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THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

AUGUST 30, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

JUDGE

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THE RIGHT STICK TO USE ON AN APPROACH

Can you originate a clever second line for this joke?



Arline—How'd you like to meet the Prince of Wales?

Ardeane—

JUDGE'S FIFTY-FIFTY CONTEST No. 35

JUDGE will award a prize of \$25 for the cleverest second line in the above conversation. Study the situation, the characters, and their expressions, and then write the funniest, snappiest line you can think of.

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of Judge may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted but none will be returned. No. 35 Contest closes September 9, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the October 11, 1924, issue of Judge. Check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that date. In the meantime, No. 36 will appear next week.

Write one line on a POSTCARD, sign your name and mail to Fifty-Fifty Editor of Judge, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

All answers, to be considered, must be received not later than September 9.

“LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS”

JUDGE

SUMMER WHEEZES

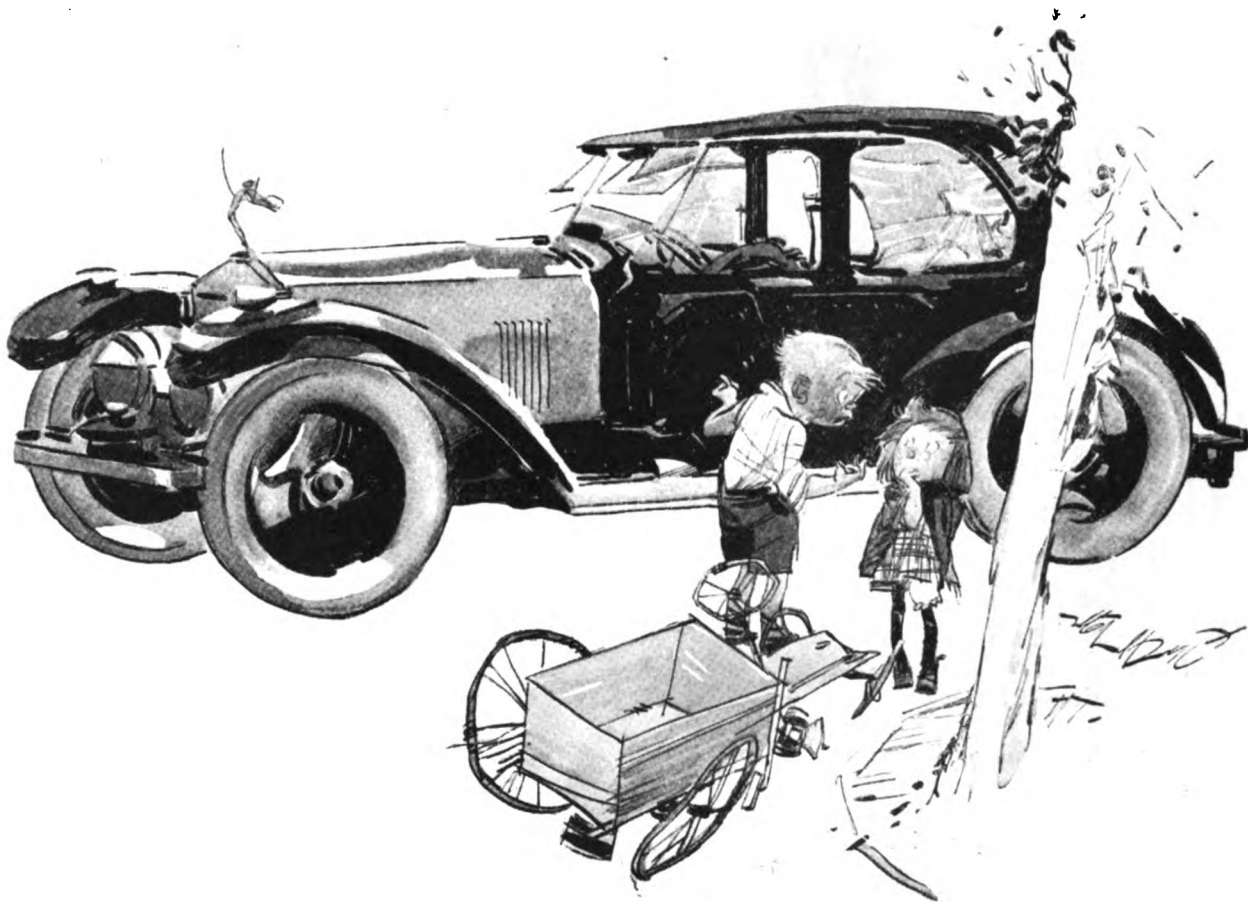
“The apparel oft proclaims the man,” but there’s never enough to announce the woman.

You can’t tell by the number of cylinders just how many are hitting, nor by the size of a man’s head just what he is thinking.

The only thing soft about some of our soft drinks is the tone of voice in which we are supposed to order them.

Genius is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths a good advertising manager.

He who laughs last laughs best. At least he laughs more effectively, because everybody in the audience turns around to see what the matter is.



DENNIS—*You needn't look like a lemon just because you've seen that. Did I have the wood he had when I made mine?*



"There goes poor Jones."
 "Why do you call him poor?"
 "He married a telephone girl and got a wrong number."

The Landed Gentry

Foreman—Why all the excitement, Casey?

Casey—An Irishman just landed.

"Where?"

"On me head. Didn't you see Pat fall from th' roof?"

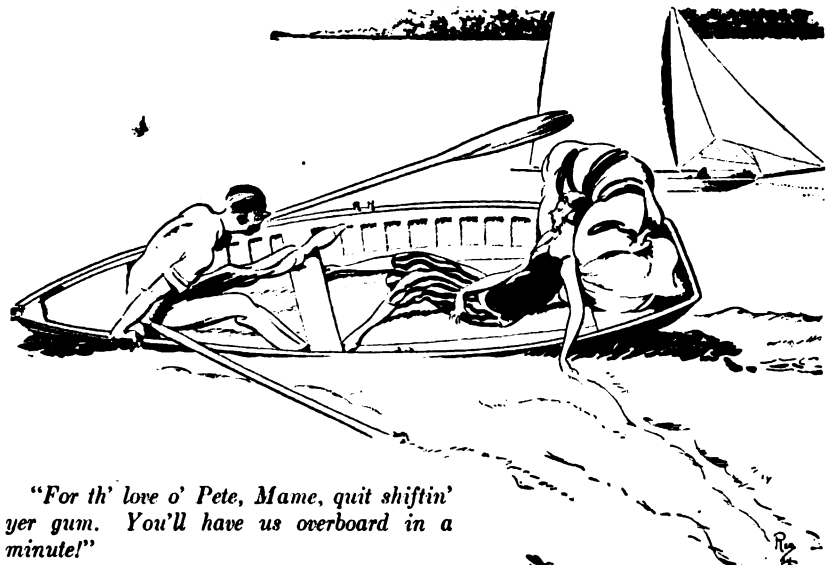
"Forget it! Just a little pat on the head and you fly right off the handle!"

Home, James!

Anna—The sap Grace is engaged to asked her to contribute something toward the home he's promised her.

Bella—Do you suppose she will?

"You bet! She's going to 'give him the gate!'"



"For th' love o' Pete, Mame, quit shiftin' yer gum. You'll have us overboard in a minute!"

Are You a Good Citizen?

(If So, How Good?)

HAVE you ever stopped to consider that you are a member of society, and as such you have grave responsibilities?

Society is composed of people, and, whether we like it or not we must accept that fact and try to make the best of it.

We (i.e. most of us) live for the common good. We obey the policeman on the corner because we know it is for our own good to do so. He is bigger than we are and carries a club. We must remember the old saying, "No man is bigger than the law."

In conclusion, let us remind you that you should not neglect your duty as a citizen. Go to the polls on election day and vote a straight ticket—if you can find one!

"I hear Jim shaves himself now. How is that?"

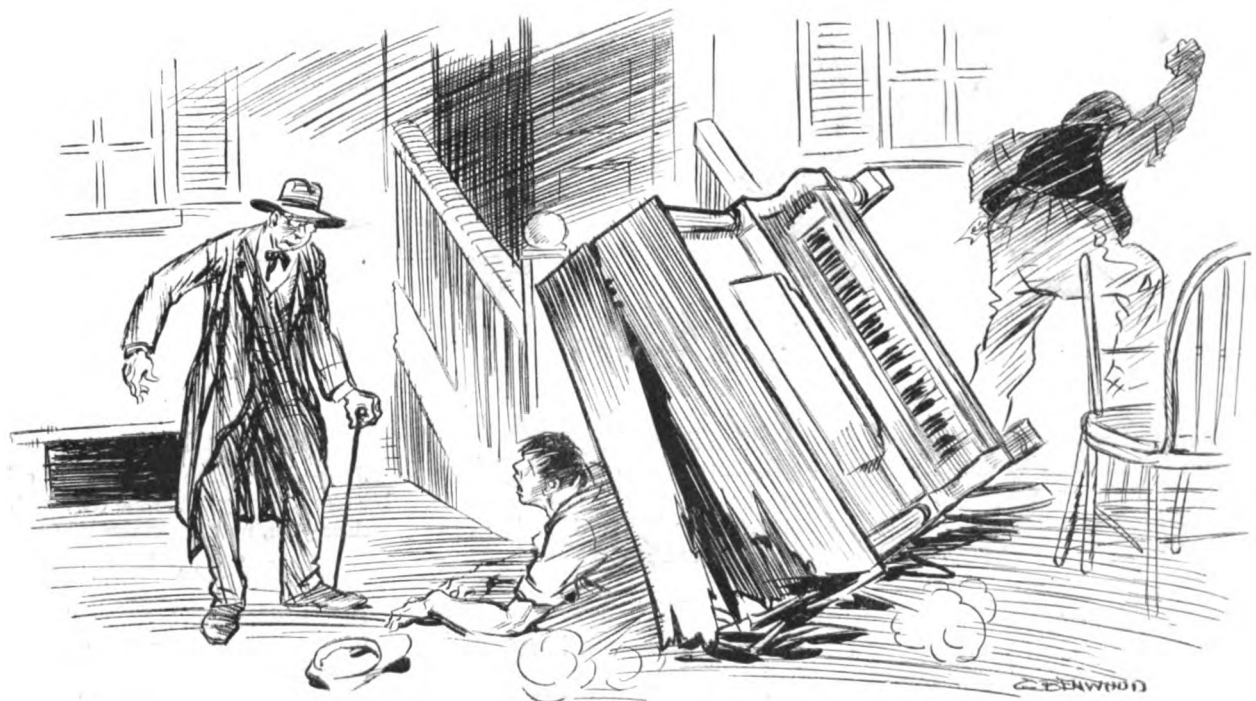
"Well, he refuses to patronize the barber shops any more. Ever since the girls invaded them to have their hair bobbed, the shops subscribe to *Good Housekeeping* instead of the *Police Gazette*."

Physician—What you need is more exercise.

Patient—I'll do it if you say so, doctor, but I'm usually mighty tired after swinging a sledge all day.



Miss Wrythe, the well-known danseuse, spent some time at a famous water resort and originated an interesting new dance step with a new partner.



MOVER'S HELPER—*The boss is gettin' childish—just threw a pianner at me!*



“Her, Bow”

The latest medical theory is that certain diseases can be detected by marks in the eye. When the eye is black, for instance, it means that one has been suffering from argumentativeness.



Boys will be boys. So will girls—judging by the modes of dress and hair-cutting.

The Stumbling Block

Green—Does you ever drink mo’ den is good fo’ you?

Wood—Lordy! Lordy! Ah can never ’ford to buy dat much!

High Art

John—What do you know about Art, anyhow?

Jack—Well, I once served on a hanging committee in Texas.

Where It Happens

Jane—Jack quite swept Dolly off her feet the very first time they met.

Mae—Oh, met her in the subway?



One million eight hundred and fifty thousand square yards of looking-glass are manufactured in Europe annually. This certainly provides material for reflection.

Heard at the Cigar Stand

"**H**A LAR yuh, Bill. Havva smoke?"
 "Sure, Harry. Thanks. Perty good. How's self?"

"Finez silk. Whereja go las night?"

"Mean the wife wenta the show. Perty good show, too. Kinda sad, but one fellez funny."

"Movie?"

"Nope, reglur show."

"I don't gota shows much. Don't seemta have good ones like they usta. Still, Dad usta say I never saw a good show, cause they took 'The Black Crook' off wen I wuzza baby. I figger I didn't miss much, cause I never cared for crook plays."

"Yeh, my ol' man usta be boosten the ol' time playzen acters too. Just mention show to him and he'd start raven about Barretten Booth. Great pair, Barretten Booth."

"Yeh, great pair, Barretten Booth."

"Seems like all the great acters in the old days were men. Don't bleeva ever heart uva woman staren the old days."

"Oh, there was some. Lessee, there was Elsie Dinsmore."

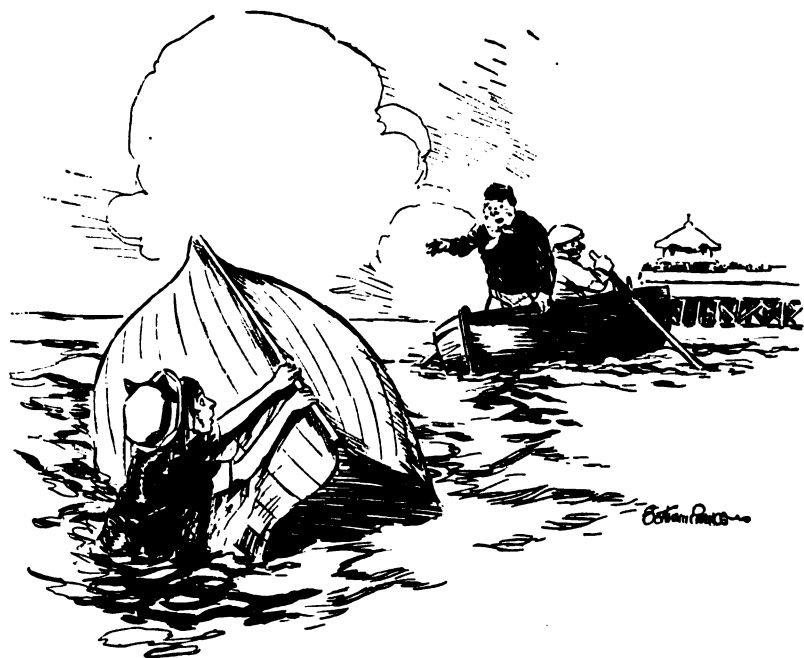
"But she wuzza singer, greatest spranna uver time, wuzn't she?"

"No, Elsie Dinsmore wuzza reglur actress, notta singer."

"Bleeve yer wrong, ol' timer. Greatest spranna uvver day."



Jones has just returned from two weeks of mountain climbing.



RESCUER—*Hold on tight, miss! Hold on tight!*
 SCHOOL-TEACHER—*Don't say that; say "Hold on tightly!"*

"No, you're wrong. I know who yer thinken of—Florence Nightengale. She wuz the greatest spranna uver day."

"Yer right! Florence Nightengale. My mistake."

"Yep, greatest spranna uver time. Well, gotta be scooten."

"So vi. Slong, ol' timer. Be good."

"Dootha same, podnah. Slong."

R. B. Walsh

A Bonus to Pick

"You and your husband separated after your domestic war?"

"Yes. It's all settled now but the bonus."

Funnybones

There are two sides to every question—unless a woman holds one of them.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

We Wish to Deny—

That they're called "peaches" because they have stony hearts.

That Ali Baba ran a forty-chair tonsorial workshop.

That Lord Derby has never been seen in a straw hat or topper.

That a pharmacy is a place where they sell farm produce.

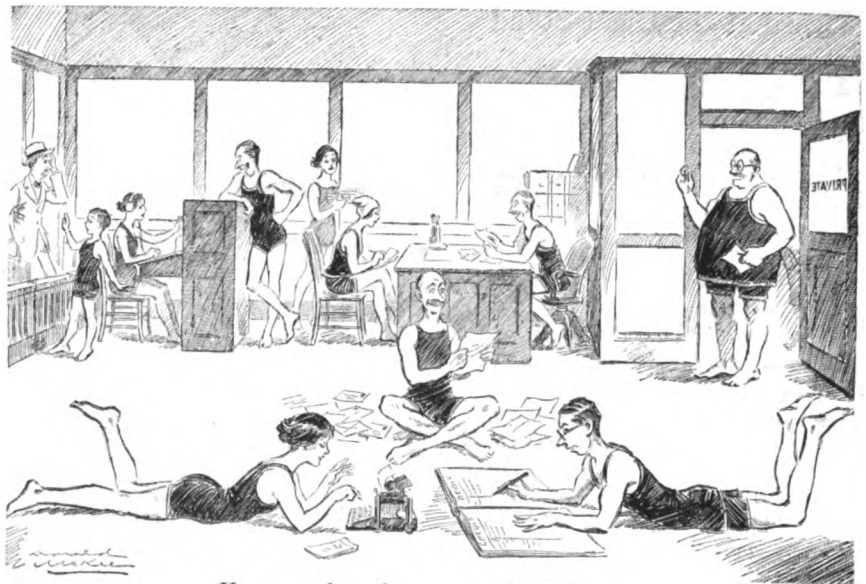
That a girl can scrap her corsets and still behave in staid manner.

That "yeggmen" are grocers that charge seventy-five cents per doz. for 'em.

Arthur Neale

Liza—Does yo' allow yo' husband to shoot craps?

Lulu—Not in mah official capacity as his wife an' de mothah of his chillun, Ah doesn't, but as de sharer of his joys an' sorrers, Ah 'couragees him when his luck am runnin' right.



How to prolong the on-a-vacation feeling.

Funnybones

This is the age of the flat. Flat chests, flat heads, flat tires, flat purses and flat beer!

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



Interference!

Curiosity Shop

SOME enterprising citizen is soon going to make a barrel of money by reviving the old-fashioned dime museum and installing in it a new line of freaks.

To help him to get it going all the sooner, the following list of attractions is suggested.

The Lady Who Has Never Had Her Hair Bobbed.

The Man Who Has Never Been Proposed for Vice-President.

A Horse.

A Moving Picture of an English Author Who Has Never Lectured America or in It.

A Person Who Has Never Been Held-up.

A Golfer Who Has Never Made a Hole in One.

A Dramatic Critic Who Doesn't Think Himself Witty.

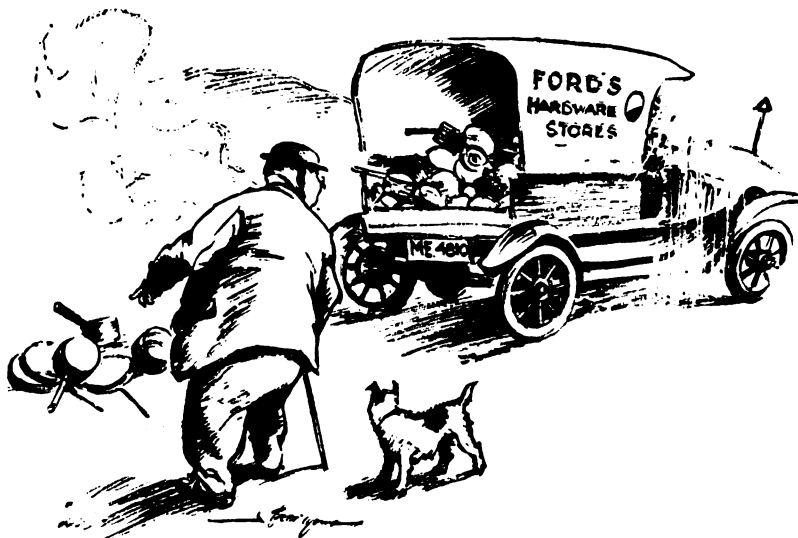
A Playwright Who Thinks Any Dramatic Critic Is Witty.

An Individual Who Has Never Thought He Could Write.

Delivering a Load

Taricab Driver (2 A.M.)—Does Mr. Nipp live here?

Mrs. Nipp (from window)—Yes! Just leave him on the porch!



"Hey, Buddy, you've dropped your engine!"

Suppressed Desire

Would that a harp beyond all dreams
were mine:

For arc the vault of heaven; the divine
Sweet spheres for pedestal, that throne
the Nine;

And as

For strings, the sun's beams falling gold
and sheer

Athwart the skies. Then fittingly, my
dear,

I'd praise you, and I'll tell the world
you'd hear

S—o—m—e Jazz!

Gardner Rea

A Growing Business

Father—When I was your age, I'd
sown all my wild oats.

Son—That may be, father, but you
had a much smaller crop to account for.

Came the Dawn

The Movie Title Writer Writes His
Wife in the Country

DEAREST — COMES THE
ROSY FINGERED DAWN,
PAINTING ANOTHER DAY—A
DAY OF LONG HOURS AND
SAD SILENCES. NO TRILLING
LAUGH TO CHEER THE
LONELY HEART, NO FOND
CARESS TO SOOTHE THE ACH-
ING MIND. ALL, ALL IS DULL
AND DREAR. NOR TOIL NOR
AUGHT TO LIFT THE PALL OF
GLOOM. SINKS THE WESTER-
ING SUN BEHIND THE SABLE
ROBE OF NIGHT—THE PLAIN-
TIVE CALL OF THE WHIP-POOR-
WILL FINDS SORROWFUL
ECHO IN A HEART WEIGHED
WITH THE WEIGHT OF DESO-
LATION. (CLOSEUP OF HERO.
HEAD BOWED IN HANDS, SIT-
ING IN BARE ROOM, A PIC-
TURE OF DESPAIR.)

One day later

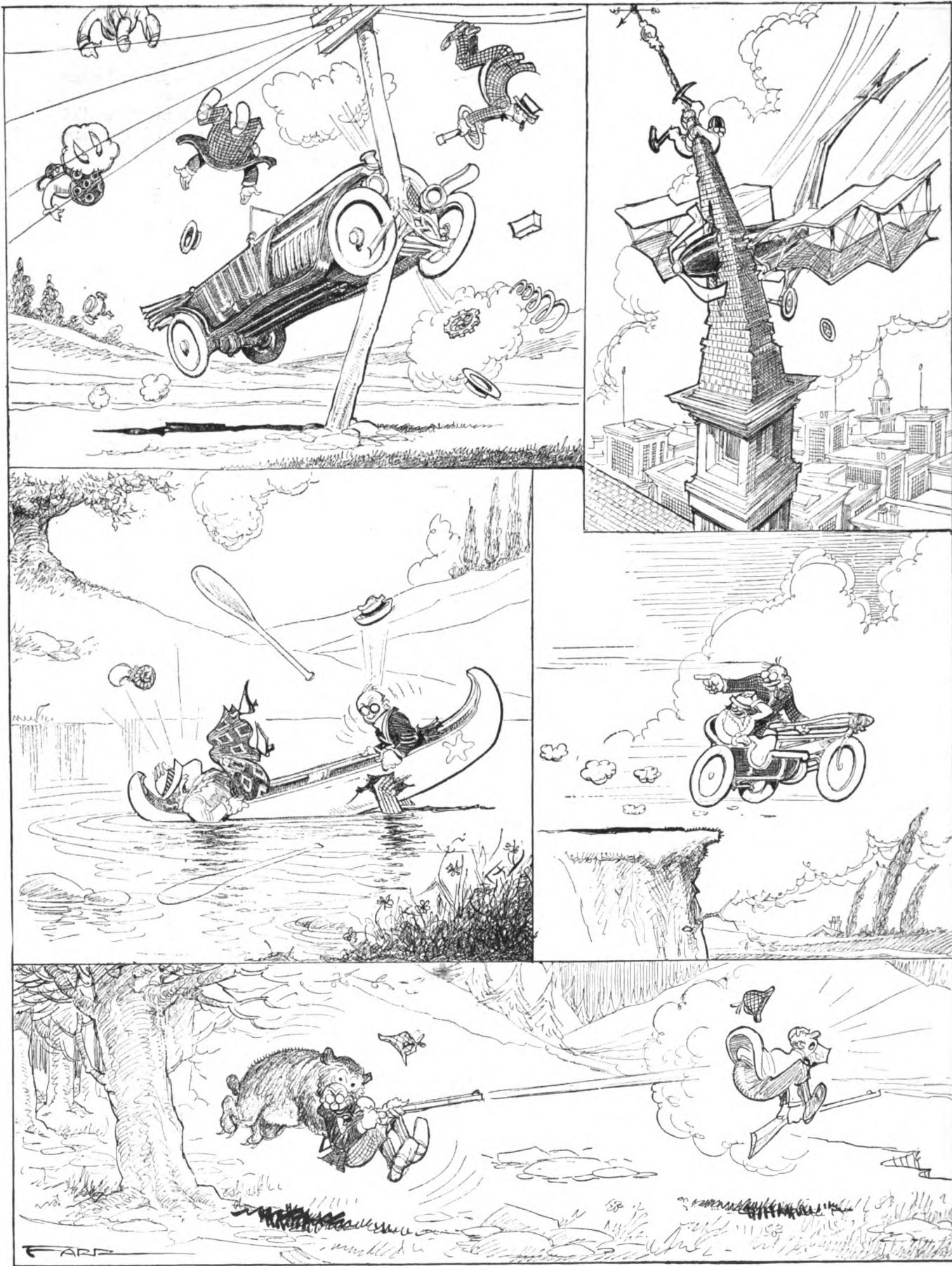
DEAREST—ARRIVES A LET-
TER. FONDLY HE CRUSHES
IT TO HIS LIPS. WITH SHIN-
ING EYES HE READS HIS
NAME IMPRINTED BY THAT
DEAR HAND, AN ETCHING ON
THE SCROLL OF DESTINY.
THRILLED AT THE NEWS OF
HER HOME COMING HE
PLUNGES INTO THE THROES
OF CLEANING HOUSE. WEL-
COME HOME, LITTLE WOMAN!
THE END

Nick Flatley



"Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour."

—Longfellow



Wreck-reaction



FARMER—Well, th' preacher prayed fer rain—and we got 'er! Not bad fer a little, pale skinny guy like him!

Home Amusements

PLAYING games is perhaps one of the best ways to kill an evening. *Checkers, dominoes, tiddledywinks, table tennis, cowboys and Indians and crap* are good games which train us to think quickly and be manly.

Poker is remunerative if you are good at it or use your own cards.

Chess is good, too, if you have the time.

But the best game of all (for excitement) is *cops and firemen*.

All that is necessary for this is a lively bunch and plenty of homebrew or what have you?

Just fill the bowl and let them go to it. If the cops and firemen don't arrive within an hour or two we miss our guess.

Try it sometime.

R. C. O'Brien

Click—How did you spend your week off?

Clack—Trying to decide where to go!



Bon vivant, waiting for the oyster season to open.

(Time, midnight, August 31.)

Beauty Secrets

A beautiful complexion may be had by steaming the face over a washtub; wringing out clothes makes the arms plump, hanging them out on the line increases the bust measurement, and carrying them to and from the yard makes the waistline smaller and the limbs more shapely. Try it, girls!

Proper Setting

Click—They tell me young Nipp has a good position with a motion picture concern.

Clack—Yep! He has charge of the "stills"!

Results

Rub—I absolutely forbade my wife to bob her hair!

Dub—How do you like it bobbed?

A lot of women think that Jackie Coogan is just too dear for anything. So do some producers that would like to get him under contract.

The Bird House

A Maid and a Man and a Robin

ANGELA and I had it out on the subject of bird-houses.

My argument was that I could cover our entire estate with a running start and two jumps, and that putting up a bird house on it was like starting a golf course in a window-box. Angela replied that I simply *must* teach her to play golf some-time.

I urged furthermore that there *weren't* any refined, family birds around any more, they were all sparrows; that I didn't see any reason for relieving the housing situation among sparrows; and, anyway, before we started buying houses for little birds we ought to finish paying for the roof over our own heads. Angela replied that speaking of roofs, there was a bad leak over the kitchen.

I argued finally that we couldn't afford
(Continued on page 31)



INDIGNANT HUSBAND—*There, dammit, see what you're responsible for? I've always told you not to call me honey!*



"Kindly refrain from flirting with me, Miss Brown; you know I am a member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice and besides you're not at all my type."

Letters from a Self-made Maniac to His Maiden Aunt

DEAR AUNT:

Well, I had a great time to-day! Let me tell you all about it!

Right after breakfast I shot nine elephants. Five of them were blue and six were pink. I had shingle nails for dinner, washed down with some of the best kerosene you ever tasted.

Lincoln and Grant dropped in in the afternoon and invited me to play croquet on the lawn, but I decided to go to Zuzuland instead, and in place of walking I turned handsprings until I got there.

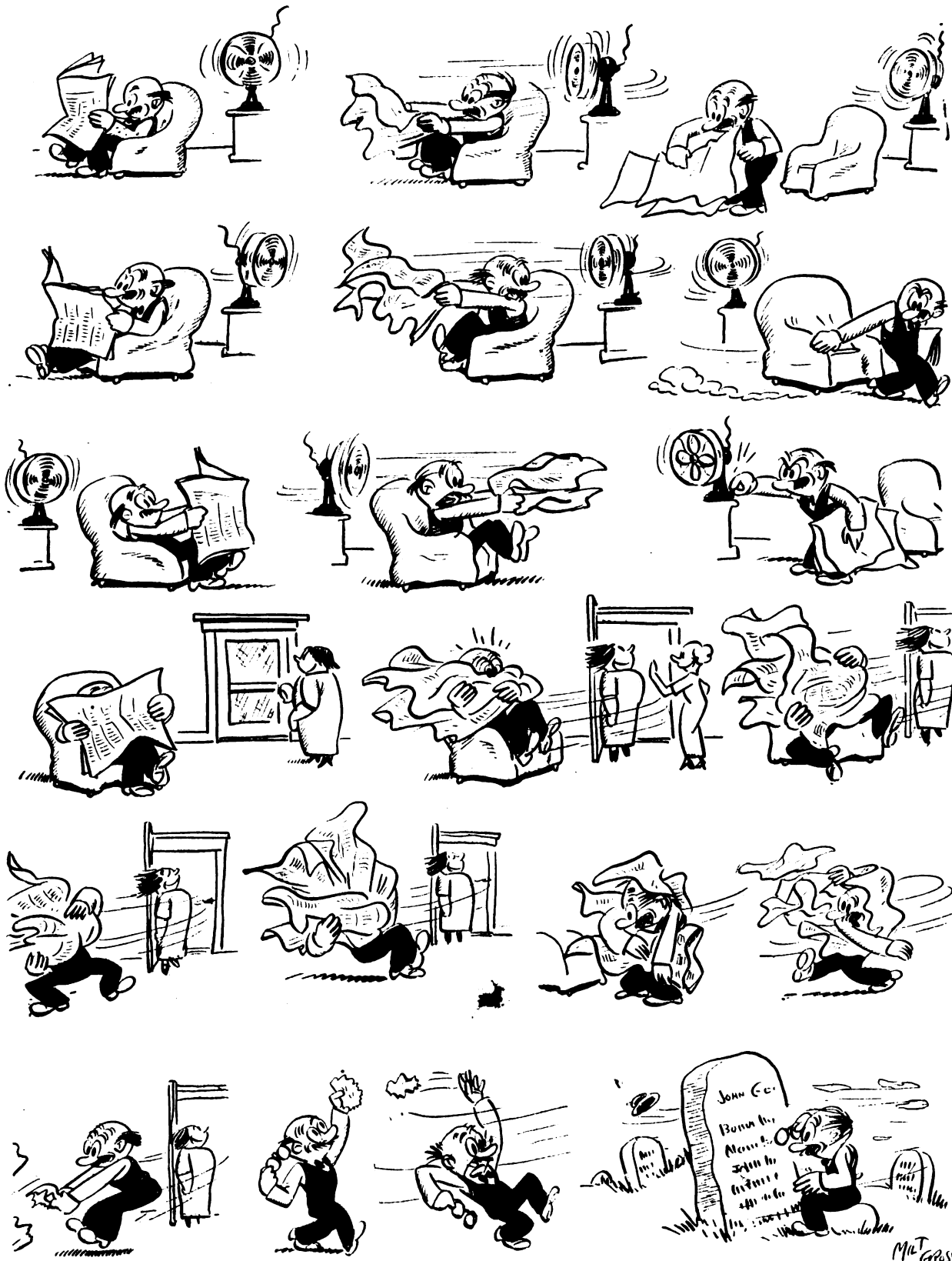
I rode back on a bicycle stopping at the North Pole on the way and arrived just in time for a smoking hot supper—white pebbles, fried in tar; there's nothing any better if they're cooked just right!

I'd like to tell you something more, but the keeper's coming!

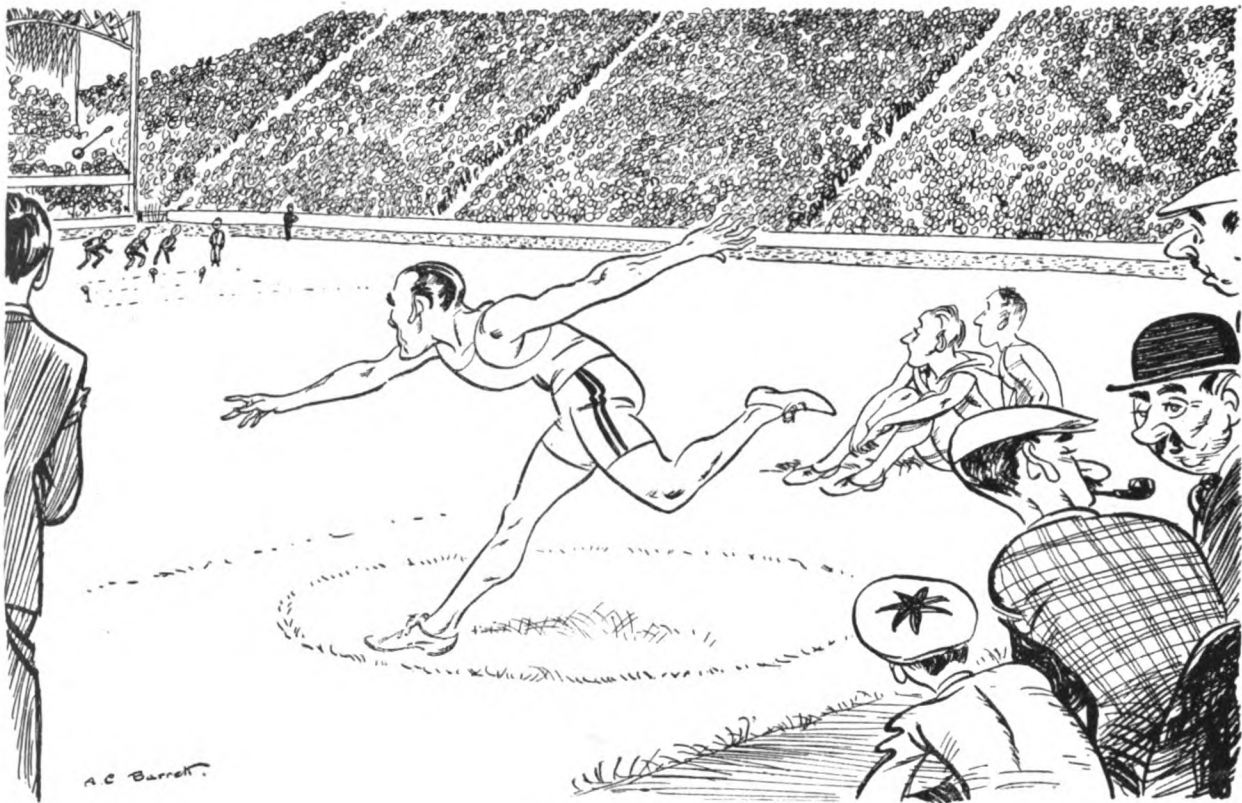
Bill

Seeing and Hearing

Men want the front seats in a theater, the rear ones in a church.



The Breeziest Way



LABORER, Watching Hammer-throwing—*Gee, Bill, I'd like t' see that guy throw down his tools when he goes on strike!*

Who Remembers When—

WOMEN blushed when they had to roll up their sleeves above the elbow?

Nobody would mention, in polite society, the expected advent of a baby?

There was a law that you had to stop your car when you met a horse and buggy?

Taxi-fares were never less than a dollar or two for any distance?

People really expected Bryan to be elected?

College graduates could speak and write English?

There were things you could tell children that would shock or surprise them?

Golf and grand-parenthood were never considered simultaneous occupations for the same person?

Only tough girls painted their faces?

It was considered unladylike to say damn?

There were no bootleggers?

Chaperones really meant something? *Strickland Gillilan*

Funnybones

Love may be blind, but, mostly, it just doesn't give a damn!

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



TELEPHONE OPERATOR—
Just a minute! Hold th' wire!

Safety First

Irate Wife—Who is that down there?

Inebriated Hubby (who has just stumbled over the first step)—
If shish ish my housh, ish a burglar —an' if shish ain't my housh, ish me.

Well-known

Knick—You've got to hand it to a man like Nipp.

Knack—You bet! If he happens to see the flask.

Too Late

Bandit (to guest in restaurant)—
Hands up!

Guest—Sorry, old-timer. The waiter has beat you to it.

Lingering

Kriss—Miss Swift is the most economical girl I ever met.

Kross—Indeed she is. You'll find that she can make one kiss last longer than any other girl you know.

The Cozy Corner

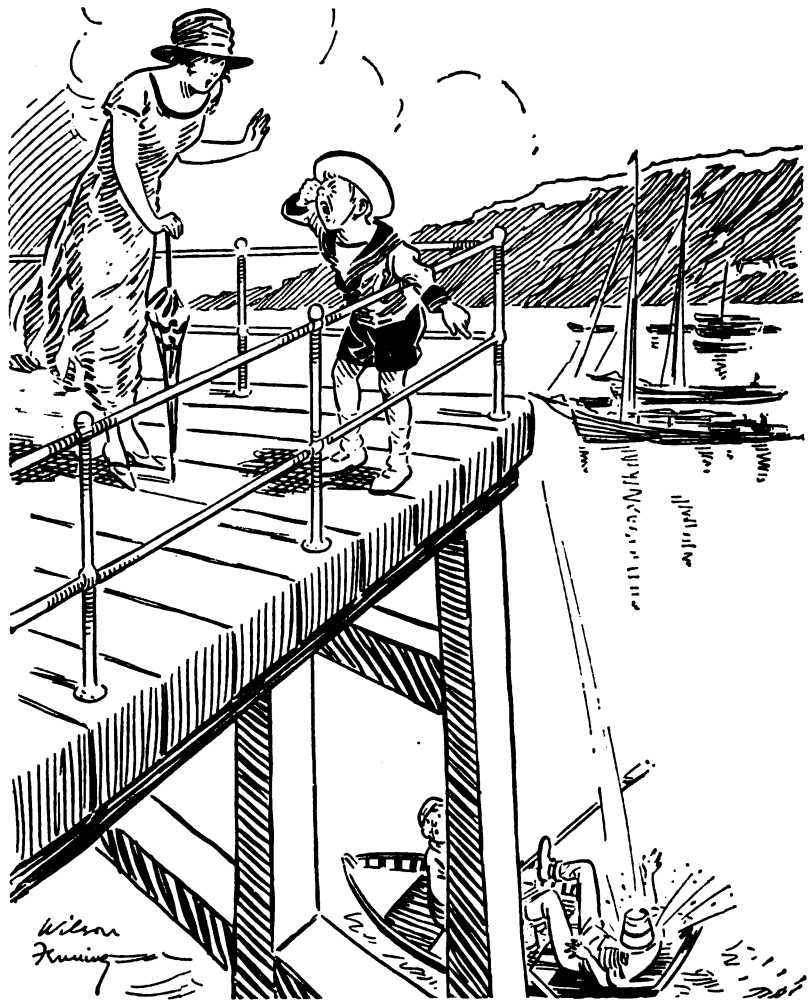
Our Own Column of Household Hints for Little Readers

For the past year I have been saving all the wrapping twine that has come into the house. This spring, when the boys were lamenting their need of a new tennis net, I showed them the fine new net I had crocheted during the meetings of our reading club. The tape I had made of the waistbands of their father's discarded pyjamas. The boys have great fun with their Dad, telling him he has got a new waistline on the tennis court. *Pansy, Delaware.*

My dear little five-year old laddie has the unfortunate habit of walking in his sleep. As I am a heavy sleeper, this gave me some concern, until I conceived the idea of sprinkling tacks on the floor. Since then he has always waked me. *Mamma, Utah.*

My husband's bootlegger brings him the quaintest, pinched-in, little bottles, which he always gives me when empty. I had the idea of setting them in the ground upside down, like brick, and now we have a walk from the house to the garage. Charlie says he hopes to hold out long enough to give us a walk from the porch to the front gate. *Maybelle, Virginia.*

Children's impromptus are often ill-timed and annoying. By rehearsing their little spontaneous outbursts beforehand and arranging a few simple signals, I can confidently reckon on my children's ridding me of any tiresome guest within ten minutes. *Evelyn, New York.*



CLARENCE—Boo-hoo! That man in that boat's got my pail of sand!

Funnybones

No, Clara, if you have static on your radio, it won't do any good to call a statistician.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



*"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
"Get a pair about four sizes smaller!"*

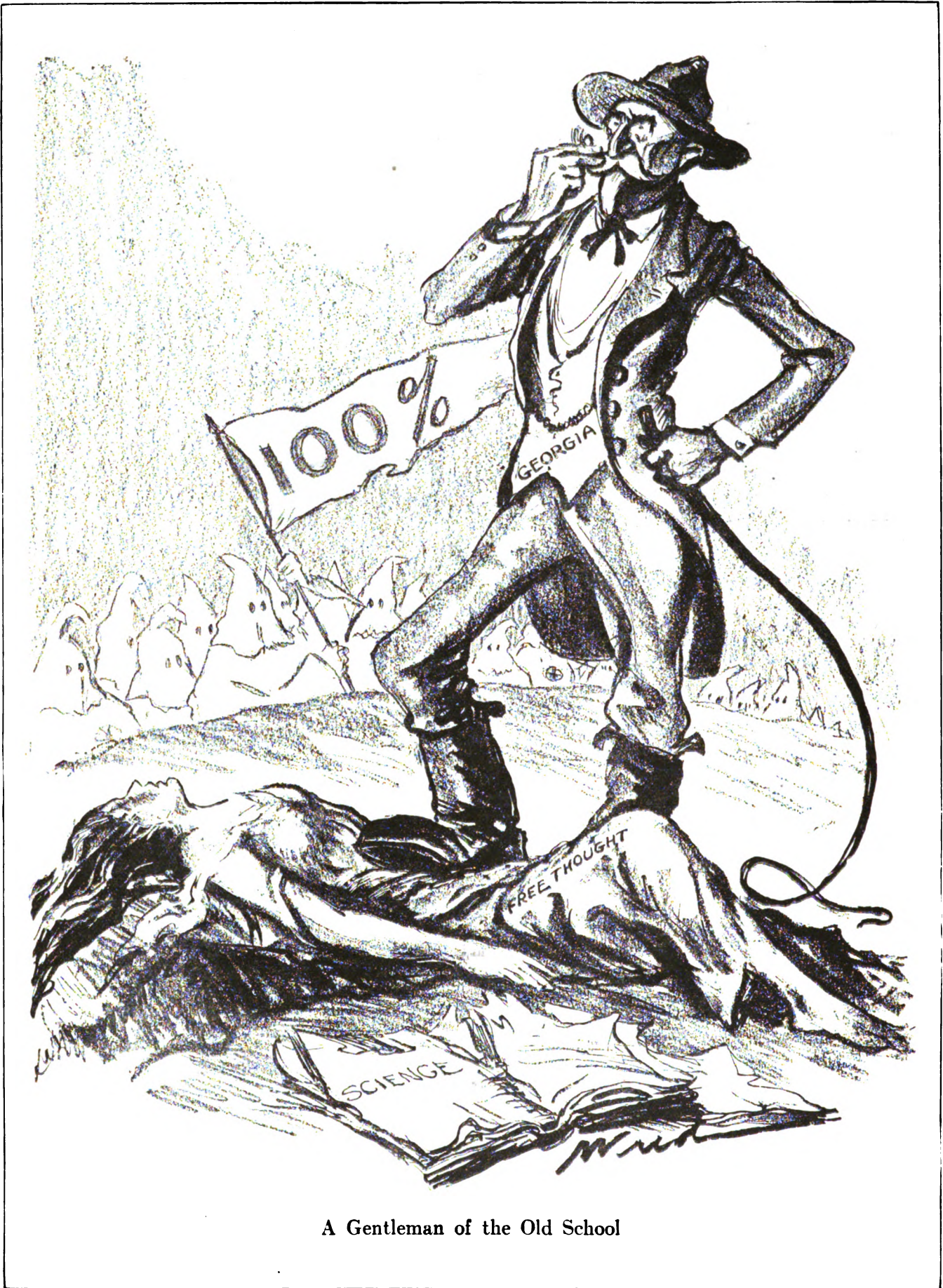
True Enough!

PHYLLIS, since last I wrote you random rhymes, I've spent some time on various well-known beaches. And though the girls were indiscreet at times, They sure were peaches.

They thought Missouri was my home, I ween—
For they most certainly did try and show me,
Their costumes made me think of Gunga Din,
Or else Salome.

But though they certainly looked mighty fine,
Not over naughty nor unduly good,
Would I desert you for them, Phyllis mine?
I'll say I would!

H. Kay Lynn



A Gentleman of the Old School



Editor, Norman Anthony. Associate Editors, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher

A Compact

Senator La Follette, you have appeared in this court before.

Yes, sir.

And the last time, unless I'm mistaken, we didn't part any too pleasantly.

Yes, sir.

But a judge ought to try to be fair, so now I wish to thank you for your outspoken attack on the Ku Klux Klan.

You're very kind, JUDGE. In that respect at least, then, we can make common cause?

Yes, indeed. Whenever you want to take a crack at the Kleagles, JUDGE will declare a truce, except on Election Day.

Our Own Von Tirpitz

Rear Admiral W. L. Rodgers, U. S. N., retired, predicts that the United States will go to war, "if there is any manhood left in the American people," when its population has reached 200,000,000, "in order to keep our place in the world, protect our interests, and give it a place (in the sun?) to go at the expense of other nations."

Those of us who thought that Prussia enjoyed a monopoly of this kind of talk should acknowledge our disillusionment.

But let us ignore for the moment the very evident wish fulfillment in the Admiral's prophecy and examine the lessons of history on which he says he bases it. Where, for instance, does he get the notion that the American people will feel unpleasantly crowded when they have doubled in number? The amount of land available to a given population is becoming less and less important every day. If each of us needed as much land to support him to-day as our forefathers did a century ago, we would probably already be in the state of mind Admiral Rodgers foresees. Instead, we're infinitely more prosperous and comfortable, individually and collectively, and therefore more pacific, at 100,000,000 than we were at 10,000,000, and our land is still a drug on the market. Ask the farmers.

What history shows is not a people gradually encroaching upon its means of subsistence and becoming more belligerent with every added mouth to fill, but one multiplying much less rapidly than its wealth. For this we have the progress of science and invention to thank. And scientists say we are on the threshold of new discoveries and inventions that will make those that have gone before look childish. Really, it seems much more likely that by the time we have attained to a population of 200,000,000 even our admirals will be content and pacific.

Tinder

If the American people ever deliberately provoke a war, as Admiral Rodgers predicts, it will not be from motives of greed but from boredom. Herded into vast factories and offices, where all day long they go through the deadening routine of tiny cogs in a machine; condemned in the evening to soft drinks and censored movies; unable on Sunday motor excursions to find a town that's different, or to escape from the same old billboards—the time may come when a spark of belligerency will touch them off like some endless level prairie of dry buffalo grass, and, God, how they will burn!

Our professional pacifists are merely aggravating this possibility with their interminable patter about peace, and their unwillingness to make peace endurable. Militarists like Rodgers do much less harm. And as for Defense Day, it ought to prove a positive contribution to the cause of peace, not because it emphasizes preparedness, but simply because it provides a novel break, however brief, in the monotonous rhythm of our lives.

A Regular Hundred Percenter

A good many of our fellow-citizens these days like to talk about law and order and to parade in nightgowns and call themselves 100 per cent. Americans, but one Stewart N. McMullin didn't talk or parade; he was a regular.

In the first place he became a convict three times and thus prepared himself with unusual thoroughness for the job ahead of him. On graduation from jail he entered the United States Secret Service and took his place in the very front line trenches of hundred percentism. Unfortunately, the fellow-convict he was shadowing was killed, and he lost his job.

But you can't keep a true soldier of the Cause down. His country in the meantime had gone dry, so in the natural course of events he enlisted as a prohibition enforcement officer and was immediately armed by a grateful nation with both authority and hardware. For months, possibly years, he policed the morals of his particular territory, until in his zeal he shot and killed a chauffeur whom he was trying to arrest as a bootlegger. He was acquitted of murder, but again he lost his job.

Then, quite logically, he became a private detective. And he might even now have been redoubling his efforts in behalf of law and order if he hadn't quarreled with his wife. Mrs. McMullin became infuriated with him, according to a boarder, when "he told her to earn money for him." At any rate, he was found stabbed to death in his New York apartment.

W. M. H.

LAUGHING

Sketches



Beatrice Lillie and Fred Leslie in "Charlot's Revue"

Customer—There's a fly in my coffee.
 Waitress—Well, don't get excited, it won't drink much!



Lester Allen in "Scandals"

"My wife is in the great beyond."
 "Oh, dead?"
 "No, Brooklyn!"



Moran and Mack—Keith's Vaudeville

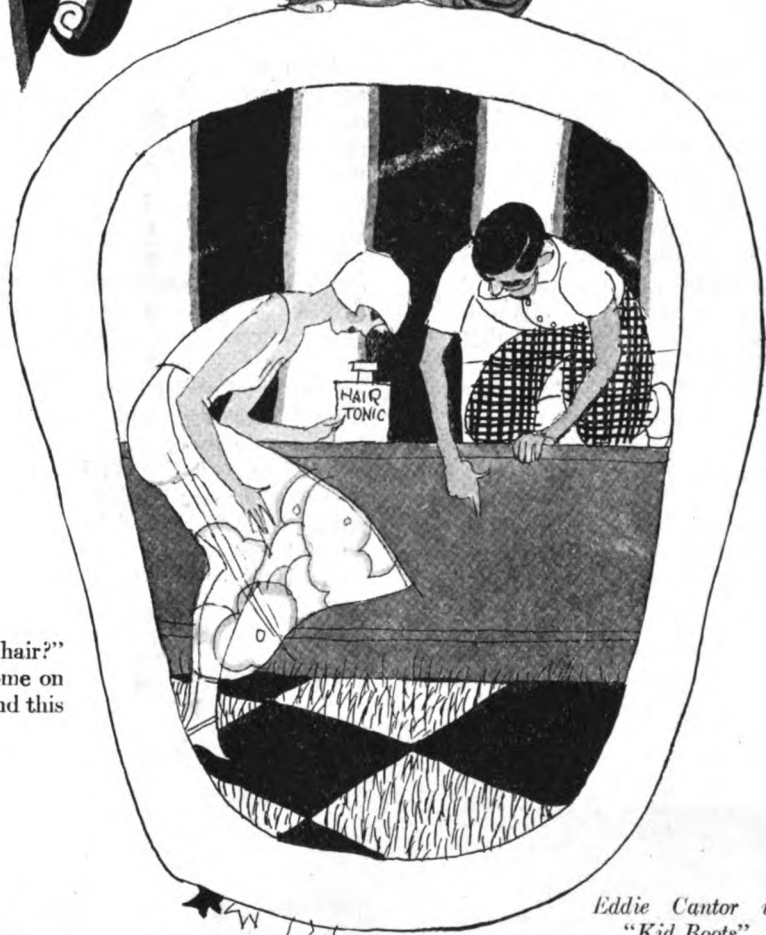
"Do you believe in dreams?"
 "Sure; las' night I dreamt I wuz eatin' flannel cakes an' when I woke up this mornin', the blanket wuz gone!"



Will Rogers in "The Follies"

from the SHOWS

by ROBT. PATTERSON



"Will this surely grow hair?"
"Will it! I spilled some on
the oilcloth last night and this
morning it was a rug!"

Eddie Cantor in
"Kid Boots"

"I want to join a Country
Club."

"Why go to all that expense.
I'll buy you a pack of
cigarettes and I can get drunk
at home!"



"I see you have a new car—
ever been pinched?"
"No, but I've gotten a
couple of slaps!"

Jimmy Savo in "Vogues"



IS THIS COUNTRY GOING TO THE DOGS?

An Amazing Confession by Don Herold

THE main idea in "The New Decalogue of Science," by Albert Edward Wiggam (Bobbs-Merrill), is that this country will go to the dogs unless all the best people hurry up and reproduce themselves in vast numbers and the other kind of people hold back. The trouble is, who is going to decide who are our best people?

I'll be frank and say I don't know what to do in my own case.

I would like for Mr. Wiggam to take a half hour off some day and look me over from tonsils to toes, and to look at some of my drawings and read some of my writing, and advise me what to do. My views as to my value vary. There are days when I think I ought to be multiplied in great numbers, say in editions of millions like the Hearst papers. Then there are other days

when I think I had better stop our line and do all I can to end the Herold family right where it is.

At present I have one little girl, age six, so I have not done much one way or the other. I have done no great harm and possibly no great good. If I were to pursue the scientific method for getting at the answer to the problem with which Mr. Wiggam has confronted me, I would consider this first daughter as an experiment and wait and see if she develops into a great toe-dancer or some other kind of great social benefactor, and if so, then mimeograph her to the tune of a dozen or so. It might be well if I brought this child with me, as a sample, when I talk to Mr. Wiggam. We will be glad to make an appointment with him at the information booth at Grand Central



Station any time he says. I hope it is not on one of my low days. I have periods during which no amount of encouragement or flattery could induce me to turn my little finger to help save the human race by repeating Don Herold.

(Continued on page 30)

Impatient?

Reporter—How did you manage to live to be 107, Mr. Whosis?

Mr. Whosis—Wall, ye see, I don't smoke, drink, chew, swear, an' I allus stay out in the fresh air.

"Why, I had an uncle who did all those things, but he died at fifty-seven."

"Wall, ye see, he didn't do 'em long enough."

Hypnotized Rastus

"You plead guilty, of course," said the judge. "This saddle was found in your possession."

"Boss, dat saddle *do* look familiar, but ah'm gonna plead *not* guilty. Mah lawyah done convince me ob my innocence."

Dear Old Lady—Your service was splendid this week, rector. So strong and simple!

The Sporting Parson (absent-mindedly)—Yes, it looks simple, but it has a break that's not so easy to handle.

Funnybones

Woman isn't happy unless she has an abundance of clothes to leave off.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



STEWARD—I thought I'd just bring you a little something to eat up here, sir, and save you trouble.

PASSENGER—Thanks, steward; save me a little more trouble and throw it over the rail.



A TIMELY WARNING

HE—*There's something very special I want to ask you, dear. Could you—er—will you—*

CLOCK—*Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*

“Er—write something in my autograph book?”

Yes—Exactly!

I CONSIDER myself rather good-looking, especially when I'm “all slicked up.”

I consider that I am just a little bit smarter than the other fellow.

I understand the other fellow thoroughly, but I hardly think he is capable of reading character himself.

I consider myself capable of giving sound advice to others, but I hardly feel that others are capable of giving it to me.

I am a great hero—to myself.

I am Mr. Everyman.

Viewpoints

“To fill the house,” said the advertising man, “there's nothing like the three-sheet poster.”

“When it comes to that,” replied the theatrical manager, “I'd rather put my money on the good old four-poster bed.”

Did you ever hear a married man admit that he bought an automobile for himself?

Funnybones

The reason why women wear diaphanous skirts is very transparent.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Marriage is a serious affair to all but bachelors and humorists.

Poetry

“Come, my love, and walk with me,”

The poets used to say,
But the girls don't understand
That kind of talk to-day.

It's “Come, my love, and ride with me,”

Or else, “Where shall we fly?”
And so the poet takes his stroll
A glum and lonesome guy.

E. D. K.

He—Where shall we walk?

She—To a taxi.

It would sound more plausible if it had been some apple-jack that Adam fell for.

Funnybones

What the movie stars want is a long life and a marry one.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



HOLD-UP—Whatcha laughin' at, feller?

“This is such an infernally ticklish situation!”



THE WIDOW—*And are you quite sure my child would make no difference?*

A Back Number

Lottie—How is Gertie making out in the movies?

Dottie—Not so good. She's been at the game for a year and still has the same husband.

Ready Market

Friend—What did you do with that bunch of shingles you had left after shingling your house, Brown?

Brown—Sold it to the man next door, father of two pair of twins.

What the Public Needs

WE ARE seeking a short descriptive word for use in telephoning. This word may be coined, but it must be suggestive of some popular expletive. A companion word to "Hell-o"—only stronger.

Send in as many as you like—but remember the regulations of the post office department. A box of throat lozenges will be awarded the person submitting the best answer.

Hint:

"Hell-o, Central, give me Apple-sauce 1776, Demmitall."

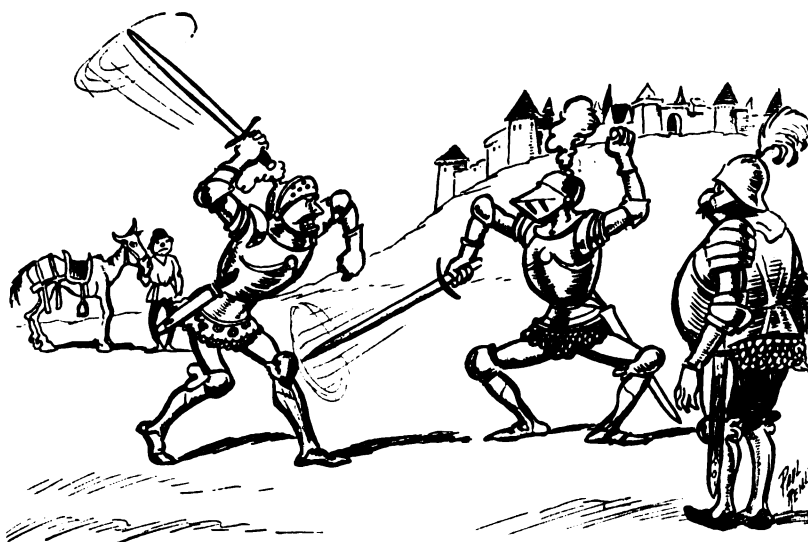
Or,

"Hell-o, Operator, give me Tummy-ache 0000, Goshdingit."

We are also anxious to receive designs and specifications for a slug for turnstile use.

The slug must look and feel like a nickel, or the user, if caught, will feel like even less.

Specifications should indicate that the cost of manufacture of each slug will be something less than half a dollar.



"The Care of the Skin."



"Say, Leo, I thought you said that fellow was a big, game hunter."

A Popular Song

WHAT is a "popular" song and what does it take to make it popular?

Repetition and number of sales, you say. But you are wrong. Repetition does not make a song popular. Quite the contrary; it makes it *unpopular*. At least it does so with me.

Take, for instance, that latest piece entitled: "Sweet Swanee Sunbeams." The publisher announced it as "The popular song success," but I think that he was perhaps guilty of misrepresentation.

It is an unpopular song—and a decidedly unpopular one at that.

Anyway, it is so with me.

The guy in the apartment below mine is trying to learn it on the saxophone!

A Scotchman went to the box office after witnessing the new show. "Will ye kindly retainn me the amount of the amusement tax?" he said.

"Why?" asked the manager.

"I wasna amused," said the Scotchman.

If love is a disease, an engagement ring is the quarantine sign.

This Time of Year

"Where's that confounded office boy?" stormed the manager.

"When he went out for lunch," ventured the stenographer, "he said he'd be late because he had to buy a new dress suit for his college reunion."

Say it with brakes and save on the flowers.

Not Far Behind!

Crawford—I understand there are over sixteen languages and dialects in China.

Crabshaw—We must have that number in this country when you count in the flappers and comic strip artists.

True Christian faith—Leaving an umbrella in a church vestibule.



REFORMED BURGLAR—Got any doors or windows ye can't open, mum?



"Hello, George! Funny thing, I was just thinking about you!"

A Sad Case

Why Men Go Crazy!

MY FRIEND, John, sold his comfortable up-to-date home in the city and with Mrs. John moved out into the country, where he had purchased a residence some ten miles from his former domicile.

I was surprised at this, for I knew that John was fond of the city and not at all in favor of country life. The next I heard was that they had taken the poor fellow to an asylum. I came from my home town to see him. He was in a padded cell and paid no attention to my greeting, but kept repeating this monologue over and over:

"You must sell the place, John. Everybody is buying homes in the country. It is terribly noisy here, and I am tired of hearing the street cars and the automobiles. I want to be where it is nice and quiet and I can hear the birds singing, and just relax and enjoy it all. You must sell the place, John, you must sell the place!"

The poor fellow gazed for a moment into space then began to tear



OLD LADY—*Pardon me, sir, can I be of any assistance?*

"Good Lord, yes! Sera'ch my ear!"

at his hair and continue: "You must sell the place, John, you must sell the place. It is terrible here! Everyone wonders why we got rid of our beautiful home in the city and came out here where it's so lonesome." I want to be where I can hear the noise and the bustle of the automobiles and street cars. If I hear nothing but those birds singing for another day I shall go crazy! You must sell the place, John, you must sell—"

At this point my friend began to shriek and tear out great handfuls of his hair, throwing himself against the sides of his cell, his eyes rolling, and filled with a wild, terrible excitement.

"Poor fellow!" I thought. But of course I could do nothing!

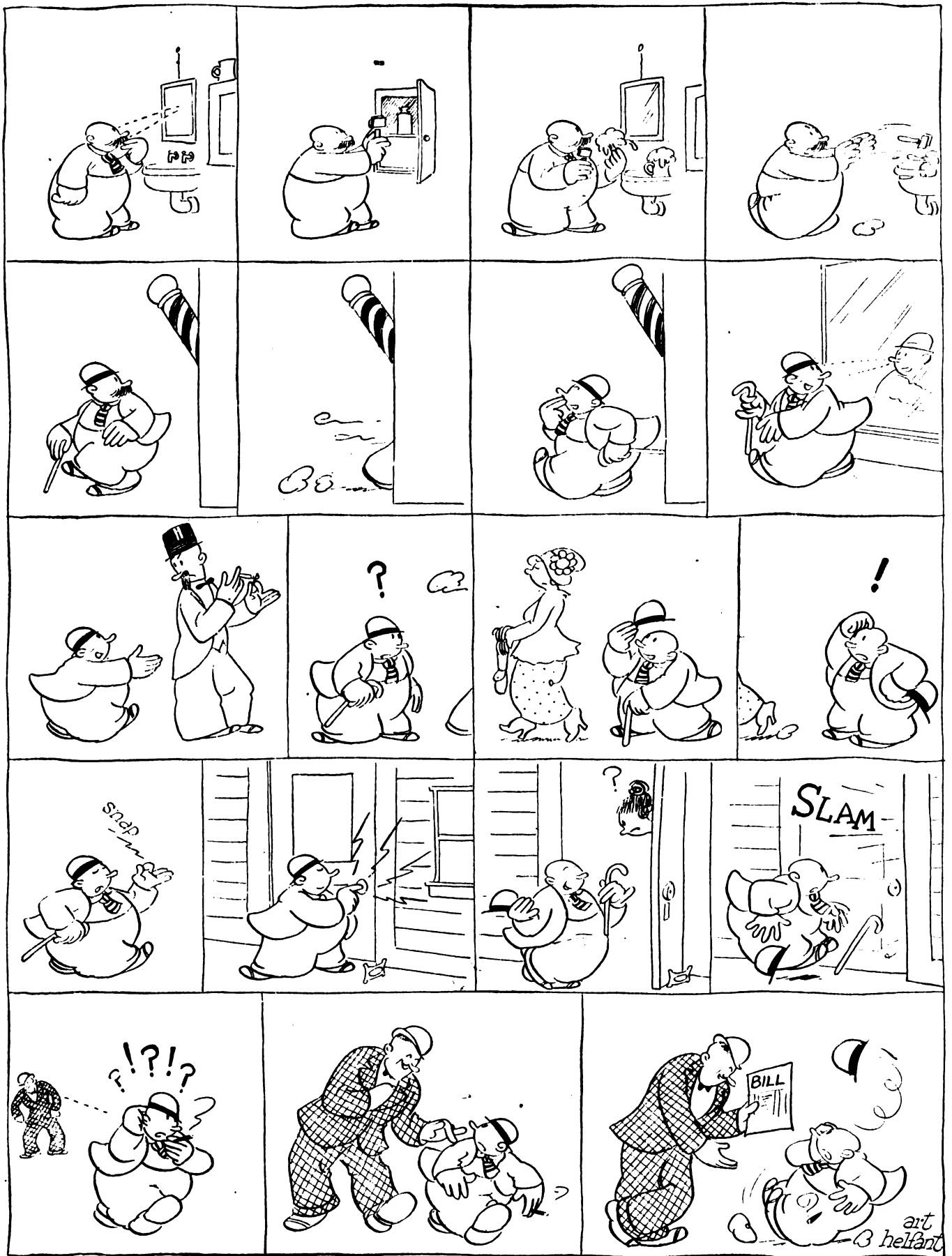
Bill Rendered

Pen Name

Judge—Your correct name. Are you sure it is Feather?

Prisoner—No, sir, yo' honor, dat am my nom de plume.

The original beauty specialist was a man—the sandman.



Addison Sims of Seattle

THE CHEER LEADERS




'We'd like to have you for dinner, Sunday.'
'I'm afraid you'll find me rather tough.'
 — MASS. TECH VOO DOO

I'm Mad!

I'm mad! I'm mad!
 I like to talk of girls as "janes,"
 I like to ride in subway trains,
 I like political campaigns,
 I think that females have some brains,
 I'm mad! I'm mad!

I'm mad! I'm mad!
 I like to speak of *savior faire*,
 I think that fellows should beware
 Of girls who smoke and drink and stare;
 They're much the worse for wear
 and tear.
 I'm mad! I'm mad!

I'm mad! I'm mad!
 I'd like to earn a livelihood,
 I think that everybody should
 Do as he wishes others would,
 I think this verse is awful good,
 I'm mad! I'm mad!
 —Columbia Jester

—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*

"Do you know Teresa Green?"
 "No."
 "Well, they are."
 —Mass. Tech. Voo Doo

"Yes, We Have No Apples" Would Be Better

The *Blue Baboon's* idea of wasted energy is a mental picture we have of Adam singing "There's Nobody Else But You" to Eve.
 —Middlebury Blue Baboon

"Laura doesn't take any chances, does she?"
 "Not many—she wouldn't accompany me on the piano without a chaperon!"
 —Brown Jug

Shott—So you won the pentathlon?
 He (proudly)—I did.
 "How far did you throw it?"
 —Penn State Froth

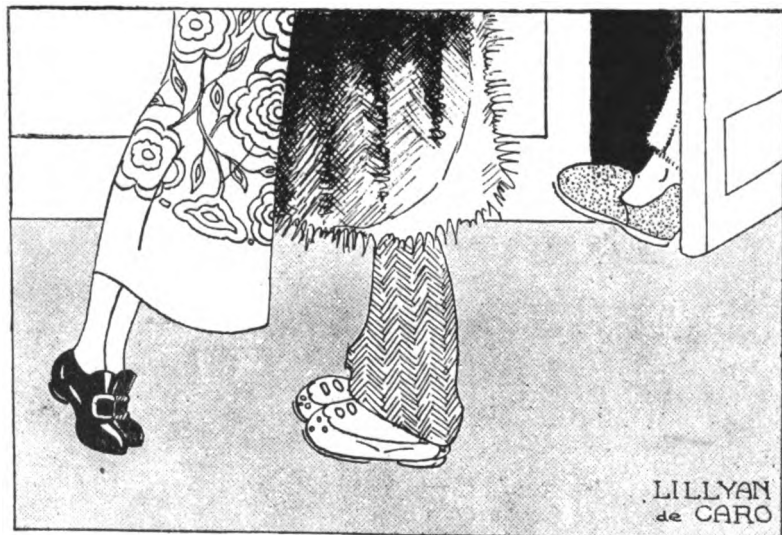
Mary had a little slam
 For everyone, and so
 The leaves of her engagement book
 Were always white as snow.
 —Vanderbilt Masquerader

Hanover, N. Hamp.
 Mrs. Orrin Munch
 "The Braces"
 Bleak Beach, N. Yk.
 DEAR MRS. MUNCH:

In re my visit of the 5 to 7 inst. at "Braces" would beg to state had satisfactory time as guaranteed by you in invitation forwarded to our downtown office and ignored by us.
 Regarding your daughter's (Irma's) broken glasses might say had you not entered room so unexpectedly, your daughter (Irma) would not have fallen upon floor. I beg to remain,
 Madam,

Yrs. resp'y,
 Harry Hassock.
 —Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern

"Adam! Quick! The baby just swallowed a safety pin!"
 And Adam laughed and laughed, for he knew safety pins hadn't been invented yet.
 —Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay



"Father could give you a job, Jerry. Then we could be engaged."
 "Capital idea, Sue. I'd be willing to start at the foot if I could depend upon his giving me a boost."
 —BROWN JUG

LILLYAN de CARO

ASK DAD— HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in
the Good Old Days



Chip in Judge, 1894

TOO MUCH FOR HER

SERVANT—Yis, sorr, Mrs. Jones
is in. What's yer name, sorr?

VISITOR—Professor Vander-
splinkenheimer.

“Och! Sure ye'd better go roight
in and take it wid ye.

Little Lil (pouting)—I 'ish I was
as big as Cora.

Merritt (amused)—You should
want to keep young as long as you
can.

Little Lil (not so sure)—I don't
know about that. If I was as big as
Cora I'd wear a bustle, and then
ma touldn't spank me any more.

—Judge, 1886

Bertie—Pa, when I grow up can I
wear pants?

Papa—Yes, Bertie; that is er—
er—before marriage.

—Judge, 1880



Hy Mayer in Judge, 1894

“Pfwhat d' yez take me fur?”
“Fer yoost vat you are.”



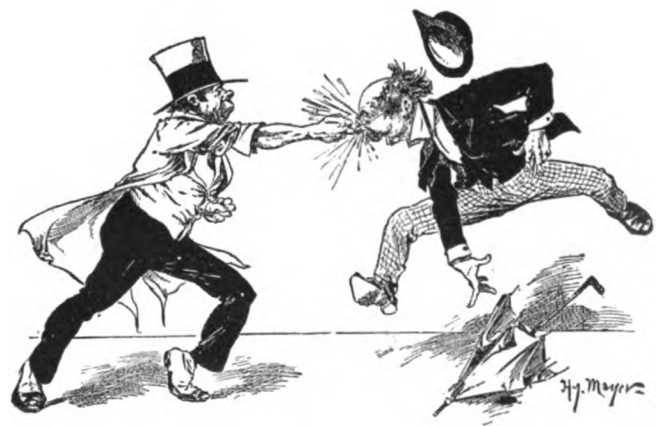
Penrhyn Stanlaws
in Judge, 1901

AN ACCEPTED OPPORTUNITY

MR.—I'll have you know I'm not a fool yet, madam.

MRS.—Well, you're pretty near one.

“So I am, madam. I'll just walk to one side a bit.”



“Take that, yez insulting brute!”

On with the Show!

A Sarcastic Survey of the Coming Season

by George Jean Nathan

Now that the new theatrical season is getting started on its way, it may be well for us, before beginning our review of specific plays next week, to take a preliminary glance at the managers' plans for the dramatic year 1924-25. Although these plans have been announced in part in the daily press, it seems to me that some of the most important details have not been disclosed. I therefore take pleasure in presenting them to my customers.

* * *

FIRST, Mr. William A. Brady. Mr. Brady will produce 1,265 new plays, in the newspapers. Among these plays that he will produce in the newspapers will be a noteworthy new drama by Pinero, in which Miss Grace George will appear, a remarkable new play by Henry Bernstein, a vital new play by Galsworthy, an unusual new play by Robert de Flers, a hugely amusing new comedy by A. A. Milne, a brilliant new fantasy by Maeterlinck, and a revival of six Shaw plays.

Mr. Brady will actually produce one new play by either Miss Frances Nordstrom or Miss Jessie Bonstelle. Among Mr. Brady's most important plans are six trips to Hot Springs. Mr. Brady will also produce one heated and indignant interview in the newspapers arguing that the American drama is rapidly being driven to the dogs by something or other.

* * *

MR. MORRIS GEST will produce his annual heartrending interview telling of the desperate time he is having getting his family safely out of Russia. Mr. Gest will also produce a dinner at the home of Otto Kahn to which all the newspaper dramatic critics will be invited and at which Mr. Kahn, after the coffee and cigars have been served, will deliver a half-hour eulogy of himself.

* * *

AMONG Mr. Al Woods' plans are five trips to Europe, each lasting a week. Upon returning from each of these trips Mr. Woods will announce that he found nothing abroad that was worth producing in America. He will assure the ship-news reporters each time upon landing that the American theater now leads the world, that King George and he had several meals together, and that Lee Shubert is looking very pale these days.

* * *

MR. GILBERT MILLER will, during the season of 1924-25, give out 2,854 separate and distinct interviews saying that Budapest is the greatest dramatic center in

(Continued on page 28)

WITH THE NEWSPAPER COMIKERS

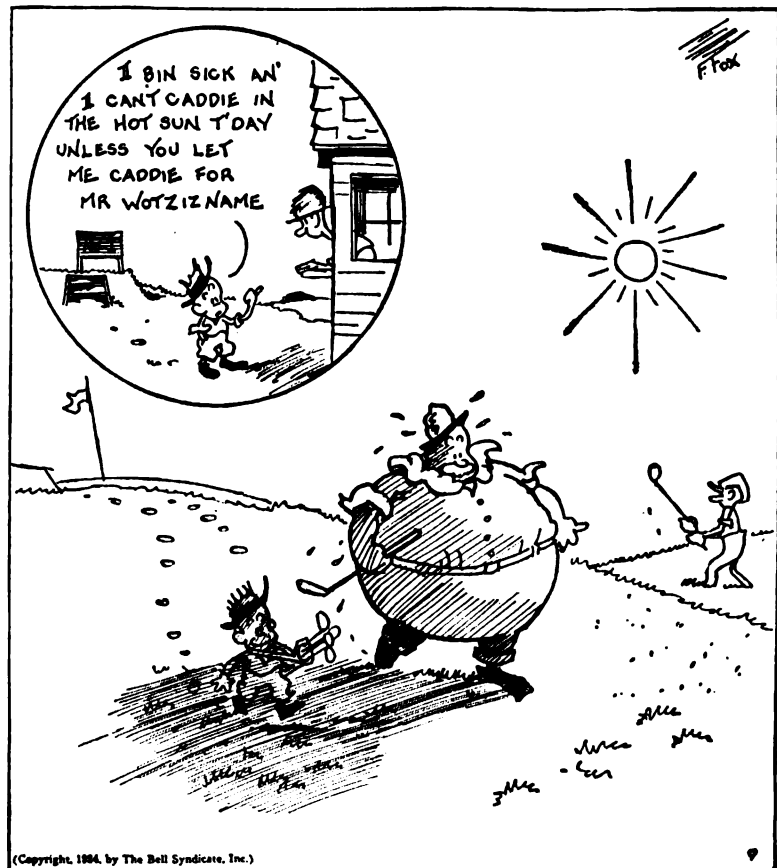
Getting a Light

By Gluyas Williams



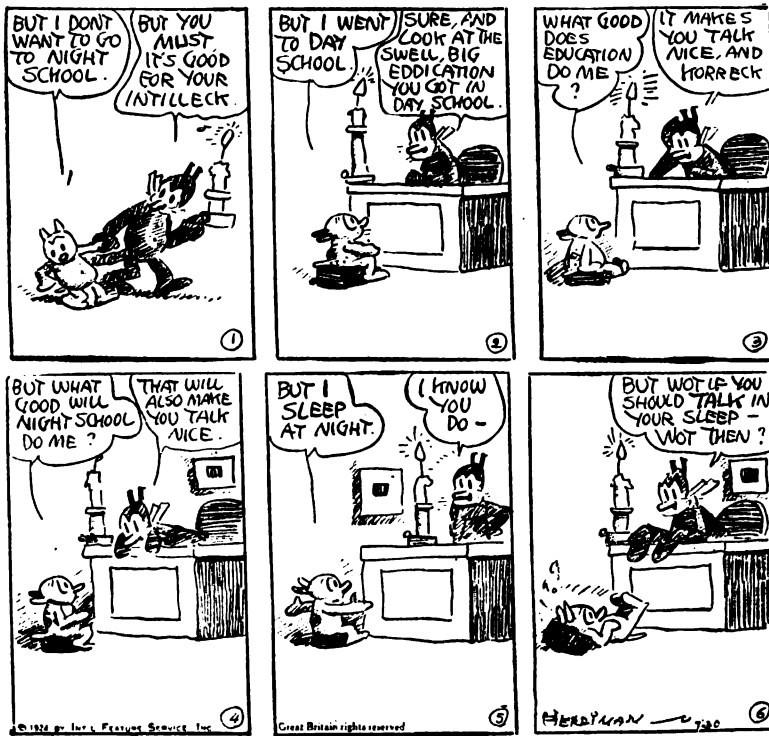
The Convalescent

By Fontaine Fox



Krazy Kat

By Herriman



Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

A Review

by George Mitchell

THIS is Mark Strand Week in the motion picture world. Broadway and Forty-sixth is parked off with red tape. It's hard to crash through. "Monsieur Beaucaire" and Valentino is a combination stronger than your curiosity. You'll see the picture.

The little group to which you belong are all talking about it. It will be impolite of you to yawn in the face of its discussion. Also you would appear ignorant on matters of national importance did you not enter into the controversy. Coolidge, Davis and Valentino. And the greatest of these is Valentino!

Valentino is the logical celluloid candidate for popularity in the old U. S. A. Go then to the Strand. If you do not register, you cannot vote.

In this picture, Valentino again makes his bow to the American picture-going public. As a matter of cinematic history he does little else in the picture. Just one bow after another. In Beaucaire he is the bowingest actor in the fillums.

You are going to like "Monsieur Beaucaire." Nothing that I have to say against it will influence you to the contrary. But I must say that I got little out of it but Valentino and that isn't enough for me. I can take my Valentino and I can let it alone.

In my judgment, Valentino is miscast. He isn't the Duke de Chartres. Never is. He's just Valentino. Not for a moment does he convey to my limited intelligence that he is anything but the barber masquerading as a prince of the blood, which is not as Mr. Booth Tarkington planned the story. On the contrary.

Why Famous Players overlooked the Prince of Wales for the part is beyond my comprehension. He is not only a prince of the blood, in person, but one of the best screen stars of the day and certainly as popular as Valentino with the distinct advantage of looking more distinguished.

However, if the motion picture public is half as pleased with Valentino as he is with himself in this picture, I poor fish, should carp.

It does seem a pity, though, that Tarkington's fine romance should have been smothered under a heap of star dust to the exclusion of not only the story itself but the clear-cut characterizations of such fine artists as Lowell Sherman, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels and Doris Kenyon.

And now before I put away my hammer for the day, let me say a few unkind words about "Janice Meredith." Much as I dislike to do so, I must say that the picture is too loose, too disconnected in its continuity and too almost amusingly in-

(Continued on page 3.)

The Events Leading up to the Tragedy By Webster





What would happen if our Pilgrim Fathers had approached our shores during the summer of 1924.

On with the Show!

(Continued from page 26)

Europe and that Molnar is coming to America the following month. Mr. Miller will also produce 372 press stories announcing that he has bought a play in Spain from a hitherto unknown Spanish playwright which is a great dramatic masterpiece. When the play is eventually put on, it will be found to be a British adaptation of a German play by a well-known Stuttgart dramatist re-adapted for the American stage by Avery Hopwood.

MR. SAM H. HARRIS will, in conjunction with Lewis and Gordon, produce four plays fashioned from expanded vaudeville sketches. Lewis and Gordon will, in addition, themselves produce three plays fashioned from expanded vaudeville sketches. Mindlin and Goldreyer, in conjunction with Lewis and Gordon, will produce one play fashioned from an expanded vaudeville sketch. What vaudeville sketches are left over will be expanded into three-act plays and produced by other managers in conjunction with Lewis and Gordon.

MR. RICHARD HERNDON will produce several new plays, among which will not be included this year's Harvard prize play.

MR. DAVID BELASCO will produce, in the newspapers, a great revival of Shakespearian plays. Among the plays that he will thus produce will be "Romeo and Juliet," with Frances Starr as Juliet, "The Taming of the Shrew," with Lenore Ulric, "Othello," with David Warfield, and "Twelfth Night," with Judith Anderson.

On the stage, Mr. Belasco will produce two plays, one an adaptation from the French by George Middleton and the other a play that was tried out during the summer by the stock company at Des Moines, Ia.

MR. LEE SHUBERT will produce ten interviews in the Sunday newspapers arguing that critics can neither make nor unmake plays and will then send each of the critics an elegant box of cigars at Christmas time.

MR. WINTHROP AMES' plans are still indefinite, although it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that he may produce Hauptmann's "The Weavers," with a pantomimic ballet by Deems Taylor incorporated in the second act.



The Boss's son, who has been out in the great open spaces all summer, takes off his glasses and wrist watch.

THE SELWYNS will produce a second Charlot revue that will not contain Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan. This second revue will not achieve the success of the first one. Whereupon the Selwyns will conclude that the public is tired of the English form of revue.

MR. BROCK PEMBERTON's plans are definite. He either will or will not produce another play by Pirandello.

MR. ARTHUR HOPKINS includes among his more important plans the daily catching of the two-forty-five train back to Great Neck.

MR. GEORGE M. COHAN has retired from active producing on account of the situation brought on by the Actors' Equity Association and will hence produce nothing but a couple of musical shows of his own writing and maybe three or four little comedies.

IT WILL thus be seen that the season promises to be an exceptionally interesting one, even though Mr. Wendell Phillips Dodge's and Mr. Will Morrissey's plans are still in abeyance. But few further details remain to be learned before the picture of the season flashes brilliantly before our eyes. It is important, for example, that we know the exact plans of the Threshold Playhouse, the Cherry Lane Playhouse and the management of the West Fifty-second street Theater, since without them we must obviously remain completely in the dark. So, too, is it all-important that we know the definite plans of whoever it was who last season produced "The Right to Dream" and "Two Strangers from Nowhere."



"Where is Father?"
 "I don't know. Down in the cellar taking his daily unconstitutional, I guess."

Columbus discovered America on a Friday. It is interesting to trace the origin of popular superstitions.

—Passing Show

At Hull recently, a motor bus conductor was fined for allowing eighty-seven passengers in a vehicle licensed to carry fifty-seven. We hear that he has received a tempting offer of employment from a firm of sardine packers.

—London Opinion



A FOOT-FAULT!

—Passing Show (London)

"Has he proposed, then?"
 "Oh, not yet, dear. But his voice had such an engagement ring in it last night."
 —Tü-Büs (London)

Customer—Good-morning! Have you Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth"?
Shopman—No, madam; but I can show you a very good table tennis set.
 —Answers (London)

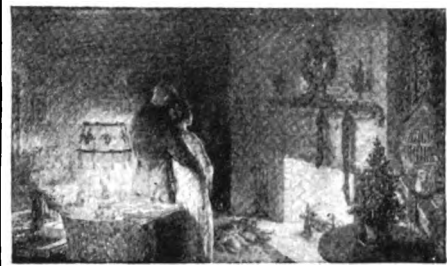
"He is so obstinate."
 "In what way?"
 "It's the hardest thing in the world to convince him that I am always right."
 —Answers (London)

Nurse (to housemaid)—Baby's got her mamma's complexion.
Father (from next room)—Nurse, are you letting that child play with those paints?
 —Answers (London)

An invisible loudspeaker has just been put on the market. All we want now to be thoroughly happy is one that is also inaudible.
 —Passing Show

Teacher—And what is the lesson taught us in the parable of the seven wise virgins?
Ruth—That we should always be on the lookout for a bridegroom.
 —Answers (London)

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Address.....

8-30 24



Disgusted Gent—I purchased, a short time ago, a bottle of your famous hair-restorer—and I thought I would let you see the wonderful result.

Assistant (under notice)—Dear me, sir! But whatever made you rub it on your chin?

—*Passing Show (London)*

Is This Country Going to the Dogs?

(Continued from page 18)

Mr. Wiggam makes a lot of the Weismann notion or discovery that strain or family is everything, and he says that morals, education, art and religion can do very little, if anything, to help the human race. You have got to be good folks or you never will be. What happens to you makes little or no difference on your children. If you go to Chautauqua or take a trip to Europe, your children will be no better off for it.

I have my own little unscientific notion about this which varies a little from Mr. Wiggam's. (Perhaps he can correct me at Grand Central when we get together.) It is that it might be quite possible for a lot of good qualities to be packed into a family and for that family to have been consistently maladjusted for a good many generations and therefore apparently no

good, and for some outside circumstance finally to take the lid off of the family and set it loose at last. There may have been a lot of families released in this manner by, say, the St. Louis World's Fair.

In short, even if your family seems to be a lot of bums and seems to have been a lot of bums as far back as you can trace it, how are you going to know it is because you have all tried to be farmers instead of pastry cooks or ferry-boat captains? Even if your immediate ancestors seem no good, is there not a slight chance that your family was originally one of the best monkey families and that somehow your grandparents got off the track? It does look as if even the most common person had a right to tinker along on this theory and try things and try a few children to see if somehow the family might not eventually break out into good ball players or Senators or movie actors or something.

The Bird House

(Continued from page 10)

it, what's more it was nonsense, and that I'd hear no more, please, about bird houses. Angela's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing.

The bird house arrived in the mails a week later.

We examined it together, exploring one room after another. Angela pointed out the second story.

"One moment," I interrupted. "Did you ever see a bird walk upstairs? Because otherwise that floor's no good for renting at all."

"Oh, they fly in and out the windows," explained Angela. "It's like Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello."

"How odd!" I said.

"What's odd?"

"The idea of Thomas Jefferson fitting in and out the windows at Monticello. Why, there'd have been no privacy."

"It says this side porch is an exact copy," continued Angela, ignoring me.

"The birds will love it!" I enthused. "I can just see a robin sitting out here in his smoking jacket and slippers watching where we plant the seeds in the garden below." I was carried away with the idea. "Or a che-wink promenading the conservatory and singing to himself—"

"Let's get it up," interrupted Angela rather brusquely. "If you could be interested in giving me a hand with this twenty-foot pole—"

Angela and I got the pole to stand straight in the air, and she steadied it while I poked an end of it into the soft earth. Then we stood holding it.

"What comes next?" I gasped.

"Hammer it down," she ordered.

I looked up into the air and calculated the reach I would need. "If there were only another pole standing next to this," I said, "I could shinny up and hammer this one into the ground from the top of it. But then, on the other hand," I

went on, "there wouldn't be any need of hammering this one into the ground if there were another pole already standing next to it."

It was Mr. Simpkins next door who suggested that we dig a hole first and pack the dirt around the pole afterwards. Two hours later we stood off and admired the effect with pride.

"And now," said Angela triumphantly, "now to get the bird house up on top!"

Mr. Simpkins excused himself and left hurriedly.

"Angela," I said after a long silence. "we'd only have gotten sparrows anyway. I'd have been obliged to go out and whistle like a rose-breasted grosbeak in order to attract any decent clientele."

Angela nodded.

"In the second place, I'd have been forced to shinny up and down this confounded pole every time we wanted to change their water, or bring them suet."

Angela sighed.

"And in the third place," I concluded, "this pole would be an excellent thing to train scarlet runners on."

Angela turned away.

That evening the little Simpkins girl next door had the extraordinary good fortune to find a brand-new doll's house abandoned on her back porch.

Corey Ford

A Hypothetical Case

The Policeman—What do you think caused his death?

The Wife—He was a very absent-minded man, perhaps he forgot to breathe.

—*Le Pêle-Mêle* (Paris)

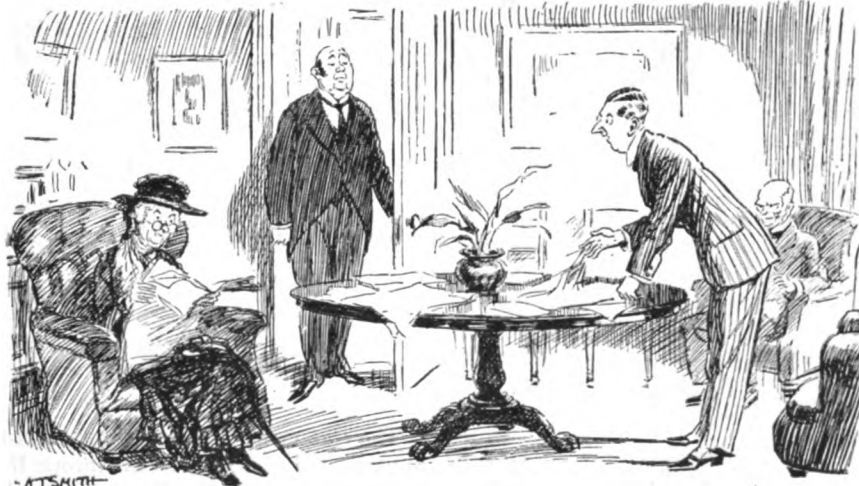
Still the Old Eve

"Why did you come to this awful place for your vacation?"

"My dear, you suggested it yourself."

"Yes, but why did you agree?"

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney)



Victim (awaiting his turn with the dentist, and bored with ancient papers provided)—I say, I rang to ask you if you've got *The Times* for April 29, 1905. It seems to be missing.
—*Humorist* (London)

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Virgin Wool, better style, better workmanship, better fit, more popular weaves and designs, actually \$50 quality for only \$31.50. No fancy salesmanship needed, just write the orders. Your profit cash in advance. We deliver and collect the balance.

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Many of my most successful Agents started in spare time. Now they own a permanent business good for \$6000 to \$10,000 a year in cash profits. A clear field, no competition at my prices! \$25 to \$50 a week extra, taking orders for 2 pants boys' suits at only \$11.95. Easiest sales you ever saw.

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WRIGHT & CO., Address Dept. L-100
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Boys' 2-pants Suits \$11.95

HANDS UP!

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POST-MAN \$1.79** on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied. **PATFINDER CO., Dep. JF148, 534 Sixth Ave. N.Y.**

nerve

Intensive feeding, no water. Substitute freely all food juices. **SOLVENT BLOOD** dissolves tumors, blood clots, lime in joints (enabling use of limbs again) also eliminates catarrhal matter from nose, ears, tonsils, bronchials, etc. Eating nerve or muscle food **TO SUIP OCCUPATION** prevents formation of **WASTE** in blood (the basis of every disease). Demineralized, denatured, disproportioned foods cause disease, from which wild animals are free. Educational booklet 10 cents. Sworn results. Over 6,000 pupils. **BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING** Dept. 16-G 131 W. 72d Street, New York.

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

Evidence

Gayboy—I think Marian must be a toe-dancer.

Gaygirl—Why so?

Gayboy—Take a look at my shoes.

—*Detroit News*

Two men with the same name were members of a certain club. One day a letter addressed to one of them was left at the club. The wrong man opened it first. It was a dun from a tailor.

He knew the missive did not belong to him, so he put it back in the letter rack.

The next night both men happened to come to the club at the same time. Both went to the letter rack, the man for whom the letter was intended reaching it first.

He read the epistle very carefully. Then he tore it into bits, which he tossed carelessly into a waste paper basket.

"Poor little girl!" he said. "How she loves me!"

—*Tid-Bits*

Faris, Prohibition Presidential nominee, says his party could win if it had funds. Now, there's a chance for William H. Anderson to introduce his friend, John T. King.

—*New York World*

In Barn-storming Days

Press Agent—I wouldn't have anything to do with that actor; he's a bad egg.

Manager—Well, I've known bad eggs to make their mark on the stage.

—*Boston Transcript*

The Baltimore man who attempted to kill the chief of the Weather Bureau because he didn't break the monotony of the hot spell must have taken seriously Mark Twain's observation that, "everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*



RUBY FREE

To introduce our imported Mexican BLUE-FLASH GEM, the only low priced gem exactly matching genuine diamonds, with same blue-white brilliancy and rainbow fire, guaranteed 20 years, we'll send free this beautiful, flashing fiery red Mexican Ruby. Just clip out this ad, mail with your name, address and 10c to partly cover handling cost and we'll mail FREE with catalog of gems and special half price offer. Write today.

Mexican Gem Importing Co., Dept. CL, Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

PIMPLES

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A Clean-Tone Skin,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 12 years.

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VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 813 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 29



MAY—Is Jack a good driver?

FAY—Yes, but he is always short on the green!

The \$25 Prize in JUDGE'S 50-50 Contest No. 29, announced in the July 19, 1924 issue, was won by Lynn Horton, Elvins, Mo.

Answers which received consideration are: "He's so good the Judge promised to make an example of him," Zetta Walker, 1216 W. Fifty-third street, Los Angeles, Cal.; "Not if given encouragement," Kenneth Wells, Garrett Institute, Evanston, Ill.; "Yes, when I am sitting in the back seat," Karl Albright, 351 W. Rayen avenue, Youngstown, O.; "I learned to pray while driving with him," T. R. Hilbourn, San Francisco, Cal.; "Too good. I get fearfully cold," Jean W. MacArthur, 404 Blackstone avenue, Fresno, Cal.

Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

(Continued from page 27)

probable even for costume cinematics.

There are several coincidents that are so minutely timed as to bring laughter to the lips of the audience and deep-eyed chagrin to the soul of this reviewer.

Principally, among these, is the scene in which Harrison Ford has been captured by the Hessians and as a spy is to be shot at dawn. Holbrook Blinn, his harsh enemy, is pink with pleasure. But a turn for the better comes to favor Harrison. It looks as if he might get away with it. Whereupon Holbrook takes time and his gun in his own hands and, leveling both at Harrison, is about to dispatch him.

But at that precise moment the American troops, having crossed the Delaware, begin the bombardment of Trenton and the first shot fired not only hits the house in which Harrison and Holbrook are at odds but cripples Holbrook's right wrist. His pistol clatters to the floor and Harrison is saved.

This kind of thing used to get by with me in the Deadwood Dick days of my literary career but one looks for better things in the fillums in these days of its growing enlightenment.

I feel in addition that the directors haven't done right by our little Marion. She's much better than the picture. She hasn't even been photographed well.

Furthermore I sense that the picture has been made to catch that large element of humanity that can be counted upon to sigh over the sentimental and lick up the patriotic.

Waving the American flag in the face of a hundred-percent American may be counted upon in the fillums to bring about the same effect as waving a red flag in the face of a bull.

But both are bull.

Worth a Toot

She—Ruth refused Freddie two weeks ago and he has been drinking heavily ever since.

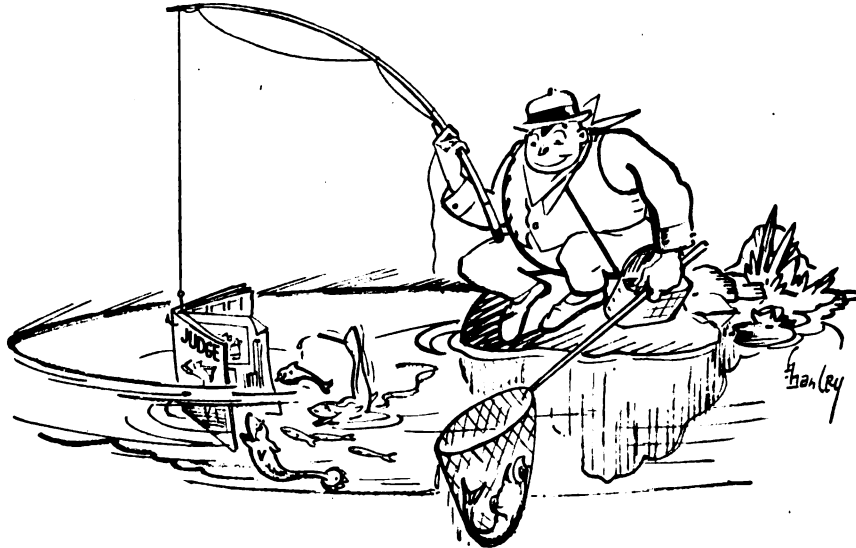
Cynic—That's the trouble with Fred—he never knows when to quit celebrating.

—*Westport Standard*

The statement that American tourists are to spend \$300,000,000 in Europe this year indicates that the European battlefields continue to be a great attraction for our idle class.

—*Houston Post-Dispatch*

NEW USES FOR JUDGE!



Suggestion by F. Hanley, New York City

MAKES WONDERFUL BAIT!

Just hook a copy of JUDGE to your line—the fish will come up and laugh themselves to death, and then all you need is a net.

\$10 FOR EACH IDEA ACCEPTED

JUDGE is not only a Gloom Chaser and Blues Blotter! It has just as many practical uses as any other Household Article! Above is a very good example. What's your suggestion?

JUDGE will pay \$10 for each one accepted and it will be illustrated by one of our Artists. Any number of suggestions may be submitted but none will be returned.

**SEND YOUR SUGGESTIONS TO THE "NEW USES EDITOR" OF JUDGE
627 West 43d Street, New York City**

Just Glance at These Subjects

from the Table of Contents of
"The New Book of Etiquette"

- The earliest human relationship
- Instinct and Impulse
- The meaning of society
- Etiquette through the ages
- The background of American manners
- The post-war reaction
- The newer trend
- The value of good manners
- The fetish of public opinion
- Wearing the mask of pretense
- Etiquette in a large city
- Etiquette in a small town
- The ethics of friendship
- How to introduce
- Who pays the fare?
- Overcoming timidity
- If you are sensitive
- Cards and titles
- Calling upon a young woman
- Invitations for every occasion
- The secret of correct dress
- The nursery
- Childhood and youth
- The promise of love
- The blossoming of love
- Marriage
- The bachelor and the bachelor girl
- New ways to entertain
- Travel etiquette
- Business etiquette
- and a wealth of other fascinating subjects too numerous to mention!

A Few Paragraphs Selected at Random

"The new etiquette is too sensible to standardize the conduct of lovers, too sensible to attempt with rules to rob love of its joyous spontaneity, its quaint and beautiful discoveries . . . Rules and regulations for lovers would be like paper patterns for flowers."

"The brook that hums and dances over the pebbles is shallow. The lake that stretches calm and silent without a ripple on its surface is deep. In the man who is calm, poised and at ease we recognize power at rest."

"Slang can be colorful and expressive without being coarse, and since it adds a typical verve and piquancy to our talk, there is no reason why it should be condemned."

"She is becoming more and more familiar in American society, this fearless bachelor girl who dares to defy the old traditions and the time-worn conventions. We see her in fashionable restaurants, on trains, at private dinners—everywhere. She 'mixes' well. She makes friends. Everyone likes her. And a fine new code of etiquette, a sensible new philosophy of conduct has grown up around her."

You'll Enjoy It! Send For Your Set Today



What Has Happened to the Old Maid?

SHE has vanished! She has bobbed her hair and bought gay gowns. She has left her cat and her knitting and ventured into the business world. And she has emerged—the new bachelor girl, free, independent, untrammelled, mingling comfortably with men in business and in social life, giving parties, attending dances—a fascinating new personality.

Conditions of life have changed, particularly in the last five years, and the

old-fashioned etiquette books are now quite useless. But here is a new kind of etiquette book written for 1925 people and based upon 1925 conditions of life. Lillian Eichler, author of the famous *Book of Etiquette* that has sold almost a million copies, has just completed an astonishing *New Book of Etiquette* based—not upon old, outworn traditions—but upon a simple new philosophy of *commonsense*. It is the only work of its kind—new, different, a little daring.

The author quotes excerpts from letters she has received from all over the world.

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