

JUDGE

PRICE 15 CENTS

JUNE 14, 1924 ★



BE YOURSELF!

JUDGE'S FIFTY-FIFTY CONTEST

No. 24



Drawn by GILBERT WILKINSON

Teacher—What do you think happens to little girls who tell stories?

Bess—.....

Can you originate a clever second line for this joke?

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

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of Judge may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted but none will be returned. No. 24 Contest closes June 24, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the July 26, 1924, issue of Judge. Check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that date. In the meantime, No. 25 will appear next week.

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

All answers, to be considered, must be received not later than June 24.

“LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS”

JUDGE



Rocked in the cradle of the deep



Wife—Oh, John, I just happened to think—we left our lunch on the pier!

A Form Letter for Lady Vacationists

IDLEVILLA, July 25, all day.

Dear Mae:

Well, here I am at last,
 A two-week summer idyl facing.
 The scenery is unsurpassed,
 The mountain air is cool and bracing.
 The hotel's full of jolly folk.
 Upon a bluff it is located;
 It's run upon the same plan (joke).
 I'm sure I should feel elevated!
 We've all the joys man can annex.
 The management is never spiteful.
 This picture you see marked with X
 Is where I sleep. . . . The view's delightful!
 The cooking is the kind I like.
 Of course there's bound to be some kickers!
 To-morrow we go on a hike;
 I just can't wait to wear my knickers!
 We've every sort of sport and play;
 We've tennis, boating, and canoeing,
 And baseball, cricket, and croquet—
 Why, every minute something's doing!

We've picnics on the mountainsides,
 And tummy-aches from unripe cherries.
 We've auto, hay, and horseback rides,
 And poison ivy—it's the berries!

The porch hounds do their crackin' wise,
 The postman flivvers up twice daily.
 You ought to hear us harmonize
 When some one plunks a ukulele!

The fellows here look like Greek gods;
 Swell dancers! Gee, it's sure a pity
 That you're not here! . . . But what's the odds?
 They soon forget you in the city!

How's Buddy? Is it hot in town?
 Is Fritz for her dance arranging?
 I hope (don't let me call you down!)
 The goldfish water you are changing!

Well, now, I think I'll say "good-night."
 There's no more ink; I'll take no chances.
 Be sure and don't forget to write—
 Regards to all,
 Your loving,

FRANCES.

P.S. Please send my sneakers here,
 And see that kitty never misses
 Her bowl of milk. Well, ta-ta, dear,
 With lots of love and loads of XXXXX.

America's Sweetheart

First Chorus Girl—I'm thinking of marrying Jack.

Second Chorus Girl—So am I. Do you know of anybody who's got it?

A New Alibi

She—Now what are you stopping for?
 He (as car comes to halt)—I've lost my bearings.

"Well, at least you are original. Most fellows run out of gas."

A Regular Guy

Prunella—He kissed me five times before I could stop him.

Priscilla—He always does.

Had Been There Before

Wife—There are a lot of very clever people coming to dinner this evening. Be as bright as you can.

Husband—Not necessary. I've only got to listen.

The Singular Case of a Newspaper Reader

"LET me repeat what you have just told me," said the nerve and brain specialist soothingly. "Your husband, I understand, is subject to strange attacks in which he is unable to talk. These spells come on him suddenly."

"Yes, doctor; even at meals, or in the living-room in the evening."

The woman was agitated.

"He'll be right in the middle of a sentence," she detailed, "talking as rationally as anybody; then all at once he'll stop, sometimes in the middle of a word."

"Stop in the middle of a word? H-m-m-m," meditated the specialist. "A singularly interesting case. I think, my dear madam—mind, I merely think—that we shall combat your husband's ailment successfully. It is but an experiment, but I have the greatest hopes for it. I'll grant the prospect was dark until you told me that he rarely read further than the first page of his morning or evening paper."

A confirming nod.

"You will, of course, follow my orders explicitly."

It was the day of the test. Was the doctor right or wrong?

All unsuspecting, the man took his place at table. Bravely his wife concealed her agitation.

The most natural conversation prevailed; the most lucid, domestic talk. Of the dreaded lapse, not a sign. Per-

haps nature was working her own cure. And then the afflicted man stopped, speechless, in the middle of a sentence. And such a placid, commonplace sentence. He said:

"Helen, will you please pass me the—"

He could not go on. His fixed, blank eyes were terrible.

The woman knew that the critical

moment had come. Praying that the doctor's theory concerning the daily newspaper might be vindicated, she spoke the prescribed words calmly and evenly: "Continued on page 5, column 3, Albert."

The effect upon her husband was instantaneous. His eyes became normal and animated. He beamed upon her.

"—butter, dear," he concluded.

The curse of the first page was lifted from their home.

Father Was Right!

"This will hurt me more than you," said Father, as he turned Johnny over his knee.

As the youngster had boarded up the seat of his trousers, for once Father was right.

The Ne Plus Ultra

Ned—Exclusive club?

Ted—Rather! Even the waiters don't speak to one another.

In Washington

Visitor—Can you tell me where I can get a drink?

Native—I'm sorry I can't, but if you'll wait a little while we'll follow some congressman.

Vibratory

"How was the sermon this morning?"
"Full of static."



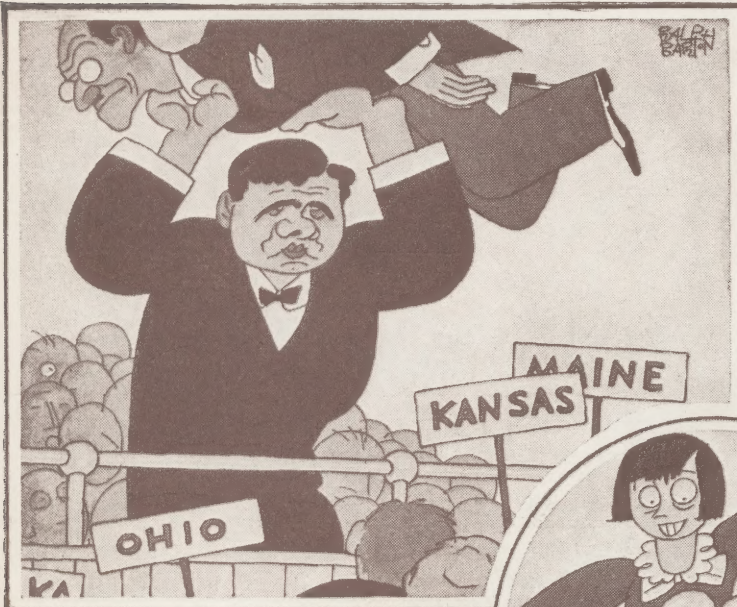
The old order changeth.



How the baseball fan feels when he gets home at midnight to find his wife is out.

Judge's Rotogravure Section

THE NEWS OF THE GLOBE IN PICTURES—BY RALPH BARTON



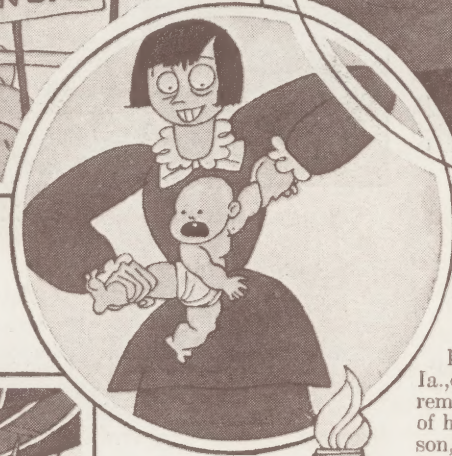
BABE RUTH OPENS THE 1924 POLITICAL SEASON

The Bambino returns the compliment paid to baseball by the nation's executives by throwing out the first candidate at the opening of the Republican Classic in Cleveland.



WITH THE RUM FLEET OFF BOSTON

Capt. Algernon Pepper, fifth vice-president of the Andrew J. Volstead Chapter of the National Bootleggers' Assn., Inc., takes a larger safe on board to accommodate the swelled receipts expected when the soldier bonus is distributed.



AN ACROBATIC BABY

Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar K. Dorkin, of Sioux City, Ia., demonstrating the remarkable stamina of her six weeks'-old son, Nebuchadnezzar, Jr., who promises to be a real athlete.



TABLEAU POSED BY LONDON GIRLS

"Miss France" (Mlle. Gaby Pifpaf) and "Miss Britain" (Miss Vera Oldthing) shaming "Miss Columbia" (Miss Mae Neck) for being so rich and not wanting to cancel the Allied Debt.



AFTERMATH OF THE ACTORS' STRIKE

John Emerson, president of the Actors' Equity Association, inaugurates the new curtain in the Equity Theater showing Lee Shubert triumphing over A. L. Erlanger. (Photograph direct to JUDGE over the telephone, Chickering 1906.)

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE U. S. ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIERS to reach this country. Thrilling view of the airmen circling above the U. S. S. *John D. Ford*, lying off Kushiro, Japan, and receiving "Banzais" from the townsfolk.



Why I Should be Elected President

IT is a pleasing custom among college professors of the larger universities to take a year off from their customary labors that they may devote themselves for a solid twelvemonth to study, research, and a little quiet vegetation. But why restrict this sabbatical year idea to the pedagogues?

As champion of the Three-Hour-Day-Law for labor, I deem it only proper to incorporate in my presidential promise platform, the Sabbatical-Year-for-All plank. There is too much work in the world, too much motion without meaning, too much progress toward nothing in particular. When I am made President, all this will be done away with.

There will not only be a sabbatical year for professors, but there will be a sabbatical year for pupils. There will be a sabbatical year not only for lawyers and doctors, but there will be a sabbatical year for bricklayers and hodcarriers.

If, in my Presidency, a boiler-maker be reproved by his employer for knocking off work before the whistle, it will be permitted to him to reply: "Please, sir, do

not interrupt my meditations. Don't you know I have just entered upon my sabbatical year?"

There will be a sabbatical year for Follies girls, radio broadcasters, and married men.

In the first year of our Presidency, therefore, everybody will have a year off. Everybody will have a year in which to vegetate and meditate. The subject of the meditation will be: "Is My Work Worth While?"

Of course, a year's reflection on this topic will inevitably bring each thinker to the conclusion that his work is not worth while. Then all work will stop, since even the work of thinking will no longer be necessary. Then will be attained by all that complete state of rest which the Buddhists know as Nirvana, and which Christian theologians say is heaven, and I shall become famous as the President who led his constituents painlessly and unlaboriously into heaven!

C. B. E.

There are two types of people who will tell you there are better places to be in than where you are—preachers and real estate agents.

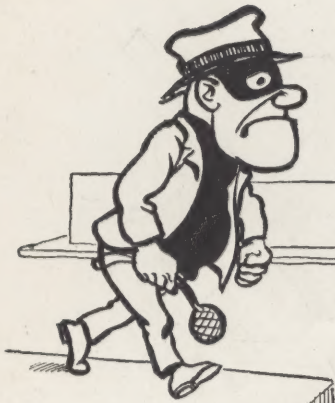
The French police announce that they have arrested the three worst thieves in Paris. American tourists are congratulating the gendarmes on their ability to draw such fine distinctions.

A New York stock fancier bought a cow in Fort Worth, Tex., for \$1,800. A little detective work probably would establish that the animal was converted into beefsteaks which were sold at a profit in the "better class" restaurants.

We cannot place a great deal of credence in the report that Henry Ford is going to make a million radio sets and sell them for \$10 apiece. Sounds too much like a rumor put out by the enemies of the Detroit manufacturer.

It is difficult to understand why the exclusion act should so rile the tempers of the Japanese, when the whole object of the law is to make them a quiet, home-loving people.

For affairs with which he has so little to do, the average voter is evincing a very keen interest in the coming national conventions.



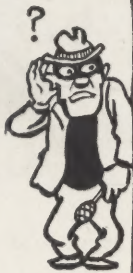
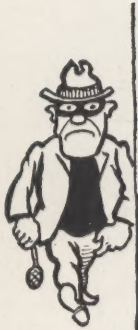
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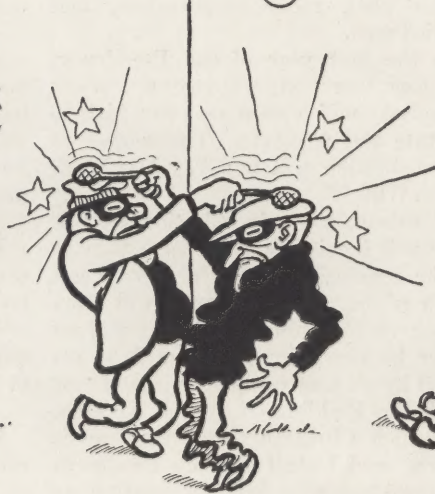
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PAUL
FELLY

Two souls with but a single thought.

Cupid Doesn't Care

She ordered chicken salad twice;
He walked on the inside;
She put the sherry wine on ice;
His bow was poorly tied.

She asked him in when she should not,
And, worse than that, he came;
She carelessly said, "I have got";
He flubbed his Mah Jongg game.

Thus on a common plane they met;
In love they promptly fell,
And, though they knew no etiquette,
The marriage turned out well.

How to Understand Modern Art

The student of modern art must bear in mind the essential difference between the dead art of the past and the upsurging art of the present. Classical art aimed at making material objects visible to the eye. Modern art has a higher aim. It is to portray the immaterial soul of the material, unless it is the material soul of the immaterial. (My notes are a little obscure at this point. It seems as though "psychological analysis" ought to be in there somewhere.)

Thus the artist of the past, wishing to portray, let us say, mother love, would paint a portrait of a fox terrier defending her puppy from a cat or a little girl; or a domestic scene: Father spanking child, with mother clutching at father's arm, a fascinating conflict of emotions written on her face; or a scene in prison: Mother saying farewell to condemned embezzler. In all these cases the conscientious artist would work from life; he would study a real fox terrier with a real puppy, or he would spank his own child until he got the right expression on the mother's face; in some cases he would even do a little embezzling himself.

The result was that the art lover knew just what to say when confronted with the masterpiece. He could praise the justice of rendering of the little muzzle and tail, in the case of the puppy, I mean; or he could criticize the form of the father in the spanking scene. And when completely at a loss for something to say that would give pleasure to the artist, he could always murmur: "The technique is marvelous!" or, holding a pencil horizontally between himself and the picture, and half closing his eyes or even completely closing them, he could mutter: "The composition is wonderful! The planes are splendid!"

Art to-day presents a more difficult problem to the connoisseur. The right or conservative wing of modern artists



"He just went around in seventy-one."
"What! In those clothes?"

boldly insists that a picture should be a picture of something. In order to show what their pictures are pictures of they print the title legibly at the bottom. Thus *Mother-Love: A Study* might be a simple design of a Rhombus holding a little rhomboid in its lap. Some of the old fogies of this group would even go so far as to sketch a figure which might be recognized as human and female by reason of a couple of eyes, seven or eight fingers, and a skirt. However, the artist is careful not to go too far; he must not sacrifice that most precious quality of modern art, naïveté. Excessively sophisticated people make a specialty of naïveté and, our modern artists spend their entire manhood trying to draw as freely as they did before their style was cramped by the academic formalism of the kindergarten.

The left, or radical wing has discarded representationalism. In other words, they insist that art should no longer represent something. They are in favor of its rep-

resenting nothing. The only true art, after all, is merely a straight line, or perhaps, in moods of great emotional excitement, a circle. And the straight line must not be too straight, and the circle should certainly not be very round.

There is also a third group, the radical radicals. This group considers that even straight lines and circles are too representational, coarse, and old-fashioned. They believe that the modern artist should cast away all this rubbish of the past, and, until the flux and ferment of art is calmed, should produce nothing at all.

That is the school I am rooting for.
M. B.

To the End

"Did you hear of Smith's death?"

"No. When did he die?"

"This morning. Quite suddenly, I understand."

"Just like him. He was the most impulsive man I ever saw."

PHYSIOLOGY AND FICTION



IN A CRIME STORY which I read the other day I observed that the following physiological changes took place in the sleuth hound's face, all in five minutes.

To begin with:
An impassive mask covered it,

Then, a quick suspicion chased itself across it,

An intense determination hardened it,

A bead of moisture appeared upon it,
A smile passed over it,

A gleam of intelligence shot across it,
A look of perplexity furrowed it,
A sudden flash of triumph lighted it up,

And then,

The impassive mask fell on it again.

These rapid changes of the face are evidently connected with the pursuit of crime. If anybody wants to go in for a life of crime—on either side, for it or against it—he has to learn to use his face in this way. He must be able to harden it, relax it, expand it at will and, if need be, to drop a mask right over it—like putting it into a garage.

But it is quite different, we have observed, with the love story, the seat of which seems to be in the stomach. In the same romance in which the sleuth hound worked his face, we noticed that a similar lot of physiological disturbances were set up at intervals in the heroine. In her case, however, the symptoms did not sweep over her face, which was needed for other purposes. They were internal. They began as soon as she met the hero, and anyone will easily recognize in them the progress and the fate of love.

The series ran like this—

A new gladness ran through her.

A thrill coursed through her.

Something woke up within her that had been dead.

A great yearning welled up within her.

Something seemed to go out from her that was not of her nor to her.

Everything sank within her.

This last symptom is naturally so serious that it ends the book.

Indeed we notice that when things sink inside the heroine it means that something vital has come unhooked. The only polite thing to do is to leave her to herself.

Quite different is the case of the hero—the strong man. With him the operation of the story is all done seemingly with strings, with stretching and tension. He gets “taut,” or he gets “rigid,” his muscles “tighten into steel bands”—in fact you could easily run a sewing machine off him.

Now there is no doubt that these physiological descriptions are admirable in their realism. The only trouble is that they don't go far enough. It has seemed to us that an excellent literary effect could be obtained by heightening this physiological coloring and letting it be quite clear just what is happening, anatomically and biologically, to the characters in the story. To illustrate this we append here a little sample of such a romance. The story is called “Physiological Philip” and it tells of nothing more unusual than the meeting of two lovers in a lane. But slight as it is it will do to convey our idea.

PHYSIOLOGICAL PHILIP

PHILIP HEATHERWOOD—whom we designate Physiological Philip—as he strolled down the lane in the glory of early June, presented a splendid picture of young manhood. By this we

mean that his bony framework was longer than the average and that instead of walking like an ape he stood erect with his skull balanced on his spinal column in a way rarely excelled even in a museum. The young man appeared in the full glory of perfect health; or shall we say, to be more exact, that his temperature was ninety-seven, his respiration normal, his skin entirely free from mange, erysipelas and prickly heat.

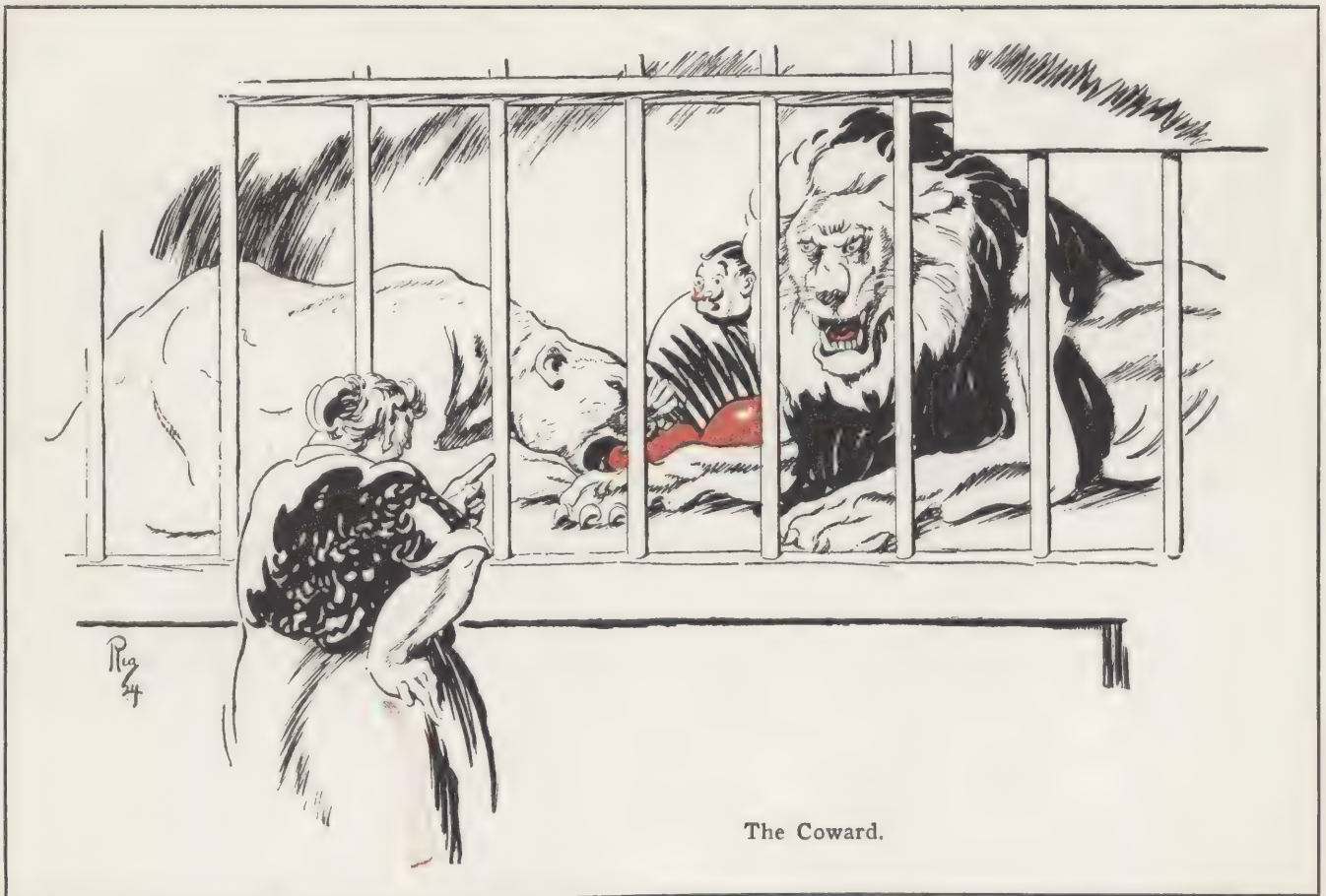
As Physiological Philip walked thus down the lane, listening to the singing of a blithesome bird—occasioned, though he did not suspect it, by a chemical reaction inside the bird's abdomen—a sense of gladness seemed to fill him. Of course what was really happening was that in the splendid shape in which Philip was his whole system was feeling the stimulus of an intermolecular diffusion of inspired oxygen. That was why he was full.

At a turn of the path Philip suddenly became aware of a young girl advancing to meet him. Her spinal column, though shorter than his, was elongated and erect, and Philip saw at once that she was not a chimpanzee. She wore no hat and the thick capillary

growth which covered her cranium waved in the sunlight and fell low over her eye sockets. The elasticity of her step revealed not the slightest trace of appendicitis or locomotor ataxia, while all thought of eczema, measles or spotty discoloration of the cuticle was precluded by the smoothness and homogeneity of her skin.



He inhaled deeply and then ejected the entire contents of his lungs with a sudden impetus.



The Coward.

At the sight of Philip the subcutaneous pigmentation of the girl's face underwent an intensification. At the same time the beating of the young man's heart produced in his countenance also a temporary inflammation due to an underoxygenation of the tissues of his face.

They met, and their hands instinctively clasped, by an interadjustment of the bones known only in mankind and the higher apes but not seen in the dog.

For a moment the two lovers, for such their physiological symptoms, though in themselves not dangerous provided a proper treatment were applied without delay, proclaimed them, were unable to find words. This, however, did not indicate (see Barker on the Nervous System) an inhibition of the metabolism of the brain but rather a peculiar condition of the mucous membrane of the lip, not in itself serious.

Philip found words first. He naturally would, owing to the fact that in the male, as Darwin first noticed, the control of the nerve ganglions is more rigid than in the female.

"I am so glad you've come," he said. The words were simple (indeed he could hardly have made them simpler unless by inserting the preposition "that" and restoring the auxiliary from its abbreviated form). But simple as they were, they thrilled the young girl to the heart—obviously by setting up the form of nerve disturbance which Huxley has so admirably described in his discussion of the effect of external stimuli on the decomposition of food.

"I couldn't stay away," she murmured.

The text here is a little perplexing. No doubt the girl refers to some inhibition in her feet, involving an inability to use the great toe. It is an obscure malady and Sir William Osler inclined to ascribe it to excessive alcoholism. But she may have had it. Unfortunately the current of the romance moves on too fast to allow investigation.

Philip reached out and drew the girl towards him. "Then your answer is yes," he cried, jubilantly. To do this he inhaled deeply and then ejected the entire contents of his lungs with a sudden impetus. In the dog this produces barking. (See Sir Michael Foster on Animal Phrenology.)

"It is!" she murmured.

Philip drew the girl's form towards him till he had it close to his own form, and parallel to it, both remaining perpendicular, and then bending the upper vertebræ of his spinal column forwards and sideways he introduced his face into a close proximity with hers. In this attitude, difficult to sustain for a prolonged period, he brought his upper and lower lips together, protruded them forward, and placed them softly against hers in a movement seen also in the ourangoutan but never in the hippopotamus.

And with this kiss the affianced lovers wandered back hand in hand up the lane, the bird upon the bough singing more blithely than ever—owing possibly to the increased distention of its diaphragm.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Men Worth While

"Do you know what becomes of boys who smoke cigarettes?" asked the kind old lady.

"Sure!" replied the boy. "Ain't you never seen any of them big cigarette advertisements?"

Stationary Scandal

Editor—In your story the two women are marooned on the island and both go insane. But you neglected to say what caused them to go insane.

Author—Why, every one would know that. They went insane because they found out a lot about each other and had no one to tell it to.



SCRAMBLED HISTORY NO. 16

W. J. Bryan makes a Sunday afternoon call on the Omar Khayyáms



*Fat Woman—Wu-will thu-this really ru-reduce flesh?
Irish Groom—Sure, mum. This is only the second ride an' the horse is thinner already.*

Another Version

They used to sing, some time ago,
A rather plaintive song:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

But nowadays, the song is set
With music to the rhyme:
"Man wants as much as he can get,
And wants it all the time."

A Guide for Busy Authors

(Due to the demand for rapidly moving and condensed fiction in the modern popular magazines, the following form is given as a model for "novelette" writers.)

THWARTED ROMANCE

Chapter I—Archibald Magruder determined to be a bachelor.

Chapter II—He thought all girls were rattle-brained and lacked originality.

Chapter III—To marry him, a girl had to be clever.

Chapter IV—At a social affair, he met Henrietta Van Whuh. She impressed him. He did not think this girl (see Chapter II). He thought he had at last met one who was (see Chapter III).

Chapter V—She accepted an invitation to dine with him two nights later. She was to meet him at seven-thirty in front of the drug store at Center and Maple streets.

Chapter VI—Two days have passed.
Chapter VII—It is seven-thirty. He is at (see Chapter V).
Chapter VIII—She appeared at eight forty-five. She greeted him with: "Oh, I'm not late, am I?"
Chapter IX.—(See Chapters I and II).

A prehistoric human skull, with a mouth seven inches wide, was unearthed at Santa Barbara. Its owner probably got that way bragging about the California climate.

Persons run over by automobile balloon tires may escape serious injury, says a motor magazine. Still, the principle of the thing will never make the practice popular.

A corporal of Marines has been discharged from the service because an eye affliction made him see double. As a reader of electric light meters, his future would be assured.

The Poet Laureate of England, whose name, of course, is well known to all, will visit the United States this summer.

A young Indian on a Government reservation tomahawked a fellow brave with a Ford crank. The march of civilization continues!

The Young Idea

(Some answers from an Indiana public school examination)

THE Bosphorus is the dull light that comes from decayed wood you see in swamps at night.

A civil war is a war fought by people who are civilized and not savages, so that they try to kill each other as painlessly and as soon as they can, without torturing them.

Secession is the shock you get when something hits you on the head.

A peninsula is a bird that lives on icebergs. You see pictures of them in the news reels.

When a temperature is Fahrenheit, it is a lot hotter than when it is Centigrade.

It is liquid measure when it spills out of the thing it is in, and dry measure when it stays in.

Larvæ are the streams of molten rock that come out of volcanoes when they erupt.

The earliest known inhabitants of America were prehistoric, and nothing is known about them.

Glaciers are men who fix your windows when they get broken.

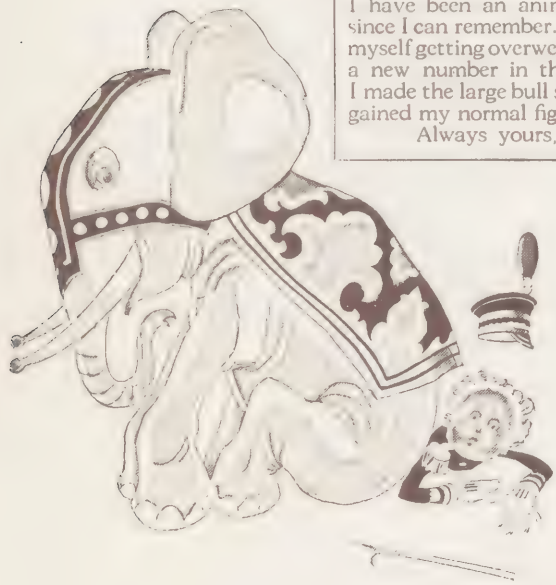


As we started on a cruise on our ocean-going yacht, the stokers were all taken ill from something they had found floating off the twelve mile limit. So I went below decks and fired the boilers for the rest of the trip. This proved a wonderful reducing treatment and removed a great deal of embonpoint.
Yours sincerely,
Madam —

In order to reduce I tried the rolling system on the floor of our long hall. One morning early I became dizzy and rolled clear out of the door on to the front walk much to the surprise of the local milkman.
Yours truly,
Mrs. —



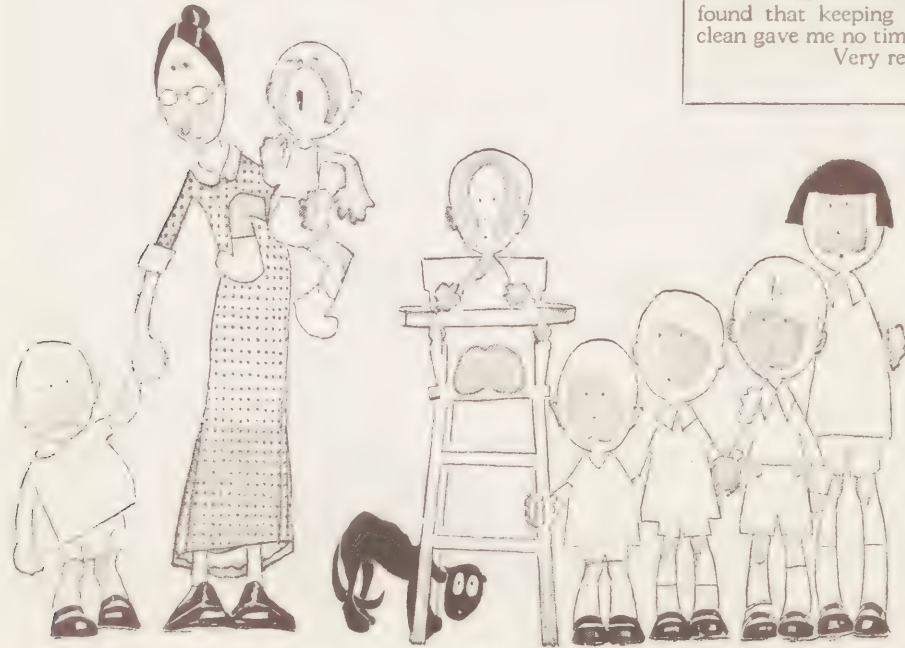
I have been an animal trainer ever since I can remember. When I found myself getting overweight I introduced a new number in the elephant act. I made the large bull sit on me and regained my normal figure.
Always yours, Mlle. —



A FEW BEAUTY HINTS

Some Testimonials on How to Get the Proper Silhouette

The question of reducing has not bothered me. I was married when very young and found that keeping my little ones fed and clean gave me no time to grow fat.
Very respectfully,
Mrs. —



MOVING PICTURES



"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

"DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL" seems to have nearly everything—a straightforward, entertaining story, competent acting, and above all exquisite scenic beauty. We confess that the pictorial side of motion pictures appeals to us more strongly than the dramatic. If, as a friend recently confided to us, the movies are still in their infancy, many of the so-called film dramas that we have been obliged to sit through appear to be suffering from infantile paralysis. The photography and the scenic effects, however, the parts that possess a purely visual appeal, have been a joy and a delight.

The story of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," adapted from Charles Major's popular novel of a generation or so ago, is better than most. At least it is not silly, and the Elizabethan settings and costumes afford Mary Pickford an opportunity to look and act her prettiest. We are not among those who go into emotional fits every time Miss Pickford smiles upon the screen. We do believe, however, that *The World's Sweetheart*, as her publicity department shyly calls her, is an exceedingly capable and charming actress, and we can think of no one, offhand, who is quite as successful as Miss Pickford in projecting her charm upon the screen.

There are enough hairbreadth escapes, duels, rescues, and wild, galloping cross-country rides to satisfy the most exacting movie fan. Allan Forrest plays the part of Sir John Manners, Dorothy's lover, with a romantic fervor that belies the fact that in real life he is Miss Pickford's brother-in-law. The portrayal of Queen Elizabeth by Clare Eames is convincing, and coincides with our recollection of the appearance and manner of the late queen.

However, as we said before, it is the scenic beauty of the picture that remains most vivid in our mind. They have reproduced, with amazing fidelity, a picture of English countryside, than which there is nothing more lovely anywhere.

There is a fine old Tudor manor house, complete to the last detail; a grim medieval castle; beautiful stretches of green-sward; clipped ornamental hedges, and magnificent centuries old oak trees. The interiors, too, are beautiful. The motion pictures may lack much in intelligent dramatic presentation, but too much praise cannot be given for their fidelity to historic detail and accuracy.

We have Miss Pickford's word for it, nevertheless, that Dorothy Vernon "isn't a costume picture in the ordinary movie sense of the word." There is a deep and laudable underlying purpose in presenting the picture.

"I want Dorothy Vernon," says Mary, "to make every man's wife remember the time when her husband told her she was the only woman in the world, and make him hold her hand while telling her again. I hope it will and I believe it will. That's how strongly the story—the romance—dominates the costumes which are typical of the period but always secondary."

As we remarked to the wife, nothing could be fairer than that.

"Cytherea"

THERE was a slot machine in our younger days that used to lure our youthful pennies by offering such fascinating bits for our edification as "Fun in a Harem," "A Night in a Turkish Bath," and "The Wedding Night." We would drop our pennies guilelessly into the slot, turn the crank and peer hopefully into the machine, but as we recall now, we never witnessed anything that might not have appeared in the pages of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

The motion pictures to-day are carrying on the tradition of the penny slot machines gloriously. This week's offering is called "Cytherea," and it professes to be a film version of Joseph Hergesheimer's novel. Violations of the Seventh Commandment are as common in the movies as violations of the Volstead Act in real life. We have seen six in the past two weeks, and there has not been a kick in the lot of them. True, there is a novel touch in "Cytherea." Instead of having the errant wife die in Bermuda, as in the recent Tellegen confection, she shatters all screen traditions by dying in Cuba.

The picture is beautifully made, and



well acted. Lewis Stone particularly is deserving of mention. Alma Rubens is quite alluring and vampish, and Irene Rich plays the ungrateful part of the nagging wife with considerable charm and intelligence.

Mr. Hergesheimer on a placard in the lobby of the theater expresses his delight at what they've done to his story. Well, if he is satisfied we certainly are too.

"Sherlock, Jr."

THE principal fault with "Sherlock, Jr.," the new Buster Keaton picture, is that it is not very funny. And in a comedy picture this is always quite an important objection. There are, of course, amusing moments, but on the whole Buster Keaton is obliged to make the most of a rather dull and uninspired scenario.

"Mlle. Midnight"

WHEN we saw Napoleon the Third, Empress Eugenie, Abraham Lincoln and General Grant (at least we think it was General Grant) we thought that we were in for a grand time; particularly when Grant solicitously placed a cape around Lincoln's shoulders to keep him from catching cold. These intimate bits of historic revelation always fascinate us. But then the picture jumped two or three generations and we discovered that we were witnessing just another Mexican picture, with fiestas, banditti, and of course the inevitable heroic American.

Mae Murray plays three parts; the volatile Renee de Gontrau of the prologue, in a blonde wig; her Mexican granddaughter, Renee de Quiros in the main story, in a black wig; and the Spirit of Midnight, or Youth, or whatever it is that they have in these pictures without much wig or anything. Miss Murray is not a very good actress, but on the other hand, "Mlle. Midnight" is not a very good picture.

Monte Blue is a solemn and painstaking hero. The picture should go far toward establishing friendly relations between the United States and Mexico.

NEWMAN LEVY.



JUDGE on the BENCH

Bonus, of Japanese exclusion, of tax reduction, of the World Court? It's a challenge to Best Minds under the most favorable circumstances. In this instance their deliberations will be complicated by the sneers and catcalls of the radicals.

But leave it to Lodge. He will produce something that looks like a platform though it be made of nothing but trapdoors.

BUT will the candidate leave it to Lodge?

Four years ago one of the most popular of indoor sports was calling Woodrow Wilson an autocrat. This cry of autocrat was first raised in Congress by Lodge and others who found consulting the wishes of the President inconvenient. It gained momentum until Harding felt obliged to promise that under him Congress would be permitted to function without pressure from the White House and he would abide by the decisions of the Best Minds. "Government is a simple thing, after all."

That was four years ago, and now what? Now what the country longs for more than anything else in the line of government is another autocrat in the White House. There may have been other moments in our national history when Congress was regarded with equal contempt and impatience, but if so they are not on record. Best Minds be jiggered!

This national attitude is something that Calvin Coolidge might study with decided advantage to his prospects. The country doesn't care a hang for a platform from the Best Minds. It hopes they choke, and it would do its heart good to see him waltz in among them at Cleveland, cut the Lodges and Peppers and Moseses out of the herd and ride 'em, Cal boy, ride 'em!

"MR. McADOO, you have been summoned here to show cause why even a candidate for President shouldn't display a sense of humor."

"But I don't quite understand the charge, your Honor."

"Very well. In all your recent speeches and statements you insist that the oil and other scandals in Washington constitute the main issue of the campaign. If nominated, do you intend harping on these scandals until Election Day?"

"I most certainly do."

"Don't you think the American people have suffered enough from corruption in government without having Doheny's lawyer rub it in?"

"Your Honor, I consider the Court's insinuation most unjust. I only represented Mr. Doheny in Mexico."

"Do you think Mr. Doheny's intentions toward the government of Mexico were any more benevolent than toward our own?"

"I have no opinion on that score. I was simply earning my fee as a lawyer."

"Your contingent fee of one million dollars, you mean? Dear, dear, you do lack humor, don't you? Maybe you're a member of the Ku Klux Klan?"

"Why, your Honor, really . . . !"

"Well, I don't want to be too hard on you, but, you know, a man who can represent Doheny in Mexico and preach against the corrupt partnership of Big Business and government in the United States, who can satisfy the Ku Klux vote and simultaneously cater to Labor, might belong to the Klan and the Knights of Columbus, too. Did you ever hear what happened to the chameleon that wandered on to a piece of Scotch plaid? No? He burst. Go thou and do likewise."

Overheard at the Republican Convention: A band of Southern delegates singing "Slemp, Slemp, Slemp, the Boys are Marching."

THE PROBLEMS before the two National Conventions are curiously reversed. Thanks to the unexampled perversities of Congress and the habit oil has of spreading, the Democrats have a platform practically ready-made for them. It is the picking of a candidate that will leave them sore and sarcastic.

The Republican Convention, on the other hand, so far as picking a candidate is concerned, will act merely as a rubber stamp. Mr. Coolidge need only step over the prostrate and quiescent form of Hiram Johnson to receive the virtually unanimous endorsement of the delegates. It is their platform that is giving the Republicans headaches.

Having repudiated, almost without exception, all the policies for which their candidate has argued and fought, how are the Elder Statesmen of the G. O. P. to fashion the planks on which both he and they can stand? What will they say of the



The sky's the limit line of Old Manhattan.



Mr. Coolidge joins the hole in one club.

BY THE WAY, what's happened to T. R.'s political heirs that they should play in such rotten luck? Hiram Johnson is the most conspicuous sufferer among them, but he has nothing on Gifford Pinchot. Hiram is being defeated for the Republican nomination while Gifford can't even be delegate-at-large to the convention.

Meanwhile Albert J. Beveridge has got himself turned down in the Indiana primaries; General Wood, out in his wasps' nest of Filipinos, would be forgotten but for the recent speculations of his sons, and Jimmie Garfield and Truman H. Newberry are sunk without a trace.

One would suppose that now, if ever, following the recent exposures at Washington, the old Roosevelt order of knight-hood would enjoy a return to popular favor and some if not all of these men would find their political fortunes on the mend. It must be that we consider their inherited ardors a little stale and their twice-told bedtime stories a little worn and that we yearn for some one who could wake us up with improvisations, like the inimitable T. R. himself.

Oh, for the good old pre-Volstead Teddy instead of these synthetic ginks!

ANOTHER THING to wonder about is the enormous exodus of good 100 per cent. Americans to Europe this summer. Unless the steamship companies are lying, never before has the eastbound transatlantic tide set in so strongly. Every liner that sails is fairly bursting with patriots deserting God's country in a campaign year.

Various explanations of this phenomenon are current. One is that our countrymen are hastening to put themselves beyond the reach of campaign oratory; another that they are attracted by the Wembley Exhibition; still another that they all want to be snubbed by the King of Denmark. But most plausible of all is the theory that they are flocking to Europe to sober up.

Over here where life is one long challenge to drink, from the moment we open our morning newspapers to read of last night's raids until our host of the evening sinks exhausted from constant wielding of his cocktail shaker, the tyranny of alcohol is absolute. When it isn't filling our stomachs it is likely to be inebriating our conversation or putting a stick in our thoughts. It is a national obsession. But in Europe, where there is nothing sinful and precious about it, it loses its grip both on the mind and the epiglottis.

Friends write glowingly from Paris that they haven't had to get drunk in three months' residence. A London correspondent reports that all the Americans of his acquaintance there are drinking beer and leaving the hard stuff alone (an old trick of the toper anxious to taper off). A Cunard purser predicts that, now the new liquor treaty has gone into effect and British liners may carry the stuff on east-bound voyages, American passengers will attain temperance even before reaching the other side. This alone is worth the trip over and back.

It seems entirely reasonable to suppose that the injunction to see America first is having less and less weight with those who have already seen it double.

W. M. H.





ollar Jobs



"During my vacation I tramped on an average of thirty miles a day."
 "Ha-ha! I owned a second-hand car once myself."

HISTORICAL CLOSE-UPS

Aeneas and Dido

Aeneas—For the love o' Mike, what are you doing in North Africa?

Dido—Tan't 'oo guess, my 'itty Aeny?

Aeneas—Oh! You've come to see Tut's tomb too, have you?

Dido—No, of tourse not. How tan 'oo think such a thing? What does 'itty Dido want with a dead mummy when she tan have a nice live "sugar daddy." It's 'oo I've tome to see, 'oo big 'itty goof.

Aeneas—Well, don't call me a "sugar daddy" or I'll forget I'm an Immortal and crack you one on the bonnet rest.

Dido—Oh! I do love my big strong tave-man who tan pick 'itty Dido up with one 'itty finger and scrunch her into teeny-weeny 'itty pieces and—

Aeneas—Out I say—can the dolly dialogue.

Dido—'Itty Aeny mustn't be angry wif 'itty Dido, tos she—

Aeneas—You're some cut-up, aren't you?

Dido—'Ess, 'oo know what naughty,

nasty, jealous cats say? They say I cut didoes.

Aeneas—Well, by Vergil! This is too much. Here's where you and I part. Me to the javelin-throwing and may I get pricked; and you to the river and see how many hours you can stay under.

Dido—'Oo mean 'itty Dido tan die?

Aeneas—Yes, Dido, die—do. Ha! Ha! That's a hot one, Dido, die—do.

Queen Bess and Bill Shakespeare

Queen Bess—Say, you big stiff of a playwright, you got your nerve with you all right, all right!

Bill Shakespeare—How come, Sister, how come?

Bess—Do you know what that Fitton wench and those other Janes that bum around my court are saying?

Bill—No, Kid, honest, I don't; spill it, old dear, wontcha?

Bess—They claim that you go round handing me the razz by telling folks I was your inspiration for "Love's Labor

Lost." That's a helva line for an ungrateful bum like you to pull.

Bill—Say, listen Bess, listen! I never said no such thing.

Bess—Well, what did you spill, eh?

Bill—Aw nothin'. I was a bit lit up at The Stratford Steak one night when we was all talking about you and I says you was the gal that put the sex in Essex and the ache in Drake. Thassall I said, honest, Bess!

Bess—Is thasso? Well, all I gotta tell you is that after the way that hokum piece of yours called, "As You Like It," flopped—you can't write for my circuit no more. Boy, see if you can get Kit Marlow for me at The Lambs.

The Elements of Success

THE Big Business Man found that his business was getting so much bigger and better that he was forced to move into new and larger offices. He thereupon seized the occasion to effect a reorganization that more than trebled his income. He manned his new offices with the following force:

A telephone girl who was a veritable she-Morpheus and never got a name right in her life.

An office boy who was seldom on the job, especially in the spring and summer, when his grandmothers celebrated the baseball season by dying thick and fast.

An elevator man who either let him off at the wrong floor or passed him up completely.

A stenographer who was inclined to chew gum, dress her hair and flirt.

A foolish-looking partner who invariably made a mess of things.

An office zoo comprising dogs, cats, goats, insects, etc.

A ferocious appearing boss who blustered loudly but always gave the raise asked for after all.

You may wonder why the Big Business Man succeeded so highly in spite of those apparent handicaps. You see, he was a cartoonist and comic strip artist.

John Clark, four years old, a negro, arrested in Newark on a charge of having killed Mrs. Helen Nicholson, a negress with whom he had been boarding, admitted his guilt, and said that in his lifetime he had committed seven other murders.—*The New York Telegram and Evening Mail.*

The precocity of the Younger Generation is getting beyond all bounds.

TO CARILLO SANTO—The undersigned would like to know whether or not you are alive; if so, communicate at once.—Santina Carollo, 1075 60th st., Brooklyn.—*The New York World.*

Otherwise, Carillo, the best policy would be just to ignore it.

ART FOR THE DEMOCRATS

by George Jean Nathan

THE SOLE concern of the theatrical managers at the present time is the devising of art exhibits that shall meet the taste of the Democratic master minds who are due shortly to flood New York with their supernatural wisdom and intelligence. In the week of which I write, four such exhibits have been sent through their preliminary paces. Need I say that they are not Ibsen plays? They are, rather, entertainments in which the place of Oswald crying for the sun is taken by a prima donna sighing for the moon and in which Ellida Wangel's lover from the sea comes on in a naval lieutenant's uniform. They are, in short, as the more astute among you may have already surmised, musical shows. The most amusing of the quartet is "I'll Say She Is," at the Casino. The best looking is "Innocent Eyes," at the Winter Garden. And the worst of the lot is (tense subject to change without notice) "Round the Town," on the Century Roof. The other one, to be commented on anon, is on view at the Morosco and is christened "Keep Kool."

"I'll Say She Is" tops the list by virtue of the four Marx brothers. Against a background that could not have cost the producer much over eight or nine dollars, these close relatives cavort with so rich a humor that nothing else matters. Not since the memorable days of Watson, Bickel and Wrothe has a funnier group of low clowns kicked one another in the seat of the pants. What we have here is the true essence of the old American burlesque show, the juiciest mine of comicality that any civilized nation has given birth to. There is no pretentiousness to these Frères Marx. They put on their working clothes; they come out on the stage and make an audience roar for a couple of hours; and then they pack up and go home. At least two of them do, since the other pair serve merely as feeders. I dislike superlatives, because on almost every occasion that I have used them, I have found reason to regret them not more than twenty-four hours later, but if I have had a louder laugh in the theater this year than that vouchsafed me by these estimable gents, I can't at the moment recall it, unless it was the newspaper review of "Children of the Moon." Without the MM. Marx, "I'll Say She Is" would be almost as bad as "Round the Town." But with them it is worth every bit of ten dollars a seat.

Since I have mentioned "Round the Town," so unnecessarily early in to-day's lecture, let us get it over with as quickly as possible. Concocted by some of the leading wits of the Café de l'Algonquin, it turned out to be about as witless and dull a show as New York has dressed up for since "The London Follies." If you think that this borders on exaggeration, you

are balmy. Aside from a moment or two in a Kaufman-Connelly burlesque of their own play, "Beggar on Horseback," and a slice of a lyric by Dorothy Parker, there was nothing in the exhibition that raised its head above the level of very bad amateurishness. Heywood Broun's attempt to transfer his successful lecture platform material to the revue stage was approximately as happy as would be an effort on the part of La Belle Fatima to go in for Björnsterne Björnson. What the entrepreneurs of the show had in mind was doubtless an American duplication of the Charlot Revue. What they had in their minds is still there.

"Innocent Eyes" has as its best pictorial offering a fan number which comes very near being the most tasteful piece of staging that the Winter Garden has divulged. It is original; it is beautiful; it is worthy of Ziegfeld at his doggiest. The star of the evening is Mistinguett, the Parisian chanteuse who is alleged to have the most fetching pair of what goes into stockings in all of France. La Mistinguett's legs are not at all bad as legs go, but I can think of no less than half a dozen American pairs that would put hers in second money. So far as Mistinguett's lesser talents go, she is at her best in an Apache



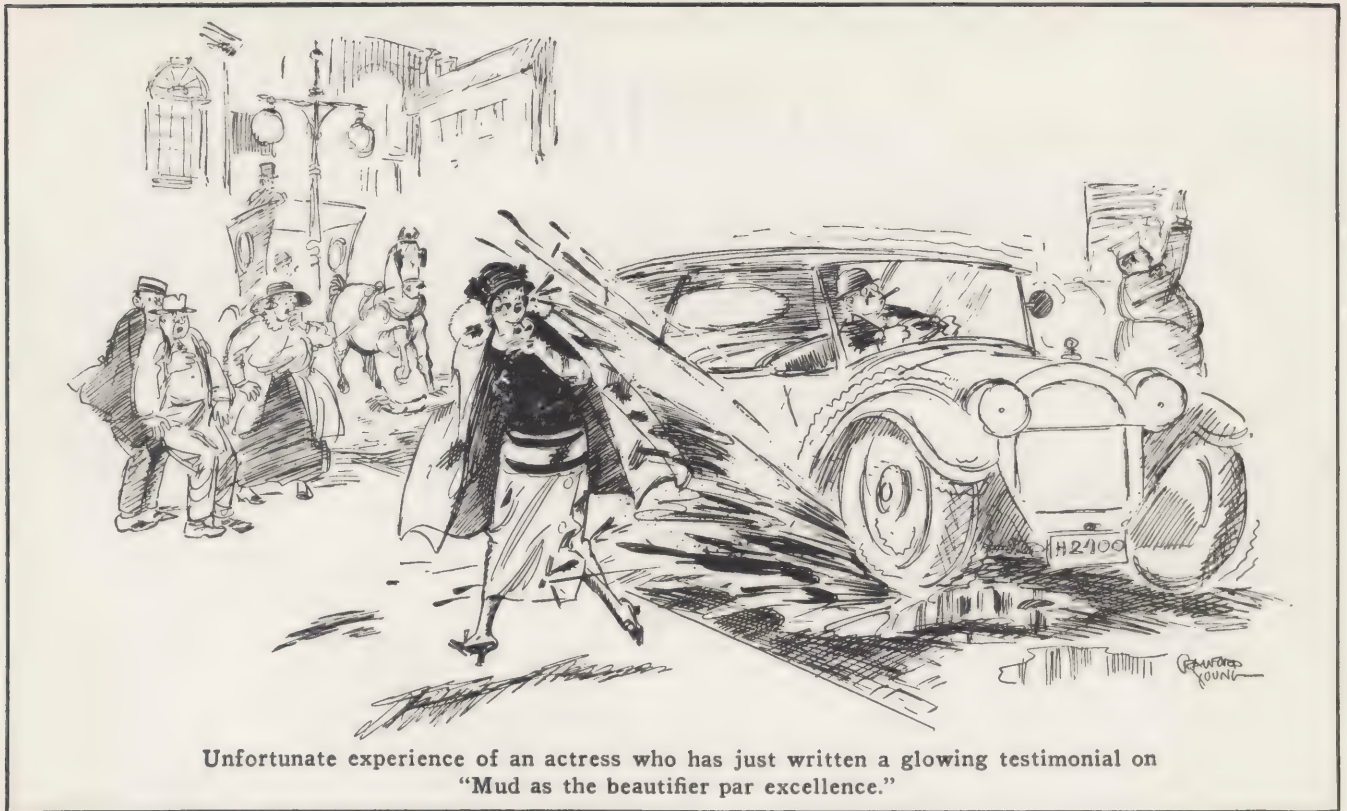
Bored Friend—I always knew you were an optimist, Jim; but how you can sit here and listen to that static is more than I can understand!

The Optimist—Static! Why, Bill, I betcha a million dollars we're listenin' in on th' Esquimos!

act to which, despite its age, she contrives to lend a measure of vigor. The best song number bears the title of the show and is certain to be a great favorite in those cafés where White Rock costs two dollars a pint. Another good tune is "Organdie Days." Other interesting items on the menu are Edythe Baker's proficient piano playing, the moments when Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield are not on the stage, Mistinguett's spectacular wardrobe, some agile ensemble dancing, and the conjecture as to why the producers did not get a good comedian to liven up the proceedings. Despite this absence of comedy, however, the exhibit is to be recommended to the Democrats on the evenings when they are not busy trying to invent reasons why they should not nominate Al Smith. It is considerably superior to the average Winter Garden show that does not happen to contain that other and greater Al, the Rev. Dr. Jolson.

"Keep Kool" is one of those in-between shows. It has, on the one hand, some amusing stuff in it, and, on the other, numbers of the kind in which some one sings a song about girls in calico and the chorus comes out dressed like a million dollars. What is more, the show prejudices the audience against it at the very start with a prologue wherein it challenges the other shows in town on the score of original ideas and boasts that it will proceed to make up the usual shortcoming. True enough, it actu-

(Continued on page 29)



Unfortunate experience of an actress who has just written a glowing testimonial on
 "Mud as the beautifier par excellence."

THE HOBOS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

by Walter Prichard Eaton

SPRING is here at last, and we are suffering from our annual desire to take the open road—and by taking the open road we do not mean acquiring a charming tweed outfit from Abercrombie's and departing on a walking tour with stops at night at the Red Lion Inn and the Equinox. We mean becoming a blown-in-the-glass hobo, who has to wangle some artistic dope in order to finger the dough or find kip for the night. Your dude tramper is a piccan. None of that for us. We want to loaf with spring up the Rutland Valley in our very oldest clothes, and in a state of mind equally disreputable.

The only things which restrain us from following this impulse are a wife and family, the necessity of planting the garden, the weekly demand for copy from the editor of JUDGE, the tax collectors (town, State and Federal), the inhibitions of our conventional upbringing, and in general fear and timidity. Like most other conventional Americans, we look with sad and wistful envy at the few people who do dare follow their impulses, quite lacking the courage to follow our own. "Oh, to be a hobo now that spring is here!" we exclaim, as we climb up stairs and dress for dinner.

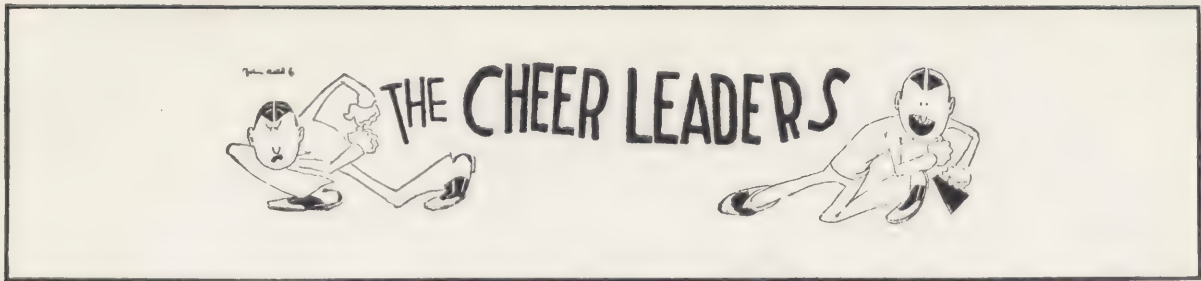
Perhaps, therefore, we were in a more receptive state of mind for "Stiffs," by Melbourne Garahan (Thomas Seltzer), which we read last night, than the book actually deserves. Anyhow, we enjoyed it, even if it is the autobiography of an English hobo, and much more about the hobo's life in London than in the open country. Garahan became a tramp when he was a young man, chiefly because he had to put on glasses, and they threw him out of the merchant marine. He didn't stick long, either. Now, he alleges, he is getting a salary of \$15,000 a year. Of course, he couldn't have been really fitted for a hobo's life, because no blown-in-the-glass hobo would quit and go to work for a paltry \$15,000 a year. But he met, at any rate, a large number of real hobos, and somehow or other,

though his book is written without much skill or charm, he does manage to convey to you a sense of what it was in these men's characters which made them tramps, and kept them tramps, and also to convey to you something of the cheerful optimism of the hobo's life.

Pollyanna would have made a perfect hobo. That is the only thing we have against the profession.

"**COUNTRY PEOPLE**," by Ruth Suckow (Alfred A. Knopf), is a realistic story of the American peasant. We say peasant advisedly, though regretfully. Miss Suckow knows what she is talking about, and more than that, she knows how to be realistic without being long-winded. She doesn't have to describe minutely every pile of manure back of the barn and every spot of grease on the kitchen floor and every mole on the farmer's body, in order to convince you that she is writing truthfully about August Kaetterhenry and his farm and family in Iowa. She even spares us August's dreams and suppressed desires. In other words, Miss Suckow uses realism like an American, and not like a third-rate imitation of a Russian. You can read the book without weariness; but not without sadness. August Kaetterhenry and all his tribe were European peasants and they remain European peasants at the end, even the second generation of them, for all their veneer of Americanism. Contrast them spiritually and intellectually—in every way but acquisitively—with the pioneers of Hamlin Garland's Middle Border, or with the Yankee farmers of the older New England, and the difference is astonishing. They are not so much of another race, they are of another world. The Kaetterhenry's were good, honest, hard-working folk, and they were no doubt essential to opening up this Continent. But they were not—and there is nothing in Miss

(Continued on page 27)



Professional Triolets

All that exists he professes to know—
That's why they call him professor,
He can tell you why the evil winds blow,
For all that exists he professes to know—
And the world to him is weary and slow
For he's wisdom's only possessor
And all that exists he professes to know—
That's why they call him professor.
—Georgia Yellow Jacket.

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Isn't it funny? A ruse is a blind, a
blind is a shade, a shade is a shadow, a
shadow's a ghost, a ghost is a shade, a
shade is a color, a color is paint, and paint
is rouge. Therefore, by Euclid, axiom
one, rouge must be a ruse. And curiously
enough it is true.
—Yale Record.

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Bill—Great gobs of goldfish! How did
you get that black eye?
Billum—Some guy cracked me with a
ripe tomato.
"What! You don't mean to say a ripe
tomato did that?"
"Yeah, this one had a can around it."
—Stanford Chaparral.

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Cecil—I'll bet you can't name one of
the Great Lakes.
Reginald—Huron!—California Wampus.

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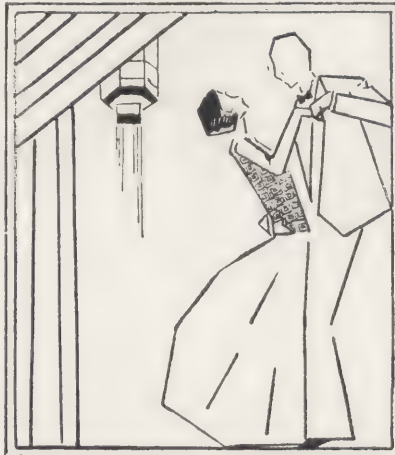
If she wouldn't wash dishes for \$50 a
week, that's pride; if she does it for nothing,
that's matrimony. —Centre Colonel.



"One swallow does not make a
summer."
"No, but it sure puts spring into
your step." —W. Va. Moonshine.

Up to Date

Slats—Did you meet any stage robbers
while you were out West?
Flats—Yes, I took a couple of chorus
girls out to dinner. —Utah Humbug.



She—It looks like a storm. You'd
better stay for dinner.
The Brute—Thanks, but I don't
think it's bad enough for that.
—Williams Purple Cow.

Probably He Was Hard Hit
"Oh, Dad, when you refused my hand
To Dick," said pretty Annabelle,
"Did he fall on his knees and plead?"
Said Dad, "I don't know where he fell."
—U. of Chicago Phoenix.

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Friivol Customer—These tales sound like
old stuff.
Friivol Editor—Yeh, I got 'em from
Grimm's "Twice Told Tales."
—Iowa Friivol.

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Agent—Dickens has a pretty good
story here.
Producer—Bring him in and we'll sign
him up. —Hamilton Royal Caboon.

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"What do you propose to do?"
"To get married, of course."
—Wisconsin Octopus.

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Prof—What is steel wool?
Stude—The fleece of a hydraulic ram.
—Yale Record.

Give Him Time

"What do you know of Samuel Gom-
pers?" asked the prof of the frosh.
"Please, sir," the green one replied,
"it's my first week in college, and I don't
know anyone yet."
—Washington Columns.

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He had proposed—
She accepted—
"I always knew you were a man after
my own heart, dear," she said.
—Aggie Squib.

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Waiter—Tea or coffee, sir?
Inebriate—How many gueshesh d'I
get? —C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

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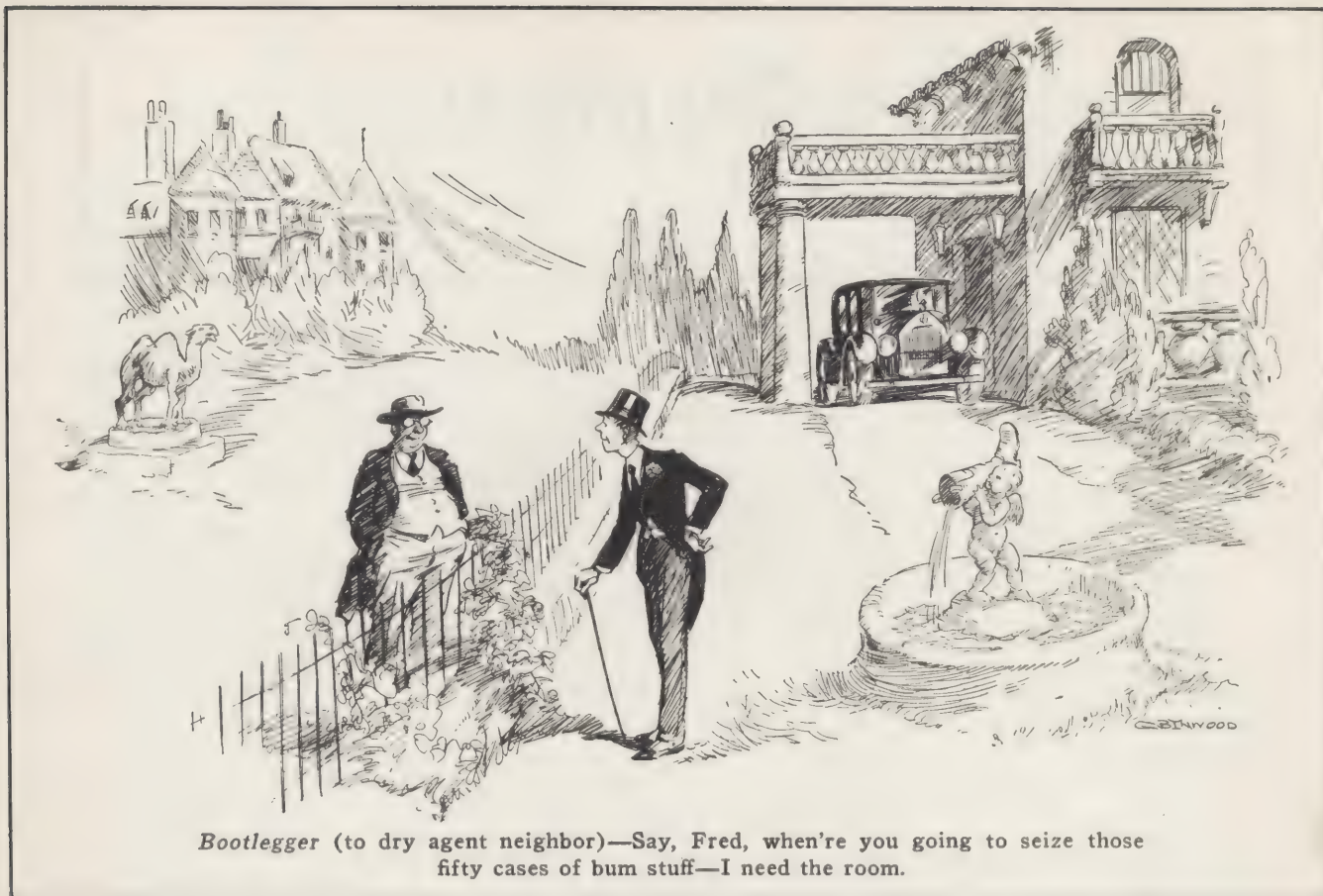
Doctor—Your husband denies it, but
doesn't he smoke between meals?
Wife—No, doctor. He eats between
smokes. —Centre Colonel.

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Customer—May I have my egg order
changed to fried?
Waiter (who is ex-football man)—
Signals over. Break up the play.
—California Pelican.



"Just think, three thousand seals
were used to make fur coats last year!"
"Isn't it wonderful that they can
train animals to do such work?"
—Notre Dame Juggler.



Bootlegger (to dry agent neighbor)—Say, Fred, when're you going to seize those fifty cases of bum stuff—I need the room.

The Prophet at Home

I WENT to Punktown-in-the-Hole, to write up Bildad Bond; his fame extends from pole to pole, and seven miles beyond. Wherever people congregate, wherever pilgrims meet, they talk about that famous skate, whose curves can not be beat. He's pictured in the magazines, the movies spread his fame; in all these stirring mundane scenes there is no greater name.

And so I said, "I'll seek his town, and to his house I'll trudge, and all particulars set down, and draw five bones from JUDGE. I'll interview the village jays who've been his neighbors long; familiar with his walks and ways, their comments should be strong. No doubt they'll boost him to the skies, and speak his name with awe; but I can dump their fiercest lies, and sane conclusions draw."

"Ah, yes," the village druggist said, "I know the man you name; the truth is I am overfed with Bildad and his fame. He puts his graft across with ease as down the world he wends, but here at home his name is Cheese, and he is shy of friends. He's bought my calomel and nux, my compound juice of squills, and owes me twenty-seven bucks—he hates to pay his bills. I've worn out many pairs of shoes pursuing him for scads; a pharmacist must have his dues, or he'll

go broke, me lads. I care not if the world applauds this Bildad Bond to-day; I class a delegate with frauds if he declines to pay. I care not if exulting tones of worshipers are heard; he owes me twenty-seven bones, and he's a tinhorn bird."

I met a widow in the lane, hard by the village pond; I said, "What think you, Mary Jane, of Colonel Bildad Bond? Is he the goods, oh, Jenny Wren, or merely sounding brass? Out in the busy haunts of men he cuts all kinds of grass."

"I am a widow lorn and lone," this female scout replied, "to make a living of my own most faithfully I tried. I had a little plot of ground, and there I made things grow, and there all day I might be found with spade and rake and hoe. I had my beds of succotash, and nutmeg vines were there; I thought my yarbs would bring me cash, with dimes, perchance to spare. I planned to take my stringless beans, my non-explosive peas, and all varieties of greens, and sell the same with ease.

"But Bildad Bond, he lived next door, and kept a million hens, and when my yarbs were all galore, he turned them from their pens. They scratched my garden all to shreds, with industry dog-goned, and I called blessings on their heads, and eke on Bildad Bond. I ask you, stranger, what's the use? Does

he not spill the beans who turns a million roosters loose upon a widow's greens? What boots it if the papers spread his fame from beach to beach? I call down blessings on his head, and every one's a peach. The kind of blessings I invoke will not make Bond enthuse; they leave behind a trail of smoke, and a smell like burning shoes."

And so it was with all I met; they all made dismal moan that Bildad was the punkest bet a moral town could own. And such is fame; it hits the spot long leagues away from home, but there it has a taint of rot, and hints of Teapot Dome.

WALT MASON.



"Is Gertrude a good friend of yours?"

"I should say she is! She tells everybody everything unpleasant she ever hears about me, just to be able to say she doesn't believe a word of it."

The Slack Season

Housewife—You say you didn't have any work to do all winter. What kind of work do you do?

Tramp—I'm a judge of bathing beauty contests.



Directions for getting a drink: North, South, East, West.

Reform Has Tied a Can to Joy

IT'S TIME we golfers should be vexed
 Since, after touching us for beer,
 It's planned to ban tobacco next
 So nicotine shall disappear;
 Our pastimes are immoral, queer,
 Our foursomes all the pure annoy
 And must be chased away from here—
 Reform has tied a can to joy.

We'll read each day the golden text
 And to revivals we shall steer
 While girls who golf must be unsexed
 In our religious atmosphere.
 And golf on Sunday? Nix, my dear,
 Reform's chaste gold hath no alloy;
 Away with mashies and such gear—
 Reform has tied a can to joy.

Our golfing crimes will be indexed
 To make our reformation clear
 Till we regenerate, perplexed,
 Through holy eyes alone shall peer
 To greet the pure dawn's drawing near
 And to its daybreak shout: "Ahoy!
 We've left all sin far in the rear"—
 Reform has tied a can to joy.

L'Envoi

Reformers, why not take a year
 To reconstruct yourselves? Oh, boy!
 You'd have some job on hand, I fear—
 Reform has tied a can to joy.

"Not Like Dumb, Driven Cattle"

(From the for Sale Column, Waterbury (Conn.)
 Republican)

CATTLE—Two head of cattle, Holstein,
 lady and gentleman. 226 Cherry st., Naugatuck.

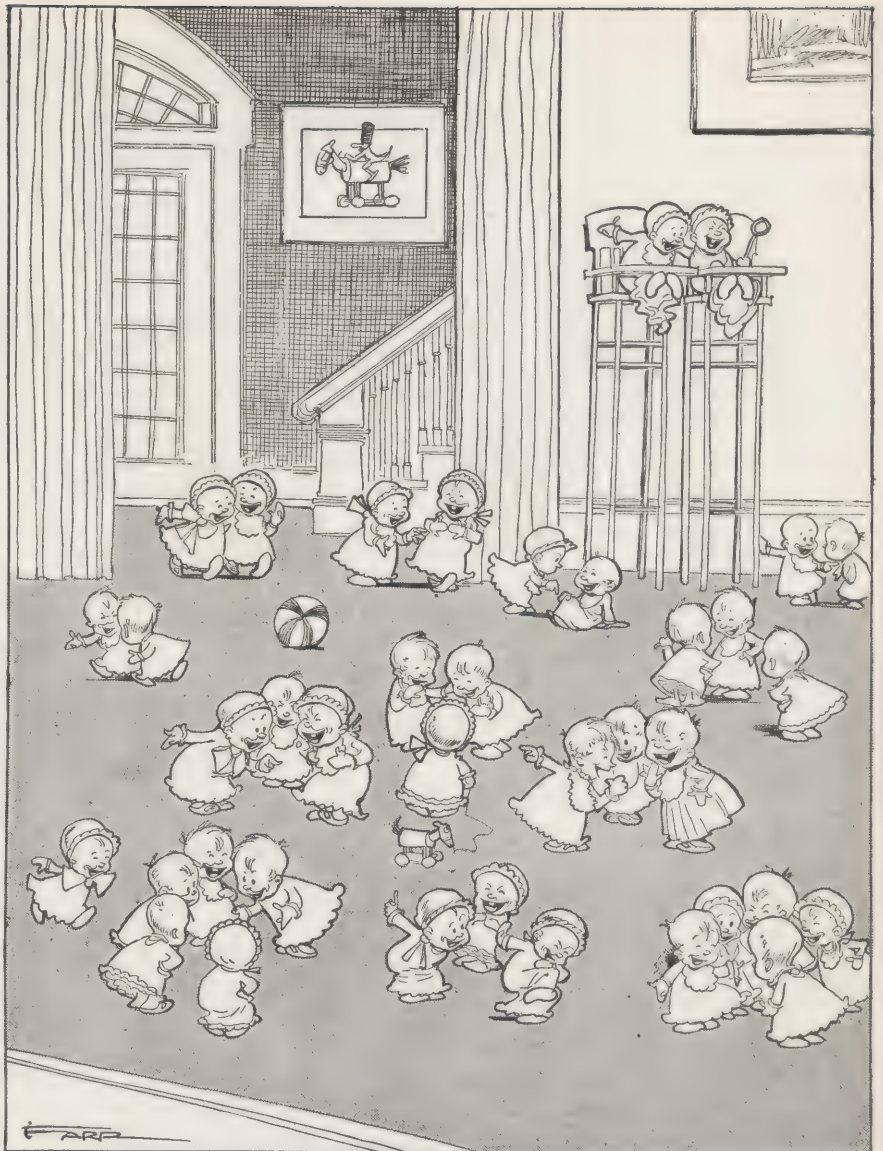


We know how to make your car behave and
 will give you a lot of free advice on the sub-
 ject if you ask us. Free air also.—Ad in the
 Daily Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette.

In other words, air of any desired
 temperature.



In crowded cars a coat-hanger makes
 for comfort.



THINGS THAT SHOULD HAPPEN BUT NEVER DO
 A meeting of babies telling the smart things their daddies said

Dictionary English

A BUREAU whose business it is to impart information of many kinds received a letter recently from a Chinese merchant in Peking requesting a list of all firms in the United States manufacturing "male water-sheep."

The letter was shown around as a curiosity until a stenographer undertook its interpretation.

As a result of her efforts, a list of manufacturers of hydraulic rams was dispatched, the girl was promoted and the Chinaman, it has been learned, was made happy.

Bluff

One circumstance deludes the throng,
 And hinders earth's delight:
 A man talks louder when he's wrong,
 Than when he's in the right.

Literally

"What did you say the crowd up at McGinty's was doing to interest you so long?" asked Mrs. Elderberry severely.

"They were telling antidotes," replied Mr. Elderberry.

"You mean they were telling *anecdotes*."

"Nope. Just what I said. It seems they started discussing home-brew recipes and then drifted naturally to antidotes."

Age Must Be Served

Mother (sternly)—Johnny, didn't I tell you to come right home from the barber shop?

Johnny—Yes, Ma.

"Then why didn't you obey?"

"I had to wait while grandma got her neck shaved."



THE SILVER LINING

"Good heavens! Pretty badly smashed up, aren't you? Anybody with you?"
 "Yes, the chap who was trying to sell me the car."

Raising Cain

THE Bigger and Brazener Film Producing Company had reached an *impasse*. For some reason, "Lucretia's Limbs" had failed to score a box-office triumph, despite the fact that the twin title rôles had been played by the heavily insured members of Myrtle Magnifique, Shape-liest Siren of the Silver Screen. Also, "Husbands for Hire" had only grossed an amount equaling the national debt of Austria.

"I got it," said the Great Director, after long cogitation. "The public is always falling for them old-time gags. Look what 'Jack and Jill' done when we done it under the name of 'The Fall of Woman.' We should give 'em maybe Cain and Abel. There's money in them Bible pitchers."

"I believe you," chuckled the director. "Abel—able. Already that's an advertising joke. I am quick at thinking up them things."

"But no," disagreed the producer. "Abel is shopworn these days. It's Cain they're interested in. You gotta make Abel a minor character and Cain should be the hero."

"A villun for a hero!" gasped the director. "It ain't being done. You couldn't fill a row."

"Sure, that's easy. Reform him—put in some heart interest—and give it a snappy box-office title, like maybe 'Cain's Chastening.' And put some good feller writing it."

So the scenario read:

First Reel—Two altars with offerings, Abel's of grain, Cain's of flesh. Fire from heaven consumes grain. "Aha!" exults Abel, sneeringly. Heavy cloud casts utter darkness over scene for an instant and, when it lifts, Cain is disclosed standing over Abel's lifeless body, with a rock in his hand. Plenty of circumstantial evidence. Flo, an orphan child, blond (part written in for Beatrice Belle), appears. She falls over Abel's form in a torrent of tears. Cain en-

deavors to soothe her; she repulses him. *Subtitle*—"Go—for Heaven's Sake, Only Go—I Could Never Wed a Rowdy!"

Second Reel—Trial scene. Cain self-sacrificingly refuses to testify in own behalf for fear of revealing that Flo's weakling brother, Bert, was in a gambling den on the night of the murder. Cain is sentenced to die, while villainous district attorney leers at Flo hungrily. Bert, at last becoming A Man, admits to Flo that it was he who gamed away the Liberty Bonds. (Flashback to news



Mother—I hope you behaved yourself at grandma's, dear.
 Molly—Oh, yes, mother; we just sat and talked over old times.

reel picture taken in Monte Carlo Casino in 1913.) Flo effects Cain's release by setting fire to the jail. *Subtitle*—"Chasten Thy Proud Spirit in the Great Green Wilderness Which Showeth Us Man's Insignificance."

Third Reel—Cain completely lost in the Great Green Wilderness. Sees Flo's face in delirium. While deranged, marries beautiful Eskimo squaw who nurses him back to health, thinking her to be Flo. Becomes sane again and resigns himself to life with Eskimo wife, helping her manage orange plantation. *Subtitle*—"In That Wonderful California Climate, Country Hens Average Five Eggs a Day."

Fourth Reel—Married life proves intolerable for Cain. Scene shifts to church and shows Flo, in wedding gown, going up steps with rascally district attorney. Shifts again to Cain's igloo and shows Mrs. Cain falling down shaft of abandoned mine and breaking neck. Cain hastily packs bag and starts for Flo's home. *Subtitle*—"Pray Heaven That I Arrive in Time."

Fifth Reel—Flo and district attorney still going up church steps. Arrive at altar and priest extends hand. Bert suddenly pops up, crying: "Stop! He Killed the Youth, and I Cannot Be Silent Longer!" (Scenario Writer's note: By this time everybody has forgotten Abel, so it won't make any difference if the D. A. wasn't within miles of the scene of the murder.) District attorney jeeringly denies charge and ceremony is about to proceed when Cain drops through stained glass window on parachute, interrupting ceremony. It is then discovered that district attorney was proprietor of the gambling den where Bert lost the oil stock, and he is hustled away to prison. Fade-out, with Flo saying in subtitle: "My Poor Misunderstood Boy! But Come, We Will Go to Bermuda and Pass Our Days Amid the Flowering Edelweiss!"

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"



—all the difference.
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.



Note.—Mothers, tune in immediately after the bedtime story and have your baby kissed by Senator Blahblah.

"That ain't got a nawful lot of connection with the story of Cain and Abel like I remember it," said the director, dubiously.

"What if it ain't?" snorted the director. "Still, maybe we better change the names and make it Hamlet instead of Cain. But I'll betcha she'll gross a million."

SUMNER SMITH.

Why the Line Was Busy

LADY with beautiful fur coat, \$50. Chickering 2735.—From the For Sale Column of the *New York Daily News*.

In the afternoon Ensign Martin and the Citadel Band conducted a service in the city hall, during which some of the inmates declared themselves anxious to live a better life.—*The Sherbrooke (Quebec) Daily Record*.

Candor such as this probably indicates that the Golden Age of Politics is drawing near.

It's the Cat's

What Our Cat Eats

- Mice. (Never.)
- The milk on the cereal. (When it gets the chance.)
- The canary. (Once.)
- Bacon fat in the skillet. (Too often.)
- The dog's bone. (When the dog isn't looking.)
- The young buds of our azalea plant. (As they appear.)
- Garbage. (Every night.)
- The gold fish. (Four times.)
- The beads on Betty's dance frock. (Frequently.)
- Cheese in mice traps. (Always.)

What Our Cat Won't Eat

- Its own meals. (Never.)

Do You Owe Yourself a New Car?

If You Do, Don't Buy Hastily

There is a make and model best suited to your requirements and your pocket-book — and there is the Motor Department of JUDGE to help you find that car.

The services of the Motor Department are absolutely free to all readers of JUDGE. Use the coupon below to obtain the unbiased advice of its automotive experts.

Please fill out the coupon completely so that we may know your requirements in detail.

COUPON

Motor Department

JUDGE

627 West 43d St., New York City

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

.....(type)

My requirements for a car are as follows:

Capacity.....

Type of body.....

Driven and cared for by {self
 {chauffeur

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

I have..... a used car of..... make, which I would like to turn in as partial payment.

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

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

Name.....

Address.....

6-14-24

SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THESE SAD-FACED MEN IN THE CLOTHING ADS



And we hereby launch the movement.

It Pays To Be Honest

"I LOVE you, but I'm going to be frank."

As yet it was early evening in one of the most picturesque and beautiful mountain resorts in America. The music soft and low from the dining room, the beginning moon over the lake and the translucence of the lake itself, all combined to fill Howard Cromwell with an overpowering passion for the enchanting creature at his side.

"I love you," he continued, "with a love that few men are capable of feeling in its terrible intensity. Yet I would be most untrue to my own self if I did not tell you that there is another woman. I saw her this morning in this hotel. She

flickered across my path and I felt much the same thrill toward her that—"

The girl at his side smiled.

"I understand," she replied. "Darling, you are perfectly safe. I am the one. You did not recognize me, for since this morning I have changed my clothes."

T. L. M.

"DON'T they teach you to salute in your company?" roared the second lieutenant to Private Rastus Johnson, who had passed him without raising his hand, while on a walk outside of camp.

"Yes, sah," replied Rastus.

"Then why didn't you salute?"

"Well, sah," was the candid reply, "I didn't want to 'tract no mo' attention than I had to, 'cause I ain't 'sposed to be out heah 'thout a pass."

The Hobos that Bloom in the Spring

(Continued from page 20)

Suckow's sympathetic study of them to suggest that they ever can be—in the high tradition of the pioneer America. Can it be that we are going to have a peasant class in this country? Is that a penalty we pay for getting older? The prospect is not cheerful.

The present writer confesses that he has occasionally read criticisms by Stark Young, in *The New Republic* and elsewhere, which went singing sweetly over his head, a wind of words in the magazine leaves, and left him charmed but bewildered below. In "The Three Fountains," however (Chas. Scribner's Sons), Mr. Young is clear as a crystal, and has produced an odd, original, and in the best sense a beautiful book. It is a book, too, about one of the oldest subjects in the world—Italy. Mr. Young's heart, like Robert Browning's, evidently has "Italy" graved inside of it. But it is no burbling guidebook which he writes. His method is rather the method of Heine, though we hasten to reassure the heads of families and the purchasing boards of public libraries that the similarity ceases with the method, and does not include the material. Mr. Young's recorded adventures are more discreet and intellectual, as befits an editor of *The New Republic*. You see Italy, as it were, through the window of a pension, through the eyes of an English professor touring there, or the eyes of a young Yale graduate full of dreams, or a wise old Italian priest who discusses the English and their curious ways. But you do see Italy, you catch its glamour and spell, you get subtly into the secrets of its beauty.

Of course, Mr. Young is occasionally a little hard on his fellow-countrymen. That seems to be a part of the technique of writing about Europe. He is greatly impressed with the fact that a lot of Italians sang grand opera arias till three A.M., and then rose cheerfully at seven. "Then," he exclaims, "I thought of our Northern nerves, our exhaustions; of Fellows' Hypophosphites; of my friend who goes up to Peterborough to get enough vitality to finish a one-act play."

Well, well, quite a few Americans have sat up till three and then risen in the morning and gone to work, and we assure Mr. Young that however it is with his exhausted friend, there are dramatists who can finish a whole four-act play without a single visit to the Macdowell colony in Peterborough. There is G. M. Cohan, who has written plays in a state-room of the Knickerbocker Limited between New York and Boston. Clyde Fitch used to toss off four plays a year. Booth Tarkington thinks nothing of a couple of dramas, a long novel, and a dozen short stories in a winter, before he departs for Kennebunkport. Vitality is less a matter of race than of persons. Be-

famous Brusson bread for Diabetes

SPECIAL
OFFER



FOR a limited period we will send you a full size box containing 15 individual loaves of this famous diabetic bread, made in Villermur, France, and recommended by distinguished authorities, for only \$1.50—regular price \$2. Pleasant and nourishing. Does not become stale. Order now before this special offer is withdrawn.

Gustave Muller, Solo Agent

HYGIENIC FOODS COMPANY

235 West 42nd St., New York

Dept. J

Valuable guide, containing recipes and list of the Diabetic and Dietetic Foods of Dr. Charasse and Heudebert, mailed on request.

cause Italians sit up late in the moonlight and sing tenor is not an inevitable sign that all Americans are, as Meredith Nicholson once put it, "cruising languidly toward the somber coasts of Neurasthenia."

Italy is a lovely land, but, after all, there is Mussolini.

IT MUST be rather jolly to be a student at dear old St. Andrews. Last year the rectorial address was delivered by J. M. Barrie, and even the American Sunday newspapers printed it in full. This year St. Andrews changed rectors, and Kipling delivered the address. It was neither so witty nor so profoundly moving as Barrie's, but at that we prefer it to any address we have ever read by Prexy Nichols Murray Butler, not excepting his remarks to the Missourians. Kipling called his talk "Independence," and it has been published by Doubleday, Page. It is good stuff, and full, too, of the old Kipling tricks, such as the use of humble detail to illustrate high matters.

"The man who has been used to shaving, let us say, in cold water at seven o'clock the year round, takes what may be called the minor damnabilities of life in his stride, without either making a song about them or writing home about them."

That sort of thing sounds easy, but take it from us, it isn't. We are all trying to write like that nowadays, to be sure, but most of us only succeed in losing what little dignity we might have if we stuck to a Biblical style.

It strikes us, too, as not so appropriate an illustration at St. Andrews as it would be at Harvard or Princeton. Probably all Scotchmen shave in cold water, and suppose that everybody else does.

IT WAS with considerable astonishment that the manager of a Minneapolis shoe store watched his new clerk, a tall Swede, deliberately throw a new pair of shoes into the wastebasket.

"What's the matter with those shoes?" asked the manager.

"Dey ain't any good," replied the clerk.

"How do you know?"

"I ban try 'em on half dozen fallers and dey wouldn't fit none of dem."

"DOES your grocer give you honest weights?" asked Mrs. Boggs.

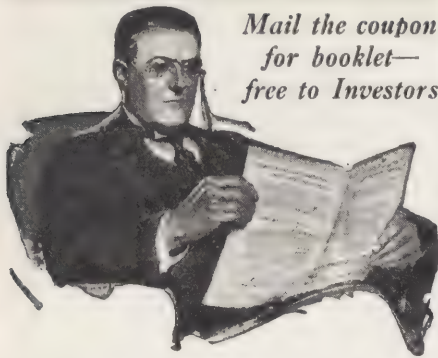
"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Biggs, "after ordering a three-pound sack of potatoes yesterday I watched him weigh it and when I told him it wasn't quite three pounds he went right out in the store-room and got a heavier sack."



Unusual Booklet free!

HEALTH authorities are all urging—"Eat More Fish!" This booklet, just off the press, is full of valuable breakfast, luncheon and dinner suggestions. Delicious, healthful, economical, easily made dishes, pictured in natural colors. Book handily arranged, convenient to use—lies flat when open—fits standard recipe card boxes. Send for copy to-day—free.

GORTON-PEW FISHERIES CO., Ltd., Dept. J, Gloucester, Mass.



Mail the coupon
for booklet—
free to Investors

Should any Man do less?

WHAT a glorious feeling for a man in the prime of life to know that through his own efforts he has built up a bulwark of wealth to protect those who are dependent upon him. Should any man do less?

You can become financially independent—you can provide for the future of your loved ones simply by living on a little less than you make and placing this surplus in safe interest bearing securities, such as 7% Adair Protected Bonds.

No loss in 58 years

These first mortgage real estate bonds, issued by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House, are safeguarded by the knowledge gained from 58 years experience in making first mortgage investments without loss to a single investor.

Make up your mind to-day to be financially independent. Mail the coupon for full information.

Adair Protected Bonds may be purchased outright or by our Monthly Investment Plan, which enables you to save at 7% interest. Full details upon request.

Denominations \$1,000, \$500 and \$100

Adair Protected Bonds

First Mortgage Real Estate

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. Est. 1865
Dept. I-6, Healey Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

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Please send me without obligation your booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

Name _____

Address _____

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They'll grow while you sleep.

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37rd St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

Making the Best of It

by Theodore Williams

THE securities market was, for the time being, adversely affected by the passage of the Bonus Bill over the President's veto. A material recovery, however, followed the action of the conference committee of the two houses of Congress in cutting out the most objectionable features of the Tax-Reduction Bill as adopted by the Senate. The measure, in its final vote-catching shape, differed considerably from the scientific Mellon plan, but it did actually lower tax rates, if not altogether wisely. It was at least a crude beginning in the right direction, and the best that could be got out of a partisan free-for-all. It was argued that if the bill should become a law its merits would be tested during the coming year, and if, as predicted, the rates agreed on should create a deficit in the Treasury, they could be corrected before the deficit went too far. So, it was widely felt that enactment of the bill would hardly be a calamity to the country.

It was realized, too, that the burden of the Bonus was diminished by the fact that it mainly provided for insurance instead of immediate big cash payments. The drain on the Treasury would be distributed over twenty years, and naturally increasing revenues in that interval might come to the rescue. The general disposition in commercial, industrial and financial circles was to take an optimistic view and adjust to the new conditions.

Whatever blow was delivered in connection with the Bonus and the imperfect Revenue Bill to the hopes of the business world, it was not staggering. The country can still move ahead and prosperity need not be despaired of. The securities market having largely discounted the less desirable effects of the two measures, the low prices of many sound issues offered remarkable opportunities to investors able to make new commitments.

Answers to Inquiries

S., MORRISTOWN, N. J.: Undoubtedly the \$6,000,000 issue of City of Rotterdam, Holland, 40-year external loan sinking fund 6s has merit and is one of the most attractive of foreign municipal obligations. The bonds are non-callable for ten years, are payable in United

States coin and the sinking fund is sufficient to redeem the entire issue by maturity. Rotterdam's credit is high. It is a thriving city and its bonded indebtedness is moderate. At the offering price the bonds yielded over 6½ per cent. While they are good foreign securities many American investors will prefer first mortgage real estate bonds paying 6, 6½, 7 or 7½ per cent. secured by property in growing cities in the United States. These are not so readily marketable, but their price does not fluctuate and their security is of the highest.

A., OMAHA, NEB.: No oil company can be called a "sure thing," especially if it be new and untried. So-called trusts organized in Texas during the past few years have been among the greatest mulekats of the public. I advise that you put your money into some substantial issue paying a dividend.

O., NEW YORK: Be cautious in making any purchase of lots in the Muscle Shoals region. Some time ago it was alleged in a reputable journal that there has been much fraud in the sale of lots in that section. Worthless tracts, it was asserted, had been worked off on the credulous public at high prices. Before risking money in that direction you should personally investigate the ground offered for sale or else get a report on it from some reliable party, not interested in selling.

A., DULUTH, MINN.: The U. S. Mexican Oil Co. was incorporated in 1912. Yet in 1923, the date of my latest advice, it had not paid a dividend, its production was extremely small, its mortgage tank vessels had been foreclosed on, and it had defaulted in payment of principal and interest on its bonds to the amount of \$2,500,000. These facts make the prospects of the company appear rather dark.

B., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: Probably the Laredo municipal bonds were duly investigated by your bank before it recommended purchase. In that case the bond is no doubt safe. The high rate of interest allowed by the building and loan association in Oklahoma is possible because, although the legal rate of interest in that State is only 6 per cent., 10 per cent. is permitted on contract. Therefore if the association is properly managed your investment in it should be reasonably safe.

K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Earnings of American Beet Sugar Co. for the past year were estimated at \$9 per share on the common. The company resumed dividends by declaring a quarterly return of \$1 for an entire year, or \$4 in all. Its last previous dividend was \$2 paid in January, 1921. The reason that the stock still sells low is lack of confidence in it by the investing public. Should business continue good and the dividend seem assured, a higher price for the shares would not be unlikely.

NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1924.

Free Booklets for Investors

An investment guide which has been of great value to thousands of investors during the past thirty-nine years has been issued by George M. Fornan & Co., Dept. 47, 105 West Monroe street, Chicago. It is entitled "How to Select Safe Bonds." It gives eight simple tests which furnish an index to the safety of any investment. Fornan & Company will mail a copy of this pamphlet to any interested investor.

Application to Adair Realty & Trust Co., Dept. 1-5, Atlanta, Ga., will secure a copy of an interesting booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds." Interest in investments in the South seems to be on the increase and Adair Protected Bonds, which are first mortgage securities based on properties in growing Southern cities, have had a wide distribution. These bonds, paying 7 per cent., are well secured and their liberal yield, and the fact that they do not fluctuate in price under any conditions, has commended them to thousands of conservative investors. The company has been in business fifty-eight years without loss to a single customer. Those who desire it can obtain these bonds on the company's convenient monthly investment plan, which is explained in the booklet referred to.

"Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital" is the title of a free illustrated booklet issued by the F. H. Smith Co., Smith Bldg., Washington, D. C. It shows how Washington has become one of the leading centers of investment in the United States, and how the city is still developing. The company deals in first mortgage real estate bonds which pay 6½ per cent. or more and which are based on valuable properties at the capital. The company has been in business for fifty-one years and none of its customers has suffered loss. The booklet mentioned can be obtained by sending to Smith & Co. for free booklet No. 24-U.

The purchase of securities on partial payments has become widely prevalent. James M. Leopold & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall street, New York, are serving many clients in this way. Through them can be obtained good securities in small or large lots on that plan. For full particulars ask the firm to send Booklet L-7.

Readers of the *Bache Review* have found it extremely useful in enabling them to form correct judgments of business and financial conditions. Many business men are taking advantage of the publisher's offer to send free copies to them for three months. Those who desire to obtain this valuable publication should apply to J. S. Bache & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Purchasers of securities do well to investigate the record of the financial houses with which they deal. For many years G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 110 Carbide and Carbon Bldg., 30 East Forty-second street, New York, have been making an excellent record in the distribution of first mortgage real estate bonds. These issues pay as high as 7 per cent. and are backed by income producing properties appraised much above the face value of the bonds. This house declares that no investor ever lost a dollar in Miller bonds. It is sending out to all applicants its booklet, "Creating Good Investments," and a circular describing a Miller first mortgage bond issue.

YOU CAN BUY Good Securities in Small or Large Lots on Partial Payments

Ask for Booklet L-7 which explains
our plan and terms

James M. Leopold & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
7 Wall Street New York
Established 1884

Art for the Democrats

(Continued from page 19)

ally has an original idea or two, but for the most part its ideas consist of nothing more original than having one comedian shoot another who, on a particularly hot day, professes to like the weather, and having a third comedian lie down on the floor in order the better to survey the enchantments of a lady's limb.

The two best things in the show are, first, a sketch in which the stage decorations of goldenrod cause the actors in a melodrama to sneeze their heads off at the most thrilling and dramatic moments, and, secondly, a burlesque of a typical Avery Hopwood play in which all the characters appear in their underclothes. The three stars of the occasion are Hazel Dawn, Charles King and Johnny Dooley. Miss Dawn's material is weak and she accordingly relies on expensive costumes and the old fiddle to stir up interest in herself. King is still imitating George Cohan and Dooley is still trusting to God and a tough sit-spot for laughs. Far and away the best dancing number on the bill is one called, "The Fifth Avenue Stride," executed by Edward Tierney, James Donnelly and Dorothy Van Alst. Among the rubber stamps are the song number in which everyone is dressed in gypsy costume, the scene in which the fashion dummies in a shop window come to life, the sentimental bucolic ditty in which the tenor comes on in a pair of lizzie overalls, the Oriental dance in which the ballerina wriggles around the stage like a cockeyed snake, and the dialogue in which the girl says to the brash juvenile, "But you are a stranger to me," and the juvenile, tilting his straw hat over one eye, wittily retorts, "Do I look so strange to you?"

MRS. NUROX, riding along in her new gold-paneled coupé with Mrs. Highflown, had occasion to refer to her chauffeur as "Clarence."

"How odd," commented Mrs. Highflown, "to call one's chauffeur by his first name."

Mrs. Nurox was quick to correct the error.

"Clarence," she called.

He stopped the car, and looked around.

"I am not accustomed to call my chauffeurs by their first names, Clarence. What is your surname?"

"Darling, madam."

"Drive on, Clarence."

A TRAVELING salesman who lost his watch in Syracuse, reported it to the chief of police, who said he would not leave a stone unturned until it was found.

Recently the salesman, visiting Syracuse, was walking up Salina street: seeing the bed of the old canal all dug up, he immediately rushed to police headquarters and said to the chief: "Stop digging up your town. The watch wasn't worth it."



What's in a "record"?

For the investor, the record of the investment house he deals with is an important element of safety. If it is a good record, it means that the house has honestly tried to protect the investor against loss—and has had skill and experience enough to succeed in protecting him.

When we repeat that Miller First Mortgage Bonds have never caused any investor to lose a dollar, we are merely trying to express to you the truth now—today—that these bonds ought to be investigated by anybody who is looking for safety and an income return up to 7%. Such a combination of liberal income return and demonstrated safety is too rare to be overlooked by any wise investor. Mail the coupon today for free booklet,

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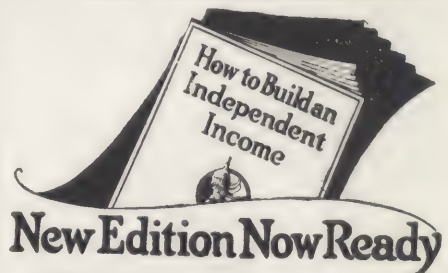
Investment Opportunities

The securities market at present offers good chances to far-sighted investors. The issues of many leading corporations—long established, seasoned dividend payers—are selling below their intrinsic worth. Whatever may have happened during the past, the investment quality of these issues has not been impaired. They can be prudently bought and they render fine yields on market price. They also bid fair to be profitable as speculations, for they promise in time to seek higher levels. The Investment Bureau will gladly specify to inquirers stocks and bonds that are reasonably safe and desirable.

The Bureau takes the long view of the securities outlook and does not attempt to forecast day-by-day developments, or to advise as to quick turns. Its attitude is at all times conservative. It aims to guide the investor to sound commitments and to safeguard him against undesirable promotions and danger of loss. The Bureau stresses the point that fluctuations in prices are inevitable in any stock market, but that these are of less concern to the well-advised investor than the merit and the safety of the issues he may be interested in. Its opinions in each case are as unbiased as the editor's judgment can make them, and are based strictly on the available facts. No issues are commended that do not seem praiseworthy, and no issues are condemned unless they are clearly unworthy.

It is a source of satisfaction to the Bureau that so many readers have expressed their appreciation of the information and advice which it has given. Scores of subscribers have gratefully acknowledged that they have been saved from serious losses by its warnings, while a host of others have been guided into making worth-while investments. Answers in these columns have often led inquirers away from the path of disaster to that of safety. The subscription price of this paper is a small matter compared with a possible loss or a possible gain of hundreds or thousands of dollars. Not a few subscribers have depended on the counsels of the Bureau for years and they refuse to make commitments until they get its opinion.

In this connection, attention is called to "Free Booklets for Investors," one of the features of this department, appearing in another column. There may be found the names and addresses of reputable houses which are ready to send to all applicants letters and circulars containing information which may be of much value to persons desiring to invest money to good advantage.



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Name

Address

Catarrh, Etc.

Your blood, containing fruit acid, is the only substance that can dissolve any mucus or "paste" in your system.

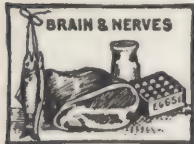
Mucus-Making Foods

In its passage through the body mucus is secreted in various organs, causing disease. The effects or symptoms are then named variously according to location, but the source of the trouble is the same—fermentation, chiefly from butter, cheese, cream, fat, oil, salt, etc., when used beyond your capacity, or in wrong combinations.

100 Names for 1 Disease

Mucus causes catarrh of the eyes (conjunctivitis), of the nose (rhinitis), of the ears (otitis, deafness), of the bronchial tubes (bronchitis, asthma), of the lungs (tuberculosis), of the stomach (gastritis), of the appendix (appendicitis), of the bowels (colitis), etc.

Correct Eating Cures



Pure juice from grapefruit, without sugar, and pure tomato juice, berries, etc., when used as freely as water and combined with adequate quantities of the brain-and-nerve nourishing foods with stimulative and laxative vegetables, can prepare your blood for dissolving mucus.

Fresh fruit acids clean a stomach that is suffering from mucus or acidity. Hyperacidity, acidosis, is produced by mucus from fermenting foods, just as vinegar is made from fermenting sugar, syrups and fruits. But fresh fruit acid when correctly combined is always beneficial.

Objectionable features of catarrh are expectoration, "hawking," "running nose." In a singer or speaker, a career, a life work, is ruined by a little flocculent matter on the vocal cords producing hoarseness, forfeited engagements, missed opportunities, etc. Deafness hinders advancement in business. Noises in the head make the sufferer irritable, and irrational.

Tubercular Catarrh

A deposit of mucus in the lungs is often suppressed by medicine made from coal tar derivatives. The cough is sometimes quieted, but the mucus remains to form the seat of tuberculosis.

Why Envy the Live-Wire?

Mucus when present in large quantities prevents the nerves from assimilating their due nutriment. It is a cause of undue fatigue.

Stop using mucus-making foods and learn to take brain-and-nerve foods, etc. Build yourself into a go-getter, a live-wire, an untiring person, internally clean, who turns work into pleasure.

One pupil wrote: "No mucus; voice stronger, head clear as a bell, gained 20 pounds, and now earn four times as much."

Educational booklet 10 Cents. Sworn statements. Over 6,000 pupils.

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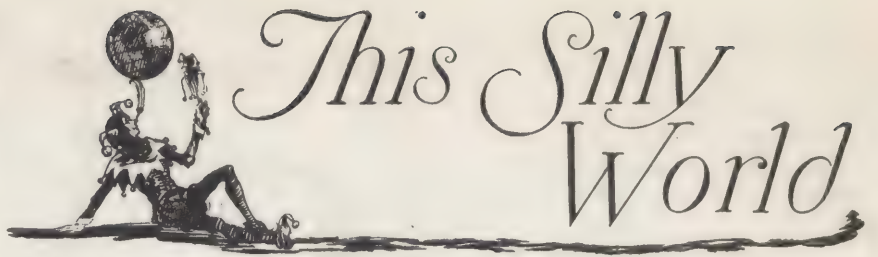
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Dept. 22 South Bend, Indiana



A Bitter Disappointment

Eloping Wife (sobbing)—I-I've j-just had a t-t-telegram from my husband.

Her Lover (anxiously)—He doesn't want you to go back, does he?

"N-no. All he wants to know is where I l-left his clean pair of socks, the b-brute!"—*Bulletin* (Sydney).

Among the Alps

She—How prosaic it all is! Nothing but snow!

He—Yes, and we can't even see the mountains because of it.—*Pakitu* (Barcelona).

A Through Trip

A visitor, being shown round the lake, asked his guide how deep it was.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depth, but last year a young Australian came here to bathe, took his clothes off and dived in, and we never saw him again."

"And did you never hear from him again?"

"Oh, yes, we had a cablegram from Australia, asking us to send his clothes on."—*Tit-Bits* (London).

"How do you like my niece?"

"Fine!"

"Yes, she is charming, spiritual, gentle, but unfortunately she doesn't have a cent."

"She seems to me to have all the qualities for becoming an old maid."—*Le Journal Amusant* (Paris).

Frenzied Producer—Look here, Miss De Fence, you've just got to put more emotion into this scene! Can't you realize that your husband is leaving you, never to return?

Blasé Movie Star—My dear man, I've had six blessed husbands leave me, never to return, so I think I ought to know how much emotion to put into it as well as anyone!—*Passing Show* (London).

"Are you an actress, auntie?"

"No, darling, why do you ask?"

"Because Daddy said when you came we'd have a scene."—*Kabaret* (Lwow).

According to astronomers, Mars is gradually moving further away from the earth. I congratulate it.—*Passing Show* (London).

The Easy Way

The professor of mathematics and his fiancée were roaming in the fields when she plucked a daisy and, looking roguishly at him, began to pull off the petals, saying:

"He loves me, he loves me not—"

"You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary trouble," said the scholar. "You should count up the petals, and if the total is an even number, the answer will be in the negative; if an uneven number, in the affirmative."—*Tit-Bits* (London).

"Are you sure you've used every argument with which to convince your husband?"

"Absolutely. There isn't a whole dish left in the house."—*Szczutek* (Lwow).

Sir Harry Lauder is to tour the world again. This is his farewell appearance. (No. 1, New Series.)—*London Opinion*.

Uncle—A month ago I made my will, and everything is left to you.

Niece—What are you waiting for, then?—*Szczutek* (Lwow).



"These two members of your cast don't seem to be hitting it off in the right way. What's the matter?"

"Oh, they are quarreling about how they will play their big love scene in the first act."—*Le Journal Amusant* (Paris).



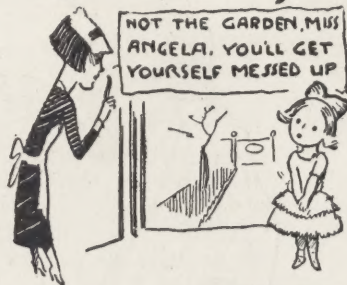
THERE NOW, MAMMA'S PET LOOKS A LITTLE ANGEL IN HER PRETTY NEW FROCK



SEE THAT MISS ANGELA KEEPS HER FROCK CLEAN TILL THE VISITORS ARRIVE



NOT TOYS NOW, MISS ANGELA, THEY'LL DIRTY YOUR FROCK



NOT THE GARDEN, MISS ANGELA, YOU'LL GET YOURSELF MESSED UP



YOU MUSTN'T GO IN THE BATH ROOM, MISS ANGELA YOU'LL WET YOUR FROCK



LEAVE BONZO ALOPE, MISS ANGELA; YOU'LL GET ALL OVER PAWMARKS



AH, THERE'S THE BELL. JUST SIT THERE HALF A SECOND WHILE I SHOW THE GUESTS IN



The Little Angel.

—London Mail.

The Specialist

Enraged Father (at top of stairs, 2.30 A.M.)—All right, Maud! I only say it's a pity he doesn't know how to say good night.

Maud (from below)—Oh, doesn't he, though? You ought to come and take a look!—Bulletin (Sydney).

"I'm very careful; I always send my children out of the house before I quarrel with my husband."

"The little dears, they look so healthy from spending their time in the open air."—Szczutek (Lwow).

Mistress (engaging new maid)—And above all, I expect you to be discreet.

Maid—Yes, ma'am, and what is there to be discreet about?—London Opinion.

First He—Beautifully built, isn't she?
Second He—Yes, of course, her father's a building contractor.—Pociegiel (Lwow).

His Heart's Desire

He—I could face death dancing with you.

She—You probably will if my husband sees you.—Bulletin (Sydney).

Medical Professor—What is the first thing you would do if a patient of yours were blown into the air by an explosion?

Medical Student—Wait for him to come down.—Szczutek (Lwow).

Host (showing visitor over estate)—This oak is supposed to be five hundred years old.

Visitor (an antique dealer)—Hmm! Probably a fake.—Passing Show (London).

School-teacher—I am quite put out with your boy. He couldn't tell me the date of the death of Louis XVI.

The Mother—Don't be too hard on him, we never read the newspapers.—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

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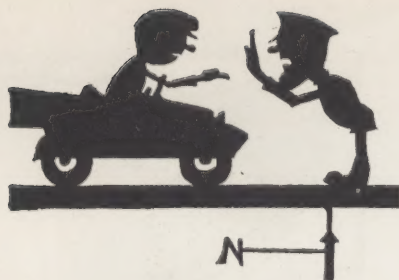
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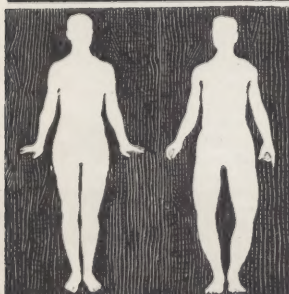
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Every housewife dreads having her hot range going in hot Summer weather. "But there is no need of it now," says Mrs. J. W. Thompson. More than 200,000 women have found an easy way to make their ranges real gas stoves, with a wonderful device called the Oliver Oil-Gas Burner. No extra summer stove necessary. It can be slipped into any range or stove in less than fifteen minutes. No holes to drill, no changes whatever. Then, you have much or little heat as desired, on or off at turn of valve. Turns off instantly when a meal is prepared, before the kitchen is heated up. Does away forever with the dirt and drudgery, ashes, soot, smoke of coal and wood. By writing to the Oliver Oil-Gas Burner Company, 634 Oliver Building, St. Louis, Mo., you can get a Free Book which tells you this inexpensive way to make your own range a gas stove. (Agents and distributors are wanted to demonstrate this wonderful device. Many make as high as \$200 a month spare time, and as much as \$5,000 or more a year full time.)

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Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 18



Wife—Don't you know when to stop?
Husband—Aye! Any time afore they plays "Ere Comes the Bride."


The \$25 Prize in JUDGE'S 50-50 Contest No. 18, announced in the May 3, 1924, issue, was won by John L. Riley, care of National Supply Co., Corsicana, Tex. Among the other answers which received consideration were: "No! Or I would a been a happy old Bach," George E. Wiles, Route No. 1, Box No. 57A, Stockton, Cal.; "Sure! When the whistle blows," Sam Gordon, Box No. 423, Spring Valley, N. Y.



"PARADISE"

Sunday morning and not another soul on the course.

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK



Apartment House Superintendent—I gotta warn ya that there's to be no loud laughter or unseemly hi-lar-i-ty after ten o'clock at night.

Prospective Tenant—Cancel the application, then. Why, man, I've been subscribing to *JUDGE* for years!

HELPFUL HINT TO BUILDERS.—Construct at least one sound-proof room in each apartment for use on the day that *JUDGE* reaches the public—that's every Thursday—and avoid unseemly hi-lar-i-ty.



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