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J U D G E

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THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(as it seems to Willie)

WHO'S WHO IN JUDGE

THIS distinguished looking gentleman, folks, is none other than Percy Leo Crosby, famous all-around artist of both continents. As you can see by this photograph, Mr. Crosby is also a painter of no mean ability and is exhibiting lithographs this year in the National Academy and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Crosby denies emphatically that he uses the mustache to paint his landscapes with.

Percy was born in Brooklyn, but it is said he left there as soon as he was able to walk and made straight for the Art Students League. When the Big War broke out he went in as a second lieutenant and came out as a captain. With such a war record behind him he immediately got married and began drawing for every magazine in the world, including the Scandinavian.



PERCY LEO CROSBY

JUDGE

WANTS TO KNOW—

WHY taxi-meters always jump an extra twenty cents just as you are stepping out at your destination.

WHAT you have to say to a telephone girl to get her mad.

WHAT has happened to the old-fashioned people whose idea of a wild evening was a flinch game.



CITIZEN—*Can't go out to-day?*
COP—*Can't go out to-day. The air is like wine.*



"Oh! I see you have acquired an Egyptian mummy!"
 "No. That's my husband. He tried to paper the house himself."

Nuts to Crack

Can These Crack Yours?

PHOEBE is older than her younger sister. If she is the age she says she is, Grant took Richmond in 1908. At this rate, when did Columbus discover America and when will this country be dry?

It is 400 miles from New York City to Montreal. A broker made the round trip. Who caught him?

In winter time, how many socks on one foot?

There are a certain number of people in a subway car. At the next station one-fifth as many more people get on. At the following stop the population of the car doubles. Then triples—and so on. How many of the ladies got seats?

(Hint: Let x equal the number of people that got on at the first stop. X , of course, always equals 10. The rest is easy—but, remember, this isn't the age of chivalry.)

Robert Cyril O'Brien

Especially on Anniversaries

The kind of a girl that men forget—the wife.

Complete Characterizations

The kind of a man who always says: "That reminds me of the time when . . ."

The kind of a girl who suggests a "nice, quiet evening at home" and then drags you out for supper, theater and a roof garden.

The kind of people who are horrified to discover you don't play golf.

The kind of a man who keeps his small change in a little leather purse.

The kind of a guy who subscribes to the *Police Gazette*.

The kind of a man who writes indignant letters to the newspapers signed "Old Subscriber."

The kind of a man who won't listen to the jokes in a Pullman smoker.

The kind of a girl who tells everybody, including yourself: "You're a heavenly dancer."

The kind of a parent who says, "When I was your age . . ."

The kind of people who go to Niagara Falls.

The kind of people who don't go to Niagara Falls.

Arthur L. Lippmann

Funnybones

"Early to bed, early to rise,
 And you'll never tell radio-distance lies."

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Even in Winter

By a Ten-year-old Poetess

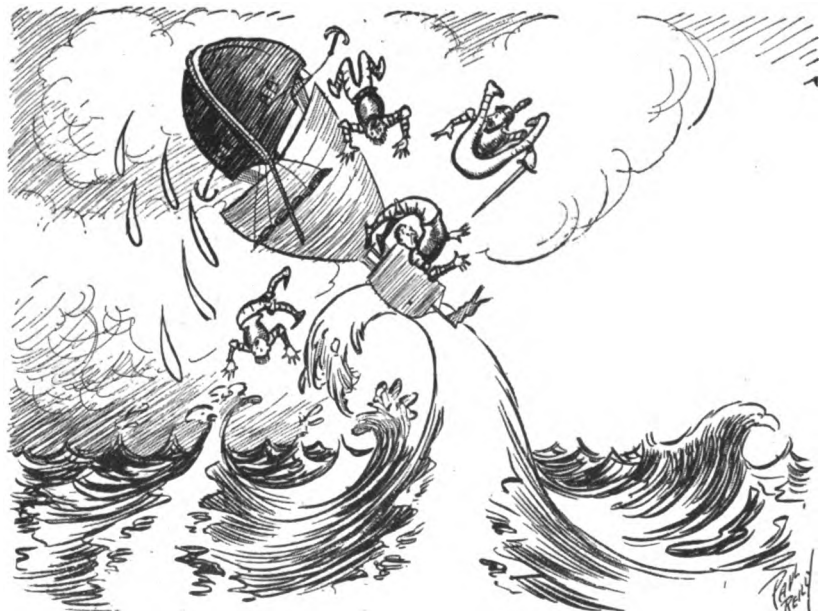
Firemen are very brave,

They rush right into fire:

And they wear flannel undershirts—

No wonder they perspire!

R. C. O.



BALBOA—*What I'm trying to get at is which of us named this the Pacific!*



SHE—*I've just been making my sides ache with your new book!*
HUMOROUS AUTHOR—*Then you enjoyed reading my satire?*
"Dear me, no; I went to sleep on it."



HUBBY—*Now that you've had your hair bobbed what are you trying to decide now?*
"Whether to let it grow again."



PUZZLE PICTURE

Who is going to be fired Saturday?

Even Then

NERO had just finished fiddling the thirty-second chorus of "It Ain't Gonna Reign no More," while Rome burned furiously.

A dapper young Roman in a blue-serve, double-breasted toga had been hovering about the background for some time. Nero had piped him, but couldn't afford to lose his chances of immortality by laying aside his fiddle at a time like this.

Finally, the aggressive young man briskly approached Nero and tapped him vigorously on the shoulder.

"I've come to see you on a vital mission," he began, "do you know that \$5,000,000 worth of uninsured property goes up in smoke every year in Rome? Now, I have a fire insurance policy here issued by the Pompeii people, which for \$18 a year protects your—"

X marks the spot where the body was found.

A. L. L.

Essay on Radio

THIS is, indeed, as has frequently been remarked before, the age of invention. How fortunate we are to be alive during these times!

Consider radio, for example. Without doubt it's the most wonderful thing that has happened in a good while.

The possibilities of the thing are unlimited.

It's wonderful.

It's marvelous.

As I was saying, radio is certainly wonderful.

Yes, it is.

There's no doubt about it.

Radio is wonderful. (I think I've said that before.)

It's no use. I was going to write a great piece about radio, but that darned loudspeaker in the next room is making so much noise I can't think

R. C. O.



Anyone who thinks prohibition is not being enforced in this country should take a squint at the payroll.

Funnybones

Seventy-five per cent. of the girls are working girls—the other twenty-five per cent. are working men.

Judges will pay \$5 for each one printed.

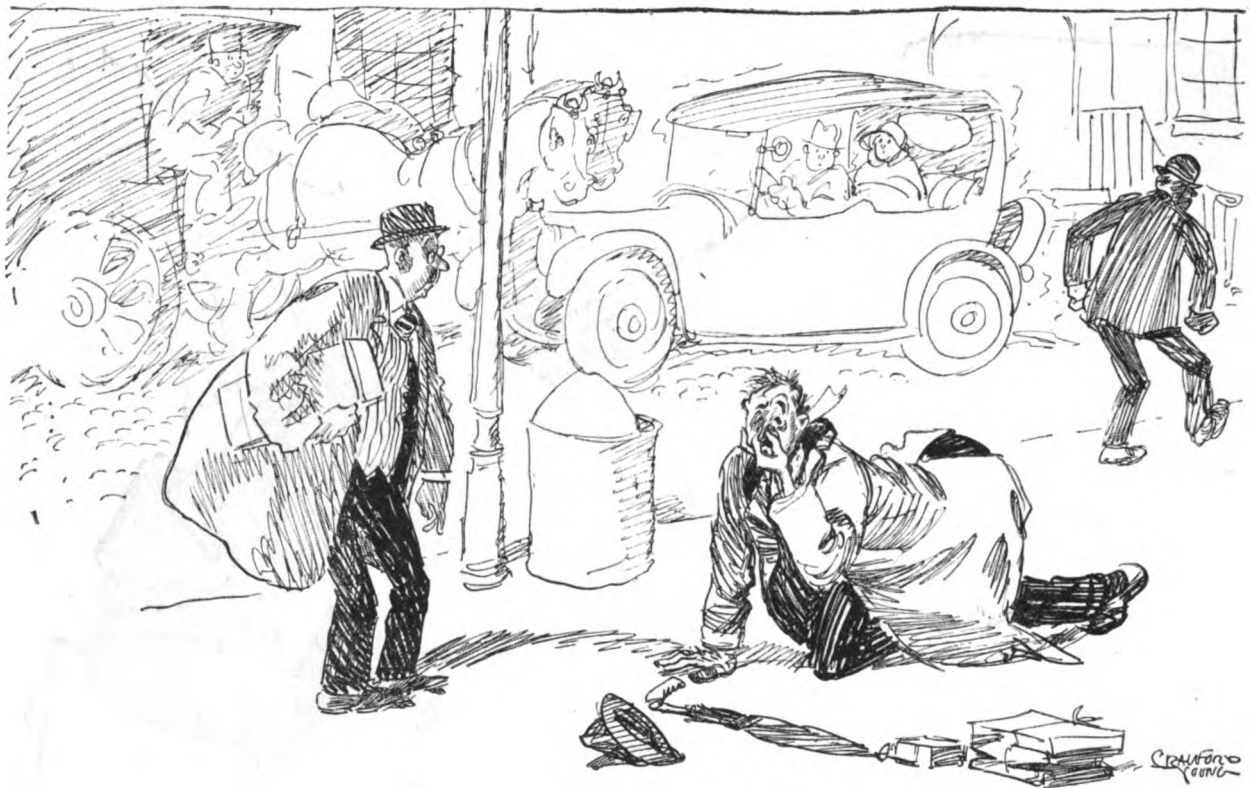
Automobile accidents are quite common, but who ever heard of a clock figuring in an accident? Yet only the other day we read where an apparently harmless old grandfather's clock that some workmen were hoisting up to a third story window suddenly fell and struck eleven.



Missus—Emma, don't stare me blandly in the face and tell me that was an accident!



“Gold digger! That’s what she is, Mrs. Pinkey. Went to the movies with the foreman after acceptin’ satin post cards from Michael Toohey!”



STRANGER—Well! Have a fight?
 “No, thanks! I just had one!”

Revenge Is Sweet

DID you ever stop to think—
 That the operator who fumbles your telephone calls with the bases full, sometimes *just has* to get a number herself in a hurry?

That the doctor who appropriated half your bank account has to pay plumbers' bills?

That the plumber who took whatever money the doctor overlooked has to pay doctors' bills?

That the landlord who is under the impression that he is renting you the lower end of Manhattan Island gets nicked himself when he puts up at the big hotels?

That the “painless” dentist who amuses himself with your teeth has to go to other “painless” dentists to have his own filled and extracted?

That the writers of “Yes, We Have No Bananas,” have heard it even more often than you have?

That the shopkeeper who sold you your radio set has to listen to amplified static all day long?

That the Chinese had to put up with Mah Jongg for centuries before you even heard of it?

Horace Woodmansee

Funnybones

Puncture—a hissing sound followed by profanity.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



“Nigga, befo’ I finishes rollin’ mah sleeves, an’ sails in, has you any mo’ questions t’ ask?”

“Jes’ one, big boy, jes’ one. Is you all leavin’ a wife an’ chillun’?”

Busy as a Bee

“You must excuse me,” said the philanderer as he kissed one of his girls good-bye, “I have another pressing engagement.”

Women should never fail to ask permission to smoke when gentlemen are present.

May—How did Mabel get tanned so?

Fay—She was out in a spanking breeze.

And That’s That

Mr. Average Citizen will continue in the dark until they put bathing girl covers on the *Congressional Record*.

Very Appropriate

Pell—What did he give the lawyer for obtaining his divorce?

Mell—All the Liberty Bonds he owned!

The Absorbing Adventures of Professor Blotter

PROFESSOR BLOTTER, who bought a home in the suburbs following his invention of Dynamite Capsules for loosening the salt in restaurant salt-shakers, has been introduced recently to the difficulties of commuting.

It seems Blotter first brought his scientific mind to bear on this problem when he tried to open a window in a train. After successive experiments Blotter finally solved the question by inventing a railway car with permanent windows and detachable sides. "I find it is easier to leave the windows closed," said Blotter, "and open the rest of the car instead."

Blotter was also quick to note that on the exit ramps in the railway terminals the crowd is always reduced to its slowest common denominator, as he puts it, and straggles along impatiently behind the old lady with the umbrella at the head of the line, who takes the stairs one step at a time and glares if she is pushed.

In order to relieve this condition Blotter has suggested to the railroads that they hold commuters' elimina-



DOTTY DECLARES

A girl has to stand for an awful lot even in these advanced days.

Funnybones

A sailor has a girl in every port, but a college man has one on every davenport.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

tion contests every morning coming in on the train.

"In these contests," he explained, "the sprinters will line up side by side in the aisle, and at the drop of a ticket they will race the length of the car. In this fashion they may be timed and grouped according to their speed and endurance, and discharged up the ramp the fastest one first, and so on in order of their ability."

"Why not build larger ramps?" I suggested meekly.

"Why not keep your mouth shut!" retaliated Blotter sharply.

Corey Ford

That's Something

Mrs. Niblit—What have you ever done for me to make up for my marrying you?

Niblit—Well, for one thing, I saved you from becoming an old maid!

Poor Prospects

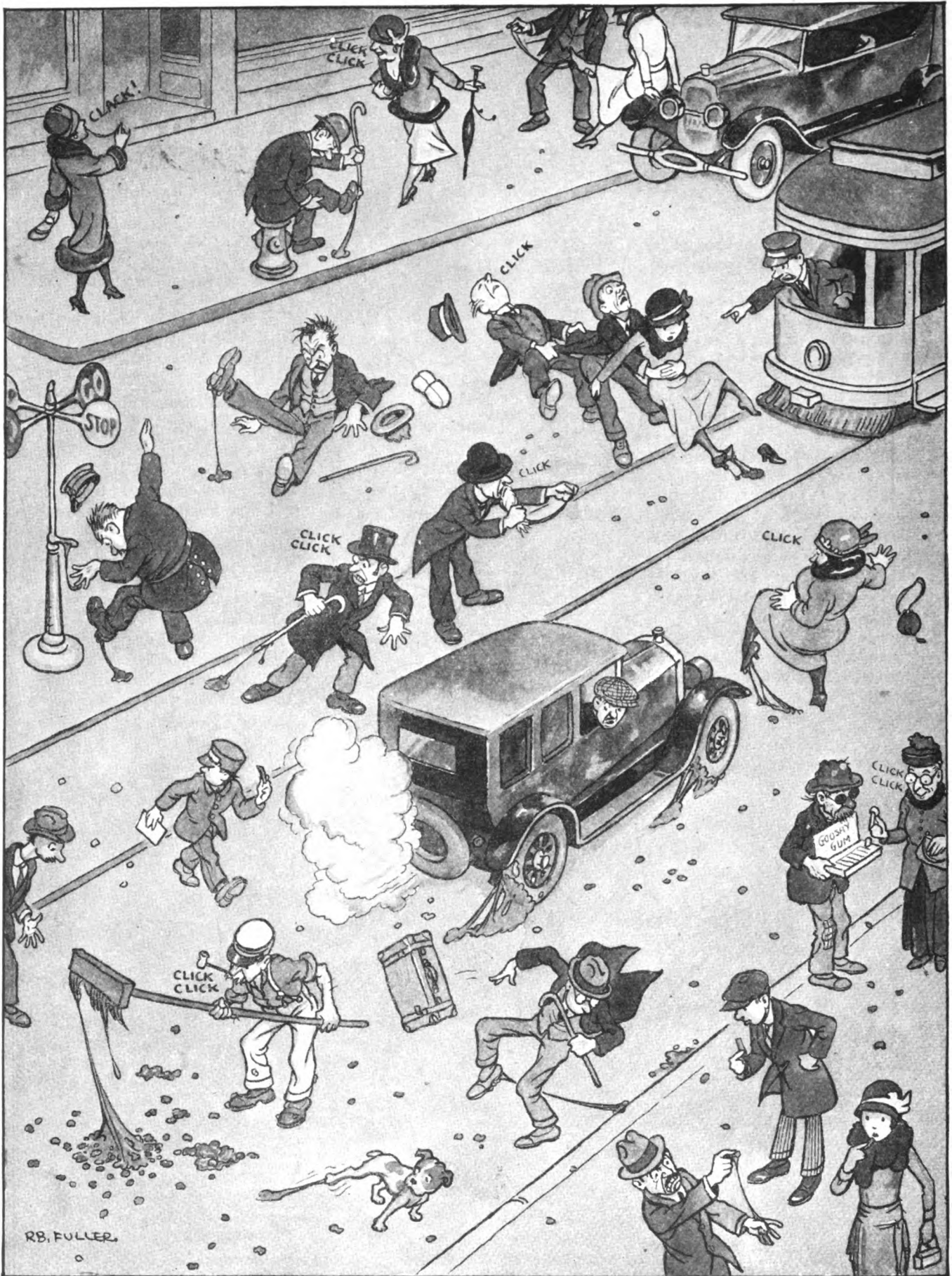
First Flapper—What is an octogenarian, anyway?"

Second Flapper—I dunno, why?

"Well, they must be an awfully sickly lot, because whenever I hear of them they're always dying."



If Sir Walter and Queen Elizabeth tried to do their stuff on a modern thoroughfare.



IF THE CHEWING GUM HABIT GETS ANY WORSE



ARTIST—*Anyone taking you out to-night, Kitty?*

MODEL (expectantly)—*No!*

“Good! There’ll be more chance of your turning up early to-morrow morning!”

I Know a Girl —

SHE thinks China is another name for dishes, Russia what they do in a cheap restaurant and Hawaii a friendly greeting, but she loves to travel. She thinks it's so broadening. It couldn't broaden her much, she weighs almost 300 pounds already.

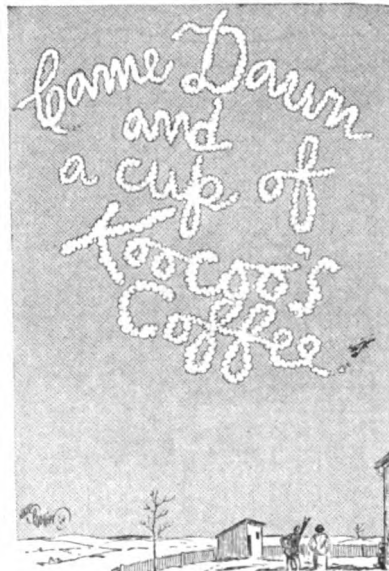
Wales, to her, are great big fish, one of which once swallowed some one, or other. She says she never can remember the details of fairy stories. She's religious too.

She often wonders, she told me, why some one doesn't get the idea of putting a Bible in every hotel room to cheer the weary wanderer on his way. Those are her very words. They would be.

She sometimes does crossword puzzles. I guess that's what makes her think that Ireland is the home of people who are always angry. She may be right, at that.

She believes Moscow is an animal, and that germs come from Germany. She told me that the principal in-

dustries of Poland were mining Poland Water and growing telegraph poles.



The man who thinks up the movie titles goes in for sky-writing.

She thinks the Riviera is a theater and Monte Carlo a movie actor.

She is of the opinion that all our Christmas holly comes from Hollywood and that Sioux City was named after the daughter of its first mayor.

She thinks Spokane is part of the verb "to speak" and that the chief industry of Chicago is "mental sickness."

She firmly believes that the Carolinas are twins and that Mississippi is their step-mother. She is confident that the Mason-Dixon line is the conversation of two college chums and that Glacier National Park is a recreation grounds endowed by the National Plate Glass Workers Union.

She thinks Alaska is the answer to the question, "Will your mother be home to-night?"

Her mother rarely is. Do you want to meet her? The girl, I mean.

Carroll

Tigers are usually hunted with elephants. For blind tigers, use pink elephants.

A Use for Weather

by Don Herold

I HAVE just had an exciting hour with a little flask-sized book, "Daedalus" (Dutton), by J. B. S. Haldane, in which some interesting guesses are made as to what science is going to make of the world in a few hundred years.

It appears in this book that the weather is to be made of some use, after all. In 400 years, when coal is all gone, England will be covered with rows of metallic windmills working electric motors. In exceptionally windy weather (and during political campaigns, I suppose), the surplus power thus created will be used for electrolytic decomposition of water into hydrogen and oxygen. In times of calm these gases will be recombined in explosion motors which will again produce electric energy.

In the meantime a lot of good wind is going to go to waste, and now that we know its value, this is something that we can worry about on windy days. It will keep our minds off of other things.

There are plenty of jolly little facts to be picked up out of these scientific books. I love them. Imagine how tickled I was when I read that thousands of men have been killed for smoking. Not by smoking; I know that. In fact, I am at it myself, every day. But Haldane says: "It is probable that more men have died for tobacco smoking at the hands of Sikhs, Senussis, and Wahabis, whose religions forbid this practice, than died under the Roman



Empire for professing Christianity."

How refreshing it is to know that there have always been men who have been quite serious (funny as it may seem) about how other people should conduct themselves. Yes, it is a great relief and consolation to know about the Sikhs, Sennusis and Wahabis. History is worth reading because it offers us the solace that things were once worse.

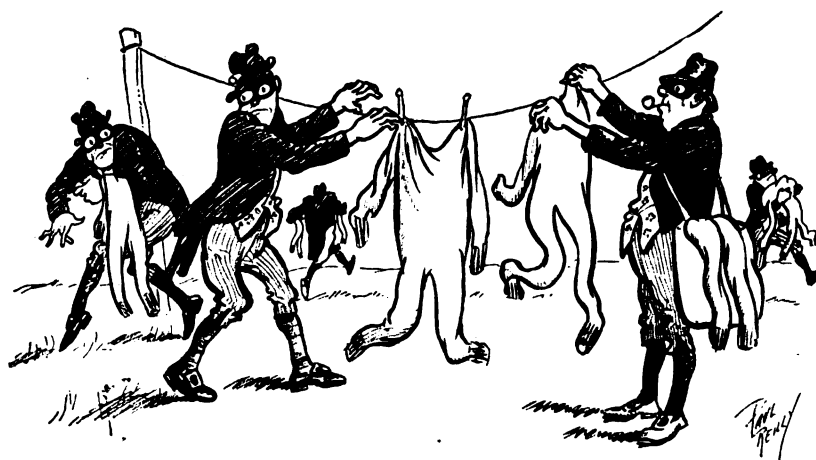
Imagine the tobacco signs in the territory of these religious groups. "I'd die for a Camel."

But "Daedalus" is more concerned with the future than with the past. Light will be one-fiftieth as costly as it now is, and father will not have to tramp downstairs in his bare feet to see if the basement bulb is burning. Babies are to be born differently. (In rain barrels, or something similar.) Everything will be quite changed. It is too bad we will not be there to see and participate, isn't it?

Funnybones

The K. K. K. is further proof that all of the Koo Kooos are not in clocks.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



NOW YOU TELL ONE

Balbriggands gathering underwear, Balbriggan, Ireland.

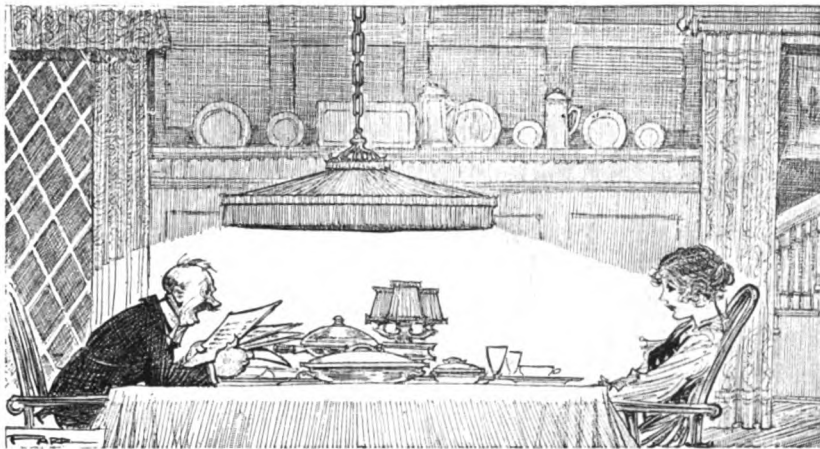
Two of our national calamities are the overproduction of Irvin Cobb and the underproduction of Robert C. Benchley. Those of us who cannot get enough Benchley can piece out to some extent by reading Gordon Phillips ("Lucio"), an English humorist who, while he is not like Benchley, bears down on his pencil with about the same pressure. (He does not maul a notion to insensibility and let its feet stick into the picture.)

Phillips has just made a collection
(Continued on page 24)

Funnybones

Censor's slogan—"The thigh's the limit."

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



"I wish to heavens, Margaret, you'd stop living beyond our means to impress those Browns, simply because they live beyond their means to impress us."

Stories of Famous Records

Spasms from "Aida" (pronounced "Aida")

RHADAMES, Egyptian soldier of misfortune, is in love with Aida, daughter of Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, who reciprocates. (Aida does.) The girl and her old man have been captured by the Egyptians and brought before Pharaoh, King of Egypt, who is anxious to have them teach him to become proficient in the Ethiopian National Game, billiards. Then comes the great aria, "Celeste Aida," which doesn't seem to fit in with the scheme of things at all. When Amneris, Pharaoh's daughter, hears Rhadames sing, she becomes discouraged. She tries to separate him from his beloved, Aida, by telling him that with his nerve he ought to be able to get an unlimited engagement in big time vaudeville.

Amonasro overhears the conversation and dissuades Rhadames from even considering the proposition by warning him of hostile audiences, especially in the cheaper seats.

Amneris is disconsolate, as she had planned to accompany Rhadames on his tour (on the piano). She complains to her father who immediately orders that he be thrown into jail.

At this point you have to turn over the record.

Robert Cyril O'Brien

Funnybones

"A bad brake," said the taxi driver as he bowled over the traffic cop.

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A Definition

Censor—One who believes it is possible to sterilize literature without making it sterile.

No, Jessalyn, the words of the song, "Let the rest of the world go by," were not written in a stalled auto.

A doctor says that the increasing use of motor vehicles is tending to make us inactive. This will be news to pedestrians.

Funnybones

Some guys think they are the big guns of an office until they are fired.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



AT ARM'S LENGTH

HE—You know—I could dance like this forever.

SHE (very fed up)—Oh, but wouldn't you find it most frightfully lonely?

Unpublished Interviews

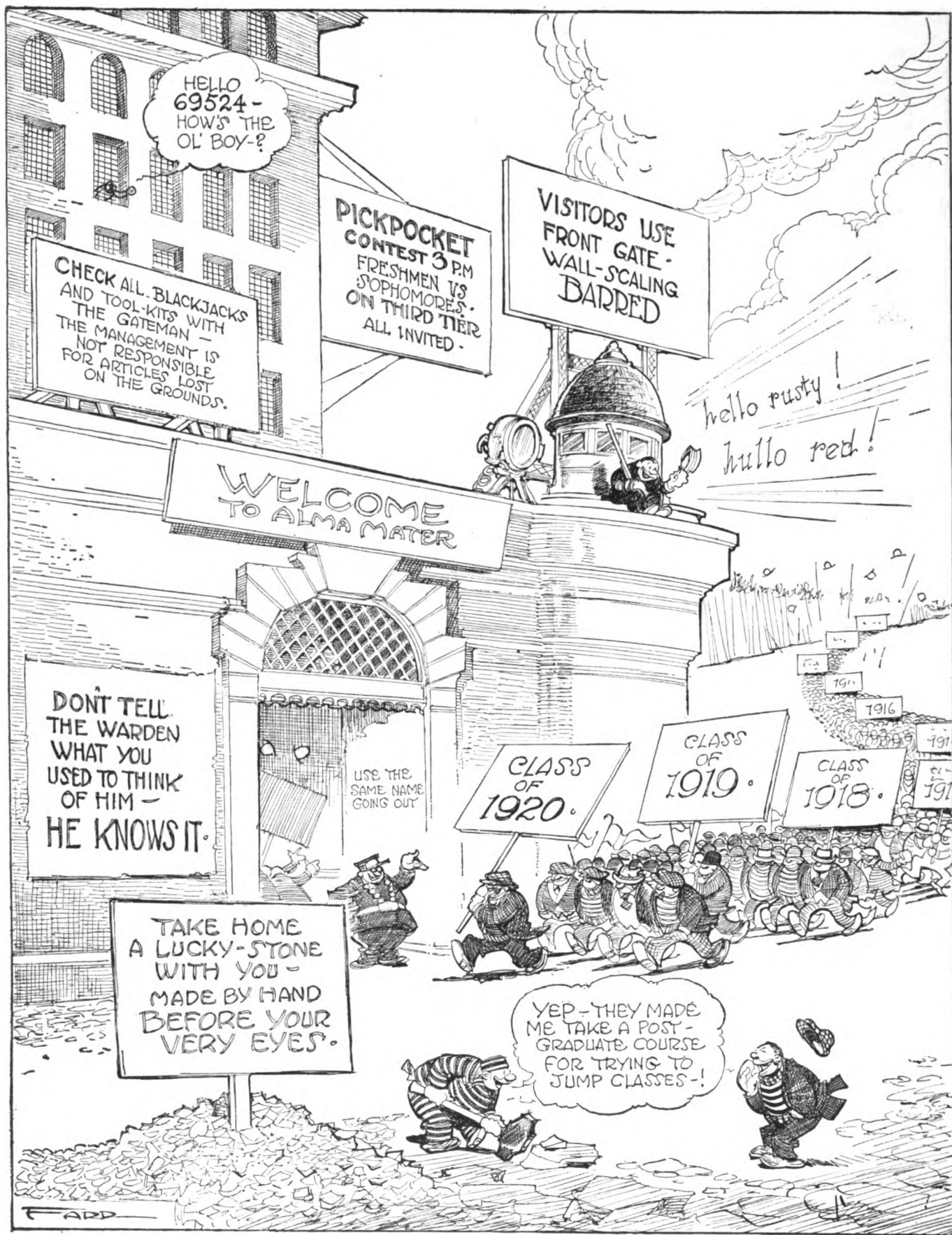
The Ventriloquist's Dummy

"I OWE my success," said the ventriloquist's dummy, "to the clever manner in which I make the audience think it is the ventriloquist who does the talking. Really, it's quite amusing how gullible most people are. They'll see Joe Spivis (he's the guy I'm supporting now) smoke a cigarette or drink a glass of water, meanwhile apparently singing a song. All the while little *me* is singing.

"Half the gags we use in our act were thought up by me and many a night I have to put the boss to bed, dead drunk. Why, one night out in Des Moines, Ia.—but that's another story.

"I exercise morning and evening and practice spitting every Tuesday. I'm married and the proud father of eight little dummies who will some day make eight ventriloquists famous. I travel around the country in the bottom of a steamer trunk with the ventriloquist's shoes and a couple of half-empty Scotch bottles. All those classy dames that I talk about in the act are copped by the boss—the big stiff. He promised to buy me a new reversible neck, but lost the money in a crap game near Buffalo.

"Let me tell you, this life is no cinch. The big bum drinks wine and smokes on the stage, and all I get from him is a horselaugh and a crack on the jaw. If this keeps up, I'm going back to the Punch and Judy show. Arthur L. Lippmann



WHY NOT?
Graduates, Reunion at Sing Sing

Mabel's a Girl Scout

SHE does a good deed daily. In fact her whole time is devoted to doing somebody good. Any one of her days is a model of self-sacrifice and devotion to the happiness of others. Here's one of them.

She took Fred shopping with her in the morning. Just to break the dull monotony of his work in that awful office, she said.

She had lunch with Harry, she told me, because she knew I'd have to break an important engagement and probably lose a good account if I took her to lunch.

However, she said she let me take her to tea because she knew if she didn't it would break my heart.

But she's going to let Steve take her to supper and the Follies to-night, because she knows d— well it would break me. *Carroll*

When doctors give their patients a new lease of life, they should leave them enough to pay the rent.

What this country needs is two Congresses: one to repeal the laws passed by the other.

Funnybones

Letting the other fellow pay the check is a good after-dinner trick.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

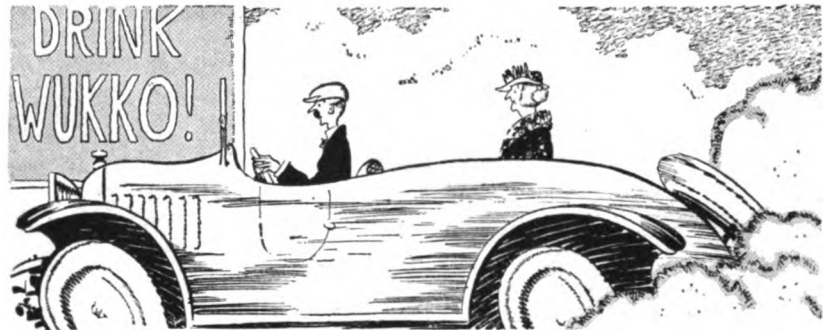


SENTIMENTAL BURGLAR (to wilful son)—*So ya wanta be a iceman, do ya? I s'pose th' fact that I bin countin' all my life on y'r succeedin' me in th' safe-crackin' bizness, means nothin' to ya?*

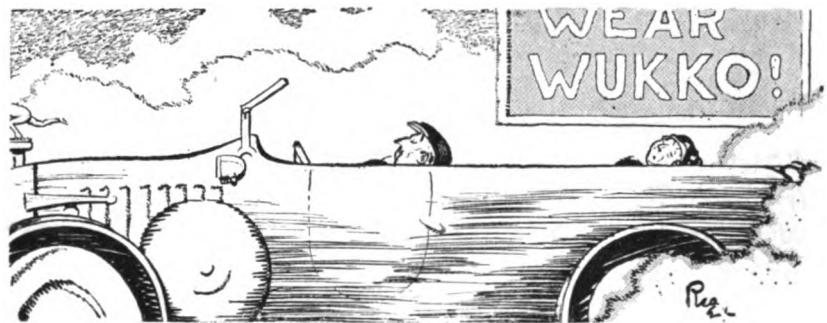


IT'S ALL IN THE ANGLE

The Smiths, poor things, are driving their first car.



Whereas the Smythes, as anyone can see, have had theirs for years.



And as for the Smythes-Smythes—they were evidently born in one.

War Is H—!

THE great war of 1958 had been fought, and America had won.

Hardly had Private John Boggles, descendant of a fighting ancestry, reached the doorstep of his civilian home, when a postman's whistle sounded, and a Government envelope was thrust into his hands.

"Hurrah," he cried, tearing open the letter: "How prompt the Government is! Here already is my bonus for service in the late great war!"

"Not so fast!" cried Grandfather John Boggles, jumping up from his porch seat to peer over the boy's shoulder: "If my eyes serve me right, that there bonus reads for 1918, and the check belongs to me!"

Cyril B. Egan

The Diary of a Dub

Monday—Bought used car to-day; two cylinders cracked first time I drove it.

Tuesday—Transmission and generator fell apart to-day.

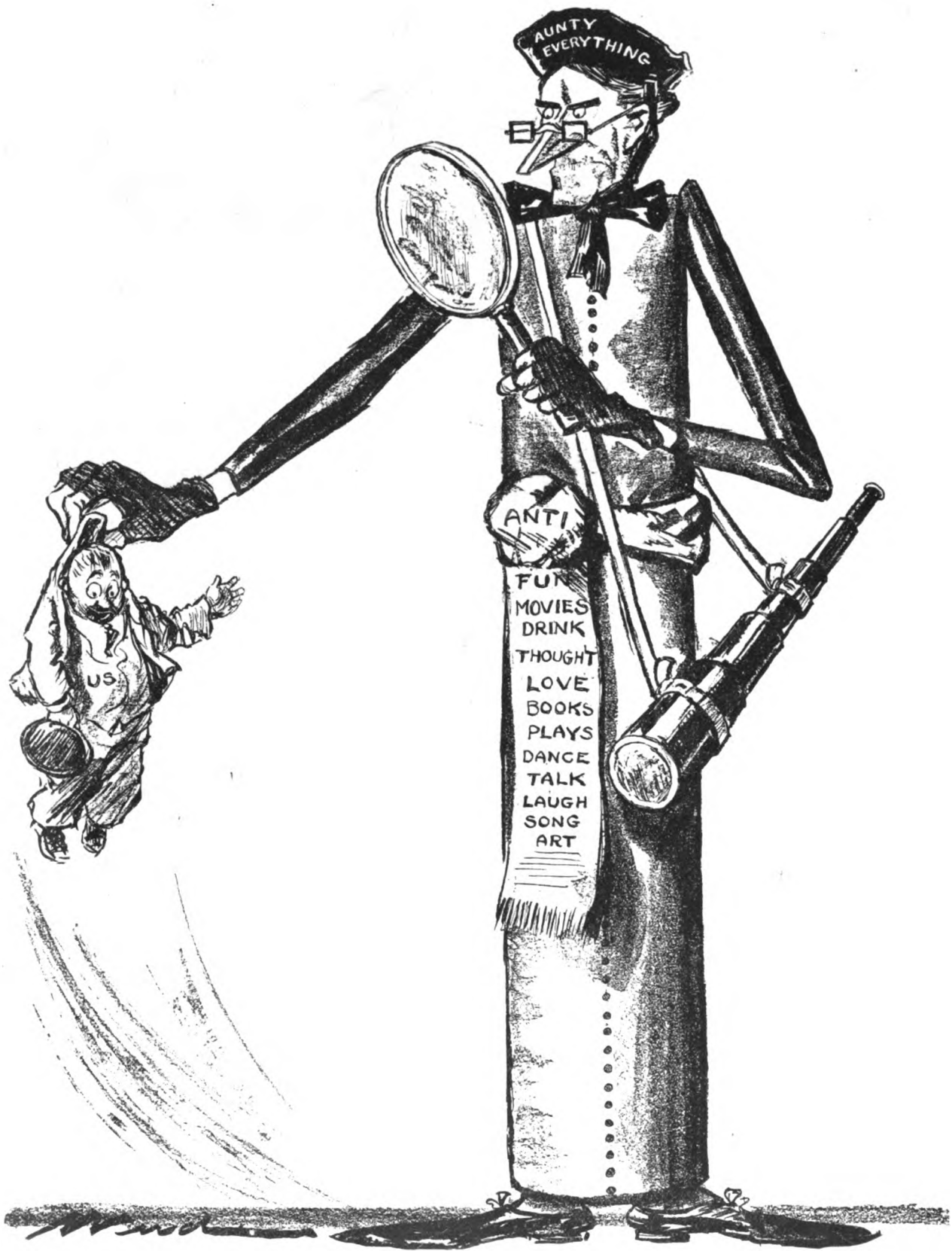
Wednesday—Had car fixed up again and then three wheels caved in without warning.

Thursday—Bought new wheels and started out again; ran two miles and differential wore out.

Friday—Tried out car again and it ran fine for half an hour until all springs and both axles broke and frame cracked in three places.

Saturday—While I am not expert mechanic, I almost think I made a mistake in buying that car.

Chet Johnson



"MEET THE WIFE!"



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

Poor Henry!

The main motor highway between Boston and Worcester, Mass., cuts in a harsh black curve across the dooryard of Longfellow's Wayside Inn, at South Sudbury. And thereby hangs a tale of the Wayside Inn that Longfellow never dreamed of.

But, first, consider the dramatic significance of this invasion. The Wayside Inn is one of the last vestiges of the gracious, hand-wrought world our forefathers knew. It dates from 1688. Even in Europe a building or an institution approximately 250 years old is not considered new. The venerableness of the Wayside Inn shows in its beautiful old lines, in its air of spacious serenity, and particularly in that extraordinary way that old human habitations have, when they are properly designed, of blending with their environment. The wooded hill it faces, the brook that wanders through the pasture below it, the old stone walls that mark mine from thine in that country, seem no more a natural part of the landscape than this ancient tavern seated amid her ministering barns and outbuildings.

Unmistakably, also, the Wayside Inn radiates that mellow distinction that old ladies possess, even inanimate old ladies with gambrel roofs and hand-hewn beams, to whom once a poet has expressed the ardors of his devotion.

* * * * *

Thrust right through the heart of this oasis of ancient life, separating Inn from barns, runs the motor highway with its continuous roar of traffic. A fatal thrust, it seemed. Already the filling stations and the hot-dog stands and the billboards were advancing from both sides, like buzzards, to be in at the death; when, of all people, Henry Ford came to the rescue.

Henry Ford, more than any other person in this world, represents the thing that would destroy and obliterate the Wayside Inn. He is the god behind the machine that floods the earth with flivvers; he is the genius of quantity production, of standardization, of regimentation. In the wake of what he stands for have come not only the hard-surfaced motor roads, forever destroying the peace of the countryside; not only the incongruous filling stations, the disfiguring hot-dog stands and the hideous billboards; not only the Sunday motorist and his picnic litter, but also such things as Prohibition, which is equally disfiguring to an old inn. What possessed him, therefore, to attempt to fence the Wayside Inn from the advancing desert of modern life?

No doubt sentiment had something to do with it. Henry has a soft spot in his heart for historic landmarks

notwithstanding his expressed contempt for history. But probably underneath it all there was a pricking of conscience. In some vague way he must have realized his personal responsibility for the heartless devastation wrought by this machine age, and have determined to snatch at least one superb old relic from the all-devouring march of the flivver. At any rate, for a mile up and down the road he has bought all the land in sight to prevent the further encroachment of the billboards, *et als*. Not only that, but he seems to have set his heart on a complete restoration of the old hostelry, so far as lies within his power. At great expense he has traced down many of the original furnishings that in the course of time had been sold or otherwise dispersed, and put them back where they belong. He has bought many other antiques to keep them company. He is experimenting with the surrounding farm lands to make them produce for the Inn as they did in its heyday. He is doing and has done wonders.

* * * * *

But there is one thing he can't restore, alackaday! Not unless he is willing to become a bootlegger, and we can't imagine Henry consenting to that even for the sake of Longfellow's Wayside Inn. Without it, however, his other efforts at restoration seem almost vain.

A dry tavern! Try to imagine the incomprehensibility of such a mutilation to the men who used to sit before the blazing log fire in the lovely old taproom of the Wayside Inn and fortify themselves against the winter that raged outside. Even Henry seems to have been seized with a certain wistfulness at the thought of what used to be. For the taproom is still there with its log fire and its little time-worn bar. And he has put, or left, behind the bar some of the old mugs and glasses and other paraphernalia suggestive of the musty ale and steaming grog that used to flow across it in better days. And framed on the wall in the handwriting of Longfellow is this bit of verse entitled, "On the Window at Sudbury":

What do you think!
Here is good drink
Although you may not know it.
If not in haste
Do stop and taste,
Your merry pranks will show it.

Poor Henry! With all his money he can never bring back the Wayside Inn, merely the Wayside Museum.

* * * * *

In Washington, if your last name is Johnson it makes all the difference in the world whether your first name is Magnus or Hiram or Walter.

W. M. H.

Louohs from



Will Rogers and Ann Pennington in "Follies"

"You don't hear much of Prohibition any more."
 "No, the country has just settle down to steady drinking."

Ernest Truex in "Annie Dear"

Dolly—"I could be married to-morrow if I wanted to live in New Rochelle."
 "What are you holding out for—Yonkers?"

"We passed your house last night."
 "Thanks!"

Ed Wynn in "The Grab Bag"



THE KAHN-GAME

by George Jean Nathan

I

IT is pretty hard to make out whether it was Firmin Gemier who appeared here recently at the Jolson Theater or whether it was Otto Kahn. True enough, the French actor was visible on the stage of the theater in question, but all the noise seemed to come from the Wall Street actor. The latter, of whom it has been said that his

chest is a mass of bruises from throwing roses at himself, contrived to get himself in front of Gemier to such a degree that the guest from the Odeon was almost completely effaced. On the night of Gemier's first appearance in America, indeed, about the only thing that Mr. Kahn didn't take upon himself was the distribution of the programs and the checking of the coats. Otherwise, he gave very nearly the whole show.

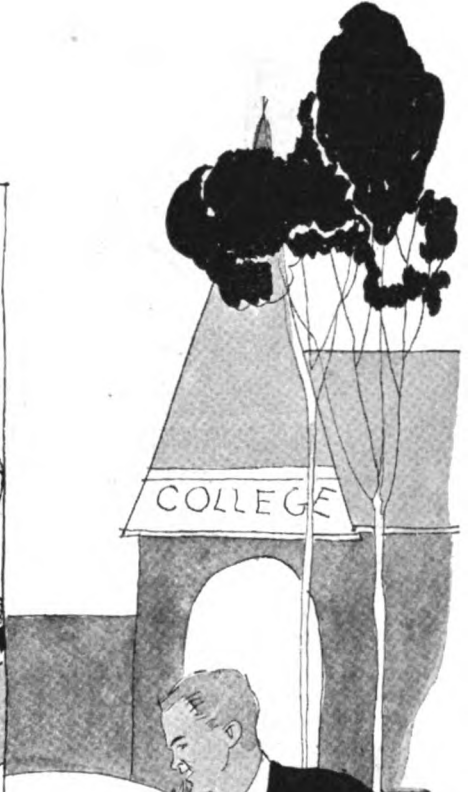
This Mr. Kahn is, in certain respects, an estimable fellow, but it

may be privileged a critic of the drama to wish that he could persuade himself to remain a trifle in the background occasionally and let the artists whom his money imports get a bit of the credit themselves. I don't ask Mr. Kahn to be a shrinking violet, but I do ask him with all the velvety eloquence at my command to be less the marimba band. If he gets considerable personal satisfaction out of the banquets which he gives for each of these visiting artists, at which banquets he himself occupies the seat of

The Shows

May Vokes and Bob Watson
in "Annie Dear"

"I'm going to have my
face lifted."
"Have it removed!"



ROBERT PATTERSON

Frances Howard—Don't laugh at
me. I know I don't know anything.
I've only been well educated.

Frances Howard and James
Rennie in "The Best People"



honor and makes the longest speech while the visiting artist sits in polite and patient bewilderment down at the foot of the table between the dramatic critic for the *Ladies' Underwear Journal* and the uptown manager of some stock-brokers' firm—if, as I say, Mr. Kahn gets a great deal of happiness out of such nonsense, that is his business. But it is the business of all of us who love the theater and desire to maintain its pride and its dignity to protest against such didos as he negotiates behind the smoke-screen of artistic

entrepreneurship. If it is publicity that the good gentleman has his heart set upon, I'll strike a bargain with him. And this is it: If he will promise to stop his shenanigans, I, in turn, will promise to print his name in various public gazettes at least one hundred times a month, and I will further promise to persuade at least a dozen of my colleagues, who feel the same about it as I do, to do likewise. As an evidence of my complete good faith, I herewith start the ball rolling by printing the gentleman's name ten times: Otto Kahn,

Otto Kahn, Otto Kahn, Otto Kahn,
Otto Kahn, Otto Kahn, Otto Kahn,
Otto Kahn, Otto Kahn, Otto Kahn.

II

EUGENE O'NEILL's new drama, "Desire Under the Elms," and Max Marcin's new melodrama, "Silence," opened on successive nights and, unless my eyes are not so good at breakfast as they used to be, my colleagues of the dailies actually gave Max better notices than they gave Eugene. The melo-
(Continued on page 26)



SUGGESTION TO OWNERS OF MOTION PICTURE THEATERS

Why not reserve a glass-enclosed sound-proof compartment for the chronic subtitle readers?

Picadorable Pictures

by George Mitchell

PRICILLA DEAN appears in a picture that shows in all its stitches that it was cut and fitted to her particular charms. As a matter of fact it fits her like a black eye—snugly but with little improvement.

It is called "The Siren of Seville," but the name doesn't fit the picture as closely as the picture fits Priscilla. She doesn't sirenate a bit, but leaves the enchantment to Stanley Forrest, the man she loves and whom she puts in the public eye by having him made the most matadorable matador of Spain.

As you know, the matador in Spain is as popular as Valentino at a young ladies' seminary. But there's a vast difference between Forrest and the young sheik of the celluloids.

So what price Priscilla in this story? Stanley gets his first bull which gives him a touch of vertigo in his ego. He forgets Priscilla, takes up with the fast set of Seville and, like a bull in a china shop, has his fling. Once flung out, he comes back to her aching arms. All is forgiven and the sun sets on a scene of pure and hallowed content.

The picture abounds in good bull fights, Spanish jealousy and paprika.

GEORGE BEBAN is a fine artist. Some day I hope to see him lay aside the Joseph's coat of many colored hokum and put on the simple robe of art.

His "The Greatest Love of All" is a good picture as he does it! Half silent, half too noisy. It's very interesting.

Nobody, to my knowledge, is doing this stunt, nor could do it any better. But it's claptrap at best. He puts so large a lump in your throat as to make it difficult to swallow the picture.

The story is that of a coal and ice man who loves his lil' mother, cheerfully slaving that she may one day save enough money to live on or off Fifth avenue. Off is preferable these days of high and dry goods stores. The lil' mother washes clothes to help and one day by an obvious, much too obvious, set of circumstances she is accused of stealing a diamond bracelet.

She is jugged by the strong arm of the law and brought to trial. The trial scene is played *viva voce*. *Viva* is right. The actors come out in front of the footlights and yell to a large auditorium of people until by their shouting and wild gesticulations you are convinced that the old lady must go to jail. Here the voice

having given way under stress, gives way to the screen again and the picture is brought to a happy finish in celluloid.

It's novel, I'll say that for it!

* * *

AS FAR as "K—the Unknown" is concerned it is still unknown to me. A great deal of footage was wasted in getting down to what was made known ultimately. Yards and yards of film was shot to pieces showing a couple of young men in the throes of puppy love for Virginia Valli in a small town front yard. Bringing flowers and candy to girls on the screen has been done to at least my heart's content. Getting sick over a first cigar is now so old that any screen player who can't smoke without getting white around the gills is unfit for filmization.

Another section of the picture is dropped to the level of banal and cheap comedy by the use of a length of garden hose, a brawl between the two puppy lovers and their ultimate climax: a ripped trouser's seat and its consequent embarrassment.

If the gentlemen who censor pictures had the interest of the film goes really at heart, they would delete this kind of boredom before they drew their next pay checks.

(Continued on page 28)

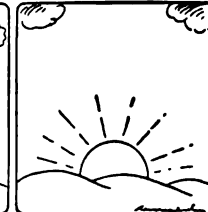
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of Censorship
Alabama Still Voting
for Underwood

APOLLO.....Himself

Came
down—



Sunrise in Hollywood



Howdy—If I do say it myself, I think I've a pretty good head on my shoulders.

Dew—It's not really beautiful. It's the way I do my hair.

—BUCKNELL BELLE HOP



"Mother, do cats go to heaven?"
"No, my dear. Didn't you hear the minister say that animals didn't have souls?"

"Well, where do they get the strings for the harps then?"

—Bucknell Belle Hop



See the man.
The man is play-ing foot-ball.
The quar-ter-back throws the ball.
Does the man catch the ball?
No, the man does not catch the ball.

What will the man catch?
The man will catch Hell.

—Columbia Jester



"Bill is sure the polite boy, isn't he?"

"Is he?"

"Sure. If he sees an empty seat on the trolley, he always points it out to a lady and then races her for it."

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern



"Why so gloomy?"
"I can't get out of debt."
"That's nothing; I can't even get in."

—Columbia Jester



Conductor—Did I get your fare?

Passenger—I suppose so. The inspector was looking the other way.

—Penn State Froth



Salesman—This car has a wonderful pick-up.

Dignified Banker—Neither my family nor myself are interested in that sort of thing.

—California Pelican



Dumb Dora (reading sign over ticket office)—Oh, John, it says, "Entire balcony 35c." Let's get it, so we'll be all alone.

—De Paww Yellow Crab



"Want to go on a sleighing party?"

"Sure. Who're we going to slay?"

—Rutgers Chanticleer



NEGRO PARSON—Bredren, dem Ku Kluxers think dey'se somefn', but dey ain't nothin', naw, dey ain't nuffin' —

KU KLUXER (entering in uniform)—What's that?

—"And dey ain't nothin' like 'em, bredren—nuffin' like 'em in dis world."

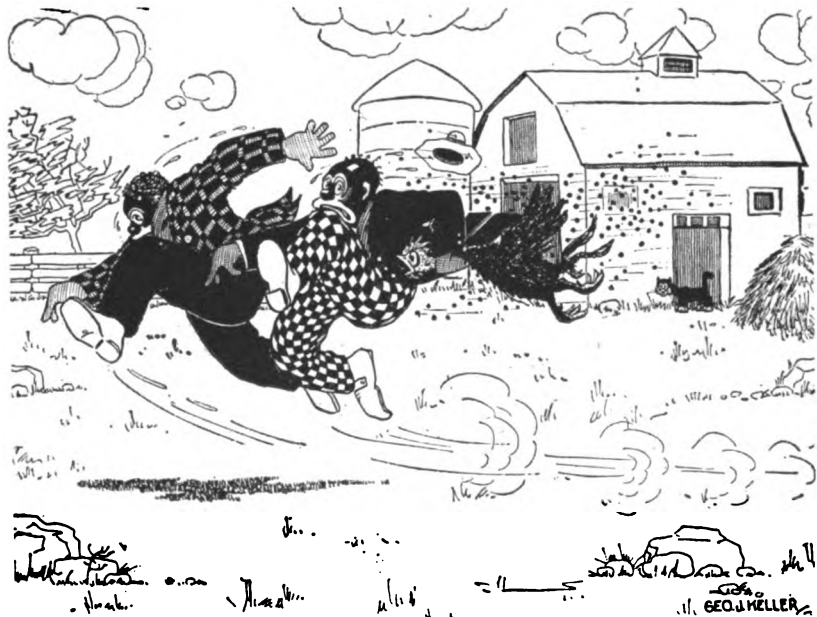
—VIRGINIA REEL



He—I bet the Swiss are trick dancers.

Ha—They ought to be, you hear so much about their movement.

—Penn State Froth



"Laws, Mose, why you s'pose them flies follows us so close?"

"Them ain't flies. Them's buckshot."

—COLUMBIA JESTER

LEADERS



Automobiling Psalm

Lives of good girls all remind us
We must take the only way,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the broad highway.

—Rensselaer Pup

✽

Coach (to prospective candidate)—
Are you related to Mike O'Reilly,
the famous all-American quarter of
several years back?

Candidate—Very distantly, sir; he
was my mother's first child and I was
her twelfth. —West Point Pointer

✽

How it must cheer the censor's
prudish heart to learn that time-
tables have no legs.

—California Pelican

✽

"They also serve who only stand
and wait" proves that they had
cafeterias even in Milton's time.

—Columbia Jester



"I wouldn't kiss a man unless I
was engaged."

"I saw you kiss Tom last night."

"Yes, I am engaged to Bill."

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

"Sir, when you eat here you do not
need to dust off the plate."

"Beg pardon. Force of habit
merely. I'm an umpire."

—Bucknell Belle Hop

Caught

Irate Father (to son whom he has
caught smoking)—Smoking, hey!

Son (nonchalantly)—No, sir, to-
bacco. —Rutgers Chanticleer



JULIAN—Has a man ever kissed
you while he was driving?

JULIETTE—I should say not. If a
man doesn't wreck his car while he's
kissing me, he isn't giving the kiss the
attention it deserves.

—PRINCETON TIGER

Plain Teedle

There was a young man named
Teedle,

Who wouldn't accept his degree;
He said, "It's enough to be Teedle,
Without being Teedle D. D."

—Iowa Frivol

✽

Although many men have started
in with nothing but a shoestring we
think suspenders are safer.

—California Pelican



Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx
take a quiet stroll to discuss leak-proof
hip pockets and enlarged card pockets
for bootleggers' addresses.

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

✽

"Let me see," said the young man
thoughtfully. "I've got to buy some
flowers, and some chocolates, and
tickets, and—"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" asked
the senior clerk.

"No, sentimental arithmetic," was
the reply. —Iowa Frivol

✽

Fritzie—I'll bet I could attract a
lot of attention by going to church
and putting a ten-spot in the plate.

Ritzie—I could do better than that
by going to Times Square and putting
a dime in my stocking.

—Rensselaer Pup

✽

Rume—Whence the black eye,
old thing?

Mayt—Oh, I went to a dance last
night and was struck by the beauty
of the place.

—Denison Flamingo

✽

Sheff—I'll bet my roommate's
dumber than yours.

Ac—Why so?

"He thinks he's a Calvinist be-
cause he voted for Coolidge in the
last election. —Yale Record

✽

She—Mary Ann is some toe dan-
cer, isn't she?

He—She ought to be, she's had
enough experience dancing on mine.

—West Point Pointer



The insurance agent sees the man he just wrote down as a good risk, buying a saxophone.

Etiquette Self-taught

PROF. GOHNON A. RAMPAGE, whose anonymous "Language of the Fingerbowl" of a generation ago created a furore in polite society, has recently published under his own name "*Etiquette—Its Whys and Wherefores.*" Professor Rampage aims to answer the many queries arising in the minds of the man in the street regarding what to do when embarrassment hovers in the offing.

Ultra-fastidious ideas of etiquette are satirized in this handy volume (which can be concealed beneath the bosom of a dress shirt) and a new school of *savoir faire* is bound to follow in its wake. The professor shares Mr. Dooley's horror of the "ojus politeness of the Frinch" and splashes a deal of printer's ink on Mrs. Grundy.

The first situation treated by Professor Rampage is that of the girl who consistently orders a chicken salad. He maintains an attitude of "Live and Let Live," saying that sooner or later she will discover her mistake—a *débutante* can't be expected to know that veal is the dominant ingredient in such a dish.

In the matter of the man who *will* walk between two ladies in the avenue promenade, the professor declares for less rigorous rules of behavior. Not that he will yield to the point of allowing Mr. Jones to continue his position as buffer between conflicting forces of conversation; but he is for relaxing the

rule in so far as it applies to the older of the two ladies being placed next to Mr. Jones. At first blush the professor seems unduly sentimental; but his underlying motive is one of expediency. How can Mr. Jones ascertain the comparative ages of his companions without severing diplomatic relations?

They have come home from a party. The hour is late. Should she invite him in? That used to be the question, comments the professor dryly, but nowadays it is "How can she keep him out?"

The bride is to be given away by her father. What if she should err in the long trail to the altar? Her anxiety is nothing compared with father's. The professor suggests that she make the trip alone and at her first miscue she will give herself away, saving father the ordeal.

One cannot be expected to be conversant with etiquette the world over, says Professor Rampage, as its shades of observance are as varied as the tongues of its sponsors. But the professor gladly sets forth the results of his own experiences, beginning in the modest hall bedroom which he occupied on the lower east side and continuing up to the time he became star boarder in the establishment. The worst phase of polite society, concludes the author, is the wear and tear on \$2 bills when renting dress clothes.

Roswell J. Powers

The Dial System in Telephoning

(A Criticism)

THE one big fault to be found with the dial system is that it was designed especially for the intelligentsia. Few of the ordinary run of people are proficient enough in spelling to use it properly.

Of course, it will be argued that it is not necessary for one to know how to spell the entire name of an exchange in order to call it, as only the first three letters are used in dialing. True enough; but in spelling, it is frequently the first few letters that cause most trouble. If a person can get started properly on the spelling of a word, he or she can usually finish it. (Some words, naturally, are hard all the way through—sarsaparilla, for instance. But there are no telephone exchanges named that.)

A suggestion we would like to make is that the holes in the dials be made larger. Then it would be possible for a man who didn't have lady-fingers to dial without getting his finger caught in one of the darn things. We knew a man once who wanted to call Broad 2468, and, in attempting to do so, caught his finger in the ABC2 hole and called Academy 2222 seventeen times trying to remove it. Naturally, the people at the other end of the line got pretty sore and there was hard feeling all around. R. C. O'Brien

Do you know your weak spots and your strong points?

Test your efficiency now. If you can't answer "YES" to most of these twenty questions, look for your defects.

Check the questions to which you can honestly answer "Yes"

1. Are you a first-class organizer?
2. Have you directive power?
3. Can you originate valuable ideas?
4. Are you a logical reasoner?
5. Do you remain calm and unfurried when faced with a crisis?
6. Can you master difficult subjects easily?
7. Have you a strong personality?
8. Have you a strong will?
9. Are you a persuasive talker?
10. Can you convince people who are doubtful or even hostile?
11. Do you decide quickly and correctly?
12. Can you solve knotty problems easily?
13. Do you remember what you read?
14. Can you remember details as well as main principles?
15. Have you an accurate and ready memory?
16. Can you remember dates, statistics, faces, telephone numbers and long lists of facts?
17. Can you concentrate your mind on one thing for a long time?
18. Can you work hard without suffering from brain-fag?
19. Are you ready to take responsibility?
20. Are you earning a larger income than you were a year ago?

ALMOST every one of us is born with a fine set of mental tools, but thousands of us spend our whole lives without finding out the best way to use them.

We allow a wonderfully keen brain-tool like *Concentration* to become dull and blunted—and let *Mind-Wandering* take its place. We leave a marvelous implement like *Memory* to rust idly in disuse, while *Forgetfulness* steals away our treasures. We leave almost unused our *Originality*, our *Self-Confidence*, our *Observation*—nearly all our indispensable brain-tools. They would carve out real, satisfying success for us, but we are forced to be content with only a "half-way success," simply because we lack reliable instructions for developing our marvelous equipment of faculties, and for making them do *team-work*.

Psychologists have proved that the average person uses only 35% of his brain power! How is this condition to be remedied? Few people have the rare gift of finding and strengthening their own weak links.

Some of the mental defects that Pelmanism sweeps away

Forgetfulness
Brain-Fag
Inertia
Weakness of Will
Lack of Ideas
Indefiniteness
Timidity
Mind-Wandering
Indecision
Shyness
Lack of System
Procrastination
Slowness
Mental Confusion

This amazing FREE BOOK tells you and explains how 650,000 Pelmanists have revolutionized their lives and increased their earnings.

THOUSANDS of people who only a little while ago were struggling along in low-salaried routine positions are today earning double and treble their former salaries and getting more out of life than they ever dreamed possible before.

They owe their rapid success to the development of a new science; a science through which they actually acquired *new minds*—team-work minds—minds which were entirely remade in 12 to 15 weeks.

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Students constantly report increases like these:

"From a salary of \$975 I rose in one step to \$2,000 a year, and in January this year to \$4,000 a year."

"Since taking the course, I have more than doubled my salary, which is entirely due to your teaching."

"I had the pleasure of taking the course during 1917-1918. Previous to joining the army my salary was \$80 a week. My present income is \$10,000 a year."

Let this science awake your sleeping powers!

Whatever the defect is that keeps you from winning the success that your abilities merit, Pelmanism will find the weak spot for you, and replace it with a strong point. Furthermore, this amazing system of mental training will develop ability you never suspected yourself of possessing!

Pelmanism does not promise anything that it has not already accomplished in thousands of cases. It is meant for everyone. That is what makes Pelmanism a truly great science—it helps all mankind without respect to age, position, or previous education. It is easily understood; its principles are easily applied. Pelmanism will give you the vital spark—it will give you the type of mind you have always admired and longed for. Under its powerful influence such handicaps as timidity, lack of initiative, faulty judgment, dull perception and lack of directive ability disappear as if by magic. Pelmanism will swing the wasted two-thirds of your brain into action. You will actually be given a new mind—a mind which will sweep you forward, which will lead you on from success to success—until you have attained the goal you have set for yourself.



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Watch your gums.—
bleeding a sign of trouble



As sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

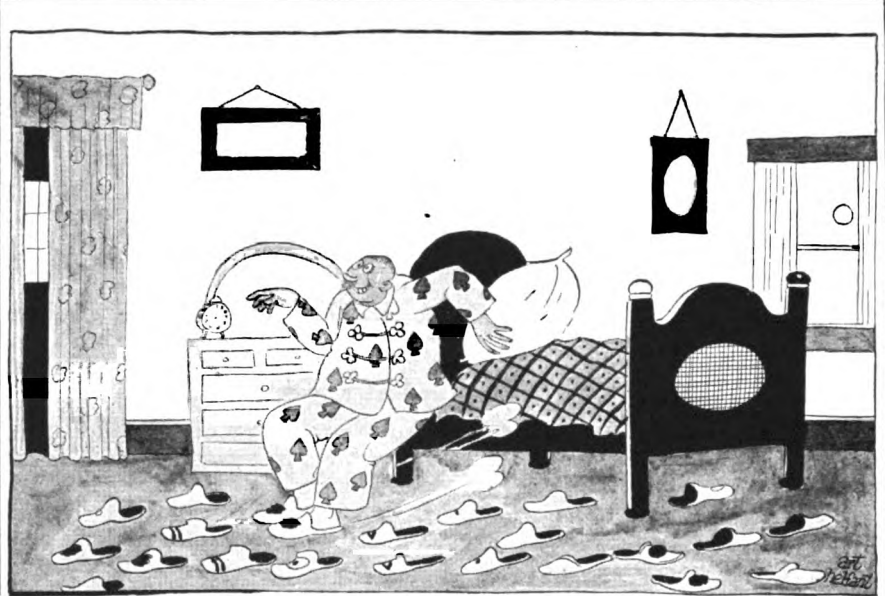
Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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

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Mr. Koko, who manufactures bedroom slippers, doesn't have to worry about looking for a pair when he wakes up in the morning.

A Use for Weather

(Continued from page 10)

of his things in a book called "Brighter Intervals" (Henry Holt), and if you know what I am talking about and feel that you need it, I advise you to get a copy from your bookseller by fair means or foul. Among other things, try holding up a \$2 bill in front of him.

From a selection entitled "Miracles and Music Boxes," I lift the following: "Man's ingratitude to wizards is one of the blackest chapters in humanity's history. In the small hours of Monday morning the toiling wizard splits an atom; by tea time on Wednesday Mr. Samuel Bloggs, the successful merchant, is splitting them with as much dull impunity as he does sodas or infinitives."

And the following from a para-

graph in which Phillips is discussing the wonder of compressing a complete orchestra into the grooves of a phonograph record: "The man who plays the 'cello is a stoutish gentleman, and, you would say, an irreducible; almost certainly he has a wife and offspring, and in all probability strong views about prohibition and the shortage of houses. And yet there he is (or at least all of him that really matters) resonant and trembling at the end of a needle's point."

IF YOU enjoy cross-country lolls, easy-going going nowhere, and vicarious gypsying, read "The Golden Village," by Joseph Anthony (Bobbs-Merrill). It is the story of an old Hungarian and his grandson, roaming from town to town in America, in search of a group of their countrymen

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

who came over here to found a golden village. The book has a flowing poetic quality and a warmth and mellowness. If your reading of the recent crop of sextic novels has left you all agitated, "The Golden Village" will soothe you like a hot towel.

* * *

OR, on the other hand, if you like to chase up endless flights of cold, dark, damp stone stairs, and stumble over a dead body now and then, if you enjoy freezing draughts in musty corridors, if you like to see folks caught like rats in traps, and thrill at such lines as "The situation is grave, very grave, Imperial Highness. Unless we strike swiftly, it will be too late!" and such paragraphs as "Well, it may interest you to know that on two former occasions within my own experience similar marks were found on the bodies of persons recovered from the river here." And "A hand shot out and seized her wrist; she felt that her very bones were being crushed"—well, turn to "The Three of Clubs," by Valentine Williams (Houghton Mifflin). It is a good thing to get your blood all curdled up by such a book now and then.

* * *

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY has so many sweet humors that I wish he would not persist in his habit of wading out up to his neck whether there is any water in the pond or not. In "Religio Journalistici" (Double-day, Page), he splashes around as if he were in mid-ocean, and I feel that it is only a bathtub subject that he is handling. It has something to do with the "romance of the newspaper game," which has always seemed to me to be an adolescent affliction. Morley himself has had sense enough to get away from it, so how can he expect the rest of us to bear with him while he makes metaphysics about it. Still, this is one little book that I am *not* going to send to Aunt Emma now that I have reviewed it. And that is Morley. I treasure him, though he does try to make tomes out of trifles.

Thinking to Music

Hub—We must cut out going to the theater so often. I must think about our bills.

Wife—Well, can't you think about our bills in the theater?

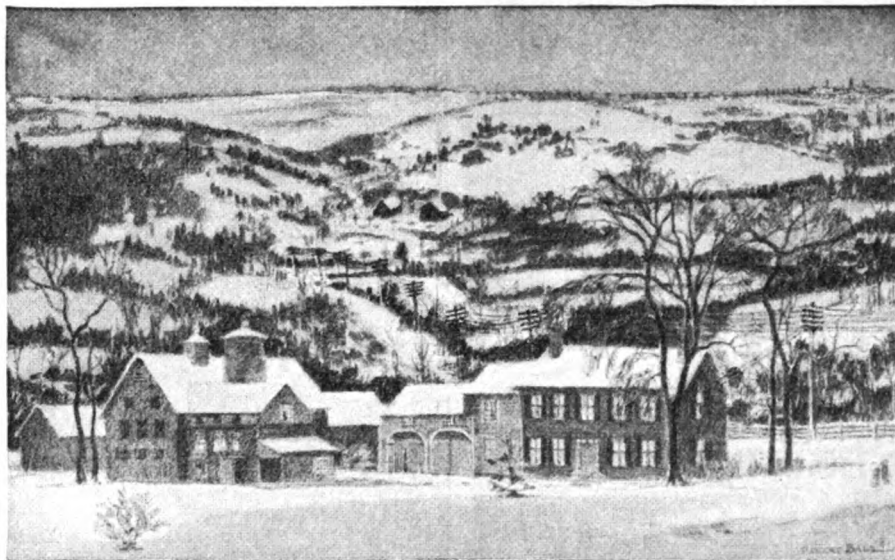
—*Boston Transcript*

Export Business

"What do you do with all these old barber chairs?"

"Ship 'em to Central Africa for thrones."

—*Louisville Courier Journal*



NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.



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The Man Below—Hi, Jim! Make sure that rope is tight across the top!
—Passing Show (London)

The Kahn-game

(Continued from page 17)

drama got them, where O'Neill's play left them a little cold. Well, I am still the same old crank and chronic dissenter that I have always been, so I'll have to irritate you once again by saying that I somehow strangely liked O'Neill's play better than I did Marcin's.

I don't wish to pretend, however, that "Desire Under the Elms" is a good play simply because O'Neill happens to be the author of it. As a matter of fact, it isn't so good a play as certain other plays of which O'Neill has happened to be the author. But it is far and away so much better than most of the plays being written by anyone else who hangs around here that one gratefully passes over even its obvious deficiencies. It doesn't matter much if a beautiful and amiable and engaging woman tucks in her napkin at her chin or not.

Marcin's melodrama, while fairly interesting in a dime-novel way, is stale theatrical goods. H. B. Warner gives a capable performance as the heroic crook, and there are other capable performances by John Wray, Clare Weldon and Flora Sheffield, but the evening is chiefly for such persons as prefer emotions in their undershirts to emotions slightly more subtle. Don't think, however, that I am posing. No one likes a rip-snorting melodrama more than I do. But "Silence" isn't a rip-snorter.

III

"MADAME POMPADOUR" opened the new Martin Beck Theater or I should say more accurately that the new Martin Beck Theater opened "Madame Pompadour." Values must be set down in their proper order. The theater is a very elegant *schaubaus* of which the affable and worthy M. Beck may be, and evidently is, proud. But "Madame Pompadour," as presented

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in the very elegant *schauhaus* of which the affable and worthy M. Beck may be, and evidently is, proud, is not up to the standard of the very elegant *schauhaus* of which the affable and worthy M. Beck may be, and evidently is, proud. Its score by Leo Fall is an excellent one; there is none better to be heard in New York in the round of an entire season. But the libretto and the casting are considerably below par.

Wilda Bennett, who was rushed into the title rôle, is not sufficiently talented to bear the burden, and her associate players are a not especially distinguished lot. The physical mounting of the operetta is handsome enough, but the triumph of the evening remains the very elegant *schauhaus* of which the affable and worthy M. Beck may be, and evidently is, proud.

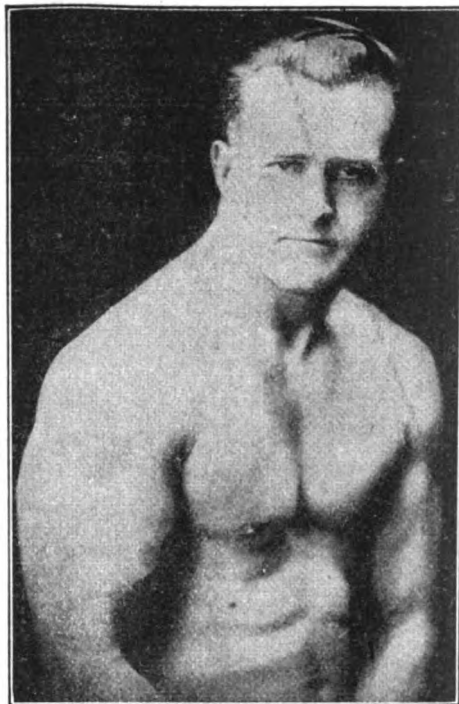
The Ideal Home

WHERE the silver river runs calm and clear,
Winding its way through the verdant meads
As it sparkles bright 'neath the summer skies,
Singing a song to the rustling reeds,
You will find the house that has won my heart,
The house where I fain would spend my days,
Where the distant woods with their ancient trees
Gleam pearly gray in the morning haze,
And the Peace of the Land will hold us all
Through the sun-kissed days in its gentle thrall.

All the warm red walls are with creeper clad,
The doors are a-gleaming a snowy white,
The flowers in their boxes are smiling gay,
Where diamond-paned windows catch the light,
And the velvet lawn reaches down to where
The stream laps lazily round its edge,
And the drowsy drone of the restless bees
Is borne from the blooms by the privet hedge.

* * *

But I'll never live there, I much regret,
For it's only a musical comedy "set"!
—London Mail



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

is the most gruesome commandment handed down to mankind. A man may lie, steal or break any other law and the public will eventually forgive and forget. But let him commit murder and the cry of everybody is to give him the full penalty—Death! And what is the common excuse of the murderer? **INSANITY!** Sure, he's crazy. Any man must be crazy to commit murder. But how about the fellow who slowly but surely kills his own body by neglect? He's the craziest one of all.

Stop! Think this over! What are you doing with your own body? Surely you don't want to be put in this class. But if you are not doing everything possible to prolong your life and keep your body just as clean and healthy as your Maker intended, you are inviting death. You are slowly but surely killing yourself.

A New Life

Have you ever enjoyed the pleasures of perfect health? Have you ever felt the thrills which accompany a strong robust body? If not, you have nature's biggest gift awaiting you. That is what I have to offer you. I don't promise to feed this to you in pill form. No, you have to work for it. You can't get anything in this life without effort. Don't let anyone fool you by telling you different. I'm going to make you work, but oh, boy! how you'll like it. After a few days you will feel the old pep shooting through your veins and you will crave your exercise like a kid wants his bread and sugar.

Today Is Your Day

This is your birthday. Today you start a new life. I'm going to make a real live, "rip-anortin'" go-getter out of you. I'm going to expand that chest so it will give your lungs a treat with life-giving oxygen. This will put real vim into your blood and shoot it throughout your entire system. I'm going to broaden your shoulders and strengthen your back. I'm going to put a ripple of muscle up and down your body that will make a big powerful he-man out of you. You will have the arms and legs of a modern Hercules. I'll clear your brain and pep up your entire system. You will be just bubbling over with vitality. You will stretch out your powerful body and shout for bigger and greater things to accomplish. Nothing will be too difficult for you to tackle.

Sounds good, doesn't it? You can bet your Sunday hat it's good. It's wonderful. And it's no idle prattle either. I'm not promising these things. I guarantee them. Do you doubt me? Make me prove it. Come on. Atta boy. Let's go.

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It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now, and you will marvel at their present physique. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you thru and thru. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today, right now, before you turn this page.

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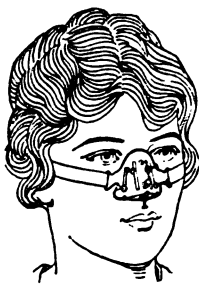
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Friend (to business man interviewing prospective typists)—But why so particular, old man, that she should have light reddish hair?
Business Man—Because that's the color of my wife's.

—London Mail

Picadorable Pictures

(Continued from page 18)

Percy Marmont, John Roche and Virginia Valli might have been used to better advantage.

To me the picture held little of interest. Maybe you may find something in it to lift you out of your seat. I didn't.

Among the best pictures shown in the last month are: "He Who Gets Slapped"—one of the best pictures to be seen at any time—"The Beloved Brute"—with a new and really fine actor, Victor McLaglen, in the name part—Buster Keaton in "The Navigator," Harold Lloyd in "Hot

Water" and Bebe Daniels in "Dangerous Money."

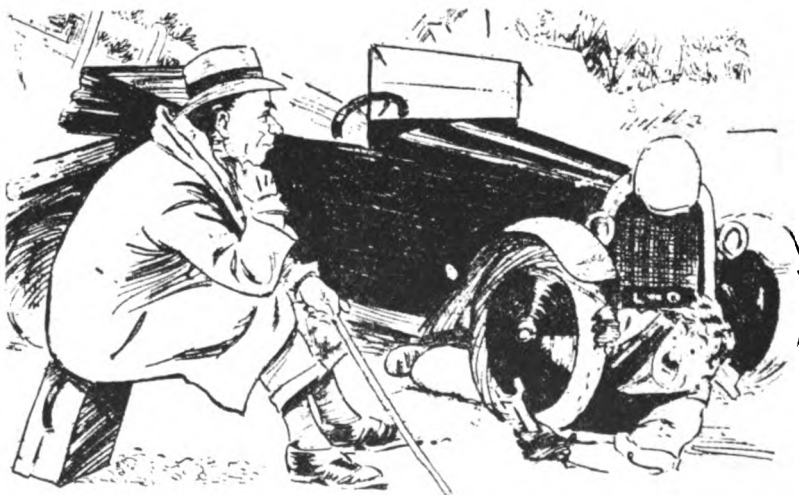
Cinema Actor—Yes, laddie, when I was young my father offered me five thousand pounds not to become an actor.

Friend—And what did you do with the money? —Tut Bits (London)

Must Do Her Part

"Officer, if I stay on this street will it take me to the Public Library?"
"Yes, madam. But not unless you keep moving."

—Boston Transcript



Unfortunate Motorist (to perfect stranger who has been gazing at him for some time)—I say, what do you want?

Perfect Stranger—Oh, take no notice of me; you see I'm a humorist, and I'm trying to evolve a new idea round this funny situation.

—Passing Show (London)



A breath of warm air

They Sometimes Do

"Doesn't that customer know what he wants?" asked the boss.

"Yes, sir," responded the smart salesman, "but I'm trying to sell him something else."

—*Louisville Courier Journal*

She—I shall wear my new evening dress to-night. Isn't it a poem?

He—Judging from its shortness, I should say it's an epigram.

—*Answers (London)*

A morning paper has been discussing whether women can paint as well as man. Better, I should say—taking their work at its face value.

—*Passing Show (London)*

Mah Jongg is not yet very popular in Scotland. The inhabitants, we presume, are waiting until the Chinese Civil War is over, when there will be some cheap sets on the market from government surplus.

—*London Opinion*

It is stated that listening-in is causing the sales of popular songs in America to diminish. The world is only just beginning to enjoy the great benefits bestowed by the invention of wireless.

—*Passing Show (London)*

A visitor to the offices of a big firm was struck by the lazy movements of an elderly member of the staff, who seemed, all the same, to be on good terms with the others.

"How long has that man worked for you?" he asked the manager.

"About four hours, I should say."

"Indeed! I should have judged from his manner that he had been here longer than that."

"He has," said the manager. "He's been here about two years."

—*Tit Bits (London)*



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Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw you too can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!



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The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive personal instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists of 30 years' successful experience—Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a

high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning!

YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that "it's all a gift." Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you splendid prices. Prominent artists get as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing.

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Sandy—Do you know what drinking leads to?
Andy—The end of the Scotch!

The \$25 prize in JUDGE's Fifty-Fifty Contest No. 43, announced in the October 25, 1924, issue, was won by W. E. Hatcher, Nogales, Ariz.

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The Forest Lovers

About ten thousand years ago,
Adown a pathway shady,
There wandered shyly to and fro
A lover and a lady.
The maid was trim and slight and slim,
Her lover big and beefy;
Some beads kept warm his stalwart form,
And she wore something leafy.

The iguadons did not scare
The pair as they proceeded;
The pterodactyls flying there
Were carelessly unheeded;
As on they strolled, her lover bold
Appeared of amorous pash full;
While she was coy (which teased her boy)
And just a trifle bashful.

"Fair miss, I wis a kiss were bliss,"
Said he in accents bell-like;
"One fond caress I must possess,"
He murmured in her shell-like;
"Yield thy sweet face to my embrace;
The monkeys will ignore us."
Said she, "Go hon! I couldn't,
John—
Suppose the Brontosaurus!"
Hartley Carrick

Fully Equipped

"I never saw but one man," said Uncle Bill Bottletop, "that I thought had a chance foolin' with bootleg liquor. He was a sword swallower and his wife was a snake charmer."
—*Washington Star*

"Caroline is a dreadfully old-fashioned girl."

"How can you say that? I've even seen her smoke cigarettes."

"Oh, yes; but you can tell by the way she does it that she thinks it's awfully fast."
—*Answers (London)*

It seems to be the idea of some of the auto drivers never to apply the brakes until they see the whites of the jay-walker's eyes.
—*Boston Transcript*

In America, a man has confessed to the murder of five men. The authorities are inclined to take a harsh view of this as not all the victims were song writers.
—*London Opinion*

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Radio Fans!
 are you listening
 in to

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**Announcement
 To Advertisers**

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

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

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

Leslie-Judge Company.

Reason Enough

"Why don't you yump, Yamie?" called an old Dane to his son in a sinking fishing boat.

"How can ay yump when ay've no place to stood?" —*Cappers Weekly*

The new play was wretchedly bad, but despite the disapproving noises from the rest of the audience, a young man in the stalls sat quietly through two acts of it.

"Why don't you hiss too?" asked his neighbor, during an interval.

"I can't very well do that," explained the other. "You see, I'm here on a free ticket; but, by George, if this next act isn't any better I'll go out and buy myself a seat so that I can join in with you."

—*Tit Bits* (London)

His Expectation

"What do you expect your son to be when he grows up?"

"A man, I reckon," replied the gaunt Missourian, "unless he develops into a tenor singer."

—*Kansas City Star*

At ten years old, Jackie Coogan can look forward to making more farewell tours of the world than any other star.

—*Passing Show*



When the new tenant on the first floor bought an alarm clock, the fireman on the top floor kept jumping out the window and sliding down the drain pipe when the alarm went off.



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Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 6

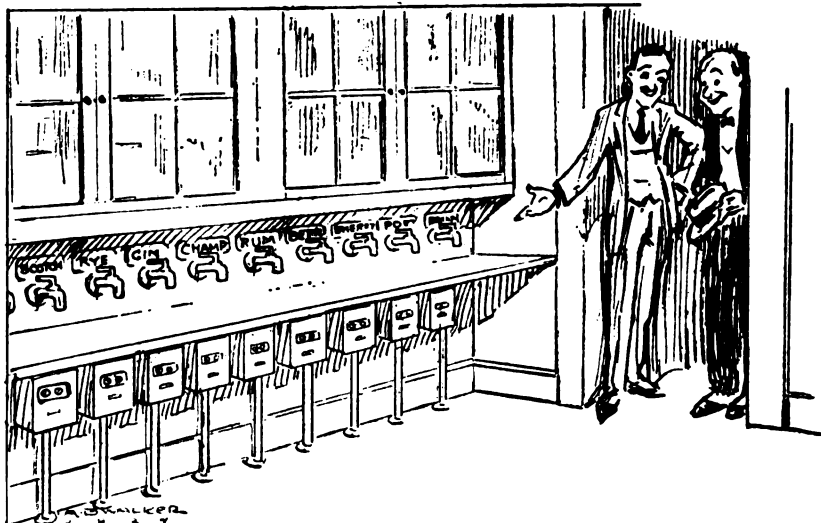
Horizontal

1. If you're blind, you just can't do it.
4. Metallically speaking, this one is a mix-up.
8. What the U. S. used to send Germany every other day.
10. Just one.
14. An abbreviation in the metric system.
16. Classic literature made famous by kidney pills.
20. The one that makes home worth living in.
21. An overgrown snake that isn't our idea of a pet.
22. A period of time.
23. —, this is Paris!
25. Where Leopold and Loeb are going to stay longer, and perhaps learn more than they did in college.
27. What you'll be if you go canoeing on the ocean.
29. The same. (You'd better try the verticals.)
30. What your wife thinks you are when you pull that one about sitting up with a sick friend.
31. In _____, thy name is woman.
33. A shavetail abbreviated.
34. All's well.
35. What a Westerner does with a "mean pistol."
39. Highbrow for "doors."
40. If you get this. You just can't control yourself.
41. The greatest man in American history, so the Southern boys tell us.
42. Came before Lincoln (not Ford).
43. A statement which appears to be contradictory.
49. People entirely surrounded by water.
51. A kind of rum.
52. Where African golfers came from (abr.).
53. "To be" — not, "not to be."
55. More properly "limb."
57. The nearest some girls come to cooking is making this in traffic.
59. For the sake of which Earl Carroll went to jail.
60. One on Main street every Decoration Day.
62. Most modern girls are noticeable for their lack of it.
65. Good for rheumatism if you can stand the smell.
66. Otherwise known as a "cad."
67. Washday (abr.).
68. A long-eared animal, or a dumb human.
69. A kiddy car.
74. Pertaining to the sense of hearing.
76. An Italian river.
78. Hepatica's given name.
79. What the turkey gets for Christmas.
80. "Tis to laugh.
82. This is it.
83. Where Silas stores the fodder. (Pl.)
86. A marsh—very poor for real estate purposes.

Vertical

1. What you do over the deep blue sea.
2. A kind of a tree (not a family tree).
3. A deucey English exclamation.
4. You know me _____.
5. An abbreviation for a full grown hill.
6. A preposition of place.
7. Twelfth letter in the Greek alphabet—ask the man who owns a restaurant.

8. If you just must be cremated they'll put your remains in one of these.
9. The woman has yet to be born who can keep this way.
10. A fungus of the mushroom family. Shades of Webster!
11. What a flower does in the spring, tra-la.
12. An exclamation of glee.
13. What any inmate of Sing Sing would rather have than ice cream.
15. What loves company?
16. Don't ever get this way without leave if you're in the Army or married.
17. The flapper's delight.
18. What bobbed hair has done away with.
19. A game of cards, or a pavilion—my, my, what variety!
20. This is too easy—Member of Parliament (abr.).
24. The color of U. S. Army misfit uniforms (abr.).
26. Some people worship these, some use them for incense burners.
28. Potatoes come in them.
32. Often the easiest thing to do in a breach of promise suit.
35. A good part of the Woolworth Building not to fall off of.
36. Pertaining to the mouth.
37. What the family doc tries to do to your pains.
38. Foxes are noted for being this way.
42. The kind of a sheik who has lots of sand (that lets the drug store variety out).
43. Yes, we haven't a single one.
44. A circling current of water.
45. Often seen at the end of a letter—not, please remit (abr.).
46. New York was all for _____.
47. Old English (abr.).
48. "XR"—(We don't know what this means ourselves!).
49. A place where the stokers don't get paid.
50. One way to keep them up is to pour them down.
52. A fireman doesn't like a false one. (Pl.).
54. Funk & Wagnalls say "special weight, importance, or significance."
56. Profits.
57. The way you get when another fellow calls on the sweet woman.
58. Most men's troubles come under this heading.
59. This one is very sweet—the oil from rose petals.
60. The old man.
61. Abbreviation for the district where everything is being investigated.
63. Midway between go and hell.
64. A comparative ending.
70. The abbreviated form of calcium. (Come on, you chemist.)
71. A prophet.
73. One way to go in an elevator.
75. A domestic bovine quadruped.
77. An exclamation of surprise.
79. See No. 6 vertical.
81. In like manner. (Adverb.)
82. Third person singular present indicative of the verb "be."
84. On the condition. (Conj.)
85. What you aren't when you're off.



APARTMENTS DE LUXE

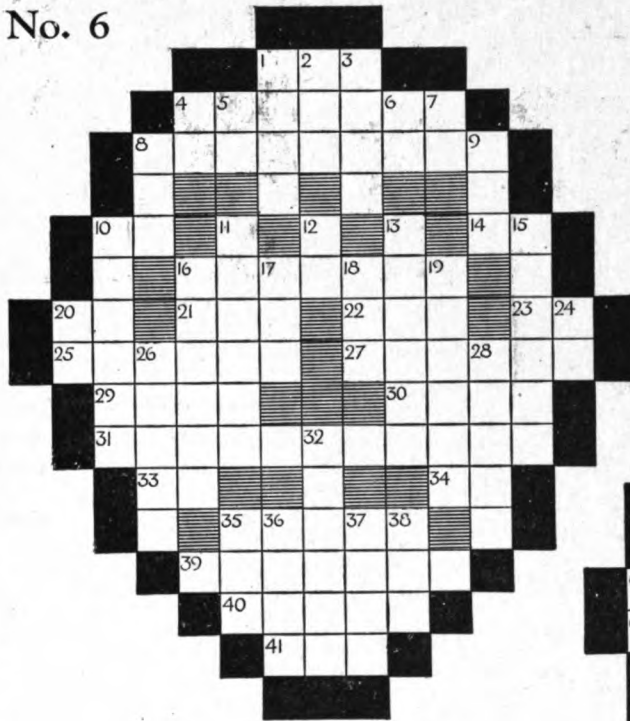
AGENT—Yes, we have a constantly well stocked wine cellar and every apartment has one of these closets. A meter is attached to each faucet and a bill is rendered monthly.



JUDGE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLES

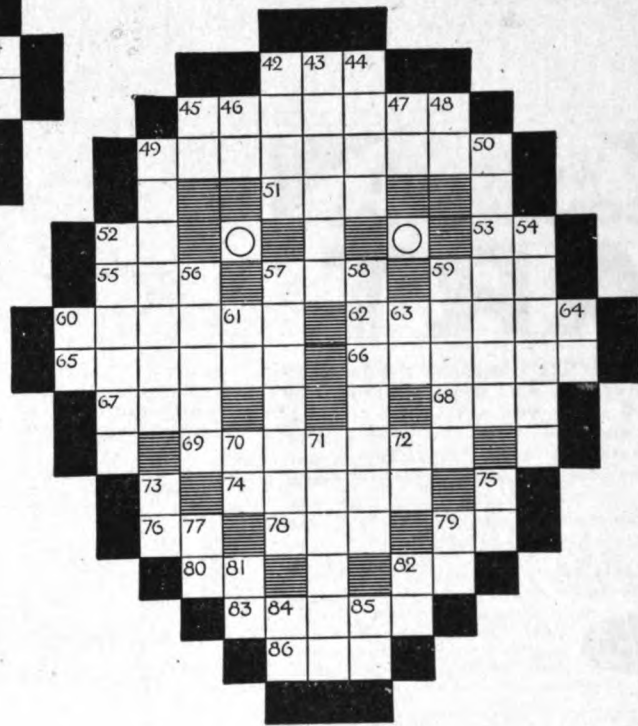


No. 6



Before Reading Judge

JUDGE'S Crossword Puzzle for this week was contributed by Alfred L. Pelham, 378 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.



—and After

M	A	N	A	G	E		C	R	O	S	B	Y
A		H	E	L	G	O	L	A	N	D		O
M	P		O	O		I	C	E		M	D	
M	A	R		W	I	F	E	Y		P	I	E
A	T	E		S	I	N				E	L	L
	T	A	I	N	T		T	R	E	A	T	
	E	D		E			U	N	G			
	R	I	G	O	R		I	N	C	U	R	
U	S	N		E	O	N			T	O	P	
B	O	G		A	B	I	D	E		S	S	E
O	N		O	R	E		E	V	E		S	T
A		K	U	K	L	U	X	E	R	S		A
T	A	P	I	S		S		N	A	T	A	L

—Answer to Puzzle No. 5, which appeared last week.

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Please do not send in your solutions





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