

THANKSGIVING NUMBER

★ NOVEMBER 29, 1924

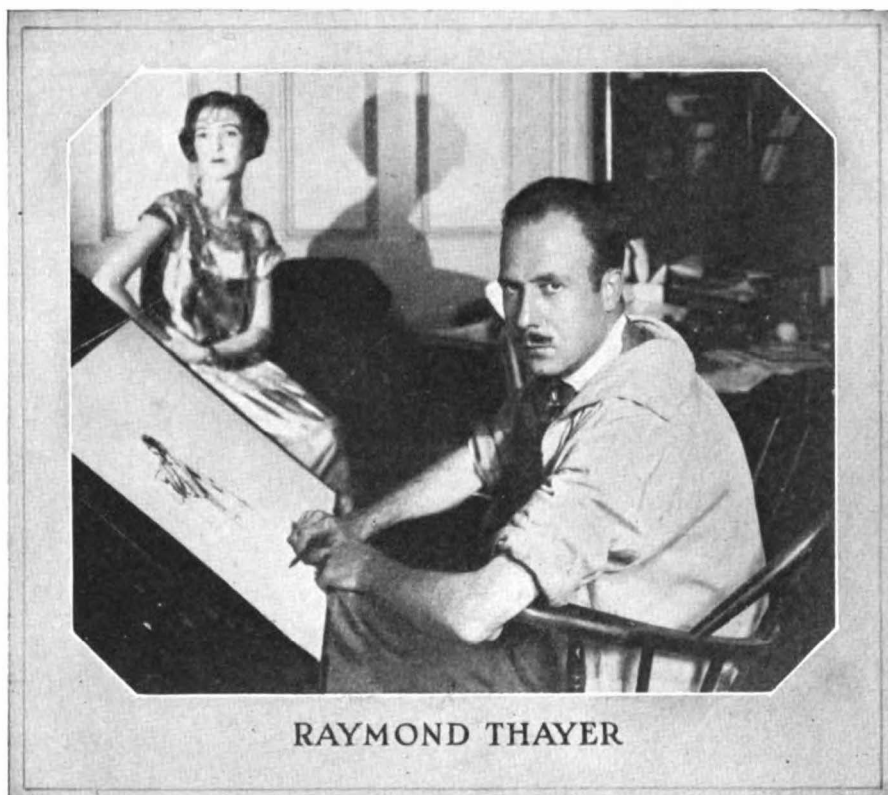
PRICE 15 CE TS

JUDGE



"C'MON, TURK, BE A SPORT!"

WHO'S WHO IN JUDGE



HE gentleman with the mustache, gentle readers, is Raymond Thayer who, like Flo Ziegfeld, spends his working hours glorifying the American girl. You can tell he is an artist by the smock and the Windsor chair. Ray is the kind of an artist who, when you ask him how much he wants for a JUDGE cover, says: "How much have you got?" Nice fellow, though.

He was born in Sewickley, Pa.; educated at the Cleveland School of Art and the New York School of Fine Arts and has become disgustingly rich making pictures of beautiful girls who advertise soap and battleships and things. Ray is going to make a cover for JUDGE every month and is looking for beautiful models.

“LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS”

JUDGE

WANTS TO KNOW—

IF Davis and La Follette haven't more to be thankful for than Coolidge.

WHY some motorists haven't the common decency to dim their lights when approaching other cars.

IF England is going to name her new Zeppelin gas bag the George Bernard Shaw.

WHY in heaven's name some men wear bow ties under their collars.

WHETHER the bootleggers are doing their Christmas shipping early.

IF John Roach Straton believes in Santa Claus.

WHAT the radio audience thinks of JUDGE's broadcasting programs from Station WGBS.

WHETHER land along the Canadian border is sold by the quart.



The Repeater.



HUSBAND—Thank God, you're back! Did you bring a rope?
 "I looked at some but they were too expensive."

This Fall

FALL leaves tremble gold and red,
 And fall storms rage and lash,
 Fall vegetables are on the stands,
 And I fall short of cash.

But I don't care if fall skies loom,
 And mist falls on the sea,
 Or what befalls this world of ours,
 If you still fall for me.

Lucia Trent

Funnybones

The only time a horse gets scared
 nowadays is when he meets another
 horse.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Things I am Not Thankful For

STATIC, La Follette, Income tax,
 stewed carrots, prohibition, lap-
 dogs, Mayor Hylan, head colds, that
 brook on the sixteenth hole.

Worn-out macadam, detours, winter
 squash, Harold Bell Wright,
 tonsillitis, bad checks, coal bills, John
 S. Sumner, The New York Daily News.

Book agents, motor cops, William
 Randolph Hearst, rice pudding,
 cuppy lies, plumbers' bills, John
 Roach Stratton, "Abie's Irish Rose."

Curried lamb, Canon Chase, pto-
 maine poisoning, ticket scalpers, I.
 O. U.'s, snow banks, heat waves,
 Congress, the Republican party, the
 hives, la grippe, Magnus Johnson,
 ulcerated teeth.

Torrey Ford

A Serviceable Synonym

"What is it they call the movies?
 The—the—"

"The unspeakable drama."

Travel Talks

Pluteau—Have you seen Pike's
 Peak?

Nouveau—No—did some one take
 it?

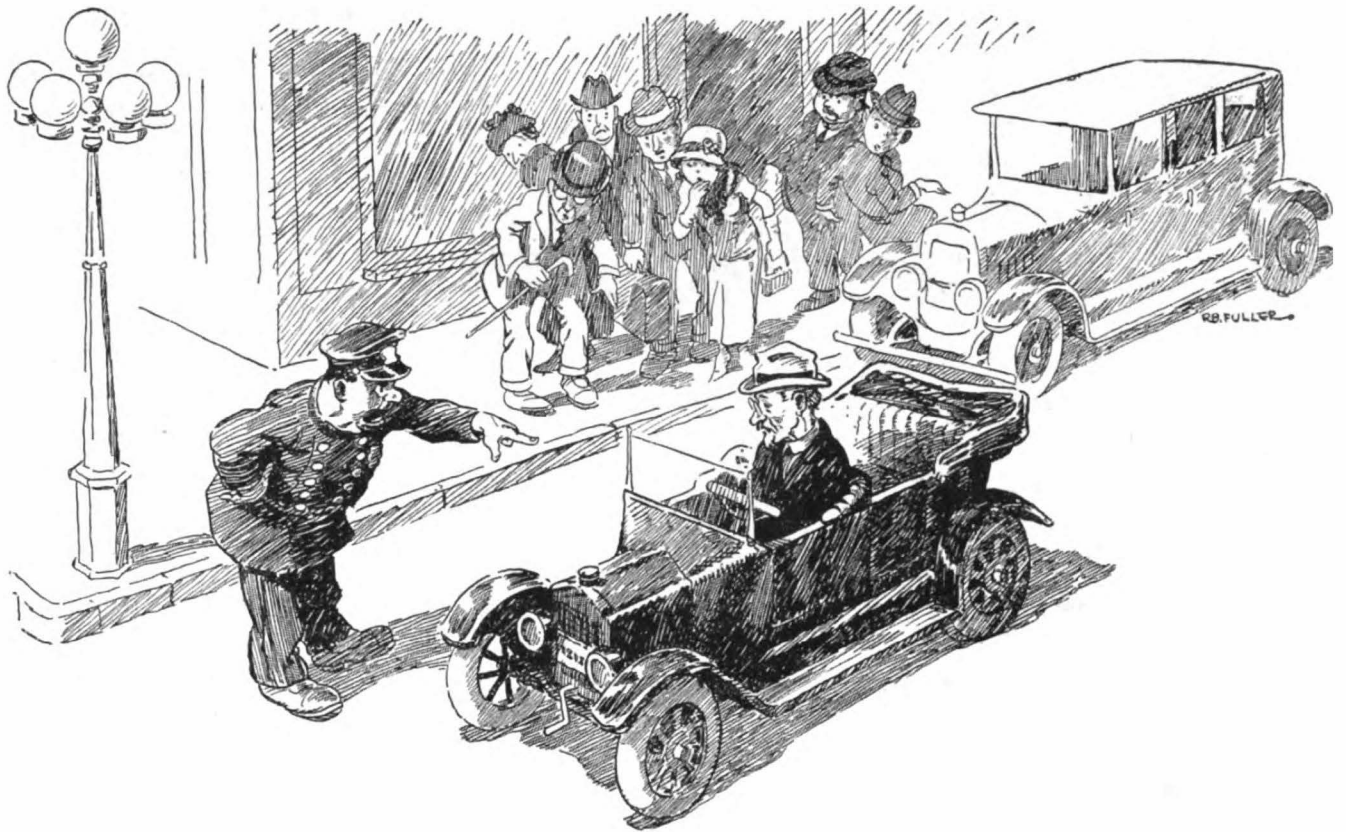
Using the Ku Klux Klan to en-
 force the law, is like putting out a
 fire with gunpowder.

Bank—He's a quiet dresser, isn't
 he?

Crank—Quiet? You should hear
 him when he can't find his clean shirt.



The terrible turk.



An officer and a gentleman.



OFFICER—*Look here, why don't you go home?*
SOUSE—*I'm in no-hic—condishion to perfect m'self.*



The Go-getter.

The Evolution of a Thanksgiving Dinner

10,000,000 years B.C.—Brontosaurus eats pterodactyl, finishing off with a couple of diplodoci.

800 B.C.—A burnt offering is eaten by mistake.

1400 A.D.—Medieval bums steal grilled pig from knight's hunting lodge.

1898 A.D.—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brown serve sixteen-course dinner to thirty-five people in their dining-room.

1924 A.D.—Mr. and Mrs. Brown drop around to the delicatessen store for ten cents worth of Swiss cheese, a quarter-pound of sturgeon, two dill pickles and a bottle of beer.

A. L. L.



A modernist preacher says that churches should have more windows. Evidently the Fundamentalists think they should have more fire escapes.

Funnybones

Song—"I'm going back to Moonshine Nell, because I love her still."

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

A physical culturist says that if you sing and shout before breakfast and before going to bed, it will prevent an unhappy old age. The neighbors will attend to that.

Funnybones

Where the population is most dense is just above the ears.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



THE HUSBAND (to visitor)—When our little girl was born I wanted her called Pamela, but my wife wanted her called Elizabeth—so we compromised. Elizabeth, come and say, "How d'you do?" to Mrs. Brown.

"The Lost Captain"

(With a Low Bow to R. Browning)

JUST for a job down in Wall Street he left us

And \$25 a week (so he wrote).

Like a knife through an apple our captain has cleft us

The year we were certain to get Harvard's goat.

Now, every day, gilt-edge bonds he'll be selling.

The man who once captained the team against Yale!

Who ran sixty yards with a frantic mob yelling

The year he made Dartmouth supporters turn pale.

Just think of him working with bankers and brokers,

With only a year left to get his degree;

Think of *him* taking orders from schemers and croakers.

The man who beat Princeton eleven to three.

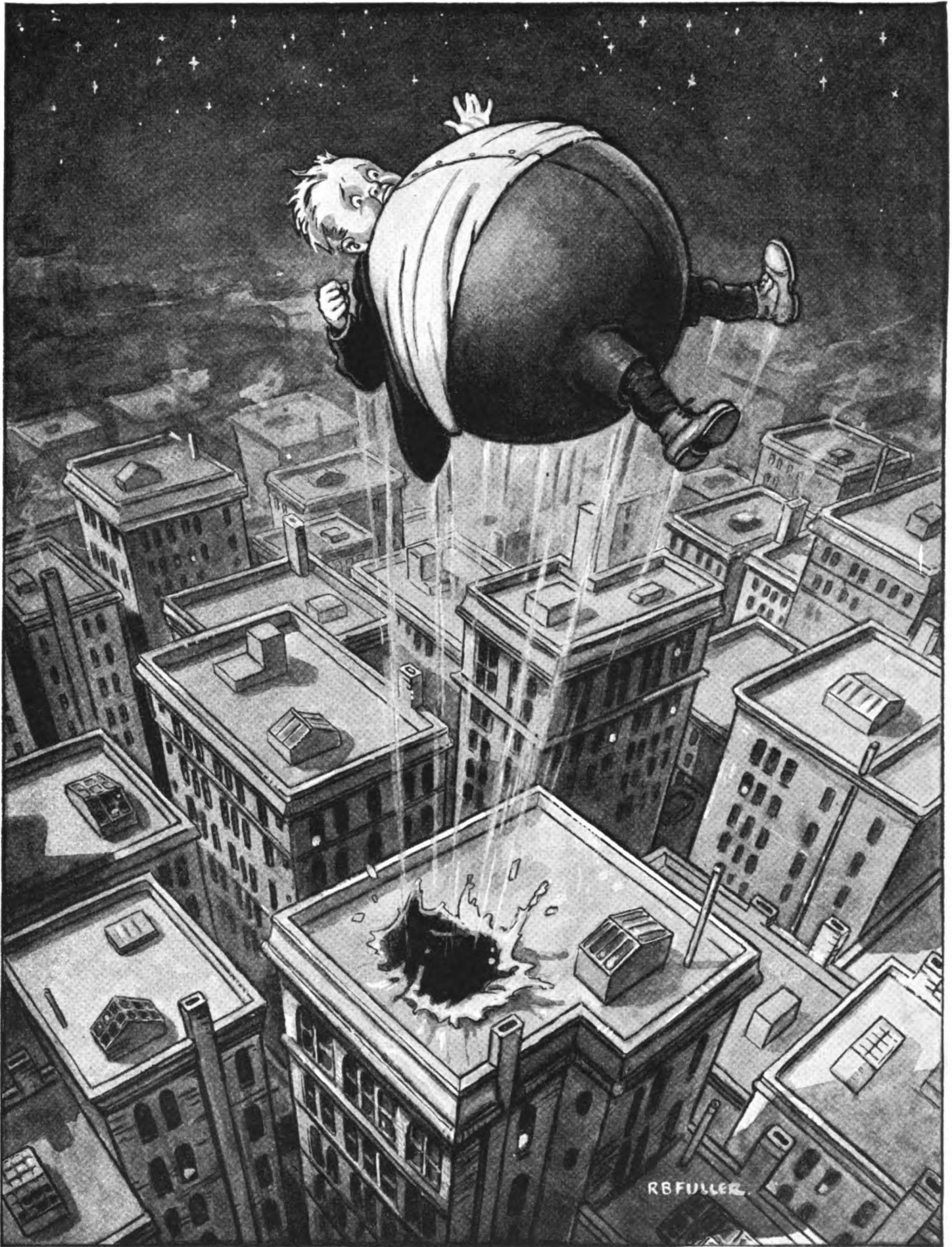
Just at the top of his game was he playing

When tempted by gold he has left the team flat—

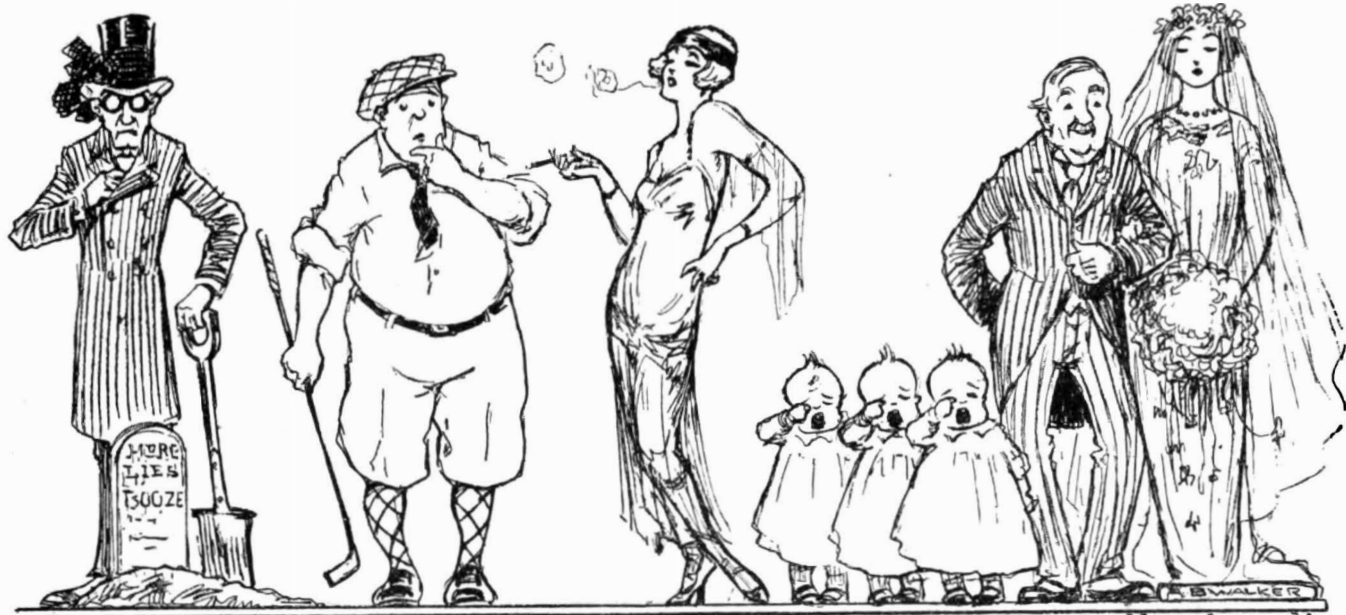
Still, twenty-five bucks is a lot to be paying

A fellow who couldn't correctly spell cat.

Percy Waxman



JIMMY'S DREAM AFTER HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER



The 18th Amendment Being a Duffer Having a Flapper Daughter Triplets. The Wedding of your old rich bachelor uncle.

Things we are not thankful for

At the Big Game

A FRIEND of mine took it down. I saw him doing it and made him give it to me. He's in journalism and his excuse was that he was just doing it for practice but I wouldn't put blackmail past anyone in journalism. He claims it's *verbatim*. It probably is.

She—Did I tell you that Will can't come to play bridge with you and Mabel and me next Tuesday so asked Gertrude?

Me—Getta man! For God sake, getta man!!

She—Why I thought you liked Gertrude? All right, I'll ask Clarence.

Me—Oh, Lord! Cancha getta man?

She—Well, then, how about Fred?

Funnybones

"Two can't be loved as cheaply as one."

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Me—Awful! Rotten! Ghastly! Take him out! He don't know what it's all about!

She—Goodness, you're hard to please! I don't care! I'll ask whomever I choose. Then what'll you do, Mr. Smarty?

Me—Kick, dammit! Kick!

She—I don't believe you're listening to a word I say. You're not paying a bit of attention to me. I think you're horrid and my hands are almost frozen.

Me—Hold 'em! Sit on 'em! Step on 'em! Smother 'em!

She—And the rug has fallen on the floor.

Me—Get down! Get down and get under it!

She—And I'm miserable and un-

happy and I wish I'd never come to this old game with you.

Me—Come on line! Attaline! You know the stuff that holds 'em.

She—You brute! Will you pay attention to me? I'll never speak to you again!

Me—There it is! Same old fake! It's only good once a season!

She—Oh! Is that so? Well, if I could only get out of here I'd show you something! I'd leave you this instant!

Me—Attakid! You're free! Go! Go!! GO!!! Nothing can stop you now! Hike! Run, skoot! Dam—Touchdown!!!!

Why, Mildred, what's wrong? Excitement too much for you? What are you crying for? Here, have a drink!

Carroll

Funnybones

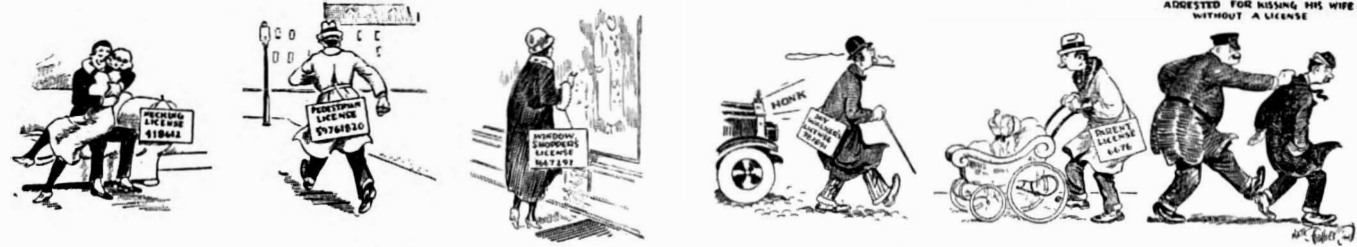
PARTY LINE VERSION
Woman's place is on the phone.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Funnybones

My laundry did so well on my collars that I sent them a razor to sharpen for me

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



You've got to have a license to do anything these days



One of the many thrills of a big football game—"Going to it."

The Absorbing Adventures of Professor Blotter

FOLLOWING his invention of a hydraulic pump for carrying water to a lady in the theater without spilling it all on the way down the aisle, Professor Blotter was elected Honorary Advising Architect of the Producing Managers' Association.

Blotter's first thoughts were for the care and comfort of the audiences. After long and earnest efforts, Blotter was unable to find a single member of the original audience which proved to Mr. Drennan that the house, with every seat occupied, could be emptied in three minutes. Consequently, he has instituted the idea of holding little fire drills be-

tween the acts in all of the theaters.

The problem of late arrivals was the next to meet Blotter's critical attention. After months of thought, the venerable scientist designed a huge block and tackle, carrying a device similar to a breeches buoy, which he hopes to suspend from the roof of every theater.

"When this invention is in operation," he explained, "each late arrival will be fitted into this buoy, swung

through the air and deposited into his seat without disturbing anyone else in the row. Similarly commuters who desire to leave ten minutes before the final curtain in order to catch their trains may deposit their seat numbers at the box-office, and at the proper time the crane will be quietly lowered for them.

"My present invention," he added, "is the design of a theater with the second balcony on the ground floor, to save people the trouble of walking upstairs."

I left him at his blue prints. As I have said before, it must be great to have a mind like Blotter's.

Corey Ford

Funnybones

A woman is like cream, when she is kept too long in the house, she turns sour.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



"Brother Flintax, you and I will live to see the day when women won't be such danged fools."



ELDERLY LADY (*from the country, at door of big store*)—*May I come in?*



STRANGER (in hotel lobby)—*What town in your opinion has the best fire department?*
 “Schenectady—why?”
 “Oh, I just wondered where you were from?”

Complete Characterizations

THE kind of a man who wears a white wash necktie.

The kind of a man who knew him “when he didn’t have a shirt to his back.”

The kind of a girl who wears knickerbockers with silk stockings.

The kind of people who “insist” on paying the check.

The chiroprapist who calls himself a “pediatrist.”

The kind of people who tell you “radio is still in its infancy.”

The kind of a man who hoards cigar store coupons.

The kind of a man who wears an elk’s tooth.

The kind of female “who can’t do a thing with her hair.”

The kind of people who laugh at this sort of thing.

Arthur L. Lippmann

“Us Moderns”

Jack and Jill
 Drove up the hill
 They said to get some weenies.
 When they came back,
 It looked, alack,
 More like some dry martinis!

Lucia Trent

Funnybones

*“I’ve been on the wrong track,”
 said the detective as the train hit
 him.*

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



DOTTY DECLARES

Fur coats cover a multitude of pills.

Who’s the First Man?

TO VOLUNTEER as an experiment at a lecture on hypnotism?

To stand up in an audience at the initial bar of the National Anthem?

To go up on stage in response to a challenge from the vaudeville magician to feel of his steel bracelets?

To get off the trolley car or the ferry boat ahead of everyone else?

To step up and buy the first bottle of patent medicine from the corner vender?

To start throwing bottles at the umpire?

To step out onto the dance floor when the orchestra strikes up?

To write a series like this for JUDGE?

Corey Ford

Son—What is a counter irritant?

Father—A clerk who tries to sell you what you don’t want.

Never tell the willowy little elf you are about to marry that she is worth her weight in gold. A dozen years later she may remind you of your statement and demand settlement for 180 pounds.

Laurels from



J. C. Nugent in
"The Rising Son"

"Haven't I always been a good son, mother?"

"Yes, dear, you sent me postal cards from all over the world!"

O'Neill Steams Into Port

by George Jean Nathan

I

UNTIL Eugene O'Neill came along, the American stage knew the sea only as a large piece of canvas painted blue and agitated from underneath by three or four husky members of the Stagehands' Local. The drama that occurred on or in front of the aforesaid canvas consisted chiefly either of a scene on a raft wherein an actress with her hair let down and an actor in a ragged white shirt were supposed to be facing imminent death, said death being duly staved off a minute later by the sudden appearance on the backdrop of two small red and green incandescent lights, representing an approaching, succoring ship, or of a scene in which Abner, the old lighthouse keeper, managed to totter up the winding stairs in time to sound the bell and save the good ship *Mary Louise* from the rocks just before his heart trouble got the better of him.

The sailors of the pre-O'Neill days were, similarly, an ingenuous theatrical lot. About the only kinds of sailors that the American drama knew before the estimable Eugene came steaming down the bay were those who showed up at five minutes of eleven off the United States man-o'-war, *San Jacinto*, in the nick of time to save the hero from being



James & Brewer—Proctor's

"My father was a railroad engineer."

"Yeah! You look like his first wreck!"



Charlotte Greenwood in the
"Ritz Review"

the shows



Ed Wynn in
"The Grab Bag"

•Robert Paterson•



"I thought you said this apartment overlooked the river?"

"No. I said that when they built it they overlooked the river."



Burglar—Hands Up!

eaten by cannibals and those who played opposite fat Irish women comedians in vaudeville sidewalk conversation acts. The sailor of that benighted era was either a hero or a low comedian. If the former, he was given principally to periodic loud-mouthed declamations on the superior strength of the American navy to that of England and to scenes wherein he rescued the blond leading woman from a Chinese opium den just as the electrician turned on the red light to indicate that the dump had been set on fire by the wop villain.

And if the sailor was a comedian, he was given to a constant elaborate hitching up of his pants, to the dancing of a hornpipe, and to the singing of a song called, "I've Got a Girl in Every Port," rendered to the accompaniment of a number of broad, suggestive winks.

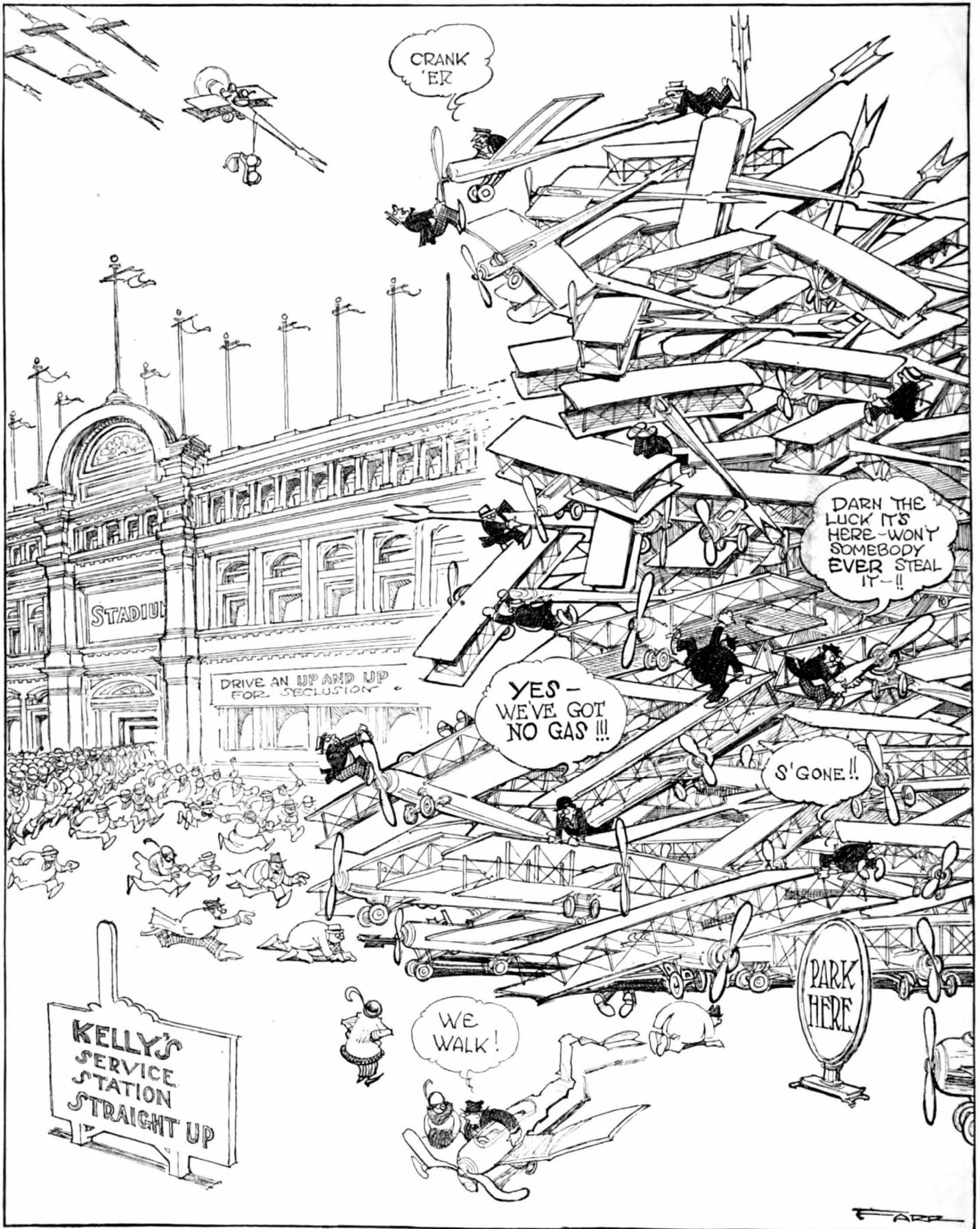
O'Neill changed this rich conception of the sea and its people. He made the stage canvas smell less of paint and more of salt; he made the stage sailor smell less of rouge and more of rum and actuality. He took the sea and its men out of the old American theater and gave them life and brought them back into the new American theater. Four of his shorter sea plays have been grouped under the heading of *S.S. Glencairn*, and have lately been put on again at the Provincetown Playhouse. They provide an excellent evening's entertainment.

(Continued on page 26)



"Top Hole"

"I just found a lost ball."
"How do you know it was lost?"
"A fellow over there is still looking for it."



IN THE YEAR 2000
Trying to find the old bus after the game

True Confessions

Have you murdered a man, girls?

September 25, 1924

To the Editor Who Gets Away With Murder:

DEAR SIR:

You shouldn't be too careful of your English, because it don't pay. My husband was a purist, Harvard, at that.

It has always been my proud boast that I can put up with a lot, but when I returned home late the other afternoon and heard him say to a brazen book agent, "Whom the hell do you think you are addressing?" I dropped a dozen fresh eggs and reached for the nearest paper weight.

Miss La Straw, Canarsie, N. Y.

Offered by H. Bouker.

September 25, 1924

Editor Who Gets Away With Murder,
JUDGE, 627 West Forty-third street,
New York City.

DEAR EDITOR WHO GETS AWAY WITH MURDER:

Being a Southern lady I know only chivalrous gentlemen. On my recent visit to New York, a man whom I had never seen before, arose in the subway and addressing me without an introduction, told me to take his seat. I refused his seat and took his life.

Please send me the \$2 as I wish to send flowers.

Miss Sugah Waffles, Atlantah Jojer,
per H. M. Rose.



A REAL THANKSGIVING

The seventeen relatives who usually dine with you can't come—turkey has gone down in price and the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed.

Funnybones

Have you a little sherry in your home?

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Pippa passes
Demi-tasses
When there's other
Stuff in glasses.



Warmed over love is a poor matrimonial diet.

The Quest

Friend—What's the matter, having trouble writing that poem?

Free Verse Poet—Yes—what's a word that doesn't rhyme with spring?

An Unusual Heir

Rub—How did that pretty widow come by so much money?

Dub—Her millionaire husband died and she was an only wife.



First Screen Star—How did you get your new husband?

Second Ditto—On approval.

News Items

THE United States imported fifteen million pounds of ivory this year in spite of the fact that we have Congress.

The Government spent millions urging the conservation of our forests while all the time we had Wood in the Philippines.

Bryan made a monkey out of himself trying to preach against evolution.

Rupert Hughes tries to pick flaws in the Bible yet he gives us such stuff as "Beauty" and "Souls for Sale."

The Klan denounces graft in politics yet their own sheet is not clean.

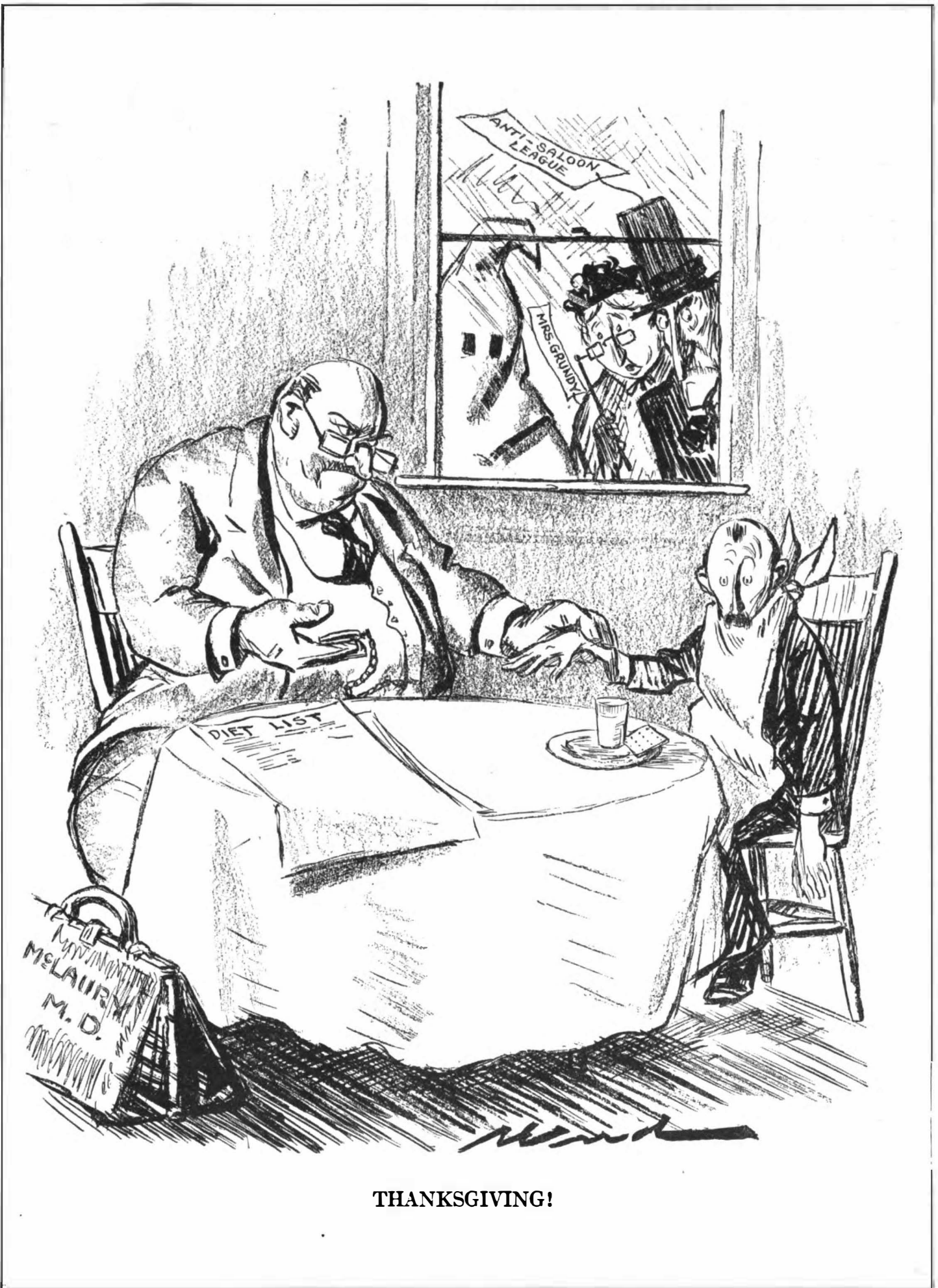
We had a National Defense Day but most of the bootleggers do their work at night.

A good many of the political plums have been damaged by the frost.

Blaine C. Bigler



"Oh, yes, sir, it has all the latest improvements. F'rinstance, the car number, instead of being at the front and back, is placed underneath. Much more easily read by anyone who is being run over, you see!"



THANKSGIVING!



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

The Lame Duck

Don't let the thought of it spoil your Thanksgiving, but the fact is that Congress reconvenes next week. And as usual during the short session it will be full of lame ducks.

A lame duck, as you know, is a member who has been defeated for re-election, but who, for his sins and ours, must still go through with the agonizing farce of pretending to represent a constituency that has repudiated him, of legislating for months among men who either despise or pity him as a has-been. We like to commiserate with the country over that provision in the Constitution which compels it to put up with a stale Congress every other year. But give a thought to the poor lame ducks themselves condemned thus to drain the cup of their blasted hopes to the dregs.

Mrs. Magnus Johnson, when she said she wished her old man didn't have to go back to Washington this winter, was thinking no doubt of the torture to him of a reappearance in that cynical and supercilious town, shorn of the power and prestige that before had made his life there endurable. Magnus is in for an unpleasant session, but he's only one of many. The whole arrangement is ridiculous and archaic and ought to be remedied, if only to put an end to this cruelty to dumb legislators.

A Thanksgiving Thought

No doubt a big stomach has its disadvantages. All the gods of efficiency condemn it. It is a burden on the vital organs; it robs a man of his class-cut college figure; it gets in his way mornings when he dashes for the 7.55, and its upkeep adds seriously to his overhead. For when a man's stomach fills his lap he is tempted not only to pamper it with selected vittles but to dress it faultlessly. He is apt to think that it ought to be hung with an extra heavy watch chain and Masonic or other emblem.

Furthermore, he *knows*, if he has any sense of fitness at all, that *no one with a bay window should ever drive a Ford*; it is unfair to both.

But notwithstanding these drawbacks, we can't help but regret the passing of the big stomach. No man with a big stomach will walk a mile for a C—l. This is not only a virtue in itself; it is symptomatic. A big stomach usually denotes lack of hurry, lack of worry, a certain pomposity, to be sure, but also an unwillingness to be stampeded. In other words, well fortified behind it somewhere you usually find an individual who likes what he likes, who resists evangelization and regimentation, and one, who, not being unduly exercised over his own salvation, doesn't insist upon yours.

Years ago a big stomach used to be considered an asset in business. But that was when the individual dominated business and not business the individual.

Un-American

To the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, the Lord's Day Alliance, and kindred organizations distinguished for the charity of their opinions, New York City is un-American. The *Standard*, an organ of the Klan, has been cataloguing the "un-American," and therefore immoral, institutions in which the metropolis abounds. Its grand opera, for instance, the *Standard* considers "distinctly a foreign, alien expression, with a far-reaching influence for evil," etc., etc.

Some time ago we pointed out that the infant death rate in New York was lower than in any other large city, and very nearly the lowest in America. Its murder rate, too, despite the impression the newspapers give, is among the lowest in the country. And now it appears that the divorce rate of Manhattan, which every child west of the Alleghenies knows to be the worst of the five wicked boroughs, is lower than that of any whole State in the Union, with the single exception of New York State. In Manhattan there are only forty-two divorces to 100,000 of population, while in Vermont, whence our President derives all his rock-ribbed virtues, the rate is 105 per 100,000. The rate mounts as you go West, until in Oregon almost every other marriage results in divorce, and Oregon, don't forget, is now owned by the Klan.

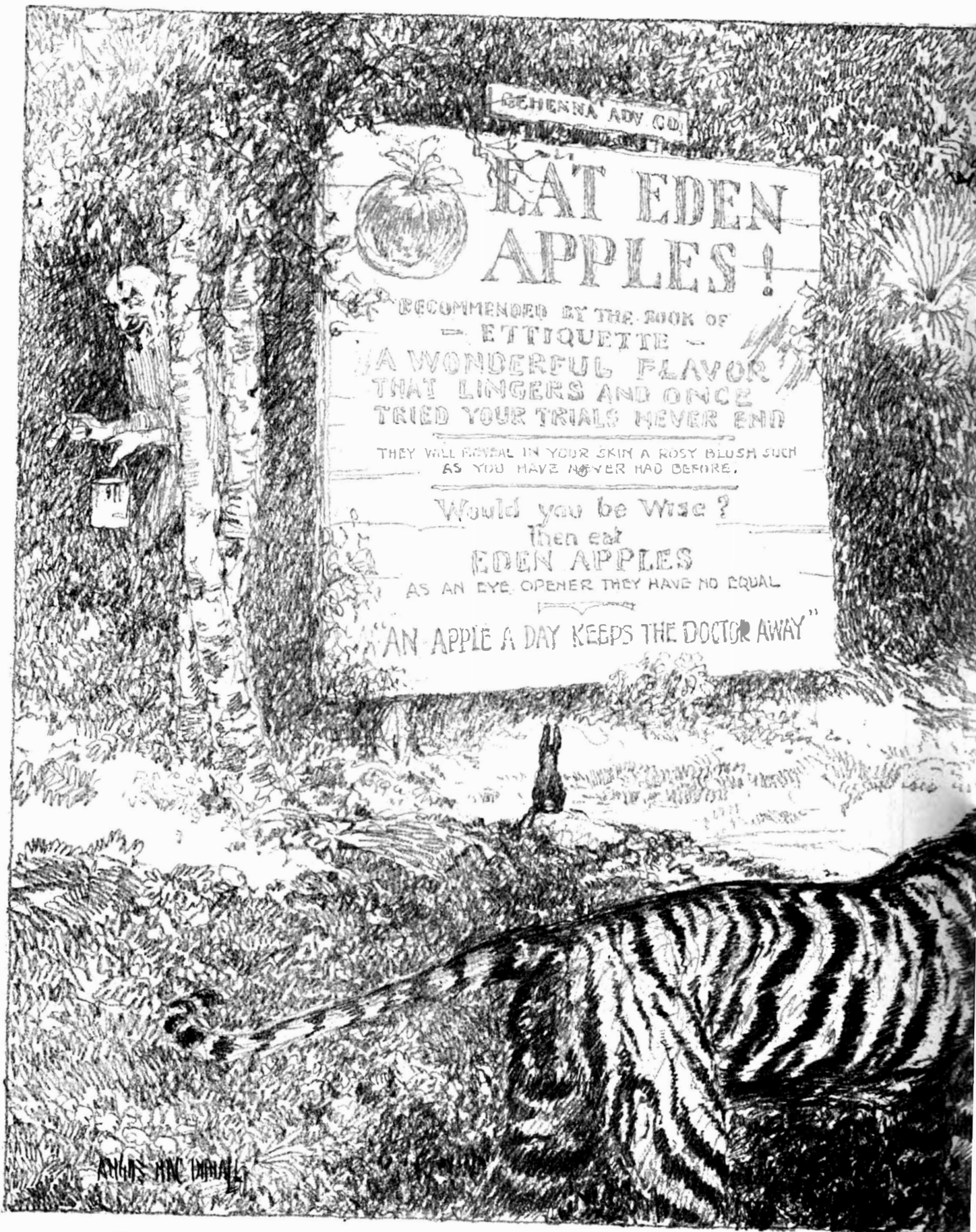
These statistics do not refute the charge that New York is un-American. They merely indicate that in calling her so our friends of the night shirt and the tar kettle are not necessarily complimenting the rest of the country.

Irony

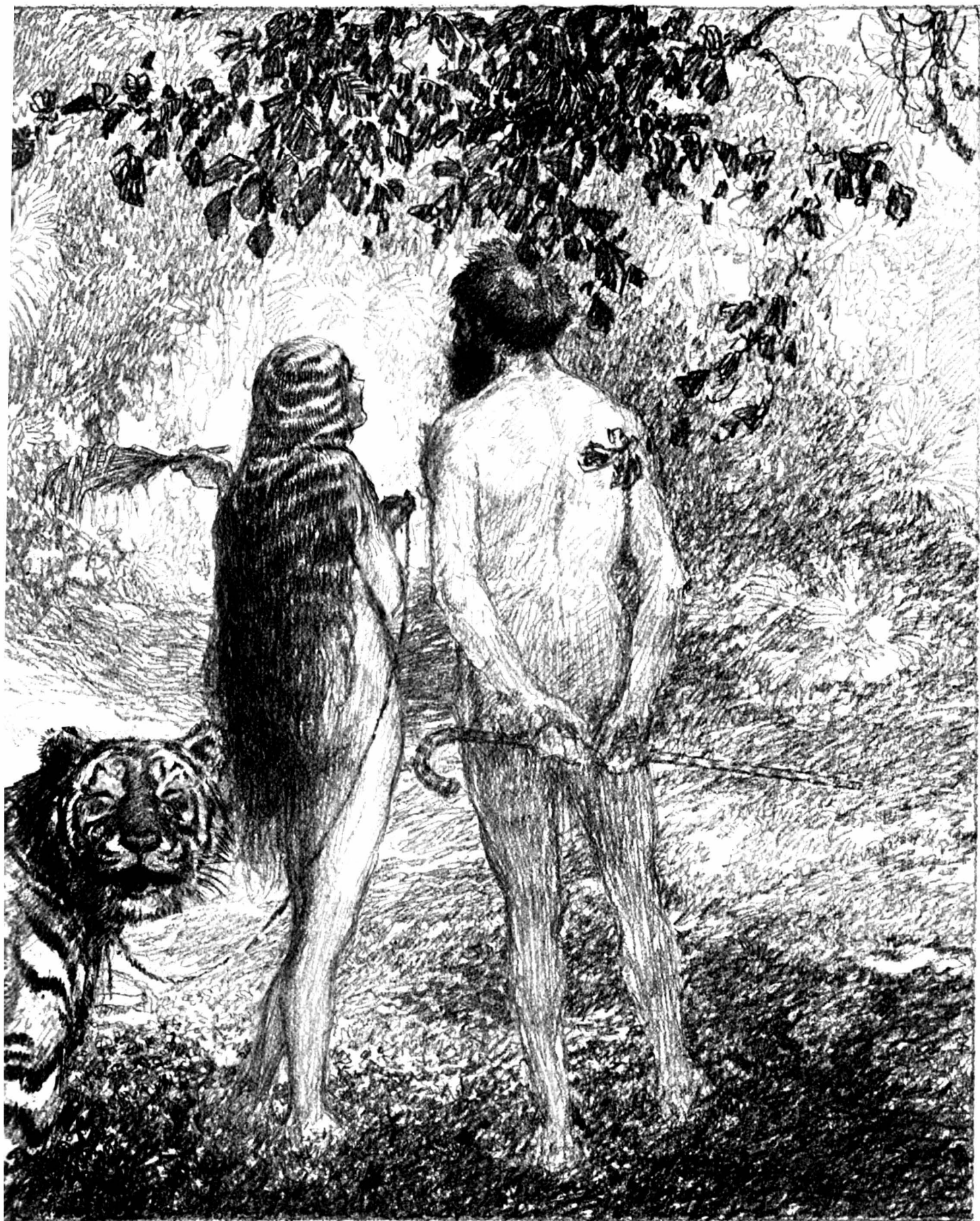
That provision in the tax law compelling publicity of tax returns was passed to badger the rich man and please the poor man. But now it appears that most of the protests against it, with which the Government is being swamped, come from small taxpayers. Their neighbors have been finding out how much less they make than they pretended to.

One would suppose that the veriest tyro in politics might have foreseen such a reaction. But the humorless humbugs that we elect to Congress seem as ignorant of human nature as they are of ethics, and so we have a law on the books that not only violates every principle of decency and good faith but isn't even popular.

W. M. H.



HOW THE IDE



WAS PUT OVER

Let Us Be Kinder to Traffic Cops

by Don Herold

I HAVE made up my mind to try to be more pleasant and gentle in my relations with traffic cops.

It is true that many of them are very, very provoking, and, after one has been plagued by the misconduct of cop after cop, it requires the utmost restraint not to say something to them that will hurt them to the quick.

Just yesterday I literally lashed a traffic officer with my ready tongue. I was crossing a street intersection with my car, and he started to rebuke me for doing so while he had the stop signal turned toward me. I completely lost my manners. "You big bum," I said, putting all refinement aside for the moment, "can't you see that I am in a hurry! Why don't you get some signs that a person can read ten feet away? I am a little near-sighted, anyway. How did I know that you meant for me to stop when you held up the palm of your hand at me? You cops are a menace to public safety. It is cops like you who cause all the accidents—trying to get gentlemen like me to stop so suddenly. You think you can put something over on me, do you! What if every cop in town pulled that stuff! I have a big notion to have you arrested. Don't let it happen again."

He apologized meekly and abjectly. I could see that he was completely crestfallen and deeply hurt.



He probably felt depressed all day and made a number of similar mistakes, just out of nervousness.

As I drove on, I thought over what I had done, and my conscience hurt me considerably. The poor fellow had probably been trying to do his duty as best he could, yet I had practically snapped his head off. I reflected that he was just as human as I, and that no doubt he had a wife and child at home, and perhaps even an aged mother of whom he was the whole support with the possible exception of her meager pension from the Government (since she was perhaps the widow of a veteran of the

(Continued on page 30)

Woman Is Like

A book—usually bound to please.

A train—often gets on the wrong track.

A magazine—lots of fiction beneath the cover.

A program—subject to change without notice.

An automobile—often runs people down.

A lamp—apt to flare up and get turned down.

A banjo—often picked on by her friends.

A thermometer—often of very high degree.

A cigar—inclined to be puffed up at times.

A church—men make sacrifices for her.

A stove—often needs a new lid.

But the average man admits that there is nothing like her!

Fifty-fifty

The real woman loves a man for himself alone. The real man loves a woman for himself alone.

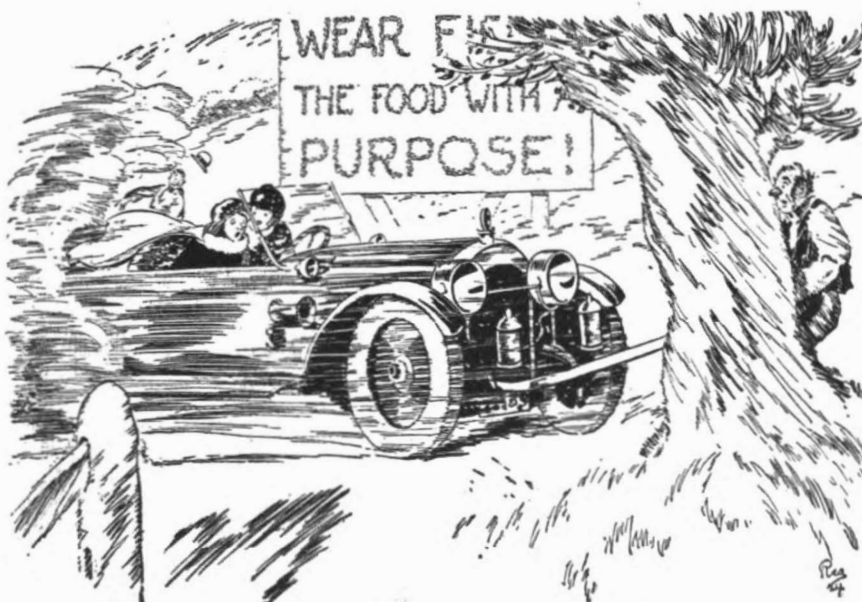


"Here is where I am borne to blush unseen," thought the dollar bill in a girl's stocking.

Willing Targets

Kriss—All women aim at matrimony.

Kross—You bet! And all the men are easy marks!



"Oh, darling, quick; there's a tree! Honk your horn!"

MOVES PER SEC.-

WABBRKBSI

JONES



SPEEDING UP CHESS

Why not employ, in our match games, time clock pieces guaranteed to explode if not moved every five minutes?

TWO CELLULOID CLOWNS

by George Mitchell

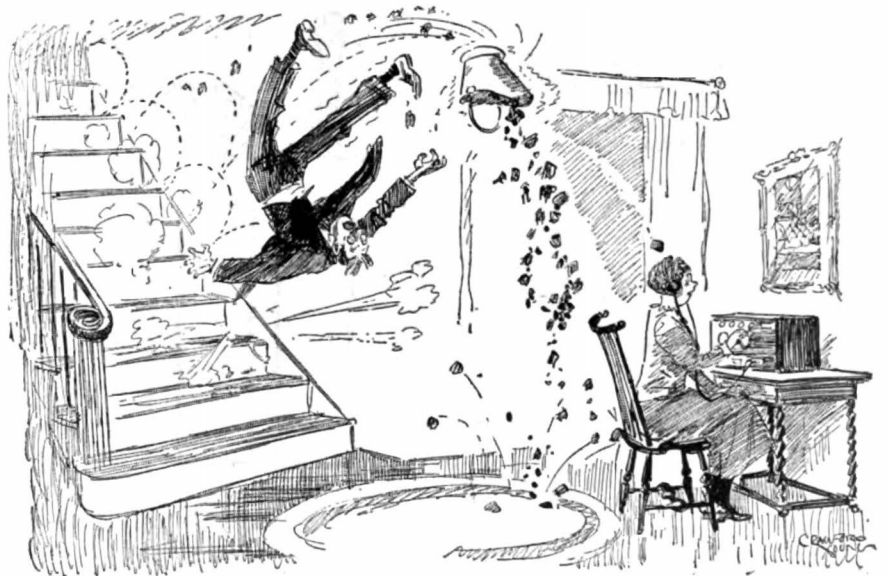
WHEN a clown makes love to a woman she thinks he's making a fool of her. When a man makes love to a woman he knows he's making a fool of himself.

So much has been said about the wisdom of the man it takes to make a fool that it seems foolish for me to repeat it. Let me add only that love is a foolish business if you take it foolishly. Women take it seriously. You can't make faces at the women you're making love to without having your face slapped. Of course the clown has the laugh on the other fellow who marries her in the long run (and marriage is a long run), because he can go on making love to other women and the other fellow can't without having his face slapped. To sum it up the clown may make faces at and be slapped by innumerable women but a husband may be slapped by one woman only and that, as you know, would soon become monotonous.

By a strange coincidence the two most important motion pictures of the week in New York have to do with clowns. There's Sacha Guitry's play, "Deburau," renamed for the screen: "The Lover of Camille," featuring Monte Blue, and "He Who Gets Slapped," screened, strangely enough, under the title given it by Andreyev.

By all odds "He" is the better offering. Truly a fine picture, splendidly acted by a cast including such fine screeners as Lon Chaney in the name part, the lovely Norma Shearer as Consuelo, John Gilbert as Benzano, Tully Marshall as the out at the elbow Count Mancini and Marc McDermott as the woman-eating Baron.

"He Who Gets Slapped" will go down in screen history as one of the
(Continued on page 32)



WIFE—My word—what a lot of static!

Odd and Interesting

Do you know—

That centipedes grow confused when they try to put their best foot forward?

That a case of mistreating a polecat has never been reported to the S. P. C. A.?

That stove-pipes make excellent collars for giraffes?

That tropical animals sometimes run short of bananas, but they never burst into song about it?

That the hare lost the race to the tortoise because he was summoned to traffic court for speeding?

That elephants accept peanuts from perfect strangers because they believe every little bit helps?

That porcupines never hold petting parties?

Horace Woodmansee



"Naw!" muttered the fourth-rate pugilist, as he got his 486th consecutive wallop in the jaw, "this penny a pound profit ain't what it's cracked up to be!"



Whiz—How did you find out she carried a flask?

Bang—Oh, it leaked out.



Mah jongg players have organized in Cincinnati. For self defense?



SHE—I've invented a new face powder which can't be kissed off.
 IT—Don't you need some one to take charge of your proving grounds.
 —MIDDLEBURY BLUE BABOON

☞☞☞

O. B. Still—Did you hear what happened to Mike Goldbaum this afternoon?
 Ira Tehigh—No. What?
 "He fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."
 "Did it overflow?"
 "No. He sleeps with his mouth open."
 —Denison Flamingo

☞☞☞

Mary—I can't see why Dot has so many admirers calling to see her, she can't sing or play a piano.
 Peg—Maybe that's the reason.
 —Bucknell Belle Hop

Gone Up in Smoke

Hunky—That sky-writer finally met his Waterloo.
 Dory—How was that?
 "He tried to show his stuff over Pittsburgh."
 —Texas Ranger

☞☞☞

"Aha," said the shrewd lawyer as he caught his housekeeper sampling his gin, "there's a woman in the case."
 —Hamilton Royal Gaboon

☞☞☞

"Mother, does the young man next door have a godfather?"
 "Not that I know of, dear."
 "Well, that's funny. Last night I heard him having an argument with somebody, and he kept on saying, 'My godfather.'"
 —Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay



A man named Du Bois met a girl
 Who lipped through her teeth
 White as pearl;
 "I'll hug you and kiss you,"
 Said he with an oath,
 While she in alarm,
 Cried, "Oh! Mr. Du Both!"
 —Brown Jug

☞☞☞

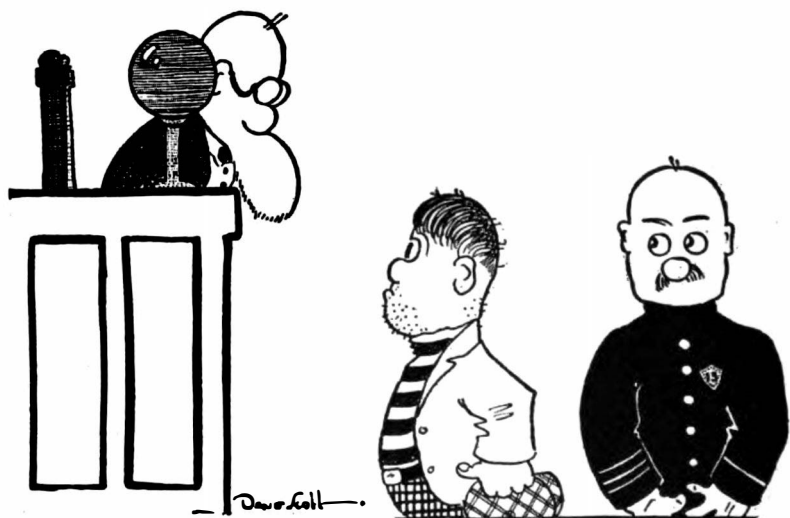
Dramatic Instructor—Get up on the stage. I want to see your pantomime.
 Flapper—Oh, but I didn't wear any!
 —S. California Wampus

☞☞☞

"Papa, what is the difference between genius and talent?"
 "Talent gets paid every Saturday night."
 —Denison Flamingo

☞☞☞

You can always draw the Queen—
 if you have the Jack.
 —Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket



MAGISTRATE (to prisoner)—If you were there with no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stocking feet?
 PRISONER—I 'eard there was sickness in the family, yer Honor.
 —PITT PANTHER

LEADERS



"Oscar, who were the Four Horsemen?"

"Bill Sheridan, Buffalo Bill, Will Rogers and Barney Google."

—Missouri Showme



"I'm looking for somebody to lend me \$10."

"Well, it's a nice day for it."

—Denison Flamingo



MAUD—Did you hear what happened to Willie last night?

MAUDLIN—No, what?

"He was out with Clarice, and when he tried to embrace her she melted in his arms."

—WILLIAMS PURPLE COW



"All right behind there?" called the conductor.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice.

"Wait till I get my clothes on."

The passengers craned their necks. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

—Bucknell Belle Hop

Seeman—Let's walk down to my house and have a drink.

Angel—Hell, no! Let's get out in the street and run.

—Bucknell Belle Hop

Bashful Liz

A modest girl
Is Lizzie Fishes:

She won't even
Wash the dishes.

—Lehigh Burr



Hubby (driving the car)—I wish you would sit up here in front with me.

Wife (seated in tonneau)—Are you ashamed to let people know we are married?

—Hamilton Royal Caboon

Pure and Simple

"Does my question embarrass you?" inquired the professor of the dazed looking student.

"Not at all, sir," answered the student. "The question is perfectly clear; it's the answer that's puzzling me."

—Denison Flamingo



"The time will come," shouted the lecturer, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," shouted a little man in the back seat, "next Saturday night."

—Bucknell Belle Hop



The height of tough luck—A burglar whose wife won't let him go out nights.

—Denison Flamingo



QUEEN—Knave, who is that playing the Anvil Chorus out in the courtyard?

JESTER—Nay, my Queen, 'tis the guests taking off their overcoats.

—STEVENS TECH. STONE MILL



We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn till dark
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the ark.

—Lehigh Burr



'27—What else does sea water contain besides sodium chloride?

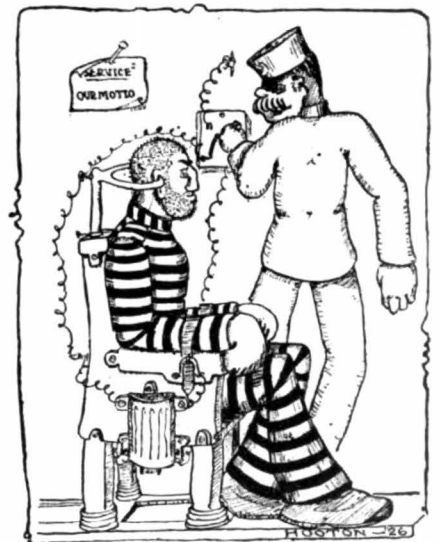
'26—Fish!"

—John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay



"My idea of a paradox," chirped Antwerp Andy, pointing to the gay young blade crossing the street, "is a woman hater with six extra suits of clothes in his closet."

—Hamilton Royal Caboon



A Current Event

—RICE OWL.



WIFE—I have a confession to make.

INDULGENT HUSBAND—Wait! Sell it to one of those magazines and buy yourself some pretties.

Key Chart for Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 5

HORIZONTAL

1. What does your wife do to your household?
6. An artist who draws for JUDGE.
11. What the girl said when her boy friend tried to kiss her in a canoe—Also an Island.
12. Distinguished Englishmen like to become one of these (abr.).
14. One of the vowels repeated three times.
15. What the boys would yell if you drove by in a 1910 model.
16. What you are apt to see if you drink too much liquor (abr.).
17. Disfigure.
19. Some one in wait for the errant husband.
21. Something of use to movie comedians.
22. What Willie did to the jam.
23. Something Billy Sunday is all excited about.
24. A wing of a house.
25. Corruption.
27. Did you ever do this for the boys in the back room in the Good Old Days?
29. Some one having something to do with JUDGE—and who thinks it's a darn good magazine (abr.).
30. What JUDGE thinks about the Ku Klux Klan.
31. Harsh or severe.
33. Where was the lamb chop

Fido stole from the table? Also, to bring upon oneself.

34. Something which is often at sea (abr.).
35. A long, long time.
37. Something that goes round-and-round-and-round.
39. Very marshy.
40. Something old-fashioned people used to do in the home.
42. A direction (abr.).
43. A preposition—(You're on to this.)
44. Something miners go in for.
45. The first girl who said, "Really, I've simply *nothing* to wear."
47. Where you're apt to find yourself if you get too fresh with the "little woman"—(abr.).
48. They run at night in packs—like wolves.
51. Tapestry or something similar.
52. A day in your life before you started doing Cross Word puzzles.

VERTICAL

1. A familiar name for some one all song writers seem to love.
2. A New England State (abr.).
3. Three of the vowels.
4. What the light in the parlor does if *her* Dad is home.
5. What some people think George M. Cohan is.
6. A young lawyer would like one of these.

7. You might say this of some of those French post cards.

8. What they are supposed to become after the ceremony.

9. A Middle Western State (abr.).

10. A call—(You might learn this if you went to Switzerland.)

13. An artist who draws lovely girls every week in JUDGE.

16. A comic artist who draws for JUDGE. (You'll have to look through some of the other issues—he isn't in this one.)

18. A city in Pennsylvania.

20. A conjunction meaning "on the condition"—spelled backwards.

21. You eat these at the circus—and you can't stop till they're all gone.

26. A prefix meaning new.

28. A good way to get ahead

32. One who resists.

33. Something which indicates.

34. Something the Germans used during the war which caused us some worry.

36. First person—singular—as an Irishman says it in the comics.

38. Part of a blossom.

40. A familiar place of refuge—Biblical (plural).

41. On the level.

44. What the French girls say—everybody knows this much French.

46. A period in history.

48. What the boys in the army never want to be (abr.).

49. A Nation in the Western Hemisphere you may have heard of.

50. Something it's hard to get over on a busy day (abr.).



TOM—Mae, will you marry me?

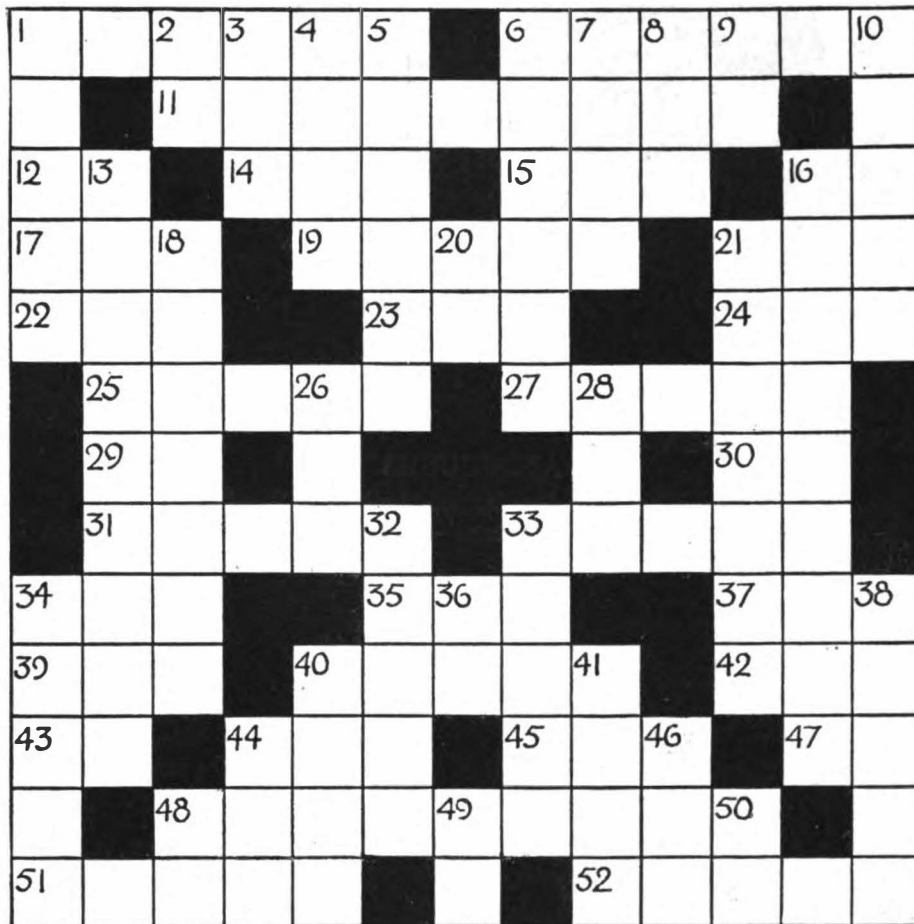
MÆ—Yes, darling!

"Oh—er—this is so sudden!"

JUDGE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLES



No. 5

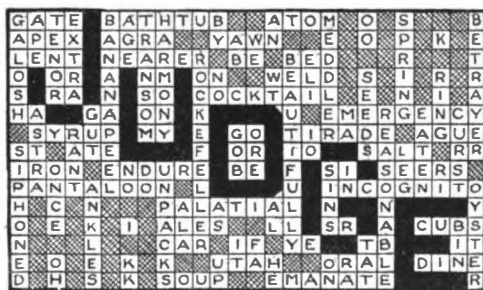


(See adjoining page for Key Chart)

By Mrs. D. B. Golden, El Dorado, Kan.

Listen, Crossword Fans! If you want your puzzles returned enclose stamps! That's fair enough, isn't it?

Answer to Puzzle No. 4



Judge will run a Crossword Puzzle every week and will pay \$25 apiece for each one printed, but the words and key must be funny!



ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days



T. S. Sullivant in *Judge*, 1903.

AMBIGUOUS

FARMER JONES—*What time does the next train leave here?*
 MOOSE MEADOW STATION MASTER—*Oh, there's two leaves before that, but they hain't got in yet.*



James Montgomery Flagg in *Judge*, 1905.

SETTLED

MR. JONES—*I think I'm going to have appendicitis.*
 MRS. JONES—*Oh, you do? Well, I think I'm going to have a new hat, and your appendicitis can wait.*

Attorney—*Did you see the plaintiff strike the defendant?*

Witness—*Oi did, sor.*

“*And was the assault committed with malice aforethought?*”

“*No, sor, with a mallet behoid the ear.*”

—*Judge*, 1902

Probably

“*That fills the bill!*” When first was heard

This very common ferm?
 Perhaps 'twas when the early bird
 Had caught the early worm.

—*Judge*, 1900

Miss Cutting—*How did you get here—by the Boston Special?*

Mr. Old Boy—*No, by special providence. I came in an automobile.*

—*Judge*, 1903

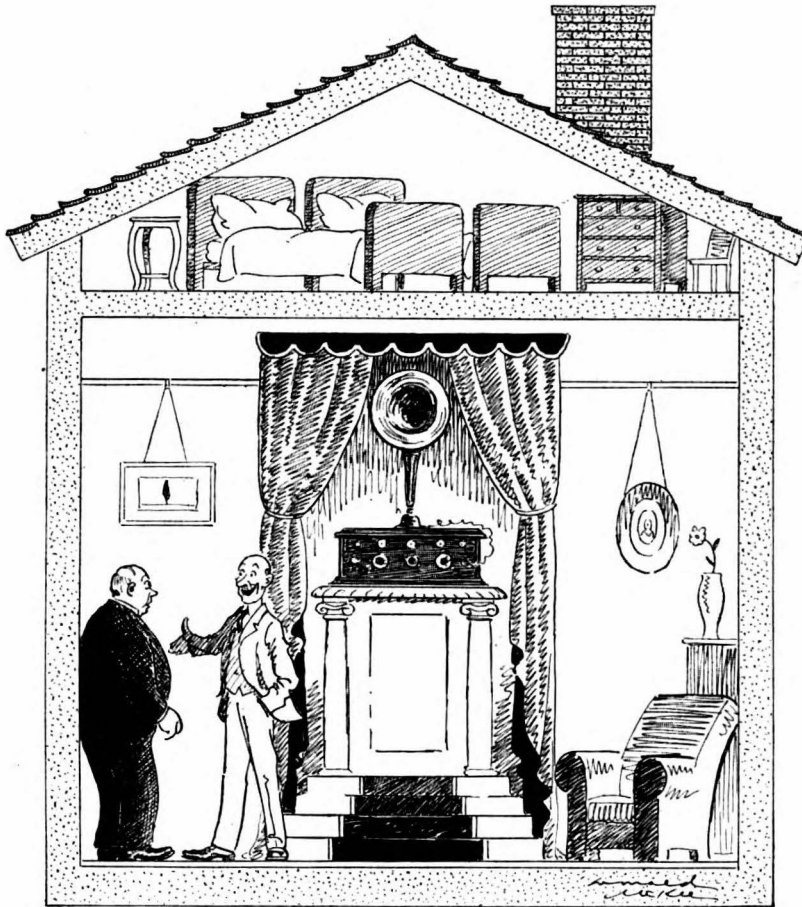
Josh—*Wot did ye pay ter see “Hamlet” last night?*

Jake—*Thirty cents.*

“*Come off! I seen ye way up in the top gallery.*”

“*Wa-al, I paid twenty cents for eggs.*”

—*Judge*, 1901



HOST—That chump next door has practically built his house around his garage!

Aunt Jane's Column

A SERIOUS situation confronts the newspaper reading public. For years meddlesome old women have been conducting, "Advice to the Lovelorn" columns and as a result every silly little girl whose John has gone back on her writes to these oracles for truth and wisdom. Do they get it? They do not! The truth, if possible, is hidden behind platitudes and the wisdom, if any, is not hidden anywhere. It isn't there to be hidden.

The time has come for some brave, womanly woman (you know the kind I mean. A real womanly woman) to conduct a column of this sort in truth and veracity.

My idea of it is this:

DEAR AUNT JANE:

I am a good looking girl (they always are), twenty-two years old. I am in love (funny, but it's chronic) with a gentleman, thirty-five years my senior. He is wealthy, cultured and treats me with respect. My family objects to the difference in our ages, however, and refuse to allow me to marry him. Should I marry him anyhow?

Troubled Blue Eyes

TROUBLED BLUE EYES:

Hell, yes, marry him. I am not so sure he is the gentleman you think he is, but since he is fifty-seven it won't make much difference. Your parents object! It is to guffaw! You are twenty-two and if you weren't, it would be all right. Take him, child, and his jack, too.

Then we have this case:

DEAR AUNT JANE:

I am a good looking (I told you they always are) girl of seventeen and in love (See? What did I tell you?) with a boy two years my senior. Until last week he seemed to return this love. Then I went to a dance and caught him kissing my best girl friend. Should I ignore him and try to patch my broken heart?

Jealous Jennie

JEALOUS JENNIE:

Think nothing of it, dearie. It is all the rage these days. In fact, as my Deauville correspondent says, it's the heat. Shall you ignore him? Certainly not! So long as he has the squiddy in his purse, stick to him. What's a kiss shared among friends? If he gets too interested in this best girl friend, so-called, shoot them both and go to a very dark movie theater. You'll find one to take his place.

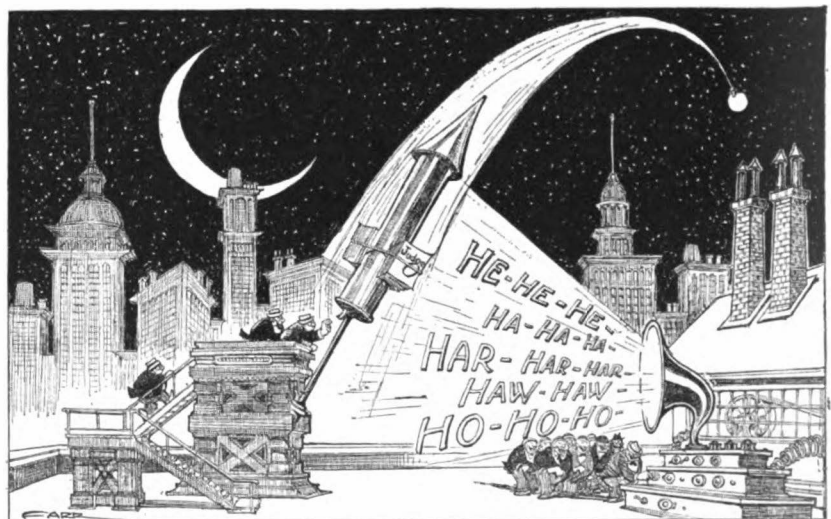
No fooling, now, isn't that the happier and more civilized way of doing things? I thought so, too.

Whitney Bolton

Oh, Sophisticated Youth!

A modern young man kissed a beautiful but modern young girl. "I'll be frank with you," he said after the embrace was over, "you're not the first girl I ever kissed, by a long shot."

She lit a cigarette. "And I'll be equally frank with you," she replied. "You've got a great deal to learn, even at that." —*Capper's Weekly*



How to reach Mars. Put a few copies of JUDGE in a rocket and shoot it up to Mars, if there is any life up there we'll catch their chuckles over the radio.



Design for a fireplace guaranteed to give forth a satisfactory amount of heat.

O'Neill Steams Into Port

(Continued from page 11)

II

MADAME SIMONE'S histrionic genius has never been such as to cause me to rush hatless out of the theater where she was playing and hug the nearest gendarme in an ecstasy of delight. Indeed, I may go so far as to say that the madame has generally left this old cynic pretty cold. Her talents, so loftily praised by French critics, have never been clearly discernible to me, and my oculist assures me that my eyes are in very good shape. Nevertheless, I went around to the Henry Miller Theater the other night and got something of a shock.

For there on the stage was La Simone surprising a whole lot of us by giving a really skillful and spirited performance of that ancient Sardou-daddle, "Madame Sans-Gené." Well, such things happen every now and then. No sooner has the reviewer written his fifty thousandth word, proving beyond all question of doubt that this or that actor or actress ought to be poisoned instanter than the actor or actress goes and spoils it all by doing himself or herself proud. I think that it is high time the reviewers got together and did something about it. Such things are very embarrassing. They ought to be stopped.

III

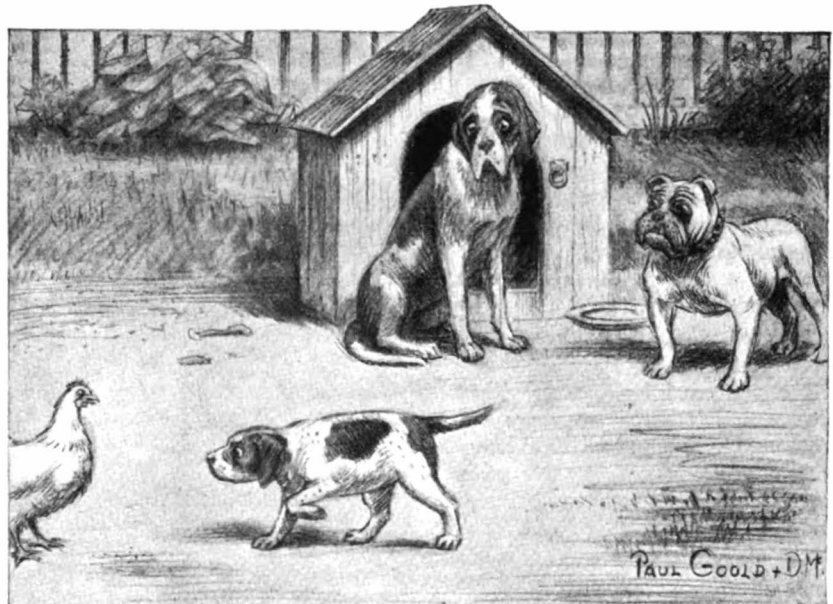
IT is generally said that the critic who shouts a thing at the top of his voice and with a great air of cocksuredness more often than not is mistaken. Not long ago, conducting myself in this objectionable and deplorable manner, I said that the M. Basil Dean, the English producer who was imported to put on James Flecker's "Hassan," was, so far as I could make out after a survey of a number of his productions, a decidedly sour professor. I have just

seen the M. Dean's production of "Peter Pan" at the Knickerbocker Theater and I now want to apologize to the editor of JUDGE, to my readers, and to the M. Dean himself.

What I said of the latter should have been said in a voice twice as loud as the one I employed and with an air of cocksuredness that would make the air in the Subway smell, in comparison, like that of Cope Cod. For if ever a beautiful play has had a rose and a couple of cauliflowers pinned on it by an unimaginative and heavy-handed producer, step up to this stage job of the Barrie classic and take a look at it.

It is all very well to blame little Miss Marilyn Miller for not being quite a Maude Adams in certain respects, but Maude Adams herself would have had a tough time of it with anything like Dean's production fingering its nose at her. I trust that this doesn't seem to be mere ungentlemanly abuse of Mr. Dean. It is nothing of the kind. It is not abuse, but criticism that gets rid of all embroidery and gets right down to tacks. He has made a sad botch of one of the most lovely of modern plays. If you doubt it, if you think that this may, after all, be the opinion of but one man, put on your hat and investigate for yourself. The odds that you will agree with me are exactly 100 to 1.

A famous dress designer thinks out his finest creations at night, when he can't sleep. The bills husbands have to pay for them are said to have the same effect. —*London Opinion*



NEIGHBOR—Your nephew seems to be a well-bred little pup.
"Yes, but I can't break him of the habit of pointing."

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer, and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture



Unfortunately the halfback of the Yale team had been on the receiving end of a hard tackle the day he had his picture taken.

Very Noticeable Then

"How awkward Alice is. She doesn't seem to know what to do with her hands."

"I noticed that when she was playing bridge." —*Boston Transcript*

Visitor (to hospital attendant)—Is Mr. Murphy in?

Hospital Attendant (to visitor)—Yes, he is convalescing now.

"Very well, I'll wait!"

Answers (London)

"Look here," he said. "I'm going to leave. I've never seen such dirty towels in my life, and I can never find any soap."

"But you've got a tongue in your head," was the landlady's curt reply.

"Yes," was the quick response, "but I'm not a cat."

Tit-Bits (London)

Dad Set Right

Reggie—I hope you stuck up for me when your father said I was a born fool.

Rena—Indeed I did! I told papa your success in that line is entirely due to your own efforts.

—*Boston Transcript*

Ambulances to pick up dogs run over by motorists have appeared on the Great North Road. The only chance a stricken pedestrian has is to growl realistically.

—*Passing Show* (London)

A Hot Return

"I wouldn't be seen at the New-rich ball."

"Oh, you're not so insignificant as that, dear." —*Boston Transcript*

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is due to nerve strain. There is no other cause for it. In men, nerve exhaustion can generally be traced to excesses and vices, although the strain of intense concentration and the worries of business life are often the chief factors. In women, Nerve Exhaustion is due mainly to over active emotions. Especially in their marital, domestic and kindred relations do women subject their emotions to constant upheavals. Indeed, we are all under severe nerve strain because of the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet inwardly their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: First Stage: lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness, irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair, nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must



PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of "Nerve Force" and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.

have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 100,000 cases).

The result of this vast experience is embodied in a 64-page book, entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address me—Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 141, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you and the advice will be of incalculable value whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body. Over a million copies have been sold during the past fifteen years.

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Announcement To Advertisers

The management of the advertising of JUDGE has been taken over by E. R. Crowe & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

All orders, copy, and cuts should now be forwarded to E. R. Crowe & Co., at 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.

All advertising appearing in the November and future issues of JUDGE will be billed by E. R. Crowe & Co.; and all checks in payment thereof should be drawn to their order.

Leslie-Judge Company.

Investment Bureau



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

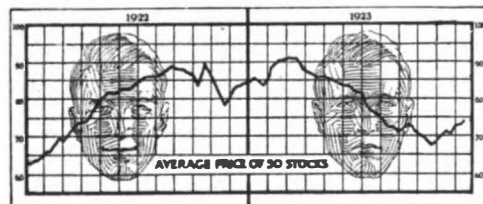
Conservatism and Prosperity

by Theodore Williams

THE response of the securities market to the triumph of conservatism and common sense in the Presidential contest was vigorous and significant, even though it was not in some instances fully sustained. It expressed relief for certain escape from radical or disturbing Federal policies for another four years. The result was regarded by the financial world as assuring to business the peace

and stability prerequisite to prosperity. The demonstration on the exchanges was quite as pronounced and lasting as if the verdict of the people had not already been fully foreseen and largely discounted.

The indications are that business, big and little, alike, may now pluck up fresh hope and courage. The factitious hindrances of politics and the threat of radical action by Congress have been removed for a considerable time to come. Especially gratifying is this to the railroads, which seem to have been



The Ups and Downs That Take Your Money

When the line of stock prices goes up on the chart, everything seems fine. When it comes down, the face of many an investor is clouded with gloom. He may lose money, and he is worried.

Stability is one of the fundamental requirements of a good investment. Why not get away from the fluctuating line entirely and put your money into Miller First Mortgage Bonds, which do not vary with the day-to-day market? The interest rate on these bonds (up to 7%) is far more than most people can ever hope to make by speculating. Mail the coupon to-day for free booklet, "Creating Good Investments."

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promised a good long breathing spell. Before the next Presidential election the country should make extraordinary progress in a material way. This may not come about in the guise of a sudden and tremendous boom or series of booms, but in steady advances aggregating quite as much in the end. A like course should in general be the case in the financial market.

There will of course be halts in business and recessions in the value of securities due to adverse happenings or to technical market conditions. It will not do to abandon caution and to venture rashly. But the fundamental forces are set so strongly toward improvement that only something very unusual could long impede the forward trend. The buyers of stocks and bonds who exercise discretion will hardly go amiss if they select standard issues whenever these show declines. Careful attention should be given to proposed mergers and to earnings and dividend possibilities of corporations. Some of the, at present, non-dividend payers, too, may well be studied with reference to their future, for if the nation continues to prosper, a number of issues now quoted low may some day become valuable through the increased profits of the companies they represent.

Answers to Inquiries

D., HYDE PARK, VT.: Associated Simmons Hardware Companies reported deficits in 1921 and 1922, but a substantial surplus in 1923. The profit was not sufficient for resuming the suspended preferred dividend and nothing was earned on common shares. The company's 8½ per cent. notes are secured on pledge of stocks of various companies in the organization. The notes are reasonably safe but are not of the gilt edged variety.

C., DETROIT, MICH.: I have no record of such a concern as the Security Oil & Refining Co. There was a Security Oil Corporation but at last accounts it was in liquidation. If you are receiving contradictory stories from the company, 2,500 shares of whose stock you own, you do well to suspend further payments until you get a clear cut and satisfactory statement from the officials. The stocks of new and untried oil companies are usually a gamble and thousands of investors are sorry they ever bought them.

K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Famous Players-Lasky, Inc., reported earnings of \$10.25 on common for the first nine months of this year. The dividend of 8 per cent. therefore must be assured. The common shares make a liberal yield on market price and would sell higher if they were less speculative. As it is they are a good business man's purchase. The preferred stock, selling about a dozen points higher, carries the same dividend rate and is more like an investment.

B., WILLMAR, MINN.: Cities Service common stock is making a fair yield on market price but the dividend for a long time has been paid in scrip. The scrip has a market value and cash can be obtained for it. The company is a giant public utility and oil producing organization. Its preferred stock is very attractive. The Rickenbacker Motors Co. is making progress and is a dividend payer. The stock has been quoted as low as \$6 bid and \$6½ asked which is materially below par. These figures indicate some uncertainty as to the company's future.

W., MOORE HAVEN, FLA.: I cannot give you the rating of the Ferralin Co. of Atlanta. It does not appear in any regular list of corporations. The \$10 shares of a patent medicine concern do not impress me as a good investment. The business is not of the solid kind and it would be more prudent to buy the issues of well established companies that are dividend payers. A better purchase would be Wright Aeronautical, paying \$1 yearly and quoted at about \$12.

B., KENT, WASH.: The shares of the American Hemp & Flax Co. of Cleveland are not listed or quoted on the exchanges. As for the affairs of the Home Profit Hosiery Co., the receiver is the proper person to apply to for information. Possibly the attorney for the creditors can give you some facts.

S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: The National Dairy Products Co. was organized in December, 1923. Although rather young, it has acquired several successful concerns. The earnings enable payment of dividend at the rate of \$3 yearly. The stock is a fair business man's investment.

C., HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.: The Burnham Chemical Co. is a local concern, having no connection with the stock market. Its operations and earnings should be covered in reports for which you as a stockholder have a right to ask the company.

R., LOS ANGELES, CAL.: General Petroleum Co.'s stock pays only \$2 and is quoted at about \$44. Unless the dividend is to be increased there seems to be very little speculative possibility in the stock. Union Oil of California, quoted at about 192, pays a dividend of \$1.80 quarterly, which is less than 6 per cent. on market price. It is sufficiently high for its dividend. Union Oil is the stronger of the two companies.

W., MONTLE, ALA., AND D. EVART, MICH.: Now after the Presidential election the outlook is clearer. If bought right the following issues should prove sound and profitable investments: Union Pacific R. R. common, Southern Pacific R. R., New York Central, R. R., General Motors 7 per cent. pfd., U. S. Steel common, American Waterworks 7 per cent. pfd., American Steel Foundries and Standard Gas & Electric common. For safe investment and not speculation, you might consider the 7 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds advertised in June.

M., VROGGA, WIS.: The St. Paul Railway bonds, maturing in 1925, will be cared for in some fashion, but it is doubtful if they can be redeemed in cash. They may be extended for a term of years or a new security may be offered in exchange for them. They appear to be safe, but the disposition of them may not be quite satisfactory to all holders. The issue is more a speculation than an investment. There was recently a severe drop in the price of the bonds, but improved earnings assuring fixed charges brought about a recovery.

T., TAMPIO, MEXICO: It is probable that with the improved business generally expected in the various industries all the four stocks you mention may appreciate in value. Cuban-American Sugar paying \$3 is a fairly inviting purchase at present price. Texas Company pays \$3 and this is a good return on the current quotation. Conqolium is also a \$3 issue, quoted higher than the other two, but the yield is fair. Bethlehem Steel common lately went below the price you quote. It is hardly probable that it will advance much until there is a prospect of the resumption of its dividend. Whether all of these stocks should prove short term profit makers, or long term deals cannot, of course, positively be predicted.

M., BUFFALO, N. Y.: Union Carbide & Carbon Corp. is strong and prosperous. Its stock is of one class and it has no funded debt. The authorized issue of stock is 3,000,000 shares of no par value. Of these 2,659,733 shares are outstanding. The dividend rate is \$3 yearly and the stock has been selling at about \$60. This makes the yield liberal.

H., CLEVELAND, O.: The American Automatic Connector Co. appears to be new and untried. I have no idea what the railroad companies think of its device. I suggest that you communicate on the subject with some leading railroad officials.

L., BURLINGTON, N. J.: The Lewis Oil Corp. is a minor concern. It reports fair earnings but is paying no dividends on nearly \$3,000,000 capital stock. Working capital is moderate and surplus small. The company's bonds are not of large amount and can be classed as a fairly good business man's purchase.

New York, Nov. 22, 1924.

Free Booklets for Investors

The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C., will send to any interested investor a booklet entitled "How to Build an Independent Income." It discloses how 7 per cent. can be obtained on any sum from \$10 up which may be invested in Smith first mortgage 7 per cent. real estate bonds. Installments paid under the company's investment savings plan yield the same rate of interest as the full paid bonds. The bonds are secured by improved real estate in the nation's capital.

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"Ali Baba's Cave Rediscovered" is the title of a little volume prepared by George M. Forman & Co. (Dept. 411), 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago. The book tells how money may be doubled in ten years by investment and reinvestment in legitimate securities. It outlines a scientific plan for the accumulation of money. It will be mailed by Forman & Co. to any address.



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"Now, my boy, what put the idea of stealing into your head—did you see it on the 'pictures'?"

"No, sir, I heard it on the wireless!"

—*Passing Show* (London)

**Let Us Be Kinder to
Traffic Cops**

(Continued from page 18)

Civil War). I had fairly snarled at the poor fellow.

On another occasion when I was in quite a rush, a motorcycle policeman was the object of my wrath. He was one of the most irritating traffic officers I have ever encountered—an unusually stupid sort, at least on the surface. He followed me for several miles down the boulevard. Somehow it always gets on my nerves terribly to hear a motorcycle officer chugging along behind me. Finally he caught up with me and got directly in front of me and I almost ran over him. I had to come to a dead stop to keep from killing him. I certainly gave him a piece of my mind.

"There you go, obstructing traffic,

you big stiff!" I said, scowling at him, and taking out my notebook. "You have been bothering me for two or three miles, and I won't have it! I might have run over dozens of women and children, trying to look backward at you and keep my eye on the road ahead at the same time. You are the third cop that has annoyed me to-day, and I am sick and tired of it. Now I am going to report you at headquarters. You just turn your motorcycle right around and come with me to the station."

Well, by the time I got to police court, I had softened somewhat and I put the case up to the judge mildly, in fact pleaded for his leniency, and he let the poor devil off with suspension of a week's pay.

I might have handled this fellow differently, too. He might have responded to a good heart-to-heart talk

and I might have left him a better traffic cop, instead of an enemy to motorists. He probably missed that week's pay. I was sorry for the incident.

After all, there is some excuse for the seemingly stupid actions of many of these traffic cops and for their apparent disregard of the rights and feelings of car drivers. Many of their errors are due to absent-mindedness, I'll wager. Half the time their minds are on business worries and domestic problems and it is only natural that they should sometimes vex us.

So I, for one, have made up my mind to see if I cannot do something to educate them instead of growing angry at them. I mean to be more, well, more fatherly toward them. I shall call them over to the curb, and in a low, considerate tone of voice, attempt to educate them, rather than reprimand them. I shall explain that I am just as anxious to get downtown in a hurry without killing anybody as they are to have me get downtown in a hurry without killing anybody. I shall point out that our interests are mutual. I shall treat them less like criminals.

I am even going so far as to try a new little scheme of which I have thought. I plan to carry a lovely bunch of roses in the tonneau of my car, and when a cop gives me cause for grievance, I am, instead of growling and cursing, going to hand him the roses and say, "That's all right, brother. I'm not mad. Just try to do better the next time."

A Trying Interview

She haughtily eyed him and refused to answer his question.

"It is useless to pretend you have forgotten me," he insinuated, and nonchalantly strolling toward her attempted to take her in his arms, but he had scarcely touched her when, alarmed at her piercing scream, he ceased from continuing his unwelcome attentions.

His attempt to pacify her and his assurance that there was no cause for alarm were answered by a paroxysm of tears.

"You are simply a spoiled child," he angrily declared, "there is nothing to cry about."

But the more he argued the louder she wept.

"All right then," he continued, losing his temper, "I have finished with you," and as he left her in disgust he hesitated for a moment at the open door.

"For goodness sake," he screamed, "why isn't nurse here—to put baby to bed?"
—*Passing Show*

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BY2—Lady's Elite ring; perfect cut blue white diamond is set in 18K white gold prongs. 14K natural gold shank. \$65.



BY3—Lady's 20 K white gold orange blossom ring set in 3/4 Carat size 18K white gold cup with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75.



BY4—Lady's rectangular shaped wrist watch of solid 14K white gold; highest grade 15 ruby and sapphire jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$22.



BY5—Lady's hand carved 18K white gold ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$50.



BY6—Lady's 18K white gold ring; center set with absolutely perfect, blue white diamond; two flawless diamonds on sides. \$100.



BY7—Lady's genuine Bohemian onyx set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14K white gold shank. \$18.50.



BY8—Platinum front Scarf pin set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14K white gold pin. \$27.50.



BY9—Lady's 7 diamonds cluster ring; 19K white gold. Each side of diamond center is set with a triangular shaped sapphire; looks like \$750 solitaire. \$67.50.



BY10—Diamond set rectangular shaped wrist watch; 14K solid white gold; set in platinum with 4 perfect cut blue white diamonds; highest grade 15 jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$42.50.



BY11—Lady's face design ring of 19K white gold, set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$45.



BY12—Solid platinum lace work design lady's ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond of first quality. \$100.



BY13—Lady's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 20 K white gold shank; resembles \$750 solitaire. \$57.50.



BY14—Three perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in 18K white gold top; 18K white or green gold shank. \$75.



BY15—Gentleman's 18K white gold ring; center set with a perfect cut blue white diamond; French blue sapphires on sides. \$75.



BY16—Gentleman's 18K white gold ring; center set with a perfect cut blue white diamond; French blue sapphires on sides. \$75.



BY17—Wedding ring of 18K white gold set with five perfectly matched blue white diamonds. \$35.



BY18—Lady's 7 diamond platinum set cluster diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$900 solitaire. \$90.

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Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 42



Grandma—What do you say when you go to bed?
Marjorie—Turn off that darn bedtime story!

The \$25 prize in JUDGE'S Fifty-Fifty Contest No. 42, announced in the October 18, 1924, issue, was won by S. Belle McClellan, 23 Grand View avenue, Middletown, N. Y.

Two Celluloid Clowns

(Continued from page 19)

best pictures of 1924 and one that will stand comparison with any picture ever made. It's one of the pictures you should see; though you go infrequently.

To me, Lon Chaney will add more to his laurels by his characterization of "He" than he did with the superficial and highly hokumized Quasimodi in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

WITH "The Lover of Camille" I am not so much in sympathy. It may be a back-handed compliment to Monte Blue, but he's a poor clown. Nor can I work up any pity for a man who leaves his wife for another woman and then lets her slip through his fingers. A man like that isn't a clown, he's an ass and doesn't deserve to be successful in the game of love.

Some day some one ought to write a play about a clown who, by the very power of comedy, could Pied Piper and balance on his nose as many women as would, standing one on top of the other, reach as high as the Woolworth tower. It would be a prettier compliment to the female sense of humor than that usually laid down by playwrights who apparently know so little of clowns . . . or of women.

WHENEVER the great open spaces show signs of tightening up the movies open 'em right up again. The G. O. S. as a matter of fact owe most of their greatness to the movies.

I don't blame the movies in the least, for they realize that the minute they lose the great open spaces they're going to have a lot of shootin' irons and horses, and gals and pretty bum actors on their hands. So they throw a wedge into the open spaces and keep 'em open.

But in this newest Western, "The Beloved Brute," the West may at least hold up its head with pride and shake a wild and woolly hoof. It's one of the best, if not the best, I've seen and this, in a great measure, may be laid on the broad and powerful shoulders of one Victor McLaglen, a he-man of the first magnitude. Keep your eye on Victor McLaglen. The kid is there! The story too is convincing.



"Keeping his eye on the ball."

A Glass of Wine with the Borgias



The youth hesitates. Will he obey the look of command in the eyes of Lucrezia—the magnet that has drawn him to this supper in the pontifical apartment? Will he accept the wine offered by Cæsar Borgia? Or will he be warned before it is too late by the sinister glance shot from the cruel eyes of the old Pontiff as he coldly calculates the destruction of the young gallant? To comply or refuse is equally hazardous. If he decline the poisoned draught, will he escape the hired assassin lurking in the shadows of the palace? How many gallant lives thus darkly passed out of sight, sacrificed to the ambition of that terrible triumvirate, is told as only the great Alexandre Dumas could, in the STRANGEST AND MOST CURIOUS SET OF BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED.

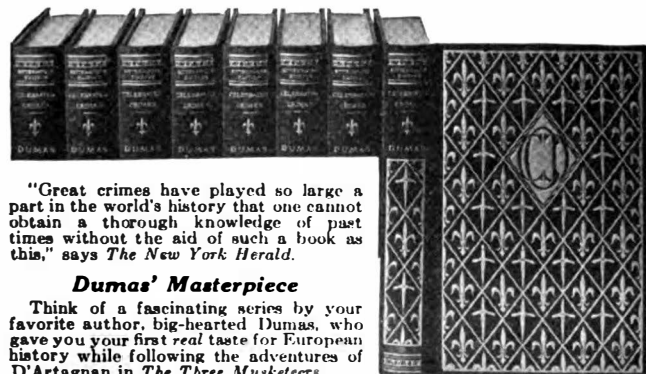
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 The Rope of Pear Mary E. and Thos. W. Hanshew

- The Safety Match Anton Chekhov
 Some Scotland Yard Stories Robert Anderson

Mystic Humorous Stories

- May-Day Eve Algernon Blackwood
 The Diamond Lens Filiz-James O'Brien
 The Mummy's Foot Théophile Gautier
 Mr. Bloke's Item Mark Twain
 A Ghost Lafcadio Hearn
 The Man Who Went Too Far E. F. Benson
 Chan Tow the Highrob Chester Baily Fernald
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