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AUGUST 9, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

C 372866 G



AMPHIBIOUS

Can you originate a clever second line for this joke?



Young Maid—Have you ever been rescued?

Old Maid—.....

JUDGE'S FIFTY-FIFTY CONTEST No. 32

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

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of Judge may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted but none will be returned. No. 32 Contest closes August 19, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the September 20, 1924, issue of Judge. Check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that date. In the meantime, No. 33 will appear next week.

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

All answers, to be considered, must be received not later than August 19.

JUDGE

Useless Information

THE names Smith, Brown and Jones are not so popular in Zuzuland and Thibet as in the United States.

☞☞☞

CORNED BEEF salesmen seldom try to do any business at an American Legion convention.

☞☞☞

THE old rumor that Lord Bacon was the junior partner of Liver & Bacon has been proven without foundation.

A HORSEFLY can travel eleven minutes and four seconds without having to make a forced landing.

☞☞☞

THE average rubber band will stretch five feet, four inches before it breaks and busts you in the eye.

☞☞☞

No person has ever attempted to go over Niagara Falls on roller skates.

☞☞☞

To make a trip around the world a kangaroo would have to jump 6,789,654½ times.

SCIENTISTS have never been able to definitely decide just where the wind is when it isn't blowing.

☞☞☞

It is not generally known, but nevertheless true, that an angleworm does not hold out its hand before making a right turn.

☞☞☞

It is an old tradition among the Eskimos of Spoofooland that it is bad luck to wear a straw hat with a dinner jacket between January 1 and 5.



Journalistic Enterprise of To-morrow
“Extry! All about yer divorce!”



"Let's go to a movie."
"I've been to one."

Philosopher says the secret of success is to look ahead and never behind. Any racing crew will tell him he's a liar.

He'll Tell the World!

He—Dearest, no one will ever know how I love you!
Voice from Under Sofa—Huh! Dad'll know unless I git about a quarter!

It's a Wise Author Knows His Own Film!

Author—May I write the sub-titles for the filming of my novel?
Director—Sure, but read the continuity first and get some idea of what the story's about.

A Hard Question

Why do they send government cutters after bootleggers? Don't they cut the stuff enough as it is now?

Funnybones

A red nose indicates a horn of plenty these days!

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed.

The Ingenious Lawbreaker

A man inadvertently left his auto parked in front of an office entrance and returned to find a police card attached to the steering wheel.

Thinking quickly, he notified the police his car had been stolen.

After a short search the car was found and returned to its owner, minus the police card, which was held as evidence in the case.

Treacherous

Alice—Dick is so adept at lying.

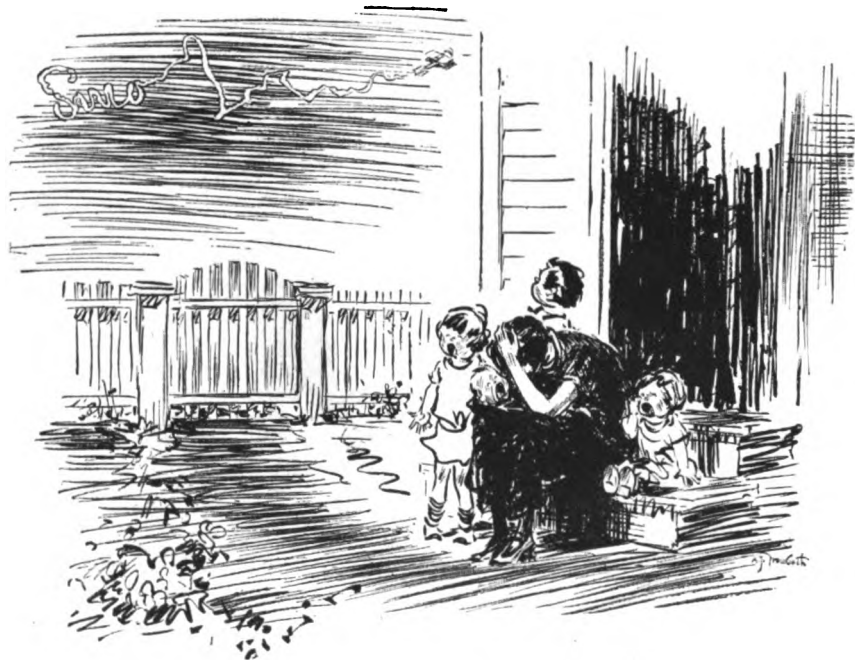
Virginia—But if you don't watch him he'll deceive you by telling the truth.

Very Simple

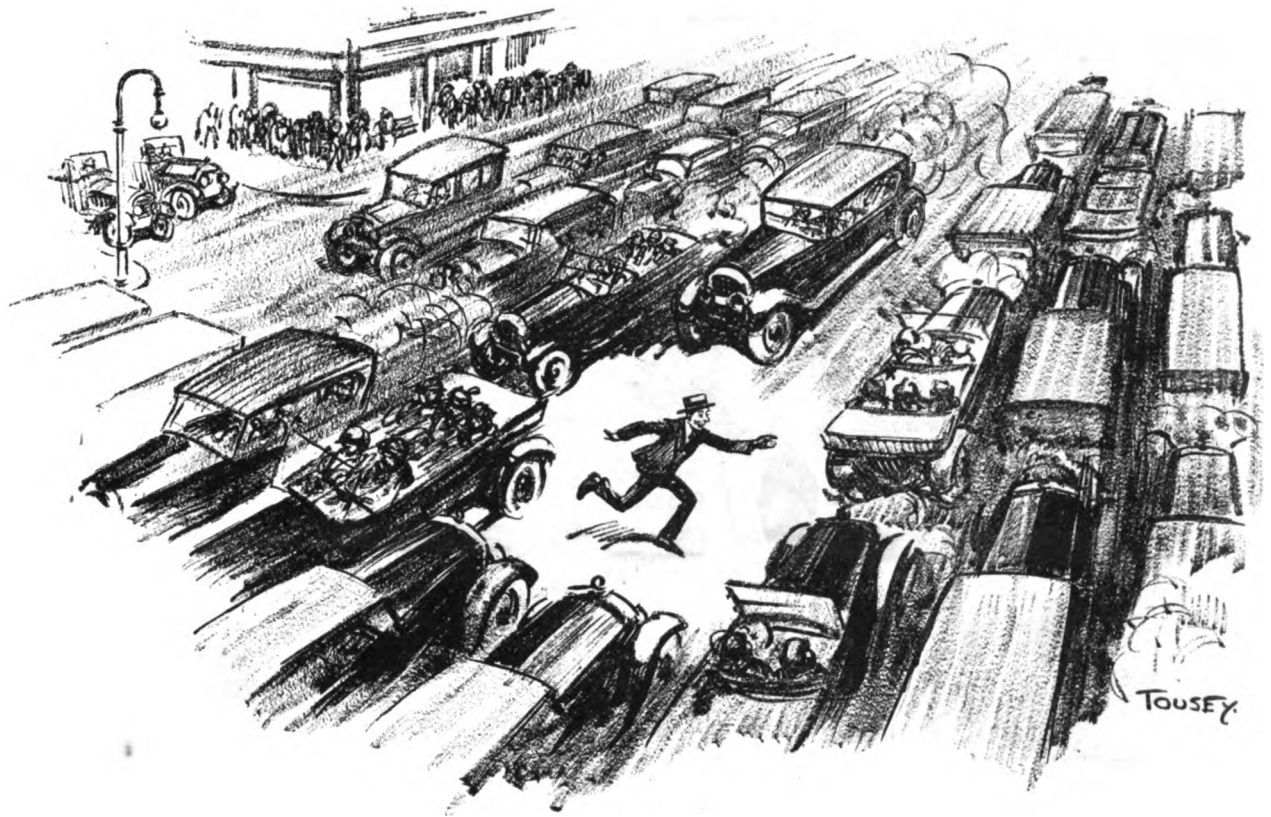
"Jack wants me to learn all the traffic rules but I think that would be foolish," said Mrs. Cutie.

"Why foolish?" asked the friend.

"Why, it's much easier to let the officers explain them to you."



AVIATOR'S WIFE—I don't know what we shall do! Papa's going to lose his job—he's got sky-writer's cramp!



OPTIMIST—*Well, they haven't got me YET!*



"I've licked him, an' licked him, but 'e keeps on lettin' his ears grow."

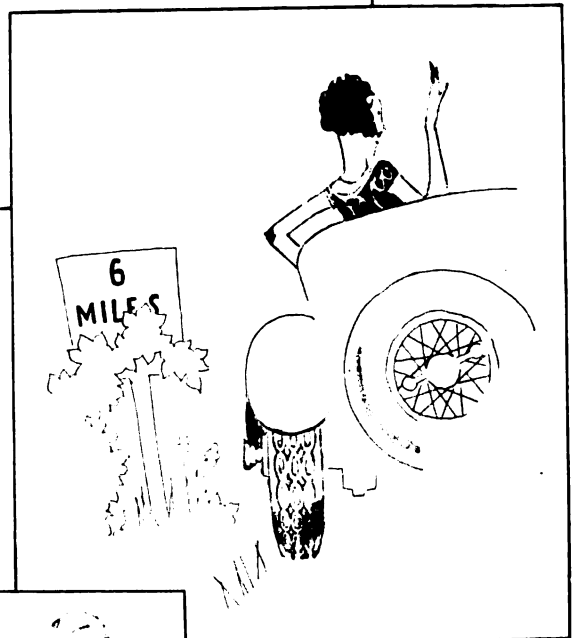
The Affairs of Annabelle

by John Held, Jr.

SHEIK—*Yea, ho, Annabelle! This is the evening for a spin, what?*



ANNABELLE—*You said it, and no slow motion.*



ANNABELLE—*A kiss? Try and get it.*



ANNABELLE—*(next morning to shoe clerk)—I would like to see something in a comfortable heavy walking shoe.*

Public Encumbrances

THE Committee for the Removal of Public Encumbrances met the other day. The following resolutions were unanimously agreed upon:

(1) Resolved that Madison Square Garden be moved to Coogan's Bluffs where it shall stand as a fitting monument to the Democratic Convention which may justly be termed the "Battle of the Century."

(2) Resolved that the Statue of Liberty be regarded from now on as the property of, (1) The United Association of Garage Owners, (2) The Poetical Societies of America. Air and verse are still free.

(3) Resolved that all flappers wearing knickerbockers, found wandering at large upon streets within the city limits, be



FATHER—Well, this dang ukulele is good for something after all!

taken to the Aquarium and confined in the Department of Poor Fish.

(4) Resolved that the Public Library, which is now worse than useless, be transformed into a ladies' tonsorial parlor to relieve congestion in barber shops in other parts of the city.

(5) Resolved that the Statue of Civic Virtue be presented to Hollywood, that commonwealth, in the opinion of the committee, having earned it.

EDWIN RUTT.

Calf love lasts late in life. Notice the old men watching the bare legs at a burlesque show.



Willie heard his mother say she wanted her palm read.

GOOD NIGHT

11.15 P.M.—She—Well, good night, dear.
He—Well, good night.

2.05 A.M.—She—Well, good night dear.
He—Well, good night.

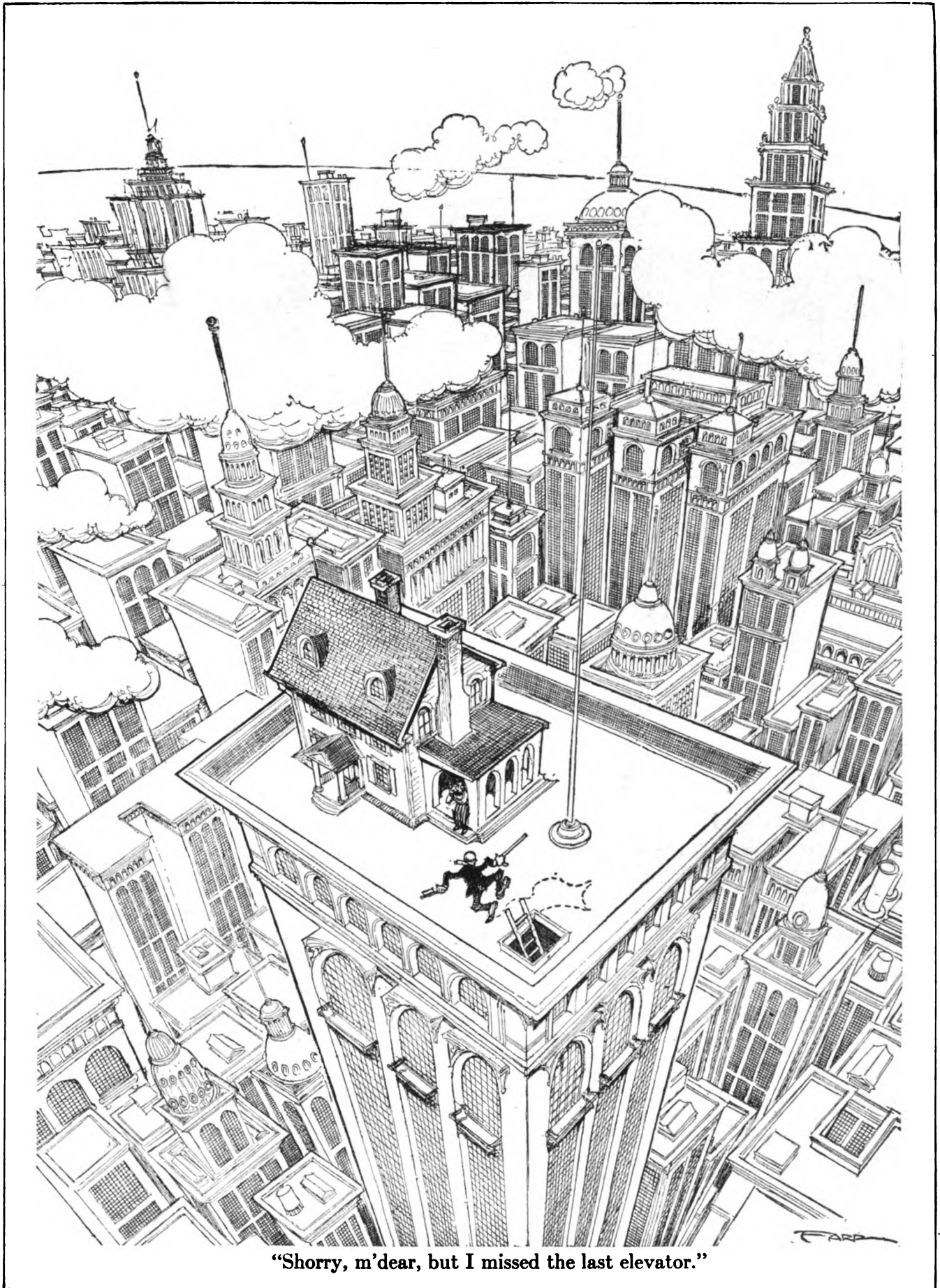
3.47 A.M.—She—Well, good night, dear.
Gruff Male Voice from Top of Stairs—
WELL!
He—Good night!



DETERMINING SOCIAL POSITION IN THE COUNTRY

"Sunday afternoon, I sat right here on this porch, an' will you believe it, I counted 892 automobiles passing our house!"

"Shucks, 'tain't nothin'. Me an' Hiram counted 1,143 that passed our place."



“Shorry, m’dear, but I missed the last elevator.”



The Full Significance

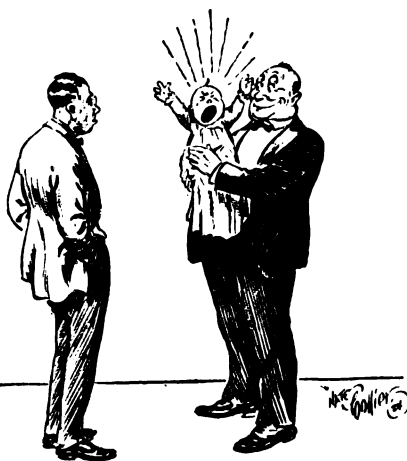
The Godsend

"THE male of the species is 12 per cent. brainier than the female," says Dr. Henry P. Donaldson.—The New York World.

"The female brain is lighter than the corresponding brain of man," says Dr. Henry Donaldson, who's weighed 'em by the score; 'By fully 12 per cent., a male's Superior," so say the scales—And life for me holds happiness it never held before!

*When Janet sinks her putt in three
And, dorny five, grins up at me;
Or leaps upon my queen finesse with
murderous intent,
No longer does it spoil my day—
I simply pat her hand and say:
"Poor little thing! My brain surpasses
yours by 12 per cent!"*

GARDNER REA



Fond Father—Isn't he a wonderful baby?

Radio Bug—Yeh, but I think you ought to change the wavelength, you get too much static.

This Mercenary Age

BRICKLAYER wishes position; non-union; salary no objection.—Ad in the New York World.

A Full Souse

In the presence of the Souses of Congress, on the second Wednesday in February, the President of the Senate opens the sealed lists.—The Winston-Salem (N. C.) Sentinel.

Naturally, there is always a large attendance.

Mrs. John Beamish was Miss Berenice E. Toben, daughter of Mrs. Theodore J. Toben, who was married at nine o'clock this morning.—Duluth Evening Herald.

Snappy work!

The up-to-date person will sing: "Give My Regards to Herald-Tribune Square."



PERRY PARLOW →

“Say, missus, how much is half of forty-nine?”

THE BUSINESS OF PLAY REVIEWING

by George Jean Nathan

UNBELIEVABLE as it may seem, there are people who actually envy me my job as a play reviewer. Hardly a week passes that I don't get at least three or four letters which, after handing me a little soft soap by way of coaxing a reply out of me, inquire how their writers can best go about the business of becoming dramatic critics. It appears to be the universal idea that being a dramatic critic is very hot stuff. From a perusal of the letters that come to me I conclude that the average layman believes that the life of a dramatic critic follows something like this schedule:

12 noon.—The critic arises, bathes, dresses, and breakfasts.

1 P.M. to 2 P.M.—Spends reading love letters from Ethel Barrymore, Jeanne Eagles, Marilynn Miller, Lenore Ulric, Doris Keane, Pauline Lord, Marjorie Rambeau, Pauline Frederick, Florence Reed and Laurette Taylor.

2 P.M. to 2.30 P.M.—Spends reading loving telegrams from Marie Doro, Julia Sanderson, Fay Bainter, Madge

Kennedy, Nance O'Neil, Dorothy Stone, Peggy Joyce, Bertha Kalich and Florence Mills.

2.30 P.M. to 3.15 P.M.—Lunches either with Mrs. Fiske or June Walker, at the lady's expense.

3.16 P.M.—Is presented with a handsome gold cigarette case by his lunch-eon companion.

3.30 P.M. to 4 P.M.—Drives through the park with Frances Starr, Mary Nash, Mary Eaton, Constance Binney, Irene Bordoni or Carroll MacComas, puffing luxuriously at a \$1.65 cigar given him by Al Woods.

4.15 P.M. to 5 P.M.—Spends reading invitations to dinner and supper from Laura Hope Crews, Blanche Bates, Jane Cowl, Ruth Chatterton, Helen Menken, Lynn Fontanne, Helen Gahagan, Ann Pennington, Florence Moore and Eleanor Painter.

5 P.M. to 5.30 P.M.—Has tea with Odette Myrtil, Emily Stevens, Gertrude Lawrence, Helen Hayes, Beatrice Lillie or Katharine Cornell.

(Continued on page 27)

XXX!

Henry slipped and broke his neck. His tombstone now says: R. I. P. But what we're mourning for, by heck, is the bottle on his H. I. P.!

Why don't they put the scenery in the automobiles—then we could sit on our piazzas and watch it go by!

A Just Reason

Knack—What's the reason Short doesn't speak to his tailor?

Knack—He sold him a suit that wore out while he was promising to pay for it!

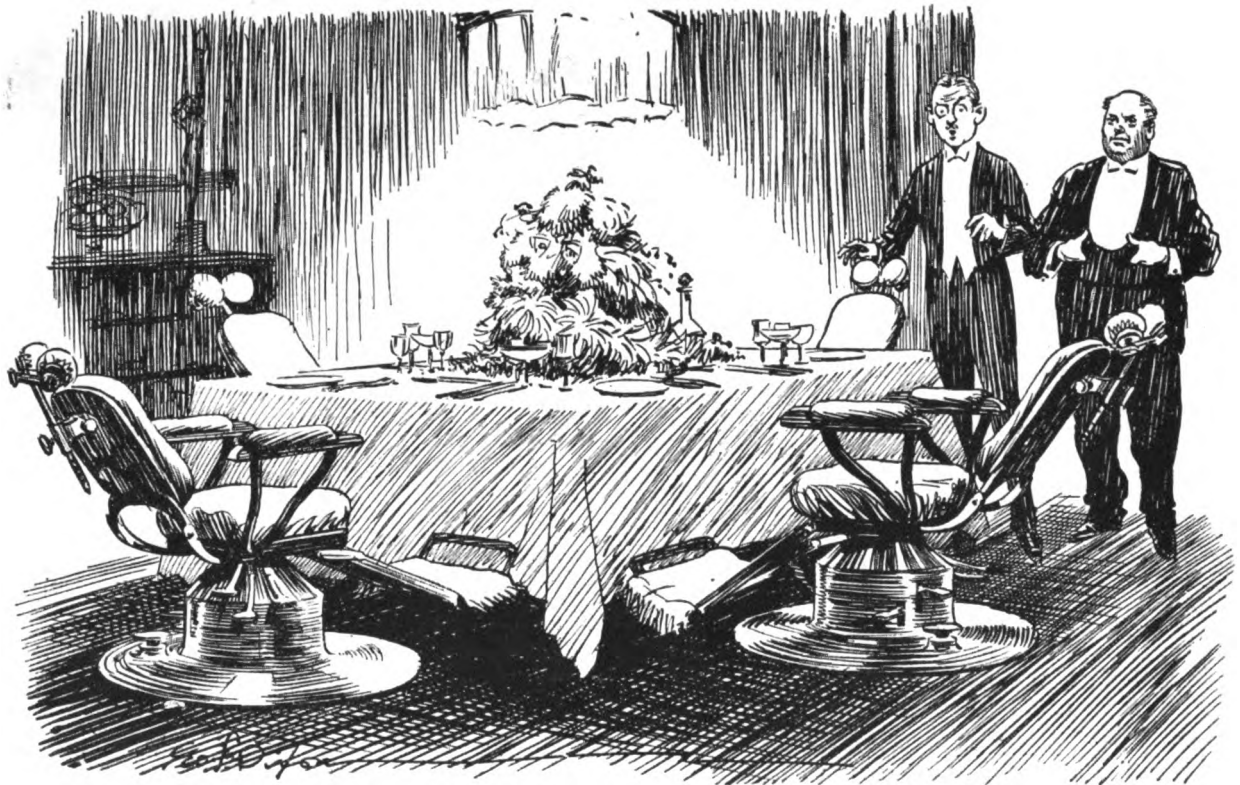
The population of this country is now 112,826,000.

That doesn't include, however, the man who believes in prohibition.

Fair Warning

Parson White—Does you take this man fo' better or fo' worse?

Liza—If he's no better den de las' one, it'll be de worse fo' him.



"What's the idea of the barber's chairs?"
"We're going to have asparagus for dinner."

What Every Husband Knows

"WELL, it's about time you were getting home!"

"Did you mail those letters?"

"I don't care what you told them, you're going to stay home one night this week!"

"How many times do I have to tell you that your cigarettes are just where you left them on the library table!"

"I thought I told you to put on a clean shirt this morning?"

"Don't you dare knock those ashes off on my clean floor!"

"Look at all that mud you've tracked in!"

"Before we were married you wanted to take me some place every evening!"

"How long have you been carrying this around in your pocket?"

"You'd forget your head if it wasn't fastened to your shoulders!"

"Are you going to sit there and let these children talk back to their mother like that without doing anything?"

"Don't let that dog come in! I've just finished straightening up this house!"

"If I depended on you to look after the furnace I suppose I'd have to freeze to death!"

"If you'd hang your clothes up at night, instead of throwing them on the floor, you'd be able to find them in the morning!"

"Listen, honey, I saw the cutest little sport coat this morning. . . ."

CHET JOHNSON.



"Where is your husband? I am to have this dance with him."

"There he is, against that pillar. Please put him back there when the dance is over."

Judged from modern standards, the revolutionists who objected to taxation without representation were easily peeved.

Funnybones

News Note: "A taxi covers ninety miles a day." It doesn't say how many pedestrians.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

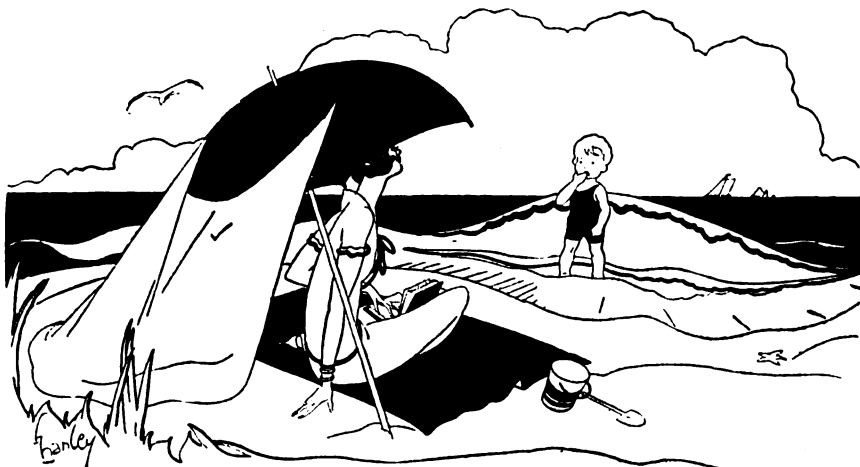
Three of a Kind Beaten

Kelly—We've decided to christen th' baby Kevin Kerrigan.

Connolly—Is it yer sinses ye've lost intirely?

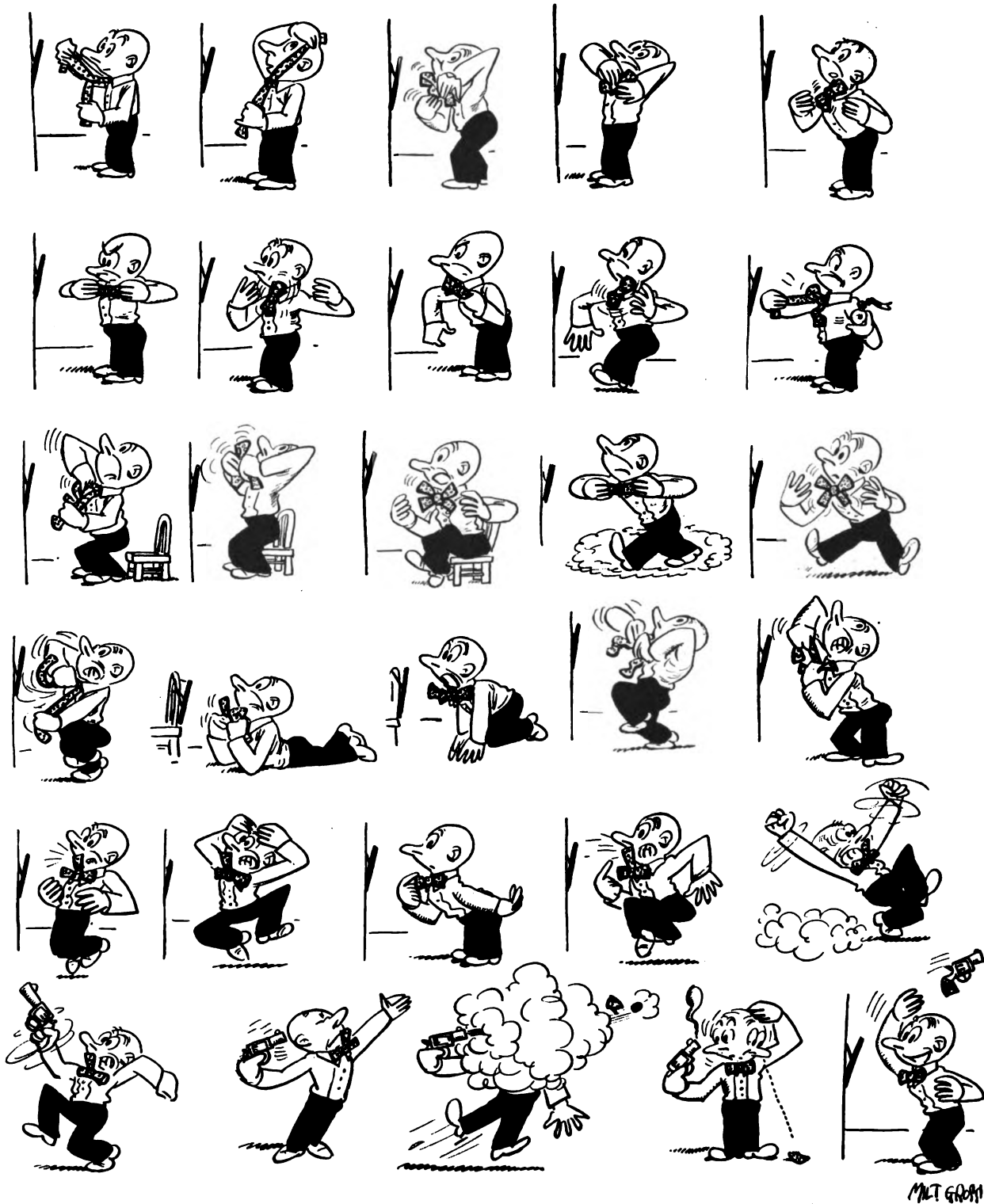
"What's wrong wid that name?"

"Not a thing. 'Tis th' initials I have in mind."



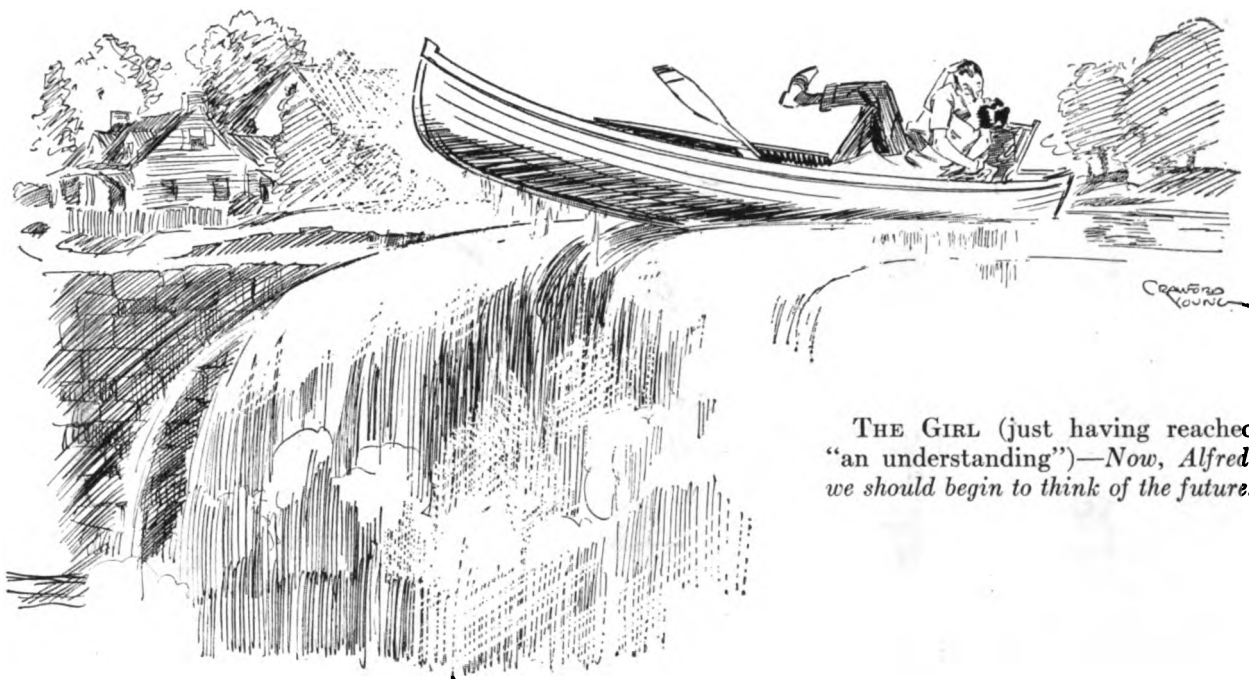
"Well, how is the ocean, this morning, dear?"

"Think you put a little too much salt in, Maw."



MILT GRAM

If at first you don't succeed,
tie, tie again!



THE GIRL (just having reached "an understanding")—Now, Alfred, we should begin to think of the future!

No Deceit Intended

Jones—Brown has just bought that corner for a filling station.
Smith—He told me he was going to open a restaurant there.
 "Well?"

Time All Used

Physician—You ought to have some recreation.
Patient—But I can't. I don't have time. I spend eight hours a day in bed, eight at work in my office, and eight at work on the links.

Looks Like Rain!

Mrs. Borden—How do you find the broth, Mr. Newcome?
Mr. Newcome—It's my impression, Mrs. Borden, that you keep too many cooks!

The Worm Turns

Butcher (in alarm)—Hey, what are you going to do with that meat cleaver?
Disgruntled Customer—You always rest your hand on the scales when you weigh my meat. This time I'll take away all I'm paying for.

Second Choice

She—You must teach me to swim.
He—But I don't know how to swim.
 "Well—then I'll teach you."

Fed Up

✓ *Judge*—Do you wish to marry again if you receive a divorce?
Liza—Ah should say not! Ah wants to be withdrawn from circulation!

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A jazz band is a group of citizens who are paid for playing static.



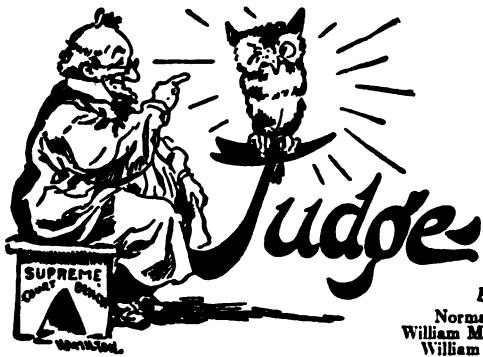
#### STRAPHANGERS FOR SURF-BATHERS

*It will make you feel at home and contented while on your vacation.*



It's the Old Army Game





Editors  
Norman Anthony  
William Morris Houghton  
William Edgar Fisher

*In the interests of peace, why not confine audiences at the next Olympics to listening over the radio?*

### Hail and Farewell!



"TEN-shun! General Smedley Butler will report for interrogation."

"Present, your Honor."

"General, before you leave Philadelphia to sin and self-government I want to get an expression of your point of view. What, in your opinion, were you invited to Philadelphia to do?"

"Clean it up, sir."

"That is to say, you conceived it to be your job as Director of Public Safety to do to Philadelphia's morals what Leonard Wood once did to Havana's streets—make them sanitary?"

"Yes, sir. Only General Wood was lucky."

"How so?"

"He had absolute authority and soldiers to enforce his orders, not a lot of lazy, corrupt cops. If I could have jailed all the meddling politicians and used Marines instead of cops I'd have been the Leonard Wood of Philadelphia."

"No doubt. And Philadelphia, the home of the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall, the first capital of the United States, would have been in the same category as Port au Prince or Santo Domingo, a subject city. No, General. As a Director of Public Safety you're a perfect Marine officer. So back to your barracks. Curfew shall not ring to-night."

### Sniff, Sniff



HENRY FORD has had posted in all his plants, shops and offices the following notice:

From now on it will cost a man his job, without any more excuse or appeal being considered, to have the odor of beer, wine, or liquor on his breath, or to have any of these intoxicants on his person or in

his home.

The Eighteenth Amendment is a part of the fundamental law of this country. It was meant to be enforced. So far as our organization is concerned it is going to be enforced to the letter.

So far as the letter of the law is concerned it may or may not interest Henry Ford to know that the Eighteenth Amendment makes no reference whatever to liquor in a man's home or even on his breath. But who is going to do the official smelling of breaths among Henry's 10,000 employees? General Smelly Butler?

### Those Olympic Blues



Let us not be too naive in our rejoicing over the decisive Olympic victory. It is splendid to have won, but it is also a

pity if we have lost, thereby, what, if anything, remained to us of the love of the world.

The *London Times* thinks the Olympics should be discontinued because of the "miscellaneous turbulence, shameful abuse, free fights and the drowning of national anthems of friendly nations" which accompanied especially the track and field events. Most of this display of hostility, it is needless to say, was directed against the American team.

A good deal of it, no doubt, was French in its inspiration. The French were already suffering from an anti-American complex when our athletes invaded their home soil and carried away the lion's share of the Olympic honors. Considering that the French still owe us billions, it was really rather tactless of us to impose this further humiliation.

But all the other nations, too, are sick of us, of our wealth, of our cheerful efficiency, of our habit of winning and of our national anthem, especially of the latter. The next time, if we have to win, let's make a point of adopting in advance several national anthems. Then as the victories come along we can have them played in rotation, retaining only those that are not drowned out.

### Historic Hatreds



The hatred of the French for Uncle Sam is comparable with the hatred of the West for J. P. Morgan. Both express the natural antipathy of the debtor for his arch creditor.

Only the other day the Morgan firm announced its willingness to subscribe to half of the proposed German loan provided the security specified under the Dawes plan remained intact. The whole structure of the Dawes plan rests on this loan; the rehabilitation of Europe depends on the success of the Dawes plan; the prosperity of the farmers of this country depends on the rehabilitation of Europe. Mr. Morgan, therefore, in this one gesture has done more to help the American farmer out of his present plight than La Follette could accomplish in a lifetime of posturings.

And yet La Follette talks of the Morgan taint. Taint right.

W. M. H.

# LAUGHS from



*"George White's Scandals"*

"Sweet? Why he's got sugar in his blood!"



*Billy Glason, Keith's Vaudeville*

"She used to be a milliner—an' how she could trim a sailor!"



*Allen and Savo in "Vogues"*

"She's walked home from so many automobile rides that her mother gave her a road map for her birthday!"

# the SHOWS



*Julius Marx and Lotta Miles in "I'll Say She Is."*

*Julius—Have you ever been in love?  
"That's my business!"  
"How's business?"*



*Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots"*

*"Hasn't she a beautiful ankle?"  
"You don't know the calf of it!"*

*"Keep Kool"*

*Model—She said she wanted a sport suit for a week-end.  
Ditto—All she needs is a hat!*



*Robert Patterson.*



"I'm very sorry to hear your wife is so ill, Benjamin. Not dangerous, I hope?"  
 "Thank ee, Miss, but she be too weak now to be dangerous."

### The National Hero

A VERY large crowd had gathered to welcome the hero on his homecoming. The station was surrounded by hundreds of motor cars from flivvers to rolls-ricers. Nifty bands were playing martial music and policemen clubbed happily at the front ranks of rope-side townsmen.

At last the gates opened and a very thin, small gentleman with a sandy mustache and heavy lensed spectacles stepped forward to bow stiffly and lift his hat ever so gently. Then the mayor's committee helped him into a limousine and he was whisked off to the largest hotel where a banquet had been arranged.

Who was the little chap? What had he done, I asked the man nearest me.

"He invented a salt shaker," said the citizen proudly, "that shakes salt in summer."



BRIDE—Hello, Madge! Will you ask Helen to ask her husband to call Harry and ask him where he put his laundry? Then Helen can tell you and you can tell me. Harry and I have quarreled.

## Funnybones

Statistics—If all the pedestrians were laid end to end, wouldn't the motorists have a circus!

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

Wife—The cook is threatening to leave.

Husband—I'll see if I can't have a new policeman detailed for this beat.

### Try This on Your Piano

Rock-a-by baby, don't you cry,  
 Or father will give you a sock in the eye.

### "Safety First"

"Now then, fellows," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "You have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone—then run. I'm a little lame so I'll start now."

\*\*\*

An open secret is the shortest distance between two girls.

## Funnybones

Pedestrians are people that kick about automobiles until they own one themselves.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

## "Our Gang"

"OUR Gang" is the delight of my life. I smoke Camels but I would run a hundred miles to see these kids in anything they do. If you don't feel as I do about this I think there's something the matter with you and you ought to have it fixed.

## "The Signal Tower"

"MAMMA loves Papa, Papa loves Mamma" and all could have

been serene in "The Signal Tower," but along came Wallace Beery and there you are. It's got so now there isn't a happy home on the screen what with one Beery or the other. You never saw such a couple of low-lifes as Wallace and Noah and the worst of it is nobody can seem to make a picture without Noah or Wallace horning in on it, if it's only to start some rough stuff with the other sex. Mr. Hays ought to have the two of them up for woman-slaughter. These two gents don't seem able to control themselves when there is a lady present. I wouldn't trust either of them with my grandmother. In "The Signal Tower," Rockliffe Fellowes is a young train dispatcher who lives with his wife, Virginia Valli and their little boy as happily as any married couple of my acquaintance. As far as that goes they live more happily. They have a boarder, Uncle Billy, who plays the other end of Rockliffe's shift in the tower. Uncle Billy is about seventy-nine or ninety-seven and Rockliffe feels easy about leaving him about the house with Virginia. But Billy gets laid away by the railroad company for his fifty years' service and the man who comes down to fill his place is none other than Wallace Beery. Well, it doesn't take Wally more than forty-eight feet of film to make up his mind that in this particular picture Virginia Valli, happy wife or no happy wife, is his what you call "prey." So he makes believe to get soft on Virginia's cousin or something till the big scene is pulled when No. 129, the fast express, is skyhootin' down the tracks and the loose end of a runaway bunch of cars is heading toward it. That's Wallace all over. He waits till everything is set for him. Well, he walks out of the tower while on duty and Rockliffe, who who is at heart a hero, stays to save No. 129. Somebody's got to do the dirty work. That's Rockliffe's style. He's as good as Wallace is bad. I'm not going to tell you the rest of it because you wouldn't go to see the picture and I'd get the blame of keeping you

# MOVING PICTURES



by George Mitchell

away. It's got a good kick in it and if you're bored it will lift your ego right up out of your body and let you enjoy yourself.

## "The Side-Show of Life"

ERNEST TORRENCE is a good actor. He's even better than that. He's got to be. Ever since he made Bill Jackson in "The Covered Wagon" he's been put to the avoidance of an anti-climax. Bill Jackson is hard stuff to beat. It's like hitting the bull's-

eye the first time you've ever shot a gun. But Torrence is a marksman. He gives a fine performance in this latest picture. He's always absorbing in anything he does. Its the Earnestness of Torrence that puts him over.

The picture is one of those rare bits of Screenland that surprise you every now and then. I think it's better than the book by William J. Locke or the play by Ernest Dewey and offer my compliments to Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne for their transcription to the fillums.

It seems there were two Irishmen, Mike and Pat, no—that's another story.

Ernest is a young Englishman with a flair for French clowning with a gadabout circus. He picks up the bombastic and highly amusing Louise Lagrange. They form a partnership and Louise takes advantage of Ernest's kindness and parks herself on his heart. Then the war. You remember it? Ernest goes in with a British unit. Climbs to a Brigadier Generalship and comes out swathed in medals and glory to meet Lady Anna Q. Nilsson whose cousin, Neil Hamilton, he has saved. Of course, Anna admires his courage and, just as of course, Ernest adores her ladyship. Well, the first thing you know, Armistice is announced at dinner and Ernest goes back to the sawdust for no better reason than he loves Anna but is loyal to Louise. Heroes are stupid. One of the penalties of being a hero and the real reason why I've never been one is that they are called upon to do silly things. "God, how I love to suffer" is the slogan of all heroes.

That's another reason why I am not a hero. But to return to our mutton. Ernest goes back to the sawdust and Louise gets a booking and because his hand has lost its cunning makes a flop of his performance. Of course the audiences hiss him and who do you suppose is sitting in on the performance? Right, the first time! Lady Anna herself in person or the flesh as you prefer. Well, there's a big to-do and Louise runs off and carts out Ernest's medals

(Continued on page 32)



THE CHEER LEADERS




**Black Magic.**  
—Florida Swamp Angel

Cuthbert asked us the other day how long girls should be loved. "The same as short girls," we told him, "and stand on a chair if you have to."  
—Williams Purple Cow

"A familiar place," said the girl, looking at the sofa.  
—Cornell Widow

And then there's the clever youth who saw the advertisement, "For Sale—A Used Corona," and took out his pencil and wrote underneath: "Sorry—I'm smoking only new ones this year."  
—California Pelican

"Come down from the balcony, my Juliet."  
"Have you a couple of orchestra seats?"  
—Wesleyan Wasp



**SHE—Let's go to the movies.**  
**THE CROSS-COUNTRY MAN—Naw. It's three blocks, and my car isn't here.**  
—California Pelican

**An All Round Guy**

**Doctor**—Some one telephoned me you had an accident and needed me.  
**Foreman**—Sorry, doc, but the patient's gone.  
**Doctor**—Which direction?  
**Foreman** (pointing in a circle)—That direction, doc. He was in an explosion.  
—Cornell Widow



**Cowboy—(This is all bull.)**  
—Utah Humbug

**Uncle Tom**—Nigger, do yuh believe eberything comes to one what waits?  
**Uncle Remus**—No, suh.  
"On what do yuh base dem exclusions?"  
"Well, it's dis way, I got an ole woun-an waiting fo' me in Alabama but dis nigger's gwine remain in de norfth."  
—Virginia Reel

**Cassius**—I'm getting so that I'm afraid of my own shadow.  
**Brutus**—Well, why don't you get one of those shadow boxers to beat yours up for you?  
—Stevens Tech Stone Jug

**Kind Traveler** (seeing parked car)—Do you need any help?  
**Voice from Within**—We are getting along nicely, thank you.  
—California Pelican



**The girl that Jack built.**  
—Cornell Widow

**Modern Songs for Ancient Characters**

**Sitting in a Corner**—Napoleon at St. Helena.  
**You Gotta See Mamma Every Night**—Cleopatra.  
**There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night**—Nero.  
**Linger Awhile**—Lot's wife.  
**My Sweetie Went Away**—Hamlet.  
**A Good Man Is Hard to Find**—Diogenes.  
**Drink to Me Only**—Lucretia Borgia.  
**Last Night on the Back Porch**—Romeo and Juliet.  
—Stevens Tech Stone Jug



**TWO VIEWS—A Woman's—A Man's.**  
—Denver Parrakeet

## Use Your Zoos

HERE'S a German cornet player who suffered so much from stage fright that when he got on the platform he was totally unable to tootle. This was a great relief to the audience, but it was tough, very tough, on the artist.

Then a bright idea. To Hagenbeck's Zoo the corneteer goes yet, and says to the boss, "Boss, let me take my cornet in the lions' living-room, and play them a few selections. If I can face the king of beasts the kind that go to concerts won't worry me." "Go ahead," says the boss, "if it kills every lion I have."

The plan worked like a charm, and the corneteer has been taking it out on audiences ever since. Which goes to show that we don't utilize our zoos as they might be utilized. Feeding peanuts to the monkeys is all right in its way, but what does it lead to? How many railroad presidents got their start that way? Very few.

Suppose a young fellow is going to marry a nice girl, and they're going to live with her mother and a couple of maiden aunts. Wouldn't the change be less of a shock to the young man if, previous to the wedding, he roomed for a week in the parrot house?

Or take the case of the young men fresh from college accepting positions in some great business house. It galls them to find the old man reluctant to change the house's business methods in accordance with their suggestions. The old fogey!

Then the boss gets peevish. All this would be avoided if the old man spent a month every year in the zoo with the wild ass. Use your zoos.



Baseman takes advantage of opposing player who owns an auto.

## Funnybones

The Presidential Race—They're off!  
Gosh, anyone that wants to be President  
must be off!

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



LITTLE SISTER—Now, look here, Hubert, if you don't leave off this instant I'll give you to that ugly old man."

## Mental Flivvers

Because knowledge is power is the reason why so many people get stalled on the road to success.

## A Periodical Poem

The bobbed haired *Beauty*, has a past,  
Her *Secrets* no one knows,  
But *I Confess* she is a dream  
In all those *Theater* clothes.

The *American Boy* asked her  
To a *Motion Picture* show,  
It was a good *Live* story  
From *Real Life* don't you know.

They met *The Country Gentleman*  
No *Photoplay* could budge,  
For he while being quite in *Vogue*,  
Was chuckling over *JUDGE!*

LUCIA TRENT.

A Hint to the Police—The quickest way to disperse a crowd is to take up a collection.

# HELP—MURDER!

by Walter Prichard Eaton

*Lizzie Borden took an ax  
And gave her mother forty whacks;  
When she saw what she had done,  
She gave her father forty-one!*

**N**O, THIS is not one of the ruthless rhymes for heartless homes. It is a poetic memorial of one of the most famous murder cases in our history. Every American of middle age remembers the Lizzie Borden case, and probably remembers this rhyme, too. Theodore Roosevelt once told Carolyn Wells that it remained more persistently in his mind than any other piece of doggerel verse he had ever heard. To be sure, a jury of twelve good men and true decided that it wasn't Lizzie who gave her mother forty whacks (it was really her step-mother who was whacked), or at least that it couldn't be proved, and Lizzie was acquitted. That was more than thirty years ago. Nobody else has ever been arrested for the deed—a peculiarly brutal murder, accomplished with an ax or hatchet, which was never found. Lizzie Borden still lives in Fall River. For all we can say she is still an earnest worker in the church, and entitled to the decent privacy of any other legally innocent citizen.

Then why on earth drag out this ancient and bloody skeleton?

Well, don't blame us. Blame

Edmund Lester Pearson, of the New York Public Library, who has just published, through the Macmillan Company, a volume called, "Studies in Murder," in which he rehearses all the juicy details of several famous American murders, and describes and comments on the trials—if any. He leads off with the Lizzie Borden case, and writes of it for more than 100 pages, nimbly dodging the libel laws as he goes. He follows that with the story of the unsolved mystery of who killed old Benjamin Nathan, in his house on West Twenty-third street in 1870, and then with the famous Bram case in 1896, when the mate of the *Herbert Fuller* was tried and convicted for the murder on the high seas of the captain, the captain's wife, and the second mate, all with the same ax. (Mr. Pearson dearly loves murders committed with an ax.) Finally there is the Tucker case in Weston, Mass.—one of the best examples of popular sentimental hysteria in favor of a low down butcher; and the ancient Boorn case in Manchester, Vt., when two men were convicted of murder, and were only saved from their fate by the reappearance of the murdered man. ¶

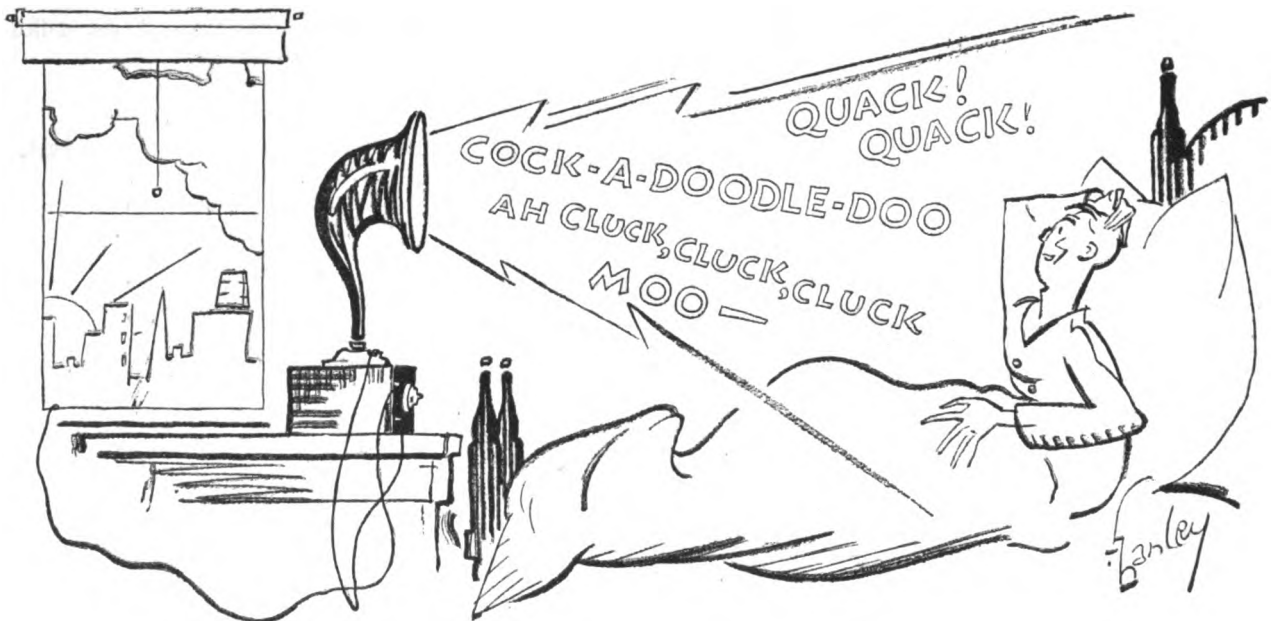
The book is interesting—naturally. Mr. Pearson writes well, and he has one of the most interesting of all subjects. Conrad himself would have to

go some to invent a more absorbing sea tale than is found in the testimony at the Bram trial, and the plight of the poor Harvard student who was aboard the ship as a passenger. Everybody likes a good murder. Your successful detective story or mystery play always starts off with at least one. A good murder can always make every newspaper front page in the land. When Mr. Pearson narrates these murder tales in a book, however, he is producing a "curiosity of literature," but when Mr. Hearst puts them on his front page, he is "debasement the public taste."

By the way, isn't it time for some highbrow to write a book about the Rev. Edward Hall murder? The vulgar newspapers have stopped printing anything about it.

**D**R. STANLEY M. RINEHART, [husband of Mrs. Rinehart, has risen to the self-assertiveness of a book of his own, "The Commonsense of Health," published by Doran. When we began to read it, we were perfectly sound in wind and limb, with all our internal organs apparently working on schedule. Now we have hardening of the arteries, blood pressure, incipient tuberculosis, pneumonia, astigmatism, dilated heart, cancer of the stomach,

(Continued on page 29)



Early morning broadcasting for city dwellers



## Business Opportunities

**L**ISTEN to Me, Men—Are you satisfied with your present work or would you like to add from \$3,500 to \$45,000 to your annual salary? Here is a chance to get in on a new line of work that is pleasant, profitable and will give you prestige in your home community: be a traffic signal auditor in a cheese factory. Previous experience unnecessary, age does not count. Have an office of your own. Cheese foundries are crying for traffic signal auditor. Let me teach you. Beautiful diploma, badge and non-refillable cheese signal whistle and code book to every graduate. Your place is awaiting you in the great cheese industry. Write now. Dept. COD-234A, Consolidated Cheese School, Limburger, La.

**Make \$500 Weekly in Your Spare Time**—Selling our new patented non-squirtleless grapefruit. Sell on sight. Make breakfast a pleasure. A child can operate them with safety. Complete outfit, including three non-squirting grapefruit and a demonstration appetite free to live wires. Guaranteed not to explode if kept away from fire. Write Squizzer, California Squirtleless Grapefruit Corp., Prune Heights, Cal.

**Write Poems for Songs**—Hundreds of song-poem writers have died in the nation's poorhouses. There is a place for you. Anyone can write a song poem. Send in yours and we'll set it to music no matter how terrible it is. Mail your poem now, we can stand anything once. Coyote Howl Music Co., 345¼ Allegro Avenue, POCO Tiempo, N. M.

**Be a Detective**—Travel around the world and make big money. We teach you how. Big money and no



NEIGHBOR—Things are coming to a pretty pass when I am kept awake all night by an orchestra playing out in Kansas City!



THE WATER HOLE  
Dick Duffers' inevitable impression.

work. We give a set of rubber heels, magnifying glass, checkered cap and bottle of real Siamese fingerprint power absolutely free. Old Sleuth Co., 67 Gumshoe street, Hawkshaw, Ark.

**Agents Wanted**—To sell our new non-skid bug biscuits. Bugs will walk a mile for one of them. Quickly eliminate any building of mosquitoes, fuzzy worms, red ants, flivvers, book agents and other pests. Can also be used to remove grease spots and stains and have been found invaluable in the treatment of eczema, corns and housemaid's knee. Write for free sample outfit. The Bughouse Co., Mosquito Flats, Mo.

CHET JOHNSON.

# ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed At In the Good Old Days



Penrhyn Stanlaws  
in Judge, 1901.

**GLADYS**—Ferdj says he talks all night in his sleep.  
**EDITH**—Oh, well, he sleeps all day in his talk, so what's the difference?

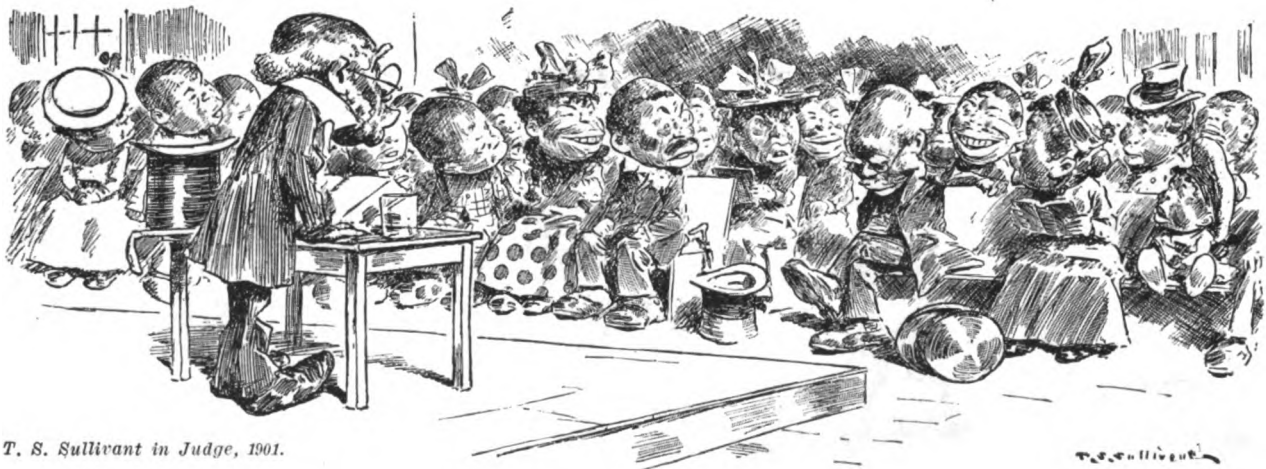


James Montgomery Flagg in Judge, 1894.  
"A Cream Puff"

"Is your wife clever?"  
"Clever enough to make me think  
that she knows less than I know!"  
—Judge, 1897

**Dime Museum Manager**—What's all  
the yelling about?  
"The human pincushion just stepped  
on a tack."  
—Judge, 1897

"Finnegan's droonk an' lickin' his  
wife."  
"Yes, he's goin' to confession  
t'-morrow an' wants to git his money's  
warth."  
—Judge, 1897



T. S. Sullivant in Judge, 1901.

**PARSON JOHNSON**—I will open de—  
**DEACON JACKSON** (drowsily)—I'll stay! Gimme fo' kards!  
**PARSON JOHNSON**—De meetin' wif prayer fo' de salvation ob Brudder Jackson.

## Just a Joke

IT was Horace who told me the wretched thing first. His people were giving a jolly little informal dance and we were just waiting for the music to strike up when Horace took me on one side.

"I say, have you ever heard the Countess of Ayre joke?" he asked.

"No. Get it over quickly. I've booked the first dance."

"It's this: a chap went to a dance with a friend and in the middle of it the friend noticed that he wasn't dancing and asked him why, and he said there wasn't a girl in the room he'd be seen dancing with. So the friend said, 'I'll introduce you to a girl you'll like. She's the daughter of the Countess of Ayre.' So he introduced him to her and they danced together, and soon the chap said, 'How is your mother, the Countess of Ayre?' and she replied, 'Oh, it's my father who's the County Surveyor.' See?"

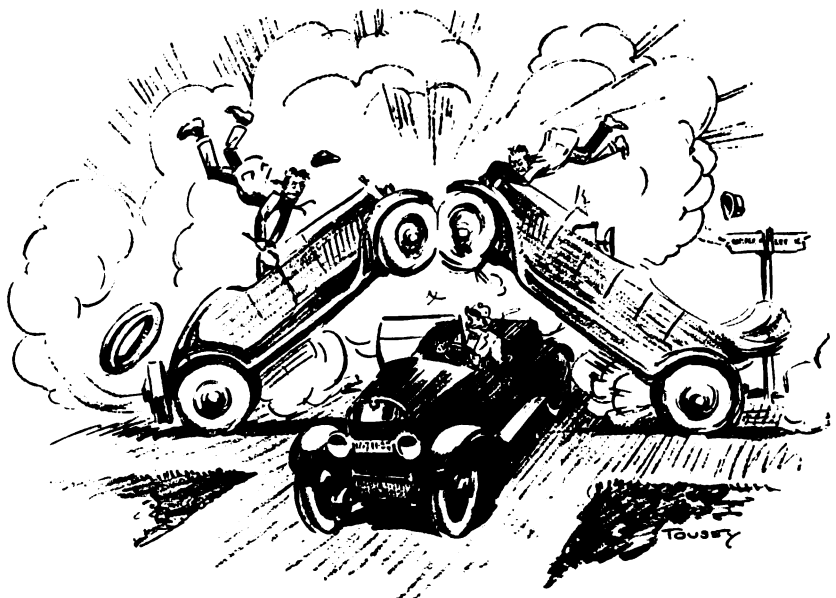
"No, you silly ass!"

"The County Surveyor. See?"

"You said the Countess of Ayre."

"I didn't. I said 'the County Surveyor' so that it sounded like the 'Countess of Ayre.' The other man thought it was the Countess of Ayre, but really it was the County Surveyor all the time. That's the joke. See? Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" I said going toward



"Some people have all the luck!"

the library where they were having the dance. The first dance was about to begin, and I was just working up the charming smile with which I usually claim my partners, when I noticed Horace's aunt. Horace's aunt was installed in an arm-chair in the hall so that she could see the dancing through the open door. Horace's aunt is deaf, and she has a kind of loudspeaker thing into which you loud speak. Now, deafness is an

affliction and I'm jolly sorry for deaf people as a rule, but it's impossible to be sorry for Horace's aunt. She caught me with one hand as I passed wearing my very best partner-greeting smile. The smile faded away. I tried to keep it there, but the sight of Horace's aunt and her loudspeaker was too much for it.

"What was Horace telling you, John?" she said drawing me firmly into the chair next hers. "He looked very much amused."

The she put the loudspeaker practically into my mouth and waited.

"Oh, just a joke," I yelled feebly.

"You must tell it to me," she said, fixing me with her glassy eye.

I BEGAN as quickly as I could:

"It was only about a man who went to a dance—"

"More slowly, please," said Horace's aunt. "I can't follow if you gabble like that."

"A—man—went—to—a—dance—with—a—friend."

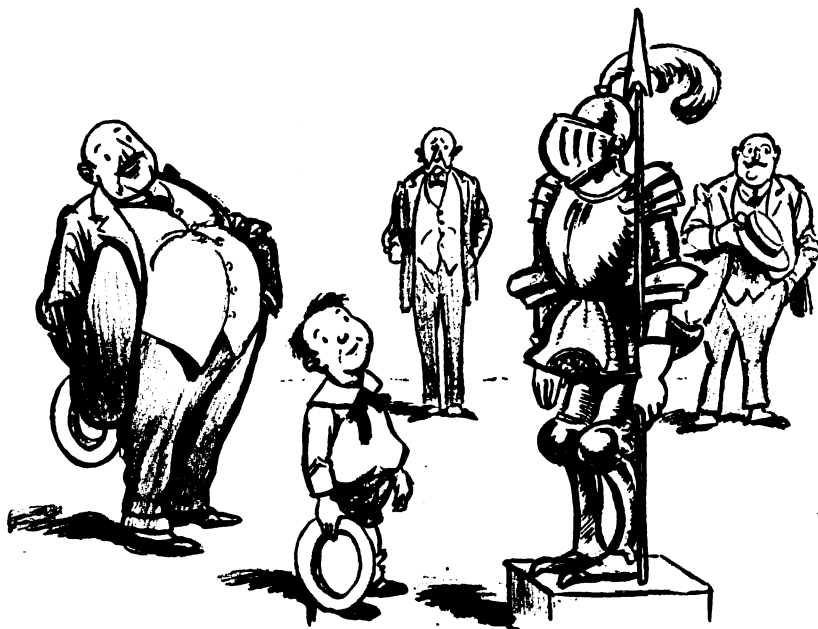
"There's nothing funny about that," said Horace's aunt severely. "I've been to France myself."

I cleared my throat.

"A man went to a dance with a friend. . . ."

"Then why couldn't you say so?" said Horace's aunt testily. "I wish you young people could be taught to speak distinctly. 'A man went to a dance with a friend.' Well, go on!"

(Continued on page 26)



"What's that, Papa?"

"A union suit for saxophone players."



Sundæ School.—*Passing Show* (London)

## Just a Joke

(Continued from page 25)

The hall was empty except for Horace's aunt and myself.

"Go on!" said Horace's aunt.

"Well, the friend noticed he wasn't dancing and asked him why, and the man said there wasn't a girl in the room he'd be seen dancing with."

"He'd what?"

"Be seen dancing with."

"He'd *what*?"

"Be seen dancing with."

"Why not?"

"I don't know."

"What?"

"*I don't know.*"

"Is that the end?" said Horace's aunt.

"No, that's not the end."

"Go on, then. I must say, I think the standard of humor has deteriorated since I was young."

I could see my partner standing alone, looking about her stonily. She was carefully not looking in my direction. I didn't like her expression at all. I rose desperately.

"I'm afraid I must go," I yelled into the loudspeaker. "I have an engagement."

"Do sit still," said Horace's aunt. "Don't keep jumping up and down all the time. What did you say?"

I sat down. I need hardly say, if you've ever been fixed by Horace's aunt's glassy eye, you'll understand, and if you haven't, it's no use trying to explain.

"What did you say?" repeated Horace's aunt.

"I said I was engaged for this dance."

"What?"

"Engaged."

"Which of them was engaged? You don't tell it at all clearly. I wish I'd asked Horace. Which was engaged—the friend or the other?"

"Neither."

"What?"

I mopped my brow.

"*Neither.*"

"Why did you say they were?"

I tried to loosen my collar with one hand. It seemed too tight for the efforts the loudspeaker demanded of it. I went on wretchedly.



WIFE—*What's the idea, George?*

HUSBAND—*Well, m'dear, as you propose to drive the new car, I thought it better to have the doors made six feet wider.*

—*London Mail.*

"But you said she was."  
"No. Her father was the County Surveyor."

"Really, John! Anyone would think you were *quite* mad. A man can't be a Countess."

"C—O—U—N—T—Y—S—U—R—V—E—Y—O—R," I spelled hoarsely.

"What?"

I did it again.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Have you begun another story?"

"No. It's the same. C—O—U—N—T—Y—S—U—R—V—E—Y—O—R."

She gathered up her loudspeaker.

"Really, John," she said, "I think you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself."

Then she went with great dignity into the drawing-room.

I staggered into the library. My partner was dancing with some one else. She looked through me as she passed. A tall girl was sitting by the door.

"I say, would you like something to eat or drink?" I whispered feebly, leading her to the dining-room.

"You look awfully done up," she said kindly. "I'll tell you a joke to cheer you. Horace has just told it to me. It's rather good. A man went to a dance with a friend and the friend noticed he wasn't dancing, so he asked him why and he said there wasn't a girl in the room he'd be seen dancing with. The friend said, 'I'll introduce you to a girl you'll like. She's the daughter of the Countess of Ayre—'"

I let her finish, then I said, "Har! Har!" in a loud and violent tone of voice and burst out of the house. I felt that if I stayed there one minute longer there'd be a few murders to liven up the morning papers.

And now both Horace's aunt and the tall girl are going about and telling people that I haven't a sense of humor.

## The Business of Play Reviewing

(Continued from page 10)

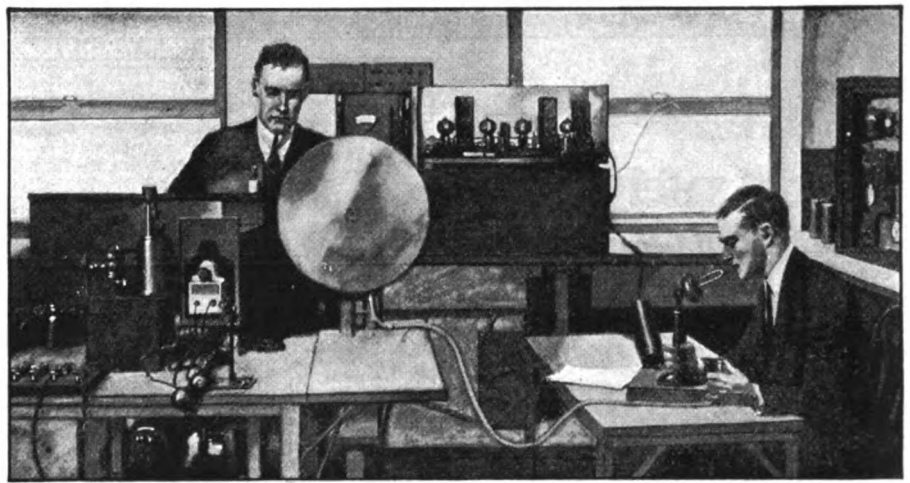
5.45 P.M. to 6.30 P.M.—Spends reading affectionate notes from Margaret Wycherly, Florence Eldridge, Ann Harding, Mitzi, Julia Marlowe, Aunt Jemima, Nora Bayes, Winifred Lenihan and Genevieve Tobin.

6.30 P.M. to 7 P.M.—Spends answering affectionate telephone calls from Vivienne Segal, Eva La Gallienne, Edith Taliaferro, Queenie Smith, Estelle Winwood and Alma Tell.

7.05 P.M. to 7.25 P.M.—Dresses for dinner, meanwhile dictating telegrams to his valet breaking supper engagements with Madame Simone, Margaret Mower, Mary Boland, Mistinguett, Delysia, Tilla Durieux, Mary Kennedy and Louise Groody.

7.30 P.M. to 8.25 P.M.—Dines with Irene Fenwick, Lola Fisher, Marian Coakley, Ada May Weeks, Olga Petrova or Mary Hay, at the lady's expense.

8.30 P.M. to 11 P.M.—Spends in the



In the Bell System laboratories speech sounds are recorded on the oscillograph with a view to their subsequent analysis

## The service of knowledge

The youthful Alexander Graham Bell, in 1875, was explaining one of his experiments to the American scientist, Joseph Henry. He expressed the belief that he did not have the necessary electrical knowledge to develop it.

"Get it," was the laconic advice.

During this search for knowledge came the discovery that was to be of such incalculable value to mankind.

The search for knowledge in whatever field it might lie has made possible America's supremacy in the art of the telephone.

Many times, in making a national telephone service a reality, this centralized search for knowledge has overcome engineering difficulties and removed scientific limitations that threatened to hamper the development of speech transmission. It is still making available for all the Bell companies inventions and improvements in every type of telephone mechanism.

This service of the parent company to its associates, as well as the advice and assistance given in operating, financial and legal matters, enables each company in the Bell System to render a telephone service infinitely cheaper and better than it could as an unrelated local unit.

This service of the parent company has saved hundreds of millions of dollars in first cost of Bell System telephone plant and tens of millions in annual operating expense—of which the public is enjoying the benefits.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*

theater seeing an excellent play for nothing.

11.30 P.M. to 1.30 P.M.—Has supper with one of the Fairbanks Twins, Chyrstal Herne, Margalo Gillmore, Rosamond Pinchot, Lady Diana Manners, Grace George, Mae Daw, Elsie Ferguson, Peggy Wood or the sixteen Tiller girls.

1.45 P.M. to 2 P.M.—Spends answering a loving telephone call from one of the Fairbanks Twins, Chyrstal Herne, Margalo Gillmore, Rosamond Pinchot, Lady Diana Manners, Grace George, Mae Daw, Elsie Ferguson, Peggy Wood or the sixteen Tiller girls.

2.05 P.M.—Retires.

Unfortunately, however, the life of the average dramatic critic may be said to be not *exactly* like that. Although I do not wish to destroy any illusions, the schedule of his life may be put down as more closely resembling something like the following:

8.30 A.M.—Gets up swearing to God this is the last year he'll do any more dramatic criticism or know the reason why.

9 A.M. to 10.30 A.M.—Spends composing a letter to Belasco or Shubert, at his managing editor's suggestion, assuring the former that his unfavorable review of the

(Continued on page 3.)



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## A Notable Performance

by Theodore Williams

CONSIDERING that it was the dull summer season, and that this is a Presidential year when usually politics puts a brake on business, the recent rise in many securities was a notable performance. That it should be followed by some irregularity and recession was inevitable. The advance had been comparatively rapid, and the temptation to take profits—which in many instances were handsome—was hard to resist. In certain specialties there were stiff reactions, but the main body of the list held remarkably well. Selling, both for the long and the short account, clarified the technical situation and prepared the way for a fresh start.

Suspension or cutting of a few dividends by prominent corporations naturally had an adverse influence on their issues, but this did not indicate impairment of the fundamental soundness of general business conditions, or less intrinsic value in issues of the investment class. Numerous fluctuations have not weakened the standing of the better sort of stocks. They can still be bought on declines with confidence in their future.

Conjecture is rife as to the outlook for securities. Will there be a long and pronounced forward movement? Careful observers do not admit that there is any danger of a return to the low level of a few months ago, but they do not believe that a regular boom is near at hand. They hold that the course of business and the trend of securities prices depend largely on a victory for conservatism in the national election. A radical triumph or a deadlock in the electoral college would, they declare, throw the country into uncertainty and anxiety. They hope that the good sense of the nation will avert any action that will endanger prosperity. Should their hope be verified by events, to-day's stock quotations may appear very low looked at from the standpoint of January 1, 1925.

### Answers to Inquiries

U. SHOON, KY.: You might distribute your \$3,000 among such issues as the following: Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, New York Central, Rock Island R. R. 7 per cent. pfd., American Waterworks & Electric 7 per cent. pfd., Bethlehem Steel 7 per cent. pfd., Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. pfd. or 7 per cent. prior pfd.,

American Woolen pfd., General Motors pfd. and Allis-Chalmers pfd.

S. BALTIMORE, MD.: You did not buy the Mexican bond without due warning from this Bureau. It is a mistake for any person of limited means to invest in securities that are speculative and uncertain. While Mexico remains politically unsettled she will continue unsettled economically and financially. When conditions within her borders become stable, her bonds may acquire an investment quality, but not before. Recent suspension of interest payments on her bonds should deter the average investor from purchasing doubtful foreign issues.

B. WASHINGTON, D. C.: The following are among the soundest and safest preferred stocks now in the market: Allis-Chalmers 7 per cent. pfd., American Locomotive 7 per cent. pfd., American Waterworks & Electric 7 per cent., American Steel Foundries 7 per cent., American Woolen 7 per cent., Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe 5 per cent., Baltimore & Ohio 5 per cent., Bethlehem Steel 7 per cent., Chesapeake & Ohio 8 1/2 per cent., Corn Products 7 per cent., Chicago & Northwestern 7 per cent., Endicott-Johnson 7 per cent., Kansas City Southern 4 per cent., Montana Power 7 per cent., National Lead 7 per cent., New York, Chicago & St. Louis 6 per cent., Standard Oil of N. J. 7 per cent., U. S. Steel 7 per cent., Union Pacific 4 per cent., Reading first preferred 4 per cent., Railway Steel Spring 7 per cent. Some of these sell above par, others below but they are all paying dividends and are well regarded.

G. CARNEGIE, PA.: For one in your circumstances it would be unwise to risk money on Middle States Oil or any of the other low priced, non-dividend paying issues. The safest thing for you to do is to buy the first mortgage real estate bonds you refer to, even if you have to exchange Government bonds for them. These bonds are paying 7 per cent. and have a good margin of valuable property as security and they are safeguarded in various ways.

M. WARREN, O.: Germany's economic condition is too unsettled and uncertain to make German government, municipal or industrial bonds attractive at this time. There is too much of a gamble still in German issues. Austria, too, is far from being rehabilitated. Her bonds, issued under the auspices of the League of Nations, may be regarded as reasonably safe. But anything else in that country would be speculative. Russian issues are of but the slightest value. Rumania is recovering, but her bonds are far from being a desirable purchase. Poland is showing signs of prosperity and her bonds are gaining somewhat in favor. But, they, too are still speculative. Better put your money into some seasoned American bond.

New York, August 2, 1924.

## Free Booklets for Investors

Few securities are as popular as 7 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds dealt in by houses of good repute and long standing. Adair Realty & Trust Company, (Dept. 1-9) Healey Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., offers to send to any investor data concerning several issues of 7 per cent. Adair Protected bonds. This company is called the South's oldest investment house, having been in business fifty-nine years. Its bonds are well safeguarded and it has the undisputed record of "No loss to any customer."

The popular partial payment plan of purchasing good securities is in operation at the offices of James M. Leopold & Co., 7 Wall street, New York, members of the New York Stock Exchange. The firm will mail its booklet L-7, containing full details, to any applicant.

A free booklet, "Half a Century's Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital," issued by the old established F. H. Smith Company, Smith Bldg., Washington, D. C., develops the idea that the rapid growth of Washington has greatly stabilized property values there and shows the merits of the first mortgage real estate bonds handled by the company. These can be bought for cash or on an investment savings plan which pays 6 1/2 per cent. or more on each partial payment.

"Why the South Offers Investment Opportunities" is one of the latest folders put out by G. L. Miller & Co., 113 Carbide & Carbon Bldg., 30 East Forty-second street, New York. It tells of the wonderful progress which the South has made and is still making. The folder may be obtained on application to the company, together with a circular describing a 7 per cent. Miller bond issue. Miller bonds are first mortgage real estate securities paying up to 7 per cent. and they are backed by valuable income producing properties. They have had a widening market for several years past. They come in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 and are purchasable on the instalment plan.

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

# Help—Murder!

(Continued from page 22)

gall stones, and nearly every other ill that flesh is heir to, except flat feet and appendicitis.

Please do not consider these remarks as a reflection upon the worthy doctor's book. It was ever thus with us. When, as a child, we secured from the drug store counter a free copy of "Horatio's Almanac" and read therein, we immediately felt acute symptoms, such as those described, all over our diminutive person, and only the fact that the sarsaparilla, unlike the almanac, was not free, restrained us from immediately consuming six bottles of it, and sinking into a drunkard's grave. At home, on top of the medicine closet, reposed a ponderous volume calculated to assist mothers in determining what drugs to administer to afflicted members of the family. Ten pages of this book would send us into a high fever and create a demand for belladonna. The book had to be concealed. Now of course Dr. Rinehart is writing just the opposite of a patent medicine almanac. He doesn't want to sell you medicine, but to teach you how never to need medicine, and probably he has done a good job. He certainly sounds sensible, and he writes with humor. But we are constitutionally unable, to this day, to read about symptoms without immediately having them. With-



out any disparagement of the author, we can truly say that his book makes us sick.


PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has recently advocated the creation of a separate Bureau of Education, with representation in the Cabinet. We now have a Bureau of Education, functioning under the Department of the Interior. This bureau issues pamphlets of reading courses, and one called, "Sixty Selected Stories for

Boys and Girls," lies before us. It causes us to wonder if the bureau may not be functioning under the Department of Agriculture. Under "Science," for instance, are listed Frank Stockton's "Fanciful Tales," Howard Pyle's "Wonder Clock," and the Peter Rabbit series! This is for grades one and two. Grades three and four have listed under "Civics, Citizenship and Ethics," "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and—guess—"Tom Sawyer!" Under "Science" the same grades are asked to consider the Jungle Book. Grades five and six find that "Gulliver's Travels" are "History and Biography," while W. B. Hawes' excellent piratical tale, "The Dark Frigate," is either civics, citizenship or ethics. Take your pick. The same grades are informed that W. P. Eaton's "Boy Scouts in Glacier Park" is science. Of course it is a darn good story, and it is geographically correct, but we have it on excellent authority that the author never knew he was writing science. However, probably Shakespeare never knew that Hamlet was crazy.

Not that we have any objection to boys and girls reading any and all of these books—especially "Boy Scouts in Glacier Park." But why in the name of sanity tag them with such ridiculous labels?

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is a gorgeous flight of irresponsible fancy, an essay in the pure magic of inspired nonsense. It doesn't teach a blessed thing—thank God. "Tom Sawyer" is an almost equally inspired story of reality, of unadulterated human nature. It doesn't teach a blessed thing, either. It merely makes us acquainted with Tom Sawyer and a few other imps.

Still, we must remember that this list was classified by a bureau. Bureaus have a passion for classifying. The less a thing is capable of classification the more delighted they are to imprison the poor wild creature in a pigeonhole, to make the Queen of Hearts an instructor in Civics.



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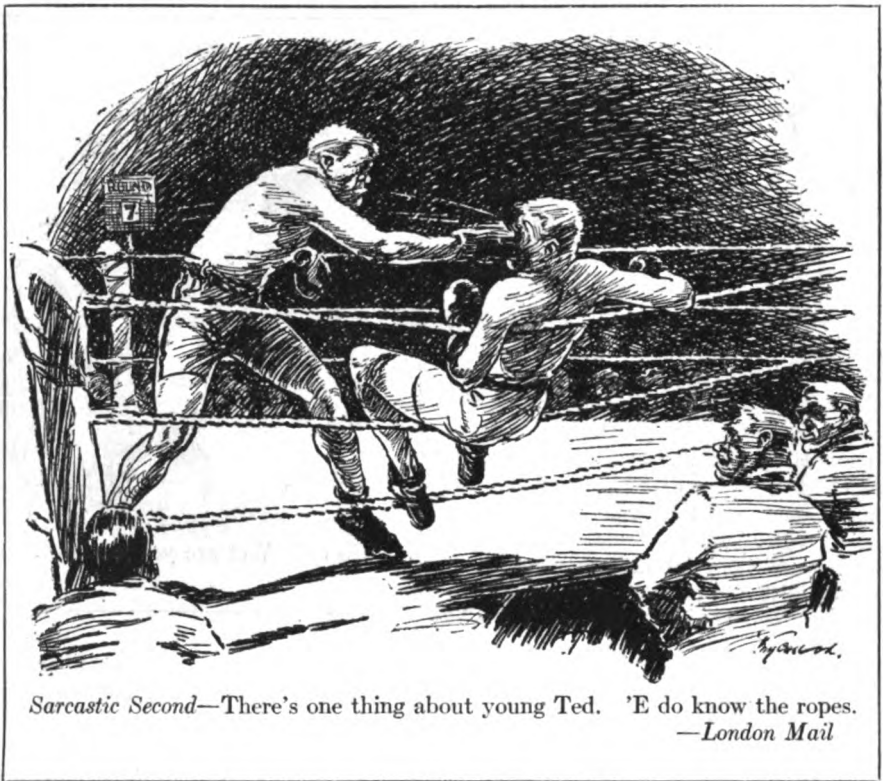
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Sarcastic Second—There's one thing about young Ted. 'E do know the ropes.  
—London Mail

"Oh, I think I'm getting on. Last night he asked me to call him by his first name!"

"Pooh, that's nothing! I wouldn't trust any man till he called me by his last name." —*The Bulletin* (Sydney)

He was looking for a rich wife, and thought he had found what he required.

"I love you," he said, "more than I can tell in words."

"Try figures," she replied, coldly.

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

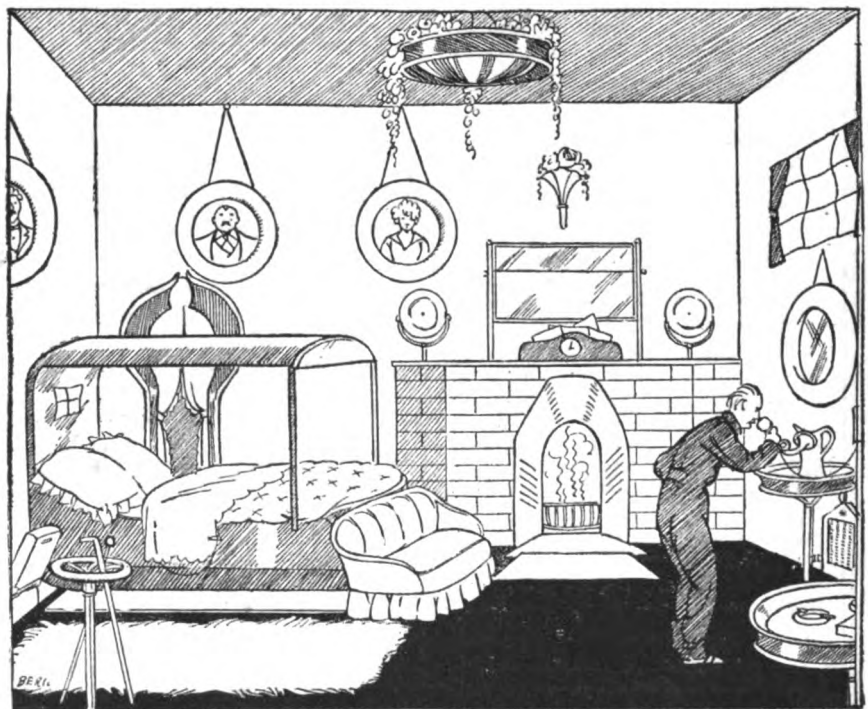
Mrs. Noorich (to chauffeur turning a corner)—Don't put your hand out that way, keep both hands on the wheel. I'll tell you when it is raining.

—*Pêlè-Mêlè* (Paris)

"If you join our lodge you will be buried with music."

"Ah, that's immaterial to me, for I am not at all musical."

—*Meggendorfer-Blätter* (Munich)



A New Use for Old Automobiles—*Le Pêlè-Mêlè* (Paris).



## Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 26



*Tillie*—What's mamma doing?  
*Billy*—Doing her summer preserving.

The \$25 Prize in JUDGE's Fifty-Fifty Contest No. 26, announced in the June 28, 1924 issue, was won by Mrs. Howard Wallace Hanson, 4926 Greene street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Answers which received consideration are: "Tryin' to get that school-girl reflection," Albert Fasick, Netherlands Hotel, South New York avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.; "Wiping out party lines, like Pa was talking about," Ralph S. Staples, 420 Eastern avenue, East Lynn, Mass.; "Getting redchy for a date," Wallace D. Barlow, Blacksburg, Va.; "Putting the best face on the mater," W. D. Steele, 309 West 109th street, New York City; "Making up papa's mind to take her to the opera, I guess," John F. McManus, 15 Gledhill avenue, Everett, Mass.

### Phrases of the Dim Past

The following strange and almost unbelievable expressions are said to have once been used by the Ancient English:

- "I beg your pardon."
- "Here's your number, sir."
- "Thank you very much for the tip, sir."
- "She was actually seen smoking, my dear!"
- "Won't you take my seat, Miss?"
- "Wanted—good stabling accommodation."
- "Plenty of room in this carriage."
- "Business is absolutely splendid, my dear fellow!"
- "Marks actually reached fifty to the pound to-day."
- "Efficient cook seeks situation—moderate wages."
- "The revue costumes shocked the audience."
- "Do you dance?"
- "Have you a wireless set?"
- "I'm satisfied with my wages."
- "There's a house to let."

—*Passing Show*

"What do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one!" was the reply.

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

"How is that wayward son of yours getting along?"

"Not very well at present, but no one can say he has not struggled from the foot to the very top."

"How is that?"

"Why, he started as a chiropodist, but soon gave it up and became a barber."

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

*Proud Father*—Well, Tommy, what do you think of your new bouncing brother?

*Tommy*—Something's the matter with him, pa. I dropped him as hard as I could on the floor, but he wouldn't bounce.

—*Answers* (London)

Recently there were eleven holdups by New York bandits and intending visitors to London were robbed of large sums. Wembley landladies are naturally furious.

—*Passing Show*

*Sambo*—What kind of watch have you got?

*Jasbo*—A wonder watch.

"Wonder watch! Never heard of that before."

"Well, you see, it's like this: Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is."

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

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## The Business of Play Reviewing

(Continued from page 27)

day before was written too hastily and that he will have something a trifle more favorable to say in the Sunday edition.

10.45 A.M. to 11.30 A.M.—Bones up on a bad English translation of a bad Russian play he has to review that night.

12 A.M. to 2.30 P.M.—Listens to his boss' eulogy of the great acting ability of a rotten actress who shrewdly flirted with his boss at a party the night before.

2.30 P.M. to 4 P.M.—Writes a Sunday article saying that the rotten actress is one of very great promise.

4 P.M. to 6.15 P.M.—Reads and replies to letters of complaint from six managers, eighteen press agents, seven actors, three actresses and forty-nine people who live in Brooklyn.

6.30 P.M.—Answers telephone call from

his boss reminding him to be sure to run a picture of the rotten actress with his Sunday article.

6.45 P.M.—Looks in the mirror and decides not to dress for the theater.

7 P.M. to 8 P.M.—Has dinner alone, cursing the fact that there is another opening to-night.

8 P.M. to 8.25 P.M.—Smokes two ten-cent cigars to forget his troubles.

8.30 P.M. to 11 P.M.—Spends in the theater reviewing a play that is simply terrible. Spends the intermissions in the lobby listening to the conversations of idiots.

11.15 P.M. to 12.30 P.M.—Writes his review in a nearby telegraph office.

12.45 P.M. to 1 A.M.—Eats a ham sandwich.

1.15 A.M.—Retires.

Just who it was who started the legend that a dramatic critic's life is a bed of roses, it is hard to tell. But whoever the dirty liar was, the legend he launched persists with a remarkable vitality. When the layman visualizes a dramatic critic, his mind's eye pictures an elegant creature who has nothing to do but change from day clothes into a dinner jacket and get into good plays without paying a cent. The critic, as the layman sees him, gets paid for doing what he, the layman, is glad to pay to do. The whole theatrical world, the layman ruminates further, trembles at the critic's every word; he can make and unmake plays and players with a stroke of the pen; he is hated, loved, feared, envied. More often, of course, it is the critic who does the trembling. He never knows which manager is going to take out his advertising next. The layman also imagines that the critic is the bosom pal of all the most beautiful actresses on Broadway. Actually, of course, about the only actress who ever speaks to a critic is some aged pieface or other, and all she says to him is to imply that he is a nincompoop for having written that she was somewhat miscast as the twelve-year-old orphan. The layman has funny ideas. Damfunni.

## Moving Pictures

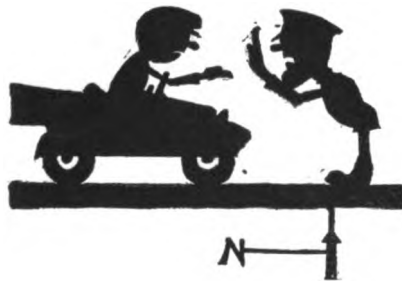
(Continued from page 19)

and tells the audience "fie for shame" for booing a hero and Ernest runs off in confusion. Lady Anna follows, tells him a lot of sob stuff but Ernest bull-headedly goes on with his hero suffering and Anna walks off the set, well-nigh broken hearted.

Well it looks like it were all over for Ernest. But not so fast! Louise runs away with Ernest's best friend and Ernest picks Australia as the place least likely to be found in and takes passage for Sydney or Calcutta whichever is the capitol of Australia and away he sails to eke out his future alone and forlorn.

But Lady Anna seeks him out as it were and chases him to the steamer and defeat is turned to glorious victory. . . .

All in all, an interesting picture.



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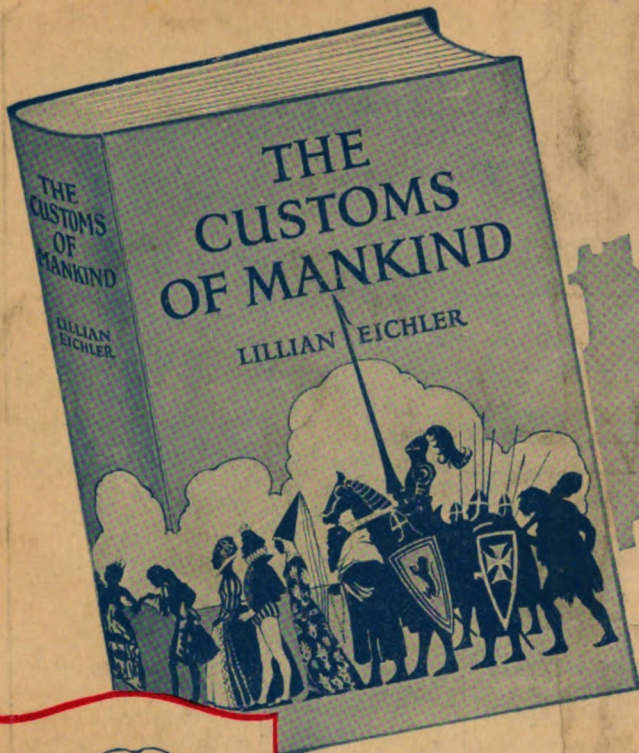
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ad the otten. and his well-bred ps of little pinions from nfortunately picture drama owed individuals a Swanson from h the millions of is, Rotarians, Elks lite neighbor, Mr. rcribes as hoi polloi. e cinema drama ange contradiction t. The result is a after the fashion beloved Henry of nest and lowliest nts an expenditure une, and the big ver a million dol- not witnessed by  
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- why the Egyptians worshipped the snake
- why cannibalism started

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