

JUDGE

MARCH 27, 1926

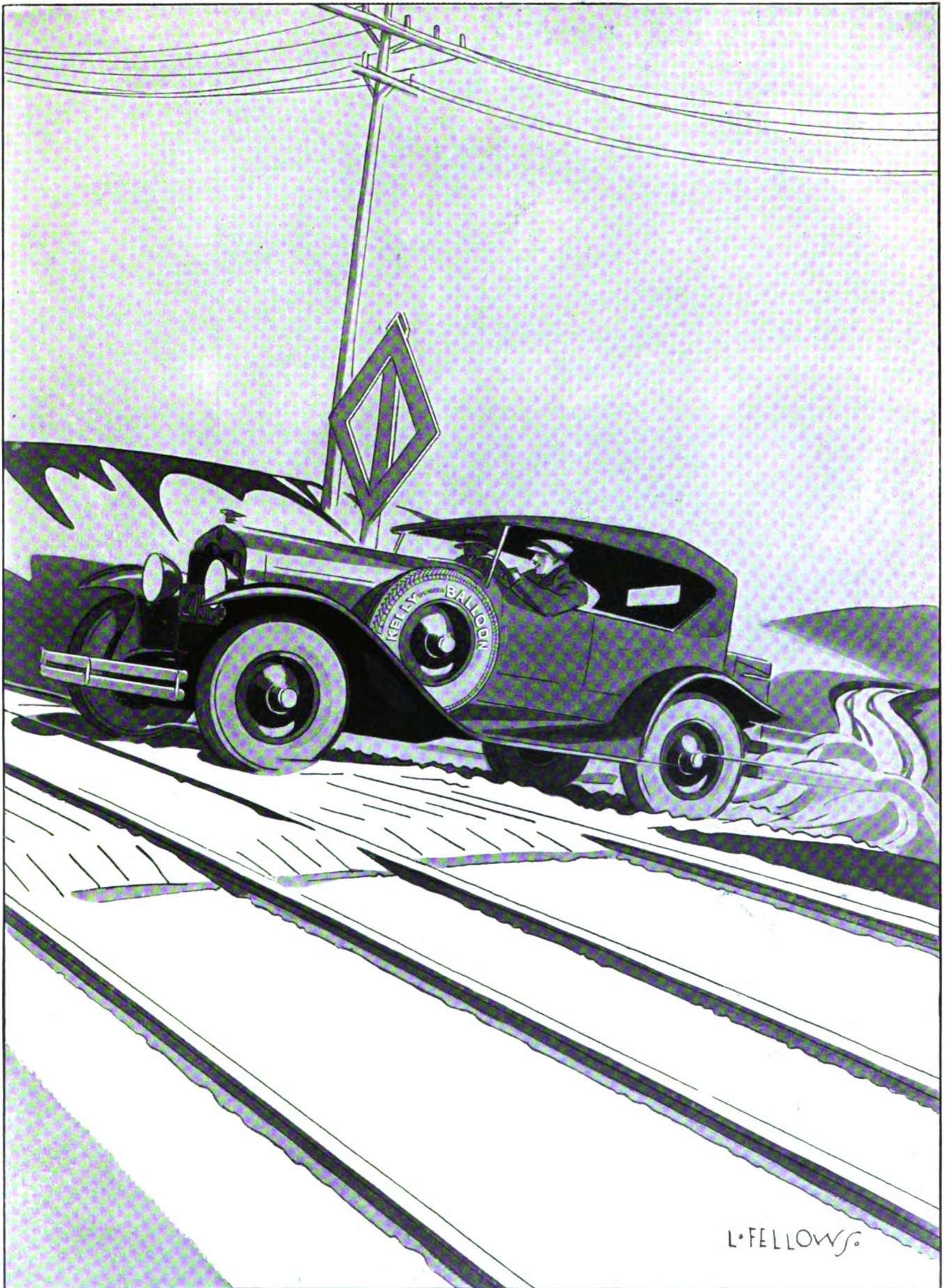
PRICE 15 CENTS

AP
101
.J9

C 372868 K



SOMETHING TO
BLOW ABOUT!



"Your car certainly rides a lot easier than mine, but don't you find that balloon tires wear out faster than cords?"
"Not these; they're Kelly-Springfields."

JUDGE

THE latest invention for the followers of Isaac Walton is a steel fishing rod with a compartment in the handle for carrying the bait. We understand that this compartment is built to hold nearly a pint.

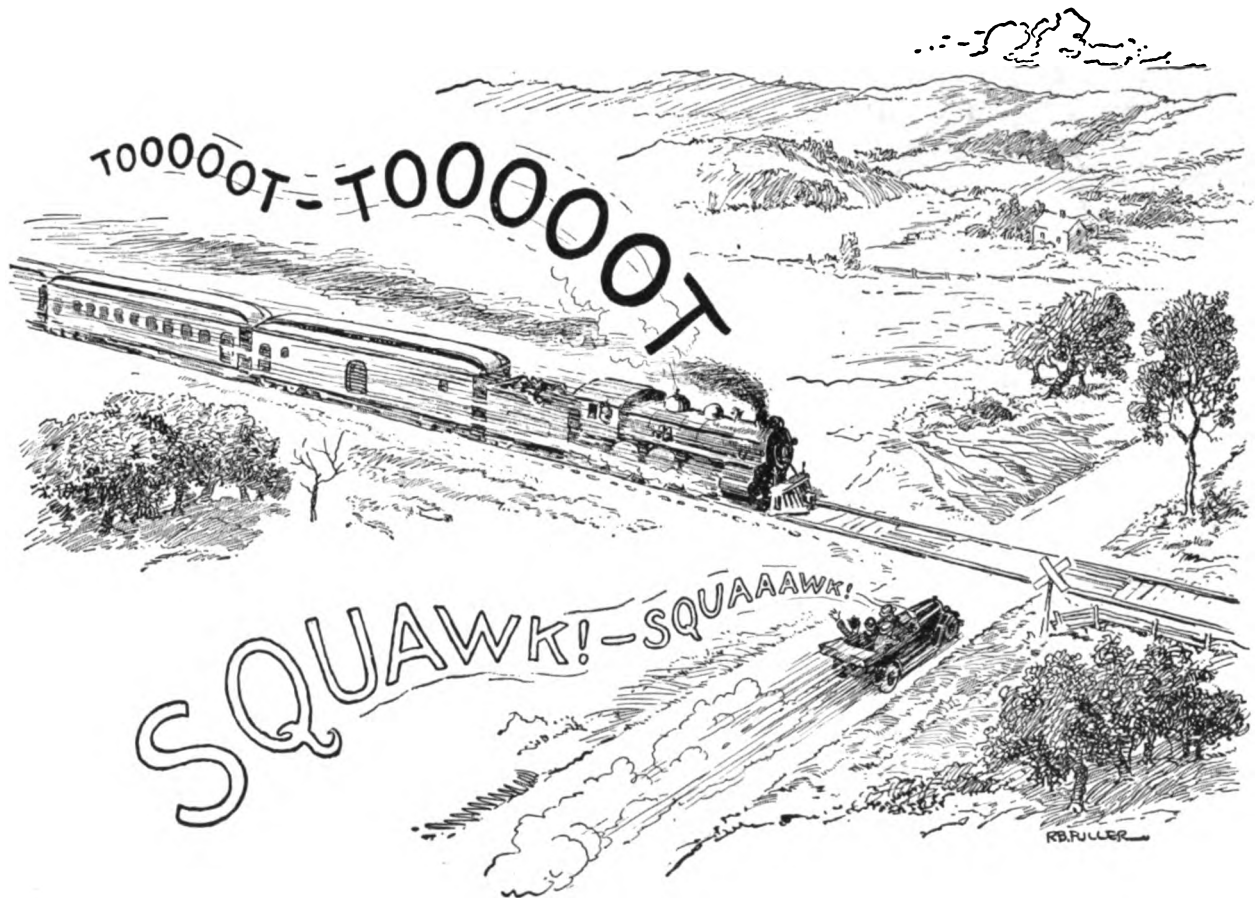
THERE has recently been some agitation to find a more appropriate tune for the marriage ceremony than "Mendelssohn's Wedding March." Several cynics, we understand, have suggested "The Prisoner's Song."

MOVING sidewalks were recently installed in some parts of Paris. Visiting Americans who unconsciously venture upon them make several lunges at passing lamp-posts and then hasten home to sign the pledge.

IT is claimed that in this country millions of letters go astray every year because of incorrect addresses. So far, however, we have not heard of the income tax people making any such mistake.

THE bureau of missing persons is said to be busier in April than in any other month of the year. As soon as the spring cleaning is over, however, most of the husbands turn up again.

THE Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh has established a chair of plumbing. This branch of learning, we understand, is doing very nicely except that the more advanced students forget to come to class.



Spring Song



"Well, how's papa's boy been behavin' himself to-day?"

Don't Bet on Fights

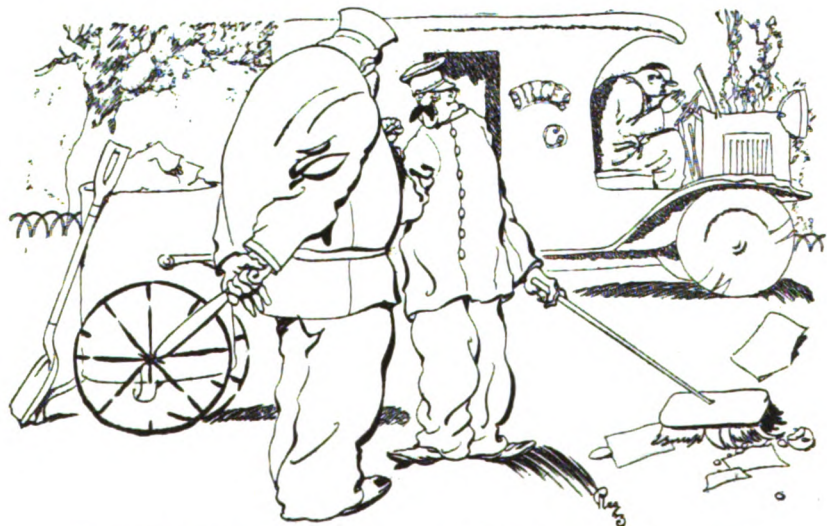
No, don't bet on fights,
And don't bet on races;
But use your own judgment
When you hold four aces.

Certain Places Are Named

Tuscarora
San Louis Obispo
Kankakee
Okeechobee
Ashtabula
Patchogue
Albuquerque
Yonkers
Tunkhannock
Wahpetone
Menominee

So's your old Pullman.

Bill Sykes



SERIOUS-MINDED WHITE WING—An' take it fr'm me, George, another thing I don't have nothin' t' do with, an' that's wimmen! It'd play hell with my work.

Moonshine

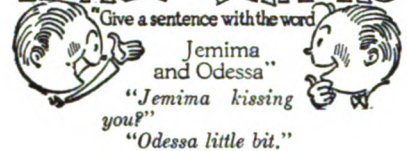
Do you remember, darling,
When I swore there was no one
but you?
And held you tight, in the pale moon-
light
And promised to always be true?

Do you remember, dearest,
When I called you the light of my
life
And swore to my love by the heavens
above
And asked you to be my wife?

Do you remember, darling,
What you told me in reply?
For the moon was full when I tossed
that bull,
And so, sweetheart, was I.

Jack Shuttleworth

KRAZY KRACKS



Stepping Out

When a married man steps out he
general steps right back again.

'S Quite All Right

Few husbands object if the wife
makes it hot for them every morning
—if it's really good coffee.

Appropriate Menus

For a Flapper

Chicken Gumbo
Stuffed Dates Lobster Salad
Hot Dogs
Mushrooms Mashed Potatoes
Peaches and Cream with
Powdered Sugar
Coffee Rolls Cigarettes

For a Censor

Tomato Purée
Nut Salad with Dressing Fried Smelt
Calves Brains
Boiled Sheep Heads
Potatoes à la Jacket Artichokes
Prunes
Weak Cocoa Nut Sundae

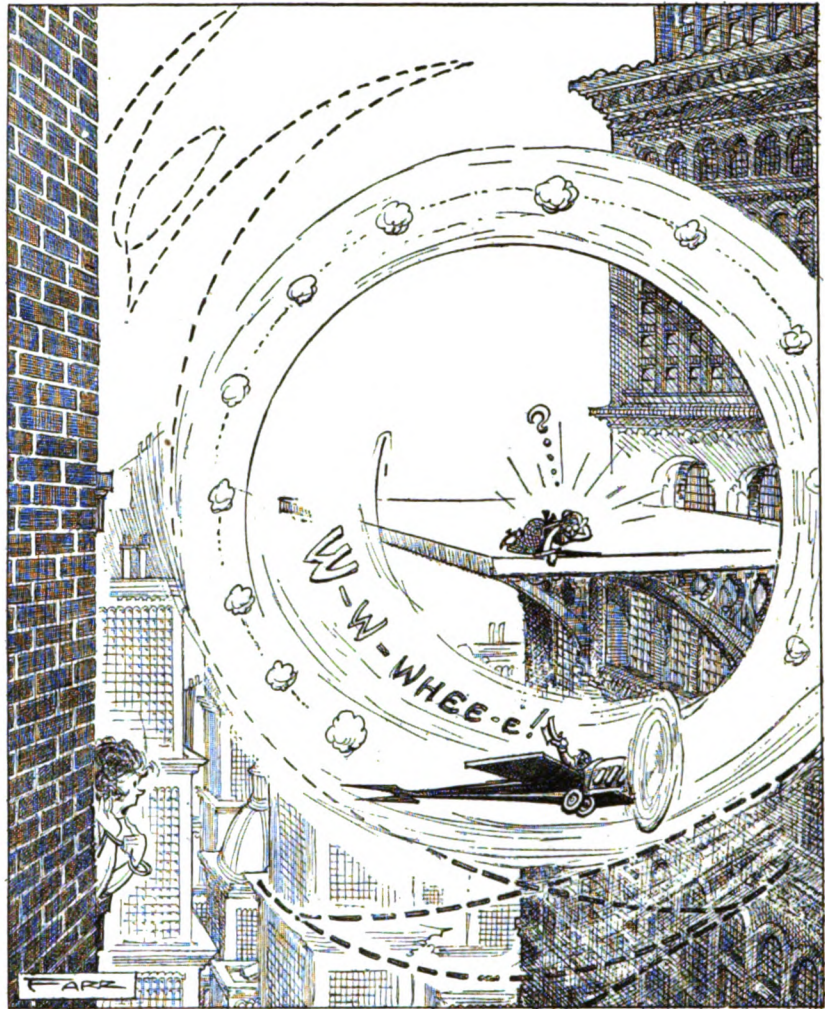
For a Go-getter

Duck Soup
Fried Sucker Ripe Olives
Bologna
Long Green Beans
Shoestring Potatoes
Applesauce
Bread and Butter Ginger Ale

FUNNYBONES

The bonds of matrimony are now listed under the head of short-term securities.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



IN THE YEAR 2000

"Poor Mrs. Wimple—her husband can't make his landing—he's drunk again."



Modern hero who, having been soaked \$3 for cover charge, starts the fad of taking the cover with you.

A Janitor's Revenge

Julius—How did you hurt your hand?

Caesar—That sorehead janitor caught me unawares. I turned on a hot water faucet this morning, and there was hot water in the damn thing.

Household Hint

Ink can be more easily removed from white tablecloths before it is spilled than after.

Crap Game

The Preacher—I had a very enjoyable trip to the Adirondacks. The first day I shot two bucks.

Mr. Sport (absently)—Win anything, parson?



SPRIG HAS CUB!



"Mary, you've got to cut out butter!"

In Cuckoo Court

LAWYER—The evidence plainly shows that you smothered your wife with a pillow.

Defendant—That's pretty soft.

L—Did you or did you not?

D—Knot what?

L—Did you smother your wife?

D—With kisses, yes.

L—Did you love her?

D—Ah, I gave her the air.

L—You did not give her the air, that's the trouble.

D—It was no trouble.

L—What was no trouble?

D—To handle her.

L—Then you admit it?

D—Admit one.

L—One what?

D—One doubt.

L—You must confess.

D—I don't write for the magazines.

L—But you murdered your wife.

D—I did not. I helped her.

L—Helped her do what?

D—Smother a yawn.

Judge—Acquitted.

Blaine C. Bigler



Times may be better, yet most mothers are finding it harder than ever to keep their daughters in clothes.

Back to normalcy!



"James, my rubbers!"



"Guess what I got for your birthday, Olive. Hold out your hand and shut your eyes."

The Hypnotist at Home

As HE enters the house, his wife looks up from the newspaper she is reading. He stares into her eyes, makes funny motions with his hands, mumbles the magic words and commences:

"The magic spell is now upon you. You will immediately go out into the kitchen, prepare a palatable meal for me quickly but conscientiously, and, when it is ready, you will return to the dining-room, set the table and then strike the dinner gong three times. In the event that I do not respond, you will patiently stand in a corner of the room and twiddle your thumbs. When I enter the room, no matter how much later, you will greet me pleasantly. Then I shall remove the spell and you will emerge from your trance. It is now five-thirty, and you will have the meal on the table within ten minutes. Alibazzazza!"

He leaves the room. When he returns ten minutes later, his wife is still reading the paper. She pauses long enough to give him a dirty look and to remark:

"That stuff may go great outside, but you'll never be able to pull it in this house. Besides, as I've told you before, I don't want you talking shop when you're home. Dinner'll be ready at seven o'clock as usual. If you don't like it, you can go find another boarding house."

R. C. O'Brien



NEWS NOTE—A new league has been formed to induce flappers to go in when it rains.



The comic-strip husband and father had an aisle seat at "The Whimsies," but had to be thrown out because he created a disturbance every time the comedian pulled a wheeze.

Food Values

THERE is more nourishment in one sandwich than in half a dozen dinner invitations.

Collars and cuffs contain more starch than potatoes, but are not so easily digested.

Lettuce is 100 per cent. leaves.

The well-balanced restaurant meal is: Proteins, 20 per cent., starches, 20 per cent., water, 25 per cent., minerals, 5 per cent., miscellaneous, 20 per cent., and waiter, 10 per cent.

The only nourishment in coffee is in the sugar, cream and doughnut put into it.

Chocolate almond bars are richer in chocolate than in almonds.

There's some oil in sardines, but there's a lot more sardines in oil.

R. C. O'Brien

UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 3—THE TEETOTALERS



HIGH HAT

night we're going to try and have Marilyn Miller and Thursday we're going to try and have Louise Groody. So

Next week I'm going to try and have Calvin Coolidge contribute a few things to this column, the week after I'm going to try and get Jack Dempsey to do something and the week after I'm going to try and have Irvin Cobb run the whole thing!

Now that we are on the subject of drinking, as long as the newspapers are running a "ballot" on the prohibition question, we'll join in too!

Prohibition Ballot

- (1) I am in favor of repealing the prohibition amendment
- (2) I am in favor of repealing the prohibition amendment
- (3) I am in favor of repealing the prohibition amendment

Name

Address

The Six Best "Steppers."

- "Sleepy Time Gal"—(*No show*).
- "Only a Rose"—(*Vagabond King*).
- "Cuddle Up"—(*Bunk of 1926*).
- "What Can They See in Dancing?"—(*By the Way*).
- "I Am Just a Little Girl"—(*Tip-Toes*).
- "That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-Toes*).

Judy Jr.

This week's lecture will be on "The Thirsty Americans" and their life and habits. (The blue slide, Oscar!) Ran across an old bartender friend of mine the other day and all he could talk about was the decline and fall in the art of drinking. . . . "Wurra wurra," he moaned (he was an Irish bartender!), "there was a time when men were men and likker was likker. Now the poor stuff is mixed with anything from ice cream to oatmeal! which gave me an idea! How many of our little readers know how to mix the good old-fashioned drinks. I thought so! Paste this little expurgated list in your high hat!

BRONX—One part Gordon "water," one part orange juice and one part French vermouth.

DRY MARTINI—One part Gordon "water," one part French vermouth and one part Italian.

MANHATTAN—One part rye, one part Italian vermouth, and a dash of grenadine.

CLOVER CLUB—One part Gordon "water," white of an egg, dash of lemon and dash of grenadine.

Sophie Tucker has opened a new night club and it's a darb (you're welcome, Sophie!) Eddie Elkins' orchestra and the atmosphere is very ruffled. . . . Also another place the Café de Paris on top of the Century very, very high hat and that's about all heard a good line in a well-known night club the master of ceremonies got up and said, "Next Tuesday night we're going to try and have the Marx Brothers here, Wednesday

Panacea

If your limbs feel loose and weak,
If your cuticles are raw,
If your corns pain till you shriek,
If you're wobbly round the jaw,
Use iodine.

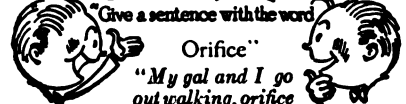
If your foot unduly swells,
If you deeply cut your hand,
If your favorite tooth rebels
And it aches to beat the band,
Use Iodine.

If a blister's on your skin
And it rises more and more,
If you roughly graze your shin,
If your gums are tender, sore,
Use Iodine.

If, however, you are tired
Of attending to these ills,
If your soul's no more inspired
And your life holds no more thrills,
Use Iodine.

Simonetta

KRAZY WRACKS



Give a sentence with the word

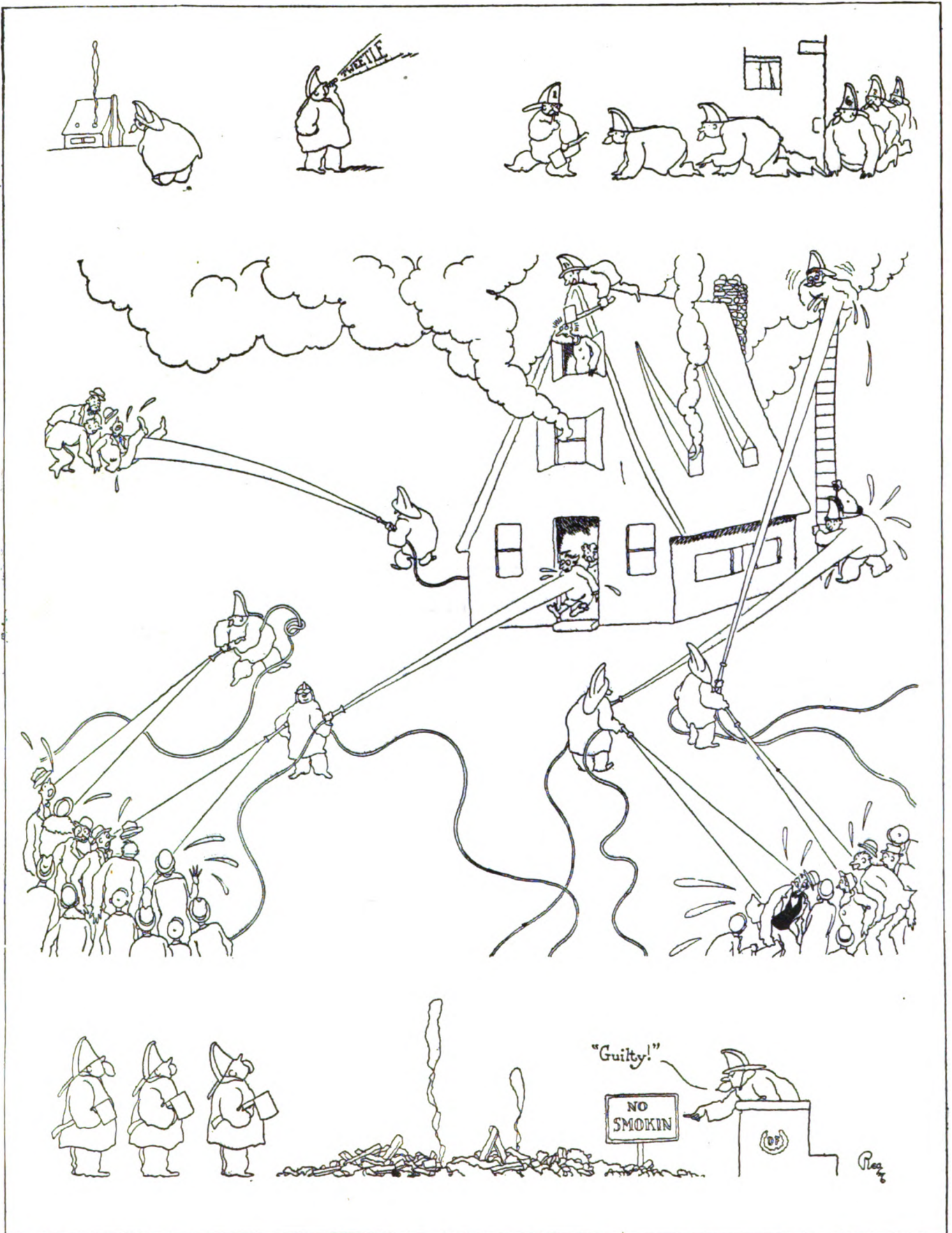
Orifice"

"My gal and I go out walking, orifice raining we sit in the parlor."



THE WIVES OF NEW YORK OR WITHOUT GAIN IN A BIG CITY

A wag recently said to Smith, "Jones, I should hate to be as short as you." "Why?" asked the end man. "Because when you are ill, you don't know whether you have headache or corns!" was the reply, quick like a whip. The confusion of Jones was comical to see.



IF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT USED POLICE METHODS



Serious Problem Solved—This course has been scientifically laid out between Nutley, N. J., and Nyack, N. Y., for the exclusive use of motorists teaching their wives to drive. It has been found that no car thus driven ever leaves the road.

The Good Old Family Name

I DROPPED into Uncle Abie Gitzenheimer's place to-day to see if my watch was all right. He was so excited over the success of his sons and daughters that he let me have another fiver.

Old Man Gitzenheimer certainly has a good family.

Pansy La Peach (the movie star, y'know), is the youngest girl.

Then there is Mickey O'Malley, "The Fightin' Irish Fool," he's the youngest boy.

The other girls also are making big names for themselves: Renee L'Aiglon, known as "The French Jenny Lind"; Bertha Von Gitzen, credited with being the most clever of the young German novelists; Carmelita Espinosa del Rey, the famous Spanish dancer, and Lena



*"There's a man who sings at his work from morning till night."
"What does he do?"
"He's a song writer."*

Swenson, hailed as the "Scandinavian Queen of the Follies."

The boys are doing just as well. Besides Mickey there are Duke Kaleukilowkaukiaeva, one of the champion swimmers of Honolulu; Gaetano Guglielmo, the famous orchestra leader; Achmed Sed Bey, the popular Arabian acrobat; Stovich Korovich, the Montenegrin piano virtuoso and John L. Smith, of Wall street.

They're good kids and deserve success. I remember 'em when they were just Hermie, Hyman, Solly, Reba, Sarah, Mose, Ikey, Esther, Rachael and Sam Gitzenheimer.

"You're a lucky father, said I."
"Well, I ain't so much of a boaster," he replied. "But it gives a lot of pleasure for an old man to know that when he dies there is sons and daughters what will keep the old family name alive." Chet Johnson

FORE



THE SPRING SONG



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

The Rôle of a Bishop

ON some glorious to-morrow it may be that clergymen in this country will cease to concern themselves with legislation and confine themselves within the boundaries of their own vast realm. As it is the separation of church and state is an ideal that not one in a hundred of them seems able to appreciate. For one hundred and fifty years it has been incorporated in the organic law of the land, yet the first recourse of an ecclesiastic bent on the moral reform of his flock is still to the big stick of legislation. Let's pass a law and make them dry; let's pass a law and get them to church; let's pass a law and make them modest; let's pass a law and keep them married. The theocratic impulse in these gentlemen is a weed as hardy and fragrant as the skunk cabbage.



BISHOP MANNING has been distinguishing himself of late lecturing the country on the laws it needs. He would retain and enforce the Volstead law; he would have New York pass a Prohibition enforcement law; he would have the country render divorce more difficult. "The wide open door of the divorce court is itself the greatest cause of the increase of divorce," he says. "If divorce were hard to obtain, as it is in Canada, great numbers of those who now run to the courts for trivial or serious reasons would find that they could overcome these difficulties and live their lives together happily."

With all due respect to the good bishop, this is exactly the kind of reasoning that one would expect from a prohibitionist. The rest of us realize that the greatest cause of the increase of divorce is not the wide open divorce court but the economic and social revolution that has been "emancipating" woman. This has made divorce attractive to her; it has given her the "twelve pound look." Liberal divorce laws did not precede, they have followed, the social demand. And if these laws were altered and divorce made hard to obtain, as Bishop Manning urges, the social demand would still be there and the effect in this field would be comparable to that of the Volstead law in another—wholesale rebellion, evasion, corruption.



WE don't intend to discuss here the moral and social consequences of divorce. The subject is too vast and complex a one for the limits of an editorial article. But if the Bishop is as sure as he seems to be that the prevalence of divorce in this country is leading to moral degradation and disaster then his course as a pastor and bishop should be quite clear. Let him use all the influence at his command to persuade his flock against seeking it.

If he can persuade them that the stability of the home is worth every personal sacrifice, if he can make the sanctity of the marriage relation to appear of greater importance than individual romance or freedom or happiness, then no matter how wide open the door of the divorce court they will not seek it. On the other hand, if he fails in this, then no matter how hard the door of the divorce court may be slammed in their faces they will find a way out, and moral turpitude become as common as cocktails.

Gridiron Notes

SPEAKING of football, as one must on occasion even out of season, we note two highly significant developments. Harvard, Yale and Princeton have agreed to boost the price of their big game seats to \$5 each, and Big Bill Edwards, for \$25,000 a year, has become the Will Hays of professional football. "I have accepted the presidency (of the professional league)," says Big Bill, exuding the sweetness and light that we have come to expect from such executives, "because I want to help preserve high-class football as it is played at the colleges. The tradition of our great game is that it is a clean, red-blooded sport—a great character builder—and it must retain these splendid qualities when played professionally."

Bill, dear, how excessively noble of you!

Nevertheless, under Big Bill's guidance we may expect the professional game to make strides. He should help advertise it and standardize it and bring it a good will to replace the sneers of yesteryear. And the boost in the price of tickets to the "big three" college games will help him. Those who have no sentimental attachment for either side will find \$5 a big price to pay to see a football game, especially when for much less and more conveniently they can see just as fast, perhaps faster, football on the professional gridiron.

All of which should be put down as pure gain, in that it will relieve our higher educational plant of the intolerable pressure due to the popularity of football. When a sport takes on all the attributes of a social ferment it is silly and dangerous to try to cork it up within academic stadia. Encourage it to overflow into frank, deliberate professionalism and let the alumni holler.



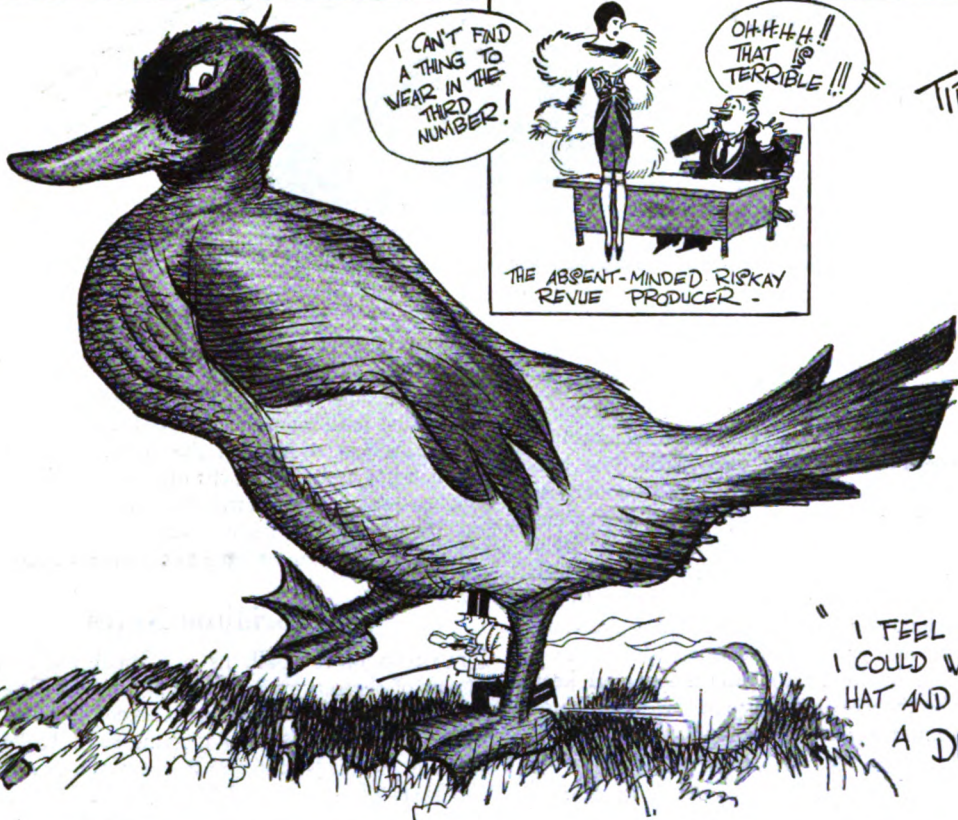
WE know of no stronger argument for the unconditional repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law than to point to what Prohibition has done to General Smedley D. Butler. Here is a man who was once described as an officer and a gentleman.

W. M. H.

LAUGHS

FROM THE

SHOWS



I CAN'T FIND A THING TO WEAR IN THE THIRD NUMBER!

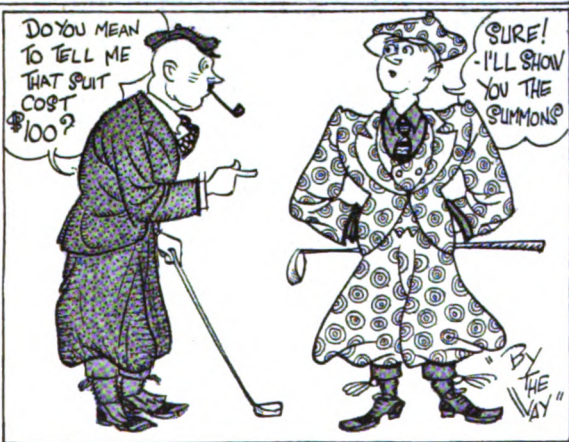


OH-H-H-H!! THAT IS TERRIBLE!!!

THE ABSENT-MINDED RISKY REVUE PRODUCER -

"TIP-TOES"

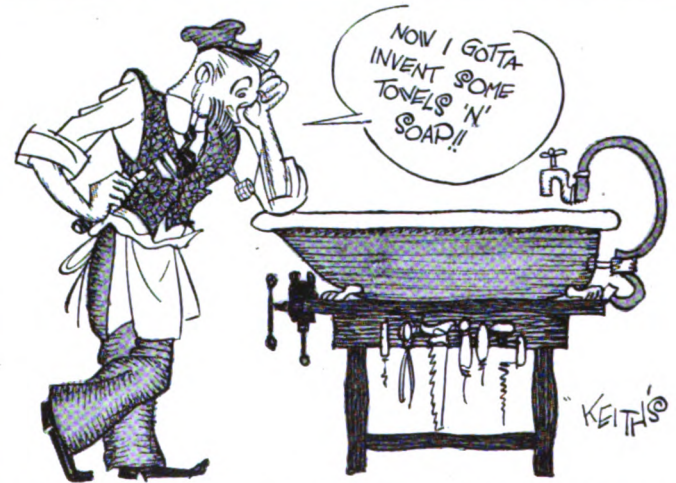
"I FEEL SO SMALL I COULD WEAR A SILK HAT AND WALK UNDER A DUCK!!!"



DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SUIT COST \$100?

SURE! - I'LL SHOW YOU THE SUMMONS

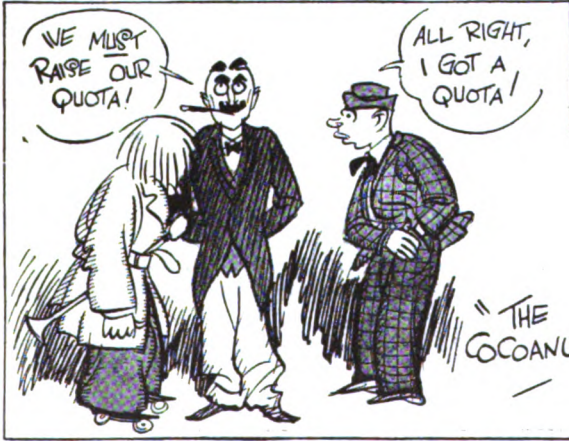
"BY THE WAY"



NOW I GOTTA INVENT SOME TOWELS 'N' SOAP!!

"KEITH'S"

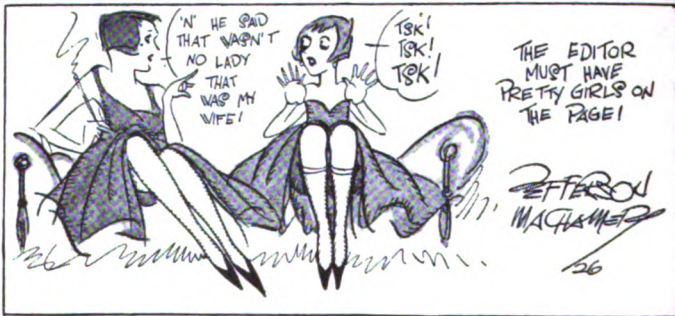
"MY UNCLE'S AN INVENTOR! HE TOOK A PATENT OUT ON A BATH TUB - THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING NEW!!"



WE MUST RAISE OUR QUOTA!

ALL RIGHT, I GOT A QUOTA!

"THE COCONUTS"



'N HE SAID THAT WASN'T NO LADY THAT WAS MY WIFE!

TSK! TSK! TSK!

THE EDITOR MUST HAVE PRETTY GIRLS ON THE PAGE!

JEFFERSON MACLEMEY

JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan



I

"THE MASQUE OF VENICE" is an amusing comedy. This is news, as you'd never know it from seeing it at the Mansfield Theater. Seldom have actors so expertly managed to take all the entertainment out of an entertaining play. Arnold Daly, true enough, gives a satisfactory performance of the leading rôle, but as for most of the rest of the troupe all I can say is that, if this is acting, what Salvini and Duse did must have been water polo.

A politeness inherited from my paternal great-grandfather, who was chief executioner to George the Third, customarily restrains me from mentioning the names of particularly bad actors in print. But I can't resist the impulse in this case. There is, for example, a young man named McKenna concerned in the present proceedings who, entrusted with one of the most important rôles in the exhibit, contributes for the delectation of all connoisseurs of Westphalian acting a performance so magnificently sour that not even the *Evening Journal* would give him a good notice. While I do not wish to single out the poor fellow as a candidate for the chopping-block, I may yet point to him as a symbol of the genus juvenile as we often get it on the American stage. His rôle is that of a young man torn by inherited susceptibilities between passion and puritanism. The stage directions of Dunning's comedy instruct the actor thus: "At first glance, Caseneuve might be mistaken for a high-class undertaker, for his dress . . . is mournful to the point of being funereal." But what is an author's intention to a wavy-haired young actor if, in the latter's estimation, it



"*The Creaking Chair*" (Lyceum)—The one in which a hand steals around the portiere and extinguishes the lights.

"*The Great God Brown*" (Garrick)—O'Neill at his best.

"*Tip Toes*" (Liberty)—Gershwin's music.

"*The Shanghai Gesture*" (Beck)—Al Woods's idea of China.

"*The Butler and Egg Man*" (Longacre)—Humorous farce-comedy about the Broadway show business.

"*The Wisdom Tooth*" (Little)—A fantastic comedy, half good, half bad.

"*The Makropoulos Secret*" (Hopkins)—Sophomoric drivel from Czecho-Slovakia.

"*The Great Gatsby*" (Ambassador)—Owen Davis hoists Scott Fitzgerald upon the stage adroitly.

"*Young Woodley*" (Belmont)—A British comedy worth your attention.

"*The Virgin*" (Elliott)—Walla-walla.

"*The Right Age to Marry*" (49th)—I still haven't summoned up the necessary interest to get around to this one.

"*Cyrano de Bergerac*" (Hampden's)—Hampden's most expert performance.

"*Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*" (Harris)—Vaudeville Americana.

"*Still Waters*" (Miller)—Reviewed in this issue.

"*The Masque of Venice*" (Mansfield)—Ditto.

"*The Cocoanuts*" (Lyric)—The Marx boys in a laugh-brewery.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue and Terpichore.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morocco)—George Kelly's meritorious play about the self-seeking married hussy.

"*The Green Hat*" (Broadhurst)—Arlen in Laura Jean Libbey's lace panties.

"*Easy Virtue*" (Empire)—Mild comedy by Noel Coward with Pinero making faces at him.

"*Mama Loves Papa*" (Forrest)—Poor stuff.

"*Nirvana*" (Greenwich)—To be discussed anon.

"*The Last of Mrs. Cheyne*" (Fulton)—Crookerei.

"*Alias the Deacon*" (Hudson)—Fifteen letters this week to the editor denouncing me as a hanswurst for calling it flapdoodle. Flapdoodle.

"*The Student Prince*" (Century)—Good musical comedy; worth your ear.

"*The Jaz*" (Plymouth)—Sem Benelli's melodrama of wop lust and vengeance.

"*The Monkey Talks*" (National)—The Grand Guignol goes to the circus.

"*Twelve Miles Out*" (Playhouse)—Rum-runner hulleballoo.

"*The Vagabond King*" (Casino)—Commendable musical comedy with Villon as the hero.

"*Greenwich Village Follies*" (Shubert)—Tom Howard as its leading feature.

"*Vanities*" (Carroll)—The estimable M.M. Tannen and Cook, but the bathtub is missing.

"*Not Herbert!*" (Klaw)—Crooks again.

"*Square Crooks*" (Daly's)—And still again.

interferes with his making a pretty impression on the girls out front? Does he foolishly follow it, and thus sacrifice a feminine tremor or two over his personal loveliness? Does a colored gentleman, I ask you, hate pork chops?

If there is still any lingering doubt as to the proper answer to the above questions, I may hint delicately that it is *no*. Young Mr. McKenna, like many of his contemporaries in the Actor's Union, simply makes a face at the author and comes out dressed much less like an undertaker—which certainly wouldn't please the sweet ones—than like a snappy young Broadway actor. And, after all the consequent applause on the part of the flappers dies down, he proceeds so to romanticize his rôle, against the playwright's directions but in further behalf of the dear girls, that the play promptly curls up and expires. A brother actor—one who is older and should have more sense—lends the M. McKenna brilliant support in knocking the tar out of the comedy. This brother is a Mr. Seagram, who is cast for the rôle of the royal exile, Don Pedro di Brianza. The author describes the Don as "naturally courteous and graceful, without the slightest affectation." Improving upon the author, however, Mr. Seagram interprets gracefulness by jamming his hands constantly into his trousers' pockets, thus lifting up his jacket to display a vast expanse of posterior, and by bounding up and down the salon of the palazzo like an Albert Carroll imitation of Pavlowa.

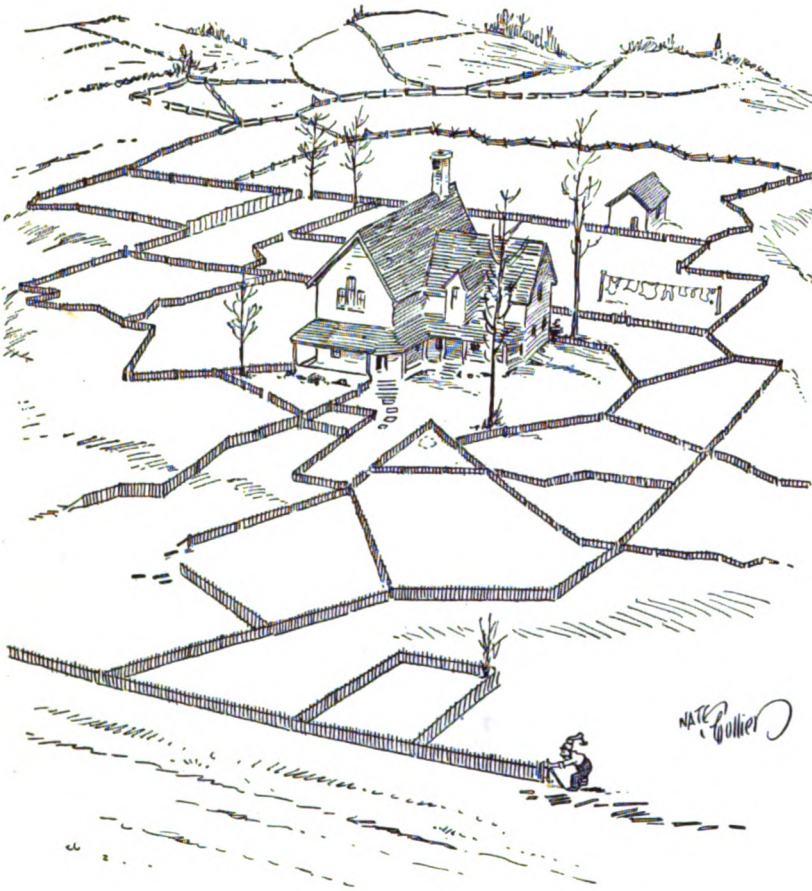
I might continue, but the ghostly hand of my chivalrous great-grandfather holds me in check. It is all too bad. Let us wipe away a tear—and perhaps even blow our nose—

(Continued on page 27)

Kate and Mame

DEAR MAME: I'm still in the chorus, I should be a star, there's no doubt! The censor guys knock and deplore us, and that's why the theater's sold out! My costume's have surely diminished, I've just had some new portraits done, and after those pictures were finished, the boss took the nakedest one, he stuck it out front, in the lobby, on top of a great shiny stand. Right near it rest loving cups nobby, and honestly, Mame, it looks grand! Of course all the others are jealous. May claims that it isn't half bad, while Hilda admits she must tell us, "It looks like a tennis match ad!" The girls are all dishin' the dirt an' my Johnny just sent me perfume, I posed in the new living curtain, but sneezed—so I lost my costume! That real estate guy was demented, he handed poor me a bad check, the land which he sold and he rented was ground that grew right on his neck! Rose married her wealthy bootlegger, and Gloria's count is a pest, so give me some butter-and-egger, *account* in the bank is the best! I bought a new dress, and it's garnet, I met two rich men, just last night, but Mame, they respected me—darn it! I guess this is all I can write. I have a rehearsal now, honey, the boss said I mustn't be late! Oh, don't you take any bad money, write soon to your girl friend, from Kate.

Nanette Kutner



His physical adviser told him to do a little fencing.

Censored!

(In order to be on the safe side I submitted the following poem to the censors of the Post Office Department. This is how it read after they got through with it.)

IT WAS AN (expurgate this phrase)
And so (expunge) and (cut).
The (censored) to and fro (erase),
Alas! It was (tut-tut!)

(Objectionable) all about,
(This entire line must go),
Because (taboo) the (cut this out),
Or else (blue pencil) so.

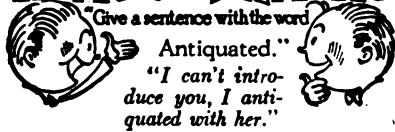
(Deleted by the censor) sweet,
As (canceled); (quash the rest).
So (cut) and (change) likewise (delete),

(From here on is suppressed).
Geo. R. Davies



A committee of customers finds out at last what it is that the laundry does to the shirts.

KRAZY KRACKS



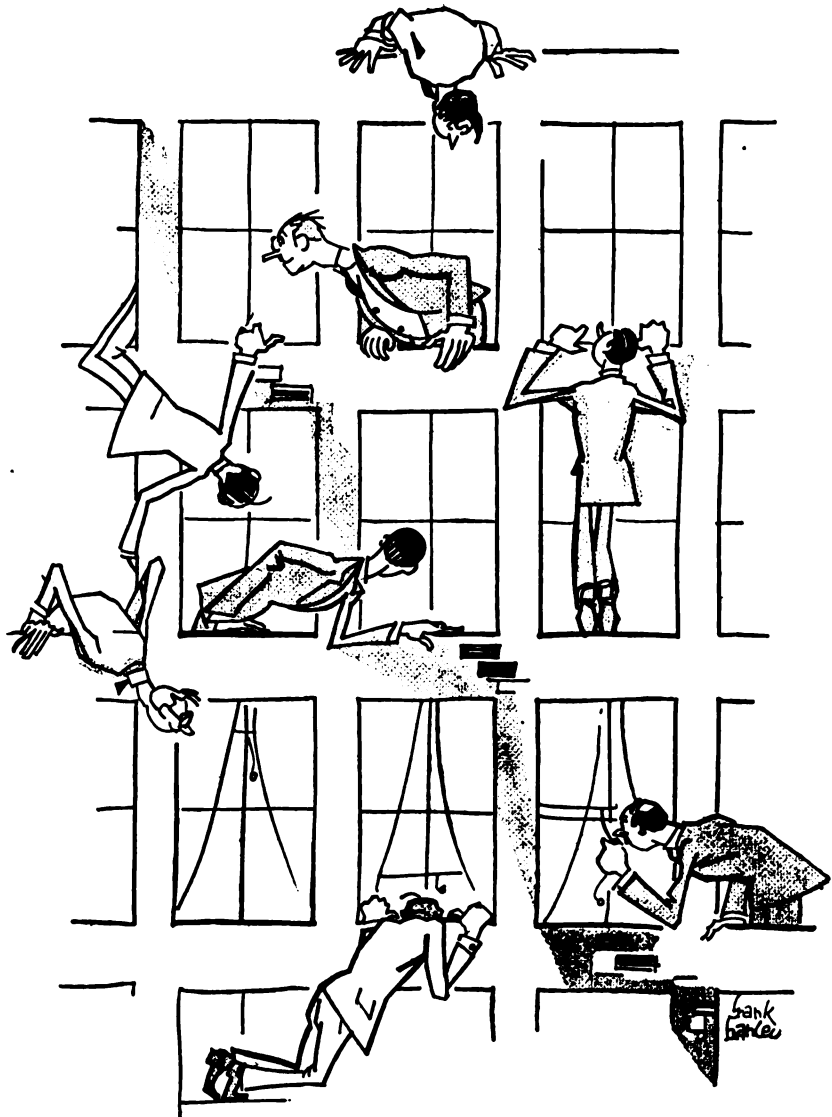
Exterior Decoration

ARCHITECTS were sent scurrying to Southern Europe to study the best examples of Italian Renaissance. Others hastened to rural England to copy typical Tudor buildings. In sunny Spain and in remotest parts of China others sketched temples, pagodas, dwellings and courtyards. Hundreds of skilled men delved through research volumes for the best authorities on Gothic structure. Finally, after two years of wandering, they gathered in the long assembly hall.

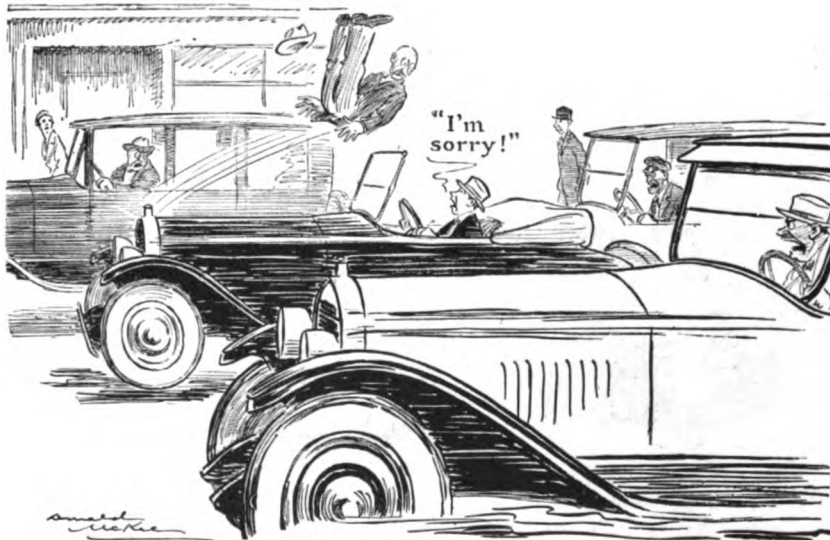
Each rose to his feet and read a carefully prepared paper on the results of his investigation. A tense, almost solemn atmosphere pervaded the hall. Next to me sat the Elizabethan authority, sketching beautiful castles on a blotter.

"Excuse me, sir," I whispered, "but are you planning to erect some massive cathedral, some glorious temple of the arts or possibly a sumptuous home for some great millionaire?"

"Don't be silly," he answered, "The Consolidated Gasoline Corporation is thinkin' of puttin' up another filling station out in Hicks-ville, Kan."
Hugh Wood



If we all behaved like censors.



The motorist, who is also a tennis player, violates the drivers' code of ethics.

Amateur Magic

THE man who did tricks had performed nobly for his guests of the evening. Too nobly, perhaps.

"Now," said the sleepy looking drummer from the next block, "can you find my coat and I'll do a little act."

"Certainly," said the amateur magician.

"I need my hat, too," said the salesman.

"Very well," nodded the host, going for the headgear.

"What's your stunt?" asked the magician's wife, anxiously.

"Well," sighed the drummer, putting on his hat, "it's a little disappearing act all my own."

And in a moment he was gone.

James A. Sancker



The first headwaitress.
—PITT PANTHER

Flaming Youth

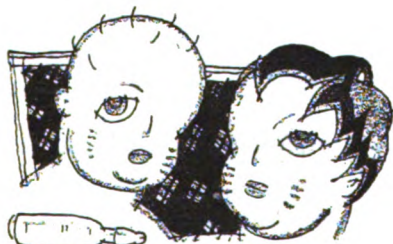
"Please, mister, give me a shot of gin?"

"Good grief, youth, pretty soon you'll be asking me for cigarettes."
—Brown Jug



Prof.—When was George Washington born?

Stude—February 22, 1732, A.D.
"Now what does A.D. mean?"
"Why, after dark, I suppose."
—Texas Ranger



"Ma is so cross-eyed that the tears roll down her back."

"That's all right, the doctor's treating her for bacteria."
—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY



Either Tenor Five

First Director—I'm up a tree. Can't you lend me a tenor for to-night?

Second Director—Sorry. All I have is a five spot. —Kentucky Satyr



FAMOUS LAST WORDS

I didn't know they were loaded.
—WILLIAMS PURPLE COW



"You remind me of Moses."
"How come?"

"Every time you open your mouth the bull rushes."
—Colgate Banter



He—Isn't that your father I hear?
She—Yes. He's collecting material for a book on embarrassing situations.
—Ohio State Sun Dial



"Is she so dumb?"
"Well, last night she asked the orchestra to play the other side of 'Collegiate.'"
—Wisconsin Octopus

—Wisconsin Octopus



"I never knew rain drops could smoke."

"Well, it so happens that they can't."
"That's funny. Only a few minutes ago I saw them in hail."
—N. Y. MEDLEY



Believe me, if all those cosmetrical charms
Which I gaze on so sweetly to-night,
Were to fade by to-morrow and flee
from my sight,
I'd know—

that you'd washed your face!
—S. California Wampus



Lady—Your father thinks a lot of your new brother, doesn't he?

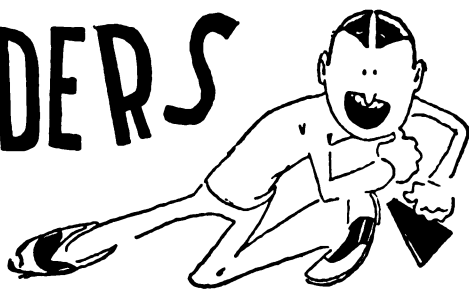
Bobbie—Yeh, gets up in the middle of the night to take the darn kid for a walk!
—West Point Pointer



"What is the difference between a stenographer and a confidential secretary?"

"You don't dare fire a confidential secretary."
—MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

LEADERS



Pullman Porter—Brush yo' off suh?

Old Gent—No, I'll get off in the usual way.

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer*

☛☛☛

Cop (to struggling man in private pond)—Come out of that. You can't swim in there.

Feller—I know I can't. That's why I'm hollering for help.

—*Tennessee Mugwump*

☛☛☛

Yellow—I hear your sister is quite popular with the boys.

Jacket—Yea. She keeps 'em all in the dark.

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*

☛☛☛

What is your moral code or are you a college man?

—*Boston Beanpot*

Husband (phoning)—Is my wife in?

Butler—I think she is in the bath, sir; just a moment, sir, and I shall see, sir?

"Never mind, I'll call later."

—*Centre Colonel*



"Have you ever read anything by Goethe?"

"No, but I've seen the play about getting her garter."

—*CORNELL WIDOW*



"A lass and a lack."

—*CORNELL WIDOW*

If I Should Die To-morrow

(With apologies to Benjamin Franklin King, Jr.)

If I should die to-morrow,
And you should come to say your last farewell,
And weepingly your grief to others tell—

If I should die to-morrow,
And you should come and in sincerest truth

Cry out, "My heart lies buried with this youth!"

I might arise in ecstasy of joy
And say, "Atta Boy!"

If I should die to-morrow
And you should come before my bier and kneel,
And tell to all the world the love you feel,

I say, if I should die to-morrow
And you should come to me and whisper low,

"Oh, dearest friend of mine, I love you so!"

I might arise and cry with all my might,

"Aw hell! Why didn't you tell me that last night?"

—*Rice Owl*

☛☛☛

Husband—That man is the ugliest person I ever saw.

Wife—Not so loud, dear. You forget yourself. —*Pitt Panther*



"What's the matter, flat tire?"

"Gosh, no! If she was I wouldn't be here." —*RICE OWL*

JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



OF the three farce-comedies that make up the reviewer's grist this week I liked best "Let's Get Married." It can't compare for subtlety of portrayal or ripe humor with "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," but Richard Dix manages to make it distinctly amusing in spots. He is that rare phenomenon, a handsome comedian, whose easy, natural sense of comedy is unmarred by his very obvious sightliness.

The part he takes in "Let's Get Married" is that of a former college football hero and good-natured hell raiser whose animal spirits, when augmented sufficiently with the other kind, have been known to wreck a night club. In fact he demonstrates his genius in this direction to your entire satisfaction. But he falls in love, and all is changed within. Unfortunately this spiritual transformation is unknown to those who

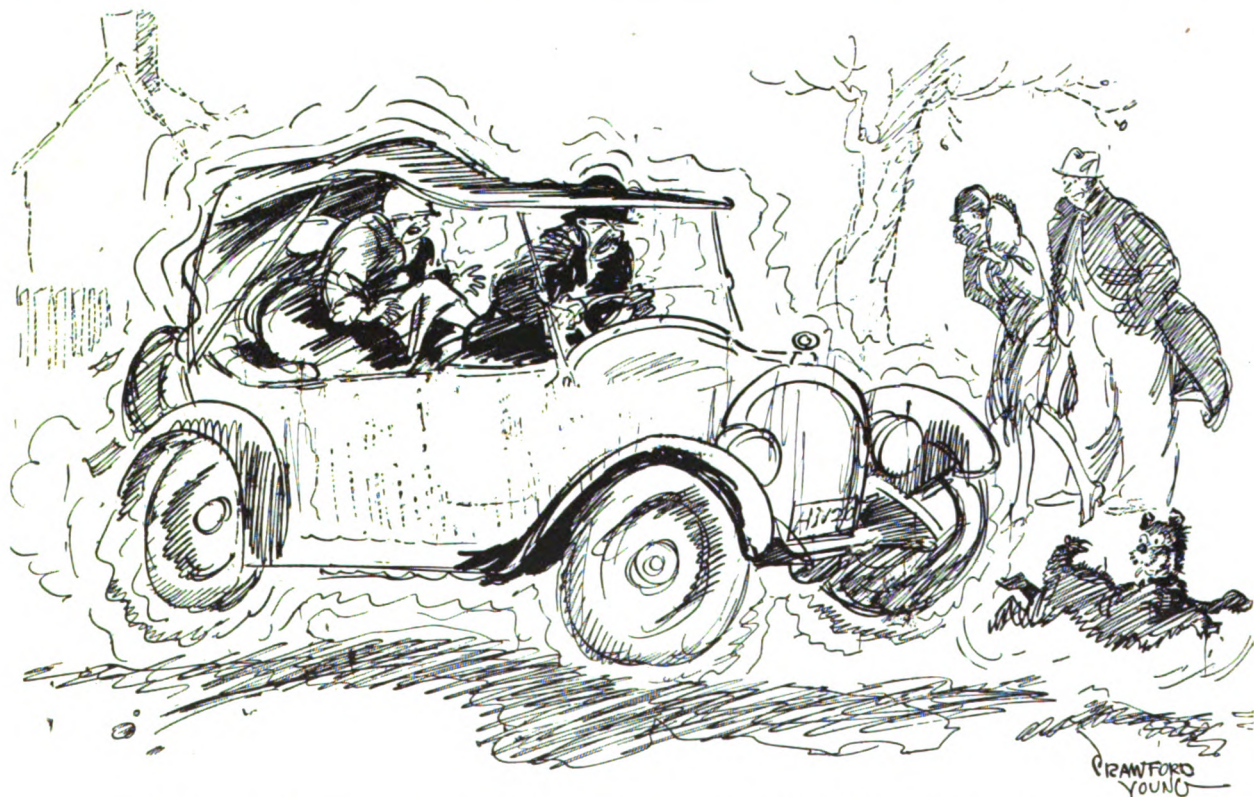


- "The Big Parade"—Nothing better yet.
- "A Woman of the World"—Pola Negri gives Main street a thrill. Very good.
- "Siegfried"—Quite worthy of its subject.
- "Tumbleweeds"—Standard Bill Hart fare.
- "Lady Windermere's Fan"—Wilde with a touch of Dubuque.
- "A Kiss for Cinderella"—Sentimentality at its charmingest.
- "Bluebeard's Seven Wives"—The movie sheik burlesqued.
- "Womanhandled"—A new version of the "Wild" West.
- "Soul Mates"—Elinor Glyn piffle.
- "Mannequin"—Fanny Hurst's \$50,000 prize melodrama. Not worth it.
- "That Royle Girl"—Crook drama solved by a cyclone.
- "The Splendid Road"—Deep in slush.
- "Ben-Hur"—The chariot race is worth the price of admission.
- "Sea Beast"—Pretty terrible, notwithstanding John Barrymore.
- "The Black Bird"—Lon Chaney in a good Limehouse drama.
- "The Reckless Lady"—Sir Philip Gibbs wouldn't know his child.
- "Memory Lane"—Mush.
- "Moana of the South Seas"—Personally conducted tour to Paradise.
- "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"—First rate comedy.
- "Partners Again"—Potash and Perlmutter murdered.
- "Mare Nostrum"—Florid war tragedy from Ibanez.
- "Dancing Mothers"—A feeble sermon.
- "Torrent"—Greta Garbo and sophistication.
- "La Bohème"—The old story, beautifully acted and filmed.

have had to deal with him before, and while he is on the premises, an innocent bystander, another riot occurs in his favorite night club. I say riot, but that is a feeble and hackneyed term for the most gorgeously realistic free-for-all it has been my privilege to see on the screen. In any case they light on our hero as the ring-leader and perpetrator and he goes to jail for thirty days.

How he keeps his predicament from his girl, even unto and beyond the altar, forms the plot of the drama. A burlesque of the wedding ceremony is the only serious lapse in taste.

NEXT in order of beguilement comes "Irene," with Colleen Moore. Miss Moore is the feminine counterpart of Richard Dix in that she can be both charmingly pretty and funny. "Irene" as a picture,



"H-Henry, we're a l-lot to be g-grateful for—l-lookit Joneses; they have no car at all."
 "That d-don't do us no good—we're not the Jo-Joneses!"

however, sacrifices its unity to become a fashion show in full color, so that one is at a loss to say whether the comedy dies from sartorial indigestion or the fashion show faints from too much farce.

As Irene O'Dare, Miss Moore, through a misunderstanding, is banished from her humble home and flees to New York, where she gets a job as messenger for a modiste. On a trip to the overwhelming mansion of Mrs. Warren Marshall she runs into Donald Marshall, the heir apparent, who has just become a silent partner in "Madame Lucy," maker of women's gowns. "Madame Lucy," by the way, is a man. The part is excellently played by George K. Arthur.

Donald, of course, falls in love with Irene and equally of course he makes her a mannequin, and eventually she leads the private fashion show arranged for society at his mother's home. The rest of the story I will leave to your imagination, and I will spare you also two or three columns' description of the gowns.

LAST and least comes "The Cave Man," with Matt Moore and Marie Prevost, story by Gelett Burgess. The story may be amusing enough—that of a coal heaver who is groomed for social conquest as a crudely eccentric scientist, who becomes the lion of the day with the gilded fair sex, only to be cast into outer darkness when in his conceit he makes known his origin—but its handling in this picture is heavy and forced. So far as the society depicted is concerned, you don't see why a coal heaver shouldn't enter it without a disguise, at least if he should wash his face. And as for the coal heaver himself, with half the assurance he displays he'd have been in the real estate business instead of driving a truck. The only truck drivers I have known were, compared with him, a sensitive, shy breed.

A clergyman says there are "desperate needs to be met and urgent calls to be answered." Our telephone girl evidently doesn't know this.
—Humorist

Magistrate—What gave you the impression that the prisoner was the worse for drink?

Constable—Well, sir, he was engaged in a heated argument with a 'bus driver.

"But that does not prove anything."

"Well, sir, there was no 'bus driver there at all!" —Happy Magazine

The Roosevelt
New York City, N. Y.
The Benjamin Franklin
Philadelphia, Pa.
The Olympic
Seattle, Washington
The Bancroft
Worcester, Mass.
The Ten Eyck
Albany, N. Y.
The Utica
Utica, N. Y.
The Onondaga
Syracuse, N. Y.
The Rochester
Rochester, N. Y.
The Seneca
Rochester, N. Y.
The Niagara
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
The Lawrence
Erie, Pa.
The Postage
Akron, Ohio
The Durant
Flint, Michigan
The Robert Treat
Newark, N. J.
The Alexander Hamilton
Paterson, N. J.
The Stacy-Treat
Trouton, N. J.
The Penn-Harris
Harrisburg, Pa.
The Mount Royal
Montreal, Canada
King Edward
Toronto, Canada
Royal Connaught
Hamilton, Canada
The Clifton
Niagara Falls, Canada
Prince Edward
Windsor, Canada
The Admiral Beatty
St. John, N. B.



Affiliated
American Hotels Corp.
Operating Modern Hotels
in Intermediate Cities

U. N. L. T. I.
Operating System of Famous
old world Hotels

"Good
Morning
it's
8 o'clock"



THE greeting to our guests when they're called, isn't a mechanical mumble or a hurried formality.

It has that pleasant courtesy of tone which helps to make your stay that much more enjoyable. For a good hotel doesn't stop at being good just in its special features. It's good right down to the smallest detail.

Whenever you stop at a United Hotel—expect that agreeable people will always be ready to serve you and to do it pleasantly.

UNITED HOTELS
Company of America



TRUTH WILL OUT?

The Witness—I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing like the truth.
—Humorist

ART PRINTS

ALL 3 FOR ONLY \$1.00



"Oh, Mama!"

By R. B. Fuller

A new child picture that has a very strong maternal appeal. Printed in four colors from the original plates on heavy Art Mat, size 11 x 14 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each



"Book Ends"

By Delevante

A beautiful reproduction in one color of a crayon-pencil drawing which graphically illustrates the changes Time has made in the fair sex. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches, with wide margins for framing.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each



"The Old Army Game"

By James Trembath

One of the most interesting and attractive pictures ever reproduced as an Art Print. Beautifully printed from the original engraving in soft, two-toned sepia brown on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches, with wide margins.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each

OTHER NEW ART PRINTS

"The Sea Hawk".....	\$1.00
"Have a Look at Venus".....	1.00
"Hasn't Scratched Yet".....	1.00
"Tee for Two".....	1.00
"Saturday Night".....	.50
"Be Yourself".....	.50
"The Curse of Drink".....	.25

JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

627 West 43d Street

New York

Julius Caesar—1926 Model

Act III, Scene II—The Forum

BRUTUS—Fellows, I'd like to stick around, but I gotta date, so I'll have to beat it. Before I go I'll introduce the speaker of the day. We're very fortunate, I am sure, in having with us to-day a man who was a personal friend of Julius Caesar. He will speak a few words about Caesar and I hope you'll stay parked until he's through. I'm sure the speaker needs no introduction, so it gives me great pleasure to introduce the Honorable Mark Antony.

First Citizen—Let's hear what this bird has to say!

Third Citizen—Stand up, Mark, you ol' sheik!

Antony—Well, as a favor to Brutus—

Fourth Citizen—Louder!

Third Citizen—This cuckoo says he'll spill a little applesauce because Brutus is a pal o' his.

Fourth Citizen—He'd better lay offa Brutus! There's a good scout, ol' Brutus!

First Citizen—This guy Caesar was a flop!

Third Citizen—You said it, bo.

Second Citizen—Shut up an' let him talk!

Antony—You gentle Romans—

All—Pipe down, you birds over there! Attaboy, Mark!

Antony—Friends, Romans and countrymen, lend me your ears: I come to bury, Caesar, not to praise him. When your chairman, ah—**Mr.**—ah—**Brutus**, asked me to say a few words at Caesar's funeral I was reminded of the California booster who wandered into a funeral in an eastern city by mistake. Ever hear this one? It's an old one, I know, and if you've heard it I won't—

All—Go on, Mark!

Antony—Well, this bird from California wandered into the funeral and it seems the minister didn't know much about the man for whom the rites were being held. Finally he asked if anyone present would like to say a few kind words about the deceased. Well, it seems that nobody wanted to say anything. Finally, this California booster stood up and said: "Parson, if no one else has anything to offer, I'd like to say a few words about the wonderful climate and real estate values out in California!" (Laughter and applause.)

First Citizen—That's a hot one, Mark!

Second Citizen—He's a riot, ain't he?

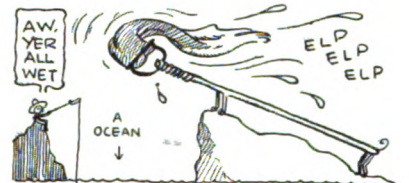
Third Citizen—Ain't a better guy in Rome than Antony!



LITTLE PLAYFUL RUBBER BALLS BOUNDING ABOUT ON THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIE



FAMOUS MAGICIAN DISGUISED AS A BOILED CARROT FILLING A HOLE IN THE GROUND WITH SYNTHETIC MOLASSES FROM AN EMPTY GASOLINE CAN



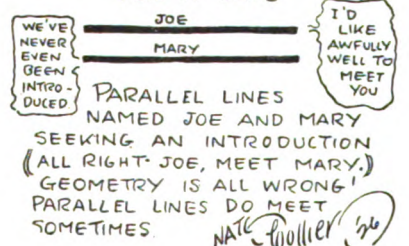
MAROONED MOP ON UNINHABITED ISLAND WIG-WAGGING DISTRESS SIGNALS TO THE NICE LOOKING-GENTLEMAN WHO IS FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE



A CHORUS GIRL IN PAJAMAS DIGGING GLADIOLI BULBS AT MIDNIGHT IN THE DARK OF THE MOON (GOSH! IT'S SO DARK I CANT SEE A THING.)



SIX CYLINDER, PROPELLER-DRIVEN TORTOISE LOOKING FOR A RACE



Fourth Citizen—Buddy, you said a mouthful!

All—Go on, Mark ol' kid, you're hitting on all six!

Antony—The evil that men do lives after them: the good is oft interred with their bones; so let it be with Caesar. And before I go on, Caesar's death reminds me of the old story about two Irishmen, Pat and Mike. Ever hear this one?

All—No! Let's have it, Mark!

Antony: I heard this one at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, but I don't think it's been told lately. Anyway, it seems that Pat and Mike were working together in a quarry and Pat was killed by a blast. They started up the hill from the quarry with the body, and the foreman sent Mike ahead to notify Pat's wife. Well, Mike didn't know just how to break the news gently to Mrs. O'Harrigan, but he knocked on the door. A woman came to the door and asked what was wanted? Sure you've never heard this one, fellows? I know it's an old one, but—

All—Go ahead, kid!

Antony—Well, Mike burst right out: "Is this the Widow O'Harrigan?" And she said: "O'Harrigan is me name, but I'm no widow!" and Mike says right away without thinking: "T'hell yez ain't! Just wait 'til yez see what they're bringing up the hill." (Laughter and applause.)

First Citizen—This boy Mark knows his groceries!

Second Citizen—He knows a lot of old gags, too!

Third Citizen—If he springs another like that I'll smack him one!

Fourth Citizen—How much longer is he going to talk?

Antony—The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious. If it were so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Caesar answered it. I'll never forget the last time I saw him. It was last Tuesday—no, it musta been Monday—I guess it was Thursday. Anyway, I said to him: "Julius ol' top, who was that lady I saw you with last night?" And he laughed and said: "Mark, that was no lady! That was—"

First Citizen—O pitious spectacle!

Second Citizen—O woeful day!

Third Citizen—Siddown before I knock you down!

Fourth Citizen—We will be revenged!

All—Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Lynch him! Break his neck! Bean him if he says another word! Throw the big bum out! Who left the door open! Siddown, Mark, you're all wet!

Chet Johnson

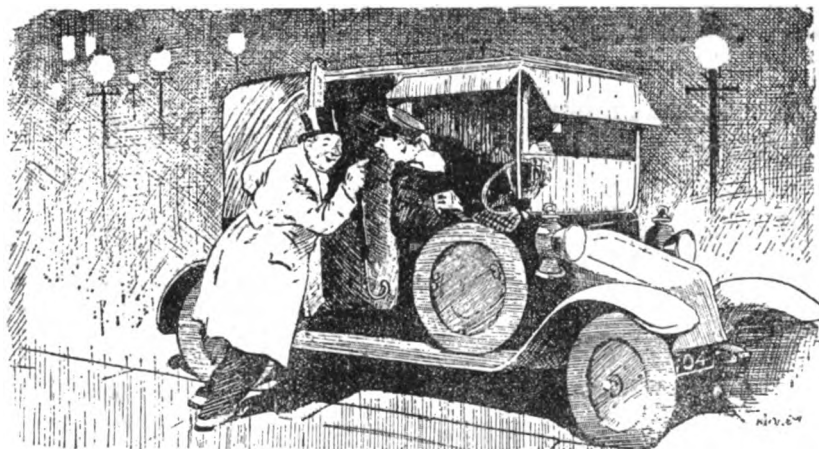
Naturally preferred

AMONG MEN who can well afford any cigarette they choose, there is a decided preference for Fatimas. They have learned that to pay less is to get less, to pay more, extravagance



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIOTT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



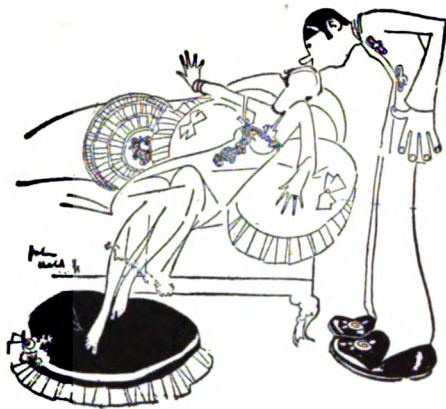
Festive Person—Wan' you—drive me home.

Taxi-Driver—Where to, sir?

"N'ver mind!"

"But I must know where yer home is."

"Not at all. Don't want th' wife—know—anything 'bout it."—*Passing Show*



Sample Those Kisses!

BILLIE had very red hair that curled most enthusiastically. Her lips were painted with an orange colored paste and each separate eyelash was reinforced with a coating of mascara. She wore a yellow pleated skirt which skimmed the tops of her rolled stockings. The white silk sweater was an awfully tight fit, and one got the idea that Billie wanted it to be an awfully tight fit.

Tony was that gray-eyed, sleek-haired sort who thinks Coolidge is a total loss because he's never up at the dance hall on Saturday nights. Tony was good-looking and young. Most people liked him, but he was the kind who wouldn't do right by our Nell—it was stamped all over him.

These two looked at each other and smiled. Tony asked where she hung out, who her gang was, where she got her pretty eyes and if anybody had ever told her she was some baby. Billie answered all his questions satisfactorily.

Twenty minutes later, Tony was sitting with Billie on a bench where Riverside Drive gives up and dwindles into Broadway. She was taking puffs from Tony's cigarette now and then, and he was living entirely in the future as far as she was concerned.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

Q When a girl has come-on eyes and a broadminded way, what young man will pass up a chance to sample her kisses and find out if the product lives up to the advertising? You'll enjoy reading "She's Wonderful!" by Viña Delmar in the current SNAPPY STORIES. Now on all newsstands—20 cents.

Free 3 Lessons

You can play the scale in an hour and play Jazz in a week on the

Buescher Saxophone

We give 3 free lessons with each new instrument. They start you. Teach yourself. It's great fun practicing because you learn so quickly. Even though you have failed with some other instrument, you can learn the Buescher Saxophone. And it will make you the most popular person in your set. 6 days' free trial in your own home, any instrument. No obligation. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings liberal proposition. Address:

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (1)
1169 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana



Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

30 Days FREE Trial
Rangers direct from our factory, express prepaid. Save \$10 to \$15. Many models. Easy payments—only \$5 a month. Write today for bicycle catalog and marvelous offers.
MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. L-174 CHICAGO



We already have this.



Will it come to this?

—LONDON MAIL

The Diary of a Dub

MONDAY—I certainly am lucky. To-day a millionaire who was temporarily embarrassed for funds stopped me. He has to sell the family jewels or starve. So I purchased a big diamond from him for only \$25.

Tuesday—When I showed the boys at the office my big diamond they laughed, but I could see it was because they were jealous.

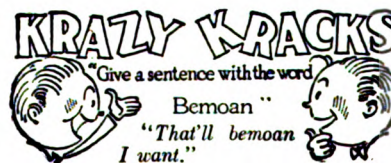
Wednesday—I went to Tiffany's to-day to get another diamond to match mine so I can have two made into a ring. The diamond expert there said they didn't have one like it, but that I might be able to get it matched at Woolworth's.

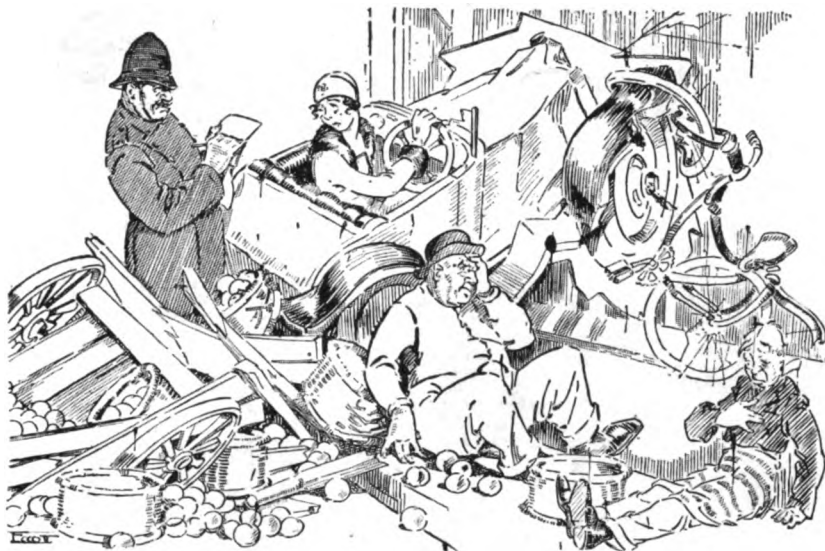
Thursday—I couldn't find any diamond merchant named Woolworth. But I met a man who offered me a chance to get in on some oil stock the Rockefellers are anxious to buy up. So I am going to borrow a few thousand on my diamond to-morrow and clean up a couple million.

Friday—Well, I took my diamond into a pawn shop and asked the Uncle how much he would let me have on it. He pulled out a dime and asked me to give him a nickel change. Then we both laughed heartily because I realized that he thought I was only kidding about soaking such a rare gem.

Saturday—I haven't a diamond any more. While I was showing it to one of the girls at the boarding house this morning it fell into my glass of water and dissolved, just like the rich pearls that Cleopatra used to put in her wine! Well, anyway, I can always cherish the sacred memory of having once owned a jewel more priceless than rubies.

Chet Johnson





*Policeman (to lady who has caused all the damage)—Name, please?
Lady—Prudence. —Humorist*

The Gentle Art of Making a Living

Mrs. MALADY was very tired and her head ached so she had a masseuse come in to massage her. The masseuse was tired also and her head ached, but she felt she had to go for she had her living to make.

Mrs. Malady wore only the most expensive lingerie. Twila, the little shogirl who sold it, loved it, but never had all of it she wanted for she had her living to make.

The real estate agent sold Mrs. Malady a beautiful house. He lived in a small house himself, but he made his living by selling big estates.

The car salesman also sold Mrs. Malady the kind of a high-powered car he wanted himself, but never ex-

pected to get for he had his living to make.

All of Mrs. Malady's servants did her bidding for she paid good wages and they had their living to make.

Fleurette adored furs and high-priced gowns and wore them every day. She was a manikin and had a living to make so she posed for Mrs. Malady and her kind.

Mrs. Malady's hair dressers, her beauty specialists, her physician, even her butcher and grocer, catered to her for they all had their living to make.

Mrs. Malady really despised the whole game and did not think any too highly of Mr. Malady, but she went through with it.

You see Mrs. Malady had her living to make too.

Katherine Negley



Captain of Village Fire Brigade—Eight pints o' beer, ma, an' do ye mind bein' a bit quick as we be on our way to a fire. —Passing Show



*Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE*

Our Headache Corner

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

The cost of living is high, but it's worth it.

Sometimes you pay the price with a headache—but needlessly!

Yes, it's stupid to suffer with a pain in the noble bean, when you can get rid of it (the pain, not the n.b.) easily and even pleasantly.

We knew you'd ask *that!* Well, the answer is Kohler-Antidote, the remedy that does its stuff gently and harmlessly.

Just a few minutes, and your headache is replaced with the wonderful feeling that life is mighty nice after all. Lotsa pep 'n everything.

Compare that with how you've felt after shocking your system with a potent drug.

Druggists have been selling Kohler-Antidote since 'way back in the Gay Nineties.

STOPS



TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. ³³

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct.
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
Paris London



25 Years

In Use

Westcott

At Leading Dealers

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Digitized by

JUDGE

Date.....

JUDGE

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

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

CHECK HERE

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

CHECK HERE

Herewith is \$2.00 (check, cash, money-order) for 21 weeks of JUDGE.

CHECK HERE

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

Name

Address.....

City.....

State

FOR YOURSELF

Notice to Judge Contributors

NO MANUSCRIPTS will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelope, and owing to the thousands of contributions sent into this office each week, it is impossible to enter into personal correspondence regarding them.

Do not enclose postage for Funnybones, Epilaughs, Lizzie Labels or Krazy Kracks, as they will not be returned.

\$5 will be paid for each one printed if it has not previously been received.

In cases of duplication, the first one received will be accepted.

For prompt attention address manuscripts, in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE,
 Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,
 Epilaughs—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,
 Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,
 Lizzie Labels—Lizzie Label Editor of JUDGE.

627 West 43d Street, New York City

PISO'S for coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup
 35c and 60c sizes
 And externally, use PISO'S
 Throat and Chest Salve, 35c

SKIN IRRITATIONS

For their immediate relief and healing doctors prescribe

Resinol



ARTHUR FERRISS

"Smoking jackets? Yes, madame—for a gentleman or for yourself?"
 —Passing Show

When Greek Meets Greek
 THE large hall was filled with eager Italian, Scandinavian, German, Russian and American students. Before them, on the platform, stood the instructor.

"Boys, repeat three times after me everything I say," he announced. "First we'll have the proper way to say roast lamb. Ready: *Rust Lem!*" "Rust Lem, rust lem, rust lem," echoed the class in deep, bass tones. "Now the way to say roast veal and a cup of coffee: Rust weal and scupscawfee!"

"Rust weal an' scupscawfee," thundered the students three times.

"Next the proper way to say apple pie, peach pie and strawberry pie: Oppala pie, pitcha pie an' strom-berry pie!"

"Oppala pie, pitcha pie an' strom-berry pie!" roared the class.

"And here's the last one: Cup of custard and raisin cake: Scupscosted an' resan kek!"

"Scupscosted an' resan kek!"

"Very good, boys," announced the teacher. "You are now full-fledged comic-strip restaurant Greeks. As such, you will find employment immediately in alleged Greek restaurants. Thus you will carry out the beloved tradition of Greek restaurant phonetics and will keep alive this beautiful mother tongue."

So saying, Professor McSweeney picked up his derby and left, while Tony, Beppo, Fritz, Adolph, Mike and Abie, G.G. (Graduate Greeks) set forth to meet their culinary brethren.

Hugh Wood

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 15)

over a well-written and diverting play ruined by grotesquely incompetent mimes.

II

AT the conclusion of the second act on the opening night of his play, "Still Waters," at the Henry Miller Theater, Mr. Augustus Thomas made a speech, the leading note of which was to thank the actors for the intelligence of their performance. Just why Mr. Thomas believes that it takes intelligence of any sort, even actor-intelligence, to perform so sophomoric a play as his "Still Waters" must remain something of a mystery. There is nothing in the affair from beginning to end that is beyond the comprehension of a schoolboy.

Continuing to believe that drama and propaganda are one and the same thing, Mr. Thomas this time waxes hot under the collar over Prohibition and the Mann Act. But the heat he engenders in himself is so excessive, despite occasional heavy attempts at deceptive comic relief, that it leaves everyone else pretty cold. What is more, the playwright here shows little of his old competence in the matter of play building. His exhibit is as slipshod in construction as it is in content.

Thomas, once hailed as the greatest of American dramatists—by idiots, true enough—currently reveals himself a rather pathetic figure. His dramatic mind belongs to the period of 1890. Sitting before one of his plays, one misses the drop curtain with the St. Jacob's Oil and Yucatan Chewing Gum advertisements, the program announcing next week's engagement of Nat Goodwin in "The Nominee" and the boys who sold "Sunshine Kisses" in the aisles between the acts.

The company assembled to merchant "Still Waters" is headed by Thurston Hall and contains, among others, Edward Emery, Georgie Drew Mendum, Mona Kingsley and David Tearle. I'd give a nickel to know what they thought about Mr. Thomas's speech.

Shattered Romance

"Lawsy, but Ah suttinly does hate to lose dis job," sighed the colored maid upon being discharged.

"You have a family to support?" asked her late mistress.

"No'm, but Ah's got an engagement to be broke," groaned the girl.

—*American Legion Weekly*



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

WHAT HOE!

~ ~ ~

~THE~

GARDEN NUMBER

OF

JUDGE

~ ~ ~

COMES OUT
NEXT WEEK!

~ ~ ~

*Turnip at the
Newsstand
Early!*

*"And Love compares with a Bobtalled Flush,
And the Draw is Marriage, we'll say:
For whether you help your hand or not,
You've still got to ante away."*

From

SATIRE & SONG

By

MAURICE SWITZER

The author is the vice-president of one of the country's largest tire companies, and a man who in a kindly yet satiric vein has expressed his conception of life in sparkling, spontaneous, jubilant song.

Even though you do not ordinarily read verse, this volume will appeal to your sense of rhythm. Privately printed in a limited edition, we have a few copies, illustrated in color and attractively bound in an Art Binding, size 6½ x 8½ inches, which we will be glad to send postpaid upon receipt of

One Dollar

Brunswick Subscription Co.
627 West 43d Street, New York

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled

By

And the Text in this issue

Entitled

By

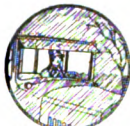
Should be entered in the Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

(Name)

(Address)

(Week of March 27)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a \$500 Prize. VOTE YOUR FAVORITE!



Better Than a Windshield Wiper—Clear Vision Through the Entire Windshield.



It's Dangerous and Nerve-Racking to Drive "Blindfolded" Like This.



Apply Twice a Year

You can now have real and permanent relief from the danger and uncertainty of driving "Blindfolded" behind a rain-blurred windshield every time it rains. Simply apply NO-BLUR on your windshield every six months and you are always ready for Jupiter Pluvius. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR assures perfect vision through the ENTIRE windshield. NO-BLUR is a clear liquid compound. You can't even see it on your windshield after it is applied and you wouldn't know it was there but for its remarkable action each time it rains. No oil or grease to collect dust. One application lasts six months—will not wear or wash off. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the entire windshield instead of a scant semi-circle. NO-BLUR comes complete with cloths for applying. Each can contains enough for several semi-annual applications. Price \$1 at accessory dealers or sent postpaid direct. The best dollar you ever spent. Results guaranteed. DEPT. A-68

STANDARD SALES CO. MEMPHIS, TENN.
Manufacturers and Distributors Automotive Products

"POPULAR RADIO is without question the *best* radio magazine" You will understand when you see it how very interesting and valuable it is to every owner of a radio receiving set and to every one considering the building or the purchase of a set

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 16 years. E.S. GIVENS, 224 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

A PERFECT NOSE



shaped at home while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is the Genuine and most comfortable Nose Supporter absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by physicians. Winner of Gold Medal (Feb. 1925). Write for FREE Booklet. The ANITA CO., Dept. 389 Anita Bldg. Newark, N. J.



She—It was really a toss up this morning whether I played golf or went to church.

He—Really?

"Yes, and I had to toss up fifteen times before I got golf."

—London Mail

Pardon My Guff!

I HATE two-fisted men; I loathe the double-barreled greeters—folks who come at one with both hands extended and loaded with a jawful of ready questions; in particular, I have long feared, abominated, and connived against—Hiram Jonathan Moxie.

You know the kind of a red-corporuscular cutup, who, whenever he meets you, grips you as if you were a Coney Island testing machine for frolicsome longshoremen, while at the same time he rapid-fires his brisk salutatory catechism: "Well, well—old beezer, old squeezer—how are you? And where have you been keeping yourself? And how are all the folks? The little woman? And Aunt Mamie? And all your brothers and sisters? And your double first cousin once removed, Anna Marie? And Uncle Ignatius? And how is your dear mother?" And, oh, yes, he invariably asks, though this is generally his first question—*How are tricks?*

Such a one was Moxie. Every two weeks or so there would be between us a casual meeting and greeting; but always he won. Bigger and heartier he waxed each time I saw him, a vampire growing great on the energy which he wrung from the helpless fingertips of those he clutched unaware—swelling with superiority at every fresh experience of the influency of those he greeted.

What anæmic simpletons we who passed the time of day with him must have seemed to this gusty windbag!

He looked us straight in the eye, and we felt guilty.

He pumped our hands for us, and we felt feeble.

He asked windily for all our relatives, and we felt inadequate.

Of course, one could say, and one usually did say, in a voice meek as barley water: "We're all all right; and how are all your folks?"

But such a reply was no bugle call to battle, not even a bagpipe challenge skirl; it sounded like nothing more nor less than a *vers libre* swan song without the music.

Feeling myself after each of these brushes sinking into a state of general debility, long had I planned



"You say you're a lover of peace, and then you go and throw a brick at Casey?"

"Yes, sir—an 'e was very peaceful, too, after I threwed it."

—Humorist

a way to deal with the unspeakable Moxie. At first I strove to dodge him; but it was no use. Run from him as I might, I found the man omnipresent.

Then I tried the plan of meeting his salutation with a surly silence. But silence only gave consent, and the jackanapes went on his way more arrogant than ever.

Finally, this day last Monday, in a burst of inspiration I did for him. I hadn't planned the grand coup. In fact, save for one trifling item, I had given up planning; but, as I found on this Alice-blue Monday morn—an ounce of inspiration is worth an ocean of cerebral sweat.

"Hello!" he said, giving me the two-ton squeeze with his claspers. "And how are tricks? And how are all the folks? And your dear mother? And sister Sue? And the baby? And how is Uncle Ignatius? And how is your brother Bildad?"

Without a word, I let him run on and on through the entire list. Without the slightest resistance, I let him squeeze my fingertips until he dropped them from sheer exhaustion. Then, when he was completely done, I pounced upon his fingertips, and took them to me, putting on all the power that I had acquired in a recent physico-correspondence course taken for the purpose. Then, in accents of thunder, made I reply:

"Well, well, well, Old Beezer, Old Squeezer! I can't tell you how tricks are, until you tell me who they are, or what they are!—but I can tell you my folks are feeling mighty wretched. Uncle Ignatius has lumbago, Aunt Sara has a sick headache, the baby's got the colic, mother's indisposed, Cousin Albert is in jail, I'm feeling rotten, and you're looking worse!"

Hiram Jonathan Moxie has lost his punch. I passed by him this morning and the best he could give me was a frightened nod. Honestly, he looked sick. I myself am feeling grand.
Cyril B. Egan

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher of Johnny.

Johnny said it was round.

"How do you know it is round, Johnny?"

Then Johnny replied: "All right, it's square, then. I don't want to start an argument about it."

—Answers

A postcard from Copford, Essex, has reached its destination, a quarter of a mile away, after fifteen years. Evidently the sender did not heed the post office request to post early in the day. —*London Opinion*



Make Money Writing for the Movies

Be a... **Special Interviewer**
Screen News Reporter
Motion Picture Critic

Publicity Representative
Continuity Editor
Photoplaywright

Money making, interesting careers are open in the motion picture industry to men and women who have the ability and training to write. New talent is sought for many types of writing positions, such as publicity work, reporting for motion picture trade papers, special interviewers for movie magazines, editorial positions and scenario departments of producing companies, etc.

Trained Writers Monopolize Movie Field

Do you like to write? A whole new world, full of interesting personalities and unparalleled rewards, awaits unfoldment to trained writers. This is the Golden Age for trained writers in every form of literary endeavor. The enormous increase in publishing business keeps editors alert for well-written matter of all kinds.

More basically than any other training, Newspaper Writing prepares you for authorship in photoplay, fiction and article fields. Newspaper men and women virtually monopolize the movie field wherever writers are needed.

The Newspaper Institute of America is prepared to train you, by easy study at home, thoroughly and practically in newspaper writing, the key to success in all writing. When you are trained, you can use your newspaper writing background to carve a splendid career.

Have Your Ability Analyzed Free

If you would be interested in knowing about the great opportunities for spare time and professional writers, and want to know whether you possess innate ability as a writer, send for our Writing Ability Chart. Investigate at once this offer to train you for a money making, interesting career. Use coupon below.

Newspaper Institute of America, Dept. 42,
25 West 45th St., New York

Please send me your Free Writing Ability Chart and further information regarding the money making possibilities for trained writers.

Name
Street
City State
Occupation



Wifey—Fancy you buying that loudspeaker! The people underneath worry us nearly to death with theirs!
Hubby—Don't worry, dear—THIS IS IT! —*Passing Show*



FORCE OF HABIT

Retired Plumber—Well, stand by, Emma, while I go back for me tools!

—Humorist

The Visitation

THE house was very quiet. To the pale-faced girl anxiously awaiting, in the sitting-room, the return of her protector, it seemed unnaturally so.

He had warned her not to venture into the dark passages, in case that awful visitation occurred again. He had closed the windows, bolted the doors and set the alarms, but still she had that eerie feeling that beady eyes were watching her from the dark recesses of the room.

She was certain that there was something moving behind the curtain hanging across the French window. Oh, why had he not looked behind it before he had gone out.

She glanced fearfully around and her gaze fell upon the poker lying in the grate.

"At least I shall be prepared if it

comes again," she muttered to herself, as she grasped the fire-iron.

Suddenly there came a patter of feet from behind the curtain and a few seconds later a sharp click. The poker dropped from her nerveless hand.

"It has come at last," she cried, and her screams rent the night air.

Then came a loud banging of doors, her husband rushed into the room and went to her aid.

"Oh, John, dear," she sobbed, as she flung herself into his arms, "I'm sure there's a mouse in the trap."

—*Passing Show*

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the man next door, "but I'm getting so now that I don't care what happens to you."

—*Tit-Bits*

A Social Error

BUT yesterday upon the street—
I state this for a fact—
A friend of mine I chanced to meet,
Whose eye was newly blacked.

I was polite at first, and spoke
Of other matters minor,
And then I asked, "Who was the bloke
Who handed you that shiner?"

"I cannot tell." He shook his head
"And yet I will confess
I'd like to meet the man who said
A woman's 'No' means 'Yes.'"

—*Dalnar Devening in American Legion Weekly*

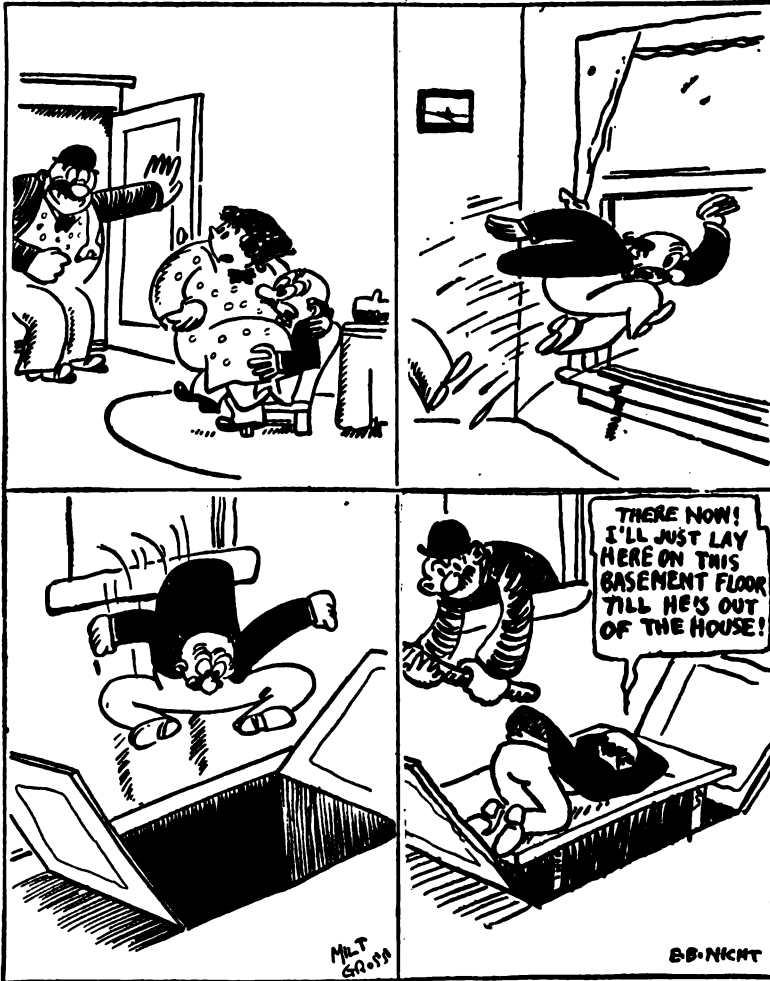


"I hear you made a bet that if you proposed to me I'd accept."
"Yes; will you marry me, dear?"
"How much did you bet?"

—*London Mail*

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 31



E. B. Nick, 106 Cooke St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Close Seconds



Myron W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.



Conway Howard Smith, Richmond, Va.



Burton Slade, Jr., Griffin, Ga.



Wm. G. Mortimer, London, Ont., Can.



F. H. Chivers, Montreal, P. Q., Can.



No name or address.



No name or address.

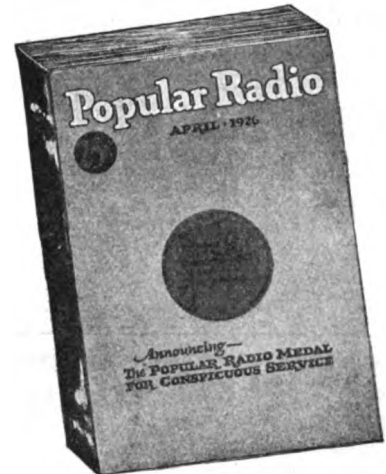
for **5^c**
SPEAKING

Bunte Cough Drops clear the voice and rest the throat. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals — the horehound soothes.

MENTHOL · HOREHOUND
Bunte COUGH DROPS

BUNTE BROTHERS, CHICAGO
Makers of World Famous Candies

"The magazine with the SILVER COVER"



KENDALL BANNING
Editor

LAURENCE M. COCKADAY
Technical Editor

POPULAR RADIO is pre-eminent in the field of Radio. Here you will find the romance as well as the practical and technical side of Radio.

New subscribers may send \$1.00 for a 5 months' subscription.

POPULAR RADIO
627 West 43d Street New York City

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.



MR. C. E. BROOKS

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 371-B, State St., Marshall, Mich.



BOW LEGS?

Our Garter (pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight

If Legs Bend In or Out
It Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs

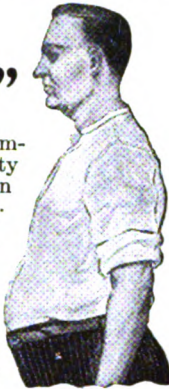
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 22 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Get Rid of That "Excess Baggage!"

THAT unsightly, uncomfortable bulge of fatty tissue over the abdomen is an unnecessary burden. Here's the way to get rid of it, without fasting, hot baths, or back-breaking exercises. The wonderful "Little Corporal" belt will quickly

Reduce Your Waist 4 to 6 inches!

This remarkable belt not only reduces your girth at once, but



Without "Little Corporal"

keeps your waistline down. It fits as perfectly as a dress glove. No laces! No clasps! No buckles! No straps! No stiff supports! It's built for comfort.

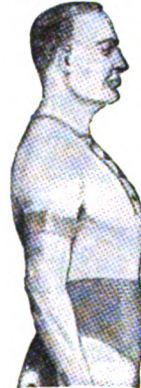
Young Man!

If your waistline is beginning to bulge, now is the time to stop its growth and to retain your youthful figure.

Guarantee Offer!

Send coupon today for free descriptive literature. If you prefer, give us your waist measure (snug) over underwear, enclose \$6.50 and get the belt, or pay postman on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Price outside U. S. \$7.50.



With "Little Corporal"

THE LITTLE CORPORAL CO.

Dept. 3-W, 1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free descriptive literature and Guarantee Offer.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....
If you prefer to order a belt, fill in below:
Waist..... Height..... Weight.....

FREE A NEW BOOK

Amazing New Facts About Old Age

What is prostate gland disorder? Why is it said to come to 65% of all men past a certain middle age? Are you a victim? Why does it cause sciatica, aching feet, back and legs, frequent nighty risings? Amazing book written by a well known American scientist answers all these questions and tells of a wonderful new method that has already given relief to more than 20,000 men—restored the prostate gland to its proper functioning without the use of drugs, the application of electricity or lessons. For a limited time you can get a copy of this book, free, by simply writing a request to The Electro Thermal Co., 6956 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio, the concern that is distributing this book for the author. No obligation. Mail coupon.

THE ELECTRO THERMAL CO.
6956 Main Street, Steubenville, Ohio
Without obligation send me a free copy of "Why Many Men Are Old at 40."
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Western Office, Dept. 69-x, 717 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.



Looks Like a Real AUTOMATIC \$1.48

Protect yourself from toughs and hold-up men. Most amazing automatic .45 in. long, gun-metal finish. Can't tell from real automatic until you pull the trigger and presto! you have Opera Glass, Pocket Mirror, Magnifying Glass, Telescope, Reading Glass, Mirror, Sun Dial, Compass, etc. Loads of fun! useful, instructive. A real protector.



Send No Money
Just send name. On arrival of "Automatic" deposit with Postman \$1.48 plus a few pennies postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or deposit refunded.

Supply limited. Order now. Big Bargain Catalog sent FREE. FERRY & CO., Dept. 2383, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 68

1	P	2	R	3	O	4	W	5	L	6	O	7	S	8	T	9	R	10	I	11	C	H			
		12	F	13	E	14	A	15	R			16	W	17	A	18	I	19	T		A				
14	A	15	M	16	T	17	I	18	R	19	E	20	H	21	A	22	R	23	P	24	S	N			
20	P	21	A	22	L	23	R	24	E	25	M	26	N	27	A	28	N	29	T	30	F	O	G		
25	T	26	R	27	A	28	Y	29	D	30	U	31	E	32	L	33	S	34	P	35	A	L	M		
29	A	30	S	31	S	32	A	33	Y	34	S	35	A	36	T	37	S	38	A	39	M	40	O	A	
		33	T	34	R	35	E	36	E	37	R	38	M	39	O	40	R	41	E	42	N				
		36	D	37	A	38	V	39	E	40	M	41	E	42	R	43	E								
38	A	39	M	40	A	41	R	42	E	43	H	44	W	45	E	46	N	47	T	48	A	49			
44	S	45	T	46	A	47	G	48	E	49	B	50	O	51	B	52	S	53	T	54	A	55	O	D	
50	T	51	R	52	U	53	E	54	H	55	O	56	O	57	R	58	S	59	S	60	L	61	U	M	
54	R	55	I	56	D	57	P	58	O	59	R	60	T	61	I	62	C	63	O	64	65	K	E	I	
58	I	59	O	60	M	61	A	62	S	63	H	64	N	65	U	66	M	67	B	68	69	T	R		
		63	B	64	A	65	N	66	E	67	D	68	A	69	S	70	H	71	72	73	74	75	76	A	
66	E	67	A	68	R	69	N	70	E	71	S	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	L

Submitted by Thomas M. Riley, P. O. Box 94, Eagle Point, Ore. JUDGE will pay \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

- 1 A night hawk.
- 6. Kind of an egg.
- 12. Cause of a faint heart.
- 13. What patrons do in restaurants.
- 14. New York time to retire (abbr.).
- 16. Favorite place for blow-outs.
- 18. Irish instrument of torture.
- 19. Foundation of divers (chem. symbol).
- 20. Hepatica's given name.
- 22. A left-over.
- 24. So this is London.
- 25. This helps waiters carry their liquor.
- 27. Argument settlers.
- 28. Famous beach.
- 29. Try.
- 31. (k) night of the bath (abbr.).
- 32. Group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.
- 33. Something mulberries grow on.
- 35. What Oliver Twist wanted.
- 36. Nickname of Goliath's nemesis.
- 37. Simple. Nothing else but.
- 39. The more deadly of the horses.
- 41. To proceed slowly.
- 44. Where bad actors go.
- 46. A contented cow.
- 48. What the gambler did on the burning deck.
- 50. Kind of love (almost obsolete).
- 51. These are often found hanging around a beer barrel.
- 53. A low neighborhood.
- 54. To free.
- 55. A colonnade or covered walk.
- 57. Hawaiian wreath.
- 58. Maiden who turned into a heifer.
- 59. Embryonic home-brew.
- 60. A kind of a skull (congressional).
- 62. Rough roads (abbr.).
- 63. Webster for "woe" and Swedish for "been."
- 64. This goes with a dot.
- 66. Sincere, zealous, ardent or what have you?
- 67. A little beverage with a big kick.

- 19. This is seventy-five per cent. better than a quartet.
- 21. This is always last.
- 23. Kind of beer (?).
- 24. What the Hall of Fame is famous for.
- 26. The charge for the use of a yard in handling cattle to and from.
- 28. No one minds them nowadays.
- 30. Periods of time. (As Chaucer might have spelled it.)
- 32. These are sore spots.
- 34. The evening before the morning after (abbr.).
- 35. This is the cat's.
- 38. The way cow girls ride.
- 39. F. Opper's mule.
- 40. Scotch by word.
- 42. An expensive plaything. (Ask dad, he knows!)
- 43. High officer of the Swiss Navy.
- 45. Jack Dempsey, Wayne B. Wheeler and ex-Mayor Hylan singing a spring song at three o'clock in the morning on the White House lawn.
- 46. Impure variety of diamond used for cutting.
- 47. A Sunday jaw ride.
- 49. Scotch for "over."
- 51. These are found in golf socks.
- 52. Italian coin worth nearly a dollar.
- 55. One thing that Englishmen can see through.
- 56. Ancient tent maker.
- 59. The poor fish itself.
- 61. Belated Salad Devourers.
- 63. Bancus Regis (abbr.).
- 65. Heavy Infants (init.).

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

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

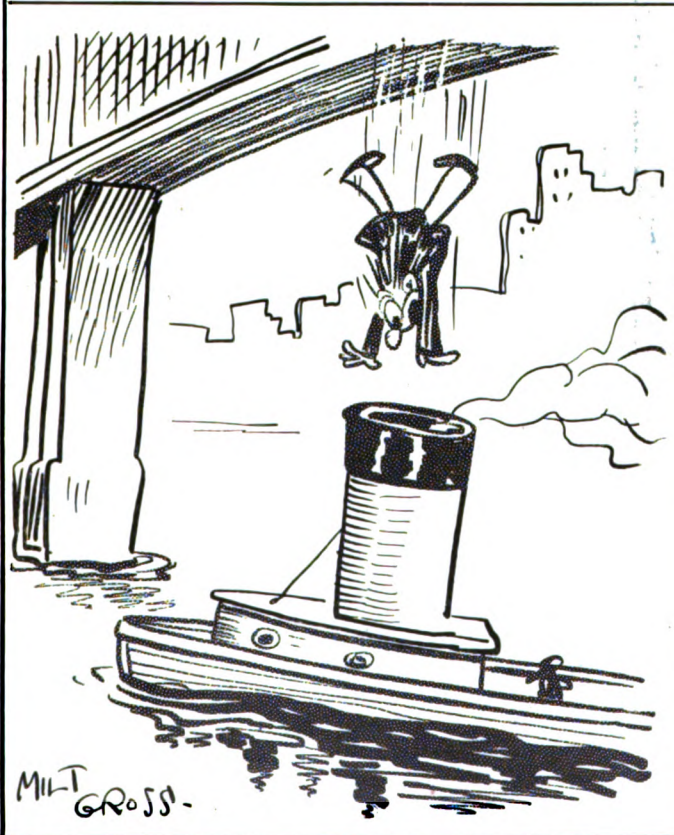
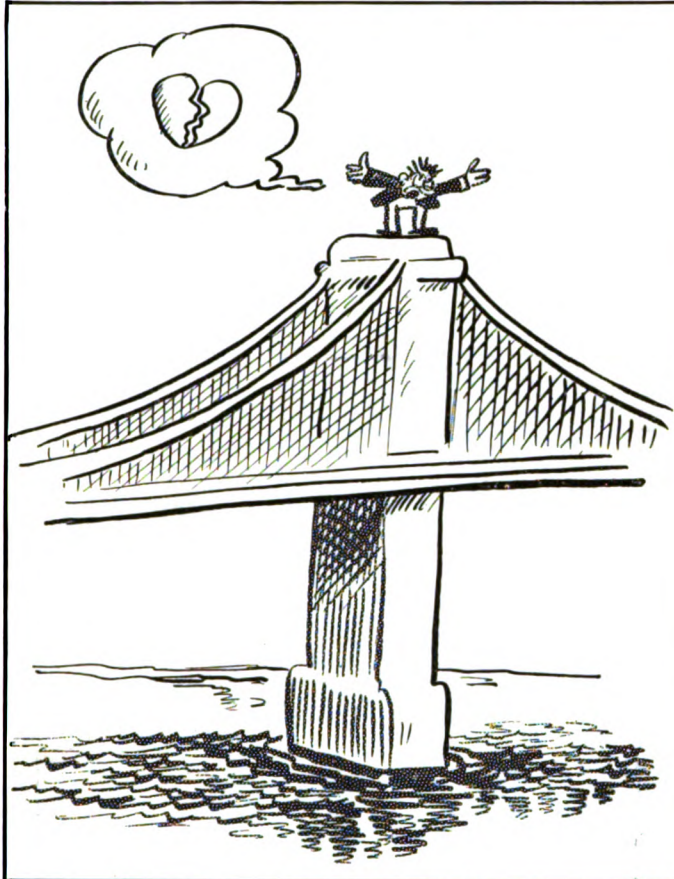


DRAW YOUR OWN CON

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

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

to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y. Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes April 5. Winning ending appears in the issue of April 24.



Contest No. 35



When it's evening—
 and your little home resounds with the
 joys of hospitality—when it suddenly
 seems that no other happiness compares
 with receiving and welcoming friends
 —have a Camel!



WHEN friends come in.
 And you are busy making
 them know their welcome.
 When friendship and hos-
 pitality are the brightest
 joys in all the world—*have
 a Camel!*

For no other good thing
 is so widely shared. Camels
 make every true friendship
 truer. There never was a
 cigarette made that put as
 much pleasure into smoking
 and giving smoking plea-
 sure to others as Camels.
 Camels never tire the taste
 or leave a cigaretty after-
 taste. Millions of experi-
 enced smokers just wouldn't
 buy or offer to others any
 other cigarette but Camels.

So, this night when friends
 come in to share the warmth
 of your fire and your friend-
 ship—taste then the smoke
 that is friendly to millions.
 You may know you are
 smoking and serving the
 world's finest cigarette.

Have a Camel!



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

R. J. Reynolds
 Tobacco Co.

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.



PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

UNIVERSITY CLUB · 7167
 MEMORIAL HALL · 23624
 ANN ARBOR MICH.