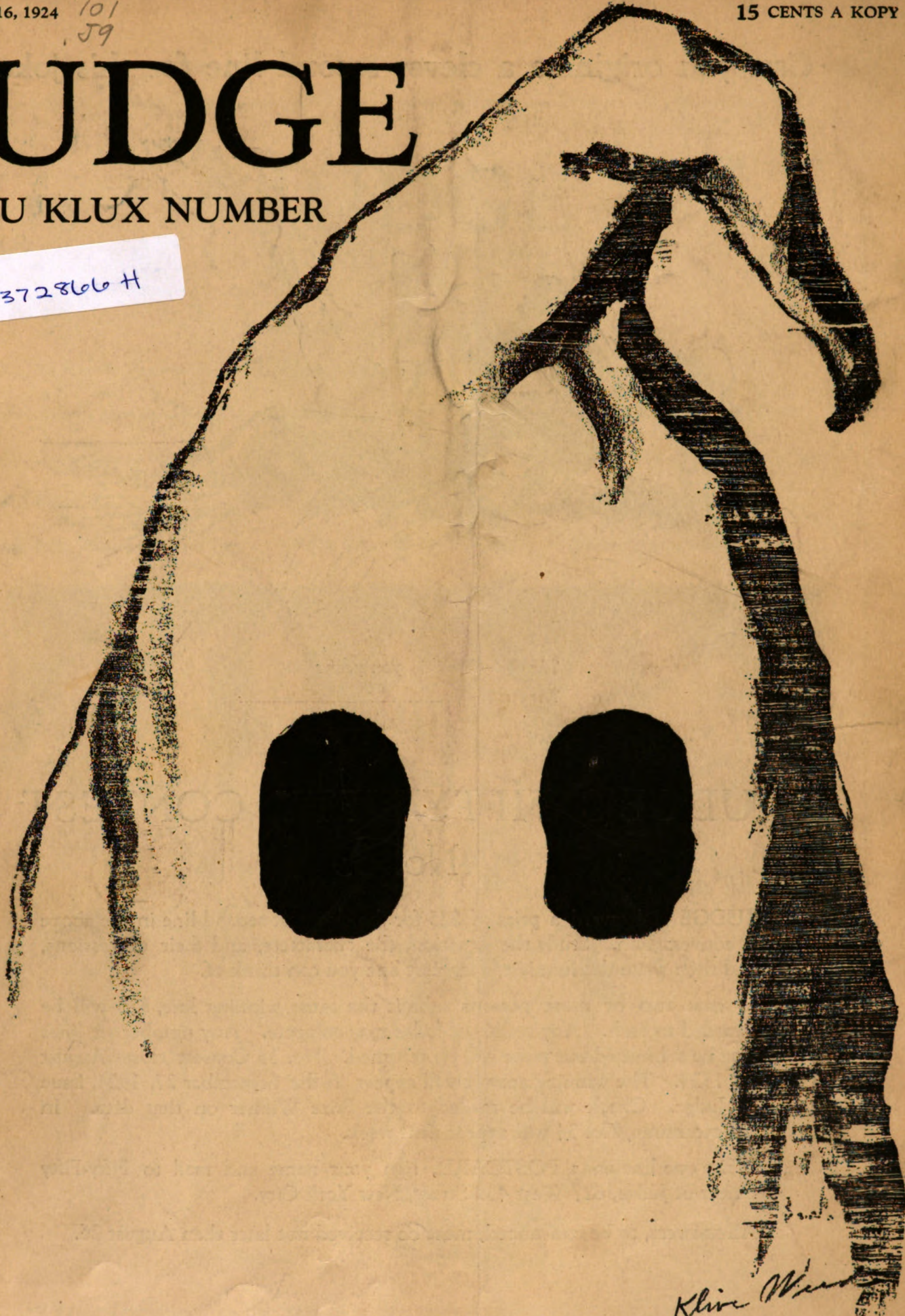


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JUDGE

KU KLUX NUMBER

C 372866 H



Clive M...

THE LITTLE BOY WHO USED TO HIDE BEHIND HIS MOTHER'S SKIRT

Can you originate a clever second line for this joke?



The Girl—Why do you prefer oil?

The Artist—

JUDGE'S FIFTY-FIFTY CONTEST No. 33

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. 33 Contest closes August 26, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the September 27, 1924, issue of Judge. Check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that date. In the meantime, No. 34 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 26.

NOTICE TO KLANSMEN—In case of ire, WALK, do not run, to the nearest JUDGE office. This office, with every seat occupied, can be emptied in three seconds.

JUDGE

KU KLUX NUMBER

SUGGESTED SONGS FOR KLANSMEN

"Yes, We Have No Pajamas!"

"Irish I was in Dixie."

"Jerusalem."

"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

"It's Three o' Klux in the Morning."

"All Koons Look Alike to Me."

"I'm Always Chasing Hebrews."

"In the Sheet Bye and Bye."

"Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest."

"K-K-K-Katie."

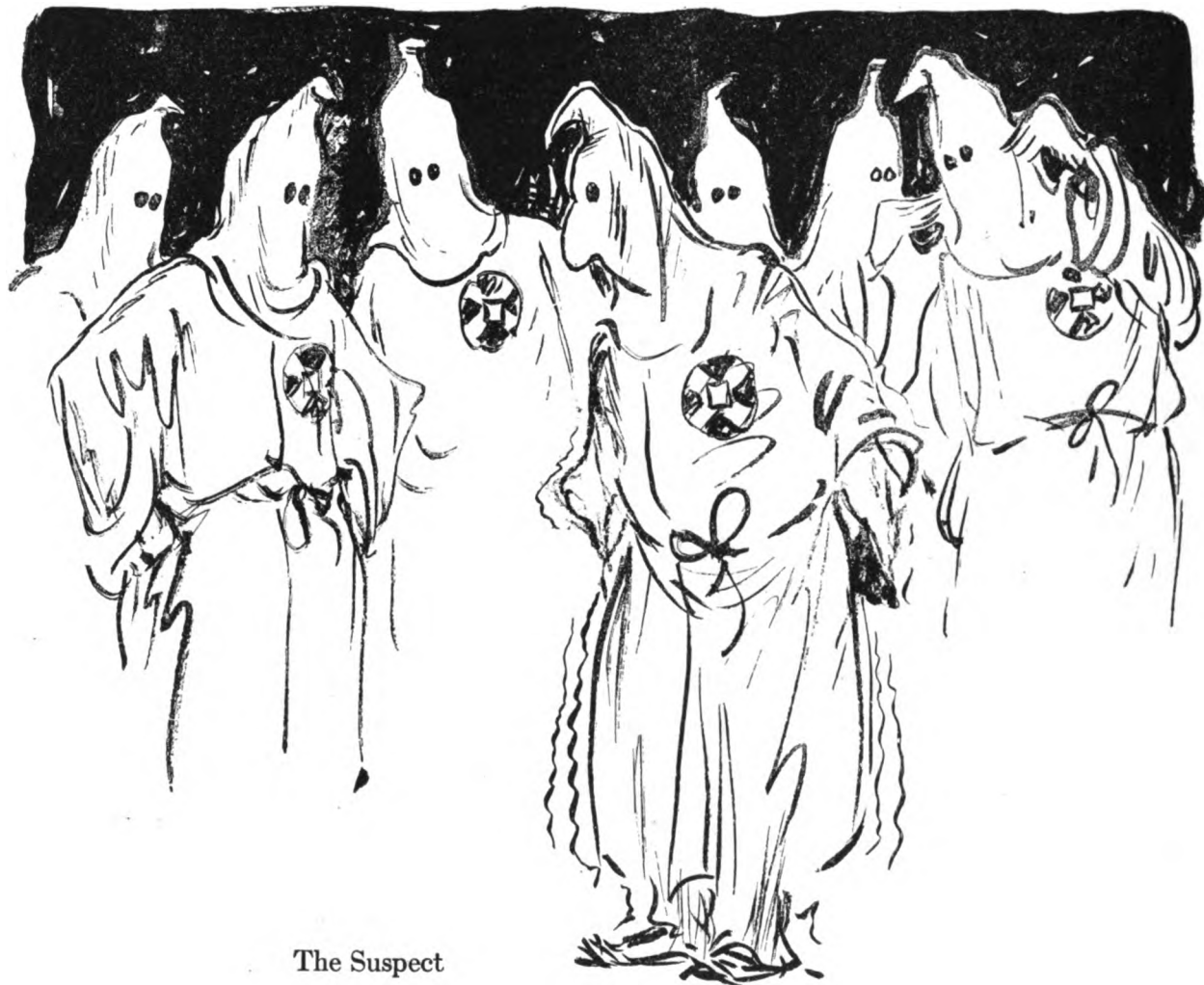
"It Klux to Me Like a Big Night To-night."

"Home, Sheet Home."

"Rock-a-By Abie in the Tree Top."

"Put on Your Old White Bonnet."

"Throw Out the Clothesline."



The Suspect



FIRST HOODED GENTLEMAN—*Hear y' got held up last night, Bill. Who done it?*
 SECOND HOODED GENTLEMAN—*Dunno. Th' coward wore a mask!*

Klansman's Katekism

Oh, see the Kike! Kill the Kike!
 What has the Kike done?
 He works too hard and puts away
 too much kale! Kill 'im!
 Is that all? No, the dirty Krook
 kuts prices! Kill 'im!
 Oh, see the Koon! Kill the Koon!
 What has the Koon done?
 Nothin'! He won't work! Kill
 'im! He won't save his Koin! Kill
 'im!
 Oh, see the Katholik! Kill the
 Katholik! What has the Katholik
 done?
 He's too Kliquish! Kill 'im!

Show Down

Aisle Manager—Say, that woman
 who went out of here just now kicked
 to me that you didn't show her any
 respect.
Clerk—She did, eh? And after
 me showin' her everything that we
 have in stock.

Klansman's Rubyaiyat

AWAKE! The Kleagle calls across
 the night,
 Much work have we to do ere morning's
 light
 With tar and feathers and a flaming
 cross
 Before the sun has put the stars to
 flight.

They say a Hebrew and a negro dwell
 Within this land that everyone knows
 well

The Lord made for the Klan. Oh,
 Klansmen all
 Arise and speed them on the way to hell.

For some we love, the loveliest and best,
 Must live their lives by Fortune sore
 opprest

Where Hebrew, Catholic and negro
 dare
 To breathe the self-same air with all
 the rest.

But ride with us along some highway
 strown

With fruits of yesternight—an ear, a
 bone;

To-morrow—why to-morrow there
 will be
 More yet, unless the alien has flown.

Here with an Irishman beneath a bough
 A piece of rope and, lest he raise a row,
 Four thousand more of us to swing
 him up—

America were paradise enow.

H. KAY LYNN



"How about La Follette?"
"Naw! What we want is a safe conservative!"

Useless Information

It would take 6,789 gophers 765,890 years, six months and two days to tear down Pike's Peak.

People who have been there know that Piccadilly Circus is neither something to eat nor a street carnival.

The earliest American Indians did not wear wrist watches.

Certain kinds of fish are said to have been able to swim under water long before submarines were perfected.

Every day the sun doesn't shine on the island of Balkoola, the weather is either cloudy, partly cloudy or rainy.

Should all the bees in the world fly to Washington, D. C., there would be parking space on the Washington monument for thirteen squeetillion bees and seventeen flies.

Rifles and cannon were not generally used until gunpowder was invented.

Tin was invented and in use many years before a certain low priced automobile became popular.

There are in existence no pictures showing Julius Caesar changing a tire.

The War of Roses was not fought on New Year's Day in Pasadena.

CHET JOHNSON

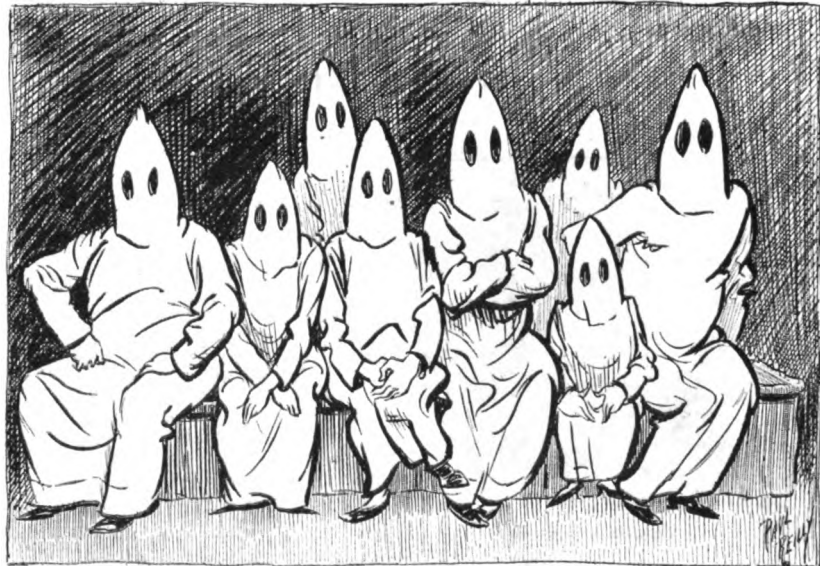
ABRAHAM & LEFKOVITZ Inc.
MAKERS OF
KU KLUX KLAN UNIFORMS.



Business Is Business!

NATE R. MILLER

Funnybones
Used cars are all right as far as they go.
Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



FAMILY GROUP

Reading from left to right—or from right to left—Father, Mother and the girls.

Oh, Shah!

Mary, Dania, Gladys, Hilda,
Celia, Helen, Dot, Gresilda.
All such dears they quite bewilder
Me.

Wish I lived in lands afar,
Say the Kingdom of the Shah,
Teheran or Zanzibar—
See?

Then no longer would bewilder
Mary, Dania, Gladys, Hilda,
Celia, Helen, 'Silda, Dot—
I'd simply marry all the lot.

H. KAY LYNN

Growing Pains

A doctor reports that the modern flapper shoots up with surprising rapidity. In the evenings, especially, we have noticed girls who seem to be growing right out of their clothes.

Natural Question

Katy—I am going to the mountains for my summer attack of hay fever.

Didd—Can't you catch it around here just as well?

W. W. W.

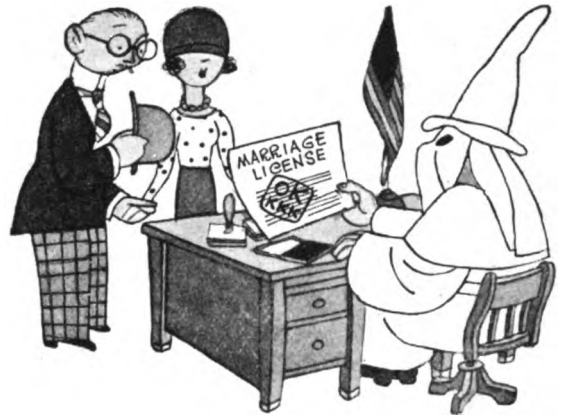
A fool and his money are soon married.

THE KLAN IN FULL SWING—A PROSPECTUS

by Ralph Barton



Although we are at present obliged to perform the mean duties of Prohibition Agents' informers—



we hope soon to be in a position to supervise matrimonial selection among good Americans—



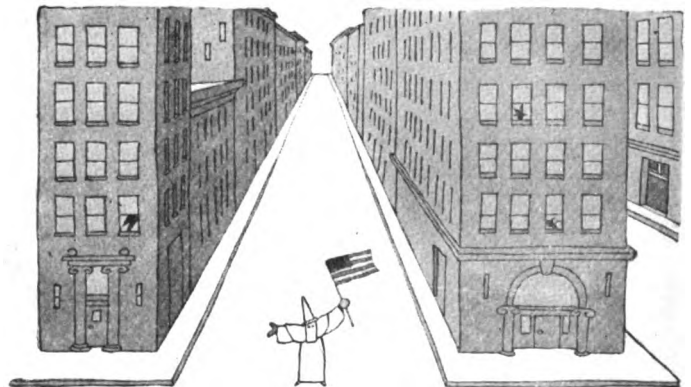
to regulate diet—



to reorganize un-American park bench wooing—



to relieve Henry Ford of the task of smelling the breath of his employees as they come to work in the morning—



and to hang every foreigner in New York City. Join the gang and raise hell safely!



"It all comes out in the wash"

Page Gabriel!

"Cullud boy, we's got a bugler in our company whut is a bugler! When dat win'jammer blows pay day hit soun' lak de simple funny *orkestry* done broke loose on Ill Truvy Tore!"

"Is dat so? Nigger, y'all ain' got no bugler 'tall. When dat li'l' boy blue of Company K steps out an' wrops 'is lip roun' dat h'on an' sounds mess call, de soldier boy looks down at his beans an' say: 'Strawberries, berhave yo'self—you done kicked all de whupped cream outen de plate!'"

WM. E. BROUGHER

Her Plea

"Why don't you kiss me?"—soft she pled,

And he replied—To-wit:

"I was in doubt—" and then she said:

"Give me the benefit."

Good Reason

Clara—What is your objection to kissing a man with a beard?

Bella—Simply because I'm dead against entangling alliances.



BRICKLAYER—Hang it! That's the third helper I've had this week who has quit without notice.

A LETTER TO GRANDMA

DEAR GRANDMA:

Truly I sympathize with you and I am sending some flowers to brighten your cell, also some cigarettes and novels. After all, you know the judge gave you four warnings and, really, the newspapers are razzing the courts for not giving stiffer sentences to speeders.

A month isn't so much, o'd girl, and you may have anything you want, almost. No, I am about tempted to say you were a bit lucky. There were traces of breaking an amendment in your car and Brassy Holmes told me Mrs. Foots-Fum sassed the motor cop when he refused a cocktail.

I will call on visitors' day and slip you a bobbed hair of the dog, etc. My chum Dubois had luck enough to shoot his bootlegger, craps of course, and won three cases that will never go to court.

Your loving, lonesome grandson,
JARWIN



You'll find no fool like an old fool—ask any young fool.



HEAVENITE (bored by eternity)—Come on, Jones—let's get to hell out o' here!

The Modern Raleigh

Scene: A street in London.

Time: After a rainstorm.

Enter: Queen Elizabeth from the left. Raleigh from the right.

Raleigh—Hey, lady! Watch your step! There's a mud puddle in front of you. Look out, lady!

Elizabeth—Sir, throw your coat over the puddle! I desire to pass.

Raleigh—Whazzat you say, lady? I don't make you.

Elizabeth—I ordered you to throw your coat over the puddle. I will walk across on it.

Raleigh—What? T'row my coat over the puddle? Ha, ha! That's a hot one, that is—! I should t'row my good Burberry in a puddle for her to walk on! Try some other bird, lady! I ain't week-ending from the nut factory.

Elizabeth—Sir, do as I command you! I am the Queen of England!

Raleigh—That ain't my fault, old girl. I didn't vote for you. Guess you'll have to swim this time!

Elizabeth—You refuse, then?

Raleigh—Refuse? I should hope to tell you I refuse! I don't do nothing else but!

Elizabeth—Sir—

Raleigh—Sorry, lady, but I must be popping. Toodloo, old thing! See you in the laundry!

EDWIN RUTT

Early Mail

In days of old
When knights were bold,
And sheet-iron trousers wore,
They lived in peace
For then a crease
Would last five years or more.
In those old days
They had a craze
For steel shirts, and they wore
them:
And there was bliss
Enough in this—
The laundry never tore them.

The Poor Fish

Pansy—Do pearls come from oysters?

Violet—Sometimes. Mine came from a lobster.



"Sister Bones, who was that gen'leman I seed y' talkin' to las' night?"
"Gwan! Dat wan't no gen'leman! Dat was a nordic!"



“PALE FELLOW WELL MET”

MILT GROSS

The Choice

SHE was *crazy* about Harry because he danced divinely, sang like an angel, and played tennis like a young god.

She was just *wild* about George, who had curly eyelashes and pots of money in the bank.

She loved to motor in Reggie's two-seater, and gloried in his pretty speeches.

She listened to Archie's poetry with fast-beating heart and cheek pink flushed.

She confessed herself *hypnotized* by Henri—he was so attractive.

She was *fascinated* by Hugh—his ties and socks always matched so superbly.

And *Bob*, dear old thing, had said she had small feet!

But she married Jack, who had none of these qualities, because she thought her dearest friend wanted him.

Paradoxical

Mrs. Chalmers—You don't seem to enjoy going out with Mr. Haverford! Isn't he a careful driver?

Alice Chalmers—Oh, yes, he's a good enough driver; but he's forever running down my other friends!



OLD LADY—Please hurry, my dear, I'm putting in a nickel and here's one for yourself.

Nursery Rhymes for Little Klansmen

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To light a fiery Kross
Jack fell down and broke his
kleagle
Which Jill thought was most il-
legal.

Old Kleagle Kole was a vicious old
soul
A vicious old soul was he.
He kalled for his sheet, his rope and
his brand,
And concealed his identity.

Harry joined a little Klan
Its sheets were white as snow.
And everywhere that Harry went
The sheet was sure to go!

Little Boy Blue, kome blow your
horn
The gang's in the pasture, the
Koon's in the Korn;
Where's the little boy who lost his
sheet?
Under the haystack fast asleep!

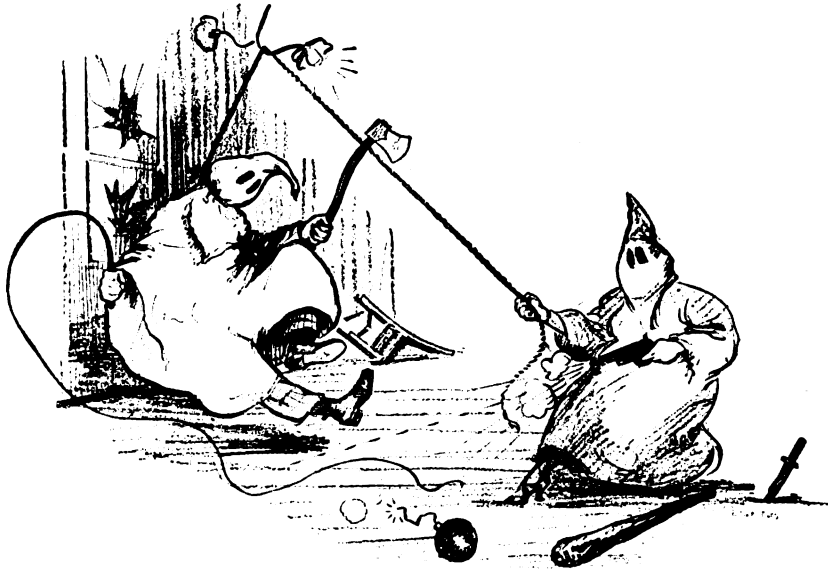
Rub a dub deet, three men in a
sheet,
Wonder who they can be?
The Butcher, the Baker, the
Kandlestick maker,
One hundred per centers. By
gee!



"Abie's Irish Rose"



*"Wonder why she married him—he's so appall-
ingly thin."
"He looked to her like the last straw, I suppose."*



"Well, it certainly makes a humdrum domestic row more picturesque and interesting if you belong to the Klan and your wife to the Klamelia."

An Act of Mercy!

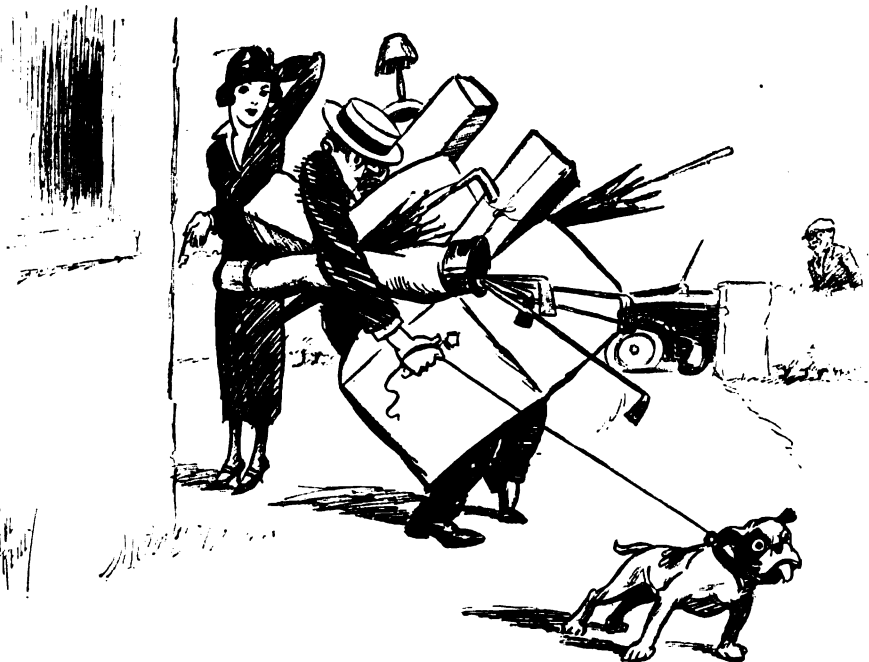
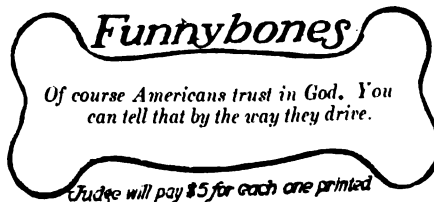
I ADMIT I may have been brutal, but there were more or less extenuating circumstances. When you take into consideration the fact that I hadn't closed an eye for three nights, that my nerves were completely shattered, you will readily understand how my anger toward him turned to blind, unreasoning hatred and—I finally committed the crime!

I was crafty, though! Waiting until the wee hours of the morning when, exhausted, he dozed in his chair, I stealthily crept upon him. He never had a chance!

Deliberately, though cautiously, I lifted the instrument from the table beside him. . . . In two seconds the act was done!

As I made my escape through the back window, my mind was free as the air. And why shouldn't it be?

I had twisted off the mouth-piece of his saxophone and taken every reed he owned!
EDWARD H. DRESCHNACK



HE (off for the vacation)—*Have we everything, NOW?*
SHE—*Yes—if you have the baby.*

Heard at the Cigar Stand

"'L O, HARRY, ol' podnah! Smoke?"

"Thanks, Bill. Don't caref ado. As Cliff Brown sez, 'woman zonly a woman, but a good cigarza smoke.'"

"Ha, ha! Cliff say that? He's always pullin' that kinda stuff."

"Yeh, Cliff's a rich card. Jevver hear wotty said wenny calld iz wife upta teller 'bout th' Boosters Club picnic?"

"No."

"Yeh, 'e callzer upta teller th' Boosters givin' a picnisen she asts wotties gona take. An'quickeza flash, Cliff teller, 'a crusta breada jugga winen thou.'"

"Ha, ha, ha! Quoten th' Bible, eh?"

"Bible! Say, maybe allies stuff ain't urig'nal then!"

"I guess not. Ifies crabbin' wise cracks outa th' Bible, chances arie crabzem outa other books too."

"Heck. I thoughties stuff wuz urig'nal."

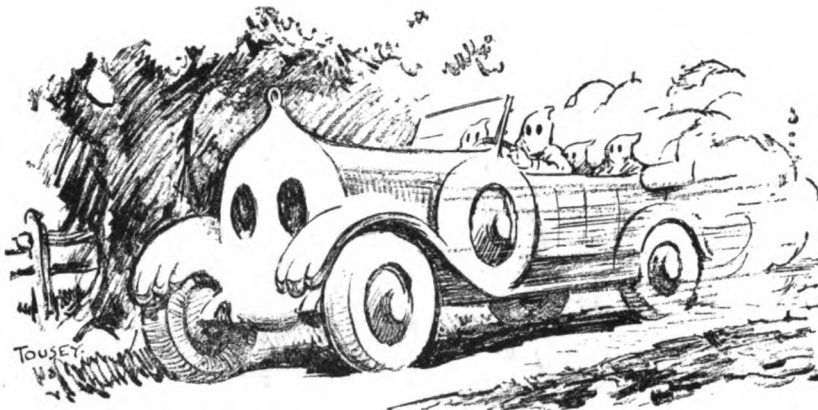
"So di. That's one on us. Ha, ha! Well, slong, podnah."

"Slong, ol' timer. Be good."

R. B. WALSH



*"Who dat?"
"At's dat Celia Anne Green what does de
wash fo' de Ku Klux Klan."*



A Ku Klux Kar for Klansmen

What's Education?

THE basis, the bulwark, the epitome of modern civilization is education. Yet, when you get down to actual cases and look back at the school stuff from a perspective of twenty years or so, what does it amount to but this:

Latin—All Gaul is divided into three parts: amo, amas, amat.

Greek—On that day Xenophon marched twenty-eight parasangs; o sophos anthropos.

Algebra—What does X equal?

Geometry—The square of the hypotenuse of a rt. Δ is equal to the sum of the difference of the opposite sides or something like that.

Arithmetic—A jeweler sold a watch for \$20, making twenty-five per cent. profit. What did the watch cost him? Answer on page 234.

History—"Give me Liberty or Give Me Death!" Patrick Henry. Sir Walter Raleigh brought the first tobacco into England.

English—Scott was born in 1632 or was it 1734?

German—*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten; Oh, Tannenbaum, Oh, Tannenbaum, wie treu sind deiner blatter.*

French—*Je t'adore.* (Shut the door).

Geography—Tropic of Cancer, Capricorn, et al. The capital of Florida is Tallahassee.

Physiology—Tobacco weakens the heart. Capillary veins, aorta, floating ribs.

Music—Nothing.

Drawing—Ditto.

Manual Training—Ditto.

TORREY FORD



IRATE PARENT—*Don't you want to leave footprints on the sands of time?*

SON—*Frankly, sir, I'd rather leave Rolls-Royce ruts!*

A Tense Moment

"I tell you," he roared, "no woman with a past is going to ruin John's future while I am present!"
Then perfect silence.

The Hand Is Quicker Than the Eye

Parson—Brother, what am you fingering dat money in de collection plate fo'?

Deacon—Ah lookin' fo' de quarter Ah put in fo' a decoy, but Ah guess somebody done swiped it!

Proving His Case

Judge—You say that you're an authority on birth control?

Rastus—'Deed Ah is, yo' honor. You see, Ah's a porter on a sleeping car.

A Resolution

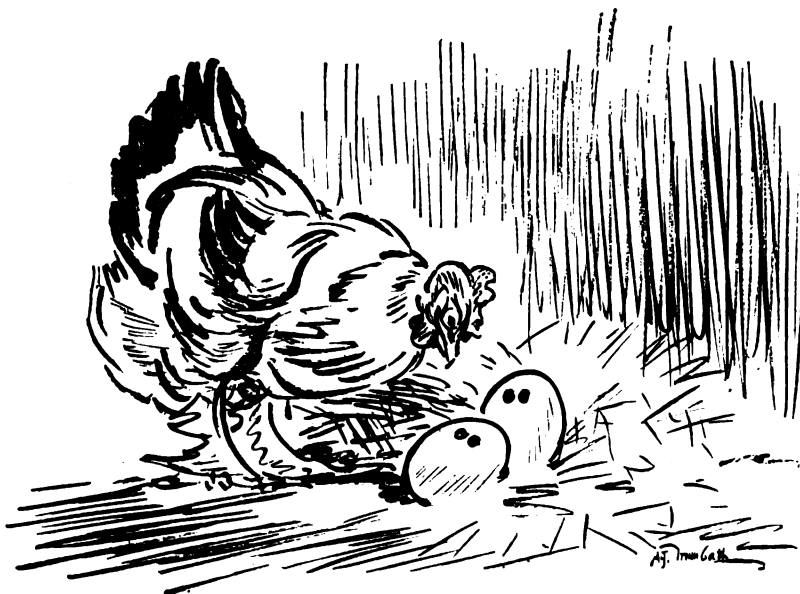
I ENTERED the Five and Ten one bright sunny day and there was the one girl behind the counter! I purchased several knickknacks that I did not want and received a smile with the package. Next day I called again. In a month we were married.

Well, that was a couple of years ago and I've found out that she wasn't the one girl after all. We have had more scraps that can be recorded. We don't get on a bit.

We've agreed on a divorce.

Next time I'm going to pass the Five and Ten. I'm going to get one at a Dollar Sale!

WILLIAM SANFORD



THE KU KLUX HEN

"Gosh, a couple of bad eggs"

The Golf Menace

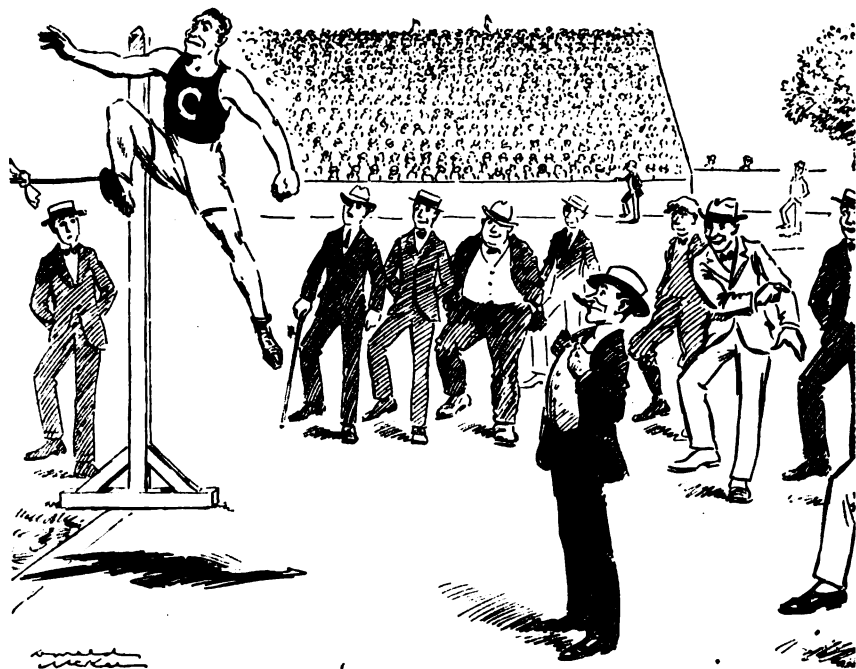
THIS thing has gone far enough. I am a mild man and not easily roused, but I can be pushed so far. I don't play golf, don't want to play golf and am sick of hearing about the blasted game.

As a free-born American citizen, white and partially Nordic, I rise to protest against the insidious influence which has wig-gled its way into the life of innocent members of this community.

Everywhere I turn I am assailed by the idiotic propaganda of the links. On my way downtown to work on the subway I stumble over golf bags and feel upon my neck the cold caress of a niblick clutched by some zany in the next seat.

Every page of my newspaper bears the advertisement of some clothier announcing "four piece golf suits for tee and town, with the baggy, shaggy knicker favored by the Prince himself," and embellished by the portrait of a boob at-tired like a clown on a holiday.

The sporting section is overrun with stories bristling with strange and maddening phrases—"sliced into the rough," "topped his mashie," "250 yards in the clear," "foozled his approach," "holed out for a birdie."



"What's that little chap so chesty about?"

"He's the only man in the State who can watch a high jump without lifting his right leg."

At the office, my boss comes in, seats himself on a corner of the desk, and, with a fatuous smile, proceeds to relate, hole by hole, the history of his game last Sunday. The sales manager joins him. They seize my umbrella and my walking stick and, planting themselves in contorted attitudes, go through a series of

ridiculous motions, sweating and panting in their enthusiasm. I can't order them out. Jobs are scarce.

At our Wednesday afternoon conference, all the executives, instead of talking business, swap golf stories and compare score cards. They patronize me in a manner which makes my red corpuscles sizzle. In their opinion, I am a simp. Any man who doesn't play golf is a simp. There must be something wrong with his character. Perhaps a hidden prison record prevents him from being put up at a country club.

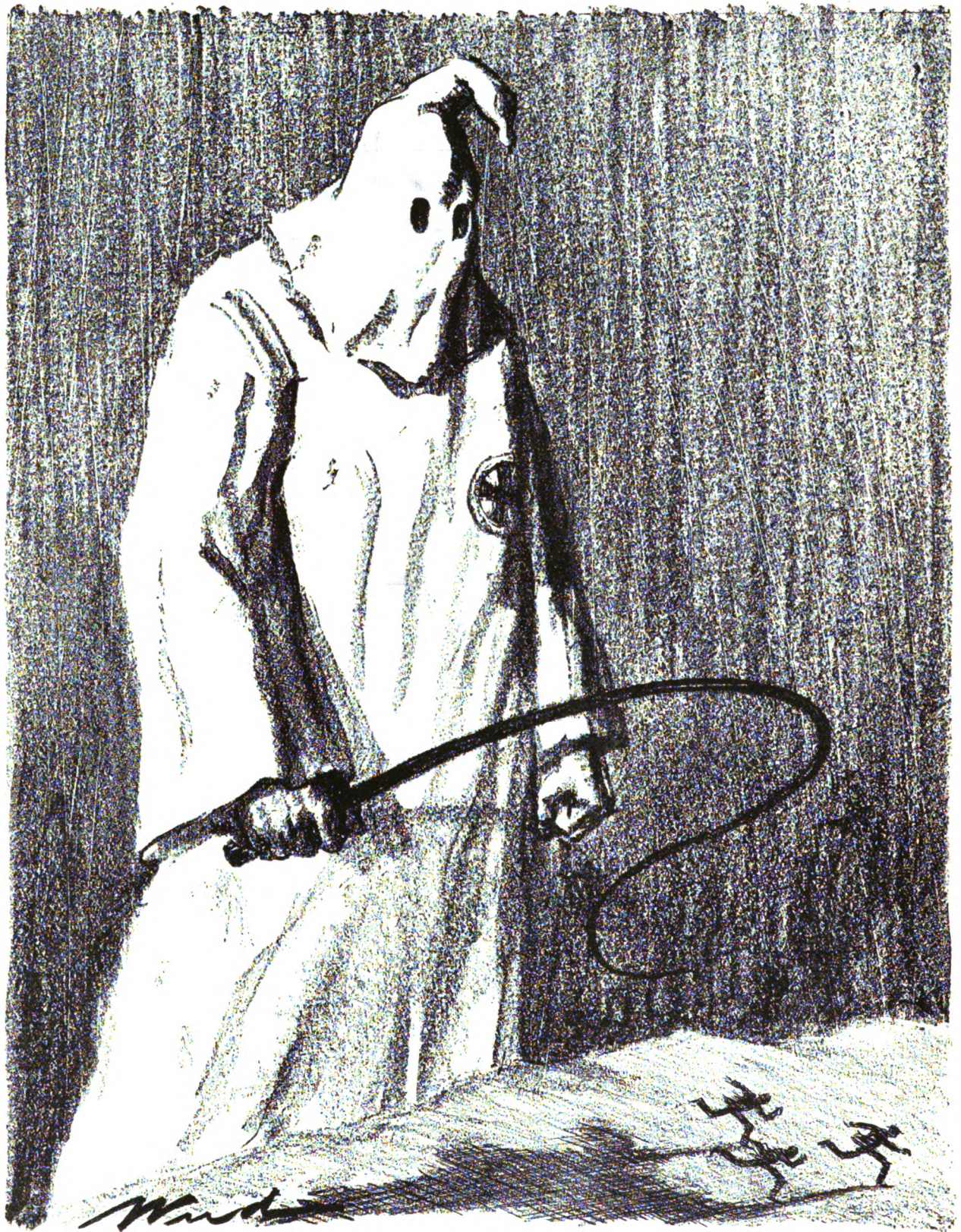
It's getting so that I haven't anyone around the place who will listen to me when I tell them about my truck garden, which I wouldn't trade for the best eighteen hole course that ever desecrated a landscape. My own wife is beginning to desert me. She knows I'd "look perfect in knickers." She thinks life at the country club is "too smart for anything." The "best people" belong.

The next guy who opens his mouth to say the word "golf" in my presence is going to wake up some place where everything's white, clean, and very quiet.

SILAS SPITZER



"Three sheets in the wind"



“It seems there was a negro and an Irishman and a Jew—”

JUDGE on the BENCH



Editor, Norman Anthony. Associate Editors, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher

Motto for the Klan Issue: Let the Klagle Scream!

The Test



date for President."

"Well, JUDGE, if you remember Rip Van Winkle, you know about how I feel. It's exactly twenty years ago that I had my last vote in a Presidential campaign. Who's running, Roosevelt?"

"No, Teddy's dead. But there's a fellow in the race who calls himself a Progressive."

"Progressive? What's a Progressive? You must mean a Populist."

"Holy Smoke! That's right, you were put away long before 1912, weren't you? Did you ever hear of Wilson?"

"You mean the whisky? Sure! They say it's hard to get now. What's the trouble? Has it gone out of business?"

"Has it gone out of bus. . . Why, look here, Harry, don't you even know that we've got national prohibition?"

"No! Well, I'll be jiggered! Who's looney now? But tell me, JUDGE, who's this Populist or Progressive or whatever-you-call-him?"

"His name's La Follette. Believes in the public ownership of railroads, full publicity of tax returns, popular election of United States judges and La Follette for President. Going to vote for him?"

"Not for ten thousand rabbits! Do you think I want to be declared insane again?"

All A-Billboard!



After what has appeared from time to time on this page and elsewhere in the magazine on the subject of the Ku Klux Klan, the constant reader (and possibly the other two also) may have got the impression that JUDGE doesn't exactly fancy the hooded order. This isn't strictly true. The Klan, if its hatreds were directed against the proper objects, might prove an extremely valuable social agency.

For instance, if it would only concentrate its venom against the billboards strung along country roads, what

patriotic motorist, anxious to get acquainted with his country, wouldn't applaud the move? Can Klansmen have thought what marvelous targets those billboards would make for a machine-gun; or how much improved they'd be with a coat of tar; or what bonfires they would kindle at night, piled high against a background of green hills?

Come on, Klansmen, up and at 'em! If you destroy enough billboards, perhaps the billboard people will put you out of business. And that will be a double gain.

Mice at Play



Wonder what an isolationist thinks about these days. The whole summer so far has been just one damn European entanglement after another—the Olympic games, the world flight, the convention of advertising men, the meeting of lawyers, the adventures of Doug and Mary, and finally, and especially, the London Conference, attended by Secretaries Hughes and Mellon ex-officio, and by Messrs. Morgan and Lamont. Yet not a peep of protest or other comment from the Battalion of Death.

Not since Woodrow Wilson returned from Paris with the Treaty of Versailles in his pocket has this country been so deeply involved in European affairs. And it all seems to have come about since Hi Johnson collapsed like a spent tire and left us, flat.

Hot Stuff



The American will-to-win was never better exemplified than in the steady, methodical triumph of our world fliers. We always make a business of winning, say our foreign critics. We are not real sportsmen.

Sour grapes! The will-to-win is simply an imagination powerful enough to concentrate on its dream, so that over a sufficient period of time everything is shaped toward fulfillment. The loser foresees the goal; the winner foresees both the goal and the obstacles, and prepares for the latter individually.

Whatever may be said of our Olympic teams, our world fliers have had no advantage over their competitors in money spent on their equipment and training. As compared with the French and British, Uncle Sam has been unusually niggardly in support both of military and civilian aviation. Yet despite this handicap it is our pilots who carry off the prize of being the first to encircle the globe. Not so bad, eh?

W. M. H.

Laughs from



Lester Allen in "George White's Scandals"

"The Romans opened Forums and spread culture."

"Yeah, and the Greeks opened restaurants and spread indigestion."



Edna Leedom and Lupino Lane in the Follies

"That tune keeps running through my head."

"Sure, there's nothing there to stop it!"

Will Rogers and Mae Daw in Follies



Robert Patterson.

Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots."

"What would you do if you got a letter from the K. K. K.?"

"Read it on the train!"

the Shows



Charles McNaughton and Harry Pauley in "Plain Jane"

"What's the idea of the harmonica?"
 "If you lose your eyesight you can start right in business!"



"What do you think this country needs most?"
 "What this country needs most is more men plowing the fields with plows, and less with niblicks and mashies!"

Ted and Betty Healy—Keith's Vaudeville.



THE GIRL—Stand on that dime a second. Now you represent Woolworth's store.
 "Why Woolworth's?"
 "Nothing over ten cents!"

THE HOKUM OF JUDGE'S CRITIC

by George Jean Nathan

IT SEEMS to me that this person Nathan who writes the theatrical reviews for JUDGE is, to put it politely, something of a hypocrite and a faker. A close follower of his critical writings, I come to the conclusion that he throws altogether too many stones for a fellow who lives in a glass house. For example, one of the things that he always derides, and with a rich amount of gusto, is the hokum in Broadway farces, comedies and musical shows, yet when it comes to such hokum, the fellow himself is just as guilty as the folks he makes mock of. Take, for instance, his frequent allusions to the hinter anatomy by way of getting a laugh. In the three years that he has been writing for JUDGE, he has, by actual count, mentioned the human hinter anatomy 36,492 times, and this does not take into consideration 22,378 references to the hinter anatomy of cows, dogs, horses, mules, and free verse poets. His

synonyms for the subject under discussion number, up to and including the last issue of JUDGE, 17,581, and he employs them for laughs on every possible occasion.

One of the easiest ways in the world to get a laugh is to give a character a funny name. It is so easy a trick, indeed, that even the burlesque show impresarios have got tired of using it and have posted a schedule of fines for any comedian who tries to earn his salary by resorting to it. Yet Nathan swindles the editor of JUDGE with it constantly. If he doesn't rely for humor on some such name as Emil or Oswald, it is a safe bet that you will find him using something like Gustav or Hugo. Another of his hokum tricks is to use an Italian Christian name with an Irish surname or a Swedish baptismal name with a German family name. We thus find in his writings any number of such
(Continued on page 25)

Actæon Up!

Actæon, the huntsman, hearing peals of silvery laughter, parted the bushes and beheld Diana and her attendant nymphs sporting unclothed in the pool.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed delightedly. "The De Mille company out on location!"

Whenever you think that you are very busy, just think of a giraffe up to his neck in work.

Young men posing for collar advertisements receive \$100 per week for merely remaining rigid before the camera. A larger salary would probably turn their heads.

A Little Discord.

Mrs. Tiff—I know where I can buy a lovely gown for a song.

Mr. Tiff—If you expect me to furnish the notes, you'll have to change your tune!



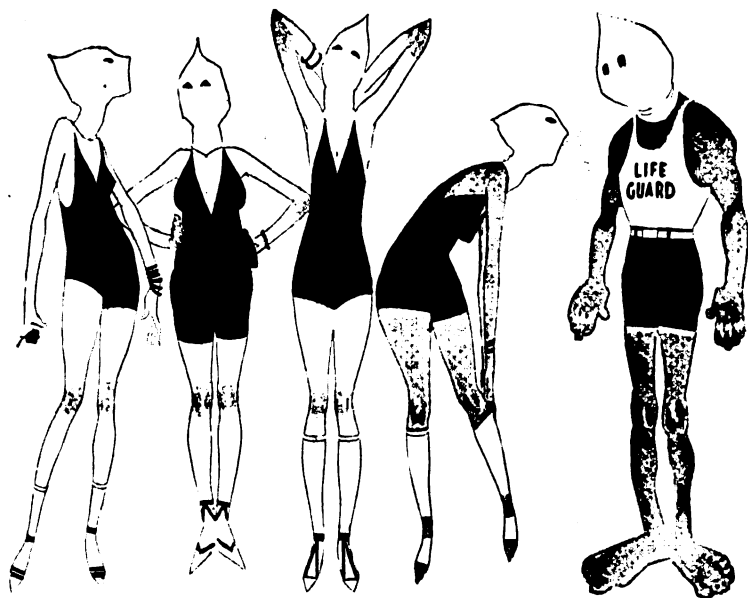
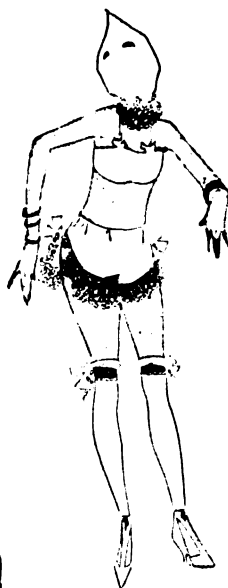
PROUD MOTHER—We've named them all alphabetically—Alice, Basil, Charles, and now these two, Dorothy and Edward.

FRIEND—Splendid idea. But it occurs to me, what will you do if Z's twins?

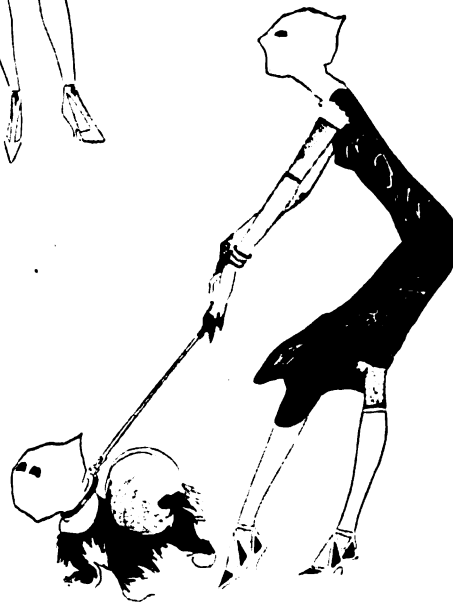
THE KLAN INFLUENCE ON WOMEN'S FASHIONS

(God forbid)

*The latest conceit in lingerie.
The so-called "invisible at-
tire." The hood is trimmed
with the same lace as the
what-you-may-call-ems*



The Klan bathing suit



*The last word on the Avenue—with a
matching hood for the Peke*



*The Klan influence on the
Follies, the hoods are worn on
the knees*

By JOHN HELD, JR.

"Manhandled"

UNDOUBTEDLY the most compelling personality on the screen to-day is that which busts through the dashing haberdashery of Gloria Swanson. It doesn't make much difference what Miss Gloria appears in—I am speaking of her photoplay now, not her haberdashery—the sidewalks of the Rivoli or Rialto or both are sunk to the gunwales, and the police reserves are called to suppress the riot that follows.

Some day Miss Swanson is going to be poured into a story that will fit her perfectly and then she's going to stay in a theater as big as the Capitol for a year or two.

"Manhandled" isn't that kind of picture but you can't afford to miss Gloria in anything she does. At least that's the way I feel about her and judging by the crowds that flock to see her I feel that my judgment is backed by great gobs of multitudes.

"Single Wives"

SPEAKING of personalities I am minded to say a word of Corinne Griffith. This young lady is endowed with something like a couple of hundred per cent. of facial beauty. She, too, because of this personal attractiveness, has a public drawing account that makes the United States Federal Reserve look like a baby's savings bank. She too, like Gloria, is provided with a photoplay, "Single Wives," that looks shabby in her presence. But you'll go to see Miss Griffith in anything she does. Some day, she too, will be provided with a play that perfectly fits her and there'll be another house as big as the Capitol and the Swanson turning 'em away for a year or two.

"The Man Who Fights Alone"

IMAGINE, if you will, a man who receives a paralytic stroke early in a picture and who motors about his house and grounds in a Rolls Royce wheel chair grinding his gears and his teeth because his young and beautiful wife spends most of her time with a former flame. Add to this the facts that the man is William Farnum and the name of the picture is "The Man Who Fights Alone" and agree with me that the title should have been "The Man Who Died Alone." The picture makers go serenely on in their mad effort to bring about happy endings to



by George Mitchell

ninety-nine per cent. of the films filmed. They believe that no matter how many film feet of suffering must be undergone by the hero and heroine, the public will be pleased if they walk out on a sugar-coated last fifty feet of film. To me it seems stupid. In this case in point I'd swap all the happy endings which I am destined to sit in on for a reversal of the present system of things cinematic. Give me a picture surcharged with comedy and an un-

happy ending and I'll trade in all "The Men Who Fight Alone." Another reason why I didn't like this picture is that I'm fed up on pictures with the man who regains the power of his legs in his attempt to save his wife or daughter from falling over a cliff or being burned to death.

"Behold This Woman"

Now and then you run across a man who hates women. I've never seen one but to quote: "I'd rather see than be one." I don't follow the Beery theory of grabbing off every woman who comes within grabbing distance, but there's a middle distance between lust and hate where a man may play the courteous and all that sort of Tom, Dick and Harry Carey.

In this picture, Anders Randolph and his brother, Charles Post, break out into a rash at the mention of the perfumed sex and being a year or two older than Charles, Anders insists on his following the same line of action.

Anders and Charles—let's call him Charley for short—live away up in the mountains. They are just rough, rugged mountain lads and they probably would have been free of skirts if Irene Rich's auto hadn't broken down in their neighborhood and Charley hadn't been lurking around.

Charley, you may remember him as the giant in "Wild Oranges," is a big impulsive thing and Irene just throws him for a couple of mountain peaks. She, by the bye, is a movie queen and is being fostered, a polite way of saying something harsher — by Harry Meyers. Charley trims his beard and slips the brotherly leash for Hollywood and before you can say "Vitagraph" he and Irene are headed for the bridal path. Harry, not to lose Irene, draws Rosemary Theby into the breach to win Charley but Charley is a one-woman man and never falters for a second.

Yes, Charley marries Irene.



THE CHEER LEADERS



Civilization?
—Cornell Widow

Toricelli, the man who first made a vacuum, was the only inventor who produced absolutely nothing and got credit for it.
—Stevens Tech. Stone Jug

Naturally!

She—Where is the Pope's summer home?

He—By the Papal See.
—Cornell Widow

Student (to clerk in drug-store)—You needn't look at that check so hard; it'll be back in a few days and then you can look at it as long as you want to.

—Minn. Ski-u-mah

"Hello, old top, new car?"
"No, old car, new top."

—Wash. Cougar's Paw



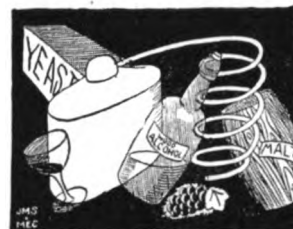
"What's the matter? Ain't the razor taking holt?"

"Yeh, it's taking holt all right but it isn't letting go again."

—Toronto Goblin

Charles—Which do you think is the best acrobat, Houdini, or Donald Ogden Stuart's hero, who mounted his horse and galloped off in all directions?

Reade—Neither. What about Robinson Crusoe? It says here, "after he had finished his meal he lit up his pipe and sat down on his chest."
—Virginia Reel



Still Life. —Yale Record

"You can't hang a man with a wooden leg, didja know it?"

"That so? How come?"

"Have to use a rope."

—Wesleyan Wasp

Father—Young man, I understand you have made advances to my daughter.

Young Man—Yes, sir. I wasn't going to say anything about it, but now since you've mentioned it, I wish you could get her to pay me back.

—Minn. Ski-u-mah

Arnold—Why do they put handles on both sides of a bouillon cup?

Bennett—Sap! Don't you suppose they have to provide for the left-handed guests too?

—Virginia Reel

Small Boy—Say, Pop, what is an echo?

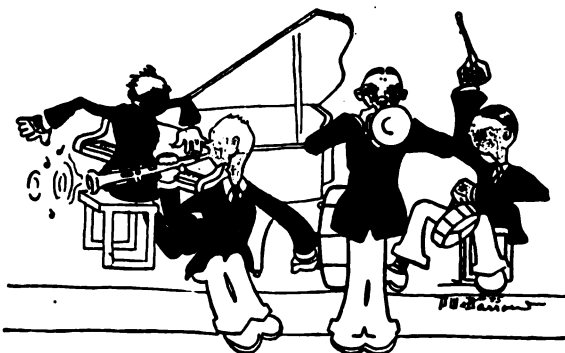
Pop (looking at Mrs. Pop)—An echo, my son, is the only thing that keeps a woman from having the last word.

—Virginia Reel

"I would face death for you."
"Why didn't you face that bulldog then?"

"He wasn't dead."

—Wesleyan Wasp



The Call to Arms.

—De Pauw Yellow Crab

Out where the buttons seem

A little tighter;

Out where the buckle shines

A little brighter;

Out where the girth becomes

A little longer;

Out where the straining seems

A little stronger—

That's where the Vest begins!

—Arizona Who Doo

Fast Time!

Geology Prof.—Forty thousand years ago, geologically speaking, was but yesterday.

Small Voice from Rear—Just a minute, professor, I want to cut my wisdom teeth and grow a beard.

—Williams Purple Cow

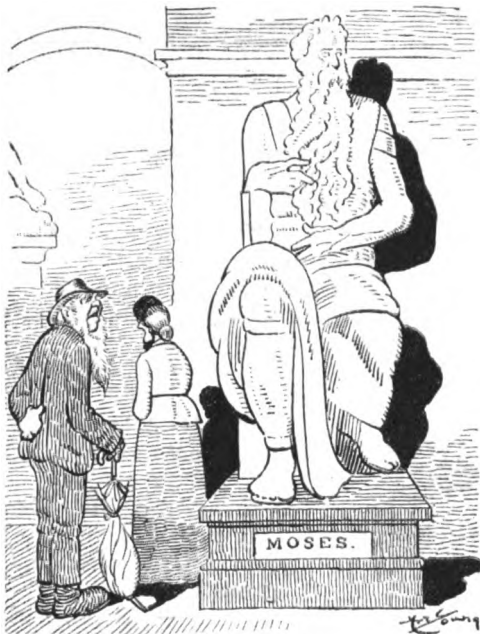


His Master's Breath.

—Michigan Gargoyles

ASK DAD— HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at
In the Good Old Days



Art Young in Judge, 1901.

AT THE ART GALLERY

"I swan! Didn't s'pose Moses was
such a big feller."



Orson Lowell in Judge, 1894.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

MISS WANTONE—So you call your dog Rush. Isn't that
a singular name for him?

YOUNG POKEFUN—Well, you see, Miss Wantone, I had to
call him that because he is such a growler.



Hy Mayer in Judge, 1894.

VOICE (from behind)—Would the ladies kindly change seats?



—Thank you!

"ASQUITH AND YE SHALL RECEIVE"

by Walter Prichard Eaton

ANOTHER Asquith has broken out into print! Being married to, or descended from, a British Prime Minister appears to predestine one to authorship. First Mother Margot tosses a scandal bomb in two volumes into the inner circle of Britain's ruling caste, then her daughter, the Princess Bibesco, who adorns the society of our own national capitol, in a series of short stories illumines the dark places of Sex, then another Asquith tells us how to bring up children, and now, in "Wind's End" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Herbert Asquith, a son of the Liberal leader, presents a waiting world with a mystery story.

To tell the truth, we are rather fed up on Asquiths, but we are always hungry for a good mystery story, so we waited till the family (our family, that is) were all abed, filled five pipes, lit one of them and laid the other four on the arm of the couch, slumped down till we were perfectly comfortable, and plunged in. The story began well, in the tap room of a public house in rural England. We like stories that begin in public house tap rooms in rural England. We immediately get all the characters mixed up, because they all look and

sound alike, and we have a mystery to start with. Presently a nice young fellow, on a dare, goes out to sleep in a haunted field, called Wind's End. In the morning he is dead. There are no marks on his body, and no clew except footprints which came within fifty paces of him, but no nearer. By the time his body was found, we had to get up from our comfortable chair after all, in spite of our elaborate precautions. No, we had not forgotten the matches. We had to get up to shut the door. We were cold. We had goose flesh. Great! If a mystery story does not give you goose flesh by page fifty, it is a failure. We returned, and read on. By the time we had been introduced into the strange, lonely house of Shane, two miles from the haunted field, and met its strange, grim owner, we had to get up again, and put on a coat. Better and better!

But then something began to go wrong. The story began to jump over the shoulder of one character, and then over the shoulder of another, and sometimes over nobody's at all. We might just as
(Continued on page 26)

That Little Hand

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat;
I thought my heart would surely
break,
So wildly did it beat.
I gazed at it with loving looks,
I fondled it with joy—
No other hand unto my soul
Can greater solace bring,
Than that one which I held last
night—
Four aces and a king!

Bobby—Better not let mother catch you reading that book.

Betty—And why not?
"She bought it 'specially to brag about."

And It Was

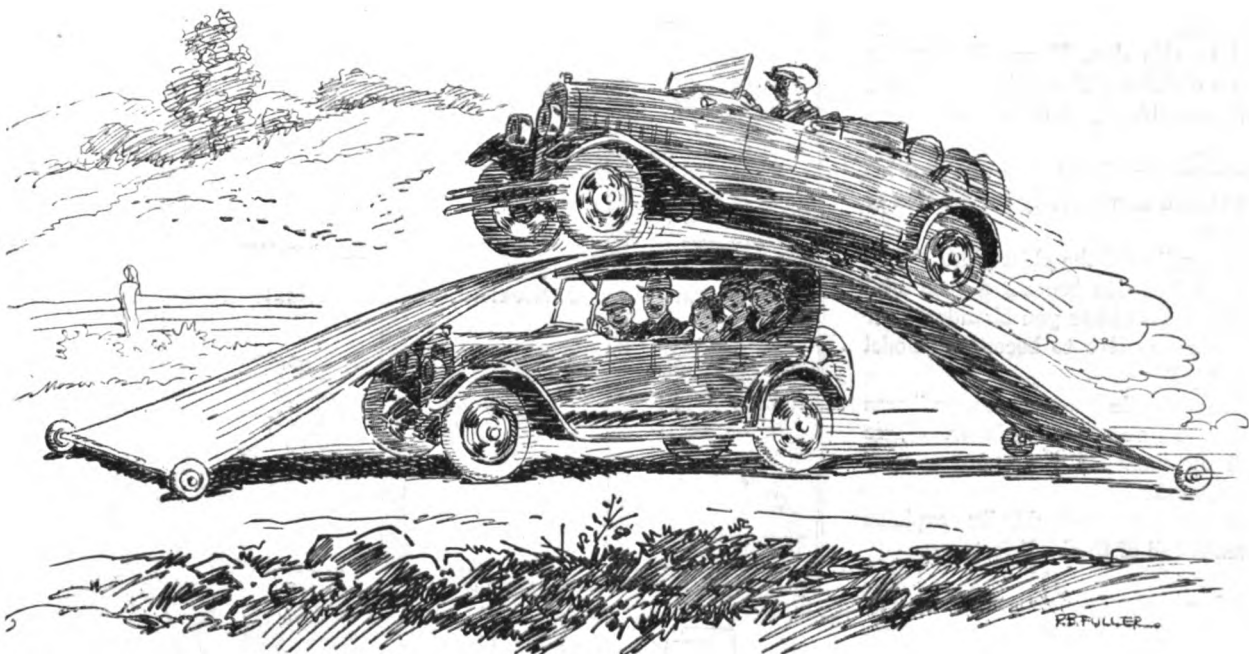
One rat to another—Sure, go ahead and swipe the cheese out of that trap, it will be a snap.

Woman's inhuwomany to woman is even worse.

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



For protection against road hogs



Mr. Kook-Lux

When Henry Was a Boy

Intimate Stories of the Early Lives of Great Men

HENRY FORD has always been a most assiduous student. From his earliest years he has shown an extraordinary interest in all scholarly and cultural subjects, particularly history. One day, when Henry was twelve years old, a classmate complained of the time he had to spend in studying the ways of the ancients. "It's the bunk," the youngster sneered.

"No, Robert, you are wrong," the future motor king replied. "It is only by the study of those before us that we can hope to shape our own careers to useful ends."

And to this day, Henry Ford never makes a decision without first consulting his extensive library of histories.

One morning Henry overslept and his father chided him severely for his lack of ambition.

"My son," said the elder Ford, "You can never hope to become a successful man like I am unless you abandon your laziness and resolve to become a model of industry."

"Oh, go peddle your papers, pa," was Henry's disrespectful rejoinder. "I've got all the money I want now, so why should I work?"

This attitude undoubtedly explains the steady fall of the Ford fortunes.

Another illuminating incident of Henry's boyhood is interesting for obvious reasons. One day Henry was walking down the street of his home town when a stranger stopped him.

"Isn't your name Isadore Epstein?" the man asked.

"No, sir," replied Henry, "but I wish it were!"
J. C. E.

The man who says that pluck is the secret of success must have been a banjo player.

Who says the modern flapper isn't democratic? She certainly is well acquainted with the milkman!

Eskitology

A little igloo now and then.
Is relished by the Eskimen.

A little whale oil, well frapped.
Is relished by the Eskimaid.

A little gum drop, this is truth,
Is relished by the Eskitooth.

A little blubber, raw or b'iled,
Is relished by the Eskichild.

A little pemmican to chaw
Is relished by the Eskimaw.

'Tis said two gum drops and a knife
Will buy a man an Eskiwife.

We could keep this up all fall,
But fear 'twould make the Eskibawl.



VISITOR—But how do you tell one from another?
ART EDITOR -A cinch—we just look at the dates on 'em.

The Hokum of Judge's Critic

(Continued from page 18)

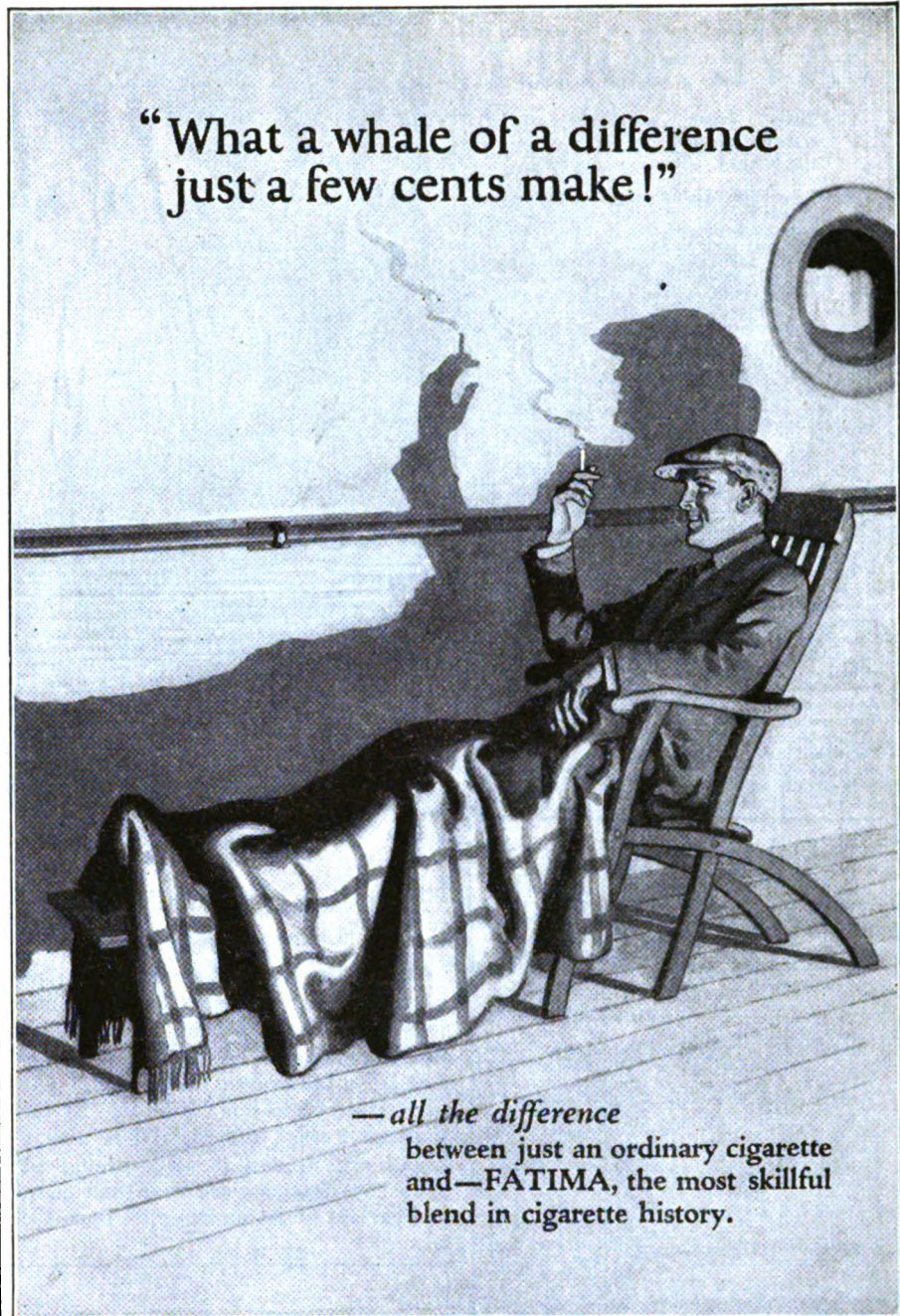
supposedly humorous dodges as Giacomo Flaherty and Sven Kraus. The latter surname, indeed, is one of his favorites.

This George Jean also resorts to hokum with his endless Drs., Profs., Rev. Drs., Monsieurs and the like. If it isn't the Rev. Dr. Ziegfeld it is Prof. Woods, and if it isn't Dr. Shipman it is the M. Belasco or the Mons. Shubert.

One of the fellow's most frequently employed comic devices, as his readers long ago perceived, is a grotesque alignment of persons and things. Thus, he speaks of "old-fashioned plumbing and the House of Representatives," "throbbing organs, beautiful stained glass windows and the whiskers of the twelve Apostles," and "oysters, Benedictine and Peggy Joyce." His criticism is full of such stuff. The adjective sour similarly appears in his articles at least once every week—even oftener than the adjective blue appears in the work of George Moore and the adjective trig in the novels of Theodore Dreiser. He is forever talking of sour acting, sour melodrama, sour art, sour whatnot. Then, too, we all know his fondness for absurd and violent simile or description. In this lies a great deal of his ironic hokum. He says that this actor is as passionate as a bottle of Apollinaris and that that one suffered from such a severe and gusty cold that he might better have been cast for the snowstorm in "Way Down East." He writes that "casting Mr. So-and-So for the rôle of the intense young lover is like casting Sam Bernard for the leading rôle in 'A Prisoner of Zenda'" and that the few good qualities in a certain bad play flash out "like so many goldfish in a barrel of dill pickles." His similes run from such things as "as fresh as a last year's Easter egg" to "pragmatic, like manure."

I take it that no reader of Nathan is any longer blind to his attempted sure-fire tricks of inverse repetition and ridiculous contrast. Thus, he plays for our laughter with things like "The reason that the galleries of the theaters are no longer filled with newsboys, as the theatrical managers lament, is that all the newsboys are now theatrical managers," and "The circus will soon go into winter quarters. It cannot compete with the Drama League." Or he writes such schnitz'ls (that word is also found in his hokum arsenal) as "The producers of our \$5 music shows are rapidly gobbling up all the vaudeville actors. This will immeasurably help vaudeville"; "The one big ambition of nine out of every ten American playwrights is, in the argot of the theater, to get over the footlights. The one big ambition of nine out of every ten American audiences is exactly the same"; and "He who can, does; he who can't, criticizes. As, for respective example, Sidney Rosenfeld and William Hazlitt."

Our friend also regularly relies on so-



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

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

called definitions to dredge up the reader's laughs. He thus defines chorus man, for example, as "one whose father and mother had prayed for a boy"; constructive critic as "one who builds up his newspaper's theatrical advertising revenue"; and first-nighter—from *Fürst* (German for prince) and the English *nître* (KNO₃: a chemical used in the manufacture of gunpowder), hence, a prince of gunpowder, or, in simpler terms, some one who makes a lot of noise." Continuing, we find him pursuing the same trick and defining manager, for example, as "being from the Anglo-Saxon word 'manger,' the *a* having been deleted in order that the word might be shortened and so used more handily for purposes of swearing. 'Manager' thus comes from 'manger,' something which provides fodder for the jackasses in the stalls."

Nathan, I need hardly say, is especially fond of the humorous possibilities that

lie in the "difference between" this and that. He is forever trying to amuse his readers with such observations as "The only difference between actors and dramatic critics is that the former do their acting on a platform"; "The difference between London and New York theater audiences may be summed up in a single short sentence. In London they do not put a chain on the dime-in-the-slot opera glasses"; and "The difference between two classes of Broadway actors is simply this: one class pronounces it burgular and the other class can't be heard back of the third row anyway." And when he isn't going in for any of the above species of hokum, the M. George Jean, as he would allude to himself, is found coining such easy snicker-snatchers as piffle-puff, yokel-yanker, gob-grabber, simp-snare, mush-mill, jay-tickler, boob-walloper, etc.

It is time to call a halt!

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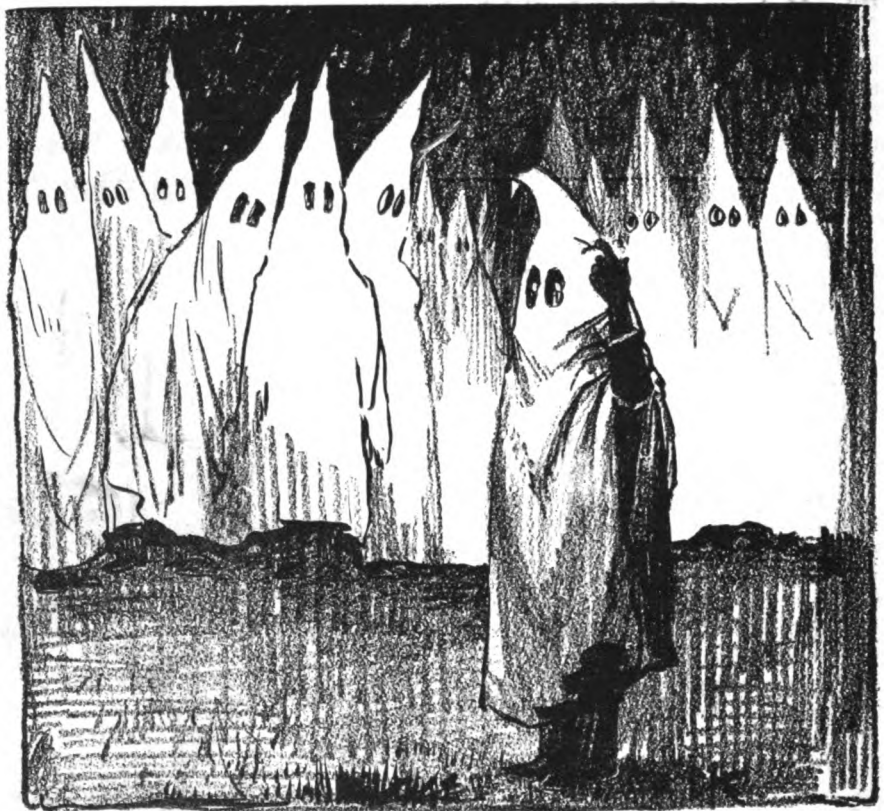
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Department 816
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627 West 43d St. New York City



"Say, which one of you guys borrowed that \$5 off 'n me?"

"Asquith and Ye Shall Receive"

(Continued from page 23)

well have been reading a novel by Joseph Conrad. First it was Christmas, and then it was New Year, and then we didn't know when it was. Long since we knew who killed the man in Wind's End. The only mystery was how he did it. By the time we learned that he did it with a "death ray" from a cannon in a dug-out in his woods, our goose flesh had gone, and we had to get up again, to open the

door and take off our coat. We looked at the thermometer. It was 80°.

So we went up-stairs and took a bath.

G. B. SHAW, in the preface to "Saint Joan" (Bretano's), says the reason Joan of Arc was burned at the stake was because she humiliated men by being right when they were wrong. And she couldn't flatter and manage them, as Queen Elizabeth did, because she was too young and inexperienced. The poor child, wishing only to do good, couldn't



"Laudy, Rastus, what am de meanin' o' dem Kluz fixins?"

"Git sensible, woman, git sensible. Dis heah am my pertificate colorin'!"

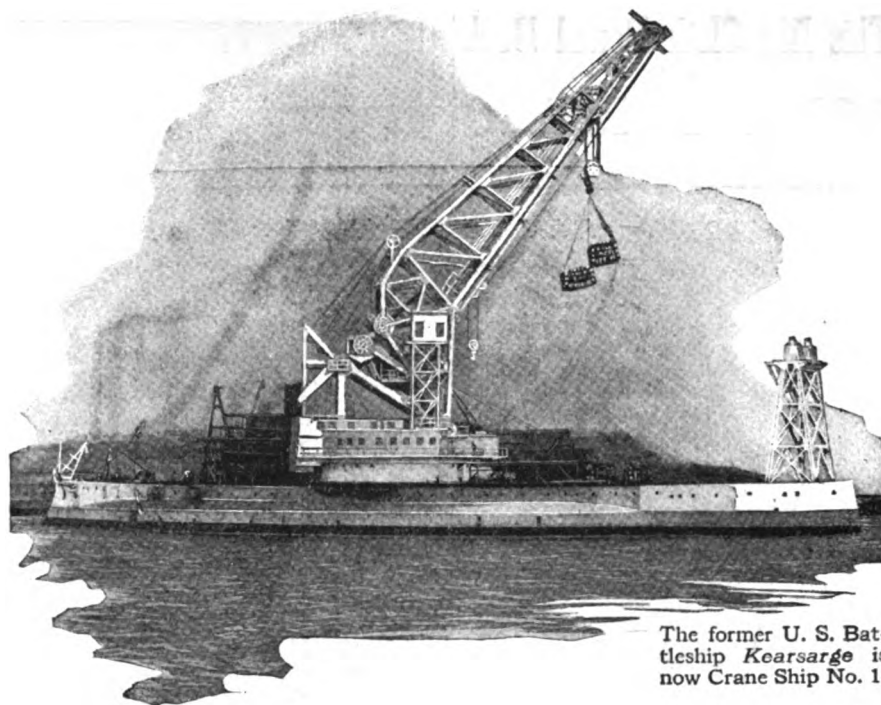
comprehend the opposition to her, because "it is always hard for superior wits to understand the fury roused by their exposures of the stupidities of comparative dullards." So Joan died the death of a saint and a prophet not at the hands of villains, but at the hands of ecclesiastical Babbitts, who couldn't stand having anybody around to disturb the existing order. But don't be in a hurry to suppose that G. B. S. is implying things have changed greatly. (Of course you will not, if you saw the Epilogue to the play itself.) For the superstitions of the Middle Ages, Shaw says we have but substituted a new set. "As to the new rites," says he, "which would be the saner Joan . . . the one who told children the story of the angel and Mary, or the one who questioned them as to their experiences of the Edipus complex? The one to whom the consecrated wafer was the very body of the virtue that was her salvation, or the one who looked forward to a precise and convenient regulation of her health and her desires by a nicely calculated diet of thyroid extract, adrenalin, thymin, pituitrin, and insulin, with pick-me-ups of hormone stimulants, the blood being first carefully fortified with antibodies against all possible infections by inoculations of infected bacteria and serum from infected animals, and against old age by surgical extirpation of the reproductive ducts, or weekly doses of monkey glands?"

And yet Professor Nathan said that Shaw was losing his grip!

We have read the preface, and we have read the text of the play, and we also saw it acted last winter, and we are going to affirm, though the heavens fall and the *American Mercury* descend upon us like a bolt from an avenging deity, that Professor Nathan was the one who lost his grip the night he saw "Saint Joan," not G. B. S. The Maid has always been treated in the theater before as a romantic, beautiful, mystical heroine, persecuted by a gang of wicked cutthroats. Shaw shows her as the victim of well meaning, very human, but frightened Babbitts, who got her out of the way so it could feel safe and comfortable again. We believe Shaw is much nearer right than all the playwrights and most of the historians of the past, and he is certainly considerably more entertaining about it.

And when Shaw adds that though we make a saint of Joan to-day, now she is dead these 500 years, we'd burn her again if she came around stirring up the same sort of a rumpus, we think the lesson not unsalutary. Anyhow, we recommend the book to you as the most stimulating one likely to be issued in the English language in 1924.

SOMEWHERE or other we read the other day of a man who prevented seasickness by reciting poetry aloud—possibly a selfish proceeding. It was recorded that one day he was practicing this preven-



The former U. S. Battleship *Kearsarge* is now Crane Ship No. 1.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

tive while crossing the English Channel, and the captain requested him to stop because several female passengers thought he was crazy. He stopped, and was immediately violently ill. We have never tried this preventive ourself, and if we did we should be rather careful in our choice of selections. Some poems would, in our case, rather accentuate the malady. Edgar Guest's, for example. On the other hand, we can fancy that if we poured the poetry of L. A. G. Strong on the troubled waters, it might help. The author of "Dublin Days" has just issued a second volume, "The Lowery Road" (Bonni &

Liveright), mostly verses about Dartmoor. They are pithy and lyrical. They do not suggest the Channel in a cross chop. They are not, like the poems of Sandburg, Lake Michigan in a gale.

Pure, unassailable
And cold they fly,
Like silver javelins
Against the sky.

That is a verse from one of them. At least there is regularity in the waves. The boat isn't rolling three ways at once.

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<p>VOTE FOR CALVIN COOLIDGE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES</p> <p>Designed to put the Ticket over in California—might also be effective in Kalamazoo</p>	<p>VOTE FOR CALVIN COOLIDGE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES</p> <p>A vinous suggestion like this ought to make a big hit among the Thirsty Brethren</p>	<p>VOTE FOR CALVIN COOLIDGE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES</p> <p>A subtle, irresistible appeal to the lovesick of the Younger Generation —E. S. JOHNSON—</p>

Suggestions for the Coolidge Publicity Campaign

Putting It Nicely

WE live in a prosaic age. The beauties of the countryside are hidden by appeals to buy somebody's pickles, or to smoke somebody's cigarettes, or to wash with somebody else's soap. Our public parks and buildings bristle with curt orders, warnings and threats—"Keep off the Grass," "Stand Clear of the Gates," "No Smoking—Penalty 40s." and the rest. Could not the directors, if not of our destinies at any rate of our deportment, be induced to sugar their peremptory pills a little?

We have been told that music hath charms to soothe a savage breast, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak. Let the powers that be call to their aid the music of words—poetry, the language of the gods.

How forcefully and gracefully, for instance, "Stand Clear of the Gates" might be twisted by the tame bard of the underground railways! Passengers in the company's lifts might be cautioned in words, perhaps, like these:

Smashed limbs, torn flesh and broken pates
Are caused by standing near these gates.

The cold, official "No Smoking—Penalty 40s." might blossom forth as:

Now, smoking of all kinds—tobacco and bacon!—
Is strictly prohibited here.

If you do it you'll rue it, or I'm much mistaken,
And lose forty shillings, old dear!

Most of us have read "Beware of Pickpockets," and promptly forgotten the advice. We should be less likely to forget this metrical version:

Sweet zephyrs softly steal—
And so do evil men.
Your pockets you should feel
Now and then.

The snappy couplet:

Don't be a fool, of sense bereft!
Drive carefully, and to the left
is just the sort of thing needed to catch the eye and penetrate the understanding of the traffic troublers.

FRANCIS GLOVER
—*Passing Show*

~~~~~

The two girls were having tea together. "My dear Edith," said one, "why do you always call your mother the mater?" "Because," answered Rose, "she managed to find husbands for all my seven sisters."  
—*Tit-Bits* (London)

~~~~~

"There are very few swallows in England this year," declares a morning paper. This ought to make Mr. Pussy-foot Johnson sit up.
—*Passing Show*



Klem K. Knight goes out with his new birthday present from his wife.

The Tower of Babel has been unearthed in Mesopotamia. At last a competitor has been found for Congress.

—Louisville Courier-Journal

More girls are swimming this year. Bathing beaches are beginning to look like a flock of magazine covers.

—Cleveland Press

Newark comes forth with a girl bandit whose hair is long. It should be easy to spot her.

—Buffalo Evening News

Congress has put on record its estimate of the worth of a voter: precisely three

cents. Now, let's have the voters' estimate of the worth of a Congressman.

—Rochester Herald

As the radical describes himself, he is one who cannot be forced to walk the plank.

—Buffalo Evening News

One reason they call baseball a classic game is that there are so many Homers in it.

—Providence Sunday Journal

Detroit police have arrested a bootlegger who is also a poet. It is appalling how low these fellows fall sometimes.

—Cleveland Press



"I suppose you find everything so different now you are married?"

"Not very. I used to sit up half the night wondering when Arthur would go home, and now I sit up half the night wondering when he'll come home."

—London Mail



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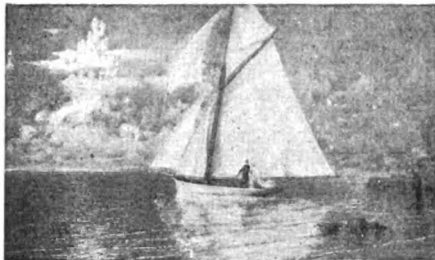
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"Mummy, now daddy's been made a knight, I suppose I am a nightie?"
—*Passing Show* (London)

At a prayer meeting in a negro church the pastor was explaining the passage which tells of the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea.

"It is all very simple," he said. "You know that water generally flows down hill, but in this yere instance' things was jus' reversed. The water, instead of flowin' down hill, done suddenly flow up hill, leavin' the bottom of the sea all dry, so that all the children ob Israel jus' passes ober without eben wettin' their feet. Then—"

"But," interrupted a young negro who had been to college, "it wouldn't have done that, pastor. It would have been against the law of gravitation."

"You jest set down, sah," answered the pastor. "You don't know what you are talkin' about. This all happened three thousand years fore the law of gravitation done been discovered."

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

On a recent trip made by a liner from Glasgow to New York more than three-quarters of the passengers bore names beginning with Mac. In spite of Prohibition, America seems to be absorbing plenty of Scotch. —*London Opinion*

Baldheaded Man (who has asked for a haircut)—Do you want me to take my collar off?

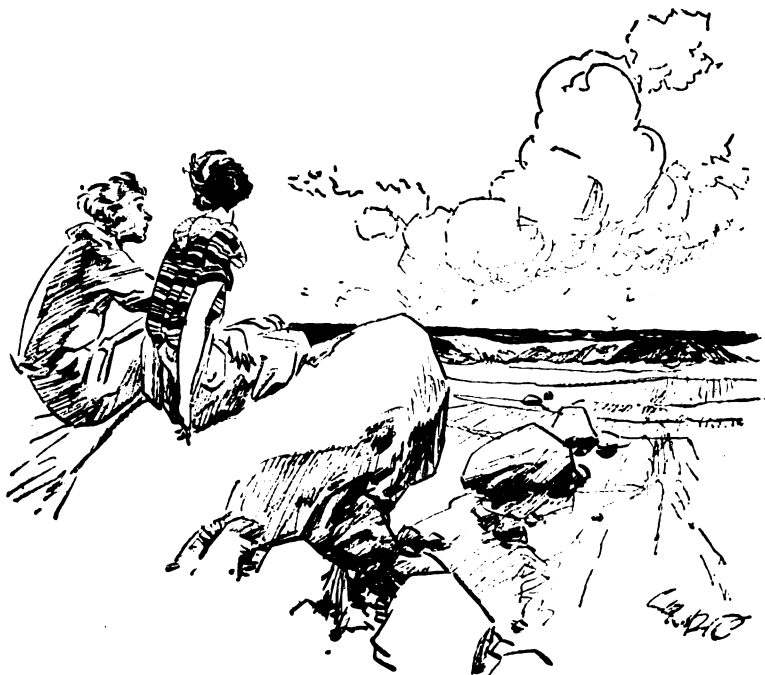
Barber—No, sir, it isn't necessary, and you can keep your hat on if you want to. —*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich)

"What? If the operation isn't a success I must pay you double!"

"Yes, so as to compensate me for the bad effect it will have on my other patients."

—*Le Journal Amusant* (Paris)

Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 27



Paul—Give me a recipe for happiness.
Paula—A book of signed checks underneath the
 bough;
 A case of hootch;
 A racy fliv and thou
 Beside me petting in the wilderness—
 Ah, that, sweet kid, would be the cat's meow!

The \$25 Prize in JUDGE'S 50-50 Contest No. 27, announced in the July 5, 1924 issue, was won by Edward Moffett, Boones Mill, Va.

Answers which received consideration are: "Why, what more do you want?" Phillips A. Noyes, 74 Kirkland st., Cambridge, Mass.; "Will you take it from my own lips?" "You must press me for it!" William Sanford, Portsmouth, R. I.; "Lose the chaperon early in the evening," Raymond H. Welsh, 170 Buffalo st., Conneaut, O.

The following "howlers" occurred at a recent schoolboy's examination:

Herrings go about the sea in shawls.

In India a man out of one cask cannot marry a woman out of another cask.

Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

"It isn't any use telling a secret to Suzanne."

"Why, does she shout it from the roof tops?"

"No, she never tells it to anybody."

—*Le Régiment* (Paris)

Landlady (to applicant for rooms)—
 Might I ask what your occupation is?

"I'm a doctor of music."

"You're just the man we want. There's a lot of bad music in this neighborhood."

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney)

The Duffer—Here, caddy, we've made another mistake—we're in the bunker over the green.

The Caddy (resenting the pronoun)—
 So we are. We're a couple of proper bloomin' duds, ain't we?

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney)

They had had one of their usual tiffs, because hubby was home late for dinner. "You're always late," she said indignantly. "You were late at the church the day we were married."

"Yes," he answered bitterly, "but I wasn't late enough."

—*Answers* (London)

There is talk of the publication of an Anglo-American dictionary. It may help to call attention to certain minor points of resemblance between the two languages.

—*Passing Show* (London)

Brain-Feast

Solvent fruit, such as grape-fruit, berries, tomatoes UNDER PROPER CONDITIONS:

- (1) Dissolve or disintegrate tumors, goitres, gallstones, deposits of lime in joints.
- (2) Dissolve phlegm or mucus, remove the source of colds, catarrh and consumption.
- (3) Correct liver and kidney troubles; headaches.
- (4) Dissolve blood clots as in paralysis.
- (5) Dissolve the impurities which cause blemishes to the skin, as acne, eczema.



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New rich blood builds healthy tissue, displacing diseased tissue. No diagnosis required, only activities. Write us for particulars of Government Bulletin, describing experiments on convicts, hens, cows, etc. Deficient feeding produced disease, whereas full nutrition cured, e. g., paralysis, blindness in hens, rats, etc.; pellagra, beriberi, skin affections, etc., in men.

The following extracts are from sworn statements of Pupils:

PARALYSIS. Age 61. Right hand and leg helpless three years, restored in three weeks.

Another, age 65, bedridden, hemiplegia. Sensation restored in three days. Could walk two miles daily after six weeks.

ARTHRITIS. All joints swollen with lime deposits. Knees and wrists locked immovable for eight months. Blind for two years. Can now see, walk and do home work.

CATARH, HAY FEVER, RESULTING DEAFNESS decreased from the first meal.

GALLSTONES. Age 50, bedridden, chills every week for years, but not one attack since instruction over a year ago; now can do housework.

TUMORS. Age 40. Tumors weighing several pounds dissolved within a year.

GOITRE. Collar reduced 17 to 15, normal size.

UTERINE HEMORRHAGE. Age 50. Three years in rolling chair, weak from constant discharges. Now does housework, including washing.

ECZEMA. Age 60. Eyebrows lost, skin cracked and scaling. Normal in three months.

PYORRHOEA. Age 65. Pus ceased on 7th day.

PREGNANCY. Age 30. With last two children suffered no nausea, no swollen feet, nor constipation as previously. Delivery painless.

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E.S. GIVENS, 224 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



“Well! Did you ever?”
 “Who? Me? No, never!”—*London Mail*

Lawyer—Tell the court exactly where you were on the twentieth day of said month at five-thirty in the afternoon.

Defendant—I was on the corner of the Strand, asking a man a question.

“Ah—ha! But how do you know it was exactly five-thirty?”

“Ah—ha yourself! The question I was asking him was what time it was!”

—*Answers* (London)

☞

In Kent, a campaign has been started against littering the countryside with debris. Motorists are urged to stop and arrange stricken pedestrians in neat rows and not leave them strewn untidily all over the roadside. —*London Opinion*

☞

The orator was not being well treated. His audience were better interrupters than listeners. So he, too, became roused.

“When I came here to-night I did not believe in the Darwinian theory. Upon mature consideration of my audience I do—half of you look as if you’d evolved from monkeys.”

“Yes,” came the calm response, “but we have evolved.”

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

☞

“These love poems are very short.”

“What can you expect? Nowadays a courtship doesn’t last very long.”

—*Meggendorfer-Blätter* (Munich)

“I tell you, sir, I have played in all the largest theaters in Europe.”

“Yes, but they’re nothing compared with the theaters we have in America. Why, sir, we have theaters so big that when a man in a back seat throws an egg it hatches out before it reaches the stage.”

—*Tit-Bits* (London)

☞

“Your daughter seems very demure.”

“Yes, she was always taught when out walking to keep her eyes lowered, for that’s the only way one ever finds money in the street.” —*Le Régiment* (Paris)



Minister—Dear me. Is this the way to spend Sunday?

The Victor—Spend Sunday! Lumme, that only took me two seconds.

—*Passing Show* (London)

“Here! Have you forgotten that you owe me ten quid?”

“No! Didn’t you see me trying to hide as you came along?”

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney)

☞

He (meeting her for the first time for years)—Upon my word, Miss Hawkins, I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much.

She (coyly)—For better or worse?

“Ah, my dear girl, you could only change for the better!”

—*Answers* (London)

☞

The Man (looking for sympathy)—I’ve been through a good bit since I married.

The Old Flame (who hasn’t forgiven)—Yes, your wife’s entire fortune, so I’m told.

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney)

☞

“Mamma, to-day the teacher asked me if there were any more at home like me.”

“And what did he say when you told him you were the only child?”

“He said, ‘Thank heav:n!’”

—*Jugend* (Munich)

☞

Imitation marble is being made from concrete. But I’ve known a housewife to do it with a handful of self-raising flour and a few currants.

—*Passing Show* (London)

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THREE WEEKS.—This is probably the most famous novel ever published. Millions of people have been thrilled—some of them shocked!—by this sensational story. "Three Weeks" has been praised by many and condemned by others—but the book lives on and never will die, simply because it is a true picture of true love, by a writer bold enough to reveal the truth.

HIS HOUR.—The books of most French and English novelists are "toned down" when published in America. Not so with "His Hour." This book comes to you exactly in the form in which it was first published—nothing has been taken out—we have not censored the book—everything is there!

RED HAIR.—The heroine of this story has red hair, green eyes, and a daringly unsophisticated manner—a combination that "drives men crazy." You'll be thrilled at her wild escapades!

THE REASON WHY.—If your father, for some mysterious reason, forced you to marry a man you didn't care for, would you not consider it dishonorable to endure any attentions your husband might attempt to force upon you? Would you not grow to hate him more and more as he became cyclonic in his ruthless, burning, over-making? Well, that's just the situation in this amazing story. Read it!

THE MAN AND THE MOMENT.—Elinor Glyn knows that most people are not interested in hold-me-by-the-hand love-making. She knows that most women like to tremble at the rush, the mad vehemence of an ardent lover—and that most men like to read about real flesh-and-blood heroines who can exchange kiss for kiss. This is the kind of love, these the kind of lovers, you will find in "The Man and the Moment."

THE POINT OF VIEW.—Every woman loves a determined, tempestuous lover who sweeps all opposition, all rivals, before him—who carries his beloved's heart by storm. Such a lover is the hero of this strange story of love that would brook no interference. He is a Russian—resolute, reckless, dauntless—a veritable raging tornado of love. You'll enjoy his way of making love to the bewildered heroine.

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