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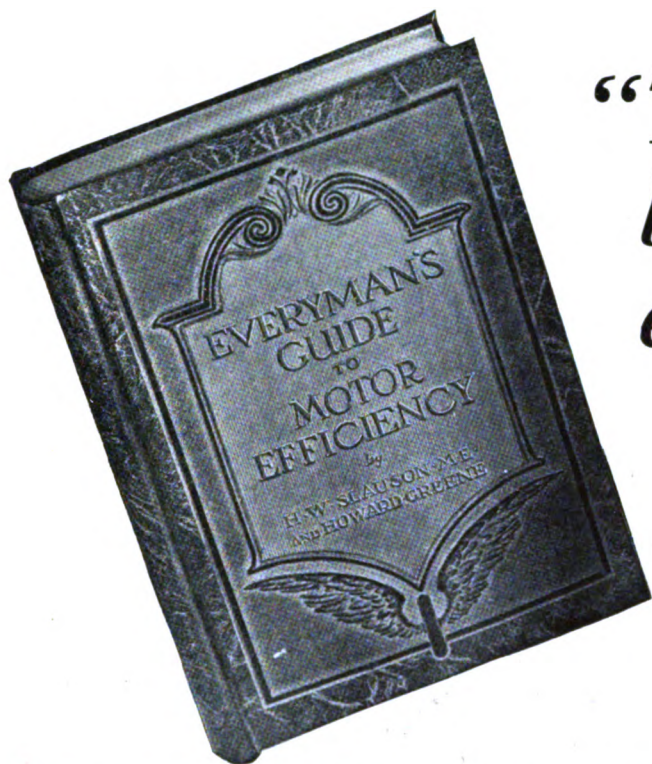
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Judge



Don Herold

"HAIL FELLOW, WELL MET"



“This book should be in the hands of every automobile owner, whether the car is driven by him or not”

AN AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURER
(Name on request)

“EVERYMAN’S GUIDE TO MOTOR EFFICIENCY”

By H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

New Revised and Enlarged Edition

THE Author is one of the leading automotive engineers of the country; a former chairman of The Metropolitan Section of the Society of Automotive Engineers and an authority of national reputation.

This is not a text-book, which need be studied and committed to memory—it is an illustrated reference book from which you will secure practical guidance, written in terms that are easily understood, on the care, maintenance and operation of all parts of your motor car.

CONTENTS

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JUDGE, Volume 90, No. 2313, February 27, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. \$5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Le-the-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Asst. Treasurer and Asst. Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.

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JUDGE

THE latest hair-dressing fad is to hide one ear and have the other exposed. This should improve our chances of getting a telephone number by about 50 per cent.

AT a recent wedding the groom and the bride's father disappeared and after an hour's search both were found under the table in the dining-room. It appears that there had been a slight controversy as to who was the best man.

Snow fall in New York costs the city one hundred thousand dollars an inch. Give them an inch and they'll take—the rest of the winter to remove it.

THE River Shannon has overflowed its banks and is said to be three miles wide in places. Radio fans who tune in on Irish tenors do so at their own risk.

MANY of our cities now have policemen whose duty it is to jail mashers who attempt to flirt. The theory being perhaps that it's kinder to give the misguided youths thirty days than to let them alone and have them get life imprisonment.

THE latest bit of advertising veracity comes from the correspondence school which advertised that after studying one lesson all of its pupils were fired with enthusiasm.

A LIFE-SIZE statue of President Coolidge in butter was a feature of the National Dairy Exposition. He seems to have missed a great opportunity to spread himself.

MEMBERS of the New York riot squad have recently held demonstrations to test the efficiency of bombs loaded with tear gas. It is untrue, however, that these tests were conducted in the crocodile cages at the Zoological Garden.

ASCIENTIST has perfected a thermometer that can detect one-one-thousandth degree of heat. Now we can find out if the janitor really turns on the heat.



HE—Darling, you seem to have changed toward me!

SHE—Well, I've been reading—that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike.



"That's nothin'! I know a guy what can do it with a mop!"

How It Was

Friend—I hear husbands have been coming thick and fast since I saw you last.

Mrs. Wayupp—Yes; the first one was too thick and the second one was too fast.

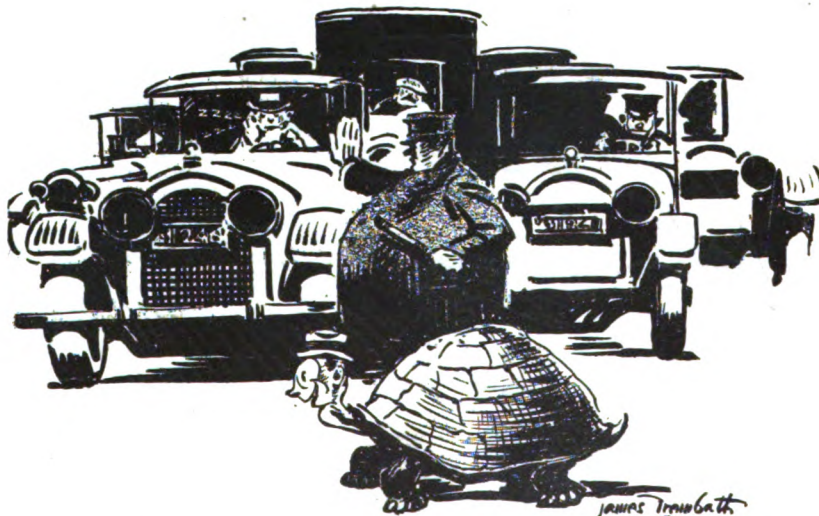
Playing Safe

Amateur Magician—Will the gentleman in the front row kindly lend me his hat?

The Gentleman—Not till you return the lawn-mower you borrowed.



The last barrels of cider are the hardest.



Picture of a pedestrian crossing the street—as seen from the driver's seat.

LETTER LAUGHS

QTUCIM 4 U
 YM INOT 2 1/2 U Z?
 C me B 4 I - 2 U
 M I 2 1/2 U P D Q?

JUDGE pays \$5 for each one printed.



We have long suspected that many a politician who claims that he hears his country calling, is a ventriloquist.

Thus, Not so Bad

Pickpocket's motto: *Every crowd has a silver lining.*



"This is pie for me," boasted the golfer as he gloated over a perfect lie.

"Yes, I notice you've had several slices," growled his ungenerous opponent.



"I hear they are divorced."

"Yes, who got the cook?"

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word
 Toothache"
 "Turn on the water I want!
 toothache a bath."

LIZZIE O LABELS

"If you can read this you're good."

JUDGE pays \$5 for each one printed.

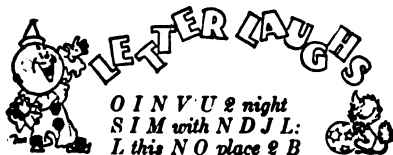
Ode to Music

THE music and laughter have gone from my life,
And an aching void is left;
In this tiny den my sorrowed pen,
Tells the grief of one bereft.

The music and laughter have gone from my life,
At a price too dear to pay,
For nothing's the same since the credit man came
And took my victrola away.
Jack Shuttleworth

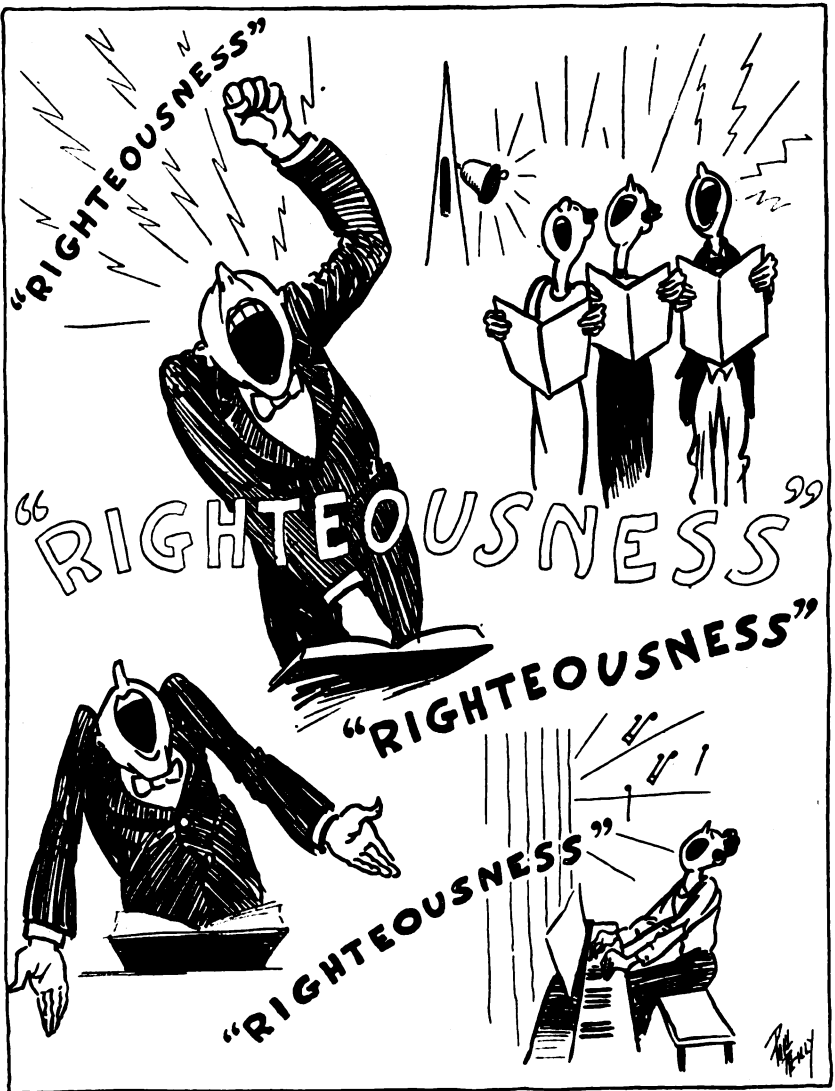


Having survived two earthquakes in the Sun-kissed Golden State I rise to inform the cock-eyed world that life in California is all that it is cracked up to be.

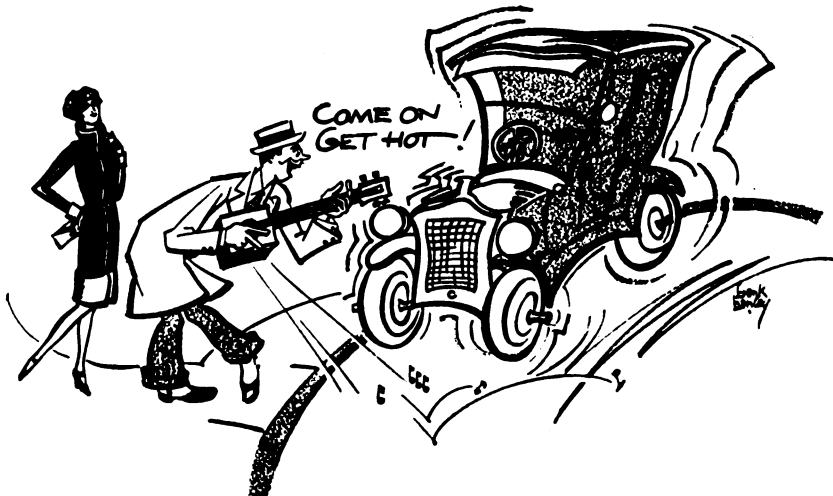


O I N V U & night
S I M with N D J L:
L this N O place & B
N I S & furnish bail.

JUDGE pays \$5 for each one printed.



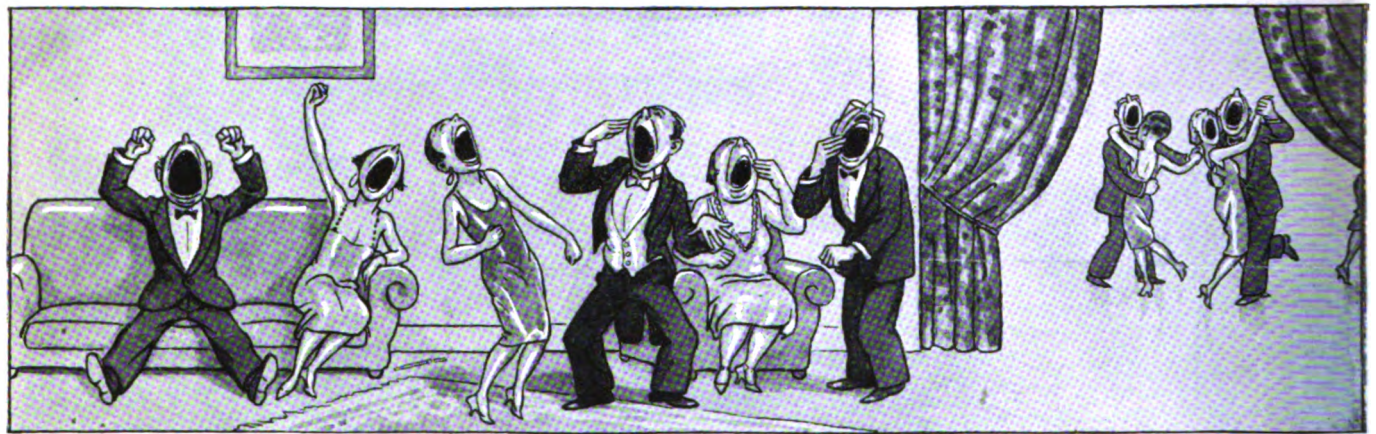
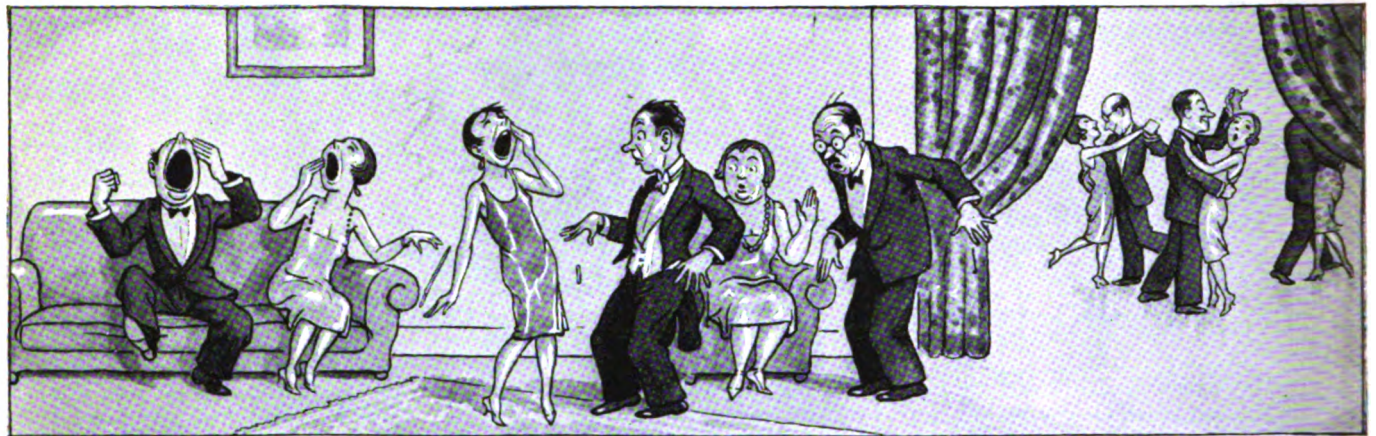
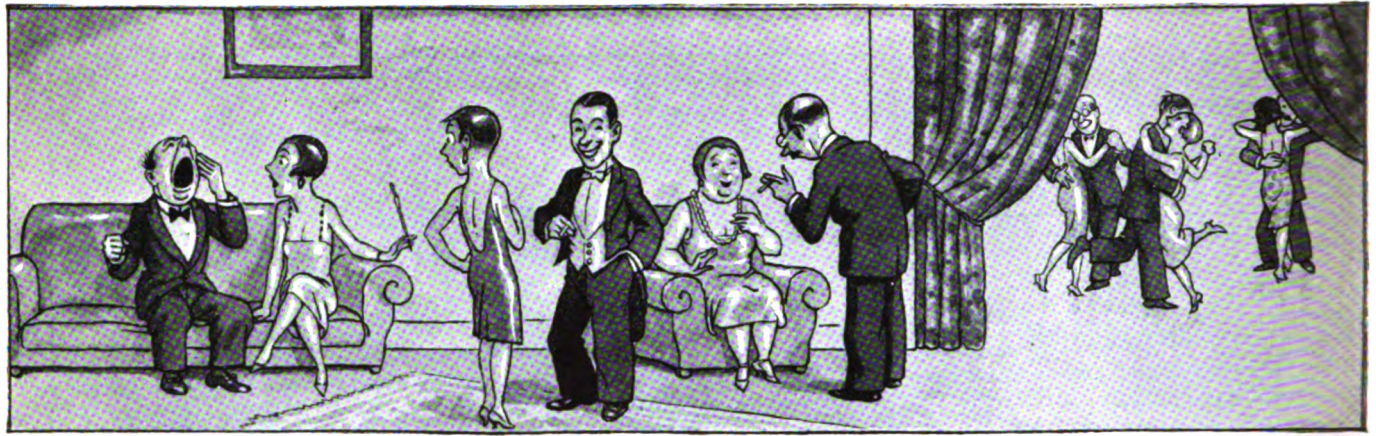
Sunday on the radio.



Starting up the old engine on a cold night.

Famous Partnerships

TENOCLOCK & All'swell.
One & Inseparable.
Laugh & Theworldlaughswithyou.
Weep & Youweepalone.
An Eyeforaneye & A. Toothfora-
tooth.
A. Shortlife & A. Merryone.
Healthy, Wealthy & Wise.
Weeping, Wailing & Gnashingof-
teeth.
Earlytobed & Earlytorise.
Each & Everyone.
Hale & Hearthy.
Alas & Alack.
Bigger & Better.
Life, Liberty & Thepursuitof
happiness.
Thedevil & Thedeepsea.
Yesterday, To-day & Forever.



THE INFECTIOUS YAWN



PASSERBY—Hey! Does this dog bite?

Costs Nothing to Try

IT MAY have been because of his condition.
Then again, it may not have been.

It happened in a cigar store.
He waddled in, selected several cigars,
And left without paying for them.

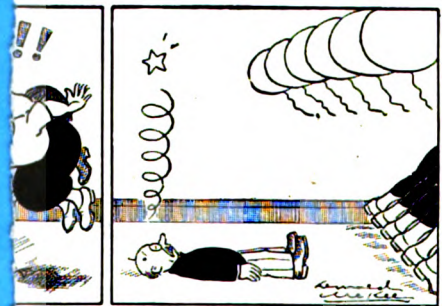
The clerk called him back
And admonished him for his care-
lessness.

At this he became indignant



The Way to a Man's Heart

WHEN the fruit salad isn't all apples,
When the ice cream's not served on warm plates,
When in coffee the cream never dapples,
When the menu means all that it states;
When the pea soup, than water, is thicker,
When the roast beef tastes good as it looks,
When the service, if any, is quicker,
Or when kitchens contain better cooks;
Then, darling, my love may go flying
To another far fairer than you,
But at present I am not denying
That despite your weak points, you will do.
Percy Flage



ght to be popular.



HIGH HAT

at 111 Park avenue during the month of January! Read this testimonial! "I enjoy Mrs. Zilch's parties better than any others!"—Gerald Smooch . . . why the possibilities are limitless.

We have a great American comedy in our midst . . . "Love 'em and Leave 'em," by George Abbot and John V. A. Weaver. . . . It's one of the cleverest things I've seen this year . . . the poem on Ginsberg's store is a classic. . . . As this goes to press "The Great God Brown" is reported to be doing a big business . . . probably because the average theatergoer has to see it two or three times before he knows what it's all about!

The Six Best "Steppers:"
 "Poor Little Rich Girl"—(*Charlotte's Revue*).
 "Sweet and Low Down"—(*Tip-Toes*).
 "That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-Toes*).
 "Dorothy"—(*Vanities*).
 "Go South"—(*Greenwich Follies*).
 "Oh, How I've Waited for You"—(*By the Way*).

Judge Jr.

Went to a dinner party the other night and ran across a rather neat idea . . . instead of place cards the hostess had tags which each person was supposed to wear . . . on the tags the person's name and what he or she did, or was interested in . . . for example, "John Doe—Plays a good game of bridge." . . . "Joe Zilch—Runs a column" . . . "Eddie Whoofus—Wrote 'No More Processions,'" etc. . . . sounds very Kiwanis but why not? . . .

It's really a very efficient idea . . . most people can't remember the names of people they are introduced to, let alone what they like to talk about and this entirely eliminates such asinine conversation as "Jolly little party, isn't it, Miss Er—ah—I didn't quite catch your name." . . .

I suggest that the idea be carried even farther . . . have shirt fronts engraved with the wearer's name and a brief biographical sketch . . . the ladies could have the same thing tattooed on their backs . . . think how this would help in discovering who's who at the opera or the theater . . . and at last we'd be able to find out who those people are that stand around the lobbies opening nights!

And this might open a brand new field in personal advertising . . . think of a double spread in the *Saturday Evening Post* which reads . . . Mrs. T. Ziddle Zilch threw twenty-six more parties in the year 1925 than her nearest competitor! Three thousand four hundred and sixty-nine people visited her new quarters

Judge Never Expects to See
 WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT race down Pennsylvania avenue on a kiddie kar.

A negro playing solitaire in a cemetery.

President Coolidge go over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

A vaudeville show without acrobats.

A load of hay at Forty-second and Broadway.

Secretary Mellon on roller skates.

A boxer who admits the other bird should have been given the decision.

A bathing girl who takes a cold plunge every morning.

Gas at five cents a gallon.

A clam in a bowl of chowder.

The end of a perfect day.

Socks on a rooster.

Eggs in the coffee.

Chet Johnson

A lounge lizard isn't a chameleon but he changes color when he hears her dad coming.

EPIGRAMS

*Jack was an actor,
 Here he lies dead.
 He played with a bullet,
 It went to his head.*

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

The Perfect Radio Program

According to Mother

7 P.M.—Household recipes, by Miss Betty O. Gush, domestic science expert.

8 P.M.—“The Care and Feeding of Babies,” by Oswald Oomph, president of The Bigger and Better Babies’ Bureau.

9 P.M.—“Solving the Servant Problem,” by Alice Terry, former upstairs girl and now president of The Servant Girls’ Co-operative Federation.

10 P.M.—“How to Make Over Last Year’s Taffeta Dress” and dressmaking hints by Mamie Stitch, needlework expert.

11 P.M.—“The Sweet Balm of Slumber,” by Sue Soporific, director of the “Sleep-Eight-Hours-a-Night Movement.”

According to Father

7 P.M.—Resumé of the day’s sport news by merry “Bill” McGuff of *The Daily Mercury*.

8 P.M.—Blow by blow description of the Farley-Sullivan prize fight, direct from the ringside at the City Stadium.

9 P.M.—Debate: “Resolved, Pleasantville Parkway Needs New Paving.” Affirmative, Alderman Hennessey, second ward; negative,



“I’ve come to collect the installment on the furniture!”

Congressman Multiberry, twenty-third ward.

10 P.M.—“Golf Lessons at Home,” by “Bud” Cook, professional at the Verycostly Country Club and amateur champion.

11 P.M.—How to pick up distant stations, by “D.X.” Dougherty, including list of stations broadcasting from midnight to 4 A.M.

Arthur L. Lippmann

All I Know About Parties

A CARD party is a party where they play either bridge or poker. If you play bridge badly it makes everybody angry, if you play poker badly it makes everybody happy.

A tea party is a party where they drink anything but tea.

A wild party is a party where there’s drinking and singing. The more the drinking, the wilder the party; the more the singing the wilder the neighbors.

A house party is a wild party that lasts a long time. On a house party everybody gets in something or other. The hostess gets indignant, bachelors get inebriate, wives get insulting, and husbands get in wrong. The life of the party is what they pour in the punch bowl. A punch bowl is a small oasis completely surrounded by partially sober men.

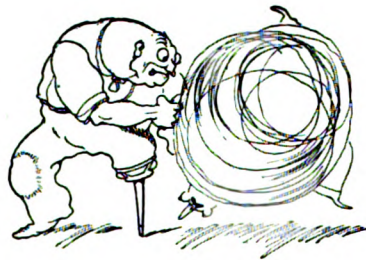
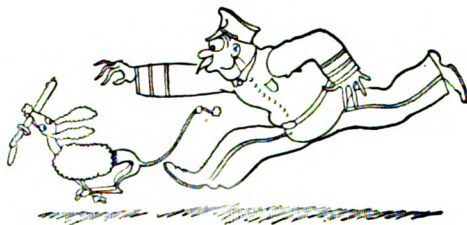
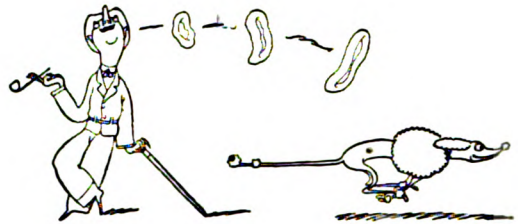
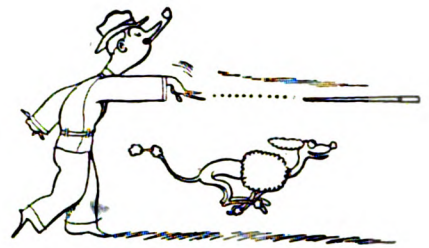
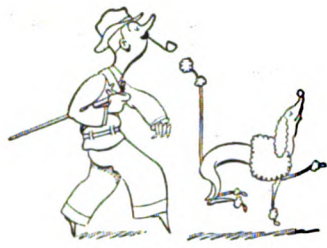
On every house party they dance in the living-room. A living-room thus used contains about a thousand square feet and nearly as many square heads.

If such a dance floor were packed with as many girls as could be squeezed in, there would be 750 girls in the room, but not one of them would be mine. My girl would be out in an auto having a petting party with my roommate. A petting party is something I am completely in the dark about.

Jack Shuttleworth

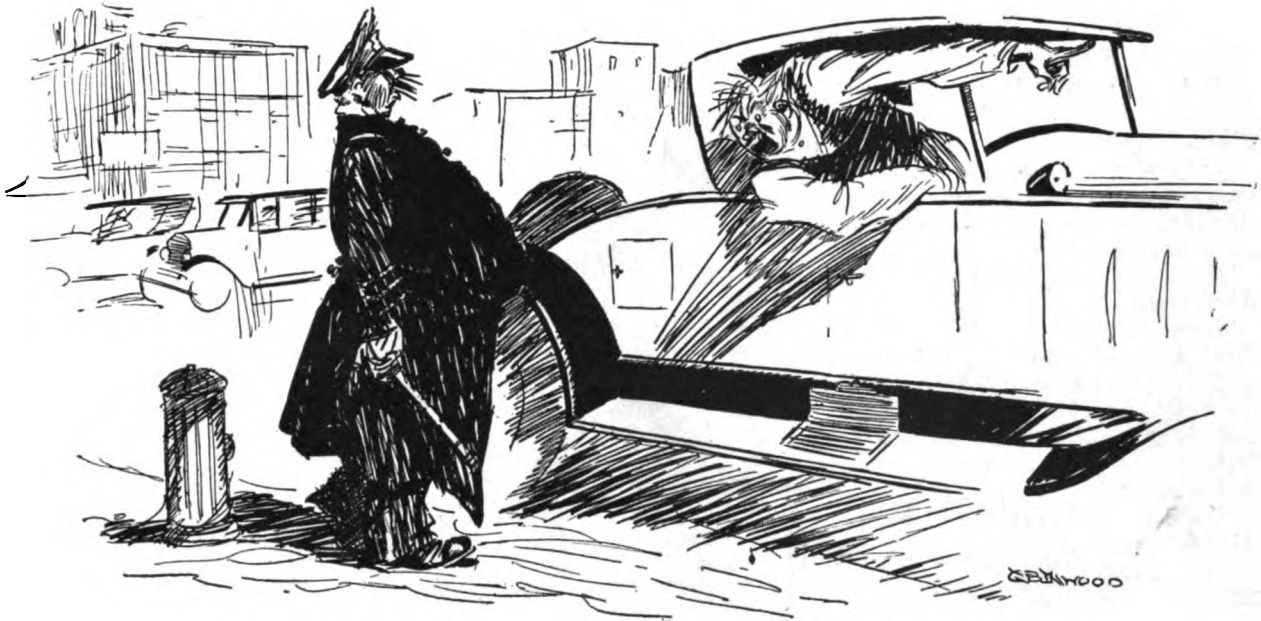


LANDLADY—*What on earth are you doing with gas escaping!*
ROOMER—*Trying to commit suicide, but it’s no use—I’ve got such a cold in my head I can’t smell.*



Gardner Reag

THE GO-GETTER



HER FATHER—*Say, did you see a young whiffet go by here with my daughter?
 "What does he look like?"
 "Soft head, yellow streak down his back, no backbone, and he's all wet!"*

The World Do Move

WHAT'S n. g. one month may be o. k. the next.

Consider the case of Zachariah Zittz. For years Zach has been a victim of fits.

At least one member of the family accompanied Zach wherever he went to sort of keep an eye on him. Everybody in town knew about it and steered clear of Zach if he so much as wiggled a finger.

Finally Zach wearied of having folks watch him suspiciously every minute. He moved to another town and felt so relieved at being able to walk around without giving people the heebie-jeebies that he decided to celebrate.

The only excitement in the new town was the regular Saturday night dance of the Sassy Sixteen Club.

Zach bought a ticket and walked in. As he started across the floor one of his old fits sneaked up behind him and Zach started doing his stuff. For ten minutes he gave a good imitation of an organ grinder's monk that had swallowed a lighted cigar and a flock of cyclones playing leapfrog.

Finally the fit fittted on. Zach looked around. He had the floor all to himself. The others, hundreds of 'em, were standing around and gazing in wonder.

Zach figured he'd queered himself and tried to make the door.

But three birds with ribbons pinned on their tuxedos and smiles on their maps walked up and handed him a silver loving cup three feet high. Zach, dazed, read the inscription on it:

"First prize, Sassy Sixteen Club's Charleston Contest."

Chet Johnson

Who's Zoo In Limerick?

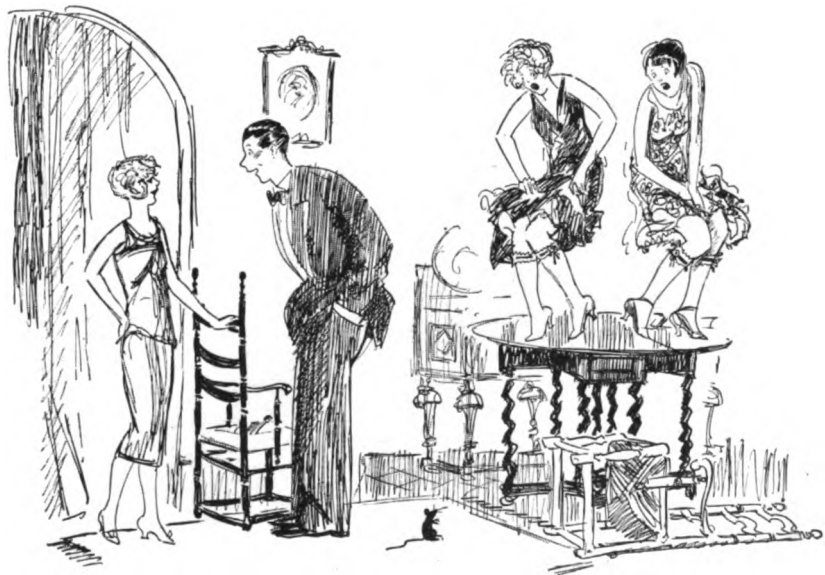
Said the kangaroo sadly, "Oh, dear!
 I cannot stop hopping, that's queer!"

Said the jaguar, "You
 Have been making home-brew
 And put too many hops in the beer!"

B. B.



Even a bootlegger gets low in spirits, at times!



SWAIN—*You're a wonderful girl—the nerve you've got!
 "I have on my old garters."*

Geographically Speaking

"HAWAII, Sam! I've certainly been Hungary to see you—Texas two a long time to get together, don't it?"

"Lisle say so! I was about Toulouse you entirely; I've been Sienna little of the world for several months you know, travel."

"Wallachia know about that! Where been?"

"Been everywhere — Pensacola didn't know what to do, and then inside a week I been sufferin' with the heat! Andalusia friends back home is no fun, I can tell you with Zealand force. Don't never let 'em Russia into it."

"Oh, did you Tyre of it? I Haiti stay home, myself."

"Odessa lotta banana oil — I thought it would Rouen me! Every time I spoke to a foreigner, Egypt me out of something. And Rhodes—terrible! I thought I'd Tours a bit, but I has a Pyrenees swollen as the devil from workin' on the car. I've turned it over and Dover in my mind, and I Missouri I can be that travel's the bunk. Geneva think of the work to it? Venice nice weather at sea you forget that travel ain't all Ceylon—but it ain't. Of course it Alps to have money, but you Congo wrong when you stay at home. I took a Cuba opium in China, took Carib-



"I'm suing my husband for breach of promise to divorce me."



"Congratulations, on your marriage, Jack, but I thought your affair with Dot was to be platonic."

"Yes, so did I!"

bean shown all around in Central America, and took this Sparta my tongue off with strange liquor—Nile always say, give me home!"

"Maybe you're right, but I've never seen India side of it. You know, my Antilles here on a visit—I think she might take us on a trip if your wife got her in the notion. She could just give her a lotta Bologna, and if you didn't Babylon about it—do you think she'd do that for us? I'm crazy to go."

"I'll say you are. . . . Well, Alaska." *Wayne G. Haisley*

"Where to?" said Bill Tyte to his "date,"

"An amusement park!" she glowed, So he drove out in the country, And parked beside the road.



"Would Rupert Hughes have it like this?"
 "Well, I'm not going to try to tell any _____ lies about it! I cut
 the _____ thing down with that _____ hatchet you got me!"

If George Washington Cussed, Just What Did He Say?

by Don Herold

RUPERT HUGHES says George Washington cussed. I thought everybody knew this or had at least figured it out for himself, but the statement comes as news and as a shock to a lot of people.

And Rupert seems to say it with an inference that children should all be told about it in school.

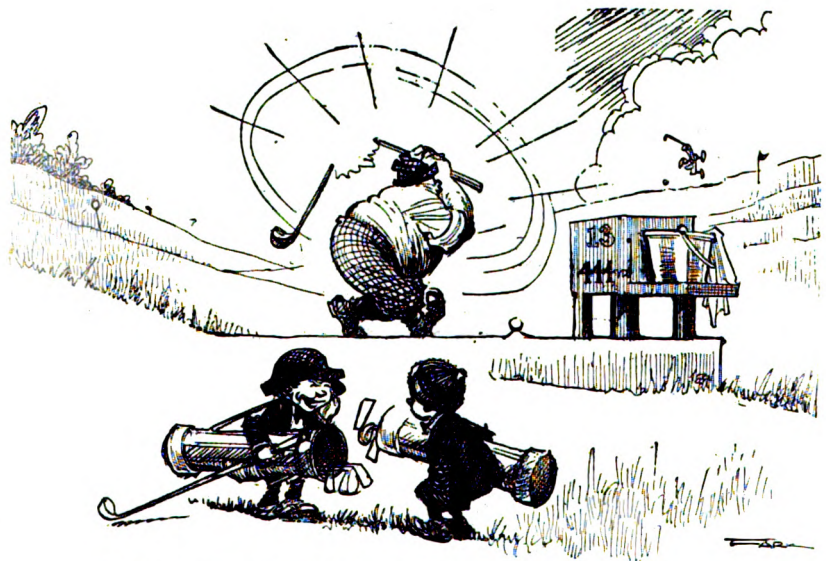
In this, I differ with him.

School hours are short. The school life is brief. Teachers can hit only the high spots. Cussing was not the most important thing that Washington did. I see no reason why a teacher should take up time telling the children that Washington cussed. Of course if she finds an extra fifteen minutes on her hands some day, let her tell her class that Washington cussed and let her tell them exactly what he said. If teachers are going to go into the matter, let them go the whole way. I would not want Doris to go for years wondering what George Washington said when he cussed. If her teacher touches on this I want her to go to the bottom of it and clean it up once and for all.

But, as I say, I think that from a historical standpoint, cussing was one

of Washington's less important achievements.

Rupert says also that Washington drank. This too is something with which childish minds need not be
 (Continued on page 30)



"I like to caddy for this bird—by the time you get to the clubhouse there's nothing left to carry but the bag."

Literary Scenes

I'm Still Waiting to See

A MAN get hot under a celluloid collar.

A long, long trail a-winding itself up on a spindle.

The heroine looked daggers at the villain, who staggers back with a couple of daggers in his heart and her piercing scream in his ears.

The sun setting on a tack.

Some character beat about the bush and finally emerge with two birds in his hand, yelling "Is zat so?" at a wise guy standing nearby with only one of them in his hand.

A rolling stone gather up a lot of moss, make a nest, and settle down in it.

A baseball game where a player steals a base under cover of darkness.

All the bad pennies getting ready to come back during Old Home Week.

An author become so absorbed in his story that he disappears completely.

A thoughtful character in a quandary for so long he decides to have some furniture moved in and live in the darned thing.

A wife speak to her husband with icicles in her voice, whereupon he breaks off several and stirs them up in a Stingo cocktail.

Michael Arlen trying to pick up Iris March in the Astor lobby.

Wayne G. Haisley



HIGH CHURCH SERVICE

JUDGE on the BENCH



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

Hallelujah!

FORTUNATELY it is still true that you can't fool all the people all the time. Gradually the dupes of the Anti-Saloon League come to, look about them, jump up in consternation and renounce the faith. And the longer the awakening is delayed the more thoroughgoing it becomes. Thus the Federal Council of Churches, on reaching the conclusion a few months ago that Prohibition was a costly failure, made comparatively mild recommendations—that the churches should no longer put their reliance upon it but return to their ancient standby, moral suasion. Now, however, the Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church, on seeing the same light, stages a much more violent revolt. To the recommendations of the Federal Council of Churches it adds a demand for light wines and beer. We are not surprised that this bomb should have driven the dry hirelings in Washington frantic.

They can look for more and worse. With fifty bills in Congress for modification of the Volstead law, it is not too much to hope that good Americans now beyond middle age, provided the joy of the prospect is not too much for their blood pressure, will live to see the Government of their country return to minding its own business.

Meanwhile our hat is off to the Rev. Dr. Empringham, author of the Temperance Society's report. Dr. Empringham was at one time New York State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. "I have long championed the cause of Prohibition," he says, "and to confess that I have misled others is very humiliating. It makes me feel like a fool."

Cheer up, Doctor; it is only when we attain wisdom that we know enough to feel like fools.

A Notable Conversion

THE propensity of the Prohibition issue to split wide open parties and denominations hitherto united is excellently illustrated in the row over the report of the Episcopal Temperance Society. Endorsement and repudiation, both equally passionate and vehement, have been showered upon it from within the fold. In New York State alone we find Bishop Fiske, of Central New York, applauding both its findings and its recommendations without reservation, while Bishop Manning, in New York City, condemns them.

Bishop Manning, indeed, has taken a leaf from the tactics of Wayne B. Wheeler in sneering at the authors of the report as the easiest way of meeting their arguments. Mr. Wheeler, characteristically, dismisses them as New Yorkers, Bishop Manning as unrepresentative and unim-

portant. "For some years past," says he, "the Church has scarcely been aware of the existence of this society and it has not been regarded as having weight and influence in the Church."

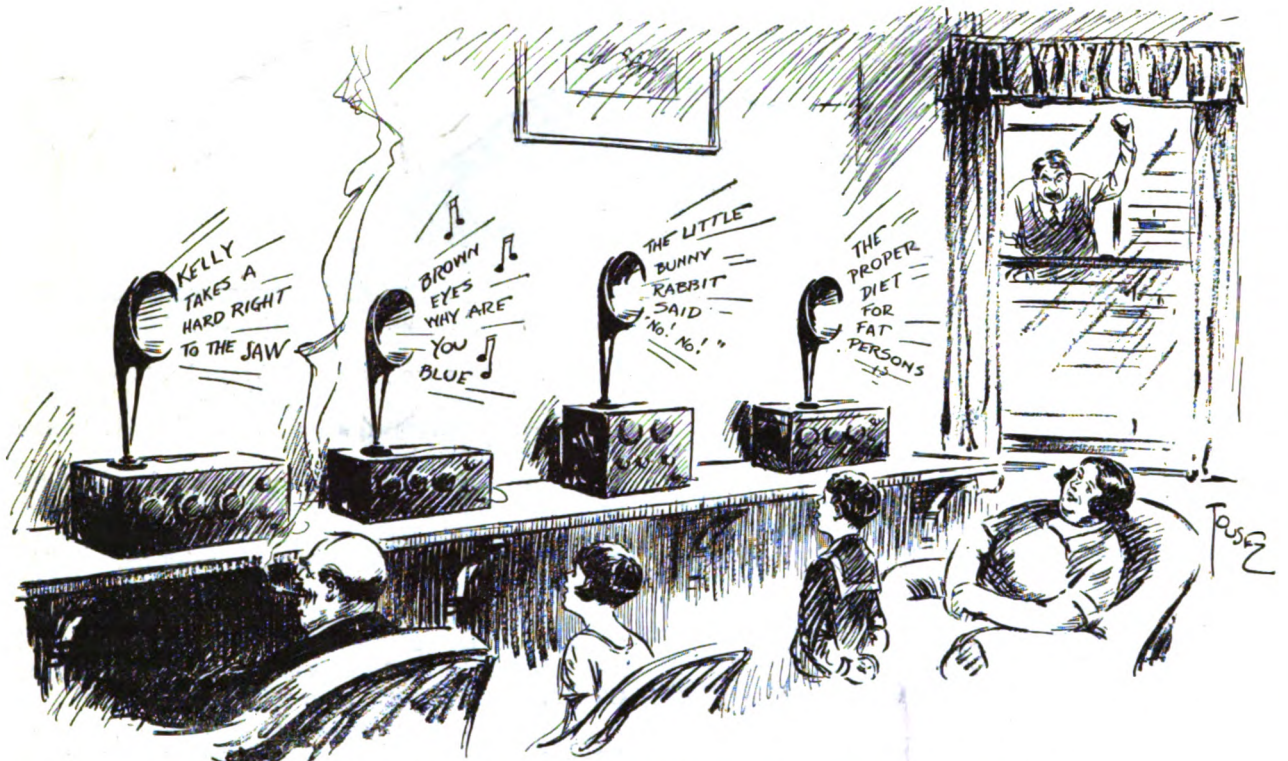
Strange, because the Temperance Society, founded fifty-one years ago by an act of the General Assembly of the Church, now numbers twenty of its bishops as officers or directors. Moreover, William Jay Schieffelin, possibly the most prominent layman in the denomination since the death of the elder J. Pierpont Morgan, is the Society's treasurer. If an organization of such official standing and personnel can be regarded as having no influence in the Church, then the Church itself must be numb.

BUT the Bishop's extravagance convicts him of hysteria. And this is the more unaccountable since before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law, unless we are grossly mistaken, he openly deprecated Prohibition. As recently as a few weeks ago he is quoted as saying, "I never believed in Prohibition." Even now he says, "I do not hold that to drink wine or other intoxicants in moderation is in itself a sin," and he admits the growth of grave abuses under the present régime. He is chock-full of heresies and not at all a prohibitionist in the degree that afflicts Mr. Wheeler and his satellites.

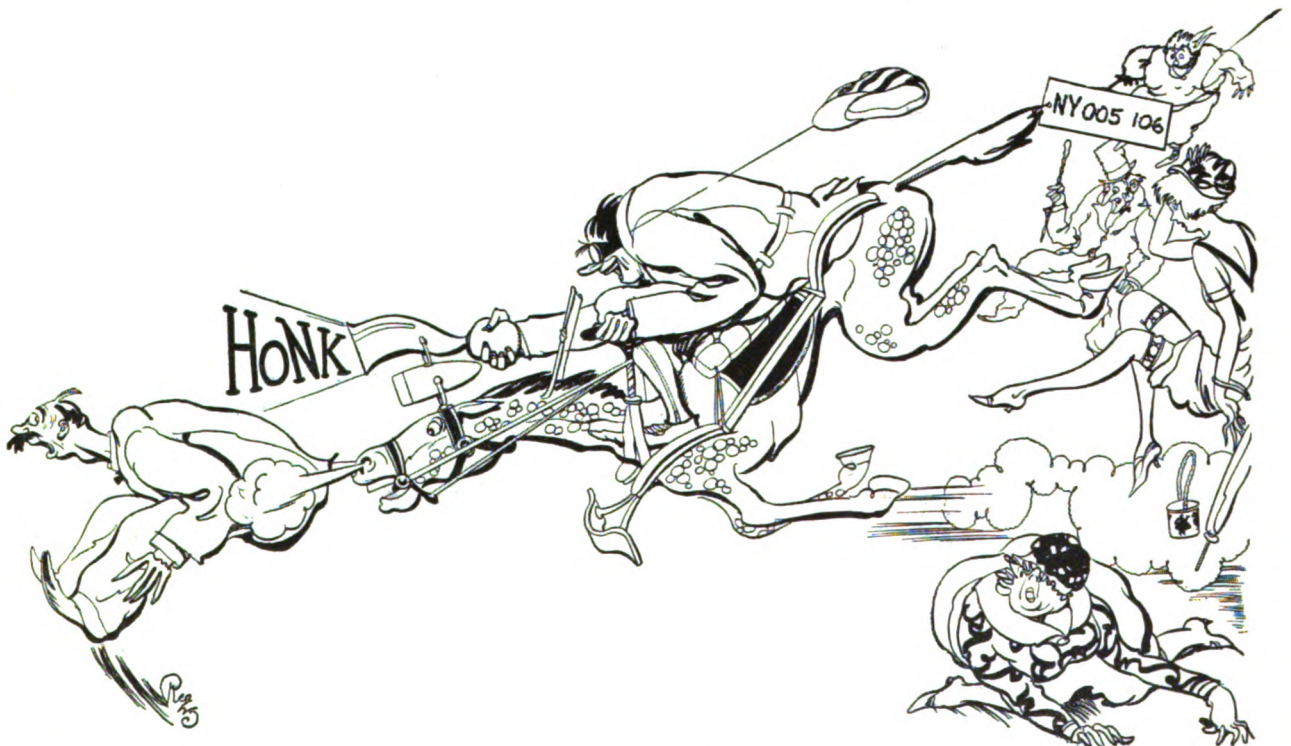
Why, then, should he find the report of the Church Temperance Society in favor of light wines and beer so distasteful? Can it be that his ambition to complete his \$15,000,000 cathedral has something to do with it? Mind you, we are not making the accusation; we are merely raising the question which, in view of his sneers at the Temperance Society, seems amply privileged. Has the fact that he must depend for a large part of his building fund on the generosity of those who believe that Prohibition is good for the other fellow anything to do with his present stand?

Let us try to be sympathetic. Here the Bishop is committed by his own ambitions to the completion of the huge cathedral on Morningside Heights, and \$15,000,000 is an enormous sum of money to collect. Yet when its collection seems in a fair way of being accomplished along comes this Temperance Society with its wet report. One can just visualize the tight-fisted old ladies who had been on the verge of willing the cathedral project substantial sums recoiling at the thought that in some way they might be lending their support to the encouragement of drinking; and the large employers of labor, sworn enemies of the workingman's tippie, using a like excuse to close their purses. It's enough to make a prohibitionist even out of a bishop.

W. M. H.



Dad solves a big radio problem to the satisfaction of everyone but the neighbors.



The motorist's doctor prescribes horseback riding.

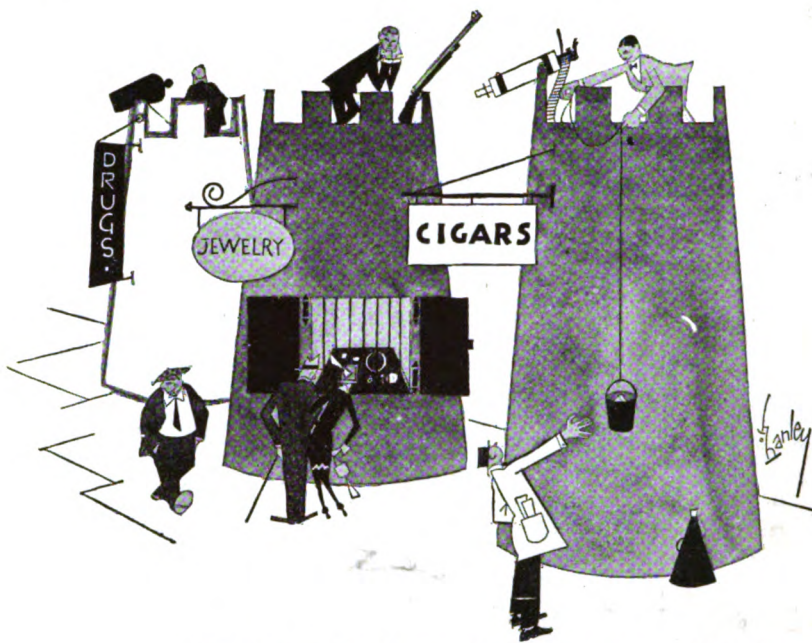
I HOPE it won't grieve you
 Too much when I leave you
 Who once held the key to my heart,
 Though I surely did love you
 And think kindly of you
 We really and truly must part.

For I'm going to forget the
 Old girls, as I've met the
 Most beautiful lady in town;
 And, I'll tell you, she's some one
 Who is not such a dumb one
 As you—who last night threw me
 down. *Phil Rosa*

Including Her Salary

A kindergarten teacher has to
 know how to make the little things
 count.

What care I if I miss my Swiss,
 Albeit cheese or watch;
 What angers me, by gimminee,
 Is when I miss my Scotch!



Model stores of the future, if holdup men keep raiding them.

Literary Levels

Yes, young authors are generally
 found in attics; in the beginning
 very few can live on the first few
 stories.



"They kept a good watch out for
 me," chuckled the burglar as he
 lifted the jeweled timepiece from the
 bureau.



Prof—What happened to your
 flight of oratory?
Stude—Ran out of gas.



Showing the number of curtains the average housewife would have on each window if she had her way!



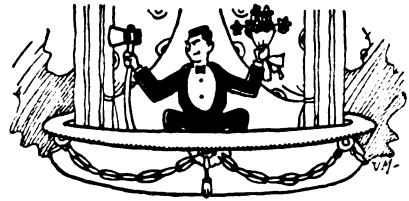
"A Man's Best Friend"



riend Is a Dog”

JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan



I

"THE SHANGHAI GESTURE" is, it pains me to state, addressed chiefly to the class of men who buy packages of French post cards from the shifty fellows who hang out in Times Square and who discover when they get home that they have laid out their good money for pictures of Evangeline Booth, Maxine Elliott and the late Queen Alexandra, and to the class of women who pay \$25 a visit to Jewish gents calling themselves Abdul Swami and professing to be advisers in esoteric sex matters. In other words, "The Shanghai Gesture" makes a bid for the boob pocketbook with promises of rich and racy stuff.

It is possible that there are suckers who will believe that "The Shanghai Gesture" has kept its promise to retail the hot toddy to them, and who will hence consider their evening well spent. But if this is what such curios call a dirty play, then I don't know dirt when I see it. Not that the affair doesn't try hard to be shocking; it literally perspires in the attempt. Yet all that it actually offers is stuff that boarding-school girls stopped talking about twenty years ago.

The scene is a Chinese house of joy. The Chinese house of joy in actual life, as anyone who has ever been in the Orient knows, is approximately as resplendent and gala an institution as a provincial actors' rooming house. On the stage, however, such a house is made to resemble nothing so much as an all-star revival of "Florodora." A few weeks ago, one such mythically voluptuous dump was exhibited to the American gaze in "The Love City"; and now John Colton trots out still another. In Colton's lavish temple of sin, we discover a woman before whose power all China, to say nothing of England, Japan, the

"*Magda*" (Elliott)—Bertha Kalich and Sudermann dig themselves up.

"*The Makropoulos Secret*" (Hopkins)—The heroine lives 300 years. So does the audience.

"*Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*" (Harris)—To be discussed later on.

"*The Monkey Talks*" (National)—Love and other monkey business.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morosco)—Good American play.

"*The Dream Play*" (Provincetown)—Strindberg's beautiful bellyache.

"*The Enemy*" (Times Square)—Platitudes on war.

"*Alias the Deacon*" (Hudson)—Cheap box-office stuff.

"*The Patsy*" (Booth)—Feeble comedy with Claiborne Foster agreeable in leading rôle.

"*The Jazz Singer*" (Cort)—Another rose for Abie.

"*The Last of Mrs. Cheyne*" (Fulton)—Crooks and repartee.

"*The Shanghai Gesture*" (Beck)—See opposite column.

"*The Jest*" (Plymouth)—Revival of Sem Benelli's romantic melodrama.

"*The Goat Song*" (Guild)—Fine play from the German.

"*A Weak Woman*" (Ritz)—Amusing risqué French farce.

"*The Green Hat*" (Broadhurst)—Sex balderdash.

"*The Great God Brown*" (Greenwich)—O'Neill's excellent study of human hypocrisy.

"*A Lady's Virtue*" (Bijou)—Sex drivel.

"*Lulu Belle*" (Belasco)—To be reviewed anon.

"*Puppy Love*" (48th St.)—Obivous box-office comedy.

"*Don Q, Jr.*" (49th St.)—Walla-walla.

"*The Great Gatsby*" (Ambassador)—Turn to the right.

"*Young Woodley*" (Belmont)—Interesting character study of English schoolboys.

"*Hedda Gabler*" (Comedy)—Emily Stevens as Bert Savoy.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—La Miller and a fetching dancing show.

"*The Cocoanuts*" (Lyric)—Les Marx and some good low comedy.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—Funny rough stuff.

"*The Love City*" (Little)—Chinese punk.

"*A Night in Paris*" (Century Roof)—A pleasant evening.

"*Vanities*" (Carroll)—The M.M. Tannen and Cook in excellent form.

"*Easy Virtue*" (Empire)—Noel Coward disguised as Pinero.

"*Not Herbert*" (52nd St.)—Moore crooks.

"*Sweetheart Time*" (Imperial)—Pretty Genevieve Tobin in pretty dull music show.

"*Tip-Toes*" (Liberty)—Gershwin's tunes make one overlook poor libretto.

Standard Oil Company, the International Mercantile Marine and Al Woods, tremble. She is privy to all secrets of state, all the closet skeletons of Nordic society, all the boudoir mysteries of the courts of Europe. In her youth, this sinister mine of intelligence was betrayed by an English rascal and to the undoing of the latter she has consecrated her life. The play shows how she gets the fellow's daughter by his legal wife into her fell grip and makes a harlot of her and how, in turn, she arrives at her own undoing by finding that her own illegitimate daughter has gone to the dogs in the very bagnio over which she presides.

This select fable is related with numerous allusions to "white flesh," "greedy eyes" and other such characteristic and obvious delicatessen of the commercial sex play. In addition, the word "nymphomaniac" is shouted out at one juncture of the traffic, a girl is offered for sale to the highest bidder among the supers dressed as Chinamen, and the word "bed" is mentioned with a leer in one of the acts. Such is the sensational nature of the dirt that the New York yokel rushes to pay out his money for and has a great time eating up. If the whole thing were not so absurd, it would be pitiable. As an indication of the innocence of the exhibit as it is currently being acted, I need only record that when the play was originally tried out in Newark, N. J., it contained a line paraphrasing the old boyhood joke about turpentine. This perfectly harmless line was cut out on the ground that it was too daring. Imagine, therefore, the revolutionary nature of the lines that have been left in!

Florence Reed has the rôle of the bordello boss. She acts it chiefly by drawing out to the limit all words
(Continued on page 29)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

GROUCHO - "ALL OUR QUAIL TURN RED WHEN THEY'RE BOILED - YOU PROBABLY DO THE SAME THING YOURSELF!"



JEFFERSON
WACZARD

"THE COCONUTS"



"THE GREAT GATSBY"

"DIDN'T YOU HAVE ANY LUCK AT THE RACES TODAY?"
ANDREW TOMBES - "LUCK!! WHEN MY HORSE PASSED ME - I LEANED OVER THE FENCE AND YELLED - THEY WENT UP THAT WAY!"



"TIP TOES"

GUEST - "DID YOU CRASH THE GATE AT THIS GREAT PARTY OF MR GATSBY'S?"

JAMES RENNIE - "NO - I'M MR. GATSBY."



DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN BE ARRESTED FOR SHIMMYING HERE?"

"I SHOULD WORRY! - I COULD WIGGLE OUT OF IT!"

"KEITAS"

JUDGING the MOVIES II

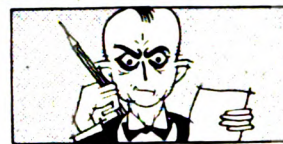
by William Morris Houghton



LON CHANEY gives one of the best performances of his career in "The Black Bird," which is well worthy of it. Here is a movie that makes no pretensions whatever. It boasts no historical nor biblical significance; it doesn't set up to acquaint us with the extremities of mother love; it contains no cyclones, nor floods nor earthquakes. The only shooting in it is done off stage, and it hasn't even an attempt at rape. It is just a real good movie.

The story is that of two crooks in competition for the same girl. The scene of it is laid in the Limehouse District of London, and probably for a very good reason. And that is that over here to be a successful crook is too easy. The only disguise needed is a Hart, Schaffner & Marx outfit, model 92e. But in London, with a vigilant police force and the habit of meting out justice, it takes real talent, not to say genius. And this gives Lon Chaney his chance.

The Black Bird is a tough, hard bitten, evil-eyed thief, the terror of Limehouse. But when it suits his purpose, as it does constantly, he sneaks up into his room, puts on clerical garb, twists a shoulder and a thigh out of joint and with the aid

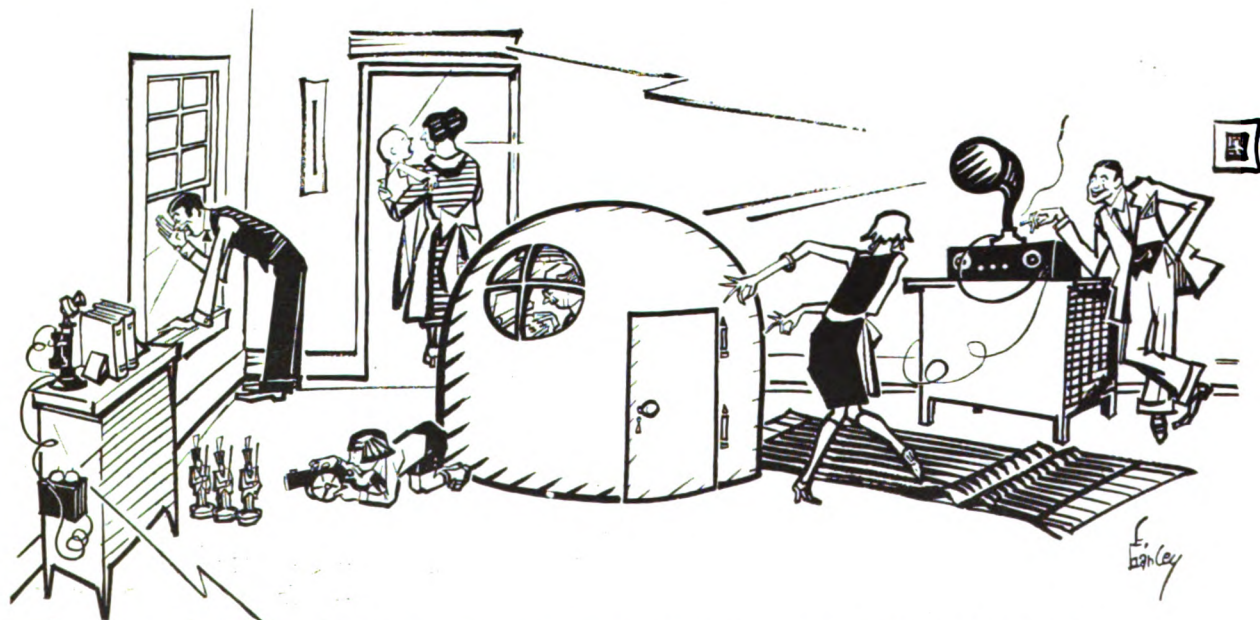


- "The Big Parade"—Still at the top.
- "Clothes Make the Pirate"—Leon Errol gets tight and loose at the same time.
- "His People"—Rudolph Schildkraut well cast in a sentimental drama of the Ghetto.
- "Seven Sinners"—Good 95 per cent. of the way, and then a flop!
- "We Moderns"—Colleen Moore learns not to disobey her ma.
- "A Woman of the World"—The seductive Pola Negri visits Main street. Very good.
- "Time, the Comedian"—Ma's sweetie returns to woo her daughter. Poor stuff.
- "Siegfried"—Better than the opera of the same name.
- "Tumbleweeds"—Typical Bill Hart picture.
- "Lady Windermere's Fan"—Near Wilde.
- "A Kiss for Cinderella"—Sentimentality at its charmingest.
- "Bluebeard's Seven Wives"—The movies in burlesque mood.
- "Womanhandled"—The wide-open spaces well kidded.
- "Soul Mates"—Elinor Glyn slightly edited.
- "Mannequin"—Fanny Hurst's \$50,000 prize melodrama. Hardly worth it.
- "That Royle Girl"—Carol Dempster in a crook melodrama punctuated by a cyclone.
- "The Splendid Road"—Deep in slush.
- "Ben-Hur"—The chariot race is worth the price of admission.
- "Sea Beast"—Only partly redeemed by John Barrymore's acting.

of crutches descends a sweet-faced cripple. In this rôle he is known throughout Limehouse for his benevolences and called affectionately the "Bishop." And no one suspects, not even his former wife, that the Black Bird and the Bishop are one and the same; they are supposed to be brothers. You can well imagine that Lon Chaney plays the part to perfection.

But Owen Moore as West End Bertie, the other crook, whose "line" it is to be the ultra fashionable gentleman, is also excellently cast, and so is Renee Adoree as the girl they both covet. The plot is full of surprises and well seasoned with humor and irony, the local color rich and convincing.

"THE RECKLESS LADY" in movie form is advertised as "by Sir Philip Gibbs." Maybe it is, but it is no more like his book of the same title than the "Sea Beast" is like "Moby Dick." What it takes from the book is merely the initial story of an English mother who is surprised in a love affair by her soldier husband and who flees to the Continent with her infant daughter to prevent separation from the latter. There-



Sound-proof steel dome for men occasionally forced to do a little work at home.

after she takes to gambling at Monte Carlo for self-support.

On this has been grafted the familiar formula of the mother's lover who returns after fifteen years to woo the daughter. This has nothing to do with the book, but is exactly the same formula that animates "Time, the Comedian." And Belle Bennett, as the mother, and Lois Moran, as the daughter, are exactly the same combination that work so smoothly in "Stella Dallas." In other words, "The Reckless Lady" is an assembled car whose mismatched parts creak to a final stop in a swamp of love, tears and forgiveness.

I only hope Sir Philip sees this movie some-time. It will serve him right for allowing it the use of his name.

"MEMORY LANE" is just what its name implies, a bath in sentimentality. And from any point of view whatever, it is utterly inconsequential. Jimmy and Joe love Mary, and Mary loves Joe. But she marries Jimmy. On their wedding night Joe drives off with her and things begin to look interesting. But he runs out of gas, and both run out of nerve, and so the bride returns to her groom to live happily ever after. Elinor Boardman is very pretty as Mary, but much the most gifted member of the cast is the baby and his name isn't mentioned. I hope his talents will not always be wasted on such tepid stuff.

The Caller—Good morning, Mrs. Murphy, could you spare anything for the inebriates' home to-day?

Mrs. Murphy—Sure—Murphy.
—*Pink'un*

A Parisian was knocked down twice in one day by the same car. Next time, I presume, he becomes the property of the motorist. —*Show*

Ruth—Do you know father has never spoken a hasty word to mother?

Richard—How is that?

"He stutters." —*Answers*

"What is that noise I can hear through the wall?"

"It's our neighbor, talking to himself!"

"But he needn't talk so loudly as that!"

"He has to. He is deaf."

—*Home Made*

KELLY BALLOONS



For Comfort
and Mileage

Justin Conville



HER FIRST JUMP

As it seems to the beginner.

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By Kernan

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By J. D. Gleason

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JUDGE

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627 West 43d St. New York, N. Y.



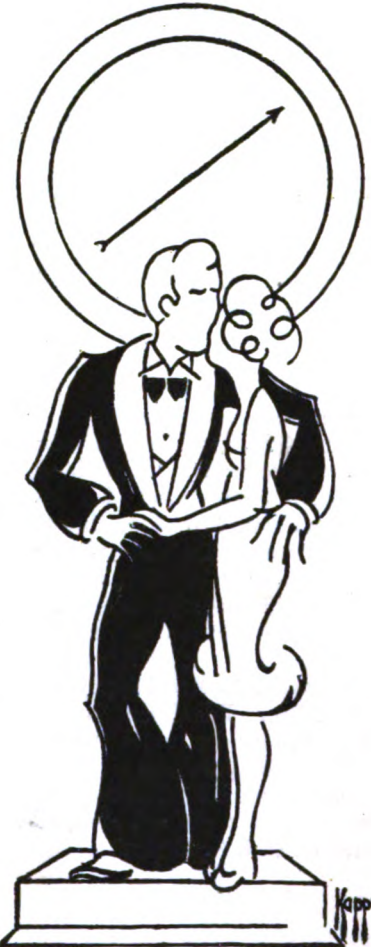
Seen in the Newspapers
 "Coppers raid a den of vice."
 "Thieves despoil the same house twice."
 "Bootleg whisky takes its toll."
 "Killer dies in manner droll."
 "Man cracks joke then kills his wife."
 "Jumps off bridge to end his life."
 "Thieves again escape with loot."
 "Girl kidnaped by handsome brute."
 "Chinese are again at war."
 "Bigamist swears 'Nevermore!'"
 "Woman kills love's other wife."
 "Convict dies while under knife."

The lone arrest we note in reading
 Is that of Brother John for speeding.
 —C. C. N. Y. Mercury

I long for the line of a Sigma Phi,
 To dance like an S. P. E.;
 To string the girls like a true Chi Psi
 And smoke like a D. K. E.

I'd like to love like an old D. U.,
 To be a Kappa Delta Rho;
 I'd like to flirt like an Alpha Sig,
 But I'm still in high school you know.
 —Middlebury Blue Baboon

"Our English professor doesn't know what he is talking about."
 "How cum?"
 "He's never been to England."
 —Carnegie Puppet



The weigh of a man with a maid.
 —PENN PUNCH BOWL

My girl thinks that a fairy tale
 is the stern of a boat.
 —Cornell Widow



Unconscious Grace.
 —S. CALIFORNIA WAMPUS

One would hardly suppose

I've not seen enough of you.
That I want more, Lord knows,
One would hardly suppose.
With this modern expose-
Ure of kneecaps above view,
One would hardly suppose
I've not seen enough of you.

—Columbia Jester

Teacher—Johnny, what does six
and four equal?

Johnny (after some thought)—
Eleven.

“No, guess again.”

“Twelve.”

“No. Why don't you try ten?”

“Aw, that ain't right. Five and
five is ten.”

—Mass. Tech. Voo Doo

Jesse—Hear about Elly's father
striking it suddenly rich?

Jessica—Yes, but how did he
manage it?

“Got a first mortgage on a flower
pot in Palm Beach.”

—Penn Punch Bowl

She—Why aren't you having as
many breach of promise suits as you
used to?

He—I had “For Display Purposes
Only” engraved on my frat pin.

—N. Carolina Buccaneer

Prof—Now as you all know the
law of gravitation explains why we
stay on earth.

Stude—But how did people stay
before the law was passed?

—Rutgers Chanticleer

Pi—Jack has asked me to the hop.

Phi—Well, I'd say it was an oppor-
tunity to be embraced.

—Middlebury Blue Baboon

As Queen Elizabeth might have
said to Sir Walter Raleigh: “Keep
your shirt on.”

—Allegheny Alligator

“An ‘aye’ for an I,” muttered the
candidate as he voted for himself.

—Yale Record

“Something better”

“LET ME SEE something better,” says the
customer—very frequently indeed. That
something better in an automobile may
cost several hundred or perhaps even
several thousand dollars more; but in
a cigarette it costs just three cents more

F A T I M A



“What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make”

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



PASSENGER—Do you stop at the Schenley Apartments?

MOTORMAN—No, I can't afford to.

—CARNEGIE PUPPET



Our Headache Corner

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

Edited by HENRY HEADACHE

It is none of our business, how you got that latest headache.

* * *

We said "latest," because it won't be the "last."

* * *

But, however you got it—and will get the next one—it's a safe bet you'd like to know of a reasonable remedy.

* * *

One that doesn't leave you hollow-eyed, exhausted, an easy mark for another headache or what have you.

* * *

Rotten trick, isn't it, to string you along like this? Well, the answer, if you must know, is Kohler-Antidote.

* * *

It banishes the headache but doesn't punish the headachee.

* * *

Be prepared. Look around now, find the nearest exit. Run, do not walk, to your favorite drugstore. They all have it.



FOUR FOR ONE
Safe and sane skiing.

He Couldn't Recall the Face But He'd Forgotten the Name!

WHAT kind of a memory have you? Do you forget people immediately? You're lucky! Our great Anti-mnemonics course has made hundreds of people forget what any poor fool would remember. If you remember to write for our free course on forgettery you're dumb enough to deserve it.

One bottle of Professor Addle Pate's Great Forget-it Fluid will make you happy, if not blind. Professor Pate's wonderful cure for good memory contains absolutely no wood alcohol, creosote, cyanide of potassium, bichloride of mercury, varnish, brown paint, or anything. It is not carried by bootleggers and sold at a

nominal fee, free from taxation without representation, cover charges, hush money or surreptitious winks over the counters of our leading school supplies stores. Hundreds of professors everywhere use this potent fluid after correcting examination papers. They say if it were not for Addle Pate's wonderful Forget-it Drink they'd all think that Napoleon discovered America in 1776 while crossing the Delaware with Menelaus to rescue Helen from Paris where she went to have Christmas dinner with Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosser, of Germany, now connected with the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., in charge of their Dutch trade.

Do you remember to pay bills? You need Professor Pate's Invaluable Fluid for Phenomenal Memories.

Do you forget that people owe you

NAUSEA

The positive relief for SEA, TRAIN AND CAR Sickness. Stops the nausea at once. 25 years in use.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of Price

5 The Mothersill Remedy Co., N. Y. City



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.



The apartment dweller's idea of an adequate radiator for a small room.

money? Take Pate's Practical Forgettery Potion and you'll forget to forget.

Have you ever thought it was a work day and gotten up early on Sunday? To late for Pate!

Read What Millions Think of Pate's Phantasmagoric Forget Philter

Miss M. T. Mynee, of Brain Fever Lane, Thoughtless, Tenn., writes: "My daughter was dieing of a broken heart. She could not forget her lover. She took a quarter of a spoonful of Pate's Marvelous Anti-Mnemonic Drink and forgot immediately. Please omit flowers. Dayton paper please copy."

Simple cure for remembering to match ribbon, write that letter to your mother-in-law, pay your insurance and a thousand and one other little annoying memories, such as what actually became of Sally. Every busy man should keep a bottle of Pate's on his desk. By keeping Pate on the desk you will sleep and forget to go home.

Forget to clip the coupon below and we'll forget to send you a bottle of Pate's absolutely expensive. Forget to try it. If you forget to like it money will not be forgotten. Do it now or you may remember. There's plenty of time to lose. We forget how much. This is the great opportunity of your life. *Forget it!*

Carroll Carroll

The Diary of a Dub

MONDAY—A strange man named Joe came in to-day and he was a pleasant fellow so I sold him a gallon of wine as a favor.

Tuesday—Joe was in again and wanted some booze for a sick friend, so I let him have a quart for \$3.

Wednesday—Joe thinks I'm a great guy. I showed him my still and he said it was the best he'd ever seen.

Thursday—Joe brought in a friend who certainly cussed out prohibition. I sold him a gallon for \$10. He's a funny guy. He made a mark on the \$10 because, he said, it's a hobby of his to see if the same money ever gets back to him.

Friday—Joe was in to-day and said he was going to buy his last quart. So just for a joke he brought in three fellows dressed like policemen. Of course I enjoyed the joke, especially when they each bought a quart.

Saturday—Well, my place was raided to-day and I am making this entry in jail. It's funny how they ever got on to me. Sometimes I can't help wondering if maybe Joe wasn't an undercover prohibition agent.

Chet Johnson



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe →

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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NEXT WEEK!**



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

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Address.....

City.....

State.....

FOR YOURSELF



One Good Dawn Deserves Another

CLORINDA was ripe for heady flirtation and light love-making, and the giddy gaiety of people who knew how to make and take life. Then somebody's nephew lounged into the doorway, cocked an eye upon the gathering—and saw Clorinda. He also saw the makings of an evening. Another minute and he had gently but firmly detached her from her partner.

They danced toward the door and out of it. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the circumstances attending the next ten minutes. Suffice to say that at the end of them, Clorinda was being effectually kissed. Of course, it was reprehensible of her; it was also unwise, for it was perhaps the most expert kiss Clorinda had experienced within her colorful memory.

It stirred her more than Clorinda thought was possible; it made magic of the distant mirth and music.

"I—let's go back," she whispered, but against his shoulder. "Or rather, you've got to take me home in your car. . . ."

★ ★ ★ ★

Q When a girl decides to walk home and then takes the wrong road, can you blame her for making the best of things? Maybe. But don't be so sure about that till you read "One Good Dawn Deserves Another" by Valerie Vaughn in the current issue of SNAPPY STORIES. Now on all newsstands—20 cents.

Play Jazz in a week

on your **Buescher Saxophone**

You can do it—easy. 3 lessons free with each new instrument give you a quick start. Practicing is fun because you learn so fast. And it will make you popular, in demand, the center of attraction everywhere you go. Always a hit. Even if you have failed with some other instrument, you can learn the simplified Buescher Saxophone. Don't delay. Get into the big fun. Any instrument sent for 6 days' free trial. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Write now for beautiful, free literature. Address:

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of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use

Resinol

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!



Bore—That's Mrs. Knightly—she's very keen on rescue work, y'know.

Girl (yawning)—Oh—I do hope she comes over here. —*Eve*

The Failure

JOE COOLTOOTH'S pasteboard eyelids opened with a bang that was heard half way across the river. They opened on a panorama of shark's teeth, reefs, French crullers, and sand, desert sand, quicksand and balisand, as far as the eye could reach; and reach it did, arm length after arm length but it couldn't reach it, try as it might. Barren, endless, headless, footless foothills flung themselves helter-skelter about on the landscape. Gigantic mountains of Charlotte Russe reared their creamy tips to the zenith; in other places it was level, on the level it was.

Rugged rocky incisors gnashed themselves together along the shore; chewing the flotsam and jetsam and tossing it back again to the hungry waves. Here and there were clumps of horses' hoofs, tufts of whiskers, and thickets of ragweed, hogwood, bogwood, mesquite, notquite, fudge-smudge and hodge-podge. Occasionally a dogwood tree stood on its haunches and barked at the moon.

In the little valley across the creek bloomed the briar roses, rubber hoses and purple noses, scenting the twilight with a rare fragrance like an old feather bed burning.

It was Tuesday morning and Joe was hungry. Joe was always hungry on Tuesday morning. He built a fire of small bough wows from the dogwood tree, and over this he baked his meager breakfast of riddle cakes. He had left the G in his other clothes.

Joe was lonely. Nothing but silence all about. Great open space

silences sliding up and down the canyons. Baby silences sitting in the trees and taking their biennial baths in the little creek.

He didn't know why he was there, he hadn't even thought about it; but all the same it was maddening! Maddening! His heart pounded like a trip-hammer in his inside coat pocket! His arteries clogged up and burst like the explosion of a cold storage egg. His clothes were in shreds, so were his morals and the fried noodles in his hip pocket. Life was a hideous mockery! He would end it all! Yes, he would end it all! All his years of labor were wasted—wasted! The horrible barefaced truth dawned on his consciousness at last—he simply couldn't raise a moustache!

Nate Collier



"I'd commit any folly over a girl like that!"

"Then why don't you marry her?"
—*Dorfbarbier*

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Remember	Tenor Solo
Charleston Mad	Charleston Fox Trot
I Wish't I Was in Peoria	Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Show Me the Way to Go Home	Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Then I'll Be Happy	Fox Trot (Vocal Chorus)
Sometime	Waltz
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Down Behind the Hill	Baritone Solo
That Certain Party	Male Duet
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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



They'll Die Off

To the Editors of JUDGE:

My dear Sirs: I sometimes wonder when I see editorials like yours in JUDGE (January 2), re Prohibition, whether you are aware it forms a part of the Constitution of the United States? And therefore should be obeyed and respected like any of the other parts of that great document. Those who are flouting the law and those who think it so d— smart to carry hip flasks, and drink the rotten stuff they get these days will be killed off by it sooner or later and they will be small loss. The next generation will be more careful.

There is not one-tenth part of the liquor consumed now as there was before Prohibition went into effect. Perhaps you do not remember the men on streets selling "Take me home to when I am full" tags and the conductors who went through the cars looking at tags and putting men off at the right corners. Or saloons on all four corners of a great many streets! As to the censorship part of your 1926 picture, a friend of mine recently home from Paris says New York could give that city points from the shows he has seen since his return! Then for "bigotry." Well, read Don Seitz's article in the *Outlook* and the *Forum* of June last, and see what they say on that point and on Americanizing of the pro this and that.

My father belonged to a cavalry troop called the "Black Guard," and he helped suppress the Astor Place and Draft riots, caused by good Americans forsooth!—in 1862.

Yours truly,
William H. Merceau

Oakwood Heights, S. I., N. Y.
January 7, 1926.

Bigger and Better Lord's Dayism

My dear W. M. H.: Your editorial, "Locksmiths," in the issue of January 23 is so well done that I hesitate to say more than "Good stuff—keep it up."

Since we are going to let the Lord's Day Alliance have full swing, why not aid them a bit? If it be wicked to do business on Sunday, it must also be against the wishes of the Lord's Day Alliance to work. Let us, therefore, assist them, and forbid the following to work on Sunday: the policemen, who protect us; the firemen, who protect our property; doctors and nurses, trainmen and conductors, telegraph and telephone operators (it being equally sinful to either telephone or work in an exchange). Forbid, also, the people who heat our homes, the men who run the powerhouses and give us light, the men who turn on the city lights at night, the men who deliver our Sunday morning milk.

We had best forbid the world to turn on its axis for the day, as that is work for whatever power moves it. Let's continue this, and apply it to every phase of our existence, and we will soon have the world in a hopeless muddle which the Lord's Dayers can enjoy to the fullest.

One thing puzzles me, though. Ought the benighted L. D. A.'s to eat on Sunday, for is not work required in the preparation of food? I think they ought not to eat, nor ought they to think, for judging from their notions and ideas, thought for them would probably be labor of the severest sort!

Yours for more common sense and less Lord's Dayism,
P. C. B.
Swarthmore College,
Swarthmore, Pa.
January 25, 1926.

Only Licked in "Wop" Cities

JUDGE: In regard to your "Strike Three," Judge on the Bench.

You mentioned the Klan being licked in three or four "wop" cities, but read of some of the other cities that did elect Klan mayors and office holders.

As to the Klan being dead, take a hint and read the "Fellowship Forum," the 100 per cent. American paper, not afraid of telling the truth about Catholic's dirty work.

Truth will expose and come to light.

N. D. Baxter
P. S.: As for your magazine, it's demoralizing not funny.
Canaseraga, N. Y.
January 25, 1926.

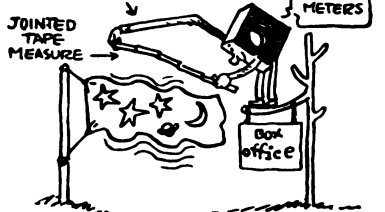
THE CUCKOO ISLANDS



TAILLESS SAWHORSE
CARRYING ITS LUNCH,
ON THE WAY TO THE
CARPENTER'S CONVENTION



TIRED TIRE RETIRING—
AFTER A TIRESOME DAY
ARM OF THE SERVICE



RADIO NUT MEASURING THE
WAVE LENGTH OF A FLAG.



FAMILY OF HARD BOILED EGGS
ON THEIR WAY TO A PICNIC.



PUSSYCAT HUNTING—
FOR ITS MEOW.



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GOSH, ALL FISHHOOKS!
NAT'L Hollier '26



HOT STUFF

"Hey, Jack, your flask's uncorked."

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 18)

ending in *s* and by walking about as if her body were paralyzed from the knees up. This, however, is the standard way to play all female Chinese characters. Mary Duncan is effective as the illegitimate daughter who takes on a Chinaman for her beau. McKay Morris is the villain. The most villainous thing about him is the fit of his evening trousers.

II

OWEN DAVIS, who has had his share of bad notices from this department, has made the dramatization of Scott Fitzgerald's novel, "The Great Gatsby," and has done a very fair job of it. He has taken the

book and distilled a play that loses nothing of its character delineation, its thematic force or its manipulation of episode. Before the curtain went up, I would have bet a dollar against a nickel that he couldn't do it. But he did, and the smacker goes to him by special messenger at noon to-day.

To help out matters, Dr. William A. Brady, the producer, has been extremely sagacious in the matter of casting. In the past, this Dr. Brady has not been averse, on occasion, to such casting as might present Louis Mann as Young Woodley or Mrs. Whiffen as Craig's Wife, but this time the old boy has got together a thoroughly appropriate troupe. James Rennie as Gatsby, Catherine Willard as the Baker girl, Florence Eldridge as Daisy, Charles Dickson as Wolfshiem and Elliot Cabot as Buchanan are absolutely in the Fitzgerald picture and manage their rôles very well indeed.

The play holds the interest consistently. If "The Great Gatsby" has a play in it, this is that play. A measure of Fitzgerald's literary style—the leading asset of the novel—is missing, but that is something that might have been got into the play only, I fear, at the expense of its movement and drama.

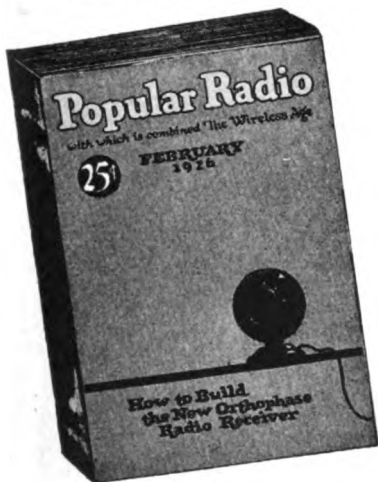


A certain famous sportsman several times had his watch stolen while he was watching the races. Each time he was told it would be returned for "a fiver, and no questions asked." He always paid the money and always got back the watch.

But once, after the watch had been stolen, he was told he would have to pay another couple of pounds to get it back.

"Why the increase?" he asked. "You see," said the go-between. "it was out of order, and we had to get it repaired for you." —*Til-Bits*

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(Week of February 27)

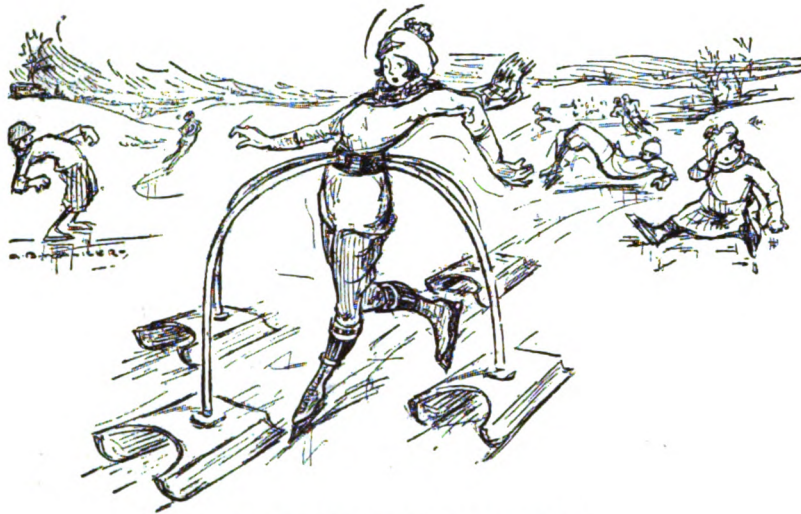
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STABILIZERS FOR SKATERS

You can't fall.

If George Washington Cussed, Just What Did He Say?

(Continued from page 11)

cluttered. If teachers do go into it, I think they should cover it thoroughly, showing cross sections of Washington's red plush-lined drinking stomach and drawing the moral that drinking, one way or the other, does not necessarily interfere with great accomplishment.

But if teachers are going to get detailed and dirty about Washington, I think it far more important that they tell the youngsters that George had lots of trouble with his teeth, that he suffered terribly with them, and finally had to have wooden false teeth, but all this did not prevent him from discovering America in 1492. That would be useful and helpful inspirational information for any child, because all of them face teeth in one form or another sooner or later.

What seems to me the correct pedagogical procedure is that teachers be very careful *not* to say that Washington *did not* cuss, and *not* to say that he *did not* drink. Furthermore, they should be careful not to infer that Washington was perfect by speaking of him in too sweet a tone of voice. I would like to see schools teaching that heroes are not wonderful.

The older I get the narrower gets the gap between me and heroes. In fact the gap has in many cases shifted to behind me. I see a lot of millionaires and senators way back there where I was ten years ago. On the other hand I have a more boyish esteem than ever for many gents of genuine accomplishment. What I mean is that children should be

taught to go their own way in hero worship, and to discern ballyhoo when they hear it.

Some day I am going to take Doris to Mount Vernon and let her sense for herself that Washington was a fine gentleman, and if there are any cuss words or empty bottles lying around I am not going to call her attention to the birdies in the tree. I really hope there will be false teeth under the bed, because I would like for her to learn early in life that we cannot let teeth interfere with the

consummation of our dreams of empire or republic.

Rupert Hughes is a type. He is one of those who are going to be frank whether or not there is anything to be frank about. This is a very easy knack to acquire, and Rupert has had the hang of it for some time. It is used as a humorous recipe by a great many persons, and as a publicity recipe by many others. "You are looking wonderful this evening, but, God, what a hat!" will set a room full of people in a roar, maybe. It passes as humor, sometimes, because this sort of discourtesy is always a little bit unexpected, and one ingredient of humor is surprise. Personally, I think that his recent frankness is Rupert's idea of humor, and not a trick to get publicity. I believe he is too smart to go after publicity so directly. I am afraid he is just not as funny as he ought to be, that's all.



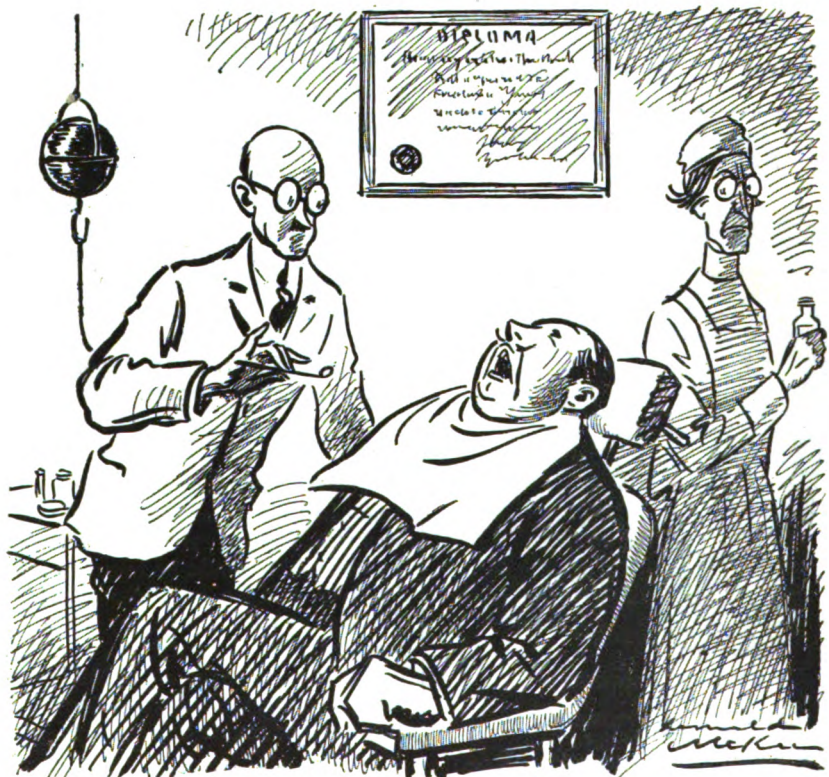
"There's a man outside who wants something to eat."

"Give him some doughnuts and coffee, Jane."

"He seems to have seen better days, ma'am."

"Poor fellow! Then let him have a finger bowl, too, Jane."

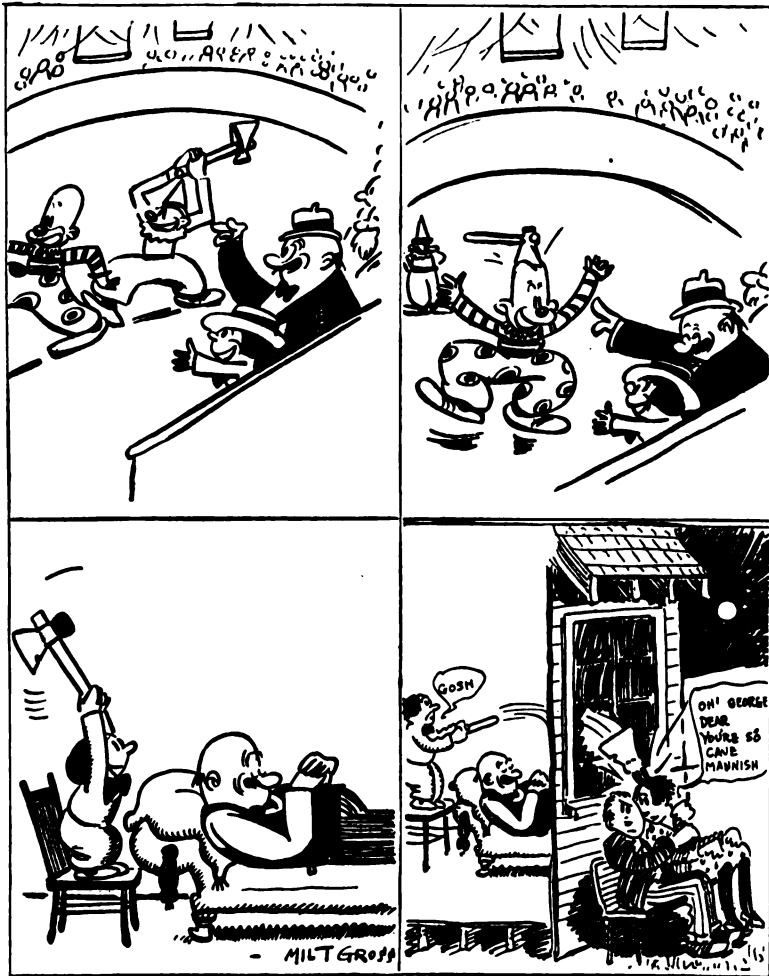
—*Boston Transcript*



"Have you ever tried dental floss?"
 "No—what's her telephone number?"

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 27



H. M. Fleming, 1837 Ravenna Blvd., Seattle, Wash.

Close Seconds



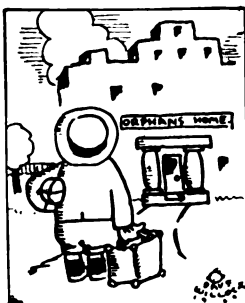
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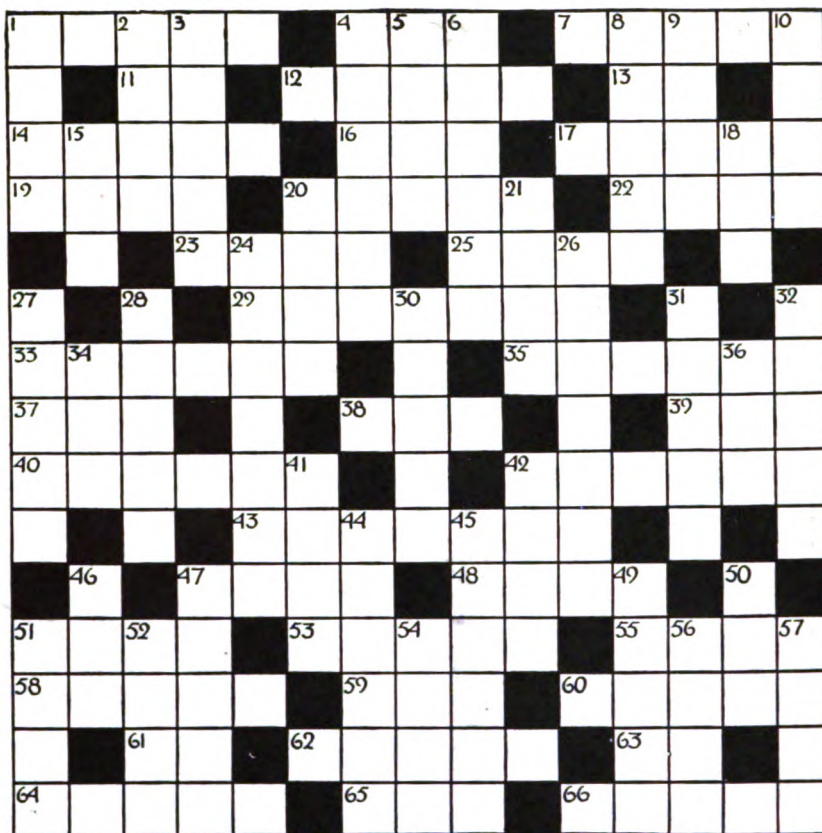
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Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 64



Submitted by Miss D. H. Chapman, 1582 Sanchez avenue, San Francisco, Cal. JUDGE will pay \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. A well-known way.
3. Necessary prop of French comedies.
7. These are sometimes found on mature rose bushes.
11. Where Benedicts stay.
12. A helluva place.
13. Associated Persimmons (init.).
14. To push or urge forward.
16. A fish catcher.
17. Where the population is most dense.
19. Hooch finder.
20. Skirts.
22. A Great Lake.
23. Slant.
25. What love and liquor makes the whole world do.
29. What African golfers do when cops approach.
33. This is a hit.
35. This bird rejoices when apple crops fail.
37. International Undertakers Exposition (init.).
38. American vim.
39. Something actors should remember.
40. What a generous ghost gives the people it visits.
42. Neck length stockings.
43. A famous star.
47. Prevalent kind of rumor and roomer.
48. Something an occupied hammock does.
51. This is sometimes used instead of a saw.
53. Pleasant to the taste.
55. A famous mystery.
58. Things that people lose at horse races.
59. Cavorting place for fish.
60. A sheriff's helpers.
61. A bull fighter's affirmative.
62. Things that horses have that other animals don't have.
63. A small state (abbr.).
64. A regular devil.
65. Nefarious Frankfurter Eaters (init.).
66. Something people do in the subways.

10. Shoe leather fish.
15. This is used to clean the Florida kitchen.
18. Hat.
20. This is a necessity to a big blow-out.
21. Moved rapidly.
24. The first thing the criminal did who made his get-away.
26. It's best to do this when the iron is hot.
27. Something good cooks never do.
28. A kind of daddy.
30. Something Scotchmen don't do.
31. That flannel feeling.
32. Nowadays when women do this they attempt to outstrip each other.
34. Ben's last name.
36. Married men may be down but they're seldom this.
41. This is quite seasonable.
42. At house parties this is what the drinks are on.
44. Spice.
45. Property.
46. This means very small.
47. Home of 100 per cent. Indians.
49. What an after-dinner speech should be.
50. A British sap.
51. More than one she.
52. A direction.
54. An important person to all of us.
56. A continent.
57. This comes the morning after the night before.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



Vertical

1. A 100 per cent. American street.
2. Osculators.
3. Something perfect proposers should do.
4. This kind of oil lubricates the wheels of state.
5. Garden of forbidden fruit.
6. If you feel this way about anyone you don't exactly like 'em.
8. A famous old bucket.
9. This is usually down at the heels.

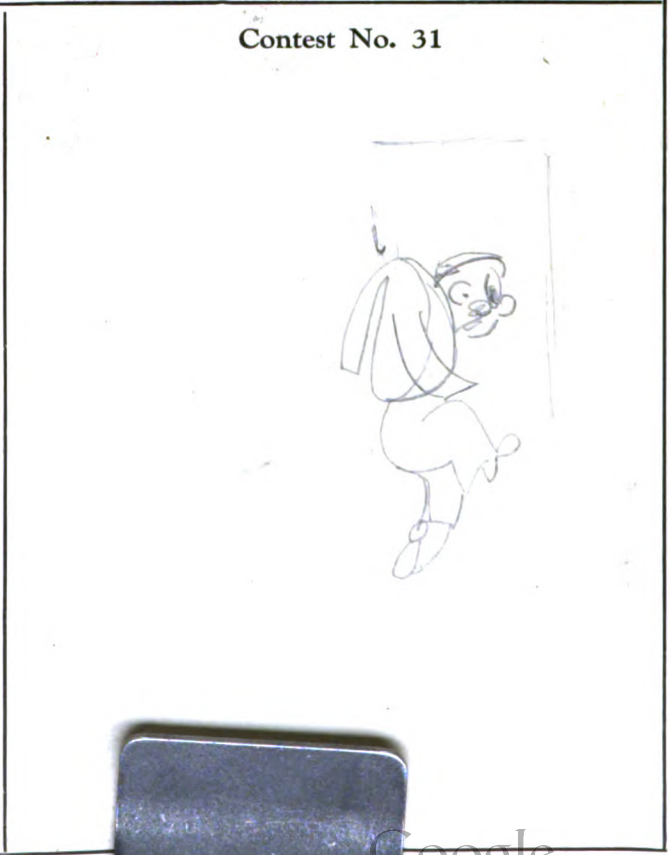
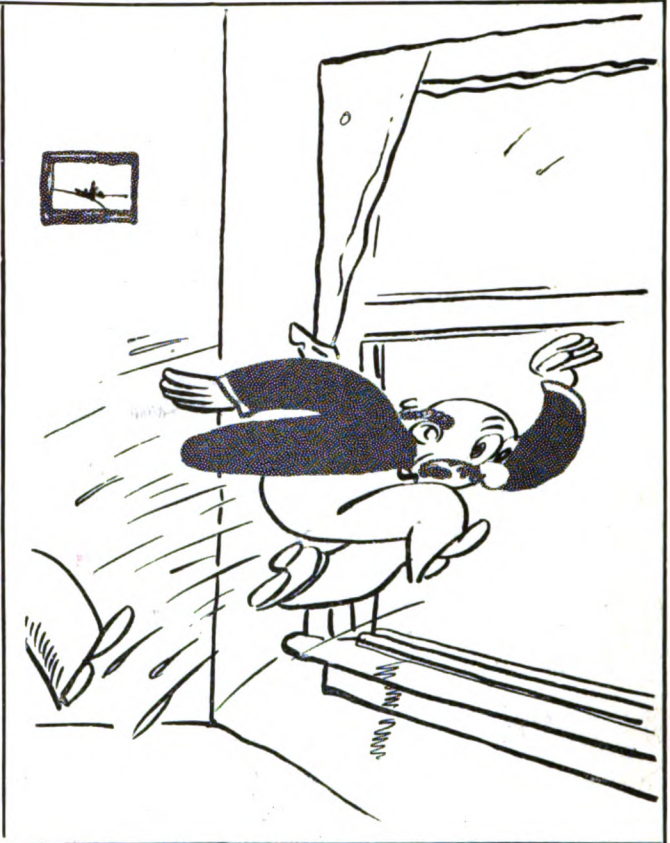


DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSION

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

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

to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y. Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes March 8. Winning ending appears in the issue of March 27.



When it's a perfect winter day—
 and you've just returned from a
 tramp in the crisp country air
 —when you come in and
 find the crackling fire
 awaiting you
 —have a Camel!



WHEN it's late winter afternoon. And you've just returned with your dogs from a ramble over the hills. When you come inside to your friendly fire—*have a Camel!*

For no other smoke-friend brings back so much cheer and comfort to your fireside as Camel. No other cigarette in the world is welcomed in so many homes. Camels are so skilfully blended that they never tire the taste, or leave a cigarettety after-taste. There's not another cigarette made, regardless of price, that contains choicer tobaccos than those rolled into Camels.

So, on this day, as you start your favorite stroll along the sun-lit hills. As you return and come in to the welcome of your sparkling fire, joyfully know the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.



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 cigarette made at any price.
 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company