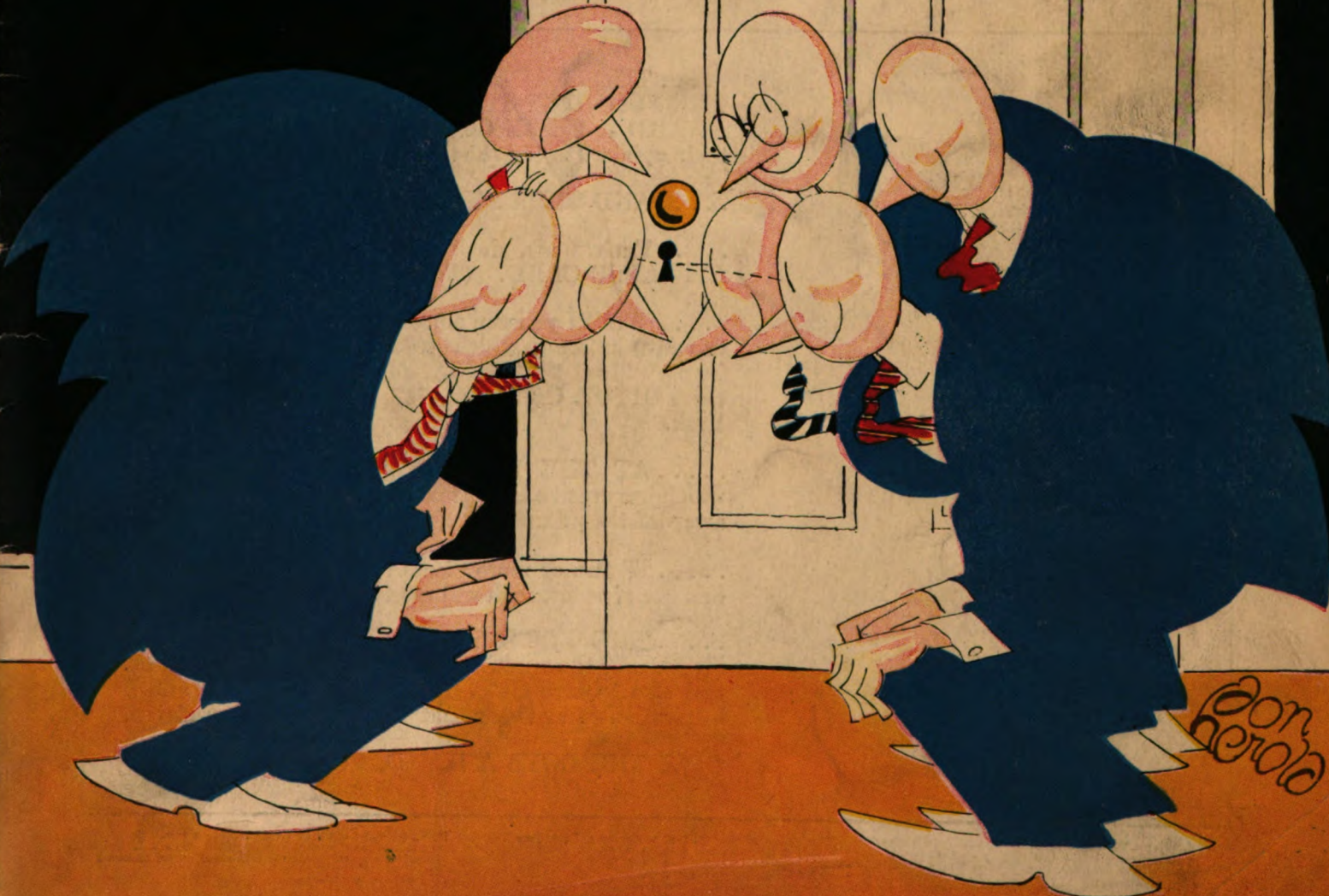


# JUDGE

## MYSTERY NUMBER

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101  
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Don Herold

SEVEN BALDPATES TO A KEY-HOLE

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# The Prize-winning Text of 1925!

## Innocents in Paris

"L O, BILL. Bon joor."  
"Tray beans. Eee voo?"  
"Can't kick. Wanna li'l shoota coney yak?"  
"Sanna ferry en, kid. Let's try this place."  
"Kinda puteet li'l joint, but it looks tray joolee."  
"How voo feel?"  
"Boocoo malad."  
"Mum shoze with me, osee."  
"Huh? What's 'at mean?"  
"Same here, also."  
"Wee, wee! That's right. Some burg, huh?"  
"Oh, boy!"  
"Spenda wadda franks las' night?"  
"Yeah. . . . Juh see me?"  
"Uh-huh. You sure were boocoo zig-zag."  
"See the li'l mamzelle promenadin' around with me?"  
"Oh, boy!"  
"Wow! . . . Where's 'at waiter? Hey! . . . Garkone! Ally-ally! Toot sweet!"

"What'll it be, gents? Whiss-kee?"  
"You parley United States, huh? Well, make mine coney yak, compree?"  
"You bet. What'll yours be, sir?"  
"Gimme a puteet shotta vin blank—no—make it vang rooge, silvoo play, monssor."  
". . . P-s-s-t! Bill! Juh hear that frog say 'whiss-kee?'"  
"Yeah. He's a card, ain't he? Sure is fun to hear 'em try to talk good ol' United States."  
"Uh-huh. . . . Mercy, garkone. . . . Here's how, Bill. . . . A voter santy, as the frogs say."  
"Mum shoze a voo, osee. . . . A-a-a-h! Purty slick, nest pa?"  
"Yeah. . . . Well, I gotta partee to churchy la femmy."  
"Olive oil, Bill. Tell the madame bun swar for me."  
"Wee, wee! See yuh ser swar, maybe along the Roo dee la Pakes."

*Chet Johnson*

"*I*NNOCENTS in Paris" was written by Chet Johnson, one of JUDGE's Contributors, and has been awarded the 1925 Prize by the Editors of JUDGE as the funniest Text of 1925.

. . . . THE READERS OF JUDGE are asked to select THE FUNNIEST TEXT OF 1926, and JUDGE WILL AWARD A PRIZE OF \$500 for the piece which, in their opinion, is the funniest.

. . . . AND HERE'S THE WAY IT'S TO BE DONE.

. . . . Each week, during 1926, JUDGE will run an APPLAUSE CARD. (There's one in this issue.)

. . . . WHEN you run across a piece of writing (prose or verse) in JUDGE which strikes you as extraordinarily funny, fill out the APPLAUSE CARD and mail it to the EDITOR OF JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York.

. . . . AT THE END OF THE YEAR, the text which has received the greatest number of votes will be awarded the prize.

. . . . IF two or more pieces of text receive the same number of votes, each will receive the prize.

. . . . THE PURPOSE of all this is to give OUR READERS the opportunity to express their preferences, and also to give OUR CONTRIBUTORS the added inspiration of knowing that their work is appreciated.

**GIVE THE BOYS A HAND, FOLKS!**



# JUDGE

## Unsolved Mysteries

**H**ow they put the holes in Swiss cheese.

The Income Tax blanks.

What it really is they sell for a dollar a pint.

What the Mah-Jongg clubs are doing now.

Calvin Coolidge.

How they get away with the same old hokum in mystery plays.

Who killed Cock Robin.

The logic of a woman's mind.

## Life.

Idle rumors.

Free verse.

Einstein Theory.

Mammy songs.

Yonkers.

Southern hospitality.

Tabloid newspapers.

Ex-candidate Hylan.

Railroad time-tables.

Innocuous desuetude.

Enforcing prohibition

Sally's whereabouts.

## Perfect Crimes

**T**HE latest styles in men's hats.

The average restaurant soup.

Calling what they do in the movies, acting.

Referring to what comes out of a loudspeaker as music.

Pictures by futuristic artists.

Trumping your partner's ace.

Moving picture theater programs.

A holiday that falls on Sunday.

Forgetting to kiss her good-night.



*The haunted car.*



## More Mysteries

**L**ADY trombone players.  
Who writes the "true stories"?  
Hash.

What would happen if this country had national prohibition?

What a woman means when she says "no"?

What a woman means when she says "yes"?

Italian soup.

Who killed cock-robin?

And several other murders.

How's everything?

Where do we go from here?

A woman's age?

Hooch.

The Florida real estate boom.

Chicago's climate.

Ford motors.

What's funny about this?

*Percy Flage*



"Migod, what was that!"

## Literary Mysteries

*Never Yet Explained*

**W**HAT happens to the pieces when day breaks.

Who picks up night when it falls, softly or otherwise.

What it is that clouds steal across the sky.

Which one is which when a man is beside himself.

Whether a thought makes any impression when it strikes.

Whether the plot always thickens when the hero puts his foot in it.

How a man can pass the night, when lying asleep in bed.

How the villain can hope to escape when the author is against him.

How the author knows that Mr. and Mrs. Hero live happily ever after.

*Wayne G. Haisley*



**PROFESSOR—***Who's there—a burglar?*

*"Nobody's here, boss."*

*"Hmm. Sounds very sincere. It shows how one can be mistaken in people."*



## Page Pleasantdale Valley

HE ACCOSTED me, a wild gleam in his questioning eyes. "I want to go to Pleasantdale Valley," he sobbed. "Since the day before yesterday I've been trying to solve the mystery of which train to take. Oh, help me, please," he added, the tears coursing down his cheeks, as he handed me a frayed tattered time-table, marked "Pleasantdale Valley Division, X. Y. & U. L. Railroad." I glanced at it and shuddered as this sight met my eyes:

### EASTBOUND & WESTBOUND

* Bumping Brakebands, Ohio.	9.45
X Kansas City, Mo.	7.00
? Steep Hill Ahead, Ind.	11.45
*** Whatinell, W. Va. (Train 123)	\$2.98
))) Gopher Prairie, Wyoming.	00.00
%% Fill in the Name Yourself.	1.78
\$\$\$ Marked Down To.	\$2.36
@ @ @ Stratford-on-Avon, England.	.40
X Dishes marked X are ready.	1.00
O Pleasantdale Valley (at last)	55.25

### INBOUND AND SNOWBOUND

BVD Pleasantdale Valley (Ha! ha!)	8.35
!!! Galloping Consumption, Va.	4.15
YY So's Your Old Man, Texas.	25.36
TNT Don't Bring Lulu.	2.12
XYZ Anyoldump, Costa Rica.	\$5.79
WOW Gorillaville, Tenn.	1.39
4% Toronto (Beer Division)	.4%
FOB MONTREAL (Hic Hic R.R.)	WHEE!
POS No Smoking Allowed, N. Y.	5.03
# Road Under Repair, All Over.	11.11

*Explanation of Symbols—*(\*) A teaspoonful before meals. (X) Does not run at all. In case of rain game postponed. (?) No passengers carried in or out of cars. (\*\*\*) Don't feed the animals. (XXX) Smoking-car from Pittsburgh. ())) This train discontinued April 5, 1888. (%%) Stops for thirty days now and then. (\$\$\$) A. E. F.



"I'll show her she can't make a fool out of me!"

Pullman—40 chevaux and 8 hommes. (X) equals unknown quantity. (O) Steep Hill.

**THIS TIME-TABLE SUBJECT TO STRIKES, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, COLDS AND CHANGE**

I turned to my companion and shuddered. He came close to me and we clung to each other. My mind was a blur. "Why do you want to go to Pleasantdale Valley?" I tenderly inquired. "Won't some other place do as well?"

"No," he sobbed, "I *must* get to Pleasantdale Valley. My occupation demands it. Besides, there's a new one to get out."

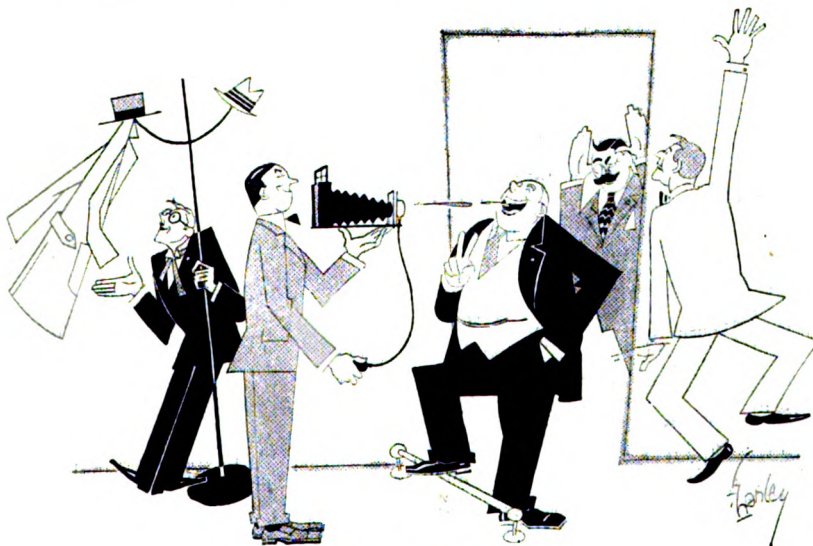
"A new what?" I questioned.

"A new time-table," he answered.

"Who are you?" I grammatically albeit suspiciously shouted.

"I'm the man who gets up the time-tables for the X. Y. and U. L. Railroad," replied my companion.

Arthur L. Lippmann



Spirit photography.





THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA





*The Crystal-Gazer who couldn't see everything.*

## The Amazing Adventures of Sherlock Lupin

*A Tragedy of the Comic Weeklies*

SHERLOCK LUPIN blushed. No wonder. He had just finished reading a story in one of the confession magazines. It was easy to see, therefore, that the great detective was easily shocked and had never seen a Broadway revue. He was ruminating over the asterisks, at which point the story abruptly ended, when the telephone bell rang. He made no move to pick up the receiver. Sherlock never bothered with wrong numbers. If it wasn't he would have been very much surprised. So would the author since it is not his intention to have Sherlock answer the telephone. At this juncture there came a knock at the door. The great crime detector divined it was a client. He had paid off the last collector less than ten minutes ago. The knock was repeated.

"Let him knock," mused Sherlock, half to himself and half to his better half who was not then present. "Every knock's a boost—in price."

Sherlock eventually admitted a nervous man into his den, but not until he had shaved, dressed, eaten his dinner and seen a movie. The visitor looked dejected enough to have been a successful humorist.

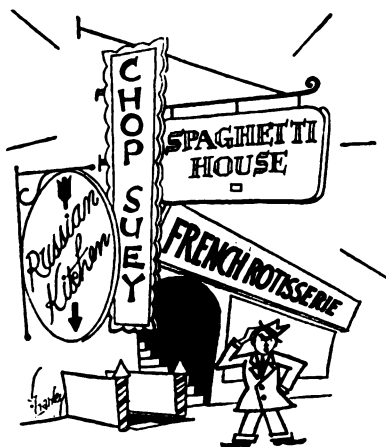
"You're a butter and egg man from Darien, Conn.," joked Sherlock.

"No, indeed," reproached the other. "I'm a milkman from Waterbury."

There ensued an hour's silence. "You're not very talkative, are you?" said the stranger.

"Not very," rejoined Sherlock, "I never am when I have a client in the office. You see, I charge by the hour." Whereupon he commenced pacing up and down the full length of the room, thrusting his hands wildly in the air.

"You're not feeling ill?"



"I wonder where I can get a ham sandwich, piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee?"

"No, no," snorted the crime investigator, "I always do my daily dozen when visitors are here. It intrigues them and excites their curiosity. Er, by the way, when did you find your wife murdered, Mr. Smith?"

The stranger almost fell into a faint, but upon investigation Mr. Lupin found he in reality only had fallen into a nice, soft plush chair.

"Why, why," gulped the stranger, as he drank more than his share of Sherlock's whisky, "how did you guess my wife's been murdered? And furthermore, how did you know my name was Smith?"

The detective laughed, one of those broad grins that prompted the poet to write "laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you've bought real estate in Florida."

"I could tell you were a Smith from your cough," Sherlock explained. "All Smiths are alike. They cough, and if they don't, they ought to."

"But I haven't coughed in years," protested the other, "yet I'm a Smith."

"Four out of five do," intoned the sleuth gravely. "However, don't let this alarm you. I'll have you coughing up when I present my bill. But to get back to the murder."

*(Continued on page 19)*





What you expect to see if you look up from that Mystery Story about 3 A.M.

### Watson, the Needle!

SHERLOCK HOLMES was at it again. He had seen the suspect, Gorson, shortly after the crime. Gorson's hands were bloody and they held a still bloodier knife. The deceased had been stabbed, it seems. Gorson's fingerprints abounded around the scene of the crime.

Holmes had interviewed the servants, the deceased's wife, a suspicious looking chief of police, a couple of stray cats, and Gorson. "Holmes," asked Watson, "whom do they suspect of this dreadful crime?"

"The culprit is Gorson," announced Holmes.

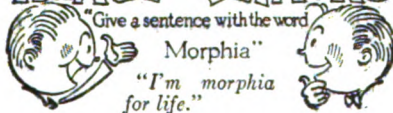
"But," ejaculated Watson, "he can't be. All the evidence points to him."

"I know," said Holmes. "That's the queer part of it. This can't be one of my stories."

—— it isn't

Parke Cummings

### KRAZY KRACKS



How it seems when you are trying to put the cat out on a cold night.

### Came the Dawn

THE frosty dawn is stealing through  
The window and beside me, you  
Are sleeping unaware  
Of searching eyes that fain would trace

Some softened look on that stern face

Upon the pillow there.

A violent trembling o'er me creeps,  
A chill, cold fear, within me leaps,  
A premonition dire,  
And still I ask you, as my due,  
Awake and tell me, dear, will you  
Get up and build a fire?

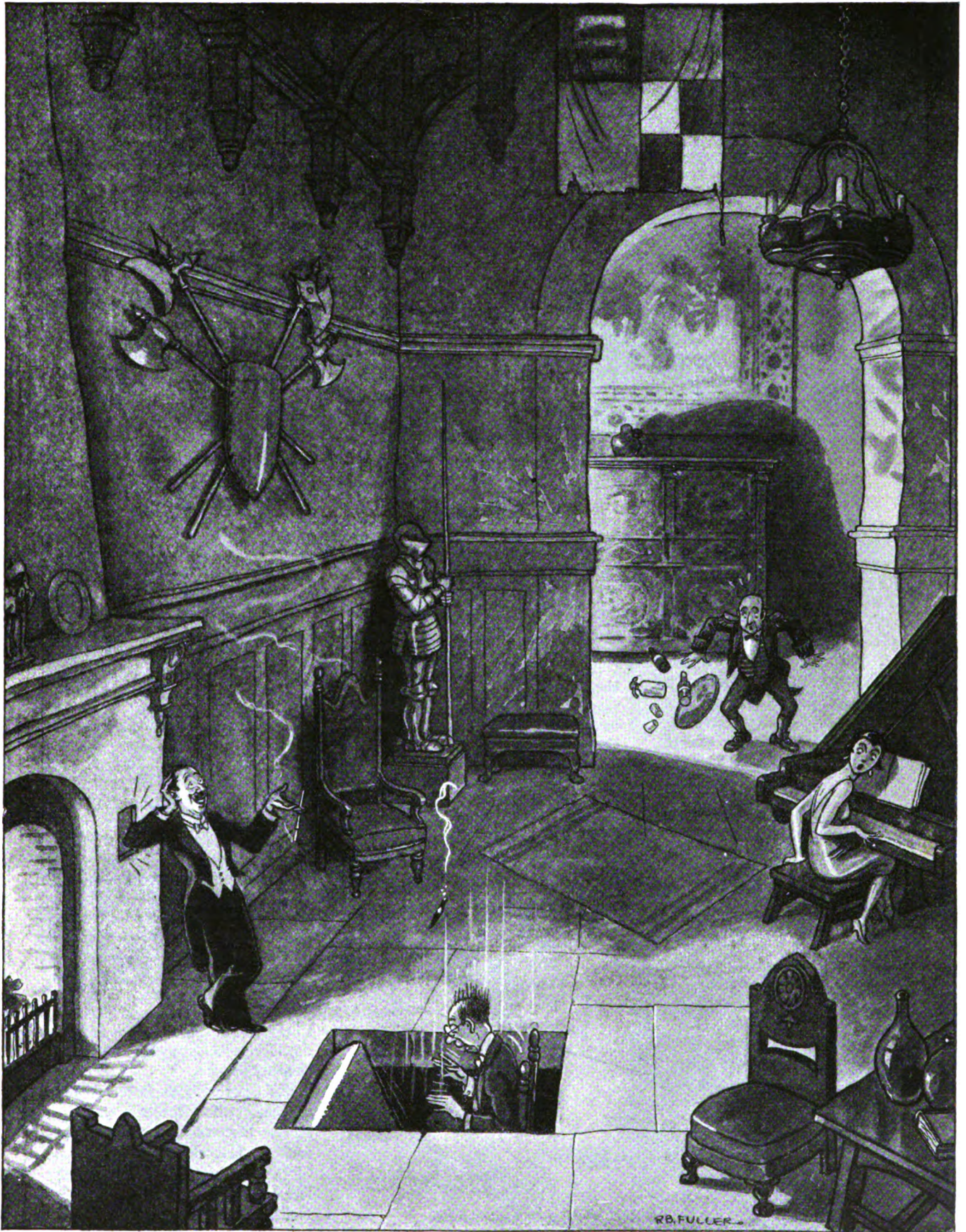
S. M. Hager

### Limerick

A LADY of figure seraphic  
Wore three pairs of garters in  
Maffick.

Just one, we suppose,  
Would have held up her hose,  
But the three of them held up the traffic.  
Mona Williams





HOST—*They say there's a mysterious trapdoor somewhere in this old castle but I've never been able to discover it!*





DOTTY—'Smatter, Wallie? Doncha like me?

### The Midnight Crime

IT WAS bitter cold. Gusts of blinding snow swept the icy pavement. Here and there a light glimmered through the darkness. Empty taxicabs slithered down the slippery street. A few pedestrians, with their heads drawn into their coat collars like turtles, leaned toward the wind and buffeted their way homeward. It was midnight. Mike O'Hara, pride of the force, paced his beat with

measured tread from Grogan's grocery to the bridge and back to the grocery. Half of the street lights were out and the bridge was dark and gloomy where it stretched its heavy shadow across the black abyss of river.

A girl in a heavy cloak, clasping a tiny bundle to her breast, edged her way along the iron railing of the bridge. She glanced back over her shoulder, but no one was following her. Slowly, jerkily, step by step,

she crept nearer the center of the great bridge. The wind whipped the cloak about her and lashed her face in sullen fury, but she crept on, still clutching the tiny bundle tighter to her breast. She clutched it tight. Oh, how she hated it! It squalled all day and all night. She who above all should have wanted it didn't care for it. It seemed to need so much care. To-night would be the last of it, once in that surging flood its cries would be stilled forever! Finally reaching the middle of the bridge she leaned far out. Below yawned the hungry river, black as the raging Styx 'neath the midnight sky. Slowly she drew the tiny bundle from beneath her cloak and with something like a low, hard laugh she tossed it far out. As it disappeared downward toward the black maw of the wind swept river she turned and ran back into the darkness. Once she looked back just in time to see Officer O'Hara leap to the top of the banister and dive down into that gaping abyss after the tiny bundle.

She hurried the faster, making devious turns through darkened streets across slippery pavements, until at last she came to a door. She fell against it weak and breathless. The door opened. "My God, Nell!" cried the man inside, "What have you done with the radio! It's gone!"

Nate Collier



Dick Huemor

The magician meets an acquaintance.









# STABBED FROM WITHIN

## A GLUMPH OF THE BUMPS YARN!



MIDNIGHT! In China, antipodal, age-old China, noon—sparkling, careless noon—but in New Jersey, midnight and mystery! Round the deserted mansion tensed a cordon of grim blue. Within the deserted mansion itself, deserted save for a finger-print expert, a rifle-bore expert, a blood-stain expert, a toxicologist of note, a micrograph photographer, a score of plain clothes men and Inspector McGrouch—summoned hurriedly from his evening game of lotto, stood the Great Glumph, monosyllabic, hawk-like, impenetrable.

Looking upon him for the first time, one did not think of a detective. One thought rather of a pawn shop. An edifice with three balls significantly displayed. For upon Glumph's massive forehead bulged the three nodular eminences which had given him his name: Glumph of the Bumps—*le bossu*, as the grateful and admiring *Surêté* of Paris loved to refer to him, with that Gallic combination of *Égalité* and *Paternité* which makes their frogs so edible.

Not that Glumph minded. After all, those bumps—the Inductive, the Deductive and the Ratiocinative, which by mere digital contact gave him unstintingly of the several logical processes for which they stood—were of incomparable assistance to him in his *métier* of criminal investigation. Like cranial *Parcae*, they appeared—those Dread Sisters of Ancient Greece, the Eternal Fates, a grouped *Nemesis*; but more like bumps. For bumps, after all, they were.

Without a word, the Great Man passed me his hat, his light Alpine stock, and his cocaine. With a word, he turned to Inspector McGrouch.

"Murder?"

"Murder," replied the Inspector grimly. "And no butler! We are completely at sea."

"In short," riposted Glumph, "once again the upholders of our *laws* are proved to be a total *laws* themselves!" And with this characteristic sally he parted the crimson

hangings, stepped composedly into the huge candle-lit room before him, and approached the grotesquely sprawled form at the far end.

Silently, with bowed heads, we looked down upon that huddled heap of what had once been a human being, to all appearances, a man. For, though the presence of whiskers alone might not be conclusive, felt that the further presence of a coat, vest and trousers made all reasonable doubt impossible. *It was a man. And from that portion of the breast immediately above the heart, protruded the point of a stiletto! The man had been stabbed from within!*

Slowly, lugubrously, the ornate dust-shrouded clock behind us ticked off the minutes. Suddenly it "cuckooed," once; and with the realization that an hour had passed, I stole a glance at the Great Man. The Great Man slept! Swiftly I slipped a shot of cocaine beneath his twitching, hawk-like nose, placed my finger firmly upon the first, or Inductive, Bump, and waited.

"The windows?" demanded Glumph suddenly.

"All insecurely fastened," replied the Inspector triumphantly.

"An inside job," summed up the

Great Man. "And no butler, you say?"

"And no butler," grunted McGrouch. "Now, if there'd only been a butler—"

Hurriedly I removed my finger to the Bump of Deduction.

Inch by inch, atom by atom, my friend surveyed the inert form at his feet.

"Stabbed from within," he murmured. "An inside job indeed! And note the graying whiskers. How old was the victim, Inspector? You have counted the teeth of course?"

"Sixteen," replied McGrouch succinctly. He knew his business.

"Sixteen!" mused the Great Man, suddenly alert. "Sixteen—no more? Then it must be—"

Stooping swiftly, he yanked the sere whiskers triumphantly from their base of operations. With a startled cry, McGrouch leaned forward.

"By all that's holy!" he gasped. "A woman!"

And what a woman! Teeth, lips—everything! The peer of her sex!

For a moment I was stunned; then reverently I lifted my finger from the Bump of Deduction. Enough had been accomplished for the nonce!

"No man," explained the Great Glumph generously, taking pity upon the spectacle of our awe, "would so conceal his true age. None but a member of the gentler sex," and here

(Continued on page 22)



Dick Juenor

FIRST GHOST—Why is Erna Erstwhile carrying on so?

SECOND GHOST—She cut her skirts short to be stylish and now she doesn't reach to the ground!

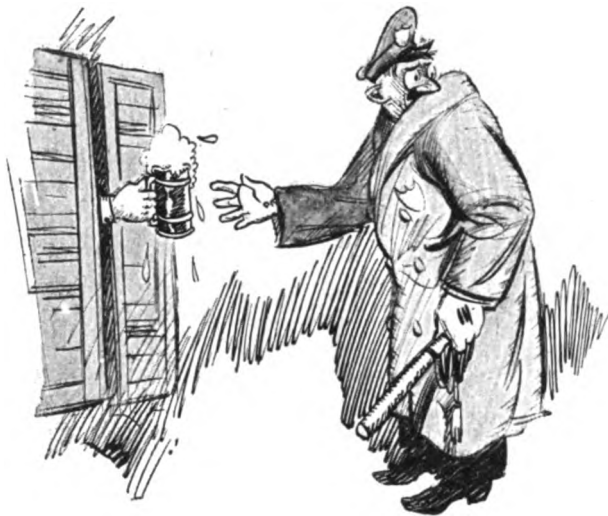




A SHOT IN THE DARK!



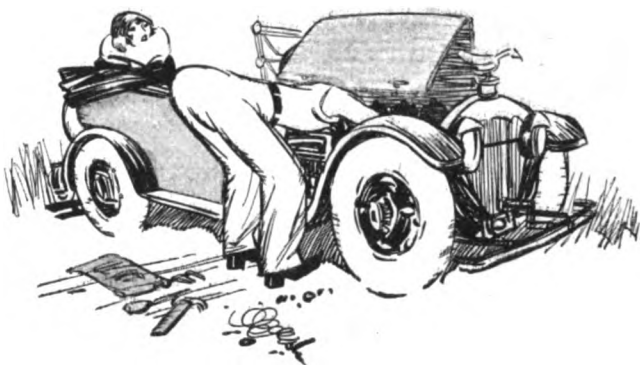
THE SCREAM IN THE NIGHT!



THE SECRET PASSAGE!



THE RATTLING BONES!

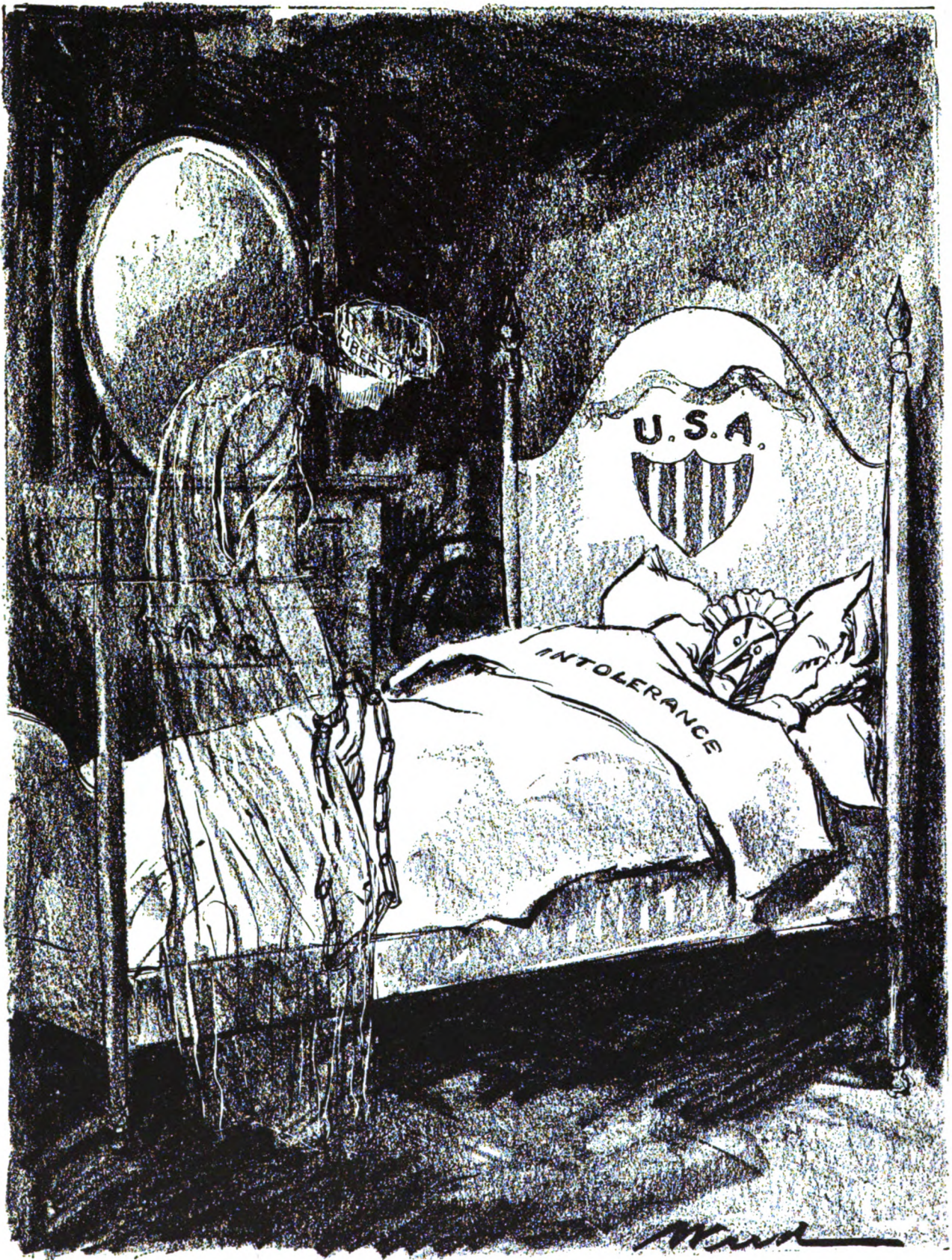


THE HOODED FIGURE!



THE STROKE OF TWELVE!





THE HAUNTED HOUSE





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

## Our Denatured Uncle

**W**E were brought up to think of Uncle Sam as a benevolent old gentleman with a watchful eye out for the best interests of his boys and girls, quick to resent insult or injury to them abroad, and anxious to promote their health, happiness and prosperity at home. Who, then, is this ogre in the familiar habiliments who slyly poisons their liquor and piously wags his head over the wickedness of those who drink it and die?

"What is denatured alcohol?" asks Federal Attorney Buckner. "Denatured alcohol is pure grain alcohol sent from bonded legitimate distillers to legitimate denaturing plants which are operated under Government supervision. Denatured alcohol means alcohol which has been poisoned by these denaturing plants under Government direction in order that the alcohol shall not be used as a beverage."

It seems that in New York City last year more than 500 people died from drinking bootleg liquor, most of which, Mr. Buckner gives us to understand, is made from alcohol poisoned by the Government.

**Y**EARS ago the newspapers carried the story of a farmer in Alabama who had been missing some choice melons from his melon patch. To prevent further thefts he poisoned some of the melons remaining. The next day they found dead in his melon patch one of his neighbor's boys and also his own son.

What happened? Were the boys mourned as sinners who had got their deserts? Was the farmer treated with respect as a stern enforcer of the law? Hardly. The father of the other boy packed his shotgun with buckshot and drilled the poisoner as full of holes as a prohibitionist argument. And there wasn't a man in the country conversant with the case who didn't yell "Attaboy!"

**I**S THE case of Uncle Sam, the poisoner, so very different? Is it a greater crime for a man to sneak a drink in defiance of the Volstead Act than for a boy to swipe a farmer's melons? Yet when Uncle Sam's victims curl up and die in agony we are expected to pull long faces and say it serves them right. How amusing!

## In Defense

**B**UT cheer up, gentles. Though the old man may be doing his best to decimate the population, his best is none too good. Five hundred dead from Prohibition booze, when baldly stated, sounds like a massacre. But when considered in relation to the millions who violated

the Volstead Law in New York in 1925, not to mention the rest of our United States, it shrinks into insignificance.

In this connection permit us to quote the following advertisement, addressed to restaurateurs, appearing in *The New Yorker*:

### AT YOUR SERVICE

Most completely conducted analysis of all liquids. Let your guests know that you appreciate their presence by showing them our report on your beverages.

### MUNSCH-PROTZMANN CO. CHEMISTS

410 Madison Ave., S. W. Cor. 48th St.  
827 Lexington Ave., Bet. 63d & 64th Sts.,  
Vanderbilt Ave. & 46th St., New York.

It is really remarkable how soon demand evokes supply in this scientific age. Here is Dr. Uncle Sam Jekyll hardly more than turned into Mr. Hyde than we have a new profession, or at least a new branch of an old profession, devoted to insuring us against his atrocities. It's an ill wind that doesn't bear the odor of rum.

## Martyrs

**T**HERE is also a certain amount of reassurance in the thought that Uncle Sam's own agents, in their ardent search for "evidence," must themselves sample, to use a mild term, the liquor he tries so hard to poison. Representative Gallivan, of Massachusetts, has brought to public attention the cases of Edward O. Burgfield and Cole M. Early, prohibition agents, who spent nearly \$1,000 of our income tax money for the purpose of sampling illicit liquor at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Here are some entries in the latter's expense account:

"June 2—Covers for supper dance for two, \$3 (self and lady); soft drinks for self and lady, \$2.50; tips, \$1.10.

"June 10—In morning played golf and in afternoon took a lady to tea in hotel to keep up appearances.

"June 16—Had supper dance with lady to keep me in their mind as a real sport."

Then came a report on a dinner for thirteen costing \$279, of which \$229 went for "evidence" and the balance for food, orange juice and soft drinks.

But the point is that both of these martyrs to duty are apparently still alive and kicking.

W. M. H.





# HIGH HAT

ing people. . . . Saw Jane Cowl the other night in "Easy Virtue" . . . would like to add her to my all-American Theatrical Team.



And here's another mystery. . . . where did the term "Lanbury" come from? . . . from what I hear a Lanbury is a person who can't make up his mind.



The Six Best "Steppers":  
 "A Little Bungalow"—(*Cocoanuts*).  
 "They're Blaming It on the Charleston"—(*Cocoanuts*).  
 "A Cup of Coffee"—(*Charlot's Revue*).  
 "Who"—(*Sunny*).  
 "Rhythm of the Day"—(*Vanities*).  
 "Sweet Peter"—(*Dearest Enemy*).

*Judy Jr.*

## Krazy Krack Song

Have you heard the Daisy song?

"Daisy Long, Long Trail A-wind-ing."

### Our All-American Team

Bitter: End.  
 Mud: Guard.  
 Fishing: Tackle.  
 White: Center.  
 Skin: Full.  
 No: Quarter.  
 Dollaranda: Halfback.

### Ballads of a Wife

*Absent-minded Hubby*

**I**n his inside pocket,  
 (Right close to his heart),  
 There are letters of mine,  
 With which he won't part.

And that is the thing which  
 Annoys me the most,  
 For they are the letters  
 I've asked him to post.

R. C. O'B.



The reason optimists are in the minority is because it's always he who tries out the new drink.

Ye Ed of this scintillating sheet informs me that this is to be the Mysterious Number, which reminds me of several little mysteries I'd like to see cleared up. . . . Why do orchestras play so darn long? . . . these six-hour endurance contests are not only hard on the wind but they encourage the "cutting in" habit. . . . Why do Night Clubs think they have to put on revues? . . . which gives me an idea. . . . Why not pull the amateur night stunt in some of the clubs? . . . give prizes . . . think of the show some of the customers could put on! . . . especially at the Lido or the Mirador!



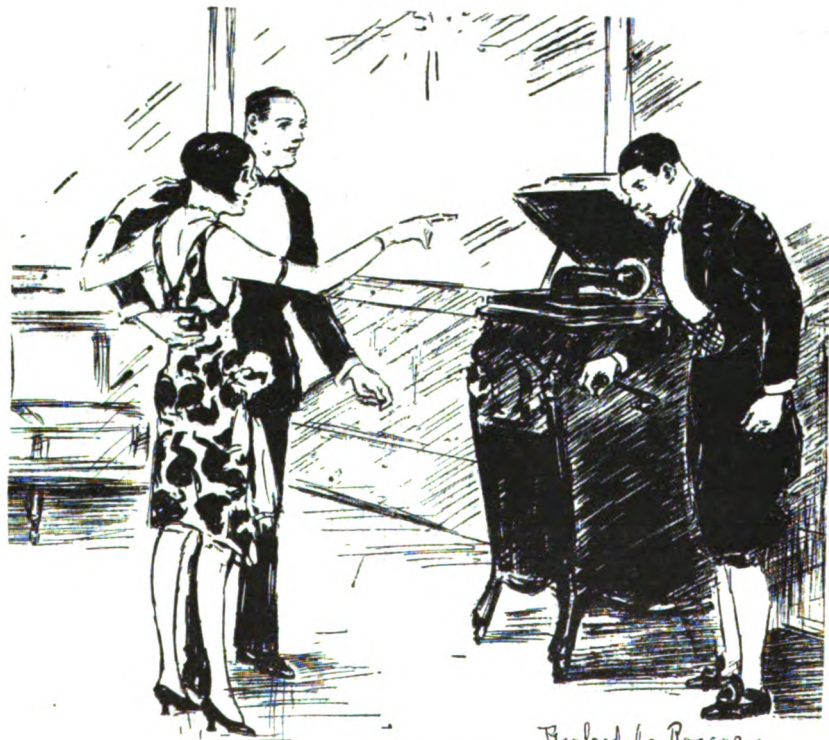
Why isn't smoking allowed in the audience between the acts? . . . We don't have to walk out on the front veranda to smoke at home. . . . Why do men wear spats . . . why do girls cut their hair so short. . . . Why don't I cut this short! . . . all right.



Have you heard the new "Who" record? . . . It's a peach . . . the new Victor records certainly are a big improvement. . . . "Feelin' Kinda Blue" is another good one. . . . Just out.



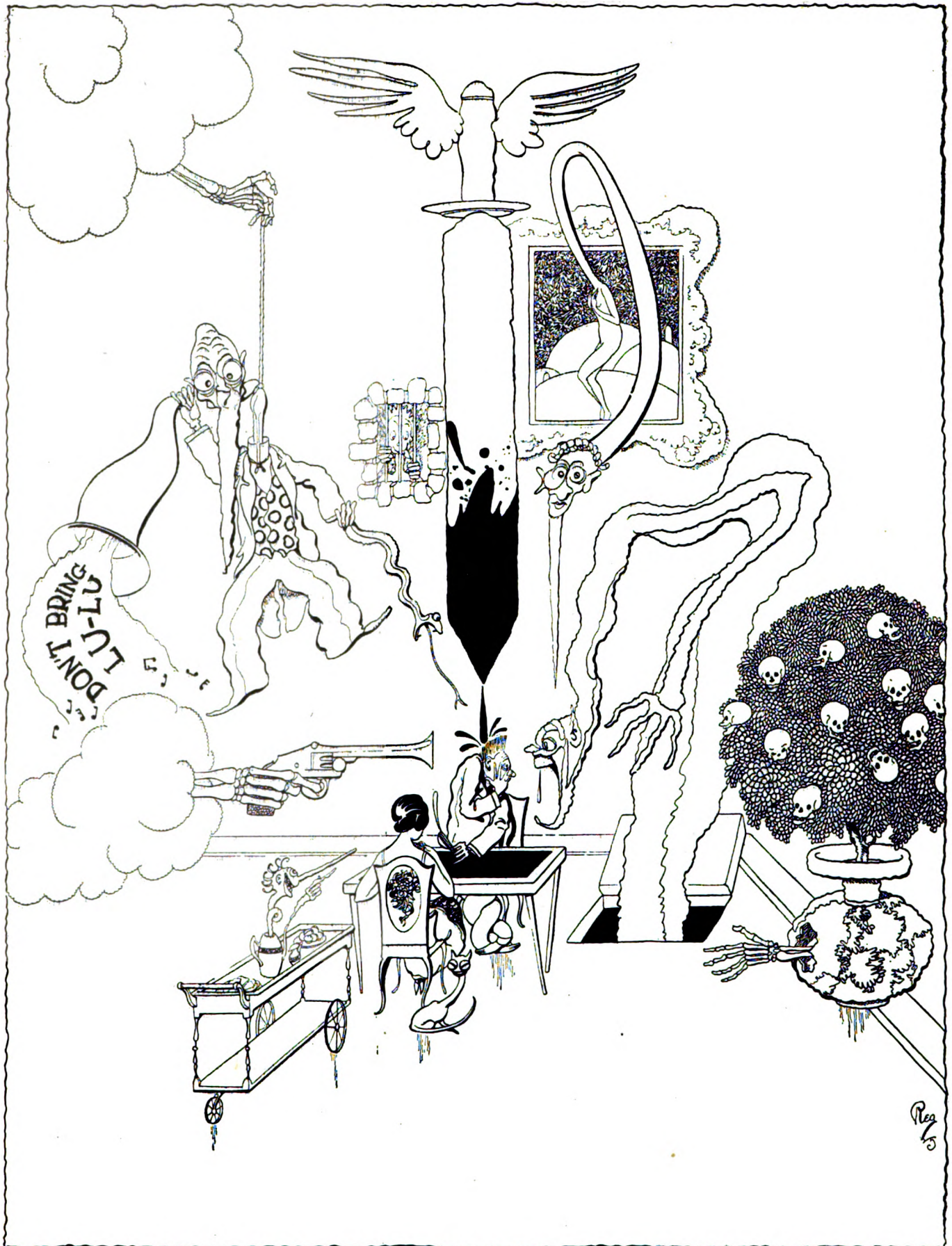
. . . . Read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," by Anita Loos . . . funny in spots. . . . Tried to read Booth Tarkington's "Women," but didn't get very far . . . very interesting character studies of very uninterest-



*Harbaldale Rogers*

"Watson, the needle!"





MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, AUTHOR OF "THE BAT," ETC., HAS A FRIEND TO TEA



# JUDGING the SHOWS II

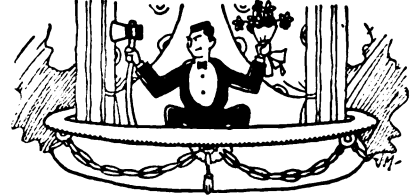
by George Jean Nathan



## I

AMONG the Russians who most loudly applauded the opening night performance of "Lysistrata" by the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio were Sinclair Lewis, Carl Van Vechten, Herbert Swope, Dudley Field Malone, Eva Le Gallienne, James W. Gerard, Justice Victor J. Dowling, Neysa McMein, Percy Hammond, John Emerson, Lawrence Reamer, Harold McCormack, Arthur Brisbane and Cholly Knickerbocker. These proud old Muscovites, who grew up in St. Petersburg and who have brought the mother tongue and love of all things Russian with them to this distant land of America, were an inspiring spectacle as they thundered forth their approbation and bestowed their native *hochs* and *prosits* upon their fellow-countrymen. No nuance, no shading, no mood of the performance escaped them as they escaped some of us alien Americans. True enough, a Fort Wyne, Ind., boy like myself could also appreciate the merits of the show in a general way, but when I wanted to know just what line to laugh heartily at or what particular dramatic passage to applaud I had to tip myself off by watching the reactions of such knowing Slavs as Paul Cravath, Ann Pennington, Harry Harkness Flagler, Doris Keane, Lady Diana Manners, Barney Baruch and Chauncey Olcott.

Well, anyway it was a great night, both back and front, and Morris Gest was so happy that he cried for three straight hours and didn't roast Lee Shubert once. The show that these pupils of Dantchenko put on, balancing the translated text with the Russian speech and judging it accordingly, is a lively, jovial and adroitly grouped affair. If you don't understand the language, what matter? At its most unintelligible, it is clearer, for that matter, than the



English used by the M. Charles Webster in "The Man Who Never Died."

## II

WEBSTER'S treasure was recently placed on view in the Provincetown Playhouse. The Provincetown Playhouse directors announced at the beginning of the season that they would make it their mission to produce the kind of plays which no one else would produce. In the instance of "The Man Who Never Died," they have surely lived up to their promise.

What we get here is a good large gob of pure and unadulterated flapdoodle. Two men murder their wives' lovers. One of the men, claiming he murdered to protect his honor and the honor of his home, is allowed to go free. The other, the hero of the play, tells the jury that he is a link between the spirit man of the future and the Babbitt of to-day, is hence not a human being in the strict sense of the term, and therefore cannot be tried for the crime. Although the playwright takes the hero's philosophy seriously, the jury doesn't, and the hero is sent up for twenty years. When he gets out, he has regained his youth and looks thirty years younger than he looked fifty years before. "How do you do it?" exclaims the other murderer, now an ancient with whiskers twelve feet long. "By looking up!" replies the hero in a far-away, Maeterlinckian tone.

Which is the reason for the great success of the Marx Brothers.

## III

THE MM. Marx are appearing this year in a musical show called "The Cocoanuts." My favorite Marx is still the Mons. Groucho, as he elects to dub himself. This

(Continued on page 30)

- "The Fountain" (Greenwich)—O'Neill on Ponce de Leon.
- "Merchants of Glory" (Guild)—A cynical French view of war.
- "The Green Hat" (Broadhurst)—Moony sex drivel.
- "Morals" (Comedy)—Ludwig Thoma via Dudley Digges.
- "Beware of Widows" (Elliott)—Dull comedy with Madge Kennedy.
- "Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Interesting American play.
- "Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Everything that "Young Blood" isn't.
- "Young Blood" (Ritz)—Nothing that "Young Woodley" is.
- "In a Garden" (Plymouth)—Metaphysics in the kindergarten.
- "These Charming People" (Gaiety)—Arlen's pale pink witticisms.
- "Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Bewhiskered stuff.
- "A Lady's Virtue" (Bijou)—More of the same.
- "The Enemy" (Times Square)—An indignant lecture against war.
- "Androcles and the Lion" (Klaw)—Jolly Shaw.
- "The Wise-Crackers" (Fifth Ave.)—To be described anon.
- "The Butler and Egg Man" (Longacre)—Funny farce-comedy.
- "Easy Virtue" (Empire)—Noel Coward rewrites "Tanqueray."
- "The Vortex" (Miller)—Noel Coward rewrites "Our Betters."
- "The Last of Mrs. Cheyne" (Fulton)—Frederick Lonsdale's trained crooks.
- "Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Marilyn Miller, plus.
- "Princess Flavia" (Century)—"Zenda" with music, plus.
- "The Vagabond King" (Casino)—"If I Were King," ditto.
- "Oh! Oh! Nurse" (Cosmopolitan)—A terrible one.
- "Charlot Revue" (Selwyn)—Well, anyway, last year's was good.
- "Twelve Miles Out" (Playhouse)—Old-time bell-and-Maria melo.
- "Chivalry" (Wallack's)—A poor one.
- "Arms and the Man" (Garrick)—Shaw somewhat dated.
- "The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—Groucho Marx in his prime.
- "Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Comical farce.
- "Merry, Merry" (Vanderbilt)—The usual musical dingus.
- "Gypsy Fires" (Cohan)—Lambs' Club gypsies.
- "Easy Come, Easy Go" (Biltmore)—More crook stuff.



# LAUGHS FROM THE SEAT



THE "COCONUTS"

GROUCHO - "WHO WAS THAT LADY I BEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?"  
 HARPO - "THAT WASN'T LAST NIGHT - IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST NIGHT!"



SHE - "YOU'RE FACETIOUS"  
 HE - "OH, DONT START BRINGING RELIGION INTO THIS!"

FLORIDA GIRL

"WAS SHE SMOOTH? - SAY WHEN THAT GIRL FINISHED TURNING ME DOWN I WANTED TO SAY THANKS!!"



"LAFF THAT OFF"

"OH! OH! NURSE!"



"HE'S SO DUMB HE WEARS HIS SUNDAY HAT ON HIS WEEK END!"

"WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS JOKE?"



"SH-H-!! THIS IS THE MYSTERY NUMBER"



JEFFERSON MACLEWER





## Come on—help!

I've been writing this Mennen Column for twelve years—with an average of thirty thousand miles a year in Pullmans on the side. I'm not quitting, but I'm not too big to call for help. Pretty nearly every man whose mind hadn't hardened before I could work on him has tried Mennen Shaving Cream. It's no use to argue with a man who is convinced.

It will take a smarter writer than I am to add to the appreciation of a shaver who, after years of suffering, has known the deep, soothing joy of Mennen dermuration. You know dermuration is the laboratory name for what we regular guys refer to as a licked beard.

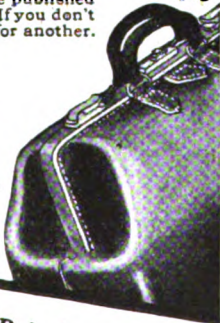
I can't, and I doubt if you can, express in words that thrill of victory when, for the first time, your mean, tough piano-wire bristles quit like a dog—just naturally collapsed so that about all a razor had to do was to wipe off the wilted stubble.

But here is my proposition: I want the shavers of America to help write my stuff.

At the bottom of this column, I ask a question. The best answer to that question wins a splendid traveling bag that you couldn't buy for \$50.

I want quick action—this contest closes February 15. I'm the judge. Contest open to all. No strings or conditions except that answers are limited to 100 words. Winning answer will be published as soon as I can pick it. If you don't win this contest, watch for another. I may run several of them. The bag's a beaut. I've never toted one as good. Hand made—big, classy; will last like the Mennen habit.

Here's the Bag



Jim Henry  
(Mennen Salesman)

Here's the "Prize" question:  
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**MENNEN**  
**SHAVING CREAM**  
—and why?  
Are you a regular Now?

Contest closes February 15. Write 100 words or less. Watch for another question in early issue. Mail your reply to THE MENNEN COMPANY, Jim Henry Contest, 383 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

# JUDGING the MOVIES

by William Morris Houghton



THOSE who have read that somewhat naughty, but essentially wise and charming, book, "The Tattooed Countess," by Carl Van Vechten, will be interested, and maybe surprised, to learn that "A Woman of the World," the movie adapted from it, is also essentially wise and charming. Not at all naughty—heaven and Will Hays forbid! Nevertheless, it has artistic integrity.

Every liberty has been taken with the original story. You will remember that the countess in that was a woman of fifty. In the picture, to suit the talents of Pola Negri and the popular taste, she is no more than half that age, and such a siren! *Madre de dios!* And you will remember that in the book her descent upon the little Iowa town took place in the late nineties; in the picture it takes place to-day. Quite naturally, therefore, instead of being warned by the dowager leader of small town society to mend her ways, she is threatened by the district attorney himself. The scenario writer had sense enough to realize that in the intervening generation the taboos of Rotaria had been written into the statutes and made official.

Well, love conquers all, of course, and leads to the altar, but the process has its high spots. The rôle of the district attorney, played by Holmes Herbert, is psychologically sound and excellently cast, and the setting as a whole is honest and highly amusing. And what a background for the alluring Pola!

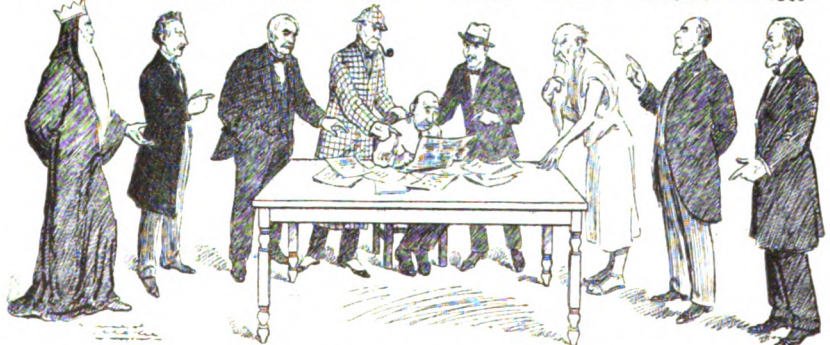
IF THE story involved in "Time, the Comedian," were anything but cheap melodrama, the inter-  
polations of the clownish figure rep-

resenting Time would be infinitely annoying. As it is they serve as an ingenious sauce to veil the poverty of the fare. Time first appears as a pigmy Pierot shinning up and down the swinging pendulum of a giant clock. Like Alice in Wonderland he expands to life size or shrinks to a Lilliputian at will, floats through the air or drops from the sky, serves as scrivener or usher, and unseen, of course, to the characters in the drama, constantly mocks their passions and pains. As I say, if the story were worth a tinker's dam you would up and kill him. But under the circumstances you call him brother.

Curiously enough I can find no mention in the bill of the actor who takes the part, so I'll be jiggered if I name any of the others.

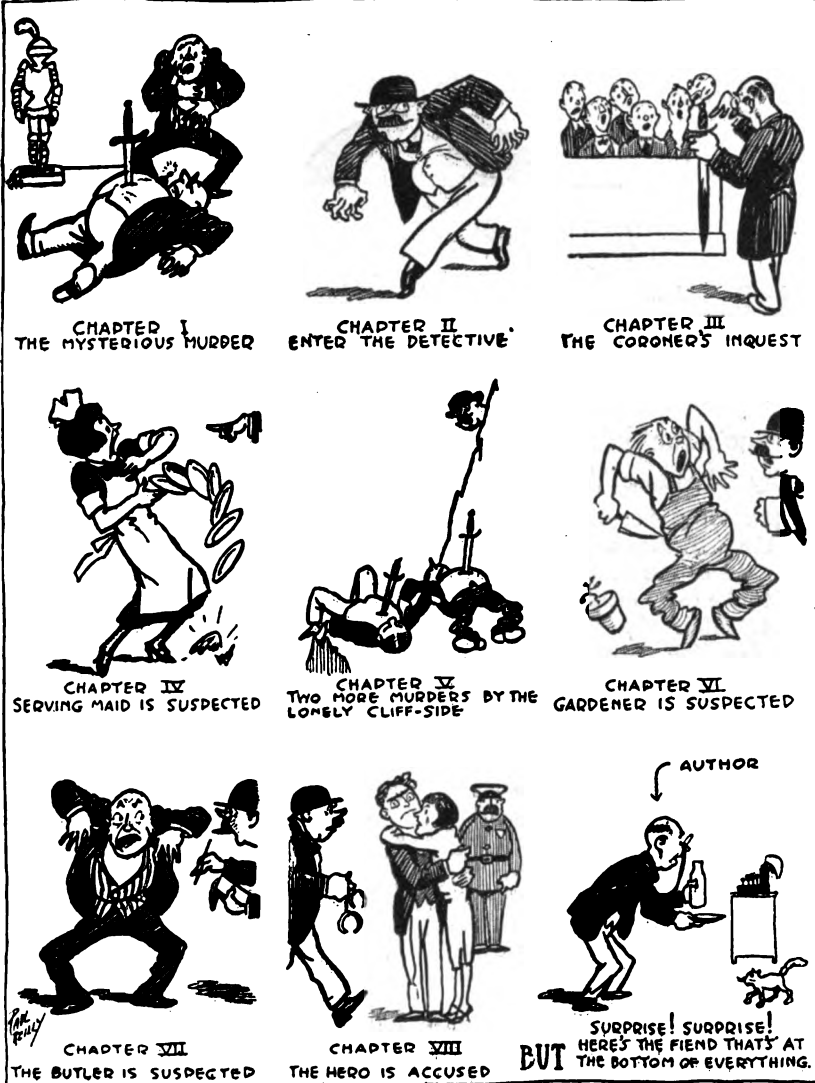
JUST what the title, "The Golden Cocoon," has to do with the story is only one of the mysteries about this picture. For instance, the "Eastern University" to which Molly Shannon (Helene Chadwick) is admitted enjoys a setting of Spanish architecture and eucalyptus trees. Where can it be? And the villain of the piece is the professor of economics. He is by turns comedian, lover, jilter, the cheapest kind of political henchman, and finally, and with great suddenness, hero. How does he do it, and with such a subject? Even the hero, Gregory Cochran Hunt y Gordon, falls for Mollie with a thump that is not only inexplicable but nerve shattering. One should be warned about such things. By the way, Gregory, who is rich and handsome, has an ancient negro manservant. Could he be the c-c-co-coon referred to?

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CHAPTER IV SERVING MAID IS SUSPECTED      CHAPTER V TWO MORE MURDERS BY THE LONELY CLIFF-SIDE      CHAPTER VI GARDENER IS SUSPECTED

CHAPTER VII THE BUTLER IS SUSPECTED      CHAPTER VIII THE HERO IS ACCUSED      BUT SURPRISE! SURPRISE! HERE'S THE FIEND THAT'S AT THE BOTTOM OF EVERYTHING.

The mystery story.

The Amazing Adventures of Sherlock Lupin

(Continued from page 5)

"Which reminds me," cut in the discourteous visitor, "what makes you so positive my wife's been murdered?"

"Say," cried Sherlock, "who's writing this story, you or the author?"

"I'm sorry," apologized the other, "I didn't mean to be rude."

"All right, we'll let that pass. Now you want me to tell you who murdered your wife?"

"Well, I didn't come here to buy a samovar."

The detective rose to his full height. Anger shown in his eyes. He pointed a menacing finger, one, by the way, which had just been expertly manicured by a cutey Sherlock was stuck on, at Mr. Smith.

"You—you murdered your wife!"

he shrieked. "Why did you kill her?"

"Oh, my God!" moaned the other. "Must I tell you?"

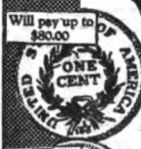
"If you don't, there's no point to this story."

"Very well," sobbed the culprit, "I'll tell you. I've been reading all the comic weeklies for years. This morning I thought I'd try an unique experiment on my wife—a test to see whether she was normal according to the comic weekly standards. I brazenly used the expensive guest towel. I told my wife about it. She never said a word in admonition. In fact, when I told her, she replied: 'That's what it's there for, my dear, to be used!' This was so unnatural and so contrary to the humorous magazine tradition, what else could I do but kill the faithless creature?"

By this time, however, Sherlock Lupin was fast asleep. It was indeed a tiresome story!

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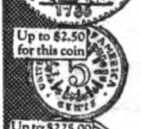
Post yourself! It Pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York \$2,500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G.F. Adams, \$740 for some old coins. W. F. Wilharm, Pennsylvania, \$13,500 for his rare coins. In the last 20 years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums.



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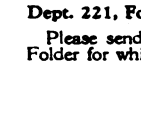
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## Prospects for the New Year by Theodore Williams

THE December movements in the securities market, though more or less irregular, did not indicate the early demise of the bull market. After the slump in late November the market gradually pulled itself together, and in the main proceeded to get back to, or even above, the previous high figures. It was what might have been expected, considering all the factors making for prosperity in the United States.

The prospective passage in Congress of a satisfactory tax reduction bill, President Coolidge's conservative annual message, and Secretary Mellon's pronounced optimism regarding the future of business, distinctly contributed to the strength of corporation issues. The favorable outlook for enterprise, which is the lifeblood and upbuilder of the country, had an excellent effect on the mental state of the nation. It lessened the tendency to pessimism and unrest which are always the foes of material progress.

On the basis of existing conditions, forecasts for 1926 must of necessity be hopeful and confident. There is much reason for believing that business this year will be better than in 1925, and it is possible that instead of having discounted coming improvement in industrial and commercial lines, the best securities are booked for further advances. Certainly, while the forward process in business continues there can hardly be any very drastic backward action in securities. The dividend paying record in these days is wonderfully good and unexampled. It has been a potent price-sustaining influence.

While there have been some sessions with general declines, an outstanding feature of the market is the alternating activity of the various groups of securities. This has convinced several veteran ob-

servers hat a new era is on in the stock market. They look for a time when each group shall have its days apart and shall correct its technical position for itself, without affecting the remainder of the list. Such a state of affairs, by cutting off mere sympathetic fluctuations, would tend to stabilize exchange transactions as a whole. But this is as yet only an interesting theory.

However, the investor or speculator need not necessarily be daunted because his favorite group is taking a rest and having a breathing spell.

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**F. CHICAGO, ILL.:** The United States Stores Corporation operates a chain of grocery stores and is doing well enough to pay dividends on its preferred stock, but none on common stock. Naturally a prudent investor would buy the preferred and not the common stock.

**C. FLOSHING, N. Y.:** The Seaboard Airline Railway has been put by increasing business in excellent financial condition. Florida traffic is of course contributing to the road's prosperity. The road's policy of expansion may defer the long expected declaration of dividends, and that may check the speculative possibilities of the stock for a time. In the long run both classes of stock should reach higher levels.

**L. BARRE, VT.:** The Union Discount Co. has able men in its management, is in good repute, and is successful in its business. It is a dividend payer and its stock may be called a business man's investment.

**H., NEW YORK CITY:** The United Eastern Mining Co. is a gold producer, incorporated in

1914. Capital stock \$1,500,000 per value \$1. The company began paying dividends in 1917 and has been a liberal payer. But ore reserves have not kept pace with production and exhaustion of reserves is possible in a few years. Better buy stock which has a more assured future. The Utah Apex Mining Co. was incorporated in 1908. Capital stock \$5,000,000, par \$5. First dividend was paid in 1915, and it has kept up payments ever since. The company is a large producer of lead and has been considerably helped by the advance in that metal.

**F. FLOSHING, L. I.:** The American Telegraph & Cable Co. owns two lines of cable running from Nova Scotia to England and having connection with telegraph lines at each end. The cables have been leased by the Western Union Telegraph Co., which guarantees 5 per cent. on the A. T. and C.'s stock. This lease expires in 1932 and what will be done with the cables after that is not yet known. The Western Union may or may not renew the lease. It is this uncertainty which keeps down the price of the A. T. & C. stock. Very few shares come out in the market because holders do not seem to be anxious to sell.

**K., MANCHESTER, N. Y.:** Dome Mines Co.'s stock, quoted about \$16 and paying \$2, makes a good yield on market price, and it would sell higher if the dividend could be assured. Only a few mining stocks are much better than speculations. Gramby Mining is paying nothing and is without present attraction. The low priced non-dividend mining stocks are only gambles. Miami Copper is a cheap dividend payer but its future is not certain. You have come late to the market for low priced railroad stocks. Nearly all issues have had a smart rise and their speculative possibilities have been pretty well discounted.

**R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.:** Packard Motor Car Co. having retired its pfd. stock, having no bonded debt, paying a yearly cash dividend of \$2, and with stock dividend possibilities is making a good record of prosperity and its shares are attractive, though at present outselling the dividend. Congoleum Nairn has suffered a decline recently owing to reports that the company would suspend dividends. The future of the shares is too uncertain to make their purchase advisable.

**M., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.:** The Investors Syndicate proposition is sound in principle and entirely practicable. The syndicate has been in existence for so many years that it has been able to establish a good record. Its ten-year 5½ per cent. savings plan seems reasonably safe for those of moderate means.

**C., TROY, N. Y.:** The Hupp Motor Co. and the Tennessee Copper & Chemical Co. are each paying \$1 yearly. Hupp Motor stock is quoted considerably higher than Tennessee Copper, but it is a more seasoned issue. Each company reports a favorable outlook. Both stocks are more or less speculative and are a business man's purchases, not real investments. The future of these stocks will depend on the companies' earnings.

**S., PITTSFIELD, MASS.:** Any of the 8 per cent. Florida first mortgage real estate bonds advertised in JUDON are reasonably safe investments for working men.

**W., DORMONT, PA.:** Transcontinental Oil stock is so highly speculative that if you can dispose of your holdings with little or no loss it would be advisable to do so, and to invest in a sound dividend payer or first mortgage real estate bonds. New York, January 2, 1926.

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Bulletin D-1, naming a number of listed stocks in good position but now selling at about half their prices in 1924, will be sent to any address by H. C. Schauble & Co., 63-65 Wall street, New York City.

Actual or prospective holders of bonds can obtain from the Strauss Investing Corporation, 300 Madison avenue, New York City, a helpful booklet, "How to Analyze a First Mortgage Bond." It can be used as a guide both by the experienced and the inexperienced investor in the selection of investments.

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EVERY WEEK IN  
JUDGE

## Stabbed from Within

(Continued from page 10)

he bowed his head for a moment, in memory of his mother, "would have conceived and carried out the ingenious idea of extracting the extra teeth in order to remain forever at the divine, the glamorous, the delirious age of sixteen!"

"How simple!" I cried.

"Simple? A *simple*, my boy, is an herb—and my name is not *Herbert!*"

It was by such rapier-like thrusts that my friend was accustomed to breaking the tension of our overwrought nerves. Such is the mission of divine humor—and so did the Great Man delight to employ it.

"Cuckoo!" cried the dusty clock behind us. "Cuckoo!"

But unmindful of such thoughtless criticism, the Great Glumph set to work. Tenderly he rolled up the unknown trouser legs, disclosing a chased ankle watch beneath.

"Note the time, inspector," he murmured. McGrouch nodded comprehension.

"Stopped when she kicked the bucket," he agreed. "That means she's been dead—"

But Glumph was no longer following him. With a sign to me to snuff the candle he had knelt purposefully above the prostrate body and cupped his chin in his hawk-like hands. In an instant the room was in total darkness, and realizing by long training what was expected of me, I leaped to my position. A moment of waiting, and then—

A shrill whistle split the stygian gloom. Swiftly I struck out, aiming



The wealthy parent undertakes to find out how his flapper daughter spends her spare time.



as best I might at the Bump of Ratiocination. An eerie cry tore through the night, followed by a thud.

"My God!" I cried. "Lights, McGrouch, lights!"

Yet even as McGrouch leaped to obey, I realized it was too late. The smell of fresh blood swept pungently to my nostrils. Gibbering, I leaped to a corner—covering my horrified face with my hands. Instead of the Bump of Ratiocination, I had hit the Great Man's nose!

To my relief, however, Glumph's attention was focused not upon me, but upon the upflung right knee of the murdered body. In a flash, I saw it all. In his agony the Great Man had doubled up violently, spasmodically, and in so doing had rapped the patella sharply with his hawk-like chin. And that chance blow—guided as if by the hand of fate—had touched a hidden spring.

"A secret passage!" I cried, awed. "Look, Glumph, there—in her right knee—the secret. . . ."

But my friend was already through the open door, and half-way up the spiral staircase, mounting, mounting, till McGrouch and myself were hard put to it to keep up with him. At last Glumph paused, and I knew we must be opposite the point immediately above the heart. Slowly he drew aside the purple hangings, thrust out his arm to its fullest extent and triumphantly drew forth—the stiletto! The mystery was a mystery no longer.

"And the murderer?" I gasped.

For answer, Glumph pointed silently to the floor beneath our feet where, clearly outlined in the dust as though etched by the hand of a master craftsman, showed the footprints of the assassin. The dainty, French-heeled footprints of the woman herself!

"So," remarked McGrouch at last, when we had regained the pure air of the room outside, "it was nothing but suicide after all?"

"Nothing but suicide," replied the Great Man dreamily. "And yet, who knows?—is not suicide perhaps, after all, nothing but murder backwards. The Lord giveth. . . ."

For awhile he stood wrapped in speculations so deep, so sheer, that neither McGrouch or I could follow him. At last, with a sigh of resignation, he turned to me.

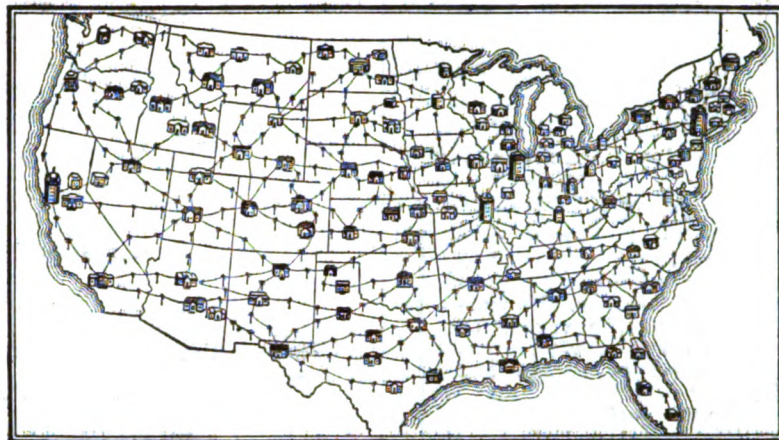
"My boy," he said kindly, "it looks like snow."

"It is snow," I replied. "Have a sniff."

And as he raised the white dust to his twitching, hawk-like nose—

"Cuckoo!" said the little dust-shrouded clock, "cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

*Gardner Rea*



## The Future of the Telephone

It was fifty years ago that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and yet this anniversary is but a milestone in the progress of telephone development. As the giant oak with its complicated structure grows from the acorn, so a nation-wide system has grown out of Bell's single telephone instrument.

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vast extent and intricacy. Great economies have already been gained by such technical improvements and more are sure to follow for the benefit of telephone users everywhere.

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—Penn Punch Bowl

Cannon Bawl Craves to Know  
Who was the hostess at the Boston Tea Party?  
Who shot the Albatross?  
Why Nora Bayes?  
What Jennie Wade?  
Who paid Pickett's Charge?  
If Stonewall Jackson was a Mason?  
—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl

"What you need is an electric bath," said the doctor.  
"Not for me," said the patient.  
"My uncle got drowned in one of those things in Sing Sing."  
—Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket

She—I wouldn't think of marrying such an intellectual monstrosity and physical misfit as you are—you numskull! Do you get me?  
He—Well, from the general trend of your conversation, I should judge not.  
—Oregon Orange Owl

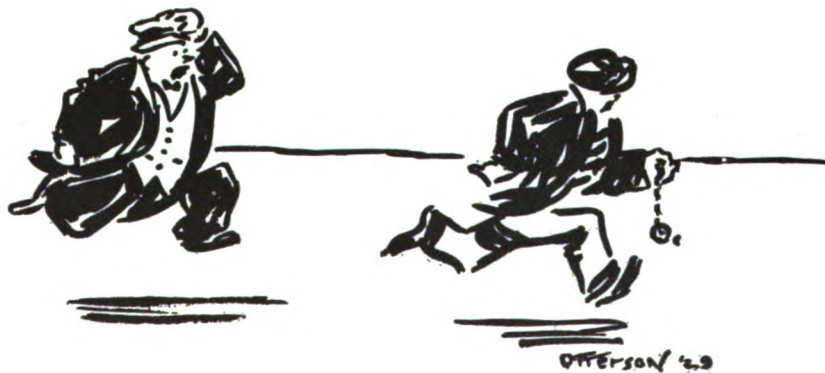
She—I love swinging lamps, don't you?  
Sap—Too darned heavy for me, I use dumb-bells.  
—Williams Purple Cow



"Odorono, a moth lives an awful life."  
"How come, Fauntleroy?"  
"He has to spend the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit."  
—PENN STATE FROTH

M. D. (after careful examination)  
—Some foreign substances have lodged in your eye.  
O'Reilley—Oi knowed ut, thot's what oi git fer wurrikin wid dem wops.  
—Hamilton Royal Gabocru

Yes, we met a dumb girl this summer. She thought kid finish was a foreign heavyweight boxer.  
—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl

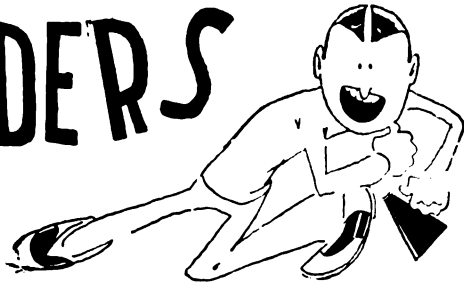


"I Miss My Swiss."

—YALE RECORD



# LEADERS



## PHILOSOPHY IN DAILY LIFE

**THE DUCHESS**—*An epistemological idealism hopelessly confounds itself in the egocentric predicament, don't ye think?*

**THE LITTLE BOY** (making a joke of the whole affair)—*Not if you substitute dualism for a hylogistic monism in considering the cosmogony.*

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

## Rollo, the Ice Water!

"Do you know how to approach a girl with a past?"

"How?"

"With a present."

—Washington Dirge

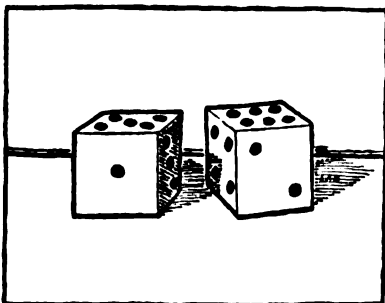
"What makes you think Ted was stewed last night?"

"He tried to blow the foam off a Charlotte Russe."

—Rensselaer Pup

"I Miss My Swiss," warbled William Tell, as the arrow fairly cleft the apple in twain.

—Michigan Gargoyle



*An Unbeaten Eleven from the South.*  
—MIDDLEBURY BLUE BABOON

**Irate Pater**—Young man, have you ever kissed my daughter?

**Young Man**—I really couldn't say, sir.

"What! You can't say?"

"No, sir, you see, sir, I promised her I wouldn't tell."

—Penn State Froth

A cynic's version of it: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than ever to have loved and won."

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

Though clothes may not make the man, we know at least one student who owes a lot to his tailor.

—Colgate Banter



*She was only a crap-shooter's daughter, but she was passing fair.*

—VANDERBILT MASQUERADER

**Squad Leader**—I hear the battalion commander called you a blockhead. Is that correct?

**Plebe**—No, sir, he didn't make it that strong. He just said, "Pull down your cap, here comes a wood-pecker."

—Annapolis Log

There's one dumb guy in this dumb town,

'The keeper ought to catch,  
I saw him telling time last night,  
On a sundial—with a match.

—West Virginia Moonshine

It's all right to begin at the bottom—except when you're learning to swim.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

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### The Return of Sherlock Holmes

"ANGEL WATSON," said the immortal Sherlock Holmes, standing on the porch of his heavenly bungalow and bowing to the angels as they flew past him, "I've just received a letter from America. They want me to come. They need me and send me a long list of unsolved mysteries. I'm fervently asked to become mortal again, return to earth and solve them."

"What are they?" inquired Angel Watson, shooting a little banana oil into his left wing.

"Here's a partial list," read Sherlock:

"Why do subway locals always pull out just as the express trains pull into a station?"

"Why are Pullman porters always addressed as 'George?'"

"Why do our neighbors' one-tube radio sets always get Mexico City conversationally and not even the local stations when we're at their homes?"

"Which came first—the egg or the chicken?"

"What makes a business man tired?"

"Why do members of male quartets always look like bartenders?"

"Why do movie detectives wear square-toed shoes, derbies and smoke black cigars?"

"What has become of the Mah Jonger set?"

"When will America get prohibition?"

"Holmes," interrupted Watson, "be a nice angel and stay here."

"No, I'm going," said Holmes. "The world needs me. Its problems are too baffling—its mysteries too deep. . . ."

"Why do you want to go back?" wailed Watson. "You'll get hit by taxi-cabs, develop indigestion, live in a stuffy flat, be subject to censors and censorship, give out interviews to inquiring reporters, wear tight collars, worry about the rent, drink synthetic gin, play bridge and be thoroughly miserable and bored. Why would anyone want to go back? In fact, why does anyone, in the first place, yourself included, ever want to stay on the earth anyhow?"

"Watson," softly answered Holmes, hailing a taxi, "that's the greatest mystery of all and the one I'm going to try and solve."

Hugh Wood



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## JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT  
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### Home Life of a Playwright

9 A.M.—Is awakened by a weird groan from behind the portieres.

9.05 A.M.—Is dragged from bed by a long white hand reaching out from behind the bureau.

9.10 A.M.—Finds dead body of a detective in bathtub and dispenses with morning plunge.

10 A.M.—Secret panel in dining-room slides silently open and white-shrouded figure sets breakfast on table and vanishes.

10.10 A.M.—Blood-stained stiletto drops from ceiling and imbeds itself in poached egg.

11 A.M.—Playwright is suddenly dropped out of sight for morning walk by a trapdoor that opens beneath him.

2.05 P.M.—Writes in study surrounded by complete peace and quiet except for the appearance of seventeen ghosts, twenty-four mysterious and threatening missives, disappearance of two se vants and a maiden aunt, finding of one dead body under the sofa and three unconscious persons in the wastebasket, 872 feminine shrieks and 1,765 unearthly wails.

6 P.M.—Opens panel in wall disclosing secret staircase up which he ascends to dress for dinner.

7 P.M.—Dines with old negro servant who "puts across" in 436 different and aged ways the fact that the house is haunted and he is very much afraid.

8.30 P.M.—Is interviewed by a detective from Scotland Yard.

8.35 P.M.—Lights out for a moment and detective vanishes.

8.50 P.M.—Library window is slowly and silently raised and a hairy arm pins the imprint of a snake's ankle on curtain.

9.30 P.M.—Fireplace swings open and a huge ape strides silently across the room and lights master's pipe.

10.15 P.M.—Suit of armor standing in corner raises lance and just grazes the playwright's head.

10.35 P.M.—Rattling of chains in attic, bloodcurdling scream of fright, door to wine cellar opens and bodies of three guests fall into the room.

10.52 P.M.—Chime clock strikes twelve very slowly.

10.55 P.M.—On last stroke of twelve the lights go out, a phosphorescent figure glides silently across the room, turns back the bedclothes and noiselessly disappears. Playwright vents a loud yawn and climbs wearily into bed, having completed three more Broadway "thrillers."

Richard Wallace

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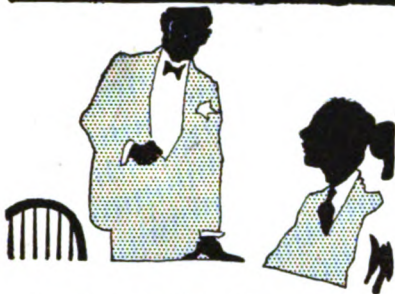
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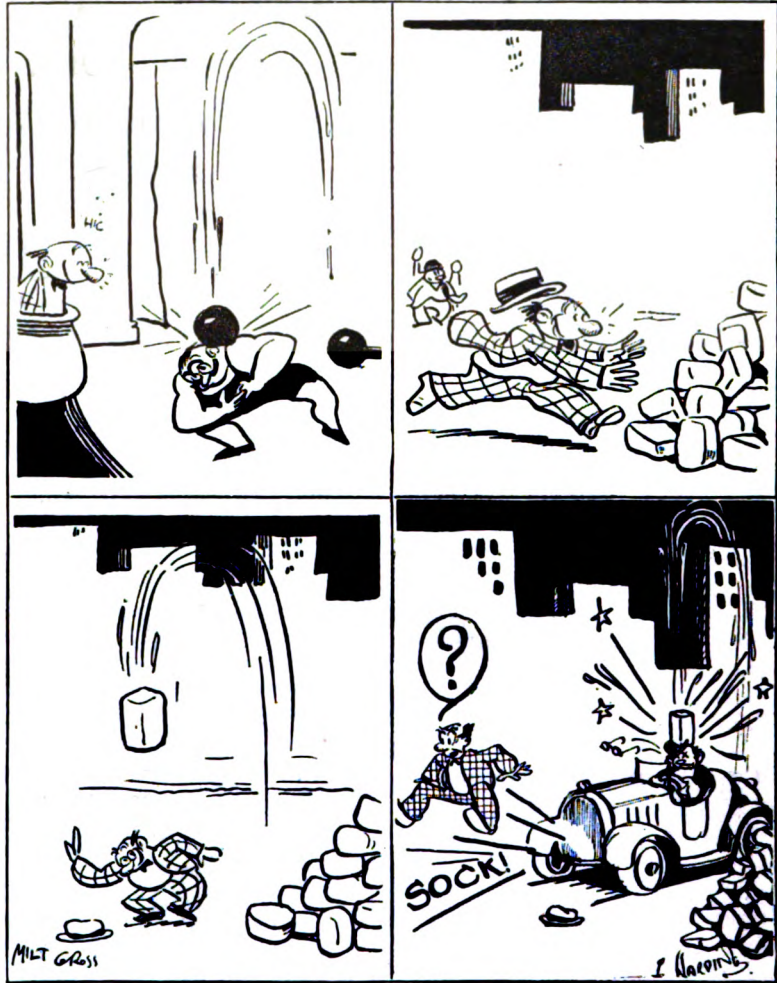
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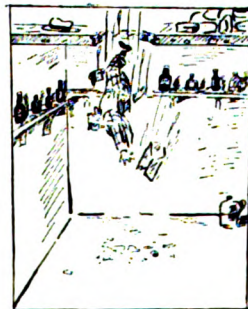
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Wm. G. Mortimer, London, Ont., Canada.



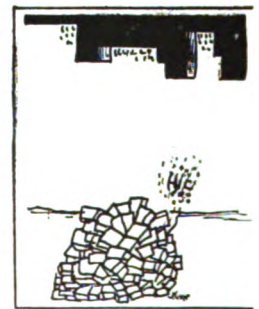
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## The Matrimonial Mystery

THE age-old mystery of the stoic Sphinx,

The reason why so many girls leave home—

Are capable of solving and, methinks, I've got the answer in my brainy dome.

I think I know why women wear their furs

Beneath a sizzling, scorching August sun—

But one mystery still baffles Even Sherlock Holmes or Raffles—

How "two can live as cheaply now as one"?

I know the answer to a maiden's prayer

And why the (ha! ha!) chickens cross the streets.

I know just what the well-dressed man will wear;

I understand financial balance-sheets.

But I've been married just about three weeks.

I wooed, pursued; at last her heart I've won—

And since the parson's sermon I've been tryin' to determine

How "two can live as cheaply now as one"?

*Hugh Wood*

## The Week's Worst Pun

*Offspring*—Why do they have a buffalo on our five-cent piece, pop?

*Progenitor*—Because it no longer bison nickel's worth. Go to bed.

*American Legion Weekly*

\*\*\*

The sounds on the departure of a train from a London station have been made into a gramophone record. Fortunately the remarks of a panting season ticket holder who arrived just too late were drowned by a long blast of the whistle.

*Humorist*

\*\*\*

A man who appeared at a London police court could not be persuaded to stop talking. Eventually, however, the magistrate managed to get in a short sentence.

*London Opinion*

EPILAUGHS

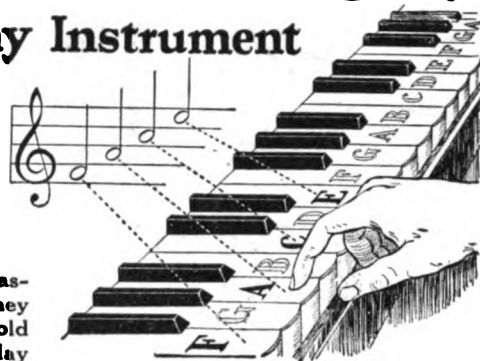
Smile through your tears, for Ophelia  
McSwope,  
Took her cute little bath, and then  
stepped on the soap.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

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You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and understand it! You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes. You'll acquire a lifelong ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money (musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work).

Whether you like the piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you can now learn to play it in an amazingly short time. By means of this newly perfected method reading and playing music is made almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

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The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. In the booklet you will find a special offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a very low price—if you act promptly. With it will be sent a Demonstration Lesson which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new Method is. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 21 Brunawick Bldg., New York. Please write name and address plainly.

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21 Brunawick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

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TAKES THE AIR  
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"My investment in LaSalle training," writes J. B. Lewels, "has already paid me, during two months alone, an actual cash profit of 300 per cent."

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If you are in earnest when you say that you want to get ahead, you will not be satisfied until you have put this kind of training to the test—exchanged it, just as thousands have done, for a bigger income.

The details of the LaSalle Problem Method—often spoken of as the salary-doubling plan—will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value. And it's FREE.

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Here's YOUR chance to become a professional Cartoonist. Easy hours—freedom from routine—and make \$100 a week or more. Learn at home quickly to draw all kinds of Cartoons—this easy way. There's "big-pay" for YOU in this fascinating field. Free book fully describes our simplified method. Send post card today to Washington School of Cartooning, Room 481 D, 1113—15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



## Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 16)

Groucho is a fellow of much mirth. The essence of the true comique is in his undershirt. He can take a pun that would bring another man a sock in the eye and make it actually laughable. He can take lines that would bring a lesser man a shower of boos and can convert them into middle-shaking stuff. Brother Harpo lends Brother Groucho his usual valuable pantomimic assistance and the two other brothers draw their pay, as heretofore, for doing nothing.

If you can imagine Sacha Guitry's "Faisons Un Rêve" without a bed, "The Heart of Maryland" without a bell or an Augustus Thomas play without a lot of philosophical walla-walla in it, you have a very clear idea what "The Cooanuts" would be like if the Frères Marx got sick. But the boys look healthy, so I suppose there is no need for concern.

### IV

PROFESSOR Dr. Emil P. Houdini, the vaudeville mystic, lately took over the Forty-fourth Street Theater, erstwhile home of the Rt. Rev. Alberto Jolson, for a couple of weeks and gave those of us who can't go into a vaudeville theater without getting a severe attack of cramps a chance to see him in comfort. I place upon the Prof. Dr.'s head the wreath of lilies of the valley. He is quite the clever gent he has been proclaimed to be. He can get out of a strait-jacket almost as quickly as I can get out of a play by Horace Annesley Vachell; he can show up the tricks of spiritualistic mediums with a critical humor; he can go Hermann and Keller one better in pulling bowls of goldfish out of his coat-tails. His show is a good one. It will entertain you.

### Ten Minutes More

Mr.—Aren't you ready to go yet?

Mrs.—Tell me, doesn't my gown look as if it were slipping off my shoulders?

"No; let's go."

"Well, you'll have to wait. It's supposed to look that way."

—American Legion Weekly



Pedestrians who wear something white are, it is said, much more easily distinguished by motorists at night. Really sporting drivers, however, will feel that this makes the chase too easy.

—London Opinion

# "I FORGET—"

One of the greatest attributes to success in business is a ready, reliable memory, not a memory which is cluttered-up with unnecessary details, but a memory that is trained to retain and recall the pertinent transactions of the business day.

To be unable to recall important circumstances, to be forced to the admission, "I forget," brands one as incapable and unreliable.

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# POWER and FORCE

BY

William Clarke

Late of the Royal Polytechnic Institute, London, England

Presents in easily understood English the secret of the master key to memory with special chapters on "Memory in Business," "Remembering Names and Faces" and "Memory Defects Remedied" as well as many other interesting and enlightening facts.

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Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled .....

By .....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled .....

By .....

Should be entered in the Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

(Name) .....

(Address) .....

(Week of January 9)

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We send you everything you need to stop all roof leaks without asking you to send a single penny. No C.O.D. No notes. Pay four months later if our material proves to be exactly as represented.

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Monarch Paint Co. Dept. 19-01 Cleveland, O.

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

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

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

CHECK HERE

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

**FOR YOURSELF**

**JUDGE FOR YOURSELF**



And So It Goes!

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Up until your last issue I have been buying your paper continually, but your last issue has finally convinced me that any person who does not owe an allegiance to any foreign emperor, king or pope or who does not believe in undermining our Constitution or any constitutional law thereof, cannot read the greater part of your magazine with enjoyment.

If freedom or personal liberties cost disrespect for law, then slavery is a blessing.

I cannot claim membership in the Klan but that does not prevent me as well as many others from owing an unqualified allegiance to our Government and the land it represents.

I know that the publishing of this letter will bring to you many new readers of the type that constitutes the majority of your subscribers, but I trust you are convinced that I will discourage the reading of your paper whenever I have the opportunity to do so.

Disgusted,  
Richard Schoen

New York City,  
November 26, 1925.

**How to Enforce Prohibition**

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Gentlemen: It has been suggested that the United States Army and Navy be used in the enforcement of the present Prohibition law.

The suggestion is certainly a good one but lacks the quality of comprehensiveness.

It is more likely, in my opinion, that the Prohibition law can be enforced if our Government will use the army and the navy, build a stockade about the borders of the country, prohibit the growth of any grains, fruits or other vegetation from which alcohol can be produced, deputize every man over twenty-one years of age as an enforcement officer and enforce a penalty of not less than twenty years confinement in a Federal penitentiary on any and every person or individual discovered manufacturing, selling, giving, drinking or otherwise disposing of alcoholic stimulants.

If we insist on having a Prohibition law, why not have a good one?

The hard hitter is the fellow who attracts the most attention. Keep it up.

Yours very truly,  
P. M. Morrison

Houston, Tex.  
November 27, 1925.

**A Prescription**

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Judge: I am extremely anxious to know if you have recovered from the brick cast northward by "Chattanooga Carothers." If you've got any wine glasses in your office, you're lucky. And more than that, as the son of a doctor, I do not believe in patent medicines. I prescribe, as a remedy for the editorials of W. M. H., the abolition of the Ku Klux and the Eighteenth Amendment that would undoubtedly cause the quieting effect desired by Mr. Carothers.

Fifteen rals for Judge, Jr., and his broadcasting. And don't let your High Hat blow away; they, with the Cheerleaders, are your best bets.

Wishing you all success, I am,  
Sincerely yours,  
Gordon A. Rust

Malone, N. Y.  
November 29, 1925.  
P. S.: Ten miles from Canada, in beathenish, bootlegging, Northern New York. (Apologies to Mr. Carothers.)

**In Fast Company**

To the Editors of JUDGE:

The proper way to entitle this missive escapes me, but I can at least appreciate your page "Judge on the Bench." For many years I have enjoyed it. It is always timely, logical and well written and your November 21 issue is a gem.

I always turn to that page first although the rest of the magazine is almost as delightful. Long live Sam Pepys, Artemus Ward, Will Rogers and JUDGE.

Yours truly,  
Dan H. McCullough, Jr.

Toledo, O.  
November 21, 1925.

**New Self-Massaging Belt  
REDUCES WAIST  
-Easily!**

Substitutes good, solid tissue for bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently you hardly know it is there.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and few could take advantage of it.

**Remarkable New  
Invention**

At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Well Scientific Reducing Belt by means of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

**Actually Removes Fat**

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline, you feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Method of reduction is used by athletes and jockeys because it reduces quickly and preserves their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER**

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Well Company, 71 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WELL COMPANY, 71 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and your special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....  
Address.....  
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A marvelous calculator. Does the work accurately and quickly as a \$500 machine. Invaluable to anyone who uses figures. Don't carry pad and pencil. This startling invention will solve all problems in a minute. Business men, students, professional people, all need this HANDY HELPER.



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**AGENTS**

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Remarkable book—"COMMERCIAL ART AND CARTOONING." Explains how to make illustrations for books, advertisements, etc. Also how to become a Cartoonist. NO CORRESPONDENCE COURSE—Book tells all—14 chapters—125 illustrations. Explains Elementary Drawing; Still Life; Pen, Ink, Charcoal; and Crayon Work; Cartooning; etc. Bound Flexible, Im. Leather. Postpaid for \$2.00 (C.O.D. extra). OGDEN PUBLISHING CO., 57 Rose Street, New York, Dept. 135.



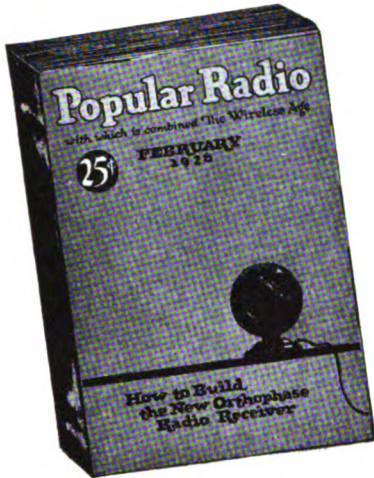
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Just print your name and address clearly as it is to appear, enclose with \$1.00, outside of U. S. and west of Denver add 10c, and we'll ship immediately prepaid. Money returned if you're not fully satisfied.

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Anyone can play the Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin, or Guitar, in ten minutes with this wonderful new device. Works like a typewriter—just press the keys. Play by numbers instead of notes.

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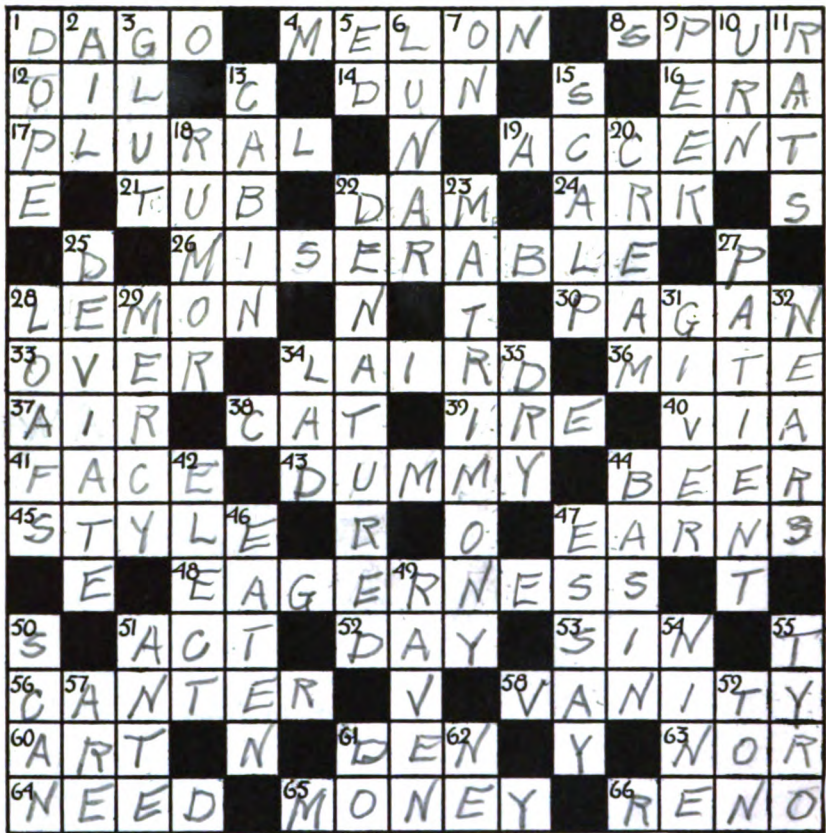
No knowledge of music needed. No expensive lessons. No weeks of tiresome practice. So simple a child can use it. Praised by prominent musicians. Thousands of delighted users. Astonish your friends with your playing. Become popular! New pleasures, making opportunities!

**FREE BOOK**

Send for FREE book, also catalog of musical instrument bargains. No obligation to buy.

**FERRY & CO., 3222 N. Halsted, Dept. 9302, Chicago**

**Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 57**



Submitted by F. W. T., Haerford, Pa. JUDGE pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

**Vertical**

- 1. The stuff of which dreams are made.
- 2. What passengers frequently do at sea.
- 3. Surflet.
- 5. Newspaper boss (abbr.).
- 6. This kind of light is a flapper's delight.
- 7. Preposition.
- 9. This is better than a finesse in bridge.
- 10. An ash can.
- 11. Rodents.
- 13. The home of a mammy song writer.
- 15. This, at one time, was much sought after by 100 per cent. Americans.
- 18. A very busy dame.
- 20. This comes from contented cows.
- 22. The spirit of '26.
- 23. Well-known eye-opener.
- 25. Wander.
- 27. This fellow has it out with his dentist.
- 28. What Weary Willie does for a living.
- 29. Old-fashioned exclamation of feminine surprise.
- 31. One who gives.
- 32. What a battleship does when it approaches the enemy.
- 34. A youth.
- 35. Something America isn't.
- 36. Something voters do on Election Day.
- 44. Household article.
- 46. Devoured.
- 47. A student's effusion.
- 49. This old bird helped make Poe famous.
- 60. Scrutinize or examine carefully.
- 61. Something poker players do reluctantly.
- 64. A baseball team.
- 65. A novice.
- 67. Part of the verb "to be."
- 69. About fifteen hundred pounds of coal.
- 61. Something doers do.
- 62. Point of the compass.

- 26. What a man is when he pays his income tax.
- 28. The kind of a girl that men forget.
- 30. Relating to polytheistic worship.
- 33. Where go-getters put things.
- 34. A landlord in Scotland.
- 36. This is the widows.
- 37. What Colonel Mitchell fought for and got.
- 38. Back fence soloist.
- 39. Crossword anger.
- 40. By way of.
- 41. Map.
- 43. A married man and a fourth at bridge.
- 44. Great Canadian attraction.
- 45. The one thing that even very dumb women can follow.
- 47. Principal thing a wage earner does.
- 48. Characteristic of youth (youth ed it!).
- 61. Actors do this more off the stage than on.
- 62. Twenty-four hours.
- 63. Transgress.
- 66. An easy gallop.
- 68. A case of paint.
- 60. Nowadays this is done for jack's sake.
- 61. A bear's sanctum sanctorum.
- 63. This goes with neither.
- 64. Something poor people live in.
- 65. This talks, but usually it only says good-by.
- 66. A parting place.

**Answer to Last Week's Puzzle**



**Horizontal**

- 1. Son of Italy.
- 4. Wall street's favorite fruit.
- 8. This is down at the heels.
- 12. A good thing to strike.
- 14. A communication from the tailor.
- 16. Period of time.
- 17. There is nothing singular about this.
- 19. Something a Frenchman talks with.
- 21. Saturday night fixture.
- 22. This is used for holding water.
- 24. Well-known ancient vessel.





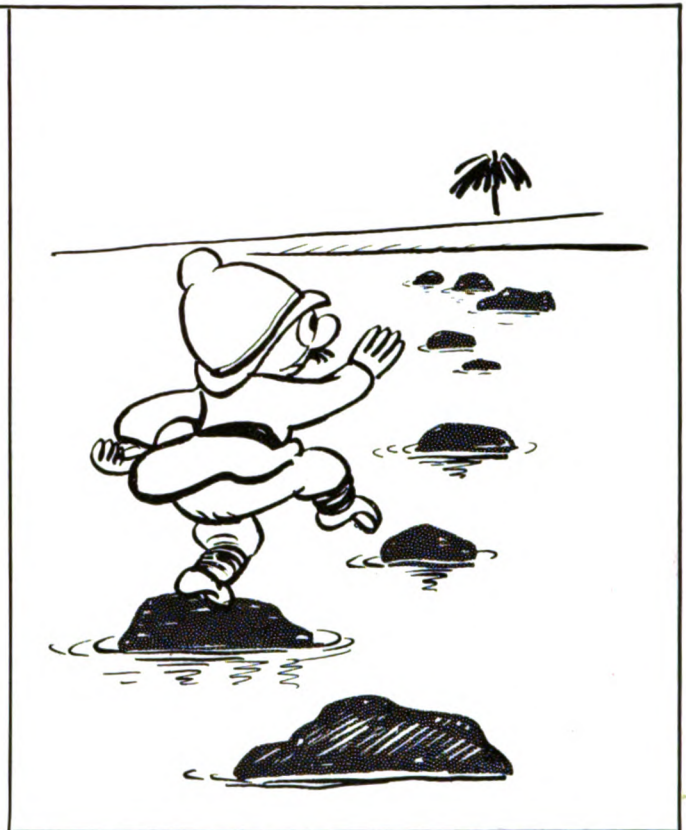
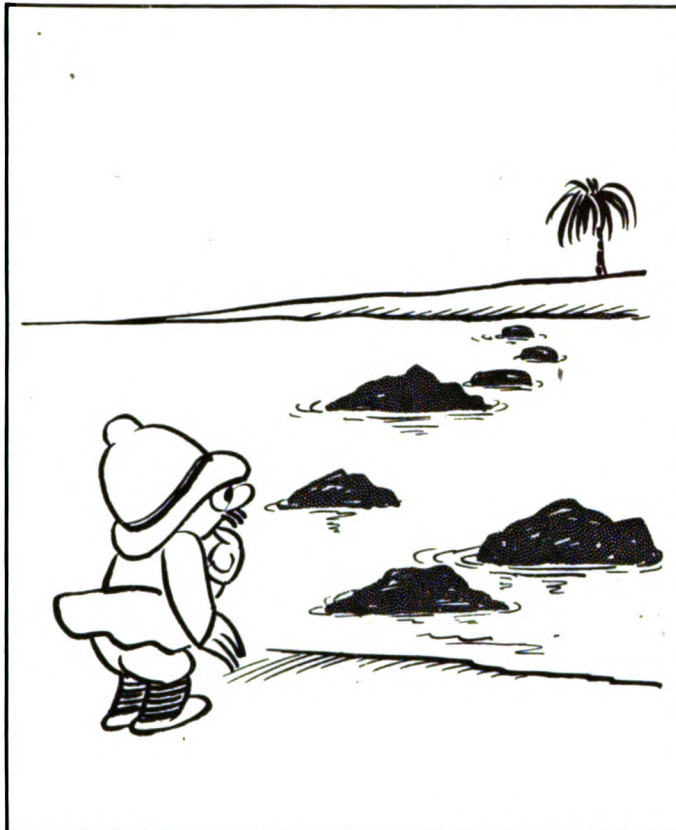
# DRAW YOUR OWN COMICS!

# S!

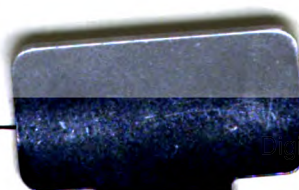
## JUDGE will pay \$25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

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

to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y. Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes January 18. Winning ending appears in the issue of February 6



Contest No. 24





*When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby—have a Camel!*



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



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

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