

JULY 5, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

STORAGE
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JUDGE



"BABY NEEDS A NEW PAIR OF SHOES!"

Can you originate a clever second line for this joke?



Paul—Give me a recipe for happiness

Paula—

JUDGE'S FIFTY-FIFTY CONTEST

No. 27

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

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of Judge may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted but none will be returned. No. 27 Contest closes July 15, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the August 16, 1924, issue of Judge. Check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that date. In the meantime, No. 28 will appear next week.

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

All answers, to be considered, must be received not later than July 15.

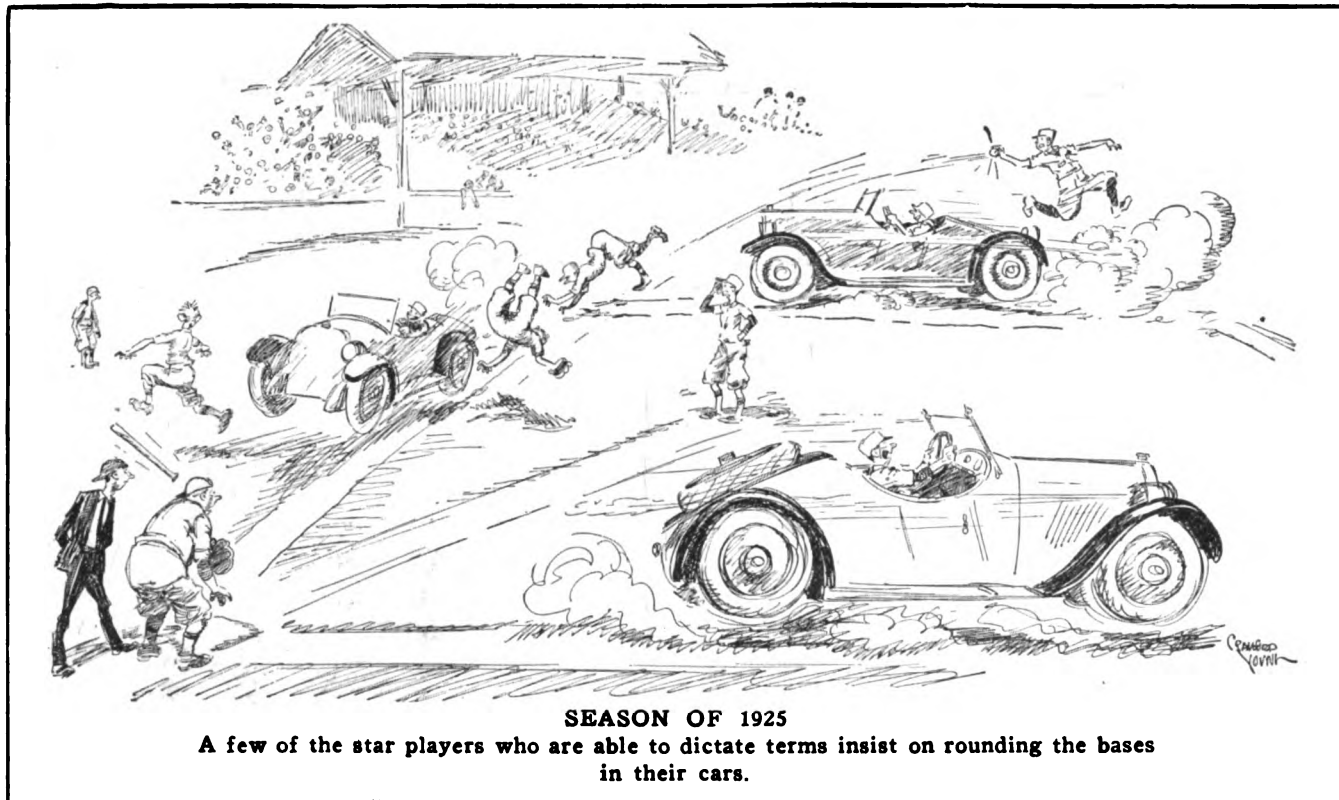
"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE



Mr. Tiff (trying to be sociable)—I see that the women in Paris are wearing chameleon gowns.

Mrs. Tiff—Well, I'm right in style; mine is turning green with age now!



SEASON OF 1925
A few of the star players who are able to dictate terms insist on rounding the bases in their cars.

How to Fold a Newspaper in a High Wind

This daily problem, so readily bungled, is easily solved when the right methods are employed. Having completed the first column of the latest divorce story, you come to a note, "Turn to page 6, column 1." A simple bit of advice, but how hard to follow! This is the way.

Grasping the paper firmly between your knees, seize the upper right hand corner with your right hand and with your left, beckon to a small boy. Have the boy hold your parcel, and with the left hand thus freed, pick up the section that was blown away.

Reunite the two sections of the paper by a quick, dexterous flip of the left hand to a point just below your floating ribs, while your right hand is carried to a level with your knee. You will readily be able to put the second section inside the first one, although upside down.

Now spread the paper out full length, and, slapping it to the ground, hurl yourself upon it, assuming a prone position. With your right hand reach over your left shoulder and shuffle through the paper until you have found page 6. Then execute what in wrestling is called a "bridge." During a lull in the weather, roll over quickly upon your face, being careful to pinion the paper with your knees. Then call a policeman and request him to lie upon one part of the paper while you turn the pages.

Your old paper will now be in poor condition so you must buy a new one. Ask the paper boy to tear off the first three sheets. Reverse these sheets and you will find page 6. Column 1 will contain a patent medicine advertisement, but you win a moral victory anyway.

J. C. E.

☞☞☞

An exceptionally unfriendly act: The French government has ordered five jazz musicians deported to the United States.

Business Chances

(Prohibition Classified Section)

PROSPEROUS BOOTLEG route—218 steady customers; all cash; owner entering down-town field; no reasonable offer refused. Call Pitkin 0006.

DELIVERY TRUCK—Body made to resemble lima bean by day and tuna fish by night. Fools 'em all. No chance for detection. Capacity 1,114 short qts. Call at 607 Duckpin Place. If owner is not in deal with his mother.

GIVE THIS THE O.O.—2,000 2-qt. jars; edges beveled smooth; good chance to start lucrative business at home working spare time. Owner leaving city for from 2 to 10 yrs., with recommendation of 10. Call Glowpsch 45 Party J. No agents.

DRUG STORE; small town; NO DRUGS; patent medicine and bitters; stock inventories \$90,000. Trade brisk. Write "Elmer," Moorepark.

FOR SALE—200 qt. sedan; special; speed 110 mi. per hr. Reason for selling owner is opening chain of banks. Call evenings 819 Spindle st.

TELEPHONE LISTS—2,500 live case-lot prospects. No duds. Every name a winner. Grab this one and get in on some of the boodle. Larchmont 34-2r.

MUST SACRIFICE BLIND pig; wonderful location in basement of public library; full police protection; fixtures complete; \$45,000 handles. Inquire if you mean business. 78 Chip st.

PHYSICIAN WILL sell fine set-up; more than 500 prescriptions daily without single dissatisfied patient; big repeat business. Call Whambo 3445.

Green River Anthology

(Apologies to Edgar Lee Masters)

Caleb Horner

My Mother always warned me against drinking—

And so did our parson—but
Came a time, after prohibition,
When everyone expected it

And a fellow had to do his share.
Now here I lie beneath this headstone
Wondering if my Mother ever doubted
The newspaper report of heart disease—
And if all bootleggers are liars.

Evelyn Loring

I belonged to the flapper set.
We were out on a petting party,
And Harry had a flask.

My God! The stuff was like dynamite
And I passed out cold.

The innocent cherubs that my grand-
mother insisted

On putting on this headstone
Certainly give me a laugh! E. F. L.

Active Market

"How many servants do you keep,
may I ask?"

"None. But we're hiring 'em all the
time."

☞☞☞

Electric clippers have been invented which will shear fifteen hundred sheep daily. The Wall Street record is still unequaled, however.

Dumb-belladonna

EVERYBODY calls me a dumb-belle,
Between you and I they're all
wrong.

Although they admit that I'm some belle,
They say that my brain ain't so strong.
I don't deny, some things I'm shy,
A college education I don't claim.
Though my brains may be weak,
I can vamp any sheik,
For I'm pretty smart just the same.

Chorus

I didn't have to study mining engineering
To learn how to dig gold.
I didn't ruin my eyes
Over books to put me wise
To the fact all men are bold.
Nobody ever, learned me to be clever,
I know enough to duck in when it rains.
It's really very simple,
If the boobies prefer a dimple,
Say, why do I have to have brains?

The "Fourth" in an Apartment

ON THE Fourth of July we displayed a
flag from one of our windows open-
ing on the court of our apartment house.
We have no window on the street or we
would have used that. Still it's a very
nice court. We noticed that somebody
down on the third floor had a flag out, too.

The court was spick and span for the
holiday as it almost always is. No laun-
dry may be dried out in it, of course, and
the superintendent tells all tenants who
feel they must throw trash out to please
use the dumb-waiter shaft. The flag

was out so early, it got the early sun
for a while, as our side of the court
does. We noticed afterward that the sun

had not faded the flag any to speak of.
We couldn't help thinking that this
Barbara Frietchie, who got shot at once
in the Civil War because she hung a flag
out, might much better have lived on a
court.
F. D.



"I want a day off to look for a job for the missis."
"Will you be back to-morrow?"
"Yus, if she don't get it."

The Bookworm

Friend—Have you read all the books
in your library?

Nuriche—Well, I've finished the titles,
and I'm just starting on the authors'
names.

Loophole

"Nice work," observed the patron,
contemplating his newly acquired hair-
cut. "Sorry this is a no-tip place."

"Say, mister," whispered the barber,
hoarsely, "apples wasn't allowed in the
Garden of Eden, neither."

These Professors!

She—I wonder if you remember me?
Years ago you asked me to marry you
Absent-minded Professor—Ah, yes: and
did you?

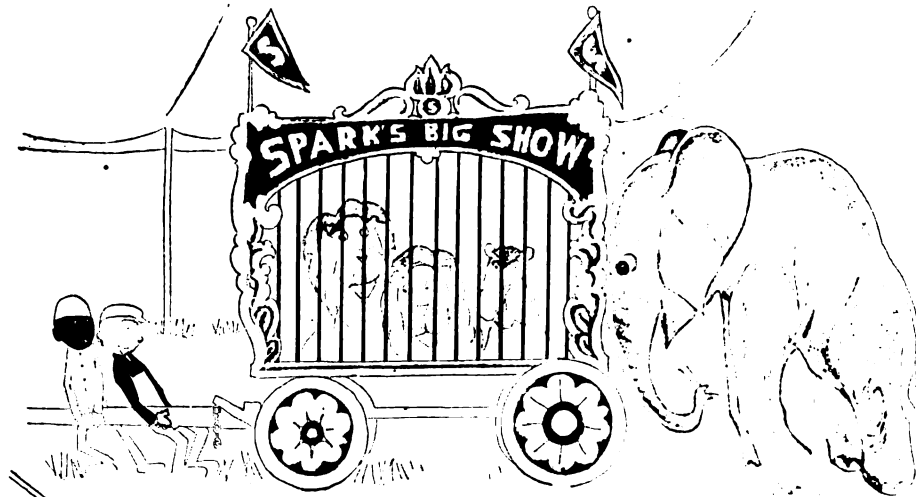
Wife—You seem worried, dear. Did
anything go wrong at the bank to-day?
Bank President—Yes, the cashier.



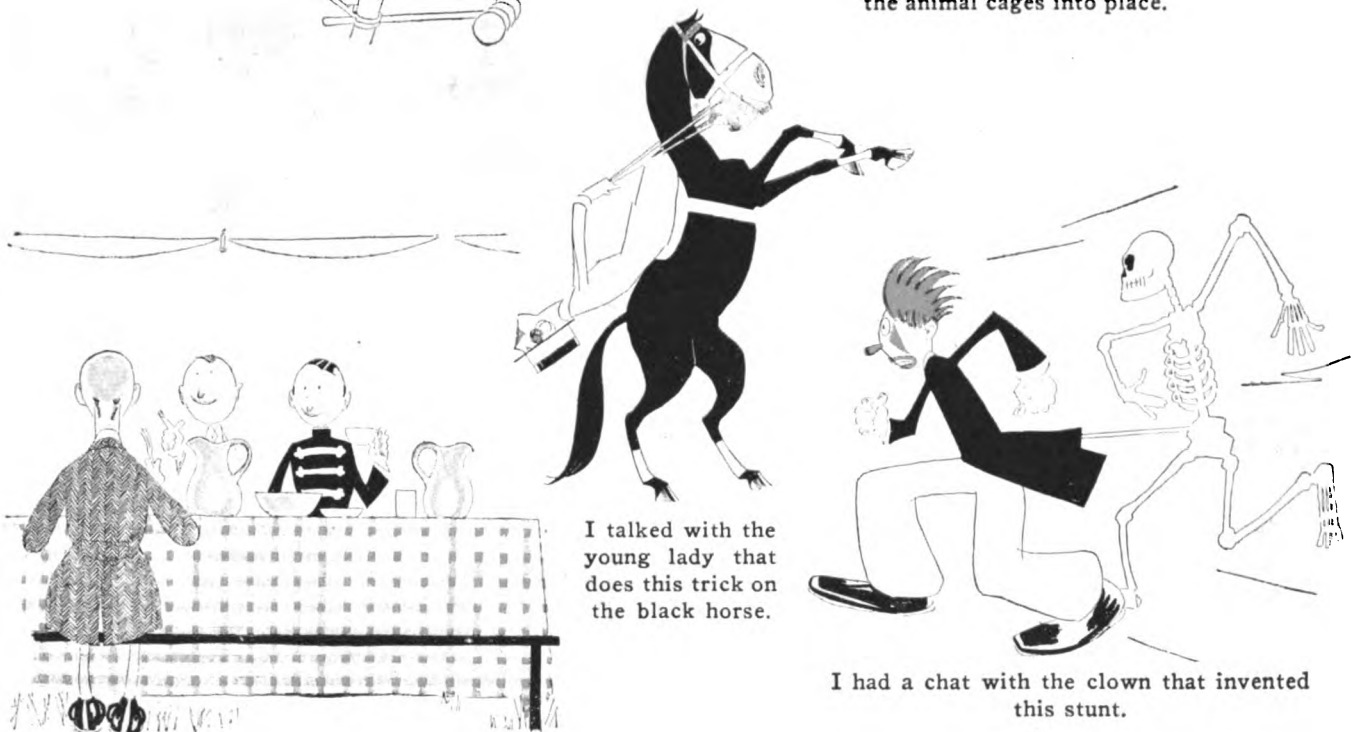
Golfer—I suppose you know this course well?

Diminutive Caddy—Yeah—bin here man an' boy for th' last two years!

A Great Day in History—Going Behind the Scenes at a Circus



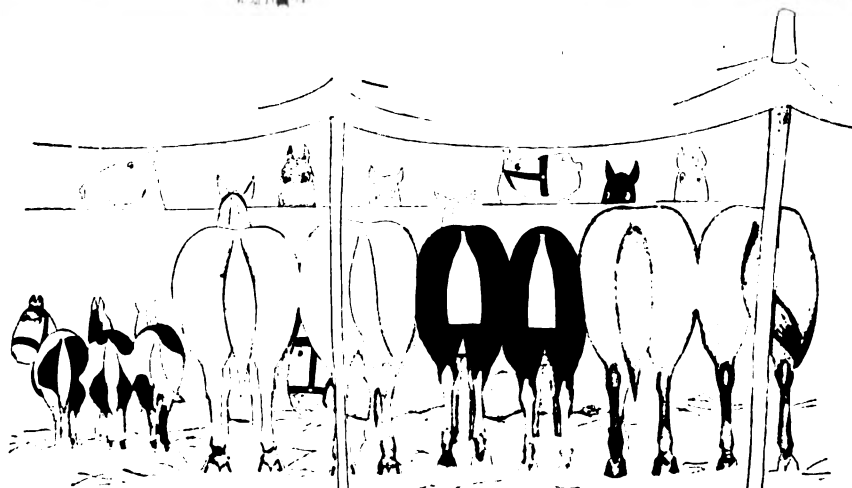
I watched the big bull push the animal cages into place.



I talked with the young lady that does this trick on the black horse.

I had a chat with the clown that invented this stunt.

I had lunch in the cook tent with the performers.



I had a long visit with my friends in the horse tent.

When Hiram Was a Boy

Intimate Stories of the Early Lives of Great Men

HIRAM was always a quiet boy. One of the fears of his life was that he would have to say a "piece" at the Friday afternoon exercises.

"Why do you so hate to speak, Hi?" asked the motherly old teacher one day when she had struggled in vain to persuade the boy to say a few words.

"Because I'm afraid some of them might not like what I said," the future Senator answered.

This feeling, as we all know, still dominates Mr. Johnson's career.

Young Johnson also possessed a strong feeling of respect for authority. To him, an order from a superior had to be obeyed and without delay. His leader's word was law.

Hiram belonged to a gang, of which Cal Warmidge was the head. One day Cal said, "Hi, we're going to join up with that gang over on Maple street."

"You know best, sir," replied Hiram, though he hated the thought of an entangling alliance.

Love for his fellow-men of all races was an outstanding characteristic of young Hiram Johnson. The school he attended once refused admittance to a Japanese.

"Shame! Shame!" cried Hiram. "He is as good as any of us." It might be the Senator himself speaking. J. C. E.

The government advises lay fever victims to visit Wind Cave National Park in South Dakota. Eastern citizens, of course, have always the alternative of visiting the Capitol.



She—I'd like to ask you something.

He—Well, dear!

"Am I the only girl whose money you ever loved?"

"Do you have any difference of opinion with your wife?"

"Yes, but she doesn't know it."

Wife—You beast!

Husband—You animal trainer!

Lacking in Personality

"**F**AME and fortune wait without," said the secretary to the business man.

"Tell 'em to wait," said the business man. "Tell 'em I am in conference!"

Then he sat down, twirled his thumbs, and looked idly out the window for three hours.

When the three hours had elapsed, "Tell 'em to come in!" said he.

And they came.

But, as is the fate of all who cool their heels too long, fame and fortune entered with sad and apologetic countenances; they spoke in hushed whispers; they looked, respectively, the personifications of abjection and humility.

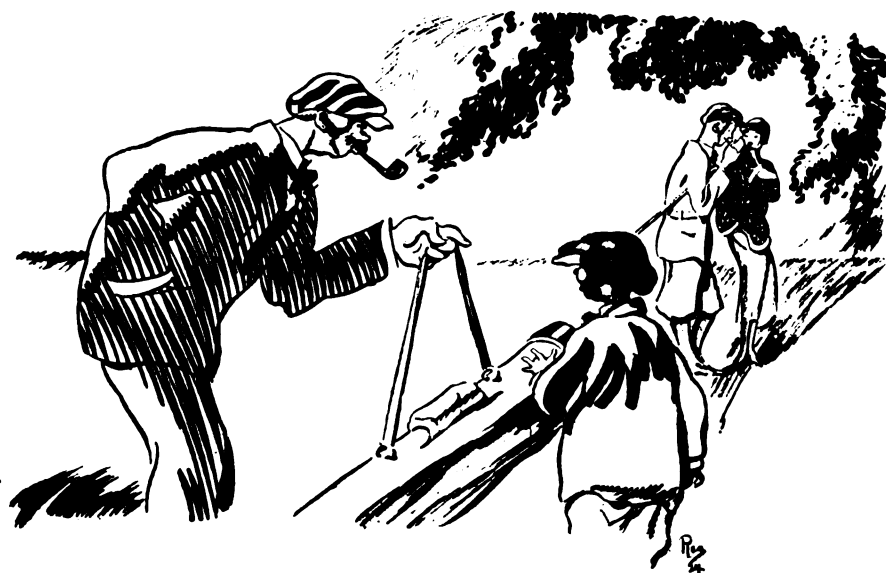
"Huh," said the business man—"These are not fame and fortune! These are a pair of fakers! Secretary—kick them downstairs!"

Lawyer—And you shot five times at the plaintiff and missed him?

Defendant—Yes, sir.

"How did that happen?"

"Well, sir, he was sort of nervous."



Caddie Master (to new recruit)—Now then, young feller, hop to it, and don't just stand aroun' lookin' dumb like as if you was a member o' th' club!



The pedestrian takes to the water.

Plaint of Fair Women

STAND and look us in the eye—
 Tell the truth although it's painful—
 Say we're dumb and tell us why—
 Of our graces be disdainful;
 Say you hate our new spring lid—
 Say your wit is 'way above us—
 Only lie about this, kid:
Always tell us that you love us.

Say we live too fast and high—
 Say you think we're bad and baneful—
 Tell us how you get your rye—
 Say your business isn't gainful;
 Tell, as Schopenhauer did,
 Where you'd often like to shove us—
 Only lie about this, kid:
Always tell us that you love us.

Kid, if it appeals to you,
 Marry, gown us, hat us, glove us;
 But if you would keep us true,
Always tell us that you love us.
 C. R.

Our Personal Column

BERNARD SHAW will collaborate with Harold Bell Wright to produce his next play, and for this purpose will visit Mr. Wright on his American ranch this summer. "In my humble opinion," said Mr. Shaw recently, "Harold Bell Wright is the greatest master of pure, limpid English prose the world has ever seen. I do not even except myself."

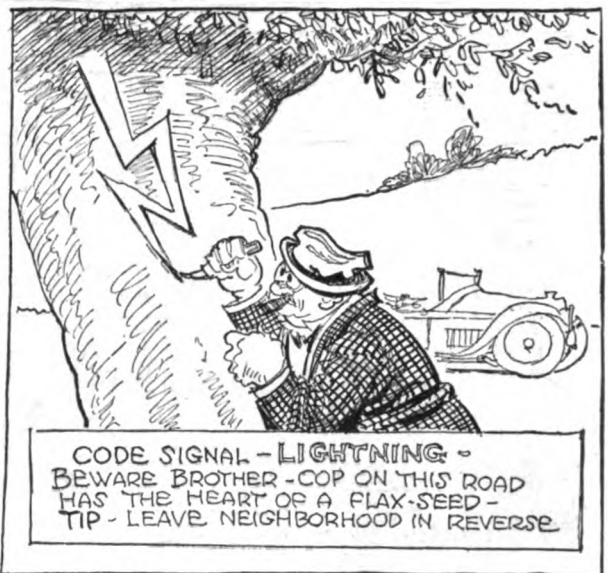
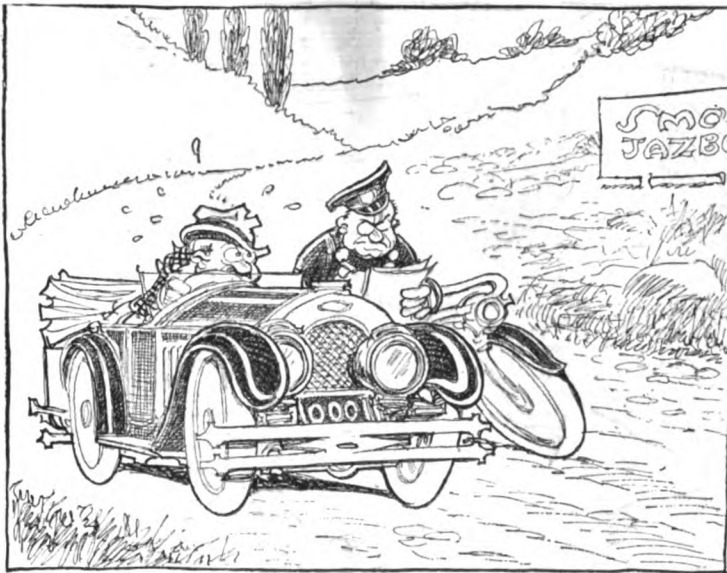
Lady Astor's recent telling remark in the House of Commons: "It is going to be a fine day," which was greeted with such ringing applause, was afterwards declared by Winston Churchill and Ramsay MacDonald and others who heard it as being by far the wittiest thing said since Calvin Coolidge said, when informed that he was President of the United States: "Ah, yes!"

Mary Pickford has had her hair bobbed. "After all," she is declared to have re-

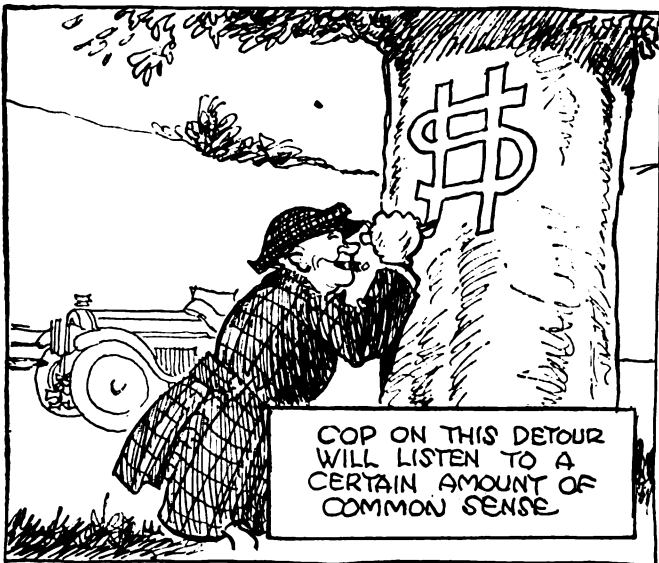
marked to her husband, Douglas Fairbanks—who is connected in some way with the "movies"—"After all, what's a few curls in such a mad world?"

William J. Bryan, who, it will be recalled, began his career with the Messrs. Weber and Fields, and afterwards achieved such distinction as the celebrated monkey trainer for Barnum's Greatest Show, has just completed a farce comedy in collaboration with Henry Cabot Lodge, who recently, it will also be recalled, resigned from the Senate in order to join the staff of the *New York World*. "I nearly died laughing at it," said the Secretary of Agriculture, when he read the first draft.

Among those youths who were seen at the children's romping party given last week by Chauncey Depew and Charlie Eliot, were noted Joe Cannon, Henry Holt and Tommy Edison.



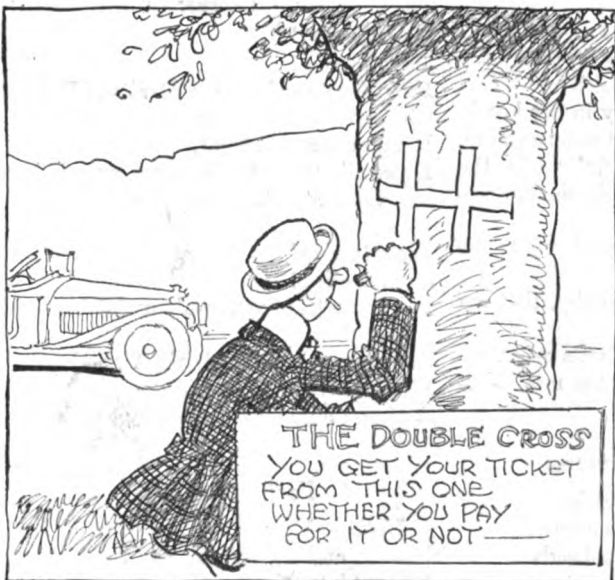
CODE SIGNAL - LIGHTNING -
 BEWARE BROTHER - COP ON THIS ROAD
 HAS THE HEART OF A FLAX-SEED -
 TIP - LEAVE NEIGHBORHOOD IN REVERSE



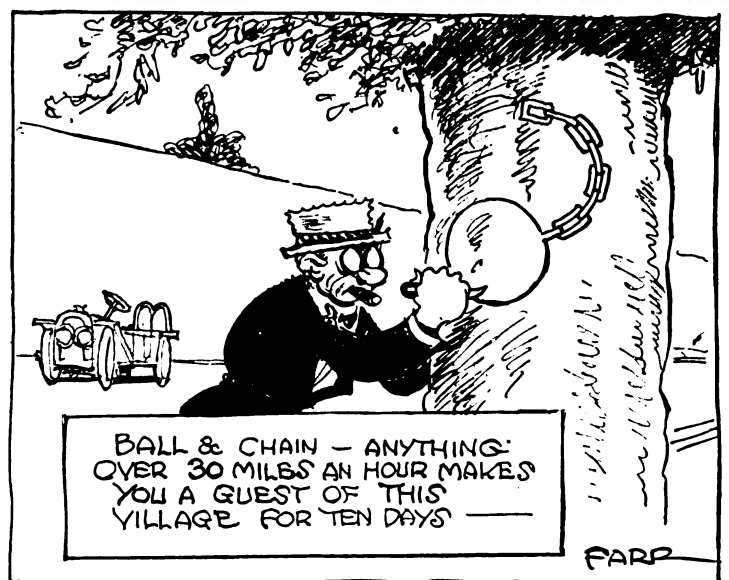
COP ON THIS DETOUR
 WILL LISTEN TO A
 CERTAIN AMOUNT OF
 COMMON SENSE



JUST TALK
 ELKS TO
 THIS ONE -



THE DOUBLE CROSS
 YOU GET YOUR TICKET
 FROM THIS ONE
 WHETHER YOU PAY
 FOR IT OR NOT



BALL & CHAIN - ANYTHING
 OVER 30 MILBS AN HOUR MAKES
 YOU A GUEST OF THIS
 VILLAGE FOR TEN DAYS

FARR

WHY NOT A CODE FOR MOTOR KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD?



"I did—what good did it do me?"

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE PERCENTERS

I. DEAR OLD WAH WAH

OH, AT dear old Wah Wah College,
They fastened me to a stake,
They covered each stitch of my body
with pitch
And they chucked me in the lake.
But luckily I'm a swimmer.
And when I came safely through,
They all said that I was a regular guy,
And they pledged me to Psi Nu.

Oh, they took me to the smoker
At the Astordorf Hotel,
Where Brother McGaff spoke an hour
and a half
On a subject he knew well—
Of loyal sons of Wah Wah,
Her faithful men and strong—
Then the rest of the blokes cracked some
off-color jokes
As they passed the flask along.

II. HANGIN' AUNTY DINAH

Nothing could be finer than to hang old
Aunty Dinah in the mo-mo-moan-
ning.

What on earth is sweeter than to string
the mean old creetur in the mo-mo-
moan-ning.

She gave a white gal candy.
'Twas a pep'mint stick.
The very next day, so the papers say,
That leetle white gal took sick!
So we grabbed old mammy in her hut in
Alabammy in the mo-mo-moan-ning,
Nabbed her at her cookin' while the
Sheriff wasn't lookin', in the mo-mo-
moan-ning.

Tied her to a flivver, dragged her into the
woods,
Strung her to a hemlock—baby, that am
the goods!

Never even fussed us; that's what we
call Dixie justice in the mo-ho-ho-
ning!

III. THE JUNKETEERS

Oh, our Senators are in Russia
And our Congressmen in Japan,
And a few of the other bloc-heads
Fool around in Yucatan.
The cabinet's in Alaska,
Just why, it's hard to tell.

The Speaker is down in Panama—
Free seeds have gone to hell!

Chorus:

Junketeering!
Junketeering!
From Guatemala to the Straits of Bering!
Oh, travel's hard to beat,
It's an educative treat,
Especially when you can run up a bill on
the Nation's swindle sheet!

Junketeering!
Junketeering!
Far from the coatroom's awful hue and
cry!

Serve your term with right good will—
Pass a river and harbor bill—
And you'll go on a junket by and by!

FEUILLE.

Facing the Music

Mother—Now I'll sing you a little
lullaby, and then if you don't go to sleep
I'll spank you.

Little Elsie—Can't you spank me now
and let it go at that?

The Travel Directed

WANTED—An officer with considerable war experience in the movement of troops to help get a family off to the country for the summer.

I HAD hardly inserted the foregoing advertisement in the newspapers when a dapper young chap of military carriage presented himself at my office.

"You served in the war?" I asked when he had declared he came to make application for the position.

"Yes, sir," he replied snappily. "At various times I was detailed at the ports of embarkation and debarkation, in the departments of railway and motor transport and at several flying fields. In the Quartermaster Corps I handled great quantities of baggage and freight, managing the transportation of the wardrobes of as many as two generals at once. For a time I commanded a detachment of Military Police and I was once on duty in France evacuating refugees under shell fire."

"The very man to move my family to the country successfully!" I cried. "But don't get overconfident. It is no small task."

He said he realized the difficulties before him and set to work on route maps and graphs of the usual family objections.

A week before the day of the zero hour he reported he was ready to send out orders under my authority. I gave it.

With great forethought a couple of husky young nephews had been routed in the same train with the baby, their duties being to assist the nurse in carrying the iced milk, and so forth. An aunt with rare qualifications as a billeting officer was dispatched ahead. The servants were sent up by the family motor car—Napoleonic stroke! And it was craftily managed that under no circumstances would I have to travel with any of the

children. Every arrangement, in fact, was ideal.

I warmly grasped my transportation officer by the hand. "My boy," I congratulated, "allow me to award—"

My wife was shaking me. "You'd better omit these after-dinner snoozes," she warned, "and start figuring how you're going to get the family to the country this summer. You don't think anybody else is going to do it for you, do you?"
FAIRFAX DOWNEY.

Modern Martyrs

THE mayor who had to kiss the girl who won the beauty contest.

The girl who won the beauty contest, who had to kiss the mayor.

The committee of awards, who had to pass on all the candidates.

The candidates, who submitted to the ordeal because their friends and families told them how beautiful they were.

The steady company of the candidates who, while the affair was going on, languished in discreet retirement.

The man who was in love with the girl who won, and who had to listen constantly to this whispered comment: "Yes, they always pick out mongrels."

Newriche—I don't suppose you're used to driving men like me, are you?

New Chauffeur—Oh, yes, I drove the police patrol for three years.

Patron—Pardon me, but what will these photographs come to?

Photographer—Seventy dollars a dozen. Now, look pleasant, please.

Probable result of the London-New York radiophone connection:

"Are you there?"

"I'll say I am."



Future New Yorker—Say, Storkie, if it's all the same to you, would you mind droppin' me somewhere on the East Side? I'd kinda like to be a governor or a cardinal some day.

The Ancient Aristocracy

"**I**T IS," said the portly but rather distinguished looking gentleman, "not only a shame and a disgrace, but a rank outrage. I tell you gentlemen it is beyond me where these new-rich oil men find the courage to ask entrée into our circle. I am against it, I tell you, heartily against it. These fellows must be taught their place."

The visitor turned to his friend with a sympathetic shake of his head.

"One of the old-timers, eh, who feels the influx of the *nouveaux-riches* keenly. From way back, I suppose?"

"Well," was the reply, "he made his in munitions."

To Be Sure

Mrs. Nagg—Who was it that said, "I thank God I am not as other men?"

Mr. Nagg—Some bachelor.

Landlady—Why do you always sing while taking your bath?

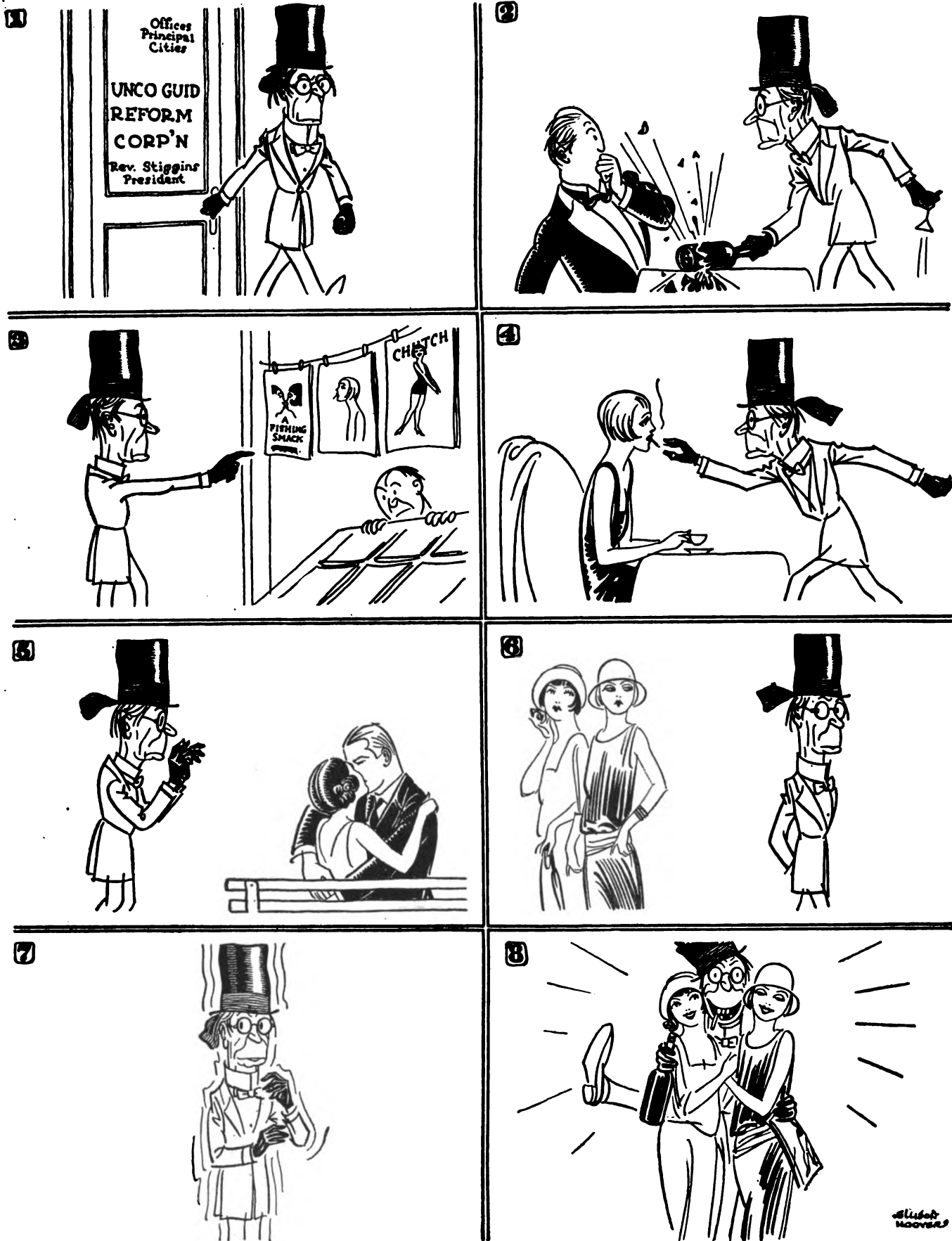
Boarder—The bathroom door won't stay locked.



"Yes, decidedly woman is the superior sex."

"Huh?"

"She can tilt her hat over one eye without looking tough."



THE REVEREND STIGGINS SUCCUMBS TO ENVIRONMENT

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

ANGELA and I have had it out any number of times on the subject of business. I have tried to point out to her that women have no excuse for fooling with it. Angela never understands why.

"You don't know how to bargain," I have told her time and again; "you don't realize the first principles of salesmanship." I made a broad gesture. "You don't understand finance."

"I suppose not," said Angela demurely.

"In the psychology of buying and selling," I went on, rocking on my toes, "you must ask for twice what the article is worth, and then pretend it's worth twice what you asked for it."

"In a nutshell," Angela commented quietly.

"For instance, Mr. Blank wants to buy my car. I look very fierce and say I had no idea of selling it—unless of course I got what it was worth."

"Go on," she breathed.

"Then Mr. Blank inquires cautiously just how much would I say it was worth, offhand? I hem and haw and estimate that it's worth \$1,500 if it's worth a cent, what with the engine and new tires and everything—but that just for a friend I'd let it go for a thousand."

"And then—?"

"Mr. Blank thinks a while and says he hadn't really considered going above five hundred, of course; so immediately it is perfectly clear to both of us that the car will eventually change hands for \$750."

"Marvelous!" gasped Angela. "I



don't suppose women could ever learn to do that!"

"Oh, business," I vaporized, "is business. If you just get the principle in mind—"

"There's the doorbell," she interrupted. "Mrs. Simpkins wants to have a look at that fur coat I've been trying to get rid of."

I could hear their voices through the doorway of Angela's room.

"My dear, it's the most ravishing fur coat I ever saw in my life!" cried Mrs. Simpkins. "I shouldn't dare ask how much you'd take for it!"

"Why, the coat is simply worthless, dear," replied Angela. "I'd give it to you in a minute—but of course, you understand, my husband's writing isn't very steady just now, and what with the servants and everything—"

"Oh, it's divine, my dear. It must be terribly expensive! How much would you say it was, offhand?"

"Well, I hate to talk money to a

friend," hemmed and hawed Angela; "would you think \$50 too frightfully high?"

"My dear! Why, that's perfectly criminal!" gasped Mrs. Simpkins. "It's worth \$100 if it's worth a cent. A penny less would be simply highway robbery!"

Angela shut the door, and for a long time there was a hum of conversation. Then Mrs. Simpkins came out wearing the coat. As Angela showed her to the door she gave me a triumphant glance over her shoulder.

"Business, darling," said Angela when she returned. "Here's a check for \$75. You were a duck to give me that advice."

I wondered if she meant duck.

COREY FORD.

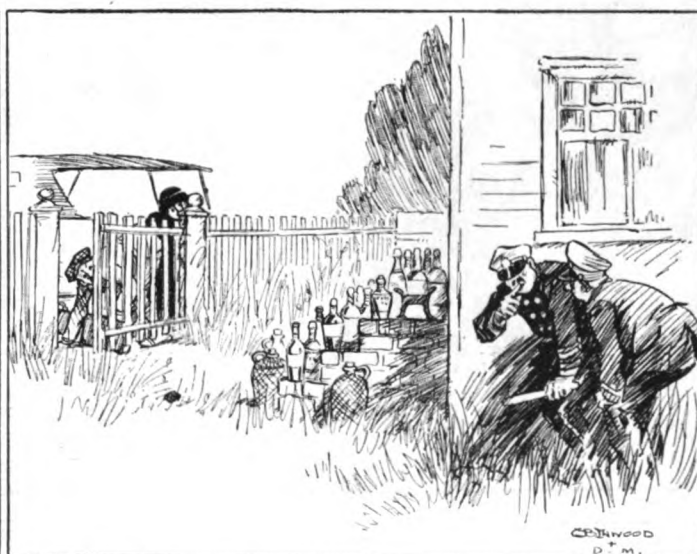
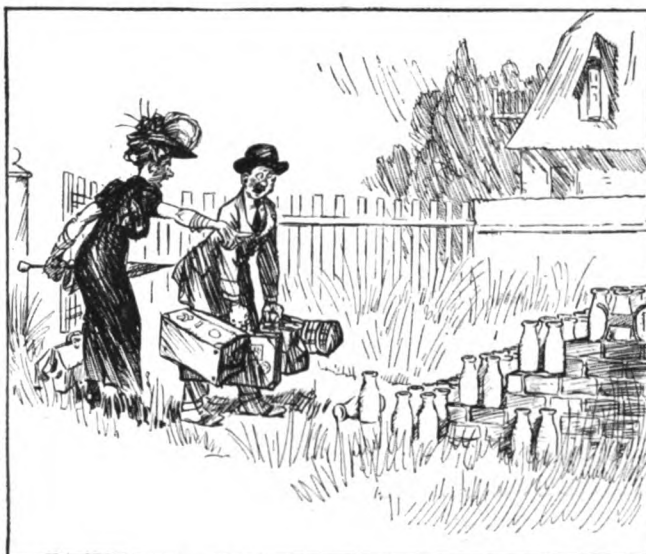
Bright Sayings of Parents

"Where do Chinamen live, father?" inquired little Willie of Mr. Richard Brownell, aged forty.

"On Chow Mein street," replied Mr. Brownell, with a readiness that did not belie his reputation among the stenographers in the office, downtown, of being "so funny."

A French physician says the human brain will discharge 12.3 thoughts a second, but anyone who has had to listen to a few campaign speeches knows that isn't right.

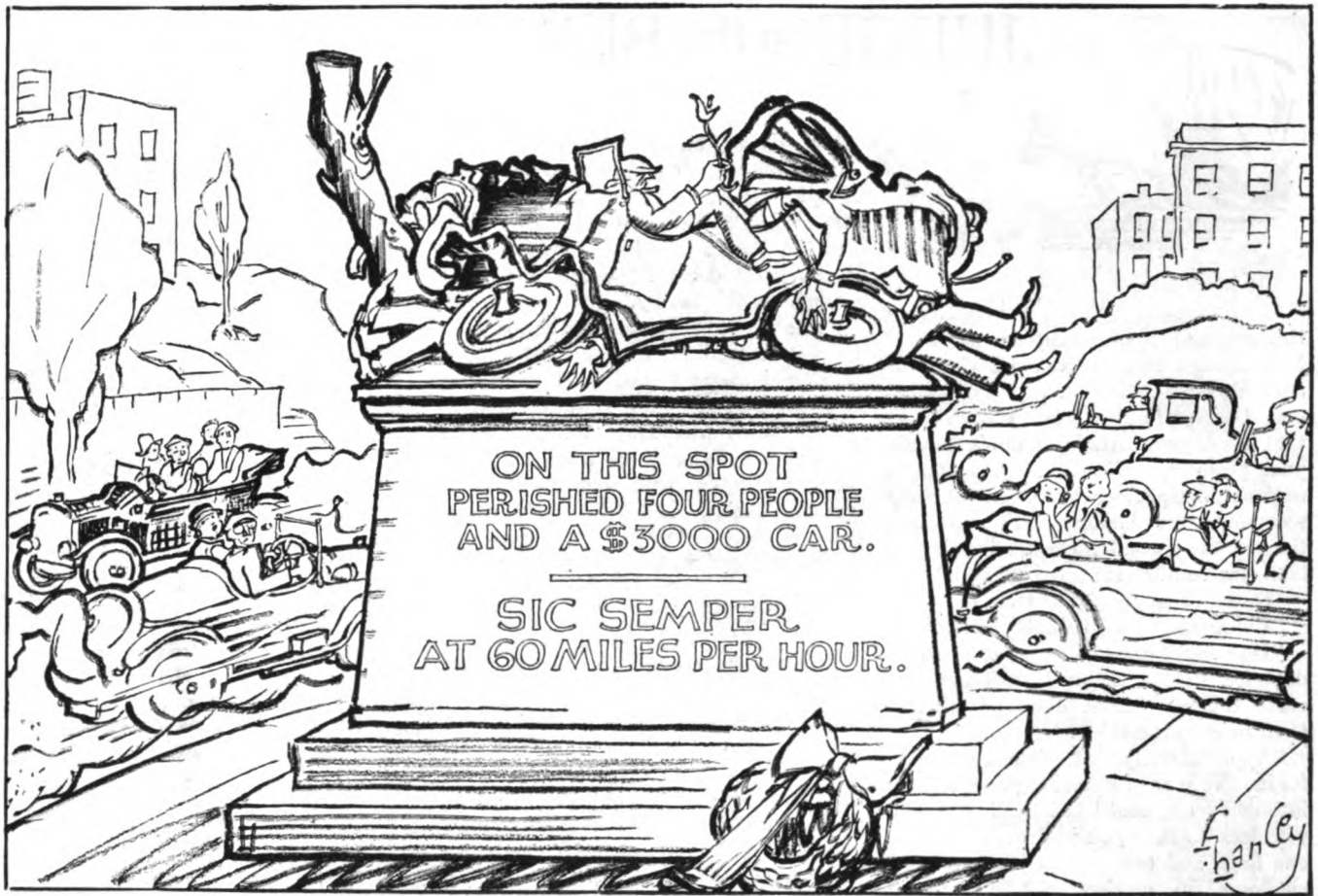
First tangible results of the political campaign: The chemical service of the army announces the discovery of a new gas which may be extracted from the air.



The man who used to forget to notify his milkman when he went on his vacation, now forgets to notify his bootlegger.



SCRAMBLED HISTORY NO. 19
Babe Ruth disables a battery at Bull Run



The sort of public monument that might do some good.

Thoughts Adjusting Oneself to an Upper Berth

GOSH, the fellow downstairs has gone to bed. Darn these early birds. How am I gonna get up there? Where's the porter? They're always hiding out when you want them, and when you don't want them you're falling all over them.

(Porter and ladder are finally procured. Victim, puffing slightly, sits moodily in berth, his feet dangling through the curtains.)

How am I gonna get my shoes down there on the floor? Guess upper berths don't rate shoe shines with the porter. Well, where am I gonna put my shoes, then? Tie 'em on the button of the curtain, I guess. Now how the dickens can I sleep with this suitcase in here with me? Where's the coathanger? If I can only—get—this shirt—off! There! I knew I'd rip it half-way up the back. Only expert trapeze performers should be allowed to travel in upper berths. Think I'll write my Congressman about it. How is a man to get his pants—well, I'll have to lie down for this. Doggone that suitcase! And what's this rolled-up blanket doing in here? It's a wonder they didn't put in a couple crates of

chickens, too; there's so much extra space. There goes that sock! How'd that ever fall over? It ain't in the aisle. Must've fallen right smack down into that lower berth. I'll have a fine time claiming that in the morning. Where's the coat to my pajamas? How do they turn off these light dooflickers? That suitcase! I'll have to nestle it against the wall all night, I guess. Well, I've pressed every darn bulge on this wall but none of 'em work that light. Maybe I can hang my shirt over it. Oh, heck—who said travel broadens you?



"Mother, there's somebody at the front door."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know—but here's the seat of his britches."

What Always Happens in a Presidential Year

341 more or less witty professional humorists more or less wittily announce their candidacies for President on more or less hilarious platforms and elicit rather less than 341 laughs out of the performance.

Favorite Sons regain consciousness slowly and inquire for particulars concerning the cyclone.

17,035 nobodies get a great kick out of the election by writing in their own names on the ballots.

2,345 different Anti societies put questionnaires to all candidates regarding their stand on 123,456 different issues. Seven receive answers.

34,567,800,123,456 tons of alleged literature are issued to the voters. Eight ounces are carefully and thoughtfully read by the recipients.

Several gross of chorus girls get their pictures in the papers by paying up freak election bets.

Old-timers who swore when Bryan first ran for President that they wouldn't shave until he was elected, unwrap their whiskers from around their waists, and allow the awed multitudes to gaze thereon.



JUDGE on the BENCH

“WHO’S DOING all this swearing and cursing around here? If it doesn’t stop at once I’ll clear the courtroom. Officer . . . ! Oh, General Dawes, forgive me. I didn’t see that it was you. And pray don’t restrain your profanity. Now that your rôle as national blasphemer has been officially recognized, and honored with a nomination to the second highest office in the land, the country expects it of you.”

“On all occasions, Your Honor?”

“I’m afraid so, General.”

“Do you mean to tell me that as candidate for Vice-president I shall have to curse my way from one end of this Continent to the other?”

“Approximately that. There’s no help for it. Your reputation has preceded you into every city and hamlet. The people will flock to hear you in droves with the one hope and expectation that you will cut loose, just as they used to go to see Teddy show his teeth. You yourself ought to realize that to have a public speaker, a general, a bank president, a candidate for the Vice-presidency of the United States, jerk out a real cuss word on the platform gives us voters the same delight we used to have as boys when father hammered his thumb and swore out loud. Don’t disappoint us, General, or the Republican ticket will suffer.”

“But suppose I get elected, what then?”

“You’ll have to keep right on with it.”

“What! As Vice-president of the United States?”

“Why, yes. What else will you have to occupy you?”

“Well, I’ll be ————!”

JUST as soon as the parents of the country wake to the full import of General Dawes’s candidacy, JUDGE expects to begin receiving letters reading something like this:

“Your Honor:

“Can’t something be done to curb the language of the most prominent of our Vice-presidential candidates? I was shocked and mortified this morning to hear my son, a boy of thirteen, curse his older sister with an oath that I would hesitate to use myself. But imagine my consternation when, before I could intervene, she gave him back as good as she got. ‘Why, children,’ I expostulated.

‘How dare you use such language! Where on earth could you have picked it up?’ ‘Huh, that’s easy,’ replied Ted (my son). ‘We hear it on the radio when General Dawes is talking. And I guess if it’s good enough for him it’s good enough for this family.’

“The puppy! I forbade either of them to use the radio for a week (the loud-speaker is now locked in my clothes closet). But I don’t dare do it for longer than that. They simply have to have their bedtime stories even if they are punctuated with our candidate’s curses. Really, candidates ought to be censored just like movies, or these campaigns will end in the corruption of the nation.

“Yours, etc.,

“A PERTURBED FATHER.”

To all such parents a word of advice in advance of their protests: Begin at once by explaining to your children that General Dawes has been appointed official safety valve for the nation and that they may expect to hear from him language that is considered unbecoming except in a Vice-presidential candidate who ran our Quartermaster’s Department in Paris during the war, put over the Budget and settled Europe’s affairs. Such an explanation ought to accomplish two results—forestall imitation and give the children an interest in the campaign.

WHAT a to-do there was in Cleveland over the selection of a Vice-presidential candidate! One would suppose from the rivalry for the place and the bitterness engendered that here was an office whose incumbent played a decisive part in government, instead of being condemned to sit day after day watching the Senate make an ass of itself without the authority to raise a finger in protest. One would suppose also that after the time and trouble consumed in arriving at a choice the delegates might have hit upon a candidate other than the one man in all the world most likely to blow up or go insane under the strain of such an ordeal. It looks a bit as if the Best Minds had got together and reasoned thus: “Hellen Maria Dawes put the Budget over on us. So we’ll just feed him a little refined torture.”

But there are considerations this year that somewhat weaken this explanation and make a nomination for the Vice-presidency a good sporting proposition. In the first place there is the chance that Senator La Follette will succeed in throwing the election of a President into

Congress. In which case the job may fall to the lot of one of the Vice-presidential candidates. In the second place there is the chance that the Republican ticket will meet defeat, and, after all the fun of stumping the country and shooting it full of damns and hells, there will be no period of expiation presiding over the Senate.

What a joke that would be on the Best Minds!

TWO ITEMS of news received simultaneously from our sartorial scouts fill us with joy. The arbiters of women’s styles in Paris have finally banished the corset to the limbo of quaint curiosities like the hoop skirt and the bustle. And King George is wearing a light gray derby.

The news about the corset, while eminently satisfactory, was not exactly unexpected. There are plenty of women past their first bloom to-day whose untamed stomachs have never felt the grip of the whalebone. It was a foregone conclusion that the rest of a sex that has been bobbing its hair would not much longer endure such imprisonment.

But the king in a gray bowler—how utterly gay and charming! Casting the corset aside merely releases the physical person. Putting on a gray derby releases the spirit. It is the first positive note of *insouciance* that we have detected in such a high place since the war. It is notice to the world to

. . . fill the cup and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance
fling. . . .

A nation whose king wears a gray derby need fear neither fundamentalism nor prohibition.

WHAT we need in this country is some one at the same time august and debonair to fill the rôle of such a king. Not some executive weighted with the cares of state, nor a saber rattler, nor a moral mentor, but some traditional figurehead who could take a detached interest in the kaleidoscope of politics and devote himself to encouragement of the amenities; in other words, some one capable of wearing a gray derby like a crown. Why wouldn’t the Vice-president be just the person?

Introducing poison gas into the Rhode Island or any other legislature is the strictly modern version of carrying coals to Newcastle.

W. M. H.



Independence Day

THE GILDED AGE



P Y G M A L I O N

THE ladies—God blessed them, yet few who detest them

Exist, and Pygmalion was one of them. A sculptor, Pygmalion, and stubbornly alien To feminine charms—he'd have none of them.

Their hips were too high and their knees were too knocked.

Oh, many a time while at work he had cocked

His eye at a model, then shaking his noddle,

He'd say very smugly, "She's certainly ugly.

The creature's bad features should surely be docked."

And so he created a statue which rated Perfection in every detail of her.

From tiptoe to forehead no portion was horrid—

Ask old connoisseurs, that's what they'll aver.

In ivory smoother than smooth alabaster, And white as the snow on a mountain he cast her.

Her every section was more than perfection.

The artist's creation deserved admiration

And even emotions where hearts beat the faster.

To fall for a statue like that may seem fatu-

Ous, even more so, to some of you. But let us not kid it, Pygmalion did it, And if you don't get it, it's dumb of you. He gave her a hug and he gave her a squeeze.

He made her the hostess at all of his teas.

He decked her in raiment too priceless for payment—

Five rings and a necklace. Now isn't it reckless

For artists in garrets to buy things like these?

A couch for his fairest, he made of the rarest

Of Tyrian dyes. In this bower he Embraced her and kissed her—like mistress and mister.

He courted with eloquence flowery. They got along splendid, unhurried with strife.

And so he asked Venus to make her his wife.

The Goddess consented. The sculptor, contented,

Returned to his better half solely to pet her,

And found that his spouse was aroused into life.



M O R A L

The Moral

If you cling to a thing, though it's false, your ideal With the lapsing of time may perhaps become real. And many a bachelor later was known To marry a maid who was dumber than stone.

HOWARD DIETZ.

Judge Recommends

GIRL SHY—Harold Lloyd, one of the funniest men on the screen, in one of his funniest pictures.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—Douglas Fairbanks and *The Arabian Nights* come true. A movie masterpiece.

AMERICA—History for one hundred per centers, introducing Paul Revere, the inventor of the cross-country moving picture ride.

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL—Our Mary in a picturesque Elizabethan drama. Beautifully produced and acted.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—A big show, introducing all ten. First appearance of patriarch Moses on any screen.

THE SEA HAWK—A thrilling picture of buccaners, galley slaves, fighting and adventure, beautifully done. A classic.

"The White Moth"

IF IT were not that this page has to be filled I could dismiss this week's motion picture offerings with the simple statement that they are worse than usual, and let it go at that. It seems like an absurdly futile task to sit through the insufferable drudgery that the cinema impresarios inflict upon us each week, and then attempt to consider it in terms of serious criticism. Occasionally there is a flash, a moment of inspiration, or, more frequently, a stretch of pictorial beauty, but one story in a dozen with a glimmer of intelligence is cause for rejoicings and hallelujahs.

These outpourings are inspired chiefly by a concoction entitled "The White Moth," which constitutes the latest vehicle for exhibiting the undeniable charms of the shapely Miss Barbara La Marr. In each of her recent pictures Miss La Marr has succeeded in divesting herself of more and more clothing until she seems to at least one expectant and enthusiastic observer to bid fair to outstrip her nearest competitors.

Otherwise there is nothing in "The White Moth" to cause anybody to stand up on his seat and cheer. The story, to which Miss Izola Forrester pleads guilty—heaven knows why—is a Munseyfied jumble of a number of the worst screen successes, combining the silliest features of one and all. There is the scene in which Mary something-or-other is about to end it all by casting herself into the peaceful waters of the Seine, but is rescued by Gonzalo Montrez, called the



Volcano, because, I imagine, he suffers from an eruption. There is the usual Montmartre students' ball without which no Paris picture is complete. In Pola Negri's "Men" the infatuated youth sits in the box with the fair charmer and drinks champagne while they watch the revelry down below. In this picture, however, the infatuated youth sits in the box with the fair charmer and drinks champagne while they watch the revelry down below.

There is a scene on a transatlantic liner that is unique to say the least. The White Moth, as Mary is now called, and Robert Vantine, played by Conway Tearle, appear to have chartered the steamer, for as near as I could observe there is not another human being on board. Robert and the Moth embrace upon the deck and in the saloon in a manner that would excite at least mild comment on any ship I've ever known. It is quite fortunate that they have the entire works to themselves. Robert, in order to save his kid brother from the snares of the siren, marries her himself, which, if you ask me, isn't such a darned big sacrifice.

I forgot to mention that there is also one of those gorgeous moving picture bathrooms.



"True as Steel"

RUPERT HUGHES used to be an exceedingly capable writer of fiction, but no one witnessing "True as Steel," which Mr. Hughes not only wrote but directed, would ever suspect it. The program informs us that it is a drama of "home and business," and it teaches the lesson that women either should or should not enter upon business careers. I'm not sure which. It also teaches that buyers from Toledo, O., are little devils when playing away from the home grounds, and also that wives should not allow their husbands to go on business trips unchaperoned. There are many other morals that might be derived, and every one returns to his or her respective spouse in the end, and all is pure and virtuous.

Mrs. Eva Boutelle, the captainess of industry who is the heroine of this drama, had an ancestor who appears periodically throughout the picture in fancy dress costume. This ancestor possessed a sword cane made of the finest Toledo steel that could bend in a complete circle without breaking. And Mrs. Boutelle also allowed herself to bend to the allurements of the gentleman from Toledo, O., without ceasing to be a good woman. Hence the title. Pretty dog-goned subtle symbolism, I call it.

The one redeeming feature of the picture is Eleanor Boardman who, in a minor part, is by far the loveliest and most alluring ingénue I've seen in many a day. Miss Boardman, as the daughter of the errant Toledo blade, decides to embark upon a business career herself. So during her father's absence she takes up stenography and typewriting, and by the time he returns from New York, about a week or ten days later, she has not only mastered the difficulties of stenography and typewriting, but has become an expert realtor. A snappy worker!

"Tiger Love"

"TIGER LOVE" is adapted from "The Wildcat," which used to be a comic opera. It is a Spanish bandit picture, and it attempts to do more or less seriously what the late W. S. Gilbert in "Gentle Alice Brown" did in deliberate burlesque. The more I see of moving pictures the more I regret that Gilbert did not live to write serious cinema dramas. He would have had a grand time.

NEWMAN LEVY.



The athletic



pianist



gives a classical



interpretation of



his own composition,



"The Wreck."

A REVIEW OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON

by George Jean Nathan

THE outstanding feature of the theatrical season of 1923-24 was the opening of a first-rate, modest-priced bar in the heart of the theater district in West Forty-fifth street. While one had to be known to get in, it was apparent from the mob of drama lovers that gathered between the acts that the proprietor's list of acquaintances included almost everyone in New York except two or three prohibition enforcement officers: The rest of the officers, judging from their regular attendance, were plainly bosom pals of the boss.

This booze parlor was the greatest success produced in the theatrical district during the year. Although neither Mrs. Fiske nor Winifred Lenihan were in it, it got wonderful notices from all the critical boys with the exception of the M. Towse, who always stays on the water wagon.

"What do you think of the show?" you'd ask one of them as the curtain on the third act was about to go up. "Great!" he would invariably exclaim. "I never tasted a better one." It is too bad that the season is over. It was a fine one. The only things that failed were about a hundred plays and about eight thousand kidneys.

The best acting performance of the season was given by Morris Gest. Mr. Gest performed in the lobbies of every theater in town save the Provincetown Playhouse which hasn't got any lobby. The plot of Mr. Gest's performance had to do with a theatrical manager whose Chauve Souris, Moscow Art Theater,

Duse and "The Miracle" productions played to huge capacity audiences over a period of two years, and who nevertheless was so flat broke that he had to borrow enough money from David Belasco, his father-in-law, to buy a shoe shine. Mr. Gest, despite the mediocre and artificial material with which his dramatist, Morris Gest, had provided him, gave a magnificent and convincing performance, bringing tears to the eyes of his audiences. In one scene, in particular, the one, to wit, in which, with one hand covering his thirty-six carat diamond ring and with the other covering his forty-two carat diamond scarf pin, he described the sufferings of a man who hadn't eaten anything for ten days and who was starving to death, was he most effective. It was, indeed, acting of the highest order, and a credit to the American theater. The second best acting performance of the season was that given by Mr. Gest's audiences.

The most remarkable piece of scenery disclosed during the year was Heywood Broun's fur overcoat. That it was an overcoat there is not the slightest doubt. There was some question, it appeared, however, about the fur. Percy Hammond, critic for the *Herald-Tribune*, an authority on such matters, analyzed it as absorbent cotton with overtones of corn silk, while John Corbin, critic for the *Times*, a student in long practise, declared that it was certainly not absorbent cotton with overtones of corn silk but a mixture of Virginia long-cut and

the whiskers used by the Four Marx Brothers in their early vaudeville days. Whatever it was, it was an interesting specimen of the new school of scenic design. All that it needed to convert it into a fine musical comedy was some radium paint. The second most remarkable piece of scenery that the season vouchsafed was Mr. Broun's spring overcoat.

By all odds the most meritorious, the most enterprising and the most commendable producers in the American theater during the season of 1923-24 were the Messrs. Shubert. They sent me two elegant boxes of cigars at Christmas time. (Up to twelve o'clock of Christmas night, I had believed that Arthur Hopkins was all that I now say the Shuberts are.)

The ten best plays of the year were the following:

1. Mad Hatter, in the Suburban.
2. United States Steel Common.
3. Texas Oil.
4. Tommy Gibbons.
5. National City Bank stock.
6. Booth's High and Dry Gin.
7. Atchison Preferred.
8. The Yale Football Team.
9. "Limehouse Blues."
10. The ravioli at 181 Sullivan street.

The ten worst plays of the year were "Two Strangers from Nowhere."

It is estimated that during the season, from August, 1923, to June, 1924, 7,654 persons wrote anonymous letters to the

(Continued on page 29)

THE DOWNFALL OF OUR CIVILIZATION

I FOUND Cassiobury sitting up in bed with his little bed-typewriter on his lap. A heap of cigarette butts in the waste-basket and of torn papers in the ash trays (Cassiobury is an unusually methodical fellow) informed me that he was being driven by the creative impulse.

"The *Atrabilious Weekly* has asked me to do an article for them," he explained. "They are going to give me a cent a word. I have got the title for it at last."

I glanced at the sheet extruded from his typewriter. He had written in one column the following phrases: *The Truth About, Lies About, The Triumph Of, and The Downfall Of*. In a parallel column appeared: *Immigration Restriction, Prohibition Enforcement, The Striking Manicure Girls, and Our Civilization*.

"By this device," he explained, "I obtain, by a simple process of multiplication, sixteen subjects for articles by merely thinking of four. I think that the one I will do first will be *The Downfall of Our Civilization*."

"How are you going to work it up?" I asked.

"I'm not sure yet. I was thinking of making it a fierce and flaming indictment of American civilization."

"The editor of the *Atrabilious* does the indictment stuff himself. He probably wouldn't welcome any rivalry."

"Guess you're right. Now would you attack it from the historical point of view—show how far we have degenerated from the days of the Greeks? I've got a

book I had to study in college with some quotations from Aristotle's Politics. I could run them in fine."

"Old stuff."

"I'm afraid so. Probably it would be better to analyze the various causes of social, spiritual and political decay and illustrate them with vivid little flashes from everyday life. I have jotted down several headings: Post-War Hysteria, of course, Frenzy of Business and Industrial Competition, Slackening of Effort in Industry—"

"Those last two don't seem to fit very well."

"Nonsense. I can fix them all right. Then, Hidebound Conservatism of American Peasantry, Rise of Radical Agricultural Movements—"

"But those two contradict each other!"

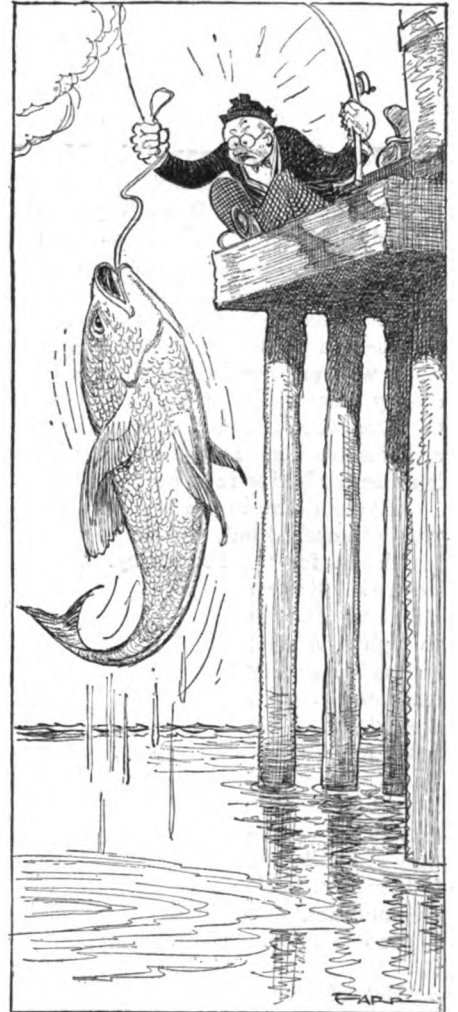
"—Domination of Government by Trusts, Restriction of Enterprise by Legislation—"

"But—"

"—Repressive Puritanical Reform Movements, Collapse of Moral Standards—"

"But how are you going to reconcile the menace of the uplift movements and the menace of small-town vice?"

"Oh, it's often been done. Psycho-analysis. You see, if you psycho-analyze the reformer you find that his reforming impulse is only a sublimation of his craving for vice, so he becomes merely a manifestation of our general moral decay. Or put it another way: vice after all is



"I've got to throw you back, nobody'll ever believe it."



Mrs. Gossippe—Have you had much experience as a maid?

Applicant—I was with the Smiths for six months before they separated.

"I think you'll suit me nicely. Now bring a chair up and tell me all about it!"

merely an attempt at self-expression. The energy that goes into the pursuit of pleasure is different in result but not in quality from the energy that goes into the pursuit of social betterment. Therefore vice is practically the same thing as virtue and rake and reformer are identical."

"I am not sure that I quite follow you."

"Good! Good! I want the thing to be deep."

"It sounds fine and deep, but it doesn't sound quite like the Downfall of Our Civilization."

"Well, you may be right. I'll let the title go till I finish the article."

Cassiobury, after all, is a reasonable fellow and certainly a brilliant thinker. He told me a week later that he had changed the title to *The Glory of America* and sold it to the *Bondholders Monthly* for five cents a word.

MORRIS BISHOP.

Carrying Cynicism to the Nth Degree

Several widows on Carson street show very unique and interesting displays this week, illustrating the idea of "Better Homes for America."—*The Carson City (Nevada) Daily Appeal*.

SOCIETY NOTES

by Walter Prichard Eaton

"THE SOCIAL LADDER," by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, in collaboration with Frederic Van de Water (Henry Holt & Co.), purports to be a history of "Society" in the United States. It is not quite that, being at most but a sketchy history of "Society" in New York City. But it is an interesting book, none the less. There are two classes of people who read the society columns in the daily papers—those who are in society and those who are not. And those who are not in feel just as badly about it when the society they aspire to is the country club set of Dixville, Okla., as when they aspire to dance with the Van Rensselaers and Vanderbilts. Happiness, as William James pointed out, is measured by the ratio between desire and achievement.

If your desire in life is to win the welterweight title, and you get knocked out, you are just as unhappy as Bryan after his defeat for the Presidency. In fact, you are more so, because Bryan still had Darwin to fight. A real history of society in America, surely, would have to take account of this, and would have to trace the growth of snobbery in all our "democratic" communities, and if possible explain it.

But, of course, Mrs. Van Rensselaer is herself so representative a descendant of that old Dutch ruling caste in New Amsterdam, which for two centuries and more dominated New York society—until the Civil War, in fact—that she assumes social distinctions and aspirations as a sort of divine necessity, and her book has a charming snobbery which quite disarms the rude critic who feels, at first, a wrathful desire to snort and smite. Besides, as she confesses, society isn't what it used to be. Anybody with enough money and a good press agent can get in now.

In fact, she tells of one family who recently broke in by coming to the Ritz with a large private stock. The next class to storm the ancient citadel, she predicts, will be the bootleggers. But when she was a girl—ah, then nothing but blood and breeding counted, though a dash of brains was not necessarily frowned upon. The blood, of course, had to be Dutch. She tells how the officers of the New York Historical Society, headed by Nicholas Fish, refused to amalgamate with the Metropolitan Museum, because some of the Museum directors

were not socially correct. "So to-day the marble colonnades of one of the greatest art centers in the world stretch along the east side of Central Park, while across the park stands the modest building of the New York Historical Society, a rather moribund institution but still patrician."

New York society of to-day she evidently considers a rather moribund institution, also, because it is not still patrician.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer has a low opinion of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is easy enough to trace your ancestry back to the *Mayflower*, she says, but very difficult to get any further. In other words, the Pilgrims were plebeian fellows. Some of the Puritans were a bit better, though. The Saltonstalls had a coat-of-arms. However, "the Society of New England, more particularly that of Boston, has been largely of native growth. Its background is almost entirely American."

Dear, dear, what a drawback! When the Lowells spoke

only to Cabots and the Cabots spoke only to God, could it have been because they had been snubbed by the Van Rensselaers and Van Cortlands and Schuylers, and developed an inferiority complex? Mrs. Van Rensselaer carries her low opinion of Boston society and its mere Americanism to the point of giving the wrong name entirely to that organization of Back Bay debutantes which annually presents a musical comedy, causing the *Harvard Lampoon* to remark that "Society uncovers a number of shins."

Here is one more gem from this entertaining book.

"The sensitive feelings of the social circle were injured again and again, from the time of Washington Irving on, by the fashion in which sundry artists whom it tried to patronize, later repaid its patronage with jeers. . . Eventually the earlier alliance of birth and brains was entirely broken. Society to-day is a more or less organized body, outside the limits of which leaders of art and science have carried on their work, unrecognized."

Alas, alas, too, too true! It is difficult to see how so much has been accomplished in art and science, under this frightful handicap. If Edison had week-ended in Newport, he might have invented something instead of being the worthless upstart he is.

(Continued on page 26)



Library Patron—Give me "Little Women."

New Librarian (coldly)—Indeed? Well, there's no accounting for tastes.

THE CHEER LEADERS



"What under the sun do you girls do at afternoon teas?"
 "Giggle, gabble, gobble and git."
 —Georgia Yellow Jacket.

Inexperienced

"How long has he been lecturing?"
 "About ten days."
 "Guess I'll stay. He must be about through."
 —Washington S. C. Cougar's Paw.

Triolet

I loudly swear
 I do not drink,
 And in despair
 I loudly swear,
 And turn the air
 To purplish pink.
 I loudly SWEAR!
 I do not drink.
 —Yale Record.

Kate—Jack said that I was a paragon of beauty.
 Cat—A perfect sight, I suppose.
 —Northwestern Purple Parrot.



A modern Chink
 Is Sigh Won Lung;
 He should have a horse—
 Jesse James had one.
 —California Pelican.

The Great American Game

She—Oh, look! Iowa has three men on bases!
 He—Yes, but Chicago is at bat.
 —Iowa Frivol.

Dumb—Well, I've passed Chemistry at last.
 Dumber—Honestly?
 Dumb—What difference does that make?
 —Stevens Stone Mill.

O'Shea—Begorra, and did ye rade this, Mike? It says "Buy One of Our Stoves and Save Half Your Fuel."
 Mike—Shure, why not buy two of them, and save it all? —Bowdoin Bear Skin.

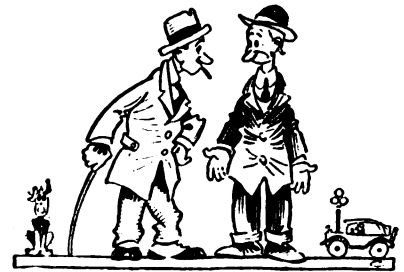


Aloysius—Have you seen the new balloon tires?
 Dulcinea—Why, who ever heard of a balloon needing tires?
 —Texas Ranger.

Anatomical Geography

I know a little flapper,
 She's dumb beyond compare.
 She keeps on asking questions
 Like when? and why? and where?
 I told her she was pigeon-toed,
 Then with her baby stare—
 She looked at me quite silently,
 And calmly queried: "Where?"
 —C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

Prof. (holding up a picture)—Is this a camel or a dromedary?
 Frosh—You can't fool me; a dromedary is a date.
 —Penn State Froth.



"Hello, Joe, who're you workin' for, now?"
 "Same bunch—wife an' five kids!"
 —Toronto Goblin.

So He Took a Rabbit Out of a Hat

Josephine—What does "Hocus-pocus" mean?
 Napoleon—Oh, that's a name to conjure with.
 —Rutgers Chanticleer.

"So you went to a class this morning?"
 "What makes you think that?"
 "Your suit looks as though it had been slept in."
 —Chicago Phoenix.

Little Sociable Game

"Now I went and lost one of the green dragons!"
 "Don't matter. Jesh have another shot of thish corn."
 —Texas Ranger.

Judge—Are you trying to show contempt for the court?
 Prisoner—No, I am trying to conceal it.
 —Georgia Yellow Jacket.



"I wish you wouldn't keep humming that same tune over and over again."
 "But there are twenty verses."
 —Amherst Lord Jeff.



First Golfer—That was a fine drive you made this morning.
Second Golfer—Which one do you mean?
 “Oh, you know—that time you hit the ball!”

AVIS, THE NATIONAL GAME OF FRANCE

AMONG the exciting novelties that fall to the happy lot of the American tourist in France to-day, nothing appeals to his love of sports quite so much as the national game of Avis. Hitherto there has been no one game like baseball, for instance, to capture the Gallic imagination and draw large crowds, but with the introduction of Avis the French people now have a sport that in a short time will rank with bridge, loggats and Watching the Spring Fashion Openings.

Let me describe the game for the benefit of those half dozen Americans who are not planning to go abroad this summer. Suppose you have persuaded your wife's brother, uncle, or perhaps, father, to play Avis with you and the appointed day for the contest arrives. You get up about 8.15, go to turn on the hot water, find there is none, ring for the *valet de chambre* (maid—freely translated), wait ten minutes, and then decide to shave later anyhow. A light *dejeuner* (lunch) is served, consisting of one cup of chocolate, one Vienna roll and one pat of butter. You eat this while longing for coffee, wheat cakes, eggs, bacon and a dish of prunes, buoyed up with the happy knowledge that your Avis opponent is doing no better. By this time it is almost *dix heures* (ten A.M., our time) and you proceed down stairs to the *foyer* (hall) where you meet Uncle Wilbur. You then taxi to the corner of the *Rue des Halles* (Main street North, say) and you pay the driver, giving him his *douceur* (ten cents, counting exchange) and alight.

You then say: “Uncle Wilbur, shall we play from here straight across to the

Roo doo Looover?” and Uncle Wilbur says: “Sure, that'll do for a starter,” and then you button up your coats and the game is on. You give the signal: “One—two—three—Avis,” and away you run as fast as you can across the street and the one who gets there before a taxi hits him wins.

If both you and Uncle Wilbur succeed in arriving without injury, that counts a deuce and you begin all over again, increasing the forfeits in proportion to the difficulty of the crossing selected.

The Parisian taxi driver is a born sport and a delightfully irresponsible *gamin* (jolly fellow), who'll run over anyone. He seems to have developed a particular *penchant* (liking) for Americans and I heard quite by accident that Parisian

chauffeurs play a game of their own with a scale of points determined by the nationality of the people they run down. It gave me a thrill of pride to learn that Americans are at the top of the list. They count as ten points. Englishmen are reckoned as only eight; Brazilians six; Italians, Belgians and Spanish five; Frenchmen only four, and one forfeits two points if one runs over a German.

I never dreamed when I left home that I would ever dare play such a typically Gallic game as Avis, but here, when one gets into the atmosphere of these daring *Français* (Frenchmen), one does as they do. And so I, too, have played at Avis, and what is more, *I won!* It was on a lonely corner near the *Rue des Invalides* that I had my first thrill of success. One Wednesday, at 6.30 A.M., as the market gardeners were rumbling in from Artois, Cartouche, Neuilly and Aix-les-Bains with their fragrant produce, I was escorting my Aunt Phoebe home from a ball and the dear old lady expressed a wish to get home to bed as she was feeling rather run down.

Just then a taxi crawled around the turn at something less than one hundred miles an hour and quickly crying, “Avis.” I urged Aunt Phoebe to cross the street. As I let go her arm and sped across to safety I heard a scream behind me and what do you think?—the taxi had hit Aunt Phoebe, and I found myself the victor in my first contest. The doctors say that my aunt will be all over it in three months or so and, sitting by her bed in the hospital, we have had many a laugh at her being so slow that morning.

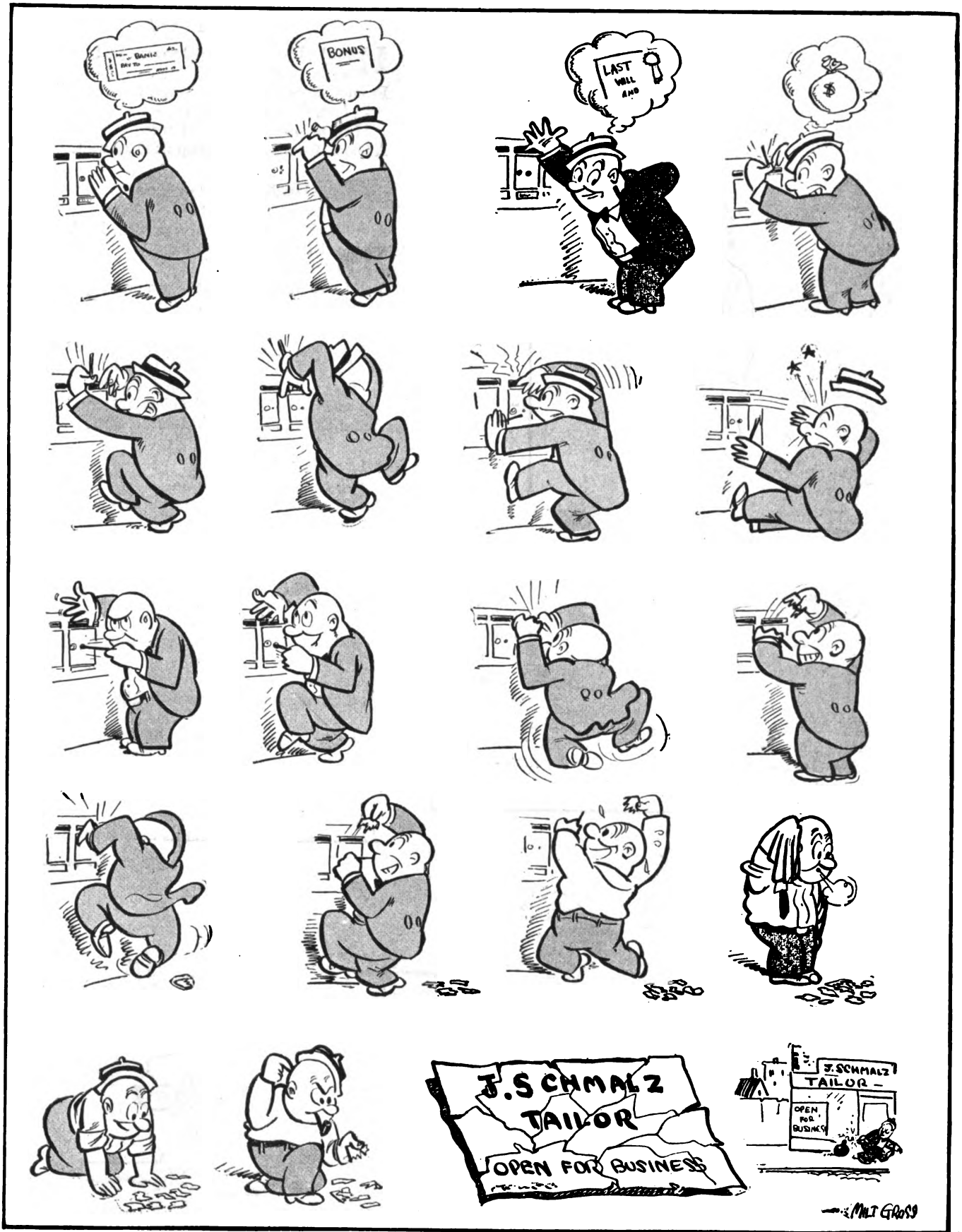
ROBERT CONWELL.

Modest

“What kind of a car would you like, madam, four, six or eight cylinders?”
 “Couldn't we begin with one?”



Mr. Browne, the amateur saxophonist, makes a slight mistake during the rehearsal interval.



THE MAIL BOX

A Prophecy

HARK! Hark! I come to warn ya!
 From Maine to California,
 From Dakota right down to the Lone Star State,
 In fact, the entire nation
 Must prepare for inundation:
 A flood of words will swamp us if we wait.

Big winds will devastate us,
 Brainstorms will agitate us,
 And fires of eloquence will scorch the land.
 Eruptions beyond counting,
 Disasters ever mounting,
 Will be viewed with great alarm on ev'ry hand.

There'll be wars, and there'll be rumors;
 There'll be booms, and there'll be boomers
 (You'll hear the plop! as little boomlets bust).
 There'll be rage and disappointment;
 There'll be flies in all the ointment;
 And many candidates will bite the dust.

Lion-hearted politicians
 Will rush about on missions,
 And sheep-like office-seekers will look wise.
 The mutton-faced bellwether
 And the lion will lie together;
 And look pained if we should disbelieve their lies.

Portentous apparitions
 And terrible conditions
 Will threaten us (unless we vote with care).
 Death, ruin, pestilences,
 Will be the consequences
 (If a given candidate should get the air).

But let us not be fearful;
 Let us keep our spirits cheerful;
 For the fury of the storm will lose its force
 By the end of next November,
 Or the first week in December;
 And the nation will regain its normal course.

G. R. D.



Mistress (pointing out cobweb)—Your master wants to know whether you've seen this?

New Maid—Yes, that was there when I come—something to do with yer wireless, ain't it?

How Junior Became a Sharpshooter

Mrs. Stitch (over the phone)—And by the way, dear, perhaps there is something you needed downtown.

Mrs. Owen—Why, I hadn't thought—

Mrs. Stitch—Oh, that's all right, my dear, I was just wondering if you—

Mrs. Owen—I could use a loaf of bread.

Mrs. Stitch—Well, you see, I thought perhaps you might be sending Junior down to do some shopping for you—and if he were going down anyway, there are some things I thought he might get—

Mrs. Owen—I'm sure he'd be glad to.

Mrs. Stitch—If he's on his way down for that loaf of bread—

Mrs. Owen—I'll send him right over.

Mrs. Stitch—He's right over here playing baseball in the vacant lot—

And so on. Three-quarters of an hour later Mrs. Stitch is found with her skull crushed in by a baseball bat.



Well, I finally found some use for the old bonnet.



This Silly World

It happened in Singapore at a time when four Chinese were being publicly dispatched for murder by a big matter-of-fact Malay executioner. Three of the condemned went about the business of being hanged with the usual fatalistic stoicism of the yellow man, but the fourth developed objections. It seemed that there was uncomfortable doubting in the soul of him. He pointed out to the executioner how his spirit was troubled over certain nice points of religion, and he suggested discussion thereon. The Malay was a just man. He wished to be fair, and the matters mentioned were knotty and debatable. It hurt him to hinder one in the honest search for truth. For a moment he seemed puzzled, and then he said in his lazy, soft language: "Look then, how fortunate it is. You can now ask your God. Come on, here's the rope!" —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

☞☞☞

"My dear, where did your wonderful string of pearls come from? You don't mind my asking, do you?"

"Certainly not! They came from oysters." —*Régiment* (Paris).

"So you let your husband carry a latch-key?"

"Oh, just to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends to let them see how independent he is—but it doesn't fit the door." —*Passing Show* (London).

☞☞☞

"And your wife doesn't say anything when you return home at three o'clock in the morning?"

"No, I walk in backwards with a lot of noise to make her think I'm going out." —*Le Pêle-Mêle* (Paris).

☞☞☞

Roads round Berlin are reported to be in bad condition. Perhaps some day the Germans will mend their ways.

—*London Opinion*.

☞☞☞

Angry Parent (to small son who refuses to obey him)—Am I your father, or am I not?

"I don't know, daddy."

—*Pociegiel* (Lemberg).

☞☞☞

"Do you play golf, Mrs. Bogey?"

"No; my husband does. I merely listen in." —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).



"I don't think you did right by re-marrying so shortly after your husband's death."

"I will wait longer the next time!" —*Le Rire*.

☞☞☞

A wedding was delayed recently because the bridegroom fainted. We understand, however, that the poor fellow was mercilessly revived.

—*The Humorist* (London).

☞☞☞

"You won't go to the theater with me in your old hat?"

"Certainly not!"

"That's just what I thought, so I didn't buy a ticket for you." —*Régiment* (Paris).

☞☞☞

"Oh, I'm so tired."

"Why, you just got up!"

"Yes, but I dreamed I was shoveling coal." —*Pociegiel* (Lemberg).

☞☞☞

"Twasn't stummick trouble wot killed 'Enry. 'E died of a broken 'cart."

"How's that?"

"'E got so bad 'e couldn't drink 'is beer." —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

☞☞☞

"How much is the apartment with the balcony?"

"Twelve thousand."

"And how much without?"

—*Le Pêle-Mêle* (Paris).



"How did you get to know your second husband?"
"Oh, it was he who ran over my first in his car!"

—*London Mail*.



After you have pushed your way through the crowd to see who was killed.

Society Notes

(Continued from page 20)

WE ARE about to recommend a German book, a curious and fascinating book called "Hetty Geybert," by George Hermann, translated by Anna Barwell (George H. Doran Co.). The scene is laid almost a century ago, and the author has contrived to re-create the atmosphere of the period, from the quaintly over-decorated interiors to the sentimental emotions of the people, fed on "Wilhelm Meister" and Jean Paul. The Geyberts are a well-to-do and highly respected family of Jews, and the beautiful Hetty unfortunately loves outside the tribe, loves not only a Christian, but an impecunious Christian. She is forced, of course, to give him up and marry Cousin Julius, which is her sentimental tragedy. That is all there is to the story, but in the telling of it all the Geyberts come to life and move veraciously, if a bit ponderously, through a now almost forgotten world. The book is rather a triumph of historical re-creation.

A LITTLE book from E. P. Dutton & Co. called "Spoken in Jest," deserves to be taken seriously. It is entirely composed of words, phrases and customs common in the U. S. A., with their English equivalents set down immediately below them. Now and then the two authors (who are not named) add a few comments of their own. Like this—

"The Englishman works hard to maintain the Past.
"The American works hard to build for the Future.

"The Income Tax defeats both."

Or this—

"The latest American craze is the importation of English lecturers—preferably with a title.

"Many of them have never lectured before.

"Some of them never will again."

Or this—

"The English press can distort a truth so dispassionately as to be entirely convincing.

"The American press can tell a truth so passionately as to be entirely unconvincing."

Truth here, gentlemen! And did you know that in England a lounge-lizard is a woozler? Surely that information will help to ease you through London this season.

NOT THAT it has anything to do with literature, but we have just received a most entertaining book—a book of maps, maps of every State in the Union, showing plainly what roads are "improved" and what are actually paved. All distances are marked, too, on the paved and improved roads.

It is "Paved Roads of the Nation" (Clason Map Co., Chicago). With this book you can route yourself across the Continent. Of course, we haven't personally tested the accuracy of every map. But Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Oregon, which we know pretty well, appear to be accurately marked. So we trust the rest are. The actual extent of paved roads in the nation surprised us. If we can accomplish so much in a decade, and yet pay out 90 per cent. of our taxes for wars, past, present and to come, what could we do if the nation beat its swords into stone crushers, and spent the price of a few million bonuses and a fleet of battleships and Hog Island, on our highways?

I might even be able to get from my house to the village after a rain.



"For the love of Pete, officer, have a heart! Don't you see this can't possibly be anything but a dream?"



Canvasser—Does your husband play golf?

Lady—Yes.

“Then, I’m sure, you will be interested in this set of thirty-eight volumes I am selling; it will help you to while away many a lonely hour.”

The Fiction Writer’s Guide to Names

THE first rule for writing successful fiction is to select suitable names, approved by the National Bureau of Weights and Measures, so that the first glance will tell the reader what sort of a person the character is going to be. The following classification should be strictly adhered to by the beginner.

Male Names

For strong, forceful, he-men heroes: Names in one syllable, such as Dave Brent, Jack Stone, Dick Slade, Steve Dean. (Note: In Western stories the sheriff should invariably be named Bob Blake. French-Canadian guides should all be named Joe.)

For comedy or secondary male characters: Ollie Perkins, Chris Holliday, etc.

For untutored, high-principled mountaineers: Luther. For all men attending mountain feuds: Lafe, Zeke or Cale. The last name should generally be Harkness.

For wistful, impractical heroes: Peter. The heroine should always do the proposing in Peter cases.

For foreign-born villains practically any combination of syllables will do, although it is a good plan to have them named “von” somebody. For domestic villains use hifalutin’ names, such as Carter Hyde, Morton Forsythe. These visualize the little black mustache.

Butlers’ names should always be pluralized—Jeeves, Parks, Parsons, etc.

Female Names

Straight heroines, first grade: Eleanor, Dorothy or Winifred.

Modern, independent heroines: Ann (without a final “e”), Jane.

Light-hearted, saucy sub-heroines who furnish the comic relief: Peggy, Patty, Polly.

Wronged girls who wear pitiful finery: Hattie and Minnie. No others are permitted.

For Southern heroines: Sydney, Shirley and Beverley. They have to sound like men’s names to give the aristocratic atmosphere.

For blasé Long Island heroines with eccentric grandmothers living in Paris: Cicely and Elise. These are the ones who drink cocktails and go on midnight motor parties, but are good at heart.

Unique

St. Peter—What brings you here so soon?

Newly Arrived Spirit—I tried to push a limited express train off a grade crossing with my car. Put me down among the accidents.

“That’s no accident—regular thing.”



“Yes, it is. I was the only man in the world who was not an old, careful driver with a long experience.”



Hubby—Look, dear, I bought this device to-day—it’s to save labor in the kitchen.

“What kind of labor?”

“Gosh! I forgot to ask!”

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ITALIAN BRUYÈRE
FOUR DOLLARS AND UP

Have you a Kaywoodie in your pipe collection? The Kaywoodie pipe has that grace and distinctive appearance only produced by perfect workmanship. It is made of the finest Bruyere root obtainable. It is the perfect product of the oldest pipe house in America. And there is no import duty included in its price.
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Please fill out the coupon completely so that we may know your requirements in detail.

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Motor Department

JUDGE

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I am considering the purchase of a car to cost about \$..... and am especially interested in one of the.....(make)

.....(type)

My requirements for a car are as follows:

Capacity.....

Type of body.....

Driven and cared }self
for by }chauffeur

Kind of roads over which car would be used.....

I have.....a used car of

.....make, which I would like to turn in as partial payment.

The following cars of approximately the type in which I am interested are handled by dealers in my territory:

Please advise me as to the car best suited to my requirements.

Name.....

Address.....

7-5 24

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Subscribers desiring practical help or technical information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, JUDGE, 627 W. 43d Street, New York. No charge is made for this service. Please remember that a two-cent stamp should be inclosed for reply.

What Is Your Yardstick?

A FRIEND of mine bought a new car. The engine ran perfectly and would take him up almost any hill on high. He found that the necessity for carbon removal or valve grinding was infrequent and that, mechanically, the car was perfect. He was so pleased with its performance that he praised this particular make to all his friends.

His wife told a different story. She found that the doors were too narrow for comfortable entrance and exit, that the silver of the vanity case tarnished easily, and that the flower vase did not possess the sparkle of the richest cut glass. She felt, therefore, that the car was cheap, that the body and fittings had been "skimped" and that for the same amount of money, a larger and more luxurious car could have been purchased.

Both were right in their conceptions of that car, but their yardsticks—the means by which they measured the pleasure which that car gave them—were at total variance with each other. The husband, who was also charged with driving and caring for the car, required the ultimate in performance and reliability; the wife demanded comfort, convenience and attractive appearance. Either could have been satisfied, but not both, with a restricted investment.

You cannot expect the best in body design, upholstery and internal fittings at a moderate price when combined with the utmost in mechanical perfection and automotive reliability. On the other hand, you cannot hope for the greatest, most efficient, most flexible and least troublesome power plant combined at the same price with a body which represents the last word in style, luxury and comfort. Each motorist, therefore, must choose his own yardstick by which he will measure the satisfaction which a car can give him.

An automobile is primarily a transportation vehicle—it is built to ride in. But you don't ride when you are sitting still and therefore to perform this first and foremost function adequately, it must be provided with a good, reliable, efficient and flexible engine which will give service day in and day out with only intermittent attention and adjustment. This engine must be connected with the driving wheels by means of easily-shifted transmission gears and a silent rear axle. The speed and operation of the car must be controlled by adequate brakes and an easily handled steering gear which responds to the slightest effort of the driver.

This probably constitutes about 50 per cent. of your measuring stick. Thirty-

five per cent. of the remaining 50 per cent. should measure the comfort of a car as applied to physical sensation, in addition to the mental relief which arises from driving a reliable and responsive power plant. Comfort is composed of a variety of elements, from the distribution of weight between front and rear, to the design of the springs, shock absorbers, upholstery and seat dimensions. Important as comfort is, however, the part which it plays in the selection of a car has become secondary, owing to the ability to improve ease of riding by means of supplementary springs, shock absorbers and balloon tires, although there is no motorist who, all other factors being equal, would not prefer the car which is inherently comfortable; for all of these are attachments and accessories, which might be termed makeshifts, and should not be expected to replace proper car design.

The remaining 15 per cent. of the yard may be measured by some as appearance, although this term is so closely akin to style, which in itself is fleeting, that what may appear attractive one year may seem to be absurdly out of date the next. Therefore, the car of conservative design with no flashy features which make it stand out as a freak will be the vehicle which, with a new coat of paint every year or so, will be always in style. Consequently, don't devote too many inches of your yardstick to the attempt to measure the appearance of a standard and generally accepted make of car.

But mechanical reliability and riding comfort will be of little benefit to you in case of an accident which puts your car out of commission for want of a spare part or for lack of mechanics familiar with its replacement. This means that 50 per cent. of your yardstick should be devoted to measure the service facilities of the dealer from whom you buy the car. You may not need to have the valves ground or the carbon removed but once in one or two years. But you may forget to put oil in the engine just over, and the resulting scored cylinders and possible broken connecting rods will give you the need of a well equipped service station which carries these parts in stock and which has trained mechanics to make the replacements in the most efficient time. Therefore, the measurements of cars will vary in different localities and one which, from the point of service, may measure thirty-six inches to the yard in one place, may measure but twenty-four inches in another, due to the type of dealer who represents the car in question.

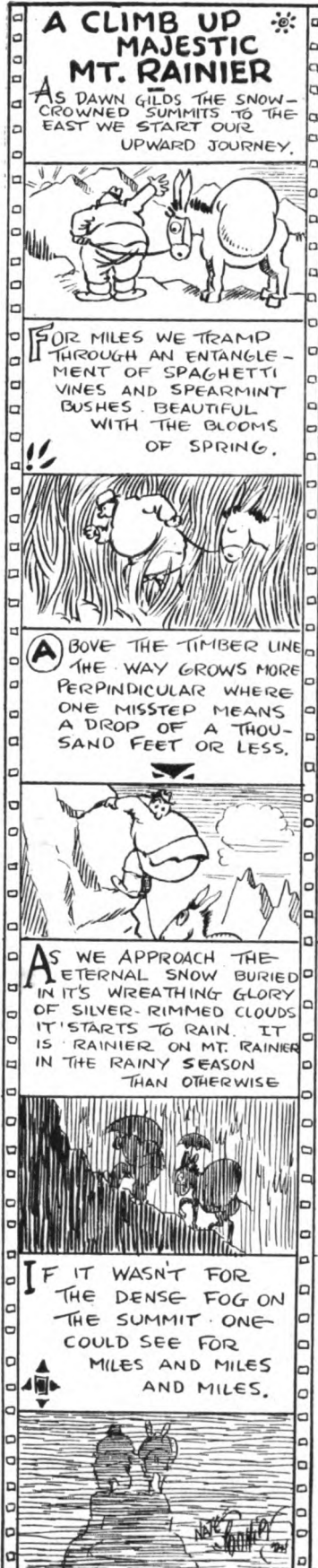
HAROLD W. SLAUSON.

A Fundamental Principle

The nurse was softly singing the infant to sleep to the melodious strains of "Bye Low, Baby."

"In simple substance that theory is economically sound," muttered the weary business-man father, as he turned to the financial page.

Our Own Travelogues



A Review of the Theatrical Season

(Continued from page 18)

editor of JUDGE urging him to can his dramatic critic.

The season's greatest piece of press work was accomplished by seat G-6 in the Provincetown Playhouse. The ridge on my back is still visible.

Among the important theatrical events of the year were the installment of a much needed new spittoon in the smoking-room at the Little Theater, the substitution in a certain theater in the West Forties of a new lily cup for the one on which the reviewers had written their initials year before last, and the girl who ushers in the right center aisle at the Century Theater.

Detectives are still at work trying to locate the West Fifty-first street Theater, which is reported to have opened last February.

The theatrical manager who made the most money was Joseph Gaites. He didn't put on any plays.

The members of the Actors' Equity Association jubilantly sent word from the poorhouse that they had won their fight against the managers.

Five hundred canceled stamps will be awarded to anyone who can remember anything about the following plays that were produced during the season just concluded: "Brook," "Four-in-Hand," "What's Your Wife Doing?" "Forbidden," "Steadfast," "Go West, Young Man," "Time," "Myrtie," "Saturday Night" and "The Main Line."

This year's Pulitzer Prize, to everyone's great astonishment, was not awarded to Will Morrissey's "Newcomers."

Several plays in English were produced.

Miss Margalo Gillmore appeared during the season in 236 plays, not counting special matinées.

The dramatic critic of JUDGE still remains the only dramatic critic in New York who doesn't think he is an actor or stage director.

The best writer of polite comedy that the season brought forth is the man who writes the advertisements of Djer-Kiss perfume for the theater programs.

Bertha Kalich, the inheritor of the mantle of Bernhardt, following the death of Duse got a new press agent and inherited the mantle of the latter also.

Israel Zangwill went back home.

William A. Brady made 10,439 speeches, thus beating his last year's record by 1.

Joe Leblang banked another half million.



Small Nephew—Have you ever seen any of the wild and woolly West, Uncle Jack?

Uncle Jack—You bet I have; I lived in Hollywood for two years.

A danger signal —
tender and bleeding gums

HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhoea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhoea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhoea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhoea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhoea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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

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is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE relieves. Over 100,000 sold.

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Cupid's dart.

The Imposing Front

IT'S WELL to wear the finest duds your bank account will buy, though you be suffering for spuds and wienerwurst and pie. Far better place an ear of corn, with water, in your wame, and use your money to adorn your tall and shapely frame than purchase costly oyster stews where feed the giddy gangs, while you need laces in your shoes, or filling in your fangs.

Dame Fortune looks around for one whom she would make her pet; she smiles not on the tattered son whose hat is stained with sweat. And friends who know his sterling worth are boosting him in vain. "There is no better man on earth," they carefully explain. They say, "No better men are made, no finer are in view; his strongest drink is lemonade, he doesn't smoke or chew. His word is equal to his bond, no dodges does he try; like George, who's in the great beyond, he cannot tell a lie. No red hot language soils his tongue, in righteousness he's bold; he's an example to the young, a beacon to the old."

Dame Fortune seemeth rather bored by all this loud ado; she looks down on him from her Ford, and says, "He will not do. He may be all you say he is, but, cripes and hully gee! The sorrel whiskers on his phiz do not appeal to me. Two bits will buy a decent shave, I'm told by truthful swains, and why should tangled whiskers wave when such a price obtains? His collar's wilted on his neck, yet laundries here abound; why should a man wear such a wreck, his swanlike neck around?"

"You say he's long on sterling worth, on sense and moral grit; and yet, in neither length nor girth do his cheap trousers fit. He has, you say, exalted mind, but still to me it's clear his cowhide shoes have not been shined for better than a year. His conversation is a feast, and yet I pass him up; his trouserloons have not been creased since

Hector was a pup. A gingham shirt enshrouds his chest, his hat is like a box, there are two buttons off his vest, and wrinkled are his socks. Take him, I beg you, from my sight, buy him a shave and shine, for such a seedy looking wight can be no friend of mine."

Dame Fortune beckons to her side a youth in bright array; he looks like one who cops a bride and has a wedding day. He hasn't had a decent meal, perchance, since April 8; but he is slick from head to heel, a nifty delegate. His shoes like mirrors are ashine, his toque is built just right, his cummerbund is clean and fine, his smallclothes are a sight. Long time he has been in the hole, his room rent is unpaid; but still he is a well-groomed soul who will not wilt or fade.

Dame Fortune cries, "My spotless dove, for you I long have sought, so live with me and be my love, and be no more distraught! You'll live long years in peace and mirth, in regal robes be-dight; I care no hoot for sterling worth, unless it's dolled up right."

She takes him from the paths of toil, makes him a statesman great; he makes some fruitful deals in oil, gains rubles by the crate. And still the man of honest worth is toiling in the hay, and thinks it is a noble berth that yields two bucks a day.

WALT MASON.

Sport

Play a little Mah Jongg,
Have a little chat;
Make a little chocolate fudge,
Then go find your hat.
Say you've had a jolly time,
As hostess waves her fan.
Now isn't that exciting sport
To tempt a healthy man?

Most summer resorts are now operated on the American bandit plan.

Two, Plus

"JUST You and Me, eh, kid—
Just little Mary and her Sid?
Let's form a firm, a partnership,
And seal the bargain lip to lip—
I swear you shall have no regrets!"
And Mary said, "All rightie, let's!"

They sealed the bargain lip to lip—
They vowed eternal partnership . . .

"But what," she murmured, "shall we term

"This novel firm?"

Said he:

"Let's see . . .

Close corporation,
Appellation . . .

How'd this be:

Just You & Me—

L—T—D?"

"How mean!" said she—

"For firms must grow!" . . .

She had her way:

The firm to-day

Is You & Me
& Co.!

Mental Arithmetic

THIS little test has been prepared for those who have passed through Grades 2-A and 2-B. In working out the various problems the student should use plenty of patience and as many brains as can be conveniently spared.

Helen had twenty-five cents. She bought two quarts of milk for ten cents. Where?

Max had one hundred dollars. He spent thirty of it for several bottles of Scotch, or the next thing to it. A number of friends called on him immediately. How much did he have left the next day? How did he feel?

In a school there are twenty-three girls and thirty-two boys. Shouldn't the

nine extra boys form a baseball team or something?

What time is it when the minute hand is at X and the hour hand at I, provided the watch has stopped?

A street car conductor rang up nineteen fares and collected four transfers and two cigar certificates. How many people got on the car, including policemen and firemen?

Willie went to lunch with Uncle John. They ordered sirloin steak, which took forty-five minutes; two cup custards, which took twenty minutes, and a pot of tea, which took ever so long. Is there any place like home?

A musical comedy advertises an All Beauty Chorus of Seventy-five. How many of the girls are fairly good looking?

Compromise

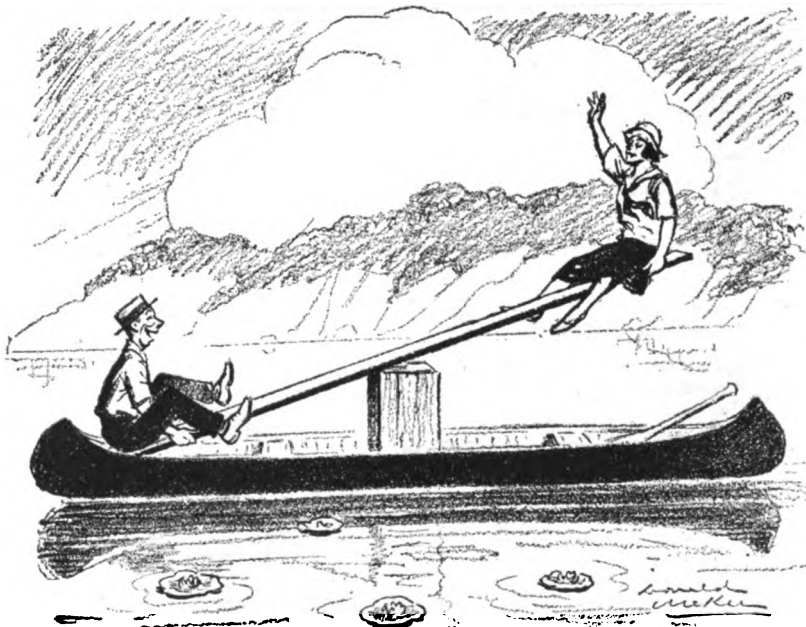
I NEVER have gone to a dinner affair
In a business suit or a sack,
But all of the rest who are dining there
Are wearing conventional black.

I never have hired a swallow-tailed coat
And gone to the dinner clad formally,
But ev'ry one else that my eye can note
Is dressed very simply and normally.

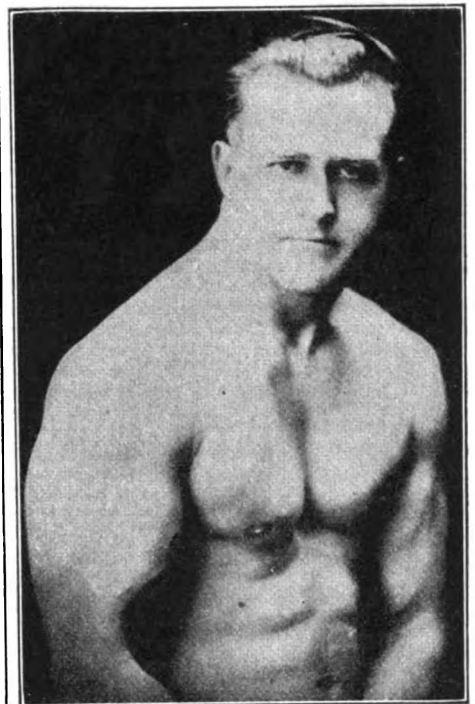
So future dilemmas I'll seek to avert;
I'll dress so I'm taking no chance,
With my upper half clothed in a stiff
white shirt
And my lower in corduroy pants.

The Truth

If you would have me sing you
The glory of your face,
That my refrains might bring you
A niche in beauty's place;
Lest I should have to fake up
Some idle dream of youth,
Please wash away your make-up
And let me see the truth.



What the average girl thinks you can do in a canoe.



Earle E. Liederman
The Muscle Builder

How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

The good old swimming days are here. Oh, boy! But it's great to rip off the old shirt, into your suit and—**SPLASH!** But what a shock to some of the poor girls when they see their heroes come out with flat chests and skinny arms instead of the big, husky frames they expected to see.

YOU ARE OUT OF LUCK

Don't try to make excuses. You are just out of luck. It's your own fault. You can't blame anyone but yourself. What are you going to do? She is going to find you out.

A PHYSIQUE TO BE PROUD OF

It's not too late. Snap into it and I can save you yet. It means hard work and plenty of it, but—wait till you see the results.

THE MUSCLE BUILDER

My job is to build muscle. That is why they call me The Muscle Builder. In just 30 days I am going to add one full inch to your biceps. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I am going to broaden out those shoulders and shoot a quiver up your old backbone. I am going to put a man's neck on you and a pair of legs to balance the strong sturdy body they support. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye, radiating the dynamic life within you. Before summer is past you will never recognize your former self. You will have a strong, sturdy, virile body to be really proud of. You will be admired for your perfect manhood—while others are given glances of pity and scorn. This is no idle prattle, fellows. I don't just promise these things. I guarantee them. Are you with me? Let's go. Time is short and we have a job to do.

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Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 21



Circus Manager—Why don't you want to work to-night?

Clown—They just held a political convention here and everybody's tired of laughing.

The \$25 Prize in JUDGE'S 50-50 Contest No. 21, announced in the May 24, 1924, issue, was won by H. V. Richards, 521 Seventh avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Answers which receive honorable mention are: "Want to work—say, the freaks are in the next tent," Frances Wallace, 58 Clinton street, Newburg, N. Y.; "Wet grounds!" Michael J. Sonnenleiter, 1219 Breitwert avenue, Morrel Park, Baltimore, Md.; "The teacher who told me I might be President is out there," H. Hovious Rafferty, 2019 Maryland avenue, Louisville, Ky.; "I am done for. The crowd saw you first," Mrs. Olga Klein Collins, 5519 Howe street, Pittsburgh, Pa.; "I became engaged to-day and the thought of a ring makes me dizzy," B. Harrison Winfield, 419 Thirty-first street, Woodcliff-on-Hudson, N. J.; "The bearded lady has eloped with my wife," Harold L. Morris, 23 Rowena street, Dorchester, Mass.

Dutiful and Happy

She—Would you kiss me even if I told you not to?

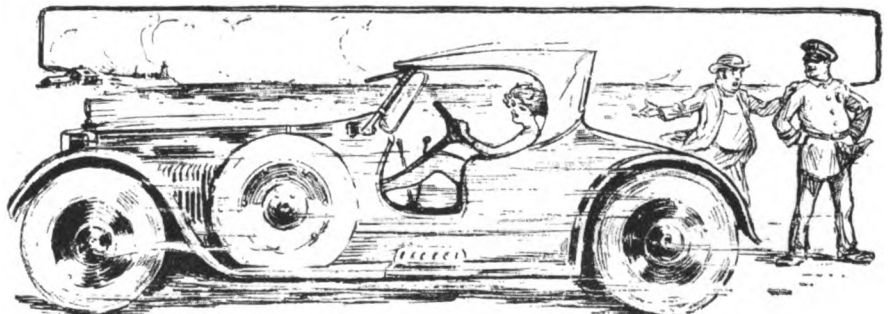
He—I sure would.

"Oh, goody! Then I can mind mamma.

Forethought

Dot—Why did she make such a fuss when Ricleigh kissed her? Was she calling for help?

Tot—No, for witnesses.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW

"Oh, I say, officer, you ought to censor that bathing suit!"

"Bathing suit? What you talking about? I don't see no bathing suit!"



OUR OWN PUZZLE DEPARTMENT



1. Which of the gentlemen in the picture has just invested five dollars in a subscription to a certain magazine?
2. Which of the gentlemen failed to do so?
3. What is the magazine?

ANSWERS BELOW

ANSWERS

1. The gentleman on the left.
2. The other one.
3. Oh, you guessed that one right away?

Correct.....

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