

Judge

★ NOVEMBER 21, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



*If you
Can Read
This You're
Too Damn
Close!*

Guy Hoff

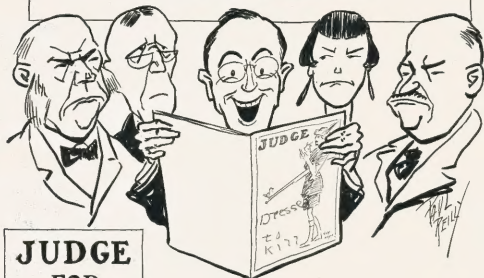
Guess & Win

ADVERTISING CONTEST

If you can guess—without help from your wife, sweetie, husband or mother-in-law—what national advertisement inspired our artist to make the drawing below, you may enter your name in this contest, by filling in the coupon and sending it in with a one dollar bill. Then you will win the prize of your life — 10 weeks of JUDGE.

4 out of 5

Need JUDGE



JUDGE
FOR
THE
GLUMS

JUDGE

627 West 43d Street, New York

Date.....

I wish to enter my name in the "GUESS & WIN" Advertising Contest and submit the following, with enclosed \$1.00 to cover entrance fee and 10 weeks of JUDGE.

Forhan's Tooth Paste

My guess is that this week's advertisement was.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Here's a five spot, gimme JUDGE for 52 weeks instead of 10 weeks.

JUDGE

TO THE ancient Roman plain dwellers the cornucopia was a symbol of the horn of plenty. To modern apartment dwellers the horn of plenty is the saxophone.



IN THE recent Maya excavations at New Mexico a pottery vase has been unearthed that is said to be in almost perfect condition. This looks as though the servant problem was a serious one even in those days.



A GERMAN diver's recent attempt to broadcast a radio program from the floor of the sea was highly successful. If this keeps up we predict that even the pacifists will heartily indorse the building of more submarines and torpedoes.

AN ENTOMOLOGIST states that the most troublesome outdoor insect in this country is the mosquito. Can it be that this learned gentleman has never been buttonholed by an ardent golf bug?



POLISHED hard coal is said to make an excellent substitute for jet in the manufacture of rings. The one drawback, of course, is the prohibitive cost.



GENEVA was recently swamped with three tons of documents sent from Turkey on the Mosul question. That is nothing at all compared with the result of allowing a Florida real estate company to get hold of your name and address.

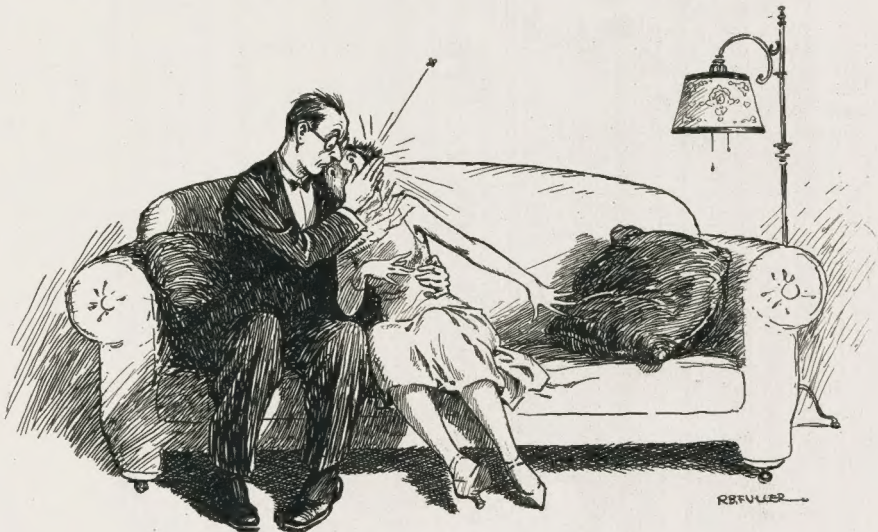
IT is pointed out that the spot where the city of Hollywood now stands was at one time a desolate marsh. But then that was in the good old days.



IN CHICAGO a new suicide club has been discovered. We understand that their method of departure is to venture out on the streets unarmed.



A DEMONSTRATION was recently held in New York to teach the public how to burn soft coal. A more appropriate subject would have been teaching them how to get enough money to buy it.



Thoughtless act of Smithers, who hates flies.



LADY OF THE HOUSE—As cook I shall expect you to rise early. We breakfast at eight, and I will permit you one evening off every week!
 COOK—You ain't been married long, 'ave you, dear?

The Doctor Speaks

LET who will frame these dismal restrictions
 Called dry laws, these arid afflictions;
 I don't give a song
 Who makes them so long
 As I write my country's prescriptions.
Dalnar Devening

FUNNYBONES

Radio is still in its infancy. We can tell that by the noises it emits.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

Judge Wants to Know

Where the *Daily News* got the idea for the "Gimme" contest.

Discovered!

Chorus Girl—Get thee behind me, Satan!
 Joe College — So that's your backer!

Gridiron Etiquette

WHEN meeting an opponent, always remember to say "pardon my shove."

Never remain seated when a lady is standing in the stadium.

Never forward pass in front of an opponent without excusing yourself.

After a stiff tackle hang a sign on your chest, "Out for a few minutes. Please wait."

When accompanied by interference it is considered good form to let him precede you down the field.

In the matter of apparel, fall clothing will be worn.

Signaling, pointing, whispering and raucous yelling are decidedly *faux pas* and are not tolerated among little football gentlemen.

Don't speak to any strangers on the field until you have been formally "knocked down" to them.

Carroll

Many a wife who cares nothing for her husband lives on his account.

Prohibition enforcement is producing staggering results.



BYSTANDER (in Suburban Town)—Ah! Twins?

"No, that's the famous commuter who comes home so late that he meets himself starting back."

Gloria Mundi

THE Innocent Bystander hesitated in his timid course through the football crowds and baggage that jammed the hotel lobby on the day of the big game. He knew that he was rubbing elbows with great financiers, with generals and admirals, with famous men of letters, with people whose names he would recognize as representing the cream of the nation's hall of fame.

And the combination of his pride and a comparatively mediocre station in life brought the resolution to go about the personal business of hunting his wife in this seething *mêlée* of wealth, fashion and fame and to betray no atom of interest in the celebrities about him.

But the enormous and distinguished throng which now blocked his way and clustered almost boisterously about the modest and unassuming gentleman in heavy tweeds aroused his admiring curiosity to the breaking point and he stopped to listen.

"Bully to see you again, Brookie—what good old times we used to have—"



JACK—I had an awful joke played on me yesterday.

MAE—What was that?

"I went to a tea-party yesterday afternoon, and they served tea!"



THE BABY BOB

Will it soon come to this?

"You and your wife must motor down to our place some week-end—we've wanted to ask you for a year but simply—"

"By Jove, you're looking just as young as ever, Brookie."

"Got some good stuff out here, Brookie, come out to the car and we'll—"

"Brookie, my wife insists you come out and stay with us for a week-end at least. You simply can't refuse us."

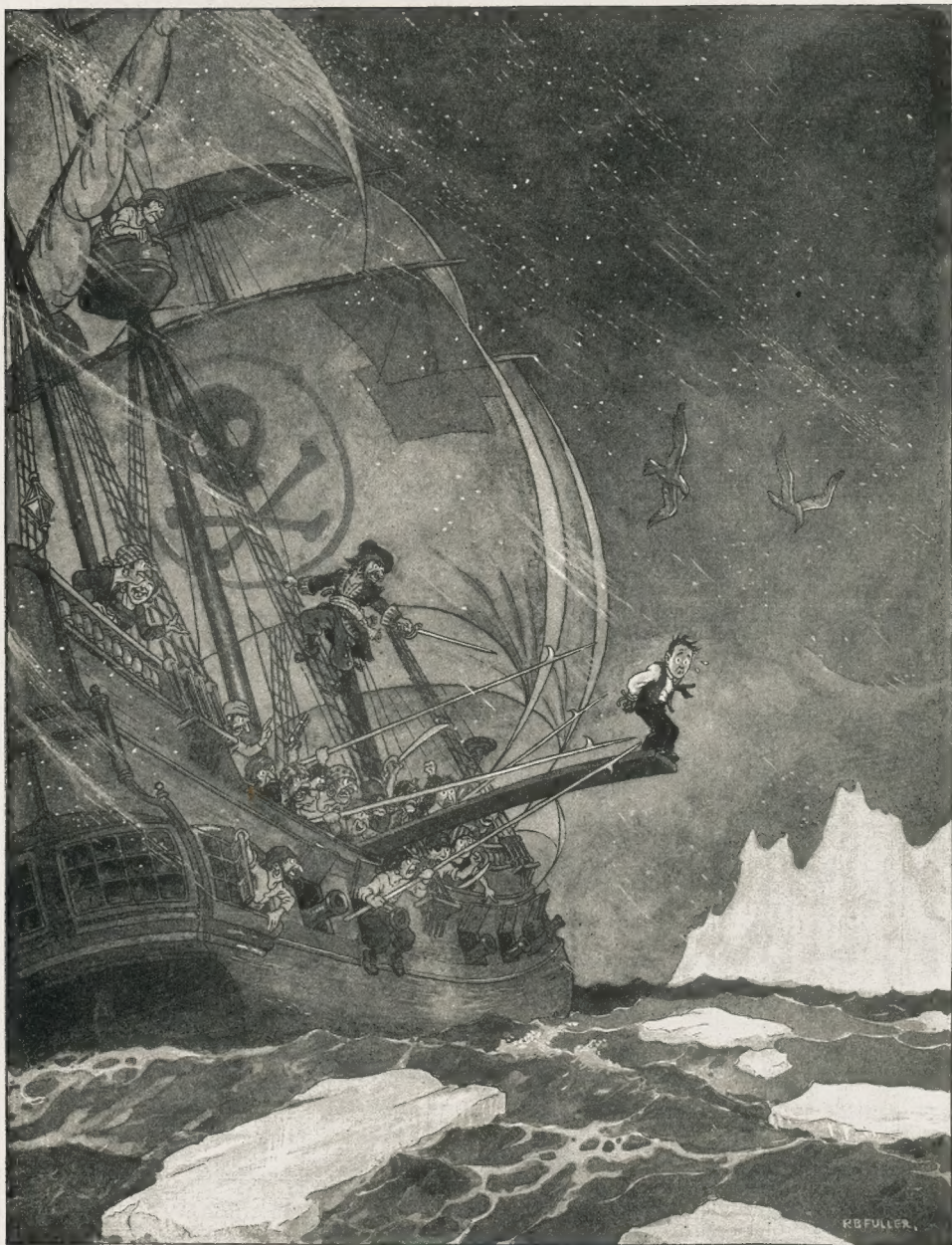
These and countless other felicitous respects from the growing throng of prosperous friends left no doubt as to the superlative rank of this modest personage.

The Innocent Bystander could restrain his curiosity no longer. Casually he addressed one of the outer fringe of the eager group.

"What is he—general, statesman, nobility or just a multi-millionaire?"

"Who, Brookie?" laughed the man at his side. "Lord, no. He's only a Lab Assistant in Chemistry but he's got two tickets for the game and has to work this afternoon."

Richard S. Wallace



NIGHTMARE OF THE MAN WHO BRAGS ABOUT TAKING A COLD
PLUNGE EVERY MORNING



HUNTER—*W-well, Harry, I gu-guess we're done for!*
 COMIC ARTIST—*Shucks, no! I've sold this joke many a time, Bill!*

Manufacturers of drink cures seem unable to cope with the situation since prohibition.

She—You're a great dancer. Did you ever take dancing lessons?

He—No, but I've watched many wrestling matches.

LIZZIE O LABELS

"We make all the stops."

JUDGE will pay \$5 for each one printed

Can't Be Sure

"Is your sick husband out of danger yet?"

"I don't think so; the doctor continues to call on him."

A polished gentleman is not always bright!



HOLD-UP MAN (virtuously)—*Will yer look what I found on him, Office:?*

The Adventures of Flubb and Tubb

by Arthur L. Lippmann

Auctions Speak Louder Than Words

MISS PERKINS, telephone operator extraordinary and pinch-hitting filing clerk for the Flubb Flower Pot Company, deftly transferred the unchewed remnants of a spongy gum-drop from the starboard to the port side of her adorable mouth and inadvertently plugged a line into the extension marked "Mr. Tubb." Be it known that this extension connected the world with the telephone of Mr. Tobias Tubb, our modest hero and third assistant traffic manager of the Flubb Flower Pot Company—"Makers of the Flower Pot That Breeds Contented, Healthy Flowers."

"Mister Flubbwanseyuh," announced Miss Perkins, as bored as a trained seal after three years in vaudeville.

Tobias timidly approached the massive bulk of A. Henry Flubb, who was busily engaged in polishing his diamond ring and concocting new wall mottoes. Mr. Flubb passionately loved flower pots, but his absorbing hobby was the writing of wall mottoes, to be framed and hung over executives' desks. "It May Rain To-day But the Sun Will Shine the Week After Next" was Mr. Flubb's best known wall motto



and hung over the desk of every flower pot manufacturer in the United States.

"Tobias," softly whispered Mr. Flubb, the gleam of creative effort in his watery eyes. "I've just composed a new wall motto which will ring 'round the civilized and flower pot world." Tobias knew what was expected of him. Let no one say that Tobias was not resourceful.

"Tell it to me, Mr. Flubb," he said simply, clasping his hands and gazing down at a cigarette burn in the carpet.

"A Mission Faithfully Fulfilled Makes the Angels Sing," softly said

Mr. Flubb, casting his eyes modestly to the waste-paper basket in which reposed the broken remnants of a competitor's flower pot.

"Glorious," breathed Tobias, his eyelids closed. "Worthy of Shakespeare. Oh, Mr. Flubb," he added, in a burst of well-mannered rapture, "You have a divine gift. You are an artist—"

"And the best flower pot manufacturer in the world," modestly interrupted Mr. Flubb, holding his face in his hands and turning away in blushing embarrassment.

"Shall I have it printed?" asked Tobias. "You owe it to the world—to generations yet unborn—to those souls—"

"And I owe the printer \$300 for the printing of my last motto: 'Only Dubs Stay in Debt—Don't Be a Dub,'" exclaimed Mr. Flubb.

"Why not let me pay him?" suggested Tobias.

"A capital idea. A splendid idea, Tobias," shouted Mr. Flubb. "Have the auditor prepare a voucher on form 1XL300. Have it okayed by the cashier and paymaster. Then ask Miss Hennaberry to initial it. Have it countersigned by the comptroller and two or three vice-presidents. Then bring it to me and you'll get the money."

(Continued on page 24)



UNFORTUNATE—Hey! Will one of you fellas run and get some help?



OPTIMIST—Well, well! It's nice the roller skating season is over, isn't it?

"Who steals my purse steals trash."—Shakespeare.

And he who steals a lady's purse steals:

- A lipstick.
- A powder puff.
- An eyebrow pencil.
- A nail file.
- Three nickels.
- Four pennies.
- A shopping list.
- A lead pencil. (Much chewed.)
- A key.
- A ring.
- Three two-cent stamps. (Stuck together.)
- A handkerchief.
- Three buttons.
- Three or four kinds of powder. (Spilled.)
- Three frat pins.

JUDGE Nominates for the Hall of Fame



WASHINGTON

BECAUSE he saved Gilbert Stuart a great deal of model hire; because if it hadn't been for him we would now be eating our breakfast eggs through a little hole in the top; because he did it all without a slogan; but most of all because, unlike our present-day auto-picknickers, he didn't lay his cherry-chopping episode to a love of nature.

Serenade

OH, COME unto your window, sweet,
And hearken to my song.
Swing wide the darkened casement, sweet;
Pray, do not tarry long.
Oh, chide me not in anger, sweet,
Nor sulk to find me here;
But gaily, lightly come, my sweet,
And ope your window, dear.

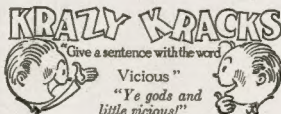
Forsake for me your bed, my love,
Leave other times for sleep.
Oh, keep me not awaiting, love,
While here my watch I keep.
But come unto your window, love;
No longer, darling, hide.
For it's raining like the deuce, my love,
And I left the key inside.

Howard Cushman

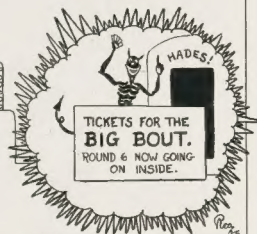
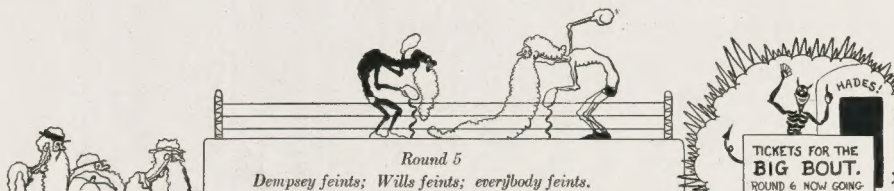
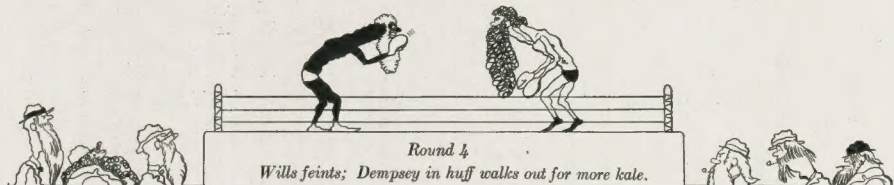
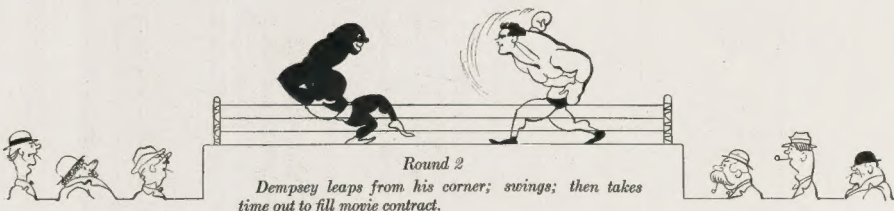
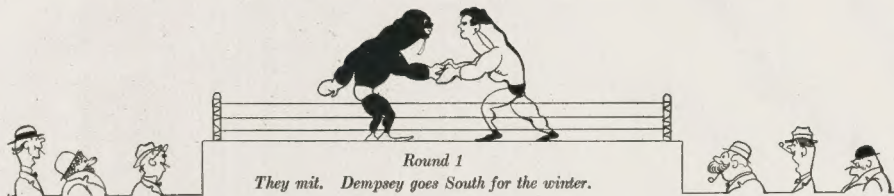
FUNNYBONES

The last word in a radio set—
brzzrrkptk s%!

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



THE DEMPSEY—WILLS BOUT



IF IT TAKES AS LONG TO FIGHT IT AS IT DID TO SIGN IT UP

Popular Recreations

Football

THE name, *football*, comes from the old Anglo-Saxon word, *football*, meaning murder, which originally came from the Greek word pronounced, *football*, meaning murder.

It is a delightful little game for the children to play in the nursery on a rainy day.

Twenty-two men and any number of doctors can partake in the sport. There are eleven men on a side. It is generally the referee's side. For this reason the referee wears knickers and carries a whistle.

When the referee blows the whistle the traffic starts up and down the field. As the ups and the downs meet they see red and stop. All the ups suddenly become downs.

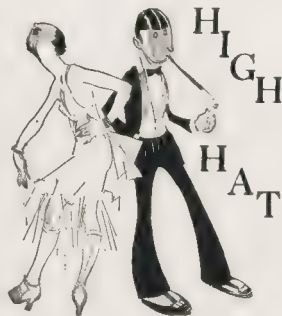
After three downs the side in possession of the ball generally kicks,

The kick is done something like this. "Ah, that referee's crazy! That ball's over a mile!"

If a team makes ten yards in four downs it generally isn't a very downy job. As a reward for their hard work they are permitted to try again. They seldom do, usually resorting to the strategy of forward passing the ball to one of their opponents who, seeing it coming, thinks it's Christmas and starts to run. He practically immediately finds out it isn't Christmas and wishes he'd gone right into his father's business instead of going to college. However, sometimes they recover.

And so the game continues to the end, just one give and take until all the available players have either given out or been taken out.

Carroll



Again George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" is in the limelight. This time at Ciro's. And in a new way. If you want a real kick don't miss it.



"The Great Ecart," by Jean Cocteau—a book, lads, a book! Stay home some evening and read it; it's well worth it!



Notice: This column wants it distinctly understood that it has no connection with "The Green Hat."



Have you been down to Don Dickerman's "County Fair" yet? A new idea in a Dancing place and a lot of fun too.



The Six Best "Steppers":
"Oh, What a Girl!"—(When You Smile).

"Sympathetic Someone"—(The City Chap).

"Walking Home With Josie"—(The City Chap).

"Ya, Ya, Alma"—(No show).

"Journey's End"—(The City Chap).

"Do You Love Me?"—(Sunny).

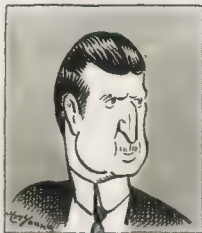


SOME
"LAUGHABLE"
AIR-SWEEPS

FIRST TRAMP—Why don't you git yo'self a good stiddy job o' work?
SECOND TRAMP—I would, my dear chap, if I could find a business that wasn't full of graft.

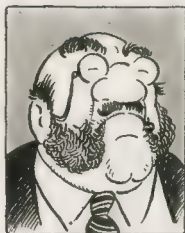
Judy Jr.

ALL IN THE DAY'S NEWS



HENRY B. SUPPLEBONE

Henry B. Supplebone, noted athlete, who swam the Wabash River, startled his hearers at a banquet given in his honor by declaring that marriage is a gamble.



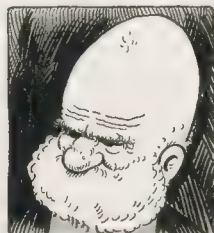
M. A. ZUMA

M. A. Zuma, billionaire exporter, shocks rich men's club by writing a letter of resignation in which he says: "The poor shall inherit the earth."



HATTIE FULLBRAIN

Hattie Fullbrain, head of the Oklahoma Institute of Applied Wisdom, almost caused a riot when she answered a critic by shouting: "Right must prevail."



PROF. OSCAR SNICKLEFRITZ

Prof. Oscar Snicklefritz, leading scientist, throws convention of noted biologists into a panic by a vehement address during which he declared that "Too much is plenty."

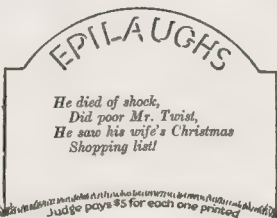
The Genius

Manager—That new college graduate you hired spells atrociously!

Boss—Does he, by Gosh! It's more than I can do.



Automobile bandits in Illinois eventually come to a sign reading—"You are now entering Joliet."



Ballads of a Bachelor

Oh, yes, I've thought of marrying,
I've thought of it a lot;
Because I've thought so much of it
Is just why I have not.



One doesn't have to be a medium
in order to get spirits by rapping on
a table.



The go-getter accepts a job in the post office.

Ker Choo!

THE approach of winter fills me with dismay. I'm one of those poor unfortunates who is "addicted to colds." Starting about now, my friends advise me how to avoid catching cold this winter. I'm quite certain that, according to them—

A cold shower in the morning, followed by a brisk walk, is just the thing, while an occasional bath every week and no walking at all is very helpful. A heavy overcoat is advisable and no overcoat at all is very beneficial. Starchy foods will induce colds, while foods with starch in them will ward off colds. Spraying the nose and throat every morning is helpful, while nose and throat spraying only will irritate the membranes and cause no end of trouble. Outdoor sleeping will kill the germs and the germs just thrive on outdoor sleeping. I'm sure by now that cough drops will cure and kill, woolen underwear protect and inflame, light underwear both harden and weaken the constitution and deep breathing tear down and build up.

Yet, looking back over last winter, despite my friends' constant medical advice, I recall I didn't have a single cold. No sir, not even a sniffle.

You see, I stayed in Cuba.

Hugh Wood

FUNNYBONES

The owner of a second-hand car is always trying to start something.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



Traffic signal for waiters prevents premature removal of unfinished dishes.



YOUNG HUSBAND—We've quarreled the last time, all is over, I leave now—forever!

"You can't go, dear, I've burned a hole in your pants."



TWO HISTORIC TRAVELLING SALESMEN

FIRST CANNIBAL—How did that actor you ate yesterday taste?

SECOND CANNIBAL—Oh, he was good in certain parts, I dare say.

Quite as Good

"WHAT do you want to get into that jam for? Come on up to the house and listen to the radio. It's just like being in the stadium. They give it to you play by play." This was the line of talk that finally led me to try it.

"Station WUP in connection with Stations PAIN, CRAMP, ACHE and GAAA will broadcast the annual football game between Mauler University and Bruiser College.

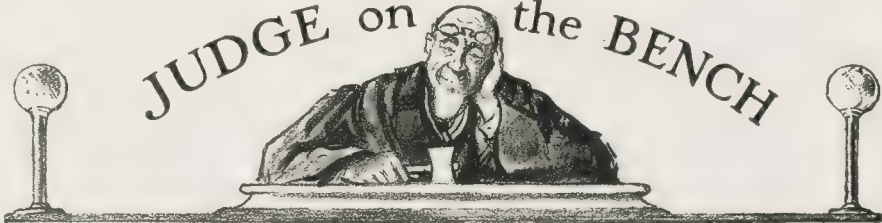
"Bruiser won the toss and chose heavy bidding in the wheat pit receiving the punt until it is creamy then add the whites of two eggs and forward passed but it was unsuccessful the ball going back to old Virginia accompanied on the banjo by Harry Glutxh of the Bruiser eleven who had to be carried off the field because brown eyes shouldn't be blue resulting in the first blood for Bruiser when Mauler swung with his left landing on the kid's beak just as the gong sounded we are broadcasting a ten-round bout between hogs which were fifty-five on the hoof, yesterday but rose steadily at five o'clock do the exercises again before leaving the office as the Mauler Band struck up Alma Mauler and everyone uncovered but the kid covered up quickly and rushed into a clinch which scored a touchdown as the final gong announced the ending of the first quarter. You have just been listening to the football game, being broadcasted direct from the Mauler Stadium.

Carroll



THE INFLUENCE OF SOFT COAL ON A 100% WHITE NORDIC

JUDGE on the BENCH



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

PHILADELPHIA elected a dead man District Attorney.

Other triumphs for representative government in the recent elections:

Al Smith knocked 'em cold once more;
Detroit, Buffalo and Louisville licked the Klan;
New Jersey licked the Anti-Saloon League;
Virginia licked both the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League.

All of which is greater cause for Thanksgiving this year than anything that has happened outside of Locarno.

Unholy Humor

PROHIBITION, more than any other one thing, supplies our national life with its overtone of irony. Yet the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals has decided that Prohibition is not a legitimate subject for humor. At least, so we interpret the latest warning of the Board, issued from its brand new palace "just across the street from the National Capitol." In this it advises Will Rogers, Sam Hellman and other humorists to "eliminate booze arguments from humor, fiction and other neutral territory."

Mr. Hellman, it appears, "under cover of the remarks of a fiction character by the name of Higgins," has been supplying a Sunday paper "with about a foot and a half of argument . . . in favor of the nullification of the Prohibition Amendment," and Mr. Rogers has been filling his "tobacco advertising with Anti-Prohibition argument." Which means, of course, that these gentlemen, like at least 95,000,000 of their fellow countrymen, have simply been cracking jokes at the expense of our sacred cow. It is this the Board calls "foul tactics."

"The people," it says, "have a right when they purchase a novel not to find it salted with propaganda, when they go to a show to find it inoffensive, and when they read 'humor' to find it humorous and nothing else."

It is refreshing to learn from such an organization that the people have any rights. But while we're on this subject, how about the right of the people to enjoy the kind of jokes they prefer, minus the dictation of the Board of Temperance, etc., etc? We agree that the Prohibition joke is worn thin and grown stale and resembles humor about as closely as near-beer does the genuine article. Nevertheless, it is still popular, or neither Sam Hellman nor Will Rogers would be handing it out. And the reason is plain enough: Prohibition is still as much of a social irritant as it ever was, and to make fun of it is our national method of enduring it. We advise our pious

friends to abolish Prohibition if they would end the torture to their sensibilities of having it laughed at.

Thanks

ALL Prohibitionists are apt to confuse the perfectly legitimate ridicule of Prohibition with "booze arguments," "nullification propaganda" and "incitement to crime." They seem to regard not only the Eighteenth Amendment but every last word in the Volstead Act as sacred law, subject neither to discussion nor to repeal or amendment. Of course, no man-made law is sacred to this degree, and least of all the experimental and, so far, farcically unsuccessful national prohibition law.

JUDGE has said before, but he finds it necessary to repeat, that in poking fun at Prohibition it is not his purpose or desire to promote violation of the law. It is his purpose and desire to promote its repeal or modification. It is no more his duty to "accept" Prohibition and say nothing than it will be to remain silent if and when the nation prohibits the manufacture, distribution and sale of tobacco, or the teaching of evolution. Rather it is his duty, convinced as he is that Prohibition is a clownish and ghastly mistake, wrong in principle and ridiculous in practice, to say so in seven different languages, including the Scandinavian. To paraphrase the remarks of the Board of Temperance, "the people have a right when they read a 'humorous' weekly, to find it has a mind of its own and is not afraid to express it."

"When Anti-Prohibition argument," says the Board, "is put into the mouths of fiction characters, cartoon characters, vaudeville actors, 'humor' writers, etc., it is foul tactics."

This means merely that ridicule is the weapon the fanatical reformer fears most of all. JUDGE is not insensible of the compliment.

Hee, Haw!

HAVING missed it in our own press we are indebted to the *Sphere*, an English publication, for the following item: "The evolution controversy in America has now spread from Dayton to the bulb growers of Indiana. Mr. A. E. Kundred is an expert in hybridizing gladioli. He has just been expelled by the elders of his church because they maintained that if the Almighty had wanted the gladiolas hybridized he would have made them that way."

The *Sphere* prints a picture of Mr. Kundred, so we suppose the incident must be authentic. The thought saddens us, for we can foresee in the reasoning of the church elders a Constitutional amendment that will deprive us of the mule.

W. M. H.

Betty goes Abroad

in Nantes



Betty buys a loaf of French bread. They park it all over the sidewalk.



The bridge over "La Rue de Larche Séche" is supposed to be very beautiful. Betty says it's over her head!



The French idea of a "Beau Brummel." Betty thinks their trousers must be tight under the arms.



Robert F. Johnson
• Nantes •
• FRANCE •

Betty says the French laundries have got it all over the ones at home.

The centerfold is missing from this magazine.
If you have a copy, please scan the missing pages.

The centerfold is missing from this magazine.
If you have a copy, please scan the missing pages.

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LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS-

"IF YOU TOLD EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IT WOULDN'T TAKE BUT ABOUT A MINUTE!!"

"IF I TOLD EVERYTHING WE BOTH KNOW, IT WOULDN'T TAKE NO LONGER!!"

"KENTIS"

SHE - "LOOK! WHAT DO YOU SEE IN MY EYES?"
HE - "WELL - ONE OF THEM IS A LITTLE BLOOD-SHOT."

BOY - "I SOLD MY DOG FOR \$1,000!"
RAL BAKER - "WHAT'S A MEAN \$1,000?"
"GOT TWO \$500 ONE'S FOR IT."

"MERRY MERRY!"

"ARTISTS OF MODER"

"HER FATHER WAS A RICH SENATOR, BUT THEY CAUGHT HIM!"
"NO - NO - NANETTE"

"CAPTAIN JUNKS"

JEFFERSON MACKEYER

"GIVE ME A SENTENCE WITH THE WORD 'GINGER'"

"GINGER YOURSELF WHEN YOU FELL OFF THE BUS!"



FIRST—Look at the tricycle.
SECOND—'Sh not a tricycle. 'Sa bicycle.

"Gwan, it's got four wheels, ain't it?"
—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

Beloved Child—Papa, did people go swimming a lot in Bible times?
Fond Parent—How in the Sam Hill should I know, Oswald?
"It says here that the people died of divers diseases."

—DENISON FLAMINGO

"Mamma, when we were in the city papa took me to a show with ladies dressed in stockings clear up to their necks."

—WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Editor—Are all the jokes original?
Aspirant—No. I made them up myself.

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

My room8 sad to rel8
Came 2 in a terrible st8.
Though he'd had 2 glasses
Of whisky str8
He st6 2 the story—
'Twas something he 8.

—CORNELL WIDOW

"Even angels swear."
"How do you know?"
"Well, what does St. Peter say to folks who come there by mistake?"

—WASHINGTON DIRGE



Why Is It?

That a woman will wear a ball gown when she doesn't care to dance, a riding habit when she wouldn't even think of getting on a horse, a golf outfit when she doesn't know how to play and wouldn't if she did, a swimming suit when the very sight of water makes her seasick, but when she gets a wedding dress she means business?

—WASHINGTON DIRGE

No Fairy Tale

"Will you marry me?" he asked.
"No," she replied.
And they lived happily ever afterward.

—PITT PANTHER

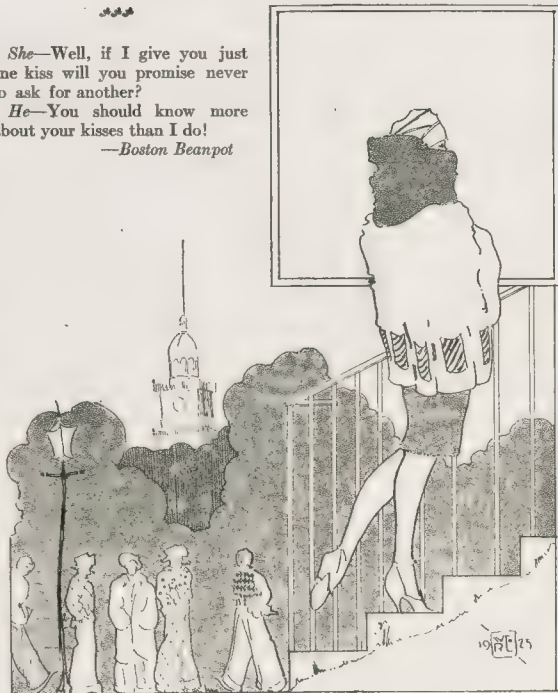
Wom—What were you doing in that accident down the road?
Tec—Oh! Just scraping up an acquaintance.

—DENISON FLAMINGO

She—Well, if I give you just one kiss will you promise never to ask for another?

He—You should know more about your kisses than I do!

—BOSTON BEANPOT



"Getting up stares"

—PENN STATE FROTH

LEADERS



HE—Have you snubbers on your car?

SHE—Why, no. I'm not a bit high hat.

—DARTMOUTH JACK O'LANTERN

"Ezra, to-morrow is our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary; hadn't we better kill a chicken?"

"Why punish the chicken for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

—WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Mistress (instructing new butler)—Now how do you address a baronet?

Butler—Your lordship.

"And his lady?"

"Your ladyship."

"And an admiral?"

"Er—your flagship?"

—CORNELL WIDOW



THE ADMIRAL—Hey, officer, how do you call a cop?

THE WORM—Just say Moses and the Bull rushes.

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

Tragedy in Two Acts

Act I

Turkey—Gobble! Gobble!

Act II (Six Hours Later)

Little Johnny—Gobble! Gobble!

(The End)

—TEXAS RANGER



"Swounds, S'Lawngslot, where didst learn to be so valiant a knight?"

"Sblood, Sir Awgwan, at knight school."

—WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

La Mode à la Gallusses

Bold sonnets on the garter have been heard,
And lyric odes to satin slippers small,
And camises the poet's heart have stirred,

To write immortal verse about them all.

The females' duds have been the theme for long.

The muse has always sung of women's fads;

But no bum poet ever made a song About the old suspenders that were Dad's!

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN



"Just saw two fellows fighting down the street."

"What was it about?"

"Yeah, a bout."

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

The Stamp of Learning

"Pa, what's a post-graduate?"

"A fellow who graduates from one of those correspondence schools, I suppose."

—PITT PANTHER

Liza—Mah man is shuah lazy— I bet he's got tha softest job in town.

Jane—What all does youah man do?

"He's the testah in the mattress factory."

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

She—Wouldn't you just love to go for a walk along the sea wall?

He (enthusiastically)—You bet!

"Well, go ahead. I'm not stopping you."

—ANNAPOLIS LOG

Suggested Stationery

For the Aviator—Fly paper.

For the Sheik—Sand paper.

For the Motorist—Carbon paper.

For the Hijacker—Bond paper.

For the Pugilist—Wrapping paper.

For the Banker—Note paper.

For the Suicide—Newspaper.

For the Student—Copy paper.

For the Undertaker—Crepe paper.

For the Politician—Oil paper.

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days

Why He Smiled

The Japanese emperor smiled upon the court. "And what," he asked, "what news of the war?"

"There are, your majesty," answered the prime minister, "reports of a battle off the coast."

"I am convinced," observed the emperor with a twinkle; "I am convinced that if there has been any trouble on the ocean the Russians are at the bottom of it."

—Judge, 1904

No Wonder

Jasper—I hear there has been a big washout on the P. D. Q. railroad.

Jumpuppe—Some of the water has leaked out of the stock, I suppose.

—Judge, 1901

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is not nearly so convincing.

—Judge, 1903

Josher—I noticed you had on your \$3.98 raincoat in yesterday's storm. Do you still think it a great bargain?

Buncode—No; I got soaked.

—Judge, 1905

Dudley—Lusher always goes upstairs from the club in his stocking feet.

Douglas—That's because his wife scares him out of his boots.

—Judge, 1912



Penrhyn Stanlaws in Judge, 1904.

BETWEEN THE ACTS

HE—You say the automobile accident was caused by a misplaced switch?

SHE—Yes; the dear girl tried to fix it and steer her auto at the same time.

SHE (enthusiastically)—Oh, I would have given anything in the world for that vase!

HE—Well, why didn't you buy it?

SHE—Buy it! Why, the man wanted fifty cents for it!

—Judge, 1900

An Eager Quest

I understand the laws of art,
I've pored o'er much philosophy;
I've studied Hegel, Kant, Delsarte,
But fail to comprehend Marie.

Aesthetics I have lingered o'er,
Law, logic and cosmogony,
And other sciences galore;
But, ah! Marie quite puzzles me.

So, though I'm fast in learning's clutch
(Minerva's but a fickle jade)
Will some one tell me just how much
It takes to know a simple maid?

—Judge, 1905



C. J. Taylor in Judge, 1903.

A MUTUAL DIFFERENCE

MR. NEWLYWED—Your salads ain't like my mother used to make.

MRS. NEWLYWED—Well, your salary ain't like my father used to make.

Football Explained

FOOTBALL is a great game and it appeals to the imagination of the populace because it is a combination of many sports: running, jumping, hurdling, fighting, wrestling, sub-way riding, deep sea diving (on wet fields), bloodless surgery, putting the shot, piano moving, dog catching, cops and robbers and scrambling for pennies, to mention a few.

There are eleven whole players on each side when the game commences and the idea is to see that nobody gets into the stadium without a ticket.

Before the game several skinny fellows with white breeches, tight-fitting sweaters and megaphones start waving their arms, jumping up and down before the crowds and yelling through their megaphones. The fellow who jumps the highest without spraining his ankle and yells the loudest without spraining his jaw wins the crowd, which then joins in the second verse, getting louder and better all the time. After that there is a lot of coughing, then a little gargling and all is in readiness for the game.

The ball is placed in the middle of the field, a little fat man blows a whistle and all the players with red jerseys on start running and then one of them who thinks he's smart kicks the ball instead of picking it up and a fellow down at the other end of the field—a fellow wearing a blue jersey—catches the ball and starts running as if the thing didn't belong to him. Then the players start knocking each other down,

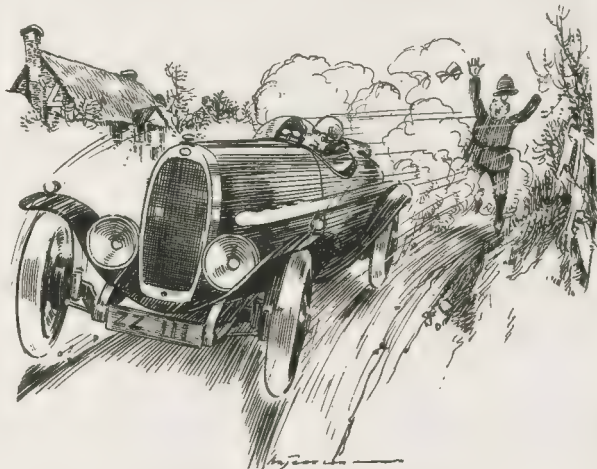
somebody catches the guy with the ball and sits on him until help comes, the crowd yells and the little fat man runs across the field and blows his whistle.

Then the usher comes and asks you to let him look at your stubs again. While you are searching your pockets for them the people sitting in back of you insult you and you threaten to call a policeman—although you know only too well that he'd never hear you with so much noise going on.

Bimeby you locate the stubs in the band of your derby and the usher explains that they entitle you and your friend to seats at the other end of the place. He points out the place to you and it looks to be about half a mile away—but it is really farther. Congratulating yourself that you are at least in the right stadium, you start the long walk around the place, figuring that it is better to hoof it inside the grounds than to go outside and take chances on having to wait a good while for a trolley and then not being able to get inside the arena once again.

By the time you arrive at your destination you find your own seats taken but you don't mind, as you hear some one say: "Only two minutes to go and the game's over."

On your way out somebody slaps you on the back and yells: "Some game, eh?" After knocking him down you hurry to the spot where your car ought to be, telephone in an alarm to the police and return home by train. *R. C. O'Brien*



"How much farther have we to go, George?"
"Only about another three summonses."

—*Passing Show*

A signal of trouble —
tender and bleeding gums



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Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

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She (discussing cost of living)—I'm sorry for anyone who gets married these days.

The Brute—Why these days?

—Gaiety

Auctions Speak Louder Than Words

(Continued from page 6)

Two or maybe three hours later Tobias set forth. In his left trouser pocket were three crisp, crackling hundred dollar bills. Tightly clenched in his hand was Mr. Flubb's copy for the new wall motto: "A Mission Faithfully Fulfilled Makes the Angels Sing." In his heart was joy. In his head rang the prosy sentiments of Mr. Flubb's series of inspiring wall mottoes. In his path was the red-flagged establishment of Ulysses U. Unger, auctioneer, and Lady Luck, so far as Tobias was concerned, had retired for the day.

* * * * *

"Lad-ees and gents, to sell this Venetian vase, lovingly made by the craftsmen of Italy for a mere \$3, is an insult to those Latin-blooded artists whose souls were poured into their work!" bellored the blustering auctioneer Unger to an audience of twelve apathetic spectators, made up of one Western Union messenger boy, five salesmen waiting for the movies to open, three stenographers killing half of their lunch hour and three jovial gentlemen in the final stage of acute alcoholism. The alcoholic trinity yelled, "Hooray" and were forcibly ejected.

Unger's silvery sentences, floating through the open door, tinkled in Tobias' ears. Unger was picturing the romance of hat-rack making in Bavaria. Tobias paused. Tobias wrestled with himself. Himself got the decision. Tobias sauntered in and stood right below Unger. "Only

for a moment," whispered the Tabbs conscience to itself, "an infinitesimal, atomic moment."

"And I could never look my children in the face again if I let this gen-you-wine Clois-on-nay vase go for \$30!" shouted the auctioneer, wiping the tears from his cheeks and making a strong effort to regain self-control. "Who'll give me thirty-five?"

Suddenly Tobias felt a sharp pain in his right eye. He blinked once or twice to relieve the hurt—

"Sold to the gentlemen here!" shouted auctioneer Unger, pointing to Tobias. "Young man, I congratulate you on your possession of a gen-you-wine Clois-on-nay vase of the Ming dynasty."

"But," feebly protested Tobias—"That's all right," shouted Unger. "I know you're sorry the other bidders couldn't get it, but that's their own fault. Let 'em pay the price for their indecision."

Before Tobias could protest further, the auctioneer produced a lacquered Chinese cabinet. "In this cabinet, ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "The baby emperors of China kept their playthings. Our secret agents in Pekin, at great risk and personal danger, secured this for us by invading the sacred Temple of Phloofem, not far from Shang So Hi. You all know that the finest lacquered cabinets come from Shang So Hi, don't you?"

"Abs'lutely," hiccoughed one of the alcoholic trio, who had managed to sneak in again.

"Ten—twenty—forty dollars! I thank you," bellored Unger. "Who'll give fifty? Going, going—"

Just then Tobias felt a sharp, piercing pain in the nape of the neck, as if some one had jabbed a pin into him. Involuntarily, Tobias reached up his hand to stroke the hurt. Unger saw it going up—

"Sold!" roared Unger, "to this astute young buyer. Young man, you now possess the cradle in which the baby emperors cooed, prattled and laughed. I congratulate you!"

Tobias' voice broke. He tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come. He turned his hurt, imploring eyes up to Unger. "I'd like, please," sobbed Tobias, "to ask you—"

"You bet I'll put the Chippendale cabinet on sale!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "The young man here asks me to put up the rarest piece in the house. Joe, bring out the Chippendale cabinet—the one we bought from King Leopold's Prime Minister. Don't scratch it. Gently, now."

Three burly attendants gingerly carried in the cabinet and placed it near Mr. Unger. Tobias tried to slink out, but the burly attendants stood blocking the doorway. Tobias reflected. Tobias remained.

Unger started in a low voice. "I know I have an exceptionally intelligent audience here this afternoon—real connoisseurs of art, who will be thrilled to know that King Leopold himself kept his razors in this cabinet. I have a bid of \$200 already. Who'll make it \$215?" He directed a piercing glance at Tobias. "Young man, have you a sweetheart?"

"No," meekly muttered Tobias.
(Continued on page 26)



"Why didn't you take me out to dinner last night? You promised you would!"

"Circumstances over which I have no control prevented me."

"That's a long name for your wife."
—London Mail

You Can't Do Old-Fashioned Steps to the New Ballroom Music

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by Albert Saunders

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I kept my back to the laughing group and slunk away. So that was the reason I had become unpopular. Bitterly I recalled how that very evening, three girls had made excuses rather than dance with me.

That happened just a few weeks ago. Since then I have taken a new lease on popularity. I have loads of friends—new and old. I never miss a party. All the girls are glad to dance with me.

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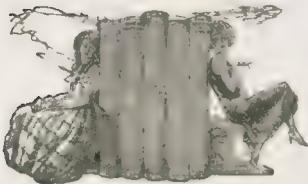
By DELEVANTE

The "See-Saw" shown on the center spread of this issue of JUDGE has been reprinted, as an Art Print in one color, from the engraver's original engraving, on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches. This striking picture is a companion to "Just a Song at Twilight" and "Book Ends." Prints will be sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of 50c.



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"THE SENTENCE WAS A LONG ONE"

The Judge—Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?
The Prisoner—Yes, my lord. I would ask that the time my counsel took in his speech to the jury be deducted from my sentence! —*Bystander*

Auctions Speak Louder than Words

(Continued from page 25)

"Haven't you anyone at home who'd like a gen-you-wine Chippendale cabinet?" demanded the auctioneer.

"My wife might," whispered Tobias, half to himself.

"Your wife might!" roared Unger. "You've got no sweetheart, but you have got a wife, eh, young man? A fine state of affairs when a man so young no longer calls his wife his sweetheart! Who'll give me \$215? The bargain of a lifetime. Act quickly—going, going—"

Suddenly an overpowering desire to sneeze seized Tobias. His nostrils burned and in a moment his head jerked forward in the preliminary movement to a sneeze. Unger saw it, his eyes gleamed in triumph and he shouted, "Sold to this handsome young patron of the arts—this collector of the beautiful, the unique and the artistic." Then he addressed Tobias directly. "Come right around to the rear of the store and we'll settle up. You owe us just \$300. Our truck will deliver the goods to you immediately. Where do you want them sent?"

Great sobs shook Tobias. He hadn't the courage to back out now. Ahead he pictured a lonesome cell in the State penitentiary, with a ball and chain around his ankle. In desperation he blurted out—"Send them to Tobias Tubb, traffic department, the Flubb Flower Pot

Company, twenty-second floor in the Flubb Building."

Then he put his hand in his pocket and felt a piece of paper. He drew it out and turned away in shame. On the paper, neatly typed, was: "A Mission Faithfully Fulfilled Makes the Angels Sing."

* * * * *

The lights were beginning to blaze in the Flubb Building when Tobias dependently returned. Already the workers were pouring out of the steel structure on their way home. The Flubb Flower Pot offices were dark and deserted, except for a brilliant patch of light that shone through the glass door labeled "Henry Flubb, President—Private." Tobias peered into his own office and with a ghastly shudder saw therein the outlines of a gen-you-wine Chippendale cabinet, a Clois-on-nay vase of the Ming dynasty and a lacquered Chinese cabinet that had been quite a help to the baby emperors in their time.

Without a word Tobias pushed open Mr. Flubb's door and softly said: "Send for the police, Mr. Flubb, I haven't the \$300—I haven't paid the printer—and the angels aren't singing."

But Mr. Flubb did not reply. He sat at his desk, an expression of fear on the noble face that had launched a thousand wall mottoes. Here was complete, supreme, unmodified dejection. He looked like a man who had just bought the Brooklyn Bridge for \$5 and had discovered his error too late.

"I say, Mr. Flubb," repeated

Tobias. "Send for the police. Discharge me. I'm not even worthy to touch a Flubb Flower Pot. I spent the money."

"What did you buy?" listlessly inquired Mr. Flubb, affectionately fingering a small bottle labeled "iodine."

"I bought a Chippendale cabinet, once used by King Leopold—a Clois-on-nay vase, and a lacquered Chinese cabinet," sobbed Tobias.

"What?" roared Mr. Flubb. "Show me this stuff!"

Tobias switched on the light before the door labeled: "Traffic Department." Mr. Flubb, breathing heavily, peered in. For almost three minutes he gazed, silent and trembling slightly.

"I'll call up the police myself," said Tobias, reaching for the telephone.

"You'll call up your wife and tell her to meet us at my house for dinner," shouted Mr. Flubb. "Tobias, you're a gem, a priceless adjunct to the company, a resourceful, reliable worker. A diplomat. You've done the greatest thing in your long career as a Flubb booster. Phone my chauffeur and tell him to come right up and put these things in my car. Get your hat and coat—have a cigar."

Ten minutes later a sleek, purring limousine darted uptown. On the rear seat, in a cloud of pure Havana smoke, lolled Mr. Flubb and Tobias. In front of them rested the cabinets and vase.

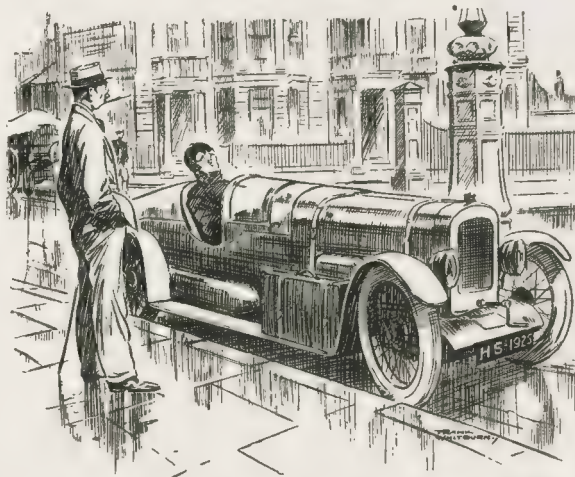
Tobias spoke softly. "Mr. Flubb, I wasn't true to your new wall motto. And yet you're not angry with me. I don't understand."

"Tobias," said Mr. Flubb, affectionately putting his arm around the third assistant traffic manager's shoulder. "My wife is a good woman, a sweet soul and a loyal helpmate. But, Tobias, like all women, she can make it pretty uncomfortable for a man at times, particularly if I forget something which is important. Then life is unbearable at home for weeks. To-day, my boy, is October 15, 1925—"

"But I can't see what that has to do with it," interrupted Tobias respectfully.

"Simply this," answered the flower pot king. "Mrs. Flubb and I were married October 15, 1905. To-day is our twentieth wedding anniversary. The stores closed at five o'clock. At five-fifteen I suddenly remembered it was our anniversary, but it was too late to buy anything. To have gone home empty handed to-night of all nights, would have meant what I shudder to think of. Then, Tobias, you saved the situation for me. An employee like you makes business worth while, a chap of your intelligence faces a great future—"

"And a Mission Faithfully Fulfilled Makes the Angels Sing," mischievously interrupted Tobias as the limousine drew up before the Flubb mansion.



Brown—Suppose you didn't run across a fellow named Jenkins in your travels?

Robinson—Dunno, old chap; I never stop to ask their names!

—London Opinion

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She—Why are you always playing golf?
 He—It keeps me fit.
 "Fit—but for what?"
 "More golf."
 —Bystander

Strictly Honest

"I told him he was a brute, and returned all his beastly presents."
 "And what did the wretch do?"
 "Sent me a dozen boxes of face powder in return for what he had taken home on his coat!"
 —Sydney Bulletin

Sir J. C. Percy tells the following:
 An inquisitive man in a train asked a fellow passenger what was in his basket. "A ferret," the stranger replied. "What are you going to do with it?" asked the inquisitive man.

"My brother has got D. T.'s," said the stranger, "and sees pink rats."
 "But they are not real rats," argued the inquisitive man.

"And this is not a real ferret," said the stranger.
 —Tattler



"This is the way back all right, George. There's the man we ran over this morning."
 —Gaiety

The Novice

The charge was drunkenness and the accused hung his head. "You needn't be so ashamed of yourself," said the kind-hearted magistrate. "It's the first time."

"Yes, said the accused, 'that's the reason.'
 —Smith's Weekly

"Is your husband fond of home cooking?"

"Oh, yes, we always dine at a restaurant that makes a speciality of it."
 —Passing Show

The train came to a sudden stop between stations with a tremendous grinding of brakes. Immediately a worried-looking man rushed down the track and demanded the reason of the guard.

"What is it?" he asked. "An accident?"

"Somebody pulled the communication cord," was the reply. "The driver put on the brakes too quickly and one of the cars went off the rails. We'll be held up about four hours."

"Four hours!" exclaimed the passenger. "But I'm to be married to-day!"

Instantly the guard turned on him. "Say," he demanded, "you ain't the fellow who pulled the cord, are you?"
 —Tit Bits

A—How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?

B—Neither. It's a calling.
 —The Continent

Judging The Movies

by Carroll Carroll

The King on Main Street—A bright, light comedy that blows out just before it ends, leaving Adolph Menjou and the audience in the dark depth of cinema slush.

Go West—The solemn Mr. Keaton and his faithful bovine, Brown Eyes, fail to make the most of their subject, but are sufficiently amusing to keep you smiling pretty consistently and make you laugh heartily three times.

The Knockout—Milton Sills well cast as a gentleman pug in a story of prize fights, the North Woods, mortgages, a gentleman's word and tender love.

Compromise—This department has deposited 87 cents in a reliable bank to start a fund to get Irene Rich into a decent story. Please have all checks certified and written to the order of cash.

Red Hot Tires—Like our more progressive gear ales, this comedy is pure and dry.

The Vanishing American—"Little Indian Sioux or Crow" now we know who made you go. From mighty nations to reservations with the 100 per cent. Americans.

Little Annie Rooney—America's sweetheart in just the sort of picture anyone could afford America's sweetheart would be in.

The Phantom of the Opera—Modern mothers are now warning their children, "this Chaney man will get you if you don't watch out."

A Regular Fellow—Raymond Griffith in one wonderful comedy.

The Dark Angel—A rare treat, a war picture well done.

The Freshman—Harold Lloyd in football togs.

The Midshipman—The popular conception of life at Annapolis.

Thank You—Vacuity.

Whispering Pines—Imbecility.

Souls for Satan—Stupidity.

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- How to Have Amazing Memory
- How to Destroy Fear—Man's Worst Enemy
- What is Love and How to Keep It
- How to Develop Personality
- How to Be Popular
- How to Be Successful Through Mystery-Use Force
- Visualization—How to Win Success—New
- How to Conquer Shyness
- Power is Business—How to Overcome It
- How to Double Your Efficiency
- Visualization—How to Make Your Dreams Come True
- How to Stop Suffering for Health, Success and Happiness
- The Greatest Law of the Universe, and How to Use It
- What the World Goes You and How to Get It

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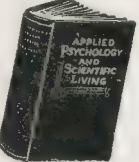
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Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 13



C. M. Puckett, 1900 Davidson Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

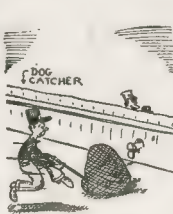
Runners Up



Ensign H. M. Erickson, San Pedro,

William Lemkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. A. Grube, Los Angeles, Cal.



Jack Ewers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

D. E. Green, Rochester, N. Y.

Dan Napoli, New York City.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

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

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 18)

melodrama, when the hero is tied and gagged by the villain and strapped to the railroad track, he gets slightly sore about it. But not so in sophisticated melodrama. He merely suggests that the villain exercise the precaution not to break the cigars in his breast pocket, quietly quotes a phrase or two from Goethe, and lets it go at that.

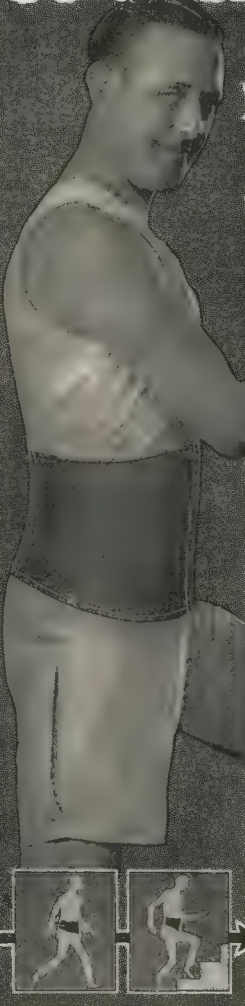
In sophisticated melodramas, the "unhand me, dog!" of unsophisticated melodrama is converted into an epigram, whisky and soda are substituted for revolvers, and the scene is transferred from the East River wharf at midnight to a Park Avenue apartment. The characters never run to the exits, but walk. In addition, instead of shouting, they lower their voices so that everyone back of the sixth row has to use an ear-trumpet; and, instead of panning the villain every time he leaves the stage, they remark that he isn't such a bad fellow at heart after all.

"Lucky Sam McCarver" is by Sidney Howard, who won the Phewlitzer Prize with "They Knew What They Wanted." Its virtues rest in its touches of humor and in certain of its minor characterizations. As a whole, however, it is hollow stuff. The story is of a regal beauty who marries a homespun cabaret operator, who finds as time goes on that blood and Croton water do not mix, and who, just as the final curtain is coming down, does a neat die act in front of the fireplace. The hero is John Cromwell and the proud beauty Miss Clare Eames.

IV

"ANTONIA" is another Hungarian importation on view in the Austrian Empire Theater. It provides a dull evening. Miss Marjorie Rambeau is the star of the occasion. Miss Rambeau should reduce.

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Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 50

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11			12		13			
14	15		16	17	18	19		20	
21		22			23			24	
25	26		27	28		29		30	
31	32	33		34		35		36	
37	38		39			40			41
42		43					44		
	45	46			50	51	52		53
54				55		56			57 58
59	60	61			62			63	
64		65	66	67			68		
69		70				71	72		
73				74			75		

Submitted by Howard J. Wendler, Roselle Park, N. J.—Judge pays \$85 for each puzzle accepted.

Horizontal

- Something flappers do with their eyes.
- Fleece.
- An Eastside lady.
- What people usually open when they go in a cold house.
- This is full of hops.
- Competent.
- Synonym for a word meaning "after."
- What a blue shirt gets in a Chinese laundry.
- Something butchers do when they don't pay your bill.
- This is nothing.
- Amalgamated Association of Americans (init.).
- Instead of getting peppery, this man's wife got salty.
- An order that Klansmen would like to execute (abbr.).
- A flower. (He loves me, he loves me not.)
- Latin for against (abbr.).
- This is putting two and two together.
- People go all at pieces over this (abbr.).
- A dog kennel.
- Something artists do. (Careful now!)
- Where Fifth avenue bus rides are most enjoyed.
- Reverential fear.
- Place where a lot of bad actors can be found.
- A buttress.
- Where there's a will there's this. (Not lawyer.)
- This is one way to get bread and butter.
- Another way of spelling the third K.
- What girls mean when they say no.
- Kleptomaniacs don't live in a log but everywhere they touch is this.
- A finishing touch (abbr.).
- These kind of stockings are "de trop."
- Part of the verb "to."
- A modern highway robbery.
- Something waters wait for.
- Hard water.
- The exploited result of monkey glands.
- A lions.
- These are often chewing the fat.
- Something girls do in automobiles.
- A well-known canak.
- Usual beginning of bedtime stories.
- What a man does shortly after he buys a second-hand car.
- What the U. S. A. is. (Now you tell one!)
- A wet spot in a dry country.

- Puzzle hounds know this means fish eggs.
- A preposition.
- Something few actors do.
- This is so.
- A very crazy animal.
- This is often kept on a pedestal.
- Shrek's homes.
- A prohibition officer's party.
- Something waiters carry.
- An iron man.
- This is the way a gold-digger leaves you, and I don't mean maybe.
- Men may not be men in this part of the country but neither are women governors.
- What rovers do in June.
- United States Reserves (abbr.).
- These people are crazy about insane asylums.
- Prunson. (That's a big help.)
- The kind of a girl that's hard to find.
- This fellow doesn't have any worries about coal.
- Walter Johnson has a lot of this.
- What a freshly painted door does when you push it.
- There's some in every family tree.
- Dora uses this interrogative often.
- Part of the verb "be." (That's another big help.)
- An exp. plant. (The first letter is H and the last is N.)
- There is a great white one, a broad one, and a milky one.
- First name of a famous sleeper.
- An ice cream replacement.
- What dogs do when their tails are stepped on.
- It's rather hard to see through this.
- What a football score is when the score is 0-0.
- Slays.
- The light of modern spellers.
- The only thing that can get in the last word with a woman.
- These are supported by a bridge (abbr.).
- Christina in France.
- Necessities in a custard pie comedy.
- Stewed Rhinoceros Legs (init.).
- Borrowed by Brutus.
- Initials of a well-known radio corporation.
- Same as '57 horizontal.
- What wives mean when they say no.

Vertical

- A kick in the pants.
- Well known kind of rumor and roomer.

Answer to Last Week's

Puzzle on Page 31

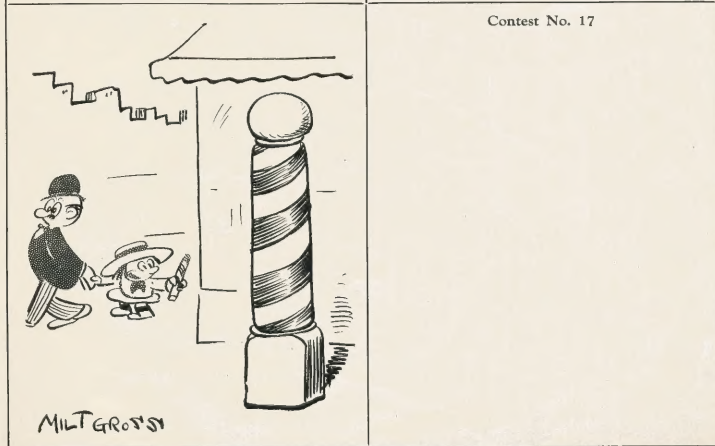
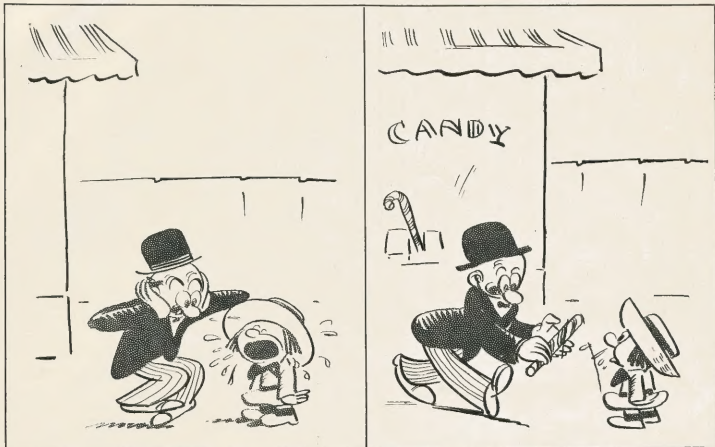
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to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes November 30. Winning ending appears in the issue of December 19.





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