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THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 8, 1924

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JUDGE

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WHO'S WHO IN JUDGE



W . . M . . H .
WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON

LADIES and Gentlemen, meet William Morris Houghton (Bill), the man who has made JUDGE's Editorials a byword in every home in these here United States. Ku Kluxers shrink before his pen, Hypocrites run when they see him, and he's got "Prohibition" gasping for breath.

He was born of American parents in Lucerne, Switzerland, hence the high forehead, educated at Phillips Andover, Yale, Harvard and Bowdoin, and got an A.B. and an A.M. at the last two colleges. As you see he can take his colleges or leave them alone.

From 1906 to 1917 he served as a Reporter and Editorial Writer on the *New York Tribune*, which undoubtedly made that paper what it is to-day. In 1916 he ran down to the Mexican Border for a while with Uncle Sam, and from 1917 to 1919 did War Publicity for the same gentleman.

In 1921 he became Editor of *Leslie's Weekly* and when that periodical combined with JUDGE he came right along as Associate Editor. There's only one thing against "Bill"—he lives in New Jersey.

“LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS”

JUDGE

WANTS TO KNOW—

IF all the members of the Ku Klux Klan are as illiterate as those who send letters to JUDGE.

WHY the American public doesn't chip in and buy automobiles when a man makes a *mental* “home run.”

WHY the prettiest girls always pal with homely ones.

WHY all Rotarians wear derby hats.

WHETHER the attempts of the Massachusetts censors to bar sex-fiction magazines out of their State is a desire to protect local industries or whether they think the morals of Massachusetts people are particularly susceptible to corruption.

IF the crossword puzzle craze is due to encyclopedia and dictionary manufacturers' propaganda.

WHY magazines, with bathing girl covers, sell so much better than others.

WHY chop suey restaurants are always on the second floor.



EMMA (at the society wedding, sentimentally)—*Ah, well, it only happens once in a gal's life.*

HER MOTHER—*Don't be silly—these folks is different.*

Smart Sayings of Smarter Children

MY three-year-old nephew, Anaximander, hurried breathlessly into the living-room where we were entertaining the minister and his wife.

"Mamma!" he cried without regard for consequences, "Bruvver's gone and torn his rubber rompers and now you'll have to vulcanize them."

Little Willie, my eighteen-month-old cousin, was earnestly watching his father (my uncle) repair his auto.

"What seems to be the matter?" he finally asked his dad.

"I'm afraid the differential's gone wrong," said his daddy, wiping the grease off his forehead with his \$8 silk shirt.

"Hell!" ejaculated Willie. "A fellow's got to understand calculus to run a car these days!"

Ermytrude is a trifle precocious and for that reason her parents temporize with her.

At the dinner table the other night she brusquely asked her mother to pass the mustard.

Mother smiled wearily and said expectantly, "If you—?"

Imagine our embarrassment when the little darling retorted, "If you know what's good for you!"

Roswell J. Powers



PATIENT (to dentist)—*I say, sir, you ought to be a little more careful; you have given me too much gas.*

Funnybones

The reformer who is always seeing dirt should clean his own glasses.

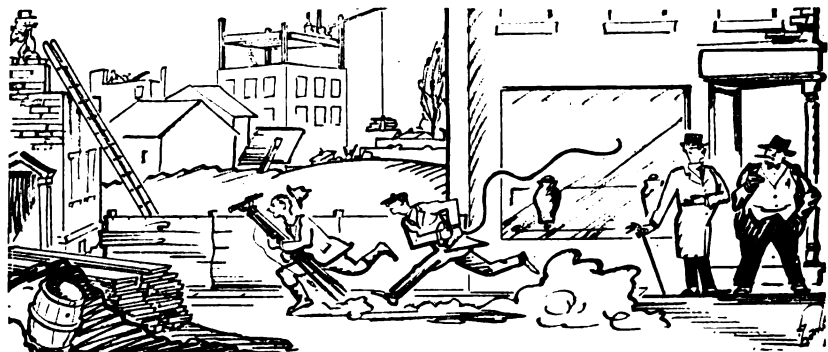
Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Trimming

I WENT out shopping with wife,
To get her some stuff for a
hat,
But, ere our tour was ended,
The dear purchased much more
than that.

All of my money soon vanished,
Although I had taken a lot;
I went with my wife for some
trimming,
And, believe me, that's just what
I got!

Edgar Daniel Kramer



PROSPECTIVE BUYER FROM THE EAST—*Now what's that. Why the rush?*

REAL ESTATE AGENT—*Oh, they're trying to survey the city limits and its growing so fast they can't keep up with it.*



"I got a cousin what plays on Yale."

"Oh, them!"

"Yes, them! Them! What's the matter with them! Belittlin'! Always belittlin' the colliges ever since ya won that suit sellin' toilet soap."



"John! There's a burglar in th' ho-house!"

"Well, run right downstairs in your pyjamas and scare h—l out of him."

CRAWFORD
YOUNG



DOCTOR—*Cheer up! I've had exactly the same complaint.*
 PATIENT—*Yes—but you didn't have the same doctor!*

Science Assists

WHEN Wimpf ran me down, considering it was entirely his own fault, I expected him at the very least to apologize. But he didn't. Descending calmly from his roadster, he bent over me and shoved a piece of smoky glass in my face.

"See that?" he said. "Endocrine glands!"

Painfully I propped myself up and stared at the negative.

"My X-ray," explained Wimpf proudly. "Note the pineal, pituitary, adrenal and thyroid deformities. It's a wonder you weren't killed."

"Wimpf," I said—

"Come around in front of the car," offered Wimpf, "and I'll hold it over a headlight for you."

"Wimpf," I said, "you ran me down deliberately and maliciously! I've a good mind to have you sent to prison for life."

"Rot!" snorted Wimpf, as he clambered back to his seat at the wheel. "You can't. I'm irresponsible. And you can't have me sent to an asylum either, when all I need is a simple little operation to make me normal."

"Then for the love of Pete, why don't you have it done?"

"Ho!" said Wimpf derisively. "And lose all my fun out of life?"

And he ran me down again.

Gardner Rea

Rhymes of a Pedestrian

Grave accidents are numerous,
 And I've heard people say:
 "There's many a broken mudguard
 For each light on Broadway."
 R. C. O.

"You've got to hand it to grandma
 for having her hair bobbed."

"Yes, she may be old in years but
 she's got a young head on her
 shoulders."

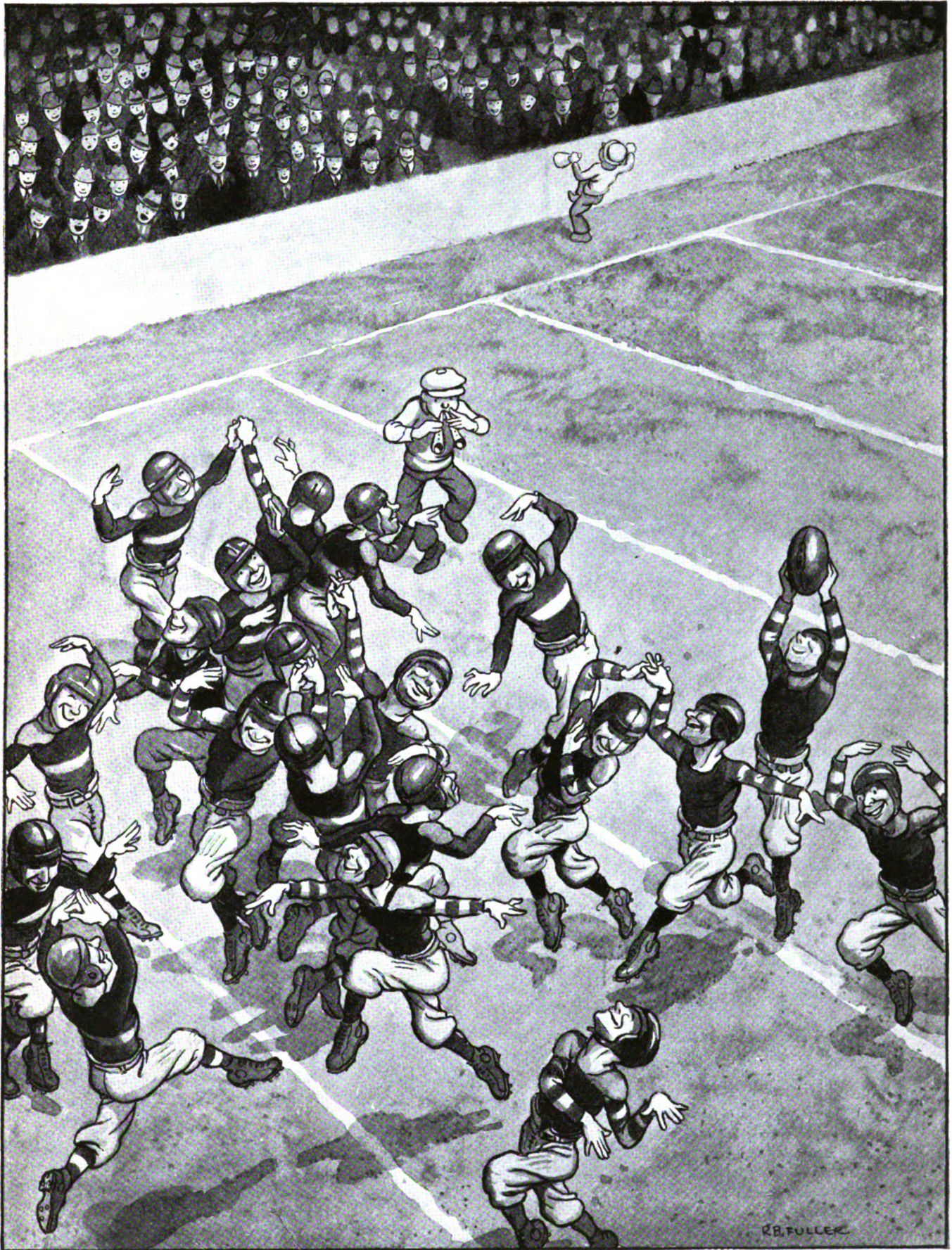
Campaign promises are unlike
 campaign cigars in that the former
 usually end in smoke.

Immigration Note

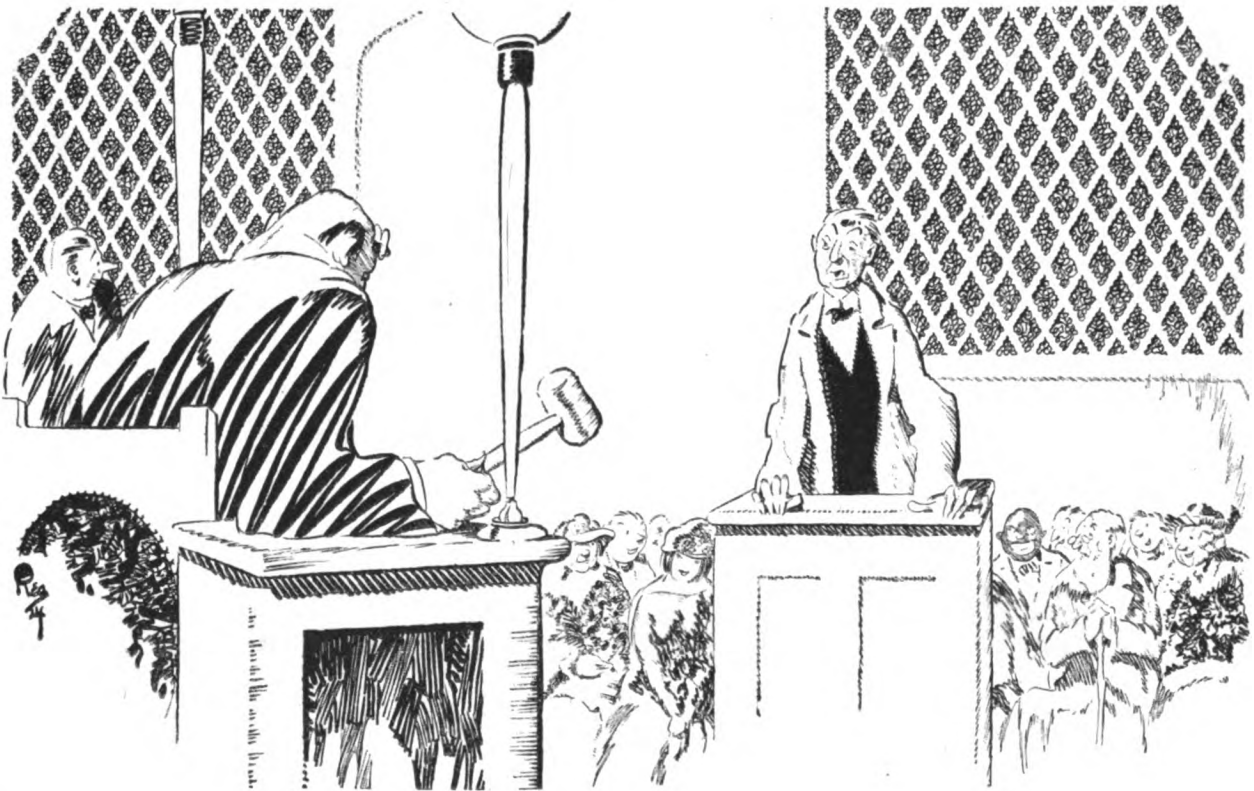
Europeans are always knocking
 America. It is an interesting fact
 that they are knocking hardest on
 our gates.



HUNTER—I'll push the trigger with this
 stick and maybe it'll attract somebody's
 attention.



THE POSSIBLE EFFECT OF AESTHETIC DANCING ON FOOTBALL



JUDGE—I'll be merciful; ten days.
 "But, your honor, I was thinking of getting married to-morrow!"
 JUDGE—I'll be more merciful; three months!

The Old Grad's Return

THE Old Grad and The Youngster sat together.

Suddenly a roar swept over the stands.

Down in front the cheer leaders turned handsprings to herald the arrival of the great visitor.

The Old Grad craned his neck.

"I don't seem to recognize him," he quavered.

The Youngster looked at him with pity.

"Why, that's Spike McGoof; he's been the rub-down man for the track squad three seasons . . . Wow! Attaboy! . . ."

Hardly had this ovation died down when another broke loose.

"Who is it this time?" whispered the Old Grad.

"Say," breathed The Youngster, "you don't know anybody! That's Sledge Slammer, who shoes the polo ponies. . . R-a-a-a-y for Sledge!"

Another brief pause and then another storm.

And again The Old Grad was puzzled.

"Good gosh!" croaked The Youngster, "Don't you know *him*? Say, that's the one and only Hector McNutt! . . . O-o-o-h, baby! Zowie! Give Hector three more!"

"But who is he?" asked the Old Grad.

"Hector McNutt? He's one of the greatest men in the history of the

college. Why, he runs the pool room and hot dawg stand just off the edge of the campus! . . . Gosh!"

Suddenly the mood of the college crowd changed.

While the crowd roared in anger, the cheer leaders glowered at three frightened looking individuals who were struggling to find seats.

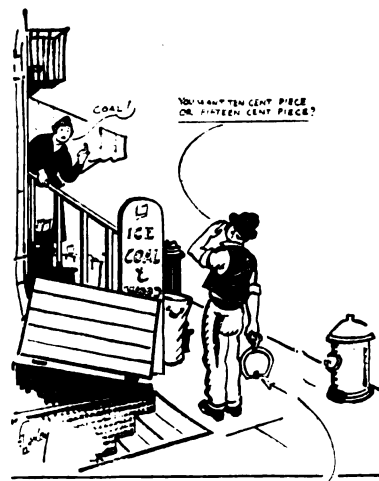
"What th' Sam Hill!" roared The Youngster, "why don't those birds get outa the road! They don't amount to nothin'. Siddown, you birds! Put 'em out on their ear!"

The Old Grad gazed at the trio.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. "I remember them! That's . . ."

"Yeah," snarled The Youngster. "That's Prexy, and the two bozos with him are the assistant prexy and the oldest dean!"

Chet Johnson



Tony wants to sell coal like he sold ice

Stout Supporters

"How's Callahan doing with his health camp?"

"He's living on the fat of the land."

That Hat O'Mine

WHAT a ballad or a sonnet I could pen about my bonnet—
The wrinkled hat—the crinkled hat that first my fancy caught.
The hat I check each night and day in dining-room and cabaret,
The hat which but a month ago a single dollar bought!

Extensively, offensively, I've checked that hat expensively
At restaurant doors, on dancing floors—in humor far from kind—
I shudder to compute the fees I've paid to caravansaries
Who neatly hid my battered lid while mournfully I dined.

And candidly they've handed me my hat and then demanded we
Should cross their palms with silver and I tearfully relate
That dollar hat—to my despair—including upkeep, wear and tear
Together with my storage bills to date has cost me eight!

Arthur L. Lippmann



"Mother, I simply haven't the heart to fry these eggs. They look up at me so piteously out of their sad yellow eyes."

Funnybones

Love thy neighbor as thyself was a darn good adage until somebody invented the saxophone.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Whisper This to Your Waiter
Too many fingers spoil the broth.

Many African women wear no clothes at all. Maybe it's just as well that Africa is the dark continent.

Which Proves?

Good—Ah, hem, I didn't notice you in church this morning.

Better—Of course, you didn't. I was taking up the collection.

From the recent Franks case in Chicago we learn that judges sometimes just don't give a hang!

Jimetta—What is the cause of this crime wave?

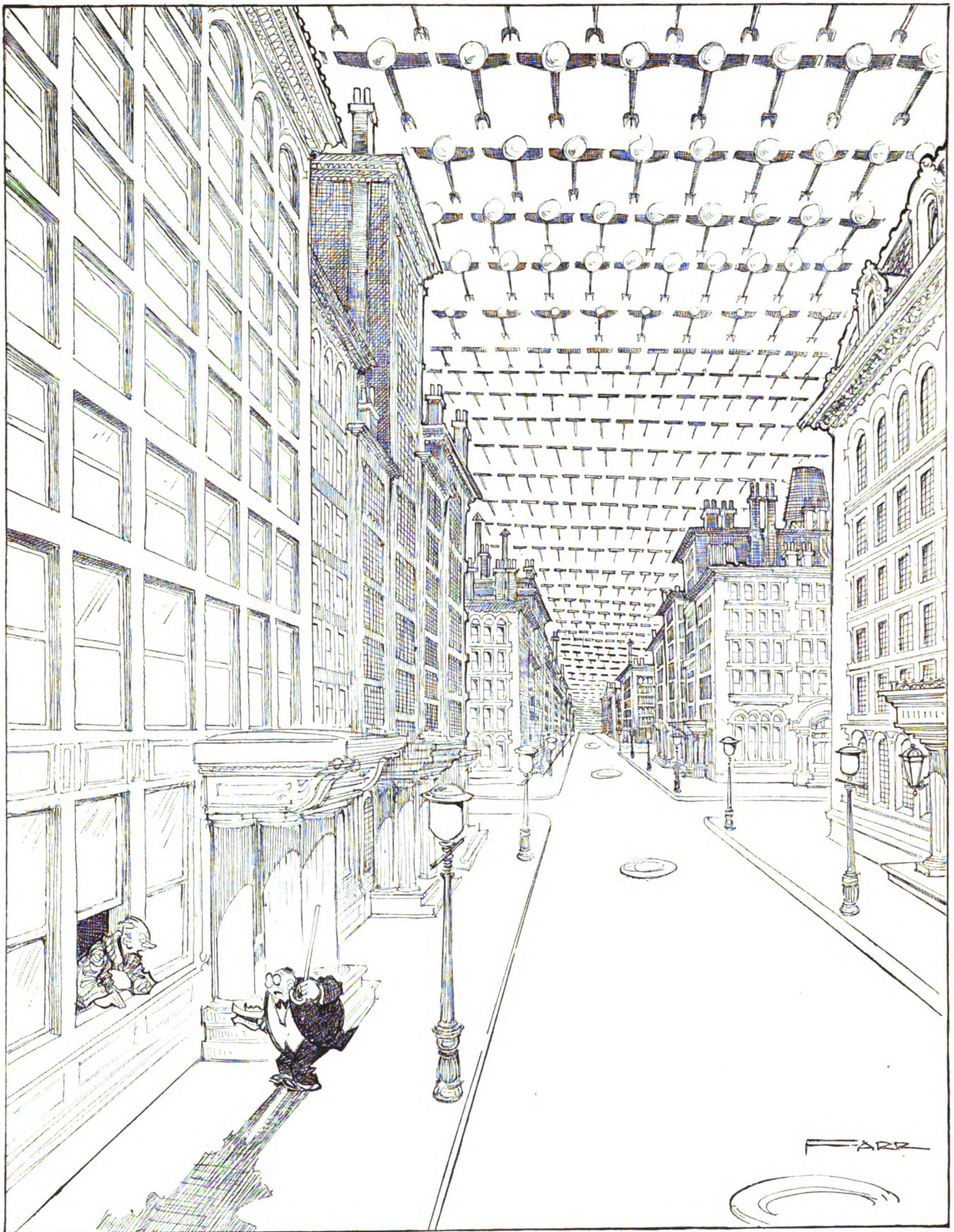
Jimmie—Contempt of court.

A Heavenly Affair

The man in the moon is reported to have married Venus with Mars' permission. The sun will probably be weaned in the milky way.



FARMER—I'll soon have you down. Aviator ain't you?
"No! I'm not that crazy! I drive a car."



IN THE YEAR 2000

“How’s the weather to-day, old boy?”

“I haven’t been able to find out myself since that aerial parade up there started.”

I Know a Girl—

SHE thinks *Watteau* is a British expression and *rococo* a breakfast drink but she *loves* art.

She says she thinks pictures are so interesting. She told me she admires both landscapes and seascapes, but is particularly partial to those powerful paintings of burning forests. She calls them firescapes.

I asked her if she liked *Rodin*. She replied that she couldn't stand mice of any kind, but what a funny question to ask at such a place with so many interesting things to talk about. She then told me her little brother was going to art school and his teachers said he did very well for six years old.

When I mentioned *Taft* she said she wasn't a bit interested in politics. She couldn't understand them and they bored her to death. She said her father was an alderman and that they were after him to run for mayor and that she just wished he would because then she'd have such fun.

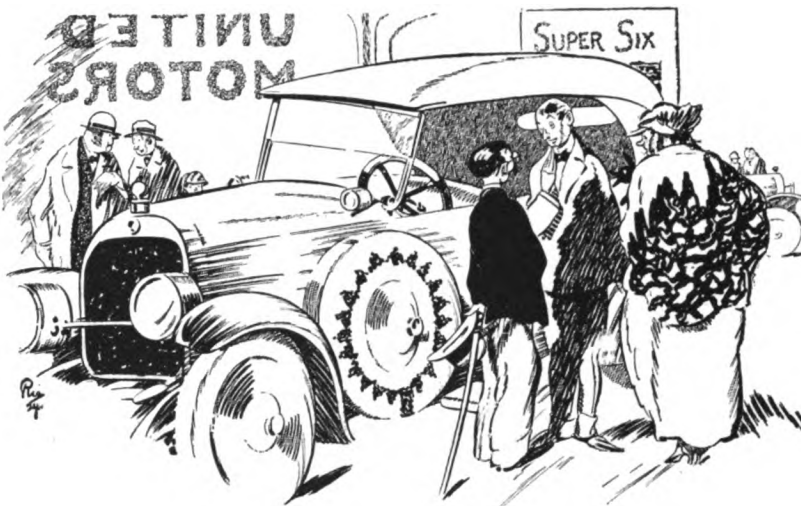
When I inquired her opinion of *Brancusi* she said she'd never tasted it but her mother ate bran muffins every morning for breakfast and she couldn't stand them. She wanted to know was it some new sort of pudding.

I questioned her about *Sargent*. She shuddered and said she hated to



MOTHER (trying to give a lesson)—*Now, dear, what would happen if you broke one of the ten commandments?*

CHILD (cheerful, but not very interested)—*Then there'd be nine!*



"I'd like one of those cars you sell bandits, please. The kind that's always ready to speed away when you jump into it."

even think of the war and wasn't it lucky that it was over so safely now. She added it had been fun but that she wished she was as old then as she is at present. She could have done so many more things and had so much better time.

Carroll

Funnybones

Nowadays, it makes a big difference whose car is gored.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

The Eyes Have It

WHEN Splugg rushed into my office, he was half blind as usual, but intensely happy. He'd found a cure for his off eye.

"Milk!" gurgled Splugg joyously. "They shoot it into you. Dr. Gookin—"

"Dr. Who-kin?"

"Dr. Gookin—the celebrated gink from Vienna. He can. Though it really isn't his discovery, I understand. That is, *Docens* Lindner and Guist, along with a bunch of other *docens*—whatever *docens* are—"

"Never mind," I said. "What happens?"

"Well, they squirt you full of milk—and you either get well or you don't get worse. Of course it can't work miracles. If blindness had already hit my other eye, I'd be gone. But as it is, even if the ophthalmia is sympathetic—"

"Well," I snorted, "I'm not. I think it's all damn rot. Get out!"

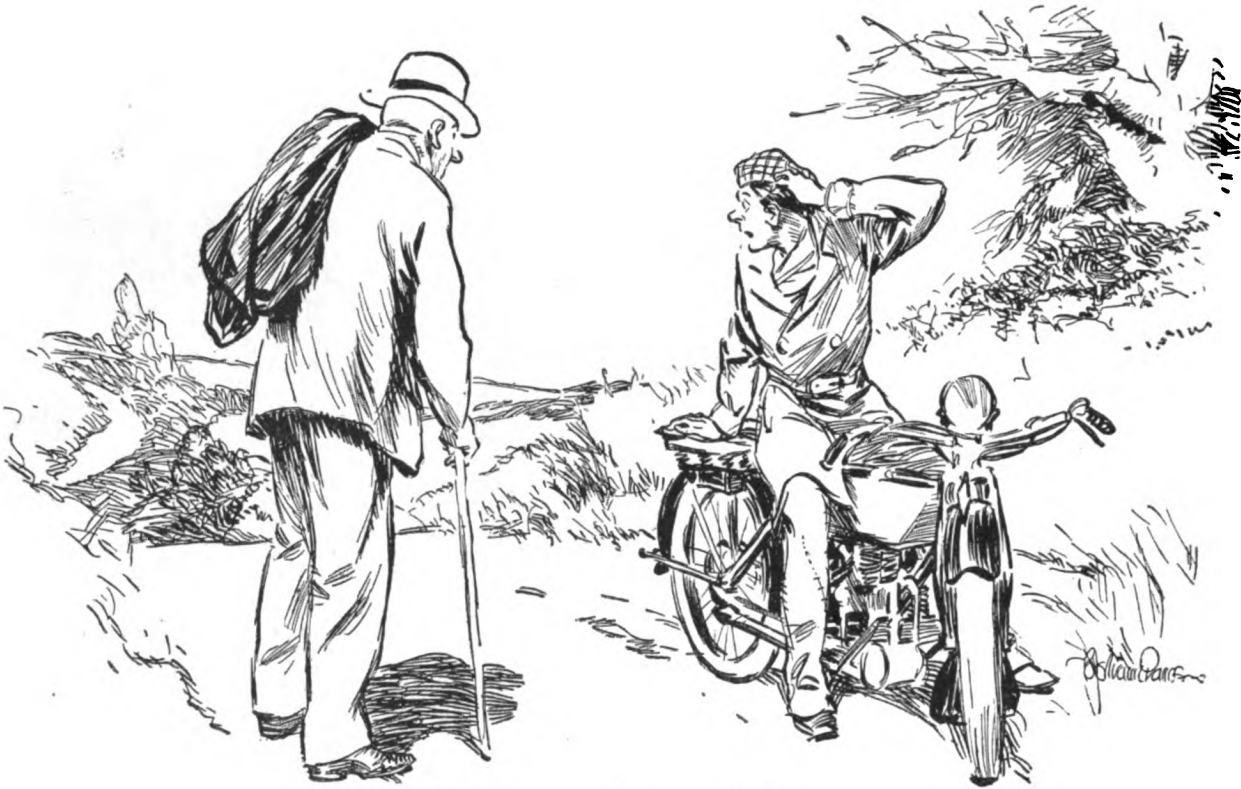
Splugg was right though. He's gone—but not from ophthalmia. A thunderstorm came up, and he curdled.

Gardner Rea

Auto-Types

Tin flivvers are quite numerous,
In country and in town;
And some shake east, and some shake west,
And some shake up and down.

R. C. O.



PEDESTRIAN—*Lost anything?*
 MOTOR-CYCLIST—*Yes.*
"What?"
"My girl."

The Absorbing Adventures of Professor Blotter

PROFESSOR BLOTTER, who was the first man to find another way of measuring ocean liners beside standing them on end beside the Woolworth Tower, has recently lent his stupendous intellect to the problems of business efficiency.

Blotter put his mind first of all to the question of changing the ribbon in a typewriter without getting ink all over your fingers. According to Blotter this had never been accomplished successfully until his invention.

"My first idea was to introduce an inkless ribbon," explained Blotter, "but this did not meet with much enthusiasm owing to the fact that the ribbon would not print. So I got around the difficulty by inventing a stationary ribbon instead."

"How does it work?" I asked.

"Simplicity itself," he answered. "Instead of changing the ribbon in the typewriter, you merely change the typewriter and leave the ribbon as it is. Consequently, you never

Funnybones

Warm notes usually result in the expenditure of cold cash.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



"Yes, dear, that maid you had is now with me. But you needn't look so worried. I don't believe half her gossip about you."

soil your fingers." He beamed at my expressions of incredulous amazement, and added, "Oh, but that's nothing. You should see how I settled the elevator problem."

"How was that?" I asked.

"I decided that the office elevator was entirely too dangerous, always dropping and hurting some one," said Blotter. "And so I applied the same principle that was at the bottom of my typewriter invention."

"You introduced a new building without elevators?" I asked.

"No, no," said Blotter, "I invented a stationary elevator, and then had the building move up and down around it. Nothing to it!"

I agreed.

Corey Ford



There was a wise girl named Yvette,
 Who was all the school-teachers' pet.

No apple she brought
 To the ladies who taught,
 But a fancy cork-tipped cigarette.

Fairfax Downey

A Circulating Library

And How to Circulate It

HERE is a novel scheme for ridding the shelves of your library of chaff.

You collect all the volumes for which you have no further use and number them, although this is not absolutely necessary. For that matter, none of this is absolutely necessary.

You call this your "Circulating Library."

Then you invite all your friends to join it, and collect from each an enrollment fee of fifty cents (or more if you can get it). You promise each member that you will return his or her fee when he or she returns the book to be borrowed.

Of course, friends never return books, so you are in just so much.

It's a great scheme. Try it. Last winter we made \$16.25, and a chap still owes us a quarter.

Robert Cyril O'Brien



Copyright 1918
EIGHTEEN HANDICAP (practicing swing)—*If daisy heads and cigar butts were golf balls I'd be open champion.*

Funnybones

The trouble nowadays is that there are too many pie-faced cake-eaters.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

It is rumored that a New Jersey purity squad is investigating the report that some of the church windows are made of stained glass.

What is one person's junk is another's antiques.

And Then!

He—I am a special investigator.
She—What are you investigating?
"The theory that kissing is dangerous."

Another Theory

Mrs. North—Now I have a theory about raising children—

Mrs. West—Well, you wouldn't have if you had the children!

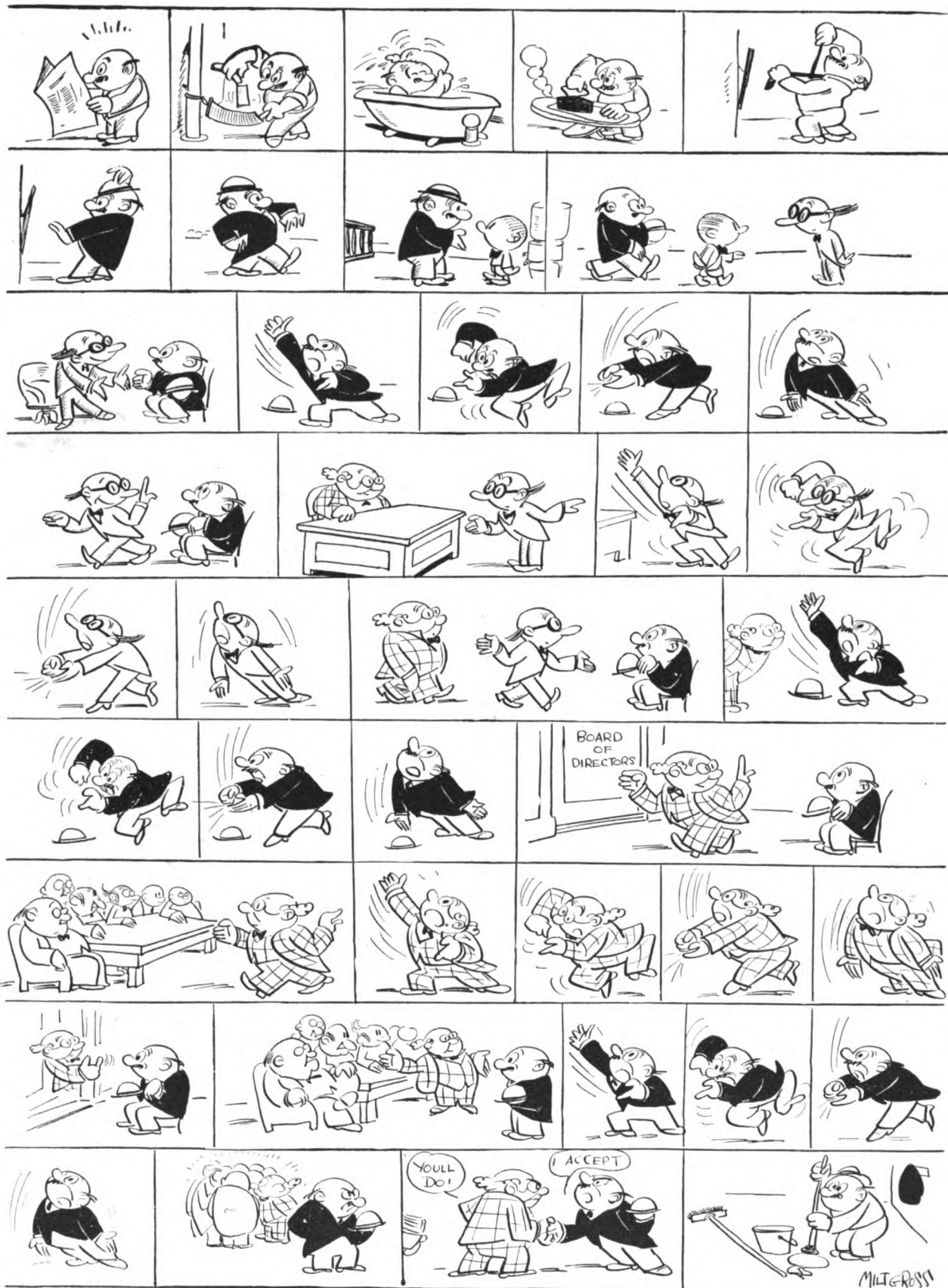
Mayme—Why did Alice's wondrous beauty fade?

Corrine—She got caught out in a rain storm.



PRETTY WIFE—Cook left without warning this afternoon.

HE—Not exactly without warning. She told me I had better bring home some dyspepsia tablets.



THE JOB



"Ye Gods, Jones, what's happened?"
 "I've been teaching my wife to fly."

One Hundred Percenters in Action

ORDERS shot into the kitchen of the Busy Bee White Front Cafeteria on Main street immediately after the Klan parade, and that popular eating place was crowded with 100 per cent., white, Nordic Americans.

Three Irish stews.

Three pigs knuckles and sauerkraut—make it four.

One sweitzer cheese with a Bermuda onion.

Two Hamburg steaks with French fried potatoes.

A cup of coffee and French rolls.

Ham and eggs with German fried potatoes, and cup of English cocoa.

A plate of macaroni, and cup of English tea.

A plate of English mutton and Irish potatoes, with the jackets on.

One Hungarian goulash; make it hot.

Four chop sueys.

John Flanagan

By their donations some philanthropists reveal the sad fact that it is frequently the head rather than the heart that is soft

Some fellows dance all night for nothing; others become professional fighters and collect big money for doing the same thing.



HELL!

The golfer's conception.



HOT DOGMA!



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

Putting Alma Mater Across

When you consider what a raft of boys go to college simply to loaf, those who go to play football seem by comparison a holy and consecrated lot. Why pick on them? Having bucked the line for four years they ought to make the better salesmen and stockbrokers—the better “mixers” for all-round business purposes.

Of course, there are those who will complain that we have got enough he-men, boosters and go-getters as it is, and that what we need are a few more of the kind that would rather speculate mentally than the other way. But we mustn't listen to these soreheads; they can't be 100 per cent. Americans.

No, let's not quarrel with football and footballers. It's a grand game and a wholesome influence in American life. We take issue with it not as a sport but as a method of advertising, and not with it so much as with the colleges that still depend on it.

Once upon a time, when to play championship football was the exclusive privilege of a few institutions, the thing had immense prestige value, as the advertising boys say. It conferred much the same distinction that being among the few to own a car with a patent windshield wiper once did. But to-day to play championship football is almost vulgar! Institutions one never heard of leap into the limelight with elevens that knock the spots off the Princepenss and the Yalewards. It's a wonder a boy can make up his mind what college to go to when anyone of them may waltz off with the gridiron honors. The game has lost its kick—so far as advertising goes.

A few institutions seem to have waked up to this. Ten or fifteen years ago some one at Dartmouth had a mammoth idea, and the Winter Carnival was its offspring. Dartmouth football teams continue to make gridiron history, but the thing that identifies and sells Dartmouth in the national market is her Winter Carnival. When you think of winter you think of Dartmouth.

Williams has done almost as well with her Institute of Politics. Here was an even more daring departure, since it involved no sport at all, unless shooting off the mouth be classed as an indoor sport.

Bowdoin has benefited, as no football victories could benefit her, by the strange hankering of her sons to explore the Arctic. Peary was a Bowdoin graduate; so is Donald MacMillan, who named his schooner after her.

There may be a question of taste involved, too. It seems a little more in keeping with the original conception of a college, for instance, that it should be nationally famous for the explorations of its graduates rather than for the mass plays of its undergraduates. But that's

really beside the point which is that the former distinction is a distinction with a difference and, therefore, of much greater publicity value.

When will the alumni and faculties of our other colleges show some advertising originality and ingenuity? Have they become so accustomed to depending on the hard-working football team to boost them to the top of the front page that they have lost that inventive talent which is so indispensable to the successful advertiser? There are any number of things a college can do that will have greater attention value than football, even firing a president *à la* Amherst.

Reducing the A.B. to Figures

The dean of the Boston University College of Business Administration has made a discovery, namely, that the average income of the untrained man, when he is at the peak of his earning capacity, is \$1,200; of the high-school graduate, \$2,200, and of the college graduate, \$6,000. Which may all be true. But what does it prove—that college confers the ability to earn \$6,000 a year, or simply that those with such ability usually go to college? Maybe they would make more if they didn't go. Who knows? What is college, anyway—a trade school for money makers, or a place where a boy can learn to appreciate a few of those things that money can't buy?

As a new nickname for college degrees, how about dollar diplomas?

The Poll Weevil

The campaign just closed has been clamorous with non-partisan movements and crusades to shame the non-voter into registering and voting.

This moral pressure can do no harm and may do some good, though the mere act of voting, if the citizen's apathy and ignorance remain, can hardly benefit the community. But when coercion is added to moral pressure then it is high time this reform was flagged with the others.

Judge Landis, for example, suggests jail for non-voters. But no one takes him seriously; he's only the Dawes of baseball. A more genuine threat is contained in this recent outgiving of the President of the Aurora (Ill.) Kiwanis Club:

“Every man and woman who is entitled to vote and who stays away from the polls on Election Day is a slacker. We are going to have their names published as the names of the slackers were published during the war.”

Better slackers than slaves! *W. M. H.*

Young But Not So Stark

by George Jean Nathan

I

STARK YOUNG's play, "The Saint," is very much like his dramatic criticism. It sounds good, but it is hard to make out just what it is about. It seems to be our colleague's technique to think up something interesting and then deftly to conceal it with all the literary art at his command. To read one of his criticisms of a play is to come away with an idea about everything but the play.

Young's especial forte is the discussion of a play's production. He is rich in allusions to its nuances, its *esprit*, its *timbre*, its *verve*, its diatonic scale, its *arpeggio*, its demisemi-quaver, its oscillation, its *allegro*, its Anacreontic values, its *élan*, and so on. If, in a certain exhibit, the Hon. Geoffrey St. Hubert Wasserbauer, M.P., turns a step to the left instead of a step to the right in his avoidance of the revolver held by the Hon. Reginald St. Ives Goldvogel, K. C., Young devotes three or four indignant paragraphs to pointing out the grievous error in the direction, taken by the Hon. Geoffrey St. Hubert Wasserbauer, M.P., implying that the masterpiece has been entirely ruined by this ridiculous and inexcusable blunder.

And if, in another play, the heroine takes six seconds to pick up the telephone receiver instead of five and a half, he is not less indisposed, after a few hundred words' parenthetical eulogy of Stanislavsky and any other Russians who come to his mind at the moment, to point out the complete *débâcle*, *dégringolade* and *culbute* of stage direction in America. Young had a hand in staging his own play. It is therefore to be assumed that he put his theories of direction into that staging. All that I can say is that if "The Saint" is his idea of the way a play should be staged, one of us is being overpaid to write theatrical criticism.

"The Saint," as a play, is not without traces of imagination, beauty and merit. But these, as I have hinted, are never permitted to take on their full potential value. Lack of a sense of sheer form and the apparent inability to work out a theme or an argument with lucidity lay heavy hands upon the manuscript. Young can write. His difficulty lies in thinking clearly.

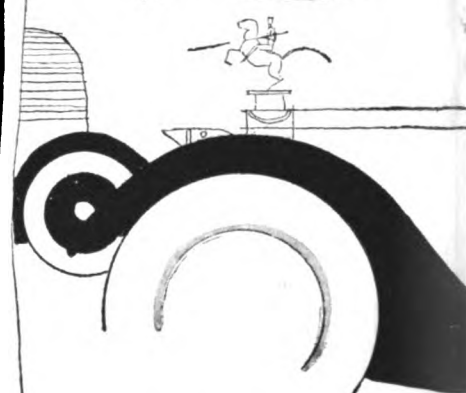
(Continued on page 30)



William Kent in "Rose-Marie"

"So the king sentenced me to be thrown into a cauldron of boiling soap and water."

"What lux—what lux!"



Frances Howard and Margaret Dal

Mrs. Lenox—Herbert was
Marion—Good! Why he
to a party we'd lost our per



Nydia Westman in "Pigs"

"I lost my girl while I was away at Harvard."

"Oh, you probably can get her back—she's kinda weak-minded."

anecdotes from the Shows



in "The Best People"

a good chauffeur.
was so slow by the time he got us
manent wave.

"He drinks French dressing every
night so he can get up oily in the morn-
ing."

Ed Wynn in "The Grab Bag"

"That's no way to ride a horse!"
"I'm just down here to get out of the
sun."

Rogers and Brennan in "Ritz Review"



Robert Patterson



Harsh Treatment of a Good Friend

by Don Herold

SOME of the things I am going to be forced to say about "So Human" (Dutton), written and illustrated by Don Herold, are going to hurt me just as much as they hurt him. A critic who follows his conscience finds his job not always pleasant. Now and then he is forced to take a close personal friend into the woodshed and give him the whaling of a lifetime.

There are evidences of laziness throughout "So Human." This is the chief fault that I have to find with it. To begin with, many of its pages are uncut, or were uncut (in the copy received by me), a very slovenly way for an author to put out any book. This in itself might be excused except that it rather symbolizes a certain carelessness which pervades the book from cover to cover. Herold takes short cuts both in writing and drawing.

For example, his chapter on "Shetland Ponies vs. Autos" opens with the paragraph: "I am in favor of a reduction of the tariff on Shetland ponies, if there is any."

Now this is pure authorial indolence. If I had been writing that I would have looked into the matter of tariff on Shetland ponies, would

UNDERSTAND
THERE IS
NOTHING PERSONAL
IN THIS



have made a trip to Washington to investigate it, if necessary. Did Herold investigate before he started to write? No, I am afraid not.

At the top of this same article on shetland ponies where there should have been a good picture of a specimen shetland pony, the author-artist has resorted to a characteristic subterfuge to escape work. Two men are pictured on *this* side of a board fence. One, sitting, says "What do you see, Bill?" The other, standing and looking over the fence, says: "There is a Shetland pony over here."

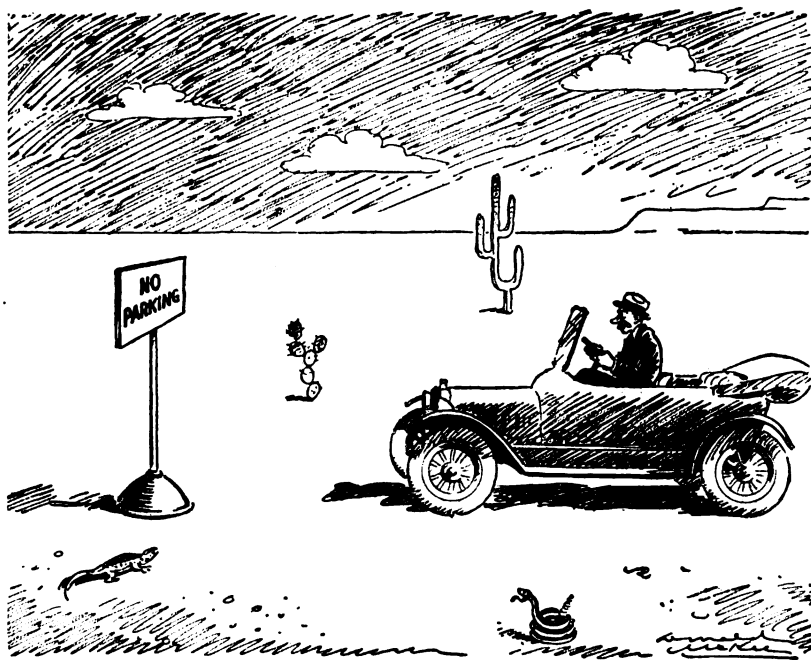
America can never hope to rival Europe in the field of art as long as American artists stoop to labor-saving tactics of this sort.

I happen to know Herold personally, and I once asked him why he did not draw better, and he replied: "Well, of course I admire the work of Charles Dana Gibson and Orson Lowell and J. C. Leyendecker and I am often tempted to follow in their footsteps. But I figured the thing all out when I was four years old and I decided on my present style at that time and have stuck to it consistently in spite of encouragement on every hand. I decided then to draw quick and get it over with. I figure that in the course of my lifetime my style of drawing will save twenty good years of my life, will give me leisure moments in which to play 160,000,000 holes of golf, will enable me to see 5,000 more ball games, will offer me all sorts of advantages unenjoyed by, say, Leyendecker."

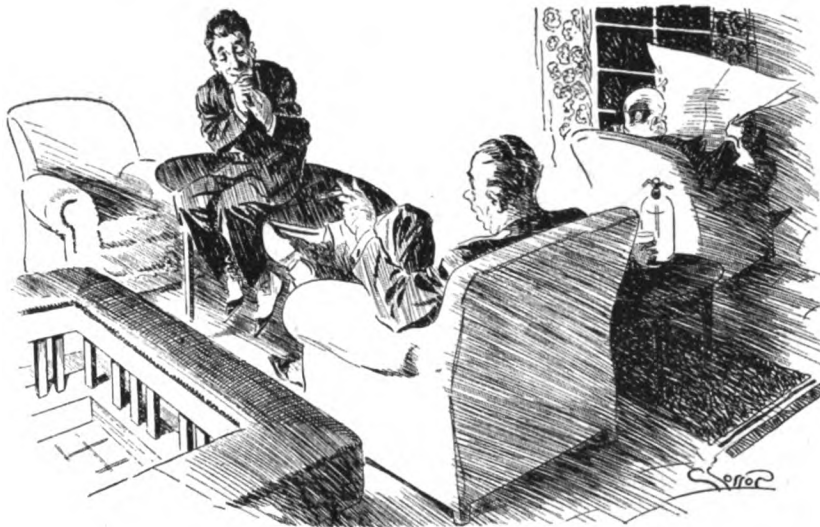
This philosophy is frankly stated in another way in an epigram on page 22 of the book: "Work is a form of nervousness."

Herold is evidently a good family man, as there are many references to his wife and children (sometimes it is one, sometimes two, sometimes three or more—he does not seem to be entirely sure). The book would indicate that he is a good family man, but appearances are often deceptive.

"So Human" is fundamentally a book of personal revelation. The
(Continued on page 28)



What the pessimist expects to find in "The Great Open Spaces."



"We once kept a cook for a whole week."
 "Good heavens! How did you manage it?"
 "We were on a house-boat at the time and she couldn't swim."

VERY MOVING PICTURES!

by George Mitchell

Now that the election is all over and one-half of the world is wondering how it is going to pay its bets to the other half, you may, if you still have the price, go to see "The Silent Watcher" and get an inside line on how elections are won . . . and lost on the screen at least.

For I do not mean to insinuate that Coolidge, Davis or La Follette could have been guilty of the social errors of a screen star.

People in White Houses should and do pull down the blinds and in that, if in no other particular, do they differ from film politicians.

Perhaps you have guessed that "The Silent Watcher" is a political picture. Well, you are right and Hobart Bosworth, running for Senator, hangs his dirty linen on Glenn Hunter's line which gets Glenn into difficulties with his wife (Bessie Love, in this instance). He also gets him into jail.

But it all comes out in the washing and, by and large, it's a pretty good picture, absorbing and all that with the two young people doing a large slab of acting; may be a little too large. But it's good wholesome hokum and, as I say now that the President and those who wanted him elected are sitting back comfortable and all that, we can all get back to

normal and see pictures again . . . and all that.

THERE isn't a range of mountains in all the world that have been so romanced against as our own dear Rockies. We often sit and wonder as we watch moving pictures in which they achieve so much notoriety that they don't lift their lofty peaks more proudly to the skies. Probably they do. Its enough to turn any mountain's head.

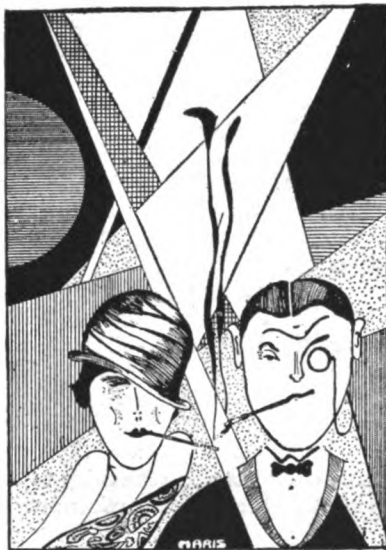
Ever since '49 the Rockies have attained a position in the world of adventure that puts all other mountain ranges to the blush. Everett may pride itself on its height but what's height to be proud of in a mountain? Vesuvius may get chesty about its eruptiveness but what of it? It's only natural for a volcano to erupt. There's nothing to stop it. Blanc and Jungfrau may boast their social prestige and get stuffy about the royalty that have made them what they are to-day but the Rockies occupy a position in the world of fiction that should turn all other mountains green with envy. Zane Grey has had something to do with this literary pre-eminence enjoyed by the Rockies. From time to time his facile typewriter has batted out many a yarn in which they have served as his environs and now he is at it again.

"The Border Legion," pictured from his story, tells a tale of a rugged band of he-men and a gal. The story is as old as the Rockies themselves, love and hate, honor and dishonor, this and that with virtue, triumphant in the happy ending, giving the gate to vice. Let us thank God that all is well that ends swell—that Tony Moreno, endowed with perfect teeth, has ample opportunity to smilingly show them in the final analysis and Helene Chadwick, gifted with lovely arms, is provided with scenes in which she may twine them lovingly about

(Continued on page 27)



TOURING (doubtfully)—You're not going to tell me that you are the famous centenarian?
 NATIVE—Oh, no, it ain't me—it's my daughter!

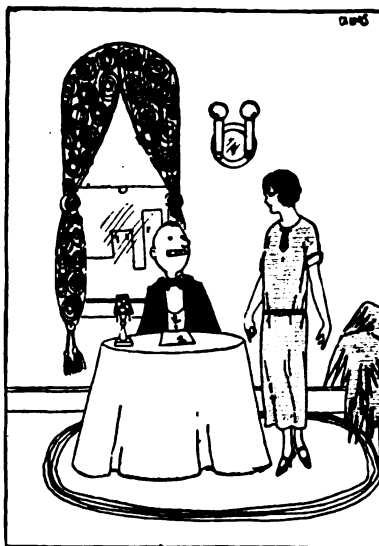


"Do you have to see a doctor in this town before you can get booze?"
 "No, afterwards."
 —WASHINGTON COUGAR'S PAW

Goofy Golf

Golf's a mighty funny game,
 I never got it right.
 You buy a ball for ninety cents—
 Then knock it out of sight.

You hunt around in weeds and thorns,
 And find it in its den;
 And take a club and try to knock
 It out of sight again.
 —Ohio State Sun Dial



WAITRESS—Order, please!
 STEW — Whazzamatter—I ain't makin' any noise.
 —PITT PANTHER



A Bad Jamphor Him

Said the moth, as he sniffed at the camphor,
 I'm sorry I'm here where I amphor
 Some things that I eat
 Taste pleasant and sweet
 But camphor I don't give a damphor.
 —Bucknell Belle Hop

~~~~~

He—Dearest, will you marry me?  
 She—I can't marry you, but I will  
 always respect your good taste.  
 —So. California Wampus

~~~~~

If a girl goes with her man to see
 the "Follies" she's either got him
 roped and tied, or she's a dumb-bell
 or a prize beauty or she don't give a
 darn.
 —John's Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

Naughty! Naughty!

Fond Parent—I wish you would
 give up smoking, Bobbie.
 Bobbie—But it doesn't hurt me
 any.
 "But you are too young to play
 with matches."
 —Washington Dirge

~~~~~

Glady—My! but your roommate  
 dresses well.  
 Ole—Yes, she always gets up before  
 I do.  
 —Michigan Gargoyle

~~~~~

"Naughty, naughty," said the
 sweet young thing as the score
 keeper put up a double zero.
 —Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

A Weighty Problem

A young woman goes upstairs at
 7.45 to dress for the evening. She
 is nineteen years old and weighs 102
 pounds. State the wait of the
 young man below.
 —So. California Wampus

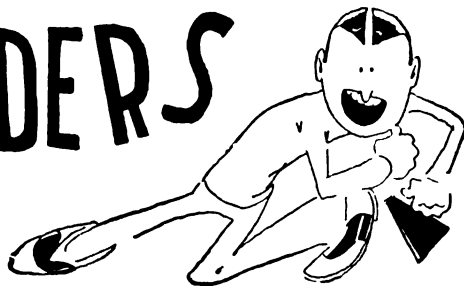


"Ha, Baron Flagg-Rush, you're
 coming to our affair to-night, aren't
 you?"
 "Don't see how I can, Mrs. Goitre—
 you see we've got a case of diphtheria in
 the house."
 "Well, bring it along, Baron—we'll
 drink anything!" —BROWN JUG

Handle With Gloves

Jim—I proposed to Alberta, one
 of the twin Laird sisters, last night,
 but she gave me the mitten.
 Tom—Where are you going now?
 "I'm going to propose to the other
 twin and see if I can get the mate."
 —Lehigh Burr

LEADERS



The Italian

Da Vinci, Angelo, great peers!
I sing your glorious praise!
Fair Italy! and gondoliers—
And Rome of olden days!

And tombs of Dante, Tasso—call
And waken memories sweet;
But I somehow forget it all—
When you begin to eat!
—Michigan Gargoyle

Bob was sitting on the sofa with his friend Dot. On her knee was her little niece. The door of the next room was wide open and the family as usual were there listening. This is what they heard:

"Kiss me too, Aunt Dottie."
"Certainly, dear, but don't say too, say twice; too is not good grammar." —Bucknell Belle Hop

"This is the forest primeval," remarked the student as he stroked his lip.
—Brown Jug



1874



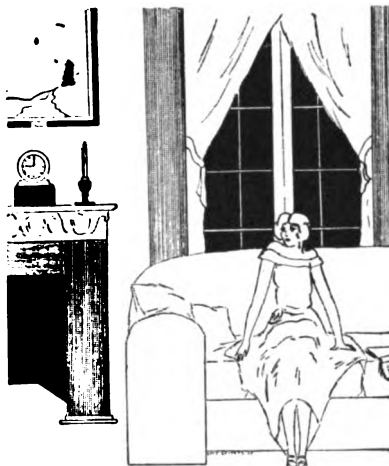
1924

—CORNELL WIDOW

"What do you think counts most in this world?"

"Well, there's the adding machine."
—Toronto Goblin

"I am half inclined to kiss you."
"How stupid of me. I thought you were round-shouldered."
—Mich. Gargoyle



Quite Uncalled For
—WESLEYAN WASP

Rah—My, but that fellow walks funny; he twists his hips as if they were on hinges.

Raw—Yes, he has a swinging gait.
—Penn State Froth

"Ruth, why weren't you in class yesterday?"

"I have an excuse, sir."
"Yes, I know. I've seen him."
—Mich. Gargoyle



A Motion Before the House
—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

"Didn't I see the grocer's boy kiss you this morning, Mary?"
"Yes'm; but he ain't to blame. 'Twas the iceman set him the bad example."
—Bucknell Belle Hop

This epitaph
To Willie King,
His mother told him
He could sing.
—Georgia Yellow Jacket

Snowdrop—Honey, dis is sho de finest shoe polish dat I has ever seen in dis house.

Mandy—Niggah, has you gone crazy! Dat's my face cream.
—West Point Pointer

"I'm going to smash your face in for kissing my sister."

"Sister, nothing. That was your wife."

"Beg pardon, old man. My mistake."
—So. California Wampus

First Equestrian Co-ed—Does horseback riding require any particular application?

Second Twitter—No; arnica or Sloan's Liniment—one's as good as the other.
—Wisconsin Octopus



"Don't haul off so far when you slap me, Clarice. People in the cars behind think it's a stop signal!"

There's one good thing about Mexican politics. In case of a deadlock they change from balloting to bulleting.

The mother-in-law joke is dead. So is the prohibition joke, but the evil is still with us.

Funnybones

A jay walker is as old as he looks.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Sympathetic Vibration

There was a young dancer named Yun,
And the shimmy she never would shun;
As she started to shake
There came an earthquake—
So she gasped, "Now look what I done!"

Nursemaid—Any instructions as regards the twins, ma'am?

Mother—Only this: If the boy cries look for what ails him but when the girl cries find out what she wants.

Heavenly Blunder

HE SOARED to the clouds in the sight of all eyes, while the sun shimmered gold on his plane, and tiny, but gleaming, he raced through the skies, a king in his airy domain. A wee puff of smoke—then a hazardous lurch as he turned in a neck-breaking twist, and slowly he traced in his perilous perch, some letters in nebulous mist.

"Use Robertson's salve for a nasty horse throat," emerged from his plane as he flew. He spiralled and tumbled aloft as he wrote and finally when he was through, coursed to the East where the country is flat, and soon he was only a speck; but farmers who saw him, reflectively spat, and muttered, "B'gosh," and "By heck!"

Returned from his ride, he was fired that night, and in an indignant farewell, his company stated that henceforth in flight, they'd send up a bird who could spell! But farmers galore to each general store thronged in a tongue-wagging flock, and hundreds of dealers that evening sold more of salve than they carried in stock.

The sale of salve slumped then in city and town, but mounted sky-high in the sticks, and the flyer whose *faur pas* produced this renown is drawing up ads for the hicks. Oh, every sick horse in his equine despair, now begs for some salve on his neck, while Robertson old is a bold millionaire—Goldurn it, by gum and by heck!

Arthur L. Lippmann

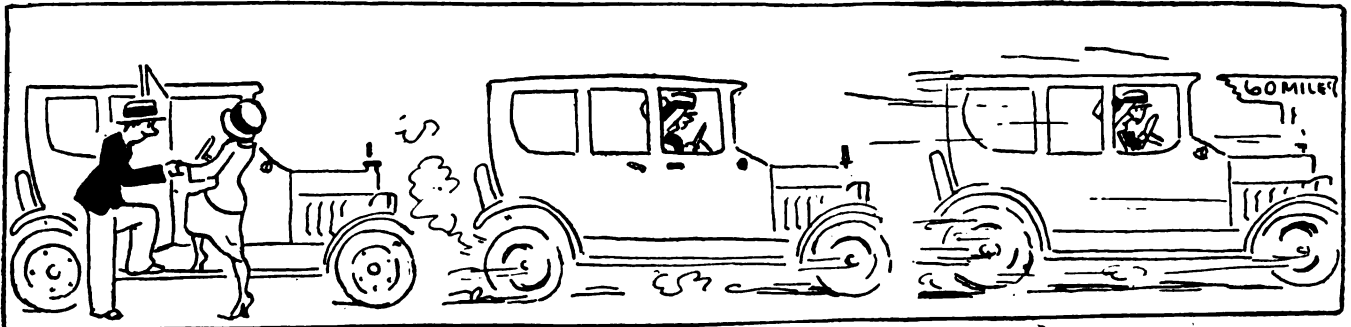
Funnybones

A woman ceases to be a chicken when she gets crow's-feet.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



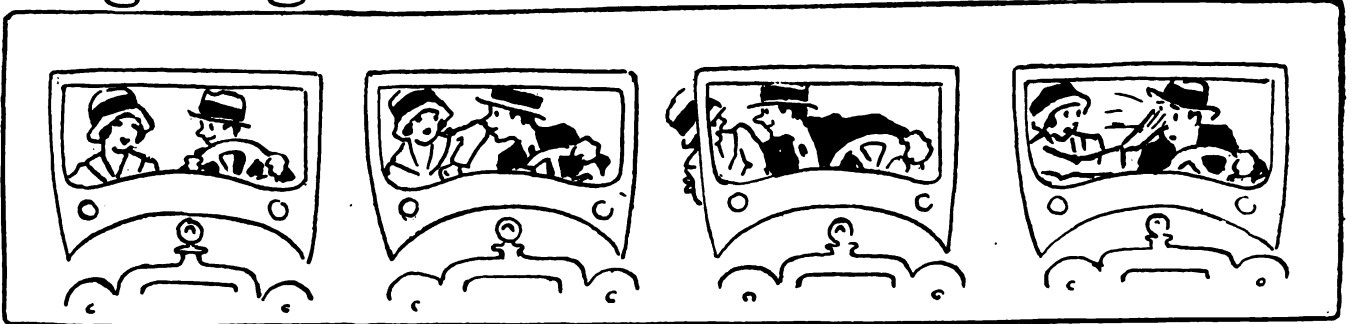
KocKeyed Kleagle



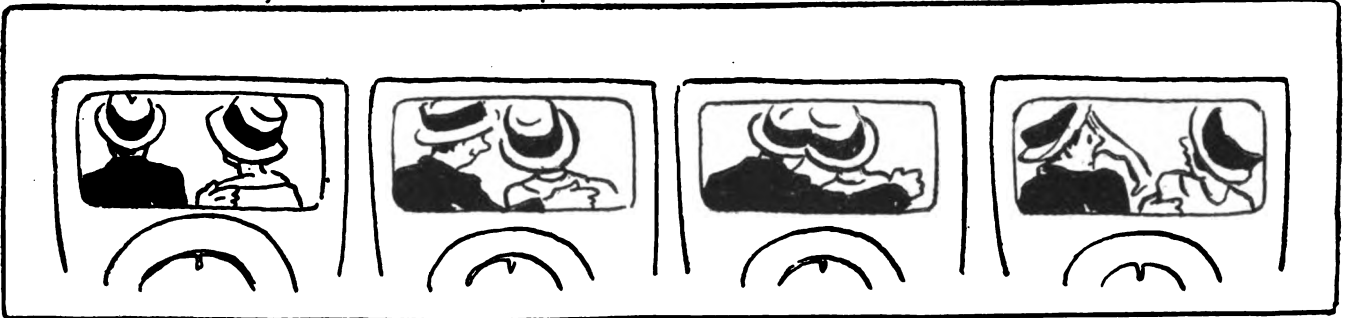
The game begins

the kick-off

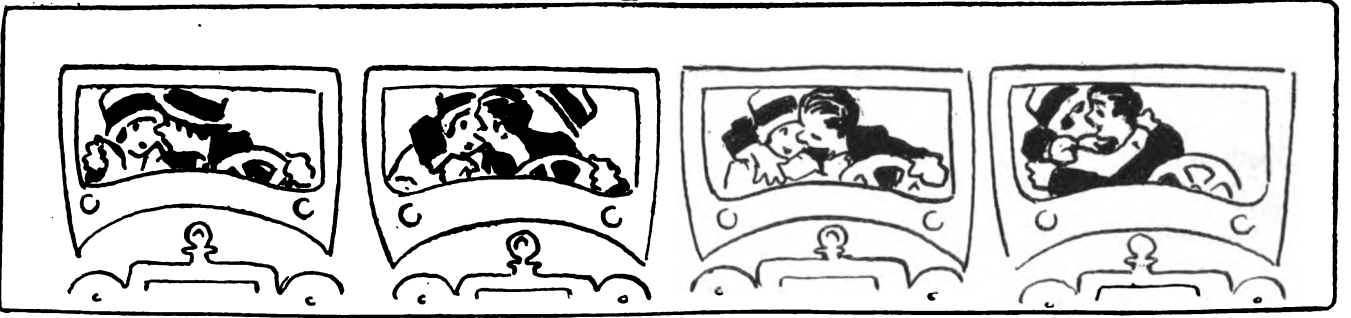
a long run



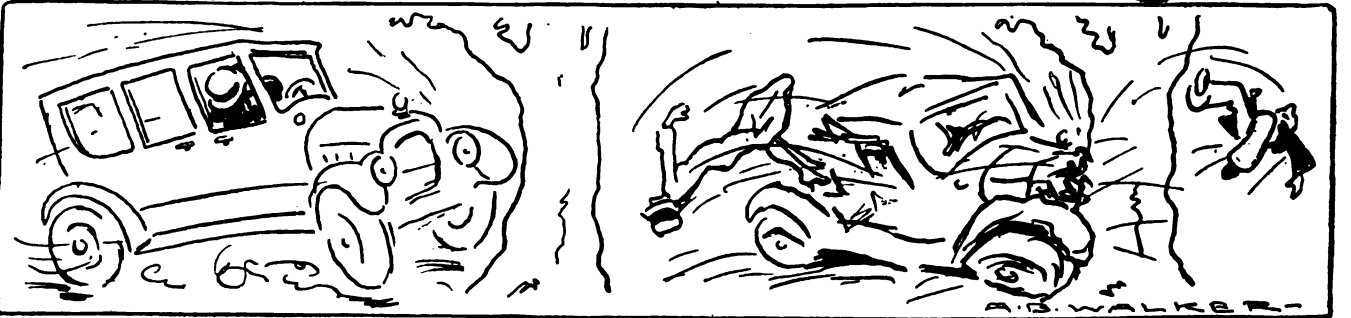
the line-up - a forward-pass blocked - an off-side play penalized



quarter-back play - half-back play gains. full-back play penalized for holding

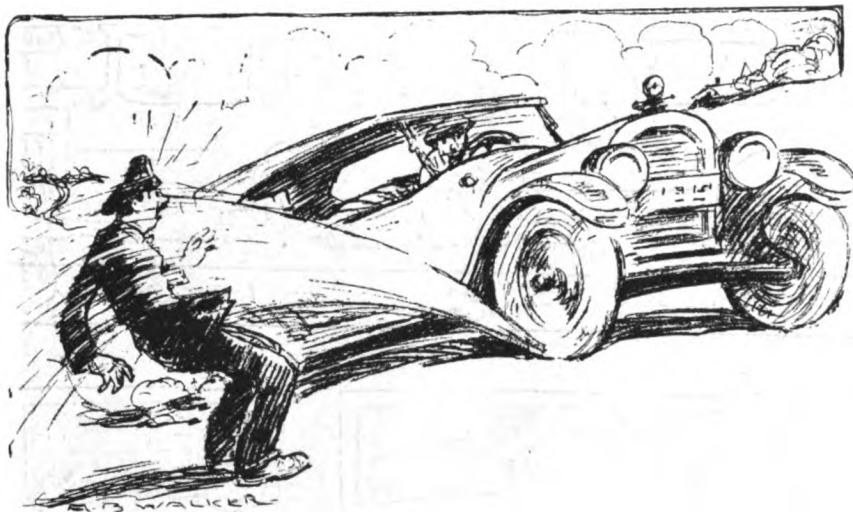


steady gains - foul-tackle overlooked. other side weakens - a goal!!



and another goal and another -

game ends abruptly -



BALLOON TIRES—PLUS

The revenue officers suspected Bill of being a bootlegger but never could catch him with the goods until one day he got a puncture.

Picture Ahead

You have done it yourself. Everybody in the world has done it, at some time or other. You were over at the Prescotts, and you happened to mention last summer, and there was the photograph album right handy ("If you'll just pass over that big book a moment, Aunt Flossie, there's a picture of our camp somewhere"), and somehow one thing led to another. ("Hand them across to Fred when you're done looking at them"), and before you knew it the evening was gone.

"Here we all are bathing," Mrs. Prescott says, and hands me four square inches of nothing much, cut in half by a tilted line and with the lower part more or less spotted. "Those are our heads."

"Not really," politely. "I thought they were ducks."

"Janice stood on the dock and snapped it."

"Snapped what?" blankly.

"There's Horace holding his nose and doing a somersault."

"Which one is Janice?" stupidly.

"Janice? Why, I told you, Janice snapped—" Mrs. Prescott stops and looks at me earnestly a long time. "Never mind, pass it on to Angela when you're done looking at it. You folks didn't get away this summer, did you?" . . .

"However, it's the last time," I vowed to Angela, on the way home. "I'll never look through another album."

"Yes, you will," said Angela. "You'll have to. It's simply the penalty people

pay for staying home. If we were going away this summer we should have our album ready in the fall to show people, and then no one would come near us. It's only when they know we're unprotected—"

It was on that walk home from Mrs. Prescott's that I had my idea. "Reprisal!" I whispered.

The next day we took our camera downtown and had our first go at it. I photographed Angela crossing the street. She snapped me boarding a

bus. I put on Angela's hat, and we had a traffic policeman take us both posed before the War Memorial. And so the summer passed. . . .

"This is me going down the path toward camp," explained Mrs. Prescott, when we met again in the fall. "Hand it over to Angela when you're done looking at it."

She had the summer's stack in her lap, and she had settled down for an evening of it.

"This is Horace and me on the porch," went on Mrs. Prescott. "It's a bit dark, of course. No, no, this is Horace here."

"Oh, yes, of course. Funny I should mistake him for the dog!"

"Very. This is Horace and me in the hammock under the trees—"

"I say, that looks comfortable, though!" I said enviously. "Reminds me of that bench in the park, eh, Angela? If you'll just pass me that big book a moment, dear—"

Mrs. Prescott's expression was a little odd.

"Here we are walking down the avenue," I went on to Mrs. Prescott. "And here is a group of us in a trolley car. I don't know just who the other folks are, but they seemed somehow to get into the picture.



"Remember, Doctor! If this operation isn't successful I'll never pay you a cent!"

And this is Angela washing the dishes."

"Here is the view from our front window," explained Angela. "Maybe you recognize the vacant lot across the way."

"Our house," I continued proudly, "snapped from the vacant lot. I've marked the bedroom window with an X."

"You see, we didn't get away this summer, Mrs. Prescott," explained Angela sweetly. "Oh, just hand them across to Horace when you're done looking at them."

It was not like Mrs. Prescott to leave so early. Particularly when she had barely got going on her pile of summer snapshots. It was not like her, either, never to come back.

Corey Ford

Science Tells Us

It's dangerous to wear a safe for a watch charm.

A jellyfish cannot wear suspenders.

Elephants cannot be shipped by parcel post.

The cat never had any pyjamas.

A pin has a head on only one end.

Never eat canned corn without first removing the can.

Indians did not invent the whooping cough.

If all the chorus girls who bought their own limousines were gathered together they would fill a telephone booth.

Alton B. Crimm



FRENCH AMBASSADOR—Good joke on Pierrot, isn't it?

APACHE—How do you mean?

"Why—he's making love to his first wife!"

The planet Uranus has four moons. If a girl can't maneuver a proposal there, it's her own fault.

A convention of American doctors is coming over to England next year. Probably in order to find a few new ailments for which they can prescribe alcohol.

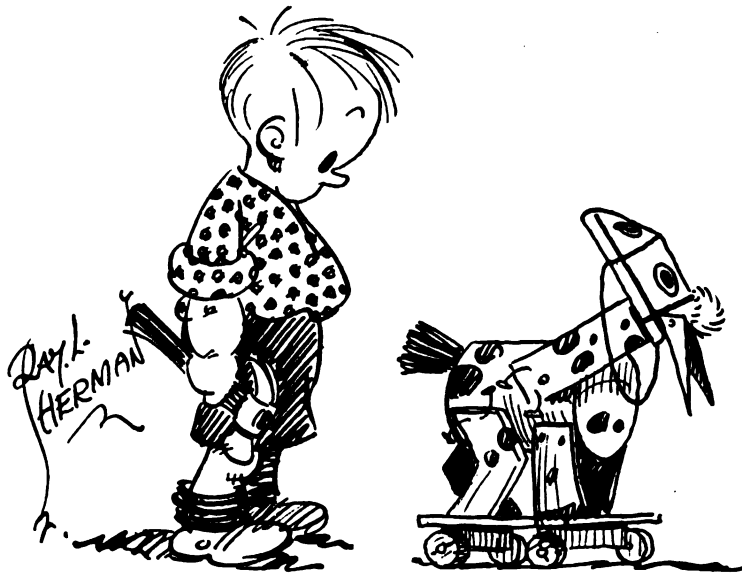
The New York police now send finger-prints over the telephone. We understand that suspected criminals are agitating against being kept in custody such a long time.

Indian Ceremony Lasts a Week—headline. Some white folks would be seeking a divorce before then.

Why Mr. Jones Doesn't Stop at the Florist's Now

An Episode in Nine Epistles

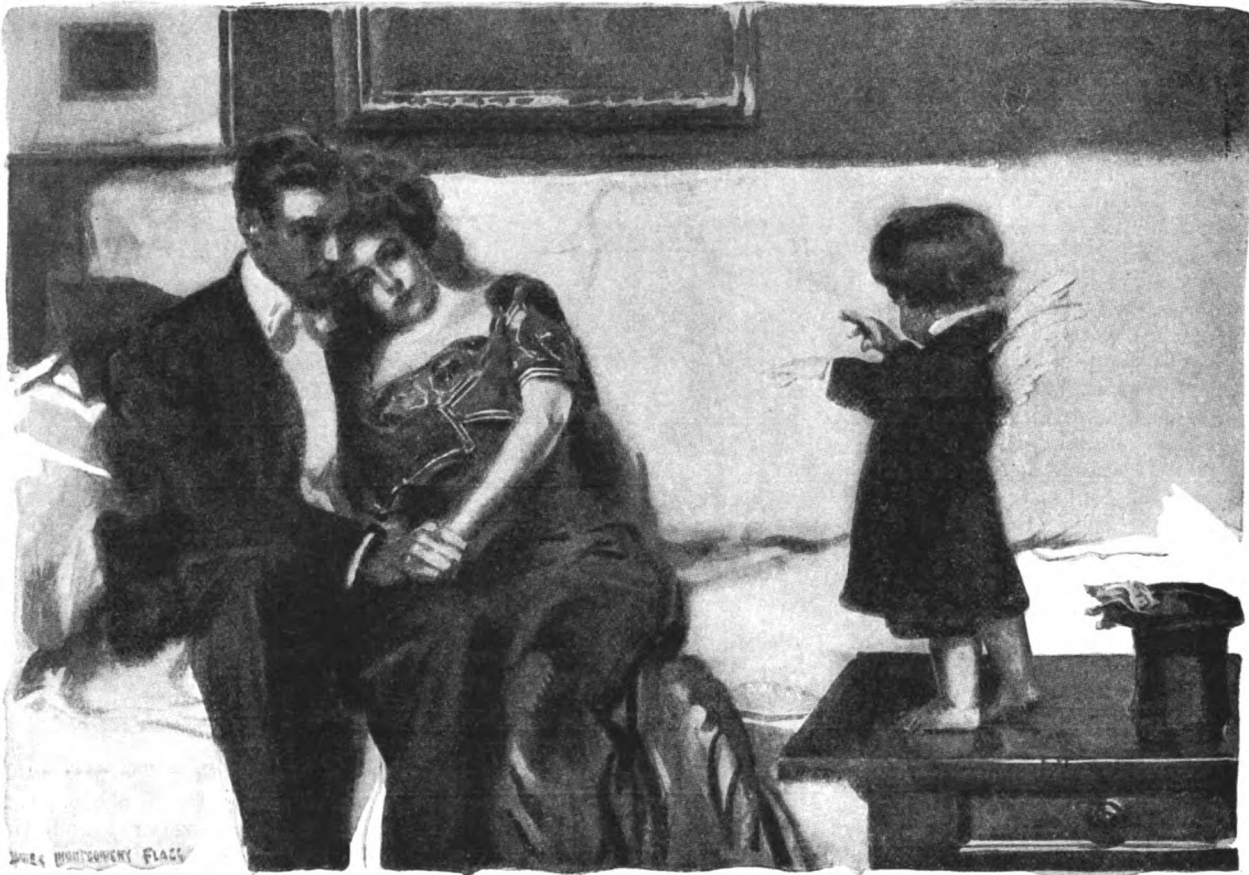
- "DEAR Mr. Jones,
I....."
- "Dear Harry,
You....."
- "Dearest Harry,
You and I....."
- "Darling,
We....."
- "My very own dearest,
Mother....."
- "Dear Harry,
You....."
- "Dear Mr. Jones,
I....."
- "Miss Smith begs to inform Mr. Jones that....."
- "Dear Mr. Robinson,
I....."



"What if I did break it. I fixed it, didn't I?"

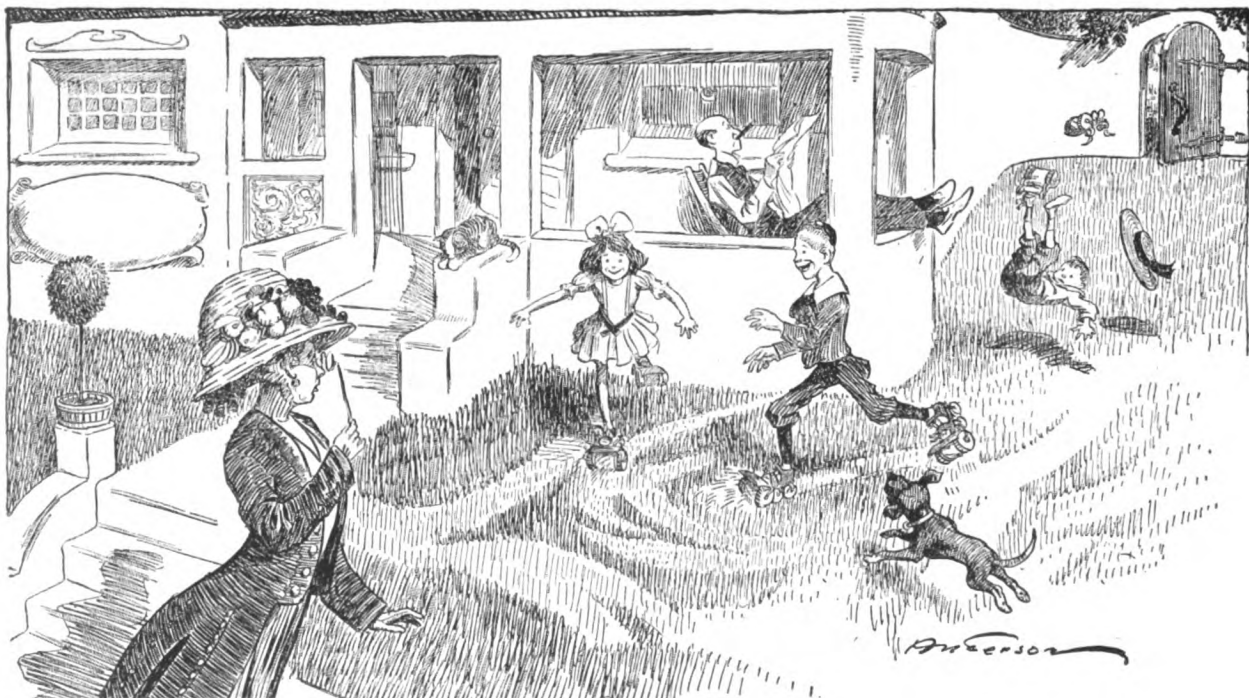
ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days



James Montgomery Flagg in Judge, 1909. **THE HYPNOTIST**

"Now, you both believe you can't live without each other."



Anderson in Judge, 1907. **THE FATHER OF INVENTION**

Mrs. RUBBER—Well, of all things! If that lazy Mr. Thinkemup hasn't gone an' invented lawn mower roller skates for his children.

Very Moving Pictures!

(Continued from page 19)

Tony's neck and a final benediction in the Rockies without which he never would have had the great big noble he-men to gouge out each other's eyes and chew each other's ears; that the gal (God love her) may be kept safe from whatever it is she is to be kept safe from. If you like "Westerns" you'll enjoy "The Border Legion." It's good raw hokum, well done.

SPEAKING of the gal and all that sort of sexography that has out-photographed photography, "Tarnish" is full of her.

I am not an advocate of a neutral condition. Neutrality is neither here nor there, neither one thing nor the other. It is spineless, opinionless and yet I have always envied the neuter gender. Take a table or a chair or a glass of water. They haven't a worry in the world. Smug complacency is theirs. They have no sex complex to stir the even tenor of their way. It is only in the animated world, where there are two genders, that trouble results. It is with these two genders that "Tarnish" concerns itself as it does in life. May McAvoy is the female, Ronald Coleman is the male. I cannot discuss in this, the world's half-wittiest weekly, the psychology advanced in this picture but it's well done and if you are interested in whether it is right to marry a man who has been through the love-mill or whether you have the time and patience to sit it out waiting for the man who hasn't, you'll have a good time watching this picture and thanking God there is only one other sex to argue it out with when you get out on the street.

What is perhaps more to the point the picture is well made and well worth your money and time both of which you and I have often put to less profitable usage.

"The Prince of Wales, the newspapers say, wears exactly what he pleases," notes the *Carthage Press* and adds dejectedly: "This, perhaps, is partly because he is a prince and partly because he is a bachelor."

—*Kansas City Times*

Class in History

"What started the trouble at ancient Troy?"

"A beauty contest."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*



The People's Telephone

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Fishing Not Fiddling

First Girl—What air was that you were playing last night?

Second Girl—A millionaire, and I landed him. —*Boston Transcript*

Attraction

"I notice the ladies all flock to your display of mirrors. What do they see in that assortment?"

"Themselves."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

"Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"Certainly," replied the walking delegate for the Dumb-bells' Union, "the working man won't get no justice till capital is punished."

—*John Smith in Buffalo Express*

A writer says in ten years there will be no servant maids in America. He talks as if he knew where some are now.

—*Kansas City Star*

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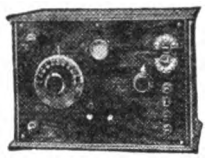
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The Manager—I'm afraid you're not qualified for the job—you don't know anything about my business.
Applicant—Don't I, by gum! I'm engaged to your typist!
—*Passing Show* (London)

Harsh Treatment of a Good Friend

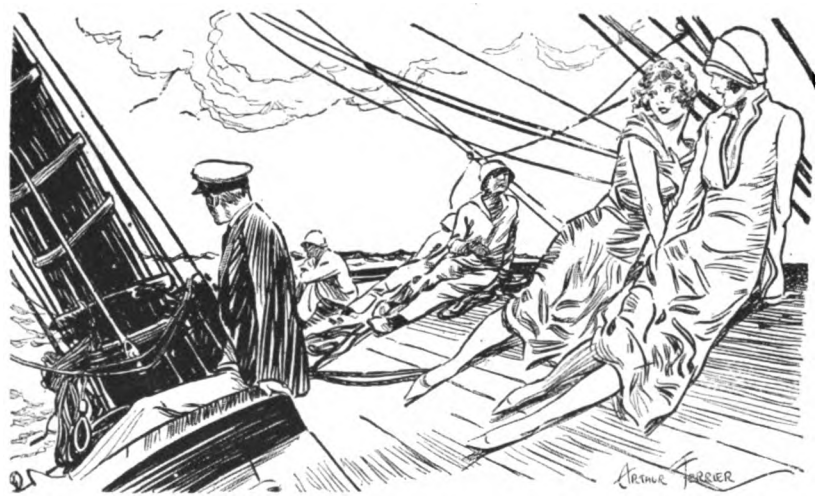
(Continued from page 18)

author lays bare his very soul. He confesses that he once ate 3,451 gingersnaps at one sitting, that he sings in his bath, that he would rather sing grand opera than listen to it, that he left his family for good on four different occasions in one year, that he often longs to wear tights to his office.

In some places the author seems

actually out of his head. In one chapter we find him imagining himself a train robber, in another he thinks he has killed a man, in another he thinks he is a prominent radio inventor, while on page 75 he speaks of himself as president of "The Naïve Sign Company."

There is an inexcusable selfishness in the dedication of the book to himself—when there are so many needy people in the world. Why, one asks, could he not have shown the generosity to have dedicated his book to



Sweet Young Thing—What makes the yacht jump about so?
Second Sweet Young Thing—Bob says the poor thing is on a tack.
—*London Mail*

some Armenian widow or orphan, or some one who would have been really helped by it?

I must admit that the book does reach great heights in spots. The characterization of the mother of Little Eva appeals to me as good a bit of portraiture as even Lytton Strachey might have done with this neglected historical personage. In the chapter entitled "Why Didn't Some One Stop Little Eva?"—a powerful criticism of the St. Clare family and of Uncle Tom for sanctioning the whimsical death—wish of Little Eva—the author strikes off Little Eva's mother with this single caustic phrase: "Her mother was of a non-committal disposition and did not express herself one way or the other." Is not this a masterly and complete picture of Mrs. St. Clare?

Then there is the paragraph at the bottom of page 113: "A lot of New York women are getting alimony who don't earn it."

One of the most amusing sketches in the book is a hasty drawing on page 56. An old lady reading a newspaper says: "I see this is 'Deep Breathing Week'." Her husband, who is evidently stubborn to all ideas proposed by other people replies: "I won't have anything to do with it."

This strikes me as being particularly funny.

Of course the book might be a whole lot funnier. It depends on how funny you like books. I heard some folks say recently that they were disappointed in Joe Cook—that he was not as funny as they expected him to be. Personally I thought Joe Cook was just funny enough, and Herold says in the preface to his book that he hopes many readers will find it *funny enough*. He says that he will be glad, on receipt of a stamped envelope for reply, to send any disappointed purchaser a list of books that he considers lots funnier. He also apologizes for the size of the book, saying that he knows there are lots of books larger than his but that they were a great deal more trouble for their authors and are probably a lot more trouble to their readers.

A Recommendation

Mistress—You say you worked for the Van Twillers. Can you prove that?

New Maid—Well, mum, I can show you some spoons an' things with their initials.

—*Boston Transcript*



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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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Young But Not So Stark

(Continued from page 16)

II

WHEN, eleven years ago, Molnar's "Der Gardeoffizier," was produced at the Lyceum Theater, and I set off a few roman candles in its honor, I was duly accused by my more apathetic colleagues of arbitrarily boosting the Hungarian drama at the expense of such various current masterpieces of American manufacture as the Hattons' "Years of Discretion," Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Widow By Proxy," George Broadhurst's "To-day" and Harry King Tootle's "The Decoy."

Since the play—it was locally called "Where Ignorance Is Bliss"—turned out to be a flat failure, it was argued doubly that I was just trying to show off by praising something foreign. This enthusiasm for such foreign playwrights with queer sounding names was, it appeared, merely smart-alecky.

The revival of the play by the Theater Guild has been accompanied by no such bushwah. Journalistic reviewing has made perceptible strides forward in the last ten years; the old order is rapidly dying out. Molnar's comedy is to-day recognized for the thing it is: a sophisti-

cated, charming and thoroughly delightful piece of light dramatic writing. We have learned that a man with a funny name who lives in a funny town in a strange and funny land may, in spite of it, be able, after all, to write much better plays than many of our 100 per cent. compatriots.

III

"CLUBS ARE TRUMPS," by the Messrs. Hickson and Dickson, is tripe. If anyone thinks that is not constructive criticism, he hasn't seen the play.

For those who disagree with the above, I add a few additional notes. "Clubs Are Trumps" is the kind of play in which the authors seek to make the hero a sympathetic character by causing all the other characters to insult him, maltreat him and knock him about generally.

It is, further, the kind of play in which, at five minutes of eleven, all these other characters see the error of their ways, offer the hero their hands and tell him they have misjudged him, the hero, of course, taking it all in good grace and modestly affirming that their estimate of him may have been right.

It is, still further, the kind of play in which the vulgar hero wins the heiress away from his rival by a



"What sort of a time is Dick having on his motor tour?"
"Oh, great! I've had two letters from him—one from a police station, and the other from a hospital!"

—PASSING SHOW (London)

sedulous exercise of bad manners, interpreted by the authors as the mark of a frank and lovable fellow. If you still think that this isn't constructive criticism, I confess that I don't know what to do about it.

IV

"IN HIS ARMS," by Lynn Starling, is another American attempt to write polite drawing-room comedy. The author has laid his scene, dutifully enough, in a drawing-room; he has conducted himself with appropriate politeness throughout the evening; but he has not precisely achieved the comedy that one has been led to look for. All that he has achieved is a parade of amiable stencils. Wit might have concealed these banalities, but of this essential there is little.

There are a few amusing spots in the proceedings but the dry spaces between them are of considerable acreage. Margaret Lawrence plays the leading rôle very agreeably, though her work has lately been regrettably invaded by a measure of ham hokum.

V

IN "Cock o' the Roost" I can find little. The group of playwrights who have banded themselves together under the name of the Dramatists' Theater, Inc., to prove to the managers that there are a lot of good American plays lying around loose, will have to find better plays than this one by Rida Johnson Young if they hope to make the managers sore.

One doesn't think less of the Messrs. Erlanger, Shubert, Harris, Hopkins, Ames, Selwyn, *et al.*, for turning down a manuscript like Mrs. Young's. And one doesn't think more of the taste of the Dramatists' Theater, Inc., for having produced it. If this is a sample of the good American plays that our theatrical managers stubbornly refuse to put on our stubborn theatrical managers are to be congratulated. As a critic, I am generally on the side of the dramatists. But this time they have disclosed themselves to be bloomers.

His Mistake

"What's the trouble between you and your wife?"

"My wife wanted to move next door to her family."

"Well?"

"I let her do it."

—*Louisville Courier Journal*

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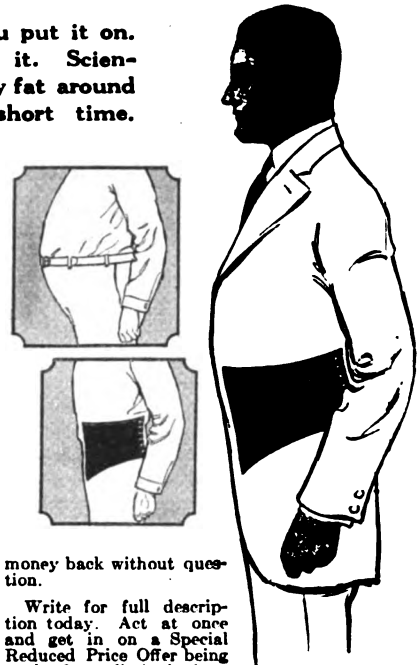
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Red—I'm gonna say it with cauliflowers.

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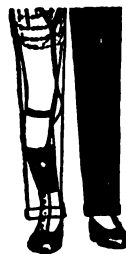
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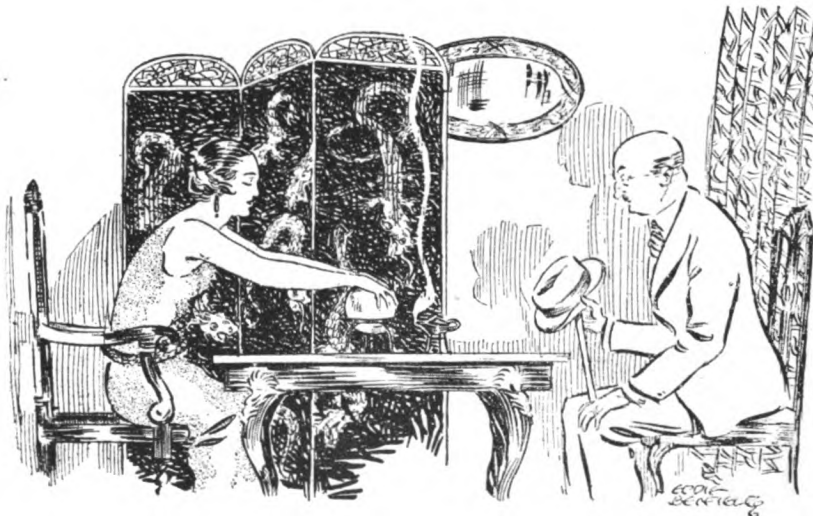
Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1. What your wife is to you.
3. What they throw out of ships.
6. The first sound a reader of JUDGE makes at opening the magazine.
8. What a bedtime story does to you.
9. Even the best laid ones gang agley.
10. What most actors think they are.
11. What Uncle Sam does to himself in regard to Europe.
16. The seventh note in music.
17. One hundred per centers.
19. It says the same thing you do.
21. How most men give money to their wives.
23. What she says when you try to kiss her.
24. A pronoun in the objective case.
25. What you say when boarding a vessel.
26. What a girl likes to have in her stocking.
28. Abbreviation for number.
29. What the little tough boy says for verbs.
32. An exclamation.
33. Water does it.
36. United States of America backwards.
37. That's that.
39. What you see on every cent.
41. How you say mister in India.
43. A college boy in a raccoon coat.
45. They're called but few are chosen.
47. Twenty million people chew it.
49. What the college boy says at the football game.
50. There's nothing new under it.

VERTICAL

1. You used to see one in a cocktail.
2. What you think of a man who doesn't agree with you.
3. It's the man who pays it.
4. Why her sweetie went away.
5. What every girl likes.
6. Third person singular present tense of a verb (laugh that off).
7. An Egyptian plant.
12. Southeast.
13. A conjunction.
14. An athletic club.
15. What she says when she says good-by.
17. What the detective says when he finds a clue.
18. A parting word used with long.
20. A body of Roman soldiers.
22. What your mother used to sing to you.
25. Another conjunction.
27. He had a wife that got too fresh.
30. Every young man sows one.
31. You see a lot of them on Fifth avenue.
34. They love to fight.
35. Where Volstead would like all of us to spend all of our time.
37. A particle (conjunction).
38. What you give to unpopular guests.
40. An automobile went down the road at fifty miles an hour.
42. In between.
44. Not a seat in the theater.
46. His son had the same name as his.
48. After a hard night most people are all —.



The Medium—I don't seem to be able to get through to your wife.

The Client—Oh! That's quite possible. She was formerly a telephone operator.

—Passing Show (London)



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8	L	U	L	L			A					9	P	L	A	N		
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		43	S	I	M	P		44	S		45	M	A	M	Y			
46	T		47	S	P	E	A	R	M	I	N	T			48	I		
49	R	A	H			D		O		D			50	S	U	N		

(See adjoining page for Key Chart)

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