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THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

JUDGE

OCTOBER 11, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

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G. BERTHON CUTTS

ABROAD AT HOME

Can you originate a clever second line for this joke?



Minister—Why did Noah build the ark?

Betty—.....

JUDGE'S FIFTY-FIFTY CONTEST No. 41

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

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of Judge may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted but none will be returned. No. 41 Contest closes October 21, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the November 22, 1924, issue of Judge. Check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that date. In the meantime, No. 42 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 October 21.

“LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS”

JUDGE WANTS TO KNOW

WHAT John S. Sumner thinks of
the Bible.

☞☞☞

JUST what one has to do in Illinois
to get hung.

☞☞☞

WHAT good Christian Klansmen
think “Love thy neighbor as thy-
self” means.

☞☞☞

WHY it's such an honor to be a
100 per cent. American.

☞☞☞

WHAT the Statue of Liberty is
thinking about these days.

☞☞☞

WHY the window displays of hip
flasks and cocktail shakers are in-
creasing.

☞☞☞

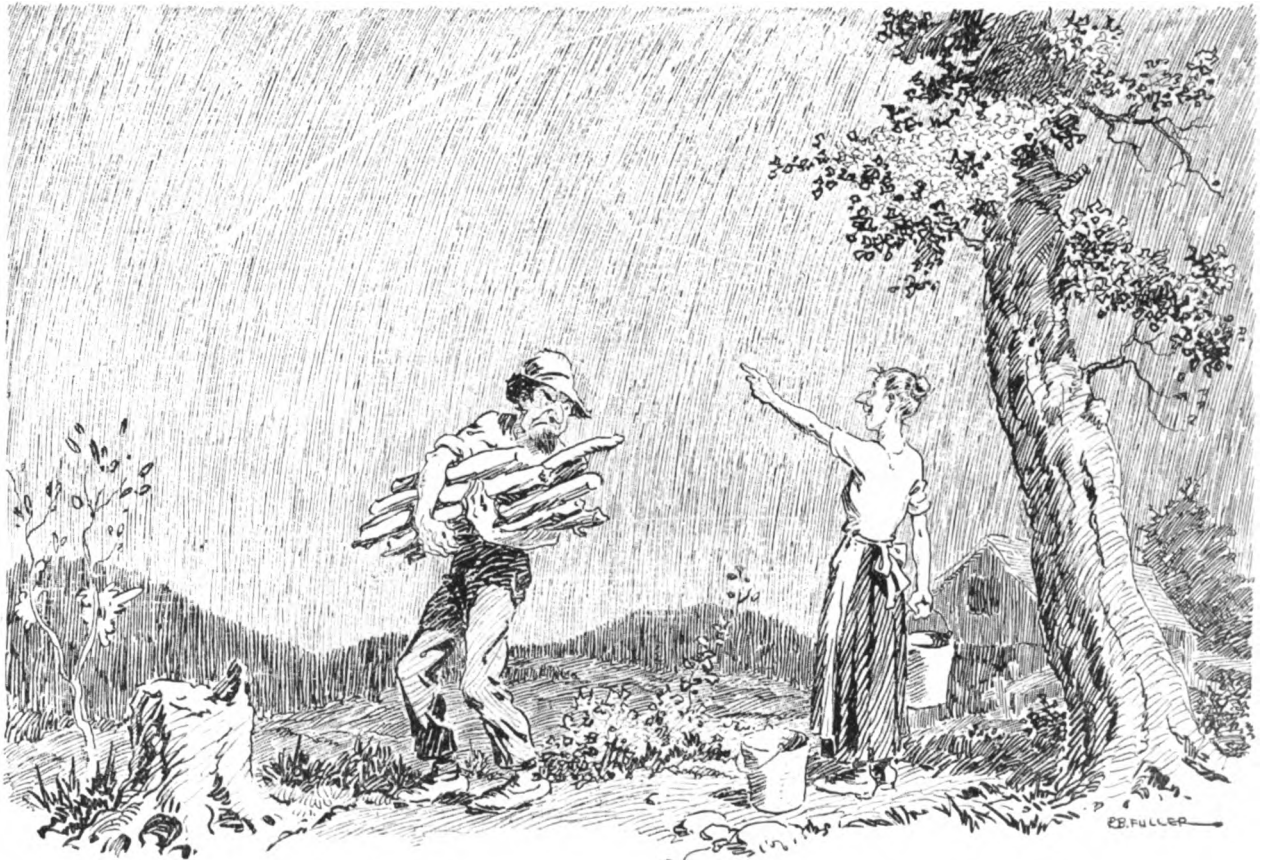
WHAT makes people simple
minded enough to paste bathing girls
on the windows of their cars.

☞☞☞

IF Dempsey belongs to the Klan
because he seems to avoid colored
people.

IF there is such a thing as a civil
traffic cop.

WHAT all the shootin's for in
China.



MRS. HARDCRABBLE—*O-oh! A shooting star!*
“Yeh? Now don't let me hear you say agin you don't git any amusement around here!”



YEGMAN (former plumber, to helper)—*I've forgotten some of my tools, Mike. I'll wait here while you go back for them.*

Bitter Sweet

The friend who tells the "candid truth"

Were better buried in his youth.
So add a little sugar still
To sweeten that unpleasant pill
And give me—if you must and will—

The candied truth!

Social Attainment

Alice—Was Mrs. North's reception a success?

Virginia—My, yes! She made more than twenty people mad by not inviting them.

His Nose Knows

Little smells of cigarettes,
And little smells of gin,
Tell a nosy Daddy

Where his little girl has been.

Lucia Trent

Rules for Garage Keepers

IF THERE is a lady in the car, look her over, and if her make-up doesn't suit you, push the gas nozzle in her face and say: "Have a bath on me."

When repairing any car, no matter how slightly, and if the car is fairly new, go over it carefully and put your finger marks on all the varnish. This always pleases the owner.

Always promise to have a car done at a particular time. When the owner comes for it, always say: "It will be ready next week."

When a car rolls up, walk out slowly, lean up against the rail, puff a cigar in the driver's face, and say: "Now what the hell do you want?"

When a number of cars drive up and cluster about the gas tank for gas, always make a rule: "Last come, first served." This makes fine road feeling.

To the owner of every flivver always say: "Well, how does it feel to be driving a real car?"



ASSISTANT—*Madam, do you really intend to buy anything?*

CUSTOMER—*Of course I do! What do you mean? "I thought perhaps you were taking an inventory."*

Funnybones

What this country needs is a man who can be right and President at the same time.

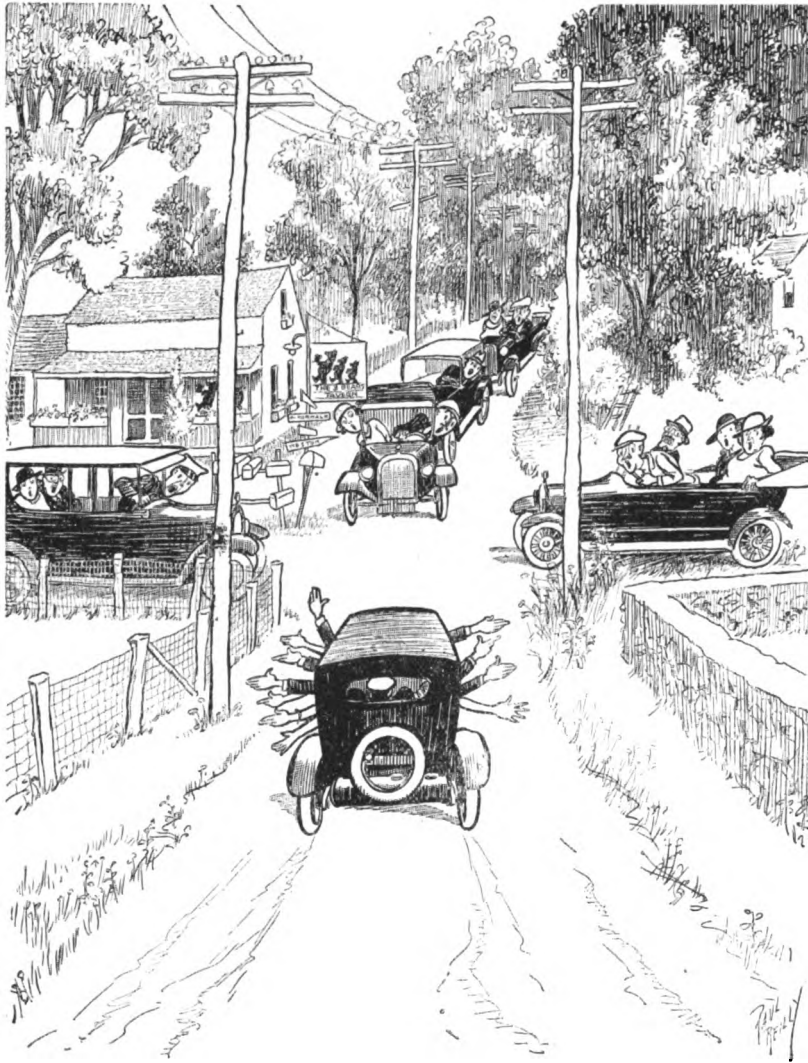
Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



VEGETARIAN'S HUSBAND (timidly)—*Do you know, my dear, I really think we ought to have a bit of meat once in a while? Three times, last night, I caught myself whinnying!*



GRANDPA—*What say, what?*
GRANDMA—*I says, I think I feel a draft.*



The father of a large family is thinking of turning to the right.

A Misunderstanding!

Blackstone—I have a noiseless typewriter in my office, now.

Webster—Better marry her, old chap, before she quits her job!



There are two ways to reach your goal: the first is to put your shoulder to the wheel; the second, not to buy that kind of a car.

Funnybones

Where there's a Will there's no Denial!

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



LITTLE JONES—Miss Smith—Eva—my thoughts have long been—er—centered on one great object.

Bright Sayings of the Parents!

SCORES of newspapers throughout the country daily print paragraphs devoted to the bright sayings of children. It seems to us the parents of these children, who must be equally as scintillating, have been terribly neglected, so we are going to start a column for the grown-ups! Keep your ears open, children, and whenever you hear Popper or Mommer pull a wise crack send it to the "Bright Sayings of Parents" Editor. \$5 will be paid for each one printed.

Tony Pachagaluppi, fifty-four a yeers old, he taka me for a stroll one-a day to the zoo.

"Wotsa dem animules, pop?" I ask.

"Dem's elemuphunts," my pop, he say.

"How dey ship dem big elemuphunts from-a one-a country to anodder?"

"In-a dere trunks, I suppos-a," say my smart pop.

Tony Pachagaluppi, four and three-fourth years old

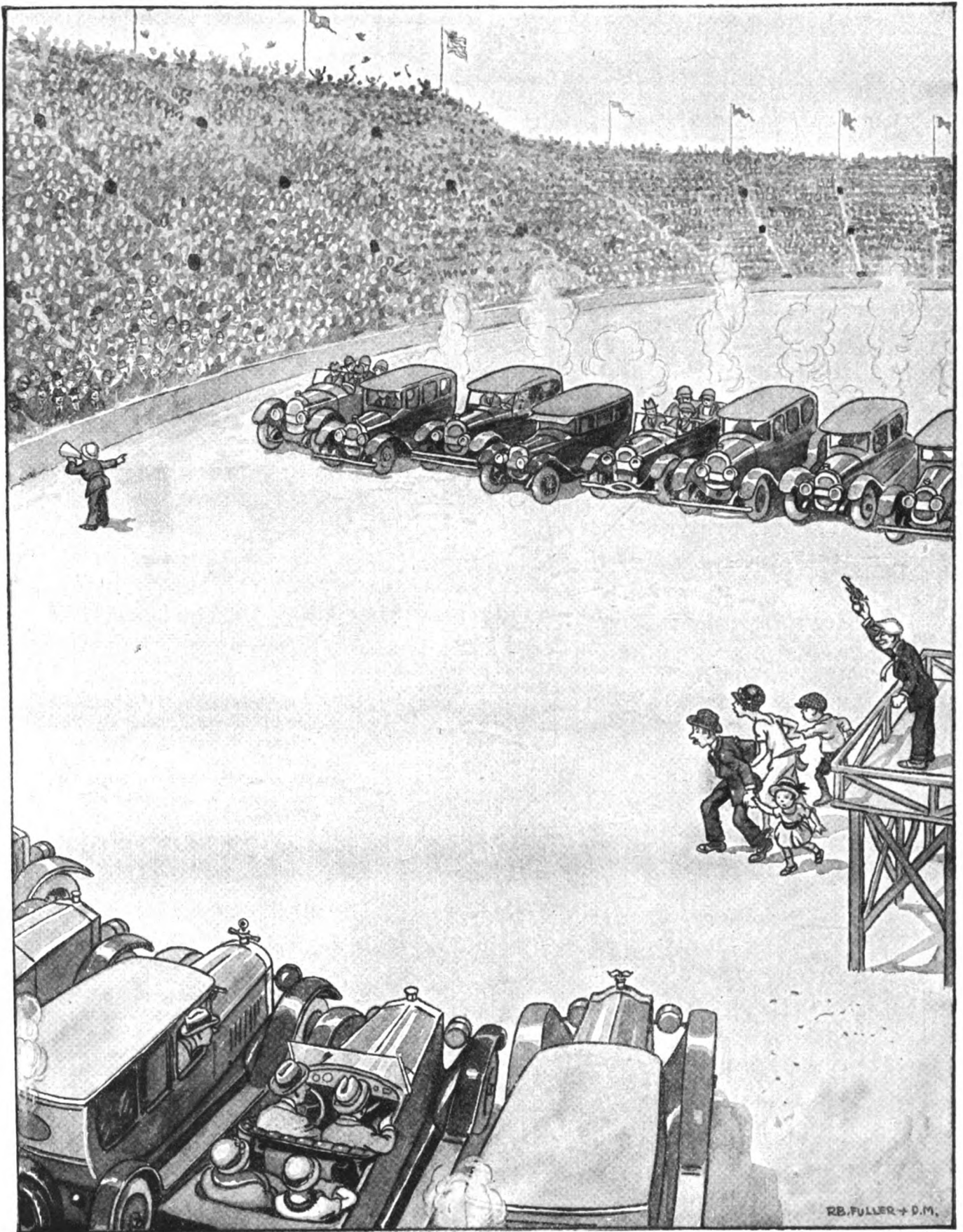
Oi was passing a drug shstore with me father, thirty-six, whuin an old frend, Clancy Shanahan, sez: "Good mornin' to ya, Riley. An' are ya thirsty?"

"Shure," sez me old man, "come on in an have a drink."

"But do ya know the druggist?" asks Clancy.

"Not exactly," sez me pop, "only a winking acquaintance!"

John Riley, five and one-half years



THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME
Pedestrians vs. Motorists



BOBBY (minding baby)—*Say! Didn't you get no instruction booklet with this, mother?*

Funnybones

Beggars can't be boozers.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

A weekly recently propounded the following:

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

The answer, of course, is: Time to wind it.

Have You Murdered a Man?

True Confessions by Murderesses!

"Just for Fun"

There is nothing to my story of how I murdered my husband. I did it just for fun. Now I'm sorry. After all, a revolver never can take the place of a bread winner. Live and learn. Is this worth \$2, Mr. Editor?

Lovingly yours,

*Mrs. Sempronia Coughdrop,
47 Beerkeg street.*

P.S. Never mind, I'm married again.

Black Magic

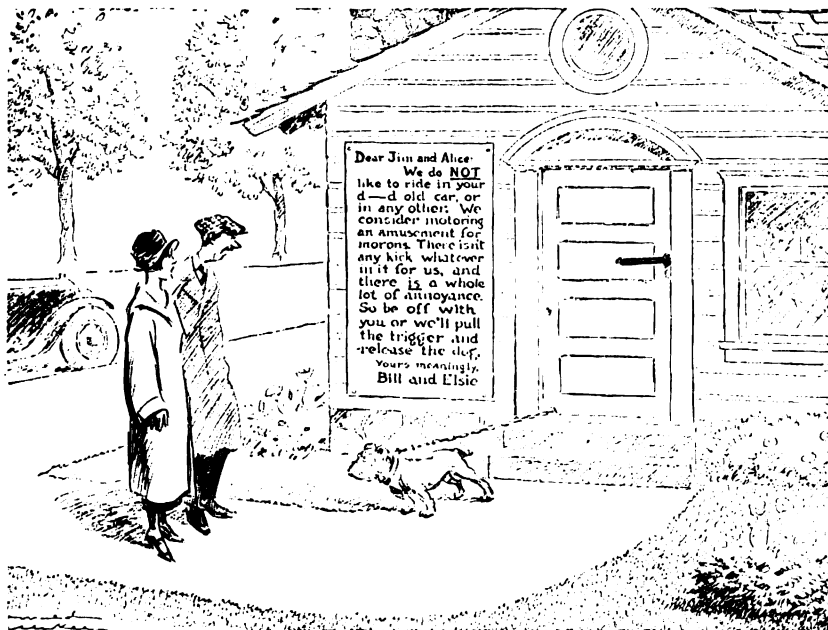
Ancient—Young people don't burn the midnight oil over their work as we old-timers did.

Recent—No, grandpa, times have changed. Nowadays, we get along faster in the dark.

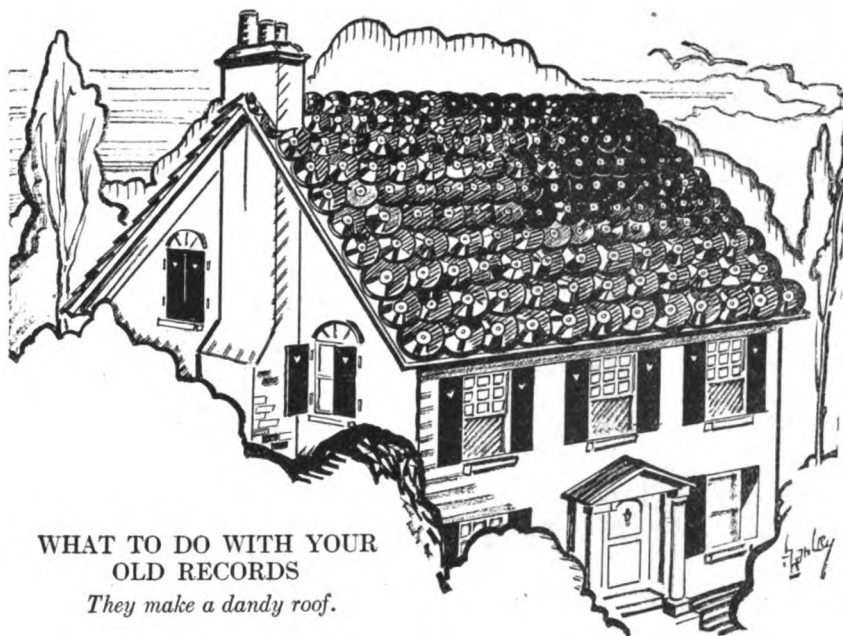
Funnybones

Let me live in a house by the side of a "purty good road," and furnish a mule team for autoists.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



How to break it gently to the friends who insist on taking you motoring.



WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR
OLD RECORDS
They make a dandy roof.

A Modern Fairy Tale

ONCE upon a time—there was a Pullman porter whose name was not George.

- a professor who was not absent-minded.
- an office boy who did not read Diamond Dick stories.
- a maid who was not fair.
- a cop who was not Irish.
- a politician who was not a grafter.
- a fireman who did not wear red suspenders.
- a husband who remained in love with his wife or vice versa.
- a bachelor who did not think every woman he met had set her cap for him.
- a football hero who did not flunk his exams.
- a bricklayer who did not own a car.
- a reporter who thought he was being paid as much as he deserved.
- a city editor who was loved by his staff.
- a traffic cop who was bashful.
- a detective who did not wear thick-soled shoes.
- an actor who did not want to play Hamlet.
- a father who admitted his baby had shortcomings.

This was once upon a time, of course.

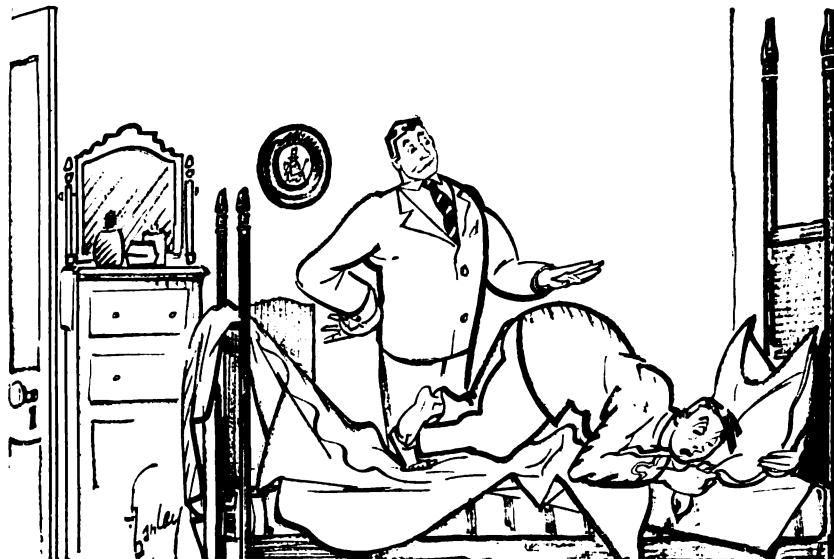
Timothy Edward Mahoney

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage
While we have Psychiatrists
And Pathology's the rage!

Funnybones

When Cupid hits his mark he usually Mrs. it.

Judges will pay \$5 for each one printed



FOOTBALL PLAYER—*Wake up, Charlie, how'd you sleep?*

VISITING TEAM MATE—*Why did you ever put me in a four-poster, I've been trying to make touchdowns all night.*

The Cozy Corner

DEAR COZY CORNER:

Everybody wonders how I roll my seed cookies so wafer thin. When we bought our electric washing machine we didn't sell the old wringer.

Alfreda, Iowa

DEAR COZY CORNER:

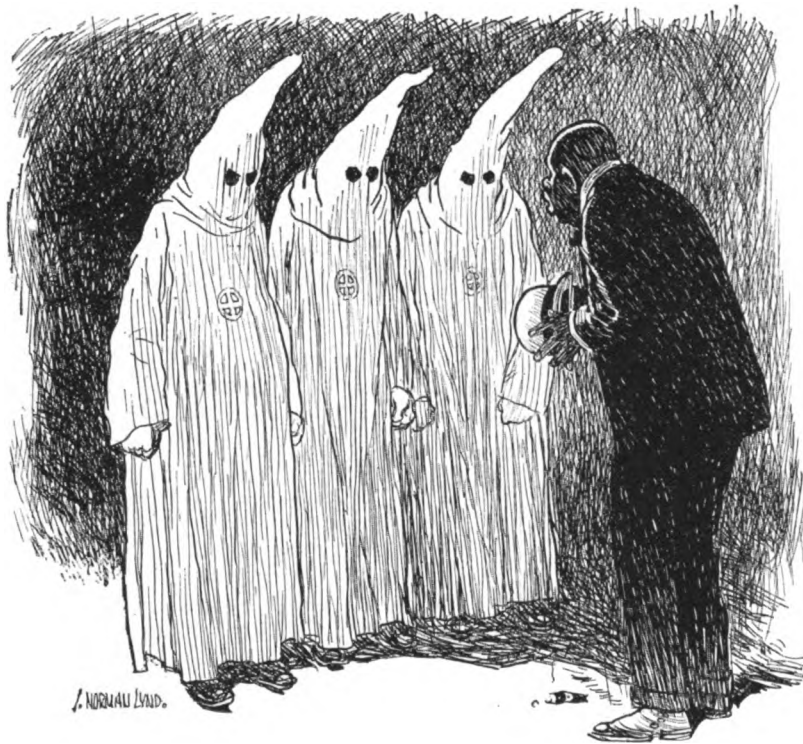
This idea may be of use to other young people, who, like us, are struggling to make ends meet. We had to give a dinner one week and attend a masquerade the next, which meant a dreadful expense. I determined to make one provide for the other. Ordering four dozen artichokes, I saved the discarded leaves, dried them, and sewed them to a cheesecloth lining. The night of the masquerade I appeared as the serpent, and nine different men told me that I looked sufficiently tempting without the apple. Poor Tom offered to go as Adam, but with a few cornhusks and a pumpkin vine or two he was simply stunning as the Spirit of Autumn.

Eve, Illinois

DEAR COZY CORNER:

I have been greatly interested in your "Saving Steps in the Kitchen" campaign, and through its inspiration I have made the hours in my big kitchen a time of genuine en-

(Continued on page 22)



NORMAN LEWIS

K. K. & K.—*This is just a warning—got anything to say?*
“Yessir—ah wanna thank you gemmen for curin’ ma hiccoughs.”

Love Tips

Young Romeo of bygone days
 Sighed for his lady love
 So deeply that his fondest wish
 Was but to be her glove.

But nowadays we all could give
 Friend Romeo some tips,
 For while about it, why not be
 The rouge upon her lips?
 —Lucia Trent

Higgs—What will we do with
 our old prohibition agents?
 Biggs—Haven’t we got asylums
 for the blind?

“I hear that Mose has made the
 last payment on his little bungalow.”
 “Yah, suh! An’ he earned
 ebry cent ob it by de sweat ob his
 wife’s brow.”

Immigration has now swelled
 our population to 120,000,000 of
 people. And who was it that
 said the first hundred are the
 hardest?

Funnybones

*A lot of good Eng. ish is wasted on
 a cue ball.*

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

**The Absorbing Adventures
 of Professor Blotter**

PROFESSOR BLOTTER has baffled science again.

The venerable scientist’s fame had spread rapidly after his explorations in the Caucasian Mountains, in search of a new kind of concrete to use in the erasers on lead pencils. I found him sitting alone in his pajamas, applying hair tonic to his chin.

“What are you doing?” I gasped.
 “What am I doing what?” he muttered sullenly.

“What you are doing,” I explained.
 “Yes,” he replied, and lathered his chin again silently.

I shifted my weight to the other foot.

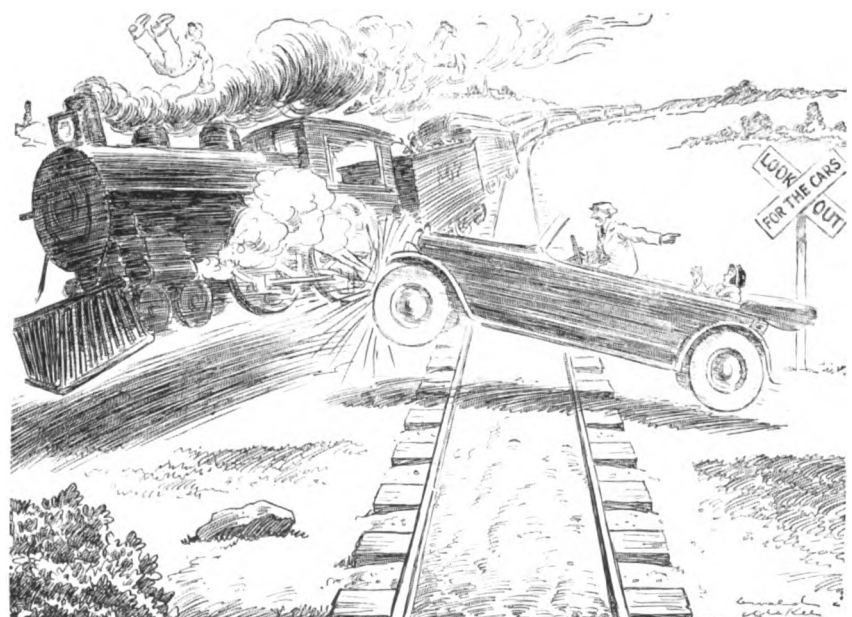
“As a matter of fact,” resumed Dr. Blotter presently, “I am about to find out, by means of a personal experiment, the solution to a question which has been puzzling scientists for centuries.”

He set down his hair tonic and turned to me solemnly.

“When a man with a long beard goes to bed,” he asked, “does he sleep with his beard inside the covers or out?”

And so saying, the aged scientist snapped out the light, and waited for his beard to grow.

Corey Ford



MOTORIST (in a dream)—*Well, couldn’t ya read the sign?*



IN THE YEAR 2000
Saying it with architecture for the tourists



SWEET YOUNG THING—*I'd like some insect powder, please.*
JEALOUS CLERK—*Why don't you just hit him over the head with a hammer?*

Biggs—Say, **Higgs**, how old is that boy of yours now?

Higgs (a motor-car enthusiast). Well, now, let me see. That boy was born exactly three new cars ago.

Practice Makes Perfect

He—Do you love me like you used to?

She—I think I can do better than that now.

As Prescribed by Volstead

Teacher—What is meant by dry measure, Bobby?

Bobby Wetmore—One half of one per cent., I reckon.



MRS. ISAACS—*Jacob wants someding oxciting to read—hairbreadth esgapes, marvelous resgues, und all dot!*

MR. ISAACS—*So? I vill cut him out a lot of batent medicine advertisements at vunce!*

Geography (?)

BOUND Philadelphia on the north
 (a) In the American League.

(b) In the National League.

When some one knocked his home city, what famous Pittsburgher said: "It soots me."

On what river is Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and where is the Poughkeepsie Bridge?

In what river is Paris, France (high tide)?

In what countries or alleys do people yodel?

What are Yonkers?

Who said what? Why? .

How would you go from New York City to Los Angeles, Cal., stopping at Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, Yellowstone Park, Salt Lake City, etc., if you had no money?

To become a warden must an individual know how to parse sentences?

Why is it Niagara Falls?

In Bret Harte's story, why were the Outcasts of Poker Flat?

Does your daughter or automobile (if any) smoke?

Whom do you prefer: William Jennings or Brother Charlie. (Answer yes or no.)

Robert Cyril O'Brien

Funnybones

"Can that stuff," said the fisherman as he threw the salmon catch on the shore.

Judgo will pay \$5 for each one printed

THE JERICHO JOURNAL
(As it might have been)

DAVID SCORES KNOCKOUT OVER GIANT IN 3rd

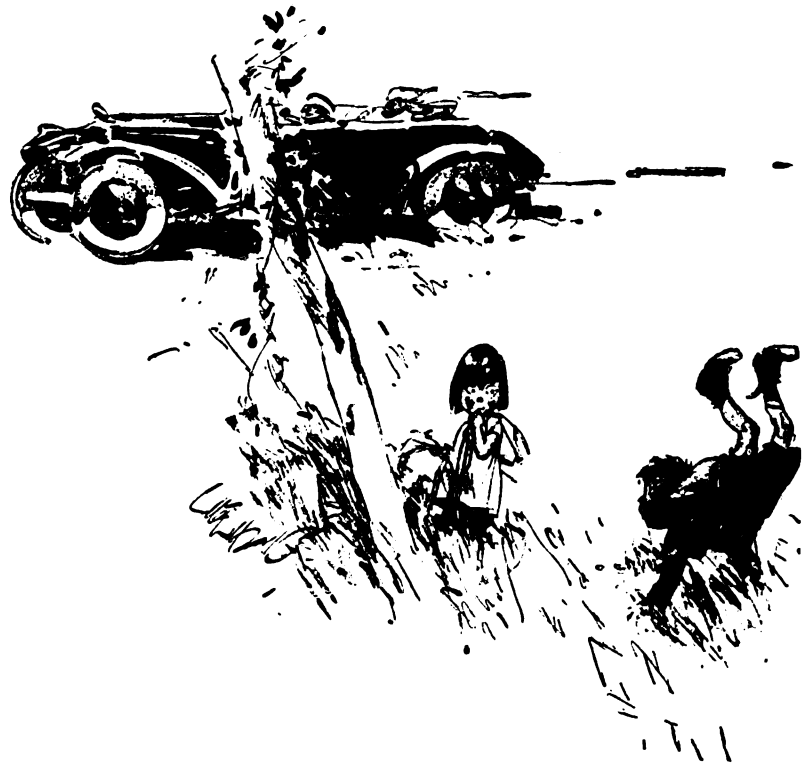
Young Pride of Israel Easily
Wins Battle of Century;
20,000 Watch Match

By Spike McGoof
Journal Sports Editor

At the ringside, Israel—A new monarch rules the Kingdom of Swat. New hands are clasped around the scepter of power in Fistiana. The crown of the Empire of Soakem-in-the-jaw rests upon a new head. The United States of Biff has a new president.

Twenty thousand howling, roaring fans to-day saw Little David, the pride of Israel, knock Giant Goliath, Philistine champion, into three kinds of a cocked hat and win the world championship.

It was the greatest fight in the history of the squared ring. Both fighters were in the pink of condition as they awaited the tap of the gong. Goliath refused to weigh in before the



Heels over head in love.

Funnybones

*A woman may be down but
she's never out talked.*

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

fight, but Young David declined to take the decision on a forfeit.

The fight by rounds:

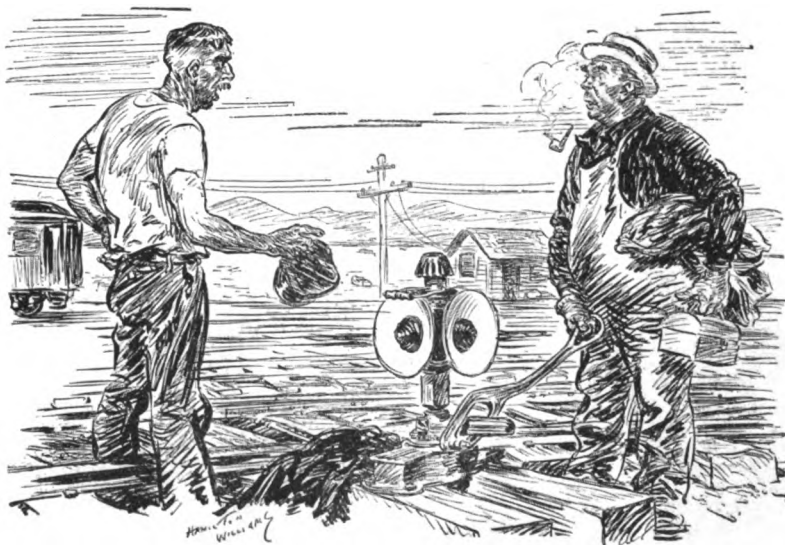
First Round

Goliath advanced and launched vicious rights and lefts with his club. Young David ducked and countered with a sharp uppercut with a pebble from his sling shot. Goliath was wild with three more rights and two lefts. The challenger snapped a pebble to the giant's shins and was warned for hitting low. They were sparring at the bell.

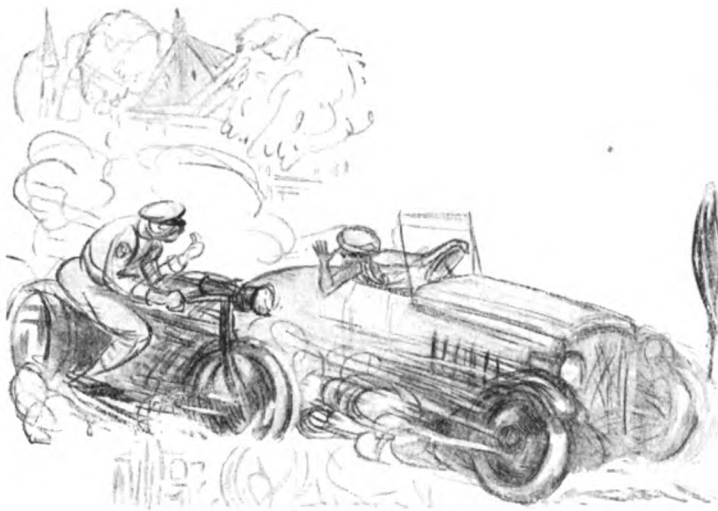
Second Round

Goliath was wild and breathing fast. Young David scored a pebble to the jaw and another to the button. Goliath missed another vicious right swing and signaled his seconds to hand him a new club. A left jab sent David to the ground, but he was up at the count of eight, and sent a sharp rock to the giant's solar plexus, following it up with a pebble to the jaw that sent the giant down for the count. Goliath was still in dreamland when carried from the arena. The Battle of the Century was over.

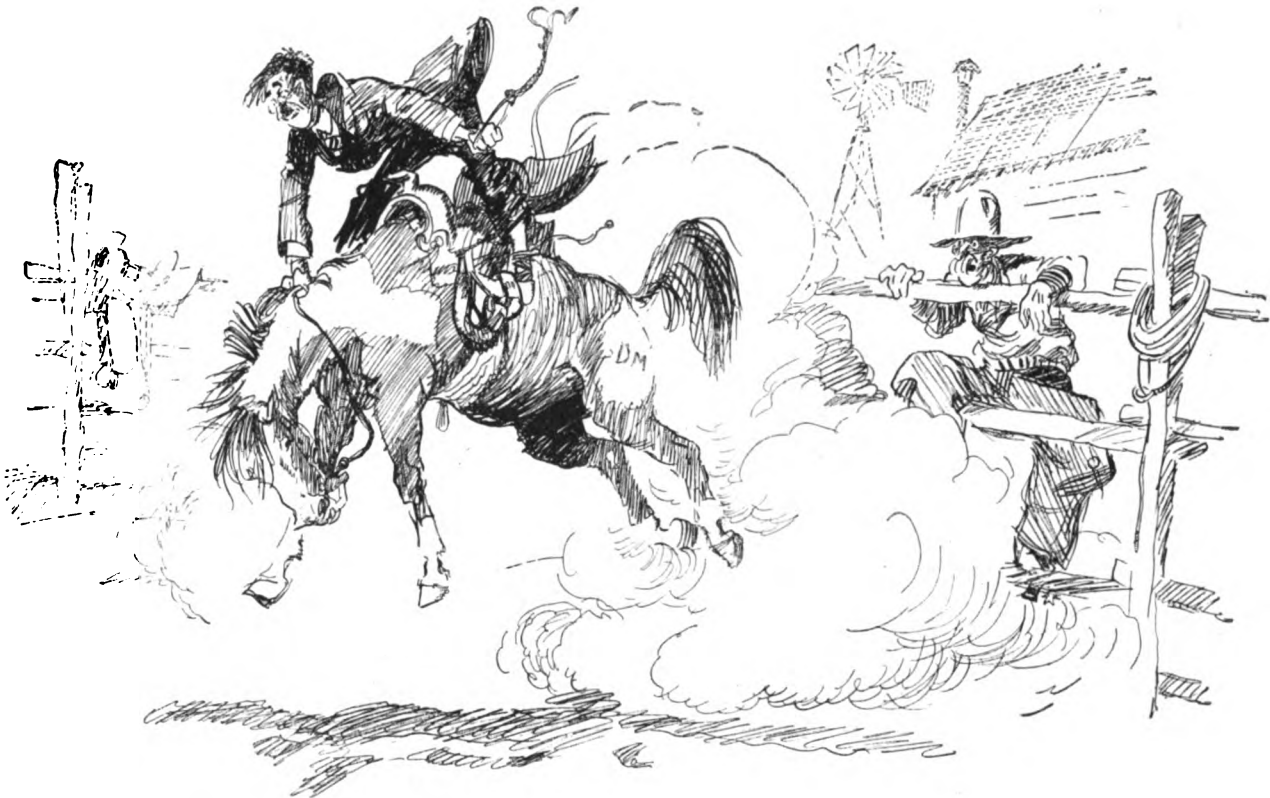
Chet Johnson



SECTION HAND (to pal whom he has led to a switch along the right-of-way)—*I'm goin' ter lay down on the main track here, fer I'm a-thinkin' ser'ously of endin' it all. But I want yer to stand by the switch, Joe, an' throw it quick in case I should change me mind.*



This is the well-known Young Girl for whom novels and plays are carefully expurgated, lest she lose the fresh bloom of her innocence.



AWED COWBOY—*How come you're able to stay on that bronc thataway mister?*
 TENDERFOOT—*Oh, I've driven a Ford car over bad pavements for years!*

The Age of Chivalry

SIR THOMAS was bravest of all
 of the knights

Who sat at the Table Round.

In loving, or tilting, or mixing in
 fights

His equal was not to be found.

Why, only this morning, a dragon
 he'd slain,

For love of a lady fair.

He'd hacked it, and whacked it
 and hacked it again,

A deed that none other would
 dare!

In fact, any female who asked for
 his aid

Would not find him slow to
 reply.

Be she princess, or matron, or
 scullery maid,

He'd stand up and offer to die!

A rumble! A roar! The car
 jerked to a stop.

Tom Green of his dream was
 bereft.

He'd arrived at his station. A
 girl from a shop

Sank down in the seat that he
 left. *Bert Goldsmith*



*"I ain't sayin' you ain't right, big boy,
 but I is sayin' that if you was one foot
 sho'ter, you'd be wrong as hell!"*

One swallow does not make a
 summer, but one swallow of the
 stuff you get nowadays may
 make an early fall.

Everything in Due Course

He—Let's kiss and make up.

She—Aren't you putting the
 heart before the course?

Not Back Talk!

Flubb—Talk is cheap, they say.

Dubb—Yes—provided you don't
 try it on a traffic cop when he
 catches you speeding!

From Our Paper

Hirum Slushinger, one of our
 leading citizens, created quite a
 sensation in a nearby city recently
 when he entered a Woman's Ex-
 change and told the lady in charge
 that he wanted to exchange his
 woman for another one.

After Circus Hours

Doctor—What's the excitement?
 The whole bunch of you seem
 scared to death.

Employee—Oh, the sword swal-
 lower swallowed a pin!



As it was in the beginning—is now—and ever shall be?



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

The Refugee

The devil, according to the Rev. Charles Francis Potter of New York, exists only "in the imaginations of men."—*News Item.*

Officer, I can see and smell my old friend, the devil. Ask him to step up. . . . Good morning, sir. To what may we attribute the honor of your visit?

To the information, JUDGE, that some preacher here has said I didn't exist, except in people's imaginations. I've come to raise a little hell just to prove I'm not a myth.

Oh, I see. You have in mind a short stay on Long Island—is that it, your Majesty?

Tut, tut! And please remember that I'm not here as His Satanic Majesty, nor yet as the Prince of Darkness. I'm traveling incog. as the Barren of Curfew. I want to guard against every possibility of being mobbed by curiosity hounds and adoring women.

Well, really, sir, I can hardly promise that you'll escape. You know how the women dote on devils. And it's been so long since we've seen a real one. Only Chases and Wheelers and Andersons . . .

Yes, yes, I know. And after the Prince of Wales's experience I certainly hesitate. You vulgarize the thing so! In fact I believe I'll just stay in your imaginations. It's the only safe place for royalty in this country.

No Place for Him!

How wise the devil is in his decision may be gleaned from a recent experience here at the JUDGE office. While the Prince of Wales was still enjoying his three weeks on Long Island we advertised a Fifty-Fifty Contest in which our readers were invited to supply a clever answer to the query, How would you like to meet the Prince of Wales? Answers poured in, ninety per cent. of them from women, and more than half of these of such a nature that we couldn't have printed them had we wished to. Does this indicate the arrival of the single standard, or the hypnotic influence of royalty, or both? Or did our fair readers confuse the Prince's three weeks with Elinor Glyn's? In any case, what chance is there for a poor defenseless devil in such a place?

The Taming of Blease

The enormous attraction of the Prince of Wales for the women of this country prompted us a while ago to the query how long it would be before birth and breeding became again a distinct asset in American politics, now that women have the vote. Apparently Cole Blease, of South Carolina, has already sensed the change.

Coley has just been nominated, which means elected,

United States Senator from South Carolina, but it is a very different Coley from the one we used to know. "At some moment in the last few months, I wish I had the exact date," writes Clinton W. Gilbert, the Washington correspondent, "Coley Blease, the bellowing hero of the masses in South Carolina, decided to become Coleman Livingston Blease, statesman. It was like one of those religious conversions that you read about in James's 'Varieties of Religious Experience.' It is the only case of a sudden conversion of a politician that I know of."

There will be many more such conversions to surprise the Washington correspondents. The first thing they know we shall be electing Senators for their English accents.

In Kansas

It is hardly necessary to say that Bill White, in his campaign against the Klan in Kansas, has our enthusiastic support. We hope he licks the poltroons adorning the regular tickets and becomes the greatest Governor his State has ever known. Attaboy, Bill!

But suppose that in the process he finds the Anti-Saloon League allied with the Ku Klux Klan, as Ma Ferguson did in Texas, as countless others have in other parts of the country. Bill White is an ardent prohibitionist. Will it ever occur to him that one tyranny leads to another, and that if you allow fanatics to dictate the private morals of the people through legislation, it is only a short step to hooded "law-and-order" gangs and mob rule? Almost as ardently as we hope for Bill's election as Governor of Kansas we hope for his awakening from his fatuous championship of the cause of Volstead. Attaboy, Bill!

"Where There's a Wills—"

There must be some magic in the name of Wills. It shows in the brilliant career of Helen Wills on the tennis court, and of Harry Wills in the prize ring. These two, the little white girl from the West and the big black man from the East, fantastically contrasted except in name, have climbed the ladder of fame until each is challenger for the world championship in the chosen sport.

But there must be a jinx in the name, too. Try as they may neither Helen nor Harry seems able to get a match with the champion in his path. Mlle. Lenglen stalls Miss Wills with a plea of heart trouble. Jack Dempsey hasn't used this excuse with Harry yet, but he may before he's through. Perhaps he'll be utterly frank and call it faint heart trouble. W. M. H.

The Five Latest

by George Jean Nathan

I

HASSARD SHORT has retired from the elevator business and entered the music show field. His first exhibit since the abandonment of his erstwhile trade is called "The Ritz Revue." It is the best thing he has done. Aside from a couple of movable platforms and the usual number of stereotyped gauze curtains all of his former weaknesses seem to have disappeared. Not once is a houri hoisted elegantly into the air, not once is the prima ballerina allowed to descend majestically through a trapdoor. The effect is eminently pleasing. A flat stage that has always been good enough for Pavlova and Genée should be good enough for chorus hoofers.

One of the most gratifying things about Short's new show is the note of masculinity that he has got into it. Hitherto, his revues and musical comedies have always impressed the onlooker as being just a trifle lizzie. Not so this time. Short has injected something of the Ziegfeld and George White quality into this new one. He has learned to discriminate between delicacy and mere ladylikeness.

There is some honest humor in the show, well handled by Charlotte Greenwood, Eddie Conrad, Jay Brennan and Stanley Rogers (the latter the successor to the lamented Bert

Laughs from



Joe Cook and Dave Chasin in "Vanities."

JOE COOK—You say you've worked before? What was your vocation?

DAVE CHASIN—The last two weeks in August.



Georgia Caine and G. P. Huntley in "Be Yourself."

"I'm waiting for my daughter Marjorie."

"So her name's Marjorie?"

"No! Her name's Herman, but we call her Marjorie because she's a girl."



the

Shows

adys Ahern—Keith's.
ery Saturday night
air marcelled so she'll
er the week-end.



"Innocent Eyes."

MAN—It pays to be good.

MARJORIE—Yes; it pays, but not much.

Miss Nichols and Alfred White in "Abie's Irish Rose."

"Short skirts are more sanitary than long ones, the microbes can't jump on them."

"Vell, it would take some jumps to make that one of yours."



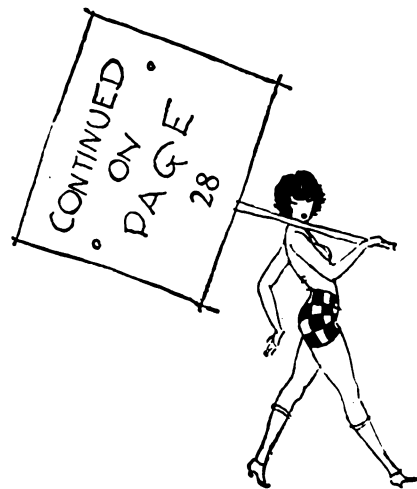
Savoy); there are several highly tasteful instances of staging; there is a good singing voice or two. There are, also, too many toe dancers and two sketches with ideas as old as Chauncey Depew's grandmother. Speaking of toe dancers, I herewith offer to head a fund with a subscription of six dozen fire axes to get rid of the lot of them for all time. Meanwhile, however, take a look at the other features of Short's offering. They'll amuse you.

II

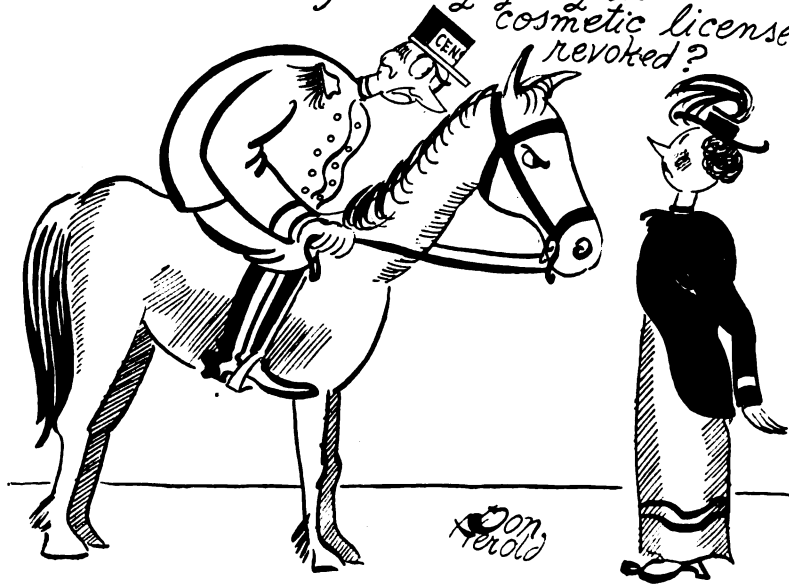
ASIDE from James Reynolds' extremely lovely costumes, two of Cole Porter's tunes, and a brace of noble blackface comedians, I can't do much for John Murray Anderson's latest "Greenwich Village Follies." Where Short has been astute enough to lend an ear to certain criticisms of himself, Anderson seems to be determined to go on in the way that became a bit tiresome so long as four or five years ago.

Thus, we still find him going in for the deadly stuff wherein some one stands at stage left and delivers a lugubrious recitation, the while the theme is enacted in the background. Not one but two such bores figure in the present revue. The first is a prolonged visualization of Wilde's "The Happy Prince," and the second one of those dinguses wherein is depicted a woman's fall.

The show as a whole lacks editing and, in addition, the forthright masculine touch. The ideas of some



Lady, your paint is a bit thick. Don't you know you may get your cosmetic license revoked?



COSMETIC CENSORSHIP

By Don Herold

THE reason I want cosmetic censorship—well, while I am at it I might as well go clear to the bottom of this censorship question.

In the first place, I think all censorship should be bigger and broader. For example, I would have much more patience with censors if, instead of cutting out a few feet of moving pictures here and there, they would just cut moving pictures out altogether. Censors like that would be censors worth talking about.

The trouble with censors now is they censor such darn fool little insignificant trifling things that are bothering nobody. They have to hunt and hunt before they can find something worth censoring. They want to be the first to find it. And then they probably censor the wrong thing.

I would like to see censors riding on horseback up our main streets instead of snooping up alleys. I would like to see them ordering buildings

torn down because they are ugly, ordering noises stopped, ordering folks to go home and dress more beautifully, ordering ladies to go home and powder their noses or to take a lot of deck paint off their faces—in short, beautifying the world. I am afraid that censors now uglify the world, if anything.

Most of the things the censors now

Funnybones

A tin-lizzie generally has a brass driver.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed.

censor are already sufficiently censored, anyway, by a price per copy or a price of admission. Nobody is giving me \$2 books that I don't like and nobody is forcing me into \$3.30 theater seats that I don't want to occupy.

It is the free things that really need censorship—things that meet our eye as we go down the street—and enter our lives whether we want them to or not.

Free looks at cosmeticized faces, for example. Yes, faces ought to be censored—that is, the make-up on them. They are some of our business. They are of public concern. They are a part of our lives and we have a property right in them that is at least cosmetic deep—that is, as deep as we can see. We have to take free looks whether we want to or not.

Therefore, as a start on bigger and better censorship, I am for cosmetic censorship.

I suggest cosmetic bureaus in every ward and township, equipped with cosmetic callipers and gauges, to insure a square deal for everybody. I suggest standards of cosmetic measurement. I suggest Will Hays
(Continued on page 30)

Funnybones

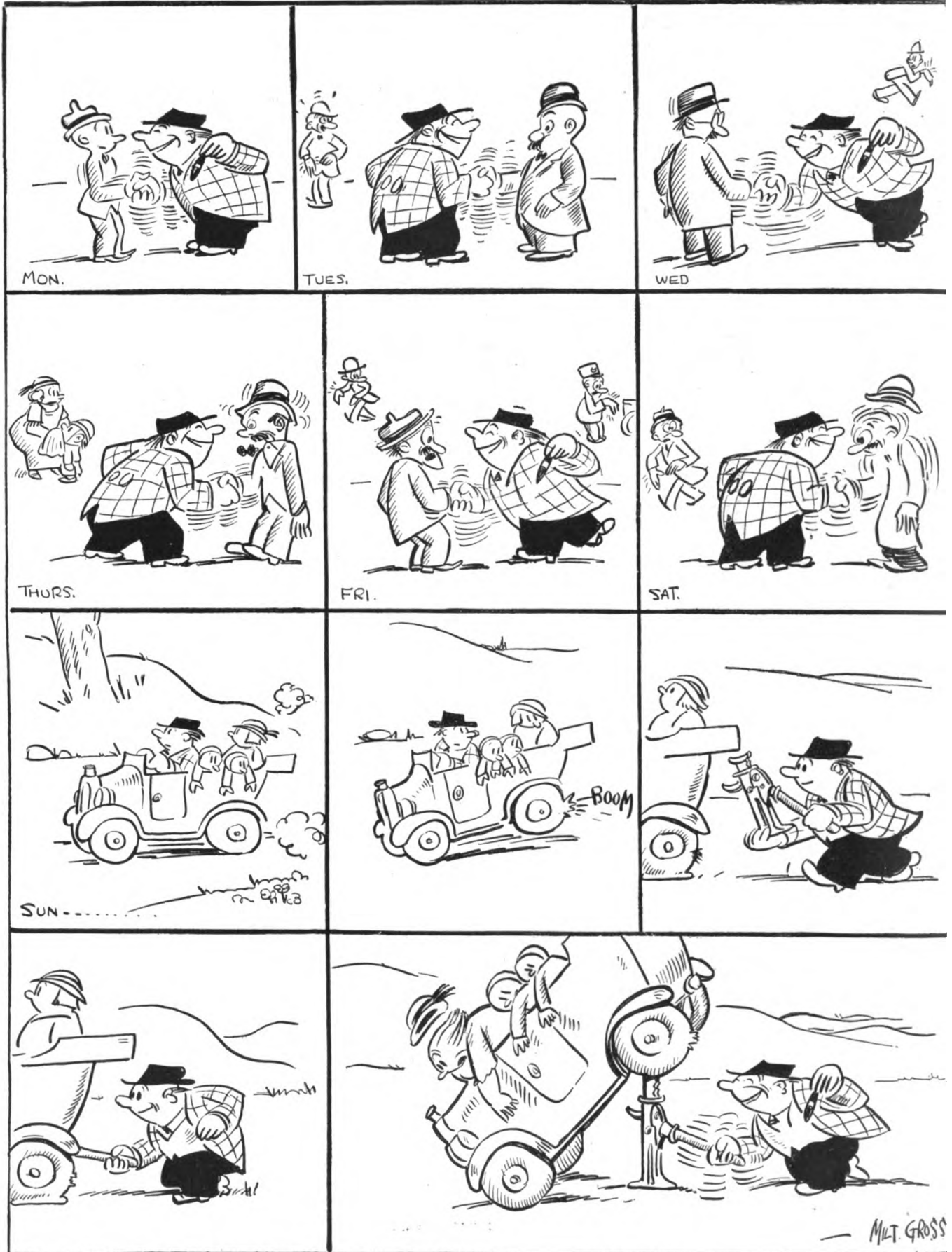
His still blew up, and the drinks were on the house.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed.



ESKIMO CUPID—For the love o' Moses—make it snappy!

THE CANDIDATE



The Real Stars of the Screen

by George Mitchell

ONE of the most proficient comedians on the screen to-day is Calvin Coolidge. If, as sometimes happens, you should drop in on the picture's middle and are left guessing for a little as to what's what and why and you should see either Buster Keaton or Calvin Coolidge you would, if you were like me, be hard put to tell which is which so much do they favor each other. More likely than not you'd say Coolidge was Keaton and vice versa. Both are expressionless. Both view the surrounding drama with the same wooden smile. But there is one difference, I have discovered, between them and, to my humble judgment it is this: Keaton is the better acrobat. He can somersault out of danger, but Coolidge can only stand silk hat in hand or on head and figure how he can dodge the impending crisis.

On second thought, I reverse my judgment. Coolidge, when I think of recent governmental scandals, is the better somersaulter.

His most recent picture, if memory serves—but memory plays me false. I was going to say his most recent picture was the laying of the cornerstone of a battleship. But he's a good film actor. As good as Keaton anyway and a better somersaulter.



*"Why is the famous director up so early?"
"Got a sunrise to direct."*

Then there's John W. Davis, who as a film star is no good at all. Saw him in a picture the other day called "The Rialto Magazine." There wasn't any love in it. It went flat. No happy ending. There never is a happy ending in political pictures.

John W. has a self-conscious complex. He looks scared to death. More frightened of the camera than his coming defeat at the polls. He isn't in it with Coolidge or Keaton. He can't even shake an emotion with Valentino, though I have never seen him do "Beaucaire" or anything like that. Don't think he could. Would

make a better President though than Valentino. Maybe not.

Then there's La Follette. A good Western type. Ought to do Bill Harts. Or something. Wears the costume and everything and looks like a dead shot. Two-gun man stuff and all that.

Oh, yes, there's a lot of good actors on the screen, though many are called but few are chosen.

The best thing that I can do by "Feet of Clay" is to say that it's a perfectly blah picture. Mr. Cecil deMille at his worst. This judgment
(Continued on page 27)

A Sleepy Time Story

ONCE upon a time, boys and girls of the movie audience, there was a producer who dearly loved originality. Yes, it sorely grieved him to have to use the same old stuff. Now when he cast about for a good title for his latest picture of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, he just couldn't bear to give it a name like those of all the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police pictures which had gone before. Just think, boys and girls, he had already released "O'Hara of the Mounted," "O'Brien of the Mounted," "O'Connell of the Mounted," and "O'Mara of the Mounted." He must have a truly distinctive title.

And so he named it "Finkelstein of the Mounted."

—Horace Woodmansee



"Lo, Si, whatcha doin', cuttin' wheat?"

"No, you dang fool, I'm makin' skirts for Hawaiian dancers. Giddap!"

THE CHEER LEADERS




"This restaurant sure is cheap."
 "How's that?"
 "Why I got coffee, doughnuts and
 an overcoat for fifteen cents."
 —MASS. TECH. VOO DO

"See that kitten?"
 "Yea, what of it?"
 "It's the cat's!"
 —Notre Dame Juggler

"Shay, Oshifer, where's the corner?"
 "Why, you're standing on it!"
 "Sat so; no wonder I couldn't find it!"
 —Wesleyan Wasp

The man who hangs himself dies of his own free will and a cord.
 —Georgia Yellow Jacket

At a dance a young Englishman led a Canadian girl out into the Rose Garden, and there in the scented moonlight, he tried to steal a kiss. But he was awkward, and the kiss landed on the girl's chin. "Heaven's above!" she cried.
 —Middlebury Blue Baboon

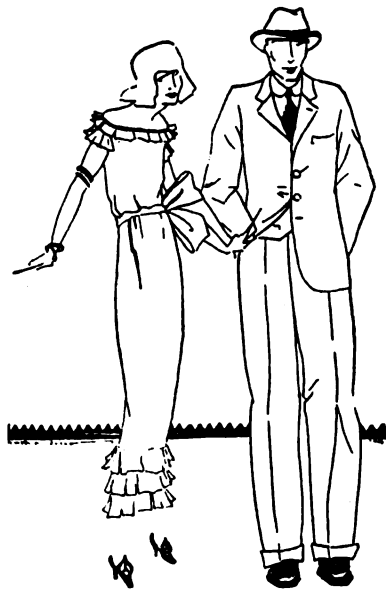
"She's very photographic."
 "Really?"
 "Yes, sits in the dark room and awaits developments."
 —Massachusetts Tech. Voo Doo

A humorist is one who listens impatiently to your story and then tells a "good one" of his own.
 —Notre Dame Juggler

An Egoism

"And what do you tell the other men that come to see you?" he asked as he released her from his close embrace. "Do you lead them to believe that you love them?"
 "Yes, dearest," she whispered.
 "Do you mind?"
 "Ah, but it will be hell for them later," he murmured. "The poor trusting fools!"
 —Amherst Lord Jeff

Said the Violin to the Harp,
 "You're nothing but a big Lyre."
 —Michigan Gargoyle



"They say Adam was the first radio bug. He made a loudspeaker out of his spare parts."
 —OHIO SUN DIAL

Doctor—Why are you in such a hurry to have me cure your cold?
 Pat—Because I've lost my handkerchief.
 —Cornell Widow

Purchaser—What is the charge for this battery?
 Garageman—One and one-half volts.
 "How much is that in American money?"
 —Amherst Lord Jeff



"Darling, when you are away, I have your picture in my mind."
 "Oh, Eddie—how small you make me feel!"
 —BROWN JUG

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

Act I

A student and two pints

Act II

A student and one pint.

Act III

One pint.

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern

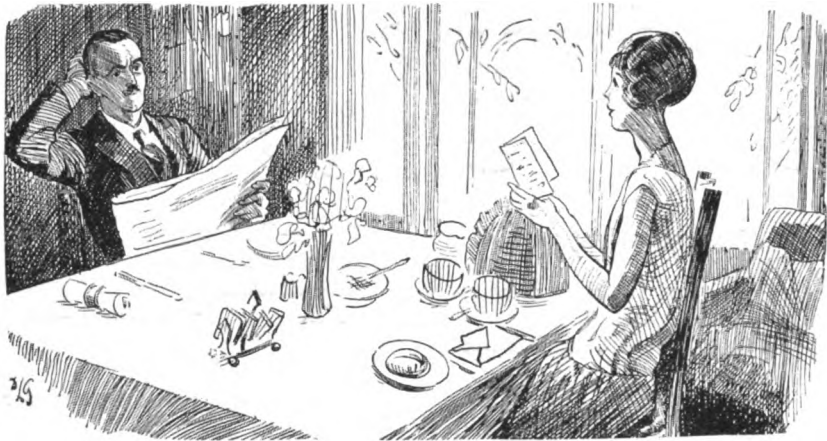
Emily—He says he thinks I'm the cutest girl he ever saw. Wonder if I ought to give him a date?

Brute—Naw, let him keep on thinking so.
 —Virginia Reel

The Review

She—What lines did you like best in the show?

He—The anatomical.
 —Cornell Widow



"Fancy, John, before I opened this letter I couldn't think who it was from, and now I'm still trying to think who I might have thought it was from before I knew!"

The Cozy Corner

(Continued from page 7)

joyment. From the center of the ceiling I have hung on a swivel a swing with large tray for my work. I sit in this (the swing), and if I need anything I set myself in motion and am soon flying from wall to wall. To grasp the desired article without upsetting the surrounding objects calls for a quick eye and a sure hand, but I find the breakage growing less daily. Do you wonder that I look forward to my hours of sport which combines all the best features of flying, shopping, and polo?

Diana, Maine

Imaginary Conversations

1. The Lady and the Iceman

"Good morning, Missus Primm. I trust I have not chosen an unseasonable moment for my delivery his morning?"

"Not at all, Joseph, not at all. And please don't bother to wipe your shoes; the linoleum is easily scrubbed. Step into the living room and make yourself comfortable for a moment or two—you must be tired after your matutinal exertions. Help yourself to my husband's cigars, and there is a late issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* on the table."

"Thank you—but I must first deposit this ice in the refrigerator. Business before pleasure, you know. To paraphrase a popular expression: 'One must sell ice while the sun shines.'"

"Yes, to be sure. What is a small piece of ice that size worth?"

"I'm charging you seventy cents for it."

"Really, I don't see how you can be so reasonable and yet make a living."

"Frankly, I don't; this is merely a side line. I write movie scenarios for a living. I am something of an altruist, however, and get a great deal of satisfaction from the knowledge that I am doing my little bit to make this old world a cooler place to live in. That is my only reward. I am not mercenary. I—*whoa!* My horses are restless—I must be off. Good morning."

"Good morning."

Robert Cyril O'Brien

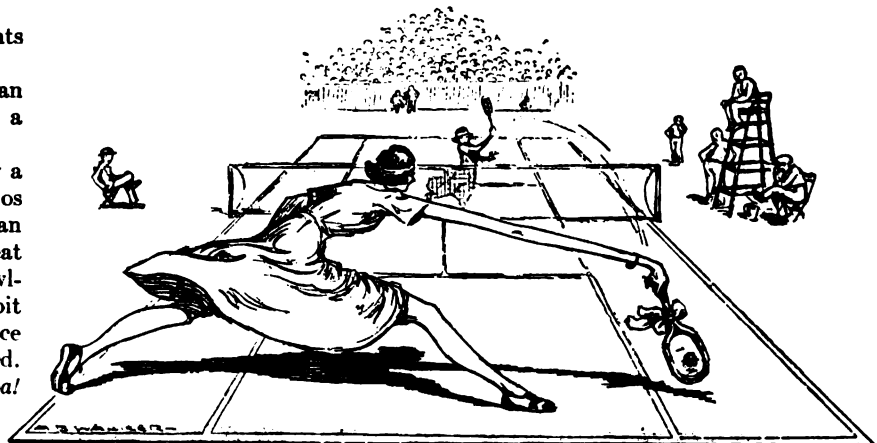


"Gee whiz! I musta tuned in on one o' them vice-president speeches!"

DEAR COZY CORNER:

My husband is very free-handed on all occasions, and very often spends more than he should when he has an evening with the "boys." When I was thinking how to cure this without spoiling his "fun," I remember seeing a play once that they called "The Treasure Island" and they gave out to all the audience black spots like in the play. And so then I remembered that milk bottle caps are about the size of half dollars, and I took "dad's" typewriter, and I wrote on a lot of them, "How about the rent?" "Save it for church," etc. Harry says that lots of times when he's tempted to do something "rash" he pulls out one of my little "white spots" and has to change and say, "Well, what'll we have, boys—rain or snow?" That's Harry—always original, always comical.

Jackie Silver, Illinois



TENNIS NOTE

The champion covered the court with apparent ease.

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days



Payne in JUDGE, 1909

CHAUFFEUR—I say, me man, will you repair our car? We are in a deuced hurry!

It costs a lot to live these days
More than it did of yore
But when you stop to think of it
It's worth a whole lot more.

—Judge, 1910

“Do you see that man? His life
is full of brilliant achievements.”

“Indeed! Who is he?”

“A lamp-lighter.”

—Judge, 1885

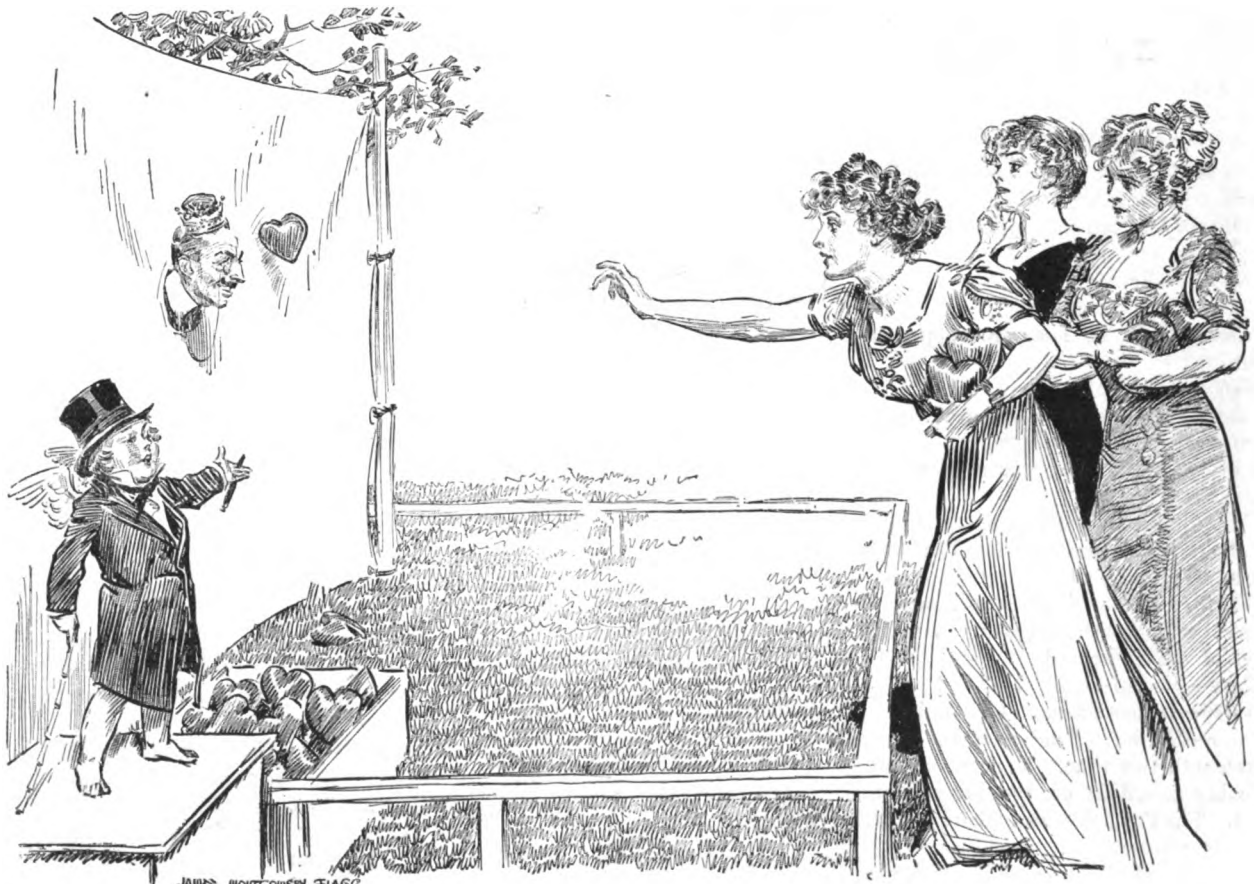
I cannot sing the old songs,

For I am full of grog;

But I will sing “Sweet Violets”

If you will hold the dog.

—Judge, 1885



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

James Montgomery Flagg in JUDGE, 1910

“Three shots for a million”



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

Evolution of the familiar headstone and epitaph along the lines of progress, pep and publicity.

Radiophoney

(An alibiolog we may look for any day, now that a diver is reported by the papers as broadcasting a sea talk from the ocean floor.)

Diver—Hello, wifey!

Wifey—Hello, hubby!

Diver—Won't be home to supper to-night.

Wifey—Why not?

Diver—Gotta stay downtown; awful lot of work to clean up here.

Wifey—Shall I bring your supper down to you?

Diver (excitedly)—No, no, no! It's awfully dangerous ocean where I'm working, and I wouldn't have you risk it.

Wifey (radio-sniffing suspiciously)—What are you working on? Another cargo of sunken booze?

Diver—No, no—sunken Bibles!

Wifey—It doesn't smell like Bibles.

Diver—Ha, ha! You've got the wrong wavelength this time. Your nose dial's probably tuned in on the Long Island coast. For I'm just surrounded by books of pious devotion.

Wifey (after a pause)—Who was that mermaid I radiophotoed you with this afternoon?

Diver—Ha, ha! That was no mermaid—that was my merman!

Wifey—Nonsense; I could see her long hair.

Diver—Hee, hee! Don't you know

Funnybones

Synthetic gin is something that makes a man see double and feel single.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed.



An open-faced watch.

that all mermaids are bobbed these days? And all the mermen are wearing their hair long so as to keep the sexes distinguished.

Wifey (fretfully)—Hmm. . . . I suppose that may be so, but—O—John—John—if you only know how lonesome and worrisome it is to be the wife of a diver! *(She bursts into tears.)*

Diver—There, there, don't cry, dear! I promise you I'll be home before twelve, and when I'm coming home, I'll scoop you up a handful of Spanish doubloons and five fingersful of ruby rings and a bottle of Gordon gin, and I'll catch you a pretty little merpuppy to put in with the goldfish! So there, now!

Wifey (overcome with joy at her husband's promissory generosity)—John! Gin! Rubies! Doubloons! And a Merpuppy! Will you really—?

Diver—By the trident of Neptune, I swear it!

Wifey—John, you duck! All right then, be a good boy, and don't get your feet wet. Over the river, diverdoodlums!

Diver (gently contradictory)—Under the river, my precious own!

In sweet accord they tune off.

(Cyril B. Egan)

“Each year fewer people die,” says a statistician. Motorists frankly admit that the pedestrian is becoming more nimble.

Loses 23 Pounds With Madame X Reducing Girdle

In only 2 months—without diet, special exercises or drugs—Miss Kenney remoulded her figure to the straight, graceful lines you see in the picture. Just by wearing the comfortable Madame X Reducing Girdle—which makes you look inches thinner at once and soon brings real slenderness.

"I HAVE just stepped from the scales and I was overjoyed to find that the hand pointed to 142 pounds.

"Previously I found that no matter how I tried I could not bring my weight below 165 pounds. I was hopeless. I did not bother, thinking it useless. Finally, being so uncomfortable in heavy bone corsets I decided to try the Madame X Girdle for comfort if nothing else.

"During June and July I wore it constantly as it improved my appearance immensely. I noticed that I was gradually getting smaller. My friends say I look years younger, having lost 23 pounds with a decided improvement in health.

"I am three or four inches thinner in waist and hips.

"Everyone has noticed the change. I shall continue to wear my girdle as it is so extremely comfortable."

[signed] Anne L. Kenney, 509 W. 170th St., New York.

Miss Kenney's experience is by no means unique. Women everywhere write us enthusiastically to tell us of the amazing reductions which this marvelous girdle has quickly brought about.

Look thin while getting thin

Best of all you don't have to wait to LOOK thin. As soon as you put on the Madame X, which is worn over the undergarment, in place of a corset, you appear several inches thinner at the

waist and hips without the slightest discomfort. And day by day, as you continue to wear the girdle, it gently kneads away the excess fat and moulds your figure to new beauty and slender grace. The mas-



Special hand-turned beam absolutely prevents splitting or tearing.

New Clasp-Front Model

The Madame X comes in two models, the original "step-in" and a new "clasp-front" illustrated here—Both have adjustable back lacing.

sage action, though powerful, is imperceptible—but your scales, mirror and tape measure quickly tell the story! Women usually lose from one to three inches the very first week, and almost before you know it, four, five and sometimes even ten inches have disappeared for good from waist, hips, thighs, and you look and feel younger and better.

What Others Say

Reduces Waist 9 Inches

"It gives me long waist lines, something I never expected as I am very short waisted. Reduced hips 12 inches, waist 9 inches."

Mrs. G. F. Raymond, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Five Inches Smaller at Once

"The very minute I put it on I measured five inches less around the waist. To date I have lost 32 pounds and my former constant backaches are gone."

Lillian Greenwood, North Uxbridge, Mass.

"No More Corsets For Me!"

"Have been wearing the Madame X steadily for three weeks and am more than pleased with it. Have taken 5 inches from my waist and 4½ from abdomen and hips. No more corsets for me!"

Belle Folsom, 517 Main Street, Watsonville, Cal.

Loses 21 Pounds Quickly

"When I started to wear Madame X Reducing Girdle in March I weighed 192 pounds. I am now down to 171, giving the girdle all credit as I gave up nothing that I really wanted to eat."

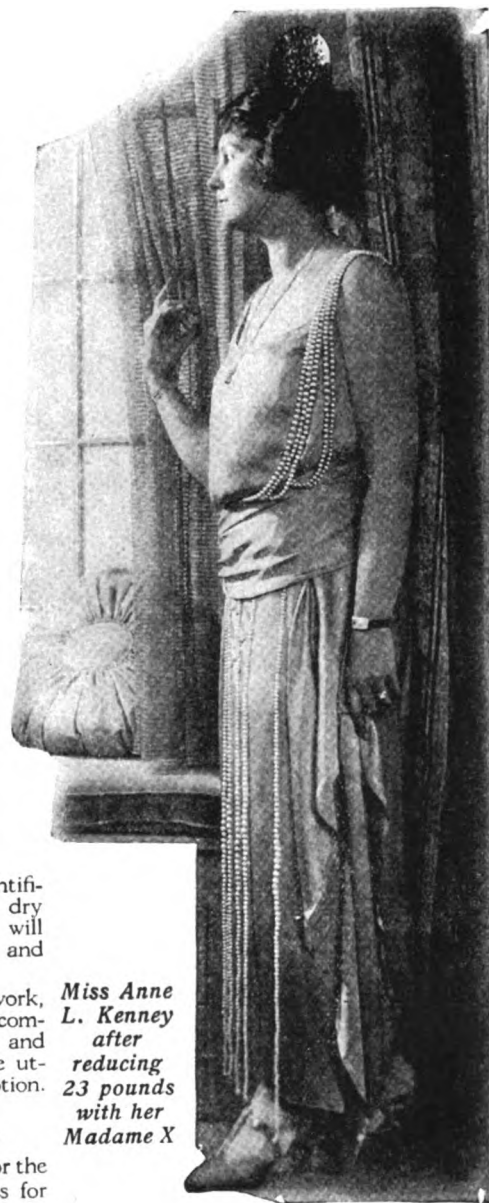
Edith C. Manning, 246 Thomas Street, West Haven, Conn.

Physicians endorse it

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is based on scientific principles of reduction by rubber massage, which have long been advocated by health authorities and professional athletes because of the ease, quickness and safety with which this method takes away 5, 10, 20 pounds—or more.

The rubber is scientifically cured by the dry heat method, so it will be specially strong and resilient.

You can exercise—work, play, sit—in perfect comfort, for it is so soft and flexible, it allows the utmost freedom of motion.



Miss Anne L. Kenney after reducing 23 pounds with her Madame X

New Madame X Brassiere

The new Madame X Brassiere does for the upper figure just what the girdle does for waist, hips and thighs. Made of live, flesh-tinted brocaded rubber of the same high quality. Carefully moulds the figure without binding or bulging and gently massages away the fat.

See the Madame X for yourself. Get a fitting today at any good store where corsets are sold. But be sure to insist on the

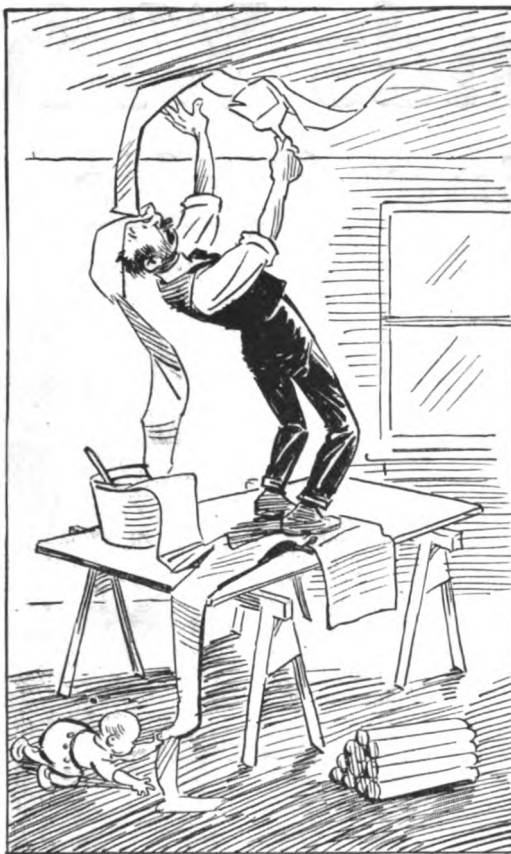
original patented Madame X—there is no other "just as good."

Send for free 24 page booklet showing why the Madame X Reducing Girdle reduces you so quickly and how it brings renewed health and energy. Address The Madame X Company, Dept. G-1210, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

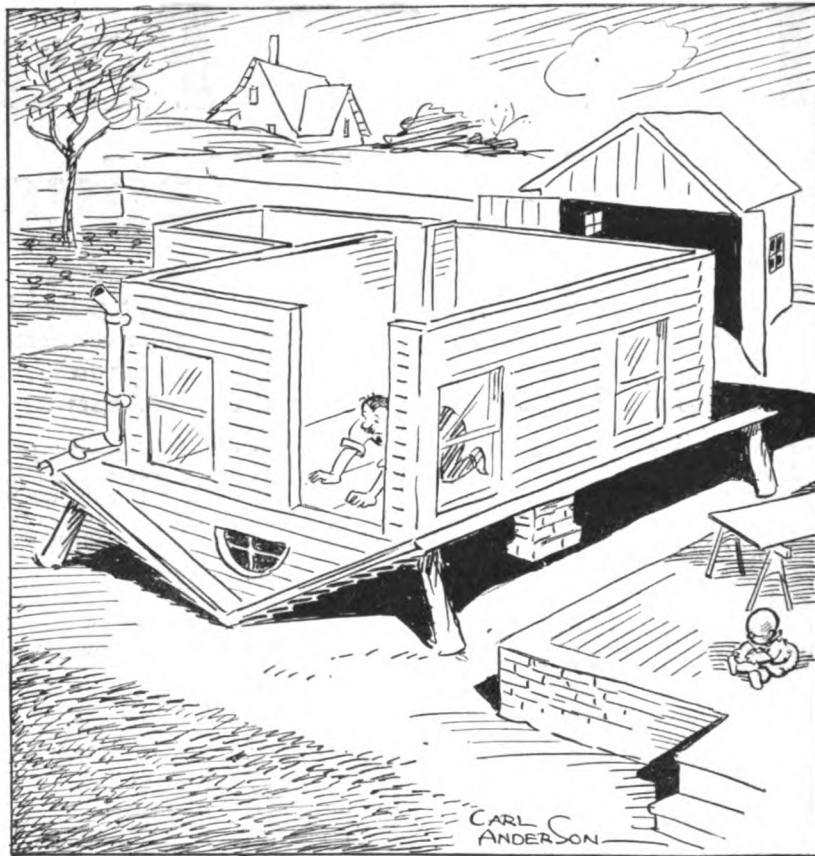
On Sale at All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

Madame X Reducing Girdle
Makes You Look Thin X While Getting Thin

WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS: I-NEWMAN & SONS INC. CHICAGO CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS: DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LTD. QUEBEC



Smith found it difficult to paper the ceiling—



So he turned the bungalow upside down to make things easier.

Cuckoo!

AS FAR as Nature goes, I have always been able to take it or leave it alone. There is no one who is quicker than I to give a Blackburnian warbler its due; but when it comes to tracking it afield with a bird book in one hand and a camera in the other, I told Angela—but there is no telling Angela.

"It's time you got acquainted with some of our feathered friends," said Angela, as she slung a pair of field glasses carelessly over a shoulder (mine). "I'll bet you couldn't distinguish a robin from a dog-tooth violet."

"Oh, I couldn't, eh? And I bet I'm a dub at golf, too."

"You wouldn't recognize a yellow-bellied sapsucker if it flew in your face," she continued, as she led the way down the country lane.

"I suppose I can't even fill out an income tax blank."

"Business, business, business," despaired Angela.

"Just because I go puttering around doing stupid things like making money and paying bills, instead of spying in on the private life of a humming-bird—"

"Money, bills!" sighed Angela. "Don't you realize there are some things which are higher than your income?"

"Very clearly," I announced. "Your spring coat, for instance."

"If you're going to bring up that coat—" said Angela; and we trudged on awhile in silence.

"Pewee!" cried Angela.

"That's not very kind, I must say."

"What isn't?"

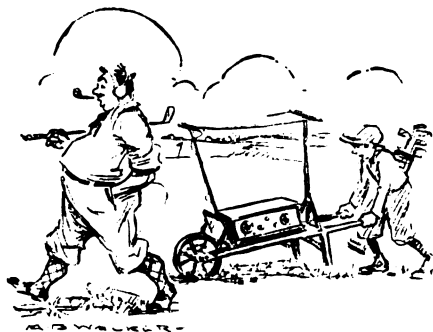
"To call your husband a pewee. And I'm making my own coat go a second season."

"Sssh, be quiet!" ordered Angela, thumbing her bird book excitedly. "In life the pewee can best be distinguished from the larger phœbe, with which it is often confounded, by its sad, plaintive whistle: *pe-ah-wee*, or *pee-wee*."

"Can it?" I sulked.

"Would you call that note a sad, plaintive pee-wee?" she inquired.

"Well, of course, if I can't tell the difference between a dog-tooth violet and—and yellow-bellied sapsucker," I began elaborately, "I could hardly be expected to—"



SUNDAY SERVICE WHILE YOU PLAY

Jones is a man of his word. He promised his wife faithfully that never again would he allow his golf to keep him from Sunday service.

"Or is it a phœbe?" she interrupted. "Listen."

I shook my head. "A moment ago, I thought I could make out an automobile in the distance," I said. "But now these confounded birds are making so much noise I can't hear a sound."

"Here we are," Angela read. "'Phœbe's note: A jerky, emphatic *phæbe*, accent on the second syllable, and still further accented by a vigorous flirt of the tail.' Can you whistle like a phœbe?"

"Nonsense," I blurted. "Now, Angela, I—"

"Try it," said Angela.

I made a little whistle. "It's so silly!" I said.

"Go on, go on," pled Angela.

I whistled again. A moment later the bird replied with a similar whistle from the other side of the bushes.

"Fine," said Angela. "Hold my hat."

"Where are you going?"

"Over to the other side of those bushes, to see if it flirts its tail. You stay here very quietly and whistle now and then to keep it interested."

"A fine occupation, decoying a phœbe!" I growled.

"Hurry, whistle," said Angela, and crawled out of sight.

"Phœ-be!" I whistled. I listened. Presently the bird replied in kind. We had it back and forth that way for several minutes.

"What the devil are you doing?" said a voice behind me. I turned to face Bill Cornwall.

"Sssh! Hush!" I cautioned. "Phœ-be!"

"What?"

"Phœ-be! Phœ-be!"

He stared at me. I thought his expression was a little queer.

"Phœ-be!" I repeated.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" said Bill.

I shook my head earnestly. That 'ast was not quite like Bill.

"You *must* come over," continued Bill, giving me a playful push and skipping a few steps away.

"Bill—" I began.

He executed an elaborate imitation of Pan with his pipes as he started off down the road, flinging me back an arch look over his shoulder now and then.

"Bill!" I cried desperately.

"Cuckoo!" he answered as he skipped out of sight. "Cuckoo!"

"Where are you going?" called Angela a moment later, as she reappeared through the bushes.

I turned to face her, very red and very uncomfortable. "I'm going to spend the summer in a mine," I announced grimly. "I want to get back a little self-respect."

Corey Ford

The Real Stars of the Screen

(Continued from page 20)

of mine will send you reeling in large numbers into the cinemadrome by thousands to see it because you believe perfectly well that I don't know what I am talking about. Well, go ahead, but be your blood upon your own sand. I still have the courage of my convictions and will go on thinking this is a blah picture.

If you have the luck (there are two kinds, viz., good and bad) to come in on the picture during the episode that I feel inclined to call "Broadway After Dark," namely that part of the picture in which the souls of Rod La Rocque and Vera Reynolds tango up the path toward the last judgment, you will wonder if you haven't dropped in on another one of those Hollywooden sneerials of which "Souls for Sale" and "The Great White Way" were protagonists. What you will think of the rest of the picture I leave to your own nimble wit. Suffice it to say that I was bitterly disappointed in that Rod and Vera were not more successfully gassed earlier in the picture and that their spirits were not permitted to go where they were going more directly.

You will agree with me when you shall have seen the many tangents at which this picture shoots itself, that it might have more truthfully been called "Clay Pigeon Feet."

DeMille has often shot shafts of genius but he is hopeless when symbolism courts him and in "Feet of Clay" symbolism runs pigeon-toed all over the film.

Maybe you'll like it. I didn't.



Keeping the Telephone Alive

Americans have learned to depend on the telephone, in fair weather or in foul, for the usual affairs of the day or for the dire emergency in the dead of night. Its continuous service is taken as a matter of course.

The marvel of it is that the millions of thread-like wires are kept alive and ready to vibrate at one's slightest breath. A few drops of water in a cable, a faulty connection in the wire maze of a switchboard, a violent sleet, rain or wind storm or the mere falling of a branch will often jeopardize the service.

Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact. The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trodden trails of the wilderness.

Providing telephone service for this great nation is a huge undertaking. To keep this vast mechanism always electrically alive and dependable is the unending task of tens of thousands of skillful men and women in every state in the Union.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service



CHORUS GIRLS' NUMBER

of

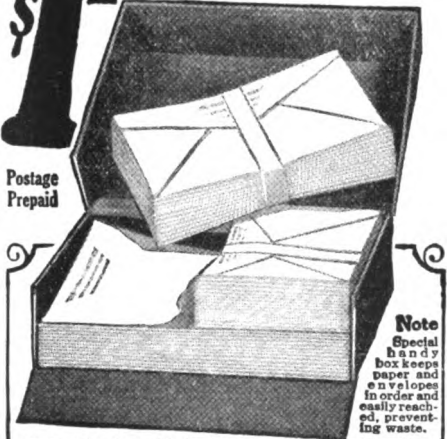
JUDGE

Out Next Thursday

Glorifying the American Chorus Girl

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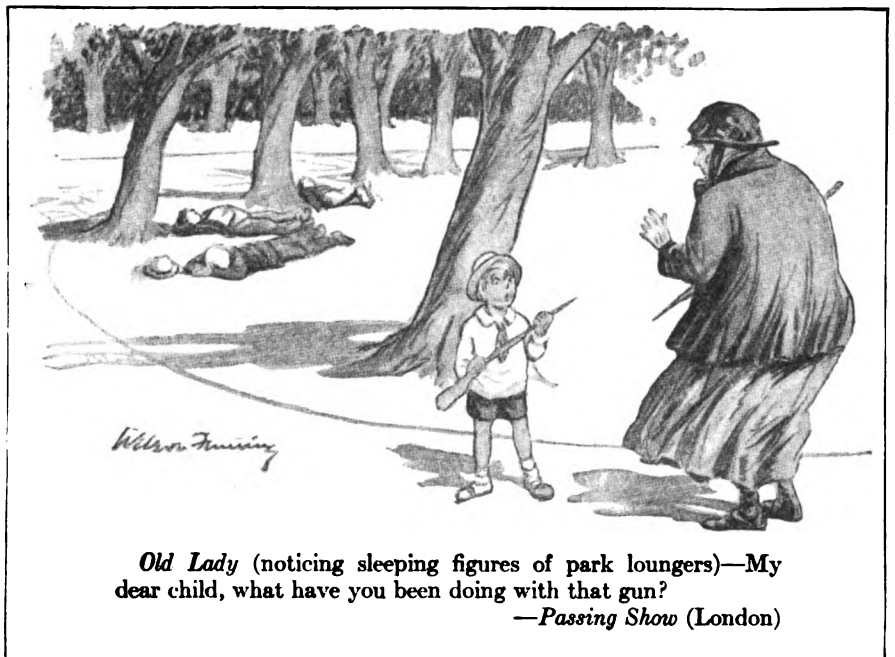
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Old Lady (noticing sleeping figures of park loungers)—My dear child, what have you been doing with that gun?
—Passing Show (London)

The Five Latest

(Continued from page 17)

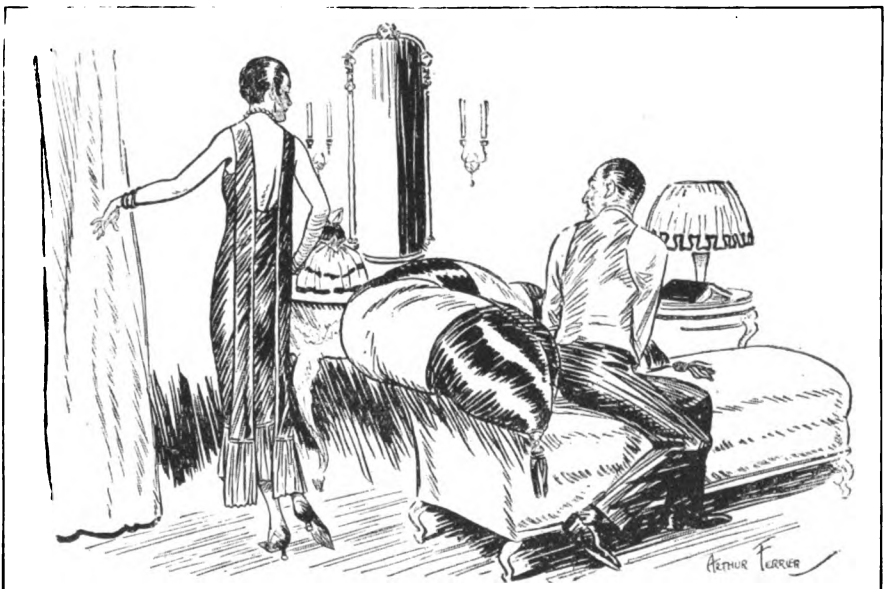
of the sketches are even older than the estimable Mons. Depew's aforementioned and no less estimable grandmother. And, as in Anderson shows of the past, we get the kind of music show imagination that consists of numbers in which some one plays a harp on a dimly lighted stage or in which half a dozen ballet girls toy airily with a large piece of cream-colored silk in the center of the stage while a couple of vocalists yodel "Liebestraum" in the upper right hand corner of the *bühne*.

The stars of the exhibit are the decorative Dolly Sisters. Vincent Lopez's band is also on deck, with the M. Lopez,

eminently satisfied with himself, bowing elaborately to the audience after each not particularly well rendered selection. What merits the show possesses are, as I have said, Reynolds' thoroughly beautiful costumes, certain of Porter's tunes and lyrics and the really droll and vastly amusing burned cork gents, the MM. Moran and Mack.

III

"SCHEMERS" is by Dr. William Irving Sirovich. Dr. William Irving Sirovich is, we are told, a candidate for Congress. "Schemers" is exactly the kind of play that a candidate for Congress would write. Dr. William Irving Sirovich has made two remarkable contributions to the current theatrical season.



Irate Wife—John, I just got hold of your check counterfoils, and it was high time I did. Who is this Cash person you've been spending so much money on?

—London Mail

He has confected a play that is worse than the one that was called "Easy Street," and he has made a curtain speech that is even more idiotic than that delivered by Dr. Willard Mack on the opening night of "High Stakes." Which, after all, is no mean achievement.

There are a lot of other things I could say about Dr. Sirovich's opus, but I observe that they are not considered *au fait* by Chapter XXVI in the "Book of Etiquette."

IV

"CONSCIENCE," by Don Mullally, is the play in which the husband learns that his wife has been unfaithful to him and chokes her to death. This particular version of the hoopedoodle rejoices in a prologue and an epilogue that take the *grand prix* for pompous banality.

Mr. Mullally doubtless views himself as a philosopher and in these slices of his drama kindly entertains the audience with his animadversions on numerous subjects. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Mullally has nothing to say that hasn't been said for the last one hundred years.

His lectures are periodically interrupted by a pale green light in which various actors appear at the right upper entrance. These confront the hero as ghosts out of his past. It is all very jolly, as may be surmised. Lillian Foster emerges from the affair with credit. She seems to be a capable actress.

V

CHIARELLI's "The Mask and the Face" is a diverting, sardonic comedy, but no one would get wise to the fact at the Bijou Theater. In the first place, Chester Bailey Fernald has adapted all the life out of the original. In the second place, Mr. Pemberton has staged all the life out of the adaptation. And in the third place, the actors have acted all the life out of the staging. What results is an evening that triumphantly murders Chiarelli's manuscript.

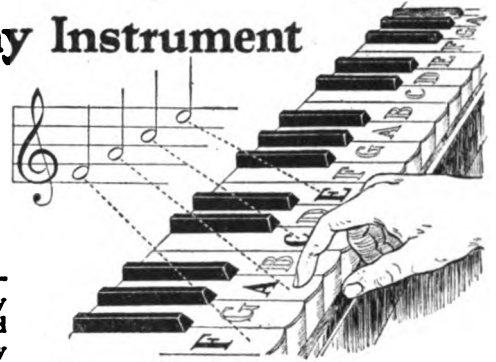
This murder is accomplished with the greatest of pains. Adapter, producer and actors work in perfect harmony toward its achievement. They surround the play on all sides and hand it a concerted wallop every time it tries to be interesting. If a scene is comic they treat it as drama, and if a scene is dramatic they treat it as comedy.

Where the call is for some histrionic life and agility, the actors simply stand still and recite their lines as if the whole thing bored them to tears. And where the original manuscript calls for graceful and witty English, the adapter has rushed into the breach with a brand of English that would admirably suit "The Heart of Maryland."

William Faversham is the star. Mr. Faversham has given us some excellent performances, but this is surely not one of them. On the night I reviewed the

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play he walked through his part as if it were a distasteful alley. The rest of the company is equally blue.

The Art of Living

"So you're an artist, hey? How are you able to live on a job like this?"

"Well, that's just the art of it."

—Houston Post

Ancient history is a great comfort. It shows there were fools in those days, too.

—Buffalo Enquirer

A Great Dash

Mrs. A (at the beach)—The folks at our hotel are all agog, eager to see what will happen.

Mrs. B.—What do you mean?

Mrs. A.—An irresistible blond has just met an immovable bachelor.

—Boston Transcript

An Ohio girl who says she had an ear bobbed along with her hair is suing for \$5,000. It seems ears are of some value to the sex after all. —Kansas City Star

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Drawn by Frederick Garnett.

"That baccy smells guid, Donal'. What brand is it?"
"Hoots, mon, a didna' ax him!"

—Passing Show (London)

Cosmetic Censorship

(Continued from page 18)

as National Cosmetician. (He can inject tact into the situation, and goodness knows tact will be needed.) Ladies will all have cosmetic licenses and if they underuse or overuse cosmetics, they will have their licenses revoked for thirty days. (Understand, I believe in cosmetics in moderation. Into each life some cosmetics must fall. God intended most noses to be powdered. Some folks will have to be arrested for going natural.)

We will have no more girls made up like cadavers. We will have no more complexions that look as if they might be chipped off with a chisel. We will have no more lips and eyebrows that look as if they might have been put on by Mr. Cusack.

And cosmetic censorship will be important because it will be only the start.

Most important of all will be house censorship. If my neighbor puts up a house that looks like purgatory with delirium tremens trimmings and if he paints it purple and pumpkin pie brown, the censor will ride up and make him burn it down.

The billboard on the vacant lot next door, advertising Trasho cigarettes—"the smell tells"—to my five-year-old daughter, will have to come down.

Mrs. Puffy will be to d to diet. (Bathing beauties, on the other hand, will be left alone.)

We will thus develop a race of hencensors going out boldly against open ugliness where everybody knows it to exist, instead of microscoping and snooping for trifling transgressions of their own notion of a code of right and wrong, and digging up dirt invisible to the normal and healthy eye.

Before Marriage—Spooning around.

After—Forking over.

—Answers (London)

The Burglar

"Good chance to loot this summer hotel."

"Please don't talk business to me, Spike. I'm here on vacation."

—Louisville Courier-Journal

A Plymouth cinema changed hands twice in a fortnight. I am sure that courting couples who patronize it are more constant than that.

—Passing Show (London)

As women's clothes become more costly the less they consist of, one begins to wonder how Adam ever got away with his dressmaker's bills.

—Boston Transcript

The Jewell Republican says it takes about a year's production from a good oil well to equal the amount of gasoline used by motorists who go to see the hole being drilled.

—Kansas City Star

The young husband could eat no more of his wife's dinner.

"That's a pity," she said, "for if you don't I shall have to give it to the dog!"

"Yes, it is a pity—it's such a nice dog!"

—Tit-Bits (London)

The Disconsolate One—I wish I were dead!"

The Consoler—Why? Can't you marry her—or did you?

—Answers (London)

At one time he who danced had to pay the piper. Now he has to pay the door-keeper, the waiter, the cloakroom attendant, and a dancing partner besides.

—Passing Show (London)

Her Logic

Mrs. A (at resort)—Doesn't it worry you to have to write to your husband for more money?

Mrs. B—Not at all. If he's having a good time he owes it to me, and if he isn't having a good time he has saved it.
—*Boston Transcript*

In my opinion the only solution of the housing problem is to mark the bricks with Mah Jongg characters and teach bricklayers the rules.
—*Passing Show (London)*

The biggest swindle on record was the Indians' sale of Manhattan island to the whites for \$24. It has cost the purchasers about \$24,000,000,000 to get the island fixed up.
—*Boston Transcript*

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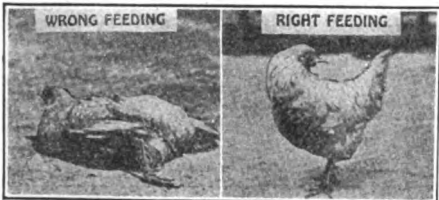
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—*Kansas City Star*

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"Gracious, are they as poor as all that?"
"No, they're as rich as all that!"
—*London Mail*

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Panel 3: THE BOSS: I RIDE A BICYCLE DOWN TO WORK—I'M JUST A LITTLE STIFF FROM WHEELING!

Panel 4: THE BOSS: PAM! ZOWIE! YES—BUT WE GOTTA HAVE A BIG STIFF AROUND THIS JOINT—AND I DON'T CARE WHERE HE COMES FROM!

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Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 35



Arline—How'd you like to meet the Prince of Wales?
Ardeane—In an arms conference.

The \$25 Prize in JUDGE'S Fifty-Fifty Contest No. 35, announced in the August 30, 1924, issue, was won by Alexander Ross, 5218 Belvedere Street, Oakland, Cal.

Answers which receive special consideration are: "Fine! Let's try to 'pick him up' at the races," Richard Sneddon, 329 West J street, Wilmington, Cal.; "On horseback—he'd soon be at my feet," Dr. W. W. Gillman, 129 Geneva avenue, Highland Park, Mich.; "Oh! Just to be thrown with him," Chas. E. Lee, Doniphan, Mo.; "In a Love Game at the Royal Court," P. A. Myers, Bank of Italy, Powell and Market streets, San Francisco, Cal.; "Well, I wouldn't be the princess of wails if I did," Mrs. J. H. Rutherford, 402 King George avenue, Roanoke, Va.

Puzzled

"This gink describes Dimple Simple, Queen of the Screen, as a beautiful moron."

"Well?"

"Every time I see her she has less on."

—Louisville Courier-Journal

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912. Of Judge, published weekly.

At New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1924.
State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Douglas H. Cooke, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Judge, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Editor, Norman Anthony, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Norman Anthony, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Business Managers, Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. 2.—That the owners are: Leslie-Judge Company, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; William Green, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, and New Fiction Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, whose

stockholders are: Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Vernal W. Bates, 46 George Street, New Haven, Conn.; Wiley Blair, 4007 Ross Avenue, Dallas, Texas; Harold B. Emerson, 9 East 40th Street, New York City; William Green, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Harfs Corporation, 34 Pine Street, New York City; Le Roy Sargent, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Abel I. Smith, 120 Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Strouse, Samuel Falk and Frank C. Fisher, Trustees in bankruptcy of Metropolitan Finance Corporation, 9 East 40th Street, New York City. "Harfs Corporation with the following as Trustees in dissolution of Harvey Fisk & Sons (1921) now dissolved; John Donovan, 30 Church Street, New York City; Harvey Fisk, 34 Pine Street, New York City; Wilfred Jessup, Connersville, Ind.; Henry W. Peacock, Jr., 34 Pine Street, New York City; Joseph M. Shellabarger, 30 Church Street, New York City. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. DOUGLAS H. COOKE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of Sept., 1924. Joseph T. Cooney, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 232, New York County Register's No. 6037. Commission expires March 30th, 1926.

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