe ladies weren’t meant to be clowns, or at least to mix romance with low comedy, but we can never settle the question until some one makes a much more intelligent effort to prove the contrary.

WHAT the movies will do with one of the genteel classics on which our mothers were nurtured is always worth observing. “Lovey Mary” is one of the series of stories by Alice Hegan Rice, of which “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch” is the best known. The lowly people in it, pic-

(Continued on page 29)



Situation of any half-dozen members of the younger set five years from now if their parents' expectations are realized.

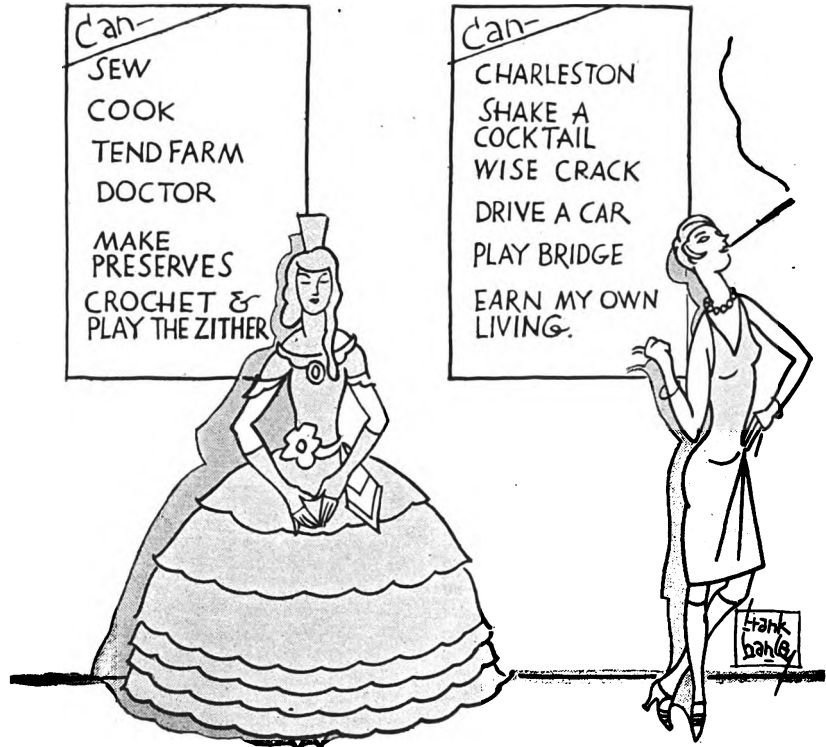
Ultra-modern Methods for
Ultra-modern Children

(Continued from page 5)

go to bed. Yesterday she had six temper fits because we wouldn't let her. Happy, happy childhood, when it is led aright! Tessie's bedtime hour used to be a time of horror; now it is the sweetest hour of all the day.

Some children hate their baths. That is easily corrected, we have found. For a little teeny weeny turtle or two to swim around in the big bathtub while Willie is being bathed—that's all! Simple, isn't it? You wonder that you haven't thought of it yourself. We must, however, warn you to use only the best of soap, or it will cost you too much to keep little Willie in turtles. The colder the water the longer the turtles will last. And the colder the water the longer Willie will last. So there you are, are you not? With larger children you can use larger shell fish. A friend of ours has to buy lobsters now for her big boy Horace. She can afford it, as she is the wife of a Prohibition agent. Still, she need not have been extravagant; she started in with crabs when she might just as well have begun with shrimps. (If shell fish don't agree with your children, lively little minnows may be substituted.)

Make life interesting to the chil-



Marriage inducements of the older and younger generations.

dren. Make everything they ought to do interesting—that's the secret. If they hate to go to school, try first one thing and then another, or vice versa, until you find some way to make them actually enjoy the trip to school. We have had no trouble

at all with Aaron since we bought him an up-to-date water pistol and promised him a quarter for every old gentleman he hit on the way to school. And of course we keep our word, expensive as it is. (For Aaron is a very good shot, and improving all the time.) It was so funny yesterday! Aaron tried to hold us up for thirty cents instead of a quarter, because, as he expressed it, "the old gentleman's whiskers were so long!" Isn't that quaint? And we were proud of one thing; Aaron said "old gentleman," and not "old man." He knows the respect due to old age.

We could go on and on—but why should we—unless we get paid for it?

Marian Page Johnson



Henry Ford has denied the rumor that he intends to retire to a peaceful country cottage. Thanks to his efforts there isn't one. —Punch

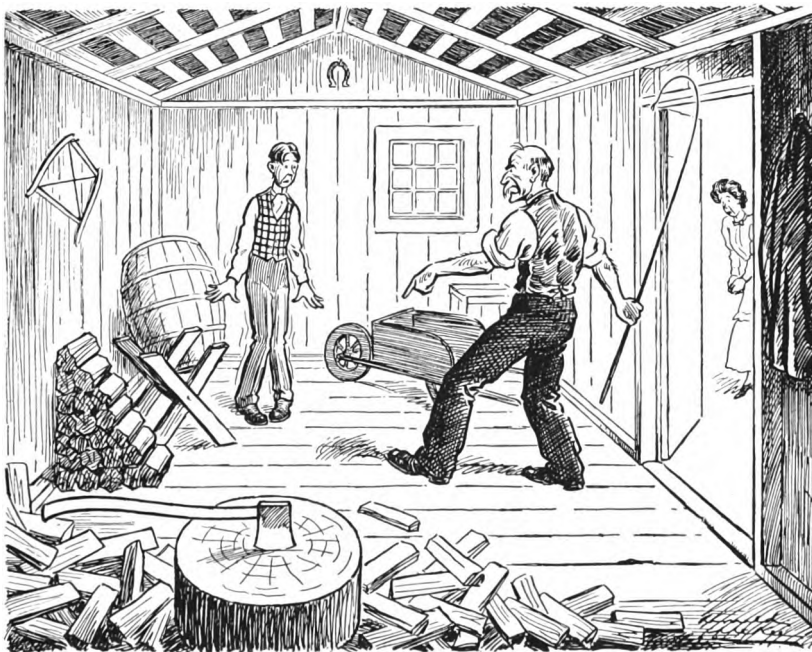


In a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife
Who, believe me, were old-fashioned
folk.

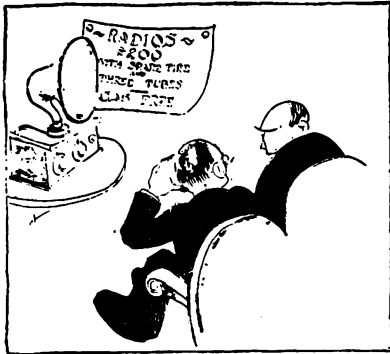
He listened to her,
She listened to him

Whenever the other one spoke!

—Answers



There was no "younger generation problem" in 1896—wonder why?



AYE—List, list!
BEE—Litz hell, that's Chopin!
—PENN STATE FROTH

They Think So Too

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail,
A boat without a rudder,
A street car without a rail.

Oh, there's only one thing sadder,
And it's far, far sadder than
A man without a woman—
That's a woman without a man.
—Washington Dirge

Under the spreading capitol dome
The politician sits.
He sits and sits and sits
And sits and sits and sits.
—Alabama Rammer Jammer

Ruth rode in my new cycle car
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly.
—Boston Beanpot

He—D'ya know that fish is brain food?
Haw—Naw; how come?
"It takes knowledge to open a can of sardines."
—Penn Punch Bowl

Tuz—My, you look beautiful tonight.
Ara—Yes, I took a beauty nap this afternoon and overslept.
—Michigan Gargoyle

"How old would a person be who was born in 1898?"
"Man or woman?"
—Oklahoma Whirlwind



American college student touring Europe tries to pick up a little Spanish.
—M. I. T. Voo Doo

To Pegg's Next One
Dear little suitor,
Don't you cry,
You'll be her hubby:
Buy and Buy.
—Cornell Widow

Miller—Just as Millett and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out.
Mumford—What did the couple do then?
"Kept on going. The widow knew the way."
—Carolina Buccaneer

Mrs. Wm.—I'll bet that fellow over there is a lady's man.
Mrs. W'on—Madame, I'll have you to know that he is. He is my husband.
—Carolina Buccaneer

"Prithee, Melachrino, come forth with a right subtle response—what does one do with the left part of a duck?"
"Cheerio, Meerschaum, and 'tis easily answered. One makes hash, of course."
—Williams Purple Cow



"L'Allegro."
—BUCKNELL BELLE HOP

LEADERS



Actual photo of a man being driven to drink. —OKLAHOMA WHIRLWIND

Eskimo Love Song

Beside your lamp a six months' night.

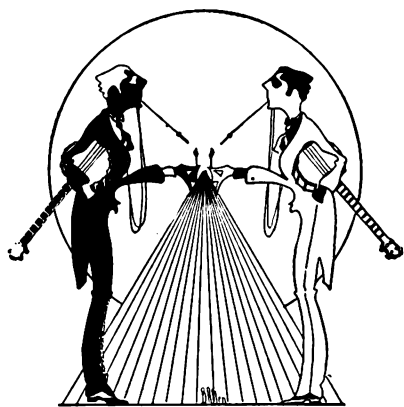
I sit and sigh and thrill with you;
Your mittens made of walrus skin
Clasped in my mitts of caribou.

Again t my breast pray press your skin

Of polar bear and silver fox;
I'll press my burning jowl of seal
Against your cheek of warm musk-ox.

And if I touch your penguin knee
(Sweet Snowdrop, do not blush
and frown);

I find them as enflaming as
The amorous touch of eiderdown.
—Columbia Jester



"Can you think of anything funnier than Jack Dempsey crackin' a smile?"
"No, unless it's Babe Ruth batting an eyelash." —M. I. T. Voo Doo

An Exception

Boss (to idle worker)—Have you ever heard of anyone who made a success loafing on the job?

Worker—A baker.

—Notre Dame Juggler



"Waiter! Why is this milk so weak?"

"Why, the cows got caught in the rain."
—BROWN JUG

Flap! Flap!

It may sound like a paradox, but the breaking of both wings of an army is a sure way to make it fly.

—Brown Jug

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
And your girl goes out
With other guys.

—George Tech Yellow Jacket

Our impression is that Mr. Volstead had water on the brain.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo



She calls it her blazer and wears it to class.

Well, she sure has the nerve of a Frosh,
For I'll leave it to vote, if it isn't the coat
Of her winter pajamas, b'gosh!

—OHIO STATE SUN DIAL

Stick(lers) for Detail

First Salesman—So you went through France with your samples? How did you make out?

Second Salesman—Rotten. Every time I handed any one my card he thought I wanted to fight a duel.

—Penn Punch Bowl

Officer (examining recruit)—Have you any scars on you?

Recruit—No, but I can give you a cigarette. —Oklahoma Whirlwind

I know a girl with eyes as blue
And just as bright as yours are, too.

I know a girl with curly hair
With which your own cannot compare.

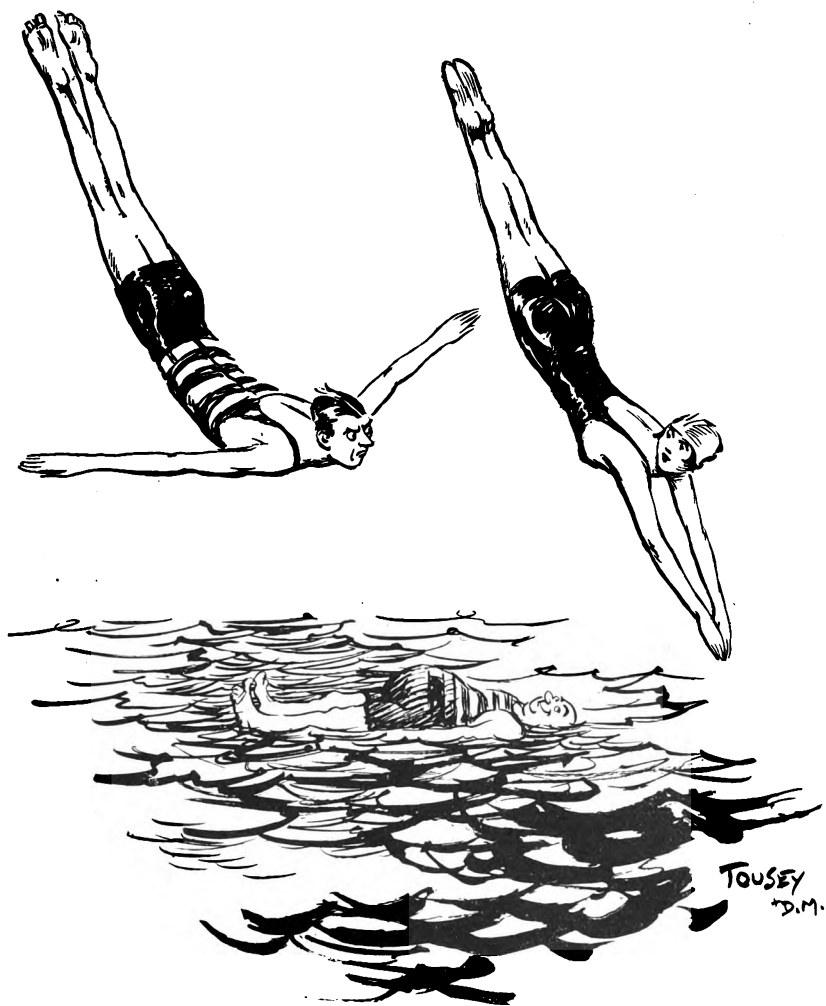
I know another girl whose wit
Has yours outclassed by quite a bit.

I know a girl who loves me, too.
I think that's more than you will do.

I know a girl whose lips are not
As red as yours—but twice as hot.

Gee whiz! You flop on every test.
I wonder why I like you best?

—Washington Cougar's Paw



AHENOBARBUS—Who was that gentleman I seen you with yesterday morning?
 THAIS—That wasn't no gentleman; that was a—man.
 (ED. NOTE.—Fill in your own college)

“I Want a Policeman”

AMBROSE W. THATCHER, a look of horror on his countenance, stood in the doorway of his Flatbush bungalow. Thieves, intruders and, for all he knew, murderers had been ransacking his habitation. He reached for the telephone book. There, on the cover, in plain letters, he read: “In an emergency, to get a policeman, just say to the operator: ‘I want a policeman.’” Ambrose slowly lifted the receiver.

“Numberplease?”

“I want a policeman,” said Ambrose.

There were five or six staccato clicks and a deep, bass voice thundered: “Police headquarters—O’Malley of the mounted speaking.”

“I want a policeman,” said Ambrose.

“Blonde or brunette?” questioned O’Malley.

“I want a policeman,” persisted Ambrose.

“For how long and what purpose?” questioned headquarters.

“I’ve been robbed,” wailed Thatcher. “I want a policeman to catch the thieves and recover my property.”

“Sorry!” shouted O’Malley. “We can’t let any of the boys go out to strange houses after dark. We had some trouble along those lines a year or two ago and the Commissioner thinks it best that none of the boys go out alone after five o’clock. Besides, the glee club and the police band are practicing to-night and we can’t spare a single man. Give us a ring some other time.”

Ambrose ran five blocks and reached a police booth. Four sturdy patrolmen were seated therein, playing poker. “Excuse me, boys,” started Ambrose. No one paid any attention to him. “I want a policeman!” shouted Ambrose, flourishing a tax receipt.

“If you’ll drink your milk and go to bed every night at six o’clock, we’ll buy you a nice set of electric trains,” answered one of the officers.

“But I’ve got electric trains,” wailed Ambrose, running off. “I want a policeman.” Five blocks away he encountered a motorcycle patrolman, examining a puncture in the rear tire of his machine.



If the modern “Sheba” had visited Solomon.

"I've been robbed," wailed Ambrose. "I want a policeman."

"Quit yer kiddin'," replied the cop.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," said Ambrose.

"Prove your sincerity then. Bring me photographs, affidavits, statements, all attested to before a notary, and I will take the case under consideration."

"God bless you," murmured Ambrose, dashing away. In an hour he returned, bearing three photographs of his premises and a sworn statement. He handed them triumphantly to the officer. The latter examined them carefully and shook his head. "Won't do at all," he said. "The notary who executed this affidavit for you has had his license suspended. You'll notice it's a 1925 seal. This is 1926. I can't accept his statement." Then he looked aggrieved. "That's the trouble with people nowadays. They're too careless about important details." So saying he mounted his motorcycle and chugged away, casting a hurt look over his shoulder at Ambrose.

All night Ambrose wandered through the streets, looking for a policeman. As dawn was breaking he came upon one, leisurely walking through the park. Whipping out a small revolver, Ambrose, in desper-



OH BOY JUST GIVE A LOOK AT THESE 2 NIFTY MAMMAS'

Two Wall street brokers were chatting over their toast and milk one day. "Thank God, times have changed!" exclaimed the elder, a tall distinguished man with a striped hat band. "Why?" asked his junior. "Ah, just think of wearing stocks around your neck as they did in the old days!" was the apt retort. They both shook with ill-concealed mirth.



HIS GIFT

ED NOTE—The first contribution has already been received for our next Christmas Number.

tion, compelled the officer to walk before him. Whipping out another revolver from his coat pocket, Ambrose stopped a passing taxi which he commandeered, after chasing the driver away. The speedometer pointed to sixty as Ambrose and the policeman raced toward the Thatcher bungalow.

"The last straw," suddenly wailed Ambrose.

"What's wrong now?" demanded the cop.

"Look!" screamed Ambrose, pointing to a vacant lot. "They came back and stole my bungalow too, during the night!"

The patrolman took one quick look at the vacant plot of ground and blew three sharp, short blasts on his whistle.

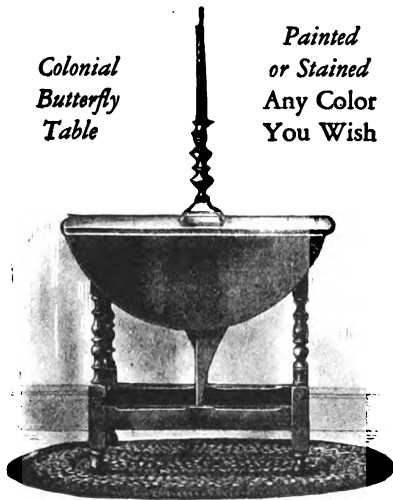
"What's the big idea of blowing that thing?" wailed Ambrose.

"I want a policeman," answered the officer, snapping the handcuffs on Ambrose's wrists. "You're arrested for kidnaping an officer, disturbing the peace, stealing a taxicab and fraudulently representing theft when you haven't even got a bungalow." Arthur L. Lippmann

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YOU make no compromise with harmony when you furnish your home with Leavens Furniture. Colors in wallpaper, rugs, drapes and pictures can be carried out in the furniture of the room through our popular finished-to-order plan. You send us a sample of the color to be duplicated, we paint or stain to match that color *exactly*. Or if you prefer, you may give us the general color scheme of the room in which the furniture is to be used and leave the finish to the judgment of our decorators.

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Typical of Leavens' offerings is this charming birch and maple Butterfly Table. It is an authentic Colonial reproduction with graceful original turning of the legs, wooden pegs, beveled edges and butterfly supports.

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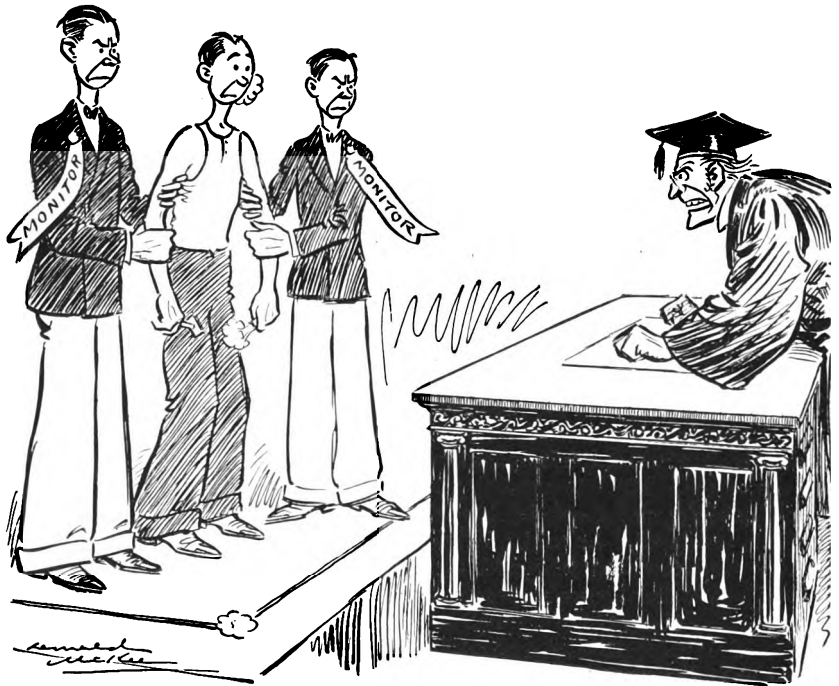
*The Butterfly Table is priced at \$18.00

WILLIAM LEAVENS & COMPANY, Inc.
32 Canal Street, Boston, Mass. (Dept. L-7)

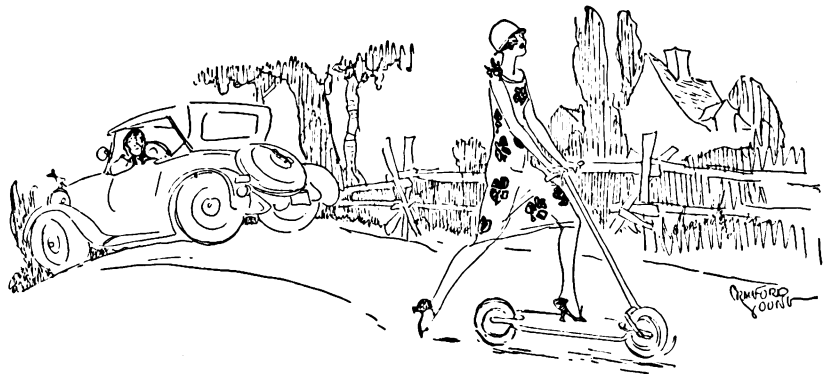
Please send your illustrated Catalog and complete details of the "Finished to Order" Plan.

Name _____

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Colgate sophomore on the carpet before Prexy for shaving with Mennen's.



"Well, I'll say Willy McBoo's is a gentleman—always so thoughtful, carries a scooter on his car so a girl doesn't have to walk home."



And then it dawned on him.

A Best Seller

He had been looking over the birthday cards on the counter for some time, when the saleswoman suggested: "Here's a lovely sentiment, 'To the only girl I ever loved.'"

"That's fine," he said, brightening. "I'll take five—no, six of those, please."

—*Western Christian Advocate*



"A shockin' coward my husband is I was telling 'im off proper outside th' public library, when off 'e run inside an' stood near one o' them 'Silence' notices."

—*London Opinion*



"Madame is not at home, she's at the cemetery."

"At the grave of a relative?"

"No, in her own."

—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)*



The principle of the crawl stroke used by swimmers has been applied to motor boats. It has been applied to motor buses for a long time.

—*Humorist*



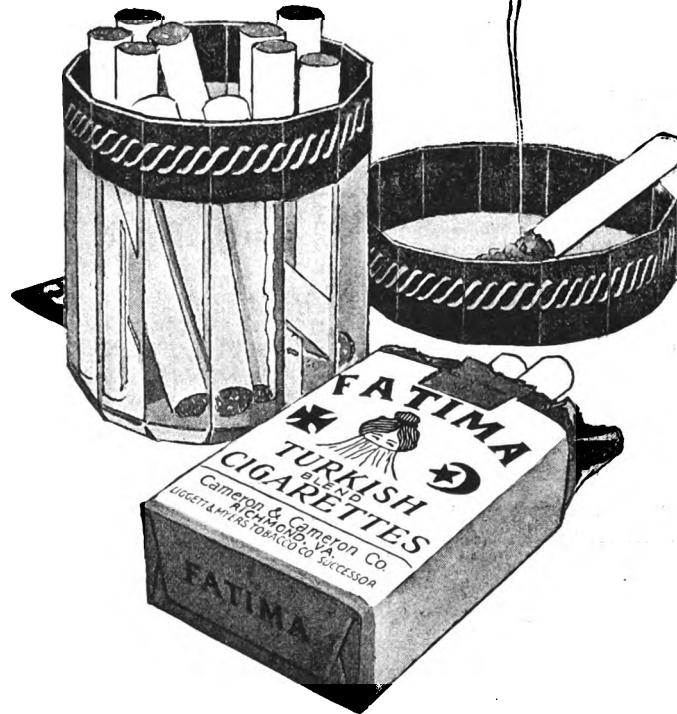
He (passionately)—I tell you my love for you is making me mad—mad—mad!

She (calmly)—Well, keep quiet about it. It's had the same effect on my father.

—*Answers*

Who wouldn't?

FOR THAT perfect "balance" of fine Turkish and American tobaccos, that extra delicacy of taste and aroma which are Fatima's and Fatima's alone—who wouldn't pay a few cents more?



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

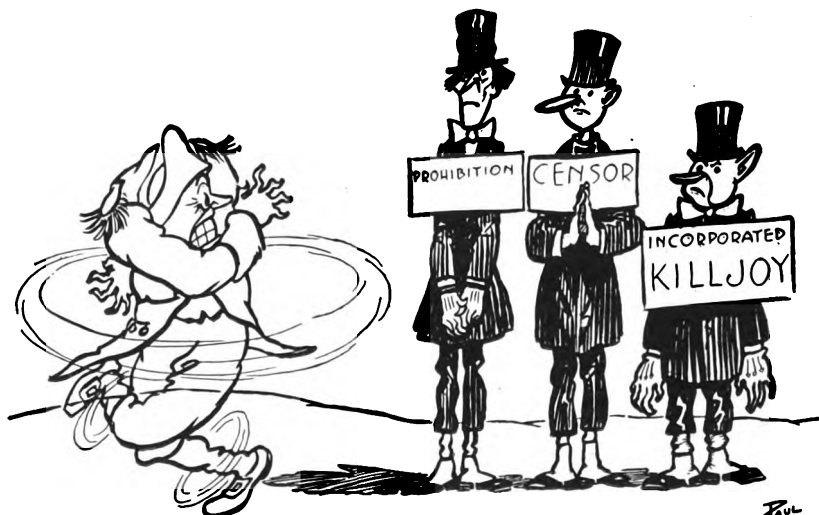
—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
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25 Years In Use

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



Shade of Continental soldier taking a slant at what he fought and bled for.

Faulkner

They Laughed When I Started to Dance

—But next time the laugh was on them!

I ADMIT it. I was the world's worst dancer. Awkward, clumsy, feet everywhere they shouldn't be—no wonder people laughed. And my partners—poor girls! But the very next day I ran across an advertisement of Arthur Murray's. So he thought he could make me a good dancer by mail, did he? Well, I doubted it, but I thought I'd give him a chance. So I sent for his lessons—and got the surprise of my life!



Why, his lessons were not only fascinating, but so simply arranged and clearly explained that I mastered them in no time. I didn't tell a soul. The next time I got up to dance, the crowd prepared to laugh, as usual. But this time the laugh was on them. They could scarcely believe their eyes. For now—thanks to Arthur Murray—I was one of the best dancers on the floor!

You can do just as I did—learn all the new dances—surprise your friends—become popular overnight. And it will cost you almost nothing at all. For Mr. Murray, the world's foremost dancing instructor, is making a very special offer just now. He will send you his lessons for the amazingly small sum of 25c apiece, or any ten for \$2.00 or \$4.00 for the entire list. And, with every order of \$1.00 or more, he includes these five lessons FREE: 1. The Secret of Leading. 2. How to Follow Successfully. 3. The New Correct Position. 4. How to Gain Confidence. 5. Secret of Waltzing.

Surely you want to take advantage of this remarkable opportunity. Don't delay. Just check the lessons you want and send for them TODAY.

Mail This Coupon NOW

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Beginner's Foxtrot | 12. French Tango |
| 2. Beginner's Waltz | 13. Tango Foxtrot |
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| 4. Beginner's One-Step | 15. Charleston Walk |
| 5. Beginner's Tango | 16. Collegiate Charleston |
| 6. Two-Step in Foxtrot | 17. Flying Charleston |
| 7. Waltzing Principles | 18. Advanced Charleston |
| 8. Waltz Foxtrot | 19. Syncopated Foxtrot |
| 9. How to Walk Backward | 20. Advanced Foxtrot |
| 10. Ballroom Etiquette | 21. Ritz Foxtrot |
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I enclose \$..... for lessons checked above at 25c each. If I order 10, the price will be only \$2.00. The entire list (\$5.50 worth), will be sent for \$4.00. (Foundation lessons free with order of \$1.00 or more.)

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



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J Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.

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NEW YORK CITY

DISPEL THAT RASH

Why suffer when skin troubles yield so easily to the healing touch of

Resinol



THE BRIDESMAID ARCH

The very latest for the very smart wedding.

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 18)

will do the most good. Let Al Woods hand out, at "The Shanghai Gesture," photographs of Shanghai so the audience, after taking a look at his Waldorf-Astoria Chinese scenery, may enjoy a good laugh. I suggest, further, that the management of "Bride of the Lamb" pass around totem poles and that, at the Pulitzer Prize opus, "Craig's Wife," the management give the audience photographs of Sinclair Lewis.

The trouble with our managers is that they are getting altogether too stingy. At the present time the only memento that a theatergoer takes home with him is the recollection of three dollars and a half gone to hell. What the managers should do is provide something that will take a fellow's mind off his misery. In the old days a customer came out of the theater, swindled often enough, it is true, but still wreathed in grins over the fact that he had been given gratis a very valuable and handsome three-cent celluloid pocket comb with the star's picture on it. This was enough to convince him that the manager regarded him as an eminently worthwhile and important creature whose patronage was eagerly solicited. The fellow was, in his own estimation, somebody. Nowadays, he is nobody. The manager takes his money and then often doesn't even give him back his overcoat at the end of the evening if he hasn't got a quarter handy. It is time to call a halt. A general mass meeting to discuss the question will be held at Cooper Union on the first Sunday in August



Doctor—Do you suffer from thirst?
Patient—Yes, thanks!
—Nagels Lustige Welt (Berlin)

The Rent

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
And was not surprised thereat.
I knew the rent could be no more
Than that of my city flat.

—London Opinion



A Pennsylvania woman who killed her husband won't be allowed to collect his bonus. Husbands are an awful nuisance, but there is no bounty on them.

—American Lumberman



Still plenty of time to enter
Judge's Slogan Contest

GET BUSY!

\$500 for SLOGANS

Rules for Contest in the Advertising Number. If you missed it—Send for it—15 cents.

Leslie-Judge Co., 627 W. 43d St.
New York City

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 20)

tured through "nice" Victorian glasses, are "quaintly" human. Sex appeal? God forbid!

The screen version sticks rather surprisingly close to the original except in a few particulars. But these are highly significant. For example, in the picture *Lovey Mary* attracts the lascivious advances of dirty, alcoholic old Stubbins. This permits three episodes in which the rape motif, indispensable to movie melodrama, is dominant. Again, the scarlet lady, Tommy's mother, instead of dying slowly after a street accident, commits suicide by taking poison. Finally, for the hint of a dawning romance between *Lovey Mary* and Billy Wiggs the picture substitutes the clinch itself. In other words, the metamorphosis effected is somewhat like grabbing a Gibson girl, removing her stays, snipping off her skirt at the knees, bobbing her hair, rouging her lips and jamming a wad of gum into her face. Nothing violent, you understand.

THE best thing about "Puppets" is its local color. This, of course, is due in no small part to the caste which, from Milton Sills down, reproduces the emotions and manners of Little Italy with convincing fluency. But the story is hokum. A jealous husband who comes back from the war to find his best friend has been trying to seduce his wife doesn't match fingers with him to see who shall kill the other—not in Little Italy, at least. Such exaggerated punctilio is unknown except possibly among tennis players.

Wife—This pudding is a sample of the new cook's work. What do you think of it?

Husband—I call it mediocre.
"No, dear, it's tapioca."

—Answers

A weekly paper remarks that the ostrich is worth more dead than alive. To cope with this disadvantage, it is equipped with very long legs.

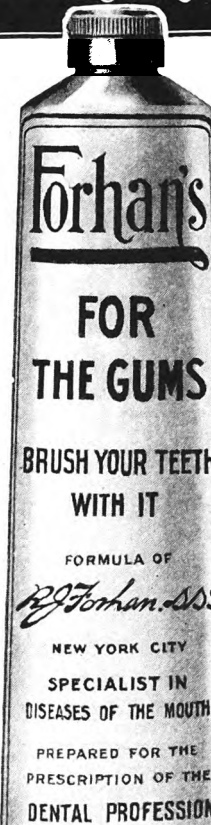
—Humorist



The Expert—Look back, my dear, and see if he's looking; and if he's looking, don't look.

—Petit Bleu

Watch your gums —
bleeding a sign of trouble



AS sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhoea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhoea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhoea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhoea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

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

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. FORHAN CO. New York Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE
GUMS



Ansco Speedex Film—the red box with the yellow band—fits all roll-film cameras.

Bring vacation back with you — take pictures

Out in the open—fun-filled days of play and rest—have your vacation for keeps with an Ansco Ready-Set.

This new kind of folding camera requires no setting for light, speed or distance. It is ready-set for pictures. Just open—aim—shoot. Three inexpensive models. See them today.

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM
Pioneer Camera Makers of America
Dix Ansco—Binghamton, N. Y.



LEND WINGS

to your Eyes



CONQUER DISTANCE! Observe people, ships, birds, deer, bear, sports, OFF in the Distance! Bring them right to your feet with these POWERFUL Binoculars! Keep a pair in your auto—and enjoy grandeur of glorious vistas. These Binoculars will prove a never-ending lifetime JOY! Indispensable for camping, hunting, hiking, yachting, races, motorboating, shunt-ins, observation, bird and nature studies, etc.

SUPPLY NEARLY EXHAUSTED! DON'T MISS THIS BARGAIN!

THESE are the GENUINE French and German Army Officers' 8-POWER FRISM Binoculars; famous PREMIERE QUALITE, brand new PERFECT. Brilliant illumination, exquisite definition. Wide field of vision—many times area of field glasses. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Leather case, neck and shoulder straps. Usually sell for \$40.00 to \$50.00. Advantageous foreign exchange rates make possible Bargain price... **\$23.50**

Our Plan is Different! Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE!

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan:

\$5.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct \$1.75 and send Check or Money Order for **\$21.75** in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW! Limited Quantity! Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery!

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.

Importers, Exporters, National Mail-Order House "2 Generations of Honorable Dealings"
365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
 Largest Retailers of Binoculars in America
 Gentlemen:—Send me the 8-POWER BINOCULARS for 10 days' FREE Trial on the above plan.

Name.....

Address.....

Clip and mail this Ad. NOW. Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU Judge 7-17-26

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

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 July 17)

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!

RESHAPE YOUR NOSE!



You can safely reshape your nose to beautiful proportions with **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER**—painlessly, comfortably. Results speedy and guaranteed. Physicians praise it highly. No metal to harm you. Winner of Gold Medal, 1923. **FREE BOOKLET** Write for it today.

THE ANITA CO. Dept. 789 ANITA Building Newark, N. J.

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 82

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
12			13		14		15		16				
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63					64	65		66	67		68		69
70						71				72			
73					74				75			76	

Submitted by C. O. Parker, New York City. JUDGE pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

- Very venomous viper.
- Form of the verb "to be."
- Foundation of an old-fashioned cocktail.
- The eyes have it.
- Something pedestrians should do before they leap.
- Girl's name. (Probably from Chelsea.)
- Something doctors should do.
- Otherwise.
- This looks nice in a skirt.
- This is all on the surface.
- Dangerous to step on when it isn't there.
- An Indian tribe.
- Clothes don't make the man but these make a golfer.
- Possesses.
- Consumed.
- Half Stewed Officer (init.).
- This means to cook in Greece.
- A superlative denoting suffix.
- Still.
- A name for the Scotch.
- Fish eggs.
- What the Giants of to-day are.
- Butter's understudy.
- This is always getting in the soup.
- Alfalfa cut short.
- Something that never gets even.
- This means small in Glasgow.
- Something that often goes to waist.
- This is socked a lot.
- A lucky number for Roman crap fighters.
- Three-eighths of all hydrogen.
- So's your old man.
- Takes it all in.
- The way to go to Europe.
- The other half of poor papa.
- Furnish food or fun.
- Place for a bed, chair and pajamas.
- This is bad.
- Girls who buy these kind of stockings don't get a run for their money.
- These come from family trees.
- This comes between rival tennis players.
- Kitty's boy friend.
- I excell (abbr.).
- Julius Caesar's foot.

- To have and to hold.
- Pronoun used reflectively.
- Diners and sleepers.
- Boys and girls together.
- A famous weeper. (This is tearable!)
- A necessary article.
- A noble redman.
- Something old hens do.
- Unit of electrical resistance.
- A dry country.
- Always. (Apologies to Mr. Berlin.)
- A flower.
- This is hot stuff.
- A good egg.
- Something Oxford bags are and then some.
- A good driver sometimes goes around in this.
- First name of a well-known movie actor.
- Something a doctor takes for himself.
- Roman eggs.
- Webster says this means to dip or pat lightly.
- A hullabaloo.
- Restaurant chicken.
- The pied piper's following.
- To receive compensation.
- To hang on to what you get.
- To throw out. (Not "the bum's rush.")
- Harmonious food.
- Carry.
- Product of the Golden West.
- Abbreviated wearing apparel.
- To point an unloaded shotgun.
- Yale.
- A Latin king.
- Things that editors reject.

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

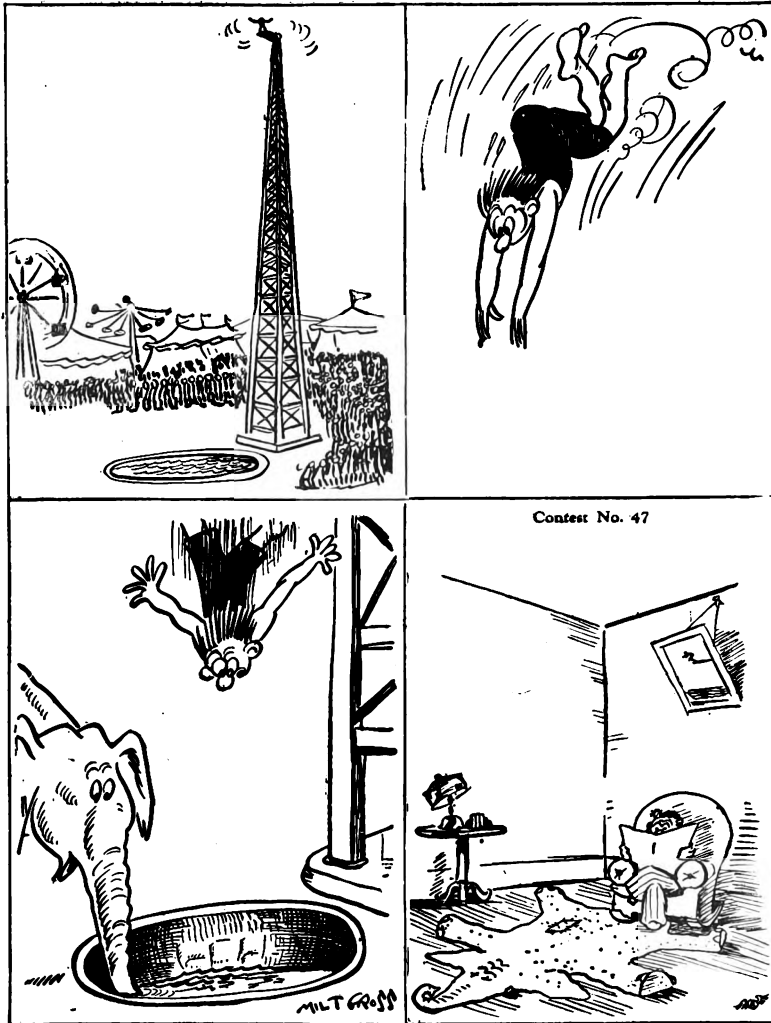
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R	E	M	O	R	S	E				P	L	E	A	S	E

Vertical

- A foamy draft.
- King Solomon's namesake's (abbr.).
- What a gate or a souse hangs on to.
- A brief reputation.
- Plumber's elbow.
- Royal Irish Academy (init.).
- Same as 38 horizontal. (Pretty soft.)
- Death and taxes. (Also death by taxis.)
- This is where most nuts come from.
- What yes-men said in Ye Goode Olde Days.

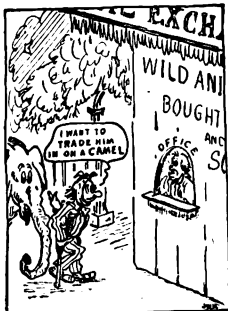
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 47



B. E. Abemathy, 314 North Highland street, Gastonia, N. C.

Runners Up



J. W. Hawkins, Austin, Tex.



M. G. Hyman, Cleveland, O.



Arthur S. Strahan and Fred-eric L. Horton, Plainfield, N. J.



G. F. Perry, Oklahoma City, Okla.



Stewart B. Lewis, Easton, Pa.



Stanley Galiski, Scranton, Pa.

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanishes in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but corrects stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Co., 77 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

The Weil Company,
77 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

JUDGE

Date.....

JUDGE
627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

I want JUDGE for myself.
I have checked below the offer I accept.

CHECK HERE Herewith is \$1.00 (check, cash, stamps, money-order) for 10 weeks of JUDGE.

CHECK HERE Herewith find \$5.00 (check, cash, money-order) for one year's subscription to JUDGE.

Name.....

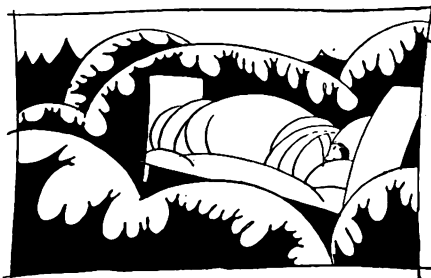
Address.....

City.....

State.....

For Yourself

BOW LEGS?
This Garter (pat'd)
Makos Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Box Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 22 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMP.



The Boudoir M.D.

DR. ROBERTS seated himself and turned to the lovely lady on the chaise longue. "Now, Mrs. Fullerton, how old are you?" "I'm twenty-two." "Did you have a lover before your marriage?"

Her reply came promptly: "No, I never had a lover. I was as virtuous as they make 'em." "If they're virtuous you can't make 'em," he told her and then gave the lovely lady a zero mark for non-appreciation.

"Do you love your husband?" "Yes, doctor, but—" The lovely lady paused and began again. "I mean—yes."

"Oh, that's all right." Kirk grandly waved her confusion aside. "I think I understand your case already. You're asleep," he said in accusing tones. "You're a love somnambulist. In short, you don't know what it is all about."

The lovely lady understood. "But I like Bill to kiss me."

"Yes, and I'll bet right now," said Dr. Roberts, "that Bill doesn't like the way he gets kissed. How do you do it?"

He expected a graphic description of Rosalie Fullerton's osculatory habits. But no, the lovely lady was a creature of action. She rose from the chaise longue and came toward him with her white arms raised, and the filmy garment shimmering whitely over her shoulders and all points—or rather curves—south. "Here's how I do it," she lisped.

▲ ▲ ▲

Q If the teacher is willing to show the pupil any number of times how the exercise goes, can kisses be taught and paid for like golf? See "The Boudoir M. D.," by Vina Delmar, in the current issue of SNAPPY STORIES. Now on all newsstands—20 cents.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE."

It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old.

The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It

describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE relieves. Over 100,000 sold. The Morley Company, 10 South 18th St., Dept. 774, Philadelphia

1 Hour Each Evening 10 Evenings

A little practice, and you will be sitting on top of the world with your

BUESCHER

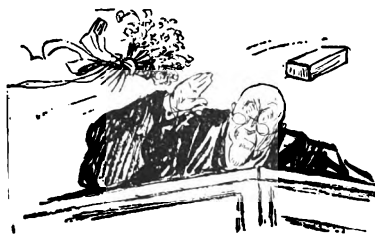
True Tone Saxophone

Only with simplified, easy fingering, easy blowing Buescher Saxophone can you do this. Lessons given with new instrument. Teach yourself. You can do it. Get the facts. Send postal today for beautiful literature and details of home trial and easy payment plans.

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (8)
1659 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.



JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Minding Other's Business

MY DEAR JUDGE: How correct is little Miss Bissor, whose daddy is a minister? "Black sheep always know they are right and are always ready to down the other person . . ." A rather concise summing up of a certain Board of Temperance, Public Morals, and so on, don't you think? However, I don't like to call them "black sheep," having a peculiar weakness for mutton chops and baked potato, and even black sheep are turned into quite respectable mutton chops—vultures, I think is more appropriate.

The trouble with present-day religion, Miss Bissor, is that there are too many "vultures" engaged in it. Too many who become active, not through a desire to help and serve humanity, but through a craving for power which they, in their narrow-minded incompetence, could otherwise never hope to attain.

They have dragged the Church into activities that should never concern it.

Go to Washington some day, Miss Bissor. Visit the offices of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Public Morals, and so forth. See the great headquarters and organization which a church has wrought solely for the purpose of minding other people's business. View, if they will let you, their weekly payroll—their list of employees, lobbyists, spies. See how much money they spend annually to maintain Prohibition. Then walk down South street—or visit some of the mill sections in your own Philadelphia—do the same in New York on the East Side. See how much good that money really could do, were those in charge of its expenditure honestly endeavoring to do good with it.

Yours for the restoration of the American Liberty our fathers bled for.

Chicago, Ill.
May 20, 1926.

F. W. Kohler

Common Sense

DEAR JUDGE: Oh, what a big laugh our two boy friends, Silas Greene and Hap Haller, gave me to-day when I read the "Judge for Yourself Column." Was Silas trying to be funny when he said you would have to give away a new Ford in order to sell your magazine?

I am a Methodist, and I believe in good, clean living, but I also have common sense enough to try and get all the fun I can out of life.

As to our friend, Hap, why doesn't the "brave and fearless Klan" pull off some of their torture parties here in New York City? They wouldn't dare. They're too cowardly.

Respectfully,
New York City, N. Y. Marion Estelle Monroe
June 10, 1926.

A Bouquet

DEAR JUDGE: In the cut at the top of your column, "Judge for Yourself," I notice a brick and a bouquet, and as all the brick throwers seem to express their views to the exclusion of the other class, I would like to hand a bouquet.

Our dear friends, Mr. Munson and Mr. Cook in the issue of April 17, in addition to others in previous issues, take great exception to W. M. H.

Mr. Cook buys the magazine only for amusement and feels that such columns should be omitted. Is he so uneducated as not to appreciate the humor, satire and sarcasm of Mr. Houghton? To my mind "Judge on the Bench" is the best and most humorous page of all, and I am sure many others will agree.

Lafayette College,
Easton, Pa.
Sincerely,
Henry C. Whittlesey

A Request

Editor of JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: Your breadth of mind and your wit are very good and we appreciate your magazine.

Will you, in a broadminded way, refrain from attacking the clergy in your columns?

South Portland, Me.
March 11, 1926.
Sincerely,
Lovell B. Sawyer

[ED. NOTE—Clergymen who enter politics should expect no immunity from attack by us or anyone else.]

"I Know Your Face But . . ."

How many times do you have to make this admission?

There is no real reason why you should subject yourself to the embarrassment of admitting that you are unable to remember names.

It is the man with the ready, reliable memory who impresses people, it's the man who remembers faces, names and facts who is able to command respect and salary.

If it is necessary for you to meet people every day you owe it to yourself to develop your latent powers of memory.

POWER and FORCE

BY

William Clarke

Late of The Royal Polytechnic Institute, London, England

Will in a simple yet practical way show you how you can remember names and faces and how to read character in the head, face, eyes, nose, mouth, ears, hands and handwriting. Will give you in sixteen (16) handy pocket sized booklets, fully illustrated, the secret of personal Power and Force through the practical application of memory.

A limited edition of this remarkable work is available for distribution among readers of JUDGE. Sets will be sent postpaid upon receipt of

\$1.00

Brunswick Subscription Co.
627 West 43d Street, New York

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 425 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



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.

"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

Save 60% on Diamonds

Import unmounted diamonds from Mexico—have them mounted by jeweler—save 60% of usual cost. We sell only genuine diamonds. U. S. customs appraisal is proof of value. Sent C. O. D. No money in advance. Write for price list.

Block Hermanos, Dept. A, Bolivar 15, Mexico City, Mex.

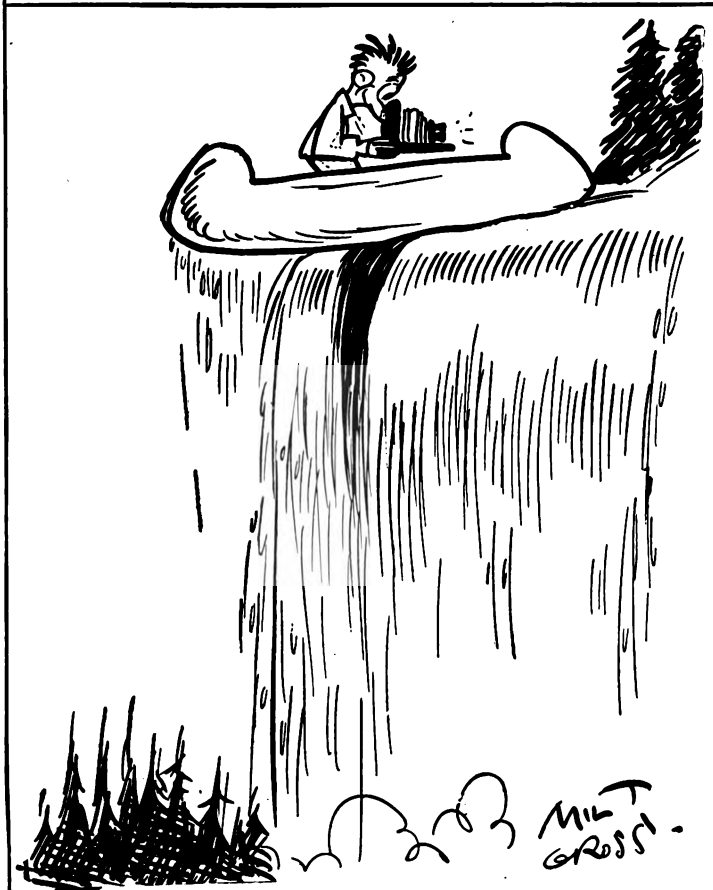
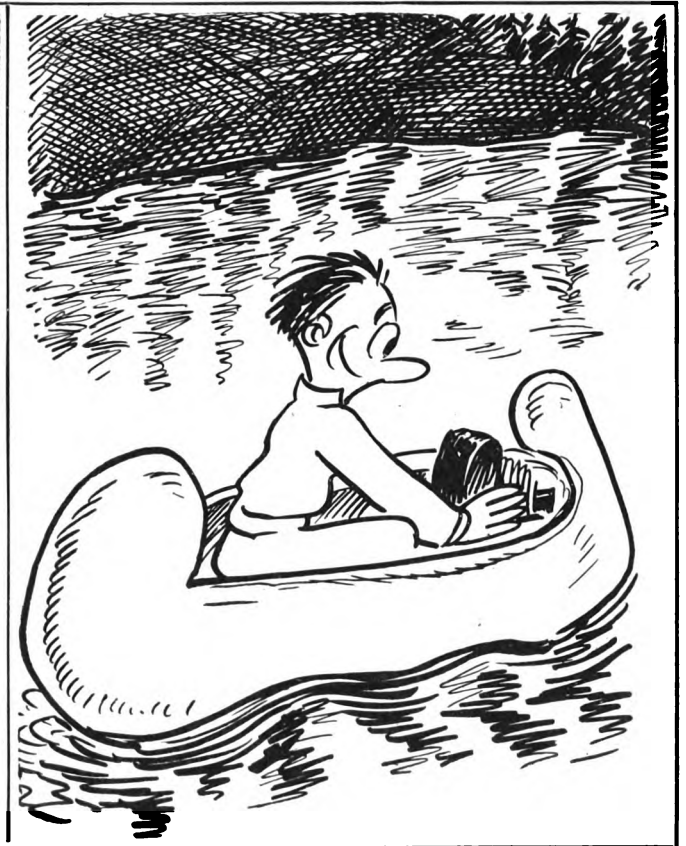
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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 July 26. Winning ending appears in the issue of August 14.



Contest No. 51

When you've taken
 a plunge in the cool, bracing surf—
 and battered and wet with
 spray, you climb out on
 the welcoming sand
 —have a Camel!



Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the surf is running in from the sea. And you plunge in to shoulder aside the foam-topped rollers. When you climb out, glowing, and join the crowds on the beach—have a Camel!

For after healthful exercise, no other cigarette in the world satisfies the taste like Camels. Camel mildness and mellow fragrance is the awaited award of millions of experienced smokers. Camels are rolled of the choicest tobaccos nature grows—they never tire the taste. Camels are the expert blend that did away with cigaretty after-taste.

So this sparkling day as you start for the cool, restful beach. When with measured strokes you have tried your strength against the breakers—know then the most fragrant mellowness ever made into a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds
 Tobacco Co.
 Winston-Salem, N. C.



REPT. C. F. CALLOWAY, MEM. 1035377
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JUDGE

JULY 24, 1926
PRICE 15 CENTS

SUL 28 1926

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M.X



**"THERE'S MORE TO THIS
THAN MEETS THE EYE!"**

**RUTH
EASTMAN**

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and then he got JUDGE —

for himself



SHE—You look so funny when you're serious. I wonder how you look when you laugh?

JUDGE
627 West 43d St.
New York

I want JUDGE for myself.
Here's \$1.00 for 10 weeks.
2.00 for 21 weeks.
5.00 for One Year.

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

LIFE, LIBERTY AND
THE PURSUIT OF
HAPPINESS

JUDGE

WEATHER FORECAST
(For the Adirondacks)
DRY and COOLIDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1926

FORD FLAYS WETS

A NEW YORK movie theater now under structure is going to allow its patrons to bring their dogs or cats in with them. So far nothing has been done by the S. P. C. A.

HENRY FORD is said to have done more for Prohibition than any other man in America. At any rate, he has made it mighty dangerous to start toward the gutter.

A JUDGE of the Circuit Court of Detroit says the poetry of Mr. Eddie Guest simply radiates helpfulness. This might be called the triumph of meter over mind.

COLD FACTS

It is said that most automobile accidents in the Middle West are caused by cows grazing by the roadsides. In the East most automobile accidents are caused by flivvers grazing by the pedestrians.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Cincinnati boy claims to be the checker champion of America. Admirers predict a brilliant future for him in the Fire Department.

THE midway of the Sesquicentennial is now called "The Gladway." Those who have seen it believe "The Sadway" would be a better title.

FAKIR GETS STUCKUP

AN INDIAN fakir recently shown on Broadway has accustomed himself to having hatpins stuck through his cheeks. Evidently the feminine subway riders of India do not have bobbed hair.



Business men's wives pass on their stenographers—here's what you can expect if cover artists' better three-fourths start selecting their models.



PRO—Your form is terrible—you don't keep your knees in place—your wrists are weak—you don't use your eyes and your shoulders droop when you—

PUPIL—Sir! I'll have you know I won a Beauty Contest last week.

DIZZY LABELS

"They call her Grace."
You meet her at meal time

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

The easiest way to drive a used car is this way.

We heard of the sad case of a Scotchman who became engaged to a girl who became so fat that he wanted to break off the engagement. But the girl couldn't get the ring off so he had to marry her.

People can't understand Eskimos' chatter; Their teeth do the chattering, That's what's the matter.

Toasts of the day



Here's to Wayne B. Wheeler. This is one on him.



Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Four Times Over

You can get four shaves out of the average razor blade—if you take them all at the same time.

If this hot weather doesn't agree with you, you aren't the only one. It doesn't agree with the weather forecasters either. They promised us a cool summer. R. C. O'Brien

LIZZIE LABELS

"Henry the first."

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.



NEAR-SIGHTED BUM—My, gosh! Here comes a cop!

FUNNYBONES

The last word in homes—
"Shut up!"

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

We'd like to make a bet nobody would ever swim the English Channel without the aid of a movie camera.



Some wed for better or for worse,
But, gosh, I never would;
I'd do my finding out before,
And then I'd wed for good.

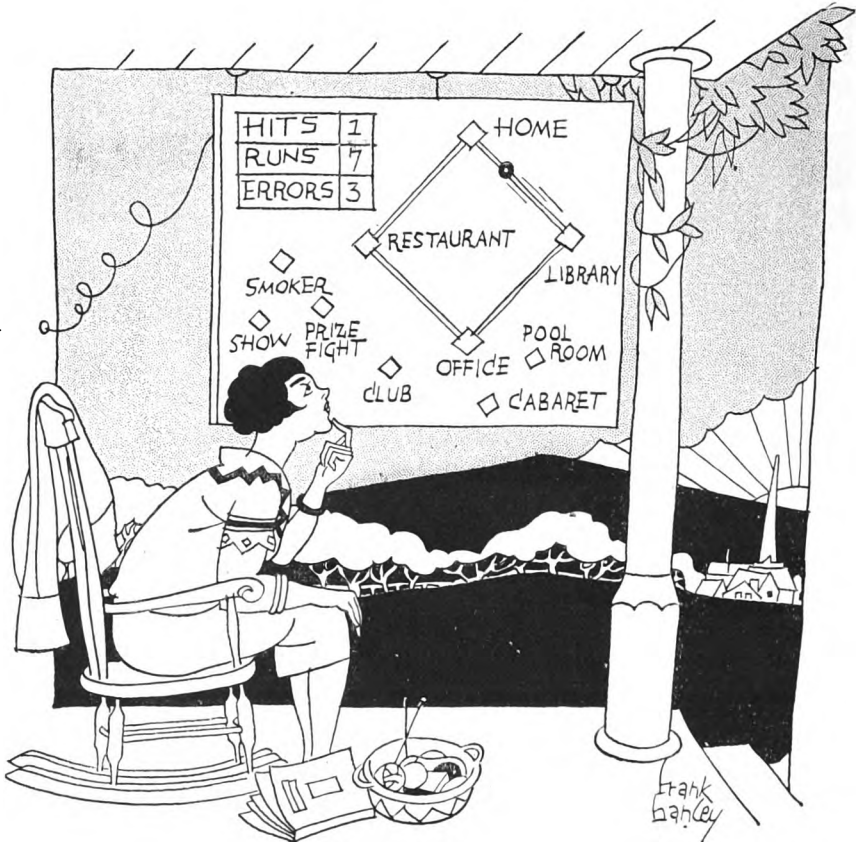


"Now don't flare up, Mother,"
said Johnny as he touched a match
to his mother after soaking her in
kerosene.

EPILAUGHS

John Brown's body
Lies pickled to the ears;
With what he has imbibed
It should keep for many years.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

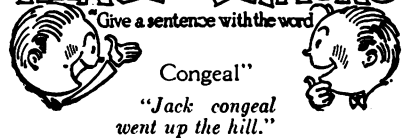


The wife in the country has a Play-o-graph installed to follow her husband's movements in the city.



MAE—I'm so glad you like it. Mother says chicken salad and strawberry tarts are the only things I make correctly.
SUE—Which is this, darling?

KRAZY KRACKS



A Short Wait by Comparison

Blink—When will the new bridge across the Hudson be completed?

Blank—In about five years; motor to Jersey via ferry and you won't have to wait so long to get across the river.

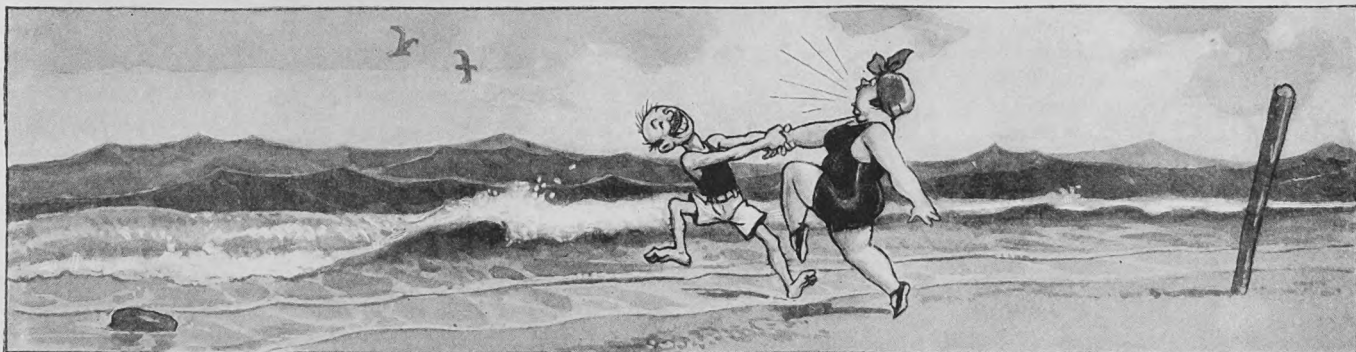


When my wife learned that women were supposed to wear 20 ounces of clothing, she had to buy some more.



Many a husband regrets that he has but one wife to send to the country.

JUDGE



R.B. FULLER

THE SWIMMING LESSON



FLAPPER—*My, gosh, ma, a wasp is certainly a destructive creature!*

Or In Other Words, Murder

HE WAS one of these translators, a chap who always repeated what you said to him, in other words. "Yes," I said, "I think we'll have a little rain."

"In other words, you think we'll have bad weather," he replied.

"Yes, indeed. I've never known a Fourth of July to be fair."

"In other words, you think it always rains on Independence Day."

"Never found it not to."

"In other words that's always been your experience?"

"Haven't you noticed it?" I asked with a note of incredulity, or something like that in my voice.

"In other words you think it impossible that I should not be aware of this freak of the weather?"

"Why, no, I don't really think anything is impossible."

"In other words, you think anything may be accomplished or occur?"

"Certainly, I do."



IN THE SPRING, A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

"Editha," said a young man to his best girl, "Did you see the firemen turning the hose on that conflagration in the bookshop yesterday?" "Oh, it was only a play on words," exclaimed the pouting beauty. You can imagine her sweetheart's astounded visage.

"In other words you are an idealist."

"I wouldn't go so far as to call it idealism, I simply believe people are not as bad as they're painted."

"In other words, you mean women."

"No, I'm not joking."

"In other words you are serious."

"Yes." I couldn't stand it any longer. "In other words, I'm deadly serious and if you say 'in other words' again I'm going to run this paper knife through some vital part of you."

"In other words, you'd kill me."

"Precisely?" I answered. Deftly slitting his gullet.

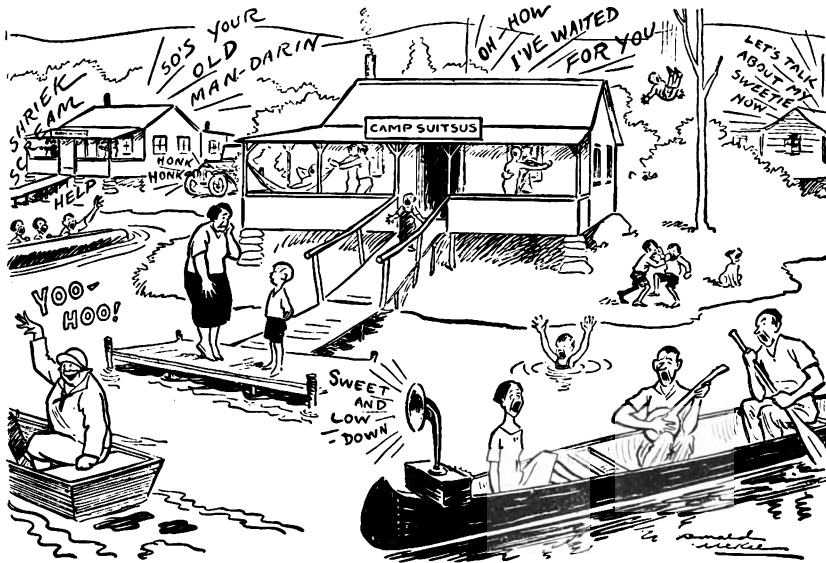
"Do you want me to go West for loss of blood?" he asked.

"In other words, die!" I replied.

"In other words, pass out?" he questioned. And did. Carroll

The Dancer

She's covered with a lot of beads,
She causes a sensation,
Because the beads she's covered with
Are mostly perspiration.



MOMMA—Poor poppa can't be here!

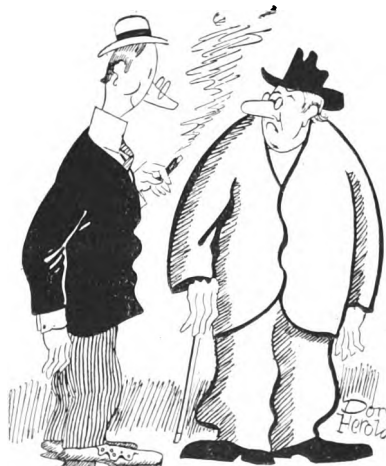
Judge's Question Box

DEAR JUDGE: I am a young girl of, say thirty-six summers, have gone to bed early all my life, walked home from parties and all that sort of thing. I don't mind my unpopularity so much as I like myself alone with me, but recently I've been bothered a lot with wrinkles in my mashed potatoes. Can you suggest anything?
 Troubled

Dear Trub: We could suggest a lot of things but not in this here column. It seems to me that the potential oscillation of your one-way transmitter is not rapid enough for the 400 meter single circuit regenerative receiver which you are using. On the other hand, your antennae and tuning coil may be too highly insulated. If the chills continue fill them with boiling water and a pinch of gum drops. If the static is right, you ought to get better results at shorter distances.

Dear Mr. JUDGE: My mother and I are planning a wedding for this fall—just a simple, informal little thing in the back parlor, with a few tables of solitaire. I am puzzled, however, as to whether the groom's flower girls shall wear gardenias in their hair or Cornwall on the Hudson. Also, what will take tooth marks out of an old apple?
 Kathleen

Dearest Lena: If it is an afternoon funeral, yes. If in the evening, my yes.
 R. S. W.



"You're looking well to-day Mr. Tinkey."
 "Well, I'm not."



"I want to buy a petticoat."
 FLOORWALKER—Next department in the antiques.

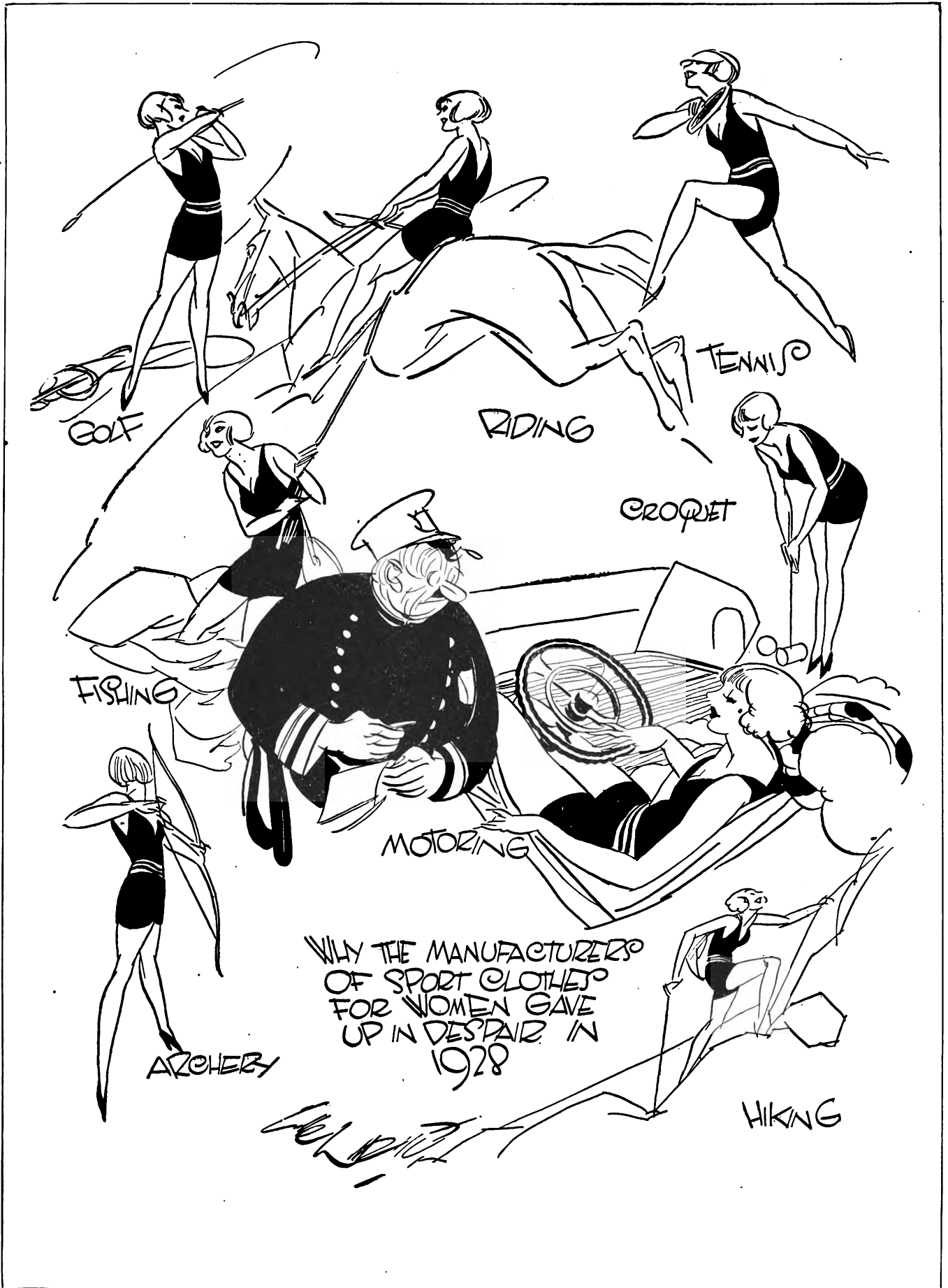
When the Worm's Turn Comes

SOME bright day, some right day, some morning resplendent, With courage ascendant and syllables gruff, I'll say to the boss with a voice independent, "You selfish slave-driver, I'm calling your bluff!"

But just at the moment the baby needs shoes, The boys in the office hold my I. O. U.s, Our set needs new batteries—the signals are faint; The old family chateau needs awnings and paint. The mortgage comes due and they must not foreclose, I'm badly in need of some new summer clothes. The Ford could use tires, the windows need screens, And I've got about eighteen bucks in my jeans. I suffer in silence, a worm in a rut, A cog in the wheel and a rubber-stamp, but

Some gay day, some pay day, I'll pour out the torrent Of evils abhorrent more bitter than brine, Some day in the future when other things warrant, I'll bawl out the boss and I'll proudly resign!
 Arthur L. Lippmann

JUDGE



"O'Brien Outloud"

Verses for Children

"Not for Rent"

WE OWN a house,
And it's got but one floor,
There's only one room in it,
Only one door.

It's not near the mountains,
It's far from the sea;
You wouldn't live in it,
Neither would we.

And yet it is occupied
All the year round;
It's tenant is Fido,
A full-blooded hound.

O

The best way to work up an appetite is to have somebody promise to treat you to lunch.

O

As infants we get pushed in carriages. When we grow up we get pushed in subways.

O

Two can live as cheaply as one but not as happily.

O

Characteristic

Although she has an assortment of hats, she wants a new one.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says he thinks she can get along without it.

(That's the man of it.)

She insists that she can't, and she's going to get it.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says "not if he knows it."

(That's the man of it.)

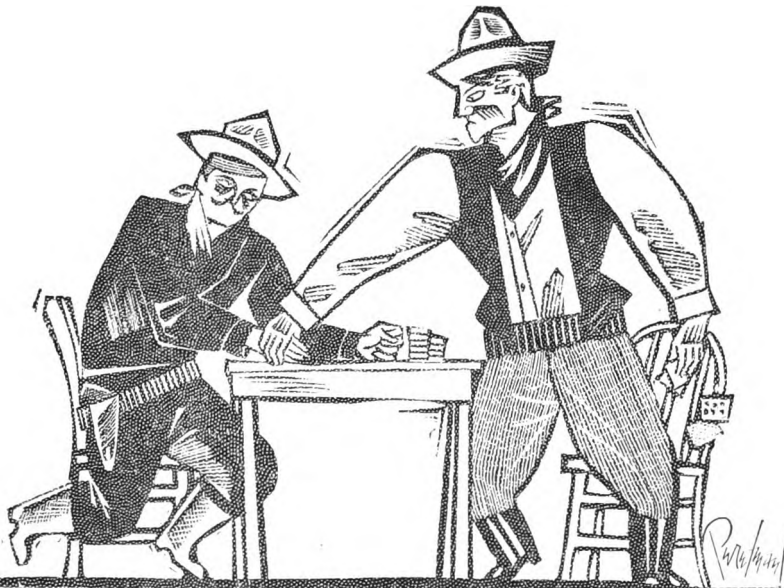
She breaks down and weeps.

(That's the woman of it.)

He gives in.

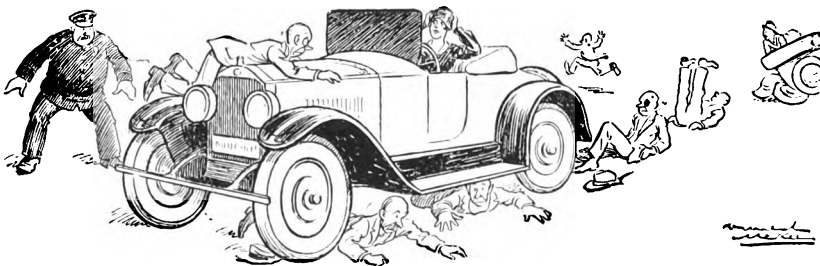
(That's the end of it.)

R. C. O'Brien



**TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME
MR. SMARTY SAID JACK EVENLY**

The natives down Kansas way got a big laugh several months ago. "Is there a stationery store in this town?" inquired the stranger of the town "wit." "No," answered the cracker-barrel Ed Wynn. "This town's in the cyclone belt!" What can you do with a guy like that? I ask you.



The idea of having the windshield consist of just one big mirror pleased the lady drivers but caused considerable inconvenience to others.



The wrath is not always to the swift.

The Man in Cell 234

"A VERY sad case," remarked the keeper, opening the door to padded cell No. 234, so I could hear the raving of the inmate. Clearly it came to me:

"Every room facing the ocean . . . fresh fruits and vegetables . . . regain your health in the Blotto Mountains . . . put the roses back in the kiddie's cheeks . . . only twenty minutes from the bathing beach . . . And why not Europe this summer? . . . tennis from contented tennis courts . . . bowling alleys and three square meals daily . . . no need to dress up here in Lake Blookus where nature heals the jaded nerves of the city dweller . . . this is the place for your vacation . . . 18,345 feet above sea level . . . no mosquitoes to bother you. . . Cool, sweet air . . . clear, limpid lakes . . . the sportsman's paradise . . . play golf 456,678 feet above sea level, where the soothing ocean breezes can caress your soul . . . trains every hour from New York. . . Ah, picturesque old Romany . . ."

The voice trailed off into a shriek. "Who is he?" I asked.

"Name is Perkins," answered the keeper. "Was a normal, home-loving father of six children who wanted to send his family away for the summer. About three weeks ago he suggested to his wife that she should answer a few resort advertisements. Well, sir, the pamphlets and booklets began to pour in on him from all parts of the country. He stayed awake nights to read them. His business and health went to smash, but still the literature kept coming in. He had to hire a loft building to store away the pamphlets. There's nothing much left to say—one day they brought him here in a strait-jacket. Sh! Quiet, just a moment."

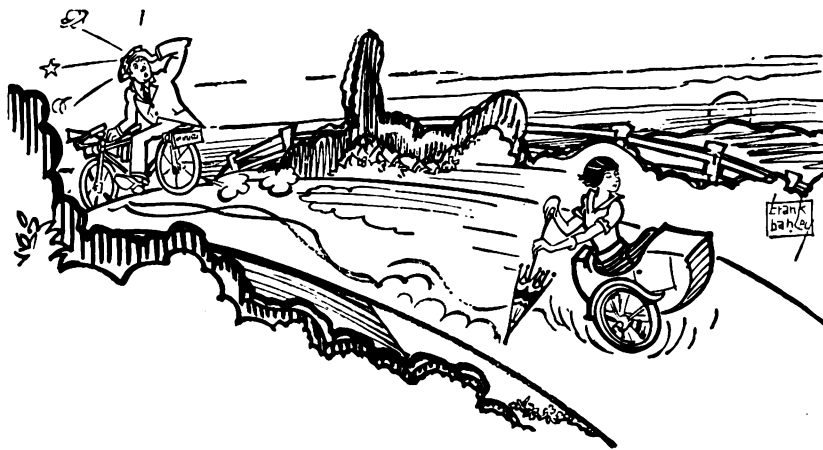
I listened, and again the voice rose in a raucous crescendo!

"All improvements and running water . . . milk from our own cows. . . In the heart of the Adirondacks. . . Every breeze perfumed with pine and balsam. . . The Switzerland of America . . . the tourists' mecca . . . restless ocean . . . snug harbors . . . dashing surf. . . Where every prospect pleases . . . yow!"

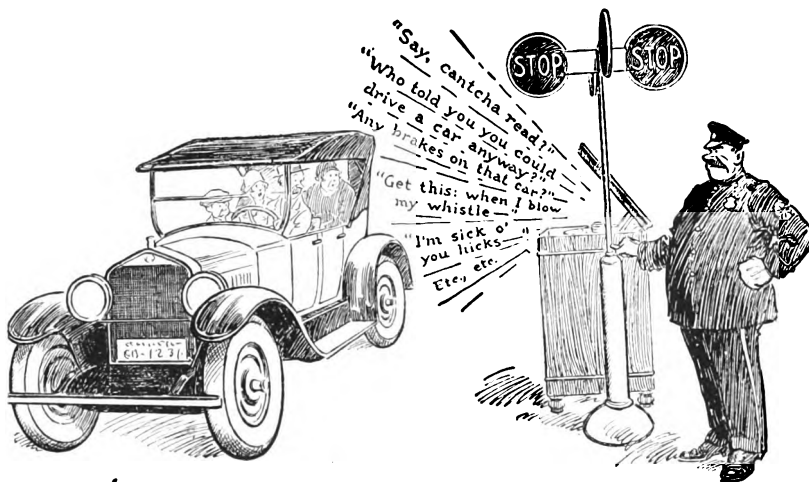
Arthur L. Lippmann



"Why the heck did I marry an æsthetic dancer?"

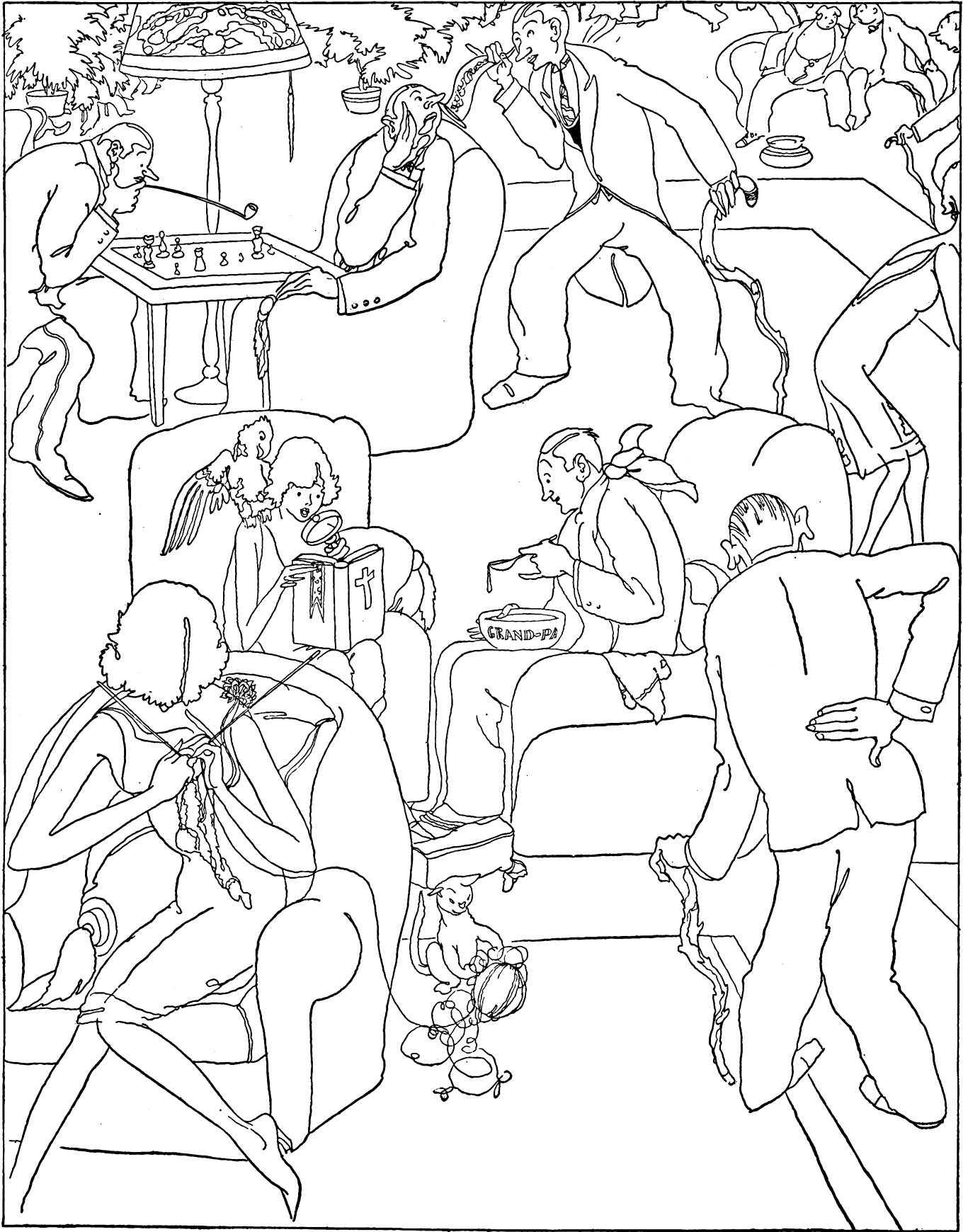


Proper young lady, returning from a motorcycle ride.



Device to save the vocal cords of traffic cops.

JUDGE



IF YOUTH WERE AS OLD AS IT FEELS



HIGH HAT

At this same club I noticed a game of craps going on with beach dice beach dice are made of wood or beaverboard and are nearly a foot square there's one thing about beach craps—you can't lose your shirt and stay on the beach!



Bill K., Jr., of New York City, enters the Cigarette Sweepstakes with the following snappy comeback "A friend of mine was singing and some one said to him, 'Say, if I could sing like you I'd go in the movies!'" I think you're out one silver cigarette case, Bill!



We are in receipt of a wail from the South Phat of Albany, Ga., says, "Did it ever occur to you that we of the Southern wastelands never see any Gordon Water, Cognac, etc. We need some recipes for making palatable drinks out of Georgia corn, Peach brandy, and Syrup Liquor." Will some of our little readers kindly help the gentleman from Georgia?



Bill Netch, of Los Angeles, comes through with the discovery that the well-known Pineapple Drink is very delightful when embellished with a shot of Benedictine thanks, Bill!



The Six Best "Steppers":
 "On the Riviera" (*No show*).
 "Black Bottom" (*Scandals*).
 "The Girl Is You." (*Scandals*)
 "Ting-a-ling" (*Cocoanuts*).
 "Why Do You Want to Know"
 (*Cocoanuts*).
 "Mountain Greenery" (*Garrick Gaieties*).

Judge Jr.

Everything is very quiet this week along the High Hat front the old town is practically deserted and all the boys and girls are tripping to the jolly old watering places it must be admitted that the water in these here now places is strictly confined to the ocean which only goes to show what a wonderful thing nature is.



Noticed a rather neat idea at one watering place that is, it's neat if you're a bridge hound they have small square floats big enough to hold four people, a tray of glasses, with a bowl for cracked ice, White Rock, etc. there's a rubber cushion in each corner and a beach umbrella in the center the idea is to get up a good snappy foursome, get the float towed out, anchor about a quarter of a mile from the nearest living object and spend the day uninterrupted big flags are also supplied in case you wish to have lunch sent out from shore.



It seems to me this idea could be carried even further. For example, a small cannon, mounted on the edge of the float, to be used if any one is seen approaching it should also be adjusted so it can be turned and trained on the bridgers in case of a fight the floats could also be camouflaged like battleships to deceive attacking parties who have espied the tray of glasses then there might be a plank on one side which the players would have to walk in cases of "not taking out," "revoking," etc. why the idea is limitless think what could be done with Poker Floats!

The S. E. X.

S. E. X. was having it's first meeting of the month. It was a hot session and threatened to continue all night. The men had already discarded their coats and vests. In every corner and on the stairs serious arguments were being pursued to an inevitable conclusion. The scene was one to startle even the most hardened reformer. Nothing like this had ever taken place before.

These wild days had been the cause of many mildly similar occasions but this one had never been duplicated. The outcome of the night of excitement could not be foreseen. It omened a radical change in the constitution.

The Society for the Extermination of Xylophone players was drafting a bill to be read in Congress.

DIZZY LABELS

They call her Sophia because some one was always sitting on her.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Motorist's Primer



THE ABSENT-MINDED MOTORIST

*Is the motorist fond of driving?
 Yes, indeed. The motorist is very fond of driving.*

Then why has the motorist stopped his car?

He has stopped his car because he has no gas.

Why has the motorist no gas?

Because he thinks the gasoline gauge is something to look at when the gas is all gone.



PROBLEM—HOW TO PADLOCK THE OCEAN



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

A Real Patriot

BEFORE the U. S. Marine Corps spawned Smedley Butler, it was noted for developing men like William Henry Stayton, originator, founder and chief executive of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. Nothing more instructive has come out of the investigation of campaign funds before the Senate committee than the contrast between the appearance, testimony and behavior of Captain Stayton and of Wayne B. Wheeler. In only one particular are they alike—neither drinks. But whereas Stayton serves his organization for nothing, Wheeler makes his his livelihood. Whereas Stayton gives direct answers without fear or hesitation and freely offers all the records of his Association for investigation and publication, Wheeler evades and spars and begs that the names of contributors to the Anti-Saloon League be kept secret. And especially, be it noted, Stayton has paid no Congressman an “honorarium.”

Here is a brief portrait, taken from the *New York World*, of Captain Stayton, ex-officer of Marines, admiralty lawyer and steamship operator:

A blunt, plain-spoken square-shouldered man, Mr. Stayton somehow strongly suggests the sea, not merely in his quick, incisive speech, his wind beaten face, his habitual plain blue clothes, but in his steady weather eye, the firm cut of his jaw.

The portrait of a man, lads, as distinct from a professional uplifter. We hope his sturdy personality and his self-sacrificing, persistent, uphill fight to restore to his country the liberty it surrendered to the Anti-Saloon League will appeal to the great bulk of his countrymen and that henceforth he may never want for contributions to his cause.

How Gum?

UNTIL very recently American chewing gum was classed in the official customs list of Germany as a “confection.” The Ministry of Finance, under pressure from the manufacturers, has now reclassified it as a “dentifrice,” which refutes the charge that Germans as people have no sense of humor.

It used to be said that chewing tobacco was good for the teeth. We can remember with affection hard-bitten codgers of eighty who still continued their habit of reaching for their cut plug the first thing in the morning and thus conditioning their teeth—their own teeth, mind you—for the day. Are there any gum chewers who can point with pride to a similar habit or record? We doubt it. And yet chewing tobacco was never classed as a dentifrice, even in Germany.

WE can hardly qualify as an authority on the value of chewing gum for the teeth. But certain observations are obvious. One of them is that millions chew gum with a constancy worthy of a holier cause, and another is that despite this fact those twin scourges of the race, pyorrhea and halitosis, seem to show no abatement. Or do our advertisers lie, and which ones?

In other words, the suspicion is forced upon us that the effort to establish gum as a dentifrice is on a par with the effort to establish crossword puzzles as an educational agency. The notion that pleasure must have an alibi is epidemic in the land. Hence Peruna. Hence the idea that whenever a large body of men go off on a toot together it must be called a business convention. Hence all utilitarian apologies for gum.

YEARS ago we advanced the theory that chewing gum satisfied a nervous craving in the individual to catch up with the rapid rhythm of American life. In no other country is it a popular habit, because nowhere else does life take on the same pace and strain. We consume cigarettes in greater and greater quantity every year for the same reason, and jazz music and cocktails. But none of these other things can compare with gum for convenience and cheapness. You can chew it where you cannot smoke nor drink nor dance. You can buy it when you're in doubt about your next meal. And on the whole, the rhythm it provides is faster, snappier (pun intended). Beside it the chewing of tobacco, which used to satisfy our ancestors, is as the Virginia Reel to the Charleston.

THE use of tobacco as a food—pardon us, dentifrice—has another drawback which unfits it for strictly modern conditions, and that is that not everyone can swallow the juice. In the early years of our national history, when the population was sparse and everybody had plenty of room, this was not the handicap it became later, although it must be said that as the population increased so did the marksmanship of the tobacco eater. Still, with the present congestion the ability of gum chewers to swallow the juice is a distinct improvement. It is too bad they can't also swallow the gum.

Which brings us to the complaint of a valued correspondent who has been hammering at us to come out against the practice of parking gum where it interferes with traffic. We share his disgust, but our principles are such that we can only advocate the long slow process of education. If only the millions who chew gum would show the same consideration for their fellow men that, according to the gum manufacturers, they do for their teeth! *W. M. H.*



NEIGHBOR—*Now I suppose you'll try to get out of payin' for this hoe!*



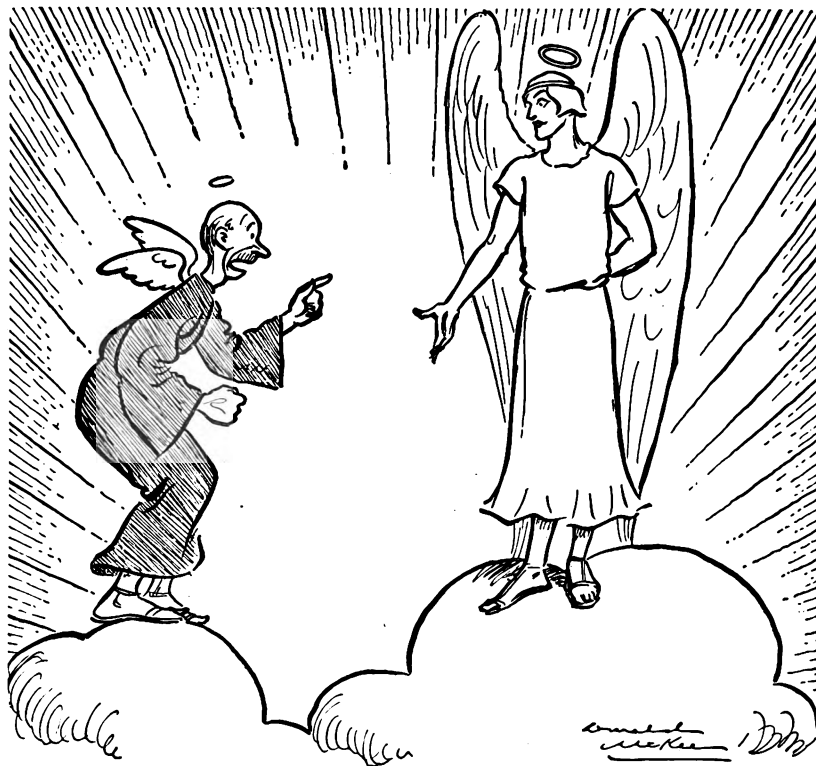
YOUNG FATHER—*(to burglar)—You woke her up—now, darn you, stay and walk!*

Things to Make

The Amateur Radio

IT IS not necessary to buy a radio. With a little patience, a little ingenuity, and for four or five hundred dollars one can make his own at almost no cost at all.

Get two small planks about fifteen feet by one foot and about three inches thick. This does away with the static problem at once. Experts don't know why, but nothing so completely demoralizes static as a good wood plank. These planks should be bound face with some strong material. Rubber bands will do very nicely, as this makes it possible for the planks to come apart and spring together again at will. Now the next thing is to procure a cat. You will find that one may be purchased cheaply enough at almost any good cat store. A phlegmatic cat is preferable—one that does not mind staying in the same place for long periods of time (us. standard). Build a nice feed trough the length of the cat, tail included, away from one end of the planks. This is for the cat seed. Now it is time to order your mahogany. This will arrive in about two months. Make a nice mahogany covering about two feet high over the planks not forgetting



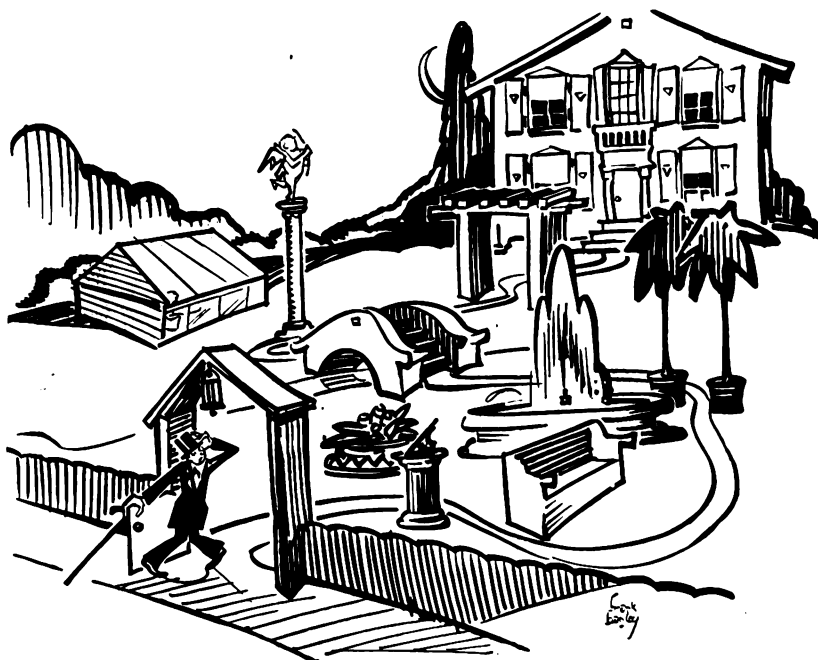
NEW ARRIVAL—Whattayamean, ya can't send no souvenir post cards back home from here?

to include the cat. A ventilation hole or so should be made in the back side of your covering (for the cat). Now buy about eighteen radio dials and put them at foot intervals along

the front. This is bound to look very impressive. All that remains is to place the tail of the cat carefully between the planks and connect the dials with the rubber band.

Now invite your neighbors in. First of all say: "Now I will get England for you." Turn the dial marked England very lightly. (You have previously marked your various dials New York, Miami, English, Scotch, Rye, etc., etc.). The result will be perfect. Explain that the sound is necessarily very faint coming from such a distance. Now work for stations nearer home, tightening the various dials as you go along. You will be surprised at the intensity of the stations in your own city. I am sure you will be entirely satisfied with the results. The variety, tone quality, and intensity will be found markedly superior to the ordinary store radio. Next week we shall suggest practical uses for your old radio.

Parke Cummings



INEBRIATE (returning home)—Oh, my gawd, why did I ever lay out such a walk as that?

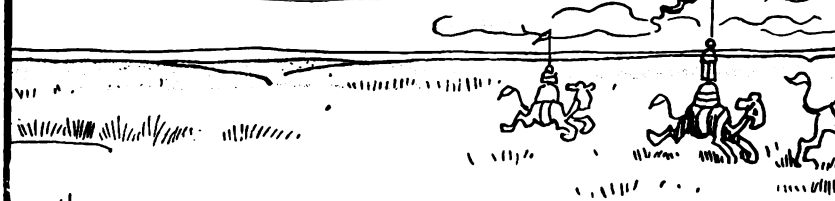
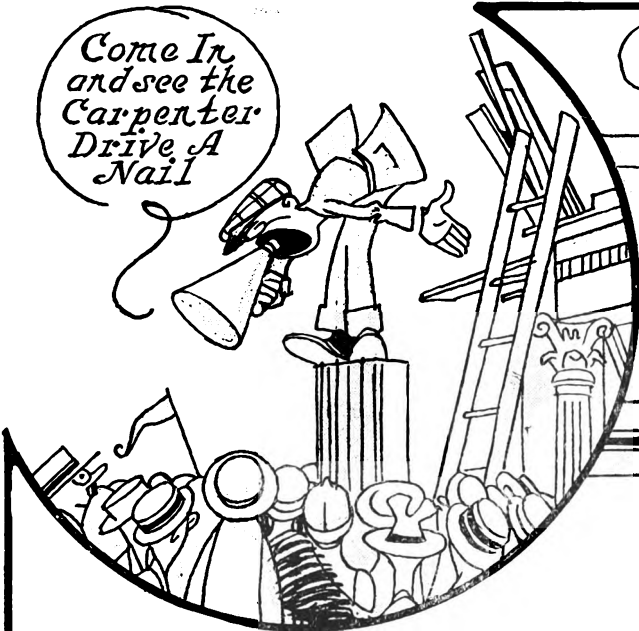
Girls know marriage is a lottery. That's why they give so many fellows their numbers.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE

By One Who



*Come In
and see the
Carpenter
Drive A
Nail*

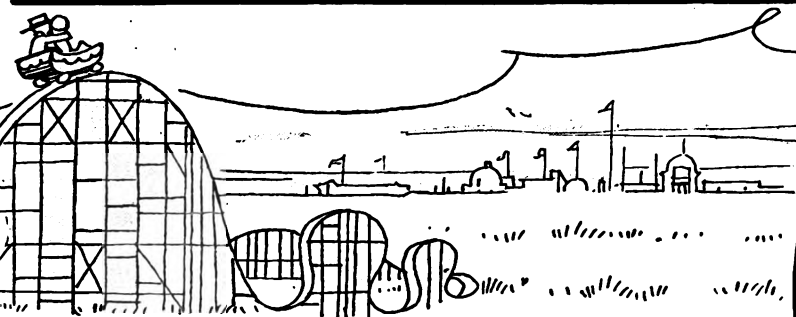
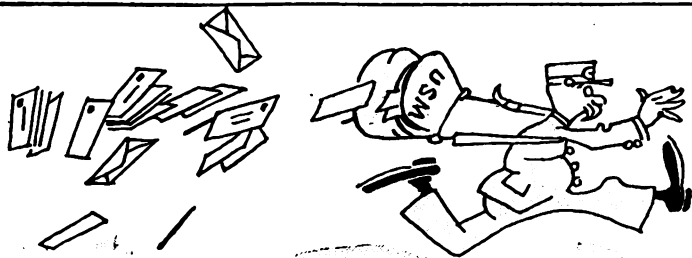


*Lost in the
Schesqui Desert*

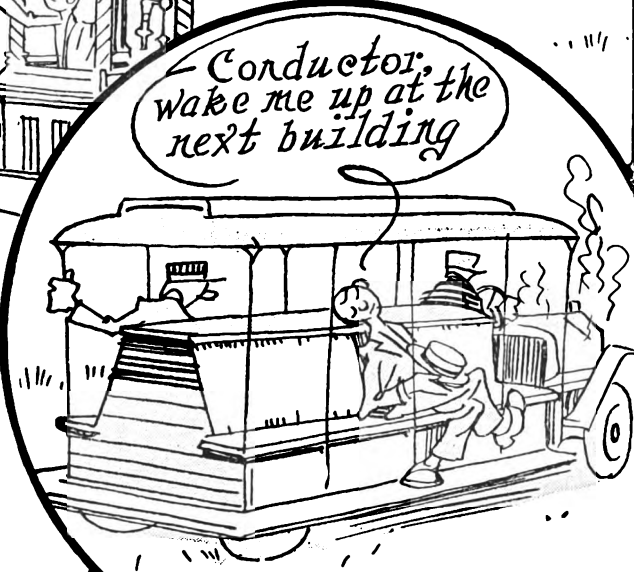
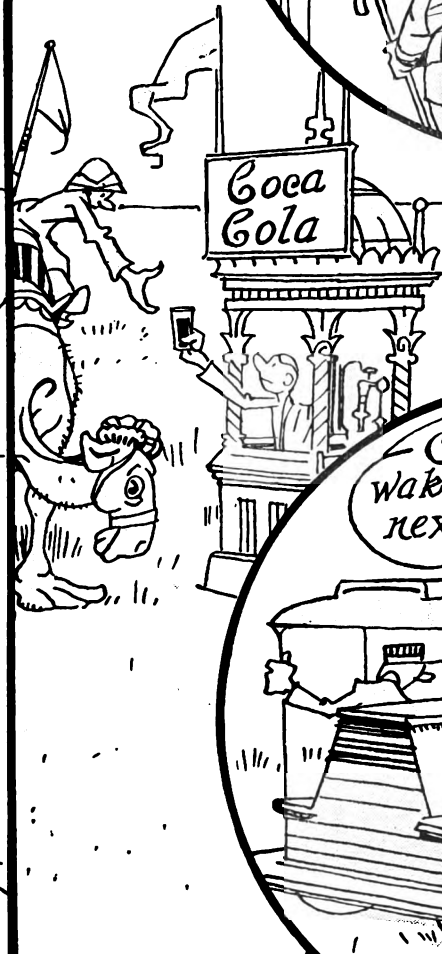


SESQUICENTENNIAL

as Been There!



Done at Last -



FORDSU

JUDGING the SHOWS I

by George Jean Nathan



I

ONE of the most depressing changes that has come about in the native theater in our time is the gradual passing out of the old-time burlesque show, erstwhile delight of all connoisseurs of humor in its undershirt. With the announcement by the Columbia Wheel that it is next season going in for revivals of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and productions of such past Broadway successes as "White Cargo," with police injunctions to managers of such houses as the Chelsea either to behave or shut up shop and with the authorities of the Mutual Wheel toning down their exhibitions until they are now indistinguishable from so many Epworth League picnics, the burlesque show as we knew it twenty years ago seems soon doomed to go the way of such other estimable American institutions as cock fights, rye whisky and an honest Congress.

The signs of the death of burlesque have been in the air these last ten years and more. It was at about that time that the two hundred pound blondes whom once we frantically cheered began to send in coupons out of the backs of the magazines asking for free samples of reducing cream, that the sons of the late lamented house managers, succeeding to their fathers' posts after four years at Harvard, began to look askance at the scene in which Ludwig Dinkelplatz besought Hyman Finkelstein to take his feet out of the soup, and that the producers of the shows got rid of the old backdrop representing the Casino at Monte Carlo, a lovable standby since the Civil War, and bought in its place a second-hand set of scenery from the Casino at Broadway and Thirty-ninth street. It was also at this time that the

"No Foolin'" (Globe)—One of Ziegfeld's eminently tasteful and attractive music shows.

"Scandals" (Apollo)—George White's entertaining annual, if you overlook the Howard Brothers.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Dillingham's best card, played by Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue as partners.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—No tunes in this one, but more laughs than any other show in town.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—Eugene O'Neill's meritorious dramatic study of pretense and hypocrisy.

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—One of the Winter Garden's best. Take your cheroots and patent cigar lighter along.

"The Merry World" (Imperial)—Not much, but it has two funny sketches.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Shubert)—Sex in Chinese make-up.

"A Night in Paris" (Casino de Paris)—You may peruse this diverting one in the coolest theater in New York.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Cheap farce-comedy.

"At Mrs. Beam's" (Guild)—Fairly amusing comedy laid in an English boarding house.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—The Messrs. Tannen and Cook give this one a lot of bounce.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Still going for no reason at all.

"Abie's Irish Rose" (Republic)—See above, fortissimo.

"Jolanthe" (Plymouth)—Excellent revival; Winthrop Ames' best job.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Weak little comedy with only Claiborne Foster to make you forget the price you paid for your ticket.

"Love in a Mist" (Gaiety)—Nothing in this one.

"Pomeroy's Past" (Longacre)—Agreeable light foolery by Clare Kummer.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—Awful tripe.

"Sez" (Daly's)—Ditto ditto.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—A well-sung musical comedy version of "If I Were King."

"The Man from Toronto" (Selwyn)—Dull stuff.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyne" (Fulton)—Crook stuff, with Ina Claire at stage center.

"Garrick Gaities" (Garrick)—Bobbie Perkins.

"Grand Street Follies" (Neighborhood)—This year, pretty poor.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Marx gents and their valuable humor.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—Bad.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—Bad.

"Is Zat So?" (46th St.)—Diverting comedy in the vernacular.

"Kongo" (Biltmore)—Melodramatic flapdoodle.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Mr. Pulitzer's favorite play.

"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—Tedious fare.

"Song of the Flame" (44th St.)—Top-heavy musical comedy.

burlesque entrepreneurs began to feel the first faint symptoms of morality and to wrinkle their brows over the scene in which the Irish comedian inquired ironically of Babe La Gervaise, the prima donna, why she wore her bustle in her shirtwaist, and why she wore two of them?

Up to this period, burlesque had been gay and carefree. It was as left alone as a pretzel in Paris. And it flourished to the delight of all and sundry. Then came the first ripples of the blue waves that were presently to drown it, along with so many other things that once brought happiness to the humble Americano. To-day, it is but a ghost of its former self, and that ghost is yearly getting more and more shadowy. Soon it will vanish completely. On the stage where once we boys applauded the spectacle of the great Al Reeves pointing to a blonde hippopotamus and asking if anyone in the audience would give him a quarter for her provided he threw in his hat, there will be only a tenth-rate performance of some stale tenth-rate Broadway hick-pricker. On the stage that once held "Krausmeyer's Alley," upon which no less than seven Presidents of the United States were fed in their gala youth, we shall hear nothing but the prayers of Little Eva. On the stage that once gave us, to our eternal joy, the money-changing act, the scene in which the German and Hebrew comedians pretended to be waiters in order to fool their wives and the scene wherein the Irish comedian got an eye full of flour when he talked into the telephone, we shall see nothing but a belated copy of the totem-pole number out of "Rose-Marie" and an imitation of the Tiller girls.

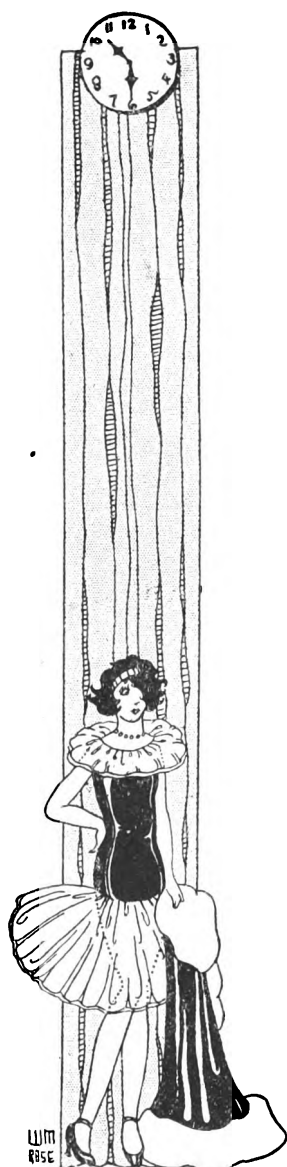
Not long ago, in a burlesque house
(Continued on page 29)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS =



"SAY - IF THAT'S A PROPOSAL YOU'RE GETTING OFF YOUR CHEST - TAKE IT EASY - DON'T RUSH ME! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO - GRAB AT THE RING LIKE I'M ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND -!"



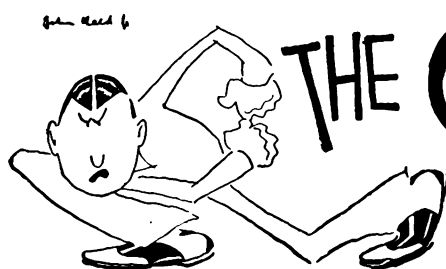


Something entirely uncalled for.
—PITT PANTHER

Pome

King David and son Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives.
But when old age crept over them
With its remorseful qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
King David wrote the Psalms.
—Louisville Satyr

Cal (ecstatically)— . . . and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.
Callous—Yes, I never promise 'em a thing either.
—Carolina Buccaneer



THE CHEER

"Marge says she keeps all men at arm's length."

"Well, from what I saw on the Drive last night I'd say she had awfully short arms."

—Wisconsin Octopus

Eight—Use the word synoptical in a sentence.

Ten—Synoptical illusion.

—Notre Dame Juggler

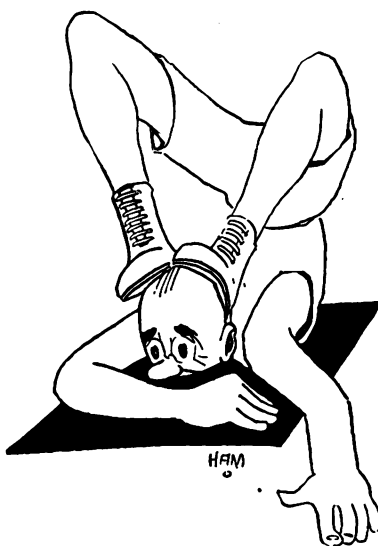
"How come you're on probation?"
"Cause I took a girl out for a ride?"
"Nothing wrong about that is there?"

"No, but the dean picked her up as she was walking home."

—California Pelican

The height of nerve is to take a girl out riding in her own car and make her walk home.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind



Photograph of a contortionist standing on his head.

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN



Two men cursing over the radio.
—M. I. T. Voo Doo

Married and Abroad

Niagara Falls

Wife—Great heavens—that reminds me, I forgot to turn off the water faucet before leaving. Why didn't you think, etc., etc.

Cave of the Winds

Wife—Great heavens—that reminds me, I forgot to turn off the electric fan before leaving. Why didn't you think, etc., etc.

Mount Vesuvius

Wife—Great heavens—that reminds me, I forgot to put out the fire in the furnace before leaving. Why didn't you, etc., etc.

Matterhorn

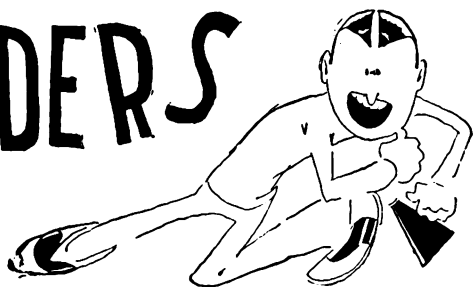
Wife—Great heavens—that reminds me, I forgot to cancel the ice before leaving. Why didn't you remind me, etc., etc.

African Jungle

Wife—Great heavens that reminds me, I forgot to send the ferns to the neighbors before leaving. You never forget anything, why didn't you remind me, etc., etc.

Husband—Good grief, that reminds me, I forgot to turn off the victrola.
—Michigan Gargoyle

LEADERS



"This place is too d—n perfect—
let's start a revolution."
—YALE RECORD

What a Calamity!

Einstein—I know a very rich girl who wants to get married to a good-looking fellow. Run home quick, take a good bath, brush yourself up nicely and I'm sure you can win her.

Weinstein—Ye-es. But suppose after I take a bath and clean myself up she wouldn't marry me, den vat?
—Penn Punch Bowl

Isn't This the Limit?

American Chap—I didn't tell you he couldn't run, you idiot!

English Chappie—Yes, you did too. You told me that he was a rum runner.
—Washington Dirge



Jakey—Why is it that the Jews don't go to heaven any more?

Ikey—For vy?
"Because business has gone to hell."
—M. I. T. Voo Doo



Customer—I'm a factory hand. We're having a party to-night and I want to buy a tie.

Clerk—Certainly, sir. Four-in-hand?

"Naw, American."
—Iowa Frivol



She (flippantly)—Does your mother know you're out?

The Fello—Naw. The parole board hasn't sent her a notice yet.
—Cornell Widow



"Smith's wooden leg pained him terribly last night."

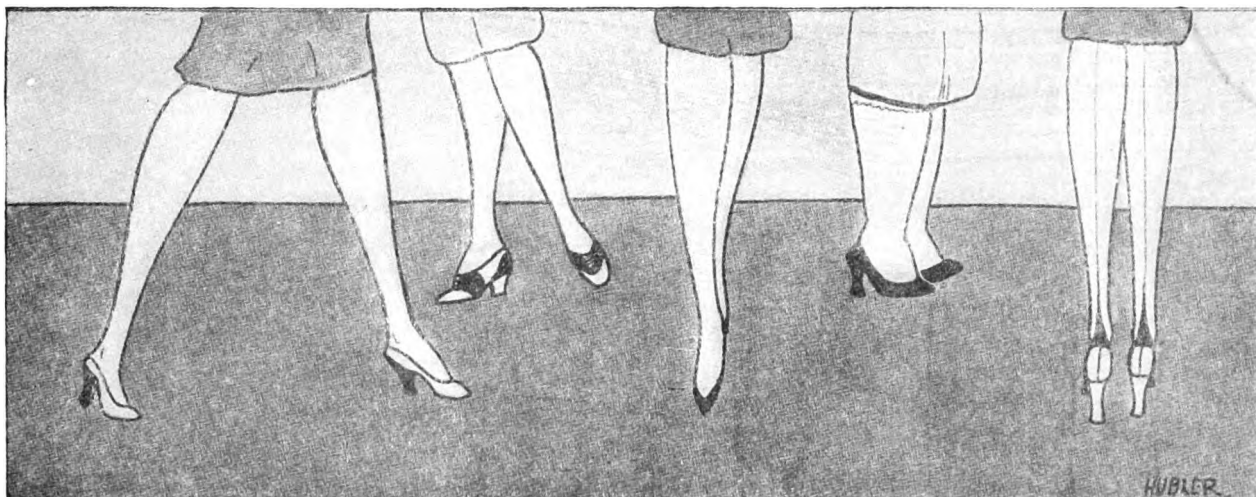
"Howzat?"

"His wife hit him over the head with it."
—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY



Primus—A fellow was killed in the city yesterday, and they had a very hard time identifying him. His suit bore the name "John Jones," and his overcoat, "Charles Smith," and his hat had the initials "P.B.K." in it.

Secundus—Too bad. Another fraternity brother killed.
—Stanford Chaparral



Sorority Pins

—STANFORD CHAPARRAL



**"Sensitive skin
and stubborn beard"**

So it HAS to be

MENNEN

**Here's the first Contest
Prize Winning Letter**

Mr. H. R. Bowen, 6720 Leland Way, Hollywood, California, wins the traveling bag for the first Mennen bag contest. Here's his letter:

Dear Jim Henry: I found Mennen Shaving Cream as I found my favorite tobacco—by Elimination.

Do you remember how you searched and searched for THE tobacco for your favorite pipe? How you eliminated and eliminated until you found the brand which soothed and pleased the tongue?

Having a combination of a sensitive skin and a stubborn beard I had to seek a Super-Cream. A Cream which would soften my beard and yet not irritate my skin. I tried and eliminated various creams until I found Mennen. The One Cream to satisfy all requirements. After five years of companionship, we are pals.

"Mennen-ly" yours,
(Signed) H. R. Bowen

You fellows who smoke pipes know what it is to hit upon just the *right* tobacco. And the first time you lather up and shave with Mennen Shaving Cream, you'll get as great a kick as from your first pipeful of some rich, mellow, old blend of tobacco.

The secret's in *Dermtation*—the unique Mennen process of beard softening. It gives a quicker, better shave and leaves your face cleaner, smoother and better conditioned than anything you ever tried. The 100% *right* feeling that Mr. Bowen was hunting for and found.

The best things in life come by elimination. Try every other way to shave—then you'll come to Mennen for keeps. The big tube costs only 50c.

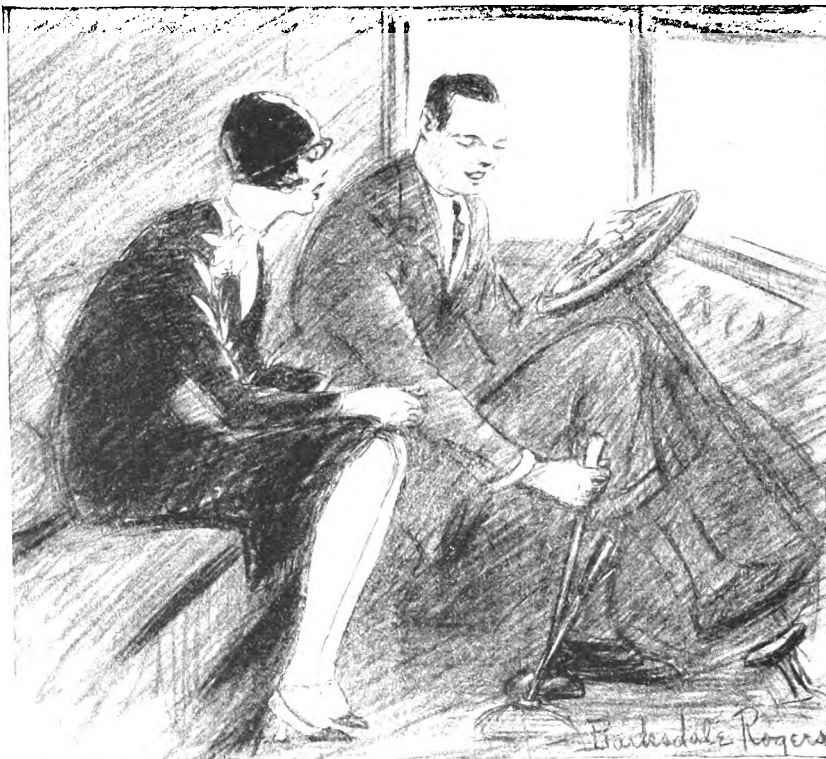
Then get set on Mennen Skin Balm for after shaving. It's tingly, cool, refreshing—and tones up the skin. Comes in 50c tube. Better than liquids. And Mennen Talcum for Men for the final well-groomed touch. Matches your skin—doesn't show. Antiseptic. Protecting against the weather.

25c for a large tin.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec



Auto Salesman—Now I'll throw in the clutch.

Miss Golitely—Can't you throw in more than that? I do love a bargain!

Happiness

SHE attended so many dinners that her digestion was ruined.

She was constantly worried about this trivial detail and that.

Her nerves were worn to a frazzle from fitting on clothes, ordering clothes, exchanging clothes, and arranging clothes.

She could not sleep at nights from worry lest something might go wrong at the last moment.

She drove her family to distraction with her irritability and indecision.

Her father complained that he could never get near the telephone and that he would be ruined financially.

Her mother sometimes broke into unaccountable fits of sobbing in her presence.

She herself lost nine pounds in two weeks.

Yet it was the happiest period of her life for . . .

She was about to be married!

—Humorist

A man appeared at a police station and said:

"Oh, in regard to the watch which I reported was stolen yesterday, I have since found that it is not lost at all."

"You are too late," replied the superintendent, "the thief has been arrested."
—Der Gotz (Vienna)

One Husband—The wife's gone on a holiday, but I know the place won't suit her.

Another Ditto—Where has she gone?

"As a matter of fact, I don't know."
—Answers

He—Do you want to marry a one-eyed man?

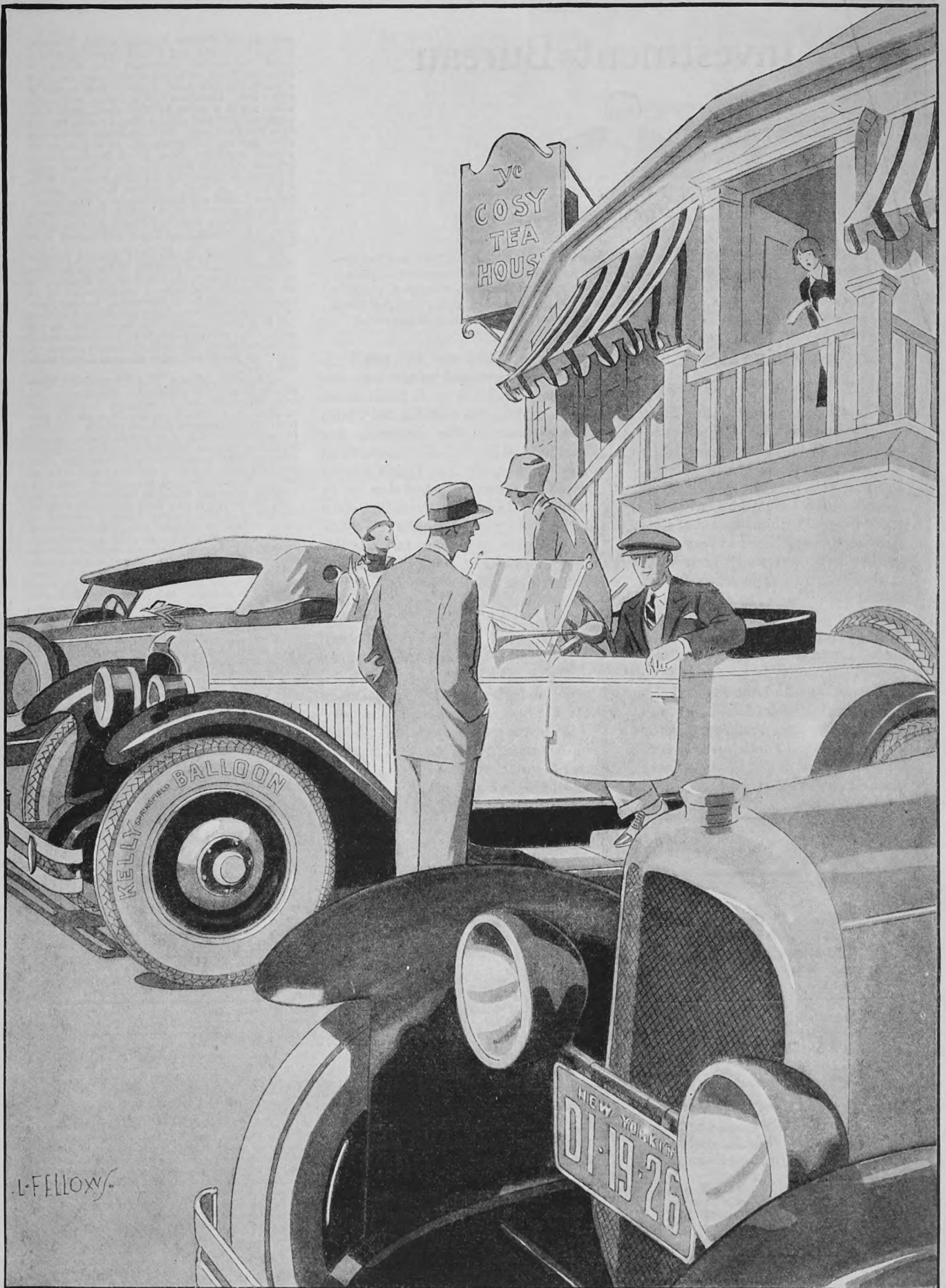
She—No, why?

"Then let me carry your umbrella."
—Pittsburgh First



Maid (in seaside boarding house)—The bathroom lock is broke, sir, ye'd better wear yer bathing costume.

—London Opinion



"Some tough detour between here and Jonesville, eh? Coming up this morning I spent more time in the air than I did on the seat."

"That so? It didn't seem so bad to us—but then, we're riding on Kelly-Springfield Balloons."

Investment Bureau



Subscribers to JUDGE are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A stamped and addressed envelope should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, JUDGE, 627 West 43d St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

An Impressive Reversal by Theodore Williams

THE leading constructive forces were no doubt consenting parties to the crash in the securities market of a few months ago when over-emphasized speculation came to grief. But they have since made a signal demonstration of their positive power. The recovery in the market has been most impressive, extending to a large percentage of the loss in many cases, to almost complete return to peak in others, and in some instances to actually new highs for all time. The advance was not flighty. Irregularity toned down into steadiness and the firmer holding of positions gained.

The higher-priced issues made the best showing. Fundamental conditions are so much in their favor that, everything considered, the

figures attained are not too high. They are warranted by earnings, surpluses, dividends and possibilities. Nobody believes that United States Steel common, for instance, has reached the limit of disbursement to stockholders, or that Union Pacific common's investment value is in danger of decrease in the future state of prosperity which awaits this country. In the good time to come the highest prices of to-day may seem reasonable. It all depends, of course, on the progress of business, but this at present on the whole is highly satisfactory. Radical legislation which might have created economic disturbance has been defeated in Congress and the political situation is causing business no worry.

There are good reasons for stability in the quotations of stocks of genuine merit, but that does not justify indiscriminate and speculative buying. Some of the lower-priced issues are probably bound for higher levels, but they should not be bought except after careful analysis. The recuperation of the market has not been a runaway, and those now in control are not likely to permit that sort of thing. A certain amount of pool activity is inevitable and should be allowed for, but, in so changeable an affair as the stock market, the outlook for the real investor is quite assuring. Conservative investors continue to acquire vast amounts of good bonds—railroad, industrial, public utility and real estate—the last named being in especial and rapidly increasing demand because of their high yield and the safeguards that secure them.

Answers to Inquiries

M., St. Louis, Mo.: Swift & Company's stock, paying 8 per cent. on par, is selling at a premium, but is making an excellent yield on market price. It is an attractive business man's investment.

M., Rochester, N. Y.: You do not state what amount of money you have to invest, nor specify any securities which you are inclined to buy. This answer, therefore, must be along general lines. From the list of safe and desirable investments must be excluded cheap non-dividend paying issues dealt in on the various stock exchanges, or peddled about by salesmen. Preferred stocks of corporations are safer and often more attractive than com-

mon stocks. Certain common stocks, however, have a fine yield and a high degree of safety. Bonds of leading companies and high-grade municipal bonds are better secured than any class of stock, but their yield on market price is usually rather low. First-class first mortgage real estate bonds are in a group by themselves, backed by ample security and making liberal yields, ranging from 6 to 8 per cent. As these do not fluctuate in price they are less worrisome, as well as better paying, purchases than listed bonds. Among common stocks of merit whose returns are satisfying may be named Union Pacific, Atchafalpa, N. Y. Central, U. S. Steel, American Car & Foundry, General Motors and Public Service of New Jersey. Preferred stocks of merit include Crucible Steel, Dodge Brothers, Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. pfd., International Paper and Sinclair Consolidated Oil.

G., Newport, R. I.: The Central Leather Company's deficit of \$20,000,000 and its inability to earn much more than half of the dividend on the preferred stock make a reconstruction of its capital seem absolutely necessary. Various plans of reorganization have been submitted, but none has been agreed upon. The recent spurt in the price of the preferred was based on an unfounded favorable rumor. There is nothing at present to encourage you to hold your shares or to buy additional ones.

L., Lansing, Mich.: The International Mercantile Marine Co. reports for 1925 a deficit of over \$1,500,000 as compared with \$1,070,000 in 1924. The outlook for dividends on the preferred stock has grown darker for years. The sale of the White Star Line to British interests would bring the company financial relief, but the bonds alone are likely to receive benefit from this. The preferred stock has been driven up and down at various times. Should it rise again to near your purchase price, you would do well to dispose of it.

S., St. Louis, Mo.: Your pessimistic view of the future of this country has lost some of its props through the settlement of the British general strike and through the somewhat improved crop conditions. Perhaps what you consider extravagant expenditures by the mass of the people is only a sign of widespread prosperity. The business of the nation makes a generally good showing. There is evidence of this in the 160 dividends paid by as many corporations on June 1 alone, some of these carrying extras. There are many standard dividend paying issues which you as a business man need not hesitate to buy.

J., Penn Yan, N. Y.: The recent firming up of the quotations of Universal Pipe and Radiator stocks was due to the company's improved business. Earnings of the first five months of this year were estimated as equal to the full 7 per cent. dividend on the preferred. With a continuation of this rate of profit there would be a good outlook for a dividend on common. The net yield on the present price of preferred makes that stock an attractive business man's purchase.

H., Peoria, Ill.: Devoe and Reynolds Co. has operated successfully for many years. The current earnings show an increase over the average of the corresponding period of last year. Its dividend of \$2.40 gives an excellent yield on the market price of Class A stock. This stock was some months ago pushed up to \$104 a share by speculators but there was no warrant for that price and the stock soon came down with a crash and with a heavy loss to members of the pool. But at present price the stock is fairly attractive.

K., Kalamazoo, Mich.: The Shredded Wheat Company lately paid an initial quarterly dividend of 75 cents on its new common stock of no par value. This was equivalent to \$12 on the old stock (par \$100), which had paid \$10 yearly, and each share of which was split up into 4 new shares. The yield on the new stock's market price makes it a good business man's purchase, but there are many other stocks whose net return is greater.

S., Denver, Colo.: The Humble Oil Company's earnings are remarkably generous and it lately declared an extra 20 cents quarterly dividend on its increased capitalization. Its regular dividend has been only 30 cents per quarter, but it is intimated that the disbursements on the stock will be increased from time to time hereafter. The Standard Oil of New Jersey owns 70 per cent. of Humble Oil's stock. The current price of Humble Oil's stock would be too high were it not for expectation of a bigger return. It seems wise to hold your shares.

W., San Diego, Cal.: The current price of International Telephone and Telegraph stock is not based on its present dividend but on reports of large profits yielded by its concessions abroad, and by the sale of the telephone apparatus which a subsidiary is manufacturing. The company has an ambitious expansion program, one of its reported plans being to secure management of the state owned French system. There would be no serious risk in buying the number of shares you mention.

L., Knoxville, Tenn.: Financiers interested in the Willys-Overland Company anticipate large financial benefit to the company from the manufacture of its new low-priced motor cars. These are expected to compete sharply with the Ford vehicles which have had such a phenomenal sale. However this may be, Willys-Overland earnings are steadily adding to its financial strength. The 20 shares of preferred stock you propose buying should prove a judicious investment.

How

I Gained \$7,208

I HAD \$25,000 invested at 6% which paid me \$1,500 income each year. I put this \$25,000 into 8% bonds which raised my income to \$2,000. Instead of spending all of this I reinvested my gain of \$500. In ten short years my \$25,000 had become \$32,208 and my former bond income of \$1,500 had become \$2,570. . . A detailed account of this and other examples of

How You Can Have More Money

is contained in a new booklet, "2% to 4% Extra" which you may have, without obligation, simply by mailing the coupon.

First Mortgage Bonds at 8%
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Partial Payments Arranged

Write to

TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Paid-in Capital and Surplus \$500,000
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ 214

S., NEW YORK CITY: It is poor policy for the average investor to buy cheap, non-dividend paying stock of any company, in the hope that in a few years hence a large corporation will absorb the company and give its shares greater value. The proposition involves too much uncertainty and the expectation may never be realized. Nobody can surely foresee that Ryan Consolidated Petroleum Corporation's property will ever be bought by some big concern. One with limited funds cannot afford to act on a tip of that kind. He had better buy the stock of a company that is giving its stockholders something now, and so get interest on his capital. No one can safely predict what American Tel. & Cable's lowest price will be. For six years to come a dividend of \$5 per share on the stock is guaranteed by the Western Union Telegraph Company under the lease expiring in 1932. If the lease is not renewed in that year at present or a lower guaranteed rate, the future of the Tel. & Cable property will be problematical. If the market price of Tel. & Cable's stock goes much lower it will be a fair purchase in consideration of the remaining guaranteed payments.

L., BOSTON, MASS.: I have no statement of the operations and earnings of the Fidelity Building & Loan Association of Utah. The association would have to make a pretty large profit to give you \$2,000 at the end of ten years for each share of stock on which you will have paid \$10 per month. Owing to Utah's high legal interest rate the plan is feasible. The success of building and loan associations depends on the ability and integrity of their managers. Some are prosperous and pay investors dividends, others are not very successful.

P., FORT PIERCE, FLA.: The Florida Power & Light Co. reports a progressive increase of earnings in 1925, and an increase of 48 per cent. in the first quarter of this year, as compared with the first quarter of 1925. The company is evidently prospering and expanding, which gives its 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock an excellent rating. The desirability of the stock is added to by the fact that the company is subject to the supervision of the Electric Bond & Share Co.

S., Sr. LOUIS, MO.: It does not appear likely that the American Car & Foundry Co. will increase the \$6 dividend on its common stock this year. The company is paying to stockholders about all that it prudently can from its earnings. But for its \$10,000,000 reserve, equal to three years' dividends, it would not be wise to disburse as much as it is already doing. The company is increasing its surplus, and its officials expect large additions to its income from its miscellaneous activities, including the construction of automotive vehicles. Your purchase of the old stock when it was comparatively low put you in a good position as regards your holdings of the present stock, and you can safely keep them as an investment.

J., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: The prediction that U. S. Steel common will sell as high as \$155 next fall is being made in certain quarters. But that is not probable unless the highly conservative policy of the corporation shall change, and an increased dividend is declared or a melon is to be carved. The growing intimations that something good is coming largely accounts for the recent strength and appreciation of Steel common stock. Whether it is wise or not for you to buy additional shares at this time, you will certainly do well if you stand pat on the shares you possess, bought below \$130.

W., FORT GREENBUSH, N. Y.: The Rutland Railroad runs the whole length of Vermont and has traffic rights into Montreal. More than half of its preferred stock is jointly owned by the New York Central and New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroads. This connection would seem to assure the road considerable business, but as a matter of fact the earnings have been very variable, and never very liberal. Dividends are almost a forgotten tradition, there being about 300 per cent. of arrears on preferred shares. The preferred is selling in the 50s, but it would reach a higher level if there were any prospects of clearing off the immense accumulation. I cannot see how you, with your moderate means, could be benefited by purchasing this stock.

R., PITTSBURGH, PA.: The Phillips Petroleum Co. owns valuable and extensive oil lands in Texas and elsewhere. It is producing crude oil at the rate of 40,000 barrels daily, nearly double the production in 1925. It is the largest producer of casing head (or natural) gasoline in the world and it sells all its gasoline to refining corporations to be mixed with and to fortify gasoline produced by the cracking process. The company has been enlarging its acquisitions and has issued a good deal of stock. But all its stock is of one class and it has now no funded debt. The shares make a very fair return on market price, and if the capitalization is not increased too fast, the stock bids fair to be a pretty good business man's purchase.

O., WASHINGTON, D. C.: As Norwalk Tire and Rubber common is paying 80 cents per share (now half of its former dividend) it would seem on the face of it better to hold your shares than to sell them at a heavy loss. The present dividend is not assured, but if earnings should increase the stock might sell a little higher. United States Rubber common is selling too high for a non-dividend payer with no immediate likelihood of a return. It would be better for you to invest your funds in some dividend payer. Chandler Cleveland pfd. paying \$4 yearly and selling below \$30 offers a fair speculative chance.

F., NEW YORK CITY: It is strange that you do not seem to have known that the Pacific Oil Company was merged with the Standard Oil Company of California several months ago, and that Pacific Oil shareholders received for their stock new Standard Oil of California shares, Associated Oil shares and \$3 per share in cash, a total equivalent to about \$83. The Pacific Oil full shares are no longer in the market. The quotation you specify is only for fractions of shares. You should immediately communicate with the Standard Oil Company of California, which has an office in 120 Broadway, New York City, and request it to inform you as to the status of your Pacific Oil shares under the merger. If you had kept track of the news of the day you would have seen lately that the property of the Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic was acquired by the Atlantic Coastline Railway. Only the bondholders of the Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic got anything out of this transaction, leaving nothing for the stockholders, whose holdings have no value.

M., Sr. LOUIS, MO.: Among the low-priced coppers, Miami Con., Tennessee Copper and Chemical and Nevada Con. Copper, are the best. Miami has paid dividends for many years. Tennessee Copper resumed dividends about a year or so ago, Nevada resumed dividends very recently. Miami, therefore, is the more seasoned stock. The ore in sight alone on the Miami property gives the mine a further life of over seventeen years. Among the low-priced oils, Simms Petroleum is the cheapest dividend payer. Skelly Oil, Barnsdall A and B and Pure Oil are selling somewhat higher but are making a better yield on the market price. Norwalk Tire and Rubber has lately reduced its dividend to twenty cents quarterly or eighty cents yearly, instead of \$1.60. This shows that earnings are not equal to those of 1925 but the new dividend is a good return on the market price. Please understand that I do not recommend purchase of any of these stocks. They have too little investment quality to warrant any recommendation. They are simply ventures for a business man.

W., WOODSIDE, L. I.: In my opinion if you can secure a well-located, well-built apartment house readily rentable at good figures, it would be a safer purchase for you than the average run of stocks. There is a good deal of uncertainty about the stock market. The fact that you can occupy one of the apartments yourself, thus keeping in close touch with the property and can do much of the necessary repairing yourself makes your plan more attractive. You will, of course, try to buy at a reasonable price. There is another way in which you can profitably invest in real estate. That is the purchase of first mortgage real estate bonds paying from 6 to 8 per cent. and yielding a certain revenue without trouble or danger of loss to the buyer. You will find desirable bonds of this class advertised in my department.

New York, July 17, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

It is claimed for the Adair first mortgage real estate bonds that they meet the tests laid down by successful investors, namely, unconditional guarantee of principal and interest and a yield of 6 to 6½ percent. by the house of issue, a good financial statement by that house, and insurability of the bonds against loss. The bonds are guaranteed by the Adair Realty and Trust Company, with capital, surplus and profits of \$2,500,000, and resources of over \$10,000,000, and are insurable against loss by one of the strongest surety companies in America, with resources of over \$27,000,000. For details regarding current offerings write to the Adair Realty and Trust Company, Healey Building, Dept. G-8, Atlanta, Ga.

How an investor saved \$9,000 at the rate of \$50 a month and so invested his savings as to come out with \$16,000 is told in a booklet, "What 8% Can Do," issued by the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla. Various other plans for reaching out for independent means are specified in the booklet. The company offers 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, with partial payments arranged. A letter to the company will bring the booklet (213) which gives full particulars.

Owners of securities planning to reinvest dividends and interest are invited by the Milton Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., to consult its latest booklet, "Before You Invest." It shows the procedure followed in making the real estate bond offerings sponsored by the corporation and furnishes a method to measure the real value of present or future investments. The corporation will mail this booklet (710) to any applicant.

In its new booklet, "June and July Investments," G. L. Miller & Company, 30 East Forty-second street, New York City, points to investments calculated to add both to one's income and to one's peace of mind. Issues of Miller bonds described in this booklet are secured by high-class income earning structures in thriving cities, in New York, Texas, Missouri and Florida. These investments combine safety with a yield of 6½ to 7 per cent. and may be guaranteed if so desired. The booklet aims to aid every investor whatever the type or amount of his holdings. The company declares that no investor ever lost a dollar in Miller bonds. The above booklet (121-ML) will be sent by the company to any address.

Investments

Before planning the investment of your idle funds send for a copy of this booklet.

It sets forth in a concise manner the procedure consistently followed in the making of each first mortgage real estate bond offering sponsored by The Milton Strauss Corporation.

It shows how we analyze our first mortgage real estate bonds and furnishes a method by which to measure the real value of your present or future investment.

THE MILTON STRAUSS CORPORATION

First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds
Penobscot Building Detroit, Mich.

***** COUPON *****

Please send me without obligation your booklet "Before You Invest."

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are mighty good friends

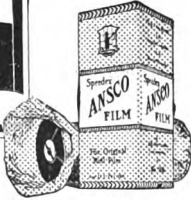
If the Judge Investment Bureau can give you any help in safely investing them, the pleasure is all ours.

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JUDGING the MOVIES

by William Morris Houghton



Two of the recent openings on Cinema Row present a most instructive contrast. Both are melodramas of love and blood, with knife play, passionate embraces, stealth, fury, terror and all the other familiar ingredients. Both star world famous players. But one picture is German and the other is American, and one has genuine dignity and the other is cheap and ridiculous. And as much as it grieves me to admit it, it is unquestionably the American film that is tripe.

Its name is "The Road to Mandalay" and its star is Lon Chaney, assisted by Lois Moran. The scene is laid in the Far East, with great emphasis on the wickedness of the steaming tropics and particularly of that "sink of hell," or some such term, Singapore. "Singapore Joe," in the person of Lon Chaney, keeps a dive there. He is got up most elaborately to scare little children and other 100 per cent. Americans. His left eye is a staring, sightless marble; a deep scar bisects his left cheek; his hair is clipped like a convict's; his shirt, open to the navel, frames a mat of fur bristling from his chest, and blood-curdling grins and spasms of black passion chase themselves across his mobile map.

Lois Moran, of course, is the very antithesis of all this. She radiates purity and sweetness and class.

One look from the limpid depths of her chaste soul can convert a seasoned crook to paths of rectitude and even heroism thenceforth. She proves it. And yet she is the daughter of Singapore Joe. She doesn't know it herself and she loathes him, but he knows it and secretly he adores her, plans for her, counts the days until such time as he can retire from his honky tonk with a fortune and give her whatever her heart desires.

Pathos laid on with a trowel, *n'est pas*? But wait, here comes the shovel. She falls in love with one of her father's cronies, a young English derelict known as the Admiral, amusingly played by Owen Moore. The Admiral has bathed his leprous being in the purity of her gaze and come out clean. But Singapore Joe still considers him desperately unworthy. There is a skirmish in the girl's presence with knives. Joe gets the upper hand. But just as he raises his dirk to dispatch his daughter's lover she finds her strength and her courage and plunges a knife into her father's back.

And thus love finds a way.

The thing reminds me of one of those trips to Chinatown so popular once, maybe still, among credulous visitors to the Big City. They always found a Chinatown staged to suit them. Clever people, the Chinese.



The comic strip wife buys a new rolling-pin.

APPARENTLY the German film producers have never really tumbled to the fact there is a sucker born every minute, or artistic conscience or a sense of humor restrains them. In any case, "Variety," with Emil Jannings, for all its lurid action, neither insults the intelligence nor excites ridicule. Fundamentally, of course, this is because the inner drama is not sacrificed to the outer, but dominates it. Those who saw Herr Jannings in "The Last Laugh" will know what I mean. With the same effortless skill that characterized his performance in that picture he externalizes in this the impulses and conflicts within the soul of "Boss" Buller. He never permits the dramatic emphasis to leave this inner struggle. The love making, the dancing, the trapeze swinging, the murder come second, and because they do one accepts them without protest. They do not constitute sensationalism for the sake of sensationalism but sensationalism incident to the unfolding of an entirely plausible drama of the human spirit.

At the Rialto Theater in New York, where I witnessed "Variety," it was introduced with a prolog. I hope this prolog is not to travel about with the film, since it tries to do for the picture what the picture has conspicuously escaped doing for itself; it tries to supply that note of cheap sentimentality so characteristic of our screen. The scene of this prolog is that of the interior of a prison in deep gloom. The shadowy figure of a convict appears and recites

in a tear-soaked voice several stanzas of verse calculated to romanticize his remorse, the while he views just beyond his bars the bright vision of the writhing hula girl who brought him to his doom. Need I say that this choice morsel of bologna is a creation of our own master movie minds? Do we really deserve it?

Guide to the Movies

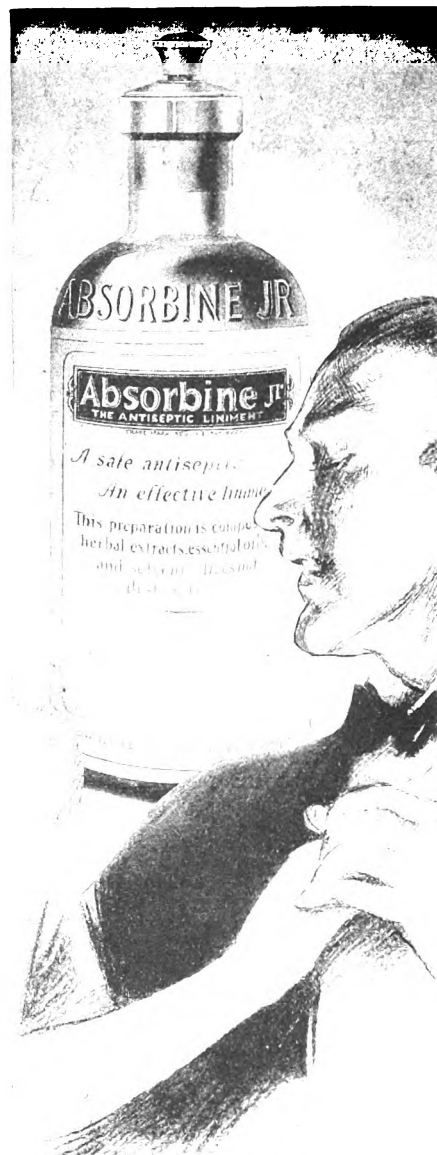
- "The Big Parade"—First.
- "Ben-Hur"—Vast crowds and excitement.
- "Sea Beast"—Jack Barrymore and blubber.
- "The Black Bird"—Good Lon Chaney film.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—Genuine travelogue and beautiful photography.
- "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"—The waiter is Adolphe Menjou.
- "Mare Nostrum"—Too much Ibanex.
- "Torrent"—Greta Garbo makes her bow.
- "La Bohème"—Lillian Gish.
- "Irene"—Colleen Moore and a wardrobe.
- "The Black Pirate"—Doug struts his stuff.
- "The Bat"—Exciting mystery drama.
- "The Untamed Lady"—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be.
- "The Barrier"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
- "The New Klondike"—Florida boom farce.
- "The Crown of Lies"—Pola Negri in a flimsy Balkan romance.
- "The Flaming Frontier"—Custer's Last Stand melodramatized.
- "For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd farce.
- "A Social Celebrity"—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
- "Kiki"—Norma Talmadge in a bowdlerized version.
- "The Runaway"—Hill-billy romance.
- "Brown of Harvard"—Yale man fecit.
- "Hell Bent for Heaven"—Melodrama with flood.
- "The Greater Glory"—One long yawn.
- "The Wilderness Woman"—Chester Conklin comes into his own.
- "Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
- "The Rainmaker"—Much ado about a jockey with a game arm.
- "Wet Paint"—Don't touch it!
- "Paris"—Apache melodrama.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
- "Say It Again"—For Richard Dix fans.
- "Ella Cinders"—Colleen Moore.
- "Ranson's Folly"—Melodramatic western.
- "Good and Naughty"—Clever farce.
- "The Volga Boatman"—Florid de Mille.
- "The Brown Derby"—Johnny Hines.
- "The Palm Beach Girl"—Roughing it with Bebe.
- "Love Mary"—Genteel classic jazzed.
- "Puppets"—Little Italy and Milton Sills.



Wife—Could you take my umbrella, dear, while I get the tickets?

Valiant Husband—Right-o. Just put it behind my ear.

—Passing Show



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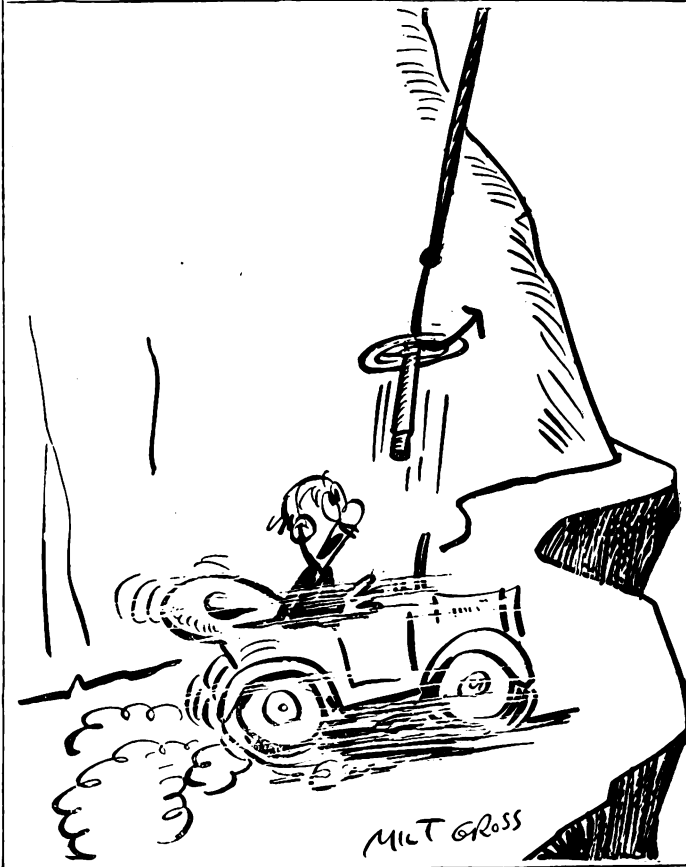
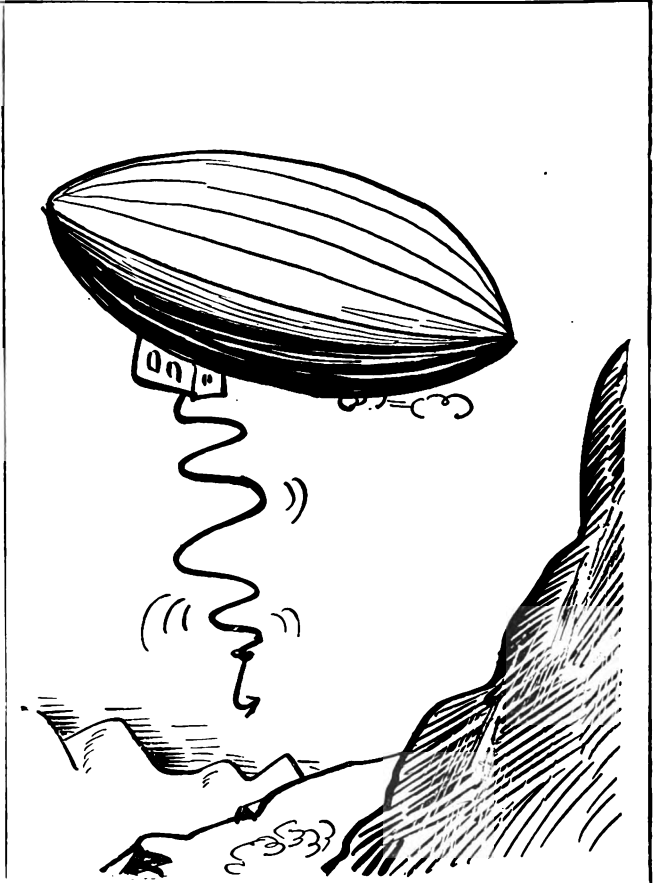
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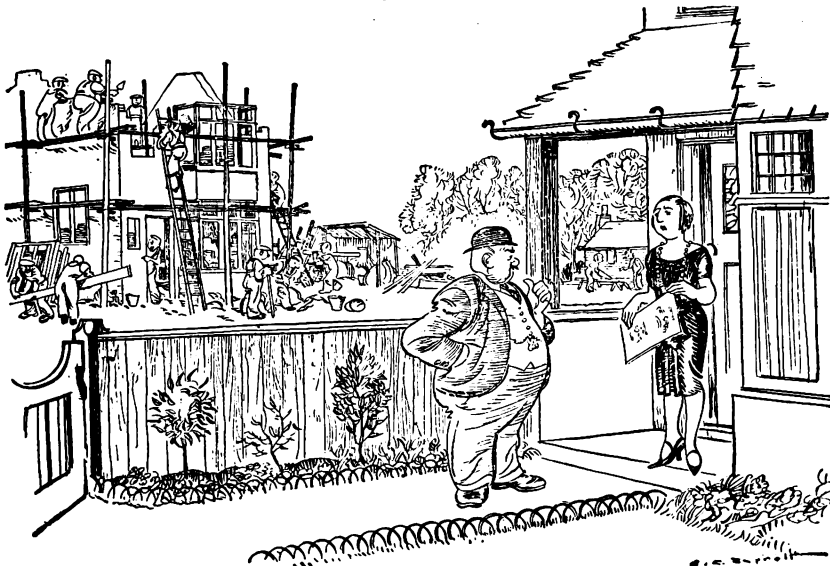
JUDGE will pay \$25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

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 August 2. Winning ending appears in the issue of August 21.



Contest No. 52



Builders' Foreman—Excuse me, but are you the lady wot's singing?
Lady—Yes, I was singing. Why?
 "Well, might I arsk you not to hang out that top note so long. The men have knocked off twice already, mistakin' it for the dinner whistle."
 —*Passing Show*

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 18)

down in Fourteenth street, I actually saw two sailors and a pickpocket break down and cry like children over the passing of the old order. The Hebrew comedian, instead of stealing up on the cooch dancer and jocosely belaboring her rear with a large bologna sausage, as in the happy days of the McKinley era, simply sidled nervously around her for a moment or two and made his exit. The Irish comique, instead of leaning under the table to get a better view of the soubrette's ample limb and falling on his nose as a result, simply went into a tame song and dance with the lady. And the German funny man, instead of sitting on the elephantine prima donna's lap and dropping nickels down her décolleté, approached the fair creature gingerly and bestowed a peck upon her shoulder blade. To those of use who have the best interests of the native drama at heart and are willing to lay down our lives that the honor and integrity of the American theater may be preserved, it was all too awful.

Speaking for the generation of the early '90's, I urge upon the burlesque impresarios a reconsideration of their

present devastating and highly obnoxious plans. Let them give back to us Billy Watson in all his glory, together with the Heinies and Izzies and Mikes of blessed memory. Let them bring back, without delay, the old fat girls, the old flappy pants, the old red undershirts, the old suspenders made of rope, the old green vests, the old Limburger cheese jokes, the old backdrop of Union Square, and the old scene in which the fierce looking cop who cowed the comedians turned out to be a lizzie. Then again all of us Shakespeare and Ibsen enthusiasts will be happy.

Scientifically registered, Niagara's roar measures seventy units. This is the sort of thing that makes sergeant-majors grow purple with envy.

—*Humorist*

A few months ago some one told Jenny Becker she had a nice profile, and she's been living sideways ever since.

—*Farm and Fireside*

Friend of Jack Dempsey's, on the *Franconia*, says Jack is unbeatable. He is as long as he sticks to his present ring tactics.

—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*



"I Think I Ought to Tell You—"

"LET'S stop here," he said, guiding the maroon car suavely to the darkened curb, "and argue this out. You're a hypocrite, Sheila darling. Oh, maybe not more so than most American girls, but a hypocrite just the same. You're spoiled."

Sheila lit a cigarette. "Don't be prudish," she said. "I'm no worse than the rest of the gang—"

He grinned down at her. "Hold on. You've got me wrong! What I mean is that you're too good. Your line is nothing but show-off stuff. Trouble with you is that you trot around wearing a dress like the slip cover for a salad fork, and teasing a man to death with three inches of tablecloth between you and him—and then insist on tearing right home. Am I right or wrong?"

"I don't—don't know exactly what you mean," said Sheila.

"Yes, you do, you little Methodist! And I'm calling your bluff. Don't you want me to dear?" he asked, in a voice that scattered her caution. . . .

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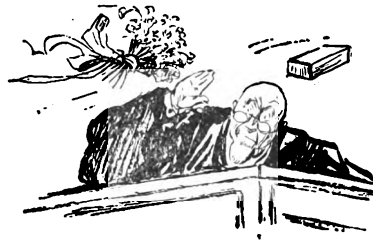
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Beer and Murder

"Judge Kavanaugh, of the Chicago Criminal Court, after a painstaking survey, finds that 170,000 murders have been committed in the United States in the last twenty years; that 34,000 of these were executed, 18,000 are in prison, while 118,000 are still enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—Clipping from an exchange.

The Volstead Act has almost as good a record for enforcement—better in some localities—and yet there are people who advocate its repeal. Why leave a stigma on these 118,000? Why not repeal the law against murder? It seems that there can be but a 30 per cent. enforcement on the total and only 20 per cent. enforcement of the extreme penalty and, besides, it costs like fury to try a murder case. Why not repeal all law and go back to the survival of the fittest? Modern firearms have placed us all on an equality. Why law anyway? Argument is argument.

Sapulpa, Okla. C. R. Driannik
 May 20, 1926

it in order to live in the remainder of the country.

When public officials take office they take oath to maintain the laws of the country and on every hand this work of enforcing the laws is not merely neglected but boldly ignored.

Just take a look at the types of men representing the Federal Government in this section. The majority of them are to be classed with taxi drivers and everyone knows what that class is.

Motor vehicle laws are just a tremendous joke except that every day a few unfortunate people are browbeaten and robbed under the name of "law."

No! We do not think the country is going to the dogs or wherever a country is supposed to go when it is bad. Darned good country, some good people in it—but that is no reason at all that we cannot make it a better country and that a lot of people cannot be better people.

Let us have lots of good editorials and see if we can awaken the good and have it rule. I would like to be able to take the *Madame* driving on a Sunday and expect to get home in safety. I would like to read one paper not filled with divorces, scandals, murders and robbers.

Malone, N. Y.
 June 7, 1926.
 Yours, very truly,
 "Hopeful"

The Editor, JUDGE.
 DEAR SIR

As an Englishman, I feel bound to write to you and compliment you on the sanest and best informed comments that I have read on the situation in England. I refer to the comments of W. M. H. in your issue of May 29.

Yours faithfully,
 A. H. Morse
 New York,
 June 4, 1926.

"Here Is a Village —"

Editor JUDGE.

Many times we have read JUDGE. Not always to be amused, for those editorials are as a rule good—and we are one of the few who read editorial pages. Lately we have been amused and also impressed with the effects of your editorials and we now rise to applaud them.

This last editorial telling of the criminal tendencies of all public officers is just a good start to telling the truth. Gee! how the truth does hurt a lot of people and many of your readers seem to be sensitive if we can believe some of the letters you publish.

Here is a village of nearly 9,000 people, the county seat of Franklin County. Here are Federal offices, Troop "B" Barracks of the State Troopers, county offices. The village has modern improvements. But when it comes to law observance it simply does not exist and on every hand there is no such thing as enforcement. If a city like Cleveland, O., were as crooked in proportion as this little village is, we would have to destroy

All Wet

JUDGE.

DEER SIR: I hav red JUGE fore menny years and it soots me Ouk. I don't like prohibition but I dew like whuskee. I don't like the K. K. K. and I ain't a Jew or a Katholick or a kolored man. I wuld take JUGE buy the yeer but I can't raze the \$5 berrys and the newspaper dealer ticks me if I ain't got any money. I am a grate stodent and studie a grate deel. I inklude JUGE in my studies and the other things about wich I am interested is Sikologie, Tarzan of the Apes and street kar sines.

If you will kontinue to uze yur infloence about getting whuskee back so I can get a drink for a 10c dime I will kontinue to reed JUGE.

Yours for red licker,
 Ralph L. Myers
 If you print this please ficks it up good as my edukation was neglected because I was in Siberia a good menny years. The salt maid me dry.
 [Ed. NOTE: Do you think our correspondent, Mr. Myers, can be spoofing us a bit?]



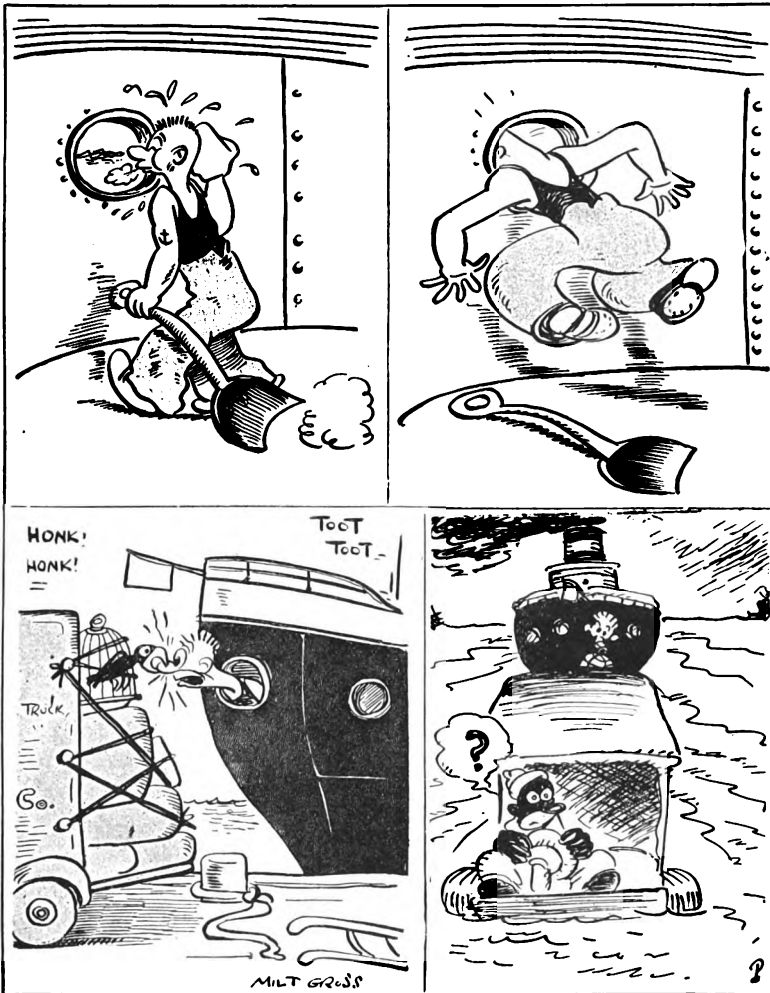
FEMALE DETECTIVE—He's a cad, a bounder, a wretch and a mean old thing!

MRS. AXMINSTER—Why, Sylvia, what's this all about?

FEMALE DETECTIVE—I'm running down a criminal.

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 48



E. H. Purdy, 2012 University Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Runners Up



J. F. Culverwell, Washington, D. C.



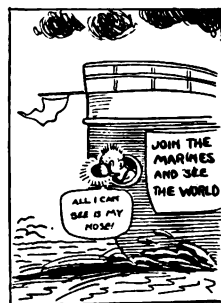
Steve Freedman, North Belgrade, Me.



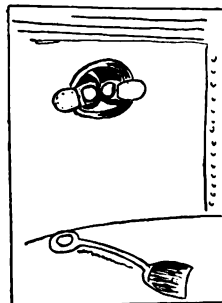
G. Watt, St. Louis, Mo.



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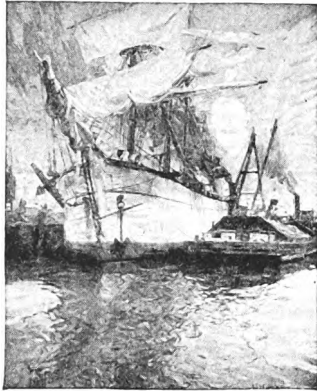
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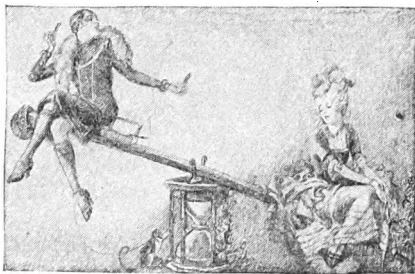
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Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 83

Horizontal

1. The only way to enjoy going to the Sesqui-centennial is to go on this.
5. Why her sweetie went away.
13. A Scotch exclamation.
14. The drinks of the drugstore cowboy.
15. Remain.
16. A doctrine or system.
17. Rot.
18. Three men and this make a quartet.
19. Pedestrian's motto.
21. The great American chaser.
22. The girl friend's friend.
23. Fifty-five.
24. The lowest tides.
26. Stitch.
28. New York's patron saint.
30. A nail holder.
31. The nut that holds the steering wheel.
34. A high ball.
36. To open up.
38. A very sweet flower.
40. To border upon; to be contiguous.
42. An Alaskan pole.
44. An East Side regular guy.
45. Girl's name.
47. A stair post.
49. "Neither's" little playmate.
50. Covered with hail, snow and rain.
52. A thoroughfare (abbr.).
54. Royal Pantellus (init.).
56. Turf.
57. Something clinging vines do. (Careful now.)
59. Part of the verb to be.
61. Palatial palace for porkers.
62. An old butter.
63. Crow-like birds.
65. Asinine horses.
67. These come from Denmark.
68. Spasmodic twitching of the muscles.
69. A college on the Thames.
70. A constellation of the southern hemisphere represented by a man with a sword by his side.
71. Something it's necessary to have to get a job as a dentist.
72. Why her sweetie came back.
73. An infernal author.

Vertical

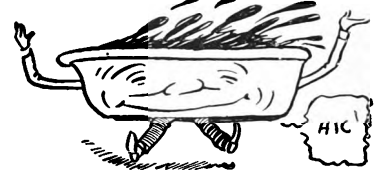
1. Irish anesthetic.
2. To sit pretty.
3. What Julius Caesar was at Christmas.
4. And (Fr.).
5. A kind of a pocus.
6. This man married "the only woman in the world."
7. A narrative poem.
8. Part of the verb to be.
9. A forgotten bridal promise.
10. When the wages of this art paid some people will get time and a half for overtime.
11. This is made to be worshiped.
12. The only time most waiters do this is when they play tennis.
14. A snake in the grass.
18. A Hindu's headgear. (Dry and get it!)
20. Love in a silver.
22. A humbug.
25. Asiatic Open Underwear (init.).
26. Scatter about.
27. Favorite fruit of financier's.
29. Lower parts of the ear.
31. Satisfied.
32. Eve's ancestor.
33. African cutlass.
35. Policemen (slang).
37. Plugged as for examinations.
39. An animal cell. (No fooling!)
41. A golfing hold-up.
43. Millers.
46. Homes of love birds.
48. Fifty-six.
51. Plaything.
53. This should be the finish.
55. A zoological dry advocate.
57. This is always tipping at summer resorts.
58. Famous locks.
60. Magnificent Organization of Trusting Idiots (init.).
61. Dispatched.
62. A waterfall.
64. Droop.
66. Spanish articles.
67. A German trio.
70. That inevitable conjunction.
71. The kin you love to touch.

THE CUCKOO ISLANDS



JOHNNIE-JUMP-UP JUMPING UP.

CAULIFLOWER CAULING A LITTLE CAULIFLOWER.



INEBRIATE BATHTUB FULL OF CHAMPAGNE CELEBRATING.



AGED PHRENOLOGIST READING THE BUMPS ON THE HEAD OF A PIN.

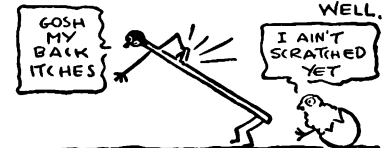
HAPPY LITTLE PERIODS LEAVING THE PENITENTIARY THEIR SENTENCE IS ENDED



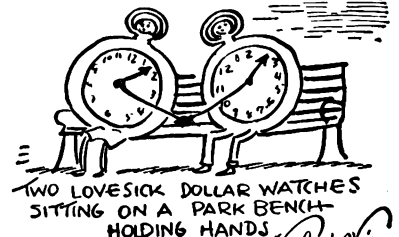
BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION,



BROKEN DOWN PEN-POINT DROWNING ITSELF IN AN INK-WELL.



SAFETY MATCH SCRATCHING ITSELF



NATE BOLLER

New Records at Half Price!

Direct from Factory to You

HERE is the biggest bargain in phonograph records ever offered. The highest quality records made, sold to you direct from factory, at HALF the usual retail price. Glance at the list of sixteen selections below—all for only \$2.98. Records are ten-inch size, double face. All the big hits, the present most popular tunes, are included. New improved recording also gives more volume, sweeter tone, truer reproduction. Over 350,000 people have already bought records from us by mail.

VALENCIA

The biggest hit in fifteen years. A Fox Trot the whole world is singing and dancing to.

Horses, Horses, Horses

Fox Trot, Vocal Chorus

Stepping Along

Charleston Fox Trot

Dancin' the Blues

Fox Trot

Arabian Night Melody

Fox Trot

When the Sun Goes Down

Behind the Hills

Baritone Solo

When the Red, Red Robin Comes

Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along

Fox Trot, Vocal Chorus

Desert Blues

Fox Trot

At Peace With the World

Tenor Solo

Bye Bye Blackbird

Fox Trot, Vocal Chorus

Hello, Aloha, How Are You?

Fox Trot, Vocal Chorus

Tonight's My Night With Baby

Tenor Solo

Sweetheart

Waltz

Spaghetti

Charleston Fox Trot

Forever With You

Fox Trot, Vocal Chorus

The Pump Song

Vocal Duet

ALL SIXTEEN OF THESE LATEST SONGS, CHARLESTONS, FOX TROTS FOR ONLY **\$2.98** FOR ALL

Send No Money 10 DAYS' TRIAL

Let us send you this complete set of SIXTEEN selections for 10 days' trial. Just mail the coupon or a letter. When the package arrives, give the postman \$2.98 plus delivery charges, then TRY THE RECORDS. If you are not completely satisfied, SEND THE SET BACK and every penny you have paid will be refunded at ONCE. Could any offer be more fair? Mail the coupon NOW.

National Music Lovers, Inc. Dept. F-277, 327 West 36th St. New York

Please send me for 10 days' trial, your collection of 16 very latest Charlestons, Songs, Fox Trots and Waltzes on eight double-face ten-inch records. I will pay the postman only \$2.98 plus delivery charges on arrival. I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days, and you will refund my money. (Outside U. S. \$3.75, cash with order.)

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JUDGE

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JUDGE

WEATHER FORECAST
(Along the Golf Stream)
Clouty and warmer fol-
lowed by hot air and wet
spell

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1926

MINISTER SHOTS TEXAN

A FUNDAMENTALIST Minister of Texas, who shot and killed a fellow townsman, preached a sermon to 4,000 people less than twenty-four hours later. With clerical nicety however, he refrained from taking his text from the Ten Commandments.

CHURCH GOES FOR SONG

AFTER the sermon, the press tells us, the congregation sang "Shall We Gather at the River?" An infidel, who heard the vocal query, suggests that "Up the River" would have been a more fitting spot.

AN AMERICAN Indian Chief has received court permission to name himself Poh A Chuamago (Big Noise of the Earth). Apparently, the Chief does not know of the existence of Senator Borah.

MUSSOLINI IN DUEL

ARNALDO MUSSOLINI, brother of the Premier of Italy, has challenged General Bencivengo to a duel. An unauthentic report has it that they will hurl insults at each other at twenty paces.

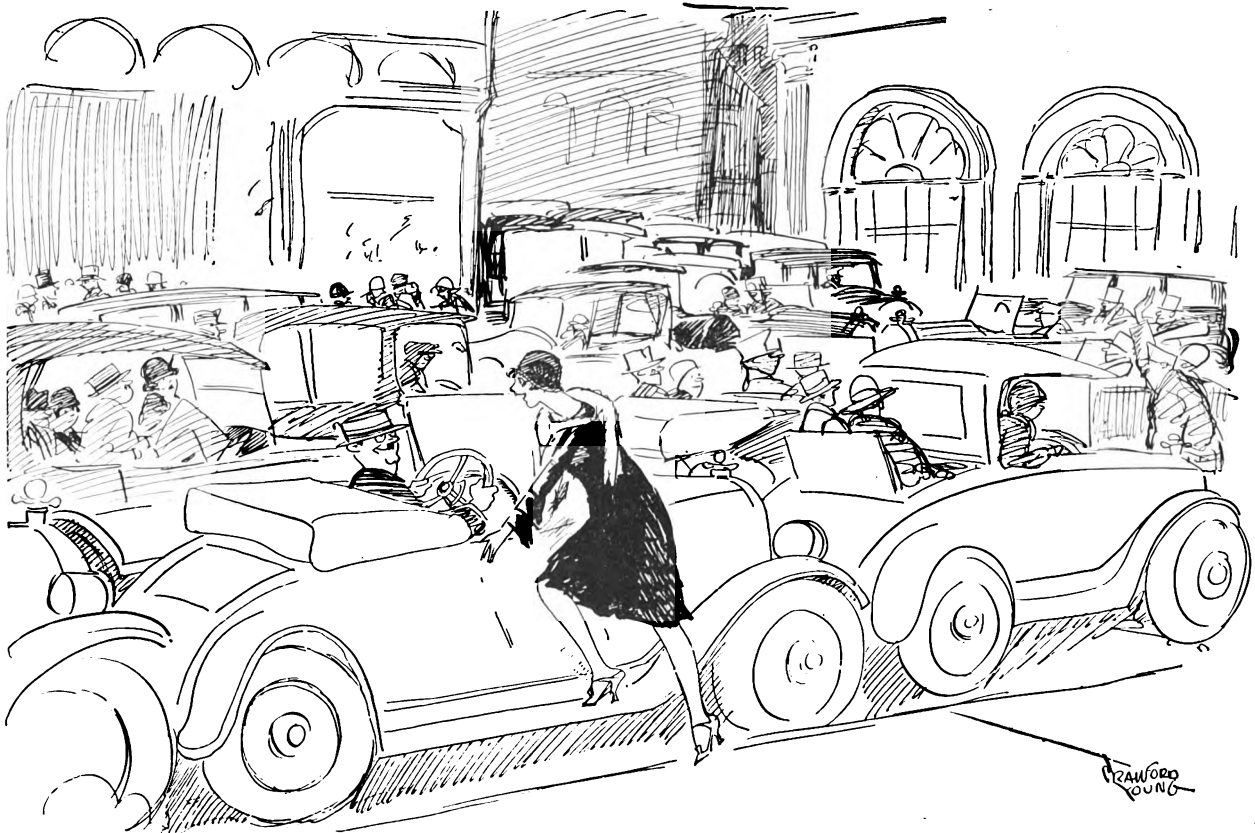
IN YONKERS a man caught stealing an automobile told the court he stole the machine because he wanted to commit suicide. The court reporter very thoughtfully refrained from mentioning the make of the car.

CAL CATCH STUFFED

A LARGE FISH presented recently to Governor Smith of New York by President Coolidge is to be carefully stuffed and then sent to Albany. The usual procedure is to send them there only after the formal-ity of an election.

VALENTINO TO FIGHT

A NEWSPAPER notice states that Valentino wishes to fight a duel with the editorial writer of the Chicago *Tribune*, who he claims insulted his manhood. It does not say whether Rudolph will use a double or not.



WIFE (stepping out of motor)—Henry, I'll go in here and try on some dresses and hats, get a soda and meet you in the next traffic jam.



"Correct, Ed—a fine all-round girl!"

How to Avoid Traffic Cops

- Leave your car in the garage.
- Give your machine to a cousin.
- Stop making payments on it.
- Don't buy a car at all.



The movie producer is one individual who may truly thank his lucky stars.

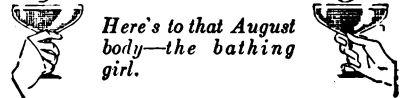
One for the Wives

When a wife starts making a list of the useless articles about the house that she can get along without, it's a sign the home is in danger of being broken up, especially if the husband is included in the list.



OFFICE BOY—Golly! And to think that I almost went to the ball game this afternoon!

roasts of the day



Here's to that August body—the bathing girl.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Overhead

Over our apartment,
There lives a dancing master;
His floors are covered deep with wax,
And ours with fallen plaster.



One half of the world's pedestrians
don't know how the other half live.

The Right Word

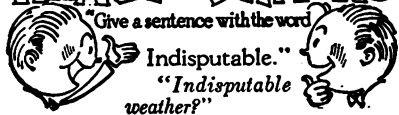
Blink—My wife is very obstacle.
Blank—You mean obstinate. An obstacle is something that stands in a person's way; a hindrance.
"That's my wife exactly."

FUNNYBONES

The cheapest operation was Adam's; it cost but one bone.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

KRAZY KRACKS



Stand By!

Men stand for the bosses who cheat 'em,
 Girls stand for the boys who have kissed 'em.
 Wives stand for the husbands who beat 'em.
 And all stand for the subway system.

The Censor's Best Steppers

THE Blue Danube.
 Keys to Heaven.
 No Fooling.
 The Blue Room.
 What Can They See In Dancing.
 Prisoner's Song.

Lawson Paynter

DIZZY LABELS

They call her Ruth,
 Because she's always
 "walking home."

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.



WHAT DO THE JOLLY HUNTSMEN TA-TA-RARA!!

EVERY INCH A SAILOR

If you don't laugh at this one, you are a "dull boy" indeed. Said Hefferman to Count Tolstoy one time, "Are those people you board with wealthy, Leo?" "Lawk-a-mercy, yes," said the total abstainer. "They serve goldfish instead of sardines in their sandwiches." Poor Hefferman blushed up to the roots of his teeth.

A Friend in Need

WAS pinched for speeding yesterday Can you you wire me \$10 Jack.

Forget it just phone the chief that you know me and everything will be all right Tom.

Got a summons to-day for not appearing at court wire me \$50 Jack.

Don't worry about it I wired the judge and told him about you so everything will be fixed up all right Tom.

Got fined \$100 or ninety days in jail wire me enough to cover Jack.

The mayor is an old friend of mine just show him this wire and everything will be all right let me know how you make out Tom.

Everything is all right now I am sleeping under two guards every night "X" marks my cell wish you were here Jack.

Jack Shuttleworth



When automobiles first came out horses were scared of them. That's what you call horse sense.



It's a very hot afternoon—Mr. Nesbitt is strolling with his wife. He is trying not to look conspicuous alongside her summer furs!



HUBBY—Now, go ahead and tell me you told me we should have gone to the mountains!



"Pardon me—could you let me have a lil' water for my car?"

History Repeats Herself

(Had the "Confession" Magazines Been Established in an Earlier Day)

Eve In "Secrets from Eden"

"I was taking dictation one morning when Mr. Serpent strolled into the valley. He looked at me with eyes that meant no good and slyly said, 'Have an apple, kid?'"

"'Sir,' I replied, 'I am a good girl from a good home. My father is a battleship salesman and I was brought up to know how to handle myself among the big guns, and to know the difference between right and wrong. I'm wise, sir, and know the apple source to be applesauce. I am a lady. Let me earn an honest living for Adam and myself.'"

"But he spoke of his trained pterodactyl, his flock of brontosauri and his Elks' teeth. I was young, impetuous, ignorant; besides, I owed it to future generations to go through with it. The rest you know—let it be a warning to other young married women."



THERE WAS A SUBTLE THREAT IN HIS VOICE!

The big cash prize this time goes to Fritz Beamer of Astoria. Fritz, it seems, has a sweetheart named Tessie Hogbaum. One day Tessie asked, "Fritz, why did Cinderella's fairy god-mother make her go home at midnight?" Without a thought Fritz replied, "Maybe the old lady thought it was bad form to wear diamonds in the morning!" Fritz, by the way, is preparing for high school and expects to make it.

Cleopatra in "Gyped in Egypt"

"He had such a beautiful Roman nose. He'd come roamin' to me every afternoon as I was working at the files and I would pretend not to see him. He sent me thousands of slaves and chariots, but my mother warned me that he would an-Nile-ate my reputation. 'Pick out some nice steady young plumber,' mother would say.

"One evening he came to me dressed in his new Hart, Schaffner & Marx toga. He wore a brown derby and had a toothpick over his left ear. 'Cleo,' he whispered, 'there is a little apartment waiting for you in a steam-heated Pyramid up the Nile. I've got the license. Come, let me be your easy Mark Anthony.'

"It was the old, old tale of innocence and guile on the Nile. Reared as I was, how could I know? Somebody once said that 'Rome wasn't bilked in a day,' but he certainly fooled me one night."

Hugh Wood



The way your house looks after reading the Home Beautiful Magazines.

The Birthday Surprise

MYRA stooped and opened the refrigerator door. Myra was looking for something.

"That's funny," she remarked. "I just put it in here this very morning."

She took out the half of Bermuda onion, the glass of raspberry jam, and the butter, and looked behind the small crock filled with eggs, but it wasn't there.

"Now, I cannot understand where in the world they went to, they certainly didn't take legs and walk away on their own account; and nobody has been in this pantry since morning."

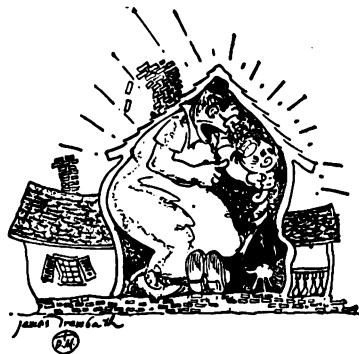
What to do, what to do. Here was mystery, and if there was anything that Myra loved next to a bridge party, it was mystery. After an hour's search for clues she threw herself down on the davenport in the living-room and burst into tears.

"This is baffling, baffling," she cried, "and I so wanted to surprise George when he came home this evening. It seems all my plans go gaffooy, boo hoo; I knew he'd be pleased, and this is his birthday too; now that they are gone I haven't a thing to give him. Oh, why was I born—first one thing and another and now this—this is the straw that b-breaks the camel's back!"

She buried her face in the cushions and gave way to her grief.



Just a cottage small by a waterfall.



The size of the house as it seemed when the wife was home—

Her husband came home at six and found her still lying there sobbing as if her little heart would break. "What in the world is the matter, Myra?" he cried, "has that Higgins woman been quarreling with you again? Come, tell me, darling, what is wrong?"

"Oh, everything! Everything!" she wailed. "I had planned such a pleasant surprise for your birthday this evening, and n-now it's a-all s-spoiled. I had p-planned such a lovely s-supper all for y-you and s-somebody s-s-neaked in th' b-back door when I was upstairs and opened the refrigerator and s-swiped the s-s-sardines!"

Nate Collier

Blink—Does Whoosis drink?

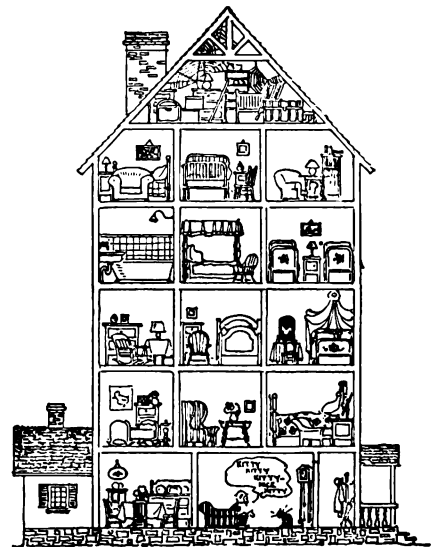
Blank—Say, he's so full of corn most of the time he has to stay in the shade on hot days for fear of popping.

R. C. O'Brien

EPILAUGHS

He was the "Chief" on a tabloid sheet;
I knew his paper much too well;
One day he hailed me along the street;
X marks the spot where his body fell.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



when she's away.

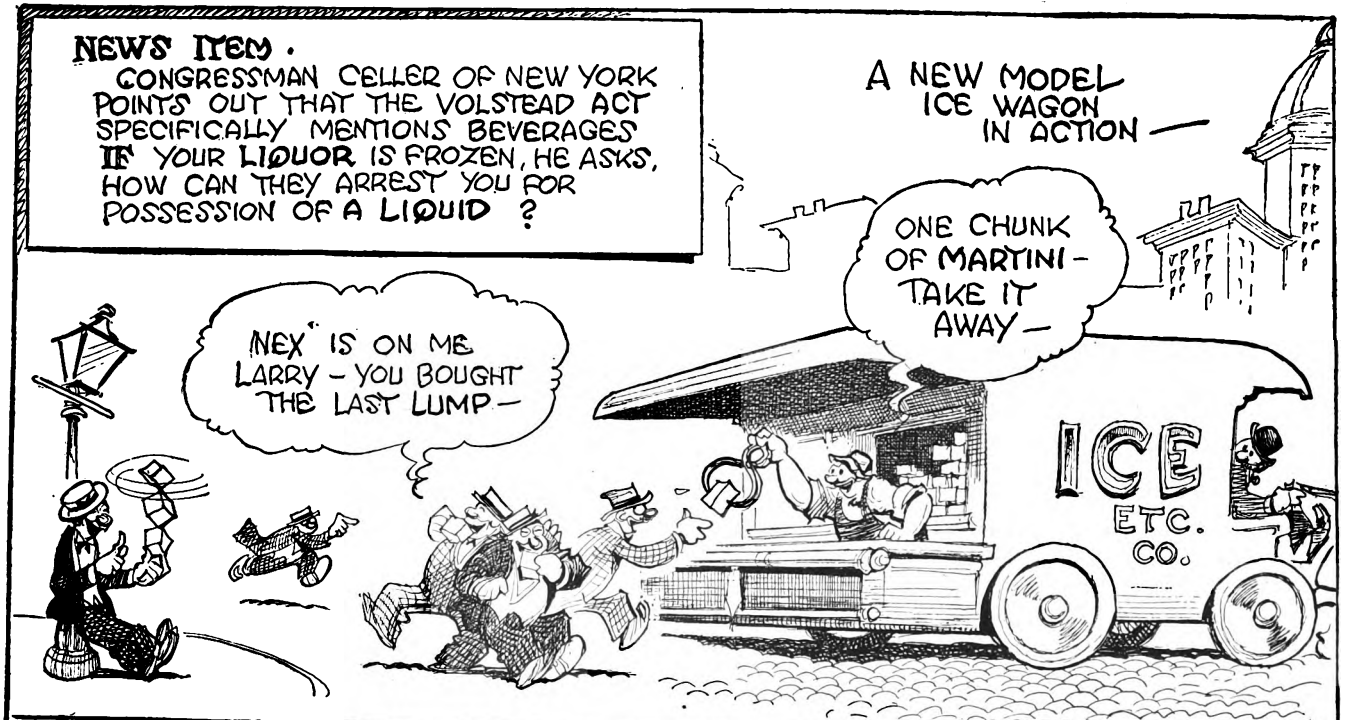
NEWS ITEM .

CONGRESSMAN CELLER OF NEW YORK POINTS OUT THAT THE VOLSTEAD ACT SPECIFICALLY MENTIONS BEVERAGES IF YOUR LIQUOR IS FROZEN, HE ASKS, HOW CAN THEY ARREST YOU FOR POSSESSION OF A LIQUID ?

A NEW MODEL ICE WAGON IN ACTION —

ONE CHUNK OF MARTINI — TAKE IT AWAY —

NEX IS ON ME LARRY — YOU BOUGHT THE LAST LUMP —



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT NEXT —

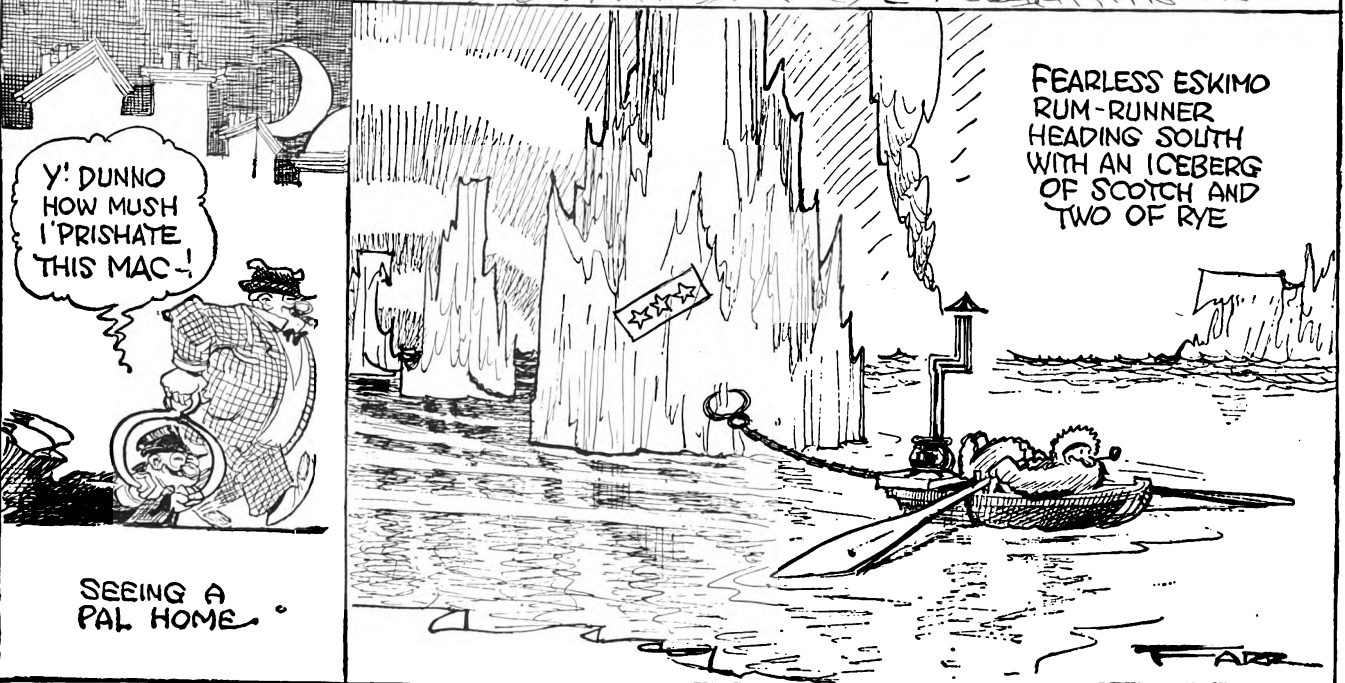
HAVE A BRASS RAIL REFRIGERATOR IN YOUR OWN HOME —

- FREEZE IT YOURSELF. AND KNOW EVERY DRINK YOU EAT -



Y' DUNNO HOW MUSH I' PRISHATE THIS MAC —!

FEARLESS ESKIMO RUM-RUNNER HEADING SOUTH WITH AN ICEBERG OF SCOTCH AND TWO OF RYE

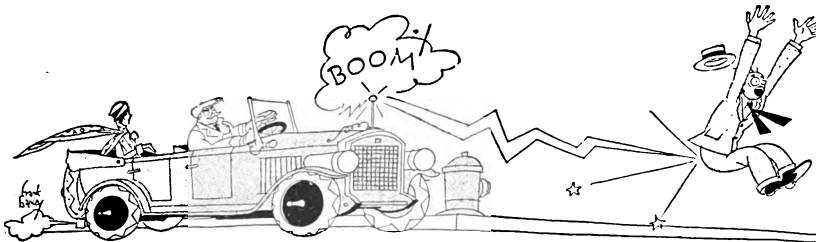


SEEING A PAL HOME

HARD TIMES AHEAD!



"He says he supposes th' servants are eavesdroppin'."
 COOK (removing apron)—The insulting pup! I'm gonna quit me job!



Give up your horn and klaxon—this modern lightning warner gets immediate attention.



"Quick, Maizie, it's a hold-up—hide your jewels!"
 "My gawd! Wot'll I do—swallow 'em!"

"O'Brien Outloud"

JUST because a fellow prefers blondes that doesn't make him a gentleman.

O

The Wallflower

"Will you shake a leg with me?"
 A man came up and said;
 But she was very bashful, so
 She merely shook her head.

O

What Might Have Been

It would have been hard on this country if reformers had been as active all through our history as they are at present.

Just think of it: They might have stopped Paul Revere from shouting in the middle of the night. Or Daniel Webster from opening his first case. Or Daniel Boone from chopping down trees or Indians on Sunday. They might have prevented General Sherman from marching to the sea for fear his army might have been contaminated by the sight of bathing beauties there whose costumes did not measure up (or down) to the required specifications. They might have obtained an injunction against the fight for independence on the grounds that fights were degrading and brutal spectacles. They might have prevented Benjamin Franklin from flying a kite, Eli Whitney from making any kind of a gin and Robert Fulton from letting the *Clermont* steam up the Hudson. They might have prevented Andrew Jackson from letting the British have a little more grape. They might have prevented the Boston Tea Party and the celebrating of Independence Day. They might have prevented all these things, but they had no organization or contributions. And that might have prevented them.

O

A Scotchman probably wears a kilt because it hasn't got any pockets.

O

Scenarios Require Them

We spent some time in the Canadian woods recently and were much interested in the logging industry. Incidentally, an old native informed us that there had never been a serious log jam within his memory until the movie people went up there on location. R. C. O'B.

Judge's Question Box

DEAR JUDGE: I am only a fresh young flower in the garden of love, waiting for some knight to come and pick me up. I am approximately thirty or forty years old, have nearly all of my teeth, an Ed Pinaud complexion and a whisky breath. Three or four years ago I was going around with a guy I liked a lot but he fell off of the merry-go-round and I ain't never seen him since.

The other day I met him and his wife and his three kids on the Coney Island cash and carry, and he had an empty orange in one hand and a full house on the other side of the question.

Do you think he still loves me and if so what shall I do since I never could stand him and can't see him for a furnished apartment on West End avenue. Worried

Dear Worried: You've probably been eating too much static with your daily dozen. A girl is never safe in a burning trolley car and a rolling stone is better than two in the woodpile. Besides, it is a great deal cooler in New Jersey, if you can find a good solid cake of ice. I think if you try wrapping a cold potato around your flatiron the wrinkles will disappear in no time.

To George X: Send me your photograph (the one on the steps of the library will be all right), a description of yourself and your weekly salary, and I'll see what I can do. R. S. W.

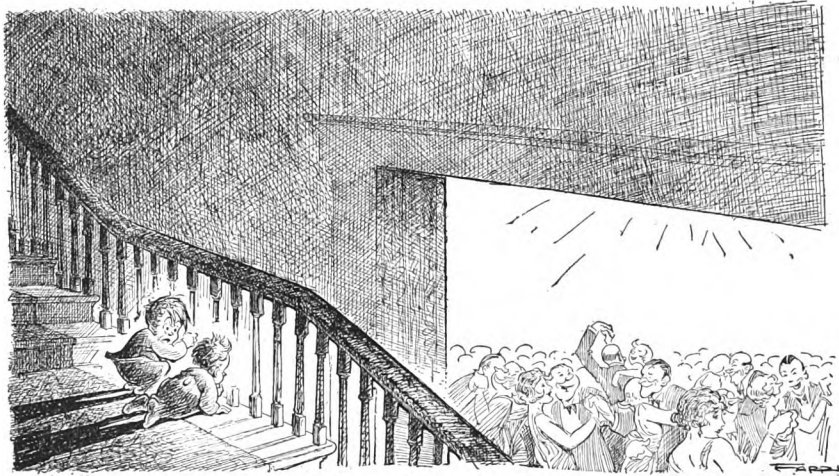
Remarks from a Beach Comber

NO MATTER how much a woman may desire to have waves in her hair she will always wear a cap when she goes in bathing.

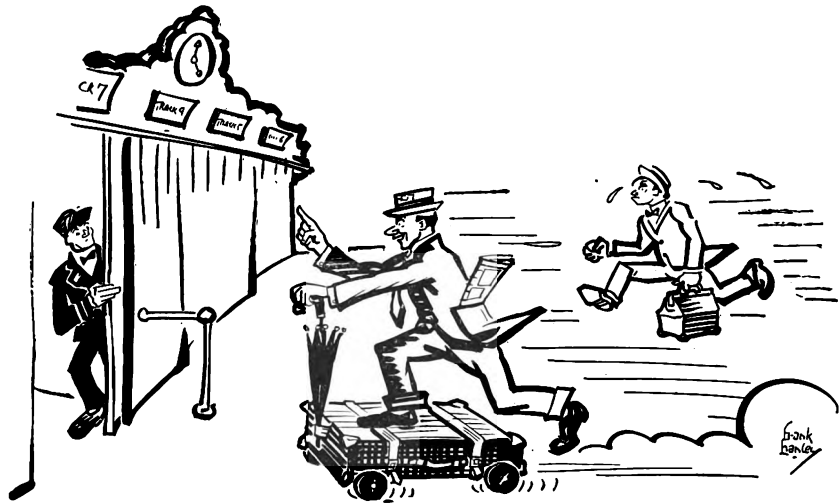
If the one-piece bathing suit gets any scantier it's going to be hard trying to locate the one piece.

The only person who feels overdressed in a bathing suit is a chorus girl.

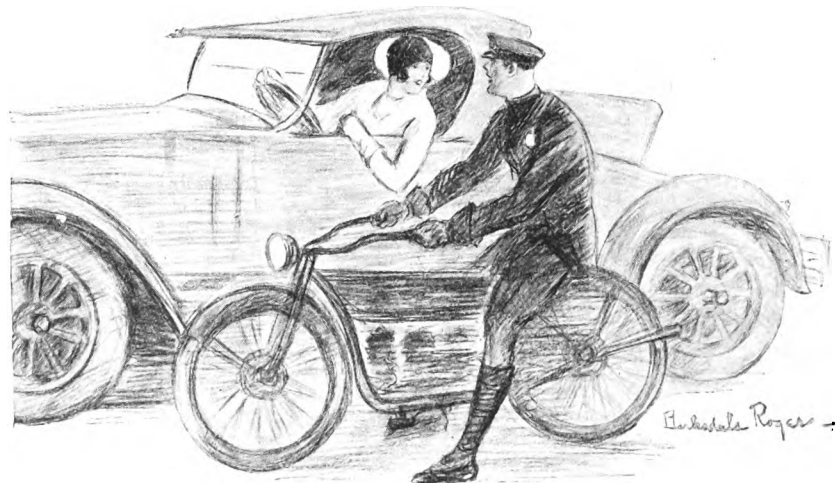
Lifeguards as well as gentlemen prefer blondes. Sidney Skolsky



"All's a matter o' us, Sis, is we're only twenty years too young."



The Kiddie Kar Valise. Very much appreciated in traveling, where a few seconds count.



OFFICER—You are under arrest for speeding.
GIRL MOTORIST—Why, officer, this isn't my car!

KRAZY KRACKS

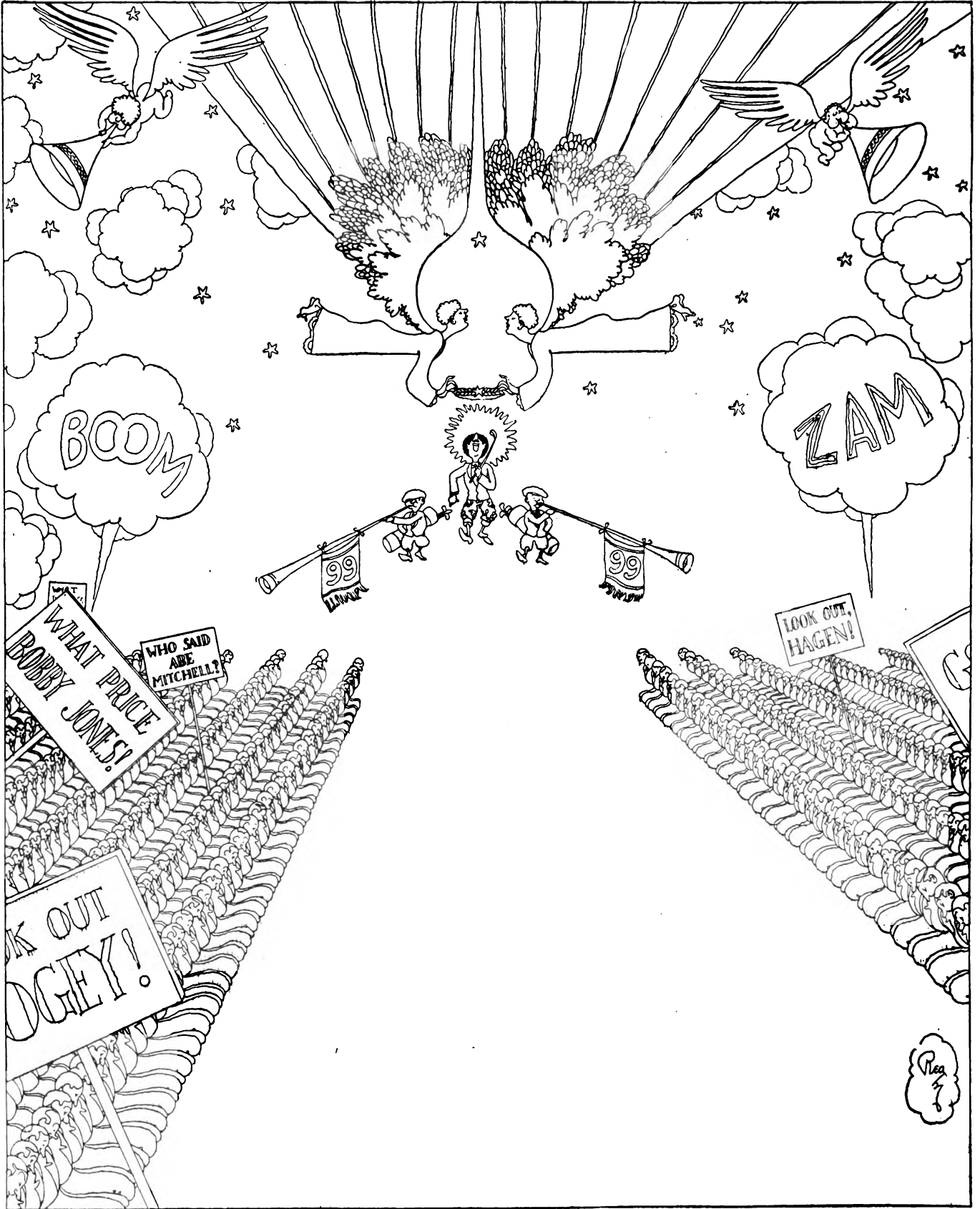
Give a sentence with the word



Sumatra.
Java."



"What Su-
m a t r a ? J a v a
p u n c t u r e ?"



WHAT MOST OF US HONESTLY EXPECT IN THE WAY OF APPRECIATION, WHEN WE FIRST BREAK 100



HIGH HAT

C. W. Taylor, of Palm Beach, Fla., sends in a beverage that's got me toppling right on the edge of the water wagon, which vehicle I've been riding for the past three weeks. . . . it sure is a mouth waterer. . . . Mr. Taylor calls it the "Quaker," because it knows its oats. . . . Ice a coconut, take three parts of the chilled milk, one part Gordon Water, a dash of lime juice and a bit of grated nutmeg. . . . Mr. Taylor, this country needs *more* men like you.

Here's where we give Marion Harland a run for her money and burst right out loud in this here now column with a cooking recipe. . . . next week we'll probably be printing Household Hints and how to make a pair of pants for Willie out of father's knickers. . . . the occasion for this said outburst is caused by one Mr. Wallach, of our own glorious metropolis, who sends in the recipe for a Crepe Suzette. . . . Here it is, folks. . . . French pancake—fill with mint jelly—roll—fry—place in deep dish and cover with Bacardi. Ignite the Bacardi and let it burn out and then go to it!

While we are on the subject, S. J. B., writing from Syrucuse suggests a new punch known as "Flapper's Delight" Fancy that! 1 quart Sherry, 6 oranges, 1 can of pineapples, 3 lemons, 1 pint of cherries and 1 pint of Gordon Water. Mix fruit with Sherry and let it stand 48 hours. Then add Gordon Water and a quart of plain water and see how long it stands!

And while we are on the subject, "Dick Merriwell," of Penn (I don't think that's his real name), sends in the "Punxsutawney Cooler" Dick explains that Punxsutawney is the town where they sell whips for Fords the recipe for the "Punxsutawney Cooler" from Punxsutawney goes as follows a tall thin glass (that's easy!), two heaping tablespoonfuls of Vanilla ice cream—stir into a creamy substance, add a hooker of Gordon Water and fill with Ginger Ale the gentleman from Punxsutawney states that you must keep stirring while you drink I can't make out whether he means keep moving about Punxsutawney or not. . . .

By the way, while we're on the subject, Mr. Mourer, of Washington, says that out in the wilds of Dakota they drink Notre Dame Specials, originally invented by "Midnight" Murphy, Notre Dame '24. . . . Before I go any further let me tell you that Mr. Mourer thinks the Younger Set Number is the best issue of JUDGE since Yale beat Harvard and that they ought to let me be the Editor (JUDGE, please copy!) 1 part Gordon Water, 3 teaspoons of Absinthe, 1 pint of Muscatel and the juice of 4 oranges. . . . Mr. Mourer, we thank you . . . next week, a dandy recipe for fudge.

- The Six Best "Steppers:"
 "Don You Cheat" (*The Blonde Sinner*).
 "Lips" (*The Blonde Sinner*).
 "Whispering Song" (*The Blonde Sinner*).
 "Black Bottom" (*Scandals*).
 "Ting-a-ling" (*Cocoanuts*).
 "On the Riviera" (*No Show*).

Judge Jr.

The Last Laugh

SLOWLY but surely, step by step, the little old man made his way along the crowded city streets. Every few seconds he would pause to rest, and lean against the side of a building until he gained strength enough to continue his journey.

Hours later he stopped for his last rest before the ornate entrance of a huge gray stone building, and then pulling himself upright he entered the gilded doorway, and as one familiar with every foot of the way, walked slowly toward the cashier's cage at the back of the building.

After a moment or so of fumbling in an inner pocket he pulled out a crumpled bill and a small time worn booklet and pushed them through the wicket. Then with a sudden movement he smacked the cashier on the nose, threw his cane through the plate glass window, and with shouts of glee went dashing out into the street.

He had made the final payment on his installment plan radio.

Jack Shuttleworth



HER FIRST COTILLON WITH DASHING BRUCE GINSBERG

TALK IS CHEAP

Here is a good laugh on the commuter. Little Hubert Parks was on the ferry with his mother. Suddenly he nudged her, and pointing to a lady who sat nearby, inquired, "Who's that, mumsey?" "Why, that is a Sister of Charity, dear," replied the clever housewife. "Which one, mumsey, Faith or Hope?" shot back Hubert. This filthy little wise-cracker got what he deserved.



FIFTY-TWO WEEKS WITH PAY

JUDGE on the BENCH



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

Ole Bill

It's not for nothing, of course—Nature never hangs out her signs without cause—that Bill Borah runs to longish hair and flowing ties, to the wide-brimmed campaign hat and the rotund phrase. Bill at heart is a showman. If he weren't in the United States Senate helping to bedevil our foreign relations and championing the Volstead Law, one would expect to find him on the back end of a cart peddling patent medicines, or just outside the big tent selling tickets.

This key trait of his explains a great many things in his picturesque career. It explains, for instance, why he could go down to Augusta, Ga., and with a perfectly straight face thunder forth to the Protestant Ministers Association on the wickedness of "nullifying" the Constitution, meaning, of course, the Eighteenth Amendment. He knew, and his hearers knew, that Georgia, with the consent and approval of its ministers, has been "nullifying" the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution for more than half a century. He knew, and his hearers knew, that the forces of Prohibition, with the enthusiastic support of most Protestant ministers, have been "nullifying" the Fourth and Seventh Amendments to the Constitution ever since Prohibition became a national law. He knew, and his hearers knew, that in their zeal against the teaching of evolution, or their mania for a blue Sunday, virtually all the Protestant ministers in the South are working to-day tooth and nail to accomplish the "nullification" of the First Amendment to the Constitution. But he never referred to these other examples of nullification. Instead—

"Eats 'em alive! Eats 'em alive! Step right in, lay-dees and gentil-men, and see the only original Nulli-fee-cay-shun in captivity. A monster never before seen in these pahnts! Impo'ted by the Liquor Int'rests! Feeds on con-stee-too-shuns and swallows gover'ments at a bite . . ."

* * * * *

Quite as brazen, coming from Borah, was his suggestion in the same speech that "if neither of our political parties will take a definite stand on the liquor question, then let the people organize another party which will be loyal to the Constitution of the United States."

Has he forgotten that third parties have been formed ere this to further the objects he has advocated with all his eloquence, and that on each occasion, when the time has come for him to flaunt the new banner and brave the consequences, he has found it convenient to linger within the protecting folds of the G. O. P.? No, he has

not forgotten, but such memories rarely shame your true showman. "The public likes to be humbugged," said Barnum, among other things.

The First Hundred Years

JUST one hundred years ago Philip Hone, born in 1780, was Mayor of New York City. The *World* has been printing extracts from his diary which show him to have been a man of education and breeding and also of warm human feeling and common sense. The following extract is typical:

Tuesday, June 21, 1831.—The usual exertions are now making to prevent the erection of booths on the approaching Fourth of July. A memorial was presented last evening to the Common Council to have them forbidden, which was signed by 1,300 or 1,400 persons. This is all nonsense, and so I told them when they called upon me to sign their memorial. It is an easy way to satisfy the immense number of persons, citizens and others, who celebrate this great and only national festival, and although from the situation of my house I am more annoyed than other people, I would not have it stopped. The selling of spiritous liquors in these booths is after all the only solid objection, but I think it better that business should be carried on openly in Broadway than in holes and corners, cellars and brothels, at the Five Points, or in Walnut street, which would otherwise inevitably be the case.

It should be remarked that Mr. Hone was not Mayor when he wrote this. But kindly compare this man and his sentiments with the kind of public man and the brand of official sentiments we get to-day and then ask yourself how far we have traveled on the road to civilization in the last hundred years. If the unit of measurement is hypocrisy we have done a Marathon.

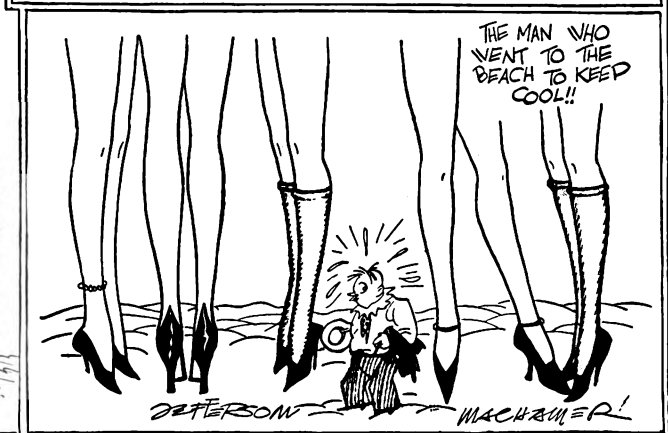
We Can't Brag

LET us suppose that the World War had broken out between two groups of States on this continent, and that the group which eventually became victorious had borrowed vast sums of money for the prosecution of the war from Europe. And let us suppose that in the end Europe, as a unit, had itself entered the war on the side of the States in its debt and helped them to victory. Would Europe also have canceled the debts owed her by these States, and if not, would Americans be addressing her now as "Uncle Shylock," or its equivalent, mutilating her monuments, insulting her tourists?

Very possibly. A people that will spend during the current fiscal year a minimum of \$41,000,000 to do to the liquor business exactly what Mayor Hone so sensibly deprecated 100 years ago has no monopoly of logic.

W. M. H.

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS =



JUDGING the SHOWS II

By JUDGE JUNIOR
Pinch-hitting for George Jean Nathan



Now I know why George Nathan went to Europe so suddenly. He must have heard "My Magnolia" was going to open!

"My Magnolia" is listed as an all-colored musical comedy in two acts and eight scenes, but probably by the time this masterly review reaches the newsstands it will be a thing of the dark past. Being an honest Dramatic Critic I must admit to only seeing five scenes of the first act, because as the sixth started my eye fell on the Fire Notice at the head of the program. I chose the nearest exit but had a difficult time beating some of my neighbors to the street. In fact, I think I recognized one of them as the Fire Commissioner himself. The only way to rate this all-colored musical gem is to think of the worst white musical show you've ever seen and then say "My Magnolia" is a shade worse. With the exception of one young colored gentleman who does a remarkable clog dance sitting down, and a song, "Gallop in' Dominoes," there isn't anything in this bologna (ah, there, George!) to put it above the Yonkers High School annual show. What this city needs is a Play Jury to pass on shows before they are produced and smother such wienerschnitzels (ah, there, George!) as "My Magnolia" before they are hoisted on a poor public. It might be called the S. P. C. P. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Playgoers.)

IF GENTLEMEN really prefer blondes, "The Blonde Sinner" ought to make "Abie's Irish Rose" look like a one-night stand, for there are no less than four blonde females in the cast and one sandy-haired sheik. Leon De Costa, who is credited with writing this dingus (ah, there, George!) evidently noticed that "The Bat"

"Ziegfeld Revue" (Globe)—No foolin' it's a good show, and there's not a bit of nudity in it!

"My Magnolia" (Mansfield)—Awful.

"The Blonde Sinner" (Cort)—Enid Markey is darn cute.

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—Regular Winter Garden stuff.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Good show. (Ah, there, George!)

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Great show starring Marilyn Miller.

"Scandals" (Apollo)—Great show starring Buster West.

"Kongo" (Biltmore)—Blah!

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Shubert)—Blah! Blah!

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Well worth seeing.

"Great God Brown" (Klaw)—Also well worth seeing.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Mediocre comedy.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Take your wife to this just before she house cleans.

"Sex" (Daly's)—See "Kongo."

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—Musical version of "If I Were King."

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—Funny no end.

"Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—Bobby Perkins, Bobbie Perkins, Bobbie Perkins.

"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes.

"The Merry World" (Imperial)—Pretty good.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—Tepid music show with one good song.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—The music saves this one.

"Is Zat So?" (46th St.)—Yes.

"The House of Usher" (40th St.)—Cold.

"Abie's Irish Rose" (Republic)—It seems there was an Irishman and a Jew.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—See "Sex."

"Love in a Mist" (Gaiety)—Or how Madge Kennedy kept a show going.

"Vanities" (Earl Carroll)—Joe Cook.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—People think it's funny.

"At Mrs. Beam's" (Guild)—Good show.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Claiborne Foster saves this one.

"Grand Street Follies" (Neighborhood)—Not so hot.

"Pyramids" (Cohan)—Reviewed next week.

"Honest Liars" (Harris)—Also reviewed next week.

was a huge success, "Tip-Toes" a wow, and "Cradle Snatchers" a sell-out, so he decided to make a hash of the three and knock 'em dead. About all he succeeded in doing was knocking them into a state of coma.

"The Blonde Sinner" is something brand new in the theater. It is a mystery farce with music. There is much running about by three of the gurlies that gentlemen prefer, doors open and shut continuously and two revolver shots, accompanied by screams and the blinking of lights, is the cue for a song, in which the blonde sheik lets go with such rhymes as:

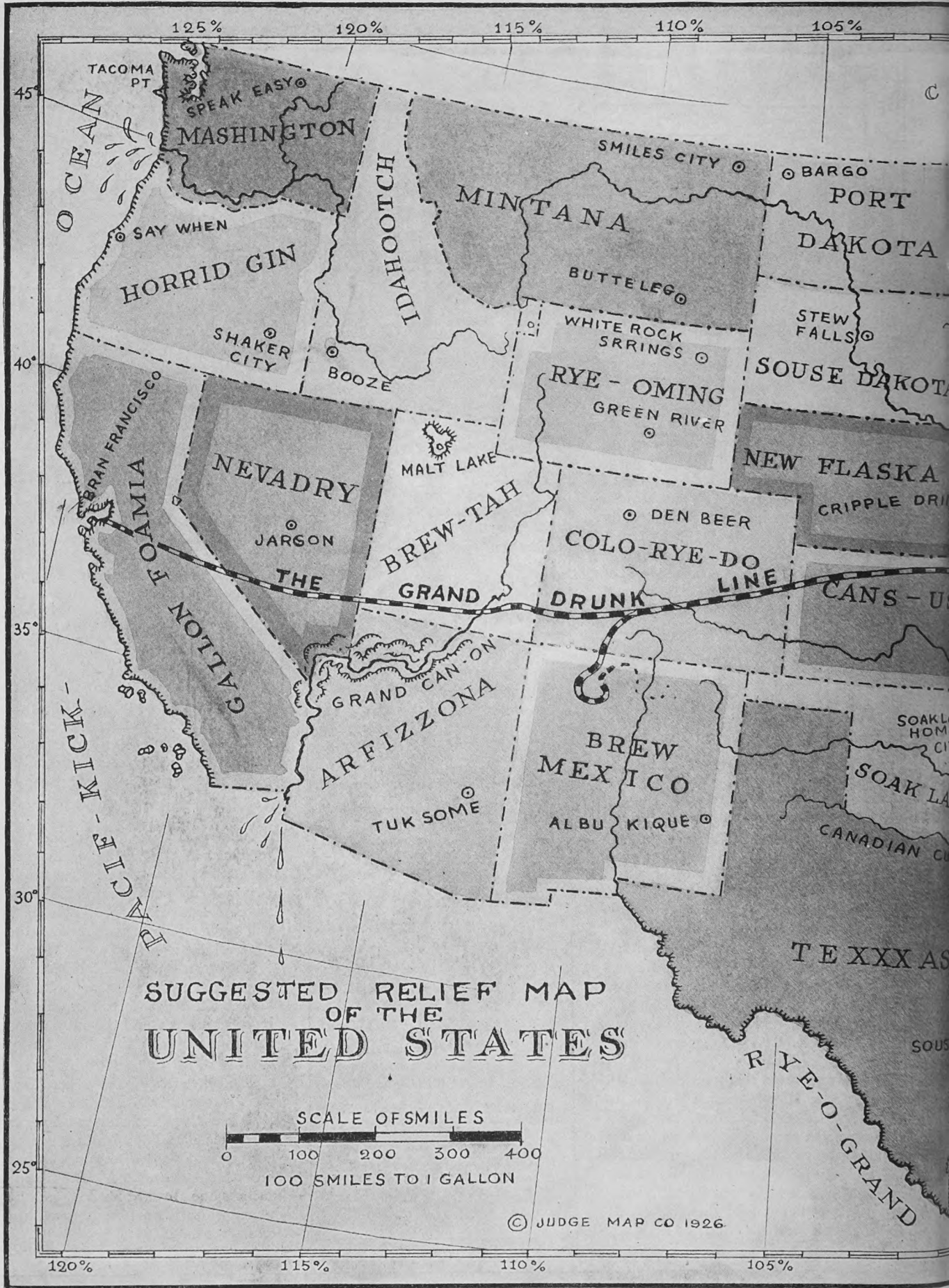
"I could tell you offhanded.
But you might be offended.

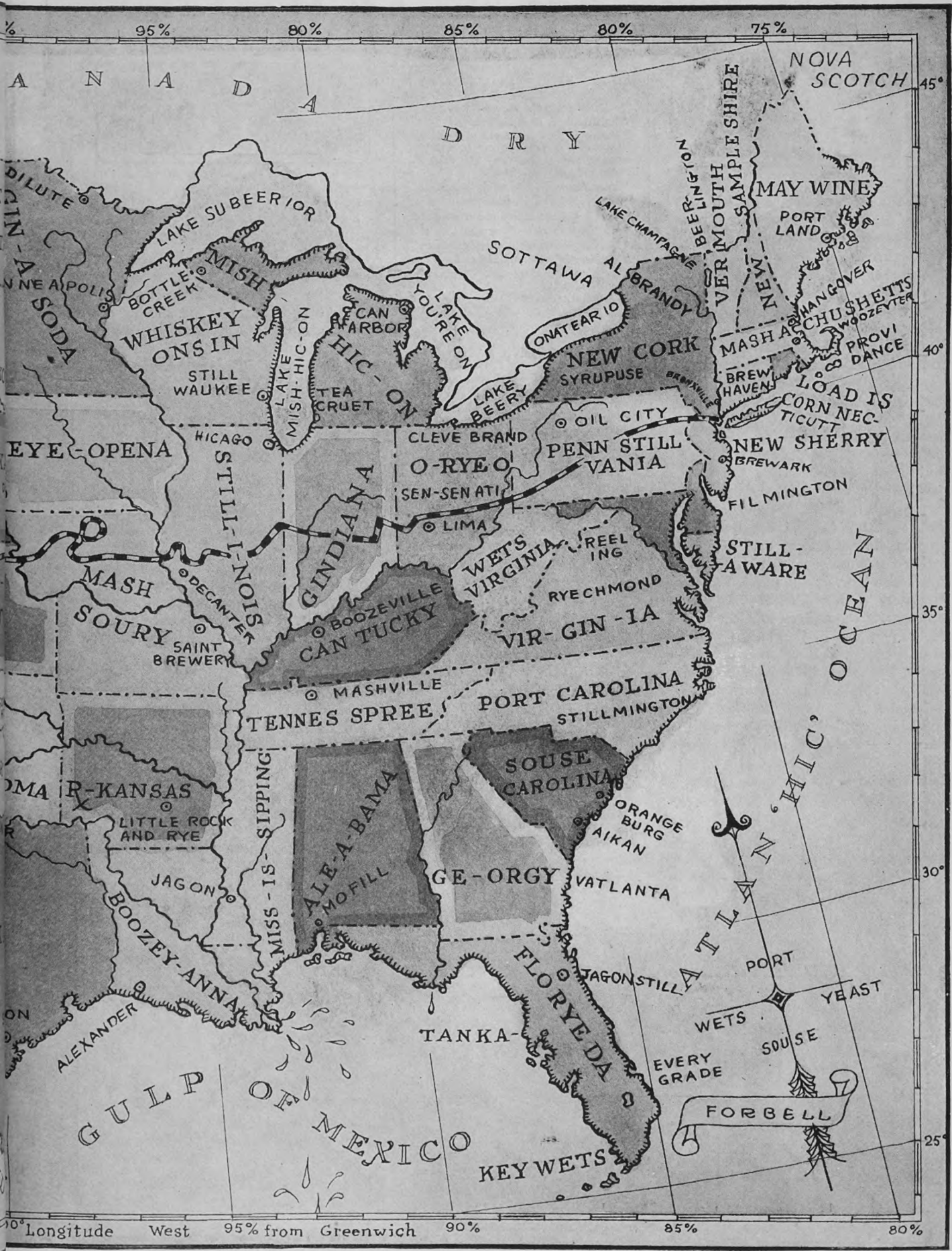
Then the flat-footed stage detective sends the audience (at least that part that came in on passes, which was about 98 per cent. the night I saw it) into convulsions by reading from the paper that "Erysipelas kills two old women" and adding, "I'll bet that Greek gets the chair!"

In spite of these things, and two terrible acts, "The Blonde Sinner" has some good stuff in it. The music is very lively and three of the songs which I have listed in "High Hat" will probably be heard around the town all summer.

And then there's Enid Markey. There isn't anyone can put over the "dumb little dear" stuff as appealingly as she can and the intensesness she develops with that little husky voice of hers is remarkable.

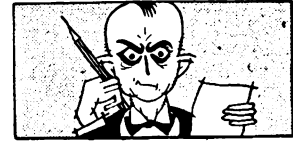
The other three blondes are Marjorie Gateson, who Elizabeth Hines it all over the place, a maid who does a terrible Charleston, and a young lady named Ruth Stevans who has an idea she can dance. The blonde sheik is one Howard St. John and he wears white flannel trousers with a dinner coat.





JUDGING the MOVIES I

by William Morris Houghton



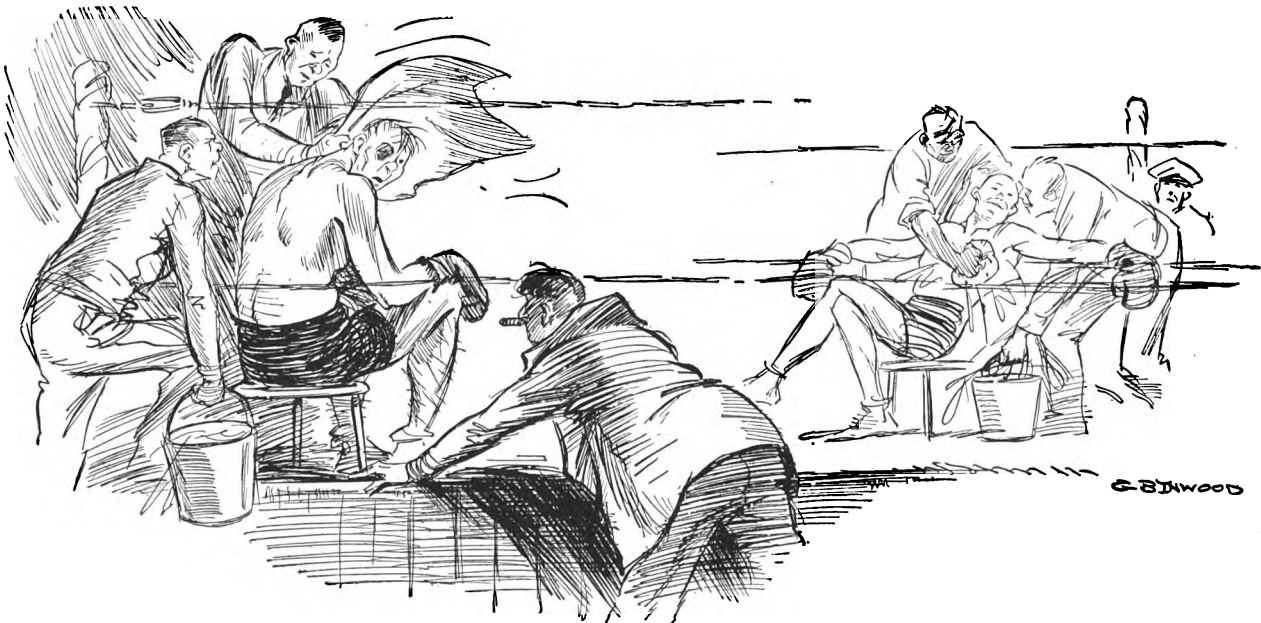
SINCLAIR LEWIS's latest book, "Mantrap," has been out hardly more than a month. Yet already we may view the picture by the same name, taken from the book. This indeed is Enterprise, and so far as I know establishes a record for the works of any author above the rank of Zane Grey. But "there is a reason." "Mantrap," for all its pedigreed authorship, is merely a sentimental melodrama of the great open spaces. The report is current that Mr. Lewis began it as a burlesque of just this sort of thing, but became interested in the plot and decided to play it straight. In any event, it is perfect movie material, so much so that one may be excused for believing that it was written with one eye, or possibly an eye and a half, on the movie rights. Certainly, its availability for the screen must have been made known to the paragons of Paramount while still the story was in manuscript, and plans laid then to synchronize as nearly as might be picture with publication.

The picture follows the story with hardly an alteration until close to the end. Then, it seems to me, it improves on it for the space of one

- "The Big Parade"—Haven't you been yet?
- "Ben-Hur"—Prodigious spectacle.
- "Sea Beast"—A truly big flop.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—Part of your education.
- "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"—Excellent comedy with Menjou.
- "Mare Nostrum"—Too much Ibanez.
- "La Bohème"—Lillian Gish.
- "Irene"—Colleen Moore and a wardrobe.
- "The Black Pirate"—Doug struts his stuff.
- "The Bat"—Exciting mystery drama.
- "The Barrier"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
- "The Crown of Lies"—Pola Negri in the queen business.
- "The Flaming Frontier"—Poor Custer!
- "For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd farce.
- "A Social Celebrity"—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
- "Kiki"—Bowdlerized with Norma Talmadge.
- "Brown of Harvard"—Yale man fecit.
- "Hell Bent for Heaven"—Melodrama with food.
- "The Greater Glory"—One long yawn.
- "The Wilderness Woman"—Plenty of comedy with Chester Conklin.
- "Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
- "Wet Paint"—Don't touch it!
- "Paris"—Apache melodrama.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
- "Say It Again"—For Richard Dix fans.
- "Ella Cinders"—Colleen Moore.
- "Good and Naughty"—Clever farce with Pola.
- "The Volga Boatman"—Florid de Mille.
- "The Brown Derby"—Johnny Hines.
- "The Palm Beach Girl"—Roughing it with Bebe.
- "Lovey Mary"—Genteel classic jazzed.
- "Puppets"—Little Italy and Milton Sills.
- "The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chuncy overdoes.
- "Variety"—In which Emil Jannings lives up to his reputation.
- "Silence"—Melodrama which begins with pompadours in the nineties.
- "It's the Old Army Game"—W. C. Fields lost in a jungle of gags.
- "Up in Mabel's Room"—Bedroom farce.

episode. Joe Easter and Ralph Prescott are debating what shall be done with Alverna, Joe's little flapper wife, who has run away with Prescott. Alverna listens just long enough to get the full flavor of their paternalism and then lets them know in picturesque flapperese exactly where they get off, presuming to settle her affairs for her. The three are seated at the edge of a lake in the Northern Canadian wilderness. In the book they wrangle for days until finally, at Winnipeg, she leaves them for Minneapolis. But in the picture she "cuts the comedy" by jumping into Joe Easter's power canoe and, before they can divine her purpose, making off down the lake for civilization and freedom. "Come back here," yells Joe, to which she responds with an impudent laugh. "Remember, you still bear my name," he calls after her. "So does your old man," she screams back at him, and disappears.

If only both book and picture might have ended here, with husband and lover looking dumfounded after the departing woman whose ownership they had been disputing. But the book goes on to an anti-climax, elaborating Joe Easter's god-like



MANAGER—Listen, kid. All that bird knows about fightin' you could put in your eye!

Movie Plot Contest No. 2

Thicken the Plot Yourself!

Below is printed the basis of a typical movie plot with great open spaces. Copy this plot on a separate piece of paper and fill in the spaces, or use the form below if you wish. JUDGE will pay \$25 for the best filled in plot. By best, we mean the cleverest and funniest. One of these plots will be run each week, and a prize of \$5 given each week for the best one. In case two or more Contestants each submit the same winning plot each will receive the prize. You may submit as many plots as you wish. Contest No. 2 closes August 21, and the winning plot will be published in the September 11 issue. Send your plots to the **MOVIE PLOT EDITOR OF JUDGE**, 627 West 43d Street, New York.

On New York's lower
lived a poor little who
had to work hard for
One day finds a
that had been dropped by a wealthy
..... of Fifth Avenue. Finding
that it contains
..... returns. owner
..... so, falling in love.....
..... they live.

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 18)

self-effacement for his friend, Ralph; and the picture brings wife back to husband, of course, of course. How else manage the final embrace?

The picture is beautifully cast, with major honors going to Clara Bow as Alverna, the flapper. Sinclair Lewis could hardly write a thing that did not show some mark of distinction. In "Mantrap" the character of Alverna is that mark. Even so, Clara Bow goes him one better, thanks in part to the subtitles. I wish I could remember the name of the subtitle writer, for he, or she, deserves a crown. You look for it when they flash all those names at you just before the opening scene.

Ernest Torrence, as you can appreciate, makes a perfect Joe Easter, fur trader and far-north philosopher; and Percy Marmont does well as a tenderfoot to whom a flapper would fasten like glue. And I think Victor Fleming, the director, deserves a hand, too, because, among other things, he didn't put the forest fire into the picture. God bless you, Victor!

"Can your fiancée keep a secret?"
"I should think she can. We were engaged two or three weeks before I knew a thing about it." —*Tit Bits*



A Modern Method of Cleanliness

Because it cleanses the mouth and teeth, removes odors of dining or smoking and renders the user acceptable in any company, the regular use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets is not only an acknowledged benefit, but it is an unmistakable mark of refinement.

To use Wrigley's is really to show thought for the feelings and the favor of your companions.

They prefer a sweet breath!

Wrigley's is a delightful refreshment enjoyed by people of all ages, and it is more—it is an antiseptic mouth cleanser—it is a preserver of teeth—an aid to digestion—a guardian of good health!

*Comes to you fresh and full
flavored, clean and wholesome*



*in this sanitary wax-wrapped
and wax-sealed package*



Investment Bureau



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A Steadier Pace

by Theodore Williams

THE comeback of the securities market from its low for the year has been so orderly as to conceal much of the manipulation that no doubt has been going on. There has been an appearance of naturalness and normalcy. The furor of reckless speculation has been absent, and the recoveries and further advances have been most notable in issues of sterling character. In other words, stocks which are really worth something like the prices they bring have fared the best in the return upward. Traders seem to have been paying heed mainly to those intrinsic values which alone entitle corporation issues to good standing on the exchanges. For a time, at least, the relation between earnings, surpluses, dividends and outlooks,

and the current quotations has been closer than it often is. On that hangs the conclusion that widespread accurate knowledge of the underlying conditions would prove a wonderfully stabilizing influence in the market. Stocks would not rush up or down wildly on the strength of sensational rumors and mere guesses, but would pursue a fairly even course. Speculation would be no longer blind and irrational, but based on familiarity with the facts. Thus there would be a real stock market free from the pernicious gambling features that too frequently disturb and discredit it.

As prices remount their high horses, cautious riding again becomes necessary. If former peak figures are seen in many cases to have been justified from an investment point of view, this does not furnish a reason for further and excessive advances. Beyond present quotations there should be no rises unwarranted by the fundamental statistics in each case. The state of business should be carefully and intelligently followed and no issue should be purchased by the average individual which is not sustained by profitable industrial or commercial activity. The leading old-timers in the stock market are more likely hereafter to sell on a moderate interest basis, and speculative chances may lie with the promising newcomers or the rejuvenated issues that are still low priced. Business in general is so flourishing that it assures an excellent future for the investment issues. The conservative investor will watch for recessions before he buys the higher priced stocks, and for favorable developments before he risks money on the less valuable ones.

Answers to Inquiries

W., NEW YORK CITY: Missouri, Kansas and Texas preferred stock is paying \$6 yearly and it seems like an excellent business man's purchase. There are arrears in dividends which may in time be paid and in that case the stock would be a

good speculative buy. There has been much talk of merging this road with others. If this should occur the whole situation might be changed.
S., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: Continental Can and Owens Bottle Company have both been making fair returns to their stockholders. They are only ordinarily good issues without any particularly bright speculative prospects. Much better and safer purchase than these stocks would be Standard Gas and Electric 8 per cent. pd. paying \$4 yearly on par (\$50) and selling at about \$55.

B., KENDALL, N. Y.: The Eaton Axle & Spring Company's earnings so far this year have shown a substantial increase over those for the same period in 1925. The company is earning its dividend by a good margin and its outlook is very promising, according to official reports. The latest dividend was paid on August 1. The Freeport Texas Company reports an improved business and fair earnings, which excite expectations that it will in course of time be able to declare dividends. There are, however, numerous stocks already making returns which are preferable purchases. One of these is Chandler Cleveland pd., paying \$4 yearly and yet quoted lower than Freeport Texas.

R., NEW YORK CITY: Glidden Company's common stock would no doubt sell higher than around 16 were the \$2 dividend secure beyond doubt. Net earnings during the first half of this year shrank considerably because of the adverse effect of unseasonable weather on the company's business. The company's president speaks optimistically of the outlook for the next six months, but the latter part of the year is usually less profitable to the oil and paint business than the earlier months. As the company has paid only a few quarterly dividends since it resumed payments on common, this stock is not in the investment class, but is a semi-speculative business man's purchase.

J., POULTNEY, VT.: The International Paper Company is the greatest producer of paper in the world, and is also about to become one of the leading public utility corporations of this continent. On the rivers flowing through its immense forest possessions in Canada it is to develop a colossal hydro-electric enterprise which should eventually prove immensely profitable from sales of electricity to Canadian cities and business establishments. The company is so good an earner even now that its preferred stock is an excellent business man's investment. You got your shares at so low a figure that you could well afford to hold them apart from the company's hydro-electric possibilities. With two big strings to its bow, the company's issues should some day materially increase in value.

L., PEORIA, ILL.: The firming up of Missouri Pacific R. R. preferred stock to which you refer was due to anticipation of dividend declarations by the Texas Pacific Railroad. The latter is controlled by Missouri Pacific, which would profit largely from Texas Pacific disbursements. In that event dividends might be possible on Missouri Pacific preferred and even payment of the arrears on the stock might be arranged for. The preferred shares are 5 per cent. cumulative and payment of back dividends would reduce current price to a point where the yield on investment would be very satisfactory. So the stock at present is one of the good speculations.

M., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: A prominent banker is quoted as saying that U. S. Steel common, General Motors common and N. Y. Central are in a race for the \$200 level. He may be a true prophet, but at this date he can't prove it. If you have a handsome profit on your General Motors shares it would, according to a rule in Wall street, certainly be safer to sell than to hold them. I cannot positively advise you on that point. You will have to decide for yourself.

L., LOUISVILLE, KY.: The late land boom in Florida occasioned the organization of numerous companies aiming to sell first mortgage real estate bonds based on property in that State. Authoritative statements have been made that there are too many of these concerns in existence and that the stocks they are trying to float should not be bought without rigid investigation. I know nothing about the company you mention, but it is plainly a new venture and its shares only a speculation. Better invest in a time-tried and seasoned dividend payer.

Y., OMAHA, NEB.: The new 5½ per cent. first and refunding mortgage bonds of the Iowa Southern Utilities Company may prudently be invested in. The company furnishes electric light and power to 125 thriving communities without competition. The bonds are well secured and earnings are more than twice the company's interest charges. The bonds were offered at a price to yield about 5.7 per cent.

K., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.: The forecast that the securities market will have two "tops" this year was naturally based on the recent recovery of prices to the extent of about 75 per cent. What the exact second peak may be is a less important matter than whether it can be maintained. The question arises, will there be a second disastrous slump also this year? If so, the latest comers into the market will be the worst hurt. When prices become plainly inflated it will be time to get out of it.

C., NORTH ADAMS, MASS.: Owing to the high price of corn the Corn Products Refining Com-

SHORT TERM 8% BONDS

Maturities—2 to 8 years;

Security—First mortgages on new, income-producing buildings; first lien on income; monthly advance payments on interest and principal collected from the borrower by trustee;

Trustee: Trust Company of Florida, operating under state banking supervision;

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*First Mortgage Bonds at 8%
\$100 Bonds, \$500 Bonds, \$1000 Bonds
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TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
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MIAMI, FLORIDA

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State..... 215

pany made a comparatively poor showing in 1925, but with the present low price of corn there are better possibilities for 1926. The market price of the shares is excessive for a dividend of only \$2.25. You can get a higher return by acquiring other industrials that are fully as sound as Corn Products.

L., FORT EDWARD, N. Y.: Even if you had had much experience in the Stock Market, the best advice that could be given one of your limited savings would be to buy first-class first mortgage real estate bonds to the extent of your ability. It would be wise to keep a \$500 deposit in the savings bank as an emergency fund. But beyond that it would be well to put your cash into the bonds. Only be sure that you deal with a responsible bond house. There are several of these with headquarters in this city.

T., TRENTON, N. J.: The radio boom is over for the present, and only concerns in this group that are doing a sound business are making money. Many of the companies which sprang up a year or two ago have justly lost the confidence of the public and their stocks are of little value. A good radio apparatus is a better investment than are the shares of most of the radio companies.

J., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: The prospects of the oil industry at this time are fairly good, but not brilliant. Oil companies' stock have not yet displayed the strength that many have persistently predicted for them. There is, to be sure, a vast and increasing consumption of oil and its products in this country, but the production is not falling off to any material extent. In fact, some oil men expect it to keep on enlarging from year to year as new fields continue to be discovered in this and other lands. Only a few oil stocks are making liberal returns to stockholders, and you would find in the industrial and public utility groups a "better run for your money."

C., FORT WORTH, TEX.: If the asserted prospects of the Moon Motor Car Company materialize the stock should start uphill once more before long. It is anticipated that the company's latest model will have a big sale, and that the third quarter of this year will be the largest in its history. The shares look like an excellent speculative purchase, if no more.

N., BOSTON, MASS.: The Burroughs Adding Machine Company's common stock is getting to be quite attractive. The latest quarterly dividend on this issue was \$1 regular and \$1 extra. All the remaining preferred stock (over \$11,000,000 in amount) has been called for redemption at 105 on September 20. The retirement of the preferred will considerably strengthen the position of the common. The market price has discounted some of the possible improvement and Crucible Steel 7 per cent. preferred (selling a little higher) is a more desirable issue.

P., HUDSON, N. Y.: Net profit of the American Chiclet Company for the six months ending June 30, 1925, equalled \$2.03 per share on common stock. This was an increase as compared with profit for the first half of 1925. It may be inferred, therefore, that the 7 per cent. prior preference stock is well assured of its dividend.

X., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.: The failure of negotiations for the sale of the White Star Line to British interests was concededly a setback for the International Mercantile Marine Company. The money that would have been received by it for the ships would have much bettered its financial position. The preferred stock declined on the adverse news and until some good news comes out its speculative outlook will be far from bright. You will fare better should you buy a standard dividend payer.

W., TOLEDO, O.: The refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to grant a 5 per cent. horizontal freight rate increase to the Northwestern railroads caused some selling of the stocks of the affected lines. But a clause in the commission's decision to the effect that the roads cannot stand lower charges was a negative assurance that they will not have to reduce the rates. Moreover, there are inequalities to be remedied to the probable benefit of both roads and farmers. The roads have been doing passably well as it is, and you should not be alarmed into selling your Northern Pacific shares.

D., WHEELING, W. VA.: The Seaboard Air Line's traffic continues to grow fast and it has had to plan improvements and betterments in order to increase its facilities. The road's future financing will be effected by the sale of additional first and consolidated 6 per cent. bonds. Those that have been afloat for years yield about 6½ per cent. to maturity and are well secured. Owing to its expansion needs Seaboard is not likely to declare dividends soon, but its stocks are among the promising long pulls.

V., NASHVILLE, TENN.: The Middle States Utilities Company serves 1,638 communities in nineteen States and 371 other communities are served under contracts. The main part of the business is the supplying of gas and electricity for light, heat and power. Earnings are large and they amply assure dividends on the preferred stock. This stock is 7 per cent. cumulative and it is entitled to an additional \$1 yearly whenever common stock dividends exceed \$6 per year. That it is a well regarded issue is shown by the fact that it sells on a 6½ per cent. basis. The number of shares you propose to buy is judicious, considering your financial ability.

J., NEW ORLEANS, LA.: The Packard Motor Car Company has insisted on prospering in spite of recent pessimistic forecasts concerning the automobile industry. It has lately declared an extra dividend of 50 cents on its capital stock and also a 15 per cent. stock dividend. The latter step increases the capitalization to 3,000,000 shares of one class of stock, but the company has already declared three monthly dividends of 20 cents each on the new volume of stock payable on the last day of September, October and November respectively. This is at the rate of \$2.40 per year. The company is in sound financial condition and its earnings continue to improve. The stock's market price has largely discounted the new developments and so it would be entirely prudent for a holder to take a good profit.

S., BUFFALO, N. Y.: The steel industry has been making forward strides recently and this has been reflected in higher quotations for most of the steel stocks. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation's business has been improving to such an extent as to create hope that the dividend on common will some day be resumed. The stock firmed up on this prospect, but it may be still a rather long pull, and it will be safer for you to buy an actual dividend payer. The 7 per cent. pfd. is a better purchase.

G., MIFFLIN, PA.: As the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company is making good progress and is paying dividends on its preferred issues, it would seem wise to hold your shares. The 7 per cent. preferred is selling over par because of expectations, seemingly well founded, that the four years' arrears will eventually be cleared up. When this will occur can only be conjectured.

L., Sr. LOUIS, MO.: Paige Detroit Motor Car Company appears to be maintaining a good rate of progress. It seems to be fully earning the \$1.80 dividend on the common stock. The company's president lately gave a reassuring forecast of the business, and if he was right, the common stock at its present low figure is a worth while, semi-speculative purchase. The automobile industry is going ahead remarkably well, and it would be strange if Paige Detroit did not get its share of prosperity.

S., NEW YORK CITY: The first mortgage real estate bonds based on the proposed Lincoln Hotel in New York City, appear well secured and safe. The bonds should be regarded as an investment and should be held until they mature, when you will receive your money back without any loss. A brokerage house in this city is trying to establish an open market for bonds of this class. It could probably dispose of your holdings at any time if you wish to sell them, but at what price would depend on the state of the market. It might be that your loss would amount only to the broker's commission.

M., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.: Pennsylvania Railroad's report for 1925 was highly satisfactory, showing earnings of 12.46 per cent. on the capital stock (par \$50). The dividend of \$3 yearly was thus earned twice over. For the first six months of 1926 the net earnings exceeded those for the same period of 1925. The prospects of the company are so bright that there is a strong belief that the dividend will be increased. The company's financial condition is very sound, and the number of people who are buying the stock as a permanent investment is steadily increasing. You can safely join their ranks.

R., UTRICA, N. Y.: New York Air Brake Company's shares are quoted dear for a \$2 dividend issue. Buyers are looking forward, however, in view of the company's good showing. The net earnings for the first half of this year were greater than for the entire year of 1925. The company has retired all its A shares and has now but one class of stock, with an outstanding funded debt of only about \$2,000,000. Holders of the stock are figuring on an increase of the dividend to \$3 early next year, if not before. However, a switch from New York Air Brake to Amer. Steel Foundries common, selling at about the same price, but paying \$3 now, would be more advisable than to wait for an uncertain increased yield by New York Air Brake.

New York, July 31, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

A new booklet, "2% to 4% Extra." issued by the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla., tells how an investor, by switching from 6 to 8 per cent. securities, made in the course of ten years a signal increase in both capital and income. Other examples where various lesser sums were employed are also given. The company offers \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 first mortgage real estate bonds yielding 8 per cent. and obtainable on partial payments. The booklet (214) will be mailed by the company to any address.

The Milton Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., announces a booklet, "Before You Invest," which sets forth concisely the procedure followed in making the bond offerings sponsored by the corporation, shows the way in which these bonds are analyzed, and furnishes a method for measuring the real value of investments. The corporation deals in first mortgage real estate bonds safeguarded in the most approved manner. The booklet (J-724) will be sent by the corporation to any applicant.

How We Analyze Our First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

THIS BOOKLET has been prepared to illustrate the requirements of bonds of The Milton Strauss Corporation's offerings.

It will serve you as a guide in the intelligent selection of your future First Mortgage Bond Investments.

It shows how safety can be measured in terms of a generous margin of security and in the ratio of earnings to the plan of amortization.

Mail the coupon today!

THE MILTON STRAUSS CORPORATION

First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds
Penobscot Building Detroit, Mich.

.....COUPON.....

Please send me without obligation copy of booklet showing How You Analyze Your First Mortgage Bonds. J-37

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
are mighty good friends

If the Judge Investment Bureau can give you any help in safely investing them, the pleasure is all ours.

Address
Investment Bureau
Judge
627 West 43d Street, New York

HOW TO READ
and Understand the stock market quotation column of your newspaper and how to profit by market swings is explained in Free Booklet H.
PAUL KAYE 149 Broadway New York

Now!

A professional movie camera
for
AMATEURS' EASY USE



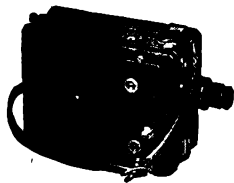
Experts at last perfect
Standard Film
Camera
for Everybody

DeVry

The DeVry Corporation, world noted makers of motion picture projectors, announces a new movie camera! At last, a motion picture camera with **STANDARD FILM** for your own private

Amazing Low Price
Only **\$15000**

use! It means real, clear-cut motion pictures in the home. It means you, too, now can take professional motion pictures and show them anywhere—this amazing new camera takes pictures that can be shown



in theatres, churches, school houses, every place where you see regular motion pictures—it means motion pictures of your children, friends, picnics, games, travel, the family circle—all the cherished pictures you want to preserve—in full theatre size and theatre clarity

any time. And yet, the price is lower than many motion picture cameras made for amateur use that require "off standard," narrow film which professionals do not use. Don't impair your negative by permitting it to be turned into a positive that you can't make clear prints from to give to your relatives and friends.

So Easy to Carry

Think! This wonderful new DeVry weighs only 9 lbs. And no tripod needed. Three view finders! Handsome, all metal grained leather finished case. Size 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 x 3 1/2. Accurate, automatic footage meter. Take it anywhere. Operates as easily as still camera. Also an



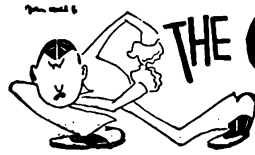
This is 25mm standard size used in all professional cameras and the new DeVry picture camera for amateur use. It is the only film that professionals can't use. It gives you real motion pictures for use either in the narrow film clear-cut showing and for preservation or the 25mm or 9mm

amazing exclusive feature—an action lock that actually lets you get into the scene yourself or direct the action while the camera goes on recording loved figures and scenes for the future.

Ask Your Dealer

All other standard automatic film motion cameras sell for \$350.00 and up! Many owners of the new DeVry earn big money taking pictures for theatres and the news reels. They cannot do this with off-standard cameras. And there are many other unusual features you should know about. Your dealer will gladly tell you in detail. Don't think of buying a motion picture camera without learning about this superior machine that gives you pictures that can always be reproduced. That can be shown in professional theatres or the home on a large screen exactly like the pictures in the movie houses. If your dealer cannot give you this information, write us direct. A post card will do. But do not delay. Learn about this wonderful standard film motion picture camera now offered to you at a price so amazingly low. Address

DEVRY CORPORATION
Dept. 8-G • 2112 Center St., Chicago, Ill.



THE CHEER LEADERS



Just a Voice

The sole survivor of a shipwreck had just been washed ashore on a desert island. No signs of life were visible so he started out on a tour of inspection.

Being afraid of cannibals or strange wild animals he moved very cautiously. As he neared the top of a small sand dune he suddenly heard a strange noise.

He crouched apprehensively not knowing what to expect and then suddenly he heard a voice say, "Who in — trumped that ace of mine?"

"Thank the Lord," murmured the man to himself, "there are Christians on this island!" —*Toronto Goblin*



"Have your dogs got licenses?"
"Yes, I can't seem to keep the little things off of them."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*



A blanket,
A Ford,
A kettle
Or two,
Nowhere to go
And nothing to do.
That's a tourist.

—*Colorado Dodo*



"Thought you had a date with Helen to-night?"

"Well, when I saw her leave her house at five minutes of eight with some one else, I got sore and called it off."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*



Street Cleaner—Say, bo, I got a new job.

Bo—What's you doing?

"Oh, I'm a street cleaner in Chapel Hill."

"Yeh, one of these little one-horse towns."

"Bo, you wouldn't believe it if you had my job."

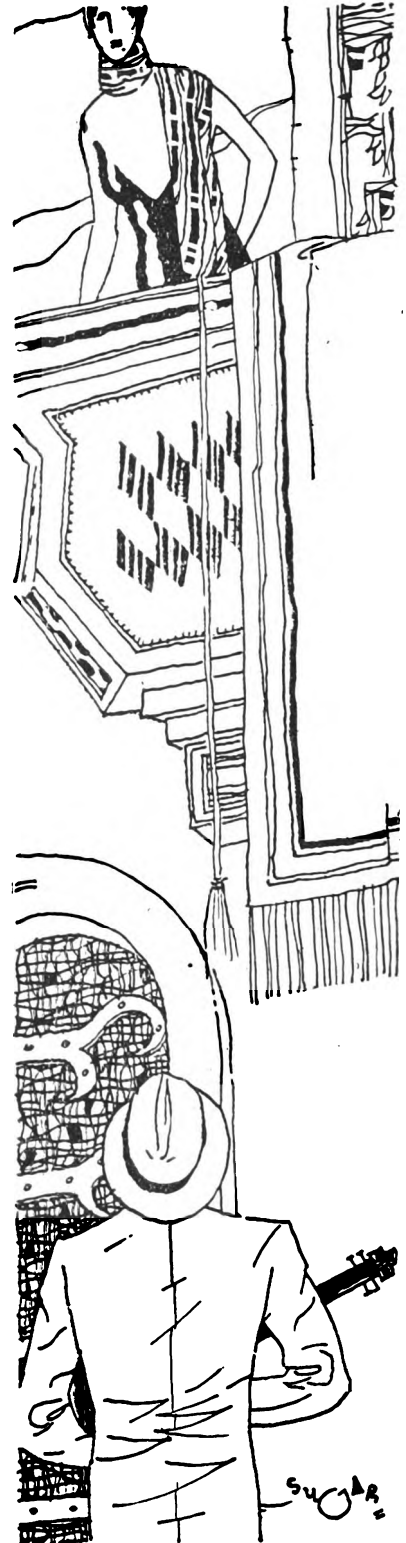
—*Carolina Buccaneer*



"Vot iss do lowest vorm of pestry?"

"A pun, vullish!"

—*Cornell Widow*



"Poor Mary, that was her third husband who committed suicide."

"Yes, it must have completely unmanned her."

—*C. C. N. Y. MERCURY*

A Sonnet

She walks in distant lands this
summer night.
I know not what warm skies above
her lean,
Nor where this bright moon veils in
mystic sheen
Her well-remembered form; a breeze
as light
And softly borne as this, from off the
white,
Cold brown of Alp may breathe on
the serene,
Clear beauty of her face; some dusky
scene
Of tropic splendor may enthrall her
sight;

Or the enchanted gardens of Cathay
May echo to her song, or some far
shore
I reckon not of may hold her—worlds
away—
I know not where she wanders ever-
more;
But I shall hear from her again, it's
true—
Some time before her alimony's due.
—Toronto Goblin

☞☞☞

"Bill and I are thinking of getting
a flivver together."
"Yes, but try and get one that
way!"
—M. I. T. Voo Doo

☞☞☞

"Won't you join us in a game of
bridge?"
"I don't play bridge."
"I was under the impression that
you did."
"I was once under that impression
myself."
—Notre Dame Juggler

☞☞☞

American—Is this a second-hand
store?
Jew—Yes, sir.
"Well, I want one for my watch."
—Orange Owl



For Comfort
and Mileage

Two of the Latest Song Hits
Have you heard them?
Few? — — — Few knew Susie?
Needy? — — — Needy pin daisies?
—Carolina Buccaneer

☞☞☞

A dachshund is half a dog high
by a dog and a half long.
—Carnegie Puppet

☞☞☞

Wife—How do I look in these hose?
Hubby—You don't have to look in
'em. Just turn 'em wrong side out.
—Oklahoma Whirlwind

AFTER SMOKING



Squibb's Dental Cream
Soothes irritated gums
Sweetens breath
Prevents acid decay
Keeps teeth and gums
clean and healthy

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM

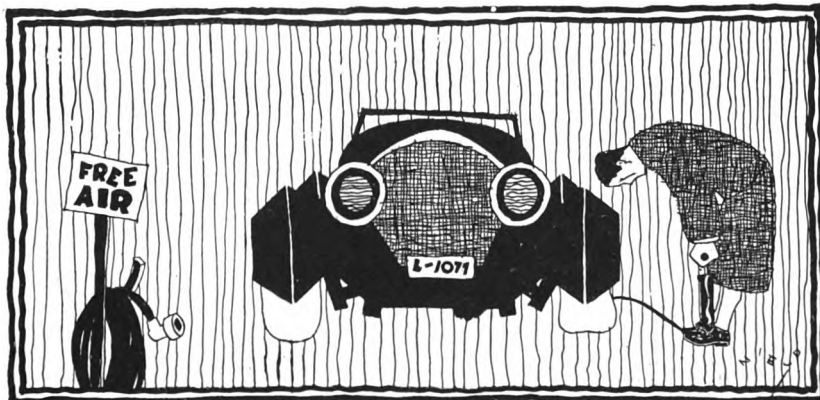
Always insist upon having



ABBOTT'S
Tonic Appetizer
For 52 Years BITTERS

Sample by mail, 25c
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Ye Compleat Snobb.

—CORNELL WIDOW

AnSCO Speedex Film—the red box with the yellow band—fits all roll-film cameras.



Mirrors of perfection— AnSCO Speedex Film

She sees the dainty tip of her powdered nose, but he sees all that AnSCO film can catch—every passing mood and charming pose.

AnSCO Speedex Film is the perfect recorder of each day's good times. Load your camera with it for better pictures.

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM
Pioneer Camera Makers of America
AnSCO—Binghamton, N. Y.

STOPS

AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34¢
75¢ & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Paris Montreal London

25 Years In Use

JUDGE

Date.....
JUDGE
627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

I want JUDGE for myself.
I have checked below the offer I accept.

CHECK HERE Herewith is \$1.00 (check, cash, stamps, money-order) for 10 weeks of JUDGE.

CHECK HERE Herewith find \$5.00 (check, cash, money-order) for one year's subscription to JUDGE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

For Yourself

Little Interviews With People You Would Like to Meet

Reginald Prendergast Poof, Greeting-card Verse Writer

His friends say of him: "Poofie's verses scatter happiness like a sneeze scatters germs," and surely that is no exaggeration for Reginald Prendergast Poof has, through the medium of greeting-card verses, made the world just the great big happy family it is to-day.

The first glimpse I had of him made my eyes fill with tears. It was at the hospital, where it is this great man's pleasure to go each day carrying words of comfort and cheer to the sick, that I saw him first. He was standing at the bedside of a pain-wracked man, holding one of his beloved greeting-cards in his hands. In a beautifully modulated voice he was reading the lovely verse entitled:

To a Shut-in

Hear that you are sick abed.
Better get well fast.
Doctor's rates are high, it's said.
And your dough won't last.
Vile pneumonia common is,
Smallpox too, and cancer,
Leprosy took Cousin Liz.
Hope you have a chance, sir.

As Mr. Poof concluded, the sick man gave one convulsive moan and passed away, but a happy light shone in his eyes. Even to Mr. Poof, to whom this is all part of the day's work, it was a touching scene and his voice shook as he said: "Well, that's that."



Prof. Reginald Prendergast Poof.

Small wonder that this sunshine spreader is called a Pollyanna in pants.

"You must have lots of friends," I murmured.

"Have you read my Friendship Card?" queried Mr. Poof. "Just a minute; I will read it to you."

Friendship

I've lots and lots of dandy friends
In lots of diff'rent climes,
And with each one I've had just lots
And lots of dandy times.
But there's one friend more true and fond
And finer than the rest,
And as you've read these pretty lines
Perhaps, dear, you have guessed
Why, in appreciation, I have sent this greeting wee
It's just to let you know, dear, that
My bestest friend is me.



Kindly Old Dear (to careless pedestrian who has stepped into a coal-hole)—Only one leg? There's sixpence for you, my poor fellow. But, really, you know, you ought not to be sitting about on that cold pavement!

—Passing Show

"That is a most beautiful tribute," I choked, my eyes moist, "that must be your supreme effort."
 "My supreme effort," said Mr. Poof, "is this verse entitled:

On Your Birthday

Another year has just flashed by,
 Your life is ebbing fast.
 How soon you'll die, we cannot say.
 This year may be your last.
 We hope you're not discouraged,
 though.
 For all your fool mistakes,
 But we could hardly blame you
 If your heart with sorrow aches.
 Our heart goes out to you, poor
 wretch,
 You're now "an older party."
 Cheer up. Be brave. We're send-
 ing you
Congratulations hearty.

Robert S. Wood

Astronomer (to his young wife)—
 Congratulations, my dear. This is
 your birthday and I shall have a
 great surprise for you to-night!

Wife—What is it?

"At eleven thirty to-night there
 will be a total eclipse of the moon!"

—Dorfbarbier (Berlin)

Her Father—But you admit that
 you play often at Monte Carlo.

Her Suitor—Yes, sir, and I make a
 good deal of money at it.

"I can hardly believe it. What do
 you play—roulette?"

"No, sir, the saxophone!"

—Passing Show



HEAVENLY

Clara—Why did Nera insist on
 being married in an aeroplane?

Cora—Well, she's so conceited that
 she thought no man on earth was
 good enough for her.

—Sydney Bulletin



The Telephone and the Farm

THERE was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer's wife or children.

In this country the telephone has transformed the life of the farm.

It has banished the loneliness which in the past so discouraged

the rural population and drove many from the large and solitary areas of farms and ranches.

It is a farm hand who stays on the job and is ready to work twenty-four hours every day.

The telephone has become the farmer's watchman in times of emergency.

It outruns the fastest forest or prairie fires and warns of their approach. It has saved rural communities from untold loss of lives and property by giving ample notice of devastating floods. Three million telephones are now in service on the farms, ranches and plantations of the United States.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
 AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

For over the week-end JUDGE invites you to the nearest newsstand to receive thereat

THE WEEK-END NUMBER

What would be more appropriate than to take with you the very latest in WEEK-END WIT and HUMOR?

OUT NEXT WEEK

The dealer may insist on a little consideration of 15 cents

HE'S MY PAL



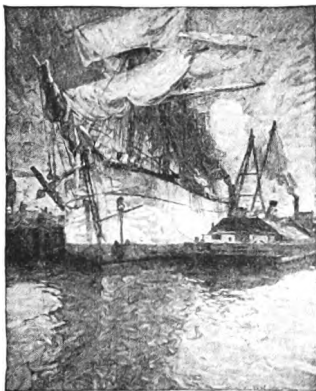
"SATURDAY NIGHT"

By Kernan

A new Boy and Dog picture, which will, we are sure, be enthusiastically received. Printed from the engraver's original plates on Heavy Art Mat, size 8 1/4 x 11 1/4 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 Cents each

AHOY, SAILOR!



"THE SPANISH BARK"

By J. D. Gleason

A fine reproduction in brilliant coloring, that will appeal to all who love the sea. Prints are 7 1/2 x 9 inches.

Prints will be sent carefully packed and postpaid upon receipt of 50 Cents each

A LITTLE DEAR



"THE CURSE OF DRINK"

By Maud Tousey Fangel

This popular reproduction in three colors should be framed and hung conspicuously over the table at which you mix your cocktails. Size 9 x 12 inches. Sent postpaid to any address for 25 Cents.

JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 WEST 43d STREET NEW YORK



Terrified Wife—Henry! You know very well this boat's absolutely helpless without that pole! —London Opinion

Son—Dad, what does a "better half" mean?

Father—Just what she says.

—Answers

"I want a pencil."

"Hard or soft?"

"Soft. It is for writing a love-letter!"

—Pele Mele (Paris)

An up-to-date municipality is building trams with a seat for the conductor. Perhaps some day a still more up-to-date one will provide seats also for the passengers.

—Passing Show

"That woman over there used to sing in the lion's cage at the Rivoli."

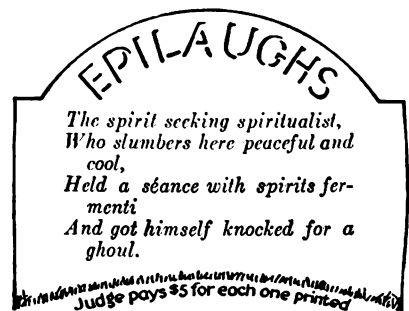
"Has she retired now?"

"Yes. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stepped in." —North Daily Telegraph

At a local celebration at which the Bishop of the diocese and the leading Nonconformist minister of the town were present, the mayor was so delighted with this fusion of forces that he exclaimed:

"What I says, gentlemen, is this: If a man's 'eart is in the right place, it don't matter what sex he belongs to!"

—Tit Bits



The spirit seeking spiritualist,
Who slumbers here peaceful and cool,
Held a séance with spirits fer-
menti
And got himself knocked for a
ghoul.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



"Now, look here, Willie, if you ask any more silly questions I'll give you a real good hiding!"

"What wiv, papa?" —Humorist

True to Type

"IT WAS a lie!" she declared as she faced her husband.

He was a poor specimen of manhood, and he winced at her words.

"A deliberate lie!" she continued, "to think that a husband of mine could sink so low."

For the second time of asking, he winced.

"Ever since we were married, you have deceived me," she complained. "Oh, what a fool I was to trust you."

"I'm sorry, my dear," he replied, "but I was quite convinced that a—"

"Convinced, be hanged!" she shouted with some heat, "I shall never believe you again."

"Exceptions will always happen in the—"

"Don't exasperate me!" almost yelled his better half, "exceptions won't repair my new costume which the rain has ruined."

With a sigh, the weather expert, who had predicted a week of fine weather, left the house in order to buy his wife a new umbrella.

—*Passing Show*

Doctor—Did your wife say anything before she died?

The Widower—Yes, she talked uninterruptedly for fifty years.

—*Answers*

"I admire a man who says the right thing at the right time."

"So do I—particularly when I'm thirsty."

—*Tit Bits*

"Next to myself
I like B.V.D. best"



Does Your Underwear Meet This Test?

The test of underwear comfort is to be able to forget you have underwear on!

The one way to be sure that your underwear will meet that test, is to look for the red-woven "B.V.D." label.

Nothing without that label is "B.V.D."—nor can it offer that matchless Comfort, Fit and Wear which have given "B.V.D." a generation of world-leading popularity.

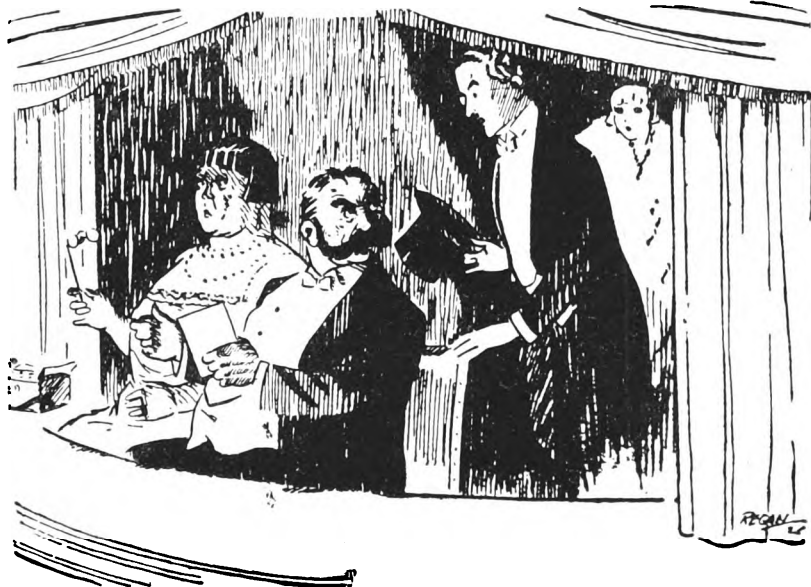
From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to the last detail of its scientific construction, "B.V.D." is an underwear with differences that count. Write for our free booklet, "Why the Knowing Millions Say: 'Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!'"

Be Sure to SEE it's "B.V.D."

It ALWAYS Bears this Red-Woven Label



© 1926 by
The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York
Sole Makers
"B.V.D." Underwear



"Excuse me, sir; my box, I think. Box 'A,' first tier, you know."
"First 'ere be blowed—we bin 'ere nearly 'alf an hour." —*Gaiety*

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

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 August 7)

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!

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 August 16. Winning ending appears in the issue of September 4.



Contest No. 54

THE DANGER OF NERVE EXHAUSTION

By PAUL von BOECKMANN



PAUL von BOECKMANN,

Author of "Nerve Force" and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.

woman. Other weaknesses are simply the result of weak nerves. I have learned further, that worry, grief, anxiety, mental strain, and of course, sex abuse, are the basic cause of nerve weakness.

You should read my 64-page book, "NERVE FORCE." The cost of this book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The book is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body for the first time.

Read the book at my risk, that is, if it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall refund your money PLUS your outlay for postage. My advertisements have been appearing in this and other standard magazines for more than 20 years. This is ample evidence of my integrity and responsibility.

The following extracts are quoted from letters written by people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses of dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

Another writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says, "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

PAUL von BOECKMANN,
110 West 40th St., Studio 142, New York, N. Y.

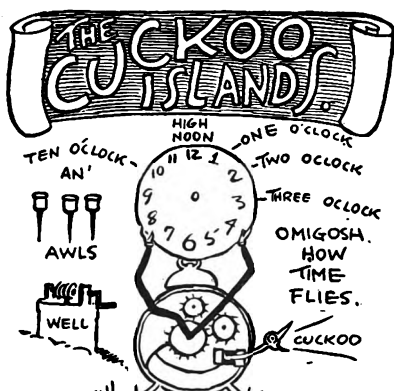
Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, without obligation of any kind. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name.....

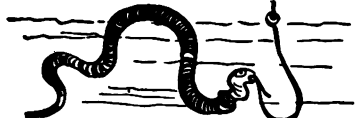
Address.....

Enclose 25c if you wish the book.

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TH' 'LARM CLOCK'S GONE CUCKOO. ITS FACE HAS BEEN LIFTED - LIFTED WITH ITS OWN HANDS. DOESN'T IT LOOK YOUTHFUL?



SEE THE PRETTY FISHWORM EATIN' A FISHHOOK FOR BREAKFAST



AN ELECTRIC WATT LEARNING WHAT'S WHAT FROM WHO'S WHO.



EENIE MEENIE MINIE MO KETCHA PTOMANE BY TH' PTO, WHENNE HOLLERS LETTİM GO EENIE MEENIE MINIE MO

4 5 5 5

FOUR OUT OF EVERY FIVE.

ho this aint us ho its two other fellers.



GEORGE M. COHAN AND EDDIE-GUEST DISGUISED AS GALLAGHER AND SHEEN GIVING AN IMITATION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE AND LYDIA PINKHAM.

here y'are gents, only a dime a drink.



BUY TH' WATERS OF MINNETONKA

NOW PLEASE DONT FLY INTO A RAGE - HERE IS THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE.

NATE PROLLIER (L)

The high pressure, mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble, is WRECKING THE NERVES of mankind. This applies especially to the people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves. Have your Nerves stood the strain?

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling."

Second Stage: Nervousness, restlessness, sleeplessness; irritability, decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion, sour stomach, gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; high or low blood pressure; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

It is positive your nerves are at fault, if you feel generally depressed, tired and ailing, though repeated medical examinations fail to show definitely some organ is involved. In such cases the decline in organic power is due to subnormal nerve power.

I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Arthur T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who states: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

I am a *Nerve Specialist* and have treated more cases of "Nerves" than any other man in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

Submit your case to me, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help YOU, as I have helped over 100,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

Positively no fee is charged for a "Preliminary Diagnosis" of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my course of instruction, unless you wish to do so. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you *special instructions* on how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by Nerve Specialists. I shall also send you *FREE*, other important data on the subject which will give you an understanding of your nerves you never had before.

I have studied the health problem for more than 30 years from every angle. Far over a million of my various books on Health subjects have been sold all over the world during this time, and as a result about 300,000 people have written me in detail describing their weaknesses and experiences with different methods of treatment they applied. I am more convinced to-day, than ever before in my life, that nerve weakness (*Neurasthenia*), is the basic cause of nearly every ailment of civilized man and



What! No Clothes?

BETTY BARLOW had no clothes. Not that she was a classic nude exactly, but what she had is termed by the sex as "no clothes." Her wardrobe consisted of two tricotine dresses, one silk dress torn in a critical location, one evening dress soiled and passé, and a blue organdie that might have looked nice at a very homey lawn party.

Betty and her roommate, Thelma, agreed that Betty, with an invitation to one of the nicest stage gatherings of the season, was out of luck.

"Oh, Betty, what a fool a girl who has no clothes is to be born!" said Thelma.

"Oh, Thelma, if I ever get any clothes again I won't wear 'em."

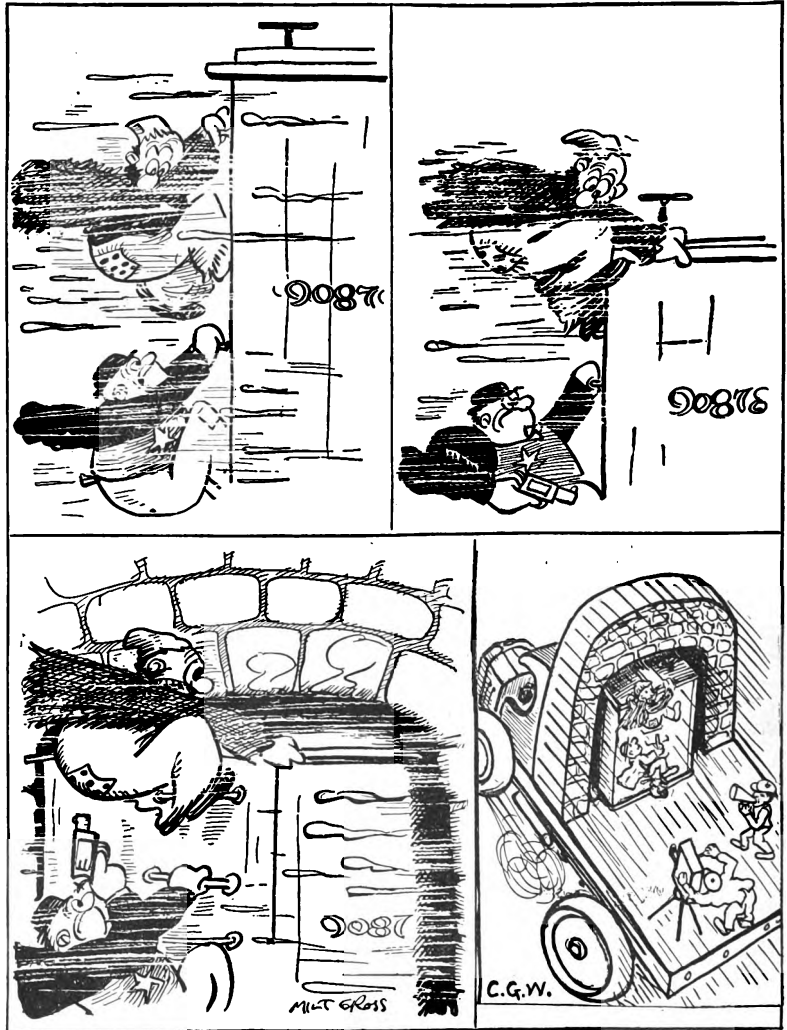
They cried in each other's arms for a moment. Suddenly Betty said, "I'm going to that affair no matter what happens!"

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Any girl who goes to a ball at the Astor wearing hair like a golden bush and not much else, is going to have to turn 'em away! See "Betty in Blue," by Viña Delmar, in the current issue of **SNAPPY STORIES**. Now on all newsstands—20 cents.

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 50



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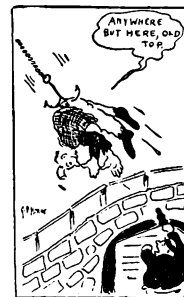
At
Druggists,
Barbers or
Hairdressers



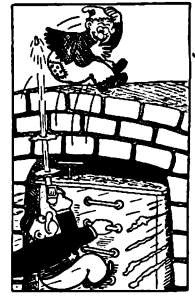
Runners Up



Crawford Benedict, Chatham, N. J.



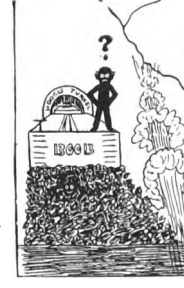
Guy B. Horne, Emery Mills, Me.



Wm. A. Fritsch, Ridgewood, L. I.



W. R. Hanks, Cheyenne, Wyo.



W. E. Garabedian, Nantucket Island, Mass.



R. M. Blain, Toronto, Can.



"Kick"

"No Kick" without health. Solvents, as grapefruit, berries, tomatoes. **UNDER PROPER CONDITIONS**—dissolve tumors, goitres, blood clots, lime in joints [enabling use of limbs], eliminate catarrhal matter from nose, ears, tonsils, bronchials, etc. **PYORRHOEA**. See reprint "Dental Digest". **PREGNANCY**. Delivery painless. Eat nerve or muscle food to **SUIT OCCUPATION**, prevent undue retention of **WASTE** in blood [basis of all disease]. **Educational Booklet 10c. BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING, Dept. 16-D, 131 West 72nd St., New York**

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Speaking of Grannies

DEAR JUDGE: If you really want to get into specially high standing with me I wish you would send me a copy of your "Parisian" Number of November 7, 1925. Ever since this number was barred from the mails I have had a great curiosity to know more about the mental slant of the grannies who are running our post office. Send it by express, and I will be glad to pay the expense. I assume, of course, that you still have plenty of copies on hand.

I have been a subscriber to JUDGE for about a year and a half. Prior to subscribing, I always supposed JUDGE was strictly a comic paper, but after I became a regular reader I was much surprised to find that you have an editorial column written by men who seem to have a clearer vision than the average. I especially take pleasure in reading the editorials of "W. M. H.," and I surely enjoy seeing him lambast the reformers who want to control the personal conduct of all of the rest of us. Yours truly,
Albert D. Smith
Sacramento, Cal.
June 24, 1926.

The Fly in His Ointment

DEAR JUDGE: You claim the distinction of being the "World's Wittiest Weekly," and in my estimation you are not over-exaggerating, but you are certainly not gaining in popularity by allowing W. M. H. to continue his editorials. Why can't you just be a funny, carefree, witty weekly without permitting him to gloom it all up. Try discontinuing his articles for a few weeks, and watch the congratulations pour in. I venture to say you will receive twice as many congratulations as protests.

He seems to be against just about everything anyone else is for, and especially the Klan, Prohibition and Methodism. I believe he would feel a lot better if you would give him a good cathartic. Maybe his articles wouldn't have that bilious tone to them for a week or so if you did. Once in a while, I will admit, he really gives us something good, something that anyone, whether Methodist, Catholic or what-not, can read and enjoy without taking offense, but on the whole they contain nothing but slams at Prohibition, the Klan and Methodism. He speaks of bigotry being rampant in this country. I do not know a more egotistic, bigoted-in-his-opinion, writer than he himself.

He also speaks satirically of our liberty. I claim we have the best country in which to live on the globe, and if he doesn't like it, why doesn't he leave it and go to some country he likes better. I am neither a Prohibitionist, a Klansman nor a Methodist, but I claim they all have their good points as well as their bad ones, and neither is of such great importance as to cause him so much worry. They are no more likely to disrupt our country than Catholicism, and we never hear anything but praise for them from him.

I do not figure that it will cause you to suspend publication, but if his articles continue in JUDGE for the rest of my subscription, I am going to fail to renew. He is an able writer, so why not give him orders to "lay off" his three pet bugaboo's for awhile, and give us witty, interesting editorials in keeping with the rest of the magazine.

Yours for a better JUDGE,
Cowan, Tenn.
June 25, 1926.
Ray H. Brook

Bones of Contention

DEAR JUDGE: Let us, above all things, be tolerant. Your "Caress and Kick" column proves that intolerance is still rampant. Some condemn you for your stand on this or that question and each one has his own pet intolerance. Some praise you for your stand on Prohibition while condemning you for your attitude toward the K. K. K. Others take exception to your observations on the Methodist form of religion or your apparent support of the Roman Catholics. Your approval of the *American Mercury* brings praise and condemnation in the same mail. It is all so futile.

Just list the bones of contention. Methodism is not a religion, it's a disease. Children should be inoculated against it when they are cutting the first tooth. That would remove one of the most insidious of the bones.

Roman Catholicism appeals to many because it is the most elaborate form of religion. Its main appeal is based on giving its congregation a good show and leaving a convenient back door where its sins can be shed.

The K. K. K. is a national mistake based on plain intolerance. It is dying out because so many of its members are developing a sense of humor. It was probably started by the pillow slip and sheet manufacturers and backed up by the laundering industry. When a split comes in the organization the night shirt will give way to the pyjamas which will allow the members greater freedom of action.

Prohibition is a sort of religion with two sides. Worshipers of Volstead and Worshipers of Bacchus. The latter are more imbued with the spirit of their religion than the former but both are doing their best to put down intoxicating liquor.

Your support of the *Mercury* is all right in its way, but Mencken believes that H. L. is perfectly capable of attending to his own business—so why should you bother?

Let us bury the poor, miserable skeleton formed by our bones of contention; let us be tolerant of all things that are worth while and eliminate the others. As all laws seem to work best by inverse ratio let us get together and prohibit the Golden Rule.
Morris Brandon

Coral Gables, Fla.
June 25, 1926.

*She wasn't over twenty, but she knew her little book,
And her manner was so innocently frank,
That when she wanted something, she'd assume a certain look,
And, really, he'd have gone and robbed a bank.*

FROM

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BY

Maurice Switzer

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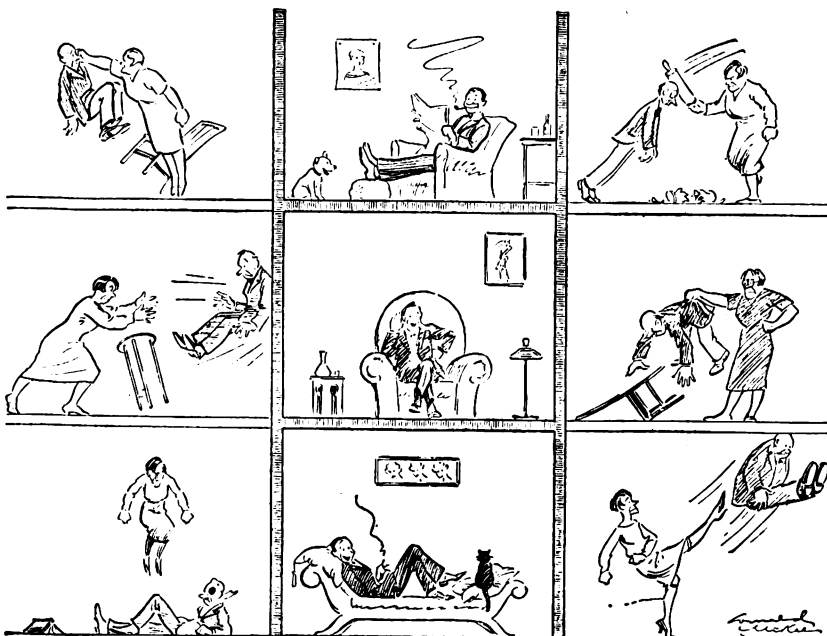
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Read this list

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Sweet Kiss (A tantalizing fragrance) . . .	(oz. 2.00)	.20
Parfum Riendl (A wonderful new odor) . . .	(oz. 2.50)	.20
Garden Bloom (A delightful bouquet) . . .	(oz. 3.00)	.20
Ideal (Entrancing and fragrant) . . .	(oz. 1.50)	.20
Golden Narcissus (So fashionable) . . .	(oz. 3.00)	.20
Honolulu Bouquet . . .	(oz. 1.00)	.15
Creme of Violets (Greaseless cream) . . .	(tube .50)	.10
Golden Narcissus Face Powder . . .	(box 2.00)	.35
Honolulu Bouquet Face Powder . . .	(box 1.00)	.20
Golden Narcissus Sachet Powder . . .	(jar 2.00)	.20
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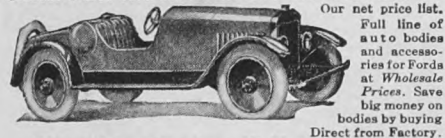
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Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 85

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13					14			15			
16				17					18		
19			20		21				22		
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27		28		29				30		31	32
33	34		35		36		37		38		39
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	49		50		51		52		53		54
55		56			57	58		59		60	61
62					63				64		
65						66			67		
68					69				70		

Submitted by Dr. Willard H. Squires, New York City.

Horizontal

1. Something a pawnbroker won't take.
5. A good hair raiser.
9. Five of a kind in one hand.
13. These should be treated kindly and then executed.
14. This is full of hops.
15. The great artery.
16. Usually found running around old castles.
17. Up to the time that.
18. A dizzy way to catch fish.
19. The way to travel in Chicago.
21. Put on.
22. A little Ford.
23. To renounce.
25. Juices of family trees.
29. A Roman duct.
30. A French article.
33. The great American drink.
37. The life of the party.
40. Believe.
41. Strong cloth.
42. Pittsburgh stogie.
43. This holds the highest position in a church.
45. Midnight riders.
47. Regarding (abbr.).
48. Chemical symbol for five cents.
50. In the highest or greatest degree.
52. Let it stand (Latin).
55. To step on it.
57. Past, gone.
59. This is something that does not improve with age.
62. Back.
63. Near to or concerning.
64. This does improve with age.
65. Passage.
66. You lose this when you stand up.
67. Highest things about tall buildings.
68. This one is easy.
69. Girl's name.
70. For fear that.
12. This is high in summer. (And in winter, too.)
20. Dale.
22. Heroic poem.
24. These are sharp and have an eye for business.
26. This makes people sick.
27. Pleasingly plump.
28. Spectacle holders.
31. A rose protector.
32. Upholstery of the family skeleton.
34. That reckless grain.
35. A golfing hold-up.
36. Turn to the right.
37. Something light to give to the boy friend.
38. Crude metal.
39. Poetic sesame.
44. Goad.
46. The best thing about a review.
49. Stage for bull throwers.
50. One way for a girl to lose her good name.
51. A filling place.
52. These should be seen and not heard.
53. Bathroom crepe.
54. What the well-dressed man wears.
55. Southern gallows.
56. One thing the girl friend does well and often.
58. Sheepish term usually applied to fathers.
60. Possessive pronoun.
61. Home of love birds.

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

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

Vertical

1. Kind of a bean.
2. Scents that make a whale of a difference.
3. This keeps your clothes together.
4. Satisfied.
6. Sweet stuff.
7. High.
8. Bridle checks. (Also bridal.)
9. Symbol for tin (pl.).
10. Angers.
11. This is a little bull.

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn \$150 a Week

I am going to show you how you can make from \$100 to \$1000 a month *in cash!* You will be your own boss. You can go to work when you want to. You can quit when you want to. You can set your own hours. You will get your profits in cash every day. You can start without experience, training or capital. And you can earn from \$100 to \$1000 a month in this easy, pleasant work.

A Wonderful New Suit!

I have just brought out a wonderful new suit for men. It's a good suit—stylish, fits fine—and wears like iron. It is made of a marvelous new special cloth that is unusually durable and long-wearing. It withstands treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit. And because these wonderful new suits are so stylish and wear-resisting, they are selling like wildfire. Hundreds of men in your territory will snatch at the chance to buy this most amazing suit.

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Does that sound too good to be true? Then read the record of P. L. Hamilton. In less than a month's time Mr. Hamilton sold \$813 worth of Comer suits. He takes 6, 8, 10 orders at a clip. B. Miller writes: "Suits sell very easily—in fact I find it easy to average one suit order every half hour." C. H. Mereness made \$18 profit in half a day. Robert Rizalda cleared \$32 in one day and finds it easy to average \$4 an hour. Casey Hurlbut says customers come to his house. He makes as high as \$15 an hour. And you have the same opportunity to make this big money right in your own town.

Tremendous Demand

We are making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit. And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

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Think. \$9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn \$30 or \$40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make \$1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer,

a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

A Few Hours Spare Time Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn \$10 to \$20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

WRITE TODAY Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

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C. E. COMER, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 101-G, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send at once complete details of your new \$9.95 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as \$1,000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....



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wonderful
suit at
\$9.95



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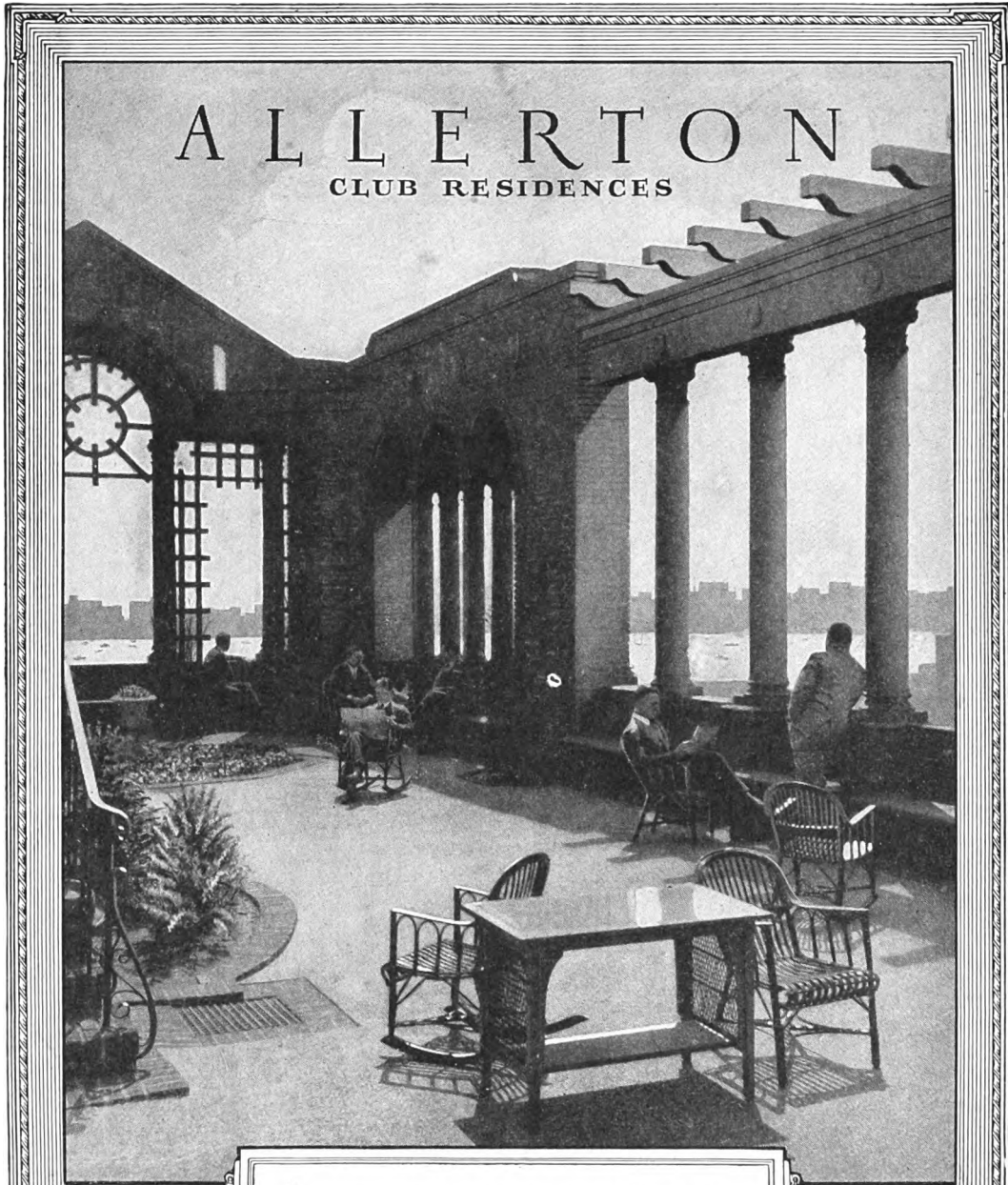


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THE PURSUIT OF
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JUDGE

WEATHER FORECAST
(For the Outskirts)
CLEAR UP

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1926

U. S. DECLARES WAR

It is reported that the Government chemists have at last discovered a more deadly poison to use in their war against the bootleggers. Both sides are now determined to fight it out to the last imbiber.

A FEMININE lecturer, speaking from a Chicago broadcasting station, said that bachelors have absolutely no excuse for living. Husbands on the other hand have to have several every day.

LOVE NEST EXPOSED

In an address to a group of British scientists, Professor Julian Huxley asserted that insects make love. This perhaps accounts for the determined attempt of romantic young moths to bedeck themselves in white flannel trousers.

SPIRITS EN ROUTE

A CONEY ISLAND bandit, who held up a bathhouse and stole the safe, was unable to break it open and so abandoned it by the roadside. A more ingenious person would have labeled it "Handle with Care" and sent it somewhere by express.

A YOUNG Brahmin coming to New York in the interests of Theosophy is said to have caused his followers to see fantastic earth spirits dancing under pine trees with gnomes and elves. Convivial New Yorkers will undoubtedly give the fellow a wide berth.

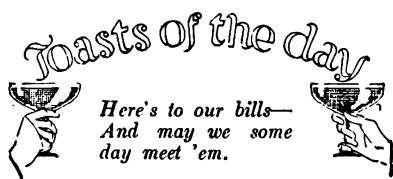
SUZANNE LENGLEN has announced her intention of coming to America and will probably give instructions in tennis to some of our youngest stars. We sincerely hope these future champions will be taught not to split infinitives.



*The well-known citrus product
"Sunlist Lemons."*



"You'll have some ice cream, won't you?"
 "Yes, thank you; would you mind dropping it down my back!"



Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Sunset

THE sun sinks in the mountains
 When evening comes around,
 The sun sinks in the ocean,
 The sun sinks in the town.

The sun sinks in the blazing sky,
 The sink sinks in the West;
 But on a patch of tender skin
 The sun sinks in the best.
 R. C. O'Brien

Grandma Says

IT's funny how all the red-hot
 mammas go to the beach every
 summer to get son burned.

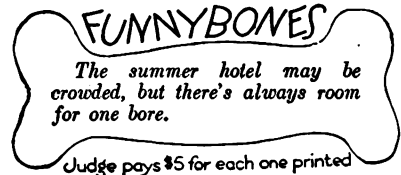
In my day we used to go swimmin'
 and they called 'em bathin' suits.
 Now they don't even go bathin' and
 they call 'em swimmin' suits.

They're makin' the beach awning
 bigger 'n' bigger to protect our girls
 from sunburn. Something's got to
 protect them from it.

Vinegar's a good cure for sunburn
 and so's a coupla yards of silk. Our

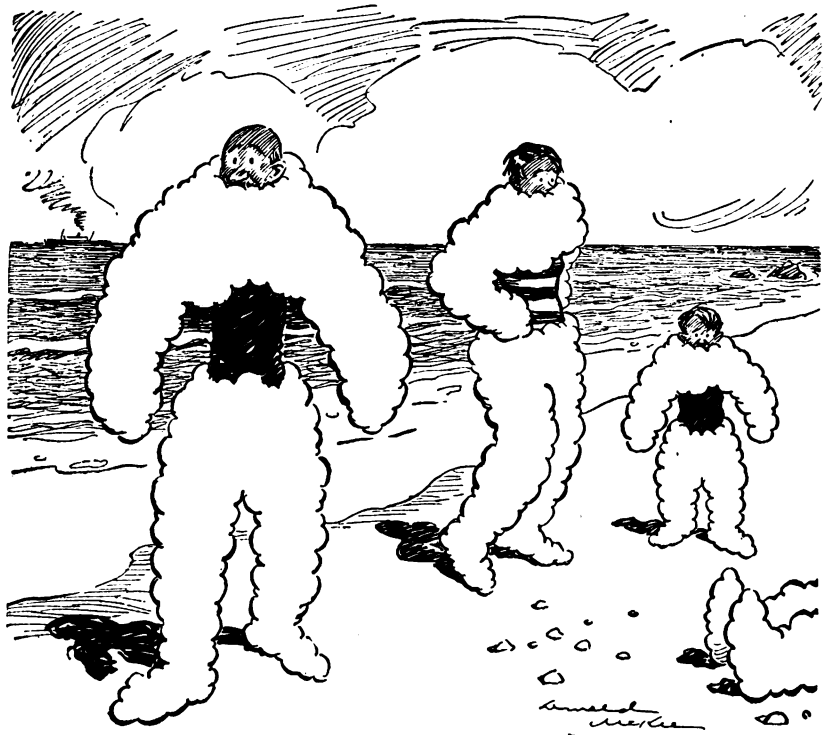
girls prefer vinegar. It's transparent.
 Brunettes tan, Titians freckle and
 blondes burn. And that's why gentle-
 men prefer blondes.

Carroll Carroll



The summer hotel may be
 crowded, but there's always room
 for one bore.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



This cotton-wool auxiliary outfit for sunburned bathers enables you to
 last out the season in comparative comfort.

Old Sol

A Bedtime Story for Hottentots

S. O. L. is the name given the Sun god because his subjects are so often Sure Outa Luck. He is very puritanical and if he catches any one going about inadequately clad he straightway sends his red plague which is a raw deal, and woe to the man upon whose shoulders the curse falls. In order to placate the injured deity, one has to anoint one's self with ointments, unguents and unguentines and groan, "Sol over with me." So dread is this god that all over the world men have erected temples to him which they call awnings, and so long as one stays within the shadow of the temple all is jake. But so great is the call of the foam that time and again men and women are lured down to the sea in slips, and then it is that Sol gets in his dirty work.

So keep shady of the old fellow, dear little ones, he will not spare you. In fact he is such a tyrant that even his very own children jibe one another with "Sol's your old man." *George A. Paravicini*



New attraction—The cocktail shaker, all the effects of ten per cent. moonshine.

KRAZY KRACKS

Give a sentence with the word



Excency."

"The next time your car breaks down look at the excency if its broken."

DIRZY LABELS

"They call her Marion." Because, "That is what she's always doing."

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Popular

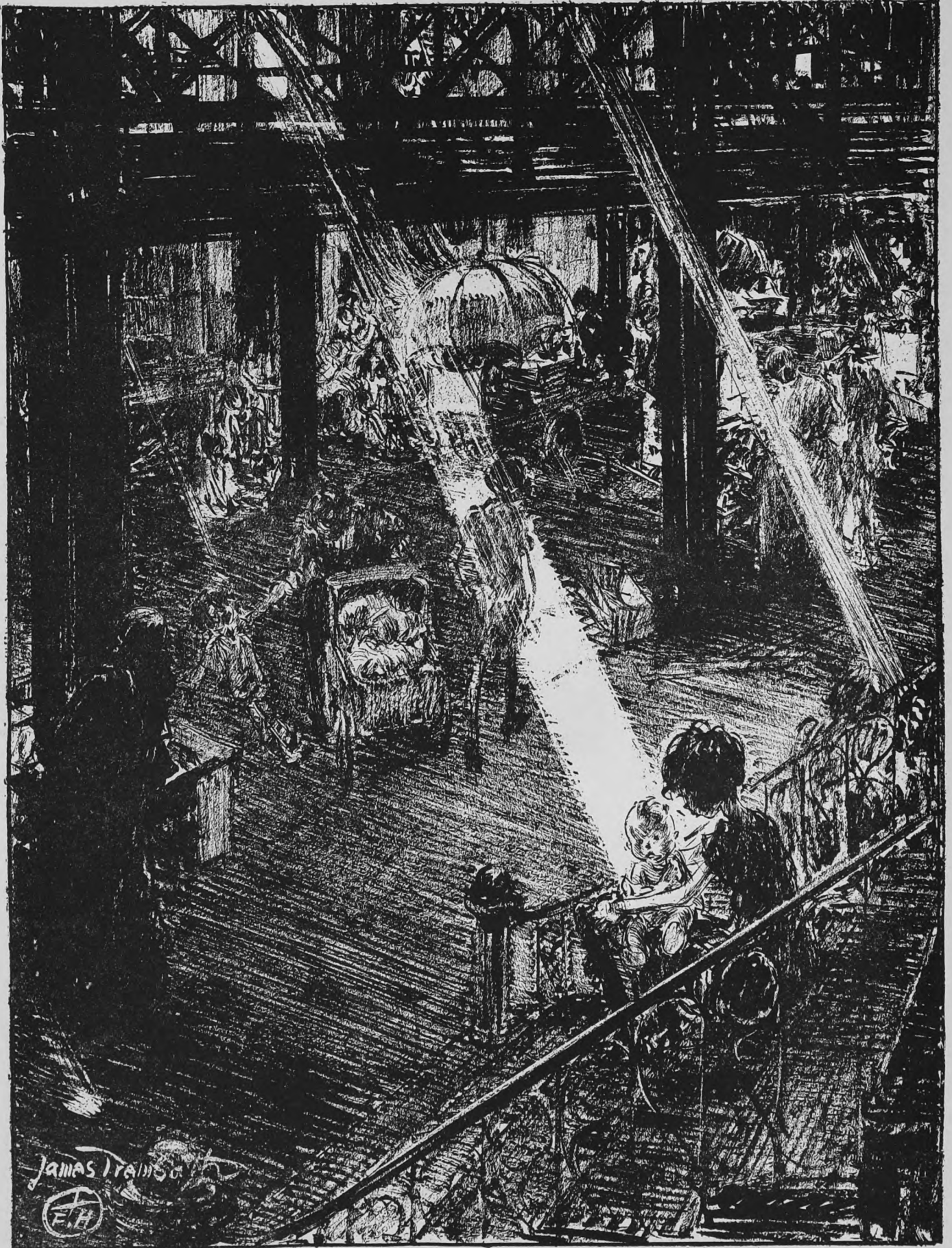
THERE's a question of the hour
You will hear where'er you turn,
Now that vaseline's in flower—
Do you freckle, tan or burn?

Happy—frecklers on the beaches,
Lucky—who a rich tan turns;
But the glad hand always reaches
Him who oils the midnight burns.
G. A. P.



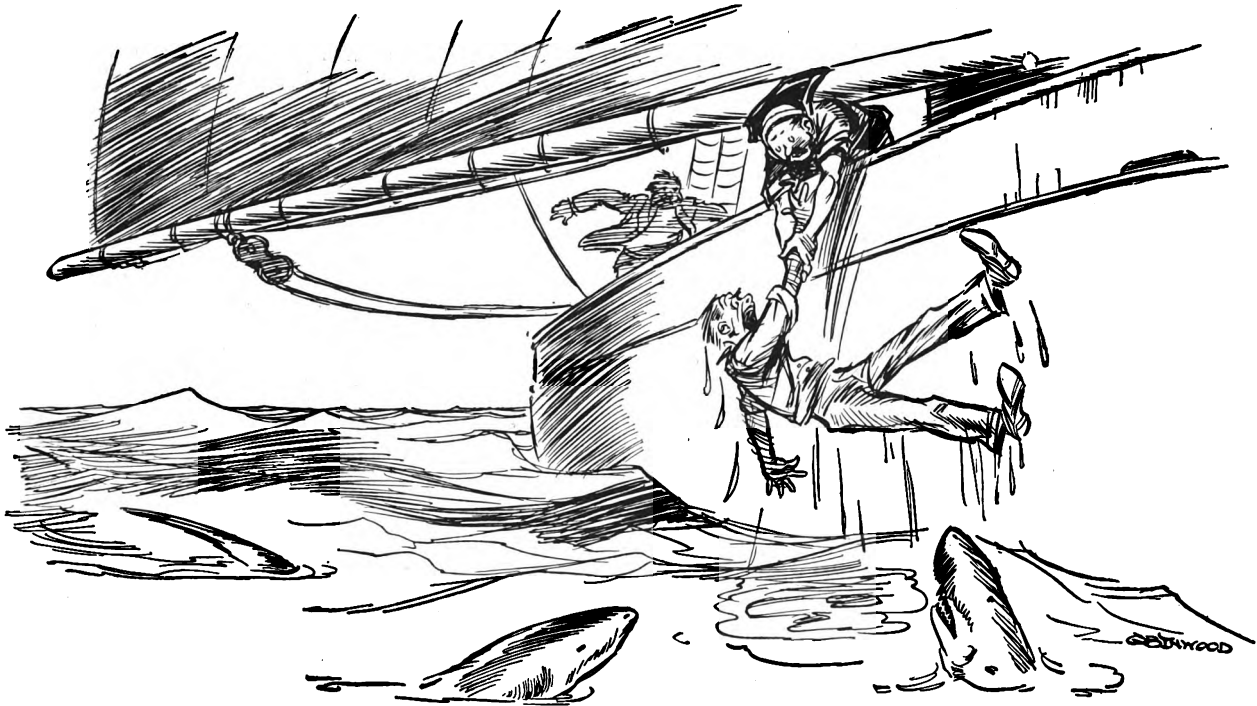
SUNBURN AND THE POETS

Bobby Burns — and — Robert Browning.



James T. Adams
E.H.

GETTING SUNBURNED



"Leggo that arm!" It's sunburned!"

Funny Thing, Fortune

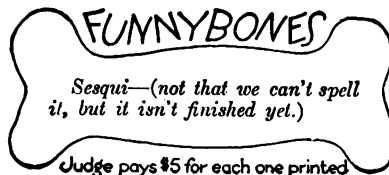
FUNNY thing, fortune is. Some folks don't seem to get along ever and others just fall into money. Sometimes it seems there's only a question of how many things a fellow tries and how long he can stick it out.

Take Hi Walters, for instance. Hi wasn't good for nothin' as a kid—folks used to say they thought his pop and ma was the worst yet, till Hi come along. Only important thing Hi ever done was settin' his old man's barn afire, which ought to been tore down twenty years before.

Hi started a sody fountain when he growed up, but it seems like he was the only one could drink any of his own concoctions without gettin' sick, so he done the buyin' as well as the sellin' and the place closed up inside o' three month.

Well, he weren't no good as a farmer neither, what with plantin' the beans upside down, choppin' down the trees and trimmin' the wheat, so finally Hi lit out for the city.

Guess he didn't have too easy a time in New York either for a while.



Serpents aside—It seems to be sunburn.

Seems like he just got a invention for a new fangled drinkin' fountain that wouldn't jump up at a fellah and wash his whole face, when along comes prohibition and knocks water drinkin' all to hell, especially in public.

Tim Jeffers seen him once a couple years ago when he was in New York on one of his honeymoons and said Hi looked like he ain't et since Thanksgivin' and was wearin' clothes like a danged scarecrow.

That's all changed now, though, and it just goes to show what funny tricks fortune will play on a fellah. Hi's got a couple big houses and five or six automobiles now. And Huck Simpson showed me a picture of Hi the other day in the city paper where he was on some big boat settin' off for Europe or somewheres on a visit.

Seems hardly right a lazy bum like Hi Walters should of been dam fool enough to start a studio for paintin' sunburn on ladies' backs when they didn't get invited to the seashore.

But that's just one of the funny things about fortune.

Richard S. Wallace



In the famous Sunburn Murder Trial the jury found the defendant (left) not guilty, without leaving the box.

Shake Well Before Using

"I WANT to get something for sunburn," the meek little man queried the drug clerk.

"Well, well, well, something for sunburn, eh? Been swimming, eh? Like to swim, do you?" The little man shook his head doggedly.

"Nope, but my wife does."

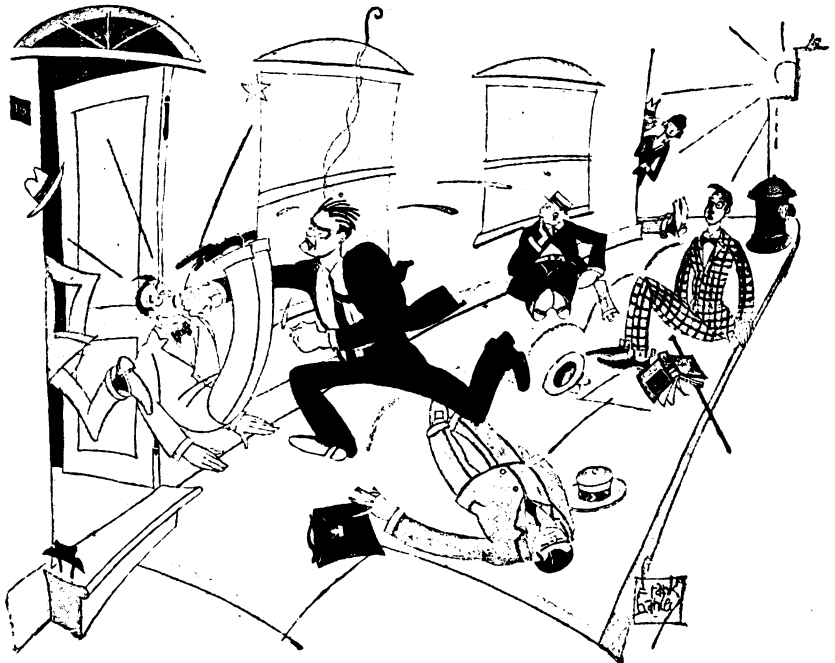
"Well, well, well, likes to swim, does she? Takes you with her, eh?" The clerk rested his arms sympathetically on the counter.

"That's what I call a dirty shame—yes, sir, a dirty shame. A man works like a slave and then for his vacation he has to sit in the hot sun just so his wife can show off a new bathing suit and he gets sunburned and can't sleep at nights and that's the only fun of his vacation. Fine fun. Reminds me of my brother Charley. His old woman was a holy terror, just like yours. Yessir, Sing Sing would a been a holiday for him. Well, she ruled the roost for twenty years, but one fine day she sent him to town to buy some pickles. Charley never liked pickles but she always made him eat them because she said it was good for his nerves. Something happened to Charley that day because instead of pickles he brought home the cutest little gun you ever saw. His wife

FUNNYBONES

The paramount question before the country to-day is, "How much is the down payment?"

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



Victim of sunburn, having been slapped on the back by one friend—follows the adage, that "The best defense is a strong attack."

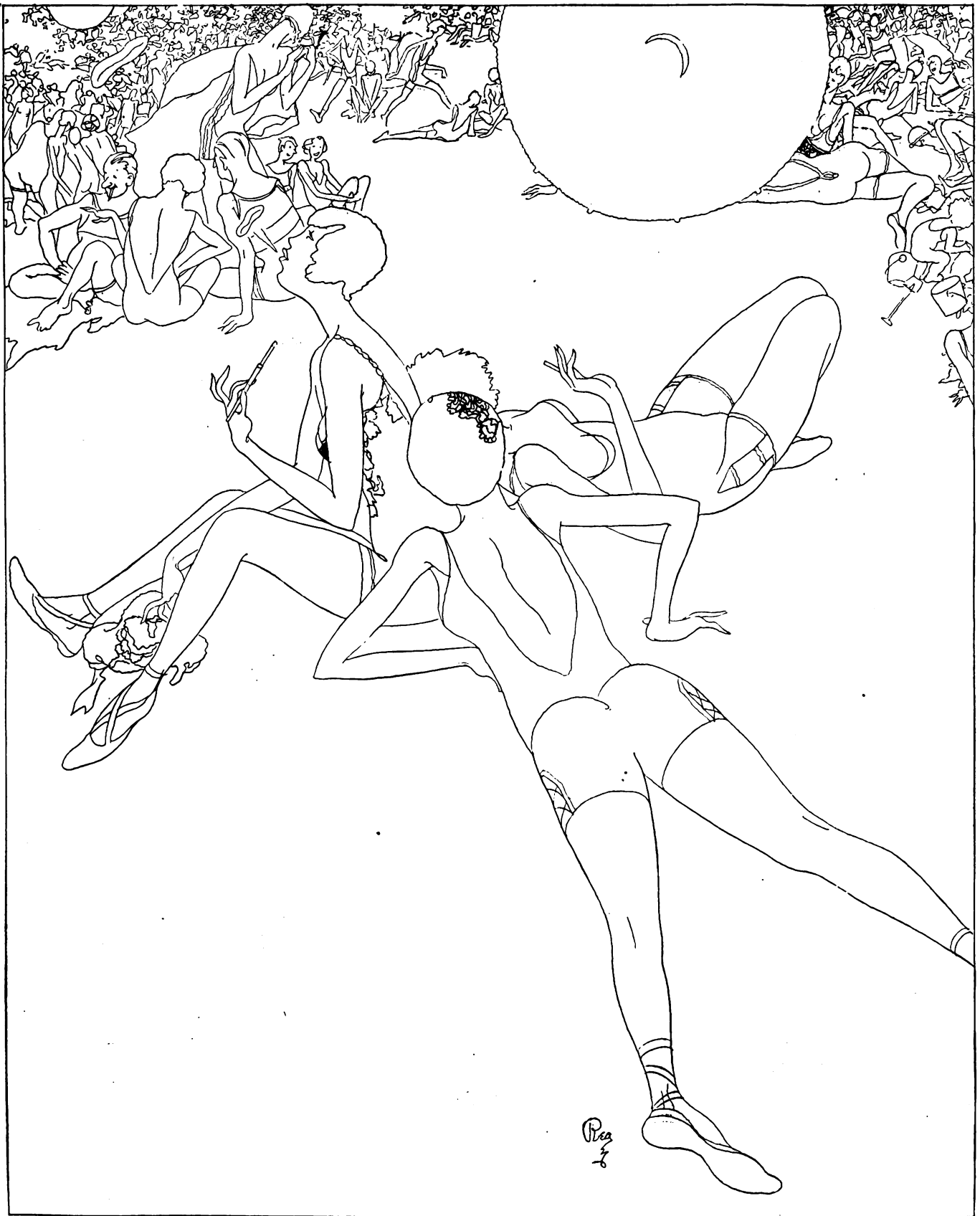
asks him, she says: 'Where are the pickles' and Charley takes a pot shot at a light and says: 'I thought a change in menu would be better for the nerves.' Funny thing; you never saw a more loving and happy couple than they are now—it just shows you what a queer world it is. But here I've been keeping you waiting all this time—now what was it you wanted?" the clerk asked briskly.

The little man had a far-away look on his eyes as he softly questioned: "I was just wondering where I could buy a .38." *Leonard MacTagart*

How to Test Hootch

1. Pour a little in a flat dish and set fire to it. If it burns with a clear blue flame it's bad. If it burns with a clear green flame, it's worse.
2. Bite your finger and drop some in the wound. If it hurts, stop.
3. Smell it!
4. Drop an onion in the bottle. If it floats there's something the matter with the onion.
5. Give the ice man a drink. If he doesn't make a face, it's Red Grange.
6. Drink it. *Paul Ernest*

JUDGE



“TH’ WHOLE TROUBLE WITH THIS GETTIN’ SUNBURNT, DEARIE, IS THAT IT SHOWS SO WHEN YOU PUT ON EVENING CLOTHES.”

Business Opportunities

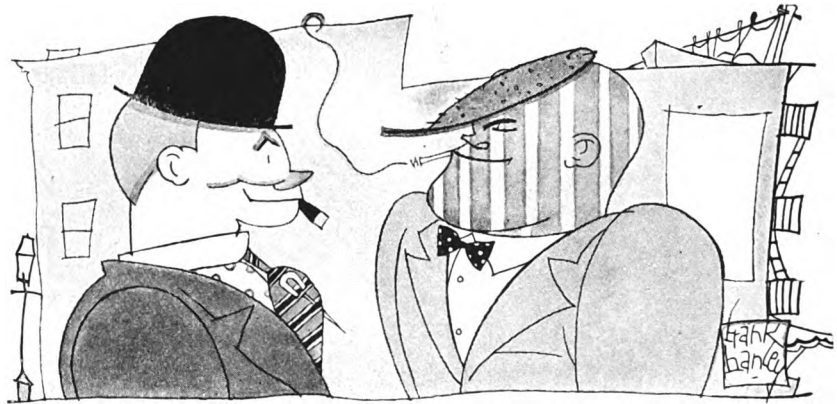
—But Opportunities!

GENERAL HANDY MAN—Neat appearance, pleasant personality, must play bridge and drive a car, swim, row a boat and know funny stories. Hours from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., half day Saturday. Evening free. Highest references required. Apply by letter only and enclose latest photo. *Bumpydale Young Ladies' Seminary, Hudson-on-the-Hudson, Hudson, N. Y.*

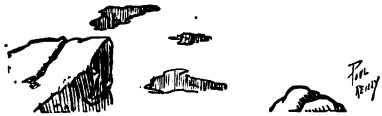
CHAUFFEUR—Attractive blonde hairess planning motor trip through Europe requires the services and undivided attention of an unmarried man who can drive an Hispano-Suiza and act as chaperone and guide. Must be good dresser and know French. No reasonable offer rejected. Write *Box OK16*.

GOOD MIXER—A man who knows liquor and how to prepare drinks will find a splendid opportunity for experimentation in the cellar of wealthy man too busy to personally attend to his own drinking. Inexperienced plasterers need not apply. Bootleggers save your revenue stamps. Board and lodging free. Hospital attention when required. Salary no object if proper man is found. Phone *Burgundy 1776* asked for Mr. Haig.

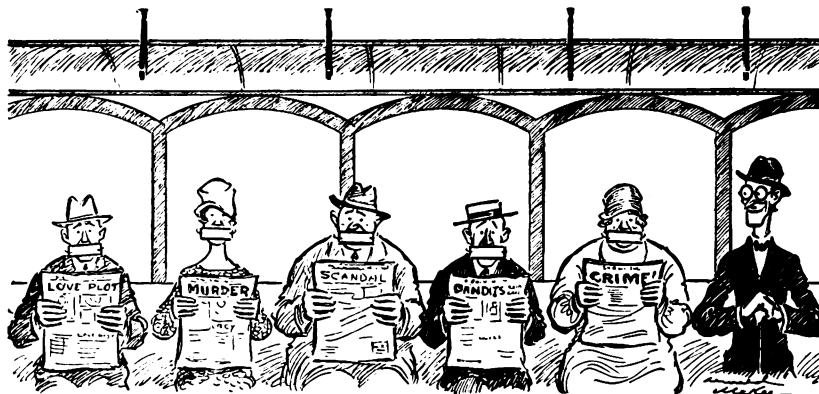
SHEIKS—We require the services of several experienced and capable men in the capacity of testers. Must know how to kiss and like his work. Come prepared to start right in. *Lure D'Amour Kissproof Rouge Co., Petticoat Lane, Kansas City, Mo.*



FOIST GUY—Gee, you look great, all sunburned—been away haint je?
SECOND YEGG—Yeh. Wonderful view of the river from my window.



Joshua commands the sun to lay off it.



Not an anti-pyorrhea advertisement, but a patent clamp to prevent tabloid readers from moving their lips, designed by a member of the intelligentsia.

Song to a Beechnut

WHEN your shoulders are aching,
your neck nearly breaking,
And blisters all over your body
Are suggesting you've been most un-
usually in
A tubful of steaming hot toddy.

When your friends take to slapping
you gayly, and clapping
Their hands on your arms and your
shoulders,
When just going to bed seems to fill
you with dread,
For the mattresses all feel like
boulders.

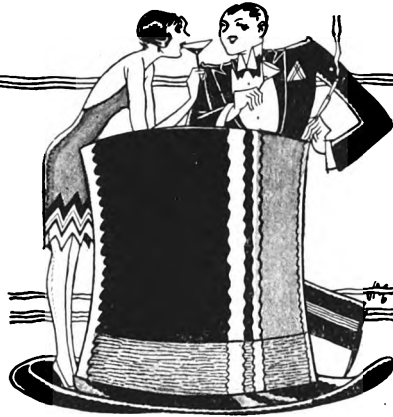
When one leg's so afire you've lost
the desire
To sit in a normal position,
And your forehead's so hot you would
much rather not
Expose your chapeau to ignition.

When your skin's feeling blazey and
driving you crazy,
And your friends only laugh as you
screech;
Just remember the day that you
carelessly lay
In the light of the sun of the beach.
Carroll Carroll

Why He Didn't Marry Her

SHE was worth a million, but he
hated to marry for money.
She was so beautiful, he was afraid
he'd be suspicious all his life.
He didn't like her mother.
He didn't want to live where she
wanted to.
He wanted to feel free.
She didn't sympathize with his love
for golf.
—And because she turned him
down.

HIGH HAT

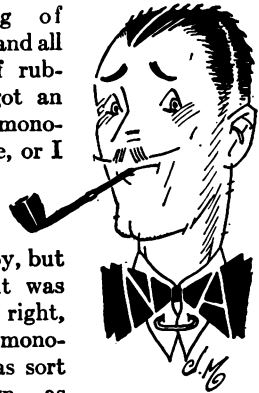


When I first went to college, an old friend of the family's saw me walking across the campus and told them, when he came back home that I was "swelled up like a poisoned pup." I have somewhat that same feeling now as I look at this High Hat page. And I murmur to myself "Aw! I never knew fame'd be like this!" After all, success and fame are relative probably John D. Rockefeller in his little office is exactly as happy as I am! hope you'll like the sketches, too when the Editor of JUDGE asked me who I'd like to have do them I said, "There's only one guy can do 'em right and that's Jeff Machamer! give him a hand, folks we are now back in the studio.

The Montreal gentleman, who I mentioned last week, crashed through with a very valuable unexpurgated edition as, for example, the "Summer Cocktail" 1 hooker of Canadian Club, juice of a lemon and a dash of Grenadine the title of this drink was probably selected because it takes more than one swallow to make a summer. . . . Here's another called the "Haymarket." 1 half Canadian Club, 1 half orange juice and the white of an egg (for 4 to 6 cocktails).

In order to keep faith with my drinking public, I simply must ignore the shouts of the "belittlers" this week and bust into print with a few new beverages. . . . After all, as the old sayin' goes, into each life some rain must fall.

Speaking of Beaunashes and all that sort of rubbish, I've got an idea for a monogram necktie, or I should say cravat it may sound awfully sappy, but I'll bet if it was worked out right, with the monogram used as sort of a design, as "Mac" has it, and not too prominent, it would be good looking. . . . Any tie manufacturer can have this idea by sending me a check.

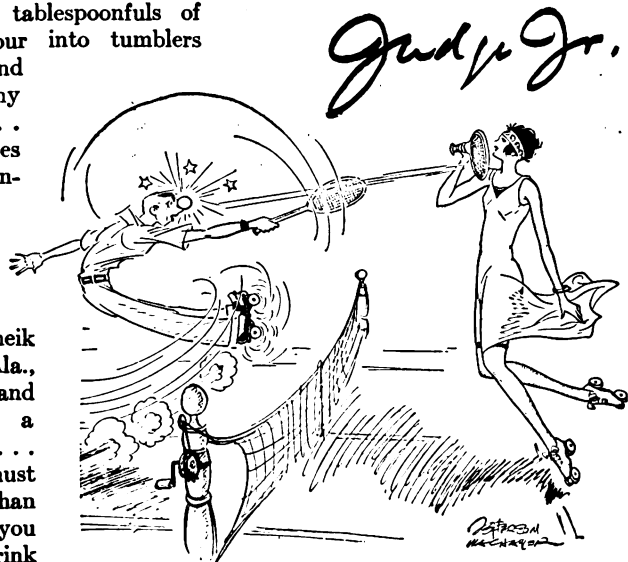


There seems to be great excitement among the Beau Brummels over my nawsty remark in a theater review that "the leading man wore white flannels with a dinner coat" and I evidently made a sartorial faux pas as the aforementioned B B's write

in that it is absbloominglutely the last word in correct wear. . . . Well, by golly, I'm no Beaunash, I'm just a rough plain-spoken man of the plains, but I think white flannels with a dinner coat looks like a Shubert chorus on a holiday. . . . Gosh, why not white knickers, too!

The gentleman from Georgia named "Phat," who made the impassioned query as to what to mix with corn liquor, certainly caused a lot of commotion every time I've tried to duck out of the office the last week or so messengers have appeared with large bundles of mail containing "corn recipes" We have selected a few that sound rather intriguing D. L. S., strangely enough of New York City, contributes the first one one pint of corn (Georgia or Maryland), one-half pint of cream, whites of two eggs and a few tablespoonfuls of Grenadine. Pour into tumblers about half full and fill up with Vichy or Seltzer F. W. D. comes forth with wonderful discovery that "corn" mixes very well with Coca-Cola Tom Irby, formerly the Sheik of Aniston, Ala., says that "corn" and molasses make a great mixture he says that you must use mo' corn than mo'lasses and if you have no 'lasses drink mo' corn!

My Ear-to-the-Ground Department informs me that tennis on roller skates is the very latest thing out West. . . . of course, a concrete court is necessary and I should say the head ought to be of the same material a heavy pillow tied back of the belt ought to make the game easier, too!



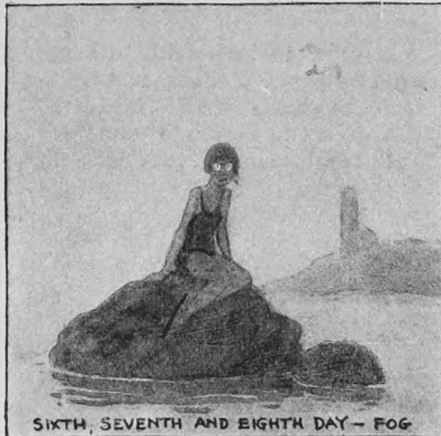
It takes a good skate to play this game!

Judge Jr.



FIRST AND SECOND DAY - RAIN

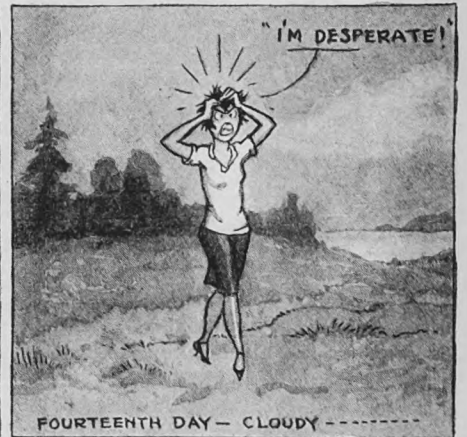
THIRD AND FOURTH DAY - RAIN



FIFTH DAY - RAIN

SIXTH, SEVENTH AND EIGHTH DAY - FOG

NINTH AND TENTH DAY - RAIN



ELEVENTH AND TWELTH DAY - FOG

THIRTEENTH DAY - RAIN

FOURTEENTH DAY - CLOUDY



HELLO, GIRLS! HOW'S THAT FOR A TAN?

GORGEOUS!

GEE!

RB. FULLER

DONE TO A TURN

JUDGE'S FAIRY TALES FOR TIRED CLUBMEN

Snow-white and Rose-red

HERE is a fable which goes well with a cup of hot gin in the corner just before bedtime. It seems that a widow lived in a small apartment in the woods with her two daughters named Tessie and Ella. In front of the flat there were two rose bushes with red and white roses on them; so, for no good reason at all, the widow used to call the girls Snow-white and Rose-red. They were two of the best children that ever lived (except the writer of this narrative), and they loved each other dearly, some times.

So every evening they would gather around the radiator and the two girls would lie down in front of it like it was a fireplace while the old lady read the paper to them. Then they'd all have a piece of bread and jam, including the lamb and the white dove which lived there with them, although the landlord didn't know it. So this was their idea of a wild time.

Anyway, one evening they were sitting around grousing about the weather when there came a scratching on the door. "Quick, Snow-white, bolt the door!" said the widow. "Maybe it's a book agent?" But who should it be but a big black bear which was feeling kind of low and hadn't eaten for a week and was looking for some honest work. Well, they were kind of leary about him at first but he showed them a letter from his pastor proving that he was honest, so they staked him to a free feed and a blanket to cover himself

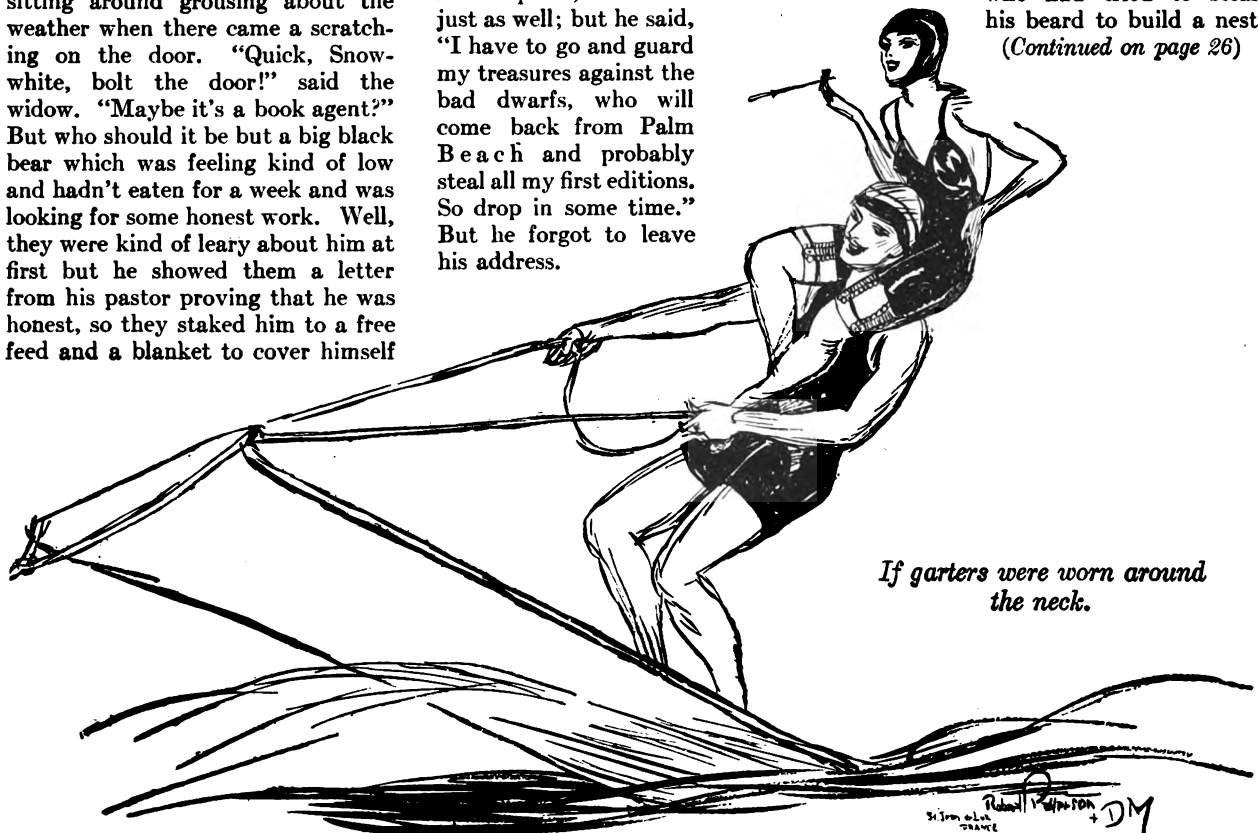


Snow-white and rose-red.

with. The next morning he left, but it must have created a habit because he showed up every night for the next six weeks. So when spring came, he said one day, "Well, girls, I have to go home." "Home?" asks both girls together. "We didn't know you had one!" The bear didn't see the point, which was just as well; but he said, "I have to go and guard my treasures against the bad dwarfs, who will come back from Palm Beach and probably steal all my first editions. So drop in some time." But he forgot to leave his address.

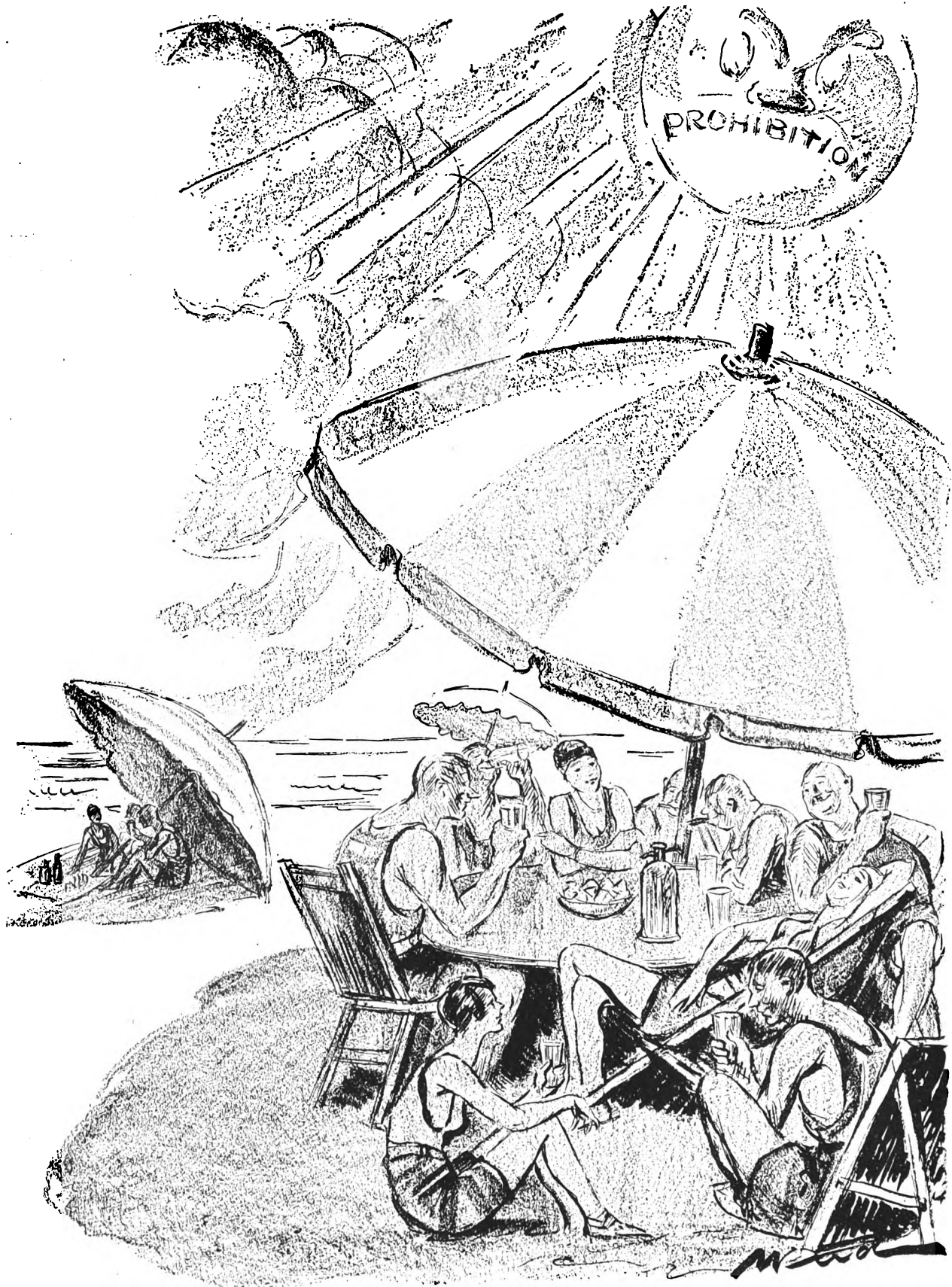
Well, some time after that, the two girls were taking a walk through the woods when one of them let out a shriek you could have heard in Canarsie and pointed at a nearby orange grove (this all happened in California). So there was a dwarf who had got his beard caught in a tree trunk while he was carving his initials in it. The girls went into conference and finally cut off a piece of the beard with a scissors they had brought along for trimming the trees. But the old gent was far from grateful because he said they ruined his beard and he threatened to sue them but nothing came of it. So they walked on a little ways when they heard a yell and who should it be but the dwarf who was being pulled into the water by a salmon he had just hooked. So they snipped off some more beard and again the old gentleman cursed them up and down for interfering.

Anyhow, they had just gone a little ways further when they saw the dwarf struggling with an eagle who had tried to steal his beard to build a nest
(Continued on page 26)



If garters were worn around the neck.

Robert Robinson + DM
SHIRAZ TRANCE



SUN DODGERS



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

One Hundred Per Cent.

NO DOUBT the Methodist Episcopal Church numbers among its members a great many Americans of good feeling and charitable inclination, of breeding and common sense. Our heart bleeds for them in this, the hour of their humiliation. For the evidence has been accumulating that the spokesmen for their Church are conspicuously lacking in these qualities. We are all well used to the outbursts of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals in Washington. But its recent suggestion that we refuse to cancel the war debts of our European allies unless they go dry reaches heights that we had thought unscalable even to this fountain of fatuity. Now on top of this comes the famous speech of Bishop Adna W. Leonard, of Western New York. Lest you have forgotten their wording, we quote a few extracts:

"No governor, be he nullificationist or not, can kiss a Papal ring and ever get within gunshot of the White House."

"We (the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Episcopal Church) are the keepers of the Constitution, of the flag and of American citizenship."

"America is a Protestant Nation and always will remain so."

"I am 100 per cent. Anglo-Saxon."

"Our immigration laws must be enforced against those Latin races who would flock to this country. . . . The Anglo-Saxons of this country will see that the Latin ideals do not obtain, but instead that the ideals of Christianity prevail."

"Loyal Methodists, in view of the action taken by the last General Conference, I say to you that no loyal Methodist can be loyal to the Church and to Senator Wadsworth at the same time."

It is a little difficult to say of which the gentleman shows the grossest ignorance: history, the American Constitution or the spirit of Christ.

God Forbid!

IT IS becoming the fashion, when a public officer dies or is impeached or goes to jail, to elect his wife in his place. The latest manifestation of this amiable custom is Mrs. John W. Langley's primary victory in Kentucky. Mrs. Langley's husband, the former Congressman, is serving a sentence in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta for conspiracy to violate the Prohibition law. Two years ago his constituents celebrated the charges against him by re-electing him. Now, to reaffirm their enthusiasm, they have virtually elected his wife.

But there is a limit beyond which they can't be expected to go in support of the Langley family. Mr. Langley is editing *Good Words*, the prison publication at Atlanta. Recently an article supporting evolution crept into this paper. Langley was horror struck. He has made emphatic denial that he is an evolutionist.

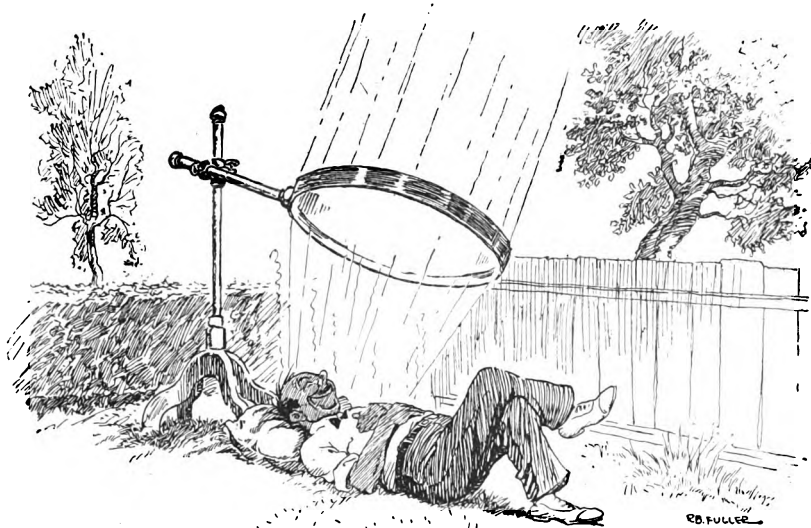
Film Fancies

TO ANYONE who by choice or condemnation has made a habit of the movies there comes sooner or later the realization that here is an institution not simply silly and cheap, but silly and cheap in its own peculiar manner. It has a flavor, or an odor, or an atmosphere, or what have you, that, however objectionable, is typical and distinctive. Whence comes it? We hope the following analysis is not all old stuff.

The movies are preoccupied with sex. Pious gentlemen like the soft-treading Mr. Hays no doubt prefer the term, "love interest." But sex it is, if we are to be honest with ourselves and with the pulchritudinous children whose shadows are forever kissing and hugging each other on a million screens from coast to coast. The reason for this preoccupation is obvious. In all history there has never been another box-office attraction to equal sex. The gentlemen who control the movies are well aware of this and determined not to forego its advantages. But theirs is a special problem.

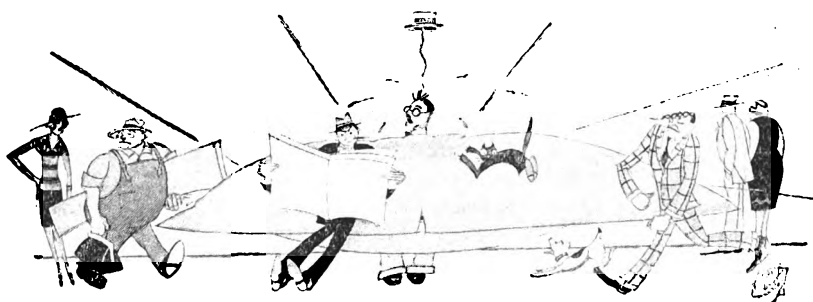
Hitherto the theater has been a purely urban institution. Over a period of centuries it has inured city folk to the exploitation of sex appeal. They can take it or leave it alone. But with the advent of the movies Thespis has suddenly invaded the great open spaces. The vast majority whose dimes and quarters the movie magnates must seduce are country people to whom sex appeal is something highly intoxicating and wicked. They have raised up a multitude of censorship boards to protect them from its corruption. The special problem of the movie magnate, therefore, is so to disguise his exploitation of sex that it won't be too readily recognized and still retain its potency.

He has chosen for his purpose a cheap perfume made up in equal parts of obvious hypocrisy and gross sentimentality. There must always be the hint of matrimony, past or future, to sanctify the ravenous love-making. Attempts at rape may be frequent if they emphasize the purity of the intended victims. Legs, bosoms, wild parties, suggestive dancing may be introduced if passed off as the foibles of the wicked rich. The result is exactly what it always is when perfume is used to remove something that really requires soap or ventilation. *W. M. H.*



DESIGNED FOR STAY-AT-HOMES

Contrivance for giving a week's sunburn in an afternoon.



The way a fellow's back appears to grow, as soon as it gets sunburned.



*"Remember, Jezebel, we've plighted our troth."
"Listen, Monte—I understood all the time we were engaged."*

"Obrien Outloud"

IN the old days, the only one who knew what the ladies wore underneath was the laundress.

O

Subway Scale

This represents the length of some trains.

And this of some stations.

O

If you want to remember things, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck.

O

The old-fashioned girl
And her old-fashioned beau
Couldn't marry these days
On his old-fashioned dough.

O

The New Webster

Gloom, n. A gloom is a person who feels sorry for himself for living. He wears a crape for a neck-tie and goes around with an expression on his face as if somebody is continually pulling a porous plaster off his back. He is so sour any of the milk of human kindness he may have had in him has long since curdled, and curdled milk is cheese. A gloom can join a happy party and turn it into a funeral. If the members of the party are wise they will see to it that it's his own. A gloom generally has a voice that sounds like a basso on a phonograph record when the phonograph is run down and needs winding. A man's home is his palace, but a gloom's home is his mausoleum. When a gloom enters a garden, the humming-birds stop humming, the swallows swallow harder, the blue jays get bluer, the sunflowers droop, the morning glories go into mourning, the weeping willows weep, the grasshoppers stop hopping and the frogs commence to croak.

O

Movie Limericks

This villain they call Wallace Beery,
Has a look in his eye that is leery,
And when he looks tough,
And starts to act rough,
The heroines all look so feary!

R. C. O'Brien

Judge's Question Box

Dear JUDGE: Will you please inform me, through your valued and highly helpful colyum, how I can get wine out of my pink georgette evening gown?

Anxiously,
Mrs. C. O. D.

Dear Mrs. Delivery: You might try putting the gown through a wringer, but it really is more trouble than it's worth. After all, the wine wouldn't be fit to drink when you did get it out.
JUDGE

Dear JUDGE: Will you please settle a wager between me and a friend of mine, as to who it was who wrote Grey's Elegy. He claims it was Jean Stratton Porter, while I am just as certain that it was Shakespeare.

Won't you settle our difference as a box of cigars hangs on the result of your decision.

Eagerly,
B. V. D.

Dear B. V. D.: You are both wrong. It was written by Franz Mendelssohn for use at weddings, funerals and other celebrations. It is a portion of the much longer epic, popularly known as "The Lock on the Barroom Door."

You may mail the cigars to my address whenever it is convenient.
JUDGE

Dear JUDGE: I have been in this country now for three years, speak the language quite well, such as it is, and am altogether a rather pleasing personality. My work is rather confining, however, and I do not come in contact with as many people as I should like to.

Can you make any general suggestions as to how a person of my rather diffident character can get in contact socially with a greater number of people?

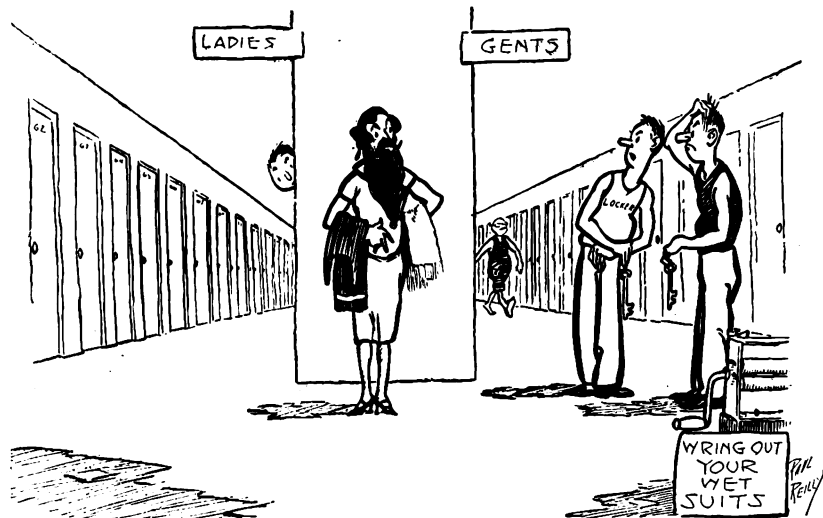
Very truly yours,
N. Y. C.

Dear Central: Have you tried riding in the New York subways? Some of the closest contacts in cosmopolitan society are formed during the rush hours.
JUDGE

Richard S. Wallace



PICNICKER—It's too late to take his picture—the light is very poor.
"Alfred, don't be stupid! There's enough light to photograph a small child like that."



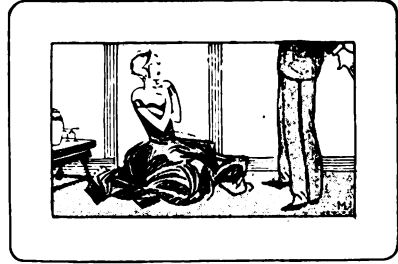
CONEY FREAK CAUSES IMPASSE AT A BATHHOUSE
What to do with the bearded lady?



The tattle-tale sunburn.

JUDGING the SHOWS

By George Jean Nathan



I

Now that this department is once again in intelligent hands, let us get serious once more and devote ourselves to a piece of tripe called "The Ghost Train." The show will have opened at the Selwyn by this time, so I take the liberty of reporting on it from its London manifestation at the Prince of Wales's Theater, so called because it never houses musical shows and, therefore, never attracts the estimable Prince as a customer.

"The Ghost Train" is the work of Arnold Ridley. Who Mr. Ridley is, I don't know, but if he is any relation to all the Ridley coal signs one sees in England he needn't worry about play royalties. What Ridley has concocted is what is commonly known by the boobletariat as a mystery play. A mystery play is one the solution of whose mystery is always printed in all the newspapers the day after it opens and which then confidently expects everyone thereafter to be all worked up over speculating whether it was Giles Rosenbaum who killed the old miser or the old miser who killed Giles Rosenbaum. In "The Ghost Train," although, true enough, there are the usual number of murders, the great puzzle that confronts the audience which has read the answer in the papers concerns not the identity of some evil gent, but, more particularly, the nature of a choo-choo that every once in so often occultly passes a given point when no train has been scheduled and when, to boot, no one can find out where it comes from or goes to. Obviously, a pretty mystery, and a veritable leaf out of daily life and the world about us.

The central character in Sir

"*Abie's Irish Rose*" (Republic)—This play shows signs of a run, but I doubt that it can last until 1985.

"*Ziegfeld's Revue*" (Globe)—A beautifully produced show, but nowhere near Ziegfeld's high standard.

"*Scandals*" (Apollo)—A good revue with good-looking girls, but with some outdated headliners.

"*Kitty's Kisses*" (Playhouse)—A poor musical show enlivened only by Dorothy Dilley's and Nick Long's dancing.

"*Iolanthe*" (Plymouth)—An excellent Gilbert and Sullivan revival, to be placed at the top of your theater schedule.

"*The Girl Friend*" (Vanderbilt)—A dull music show with no one in it to relieve matters.

"*Garrick Gaities*" (Garrick)—Only fair—and then only in spots.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—Still the best of the tune shows, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue earning their salaries.

"*The Great Temptations*" (Winter Garden)—One of the best of the Shubert offerings at this playhouse, even if you have conceivably already heard "Valencia."

"*A Night in Paris*" (44th St.)—Moved down from the Century Roof and embellished with some new numbers.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morosco)—Still going at the old stand, despite the Pulitzer Prize.

"*One Man's Woman*" (48th St.)—Hot weather or no hot weather, I can't think up anything good to say about this one.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—Although the advertisements announce it as the funniest show in New York it is the funniest show in New York.

"*No More Women*" (Ambassador)—Half of it is by Samuel Shipman.

"*Laft That Off*" (Wallack's)—Anyone who can satisfactorily explain to me why this play has run so long will be rewarded with a season pass to the Desbrosses street ferry.

"*Pyramids*" (Cohan)—Produced while I was in England drinking Bass' mineral waters.

"*Americana*" (Belmont)—I hear good reports of this revue, but still have rheumatism which keeps me from getting around to it.

"*At Mrs. Beam's*" (Guild)—Moderately amusing comedy of life in an English boarding-house, with Jean Cadell excellent in the leading rôle.

"*Honest Liars*" (Harris)—See "Pyramids."

"*The Great God Brown*" (Klaw)—An antidote to nine-tenths of the plays in town.

"*What Every Woman Knows*" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes acquits herself nicely in one of the rôles that Maude Adams played, but her support is nothing to throw roses over the footlights at.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—This stink-bomb is still perfuming the little theater up in 62d street.

"*The House of Usher*" (Mayfair)—A dull evening, doubtless being kept alive by the activities of Professor Leblang.

"*The Vagabond King*" (Casino)—The songs in this musical version of "If I Were King" are sung, which is more than one can say of certain other shows along Broadway.

"*Passions of 1926*" (Shubert)—"The Merry World" rebaptized.

"*Nic-Naz of 1926*" (Cort)—The gent who conducted this department while I was taking the cure at Haig-und-Haig has reviewed this one.

Arthur Wing Ridley's drama is a silly-ass Englishman who hops around the stage bumping into the other actors, stepping on their feet, making asinine cracks and conducting himself generally like a sublimated moron, and who turns out in the end to be none other—surprise of surprises!—than a very perspicacious Scotland Yard detective. It is due to this genius' ratiocination that the spook train is found to be a very real one designed to carry arms to Bolsheviks hiding in England and ready to burn down Buckingham Palace any minute and to lift the ban which currently prevents anyone from getting a drink between the hours of three and five-thirty in the afternoon.

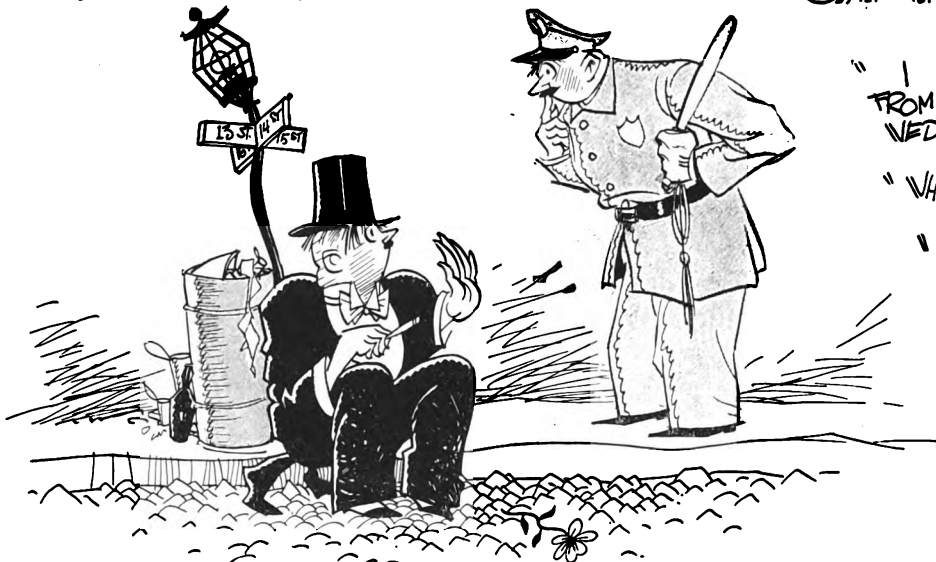
The acting that Mr. George Bernard Ridley's masterpiece received on the night I saw it would go great in Shamokin, Pa. Richard Bird, the young English actor who got notices from the New York newspaper boys last year that Salvini would have been proud to paste in his scrapbook, had the rôle of the sleuth. His performance was a combination of St. Vitus and hoochie-coochie dancing, with overtones of hydrophobia. The supporting troupe, following his lead and aided and abetted by some remarkable stage direction, needed only a ball to make an otherwise realistic game of soccer perfect.

II

ANOTHER English gem announced for early American production is "Distinguished Villa," by a Mlle. Kate O'Brien. Upon my return to New York, I heard that the local gazettes, the day after the play opened, printed long cable dispatches

(Continued on page 27)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS



" I JUST CAME FROM A ROTTEN WEDDING —!"
 " WHOSE WAS IT? "
 " MINE !!! "

" NIGHT IN PARIS !!! "



" I'M LUCKIER AT CARDS THAN AT THE RACES "

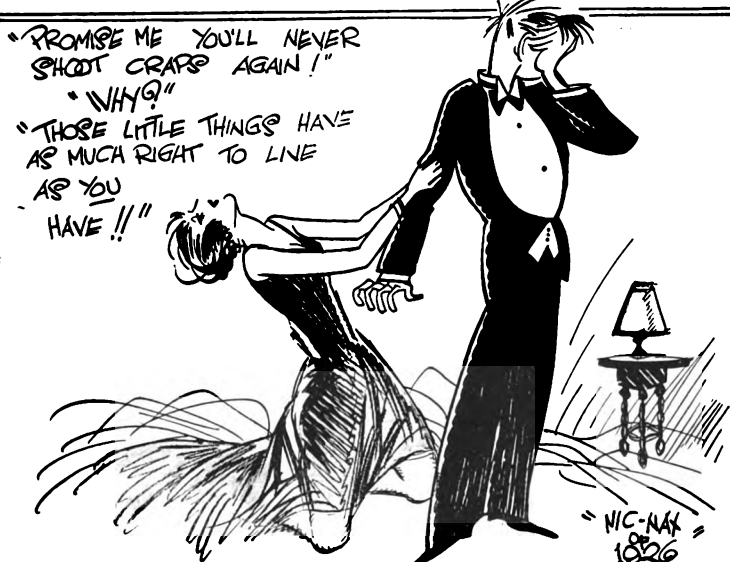
" WELL YOU CAN'T SHUFFLE THE HORSES! "

" KEITH'S "



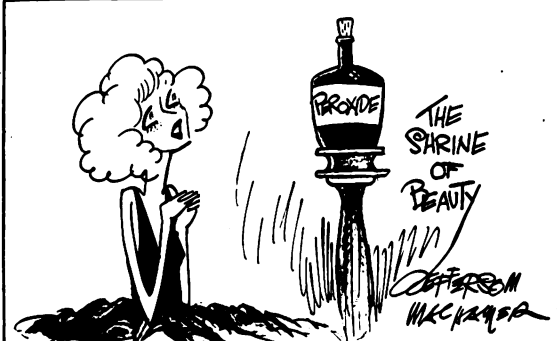
" KEITH'S "

HE — " I STAYED AT THE SHORT PANTS HOTEL "
 SHE — " THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE! "
 HE — " YEAH! — THE KNICKERBOCKER! "



" PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER SHOOT CRAP AGAIN! "
 " WHY? "
 " THOSE LITTLE THINGS HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO LIVE AS YOU HAVE !!! "

" NIC-NAX 1926 "



THE SHRINE OF BEAUTY

JEFFERSON WICKERSON



FLAPPER (having socked the postman)—Hot dog! Whadyeknow! A letter for me from Bill Scott!

The Dizzy Decade

*(With apologies to all concerned)
(How they'll probably describe our period about ten years hence)*

GERTRUDE EDERLE swam the English Channel and a lady at Rockaway Beach feigned drowning because the lifeguard had blue eyes. Walt Mason installed a new verse machine and a poet in a Greenwich Village garret shot himself. Jack

Dempsey refused a million dollars to fight Wills and a bum on the Bowery begged a dime for a cupacawfee.

Three women in Chicago shot their husbands and Peggy Hopkins Joyce was introduced to De Wolf Hopper. A taxicab driver in Boston had change for a dollar bill, a waiter in New York said "thank you" to a restaurant patron and a barber in Detroit shaved a man without suggesting a face message. President Coolidge caught a fish. A man was brought into the psychopathic ward at Bellevue under the delusion that the country had a Prohibition law. A salesman in a Cleveland hotel actually read three chapters in a Gideon Bible.

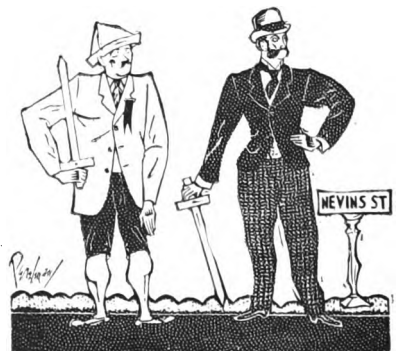
A man was arrested in Kansas for smoking a cigarette on Sunday and John Roach Straton didn't appear in print for nearly a week. Mrs.

Millionbucks equipped her kennels with steam heat and three babies died on New York's East Side. A lady in Buffalo had her hair bobbed without weeping, Cecil De Mille produced a movie without a sunken bathtub, an original melody was born in Tin Pan Alley, a tourist drove in from Montreal, without any liquor, and a bunch of fellers discovered the North Pole.

Arthur L. Lippmann

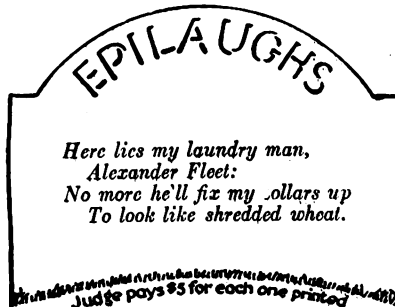


THE MORNING AFTER
With the back and shoulders



EXPLORING A NEW CONTINENT;
OR THE LIBERTY BOYS IN BROOKLYN

"Halloo, Edgar!" said an acquaintance to that person. "Where have you been for a week back?" "Nowhere," answered Mr. Garfinkle, hurriedly, "and I tell you my back ain't weak anyways!" This effectually disposed of the "nosey" inquirer.

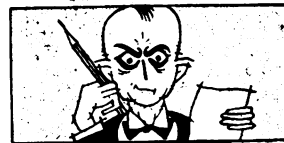


Here lies my laundry man,
Alexander Fleet:
No more he'll fix my ollars up
To look like shredded wheat.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

JUDGING the MOVIES I

by William Morris Houghton



IF you have joined the growing revolt against Auntie Everything—and what business have you reading JUDGE if you haven't—you will enjoy "Padlocked," ridiculous as it is. "Padlocked" is propaganda, laid on with a trowel, against the tyranny and hypocrisy of the uplift, and to those who still need it, it is probably just obvious enough to get across.

Father so objects to the gaieties of life that he causes his wife's death and his daughter's exile. Then he ups and marries his blue-stocking secretary with whom he has been flirting clandestinely. She turns out to be a spendthrift harpy with a vulgar family whom she saddles upon him. His house becomes astir with petting parties; it echoes to jazz, and rocks with the Charleston. His remonstrances earn him only derision. The vision of his first sweet family, wrecked on the rocks of his harsh Puritanism, comes to him. He breaks down, and in meek repentance he buys off wife No. 2 and the im-

- "Bon-Hur"—Exciting spectacle.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—Perfect vicarious visit to an earthly paradise.
- "La Bohème"—Lillian Gish.
- "The Black Pirate"—Douglas Fairbanks.
- "The Bat"—Mystery cocktail.
- "For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.
- "Kiki"—Bowdlerized with Norma.
- "Brown of Harvard"—College life as it ain't.
- "The Wilderness Woman"—Plenty of comedy with Chester Conklin.
- "Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
- "Wet Paint"—Poor gag farce.
- "Paris"—Apache melodrama.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
- "Say It Again"—For Richard Dix fans.
- "Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
- "Good and Naughty"—Clever farce with Pola.
- "The Volga Boatman"—Well, not exactly.
- "The Brown Derby"—Badly dented.
- "The Palm Beach Girl"—The wild Bebe.
- "Lovey Mary"—Too sweet.
- "Puppets"—Milton Sills.
- "The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chaney strains himself.
- "Variety"—Best picture in this list.
- "Silence"—Enough said.
- "It's the Old Army Game"—W. C. Fields.
- "Up in Mabel's Room"—Bedroom farce.
- "Mantrap"—Sinclair Lewis off guard.
- "Nell Gwyn"—Historical romance tactfully done.
- "Men of Steel"—Fiddle in fine setting.
- "The Two-Gun Man"—Silver King.
- "The Waltz Dream"—Slush out of Germany.
- "You Never Know Woman"—Yeh?

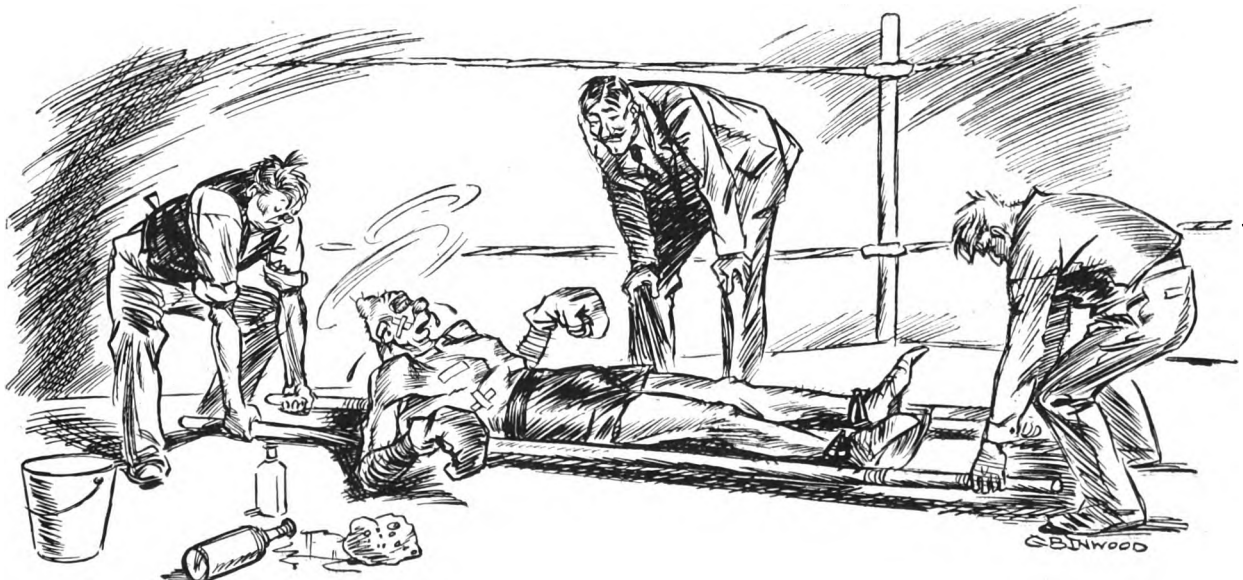
possible in-laws and seeks out his daughter.

In the meantime daughter has been having her vicissitudes, too. Starting as a cabaret dancer, she has been committed, through the intervention of father and stepmother, to a house of correction and subsequently paroled in the custody of an elderly satyr. The latter is on the point of having his wicked way with her when a former victim, suddenly turned noble, enlightens her. She faints just as the handsome young hero she loves and her broken father stage a simultaneous rescue.

The curtain goes down, as curtains will, on an idyllic scene of reconciliation and benediction and—well, love.

Noah Beery, who takes the part of the father, does an excellent job, it seems to me, within the limitations of the script. He combines a mealy-mouthed piety with a smirk of apology that is utterly sickening, appropriately so. Lois Moran, as the daughter, is not as happily cast.

(Continued on page 32)



MANAGER—Lissen, Pete, I made him promise to give you a return match! Ain't that grand?



CALL AT THE SERVANTS ENTRANCE MY GOOD MAN ORDERED ISABELLE ICILY

SO THIS IS PARIS!

How pride can oftentimes take a fall is well brought out in a mighty funny story from Butte, Mont., sent in by Mrs. Daniel Harbowitz, of Atlantic avenue. A farmer's son had been graduated from Harvard and arrived home full of his own importance. "Now that I'm a college graduate," he told his father, a Mr. Riskin, "I shall want a good field to demonstrate my talents in." His poppa looked him over and then said, "Wa'al, there's a ten-acre one over thar in that corner which you can hoe. Raowdy-dow!" And he slapped his thigh in merriment. Needless to say, his son did not see the joke. Neither do we, to tell the truth.

The End of a Beautiful Friendship

"BUTCH" KLAUS was uneasy. He paced back and forth in his tiny cell, a keen look of disappointment on the face that was pictured in every rogue's gallery from Frisco to Maine. Now "Butch" Klaus was not an easy man to rile. Hadn't "Butch" just robbed the Third

National Bank of three million dollars? Hadn't he done it single-handed?

Across the cell corridor was the temporary abode of "Kid" Dugan. The "Kid" gazed across at "Butch" Klaus and then averted his gaze. "Butch" looked over at the "Kid"

FUNNYBONES

There are horse shows and auto shows, but the pedestrian has no show.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

and tears of envy welled up in his steely eyes. Every time Klaus looked over at his companion in crime, he sobbed and turned his head away. Finally, Butch could stand it no longer. He called for a pencil and paper and wrote a letter:

"Editor, The Daily Reflector.

"DEAR SIR: I gotta real complaint against youse dis time. Fer tree years I been doin' good, front-page robberies so youse could git out a good pitcher paper? Who done de Blake Diamond job? Who robbed de Imperial Hotel? Me—Butch Klaus. Every time I pulled off a job youse gave me a good write-up, lots of pitchers and youse called me 'De Master Mind Crim'nal' and de 'Gentleman Boiglar.'

"Two days ago I pulls off de big Toid National Bank job. I sez to meself: I'll bet De Daily Reflector gives me a great write-up on dis one. Well, I buys de paper and youse don't give me more den about tree inches, while Kid Dugan, who just snatches a lady's pocketbook away gits de whole front page wid pitchers and poisonous statements.

"In view of dis shabby treatment, I cannot promise to do any more good robberies. I ain't mad, jist terribly hoit.

"Yours wid sorrow,

*"Butch" Klaus,
"Member Second-story Man's
Union No. 231."*

Hugh Wood



The umbrella hat for summer wear keeps off sun and rain and also gives you a perfect carriage, as the rod goes down the back.

Special London Correspondence

London, England.

DEAR JUDGE: Well, Judge, here I am in the jolly old town of London. The people over here seem to be quite patriotic as they've a statue of Lincoln or Washington on nearly every corner and a few of William Penn and Ben Franklin thrown in for good measure.

I went to Piccadilly Circus to see if it was as good as Ringling's, and would you believe it, JUDGE, they didn't even have a lemonade stand or anything. I've heard it said that the English didn't have any sense of humor, but when you see 'em standing around Piccadilly laughin' up their sleeves at the American tourists who come there to see the circus you'd change your mind.

Down in the center of town, something like the Public Square in Cleveland, O., they've got a monument to a fellow named Trafalgar, with four lions at the base. I guess he used to be a lion tamer in Piccadilly circus.

Seems like everybody over here is left-handed, as they all drive on the wrong side of the street. I can't



SYNOPSIS—Mr. Blim comes home and finds that his wife returned from the country bringing a heavy coat of tan and a new cook—but which is which?

imagine what would happen if a right-handed New York taxi driver ever got going over here. And, JUDGE, you know everybody over in the U. S. A. makes fun of flivvers,

but a flivver is a *Leviathan* beside some of these here miniature cars that look like animated watch fobs and sound like an alarm clock running down the street.

I went through Westminster Abbey the other day and all afternoon the guide led me around over the graves of dead kings and queens. He assured me that they had all been dead a long time so they didn't seem to mind it. They used to bury all the poets and writers right with the kings and queens.

Also visited the Tower of London with the same guide, who must have been a thousand years old. He had a memory that reached 'way back before Columbus even thought of discovering the United States. He told me all about Bloody Mary and how she buried two princes under the stairs and had them beheaded because Queen Elizabeth and Henry the Eighth quarreled about Charles I's second wife on his mother's side, who was likewise beheaded or something like that. He showed us the blocks and headsman's ax to prove it.

It was in this Tower that Queen Elizabeth imprisoned Sir Walter Raleigh for introducing tobacco into England after sampling English cigarettes—I didn't blame her.

Statistically yours,
Nate Collier



"I may as well give up. I'll never be a writer."

"What's happened?"

"I had an article on Antique Furniture rejected by The Saturday Evening Post."



OFFERSON

A kiss in the dark.
—YALE RECORD

Girl's Meditation at Fifteen

The first time I go out
Should I let him kiss me?
I wonder . . . is that done?
Or should I hold away—a little
And glance rather shyly—
And say—No, not to-night.
Or should I
Put aside
All my "old maidish" beliefs
And enter into the so-called "fun"?

And yet they say
The girls
Men really want
Are those whose lips are never
Kissed — —
So
I believe that's what
I'll try
I'll try
Just
Once!

—Minnesota Ski U Mah

Get Anywhere?

A mid-west farmer, after a visit to Congress, summarized his impressions by saying: "It's just like some of these new dances—they make a lot of motions but they never seem to get anywhere."

—Louisville Satyr



At Any Summer Hotel

"Where do you bathe?"
"In the spring."
"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where." —M. I. T. Voo Doo

—

"My dear, the show is to tour England next year."
"Oh! Good! I must get one of those Anglo-Saxons for my car."
—Cincinnati Cynic

—

"Bill just lent me \$5."
"What the —; he wouldn't lend me a nickel."
"He wouldn't lend me a cent, either. He thinks he cashed a check for me." —M. I. T. Voo Doo

—

"Didn't your father-in-law lose his fortune?"
"Yes. I married for love after all." —Oklahoma Whirlwind



HE—*May I call?*
SHE—I am sorry, I'm married.
"Sall right, I'm married and just as sorry." —PITT PANTHER

Mary No. 987654327 & etc's.

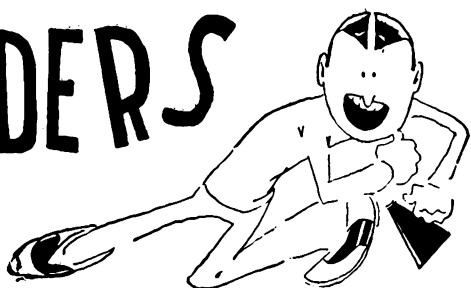
Mary had a little waist,
Where waists are meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
The waist was sure to go.
—Toronto Goblin



He took her home!

—BOSTON BEANPOT

LEADERS



"I'm not going to let him take my daughter to the Prom."
 "Why not?"
 "He just wrote us that he won a loving cup."
 —BROWN JUG

"Did you have any luck hunting tigers in India?"
 "Marvelous luck. Didn't come across a single tiger."
 —Stanford Chaparral

He—Is your husband a traveling man?
 She—Yes, but I have a date for to-night.
 —N. Y. Medley

He—You look sweet enough to eat.
 She—I do. How about Checker Inn?
 —Boston Beanpot

In Dean's Office

Dean—Where are your parents?
 Girl—I have none.
 "Then where are your guardians?"
 "I have none."
 "Then where are your supporters?"
 "Sir! You are forgetting yourself."
 —Lehigh Burr

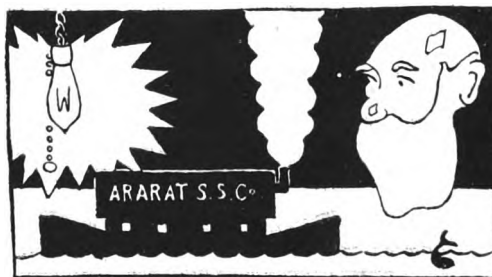
"Look at Mabel's dress."
 "I can't see it. Some fellow has his arm around her."
 —N. Y. Medley

"Why do they call this fellow a Knight of the Garter?"
 "He's one of the king's chief supporters."
 —Pitt Panther

The modern dance has developed in leaps and bounds.
 —Cornell Widow



"Such popularity must be observed."
 —PENN STATE FROTH



"Say, do you know who invented electric illumination?"
 "Sure, Thomas Edison!"
 "Naw, Noah! When he let all the elephants out, didn't he make the first Ark light?"
 —RUTGERS CHANTICLEER



The varnishing American.
 —MINNESOTA SKI U MAH

Chet—What the deuce are you moping about?
 Bob—Oh, don't bother me.
 "Come on, tell me."
 "I just lost a good top coat."
 "Don't you remember where you left it?"
 "I didn't leave it anywhere."
 "Then how did you lose it?"
 "My old roommate recognized it!"
 —Boston Beanpot

There's no justice. If you make out your income tax correctly you go to the poorhouse. If you don't you go to jail.
 —M. I. T. Voo Doo

Algy—"Tralaloo, fair Priscilla, methinks I will give up smoking cigarettes and start chewing.

F.P.—Elucidate, fair Algy.
 "Why, 'tis said that one can chew for a week on a dime."
 "But I asks you, Algy, who wants to chew on a dime."
 —Penn State Froth

"I have just bought a new set of balloon tires."
 "Funny, I didn't know you even had a balloon."
 —Oklahoma Whirlwind



"Will you post this letter for me, please?"

—*Sondagsnisse-Strix* (Stockholm)

Effeminate Ladies

Large picture hats have been seen. Bit by bit women seem to be losing all their manhood!

—*Eve* (London)



Sergeant (angrily)—Button up that coat!

Married Recruit (absent-mindedly)—Yes, my dear. —*Answers*



An American screen star who recently got married says she will act for the films just as she did before. We are relieved to hear that it will be no worse.

—*Humorist*

A bowl of beer placed in the kitchen at night will entrap beetles, says a weekly paper. The convivial insects refuse to go home till morning, and then can be easily caught by an early rising householder.

—*Humorist*



A man was summoned recently for being drunk whilst playing a saxophone in the street. The fact that he was getting some music out of it aroused a passing constable's suspicions.

—*Passing Show*



Maybe the Americans are so keen on séances nowadays because it's the only way they can get into touch with spirits more than a couple of days old.

—*Passing Show*



Fulham Council refuse to permit dancing in the borough's parks this summer. A man charged with performing the Charleston explained that he was merely kicking himself because he had forgotten to bring his umbrella.

—*Passing Show*



"Could I see General Blank?"
"I'm sorry, but General Blank is ill to-day."
"What made him ill?"
"Oh, things in general."

—*Tit Bits*



The hat box of the mode.

—*Lustige Blaetter*

In New York a man was set upon by footpads and robbed of his gold-plated false teeth. We hear that after this unfortunate affair he didn't smile for some time.

—*London Opinion*



Two British motorists are to tour the world and give jazz band concerts en route. We're sure they will make good progress. Everybody will be anxious to speed them on their way.

—*Humorist*



Reindeer milk is delivered in Nome, Alaska, in frozen blocks. Unscrupulous milkmen have to go to the bother of drilling holes and inserting icicles.

—*Passing Show*



A parcel of twenty-four pennies, all with holes bored in them and strings attached, was found in London. One theory is that it belonged to a Scotch visitor who had meant to throw his money about.

—*London Opinion*

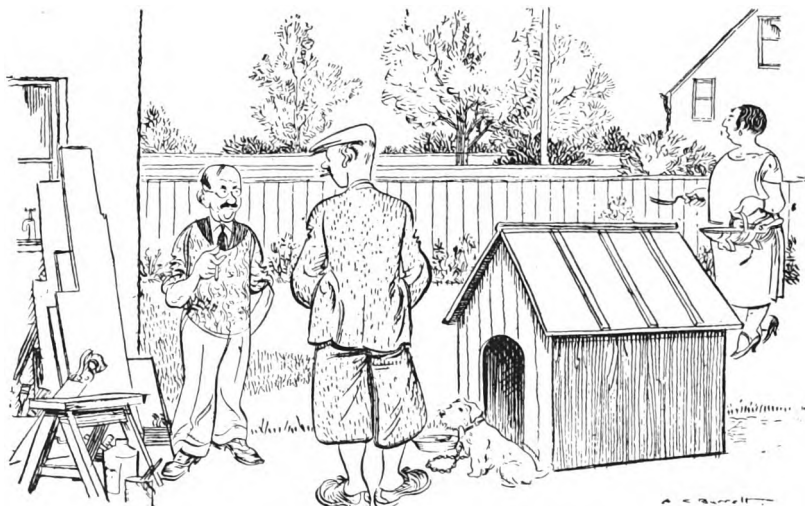


An Aberdonian went into a chemist's shop and asked for three-pennyworth of arsenic.

The chemist inquired what he wanted it for.

The Aberdonian replied, "Two-pence."

—*Tit Bits*



Friend—Certainly a nice kennel, but why trouble to make such a big one for a dog like that?

The Henpecked One—Well, between ourselves, the fact is that I want somewhere to sleep myself when I'm locked out at night.

—*Passing Show*

A man was recently knocked down by a perambulator and injured. If no horn is provided, nursemaids should give the baby a sharp pinch at level crossings.

—*Humorist*



Captain Waterhouse, M. P., says that we import twenty million artificial teeth annually. It's horrible to think that the only things we can gnash at our American debt are American teeth.

—*Punch*

Things You Might Be Interested In

Men living in the South find it very difficult to remove their shoes without first unlacing them.

Psychologists have not yet been able to discover a woman who can yawn with her mouth closed.

It is not a common supposition that the Eskimos have long been eating artichokes with a salad fork.

Almost all college boys can count up to ten without making a mistake.

The boys of Shanghai in China have come to the conclusion that it is impractical to fly kites in the house.

No matter how hard they try, the inhabitants of Paris cannot walk on both sides of the street at the same time.

Macaroni is very soft and pliable after it has been boiled in water.

—*London Opinion*



The widow of a farmer had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the board of agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning I find two or three lying on the ground cold and stiff with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following reply:

"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

—*Tit Bits*

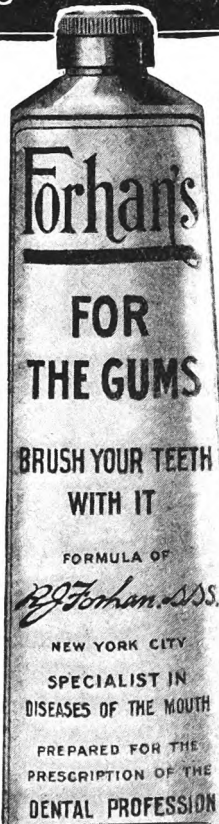


Facetious Holiday-maker—Come on, now, you're going to tell me that leg was bitten off by cannibals in the South Seas.

Native—No—by mosquitoes.

—*Humorist*

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—inflecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

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
E. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
200 6th Ave., N. Y.

Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Anso Speedex Film—the red box with the yellow band—fits all roll-film cameras.



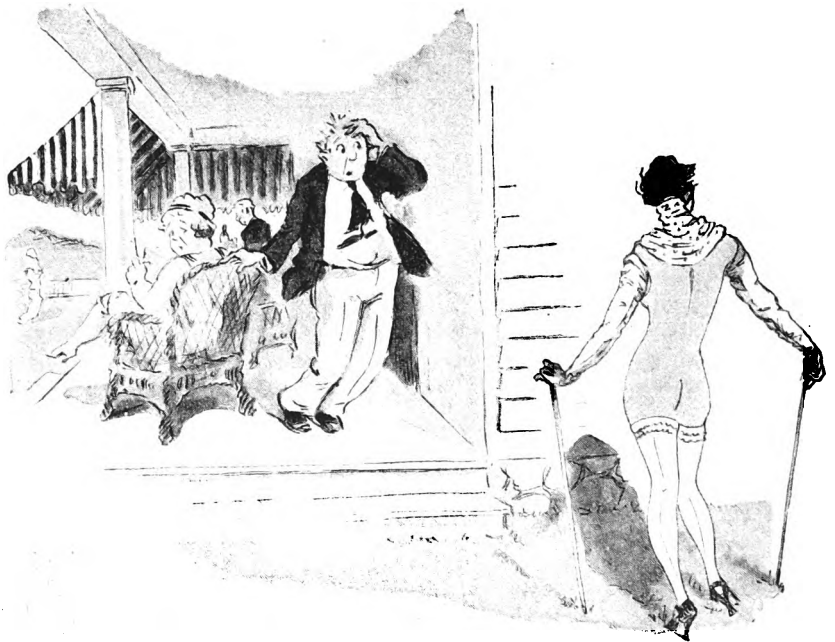
Keep your play-hours

—in pictures

It's a dangerous compliment to beauty to steer off the road—but it's a lasting, perfect one when you take her picture!

Anso Speedex Film is made so that even inexperienced folks always get good pictures. As for the experts—well, they've used Anso film for years!

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM
Pioneer Camera Makers of America
Anso—Binghamton, N. Y.



"Great Scott, Jane, is Betty crazy standing out there in the sun with nothing on but a pair of long stockings, long gloves and a scarf around her neck and shoulders?"

"Don't be silly, John, she's only getting one of the latest sunburned bathing suits."

Judge's Fairy Tales for Tired Clubmen

(Continued from page 11)

with, and when they finally released him by snipping off the whole beard at the roots, he was so sore he tried to slap them down on the spot. But suddenly their old friend the bear shows up from behind a steamer trunk and lays the dwarf cold. And as soon as this happens, the bear changes into a handsome young shoe salesman named Fineberg who said that he had been bewitched or something and offers to marry either one of the girls. So Snow-white married him and Rose-red married his brother, who was a contractor over in Jersey. Then they all went to Niagara Falls. There doesn't seem to be a moral to this fairy tale except you never know when you're going to bump into a salesman for something or other.

Perelman

An important race was recently won by a dark horse. It appears that several Fascisti put their shirts on it.

—Humorist

"Married men should wear something to indicate plainly that they are married," says a critic. They generally do by wearing a suit of the year before last this year and next.

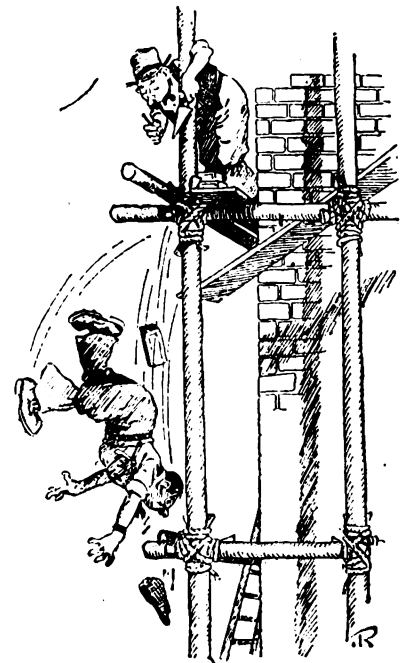
—London Opinion

There is a war between two great motor firms in America. It is feared that it will be waged to the last pedestrian.

—London Opinion

"I cannot think of a worse instrument than the saxophone," says Senor Mascagni. We sincerely hope nobody else can.

—Humorist



"Get down as quick as you can, Bill; there's a brick after you!"

—Tit Bits

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 16)

saying that it was to be compared, as a work of art, only with the top-notch work of Euripides. This goes to show many things, one of which is that the Ringling Brothers have overlooked a bet in missing the Mlle. O'Brien's press agent.

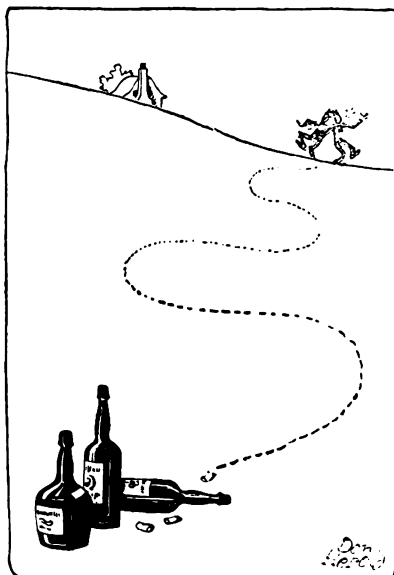
"Distinguished Villa" is another of those boarding-house plays. The recipe is familiar to you. In Act I, the boarders are trotted out one after another to comment on the humdrum of their lives and to long wistfully for a sight of the flowers growing in the fields. In Act II, the ingénue, stifled by the narrowness of the boarding-house, permits herself to be seduced by a natty and plausible fellow from the outside world. Act III, the audience spends figuring out how much fun it could have had with its twelve shillings if it hadn't come.

The acting in this piece ran that in "The Ghost Train" a hard race for first place.

III

STILL another exhibit due for early importation is "The Ringer," by Edgar Wallace. American audiences are due to find a great novelty in this one, as it is a crook play.

One would think that all possible changes had already been rung on the crook theme. After seeing the M. Wallace's brain child, the thought continues undisturbed. The venerable hocus-pocus here once again is made to parade the platform. The audience is asked to get feverishly excited figuring out who did the dirty work, when it is perfectly cer-



"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning...and it is sound reasoning, too...the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one...for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

F A T I M A



"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

tain from the start that the scoundrel of the occasion is the one actor in the cast that all the other actors insist is completely innocent.

While the acting in "The Ringer" is considerably better than that in the other two plays I've mentioned, it is still nothing to make Arthur Bingham Walkley hurry up from the country about. The leading rôles, while I was in London, were in the hands of Leslie Faber, whose work is well known over here, Franklin Dyall and Dorothy Dickson, the Chicago girl who used to dance at the Princess Theater and who is now a London favorite along with American cocktails, American jazz and almost everything else American but the Hofbräuhaus.



Only \$1.00 a pair for lovely chiffon hosiery fully guaranteed. 24+ inch pure silk leg, 4+ inch lisle garter hem. Ask your merchant for "Westcott Daydream." Westcott Hosiery Mills, Dalton, Ga.

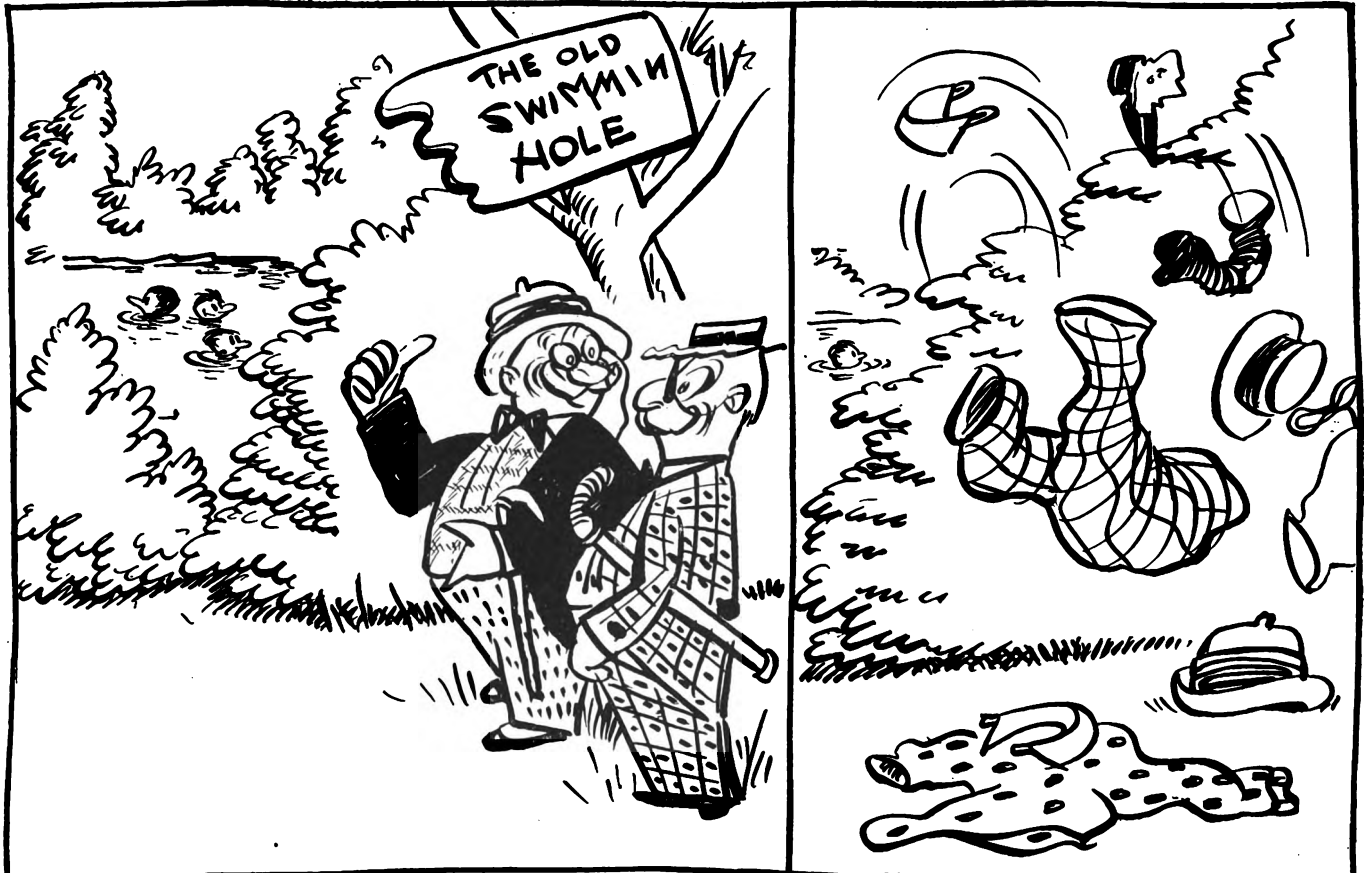
Westcott
Hosiery

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 September 6. Winning ending appears in the issue of September 25.



Contest No. 57

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Pop! Goes the Deadly Parallel

Editor JUDGE:

Any man who compares the drinking of alcoholic beverages with murder excites either my pity or my contempt. Pity if he really thinks he has set up a sensible argument. Contempt if he simply wishes to dupe the simple-minded.

In no civilized country is murder indulged in by the citizens day by day, year in and year out, as a relaxation or amusement. The drinking of alcoholic beverages is considered innocent and healthful in almost every country but our own.

Murder is directly prohibited by one of the Ten Commandments. Drinking of alcohol in any form is not.

The Savior of the world, the Son of "righteousness" (how I have learned to loath and hate that word), neither by precept nor by example sanctioned murder. He did sanction the drinking of wine on several occasions, and the most sacred sacrament of the Christian Church had its inception around the Cup of Wine which is its sacred symbol.

If a law is unjust and manifestly unenforceable, not in the case of a few thousand murderous criminals, but in the case of millions of otherwise law-abiding people, it should be repealed.

England for that reason had the good sense to repeal the Stamp-Act, but came to her senses too late.

God grant that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act may be repealed in time.

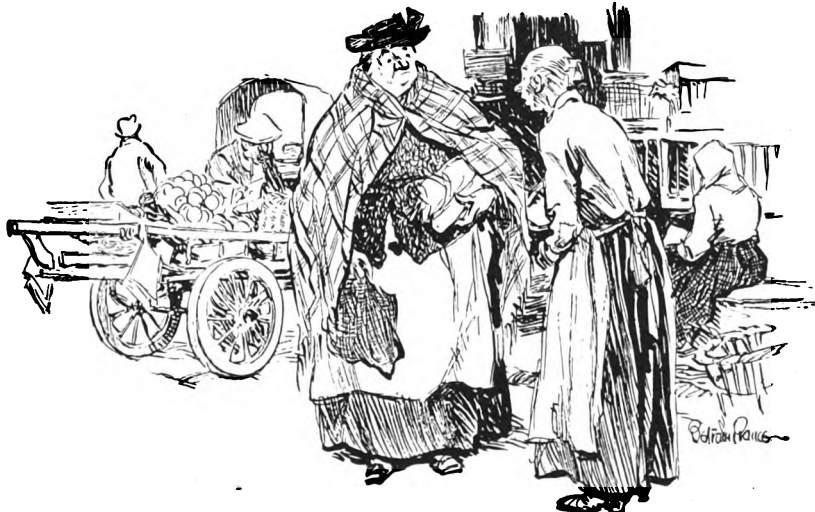
Go to it, JUDGE, old man. We love you for the rotten enemies you graciously allow to abuse you in "Judge for Yourself."
J. P. Thornley
New York City.
July 23, 1926.

The Contrast

Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: To W. J. Woody's remarks I say amen. Nevertheless, I wouldn't stop reading JUDGE just because W. M. H. does just silly simple stuff—I always consider the editorial page as one of the best jokes in your paper and read it every time—often first—to see how assinine some people can get in this land of culture and real freedom, not the kind that W. M. H. raves about. Keep him on the staff, it's good to get such stuff to show us how good the rest of JUDGE always is.

Yours very truly,
J. S. Blanton
Latrobe, Pa.
July 10, 1926.



"Yus, Emily's young man is in a good position He's an artichoke; one of them men wot draw 'ouses, you know."
—London Opinion

Preparation Did It

Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: Apropos your editorial on the Sesquicentennial. If it is a flop it is mainly because the people of Philadelphia evidently did not believe in the efficiency of good construction planning combined with hard work. Also they rose above anything so vulgar as advertising.

Your remark that no world's fair was finished in time is not accurate. There was one out here in 1915 that opened with buildings, grounds, exhibits, etc., fully complete. And not a suspicion of graft connected with it. But it entailed five years of preparatory work. It was quite a show, and that is no native son's boast either.

My congratulations on your paper—and your editorials. You have helped kill the K. K. K. May you be as successful regarding that far greater menace, Prohibition.
Sincerely,
B. F. Ward
San Francisco, Cal.
July 13, 1926.

"How Gum?"

Editor, JUDGE.

In the JUDGE of the twenty-fourth, I think you dealt a little too harshly with General Butler. He has had many "orange peels" thrown at him, and has deserved it in a way, but still he considered it his duty to do as he did, and credit should be given him on that basis.

I also share JUDGE's disgust in the gum matter. No less than 104 wads of gum were found parked under a small drug store table. (The accurate statistics above were taken from a recent census in a reputable drug store.) However, I agree that a long and slow process of education of the associated gum-chewers is involved in this problem. Some one might hire Karl Dane as instructor. (Mr. Dane took the part of "Slim" in "The Big Parade" and was a very adept one at the art of exhortation.)

Thanking you for taking time to read this.

Sincerely yours,
B. Little, Jr.
Cleveland, O.
July 24, 1926.

P. S.: I hope you will excuse all errors as I have recently completed my fourteenth year and have not assimilated all the "learning" that your other correspondents have.

Hoping

Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: When passing the newsstand here the other day I bought several back numbers of your paper, thinking I would be able to read a paper that was not unpatriotic and anti-Christian, but I was sadly mistaken.

If you want to do some good in your editorials, you can expose the falseness of Romanism and do millions of poor duped people a good turn. If you could see the abject poverty of over 75 per cent. of these poor people, and the heartrending sadness brought about by superstition, alcoholism, and living apart from Christ in every sense of the phrase, you would cut out such stupid ravings.

Hoping this will make you sit up and take nourishment, and remember that gentlemen who read your paper are not going to pass by such outbursts as you have made on Methodism and Prohibition, without acting verbally or otherwise.
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
J. T. Allan
July 4, 1926.

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

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

25 Years In Use

"I Know Your Face But . . ."

How many times do you have to make this admission?

There is no real reason why you should subject yourself to the embarrassment of admitting that you are unable to remember names.

It is the man with the ready, reliable memory who impresses people, it's the man who remembers faces, names and facts who is able to command respect and salary.

If it is necessary for you to meet people every day you owe it to yourself to develop your latent powers of memory.

POWER and FORCE

BY

William Clarke

Late of The Royal Polytechnic Institute, London, England

Will in a simple yet practical way show you how you can remember names and faces and how to read character in the head, face, eyes, nose, mouth, ears, hands and handwriting. Will give you in sixteen (16) handy pocket sized booklets, fully illustrated, the secret of personal Power and Force through the practical application of memory.

A limited edition of this remarkable work is available for distribution among readers of JUDGE. Sets will be sent postpaid upon receipt of

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Brunswick Subscription Co.
627 West 43d Street, New York

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of

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Three ART PRINTS for only \$1.00

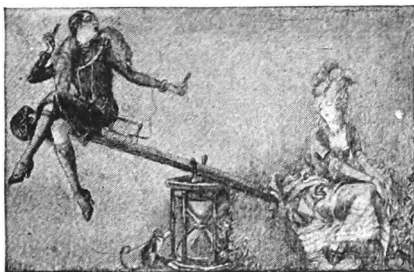


"The Spanish Bark"

By J. D. Gleason

A fine reproduction in brilliant coloring, that will appeal to all who love the sea. Prints are 7½ x 9 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 cents each



"See-Saw"

By Delevante

A beautiful reproduction in one color of a crayon-pencil drawing which graphically illustrates the changes Time has made in the fair sex. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches, with wide margins for framing.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 cents each



"Time"

By Delevante

A new Art Print which will appeal to lovers of both the old and the new in dancing. Printed in one color from the original engravings on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 cents each

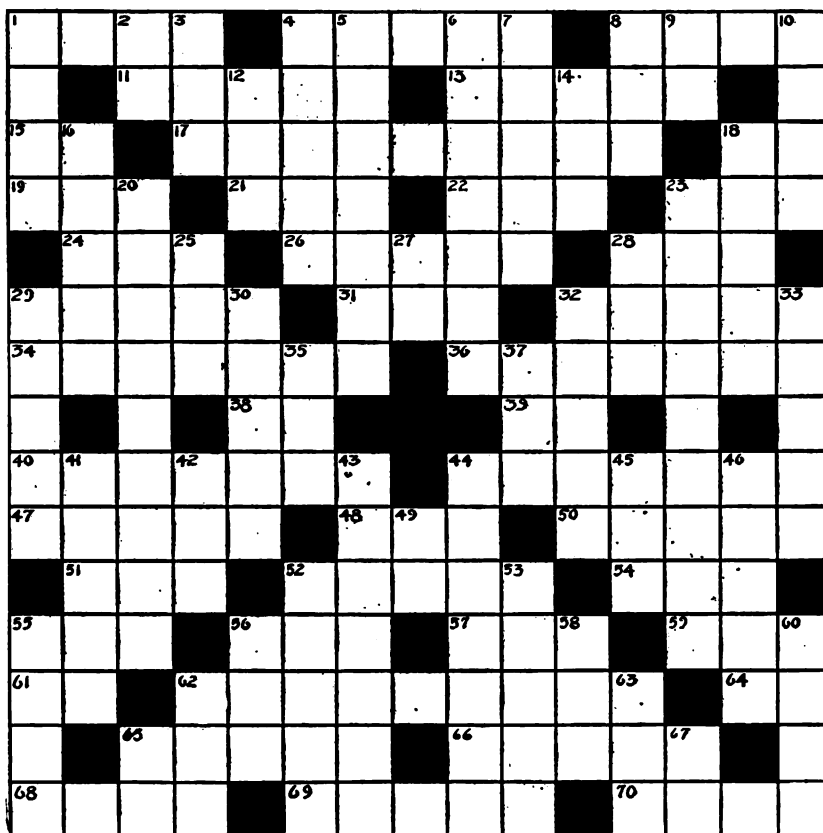
OTHER NEW ART PRINTS

- "The Sea Hawk".....\$.50
- "Have a Look at Venus"..... .50
- "Hasn't Scratched Yet"..... .50
- "Circus Days"..... .50
- "Some Kidd"..... .50
- "Tee for Two"..... .50
- "Raising the Standards of Musical Comedy"..... .50
- "No Mother to Guide Her"..... .50
- "Oh! Mama"..... .50
- "Saturday Night"..... .50
- "Be Yourself"..... .50
- "The Curse of Drink"..... .25

JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street New York

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 88



Submitted by Omer A. Dynes, Indianapolis, Ind. JUDGE pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

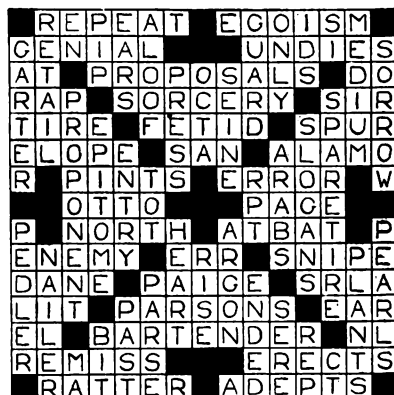
1. Overcoat for hot dogs.
4. You'll find this around the twelve-mile limit.
8. If you get this don't take offense.
11. Spanish courtyard.
13. A night club couldn't get along without this.
15. This is pie for the Greeks.
17. Bootlegger's assistant.
18. Name applied to week-end visitors (abbr.).
19. Aesthetic Sandwich Biters (init.).
21. The dry laws are all this way.
22. Pugilistic anesthetic.
23. A promise to love, honor and obey.
24. To partake of the third square.
26. Not so hot!
28. The well-known tinker's accessory.
29. This is very boring.
31. Fish eggs.
32. These kids are well advertised.
34. These start in business with a shoe string.
36. Bay window.
38. Near at hand.
39. Preposition.
40. Small dog.
44. Next to herself, a girl usually likes this best.
47. Peeped.
48. Roman hen fruit.
50. How a stout woman looks in a reducing corset.
51. This never gets even.
52. Something directors sit on.
54. Snappy New Garters (init.).
55. Hard drink.
56. This fellow travels the beatin' way.
57. Vat.
59. This comes from family trees.
61. Tomato Hurlers (init.).
62. Oral turpitude.
64. That Egyptian sun god again.
65. Flat-bottomed boat.
66. An amphibious mammal.
68. All things come to him who orders this.
69. The land of Shillalahs (possessive).
70. Sheik shelter.

Vertical

1. A Ku Klux necktie.
2. Lipping Papas (init.).
3. Sparking place.
4. A decorative line, or the outline of an edge.
5. About the best thing a lazy man does.
6. The products of the League of Nations.
7. What a successful husband is.
8. General of the Horse Navy (init.).
9. Preposition of place.
10. Enough. (Poetic.)
12. What second-hand cars are often in need of.
14. A Chicago pocket piece.
18. To pass out. (Careful now!)

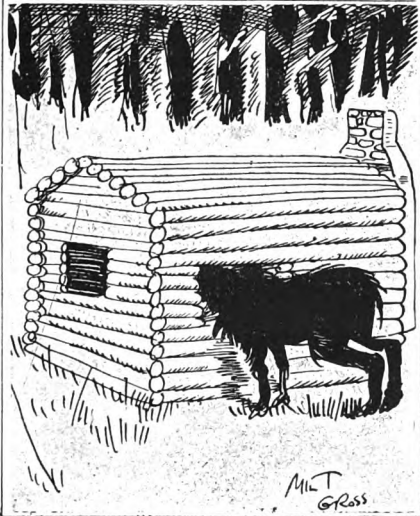
18. The main section of Sunday papers.
20. Something you should say thanks for.
23. The rain may fall on both the just and the unjust, but mostly it falls on these.
25. Hatrack. (Don't ask Mr. Mencken).
27. Italy's crossword river.
33. Love light.
29. Adjoins.
39. Dogs and baseball fans in August.
32. The playthings of millionaires.
33. Snoring is this kind of music.
35. A departed spirit.
37. Thirsty Angeworm Hoisters (init.).
41. Era.
42. Wheaton's famous ice man.
43. What jails were before Prohibition.
44. A political or humorous drawing.
45. Where families spend their vacations when the wife wants to go to the mountains and the husband wants to go to the seashore (abbr.).
46. The kind of daddy lucky chorus girls have.
40. Southern State (abbr.).
52. Something a flask on the hip makes.
53. Flicks a cloth around in a room.
55. A golfer with this handicap plays a scratch game.
56. Something schooners used to sail over.
58. A "Nat's" playmate.
60. When this is shady it's usually kept dark.
62. Exclamation.
63. Something old hens like to do.
65. A university degree.
67. Prefix meaning again.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle



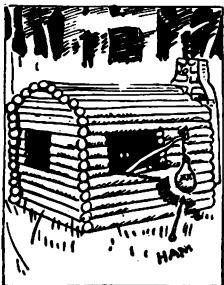
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 53



Bert Uden, 1670 Winfield street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Runners Up



Will J. Cooper, St. Louis, Mo.



Leslie F. Clark, Sedgwick, Kan.



Ruth Allcott, Madison, Wis.



W. B. Syloester, Syracuse, N. Y.



Richard Perrin, Milwaukee, Wis.



Allen Saunders, Crawfordsville, Ind.

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1662 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana



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ENCLOSE no return postage when you submit *Funnybones*, *Epilaughs*, *Toasts of the Day*, *Dizzy Labels* or *Lizzie Labels* to JUDGE. And have no fear of rejection slips.

G Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.

The hundreds of *Funnybones*, *Epilaughs* and *Lizzie Labels* received daily have forced this drastic policy upon us.

But for prompt attention, address manuscripts in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,
Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,
Epilaughs—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,
Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,
Lizzie Labels—Lizzie Label Editor of JUDGE,
Toasts of the Day—Toasts of the Day Editor of JUDGE,
Dizzy Labels—Dizzy Label Editor of JUDGE.

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Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

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JUDGE

Date.....

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Herewith is \$1.00 (check, cash, stamps, money-order) or 10 weeks of Judge.

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Herewith is \$2.00 (check, cash, money-order) for 21 weeks of JUDGE.

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Herewith find \$5.00 (check, cash, money-order) for one year's subscription to JUDGE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

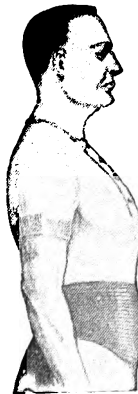
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Get Rid of Your "Spare!"



Without "Little Corporal"

THAT unsightly, uncomfortable bulge of fatty tissue over the abdomen is an unnecessary burden. Here's the way to get rid of it without fasting, hot baths, or back-breaking exercises. The wonderful "Little Corporal" belt will



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Send coupon today for free descriptive literature. If you prefer, give us your waist measure (snug) over underwear, enclose \$6.50 and get the belt, or pay postman on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded. Price outside U. S. is \$7.50. Mail coupon NOW!

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If you prefer to order a belt, fill in below:

Waist..... Height..... Weight.....

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

She can always make her sweetness and innocence convincing, but when it comes time to register hatred and disgust that little mask of hers, so perfectly "set" for simple ingénue roles, has to struggle pretty hard to emotionalize itself. In the minor rôle of the lady who saves her, Louise Dresser, as usual, gives a finished performance.

I have never read the story by Rex Beach from which "Padlocked" is adapted, but the film has all the earmarks of having faithfully reproduced the spirit of the text. It is brimful of hokum and sentimentality, one of those pictures, for example, whose interiors encourage the popular assumption that a rich man's home must resemble a cross between a railroad terminal and a public library. But I doubt if on the whole it is any more false to its subject than, let us say, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," however inferior in other respects. That, too, was propaganda laid on thick.

A MAN feels about Rudolph Valentino much as, I imagine, a woman does about Bill Hart; in other words, that those who fall for his hokum are a bit weak in the upper story. But I don't see, if we men have our Bill Hart to cheer on to doughtier deeds of horsemanship and heroism (and I'm one of his fans), why the women shouldn't have their Valentino for the same purpose, and without our sneers. No one pretends that the pictured romances of either bear any relation to reality, or come within the remotest definition of serious drama. But if the ten-year-old boy you once were still lives somewhere within your dessicated carcass you will thrill in spite of yourself to the daring and chivalry of the gun-shy Bill, or (pardon me, madam) if the little romantic girl of your early teens, dreaming of her ideal lover, strong and handsome and dominating, still lurks within your matronly bosom, you will melt to the torrid love-making of the girl-sure Rudolph.

"The Son of the Sheik" is, I suppose, a typical Valentino picture. You will probably like it if you're all woman.

—London Opinion

Hammers and hatchets will never get rusty if kept covered with rice. Care must be taken, of course, to remove the tools if the rice is to be used for hurling at happy bridegrooms.

Movie Plot Contest No. 5

Thicken the Plot Yourself!

Below is printed the basis of a typical movie plot with great open spaces. Copy this plot on a separate piece of paper and fill in the spaces, or use the form below if you wish. JUDGE will pay \$25 for the best filled in plot. By best, we mean the cleverest and funniest. One of these plots will be run each week, and a prize of \$5 given each week for the best one. In case two or more Contestants each submit the same winning plot each will receive the prize. You may submit as many plots as you wish. Contest No. 5 closes September 11, and the winning plot will be published in the October 2 issue. Send your plots to the MOVIE PLOT EDITOR OF JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York.

The leader of an underworld gang is who was left an at the age of three, and has grown up to with no to him. One day he meets Lotta Long-Green, who urges him to and intimates that if he she will This makes a him, and with her help he at a salary of A few months later he is introduced to who seems to recognize and starts an investigation. It turns out that he so that they lose no time in and forever.



BOW LEGS?

This Garter (pat'd) Makes Trousers Hang Straight

If Legs Bend In or Out Self Adjustable It Holds Sox U p—Shirt Down Not a "Form" or "Harness" No Metal Springs

Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope THE T. GARTER CO. Dept. 22 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPS.

RESHAPE YOUR NOSE!



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"Quick! Unlock that Door!"

A MOMENT of hesitation—then from Murette's slim black revolver there leaped a spurt of smoke and flame.

The special constable lurched back against the cell bars as the others stood bewildered before the sudden fury of this girl; while behind the locked door Jim Kent watched in tense silence, every nerve alert, every drop of blood in his body on fire.

Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?

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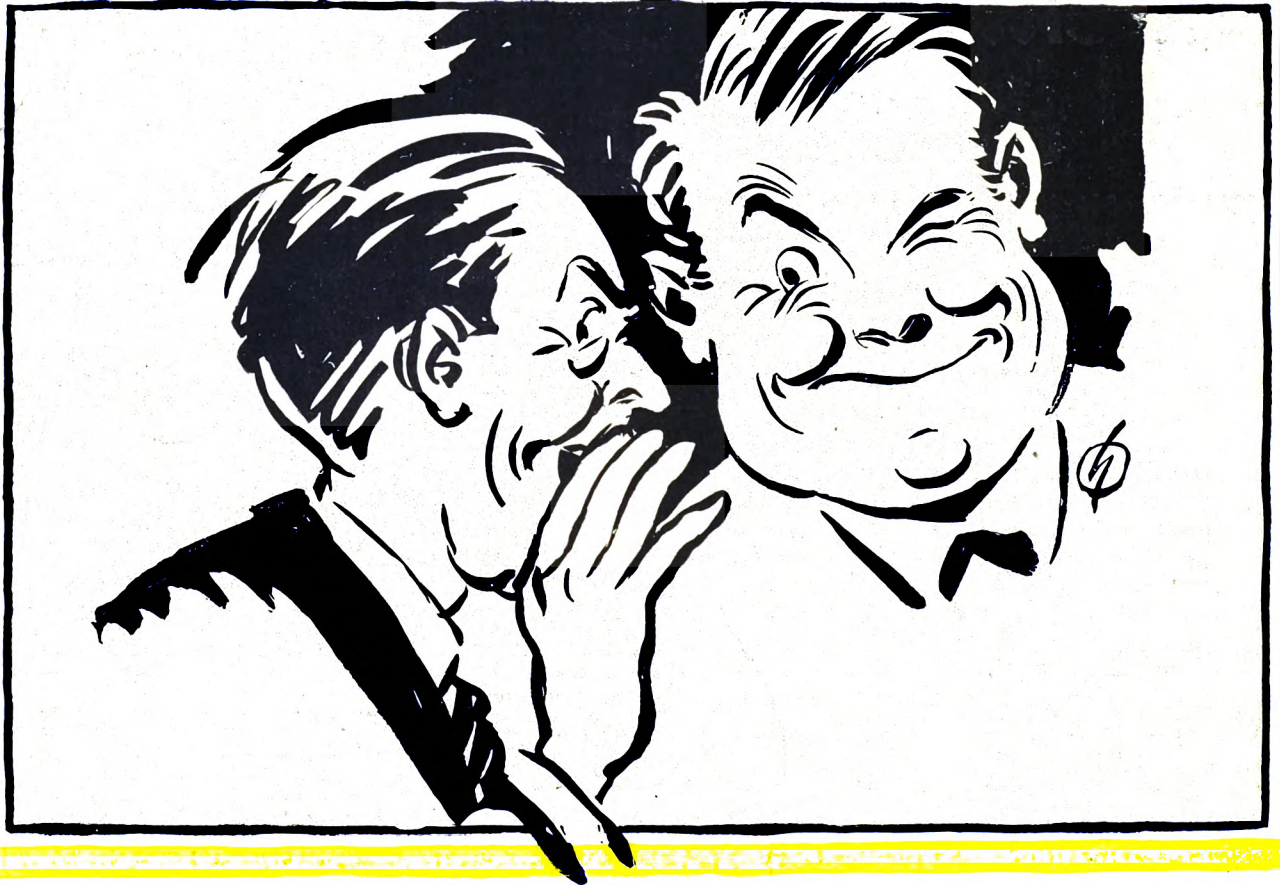
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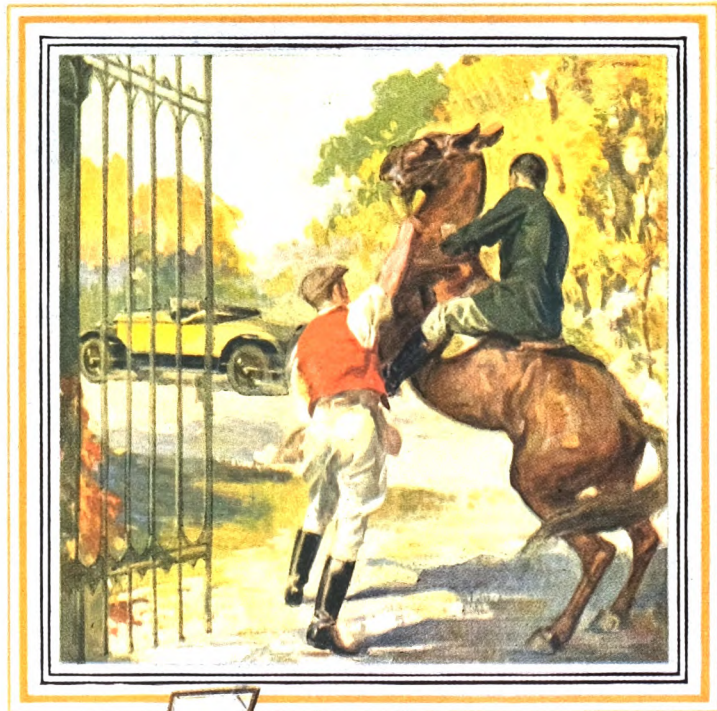


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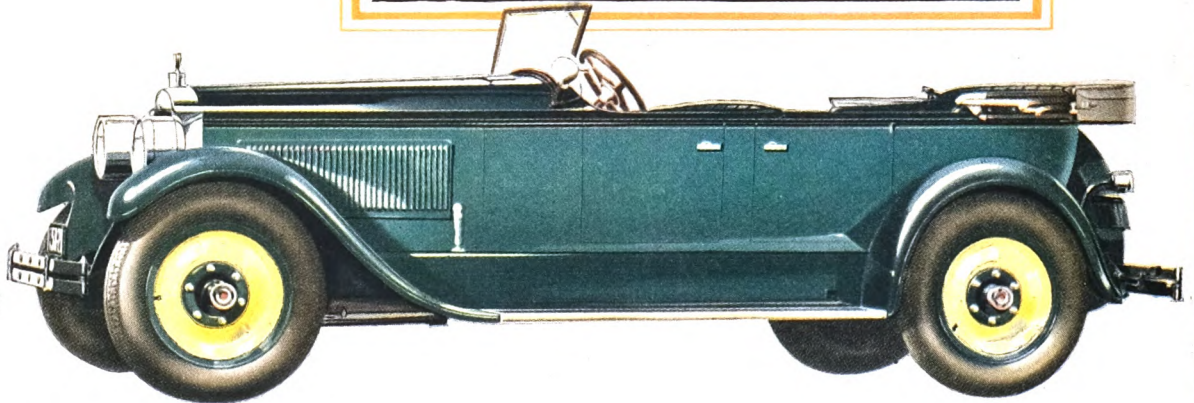
JUDGE

SEPT 11, 1926
TAXI
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WEATHER FORECAST
(For the Championship Belt)
HEAVY CLOUDS AND
AN EARLY FALL

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1926

AGED MAN DARES DEATH

AN eighty-seven-year-old Frenchman recently walked across a busy street in Paris on a tightrope. This is the sort of thing that sours taxi-cab drivers.

The financial district of New York is protected from robbers by a "deadline" placed around it by the police. It seems that there is a strong feeling there against outside competition.

A BUSINESS training school for deaf girls has just been completed in Detroit and will be open this fall. This is great news for the telephone companies.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the New York *Tribune* reported that the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue had just returned from Europe and was convinced that in time America would be able to teach the world a good deal about the possible uses of alcohol.

COP CATCHES CROOK

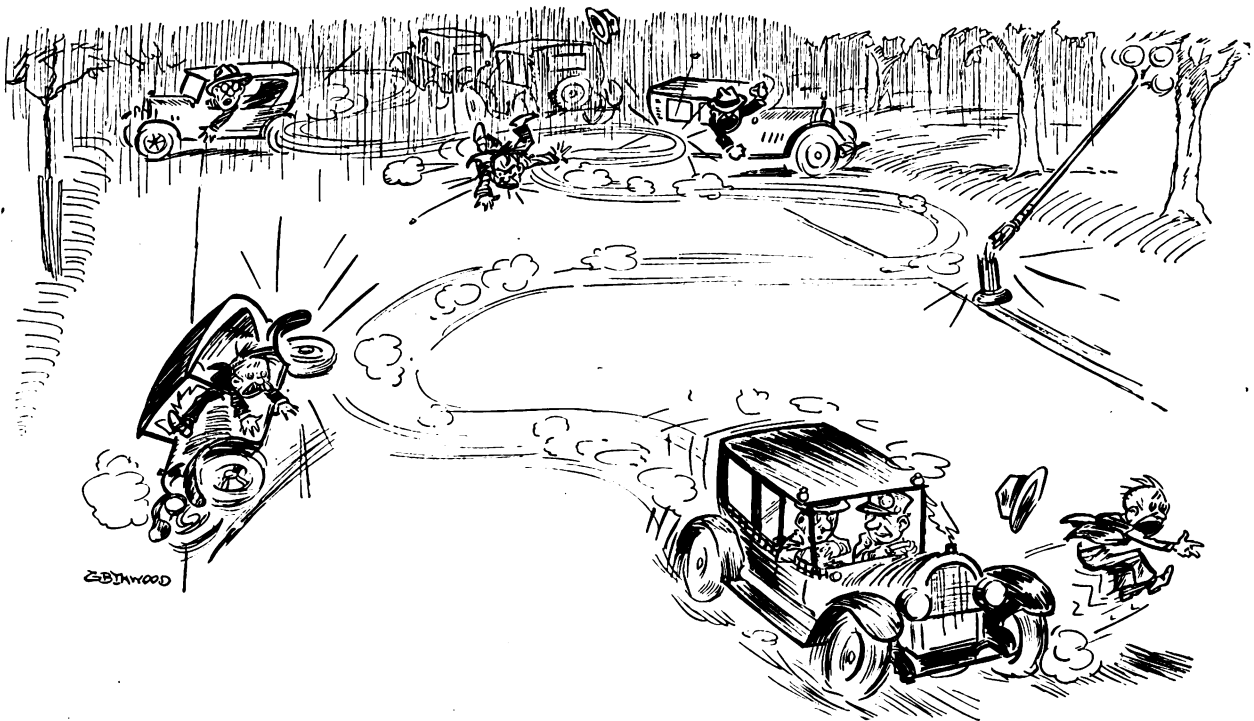
A CHICAGO gangster, who was accidentally arrested, was found in possession of a revolver, a dirk, a pocket flash, two hand grenades and a pair of brass knuckles. It is believed that something will be done about it as the flask contained whisky.

FORD TAKES THE AIR

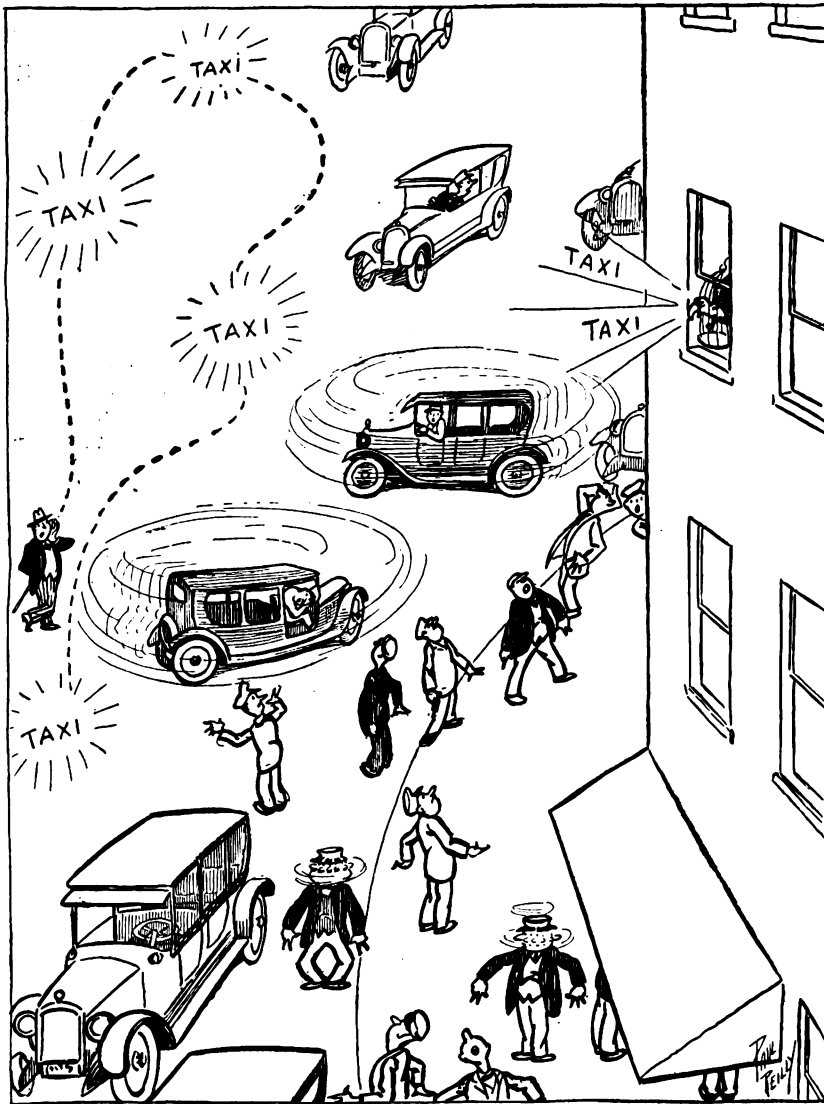
AFTER months of experimenting the Ford airplane is now said to be a complete success. This news will come to many of us as a bolt from the blue.

A SCIENTIST of the University of Cincinnati says the tempo of American life is daily becoming faster. Already a few taxi drivers have complained that pursued pedestrians no longer keep within the fifteen-mile limit.

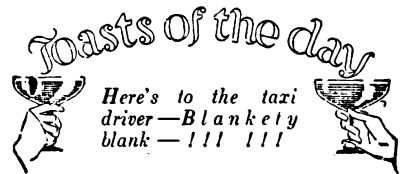
THE discovery that fish kill mosquitoes comes a trifle late in the season, but it might still be a good idea for picnickers to take along a couple of goldfish in a thermos bottle.



TAXI DRIVER—When they let me out I promised the Warden I'd go straight and I've kept me word.



WE HAVE WITH US TO-DAY
A parrot—and a ventriloquist.



Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Taxi Chauffeur's Curriculum

IN 1915 the neophyte who wanted to drive a taxicab was taught the following:

- Care of motor.
- Driving in traffic.
- Methods of changing tires.
- The city's streets.

Eleven years later the aspiring chauffeur is compelled to study the following:

Calculus, trigonometry and algebra in order to compute a two-mile run at the rate of thirty-three and a third cents a hundred yards for the first hundred yards, six cents a foot while in traffic, less ten per cent. if the passenger's name is Blake, plus twelve and three-sevenths cents a mile for good measure.

Profanity.

DIZZY LABELS

We call her Taxi—if she isn't running people down she gives you an awful jolt!

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Effect of Rain

(On Flowers and Taxicabs)

At nighttime when the weather's fine,
There's lots of taxicabs on line.

You pass them by as you decide,
That it's too nice a night to ride.

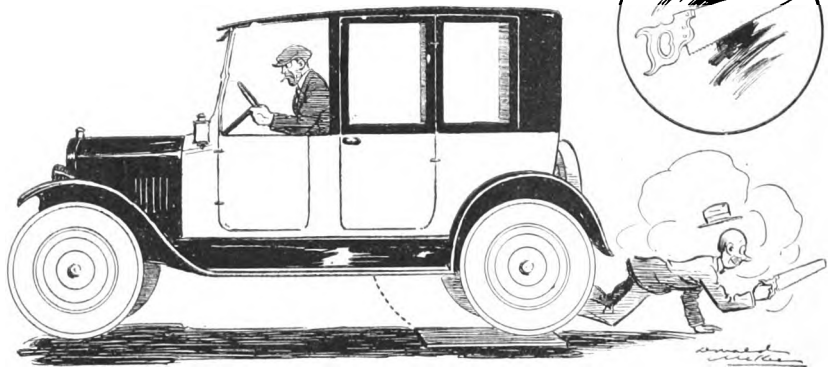
Conversely, when the weather's bad,
There's not a vacant to be had.

No, never on a stormy night,
Is there a taxicab in sight.

The rain makes buds come out, we hear,
But it makes taxis disappear.

R. C. O'Brien

Fig. 1



HOW TO GET OUT OF A TAXICAB WITHOUT HAVING A ROW WITH THE DRIVER

Figure 1 pictures actual escape. Figure 2, instrument with which bottom of cab is sawed out, permitting egress.

FUNNYBONES

*Motto for Taxi Drivers:
Don't toot till you see the whites
of their eyes.*

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

(a) To use on customers who under-tip.

(b) In addressing truck and other auto drivers.

(c) Under his breath, for policemen.

Ramming. How to smash others' mudguards. How to hit a man scientifically. How to put the blame on the other feller.

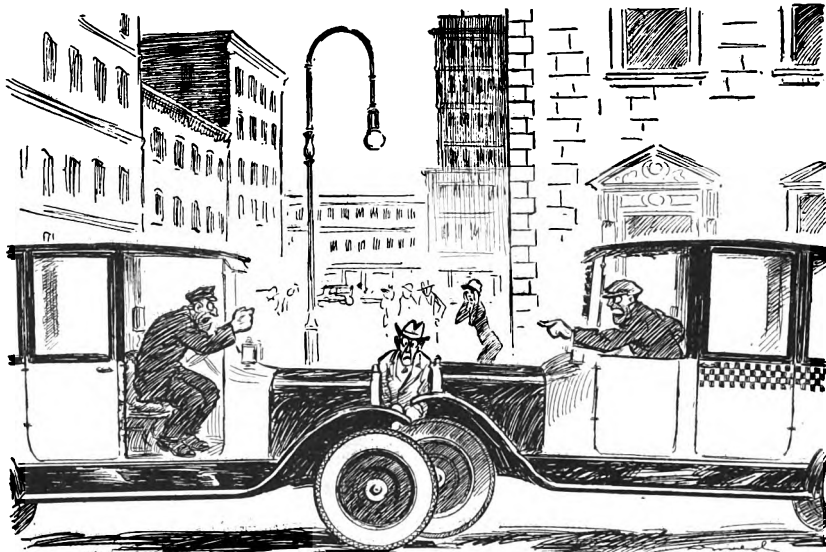
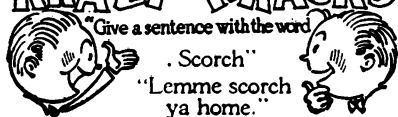
Advanced geometry. How to prove that the shortest distance between two points is *not* a straight line.

Also How to Go a Week Without Getting Shaved; How to Feign Indifference to What Is Going on Behind You in the Cab; The Care and Treatment of Bandits; Inebriates; Machine Gun Operation; Armored Car Military Strategy; How to Drive Without Avoiding Holes and Ruts; How to Skid Dangerously on Wet Pavements and How to Have Your Cab Stolen Just Before the Insurance Expires.

Hugh Wood

KRAZY KRACKS

Give a sentence with the word
"Scorch"
"Lemme scorch ya home."



VICTIM—And I can't even put my fingers in my ears!

A Perfect Day

(In the Life of a Taxi Chauffeur)

"Gosh, I'm getting careless. Almost forgot to step on the gas when I saw that puddle. Must have splashed a dozen of those peds, at least. We guys ought to get medals from the cleaners and bootblacks."

"The dirty cheapskate—and him with a skirt. Well, I'll park here for a while so he'll have trouble getting on a bus."

"Boy, but did I make that old geezer jump for his life! I didn't think he could make it, especially since he's lame."

"Got to pat myself on the back for nosing in ahead of that limousine. Zowie, how those brakes screeched! I'll never forget how funny that fat dame looked when she skidded out of her seat. Bet she's still bawling out her chauffeur."

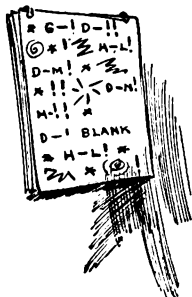
"That guy'll never give a taxi driver a dime tip again—after the cussing I gave him. If I hadn't fixed that meter I'd starve to death sure."

"That cop ain't looking, so I'll beat the signal light. Hurray, I got away with it."

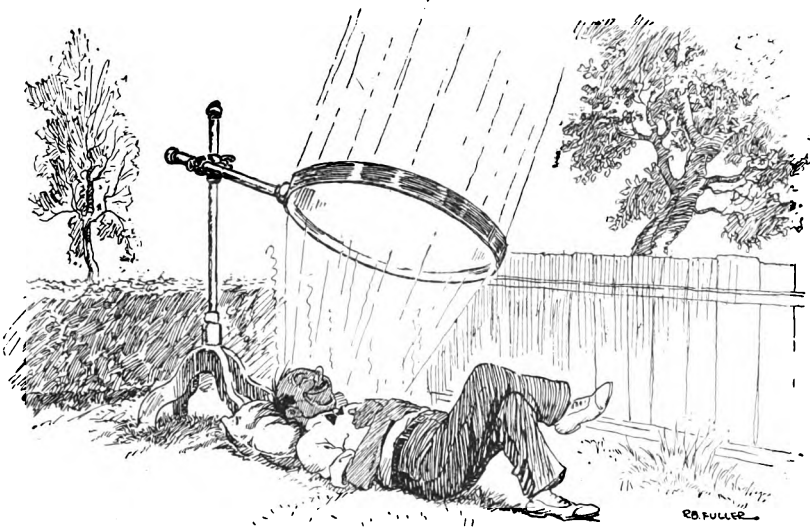
"Just look at what that dame left on the seat. And twenty bucks in it. Not so bad. Not so bad. Guess I'll put up the old bus now and take Mame to Coney." Robert Hage



They're brothers under the skin.

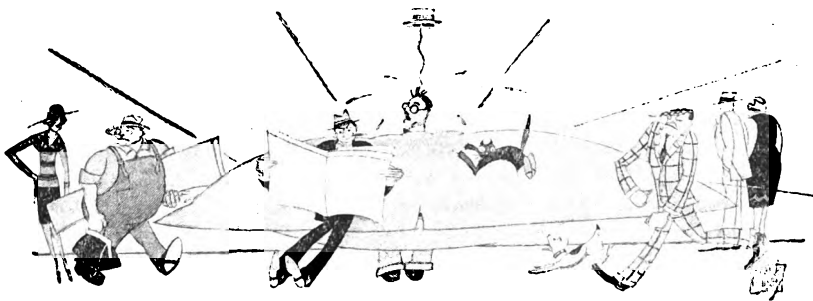


Optical examination for taxi drivers.



DESIGNED FOR STAY-AT-HOMES

Contrivance for giving a week's sunburn in an afternoon.



The way a fellow's back appears to grow, as soon as it gets sunburned.



"Remember, Jezebel, we've plighted our troth."
 "Listen, Monte—I understood all the time we were engaged."

"O'Brien Outloud"

IN the old days, the only one who knew what the ladies wore underneath was the laundress.

O

Subway Scale

This represents the length of some trains.

And this of some stations.

O

If you want to remember things, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck.

O

The old-fashioned girl
 And her old-fashioned beau
 Couldn't marry these days
 On his old-fashioned dough.

O

The New Webster

Gloom, n. A gloom is a person who feels sorry for himself for living. He wears a crape for a neck-tie and goes around with an expression on his face as if somebody is continually pulling a porous plaster off his back. He is so sour any of the milk of human kindness he may have had in him has long since curdled, and curdled milk is cheese. A gloom can join a happy party and turn it into a funeral. If the members of the party are wise they will see to it that it's his own. A gloom generally has a voice that sounds like a basso on a phonograph record when the phonograph is run down and needs winding. A man's home is his palace, but a gloom's home is his mausoleum. When a gloom enters a garden, the humming-birds stop humming, the swallows swallow harder, the blue jays get bluer, the sunflowers droop, the morning glories go into mourning, the weeping willows weep, the grasshoppers stop hopping and the frogs commence to croak.

O

Movie Limericks

This villain they call Wallace Beery,
 Has a look in his eye that is leery,
 And when he looks tough,
 And starts to act rough,
 The heroines all look so feary!

R. C. O'Brien

Judge's Question Box

Dear JUDGE: Will you please inform me, through your valued and highly helpful colyum, how I can get wine out of my pink georgette evening gown?

Anxiously,
Mrs. C. O. D.

Dear Mrs. Delivery: You might try putting the gown through a wringer, but it really is more trouble than it's worth. After all, the wine wouldn't be fit to drink when you did get it out.

JUDGE

Dear JUDGE: Will you please settle a wager between me and a friend of mine, as to who it was who wrote Grey's Elegy. He claims it was Jean Stratton Porter, while I am just as certain that it was Shakespeare.

Won't you settle our difference as a box of cigars hangs on the result of your decision.

Eagerly,
B. V. D.

Dear B. V. D.: You are both wrong. It was written by Franz Mendelssohn for use at weddings, funerals and other celebrations. It is a portion of the much longer epic, popularly known as "The Lock on the Barroom Door."

You may mail the cigars to my address whenever it is convenient.

JUDGE

Dear JUDGE: I have been in this country now for three years, speak the language quite well, such as it is, and am altogether a rather pleasing personality. My work is rather confining, however, and I do not come in contact with as many people as I should like to.

Can you make any general suggestions as to how a person of my rather diffident character can get in contact socially with a greater number of people?

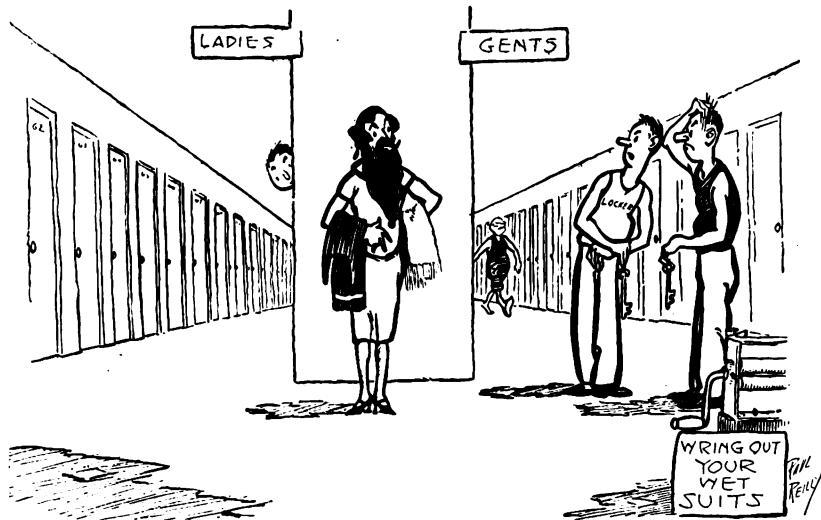
Very truly yours,
N. Y. C.

Dear Central: Have you tried riding in the New York subways? Some of the closest contacts in cosmopolitan society are formed during the rush hours.

JUDGE
Richard S. Wallace



PICNICKER—It's too late to take his picture—the light is very poor.
"Alfred, don't be stupid! There's enough light to photograph a small child like that."



CONEY FREAK CAUSES IMPASSE AT A BATHHOUSE
What to do with the bearded lady?



The tattle-tale sunburn.

JUDGING the SHOWS II

By George Jean Nathan



I

Now that this department is once again in intelligent hands, let us get serious once more and devote ourselves to a piece of tripe called "The Ghost Train." The show will have opened at the Selwyn by this time, so I take the liberty of reporting on it from its London manifestation at the Prince of Wales's Theater, so called because it never houses musical shows and, therefore, never attracts the estimable Prince as a customer.

"The Ghost Train" is the work of Arnold Ridley. Who Mr. Ridley is, I don't know, but if he is any relation to all the Ridley coal signs one sees in England he needn't worry about play royalties. What Ridley has confected is what is commonly known by the boobletariat as a mystery play. A mystery play is one the solution of whose mystery is always printed in all the newspapers the day after it opens and which then confidently expects everyone thereafter to be all worked up over speculating whether it was Giles Rosenbaum who killed the old miser or the old miser who killed Giles Rosenbaum. In "The Ghost Train," although, true enough, there are the usual number of murders, the great puzzle that confronts the audience which has read the answer in the papers concerns not the identity of some evil gent, but, more particularly, the nature of a choo-choo that every once in so often occultly passes a given point when no train has been scheduled and when, to boot, no one can find out where it comes from or goes to. Obviously, a pretty mystery, and a veritable leaf out of daily life and the world about us.

The central character in Sir



"*Abie's Irish Rose*" (Republic)—This play shows signs of a run, but I doubt that it can last until 1935.

"*Ziegfeld's Revue*" (Globe)—A beautifully produced show, but nowhere near Ziegfeld's high standard.

"*Scandals*" (Apollo)—A good revue with good-looking girls, but with some outdated headliners.

"*Kitty's Kisses*" (Playhouse)—A poor musical show enlivened only by Dorothy Dilley's and Nick Long's dancing.

"*Iolanthe*" (Plymouth)—An excellent Gilbert and Sullivan revival, to be placed at the top of your theater schedule.

"*The Girl Friend*" (Vanderbilt)—A dull music show with no one in it to relieve matters.

"*Garrick Gaities*" (Garrick)—Only fair—and then only in spots.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—Still the best of the tune shows, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue earning their salaries.

"*The Great Temptations*" (Winter Garden)—One of the best of the Shubert offerings at this playhouse, even if you have conceivably already heard "*Valencia*."

"*A Night in Paris*" (44th St.)—Moved down from the Century Roof and embellished with some new numbers.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morosco)—Still going at the old stand, despite the Pulitzer Prize.

"*One Man's Woman*" (48th St.)—Hot weather or no hot weather, I can't think up anything good to say about this one.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—Although the advertisements announce it as the funniest show in New York it is the funniest show in New York.

"*No More Women*" (Ambassador)—Half of it is by Samuel Shipman.

"*Jaff That Off*" (Wallack's)—Anyone who can satisfactorily explain to me why this play has run so long will be rewarded with a season pass to the Desbrosses street ferry.

"*Pyramids*" (Cohan)—Produced while I was in England drinking Bass' mineral waters.

"*Americana*" (Belmont)—I hear good reports of this revue, but still have rheumatism which keeps me from getting around to it.

"*At Mrs. Beam's*" (Guild)—Moderately amusing comedy of life in an English boarding-house, with Jean Cadell excellent in the leading rôle.

"*Honest Liars*" (Harris)—See "*Pyramids*."

"*The Great God Brown*" (Klaw)—An antidote to nine-tenths of the plays in town.

"*What Every Woman Knows*" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes acquits herself nicely in one of the rôles that Maude Adams played, but her support is nothing to throw roses over the footlights at.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—This stink-bomb is still perfuming the little theater up in 62d street.

"*The House of Usher*" (Mayfair)—A dull evening, doubtless being kept alive by the activities of Professor Leblang.

"*The Vagabond King*" (Casino)—The songs in this musical version of "*If I Were King*" are sung, which is more than one can say of certain other shows along Broadway.

"*Passions of 1926*" (Shubert)—"*The Merry World*" rebaptized.

"*Nic-Naz of 1926*" (Cort)—The gent who conducted this department while I was taking the cure at Haig-und-Haig has reviewed this one.

Arthur Wing Ridley's drama is a silly-ass Englishman who hops around the stage bumping into the other actors, stepping on their feet, making asinine cracks and conducting himself generally like a sublimated moron, and who turns out in the end to be none other—surprise of surprises!—than a very perspicacious Scotland Yard detective. It is due to this genius' ratiocination that the spook train is found to be a very real one designed to carry arms to Bolsheviks hiding in England and ready to burn down Buckingham Palace any minute and to lift the ban which currently prevents anyone from getting a drink between the hours of three and five-thirty in the afternoon.

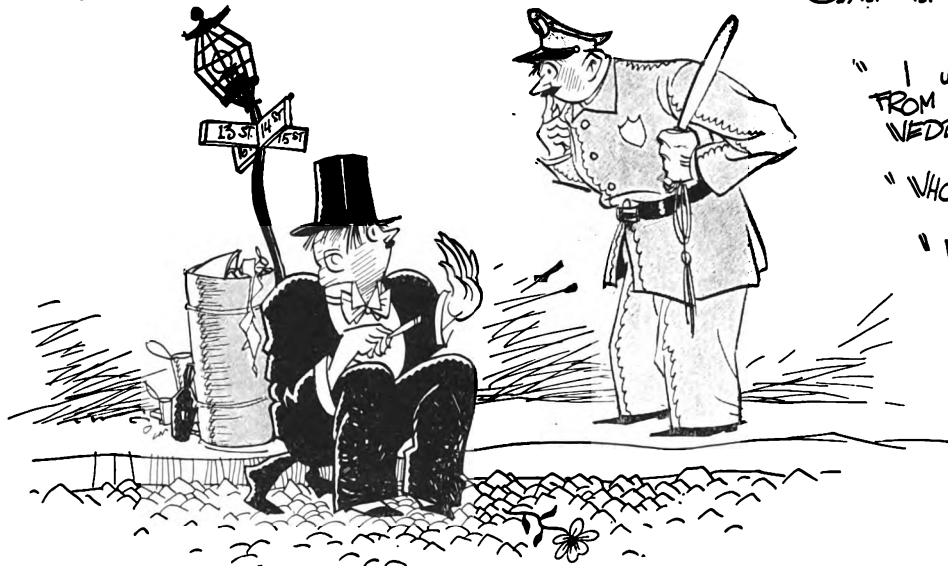
The acting that Mr. George Bernard Ridley's masterpiece received on the night I saw it would go great in Shamokin, Pa. Richard Bird, the young English actor who got notices from the New York newspaper boys last year that Salvini would have been proud to paste in his scrapbook, had the rôle of the sleuth. His performance was a combination of St. Vitus and hoochie-coochie dancing, with overtones of hydrophobia. The supporting troupe, following his lead and aided and abetted by some remarkable stage direction, needed only a ball to make an otherwise realistic game of soccer perfect.

II

ANOTHER English gem announced for early American production is "*Distinguished Villa*," by a Mlle. Kate O'Brien. Upon my return to New York, I heard that the local gazettes, the day after the play opened, printed long cable dispatches

(Continued on page 27)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

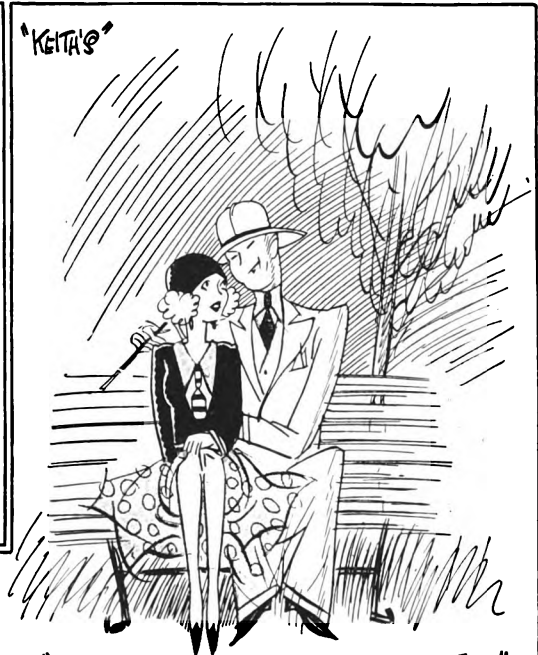


" I JUST CAME FROM A ROTTEN WEDDING —!"
 " WHOSE WAS IT? "
 " MINE !!! "

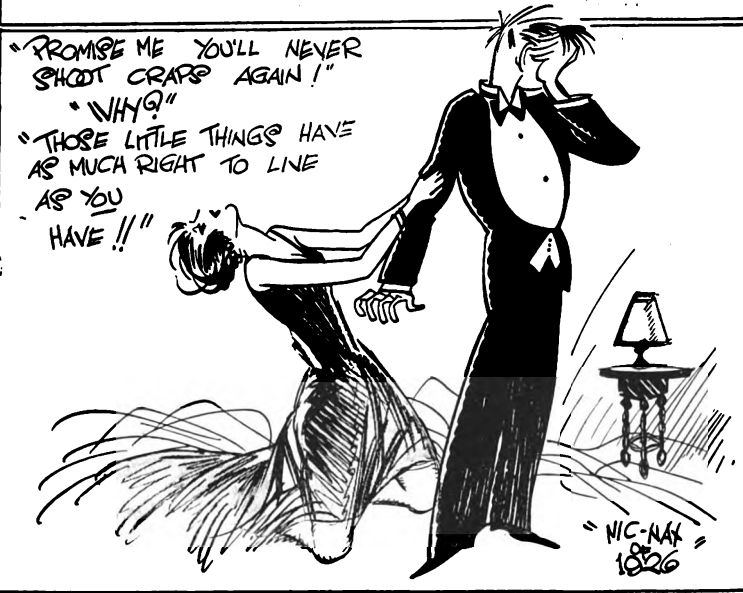
" NIGHT IN PARIS !!! "



" KEITH !!! "

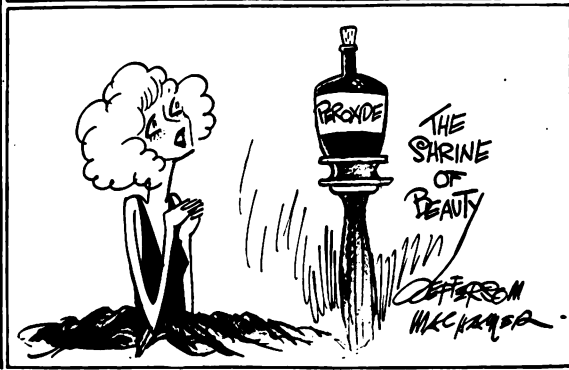


HE — " I STAYED AT THE SHORT PANTS HOTEL "
 SHE — " THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE! "
 HE — " YEAH! — THE KNICKERBOCKER! "



" PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER SHOOT CRAPS AGAIN! "
 " WHY? "
 " THOSE LITTLE THINGS HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO LIVE AS YOU HAVE !!! "

" NIC-NAX 1026 "



THE SHRINE OF BEAUTY

JEFFERSON MAC KAY



FLAPPER (having socked the postman)—Hot dog! Whadyeknow! A letter for me from Bill Scott!

The Dizzy Decade

(With apologies to all concerned)

(How they'll probably describe our period about ten years hence)

GERTRUDE EDERLE swam the English Channel and a lady at Rockaway Beach feigned drowning because the lifeguard had blue eyes. Walt Mason installed a new verse machine and a poet in a Greenwich Village garret shot himself. Jack

Dempsey refused a million dollars to fight Wills and a bum on the Bowery begged a dime for a cupacawfee.

Three women in Chicago shot their husbands and Peggy Hopkins Joyce was introduced to De Wolf Hopper. A taxicab driver in Boston had change for a dollar bill, a waiter in New York said "thank you" to a restaurant patron and a barber in Detroit shaved a man without suggesting a face message. President Coolidge caught a fish. A man was brought into the psychopathic ward at Bellevue under the delusion that the country had a Prohibition law. A salesman in a Cleveland hotel actually read three chapters in a Gideon Bible.

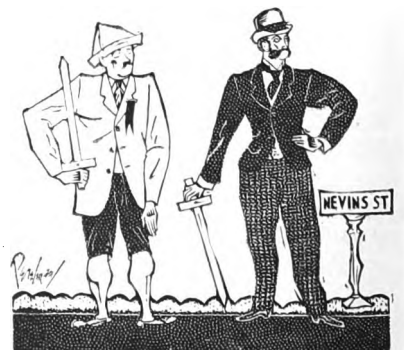
A man was arrested in Kansas for smoking a cigarette on Sunday and John Roach Straton didn't appear in print for nearly a week. Mrs.

Millionbucks equipped her kennels with steam heat and three babies died on New York's East Side. A lady in Buffalo had her hair bobbed without weeping, Cecil De Mille produced a movie without a sunken bathtub, an original melody was born in Tin Pan Alley, a tourist drove in from Montreal, without any liquor, and a bunch of fellers discovered the North Pole.

Arthur L. Lippmann



THE MORNING AFTER
With the back and shoulders



**EXPLORING A NEW CONTINENT:
OR THE LIBERTY BOYS IN BROOKLYN**

"Halloo, Edgar!" said an acquaintance to that person. "Where have you been for a week back?" "Nowhere," answered Mr. Garfinkle, hurriedly, "and I tell you my back ain't weak anyways!" This effectually disposed of the "nosey" inquirer.

EPILAUGHS

Here lies my laundry man,
Alexander Fleet:
No more he'll fix my ollars up
To look like shredded wheat.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



IF YOU have joined the growing revolt against Auntie Everything—and what business have you reading JUDGE if you haven't—you will enjoy "Padlocked," ridiculous as it is. "Padlocked" is propaganda, laid on with a trowel, against the tyranny and hypocrisy of the uplift, and to those who still need it, it is probably just obvious enough to get across.

Father so objects to the gaieties of life that he causes his wife's death and his daughter's exile. Then he ups and marries his blue-stockng secretary with whom he has been flirting clandestinely. She turns out to be a spendthrift harpy with a vulgar family whom she saddles upon him. His house becomes astir with petting parties; it echoes to jazz, and rocks with the Charleston. His remonstrances earn him only derision. The vision of his first sweet family, wrecked on the rocks of his harsh Puritanism, comes to him. He breaks down, and in meek repentance he buys off wife No. 2 and the im-

- "Ben-Hur"—Exciting spectacle.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—Perfect vicarious visit to an earthly paradise.
- "La Bohème"—Lillian Gish.
- "The Black Pirate"—Douglas Fairbanks.
- "The Bat"—Mystery cocktail.
- "For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.
- "Kiki"—Bowdlerized with Norma.
- "Brown of Harvard"—College life as it ain't.
- "The Wilderness Woman"—Plenty of comedy with Chester Conklin.
- "Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
- "Wet Paint"—Poor gag farce.
- "Paris"—Apache melodrama.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
- "Say It Again"—For Richard Dix fans.
- "Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
- "Good and Naughty"—Clever farce with Pola.
- "The Volga Boatman"—Well, not exactly.
- "The Brown Derby"—Badly dented.
- "The Palm Beach Girl"—The wild Bobo.
- "Lovey Mary"—Too sweet.
- "Puppets"—Milton Sills.
- "The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chaney strains himself.
- "Variety"—Best picture in this list.
- "Silence"—Enough said.
- "It's the Old Army Game"—W. C. Fields.
- "Up in Mabel's Room"—Bedroom farce.
- "Mantrap"—Sinclair Lewis off guard.
- "Nell Gwyn"—Historical romance tactfully done.
- "Men of Steel"—Piffle in fine setting.
- "The Two-Gun Man"—Silver King.
- "The Waltz Dream"—Slush out of Germany.
- "You Never Know Woman"—Yeh?

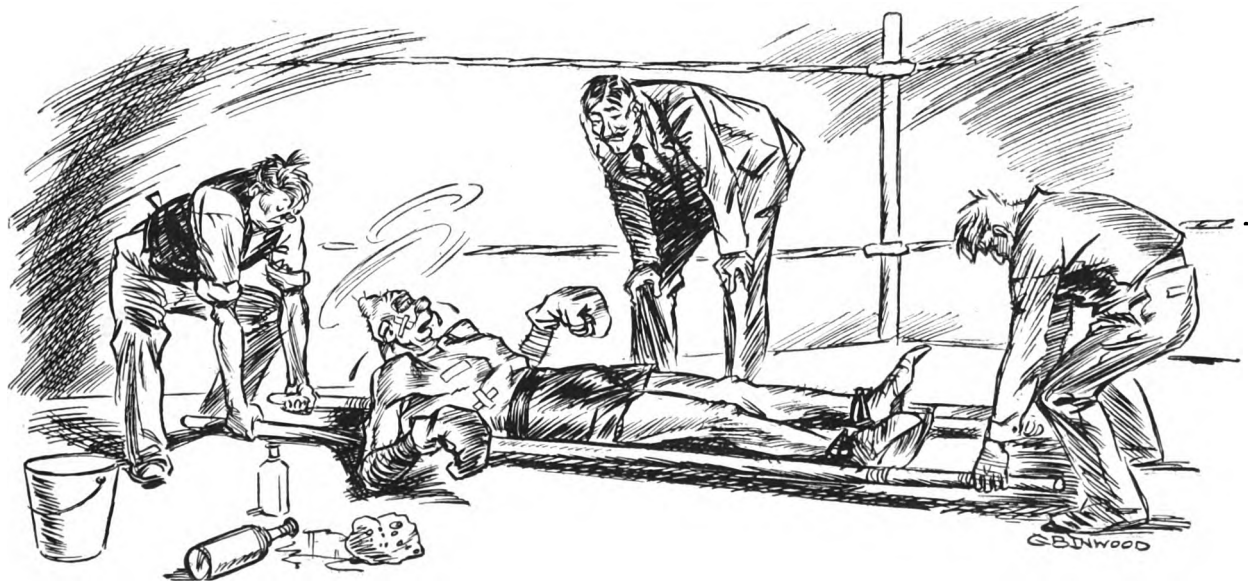
possible in-laws and seeks out his daughter.

In the meantime daughter has been having her vicissitudes, too. Starting as a cabaret dancer, she has been committed, through the intervention of father and stepmother, to a house of correction and subsequently papoled in the custody of an elderly satyr. The latter is on the point of having his wicked way with her when a former victim, suddenly turned noble, enlightens her. She faints just as the handsome young hero she loves and her broken father stage a simultaneous rescuc.

The curtain goes down, as curtains will, on an idyllic scene of reconciliation and benediction and—well, love.

Noah Beery, who takes the part of the father, does an excellent job, it seems to me, within the limitations of the script. He combines a mealy-mouthed piety with a smirk of apology that is utterly sickening, appropriately so. Lois Moran, as the daughter, is not as happily cast.

(Continued on page 32)



MANAGER—Lissen, Pete, I made him promise to give you a return match! Ain't that grand?



CALL AT THE SERVANTS ENTRANCE MY GOOD MAN ORDERED ISABELLE ICILY

SO THIS IS PARIS!

How pride can oft times take a fall is well brought out in a mighty funny story from Butte, Mont., sent in by Mrs. Daniel Harbowitz, of Atlantic avenue. A farmer's son had been graduated from Harvard and arrived home full of his own importance. "Now that I'm a college graduate," he told his father, a Mr. Riskin, "I shall want a good field to demonstrate my talents in." His poppa looked him over and then said, "Wa'al, there's a ten-acre one over thar in the corner which you can hoe. Raowdy-dow!" And he slapped his thigh in merriment. Needless to say, his son did not see the joke. Neither do we, to tell the truth.

The End of a Beautiful Friendship

"BUTCH" KLAUS was uneasy. He paced back and forth in his tiny cell, a keen look of disappointment on the face that was pictured in every rogue's gallery from Frisco to Maine. Now "Butch" Klaus was not an easy man to rile. Hadn't "Butch" just robbed the Third

National Bank of three million dollars? Hadn't he done it single-handed?

Across the cell corridor was the temporary abode of "Kid" Dugan. The "Kid" gazed across at "Butch" Klaus and then averted his gaze. "Butch" looked over at the "Kid"

FUNNYBONES
There are horse shows and auto shows, but the pedestrian has no show.
 Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

and tears of envy welled up in his steely eyes. Every time Klaus looked over at his companion in crime, he sobbed and turned his head away. Finally, Butch could stand it no longer. He called for a pencil and paper and wrote a letter:

"Editor, The Daily Reflector.

"DEAR SIR: I gotta real complaint against youse dis time. Fer tree years I been doin' good, front-page robberies so youse could git out a good pitcher paper? Who done de Blake Diamond job? Who robbed de Imperial Hotel? Me—Butch Klaus. Every time I pulled off a job youse gave me a good write-up, lots of pitchers and youse called me 'De Master Mind Crim'nal' and de 'Gentleman Boiglar.'

"Two days ago I pulls off de big Toid National Bank job. I sez to meself: I'll bet De Daily Reflector gives me a great write-up on dis one. Well, I buys de paper and youse don't give me more den about tree inches, while Kid Dugan, who just snatches a lady's pocketbook away gits de whole front page wid pitchers and poisonal statements.

"In view of dis shabby treatment, I cannot promise to do any more good robberies. I ain't mad, jist terribly hoit.

"Yours wid sorrow,

*"Butch' Klaus,
 "Member Second-story Man's
 Union No. 231."*

Hugh Wood



The umbrella hat for summer wear keeps off sun and rain and also gives you a perfect carriage, as the rod goes down the back.

Special London Correspondence

London, England.

DEAR JUDGE: Well, Judge, here I am in the jolly old town of London. The people over here seem to be quite patriotic as they've a statue of Lincoln or Washington on nearly every corner and a few of William Penn and Ben Franklin thrown in for good measure.

I went to Piccadilly Circus to see if it was as good as Ringling's, and would you believe it, JUDGE, they didn't even have a lemonade stand or anything. I've heard it said that the English didn't have any sense of humor, but when you see 'em standing around Piccadilly laughin' up their sleeves at the American tourists who come there to see the circus you'd change your mind.

Down in the center of town, something like the Public Square in Cleveland, O., they've got a monument to a fellow named Trafalgar, with four lions at the base. I guess he used to be a lion tamer in Piccadilly circus.

Seems like everybody over here is left-handed, as they all drive on the wrong side of the street. I can't



SYNOPSIS—Mr. Blim comes home and finds that his wife returned from the country bringing a heavy coat of tan and a new cook—but which is which?

imagine what would happen if a right-handed New York taxi driver ever got going over here. And, JUDGE, you know everybody over in the U. S. A. makes fun of fivvers,

but a fivver is a *Leviathan* beside some of these here miniature cars that look like animated watch fobs and sound like an alarm clock running down the street.

I went through Westminster Abbey the other day and all afternoon the guide led me around over the graves of dead kings and queens. He assured me that they had all been dead a long time so they didn't seem to mind it. They used to bury all the poets and writers right with the kings and queens.

Also visited the Tower of London with the same guide, who must have been a thousand years old. He had a memory that reached 'way back before Columbus even thought of discovering the United States. He told me all about Bloody Mary and how she buried two princes under the stairs and had them beheaded because Queen Elizabeth and Henry the Eighth quarreled about Charles I's second wife on his mother's side, who was likewise beheaded or something like that. He showed us the blocks and headsman's ax to prove it.

It was in this Tower that Queen Elizabeth imprisoned Sir Walter Raleigh for introducing tobacco into England after sampling English cigarettes—I didn't blame her.

Statistically yours,

Nate Collier



"I may as well give up. I'll never be a writer."

"What's happened?"

"I had an article on Antique Furniture rejected by The Saturday Evening Post."



Offerson

A kiss in the dark.
—YALE RECORD

Girl's Meditation at Fifteen

The first time I go out
Should I let him kiss me?
I wonder . . . is that done?
Or should I hold away—a little
And glance rather shyly—
And say—No, not to-night.
Or should I
Put aside
All my "old maidish" beliefs
And enter into the so-called "fun"?

And yet they say
The girls
Men really want
Are those whose lips are never
Kissed — —
So
I believe that's what
I'll try
I'll try
Just
Once!

—Minnesota Ski U Mah

Get Anywhere?

A mid-west farmer, after a visit to Congress, summarized his impressions by saying: "It's just like some of these new dances—they make a lot of motions but they never seem to get anywhere."

—Louisville Satyr



At Any Summer Hotel

"Where do you bathe?"
"In the spring."
"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where." —M. I. T. Voo Doo

—

"My dear, the show is to tour England next year."
"Oh! Good! I must get one of those Anglo-Saxons for my car."
—Cincinnati Cynic

—

"Bill just lent me \$5."
"What the —; he wouldn't lend me a nickel."
"He wouldn't lend me a cent, either. He thinks he cashed a check for me." —M. I. T. Voo Doo

—

"Didn't your father-in-law lose his fortune?"
"Yes. I married for love after all." —Oklahoma Whirlwind



HE—*May I call?*
SHE—*I am sorry, I'm married.*
"Sall right, I'm married and just as sorry." —PITT PANTHER

Mary No. 987654327 & etc's.

Mary had a little waist,
Where waists are meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
The waist was sure to go.
—Toronto Goblin



He took her home!

—BOSTON BEANPOT

LEADERS



"I'm not going to let him take my daughter to the Prom."
 "Why not?"
 "He just wrote us that he won a loving cup."
 —BROWN JUG

"Did you have any luck hunting tigers in India?"
 "Marvelous luck. Didn't come across a single tiger."
 —Stanford Chaparral

He—Is your husband a traveling man?
 She—Yes, but I have a date for to-night.
 —N. Y. Medley

He—You look sweet enough to eat.
 She—I do. How about Checker Inn?
 —Boston Beanpot

In Dean's Office

Dean—Where are your parents?
 Girl—I have none.
 "Then where are your guardians?"
 "I have none."
 "Then where are your supporters?"
 "Sir! You are forgetting yourself."
 —Lehigh Burr

"Look at Mabel's dress."
 "I can't see it. Some fellow has his arm around her."
 —N. Y. Medley

"Why do they call this fellow a Knight of the Garter?"
 "He's one of the king's chief supporters."
 —Pitt Panther

The modern dance has developed in leaps and bounds.
 —Cornell Widow



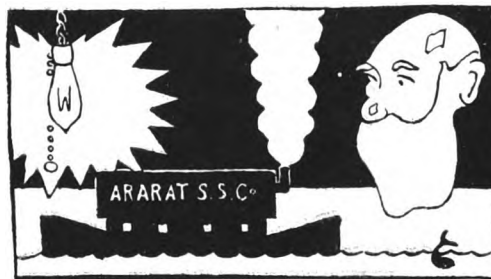
"Such popularity must be observed."
 —PENN STATE FROTH



The varnishing American.
 —MINNESOTA SKI U MAH

Chet—What the deuce are you moping about?
 Bob—Oh, don't bother me.
 "Come on, tell me."
 "I just lost a good top coat."
 "Don't you remember where you left it?"
 "I didn't leave it anywhere."
 "Then how did you lose it?"
 "My old roommate recognized it!"
 —Boston Beanpot

There's no justice. If you make out your income tax correctly you go to the poorhouse. If you don't you go to jail.
 —M. I. T. Voo Doo



"Say, do you know who invented electric illumination?"
 "Sure, Thomas Edison!"
 "Naw, Noah! When he let all the elephants out, didn't he make the first Ark light?"
 —RUTGERS CHANTICLEER

Algy—"Tralaloo, fair Priscilla, methinks I will give up smoking cigarettes and start chewing."
 F. P.—Elucidate, fair Algy.
 "Why, 'tis said that one can chew for a week on a dime."
 "But I asks you, Algy, who wants to chew on a dime."
 —Penn State Froth

"I have just bought a new set of balloon tires."
 "Funny, I didn't know you even had a balloon."
 —Oklahoma Whirlwind



"Will you post this letter for me, please?"
—*Sondagsnisse-Strix* (Stockholm)

Effeminate Ladies

Large picture hats have been seen.
Bit by bit women seem to be losing
all their manhood!

—*Eve* (London)

Sergeant (angrily)—Button up that
coat!

Married Recruit (absent-mindedly)
—Yes, my dear. —*Answers*

An American screen star who re-
cently got married says she will act
for the films just as she did before.
We are relieved to hear that it will
be no worse. —*Humorist*

A bowl of beer placed in the kitchen
at night will entrap beetles, says a
weekly paper. The convivial in-
sects refuse to go home till morning,
and then can be easily caught by an
early rising householder.

—*Humorist*

A man was summoned recently for
being drunk whilst playing a saxo-
phone in the street. The fact that
he was getting some music out of it
aroused a passing constable's sus-
picions.

—*Passing Show*

Maybe the Americans are so keen
on séances nowadays because it's the
only way they can get into touch
with spirits more than a couple of
days old.

—*Passing Show*

Fulham Council refuse to permit
dancing in the borough's parks this
summer. A man charged with per-
forming the Charleston explained
that he was merely kicking himself
because he had forgotten to bring his
umbrella.

—*Passing Show*

"Could I see General Blank?"
"I'm sorry, but General Blank is
ill to-day."

"What made him ill?"

"Oh, things in general."

—*Tit Bits*



The hat box of the mode.

—*Lustige Blaetter*

In New York a man was set upon by footpads and robbed of his gold-plated false teeth. We hear that after this unfortunate affair he didn't smile for some time.

—*London Opinion*

Two British motorists are to tour the world and give jazz band concerts en route. We're sure they will make good progress. Everybody will be anxious to speed them on their way.

—*Humorist*

Reindeer milk is delivered in Nome, Alaska, in frozen blocks. Unscrupulous milkmen have to go to the bother of drilling holes and inserting icicles.

—*Passing Show*

A parcel of twenty-four pennies, all with holes bored in them and strings attached, was found in London. One theory is that it belonged to a Scotch visitor who had meant to throw his money about.

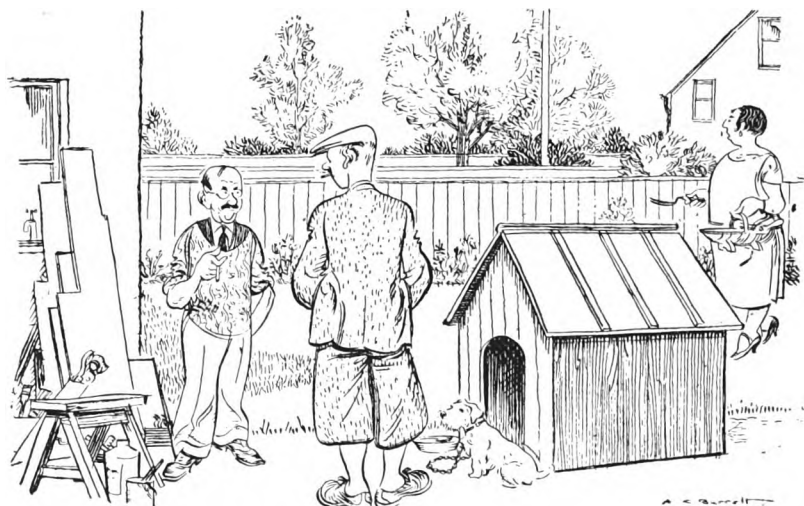
—*London Opinion*

An Aberdonian went into a chemist's shop and asked for three-pennyworth of arsenic.

The chemist inquired what he wanted it for.

The Aberdonian replied, "Two-pence."

—*Tit Bits*



Friend—Certainly a nice kennel, but why trouble to make such a big one for a dog like that?

The Henpecked One—Well, between ourselves, the fact is that I want somewhere to sleep myself when I'm locked out at night.

—*Passing Show*

A man was recently knocked down by a perambulator and injured. If no horn is provided, nursemaids should give the baby a sharp pinch at level crossings.

—*Humorist*

Captain Waterhouse, M. P., says that we import twenty million artificial teeth annually. It's horrible to think that the only things we can gnash at our American debt are American teeth.

—*Punch*

Things You Might Be Interested In

Men living in the South find it very difficult to remove their shoes without first unlacing them.

Psychologists have not yet been able to discover a woman who can yawn with her mouth closed.

It is not a common supposition that the Eskimos have long been eating artichokes with a salad fork.

Almost all college boys can count up to ten without making a mistake.

The boys of Shanghai in China have come to the conclusion that it is impractical to fly kites in the house.

No matter how hard they try, the inhabitants of Paris cannot walk on both sides of the street at the same time.

Macaroni is very soft and pliable after it has been boiled in water.

—*London Opinion*

The widow of a farmer had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the board of agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning I find two or three lying on the ground cold and stiff with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following reply:

"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

—*Tit Bits*



Facetious Holiday-maker—Come on, now, you're going to tell me that leg was bitten off by cannibals in the South Seas.

Native—No—by mosquitoes.

—*Humorist*

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

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

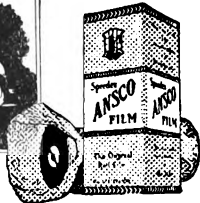
Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO.
200 6th Ave., N. Y.

Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Anso Speedex Film—the red box with the yellow band—fits all roll-film cameras.



Keep your play-hours —in pictures

It's a dangerous compliment to beauty to steer off the road—but it's a lasting, perfect one when you take her picture!

Anso Speedex Film is made so that even inexperienced folks always get good pictures. As for the experts—well, they've used Anso film for years!

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM
Pioneer Camera Makers of America
Anso—Binghamton, N. Y.



"Great Scott, Jane, is Betty crazy standing out there in the sun with nothing on but a pair of long stockings, long gloves and a scarf around her neck and shoulders?"

"Don't be silly, John, she's only getting one of the latest sunburned bathing suits."

Judge's Fairy Tales for Tired Clubmen

(Continued from page 11)

with, and when they finally released him by snipping off the whole beard at the roots, he was so sore he tried to slap them down on the spot. But suddenly their old friend the bear shows up from behind a steamer trunk and lays the dwarf cold. And as soon as this happens, the bear changes into a handsome young shoe salesman named Fineberg who said that he had been bewitched or something and offers to marry either one of the girls. So Snow-white married him and Rose-red married his brother, who was a contractor over in Jersey. Then they all went to Niagara Falls. There doesn't seem to be a moral to this fairy tale except you never know when you're going to bump into a salesman for something or other.

Perelman

An important race was recently won by a dark horse. It appears that several Fascisti put their shirts on it.

—Humorist

"Married men should wear something to indicate plainly that they are married," says a critic. They generally do by wearing a suit of the year before last this year and next.

—London Opinion

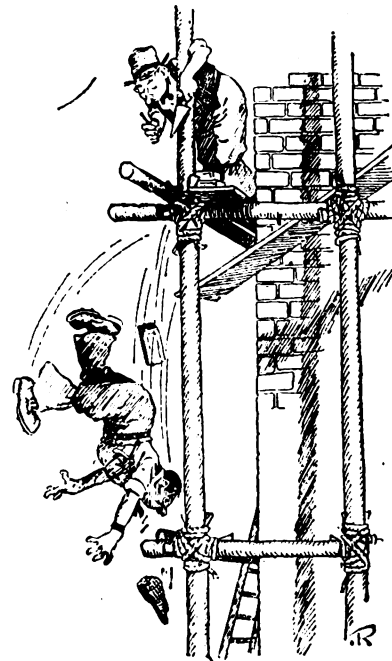
There is a war between two great motor firms in America. It is feared that it will be waged to the last pedestrian.

—London Opinion

Humorist

"I cannot think of a worse instrument than the saxophone," says Senor Mascagni. We sincerely hope nobody else can.

—Humorist



"Get down as quick as you can, Bill; there's a brick after you!"

—Tit Bits

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 16)

saying that it was to be compared, as a work of art, only with the top-notch work of Euripides. This goes to show many things, one of which is that the Ringling Brothers have overlooked a bet in missing the Mlle. O'Brien's press agent.

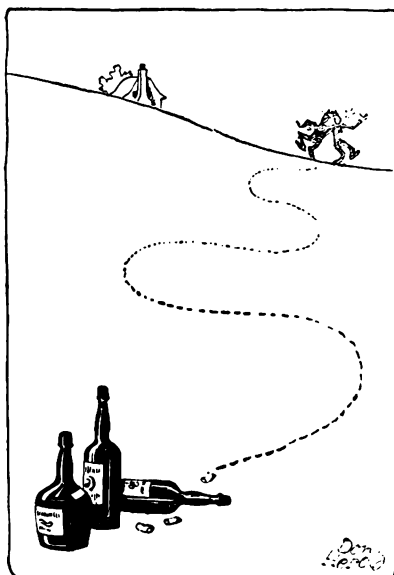
"Distinguished Villa" is another of those boarding-house plays. The recipe is familiar to you. In Act I, the boarders are trotted out one after another to comment on the humdrum of their lives and to long wistfully for a sight of the flowers growing in the fields. In Act II, the ingénue, stifled by the narrowness of the boarding-house, permits herself to be seduced by a natty and plausible fellow from the outside world. Act III, the audience spends figuring out how much fun it could have had with its twelve shillings if it hadn't come.

The acting in this piece ran that in "The Ghost Train" a hard race for first place.

III

STILL another exhibit due for early importation is "The Ringer," by Edgar Wallace. American audiences are due to find a great novelty in this one, as it is a crook play.

One would think that all possible changes had already been rung on the crook theme. After seeing the M. Wallace's brain child, the thought continues undisturbed. The venerable hocus-pocus here once again is made to parade the platform. The audience is asked to get feverishly excited figuring out who did the dirty work, when it is perfectly cer-



"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"

tain from the start that the scoundrel of the occasion is the one actor in the cast that all the other actors insist is completely innocent.

While the acting in "The Ringer" is considerably better than that in the other two plays I've mentioned, it is still nothing to make Arthur Bingham Walkley hurry up from the country about. The leading rôles, while I was in London, were in the hands of Leslie Faber, whose work is well known over here, Franklin Dyall and Dorothy Dickson, the Chicago girl who used to dance at the Princess Theater and who is now a London favorite along with American cocktails, American jazz and almost everything else American but the Hofbräuhaus.

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning...and it is sound reasoning, too...the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one...for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

F A T I M A



"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Only \$1.00 a pair for lovely chiffon hosiery fully guaranteed. 24+ inch pure silk leg, 4+ inch lisle garter hem. Ask your merchant for "Westcott Daydream." Westcott Hosiery Mills, Dalton, Ga.

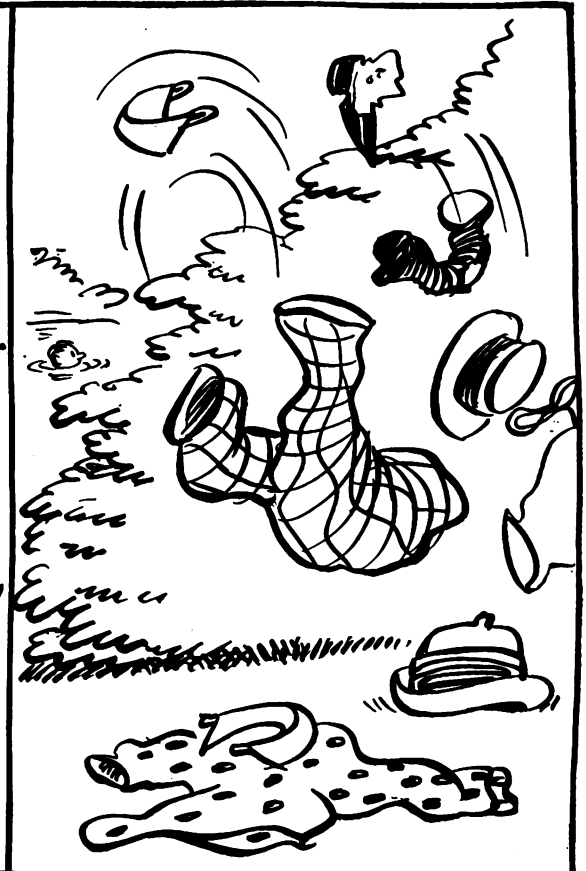
Westcott
Hosiery

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 September 6. Winning ending appears in the issue of September 25.



Contest No. 57

MILT GROSS

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Pop! Goes the Deadly Parallel

Editor JUDGE:

Any man who compares the drinking of alcoholic beverages with murder excites either my pity or my contempt. Pity if he really thinks he has set up a sensible argument. Contempt if he simply wishes to dupe the simple-minded.

In no civilized country is murder indulged in by the citizens day by day, year in and year out, as a relaxation or amusement. The drinking of alcoholic beverages is considered innocent and healthful in almost every country but our own.

Murder is directly prohibited by one of the Ten Commandments. Drinking of alcohol in any form is not.

The Savior of the world, the Son of "righteousness" (how I have learned to loath and hate that word), neither by precept nor by example sanctioned murder. He did sanction the drinking of wine on several occasions, and the most sacred sacrament of the Christian Church had its inception around the Cup of Wine which is its sacred symbol.

If a law is unjust and manifestly unenforceable, not in the case of a few thousand murderous criminals, but in the case of millions of otherwise law-abiding people, it should be repealed.

England for that reason had the good sense to repeal the Stamp Act, but came to her senses too late.

God grant that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act may be repealed in time.

Go to it, JUDGE, old man. We love you for the rotten enemies you graciously allow to abuse you in "Judge for Yourself."
J. P. Thornley
New York City.
July 23, 1926.

The Contrast

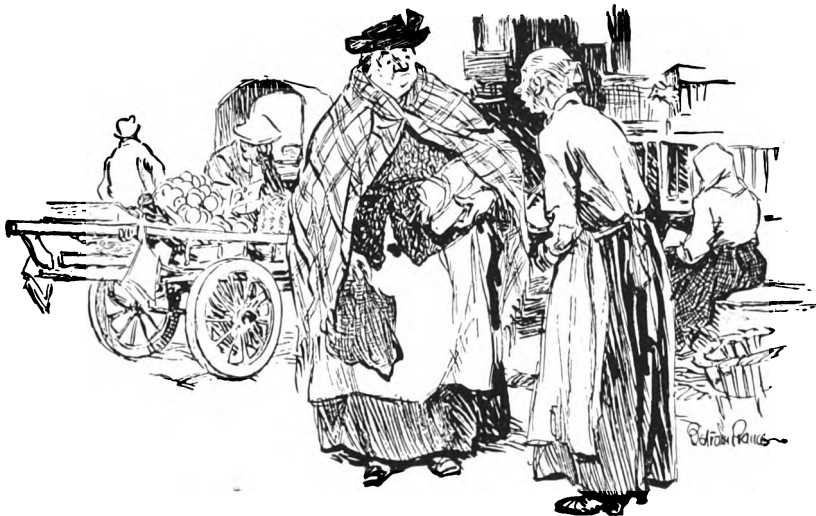
Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: To W. J. Woody's remarks I say amen. Nevertheless, I wouldn't stop reading JUDGE just because W. M. H. does just silly simple stuff—I always consider the editorial page as one of the best jokes in your paper and read it every time—often first—to see how asinine some people can get in this land of culture and real freedom, not the kind that W. M. H. raves about. Keep him on the staff, it's good to get such stuff to show us how good the rest of JUDGE always is.

Yours very truly,

J. S. Blanton

Latrobe, Pa.
July 10, 1926.



"Yus, Emily's young man is in a good position He's an artichoke; one of them men wot draw 'ouses, you know."
—London Opinion

Preparation Did It

Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: Apropos your editorial on the Sesquicentennial. If it is a flop it is mainly because the people of Philadelphia evidently did not believe in the efficiency of good construction planning combined with hard work. Also they rose above anything so vulgar as advertising.

Your remark that no world's fair was finished in time is not accurate. There was one out here in 1915 that opened with buildings, grounds, exhibits, etc., fully complete. And not a suspicion of graft connected with it. But it entailed five years of preparatory work. It was quite a show, and that is no native son's boast either.

My congratulations on your paper—and your editorials. You have helped kill the K. K. K. May you be as successful regarding that far greater menace, Prohibition.
Sincerely,
B. F. Ward
San Francisco, Cal.
July 18, 1926.

"How Gum?"

Editor, JUDGE.

In the JUDGE of the twenty-fourth, I think you dealt a little too harshly with General Butler. He has had many "orange peels" thrown at him, and has deserved it in a way, but still he considered it his duty to do as he did, and credit should be given him on that basis.

I also share JUDGE's disgust in the gum matter. No less than 104 wads of gum were found parked under a small drug store table. (The accurate statistics above were taken from a recent census in a reputable drug store.) However, I agree that a long and slow process of education of the associated gum-chewers is involved in this problem. Some one might hire Karl Dane as instructor. (Mr. Dane took the part of "Slim" in "The Big Parade" and was a very adept one at the art of expectoration.)

Thanking you for taking time to read this.

Sincerely yours,

B. Little, Jr.

Cleveland, O.
July 24, 1926.

P. S.: I hope you will excuse all errors as I have recently completed my fourteenth year and have not assimilated all the "learning" that your other correspondents have.

Hoping

Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: When passing the newstand here the other day I bought several back numbers of your paper, thinking I would be able to read a paper that was not unpatriotic and anti-Christian, but I was sadly mistaken.

If you want to do some good in your editorials, you can expose the falseness of Romanism and do millions of poor duped people a good turn. If you could see the abject poverty of over 75 per cent. of these poor people, and the heartrending sadness brought about by superstition, alcoholism, and living apart from Christ in every sense of the phrase, you would cut out such stupid ravings.

Hoping this will make you sit up and take nourishment, and remember that gentlemen who read your paper are not going to pass by such outbursts as you have made on Methodism and Prohibition, without acting verbally or otherwise.
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
J. T. Allan
July 4, 1926.

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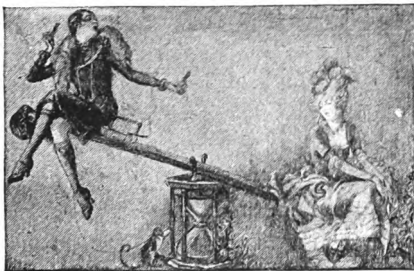


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"See-Saw"

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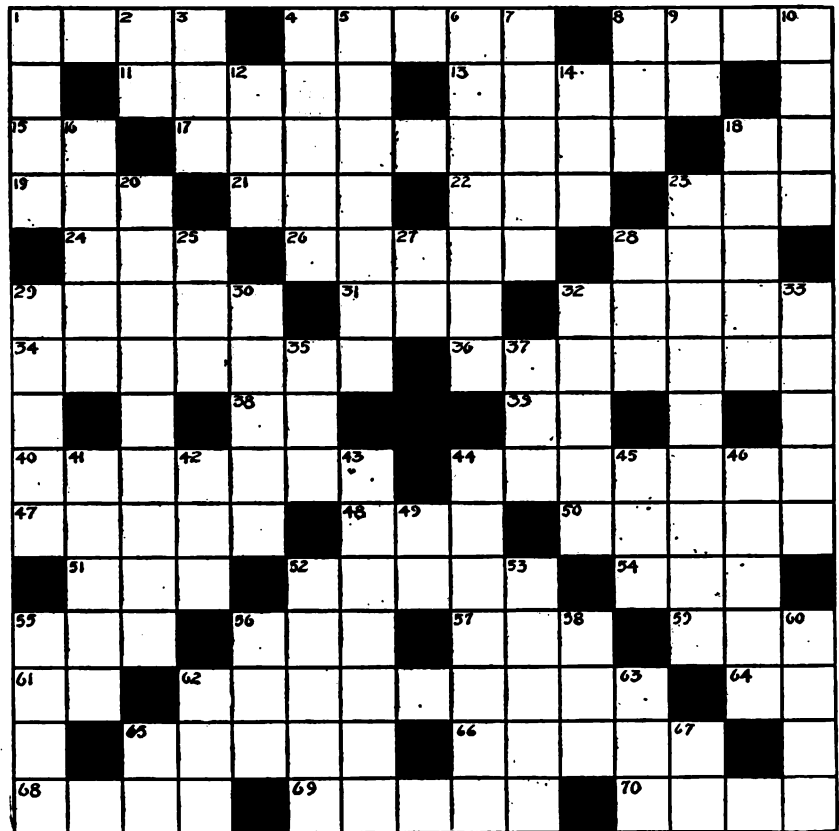
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JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street New York

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 88



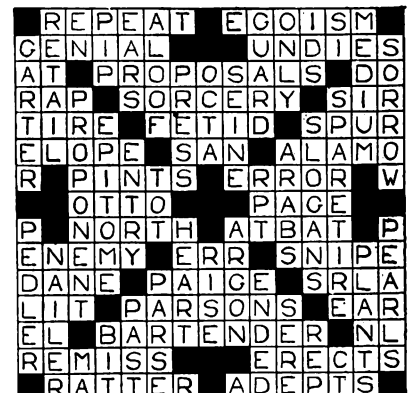
Submitted by Omer A. Dynes, Indianapolis, Ind. JUDGE pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. Overcoat for hot dogs.
4. You'll find this around the twelve-mile limit.
8. If you get this don't take offense.
11. Spanish courtyard.
13. A night club couldn't get along without this.
15. This is pie for the Greeks.
17. Bootlegger's assistant.
18. Name applied to week-end visitors (abbr.).
19. Aesthetic Sandwich Biters (init.).
21. The dry laws are all this way.
22. Pugilistic anæsthetic.
23. A promise to love, honor and obey.
24. To partake of the third square.
26. Not so hot!
28. The well-known tinker's accessory.
29. This is very boring.
31. Fish eggs.
32. These kids are well advertised.
34. These start in business with a shoe string.
36. Bay window.
38. Near at hand.
39. Preposition.
40. Small dog.
44. Next to herself, a girl usually likes this best.
47. Peeped.
48. Roman hen fruit.
50. How a stout woman looks in a reducing corset.
51. This never gets even.
52. Something directors sit on.
54. Snappy New Garters (init.).
55. Hard drink.
56. This fellow travels the beatin' way.
57. Vat.
59. This comes from family trees.
61. Tomato Hurlers (init.).
62. Oral turpitude.
64. That Egyptian sun god again.
65. Flat-bottomed boat.
68. An amphibious mammal.
68. All things come to him who orders this.
69. The land of Shillalals (possessive).
70. Sheik shelter.

18. The main section of Sunday papers.
20. Something you should say thanks for.
23. The rain may fall on both the just and the unjust, but mostly it falls on these.
25. Hatrack. (Don't ask Mr. Mencken).
27. Italy's crossword river.
28. Love light.
29. Adjoins.
30. Dogs and baseball fans in August.
32. The playthings of millionaires.
33. Snoring is this kind of music.
35. A departed spirit.
37. Thirsty Angeworm Hoisters (init.).
41. Era.
42. Wheaton's famous ice man.
43. What jails were before Prohibition.
44. A political or humorous drawing.
45. Where families spend their vacations when the wife wants to go to the mountains and the husband wants to go to the seashore (abbr.).
46. The kind of daddy lucky chorus girls have.
49. Southern State (abbr.).
52. Something a flask on the hip makes.
53. Flicks a cloth around in a room.
55. A golfer with this handicap plays a scratch game.
58. Something schooners used to sail over.
58. A "Nat's" playmate.
60. When this is shady it's usually kept dark.
62. Exclamation.
63. Something old hens like to do.
65. A university degree.
67. Prefix meaning again.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

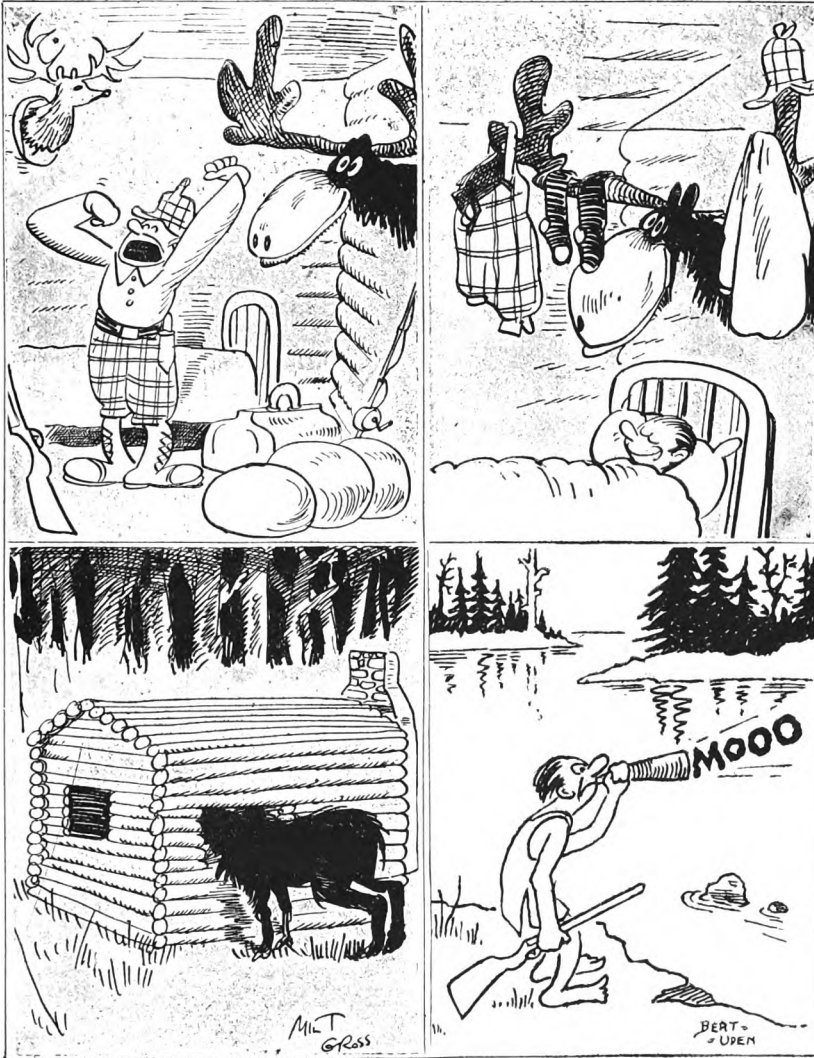


Vertical

1. A Ku Klux necktie.
2. Liping Papas (init.).
3. Sparking place.
4. A decorative line, or the outline of an edge.
5. About the best thing a lazy man does.
6. The products of the League of Nations.
7. What a successful husband is.
8. General of the Horse Navy (init.).
9. Preposition of place.
10. Enough. (Poetic.)
12. What second-hand cars are often in need of.
14. A Chicago pocket piece.
18. To pass out. (Careful now!)

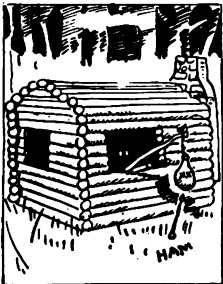
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 53



Bert Uden, 1670 Winfield street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Runners Up



Will J. Cooper, St. Louis, Mo.



Leslie F. Clark, Sedgwick, Kan.



Ruth Allcott, Madison, Wis.



W. B. Sylvester, Syracuse, N. Y.



Richard Perrin, Milwaukee, Wis.



Allen Saunders, Crawfordville, Ind.

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Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.

The hundreds of *Funnybones*, *Epilaughs* and *Lizzie Labels* received daily have forced this drastic policy upon us.

But for prompt attention, address manuscripts in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,
Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,
Epilaughs—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,
Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE.

Lizzie Labels—Lizzie Label Editor of JUDGE,
Toasts of the Day—Toasts of the Day Editor of JUDGE.

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Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

She can always make her sweetness and innocence convincing, but when it comes time to register hatred and disgust that little mask of hers, so perfectly "set" for simple ingénue roles, has to struggle pretty hard to emotionalize itself. In the minor rôle of the lady who saves her, Louise Dresser, as usual, gives a finished performance.

I have never read the story by Rex Beach from which "Padlocked" is adapted, but the film has all the earmarks of having faithfully reproduced the spirit of the text. It is brimful of hokum and sentimentality, one of those pictures, for example, whose interiors encourage the popular assumption that a rich man's home must resemble a cross between a railroad terminal and a public library. But I doubt if on the whole it is any more false to its subject than, let us say, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," however inferior in other respects. That, too, was propaganda laid on thick.

A MAN feels about Rudolph Valentino much as, I imagine, a woman does about Bill Hart; in other words, that those who fall for his hokum are a bit weak in the upper story. But I don't see, if we men have our Bill Hart to cheer on to doughtier deeds of horsemanship and heroism (and I'm one of his fans), why the women shouldn't have their Valentino for the same purpose, and without our sneers. No one pretends that the pictured romances of either bear any relation to reality, or come within the remotest definition of serious drama. But if the ten-year-old boy you once were still lives somewhere within your dessicated carcass you will thrill in spite of yourself to the daring and chivalry of the gun-shy Bill, or (pardon me, madam) if the little romantic girl of your early teens, dreaming of her ideal lover, strong and handsome and dominating, still lurks within your matronly bosom, you will melt to the torrid love-making of the girl-sure Rudolph.

"The Son of the Sheik," is, I suppose, a typical Valentino picture. You will probably like it if you're all woman.

Hammers and hatchets will never get rusty if kept covered with rice. Care must be taken, of course, to remove the tools if the rice is to be used for hurling at happy bridegrooms.
—London Opinion

Movie Plot Contest No. 5

Thicken the Plot Yourself!

Below is printed the basis of a typical movie plot with great open spaces. Copy this plot on a separate piece of paper and fill in the spaces, or use the form below if you wish. JUDGE will pay \$25 for the best filled in plot. By best, we mean the cleverest and funniest. One of these plots will be run each week, and a prize of \$5 given each week for the best one. In case two or more Contestants each submit the same winning plot each will receive the prize. You may submit as many plots as you wish. Contest No. 5 closes September 11, and the winning plot will be published in the October 2 issue. Send your plots to the MOVIE PLOT EDITOR OF JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York.

The leader of an underworld gang is who was left an at the age of three, and has grown up to with no to him. One day he meets Lotta Long-Green, who urges him to and intimates that if he she will This makes a him, and with her help he at a salary of A few months later he is introduced to who seems to recognize and starts an investigation. It turns out that he so that they lose no time in and forever.



BOW LEGS?

This Garter (pat'd) Makes Trousers Hang Straight If Legs Bend In or Out Self Adjustable It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down Not a "Form" or "Harness" No Metal Springs Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope THE T. GARTER CO. Dept. 23 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPSH.

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A MOMENT of hesitation—then from Murette's slim black revolver there leaped a spurt of smoke and flame.

The special constable lurched back against the cell bars as the others stood bewildered before the sudden fury of this girl; while behind the locked door Jim Kent watched in tense silence, every nerve alert, every drop of blood in his body on fire.

Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?

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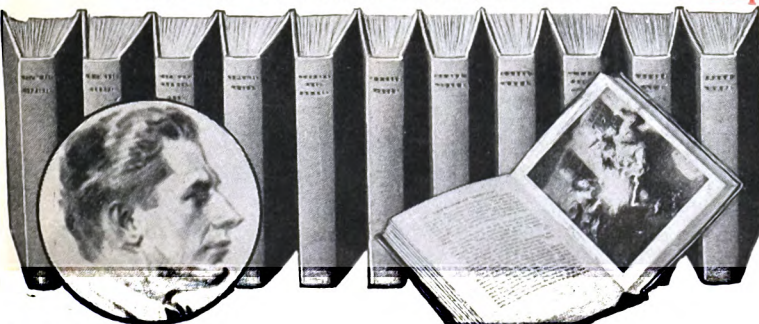
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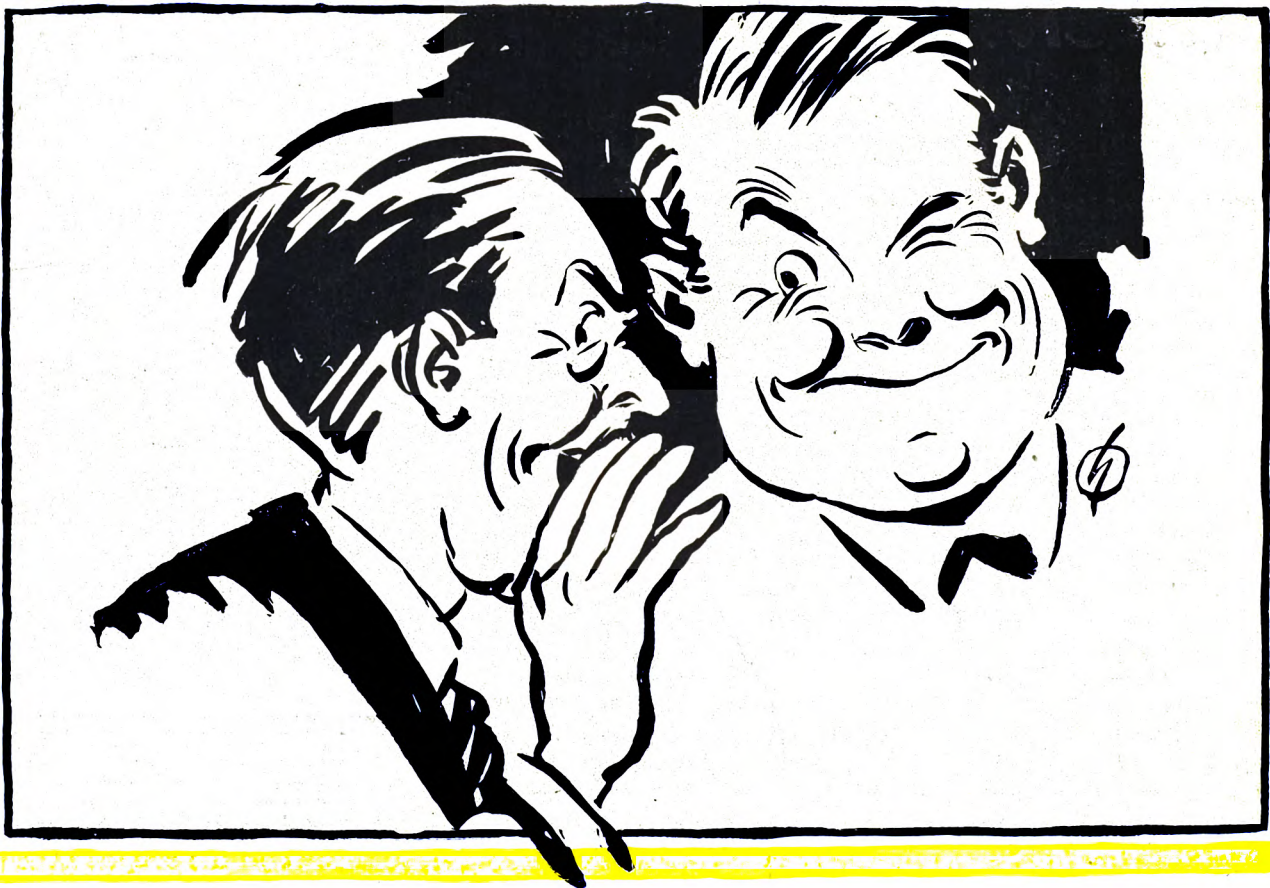
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It does wonders with whatever you have because it is the *natural* mixer—made exclusively with the famous Silurian Mineral Water and bottled only at the

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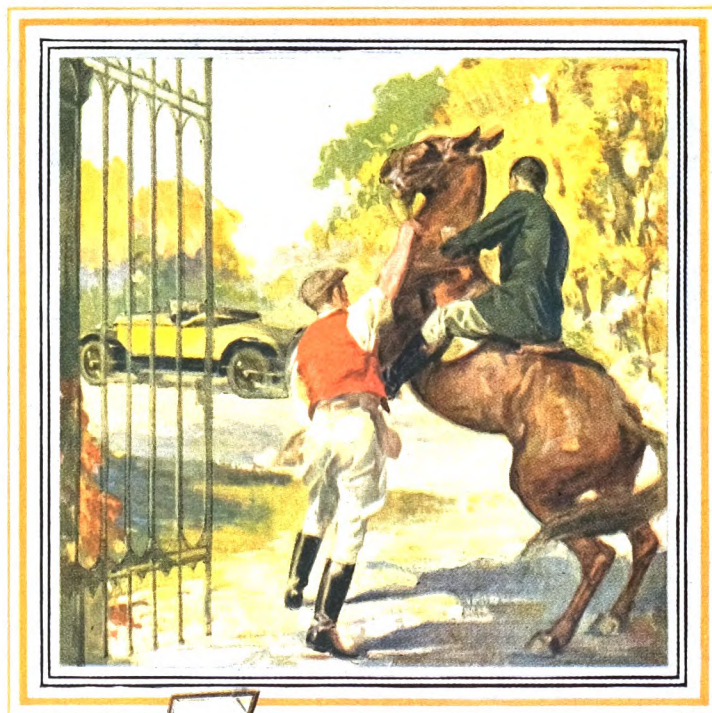


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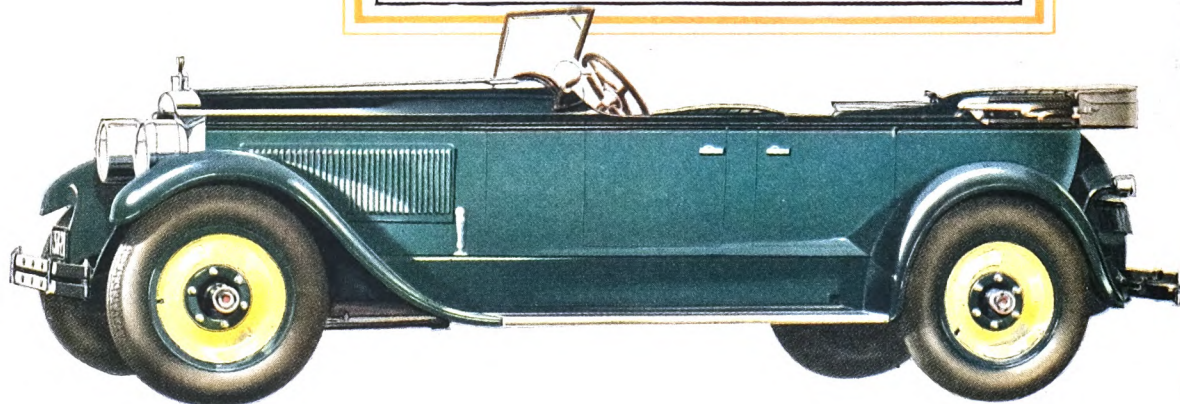
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SEP 11, 1926
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JUDGE

WEATHER FORECAST
(For the Championship Belt)
HEAVY CLOUDS AND
AN EARLY FALL

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1926

AGED MAN DARES DEATH

AN eighty-seven-year-old Frenchman recently walked across a busy street in Paris on a tightrope. This is the sort of thing that sours taxicab drivers.

The financial district of New York is protected from robbers by a "deadline" placed around it by the police. It seems that there is a strong feeling there against outside competition.

A BUSINESS training school for deaf girls has just been completed in Detroit and will be open this fall. This is great news for the telephone companies.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the New York *Tribune* reported that the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue had just returned from Europe and was convinced that in time America would be able to teach the world a good deal about the possible uses of alcohol.

COP CATCHES CROOK

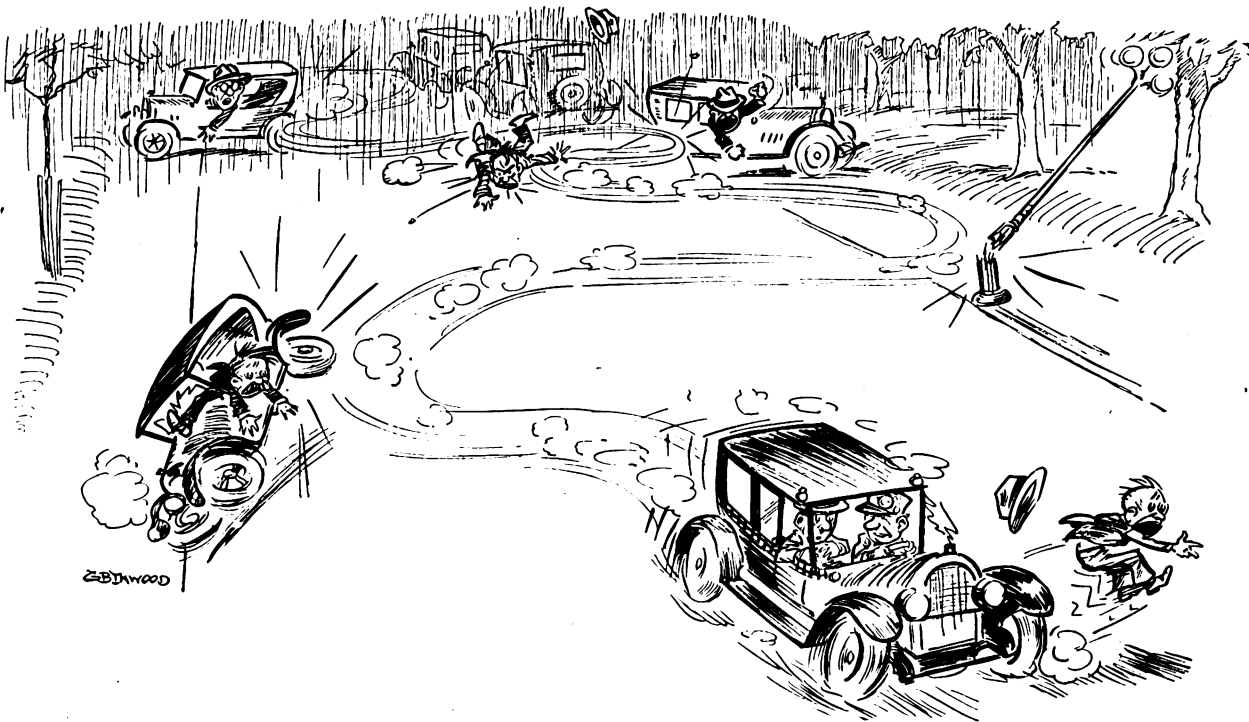
A CHICAGO gangster, who was accidentally arrested, was found in possession of a revolver, a dirk, a pocket flash, two hand grenades and a pair of brass knuckles. It is believed that something will be done about it as the flask contained whisky.

FORD TAKES THE AIR

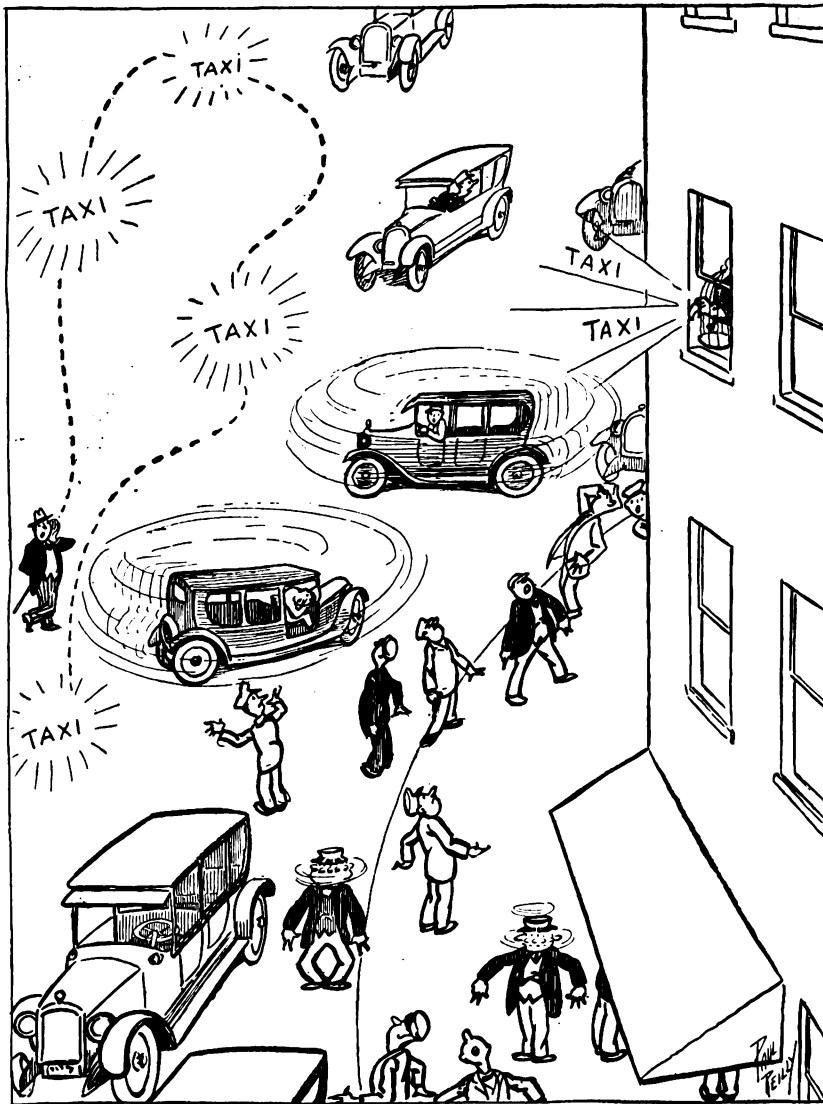
AFTER months of experimenting the Ford airplane is now said to be a complete success. This news will come to many of us as a bolt from the blue.

A SCIENTIST of the University of Cincinnati says the tempo of American life is daily becoming faster. Already a few taxi drivers have complained that pursued pedestrians no longer keep within the fifteen-mile limit.

THE discovery that fish kill mosquitoes comes a trifle late in the season, but it might still be a good idea for picnickers to take along a couple of goldfish in a thermos bottle.



TAXI DRIVER—When they let me out I promised the Warden I'd go straight and I've kept me word.



WE HAVE WITH US TO-DAY
A parrot—and a ventriloquist.

Toasts of the day
Here's to the taxi driver—Blankety blank—!!! !!!

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Taxi Chauffeur's Curriculum

IN 1915 the neophyte who wanted to drive a taxicab was taught the following:

- Care of motor.
- Driving in traffic.
- Methods of changing tires.
- The city's streets.

Eleven years later the aspiring chauffeur is compelled to study the following:

Calculus, trigonometry and algebra in order to compute a two-mile run at the rate of thirty-three and a third cents a hundred yards for the first hundred yards, six cents a foot while in traffic, less ten per cent. if the passenger's name is Blake, plus twelve and three-sevenths cents a mile for good measure.

Profanity.

DIRZY LABELS

We call her Taxi—if she isn't running people down she gives you an awful jolt!

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Effect of Rain

(On Flowers and Taxicabs)

At nighttime when the weather's fine,
There's lots of taxicabs on line.

You pass them by as you decide,
That it's too nice a night to ride.

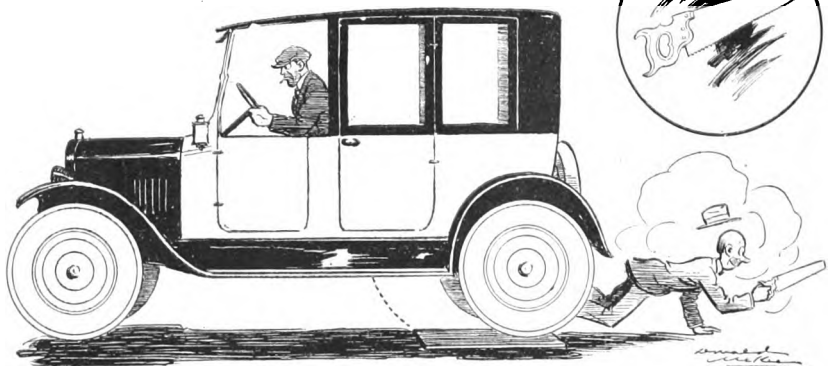
Conversely, when the weather's bad,
There's not a vacant to be had.

No, never on a stormy night,
Is there a taxicab in sight.

The rain makes buds come out, we hear,
But it makes taxis disappear.

R. C. O'Brien

Fig. 1



HOW TO GET OUT OF A TAXICAB WITHOUT HAVING A ROW WITH THE DRIVER

Figure 1 pictures actual escape. Figure 2, instrument with which bottom of cab is sawed out, permitting egress.

FUNNYBONES

*Motto for Taxi Drivers:
Don't toot till you see the whites
of their eyes.*

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

(a) To use on customers who under-tip.

(b) In addressing truck and other auto drivers.

(c) Under his breath, for policemen.

Ramming. How to smash others' mudguards. How to hit a man scientifically. How to put the blame on the other feller.

Advanced geometry. How to prove that the shortest distance between two points is *not* a straight line.

Also How to Go a Week Without Getting Shaved; How to Feign Indifference to What Is Going on Behind You in the Cab; The Care and Treatment of Bandits; Inebriates; Machine Gun Operation; Armored Car Military Strategy; How to Drive Without Avoiding Holes and Ruts; How to Skid Dangerously on Wet Pavements and How to Have Your Cab Stolen Just Before the Insurance Expires.

Hugh Wood



VICTIM—And I can't even put my fingers in my ears!

A Perfect Day

(In the Life of a Taxi Chauffeur)

"GOSH, I'm getting careless. Almost forgot to step on the gas when I saw that puddle. Must have splashed a dozen of those peds, at least. We guys ought to get medals from the cleaners and bootblacks."

"The dirty cheapskate—and him with a skirt. Well, I'll park here for a while so he'll have trouble getting on a bus."

"Boy, but did I make that old geezer jump for his life! I didn't think he could make it, especially since he's lame."

"Got to pat myself on the back for nosing in ahead of that limousine. Zowie, how those brakes screeched! I'll never forget how funny that fat dame looked when she skidded out of her seat. Bet she's still bawling out her chauffeur."

"That guy'll never give a taxi driver a dime tip again—after the cussing I gave him. If I hadn't fixed that meter I'd starve to death sure."

"That cop ain't looking, so I'll beat the signal light. Hurray, I got away with it."

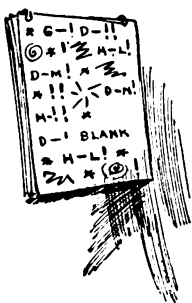
"Just look at what that dame left on the seat. And twenty bucks in it. Not so bad. Not so bad. Guess I'll put up the old bus now and take Mame to Coney." Robert Hage



They're brothers under the skin.

KRAZY KRACKS

Give a sentence with the word
"Scorch"
"Lemme scorch ya home."



Optical examination for taxi drivers.



TAXI DRIVER—*My fault, I apologize.*

Service de Luxe

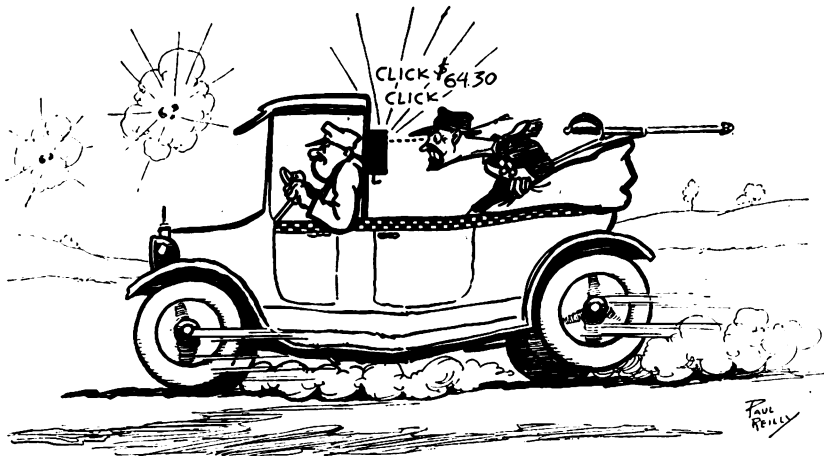
"TAKE me over to Flatbush," I said, hailing the Heliotrope taxi.

"Charmed to have you as my passenger," remarked the driver, setting the meter, "I am always enraptured by the enthralling panorama of New York's skyline. And at dusk, when the office windows light up, like tiny fireflies against a great black void, I always think of Pennell's etchings. What part of Flatbush, if I may be so rude as to inquire?"

"Near Prospect Park."

"Indeed the hand of nature has been lavish there. Perfect blending of sky and meadows. I trust you are quite comfortable."

Just then another taxi swerved in front of us and struck our mud-guard a glancing blow. "I'm sorry—it was my fault," said my chauffeur, addressing the driver of the other.



Sheridan's ride.

mother, consideration for other people's feelings makes for a happier and fuller life."

We reached Flatbush.

"Two dollars and fifty cents, sir," he announced, gazing at the meter. "I also have an affidavit from the License Bureau certifying to its accuracy."

"Sorry," I said, "but I've just got two-fifty in my pocket. Looks as if I can't give you a tip."

"Oh, sir." He looked hurt. "There are other things in life besides money. Taxi rates are really much too high and I never expect my patrons and clients to tip me. The pleasure of meeting you is ample compensation. I trust that fate's ironic hand will make it possible for our paths to cross once again. I leave you now, with deep assurances of personal esteem."

The last I saw of him he had stopped to allow an elderly lady to cross the street and had descended from his seat to personally help her over.

Hugh Wood



If heated taxis for the winter, why not this kind of service for the summer?

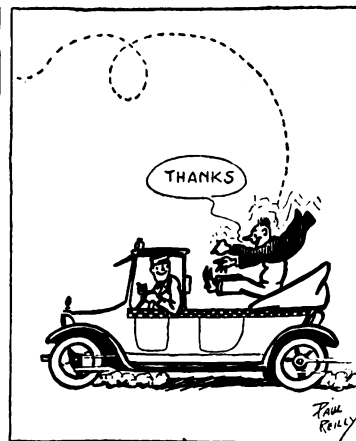
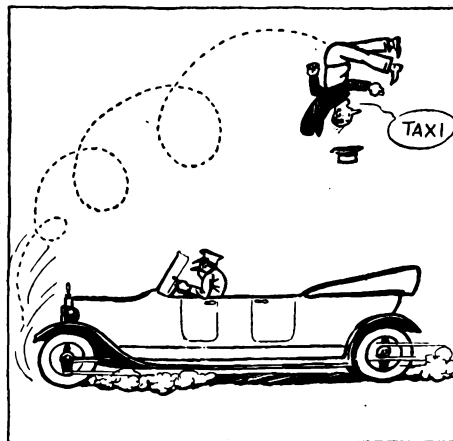
car. "I trust you will overlook my carelessness and with an assurance of your forbearance now, I will exercise every caution in the future."

We drove on.

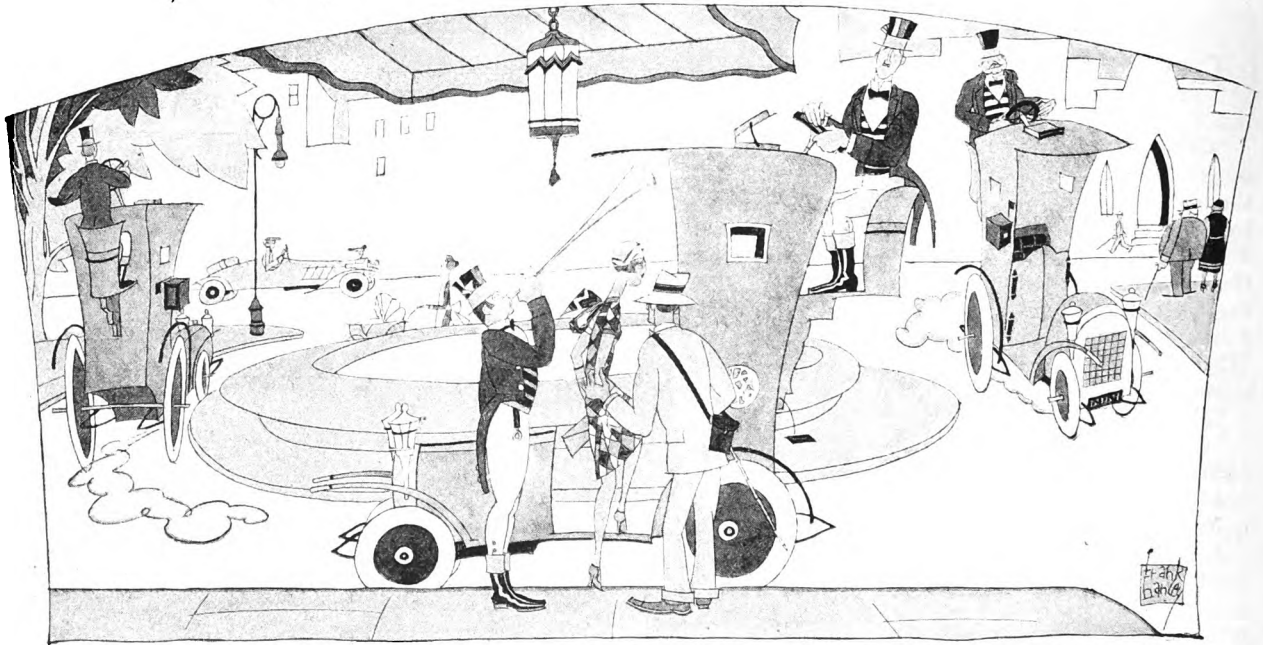
"Have you read Dreiser's American Tragedy?" asked the chauffeur. "No."

"You really must. Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser hold up a ruthless mirror to our national foibles. Realism, while distasteful to many, is after all, true photographic writing. Symbolism has its purpose, but—excuse me, am I driving too fast for you? I always make it a point to regulate my peed to my passenger's taste.

"As I often say to my dear old



Whatever you do—"Be nonchalant."



The current taxis, drivers and starters are very inelegant affairs and we demand a renaissance of style as per example.

What to Do

When Hit by a Taxi

1. GET out of your car and scowl at cab driver.
2. Ask cab driver where he thought he was going.
3. Do not reply to what he tells you.
4. Inspect crumpled fender and pull at it a little.
5. Wipe off hands and ask if anyone in the crowd has a piece of paper and a pencil.

6. Ask cab driver to see his license.
7. Write down cab driver's name, age, address, license number and the number of his cab.
8. Write down names, ages and addresses of two witnesses.
9. Write down exact time and location of accident.
10. Write down extent of damages and relative position of both cars.
11. Get back in your car with a set jaw and drive off.
12. Throw away the piece of paper.

J. S.

How to Call a Taxi

(And What to Call It)

In Fair Weather

Crook Your Finger

IN RAINY WEATHER

1. RUN to the bank, draw out every-thing you've got in it, have it changed into one dollar bills, tie it at the end of a long stick and hold stick out over the curb.

If you haven't any money in the bank hock your jewels.

(2)—Jump out of the window of a 22-story building and land in the street. This will cause a traffic tie-up and you will be able to jump in the cab when driver isn't looking.

(3)—Go to the nearest fire box, break he glass, pull down the hook and await results.

(4)—Buy a small cannon, mount it on the curb and when a taxi comes along shoot it in the front tire.

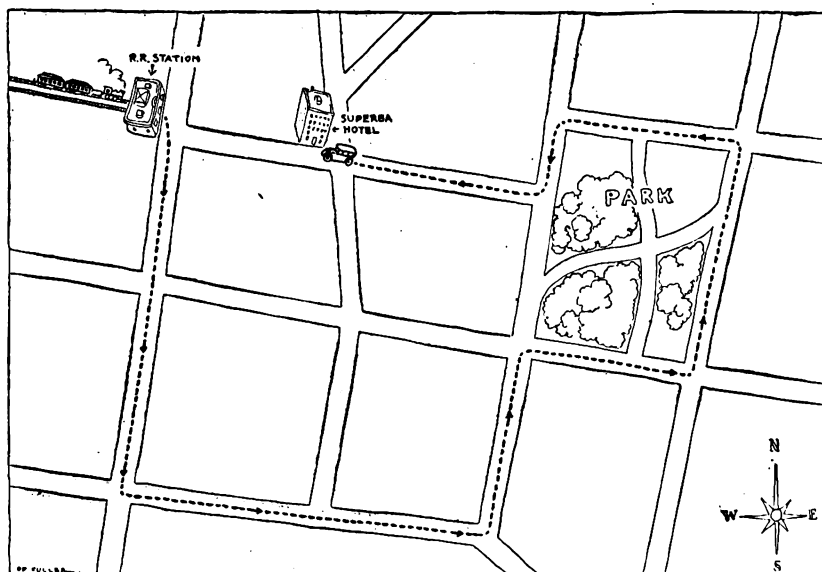
(5)—Dress up like a prison guard, stand on the curb and the driver will stop automatically.

(6)—Start a crap game on the corner and you will have a crowd of taxis around in no time.

(7)—Try and get one of the darn things to hit you. The cops will do the rest.

After you have tried all these things and failed take a street car.

J. Jr.



Map showing route of taxi driver taking stranger to Superba Hotel.

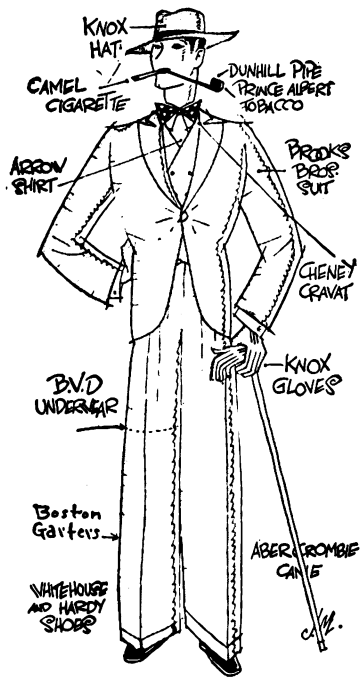


THE CLOCK WATCHER

HIGH HATS



Since I mentioned "Silver Spray" in these here now columns I have been deluged no end with various cases of ginger ale, carbonated fruit juice and mineral waters which gives me a very brilliant idea. . . . If I can "mention" ginger ale and immediately receive gratis a case of the aforesaid liquid why stop there? if you will study this picture of me closely, which "Mac" so graciously drew, it will give you a rough idea of what I mean! And to go even further, I might mention casually that Wills St. Claire make a dandy roadster, Cadillac a very nice coach, Brooks Brothers carry an extremely good-looking line of raccoon coats, to say nothing of their evening clothes.



Received a letter from a bird who suggests that I start a "Hidden Beauty" contest and I think it ought to go over big the idea is to discover hidden beauties in this great big metropolis of ours. . . . I hereby nominate myself Chairman of the New York District (this includes Brooklyn and Queens) and will throw open the contest by mentioning a blonde in Lord & Taylor's on the ground floor. . . . I am now ready to appoint branch chairmen in all the larger cities. . . . You don't have to be a union detective to qualify, but if you have any aptitude for sleuthing it will greatly strengthen your case.

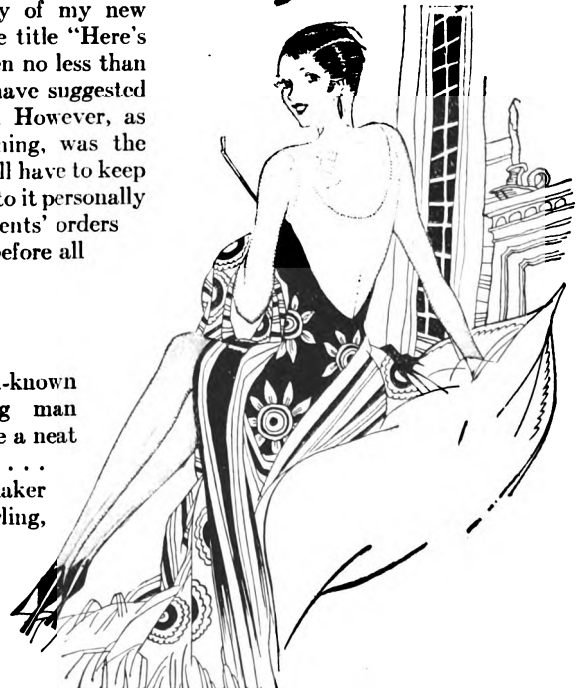
My sister informs me that you can tell all about a girl from her earrings if there's a ring at the end of the pendant (see accompanying sketch) it means that the lady's married or engaged. . . . if it's a pearl she is very cold and haughty, if the ornament is the shape of a spade the gal's a gold digger, etc. . . . I've got a hunch sister's spoofing me!



Sister also informs me the girlies wear a court plaster initial of the place where they spent the summer so that it would show up white against their tan. . . . Gee, what would the girl do who spent the summer at South Asbury Park?

Judge Jr.

Last week I very foolishly offered to send Mr. G. Carn—something—a complimentary copy of my new book for supplying the title "Here's How" since then no less than fifteen High Hatters have suggested that name! However, as Mr. G. Carn—something, was the first under the wire we'll have to keep our word, but we'll see to it personally that the other fifteen gents' orders will be taken care of before all others!



. . . . Dunhill's have awfully nice cigarette lighters and cigarette cases. . . . Spalding's sporting goods are unsurpassed, Huyler's candy is delicious, the food at the Ritz is excellent, Blake Meyer also sells dandy lots out in Westchester, Ken Murchison is a mighty fine architect, and. . . . Well, I don't want to overdo the thing so I'll stop. . . .

My mailing address is 627 West Forty-third street, New York City.

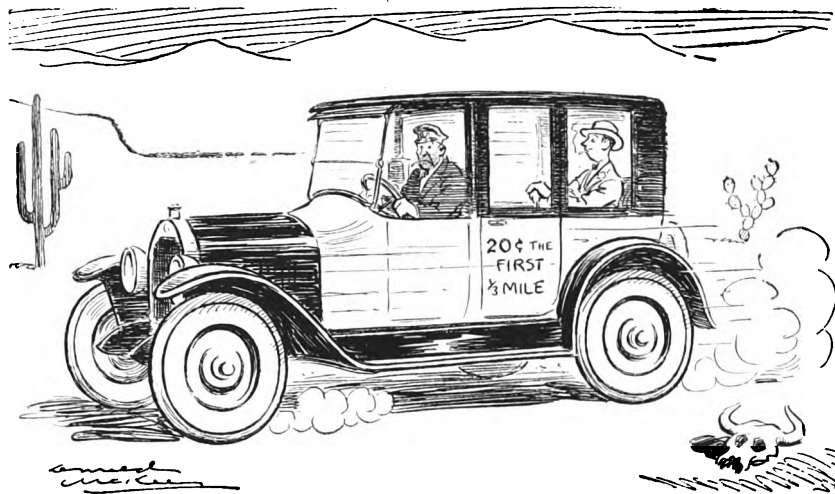
Clive Weed, our well-known cartoonist and young man about town, showed me a neat stunt the other day a pocket cocktail shaker it's made of sterling, square-shaped and comes in a leather case the top part carries a lemon squeezer and four little cups

How to Raise Children

How to raise his children is quite a little problem with the parent these days. One good way, when the child holds two jacks and two queens, is to have three aces in your hand. You then say, "I see you and raise you two chips, you bobbed-haired little skeezicks!"

For the very young child alligator milk is not advised as it is apt to produce scales on the epidermis. Another good reason for not feeding the child alligator milk is that alligators do not give milk. Speaking by and large and as one parent to another I may say that alligators not only do not give milk but do not give much of anything else, not even a cuss. For the very young child cow's milk should be used, the milk being inserted into the child at the opening in the face where the teeth will be later. If difficulty is found in finding this opening a pin can be stuck into the child almost anywhere and the face will open and noises will issue forth. The noises can then be laid to one side and the milk poured into the opening.

It is best to secure the milk from a rusty-red cow. The rusty-red on the cow is caused by iron in the system and a portion of the iron trickles down into the milk and thence into the child, causing rich red blood. Do not use milk from a pale cow or the child will be pale and cosmetics will have to be resorted to.



The typical New Yorker decides to visit San Francisco.

For twins two cows are necessary and a red ribbon should be tied around one cow and a blue one around the other, thus avoiding the serious calamity of getting the milk mixed and thus feeding this milk to that twin and that milk to this twin, or vice versa, as the case may be. If two cows cannot be obtained one twin can be given to a neighbor.

Never mingle the milk from two cows together as this creates cottage cheese. If the child seems anæmic try the milk of a calf and if all else fails goat's milk should be given. For female children the milk of the female goat is the best; for male children the best milk is that of the female goat also. Be careful not to

select a sour goat as sour goats give sour milk. Sour milk is the commonest cause of rabies in small children, leading to octogenarianism and senile fundamentalism. If these appear the child should be sprayed with some good insecticide, given a fresh coat of varnish and the spark plugs examined.

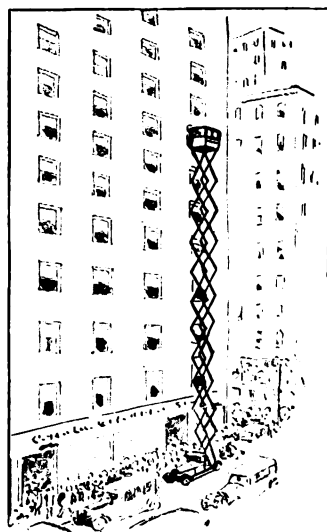
At about four years the child's education should be begun, and it should be taught bridge, mixing the simpler cocktails, rudimentary necking, the commoner Charleston steps and some of the more useful slang. It should be shown a frankfurter while the words "Hot dog! Hot dog!" are repeated. In an amazingly short time the child will have a vocabulary fitting it to mingle in what is now called Society, God help us!

Should the child about this time seem to develop any of the finer instincts these should at once be removed with a corkscrew and the vacuum thus created should be filled instantly with Baccardi rum.

In bathing the child a porcelain tub should be used and this should be filled with wine. Until the child is two years old root beer may be substituted for the wine, but 30 per cent. of wood alcohol should be used with this.

If these directions are followed the child, whether male or female, will grow up into a strong, virulent man or woman able to cry "Shorter and thinner skirts!" and dance on tables. All that need be done then is send the child to college and arrange with some good trust company to furnish bail when required.

Ellis Parker Butler



THE TAXI DE LUXE

TAXI DRIVER—Which floor did you say, mam?

PASSENGER—Seventh, please.



LET'S GIVE THE TAXIS THE STREETS AND LET 'EM FIGHT IT OUT

Lost Opportunity

SHE was a nice girl, sweet and innocent looking, with starry blue eyes and a saucy little nose that bespoke the saving grace of humor. I know she would have catered to me and waited on me, in fact, done everything within her power for me, but I was undecided.

I'll admit, it was my fault. I don't blame the girl. I let her go. She waited for me as long as she could, but there were others and that's the way things go.

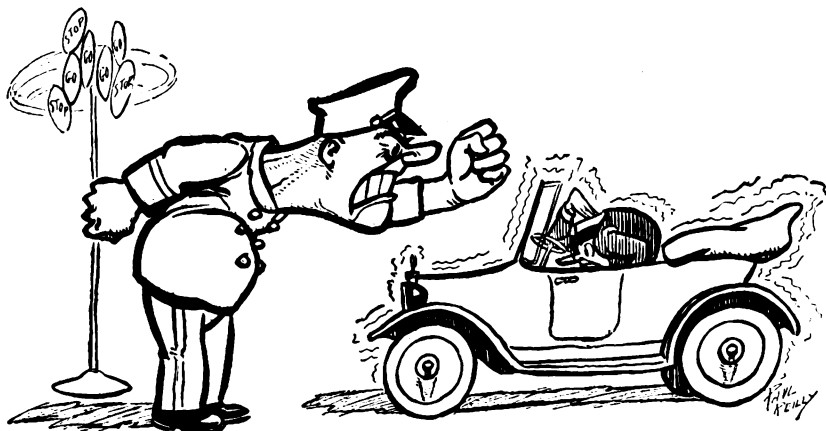
Several times I was on the point of speaking, telling her of my selection and wondering what she would say, but I guess I was afraid of a negative answer. Or maybe I was just undecided.

Anyway, as I said, she waited for me as long as she could but others made impositions on her time and so she was taken from me. I say that incorrectly. Actually, she left me, although I don't blame her. I blame myself wholly.

However, after she'd been gone half an hour I came to a final decision and wished for her. Oh, how I longed for that girl. But in vain. I lingered and said nothing, hoping against hope that she'd return to me. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, I called the head waitress and raised an awful rumpus about the service. No use blaming myself too much, I figured.

(Carroll)

"Here's where I drive another argument home," said the taxi man, as Mr. and Mrs. Peck stepped into his car.



WON'T SOMEBODY GET THIS NEWS TO THE TRAFFIC COP

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal."

Roswell J. Powers



QUICK! WATSON! THE NEEDLE! MUTTERED HOLMES IN A WHISPER?

There have always been a lot of "Wise Crashers" down in good old Far Rockaway, but Sherlock Holmes (age twelve, 174 Beach Boulevard) is the "Wisest." Said he to a friend recently, "I hit father with my car the other day." "Well, father was getting on," rejoined the boy friend. "I know," shot back Sherlock, "but I crumpled the mudguard!" Wasn't that a honey of a reply?



If they make the tops much lower.

The Riddle Solved!

"WHO won the war?" With characteristic modesty, each of the allied nations has answered, "We did!" With characteristic skepticism, Prof. Gohnon A. Rampage, super-sleuth of the Department of Justice (so-called), engineered an investigation of his own, as a result of which he hands the palm to France and places the laurel and bay leaves upon the shaggy brow of General Gallieni.

It will be conceded, maintains the erudite explorer of the realms of fancy, that the early days of the World War witnessed the turning point of that titanic struggle. Then it was that the crafty Gallieni commandeered Parisian taxicabs to expedite the transportation of *poilus* to the battle front.

By this stroke of strategy—almost fiendish in conception and execution—Gallieni placed himself with the world's immortals, declares the sage professor, for those who have ever voyaged abroad in French taxis can well appreciate that at the conclusion of such a trip the fare is in a mood to annihilate an army single-handed!

Roswell J. Powers



THE JUGGERNAUT

JUDGE on the BENCH



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

Little Boys Blue

THE death of Doctor Eliot is a reminder that times have changed, even in the cloistered academic world, and not necessarily for the better. Doctor Eliot was probably the greatest of the giants of his generation of university presidents. But there were others—Hadley of Yale, Wilson of Princeton, David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Angell of Michigan, Van Hise of Wisconsin, Andrew D. White of Cornell. All these men were scholars as well as executives, men of great intellectual force and vision as well as boosters. Under their leadership American education achieved a sort of golden age of experiment and expansion.

Look about you to-day. Where is the college or university head to take his place in such company? We have plenty of executives and boosters but not a scholar among them of sufficient force to make himself nationally known as such, or even of sufficient independence of spirit, with one exception, to discuss publicly and fearlessly the great social issues of the day. The exception is Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, a man whose mental processes are too obvious to be called scholarly, but whose courage sticks out like a monument in a monotonous plain of pusillanimity.

How do you account for this when to-day our colleges and universities should be less solicitous of popular support and approval than ever before? Students flock to them in such numbers that, in many cases, admission has had to be limited. Endowment funds and gifts and even legislative appropriations have increased in proportion. A college president has been President of the United States, to enhance the prestige of the fraternity. One would suppose, offhand, that with all this improvement of status to attract outspoken genius we should now have a score or more of Eliots, or at least of Hadleys or Wilsons or Jordans, to lead us toward the light, instead of an almost dead level of mediocrities. God knows we need them!

The explanation is probably a complex one. No doubt the very popularity and security of higher education has something to do with it. College presidents no longer have to bid for students as they used to, only for student athletes; they don't have to hunt and beg and scratch for money as desperately as before. They can sit back with the comfortable assurance that those days of breathless hustle are over and that in the matter of growth, at least, what their institutions need is rather the brake than the accelerator. It is human nature under such circumstances to play safe. Why be a positive force and make enemies when, materially speaking, there is every-

thing to lose and little or nothing to gain?

There is also some plausibility to the idea that the job no longer attracts scholars. With the multiplication of students and plant it has taken on a vast amount of administrative detail and a hectic routine of journeyings and conferences and public appearances that to a genuine scholar make life hideous.

MEANWHILE the alumni have been strengthening their death grip on their *Almae Matres*. Now that these old ladies have become popular and prosperous it is quite natural that their sons should show them greater interest and interference. But the growth of football rivalry has helped as much as anything to focus filial attention on the workings of the academic machine. And since the majority of alumni are Babbitts born and bred, they are likely to kick like steers at innovations of procedure or thought which they can't themselves comprehend, but which they always suspect may plant heretical notions in the minds of the young, or weaken the football team. Former President Meicklejohn of Amherst is a conspicuous victim of such pressure. Since his dismissal virtually the only constructive criticism of academic affairs, the only articulate protests against the ascendancy of materialism and football in the conduct of our universities, has come from the undergraduates themselves. Presidents and chancellors have sidestepped the issue, or like President Hibben of Princeton, have leaped to the defense of the established order.

IN THE larger field of national affairs our college presidents have been almost equally discreet. They have to their credit, if memory serves us (aside from Doctor Butler's welcome forays against Prohibition), the formation of an organization to combat the anti-evolution menace. That was about two years ago. But we can't recall having heard since then a single peep from this militant body, although in the meantime the Fundamentalists have been marching steadily toward their goal, which is a national legislative strait-jacket for thought and education. Of all the challenges to leadership on the part of the men who head our institutions of learning this creeping medievalism, it seems to us, is easily the greatest since the Civil War. However natural may be their reluctance as a class to be identified with the public discussion of the Prohibition of liquor, they can have no excuse whatever for their failure to lead the cohorts of freedom, with drums and trumpets, against the Prohibition of thought. No excuse, that is to say, unless it is that it might be bad for football.

W. M. H.

New Arabian Nights

"Murder in Bungleland"

BUNGLELAND, a country adjoining Kleptomania, had more than its share of murder mysteries, and these were invariably fostered by newspapers for the amusement of their readers and in order to have something to fill in between the comic strips.

There was one particular murder that attracted more than the usual amount of attention because of several unique features connected with it. A man was found dead without a mark on his body except the usual vaccination mark. His suspenders were missing, but it developed later that he was wearing a belt, so no importance was attached to this "clew." Several persons who lived in the vicinity reported hearing shots at eight-thirty, eight-forty, ten minutes to nine and a quarter after eleven, but as there were no bullet wounds on the victim, these witnesses were all sent to jail for perjury.

Eight persons identified the body, each differently, so eight murder indictments were drawn up. As the authorities figured that two people committed the crime, as one person could hardly have been so mean as to have done it alone, it meant that sixteen murderers were at large. There was a baseball field near the scene, so the authorities arrested the two teams that had played that afternoon, with the exception of the left fielders who were farthest from



TOMMY—Hey, Pal! Ma says not to go in on a full stomach!

FUNNYBONES

The smoothest running thing about a car is the salesman's tongue.

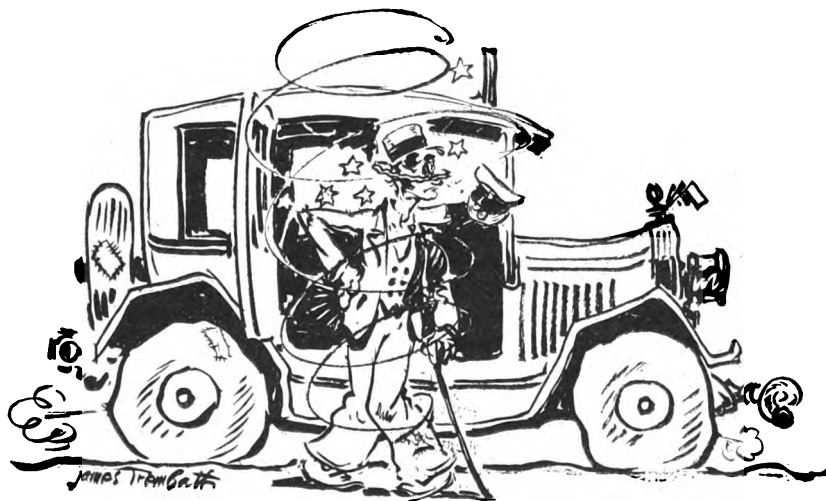
Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

the scene. There they had the right number—sixteen—two for each murdered man, as the murdered man had been identified by eight different people.

The detectives and reporters worked feverishly on the case and uncovered many leads. The victim's watch had stopped at five minutes past eight, and many figured that he had been killed at that time, until the head detective called to their attention the fact that his watch may have been a couple of hours slow or fast or it might have stopped several weeks previous to the murder because he had forgotten to wind it.

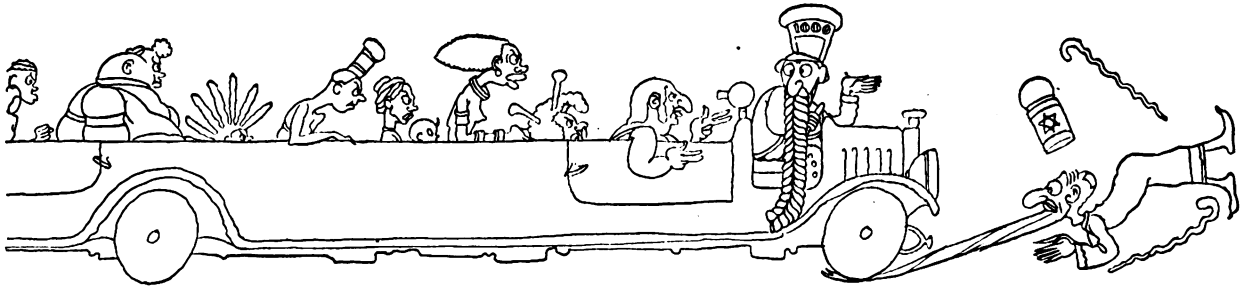
Well, anyway, the thing caused a sensation, and just as it was about to go down in history as an unsolved case, the victim came to life. It seems he wasn't dead at all, he was just dead drunk and had gone into the park to sleep it off.

R. C. O'Brien

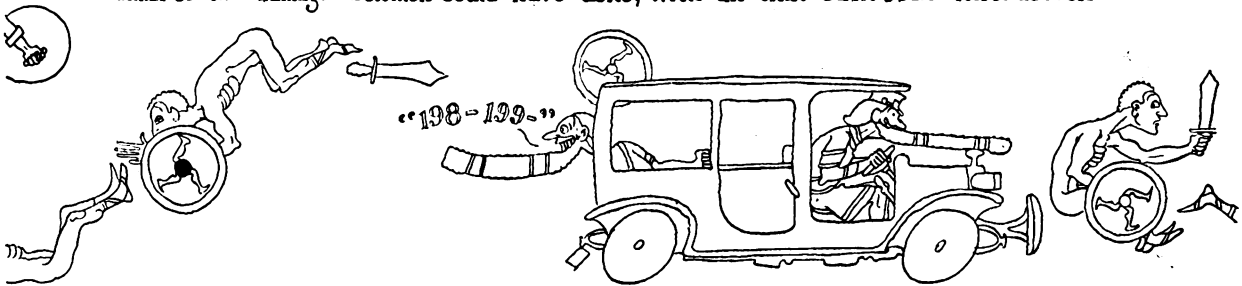


"Thanks for the buggy ride!"

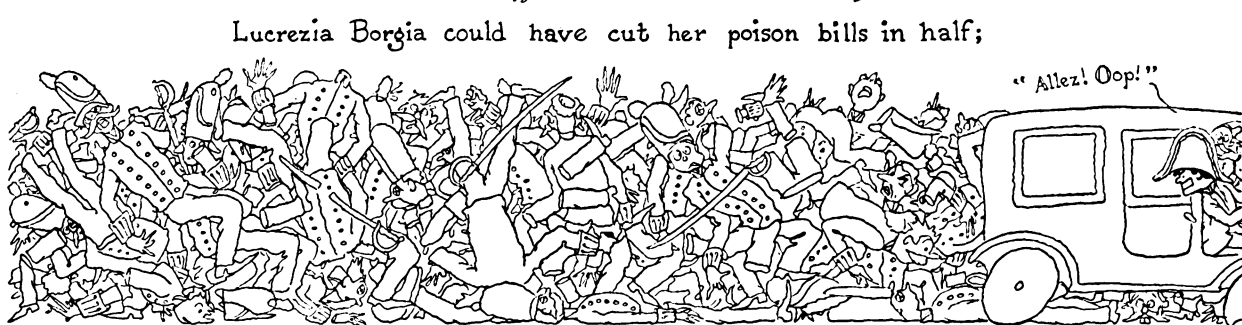
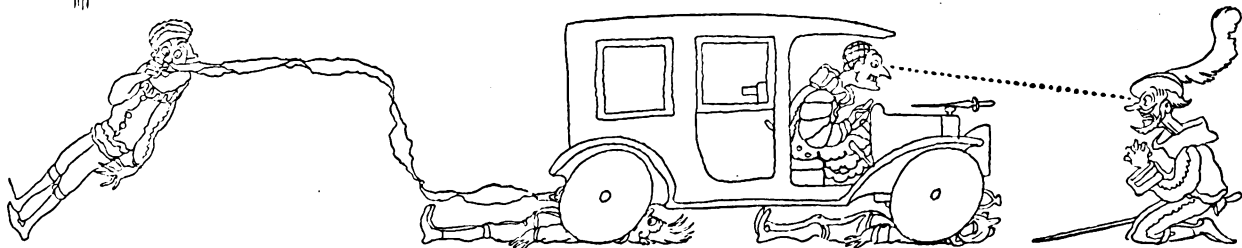
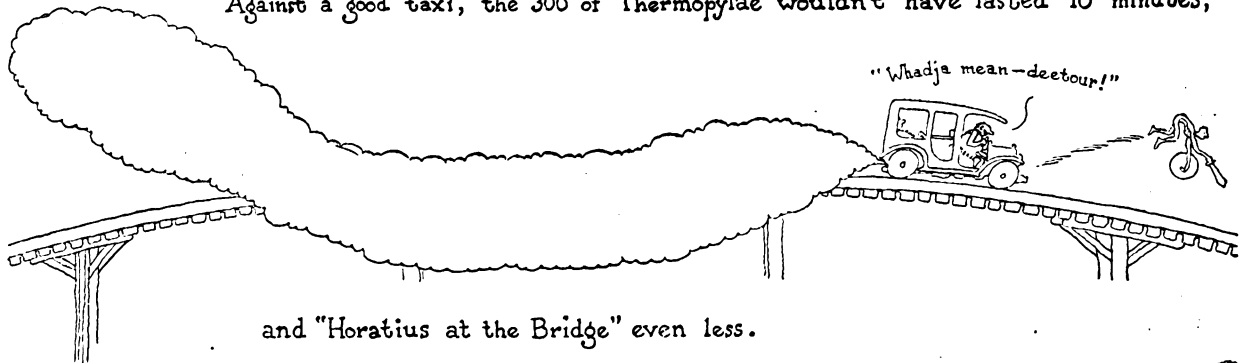
JUDGE



Think of the damage Solomon could have done, with all that back-seat instruction!



Against a good taxi, the 300 of Thermopylae wouldn't have lasted 10 minutes;



and as for Napoleon — he could have won Waterloo all by himself.

THE TAXI DRIVER'S OUTLINE OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES



"O'Brien Outloud"

Dangers of Spinning

THE motorist spins on the highway,
The buck dancer spins on his heel,
The housewife in far away countries,
She spins on her old spinning wheel.

The bicyclist spins on his cycle,
The toe dancer spins on her toes,
And sometimes she gets so blamed dizzy
She falls and then spins on her nose.

O

If you lend a friend five dollars
and you never see him again, it's
worth it.

O

Penalties for liquor violations used
to be worse than they are now. Rip
Van Winkle took a couple of drinks
and did a twenty year stretch.

O

I tried to shave myself one day
But I met with disaster;
X marks the spot where I went wrong
The X is of court plaster.

O

That night club has a license,
It ought to be revoked;
They put a red hot mamma out
Just because she smoked.

O

If the divorce courts didn't separate
some couples the police would
have to.

O

If you save half your salary every
week for ten years at the end of that
time you'll be an exception.

O

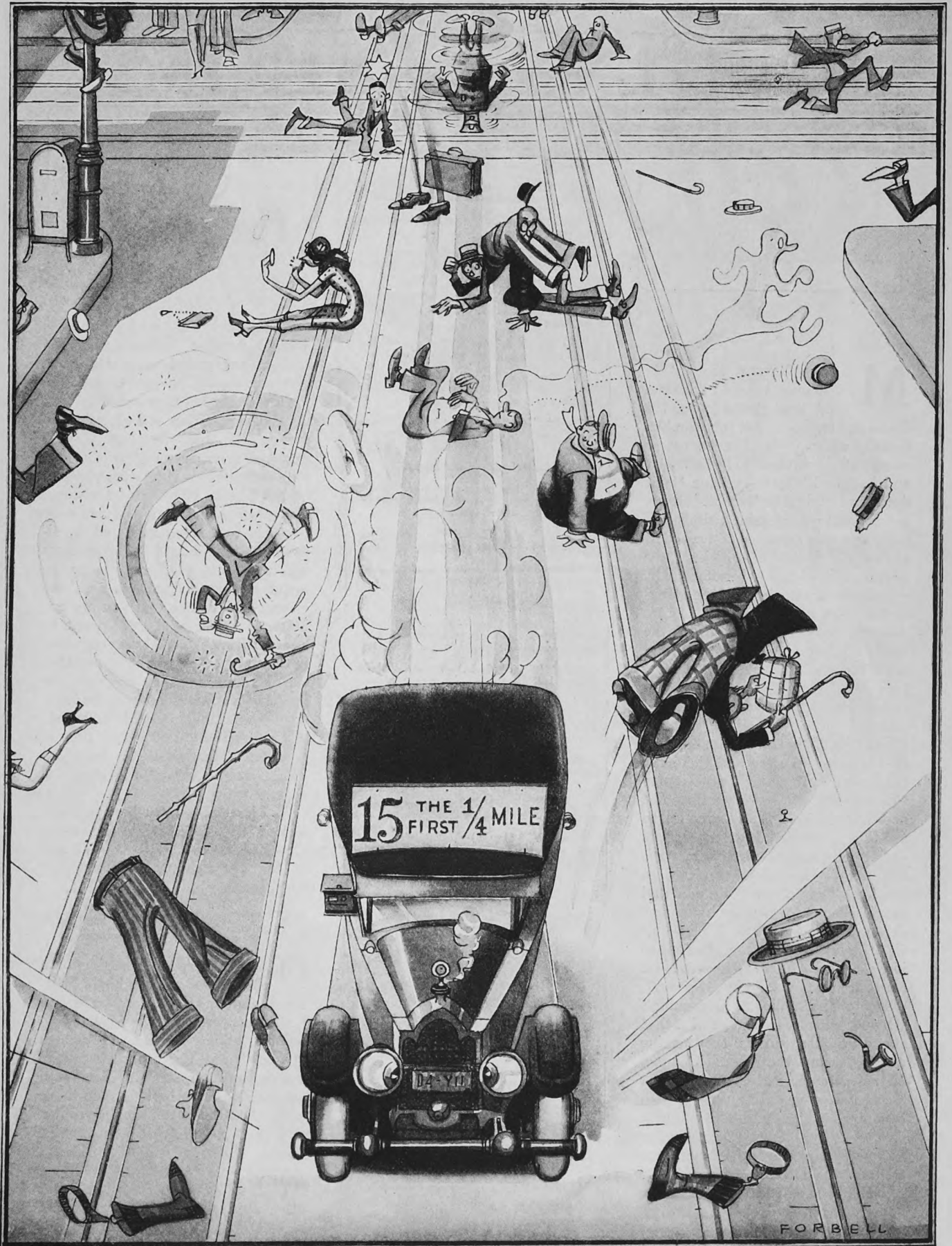
The only dates some old maids
ever get are the ones on their tomb-
stones.
R. C. O'Brien

WHAT THE BUTLER SAID TO RUTH

Are you ready for the biggest laugh in years? Then hold on to your seats and let's go! They say a party of missionaries was marooned on a desert island. Said one of them, "Well, we're in a pickle now!" "Yes," replied a second, "A regular jam!" There was an instant of silence and then Brother Goldfarb piped up, "Heaven preserve us!" There was an explosion of laughter. Those missionaries never had a dull moment whilst on that island.



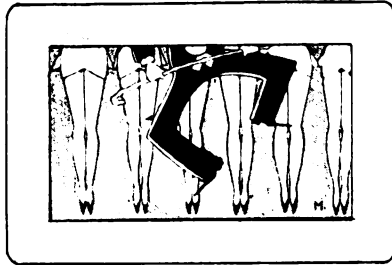
The semi-tabloid newspaper, while giving its readers a more handy edition, still caters to their main interests.



A TRUE SIGN

JUDGING the SHOWS

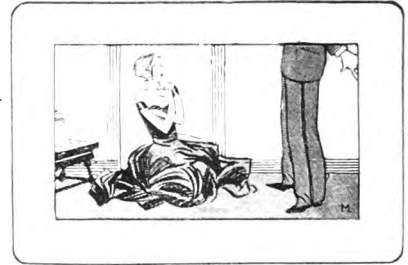
By George Jean Nathan



I

MR. SAM JANNEY, the author of "Loose Ankles," has been kind enough to save the dramatic critics a lot of trouble. Usually when a play like his comes along and shows itself to be half good and half bad, the boys have to sit down and explain to their customers, not without considerable visible difficulty and much recourse to the occult phases of dramatic criticism, the various whys and wherefores, of the wherein and whereases, of the manuscript's high and low spots. Doctor Janney, doubtless mindful of the heat and, hot or cold, of the grand fake that the boys put up anyway, has spared them the bother of indicating what is good and what is bad about his piece by graciously dividing it into four distinct and definite parts, two of them amusing and the other two as dull as anything that has come this way for at least a week. The acts of "Loose Ankles" are, up to ten-thirty, divided into two scenes each. The first of these scenes are terrible; the second are comical in a vaudeville smart-crack fashion and are made doubly funny by a new clown, Osgood Perkins. Thus, all that the critical boys have to do is to instruct their readers to skip the first set of scenes and take in the second.

Doctor Janney begins his evening's job with one of those stage wills that stipulates that unless the heroine marries, swims the English Channel in the costume of Marie Antoinette, engages in a pie-eating contest with Suzanne Lenglen or does something of the sort by three minutes after six next Tuesday afternoon, the fortune will go elsewhere. For the first half hour a stage full of extremely bad actors, in the rôles of relatives, fuss and fume around discoursing on



"Loose Ankles" (Biltmore)—Reported on in opposite column.

"My Country" (48th St.)—Magnificent balderdash modeled after "Abie's Irish Rose."

"The Little Spitfire" (Cort)—Described in this issue.

"Americana" (Belmont)—A reference to a "bear-rug optician," a man who puts the glass eyes in bear rugs, is its best feature.

"At Mrs. Beam's" (Guild)—The Theater Guild turns commercial with this one and nets a tidy sum.

"The Home Towners" (Hudson)—George Cohan comedy to be reviewed next week.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—The best American play of last season and still the best American play of this.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—New edition of Earl Carroll's annual, to be discussed in the near future.

"Sunshine" (Lyric)—See "Sunny."

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—A musical comedy that contains all the sunshine that the comedy named above lacks.

"Henry, Behave" (Bayes)—Lawrence Langner comedy to be lectured on anon.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—A genuinely laughable farce, very well played.

"Scz" (Daly's)—Hogwash.

"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes' competent performance is keeping this one going.

"Ziegfeld Revue" (Globe)—The estimable M. Florenz has fallen down this season in every direction but pictorial beauty.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—To be highly recommended to all persons who like extremely bad plays.

"Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—A few amusing moments, otherwise dull.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—When Dorothy Dille and Nick Long are dancing, all right. But when they aren't, pretty awful.

"Scandals" (Apollo)—Entertaining show that would be better without the Howard Brothers.

"The Ghost Train" (Eltinge)—Mystery hoocy.

"Pyramids" (Cohan)—I decline to go to this one. Enough is enough.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—Shabby music show.

"The House of Usher" (Mayfair)—Very dull.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—Commendable song show.

"Abie's Irish Rose" (Republic)—A practical joke.

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—Big spectacular revue that makes for an entertaining evening.

"Honest Liars" (Harris)—Piffle.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Fine Gilbert and Sullivan revival. It will delight you.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Poor stuff.

"A Night in Paris" (44th St.)—Fairly diverting revue.

the aforesaid will, with the high-minded heroine balancing herself against the grand piano at stage right and handing out snappy remarks on the low quality of human beings that they all are. This ordeal over, the curtain falls, and when it rises again discloses several young men in the rôles of professional hoofers who live off the bounty of foolish fat women. The ensuing half hour is given over to their comic remarks and is diverting. The second act is similarly separated into stuff that is pretty awful and stuff that contains the essence of laughter. If you are one of those idiotic souls who want to know how such doofickuses come out in the end, you may be informed that the heroine marries one of the hoofers—a straight lad from the country—just twelve hours after she has laid eyes on him for the first time in her life. Thus does the American drama hold Mirror candy up to nature.

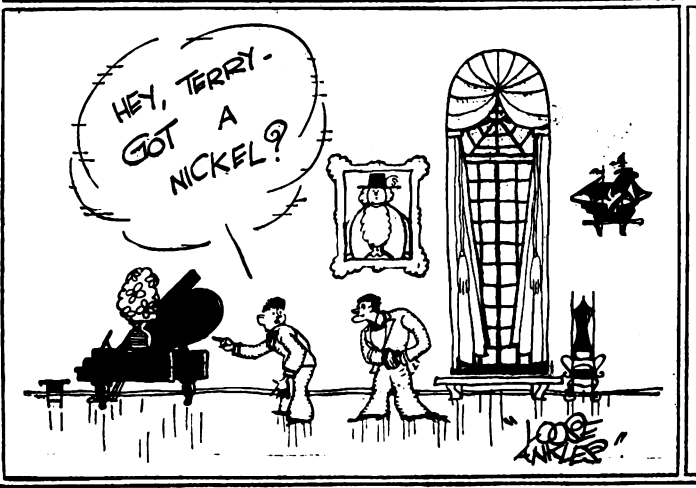
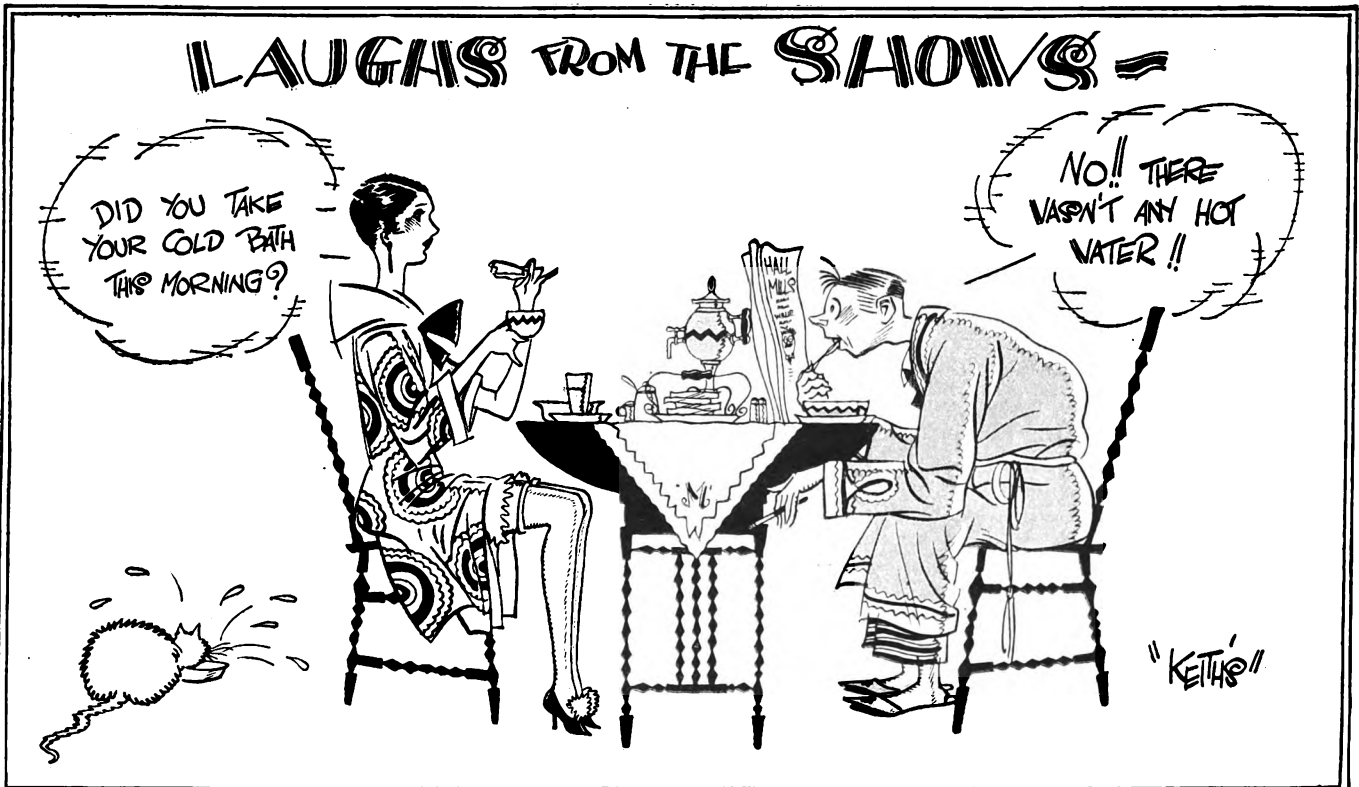
As I have noted, the best performance is that of Perkins in the rôle of a cynical dancing grafter. The rest of the aggregation is what made Chicago famous.

II

ONE can't expect anything of a play called "The Little Spitfire." And in the case of Mr. Myron C. Fagan's piece, one isn't disappointed. The heroine is named "Gypsy" and the other characters live at Southampton, L. I., and turn up their noses at her. If you don't know what the rest of the play is like, you must have left off going to the theater the day Abraham Lincoln was shot.

Doctor Fagan's masterpiece is another study of American society in
(Continued on page 26)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS



JUDGING the MOVIES II

by Phil Rosa
pinch-hitting for William Morris Houghton



ONCE upon a time, many years ago in Merrie Old England, there was a boy, Barnabas by name, who desired to become a leader in the social whirl. He was the son of an ex-pugilist who in his day was champion of all England. The old man, believing in the efficiency of the School of Hard Knocks, reared the lad on upper-cuts, jabs and haymakers, under which tutelage the boy developed quite a striking personality.

Barnabas had an uncle who was very fond of him and who wanted to do something for him. Not being able to think of anything else he died and left him all his money. Barnabas left for London after giving his old man as a farewell present a pair of socks, one on the jaw, the other in the eye, just to show his filial affection and to prove his readiness to do combat with the world.

So, he starts out to become a gen-

- "The Big Parade"—Authentic war.
- "Ben-Hur"—Exciting spectacle.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—You'll want to go too after seeing this.
- "La Bohème"—Lillian Gish.
- "The Black Pirate"—Douglas Fairbanks.
- "For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.
- "Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
- "Wet Paint"—All wet.
- "Paris"—Apache melodrama.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
- "Say It Again"—If you like Richard Dix.
- "Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
- "Good and Naughty"—Clever farce with Pola.
- "The Volga Boatman"—Well, not exactly.
- "The Brown Derby"—Badly dented.
- "The Palm Beach Girl"—The wild Bebe.
- "Lorey Mary"—Sugary.
- "The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chaney.
- "Variety"—Best picture in this list.
- "Up in Mabel's Room"—Bedroom farce.
- "Mantrap"—Sinclair Lewis takes a rest.
- "Nell Gwyn"—Historical romance tactfully done.
- "The Waltz Dream"—Slush out of Germany.

tleman and gets himself all dolled up so successfully that Beau Brummel by comparison would have looked more like Joe Jackson in his working clothes. He fights, rides and bows his way to attention, and figures that he has attained his life's ambition—a gentleman at last—when he learns to prefer a blonde who in this particular case happens to be a lady of high degree. He gets himself shot up in her defense and goes back home about convinced that he is only an amateur gentleman at best. But the lady finds him there and delivers herself of the following caption: "You are a true gentleman, it is not the cut of a coat that counts, it is the cut of a soul." And that's how that started. But it doesn't matter in this especial case for the lady is none other than that lovely actress Dorothy Dunbar—and this reviewer would graciously forgive her any-
(Continued on page 28)



Giant bean-shooter for getting bathers in the water. Quite a thrill and very practical.

A man who says that he has seen double ever since an operation is suing the surgeon for £1,000 damages. A cheque for £500 ought to settle the claim.
—*Humorist*

Police Sergeant—I think we've found your missing wife.

Joseph Peck—Have you? What does she say?

"Nothing."

"That's not my wife!"

—*Answers*

Husband (to wife who has just presented him with twins)—Will you never get over this habit of exaggerating?
—*Tit Bits*

Country Policeman (at scene of murder)—You can't come in here.

Reporter—But I've been sent to do the murder.

"Well, you're too late; the murder's been done."
—*Humorist*

Doctor—What precautions do you take against microbes?

Patient—First I boil the water.

"Yes, and then?"

"I sterilize it."

"Yes, and—then?"

"I drink whiskey."

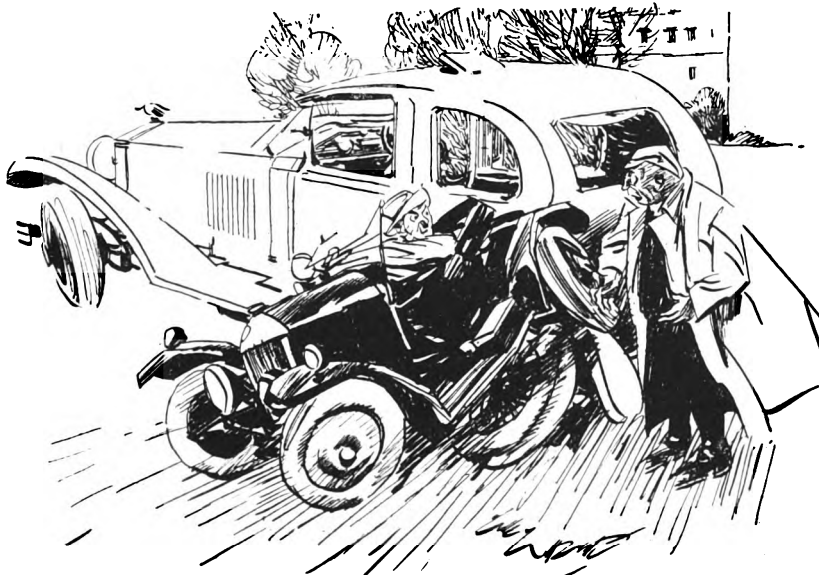
—*Aussie*



Convivial Party—Let's have another drink to cement our friendship. Waiter, two glasshs cement!
—*London Opinion*

Golfer—My lad, do you know what becomes of little boys who use bad language while they are playing marbles?

Small Boy—Yes, sir; they grow up and play golf.
—*Answers*



Chauffeur of big car—Why the devil didn't you say you were going to reverse like that?

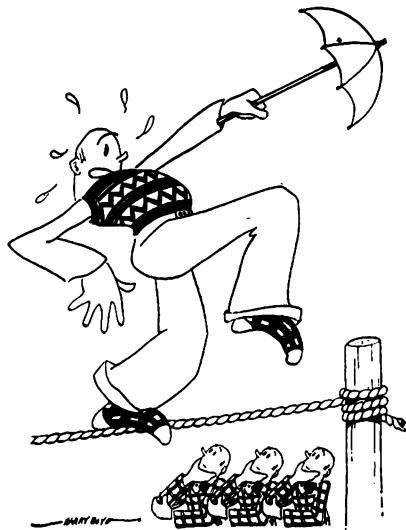
New Motorist—How could I? I didn't know I was going to do it myself.
—*Passing Show*

It was only five or six months ago that the psychological test for job hunters reached the American motion picture business. The earliest instance was of one of the heads of a big American company who was engaging a publicity assistant.

The applicant humbly admitted to having graduated from Princeton, edited a college paper, written for magazines, and been a newspaper correspondent.

The master mind pondered this and then, with a great light in his face, pronounced his test.

"All right," he said, "say me some big words."
—*Tit Bits*

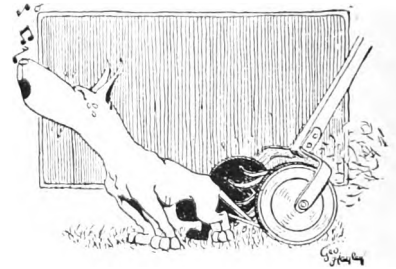


A trial balance.
—IOWA FRIVOL



"My girl always likes to kiss me several times during the evening."
"Affectionate—what?"
"No—curious." —Rice Owl

Another simile: As nervous as a jellyfish on a Ford fender.
—Michigan Gargoyle



"It won't be long now."
—SEWANEE MOUNTAIN GOAT

'Tupid—Are you fond of wearing evening dress?
'Telligent—I feel that nothing is more becoming to me.
"Oh—er, of course; but don't you think that would be a little extreme?"
—Stanford Chaparral

"I don't think their pitcher is very scrupulous."
"Meaning?"
"I just overheard some one say he pitches underhanded."
—Notre Dame Juggler

Teacher—And so we find that heat expands things, and cold contracts them. Can anyone give me an example of this?
Bright Student—Yes, ma'm. The days are longer in summer.
—Iowa Frivol

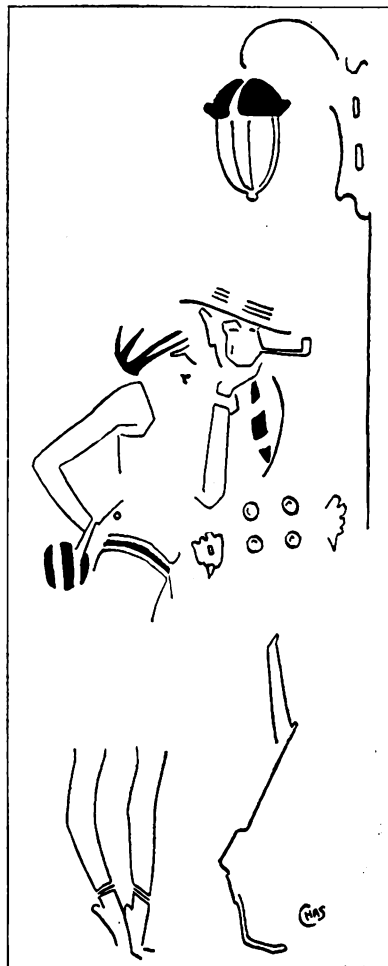
Perhaps the cleverest man in the world is Mr. Edison. He invented the phonograph so that people would have to stay up all night and use his electric lights. —Wesleyan Wasp

Ernestine—I smell booze.
Ernest—I don't; I drink it!
—Middlebury Blue Baboon

Epitaphs
Pause, all ye readers, to shed forth a tear
For poor Lawyer Evans whose body is here;
Pray for his soul as it journeys afar—
He died trying cases of "hootch" at the bar. —Pitt Panther

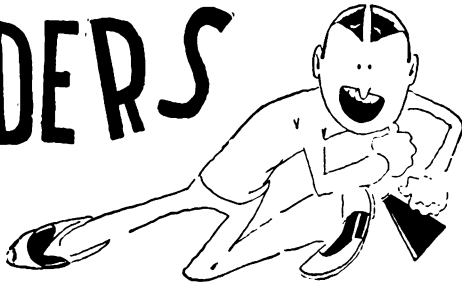
Mame—I went out with a collitch feller last night.
Mazie—Yeh? Didja hafta pay the cover charge?
"Naw."
"Did he go batty on two sniffs of juniper jooce?"
"Uh-uh."
"Did he get throwed off the floor for indecent dancing?"
"Nope."
"Did he run out of gas thirty miles from nowhere?"
"No."
"Say, kid, that may have been a big hook-and-eye man from Peoria, but take it from me, it wasn't no collitch feller!"
—Stanford Chaparral

"I knew an artist once who painted a cobweb so realistically that the maid spent several hours trying to get it down from the ceiling."
"Sorry, dear, I just don't believe it."
"Why not? Artists have been known to do such things."
"Yes, but not maids."
—S. California Wampus



"Ten thousand wouldn't buy me the home I want."
"Yes, and I'm one of the ten thousand." —NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

LEADERS



"Madam, if you'll buy the car, we'll put your initials on free."

"Oh, it's not the initial cost. It's the upkeep."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind



Asinine—I'm glad I wasn't born in Venice.

Putrid—Whyfore?

"I couldn't understand their language, bonehead."

—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl.



"There ain't no justice," said the accused as he shot the judge.

—Minnesota Ski U Mah

Stude (on phone)—Hello, Constance, will you go for a ride with me to-night?

"Yes, if you'll let your Constance be your guide."

—Michigan Gargoyle



Professor (in intelligence test)—How many make a million?

Frosh—Not many.

—Pitt Panther



Deacon—Last night was the first time I have seen you in church this year, brother.

Brother—Oh, was that where I was?

—Williams Purple Cow



"I see that the Begum of Bhopal has been succeeded by the next in line."

"My God, do they play golf way out there?"

—WILLIAMS PURPLE COW

Sunstruck

High—I think the sunrise is so much more romantic than the sunset, don't you?

Ball—I couldn't say; I never last that long.

—Brown Jug



"See that man there? He's my grandfather."

"Is he on your mother's side or your father's?"

"Oh, he sticks up for both of them."

—Pitt Panther



Crank—How did you cure your wife of her antique craze?

Shaft—Oh, I just gave her a 1907 model automobile for her birthday.

—Cornell Widow



Habber—Was it suicide?

Jabber—Yes, they found a vial in his hands.

"My dear sir, if he was a fiddle player, it was murder."

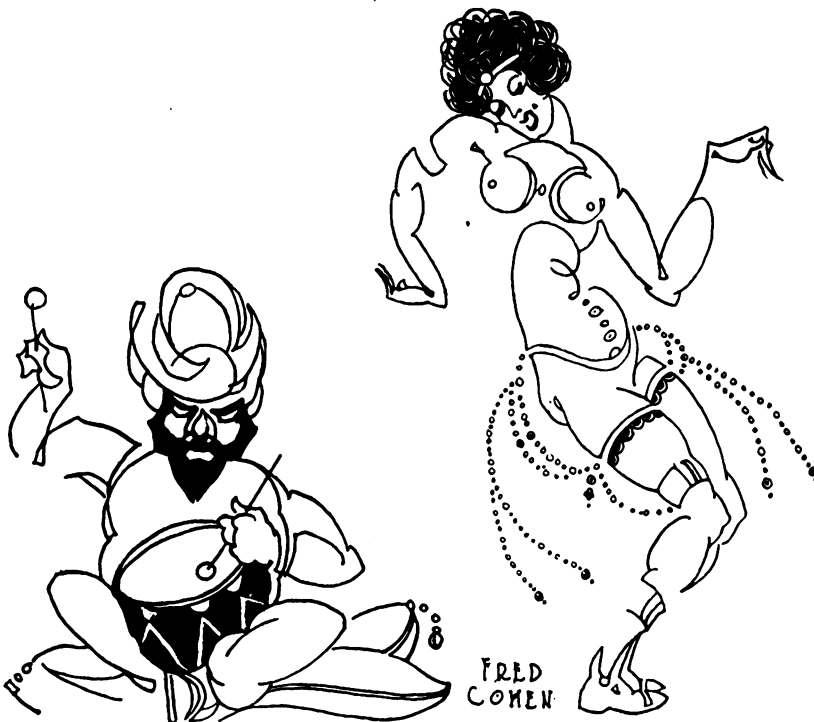
—Oklahoma Whirlwind



Wife—Oh, dear, I'm always forgetting.

Husband—So I notice. Always for getting this, or for getting that!

—M. I. T. Voo Doo



FRED COMEN

FEMININE—I certainly am leg weary.

MASCULINE—Whatcha been doing, working?

"No! Reading a college comic magazine."

—TEXAS RANGER

Science proves the danger
of bleeding gums



Forhan's

FOR
THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

FORMULA OF

R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's

FOR
THE
GUMS

COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhoea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhoea. **Four out of five** people over forty have Pyorrhoea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhoea. 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.

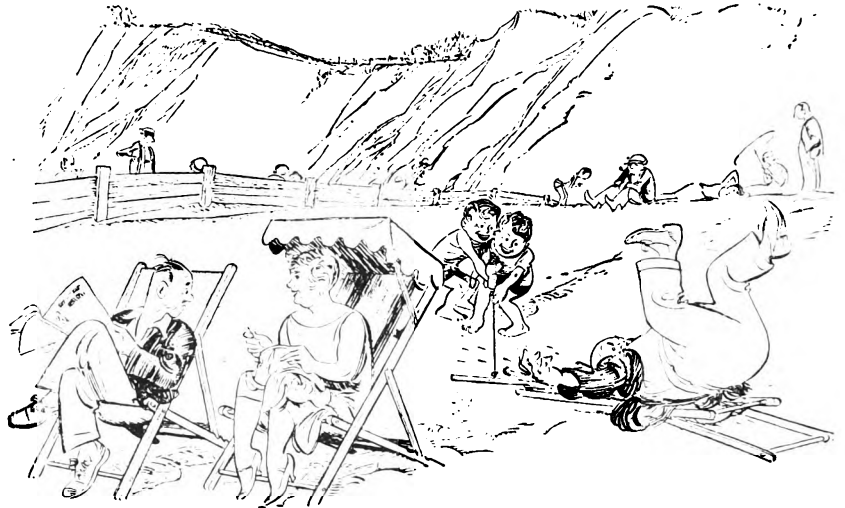
Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhoea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

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.,
Montreal



Fond Mother—As a rule, Uncle George dislikes children, but he simply can't help joining the twins in their boyish pranks!

—*Passing Show*



First Old Man (to second old man, referring to third old man)—
Begins to look 'is age, don't 'e?
—*London Opinion*

Newer and Funnier!

*More than 1200 of the
best stories you ever heard*

IF YOU want to laugh long and loud send today for Stewart Anderson's new book, "Sparks of Laughter." It is screamingly funny! It bursts with that enthusiastic wit and humor that have made America famous. There are hundreds of stories, anecdotes and brilliant lines of laughter in the 300 pages of this anthology of modern humor.

You lovers of laughter may have heard hundreds of funny stories, but you haven't heard half the good ones until you've read this new "Sparks of Laughter." Also tells you how to tell them effectively. Send \$2.10 for this new edition—the seventh successive annual edition. Send for it today—*now!* Simply enclose your check or money-order in an envelope addressed to Stewart Anderson, Box 366F, Newark, N. J., or see your bookseller. Money refunded if not satisfied.

MOTORIST'S PRIMER



The Road-Hog

Does the road-hog enjoy the road?
Yes, the road-hog enjoys the road immensely.

Which side of the road does he enjoy most?

He enjoys the wrong side most on week days and on Sundays the road-hog enjoys the whole road.

Farmer (to druggist)—Now, be sure an' write plain on them bottles which is for the Jersey cow and which is for my wife. I don't want nothin' to 'appen to that Jersey cow.

—Tit Bits

An acrobat recently walked along a tightrope stretched high above a Paris street. Many fearless pedestrians did the journey across on the ground.

—Humorist



WONT YOU COME FOR A SPIN IN MY PAUATIAL NEW YOTCH?

Here is a good one from the police blotter: "My hair used to be a pure golden like yours when I was young," an old granny said to her nephew Jackie. "Well, Rosie," replied the child, "was it because it was gold once that it's silver now, question mark." The old lady gave him a swipe along the jaw for his impudence.

Try a Waterman's Before You Buy a Fountain Pen

The smoothness with which it glides over the paper, the perfect balance in your hand, the ease with which it may be filled, the no-time-limit guarantee and the moderate price will all so appeal to you that when you try you'll buy a Waterman's.



\$7⁵⁰

\$4⁰⁰

Merchants who sell Waterman's are sincerely desirous that the pen you buy is exactly to your liking. They want you to try different pen points until you are perfectly suited. It pays to buy a pen from a merchant who has your interest quite as much as his own at heart. Look for the identifying mark.

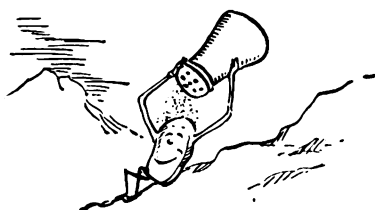
Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York
Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

THE CUCKOO ISLAND



GRADE A COW DELIVERING MILK AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.



AN UNSALTED PEANUT SALTING ITSELF.



A CUCKOO COCOANUT BADLY IN NEED OF A SHAVE.



A QUINQUAGENARIAN QUINCE WITH THE QUINSY GARGLING THE QUIN-TESSENCE OF QUININE WHILE A QUIN-TILLION WORM DANCES THE COTILLION WITH A QUINTETTE OF LITTLE CIPHER BUGS.

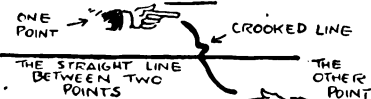


DIAGRAM PROVING THAT A STRAIGHT LINE IS NOT ALWAYS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS

Mark Twain (1826)

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 18)

which social position is apparently regulated according to the rigidity of the spine. The elegantos of the doctor's imagination move about in invisible strait-jackets and are as full of *hauteur* as so many people passing a garbage plant. The little heroine, on the other hand, is, for all her uncouth exterior, the possessor of a heart of pure gold. So God in His infinite wisdom sees to it that she is properly rewarded in the home-stretch and that all the society folk are put in their places. Once again, I confess my puzzlement as to why producers of such balderdash send tickets to the reviewers and ask them to pass upon it. They must surely know that the reviewers will roast the tar out of it and so probably ruin their chances of making any money out of it. If a man who sold gold-bricks invited the cops to pass on them before disposing of them to the suckers, he would surely be looked on as being a trifle balmy. Yet certain of our play producers do much the same thing. Mr. B. F. Witbeck, who is responsible for "The Little Spitfire," is a poor business man. He must have known that, if he sent me tickets, this is the kind of review he would get. Why, therefore, did he send me tickets? Let me urge a greater sagacity on his part the next time he puts on another such affair.

The leading rôles in the Fagan trump are in the hands of Sylvia Field, Russell Mack, A. H. Van Buren and Theresa Maxwell Conover. Miss Field works hard, like a prisoner pounding rocks with a lollipop; it isn't her fault that she gets nowhere. Mack is conventional in a conventional "mug" part. Both Van Buren and La Conover, as the social swells, are as aristocratic as Childs' patrons entering the Ritz for the first time.

Judge—The policeman says that you were traveling at a speed of sixty miles an hour.

Prisoner—It was necessary, your honor, I had stolen the car.

"Oh, that's different. Case dismissed."

"How long is it since you have been in a police court?"

"Twenty years, your worship."

"And where have you been since then?"

"In prison!"

—Pasquino (Turin)



HE—You're a dear, sweet girl, Anna.

SHE—My name's Ruth.

"Anna love you with all my heart!"

A lady novelist declares that a woman is rarely beaten in an argument. Still, it would scarcely be right to say that in a battle of tongues she holds her own. —Humorist



FINE WORDS BUTTER NO PARSNIPS SNEERED JED

A PUZZLER FOR WISE LITTLE HEADS

A handful of crumbs from the table is a boon to our feathered friends during the winter, as any dope can see from this "hummer." A small boy named Voltaire came dashing into a doctor's office one day. "Quick, Doctor Rosenthal!" he shouted. "There's somebody sick at our house; he's moaning and yelling and crying!" "Who's that?" queried the medical man, deftly lighting a cheap cigar. "Me!" replied the clever roustabout, "I didn't have anybody to send for you, so I came myself!" A snappy answer like this is worth a piece of bacon any time.



**LOVE'S AWAKENING
OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT**

The big laugh this week comes from Harriet Schmoltz of 44 Eastern Parkway, in the Bronx. Harriet and a boy friend were talking over fancy ways of dying, a good pastime for a hot day. Said Harriet: "Shure, and I'd rather be burned to death than be beheaded, Flanigan." "And why?" queried the little fellow. "Well," parried the maiden coyly. "Who wouldn't prefer a hot roast to a cold chop?" This natty come-back drew tears to Flanigan's eyes.

Going too Far

"**R**AT-A-TAT-TAT."

The old man seated by the fire-side, jumped up in alarm—to him there was something sinister in that sound.

"Come in," he cried, as he sat back in his chair, putting his un-lighted pipe in his mouth through sheer nervousness.

A peculiar silence followed, so peculiar that it could almost be felt.

The chiming of the hour by the clock on the mantelpiece broke the tension.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth and waited.

"Rat-a-tat-tat," once more resounded through the room.

"Come in," almost shouted the old man, as he stared with a vacant look at the door.

He rose as if to go and answer the summons, but sat down again and passed his hand over his moist forehead.

"Rat - a - tat - tat. Rat - a - tat - tat."

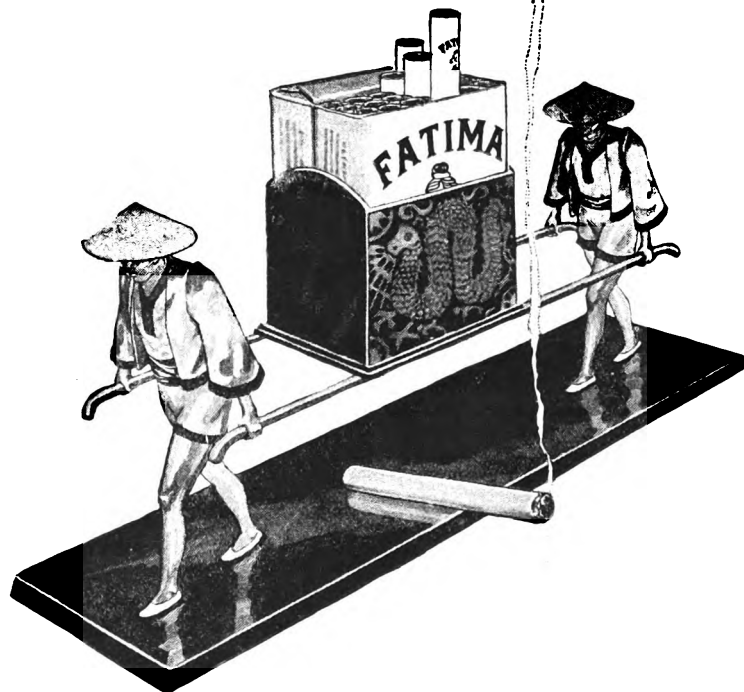
"For heaven's sake, come in," screamed the old man.

The door opened with a jerk and his landlady entered.

"Look here, professor," she exclaimed. "I don't mind you knocking the ashes out of your pipe into the fireplace, but for mercy's sake don't keep yelling out 'Come in' every time you do it.!"
—*Passing Show*

In three words...

NOT too much Turkish, not too little Turkish; neither over-rich nor commonplace . . . But *just enough Turkish* . . . there, in three words, is the secret of Fatima's extraordinary delicacy



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



DRAMA BY THE SEA

Impcunious Hero (after thrilling rescue)—Good heavens! My tailor!
—*London Opinion*



Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

Our Headache Corner

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

Gladys Glimp of Missouri writes: "Why do you make a joke of headaches? They are *not* funny, you poor simp."

Gladys, old dear, a sense of humor means you know when the joke is on yourself.

And the joke is on you if you keep on having headaches—

If you let them make you look prematurely old, distract you from work or enjoyment, and put your nerves and digestion on the blink.

The following information is not for ladies only:

There is a sure, quick and easy way to chase the stubbornest headache—and without harmful or depressing after-effects.

Just ask your druggist for "the safe, balanced prescription that has been relieving headaches for over 35 years."

He'll hand you Kohler-Antidote. Kiss the nice druggist!

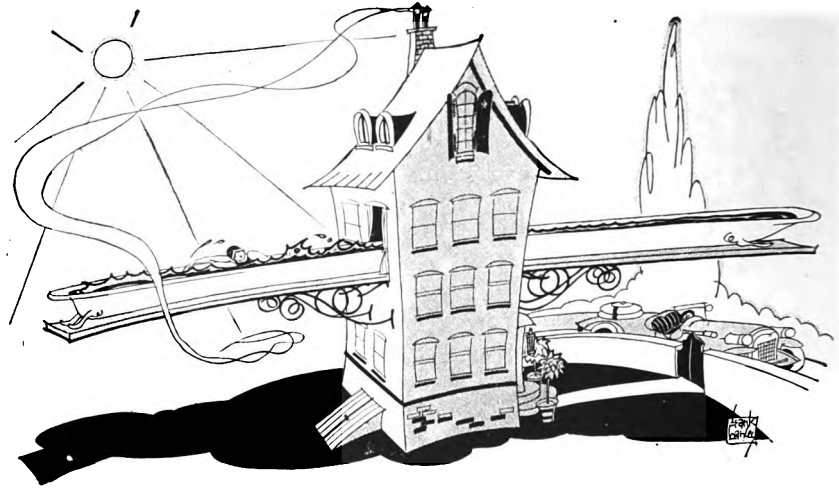


New Special Way To Shampoo Blonde Hair!

Even the most attractive light hair loses beauty with age. But Blondex, the new shampoo for blonde hair only, prevents light hair from darkening and keeps it beautifully attractive—*always!* Also brings back the true golden beauty to even the most faded or darkened blonde hair. Leaves hair wonderfully soft, silky, fluffy. Over half a million users. Nothing better for children's hair. Not a dye. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. At all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo



Gertrude Ederle has a new bathtub installed at home.

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 20)

thing. For it isn't only gentlemen who prefer the particular kind of a blonde she happens to be.

Richard Barthelmess, as Barnabas, is a dashing, handsome hero. You'll like him. In fact, I think you'll like the whole cast. They handle the job of making romance very efficiently.

GEORGE BEBAN wrote, directed and played the leading part in "The Loves of Ricardo," and succeeded in cramming about as much slush, mush and gush into one scenario as is possible. It drips sentimentality of molasses-like consistency. His "love" is chiefly expended on a horse to whom he reads letters for his sweetie, a parrot and a silly little sap of a girl.

The whole thing looks also like Italian propaganda. Every Italian, in the piece, is a right worthy person,

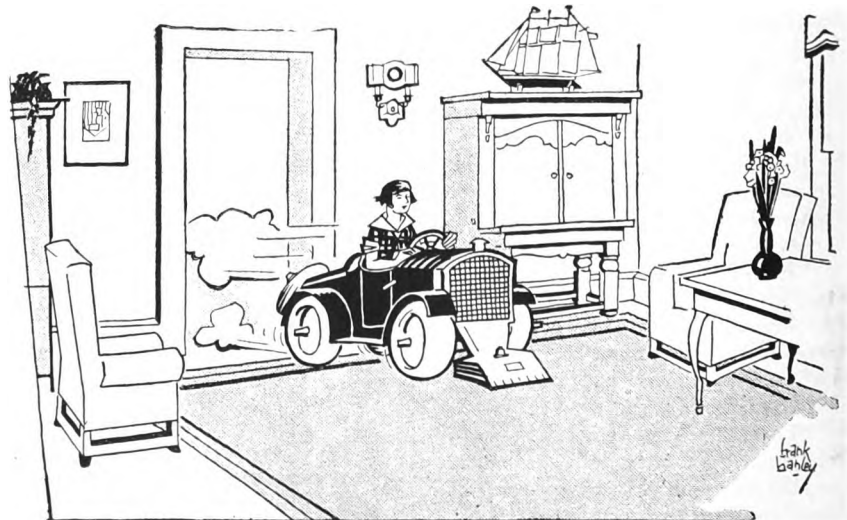
and everyone of any other national origin is either a gunman, city-slicker or a bootlegger. Not that we feel the Italians shouldn't do a little something for themselves once in a while; certainly they haven't played the propaganda stuff to anywhere near the degree the Irish or the Jews have. So we don't begrudge them that. But we do feel that any self-respecting Italian would become quite a little disgusted in having his national virtues played up in such a fulsome, sugary manner.

Ricardo even named his horse Mussolini. We couldn't see much of a likeness, but possibly Ricardo had viewed his beloved brute from a different angle from that which showed on the screen.

"Why do you call your sweetheart, Pilgrim?"

"Because every time he calls he makes more progress!"

—*Titi Bits*



Buy her a flivver-vacuum. Cleans the house in no time and saves her strength.



Sympathetic Cop—For Gawdsake, feller, can't ya run any faster than this?

Movie Plot Contest No. 7

Thicken the Plot Yourself!

Below is printed the basis of a typical movie plot with great open spaces. Copy this plot on a separate piece of paper and fill in the spaces, or use the form below if you wish. JUDGE will pay \$25 for the best filled in plot. By best, we mean the cleverest and funniest. One of these plots will be run each week, and a prize of \$25 given each week for the best one. In case two or more Contestants each submit the same winning plot each will receive the prize. You may submit as many plots as you wish. Contest No. 7 closes September 25, and the winning plot will be published in the October 16 issue. Send your plots to the **MOVIE PLOT EDITOR OF JUDGE**, 627 West 43d Street, New York.

Preston P. Puttput is a rising young in the District 's office. One day he is called on to the case of a poor but girl of, who swears she is He her, but the evidence is strong and it looks as though At the last moment confesses



"Please, boss, gimme a job?"
 "No!"
 "Boss, I've got seven children to feed."
 "Well, you've touched me heart, I'll give you a job! And now, me man, you're fired!"

that is the
 and the Governor arrives by with a
 Meanwhile, having fallen
 Puttput and
 decide to and
 since he has been
 for his part in the affair, they

WINNER OF MOVIE PLOT

CONTEST No. 2

On New York's lower **WATER FRONT** lived a poor little **PROHIBITION AGENT** who had to work hard for **A DRY EXISTENCE**. One day **HE** finds a **CASE** that had been dropped by a wealthy **BOOT-LEGGERS** of Fifth avenue. Finding that it contains **SOME SCOTCH** **THE AGENT** returns **IT WITH THE IDEA OF ARRESTING THE owner, WHO, HOWEVER, SUGGESTS SAMPLING THE STUFF.** **AND** so, falling in love **WITH THE STUFF THEY DRANK IT ALL AND** they live. **IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE REAL THING.**

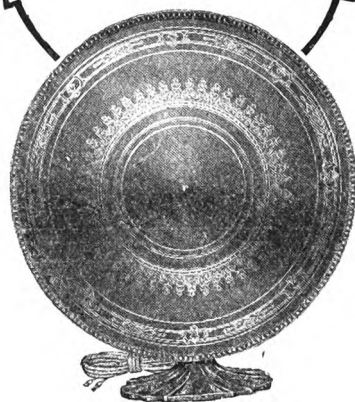
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- ✓ Increased volume—
- ✓ Rugged construction—
- ✓ Beauty of appearance—
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Date.....

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 Herewith is \$2.00 (check, cash, money-order) for 21 weeks of JUDGE.

CHECK HERE
 Herewith find \$5.00 (check, cash, money-order) for one year's subscription to JUDGE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

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 JAN. 19 ROUND THE WORLD, \$1250 UP;
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By R. B. Fuller

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Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each



"Book Ends"

By Delevante

A beautiful reproduction in one color of a crayon-pencil drawing which graphically illustrates the changes Time has made in the fair sex. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches, with wide margins for framing.

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50 cents each



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By James Trembath

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Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

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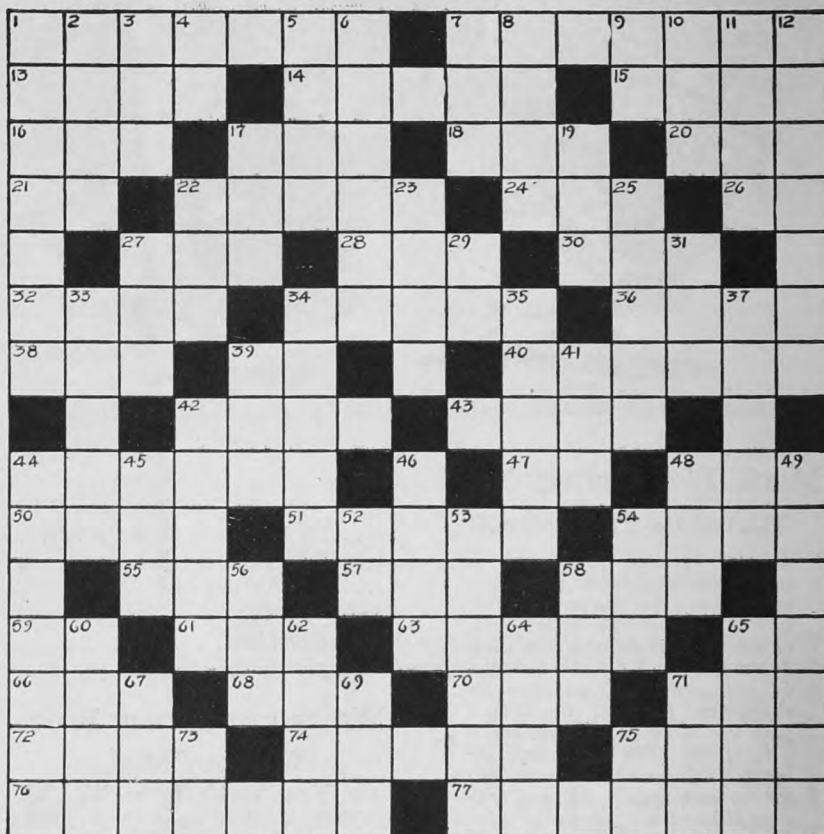
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"Be Yourself".....	.50
"The Curse of Drink".....	.25

JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 WEST 43d STREET NEW YORK

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 90



Submitted by Rolf D. Williams, Colfax, Cal. JUDGE pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. This is no use to the recipient unless the donor keeps it.
7. Wild parties.
13. The General's office boy.
14. Up a stump.
15. A solid company.
16. The staff of learning.
17. The prohibited demon.
18. A good thing to keep beer on.
20. Crude caviar.
21. Preposition.
22. In a wild state.
24. A catty remark.
26. Widow's Delight (init.).
27. A piggyish female.
28. Barney Google's hobby.
30. Scotch sky piece.
32. Throw out; give off.
34. These are nothing at all.
36. Nuptial cereal.
38. A shining light.
39. Gentleman of leisure.
40. Where the footman kicked the butler.
42. The wages of speeding.
43. Beer.
44. Scold at the North Pole or at most any other place.
47. The state of skeptics (abbr.).
48. The spider's parlor.
50. One who uses a wheelbarrow and a curling iron.
51. To make a lot of motions but not get anywhere.
54. Sphere.
55. A difficult thing for golfers to go around a golf course in.
57. Victorian expression of maidenly indignation.
58. The modern appeal.
59. Gnashing Molars (init.).
61. The kin you love to touch.
63. Lo the poor Indian's house.
65. Half an em.
66. A Florida sand pile.
68. Elusive vegetable.
70. The more deadly of the dears.
71. This is not so good.
72. Any plane or open surface.
74. Awakened; up and about.
75. This covers a multitude of shins.
76. A landlord's laborers.
77. Home breweries.

2. An Irish picnic.
3. This is a peculiar one.
4. First person, singular, objective pronoun.
5. A bobtail.
6. A King's skin.
7. Encountered.
8. The father of his country.
9. Conditional conjunction.
10. Something flat tires get.
11. A rural eye-opener.
12. Christian name of a famous butler. (You won't need a book of etiquette for this.)
17. Collegiate style oysters.
19. To love à la mode.
22. Political speeches.
23. The shades of night.
25. Cautions.
27. When the wages of this are paid a lot of people will be wealthy.
29. Beat it.
31. Pugilistic face-lifter.
33. Speechless wives.
34. Divided into districts.
35. Foam; froth.
37. Fisherman's hope chest.
39. Half a quarter.
41. Bustle.
42. Webster says this means the electro-magnetic unit of capacity.
44. One who has taking ways.
45. This is a very easy thing to lose (abbr.).
46. Something old ladies used to do and broken bones still do.
48. Both ends of a candle.
49. Preferred stock.
52. Like; while; when; because; since or what have you?
53. Substitute for cash.
54. A hum bug.
56. This is something you get in the school of hard knocks.
58. Look; behold.
60. What Oliver Twist wanted.
62. Darling.
64. Small opening in the skin.
65. Kingdon of Al Smith.
67. This comes before eleven on rainy mornings.
69. An English dumb-bell.
71. Singular of "booze." (Don't worry about it!)
73. Same as 21 Horizontal.
75. Young hot dogs (init.). (Careful, now!)

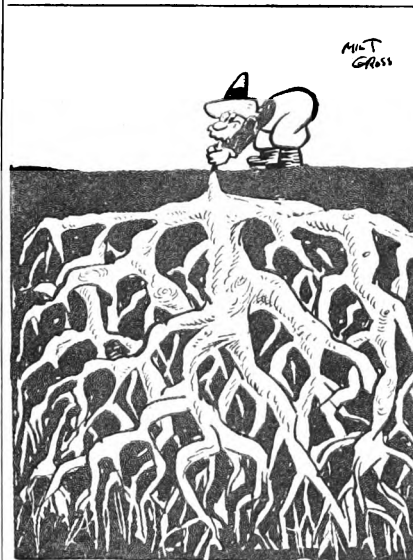
Vertical

1. Things that Elks have that other animals don't.

Solution to last week's puzzle
on page 32.

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 55



Calvin Dalton, 724 N. Los Robles avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

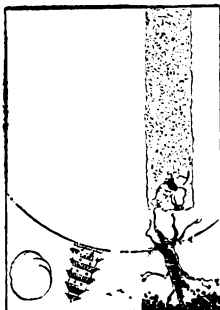
Runners Up



John V. Lambertson, West Palm Beach, Fla.



Bruce Adams, Bournedale, Mass.



Geo. Konar, New York City.



Burton Slade, Jr., Griffin, Ga.



Roger Ruhlman, York, Neb.



Dan Glass, Harrison, Ark.

"The Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."



Jim Tully

JIM TULLY, whose work recently appeared in five different magazines in the same month, one of them *Liberty*, says: "I recall writing my first short story . . . it was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' . . . I am certain that the Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Our War, He Says

Editor JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: Reading your editorial, "Sneers, Idle Sneers," in issue of the fourteenth, the reason is advanced that "too proud to fight," was the real reason of America's entering into the war. A statement to which I cannot agree. In my opinion it was America's war after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, followed by other sinkings, the *Sussex*, *Arabic*, *Persia*, etc., each one of which called forth a severe "note," in reply to which Germany promised not to do it again, until the next time. The fact is, our neutrality was intensely prophetic; we were accumulating the wealth of the world; and "too proud to fight," might have been respected until the crack of doom without moving us in the least, had not Germany, by her declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare in February, 1917, compelled us to accept this arrogant challenge, or figuratively tear up the Declaration of Independence. Also by this time, it might have appeared to us, that we had got all the money possible out of Europe. And so coming to the war debts and Europe's intense feeling in the matter, we have no just claim. The argument of France that "blood should count as well as money" is sound. Opinions may differ as to when America should have entered the war, but there can be no two opinions that it was America's war after she had entered, and for one full year after April, 1917, the Allies bore the brunt and suffering. While we prepared. Oh, so leisurely prepared.

During this year, April, 1917, to April, 1918, the Allies lost almost a million and a half, while America's loss was under six hundred. Think of it, and compare one and a half millions and six hundred. America should be forever thankful that it was ordained that we should pay largely in money and little enough in blood; unless, of course, with a sort of "cash register spirit," we contend that dollars are above humanity. Britain, who spent billions of dollars more than we did, who was the greatest contributor to ultimate victory, who was one of the greatest sufferers, has since the Armistice expressed a willingness to "scale" or compound, or cancel these debts. Only America, the only country the war enriched, sticks out for the pound of flesh, with the typical bankers cry, "our money, our interest."

There is another side to the question. It is now admitted that certain States in this Union have repudiated their debts to these same so-

called European debtors. These debts, our newspapers put at \$75,000,000, but *Truth* and the *Fortnightly Review* place at \$800,000,000. But the smaller sum at 5 per cent. compound interest, during the last sixty years comes to over a billion; while the larger sum by same process expands to over nine billion dollars. In no sense of justice (there is no question of generosity), human feeling, or in strict business, have we a claim. We cannot repudiate debts when it suits our purpose, and then insist upon others paying us. Britain may be foolish enough to pay in the next sixty years some ten billions for a four and a quarter billion dollar loan, three-quarters of which was distributed to her Allies, but the others cannot and will not, and we had better accept this position gracefully while we may, than ingratiatingly when we must.

Binghamton, N. Y.
August 10, 1926.

Robert S. Clubley

So This Is a Brick!

JUDGE,

W. M. H.: If you don't like this country, its laws, the K. K. K., the Methodists, etc., why the hell don't you move? Then maybe JUDGE could secure a few good jokes each week to print on the so-called editorial page, instead of having it filled by the usual putrescent tommy-rot born of a torpid liver, a bilious temperament, and a one-track mind on which runs a single train of thought, with flat wheels and no brakes.

I am neither a member of the K. K. K., a Methodist, a booze-fighter nor a Prohibitionist, but just one of many who hates to see a real good, witty publication sandwiched each week with the one-stringed inharmonious harpings of a profligate, pusillanimous purveyor of putrid, prejudiced, puerile and perverse poppy-cock. The metaphor is mixed, but so is your old man.

But in spite of myself, I keep on reading your asinine ramblings, prompted I presume by my unwonted and unwanted admiration, not for what you say (perish the thought), but for the satirical manner in which you say it.

Wishing you bon voyage when you follow my suggestion, and in the meantime hoping that you have a cold and lose your handkerchief, I am,

Yours for humor without humus,
Atlanta, Ga. *Olin P. Miller*
August 1, 1926.

P. S.: The above is intended for a brick.

Here's How!

DEAR JUDGE: Your "Judge for Yourself" column is, to me, one of the best features of your excellent magazine. I got the JUDGE habit some years ago and am still a faithful pilgrim to the newsstand every week. I only wish more American magazines were equally good, as Canada is being swamped by American magazine trash.

Is every constant reader allowed to make one suggestion in his life? Mine would be that such letters as "Fair Harvard," in your issue of July 31, be placed under your heading "Krazy Kracks." I presume that Mr. Steven McCray really thinks as he writes, but how can any normal man produce such utter drivel?

Do you wonder that Britishers are inclined to laugh at Americans when a student at one of your greatest universities can write such nonsense?

Canada is, unfortunately, suffering from the same type of bigoted Methodists that are corrupting American public life. Fortunately, though quite as noisy, they are not so numerous as in the United States.

Wishing you the best of luck in your fight against hypocrisy, a wish made more sincere by a glass of good Scotch at my elbow.

Hamilton, Ontario. Sincerely,
August 4, 1926. *G. N.*

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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ENCLOSE no return postage when you submit *Funnybones*, *Epitaphs*, *Toasts of the Day*, *Dizzy Labels* or *Lizzie Labels* to JUDGE. And have no fear of rejection slips.

Q Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.

The hundreds of *Funnybones*, *Epitaphs* and *Lizzie Labels* received daily have forced this drastic policy upon us.

But for prompt attention, address manuscripts in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

- Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,
- Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,
- Epitaphs—Epitaph Editor of JUDGE,
- Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,
- Lizzie Labels—Lizzie Label Editor of JUDGE,
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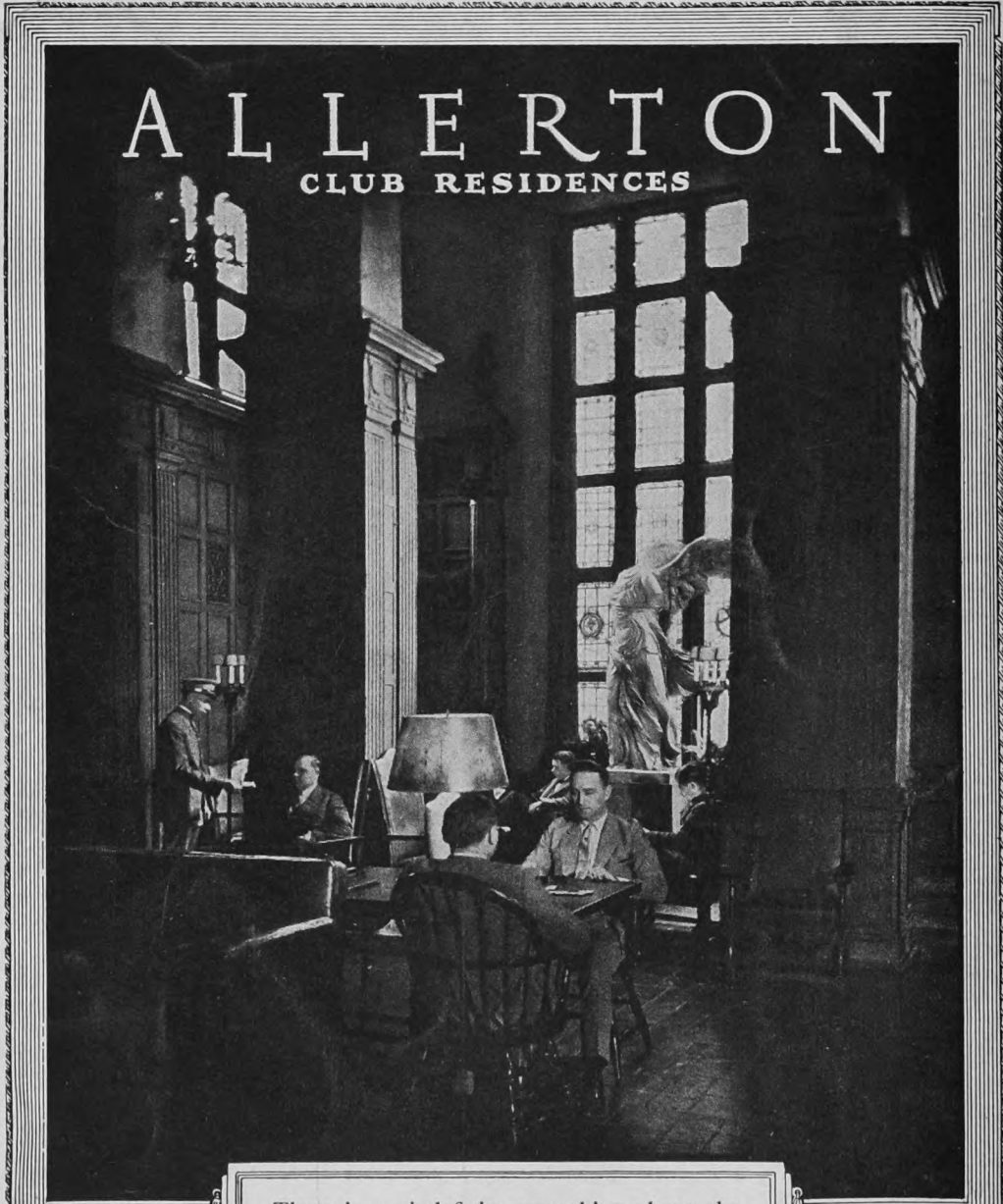
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SEPTEMBER 18, 1926

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WINNERS
IN THIS ISSUE**



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We won't ask you where or how you got the dollar, nor shall we publish your photograph.

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Address.....	
City.....	State.....
LB3	

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THE PURSUIT OF
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WEATHER FORECAST
Approaching coal spell and
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THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1926

COP SHOOTS QUARTET

In a recent battle with automobile bandits a New York policeman fired five shots and hit four pedestrians. This is not the first case on record showing the disadvantage of having pyorrhea.

A MAN in Westchester County who had not spoken in eight years regained his speech when hit on the head with a golf ball. His first words left even the most hardened golfers in an awed silence.

A FRENCH Canadian lumberjack has announced his intention of rolling a log across the English Channel. If at all successful a brilliant future is assured him as a column conductor on some New York newspaper.

EDITOR LAUDS CHAMP

MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE points out in an editorial that after Gertrude Ederle swam the Channel she went to visit her old grandmother in Germany instead of beating it to a cabaret. In this country a cabaret would be the most likely place to find one's grandmother.

CURFEW CURBS CHI

THE new curfew law in Chicago decrees that boys and girls under sixteen years of age must not be on the streets after ten o'clock at night unless accompanied by a guardian. Older citizens who venture out after that hour should be accompanied by a guardian angel.

PRO SCORES ELBOW

A PROFESSIONAL golfer in his advice to beginners says that lifting the elbow is the cause of erratic drives and wild swings. This is particularly true when the elbow lifting starts in the clubhouse.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand miles of film, or enough to circle the globe, are handled daily by the movie industry. This may partially account for all the recent convulsions and earth shuddering.

A CHICAGO newspaper has printed a warning to tourists explaining the foolishness of displaying large amounts of money in Paris. This advice might also be applied to the tourists of the windy city who remain at home.



BURGLAR—S-say! D-does this dog bite?



THE LILIES OF THE POND

"They toil not neither do they spin—yet Solomon in all his glory," etc.

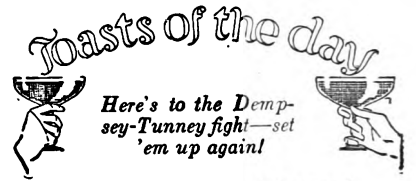
True Ruin

To save any further trouble in inventing new titles, we respectfully submit this permanent table of contents for any true story type of magazine:

- I—How I Was Ruined.
- II—How I Was Nearly Ruined.
- II—The Ruination of Roma.
- IV—Ruined!
- V—The Right To Be Ruined.
- VI—Who's Ruiny Now?

Man (behind the bar serving drink)—No, mister, the dry officers never bother us here. Not once.

Patron (at bar, with one foot on brass rail)—What's the idea, mad at you?



Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Automobile Salesman—You will find this car great on hills, sir.

Impatient Prospect—Yes, yes, I know; but how is it on pedestrians?



Policeman—Here, what are you stealing clothes off that line for?

Thief—Oh, officer, this is my first slip.

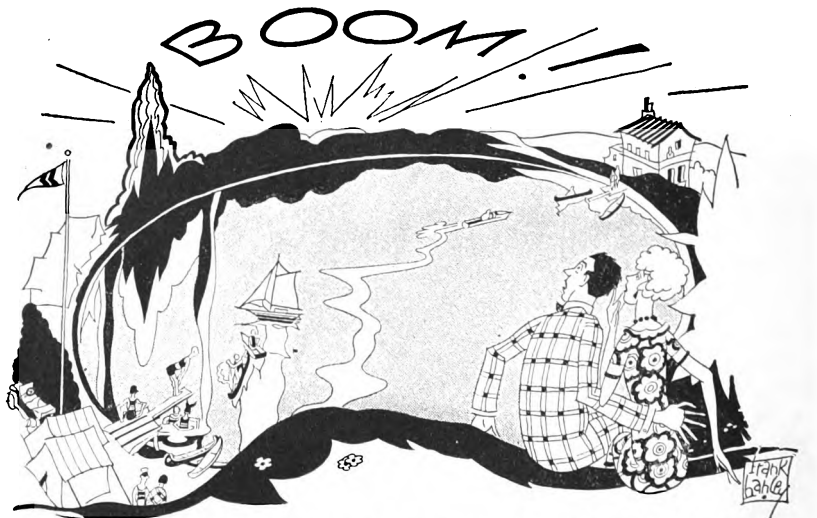


Father—So you wish to marry my daughter, eh? So you believe, young man, that you could support a family?

Suitor—Well—er—that is—you see, sir, I was only figuring on Ellen, but I suppose if it's necessary I can take care of the rest of you, too.



Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



Young man kissing his sweetheart good-by at Echo Lake, just when they were blasting on the other shore.

DIZZY LABELS

"They all call him, Billy!"
Because "He's always but-
ting in."

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Formerly a mother intervened when her daughters scrapped about wearing each other's clothes, but now she's usually involved in the argument herself.

"So few married women of to-day give a thought to the past. They all seem to be living in the future."

"Not my wife. I gave her a car not long ago, and she's living in the present."

Warning

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day—there may be a law against it by that time.

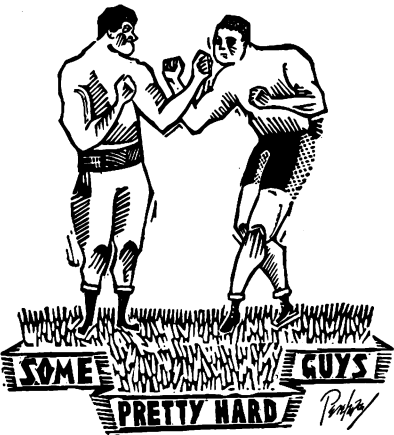
KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word

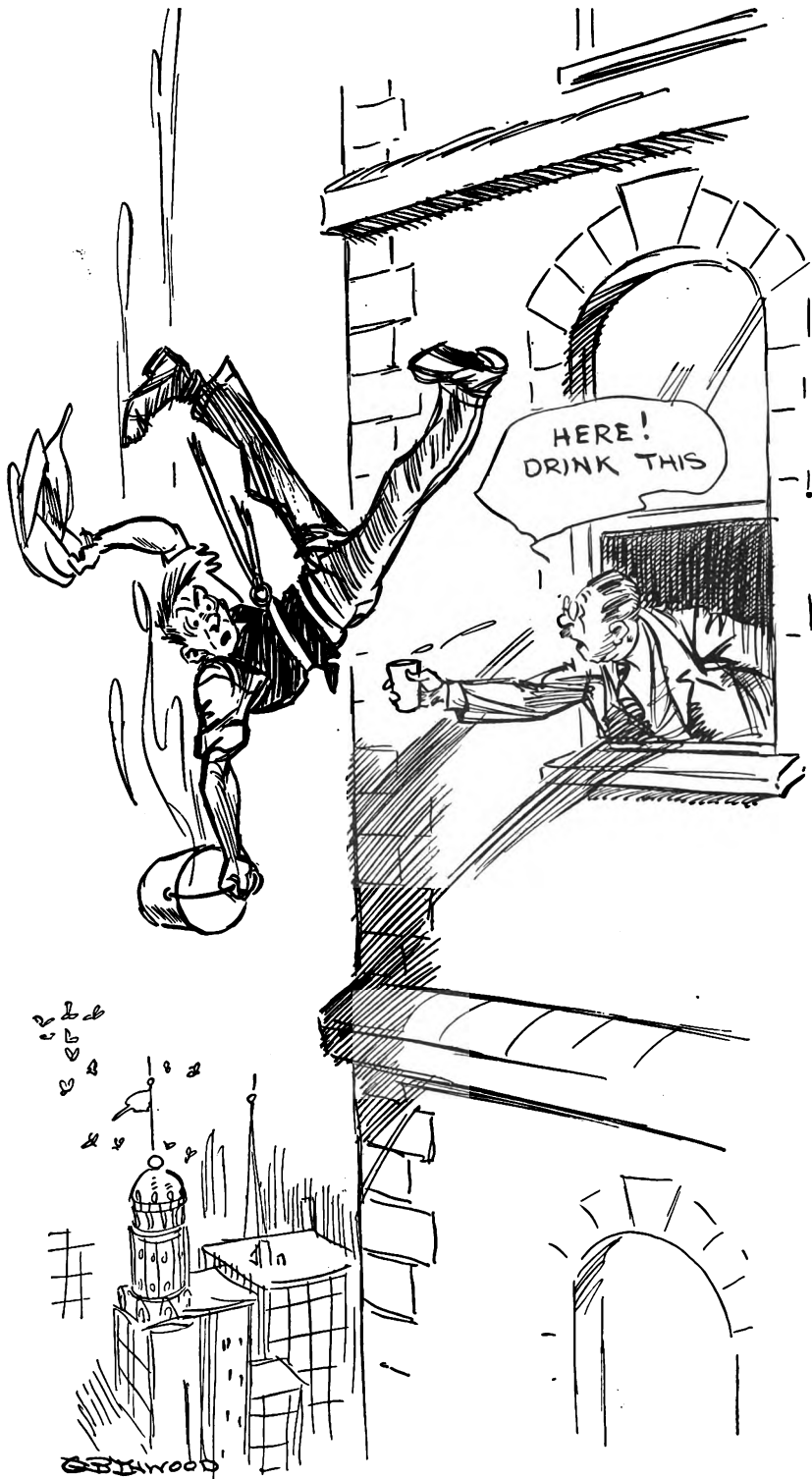


Isle"

"Isle of you."



This week's guffaw is furnished by the snappy come-back of a Mr. X—of Canarsie. It seems a friend remarked to him, "What we need, Luther, is a nice warm rain to bring things out of the ground." "Hush," mumbled X—, "I've got two wives there already!" The subject was immediately dropped.



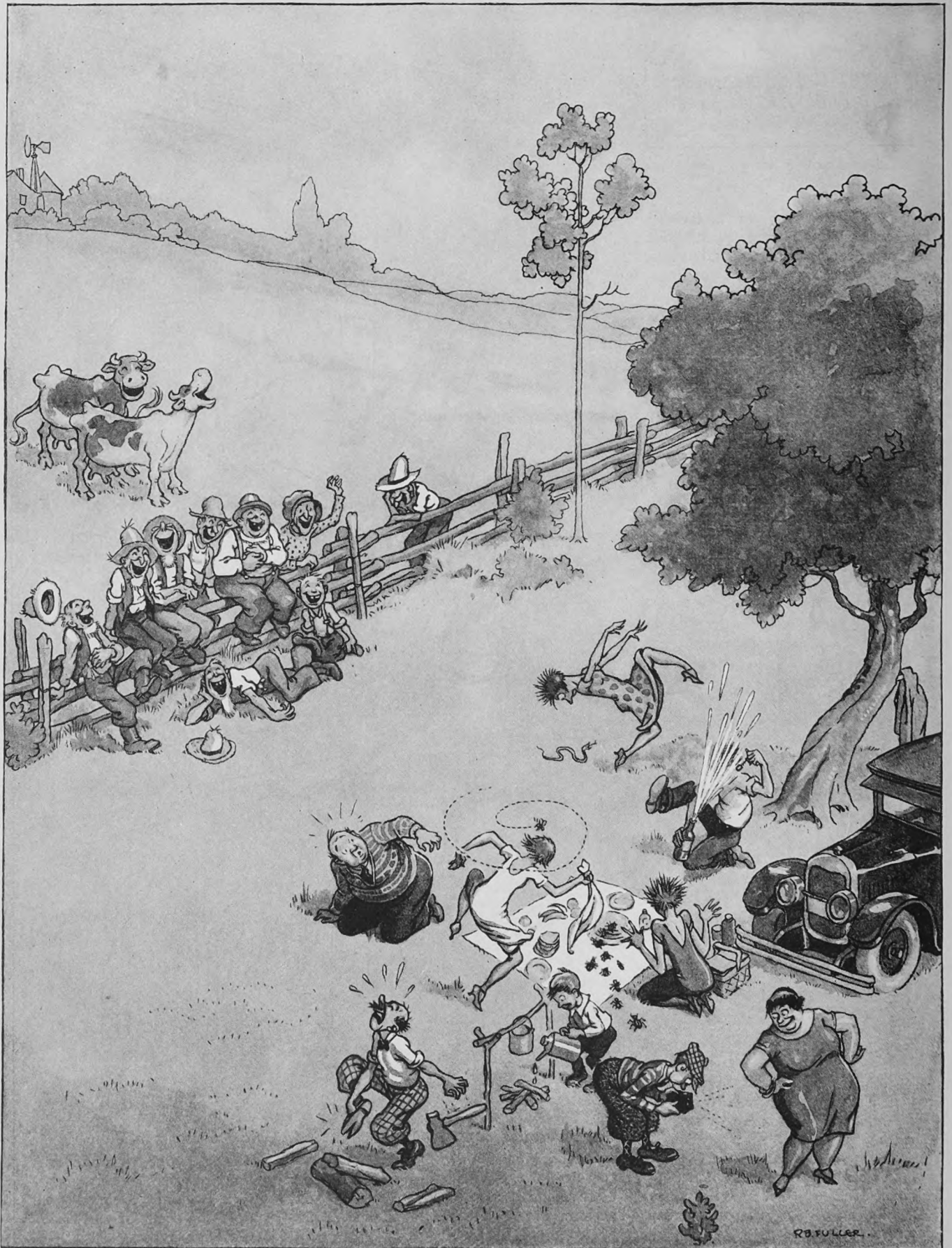
The very first aid.

It Won't Be Long Now

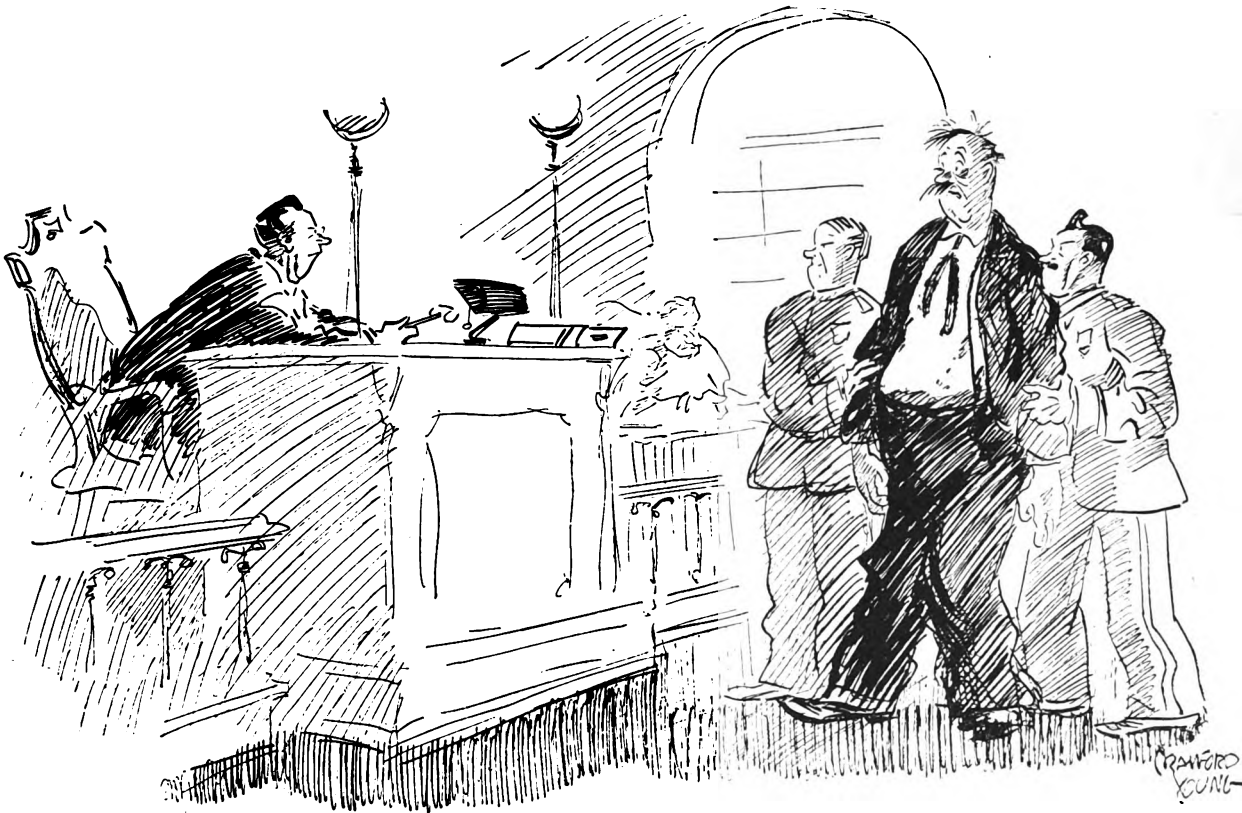
He (beaming)—Well, wife, I made the deal for the new car to-day. Sixteen hundred complete with all accessories. And they allowed me \$150 on our old piano.

No Decrease In Vice

While the automatic telephone has thrown large numbers of hello girls out of work, it hasn't lessened the number of the company's vice-presidents whatever.



FOR ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY



JUDGE—*What's your occupation?*
 SOUSE—*I'm a midjet in shircus, Judshe.*
"Nonsense—come, come!"
"I am too, Judge—thish is my day off!"

Who's Who In History

ISAAC NEWTON—Who became famous by letting an apple fall on his dome.

Edward the Confessor—Who sold his stuff at twelve cents a word.

Adam—Who was the first doctor hater.

Louis XIV—Who once forgot his number and couldn't tell whether he was himself, his father, or his son.

Henry Hudson—Who sailed up the Hudson River as far as Albany. When he saw the legislature he turned around and went home.

General Kosciuszko—Who had a helluva name to spell.

Lady Godiva—Who decided not to bob her hair.

George Washington—Who once threw a dollar across the Potomac and has been looking for it ever since.

General Ulysses S. Grant—Who took in washing in the winter and hung it out along the line all summer.

Benito Mussolini—Who is the most economical ruler in the world. He wears black shirts to save laundry bills.
Lawson Paynter



They tell a good one about Chaucer. A friend of his once said to him: "Do you mean to tell me you keep pigs right in the house?" "Why not?" queried the famous pitcher, "we certainly got everything in the house a pig would want, ain't we?" You should have seen his friend's checks flame.

JUDGE

OWALEWISHUSH!

By
PAUL ERNST



A

LOYSIUS BISHES,
(Please pronounce it Al-oo-ish-us!)
Used to drink like twenty fishes,
To his maiden aunt's dismay.

When, one day, a sly, malicious
Flu germ bit her, Aloysius
Deemed the time to be pro-
pitious
Aunt's Angora to obtain.

20
fishes—see
text above.



Every time his auntie spied him
Wabbling home, she would deride him,
Sadly, sorrowfully chide him
With this mournful roundelay:



"Aloysius,
Drink is vicious.
I don't mean to be officious
But it would be most judicious
If you stopped this life of shame.



Aloysius Bishes Sr.
"A man who could say 'NO.'"

Don't forget you are a Bishes!
Never, never be seditious
To your gentle father's wishes
That you keep a spotless name."



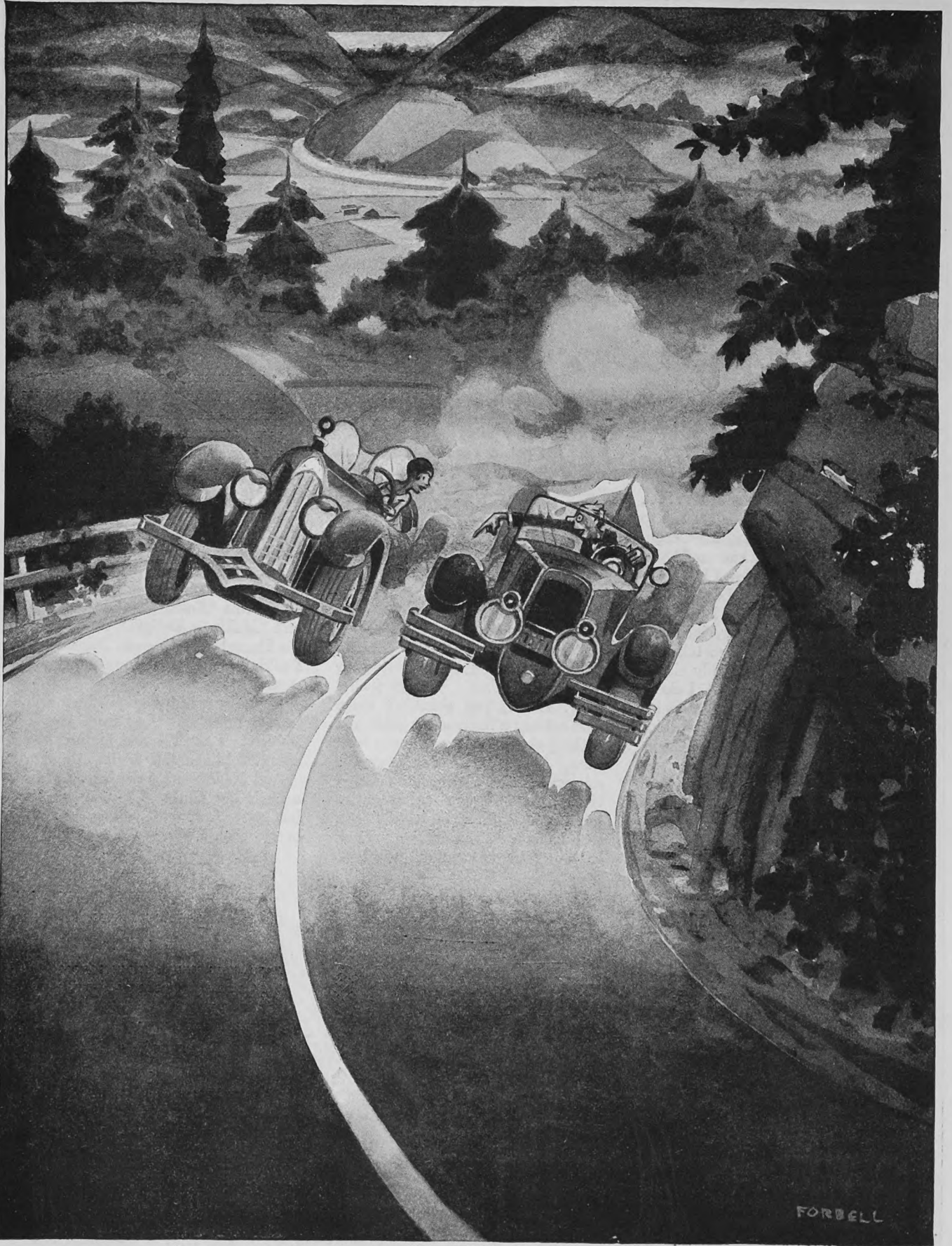
So he poured a healthy snifter—
Said 'twas tonic—would uplift her—
But the "tonic" slightly spiffed her;
So she sang this sweet refrain:

Alewishush,
It'sh delicioush.
But the odor ish shushpishioush.
Are you shure, it'sh not pernishioush,
Not an alcoholic drink?

That'sh nische tonic, Alewishush—
Makesh your old aunt feel ambishioush,
Kind of kootsie-kootsie-kishiush.
Alewishiush! Did you wink?"

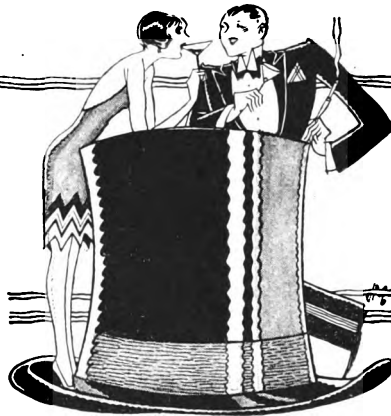


JUDGE



JUSTINIAN—*Hey, Rosamond! What's the dinky little white line for?
"Search me!"*

HIGH HAT



My perfectly good wagon resolutions were all shot to pieces last week and after you have finished this heartrending tale I know you will sympathize with me no end it seems there was a big party to be given out on Long Island that alone ought to have warned me but having been away from wine, women and song for so long I was caught unawares, so to speak anyway I got all dressed up and arrived at the Long Island domicile with great Gatsby expectations to be confronted in the hall by a very pretty maid with a tray of cocktails. . . . "No, thank you," I murmured firmly, but politely, and attempted to brush by but was stopped by the butler. . . . "Sorry, sir, but no one is allowed to pass until they have had three cocktails!". . . . Now what would you have done? Here I had traveled all the way out to Long Island, and through the doorway I could see a very happy gathering, including some darn pretty girls, so taking a photograph of a young lady sitting on a step out of my pocket, I closed my eyes and kissed it and stepping up to the maid said: "Here's looking at you!". . . . now that I think of it I should have sold this story to a Confession Magazine but anyway it was a great party! Oh, I almost forgot. . . . It was called a "Pay as you enter party," but it should have been "Pray."

My old Harvard buddy, Van Phelan, crashed through with a letter this week that, to my mind, is so interesting I'm going to print it, verbatim, whatever that is the lad's got a good idea but the trouble is, the kind of birds you'd want to get into a club like that would be just the ones to kid the life out of it. However, here's the letter.



Dear Junior:

Don't take it so to heart! Gosh, mister, I didn't mean it. Honest mister! Don't cry. I'll buy your gol-whang flowers. But all foolin' aside, Junior, you shouldn't make your column a bartender's guide and nothing else. Print a new one each week. That's fine. But when the column is likker and nothing else—! Honest, haven't you any other interest in life? Sure you have. Then let's have it in the column. Look back at some of your old numbers.

You can tell that funny thing that happened on the party the other night. You can get next to all the new fads and fancies before they get overworked. You've influence enough. Let's have one new idea every week.

You know, from your all-absorbing interest in likker, I would have sworn you were a Yale man until you denied it. You're no Harvard man. That's easy to see. And you're no City Collidge man. You've too wide a point of view for that. Damfino what you are, but it makes no never minds to me.

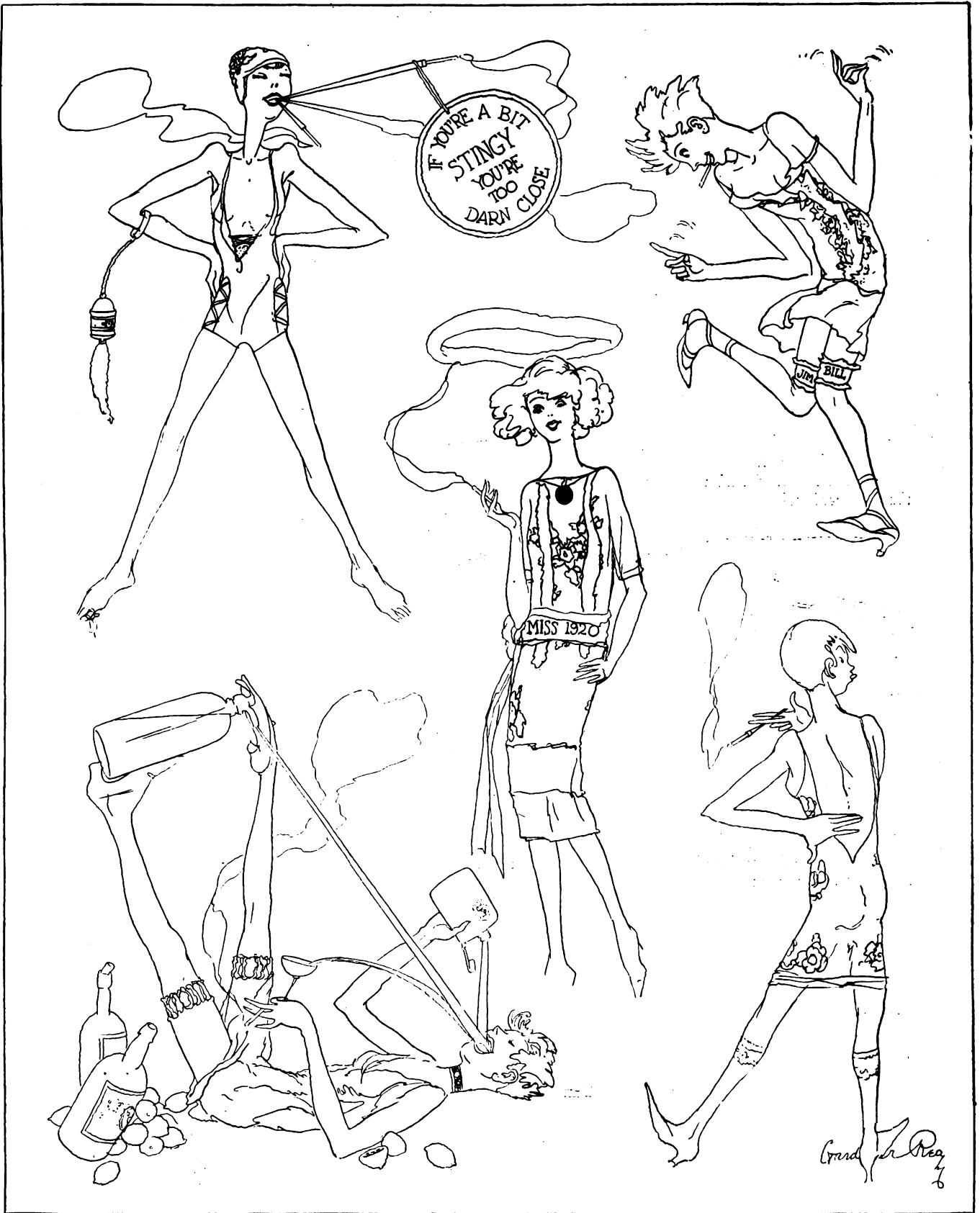
And I'm surprised that, in all your formulæ, you've never once mentioned orange peel. Cut it thin, and break it in pieces so as to get the oil. But there I go. I'm as incorrigible as you. Anyhow, the watermelon idea WAS worth printing. Keep 'em like that and they're O.K.—but this "Foam of the Rockies" and "Maiden's Delight" and "Devil's Draught" stuff—oh, Junior—as I said, it's enough to ruin a fellow's stomach.

I wonder what George Jean will have to say about the Penny Arcade Review! I can't quite picture *him* doing it. I liked your review, though.

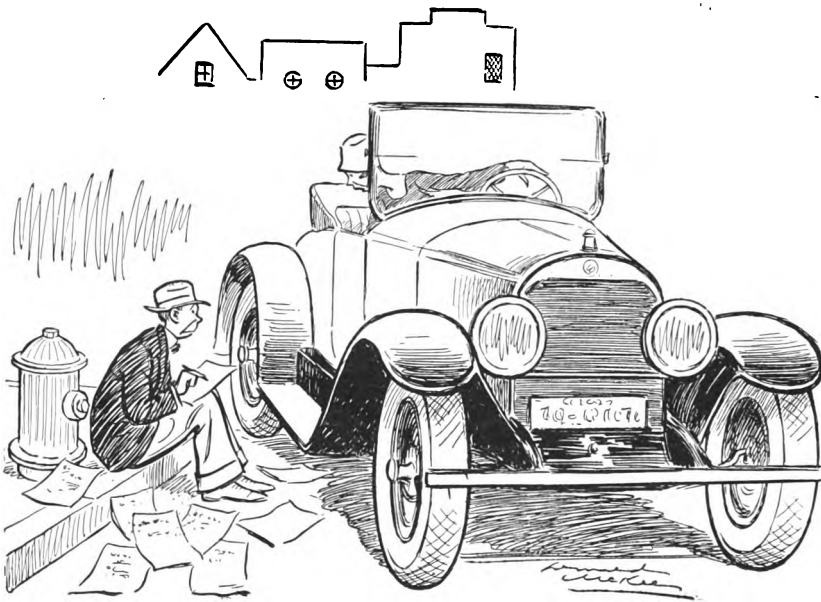
And Junior—why don't you start a High Hat Club. I mean a real honest-to-God one. Branches in every city. Have to be recom-

(Continued on page 27)

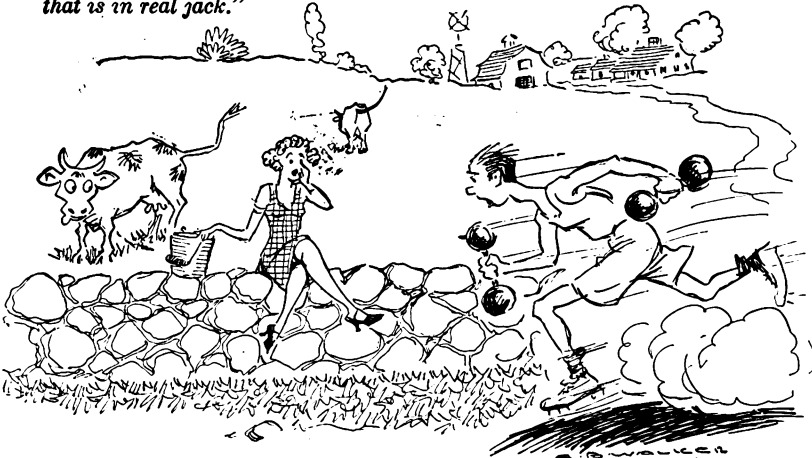




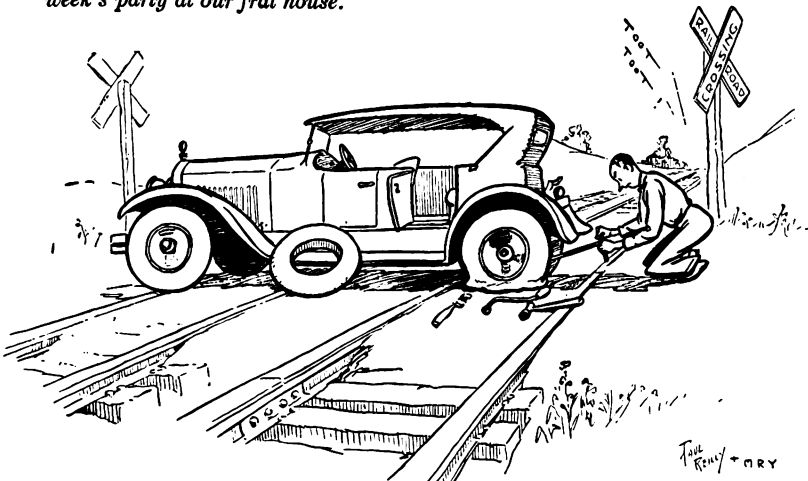
WHAT—WE ARE NOW MOVED TO WONDER—HAS BECOME OF THE SWEET, OLD-FASHIONED, CORSET-PARKING GIRL OF 1920?



"S trouble, Ignace?"
 "Father's cut me off with a shilling, and I'm trying to find out how much that is in real jack."



MILKMAID—What are you training for, the quarter mile?
 COLLEGIATE—Never heard of it. I'm getting in condition for next week's party at our frat house.



PEOPLE WHO TAKE THINGS LITERALLY
 The worm who was told never to drive on a flat tire.

"Obrien Outloud"

Poor Grandpa

GRANDPA died on his vacation,
 Everyone felt sad,
 'Cause it was the last vacation
 Grandpa ever had.

0

The Smith Brothers have their name on every cough drop. That's why their name is always on people's tongues.

0

Enigma

Secapstuohtiwdnasdrawkcabskooelenilawohsiht.

Solution: This is how a line looks backwards and without spaces.

0

Fashion Note

Small boys' trousers will be worn sliding down banisters.

0

Concentration

I have so trained my mind that I am able to concentrate on what I am doing regardless of what is going on about me.

For instance, while I am writing this, some one is playing the piano in the same room. But that doesn't affect me in the least. I have so trained my mind that I am able to concentrate—as I was saying—I am able to concentrate. Concentration. Yes.

As I was saying, I am able to concentrate. The piano. While I am concentrating, the piano is able—no, I mean I am able to concentrate. For the past few minutes, while the piano has been going, I have been concentrating. As I said, I have been concentrating. I have been concentrating on—I have been concentrating on horses, horses, horses. (One moment please to move piano.)

0

Blink—My wife weighs in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

Blank—If she'd walk about ten miles every day she'd soon get out of that neighborhood.

0

Time was when to get on the stage all a girl had to show was her ability.

R. C. O'Brien

Sardinia the Fair

1,000 grinning skulls looked down from the castle walls of the Princess Sardinia the Fair.

Seated in the royal courtyard, W. K. Fish, President of the mammoth W. K. Fish Sardine Corporation, the man who had made the sardine what it is to-day, glanced up at the skulls. Then he glanced down into the beautiful, fish-like eyes of the Princess Sardinia.

"What is the proposition?" he demanded.

"I have sworn a vow," explained the Princess, "that I will wed the man who succeeds in performing a certain Task. Any male human being or what have you who can do the Trick wins my heart and hand and vast estates and—"

"Including, I understand, certain valuable sardine fisheries," interrupted W. K. Fish.

The Princess nodded.

"But whoever attempts this Task and fails," she continued, "gets his coco chopped off and set up on my castle wall."

"Woman," retorted W. K. Fish, "I am the man who built up the mammoth W. K. Fish Sardine Corporation from a single goldfish which I captured in a Chicago aquarium in 1915. Name the Task."

"Many have failed," mused the Princess, looking up at the row of skulls.

"Bah!" snorted W. K. Fish. "I have never failed at anything. Don't waste my time, woman—it's worth \$400 a minute. Name the Task."

The Princess clapped her hands. A slave appeared with a little tin box, which he placed in the hands of the suitor. A beautifully lithographed label proclaimed that the contents of the box were

Sardines

Packed In Mustard Dressing by The W. K. Fish Sardine Corporation "The Task," explained the Princess, "is to open this thing with the little do-jigger that comes in the package."

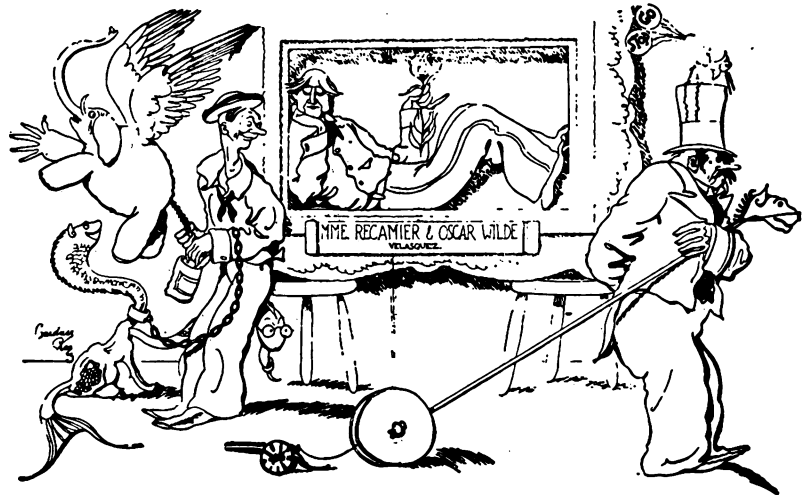
The next day 1,001 grinning skulls looked down from the castle walls of the Princess Sardinia the Fair.

Asia Kagowan

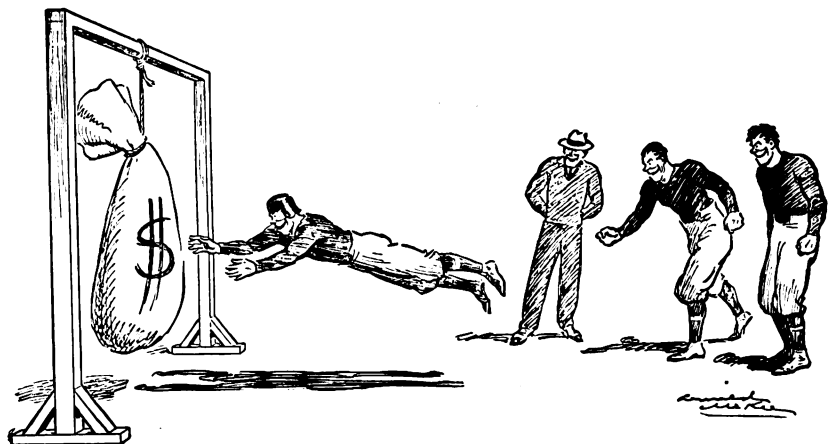
Woman's place is on a magazine cover.



VOICE FROM THE BED—Turn it on louder—I need more exercise!



P. T. BARNUM—Comin' along swell, ain't he, Velasquez? Worked himself all th' way up from Benny Leonard to Napoleon, an' he's on'y been nutty a month.



COACH—Marvelous what progress the men are making with the new tackling dummy!



"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!"

JUDGE on the BENCH



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

Curdled

ARTHUR GLEASON was a writer and editor in our *ante bellum* magazine world of some note and more promise. He was an unusually sensitive and conscientious soul who, when the war broke out and for six years thereafter, completely spent himself and his savings in the dirty work of humanity at or near the front. His widow, who shared this work with him, has been contributing a sketch of his life to *The Nation*. In the current number she quotes a letter he wrote to a friend shortly after their return to America. "Your much-valued word," he wrote, "cheers the heart in these desolate days in America. We have come back to a suppressed, freedom-hating community. It seems to me I have never known folks so short-tempered, so full of bitterness and the desire to strike down the hopes of the world."

That was six years ago, which, to be sure, is not a very long time in the life of a people. But after listening to the renewed debate over the World Court, to the increasingly rancorous discussion of the war debts and to the political speeches of gentlemen like Bishop Adna Leonard, who of us can say that in that time there has been any marked improvement of the feeling and temper so well described by Arthur Gleason?

* * * * *

WE Americans were not always this way. Gentlemen still on the sunny side of their prime can remember an era—the age of Roosevelt—when no people could show a greater good nature or magnanimity of heart and mind than we. A short twenty years ago, we were not forever passing or proposing prohibitory or censorship or blue laws. We were not officially poisoning the drinker. We did not use the word, "foreigner," as an epithet. Our prominent ministers were not preaching about "Catholic conspiracies," or shooting defenseless callers, or telling Europe to go dry or go to hell, or calling upon the Army and Navy to massacre the violators of the law. The term, hundred per cent. American, hadn't been invented. What has happened to turn us sour?

The war, of course. But we shouldn't blame it entirely on the war though that undoubtedly contributed its curdling influence. The fact is that we did not suffer enough or have enough at stake in the war to be chastened by it. It left us simply irritated—irritated at its cost, irritated over its settlement, and especially irritated with those, allies and enemies, who started the damn thing and got us into it. We were, and are, in the rôle of the fussy gentleman of wealth whose comfort has been disturbed, but whose disposition would have been better served if either he had been left alone or knocked cuckoo.

BUT deeper than the war lies a cause that we have touched on before, a mal-adjustment fundamental to our social organization. We referred two weeks ago to the fact that as a Puritan, and therefore as a staunch and ardent believer in pecuniary profit, the American farmer was an anomaly among agrarians. And we pointed out that agriculture was basically unsuited to profit seeking. Senator Norris has unwittingly driven home this last point in a recent argument for the McNary-Haugen bill. He writes (in the same issue of *The Nation*):

There is no practical way in which the production of farm products can be limited. The manufacturer, at the beginning of a year, knows with reasonable certainty what the consumption of his product is going to be. He arranges his business accordingly. And even if he has failed to judge the amount the country will consume he can, almost overnight, lessen his production or increase it. The farmer can do nothing of the kind. He battles against the elements of nature in his business, and cannot know in advance whether he is going to produce a surplus, or, if so, how much the surplus is going to be. He often produces a larger crop on a small acreage than in other years he produced on a much larger acreage. He must gamble with the winds and rains, with dry weather, with hail, with bugs, with worms. When his crop is planted there is nothing for him to do but to go on and produce as much as he possibly can. Even though he realizes during the months of his summer's toil that there will be a large surplus of his product, he cannot shut down his operations as the manufacturer can, but must gather his whole crop, knowing that even if the profit is small on any given unit, his only salvation is to produce an additional number of such units.

Hence the chronic grouch of the American farmer, which increases as the mounting profits of the industrialists throw his ever more into the shade. He must either change his religion or his occupation or rival the unripe persimmon which means that he will always be taking out his discontent on the rest of us.

This, then, is the main explanation we would advance for the condition of heart and mind in this country which Arthur Gleason found on his return, and which still obtains. The farmer's acidity, intensified by his experience with the Food Administration's restrictions during the war and with the deflation of food values after it, and communicated to the entire Mississippi Valley, has been translated into Volsteadism, into the Ku Klux Klan, into hatred of the League of Nations, hostility to the World Court, into anti-evolution, anti-Catholicism, Aunty Everything.

* * * * *

WHAT really set us thinking about all this was an article in the current *Scribner's* about Al. Smith. Here's a man who, as President, might snap us out of this mood in spite of the farmers. It would have to be in spite of the farmers.
W. M. H.



**A ROMANCE IN ROCKAWAY; OR,
HOW LOVE CAME TO A LIFE-GUARD**

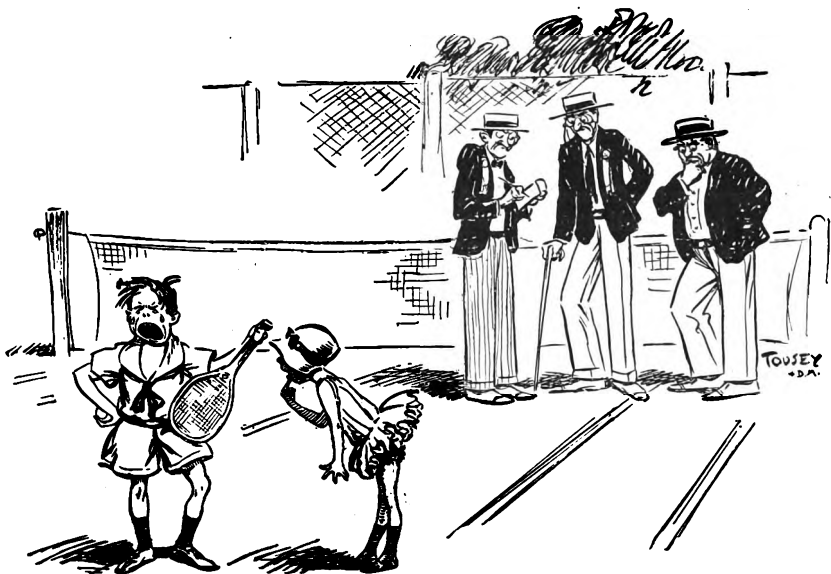
Now here is a "jim-dandy" story we heard when we were on the road for Bluth Bros. & Garfinkle, Misses' Cloaks and Suits. A lawyer was trying a case one time when suddenly a portion of the floor fell in and three jurors disappeared. Here was a trying situation; but quick as a flash, Finklestein turned to the judge and exclaimed: "Fiat lux ad organum est pro caelo non disputare; sed in summo Augustam prohibere habemus!" The judge was so pleased at this ready retort that he heaped flowers and fruit on the victorious attorney, who was borne from the courtroom on the shoulders of his friends.

British Admiralty Libels Leander

*Aquatic Marvel Less Aqueous Than
Aquaplaning*

A RECENT investigation conducted by the British Admiralty has revealed the fact that Leander received aid in his nocturnal swims across the waters of the Hellespont. While the High Lord of the Admiralty refuses to make public the details of the investigation, it is believed that Hero's lover was picked up nightly by a fast motorboat some distance out from the darkened shores of Abydos. It is thought that an unknown person stationed in the stern of the craft was in the habit of tossing an aquaplaning board to Leander. From that point on it was a comparatively easy matter for the world's premier aquatic lover to be drawn swiftly across to Sestos, and so establish his remarkable records.

Commenting upon the situation, the *London Garboon* in its big-hearted way says: "Leander a Dud—Was Helped Across Hellespont." It adds, "foreign nations were beginning to think that Britannia or Britannica or what have you ruled nothing except the encyclopædia. But that is the exact reason why we employ the Admiralty. Just wait till they get through! The whole world is going



OSWALD—I've been declared a semi-pro!
"How oome?"
"Pa gave me a nickel for beating Willie Garfinkle."

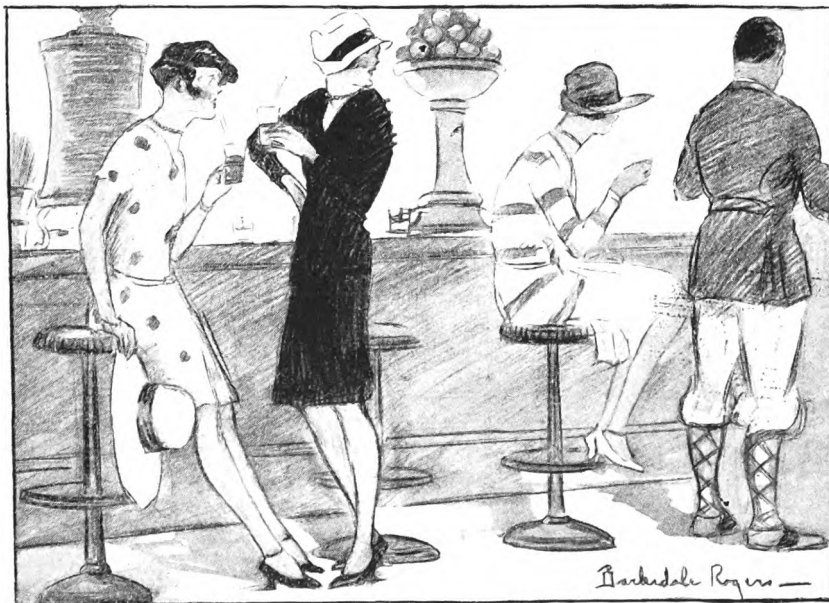
to know that Britannia rules everything watery from the Seven Seas to the ripple in a bathtub in Patagonia. We're sorry we can't say, "Well stroked, Leander," but long live the Admiralty! It isn't cricket to be helped across Hellesponts and the Admiralty is there to put a stop to it. And they are the chaps that can do it, eh, wot, wot?" *Edwin Rutt*

A Seismograph In Every Home

THE millennium comes galloping on apace! A cheap, handy seismograph has been perfected which will enable even the poorest laborer to predict his own earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, right in the privacy of his own home, without having to depend on the reports printed in the newspapers. Furthermore *anybody* can now become a full-fledged scientist, whose every word will be suitable meat for an A. P. dispatch.

First it was Bell with the telephone, then Edison with the phonograph and Ford with the motor car. Now along comes Dr. Jaggar, a Government volcanologist (and who *doesn't* want to be a volcanologist?) with his home seismograph.

Dr. Jaggar's idea is that there are just hundreds of teeny-weeeny little earthquakes going on all the time of which none of us are conscious. His gadget will show even the smallest ones, thus affording comfort and pleasure to millions who would otherwise be forced to spend a dull evening at the movies watching typhoons in China, volcanoes in Hawaii, and the smoking crater of Vesuvius. *Creighton Peet*



MAE—An economical couple—they eloped to save themselves the cost of a wedding.

SUE—Are they happy?

"No, but they stay together to save themselves the cost of a divorce!"

JUDGES FAIRY TALES FOR TIRED CLUBMEN

Puss in Boots

This story starts off about a miller, so we better pull the old gag: Why does a miller wear a white hat? Answer, to cover his head! Ha! ha! We fooled you! Well, anyway, once upon a time there was a miller who was so poor when he died that all he left his three sons was a mortgage, a piece of pork, and a cat. The two oldest sons drew the mortgage and the pork, so they went into the real estate and meat business and made good. But the third son who got the cat was sore and contested the will, but the lawyers got everything and he had to fall back on the cat. Well, one day he was sitting in a subway station and he says to the cat, "Well, Morris, after I eat you and sell your skin, what will I do then? I ask you." The cat thinks a while and says, "Be your age, Irving (that was the name). All I want is a burlap bag and a pair of boots and I will get you out of this jam." "Ha!" says



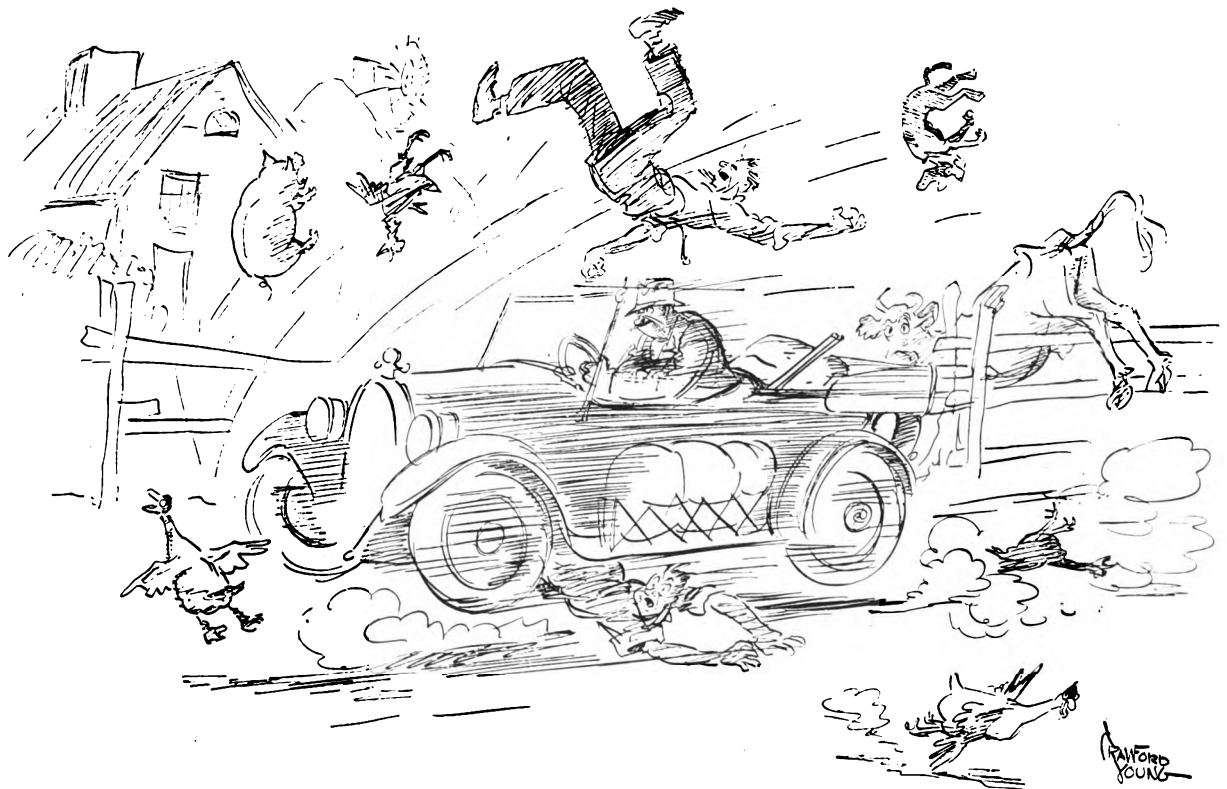
Marquis Irving falls into the drink.

Irving, "are you trying to be English, calling shoes boots?" But he gave the cat the bag and the boots and away he went.

He hung around a cornfield for a while and argued with a couple of

rabbits till they walked into the bag; then he took them to the king of that country and says, "Here is a present from my boss, Marquis Irving." The king was overcome with joy, as he and his beautiful daughter Sybil had been living on pretzels and port wine for years. The next day the cat showed up with half a dozen spring chickens and told the same story. He did this for a week, each time bringing some choice goody. Then one day he read in the paper where the king was going to take a spin in his new model Ford with Sybil. So he went to Irving and told him to make believe he was drowning in a river that the king was going to pass. Irving didn't want to do it at first because his life insurance had just ran out, but the cat threatened him and finally he gave in.

So when the king drove by the river he heard a yell for help and all of a sudden the cat dives out of the



The hunter returns from a hunting trip good and sore because he didn't kill anything.

bushes and says that his boss, Marquis Irving, has fell into the drink and will the king save him. The king threw Irving a life preserver he had in the back of the car and then the cat pulls a hard luck fable about robbers running off with Irving's suit while he was in swimming. So the king gave Irving a swell new pair of flannel pants with only a little hole in them and a tweed coat which was too small for anybody in the palace and Irving looked simply perfect. The king invited Irving to take a drive with him and Sybil and all through it Sybil kept her eyes on him like he was the lucky number in a lottery. Suddenly they came to a field and the king says, "What a swell field! Who owns it?" And a workman which had been tipped off by the cat pipes up and says, "Marquis Irving, none other." So the king began to think of Irving as a son-in-law already.

In the meantime the cat had ran ahead and come to the apartment of an ogre named Bernstein. An ogre is something that looks like all the parts Lon Chaney ever played rolled together. The cat walks in on the ogre and says, "Good afternoon, Mr. Bernstein. I understand you can change yourself into anything you want to." "Yeh," says Bernstein and with that he turns into a vacuum cleaner and chases the cat up the side of the wall. "Ha! ha!" says the cat, "That sure was a laugh on me. Now I don't like to seem catty, but I bet you can't change into a mouse." Bernstein immediately turns into a mouse and the cat jumps on him and wipes the floor with him.

A minute later the king and Sybil and Irving pulled up at the door. "What a swell apartment!" says the king. "Who owns that?" And the cat, which was smoking a cigar on the steps says, "It belongs to Marquis Irving, no kidding!" Then the king turns to Irving. "Young man," he says, "you've got a great future. How would you like to marry a princess?" So Irving takes the hint and marries Sybil and the old man took him into the firm and gave him the New England territory with a straight salary and commission. So they moved to Long Island with the twelve sets of oyster forks they got for presents. The cat is now president of a large corporation which proves that any boy can make good.

Perelman



Water wings, worthy of the name, would permit of new and remarkable developments in the art of diving.

"I SEE THE MARKET IS FALLING ON PRETTY GIRLS HEADS - SELL HEADS AND HOLD RURAL CHARACTER SUBJECTS, THE MARKET'S RISING ON THEM. CALL YOU BACK IN AN HOUR."



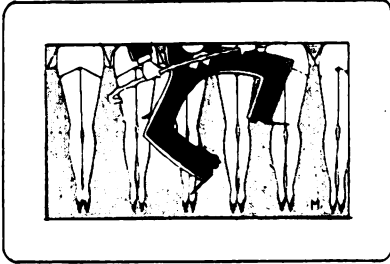
Modern artist at work.



The battle of the newsstands.

JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

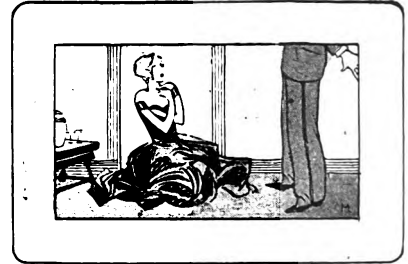


I

THE news of the success of "Abie's Irish Rose" having penetrated to Great Neck, George M. Cohan has sat himself down and gone after some of the money by writing a paraphrase of it. He has taken the basic formula of Anne Nichols' box-office dynamite and simply converted its religious and racial conflict into a geographical one. Instead of the Jew and the Catholic, he gives us New York and South Bend, Ind. Out of the opposing points of view of two such places of habitation, he extracts his comedy drama as La Nichols has extracted hers out of the opposing points of view of her Levys and Murphys.

As in all of the estimable George M.'s plays, the word is here again more important than the deed. So far as the play goes, there isn't much to talk about. But when it comes to lines, the situation is different. Professor Cohan has looked tidily after the laughs and shrewdly never permits a mere play to get in the way of them. The result is an amusing evening for everybody but J. Ranken Towse, Clayton Hamilton and other such dramatic critics who absolutely decline to laugh unless they first look up convincing reasons in Aristotle.

George Cohan is one of those odd fellows who still imagines that most people go to the theater less to be instructed in the validity of the critical doctrines of Wilhelm August Schlegel than to be made merry by the critical doctrines of Weber and Fields. He honestly believes that if you asked the average man which he would rather see—the "Polyeucte" of Corneille or the Four Marx Brothers—the handsoodle would pick



"Loose Ankles" (Biltmore)—Some funny wise-cracking imbedded in a very seedy play.

"The Home Towners" (Hudson)—See opposite column.

"Henry—Behave" (Bayes)—An amusing idea ruined by the author's determination to make it sure-fire box-office stuff.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—Reviewed in this issue.

"The Ghost Train" (Eltinge)—The cat, the canary, the gorilla and the bat take a railroad journey.

"My Country" (National)—An "Abie's Irish Rose" brew aimed at the boobs with a cannon.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Chanin's)—Sex in yellow grease paint and a mandarin jacket.

"Potash and Perlmutter, Detectives" (Ritz)—To be reviewed next week.

"Service for Two" (Gaiety)—Ditto.

"The Little Spiffire" (Cort)—About as bad as they make 'em.

"Sunshine" (Lyric)—Worse.

"Fannie" (Lyceum)—Belasco, Willard Mack and Fanny Brice. To be discussed anon.

"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes in Maude Adams' place—and occupying it agreeably.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—The best American dramatist's best play.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—A mystery play, the mystery being how it has lasted this long.

"Sex" (Daly's)—Tripe.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—Same here.

"Honest Liars" (Harris)—And here.

"Scandals" (Apollo)—A big, lively and diverting revue, despite the Howard Brothers.

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—One of the Winter Garden's best.

"Ziegfeld Revue" (Globe)—Beautifully staged, but lacking in Ziegfeld's usual inventiveness.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Gilbert and Sullivan admirably put on by Winthrop Ames.

"Americana" (Belmont)—J. P. McEvoy's review of the native scene.

"At Mrs. Beam's" (Guild)—Moderately amusing comedy laid in an English boarding-house and well acted.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Still the funniest comedy in town.

"The House of Usher" (Mayfair)—If you go to see this one, get a load on first. You'll need it.

"Abie's Irish Rose" (Republic)—Henry Ford's and Hilaire Belloc's favorite play.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—Dismal music show.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—Almost as bad, but relieved by Dorothy Dille's and Nick Long's foot work.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—The king-pin among the music shows.

"Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—Not much, but with a couple of entertaining features.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—Good voices.

the latter. All the devastating eloquence of the dramatic critics who gallop to the Four Marx Brothers on every possible occasion and who haven't yet got around to "Polyeucte," but who have none the less definitely proved to Mr. Cohan that he is a lowbrow and all wrong, somehow hasn't made that stubborn gent change his attitude. And he goes on rebelliously writing plays predicated upon it and amusing the dramatic critics against their will. In "The Home Towners," he again drolly vouchsafes them the opportunity of proving to their own satisfaction that they know more about dramatic technique than he does and then quietly shows them that their great knowledge is useless by making them laugh in spite of themselves. The next morning, of course, after they have recovered from the good time they had the night before, they sit down and duly confect reviews lamenting the fact that Mr. Cohan writes such crude plays, but to believe that they themselves are fooled by these reviews is never to have met them in the speak-easy around the corner.

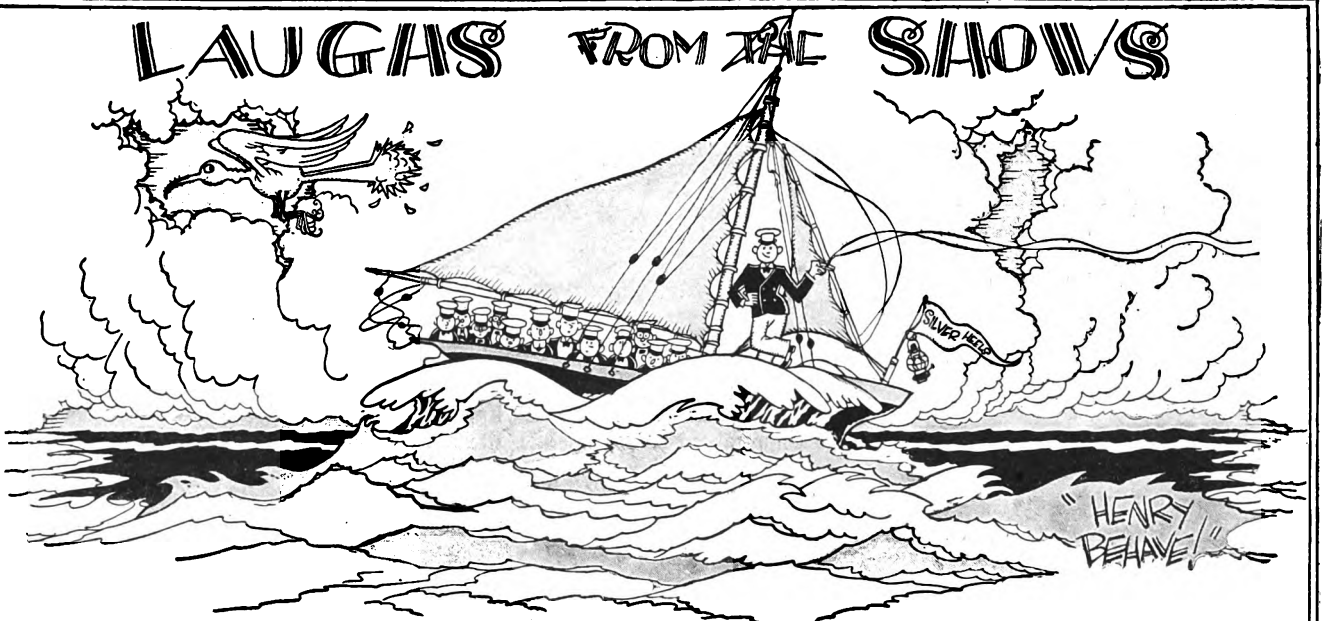
Robert McWade, as the grouchy yokel from South Bend, carries off the honors of the acting troupe.

II

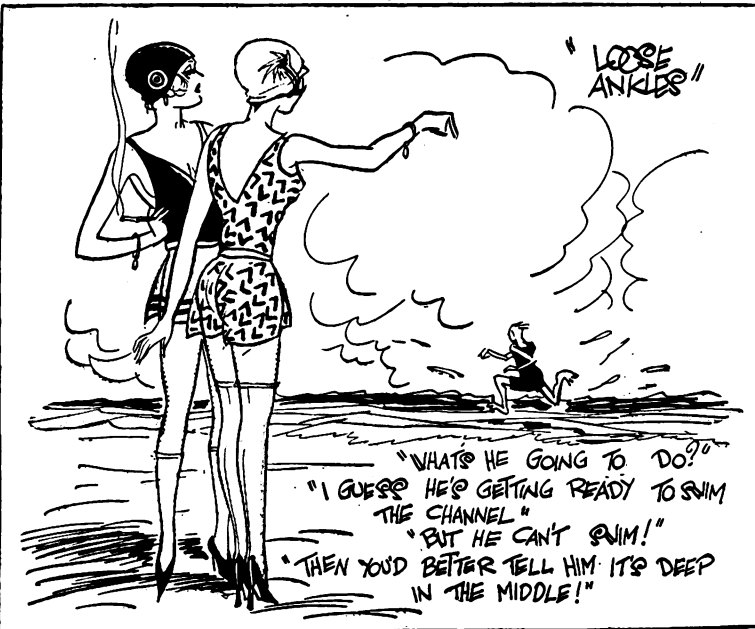
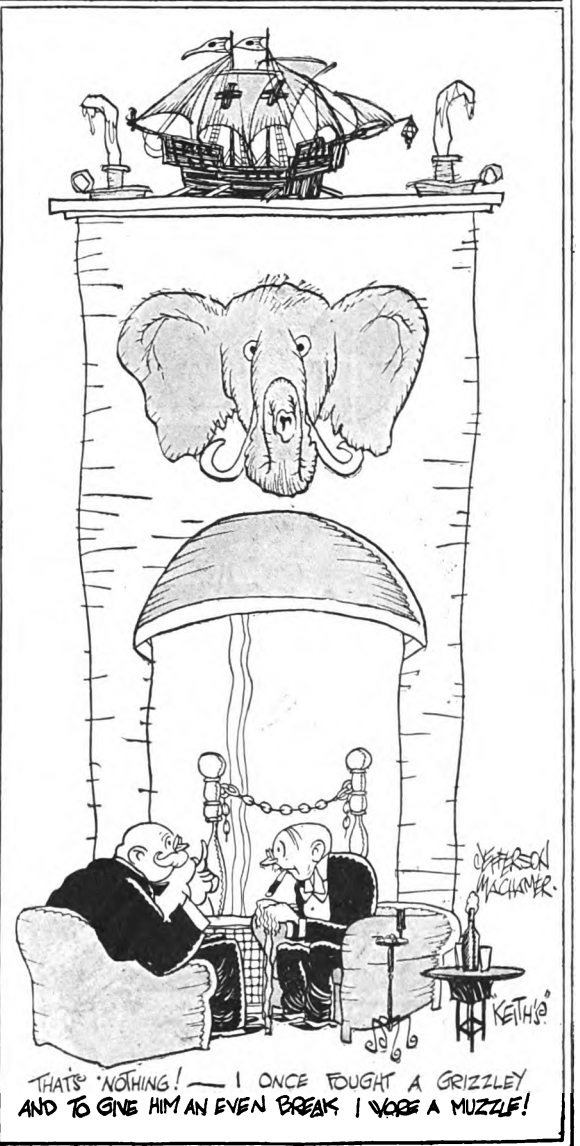
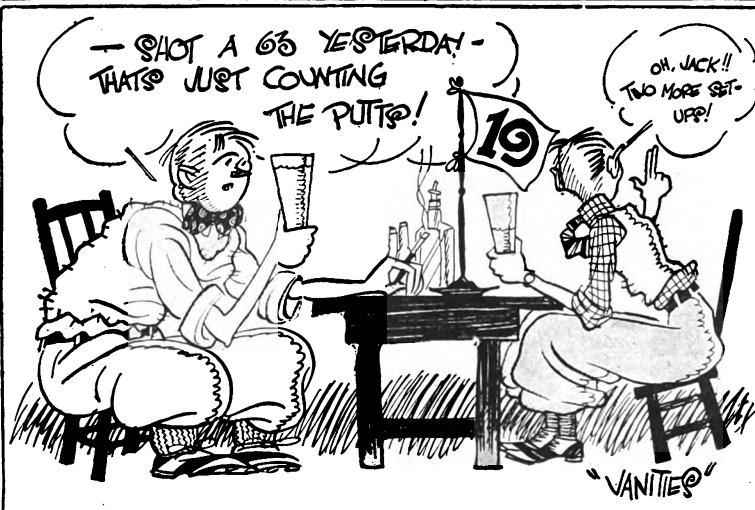
THE fifth edition of Earl Carroll's "Vanities" is the most beautifully staged music show in town. The good notice, however, stops at this point. Like many another revue, it has apparently been produced for deaf audiences. Its music, lyrics and comedy fall upon the human ear like a ton of bricks.

So far as the pictorial side of the shows goes, even Doctor Ziegfeld has
(Continued on page 26)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS



AT THE YACHT CLUB ONE MEMBER HAS A YACHT AND ALL THE OTHER MEMBERS HAVE YACHTING CARS!





MAY—I'm going to call our new girl "Olive."

POTE—Why zat?

"Because I'm learning to like her."

—JOHNS HOPKINS BLACK AND BLUE JAY



I used to love my girl just because of the clothing she wore—but it's all off now.

—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl



"Ever play golf, Hortense?"
"Mercy, no, Jasmer, I don't know a thing about the game. I don't even know which end of the caddy you hold when you hit the ball."

—Minnesota Ski U Mah



"Oh, Mandy is too funny for anything," exclaimed the newly wed, returning from the kitchen to the dining-room where hubby was waiting hungrily for his evening meal. "The cook is so funny. The cooking wine is all gone, and she's trying to knit herself a sweater out of spaghetti."

—Wesleyan Wasp

Student (At checker cab office)—
You won't have a car in for a half hour? But great Scott! I have to get down town the worst way.

Attendant—Then take a yellow.
—Iowa Frivol



SNAP—Why did you move out of that flat you just rented?

SNAPPER—Oh, it was too small to read the Sunday papers in!

—TORONTO GOBLIN



A Scotchman was seen frying his bacon in Lux to keep it from shrinking.

—Wesleyan Wasp



Slim — You're lookin' tough. What's th' matter, sick?

Slimmer—No, jus' recoverin' from a painful operation.

"What was it?"

"Th' doctor jus' took ten bones out of my hand!"

—Middlebury Blue Baboon

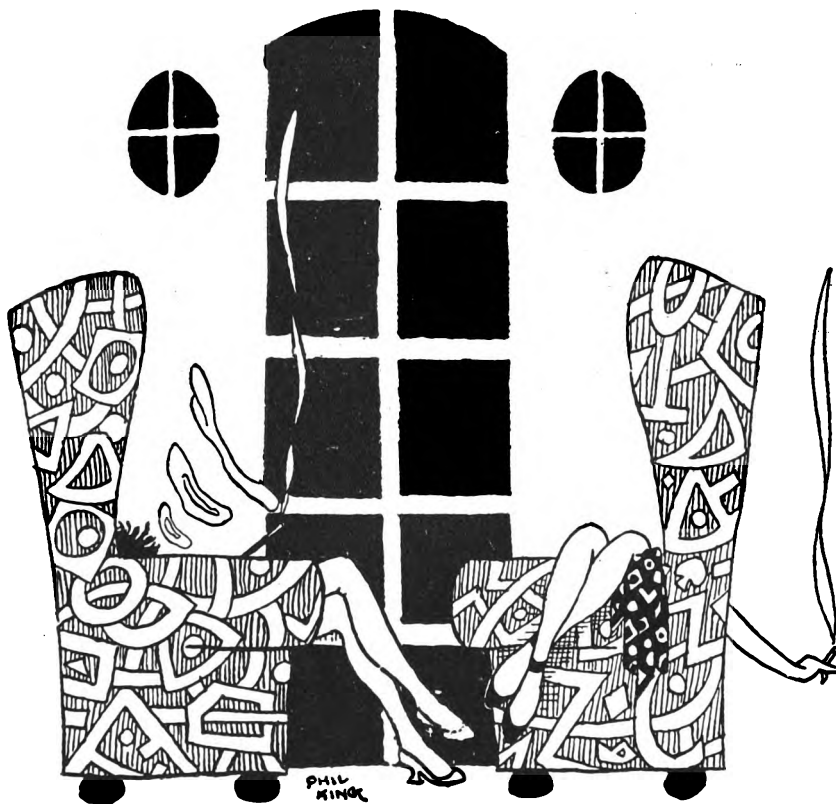


"What nationality are you?"

"Three-fourths German."

"What's the other fourth?"

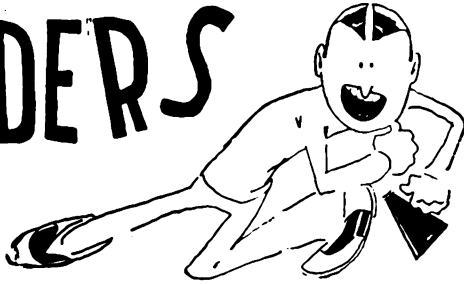
"A wooden leg." —Iowa Frivol



"Bill has nothing on his mind but girls, girls, girls!"
"Yeh, Bill certainly is a broad-minded fellow."

—IOWA FRIVOL

LEADERS



"Isn't this beastly weather we're having?"
 "I don't understand?"
 "Isn't it raining cats and dogs?"
 —Notre Dame Juggler

"Zounds, Xbazin, your friend certainly is a tireless swimmer."
 "Why not, Fefferface, he used to be a street cleaner in Venice."
 —Pitt Panther

"Hello! Hello! Cholly! Why not put whiskers on your Ford?"
 "And why, Hubert—and why?"
 "So it will resemble a Lincoln, my Cholly."
 —LEHIGH BURR



Child (Ending prayer)—And make Ireland independent.
Mother—My dear, why ask such an absurd thing in a prayer?
 "I put it that way in an exam."
 —Pitt Panther

"Johnny, Mrs. Jones is bringing her daughter to visit you; you'll have to wash your face and neck."
 "Naw, I won't neck her while Mrs. Jones is around."
 —Gettysburg Cannon Bawl

"Hands up!"
 "Oh, so you're a thug."
 "No, a palmist; you're going to have a financial loss."
 —WILLIAMS PURPLE COW

Woman—(To intruding burglar); Leave me at once!
Burglar—Gladly, I had no intention of taking you. —Pitt Panther

Better Half—What in the world's the matter with you, John?
Worser Half—I feel devilish.
 "That's fine. Run down and fire up the furnace, will you?"
 —Gettysburg Cannon Bawl



Realization
 I always thought you were a fickle maid
 Who led a careless life of fun and jazz;
 I always thought a game of bluff you played
 While giving me the well-known razz;
 I always thought you were unfaithful on the sly
 And only went around with me for spite;
 I always thought you'd leave me for another guy—
 I always thought these things, and I was right!
 —California Pelican

"What was George Washington noted for?"
 "His memory."
 "What makes you think his memory was so great?"
 "They erected a monument to it."
 —PITT PANTHER



Are you an unsuspecting public?

Long ago, I decided that the only time anything got wished on an unsuspecting public was when the public, down underneath, was *wishing* for it.

That certainly explains Mennen Shaving Cream. Men everywhere were cursing the torture of shaving and wishing somehow—

You know the answer. Today, Mennen stacks up a lather that makes the wiriest, bristlingest set of whiskers soft and limp. *Dermtation!* Even a dull razor can't help just naturally giving you a quick, super-clean shave.

Same way about Talcum for Men. A human-nature instinct for a little more comfort.

Well, Talcum for Men was made to blend with any masculine skin. It doesn't show. It's antiseptic, shine-dispelling, soothing, protecting. Good, honest he-man comfort which the he-men are falling for by millions.

Which brings me to the third item—Mennen Skin Balm. Filling one more long-felt want. A little squeeze on your finger-tips rotated gently around the shaved area—a little tingly *bite*—then a zippy, fresh, fragrant coolness spreading all over your face. Greaseless—absorbed in half a minute.

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

JUDGING the MOVIES

by William Morris Houghton



IN THE week just preceding this review the principal event in the movie world has been Valentino's death. Beyond the expression of a very genuine regret that Rudy should have been taken from us, I want to speak of the egregiously bad taste with which the thing was dramatized—in a manner suspiciously typical of the movies. Even in death, apparently, the movie star must function as a vehicle of cheap sentimentality and brazen publicity. How otherwise explain the decree that he should lie in state for a week while a huge mob fought for the sight of him, as if his bier had been a bargain counter? It is easy to believe that a great many fans were sincerely grief-stricken at his loss. It always hurts to see well-favored youth cut down at the height of its powers and opportunities, and Rudy had a personal charm quite apart from his talents and pulchritude. But for every genuine mourner there were bound to be thousands to whom the dead star was merely an object of vulgar curiosity, or morbid sentimentality, or worse. To pander to the appetites of such a public was something which even Barnum, I believe, would have shied from.

It is only fair, of course, to remember that Valentino's manager did cut the show short when it had become a police problem and an open scandal. Let's hope that Hollywood has learned its lesson.

There were other items—floral tributes too gross for any other object than to advertise their donors, which they did, and faintings that were heard round the world. Poor Rudy!

IT IS a distinct relief to be able to turn to something showing the restraint of good taste and self-respect, in this case to "Battling Butler," with Buster Keaton. Here is a farce comedy handled almost as deftly as any in Adolphe Menjou's repertoire, but with a humor none the less robust, or roBuster (do you mind so much?), for its sparing use of slapstick. Buster Keaton directed it himself so that its merits are a measure of the progress that young man has been making since first he began clowning for the screen. He has, indeed, improved on the original "Battling Butler,"

the musical comedy that ran for a year on Broadway. There is more of a story to the screen version, more subtlety of gag and circumstance, better setting, better acting. What it lacks is only that something that alas! never comes in the can.

"Battling Butler," it seems to me, lifts Buster Keaton into the front rank of funny men. It is also a splendid advertisement for Snitz Edwards, who takes the part of his valet, and to a less degree for Eddie Borden, the real Battling Butler's manager. Sally O'Neil, who takes the only female rôle of consequence, is undistinguished, due partly to the rôle.

It is worthy of note that movie comedies strike a much higher average of artistic excellence than movie romances. The world being what it is, the attitude of the kidder, I suspect, is the wiser and safer in any art, unless its practitioner is fairly confident of genius. To be sure, most movie actors and directors are confident of genius, but their confidence is misplaced.

Guide to the Movies

- "The Big Parade"—Lttaboy!
- "Ben-Hur"—Spectacular.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—The South Seas as they were.
- "La Bohème"—Lillian Gish and tears.
- "The Black Pirate"—Douglas Fairbanks.
- "For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.
- "Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
- "Wet Paint"—Smelly.
- "Paris"—Underworld hokum.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
- "Say It Again"—Richard Dix farce.
- "Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
- "Good and Naughty"—Clever farce with Pola.
- "The Volga Boatman"—Red melodrama.
- "The Brown Derby"—Good idea gone wrong.
- "The Palm Beach Girl"—The wild Bebe.
- "Lovey Mary"—Sugary.
- "The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chaney.
- "Variety"—An UFA masterpiece.
- "Up in Mabel's Room"—Bedroom farce.
- "Mantrap"—Sinclair Lewis snuffles.
- "Nell Gwyn"—Neatly done, Limies!
- "The Waltz Dream"—Slush out of Germany.
- "The Duchess of Buffalo"—Chester Conklin is there.
- "Oh, Baby"—Old stuff.
- "The Amateur Gentleman"—Barthelmess.
- "The Loves of Ricardo"—Slush, mush, gush.

Movie Plot Contest No. 8

Thicken the Plot Yourself!

Below is printed the basis of a typical movie plot with great open spaces. Copy this plot on a separate piece of paper and fill in the spaces, or use the form below if you wish. JUDGE will pay \$25 for the best filled in plot. By best, we mean the cleverest and funniest. One of these plots will be run each week, and a prize of \$25 given each week for the best one. In case two or more Contestants each submit the same winning plot each will receive the prize. You may submit as many plots as you wish. Contest No. 8 closes October 2, and the winning plot will be published in the October 23 issue. Send your plots to the **MOVIE PLOT EDITOR OF JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York.**

Thicken the Plot Yourself!

Out on a big ranch a is working by night, trying hard to One day the wealthy ranch owner arrives with from the East, and in spite of they, swear eternal. A gang of bandits holding for The cowboy mounts his and for days, finally -handed. As a reward for his , the makes him , and into the setting sun.

Movie Plot Contest No. 3

Young and beautiful Mrs. SPARROW is a wife whose HUSBAND HAS TAKEN TO DRINK AND TREATS HER ROUGH. Since her SPARROW is such a TOUGH BIRD, AND AS this makes her very unhappy, and she suspects that HE IS KEEPING BAD COMPANY, she employs a detective, who discovers that instead of BEING LED ASTRAY BY FAST FRIENDS, he is MERELY BROODING OVER HIS INABILITY TO SOLVE CROSSWORD PUZZLES. With a breaking heart she leaves home, going to WORK AS NURSE IN A HOME FOR FEEBLE-MINDED, where SHE FINDS THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE EDITOR IN THE WARD FOR INCURABLES. SHE KILLS HIM WITH A NOUN OF SIX LETTERS DISSOLVED IN HIS COFFEE, AND THUS love triumphs, and THE SPARROWS ARE REUNITED AND ARE living happily ever after.

J. A. Jacobsen



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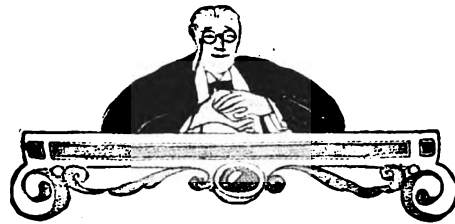
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PAUL KAYE 149 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Investment Bureau



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A Limit Looms by Theodore Williams

RECENT irregularity in the securities market indicated that the recovering tendency had for the time being reached its limit. Prices could not go on advancing indefinitely and a halt was in order to prevent another period of overspeculation. Even some of the strong holders of stocks began to take profits and distribute a part of their holdings. Prices sagged more or less, but the market was largely professional and became comparatively dull, the public not having as yet rushed in to any great extent. The technical position was such that some reaction was inevitable, but market manipulators seemed content with fairly moderate breaks and did not seem to wish for a drastic decline.

Unless the multitude unexpectedly is incited to buy stocks at their current high levels, we should have a see-sawing general market for some time to come. That is not to say that a number of new highs will not be made in the next few weeks or months. But the public seems to have learned a certain degree of caution and is no longer so eager as formerly to climb after issues that are at or near peak. The burned speculators dread the fire and shrewd genuine investors will not commit themselves except when tempted by substantial recessions. Hence there may be a waiting interval until expanding corporation earnings and promising prospects fully justify further material advances. Instances of this sort there will undoubtedly be, and those who watch carefully the course of business and eschew mere tips and rumors may occasionally make a fortunate hit. This nation is sailing just now on the sea of unexampled prosperity. Of course, storms may burst forth from one quarter or another and disturb the calm of the favorable situation.

Otherwise the country will proceed to pile up added income and to put more value into the securities which our industrial, commercial and financial enterprises have issued. Then and so far, rising quotations may again be looked for. It would be unwise, however, to take these for granted and to ignore the need of discrimination in purchases.

Answers to Inquiries

D., CHATHAM, N. Y.: Explanation of the decline in Norwalk Tire & Rubber common is found in the fact that in the nine months ended June 30, 1926, the company suffered a deficit of \$111,858, and that even the present dividend of 80 cents (cut down recently from \$1.00) is in danger. The minor tire companies, as well as the minor automobile companies, are up against severe competition. Only the strong organizations seem likely to flourish.

V., ELMIRA, N. Y.: Net profit of the Underwood Typewriter Company for the first six months of the year, after payments of dividends on pfd., expenses, taxes, etc., were equivalent to \$2.50 a share on common (par \$25). This was less than in the first half of 1925, and yet it showed the company's ability to more than earn the common dividend of \$4. The showing is not impressive, but you can quite prudently hold your shares.

Q., PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.: General Electric's business is characterized by stability rather than by spectacular profits. Its recent semi-annual statement showed \$2.63 per share on its new common stock (a subdivision of the old stock 4 to 1). The new common receives a dividend of \$3 cash and \$1 in special 6 per cent. stock selling above its par of \$10. On this dividend basis the common's quotation is too high. That is a tribute to its investment quality, but you can do better for the same outlay by buying a good 7 per cent. pfd. issue.

E., SACRAMENTO, CAL.: As the Air Reduction Company pays only \$5 yearly on its one class of stock, the latter's price, about \$136, is excessive. It has probably discounted possible increase of earnings or increase of dividend. The company has made forward strides and is keeping up its pace. Net profits for the first half of the year were \$6.56 per share or at the rate of \$13.12 for the year, compared with \$10.05 for 1925. The company allows large sums for depreciation, which draws down net earnings figures. In five years it has spent \$10,000,000 out of income for extending its plant system, now comprising forty-five units well located in different parts of the country. It is a good company to tie to if you can put up with the rather moderate present return on market price.

T., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: Paying but \$3 a year, American Safety Razor stock, quoted around \$65, is less inviting than are numerous other issues. However, the company earned \$3.26 per share in the half year ending June 30, and if that rate of profit persists there will be an excellent chance of a higher dividend.

J., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: Stockholders of the Ajax Rubber Company can derive no consolation from the latest half-yearly report. Net earnings amounted to only 15 cents per share, as against 32 cents in the like period in 1925. Owners of the stock have had an unpleasant experience for a number of years. Should anything occur to cause a temporary rise in the shares it would be wise to dispose of them.

L., THURMONT, PA.: Intertype Corporation is reported to be in a prosperous condition, with increasing earnings. The regular dividend on the common stock is \$1, but extras have also been paid, and if these are maintained the shares will

be paying \$2 yearly. That is a fine return on the current price of the common stock. The stock is a good business man's speculation.

F., WASHINGTON, D. C.: I do not advise purchase at this time by you of any more shares of Middle States Oil or Transcontinental Oil. Both issues are in too uncertain a position to make them enticing as speculations even for the long pull. Why take needless risks? The best way to recoup your losses on these stocks is to buy good sound dividend payers.

Z., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.: There are no data at hand concerning the Diamond-field Black Butte Company. But you could not expect much from a mining stock quoted at only 4 cents per share and afterward withdrawn from the curb. It looks as if you had made a bad deal. The Mexican Seaboard Oil Company was formerly a dividend payer, but because of shrinking income dividends were suspended. The company reports a deficit in earnings that makes unlikely any returns to stockholders for a long time to come. Better buy some dividend payer.

R., CALGARY, CANADA: Atchison, New York Central, Southern Railway, Congress Cigar and Pan American Petroleum B have all declined moderately from your purchase prices, but not enough to worry over, as they all have merit and might quickly recover in case of an upward move in an irregular market. If you have bought outright you are perfectly safe for the long pull. If you have bought on margin better be prepared to strengthen it rather than to sell at a loss.

D., EAST ARLINGTON, VT.: I have no knowledge of the market forecasting sheet you mention, but the mere fact that it advised purchase of National Tin is enough to discredit it. This stock is a mere gamble and where it once sold as high as \$14, it was because people were duped into buying it. No advices have been received regarding any really valuable deposit of tin in the United States. National Tin stock fluctuated so suspiciously that the managers of the Curb Exchange have stricken it from the list. They alleged that there was no genuine market for it.

W., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: I am not familiar with the publications you mention which profess to give advance information of the movements of the market. There are numerous "tip" services offered to speculators, but the guesses they make are by no means reliable and it is usually safer to avoid them than to follow them.

B., SEATTLE, WASH.: Latest available advices regarding the Julian Petroleum Company state that it was to be merged with the Marine Corporation, under the name of California Eastern Oil Corporation, which is to become the subsidiary of one of the largest eastern oil companies. Some time ago arrears of dividends on Julian preferred stock were settled by payments of cash and stock, but there seem to have been no dividends paid on common.

G., LYNNBROOK, L. I.: Happiness Candy, selling at less than \$7 and paying 50 cents yearly, is a fair business man's minor investment, but its speculative possibilities do not at this time appear brilliant. Future earnings may brighten the prospect.

P., SEA GIRT, N. J.: No recent information concerning the U. S. Steamship Co. has been obtainable. From past disclosures, the chance of stockholders ever getting back any of their money is exceedingly slim.

B., SUFFERN, N. Y.: Beneficial Loan Society bonds have considerable merit. Early buyers of them have already received about 117 per cent. interest and profits, and as the society is doing a successful business there appears no reason to doubt that returns will be maintained until the bonds mature and are redeemed.

P., WILMETTE, ILL.: Probably as good a book as you can find for beginning a study of the stock market is "The Stock Exchange from Within," an authoritative work by W. C. Van Antwerp, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. You should also send to brokers for the free circulars and booklets they advertise and which deal with certain current aspects of the market. A first-class financial publication would also prove helpful. Some of the Chicago dailies have excellent stock market reports, and handle financial matters copiously. It would advantage you to read their financial departments with care. As you are a university man, I hardly need tell you that finance, like every other subject, has infinite details as well as general principles, and can never be wholly mastered by any one mind. Years of study will not necessarily make one successful as a speculator or investor. One needs good judgment and good luck for that, and even the most experienced may fail to make fortunes. The novice is almost certain to be "bitten" and he cannot be too conservative and cautious. The stock market is a great lottery with few big prizes.

H., JACKSON, MISS.: Macfadden Publications stock and any other Macfadden issues are not particularly desirable, and I cannot advise their purchase. There are safer things to buy. I have no record of such concerns as the Graham Oil & Refining Co. and the American Gas Improvement Co., but as your letters to the companies have been returned you may justly hope for the worst. I suggest that you turn your attention away from obscure, cheap and doubtful stocks to issues that are well known and that are paying dividends.

R., MAMARONECK, N. Y.: A clergyman friend of mine took his family to France this year for a vacation because he could exchange American money for francs at such a low price for the latter that he could live more cheaply there than if he remained in this country. The plan worked out all right in his case. But if the franc, as many had feared, had declined to much lower figures, the cost of things in France would have gone up and he would have got less out of his investment. If you could be sure that the franc would maintain its present value or go higher, the scheme proposed by the French woman would be tempting. But the future of the franc is uncertain. It would be too risky to invest heavily in it. Owing to the unsettled financial conditions in France French bonds also are rather hazardous investments.

W., PITTSBURGH, PA.: While it has merit, Cities Service common has not the degree of safety you as a small investor insist upon. The preferred shares would be nearer your requirement. They have a good record and a good outlook.

H., RIVERSIDE, CAL.: Illinois Northern Utilities preferred, Standard Gas and Electric preferred, Middle West Utilities common, preferred, and prior lien, and Dodge Brothers preferred are all in the meritorious and dividend-paying class and good to hold. Dodge Brothers A is not a dividend payer and it would be safer to buy a stock which is making a return.

B., HOUSTON, PA.: It is not clear how you managed to secure shares of the Capitol Refining Company, for the entire stock is owned by the Jacob Dold Packing Company. The Capitol Company's plant is not operating. The Dold Company has paid nothing on common stock since 1917 and the preferred dividend paid in October last was not earned, the company having suffered a deficit. These facts make the Dold stocks not very desirable.

D., PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.: Late detailed statistics regarding Gold Center Mines, Ltd., are lacking. In 1922 the property was but slightly developed. Have you applied to headquarters for the company's reports? They should tell you enough to inform you whether your shares are worth keeping. New York, September 11, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

The Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla., invites investigation of the 8 per cent. bonds which it is offering. Its booklet, "Why Florida Investments Pay Up To 8%," gives "Florida's five reasons for 8 per cent. and safety," and reveals the character of the investment service rendered by this company. The company distributes bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, with partial payments arranged. It will send a copy of the booklet (217) to any applicant.

In its booklet "Before You Invest," the Milton Straus Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., discloses the requirements of the corporation's first mortgage real estate bond offerings, and aims to guide investors in the intelligent selection of bond investments. It shows how safety can be assured by a generous margin of security and ample earnings. The corporation will mail the booklet (J-94) to any address.



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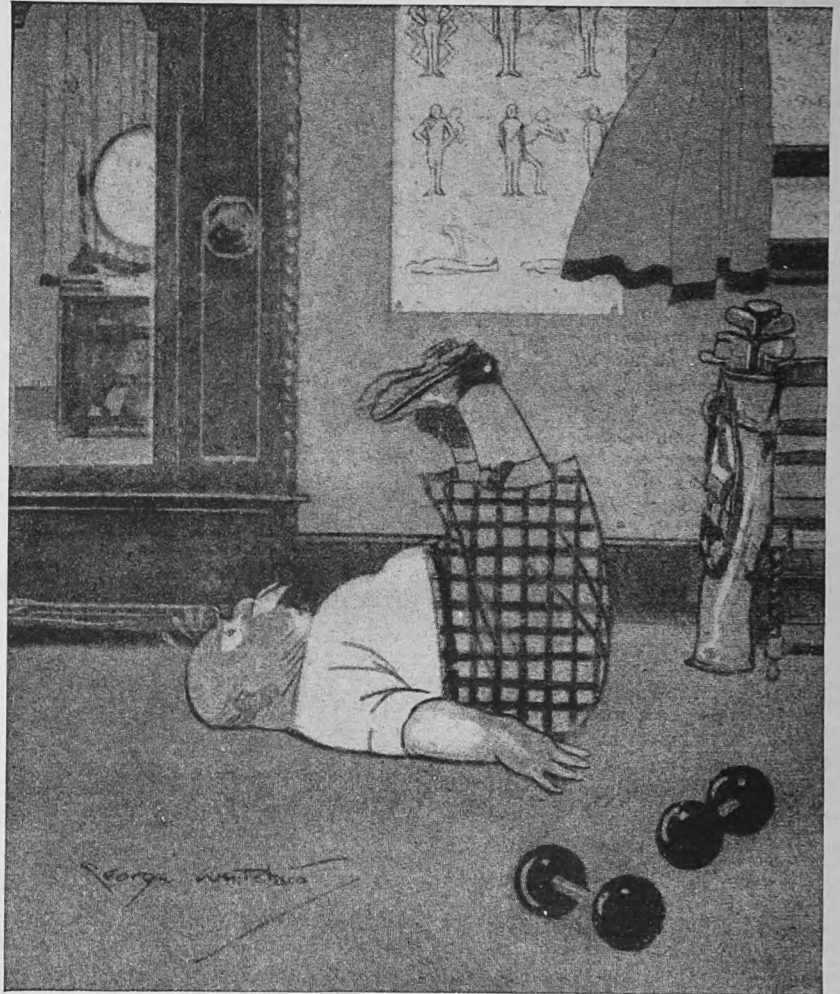
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Reducing his handicap.

—Passing Show

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 18)

never spread himself more lavishly. For the cost of a single one of his costumes, Mr. Carroll might have hired Ring Lardner to do a whole sketch. True enough, there aren't more than a couple of such costumes, but the estimable Ring might even have been bribed out of a good joke for the cost of one of the hundreds of elaborately beaded *ceintures de Sumner*. The good joke would have helped matters considerably, for as things stand there is nothing to laugh at but the spectacle of a stage full of nude women. A stage full of nude women may interest any number of Sunday school superintendents, Y. M. C. A. presidents, Yale sophomores and bloomer salesmen, but so far as the present professor is concerned he'd rather look at Joe Cook with all his clothes on.

It may be, however, that Mr. Carroll, a sagacious showman, has done the thing deliberately, duly appreciating that a platform full of women in the altogether is ten times funnier than all the sketches and jokes Ring

Lardner or anybody else could write. About one woman out of every 2,000, my pastor informs me, is sufficiently attractive without clothes on not to give a man a severe colic. The average member of the fair sex, unclothed, is, the same authority tells me, about as lovely as a German umbrella *jardinère* turned upside down. My own purely amateur experience of the subject, gained from a vision of the revue stages, persuades me to believe that my reverend friend knows more or less what he is talking about. After looking at the undressed "Vanities" ladies for two hours, I found it necessary to support myself with an æsthetic bolus in the shape of a protracted staring at the mother-hubbards in the Seventh avenue shop window to the right of the theater entrance.

Since the visual attributes of this year's "Vanities" do Earl Carroll proud, it is a pity that he didn't look as closely after the other features of his exhibit. As things are, if you want to *see* a good show, I recommend his offering to you, and highly. But if you want to *hear* a good show, that is another matter.

High Hat

(Continued from page 8)

mended to get in. I don't mean any Fifth avenue club, or Elks, but a club that it means something to belong to. And the advantages of it will be that a night club manager will know that anyone with the pin or an engraved coin or something like that—in the shape of a High Hat—is able to hold his likker. A club with a reputation. I don't know if the Editor would let you start anything like that in the magazine, but if he would! Get some one you know in different towns to get it going. You know plenty. The best way to get going, seems to me, would be to get a High Hatter in each college. They—college men—move around most—and each High Hatter could spread the doctrine, subject to home approval, and all that rot. But still—why not lie awake nights over it? At least, it's a good idea. Small black High Hat pins could be made up for a dollar or two. Gosh, in time you could even have city directories published of members. A visiting High Hatter could look up the tall hat of the town, and get hep. Why, it's something that the country needs. The younger degeneration needs it. Gosh! Why not?

I'm a hick. I go to Harvard, too. I'm a bum. Sure! But—I'm going to be in New York in a couple of weeks for a few days or daze, more properly. I've my own crowd there, so I'm not trying to horn in. But I'd like to look at you once, and see if you really do wear a High Hat. I'm threatening to try and uncover your personality. But if I do—it's a dyed or died—either—in the wool secret. I know where to get IT in town, so don't worry there. But I would like to look you over once. I suppose everybody in Manhattan has been doing that—or trying to, rather—as well as every visiting hick—and I also know you are very, very busy and your work keeps you occupied all the time—but that won't stop me. I'm going to be there some time after the seventh, and once again I warn you—I'm going to look for you.

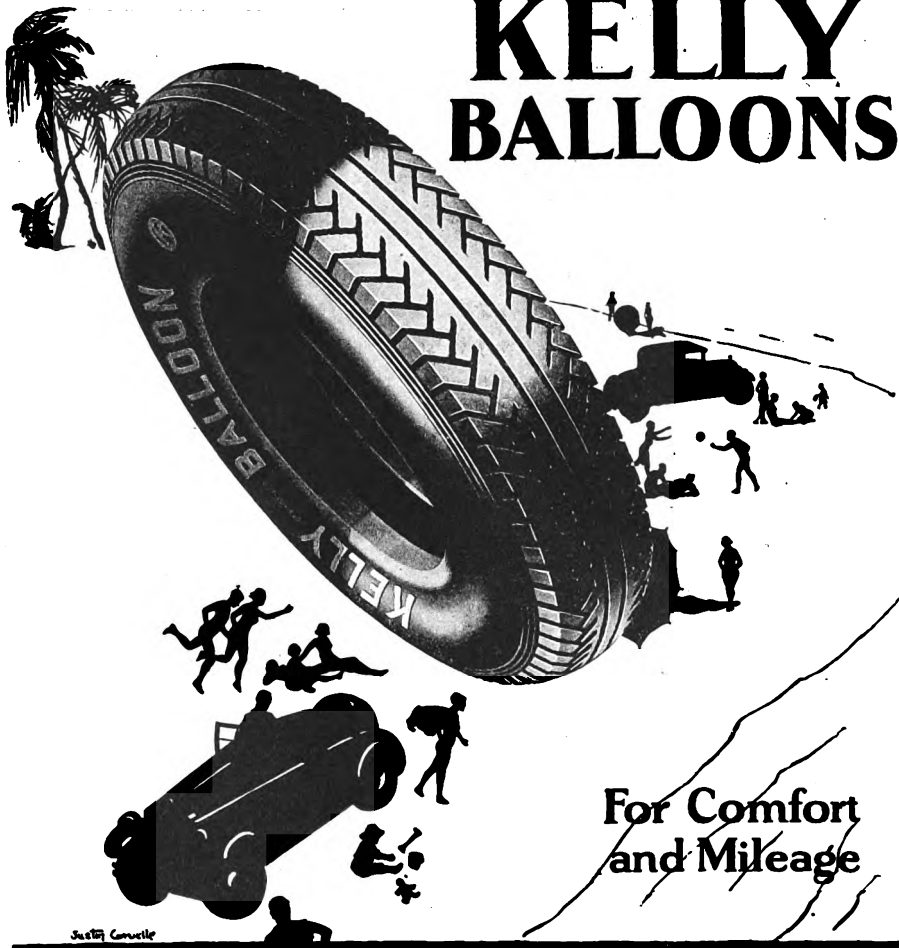
Van Phelan



Welcome to our city, Brother Van Phelan! How do you like our tall buildings and our American women?

Judge Jr.

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For Comfort
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—Humorist

✽

Chauffeur—Don't stand gaping there! Fetch the village doctor.

Peasant—It's him you have run over! —Dorfbarbier (Berlin)

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Winifred J. Deasy, 2445 Union Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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K. N. Meyercord, Box 113, Hanover, N. H.



"Try This On Your Piano!"

W. R. Gilman, Box 511, Columbus, O.



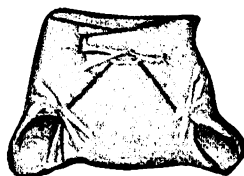
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L. Villamil, Florida, N. Y.

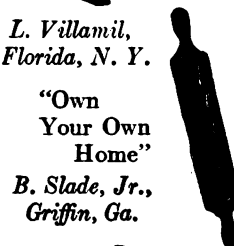


"For Tired Feet"

L. Ristitch, 2554 John R Street, Detroit, Mich.

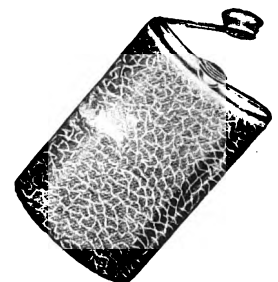


"When Seconds Count"
F. M. Kraeger, 721 Rugby Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.



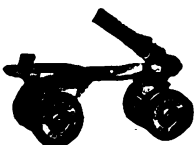
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B. Slade, Jr., Griffin, Ga.



"Such Popularity Must Be Deserved!"

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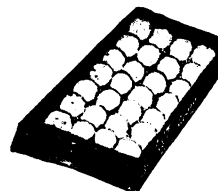
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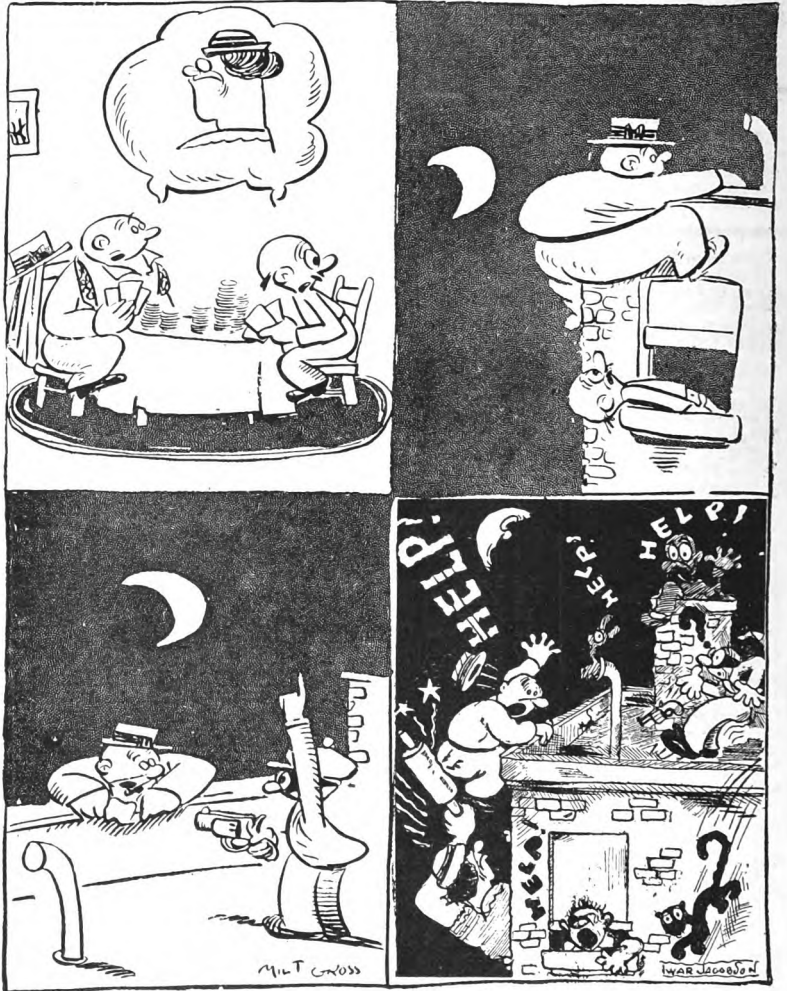
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Contest No. 56



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Runners Up



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

William Farlie, East Orange, N. J.



A. C. Blum, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Edw. Miller, Jr., De Soto, Mo.



C. James Smith, II, Coronado, Cal.

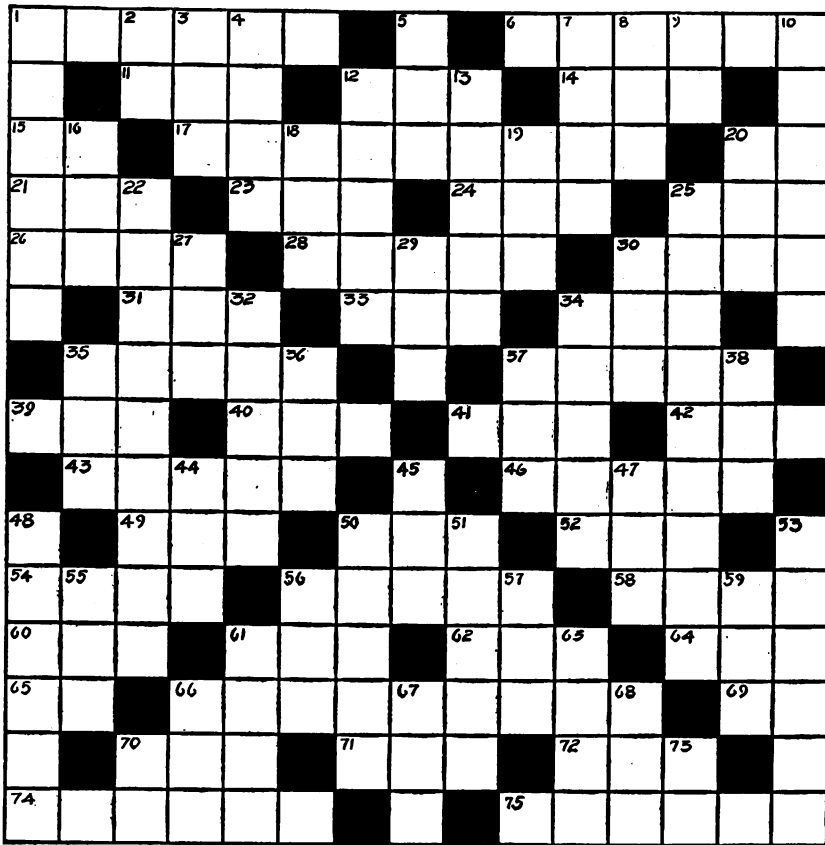


Eugene Martin, Bronx, New York.



Max E. Chilton, Saginaw, Mich.

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 91



Submitted by J. Vannucci, Williamsport, Pa. Judge pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. Pittsburgh stogies or St. Louis cigarettes.
6. Make certain.
11. Disencumber.
12. Bootlegger's assistant.
14. The result of electrolytic decomposition.
15. Form of the verb "be."
17. Fatiguingly.
20. Conjunction.
21. Sparking place.
23. A month (abbr.)
24. Spanish river.
25. Lemonade without any lemon.
26. Light yellowish brown.
28. When America became dry.
30. These are very crude and unrefined.
31. The fellow who looks like Mike.
33. Gob.
34. The unit of work or energy.
35. The perfect prohibition officer.
37. A kind of a puzzle.
39. Inebriate interjection.
40. A large vessel.
41. Something schooners used to sail over.
42. An Irish gathering.
43. An Egyptian waterway.
46. This kind of vampire is all wet.
49. A step in France.
50. Part of the verb "to have."
52. The way a poet gets even.
54. A bunch of Cuckoo Ku Kluxers.
56. Implied.
58. A step in America (see 49 Horizontal).
60. To be ill.
61. A long, long time.
62. Sphere.
64. Norwegian banana peel.
65. A shave tail (abbr.).
66. These come from grocery stores.
69. Half a printer's measure.
70. This is usually found near the seashore.
71. What's the good word to a chorus girl?
72. A summer coat.
74. Most positive.
75. Things that bibulous butchers cut.

Vertical

1. Fish coats.
2. Conjunction.
3. The burglar's grip.
4. Internationally famous garden.
5. Also.
7. This makes cows contented.
8. A kind of a bean.
9. A very indefinite French article.
10. A way out.
12. A kind of a cat.
13. More than 99 44/100% pure.
16. It seems there was a Scotchman—
18. Put on.
19. Exclamation of righteous indignation.
20. Short poem usually written to taunts.
22. The leading man in "Abie's Irish Rose."
25. Domestic scenes.
27. An abbreviated instrument of torture.
29. This is very moving.
30. Same as 62 Vertical.
32. These are found running around housetops.
34. Weird.
35. Something Government employees do.
36. Kiddie Karrier.
37. Rejuvenated American Saps (init.).
38. A chip.
44. Reformer's delight.
45. A sheepish remark.
47. Things (Legal Latin).
48. Indian souvenirs.
50. From this time.
51. A snooty reply or a shot of nose paint.
53. Thinks, believes, supposes, or what do you?
55. Elevated or cock-eyed.
56. This comes from contented cows.
57. Three.
59. Piece out.
61. Periods of time.
63. A Greek letter (not a billet-doux).
66. Keep to the right.
67. Scandal catcher.
68. There's one in every family tree.
70. Senior. (Abbr.)
73. Point of the compass.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

P	R	O	M	I	S	E		M	A	N	I	A	C	S
A	I	D	E		T	R	E	E		F	I	R	M	
R	O	D		R	U	M		T	A	P		R	O	E
A	T		R	A	B	I	D		M	E	W		W	D
D		S	O	W		N	A	G		T	A	M		L
E	M	I	T		Z	E	R	O	S		R	I	C	E
S	U	N		B	O		K		P	A	N	T	R	Y
	T		F	I	N	E		S	U	D	S		E	
B	E	R	A	T	E		K		M	O		W	E	B
U	S	E	R		D	A	N	C	E		B	A	L	L
R		P	A	R		S	I	R		S	E	X		O
G	M		D	A	D		T	E	P	E	E		E	N
L	O	T		P	E	A		D	O	E		B	A	D
A	R	E	A		A	S	T	I	R		H	O	S	E
R	E	N	T	E	R	S		T	E	A	P	O	T	S

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She wasn't over twenty, but she knew
her little book,
And her manner was so innocently
frank,
That when she wanted something,
she'd assume a certain look,
And, really, he'd have gone and rob-
bed a bank.

FROM

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BY

Maurice Switzer

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AGENTS

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Even, Steven

JUDGE.
MOST TOLERANT SIR: As a fairly regular reader of your witty weekly, the time now comes where it is absolutely essential to have my say—or bust. I am up in the wide open spaces, etc., and although I made no provision for a copy of your interesting periodical, our chef, may his name lead all the rest, presented me with a copy of the issue of July 31.

Many a laugh echoed through this shack—until I came to the "Judge for Yourself" column—and then, shades of Mars! I reached for my 50-50 and had a notion to buy a one-way ticket to Cambridge, Mass.

The reason? I thought you knew—it was that splendid, 110 per cent. American, soul inspiring, expressional letter from one named Steven McCray, who resides at the center of higher learning—Harvard.

I am very familiar, of course, with your liberal policy in regard to publishing letters from readers—but I simply cannot understand why the line is not drawn on such bilge as has been sent in by the above-named moron. It seems to me, that if I was editor of your magazine, I would first open all letters with a pair of tongs (lest that dreaded disease "babbittis" be contagious) and then upon finding such a prize exhibition of stupidity, I would quickly cast same into the nearest waste basket.

Mr. McCray makes sentimental reference to our brave boys who now lie in France. Did Mr. McCray ever stop to think that our boys died for exactly what some fearless literary men are trying to get back for America? I suppose not. A person with little enough brains to compose such a beautiful letter, never thinks. Instead, I believe that in view of the fact that he resides so near Boston, he mails his annual donation to the Watch and Ward Society, for their pursuit of Democracy, pats himself on the back and then hangs out the flag.

I close with one plea, after you get through with this letter, be a bit more discriminating in publishing missles from readers, or you are surely bound to receive a letter from the Supreme Kleagle of the Klan telling you that it is an honorable body.

Yours for life, liberty and the extinction of saps,
Fishers Island, N. Y. Arthur Rice
July 29, 1926.

How Intelligent She Is!

DEAR EDITORS: Life on the Mexican Border wouldn't be worth living if it wasn't for Judas invading this remote region every Wednesday. Anybody who doesn't like Judas is too far gone for the doctor to do any good. What they need is a specialist.

Laredo, Tex., is a border town known as the "land of the spree and the home of the knives." Where the dry agents wear badges in order to keep from selling to one another.

Some say that light wine and beer will retard the crime wave. Why not bring back good old pure 100-proof red whisky, and save the country?

If Al Smith and Ma Ferguson are nominated running mates in the 1928 campaign, Ma's stand against the bootleggers will elect both of them. She believes that the big bootlegger should be prosecuted the same as the little one.

I'm not a Kluck, and the boys and girls that belong don't carry the tar and feathers with 'em any more, and they all vote the Democratic ticket straight.

I haven't been a reader of JUDGE all my life, but I expect to be the rest of my life.

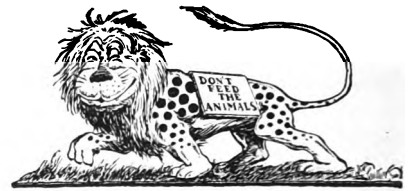
Yours till bootleg passes the Pure Food Law,
Laredo, Tex. Miss Mary Mack
May 28, 1926.

Ignored

DEAR JUDGE: I enclose coupon with \$2 in currency for twenty-one weeks of JUDGE. My husband enjoys it and I usually get it at the newsstand every week, but they are not particular about saving it so I miss it frequently.

I am not subscribing because of your wise cracks at the Volstead Law, either. We simply ignore them. I have lived through twenty-five years of wetness and five years of Prohibition and feel that I am competent to make my own personal deductions. For my country's good I am for Prohibition.

Tallahassee, Fla. Yours very truly,
August 4, 1926. Elinor Amos



..... sign on the dotted line

NOTICE TO JUDGE CONTRIBUTORS

ENCLOSE NO return postage when you submit Funnybones, Epilaulghs, Toasts of the Day, Dizzy Labels or Lizzie Labels to JUDGE. And have no fear of rejection slips.

Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.

The hundreds of Funnybones, Epilaulghs and Lizzie Labels received daily have forced this drastic policy upon us.

But for prompt attention, address manuscripts in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

- Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,
- Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,
- Epilaulghs—Epilaulgh Editor of JUDGE,
- Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,
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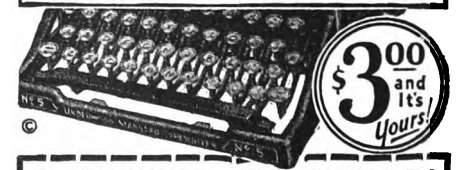
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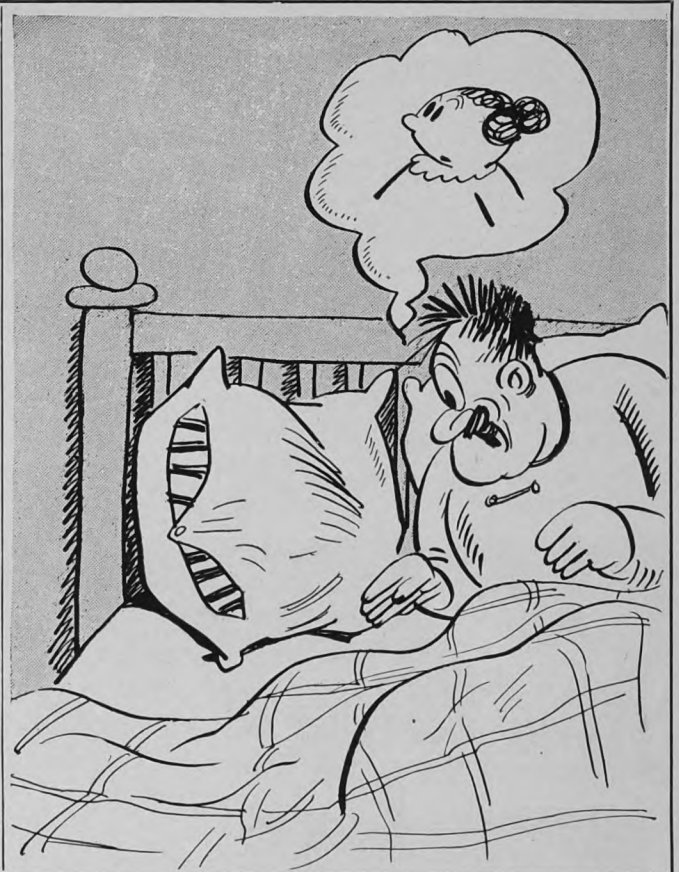
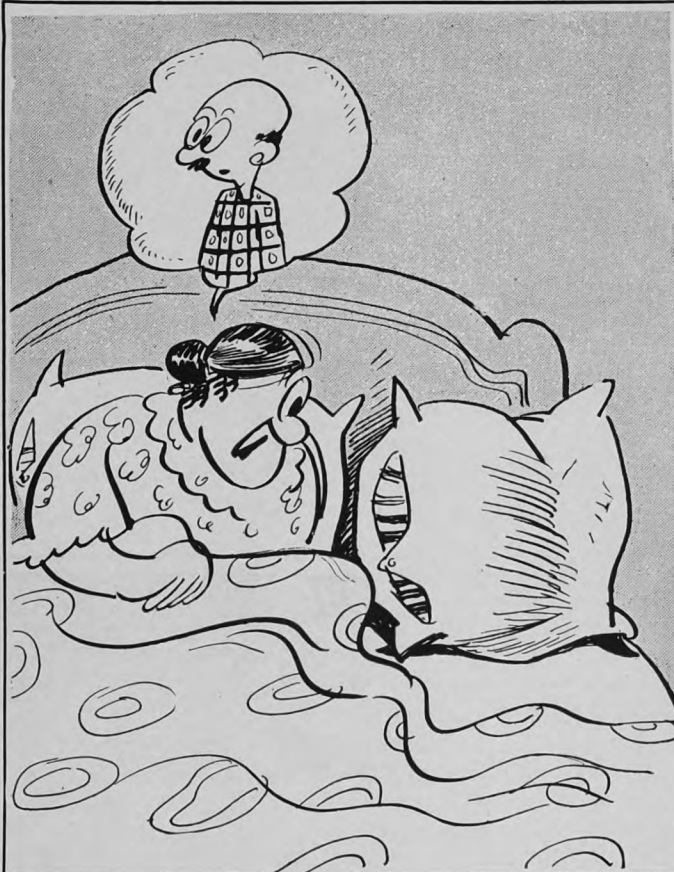
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JUDGE will pay \$25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

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 September 27. Winning ending appears in the issue of October 16.



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When Indian summer days are come—and with gay companions you saunter over the friendly fields—have a Camel!



No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—*have a Camel!*

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellow mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. You'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road—

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND
THE PURSUIT OF
HAPPINESS

JUDGE

WEATHER FORECAST
(For the head lands)
FAIR

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1926

DYERS ON STRIKE

THE blonde chorus girls of Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies recently threatened to go on strike because of some proposed Spanish settings. In fact a straw vote had been taken, the dye was cast, and the motto of the blondes was to have been "Strike While the Curling Iron is Hot."

THE water in the English Channel is now said to be so cold that aspirants even though well oiled can make but little progress with their swimming. From now on Americans who make the trip will get well oiled and then go across on skates.

THE police officials of Chicago have started a campaign against motorists who attempt to pick up girls. In most parts of the country, motorists leave the picking up job to the ambulances.

FRENCH FRANC FALLS

THE financial condition of France is now said to be on such an unstable basis that money has practically no value. Over there, however, it will still purchase a glass of real beer.

THE sequel to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is now at the publisher's and will soon be on the market. Another sequel to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is "Give Me a Large Bottle of Peroxide, Please."

BIG OIL SCANDAL

THE Government chemists are said to have discovered a method of mixing alcohol with a certain odorous oil in such a way that bootleggers can no longer use it. To those of us who have heard similar reports this sounds like the kind of oil that comes from bananas.

A MAN in New York accused of stealing a pair of fencing foils from a pawn shop told the magistrate that he stole because he was hungry. It came out later, however, that he was an Italian baker and not a sword swallower.



If the whole truth were known this is what gentlemen would prefer.
[Ed. NOTE: We really don't believe this!]



"Who was the gentleman I seen you with last night?"
 "That wasn't no gentleman, I'm a brunette!"

Blondes Prefer Gentlemen

Nix on them bimbos, them bell-bottomed slim bos,
 Who can't treat a dame with respect;
 Give me the sure guys, demure, pure, secure guys
 Who don't leave your coiffure all wrecked.
 You take the sheik stuff! The meek stuff, the weak stuff,
 The treatment no lady resents
 Surely suffices a damsel who nice is,
 For lady-like blondes favor gents.
 Gawd, but the he-men, the out-on-a-spreem men,
 The joy friends and boy friends too wild
 Never get by me, for guys satisfy me
 As long as they're genteel and mild.
 Frolicsome squires and out-of-town buyers
 Whose checks help us dames pay our rents—
 Lay off the gruff stuff, the primitive rough stuff,
 For lady-like blondes favor gents.
Arthur L. Lippmann

The Blondes of Matrimony

Estelle—I suppose you knew that Genevieve lost her husband?

Maybelle—No, I hadn't heard. What was the trouble—high blood pressure?

"No—high blonde pressure."

Golden Thoughts

Most any girl is glad to find a blonde heir on her shoulder.



She was a strawberry blonde, but she gave me the razzberry.



Golden hair is frequently the reflection of what's in the mind beneath it.



It's always fair weather when gentlemen get together.

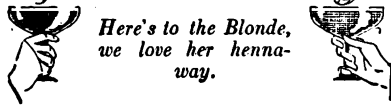


Kipling didn't know blondes when he wrote "The Charge of the Light Brigade."



JUDGE's patent vacuum doorway for removing blonde hairs from the shoulder.

Roasts of the day



Here's to the Blonde,
we love her henna-
way.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

Dilemma

THE streets were filled with surging mobs. Lips, grimly shut, dared not breathe the fear that was in the hearts of all. Women wrung their hands. Strong men shook visibly. All was silence.

The strain increased, became unbearable. Here and there hysterical screams began to rend the air—signs of the stricken, apprehensive hearts of women. Men cursed at the world, at each other.

Trouble was upon the land. Despair was writ on every countenance. The future, dark and foreboding, weighed upon one and all like a great, leaden mass.

The world's supply of bleaching compound had been exhausted.

J. C. E.

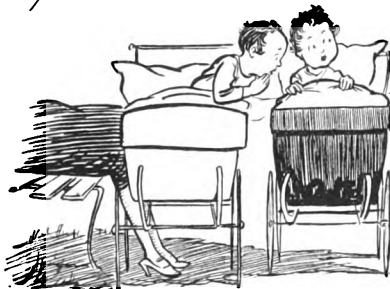


The old-fashioned girl used to set her cap for a man. The modern girl sets her kneecap for him.

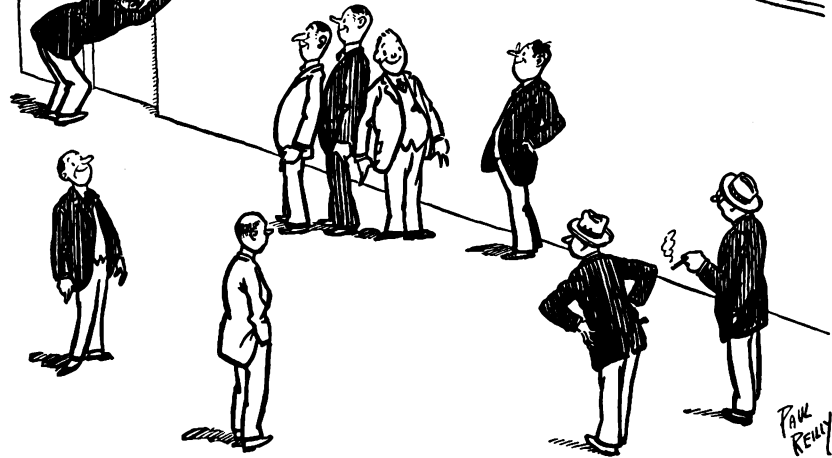
DIZZY LABELS

We call her Lorelie—
She's a "Loos" character.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.



SKEPTICAL BABY—Very probably bleached, I should say.



FAMOUS SAYINGS

"Don't cheer boys, the poor devils are dyeing."

And Don't Forget Your Tuxedo!

Suggestion for any male who would like some famous actress to love him—call on her and take your pipe along.

The Cause

Passing Motorist—You're hurt. There's blood on your face.

Victim of Auto Accident—No—that's lipstick.



If it wasn't for short skirts the pedestrian might stand a chance.



Mose—Was yo' wife speechless with rage?

Sam—My wife nebah gits dat mad.

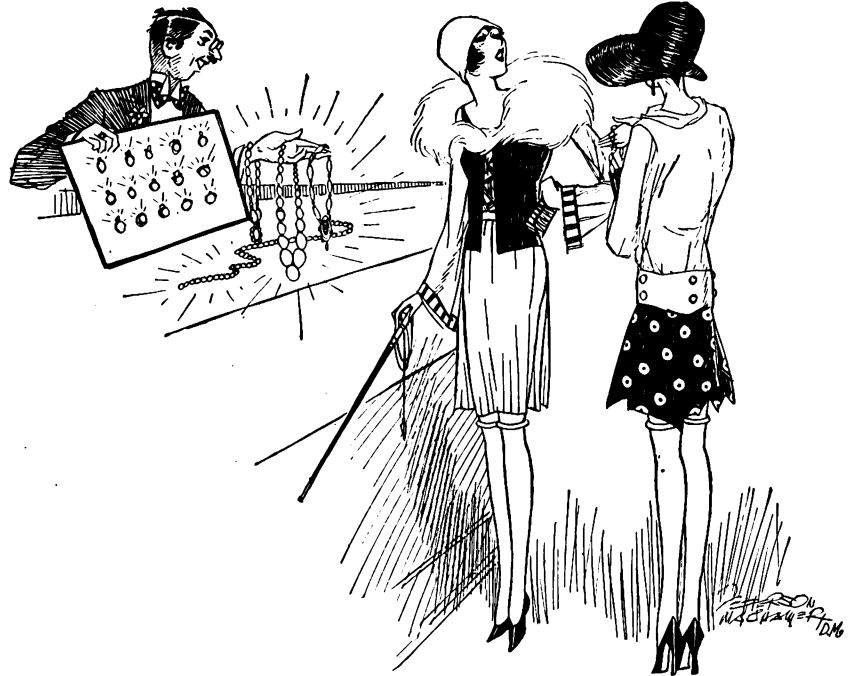


STOCKS AND BLONDES

Pæan in Praise of Peroxide

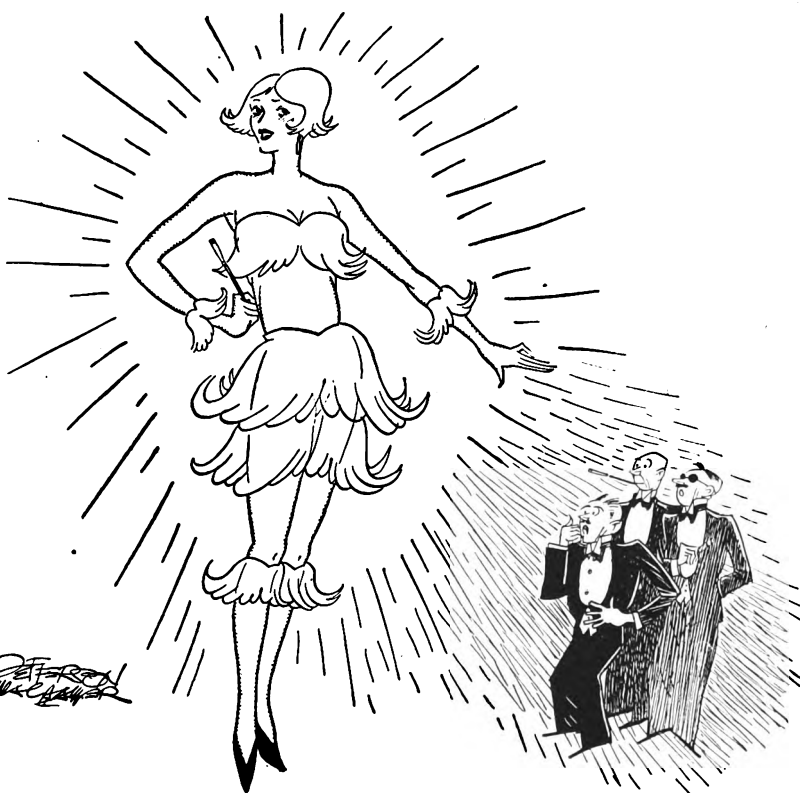
Oh, Peroxide,
Wondrous oxide,
Molten gold that flows,
Now and then a
Dame whose henna
Head won't tempt the beaux
Your name blesses
When her tresses
Make the gents grow fond;
You're first aid to
Any maid who
Wisely would be blonde.
Dark-haired beauties
Were the cuties
When the waltz held sway.
Titian Mabels
Sported sables—
But the girls to-day,
Shrewd and fox-eyed,
Use peroxide
Since they learned *these* views:
"I aver the
Gents prefer the
Blondes," sez 'Nita Loos.

A. L. L.



"We should worry, Jen, as long as bootleggers prefer brunettes!"

"He has such a sad face. I wonder why?"
"Probably because it's his face."



If blonde bobs are smart—why not carry out the design?

The New Webster

Blonde, noun, feminine gender

A BLONDE is a cross between a brunette and a drug store. Blondes are found in musical comedy choruses, in hotel lobbies and in the company of elderly gentlemen who ought to know better. In some States, a couple of blonde hairs on a gentleman's coat sleeve is sufficient grounds for divorce; in other States it is the lapel of the coat that the blonde hair must be on and it must be accompanied by the rest of the head, affidavits from at least two witnesses and a good lawyer's arguments. Blondes come in all sizes, shapes and shades, and once they start coming it's very hard to stop 'em.

R. C. O'Brien

Author—What would you advise me to do in order to write for you?
Confession Magazine Editor—Go and sin some more.

DIZZY LABELS

They call her Ruth because she must have her Huggins.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.



Coining money.

The Great Greek Beauty Contest

GEOLOGICALLY speaking, it isn't so long ago that the most famous of all beauty contests was held in ancient Greece. And in those days a good-looking girl was a good-looking girl and not a "rag and a bone and a hank of hair," a "cup of coffee, a sandwich and you," or any other of the famous trinities.

Well, the Greek populace turned out to a man and, I might add, to a woman. Slaves rubbed shoulders with the bon ton, philosophers wandered aimlessly amid the throng, young Spartans with foxes gnawing at their vitals lent a pleasing touch to the scene. All was laughter and gaiety, and above the tumult rang that familiar cry that we now know so well: "Get your winning colors here!"

In a great cleared space there was a pavilion beneath which sat the civic fathers whose duty it was to judge the contestants and award the prize. There also sat the renowned Socrates who, though not a judge, was permitted this honor by virtue of his high standing in the community. Socrates smiled complacently and rubbed his chin, for only that morning he had put his last drachma together with his shirt on "Miss

Athens," a paragon of brunette beauty who, in his opinion, was sure to win in a walk. And as he gazed over the contestants and noted how his favorite stood out like an undertaker's lily in a coal pile, he could not refrain from congratulating himself upon being a lad who knew his onions.

After a few brisk rounds of argumentation the civic fathers got the show narrowed down to four contestants. These consisted of the "Misses Nineveh and Sidon," stately brunettes, "Miss Athens" and a chit of a blonde called "Miss Babylonia." Socrates permitted himself to guffaw politely. The race was as good as in. "Miss Athens" had the others lashed to the mast and covered over with sail cloth.

The rabble pressed close to hear the decision. The civic fathers bent their heads in conference. Then, after several minutes of wrangling, they parted and sat down in stately fashion. Socrates smirked as a herald stepped out. The herald spoke amid stunning silence.

"The prize of one galvanized iron boudoir cap has been awarded to 'Miss Babylonia,' the short blonde girl now standing on the right."

Socrates was the first to speak.

"Oh, well," he said philosophically, reaching for his hemlock flask, "Gentlemen prefer 'em."

Edwin Rutt

FUNNYBONES

Many a man has gotten the Golden Gate from a blonde.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

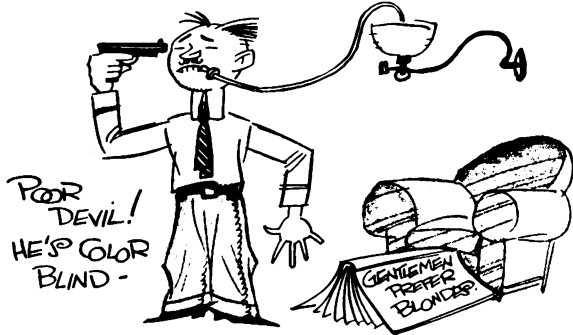


"What's the matter with grandma?"
"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

SPEAKING OF BLONDES



THE GENTLEMAN WHO SIMPLY WILL NOT PREFER BLONDES!!!



POOR DEVIL! HE'S COLOR BLIND -



JUST TO KEEP CONTRAST IN THE MAGAZINE



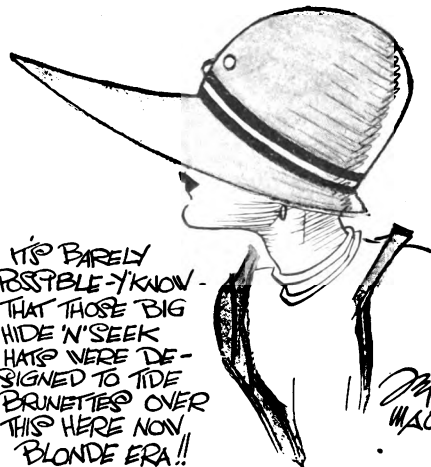
THE YELLOW PERIL!

THE DAILY NEWS



MISS ELLA PLUNKETY WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE LAST BRUNETTE ON EARTH!!!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW UNTIL THIS CLAIM TO DISTINCTION WILL BE IN FASHION



IT'S BARELY POSSIBLE - Y'KNOW - THAT THOSE BIG HIDE 'N' SEEK HATS WERE DESIGNED TO TIDE BRUNETTES OVER THIS HERE NOW 'BLONDE ERA!!

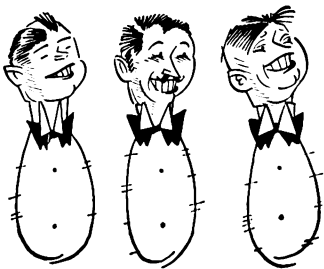
MATHEW MACHINER



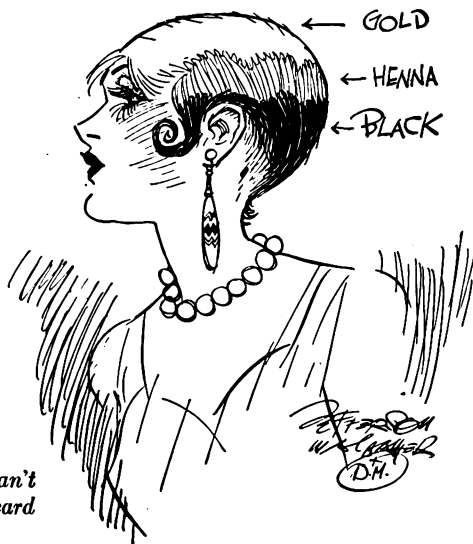
**THE BOY WILL YET BE A GREAT ARTIST
PREDICTED REMBRANDT CONFIDENTLY**

TOO MANY GAY WINE SUPPERS

Let us imagine ourselves in the luxurious boudoir of an interior decorator. On all sides precious stones, rich fabrics, aromatic perfumes and letters from admirers. Raoul, a young interior decorator, is conversing with Marvin, also of the profession. "I understand you broke off your engagement, Marvin," says the idol of thousands. "Yes," pouts Marvin, "her complexion didn't match the wall paper in my den!" How did you enjoy this peep into an exotic career?



They told the flapper: "You can't please everybody"—but she had heard "different!"



This is Straight Goods

HE doesn't use slickum or any other sort of goo on his hair. Modern dancing, with its accompanying jazz, holds no appeal for him. He doesn't know the difference between a full house and two pair, aces up. He doesn't care whether girls wear two skirts or none at all. He has never tasted synthetic gin, nor does he know that Ducky Spikes are roasted. Profanity, in any form, has never passed his lips. He has never caused a girl to walk back home, because he doesn't give a darn for petting. He hasn't even kissed a girl. He hasn't even been born.

M. E. B.



"I can't help it—I fall for blondes."

Famous Blondes

- Ophelia
She was light in the head.
- Cleopatra
She had her Loos moments.
- Ma Ferguson
She got the straw vote.
- Eve
(The first woman to dye).

Hair Tonic

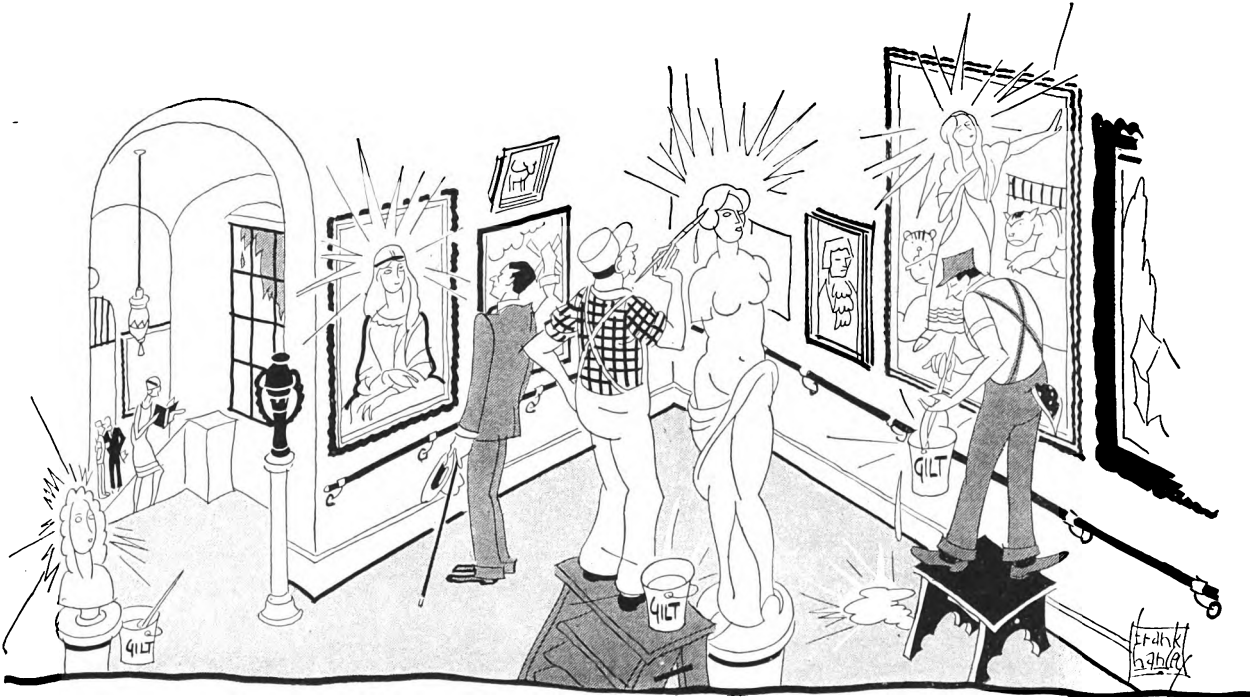
"What sort of girl do you like best—blonde or brunette?"
"It depends entirely on whether I'm with a blonde or a brunette."



Honest confession is good for a check.

What Makes Blondes Dizzy?

- Too many rounds.
- High altitudes.
- "Turning" their heads.
- "Moving" in swift circles.
- "Stone" blindness.
- Too many waves.
- Going for a spin.
- Born that way.



Retouching the museum pieces for the gentlemen.

If a Certain Best-Seller

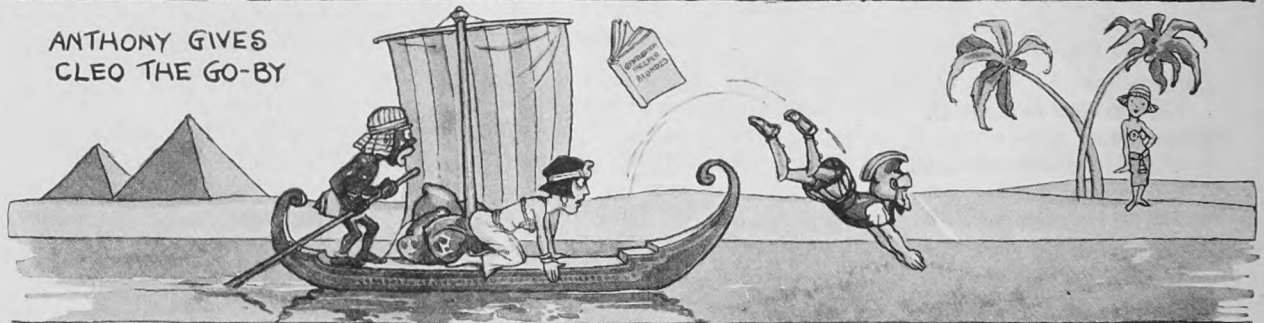
EVE SAYS THE JOKE'S ON ADAM



SOLOMON'S WIVES DECIDE TO DYE



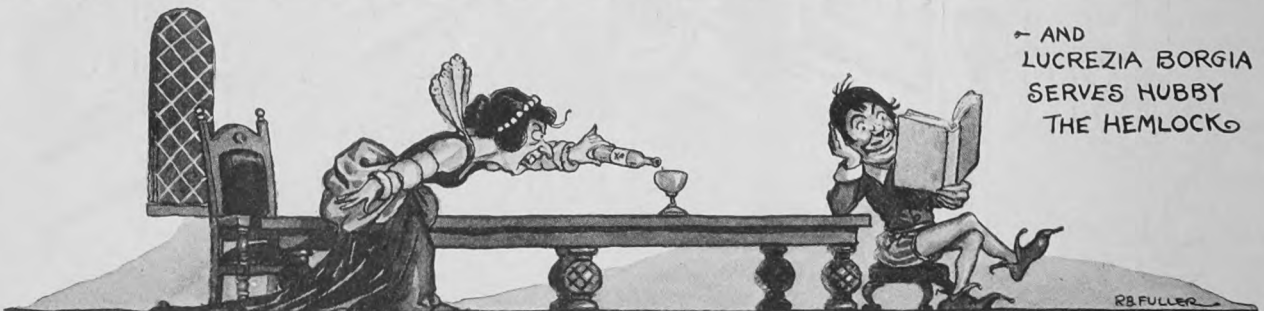
ANTHONY GIVES CLEO THE GO-BY



PARIS PASSES THE APPLE (SAUCE)

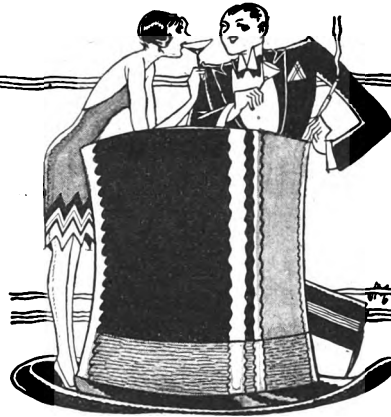


→ AND LUCREZIA BORGIA SERVES HUBBY THE HEMLOCK



Had Been Read in Those Days

HIGH HAT



The Editor of this Journal of Jocosity informed me that this number was to be devoted exclusively to Blondes and that it ought to be right down my street because I was so light-headed the only thing to do with a feeble crack like that is to ignore it, which I will proceed to do However, speaking of our Blondes, that reminds me of our Great Hidden Beauty Contest, and as we go to press I am deluged with clues from conscientious sleuths two of these I have looked into personally and can officially endorse the first gold tipped gal is in the Fifth avenue "Five-and-Ten," no less, while the second hides her "light" under a cash basket on the second floor at Altman's.



Have you ever played "Minoru"? Went to a great party the other night at a well-known Beach Club out in Westchester and the game was used as the *motif*, so to speak the dance floor was laid out with white stripings making a racetrack and the jockeys were of the type that gentleman prefer . . . see the very clever illustration at the bottom of this page . . . the "horses" (this is not meant to be uncomplimentary to the girls) were moved forward by a gent who threw a pair

of beach dice and the betting was fast and furious I not only lost my shirt but also a new hat (name on request), a perfectly good flask, and I might add, my bearings.



I seem to have neglected my Book Reviewing lately, so last week I stayed in and read up a little "The Golden Dancer" by Cyril Hume was my first and while it's a little bit whimsyish (that's a good word!) and to my mind doesn't come up to his "Cruel Fellowship" I enjoyed it heartily also read "Perella" by Locke . . . a fine book . . . I usually don't go in for children's books (cries of "why not?") except when my old friend George Mitchell writes them . . . His latest, "King Kuriosity" I read to my aunt's son and he was enthralled no end.

Seeing this is a Blonde Number it ought to be permissible to throw in a few light drinks. . . Fred Archer writes from Paris and suggests the "Caribou" To 1 part Port add 1 part Gordon Water . . . D. F. of Northampton, Mass., suggested the "Norma" 1 part Apricot Brandy, 5 parts Gordon Water, 2 parts Grape Juice and 2 parts Grenadine. . . . Some gent from Westfield, N. J., also sends in the "Amnesia." 1 part grapefruit juice, 1 part honey, 3 parts Rye. . . .

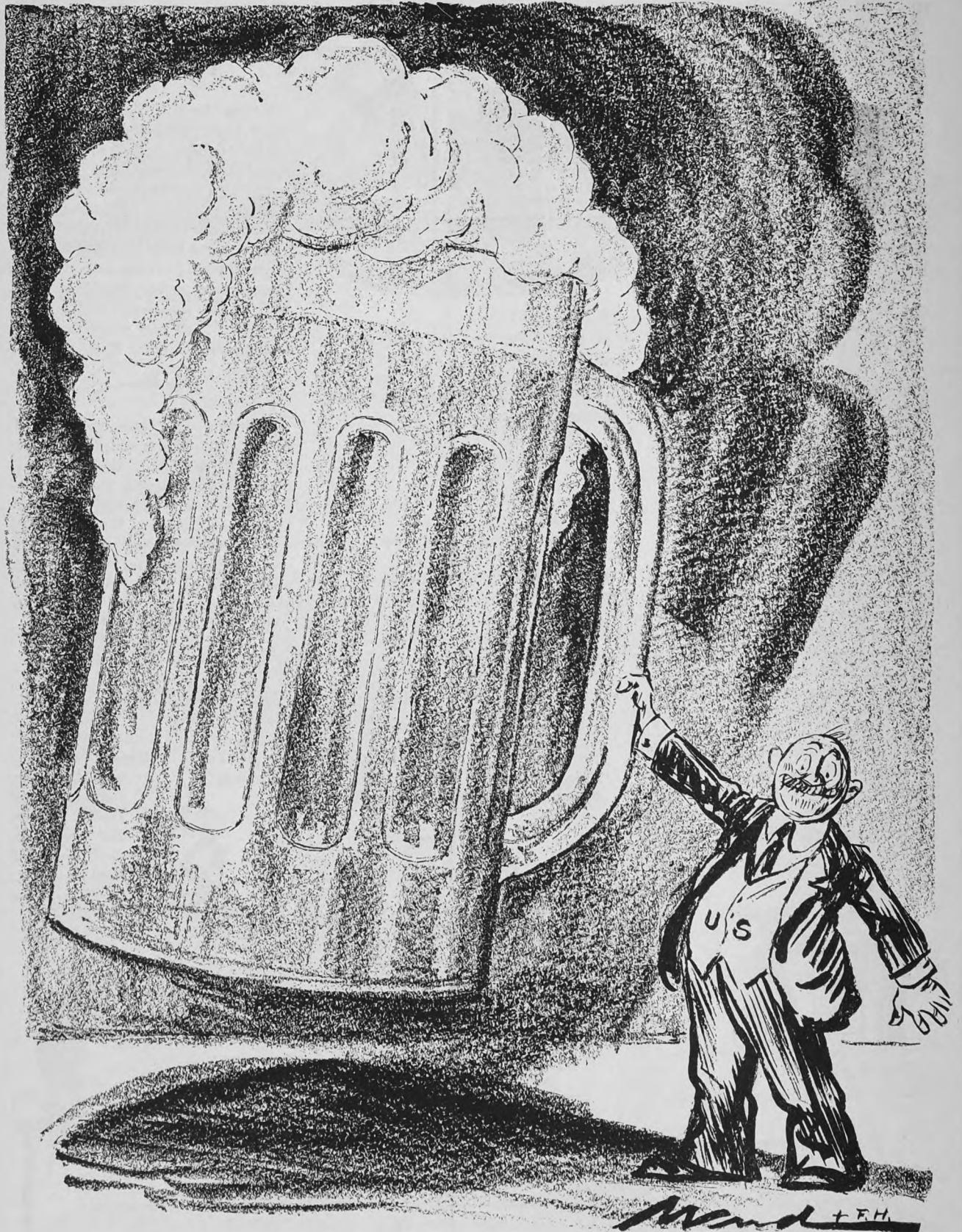


Speaking of beverages, L. J. Maloney sends in a couple of recipes that sound good . . . the first, "Wild Cherry," is made with the juice of 3 limes, 1 quart of carbonated water, 1 large glass of Gordon Water and just enough wild cherry to flavor. Use crushed (not cracked) ice . . . the second called the "Willieboy" is about the same only substitute "McCarty" for the Gordon Water.



Speaking of "McCarty," old Chet Allen from Minneapolis, that's Mrs. Allen's son Chet, wants to know where I get that stuff rhyming Bacardi with "McCarty" . . . he says that down thar in the West Indies, where they grow the stuff, it's called Back'rDec. . . . give this a lad hand, Folks!
Judge, Jr.





GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES!

JUDGE on the BENCH



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

Who Cares?

THEORETICALLY we elect the public officers we do because we believe they are best fitted to serve us in the complicated business of government. Actually we elect them for every reason but that under the sun—because they bear a party label, or belong to the Elks, or speak with an Irish accent, or take Genesis literally, or sing “Sweet Adeline,” or pretend to drink grapejuice. Whether they know anything about government or have the patience or conscience to apply their knowledge is positively the least of our worries.

Elihu Root has quoted the late Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall as saying that Jimmy Wadsworth was the “most useful” member of the United States Senate. What did the gentle Hoosier mean? He meant in the first place that Senator Wadsworth *knew* the business of government. The late Warren Gamaliel Harding once said: “Government is a simple thing after all,” but he lived to understand that he was never more mistaken. Government is an extremely intricate thing for which a natural aptitude, a life-long study and the accumulated wisdom of human experience are at times an insufficient key to procedure. Jimmy Wadsworth’s knowledge of it—anybody’s knowledge of it—is worth talking about.

But Tom Marshall also meant that Wadsworth applied his knowledge, that he didn’t dodge the drudgery of absorbing evidence at hearings, sweating through committee meetings, and above all resisting the efforts of colleagues and constituents to forsake the sound for the expedient. There are very few men in public life with the knowledge or industry or conscience to be really “useful” members of a legislative body.

But who cares about Senator Wadsworth’s “usefulness”? Elihu Root must be growing wondrously naïve in his old age if he thinks such a tribute is any argument for the re-election of the Senator.

S-s-s-s-h!

FAR be it from us even to hint at such a thing as annexation to our Canadian friends. But now that their Dominion elections are over for the present we should like to relieve the mind of a speculation that has intruded there from time to time—a purely academic speculation. And that is, supposing an arrangement for the political union of our two countries were conceivable, who would run the combination? Our answer is, the Canadians.

This somewhat unpatriotic conclusion has been forced upon us both by a reading of history and by current observation. There may be exceptions, but certainly it

is the rule that when Northerner and Southerner have been joined politically in our hemisphere the Northerner has become boss. This is notoriously true in Great Britain where the Scotch, for obvious reasons, have never regretted the Union. It is true in Germany, in Russia, in Italy, in France, in China. It is true in our own fair land. Sometimes it happens that the northern half of a country has the preponderance of population, sometimes that it is relatively empty. It doesn’t seem to make a great deal of difference. What counts is the individual. Toughened and tempered by northern blasts, his imagination challenged by bleak wastes, his ambitions enhanced by hardships, he comes out of his lean North hungry for power, and with the patience and philosophy born of long winters he pursues it relentlessly and makes it his.

Canadians have been disposed to abhor the mere thought of annexation as an absorption in the colossus to the south of them. Let us hope they sleep on.

Progress

WE refer again to the diary of Philip Hone, who was Mayor of New York in 1826-27. The entry for April 15, 1834, reads as follows:

The great fete at Castle Garden to celebrate the triumph gained by the Whig Party in the late Charter election in this city went off gloriously. Tens of thousands of freemen, full of zeal and patriotism, filled the arena of the Castle; every inch of ground was occupied. Tables were spread in a double row within the outer circumference. Three pipes of wine and forty barrels of beer were placed in the center, under an awning, and served out during the repast. Six or eight thousand men formed a procession and marched off the Battery, preceded by a band of music. Having learned that Mr. (Daniel) Webster was on a visit to Mrs. Edgar, they formed in a solid body before the house and called for him. He made his appearance at one of the windows and was received with shouts that rent the air. His address was full of fire and was received with rapturous shouts.

You will note that this celebration took place before immigration had had an opportunity to dilute to any appreciable extent the original stock of these United States, and yet that it was distinctly un-American. Three pipes of wine and forty barrels of beer, broached openly and joyously to celebrate a political victory! Only “foreigners” could countenance such corruption. Ask Bishop Leonard.

How much better off we are since we became hundred per cent. Americans! At such a celebration to-day, for instance, there could be no public dispensation of liquor. Fancy that! And instead of wine and beer to drink, where everyone might see, we would fill up secretly on synthetic gin, especially the politicians and other favored ones among us. And instead of a Daniel Webster to acclaim, we should have Bill Borah.

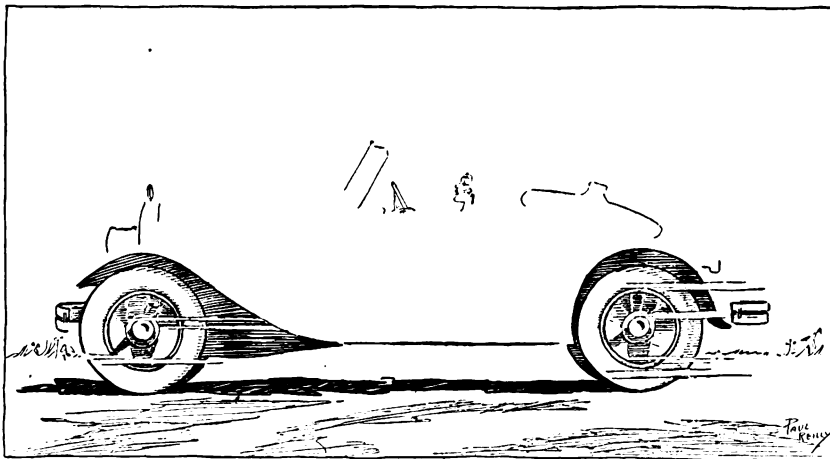
W. M. H.



The head of the house.



The spotted or leopard blonde—the very latest in hair.



Blonde in a yellow roadster passing a field of wheat.

The Movie Martyrs

“PRETTY sad about Mr. and Mrs. Timmons,” sympathetically whispered Halsted in the smoker of the eight-sixteen.

I brushed away a suspicious drop of moisture that was starting down my cheek. I had known them well, a charming young couple, vivacious, friendly.

“How did it happen?” I asked.

“Surprised you don’t know,” answered Halsted. “It seems that the Colossal Theater was showing a first run of ‘Pulsing Passions.’ Mrs. Timmons wanted to see it. They arrived at the theater about seven-thirty and were escorted to a seat in the tenth row. At seven-forty the grand orchestra of one hundred pieces played the overture. A day or two later they finished and the organist played a solo. Slides were flashed on the screen and the audience joined in the singing. By this time a patch of gray had appeared over Timmons’ temples and his lovely young wife had blossomed into dignified maturity.”

“You don’t mean—”

“Yes, that’s the sad part of it. They wanted to see the feature picture, so they waited. The years passed. A news reel was flashed on, then an educational film, then one of those cartoon comics. He was just celebrating his fiftieth birthday when the orchestra struck up the ballet music from ‘Faust.’ Expectantly, they leaned forward. At last the feature picture was coming! They had not waited in vain. But they were doomed to disappointment. It was merely the introduction to a stage spectacle. Then followed a baritone and soprano, a tabloid opera, a miniature musical comedy, another overture and then—”

“Yes—”

“Then it was too late. As the first scene of the feature picture was being flashed on the screen, old age claimed them and they peacefully passed away in each other’s arms.”

Hugh Wood

DIRZY LABELS

They call her Olive because she hates to leave her bottle.

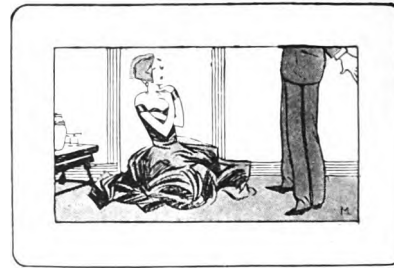
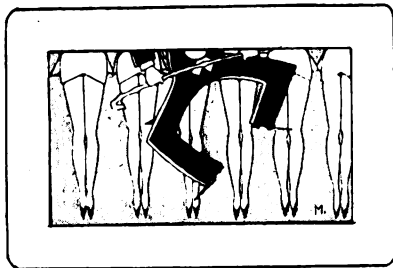
Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.



TROUBLE WITH THE BLEACH IS IT FADES SO QUICKLY—HENCE THE HANDY SERVICE STATIONS

JUDGING the SHOWS II

By George Jean Nathan



I

THE morning after the opening of Owen Davis' "The Donovan Affair," the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers:

"Last Saturday night at the Great Neck Playhouse a group of theatrical managers and celebrities witnessed the performance of 'The Donovan Affair.' After the first act, a spirited discussion was started in the lobby between Arthur Hopkins, John Golden, Edgar Selwyn, Arthur Hammerstein, Sam H. Harris, Eddie Cantor, Gene Buck, Ernest Truex, George Jessel and others as to who was guilty of the murder of this baffling mystery play. Every one of these well-known theatrical men was willing to wager that he could guess the slayer, and a number of bets were placed in the hands of Donald Davis, son of Owen Davis, the author of the play. Not one of these seasoned theatrical experts was able to arrive at a conclusion."

Therefore, whatever else "The Donovan Affair" may not succeed in doing, it is certainly to be credited with having produced the most ungrammatical and illiterate advertisement this season.

The exciting scene in the lobby of the Great Neck Playhouse comes vividly before the eye. The thrilling question: "Who was guilty of the murder of this baffling mystery play?" occupied each and every tongue. The answers may be imagined. The murderer of the play, according to Arthur Hopkins, who bet Gene Buck a photograph of Louis Mann against Florenz Ziegfeld's 1922 bathing suit, that Owen Davis was the author, Mr. Buck contending on the other hand that the murderer was the acting troupe, Arthur Hammerstein, giving odds of

"The Adorable Liar" (49th St.)—The lecture appears herein.

"The Donovan Affair" (Fulton)—Turn to the left.

"Potash and Perimutter, Detectives" (Ritz)—Shylock as Sherlock.

"The Ghost Train" (Eltिंगe)—The old mystery stuff boards a choo-choo.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—The female form divine making atheists of us all.

"The Home Towners" (Hudson)—George Cohan's amusing dialogue.

"Loose Ankles" (Biltmore)—A bad play enlivened by some comical sayings.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Chanin's)—A chunk of chinck sex piffle.

"Sour Grapes" (Longacre)—To be surveyed next week.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—A poor one that simply will not behave and go to the storehouse.

"She Couldn't Say No" (Booth)—Florence Moore, for those who think her funny.

"If I Was Rich" (Mansfield)—See next week's words of wisdom.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Still the best loud laugh in town.

"Henry—Behave" (Bayer)—An entertaining theme spoiled by writing down to the box-office.

"Scz" (Daly's)—Dreadful drivell.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—O'Neill's finest contribution to American drama.

"The Little Spitzfire" (Cort)—About as bad as they come.

"Service for Two" (Gaiety)—Turn over a few pages.

"Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—Bobbie Perkins is the attraction here.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Gilbert and Sullivan to the Queen's taste.

"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes engaging in Maude Adam's old shoes.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—The success of this one may explain why so many Americans consider Cal Coolidge a great man.

"Ziegfeld Revue" (Globe)—The Rev. Dr. Ziegfeld has slipped this season.

"Scandals" (Apollo)—Diverting revue, if you overlook Harry Richman and les Frères Howard.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue in a very good show.

"Abie's Irish Rose" (Republic)—The Irish and the Jews.

"My Country" (Forrest)—Only more so.

"Henry's Harem" (Greenwich)—To be investigated anon.

"No Trespassing" (Harris)—Same here.

"The Captive" (Empire)—And here.

"Fanny" (Lyceum)—And here again.

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—The Shuberts' liveliest Winter Garden exhibit.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—A dreary evening.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—Expert dancing by Dorothy Diley and Nick Long—and nothing else.

"At Mrs. Beam's" (Guild)—The Guild's meal ticket.

two to one, picked Albert Lewis, who staged the play, as the fellow responsible for its murder, Eddie Cantor stoutly contending that the culprit would turn out to be Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson, the dramatic critic for the *Times*. Edgar Selwyn wagered Sam Harris an expensive five-cent cigar against a hand-painted earpick that the criminal would prove to be Percy Hammond, critic for the *Herald-Tribune*, provided Percy got over his illness in time to attend the Monday opening, Mr. Harris laying his all that the murderer of the play would unquestionably turn out to be one of the union electricians who would ball up the constant switching out of the lights before the last act was over. The excitement was intense, reaching almost the pitch of a game of lotto. But this was no marker of what was yet to come. One may easily conjure up the consternation of the assembled intellectuals when the fact was born in upon them, if we are to believe the advertisement, that, for all their deductions and wagers, they were yet "not able to arrive at a conclusion." One can visualize the effect of the discovery of this astounding metaphysical phenomenon, this dismaying philosophical paradox, upon the gathered *cognoscenti*. Poor Mr. Truex, driven mad by the cruel trick of the gods, doubtless ran around in circles and ended up by biting off Mr. Jessel's ear. Mr. Hopkins, foaming at the mouth and deliriously singing "Valencia," evidently jumped on Mr. Golden and was prevented from choking the latter to death only by the timely intervention of Mr. Hammerstein, who turned the job himself. Mr. Harris' hair suddenly went white and, believing himself to be David Belasco, he began making a

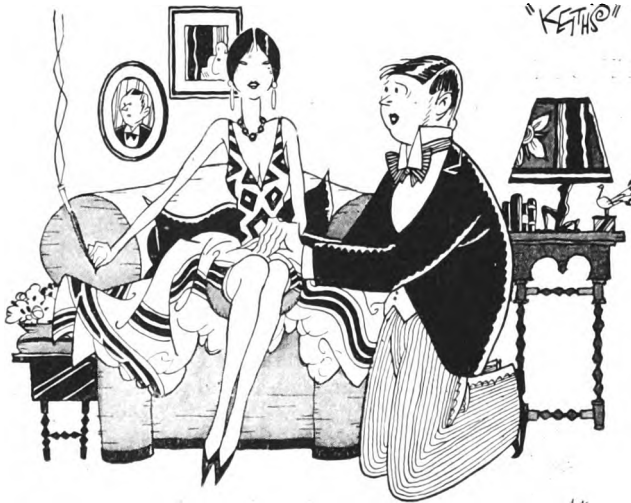
(Continued on page 27)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS =



"VANTIES"
JULIUS
TANNEN

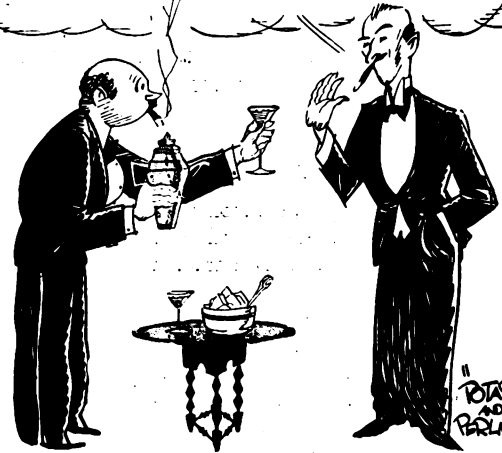
THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO GETS THE SAME SALUTE AS COOLIDGE - TWENTY-ONE GUNS - BUT - IN A DIFFERENT WAY! -



"KETHS"

"TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE!"
"YEAH - IF ONE OF EM DOESN'T EAT -!"

MY WIFE HAS HAD NO EXPERIENCE AS A WIDOW AND I'M NOT GOING TO HELP HER!



"DASH TO BALMUTER"

HE'S A BIG SUCCESS AS A FAILURE - BUT THEN, HE STARTED BEING ONE EARLY IN LIFE!



LOSE ANKLES



WHY WE PREFER BLONDES

IT SAVES THE OLD INK
CETTESON
MACLENNER
SCHULMAN



ONE WAY OUT

The phoney raid, if you are on good terms with the village police force, will put an immediate end to any house party and discourage subsequent gatherings.

Not So Good After All

A FEW months ago an automobile salesman endeavored to sell me a car. He gave me a demonstration and several good talkings to and I came to the conclusion that his car was incomparable, absolutely without a peer in the whole field of motors. Summing up his enthusiastic remarks in one word, his was best.

But I wasn't quite ready to sign on the dotted line and, in some miraculous manner I succeeded in a brief postponement. I am indeed glad now that such was the case, and so is the salesman.

He has gone over to another agency, handling another make, and, in demonstrating the car he now represents, he was quite frank in telling me that he was sadly misled into believing that the other car was good. As a matter of fact, it isn't worth a darn, but the car he is selling now is incomparable, absolutely without a peer in the whole field of motors. Summing up his enthusiastic remarks in one word, this car is best.

Marion E. Burns



YOU ARE AN 'INDUSTRIOUS LAD SAID THE FINANCIER

A detective called at the house of a certain man he wanted to arrest. "Is Mr. O'Keefe in?" he inquired of the Japanese man-servant. "No, sah, dat he ain't," was the honest answer. "Can you give me his address?" asked the detective. "I se sorry, sah," came back Rin-Tin-Tin. "Ah think he ban take it with him!" Moriarity beat a hasty retreat.

Business Fables

The Go-Getter

EVERYBODY thought young Briggins was clever.

He started with a college education and got a good job in spite of it.

He jumped ahead of several other boys in the matter of promotions.

He came early and stayed late. He asked vital questions and dug the rest out for himself.

He lost enough golf games to win a host of business friends.

He dictated so carefully that the stenographers breathed his name with reverence.

He listened to his superiors and nodded approval at their slightest suggestion.

Yes, everybody thought young Briggins was clever.

He seemed destined for a vice-presidency at any moment.

But he made the fatal error of telling the wife of the senior partner that he cared little for bridge, and now, of course, he will have to be content with the sales manager's job or try another field of endeavor.

James A. Sanaker

JUDGING the MOVIES I

by William Morris Houghton

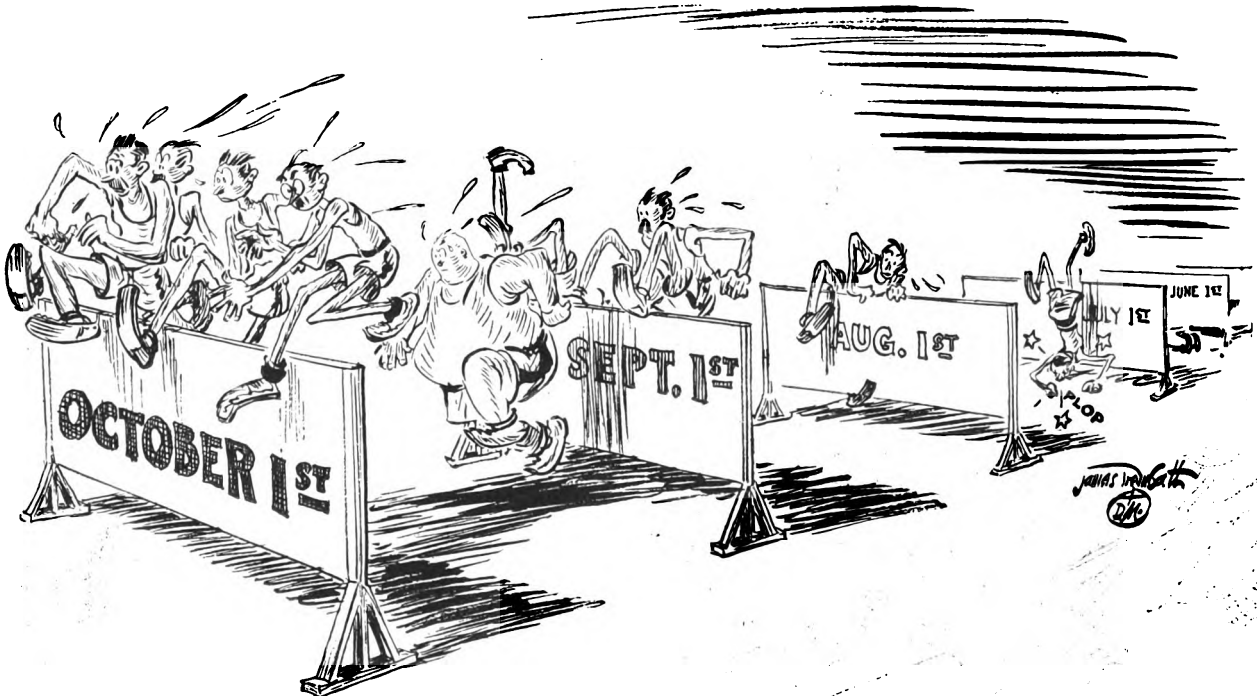


I DON'T want to suggest that you should see "Potemkin" and die, partly because the opportunity to see it is not yours yet and may never be. And partly because one of its great merits is the promise it gives of more pictures as fine, or finer, which you will want to live to see. For if any picture ever fully justified the cinema, "Potemkin" does. After seeing it one feels instinctively that this is the sort of thing, speaking broadly, done in the sort of way, also speaking broadly, for which in the end the motion picture was invented—instead of for sticky romances and idiotic melodramas and slapstick farces in imitation of the old ten-twenty-thirt' stage. "Potemkin" requires too much room, too many actors, properties too vast and action too various for any stage. And by the same token it brushes aside all the little tricks of stage tradition de-

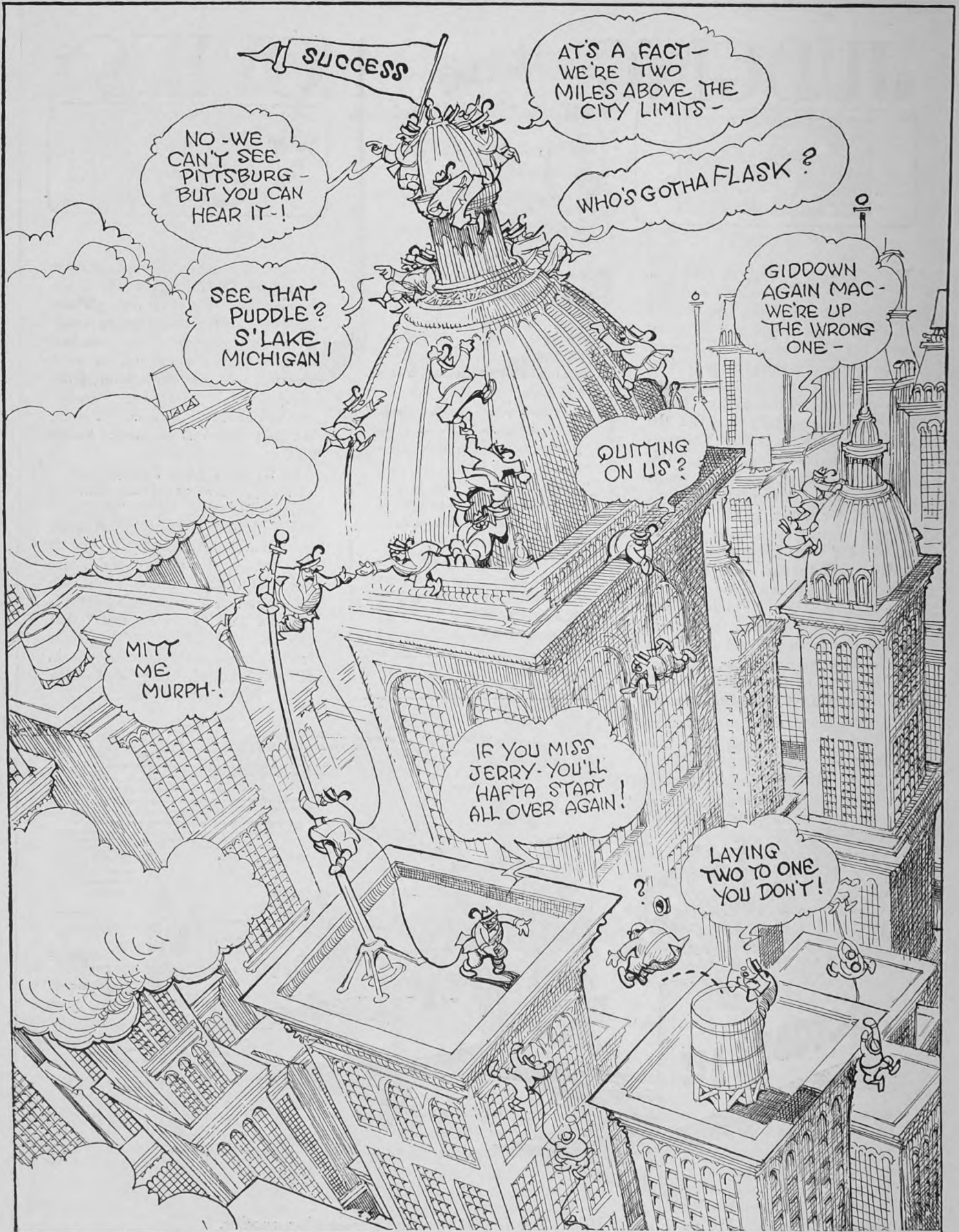
- "The Big Parade"—Worth a second trip.
- "Ben Hur"—Oceans of actors.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—Reconstructed Paradise.
- "La Bohème"—Lillian Gish and tears.
- "The Black Pirate"—Douglas Fairbanks.
- "For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.
- "Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
- "Paris"—Paah Apaches.
- "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
- "Say It Again"—Richard Dix farce.
- "Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
- "Good and Naughty"—Pola in farce.
- "The Volga Boatman"—Red Melodrama.
- "The Brown Derby"—Good idea gone wrong.
- "The Palm Beach Girl"—The wild Bebe.
- "Looey Mary"—Sugary.
- "The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chaney.
- "Variety"—Among the few best.
- "Up in Mabel's Room"—Bedroom farce.
- "Mantrap"—By Sinclair Lewis.
- "Nell Gwyn"—Good British film.
- "The Waltz Dream"—Slush out of Germany.
- "The Duchess of Buffalo"—Chester Conklin.
- "Oh, Baby"—Old stuff.
- "The Amateur Gentleman"—Barthelmess.
- "The Loves of Ricardo"—Slush, mush, gush.
- "Battling Butler"—Buster Keaton at his best.

veloped during centuries of intimate play over the footlights. It is the movies come into their own. There have been other pictures before it that gave one a glimpse of the promised land, but always marred, or even smeared, with the old hokum of the cheap stage. "The Big Parade" was, or is, the best of them. "Potemkin" is to them as the flower to the bud.

So far as it goes, I suppose, it is also a justification of the Russian communist ethic. The "Sovkina" which produced it is a Russian Government organization. As it does not operate for profit it does not feel that it must follow some safe rule-of-thumb about lugging into its pictures the "love interest" that catches the sniffers. It has little interest in caricaturing luxury or sin to invoke the "ohs" and "ahs" of the
(Continued on page 29)



For the Family Man—Life is just one high hurdle after another.



SUCCESS

AT'S A FACT - WE'RE TWO MILES ABOVE THE CITY LIMITS -

NO - WE CAN'T SEE PITTSBURG - BUT YOU CAN HEAR IT -!

WHO'S GOTHA FLASK ?

SEE THAT PUDDLE ? S' LAKE MICHIGAN !

GIDDOWN AGAIN MAC - WE'RE UP THE WRONG ONE -

QUITTING ON US ?

MITT ME MURPH -!

IF YOU MISS JERRY - YOU'LL HAFTA START ALL OVER AGAIN !

LAYING TWO TO ONE YOU DON'T !

IN THE YEAR 2000—
The Downtown Mountain-Climber's Club

The Honest Applicant

"WELL," demanded J. Crawford Westover, president of the Consolidated Hot Dog Company, "what do you want?"

The seedy looking individual who lounged before the desk did not remove his hat.

"Want a job," he mumbled, "er—that is, I don't want it, but I've got to have it."

"Hum!" J. Crawford Westover assumed a manner peculiar to presidents of things consolidated. "What can you do?"

The applicant sighed.

"Nothing," he said. "Absolutely nothing."

J. Crawford Westover saw a chance for a bit of rare insight, an opportunity to display that penetration that belongs first and last to the man of big business.

"See here!" he said brusquely. "I don't believe you really want to work, do you?"

The applicant lighted a cigarette. Then he leaned over the desk and spoke confidentially.

"How'd you guess it, governor?" he asked. "Well, no matter. You're



THE VERY LATEST

Yes—your hound must absolutely match your hair (the same dye will do for both.)

FUNNYBONES

*It takes a thief to catch a thief,
a jury to let him go.*

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

quite right. I don't want to work, but it's a necessity. And furthermore, I'll go so far as to say that if you give me a job, I'll only return just as much service as I have to. I'll be about as loyal as a combination of Benedict Arnold, Jezebel, and the lad who snuffed out Jesse James. I haven't any patience or perseverance. I'm not ambitious. I don't care a whoop whether the company prospers or not, so long as my salary goes on. And another thing, touching this matter of salary, I'm not working for my health. The first time any one offers me five a week more and you don't come up to it, I go. I guess that'll be about all except that I smoke all over the place and drink what I can get where I can get it. I never heard of Alexander Hamilton or his institute either. In short, I'm not especially interested in the march of progress."

He finished speaking and drooped over the desk. J. Crawford Westover arose and extended his hand. It was a case of two strong men meeting, but no tears were shed.

"Just the person we've been looking for," said J. Crawford heartily. "Welcome to the firm. You have all the attributes of a junior partner."

K. E.



TREADING THE PRIMROSE WAY

One day a Lion and a Bear met in the forest. Let us call the Lion "Joe Miller" and the Bear "Dulcy." The Lion said, "What makes the Lynx so high-hat these days?" "Oh," responded the Bear (Dulcy), "that's because he's the only animal around here who's got any connection with golf! You should have seen them beasts laugh!"

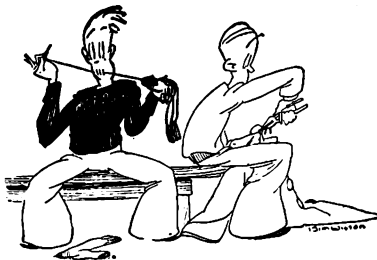
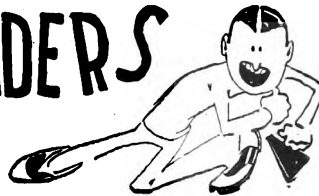
"Jones must be pretty well fixed financially."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, every time that I see him he has the hiccups."



THE CHEER LEADERS



KAY—I don't like Polo.
DETT—Why not?
"Too much horse play in it."
—WEST POINT POINTER

Diction

Teacher—What author is known for his vocabulary?
Boy—Webster. —Pitt Panther

"I'm raising a moustache; what color do you think it will be?"
"Gray, at the rate it is growing now."
—Minnesota Ski U Mah

Crafty, Old Thing
"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."
"Your lips?"
"No, my liquor."
—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

Une Risque Joque Francaise
Pauvre Papa—Why is Premier Briand a carpenter?
Pauvre Petite Femme Riche—Pourquoi?
Pauvre Papa: Because he's a Cabinet Maker. —Brown Jug

Charcoal

"Black Boy, how did you all get that soot on youah coat?"
"That ain't soot, Carbona, that's dandruff."
—Amherst Lord Jeff

Her—What's your name?
Him—Gordon.
Her—How intoxicating!
—Denison Flamingo



"Will your people be surprised when you graduate?"
"No, they've been expecting it for several years."
—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

A troupe of Shakespearian actors of extremely uncertain financial standing was lounging in the lobby of a small town hotel. The manager entered and addressed the leading man of the company.

"Don't forget. We're playing 'Hamlet' to-night," he announced.

"Hamlet, eh?" replied handsome Harry. "All right, but I can't play Hamlet with this three-day beard. Gimme twenty-five cents for a shave."

The manager reeled slightly. "Twenty-five cents! Oh, hell! We'll play Macbeth."
—Iowa Frivol

She—Oh, I am so happy, George and I have made up again.

Friend—When have you set the date of your marriage?

She—Why, we haven't quarreled over that yet.

—Minnesota Ski U Mah

A Good Line

"What evidence have you for your belief in heredity?"

"I go with a violinist's son."

"Well?"

"He's always trying to string me."

—Lafayette Lyre



"Ma, Crandall Van Puyster wants to know what branch of the family we spring from."
"My boy, tell Crandall the Murphys spring from nobody; they spring at em'!"
—YALE RECORD

FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES



The prouder you are of *your home*
the surer your choice of a FREED-EISEMANN radio

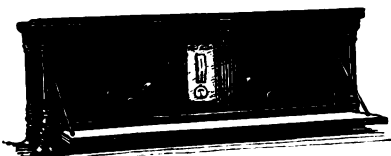
SINCE radio first came into the music room, those people who exercise a fine sense of fitness in the choice of their furnishings have consistently chosen the FREED-EISEMANN. Q Now, should you visit the homes of the leaders in business—in the professions—in society—it would be a FREED-EISEMANN that

would be played for you. Q In the amazing *new* FREED-EISEMANN sets many of radio's mysteries have been solved for the first time. Much of the *future* of radio is present in these sets. Their distinctive cabinets, their harmonious tone, will give you a pride in their ownership as great as the pleasure in their performance

Model 850 (illustrated above). An 8-tube set, single control. Automatically tuned loop; each circuit separately shielded in nickel-

plated copper compartment. Full floating FREED-EISEMANN cone speaker built into Italian Renaissance Highboy cabinet. Price,

\$650.00. Table model, \$385.00. Licensed under Hazeltine Neutrodyne patents. *Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies.*

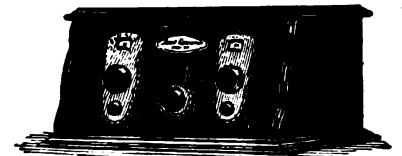


Model 50—Seven tube—\$175

Freed-Eisemann—*moderately* priced
\$60 to \$650

You may have a demonstration in your home without obligation and make payments on convenient terms

Freed-Eisemann Radio Corporation · Brooklyn, N. Y.



Model 30—Six tube—\$75
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W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes



For Men
\$6 to \$8
All Good Values

A SMART blucher oxford cut from fine-grained, golden brown calfskins of top grade. Sturdily built with wide edge for street and business wear, yet with unusual trimness. A calf-lined shoe which in appearance, comfort and wearing qualities fulfills every essential of satisfactory service at a price far below its equal. Semi-soft toe and corded triple-stitched tip. Also in bright finish imported black calfskin.

[W. L. DOUGLAS WOMEN'S SHOES
FOR ALL OCCASIONS \$5 AND \$6]

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO. — BROCKTON, MASS.

LIZZIE LABELS

Horse de combat.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.

A London fruiterer, fined for keeping his shop open after hours, urged that he could not bear to sit and watch his bananas turning bad. He must have been occasioned further grief by the thought that some of his cucumbers weren't leading straight lives.
—Humorist

Some one has demonstrated that a man can live thirty days without food. This was presumably the brave fellow who gave the cook a month's notice.
—Eve

Three Courses in Greek

Bulla zupp.
Rust biff
Pitch puy.

—American Legion Weekly

The manager read through the testimonial which the actor had just handed him. The letter recommended him as being extremely talented, and ended with the words: "He plays Macbeth, Hamlet, Shylock and billiards. He plays billiards best!"

—Lustige Blaetter (Berlin)

"It's no good mincing matters," said the doctor, "you are very bad. Is there anybody you would like to see?"

"Yes," replied the patient, faintly. "Who is it?"

"Another doctor." —Tit Bits

A taxi-driver was recently left a legacy of \$5,000 free of all duties. On receiving the check he is said to have asked, "Wot's this?"

—Passing Show

Five-Year-old Daughter—Look at that funny man across the road.

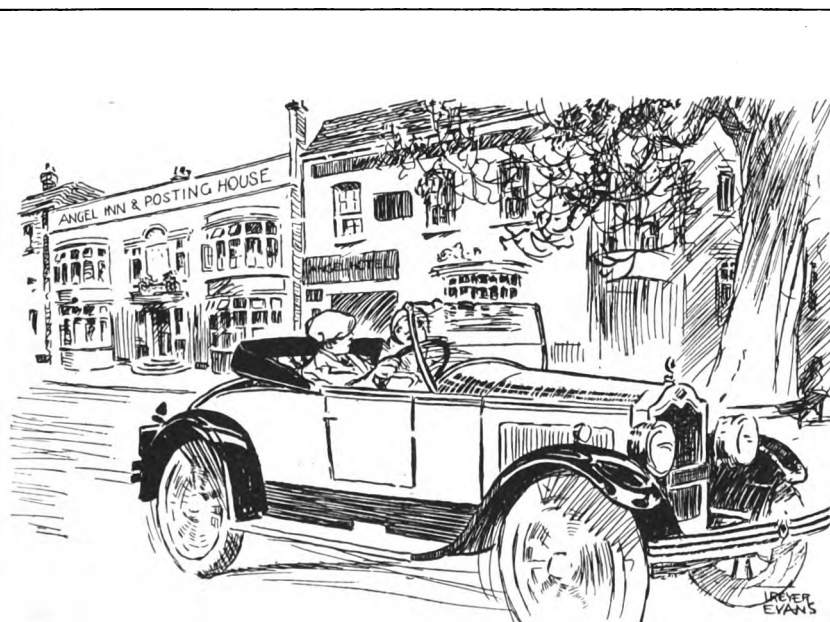
Mother (looking in shop window)—What is he doing?

"Sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin." —Tit Bits

DIZZY LABELS

They call her June because she just got thirty days.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.



Gwendoline—Gerald, what's a mixed metaphor?

Gerald—That's a new one to me. Let's go into that hotel and ask a waiter.

—Humorist



JOSEPH CONRAD

A Rare New Edition of JOSEPH CONRAD Now at a Popular Price

SUCH TALES AS MEN TELL UNDER THE HAUNTING STARS!

Posed pictures courtesy 1st National and Metro



1 — "Well! If the girl did not look as if she wanted to be kidnapped!"—Thus does Conrad paint the elusive Nina, in **Almayer's Folly**.



2 — "If Paris had a Cannebiere it would be a little Marseilles."—Thus begins **The Arrow of Gold**.



3 — "Through the mesh of scattered hair her face looked like the face of a golden statue with living eyes. Her lips were composed in a graceful curve, the upward poise of the half averted head gave to her whole person the expression of a wild defiance. Then she smiled."—From **An Outcast of the Islands**.

4 — "His strength was immense, and in his great lumpy paws, bulging like brown boxing gloves on the end of furry forearms, the heaviest objects were handled like playthings"—such was the extraordinary boatswain in **Typhoon**.

5 — "This coast has been known for ages to the armed wanderers of these seas as 'The Shore of Refuge.' It has no name on the charts, but the wreckage of many defaets unerringly drifts into its creeks."—This was the strange spot of foreboding in the South Seas as described by Conrad in **The Rescue**.

Tales of adventure in the mysterious China Sea where typhoons spring out of a cloud-



4

From "The Isle of Lost Ships," Courtesy 1st National

less sky, and the sun grows blood red while you look at it.

Tales of romance of the far-flung world. Of meetings and friendships with other hearts and souls that are caught in the swirling currents of life.

Conrad

Master of High Adventure

Such tales as men dare tell under the haunting stars are told as never before in literature by "one of the greatest novelists"—Joseph Conrad. How does it happen that he can do this? Because Conrad himself is the fearless, big-hearted man hardened by the sun of many climates. He has followed the lure of the wanderlust up and down the seven seas of the earth. For him humanity revealed itself in all its most rugged, most picturesque, most adventurous aspects. He sat on the very porch of that bungalow above the rocks of the Java Sea. He signaled from the quarterdeck to that silent, mysterious figure that one passes in the West Indies. He swapped tobacco and liquor over the cafe tables of many an Oriental bungalow.

Out of all this wealth of marvelous experience, out of such penetration and understanding of human nature, with an imagination heightened by outward inspiration and inborn genius, he has created these stirring novels for all who enjoy high adventure in fiction.

Conrad does for his readers what no other writer can! You are bound to listen and once you do you will be spell-bound—for these are such tales as men tell under the haunting stars!



5

Mail the Free Examination Coupon now after you have read the remarkable offer at the left.

SENT FOR FREE EXAMINATION

The Kent Edition of Conrad—just issued—is the only twenty-six volume set of Conrad ever published.

The Kent Edition is a "popular" edition only in one sense—that of price. While it means a saving of \$140.75 to Conrad lovers over the Sun Dial Edition (which was autographed and limited, and was quickly bought up by wealthy book collectors) in workmanship it compares in every way with that now-famous set. It is a collection that men and women of taste everywhere will be proud to display upon their shelves.

Sooner or later you will wish to own a set of Conrad, if you do not already possess one. The publishers advise you to enter your subscription for the Kent Edition at once. It will unquestionably soon be oversubscribed. No doubt there will be later subscription editions of Conrad, for his works will live as those of no other writer of the day, but certainly no edition of like workmanship at so low a price.

You are therefore advised to send the coupon or a letter at once. The twenty-six volumes will be sent for examination for a week. If they do not in every respect meet with your expectation they may be returned. Address,

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Please send for my inspection the new Kent Edition of Joseph Conrad in 26 volumes that include the complete works and also the author's specially written prefaces. Within a week I agree to return the set or else to send you \$2.00 first payment and ONLY \$3.00 a MONTH until the special price of \$35.00 is paid. Cash discount 5 per cent.

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The Tower cone



\$9.50

Unquestionably—

The most remarkable, high quality radio reproducer ever offered — at anywhere near this price.

On Sale from Coast to Coast

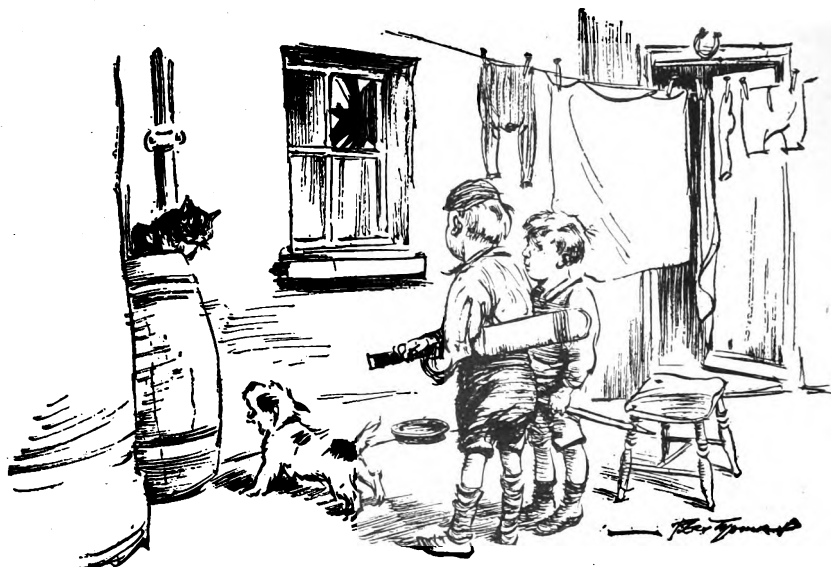
TOWER MFG. CORP., Boston, Mass.



New! A Shampoo for Blondes Only

Blonde hair always darkens with age. But Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, keeps light hair from darkening—and brings back true golden beauty to even the dullest or most faded hair! Fine for hair and scalp. Makes hair soft, silky, fluffy. Over half a million users. No dyes or harmful chemicals. Highly recommended for children's hair. On sale at all good drug and department stores.

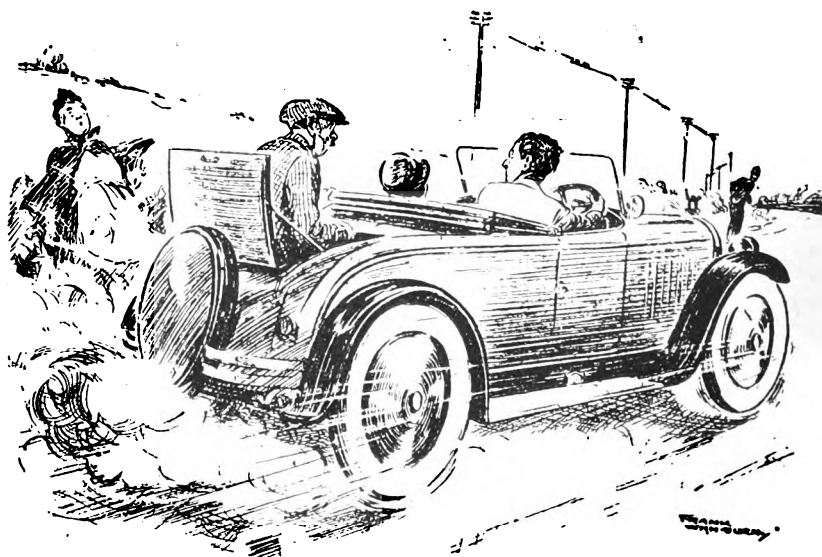
BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo



"Oo broke the winder, Charlie?"

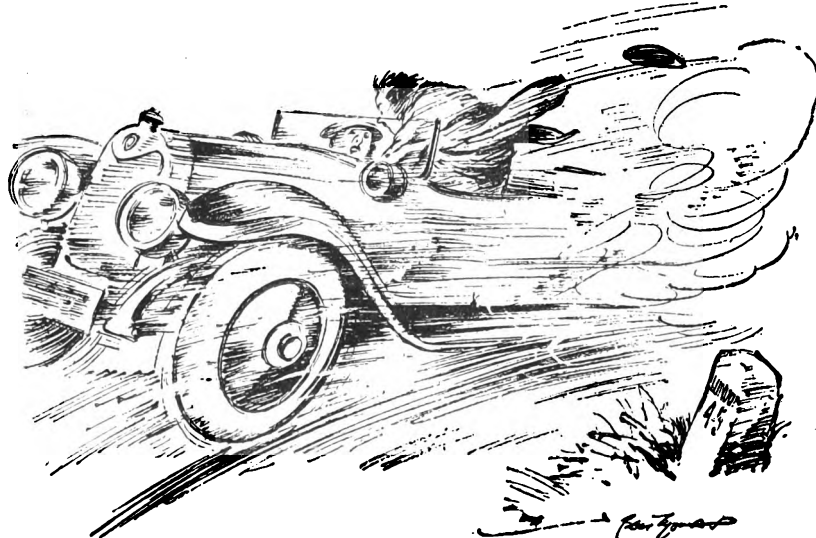
"Mother—but it was father's fault. 'E ducked."

—Humorist



Speed Fiend (to dicky passenger as police trap looms into view)—
Hop off, old chap—quickly! And pretend you're pushing it!

—Passing Show



"We've knocked a man down. Aren't you going to stop?"
"Oh, that's all right. We'll read all about it in the papers."

—Tit Bits

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 16)

speech. And Mr. Buck is still picking things off the coverlets at Mat-teawan.

"The Donovan Affair" is No. 6,324,869 of the series of mystery plays in which the crime is committed by the last character in the world who would have committed it in actual life.

II

"THE ADORABLE LIAR" (a title that competes with "Sunshine" and "The Little Spitfire" for the vase of milkweeds), is the comedy about the incurable fibber whose fibbing gets the community into a peck of trouble. The fibber is the usual ingénue who archly pokes out her tummy, hops around the stage cutely in a filmy negligee and indicates her adorableness by making such *mouès* as are seen in real life only on the more adorable chimpanzees. One of the gentlemen responsible for this play is a friend of mine. I can only say of him that he is more estimable as a friend than as a playwright.

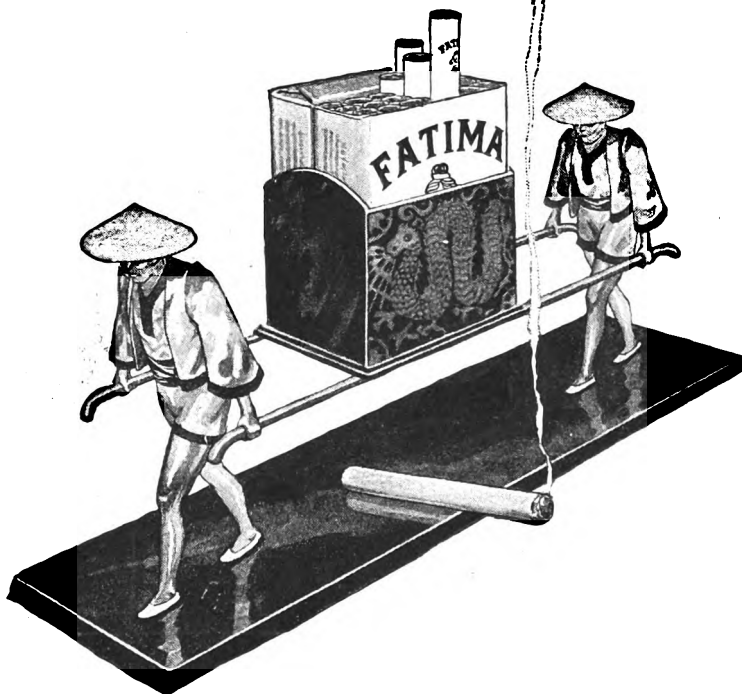
The producer of the masterpiece is the same Mr. Edgar Selwyn who, on that great night at the Great Neck Playhouse, was among those who could arrive at a decision without arriving at a conclusion. It is something of a pity that he didn't put on "The Adorable Liar" in Great Neck before bringing it into New York and foregather in the lobby with the Messrs. Hopkins, Golden, Hammerstein, Harris, Cantor, Buck, Truex and Jessel. They might have told him who the murderer was right off the bat.

III

"SERVICE FOR TWO" is by the M. Martin Flavin, who will be remembered as the author of "Children of the Moon," which got enthusiastic notices from all the reviewers who spent the second and third acts in Benedusi's restaurant drinking the waters. Although the M. Flavin's third brain child—the second was a gem called "The Lady of the Rose," unfortunately produced at a theater not situated near a café—is nicely staged and pretty well acted, I fear that I cannot earn the gratitude of the management by giving it anything to quote in the advertisements. If, however, the management will open a reliable speak-easy near the Gaiety Theater, I'll go around again and see what I can do about it. As things stand, all

In three words...

NOT too much Turkish, not too little Turkish; neither over-rich nor commonplace... But just enough Turkish... there, in three words, is the secret of Fatima's extraordinary delicacy



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

that I can see in the play is a belated revamping of the tale of the newly married man whose past flame shows up inopportunely in the same hotel.

The leading rôles are played by Hugh Wakefield, late of "Louie the Fourteenth" and Miss Marion Coakley.

A seventeen-foot whale was recently caught at Hastings. It is said that it took three fishermen standing in a row to describe the length of it. —Show

A revue producer recently filed his petition for bankruptcy. It appears that he hadn't a leg to stand on.

—London Opinion



Only \$1.00 a pair for lovely chifon hosiery fully guaranteed. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pure silk leg, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch lisle garter hem. Ask your merchant for "Westcott Daydream." Westcott Hosiery Mills, Dalton, Ga.

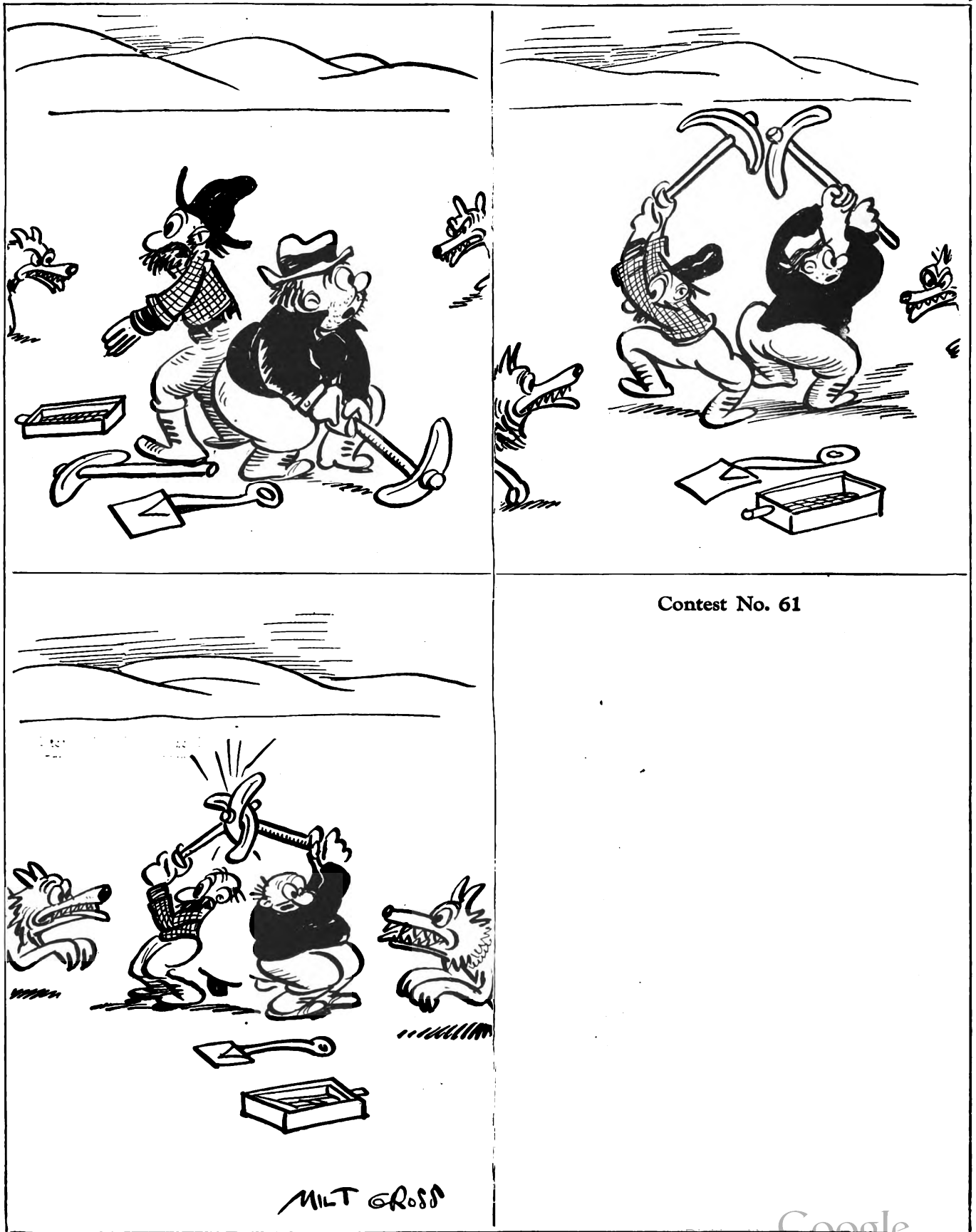
Westcott
Hosiery

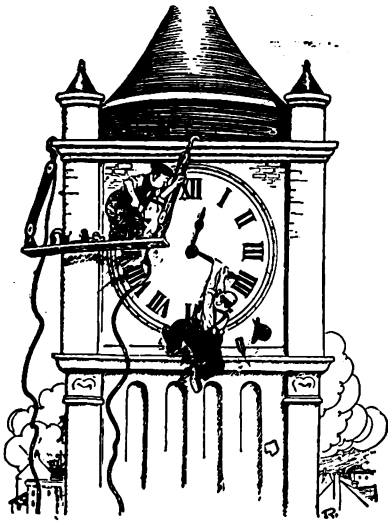
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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 October 4. Winning ending appears in the issue of October 23.





Man on plank—Leggo, Bill; ye're makin' it fast!
—Tit-Bits

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

hicks. And more or less for the same reason it has no use for the star system. The great mob of actors in "Potemkin" co-operate with an effacement of self that is unbelievable, knowing actors, and with the one object in view, apparently of producing a real movie which, under the direction of a young genius named Einstein, they have certainly succeeded in doing. (Perhaps I shouldn't even identify the director.) "Potemkin," in its present form, would be impossible to the profit-greedy, star-mad industry of Hollywood.

It tells, or shouts, or sings (as you please) the story of the mutiny on board the Russian cruiser, *Prince Potemkin*, in the harbor of Odessa in 1905. The main outline is historic, but the whole romantic emphasis, of course, is cast on the side of the mutinous sailors. And here's the rub, so far as our boards of censorship are concerned. The International Film Arts Guild, which imported the film and gave it the private view I was privileged to see, has asked what might be done to it to get it by the censors. If the censors object to the pictorial celebration of a mutiny on board a warship, I can't see that anything can be done. The mutiny is the whole picture; there is nothing else in it they can object to—no sex appeal nor a hint of vice or crime, merely the triumph of rebels against entrenched authority. But what authority! Nothing like it in arbitrary ruthlessness and brutality can be conceived of in our own Navy or in that of any other democracy. Consequently there could hardly come from the picture a suggestion

to our sailors that they go and do likewise. I should think it would tend rather to impress them with the comparative excellence of their lot, and our citizens in general with the relative benevolence and efficiency of Uncle Sam. Certainly to permit its showing in public would be a fine gesture of confidence in the pride and loyalty of Americans, and for the sake of our movie education I hope this will be the official view.

But perhaps you have got the idea that without stars or sex appeal or gilded vice or gags this picture wouldn't take. Pray, can it!

WINNER OF MOVIE PLOT CONTEST No. 9

"South Sea Sobs"

ON A BEAUTIFUL isle IN THE SOUTH SEAS LIVES ALONA, WHO IS the sweetest shredded-wheat shaker that ever shamelessly shimmied her way to fame. A VISITING YACHT BRINGS some white cargo f.o.b. (full of beer), WHO MEETS ALONA AND immediately tears up his return ticket. HE IS DETERMINED TO eat cereals from now on in order to get next to Alona, AND HIRES for that ingrowing thirst a Hawaiiin Gondola in which he takes her out ONE NIGHT, and does not make her swim home but promises TO go sightseeing with HER THE NEXT DAY. ON HEARING OF THIS, Oolala, her brown-skinned beau, SETS OUT IN HIS one-oar coupé TO recover his Alona with shredded-wheat AND is very much at sea where to find his rival. THE LATTER DISAPPEARS ON HIS own initiative, AND THE reunited couple ARE ABLE TO ukulele IN PEACE AND HAPPINESS WITH practically nothing to hide from each other.

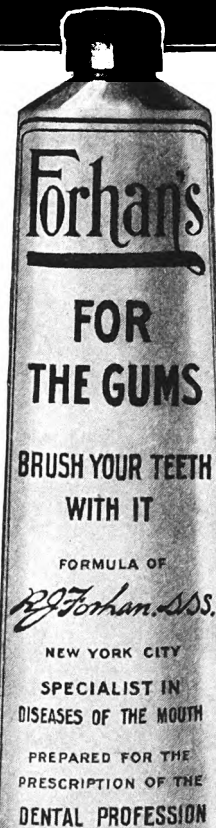
M. Gaboury

A picnic party sent one of their number to the village to purchase provisions. A little later he returned with a bottle of whisky, half-a-dozen bottles of beer, a corkscrew, and a loaf of bread, and was greeted with a roar of laughter.

"Halloa!" said one of the party, "he's even remembered the sparrows."
—Tit Bits

Jack and Jill went up the hill
At 60 miles or better;
A cop unkind
Was right behind—
They're seeking bail by letter.
—Bridgeport Post

Protect your gums and save your teeth



JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhea, which attacks four out of five people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholesomeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigorated to support sound, unloosened teeth.

Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

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

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. FORHAN CO. New York Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

STOPS



No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail 25 cts. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

YOUNGSTERS



"SATURDAY NIGHT"

By Kernan

A new Boy and Dog picture, which will, we are sure, be enthusiastically received. Printed from the engraver's original plates on Heavy Art Mat, size 8 3/4 x 11 1/4 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 Cents each



"OH, MAMA!"

By R. B. Fuller

A new child picture that has a very strong maternal appeal. Printed in four colors from the original plates on heavy Art Mat, size 11 x 14 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 Cents each



"THE CURSE OF DRINK"

By Maud Tousey Fangel

This popular reproduction in three colors should be framed and hung conspicuously over the table at which you mix your cocktails. Size 9 x 12 inches.

Sent postpaid to any address for 25 Cents

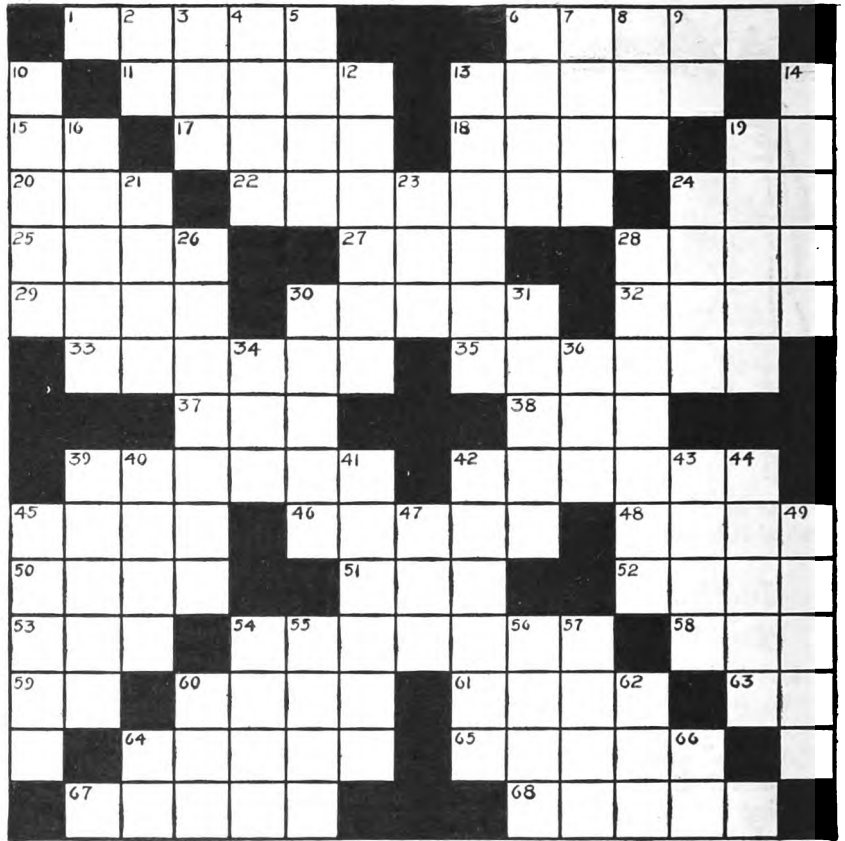
JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

627 West 43d Street

New York

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 92



Submitted by Geo. R. Beecher, Columbus, O. Judge pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. A wise remark.
6. A stop signal.
11. A shoe clerk on his holidays.
12. Girl friend of the above mentioned clerk.
15. Adeline Moore (Careful now!).
17. Prefix meaning against.
18. What men do if they argue with their wives.
19. Point of the compass.
20. Impersonal possessive pronoun.
22. These are usually hanging around the women.
24. Department of Public Cheeses (init.).
25. Where Chicagoans get knocked for a loop.
27. Nefarious Artichoke Dunkers (init.).
28. Jack Dempsey's wax model.
29. This is worth about two cents in Chicago.
30. Satan's sanctum sanctorum.
32. Wild grains.
33. This is a lot of tomato sauce!
35. Spanish gentlemen.
37. Foundation of flivvers.
38. This goes with a dash.
39. Trouble hunters.
42. The cause of oral turpitude in Italy.
45. A bunch of Ku Kluxers.
46. To present the gate.
48. The land of wurra wurras.
50. The loop that binds.
51. Something gold diggers dig for.
52. Light carriages with one pair of wheels.
53. Another point of the compass.
54. Hold-ups.
58. This comes out of a tree and goes into a night club.
59. Preposition denoting presence.
60. To color lightly.
61. Information on the ponies.
63. That old crossword Sun God.
64. Two of these will never make a right.
65. Periods of time.
67. Something bibulous papas come home on.
68. A tough proposition in a restaurant.

Vertical

2. R.S.V.P. without the "V.P."
3. A villainous expression.
4. A copper.
5. A high flyer.
6. Something a politician puts his foot in.
7. A plate of beans in the Army.
8. Abe Lincoln's nickname.
9. Cagney Amazons (init.).
10. To tip over the beans or the milk.
12. When words fail, take her this way.
13. How a ball player usually gets home.
14. Loves.
16. A follower of the doctrines of Zeno. (Dora

thinks this is the bird that flies around with babies.)

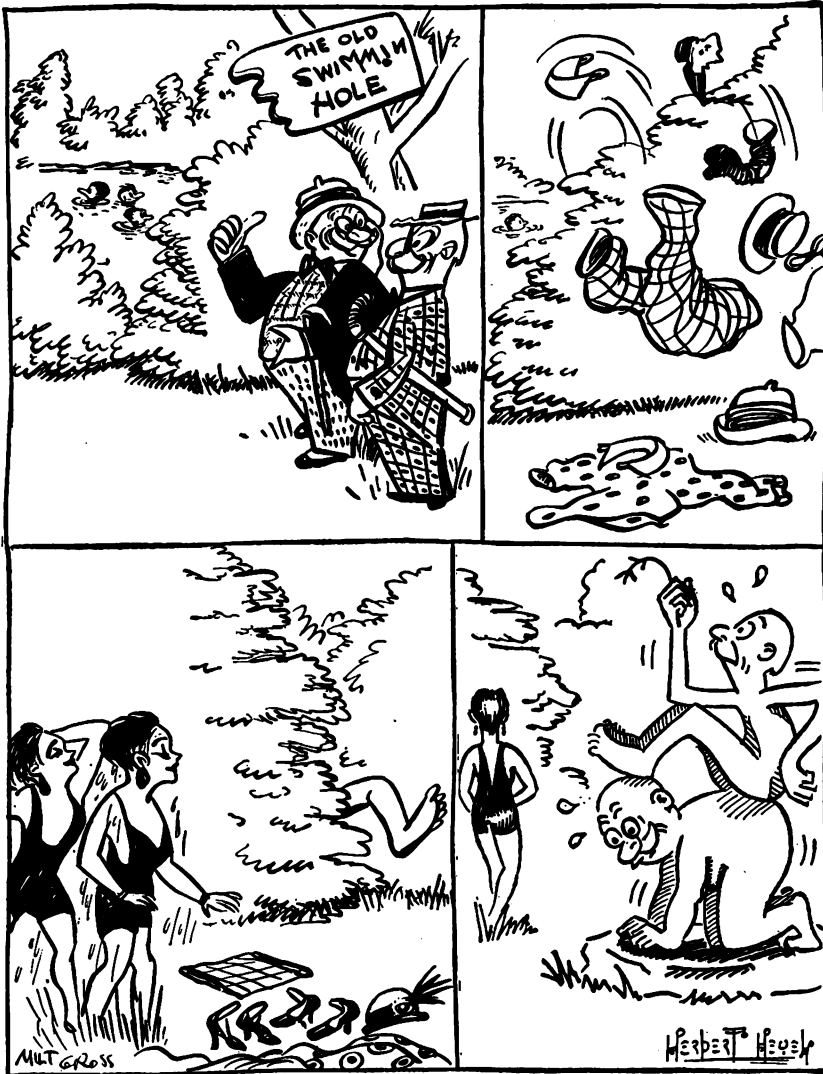
19. Stylish dog blankets.
21. This is usually found in mush rooms.
23. The family goat.
24. A pre-nuptial term.
26. The All-American indoor sport.
28. This makes married men see double and feel single.
30. Looks for.
31. The covered wagon.
34. Exclamation of righteous indignation (Fem.).
36. Running mate of "neither."
39. Very hard stone.
40. Lover's boulevard.
41. The opposite of plain clothes men.
42. Piggish.
43. The eyes have it.
44. A very strong rope.
45. The part of society that's always getting separated.
47. How Englishmen get hurt.
49. National Society for Prevention of Atrocious Spooning (init.).
54. A Christmas present to the King of Zumbala.
55. Kitty food.
58. Fish eggs (very plural).
57. Lover's quarrel.
60. Pre-Volstead party beverage.
62. A poetical "before."
64. Leaping Kangaroos (init.).
66. A continent where gentlemen prefer brunettes (abbr.).

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 57

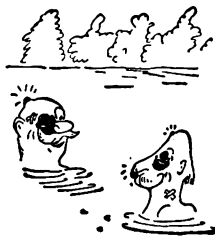


Herbert Heyel, 39 1/2 Irving avenue, Port Chester, N. Y.

Runners Up



W. Holloway, Pittsburgh, Pa.



R. L. Grindall, Bangor, Me.



Albert Tait, North Vancouver, P. Q., Canada.



C. James Smith, II, Coronado, Cal.



Henry Dodds, St. Catharine Ont., Canada.



Myron W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Q Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.

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Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,
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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



100 Per Cent. Americana

Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR JUDGE: I have just been reading Mencken's Americana in his August issue. My heart is burdened with grief that such a display of moronism can be collected each month from my fellow Americans.

I then turned to JUDGE to lift this aforementioned grief from my soul and succeeded admirably until I read the letters of Steven McCray and J. H. Theisz in the July 31 number. It is my thought that just such persons as these will furnish Mencken with material for his Americana in the years to come. I sincerely hope the educational standards of Harvard are not responsible for Mr. McCray's intolerant attitude toward the free expression of thought. These old United States are a wonderful place to live in, but they can still be improved upon by abolishing the Prohibition amendment and also by dealing a well-aimed and fatal blow on the skone of JUDGE's famous "Aunty." The Methodists surely cannot think much of their religion in trying to lower it to the level of politics.

JUDGE serves as my weekly chaser for all the sloppy propaganda I run across nowadays. Continue your excellent editorials and for God's sake take the negative side or most of us may forget there are two sides to every issue.

I wish to express my appreciation of W. M. H., George Jean Nathan and last, but not least, of Judge Jr. Yours for more editorials,
Fresno, Cal. W. J. Moore
July 30, 1926.

P. S.: Judge Jr.'s Number outclassed them all. Incidentally, I think he has too much talent to waste on gag collecting and recipes on such a dead art as drink mixing.

Contempt of Court

DEAR JUDGE: Please, please do the public a good turn and drop a safe on W. M. H. Of course, you may shoot him if it is more convenient, but a slow and painful death would be much better. His imitations of Henry Mencken's style are impossible and his ideas morbid. Two other of his weekly *faux pas* are his griping attitude toward Prohibition and his mediocre movie reviews.

However, except for this blot, the World's Wittiest Weekly is improving every issue. Your contests are always interesting, Judge Jr. is good and, thank the Lord, you are usually original. Blacksburg, Va. Sincerely,
August 14, 1926. Wallace D. Barlow

Maybe He Couldn't See Straight

Editor, "Judge on the Bench."

DEAR SIR: In your edition of August 21 I read with much disgust the attack of Hap Haller, who apparently has only hear-say evidence to back him up. However, as long as you published the accusation I am sure that you will publish my refutation.

It follows:

It is quite evident that the friend of Hap Haller was too busy looking at the "bunch of foreigners" to look at the other side of the automobile. It is also quite evident that the friend did not go to Chicago during the Congress that was held there or even read about it, for he would know that at all the ceremonies that were held there the Stars and Stripes appeared wherever the Papal Yellow did. Surely this would not be done by people trying to insult Haller's country. "Hap" should not believe everything he hears—or reads. "Even your best friend won't tell you"—(the truth).
Atlanta, Ga. C. L. Connelly
Aug. 19, 1926.

"It Has a Peculiar Appeal"

Editor, JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: When your editorial writer, "W. M. H.," in the August 24 issue of JUDGE, calls the movies cheap and silly, he is treading on very dangerous ground! I am not connected with the motion picture industry, but have made a special study of it, and consider it an entertainment of the first degree.

Does your editor realize what a wonderful appeal the motion picture has? According to the Annual Report of the Motion Picture Commission for 1925, submitted to Governor "Al" Smith, "nearly one-tenth of the people of our State see motion pictures each day, and at least fifteen million in the U. S. see them each year. It fascinates and appeals not only to children and the youth of our country, but has a peculiar appeal to the illiterate, the moron, and the defective. It interests alike the intelligent and the cultured."

The great majority of the pictures are unobjectionable, and the majority of the producers in this country are law-abiding.

The motion picture industry is not different from any other industries. There are always some engaged in every pursuit who by their conduct, bring their calling into disrepute; thus the necessity for laws and regulations as in New York State.

It is a well-established fact which none can deny, that producers are getting away rapidly from the so called sex pictures! People are supporting pictures like "The Ten Commandments," "The Vanishing American," "The Big Parade," "Ben Hur," "The Black Pirate," and "The Freshman." And now we have Paramount's wonderful contribution to "Greater Movie Season," "Beau Geste!" Do these pictures and hundreds like them require "soap and ventilation?"

Your editor claims that the pictures produced to-day are "made up of hypocrisy and gross sentimentality." Can he truthfully name, with facts to substantiate his claims, six pictures that have been produced since January 1, 1926, that have had a bad effect upon the youth of our country?

Good pictures of the high standard that are being produced to-day by high-minded men with a realization of their responsibility like Zukor, Lasky, Laemmle, DeMille, Goldwyn, Fox and Loew, have an effect upon the theater owner, who when finding that he has a good week, tells the producer that he wants similar pictures. The producer then calls his scenario department and directors together and tells them to produce more pictures like the one demanded. And what is the result? Good pictures both in artistic value and with clean plots are selected. These in turn pay well and thus the producer makes similar pictures, thereby serving and pleasing his public.

What has your editor to say to the above facts? Brooklyn, N. Y. Yours very truly,
Aug. 28, 1926. Samuel H. Krone

[Ed. NOTE—What we have to say to the "above facts" is simply that most of them are not facts at all but opinions, which we respectfully decline to share.]

Where Prohibition Doth Not Corrupt

DEAR JUDGE: Up here we sure enjoy your paper and look forward to it every Wednesday. Keep up your good work, particularly your stand toward repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. We don't have anything like that to worry us here. The Government controls the sale of our liquor, bootleggers are scarce, and we know what we are drinking. I noticed a rather dirty bigoted letter recently signed by Hap Haller from somewhere in California, which appeared in your paper. We make short work of people like him in Western Canada.

And, by the way, hurry your book on drink recipes. We need something like that, and don't always boost Gordon Water. Try Burnett's White Satin next time. It has Gordon beat to death.

All you need with it is a little vermouth and lemon. I suppose you know where to get the lemon. Winnipeg, Manitoba. Yours truly,
Aug. 25, 1926. T. H. Macdonald

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Are You Well-Bred--But Still an Outsider?

Then You Need This **FREE Booklet**



"THE proudest gates fly open at the approach of courage and culture," said Emerson.

"With culture you can make of yourself what you please," Lord Chesterfield claimed.

How about you? Have you culture? If so, are you employing your culture to the best advantage? The people who succeed most easily in this world are the people of culture, because they make friends easily, because they are liked wherever they go, because people are always glad to help them.

Many people have culture but few show it. Not because they are afraid to show it but simply because they don't know how. They do not wish to appear uncultured. Far from it. And yet they continue to do the very things that mark them as uncultured. Over and over they do these things. Day after day they continue the little habits—the little uncultured mannerisms that lower them in people's eyes. Why do they do these things? For one reason and for one reason only. Simply because nobody ever told them. Nobody ever corrected them. And so they go on and on—making the same mistakes time and again—wondering why they do not gain the success in business and in social life that their inner culture entitles them to.

Do You Ever Feel Lack of Culture?

Do you ever feel that people are slighting you? Do you ever feel that you are not receiving the attention and respect you deserve?

No doubt you are well-bred. But in a gathering of cultivated people you may feel like an outsider. You may feel as if you are not one of the crowd. The people perhaps do not take to you as much as you would like them to. They are polite, of course. They do not snub you or ignore you. And yet you feel a certain formality—a certain coldness in their manner. You wish to be friends with them but you are afraid that they are not so anxious to be friends with you.

Get This Free Book if you are interested in learning

- How to make an impression on people
- How to develop social charm
- How to gain poise
- How to be at ease in any situation
- How to gain true culture
- How to apply culture to business
- How to show culture in speech
- How to show culture in dress
- How to compel attention
- How to overcome timidity
- How to overcome self-consciousness
- How to strengthen your personality
- How to attract valuable friends
- How to gain the social success you deserve

Many people are confronted with this problem. Some of them realize the reason—lack of culture. But very few discover the cure. It does not matter whether your lack of culture is apparent or real. You can quickly overcome it. You can quickly gain poise—refinement—self-confidence. It is the simplest thing in the world to correct the little mannerisms, the little "give aways" that are holding you back.

Good Manners Are Not Enough

A man or woman may be a master of etiquette and still be uncultured. Perfect etiquette does not insure culture. It is merely an outward indication of culture. In fact, people sometimes concentrate on etiquette in order to hide their *lack of culture*. These people are always found out. There are innumerable little "give aways"—little casual remarks—little unconscious actions which show with startling clearness your culture—or your lack.

Etiquette is second nature to the cultured man. His good manners are built on a firm foundation—a foundation of culture. The cultivated man does not depend on rules of behavior. Culture makes it *natural* for him to do the right thing—to say the right thing. His perfect manners are a part of his make up. He cannot forget them any more than he can forget his instincts.

Don't Obey Rules of Etiquette Blindly

Uncultured people or people who are only half-cultured oftentimes obey rules of etiquette blindly. They have not culture enough to discriminate—to interpret these rules. They obey the letter of the law rather than the spirit of it. Thus, a single blunder may shatter the fragile structure of esteem which they have painstakingly built up in the minds of their friends. Unconsciously they may make some mistake that a cultured person *could not possibly make*.

Culture teaches you the *spirit* of etiquette. The cultured man knows *instinctively* just what to do and say at all times. The man who attempts to "get by" in society with mere rules of conduct is like the schoolboy who learns each step of a problem by heart instead of mastering the *principle* of the problem—the "reason why." Thus each new problem perplexes him. He who understands culture—he who knows the principles—the "reason why" of etiquette is never at a loss in any *situation*.

Get This New Booklet

We have just published a new booklet—"The Development of Culture." We will gladly send you a copy upon request. The booklet is beautifully printed and filled with interesting illustrations.



You will find it highly instructive—a wealth of fascinating information.

If you had to quit work for a month in order to read this booklet, it would probably be one of the most profitable months you ever spent. But you don't have to do that. It takes but an instant to sign the coupon. You get the booklet for nothing.

It tells about the most practical, common sense method of developing culture that was ever devised. It offers you the secrets of poise, refinement and self-improvement, both moral and physical as well as mental.

It shows you how to recognize true culture the instant you see it.

It shows you how faulty culture leads to failure—how true culture insures success.

It opens the gates of education, refinement, enlightenment and gives you a sure and satisfactory guarantee of social and business success.

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ARMAND ARMOUR

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HEVEN knows why—but bridge parties *are* given. It is considered dangerous to furnish revolvers to guests, especially if husband and wife are playing as partners.

Two hours after the play has started, you (keen hostess that you are) will observe that what you had intended to be a bridge party has degenerated into a round-robin contest of individual debating societies seated at your tables.

It is then time to follow the suggestions contained in this advertisement.

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HERE, ladies and gentlemen, is the man about town. Rumor hath it that he only frequents night clubs so exclusive that they are padlocked to the general public. He fosters new bridge rules when they work. He is a liability at any party, for nobody can tell him anything.

Suggestion to hostess: Use one bottle of Silver King Ginger Ale served in fragments over his head.

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MET J. Slamington Boom. His present philandering... er... er, we mean philanthropy—is educating the complete chorus of the Scandals and Vanities. In bridge, he is for bigger and better slams and can only be interested in a five-cent game.

Hostess—make him keep his coat on! Silver King *plus* will help.



HE SIMPLY MUST BE INCLUDED

IF you are married, etiquette demands that incidentally you invite your husband to such a party as this. At the end of the evening you will undoubtedly find him in the kitchen with the other boys who consider a Silver King highball worth eight finesses.

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"The Best Mixer"



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