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JUDGE

GARDEN NUMBER

APRIL 3, 1926

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FOR THE LAND'S SAKE!

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SOMETHING NEW!

LETTER-LAUGHS!

"LETTER GO!"

a beautiful girl in her bed and bedclothes awakened by a

kiss
kiss
kiss

"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

FLOWER SONG

(With Apologies)

THE flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,
And nod to the robins and larks,
Shed perfumes that speedily bring, tra la,
The crowds to the forests and parks—
The crowds who drive up in their cars, tra la,
With dill pickles, fruit and sardines,
And throw broken bottles and jars, tra la,
As well as the butts of cigars, tra la,
All over the pastoral scenes.

Tra la for the fishbones,
Tra la for the wishbones,
Tra la for the shells of the eggs;
Tra la-la left-overs,
Left-overs by rovers,
Tra la-la the debris and dregs.

The flowers that bloom in the vale, tra la,
Prepare, when the summer draws near,
To flourish on stale giner ale, tra la,
And drenchings of nondescript beer.
The fragrance that floats on the breeze, tra la,
In precincts that formerly were Pan's
Is reeking with limburger cheese, tra la,
And Pan nowadays 'neath the trees, tra la.
Would cut his two hoofs on the cans.

Tra la-la bologna,
Tra la macaroni,
Tra la for the stains on ma's dress;
Tra la for our land which
With remnants of sandwich
Is covered. Tra la for the mess:

Arthur L. Lippmann

Love in a garden.

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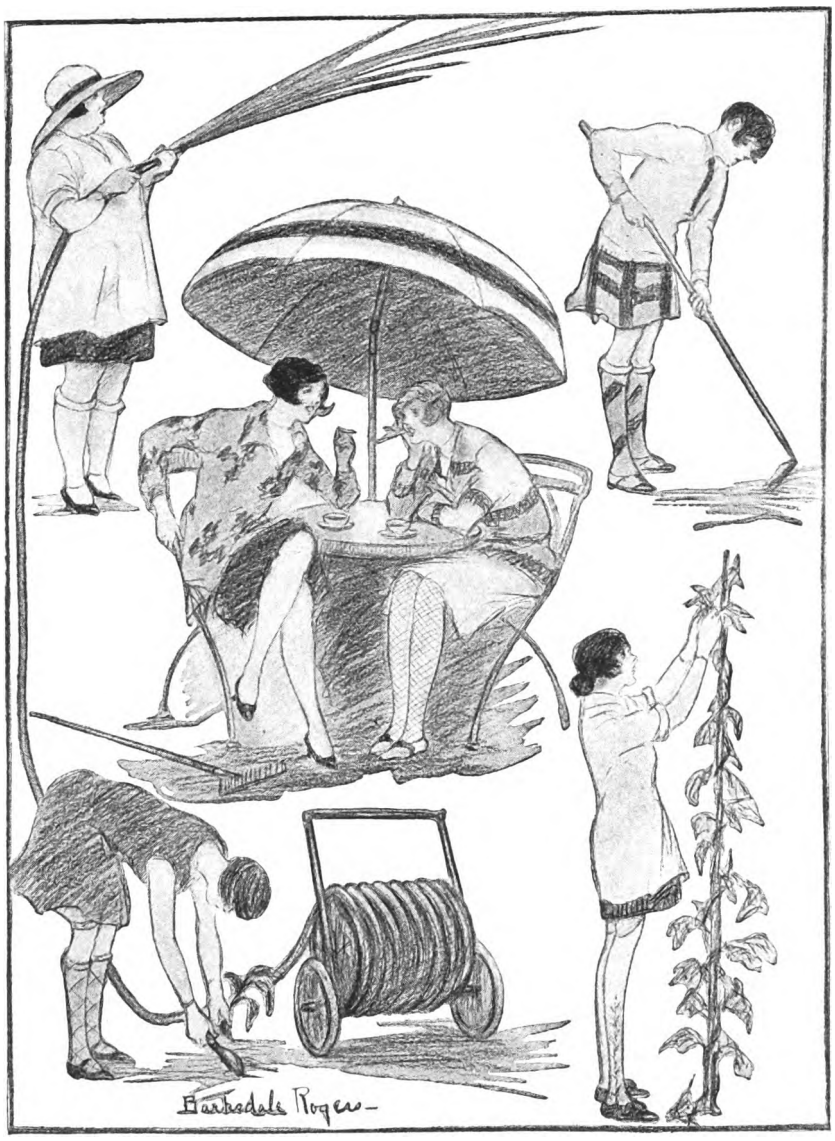


"The latest in spring hose!"

The Plot

Each year since my wife and I were married we've had a garden; each spring I've planted thousands of vegetable seeds; each summer our garden has produced thousands of lovely green weeds.

This year it's going to be different; I've figured it all out; I'm going to plant thousands of lovely green weeds and our garden will produce thousands of vegetables.

Jack Shuttleworth

What Suburbanites Expect to Grow in Their Garden

Pears, carrots, radishes, cauliflower, cucumbers, beans, corn, squash, cantiloupe, lettuce, parsley, onions, watermelons, pumpkins, beets, tomatoes and brussels sprouts.

What Suburbanites Do
Grow in Their Gardens
Weeds, tired and disgusted.

Ray Vaughn

FUNNYBONES

The proof of the pudding is sometimes in the obituary notices.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

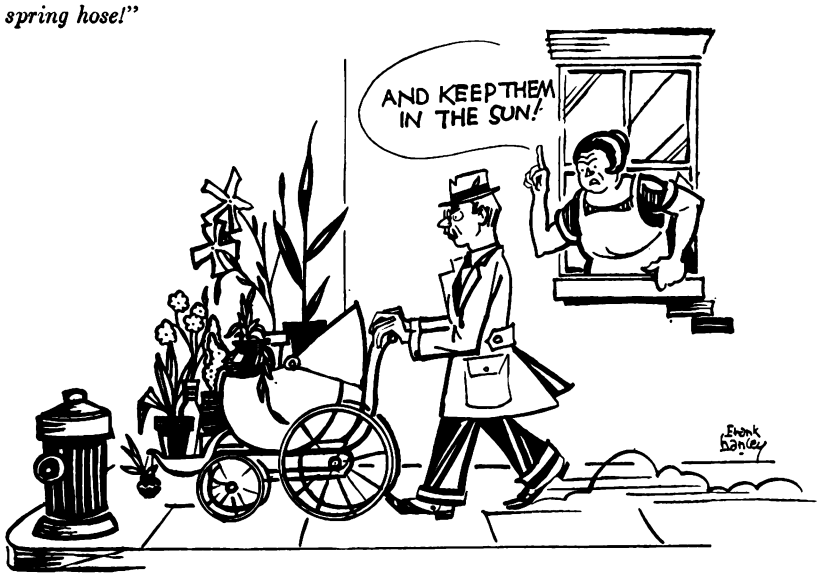
Ask the Man Who Has One

The Hunchback of Notre Dame got that way working in a garden.

Not Found in the Average Garden

Grass widows.
Widows' weeds.
Ambushes.
Tooth roots.
Family trees.
Chocolate buds.
Pipe stems.
Book leaves.
Orange blossoms.
Steamer trunks.
Branch stores.
Silk slips.
Pink envelopes.
Ace of spades.
Dirty digs.
Dead beats.

G. A. P.



City dweller taking the plants out for an airing.

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"Wheelbarrow some money until pay-day."

The Garden Variety

THE Garden of Eden was fair to behold
Ere Adam and Eve kicked the traces;
The Garden of Allah made lovers wax bold
In furtive and wanton embraces.
The famed Hanging Gardens of Babylon ranked
As one of the ancient world's glories:
But I mourn a garden that's *spurlos versenkt*—
A victim of swashbuckling Tories!

The two Mary Gardens are quite oo-la-la—
They stand at the head of their classes.
The Tuilleries Gardens are *comme ci comme ça:*
The Garden of Gods nude of grass is.
But deaf to the praise of each one I'll remain;
I'll join in no wild adulation
Till Beer Gardens dot up the landscape again
And the "Stein Song" brings joy to the nation!

Make a game of it.

The wheelbarrow full—according to the seed catalog.

and the size barrow that would accommodate the actual crop.

Especially When They're Planted in a Moonlit Garden

This much at least
Must be taken for granted:
Love starts to grow
After kisses are planted.

In the Garden

Blink—These beets taste like carrots.

Blank—That's probably because they're radishes.

Training

A guide at the Zoo
Is Hannibal Zackers,
He learned what he knew
From animal crackers.

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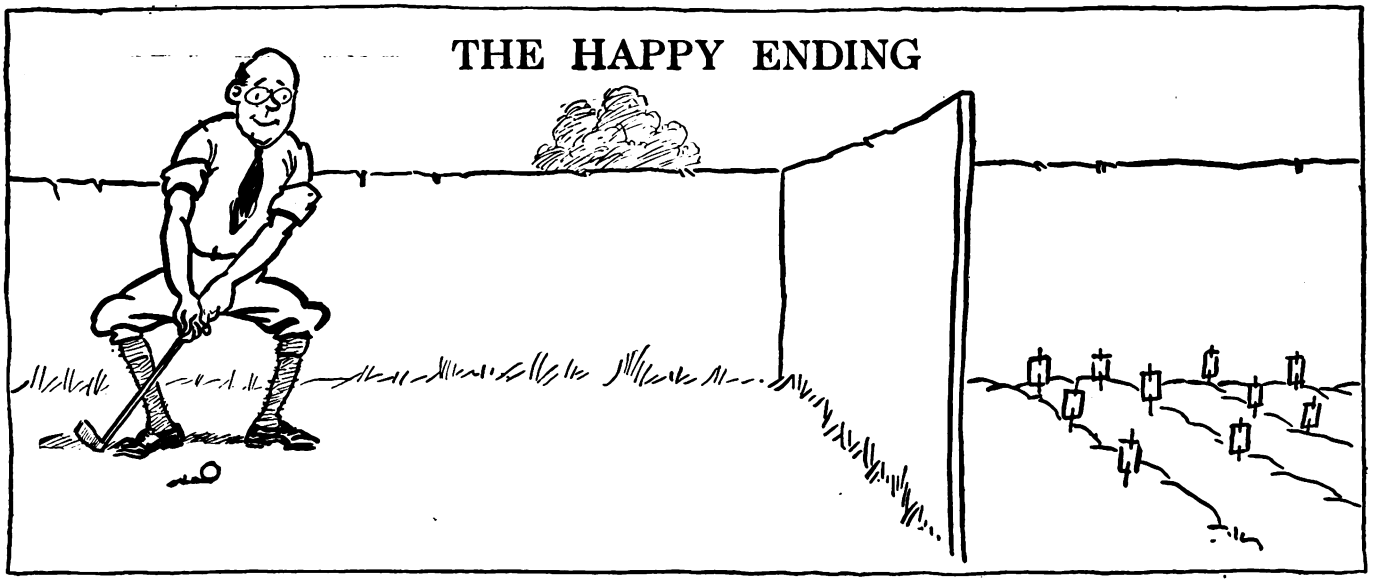
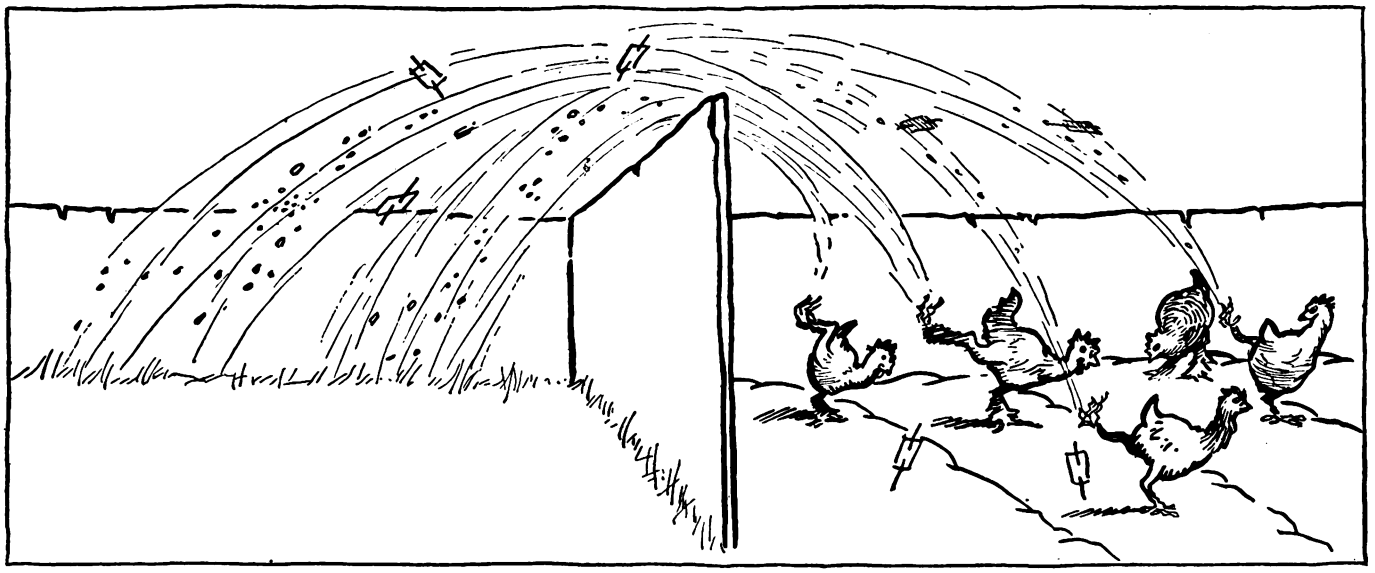
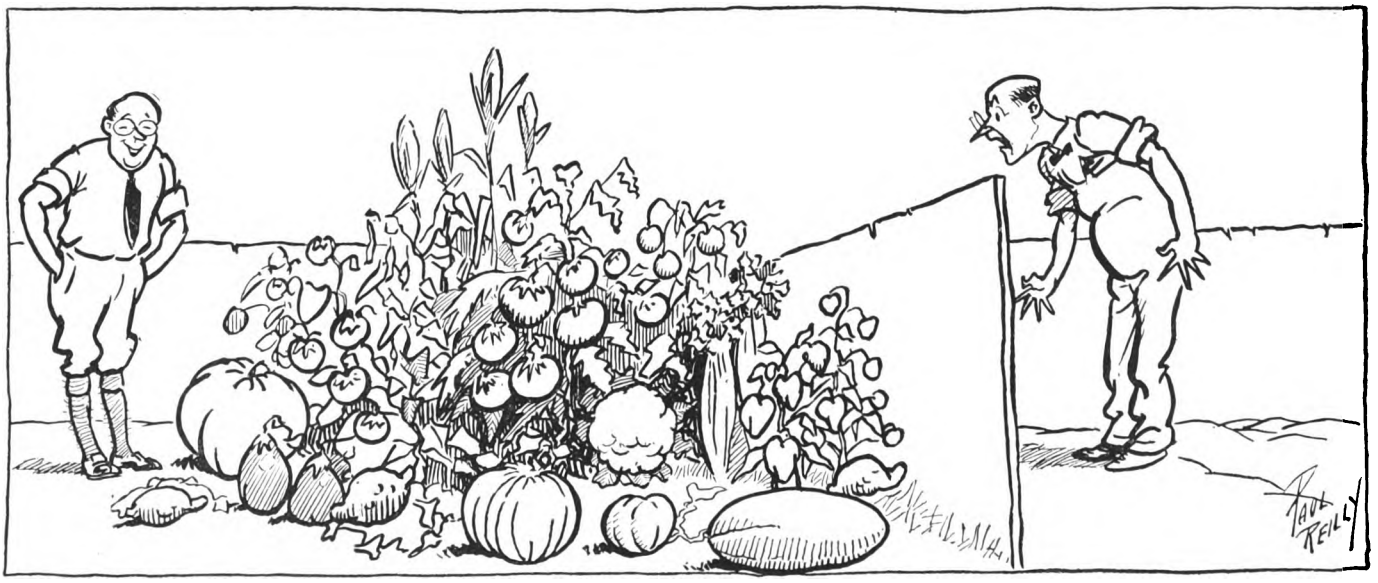
THE HAPPY ENDING



MR SCOTT WAS TOO BUSY TO PLANT ANYTHING



BUT THE GARDENING PEOPLE NEXT DOOR KEPT CHICKENS, SO——



EVERYTHING CAME OUT ALL RIGHT.

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All I Know About Gardens

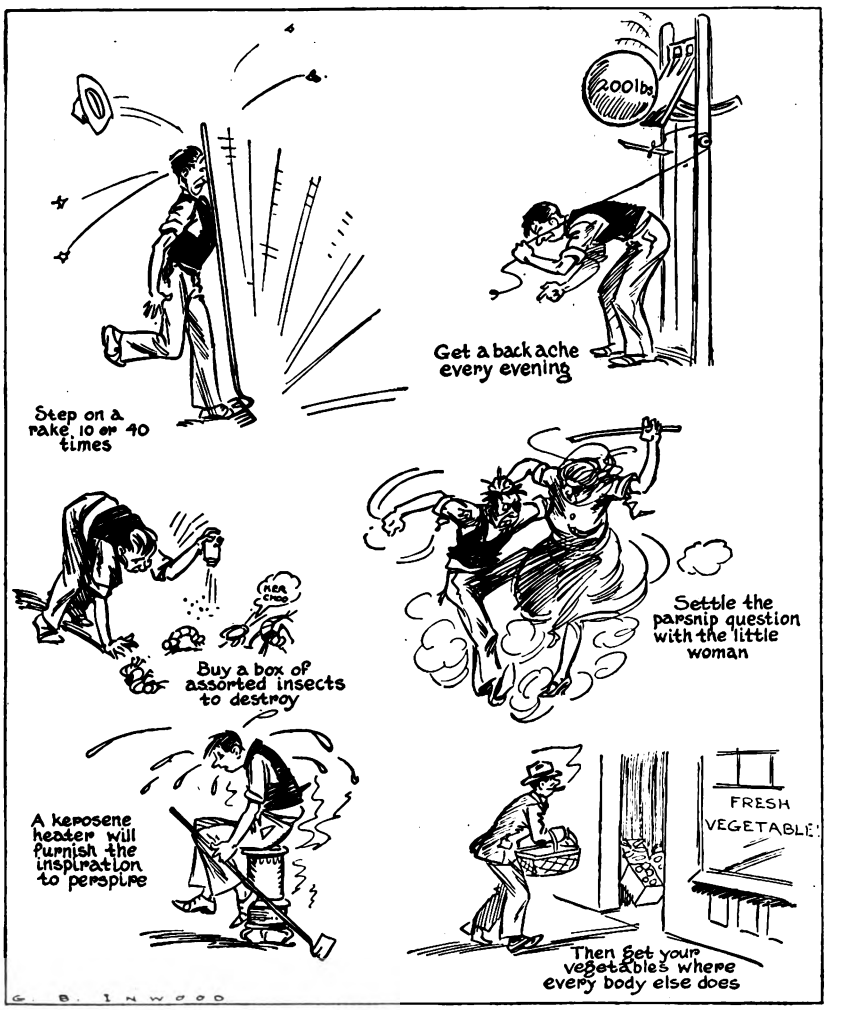
ACCORDING to the Standard Home and School Dictionary the word garden means "a delightful spot."

This is quite true, my garden is a very delightful spot to stray dogs, mosquitoes, cats and my neighbor's chickens.

The first thing to do in making a garden is to spade up your backyard, and right here I may say that while it may be correct to call a spade a spade, after using one for a few hours you will think of lots of other things to call it.

Next the garden has to be raked. Wives are a great help at this. You rake up the garden and your wife rakes up the past.

Phone your grocer to send you half a dozen packages of every kind of seed he has in stock. Remembering that these should be planted, not according to the printed instructions, but according to the instructions received from the wife. Next pin the empty packages on twigs and stick the twigs in the ground so that if the seeds do come up they can see the pictures on the packages and know what they really should look like.



If you have no space for a vegetable garden don't let that hinder you.

"Whatcha gonna plant this year?"
"Sh-h-h—notsa loud—I ain't gonna plant a d—m thing an' fool them d—m Jones' chickens!"

After the planting there is nothing to do but water, and wait till the seeds begin to sprout. Then when they have all sprouted into nice big weeds, you should hoe them down, throw the garden tools over the fence and phone your grocer for some fresh vegetables. *Jack Shuttleworth*

Famous Bucks

Line .....
"..... up, buddy!"
A .....som gal.
.....wheat cakes.
Sears & Roe.....
A ..... Down and a ..... a Week.

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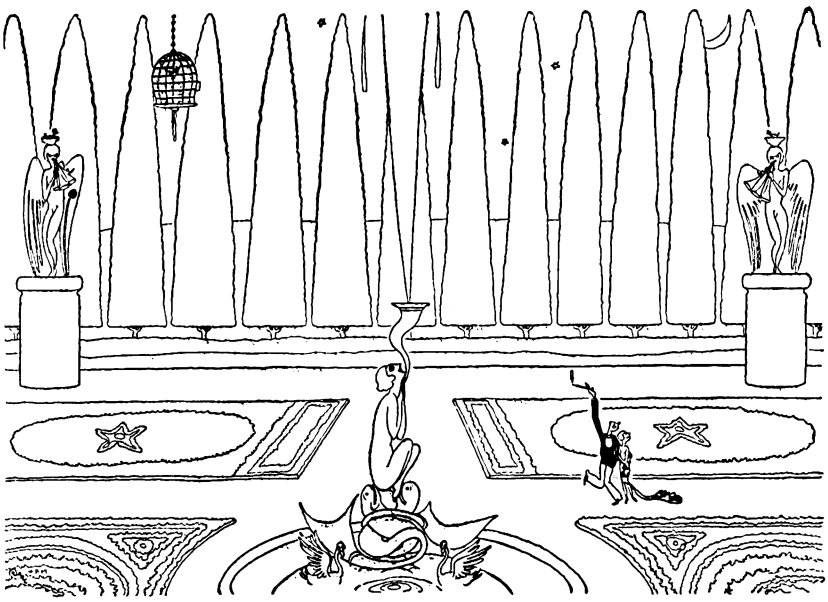


DELYSIA—*Evidently you don't know how to behave in a formal garden.*
JASON—*No, I was brought up on an abandoned farm.*

The Suburbanites' Drama

SUBURBANITES, absorbed in the last acts of plays, frequently forget to leave in time to make the last train. Some astute theatrical producer can assure himself of an everlasting hold on the suburban trade by having his last act written in a manner somewhat like this:

Heroine—Sir Murgatroyd, you'll never, *never* make me submit to your treachery!

Murgatroyd—I'll make you, me proud beauty and if the folks from Great Neck don't leave now they'll never make the 11.15 train.

Heroine—That leaves me with but my honor and my pride.

Murgatroyd—Train 241 for New Rochelle leaves in fifteen minutes. But the Murgatroyds never forget.

Heroine—Forget? Hah, ha! *You* speak of forgetting when I know that unless the folks from Montclair leave at once they'll miss the 11.35.

Butler (entering)—Dinner is ready, madam, in the gold dining-room, and the 11.23 is ready to leave for White Plains in ten minutes from track four.

Heroine—Murgatroyd, you're on the wrong track.

Murgatroyd—I may be, me beauty, but the Oyster Bay express leaves from track three in exactly ten minutes and unless the folks from there hurry they'll miss it.

Heroine—Well, I am yours then. Take me in your arms. Kiss me, kiss me.

Murgatroyd—I will seal our love with my passionate kisses. They will mark the beginning of a new life for me. For me always now the straight and narrow path and I'd suggest that as soon as the curtain falls, the folks from Patchogue hop right down in the subway or they'll miss the 11.27. Kiss me, my darling, kiss me!

CURTAIN

Hugh Wood

Spring

WHEN you read this
You will probably
Be surprised to learn
It isn't poetry.

If you hold it off
At a distance it will
Look just like poetry;
Try it and see!

We just pulled this
To prove that lots
Of stuff that looks like
Real poetry, isn't!

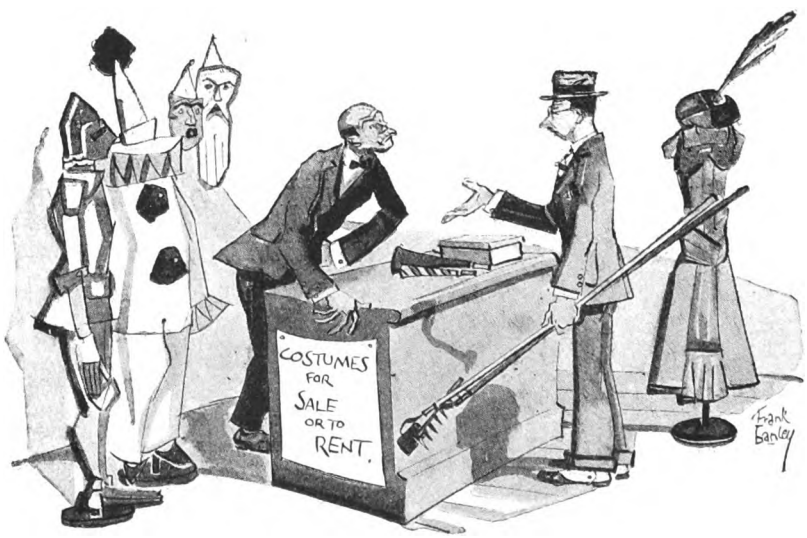
R. C. O'Brien

V Know R Ps and Qs!

An SA on E-Con-O-Me, by a Letter Laugher

IT'S EZ 4 U Ys 1s 2 4C the quick DK & ultimate DCs of the Western Union Telegraph Co. 4 if U R Ys, U will DV8 from custom, and Us the Letter Laugh System, which MN8s from JUDGE, whenever U do NE telegraphing or 4N cabling. U XPD8 matters by deleting XS letters. Letter Laugh telegrams R the SNs of FE¢C. U will O less 2 the W. U. T. Co., 4 there is no D9 the MNCT of saving; & B4 all Ls, U must APs an M Tpurse by 4-10-8 Us of common ¢. NE 1, even an OBs head, should FUs over the FEKC of this system. V O JUDGE R thanks 4 this ID.

Martin Shepherd



"I want to get a farmer's costume. I'm going to do a little gardening and I want to fool the plants."

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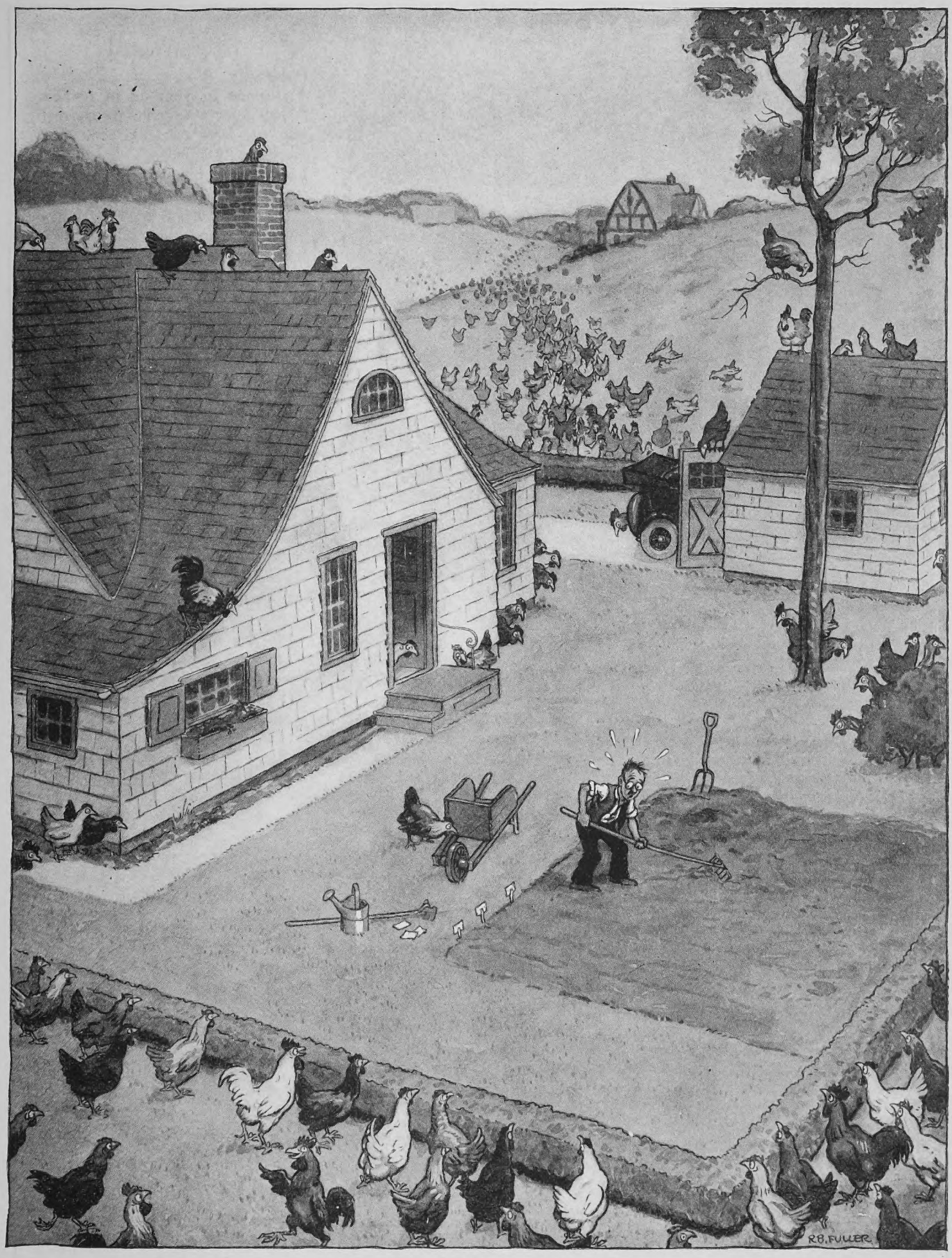

JONES STARTS HIS GARDEN

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That first string bean.

Bigger and Better

"MIGHTY cold to-day," I remarked.

"Bosh. This is nothing. Why, out in Minnesota it often goes to forty below," he replied.

"Well, anyhow," I continued, "I'm glad I have this heavy coat."

"Heavy? That's not heavy. The one I'm getting at Spindels has it all over that."

I decided to change the subject. "I paid eighteen dollars for a ton of coal to-day. Terrible, isn't it?'

"Huh! That's nothing. I know a man who paid twenty-five for coke."

I was becoming desperate. "Did you know I got a seventy-eight down in Florida last week."

"Why, that's nothing. Jones gets sixty-eights all the time."

That was enough. I drew a revolver from my pocket and leveled it at his head.

"What's that?" he asked in terror.

"Oh, that's nothing," I remarked, as I emptied its contents into his brain. "Why, during the war the Germans had guns that would shoot seventy miles."

Parke Cummings

FUNNYBONES

FLORIDA'S MOTTO

Yes, we have some bonanzas.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Help Wanted

DEER SIR:

IN ANSER to your ad in tonite's paper for a experiencea married man on farm to milk cows and poultry with knolledge of tracters, I cood fill the bill.

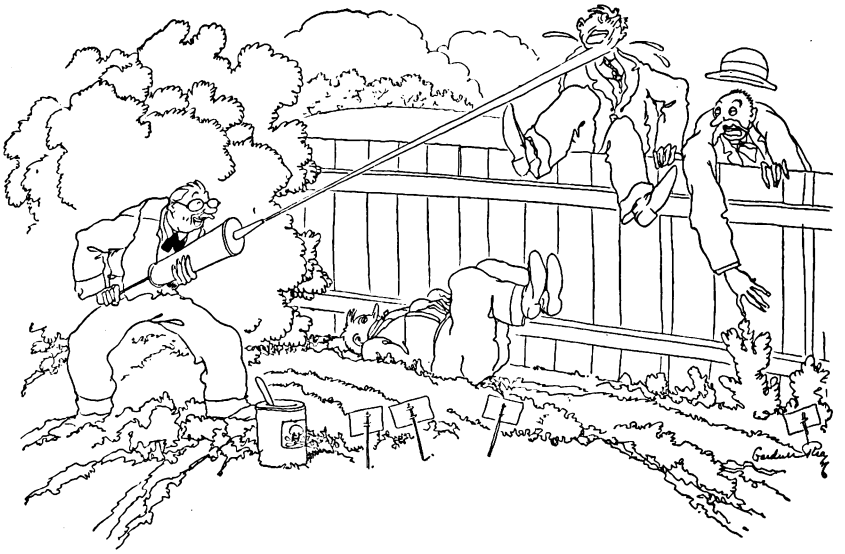
My first wife was a holy terrer. She wayed 250. I was not experience then, and she took my pay envelope every week and give me nothing. My second wife was no bigger nor a sparro, but she bossed me worsen the first. She never give me a knickel. The next was meejum size, but I find size makes no difference. She was just the same as 1 and 2, if not wurse.

With my forth wife I was more experience and quit work, whitch I saw no use in as I did not get any of the wages. The court sent me to jale for not support, 3 months with reward for good conduct. When I come out she was gone, whitch I suppose was the reward.

The wife I have now is the wurst, and I wood like to get away on a farm, where I heer all is pieceful, except mules, whitch I wood regard as amatures at making a disturbince. I cood fill the bill according to your ad, for there is not a more experiencea married man in the state. Hoping to heer from you by air male,

Pete Dudad

p.s. I have never bean on a farm before.



What we need most to-day isn't protection from Dutch Tulip Parasites. But a spray that takes care of the fence pest.

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Tuning Up

I'm starting to mutter, to fondle my putter,
To roll 'em around on the rug,
I'm getting the feeling, I'm smashing the ceiling,
I'm bit by the seasonal bug!

I'm using a bigger and whippier jigger,
I'm dropping 'em dead in the sink,
With sweet sounding swishes, I'm breaking the dishes,
I'm putting the lights on the blink!

I'm swinging my brassy, like Compston or Massey,
I'm shooting 'em low with my cleek,
I'm curing my twister! I'm raising a blister!
I'm beaning my wife on the beak!

I'm taking no chances on grips and on stances,
I'm gaining my ultimate goal,
I'm sure and I'm steady, I'm getting all ready—
To score about nine to a hole.

Smoff

MR. WEED—*I see you're gonna have a garden this season, Mr. Reddish.*
BENEVOLENT MR. REDDISH—*Nope—but four of my neighbors are.*

DIFFICULTIES OF AMATEUR GARDENING

Trying to make out the specifications on the onion page of the seed catalog.

Foreign Phrases and Their Meanings

IN loco parentis. His parents have locomotor ataxia.

Jus canonicam. Just a cannon.

La fame non vuol leggi. A famous bootlegger.

Lex non scripta. No writers on Lexington avenue.

Limae labor. It is labor to pick lima beans.

Lite pendente. A chandelier.

Locus standi. You have to stand on a local.

Ma chère. My chair.

Ma fois. Ladies first.

Robe de chambre. Robbing a chamber.

Sic volo, sic jubeo. Everybody's sick.

Similia similibus curantur. The currants were all alike.

Sine die. Sign on the dotted line and die.

Siste, viator. His sister's an aviator.

Summum bonum. He pulled some bone.

Tempus fugit. Tempting a fugitive.

Terra firma. He's the terror of the firm.

F. P. Pitzer

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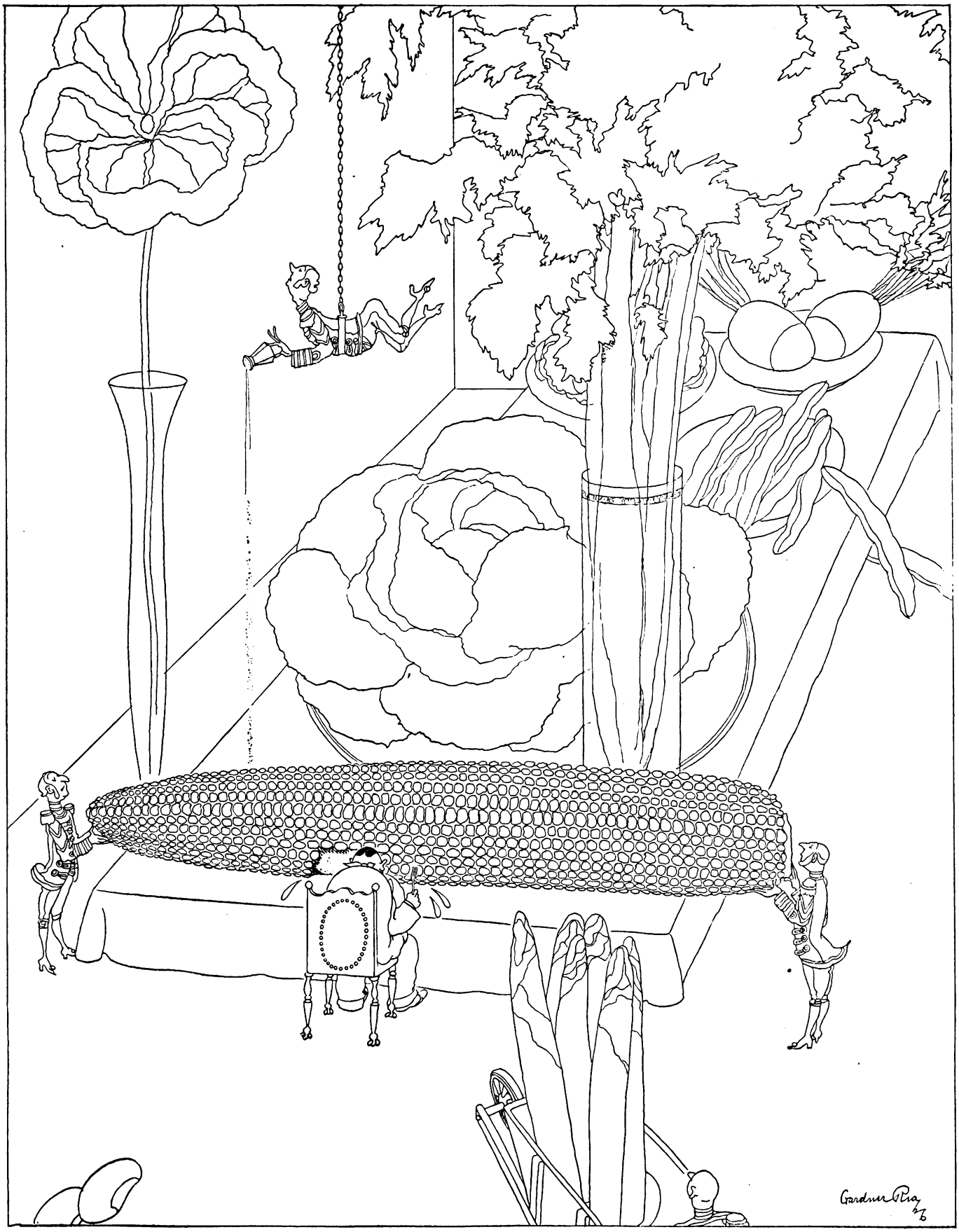

MR. BURPEE SITS DOWN TO A VEGETABLE DINNER

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HIGH HAT

The Governor informed me that this was to be the Garden Number, but the only thing I know about gardens is Winter and Madison Square. Hoe! Hoe!

I made a grevious error in last week's column . . . . . put Italian Vermouth in a Dry Martini! . . . . the recipe calls only for French . . . . perdon me!

"In 'Judging the Shows,' " writes A. B., of Williams College, "George Jean Nathan calls the 'Wisdom Tooth' everything except rotten, while you say it's the best play of the season. Why don't you give your readers one opinion or the other, instead of a two-faced undecided review?" . . . . . Gee whiz, A. B.! It isn't my fault if the Dramatic Editor of JUDGE is wrong once in a while, is it? . . . . . we all have our loose moments!

Add new expression (*Yale Record*, please copy): "He, or she, as the case may be, is very 'uptown' " . . . . meaning Ritzy, High Hat.

Bob Patterson, the demon artist who took "Betty" abroad, just got back on the *Leviathan* and came in to see me . . . . . the coat and trousers of the suit he had on were of the same material and color but the trousers had stripes in them . . . . he claims this is the very last gasp in London . . . . . this is what I'd call a "scoop" on Beaunash.

Up to date I have received three thousand four hundred and six letters from spat wearers asking me what in the deuce I mean by asking, "Why do men wear spats?" . . . . . all right, why *do* men wear spats?

My "Ear to the Ground" department informs me that there is a great number in Flo Ziegfeld's new Palm Beach Nights called "No Fooling," so we'll take his word for it and put it in the "Six Best Steppers" . . . . . the other five are:

"The Girl Friend"—(*The Girl Friend*).

"Hawaiin Nights"—(*No show*).

"Whistle Away Your Blues" (*Greenwich Follies*).

"Sleepy Time Gal"—(*No show*).

"That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-Toes*).

Jay Kaufman, in his "Around the Town" column, suggests a "week in New York." Where to go for lunch, dinner, theater, etc., for each night in the week . . . . . that's a darn good idea. Next week we'll run one . . . . . all those theatrical managers, restaurant and night club proprietors sending me free tickets within the ten days will be mentioned in the list.

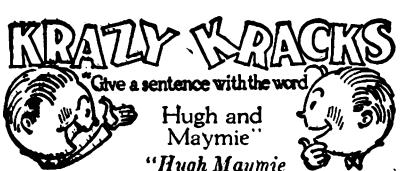
And now we come to the book review! . . . . . "The Dinosaur's Egg" by Edmund Chandler . . . . . very funny . . . . . and "Topper," by Thorne Smith is even funnier . . . . . "Topper" is a delicious character.

Judge Jr.

Applesauce

THOUSANDS of years ago in the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve lived in peace and happiness. Then one day Eve ate an apple and ever since, down through the ages, that apple has been the cause of man's suffering. Never, since that fateful day, has any garden held such connubial bliss as did Old Man Adam's, and though everyone is sure that it was an apple that Eve ate, no one seems to be sure of the exact kind.

This spring my wife and I started to make a little garden in our backyard. The garden was never finished and never will be, but I believe that I have at last learned the secret of the apple; at least, if there is anything at all in heredity I know now that Eve must have eaten a crab-apple. *Jack Shuttleworth*



"Hugh Maymie what I am today."

Father's regular spring trip.

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"AS YE SOW——"

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

Vox Populi

SURELY you are not surprised at the result of the nation-wide newspaper poll on Prohibition? Surprise is reserved for those who have been swallowing the oft-reiterated hokum of the Anti-Saloon League that Volsteadism represents the majority sentiment of the country. It doesn't now and it never has. Four years ago *Leslie's Weekly* canvassed its readers on the subject and found them two to one for modification or repeal. Some months later the *Literary Digest*, in a much more comprehensive canvass, chalked up a similar result. In the meantime even those who were complacently watching the Prohibition experiment, and were either registered in its favor or neutral, have lost their detachment, so that to-day the national sentiment is no longer two to one but five to one against the grotesque tyranny.

To be sure, Wayne B. Wheeler and the spokesmen for the Methodist Vatican in Washington would have us believe that none of these straw votes has any validity as an index of popular feeling. But similarly gathered sentiment in presidential campaigns has been shown repeatedly to be an accurate gauge of the vote on election day. So we can dismiss their expressed contempt for the poll as the obstinate hauteur of a lot of gentlemen caught bluffing.

* * * * *

WHAT, then, is the explanation of the Eighteenth Amendment, passed in a few months by more than the necessary three-quarters of the States, and of an enforcement law that can still rally behind it an overwhelming majority in Congress? Merely that under certain circumstances our so-called representative government does not represent.

Prohibition was a joke nationally so long as its proponents put up candidates for President and naïvely sought a popular majority for their cause. It ceased to be a joke when the Anti-Saloon League took charge and sought not a popular majority but a balance of political power. Over a period of twenty-five years this highly organized, generously financed, indefatigable body quietly brought pressure to bear on every candidate for State or Federal office, offering to support him if he would endorse its program, threatening to defeat him by throwing its support to his opponent if he refused. In most districts it cost very little, politically, in those days to endorse the Prohibition program, for the attention of the electorate was centered on other things and the liquor interests were asleep. But to refuse to do so in a close election might lose you the race. So in the course of a quarter-century the Anti-Saloon League was able to pack with its creatures not only Congress but almost every State Legislature. Naturally, when the time came and the signal was given, the Eighteenth Amendment went through as if on wings and beat the boys in France home. And the Volstead Law and State enforcement acts tumbled out of their respective hoppers as if the devil had hold of the crank.

He did, if we may judge from results.

Helpless

FRIENDS have protested at the amount of space on this page devoted to the subject of Prohibition. We understand their objections and sympathize with them. One lucky dog of a ranch manager writes to us from Colorado, "the liquor question is a mighty small item in *our* daily life." It should be in all our lives—a purely personal question, like diet or biting one's finger nails. It has no business shouldering aside the real problems of state and society or even the many lighter phases of the human comedy that press for notice.

But what will you have? We didn't pass the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law and turn the country upside down in an attempt to enforce them. We didn't make liquor the main object in the battle between sumptuary tyranny and personal liberty, or the arch symbol of Federal encroachment upon State rights. In other words, we can hardly be held responsible, much as we might like to be, for promoting this comparatively trivial subject into becoming the one universal topic of conversation and the most passionate political issue before the country. This is the work of those to whom a sip of beer is synonymous with damnation and who, to forestall it, were willing to mutilate the Constitution, debauch the legislatures and destroy the liberty of the land.

Even so, we had determined to give the subject a well-earned rest, when along came this nation-wide newspaper poll. Such a development demands comment, especially in these columns. And if it hadn't been the poll it would have been something else. For with every day, notwithstanding the years of agitation already behind us, the clash between prohibitionist and anti becomes more acute and pervasive. You can turn to other subjects, but always in your ear there sounds the rumble of the wet and dry artillery, and now and then, and more often now than then, a major explosion that compels attention.

No, we seem unable to escape the one dominant topic, nationally speaking, of the day. We resent its absurd insistence but we can't pretend to ignore it. How do you do it?

W. M. H.

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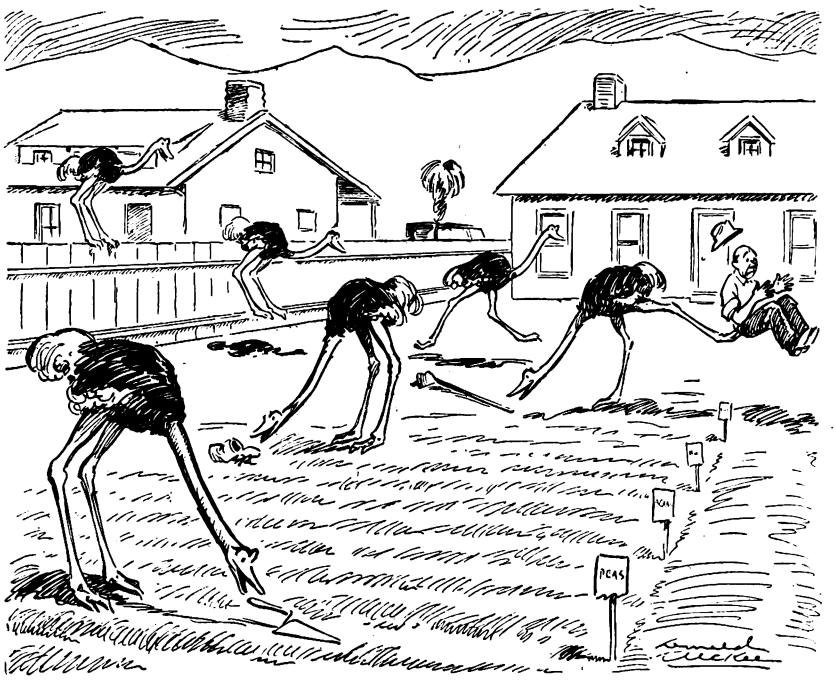

The most unfortunate amateur gardener yet on record is the man in a suburb of Los Angeles, whose next door neighbor raises ostriches.

The Homecoming!

Dusk had fallen when Jones turned into that so well-remembered little suburban street, and his heart beats quickened when he sighted the familiar silhouette of one certain little detached house half-way down on the other side.

His house! *His!* Ah! Could he ever forget it! Could he ever forget those payments! And to think it was an exact six years this very night since he had left this hallowed spot! Six years! And what years they had been!

Why, oh, why, he asked himself, as every stride took him nearer, why, oh, why, had he not communicated with her during this time? Why had he let such a foolish decision control him? And why had he not even apprised her of his homecoming?

Jones was very near now. There were no lights in the front, he noted. But his angle of vision permitted a view of the side rear windows. They were lighted! Without doubt she was in the kitchen—preparing the evening meal!

A mist came to Jones' eyes as he recalled that the hour was the very one at which he used to return each night for supper—or dinner, as they used to call it—entering, as he proposed to do now, by that same dear little back door!

As he left the sidewalk, and turned up the path at the side of the house, his heart beat so fast that it nearly stopped. He almost choked with emotion.

Just one peep through the window before he entered! One little peep! Just as he used to do in those dear old days! Ah! That window! Could he ever forget it! Could he ever forget how he used to clean it!

Nose to the pane, he peered within. One swift glance was sufficient. It showed him all that was necessary for him to know. And he knew he could never go back.

Yes. She was still there. But in her hand she held—and could he ever forget it!—the same old can opener, and the same old brand of canned salmon. The same old supper! Could he ever forget it!

Silently he turned away, and strode off into the rapidly descending night.

Arthur Neale

Free Concerts

We have music in the morning,
We have music in the night,
We have music while we're eating,
We have music while we write.

We have music in the parlor,
We have music in the hall,
It is furnished by our neighbors,
And we thank them one and all.

R. C. O'B.

"Pass, friend. I ain't got the heart to make you drop all that junk and pick it up again."

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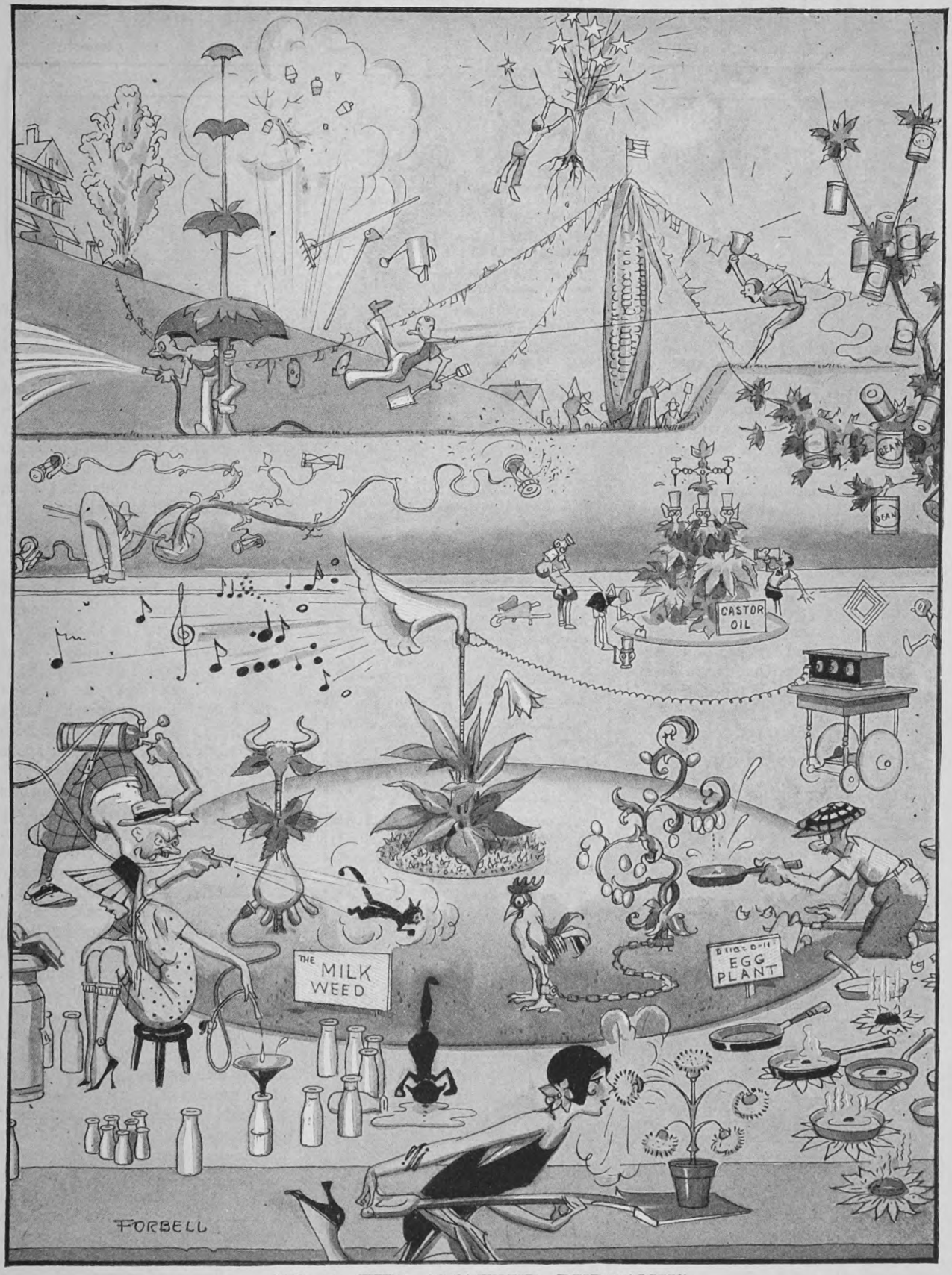
UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 4—THE AMATEUR BURBANKS

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

THE revival of "East Lynne," down in the Greenwich Village Theater, has been the occasion for much superior spoofing on the part of all the critical boys who consider "The Green Hat" a great play. They roar sardonically at the old dose of balderdash in the apparent conviction that, when you compare it with some such modern masterpiece as "The Shanghai Gesture," it is just too funny for words. Now, surely, I am not one to argue that old lady Wood's dramatized tome is anything but magnificent tripe, but if it is any worse than two or three of this year's plays that have been praised as sound and authentic drama something is decidedly wrong with my powers of critical judgment.

It is argued that the language in which "East Lynne" is couched is ridiculously high flown. It certainly is, but the language of "The Green Hat" is scarcely less so. I agree to meet anyone with a copy of the script of the latter play and match each rhetorical absurdity of "East Lynne" with one from the Arlen flapdoodle. If such a speech as Lady Isabel's, "Think what it has been for me to live in the same house with her who is now your wife, to watch the envied caresses which once were mine, to see your great love for her; think what it was for me to watch by the deathbed of my own child, to see his decaying strength, to be alone with him in his dying hour, and not be able to tell him *I* was his mother; and then, to see you soothe her petty grief and I, his *mother*, standing by —oh! it has been to me as the bitterness of death!"—if, as I say, such a slice of plum cake is argued to be enough to make a horse laugh, what of the speeches of Iris March in the play at the Broadhurst? If Sir Francis Levison talks like an overeducated dinge barber, what of Arlen's Napier Harpenden?

There is no doubt that "East Lynne" seems to-day utterly nonsensical, as, forsooth, it seemed many years ago when it was first produced. Its revival will give you some fair chuckles. But one shouldn't be a hypocrite in such matters.

"*The Great God Brown*" (Garrick)—Still at the head of the list.

"*Alias the Deacon*" (Hudson)—Still very near the bottom.

"*The Great Gatsby*" (Ambassador)—Scott Fitzgerald's tale of a sentimental bootlegger ably dramatized and performed.

"*The Shanghai Gesture*" (Beck)—The big screen scene from Vantine's.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morosco)—An honest play, somewhat exaggerated, but commendable.

"*Still Waters*" (Miller)—A propaganda play of the vintage of 1890.

"*The Green Hat*" (Broadhurst)—Laura Jean Libbey has an affair with Pinero's valet.

"*Vanities*" (Carroll)—Julius Tannen and Joe Cook nightly disrobe in toto and sit in bathtubs full of Peruna.

"*East Lynne*" (Greenwich)—A revival of the old humdinger.

"*The Makropoulos Secret*" (Hopkins)—Capek, the Czech Rider Haggard, at his worst.

"*Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*" (Harris)—Moderately amusing comedy in the vernacular.

"*The Wisdom Tooth*" (Little)—The editor of JUDGE says this is the best play in New York. The dramatic editor of JUDGE thinks that the editor of JUDGE is getting balmy.

"*The Trouper*" (52nd St.)—See this issue.

"*The Student Prince*" (Century)—Still the most satisfactory musical comedy in New York.

"*A Night in Paris*" (ditto, upstairs)—An agreeable revue in an agreeable music hall.

"*Not Herbert*" (Klaw)—Crooks.

"*The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*" (Fulton)—More crooks.

"*Easy Come, Easy Go*" (Biltmore)—Still more crooks.

"*Square Crooks*" (Daly's)—Still *more* crooks.

"*The Creaking Chair*" (Lyceum)—Still even more crooks.

"*Ninety Horse Power*" (Ritz)—To be reviewed anon.

"*Juno and the Paycock*" (Mayfair)—Ditto.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—A comical one.

"*The Butter and Egg Man*" (Longacre)—Another.

"*The Jest*" (*Plymouth*)—Passionate Italian melodrama.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—First-rate dancing show with La Miller and Le Donahue as the chief toe-tossers.

"*The Virgin*" (Central)—Drivel.

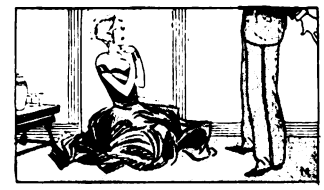
"*Young Woodley*" (Belmont)—An English comedy that you'll like.

"*The Cocoanuts*" (Lyric)—The eminent Family Marx.

"*The Monkey Talks*" (National)—Diverting boulevard vaudeville with Jacques Lerner as the life-like monkey.

"*Twelve Miles Out*" (Playhouse)—Melodrama in the old manner.

"*Ghosts*" (Comedy)—Ibby's Scandinavian Rose.



II

IF THEY took the plot and about three-quarters of the dialogue out of "The Trouper," by the Nugents, it wouldn't be such a bad show. For about a quarter of the lines are genuinely amusing. But just as you periodically find yourself being amused, in pops the plot again with a lot of plot dialogue that spoils everything.

The best part of the evening lies in the wise-cracks that the authors have sprinkled through the play. Some of these are gala. But the rest of the proceedings are about as merry as a chorus girl on Sunday morning. The plot alone, told in cold blood, is enough to send a chill running down one's spine. An old actor, who has never laid eyes on his baby daughter, one day comes to a small town in Pennsylvania and, lo and behold! finds her grown to young womanhood and lovely to look upon. The girl has always dreamed of her father as one of the great men of the profession and the old gentleman busies himself pathetically in an effort to foster his child's sweet delusion. Another thing that strains at the old fellow's heart is the wish that in this child of his there may flow the blood of a great actress, but the girl, it seems, would rather marry and settle down

(*Continued on page 29*)

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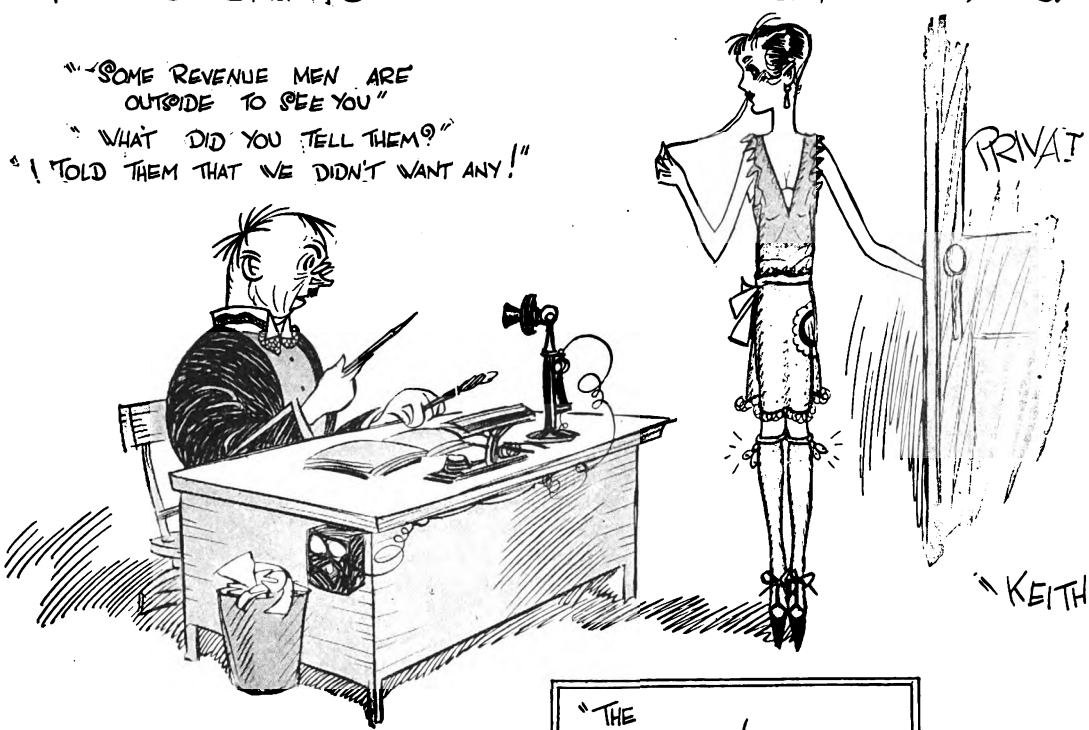
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

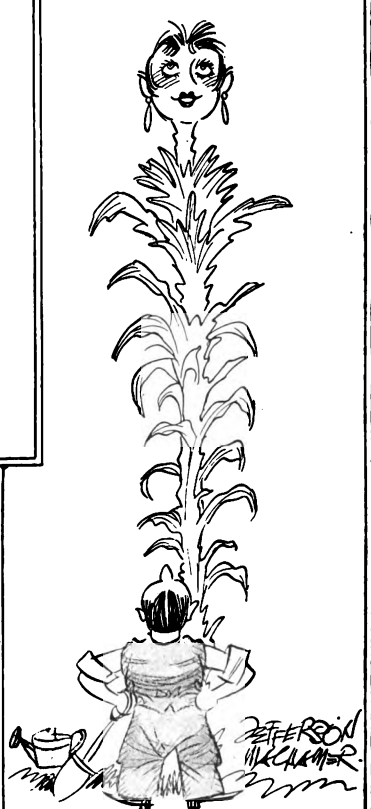
"SOME REVENUE MEN ARE OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU"
"WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM?"
"I TOLD THEM THAT WE DIDN'T WANT ANY!"



"KEITH'S"

"THE PATSY"

HE KEEPS ALL THE COMMANDMENTS, BUT HE FLOPS ON THE AMENDMENTS!



WE PLANTED A (DUMB-BELL) JUST TO SEE IF IT WOULD GROW!!

"TIP-TOES" TOMBES AND WATSON —

TOMBES — "YOU CERTAINLY DRESS A GREAT GAME OF GOLF!"

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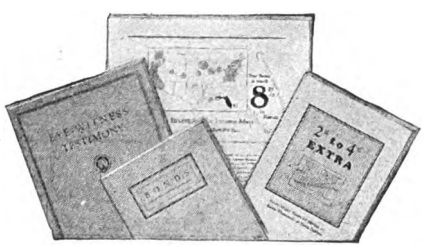

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After the Storm
by Theodore Williams

So far as the general business situation was concerned, the early March crash in the stock market had about as much effect as a storm has on a mountain too big to be bulged. The world of industry and trade paid no attention to the flurry on the exchanges. That was too plainly a case of overspeculation, merely the fall of a top-heavy and artificial manipulation structure. The technical conditions in the "street" are of trifling importance compared with the sure progress of business and enhancing prosperity. Many participants in the stock dealings, on both sides of the market, lost paper profits or actual money, but the vast majority of the people continued to prosper, for no harm was done to the great employing enterprises of the country.

What happened ought to be, but probably will not be, a long remembered warning to the rash speculative crowd. Its chief salutary feature, however, was the proof it gave of the ability of present-day business and the soundness of fundamental conditions. The forward movement is too firmly based to be seriously checked and corporations earnings and dividends bid fair to be maintained and increased. This gives assurance of future good prices for securities of merit.

Bargain hunters in numbers flocked to the market after the slump, but they did not exhaust the opportunities of prudent purchase. These, though fewer, still exist, and some buyers will perceive them only when higher figures prevail. The average investor will do well to shun cheap non-dividend-paying stocks. There is no safety outside of the seasoned dividend-payers.

Answers to Inquiries

F., NEW YORK CITY: The Community Power & Light Co. is progressing and is paying the dividend on its 7 per cent. first preferred stock, which is a fairly good business man's purchase. A better public utility investment would be Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. preferred stock. Under ordinary conditions Staten Island Edison preferred stock would have attractions, but it is uncertain as yet what effect projected buss lines will have on the earnings of the electric railways in which the Edison Co. is interested. At this time the shares of some public utility corporation operating where things are more stable would seem preferable.

S., JACKSON, MISS.: The Southern Pipe Line had a smaller deficit in 1925 than in 1924, but its business was poor, the line having been operated to about only 10 per cent. of its capacity. The directors have proposed that the capitalization be reduced from $10,000,000 to $5,000,000. It would be easier to earn dividends on the smaller amount of stock. It is planned to keep the present number of shares but to lower the par value from $100 to $50. In that event each stockholder will receive $40 in cash for each share he owns and at a later date $10 more. The company's officials are making no predictions as to business this year. The plan in view is to be submitted to the stockholders for ratification on May 5 next. It would seem prudent for you to cast your vote for it.

F., STAMFORD, CONN.: Iowa Central Railway Co. is owned by the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, which, owing to continued deficits in earnings, defaulted on bond interest and went into a receivership. At one time foreclosure proceed-

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Why trade in the Stock Market only to profit by an advance or by a decline when you can trade to profit either or both ways? Free booklet H. explains.

PAUL KAYE 149 Broadway, New York

ings were threatened, but under the receiver's management the road's financial condition has begun to improve. Resumption of interest payments, however, still looks remote. The Iowa Central Railway's first and refunding mortgage 4s are secured by sections of track and other property, to foreclose on which could have no satisfactory result. These bonds have been quoted lately at about 22, or but little more than 1/5 of their face value. They are highly speculative and of course it would be safer to dispose of them. The bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and they can be sold through any broker.

L., HONESDALE, PA.: The stocks of the Con. Cortez Silver Mining Co. and the Bagdad Smelting & Refining Co. appear to be only cheap mining gambles, which have very little chance of amounting to much. Even though it may cost you a loss, it probably would be wise to get rid of such stuff and then buy sound dividend payers.

G., AVANT, OKLA.: The German Government Bonds which you hold to the face value of 5,000,000 marks are not likely to make you rich. Certain people in various parts of the country have been offering German issues at extremely low prices because they are mere gambles and have no investment value. German officials have been warning Americans not to buy these "dogs and cats." It is to be regretted that you bought the bonds before making careful inquiry as to their merits.

N., LOUISVILLE, KY.: Latest reports regarding the Kentucky Utilities Co. are decidedly favorable. The company is controlled by the Middle West Utilities Co., has a large constituency and is doing an expanding business. Its new offering of $4,000,000 first mortgage lien 5 per cent. gold bonds, series G, due in 1961, is well secured and the company's revenues amply assure the interest. The bonds were launched at a price to yield 5.35 per cent. The company pays the normal Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. The bonds have sound investment quality, but you can get a higher return by buying first mortgage real estate bonds paying from 6 to 8 per cent. and dealt in by responsible companies.

H., DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.: The tobacco companies generally had a prosperous year in 1925 and their prospects for 1926 also are bright. The Tobacco Products Co. increased its first quarterly dividend on common in 1926 from $1.50 to $1.75, putting the stock on a $7 yearly basis. The A stock, paying the same yearly rate and selling a few points higher, is a safer investment.

B., SYRACUSE, N. Y.: The decline in Nash Motor quotation from $640 to about $62, was not such "an awful slump" as it seemed to be, nor a "pronounced indication of a major bear market." The corporation recently declared a stock dividend of 900 per cent., and when this went into effect there were ten times as many shares outstanding as before. Naturally, the value of each share of the increased capitalization was only about 1/10 of that of each old share. The coming price of this stock of course will be determined by future earnings.

E., CHICAGO, ILL.: Standard Gas & Electric common had been pushed up too high for its dividend of $3. It soared to about $69 on expectations. The late slump in the market drove this stock down some 17 points. It then sold, for the first time in months, lower than Standard Gas & Electric preferred, which pays $4 and at around $57, is still making a satisfactory yield. The preferred is more suitable and safer for an investor of moderate means.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

The Milton-Strauss Corporation (formerly the Strauss Corporation), Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., states that in the making of its first mortgage real estate gold bond offerings, independent appraisals of properties securing the loans are an important factor. The appraisals have to meet the approval of banks or trust companies acting as independent trustees on the bond issues. Investors to whom this safety precaution appeals can obtain full information by writing to the corporation for its descriptive circular No. J-320.

As a proof of the soundness and safety of first mortgage real estate issues, well secured, G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East Forty-second street, New York City, declares that no investor ever lost a dollar in Miller bonds. These bonds offer investment opportunities prepared by men of long experience in real estate, who select as security high-class income-earning hotels, office buildings and apartment structures in desirable localities. Miller bonds pay interest up to 7 per cent. For details regarding these bonds write to the company for its circular 214-ML.

In "Eye Witness Testimony," a booklet issued by the Trust Co. of Florida, Miami, Fla., many customers tell why, during the past seventeen years, they have bought the 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds offered by this company. Among others, testimony is given by a western bank president (whose institution buys the bonds), a Chicago minister, a New York official and a West Virginia manufacturer. Photographs of the letters are printed in the booklet. The 8 per cent. bonds handled by the company are in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, and may be bought on partial payments. For particulars write to the company for the booklet (206).

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85% more than	3½%	bonds
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I've been handed the keys of the city by men with faces as tender-skinned as a baby's and others with faces that looked like a Sunday roast-of-beef on Wednesday.

And they all swear by Mennen Shaving Cream.

Take Mennen Shaving Cream first. Never mind the adjectives. Here's a lather that can reduce *anybody's* whiskers—I don't care how horny and wiry they are—to absolute and complete limpness. It's a process—Dermutation—that Mennen discovered and no competitor has ever got the hang of.

If you're one of those 3-brush-dabs and 7-second-razor artists, it gives you a *shave*—a close shave—better than you've ever had before. A shave that stays all day.

And if you've got a tender, shave-every-other-day skin, your razor goes through literally without any pull or scrapy feeling. A clean, smooth de-bearding *every* day.

Next, there isn't any sort of a face that isn't better off for a little squeeze of Mennen Skin Balm rubbed over the shaved area. It comes in tubes and gives a wholly delightful, cooling sensation—tingling, refreshing. It tones up the tissue—soothes any possible irritation. It's greaseless—absorbed in half a minute—and as sensible as putting on a clean collar to go and see your best girl.

Same way with Mennen Talcum for Men. Made so it won't show on your face. Dries the skin thoroughly. Antiseptic. Leaves a gorgeous silk-like film that protects against wind, rain, sun or a scraggly collar.

In other words, the Mennen Complete Shave is great stuff for he-men who have discovered that there's a lot of virtue in being comfortable—to say nothing of being really well-groomed.

Step into your corner drugstore today and get the makings. It's a good habit to get habituated to.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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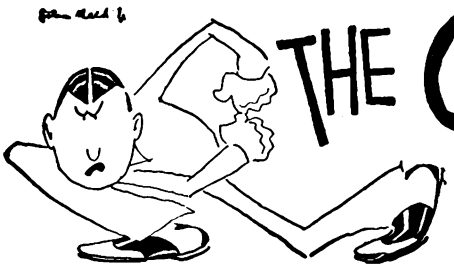


THE CHEER

Love's Reverses

Characters: He and She

ACT I

He—Dearest!
She—Yes.
"Will you marry me?"
"No."
"Good-by. I shall drown myself."
(Curtain)

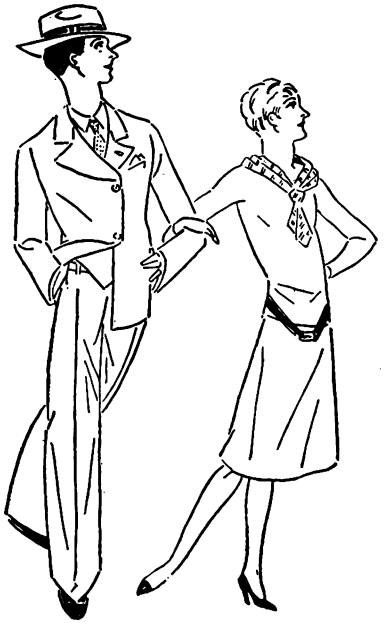
ACT II

(*Two hours later*)

He—Good-by. I shall drown myself.
She—No.
"Will you marry me?"
"Yes."
"Dearest!"
(Curtain)
—*Toronto Goblin*

***

Youngster—Why do they keep delegates locked up, papa?
Father—They don't, my son.
"Why, I just heard a man say he was a delegate at large."
—*Ohio State Sun Dial*



"Darling, will you marry me?"
"No."
"Well, then, please don't tell Dolly I asked you first."
—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

CONNIE—*You don't intend to stay out of school next year on my account, do you, Tom?*
TOM—*No, I intend to stay in school on dad's.* —NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

She

She loves all nature,
Birds and trees.
She loves the dewdrops
And the bees.

She loves the sky,
The turtle dove,
She loves all good—and
She *sure can love.*
—*Boston Beanpot*

***

"What would you say if I kissed you?"
"I wouldn't be in a position to speak." —*N. Carolina Buccaneer*

***

"Why was Ruth swearing so last Sunday morning?"
"She couldn't find her prayer book." —*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

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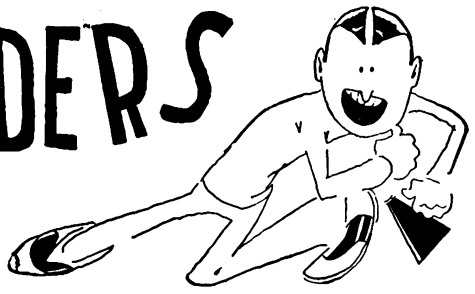
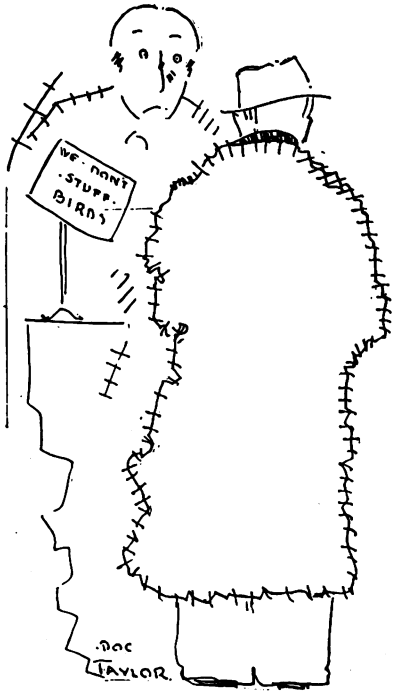
LEADERS





"What have you in knickers?"
"My wife."
—PENN STATE FROTH

Gunner—Gee, dat's a pretty boid.
Runner—Dat ain't no boid, it's a bird.
"Sfunny, it sings like a boid."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Tommie—Papa, what's the difference between a stage star and a screen star?
Poppa—There's a sound difference, my child. —*Pitt Panther*

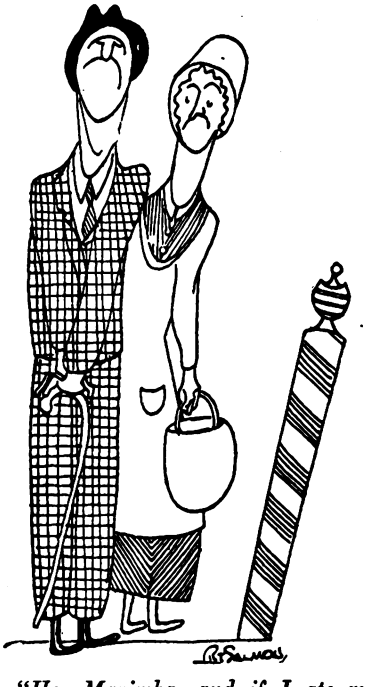
"Who was that nifty blonde I saw you with at the dance last night?"
"That wasn't no blonde, that was my sister." —*Centre Colonel*

He—Shall I give you a sentence with the word "musty"?
They—Musty sidedly not. I abhor puns. —*Williams Purple Cow*

Dumb—Funny how he is so lucky at cards and then loses his winnings at the race track.
Dumber—Not very funny. They won't let him shuffle the horses!
—*Colby White Mule*

Algernon—You know, you must be twins.
Fauntleroy—Elucidate, Algernon.
"One guy can't be so dumb."
—*Penn State Froth*

Numb—Roman women must have worn queer clothes.
Skull—What makes you think so?
"My history professor says they heated their houses by carrying around charcoal in brassieres."
—*Washington Columns*



"Ho, Marimba, and if I ate my father and mother, what would I be?"
"You'd be a cannibal, Theodorus, of course."
"Tut, tut, thick one, I'd be an orphan."
—W. VIRGINIA MOONSHINE

the Indian detour

New rail-and-motor way to and from California

Three days personally conducted motor tour through a region rich in history and mystery, the Enchanted Empire. Only $45 extra with everything provided—meals, lodging and motor transportation.

Westbound passengers leave trains at Las Vegas, New Mex., and join them again at Albuquerque, New Mex., three days later. Eastbound is just the reverse.

This unusual tour comprises visits to old Santa Fe, also the inhabited Indian Pueblos of Tesuque, Santa Clara, San Juan, Santo Domingo and other places in the Upper Rio Grande Valley, as well as the huge ruin of Puye a cliff pueblo twenty centuries old.

There will be optional side trips and "land cruises" in charge of specially trained couriers for those who wish to extend their travels off-the-beaten-path.

This service will begin May 15, 1926.

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
No. 1111-A Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Am planning a trip to..... this summer and would be glad to receive detailed information about the Indian-detour. There will be

.....persons in party.

Name.....

Address.....

Santa Fe
Fred Harvey

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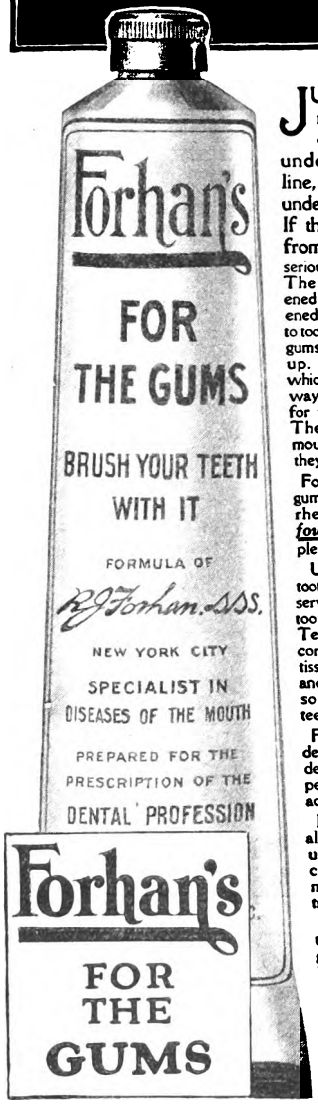
Protect your gums and save your teeth



JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhea, which attacks *four out of five* people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholesomeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigored to support sound, unloosened teeth.

Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO. New York

Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

No More Skidding Garters!

AGRIPPA-WEB makes garters act in an entirely new way—and only in Bostons can this web be had. Even when worn very loose it will not slip. It cannot curl and yet it is remarkably soft and light. Here in fact is the first practical ventilated web garter.

In many pleasing colors, 50c the pair.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family.

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

JUDGING the MOVIES

by William Morris Houghton

"THE BLACK PIRATE" is probably the best thing of its kind ever done in the pictures. Its kind, of course, is not excessively important, no more so than the kind of book G. A. Henty used to write.

I was vividly reminded of Henty's heroes in watching Douglas Fairbanks perform his surprising feats in this picture, and I imagine that boys of the age that used to read Henty (maybe they do still) would be the ones to extract the maximum of thrill and enjoyment from "The Black Pirate." The story has no direct relation to any historical episode, as a Henty book always had, but it more than makes up for this by containing a certain amount of humor, which Henty lacked. Humor is not only better entertainment than fact, it is better education, too—much better.

Doug, as usual, is superb. He goes about his swashbuckling business with a gayety that, like a cool breeze, keeps his romance from spoiling. And yet he never allows it to detract from the impressiveness of his exploits—there's no clownishness in his flashing smile. After oceans of movie mush I liked especially the frank, gay method of his marriage proposal, out loud before the whole gang. It forms a fitting climax for a brave story acted with spirit.

The color photography seemed to me highly successful, suggesting Maxfield Parrish in its emphasis on the tans. It is reported that Mr. Fairbanks chose an overtone of sepia to give his picture something of the effect of an old master, in keeping with its subject and period. To have aimed at an old master and hit Maxfield Parrish is not exactly a bull's-eye, but for cinema purposes it ought be considered near enough.

THE charm of Frank Craven's "First Year" is largely sacrificed to slapstick in the picture version. I doubt if there was ever a successful lover quite as inept and stupid as Tom Tucker, played by Matt Moore, or a dinner party at which so much went wrong as that which sent Mrs. Tom home to her mother, or a rough-and-tumble fight between husband and would-be rival quite as clownish as that which ends when Mrs. Tom, aiming at the would-be rival, beans Tom with a jardinière. Out of all this ruck, however, there peeps a bright particular star in the person of the colored maid, played by Carolyn Snowden. She, to my untutored vision, is just right. There shines through her interpretation of her rôle a humorous knowledge of her own people and their reaction to "white folks" that is little short of genius. Certainly she could never have given the finished performance she does simply as a result of coaching, at least of the coaching that is responsible for the rest of the picture. (I am assuming that Miss Snowden is colored. To do so is a distinct compliment to her acting whatever the fact.)

FOR truly abysmal slapstick, however, see "Miss Brewster's Millions." As an echo of "Brewster's Millions," Miss Brewster, played by Bebe Daniels, is faced with the problem of spending a million dollars in thirty days. Her extravagances are forced and silly, the violent *contretemps* into which they lead are cheap and preposterous and the motorcycle chase at the end is worthy of an old Mack Sennett comedy at its lowest. This sort of thing is done much better in the animated cartoons.

The man who planted wild flowers.

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Guide to the Movies

"The Big Parade"—Heads the procession.

"A Woman of the World"—Pola Negri gives Main street a thrill. Very good.

"Siegfried"—The great German film.

"Tumbleweeds"—Standard Bill Hart fare.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Poorly cast.

"A Kiss for Cinderella"—Quite worthy of Barrie.

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives"—The movie sheik burlesqued.

"Womanhandled"—How to make the Wild West wild.

"Soul Mates"—Elinor Glyn piffle.

"Mannequin"—Fanny Hurst's $50,000 prize melodrama. Not worth it.

"That Royle Girl"—More about crime in Chicago.

"The Splendid Road"—Deep in slush.

"Ben-Hur"—The chariot race is worth the price of admission.

"Sea Beast"—Unintentional burlesque of "Moby Dick."

"The Black Bird"—Lon Chaney in a good Limehouse drama.

"The Reckless Lady"—Sir Philip Gibbs wouldn't know his child.

"Memory Lane"—Mush.

"Moana of the South Seas"—Personally conducted tour to Paradise.

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"—Adolphe Menjou in excellent comedy.

"Partners Again"—Potash and Perlmutter overworked.

"Mare Nostrum"—Florid war tragedy from Ibanez.

"Dancing Mothers"—A feeble sermon.

"Torrent"—Greta Garbo gives a finished performance of a sophisticated rôle.

"La Bohême"—The old story, beautifully acted and filmed.

"Let's Get Married"—A Night Club in two wrecks.

"Irene"—Colleen Moore tries on a lot of gowns.

"The Cave Man"—A libel on truck drivers.

Answered

A CERTAIN seed company had received from one customer fifteen applications for free samples of their splendid pea seeds, and when the sixteenth arrived in the morning post the chief of the post order department decided it was time he did something.

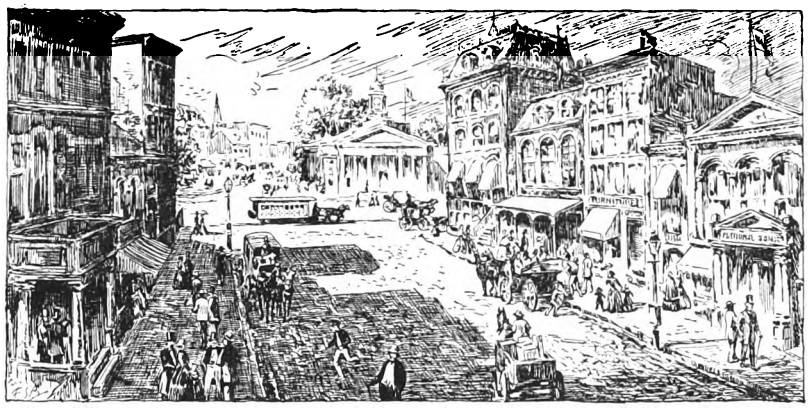
He dictated a letter to the man which ran thus:

"Dear Sir: I am sending you the seeds as requested, but what are you doing with so much? Are you planting the whole of your suburb with peas?"

A few days later he received a reply from his customer.

"No," it ran, "we are not planting them at all. The wife uses them for soup." —*Answers*

In New York, a man on his way to be married was held up and chloroformed. Later on, he came to his senses. —*Humorist*



The Telephone and Better Living

PICTURES of pre-telephonic times seem quaint today. In the streets were horses and mud-splashed buggies, but no automobiles and no smooth pavements.

Fifty years ago homes were heated by stoves and lighted by gas or kerosene lamps. There was no domestic steam heating or electric lighting, nor were there electric motors in the home. Not only were there no telephones, but there were no phonographs, no radio and no motion pictures.

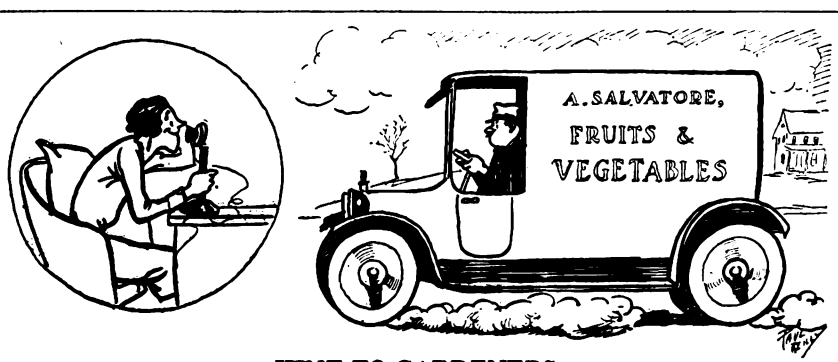
The telephone permitted the separation of business office from factory and made possible the effective co-ordination of widespread activities by a centralized organization. It changed the business habits of the Nation.

The amazing growth of the country in the past fifty years could not have come had not science and invention supplied the farmer, manufacturer, business man and family with many new inventions, great and small, for saving time and labor. During this period of marvelous industrial progress, the telephone had its part. It has established its own usefulness and greatly accelerated the development of the industrial arts which have contributed so much to better living conditions and to the advancement of civilization.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION



HINT TO GARDENERS
How to save your back this summer.

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AMERICA'S BEST-KNOWN SHOES

W·L·Douglas Shoes

THE best proof of the money-saving value of W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES is the fact that most men who buy them once, keep right on buying them year after year.

Before purchasing your next pair of shoes, it will pay you to see the many smart models for EASTER displayed at the W. L. Douglas store, or the Douglas dealer in your vicinity.

W. L. Douglas' name and portrait, stamped on every shoe at the factory, guarantee the quality and the value.

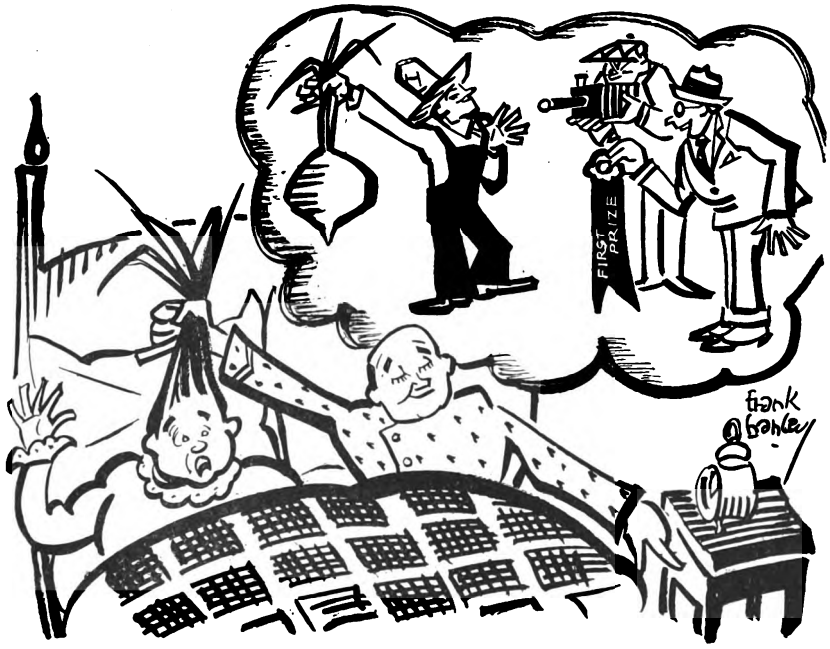
Women's Shoes

Ultra smart and dainty, yet they are so well made that they give long service. Moderately priced, too!

The Sandy

In bright finish Light Tan Calf

W.L.DOUGLAS SHOES FOR MEN
ALL GOOD VALUES $6 TO $8



The amateur gardener dreams he has raised the largest turnip in the State.

Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Fusser's Fumeless Filter for Finnicky Filberts

OFTEN as a little boy, in days long passed, I can remember cursing, weeping, etc., on my nurse's knee, because I was not as old as most other people. Hardly a day passed but I realized with a growing sense of personal guilt that hundreds of men, far older and wiser than I, were outstripping me in every branch of business and finance. Finally, while passing over Dayton one evening a friend who lived there told me of Fusser's Fumeless Filter and after sticking to it for nearly forty years I can truthfully say that it is one of the greatest things I've ever taken, if at all.

To-day I am a grown man but you would hardly know it. Hundreds of men and women are still outstripping me in everyday life but I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I am now quite a bit older, if not wiser, than most other people. The funny part of it is that I still stick to Fusser's Fumeless Filter and you can just use the same picture you printed last month as I haven't aged much since then.

Beanbird's Beautiful Bugles for Bright Breakfasts

Me and my husband was always having fights over the breakfast table until finally we had to go back to eating in bed. Things got so bad I thought the old bus would never hold together until we reached San Antonio but there he was all dressed up to meet us and I never heard a nicer touch on any piano ever yet. The Falls looked perfectly gorgeous with all the very-colored lights turned on it—my Ed says it reminded him of the Cave of Delight at the Stonington County Fair.

Anyways, we got the wash out of the way and by evening had saw all the sites like the Woolworth Building, the Subway, Statue of Liberty, Chinatown and the Bowery and the latest geysers along Fifth avenue. The second picture shows a herd of the Big Horn Elks which one finds all through the western tourist trains and they really ain't a bad lot. After using some of your Beanbird's Beautiful Bugles on our oranges every morning I can safely say we are a new home and my husband says he couldn't get along without it.

R. S. Wallace

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ENTHUSIASTIC GARDENER — *Ah, this is a great day for the little onions!*

6½%

for Your Funds

CURRENT Offerings of The Milton Strauss Corporation's First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds possess every requirement made by the careful, conservative investor.

In addition to conforming to the established procedure of this house, each offering is Independently Trusteed by either a well known Bank or Trust Company.

The present offerings providing all these requirements and the attractive yield of 6½% are offered at par plus accrued interest, in maturities up to 10 years.

Mail the Coupon for Descriptive circular.

THE MILTON STRAUSS CORPORATION

First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

Penobscot Building Detroit, Mich.

Formerly
THE STRAUSS CORPORATION

COUPON

Please send me without obligation descriptive current circular No. J-34

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

The Diary of a Dub

MONDAY—The traffic cop at the corner near the boarding house sure likes me. Every morning when I make a left turn around him he blows a "hello there" on his whistle.

Tuesday—That cop is an awfully friendly scout. This morning he started blowing his whistle when I was a block away and as I turned around him he pretended like he was going to jump on the running board, but I stepped on the gas and left him.

Wednesday—This morning he had another cop friend there and they both blew their whistles and played like they were chasing me. I like to see cops good-natured like that.

Thursday—The two cops were there again. I could see them watching me drive up, so I slowed down and when they jumped I stepped on her again and they fell flat in the street. I had a good laugh and I think they enjoyed the joke, too, for they're so friendly.

Friday—It sure was funny this morning. Those darn kidding cops yelled something at me as I drove by and then they both shot over my head. But I drove right on and never let on that I even heard the bullets whizz past. I'm just as good a kidder as they are.

Saturday—Well, this morning when I reached the corner there was a barbed wire entanglement all the way across the street and on every corner were ten cops and a machine gun. I thought at first it was a framed-up joke, but as I sit in my cell I wonder if perhaps they didn't want me to stop and shake hands when they blew those whistles at me.

Chet Johnson

A Safe Place

"Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's leg."

"Good heavens! The burglar's?"

"No; my husband's. He had heard the noise, too."

—Happy Mag

A man who has sailed round the world thirty times got married recently. Evidently he never thought of doubling on his tracks to elude capture. *—London Opinion*

Nature Lover (gazing at a gigantic tree)—Oh, wonderful mammoth oak, if you could speak what would you tell me?

Gardener (near by)—S'cuse me, mum, but he would probably say: "I'm not an oak, I'm an elm."

—Answers

Diogenes has a new Job!

Take a last look at his whiskers.

AT last, after searching the earth for centuries, Diogenes found his honest man making the famous Durham-Duplex Blades. But then he was out of a job. So we asked him to take his lantern and look for men who want an Honest Shave.

And now the old philosopher is forming an organization called the Diogenes Club composed of more than 13,000,000 men who enjoy an honest shave with the Blades Men Swear By — Not At.

Diogenes is offering you membership in his club for only a quarter. Join now and receive your credentials consisting of a handsome Durham-Duplex Razor — the same razor that is packed in the $1.50 sets — and one Durham-Duplex Blade.

Be honest with your shaving career and join the Diogenes Club at your dealers or send the coupon today.

NEW DURHAM-DUPLEX SETS

Including two 50¢ packages of 5 Durham-Duplex Blades—$1.50

Interchangeable Blades—50c for package of 5

JOIN THE DIOGENES CLUB FOR

25¢

Durham Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
(Address for Canada—50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.)
I enclose 25c for razor and blade—Check type preferred.

Name.....

Address.....J-4

Town or City and State.....

I prefer Long Handle Type....Safety Type....

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Blades Men Swear By—not At

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France; Toronto, Can. *Sales Representatives in All Countries.*

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RUSSELL PATTERSON

Makes a $150 Drawing in a Few Hours!

—and now teaches you his original methods in a series of 20 snappy lessons—brimful with sparkling interest from the very start—a departure from the purely conventional. This training constitutes the last word in Humorous Illustration, teaching a New Art for a New Age—a pleasant relief from the old style, standardized instruction. Learn to draw the dashing, peppy types that are all the rage as exemplified by Mr. Patterson's numerous contributions to magazines. Let him teach you his clever technique. What profession could compare with this in its irresistible appeal or sheer earning power? Write now for full information.

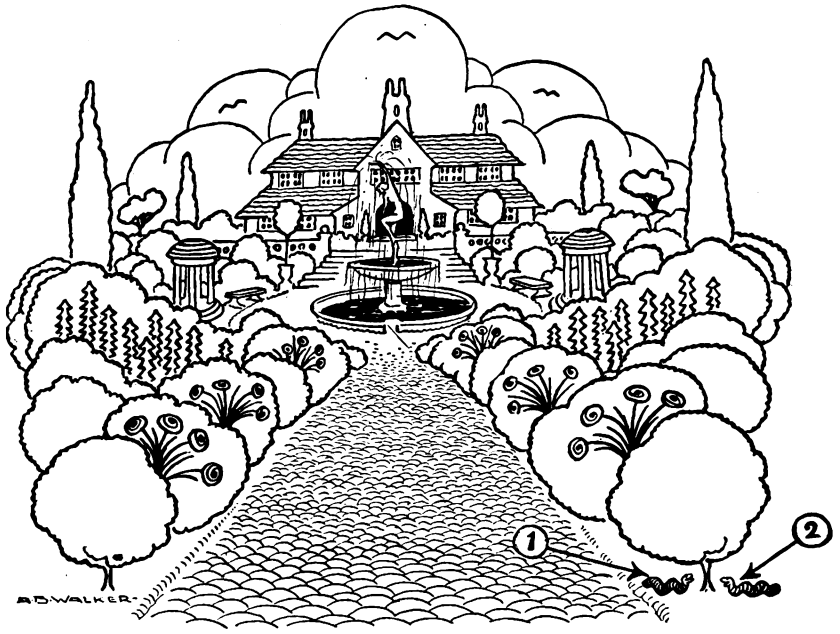
Russell Patterson School of Humorous Illustration
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 3
CHICAGO - - - ILLINOIS

STOPS

AUTO SICKNESS
Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

ASK FOR
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
for PAINFUL FEET

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!



IN A VERY FORMAL GARDEN

FIRST CUT-WORM—*After you, my dear Alphonse.*
SECOND CUT-WORM—*Oh, no, after you my dear Gaston.*

The Unwritten Law

"HAS the prisoner anything to say," inquired the court sternly, "as to why sentence should not be passed now?"

"Your honor, I have," replied the young man who stood charged with general massacre. "I have no plea for mercy to make; I merely hope your honor will listen to my story.

"For some years, your honor, I have been attending functions at which the host and hostess deemed it their duty to provide amusement in the iniquitous form known as 'household games.' Did I go to the Freemans I was asked to guess the name of an animal that begins with 'A' and ends with 'Q,' with a five-cent fine for failure to do so. Did I hope to spend a quiet evening with the Carmichaels I was forced to join in a search for peanuts hidden in various parts of the house—I, who loathe that annoying vegetable to the bottom of my soul!

"At the Rennies the favorite sport was a particularly vile form of spelling match, in which the first person called upon started a word with a letter, the second added one, and so on. The Russells insisted on their guests pushing pennies across the floor with their noses in a most ignominious race. The Barrys—but I shall no longer insult your honor's ears with the tale of such insidious pastimes.

"Suffice it to say that on Tuesday evening, the night of the alleged crime—and I use the word 'alleged' advisedly—*I* gave a party. Those present included the Freemans, the Carmichaels, the Rennies, the Russells, the Barrys and others. When all had gathered, I clapped my hands, crying merrily: 'Oh, I know just the loveliest game!'

"With shouts of glee and amusement, my guests suffered me to blindfold them and tightly bind their hands and feet. This accomplished, your honor, I carefully stuffed the window chinks and keyholes with paper, turned on the gas and walked out, locking the door." *Tip Bliss*

Picture of a Florida realtor, a fish falsifier, a cold bath liar, a Ku Klux Klan apologist and a used car salesman who have glanced into a spring seed catalog.

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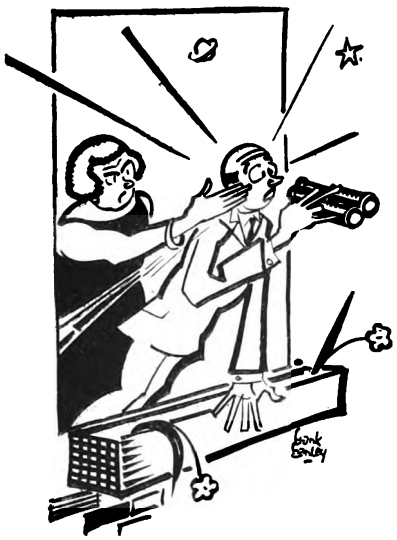


The window box.

The Origin of Famous Proverbs

"Don't Look a Gift Horse in the Mouth"

"SUGAR," says an erudite article which appeared in the mid-afternoon edition of *The New Yorker Tage-Blatt and Illustrated Forwards* of Thursday, July 18, 1651, "Corrodes the teeth. When corroded the teeth are not very pleasant to look at."

In these two sentences is found the basis for the proverb in question. It is a well-known fact that kindly old ladies all over the world carry handbags full of sugar. This they disperse gratuitously to all horses they encounter in the course of their (the horses as well as the ladies) daily journeys.

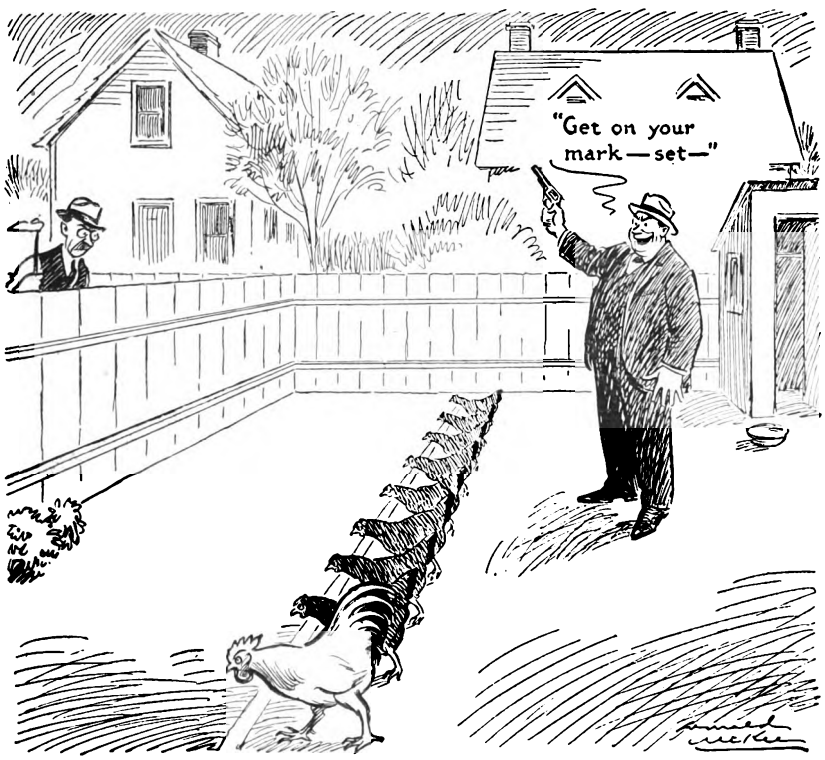
No amount of legislation being able to impress upon these dear old souls (the ladies) that they are reeking havoc in the mouths of some of our best horse flesh, the evil has continued, until to-day a man can't tell from one moment to the next whether some one has been feeding his animal sugar or not. Accordingly, they cannot be sure just what condition the mare's oral cavity is in. Consequently, while they may present it to some one in good faith, the gift horse may possibly be suffering from corrosion of the teeth, and that's the insidious part about looking a gift horse in the mouth. *Carroll*

A fire recently occurred in the booking-office of a suburban railway station. The outbreak was easily extinguished by a porter who threw a shovel of waiting-room coal on the flames. *—Humorist*

"I complimented Phyllis on her voice once, and she hasn't spoken to me since."

"What did you say?"

"I just told her I thought she was a howling success." *—Tit-Bits*



The idea Wilfred Bean, who is starting a vegetable garden, has of his next door neighbor, who raises chickens.

High Blood Pressure

Reduced by Drinking Water

Witter-Water normalized this woman's pressure as follows:

January 2, 1925 . .	B. P. 240
April 1, 1925, . . .	B. P. 205
June 15, 1925, . . .	B. P. 190
September 29, 1925,	B. P. 184
October 27, 1925, .	B. P. 162
December 23, 1925,	B. P. 150
January 22, 1926, .	B. P. 150

She Says:—"When I started taking Witter Water I was not able to walk because of the terrific high blood pressure. Now since my blood pressure has been reduced from 240 to 150, I naturally feel much better and am able to go about my daily duties in much the same way I could years ago. I am now 69."

(Name and Address on request)

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

1. Cold hands and cold feet.
2. Slight momentary dizziness.
3. Sleep unrefreshing.
4. Sleep disturbed by dreams.
5. Feeling of fullness in the head.
6. Gastric disturbances after meals.
7. Constipation.
8. Weakness and lowered vitality.
9. Nervousness.
10. Headaches.

High Pressure Mortality

The death rate is greatly increased by High Blood Pressure, but the death rate advances much faster than the blood pressure increases, as shown by the following table prepared by Dr. J. W. Fisher, Medical Director of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company:

10-14 mm. above normal —	36.1 pct. increased mortality
15-24 mm. above normal —	83.8 pct. increased mortality
25-34 mm. above normal —	104.4 pct. increased mortality
35-49 mm. above normal —	148.5 pct. increased mortality
50 mm. above normal —	314.7 pct. increased mortality

Witter Water is not a laxative or a beverage, but a pleasant-tasting, natural spring water from California, and is so richly impregnated with alkaline minerals that it is taken only in small doses of wine-glassful at a time. It acts by neutralizing the acid poisons in the blood, and thus removes the cause of High Blood Pressure.

— Send for — Sample Bottle FREE

with analysis of Witter Water. Valuable Free Booklet about High Blood Pressure will also be sent to anyone mailing this coupon.

WITTER WATER CO., Dept. 19-04
608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me Free Sample Bottle of Witter Water with analysis, also Free Booklet about High Blood Pressure.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

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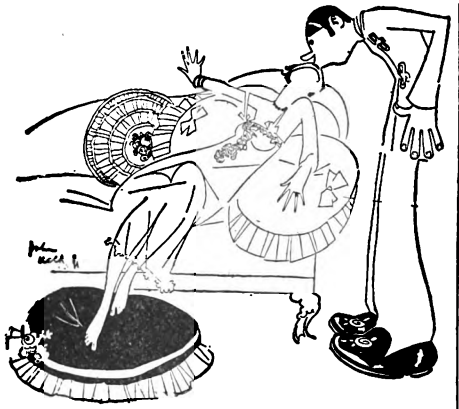


Sample Those Kisses!

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

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

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

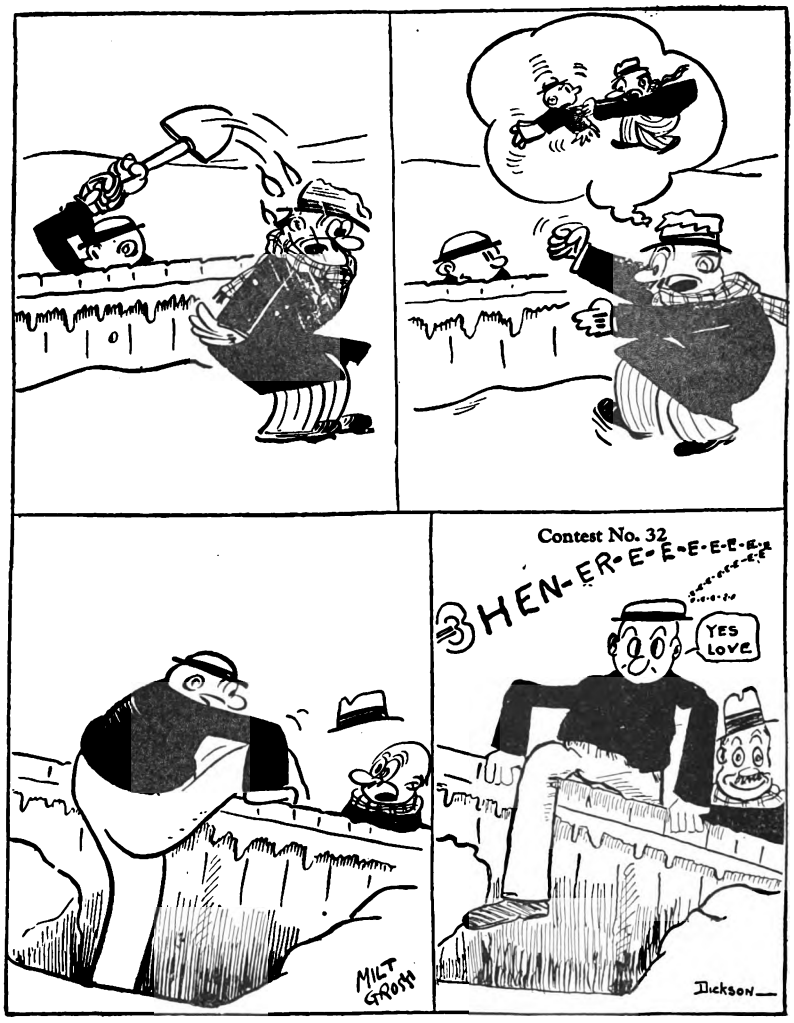
Twenty minutes later, Tony was sitting with Billie on a bench where Riverside Drive gives up and dwindles into Broadway. She was taking puffs from Tony's cigarette now and then, and he was living entirely in the future as far as she was concerned.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

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

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 32



J. J. Dickson, 307 S. St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

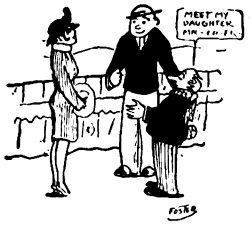
Runners Up

S. Marcus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

V. E. Figueroa, Havana, Cuba.

James Leduc, Oubremont, Montreal.

R. D. McKenzie, Manitoba, Can.



M. P. Foster, Durango, Colo.

Geo. L. Pugh, Asheville, N. C.

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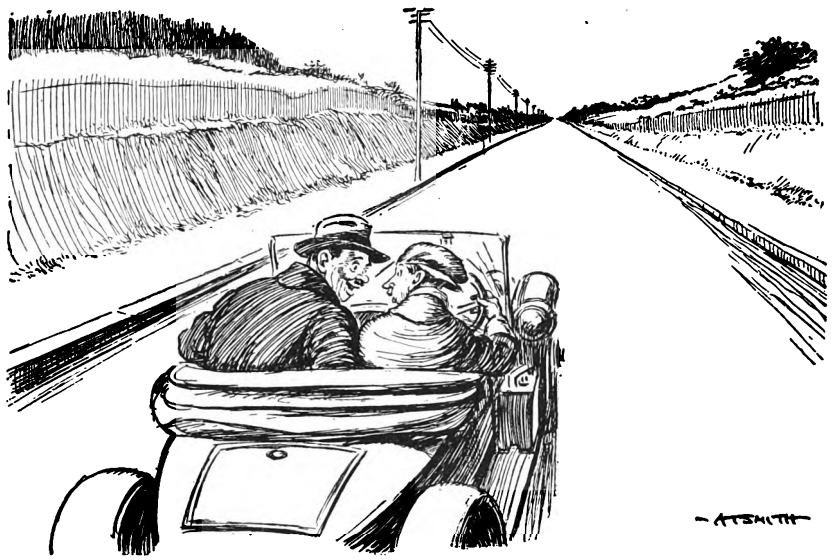

Cynical Friend—Here's a straight bit of road; let her all out! Bang her up to ten or twelve miles an hour! —*Humorist*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 16*)

in the village than pursue the life of the footlights. And the father's heart is wrenched and torn. But presently a change comes over the daughter. As she listens to her father, the call of the stage begins to sound faintly in her veins. The call grows louder and louder. And, as the final curtain descends, we find her going off with her now happy parent to seek the glory of the theater.

A tender tale. One to bring a tear to the nose. And one which, as I have hinted, adroitly contrives to kill the tonic effects of the Nugents' periodic, commendable wheezes.

Papa Nugent has the leading rôle and his daughter, Miss Ruth, has the rôle of the girl. Papa, out of his long vaudeville experience, knows how to deliver wise-cracks so as to get the last drop of laugh juice out of them, but as an actor he leaves something to be desired. His method of acting, estimating it from the present exhibit, is of the knock-'em-down-and-pull-'em-up technic. He uppercuts his lines, fells them, drags them quickly to their feet again, and then goes into a metaphorical song and dance with them. The Mlle. Nugent is an agreeable ingenue, although her performance on this occasion is not to be compared with that which she gave earlier in the season in "The Family Upstairs."

III

I SHALL not say much about "Find Daddy," as it will doubtless have died the death long before these nuggets of wisdom reach the public. But even were it to run ten times as long as "Abie's Irish Rose," I'd not say much about it. If you wonder why, go to see it.

The Paris police have arrested a man who apparently has a mania for tearing buttons off people's clothes. We shall be very surprised if he does not receive a tempting offer from our laundry. —*Humorist*

Magistrate (to witness)—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness—That's where I met him. —*Answers*

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said counsel for the plaintiff in a case of slander.

"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly; "they were hardly words to tell to a gentleman."

"I see," said counsel; "then whisper them to the judge." —*Tit-Bits*

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of April 3)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 Prize. Vote Your Favorite!

Do you know that Clear-Tone —the wonder-working lotion— used like toilet water—

Clears Your Skin

of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin? *Elegant after shaving.* Indispensable for sensitive and refined women. This new scientific cosmetic is GUARANTEED to banish unsightly blemishes easily and quickly, and leave the skin clear and smooth.

"A Clear-Tone Skin"

This Free Booklet tells how you can easily and quickly at home obtain a clear skin, free from all blemishes, like Nature intended you to have. Thousands of copies of this interesting book are distributed every month.

Clear-Tone is not a cure-all or mail-order treatment, but a scientific, reliable SKIN LOTION, perfected after 15 years personal experience by Mr. E. S. Givens, who knows every embarrassment one has to suffer with a bad complexion. Endorsed and prescribed by physicians, druggists, and thousands of enthusiastic users, and sold on a direct and positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back! The marvel of Clear-Tone is that it clears the complexion so quickly, no matter what the cause. **Over 100,000 test cases.**

Clear-Tone has had an *unprecedented success* as evidenced by thousands of voluntary letters written by men and women who had very bad blemishes and tried various soaps, ointments, and doctors without relief.

Read These Letters!

From U. S. Hospital--"Find myself improving wonderfully. Any one I see that has skin trouble your wonderful Clear-Tone will be recommended." Chas. A. Rein, U. S. Hospital 41, Staten Island, N. Y.

From a Barber--"Have been a barber for 30 years and never saw anything as good as Clear-Tone. All barbers should know about it." Otto Van Burin, Kansas City, Mo.

From a Musician--"I am obliged to be in public a great deal and my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me so greatly that I strongly recommend it." C. H. Lindeman, Steubenville, Ohio.

From a Lady--"I am sure grateful for Clear-Tone as it made a change in my face in less than a week." Miss Lillian Kuster, Pa.

From a Soldier--"It is certainly wonderful." Louis Langer, Troop F, 3rd Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

From a Flyer--"Cleared my face of Acne." H J. Howald, N. H. Station, Pensacola, Fla.

People Amazed--"Has cleared my skin completely of pimples and blackheads. Everybody who sees me is amazed." R. R. Wilson, Pearson, Ga.

Thousands of Others--men and women--praise Clear-Tone. We'll gladly send copies of most interesting testimonials.

FREE Simply send name today for FREE booklet, **"A Clear-Tone Skin,"** telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years, and my $1,000 Guarantee to clear your skin of the above blemishes.

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

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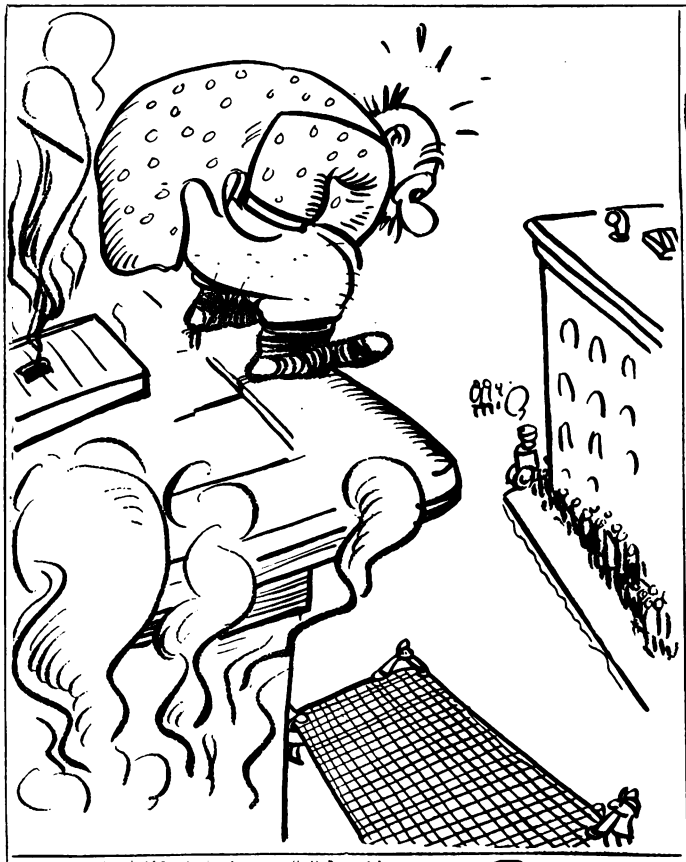
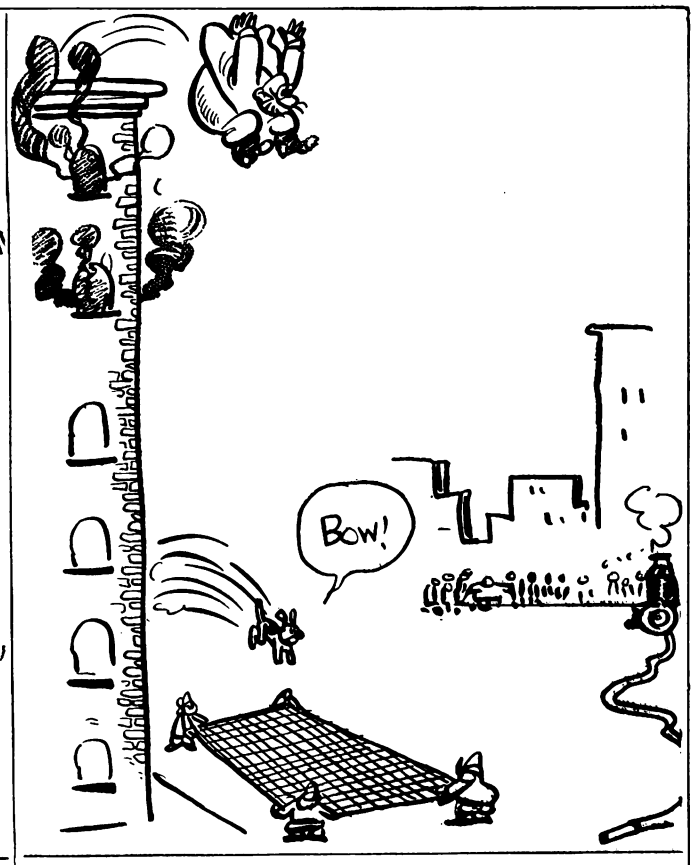
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

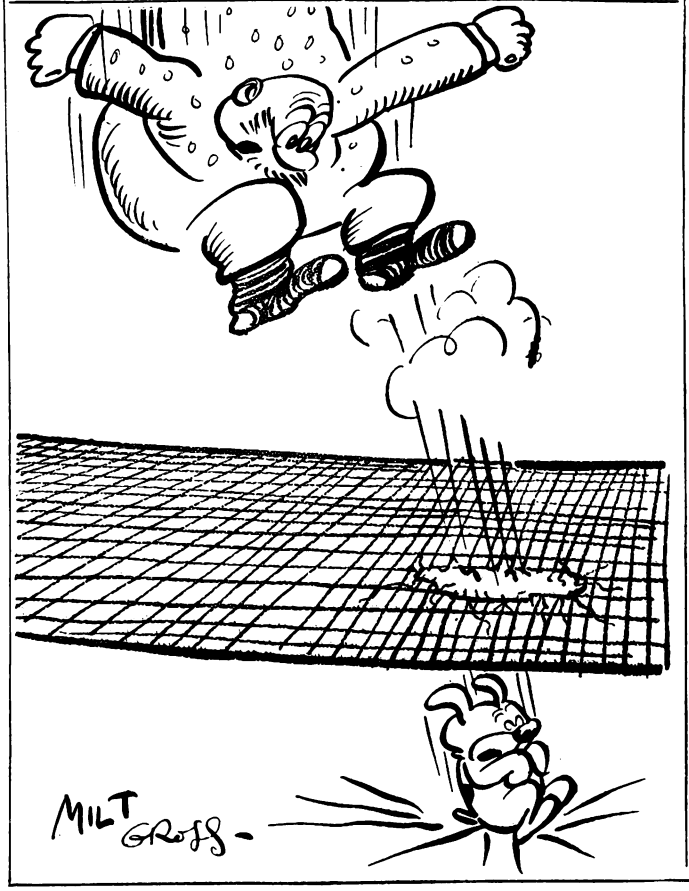
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes April 12. Winning ending appears in the issue of May 1.







Contest No. 36

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FOR DANDRUFF
GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; *free* on request.
It will tell you many things you should know.
Write Dept. AC2,
H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.,
119-121 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.
GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE
At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

America's Biggest Executives
All are enthusiastic endorsers of S.O.S. (Secrets of Selling) because it shows the why, what and how of things that bring success!
This free book is for YOU!
"The Story of the Third Vest Button" is chock-full of pertinent facts that are vital to *you*. It is the answer to your plea for opportunity. Send for it at once.
Story of the Third Vest-Button
Hargrave Service Systems
Dept. B-30, 455 Seventh Ave., New York City

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Just to Introduce RADEX DIAMONDS
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We will send you choice of solitaire or dinner ring, beautiful Sterling Silver mounting, postpaid on receipt of $1.00, our regular $3.00 value. Send $1.00, your name, address and string showing size.
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Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.
RADEX SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. R-4 Providence, R. I.

HANDS UP! $1.79
Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. PAY POSTMAN $1.79 on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.
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VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 813 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

A Use for the Brain

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue of your "Judge for Yourself" page, appears some heterogeneous thoughts from Pittsburgh, penned in a disgusting way. This Bozo rises to remark that "Man is a thick-headed animal." The funny part is, I agree with him and place him and his kind at the top of the list. He also seems to think that drunkards need laws telling them what to drink.

Possibly he doesn't know that the Lord provided a brain to govern our appetites.

If his kind had used the brain God gave them, instead of letting some paid orator concoct their thoughts for them, this ridicule of all law which he complains about would never have been needed. He advises you to move, if you don't like the law. There are lots of us who can't move. I, for one, am in the hospital with T. B. contracted during service for this country, where I was born and raised and expect to live a few more months, anyway. Print as much of this as you like, as I want our disgusted friend to know what a man who doesn't drink thinks of the law you ridicule.

Yours in humor,
B. C. S.
Alex, La.
February 17, 1926.

Up and at 'Em!

To the Editors of JUDGE:

JUDGE is the only magazine I buy, and nothing on earth will stop me. However, I'm sick of reading letters from Prohibition agents who swear they'll never read another copy of JUDGE (I'll bet they do, though) and damn fool kids who want to be smart. Be a sport, JUDGE, and let me at 'em. I'm a girl, but I'm French and I lived in England during the big scrap and I know my oats, and quite a few men (?) know my fists.

As for JUDGE itself—it's too good for words. I wouldn't miss a copy for a million bucks. Keep it up, we're bound to get rid of the "asses" some day.

Sincerely,
Renée Lederer
N. Y. City.
February 18, 1926.

Too Harsh

To the Editors of JUDGE:

In the first place I must say I have enjoyed your magazine in general every time I have read it. But to me your editorials have been too harsh. You seem to consider only one side of the question. Prohibition has not been a failure. The cost of bootleg liquor is the greatest proof of this. And then look at the vile stuff they sell; do you think people will not tire of them in a few years? Why not withhold judgment. Give Prohibition a chance to prove its worth. Very few people remember the drunkenness and the evils that went with the open saloon. Would you restore these?

As for the personal liberty idea, a man has a right to do just as he pleases so long as he doesn't interfere with the rights of others. Prohibition is a law to safeguard the rights of others.

In all your editorials have been at least a germ of truth. Some have been very good. My only criticism is that you haven't in all cases considered both sides, and that you've been too hasty to condemn. We must all remember that, "There's too much good in the worst of us."

Yours truly,
Charles E. Parker
Ithaca, N. Y.
February 14, 1926.

A Boomerang

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Do allow me to answer through your "Judge for Yourself" column the letter from Lloyd Hargest of Pittsburgh, and pardon the pencil—the cat has hidden my pen.

Mr. Hargest, I am an ardent prohibitionist. And I wish to say that I think it is people like you who do the most harm to the cause of Prohibition. You say that whoever breaks the law and drinks bootleg liquor deserves death. That idea belongs in the Middle Ages. It is these disagreeable and priggish attitudes like yours which give puritans and reformers their evil name. I am glad to read that you "can still enjoy *some* of the jokes" in JUDGE. No doubt JUDGE was very glad to print your strong anti-Prohibition argument.

Heatedly,
Cornelia E. Wright
New York City.
February 12, 1926.

GIRLS! How does your figure compare with these?
Too Fat? Here is a new way to reduce!
Silph Reducing Chewing Gum!

"Did you hear about the latest discovery to reduce?" one fat woman is whispering it to the other—"It is called 'Silph' and is making a hit because it does take off FAT in the easiest and most agreeable way. What is there to do?—Simply chew two or three pieces of a refreshing and pleasant gum—it is as good as eating candies."

Through a most marvelous recent discovery scientists have been able to incorporate the extract of sea plants and herbs known for years as wonderful reducers into a delicious, refreshing chewing gum called, "Silph"—Doctors—medical authorities and grateful users, who had been burdened with obesity for years, are amazed at the quick and astonishing results produced by "Silph" in most obstinate cases where everything else seemed to have failed. SILPH is also recommended for stomach troubles.

If you are suffering from excess fat you should today get a package of SILPH Reducing Gum which sells for 50c. That is enough for one week or you can send in a dollar bill and get two packages, which is sufficient amount to see wonderful results. If your druggist cannot get it for you send direct to the Silph Medical Company, 9 West 60th Street, Dept. 55, New York City.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
Silph is the name of the original and genuine reducing Gum. THE ONLY ONE WE PERSONALLY GUARANTEE TO BE SAFE AND HARMLESS.

"CHEW SILPH AND BE SYLPH-LIKE"

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Dance Lessons FREE
No need to envy the popularity good dancers have. Write today and we will send by return mail complete course dance lessons free on 5 days' trial (16 easy illustrated lessons Fox Trot, Waltz, etc.). Thousands have learned by this easy chart-step system. No music or partner needed—no embarrassment. If after five days' trial you can dance nicely, keep the 16 lessons and pay only 18½ cents a lesson and we will include 10 lessons in the latest dance hit. If not pleased, return course, and owe nothing. Write today before half-price offer is withdrawn. Send 10 cents to help cover mailing cost. **Charleston Free**
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I want Local Representative to act as my Sales Agent. Your pay daily in advance—extra bonus besides. No capital or experience needed. Credit given. New plan puts you above competition. Samples furnished.
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It's Easy to Own a Genuine Diamond Ring
Our immense stocks include thousands of the latest mountings in platinum and solid gold, all set with brilliant blue white Diamonds of exceptional quality. Order today and get your ring at once. Pay 10% down—we ship goods immediately. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient.
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18-k white gold. Set with 3 Diamonds, $22.50; 5 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50.

17-Jewel Elgin
No. 15—Green gold, 17 Jewel Elgin Watch; 25 Year Quality Case; 12 Size; Gilt Dial; $30. $3 down and $1.00 a week.

Wrist Watch
14-K white gold, hand engraved case. Fancy wing ends. Silver dial. High grade 15-Jewel movement. $25. $2.50 down and $1.00 a week.

$3.00 and It's Yours!

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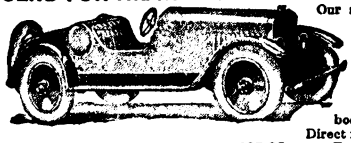

Our net price list. Full line of auto bodies and accessories for Fords at *Wholesale Prices*. Save big money on bodies by buying Direct from Factory.

FOR FORD—Prices from $27.85 up. Factory to consumer direct—Pay only One Profit
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Wife—What's the idea of borrowing all these mowers? That's the third you've got!

John—My dear, that absolutely ensures my nap for this afternoon.
—*Humorist*

Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 69

Horizontal

1. Something really good liars have.
6. Places where medieval heroines were stored.
11. This is crude stuff.
12. This precedes "your old man."
14. A full-grown pistol.
15. Pronoun.
17. Apartment house ornaments.
20. Elder (abbr.).
21. This mountain dew drinker woke up to the fact that he should have had it analyzed.
23. Mr. Thumb.
24. B 4.
25. This fellow likes to monkey around.
26. A subservient, servile servitor.
28. A heavenly body. (Not made by Fisher.)
30. Bostonian fruit.
31. 45 inches in a crossword puzzle.
33. Most people take this lying down.
34. Equality.
35. This is an "ordinary" synonym.
37. This fellow's walking stick was the snake's hips.
39. Russian suffix meaning to glide upon snow.
40. Something wives get without patronizing dry goods stores.
41. This is a sticker.
42. A decree.
44. Nowadays this kind of water runs steep.
47. This proves that 47 = 24.
48. A crossword fish.
50. Greek letter.
52. A geometrical ice cream wrapper.
54. A nobleman.
56. Something traps do.
58. Something women used to have on their minds.
59. A dirty dog.
60. What most sad stories are.
62. Boola, boola!
63. A French coupler.
64. This is over the heads of most Christmas osculators.
67. A stuck-up railway (abbr.).
68. Three strikes.
69. Possessive pronoun.
70. A ball—neither high nor fish.
72. This kind of a mamma sews your old man.
73. Bachelors should keep out of the way of these missiles and we don't mean perhaps.

Vertical

1. Something tipplers get from a long ride on the water wagon.
2. The poor Indian!
3. What ball players do when they make errors.
4. But not gaudy!
5. Worn around the neck.
7. A fie, fi, fo, fum boy.
8. Past tense of the verb to be.
9. And (Latin).
10. Aquatic vamps.
12. This one is simple.
13. The kind of a hill that flivvers regret.
16. 0 to 0.
18. The stork's aide-de-camp (abbr.).
19. Mr. Webster says this is a scrap of food or a fragment.
20. Watering place.
22. Most Americans would rather be tight than be this.
25. This is always getting up in the air over things.
27. This cold knocks 'em cold.
29. Famous ancient skipper.
30. Mahogany and brass.
32. Big brother to number 73 across.
34. This is another sticker.
35. The strings on this make chords.
36. This fellow's wife got salty so he had to shaker.
37. This is the answer (abbr.).
38. Flapper brain content.
43. The cause and effect of cross words.
45. Possessive pronoun.
46. Something old-fashioned girls used to do.
48. Mother Nature.
49. What a man does when he gambles in the marriage lottery.
51. Some one always does this to 30 horizontal.
53. Proverbial uncultivated sowing cereal.
54. This runs on Fifth avenue.
55. This chap was Hale and hearty (nickname).
57. Surname of ginger.
59. To quote.
61. This keeps the wolf.
64. Four o'clock tea party missile.
65. Illuminated by Gordon Water.
66. To do this is human.
68. Where the Prince of Wales never stays very long.
69. This usually follows a "yea."

"The girl who never rang true!"

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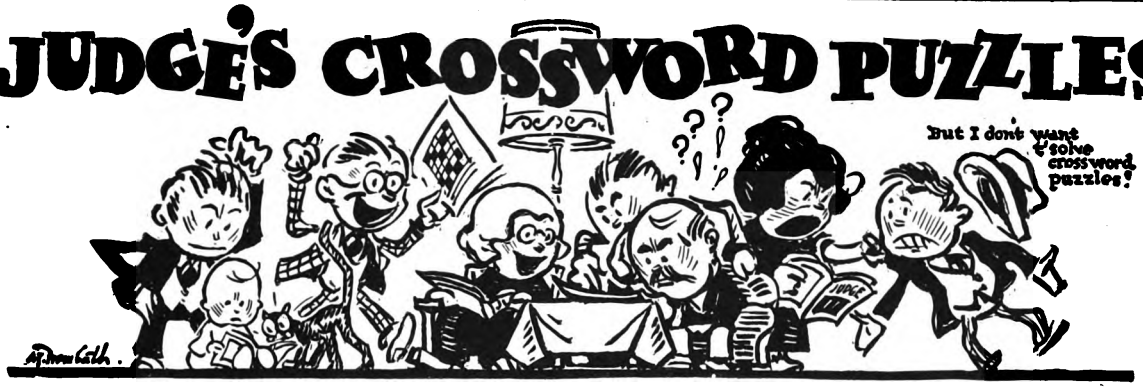
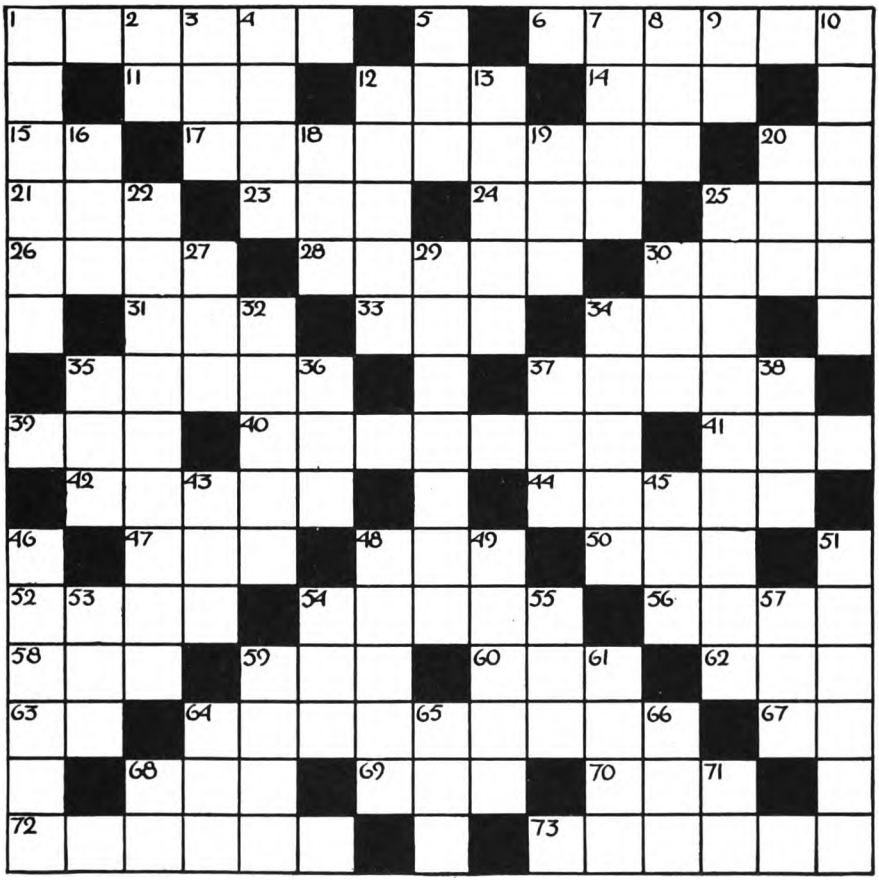
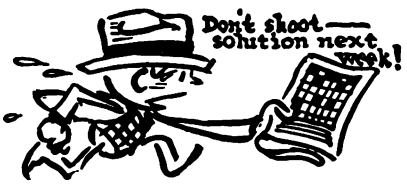
JUDGE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLES



Number 69



The above puzzle was submitted by George H. Reith, 1055 Rogers avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Answer to Puzzle No. 68

Judge will run a Crossword Puzzle every week and will pay $25 for each one used on this page, but they must be funny.

Puzzles will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

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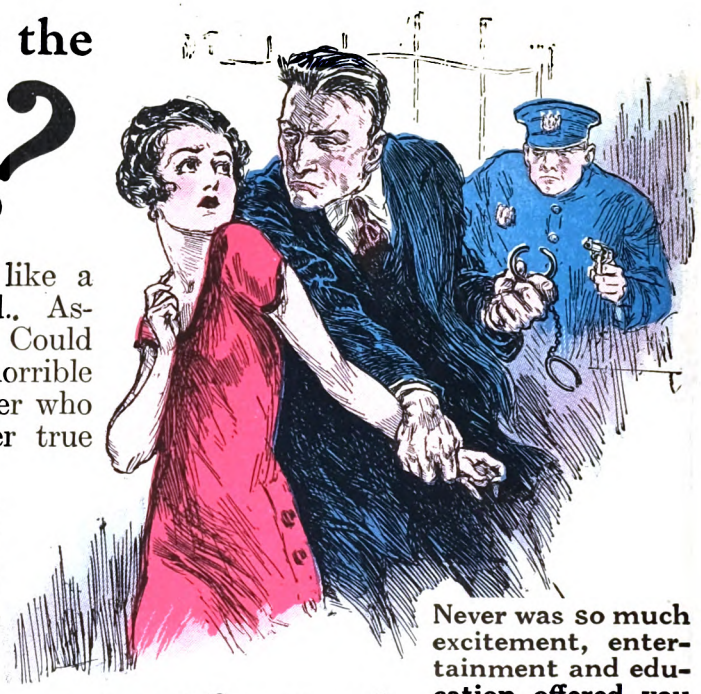
Can this Beautiful Girl be the MONSTER?

What Mysterious Motives Inspired her Awful Deeds



A SHARP click and Cleek was on her like a leaping cat! "Caught you," he snarled.. Astounded we stared at this gentle-looking girl. Could that soft hand of hers have sent five men to horrible deaths! Was this really the nameless monster who held whole cities in terror? What was her true identity?

And those terrible deeds—what was the awful motive in her heart? What connection had the crucifix over her bed with the mysterious symbols on the dead man's hand? What uncanny means did she employ that left no trace—stripped her victims of their identity and baffled the shrewdest detectives and physicians?

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Judge

APRIL 10, 1926

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DES MOINES, IOWA

"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

The Millennium

CAME a day when hell froze over,
As predicted by a seer,
Then a lot of strange things happened,
Some of which are listed here.

Wives stopped picking on their husbands,
Ladies shot their poodle dogs,
Calvin Coolidge waxed loquacious,
Columnists stopped rolling logs.

Radio barred all sopranos,
Prohibition was enforced,
England's prince joined in a fox hunt,
And not once was he unhorsed.

Motorists talked back to policemen,
Tabloid papers printed news,
Movie heroes lost their fist fights,
And the Ku Klux praised the Jews.

Speculators sold at discounts
Tickets for the latest hits,
No one traveled in the subway,
Morons lived upon their wits.

Bulldogs got along with kittens,
Cats, in turn, stopped chasing mice,
Women's dresses hit their shoe-tops,
Colored gents stopped rolling dice.

Advertisers knocked their products,
Scotchmen all commenced to treat,
Janitors gave civil answers,
Butchers gave away their meat.

But the ice soon thawed in Hades,
And it got as warm could be,
Then, of course, conditions elsewhere
Went right back to normalcy.

R. C. O'Brien

"Why is Perc receiving so many congratulations?"
"His cigarette lighter worked."

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GUNMAN—*Here comes a likely lookin' guy, Joe.*
"Nix on him—it wouldn't be ethical—he's de proprietor of a night club."

Resurrection

THE gentle, gasoline-laden zephyrs of early summer softly whispered, but he stood with bowed head. Next to him his faithful wife reverently gazed at it—it which had been alive and pulsing with life only last fall.

She turned a tear-stained face to her husband. "Oh, John," she muttered and turned away. But it was inanimate, lifeless, silent. "There, there, little woman." he softly whispered, "I know we were all so happy with it last summer in the golden sunshine, but this year—" He got no further as heavy sobs shook his frame.

Suddenly, there was a hoarse cough and a sort of groaning wheeze. The thing stirred, ever so slightly. In a moment it stirred again.

"Martha," he called, "hurry and bring the lunch basket. There's life in the old flivver yet." *Hugh Wood*

FUNNYBONES

When a "self-made" man marries, his wife usually makes a lot of alterations!

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Other Men's Shoes

The sign in the cobbler's shop window read: Shoes repaired while you wait.

The sign was right. We waited three hours. And all the while shoes were being repaired.

A Mistake

He came home and, as they say in the movies, found his wife sewing on a tiny garment.

"My dear, my dear!" he cried.

"Don't be silly," she replied. "This is my new dinner gown."

Famous Sues

Brown eyed .....san.
Constant .....tor.
Chop .....y.
Petite .....brette.
Who's ..... in America.
"..... and be d—d!"

"Gawd knows I've tried to be a good wife and this is the way you treat me."

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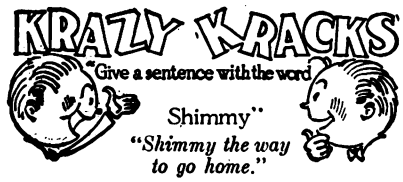
Revenge is Sweet

I HATE Jones. We went to school together. Jones copied my notes for four years. Jones graduated, I didn't. After school we got jobs with the same firm. Jones was promoted, I wasn't. My uncle died and left me some money, Jones borrowed it. I joined a golf club. Jones beat me. I bought a car, Jones wrecked it. I told Jones I still had a little pre-war. Jones stole it. At least he stole all but two bottles and tonight I'm going to open 'em both and drink 'em both. I am going to celebrate. I knew I'd get even with Jones some day and at last I have. Yesterday Jones ran off with my wife. *Jack Shuttleworth*



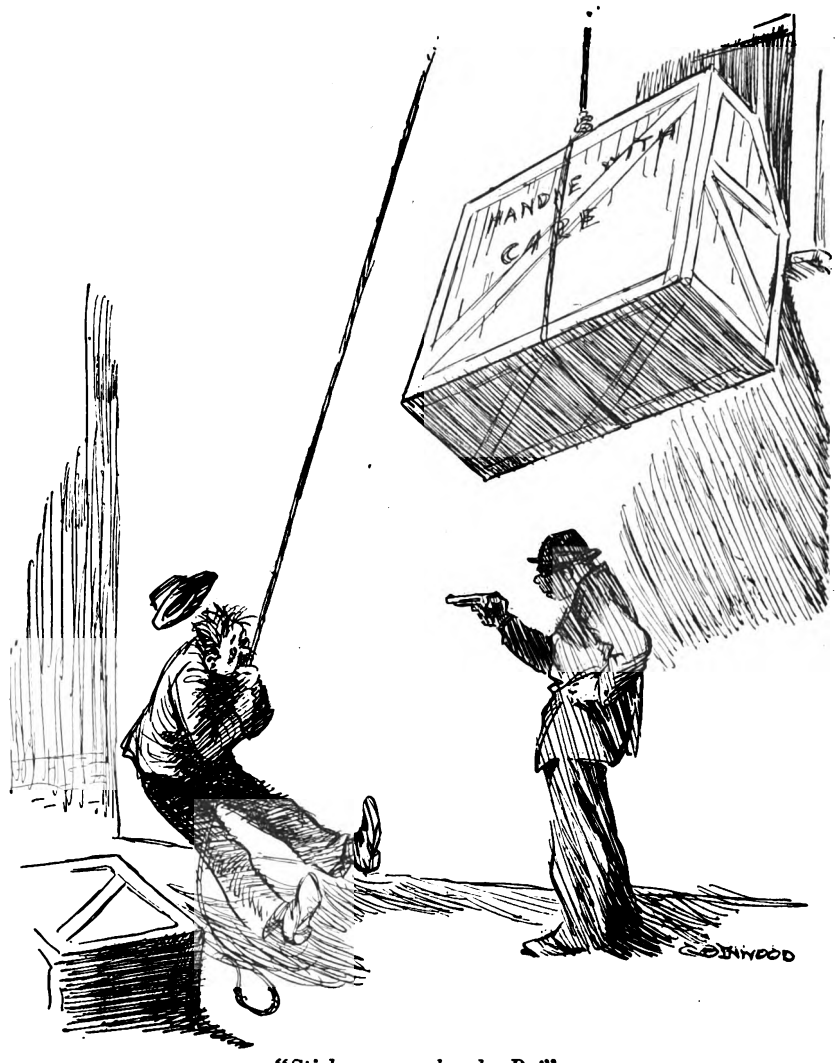
Even Lying in State

A politician is always at ease, feeling at home no matter where he bunks.

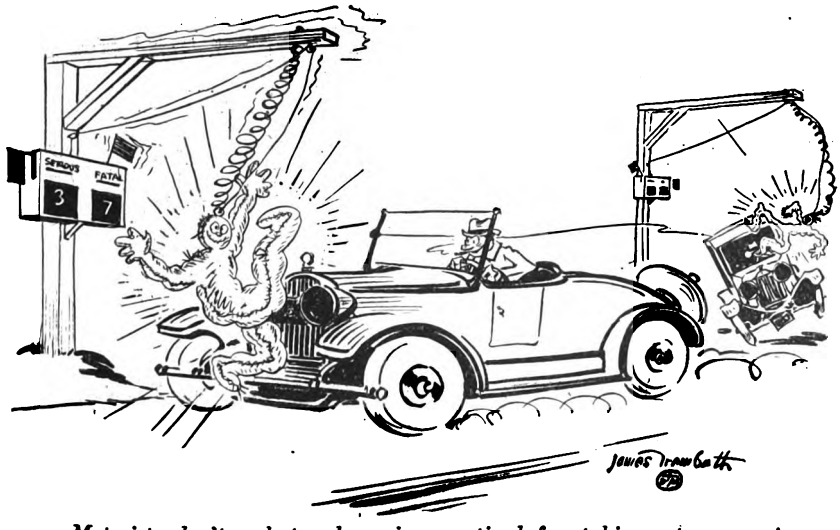
❧❧❧

An advertisement inquires: "*You rinse off the lather—then what?*"

Well, with us it's usually: "Where in hell is a towel?"



"Stick up your hands, Bo!"



Motorists, don't neglect early spring practice before taking out your car! Indestructible dummy, $11, for Fords, $3.75.

Kentucky Bred

He was bred in Old Kentucky,
You could never guess his name;
He wasn't black, he wasn't white,
And so they called him Graham.

❧❧❧

"What's the best thing to use on your face after shaving," asks an advertiser in a contest announcement.

Those sending in court plaster as an answer will not be considered eligible for first prize.

❧❧❧

Interviewer—To whom do you owe your success?

Mr. Rich—To the wife.

"Why, I understood you were a bachelor."

"I am. I owe it to the wife of another man. She rejected me."

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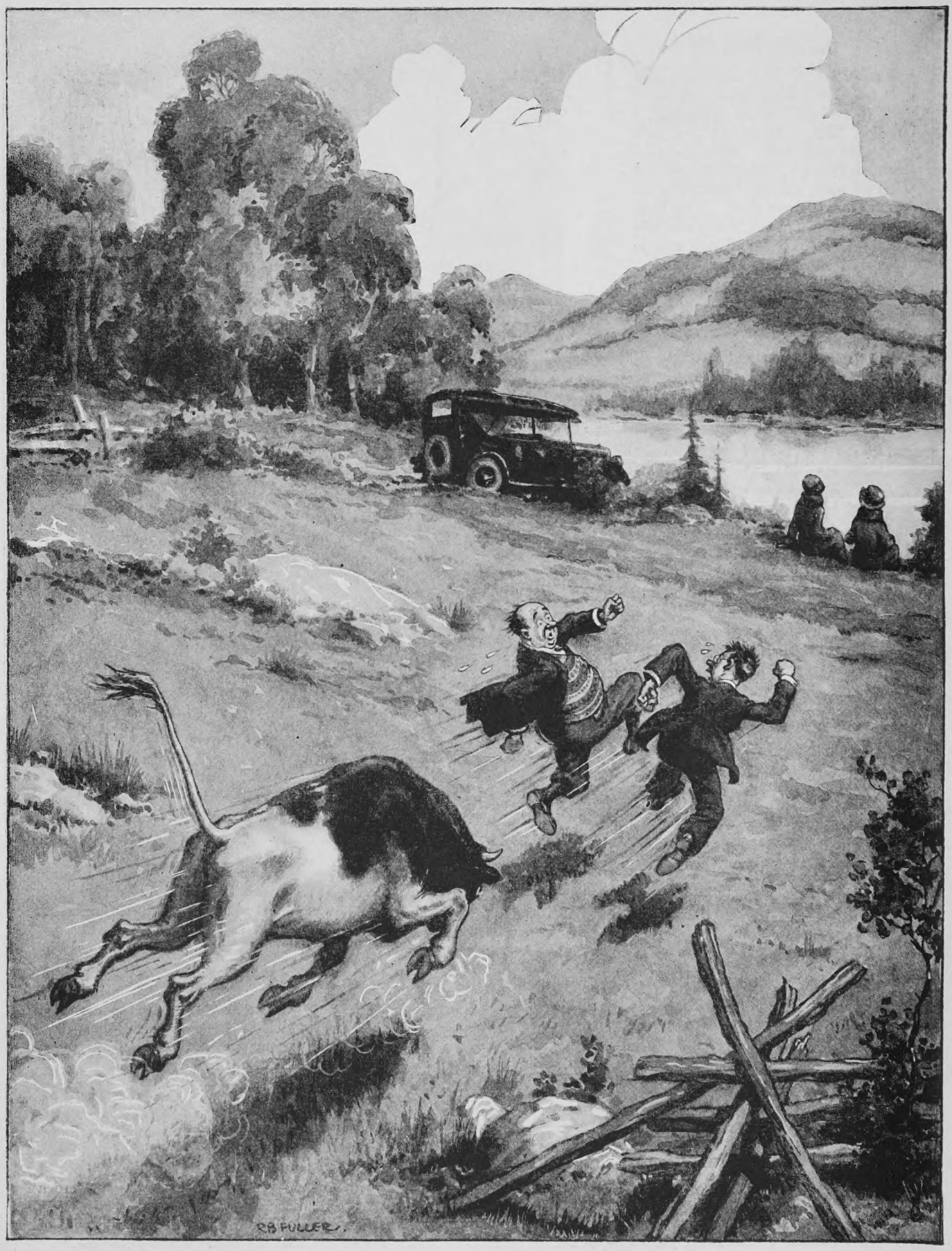

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

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The Diary of a Dub

MONDAY—Well, I am going to be a leader of men soon for I just bought a set of books on "How to Develop a Masterful Personality and Get What You Want."

Tuesday—I can already feel my personality developing. I gave a newsboy the Direct Impersonal Stare and you should have seen him jump out of the way.

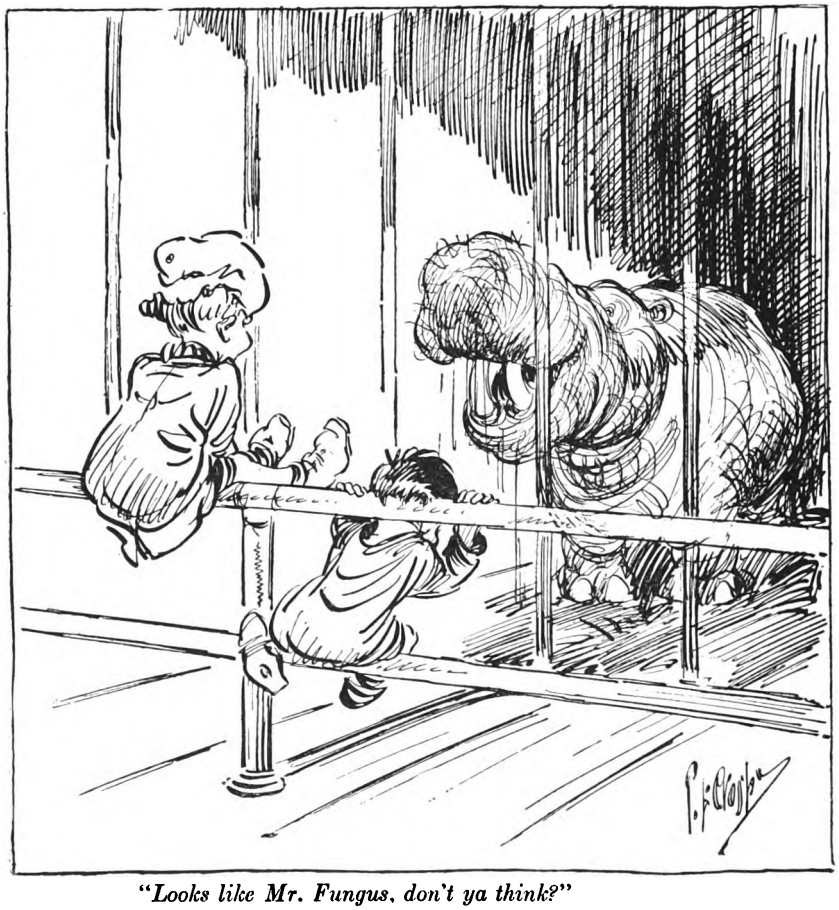
Wednesday—My Powerful Personality is almost ready for me to give it the supreme test on the boss.

Thursday—I would have shown the boss what a strong determined man I am to-day, but I didn't want to humiliate him. Eventually, though, I know my powerful personality is going to assert itself, and then I guess I'll be forced into Congress.

Friday—To-morrow I am going into the boss's office, meet his glance fairly, square my shoulders and wield my uncanny power by saying: "Jones, you may not know it, but you are a failure; a big flop; a joke. If you want me to stay with this firm you'll have to treble my pay."

Saturday—Well, I did it. But something went wrong. I guess I'll trade my Powerful Personality course for one of Benny Leonard's courses on the Manly Art of Self-defense, because I will have a lot of spare time after I get out of the hospital until I get another job.

Chet Johnson



"Looks like Mr. Fungus, don't ya think?"
"Yes 'n no. Don't forget Mr. Fungus has a gold tooth!"

SHE—*What did he say?*
ACCOMPLISHED RADIO-LISTENER—*He says they're going to play the Meditation from "Thais."*

Letters Radiotic

DEAR MR. KOPQ, next Saturday, at 9 P.M., Central Standard Time, my daughter will be getting married. Will you please have your Night Hawks play "Here Comes the Bride" and put in an organ prelude or two, and have Lizzie Hitone sing, "Oh, Promise Me" at 9.15, or a baritone selection of "Yours Truly or Something"?

Truly yours,
Mrs. J. P. P.

P.S.—We'd like some jigs and reels after supper, say, about ten-thirty? Thanks.

Stashun XX, plees MiSter Nounsser, dunt pla nothing for 3 nites so mi Paw kin get sum sleep an so mi maw gits dishes washt agen. We awl got hed acke frum sitting up nites an Maw wunt make no more rye bred. so Plees switsch on sum other wires fer 2 nites plees. I am a Good boy.

Yours truly,
RuSsel Olsen.

James A. Sanaker

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BROTHER—*Now, Elsie, ye kin see how hard Paw has ter work t' git us clothes an' eats.*

"Yes, Mrs. Jones, I feel that this crowding in conveyances could be corrected—if people would adapt themselves to the situation."

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Once Upon a Time or How Prohibition Succeeded

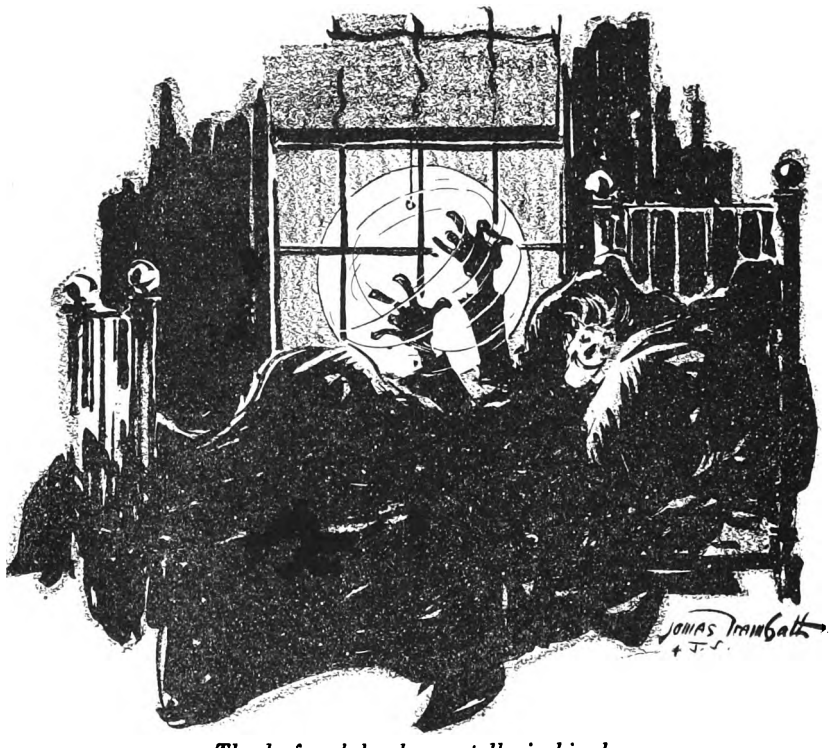
THE Prohibition Law remained on the statute books, and so it came to pass that in the year 2000 the people began to grow sick and tired of getting drunk. New drinks were invented, as new drinks always are, but the new drinks simply didn't take. And it was not because of the high price of liquor, because by the year 2000 everyone had become disgustingly wealthy by bootlegging. But the people were sick and tired of drinking.

And so it came to pass that at the exclusive Wet Club, three members passed a whole night without liquor. They pledged themselves to go twenty-four hours without a drink, and, being daring souls, they did it. And then, what with the notoriety the stunt attracted they kept it up for another night, and another, and another.

They were hailed everywhere as wild members of the younger set. Others took up the fad and it spread throughout the land.

A week passed and still the three members did not take a drink. They began to experience strange sensations and thrills.

"I have it," cried one. "We are sober."



The deaf and dumb man talks in his sleep.

And so they went their merry way, being pointed out everywhere as sober.

Then everywhere, in high circles and in low, people began to try the new thrill. Wild parties were staged, at which people stayed sober for days.

But the lawmakers learned of these things, and they felt that "something should be done about it." So they organized an Anti-Sober League, and they passed a law. The law made it illegal to be sober, and when the citizens realized this they quite promptly became a nation of sober people.

Then the Prohibitionists, who, historians recalled, had started Prohibition many years before, suddenly saw that here was the calm state of affairs they had predicted for the country, so they all rose up and cried:

"We told you so!"

T. A. Langan, Jr.

CONDUCTOR—*Plenty of seats, Buddy, but try and get to 'em!*

No, Dora—

YOU cannot smoke a sailor's hornpipe.

We don't know what Pat. Applied For.

A livery is not a place where they sell liver.

Padlocks used by Federal officers are not bar pins.

A bucket shop in Wall street is not a place they sell pails.

A scrub team has nothing to do with soap and water.

Saxophones were not invented by Saks.

F. P. Pitzer

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THE——WIDE OPEN——SPACES

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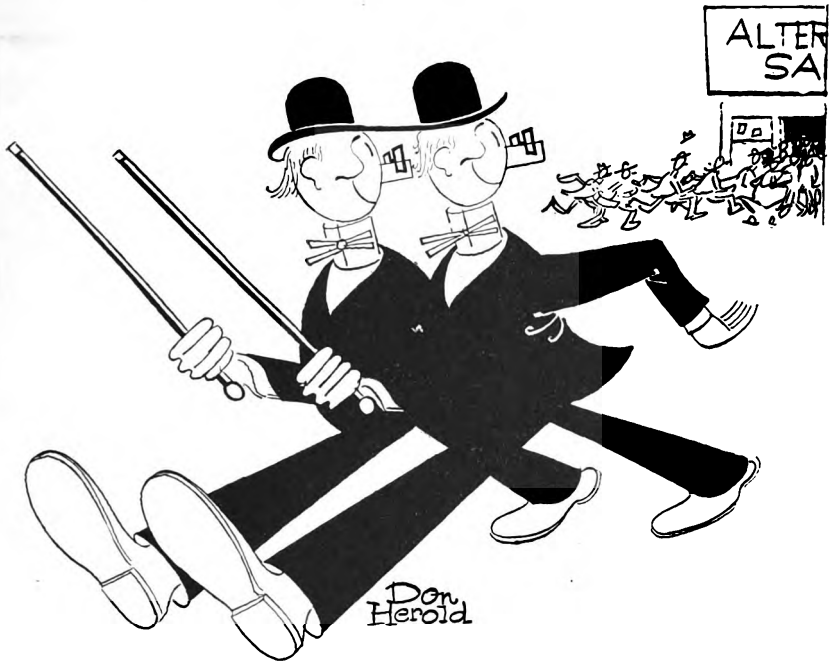

"So Half & Hearty are having an Alteration Sale?"
"Oh, no. They quarreled. They're having an Altercation *Sale."*

THE WEEK'S WASH

by Don Herold

THE world is full of people right now with spiritual halitosis.

* * *

Doctors know what you tell them.

* * *

Nothing is more pleasing to the buyer of a motor car than to have the company broadcast ads setting forth the easy installment plan on which the car can be bought.

* * *

I have just discovered there is a League for the Fostering of Genius. There should be a League for the Pestering of Genius.

* * *

Don Marquis said recently in *Collier's:* "The beliefs of your ancestors have become your instinct; you don't act from your own beliefs as often as you do from theirs."

The answer to this is: be an ancestor. Then your beliefs will some day become somebody's instincts and he will not be acting from his own beliefs as often he is from yours. There are more ways than one to be effective in this world.

The human form divine? Look at the folks opposite you in the street car and laugh that off.

* * *

Bald-headed men can not work in dry goods stores because they might catch cold when they come out doors to show lady customers a bolt of goods by daylight.

* * *

It must be awful to be a comic artist and have to think up new jokes about near-sighted old ladies.

* * *

The bravest man in America is A. Schulte, who hasn't written a letter in ten years. That is precisely my idea of carrying on correspondence.

* * *

A perfect system for raising children may be developed by combining the Oscar Wilde idea that the way to make a child good is to make it happy, and the Bernard Shaw suggestion that one should never strike a child except in anger.

* * *

There is perhaps as much real courage in being consciously henpecked as in anything. My father used to say that every good man is henpecked. I think he meant that a good man knows he wants the fine things of family life and will suffer the indignities of family life to get them. A man may pretend to be at the head of his house but if he has any sense he knows darn well he is at the foot of it. He may boss a wife and two flapper daughters, but he is a simp if he thinks for a moment that he has the situation in hand.

The Van Goozles find that by installing several wax figures on their way to the gate they get all the thrill of travel without expense.

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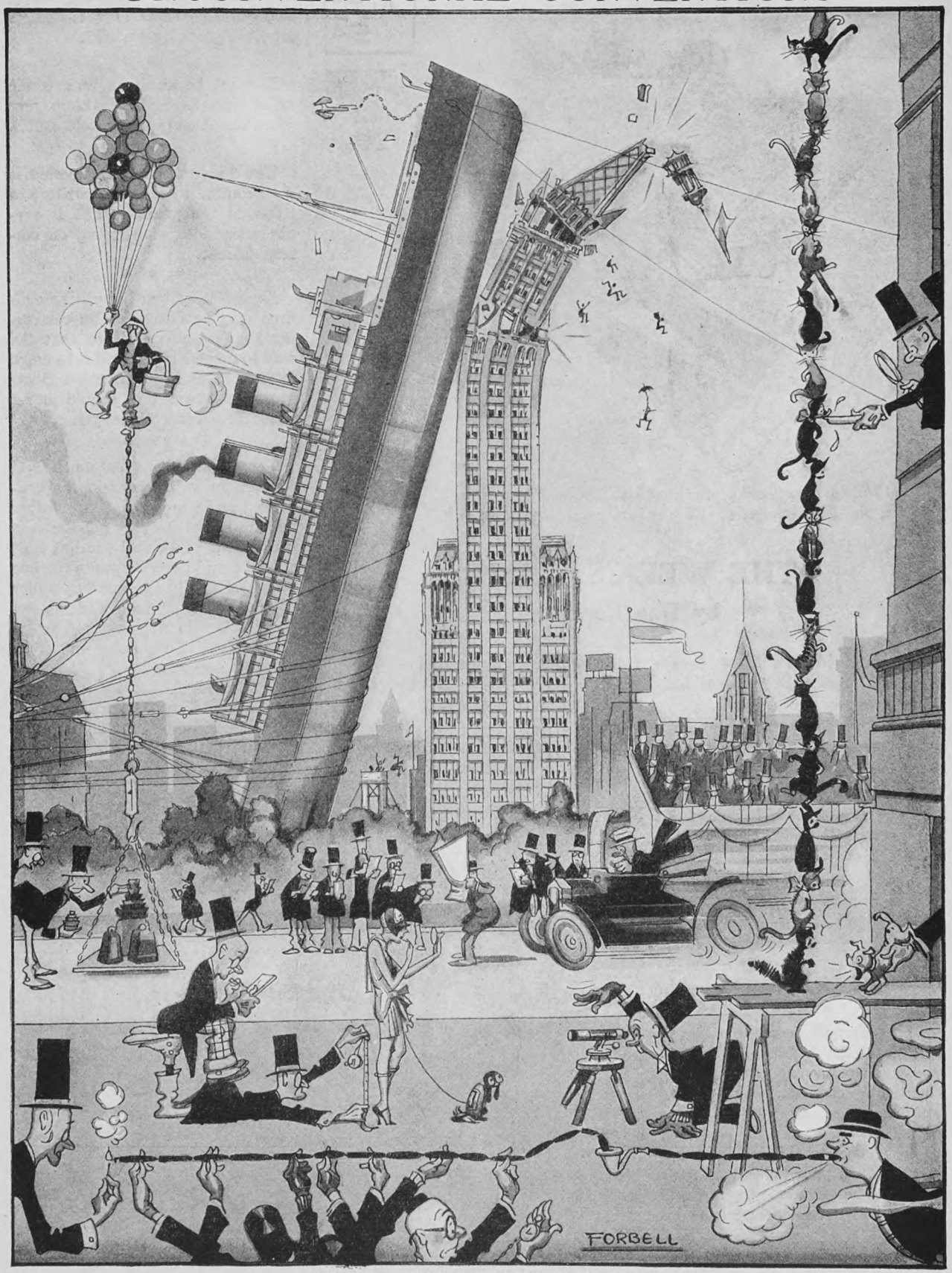
UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 5—THE STATISTICIANS

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HIGH HAT

"For heaven's sake, Judge, Jr.," writes J. N. N.—— of Killeen, Tex., "here we've been following you as the last gasp in the matter of up to dateness and you ask us if we've heard "Sleepy Time Gal" on the records! Why we had that way out here three months ago!" . . . . Sure—you had the Charleston out there a year ago but it's still popular isn't it? . . . . I merely try to record what pieces and things are popular at the moment regardless of their age . . . . take Bronx cocktails, for example . . . . . why I can remember my dear old father talking about how he used to like them when he was a young man about town and they're still popular to-day! . . . . Ain't nature wonderful! . . . . . it's curious how a thing becomes popular even after it's old . . . . take the case of "Gigolette" from Charlot's Revue . . . . . when it was running in London over a year ago records were made of it over here but it wasn't popular at all . . . . . as soon as Charlot opened on this side you heard "Gigolette" everywhere.

Speaking of cocktails, I've already 9,786 letters from indignant readers asking me why I didn't print the recipe for Bacardi cocktail . . . . . we strive to please . . . . . two parts Barcardi, one part lime juice and a dash of Grenadine.

Quite a book review this week . . . . "Cover Charge," by Cornell Woolrich, whoever he is, interested me very much . . . . . it's a fine book, a story of New York night life, and believe me, Cornell knows his way around! . . . . . his chief characters, *Alan* and *Veronica*, are taken from a well-known dancing team . . . . . I repeat it's a darn fine book . . . . . also another good one this week . . . . . a very clever parody of Milne's "When We Were Very Young," called "When We Were Rather Older," by Fairfax Downey and illustrated by our own Jefferson Machamer, who does the "Laughs from the Shows" . . . . . I think I like "Politeness" the best—here's part of it . . . . .

If people ask me
I always tell 'em
"I'm fair enough, I've no kick coming."
If people ask me,
I come right back with:
"I'm O. K., and how's your plumbing?"

The annual "Dutch Treat" show was held the other night and it was a great affair . . . . . for the benefit of our little readers who never heard of the Dutch Treat I will inform them that it is a club composed of well-known writers, artists, bankers, etc., yeah and even editors . . . . . yes, sir, it was a great affair—at least I can remember the first couple of hours were anyway!

The Six Best "Steppers:"
"If You Were Somebody Else"—(*Rainbow Rose*).
"A Girl in Your Arms"—(*Sweetheart Time*).
"No Fooling" — (*Palm Beach Nights*).
"The Girl Friend"—(*The Girl Friend*).
"Hawaiian Nights"—(*No show*).
"Whistle Away Your Blues"—(*Greenwich Follies*).

Judge, Jr.

Golfer's Advice to His Last Ball

Dear white sphere, I pray you,
Heed the words I state,
Never once forget that
It pays to go straight.

Were your other brothers
Good, do you suppose?
No—and now where are they?
Heaven only knows.

Tread the straight and narrow,
Never slice or hook,
Run along the fairway,
But don't play in the brook.

Play upon the green, lad,
That is fun enough;
Don't play in that nasty grass
Down there—it's too rough.

Bogie man will get you
In the woods so dark;
Come and see the birdie,
That will be a lark.

Look at all your brothers.
Is it worth the cost?
Dear white little ballie—
Damit don't get lost.

G. A. Paravicini

BE A DRAFTSMAN 4 OUT OF 5 ARE

Two bootblacks were passing up Chatham street when one accosted the other with, "I say, Jack, I'd be ashamed of myself if I were you, picking up chaws of terbacker." "Mind your own business, please," replied the other, who was none other than General Grant. "I guess they're good enough to learn on!" The first speaker retired greatly discomfited.

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THE STORM

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

Secticide

PRESIDENT A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, of Harvard, recently expressed the opinion that attendance at churches had declined lately because there had been a decrease in antipathy and bitterness among the various sects. "Man is a combative animal," he explained, "and the recent increase in co-operation between sects has caused many church followers to lose interest."

Yes, for the time being. But there is no cause for pessimism since there is another row brewing in the name of our gentle Savior that promises to eclipse anything of its kind since the days of the Holy Inquisition. We wonder that President Lowell made no reference to the evolution controversy as a means of stimulating church attendance. To be sure, it cuts across sect lines and threatens a fresh alignment of combatants, but you can't expect to strike fire forever along the same old grooves. The Ku Klux tried it and is now in eclipse.

Meanwhile the Reverend Bowlby and his Lord's Day Alliance would try another recipe. They have resurrected the bill to give the District of Columbia a blue Sunday, in their campaign to force one upon the nation. "We shall back no law compelling a man to go to church," Mr. Bowlby is quoted as explaining, "but we believe that if we take away his motor car, his golf sticks, newspaper, horses, pleasure steamships, amusement houses and parks, and prohibit him from playing outdoor games or witnessing field sports, he naturally will drift back to church."

It's the same argument that we used to hear from the Prohibitionists—take away his whisky and beer and wine and he'll drift back to water. But has he?

If the Reverend Bowlby has his way he'll offset whatever the evolution row can do to make church popular.

The Mote and the Beam

THE House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, by a strict party vote, has decided that Secretary Hoover was right about rubber and other foreign monopolies in raw materials. Nevertheless, it should be set down as an axiom of politics that every politician, no matter how eminent or respected he may be, is a potential demagogue. Herbert Hoover, for whom we have the highest respect, is no exception.

It happens that the American market is the one great prize in present day commerce. Our capacity to consume is beyond anything of the sort known in history. And this is true whether the commodity under consideration be rubber or wheat or steel or sugar or automobiles or coffee or movies or chewing gum. Republican administrations, with the aid of high protective tariffs, have striven for generations to reserve this great market for the exploitation of our own producers at prices that would afford them a profit. And their efforts for the most part have been crowned with a very fair degree of success.

But in the case of commodities like rubber there can be no protection since we have no producers to protect. If we had you can be sure we would protect them to the hilt, as we do our sugar barons and our steel magnates, our wool Senators and our aluminum trust. And you can be sure we would be paying them quite as much per pound as we are now paying the British producers, perhaps a little more. And you can be equally sure there would be no bleat on our behalf from Secretary Hoover or from any other member of the present Administration. Has Mr. Hoover ever worked himself up over sugar?

What the British rubber interests are doing, of course, is simply to use export duties to accomplish what, if they were domestic American producers, they would be accomplishing with import duties—in other words to exact a price from the American consumer that returns them a profit, or in still other words, to protect their industry. When did this become an outrage in Republican eyes?

The Prig

WHO was it who first remarked on a "certain condescension in foreigners"? In any case, the so-called "Houghton incident" has opened our eyes to a gradual turning of the tables. This incident is only the latest indication, not only of a disposition on the part of Americans to treat Europe a bit priggishly, but of a disposition on the part of Europe to be extremely sensitive to such treatment. To the patronizer of the Nineteenth Century we now oppose the prig of the Twentieth.

The game began with our unwillingness to become associated with our former allies in the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations. There has followed a long list of hem-withdrawing gestures—the recall of our troops from the Rhine, our immigration restrictions, Mr. Hoover's rubber agitation, the Cathcart case.

The Houghton incident is quite the most trivial of the lot. No one seems to know exactly what Ambassador Houghton said, if anything. But the tap, tap of our haughty disapproval has finally had its effect and our friends abroad wince now out of habit.

Haven't we gone far enough? Aside from the absurdity of our holier-than-thou attitude, isn't it possible that if we get their goat often enough it may turn into a white elephant?

W. M. H.

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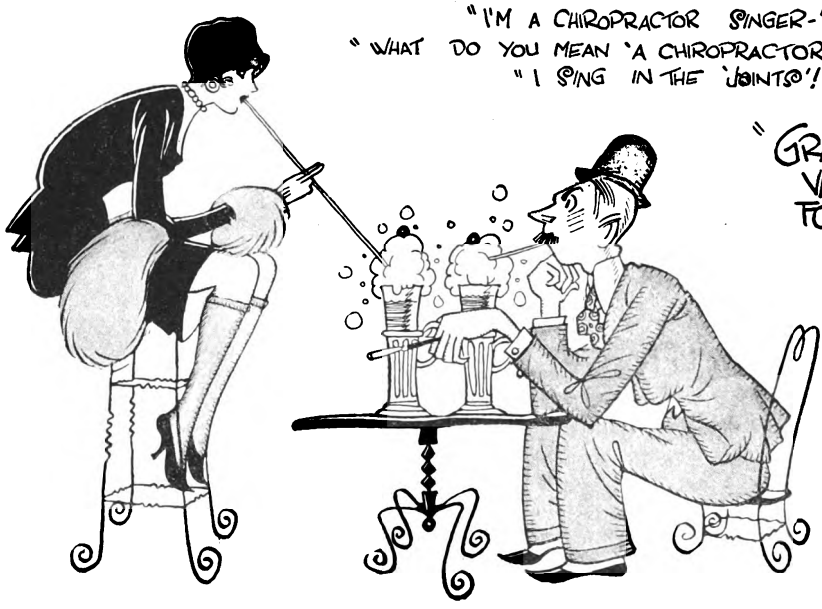
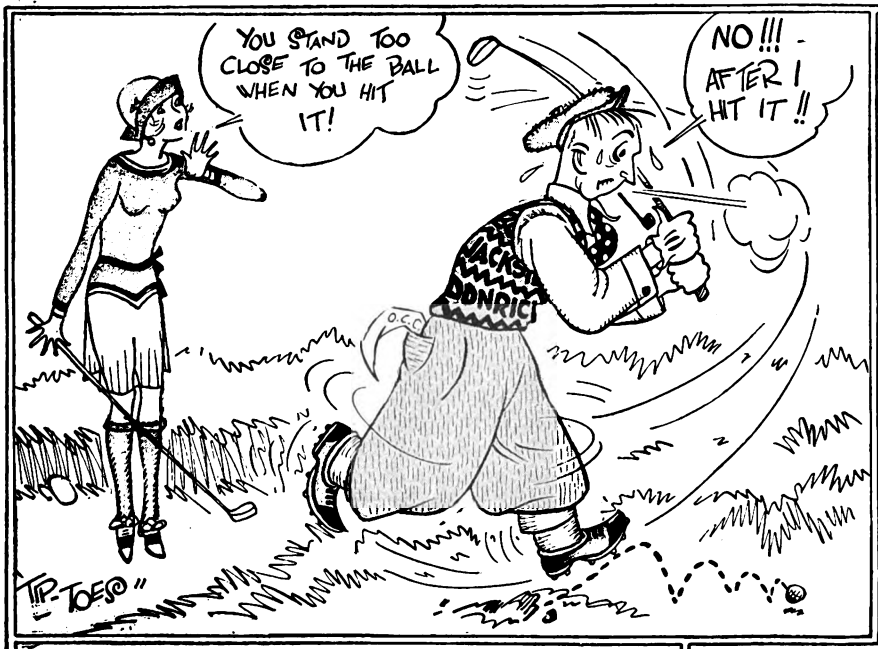
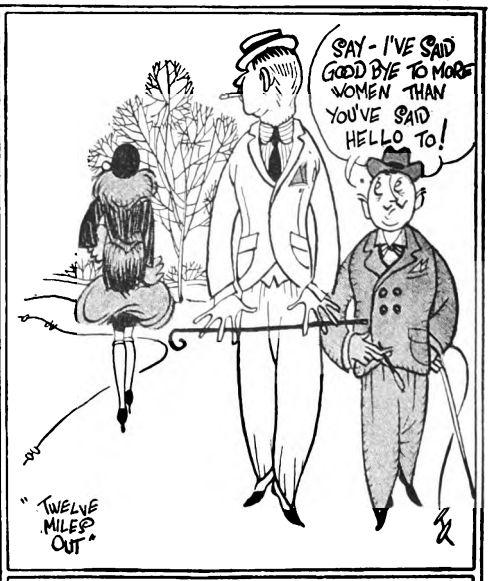
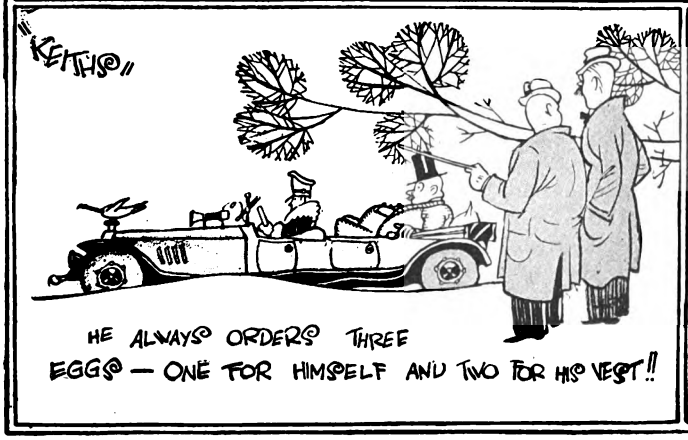
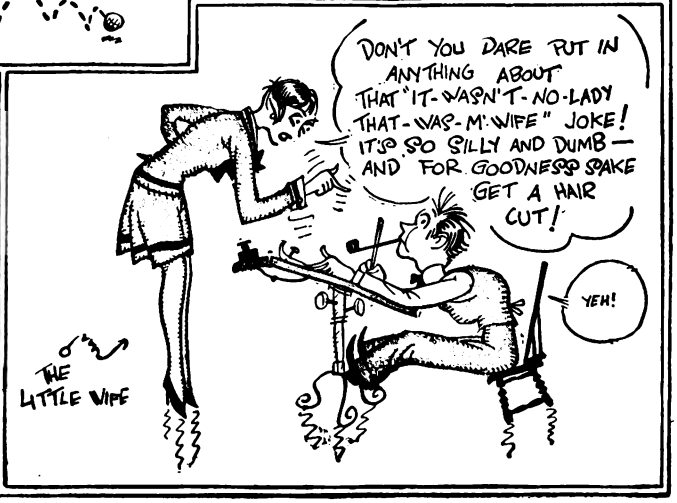
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS











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JUDGING the SHOWS II

By George Jean Nathan

I

SEAN O'CASEY, whose "Juno and the Paycock," has been put on view in the Mayfair so-to-speak Theater, is by profession a plumber. The MM. Alfred G. Jackson and Mann Page, whose "Hush Money" opened recently at the Forty-ninth Street Theater, the M. Daniel Rubin, whose "Devils" is on tap at the Elliott, and the M. Francis DeWitt, whose "Ninety Horse Power" has been revealed at the Ritz, are by profession playwrights. All of which goes to prove that you can't always tell a man's profession by the work he is engaged in, for in the present case it is O'Casey who is the playwright and the others who are the plumbers. The O'Casey play has faults but it is a play. The handiwork of the MM. Jackson, Page, Rubin and DeWitt is merely an assortment of old-fashioned and rather smelly dramatic drain-pipes.

O'Casey is a Dubliner whose other exhibit, "The Plough and the Stars," has lately been the cause of much promiscuous fighting, biting and cussing among the patriot-art-lovers of the Celt capital. His "Juno and the Paycock" is a milder affair. It touches upon Irish politics, the second dullest subject in the world—the first being French politics—only in passing and concerns itself more divertingly with as rich and tasty a character as we have had hereabouts this season. This character is a fat-headed, lazy, ignominious and lovable liar, Boyle by name, who boozes his way through a typical Irish theme of national and family tragedy, the latter the symbol of the former, and ends up, plastered to the ears and grunting vociferously, on the floor. The fabric of the play itself, O'Casey has handled with a dismaying exaggeration, to its considerable damage, but his humor, filtered through his Boyle and a secondary character who serves as the former's booze crony, goes far toward saving and lifting up the evening.

Whatever may be wrong with "Juno and the Paycock," it at least has perception and freshness to recommend it. Which is more, by eight or ten wagon loads, than can be said for any of the other pieces I have mentioned above. The latter are for the most part the same old cuckooings of a hundred dinguses that have preceded them. Their themes are out of the card catalogs; their characters are simply actors with aliases. I shall never crack another joke about plumbers. The next time the pipes in the bathroom start leaking, I'll let them leak. Why waste a potential Molière on such things?

"The Great God Brown" (Garrick)—The outstanding American play of the year.

"The Chief Thing" (Guild)—To be reviewed later.

"The Makropoulos Secret" (Hopkins)—I am still waiting for the cigars from my friend Parker, of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, who says this is a good play.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Beck)—Martin Beck, who owns the theater, went to Europe the day this one opened.

"The Butter and Egg Man" (Longacre)—Lively Broadway farce.

"Ghosts" (Comedy)—Must I?

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Interesting picture of the self-centered woman with a gold band on her finger.

"The Jazz Singer" (Cort)—An East Side tear-brewery.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—An Owen Davis crook play in spats.

"East Lynne" (Greenwich Village)—Spoofing revival of the delight of the '60's.

"Juno and the Paycock" (Mayfair)—See opposite.

"Schweiger" (Mansfield)—Next week's issue.

"The Creaking Chair" (Lyceum)—Mystery mumbo-jumbo.

"The Jest" (Plymouth)—Suave Italian meller.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Harris)—A sonata in slang.

"The Trouper" (52nd St.)—"The Butter and Egg Man's" illegitimate child.

"The Virgin" (Central)—Drivel.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—Mild, sentimental fantasy.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Fetching comedy about the British young.

"Artists and Models" (Winter Garden)—Al Jolson!

"Vanities" (Carroll)—The MM. Julius Tannen and Joe Cook surrounded by girls out of bathtubs.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador)—Entertaining dramatization of Scott Fitzgerald's novel.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—A low and laughable show.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—This one keeps going for a reason that eludes this professor.

"Devils" (Elliott)—By the author of "The Night Duel."

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Marx gents and their amiable didoes.

"Easy Come, Easy Go" (Biltmore)—Would you believe it, this one is about crooks?

"Puppy Love" (48th St.)—A poor one.

"90 Horse Power" (Ritz)—Another.

"By the Way" (Gaiety)—English revue with Jack Hulbert as its star comique.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—The editor of *Judge* is still getting letters roasting me for calling it flapdoodle. Flapdoodle.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Weak stuff.

"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—Ditto.

II

THE ACTORS' THEATER has now revived "Ghosts," making the eighth or ninth Ibsen revival since the first of the year. The presentation may be an excellent one for all I know, but if the affable gents in control of the Actors' Theater think I am going around to see it and review it they are jolly well mistaken, as we used to say at Heidelberg. I herewith serve formal notice that I shall go to no more Ibsen plays this season, even if they put on "When We Dead Awaken" with real bloodhounds, a chariot race and Florence Mills.

This Ibsen thing is getting to be a nuisance if for no other reason than that the managers always seem to pick out a night for an Ibsen revival that conflicts with a new musical show. Every time I plan the week previous to have a good time the

(*Continued on page 27*)

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In 1936
An old-fashioned girl.

He Met Death Simile-ing

LIFE is like that. It will hit a man in his metaphor (the upper and more vulnerable part of his rhetoric and almost as tender as the solar plexus) thus ruining his diction for life, and sometimes longer. An instance of this occurred but a few days ago, next Tuesday to be exact.

We were discussing a stenographer we'd just hired when my partner, who we will call Herman because, unfortunately, that is his name, said, "Oh, I guess she'll do all right, but *shneeze as snow as a show snoveller.*"

The poor man realized almost immediately that he'd made quite a botch of his simile and after blushing and trying to pretend it didn't hurt said, "What I mean to say is *she's as shlow as a sew shovellner.*"

"There, there, old man," I said. "Pull yourself together. I know what you mean and I quite agree with you. *Snee is as show as a shnove suvvler.*"

A fiendish gleam lit his eyes, but I was nonchalant and lit a cigarette on it. "See!" he shouted. "You can't say *show's as slee as a snow-shuffler either.*"

Things were rapidly going from pretty terrible to a good deal worse. Instead of being beside each other we were both beside ourselves. None could manage, *'Shnows as she as a slow shnoveller.*"

Finally in one desperate effort, Herman, who has flat feet anyway, got an apoplectic stroke and before I could say, "*She's as slow as a snow shoveller,*" he died of old age fifteen years later.

Carroll Carroll

The New England farmer who leaves no stone unturned.

How Wonderful Cities Are Made

BINGO CITY is the most wonderful city in the United States. We have wonderful parks, wonderful climate, wonderful roads, one hundred per cent. pure water, the finest hotels, the best of business establishments. Everybody in Bingo City will welcome you and extend the hand of friendship. Come to Bingo City. Come! Come!

Stingo City is the most wonderful city in the United States. We have wonderful parks, wonderful climate, wonderful roads, one hundred per cent. pure water, the finest hotels, the best of business establishments. Everybody in Stingo City will welcome you and extend the hand of friendship. Come to Stingo City. Come! Come!

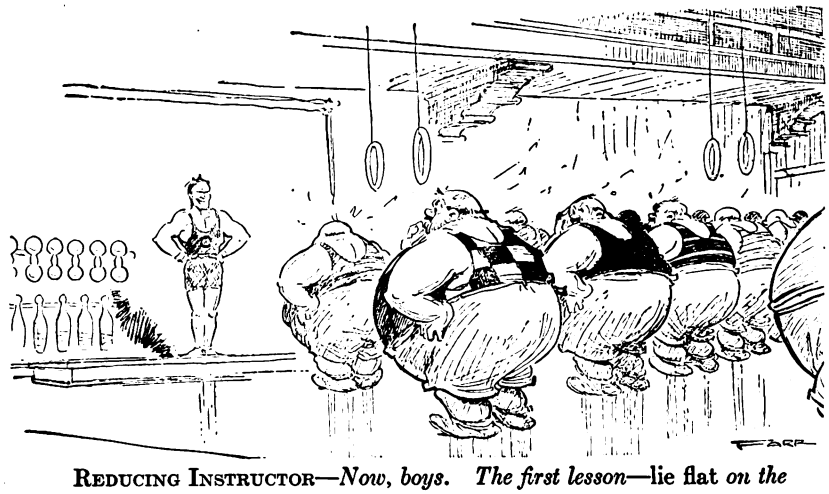
Who am I?

A year ago I was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Bingo City, and wrote the first paragraph. Now I am secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Stingo City, having been transferred, and I have just written the second paragraph.

William Sanford

Triolet

Spring is in the air,
Summer's in the offing;
Blossoms here and there,
Spring is in the air;
Woolen underwear,
People now are doffing;
Spring is in the air,
Summer's in the offing.



REDUCING INSTRUCTOR—*Now, boys. The first lesson*—lie flat *on the floor*—let's go!

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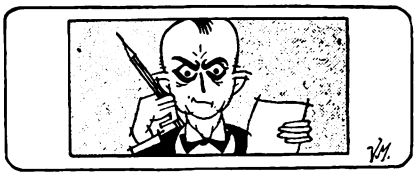
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



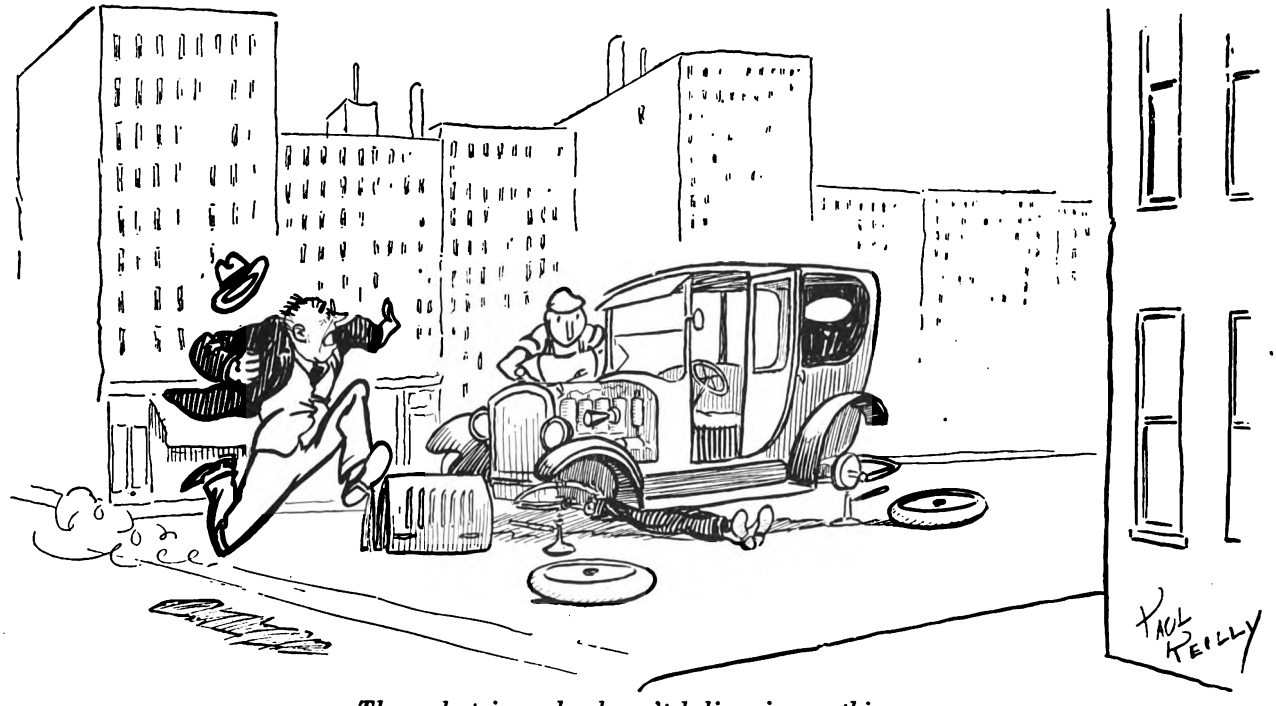
"THE BAT" strikes me as an excellent mystery drama if for no other reason than because it preserves such a happy balance between comedy and the creeps. But there are other reasons, namely, the number of surprises in the plot, which keep up to the very last minute of action, and the character of Miss Cornelia Van Gorder. She might be described as one of the major surprises—a middle-aged gentlewoman whose nerves and intelligence stand like a rock in the current of hysteria and madness that rollick through the play. This rôle in the picture is excellently played by Emily Fitzroy.

The movie verson of "The Bat" is, of course, much more elaborate in setting than anything possible to the speaking stage. But the temptation to spread themselves in this respect has caused the directors to come a cropper in one particular. They have over-emphasized the intricacy of the Fleming house to such an extent that the observer finally gives up trying to understand the relationship of the different rooms; he doesn't care if he never seees another secret panel, and he prays that the players may get flat feet running from one to another.

But just to whet your appetite for the story, in case you don't know it, let me say that the Bat is a famous and mysterious criminal whose robberies and murders have baffled the police and terrorized the community. He watches Somebody-or-other Fleming, owner of the spooky house which is the scene of the play, rob his own bank and hide the money in his house. He goes after it, but so do the young cashier of the bank, who is suspected of the robbery, and Miss Van Gorder, who has rented and is occupying the house, and her young niece, who is in love with the cashier, and a miscellaneous assortment of

(*Continued on page 30*)

"*The Big Parade*"—In a class by itself.
"*A Woman of the World*"—Pola Negri in an excellent Main street comedy.
"*Siegfried*"—The great German film.
"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart comes all the way back.
"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Poorly cast.
"*A Kiss for Cinderella*"—Quite worthy of Barrie.
"*Bluebeard's Seven Wives*"—The movie sheik burlesqued.
"*Womanhandled*"—A satire on the Wild West.
"*Soul Mates*"—Elinor Glyn piffle.
"*Mannequin*"—You wonder how Fanny Hurst got $50,000 for it.
"*That Royle Girl*"—Mannequins, crooks, cyclones.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Unintentional burlesque of "Moby Dick."
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney in a good Limehouse drama.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Charming travelogue.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Adolphe Menjou in excellent comedy.
"*Partners Again*"—Potash and Perlmutter.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Dancing Mothers*"—A feeble sermon.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo gives a finished performance of a sophisticated rôle.
"*La Bohême*"—Lillian Gish in a moving version of the old story.
"*Let's Get Married*"—Richard Dix in an amusing farce.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore tries on a lot of gowns.
"*The Cave Man*"—A libel on truck drivers.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks in brilliant form.
"*First Year*"—Frank Craven's comedy marred with slapstick.
"*Miss Brewster's Millions*"—Punk.



The pedestrian who doesn't believe in anything.

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The opening bars of that old ballad: "I've been given the time of my life and now I'm going home."

—California Pelican

Famous Macks

—intosh.
Holy —erel.
—aroni.
— no difference.

—*Texas Ranger*

***

Cinderella—Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?

The Good Fairy—You'll not go at all, if you don't stop swearing.

—*Williams Purple Cow*

***

Lady (visiting in slums)—How low!

Inebriate in Gutter—H'lo ya'shelf.

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

"Her party was so boring last night that I fell asleep on the davenport."

"Oh, that's the bunk."

—Boston Beanpot

Poor Jack is dead, we mourn his loss,
Doc did the best he could;
He thought it was grain alcohol,
But the grain was in the wood.

—*U. S. N. Log*

***

"Boss, gimme some of them labor union matches."

"How now, hireling, labor union matches?"

"The kind that strikes anywhere, boss." —*Carolina Buccaneer*

Long live the Kink!

—Cornell Widow

***

"I won't have Mr. Jones kissing you like that, Mabel."

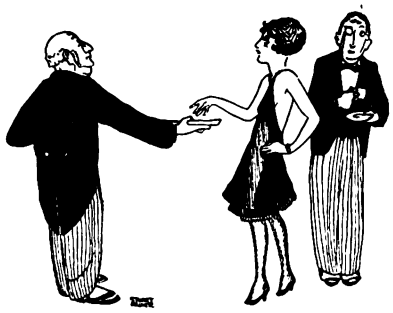
"But, Dad, give him a chance. He's only just beginning."

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

***

Marriage is a wonderful institution —no family should be without it.

—*Cincinnati Cynic*



"The census taker is at the door, miss."

"Tell him we lost our census years ago." —Wisconsin Octopus

***

Dumb Dora—What makes a collitch fellow give his pin to a girl when he gets engaged to her?

Dumb Engineer—The girl.

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*

***

Officer—Who is that sap roaming around suspicious-like?

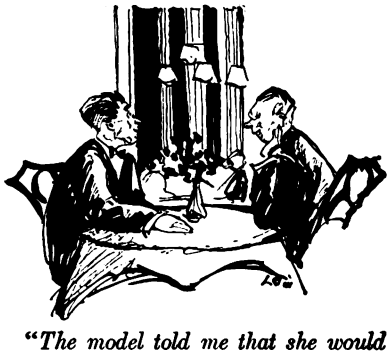
Cop—'Tis a poet, so he says.

"Ah, and did he show his poet's license?" —*Carnegie Puppet*

***

They say candy is a substitute for liquor but it never made me want to sing "Sweet Adeline."

—*Colby White Mule*



"The model told me that she would do three semi-nude drapes for $10."

"How much did she say she would take off for cash?"

—N. Y. Medley

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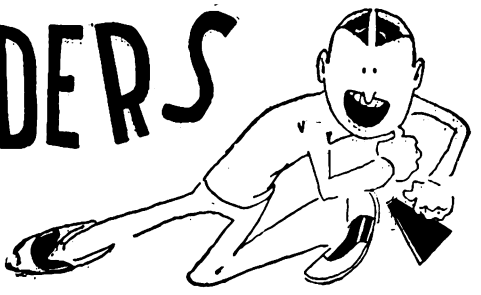
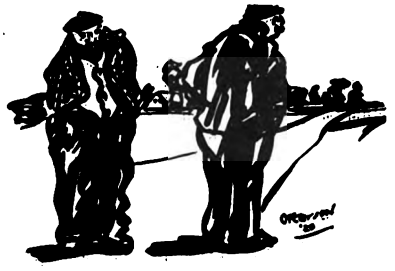
LEADERS





"I don't care if you do hire a thousand men. You can't hold a candle to what I make."

"No. What is it?"

"Gunpowder!" —YALE RECORD

***

He—Mary never lets any one but her friends kiss her.

The Opposite—She doesn't seem to have any enemies.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*

***

"A man's fraternity pin on a girl's dress used to mean an engagement."

"Well, what is it now?"

"Oh, just necking privileges."

—*Pitt Panther*

***

Hard-boiled Sergeant—Well, speak up there, how do you want your uniform, too big or too small?

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

"You tickle me, Joe."

"My, what a strange request."

—WASHINGTON DIRGE

She—Buy a seal for the benefit of the Red Cross?

He—Very worthy organization; but I cannot afford a seal.

"Buy just one seal, please."

"If I bought it I couldn't feed it."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

"How was the play last night?"

"Quite good. It made me think."

"Oh, one of those suggestive shows."

—PITT PANTHER

***

Numb—What's a steam turbine?

Dumn—It's what an Arab wears when he has a cold in his head.

—*Penn State Froth*

***

Frosh—What's the difference between an acquaintance and a friend?

Soph—Well, when a friend wants to borrow money, he's an acquaintance. —*Washington Columns*

***

"D'you know, this college goes back to the Pilgrim Fathers."

"What's the matter with it, isn't it satisfactory?" —*Yale Record*

Don't write, telegraph—S. O. S., B. V. D., P. D. Q., R. S. V. P.

—SEWANEE MOUNTAIN GOAT

A Big Radio Man from Ayre

"Pardon me, is that the drug store, with the candy in the window?"

"No, that's it over there—'Motorcycles and Radio.' "

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

***

Doctor—What you need is something to shock you, to stir up your emotions?

Patient—Yes, doctor?

"Well, er, er, I'll send you my bill in the morning!" —*Toronto Goblin*

***

"What type lad is your fiancé?"

"Oh, when he puts his arms around my neck and presses, strange thrills run up and down my spine."

"Oh, I see, a chiropractor."

—*Centre Colonel*

Under the influence of likker.

—MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

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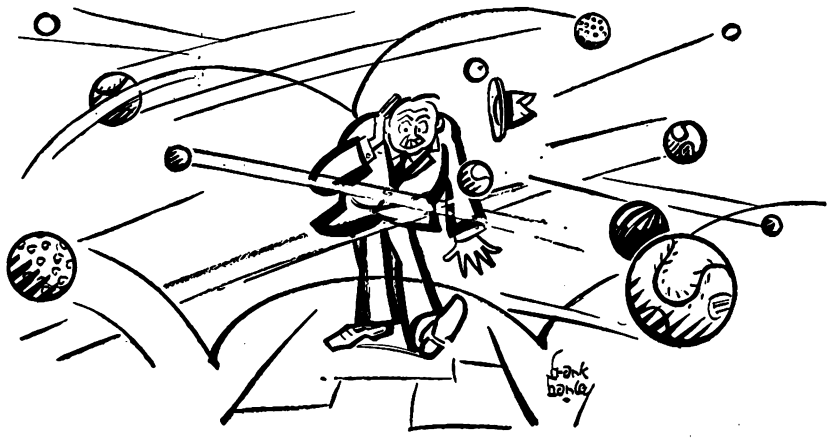

Spring is in the air.

PEDESTRIAN—*No, I will* not *put up my hands! What d'ye s'pose I* got *this outfit for?*

In the spring the middle-aged man would be entirely happy if things could be fixed something like this.

How to Amuse Yourself in Jail

WHAT with so many laws to break, it stands to reason that you are very likely to find yourself in jail one of these days, and then these little suggestions for amusing yourself will come in handy indeed. Jail authorities are notoriously negligent when it comes to providing amusement for their guests, although once in a while you do hear of one of the more kind-hearted ones giving a fellow that's sentenced to hang the next week a copy of a crossword puzzle book, but with no pencil, as the poor wretch would be apt to stab himself with it or lick the paint off and poison himself and thus cheat the electrician out of his fee.

But, of course, we all can't be murderers, and the lesser lawbreaker sometimes finds time heavy on his hands, more especially if he is in a cell all by himself with no cellmate for a playmate. With a cellmate for a playmate the amusement problem is simplified, say one hundred per cent. Go ahead and say it.

All right. Ah, but when one is all by one's self in a cold, damp jail—are any jails warm and dry?—with no cellmate for a playmate, then is when one must use one's ingenuity if one is to enjoy one's self at all. Here are the suggestions:

For this first trick you'll need a clothesline. The best way to procure a clothesline while in jail is to ask the nearest keeper for one. He'll probably think you want to hang yourself with it, so he'll get one for you. When you get it, tie one end to the cell door and the other end to one of the bars of the window.

Now you've got your line up. All that has taken time, and time is what one tries to get rid of when one is in jail. Now what are you going to do with your line, now that you've got it up?

Well, there's any number of things you can do with it. First of all, you can take it down and skip with it. Of course, you can't skip out of jail with it, but you can skip all around your cell with it and then back again. Then you can try pepper, salt, mustard, cider, vinegar, and, when you have mastered that, you can try skipping on one foot and then the other. Or, you can skip on the other foot first.

Another thing you can do with the rope is to have a tug-of-war with yourself. Put the rope around a bar in the window and pull both ends. If the bar gives way, so much the better.

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Other games you can play in jail, with or without a rope, are Hide the Button, Charades, Hop Scotch, Jacks, Hari Kari, Shadow Boxing, Deep Breathing (if there's enough air and it smells all right), Cot Folding, Whistling, Ringing for Ice Water, Moaning, Lamenting and All Kinds of Guessing Games—Guessing When They're Going to Bring Your Dinner, How They Happened to Catch You and When You're Going to Get Out. *R. C. O'Brien*

This Age and Generation

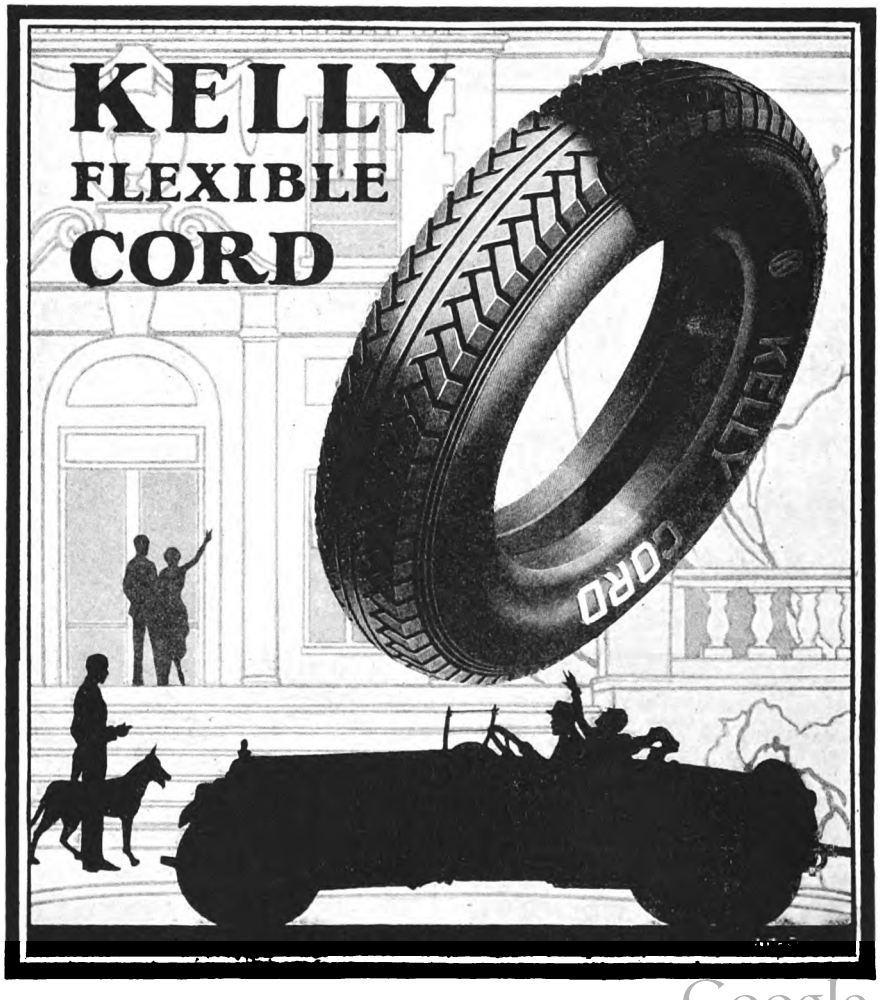
Isn't the world a fascinating place to live in to-day? (You don't have to answer, as this is just an introductory remark.) With our modern institutions, and our modern conveniences—what marvels have been wrought! Take the modern laundry. What magic. You send a shirt, five collars, and a bathrobe, and you get back a suit of pyjamas and a fudge apron. Take our radio (you are welcome to it)—you sit down comfortably to listen to Pagliacci, and behold, in the twinkling of an eye, you have a lecture on salad dressing with a time signal obligato. Mystic, intriguing modern existence! In the matter of investments, you buy stock in an oil well. And do you have oil? No. A thousands nos in approved after-dinner speaker style. The moving finger writes, and presto—you have paper. You order coal, and abbacadaba, you have buckwheat. You sit at the wheel of your car, start the engine, and wonder of wonders, your wife drives from the back seat. And the telephone. Marvel of marvels. You give your home number, and get the Municipal Dog Pound. We ask, "Will wonders never cease?" Well may we ask. The cinema. Child of the Twentieth Century. Flash but the captions on a screen, and a human voice reproduces the words perfectly from behind. Think of it. Indeed, it is even possible through the same agency to keep two full reels ahead of the presentation. Then take those garden spots, the suburbs, flung like an emerald ring about the city improper. Rattling good transportation. *Hic transit*—to Latinize. You miss your car, and in these times do you wait for the next? You do. *George A. Paravicini*

LIZZIE LABELS

The Louse of a Thousand Scandals.

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.

"Discussions about the heat only make you hot under the collar. Temper and temperature should invariably be under control in a modern home. Get a Tycos Thermometer and settle the argument. Your dealer has them."



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Our Headache Corner

Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

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

This is the first announcement of my nation-wide poll on the proposed new 19th Amendment.

* * *

The amendment will prohibit all headaches—

* * *

By compelling everyone who starts one, to finish it instanter by taking a safe, balanced prescription.

* * *

How do you generally feel, after a headache? Vote yes ☐ or no ☐.

* * *

If you usually take a drug that leaves you depressed, all in, and ready for another headache—

* * *

Then you will be glad to know the name of the safe, balanced prescription.

* * *

It has been relieving headaches, promptly and pleasantly, and without harmful after-effects, for over 35 years.

* * *

Vote for Kohler-Antidote, at any drug store.

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Trade Old Golf Balls for New

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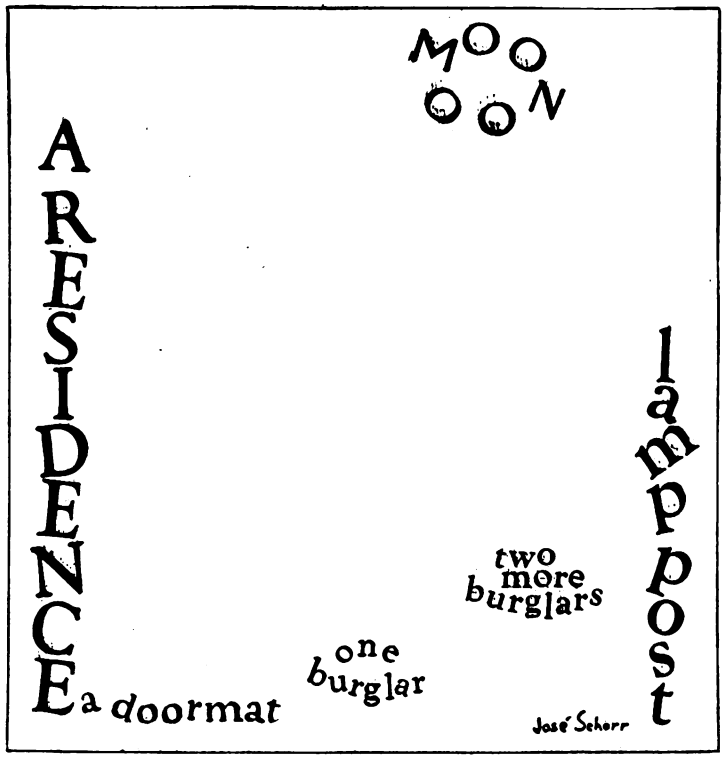
FOR THAT COUGH!

LETTER-LAUGHS!



ONE OF THE TWO—*Poor old-fashioned Jim. He won't break into a house until he has looked under the doormat for the key.*

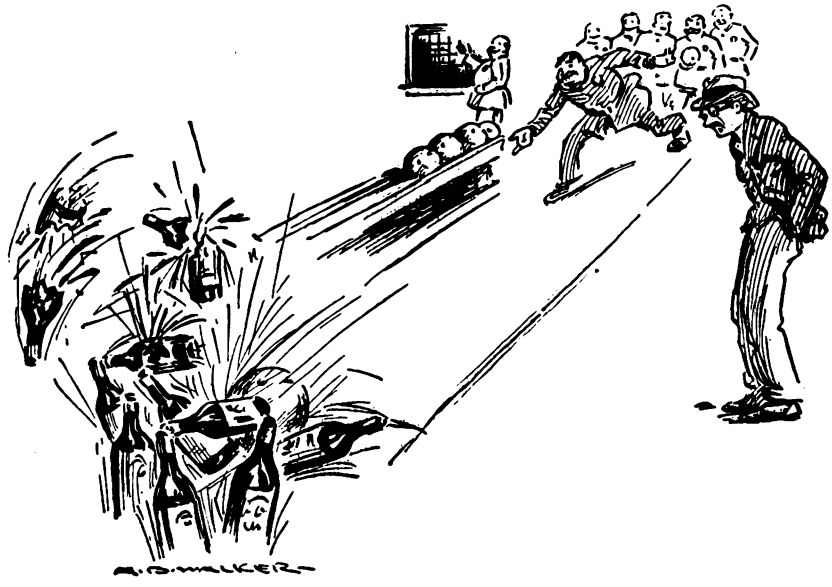
Judge will pay $25 for EACH ONE PRINTED

How to make Letter-Laughs

Cut out letters, or words, from any printed text matter, and paste them on a sheet of stiff white paper so that they will make a picture.

Each LETTER-LAUGH Picture must have a Caption and must be FUNNY!

Send your LETTER-LAUGHS to the LETTER-LAUGH EDITOR of JUDGE, *627 West 43d Street, New York City, and enclose postage if you wish them returned.*



A CLUB WE'D HATE TO JOIN

The revenue officers bowling club.

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The poor sap

The Origin of Famous Proverbs

"Matches Are Made in Heaven"

THERE is a very touching tale connected with the birth of this most popular quotation. When I say popular, I mean with those people who foregather every Wednesday afternoon over a feline cup of coffee and say, "Well, my dear, when they told me she was going to marry *him* you could have knocked me over with a feather, but then they do say that 'matches are made in heaven.'"

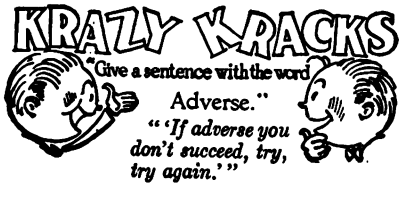
It all came about like this. A young Swedish sailor in Port Said got drunk one night, of course, that's not much as news, but this happened to be the first time this sailor had gotten drunk (in this particular port).

As he and his comrades went from one café to another dive, to another brothel, to another saloon, to another cabaret, they became more and more boisterous until finally the young Scandinavian, seeing the flagship of the Irish navy swinging, to and fro, at anchor in the harbor, raised his glass (for he was carrying a glass) and waving it in the direction of the ship cried, "Sweden must be heaven for my mother came from there."

An American wit in the party, who was only serving as an able seaman at the time, to get material for this series of articles for JUDGE said, "Then 'matches must be made in heaven.'"

So, my friends, you see from small beginnings little things grow.

Carroll



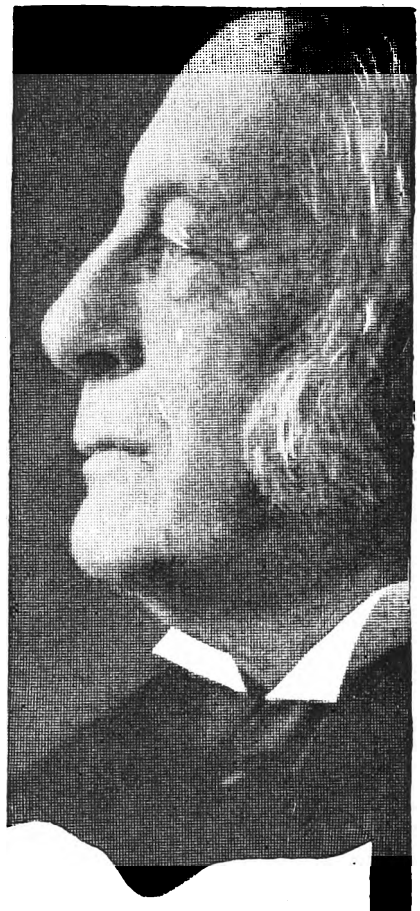
Your reading problem solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard

There will be a dozen competitors for your big opportunity when it comes. What will influence the man who is to make the decision among them?

"In every department of practical life," said ex-President Hadley of Yale, "men in commerce, men in transportation, and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges was men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

Not bookworms; not men who have read all kinds of miscellaneous books. Not men who have wasted their whole leisure time with the daily papers. But those who have read and have mastered the few great books that make men think clearly and talk well.

What are those few great books? How shall a busy man find them? The free book offered below answers those questions; it describes the plan and purpose of



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Read good books—and pay while you read—that's the famous Collier plan. Collier's good books can be in your home, too. Just mail the coupon.

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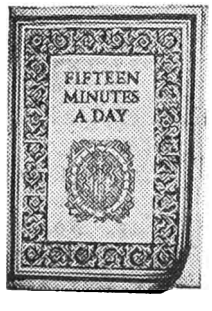

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By mail, free, send me the little guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard. Also how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

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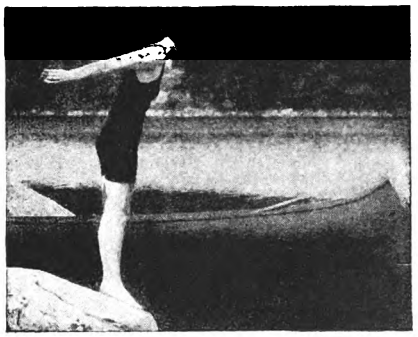

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Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear Judge:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

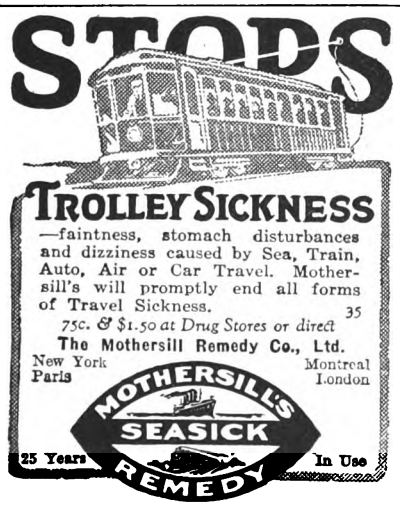
Should be entered in the Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

(Name) .....

(Address).....

(Week of April 10)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 Prize. Vote Your Favorite!



It's not generally known that there was a woman in the David-Goliath episode.

He Don't Get It from Us

"G'd evenin', Missus Flinty, an' you, too, Mister Flinty. I just stopped in to inquire about how your Herbie is gettin' along in Noo Yawk."

"C'm right in, Missus Finkle. An' be sure you get all the mud off your shoes. Oh! Excuse me! It's what I always tell the children, an' I forget. Yes, Minnie is doing fine. Oh, no, it was Herbie you was askin' about. Well, Missus Finkle, Herbie ain't doin' so well, I'm afraid. Don't you think so, poppa?"

"Who did?"

"Our Herbie, poppa. Why don't you pay attention to what I say? Yes, Missus Finkle, he ain't doin' so good. You know he always was so absent-minded. Well, I guess maybe he's even worse since he got to Noo Yawk. Don't you think he is, poppa?"

"Where was that?"

"Our Herbie, poppa; not where anything. Just between us as friends an' neighbors, Missus Finkle, Herbie would forget his own head if it wasn't tied on his neck tight. My, he's so absent-minded! And he don't get it from us, does he, poppa?"

"Oh, I don't know. It may rain before morning."

"Poppa! Why don't you put down the newspaper while Missus Finkle is here? What was you sayin' now, Missus Finkle?"

"You was speakin' of Herbie, Missus Flinty."

"Oh, yes! Well, Herbie is so absent-minded, that he said in the last letter we got to-day. No, I guess it was yesterday. No, maybe it was the day before. Anyway, he said that when he went to the place where he works he forgot. What was it now? Let me see—he forgot to do something but—Poppa what was it Herbie said he forgot?"

"No. I paid it, but it wasn't due till the tenth."

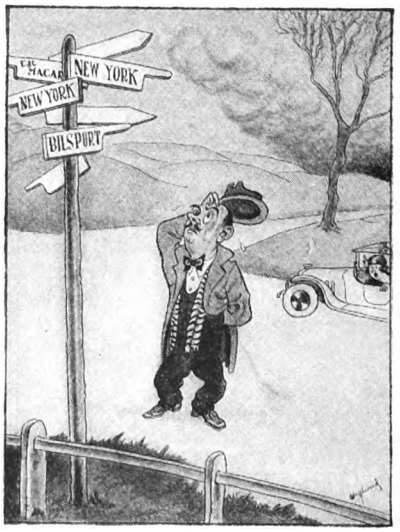
"Poppa! What're you talkin' about?"

"Didn't you ask me if I paid the gas bill?"

"No. I asked you. What was it I asked him, Missus Finkle? Oh, yes, about Herbie's letter. What was it that he was so absent-minded about? You know, poppa, in his last letter he said—what did you do with that letter, poppa?"

"Uh-huh, I think that was it."

"Poppa! I want to show Missus Flinty our Herbie's last letter to show her about how absent-minded he is. My! It's terrible, Missus Finkle! An' he don't get it from us.



"Show me the way to go home."

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I don't know why Herbie should be so forgetful about such things, do you, poppa?"

"I guess not."

"Poppa! Where is Herbie's letter?"

"Didn't you have it this morning?"

"I gave it to you, poppa, to read on the way to work."

"That's right. I forgot to read it, though. It must be in my overcoat pocket yet."

"I'll get it. Why, poppa, your overcoat ain't here!"

"I guess I forgot to bring it home."

"Isn't that an overcoat over there, Missus Flinty?"

"Of course, it is, Missus Finkle! But look, poppa, there ain't no letter in the pockets! And look! Here is the list of things that I told you to leave at the grocery store, poppa!"

"I guess maybe I gave them Herbie's letter by mistake, momma."

"Well, I got enough bacon for breakfast anyhow. And I'm glad you didn't leave the list, poppa, because I remember now I forgot to put down the things I needed most. What was we talkin' about, Missus Finkle?"

"About your Herbie, Missus Flinty."

"Oh, yes. Well, it seems that he did something he shouldn't have or something he should have he didn't do. But he's so absent-minded, Missus Flinty. My! I don't know what will become of him! And poppa and I have tried so hard to break him of his forgetfulness. But his mind was always wandering all the time, wasn't it, poppa?"

"Went where?"

"Poppa! Our Herbie. I said he was always so. Oh, can't you stay any longer, Missus Finkle? Well, I'm awful glad you dropped in. Have you got your umbrella? Oh, you didn't bring one, did you? I almost gave you ours. Well, Missus Finkle, I'll tell Minnie you was in askin' about her. An' I know Herbie'll be glad, although sometimes when I think of Herbie, Missus Finkle, an' think how hard poppa and I tried to make him remember things—G'd night, Missus Finkle. What? A bottle of catchup! I remember now, I started to put out the milk bottle an' I was so worried about Herbie that—by-bye, Missus Finkle." *Chet Johnson*

***

Nephew (who is in love)—Uncle, what's the best way to find out what she thinks of me?

Uncle—Marry her, my boy.

—*Answers*

***

Proud Father—I understand, son, your school now boasts of a glee club.

The Son—No, sir, we don't boast of it. —*Answers*

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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"Did your friend completely recover from his broken leg?"

"No. Complications set in."

"How so?"

"He married his nurse!"

—*Fliegende Blaetter*(Munich)

"Come and dine with me tomorrow evening, old man."

"Afraid I can't; I'm going to see Hamlet."

"Never mind, bring him along too." —*Happy Mag*

FIRST HUSBAND—*I don't see anything to be so cheerful about.*
"Oh, but you don't know! My wife has just bought me a new washing-machine."

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

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Lighthouse Keeper (shouting)—Wotcher want?
Enterprising Seedsman—To sell you a packet of my double-strength climbing nasturtium—you've got *just* the wall for it! —*Humorist*

The Wise-cracker's Doom

THE greatest wise-cracker of them all had been killed by his wife. And now, the accused, a pale, pathetic figure, was telling her story upon the witness stand.

"For years I had lived a dog's life," she began in a low, quivering voice. "I was the dog upon which he tried first the material with which he filled his column. For breakfast I always knew what I would have—puns, puns without number. This certain morning, as usual, he began on me as soon as we were seated at the table.

" 'Where were you last night?' he asked.

" 'At a musicale,' I answered.

" 'Ah, where did you get the kale?' he inquired, and not stopping for a reply, wrote his remark on a pad at his elbow, as per his custom.

" 'Can't you go with me to one some time?' I said, when he had looked up from his scribbling.

" 'No, but perhaps Otto Kahn,' he said, and again his pencil was busy.

"What was his next and last wise-crack?" asked her attorney then.

"It—it was upon a subject of which I was the most wearied of all those he broached," she answered.

"Upon what subject?"

"Abie's Irish Rose."

"What did he say about it?"

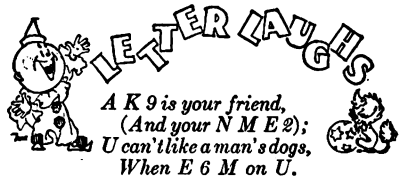
The defendant slumped in the witness chair, then raised herself with an effort and continued her testimony.

" 'I went to see "The Jew's Harp" last night,' said my husband.

" 'The Jew's Harp!' I exclaimed.

" 'Yes,' he said, 'Abie's Irish Rose.' "

The lady fell back in a faint. But when she had revived, she was a free woman. *Fred B. Mann*



A K 9 is your friend,
(And your N M E 2);
U can't like a man's dogs,
When E 6 M on U.

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.

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Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 15*)

following Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday night at a song and dance opening, one of these managerial curses suddenly announces that on that night he is going to stage "John Gabriel Borkman" or "Little Eyolf" and thus goes and spoils everything. Well, I've stood this nonsense long enough and I am going to stand it no longer. Let them put on all the Ibsen plays they want to; Giorgio will not be there. I have been seeing Ibsen plays professionally now for about a quarter of a century; I have written hundreds of thousands of words about them and bored enough people as it is; I shall henceforth leave the job, with my blessing, to those of my younger colleagues who, in their enthusiasm and innocence, find that job vastly entrancing. After which ringing valedictory you will probably next season find me, incurable *hanswurst* that I am, going to see all the Ibsen plays all over again, and smearing up good white paper with my dubious words of wisdom about them.

III

JOHN DOS PASSOS' "The Moon Is a Gong," produced in the Cherry Lane as-it-were Theater, is another sample of our little theaters' wish to be dramatically artistic and being, instead, merely rather silly. Dos Passos showed considerable promise in his first work, "Three Soldiers," but has done little since to support the hope of his critics. His play is childish stuff. Like John Howard Lawson in "Processional," he has tried to interpret the looniness of the American scene in terms of jazz rhythm, but, also like Lawson, all that he has succeeded in interpreting is his own looniness as a dramatic craftsman.

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

T	A	L	E	N	T	■	B	■	T	O	W	E	R	S
H	■	O	R	E	■	S	O	S	■	G	A	T	■	I
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M	E	N	D	E	R	■	T	■	A	R	R	O	W	S

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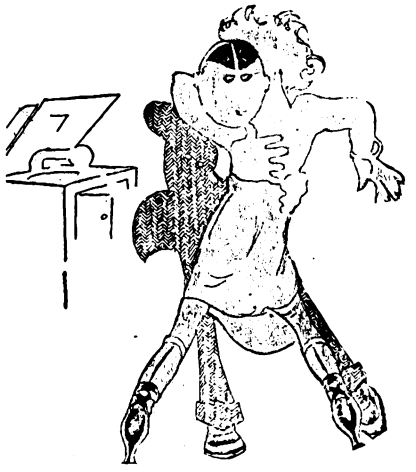

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The Fall of the Angel

IT was dusk in Heaven. A Coolidge-blue haze hung over the pearly gates and so did St. Peter and Margery.

"But tell me, do I step out?" asked Margery, brushing some stardust off St. Peter's robe.

Standing on the corner of Forty-second and Broadway, Margery looked about curiously at the theater mob hastening past her. What would she do with her leave of absence?

She glanced speculatively at every man who passed, but they all had women with them and though many an admiring glance was thrown Margery's way, it came to naught.

Then she saw the cutest thing in college boys that ever was, sitting in a roadster and smiling at her. As her gaze met his, the door of the roadster flew open.

"Where to?"

"Oh, let's just ride," said Margery. . . .

Far back against the black trees that lined the Drive, he parked the car. Margery waited to see what he'd do next. He lit a cigarette and fell into a satisfied silence.

"Say, don't you pet?" Margery asked.

"I have," the nice boy admitted.

"Well, your past doesn't interest me. What of the present, oh, coyest of mashers?"

"It's like this," he explained. "When I saw you downtown, I thought you were a red-hot mamma. I saw visions of kissing you into a stupor, but," he hesitated a second, then plunged on, "I can't. There's something sort of angelic about you. You've got a sort of 'Made in Heaven' stamp on you. I simply couldn't mess you up. Not for a million dollars."

It was at this juncture that Margery got out of that roadster and began to walk back to town.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

Are there enough men in New York who'd recognize the angelic look to keep an angel intent on mischief from stepping out? See "The Fall of the Angel," by Viña Delmar in the Stepping Out Number of SNAPPY STORIES. *Now on all newsstands—20 cents.*

RANGER DELIVERED FREE
on approval and 30 days' trial, *express prepaid*. Many styles. Bicycles $21.50 up. Easy payments. Write today for our big catalog and Factory-to-Rider prices.
MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. L-174 CHICAGO

Diner (to slow waiter)—George, if you had to wait on yourself you'd starve to death! —*Passing Show*

A Game for Two

IN CERTAIN parts of America newspaper men are allowed to travel by rail free, on production of their card.

One day a freelance reporter, who was extremely hard-up, had to make a journey he was unable to afford. He decided to try bluffing.

"I'm Jamieson of the *Star*," he said to the ticket collector, "but like a fool, I've forgotten my card. I suppose it'll be all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the collector. "We've the editor of the *Star* on the train; no doubt he'll be able to recognize you."

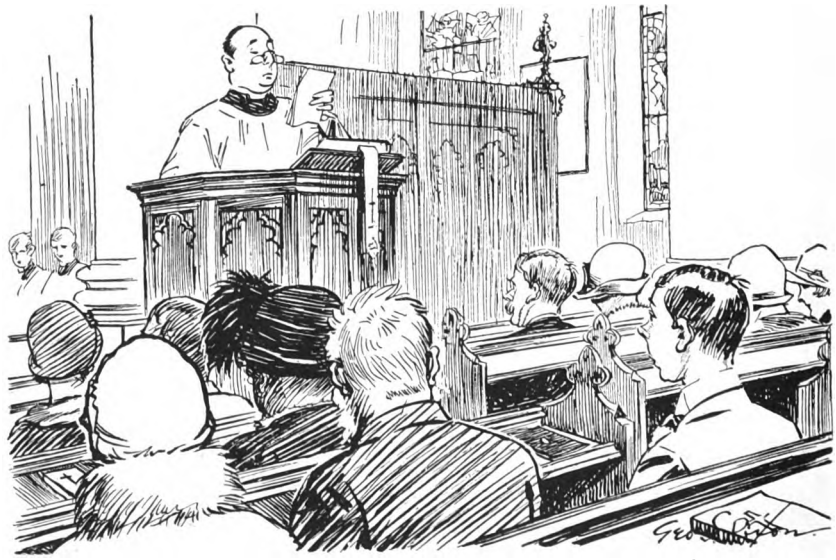
With his heart in his boots, the paperless reporter was led into the presence of the editor, who said:

"Yes, that's right. He's one of my staff!"

Thinking the great man had mistaken him for some one else, and that he'd better make a clean breast of it, he began to stammer out his confession as soon as the collector had departed.

"Don't you worry about that, old son," beamingly said the other. "As it happens, I'm not the editor." —*Grand*

A G. P. O. official says that thousands of letters are posted every year without addresses on the envelopes. Unfortunately, none of this kind is sent out from the Income Tax Department. —*Humorist*



"At the end of the service to-night, the choir will sing a special anthem composed by the organist, after which the church will be closed for a month for necessary repairs." —*Humorist*

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Tired of the Liquor Question

Dear JUDGE:

I am enclosing subscription renewal card—bill me, of course.

Just a personal word, if you have a minute. Don't make so many of your editorials anti-prohibition. Grant that you sincerely believe it the most important question before the country. And grant that your present synthetic mission is to help restore a measure of personal freedom to the people. Your *continuous* giving over of your editorial space for the above purpose weakens your effect.

Your editorials used to please me muchly. Not that I agreed with them all the time, but they were clever and witty and often a bit intriguing to know just where they would lead. That charm is all lost, and I seldom read them now because I know beforehand they lead to booze. I have no statistics on the matter, but so many of them do that it seems as if they all did.

And anyway, JUDGE, don't take it so hard. Variety is the spice of life and time will do wonders. In spite of all you say it seems to me there *must* be some place near you there where you can go once in a while and get a breath of good old plain snappy fresh air without any liquor question to bother you. I know you could out here—the liquor question is a mighty small item in *our* daily life.

Sincerely yours,

Montrose, Colo. *Richards Loesch*
February 25, 1926.

The Chronic Reader

Editors of JUDGE:

It is difficult to avoid a word in passing relative to the merits of JUDGE. To me the heart of the magazine lies in George Jean Nathan and William Morris Houghton, the latter chiefly for his editorials, which, incidentally, are far superior to his remarks anent the movies. These, strangely enough, seem to lack the bold virility which characterizes the editorials. They seem to have been written just before bedtime after a hard day's work.

I was much interested to read the "Comstockian" clipping from the pen of George Jean's co-coiner of rare verbal morsels—"The Mons." H. L. Mencken. It summed up so beautifully the opinions of the friends of JUDGE relative to the strabismic views of the anti-maniacs who constitute the corns and bunions which harass the aching feet of progress.

I have often wondered just how other chronic readers of JUDGE go about the task as each new issue comes to hand. Here is my sequence: First of all comes a rather hasty perusal of the pictures with a definite pause at D. Y. O. Conclusions. Thereupon, I turn to George Jean Nathan's page to read his incomparable comment upon the shows. "High Hat" and the movies come next. At this point the serious urge rises within me and I turn to the editorial page and share with W. M. H. his scorn of the micrometric mind.

With the vital organs thus disposed of I then turn to the consideration of the remaining viscera starting with the "Cheer Leaders" and picking up the best of the laughs at random.

It might be interesting to learn of the "modus operandi" of some of your other readers.

With best wishes to a funny paper that is really funny—to a periodical which has set itself definitely upon the side of free and unrestrained thought regardless of consequences. Sincerely,

Boston, Mass. *David Lewis*
February 12, 1926.

Please Forgive Us!

JUDGE:

For the love of Mike! Who the devil is responsible for the last number of JUDGE? The Upside Down number.

Take him out and drown him!

Indeed you must be hard up for original ideas when you resort to such tricks.

Frankly, if it weren't for Nathan's articles I'd have you stop my subscription, but I'd put up with a lot to read his articles, but don't try another such crazy idea. Humor, ha, ha. . . !

Truly yours,

Cleveland, O. *B. F. Carday*
February 19, 1926.

Laugh If You Like—!

—But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

It was a little social gathering. Everyone had been called on to entertain and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. Now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a "sit in the corner"—never able to either sing or play. Yet I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—as no one else had played that evening. Ballads! Classical numbers! Popular tunes!

For the first time in my life I was the very center of attraction!

They listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained silent. Then thunderous applause! Then questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "You who didn't know a note!" "Who was your teacher?" For a moment the questions overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned by myself at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered. "I did learn music without a teacher."

"A few months ago I didn't know one note from another. I love music. But I couldn't afford a private teacher. And I hated monotonous exercises. Anyway, I thought musicians were born, not made.

"You all know how I've sat around while the rest of you entertained—longing to be able to play.

"Then one night I was reading a magazine. Suddenly I saw a startling announcement, telling of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—without a teacher. It sounded impossible—it made me wonder—but it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon, and—well, you know the rest.

"I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing **real notes, catchy tunes**—like a regular musician! It was great fun!

"Now, I play anything—jazz or classical. I can always entertain.

"And I even play in an orchestra and make big money."

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this easy "at home" method. No musical talent needed Pick out any instrument and learn for just a few cents a day!

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	Guitar
	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Mandolin	Harp
Clarinet	Cornet
Flute	Piccolo
Saxophone	Trombone

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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
24 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have you Inst.?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

"Oh, daddie, look at the bees makin' automobile radiators."

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Young Wife (whose husband has knocked his thumb digging)—Oh, John, and you said you always called a spade a spade. —*London Mail*

Tassel, "The Untamed Lady." Temper sticks out all over her and robs her quite miraculously of her looks and charm. You wonder how Larry Gastlen can remain so determined to marry her. She has already survived a string of fiancés when Larry, played by Lawrence Gray, assumes the rôle and decides that he will tame her. Not until he has come unpleasantly close to death in the process does she have a change of heart. The implication is that they are married and live happily ever after. But do they? Does a temper like that ever permanently succumb to repentance? I wouldn't trust it, mates.

THE latest Tom Mix picture differs from all his others in two particulars: he jumps his wonder horse, Tony, into the open door of a moving baggage car, and he sheds, temporarily, his eight-gallon hat to become a New York policeman. "My Own Pal" is the story of a cowpuncher who dreams of adventure and fortune in the Big City, rescues and adopts *en route* a circus juvenile (played with humor and ability by little Virginia Marshall), gets a job on the force, and in a series of hair-raising encounters with the underworld wins the hand of the police chief's daughter. Personally I'd like to know how they managed the scene in which he pursues on his motorcycle a crook who is fleeing in an open Ford, lassoes him and then still at full speed drives the other side of a tree, upsetting both himself and his quarry. Spill is right!

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 17*)

relatives, servants, doctors and detectives. You can well imagine that the quest waxes hot and exciting, a sort of button, button, who's got the button game played with bullets.

IT is probably due to an innate timidity, but I find an ill-tempered woman quite as unpleasant to contemplate as a physical deformity. Mister Dooley said once that he could never love a woman who could lick him. I would go a step further and say that I could never love a woman who could want to lick me.

So I regret to report that our Gloria is a little too darn lifelike in her impersonation of St. Clair Van

Mr. Brown (whose wife is away for a few days)—Well, I hope the missus comes back to-day or I shall have to breakfast on the floor to-morrow. —*Passing Show*

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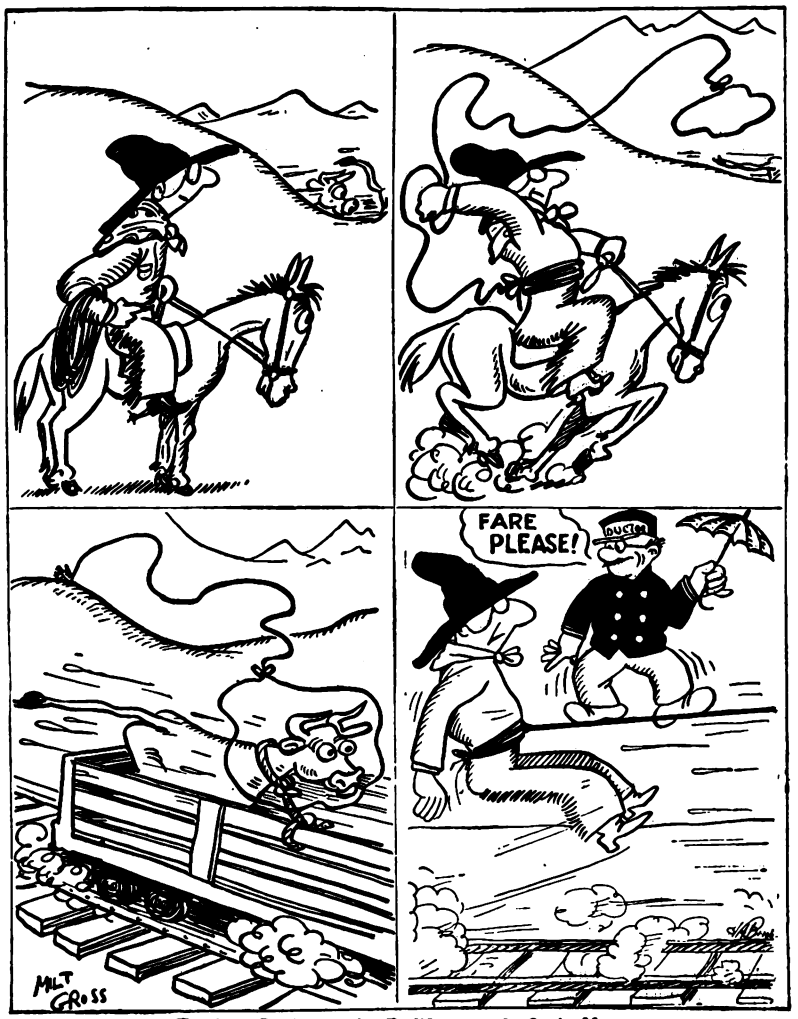
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 33

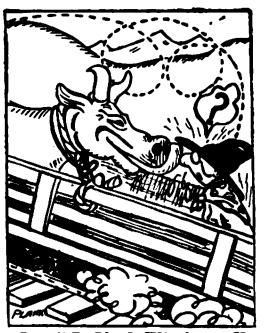


Harris A. Brightly, 23 So. Euclid avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

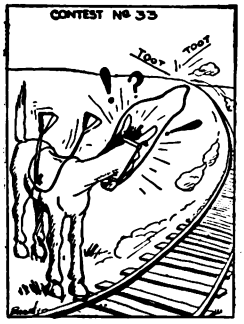
Runners Up

Edward Sotsky, Chicago, Ill.

E. E. Flournoy, Jackson, Miss.



Persell D. Plank, Winchester, Va.



Harris A. Brightly, St. Louis, Mo.

H. J. Shoudy, Savannah, Ga.

Louis Landsman, New York.

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FREE AIR RUNS AUTO

An amazing invention makes it possible actually to run your auto on FREE Air! It makes practically any car give double its mileage on a gallon due simply to the introduction of free air. Many go 37 to 57 and even 60 miles on a gallon of gas.

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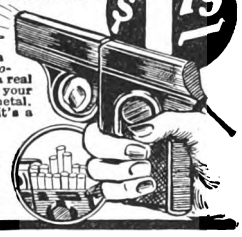
A car owner, J. M. James, made $120 in one day telling his friends about this astounding device. Vernon Gaines made $94 in one day—J. W. Cronk $51 in an hour. The demand is enormous. You can make $250 to $500 a month in full or spare time. And now the inventor will send you a sample at his own risk. Write today to J. A. Stransky, D-780 Stransky Building, Pukwana, South Dakota.

Thrill Your Friends! / **Like a real Automatic** **$1.79**



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shaped at home while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The **ANITA** is the **Genuine** and most comfortable **Nose Supporter** absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by physicians. Winner of Gold Medal (Feb. 1923). Write for FREE Booklet.

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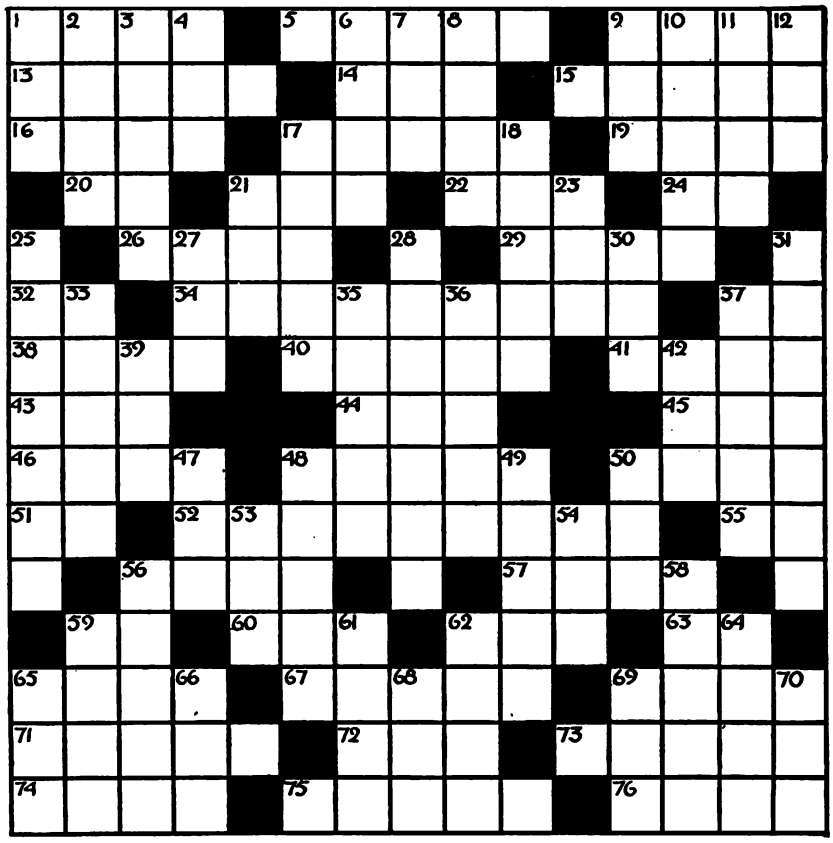
BEFORE | AFTER

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 70



Submitted by H. P. Murray, Sacramento, Cal. Judge pays $25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. Polished ornament found in the first rows of a musical revue.
5. Something people get from smoking cigarettes.
9. This kind of a car is good as far as it goes.
13. A sure cure for insomnia.
14. Partner of Dick and Harry.
15. Unfortunate young men are sacrificed upon this.
16. You'll have to work hard to find out what this is.
17. A difficult thing for even professional strong men to break.
19. Most millionaires live on this street.
20. Pronoun.
21. A container for nails or hootch.
22. The key to success.
24. This comes after "do."
26. A fellow who believes what the labels say.
29. Otherwise.
32. Part of a ton of strawberry ice cream (abbr.)
34. Why her sweetie went away.
37. Alternating current (abbr.).
38. Pedestrian exterminator.
40. These come from flower gardens.
41. In grandma's time this was the seat of affection.
43. A fellow who gets paid for playing (abbr.)
44. Yiddish phonetic for "I see the."
45. An atom resulting from electrolytic decomposition.
46. A supporter. (Garter has six letters.)
48. A game of hand holding.
50. Something plodders do.
51. Egyptian osteopaths (init.)
52. Why her sweetie came back.
55. Two of these mean "good-by."
56. A fable. (Dora thinks this is a female moth.)
57. The end of all good little pigs.
59. What wives mean when they say no.
60. There's one in every family tree.
62. It's hard to paint a town this color with water colors.
63. Butter and egg men's playground (abbr.)
65. Anti-prohibitionists.
67. A well-known puzzle.
69. To change direction.
71. Made of oats.
72. Haul.
73. To handle—used in reference to weapons such as rolling-pins.
74. Part of a boat.
75. Theater boxes.
76. Place where people miss their Swiss and their footing.

Vertical

1. Something lovers love to do.
2. A very small particle of matter.
3. This sort of a fellow has taking ways.
4. Slick, slim, slender, slimy, slippery fish.
6. So called because he's always horning in.
7. A kind of a shoe nail.
8. To give out.
9. Kind of a log.
10. Something drug store cowboys do.
11. What bums loaf with.
12. The trouble with these laws is they're all wet.
17. The start of a phone call.
18. A hank o' hair.
21. How radio buys spell Denver.
23. Young Lovers' Institute (init.).
25. A shingle belle.
28. What the six best cellars are.
30. These letters are all alike.
31. Tea talk.
33. A little donkey.
35. Close pal of number 26 horizontal.
36. Command.
37. How most second-hand car owners come home.
39. Likewise, also and besides.
42. The Rockefeller foundation
47. To work steadily.
48. An exclamation of exasperation, or what have you?
49. What peaches do in the sun.
50. By.
53. Possessive pronoun.
54. A dumb affirmative.
56. Short phrase expressing a principle.
58. What young men do on bended knee.
59. A kind of beer.
61. Horseback croquet.
62. Anger.
64. The result of stepping on a dog's tail in the dark.
65. Export product of Italy.
66. Stitch.
68. The face on the bar-room floor.
69. By way of.
70. Rapid Daters Society (init.).

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle on page 27 of this issue.

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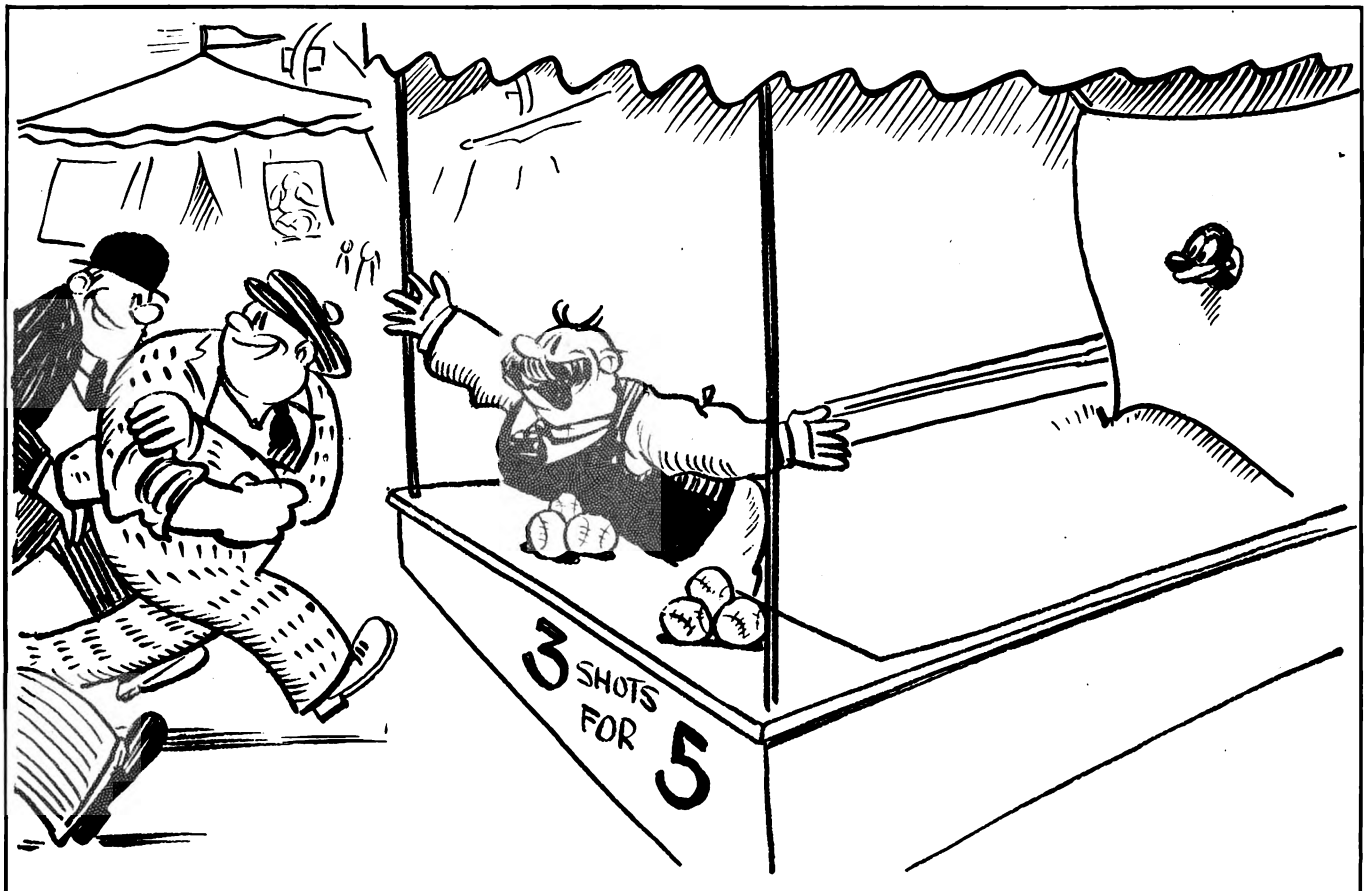
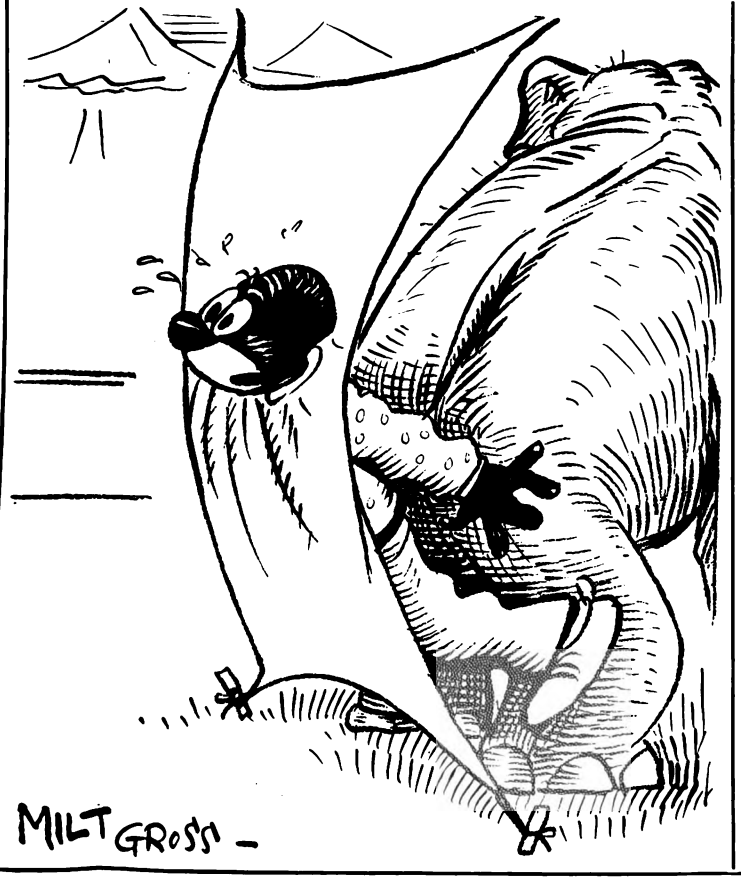
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes April 19. Winning ending appears in the issue of May 8.





Contest No. 37

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"I can tell that taste
in the dark"

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HISTORICAL MEM. & ART
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JUDGE

DANCING NUMBER

APRIL 17, 1926 PRICE 15 CENTS

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Emulate Lincoln, Roosevelt and Will Rogers. Have the correct word, phrase or story ready when you want to make your meaning clear.

JUDGE, "The World's Wittiest Weekly," will develop your latent powers of expression.

Whet your cerebellum on the word

pozzuolana (*potz-ōō-ō-lä'-nå*) *n.* **volcanic ashes used in hydraulic or Roman cement.**

This little word should be added to the vocabulary of all street car conductors, truckmen, elevator men, policemen and others who come in contact with the general public. Just think what a bawling out could be given by the repetition of this word in a loud, sneeringly sarcastic voice.

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627 West 43rd Street,
New York.

Let me have JUDGE for—
10-Weeks for.....$1.00
21-Weeks for..... 2.00
1-Year for..... 5.00

I'm enclosing the money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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Each week JUDGE is chock-full of quips, jokes and stories, that will not only give you many a hearty laugh, but will help you to express your real thoughts.

If you would increase and improve your vocabulary, and your reputation for repartee, fill in and mail the coupon and you may JUDGE for yourself.

JUDGE

627 West 43rd Street

New York

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"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

A BERLIN faster claims to have gone forty-four days without food. It is our opinion that he should have either given his order to another waiter, or tried a different restaurant.

A NEW YORK society has evolved a scheme of wearing "friendship" buttons to soften the hearts of footpads and so prevent hold-ups. Discretion bids us suggest that the buttons be made of some material less valuable than gold.

A JEWISH scholar claims that jazz is of Hebraic origin. This assertion is probably based on the blast of trumpets that caused the collapse of the walls of Jericho.

THE Harvard Law School now wants $5,000,000 for research work. It seems to us that if they ever get it any further searching would be unnecessary.

AN Indiana County clerk has hit upon the idea of reducing divorces by giving away a cookbook with each marriage license. The success of this scheme, however, depends upon getting the groom to study the thing.

A NINETY-THREE year old Asbury Park doctor was recently arrested for stealing a horse forty-five years ago. And still there are people who question the efficiency of our legal machinery.

MR. WILL HAYS, America's movie mogul, predicts that motion pictures will prevent all future wars. It is our belief also that any nation armed with a jazz orchestra and a couple of Hollywood super epics would be immune to attack.

The first waltz.

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"Punch and Judy."

We Shall Now Hear

"If You Knew Suzie Like I Know Suzie," by Helen Wills.

"That Certain Party," by Earl Carrol.

"I Want to Be Happy," by Gerald Chapman.

"Oh, How I've Waited for You," by Harry Wills.

"Everything's Gonna Be All Right," by Eddie Guest.

"I Love My Baby," by Count Salm.

"Sitting on Top of the World," by Charlie Hoff.

"Show Me the Way to Go Home," by the Countess of Cathcart.

"In a Bungalow," by Charles Garland.

"Down Among the Sleepy Hills of Ten-Ten-Tennessee," by Clarence Darrow.

"Steppin' in Society," by Irving Berlin.

"I'm Just Wild About Harry," by Jack Dempsey.

Note on Saving

If you put one hundred dollars in the bank at compound interest and leave it there for one hundred years it won't do you much good.

***

Little Willie—Ma, I just heard Pa say his morning prayer.

Mother—His morning prayer?

"Yes: 'Lord, whata headache.' "

Why We Don't Charleston

It's apt to give one flat feet.
It's undignified.
It will soon be out of date.
It causes heart trouble.
It's frightfully common.
It wears out shoes.

The *only other* possible reason we can think of is that we couldn't learn the —— thing.

At the Party

"Can you dance?"

"H—ll, no; I can't even stand up."

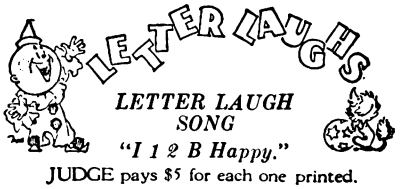
***

There are only two kinds of married men in the world. Those who lose their balance and marry; and those who marry and then lose their balance.

No News

If a man bites a plug of tobacco, that's not news.

But, if the tobacco bites—no, that's not news either.



LETTER LAUGH SONG
"I 1 2 B Happy."

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.

Introducing a new dance called "The Pretzel."

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Not So Saintly!

TERPSICHORE, Terpsichore,
The poor old dame outclassed is;
Her stuff went great in nineteen eight,
But now her heyday passed is.
The Charleston's acrobatic prance
And frantic twists delight us—
So now as God of Modern Dance
I nominate St. Vitus!

Arthur L. Lippmann

Judge Senior's Six Best Steppers

JACK DEMPSEY.

The radio salesman whom you go to see about the set he sold you that won't work.

Suzanne Lenglen.

The average enforcement official.

Ex-Mayor Hylan.

Any Fundamentalist when you pin him down to facts.

—Yes—side-steppers.

Night Club Proverbs

A DRINK in the hand is worth two bucks in a night club.

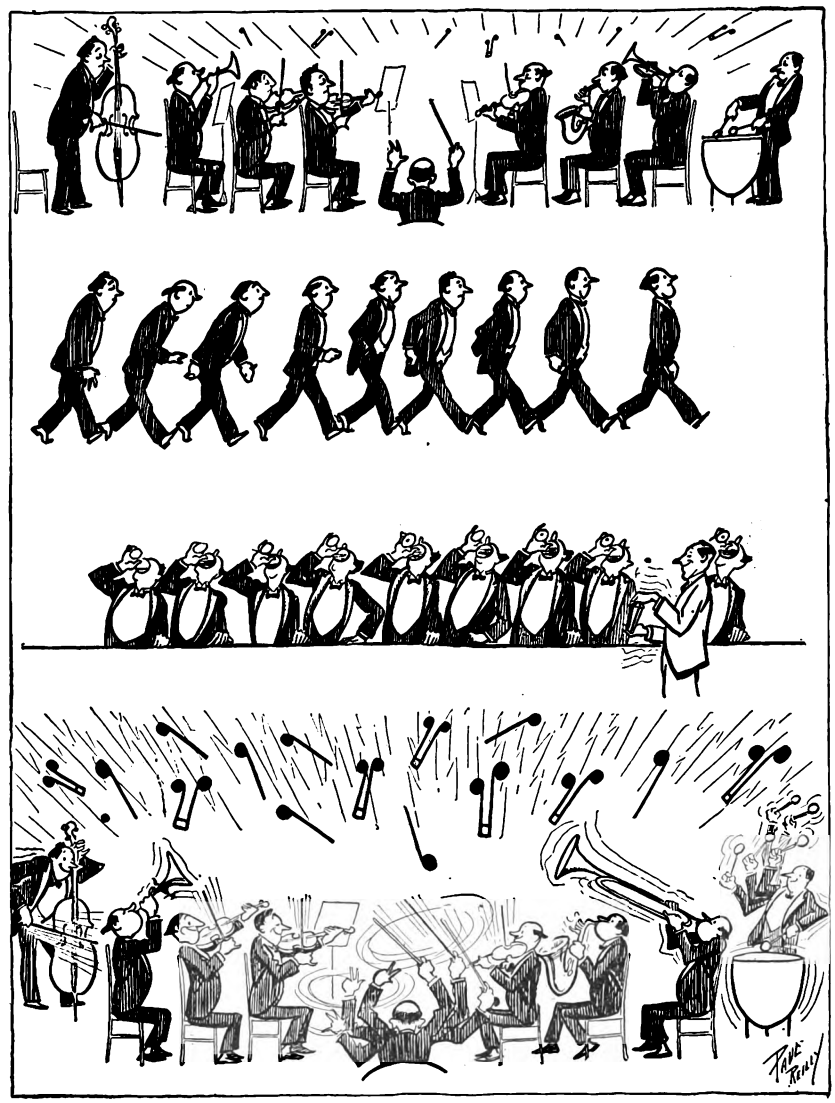
They also charge who only stand and wait.

The bill covers a multitude of gins.

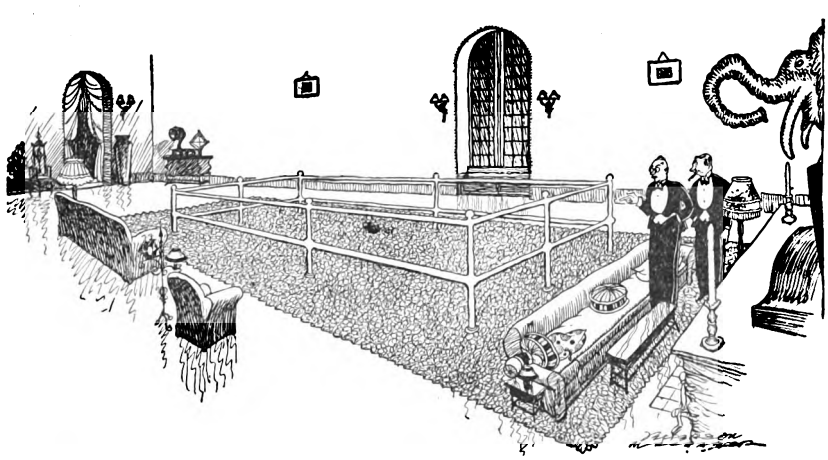
The dancers' costumes are such stuff as dreams are made of.

A soft drink turneth away customers.

A lot of people talk to themselves, but a ventriloquist is the only one who can make a living that way.



What they mean when they say an "Augmented" orchestra.



"What's the idea of the fence in the living-room?"
"Oh—that's for my daughter's friends to lean on when they practice the Charleston."

Including All Dances

WE'LL make a list here of the better known dances,
And put them in rhyme and take our own chances!
Bunny-hug, Carmagnole, Schottische and Tango,
Roundelay, Galop and Spanish Fandango.

Tambourin, Polka, Cotillion and Charleston,
Minuet, Quadrille, Ridotto and Boston.

Two-step and Shimmy and Hornpipe and Reel,
Shuffle, Waltz, Clog, Highland Fling, Toe and Heel.

There must be some more—if you know any, write us;
But please have a heart and don't send in *St. Vitus.*

State University of Iowa
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WE HAVE THE CHARLESTON—

Why not the Detroit—

or the Chicago—

or the Boston—

or even the Philadelphia?

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DANCE AND GROW THIS WAY—
The new figure developed by the Charleston.

The Siren and the Snake

A Modern Love Story

SHE was in her last year at Spence. He had graduated from Oxford and was now driving a truck. They met at the Trackwalker's Saturday Jubilee.

"Don't you just love dancing?" she breathed ecstatically, burying her face in his shoulder.

"Naw!" he replied.

"Let's go out on the terrace!" she cooed, a minute later. "Don't you just love moonlight?"

"Naw!" he replied.

They were strolling on the terrace.

"Give me a cigarette!" she implored. "Don't you just love cigarettes?"

"Naw!" he replied.

"Let us neck!" she said indifferently. "Don't you just love to neck?"

"Naw!" he replied.

She flung herself into his arms and twined her fingers in his shaggy hair.

"My cave-brute!" she moaned delightedly. "Do you mind if I marry you?"

"Naw!" he replied.

Edwin Rutt

Vowels Are Important

Ths shws wht th nglsh lngg wld b wtht thm.

If Poets Really Wrote for Money

1. Song of Sixpence

SCORN not the sonnet—it bought the wife a bonnet;
Chide not the madrigal—it meant the baby's shoes;
Taunt not the triolet—it shed an ultra-violet
Ray when Fate's blurred prism reflected only blues!

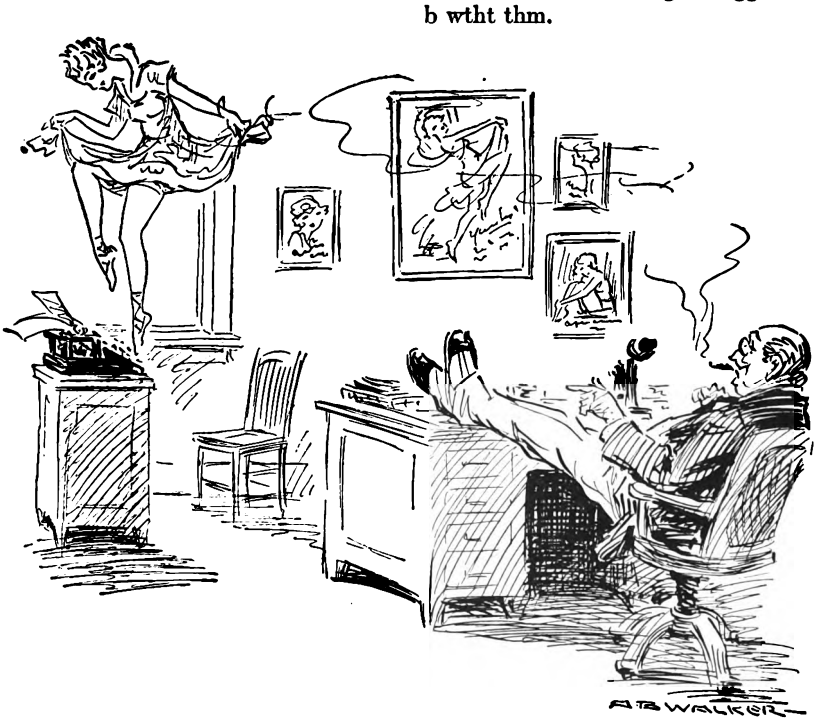
Spurn not the roundelay, for in its welcome bounty lay
A quasi-moratorium when hope had all but fled:
Shatter not the ecstasy of one who soon expects to see
A check that proves the poetry of earth is never dead!

A Sure Sign

Smith—Well, this wet straw-voting at least shows one thing.

Smythe—And that is?

"That home-brewing has been a terrible failure."



DICTATING

I'll say he's a tired-business-man. He even has a toe-dancer do his typewriting."

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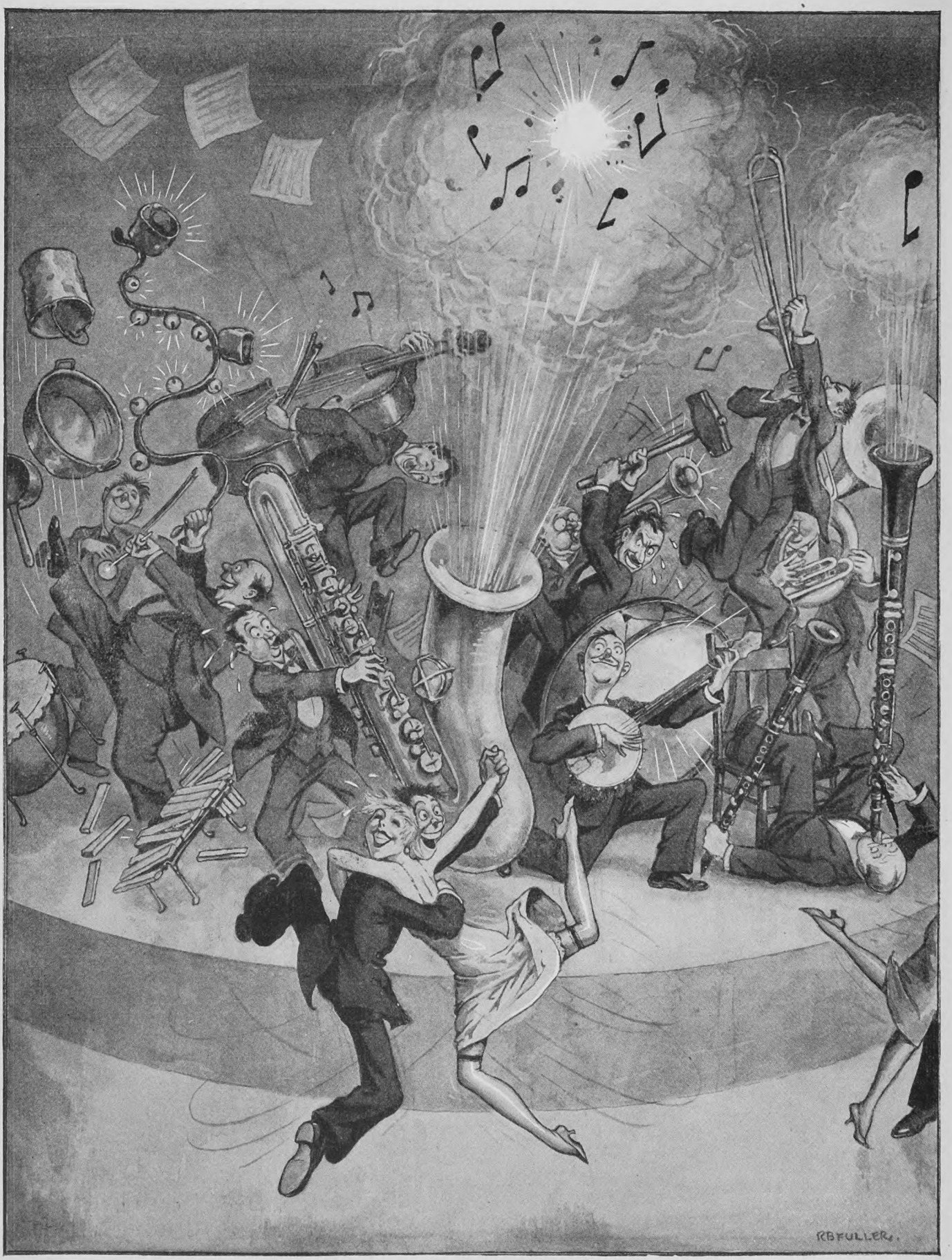

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

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Thanks to the Charleston, knock-kneed little Brown—formerly a social outcast—is now sitting pretty.

A LETTER LAUGHS

O lis N 2 D 10r
E tries to sing 2 high
N F E dozen stop it
IL sock M N D I.

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.

The secret of success is a secret to many people.

Rare Birds

A NIGHT OWL that goes to bed early.
A Goose that lays Golden Eggs.
Genuine Old Crow.
A Highly Respected Stool Pidgeon.
A Baldpate in the Back Row.
An Honest Robbin'.
A Propa-Ganda without a purpose.
Swallows of the Real Stuff.
An Eagle in a Collection Plate.

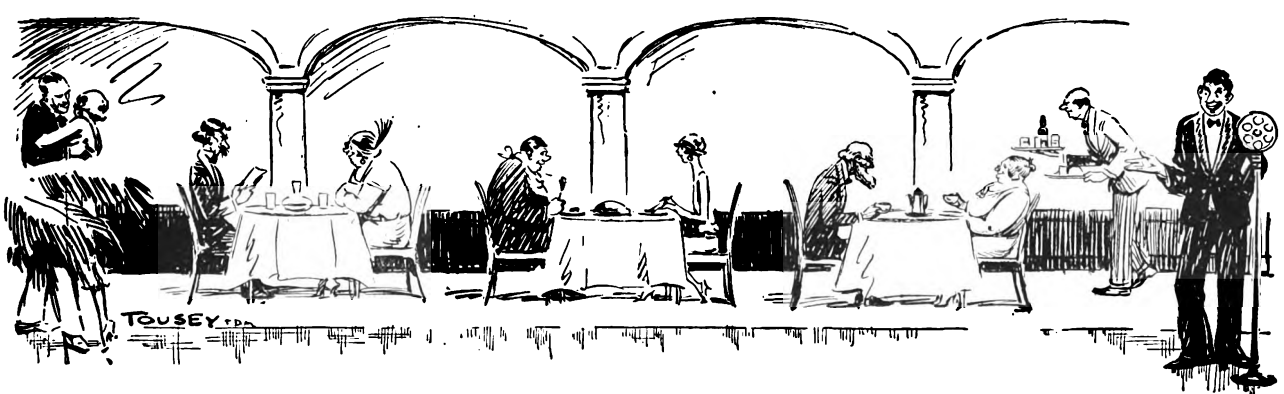
G. R. D.

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Density"

"I like to density to her."

Nevertheless, if this man Mussolini is wise, he'll keep his black shirt on.



TAKING FOR GRANTED THE NIGHT CLUB BROADCASTER'S SINCERITY:

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT (seated)—*Judge Gary, Bebe Daniels, Al Jolson, Marion Talley, Big Bill Edwards and the Countess of Cathcart.*

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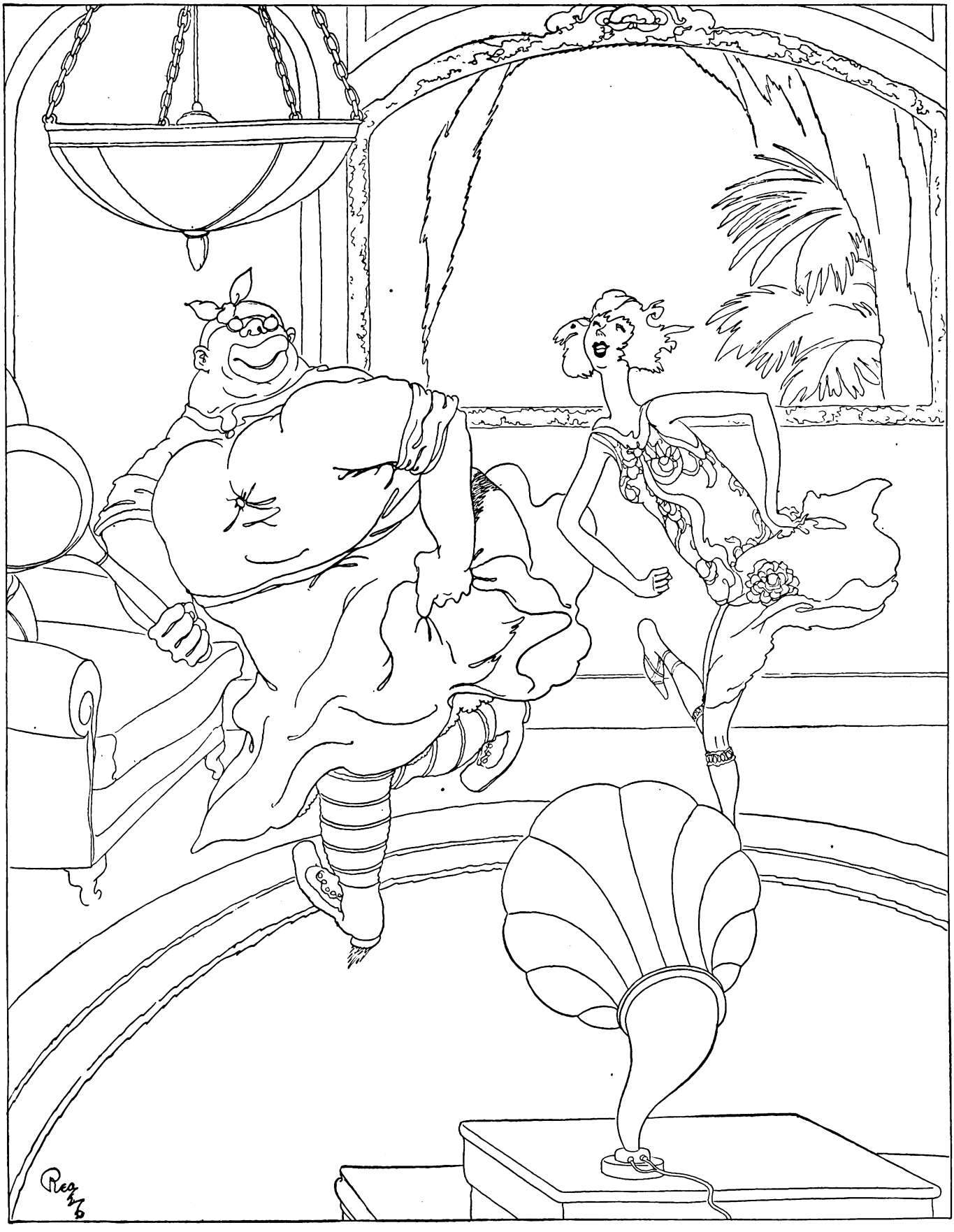

"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN"

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WIFE—*Now, Joe, please t' remember ye ain't drivin' yer truck!*

Music

I LOVE music; it thrills me. Whether it be the swelling strains of a symphony orchestra or the monotonous beat of an African tom-tom I love it. It makes me forget myself; life looks more cheerful, I face the tasks ahead with a lighter heart.

Music stirs the imagination; battles have been won by it; many a team battling under the shadow of its goal posts has been heartened by the strains of the school song.

Music makes me see visions—dream dreams; it stirs me to greater endeavors.

Under its spell I could write something worth while—something to make the world stop and listen—if that family in the flat above would shut off their darned radio which is broadcasting a program to all the people for blocks around.

Blaine C. Bigler

FUNNYBONES

You don't have to be an accomplished musician to play on your neighbor's nerves.

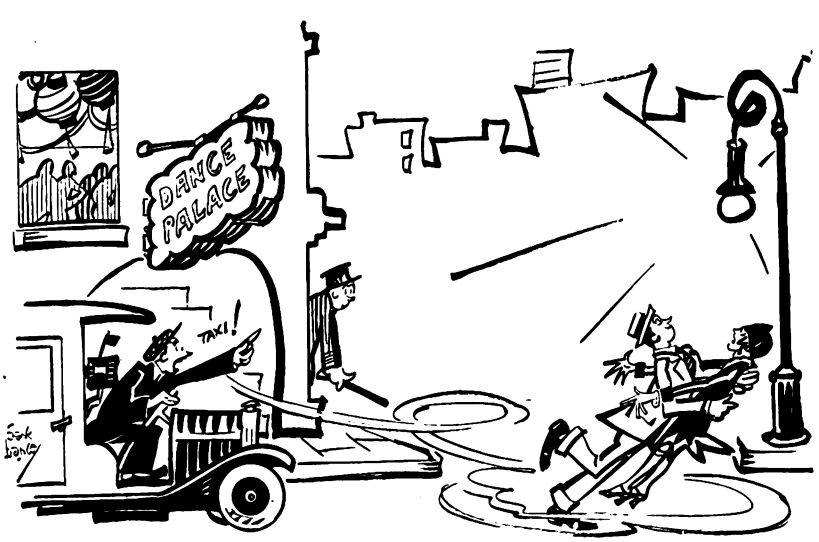
Judge pays $5 for each one printed

A lot of white collar workers don't make enough to keep their collars white.

***

If you drop knives and forks it means company's coming. If you miss them it means they've gone.

A man recently made a world's record by playing the piano for fifty-two hours and twenty minutes without cessation. The remarkable feature of the performance was not that he was able to play for that length of time without stopping, but that he was able to do so without being stopped.



"Why Mr. Stingee, what's the big idea?"

"You say you love to dance so I thought we'd dance home and save the taxi fare."

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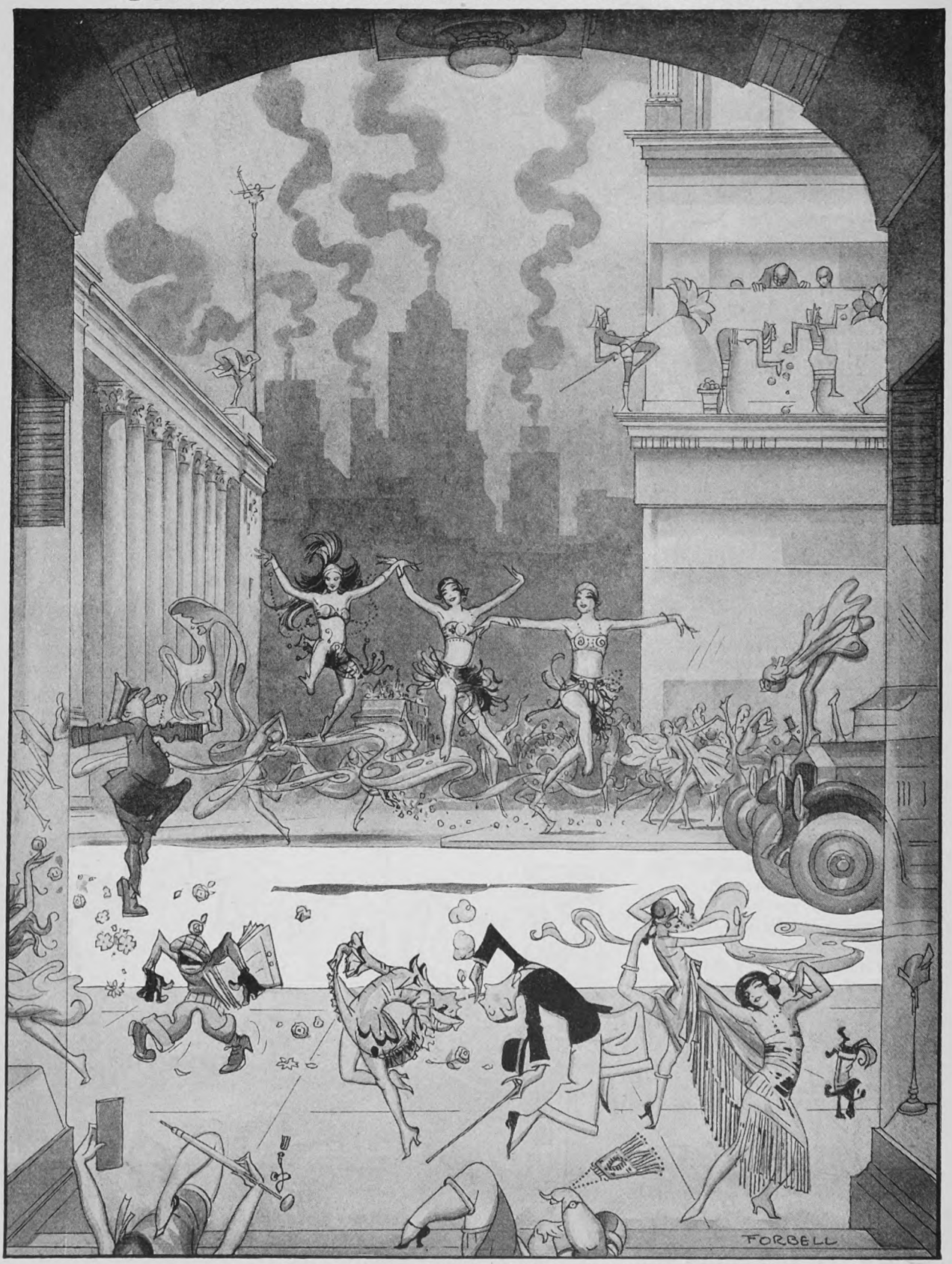
UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 6—THE AESTHETIC DANCERS

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HIGH HAT

The Editor of this well-known weekly of wit called me up last week in great excitement. "Listen, Junior, he hoarsed (if there's anything I hate it's to be called Junior!), "next week is to be our big Dancing Number!" "No kiddin'!" says I. . . . . "Yes, sir!" says he, "and it ought to be right down your street." . . . . . "What'll I talk about?" says I. . . . . "Dancing!" says he, and hung up on me!

Of course you've heard of the "Dance of the Seven Veils," but have you ever seen the "Dance of the Seven Cocktails?" . . . . . I saw it put on the other night in a well-known club and there's quite a kick to it! . . . . . Seven cocktails are placed in battle formation on a table, and as the dancer does her stuff, which can be anything from the Charleston to the old-fashioned lancers, she "throws off" one cocktail after another! . . . . . Try it some time!

While we're on the subject of dancing, have you tried the Hungarian "Gazilch," or something like that? . . . . . Everybody does it, or tries to do it, up at the "Gypsy Camp" and I've seen it at several other similar places . . . . . the chief requirement is a good husky voice. . . . . You stand at arm's length from the girl friend (that's the only drawback of the dance), put your hands on her shoulders and she does likewise . . . . . then you both do a sort of a quick two-step and every once in a while yell "Hey" very loudly and quickly . . . . . the one who can yell the loudest and quickest is the best dancer.

And while we are on the art of Terpsichore we will dwell a moment on those places in which the art of Terpsichore is practiced—namely the "Step-ins" . . . . . To my mind *Montmarte* is still the best of the lot and it's a shame they had to add one of those intimate revues . . . . . They don't belong in a night club. . . . . *The Mirador* has a nicer atmosphere but the crowd isn't quite as good. . . . . *The Lido* has improved a lot, especially since they've added the Yacht club boys. . . . . *Villa Venice* is an attractive place; it's chief attraction being "no couvert." . . . . . *The Café de Paris* is the swankiest of the lot and is one of those places where "each lady is given a very expensive souvenir." . . . . . Don Dickerman's "*County Fair*" is still a good place to have a good time, also the *Caravan* . . . . . after you've covered these, and have nothing else to do for the rest of the evening, try *The Parody*, *The Owl* or go up to *Small's* . . . . or go home and go to bed!

And then, of course, there are the "Best Steppers" . . . . . very little new stuff has come out that's any good. . . . . Gershwin's "Tip-Toes" music is still going strong with "That Certain Feeling" and "I Am Just a Little Girl" the most popular. . . . . "No Fooling" from Palm Beach Nights is a peach. "The Girl Friend" from "The Girl Friend" is full of pep and also "Whistle Away Your Blues" from the Greenwich Follies. . . . . "If You Were Somebody Else" from "Rainbow Rose" and "A Girl in Your Arms" from "Sweetheart Time" are two good numbers from bum shows. . . . . And I might mention "Sleepy Time Gal," but I won't!

Judge Jr.

From Kate to Mame

DEAR MAMIE, I'm sick of the chorus, I long for a real acting part! Although many rich guys adore us, I'm dying to go in for art! The drama is now all the fashion, I wish I could act a romance, and play love-sick scenes full of passion, instead—I must do a jazz dance! I know I can swear with real feeling, Eth Barrymore isn't so hot! If Hamden saw my sex appealing, I'd land Ethel's job on the spot! I bet I could cause trips to Reno, oh, I'm not a girl who would shirk! If I could play with Valentino—I'd find some real joy in my work! I talked on the phone for three hours, and Mamie, dear, what do you think! Jack said he would say it with flowers, I told him to say it with mink! I'm out for these big heavy dough men, I'm sick of the chaps who crack wise! If I must take insults from show men, I'll take them from regular guys! They all promise me this and that, and each says, "You're the girl I adore!" Next day it's a tip of the hat, and a "Have we met somewhere's before?" Gee, some Janes own more than one pearlie, I guess I must be a real dope! There's naught on the neck of this girlie—but stuff that you wash off with soap! This letter has done enough talking, I think everything lies with fate, while some girls buy autos—I'm walking! Write soon to the girl friend, from Kate.

Nanette Kutner

What a trial Janus must have been to the neighbors.

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THE SWORD DANCE

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

The Inquisition

THE latest periodical to fall foul of the comstocks is the *American Mercury*. The Rev. J. Frank Chase, in the name of his Watch and Ward Society, has obtained an order forbidding the sale of the April issue in Massachusetts. He specifically objects, he says, to "Hatrack," the story of a small town prostitute, which brings out with unusual force and irony the squalor and pathos of her existence and the abysmal hypocrisy of her environment. There is more prophylaxis in one sentence of "Hatrack" than in all the tons of stuff that daily pass muster with the self-constituted mentors of smut.

Strangely enough in the same issue there is an historical study of Methodism in the United States which is not without its caustic comment, and the Rev. J. Frank is a Methodist. We are reminded that the Parisian Number of JUDGE was barred from the mails not so long after we had called attention to the activities of the Methodist Vatican in Washington. A mere coincidence in each case.

Sentimentality

"I HAVE just seen a criticism in which a critic with red whiskers scorched a poet for sentimentality." With these winged words a writer named John McClure opens a militant defense of sentimentality in the April *Mercury*. "Sentimentality, as used by the critics," he says, "when it means anything at all, designates an emotion they do not share or an emotion they disapprove. . . The sentimentalist is simply a person of emotional opinions, a person whose conduct is guided by emotional rather than rational ideals. We are all, including the red-whiskered critic, sentimentalists."

And so we are, but we are all also liars and poltroons.

UNDOUBTEDLY a great many critics use the term, sentimentality, loosely and stupidly to condemn tender emotion of all sorts. But Brother McClure falls into quite as deep a hole in failing to distinguish between emotion that is the direct and natural reaction to a given scene or situation, whether imaginary or real, and emotion that has become an indulgence for its own sake. It is the latter that is, or should be, designated as sentimentality. Lovers are always emotional, but they do not become sentimental until they fall in love with love. Similarly with mothers or patriots or sophomores or any other emotional species. A mother is almost invariably a "person whose conduct is guided by emotional rather than rational ideals." But she doesn't become a sentimentalist until she starts hugging her emotion instead of her brat.

THIS is not a mere splitting of hairs. The distinction is an old one; psychologists have been making it since the inception of their science. Moreover, it is a perfectly simple and valid one. A natural, normal emotion is objective in its direction and leads to action. It is social and wholesome. But sentimentality is an emotion turned back upon itself. Not only does it fail to lead to action but it blocks action, since your true sentimentalist becomes so absorbed in the enjoyment of his own feelings that he resents the call to act. Sentimentality, therefore, is often unwholesome, and it can be anti-social and vicious.

OUR national life is full of illustrations. We Americans are the most egregious sentimentalists on earth. We profess to love liberty, for instance, with an undying affection unmatched elsewhere. But what we love is really not liberty; we love the love of liberty. Otherwise we would never have donned the present galling sumptuary harness slipped over on us by the reformers.

We profess the deepest veneration for mother love and the home. Our films and cheap literature are saturated with it. What we do venerate, of course, is neither of these things; we venerate the veneration of them. How otherwise explain our divorce rate?

We orate interminably about law and order and pass more laws than all the other peoples put together. But, again, we don't really love these things. What we love is the love of them, which helps explain our notoriety as the most lawless nation in the civilized world.

YET in moderation and understood for what it is even sentimentality deserves a place in this complicated life. There are genuine works of art, a great many of them, whose *raison d'etre* is sentimentality. "Nine-tenths of the world's lyric poetry," says John McClure, "is sentimental, much of it maudlin." And such honest appeals to sentimentailty are no more harmful than old wine.

But most sentimental appeals, whether directed to the eye or the ear, are made by hard-boiled fakers who know the cheap tricks by which the sentimentalist is seduced and who use them to keep him happy while they pursue their own ends. These ends may be merely profits, as in the case of the movies, or they may be power, as in the case of the politicians, or they may be downright tyranny, as in the case of the reformers. At any rate the formula is always the same, namely, drug the boobs with mush and help yourself. And how well it works!

By the way, Mother's Day is due soon.

W. M. H.

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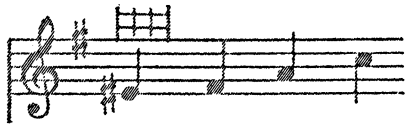
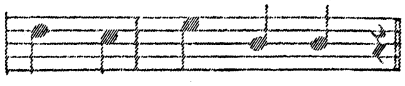
A *Soup*reme Artist

I RAISED my head.



Never before had I heard soup eaten so musically. It was a positive pleasure to listen. .



"Bravo," I cried, when the gent opposite me had finished his broth—"your soupereening has been a treat!"

The soup singer glowed with pleasure.

"Has it been that? Then why do you not perform yourself?"

"Didn't know there was such an art," I replied. "My own soup-drinking has always been a horrid succession of heart-rending gargles."

"Dear, dear," deplored the gentleman, "you should take lessons, then. 'Tis simple as Tissue-on-the Comb!"

"Why, I never knew one could take lessons!"

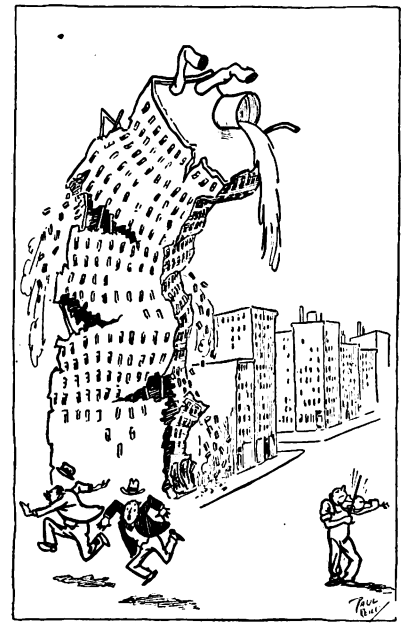
"Dear, yes; all my orchestra are graduates of the B-Flat Soup School. You must come up some night. We perform at the Gorgonzola Hotel, —fifty pieces—vermicelli, tomahto, gumbo, bass bouillon, oxtail, mutton broth, asparagus, printanier, mock-turtle, all—all the instruments, in fact. I play the gumbo, a difficult but pleasing medium of expression. You really must come over!"

"I certainly shall," I agreed. "But before you go, will you kindly have a bowl of vegetable at my expense, and give me Rachmaninoff's Schertzo in G Minor?"

Agreeably he did so; so agreeably, in fact, that I immediately registered under him as a student, and later set aside my saxophone for the soup tureen, a substitution wildly applauded by all my neighbors.

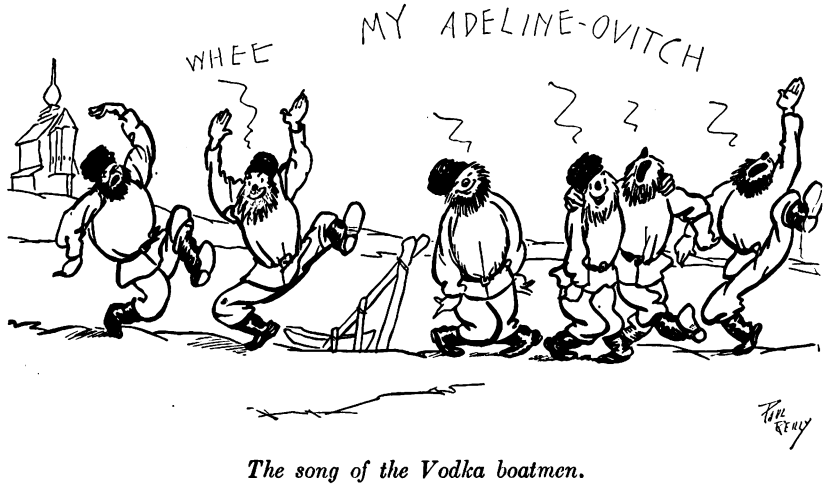
Cyril B. Egan

Maybe Burbank will develop the super-chorus girl.



THE WRECKING CONTRACTOR

If you sound the right note you can destroy anything.



The song of the Vodka boatmen.

Main Street, Ireland

(*As it must seem to the hordes who have witnessed "Abie's Irish Rose"*)

O'FLAHERTY & ROSENBERG,
Kosher Irish Stews a Specialty.
Flanagan & Levy,
The Finest Theological Seminary on the Emerald Isle. Our Rabbis and Priests Are in Big Demand.
Mulligan, Finnegan & Horowitz,
Cloaks and Suits and Bartendering.
The Katherine & Rebecca Tea Room,
Irish Ale and Tea *mit* Lemon a Specialty,
Corned Beef and Cabbage and *Kalbsfleisch mit* Kugel Served at All Hours

Cyrano

Same Old Rolls All the Time

We wouldn't mind how often our neighbors fed their player piano if they'd only change its diet once in a while.

We'd Like to Try It

What we'd like to know is where the people who live beyond their incomes get the money with which to live beyond their incomes.

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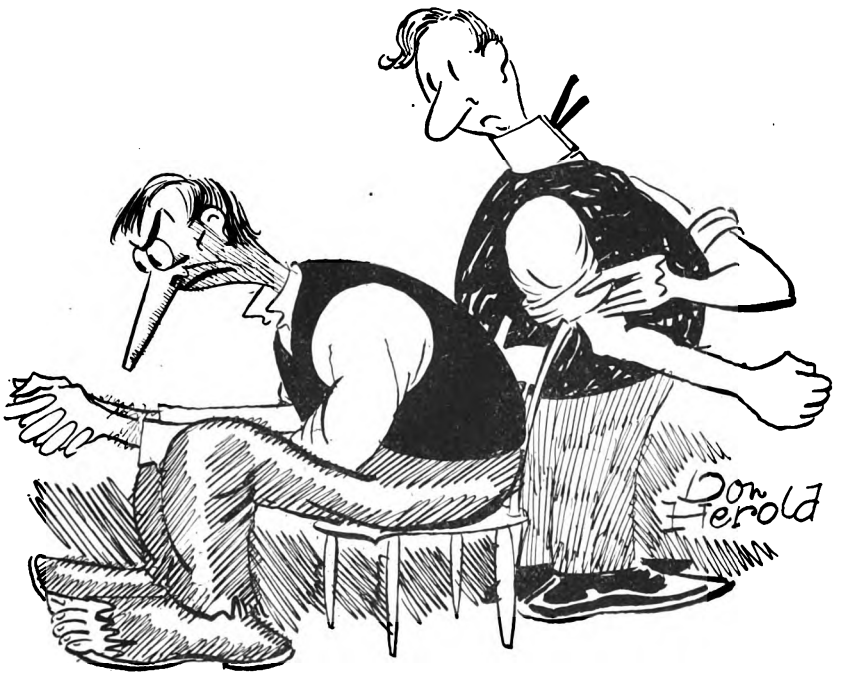


"Life is like that."

"Maybe so, but I am going to knock your block off for calling it to my attention."

"LIFE IS LIKE THAT"

by Don Herold

I BELIEVE I will quit being impressed when somebody remarks of something: "Life is like that." Of course it is.

Everyday there is something new by which I am no longer impressed, and it is hard to say where I will end, but life is like that. Every time I lose some illusion I must try my best to find some new one to take its place, and maybe I will come out all right after all. Yes, yes.

If I am not mistaken, it was the Russians who first discovered that life is like that. Well, they would. Their chief industry over there is morbidity. And because they know so much about morbidity they think they know a lot about life, and when a little child kills its mother and father in their cradles, they say: "Life is like that."

Of course it is. And again it isn't.

I am no authority on life, but I am apt to rise up and act like one if so many other people keep on speaking so authoritatively about it.

The other day I came within an ace of writing a list of things that life is like—awful, direful, mooky things, such as:

Life is like carrying a basket of eggs through the Crazy House at Coney.

Life is like trying to pick up a double mattress with one hand.

Those are pretty Russian, aren't

(*Continued on page 27*)

Revenge at Last

HE CREPT into the art department and clubbed six cartoonists into insensibility.

He ran through the editorial rooms and shot sixteen alleged humorists.

He bribed the cook at an actors' club to put poison in the soup of seven playwrights and nine comedians.

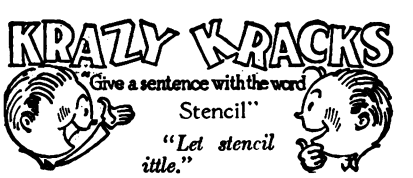
He speeded through the city in his car and tossed bombs at the homes of a dozen movie producers and magazine publishers.

"And now," he sighed happily as he strolled back to his room, "I think I'm even. I'm quite sure my revenge is complete. Ah! Lovely evening, Mr. Jones! Glorious evening."

"Who's that old duck?" asked a man standing near Jones.

Mr. Jones was surprised.

"You must know him! He's the absent-minded college professor you're always reading or hearing jokes about." *Chet Johnson*



The stage hand that got tangled up in the harp.

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T

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ME

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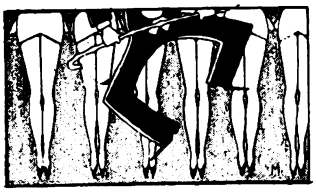
JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan



I

THERE is a pretty good Al Woods or Shubert show called "The Chief Thing" up at the Guild Theater. The Guild, of course, is an organization committed by Talmud oath to put on only plays so full of Art from beginning to end that Jones and Green or Lewis and Gordon would faint from sheer exhaustion ten minutes before the hero came on in the first act, but this time it has blinked its eyes—whether consciously or unconsciously, I don't know—and gone after a little of the good old-fashioned Minsky mazuma.

Being an organization that eats Art for breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper, with a snack or two in between times, it probably won't like this kind of notice at all and, where Lee Shubert and Martin Beck would under the same circumstances say, "George, you're getting better looking every time I see you!" when they passed me on the street, will doubtless move my seats ten rows further back at the next opening. Nevertheless, I repeat that the Guild has produced a good knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out show, whether the Guild ladies and gents like it or not, and duly commend the exhibit to your attention.

That is, I commend it to your attention if, when you go to see it, you leave your critical sense where you leave it when you go to see the average Broadway show. If you go to the Guild Theater in the same spirit that you went to "Goat Song" or a number of its previous productions, you'll be disappointed. For this play from the Russian, to be enjoyed, must be approached much as one approaches a dime museum or the House of Representatives, that is, with a feeling of charity and mercy in one's heart. As drama, it is unimportant stuff, but as a theatrical roughhouse it has its points. It is a *potage* of comedy, burlesque, pulpit lecture, tragedy, ballet, vaudeville, mystery play, revue and the Lord knows what else, with hardly any rhyme if with a touch of reason. It is a sort of pseudo-philosophical "The Monkey Talks," with the leading man dressed up as a metaphysical zebra instead of as a simian. It is a dramatic and theatrical chowder that contains everything, it would seem, but the scene in which the hero chases after the Rocky Mountain Express on a handcar in order to prevent the villain from getting to the meeting of the board of directors of the silver mine.

As authentic drama, it is small potatoes, as I have said; but as a sublimated vaudeville show it will amuse you. The presenting troupe is a talented one, and Professor Moeller has staged the evening with skill. The name of the author—if anyone is any longer interested in the lowly fellows who merely write the plays—is Nicolas Evreinoff.

"The Chief Thing" (Guild)—Reviewed on this page.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Beck)—The Grand Guignol in a kimono speaking pidgin-English.

"The Great God Brown" (Garrick)—The finest American play of the year.

"The Creaking Chair" (Lyceum)—The actor who appears for six seconds in Act I and then sits in his dressing-room for the rest of the evening is found at eleven o'clock to have committed the murder.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador)—Interesting play from the Scott Fitzgerald novel; well acted.

"Artists and Models" (Winter Garden)—The eminently estimable Mons. Jolson.

"Schweiger" (Mansfield)—Reviewed herein.

"Juno and the Paycock" (Mayfair)—An Irish comedy-drama worth your ear.

"East Lynne" (Provincetown)—A travesty revival of grandma's favorite.

"Ghosts" (Comedy)—Another dose of Ibsen.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—The thousandth recipe in the crookery book.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—A tender one for tender people.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—Diverting revue in very comfortable surroundings.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Dancing de luxe.

"The Makropoulos Secret" (Hopkins)—Pretty awful.

"The Jest" (Plymouth)—Love, lust and death in an Italian yesterday.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Laughs.

"Laff That Off" (Wallacks)—It is difficult to understand why this one has run so long.

"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—Same here.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Also here.

"The Jazz Singer" (Cort)—George Jessel's good performance in a Ghetto tear-squeezer.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—A better-grade American drama.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—A better-grade English comedy.

"Hush Money" (49th St.)—Drivel.

"Puppy Love" (48th St.)—See above.

"The Virgin" (Central)—See above.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Professors Marx in excellent trim.

"What's the Big Idea?" (Bijou)—You answer it!

"Devils" (Elliott)—Over the author's head.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Harris)—Some amusing moments in the vernacular.

"No, No, Nanette" (Globe)—See "Laff That Off."

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—No letters to the editor this week calling me an ass for dismissing it as flapdoodle. The press agent must be laid up with the flu.

II

THE STAGERS, on the other hand, another of our Art retail organizations, has recently gone in for Art on a magnificent scale and has succeeded brilliantly in boring everybody to death. Instead of persuading Sam Bernard to leave vaudeville, W. C. Fields to abandon the movies or Eddie Cantor to come in out of the sticks and so uplifting the New York theater, it has elected to put on the old plug hat, tie a piece of crepe around its arm and drive everyone crazy with a revival of our old *amico* August Strindberg's "Easter."

(*Continued on page 30*)

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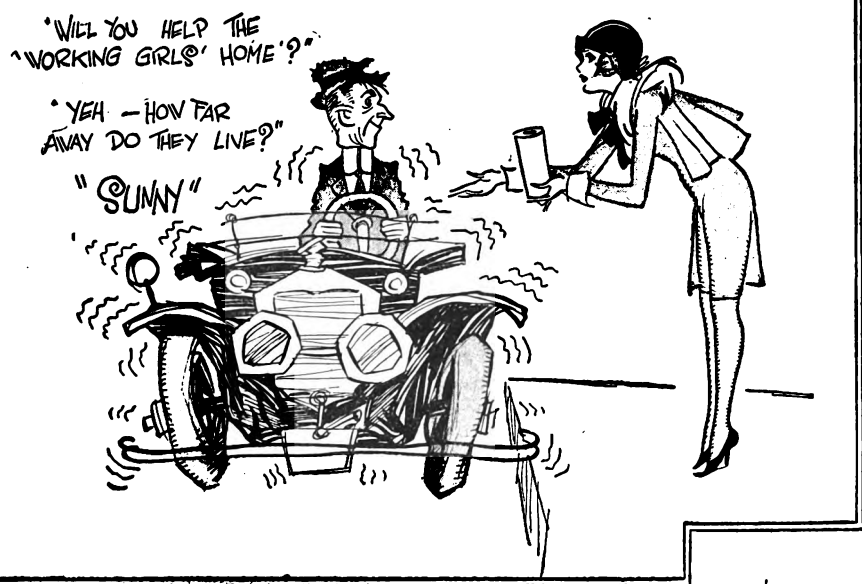
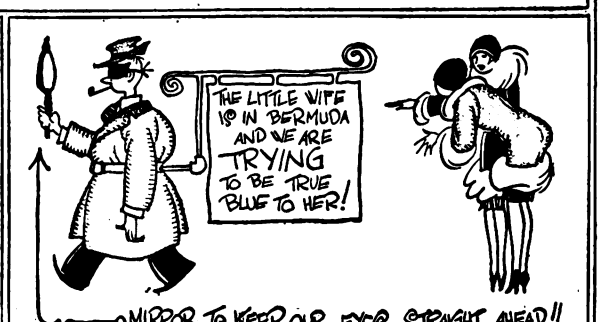
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS





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Investment Bureau

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Watch Your Step

by Theodore Williams

In such a securities market as we have had since early in March, with prices at times making violent breaks and then partial recoveries, it is needful to distinguish sharply between issues that have intrinsic worth and those of a largely speculative character. No stock can be expected to go on advancing forever, no matter how sound the condition of the corporation issuing it. Speculation has its limits, and if one buys solely to profit by market changes he should be very sure that he is not getting in too near the peak, where recession is a natural event. Many speculators seem to imagine that the higher quotations go the more certain they are to go still higher. They buy blindly and are the victims when top-heavy manipulations crumble. The real investor, on the other hand, may indeed pay too much for his purchases, but having bought outright and having acquired meritorious income producers, he can afford to wait for a more propitious day. Dividends and interest, being based on the profits of business, are, if the latter prospers, independent of the gyrations of the market.

Whatever just doubt may exist as to the future of the securities market, the buyer of issues which have substance behind them cannot in the long run suffer greatly if they have been obtained at the right time and at a fairly reasonable figure. Drastic declines almost always create opportunities for courageous buyers. Standard stocks are made more inviting by lowered prices, but this is a fact which comparatively few act upon. Money is more frequently and surely made by those who watch for investment chances than by those who speculate regularly. In fact, careful and continuous buying of safe securities of liberal yield, such, for instance, as first mortgage real estate bonds, is far more likely to put one on the road to competence than are the hazards of speculation.

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PAUL KAYE 149 Broadway, New York

Answers to Inquiries

R., NEW HAVEN, CONN.: The net earnings of the American Locomotive Company in 1925 were less than half those of 1924. This loss of revenue made the common stock pretty speculative, and though better times are predicted for the company this year, you had better hold off awhile from purchasing the shares.

K., TRENTON, N. J.: The Philadelphia Electric Power Company's 5½ per cent. first mortgage gold bonds, due in 1972, aggregating $36,000,000, are guaranteed by the Susquehanna Power Company, and the interest on them is assured from rentals to be paid by the Philadelphia Electric Company, a strong organization, which owns all the stock of the Philadelphia Electric Power Company. These new bonds have investment merit and if the return satisfies you, you can prudently put $5,000 into them at par.

L., PORTLAND, ORE.: An official statement declares that the earnings in 1925 of the Seattle Lighting Company were many times the preferred dividend requirements. The newly issued 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock should be a reasonably safe business man's investment, and desirable at the offering price of $98.

K., MANCHESTER, N. Y.: The "best bet" in your list of five stocks is Studebaker common, which is making a generous yield and still has possibilities. Sinclair Consolidated Oil common is not a particularly good issue to hold, though it may yet sell higher. A dividend payer would be more desirable.

M., PHILIPSBURG, PA.: The National Dairy Products Corp. is an enterprise of promise, still making acquisitions and so as yet in the formative stage. The stock has advanced above the price you mentioned and is selling at a figure not warranted by a dividend of only $3. The corporation has no connection with the National Food Products Corp. which bought some f its stock, but has been ordered by the court to sell it. This incident can have no real effect on National Dairy Products Corp. stock. Until the latter corporation completes its expansion program and settles down to steady business it will be difficult to figure out the book value of its shares. Associated Gas & Electric is a prospering concern and its stocks look like good business men's investments.

C., NORWALK, CONN.: Life Savers, Inc., is a comparatively new organization, though its business is old. It is not yet seasoned, having only recently declared an initial quarterly dividend of 40 cents. At that rate ($1.60 a year) the yield on market price is about 8 per cent. The stock is still speculative and not an investment. A more seasoned issue paying the same dividend, and selling a few points lower is Norwalk Tire & Rubber common.

C., MATTAPAN, MASS.: Congoleum-Nairn, Inc., net earnings in 1925 were but a little over half the earnings in 1924. The company figures out $2.23 on common stock after preferred dividends, but before allowing for preferred sinking fund requirements. The company's outlook for this year is more favorable, but it is not certain that it will resume the dividend on common. The shares are not an investment but a fair speculation. Reynolds Spring had a bad year in 1925, has no present prospects of paying dividends, and the stock is a poor one to lock up money in. Better reach out for a dividend payer.

B., LEWISBURG, W. VA.: Under its new management the Otis Steel Co. made good progress in 1925, net earnings were about $2,000,000 over those of 1924, when there was a deficit. There are arrears on the preferred stock which the company is planning to clear off. It is proposed to issue new bonds in order to refund old ones, and to pay off bank loans. The preferred stock has an excellent outlook and if earnings continue high the common will be a good speculation for a long pull. Symington common is not a dividend payer and is not attractive. Class A is paying $2, and is a fair business man's purchase. Miami Copper is making a yearly return of $1, which gives a good yield on market price. The future value of the stock depends largely on the price of copper metal.

R., CHARLOTTE, N. C.: There is no present prospect of an advance in the values of Consolidated Textile, Middle States Oil, Keystone Tire and Transcontinental Oil stocks. They are all "lame ducks" and their future is uncertain. Your best course is to sell your shares for what you can get, and invest only in sound stocks having a good dividend record.

B., VANCOUVER, B. C.: The bonds of Norway and Denmark have an excellent rating, and those of Argentina, Japan and Haiti are regarded as reasonably safe. The yields on these issues are not strikingly high and it would seem preferable to put your $1,000 into a Canadian Government, or a Canadian or American railroad, public utility or industrial bond, or a real estate bond. The standard stocks that you inquire about are all attractive purchases after the late slump in the market. There will naturally be more or less recovery in the prices of the sound securities. Most of the holdings in your list are well chosen. The three stocks which you are carrying on margin are of good quality and it seems advisable to hold on to them if they are safely margined, instead of letting them go at a loss.

H., DUNHAM, KY.: The mere fact that the German bonds you inquire about "weer offered at prices representing a very small fraction of 1 per cent. of face value" utterly condemns them as being worthless gambles.

V., NEW YORK CITY: The Di Giorgio Fruit Co. was never favored by me. It is a plantation project and very few such schemes have succeeded. It is not surprising that the company suspended dividends. There seems to be no market for the stock.

D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.: The locomotive manufacturing companies had a lean year in 1925 and

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so far this year their business has not much improved. The prices of their stocks have naturally declined. Baldwin Locomotive common's prospects are not promising enough to make certain that the $7 dividend can be maintained. The preferred stock with an equal dividend and held at a somewhat higher figure is a securer purchase.

B., LANDER, WYO.: Armour & Co., of Delaware, was incorporated in December, 1922, as a subsidiary of Armour & Co. of Illinois, taking over a paying section of the latter's business. In April, 1923, Armour & Co. of Delaware started paying its 7 per cent. dividend on preferred stock and has paid it regularly ever since. This preferred stock is guaranteed unconditionally, principal and interest, by Armour & Co., of Illinois, which owns all the common stock and which is a prosperous organization. Armour & Co. of Delaware preferred stock therefore is a highly meritorious business man's investment.

S., HARTFORD, CONN.: If the law were modified so as to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer, no doubt most of the brewing companies would profit by the change. The matter is not yet a practical one, as it seems unlikely just now that the law will be changed. The Pittsburgh Brewing Company's stock is hardly worth quoting since it has paid no dividends since 1920. Some of the company's plants are devoted to producing ice cream and other harmless things, but the revenue is not very large.

H., BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y.: I know nothing of the value of lots in the Muscle Shoals region, but the business of selling lots down there has been going on for several years and seems to have been overdone. It is charged that a good deal of fraud has been perpetrated by promoters of land schemes in that section. It would be unwise to buy anything down there at present without first making a personal inspection of the property.

D., LIVINGSTON, CAL.: I am not a clairvoyant and I do not pretend to find stolen articles or to recall forgotten names. Apparently, your shares of stock in the powdered coal burning machine company, disappeared ten or eleven years ago, so that you are rather late in trying to locate the concern. I can see nothing for you to do now except to write to the Henry Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., and ask it if it is using such a machine and what company is manufacturing it. If the Ford Co. gives the name and address of the machine company, you can write to it giving the facts in your case and ask for a duplicate certificate for your stolen stock.

G., WHARTON, TEX.: The stock market has been very unsettled and few observers are speaking of the future with confidence. However, in case of any further material recessions, the following low-priced dividend paying issues would be inviting purchases: American Steel Foundries, common, Armour & Co. A., Chandler Cleveland pfd., Chrysler Corp., pfd., Continental Motors, Moon Motor and Paige Detroit Motor, common.

D., EL PASO, TEX.: You can justly consider that all the money you have invested in old German paper marks has been lost beyond recovery. There is no future for these bits of currency which were practically repudiated by the German Government. The German bonds which have been offered all over this country at very low prices are also the worst kind of gambles. Many of them have been worked off on the American people at prices several thousand times as high as the bonds are selling for in Germany.

M., MILWAUKEE, WIS.: The Middle States Oil Corporation's big trouble was brought upon it not so much by general mismanagement of its affairs, which might have been detected and exposed, as by the sudden mad speculation of its leading officials in Southern States Oil Co.'s shares. This was entirely outside the company's regular business, could not have been foreseen, and it took all financial observers by surprise. It stranded the company for the time being, because the speculators unloaded their losses on it. This was a wicked proceeding, and it forced the appointment of receivers. The receivers appear to have been doing the best they could to save the corporation. The stockholders' protective committee also has been working to safeguard the stockholder's interest, and deserves every stockholder's support. The corporation has very valuable holdings which good management should make profitable. One of the most pressing burdens of the corporation is the heavy tax claim made against it by the Federal Government. The receivers dispute the justice of the claim and are attempting to have it dismissed. When this matter is settled, some kind of a reorganization plan will be in order.

D., EVART, MICH.: The Standard Gas & Electric Co. is one of the Byllesby organizations which are noted for good and successful management. It was incorporated in 1910 and has acquired substantial interests in many other organizations. It operates in numerous Western States, including Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado and California. Authorized capital stock, 1,000,000 shares no par common; $70,000,000 cumulative 7 per cent. prior preference stock (par $100), $30,000,000; 8 per cent. cum. pfd. (par $50), and $1,000,000 6 per cent. non-cum. stock (par $1). Outstanding, over 442,000 shares of common, over $17,000,000 prior pref., over $16,000,000 pfd. and $1,000,000 non-cum. stock. This organization is expanding and increasing its earnings from year to year. It is paying $3 yearly on common, and the regular dividends on the other classes of stock. The preferred stocks are attractive business man's investments. Although Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp.'s earnings and prospects are declared to be satisfactory, dividends on common seem yet some distance away. The preferred stock, which has been paying 8 per cent. for years, looks reasonably safe as well as inviting at its present price in the low 90s. It is safer to refrain from making commitments in stocks until any wild upheaval in the market subsides.

A., PRESTONSBURG, KY.: The Elk Horn Coal Corporation has large holdings but for several years had poor earnings. In 1925, however, it had the best year in its history, and it has been predicted that the preferred dividend, suspended since June, 1923, will be resumed this year. If the good prospects are realized both classes of stock should sell higher.

B., NEW YORK CITY: B. F. Baker & Company appears to be a money-making concern, but its dividends are not reported in my sources of information. Without a statement of earnings and dividends I cannot judge of the quality of the stock. If you are receiving a good return you should have some faith in the company.

P., NEW YORK CITY: Your real estate bonds are sound and your West Penn Electric preferred stock has merit. The Penn Railroad stock will do to hold. If your K. C. S. stock is the non-dividend-paying common it would be safer to dispose of it and buy a dividend or interest payer. You can prudently put your savings into the 7 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds you mention.

J., TROY, N. Y.: The American Hide & Leather Co. is still far from earning the 7 per cent. dividend on its preferred stock, on which there is a mountain of arrears. Earnings for 1925 equaled $4.59 per share on preferred, as against $4.28 in 1924. Profits must be nearly doubled to meet preferred stock requirements and that is not probable in 1926. Should the stock recover some of its recent decline it would be wise to sell it and to switch to something that would give you an income, unless, indeed, a satisfactory settlement of arrears should be really effected.

G., SCHAEFFERSTOWN, PA.: The Nash Motor Co. is a strong organization and its earnings should assure a good dividend on the new stock of which you hold 100 shares. In spite of the decline from your purchase price your shares had better be held than sold at a loss. First National Stores suffered a sharp decline of late, but it is still selling too high for its dividend of $1.50. It looks as if it would be better for you to switch to Moon Motor paying $3, and selling at about the same price as First National Stores. Both stocks are more or less speculative. Hayes Wheel Co. is prospering and earnings are excellent. The common stock is a good business man's purchase. I advise you to keep out of cheap mining stocks, and continue to buy sound issues.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

How to get 8 per cent. safely is set forth in four descriptive booklets by the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla. The booklets are entitled "Bonds That Pay Themselves Off," "Invest by the Income Map," "2% to 4% Extra" and "Eye Witness Testimony." The last named contains letters written from investors in all parts of the country telling of their satisfactory experience in buying the 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds in which this company deals. These bonds are secured by income producing properties in growing communities in Florida. They can be bought on partial payments. The booklets (207) will be mailed by the company to any investor.

Persons who have suffered losses in the stock market are invited by G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East Forty-second street, New York City, to consider the fact that "No Investor Ever Lost a Dollar in Miller Bonds," but made money instead. A $1,000 7 per cent. Miller bond will, in fifteen years, bring the buyer $2,050, and this proportion holds with $500 and $100 bonds. Full information on Miller bonds and a list of current offerings will be sent by the company to any applicant for 215-M. L.

The American Bond & Mortgage Company, 345 Madison avenue, New York City, calls attention to the fact that during its more than twenty years of business activity every first mortgage real estate bond which it has sold to the public has been faithfully paid, principal and interest, whenever due. This it claims is an assurance of the safety of its current offerings of 6½ per cent. bonds based on desirable properties. The company's capital and resources exceed $7,500,000. For complete details write to the company for J-240.

The question "Is 8 per Cent. Safe?" is answered in the affirmative by the Filer Cleveland Company, 2504 Bedford Building, Miami, Fla., which declares that investors in all parts of the country have found perfect safety in the 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds dealt in by the company. The bonds are backed by income paying city business properties appraised at twice the amount of the loan. A twenty-eight page booklet, "8% and Safety," will be sent by the company to any address.

Adair first mortgage real estate bonds put forth the claim that they have every standard safeguard—ample security of well located income earning properties, etc.—backed by a record of over sixty years without loss to any investor. In addition, these bonds are unconditionally guaranteed by the Adair Realty & Trust Co., with resources of $2,500,000, and also have been approved for insurance by one of the strongest surety companies in America. Adair bonds guaranteed yield 6½ per cent., or $65 yearly on every $1,000 invested, or 62 per cent. more than ordinary savings bank interest. The bonds are in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100.

Full information concerning these bonds is given in the booklet, "Why Your Real Estate Bonds Should Be Guaranteed," for which write to Adair Realty & Trust Co., Healey Building, Dept. G-4, Atlanta, Ga.

Conservative investors are informed by the Milton Strauss Corp., Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., that the first mortgage real estate bonds distributed by the corporation are not only safeguarded in the usual approved ways, but are also independently trusteed by well-known banks or trust companies. The bonds bear 6½ per cent. interest and are offered at par plus accrued interest in maturities up to ten years. The corporation will furnish to any investor its descriptive circular No. J-34.

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Writes

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Letters Speak for Themselves

Letters from our investors tell in their own words why they prefer these 8% bonds. Many of these letters have been published in a booklet, "Eye-Witness Testimony." If you want to learn of an 8% investment in which you can always be sure of on-time payments, mail the coupon for a free copy of this booklet.

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MEN & WOMEN

JUDGING the MOVIES

By William Morris Houghton

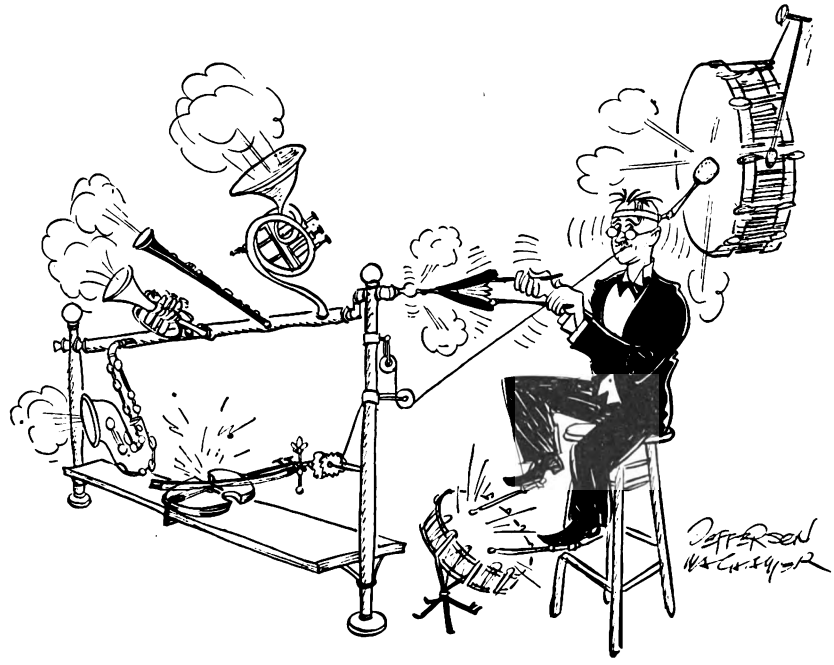
You will probably find that two things remain over in your memory after seeing "The Barrier," from Rex Beach's novel. One is the acting of Lionel Barrymore as Stark Bennett, the brutal and cynical skipper. The other is the ingenious photography, especially in the ice scene. It is an old story, of course, that a motion picture director can achieve almost any effect he chooses by the use of double exposure, miniatures, drawings, dummies, etc. Yet I never cease to marvel at the realism of scenes that if they were real would boost the death rate among screen favorites 'way beyond our fondest dreams.

Here is a scene, for instance, in which a ship is crushed like an eggshell in an ice jam off the Alaskan coast. You watch her mortal struggles in the glacial grip from every possible point of vantage—from off shore, with the Arctic panorama before you; from an ice floe under her bows; from within the ship herself, her decks tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees under the crushing pressure. Finally, you see one and then another giant berg detach itself from the ice wall towering above her masts and crash down upon her in utter annihilation, just as hero and heroine scale her gunwhale and flee toward shore over the heaving ice field. The thing is sheer melodrama and you know it is faked, but just the same it is breath taking.

The picture as a whole is disjointed and not at all convincing. It is the story of a pretty half-caste girl who lives with her foster father at a trading post in Alaska. The commander of the little company of Federal troops stationed there, a young lieutenant from Virginia, falls in love with her. Both believe she is white until her real father, the evil Stark Bennett, happens to put in with his ship. He lets the cat out of the bag.

Love triumphs in the end, you may be sure, but in the meantime there is the rescue from the crushed ship and the splendid impersonation of a malicious blackguard by Lionel Barrymore. What a blank, blank, blankety blank that bird can be!

Zane Grey's "Desert Gold" also depends for its most dramatic moments on natural phenomena, if a hill in Mexico which is forever shedding boulders like dandruff is a natural phenomenon. These things come skipping and bounding by the players' heads with an abandon that is positively impolite, until the villain leads his band of desperados up the treacherous slopes. Then they suddenly show a purposeful concentration, with the help of a faithful



The efficiency expert has his own jazz band!

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Indian, and overwhelm the powers of darkness. "Desert Gold" is a typical melodrama of no importance whatever.

"THE NEW KLONDIKE," with Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee, manufactures amusing farce out of the Florida boom. Thomas takes the part of a professional ball player turned realtor, and not so well turned. But before he gets through with his double-crossing associates and his mangrove swamps he manages to annex the only sound property in the State, in the person of Evelyn Lane (Lila Lee). The story is by Ring Lardner and the screen play by Thomas J. Geraghty and if I could cheer I would. The best I can do is a faint "attaboy."

Guide to the Movies

"*The Big Parade*"—In a class by itself.
"*A Woman of the World*"—Pola Negri in an excellent Main street comedy.
"*Siegfried*"—The great German film.
"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart comes all the way back.
"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Poorly cast.
"*A Kiss for Cinderella*"—Quite worthy of Barrie.
"*Bluebeard's Seven Wives*"—The movie sheik burlesqued.
"*Womanhandled*"—A satire on the Wild West.
"*Soul Mates*"—Elinor Glyn piffle.
"*Mannequin*"—You wonder how Fanny Hurst got $50,000 for it.
"*That Royle Girl*"—Mannequins, crooks, cyclones.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Unintentional burlesque of "Moby Dick."
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney in a good Limehouse drama.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Charming travelogue.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Adolphe Menjou in excellent comedy.
"*Partners Again*"—Potash and Perlmutter.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Dancing Mothers*"—A feeble sermon.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo gives a finished performance of a sophisticated rôle.
"*La Bohême*"—Lillian Gish in a moving version of the old story.
"*Let's Get Married*"—Richard Dix in an amusing farce.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore tries on a lot of gowns.
"*The Cave Man*"—A libel on truck drivers.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks in brilliant form.
"*First Year*"—Frank Craven's comedy marred with slapstick.
"*Miss Brewster's Millions*"—Punk.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson and much ado about an ill-tempered woman.
"*My Own Pal*"—Tom Mix jumps his horse into an open box car.

An Arab chieftain recently issued a proclamation, signing himself "Lord of the Earth." He may now expect a stiff letter from Signor Mussolini.
—*Humorist*

***

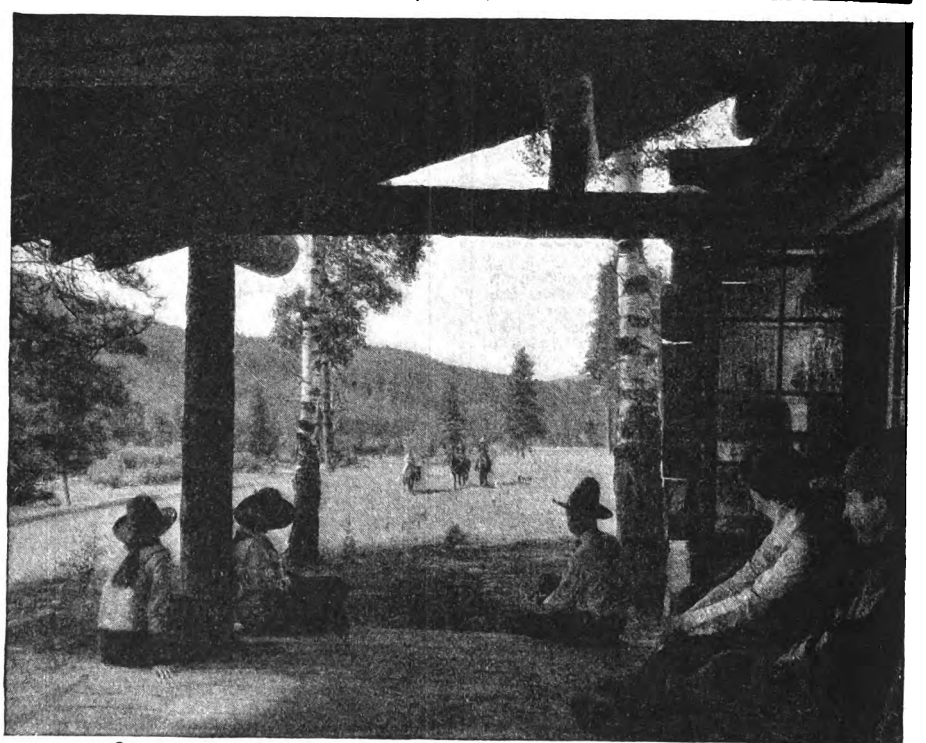
"Just fancy Jim refusing to marry you. Didn't you tell him about your rich widowed aunt?"

"Yes."

"And didn't that make any difference?"

"It did. Jim's my new uncle."
—*Bulletin* (Sydney)

Santa Fe



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Xcursions

Santa Fe "all the way" to the cool scenic regions of the west—
California, Colorado, New Mexico—Arizona Rockies and the National Parks.

Those who know come and go—Santa Fe the Peerless way

The Indian-detour—the newest way to see oldest America, on your Santa Fe-Fred Harvey way to California. A three-days motor tour in luxurious Harveycars through a region rich in history and mystery—the Enchanted Empire. Only $45 extra, with everything provided—meals, lodging and motor transportation.

New

Ask for special Indian-detour folder.

mail this

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1110 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Would like information regarding summer trip to.....
including any worth-while stopovers.

There will be..... persons in party.
Also mail descriptive travel folders.
☐ Indicate by X if Grade or High School student.

Name.....
Street No.....
City and State.....

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No More Skidding Garters!

AGRIPPA-WEB makes garters act in an entirely new way—and only in Bostons can this web be had. Even when worn very loose it will not slip. It cannot curl and yet it is remarkably soft and light. Here in fact is the first practical ventilated web garter.

In many pleasing colors, 50c the pair.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family.

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

A New Art Print

By Delevante

"TIME"

In anticipation of the usual requests for copies, we have printed a limited quantity of Art Prints of the very interesting and timely drawing shown on the center pages of this issue of JUDGE.

While they last, you may have this picture, printed in one color from the original engravings, on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches, with wide margins, ready for framing.

Prints will be sent postage prepaid upon receipt of

50 cents each

JUDGE

Art Print Department

627 West 43d Street, New York

FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; *free* on request. It will tell you many things you should know. Write Dept. AC2.

H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., 119-121 Fifth Ave., New York City.

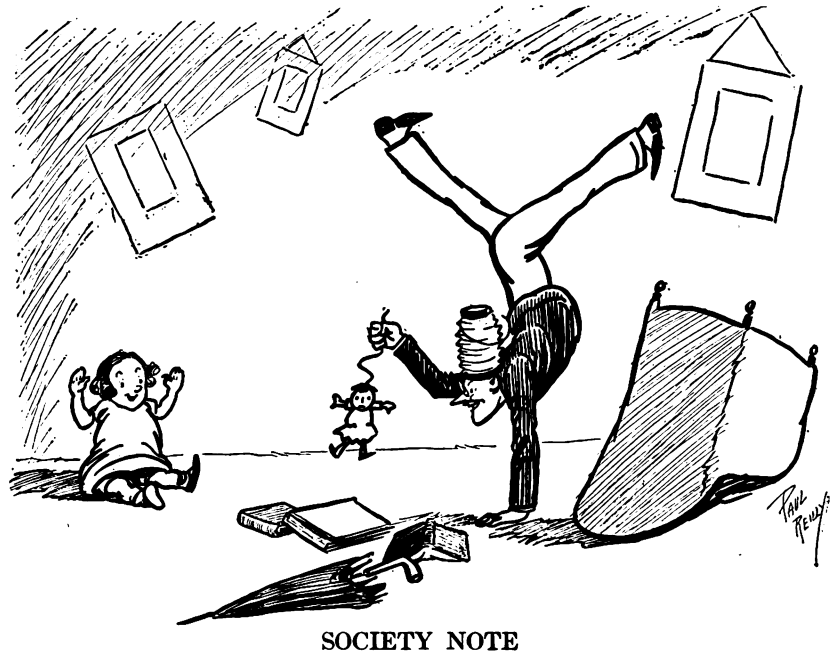
GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—



SOCIETY NOTE

Mr. Van Cortlandt is entertaining his niece.

Words and Music

WHEN I dashed into Harry Narris' room up on West Forty-eighth street, I found the erstwhile king of New York's "Tin Pan Alley" flat on his back, sobbing like a baby.

"What, ho, Harry," I breezily announced, "and why does the famous author of 'My Pixie Trixie from Dixie' and 'Croonin' California' weep and lament? Does he not collect handsome royalties on 'Sammy's Mammy' and 'You've Got to Whip Wifie Every Week'?"

"True, old man," sobbed Harry, "but my career is at an end. I can never write another popular song. I might just as well get a job as a saxophone player and drown my sorrows."

"Tut, tut," I tutted, "come and tell father why you take on so—'tis conduct most unseemly for one who composed 'My Mild Irish Nose.'"

"It's this way," wailed Harry, "I can't turn out any more melodies. I've used all of the available tunes I could possibly steal from Beethoven, Liszt, Schubert and Verdi; there are none left for me to—er—interpolate," he added, as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Pretty serious, old boy," I murmured, "have you tried Mendelssohn, Gounod, Chopin and Rossini?"

"Every one of them," piteously moaned the melody man, "even Handel and Massenet. I tell you I'm done writing—there's no one left I can filch themes from."

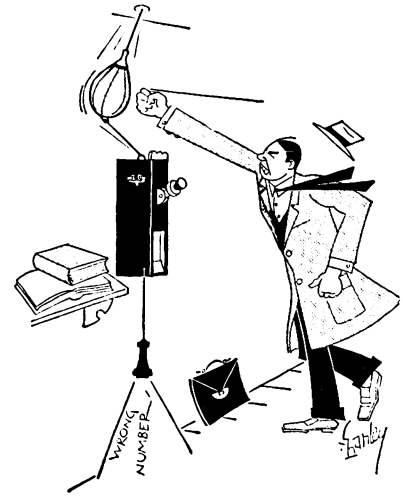
Frankly, it was a pathetic moment. Sadly, I gazed out of the window. Was there not *some* way to help this young genius? And then suddenly it came to me! Wheeling about, I exclaimed, "I've got it, Harry—I've got it!"

"Well, well?" he impatiently questioned, "I suppose you're going to suggest Wagner. There's no use. I used all of his stuff years ago."

"No, Harry!" I exclaimed, "I've got an old idea, but it's new to you: why not write some *original* melodies?"

His face brightened and even a furtive smile played about the corners of his mouth, as he answered. "You know, I've been writing popular songs for ten years and I never thought of that before."

Arthur L. Lippmann



To save their instruments from being damaged by furious people, phone company is installing punching bags for folks to relieve their feelings.

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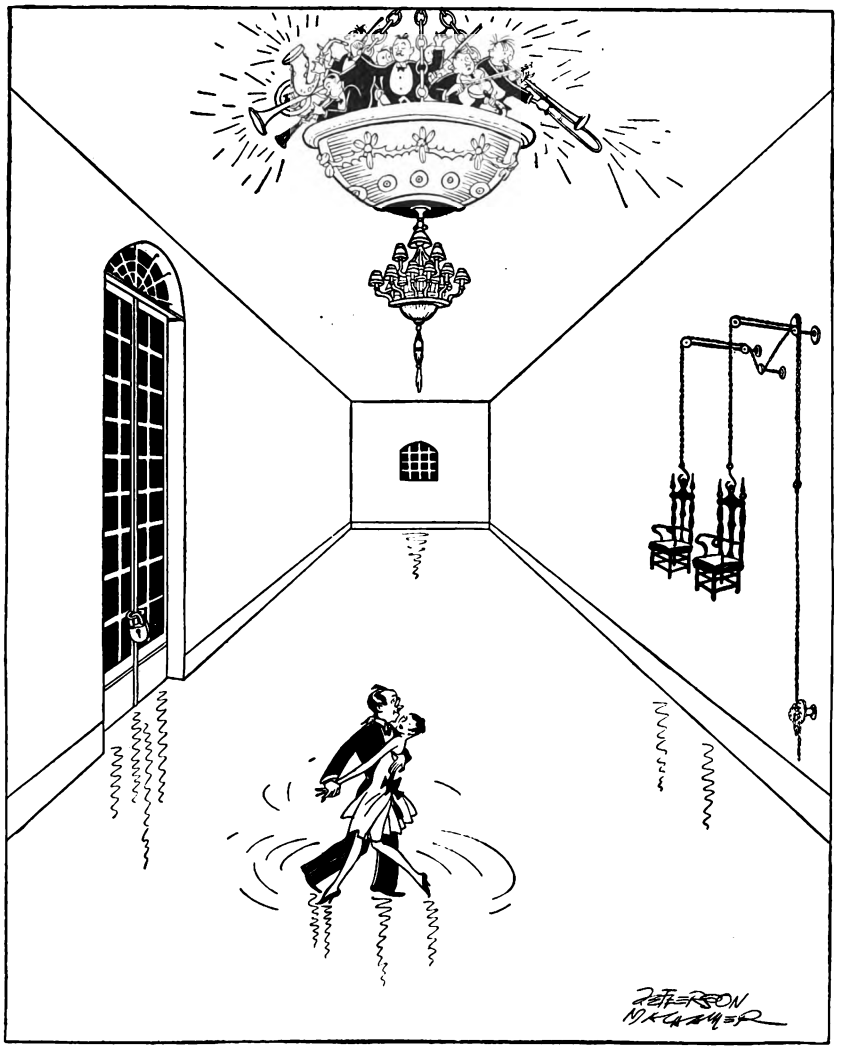

Dream of the man who hates crowded dance floors.

GENTLEMAN (at opera who has been drinking between acts)—*Here! Here! That's my station, getting out here.*

Watch your gums — bleeding a sign of trouble

As sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO. New York

Forhan's, Ltd., Montreal

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of April 17)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 Prize. Vote Your Favorite!

ASK FOR
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
for PAINFUL FEET

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NERVE STRAIN

The Cause of Nervous Indigestion, Auto-Intoxication, Blood Poisoning

OF all the things that injure health, straining the nerves is more dangerous than all others combined. It weakens the nerves, paralyzes the organic forces, plays havoc with the mind, and is the cause of innumerable dangerous ailments.

Nervous Indigestion

Nerve strain is especially harmful to the stomach and bowels, causing nervous indigestion, sluggish bowels, and kindred disorders. This, in turn, fills the blood with dangerous poisons. Why and how this occurs can be easily understood. Undigested foods in the stomach and bowels ferment and decay. This putrefaction develops gases and certain toxic poisons, just as does any putrefying matter, be it inside or outside of the body. These poisons are absorbed by the blood, which transmits them to every part of the body. This self-poisoning is termed Toxemia or auto-intoxication.

Toxemia

Toxemia impairs the blood circulation, causing high or low blood pressure, dizziness, kidney trouble, mental and physical restlessness, sleeplessness, and uneasiness of the mind. It lowers the disease-resisting powers and leads to many diseases, especially colds, pneumonia, and tuberculosis.

Toxic poison has the same effect internally as would a drop of acid placed on the skin. It burns and irritates, that is, it causes pain. All bodily pains, not due to local injury or infection, are due to toxic poisons. This includes headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, backaches, pains in the region of the heart, in the chest, etc., etc.

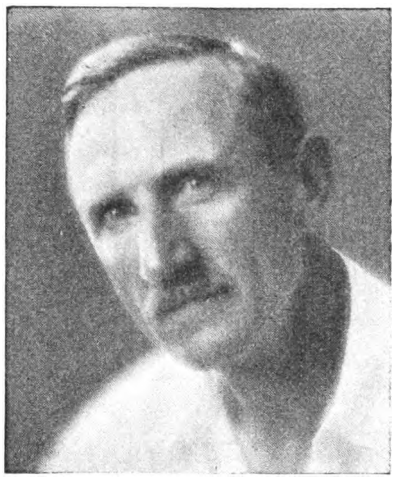
Stomach Ulceration —Cancer

As stated, putrefaction of undigested food develops gases which is indicated by belching and bloating of the bowels. These gases expand the stomach like a toy balloon, causing severe pressure on the heart and lungs, which, in itself, is often fatal. Frequent dilation of the stomach in time develops a pocket at the bottom of which food remains for days to decay and develop irritating poisons. This leads to local ulcers, and in many cases leads to cancer, a disease that is killing many thousands annually.

Dieting Ineffective

Millions of people try to avoid Toxemia by abstaining from foods that readily ferment and decay. While dieting is helpful, it is at best, but a "dodge," and not a cure. The *only cure* lies in avoiding Nervous Indigestion, and that cure must begin *through the nerves.*

I write authoritatively on this subject, as I have made a life study of nervous people and their ailments and weaknesses. During the last 30 years I have had far over 100,000 such cases under my observation and care, of which hundreds were treated in collaboration with leading medical scientists. No other man has had so great an experience as I in this specialty, nor has had the opportunity to test so widely the efficiency of any advance made in this science.



PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author-Lecturer-Scientist, whose various books on the Nerves, Breathing, Psychology and Health have reached the highest plane during the last 30 years. His books have been translated in several foreign languages by scientists of various countries.

Do You Know—

That it is Nerve Force that gives you Mental Power and Character?

That your Nerves govern your entire body, in fact, your whole life?

That when your Nerves become weak, every muscle and organ becomes correspondingly weak?

That mental strains, especially worry, fear, and self-consciousness, paralyze the Nerves that control the stomach and bowels?

That Nerve Strain will wreck your Health more rapidly than any other abuse?

Do You Know—

How to develop your Nerve Force?

How to RELAX and CALM your Nerves?

How to counteract Worry, Fear, Anger, Jealousy and similar nerve-killing emotions?

How to avoid Nerve Tension, Nervousness and loss of Nerve Force?

Read **Nerve Force,** where all these important points are fully explained.

An Important Book

I have written a book, entitled "NERVE FORCE," which discusses this vital subject in detail and explains in simple language how we strain our nerves, paralyze the vital organs and what we must do to restore them to normal condition. The cost of the book, prepaid, is only 25c coin or stamps. Address me, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 140, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

This book is not a catch-penny pamphlet. It is a dignified treatise, free from exaggerations and "bunk." It is on file in many Public Libraries, Sanitarium Libraries, and at the National Medical Library at Washington, D. C. The book "Nerve Force" contains 64 pages of important information and practical advice. Over 1,000,000 copies have been sold in past years. Whether or not you have trouble with your nerves and stomach, you should read this book, which you may do at my risk. If it does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay for postage. Or, you may pay for the book after you read it.

So send for the book today. Strengthen your nerves and be immune to Nerve Strain and its trail of dangerous consequences.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

A Lack of Understanding

JUDGE:

Gentlemen: Although I enjoy JUDGE every week. I agree thoroughly with Russell O. Ludlow and cannot understand how W. M. Houghton came by his all-around perfection and how he obtained his complete and perfect knowledge of everything. Neither can I understand why JUDGE prints his biased and egotistical trash, when they know it is losing them many friends and subscribers every week.

Yours for a better JUDGE,

Bridgeport, Conn. *Donald L. Munson*

March 17, 1926.

Cut Out the Editorials

Editors of JUDGE:

I have just read the letter of Mr. Peene in the issue of March 13. I agree very much with him in that JUDGE should devote itself to humor in the form of jokes and cartoons rather than such departments as "Judge for Yourself," "Judging the Shows," "Judging the Movies," "Judge on the Bench," etc.

Of course, I think there should be an editorial page, but I would enjoy JUDGE much more if it would discontinue its editorials against the principles and organizations that I favor, and I would enjoy it no less if it also eliminated the ones with which I agree.

That is to say, that I do not think that such editorials have a place in magazines devoted to humor or fiction. These magazines are purchased only for entertainment and amusement. No issues of these kinds are bought merely for the editorials, but some are refused on account of them.

Yours sincerely,

Hattiesburg, Miss. *Everett Cook*

March 15, 1926.

Majority Rule

The Editor of JUDGE:

My dear Sir: For a long time I have been an interested and appreciative reader of your articles in JUDGE I have admired your masterful and fearless attitude toward the live issues of the day.

I am attaching a clipping from the Louisville *Times* declaring that thirty-five United States Senators in the West will stand by the "Dry" organization.

This country is supposed to be a Democracy, meaning the majority rules.

I have put together a few figures to see if that is true and will submit them to you for your opinion.

The States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Massachusetts and Illinois are counted as "wet" and have a combined population of about 37,000,000, and only twelve United States Senators.

The States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Tennessee, have a combined population of about 34,000,000, and forty-six United States Senators.

Showing that the minority has almost *four* times the voting power in the Senate.

Making comparisons: the State of Nevada with two Senators has a population less than Duluth, Minn.

Idaho, with a population less than the City of Detroit, has the biggest bellowing Senator in the whole United States.

The above items are not new or news to you, but I just wanted to express myself "lest you forget" the above issue.

Thanking you and with best regards I remain,

Very truly yours,

Cave City, Ky. *W. B. Hopkins*

March 21, 1926.

We Can't Account for It

Dear JUDGE:

JUDGE seems to be getting bigger, better and brighter every issue. What has happened?

The cartoon on Saint Samuel is very good indeed. Keep going, friend. JUDGE is standing 2 to 1 in its own way on weeklies.

Sistersville, W. Va. *Fred Compson*

March 16, 1926.

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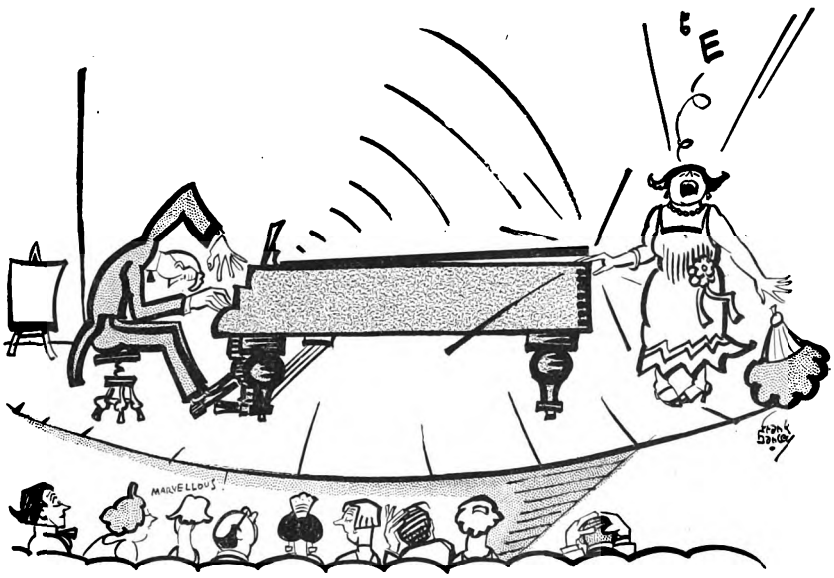


Concert singer who never could reach high E achieves the feat when the piano top falls on her finger.

"Life Is Like That"

(*Continued from page 15*)

they, yet with a certain American smack. I could be morbid myself, if I tried, within limitations.

But no, my attitude is that life is like almost everything. When you see something going on, life is pretty sure to be like that.

There are many instances of life's being wholesome and happy. If you don't believe me, stand on a street corner, any street corner, for two years, and you will see signs of joy and happiness. Schoolgirls giggling over a soda in a corner drug store. A gent smoking a cigar. Lovers strolling. The moon shining, providing there is a moon.

Who was it who said, life is like such a number of things, God's in His heaven, all's right with the world?

Life, then, is like everything, so when anybody says of anything in *particular* that life is like *that*, let us give him a good swing in the jaw.

Magistrate (severely)—The idea of a man of your size beating a poor weak woman like that.

Prisoner—But, your worship, she keeps irritating me all the time.

"How does she irritate you?"

"Why, she keeps saying, 'Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me once, and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a magistrate, and see what he'll do with you."

"Discharged."

—*Staffordshire Sentinel*

Among the prisoners arraigned before the court was an Irishman.

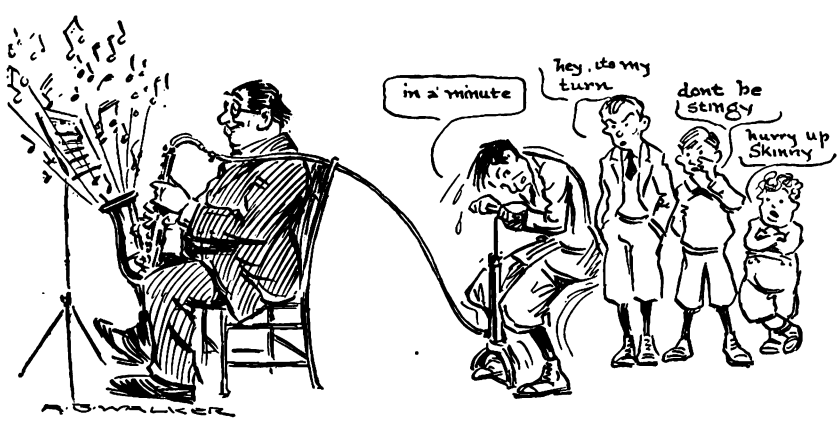
"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge in a stern voice.

"Faith, an' that's yer honor's business." —*Answers*

Passing Motorist—Want a lift?

The Pedestrian—No, thanks; I'm walking to reduce.

"Well, you're lost. This is the road to Reading." —*Answers*



SAVE YOUR BREATH

The efficiency expert takes up the saxophone.

Your First

Gray Hair

Have you found it?

THERE will be more, you know, unless you stop them. Gray hair comes fast, once it gets started. Middle-age comes with it.

The wise woman begins at once to stop the gray, before it shows. She uses the scientific cosmetic preparation which never fails to restore original color, perfectly.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Test on a single lock of hair. Watch the gray go, replaced by youthful color.

Learn ease of application—simply by combing through hair. And how clean, how dainty, the whole process. Mary T. Goldman's is a clear, colorless liquid—nothing to wash off, rub off, interfere with shampooing or with waving.

Mail "Free Bottle" coupon

Use X to indicate color of hair. Patented Trial Kit, by return mail, explaining all.

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
1233-D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

JUDGE

Date.....

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

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

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

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

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

FOR YOURSELF

Always insist upon having

ABBOTT'S

Tonic Appetizer For 52 Years **BITTERS**

Sample by mail, 25c
C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

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"YOU can call it sex appeal, or feminine witchery, or the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la-la," but if a girl has it she's sure to be a feature of the

Stepping Out Number

of

SNAPPY STORIES

containing "Stepping Out With John Held, Jr.," "Fast Steppers," by C. S. Montanye, "Please Pass the Alcohol," by Arthur T. Munyan, "The Fall of the Angel," by Viña Delmar, and "Stepping Out Mamas," by Alan Williams.

If you miss that mama roll call you'll be out of luck! Step in for the Stepping Out Number of SNAPPY STORIES. Now on all news stands—20 cents.

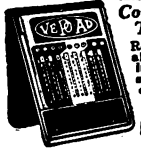
ADDING MACHINE

Fits Vest Pocket

A marvelous calculator. Does the work accurately and quickly as a $300 machine. Invaluable to anyone who uses figures. Don't carry pad and pencil. This startling invention will solve all problems in a minute. Business men, students, professional people, all need this HANDY HELPER.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send money. Just name and address. Pay postman only $2.95 plus few cents postage. Try it for 10 days. Your money back if not satisfied.



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Results in plain sight all the time — clears instantly. Made of steel and brass, in handsome case, fits vest pocket; weight only 3 oz. Send for yours now -you'll save time and money.

PRICE **$2.95**

Reliable Adding Machine Corp., Dept. 554
184 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS Here's a dandy chance to make money. Everybody wants one. Fine profit. Write for new offer.

RUBY FREE

To introduce our imported **Mexican-BLU-FLASH GEM,** the only low priced gem exactly matching **genuine diamonds,** with same **blue-white** brilliancy and **rainbow fire,** guaranteed for life, we'll send **free** this beautiful, flashing **fiery** red Mexican Ruby. Just clip out this ad, mail with your name, address and 10c to partly cover handling cost and we'll mail **FREE** with catalog of gems and special half price offer. **Write today.**
Mexican Gem Importing Co., Dept. J-5 Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

Write Like This

Trace my sunken letters two hours and note a **big change in your writing—almost perfect penmanship in 10 days. Sample letters free. Write,**
C. J. Ozment, 81, St. Louis, Mo.

MATH 256

A new angle being studied in college.
—OKLAHOMA WHIRLWIND

Early Awake

Mornings I have risen 'ere the sun
Brimmed on the waiting town,
Seen the clear starlets paling, one by one;
Night wore a silver gown.

Oh, I have cast aside my coverlet
Before the city stirred,
And I have thrown off heavy sleep 'ere yet
Awoke the earliest bird.

Lightly the friendly blankets I would doff
At day's loud summons. Then
How oft I've switched the darned alarm clock off
And gone to bed again!
—*Toronto Goblin*

"What is the present situation?"
"I am shooting two bits."
—*Cornell Widow*

"Lots of Lux to you," said the American wisecracker as his Russian friend went in for his first bath.
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

Got the Life

Cad—What's become of the old-fashioned girl who used to say, "Ask father"?

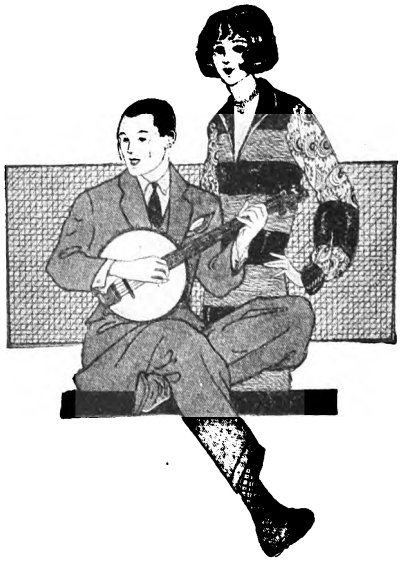
Illac—She now has a daughter who says, "Give it more gas, George, the old man is gaining on us."
—*Ohio State Sun Dial*

"I'm engaged to be married, and the funny part is—I've known the girl only two days."
"What folly!"
"Ziegfield's."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Mary—What makes your new boy friend talk so queerly? Is something wrong with his tongue?

Ann—No, he's simply another one of those Harvard boys.
—*Wesleyan Wasp*

"Can I take you to the dance in these clothes?"
"No, thanks. I have my own clothes." —*California Pelican*



"*When you're married twice it's polygamy, isn't it?*"
"*No, it's damn foolishness.*"
—BROWN JUG

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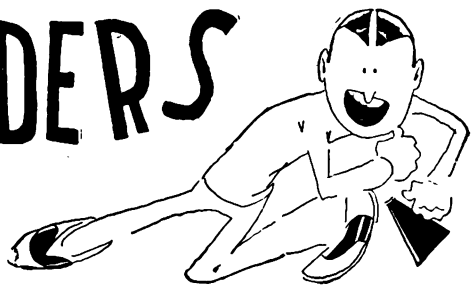
LEADERS



A Picture's Frame

Gay—I think Tom's girl is as pretty as a picture.

Lord—Yes! But what a frame!

—*Pitt Panther.*

"Oh, I know all about you; I've heard all about you."

"It's not true, it's a pack of malicious lies." —*Bowdoin Bearskin*

The most unpatriotic man in the world has been found. He's the man who works in the post office canceling stamps because he derives great pleasure out of socking George Washington in the face.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good—views. —*Cornell Widow*

—CORNELL WIDOW

Do you know that Clear-Tone —the wonder-working lotion— used like toilet water—

Clears Your Skin

of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin? *Elegant after shaving.* Indispensable for sensitive and refined women. This new scientific cosmetic is GUARANTEED to banish unsightly blemishes easily and quickly, and leave the skin clear and smooth.

"A Clear-Tone Skin"

This Free Booklet tells how you can easily and quickly at home obtain a clear skin, free from all blemishes, like Nature intended you to have. Thousands of copies of this interesting book are distributed every month.

Clear-Tone is not a cure-all or mail-order treatment, but a scientific, reliable SKIN LOTION, perfected after 15 years personal experience by Mr. E. S. Givens, who knows every embarrassment one has to suffer with a bad complexion. Endorsed and prescribed by physicians, druggists, and thousands of enthusiastic users, and sold on a direct and positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back! The marvel of Clear-Tone is that it clears the complexion so quickly, no matter what the cause. **Over 100,000 test cases.**

Clear-Tone has had an *unprecedented success* as evidenced by thousands of voluntary letters written by men and women who had very bad blemishes and tried various soaps, ointments, and doctors without relief.

Read These Letters!

From U. S. Hospital--"Find myself improving wonderfully. Any one I see that has skin trouble your wonderful Clear-Tone will be recommended." Chas. A. Rein, U. S. Hospital 41, Staten Island, N. Y.

From a Barber--"Have been a barber for 30 years and never saw anything as good as Clear-Tone. All barbers should know about it." Otto Van Burin, Kansas City, Mo.

From a Musician--"I am obliged to be in public a great deal and my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me so greatly that I strongly recommend it." C. H. Lindeman, Steubenville, Ohio.

From a Lady--"I am sure grateful for Clear-Tone as it made a change in my face in less than a week." Miss Lillian Kuster, Pa.

From a Soldier--"It is certainly wonderful." Louis Langer, Troop F, 3rd Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

From a Flyer--"Cleared my face of Acne." H J. Howald, N. H. Station, Pensacola, Fla.

People Amazed--"Has cleared my skin completely of pimples and blackheads. Everybody who sees me is amazed." R. R. Wilson, Pearson, Ga.

Thousands of Others--men and women--praise Clear-Tone. We'll gladly send copies of most interesting testimonials.

FREE Simply send name today for FREE booklet, ***"A Clear-Tone Skin,"*** telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years, and my $1,000 Guarantee to clear your skin of the above blemishes.

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

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ART PRINTS
Prices Reduced

"Saturday Night"

By KERNAN

A new Boy and Dog picture, which will, we are sure, be enthusiastically received. Printed from the engraver's original plates on Heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

35 cents each

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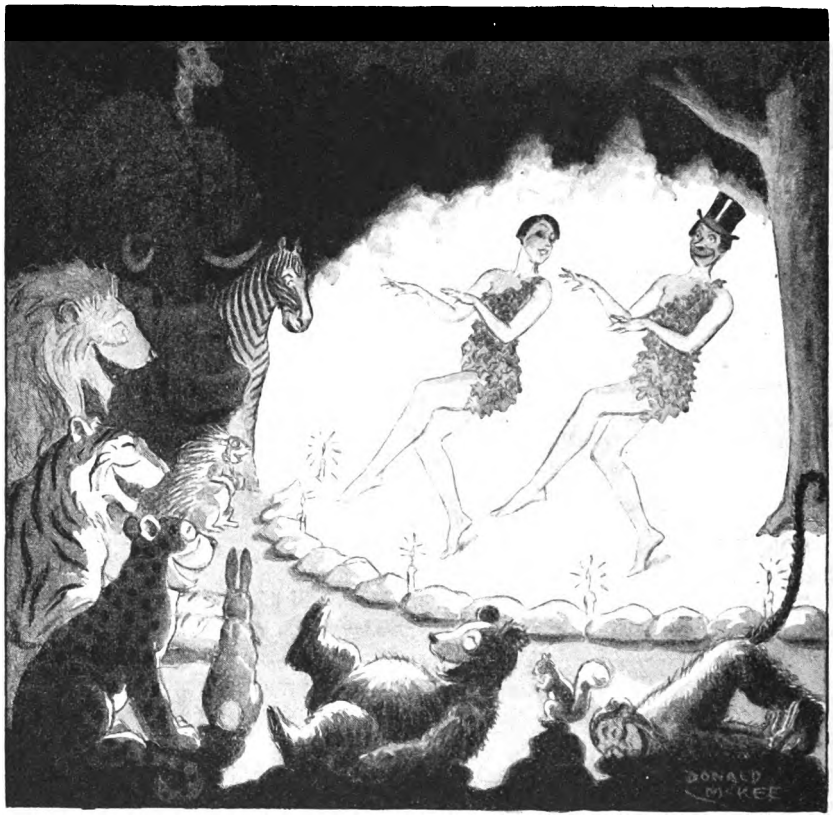
JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

627 West 43d Street New York



THE FIRST JOKE

"Who was that lady I seen you with. . . . ."

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 18*)

"Easter" may be Art—to idiots who believe that Strindberg at his worst is still a considerable artist—but to every one else it is simply a dambad play and one guaranteed to send one off into a sound snore before the first of its three acts is over. I do not like superlatives, but it may safely be said that no such theatrical evening has been sold to the local customers since roses were last passed over the footlights to the Cherry Sisters.

III

ABOUT Franz Werfel's "Schweiger" I shall have to defer a review until I get a report from the Burns Detective Agency. After the play was over I called the latter up and commissioned it to find out for me just what the thing was about. It has been on the job for more than a week now, but informs me that it is as far from a solution of the mystery as it was when it began.

Werfel, as you know, is the author of "Goat Song," which the Guild did a few months ago. "Goat Song" was no A. B. C. either, but beside "Schweiger" it was as clear as West 186th street at three o'clock in the morning. This second play runs Strindberg's "Spook Sonata" a close race for the mystification stakes. Just as you begin patting yourself on the back that you are understanding what it is driving at, it places its symbolic thumb against its nose and fools you. It is true that Werfel is something of a genius, but it may rightfully be demanded even of genius that it take us into its confidence once in a while. In "Schweiger," Werfel keeps his secret so greatly to himself that when his play is over all you know about it is exactly what you knew about it before the curtain went up. There are a few intelligible touches of beauty in it, but for the most part it chases its own tail in a dizzy circle.

Jacob Ben-Ami and Ann Harding head the cast. The former still acts like a spiritual Morris Gest. The latter contributes the best performance she has given since first she entered the theater and had her lovely blonde hair mistaken for histrionic virtuosity by certain of my estimable, if susceptible, confrères.

***

Mrs. Buyer—How much is this hat?

Shop Assistant—It's $10 cash.

"And how much by installments?"

"It's $15—$10 down and $1 a week for five weeks."

—*The Continent* (Chicago)

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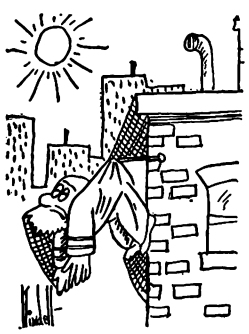
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 34

A. E. Cruikshank, 16 Prescott street, Leominster, Mass.

Close at the Finish

Edward Sotzky, Chicago, Ill.



Walter Kindell, Bellefontaine, O.

R. Moraskoy, Stockton, Cal.

G. W. Schmidt, Portsmouth, O.

Joseph Kubricht, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Hedley Gillings, Spring Lake, N.J.

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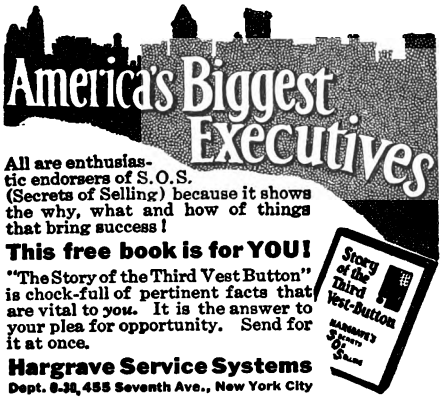
Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "Judge," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Douglas H. Cooke, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of "Judge," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Editor Norman Anthony, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Norman Anthony, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Business Manager, Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: Leslie-Judge Company, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Estate of William Green, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; and New Fiction Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d Street, New York City, whose stockholders are: Douglas H. Cooke, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; Vernal W. Bates, 46 George Street, New Haven, Conn; Wiley Blair, 4607 Ross Avenue, Dallas, Texas; Harold B. Emerson, 9 East 40th Street, New York City; Estate of William Green, 627 West 43d Street, New York City; *Harfis Corporation, 34 Pine Street, New York City; Le Roy Sargent, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Abel I. Smith, 120 Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Strouse, Samuel Falk and Frank C. Fisher, Trustees in bankruptcy of Metropolitan Finance Corporation, 9 East 40th Street, New York City. *Harfis Corporation with the following as Trustees in dissolution of Harvey Fisk & Sons (1921) now dissolved; John Donovan, 30 Church Street, New York City; Harvey Fisk, 34 Pine Street, New York City; Wilfred Jessup, Connersville, Ind.; Henry W. Peacock, Jr., 34 Pine Street, New York City; Joseph M. Shellabarger, 30 Church Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Douglas H. Cooke, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1926. Joseph T. Cooney, Notary Public, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)



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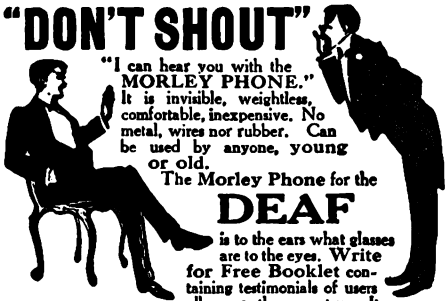

"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE." It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old.

The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE relieves. Over 100,000 sold.

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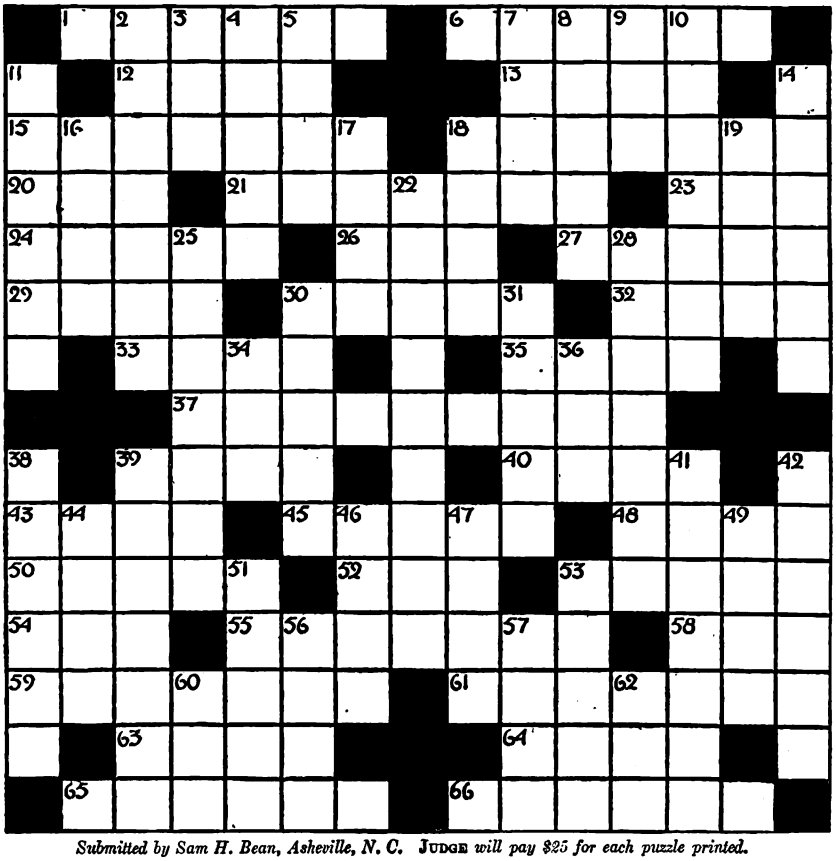
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 71



Submitted by Sam H. Bean, Asheville, N. C. JUDGE *will pay $25 for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. The best way to face the little woman.
6. After gaining this a burglar takes things easy for a while.
12. Something kitchen mechanics do to potatoes.
13. This turns a flapper's head.
15. Something wage earners usually get on Saturday.
18. This kind of a person lives on Easy street.
20. The old man, his wife, seven children and the hired girl.
21. The way men get home from stag parties.
23. Greek prefix relating to air.
24. These may be expected in wet weather.
26. Ku Klux baptismal liquid.
27. A girl has to have patients to become one of these.
29. A medicinal plant.
30. Something small boys hurl at each other.
32. Things that tennis players fight over.
33. This is necessary for a real necking party.
35. An exclamation of surprise.
37. This fellow handles all kinds of cases.
39. The great divide.
40. Prefix meaning half.
43. These are very sheepish.
45. A necktie.
48. The man who sold his birthright.
50. Radio bugs, golf bugs and mosquitoes.
52. A crossword puzzle fan.
53. Preposition meaning downward.
54. This is found in all picnic baskets.
55. Webster says these are alarm bells.
58. In Hawaii this means an artificial pond in which water taro is cultivated.
59. Place where bad eggs get very much worse.
61. Scoundrels.
63. What men leaned on in the good old daze.
64. Something butchers try to make both ends.
65. There's a lot of howling about this place.
66. Day by day, in every way, America is getting this way and this way.

Vertical

2. In most homes this is aired more than anything else.
3. This is always getting sat on.
4. Abbreviated article of feminine apparel.
5. Something that all good umbrellas keep.
7. Real estate with lots of water frontage.
8. Butter manufacturer.
9. The famous crossword fish again.
10. What husbands get when they try to start something.
11. This is where lost sheep go.
14. To emphasize or force.
16. This grows down in water.
17. Given facts upon which an inference or argument is based.
18. An imaginary giant.
19. This is what love birds live in.
22. Something all barbers are. (And what's more they talk too much!)
25. This is the kind of bootlegger most people patronize.
28. This is what a man is, when he hasn't a gun and is held up by three robbers on a dark street in the middle of winter.
30. A famous kind of rum.
31. Bachelors who have this don't get married.
34. Low-brow humor.
36. A juvenile exclamation.
38. A meal.
39. Something hair restorers don't do.
41. What hermits do with themselves in the winter.
42. Chastise.
44. What Cleopatra did up and down the Nile.
46. Where marriage is concerned, this is too much.
47. To put into motion, to disturb.
49. What a lot of doughboys were when their outfit was located near Paris. (Init.).
51. An unpleasant spot.
53. This is the opposite of a liability.
56. A side glance.
57. A John Hancock.
60. What most candidates also did.
62. Mouse trap.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes April 26. Winning ending appears in the issue of May 15.

Contest No. 38

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When you and spring are thrilling to the first ball game of the year—and your favorite player drives out a homer—when the stands rise, roaring with cheers
—have a Camel!

Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN spring's first ball game is here. And a heavy hitter cracks the ball, shrieking into center-field for a home run—oh, happy mortal, as the stands roar with glee—*have a Camel!*

For Camel adds the magic of its own fragrance to life's most festive days. Camels are of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste. Camels are so skilfully made that they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Spend what you may—you'll get more pleasure out of Camels than any other cigarette you ever put a match to.

So this fair spring day as the bases fill and a hefty batter lofts out one that it seems will never stop flying—oh, then, taste the smoke that means completed enchantment. Know then the mellowest flavor that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

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

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

#21

Judge

APRIL 24, 1926 PRICE 15 CENTS

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-F.S

A SHRINKING VIOLET

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uxorious (*uk-sō'-ri-us*) *adj:* **foolishly or excessively fond of a wife; foolishly submissive to a wife.**

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DES MOINES, IOWA

"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

THE Prince of Wales has been awarded the first honorary diploma of the Society of Apothecaries, and is now licensed to practice medicine and surgery. During the polo season this should save His Royal Highness a tidy little sum.

FOR the Sunday evening radio hour one tunes in at a quarter past nine and the superb treat is all over Atwater past Kent.

NEW YORK, we understand, is to have a new restaurant named the Ali Babi. The management, however, wishes to announce that they will have fifty waiters instead of forty.

A CHICAGO cashier recently prevented a hold-up by hitting the would-be bandit over the head with a telephone directory. It seems that after all there is a use for everything.

ONE consoling thought is that for every British made movie that comes to this country, 800 American made ones are sent right back at them.

ANOTHER shower of pebbles and stones is reported to have fallen in Central Mexico. The latest theory regarding this phenomena is that some place near the American border a determined golfer is trying to get out of a sand trap.

BOSTONIANS who desire to indulge in a little mental stimulus now have to be very careful about Menken a disturbance of the peace.

"It's tag day for the gouty Armenians; Mr. McCronigle, the well-known hold up, is letting me cover his route for a nominal 'take off'!"

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No more arguments.

The Diver

I WAS sitting on the beach. The waves, like tongues of baby kittens, lapped the stones at my feet. Tiny waves, mere ripples on a great ocean. The sea far out was as calm as a bobbed-haired bandit robbing a delicatessen store. The shimmer of the sun on the glassy sea was beautiful and I was soon lost in reverie.

All at once bubbles appeared about thirty feet from the shore, and soon a diver in a diver's suit came to the surface. I did not know that diving operations were going on in those waters, so I approached the diver who was by this time unfastening the headpiece. It was soon lifted and I beheld a beautiful girl with golden curls. "Thank heaven, I'm ashore at last," she cried, "I just walked back from a submarine ride."

Nate Collier

One for the Cookbook

When grapefruit is cut up
And eaten like pie,
You get more in your mouth,
And less in your eye.

Rest

"To-morrow is a holiday," proclaimed the calendar.

Whereupon all the people in the city rushed to the country and all the people in the country rushed to the city.

Loving Couples

They're Seen Together So Much!

HEY, HEY.
There, there.
Well, well.
Come, come.
Dear, dear.
Walla Walla.
Ha, ha!
Tut, tut.
My, my!
So-so.
Here, here!
Hark, hark.
Sh-sh—.
Put-put.
Chow chow.
Yes, yes.
No, no.

Wayne G. Haisley

LETTER LAUGHS

Drink 2 R 4 tunes,
& R happiness,
Drink 2 4 get, but
Don't drink 2 X S.

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.

"But, I can't see a thing in this hat."

"Madame, when you wear our hats you're supposed to have seen everything."

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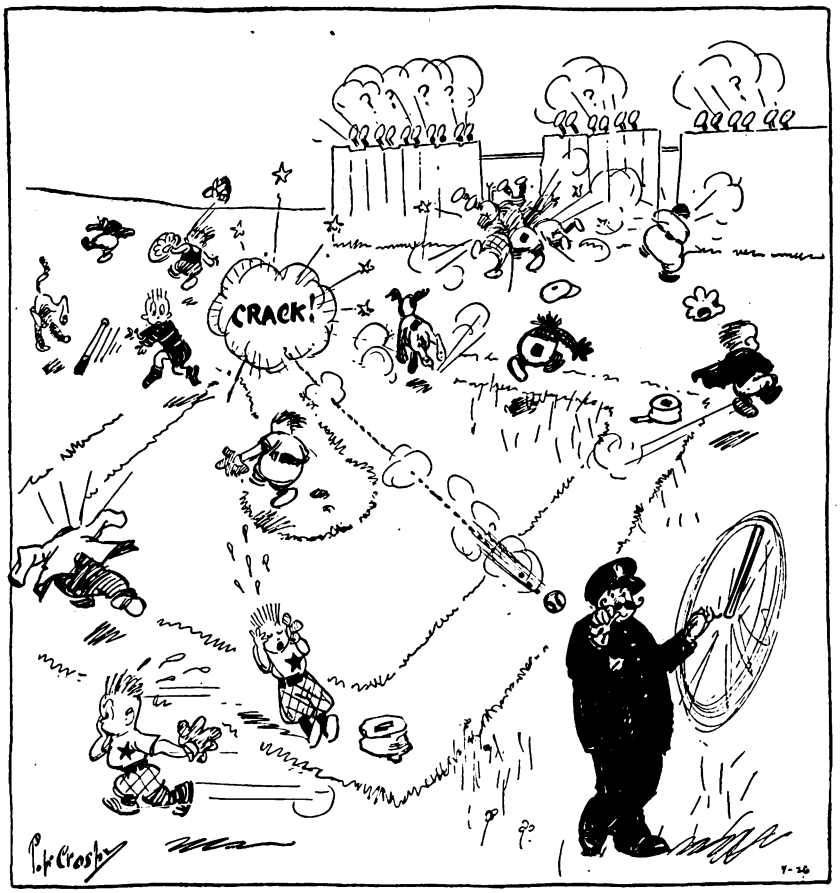
The Motorist's Idea of Heaven

"You are now entering heaven, formerly the home of many prominent people, but now the biggest harp manufacturing community in the globe" . . . "Boats to Hire Three Miles Ahead. Ask for Captain Noah" . . . "Rosenbaum's Angel Cake, Makes Your Mouth Water" . . . "Shakespeare's Garage. Wings Thoroughly Overhauled, Greased, Lubricated. Carbon Removed Fifty Cents a Wing" . . . "Genuine Snake Oil Will Heal That Rheumatism. Made Only by St. Patrick from Contented Snakes" . . "Münchhausen's Gasoline" . . . "Turn Right for the Julius Caesar Tea Room. Strictly Roman Cooking. Fiddling by Nero" . . . "Eat Eve's Apples, the Best Eden Apples You Can Buy" . . . "Detour Road Under Construction. Take Hades Turnpike . . . ."

Hugh Wood



The home run.

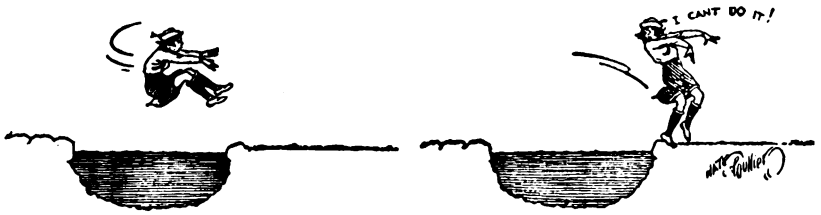
FUNNYBONES

Jack Dempsey's motto seems to be: Before fighting count up to one hundred—years.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

The girl hiker *attempts to leap a brook*

but true to her sex *half way across*



she changes her mind *and turns back.*

Well-Known Babies

Yessir, that's my—!
Rockabye ———.
——— mine.
Hello, mah ———.
——— Bunting.
Oos ——— is oo?
I wonder where my ——— is tonight?

Nate Collier

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Sore Throat"

"She picked up a brick and I sore throat."

Because of daylight saving, it starts raining an hour earlier than it used to.

"What's worse than splitting rails?"

"Splitting infinitives?"

"No, splitting headaches."

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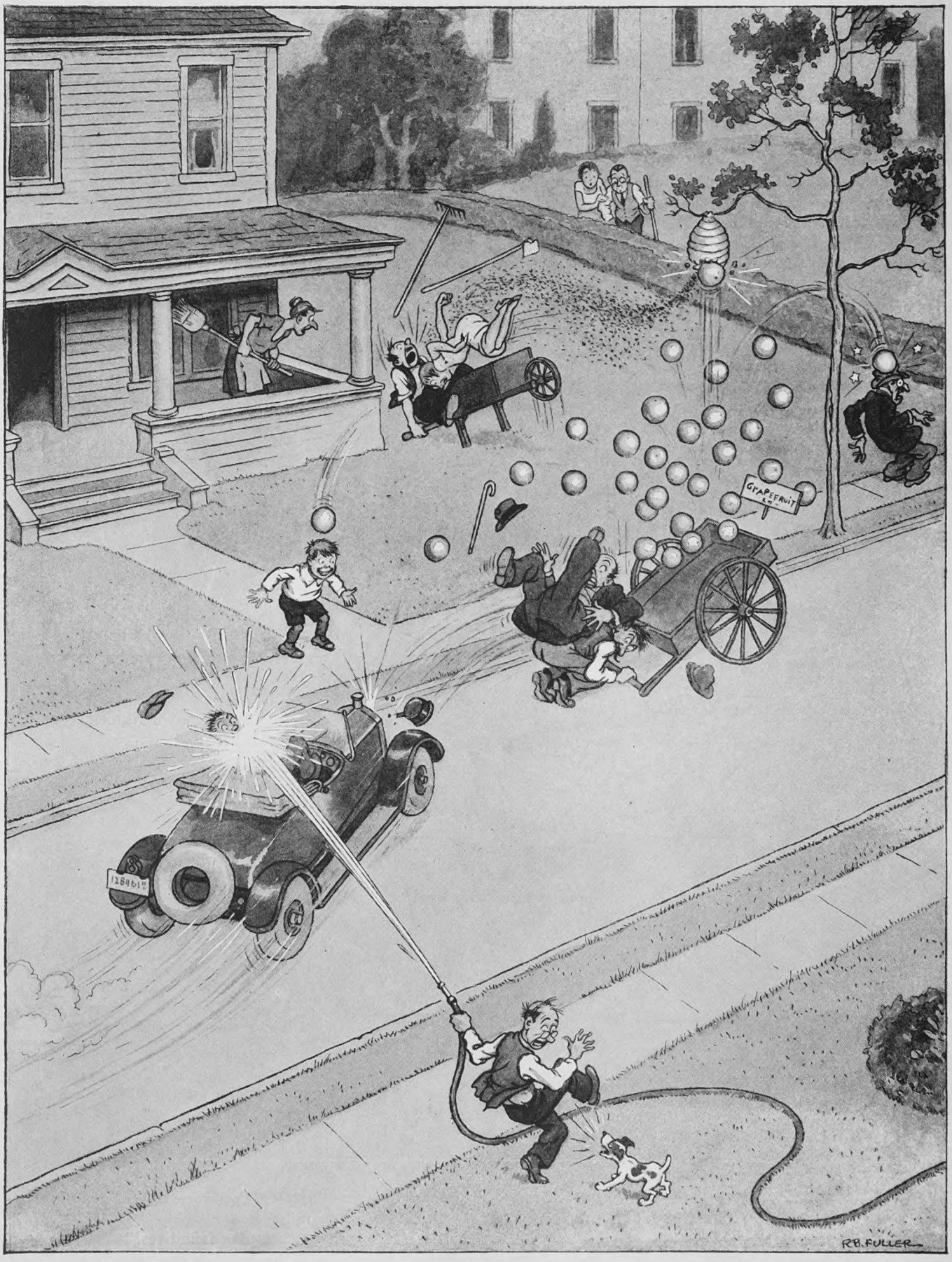

"NICE DOGGIE!"

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The first and only public appearance of Mr. Brown's new watchdog.

Big Scandal

"BASKET BALL players must wear long trunks below knees, stockings that extend above knees, and jerseys with full length sleeves."—*—Edict of a Kansas School Board.*

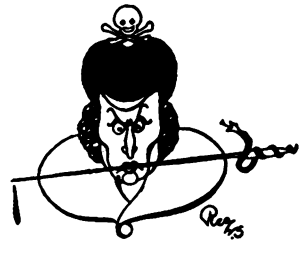
Associated Press, 1935. The boxing match between Kid Slush and Soft Boiled Sam was brought to an abrupt ending when one of the boxers ripped off his opponent's smock. Several women, whose maidenly modesty was shocked, fainted.

Captain Omigoodness of the Goodigoodi College Tiddle-dee-winks Team was arrested for appearing at the game without the customary goloshes.

In a recent swimming tournament a contestant lost his heavy winter overcoat during a race. He was immediately disqualified. Reverend Soft Drinks, when granted an interview, stated that "it is perfectly atrocious how the girlish innocence of our young womanhood is being debauched. What *is* the younger generation coming to?"

Lawson Paynter

JUDGE Nominates for the Hall of Fame



LUCREZIA BORGIA

BECAUSE she contrived to make even an afternoon tea interesting; because she originated the phrase: "Name your poison"; because, though not one of them, she managed to make her maiden name more notorious than any of the Lucy Stone Leaguers; because more men fell for her than for Helen of Troy—and when they fell, they didn't get up again; but most of all because she achieved to what, if we can judge from the lips of our fellow men, is the greatest desideratum of modern times: she got away with murder.

Gray Hairs a Plenty Coming

"IT'S that youngest son of mine," said Prandler, his voice shaking with a deep sense of tragedy. "He's killing me. I cannot seem to do anything with him. Horrible. Horrible!" He shuddered.

"As I recall it, he's the boy who wrecked your $10,000 car in the spring, isn't he?" asked Posty.

"Oh, that was nothing. Anyone might have had that happen."

"Wasn't he fired from college?"

"Oh, yes. Still that didn't matter. These colleges of ours are getting worse and worse every day."

"Didn't he run off with some flapper or something of that sort?"

"Yes, but that was all right. I fixed it up without much trouble—youth calls to youth you know."

"Well, what has he been doing now?"

"Don't! Makes me crazy to think of it. Last night I brought home a peach of a cravat—$6—he wore it off this morning before I got up."

Thomas L. Masson

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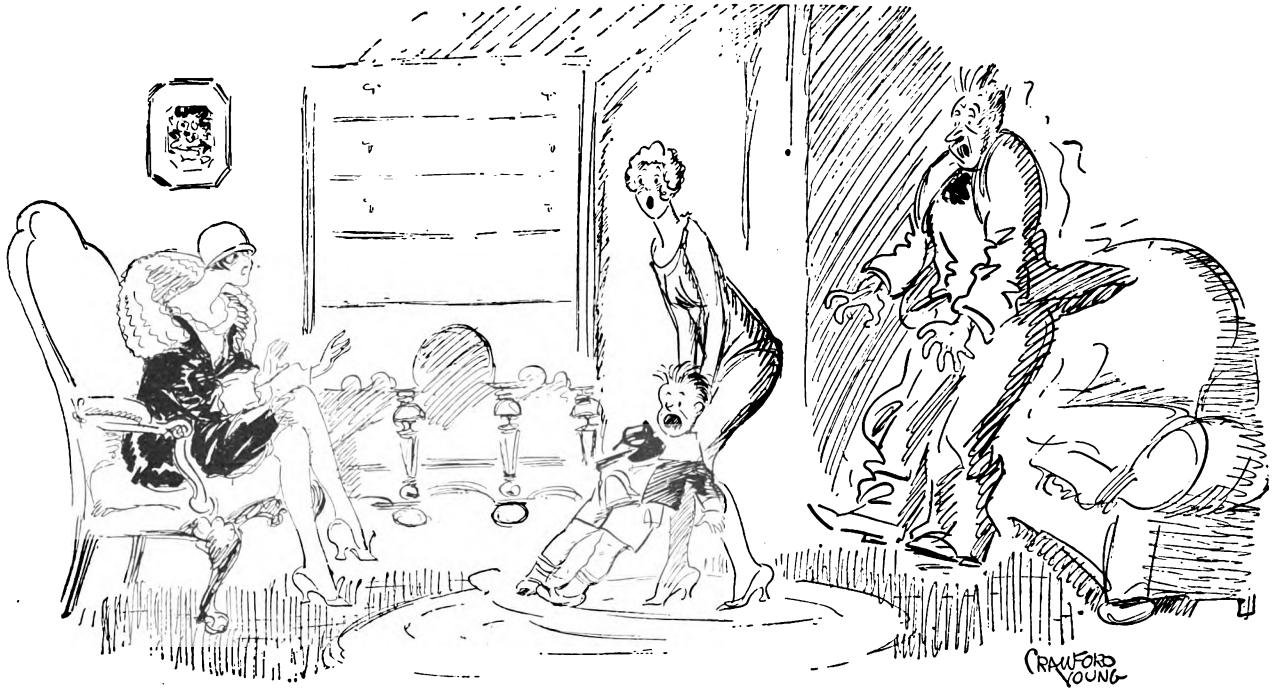

Bobby—*No! I don' wanna try to kiss Mrs. Joncs—she slapped pa for it!*

The book agent who made the mistake of going into an insurance agent's office.

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My Ups and Downs

I ENTERED the forty-seven story Gargantuan Building in New York the other day and after walking through the marble corridor, gazed at the index. There it was: "Achilles Heel Company, twenty-third floor."

I approached the first group of elevators and walked confidently into number three. "Twenty-third floor!" I shouted and gazed benignly at the operator.

"Dis car makes no stops below de toitieth flawr!" he sarcastically answered, "can't youse guys read Ingalish?"

I stepped hurriedly out and across the corridor. An illuminated sign above the elevators on this side merely read: "Local twenty-fifth-fortieth." Without a moment's hesitation, I darted in, just as the operator slammed the gate. "Twenty-third floor!" I bellowed. The car was brought to a sudden, jolting stop and the operator turned to me.

"Say, bo, dis car don't make no stops below de twenty-fifth flawr. Can't yuh read? Wait an' I'll take yuh down again."

Back in the lobby, I rushed for the rear elevators and read the sign above them: "Express—all floors."

"Twenty-third floor!" I shrieked, rushing in.

"Dis car don't make no stops above de tenth floor," answered the aggrieved operator. "It's a wonder youse guys don't bring a nurse along to take care of yuh."

Again I limped out and tried another battery of cars, above which there was no sign. I staggered into the first elevator and faintly whispered, "Twenty-third floor, *please*."

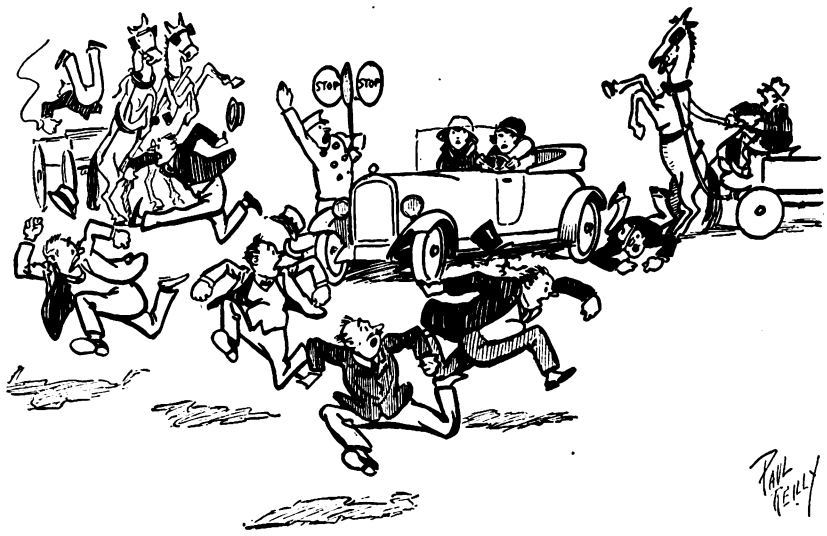
"Dis car don't make no stops at all," answered the youth, "we goes right up to de club on de top floor. All aboard."

Feeble, faint and winded, I crawled out and approached the only other battery of cars left in the lobby. "In the name of all you hold dear," I begged of the operator, "take me to the twenty-third floor."

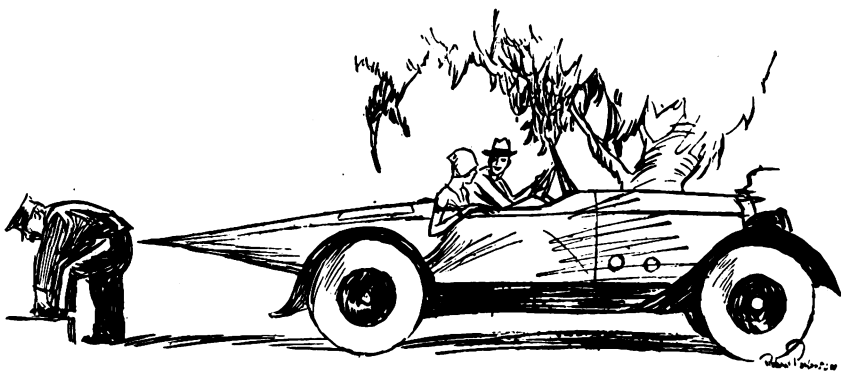
"Dis car don't make no stops between de ninth and twenty-fourth floors," indignantly answered the operator. "Don't bodder me no more. I gotta be goin'."

Then I went back to my office and called them on the telephone.

Hugh Wood

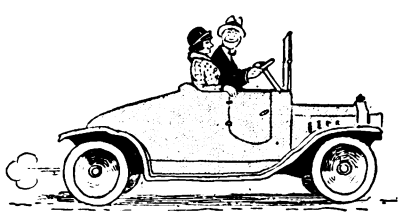


"Here are ladies."

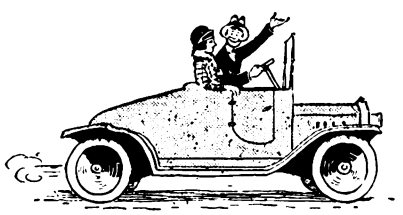


MOTOR SALESMAN—*And now, madame, I will show you how to put it in reverse.*

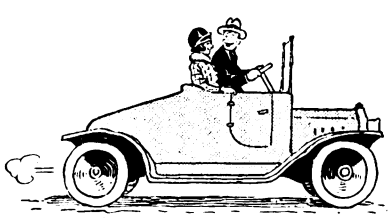
THAT SECOND-HAND CAR.



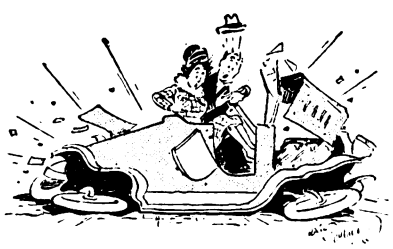
Well, Mary, this morning—



I paid the last installment on this car—



and now it's—



ours!

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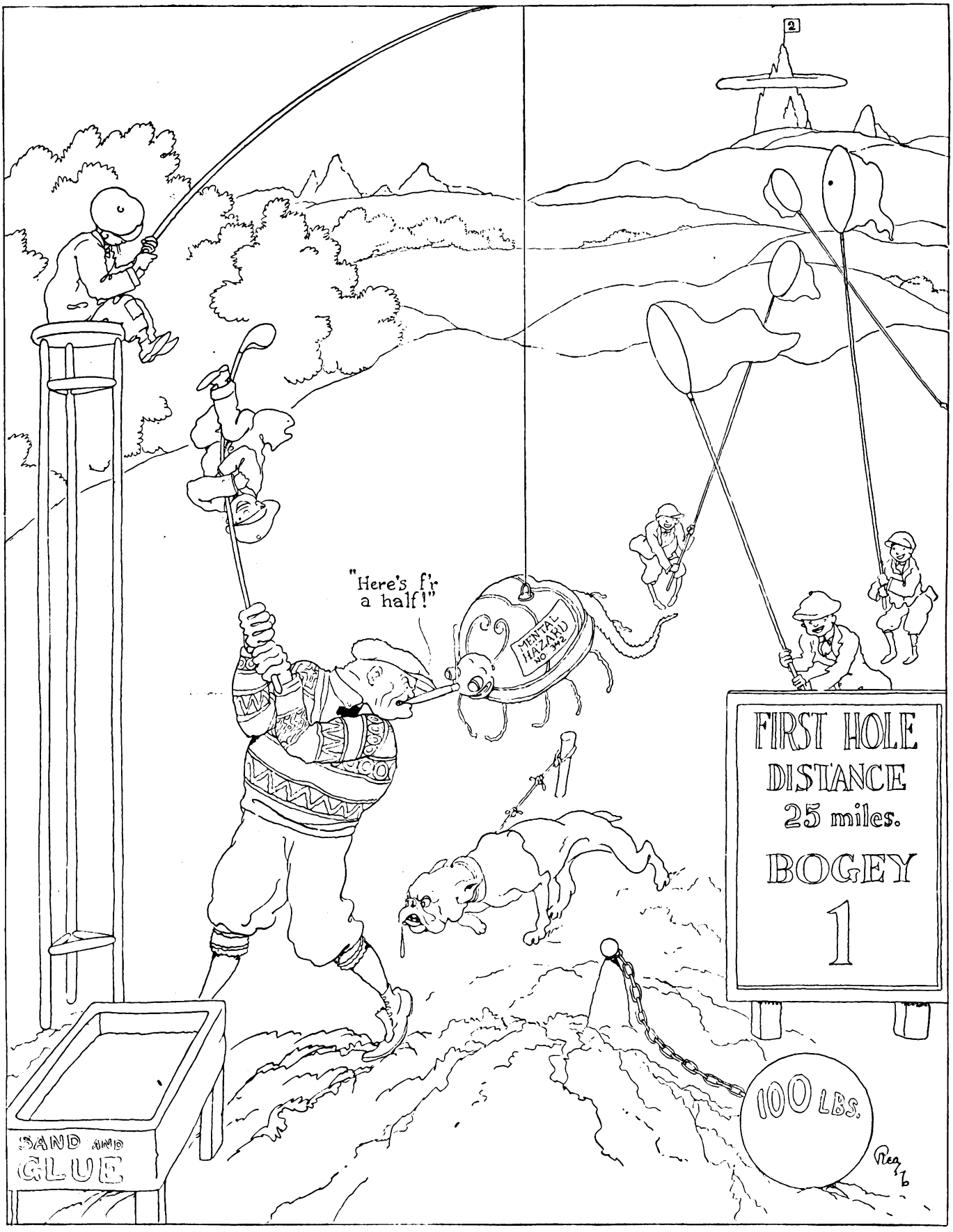

BIGGER AND GO-GETTER GOLF

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HIGH HAT

New expressions have been coming in thick and fast this past week . . . . . it's a curious thing . . . . . don't think I've heard anything worth mentioning for the past six months and then suddenly I hear three or four new remarks and hear the same ones pulled by several different people . . . . . it's like the "origin of the Charleston" joke that's going the rounds . . . . . the first one I heard was pulled by a dazzling young flapper . . . . . she referred to another girl as a "hairpin" and when I asked her politely what that meant she snapped "a back number!" . . . . . A little later I mentioned to another young "feminist" what the dazzling young flapper had said about the party of the first part and she retorted, "Oh, all that 'flamp' thinks about is 'swinging!' " . . . . . I tried to look very cagey and laughed knowingly, but when I got a chance I rushed back to the dazzling young flapper and asked her what it all meant . . . . . "a 'flamp' is a half flapper, half vamp," she murmured, "and 'swinging' is petting!" . . . . . and that's that!

Got a nice new autographed copy of "Nize Baby," from Milt Gross, our demon artist and gag man, the other day, and took it home and read it aloud to my kid sister . . . . . outside of a dislocated jaw from reading the darn thing and a couple of sprained ribs from laughing, we spent a dandy evening. . . . . So, Milt! Sotch a book what you've ridden! It's a sockcess!

Speaking of books, I think I'll follow the usual custom of the book reviewers and list here the books which I've enjoyed most . . . . . "American Tragedy," "The Black Flemings," "No More Parades," "Pig Iron," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "Cover Charge." . . . . . I'll probably get an awful razzing for listing the last one, but that's my story and I'll stick to it! I notice that George Nathan, the theatrical critic, is still passing nasty cracks about my liking "The Wisdom Tooth." . . . . . I'm just waiting, that's all, until some show comes along that he likes! Just waiting, that's all. If I live long enough I'll get even!

We note with great expectancy that Sir Charles Higham, a British advertising man, has brought over to this arid country a new drink which he claims has a real kick and no following headache . . . . . it is made solely of black tea. . . . . I'm going right home and bottle some to-night and will let you know the results next week. . . . . .

And speaking of drinks, have you seen the new Pogostick cocktail shakers? . . . . . at a recent party the host came bounding in on a pogo stick to the end of which was attached a shaker! . . . . . rather startling to say the least . . . . .

The Six Best "Steppers:"

"The Blue Room" (*The Girl Friend*).

"The Girl Friend (*The Girl Friend*).

"After I Say I'm Sorry" (*No show*).

"Whistle Away Your Blues" (*Greenwich Follies*).

"A Girl in Your Arms" (*Sweetheart Time*).

"No Fooling" (*Palm Beach Nights*).

Gordon Jr.

"Reckless Wives"

PETER J. BIMPF left his office promptly at noon and was strolling along Forty-second street when he happened to glance in the open door of a telegraph office. Something he saw in there brought him up short. That something was a hat, and under the hat was Peter Bimpf's wife.

She was evidently sending a telegram, her back was toward the street. So Peter entered unobserved and was about to surprise his wife with a tap on the shoulder when the message she was writing caught his eye. It was addressed to Mr. Rudolf Van Houghton, Windsmere Apartments, Asheville, N. C.

Bimpf's arm paused in its descent. Fascinated he watched her write on: "Dearest, will meet you Thursday noon, Biltmore lobby, love and kisses."

Not until she had signed her name did Bimpf move. Then, with a trembling hand, he caught her arm. "Ethel," he cried. "Do you realize what you're doing? Do you want to ruin me? Don't send it, Ethel, for God's sake don't!"

"Peter!" gasped Ethel. "Oh, Peter!"

"I know I should have told you. I truly intended to and I really don't care the tiniest bit about Rudolf, but—"

"Rudolf be damned!" shouted Peter. "How many times must I tell you that every word over ten costs extra, and here you've written eleven again!" *Jack Shuttleworth*

"Is this a fair?" said a stranger, stopping in front of a place where a festival was being held and addressing a citizen.

"Well," replied the citizen, "they call it fair, but they take everybody in." The laughter was general.

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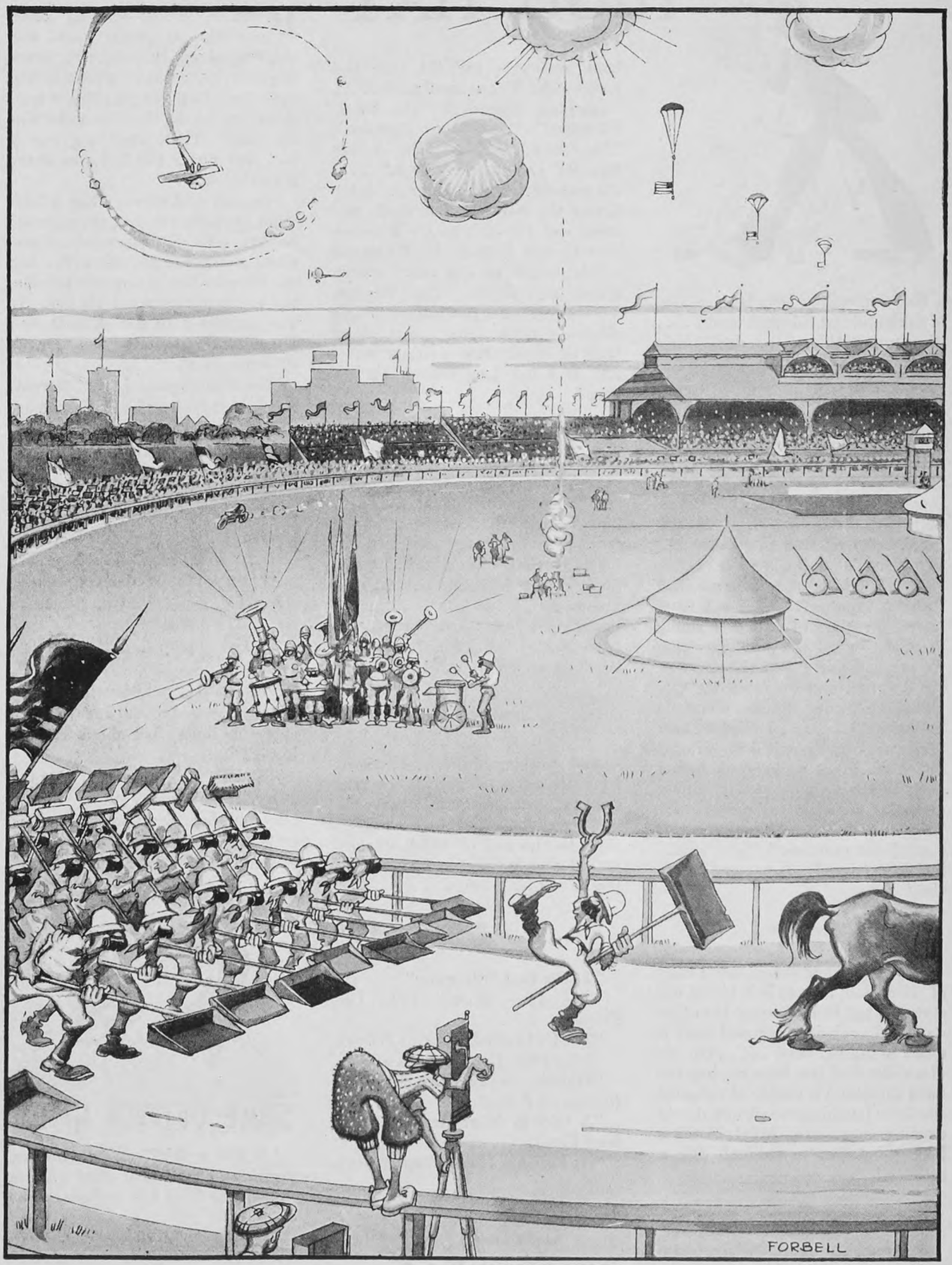
UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 7—THE WHITE WINGS

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MOONSHINER'S WIFE—*Abner! Go right back out thar an' wipe off yore shoes!*

Why I Use the Subway

BECAUSE it gives me about two hours a day less time to spend around home and wife; because I like to form the close contacts which the subway gives one with his fellow-citizens; because it gives me an excuse for being late at the office in the morning; because I love to hear the roar of the turnsti es and see my nickel magnified to twice its normal size; because it gives me an opportunity to stand on some one else's feet for a few hours each day; because I enjoy the homelike atmosphere of the trains; and finally, because I'm one of the few million fortunate people who exist in New York and have to live in the subway.

Yours for bigger and better gum machines and a safe journey to you all. *Col. O. F. Korn*

She married beneath her station.

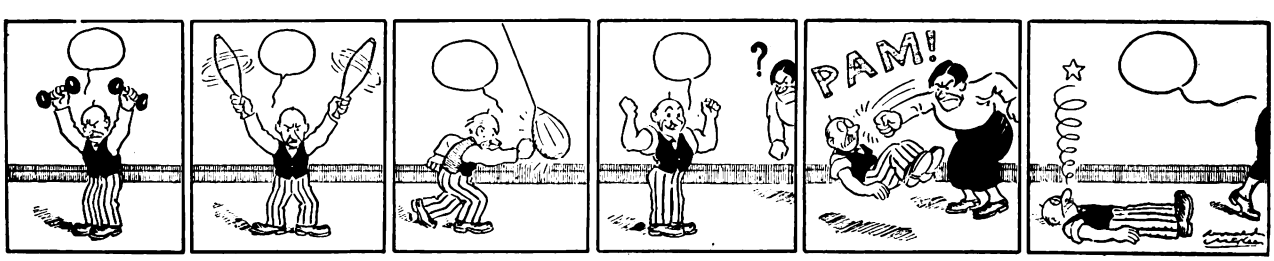
A second cousin is a distant relative. So is a second husband sometimes.

Bird Calls

THE gray geese honk with the coming of fall,
And when it gets hot the cardinals call,
And when it gets cold the chickadees sing;
But the bird that heralds the news of spring
Is the bird next door who calls at dawn,
And borrows my lawn-mower to cut his damn lawn. *J. S.*

"At the end of the bout," predicted the sports writer, "both men will know they've been in a fight."

He was wrong, though. One of them didn't know it. He was unconscious.



The comic strip husband plans a rebellion.

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THE BIG PARADE

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

Verb. Sap.

A RECENT dispatch from Portland, Ore., announces the formation of the Dry Legion of America. According to its founders, "this movement is entirely new and separate from the Anti-Saloon League or any other existing enforcement organization and proposes to do—in a dignified and courageous manner—the things the others are not equipped to do. . . . Every community will have an active, militant, self-governed local unit for law enforcement. . . . "

Between the lines of this announcement we seem to sense the projection of a national spy system, with volunteer dry informers in every, so far, peaceful neighborhood. This suspicion is greatly strengthened by the further official information that "when the idea is financed on a large scale (*sic*) some nationally known character like Smedley D. Butler will be asked to become permanent general."

Ladies and gentlemen, be very careful hereafter whom you invite to dinner.

The Struggle for Control

FOR the present the Rev. Clarence True Wilson, secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, is acting as president of the Dry Legion. This fact appears somewhat at variance with the statement that "this movement is entirely new and separate from the Anti-Saloon League or any other existing enforcement organization." But perhaps we ought to expect these interlocking directorates in the business of reform, especially when there is the prospect of it's being "financed on a large scale."

There is an interesting explanation of this particular tie-up in something the Washington correspondent of the New York *World* recently wrote his paper. "The Invisible Empire," he wrote, "is trying to take over the Prohibition issue to make up for its recent losses due to schisms in Indiana, Colorado and other States. It would like to supplant the Anti-Saloon League as well as the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals in control of the campaign against the modification of the Volstead Act. These organizations are aware of the ambitions of the Klan . . . "

And to checkmate them are starting a rival Klan of their own, apparently. You will notice that this rival Klan proposes to go about its business in a "dignified and courageous manner." This is a slap at the Ku Klux and its nightgowns. It is the idea of the Dry Legion that informing on one's host and spying on one's neighbors should be done in a gentlemanly way.

Knockout! Knockout!

THE Klan, it appears, is "backing William H. Anderson in his demands for rehabilitation and vindication," which means that it would like to see him supplant Wayne B. Wheeler as the fountain head of the dry cause and the magnet for dry contributions. It doesn't exactly sadden us, this clash of personal and corporate ambitions that seems to be splitting the militant forces of the uplift. For one thing, there is the prospect that in more than one community the local unit of the Dry Legion and the local klavern of the Klan will be so busy watching each other that they will forget to check up on the rest of us. Then there is always the hope that some fine day Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Anderson will be discovered in a death grip.

By the way, Mr. Wheeler's "Inside Story of Prohibition's Adoption," with its revelations of the Anti-Saloon League's persistent and all-pervasive political activities during its entire life, printed recently in the New York *Times*, throws a curious light on Mr. Anderson's testimony under oath three years ago that the Anti-Saloon League was an educational, not a political, body. He must have got his facts as well as his money from John T. King.

Who Called Them Rah Rah's?

IN principle the recommendation of the Student Council at Harvard that the University be subdivided into colleges on the Oxford model strikes us as excellent. Harvard is far from being the largest university in the land, but recently it has had to limit its freshman class to 1,000. One thousand students are not a college, they're a mob, and in this case they form only one of four classes in the undergraduate unit. With units like this to deal with little wonder that our colleges have become factories, turning out graduates like Fords. There is no other way to handle a mob than by suppressing the individual.

If Harvard were divided into colleges numbering about 300 students apiece, individuality would get a chance to assert itself once more. Instruction would become personal, and intramural sports the main athletic activity. All without loss of the advantages of the larger center.

But why don't suggestions as good as this come from faculties? Of late, at least, all the new ideas, all the suggested solutions, all the ferment of rebellion against goose-stepping conventions and sacred cows, affecting academic life in this country, have come from the students. Why worry about a younger generation that shows more intellectual and moral vitality than the whole procession of dodoes that has preceded it since the Civil War?

W. M. H.

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The City Editor at Home

"HUSBAND charges that serious shortage exists in sugar supply," the city editor observed, as he sat down to dinner and found the sugar bowl empty.

"Probes in sugar situation begun," his wife answered, going to the pantry.

"Sugar stolen, belief," the city editor continued.

"Discoveries point toward sugar theft," his wife stated, exhibiting an empty jar.

"War declared on sugar thieves," the city editor announced.

"Arrests may follow sugar probes," his wife said.

"No clues in sugar theft," the city editor stated.

"Boy's fingerprints in sugar mystery," his wife discovered.

"Name Harold, junior, as sugar theft suspect," the city editor said.

"Practice of naming Harold as alleged thief flayed," Harold chimed in.

"Sugar shortage mystery solved," the city editor's wife suddenly announced. "Husband gets blame when supply used for home-brew."

"Nearest grocery objective in dash for sugar," the city editor declared.

"Dad nabs hat, departs," Harold remarked. *Allan R. Bosworth*

FIRST MAINE GUIDE—*Hear ye're mighty prosperous lately, Eph. What ye doin' that's so profitable?*
"Hi jackin' fishermen."

EPILAUGHS

'Tis keen-cutting sorrow we feel for Al Skinner,
Who swal'owed his knife at an informal dinner.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Story With a Moral

I AM sitting uncomfortably in a barrel half full of molasses on the brink of a precipice 3,000 feet high as I write these words. Can you picture me sitting here with molasses in my eyes, on my nose and in my hair? I really don't look very nice but then I don't care, there is no one here to see me. At least I don't see anybody just now. I cannot get out of the barrel for the minute I move it topples back and forth right on the brink of eternity. I really don't care to topple back and forth on the brink of eternity; especially with molasses in my hair.

How I got here is a long story, much too long to tell in a few words, and as my vocabulary is quite limited, like an express train, I couldn't tell it if I tried, and besides it probably wouldn't interest you anyway; but if at any time you are in this neighborhood and see a man sitting in a molasses barrel on the brink of a 3,000 foot precipice you'll know it's me. If you don't see anybody in a molasses barrel sitting on the brink of a 3,000 foot precipice you'll know that I toppled once too often.

Moral—Keep out of molasses barrels. *Nate Collier*

REVELER—*Look, Susan—I broughtcha useful present—a hic—parrot.*
"You fool! Will it talk?"
"No, but itsh a darn good lis'ner."

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"I'm going down to the doctor's to see about my liver."
"Stop at the garage on the way back and see about your lights."

Why Are Funny Inventions Funny?

by Don Herold

BERGSON says that anything that suddenly reveals us as mechanical is particularly amusing to us.

(This is going to be rather serious.)

Thus we laugh when a man trips, because it interrupts his walking rhythm and reveals him as a walking machine. It might well make us sad to see one of our fellow creatures thus exposed as a walking machine, and therefore all of us similarly exposed as walking machines, but, instead, it makes us laugh.

The human sense of humor is especially keen and sensitive to things mechanical. In fact, this is why we have a sense of humor, if any.

Man is essentially an infinite soul contending with and depending upon finite mechanisms. He is forever having trouble with his teeth, knee joints, heart valves, sinuses, and liver. He dreams of a hereafter when he shall be rid of all these Ford-like accessories. (It was only cruder concepts of the hereafter which included wings, harps, robes, etc. Now we know we don't want to be bothered with such contrivances.)

(I am going to close and start the auction in just a minute.)

Now nature is sympathetic with our predicament. She says: "I know you are a bundle of mechanical and chemical tricks. So I will give you a sense of humor quite alive to anything mechanical. This will help you get through."

This is why funny inventions are funny.

The truth is that unfunny inventions are funny, too. Imagine the giggles in the first passenger elevator. We know the first railroad train was greeted not only with horse runaways but with horse laughs. Electric lights are funny, and so are escalators, ocean steamers, telephones, the radio,

(*Continued on page 28*)

A Love Story

MANY, many years ago a young man named Edward and a young girl named Dorothea lived in a small New England town. Dorothea was a beautiful maid, with eyes of deepest blue, hair of spun gold, even rows of white teeth, and the soft pink and white complexion of a baby. She was a vision, an angel sent down to gladden the hearts of all who were fortunate enough to gaze on her beauty.

Of course, Edward was deeply in love with her. He was with her at every possible opportunity, and he longed to make her his wife. But she gave him very little encouragement and he grew more and more despondent. Without her life would not be worth living, and he knew a refusal from her would kill him.

He proposed to Dorothea and told her that if she did not accept him he would surely die. But she flatly refused him.

Fifty years later he died.

Ted Osborne

Many a fellow who has medals on his chest has scars on his back.

LIZZIE LABELS

If you're one of us—shake!

Said one lad to another: "The guy who lives next door to me is building a hill in his back yard," and the other lad retorted: "What, Oxtail, are you letting him put up a bluff like that"? He was quite a wag.

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

EVERY time the gentlemen who pursue the art of journalistic moving picture criticism wish to deliver a dismaying blow to the gentlemen who strangely hold that the Guild Theater, for example, is a source of somewhat greater pleasure to the civilized adult than one of Marcus Loew's cinema hash-houses, they point with a rich glee to some such play as "The Half-Caste" and demand in a loud voice where the latter gents now get off. All of which tickles the Ignatz Goldfishes of the movies immensely. And all of which brings the rest of us to speculate why some one has never thought up the equally crushing argument that, because there are plaster-of-Paris busts of Theodore Roosevelt, Michelangelo's "Slave," isn't much better than a sidewalk artist's drawing of a sunset in varied-colored chalk.

"The Half-Caste," true enough, is terrible stuff. It will doubtless make a very successful movie. But it is no more a play to judge the theater by than a movie taken by a Yonkers Babbitt of his child eating horse-radish is a movie to judge the movies by. There are not many plays, even on Broadway, so ineffably godawful as "The Half-Caste," but there are very few movies, on Broadway or anywhere else, that are even as good as "The Half-Caste." In point of fact, the latter is not a play at all, but, unless I am greatly mistaken—and the odds are 200,000 to 1 that I am not—is simply a movie put on first as a play in order to augment its screen value with the motion picture material buyers and the boobs who will subsequently pay out their hard-earned money and stand in line to see it.

"The Half-Caste" (National)—Fried in this issue.

"What's the Big Idea?" (Bijou)—The undertaker is backing up as I write.

"Kongo" (Biltmore)—Balderdash.

"The Chief Thing" (Guild)—Diverting synthesis of a half dozen plays in which one finds everything but the scene in which the hero is strapped to a buzz saw.

"Juno and the Paycock" (Mayfair)—An Irish comedy-drama with some excellent characterizations.

"The Creaking Chair" (Lyceum)—One of those ridiculously mysterious mystery plays.

"The Virgin" (Central)—Boob sex-delicatessen.

"The Great God Brown" (Garrick)—A fine play by the best of American dramatists. First on your list.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—The editor of JUDGE still insists this is great stuff. The editor of JUDGE also likes orange juice cocktails.

"Lulu Belle" (Belasco)—Colorado maduro sex.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Recommended to all bachelors who contemplate matrimony. Money back if not satisfied.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—The best of the season's dancing shows.

"The Stranger in the House" (Miller)—Hold your impatience until next week.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador)—Owen Davis' good dramatization of Scott Fitzgerald's romantic bootlegger.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Beck)—Sex among the punk sticks.

"Puppy Love" (48th St.)—Cheap little comedy.

"The Makropoulos Secret" (Hopkins)—A Czech piffle-puff.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—Entertaining revue. You may light a stogie.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Swiss Family Marx.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Only two letters this week demanding my discharge for curtly dismissing it as flapdoodle. Flapdoodle.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—Ina Claire, Roland Young and the pearls.

"The Jazz Singer" (Cort)—"Abie's Irish Rose" with the Irish left out.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Interesting comedy of Spring's Awakening at an English boy's school.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—The kind of comedy in which the hero is named R. E. Morse.

"Bride of the Lamb" (Greenwich)—See this issue.

"No, No, Nanette" (Globe)—How Anne Nichols missed this one is a mystery.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—A jocose evening.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—Good singing troupe.

"The Two Orphans" (Cosmopolitan)—A revival of the old tearbräu.

"Schweiger" (Mansfield)—Franz Werfel's weakest.

"Devils" (Elliott)—Dull stuff.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Harris)—Some funny episodes in the language of the street.

"Rainbow Rose" (Forrest)—Poor musical comedy.

What we get here is another in the apparently endless series of so-called South Sea Island plays. These are all exactly alike. The hero is a young Caucasian engaged to a blonde society queen in the States who comes to the South Seas, gets stewed on native Schnapps and falls for a hoochie-coochie girl smeared with brown grease-paint whose name is Tuana, Aloma, Kawiki or something of the sort which, according to the Equity actor playing the rôle of the leader of the Statler Hotel Marimba quartet and the native lover of the baby, always means "little fairy flower with the tiger heart." In the present instance, the scene is the hero's yacht lying at anchor in the harbor of Savaii, Samoa, and the chief comic relief is provided by the society queen's maid who follows the customary dress of ladies' maids on yachts by wearing a white chiffon cap and apron.

The leading rôle is occupied by an actress who calls herself Veronica, whether Veronica Rosenberg or Veronica Schultzmeyer she vouchsafes not. This Mlle. Veronica has taken a bath, painted up her body a rich russet, wrapped a Japanese muffler around her little eyolf and, thus accoutered, presents herself to us, with many a cute "hell" and "damn" and much diaphragm palpitation, as a tempting tropical morsel. By way of luring on the Aryan hero and giving the audience a lesson in sex appeal she acts like an Ann Pennington who had swallowed an eel. The hero is Frederic March, who seems to be a pretty good juvenile, though the play offers his talents considerable effective resistance. The rest of this remarkable troupe is in the best Smithfield tradition.

(Continued on page 25)

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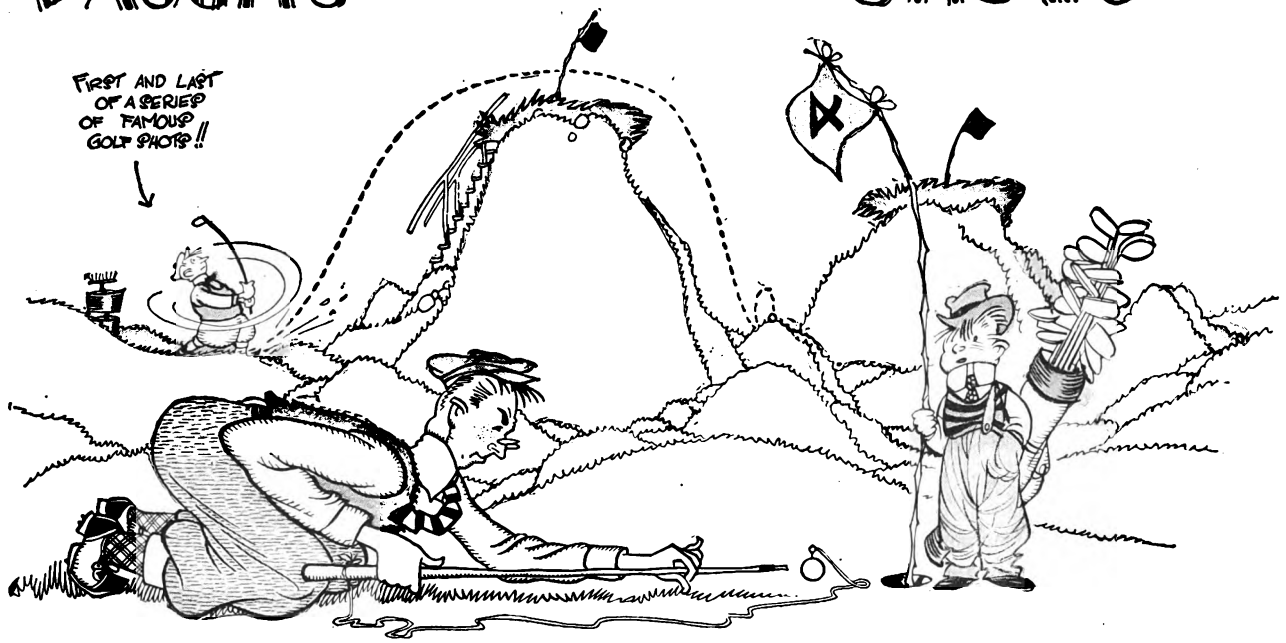
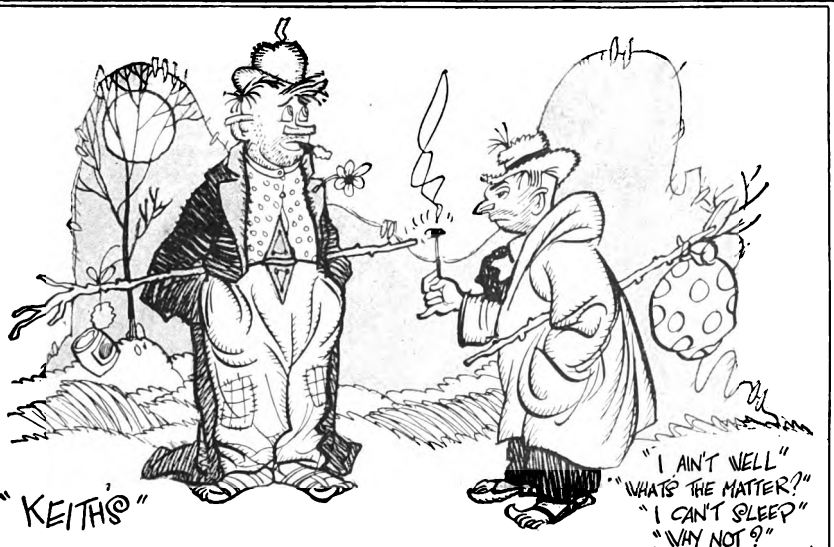
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

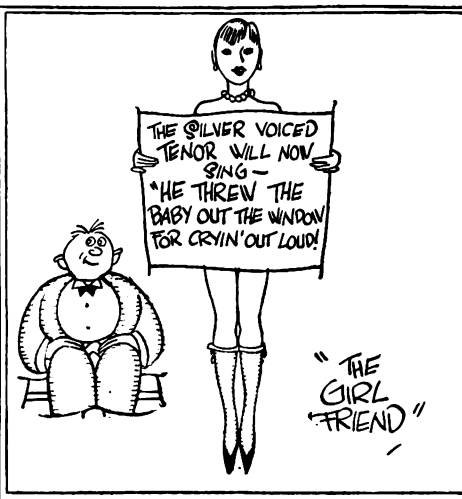


"TIP-TOES"

"SAW TWO GIRLS TODAY BUYING GOLF SUITS"
"KNICKERS?"
"NO—A COUPLE OF WHITE GIRLS"



"KEITH'S"



"THE GIRL FRIEND"

"SUNNY"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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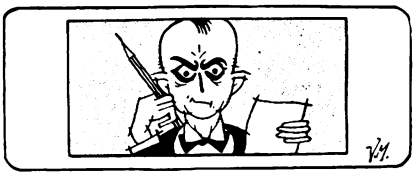
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



"THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS" differs from all other movie melodramas, so far as my observation goes, in that the villain of the piece actually works his evil purpose on the fair heroine. The hero doesn't arrive, as heroes should—in the nick of time—he can't because he's in jail. And there's no friendly cyclone nor flood nor ice jam nor avalanche to pinch hit for him. So there's tragedy, not only moral but physical. For the former mistress of the villain in a jealous fury throws the switch that controls her rival's high-swinging trapeze and plunges her to the tanbark, a cripple for life. I ought to add, though the fact is quite irrelevant, that she falls into the midst of a group of performing lions which with difficulty are whipped back into their cages while the audience stampedes for the exits.

Except for its spectacularity, this is hardly conventional movie material, you'll say. And you're not surprised to learn that the picture is a product of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer factory which has been turning out most of the less conventional pictures. But in this case they have simply chosen an uncommon framework on which to hang the familiar Hollywood trappings.

Mary, in the person of Norma Shearer, is an innocent country-come-to-town, with a trick dog and a trustful eye, who is looking for a job in the circus. The first acquaintance she makes is that of a professional thief (Charles Emmett Mack). This hard-boiled young man, true to cinema traditions, is so impressed with her sweet innocence that he straightway falls deeply in love with her and overnight is transformed from a raffish ex-convict into a knight errant. Still, he is tempted to try one last "job" that he may remove his girl from the circus and from the evil designs of the wicked lion tamer. He is caught, of course, and goes to

(*Continued on page 30*)

"*The Big Parade*"—Establishes a standard.
"*A Woman of the World*"—Pola Negri in a clever adaptation of "The Tattooed Countess."
"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart comes back.
"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Oscar Wilde wouldn't recognize it.
"*A Kiss for Cinderella*"—Quite worthy of Barrie.
"*Bluebeard's Seven Wives*"—A good laugh at the expense of the movies.
"*Womanhandled*"—Richard Dix in a satire on the Wild West.
"*Soul Mates*"—Elinor Glyn piffle.
"*Mannequin*"—Fanny Hurst's prize story. Heigho!
"*That Royle Girl*"—Mannequins, crooks, cyclones.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Jack Barrymore in a mutilation of "Moby Dick."
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney leads a double life.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Charming travelogue.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Adolphe Menjou in excellent comedy.
"*Partners Again*"—Potash and Perlmutter.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Dancing Mothers*"—A feeble sermon.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo gives a finished performance of a sophisticated rôle.
"*La Bohème*"—Lillian Gish makes a touching Mimi.
"*Let's Get Married*"—Richard Dix in an amusing farce.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore in farce and fashion show.
"*The Cave Man*"—A libel on truck drivers.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Splendid Fairbanks farc.
"*First Year*"—Frank Craven's comedy marred with slapstick.
"*Miss Brewster's Millions*"—Stupid.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson as an ill-tempered woman.
"*My Own Pal*"—Tom Mix jumps his horse into an open box car.
"*The Barrier*"—Arctic melodrama with Lionel Barrymore.
"*Desert Gold*"—Sappy Western.
"*The New Klondike*"—Florida boom farce.

TROUT—*Well, I guess the season has opened on me.*

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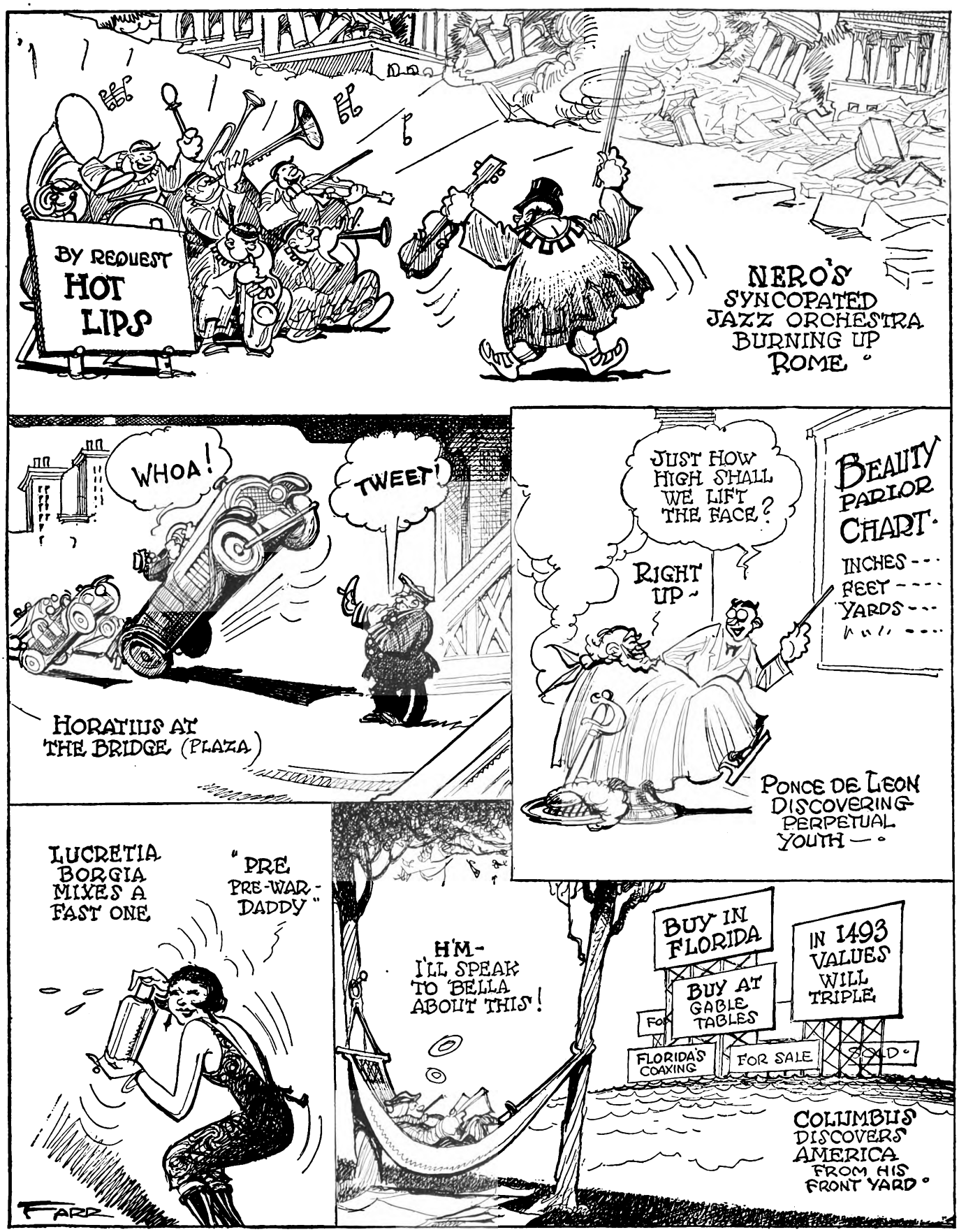

IF THEY FILMED HISTORY

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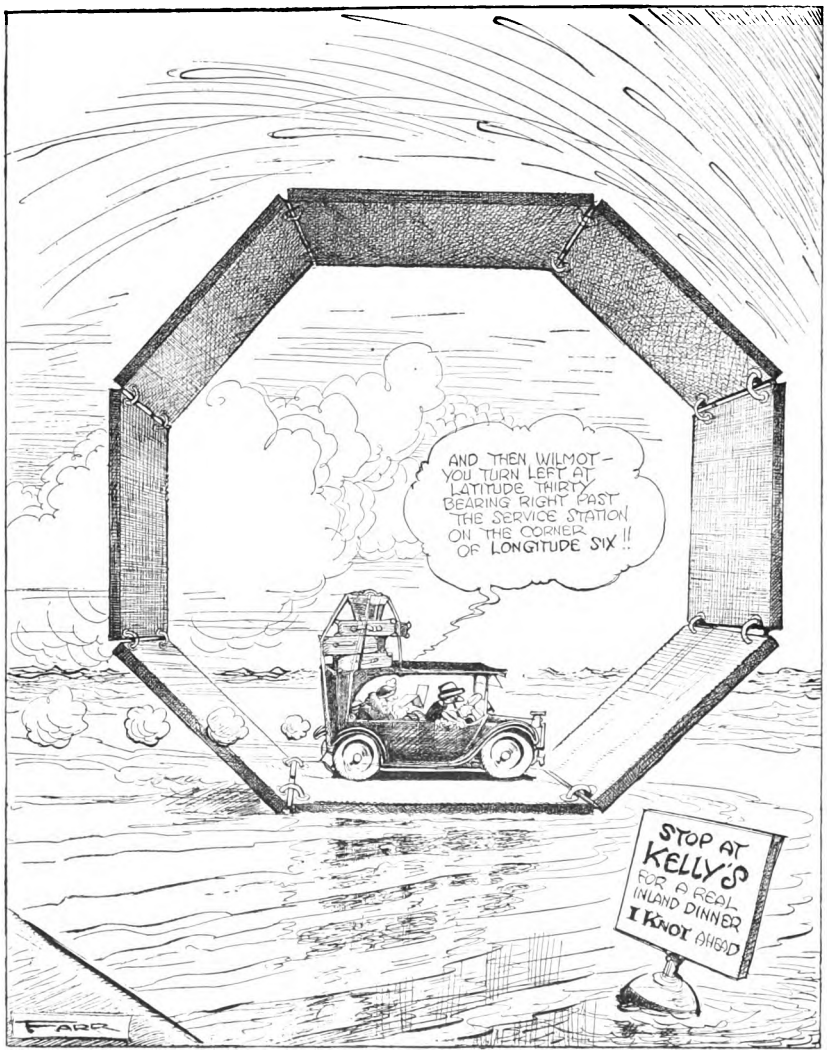
Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Hooziss' Hoopla Halters for Hairless Hatracks

I USED to suffer so from the Sunday comic supplements sometimes it would be days before I could go back to work, and reading them didn't help a bit nor could we see our hand in front of my face it was so black. But at last one winter I was spending my uncle's vacation in a 5, 10, 15, 25, 100, 500, and 1,000-cent store when I tripped over one of your Hooziss' Hoopla Halters for Hairless Hatracks and right away I must of been another fellah.

To-day I brush my teeth in and out instead of up and down like the directions say, and already we get from two to three miles more on every gallon and on clear nights we can even hear the Chimes of Normandy. So there.



IN THE YEAR 2000

Motoring to Europe on a revolving roadbed.

Tony still keeps on with the old hand organ, but finds the business more profitable than it used to be.

FUNNYBONES

The trouble with prohibitionists is water on the brain.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Sparrow Collars for Speechless Conductors

About ten years from now my wife's cousin and I was traveling at high speed through the lower reaches of the subway circuit when something broke and we all fell into a deep silence. By the time we had climbed back into the hayloft the rainy season had set in and we had to live on seal skins and bread fruit until the trading vessel called and said it's time to dress for Albany and never will I forget the way my cousin laughed because the Englishman had forgot to put a worm on his hook and naturally the respectable people wouldn't go near him.

So anyways I don't like neither your semi-soft, sort-of-soft, or ultra-flabby collars, since my wife says I don't look no more like the pictures than ever. Hoping you are the same, etc., etc.

Richard S. Wallace

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"What do you think of those Kelly-Springfields, Joe?"

"To tell you the truth, Ed, I don't think of them at all. Tire trouble is one thing I don't have to worry about."

They came on the car and they've never been off the rims.

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CHEF—"and remember, the service of a Maillard dinner must be in keeping with the quality of Maillard food."

DINNER

Table d'Hote A la Carte

LUNCHEON

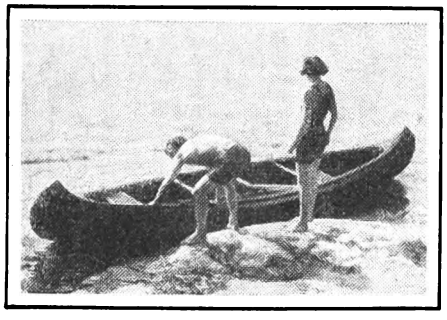
TEA

CONFECTIONS

Maillard

NEW YORK
Madison Avenue at 47th Street

CHICAGO
Michigan Boulevard at Jackson



Buoyant, steady and graceful

THERE'S a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about canoeing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thousands. Why not let an "Old Town Canoe" help answer the question for you?

You'll be mighty proud of your "Old Town." These canoes are patterned after actual Indian models. Graceful, sleek and fast, "Old Town Canoes" win the admiration of all who see them. Remarkably low in price too. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1926 catalog is beautifully illustrated with all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1615 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

The resourceful bootlegger undertakes to dispense his wares openly on a prominent thoroughfare.

Why We Have Lamb Chops in the Parlor Window

THE front of our house looks like a butcher shop. Six loin lamb chops are draped in a very attractive pattern over the top of the window.

It happened this way. My wife took one of those "How to remember" courses just before we moved into this new place. She asked me to please bring home some material for the new curtains one morning. I told her I never would remember what kind and color she wanted and she said she'd see that I did. She said, "I want green woolen ones for winter. All you have to remember is this. Think of something green, a billiard table, or an immigrant, or the two dollars the goods will cost or lambs gamboling on the green. There, that's a good thing to think of. Think of lambs gamboling on the green.

"Now you've got the lambs gamboling on the green, think of something with wool on it, like a little boy scratching himself, or the way prohibitionists pull the wool over our eyes, or lambs. That's an idea. We get wool from lambs, except some which grows on cotton bushes down South and is made into two pants suits. Just think of woolly little lambs gamboling over the green with their wool waving behind them and you'll remember to bring me two yards of green wool."

"But how will I remember how much to bring," I asked.

"Well," she thought for a minute, "I want two yards, that's twenty-four feet. Think of six lambs, each with four feet gamboling over the green with their wool waving behind them."

"Where do I get this material?" I asked.

"At that little store next to the butcher shop," my wife replied. "You can remember that by thinking of six lambs, each with six feet gamboling over the green, with their wool waving behind them, on the way to the butcher shop. Now don't forget."

On the way home all I could remember was gamboling and green, both of which I'd attended to on the train and six lambs on the way to the butcher shop. So I stopped and told the butcher I wanted six lambs. He gave me lamb chops and I took them home.

"Would you die for me?"

"Not until after May 8. I want to see the Saturday Evening Post *Number of* JUDGE *first.*

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Giving them to my wife, I said, "You told me to bring this back with me."

"Oh, yes," she said and opened the package. "Why what are these for?" she inquired. "They can't be for dinner, I have pot-roast."

"Maybe you wanted them for something else," I suggested. "What do you need around the house?"

"Nothing but curtains," she answered.

"Then that's what I brought them home for," I told her.

"Oh, thank you so mueh, dear," she said, kissing me.

And so we had supper and spent a nice domestic evening hanging the living-room lamb chops. *Carroll*

Hail, the Conquering Hero!

Two years before he had left the little village, a knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, round-shouldered, tattered youth. Wisps of hay had peeped shyly from beneath his cap as he shuffled to the station.

Now he was coming home. Two long years had passed and the prodigal was returning. The "boys" from Volunteer Hose Company Number 3 and The Village Band were at the station. Even the proprietor of The Mansion House appeared in his frock coat which had been in camphor since Ezra Hawkin's funeral.

Then the train rolled in and a tall, stalwart, erect figure in military uniform stepped to the platform. Six feet of lithe, straight manhood stood before the townspeople. Shiny brass buttons, a military cape, trousers with a red stripe down the side, shoulder epaulets and a magnificent cap with gold insignia completed the uniform.

"Welcome home, boy," rasped Mayor Lem Fish, "proud to hev a famous General visit us. What regiment be ye commandin'?"

A puzzled look came over the young man's face. "Why, I'm not just a mere General, a soldier," he said, obviously hurt by the implication. "I'm above the Generals—"

"What be ye, boy?" questioned Lem.

The handsome figure drew itself erect. "I'm the second balcony usher at The New Atheneum Theater, New York's largest movie house, seating 5,000 people," proudly replied the young and resplendent personage, executing the same snappy salute that he used when escorting you to a couple of seats in the tenth row, center.

Hugh Wood

As it should be

SINCE its extra cost, when spread over its billions of output, figures to but three cents per package of twenty, it is quite fair to say that Fatima, in between 'costly' and 'popular' in price, is decidedly more popular than costly

FATIMA

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

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The Way to a Man's Heart

When the fruit salad isn't all apples,
When the ice cream's not served on warm plates,
When in coffee the cream never dapples,
When the menu means all that it states.
When the pea soup, than water, is thicker,
When the roast beef tastes good as it looks,
When the service, if any, is quicker,
Or when kitchens contain better cooks;
Then, darling, my love may go flying
To another far fairer than you,
But at present I am not denying
That despite your weak points, you will do. —*London Opinion*

Percival—That was the most unkindest cut of all, as the poet says.

Penelope—What was that?

"I showed her one of my boyhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee, and she said, 'My! Who is the ventriloquist?' "

—*Youngstown Telegram*

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

JUNE 30 TO NORWAY AND THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN; JANUARY 19 ROUND THE WORLD; JANUARY 29 MEDITERRANEAN; FEBRUARY 7 TO SOUTH AMERICA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN. PROGRAMS READY. REASONABLE, INCLUSIVE RATES.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

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Temperanee Lecturer (from force of habit)—Well—here's how!
—*Humorist*

It was nearly midnight when he dashed into his flat. "Thank goodness, you're here," murmured his good wife. "I haven't heard from you in three days and I sent a general alarm to police headquarters. Oh, I'm *so* glad that nothing happened to you."

"Give me supper!" shouted Lucius, "I'm starved."

"I'll have some supper ready in ten minutes," answered his wife, darting into the kitchen.

"Ten minutes!" bellowed Lucius. "Say, what do you think I am? Do you think I can afford to waste ten minutes waiting for you to make supper? What's this home comin' to, anyhow? My time is valuable and I'm not goin' to wait ten minutes for supper. The very idea! As if I didn't have a hundred other things that I could do in ten minutes!"

Lucius was indignant—rather righteously so. He stamped out and there, on the landing, met Joe Tasch, his bosom friend and fellow reader of the sporting pages. "Joe," said Lucius, "that was a raw decision. Kid Bruiser should have won that bout!"

"He shouldn't!" snapped Joe, angrily.

"He should have!" shouted Lucius, his voice quivering with rage.

Three and a half hours later, Lucius ascended the stairs for his midnight supper, which had been consumed by the mice in his absence.

"This is a *fine* household," he sarcastically muttered, getting into bed.

Hugh Wood

Waits and Pleasures

SEVENTY-TWO hours before the championship bout between Young Kid Bruiser and Battling Dave O'Connor, Lucius Lamb stood outside of the boxing stadium. The winter blasts chilled him. The frost numbed him, but he minded it not.

Forty-eight hours before the bout, Lucius still headed the line. His cheeks were bearded and he was coughing. In one hand was a hot dog and in the other a thermos bottle of stale coffee.

Twenty-four hours before the bout still found Lucius, a trifle thinner and paler, standing in line. And then, at six o'clock that night, the gates were thrown open and Lucius dashed high up into the unreserved seats, where, by dint of pushing, battling and shoving, he secured a seat in the third row. Weary, chilled, battered, he sat there, content—blissfully so, a martyr to his love for pugilism.

Decorator (showing wall paper with extremely loud pattern)—We sell a lot of this design for maids' bedrooms.

Hubby—Jolly good idea! Gets 'em up without callin' 'em, what?
—*London Opinion*

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Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 16*)

II

IN "Bride of the Lamb," William Hurlbut gives every evidence of having honestly tried to write a sound play. This comes as something of a surprise, since it has long been his practice to wait until some one else has written a loud box-office-bumper and then to go after a little of the easy money with an imitation of it. But this time Hurlbut has studied the cheap tripe of Broadway—such stuff as "The Virgin," for example; has critically figured out just why it is cheap tripe, and out of his figuring has evolved something that, in the way of drama, comes perilously near being worthwhile.

What our friend has done is to contemplate the themes of the Rialto sex-religion plays and, contemplating, to strip those themes of their sentimental Sardoodledom and to bring to light their erstwhile dramatically hidden motivating impulses. And what he has accordingly written is a play that honestly brings to the stage the venerable platitude that at the bottom of religious ecstasy one pretty generally finds nothing more spiritual or divine than unsatisfied sex. This platitude Hurlbut has set forth with very little hocus-pocus and, for at least half the evening, his play proves interesting theatrical fare. His skill as a dramatist, however, is insufficient to carry him the whole distance and, as a result, his manuscript periodically goes to pieces. Yet the effort, as I have said, is a creditable one. At its weakest, his play is sounder stuff than half the big successes of the season.

Miss Alice Brady gives the best performance of her career in the rôle of the woman who mistakes physical passion for religious passion. Only at one period in the third act does she invalidate her performance by over-playing. Crane Wilbur is excellent as the evangelist and a child named Arline Blackburn, as a youngster who gets religion before she is ready for it, is equally excellent. With all its faults, I commend the play to every person who left "The Virgin" and "Devils" after the first act.

A Belgian, accused of going through a marriage ceremony with ten women in less than a year, declares that he has no recollection of doing so. Which just shows the folly of not keeping a diary.

—*Humorist*

"B.V.D." Union Suit (Patented Features) Men's $1.50 the suit Youths' 85c

"B.V.D." Shirts and Drawers 85c the garment

FOR the matchless comfort, fit and wear, that have given "B.V.D."a generation of world-leading popularity—

Be sure to SEE it's "B.V.D."

From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to the last detail of its scientific construction, "B.V.D." is an underwear with differences that count. They give "B.V.D." a quality as unique as the fame of its trade-mark.

It *always* bears this red-woven label→

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

The B.V.D. Co., Inc., N.Y.

Sole Makers "B.V.D." Underwear

© 1926 The B.V.D. Co. Inc.

"Joan's going to have another operation."
"Really? What's she got?"
"Money." —*Humorist.*

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Merry Steps Out

IN the twelve o'clock sunshine of Broadway a youth with sleek black hair approached Merry, hat in hand.

"I beg your pardon . . . I'd like to have a talk with you. Think you could stand a luncheon date with me without calling a cop? Perhaps I'd better tell you who I am."

The name he gave was a well-known one. Merry instantly recognized it and knew where she had seen him before. He had danced at a famous night club which the Federal agents had recently padlocked.

"I'm looking for a new dancing partner," said the sleek-haired one. "I want a classy girl with a lot of flash who doesn't look as if she'd been dragged up down in the dear old slums. You have the looks, and the minute I took a slant at you I began to figure you were *it*. What do you say? How would you like to team up with me? I'll make you more popular along Broadway than Peggy Hopkins and Marilyn Miller put together. Want to take a chance?"

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

Could any stage-struck flapper resist a proposition like that? But if you think stepping out on Broadway o' nights doesn't lead to exciting complications in the life of a younger generation débutante, begin C. S. Montanye's "Merry Steps Out," a story of life back stage, in the current number of SNAPPY STORIES. *Now on all newsstands—20 cents.*

Westcott W
HOSIERY
for MEN & WOMEN

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

CHAFING and RASHES
promptly relieved and healed by
a few applications of
Resinol

HEZA MANN—*I'm tired of playing checkers.*

WHOZA MANN—*Sort of checker bored, eh?* —NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

The Biologist to His Love

O sweet agglomeration of cells
In whom a summary beauty dwells,
O rarer much are you to me
Than globule animalculae!

Come, come, be mine, and we will tread
Where tortuous fungi never spread.
Then will the fever of our bliss
Destroy bacilli in our kiss.
—*S. California Wampus*

A—Ods bodikins, Sebastian, and cans't tell me what meaneth "behead"?

Men—'SBlood, Ferdinand, and doth it not signify "to cut off the head"?

"Yea, verily, Sebby, but then what meaneth 'defeat?' "
—*Wesleyan Wasp*

"What's Greek for boiled water?"
"Soup." —*Wisconsin Octopus*

A Timely Tale

The clock maker is an amiable chap;
He's badly mistreated, but cares not a rap—
For he never gets any additional pay,
Though he works overtime in his shop every day.
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

Prof—If coal is $10 a ton, how many tons would I get for $50?

Stude—Four tons.

"That's wrong."

"I know it, but they get by with it just the same."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

The Persians are a rugged people.
—*Notre Dame Juggler*

"Did you shoot much on that hunting trip you had?"

"No, but I won about $200 on the way home." —YALE RECORD

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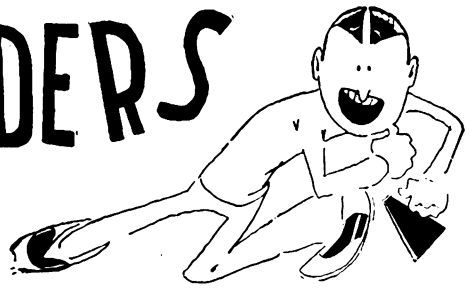
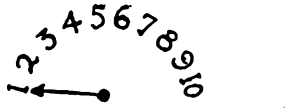
LEADERS





A social uplifter
—PENN PUNCH BOWL

Tee—I hear there is another uprising in Mexico.

Hee—How revolting!

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*

Tough—How'd ya git dat swell bump on your bean?

Tougher—Tell you about it, Foggy. I was standing on de bridge last night when Jack comes by, wid his queen. I tries to get her diamond, and he trumped me wid a club.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

"May came home the other night with Jack's muffler wrapped around her."

"Was it that cold?"

"No, they had a wreck."

—*Texas Ranger*

Rastus—Ain't dat mule eber kicked yuh?

Sambo—Naw, chile, not yit; but he frequently kicks at de place whar Ah recently wuz.

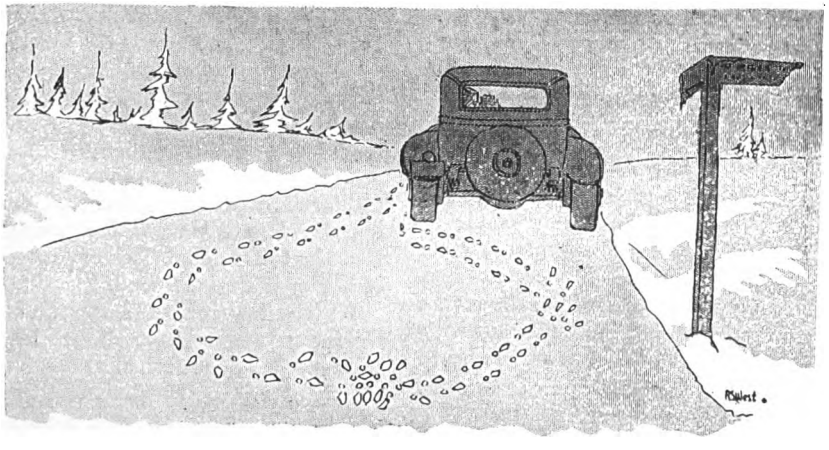
—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

Dumb—I was alarmed this morning.

Numb—When?

"Oh, about seven-thirty."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*



"Just like a woman."

—CINCINNATI CYNIC

Our Headache Corner

Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

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

Ladies and gentlemen of the invisible audience, how did you feel after that last headache?

* * *

Did you get rid of it by using a remedy that left you wondering whether life was worth living and all that?

* * *

Then read this wire just received from Wilbur Erpf of Connecticut:

* * *

DEAR HENRY HEADACHE STOP I TOOK YOUR ADVICE STOP I HAVE CUT OUT DRUGGING MY HEADACHES STOP TELL YOUR READERS TO STOP DOING SO AND STOP AT THE DRUGSTORE AND GET SOME KOHLER-ANTIDOTE TO STOP HEADACHES PLEASANTLY STOP.

* * *

Wilbur is evidently a local, making all stops. But he has the right idea.

* * *

Because he knows how to relieve a headache without unpleasant aftereffects.

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SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

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ANNOUNCEMENT

JUDGE JR. now takes the air at 7.30 P.M. *Have you heard him?* He's making a big hit.

7.30 P.M. on WJZ
EVERY THURSDAY

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J

JUDGE, "The World's Wittiest Weekly," contains the best work of the leading artists and humorists.

U

You will enjoy every issue of JUDGE for it will bring you more real humor, more clever pictures, more funny fancies than any other weekly.

D

Don't delay! Send in your subscription now. JUDGE will develop your sense of humor and help you enjoy "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

G

Get in on this special offer of 21 weeks of JUDGE for only $2.00. Never before did you get so much for so little money.

E

Enclose $2.00 in an envelope with the coupon below and mail to-day.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

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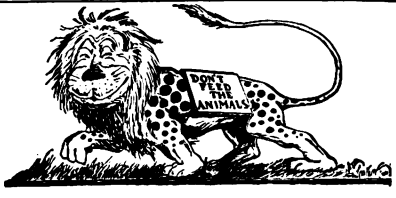

.....sign on the dotted line.....

NOTICE TO JUDGE CONTRIBUTORS

ENCLOSE no return postage when you submit *Funnybones*, *Epilaughs* or *Lizzie Labels* to JUDGE. And have no fear of rejection slips.

¶ *Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.*

The hundreds of *Funnybones*, *Epilaughs* and *Lizzie Labels* received daily have forced this drastic policy upon us.

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

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

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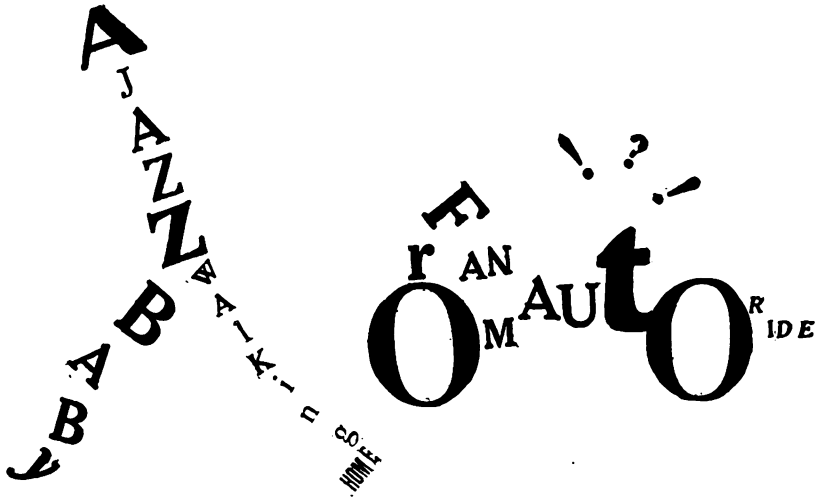
LETTER-LAUGHS!



"No Foolin'!"

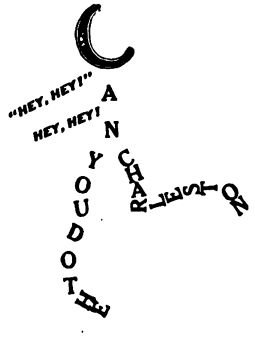
Submitted by George E. Spohn, 120 North Eighth street, Reading, Pa.

Judge will pay $25 for EACH ONE PRINTED

How to make Letter-Laughs

Cut out letters, or words, from any printed text matter, and paste them on a sheet of stiff white paper so that they will make a picture.

Each LETTER-LAUGH Picture must have a Caption and must be FUNNY!



TOPIC OF THE DAY

Submitted by Miss Ethel Dawson, 342 W. Ostrander avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

Send your LETTER-LAUGHS to the LETTER-LAUGH EDITOR of JUDGE, *627 West 43d Street, New York City, and enclose postage if you wish them returned.*

Why Are Funny Inventions Funny?

(*Continued from page 15*)

modern plumbing and the amusement devices at Coney Island.

So Rube Goldberg and Al Frueh and Joe Cook and other comic inventors have us at their mercy. Their "market" is all receptive. And here lies the explanation of the abundance of humorous art and humorous writing on the subject of new and absurd schemes, systems or apparatus. Mechanics are our universal woe and, therefore, our universal amusement.

It is to be wondered whether or not a perfect world would be any fun, after all. On the planet pictured by H. G. Wells, in "Men Like Gods," everything runs ideally, but nobody in the whole place seems to be having much fun. There is not much laughter there. Everybody is dead serious. It reminds us somewhat of California, where everything including the climate is so well organized that the Californian's lack of a sense of humor is almost legend.

With a slight turn of the egg, Rube Goldberg might have been Mr. Edison. No doubt the chief characteristic of a great inventor is a sense of the ludicrous, and a sense of play. Nobody but a born comedian would have attempted some of the things Mr. Edison has accomplished.

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

A Reader Unafraid

To the Editors of JUDGE:

I'm an American citizen, living in a border town. I'm thirty-three years old, and I have never belonged to any church or political party. I do not chew, smoke, or drink, and I'm not afraid of going to hell because I'm a reader of JUDGE. I think a bathing beauty with bobbed hair in a one-piece bathing suit is beautiful.

I began reading JUDGE somewhere between the age of eight and ten, and I'm describing it from an unbiased standpoint. I get more kick out of it than I do the Hearst paper that's placed on my door-step every morning.

If we had light wines and beer I might quaff a glass occasionally, although I know that I'd be classed as a moral turp among my blue-nose friends.

They holler about Tia Juana and the border towns being rotten. They're right. But Prohibition made 'em what they are to-day. Before Prohibition Nuevo Laredo, Mex., couldn't support two saloons, now they have 200.

If Prohibition is a success, my mother-in-law is my uncle.

Hurrah! for the World's Wettest Weekly.

Laredo, Tex. *J. H. McKinley*
March 11, 1926.

A Young Nation

To the Editor:

Dear Sir: I am not a Methodist and would just as soon not be; I am a Roman Catholic, and also would just as soon not be. However, I want to congratulate your paper on doing more to reform this country than the combined forces of the W. C. T. U. and the tabloid newspapers. When people read JUDGE, and see the childish editorials which your staff from time to time most grievously does commit, they immediately think that the things for which you stand must also be childish.

However, sir, do you think that babies should be allowed to put everything in their mouths that strikes their fancy; do you think that young children should be allowed to see and hear things which they do not and should not understand, and which would prove injurious to their characters? Why, then, do you think that a nation in its intellectual babyhood should be allowed to eat, drink, read, and see things which it is too young to use properly? As there is but one reasonable answer to these questions. I must close beseeching you to grow up, for the love of God!

Most sincerely yours,

Princeton, N. J. *Joseph Guiche*
March 17, 1926.

"Here, you can't hit a man with glasses!"

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SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

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Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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

Drink Hearty!

JUDGE:

Gentlemen: Just a line to let you know I have been a JUDGE enthusiast for several years and can appreciate your magazine more than ever in this part of the Pacific—when it arrives.

Enjoy the articles by W. M. H. and his viewpoint on Prohibition—"as she is" in our great U. S. A. to-day. We have one advantage out here—that we are able to purchase the old "pre-Pro" without censure from the local puritans.

Continued success to JUDGE.

Sincerely,
R. McNally,
Manila, P. I. Radioman 2nd, U. S. N.

What a Little Kindness Will Do!

Dear Mr. Wittiest Weekly: I nearly wagged myself in two when I received from you to-day the sweet letter stating that I was "breaking your heart" by my neglect in not renewing my subscription to JUDGE.

As a Tennessean, I am so used to being called "yokel," "heathen," "imbecile," etc., that when you hurled such endearing terms at me as "old pal" and "dear friend," I burst into tears and reached for my checkbook.

May God bless you for them kind words,
Your old pal,
(Signed) *A. M. Carothers*

Chattanooga, Tenn.
March 22, 1926.

Not the Man

JUDGE:

Gentlemen: I have been notified by a few of an article published in a recent JUDGE signed with my name.

Some one here surely likes to use my name in the expression of his ideas, and wish to say I never wrote this, neither am I a Klansman, nor have I ever attended a Klan meeting.

Please publish this in your next JUDGE.

Canaseraga, N. Y. *D. Baxter*
March 15, 1926.

(ED. NOTE: Our Klan friends, unable to get their anonymous letters published, are evidently resorting now to signatures which are verifiable but not their own. We beg Mr. Baxter's pardon.)

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To be unable to recall important circumstances, to be forced to the admission, "I forget," brands one as incapable and unreliable.

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She wasn't over twenty, but she knew her little book,
And her manner was so innocently frank,
That when she wanted something, she'd assume a certain look,
And, really, he'd have gone and robbed a bank.

From

SATIRE & SONG

By

MAURICE SWITZER

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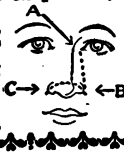
Send measurements with order

Measure from A - from corner of eye to B - end of nostril; B to C - from nostril to nostril, over tip of nose. State whether you have a long tip, broad, pug (turned up) or bulbous nose



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For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

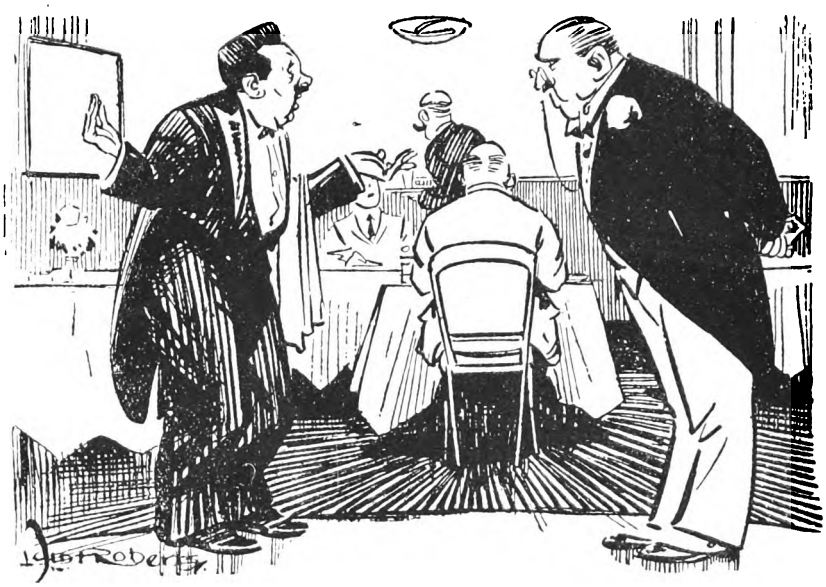
Should be entered in the Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of April 24)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 Prize. Vote Your Favorite!



Waiter (to hotel manager)—I think it's about time you spoke to him, sir. He's just put a pancake under his chin, and is eating his serviette. —*Gaiety*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 18*)

jail and the tragedy I have outlined occurs.

Along comes the war, and four years later the dénouement. Mary and her lover find each other. She explains her betrayal, and he goes looking for vengeance. He finds the lion tamer a blind beggar, and Yonna, the lady who threw the switch, a street walker—and he believes in God.

IN the little kingdom of Transylvania, somewhere in the Balkans, there was helltopay, as the old saying goes. Vorski, the tyrant, had led a palace revolution against the legitimate queen and she had fled in her coach, which was later found empty in the river. The peasants were clamoring for bread while the usurper sneered at them from behind the leaded panes of the palace windows and wasted their substance on champagne suppers.

Over here, meanwhile, Olga Kriga cooked dinners and scrubbed floors for a slatternly landlady. She was beautiful, was Olga, as beautiful as only Pola Negri can be even in homespun, and she resembled the vanished queen of Transylvania to the very pencil on her eyebrows. So much so that Karl, the queen's old bodyguard, got down on his knees when he happened across her, and Count Mirko, the queen's old minister, conceived the idea of taking her back with him to Transylvania, passing her off on the peasants as their missing queen, and shaking down Vorski for the price of her disappearance.

Of course, Mirko reckoned without his Hollywood. Olga, or Pola, puts the queen business over so hard that not even he, in the person of Noah Beery, can call her off. There is only one who can and that (you have guessed it!) is John Knight (Robert Ames), her 100 per cent. American feller. He does, but not until she has ousted Vorski and tamed Mirko and restored prosperity to her realm—a matter of a few months.

"The Crown of Lies" is a splendid example of the silly cinema piffle on which the talents of a good actress can be wasted.

THE acting of Otto Mattieson, as Hans Kroon, a half-wit, is the one thing that prevents "Bride of the Storm," with Dolores Costello, from being just another movie. His performance is beautifully restrained and convincing during all but the climax of the melodrama when he has to chop the props from under the burning lighthouse. But in this the story, not he, is at fault. "Bride of the Storm" employs most of the old standbys, including a United States Naval hero and a parcel of clownish gobs. I doubt if they faithfully represent our first line of defense even under Secretary Wilbur.

There are now over 69,000 insured persons in Croydon. Some complain that motorists deliberately drive round them. —*London Opinion*

First Humorist—Do you read your jokes to your wife?

Second Humorist—Yes, and when she doesn't laugh I know it's a good joke. —*Kasper* (Stockholm)

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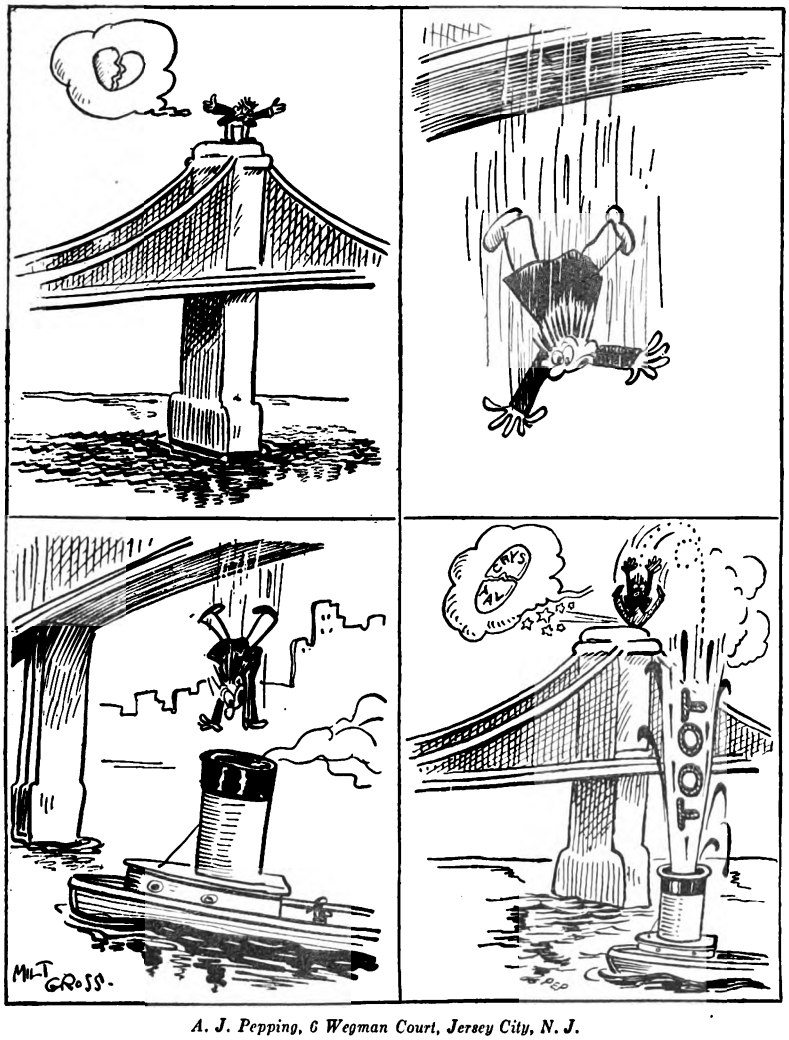
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

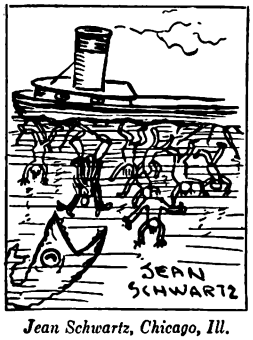
Contest No. 35



A. J. Pepping, 6 Wegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

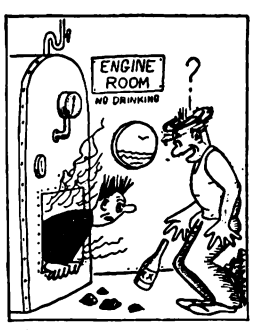
Runners Up

Franklin W. Vaughan, Jackson, Miss.



Jean Schwartz, Chicago, Ill.

Fred W. Myers, Bryn Mawr, Pa.



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- ☐ That Certain Party / Mountains Meet 2215
- ☐ Thanks For the Buggy Ride / Can't Tell the Mothers 2234
- ☐ I Don't Want the World / Day You Went Away .. 2240
- ☐ Sleepy Time Gal / Lovin' You 2219
- ☐ Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue / Gonna Be Big Help 2218
- ☐ Roll 'Em Girls / Don't Mean Maybe .. 2213
- ☐ Brown Eyes (Why Are You Blue) / Shirley 2206
- ☐ Show Me the Way Home Go / Tip From Tipperary .. 2209
- ☐ Yes, Sir, That's My Baby / I Wonder if You Ever 2196
- ☐ Let Me Call You Sweetheart / Mary Brown 2192
- ☐ Come Back to California / Let's Go Roaming in the Gloaming 8013
- ☐ Pal of My Cradle Days / My Dear Old Pal .. 2190
- ☐ Neath the Smiling Moon / Farewell 8014

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- ☐ Sitting On Top of the World / Sadie Salome 1320
- ☐ Say It Again (I Don't Believe it But) / Spaghetti 1337
- ☐ Prisoner's Song, Waltz / Beyond the Blue 1339
- ☐ Always, Waltz (Irving Berlin) / Pals, Waltz 1331

POPULAR DANCES (Cont.)

- ☐ Then I'll Be Happy / What Name is Sweeter 1316
- ☐ That Certain Party / Stop Running Round 1314
- ☐ I Never Knew / After All 1315
- ☐ Charleston Back To Chlstn / I'm Wild 1298
- ☐ Sweetheart, Waltz / Hawaiian Patrol 8016
- ☐ Smile a Little Bit / Who's Your Sweetie .. 1323
- ☐ Oh, Boy What a Girl / Lovable Ladies 1305
- ☐ A Little Bit of Jazz / Mexican Twist 8004

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- ☐ Flanagan in a Restaurant (Monologues) / Flanagan's Married Life 4004
- ☐ She Gave Them All to Me / Tuning Inon the Radio (Radio Novelty) 4083
- ☐ Flanagan on a Trolley Car / Button Buster, the Laughing Record 4003
- ☐ Uncle Josh at the Dentist / The Country Doctor and the Patient (Monologues) 4072

STANDARD SONGS

- ☐ Tell Mother I'll Be There / Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight 4066
- ☐ Floyd Collins' Fate / Kentucky Babe 4086
- ☐ Roll On, Silvery Moon (Yodel) / Sleep, Baby Sleep 4038
- ☐ When You and I were Young, Maggie / My Old Kentucky Home 4011
- ☐ Love's Old Sweet Song / In the Gloaming 4031
- ☐ Carry Me Back to Old Virginny / Old Black Joe 4049
- ☐ Kathleen Mavourneen / Come Back to Erin 4012
- ☐ The Rosary / At Dawning (I Love You) 4053

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"Saturday Night"	" 50	now 35 cents
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"The Old Army Game"		"
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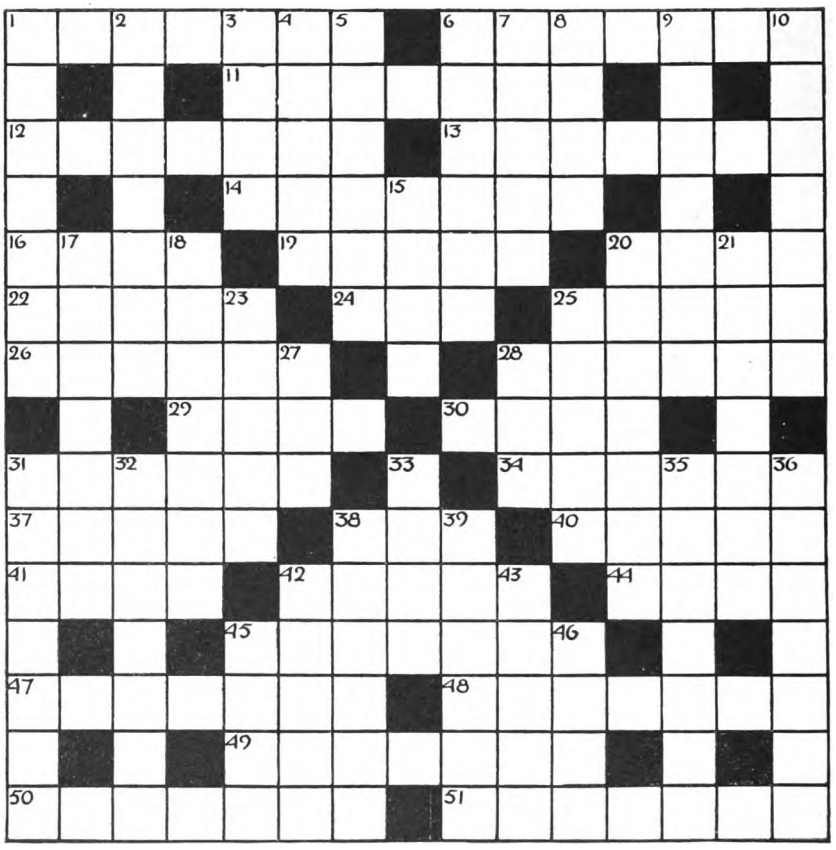
ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street New York

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 72



Submitted by Mrs. J. E. Zahn, Denver, Colo. Judge *pays $25 for each one printed.*

Horizontal

1. What arguing with a wife is.
6. This kind of a car makes walking a necessity.
11. A speak-easy. (Careful now!)
12. Implore.
13. A loosely woven bunting like fabric.
14. A kind of summer pie. (Summer pies and summer not.)
16. An ancient exclamation.
19. Quench.
20. Soil.
22. This makes all the stops.
24. An English donkey.
25. A close friend of the A. E. F.
26. French admission.
28. A cat that earns its board and room.
29. A bird of a time.
30. This always comes after a hard night.
31. Reason.
34. This means "to make negative."
37. What nearly all hermits want to be.
38. It is (contr.).
40. When married men start stepping out there's usually this fellow to pay.
41. Mob.
42. Something live wires have.
44. This was started in the Garden of Eden.
45. Something all clinging vines need for their support.
47. Fishing.
48. A mouth, or an opening, or an open mouth.
49. A fellow who gets around a lot.
50. Present style in bathing suits.
51. In dental offices these are not what they're cracked up to be.

Vertical

1. Instrument of torture. (The second letter is K.)
2. What dentists do when they have it out with a patient.
3. A water jug.
4. Persian potentates.
5. A Greco-Egyptian vase shaped like a bucket.
6. Generally speaking, this is what a woman generally does.
7. The busiest part of a taxi. (Be careful which way you spell it.)
8. A camel jockey.
9. Extremely wicked, enormous.
10. A rider of nightmares.
15. Low down, sometimes the bottom.
17. Venetian taxicab.
18. One dearly beloved. (Before marriage.)
20. A loafing lounge lizard.
21. Surgically clean.
23. Something poker players seldom do when they should.
25. Mooed.
27. Before.
28. What a Swedish boy grows up to be.
31. A great man, or a person with plenty of shekels.
32. This comes after this afternoon. (Two words.)
33. This kind of a woman is one who has no place to go.
35. Cupidity. (Nothing to do with Cupid.)
36. Lucky numbers. (Ask the man who rolls one.)
38. A sharp weapon. (Feminine.)
39. Walked pompously, like a head waiter or bootlegger.
42. Poison.
43. A vamp of the H_2O.
45. Good place for a blow-out.
46. In Italy this will buy nineteen cents' worth of bananas.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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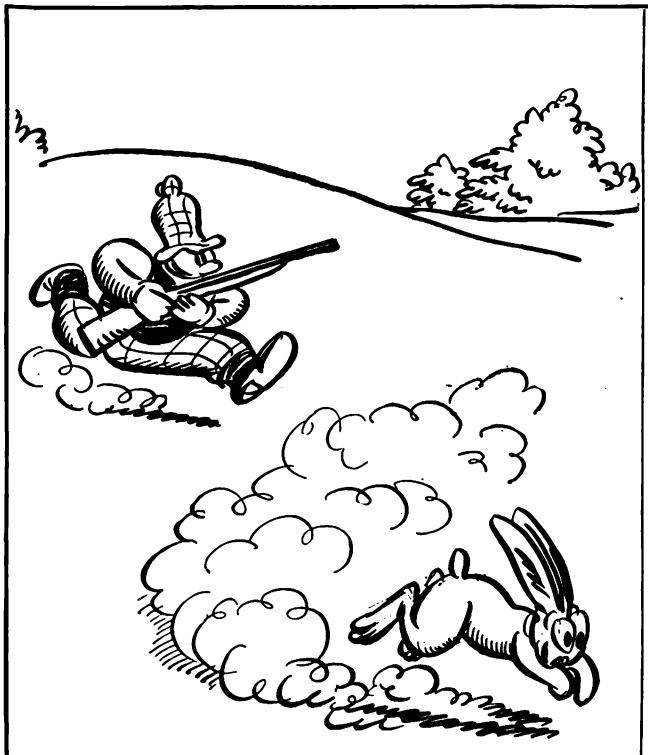
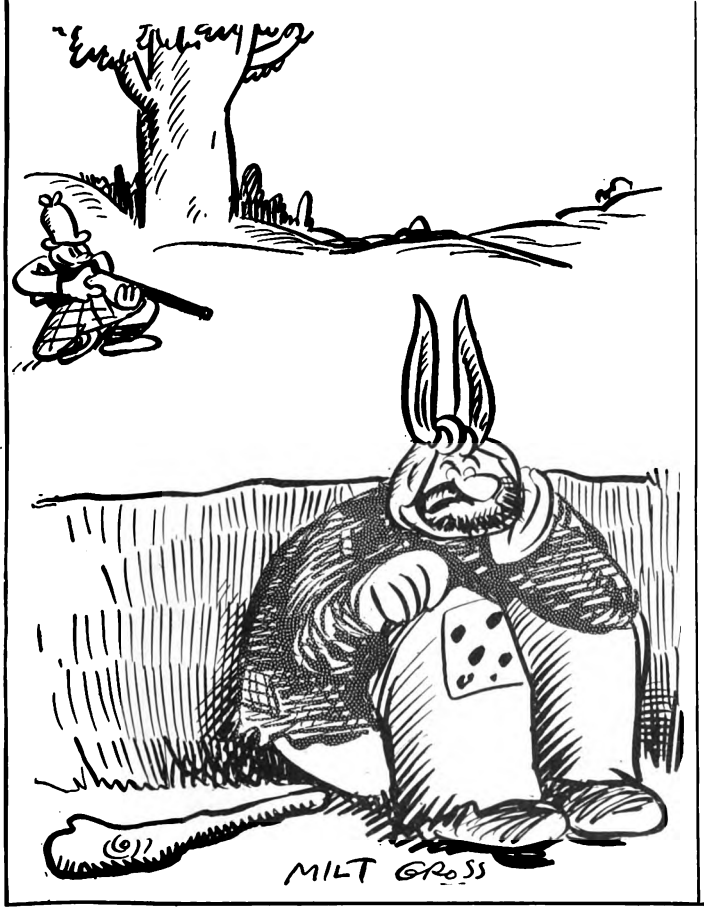
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes May 3. Winning ending appears in the issue of May 22.





Contest No. 39

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Toasting brings out the hidden
flavor of the world's finest tobaccos.
A combination millions can't resist.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

HISTORICAL DEPT. OF IOWA. DES MOINES IOWA. 23572

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IOWA STATE LIBRARY
DES MOINES, IOWA
MAY 24 1926

JUDGE

MAY 1, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

STEPPING OUT!

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INCREASE YOUR VOCABULARY

Emulate Lincoln, Roosevelt and Will Rogers. Have the correct word, phrase or story ready when you want to make your meaning clear.

JUDGE, "The World's Wittiest Weekly," will develop your latent powers of expression.

Whet your cerebellum on the word

macrostomatous (*mak-rō-stôm'-å-tus*) *adj:*—
having a very large mouth.

Now here is a ten-cent word which should be in the vocabulary of every man who has a talkative wife. Just throw the dictionary away and then tell her she is a "macrostomatous biped."

JUDGE
627 West 43d Street,
New York.

Let me have JUDGE for—
10-Weeks for.....$1.00
21-Weeks for..... 2.00
1-Year for..... 5.00

I'm enclosing the money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....
Ⓔ

Each week JUDGE is chock-full of quips, jokes and stories, that will not only give you many a hearty laugh, but will help you to express your real thoughts.

If you would increase and improve your vocabulary, and your reputation for repartee, fill in and mail the coupon and you may JUDGE for yourself.

JUDGE
627 West 43d Street
New York

JUDGE, Volume 90. No. 2322, May 1, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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OLD NUMBER NOW

"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

A PROTEST, calling for a ban on Turkey, has just been signed by 110 Episcopal bishops. If our Ottoman friends get nasty about it, of course, we can always bring them to time by refusing to ship them any more Turkish cigarettes.

NEW YORK detectives recently captured an ex-convict who admitted to three shootings, one murder, and stealing fourteen radios. It is not believed that the radio thefts will be sufficient to keep the fellow out of prison.

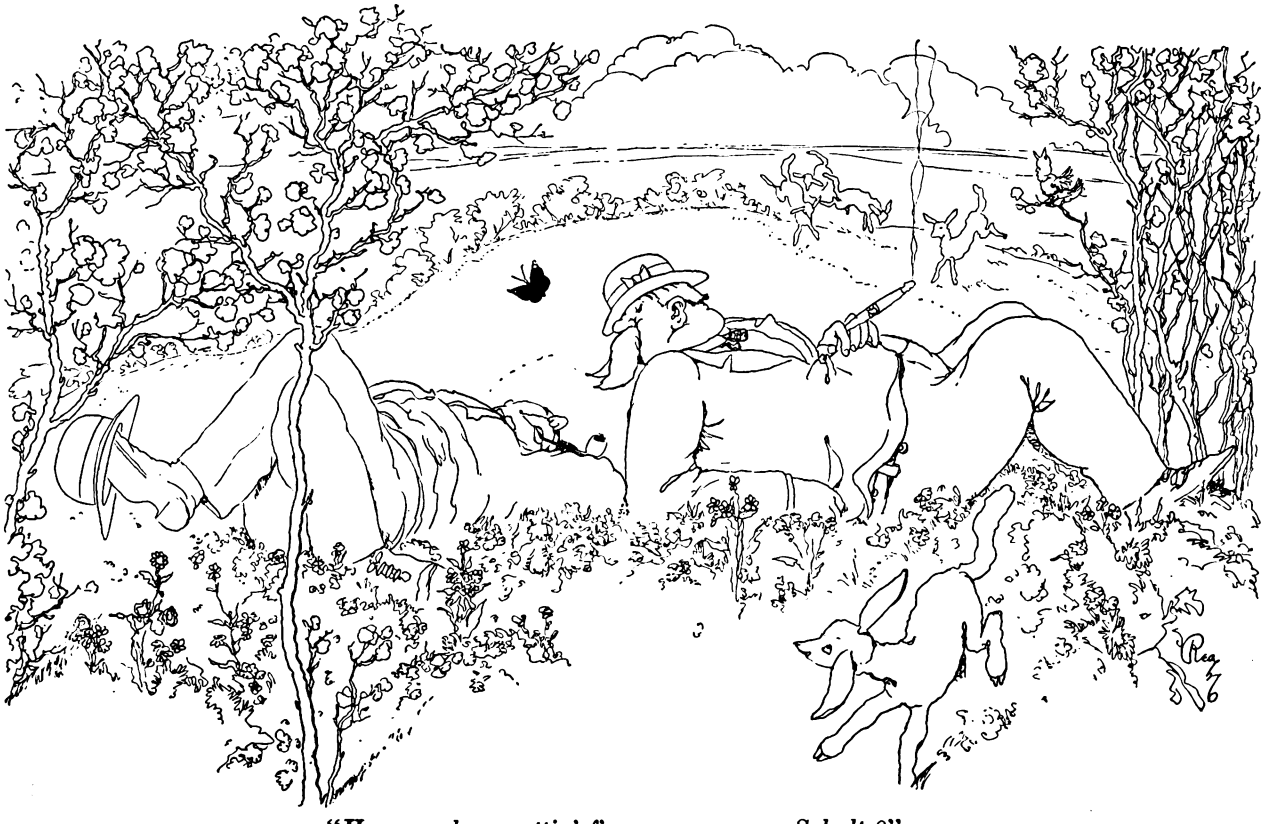
THE clothing strikers of Passaic, N. J., have had the Riot Act read to them and are under martial law. The song of the strikers is now, "Everything Is Going to Be All Riot."

STUDENTS of the University of Rochester have organized an Atheistic Club, known as "The Damned Souls Society." This should make all pedestrians eligible.

THE average duration of a marriage in Lenigrad, according to Soviet statistics, is four years. This is enough to convince us that Lenigrad will never produce a successful movie star.

A STRENUOUS drive to support laws prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to boys is being conducted by the Anti-Cigarette League, with the probable result that American fathers will have to keep right on paying for those consumed by their daughters.

SCIENTISTS inform us that sex dates back to the first appearance of life on earth, or, approximately 70,000,000 years. Admittedly, this unexpected revelation takes a bit of the credit away from Mr. Michael Arlen.



"How much ya gettin' f'r sausages now, Schultz?"

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"Hey, d'ya know they got fifty runs an' it's only the foist inning?"
"Aw, don't git up in de air! They'll never keep up dis pace!"

"Do you patronize your neighborhood laundry," asks an ad in the trolley cars.

No, we sharpen our own collars.

My wife may not be a magician, but she can turn anything into an argument.

They can check people's hats, coats, umbrellas and canes in night clubs, but they can't check their drinking.

KRAZY K-RACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Minervas"

"I Minerras wreck."

New Found Power

At once the room takes on a brighter hue. My troubles seem *so* small—ashamed am I that a few moments back, in deepest blue I sat and moped. Behold the flashing eye that means whatever's to be done, I'll do! Yes—with a surging courage, do or die!

He swore it cost him ten, now, that's a lie. . . .
But still, I never tasted better rye.

W. G. H.

Toasts of the day

"Here's to Emery Buckner—badlock to him!"

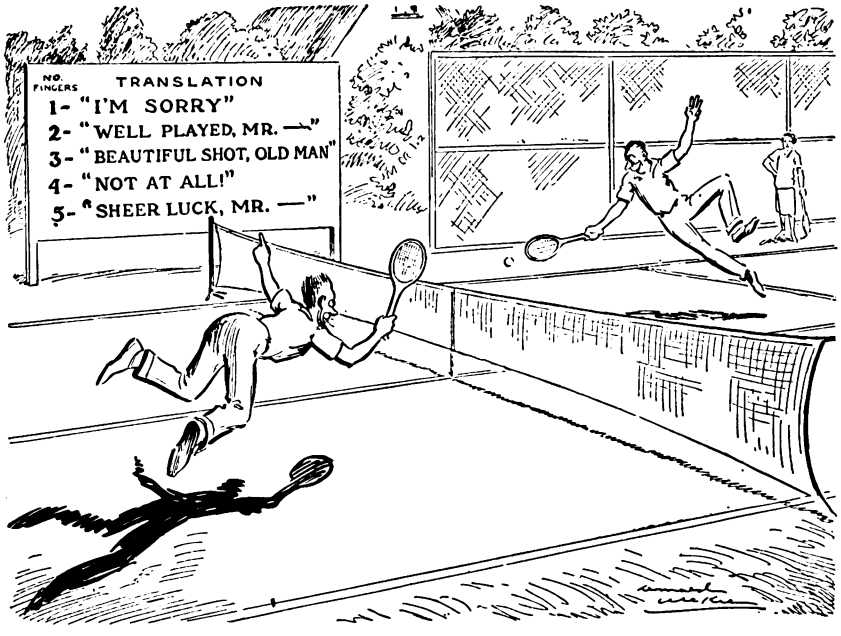
Judge will pay $5 for each one printed.

Gentleman (sampling liquor)—I'll bet somebody changed the bottle on this label!

Office Boy—There's a gentleman outside with a long black beard.

Boss (preoccupied)—Tell him to come around with it to-morrow.

Some men send their old suits to the missions. We send ours to the tailors.



A device to save the breath of tennis players.

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Things We'd Like to See

SHAKESPEARE buying a seat to a Broadway production of "Hamlet" with the money he received for writing the aforementioned play.

Hercules opening a train window.

Hannibal crossing Fifth avenue at Forty-second street.

Croesus getting a reservation to a night club on Saturday night.

Columbus discovering a theater where you can buy floor seats at the box office.

Washington becoming a modern social success without telling a lie.

Salome getting away with her seven-veil stuff in a Boston theater.

Boccaccio publishing his Decameron with Mr. Sumner on the job.

Cicero convincing an automobile salesman that he doesn't need a new car.

Demosthenes making himself understood over the radio with those pebbles in his mouth.

Parke Cummings

FUNNYBONES

The bigger the bankroll, the tighter the rubber band.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Proof

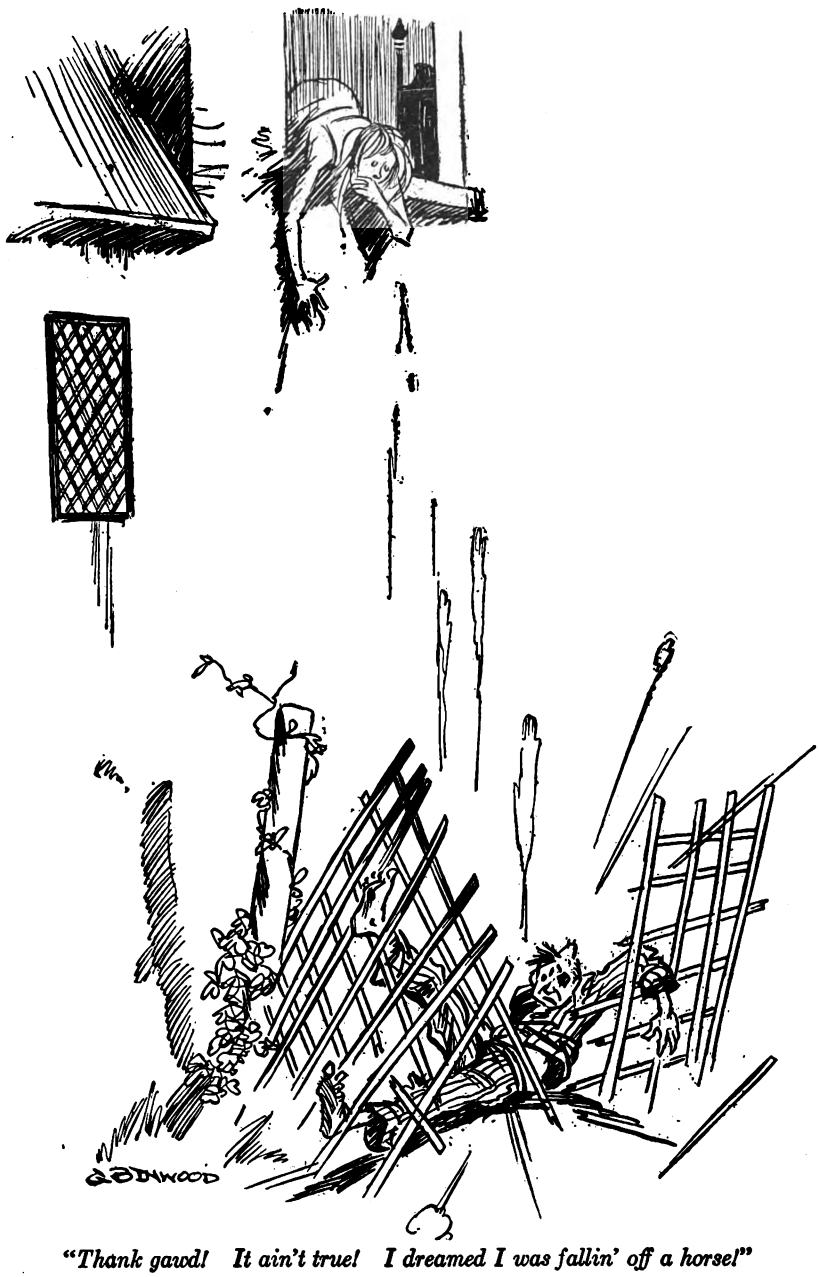
A fellow makes a mistake when he marries a girl out of his class. A girl also.

A lowbrow makes a mistake when he marries a highbrow, and vice versa.

A pacifist makes a mistake when he marries a woman of a combative nature.

Now, all these mentioned here are people.

Therefore, people make a mistake when they marry.



"Thank gawd! It ain't true! I dreamed I was fallin' off a horse!"

The outfielder who used to be a football player behaved strangely after catching a fly.

The Boon

THE great inventor chuckled. His long weary years of toil at last had been rewarded. He leaned back in his chair. A feeling of exultation came over him. "At last! At last!" he cried, "the future of the nation is assured, for I have perfected the greatest boon humanity has ever known! It will revolutionize life and cause peace and contentment to dwell in the homes of all workers. Posterity will bless and honor my name!" He had invented an alarm clock that wouldn't ring.

Nate Collier

State University of Iowa
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FARMER BROWN OPENS HIS PERFECT PICNIC GROUND

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"The Volstead Act certainly is a flop."
"Is it, I haven't been to a vaudeville show in months.

Blue Blood and Gold Braid

A MASSIVE, imposing figure, with huge bristling moustaches, he stepped out of the theater. To his knees reached a long opera cape, fastened at the throat with a single golden clasp. Patent leather shoes gleamed in the reflection of a million lights. Majestic and piercing. The glance of a martinet, a general, a statesman.

A low, sleek limousine reached the curb. Stately and imposing, he stepped forward and placed a sure hand on the door knob, which he opened grandiloquently. In the car were two ladies in evening dress—they bowed and he smiled.

A second later and they had entered the theater. He turned away and glanced disdainfully at his palm, muttering:

"You'd tink dey'd give a guy more'n a thin, slim dime fer opening de door."

Hugh Wood

GO, BASE VILLAIN, AND NEVER DARKEN THESE DOORS AGAIN

"Say, guy, did you have much trouble when you started in growing your moustache?" asked a young lady of a much bewhiskered boy friend.

"Yes," replied he laughingly, "I often felt down in the mouth."

Just a Song At Twilight

A SWEET voice, like the voice of an angel, trilled a song that echoed and re-echoed down the halls of the old boarding-house. It was the hour of twilight. Those clear pure notes rose and fell like the mystic waves that ripple on some unsailed sun-kissed sea. I closed my eyes and could hear a whisper as of a gentle zephyr through the leaves of tropical trees. Rippling, trippling crescendo, sometimes like the highest notes of a violin and again like the low rumble of a conch shell. She was singing a love song, a love song full of heart-aches, longing and desire. A lilting lover's lullaby, as sweet and mellow as a song of a bluebird at dawn—and then I heard a loud knock and a coarse feminine voice yell, "For th' love o' Mike, Mame, are yuh gonna stay in th' bathroom all night?"

Nate Collier

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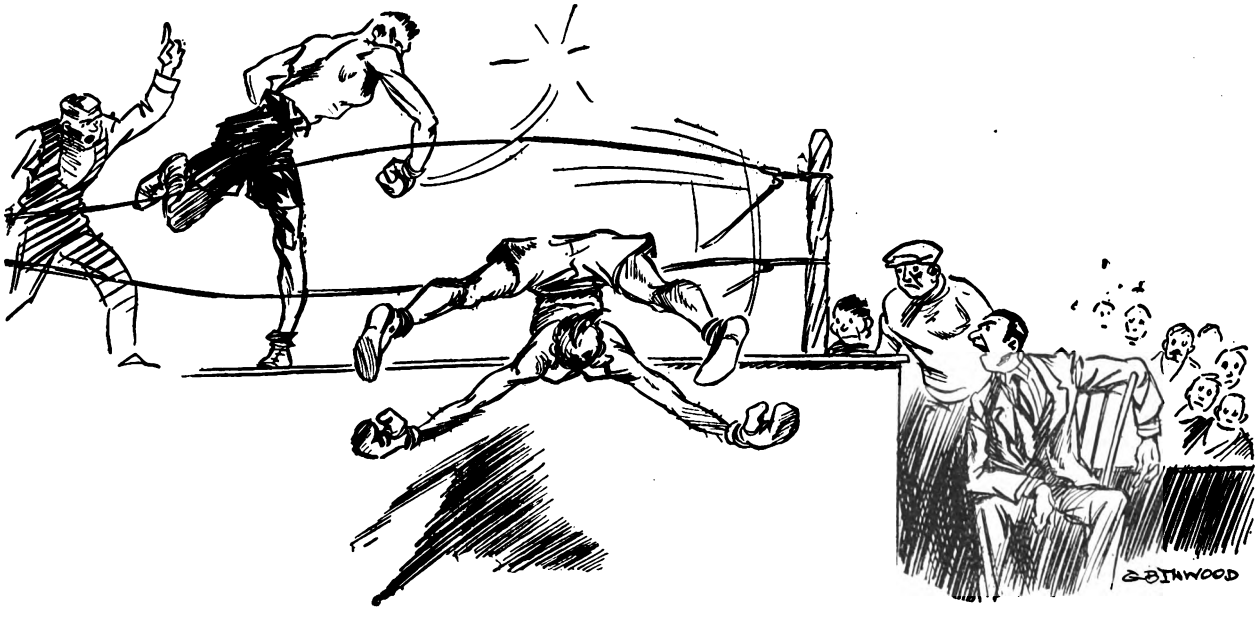
How the flappers got around an ordinance in Pikeville, Ind., requiring skirts to come within six inches of the ground.



MANAGER—*Is that me lap? I says to knock 'im in me lap!*

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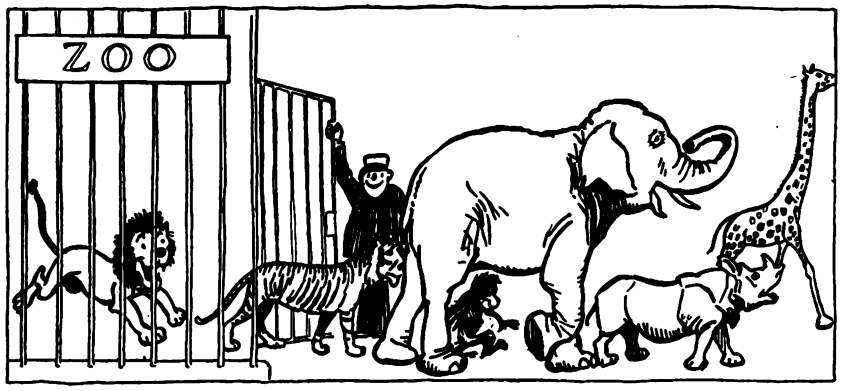
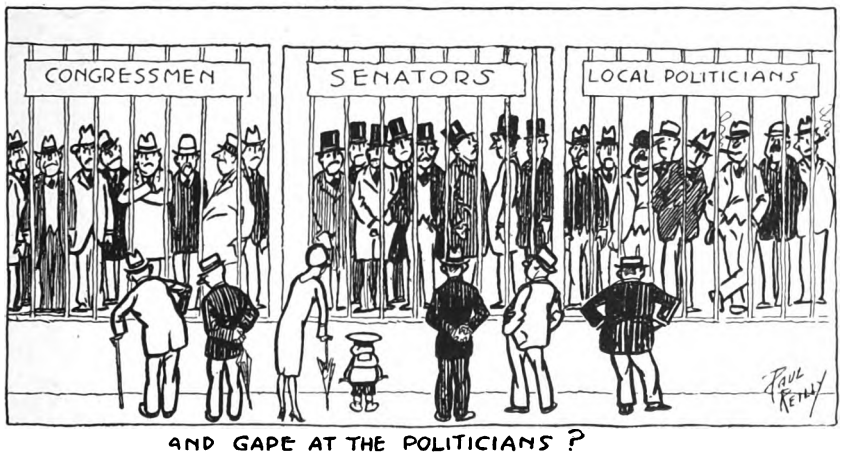


IF WE MUST STARE AT SOMETHING, WHY NOT RELEASE THE ANIMALS---



AND GAPE AT THE POLITICIANS ?

pressed it again—and still again. The cigars drooped lower and some became just a trifle spongy. Blinks smiled a wan, apologetic smile, tinged with wistfulness. "Probably got to put in a new wick," he grinned, suiting the action to the word.

With the wick firmly inserted, poor Blinks gazed hopefully at the lighter. His lips moved slightly—as if in prayer—and his pressure on the little emery wheel this time was almost a caress. Twice he struck it, but no spark ensued. His lips white and his jaw firm, Blinks gave it a final whack, a hearty whack, a vicious whack. But no spark came. With a cry of rage he threw the lighter out of the window down into the air shaft.

Then we all lit up with good old-fashioned corner-grocery Swedish matches, the odiferous, sulphurous kind that come about a thousand in a nickel box. Then suddenly the office door was pushed open and three firemen confronted us.

"Which one of you guys threw this down the air shaft?" they demanded.

"I did," gulped Blinks.

"Well, you're under arrest for attempted arson. The darned thing ignited when it struck the ground and the blaze burned down the two adjoining buildings."

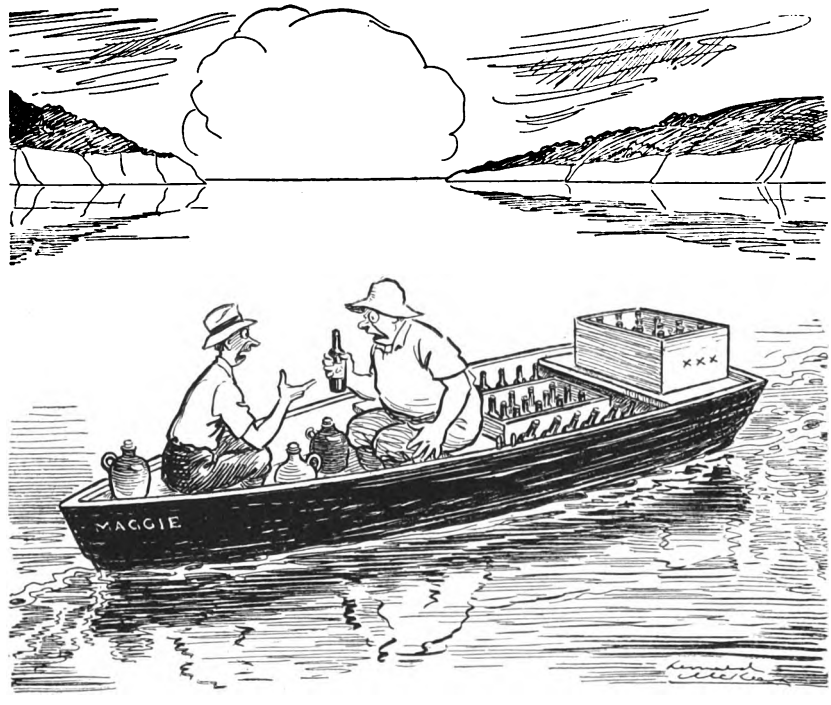
Arthur L. Lippmann

Let There Be Light

THIS morning Blinks came to work with his new, sterling silver, self-starting, hundred-cigars-to-the-quart cigar lighter. "A German invention," whispered Blinks to me across the double-entry ledgers, "it's fool-proof, sanitary, economical and quite fashionable. You see it works this way"—and Blinks rotated the little emery wheel briskly with his thumb. Again he pressed it, but no spark rewarded his efforts.

"Probably ran out of gasoline," apologized Blinks, dispatching the office boy for a gallon of the fluid, "went to a smoker last night and the gol-darned thing was hitting on all six." In due time the urchin appeared and Blinks poured gasoline into the lighter.

"Get your cigars ready, boys," admonished Blinks, "and watch this little engine light 'em up. Eight or nine of the boss' cigars drooped from as many mouths and Blinks optimistically spun the little wheel. He



CHAMPION KICKER—*This is a fishing expedition, and you've forgotten the rods and tackle!*

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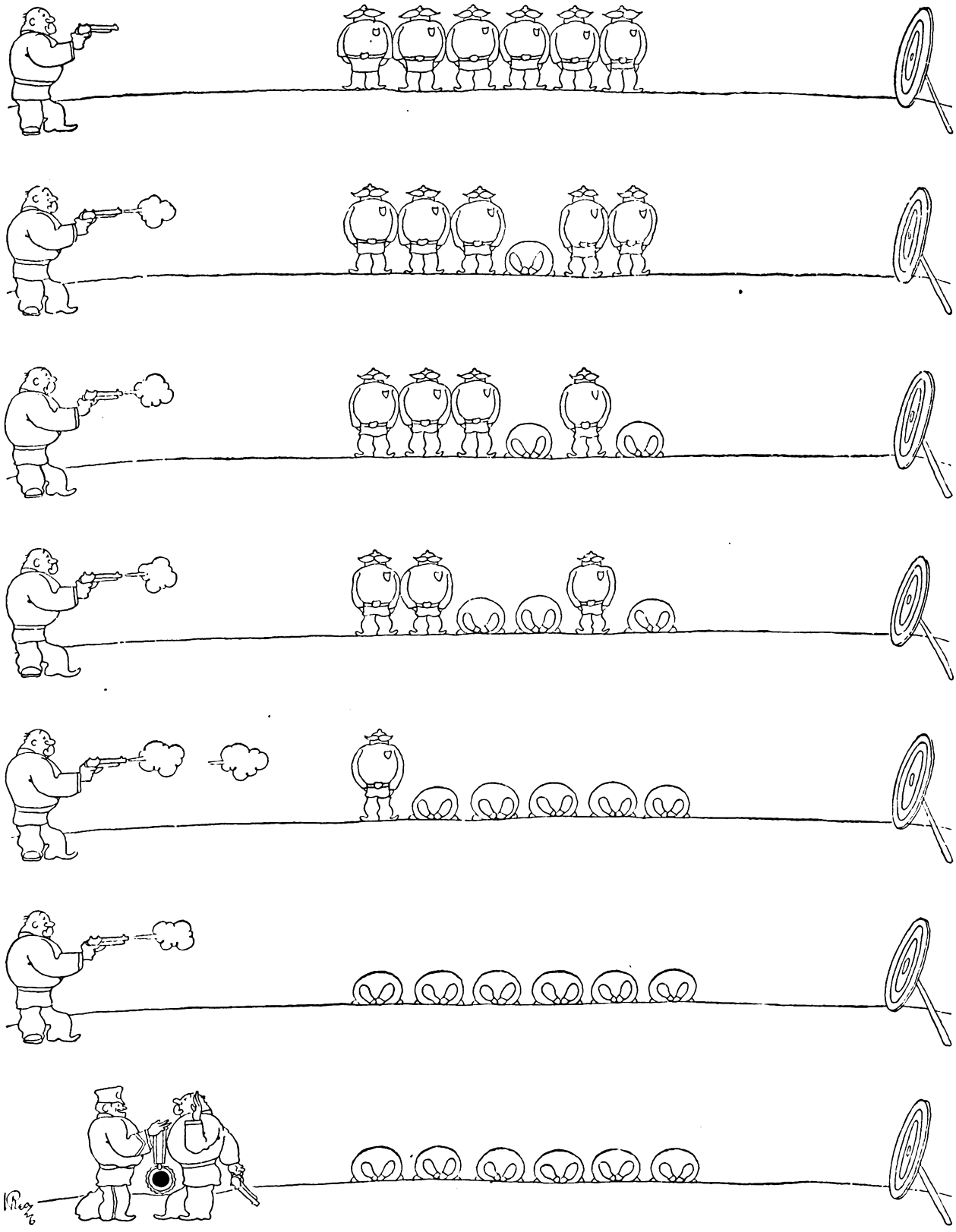
TARGET PRACTICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—



JUDGING BY RESULTS IN PUBLIC

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Girl Scout doing daily act of kindness.

A Dire Calamity

REGINALD went out into the night, despair in his heart, despair blacker than the dense blackness of that gloomy, starless night. His humiliation knew no bounds. His senses were leaden, benumbed by that cruel blow that Fate had inflicted upon his sensitive soul.

Nowhere could he find respite from that gnawing, consuming monster, remorse. Nowhere could he find peace for his burdened conscience. All through the long dreary night he walked the streets, brooding over that dreadful calamity that had without warning swept him into the maelstrom of abject misery.

He could never more face the woman whose love had meant everything to him. He must hide his head in shame, and put her out of his life forever.

She had innocently, trustingly invited him to her home that night, all unsuspecting that he could be guilty of such a thing, and he had betrayed her confidence, he had forfeited the right to bask in the light of her love, or even her friendship, yes even her acquaintance. Forever must he be an outcast where once he was a welcome guest.

This, all this pitiless wretchedness he had brought upon himself because, in eating his salad he had inadvertently used the wrong fork.

Florence Vanard Crane

Cigarette box and holder, for your office desk.

Some Gunning

"HANDS up!"

Brown heard the command—and found himself gazing into the barrel of a glittering revolver.

"Hands up! Do you hear!"

Brown, however, heeded not. Instead—from his right-hand coat pocket he produced a deadly-looking black automatic. He covered his coverer.

"Throw that dollar paper weight down!" he cried. "And come across with your dough. Snappy! Do you hear me! Or I'll shoot you dead in your shoes!"

Down clattered the dollar paper weight—for such indeed it was, and well Brown knew it, for he had one of his own at home.

Without any argument the fellow passed over a wad of bills, his hands trembling violently.

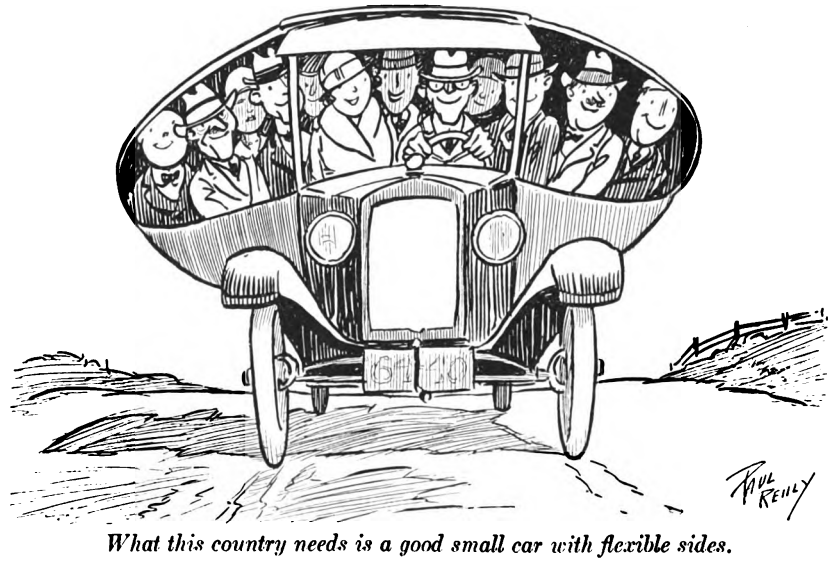
Brown pocketed the money. "All right," he said. "Be on your way! And make it speedy!"

The would-be hold-up-man rapidly departed.

"Well," said Brown to himself, "a case of justifiable robbery if there ever was one! The Robin Hood idea up to date. I rob the robber and give to the poor. I am the poor. Oh, well, now for a nice smoke."

And pulling the trigger of his deadly looking black automatic, he selected one of the cork-tipped Egyptians exposed to view as the top of the gun jumped up.

Arthur Neale



What this country needs is a good small car with flexible sides.

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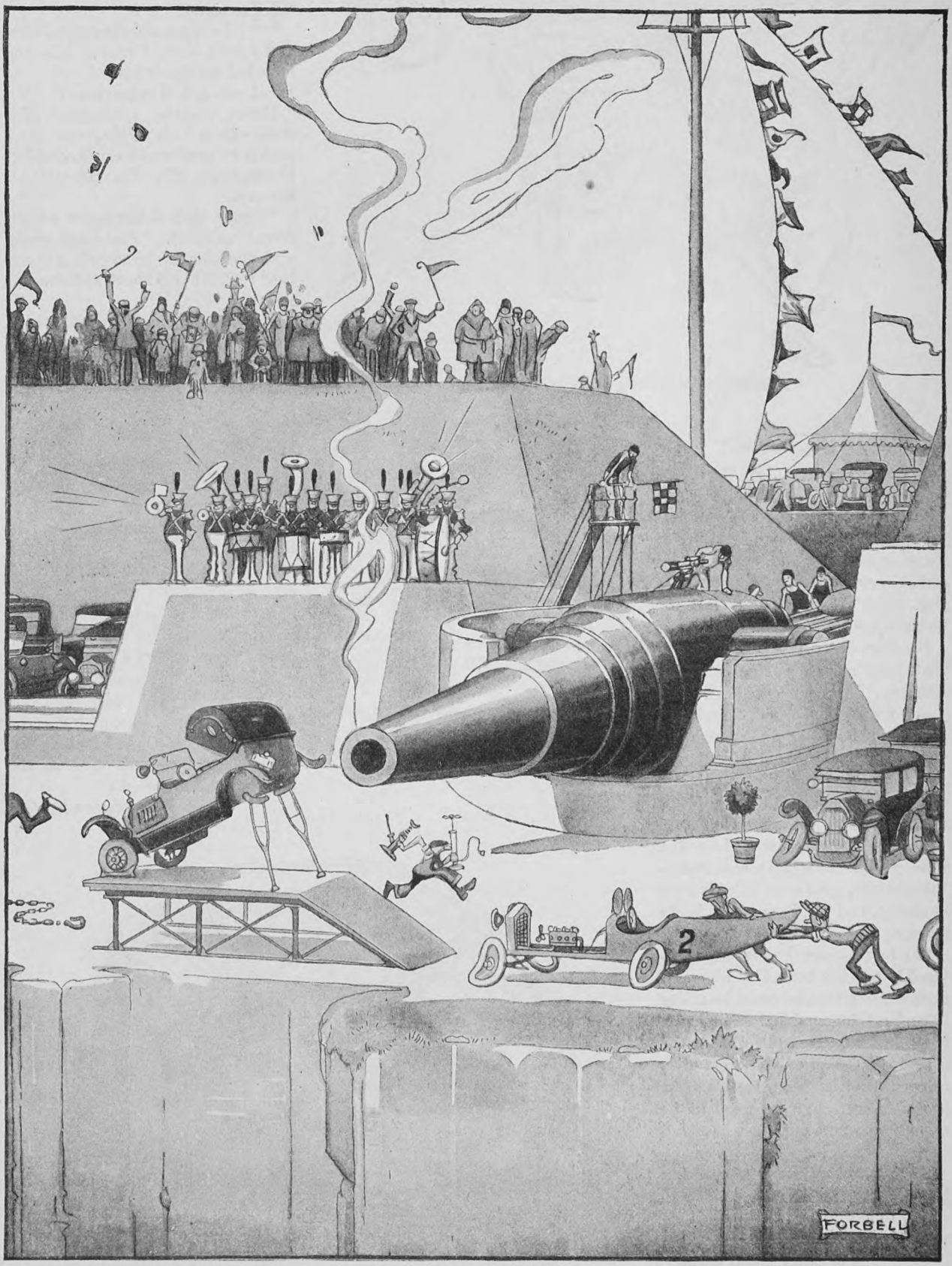
UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 8—THE USED CAR OWNERS

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HIGH HAT

Miss Edith G—, of this here now metropolis, writes in and informs me that the latest fancy of the so-called younger set is to go on "Tattooing Parties" . . . . . it seems that there are professional tattooers down where the queue begins (Ha! ha! that's Chinatown!) so the boys and girls have inaugurated the brilliant idea of going there and getting all tattooed up . . . . my gracious, what's the younger generation coming to!

Speaking of the young generation and parties, have you been to a "Sober Party" yet? . . . . . it's a brand new idea—no liquor of any kind is served and you'd be surprised what a kick there is to it . . . . it's so *different!* . . . . . Wouldn't it be terrible if this idea caught on and became popular!

Remember the drink I told you about last week . . . . . the drink made of black tea, brewed and bottled? . . . Well I made some, bottled it and let it stand for two days . . . . . Now I know why they say it has a kick . . . . . the kick comes when you taste the darn stuff—it's terrible!

I think I must be going a little cuckoo . . . . . the other night I went to see a new play called "Glory Hallelujah" and got a great kick out of it. . . . . June Walker's performance, I thought, was wonderful and Charles Bickford's, in fact the whole cast . . . . . and the idea of the play (the expected coming of the world to an end) interested me tremendously . . . . . the way the impending doom of it was built up and its reaction on different people, the hysteria, the Government bulletins over the radio, the placing of the country under martial law, the creeping cold and darkness appealed to my imagination . . . . . and Brother Nathan and the other critics panned it! . . . . . I've been planning for the last year to go and see "Abie's Irish Rose," but I'm afraid to now . . . . I'd probably like it!

My book review this week consisted of reading Work's new book on Bridge with the new 1926 laws . . . . I expect to win a lot of money now. . . . . By the way, have you played any Contract Bridge? . . . . . it makes a great game . . . . . you score only for the number of tricks you bid no matter how many you take . . . . . 1,000 points for a Grand Slam and 500 for a "little," but you have to bid it!

The Six Best "Steppers:"

"The Blue Room" (*The Girl Friend*).

"The Girl Friend (*The Girl Friend*).

"After I Say I'm Sorry" (*No show*).

"Whistle Away Your Blues" (*Greenwich Follies*).

"A Girl in Your Arms" (*Sweetheart Time*).

"No Fooling" (*Palm Beach Nights*).

Next week is the big *Saturday Evening Post* Number so there will be no "High Hat" . . . . Hurray!

Gridley Jr.

Unpublished Testimonials

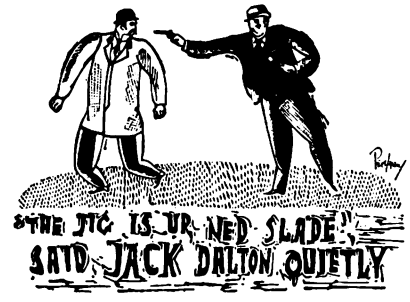
Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Quiltie's Cute Cigar Stores

For years and years back I never could find the kind of cigars I really wanted, even in dry weather. Usually they was too light, too short or sometimes even stepped on and all broken up which afterwards was I the same. Then I read about your secret system of giving four times so many coupons but each one worth a eighth of what usually they was, with matinees on Tuesdays and Saturdays. To-day I am completely recovered and if it wasn't for Quiltie's Cute Cigar Stores, what with telephones, stamps, sandwiches, witchazel, radios, graham crackers, and motor boat engines, I would of got soaked through to the skin many's the time.

Rosie's Rosin for Rare Rabbitts

Many, many years ago came to our house my baby sister since she is just about to get herself married already and when we was riding together our bicycles up parks and through the tunnels just outside the sitting-room she fell out of the carriage and knocked three of her spokes out so that left only her and me if all of us should be counted. She didn't seem to mind it at first until one day the windshield went to pieces and for weeks she never could sleep before she went to bed, but now we got some of your Rosie's Rosin for Rare Rabbitts and is all having a fine time once again. Hoping your is better, too, etc., if any. *Richard Wallace*



"Brush off your coat sleeve, Frank, there is dust on it," said a fellow the other day to the great detective, who was also something of a wit. "There is no need for brushing off the sleeve, I shall simply brush off the dust," replied the latter quizzically. The mortification of the first speaker was extreme.

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PEEK-A-BOO!

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

The Blind Goddess

A NEWSDEALER named Felix Caragianes has been fined $100 for selling the April issue of the *American Mercury* in Harvard Square, Cambridge. Let us consider for a moment some of the implications of this fact. The article, "Hatrack," in the magazine, against which complaint had been lodged by the Rev. J. Frank Chase of the Watch and Ward Society, had already received a clean bill of health from a Boston judge in an official hearing. The customers of the guilty newsdealer, to whom he sold the *Mercury*, are Harvard professors and students. The magazine itself, highly conservative in appearance and selling for fifty cents a copy, makes its appeal solely to the sophisticated intellectual. No doubt it was virtually buried on the newsstand under stacks of cheap, gaudy, sexy trash advertising, quite legally, the intimate confessions of morbid morons. And finally, the unfortunate newsdealer had probably never looked inside its covers, much less suspected it of harboring poison for the morals of the young.

Put yourself in his place. His name sounds Spanish. Perhaps he's one of the million and a half Mexicans now spread over the land, hungry for the stability, morality and justice of their great northern neighbor. He has been tempted at times (who hasn't?) to turn bootlegger and reap the rich rewards, especially in a college town, of a lawlessness that is rarely punished. But he has said to the little woman, "No, I would like to get you a Cadillac. But it's better to have a safe, respectable little business where they can't touch you, and a Ford. We'll get our reward some day."

And here it is in the shape of a $100 fine for selling a high-brow magazine to college men.

Addition

WE HAVE already expressed our opinion that "Hatrack," far from being obscene or tending to corrupt the morals of the young, simply blazes with morality. In other words, it tells a sordid story with infinite irony, its only offense being truth. We doubt if even a professional smut hound could find anything suggestive in it and we still cling to the theory that the Rev. J. Frank Chase thought of it simply as a chance to get even with his friend Mencken. Such are the scruples of our self-constituted censors.

As for the belated ruling of the Post Office Department barring it from the mails after the entire edition had been distributed, we can't help wondering what the Methodist Vatican knows about this feeble political gesture. You may remember that "Hatrack" is part of a series by its author, Herbert Asbury, entitled "Up from Methodism," and that the same issue of the magazine contains a satirical outline of the history of Methodism in the United States. Also that two and two make four.

Sacrilege

EVEN the New York *Herald-Tribune*, in the course of a vitriolic attack upon H. L. Mencken, editor of the *Mercury*, admits there is nothing obscene about "Hatrack." "In our judgment the article does not deserve suppression on the ground of obscenity," it says. But then it continues: "There are, however, substantial grounds for suppression on the score of sacrilege. The portrayal of vice operating in a cemetery is calculated to shock the feelings of anyone with a decent regard for the dead. This part of the article is simply revolting. We do not know what the laws of Massachusetts are, but there ought surely to be some method of suppressing a public affront to hallowed ground."

Probably even the *Herald-Tribune* writer has heard of the famous book of epitaphs in free verse entitled, "Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar Lee Masters. In keeping with these epitaphs some ribald soul has parodied one of the stanzas in Gray's "Elegy," as follows:

> "Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The lewd forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

If Farmington, Mo., the scene of "Hatrack," is anything like Spoon River—and they're not very far apart geographically—there was no desecration of hallowed ground in the story. Quite the contrary.

* * * * *

INCIDENTALLY, Herbert Asbury, the author of "Hatrack," is, or was, a reporter on the *Herald-Tribune*, where no doubt he acquired the habit of accuracy displayed in his story.

* * * * *

WITHIN a few days of its tirade against Mencken and "Hatrack," the *Herald-Tribune* printed the report of a liquor seizure in which the dry raiders used a cemetery for purposes of ambush. Now that *was* sacrilege.

* * * * *

"THERE ought surely to be some method of suppressing a public affront (of that nature) to hallowed ground."

W. M. H.

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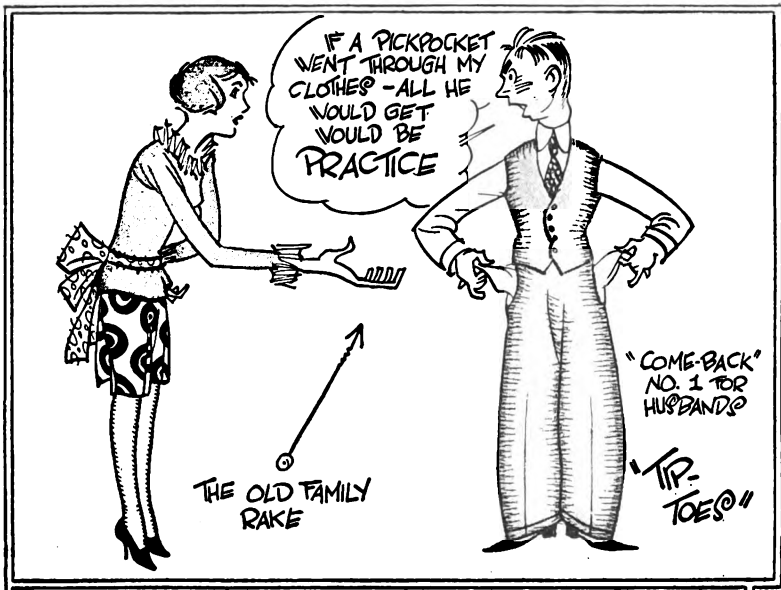
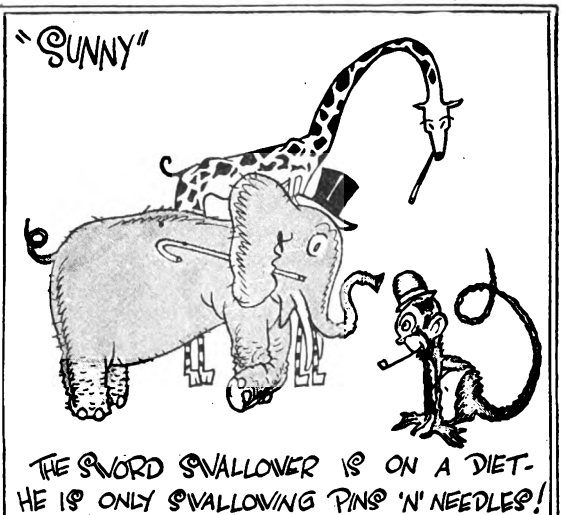
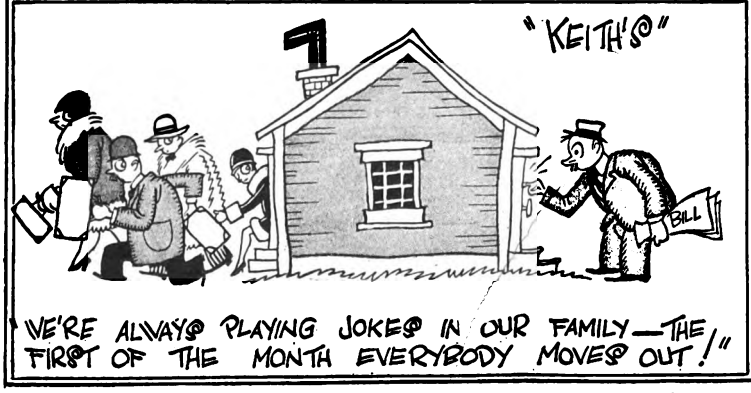
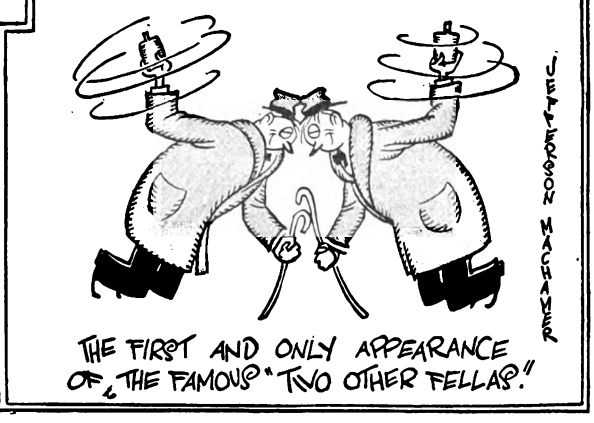
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS









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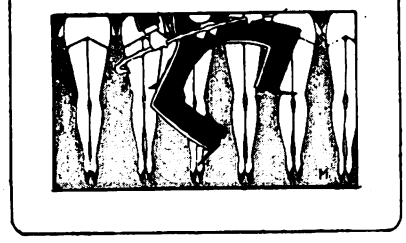
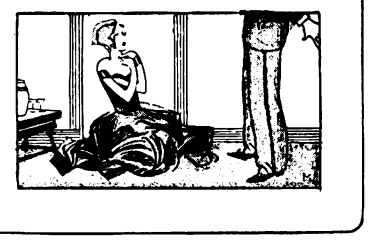
JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan





I

THE Messrs. Shubert have recently made two revivals. At the Century Theater they have revived "Pinafore," with Marguerite Namara, Marion Green, John E. Hazzard and Tom Burke, and at the Cosmopolitan Theater they have revived Mrs. Whiffen, Wilton Lackaye, William Seymour, Henry E. Dixey, Robert Loraine, May Robson and Henrietta Crosman with "The Two Orphans." In the latter case, the resuscitation has not been complete, although the old boys and girls show symptoms of being still able to walk.

Every year, at about this time, some tender-hearted manager gets a lot of these old-timers together, puts a large box of vigor pills in each of their dressing-rooms, and lets them enjoy themselves in some ancient *opus* that makes no more demands upon what acting talent they have left than the ability to look not over sixty-five years old in rôles calling for actors and actresses in the early twenties. The first-night audiences, of course, always respectfully applaud these mementoes of a bygone era in the same way that folks always take off their hats when a funeral goes by, and the old boys and girls, bless them, habitually delude themselves that the sympathetic hand-clapping is of exactly the same quality as that handed out to Glenn Hunter and Marilyn Miller. And so everybody is tickled to death except the manager, who is generally dam lucky if he doesn't lose his shirt when Saturday night, with the intervening competition of the movies, comes 'round.

Why anyone should want to revive "The Two Orphans" is as much of a puzzle to me as why anyone would want to revive bosom shirts that fasten to the top pants button. The reason must lie in the susceptible hearts of the managers and their desire to do a good turn to needy actors who have spent the major portion of their lives joining unions to make the lives of the managers themselves just about as uncomfortable as possible.

Of the troupe assembled to play the outdated French melodrama, relatively the most interesting are Wilton Lackaye, Henrietta Crosman, whose agreeable voice age has not withered, and the venerable Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

Although the cast of "Pinafore" contains, in addition to the performers named, one or two such souvenirs of the past as Fay Templeton, there is not the slightest air of grandma's day to the production. The feel of modernity permeates the theater. "Pinafore" itself is, of course, always young and kicking: time cannot dim its fine luster. The Messrs. Shubert have done nobly by Gilbert and Sullivan in a scenic direction and the singing company is quite up to the scenery. It is a pleasure to recommend the evening to you.

"The Two Orphans" (Cosmopolitan)—Revivalismus. Glance leftward.

"Glory Hallelujah" (Broadhurst)—Glance rightward.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Beck)—A box-office view of China.

"Bride of the Lamb" (Greenwich)—Fr[illegible] visits a revival meeting with interesting [illegible]sult.

"Pinafore" (Century)—A production [illegible] grand manner. Worth your attention.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Engaging comedy of adolescent English youngsters.

"Kongo" (Biltmore)—Stentorian flapdoodle.

"The Great God Brown" (Garrick)—The best American play of the year. See it by all means.

"Juno and the Paycock" (Mayfair)—Sean O'Casey's diverting Irish tragi-comedy.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—The editor of JUDGE has now seen this one four times. The editor of JUDGE is responsible for the upside-down number of JUDGE.

"The Makropoulos Secret" (Hopkins)—Mrs. Ponce de Leon visits Czechoslovakia.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador)—James Rennie as the interesting hero of Scott Fitzgerald's best novel.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Still going to the mystification of us great critical professors.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—An antidote to Ibsen revivals.

"The Jazz Singer" (Cort)—Sentimentality with a Ghetto flavor.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—All the Marxes but mamma and papa.

"Beau Gallant" (Ritz)—Haven't got around to this one yet.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Harris)—"The Chorus Lady" takes a job in a department store.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—The nimble feet of Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue.

"Puppy Love" (48th St.)—A poor one.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—A good one.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—Dine, dance, smoke and be merry.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—Ina Claire as a light-fingered lady.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Weak stuff enlivened by Claiborne Foster.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—Julius Tannen and Joe Cook make up for the presence of Frank Tinney.

"Love-in-a-Mist" (Gaiety)—To be reviewed next week.

"Square Crooks" (Elliott)—Stale stuff.

"Rainbow Rose" (Forrest)—Feeble musical comedy.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—Commendable one.

"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—Cheap boob-bumper.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Ditto.

"The Creaking Chair" (Lyceum)—Stereotyped mystery exhibit.

"Tip-Toes" (Lyric)—Gershwin triumphs over dismal libretto.

II

"GLORY HALLELUJAH," by the MM. Mitchell and Bloch is a paraphrase of Henning Berger's "The Deluge," on which Arthur Hopkins lost numerous cases of Scotch several years ago, into which the authors have inserted something like two or three hundred cuss words by way of jouncing the boobletariat. The net impression of the evening, accordingly, is of a longshoreman's side of a joint debate with the Rev. Dr. Charles Rann Kennedy.

The play deals with the effect of an announcement that the world is coming to an end upon the ignorant

(*Continued on page 29*)

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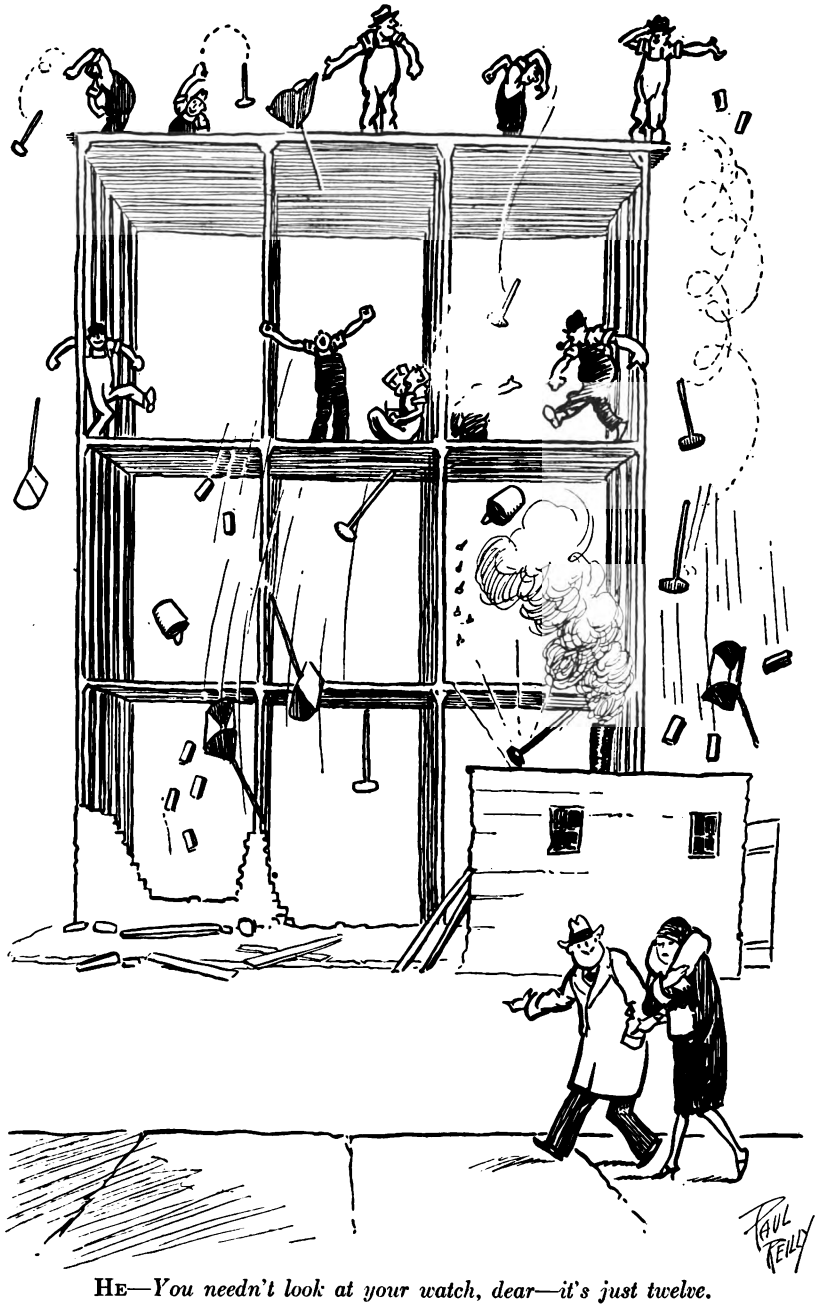


HE—*You needn't look at your watch, dear—it's just twelve.*

From the Criminals' Chronicle

The New and Progressive Trade Paper

Crime Is Now One of the Big Industries of the Country. Annual Returns in It Total High in the Hundreds of Millions

Business Troubles

THE Ace-High Safe-Blowing Company filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, listing among assets ten pairs of rubber gloves, 200 pounds of dynamite and eight drills. The liabilities include three new jail sentences just issued to the partners.

The Chelsea Check Raising and Note Forging Corporation has been compelled to reduce its personnel temporarily. One of the partners has been compelled to go to Atlanta for a few years and the other to Ossining, N. Y. The company is still doing business at the old stand.

Harry A. Sweeney, trading as "Red Hal," announces that he will discontinue his automobile stealing company on November 15 and become a sailor on a Coast Guard vessel. He sold his route to the Ajax Auto Pilfering Associates and the latter will now cover his former territory.

New Incorporations

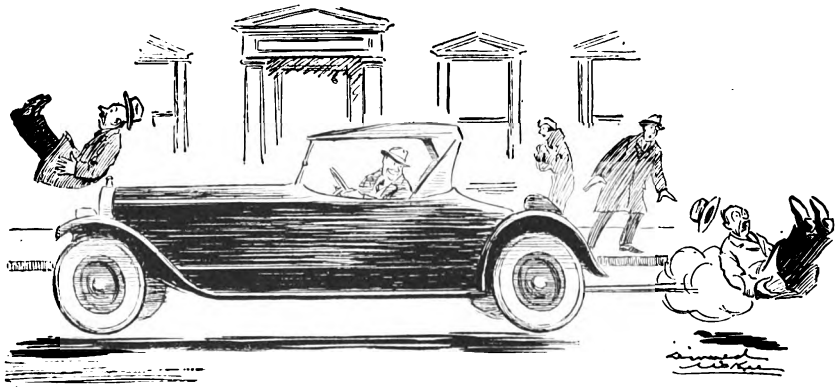
Kid Grogan, Kid Canelli and Gyp Pisani are named as officers and directors in the Payroll Robbing Company, Inc., just formed. It is said the incorporators are well known in the trade and should be successful unless shot too soon.

The Hotel Towel Pilfering Company will cover all the first-class hotels in the country. Prominent on the board of directors are three well-known former traveling salesmen. "A good hundred towels a day will be our record," announces the president, Dave Harris.

The Outlook

Payroll robbing should improve by leaps and bounds, while automobile stealing will fall off until the spring. There will be healthy activity in diamond stealing and check forging. It is recommended that expansion be attempted slowly until pawnshop prices go higher.

Cyrano



Why not cause the backfire to discharge a load of buckshot so that the car can do execution in two directions at once?

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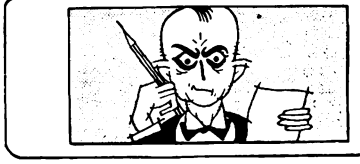
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



"*The Big Parade*"—Establishes a standard.
"*A Woman of the World*"—Pola Negri in a clever adaptation of "The Tattooed Countess."
"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart comes back.
"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Oscar Wilde wouldn't recognize it.
"*A Kiss for Cinderella*"—Quite worthy of Barrie.
"*Bluebeard's Seven Wives*"—A good sardonic laugh at the movies.
"*Womanhandled*"—Richard Dix makes the Wild West wild.
"*Mannequin*"—Fanny Hurst's prize story. Heigho!
"*That Royle Girl*"—Mannequins, crooks, cyclones.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Jack Barrymore in a mutilation of "Moby Dick."
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney does his stuff brilliantly.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Charming travelogue.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Smooth comedy with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo gives a finished performance of a sophisticated rôle.
"*La Bohème*"—Lillian Gish makes a touching Mimi.
"*Let's Get Married*"—Richard Dix makes it amusing.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore in farce and fashion show.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Fairbanks' feats in color.
"*First Year*"—Slapstick version of Frank Craven's comedy.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson as an ill-tempered woman.
"*My Own Pal*"—Tom Mix jumps his horse into an open box car.
"*The Barrier*"—Lots of ice and Lionel Barrymore.
"*Desert Gold*"—Sappy Western.
"*The New Klondike*"—Florida boom farce.
"*The Devil's Circus*"—Melodrama with a few slight variations from the formula.
"*The Crown of Lies*"—Balkan romance with Poli Negri.
"*Bride of the Storm*"—Dolores Costello is rescued from three Dutchmen in a lighthouse.

IT IS safe to say that "The Flaming Frontier" was not meant as a burlesque. Otherwise, it wouldn't have lapses which almost trip one into taking it seriously. Some of the scenes at West Point, for instance, are a little hard to laugh off. But take it all in all the screen affords no richer example of naïve melodrama.

It was written by the man who directed it. No doubt this explains a great deal. Edward Sedgwick, its author and director, evidently belongs to the motion picture fraternity heart and soul; he is an alumnus of the school whose slogan reads, "knock 'em cold!" Hence his plot plays a halting second to his spectacle; his villain, who wears a black mustache curled at the ends, does all but yell, "Curse you, Jack Dalton!" and his General Custer displays all the exclamatory gestures of the original ham.

The main purpose of "The Flaming Frontier" is to reproduce the famous fight at Little Big Horn in which the legions of Sitting Bull trapped and annihilated Custer's command. Here was (or is, for that matter) a splendid opportunity for the pictures. But to be done convincingly there should be no skimping of expense. Unfortunately, in "The Flaming Frontier" there are distinct indications of economy all along the line. I noted, for example, that in the gathering of the "ten thousand" Indians there was an obvious effort to multiply a few score supers into the requisite number by having them mill about in circles. This scene seemed to be repeated several times, as did one in which a covey of naked braves came running to the rendezvous on foot. Finally in the hurly-burly of the battle scene I thought I detected the same soldiers dying more than once. After the precedent set by Nathan Hale this is pure sacrilege.

The best actor in the picture is George Fawcett, who takes the part of Senator Stanwood. Bob Langdon, the hero, played by Hoot Gibson, starts out well as a Pony Express

(*Continued on page 26*)

BURGLAR—*Oh, fer Gawd's sake! An' me wit'.a nawful headache.*

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Figure it out for yourself.
—CORNELL WIDOW

To a Playing Child

Child of beauty never-cloying,
Child of grace and symmetry,
You had better cease annoying
Me.

I'll admit I love to hear you
When your laugh rings high; and
then
I am eager to be near you
When

You perform. I'm in your clutch; my
Will is yours whate'er you're at:
But—you simply must not touch my
Hat.

All the future centers in your
Restive undeveloped form,
In your virgin glowing skin; your
Warm

Eyes are rich with light. But, dear, a
Book is *not* for tearing out:
Stop it, or I'll hand your ear a
Clout!
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

❧❧❧

Rastus—We cotched one of de boys wid loaded dice.

His Boss—You should ostracize him.

"Dat's what I wanted to do, but I didn't hab mah razor wid me."
—*Texas Ranger*

THE CHEER

People who live in glass houses should be discreet about the matter.
—*Texas Ranger*

❧❧❧

The best recommendation for a blind date—"and she's every other inch a lady." —*Wesleyan Wasp*

"*If my new invention doesn't work, I'll—*"
"*W-what, Frank?*"
"*Have to myself.*"
—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

"*Where do little boys go who shoot craps on the Sabbath?*"
"*In some alley.*"
—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

Triolet of an Excellent but Forgotten Idea

I formed a wondrous thought
Before I fell asleep.
Last night, fantastic wrought,
I formed a wondrous thought.
This morning I forgot
It all, but this I keep:
I formed a wondrous thought
Before I fell asleep.
—*Toronto Goblin*

❧❧❧

"Isn't it gorgeous?" exlaimed the school-teacher as she viewed the Grand Canyon.
—*Notre Dame Juggler*

❧❧❧

Buck—Do you know what a patriot is?

Private—Sure, he's a fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for your country.
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

❧❧❧

Frosh (rushing into library)—I want the life of Cæsar.

Librarian—Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it. —*Colgate Banter*

❧❧❧

Aviator—If we were on land I would kiss you.

She—Take me down at once, sir!
—*Texas Ranger*

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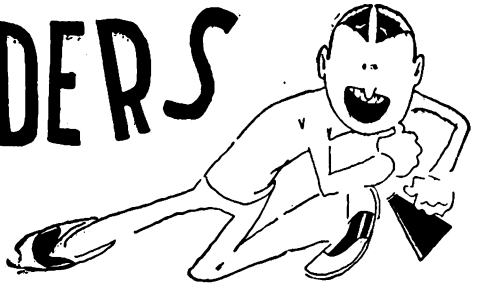
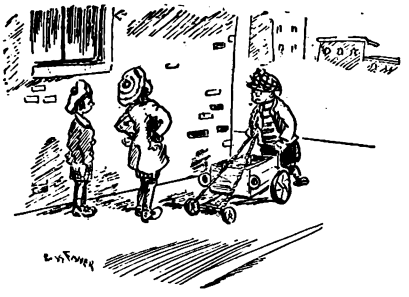
LEADERS





INDIGANT DAMSEL—*Go for a ride? I should say not! I've read all about your kind in Torrid Tales!*
—TORONTO GOBLIN

Did you ever hear of the guy who was so dumb he thought a Prima Donna was a picture of a woman with a baby in her arms?
—*Tennessee Mugwump*

He—I dare do all that may become a gentleman.
She—Who dares do more is none.
—*Wesleyan Wasp*

"What would your father say if he saw you out at this time of night?"
"He'd say, 'Don't tell ma!' "
—YALE RECORD

MICK—*I had a hot mamma last night.*
DICK—*The one I took was boiled, too.* —CALIFORNIA PELICAN

I am through with women; I can't understand them.

Last Thursday I was walking up the hill with Marie. Marie is a nice girl, all her friends tell her so. We got confidential. "Tell me," she said, "my faults."

I thought to use tact. Flowery phrase after flowery phrase flowed from my lips. She stopped me in the middle. "You're lying to me," she said. "You're trying to be 'nice.' I hate you." And she walked on.

Last night I went on a date with Lenore. We got confidential. "Tell me," she said, "my faults."

I remembered Marie. I told her.

"You nasty thing," she said, "I hate you." And she walked ahead.

Whonell called them the fair sex?
—*Wisconsin Octopus*

LESSONS IN CULTURE FOR MORONS

How to get a thrill out of the classics.
—OHIO STATE SUN DIAL

At Least It Gets Results

"George and Ruth are always kissing. Do you think it's good form?"
"Of course it's good for 'em."
—*Lehigh Burr*

Student—I want a pillow case.
Sweet Young Thing—What size?
"I don't know, but I wear a size six and seven-eighths hat."
—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

"George has a new inferiority complex."
"What sorority is she?"
—*Wisconsin Octopus*

DINER—*Where were you born?*
WAITER—*Ireland.*
"Ireland? Now just why?"
"I wanted to be near my mother."
—BOSTON BEANPOT

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Investment Bureau

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A "Corrected" Situation

by Theodore Williams

THE violent churning of the securities market in March was succeeded in April by duller and steadier proceedings. Price variations were limited in range, more normal, and a feeling of uncertainty as to the future was widespread. Yet the impression seemed to grow stronger that surface and not deep-seated conditions had caused the abrupt setback in the bull market.

General business showed no signs of halting, much less of a collapse, such as stock transactions had indicated. So far as is evident just now the late conduct of the market did not prove a reliable barometer of business. Industry and commerce are holding their own, even if not progressing rapidly, and in spite of complaints of lessened profits in some quarters. Increased dividends have been numerous in the first third of 1926, and these could hardly have been declared had the outlook for production been doubtful.

To be sure, there are some possibilities of trouble from a political direction. This is a congressional election year, and if the control of the next Congress should be won by men of radical tendencies, or by men directly opposed to the fiscal policy of the present Administration, more or less unsettlement would be inevitable. Another of the too-frequent revisions of the tariff, for instance, would create disturbance in the world of business. Business still needs a period of rest from unsettling influences, and capital is proverbially timid and easily daunted. But should the conservative forces prevail there is little likelihood of a bad break in the business situation.

The fundamental soundness of business was potent in preventing even worse disaster on the exchanges than the recent drastic crashes. Unless something unforeseen occurs, this barrier against future smashes will be effective, even if it cannot preclude temporary unfavorable technical positions due to manipulations.

Another important check to further declines has been liberal investment buying by investors who have been waiting for just such a chance. Many speculators also who failed to realize profits have been purchasing their stocks rather than taking heavy losses on margins and holding them for a better valuation, which they believe will come. It is scarcely necessary at this time to merely speculate. There are many stocks which can be bought for income with chances of eventually advancing.

Most observers, however, have been predicting a creeping rather than a rushing up of values for some time to come.

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H., RIDGWAY, PA.: Among reasonably safe bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and yielding more on market price than your requirement of 6 per cent., are Bethlehem Steel 6s, Dodge Bros. 6s, International Paper 6s, Seaboard Air Line 6s and Federal Light and Traction 6s. Preferred stocks listed on the Exchange and meeting your wish for a return of 7 per cent. or better include Rock Island 7 per cent. pfd., Chrysler 8 per cent. pfd., Sinclair Consol. Oil 8 per cent. pfd., Crucible Steel 7 per cent. pfd., Dodge Bros. 7 per cent. pfd., and International Paper 7 per cent. pfd. Under favoring conditions all the above should be profitable long pull investments.

S., LEHIGHTON, PA.: The Victor Talking Machine Co. fell behind in 1925, but appears to be coming back this year. There is a great demand for its new machines, and so far in 1926 it has been pushed with orders. Should this prosperity continue the stock may reach a higher level. The market price recently advanced materially, but later receded considerably. The stock is not paying dividends, and is not a distinctly good speculation. The Texon Oil & Land Co. reports a greatly improved financial condition. It has acquired interests in prospering oil corporations, and not long ago declared a dividend of 20 cents per share (par $1). Its over the counter price of $3¼ is based on expectations and to some extent discounts the latter.

B., WASHINGTON, D. C.: American La France Engine Co. did a very fair amount of business in 1925, though its earnings on common did not greatly exceed the yearly dividend of $1. The amount of outstanding stock was lately increased so that it will be necessary to earn somewhat more in order to maintain the common dividend. The common stock is a business man's purchase more speculative and with less investment merit than the preferred. The company's future appears promising.

R., HARRISVILLE, N. Y.: In unsettled times in the stock market the best and safest investments for the average man or woman are first mortgage real estate bonds, paying 6, 6½, 7 or 8 per cent., offered by responsible houses.

M., LOS ANGELES, CAL.: The Lago Oil and Transport Corporation has acquired the Lago Petroleum Corporation's property and is a subsidiary of the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company which is a strong and successful organization. Lago Oil's production is already considerable and is to be largely increased. Apparently there is a future for the corporation, but when dividends will be declared cannot be foreseen.

E., VANCOUVER, B. C.: Your problem seems to be a little mixed and it may take some time to straighten things out. The North American Co. is a great public utility organization which seems to have a big future. It might pay in the long run to hold the stock. But the present price of common, which is several points below your purchase figure, shows the adverse effect of the recent hard drives against public utilities, the company's practice of paying the common dividend so often in stock instead of cash, and the recent issue of several hundred thousand dollars of stock to pay for new properties. A substantial increase of outstanding shares naturally tends to lower the price per share. How far this is to go cannot be foreseen. Although the company is said to have had a very good year in 1925, the stock is not over attractive just now. If you could sell it without too much loss, it would be well to do so, and to invest the proceeds in such sterling issues as Union Pacific, Atchison, or New York Central.

L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Marland Oil can hardly be classed as a strictly "safe investment." The oil industry is too uncertain for that. Marland stock is rather a business man's purchase. A sound industrial, railroad or public utility issue is ordinarily more dependable than an oil or mining stock. A more reliable purchase would seem to be American Steel Foundries common, the dividend paying motor shares or Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. preferred.

W., WOODSIDE, L. I.: The Commercial Credit Corp., having done well in 1925 and having increased its dividend, its stock may claim to be a good business man's investment. Its speculative possibilities may be fair, but Armour & Co. A, paying an equal dividend and selling several points lower, would be a better purchase merely for income. Armour B, a non-dividend payer, may in the course of speculation run up several points, but that can't be surely foreseen.

D., MAHANOY CITY, PA.: Although the Bethlehem Steel Corp. is reported to be in a better position than it was last year, there is no indication that the dividend on common will be resumed soon and nobody can foresee when the stock will

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6½%

for Your Funds

CURRENT Offerings of The Milton Strauss Corporation's First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds possess every requirement made by the careful, conservative investor.

In addition to conforming to the established procedure of this house, each offering is Independently Trusteed by either a well known Bank or Trust Company.

The present offerings providing all these requirements and the attractive yield of 6½% are offered at par plus accrued interest, in maturities up to 10 years.

Mail the Coupon for Descriptive circular.

THE MILTON STRAUSS CORPORATION

First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

Penobscot Building Detroit, Mich.

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THE STRAUSS CORPORATION

COUPON

Please send me without obligation descriptive current circular No. J-51

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are mighty good friends

If the Judge Investment Bureau can give you any help in safely investing them, the pleasure is all ours.

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627 West 43d Street, New York

HOW TO READ

and Understand the

STOCK MARKET QUOTATION

column of your newspaper and how to profit by market swings is explained in Free booklet H.

PAUL KAYE 149 Broadway, New York

again reach par. The Swift International Co. had to meet severe competition and other adverse circumstances last year, and there is no certainty that it will have easier sailing this year, or that the deficit of last year will not be repeated in 1926. The stock is so "shaky" that it would be good policy to switch to a surer dividend payer. The same is true of Bethlehem Steel common, for which American Steel Foundries common would be a good substitute.

L., FARMINGTON, ME.: Bethlehem Steel 7 per cent. preferred has substantial merit and its return seems assured. United States Rubber common will remain in the speculative class until it begins to pay dividends, which its earnings would warrant, but which, officials intimate, will be deferred until the company has further strengthened its reserve.

E., BOSTON, MASS.: The Etna Life Insurance Company is strong and prosperous and there is every reason to believe it will continue so. The issue of new stock to provide capital for its automobile insurance business is probably an excellent move. The new shares (par $100) were sold at $200 per share and will no doubt be a desirable business man's investment.

D., COCHRAN, ORE.: Your questions show that you are still in the kindergarten stage of finance, and need to be very cautious in your dealings. Stocks or shares are certificates issued by a corporation showing that the holder owns a share in the business to the face amount of his certificate. A stockholder is a partner in the corporation's business. If the business prospers he gets dividends, if it is unprofitable he gets nothing. Stockholders receive no interest, only dividends when they are earned. Interest is paid on bonds alone. Bonds for the most part are like mortgages on the property of the corporation. There are some bonds which are not mortgages, but interest must be paid on all bonds before dividends can be paid on stocks. So bonds are safer to purchase than stocks. Common stock has no fixed dividend rate, but preferred stock has, and dividends on preferred must be paid before the common stock is entitled to any return. Stocks and bonds listed on the exchanges have a ready market, at some price, and this may be more or less than what was paid for them. Sinclair Consolidated Oil 8 per cent. preferred is a pretty good stock selling about 92, Dodge Brothers 7 per cent. preferred is selling at a price to yield over 8 per cent. and is an issue of merit. Armour & Co. A yields about 8 per cent. and Paige Detroit Motor common yields about 9 per cent. on market price. All these stocks are dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Stock Exchange and can be bought for you by banks or brokers. The Trust Co. of Florida, Miami, Fla., offers 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds which may be bought on the partial payment plan. They are in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000. There is a firm here in New York City which makes a specialty of first mortgage real estate bonds and could possibly find a customer for any issue an owner might want to sell. All the stocks I have mentioned have speculative possibilities and may some day sell higher.

H., GREENUP, ILL.: The merger of American Locomotive Co. and the Railway Steel Spring Co. does not involve the forming of a new organization. The American Locomotive Co. simply absorbs the Railway Steel Spring, exchanging its own stock for the issues of the Steel Spring Co. The American Locomotive secures the assets of Steel Spring by giving one share of its preferred stock for one share of Steel Spring preferred and two shares of common stock for every three shares of Steel Spring common stock. This will require a considerable increase in the amount of Locomotive capital stock, but as Locomotive will acquire profitable properties, the extra stock will have no water in it. Both companies have been dividend payers and the consolidation should benefit both, as it will round out their productive capacity and effect material economies in operation. Your better plan would seem to be to hold your American Locomotive shares.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

The Milton Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., distributor of 6½ per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds, is sending out a folder prepared by The Union Trust Company of Detroit, entitled "The Advantages to Bond Buyers of a Corporate Trustee." The corporation, besides other approved safeguards, has its bond offerings independently trusteed by well-known banks or trust companies. A copy of this folder as well as a list of current offerings may be obtained by asking the corporation for circular No. J-417.

In behalf of its 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds, The Trust Co. of Florida, Miami, Fla., declares that interest on and principal of its securities have always been paid on time. These bonds are secured by first mortgages on new income earning property, the earnings of which are pledged as added security, while part of the mortgage is paid off every year and payments are made to the trustees monthly in advance. The Trust Company has compiled a booklet containing letters from a great number of satisfied customers whom it has served during the past seventeen years. This booklet (208) is entitled "Eye Witness Testimony" and will be mailed by the company to any address.

6½% with Guaranteed Safety!

EVERY Adair First Mortgage Bond is unconditionally guaranteed by the Adair Realty & Trust Company in *writing* on the face of the bond.

Our entire capital, surplus and profits (exceeding $2,500,000), stands pledged behind each and every Adair Bond.

As further evidence of the safety of Adair Bonds, and as a final protection to the investor, Adair Bonds have been approved for insurance by one of the largest and strongest surety companies in America.

Adair Guaranteed 6½% Bonds Yield

62% more than 4% bonds
44% more than 4½% bonds
30% more than 5% bonds
18% more than 5½% bonds
8% more than 6% bonds

Basically sound, amply secured by a closed first mortgage upon income-earning properties, backed by a record of over 60 years without loss to any investor, unconditionally guaranteed, yielding 6½%, Adair Bonds are the logical investment for that portion of your estate that must be free from fluctuation, uninterrupted in the payment of interest and proof against depressions.

Attractive Tax Refunds. Serial Maturities
Denominations, $1000, $500 and $100

Mail the coupon today!

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1865*

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS $2,500,000
ATLANTA PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK: ADAIR REALTY & MORTGAGE CO., *Inc.*
270 Madison Avenue
Ownership identical

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO.,
Healey Building, Dept. G-5
Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen: Please send full information and current offerings of Adair Guaranteed 6½% Bonds.

Name.....

Address.....

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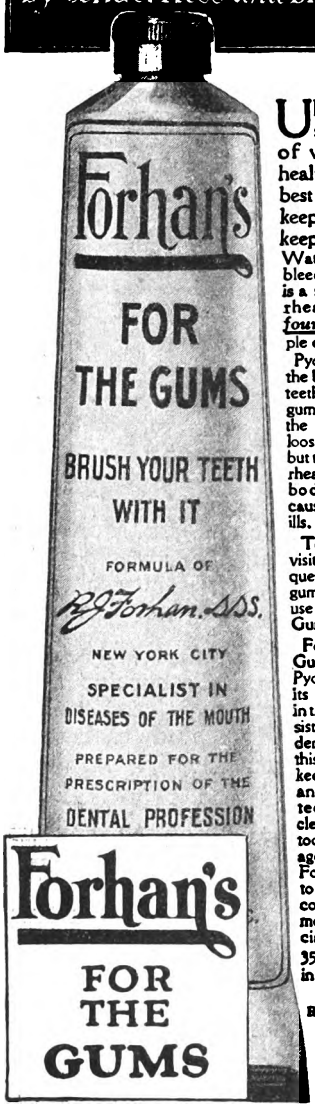
Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding



UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts *four out of five* people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen, and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO. New York

Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

STOPS SHOPPING SICKNESS

and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's. 32

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The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Always insist upon having

ABBOTT'S Tonic Appetizer For 52 Years BITTERS

Sample by mail, 25c
C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

Disorganization

The Salvation for the Future of American Business

EFFICIENCY experts have succeeded in making business so cold, mechanical and scientific that all of the fun is out of it. Once upon a time, if the president of the King Arthur Horse and Cow Feed Co. wanted to know what kind of feeds horses and cows in Rhode Island preferred, he'd hop on the train, go up to Rhode Island and see for himself. Now he sends for a chemist, two test tubes and a table of proteins, plus the comparative yearly figures. In half an hour he's got his answer, without ever having had time to play a little poker on the train to Rhode Island.

There's too much organization in business. What it needs is disorganization and that's why I'm going to make my big success.

I'm a professional disorganizer. I'll disorganize your business, after having made a thorough study of it. In six months' time it should be sufficiently disorganized to permit you to burn up all the charts, graphs, statements and maps. All of the harm done by efficiency experts I can undo for you in a jiffy.

Enjoy your business life. What is so refreshing as to crawl around under the desks looking for a lost carbon copy? There's no thrill in asking Miss Perkins to look in "File 234-BZ; Cross Section 11-2." What you need is disorganization. I predict that disorganization will restore American business to the point where it will be as much enjoyed as golf now is. Several big corporations are after me for disorganization work right now.

Mail back the enclosed post card. If your business is disorganized you don't need me. You're lucky. But if things are running too smoothly and efficiently something is wrong and you'd better correct it before you are compelled to increase your stockholders' dividends and income tax to the Government. Disorganize! To-day! *Hugh Wood*

First Love

I am dreaming of my first love,
Through the night and through the day,
For the girl who was my first love
In an unforgotten May.

I am longing for my first love
With the madness of desire,
And the soul of me is burning
With a breath of flaming fire.

I am yearning for my first love—
She's the girl I'd love to see,
For she had all that I possessed,
When she got through with me!

—London Opinion

"Watch that car, boy—and there's a terbacker cewpon for ya."

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Don't Suffer Any Longer!

DON'T suffer because you are absent-minded. The E-Z Way of Curing Absent-mindedness will show you, in five minutes, how to remember everything, from the time and place you met Mr. Addison Simms, of Seattle, to the alibi you told your wife the last time you were out until 4 A.M.

All you need do is send for our 2,456 books, read them, memorize every word and then remember to send us $1.54 plus a few cents postage.

Read what some of our successful students have to say:

"Gentlemen: Your books are wonderful. I have read them once and want to read them again. I wouldn't be without them. Please rush me a new set as I seem to have misplaced mine.—J. Abner McTurnip."

"Dear Sirs: Your course, which I have just completed, is a boon to the absent-minded. I heartily recommend it to all who are afflicted as I was before reading the books. There was something else I intended writing, but I can't recall now what it was.—Gulliver Q. O'Sniffle."

"Gentlemen: The books are simply all absorbing and have done a world of good. I started to read them for the fifth time last night while sitting in front of my fireplace. And, gentlemen, I became so interested that I tossed every volume into the fire and didn't notice that I was trying to read a log until my wife called my attention to it.—Hercules K. Larynx."

We can only add that one of our successful students, whose name will be furnished on request, is so delighted with his books that for fifty-four weeks since receiving them he has mailed us a check for them and apologized, each time, for his delay in paying. *Chet Johnson*

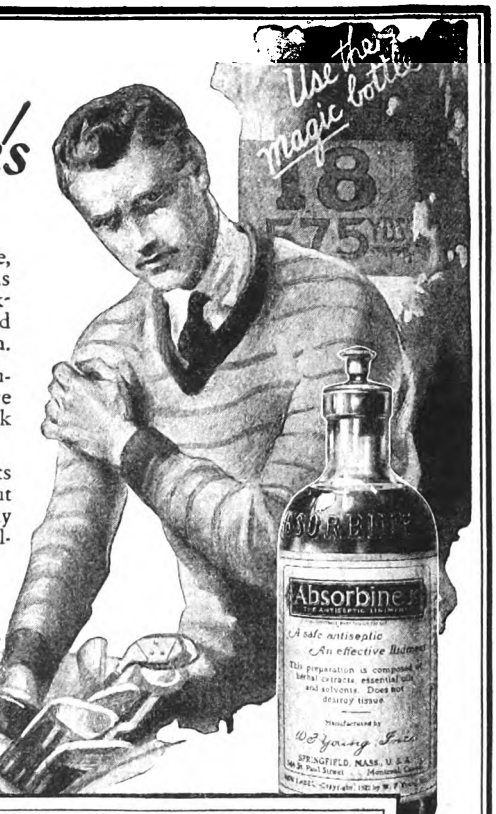
Mandel Miesbaum wrote to his grocer:

"Dear Friend: I would like you to send me a bag of pepper. I may also require some vanilla and some spice. I will go to the larder and verify. . . . I have been to the larder and found that we have both vanilla and spice. I also found that we still have a bag of pepper so that will also not be required. I am, Yours truly, etc." —*Der Götz* (Vienna)

An expert points out that people may have valuable specimens of porcelain in their houses without knowing it. He may have a wide knowledge of porcelain, but he is evidently quite ignorant of the habits of domestic servants.

—*London Opinion*

Keep your muscles limber!



WORK the stiffness out of lame, sore muscles with applications of Absorbine, Jr. *The magic bottle* quickly takes the ache away from tired muscles—makes them feel new again.

Absorbine, Jr. wakes up the circulation. It combats congestion. Before you know it you are fit again for work or play.

The use of Absorbine, Jr. prevents second-day stiffness—and this is but one of the many uses. It is equally effective for tired feet—blisters—callouses—cuts and bruises.

At all druggists', $1.25 or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

"Wot's it mean, Bill, when a married bloke keeps dreamin' e's a bachelor?"
"That 'e's goin' to 'ave some disappointment when 'e wakes up!"
—*London Opinion*

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JUDGE

Date.....

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

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

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

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

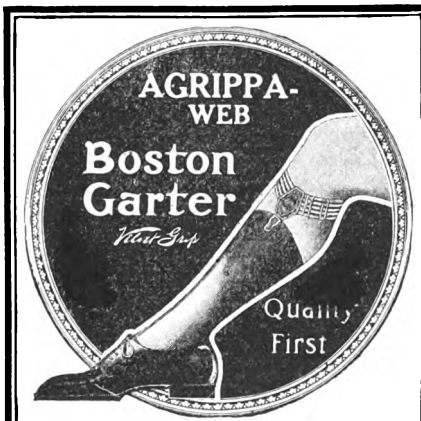
Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State .....

For Yourself



No More Skidding Garters!

AGRIPPA-WEB makes garters act in an entirely new way—and only in Bostons can this web be had. Even when worn very loose it will not slip. It cannot curl and yet it is remarkably soft and light. Here in fact is the first practical ventilated web garter.

In many pleasing colors, 50c the pair.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family.

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

CATALOG FREE

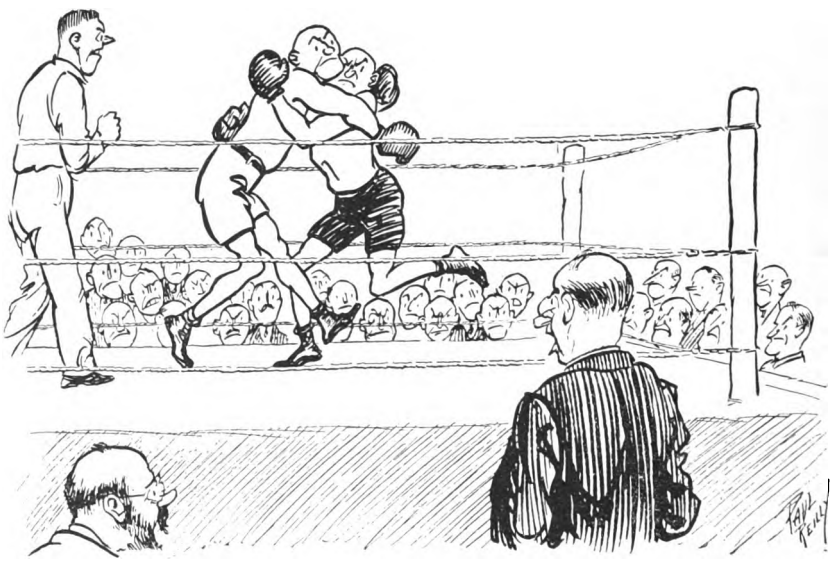
CLASS RINGS & PINS
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices $.20 to $8.00 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

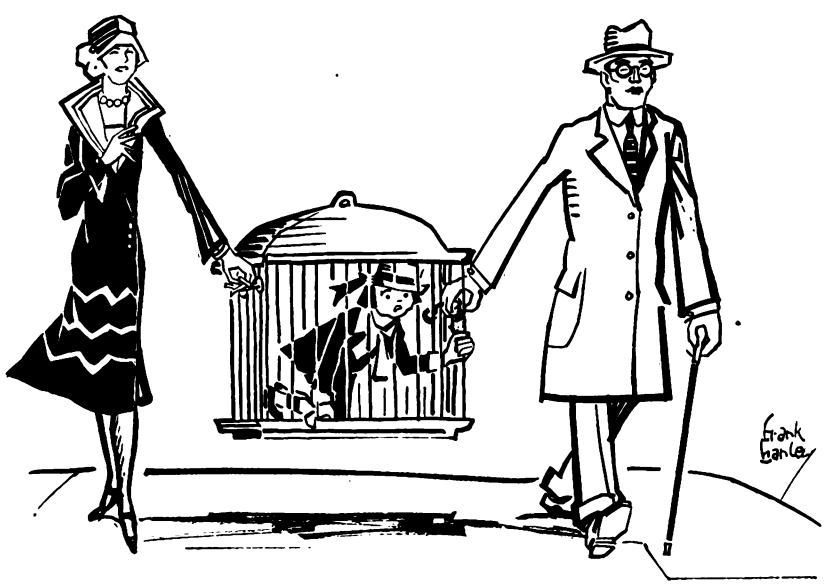
METAL ARTS CO., Inc. 7718 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

"So's your old man."



DISSATISFIED SPECTATOR—*It's a pity I didn't bring my music.*



How to keep a youngster clean while you take a walk on Sunday.

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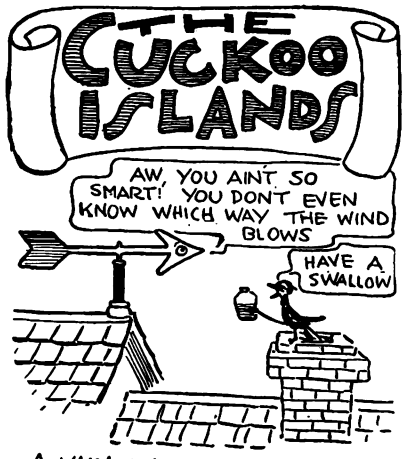
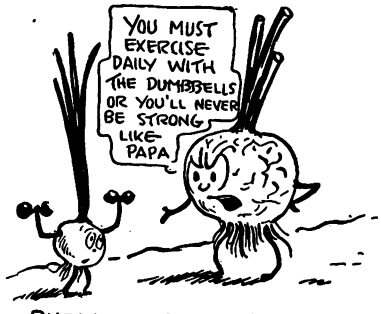


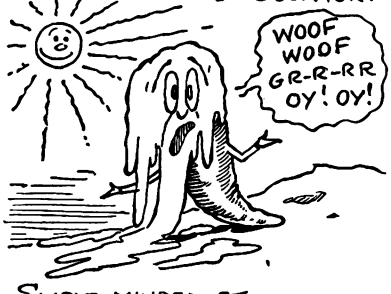
A VAIN WEATHERVANE AND A CHIMNEY SWALLOW



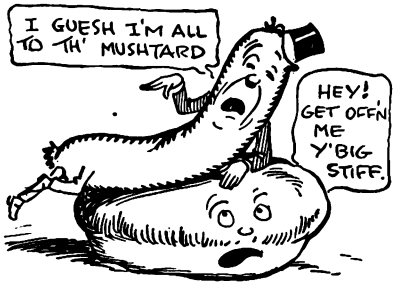
BURMUDA ONION GIVING PATERNAL ADVICE TO ITS OFFSPRING.

A HAIR FROM THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET. IF IT CURLS AT THE EAST END IT WILL RAIN ON TUESDAY.

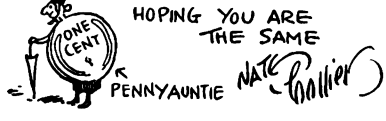
ADOLESCENT ASTERISKS ON THE WAY TO OBLIVION.



SIMPLE MINDED STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM CONE GOING CRAZY WITH THE HEAT.



A HOT DOG ON A BUN.



Checking Out

THERE on the wall of my room in the hotel was the neatly printed little sign: "Look around carefully and be sure you've left nothing behind." Switching on the electric light, I swept the $3-a-day-with-bath suite with a gaze that I intended to be piercing, keen and all-inclusive, the kind of a gaze that Van Cleve of Scotland Yard always uses upon arriving at the scene of the crime.

There on the dresser was my clothes brush and over on the desk was the depleted remains of a box of cigarettes. Hastily, I gathered them up and put them into my satchel which stood on the floor just inside of the door. Once again, I directed my searching glance about the room and found I had left my razor on the shelf over the washstand. A bit chagrined, even in the presence of only myself, I hastily dropped it into my bag and stood on the threshold, pondering.

A sudden sense of caution impelled me to open the drawers of the dresser and I gingerly removed two pairs of soiled socks, a collar button, six handkerchiefs and my fountain pen. From the drawer of the desk I extracted my memorandum book and on a hook behind the closet door was my pyjama coat. I hurriedly threw them all into the satchel and then, at the entrance to the room, thoroughly, majestically and painstakingly surveyed what had been my habitation for two nights. Nothing remained behind. I had gathered up all of my possessions.

Three hours later I started to undress in my upper berth and the thought of pyjamas naturally suggested itself to me. Along with this agreeable thought trouped one not so pleasant—

I had left my satchel behind the door of the room! *Hugh Wood*

Eloquence

George—Did you sound the family about our marriage?

Georgette—Yes, and dad sounded the worst. —*Smith's Weekly*

It has been estimated that a man in Paris who danced for 126 hours on end used sufficient energy to have typewritten a novel. It must be admitted, however, that by dancing he didn't tire anybody but himself.

—*Humorist*

A woman in Persia is 146 years old. This is entirely due to the fact that she has lived since 1780.

—*London Opinion*

CHART OF A REAL SHAVE

7 15 A.M.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

WATER Hard or Soft Hot or Cold

A little Cream on BRUSH

ROTATE Brush on Face

DERMUTATION of Beard

RAZOR Rapidly Over Face

Gorgeous SHAVE

SKIN BALM

TALCUM FOR MEN

100% SATISFACTION

7 20 A.M.

AN efficiency man said to me once, "Only when a method is *right*, can you chart it."

Three million men know that a Mennen Shave is right, chart or no chart.

Mennen's gives the same amazing results with any kind of water, hot or cold, hard or soft. A small amount of cream will hold such an enormous amount of water, that it's economical.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

Dermutation—the scientific way to master a beard, softens it so that it yields to the razor without a twitch.

Then the tingling, peppy zip of Skin Balm, cooling, refreshing, wonderfully good for the skin.

SKIN BALM

And finally, a velvety film of Talcum for Men that is antiseptic, protecting to sensitive skin and doesn't show because it is skin color.

All this co-ordinated shaving efficiency concentrated in just a few minutes of absolutely satisfying, convincing operation.

Try the Complete Mennen Shave.

TALCUM FOR MEN

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

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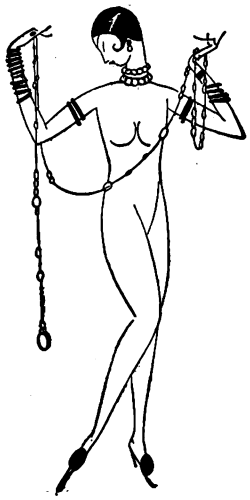

Wouldn't *You* Like to Meet a Demi-Modern?

MONTE considered the question. What could she be to a man, Barbara with her bangles, in her dance frock of gold chiffon, so fragile that it seemed a mist until it touched the milk-white daintiness of her shoulders? Barbara's eyes dancing, dreaming, inviting him from the warm shadows of a limousine. Could those topaz eyes fill one with unexpected longings while her cool brain told itself: "He has money to shovel." Could Barbara wilfully enchant a man with her provocations and her blandishments?

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

¶ *Could she? She could and she did! You may know the insouciant, honest modern girl—but have you ever met one of the alluring, bangled demi-moderns? You can if you will—in Arthur T. Munyan's story "Demi-Modern" in the current number of* SNAPPY STORIES. *Now on all newsstands—20 cents.*

FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Write for Free Book "How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp."

It will tell you many things you should know. Write Dept. AC54.

H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.
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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

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SEND FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CATALOG

Our net price list. Full line of auto bodies and accessories for Fords at *Wholesale Prices*. Save big money on bodies by buying Direct from Factory.

FOR FORD—Prices from $27.85 up. Factory to consumer direct—Pay only One Profit

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PATENTS Write for our free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. *Highest References. Reasonable Terms.*

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 813 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Mistress—Ellen, I think you may as well have this hat—my husband says it doesn't suit me a bit.

Ellen—Thank you, ma'am, but my young man can't bear me in it, either. —*Passing Show*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 17*)

rider but at West Point he acquires a propensity for tears that will surprise the other graduates of that famous school. And as for the villainous Sam Belden, in the person of Ward Crane, just as he is about to ravish Betsy Stanwood, the fair heroine (Anne Cornwell), he gets his deserts. But so, for that matter, does General Custer, as played by Dustin Farnum—and that's not being unpatriotic, either.

"BIG BILL" DEVENS started as a day laborer with a pick and shovel and rose to be the traction king of his city, with power to make and break district attorneys. He has a will that enables him to mesmerize his erring ex-wife into handing him the revolver with which she is about to shoot herself, and such a drag with the police that they laugh at the suggestion of arresting his fair daughter for speeding. When this same daughter reproves him for wearing emerald studs with his dinner clothes he delivers himself of the well-worn crack, "I take notice that them as has 'em wears 'em." (Please page Fingy Conners!)

And yet in "The Blind Goddess" we are asked to believe that this rough diamond, or emerald, as you please—this hard-boiled financial and political czar—leaves the specifications in his big contracts with the city to his junior partner to determine and that he wakes up with a start of horror when he finds the latter has compromised the firm. "What, Devens and Kelling crooked?" To which the wicked but dapper Kelling replies: "Don't be a fool. How do you suppose we make our money?" "Well," from Big Bill, "we're going to take our medicine even if it means jail for both of us." And more of the same until Kelling shoots him, which isn't such a bad idea, considering.

"The Blind Goddess" was adapted from Arthur Train's novel of the same name. The part of "Big Bill" Devens, for all the bunk in it, is excellently played by Ernest Torrence, and that of Mrs. Eileen Clayton, his erring and banished ex-wife mad for a sight of her daughter, by Louise Dresser. These two pretty well monopolize what histrionic ability there is in the cast while Jack Holt and Esther Ralston do all the lovey-doveying. Rather a clever division of labor.

"*She slowly changed color.*"

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Film Magnate—Would you consider an offer of a thousand a week?
Movie Queen—As a joke, yes, but if you want to talk real business, you'll have to jazz it up some. They don't allow tipping in our stoodio.
—*London Opinion*

THERE is no dispute, is there, that in the absence of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd is our best screen comedian? So much so that he could fall somewhat short of his performance in "For Heaven's Sake" and still keep his place. "For Heaven's Sake" didn't strike me as quite as funny as "The Freshman," largely because the device of the wild auto ride, used at the climax of the picture, has been done to death. In "Partners Again," for instance, Potash and Perlmutter begin with it and graduate into the greater extravagance of a joy ride by air. They need to! But even Lloyd can ill afford to play with other than fresh gags.

Of the latter in "For Heaven's Sake" I liked especially his method of getting the crooks and gunmen into the missionary meeting. It is simple enough. He throws a fake bomb into a pool room, he overturns fruit stands, he raises hell with infinite variations, until they swarm on his trail like angry hornets. Of course, they chase him right into the lair of the evangelist where the sight of a cop transforms them immediately into hymn singers and thus, we are asked to believe, is their conversion achieved. If I should say that he eventually marries the missionary's beautiful daughter, who is no other than Jobyna Ralston, would you believe it?

Must Men Fear 40?

MEDICAL authorities agree that 65%, or nearly two-thirds, of all men past middle age, are afflicted with a disorder of the prostate gland. Here is the known cause for many of the ailments commonly ascribed to declining years—including aches in back, feet and legs, frequent nightly risings, sciatic pains, nervousness and lack of vitality. But now, science knows that thousands suffer needlessly.

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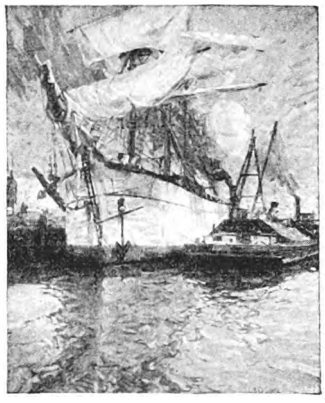

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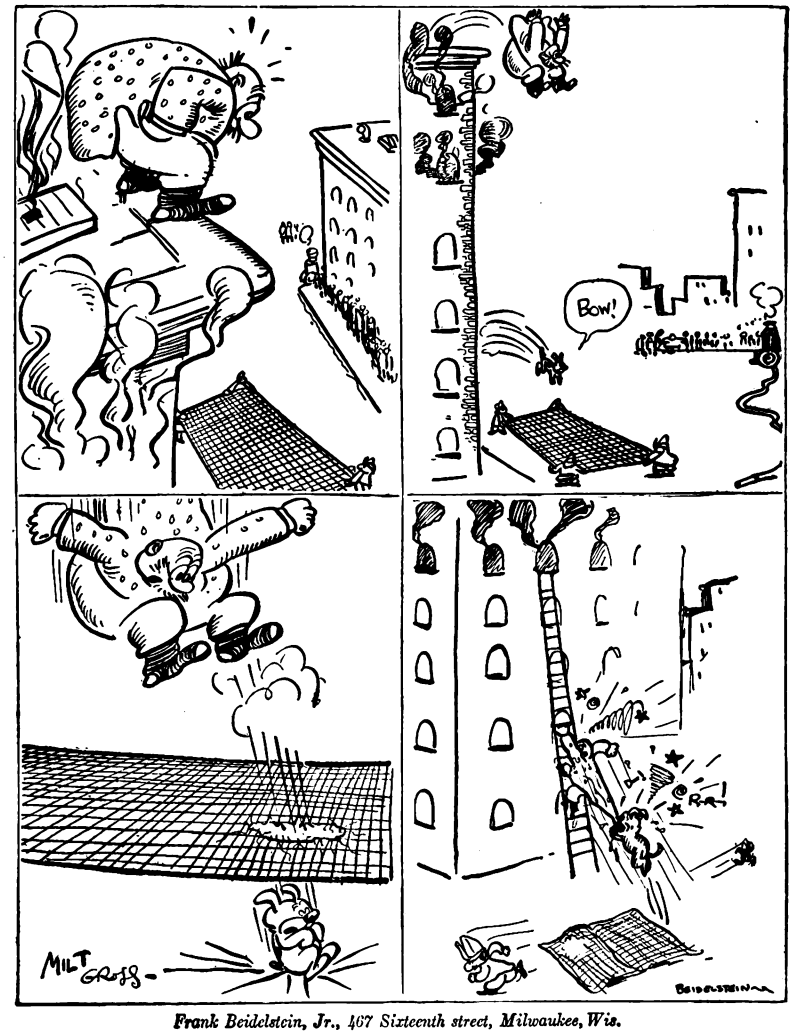
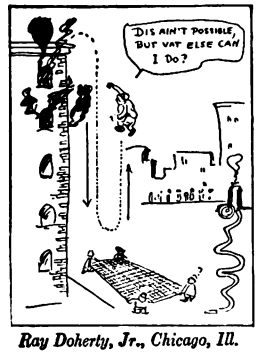


Frank Beidelstein, Jr., 467 Sixteenth street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Runners Up



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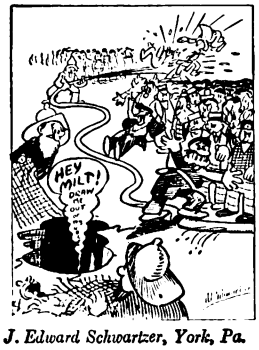

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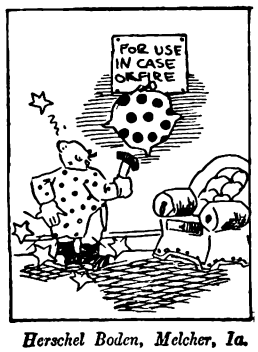

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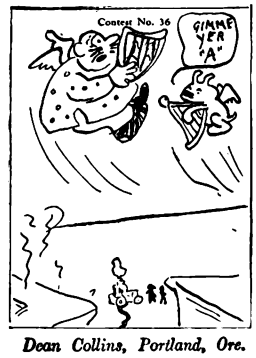

Dean Collins, Portland, Ore.

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Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 15*)

and highly emotional habitues of a cheap East Side lodging-house. So far as I can make out, the chief effect the announcement has is to make the entire cast act as if they were playing "What Price Glory." The authors push their cursing and profanity to such a point that the whole enterprise needs only the scene in which Grogan puts his feet in Krausmeyer's soup to convert it into very snappy burlesque. There is material in the exhibit for an interesting play, but the Mitchell-Bloch combination have yelled and sworn it to pieces.

Guthrie McClintic appears as the sponsor and director of the offering. This Professor McClintic is a stage producer not to be sniffed at, but on the present occasion his foot has slipped and he has landed with a reverberating bump upon his Little August. In order to heighten the dramatic tension, he has allowed the actors to play certain portions of the manuscript as if it were a championship football game. I haven't heard such a racket in a theater since Lincoln was shot. The actors made so much noise on the opening night, indeed, that crowds gathered outside the building in the belief that there was a raid on. It is possible that by this time Professor McClintic has persuaded his charges to go about their business a bit more quietly, but at the first performance the shouting was so incessant that only the authors could make out what the lines were.

The best performance of the evening is that of Miss June Walker in the rôle of the scrubgirl who tries to peer into the future life with eyes that baffle her. Here is a careful and eloquent piece of acting, not less meritorious than her performance of that other slavey rôle in Molnar's excellent "Glass Slipper."

A safe has been invented which is claimed to be impossible to open. We hear that it embodies the chief features of a taxicab window and a sardine tin. —*London Opinion*

An "upside-down" banquet was held recently in London. The first course, we presume, was an indigestion tablet. —*Humorist*

"Do you think hair restorers are any good!"

"They have done me a lot of good!"

"Did they give you new hair?"

"No. A new villa. I invented one!"

—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich)

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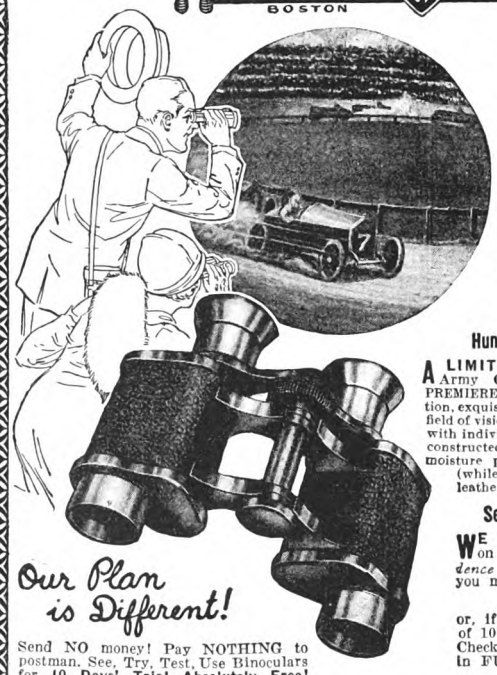

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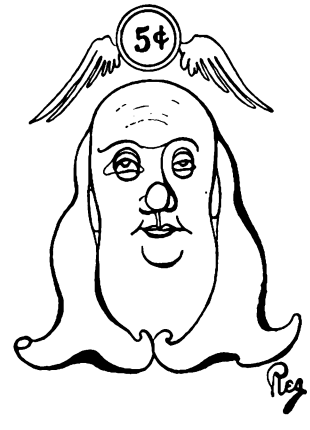

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SATURDAY EVENING POST NUMBER

NEXT WEEK ∴ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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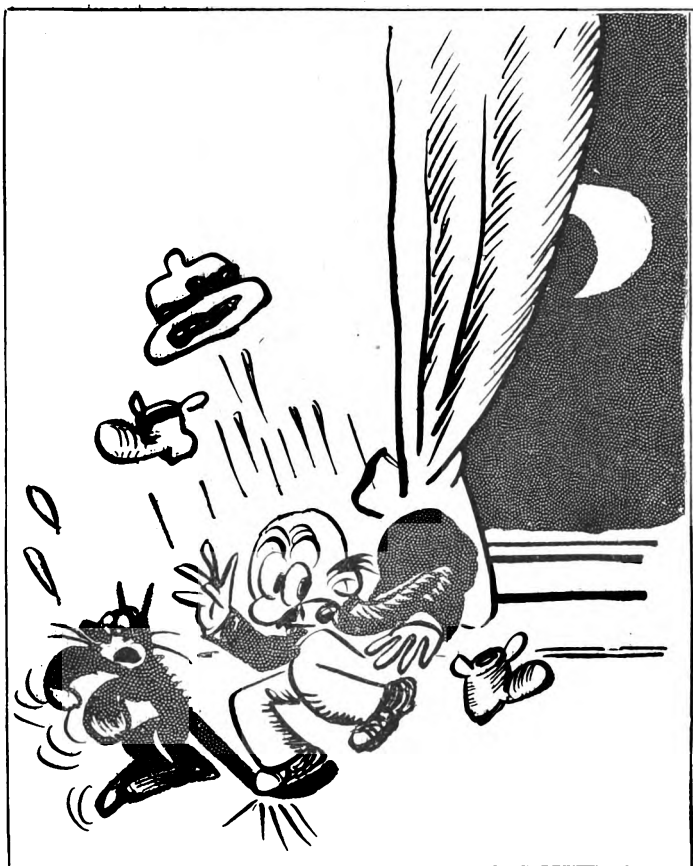
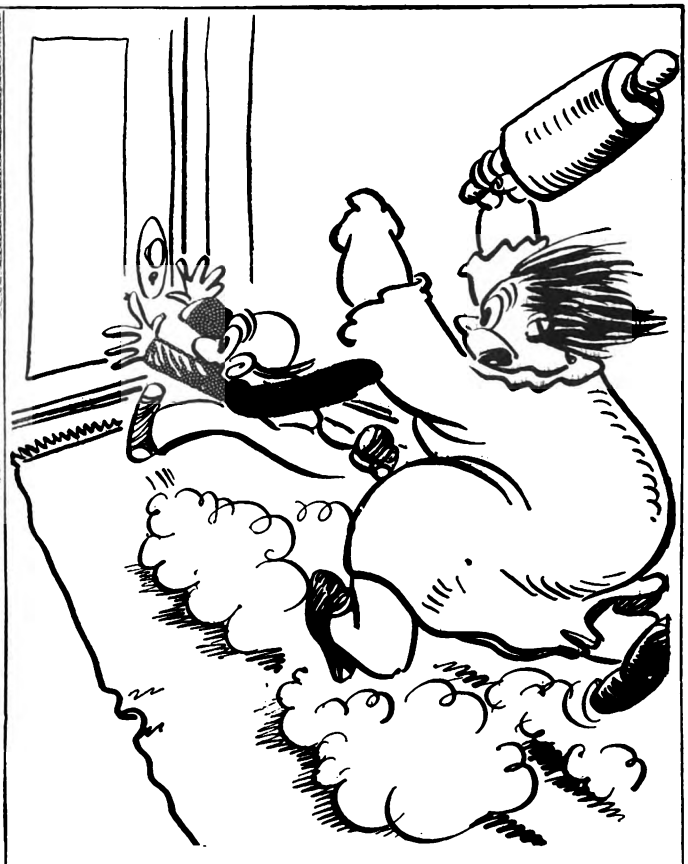
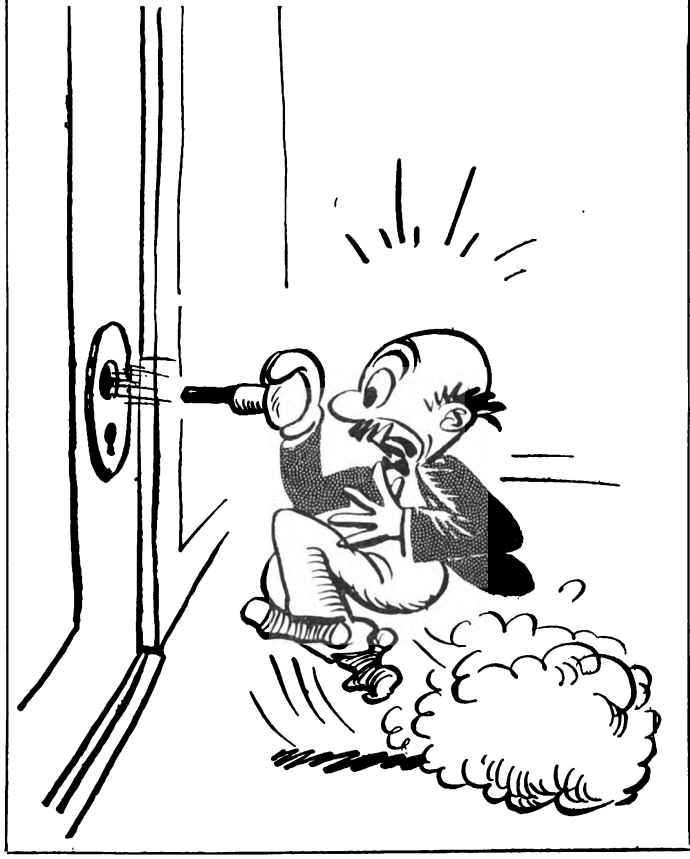
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes May 10. Winning ending appears in the issue of May 29.







Contest No. 40

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Tit for Tat

Mr. W. M. Houghton:

Dear Sir: For many moons have I read, with interest, the "Judge for Yourself" column and laughed, leered and didn't read some of the things appearing in that short but sweet space.

But my dear Mr. Houghton, you have trod unmercifully on my feet. In a roundabout way, you understand, but nevertheless, you have trod. For I am a good backslid Episcopalian (if you can be that kind of a churchman and still be good).

And the article in JUDGE for February 27 leads me to think that you pen anything that comes your way in a rather Bolshevik manner and not consistent with any that you may have written before. It seems that your stand on Prohibition varies with the kind of cereal you eat for breakfast. If you ever eat.

You might have taken a more Americanized American in his thoughts than Wayne Wheeler. But it was a good pat on the back given Reverend Emprington. You told the Doctor that "when we attain wisdom we know enough to feel like fools." Are you not a very well read man? Very wise and so forth?

Very truly yours,
S. D. Claghorn

Portland, Ore.
March 5, 1926.

[ED. NOTE: We often suffer from the appropriate sympton.]

From a Druggist

Dear JUDGE: You will perhaps be interested to know that there is a movement on foot among the retail druggists to have Congress take from their shoulders the responsibility which was foisted upon them with Prohibition. This movement started here in New York State and is spreading rapidly. The reason for it is not lack of profit nor is it any hyperscrupulous distaste on the part of the druggist for the mere handling of liquor. But it is because under the provisions of the Volstead law, just the same as under the Harrison law, the retail druggist to whom the public looks for service and to whom the Government looks for strict accountability is the goat. Burdened with the keeping of detailed records and the making out of voluminous reports and applications, hampered and confused by treasury department rulings and decision, more verbose in the aggregate than the law itself, the retail druggists are ready to serve notice that they will no longer be parties individually or as members of an honest craft to this great fiasco which makes liars and hypocrites of us who would follow the dictates of our own consciences. They would wash their hands of the inconsistencies of the present system of supplying good liquor to those who can afford the double expense of a doctor's prescription and a pint while others drink poison.

We druggists are biding our time till we hear the cry that will rise to high heaven from the throats of the bone-dry crusaders on the day that their millennium is a reality.

Yours for temperance,
Lynn C. Hamlin

Remsen, N. Y.
March 13, 1926.

Why Not a JUDGE Club?

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: Just a few lines from a steady subscriber. I just want to express my good feelings toward your magazine and also congratulate W. M. H. on his good work. Your editorials are splendid and I, as well as the rest, hope you keep it up. But I'll get right down to the real reason for my writing this letter.

You see, you get many letters favoring your magazine and you have nation wide sales. Now here is the point. Why not start a JUDGE club. Why not have all of these JUDGE subscribers join this club and become "judges." I'm positive it would be a success. We could build and build it and make it nation wide.

In your magazine we could tell of its activities and about once a month we could put in a "judge's" page. We could conduct drives and so forth with your magazine. I'm certain that it would help your magazine and I'm also certain that it couldn't hurt it.

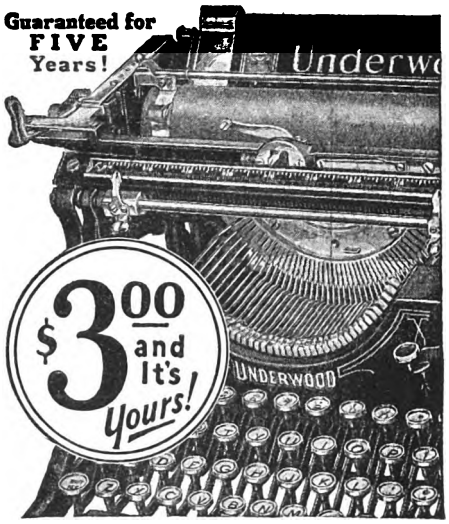
Even if you don't want to use your magazine we could conduct the club just the same. But with your co-operation it's bound to be a success. We don't want any Ku Kluxers or reformers in it, we want just true "judges."

This is all I have to say at present. I hope you will revise this letter and put it in print in your magazine so that all your readers may see it. I would certainly be much obliged if you would also add that anyone interested in this club can obtain full details of my plans by just dropping me a line. I have it all planned out and will be more than glad to answer any letters that I receive.

Very sincerely yours,
John Joseph McGoldrick

500 W. La Fayette Street
Norristown, Pa.
March 24, 1926.

"Daddy, do you remember where you first met mummy?"
"Yes, dear, it was at a dinner party and there were thirteen at table."
—*Passing Show*



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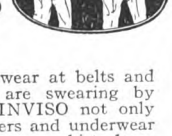

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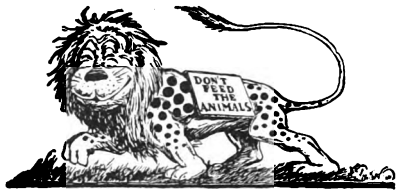
Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 73

Horizontal

1. A once famous dome. (Two words.)
6. A watering place.
11. An evergreen tree.
12. Antony's declaration to Cleopatra.
14. These go with the "outs."
15. The great alibi.
17. Pretty soon.
19. Where flappers are concerned this is run in many laps.
21. Constant Neckers (init.).
22. A strong butter.
24. A fellow who comes to his own conclusions.
26. A small load.
27. Italian repartee.
29. An imitation or a reflection.
30. It's easy to see through this.
31. The wages of this is breath.
33. Mohammed's adopted contribution to crossword puzzles.
34. The kin you love to touch.
35. What the prodigal son becomes when he gets broke.
37. Something near beer never gets.
40. The poor Indian!
41. A realtor's stock in trade. (It will take a lot of thinking to figure this out!)
42. The "way" of the Romans.
43. Where successful aviators stay.
44. Futile congressional investigations.
47. What polite convicts beg of the Governor.
50. The butter half of 22 horizontal.
51. A listening-in contrivance.
53. A Japanese cartwheel.
55. An Englishman's anticipations.
57. This means to permeate thoroughly.
59. Scrutinize.
61. A prevalent fish cake.
62. People who respond to a touch.
64. Hen fruit.
65. Pronoun.
66. This has four legs and sings.
67. To behold.
69. Excited Ushers (init.).
70. Something most wives do before they shoot their husbands.
71. Printer's measures.
73. Where a poet goes when he crosses the Atlantic.
75. If a Scotchman is invited to a party at six o'clock in the evening and is offered his choice of either a glass of port or a glass of sherry and if he can't get both, this is the one he will take.
76. This is a neuter reflexive and emphatic pronoun.

Vertical

1. The desire that makes the Island of Bermuda prosperous.
2. A sailor's affirmative.
3. The mystery of the shell game.
4. Possesses.
5. Any rainy Monday morning (abbr.).
7. Wedding ammunition.
8. To have this number of wives is to have one too many.
9. We.
10. These are things to adoor.
12. A brindle cow with a black tail.
13. Source or beginning.
16. Something Congressmen keep under their hats.
18. Reply of a French "yes man."
20. This makes a lemon into lemonade.
21. A flivver.
23. Wise men of the East. (Not Congress.)
25. A synonym for silence.
26. A greenish stone.
28. These are found in the Atlantic Ocean.
30. Things that Elks have that other animals don't have.
32. The lady who was turned into stone by Zeus.
34. A watering place.
35. An English lizard.
36. Consumed.
38. Topsy's girl friend.
39. Something a girl gets for her money when she buys silk stockings.
45. This causes all the commotion in a saxophone.
46. Webster says this means a member of the Semitic race.
47. Foundations of boarding houses.
48. The start of all fairy tales.
49. A high hat kind of gathering.
52. Nickname of America's rail splitter.
54. To swallow up.
56. This called the kettle black.
57. The cause and effect of cross words.
58. Editors (abbr.).
60. One secret that women can keep.
62. What people usually do when their rent is boosted.
63. Something Lady Macbeth got profane about.
66. Gold diggers motto.
68. Correct answer to "wannanotherdrink?"
70. Armenian Rhubard (abbr.).
72. A Southern governess.
74. Concerning (abbr.).



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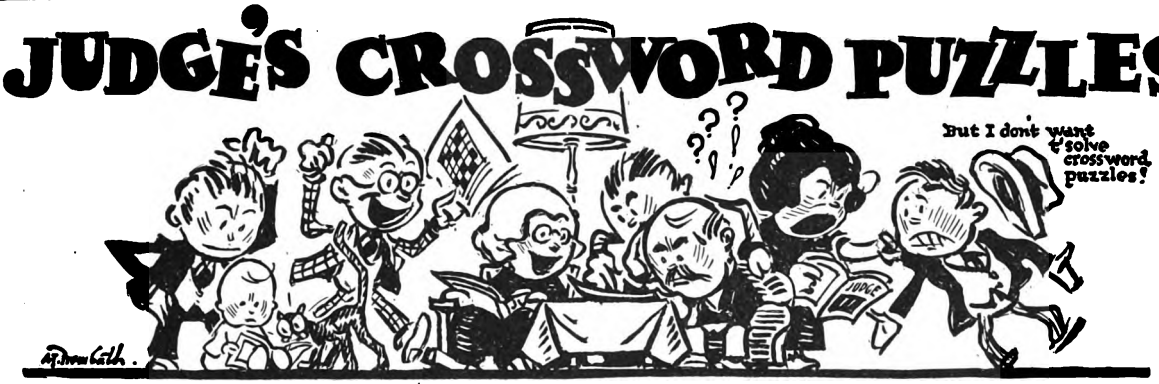
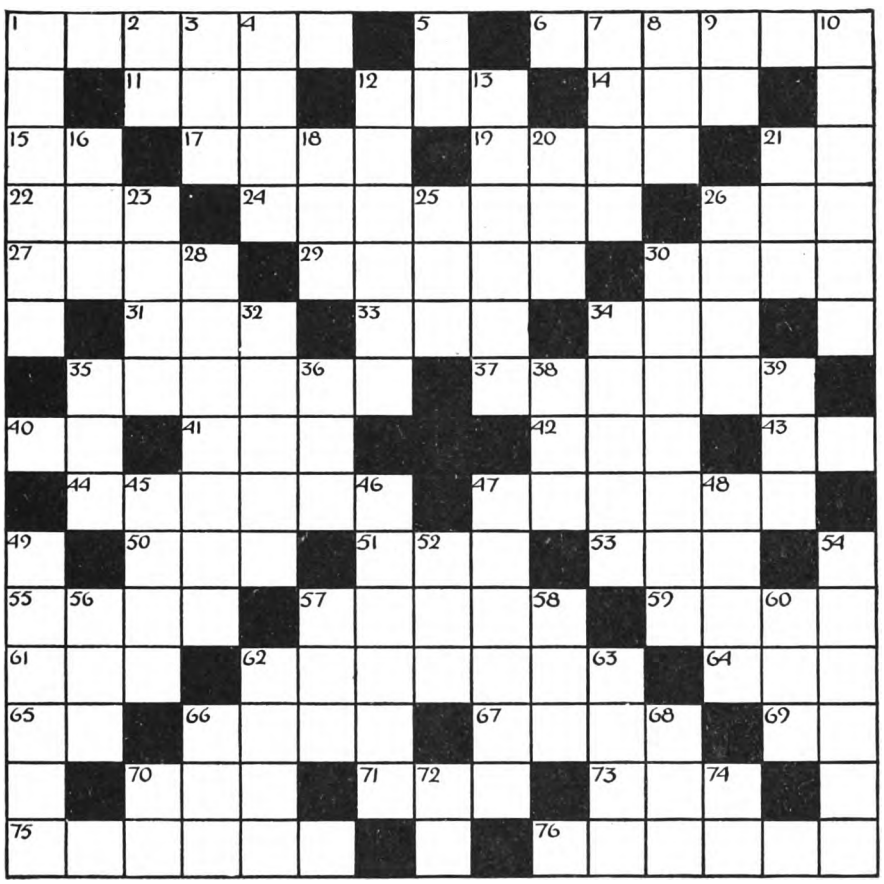


Number 73



The above puzzle was submitted by Mr. W. T. Conway, 11211 Hessler Rd. N. E., Cleveland, O.

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K	■	X	■	W	H	I	S	P	E	R	■	E	■	R
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L	■	R	■	R	H	U	B	A	R	B	■	N	■	A
E	G	A	D	■	S	L	A	K	E	■	L	O	A	M
L	O	C	A	L	■	A	S	S	■	L	O	U	S	E
E	N	T	R	E	E	■	E	■	M	O	U	S	E	R
■	D	■	L	A	R	K	■	D	A	W	N	■	P	■
M	O	T	I	V	E	■	W	■	N	E	G	A	T	E
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E	X	T	R	E	M	E	■	E	N	A	M	E	L	S

Solution of Puzzle No. 72

Judge will run a Crossword Puzzle every week and will pay $25 for each one used on this page, but they must be funny.

Puzzles will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

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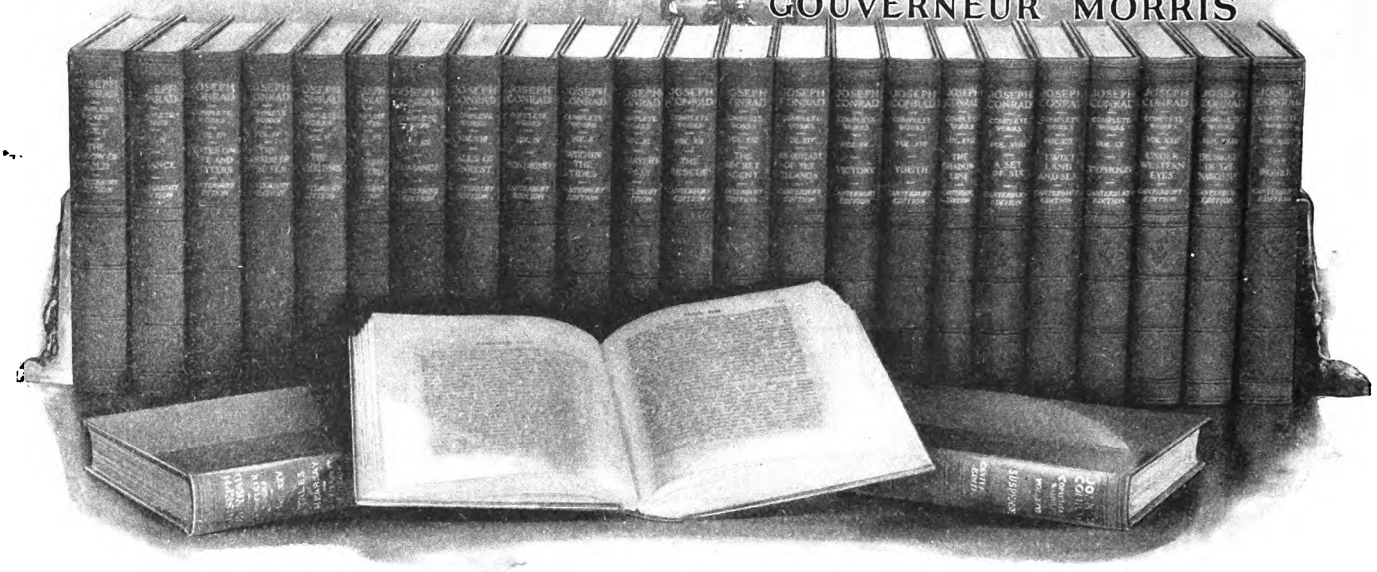
"HOW I ENVY THOSE WHO ARE READING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME!"

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



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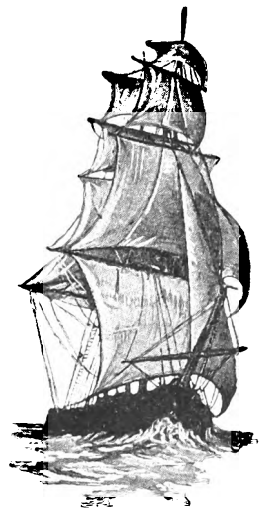

WHAT a life was that of Conrad! Once, a little boy in Poland, he put his finger on a map and said, "I shall go there." He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. In later years he did go there, and if you wish to know what he experienced, read *Heart of Darkness*, "the greatest piece of descriptive writing," says Ellen Glasgow, "in modern English prose."

He had an unaccountable longing for the sea, this sensitive lad, child of an inland race. So, still in his teens, he made his way to Marseilles and shipped as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel. For twenty years thereafter the open sea was his home. He did not even speak English until he was past twenty. He did not write a story until he was almost forty.

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"Here, surely, if ever, is genius!" Hugh Walpole burst out, after reading one of Conrad's novels.

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JUDGE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NUMBER

MAY 8, 1926

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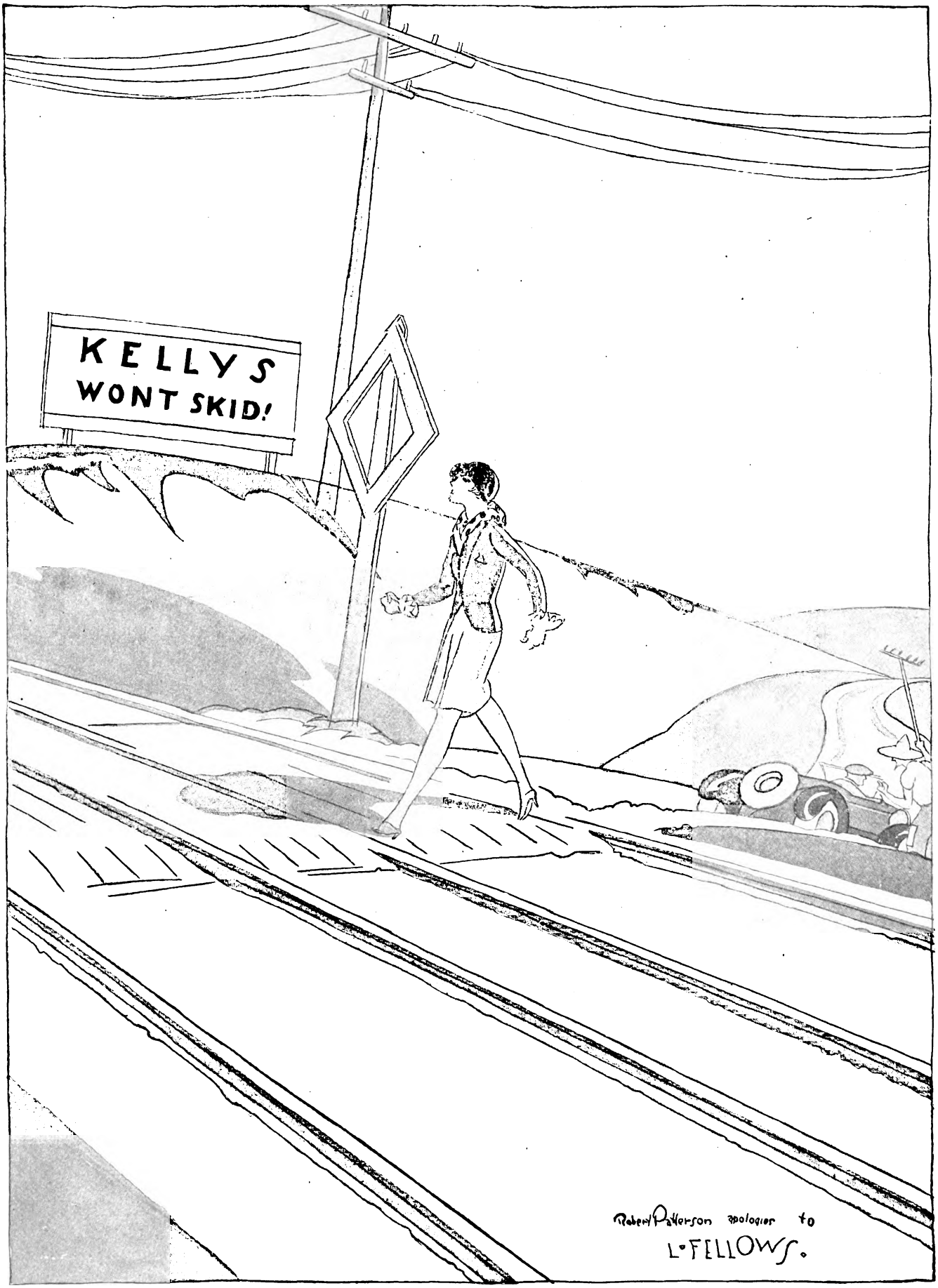

FARMER—Who was that lady I seen you with?
"That was Miss Kelly from Springfield."

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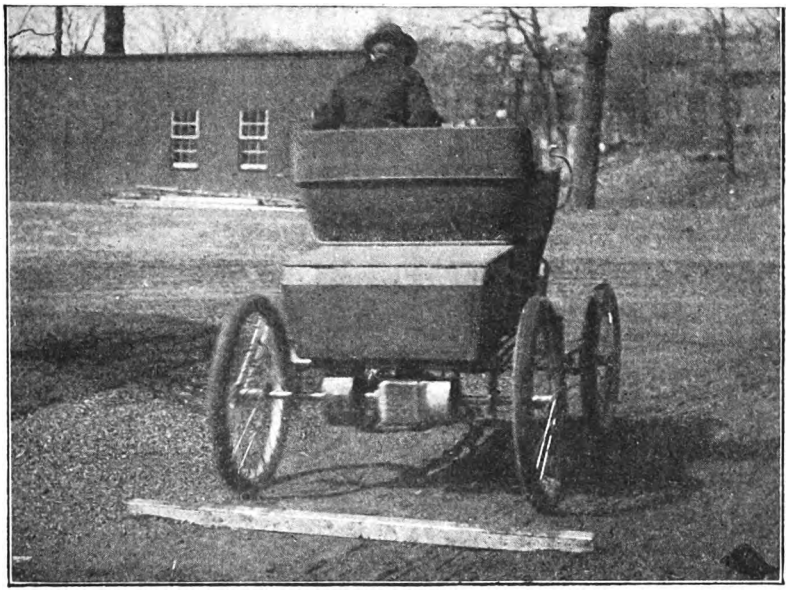

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Number of JUDGE

Norman Anthony
EDITOR
William Morris Houghton
William Edgar Fisher
Phil Rosa, George Jean Nathan
Associate Editors

15C. THE COPY *NEW YORK, N. Y.* *MAY 8, 1926*

WHY JEEVES!

By P. G. ROADHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES TREMBATH

"Ah Sho Done Forgot Jes' Whar Yo' All Dines To-night," Answered Jeeves.

LORD SLOTHERINGTON stirred uneasily. Finally his eyes opened, and he looked up into the face of the omniscient Jeeves, the Slotherington's ever-faithful valet and ancient family retainer.

"Good afternoon, lordship," said Jeeves, producing a whisky and soda from his vest pocket, "Hi trust your lordship 'as rested comfortably."

"Good old Jeeves," murmured Lord Slotherington. "What time is it?"

"'Alf after 2 P.M.," answered Jeeves, producing a whisky and soda from his trouser pocket.

"But it's pitch dark outside," exclaimed his lordship. "Are you sure it isn't 2 A.M.?"

"Hit's 2 P.M.," answered Jeeves, "and since your lordship hasks me, I might modestly say, in a respectful manner, that hi 'ad the sun stopped this mornin', so that hit wouldn't shine in the eyes of your lordship."

"Good old Jeeves," whispered Lord Slotherington. "Do I dine at Lady Wimpflbee's this evening?"

"Ah sho done forgot jes' whar yo' all dines to-night," answered Jeeves, producing a whisky and soda from his cuff.

"Jeeves!" shrieked Lord Slotherington, "where's your English accent? How dare you forget to drop your 'h's. Jeeves, I'm ashamed of you. Where did you *ever* learn to talk that way?"

Jeeves gazed penitently at the carpet. "Beg your pardon,

(*Continued on page* 8)

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State University of Iowa

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

A Survey of the Prohibition Situation

By William Morris Houghton

LET no one take too seriously the wordy revolt of the wets to which a sub-committee of the Senate has lately been listening. Prohibition, in which we include both the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, is the greatest contribution of the lawgiver to the welfare of humanity since Moses brought down the Ten Commandments from Mt. Sinai. Are the American people to be argued out of a continuance of this blessing? Fat chance, as the boys say.

But it will do us no harm to recapitulate in our minds from time to time the vast benefits to our country that have flowed from this benign institution, and this seems an appropriate occasion. Let us begin with the drunkards.

The Reformed Drunkard

Who knows of a drunkard who has not been reformed by Prohibition? We can remember distinctly, young as we are, when of a moonlit night every lamp-post on a certain block supported an inebriated gentleman apostrophizing passersby in incoherent periods. Where are these gentlemen to-day? Home, with a child on each knee and one around the neck and every one with *shoes on.*

Take the matter of jails. We heard of a county jail in West Virginia that has been taken over to house high school pupils now that there are no longer any more drunks to occupy it. No doubt this sort of thing is going on all over the land and soon all those dour buildings with barred windows that have been disgracing our civilization will ring with the merry voices of rosy-cheeked youth chanting their lessons.

American Womanhood

Girls used to drink cocktails. They powdered and painted, smoked cigarettes, bobbed their hair, indulged in petting parties, wore short shirts. Prohibition has shown them the error of their ways. Who is there who hasn't noted the growing modesty and increasingly ladylike demeanor of our girls? We know a sweet girl who has let her hair grow and gone back to corsets now that the insidious cocktail is no longer undermining her ideals. There are many such and their number is growing by leaps and bounds.

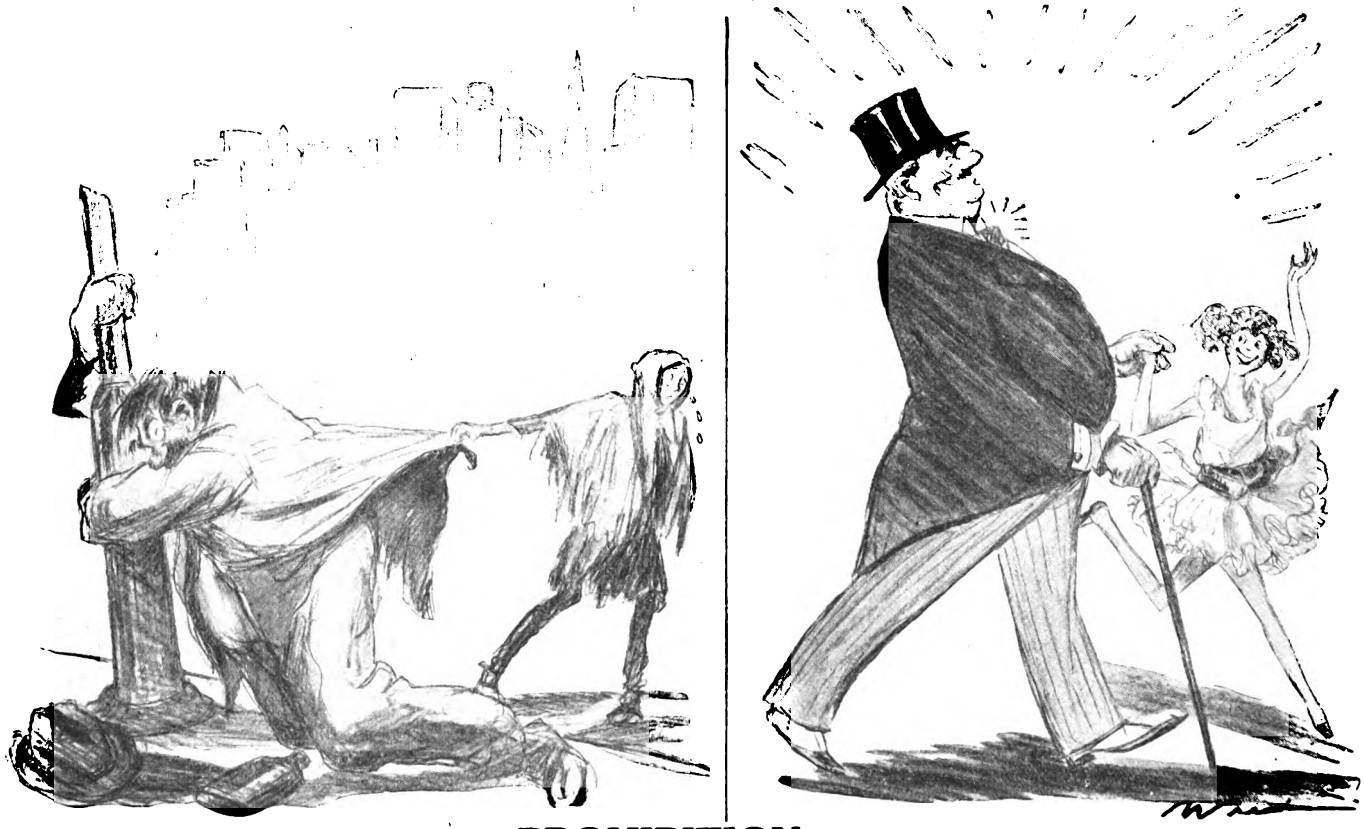
Sanctity of the Home

Divorce is going out of fashion. With the passing of the saloon men stay at home now and entertain their wives with serious discussion of the news of the day instead of roaring over smutty jokes with the "boys." They are gaining culture over the radio instead of corruption over the bar. Their wives have fallen in love with them again. They are putting divorce out of their minds and spending what otherwise would go toward alimony for dining-room sets and closed cars.

Children obey their parents with a respect which they never had when father and mother used to come reeling home night after night. The servants are more willing, the policemen more friendly. Jaywalking has decreased. Rents are coming down. The price of coal is cut in half. Babies cry less, auto picnickers are neater, flappers more reverent.

The Millennium

Baggage smashers are learning the meaning of "care"; the parking problem is being solved; movie houses are better ventilated. There is less sand in the sugar and the spinach. The plumber no longer forgets his tools. The absent-minded professor no longer forgets his clothes. The stenographer parks her gum at home. The office boy moves. The canary sings. There is less static on the radio. The sun shines. Jack Dempsey signs up for a fight, President Coolidge gets loquacious, and the *Saturday Evening Post* sells for a nickel.



PROHIBITION

Before— ***and After***

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Memories of an Old Playgoer

By Samuel Blythe Marcosson

Mrs. Ephraim Cherry, grandmother of the Cherry sisters, in "The Scandals of 1820"

year's profits and then takes the mazuma away from them in a single night's poker game. Speaking of Ziegfeld, Erlanger is a great manager."

Once—it was in 1842, as I remember—I, together with Aleck Woollcott and a lot of other old-timers, went to see Mrs. Fiske in the first performance of Sardou's "The Butter and Egg Man." Her performance was a wonderful one. In the scene where Abraham Levy tells his father that the name of the Irish girl he is going to marry is Rosie Murphyski and so leads the old fellow to believe that his fiancée lives in New York, her acting was so remarkable that Herbert Swope, of the

(*Continued on page* 10)

Mrs. Whiffen in the original version of "The Shanghai Gesture," produced at Minsky's Winter Garden in 1776

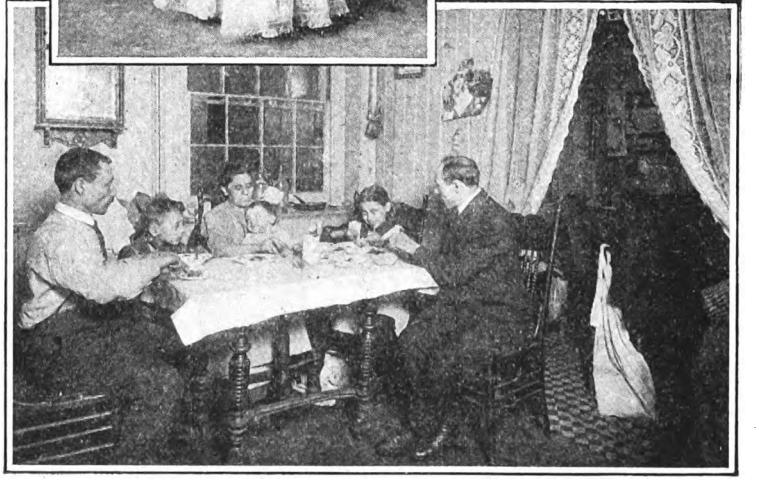
ONE of the most interesting nights I ever spent in a theater was at the Salem, Mass., Opera House in 1786. The bill was Robert B. Mantell, a great favorite of those days, in "King Lear." The leading woman was Mrs. Whiffen. I well remember an occurrence at the end of the third act; the memory of it is as vivid as if it happened only yesterday. The applause was terrific and upon Chauncey Depew's shouting of "bravo," Mr. Mantell, the great-great-grandfather of Burns Mantle, of the *Daily News*, came before the curtain and made a speech I shall never forget. Never have I heard such brilliance or wit. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Mantell, "I wish to thank you for your heart-warming reception of our little efforts not only on behalf of myself, but also on behalf of the entire company."

Another event that stands out in my memory was the night Lincoln was shot at Ford's Theater in Baltimore. To this day, the beautiful legs of the girl who was playing the rôle of the maid linger in my recollection.

Speaking of legs reminds me of old John Stetson, the famous theatrical manager. I met John, we were close friends, one afternoon in the oyster house near the old Union Square Theater. I recall the day well, as John said at the time, "It's a fine day, isn't it, Sam?" I asked John subsequently who he thought was the greatest actress on the American stage. "Lillian Lorraine," he replied without a moment's hesitation. And this, I may now record for the first time, is the reason why Ethel Barrymore got sore at the managers, dropped her skirts another inch and joined the Actors' Equity Association.

John Stetson was the greatest theatrical manager, except the Cherry Lane Playhouse, that I've ever known. Speaking of Lee Shubert one day, he observed, "The trouble with Lee is that he devotes all his time to managing theaters. That won't never get him nothing. Ziegfeld has the right idea. He spends all *his* time at Palm Beach waiting until the other managers show up with their

LEFT — Lillian Russell, in "White Cargo" at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, O., December, 1874



A scene from the performance of "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" at the Castle Square Theater, Boston, March 19, 1881

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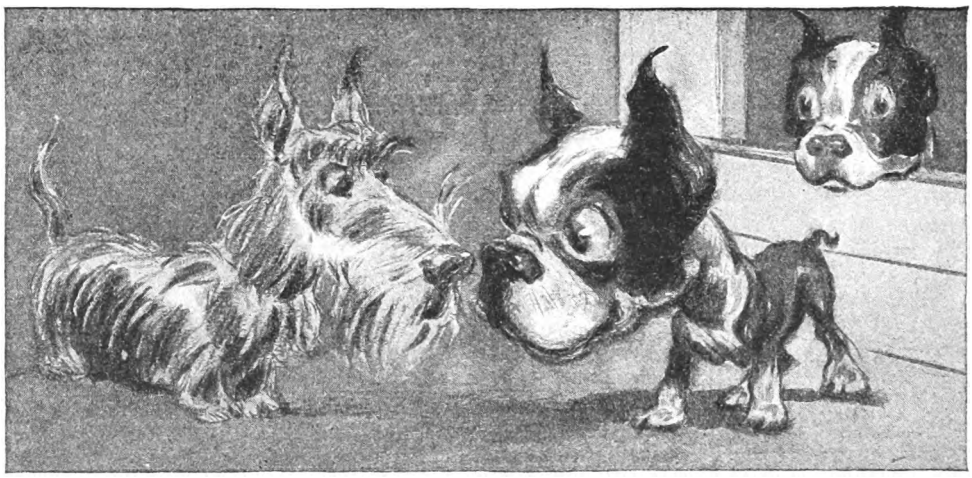
SHORT TURNS AND ENNUI

Pork and Beans

IT seems there was a colored gentleman and like most of his race he had a weakness for chickens. One night he was caught inadvertently in a chicken coop and the owner of this receptacle for fowls yelled, "Who's in there!" The old darky replied quickly, "Fo' de lawd, Boss, dey ain't nobody here but us chickens!"



"Who was that lady I seen you with, Mr. Beans?"
"That wasn't no lady, that was your wife."

IT seems a man wanted to buy his wife a birthday present. He thought of everything—a watch, a ring, a car, a necklace, a dress, a vanity case, earrings, a dog, a cat, a bird cage, a goldfish bowl, a pair of rubbers, a hat, a pair of shoes, lingerie, a bridge lamp, a chair and a table, a desk set, a pair of silk stockings, a comb, a brush, a shoe horn, manicure scissors, a lead pencil, a fountain pen, a bottle of ink, a brooch, a pair of garters, an ankle bracelet, a dozen oranges, a radio set, a victrola, an umbrella, a subscription to the *Saturday Evening Post*, a ticket to Europe, an ice cream freezer, a stove, a flat iron, a vacuum cleaner, a kitchen cabinet, an ice cream soda, a bottle of gin and a dirty look. A friend of his suggested a book, "No," said the man, "she's got a book."

"POST" MORTEMS

"All is not gold that glitters."
"There's no fool like an old fool."
"A fool and his money are soon parted."
"It's a long lane that has no turning."

Bunkery

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Now hail to our glorious climate
That gave this great city renown.
Along the Pacific the heat is terrific
Except in Los Angeles town!

In Oakland the weather is rotten,
In Frisco it's perfectly punk!
And lest you repent, oh, lay off Sacramento—
The rainfall they claim is the bunk!

But here in this garden of beauty
Where mankind has proven its worth,
The balmiest breezes (in spite of the sneezes)
Can cure all the ills of the earth!

So come to the land of the sunshine,
The home of the purified air.
The lot-selling soakers and real estate brokers
Will tell you some more when you're there!

(*Continued on page* **29**)

My Civic "Vac"

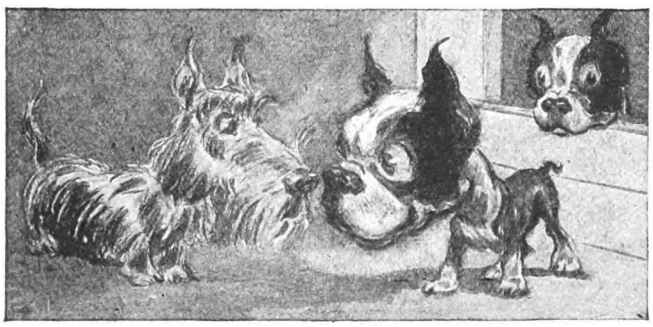
TO PURIFY the universe and clear the present mess,
I'd start within a radius of fifty miles or less;
When I have done a thorough job
An inter-county-borough job,
There's time enough, if all is well, to sweep another State;
So here's a list of human junk
Familiar man and woman junk
For me to expurgate.

No one would weep, this side of life, if he were forced to part
With hobohemians who prate about the cause of art:
The beetle-browed secessionists,
The hyper-souled impressionists,
The connoisseurs whose theories are ultra-ultra-blah,
The deeply analytical,
The circumspectly critical
Intelligentsia.

I'd whisk away the black face boys who bleat of Mammy days,
The radio enthusiasts who overdo the craze,
The super-impresarios,
Who fashion fool scenarios
And all those milk-fed heroines whose tears are glycerine;
With faces glum and woe-begone,

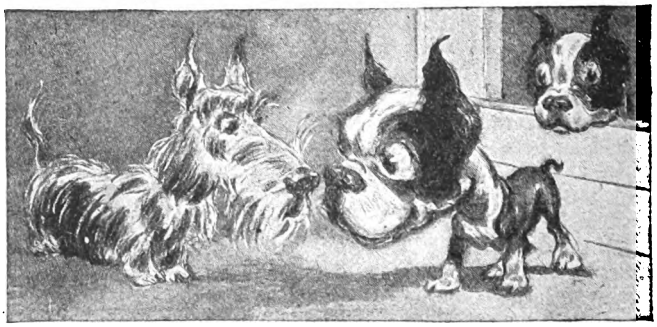
(*Continued on page* 13)

Corned Beef and Cabbage



"Is your wife entertaining this summer, Mr. Cabbage?"
"No, not very, Mr. Beef."

Ham and Eggs



"Didn't I see you in Yonkers last week, Mr. Eggs?"
"I've never been in Yonkers, Mr. Ham."
"Neither have I, it must have been two other fellows."

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The most musical soup you ever et !

57 different kinds of fresh noises are put into every can of Shambles Musical Soup!

These are all prepared and blended in a sound proof factory by famous musicians.

When you sit down to this tempting dish you can count on making a veritable symphony of sound, unobtainable in any other brand.

You can play
Chopin with Shambles!

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Down the Dumbwaiter they're shouting—

"Is diss a peecture!"

"YOU should see it by de teeayter diss wik a peecture, Meesus Feitlebaum, wot it's culled Harry Lengdon in 'Tremp, Tremp, Tremp.'

"Yi-yi-yi-yi! Is diss fellah comickall! Witt gesping, witt chockling, witt rurring, I tut wot I'll gonna get it a fraction from de reebs!"

"So wot wuz de sin from de peecture?"

"Hm-m-m-m! Dun't esk! Wuz dere tsyclons, witt lendslips, witt merrehtons, witt oll kinds stonts! Is a werry rimmockable ecktor, dot Lengdon!"

Produced by Harry Langdon Corp.

HARRY LANGDON in "Tramp Tramp Tramp"

7 REELS! A First National Picture

First National Pictures

Why Jeeves!

(*Continued from page* 3)

lordship, he murmured, "but hi've been next to those bloody Octavus Roy Cohen negro stories so many times that hi've hunconsciously started to talk that way hoccasionally."

"Butler's mustn't lose their English accents," warned Lord Slotherington. "Did my tailor bring my three new suits?"

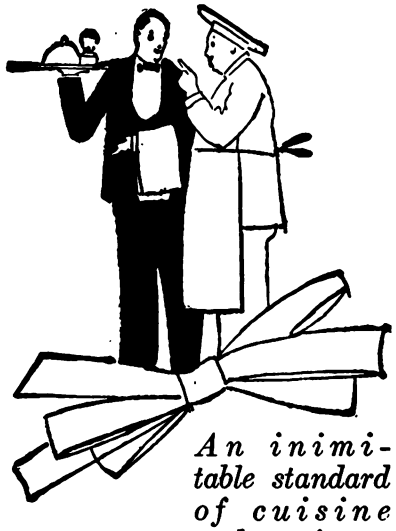
"Dot *schlimmiel* from a *schneider*, yer understand, brings it here two *oder* tree suits from clothes, so I sez, 'Dope, *nu* ain't you. . . . . "

Lord Slotherington sat up in bed, a pained, amazed expression on his aristocratic countenance. "Jeeves, Jeeves!" he deplored, "what has come over you? Where is your Hyde Park pronunciation? You'll ruin Roadhouse and me in a literary way. How *did* you ever start talking that way?"

Tears welled up in Jeeves's eyes as he slowly produced a whisky and soda from up his sleeve. "Your lordship," he sobbed. "Hit's but the unfortunate result of havin' been next to those Montague Glass Potash and Perlmutter stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* so frequently. Hi'm a sociable sort of fellow, hi am, and hi can't 'elp associatin' with the bloody Potash and Perlmutter chappies when hi'm right on the next page to 'em. But hi'll mend me ways, hi will, if your lordship will forgive me this time."

Lord Slotherington languidly slipped into his lounging robe and strolled to his bath, where he dipped an experimental toe into the filled tub. In an instant his cries for Jeeves filled the apartment. The

(*Continued on page* 11)



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how *Different* the traffic looks *from the inside of*

GIRLS, you've got to get inside this car—grasp the wheel—and take it through a maze of traffic to appreciate its nimbleness.

The One-Way Pewit Six will go up curbs at the slightest touch of the wheel and it is already famous for its accuracy in removing buttons from policemen's uniforms.

And, girls, when it comes to parking, you can park the One-Way Pewit Six right in front of a fire hydrant without the slightest trouble.

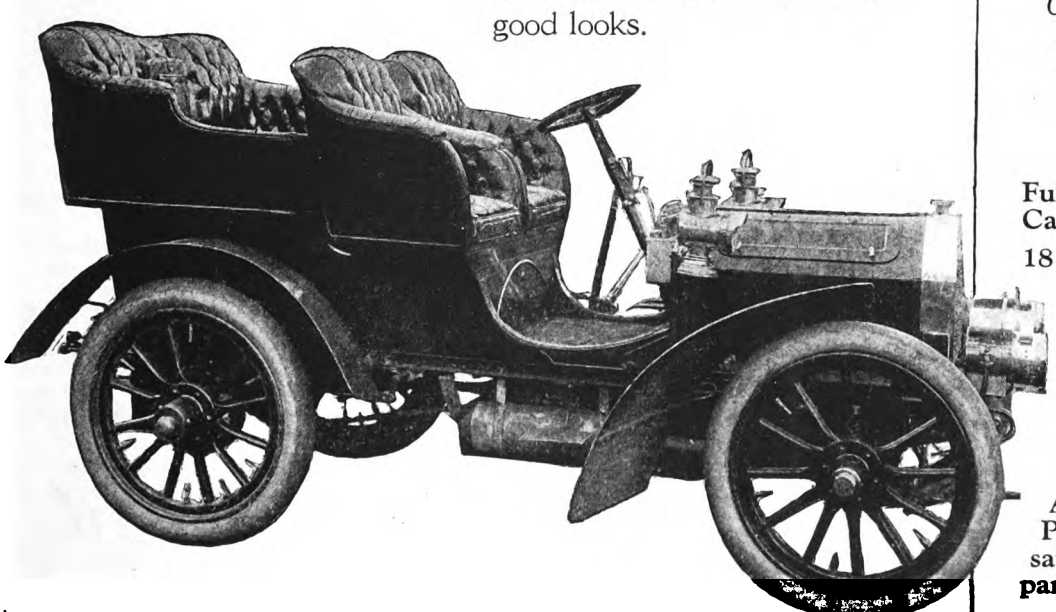
And as for going the wrong way on a one-way street, why, girls, there's no car like it.

Ask your nearest Pewit dealer for a demonstration. He was selected for his good looks.

The One-Way
PEWIT SIX

$998

The Special de Luxe Sport Model shown below $9.98 f. o. b. Yonkers



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PEWIT SIX
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18 Mirrors.

Electric Grill.

Go-light.

Dashboard Lipstick and Powder Puff.

Embroidery Hoop on Steering Wheel.

And the One-Way Pewit Six Horn that says: "Oh, I beg your **pardon!"**

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Without question

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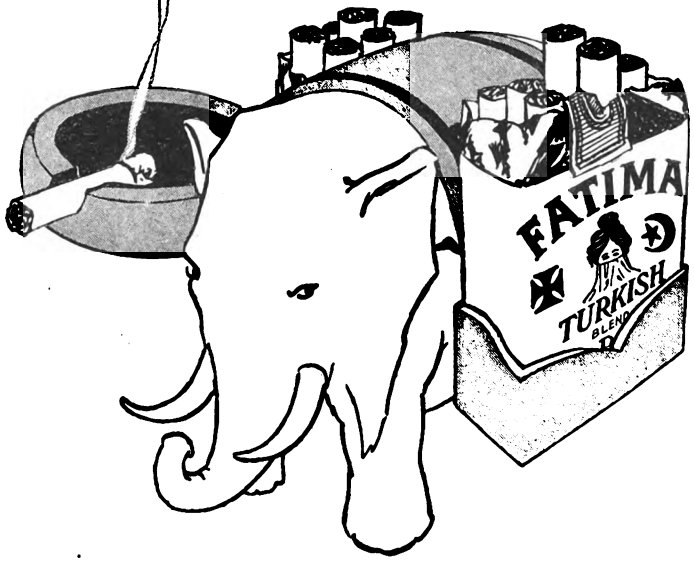

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BE A YES-MAN!

10,000 of them wanted in the Motion Picture Industry right now!

Editors, Managers, Bank Presidents, Men of Affairs, cry for them!

SEND NO MONEY FOR OUR COURSE IN YESSING

Say It with Yesses

YESSIR CO. YESTON, PA.

Memories of an Old Playgoer

(*Continued from page* 5)

Maurice Barrymore in "Brown of Harvard," at the Yonkers Stadium, July 4, 1812

World, immediately rushed out and sent her a telegram at newspaper rates. After the performance we all marched down to the Brevoort where she was staying, unharnessed the horses from her barouche and allowed her to pull us uptown.

All this, of course, was before the days of moving pictures. Some cynical critics are in the habit of criticizing the movies as being of utterly no worth. These critics don't know what they are talking about. The movies are worth a lot. Specifically, they are worth about $300,000 a year to the *Saturday Evening Post* in advertising revenue.

No such article as this one I am writing is complete without at least one example of the wit of Maurice Barrymore, a close friend of mine. Maurice, as you have doubtless heard—particularly if you live in Mudburg, Ia., or Motzburg, Kan., where the majority of our readers live—was a great favorite of the ladies. I asked him one day why this was. Quick as a flash he replied, "I don't know." Another excellent story that Maurice used to tell was of his first encounter with Frances Hoenan. I wish I could remember it.

The famous critic, William Winter, I first met at Daly's Theater one night back in the early Sixties. The play being shown at the time was "Cinderella." I asked Winter, we were close friends, what he thought of it. "A foul play!" he replied with some acerbity. "When will our low commercial managers cease to pollute our stage with such lascivious imported filth!" The next day Winter wrote an indignant five-column review of the play in the *Tribune* (he worked on space) point-

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Why Jeeves!

(*Continued from page* 8)

omnipresent servant hastened to his master.

"This water tests about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit," complained Lord Slotherington. "Don't you know by this time, Jeeves, that all stage-and-story-book Englishmen take ice cold plunges before breakfast? Run to the housekeeper and fetch me some ice so that I can live up to the literary tradition.

"I gotcha, bo," answered Jeeves. "This here dumb Dora of a second-story chambermaid forgets to introduce the chilled *aqua* into the fur-lined tub. That wench is a fourteen carat moron—"

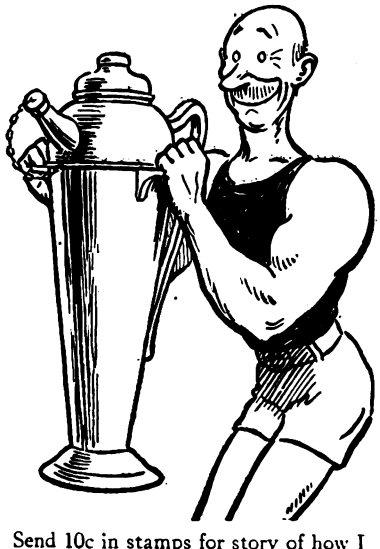
"Perfectly shocking Jeeves, shocking!" spluttered Lord Slotherington, "my ancestors—oh, my ancestors!"

A guilty flush suffused Jeeves's closely shaved jowls. "Oh, master," he begged, "my juxtaposition to Mister Sam Hellman's stories a number of times 'as got me speakin' in 'is idiom. Hi ham sorry, your lordship, but hi can't 'elp meself if hi talk a bit o' Yankee slang. Yo see, ah don always know ef ah'm sho 'nough gwine to talk English, dan which ah don' do nothin' else but in dese yere Jeeves stories, so I sez to myself, 'Jake, yer understan', don't be a *schnorrer* of a butler all yer life. Get it a business where enyho a man can get a piece of herring or *gefullte* fish onct in a while.' So hi harrived at the conclusion hit's a 'ard, 'ard life your lordship, to be a bone-headed sap of a butler and I thinks I'll grab me off a posish. . . ."

But there was no answer from Lord Slotherington. Only a few bubbles floated to the surface of the tub. All was still. The disgrace had been too much for his lordship. Jeeves without an English accent! Better eternal forgetfulness!

Jeeves contaminated by the polyglot

(*Continued on page* 29)



Send 10c in stamps for story of how I developed my muscles 50% by shaking cocktails for week-end guests. Alois P. Wrongfort, Xenia, Mo.

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While this model carries a lightweight sole, it has unusual wearing qualities.

These shoes will give extra wear without extra weight, just as economies resulting from Douglas methods of manufacturing for 120 Douglas-owned stores and 6,000 Douglas dealers assure you a saving of several dollars on the price per pair.

A new "Featherweight" in Tony-Gold Light Tan Calfskin.

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ALL GOOD VALUES $6 TO $8

Is Your Spare Time Worth $500.00 An Hour?

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Farrell P. Knoob sells anvils and bedticking out in Jersey. "The anvil and bedticking trade," says Mr. Knoob, "is hellish." In addition to all this, Mr. Knoob plays the musical saw and is learning to read English. Yet Mr. Knoob found time to sell tickets to ABIE'S IRISH ROSE!

Clip the coupon and get our interesting booklet on Zebra Farming and What It Means to You.

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HOW ABOUT YOU?

Do you know what makes pretty designs on the windowpanes in winter? Are you nervous, uncanny, drunk, suspicious of burglars?

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The Glorious Art of Well Being

Carburetor troubles, scored cylinders and carbon removed—*by this fresh food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine with any sense—Leischmann's Yeast is just a terribly fresh food.

The oodles of tiny active yeast plants in every cake are busy turning out yeast products night and day. Business is swell. Where cussing gives only temporary relief, yeast strengthens and makes health. And day by day it gives rise to new stores of energy—where Leischmann's Yeast is sold.

Eat two or three cakes regularly: on crackers—or, if you can't sit on crackers, eat them in fruit juices or water—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. Like rabbits. *For consternation, dissolve one cake in water before breakfast and at bedtime.* All grocers have it. Start to-day.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet: "Go Yeast, Young Man," Health Inserts Dept. X-23, the Leischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N. Y.

"'ISN'T he flat on his feet!'" These words came to me from the next room. Later, however, an enemy recommended Leischmann's Yeast, and I am no longer flat on my feet. I am flat on my back." EARNEST SCHIMFF, Yonkers, N. Y.

"FOR years I suffered from chilblains. Finally things became so bad I found it almost impossible to rise in the morning. Now, I take Leischmann's Yeast regularly, and rise over night." INGOMEDA SMYTHE, Yonkers, Nova Scotia

"PINK splotches on the small of my back interfered with my Red Cross work. People and cops used to stare at me on the street. At last, in a moment of fury, I bought an armful of Leischmann's Yeast cakes—and found they worked like a charm. I heartily recommend them to anybody who can throw." MARY E. WIBBLES, Yonkers, N. D.

"ALL my life I have suffered from a usual face. No matter what I did to them, people never remembered me. In less than three weeks, however, Leischmann's Yeast did the trick. Now I look so different people can't tell *where* I'm looking." LOUISA PLOPP, Yonkers, Neb.

"LEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a boon to mankind. Before I heard of it, my hair was falling out something terrible. But now I warmly recommend Leischmann's Yeast to everyone I meet, and by doing so have made enough to buy me a wig." SUSAN PEEPTIN, Yonkers, Yonkers.

Send for sample cake and rise to the occasion.

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A Memorable Date

IT WAS the last day of December, 1728. A chill wind was blowing, and the air was filled with a fine, thick, cutting snow. Everyone on the street was hurrying as fast as possible to their warm firesides, there to partake of some hot porridge and talk over the gossip of ye old town, that is all but Benjamin Franklin, who was hurrying away from his fireside, his coat tucked up around his ears and his tibbet tied tightly over his hat and under his neck, to help keep out the snow and chilly blasts.

"I have only a few hours more in which to do it!" he muttered feverishly to himself, "only a few more hours. I have kept putting it off day after day, week after week!"

People turned as he passed and shook their heads, "Poor Ben!" they muttered, "the storm has got into his brain. He should be taken back!" But none dared stop him, for Ben was well known as a determined sort of fellow.

At last, Hugh Meredith, Ben's partner and former co-worker with him at Old Man Keimer's, chanced to come along and barred Ben's passage.

"Ben! Ben!" said Hugh, "what is it? Why hurry ye so fast? Come with me to my warm fireside, and we will sup of some fine old ale, for Smedley Butler will not be here for centuries!"

Ben wiped the snow from his face and tweaked his nose into which Jack Frost was already putting a rosy color.

"Hugh! Hugh!" he muttered, "right well would I like to come with ye, but I cannot—I cannot. I have a work to do that cannot be delayed. I have put it off for days—weeks!"

"But will not to-morrow do as well?" asked Hugh, "and by then mayhap the storm will have passed."

Ben threw up his hands excitedly. "Man!" he cried, "you know not what you say. To-morrow will be a new year, and too late—for I must found the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1728!"

William Sanford

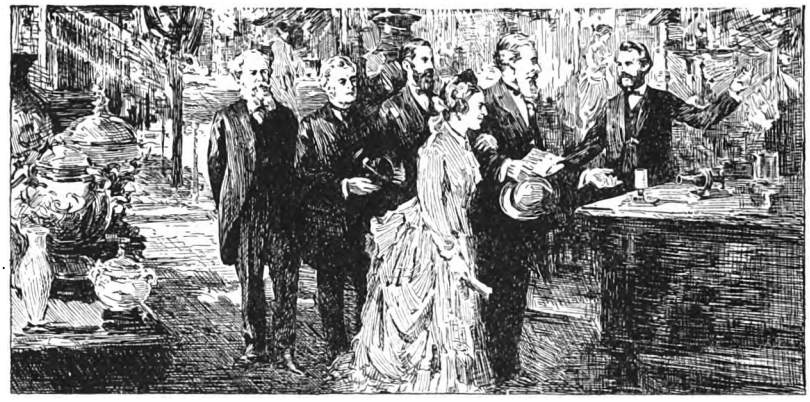
My Civic "Vac"

(*Continued from page* 6)

They'd hear my verdict: "Oh, be gone
And nevermore be seen."

I'd nip the legislative lads whose middle
name is Pork,
The politician roustabouts who work with
knife and fork;
For them and all their followers,
The sword-and-money swallowers,
I'd have a pleasant exit staged, a fare-you-
well to earth:
They'd lie upon my rent receipts,
My weekly-budget-spent receipts,
And die to peals of mirth.

(*Continued on page* 24)



The Telephone at the Centennial

ONE hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the infant telephone was first exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition.

Since the dawn of civilization, mankind had sought some means of communicating over distances which unaided human speech could not bridge. Drums, signal fires, runners, the pony express, and finally the electric telegraph were means to get the message through. It remained for the telephone to convey a speaker's words and tones over thousands of miles.

"My God, it talks!" exclaimed the Emperor of Brazil before a group of scientists at the Philadelphia Exposition, as he recognized the voice of Alexander Graham Bell, demonstrating the new invention.

Today, after a brief half-century, the telephone lines of the Bell System have become the nerves of the nation. The telephone connects citizen with citizen, city with city, state with state for the peace and prosperity of all.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

CLEAR YOUR SKIN
of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use
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ASK FOR
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
for TIRED, ACHING FEET

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For Comfort and Mileage

5000 smiles lost

because of a leaking flask!

The Cost of Flask Neglect

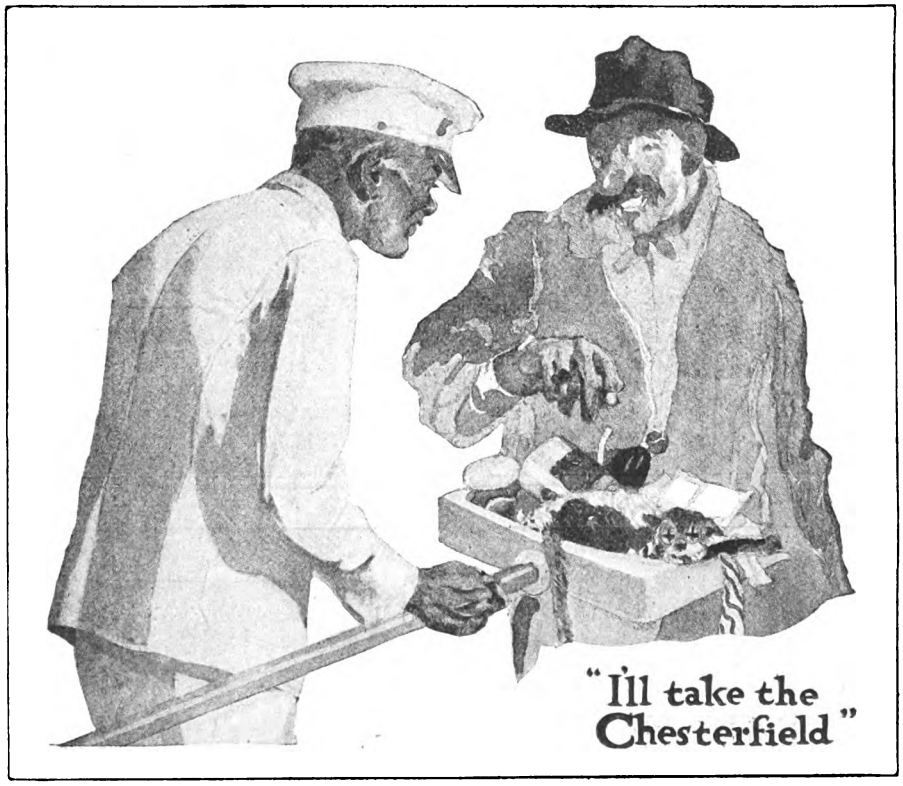
Leaking flasks cause thinning of the blood and reduced power, perhaps freezing!

INSURE yourself against these dangers by pouring your liquor into an XXX can. It—can't leak!

Mr. C. Shaw of Park avenue, writes—

"I had great trouble with Liquor leakage until I filled some Scotch Bottles with XXX Liquid. Since then nothing's been missing but my butler, chauffeur, valet and upstairs maids."

XXX LIQUID CONTAINERS



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Country Gentlewoman

is read by more lady farmers than any other farm publication.

IT'S A GREAT MAGAZINE and besides it keeps our presses running!

THE COURTESY PUBLISHING CO.

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Memories of an Old Playgoer

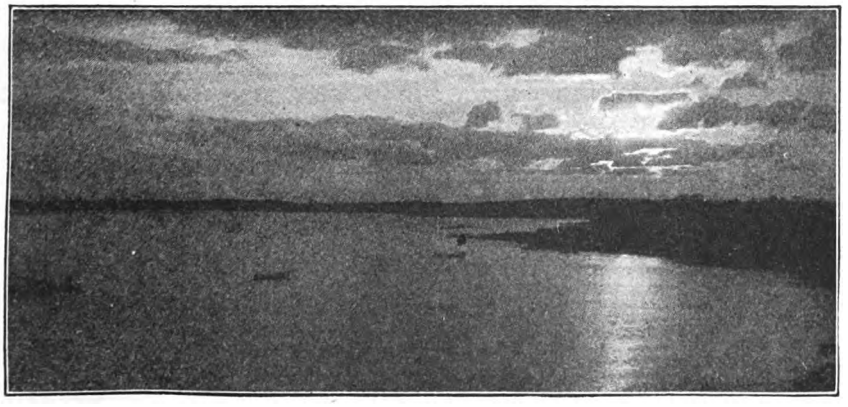
(Continued from page 10)

The Rogers Brothers in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," played for the first time at the Yankee Stadium, Lincoln's Birthday, April 16, 1492

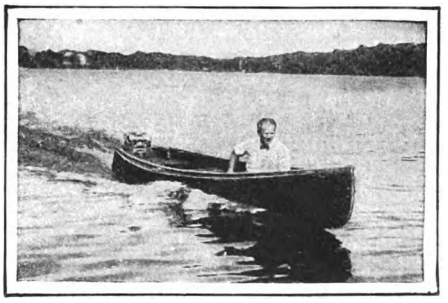
ing out particularly the lewdness of the scene in which the Prince, about to try the slipper on Cinderella's foot, kneels down for the sole purpose of getting a better view of her leg. Winter was a great force for good in the American theater. Without him we should never to-day have had "Lulu Belle," "The Shanghai Gesture," "The Green Hat" and "Artists and Models."

The best Uncle Tom I ever saw was Bertha Kalich in "Magda."

Ah, those dear, bygone days! Will they never return? Who of us members of an older generation do not recall with a thrill Della Fox in "Macbeth," Minnie Ashley in "Hamlet," W. J. Florence in the Byrne Brothers' "Eight Bells," and the immortal Booth in "Florodora"? What are these actors and actresses we have to-day? Nothing, I answer, nothing! Is there one among them to compare with Josie Mansfield, Charmion, queen of the trapeze, the Cherry Sisters or the Poillon sisters? Is there one among them who does not hang his head in shame when the names of such actors as Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons are mentioned? There were prize fighters in those days!



Moonlight on Ansco Bay



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"Old Town" Square Stern Canoes are steady and strong. They are remarkably easy to handle too. Made with or without sponsons (air chambers).

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or, wha

Put this Sickly Six up against any other car on the market and you'll be surprised what a difference just a few dents make!

Note the Cracko finish and the Tinkan Body.

Note the collapsible wheels and the demountable doors.

Note the mud-guards—n from the finest Beaver B obtainable.

Note the roominess of inside—note the roomi outside!

THE SICK

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er, such Quality as this!

have you?

Note the smooth running "true-love" engine, with its 90 hoarsepower — a power plant that will back you up at 6 miles an hour whenever you wish.

Note the new Sickly Six Finance plan—pay whenever you happen to have any loose change in your pocket.

Note all these things and then decide what car you're going to buy. It won't be a

SICKLY SIX!

LY SIX NO OFFER REFUSED

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NATURE'S greatest gift is the power to relax. Amid the strenuous activities of this modern life, moments of relaxation are all too few.

Police Department, Fire Department, Street Cleaning Department vehicles in nearly all the big cities are equipped with Watsup Snubilators.

Also the Seats in Congress, the Metropolitan Opera House chairs and the seats on the New York, New Haven and Hartford trains.

There's a Watsup dealer near you.

WATSUP
SNUBILATORS

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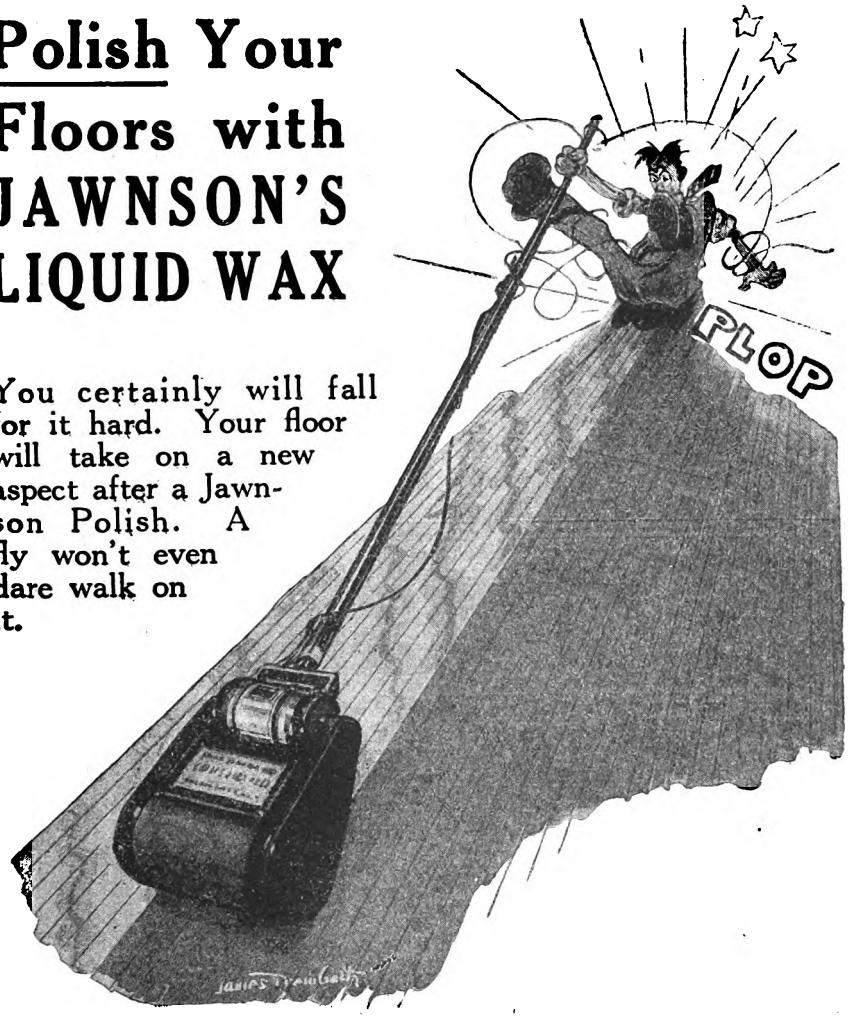
Polish Your Floors with JAWNSON'S LIQUID WAX



You certainly will fall for it hard. Your floor will take on a new aspect after a Jawnson Polish. A fly won't even dare walk on it.

And think of the joy it will give you when your mother-in-law visits you—or when the cook tries to leave!

And a Jawnson Polished floor is absolutely "Charleston proof."

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Moonlight on Mothersill Bay

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Don't be a wallflower. Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home study method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play like a professional at little expense. Mention your favorite instrument. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. Write NOW!

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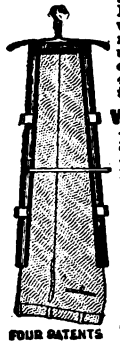
YOUR PROFITS IN ADVANCE



STAY-PREST TROUSER PRESSER sells quick—everywhere. Thousands in use. Salesmen and saleswomen cleaning up. Sells on eight-minute demonstration. Reasonable price. 40% clear profit for you. You take orders. We deliver.

Wonderful New Invention

Puts perfect crease in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than a minute. Folds into small size. Finely finished. Looks rich. Saves clothes and tailor bills. Every man wants one or two.

Make Big Profits—Others Do

Jack Ames made $24.00 in four hours. Randle sold twenty-five the first day. Mary Roberts made $10.00 in one evening. Others making good in full or spare time. So can you.

FOUR PATENTS

FREE Write us quick for free sample offer and full details.

The Getgey-Jung Co. Dept. E-158. G. & J. Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

61 MILES ON A GALLON BRINGS AGENT $120 A DAY

An amazing little device which makes it possible for an auto to go 61 miles on a gallon of gasoline brought J. M. James the astounding profit of $120 in one day! This wonderful new invention makes practically any car give twice its ordinary mileage a gallon. The demand is enormous—you can make $250 to $500 a month in spare or full time. And now the inventor will send you a sample at his own risk. Write to J. A. Stransky, E-780 Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, So. Dak.

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

By sumptuously appointed new, oil-burning Cunarders, specially chartered, run like private yachts. Limited membership and rates including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop-overs in Europe.

NORWAY Western Mediterranean
June 30, S.S. "LANCASTRIA," 53 days, $550 to $1,250. Repeating last summer's greatest cruising success, visiting Lisbon, Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway Fjords, Edinburgh, Trossachs, Berlin.

SOUTH AMERICA
Combined with the Mediterranean
Feb. 5, 86 days, $800 to $2,300.

ROUND THE WORLD
Jan. 19, 121 days, $1,250 to $2,900.

To the MEDITERRANEAN
Jan. 29, 62 days, $600 to $1,700.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

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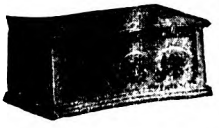
STATICOLA

With the Cockaday Deceiver

AND THE FAMOUS "HOME BREAKER CIRCUIT"

Tube B
(or not Tube B)



The Famous
Banning Model
(50 Kendall Power)

SPECIAL DE LUXE CONGRESS
CABINET
(With solid ivory knobs and extra loud mouth)

A Happy Radio Family

YOU can get all the fights over the Staticola without even tuning in!

No matter what the occasion may be—a dinner party—an evening with your family — a riot is sure to start.

Staticola will reproduce more funny noises than any other make.

It will bring out "Horses!" and "What! No women?" loud enough to drive any guest home.

You never heard such music.

And—

You'll never know what complete radio satisfaction means until you've thrown a Staticola out the window.

STATICOLA CORPORATION
Walla Walla, Mich.

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE SWEAR BY STATICOLA

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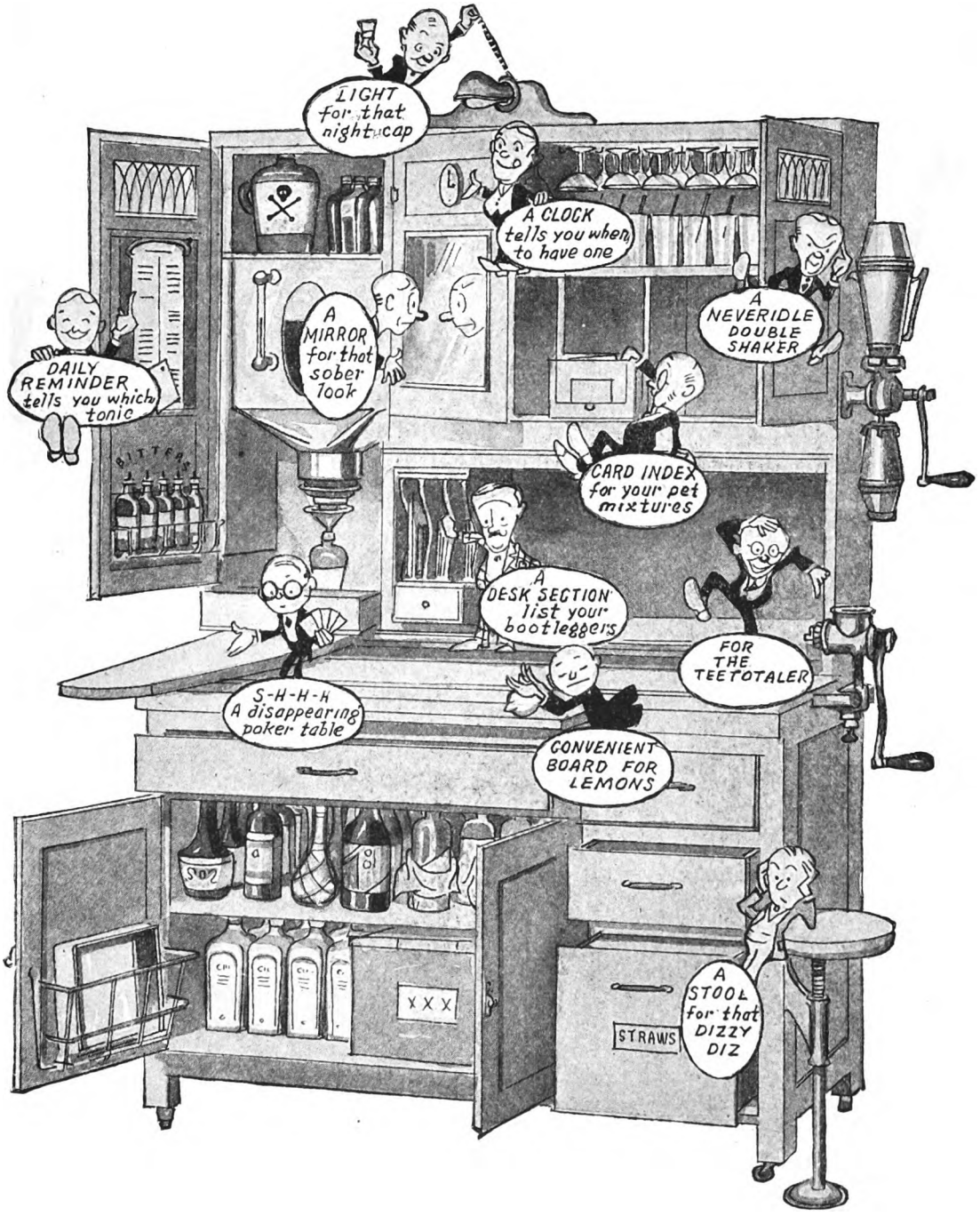
JUST BETWEEN US MEN



NO room for argument here. These exclusive features of the Booze Cabinet make it meet every need.

This Cabinet was designed by 369 men and all of them sincere drinkers, so it can't be wrong.

When you step up to this Cabinet, if you can still walk, you know everything is just where you want it.

SEND
for our new booklet,
"The Bartender's
Guide."

Booze
DESIGNED BY 369 MEN

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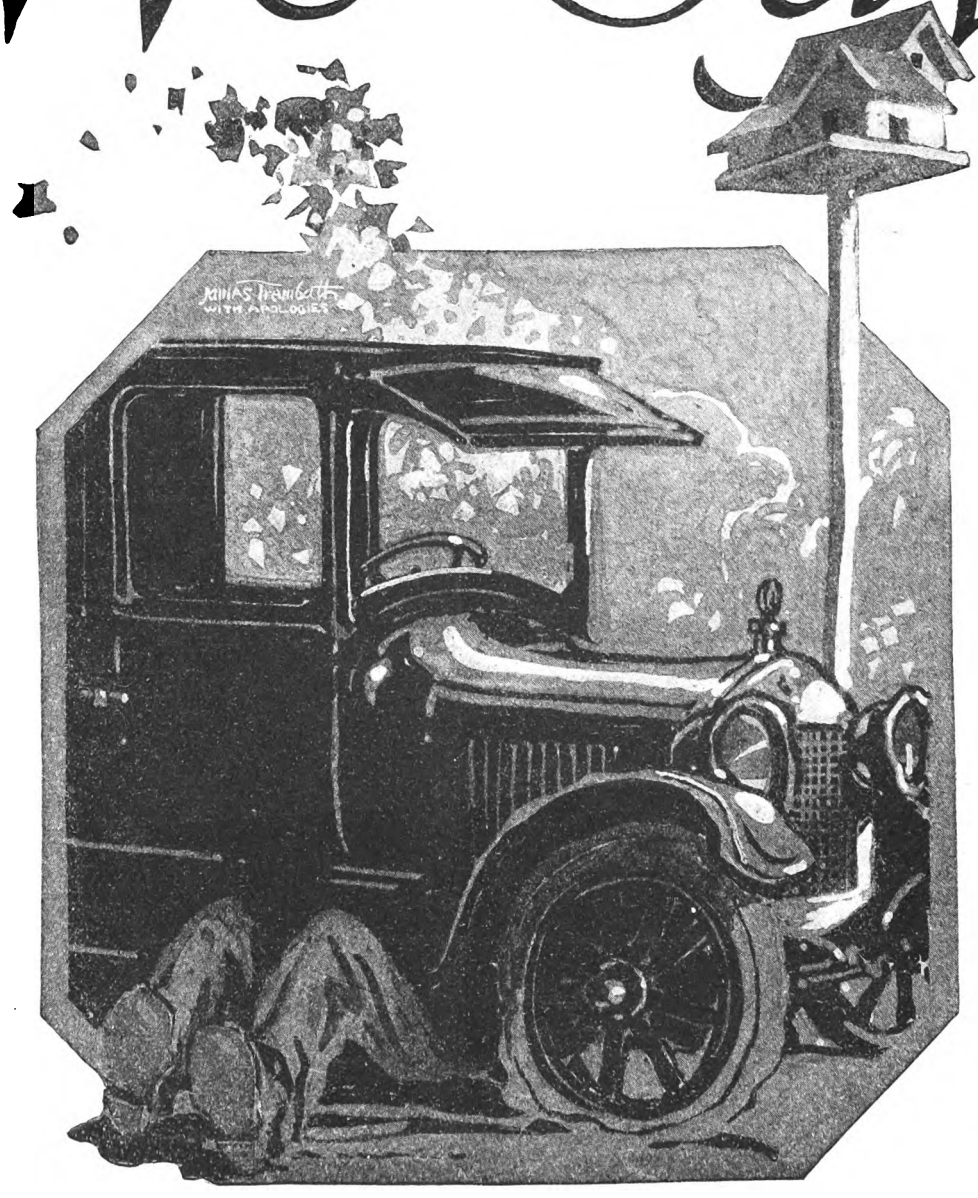
We Say



The new low down price of this Sedan is $187.60 f. o. b. Grand Rapids.

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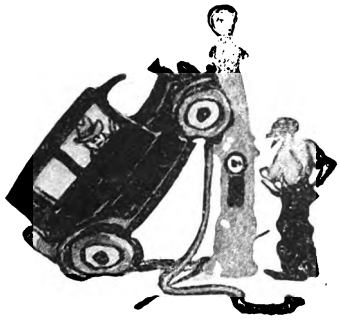
Again—



What comes after the Purchase Price?

You can see for yourself. Long life is what counts.

A great many old men still have Fudge cars that they bought in their youth—they never could get them going.

Fudge Sisters cars are much more economical in the end—in fact in both ends!

Get under a Fudge Sisters car once and you'll get under it often!

Ask any Fudge owner what he thinks of a Fudge Sisters car and then hold your ears.

Immense production enables Fudge Sisters to offer this car at such a low price.

We say again—get under a Fudge Sisters car!

FUDGE SISTERS, GRAND RAPIDS
And All Points West

FUDGE SISTERS

PUTTER CARS

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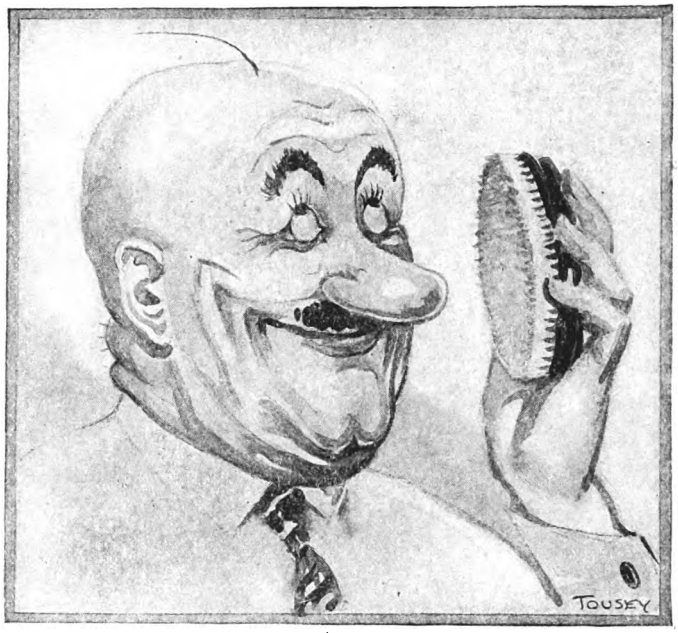
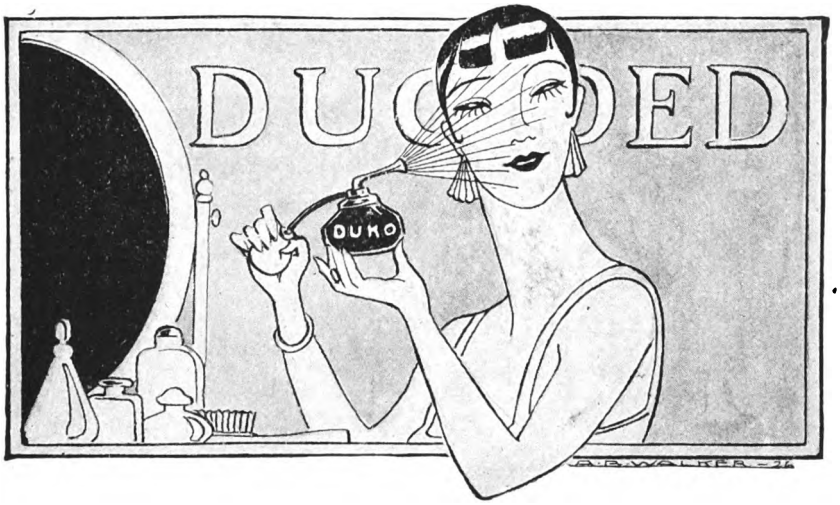


Keeps Your Hair Neat—
Rich Looking and Orderly

DON'T let your hair stand up. Keep it neat with GREASOLA. The most stubborn hair will lie down when it sees a bottle of GREASOLA.

Send this Coupon—try it free
A SAMPLE WILL LAST YOU A LIFETIME!
Name.....
Address.....



"Finished with DUKO"

GLORIA SWINSON | PEGGY NAPKIN ROYCE | FANNY PRICE | BEBE SPANIELS | ELSIE PANUS | GILDA BRAY

The Leading Ladies of the Country are Finished with Duko

Extreme heat or cold does not harm it. Mud, grease and oil wiped away without DUPONT DUKO injury. Even soap and water have no effect upon it. Old faces made new by it.

Well Posted

I HAVE —ed bills on fence —s for to earn my daily chow,
I have leaned again a lamp — just to cool my fevered brow,
I have ridden in a —chaise to my —ern gate —haste,
And I've —ured by the door — while the keyhole I have chased.

I have ofttimes —ed ledgers; I've been —ed at my club,
And for breakfast I drink —um, Mr. —'s fine coffee sub.
I have twice —poned my wedding (oh, the hitching — I shun!),
And I always hold —mortems when the poker game is done.

Though I always —date letters and add —scripts when I can,
I have never skimped on —age, yet I'm quite a —card fan.
When the —man brings a package I insist it be —paid,
And I scrutinize the —mark lest im—ure should be made.

I'm a —impressionistic, futuristic sort of man,
And I sleep in a four—er until — meridian.
Now it seems unnecessary to announce, proclaim, or boast,
That I never miss a copy of *The Satdee Evening —!!!*

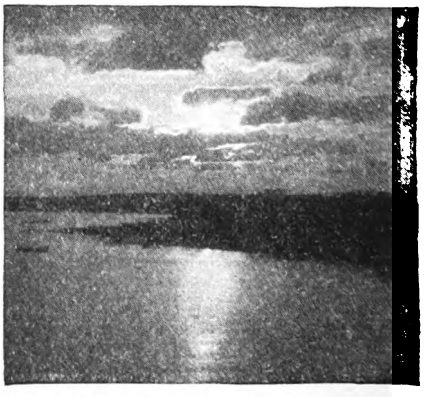
Geo. R. Davies

My Civic "Vac"

(*Continued from page* 13)

Had I a cosmic cleaner, that is just how it would work;
I'd send away to limbo every nuisance, bore and shirk;
The parasites would quail at it,
The chronic kickers rail at it,
But buzz! and buzz! and buzz! and buzz!
I'd nab them easily.
One fear, however, frets me now;
A subtle something gets me now:
I hope it won't touch me.

Elias Lieberman



Moonlight on Drinkless Bay

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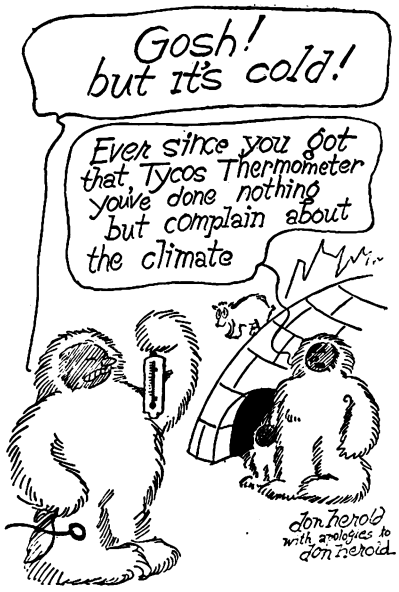

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A wonderful offer from ARTHUR MURRAY, the world's foremost dancing Instructor!
Five Lessons Free!

DON'T be a wall flower! Here's your chance to be up-to-date in your dancing! The same dances for which hundreds have paid Mr. Murray $10.00 a lesson—now offered to you for only 25 cents each! Learn the Charleston—Tango—Fox Trot and others. Surprise your friends—become popular over night. Single lessons, 25c. Any 10 lessons for $2.00. The entire list, $5.50 worth, will be sent for only $4.00. Act now! Check the lessons you want and mail coupon.

FREE With every order of $1.00 or more, Arthur Murray will include free: 1. The Secret of Leading. 2. How to follow successfully. 3. The New Correct position. 4. How to gain confidence. 5. Secret of Waltzing.

25¢ a lesson

Mail This Coupon NOW

1. Foxtrot for Beginners
2. Waltz for Beginners
3. Beginners' Charleston
4. One step for beginners
5. Tango for Beginners
6. Two-Step in Fox Trot
7. Principles of Waltzing
8. How to waltz to Foxtrot music
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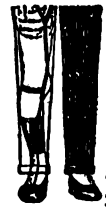
12. The French Tango
13. The Tango Fox Trot
14. Principles of Charleston
15. The Charleston Walk
16. Collegiate Charleston
17. Flying Charleston
18. Advanced Charleston
19. Syncopated Fox Trot
20. Advanced Fox Trot
21. Ritz Fox Trot
22. New Hesitation Walk

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 639, 7 E. 43d St., N. Y.
I enclose $..... for lessons checked above at 25c each. If I order 10, the price will be only $2.00. The entire list, $5.50 worth, will be sent for $4.00. (Foundation lessons free with order of $1.00 or more.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



BOW LEGS?
Our Garter (pat'd.)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 22 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMP.

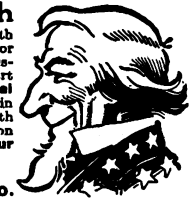
Tire Punctured 857 Times Leaks No Air

A new and amazing scientific puncture proof discovery has been perfected by Mr. O. S. Nelson, E-2241 Logan Building, Mitchell, South Dakota, with which an automobile tire was punctured 857 times without loss of air. Makes all old as well as new tires puncture proof. It increases the mileage of tires enormously. Makes ordinary tire troubles go forever. Prevents tire changing. It is inexpensive. Mr. Nelson wants agents and is willing to send samples for demonstration at his own risk. Write him today.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Copy This Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Earn from $50.00 to $200.00 or more per week as cartoonist or illustrator. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn at home in your spare time. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for full information and sample chart to test your ability. *Please state age.*



THE LANDON SCHOOL
1488 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Be Popular Play Jazz

It sets them going. Young folks are enamored by those tantalizing tunes. Be the Jazz King with your

Buescher True Tone

SAXOPHONE

Teach yourself, 3 free lessons give you quick easy start. Try any instrument in your own home 6 days free. See what you can do. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings details.

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (6)
1464 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

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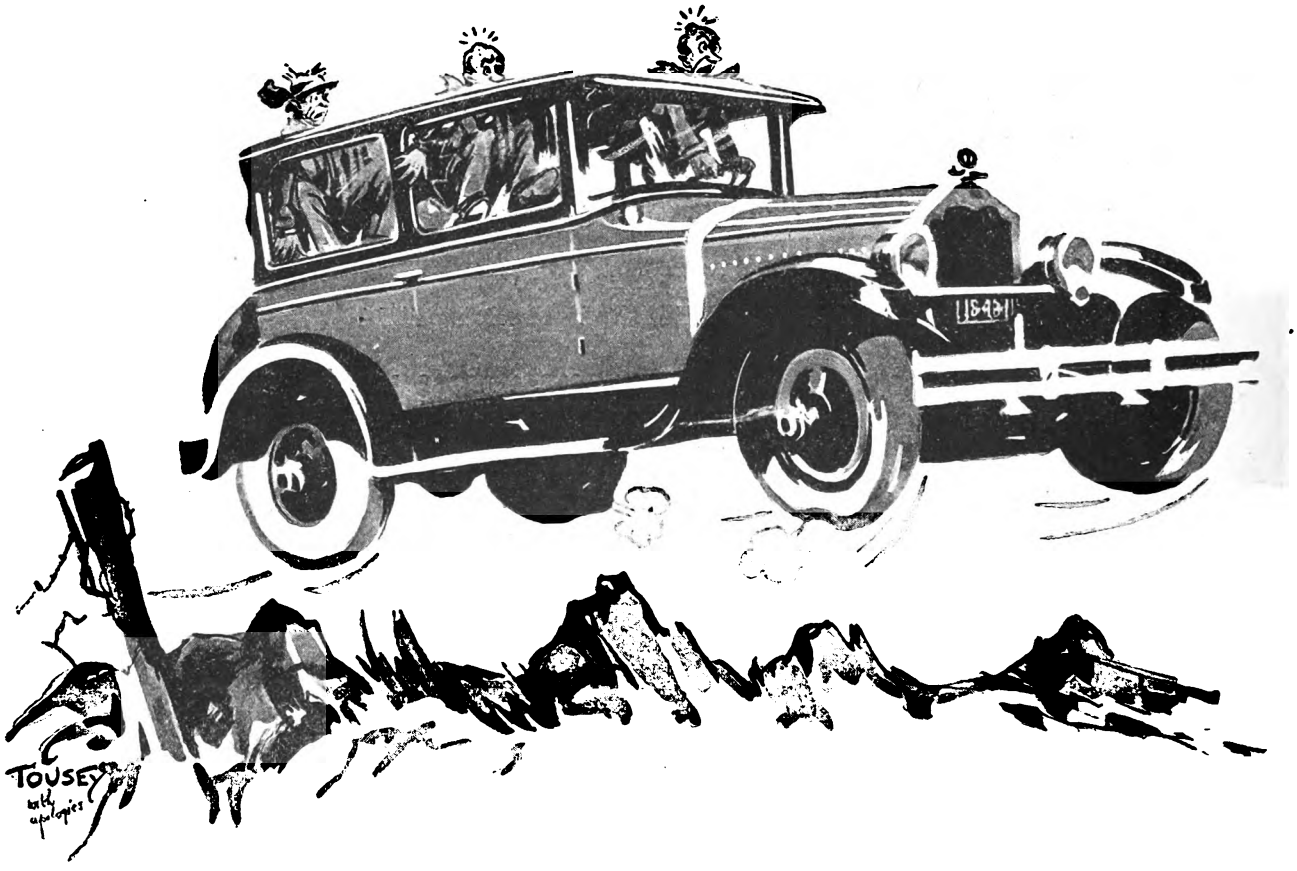

HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE OTHER CARS

LEAPING-LENA

SIX **FOUR**

The Leaping-Lena is high in quality—it's high in everything! It takes all roads on high—it's powerful springs put it ahead of other cars by leaps and bounds! You'll hit the roof with delight in a Leaping-Lena and your joy will know bounds! A bouncing baby could drive it! Leap at this opportunity!

Steel helmets and rubber cushions furnished with each model. F. O. B. (Full of Bounces) Prancing, Mich.

Digitized by Google

She never knew—

She thought—

Jack Dempsey was a fighter—

Edgar Guest was a poet—

Howard Chandler Christy was an artist—

The Volstead Act was a law—

Michael Arlen was a literary man—

Yale was an educational Institution—

Stephen Leacock was a humorist—

The Algonquin was a Hotel—

Peggy Joyce was an actress—

The United States was a free country—

And even her best friends wouldn't tell her!

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one bottle of Blisterine you'll know better next time.

Digitized by Google

They're Safe in a Standstill!

Traffic dangers have multiplied so in the past few years that every motorist feels responsible for his family's safety.

He feels secure, however, if he knows they are in a Standstill because he'll never be able to get the darn thing out of the garage.

There is no vibration to the powerful Standstill engine because it's seldom running.

Your family can't go wrong in a Standstill — they can't go any place!

"Standstill's place is in the garage!"

Thousands of daily messages from grateful owners never come in!

The NEW STANDSTILL

"It's a Great Old Bus"

Digitized by Google

Why Jeeves!

(*Continued from page* 11)

argot of modern American fiction! Horror! Horror! And while Jeeves was still talking, Lord Slotherington, making his decision, had silently, surreptitiously slipped back into bed again, where he was now snoring, Lady Wimpflbee's dinner to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the meanwhile Jeeves had produced another whisky and soda from his left sock and was proceeding to sip it complacently.

THE END

Bunkery

(*Continued from page* 6)

The Movie Ballyhoos

"This picture cost three million beans!
It's drained our whole resources!
It has five hundred different scenes
And twenty thousand horses!

"The cast has fifty famous stars
And thirty thousand supers!
Each one of 'em bears custard scars
And all are seasoned troupers!

"A wonder-feature picture play!
A spectacle stupendous!
Astounding! . . . Gripping all the way!
Its lesson is treee-mendous!"

So rants the mighty movie trust
In loud and strident fashion.
Sometimes they call the picture, "Lust"
And sometimes "Flames of Passion."

Chicot

~

Mother—Here, father, go down to the newsstand with little Bobby and help him carry home this week's *Saturday Evening Post*.

$15,000 A YEAR For the RIGHT MAN

If you're a man of punch and steam—not afraid of a big job, or afraid of the hard work it will take to put it across—there's a real position for you with one of the largest manufacturing concerns in its industry. I'm after ten men—ten hard hitting men with executive ability—who can build and operate large units of salesmen in various parts of the country. These positions will mean no less than $10,000 a year. If you are a man of this caliber, if you are looking for a permanent connection with a well established firm that will pay big money right from the start, get in touch with me immediately. No application can be considered which does not state qualifications, training, and record in full. Fly-by-nights, curiosity bugs, and shifters need not waste their time by writing. All replies will be held strictly confidential. Address

THOMAS D. HASKETT,
Vice President and General Sales Manager,
Dept. U-518, 208 West Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois

24 of these discount Stamps Free

12 TILL AUG 15

Send name and address for BARGAIN CATALOG—listing hundreds of phonograph records. We will also send you absolutely free 24 of these discount stamps, which will enable you to purchase all latest records as low as 23 cents. You do not obligate yourself in any way by sending for these stamps.

MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB, Dept. JW 28
16 Macallen Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Why Go Around With a "Bay Window"

—When You Can Get Rid of It Instantly!

DO you want to get rid of that unsightly "bay window"? This scientific belt banishes that bulky, disfiguring stomach-fat with no effort on your part! No dieting, no drugs, no exercises! The instant you put on the belt *your waist is reduced 2 to 6 inches!* Gently and easily the dangerous fat is massaged away. Constipation, backaches, stomach trouble, shortness of breath disappear as your sagging organs are put back in their normal positions. You feel and look years younger. Energy and health return as excess fat melts away.

Like an Expert Masseur

The Weil Reducing Belt produces exactly the same results as an expert masseur, only much quicker and cheaper. With every move you make it massages away fat. It is working for you all the time, day and night.

Safe—Healthful

This new way to reduce is endorsed by physicians, trainers and athletes, because while the reduction is rapid the *strength is preserved.* Makes you feel better, work better, look better. *Satisfaction guaranteed!*

Special Trial Offer

The Weil Reducing Belt is the most popular invention for fat men ever made. Already over 300,000 stout men are wearing Weil Belts.

Send for full information and details of Special 10-day Trial Offer,

The Weil Company, 75 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
75 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Ambitious Young Men Wanted Married or Single

ANY night in the week several million men don't want to go home. But on Thursday they can't help themselves. They simply can't get there fast enough to enjoy the newly arrived copy of JUDGE. (Which is probably what you are doing right now.) A good many of these men buy their copies from the newsstand. A good many order by the year; they subscribe.

IT'S SAFER—newsstands are sometimes sold out.

Whether you are married or single, 17 or 70, inexperienced or a trained salesman, living on your income or your wife's, we have a proposition you should look into—that's why the handy coupon appears below. No obligation or expense beyond the dollar you mail with the coupon. Clip it to-day!

JUDGE, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

Here's my dollar. Mail me the next 10 issues of JUDGE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

(Name) .....

(Address).....

(Week of May 8)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 Prize. Vote Your Favorite!

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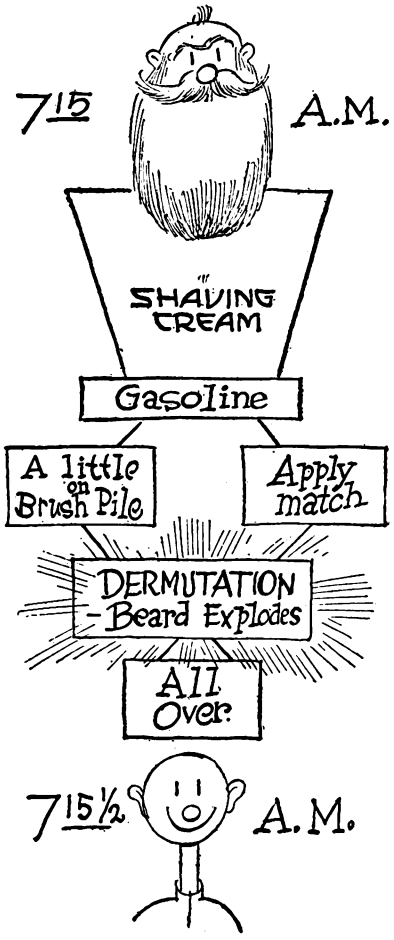
CHART OF A REAL SHAVE



THREE hundred million men know that the only way to get a beard off is to explode it off with Venom's—chart or no chart.

Demutation—the explosive method of mastering whiskers—makes a razor as useless as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives.

Why shave or shove your whiskers off when you can blow them off? Just a taste of Venom's, a little gasoline (hot or cold), and a parlor match. Blooey goes old Daniel Beard!

Then a dash of Venom's Embalming Fluid, invigorating, maddening, to send your pulses plunging.

Then a few shakes of Venom's Talcum for Males (man-colored, soporific, soothing, cooing) and you are ready for the day's fray.

No breakfast required.

Henry Jim

Send for the famous Venom song—"Venom Blue"

VENOM
SHAVING CREAM

Why wear a shabby suit?

The famous Walspar test

NOTHING can affect Walspar—even your best friends will admit that.

Drink a bottle before going to a stag dinner and you'll come home on your feet.

A thin coating of Walspar over the face and arms will keep off mosquitoes.

Gargled three times a day Walspar prevents chilblains, flat feet and adenoids.

Also cures Halitosis (unpleasant breath).

WALENTINE'S WALSPAR
The Varnish that won't vanish.

DRIVER—No, I don't mind the billboards so much—its these d—d SATURDAY EVENING POSTS that drive me nutty.

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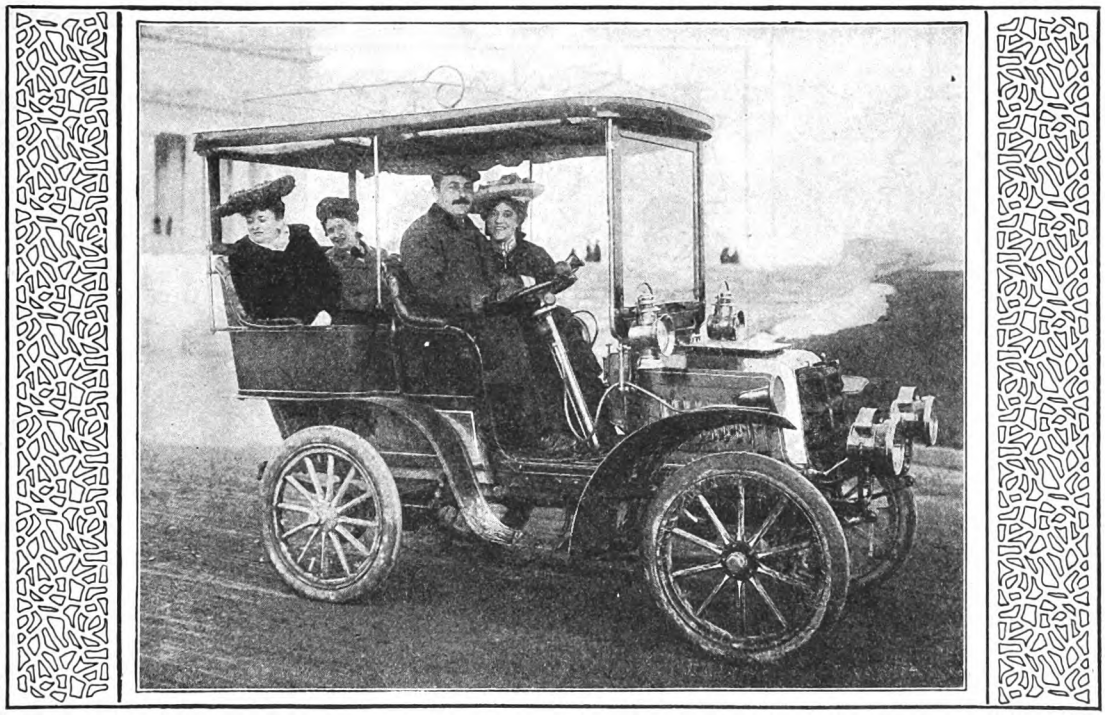

A well-known society woman speaks to American women drivers

When Milady selects a car she looks for beautiful lines, and symmetry of color and design . . .

That is why she chooses the BILLYS-FRIGHT . . .

A body of exquisite beauty—with a dash of the Bois, the Champs Elysees, and Mott street about it . . .

Its interior—eye filling, super luxurious. Done throughout in fancy linoleum . . .

"Quite obviously some one with a cockeye conceived the appointments of this motor car."

(Signed) SUSIE SMILCH.

A subtle cloister blue—all eight doors of the same material with emergency fire buckets on each door . . .

Bright green blinds on all sixteen windows with opalescent lights in ceiling.

The Famous BILLYS-FRIGHT kitchen range comes with every closed model, and also a smart coal bucket . . .

Ask us about the BILLYS-FRIGHT FINANCE PLAN. The payments are so easy we can't believe it ourselves.

BILLYS-FRIGHT COMPANY
Frightville, Ohio

BILLYS-FRIGHT

"With an Engine you'll never get out"

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WHY STARVE YOURSELF TO REDUCE?

Why not give a chance to SILPH?
—See what it can do for you—
You chew SILPH like ordinary Gum!
Safe—Easy—Pleasant
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NOTE:—SILPH will not work any overnight miracle, neither will it take off twenty pounds in one week, but chew it regularly and see for yourself how much you can take off—SILPH sells at all good drug or dept. stores for 50c a box. If your druggist is out of it send direct to the SILPH CO., 9 West 60th Street, Dept. 96., New York City.

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THE ANITA CO., Dept. 589
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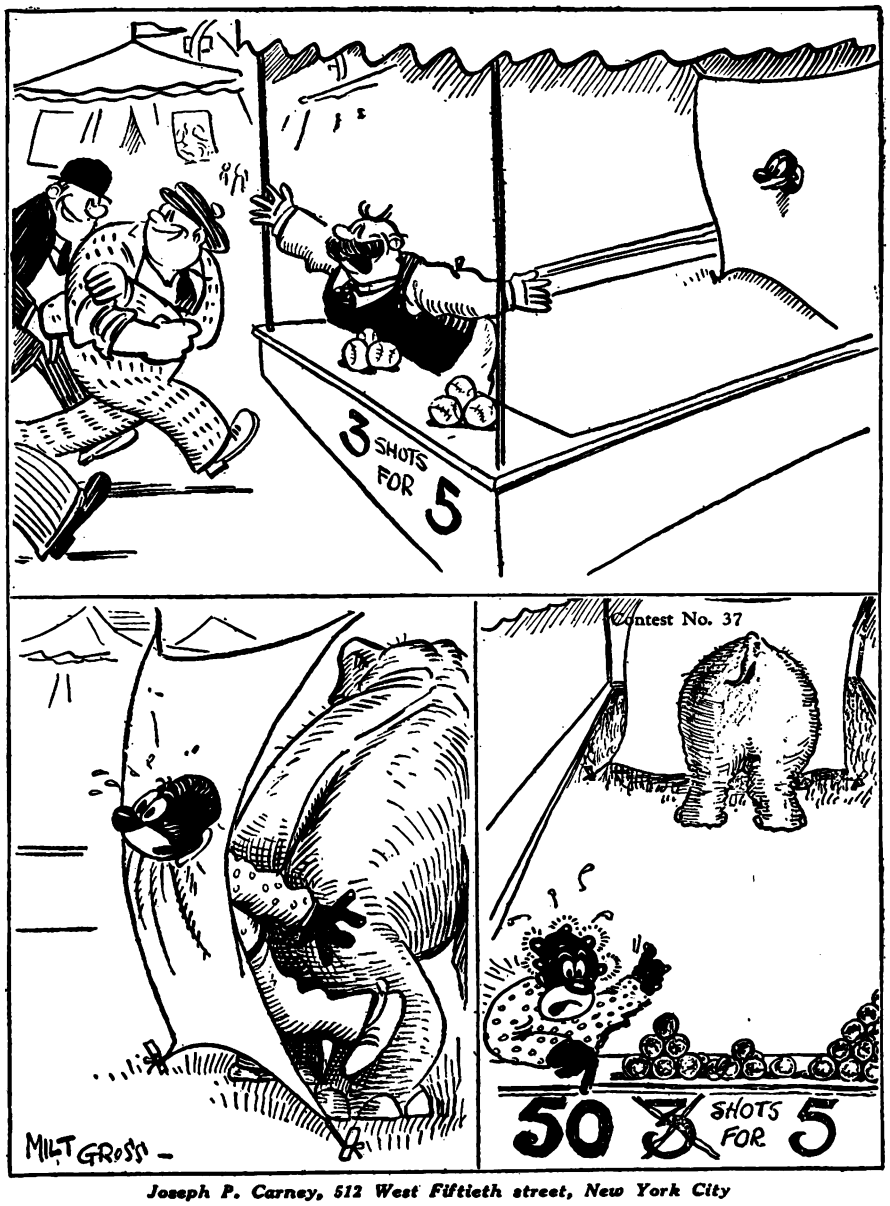
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions



Joseph P. Carney, 512 West Fiftieth street, New York City

Figurative representation of the conclusion of a SATURDAY EVENING POST story.

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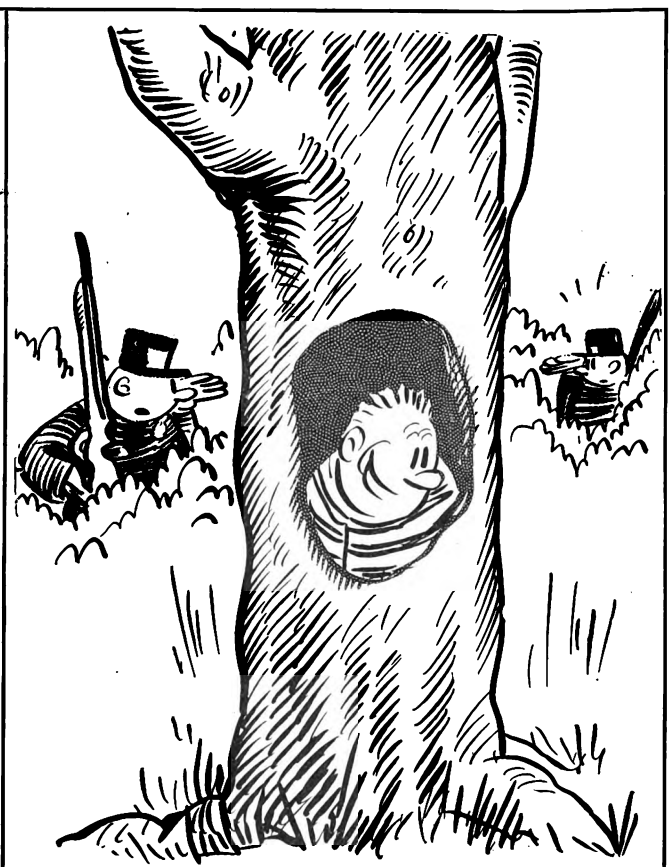
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes May 17. Winning ending appears in the issue of June 5.



Contest No. 41

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When the first glorious day of golf is over—and the final putt sinks in the 18th cup—when the tense moments end in soft mellow twilight —have a Camel!

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

WHEN it's glorious evening on the greens. And the last long putt drops home on the 18th hole—*have a Camel!*

For, all the world over, Camel fragrance and taste add joyous zest to healthful hours in the open. Camels never tire your taste, or leave a cigaretty after-taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them. This is the inside story of Camel success —their choice tobaccos and perfect blending make them the utmost in cigarettes.

So, this fine spring day, when your first glorious birdie ends its breathless flight. When you leave the long course to start home, tired and joyous — taste then the smoke that's admitted champion among the world's experienced smokers. Know, then, the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

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

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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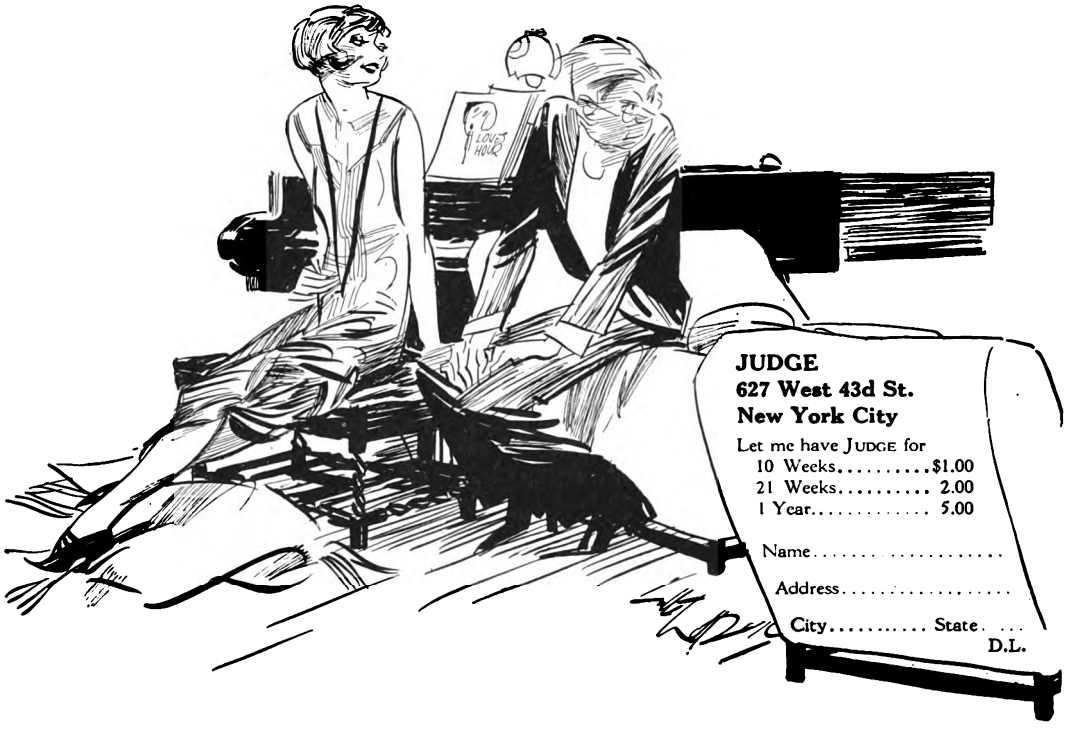

***SUITOR** (who has crashed)—Now that you have rejected me, I suppose I'll drink myself to death.*

SHE—But, Gilbert, it would cost so much. Why don't you subscribe to JUDGE and die laughing?

JUDGE, Volume 90. No. 2324, May 15, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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DEC ROOM

"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

IT is claimed by a German scholar that fear of poverty has been responsible for many of the world's finest pieces of fiction. Income tax officials can verify this.

A CONGRESSMAN who was recently called upon to express his views on the referendum question, said he had nothing to say. It is seldom that a Congressman lets a little thing like that bother him.

A SHORT while ago a Bostonian who had had a few nips of bootleg went to Franklin Park Zoo and strangled a 200 pound ostrich. There is, however, no foundation to the story that when apprehended by the police he had fortified himself with another nip and was headed for the elephant house.

SPEAKING before the Senate committee a dry leader stated that, in spite of the testimony regarding the consumption of bootleg by minors, he believed our younger generation had a lot of good stuff in them. The question then is where do they get it?

ACCORDING to a Norwegian scientist genius cannot be inherited. However, no budding author has ever been harmed by having a father in the publishing business.

A MUSIC critic believes that many of our present day jazz songs will never die. If they don't it won't be because many of our present day jazz orchestras haven't tried their best to kill them.

"What's the idea of the harem veil?"
"Well, you've got to leave something to the imagination."

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"You can take your finger off that leak in the pipe now, father."
"Thank heaven! Is the plumber here at last?"
"No—the house is on fire!"

FUNNYBONES

You can't hang your coat up in a restaurant and have it, too.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Yawn, Kid?

"They are calling for a quorum," said the first Senator. "Come, let us go thither and yawn."

"Doze are my sentiments," rejoined his colleague.

Geometry for Beginners

(*And Quitters*)

THE shortest distance between two pints is the width of the trousers' seat.

No one is square in an eternal triangle.

A hypotenuse is absolutely worthless as a pipe-cleaner.

Your angle is always the right angle.

To describe some circles perfectly requires the use of unprintable words.

Parallel lines never meet, and if they did they probably wouldn't speak to each other. *W. G. H.*

LIZZIE LABELS

"Omar, the dent-maker."

Toasts of the day

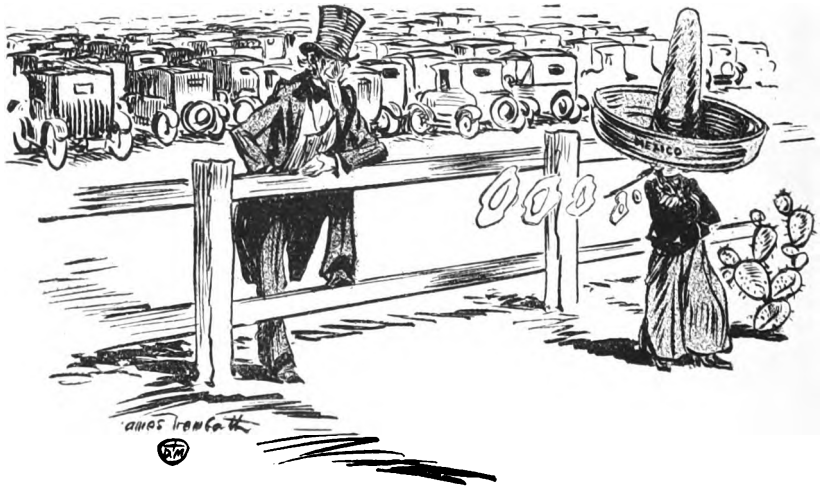
"Here's to prohibition—drink it down!"

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed.

Dirge

Beaucoup drops of water—
Damphew grains of sand—
Make this once free country
Waynebeewheelerland!

You can drive a horse to water—on most any lot in Florida so we're told.



"I have no designs on your territory, but how about renting a little parking space?"

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LETTER LAUGHS

Did you ever play that old Letter Laugh Game, 7, 11

JUDGE will pay $5 for each one printed.

A Few More Translations

A *CUSPIDE corona.* Crowned with a cuspidor.

Ad infinitum. More and better babies.

Et tu, Brute. Eat too, Brute.

Facon de parler. Sister has company.

Facsimile. Then I'll be happy.

Faex populi. You can't trust father.

Hors de combat. Polo ponies.

In hoc signo. A pawn ticket.

Le tout ensemble. They gather at the race track.

Ne plus ultra. A shorter style in skirts.

Paterfamilias. So's your old man.

Vice versa. The face on the barroom floor. *Walter Briggs*

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Exhort"

"Exhort to be fresh when they're eaten."

A DECISION FROM THE BENCH

SUBSTITUTE—*Oh! If I only oncet get an outside offer I'll drop this team like a hot pertata!*

What the true fan feels he'd like to do at a critical moment.

DIZZY LABELS

"They call him Luke."
Because, "He's not so hot."

JUDGE will pay $5 for each one printed.

Appropriate Menus

For An Old Soak

Liver Soup
Soused Mackerel Black Bass
Pot Roast
Irish Stew
Kidney Beans Pickled Onions
Sponge Cake Preserved Ginger
Ripe Olives Buns Ice Water

Geo. R. Davies

Our idea of the prize chump is the business man who told his wife that he had the fastest stenographer in the city!

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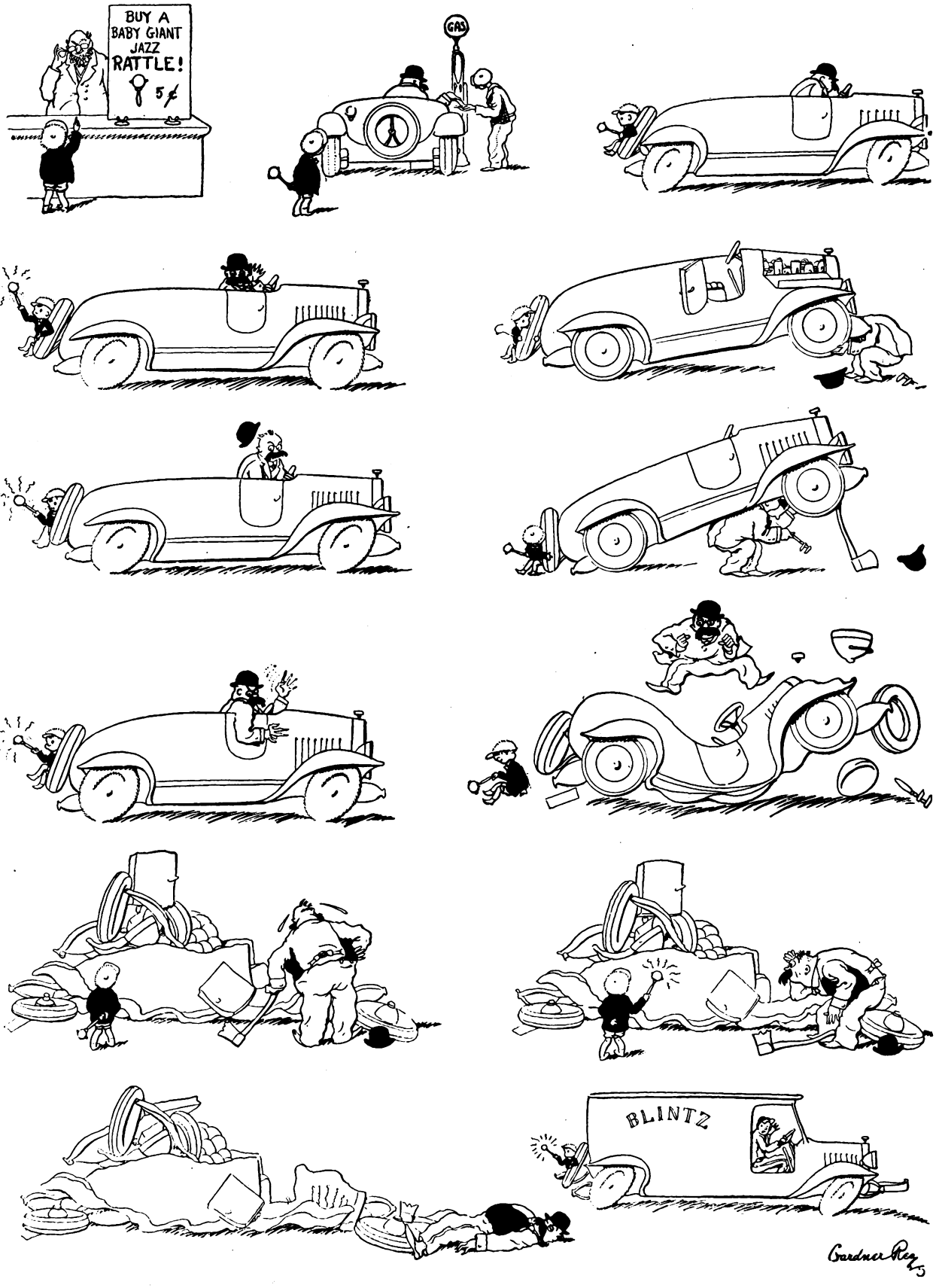

THE RATTLE

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"O'brien Outloud"

The modern girl is game, it seems;
She'll do just as she wishes;
In fact, she'll do most anything,
Except the dinner dishes.

o

There's only one person who can speak louder than a senator and that's another senator.

o

Noses Especially

Pugilists as a rule
Have terrible faces,
They have nice enough features
But they're in the wrong places.
By the Child Poetess

o

Upsetting the Laws of Mathematics

A SHEET of blank writing paper is lying on a desk. Of itself, it isn't worth much money—say about one-fifth of a cent. But now a poet comes along, sees the paper lying there, dips his pen into an inkwell and writes some verses upon the paper. The value of the ink used is about one-twentieth of a cent. Now, by the laws of mathematics, one would think that the value of the sheet of paper now would be the value of the sheet of paper plus the value of the ink. But such is not the case. Both the ink and the sheet of paper having been used are absolutely worthless. *Q. E. D.*

o

Is This Justice?

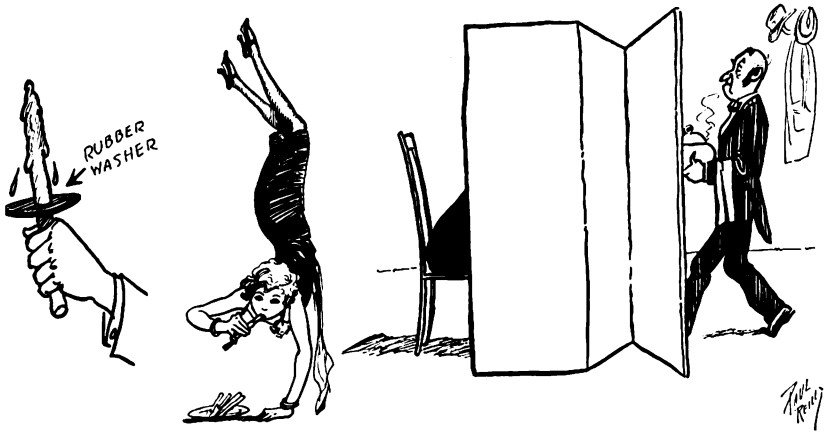
Judge (sentencing murderer)—I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead on the morning of July 26 and to spend the intervening time in jail. However, with time off for good behavior you should reach the scaffold by the middle of the month at the very latest.

o

The best thing about a popular song is that it is not popular very long. *R. C. O'Brien*

YOUNG WIFE—*Albert Brown! You stop making fun of that baby!*

EMPLOYER—*The reason I am accepting you is because I think you have a lot of backbone.*



Three ways to eat asparagus.

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THE OUTLINE OF HUMOR

Being a Plain History of Wit and Humor

(*With Apologies to H. G. Wells*)

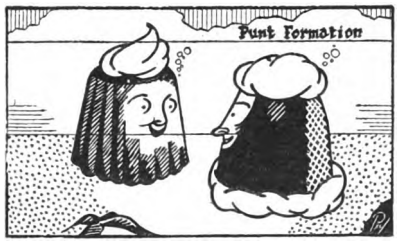
by Judge, Jr.

Written originally with the advice and editorial help of—
King George
Mussolini
Jack Dempsey
(Red) Harold Grange
(and illustrated by Perelman)

Introduction

This Outline of Humor, of which this is the nineteenth edition, freshly revised and rearranged, is an attempt to tell simply, so that even a tabloid newspaper reader may understand it, the story of humor and its effect on life, if any.

The writer spent several years in research and investigation and wishes to thank the following people for their great help in furnishing data: Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith,



Two jelly-like Blobs (probably Amœba) slithering.

William Randolph Hearst, William Allen White, the four Marx Brothers, Charles Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Winston Churchill, DeWolf Hopper, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Frank Tinney.

The writer owes a word of thanks to Oscar P. Smeltz, head librarian of the Hoboken Public Library. He would also like to acknowledge here the help he received from his secretary, Miss Smilch. Without her labor in typing and re-typing the drafts of the various chapters, in checking references, finding suitable quotations, keeping in order the whole mass of material for this history and without her constant help and excellent drink mixing, its completion would have been impossible.

Judge, Jr.

The Outline of Humor

CHAPTER I

BACK in the early Palæozoic Period, before Forty-second street was even considered uptown, when life was slowly forming in the shallow waters and intertidal muds off Coney Island, humor was born.

And it came about in this way. One rainy afternoon a small jellyfish blob of living matter worked its way through the slimy waters and as it slithered it hummed cheerily to itself "Amœba for years and amœba forever." This is how it came to be

(*Continued next week—don't miss it!*)

"That's Pa's own easy-chair, he's a tennis umpire!"

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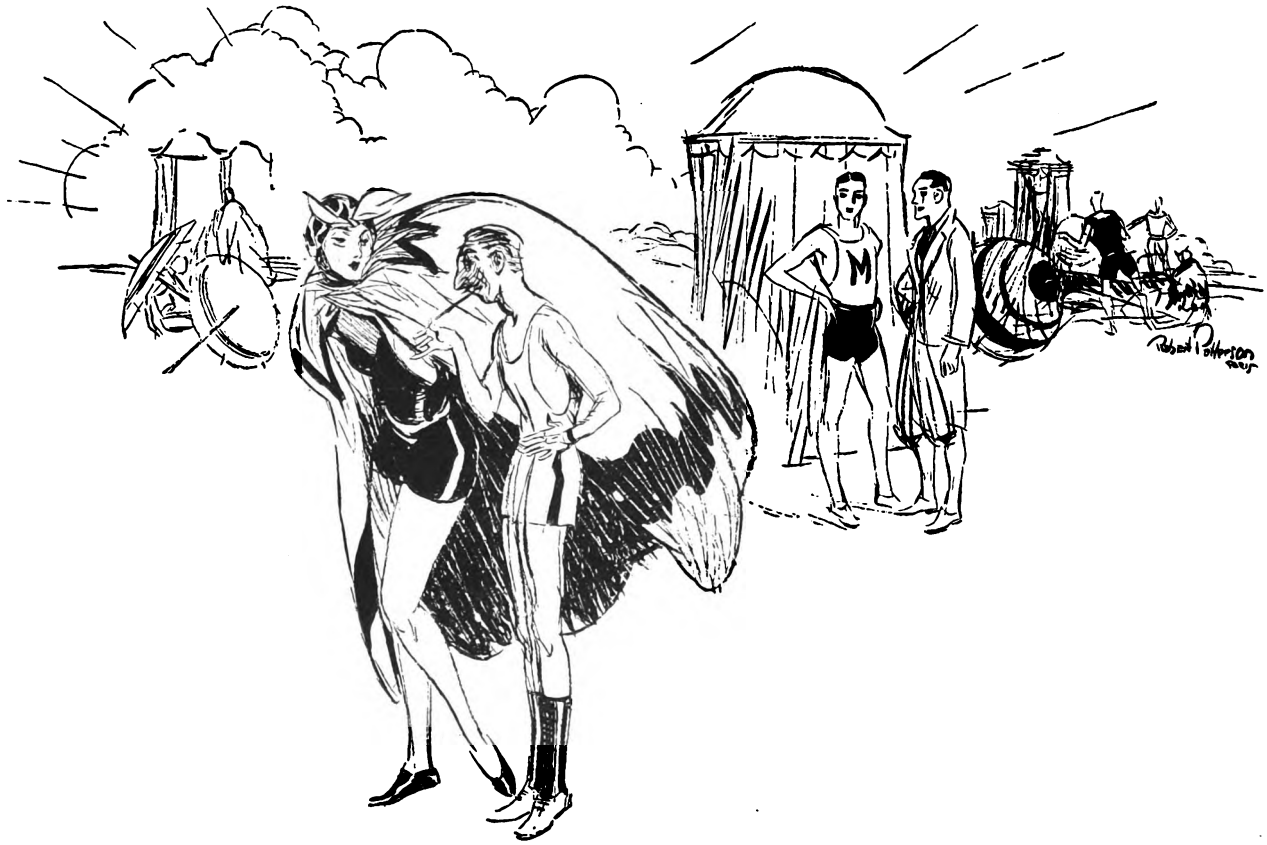

"I hear there is something wrong about her."
"Yes, she's with him now!"

KANSAS FARMER—*My gosh! Mary, just look out of this window!*

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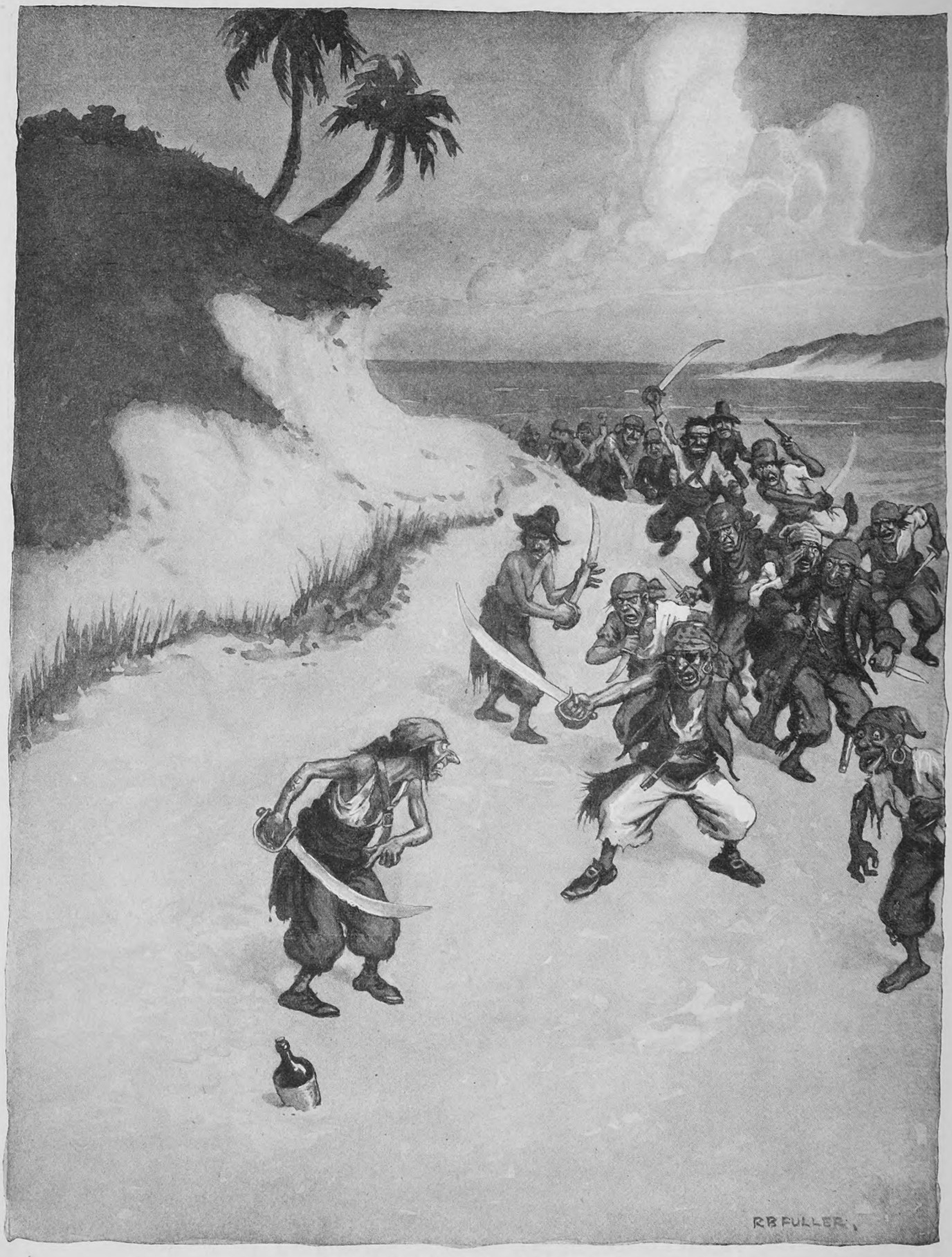

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE

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The Hold-up

DOUGLASTON is a very careful man. He drives daily to his office in the city from his home on Long Island and because returning sometimes in the evening the road is lonely, he carries a revolver as protection against bandits. And he made it a rule never to give a man a lift on the road. "You hear about these stick-up men asking for lifts," he would explain. "They'll never get me that way."

But the other morning he broke his rule. On the muddy road he passed an elderly and scholarly looking gentleman plodding on his way, and Douglaston, impressed by his appearance and the difficult walking, drew up and offered a lift.

The scholarly gentleman accepted with many thanks and climbed into the seat beside the driver's. They fell into pleasant conversation as they drove along toward the gentleman's station. Presently Douglaston bethought him of the time and that he must speed up to catch the train. He felt for his watch.

It was gone. Duped, after all! Silently he slowed down and stopped. He reached for the trusty revolver and placed it suddenly against the stranger's side. "I'll take that watch," he said grimly.

The stranger hesitated not a second. In a sort of white terror he drew the gold watch from his pocket, handed it over and dashed precipitately from the car and into a mad race across country.

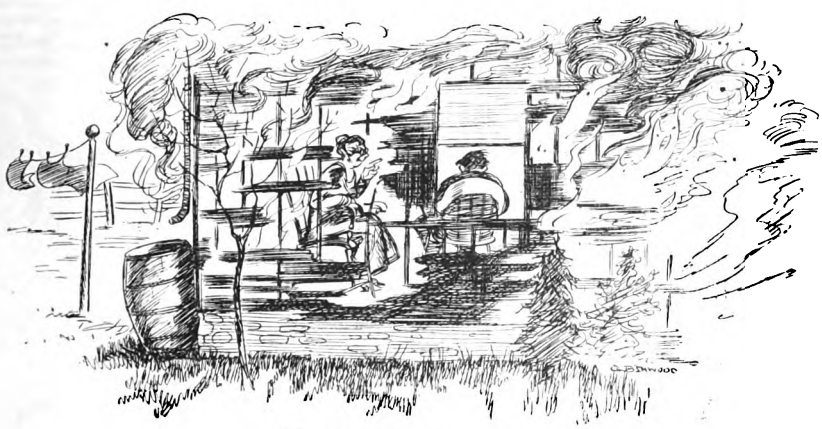
"Easy enough," thought Douglaston, and "Never again."

That evening returning home he was eager to tell his wife the adventure of the morning. But Mrs. Douglaston had the first word.

"However did you get along without your watch to-day?" she said with wifely concern. "I found it on the dresser after you had gone."

Virginia Brastow

CHAMP'S MANAGER (to challenger)—*An' remember, no hittin' below th' belt!*

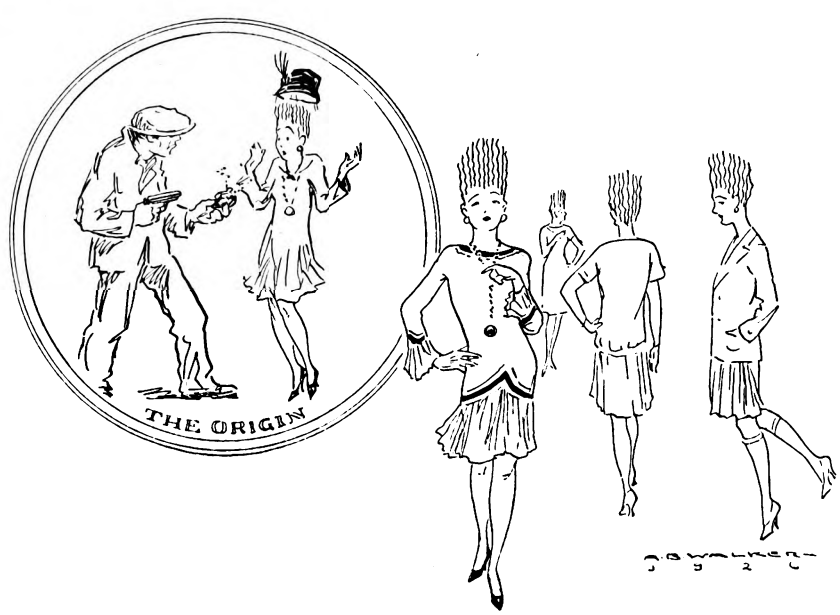


"Ebenezer, I smell smoke."

No Doubt

"Does yo' think King Solomon in all his glory was happy, Brotheh Bones?"

"Well, Ah apprehend he done had a thousan' chances t' my one."



"The Crime Wave"— My lady's latest coiffure fad.

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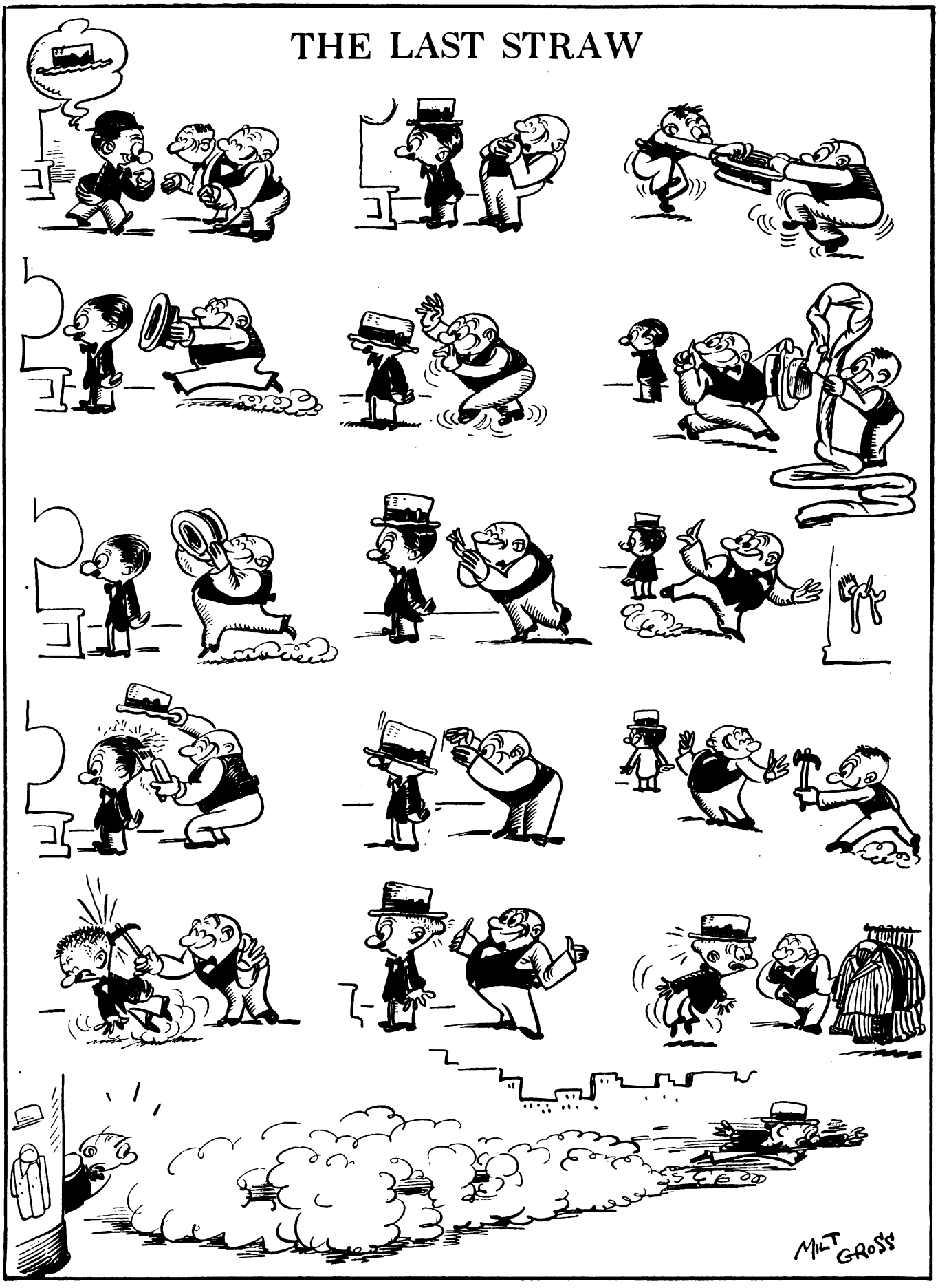
THE LAST STRAW



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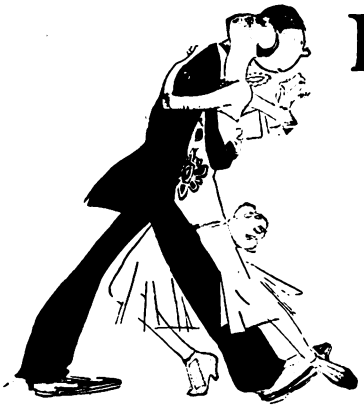

HIGH HAT

We are in receipt of a letter from one Mr. MacDonald, of Yale University (the one near the Yale "bowl") which, after panning JUDGE's Garden Number, and suburbanites in general winds up by stating that "High Hat" is the laughing stock of the campus . . . . . knowing the environs of the said University rather intimately, I assume the campus he refers to is the one with the "old Yale fence" and I sincerely hope none of the boys fell off, from laughter, while reading "High Hat!"

. . . . . Speaking of laughable things, several examples of New Haven naïveté come to my mind, which bring a smile to this sad face and I'm anxious to know how they square their attitude of sophistication with such Babbittical (good word that!) gestures as "Hush Clubs," "Tap Day," (go to your room, young man!) and last, but not least, "For God, for Country and for Yale!"

. . . . . but then let's live and let live . . . . as Heywood Broun says, "Some of my best friends are Yale men!"

"In your 'High Hat' column," writes Don Smith, of Montreal, "I notice you want to know why men wear spats. The reason why they wear them in Montreal is because of an epidemic of rabbies and all dogs must be muzzled."

A well-known singer (we won't mention her name) introduced us to a new stunt which we think will interest all cigarette smokers . . . . . buy a small bottle of essence of peppermint and before lighting the cigarette moisten one side of it with the wet cork . . . . . you'll be surprised what a cool, smooth smoke it makes.

We are burning with curiosity . . . . who is this Raquel Meller we've been reading about so much lately?

We ran across a book last week called "It's Not Done," which we believed, from the jacket, to be a detective story, and much to our astonishment discovered it to be one of the best novels we've read in a long time . . . . . the jacket should really be a picture of a man on a fence, as that seems to be the author's position between Philadelphia society and a life of freedom . . . . . It's a mighty interesting book and has enough "meat" in it for six novels . . . . . also read James Branch Cabell's "Silver Stallion." . . . . like "Jurgen" it is full of allegorical fantasy and about half-way through the book I found myself wandering in circles and asking the cook suspiciously just what she meant when she said, "Dinner was ready!"

The Six Best "Steppers:"
"Miami Trail" (*No show*).
"The Blue Room" (*The Girl Friend*).
"The Girl Friend" (*The Girl Friend*).
"After I Say I'm Sorry" (*No show*).
"I Do, You Know I Do" (*No show*).
"No Fooling" (*Palm Beach Nights*).

Jud Yale Jr.

Cui Bono?

OH, all throughout
My life I've yearned,
To write some lines
That would seem learned.
Stuff so goddem
Highfalutin',
I'd have high hats
For me rootin'.

The kind that makes
The reader guess;
That means not much,
Or even less.

With big long words
And phrases grand;
The kind no one
Can understand.

With here and there
A foreign phrase,
And all throughout
A sort of haze.

For stuff like that
Is thought sublime,
Especially if
It doesn't rhyme.

Oh, that's the way
I'd like to write,
If not for cash,
Then just for spite.

R. C. O'Brien

"Good morning, Mr. Henpeck," said a printer recently in search of compositors, "have you any sons whom I could apprentice as typesetters?"

"No," replied the old gaffer, "but I have a wife who would make a very fine devil!" The laugh was "on her" this time.

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"THE BREWERS' BIG HORSES CAN'T RUN OVER ME"

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

A Nose By Any Other Name. . . .

WE LIKE nosey people. We commend to the attention of every true American the sentiments expressed by Thomas B. Jarvis, of the Anti-Saloon League, in a recent address to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Cincinnati. Mr. Jarvis advised his hearers "to associate with their neighbors who are not members to discuss Prohibition with them, and thus to ascertain whether the liquor laws are being violated in private homes." What we need in this country, Mr. Jarvis went on to point out, are "nosey" women, and the "nosier they'are the better will be the results they get."

That's the proper spirit! But we need nosey men as well as nosey women. Male patriots should follow the example of Lee W. Beatty, superintendent of Madison Square Church House, New York City. Mr. Beatty describes himself as a "Gospel worker" who visits the tenements of the "working classes" on the East Side. "I called on one of my parishioners, a very fine Christian lady, living on the third floor," he told the Senate subcommittee on Prohibition. "I smelled home-brew as I went in the hallway, and I knew there was home-brewing going on. I went up and I chaffed the lady a little over the matter, and asked whether she had anything to serve up to her pastor. She went into a very exaggerated statement, something like this: 'Oh, this is awful! Oh, it is worse than in pre-Prohibition days. It is terrible! Why, they are making home-brew in every house in this block,' I said, 'All right, I will see about that.' After my prayer and a little conference I visited every one of the ninety-three homes in that block, and I want to tell you there wasn't a smell of home-brew in a single one of them."

These negative results should not blind us to the valuable service to his country to which this man of God was putting his nose.

In fact, what we need for the efficient enforcement of Prohibition is really not the use of the Army and Navy, as Henry Ford has suggested; not even a multiplication of Prohibition agents, but the full co-operation of the patriotic noses of the nation. Noses are better than enforcement officers—they cost the Government nothing and they penetrate everywhere without search warrants. Americans as a race—especially native-born, 100 per cent. Americans—are noted for their long, keen noses. (Uncle Sam's is representative.) We use them now to talk through, but God intended them for another purpose. Let's all get nosey and carry out the purpose for which undoubtedly He gave us these splendid instruments—the enforcement of the Volstead law.

Just the Man!

PLEASE don't assume from the above that we think the Volstead Law lacks enforcement. We know of no law that commands greater popular respect and obedience. But there is still a slight defect in the enforcement machinery. Lincoln C. Andrews is not the man for his job. No man who admits even reluctantly that the legalizing of beer might render his problem simpler has any business at the head of Prohibition enforcement. No man who resents the suggestion that he employ the volunteer smellers of the nation to supplement the efforts of his paid force should be trusted with even a minor rôle in the great crusade. Replace him with General "Smelly" Butler and success will be complete. Good Old "Smelly!"

Skoal!

THE *New Masses* is out. You whose conscious life antedates the war will remember the old *Masses*, which served for a time as the safety valve for our more advanced radicals. The *New Masses* differs from it principally in its interest in the social and industrial rather than the political phases of the modern scene, though quite obviously, like its prototype, it derives a good deal of its intellectual inspiration from Russia. With cubistic cartoons and a caustic doctrinaire wit it champions the workingman against his exploiters.

We welcome it to the family of weeklies as an able and enthusiastic ally in the war against American complacency. We shall find it a little difficult to get all worked up with it over our poor plumbers and plasterers and ironworkers rolling to work in the family Cadillac. But every man to his own sentimentality. We only hope it prospers to the point of affording its many editors and contributing editors the equivalent of the union scale.

"Old Punctuality"

SPEAKING of the poor workingman, some time ago we came across this news item under a Steubenville, O., date line:

> "Old Punctuality" is going to be retired by the Pennsylvania Railroad Monday with a record of never having been late for work in thirty-seven and a half years. Frank E. White, telegraph operator, is "Old Punctuality," and is known by that title all over the division. Getting to work on time has been a religion with him.

If we remember rightly, punctuality is one of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's favorite recipes for riches, and here's a living example of its efficacy. *W. M. H.*

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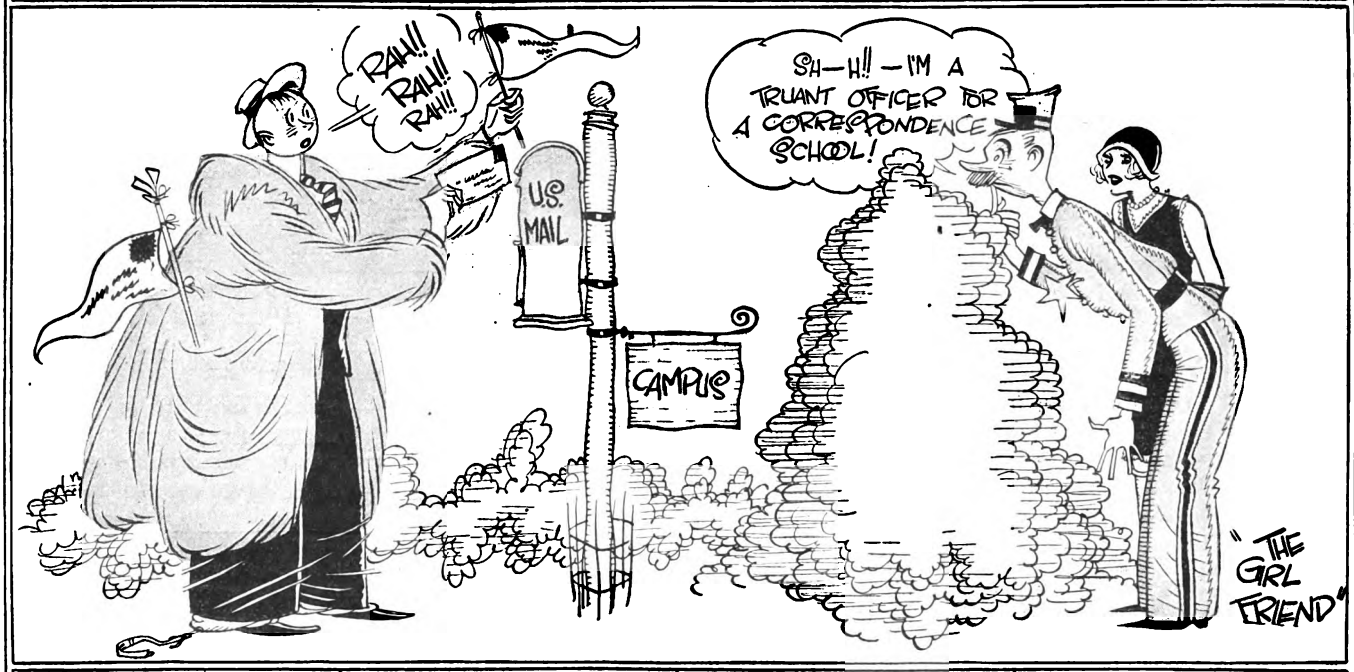
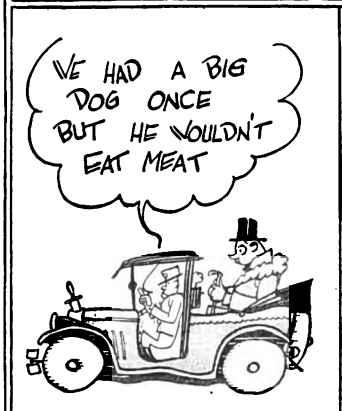
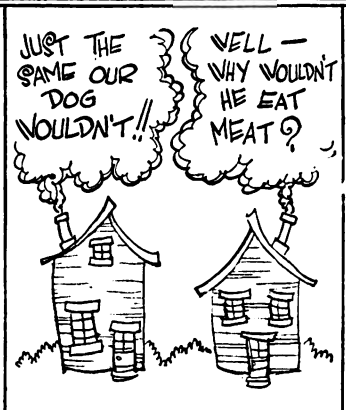
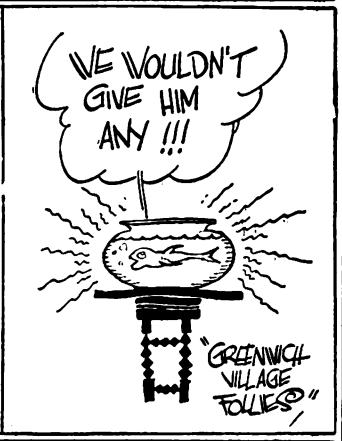
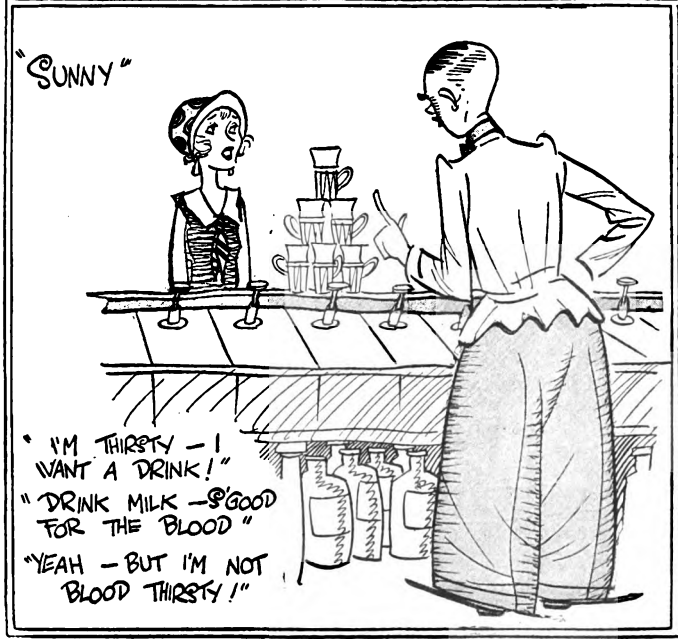
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

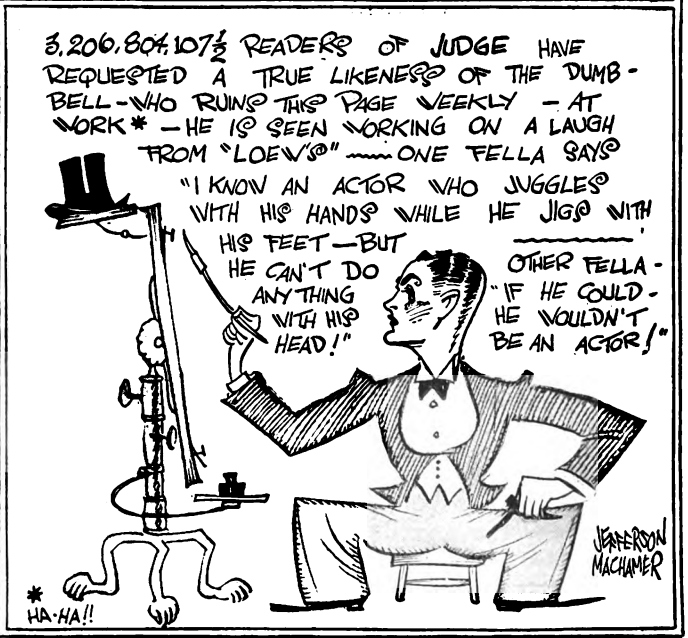












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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

I SHALL now proceed to bring joy to the hearts of all those readers of this great sociological journal who periodically write in to the editor asking if there is nothing in the world that I ever like. I like Winthrop Ames' revival of Gilbert and Sullican's "Iolanthe." I not only like it, I've got a mash on it. And I venture to say that even those readers who have been writing to tell me that they can't for the life of them understand why I don't think "Alias the Deacon" is as good as "The Great God Brown" will agree with me.

Doctor Ames has done himself proud on this occasion. Although I have in the past joined in the approbation of the estimable doctor's efforts in various instances, there have been times when his undoubtedly sincere and painstaking activities have not entirely convinced me. Now and then I have lamented a certain dilettante note that has marred his work; now and then it has seemed to me that his presentations were afflicted with a degree of Boston chill. But not this time. Our friend has here pulled off his coat, mussed his hair, delivered himself of a good old Al Woods expectoration and, out of his taste, education and training, has given us something that makes these last weeks of the theatrical season buck up like a mule with a turpentine inoculation. If you have $4.40 in your pants and already have enough liquor to hold you over the week, go lay it on the box-office sill at the Plymouth Theater. You will get, I promise you, a good run for your money.

Instead of indulging in the usual practice of assembling a lot of mummers with big names and small talents for his revival, Professor Ames has gone out into the neighboring trout streams with a long pole and fished up some new faces with a fine, fresh skill. These newcomers go at their jobs with a sweet gusto, unlike the old-timers who merely strut benignly back and forth looking for the Saturday night pay envelope. The presentation of a loving cup to the professor will take place a week from next Wednesday night at 2 A.M. in the grill-room and bar of the JUDGE office.

"*Iolanthe*" (Plymouth)—A revival to tickle you immensely.

"*Pinafore*" (Century)—Another good one.

"*Love in a Mist*" (Gaiety)—Banal comedy about a prevaricating flapper.

"*The Shanghai Gesture*" (Beck)—Cheap sex stuff in an expensive kimono.

"*Bride of the Lamb*" (Greenwich)—The old platitude on the affinity of sexual and religious passion converted into an interesting play.

"*What Every Woman Knows*" (Bijou)—Barrie's pleasant little sugar-plum well played by Helen Hayes.

"*The Great Gatsby*" (Ambassador)—Scott Fitzgerald finds that Owen Davis' pants fit him.

"*Puppy Love*" (48th St.)—A great evening for morons.

"*One of the Family*" (Eltinge)—Dull attempt at comedy.

"*At Mrs. Beam's*" (Guild)—To be reviewed next week.

"*Pomeroy's Past*" (Longacre)—An agreeable trifle.

"*Alias the Deacon*" (Hudson)—This one pays absolutely no attention to me and disconcertingly keeps on going.

"*The Cocoanuts*" (Lyric)—The humorous Marx boys.

"*Kongo*" (Biltmore)—South African flapdoodle.

"*The Bells*" (Bayes)—First degree murder.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morosco)—Worthwhile play about the married woman and her meal ticket.

"*The Creaking Chair*" (Lyceum)—This one would have seemed fairly new in 1900.

"*The Great God Brown*" (Garrick)—The one outstanding American play of the year. See it above all others.

"*The Wisdom Tooth*" (Little)—Little Eva in trousers.

"*Juno and the Paycock*" (Mayfair)—An Irish comedy-drama with many good points.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—A load of laughs.

"*Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*" (Harris)—A handful of laughs.

"*The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*" (Fulton)—Crook stuff.

"*The Two Orphans*" (Cosmopolitan)—Old Home Week at Woodlawn.

"*The Patsy*" (Booth)—Trivial comedy with only La Foster to recommend it.

"*Young Woodley*" (Belmont)—John Van Druten's intelligent comedy about the British young.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—The best of the hooting exhibits, with Marilyn Miller at stage center.

"*A Night in Paris*" (Century Roof)—A lively revue in a comfortable theater.

"*Vanities*" (Carroll)—Julius Tannen, Joe Cook and a personable assortment of young women.

"*The Jazz Singer*" (Cort)—Sentimental Ghetto tear-distillery.

"*Square Crooks*" (Elliott)—Old stuff.

"*The Bunk of 1926*" (Broadhurst)—Ziegfeld, White and Carroll and the Neighborhood Playhouse need not worry.

II

"POMEROY'S PAST" is a mild but agreeable little comedy by Clare Kummer. Miss Kummer is not the sort of playwright to tickle that portion of the public that admires "pep," "punch" and "wallop" and that has small use for a play that doesn't contain at least one scene in which the heroine's virtue is regarded by the villain as analogous to the Battle of Bull Run. Miss Kummer writes plays the way Raquel Meller sings songs. She shrinks from emphasis. She seems first to write a line of dialogue the way the average American playwright would write it and then to remove from it everything that the latter playwright deems essential to its kick. She gets her effects by indirection, by hints, where her average contemporary gets his by a species of auctioneering.

The play at the Longacre is not as good as some of Miss Kummer's earlier efforts, but it contains some adroit samples of her wit. It will divert you to a degree and furnish you with a pleasant evening. A competent troupe, headed by Laura Hope Crews, Ernest Truex and Helen Chandler retails the manuscript.

(*Continued on page 26*)

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The flower bed—designed for nature lovers, who like to loaf on the grass.

The Perfect Alarm

NEW YORK is the most inhospitable city in the world

I speak from experience.

The first day I was there I stopped to look at a little red box on Broadway and read the raised letters:

"Break glass. Turn key to right. Open door. Pull down lever."

I followed instructions. Within two minutes I had checked the arrival of the following:

3 pumps, motor driven.
8 combination chemical and patrol cars.
3 ladder trucks.
2 ambulances.
5 battalion chiefs.
67 press cars.
45 insurance adjusters.
187 lawyers.
567 dogs.
10,874 dumb-bells, both sexes.
1 fire chief.

They all looked at me.

"Chief," I said, for I did not want to seem unappreciative, "as a stranger in your fair city let me bid you welcome to this corner."

"Thank you," he replied. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Don't mention it, old-timer," I comforted him, for he seemed rather embarrassed. "Before I launch into my address, however, let me assure you that the fame of your brave department is known even as far as Prune Corners, from whence I come."

"Sir," he replied in the same happy vein. "You come as a friend; it was my privilege, at the last fire chiefs' convention, to meet your efficient fire chief."

"I shall send him a postcard as soon as I get located, and tell him I saw you," I continued. "This is a wonderful city. It is, I can see, in fact, a progressive city. Who would have thought, fifty years ago, sir, that by the simple device of pulling a lever in yon scarlet box one might within a few seconds assemble such an energetic, efficient and highly intellectual gathering as I see around me at this moment?"

This was greeted with a tremendous cheer.

"I am reminded," began the chief, now more at ease, "of the story of Pat and Mike."

"I beg you stop," I interrupted. "I have heard that one. Besides, chief, this is a serious occasion. I fear I have already taken up more than the time allotted me. I realize you and our hospitable audience—and I can see from one sweeping glance that they are nature's true noble men and women—may have other work to do. Perhaps there are others who, even now, are awaiting your arrival anxiously while hungry, lurid flames lick their humble homes and frantic mothers with prattling babes plead pitifully from windows, cut off by fire from the streets below."

There was the rumble of many strong throats being cleared and tears glistened in the eyes of thousands.

(*Continued on page 25*)

ANYWIFE—*Hector, you're getting my feet wet!*

FIRST REVELER—*I've been awful sick—had snakes crawlin' over me.*
SECOND REVELER—*Boy! You ain't* well yet! *I can see those snakes crawling over you right now!*

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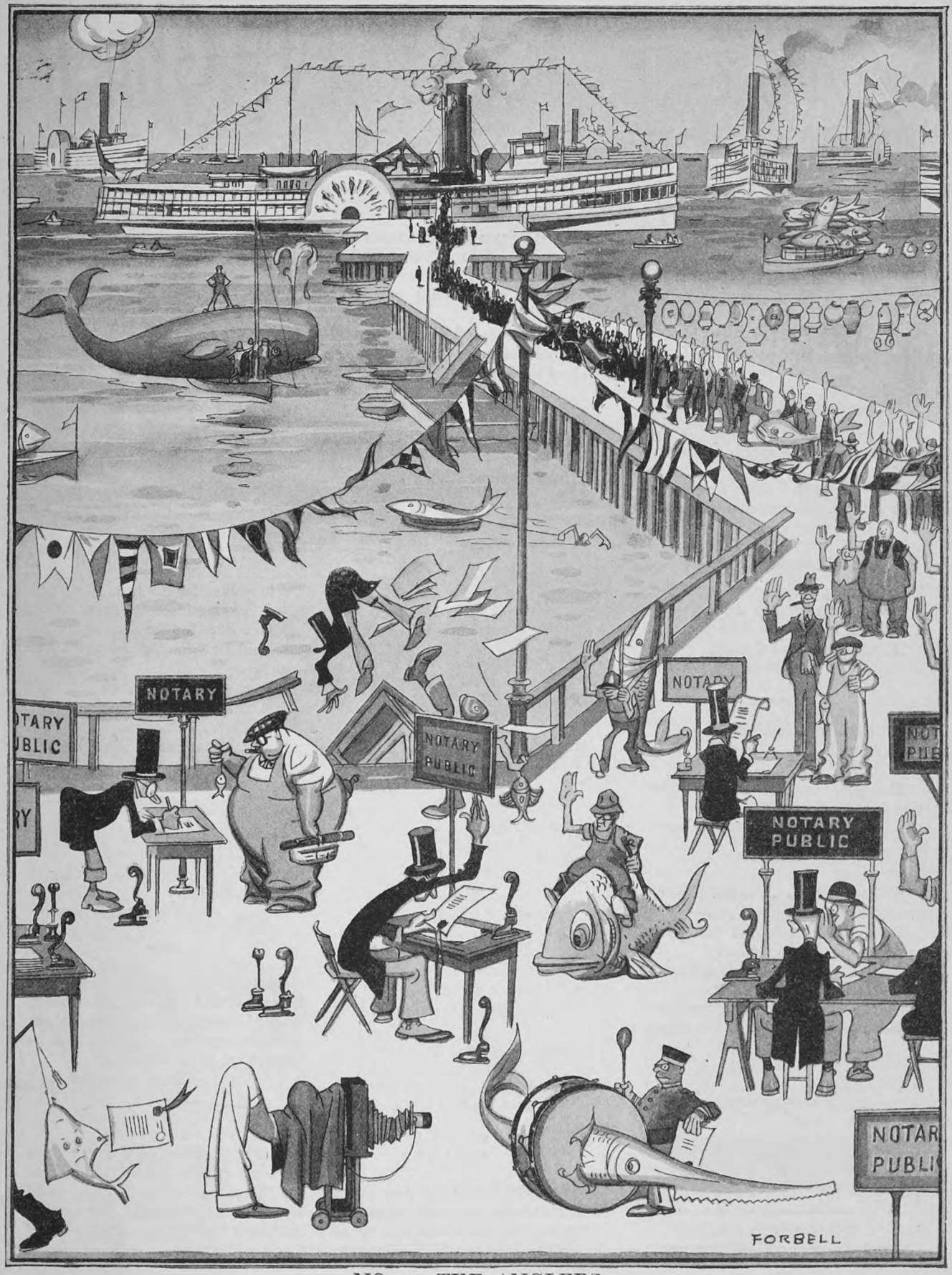
UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 9—THE ANGLERS

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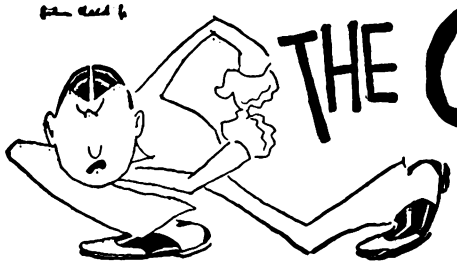
THE CHEER

NICK—*What's the way to the nearest bank?*

DICK—*Don't ask me. I'm not a bank director.* —TORONTO GOBLIN



Heebe—Did you know that women were in politics many thousands of years ago?

Jeebe—No; where did you get that?

"Well, it is stated that Salome's motion was received by the house with loud applause." —*Orange Owl*

"Lady, could you give a starving man a bite?"

"Sure! Sic him, Fido."

—*Texas Ranger*

Her Big Mutterin' Yegg Man
—CORNELL WIDOW

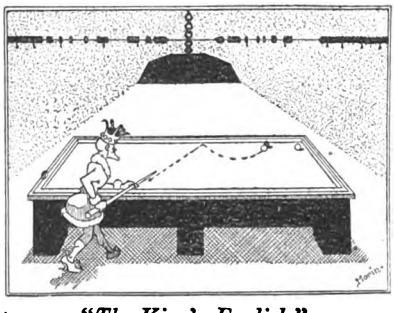
Ye Promme Girle

"She flaunts ye skirt cut rather highe,
And quite ye length of hose,
Thy Promme Girle is seldom shyye
However shyye of clothes!"
—*Wesleyan Wasp*

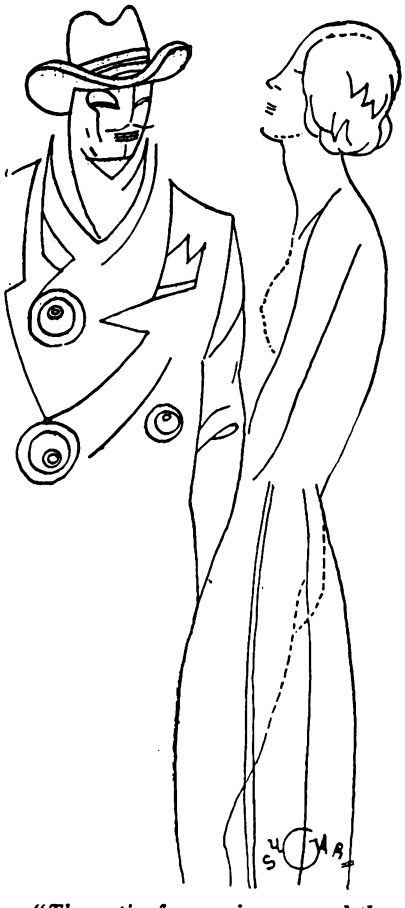
Marriage is an institution.
Marriage is love.
Love is blind.
Therefore marriage is an institution for the blind.
—*Sewance Mountain Goat*

Willie—There's something going around that will interest you—

Tillie—Well, be careful then, there are some pins in my waist.
—*Lehigh Burr*



"The King's English."
—WEST POINT POINTER



"The motive for wearing your clothes in such a manner is perfectly apparent."
"It requires no intelligence to see through it." —C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

A Tea Room Sonnet

I love Jane for her lips,
I love Ruth for her eyes,
I love Rose for her dancing,
And June for her sighs.

I love Jean for her laugh
And her smile everlasting,
But I love, best of all,
Geraldine—'cause she's fasting!
—*Penn State Froth*

Near-sighted Golfer—Son, how far is my ball from the green?

Near-sighted Offspring—Father, I cannot tell a lie.
—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Some of our dear professors are convinced that the reason the modern student doesn't burn the midnight oil as he used to is the fact that he doesn't get in soon enough.
—*Iowa Green Gander*

One rook received a letter from his mother and this is an extract from it: "Dear Son—I do wish you would not shoot the little craps. Remember that they love life as well as you do."
—*Orange Owl*

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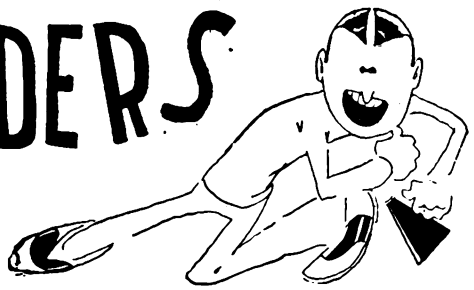
LEADERS



Famous Busts

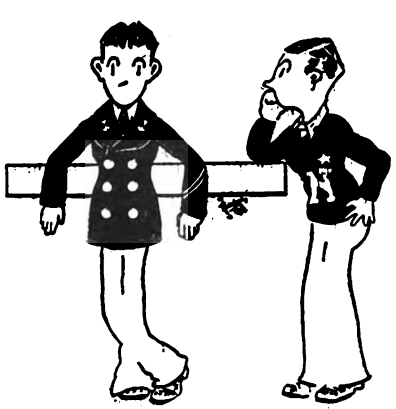
Three fives.
Pikes Peak or —.
Buster Brown.
Babe Ruth.
Eighteenth Amendment.
Thirty-six inches.

—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

"Dost know, Algernon, what sound a horse utters?"
"Nay."
"Egad, knave, correct."
—*Notre Dame Juggler*

She—What's that building over there?
He—That's the mess hall.
"Why, I think it's very good looking." —*Williams Purple Cow*

"Ever go riding with Harold any more, Grace?"
"Haven't been riding with him in many moons, Stella."
"Oh, he's selling Moons now, is he?" —*Oklahoma Whirlwind*



BOB—*Alas, 'tis dark without.*
JOE—*Without what?*
"*Without a light, fool.*"
—U. S. N. A. LOG.

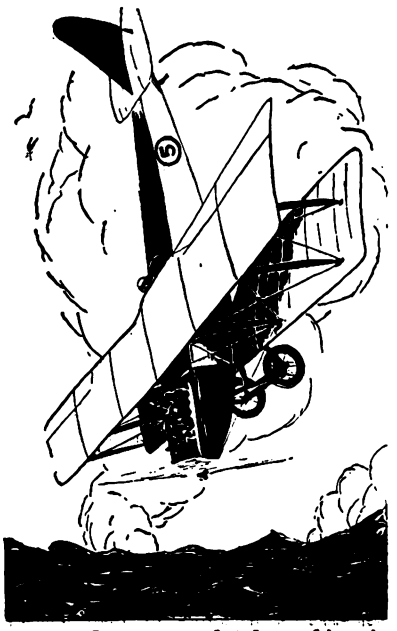
"Joe is taking agriculture."
"What for?"
"He wants to know how to sow his wild oats when he goes to Paris next summer." —*Brown Jug*

VOTE X X X

THEORETICAL—*Do you believe in spirit return?*
PRACTICAL—*Sure, I voted for it.*
—ORANGE OWL

"So your name is George Washington," the old lady mused.
"Yessum," replied the small colored lad.
"I guess you try to be exactly like him, or as nearly as possible?"
"Lak who?"
"Why, like George Washington."
"Ah kain help beink lak Jahge Washin'ton, cause dat's who I is."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Wo—Why did you kiss me before all those men last night?
Man—Oh! They weren't in a hurry. —*Cincinnati Cynic*



How do you put the darn thing in reverse? —AMHERST LORD JEFF

Up to Date

"What makes the boys love Mary so?"
The wistful wallflowers cried.
"Oh, Mary loves the boys, you know,"
The chaperon replied.
—*Toronto Goblin*

Wife—John, I believe you exaggerated your love for me.
Frank Prof—No, no, m'dear, just over-estimated it.
—*Alabama Rammer Jammer*

"*Why do you wear such low-necked gowns?*"
"*Oh, just to show my heart's in the right place.*" —PENN STATE FROTH

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A Case of Readjustment
by Theodore Williams

EVERY now and then there arises need of readjustments in the business and financial situations. Excesses in one or more directions have been created, and these must be corrected. When the readjustments made are extensive and severe, and also artificial, panics and bad times may ensue; when they are moderate and natural the effects may be wholesome, after the first spasms. Business then quickly adapts itself to the new conditions, and its hurts are soon healed.

The recent downrushes in the securities market were large and startling enough, but happily they were not followed by such far-reaching consequences as is sometimes the case to finance and business in general. Readjustment to the changed order of things was reasonably rapid. After a brief interval of stunned hesitation, recoveries in prices began, and, with some seasawing, seemed to develop another upward trend. Expectations of a spring rise in quotations, as well as in temperature, were revived, and though it was not hoped that advances would at once, if ever, be as spectacular as the great declines had been, optimism reigned again for the time being. In some quarters it was asserted that the worst had happened for the present year at least and many constructive traders acted accordingly. Buying for investment grew to such proportions as to indicate that the public was shopping once more—one of the most potent of sustaining influences.

If the state of business gave the stock market a cue to collapse, then appearances are most deceptive. The growth of the country proceeds despite crashes on the exchanges. Industrial and commercial transactions expand from year to year, so that hosts of men side with our noted financier, Jules S. Bache, who has announced himself as "an incurable bull on the United States."

Conditions are not so roseate as to warrant anticipations of wild booms in business, but conditions are so sound as to justify belief in a steady progress that will give strength to the better sort of issues in the securities market.

Answers to Inquiries

S., NEW YORK CITY: The Moon Motor Company reported prosperity last year with net earnings of over $6 per share. The stock lately has softened in price which may indicate some shrinking in profits. The stock has been paying $3 yearly and is selling around $29. If the dividend can be continued the stock will be very attractive. Kelly-Springfield Tire Company has not for a long time been paying dividends on its stocks. There are arrears on its two preferred stocks, which must be paid before the common will receive any returns. The common, therefore, is highly speculative and far from being as desirable as Moon Motor shares.

M., ST. LOUIS, MO.: The Norwalk Tire and Rubber Company in 1925 earned about $2.20 per share on common. This left a fair though not large surplus after payment of $1.60 on common. The report for the first quarter of this year has not come to hand. If the company can maintain its earnings the common stock will be at least an excellent speculation. Its dividends are paid quarterly in cash.

J., HAMBURG, N. Y.: The Colonial Finance Corp. for some years paid dividends on both classes of stocks, but stopped that practice a couple of years ago. No statement of earnings is available. Whether the shares will have value depends on the managing ability of the officials and the profits of the business. Have you received any reports from the head office of the company?

F., NEW YORK CITY: In view of the fact that the Gold Dust Corp. is not likely to pay dividends for months to come, it would be safer for you to accept the cash offer for your F. F. Dalley stock than to exchange it for Gold Dust shares. With the proceeds of the sale you could buy issues already making a return and less uncertain than Gold Dust.

P., HAVANA, CUBA: Dodge Brothers common stock has not paid any dividends so far. The present company is only about a year old. Its earnings are very large and some day no doubt it will pay something on common stock. There are common stocks of smaller motor companies such as Packard, Moon and Paige Detroit, which are dividend payers and therefore more desirable. Dodge Brothers Preferred stock, however, is paying $7 yearly and is a sound issue. Roxy Theater stock is as yet highly speculative and I do not advise its purchase. Better buy first mortgage real estate bonds than the stocks of companies owning buildings.

T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: The latest official report of the Miami Copper Co. was quite encouraging to stockholders. It estimated the ore reserves at over 70,000,000 tons, giving the mine, at current rate of production, a life of seventeen years more, and it is probable that much additional ore will be found as the property is further explored. The ore is low grade but increased milling capacity and improved mining methods enable the company to produce copper at the low cost of about 11 cents per pound. The company could earn its present dividend of $1 per year if copper sold at only 13½ cents. The metal, however, is selling

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at over 14, with the prospect of going higher. Miami stock, quoted around $12, is yielding more than 8 per cent. on market price, and the prospect for maintaining the dividend is good. The moderate investment in the stock which you propose looks reasonably safe.

G., SYRACUSE, N. Y.: The Northway Motor Corporation of Mass. was petitioned into bankruptcy in July, 1925. A statement lately issued estimates the liabilities at over $900,000 and the assets at over $3,900,000, for the most part machinery and tools. How much shall be obtained for these at a sale is of course uncertain. I suggest that you write to the Northway company at its address marking the envelope and letter "Attention Receivers" for the latest particulars about the company.

C., PITTSBURGH, PA.: The L. R. Steel Company, Inc., went into bankruptcy about two years ago and a new company was organized under the title of Steel's Consolidated, Inc. Stockholders of the old company were admitted to the new one on payment of an assessment. Those who did not pay forfeited their rights and the stock which they held, and some of which you seem to have, became valueless.

G., CANTON, ME.: Your experience with Dodge Bros. common stock shows anew how unwise it is for the average investor to buy non-dividend paying shares. The money you paid for 45 shares of Dodge Bros. common would have bought 20 shares or more of Dodge Bros. pfd., paying $7 yearly. The preferred has varied a little in price, but on the whole has behaved very well and if you had bought it you would have had a good return with little worry. You waited too long to buy the common which is not likely soon to sell again near its peak. However, the issue may recover to some extent and it seems advisable to hold your stock for a time rather than to sacrifice it at its present low figure.

K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: As Briggs Manufacturing and Independent Oil and Gas are paying moderate dividends it may be well to hold your shares for a while in the hope of some advance in prices. Armour B and American and Foreign Power common are not so likely to climb upward again as are the other two, but even they may before long sell a little higher and decrease your loss. Buying on margin is always risky, but it is especially so during such upsetting times as were recently seen in the stock market. Buying outright is the safer course.

E., HAGERSTOWN, MD.: Tungsten mining companies have had so little success so far that it is surprising to learn that the Tungsten Production Co. promises to begin payments of dividends. The president's letter to stockholders is not altogether convincing. Having had to hold your 800 shares for ten years without any returns, it would be wiser for you to say to the company "show me" before purchasing any more shares. The plans of the management may slip up and the initial dividend may not be followed by many other payments. Compliance with the Colorado Securities Act is by no means a guarantee that the company will be a success.

L., SUNBURY, PA.: I congratulate you on the clean up of $1,500 mentioned in your letter. Both Moon Motor and Paige Detroit common stock appear to be good and reasonably safe purchases at present prices. All things considered one issue is about as desirable as the other. Each company seems to have a bright future, but I would not sell a good bond in order to buy stocks. Safe investments which pay well should not be exchanged for more speculative issues. You could prudently use your present surplus funds in buying more of both these motor stocks.

C., ROXBURY, N. Y.: Whether there shall be any further serious "unsteadying" of the market remains to be seen. Armour A, Dodge Bros pfd., Chile Copper, National Dairy and Studebaker common are dividend payers and have merit enough to warrant confidence in them as long run propositions. Bethlehem Steel common and Dodge Bros. common should not sell higher until they show likelihood of paying dividends. Noranda Mines, Ltd., stock may be classed as a fairly good mining speculation with fair possibilities but no certainties. A dividend payer would be more inviting.

M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: International Nickel common, even after its drop, still sells too high for its dividend. You could switch with advantage to Moon Motor paying $3 or to Paige Detroit common paying $1.80. Central Leather common, a non-dividend payer, could be disposed of and the proceeds invested in Continental Motors or Norwalk Tire and Rubber common, each of which makes a liberal yield on the market price. The best way to average on a poor stock is to buy an issue that has merit and is paying dividends. Berlin City 6½s are a fairly good foreign issue and there seems no reason for selling them at a loss.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 8, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

A guiding hand is held out to investors in a practical, illustrated booklet, entitled "Rules for Safe Investment," issued by the American Bond & Mortgage Co., 345 Madison avenue, New York City, and 127 North Dearborn street, Chicago, with offices in many other cities. It gives the fruits of the experience of a strong company, for many years a distributor of sound first mortgage real estate bonds, on none of which has there ever been any default in payment of interest or principal. To obtain copies of this booklet investors should write to the company for J-233.

The Milton Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., stresses the point that, in addition to all the ordinary safeguards provided by responsible companies for such issues, the 6½ per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds which it offers are independently trusteed by well-known banks or trust companies. These bonds are offered at par plus accrued interest in maturities up to ten years. Descriptive circular No. J-51 will be mailed by the corporation to any applicant.

The announcement is made that every Adair 6½ per cent. first mortgage real estate bond is guaranteed unconditionally, principal and interest, in writing on the face of the bond, by the Adair Realty & Trust Co., with resources of $2,500,000. Besides this, the bonds have been approved for insurance by one of the largest and strongest surety companies in America. The bonds have attractive tax refund features. They come in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000 and are backed by a good business record of over sixty years with no loss to any investor. Full information and current offerings of Adair Guaranteed 6½ per cent. bonds may be obtained by writing to the Adair Realty & Trust Co., Healey Building, Dept. G-5, Atlanta, Ga.

6½% for Your Funds

CURRENT Offerings of The Milton Strauss Corporation's First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds possess every requirement made by the careful, conservative investor.

In addition to conforming to the established procedure of this house, each offering is Independently Trusteed by either a well known Bank or Trust Company.

The present offerings providing all these requirements and the attractive yield of 6½% are offered at par plus accrued interest, in maturities up to 10 years.

Mail the Coupon for Descriptive circular.

THE MILTON STRAUSS CORPORATION

First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

Penobscot Building Detroit, Mich.

Formerly

THE STRAUSS CORPORATION

COUPON

Please send me without obligation descriptive current circular No. J-515

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

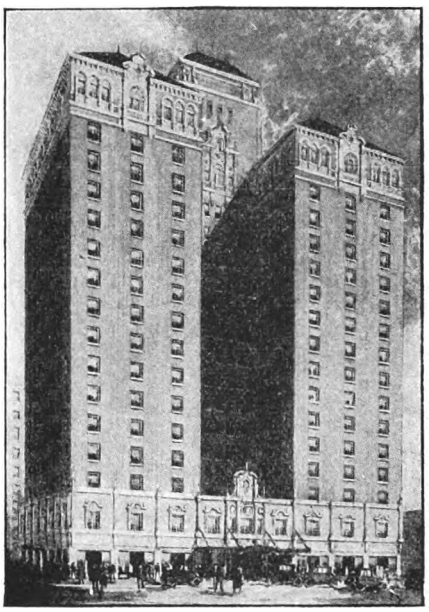
THE SECURITY BACK OF MILLER BOND ISSUES

San Jacinto Hotel

HOUSTON, TEXAS

$1,250,000

First Mortgage 7% Leasehold Gold Bonds



HOUSTON needs this hotel. The project is backed by some of her most influential and responsible citizens. The site is two blocks from the heart of the business section. Bonds of this issue are secured by a first mortgage on the 99-year leasehold, building and equipment valued at $1,964,900 and a first claim in effect on net annual earnings estimated at $283,004. On the basis of these figures the issue is 63.6% of the value of the property and the income is approximately 3¼ times the largest annual interest charges. This leaves a wide margin of safety.

This bond issue is but one example of how the Miller "selective process" of underwriting offers investors safety and interest up to 7%. Write for descriptions of current issues.

G. L. MILLER & CO., Incorporated 217-ML
30 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send me information on current Miller Bond issues.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

G. L. MILLER & CO. INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York City

Offices and representatives in principal cities

NO INVESTOR EVER LOST A DOLLAR IN MILLER BONDS

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you can see the scenic regions of the West at very reasonable cost ~ this summer

Santa Fe
Fred Harvey

Santa Fe Summer
Xcursions
to
California
Colorado
New Mexico-Arizona
Rockies ~~ and the
National Parks -
On your way to Grand Canyon or California

Take the Indian-detour—the newest way to see oldest America. A three-day motor tour in luxurious Harveycars thru a region rich in history and mystery. Only $45 extra, with everything provided — meals, lodging and motor transportation. Santa Fe—Fred Harvey management.

Ask for special Indian-detour folder

mail this

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys.
1110 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Would like information regarding summer trip to
.....
There will be.....persons in party.
☐ Indicate by X if Grade or High School student. Also mail descriptive travel folders.
Name.....
Street No.....
City and State.....

JUDGING the MOVIES I

by William Morris Houghton

ADOLPHE MENJOU is good in anything, even in "A Social Celebrity." Here is a picture that is without any importance whatsoever. It parades a hokum that was old when Columbus discovered America. Yet he makes of it a graceful medium for the quiet, completely natural comedy of which he is a pastmaster.

Max Haber, in the person of the incomparable Adolphe, is a small-town barber. He and his girl are bitten by the success bug. They migrate to New York, where she becomes a cabaret singer and he masquerades in borrowed clothes as a French count. He does it beautifully, as no barber who has ever breathed his sweet nothings into my defenseless ear could do it. But in the end he is unmasked and humiliated and he and his girl decide there is nothing in the success business. Why pretend to be other than we are? So back they go to the country barber shop and Hymen and happiness everlasting, just as if the *American Magazine* had never existed.

Of the other players I liked best Louise Brooks, who takes the part of Max's girl, and Roger Davis, the best he-flapper on the screen. As a piece of highly bred cheese that man is incomparable.

IF YOU who saw the play can imagine a denatured "Kiki," salted with hints of eventual matrimony to get it by the censors, you can visualize the picture of the same name. The picture suffers by comparison with the play and so does Norma Talmadge's performance with that of Lenore Ulric. There is a tameness about the screen version that is foreign to the original. That vulgar thing we like to call refinement has been added, to make it safe for democracy.

This is one of those pictures that offers nothing which can't be done better on the speaking stage. On the

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other hand, if you did not see the play and there is no comparison in your mind, you will probably enjoy the picture. For it is still true that even an echo of a good play is better than most movies. Norma Talmadge's Kiki is a piquant and engaging figure, and Ronald Colman as Renal, the theatrical manager, gives an unusually attractive performance. He may not be rough enough by half to suit the traditional conception of his part but one may be permitted to wish that all theatrical managers were as suave and sympathetic as he.

"That's My Baby," with Douglas MacLean, is a soup into which the paragons of Paramount have thrown a good many of the old bones of farce on which we movie fans have been gnawing lo, these many years. To begin with, you have two gilded bachelors and their Japanese servant. Then the jilted lover who is through with women, only to fall in love with the next one to challenge his gallantry. There is an irate papa, and an ambitious mamma and a contemptible rival and a cute baby and a charity bazaar and a wild airplane ride. And, of course, the final clinch before the curtain. I have said of "Kiki" that it offers nothing which can't be done better on the speaking stage. Such is not the case with "That's My Baby." Only the movies, thank God, can present a hodge-podge of this variety.

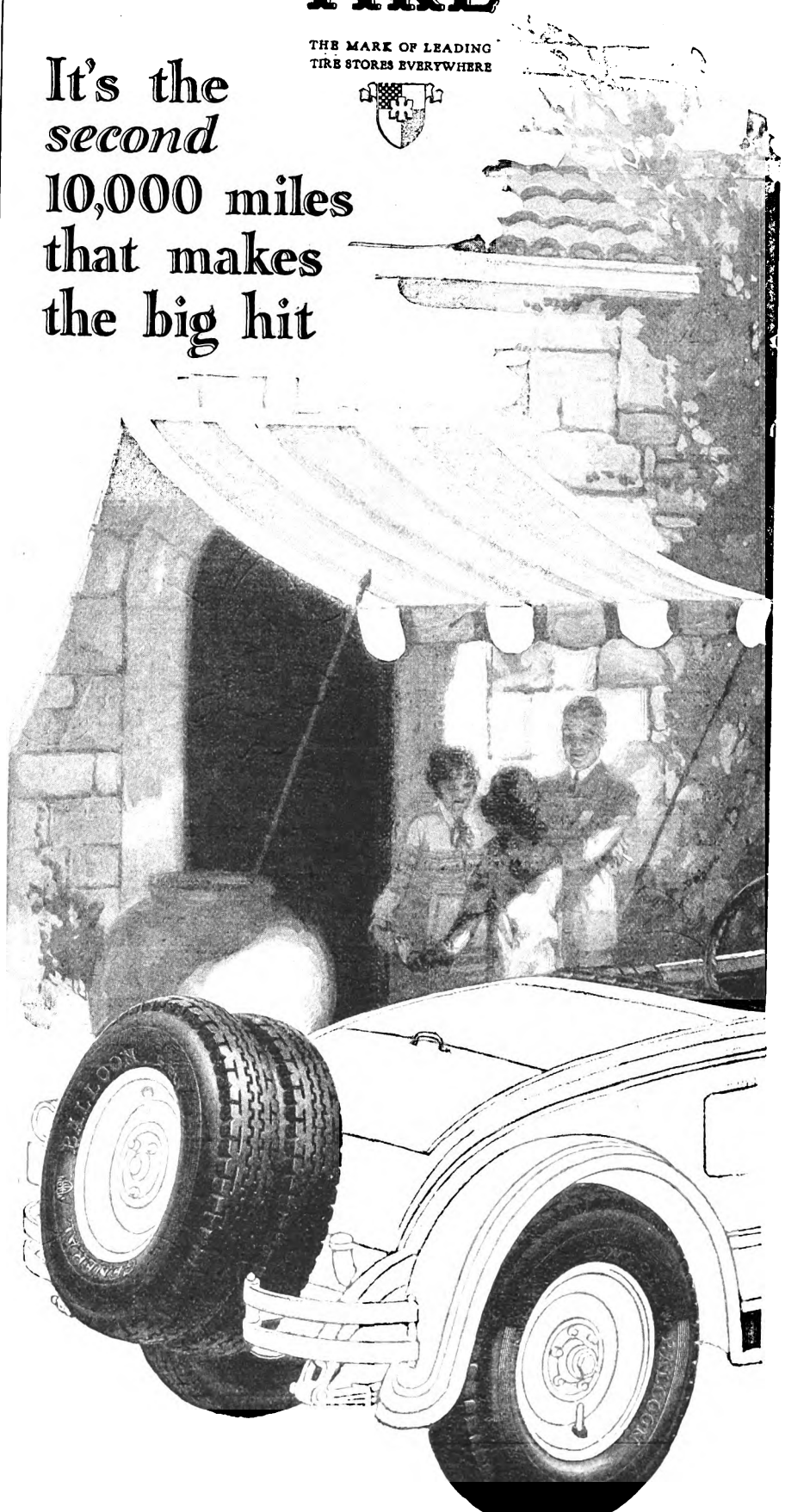
Guide to the Movies

"The Big Parade"—99 44/100 per cent. good.
"A Woman of the World"—An excellent film starring Pola Negri.
"Tumbleweeds"—Bill Hart comes back.
"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Not smart enough.
"Mannequin"—Fanny Hurst's prize story. Fairly cheap.
"That Royle Girl"—Mannequins, crooks, cyclones.
"Ben-Hur"—See it for the chariot race.
"Sea Beast"—Jack Barrymore gets both his whale and his girl.
"The Black Bird"—Lon Chaney does his stuff.
"Moana of the South Seas"—Paradise filmed on the spot.
"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"—Smooth comedy with Adolphe Menjou.
"Mare Nostrum"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"Torrent"—Greta Garbo gives a finished performance of a sophisticated rôle.
"La Bohême"—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert enact the old story.
"Let's Get Married"—Richard Dix makes it amusing.
"Irene"—Colleen Moore in fashion show.
"The Black Pirate"—Doug in good form.
"First Year"—Slapstick version of Frank Craven's comedy.
"The Bat"—Exciting mystery drama.
"The Untamed Lady"—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be.
"My Own Pal"—Tom Mix jumps his horse into an open box car.
"The Barrier"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
"Desert Gold"—Snappy Western.
"The New Klondike"—Florida boom farce.
"The Devil's Circus"—It's all the lion tamer's fault.
"The Crown of Lies"—Balkan romance with Poli Negri.
"Bride of the Storm"—Dolores Costello is rescued from an idiot Dutchman.
"The Flaming Frontier"—Custer's Last Stand melodramatized to a fareyouwell.
"The Blind Goddess"—Arthur Train's story with Esther Ralston. (She's not the Blind Goddess.)
"For Heaven's Sake"—Wherein Harold Lloyd makes laughing easy.

THE GENERAL TIRE

THE MARK OF LEADING TIRE STORES EVERYWHERE

It's the *second* 10,000 miles that makes the big hit



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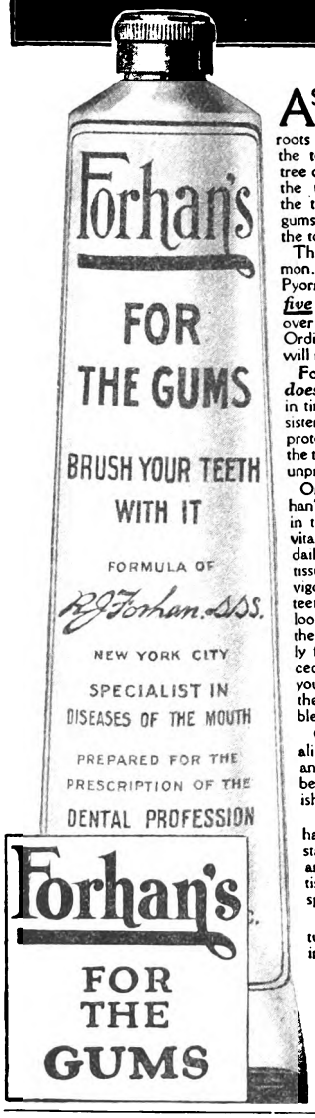
A signal of trouble — tender and bleeding gums



AS the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation *does* prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firmed tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

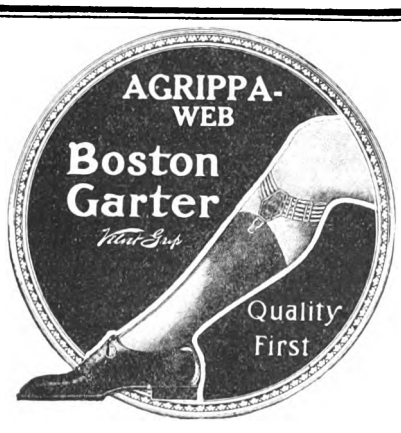
If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO. New York

Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal



No More Skidding Garters!

AGRIPPA-WEB makes garters act in an entirely new way—and only in Bostons can this web be had. Even when worn very loose it will not slip. It cannot curl and yet it is remarkably soft and light. Here in fact is the first practical ventilated web garter.

In many pleasing colors, 50c the pair.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family.

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

Fixed for Life

AT 3 A.M. the house had blown up. In the midst of the ruins, chuckling hysterically, sat Jefferey Jinks. In his left hand he clutched the fragments of a radio loudspeaker. His right held the remnants of what had been a pair of headphones. The explosion had been complete—a marvelous piece of dynamiting.

"You see," explained Jeff to the district attorney, "I was known as a radio wizard. My wife's brother's cousin works for a radio manufacturer and so my friends take it for granted that I'm an expert. Between the hours of 8 P.M. and 3 A.M. sleep at our house is impossible. The phone rings every few minutes. Here, for example, is a telephone diary kept to-night:

Fred Graf: Wanted to know if hooking in the wash boiler would help him get Pittsburgh. Jay Fish: Asked if an intermediate coupler with three steps of the Charleston would eliminate static. Ed Nadel: Couldn't get London. Paul Smith: Noticed his signals faded when he turned on the steam radiator. Ben Sheldon: Wanted to know if a variocoupler in the Keith circuit with three feedback gadgets would do any good. The calls kept coming in until at 3 A.M. Rufus Gulch called to ask if a safety razor hooked in series with the vacuum cleaner would cut out interference. That was the last straw. In rage I picked up my stick of dynamite and hurled it at my set. The rest you know. Pick me out a cell with Southern exposure and a suit with broad stripes, miles away from the nearest loudspeaker."

"One more question must be answered before you go," demanded the prosecutor.

Jeff looked up wanly. "What is it?" he listlessly asked.

"Would you recommend that two forty-five volt batteries or three twenty-two and a half volt batteries connected in series be used with a circuit built from—?" started the district attorney.

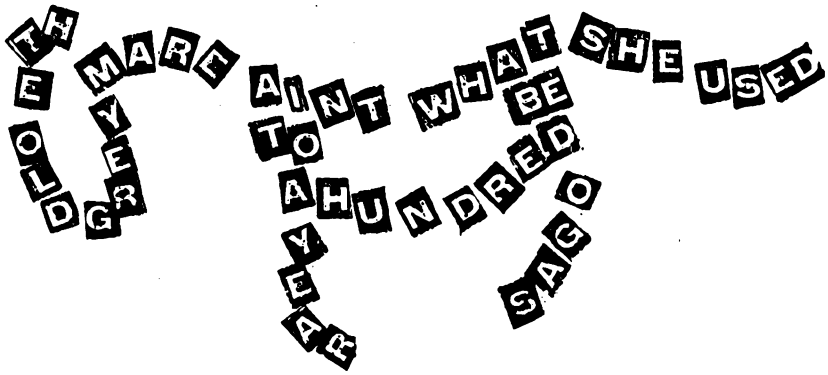
"Yow!" shrieked Jefferey, holding up the fragments of the horn. "Yow!"

It was at this juncture that Jefferey Jinks' charge was changed to murder in the first degree. *Hugh Wood*

L M N TAL D K!
"5-5-4 shame, U C D JI
U O-2 B more nifty!
N M T head knows that
2 day
On clothes I can't B thrifty!"

JUDGE will pay $5 for each one printed.

LETTER-LAUGHS!



Submitted by R. Van DeHewel, Box No. 342, Colusa, Cal.

The Pardner of the "One Hoss Shay."

Judge will pay $25 for EACH ONE PRINTED

How to make Letter-Laughs

Cut out letters, or words, from any printed text matter, and paste them on a sheet of stiff white paper so that they will make a picture.

Each LETTER-LAUGH Picture must have a Caption and must be FUNNY!

Send your LETTER-LAUGHS to the LETTER-LAUGH EDITOR of JUDGE, *627 West 43d Street, New York City, and enclose postage if you wish them returned.*

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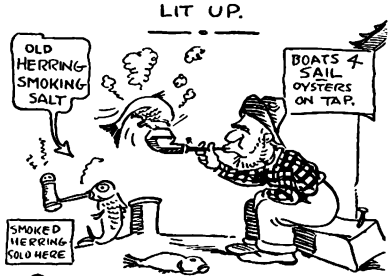
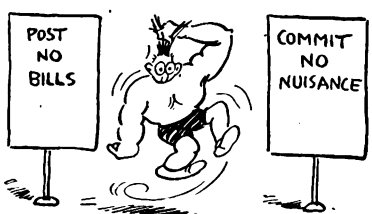
MAZDA BULB PUT BEHIND THE BARS BECAUSE IT WAS LIT UP.



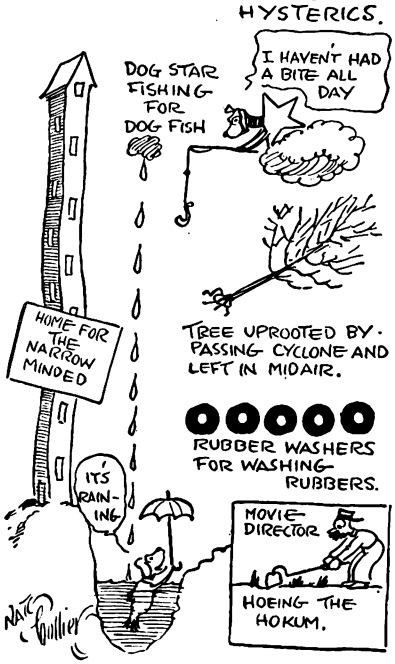
OLD SALT SMOKING HERRING

A FORK-TAILED NEMESIS PURSUING A WILD ANATHEMA ON A DARK NIGHT.



STRONG ARM GUY LIFTING HIMSELF BY HIS HAIR

ANGLEWORM WITH THE HYSTERICS.



TREE UPROOTED BY PASSING CYCLONE AND LEFT IN MIDAIR.

RUBBER WASHERS FOR WASHING RUBBERS.

The Perfect Alarm

(*Continued from page 16*)

When the chief was able to speak again his voice was choked with emotion.

"My friend," he said in a low, strained tone. "You will never know what you've done and how much these few moments have meant to all of us. Before we leave, may I ask if we can be of service?"

Before I could reply a pessimistic looking gentleman sitting over the rear axle of a long ladder truck growled rudely:

"Well, where's the fire?"

"Ah, yes!" beamed the chief. "Is there, by any chance, a fire in this vicinity?"

"I do not think so," I said, "I merely summoned you to ask if you could direct me to a hotel where I might get a good, clean room and a fair cup of coffee."

"Well, let me see," he began, "there's the Carlt-Ritzton and the Aldorf-Wistaria. I've heard they have pretty nice rooms, but I don't know much about the kind of coffee they brew. Say, I'll tell you: Why not run out to my house for a day or so? The wife'll be glad to have you visit with us until you get settled."

I accepted readily, for he seemed a decent sort.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "As soon as I get back to headquarters I'll phone the wife to buy thirty cents worth of round steak to-night. We have dinner about seven. That all right? Fine. We'll expect you. And if you think of anything you want in the meantime, just turn in another alarm and some of the boys will show up in a minute or two."

We shook hands heartily. Scores of cameras clicked and then, still waving affectionately to me, the chief and the rest of the city untangled themselves and drove away.

For several hours I had a pretty good opinion of that fire chief. But when I began to feel hungry and decided to go up to his house, it dawned on me that he was an ungrateful, double-crossing four-flusher. After all the trouble I'd gone to to make him feel at ease when he answered that alarm, and after he'd invited me to be his guest, the darned bone-head had driven away without telling me where he lived!

Chet Johnson

Our Headache Corner

Edited by HENRY HEADACHE

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

Heart throbs are elegant, but head throbs are something else again.

* * *

That throbbing, thumping, pounding pain—but stop, it gives us a headache just to think of it!

* * *

And we're here not to cause, but to cure, your headache.

* * *

We'll make good on that, too. Ever hear of Kohler-Antidote? It has been banishing headaches for 35 years.

* * *

Not by drugging you into a weakened condition, minus pep as well as headache. No, it leaves you feeling "simply elegant."

* * *

Because it's a "balanced prescription"—many helpful ingredients, not a single drug that shocks and depresses.

* * *

So when you get your next headache, you'll know how to "laff that off."

STOPS

AUTO SICKNESS
Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

Westcott HOSIERY for Men & Women at Leading Stores

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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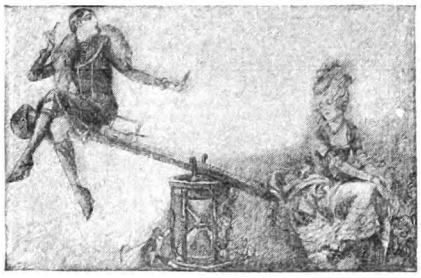
ART PRINTS *from* JUDGE



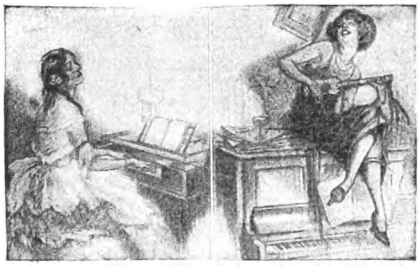
"See-Saw"

By Delevante

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

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each



"Just a Song At Twilight"

By Delevante

Printed on heavy Art Plate paper with wide margins. Size 19 x 15 inches.

Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of

50 cents

"The Old Army Game"

By James Trembath

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

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents

ART PRINTS REDUCED

"The Sea Hawk"	50 cents each
"Have a Look at Venus"	50 cents each
"Hasn't Scratched Yet"	50 cents each
"Circus Days"	50 cents each
"Some Kidd"	50 cents each
"Tee for Two"	50 cents each
"Raising the Standards of Musical Comedy"	50 cents each
"No Mother to Guide Her"	50 cents each
"Saturday Night"	50 cents each
"Be Yourself"	50 cents each
"Oh! Mama"	35 cents each
"The Curse of Drink"	25 cents each

JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

627 West 43d Street New York

5 A.M.

"Egstrorny tashe. Must be some new-fangled cocktail."

—Gaiety

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 15*)

III

I HAVE mentioned Raquel Meller. La Meller has been promising to come to America about as long as Bernard Shaw has been promising not to. She is here at last, accompanied by Mr. Ray Goetz in a new Charvet silk shirt, four dogs, a chef gifted in the preparation of *revoltillo de sesos* and *media lata esparragos Lubeck*, a carload of violets, and an article by Arthur Hopkins saying that she is the greatest actress in the world.

Some of us were already familiar with the lady's talents, having sat before her in the Clover Club and various Paris music halls. That she is all the estimable Hopkins insists she is, we have privileged ourselves seriously to doubt. It is probable that our friend Arturo, a *bon vivant* in his way, got champagne and histrionic virtuosity balled up and we, for one, envy him. The champagne in Paris is excellent and what is criticism after all? But, since the champagne over here isn't much good, there is nothing left to do but criticize. And a cold sober view of La Meller fails to make Hopkinses of us.

The fact about the fair Raquel is that she isn't much of an actress and rather less of a singer, but that she is, notwithstanding, the most hypnotically insinuating woman in the present-day theater. I, in my coarse way, put her success down to sex. If Raquel Meller isn't sex with a capital letter, I am Arthur Hopkins' grandfather. She looks It, suggests It, implies It, acts It from the moment she comes on the stage until about an hour or so after she leaves. I observe that my friend Percy Hammond scoffs at this analysis of the lady's influence, but Percy, I may tell you confidentially, is the kind of fellow who thinks Mrs. Wiffen has got It, so you know where to put Percy. I may be wrong, true enough—it's a rare day that I am not—but if Meller's pull isn't sex pure and simple I'll be glad to give a box of good cigars to the man who will come around and tell me just what it is.

A Noisy Game

"They say she is a very brilliant conversationalist."

"Yes; you should hear her play bridge." *—Boston Transcript*

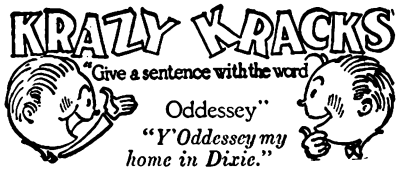
Advice Wanted

"Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?"

"Well, he is very busy, madam. What was it you wanted to see him about?"

"About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

—Louisville Courier-Journal



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LETTER LAUGHS

Note received by a teacher:
V O U N X Q S 4 A B B N absent. U C A B 8 2 much can D N E vas 6 a dog. Much obliged.

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.

Unpublished Testimonials
or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Heiss' Handy Hunderwear

PARDON me for interrupting if I should be so bold as to tell you your ads in the subway don't work no better than the doors which is out of order. I met a fellah last week just arrove from East Liverpool, where had he been living for thirty years without a change. Then he came to New York and got used to the habit of living by the sign language. So once upon a day, in an off moment or something, he discerned it where you said all passengers should change to Heiss' Handy Hunderwear, but they stopped the train and had him harrested before he got half hunderway.

So I think maybe you ought to explain, Mr. Heiss, that these hads is just a joke, or you'll be getting innocent people into trouble some of these days.

Yours haffectionately

How to Hold Your Husband

I been seein' ads all in the magazines in the waste baskets for your new book on, "How to Hold Your Husband," and what the hell do you care how I hold my husband, ain't I got a right to try out my own ideas besides I got enough to worry about right here at home with him out of work since Christmas Santie Clauzes and I guess he always comes home when he gits hungry or something and what about how men ought to hold their women, what about that some of 'em don't know even how to dance with 'em, and anyway what the hell is it your business of how I hold my husband, but I ain't read your book and I ain't going to, but if you want a coupla extra chapters for your book you can come around some Saturday night and watch me givim the bum's rush.

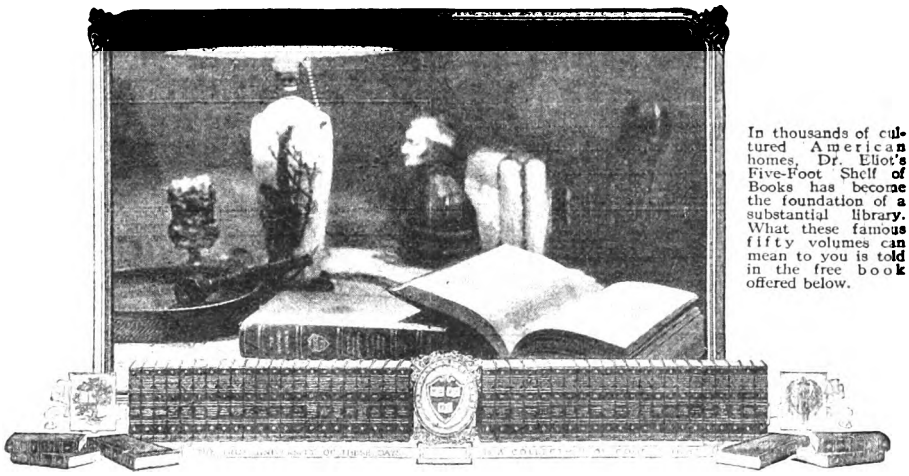
Yours in the cauze of sience.

Richard Wallace

LIZZIE LABELS

The knock in the piston strikes two.

JUDGE pays $5 for each one printed.



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For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

DEAR JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of May 15)

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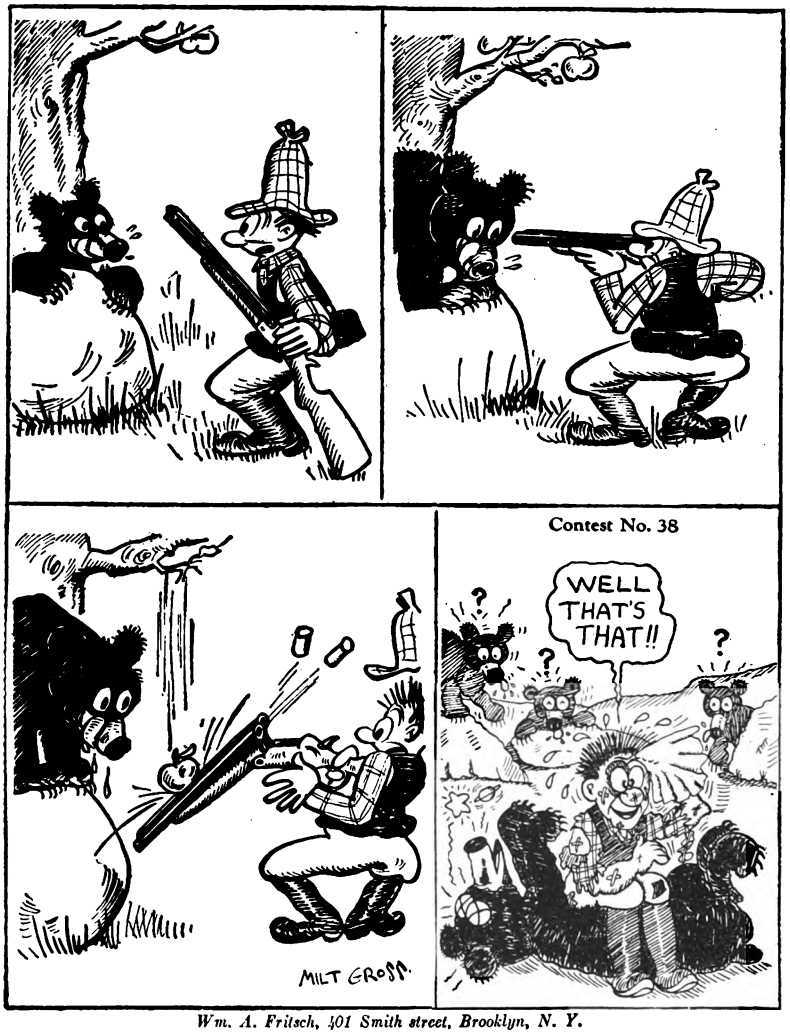
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 38



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LETTER LAUGHS

"I C your love has turned 2-8,
But I'm not K G, K T:
Here's Y I don't X L of late—
I O my tailor 80!"

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A Helping Hand

ONCE upon a time four jovial golfers were resting at the seventh green, which lay behind a little hill, when a battered white ball came rolling over the rise and wobbled to the exact center of a particularly soft, sandy and soul-searching bunker, some thirty yards away. The author of the unfortunate shot was not in view.

"Let's give him a thrill," suggested one of the jovial quartet. "We'll lift his ball and make him think he did the hole in one. Then what a laugh we'll have when we hear him spreading the news all over the club!"

The suggestion was duly carried out and the ball neatly deposited in the hole just before a weary player wandered over the crest of the hill, casting a roving but hopeful eye over the scenery. The foursome greeted him with enthusiasm and wrung his hands warmly.

"Here's where it rolled," cried one, tracing a tortuous course across the green, with his mashie. "Just the right angle, just the right force—a perfect shot—plop! into the hole."

The weary golfer pulled a much-thumbed score card from his pocket.

"Good!" he murmured. "That gives me a nine." —*Humorist*

Inherited

"James, spell 'cloth,'" said the teacher.

James was silent.

"Come, come," said the teacher, "you know the word. What is your coat made of?"

"Father's old trousers," replied the boy. —*Square Deal*

♣♣♣

"Did you hear that a man was murdered in the street last night for his money?"

"Yes—but luckily he had no money on him at the time."

—*Dorfbarbier* (Berlin)

♣♣♣

He—Would you be very angry if I hugged you?

She—Angry! I should be simply furious! How dare you suggest such a thing! If you try anything like that I'll never speak to you again, and besides, this isn't a good place anyhow. —*La Vie Parisienne*

A Spendthrift's Sigh

"Break, break, break on thy cold gray shores, O sea,
But though you break forever,
You'll ne'er be as broke as me!"

—*London Opinion*

FUNNYBONES

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties."

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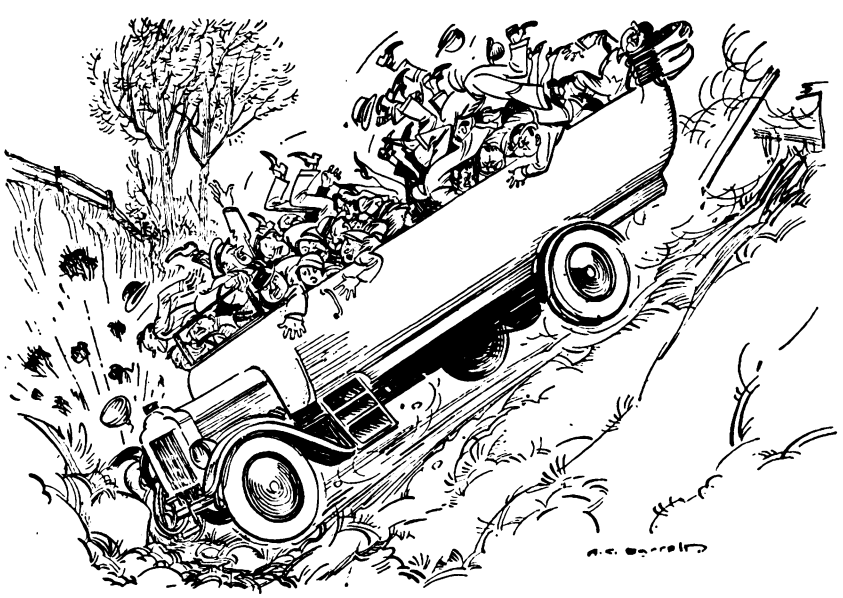

Conductor of Charabanc—(An ex-theater attendant)—Don't get excited, please, keep your seats! —*London Opinion*

Take a Taxi!

MAINWARING, walking along in the West Fifties at four in the morning, felt no untoward sense of adventure. He did not know that there are such abodes of delight as supper clubs, and 4 A.M. was like any other hour to him. He was interested in bacteria, but he was not interested in time nor place, wine, women, nor song. Most of the night he had spent in the laboratory; now he hurried along with his mind on staphylococci. . . .

A cruising cab appeared and he hailed it, after absently taking note of the legend "15 & 5" on its port bow. And therein he betrayed himself as a New Yorker. Dr. Mainwaring, odd as it may be, had one point in common with the lightest-hearted stepper-out in Manhattan. He was a part of the grand unspoken conspiracy to bring all cabs to the minimum rate: 15c—1st ¼ m.; 5c ea. add. ¼ m. As people go, he was an aloof person, but he had one contact. And as long as there is contact there always is a chance of something happening—

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

¶ *Lots of things have been lost in taxicabs and some things—hairpins and flasks and light loves, for instance—have been found there. Arthur T. Munyan's Manhattan taxicab tale, "Fifteen and Five," in the current issue of* SNAPPY STORIES, *will delight you. You can get it at any newsstand for 20 cents.*

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For Yourself

The Bookie (to pal who has been mauled in a race-gang fight)—Don't let 'em wash yer face. Them footprints may be useful as a clew.

—*Sketch*

In the Dark

"I MUST fix it to-night," he muttered. "Heaven alone knows what will happen if I bungle it again, as I did last time, but my hand shook so I must have made a mistake in the number of drops, and it had no effect. But she is getting impatient, always twitting me to get on and be done with it. Well, she shall have no cause for complaint to-night. My wife once out of the way I shall be free to act."

The room in which he stood was small and stuffy, great shutters, with solid iron bars hung on the windows, in a medicine cupboard in the corner were a number of phials and bottles—one, on which he fixed his eyes with a look of keen anticipation was labeled poison. It was but half full, but there was enough there for his purpose, he knew.

The moment had come! He nerved himself to steady his shaking hand as he reached down the poison bottle from the cupboard and tremblingly measured out a few drops into a glass. Breathing heavily in the hot, oppressive atmosphere he crouched down at the table.

All at once he stiffened and started up, a look of surprise in his burning eyes. He had fancied he could see his wife's face faintly materializing before him. The features were dim at first, but gradually becoming plainer every moment. She was looking straight at him with a pained, reproachful expression that he should have plotted such a thing against her. Gripping the edge of the table he stood spellbound. How had she managed to get there? It was the last face he had expected to see at that moment.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last, "I remember now, that's the snap I took of my wife at Margate last summer. Silly of me, I must have started on the wrong roll of films."

—*Herbert Hamelin in Passing Show*

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BY
MAURICE SWITZER

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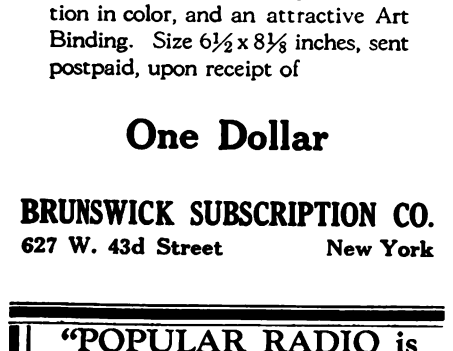

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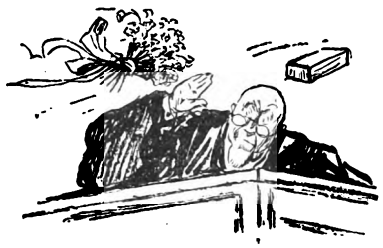
JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Where Logic Leads

To the Editor:

Can anyone dispute that a government, to be respected, must have a reasonable, rational and consistent policy in administering its functions?

The Prohibition law is based on the theory that because a small minority abuse the use of alcoholic beverages, the vast majority who do not and to whom they are, according to the life insurance records, beneficial shall be deprived of them.

This is squarely adopting the principle of *governing by removal of temptation*, so that the weak or vicious shall have no excuse for committing anti-social acts.

Consistency would require that the use of fire be prohibited, because some commit arson and some, by carelessness with it, cause disaster. Property should be prohibited because it tempts some to theft and other crimes—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

It would be interesting to follow out this theory and see where it must lead. And what a spineless race of imbecile automatons it would produce if by any chance it could be carried out to its logical and inescapable conclusions. *S. E. R.*
St. Albans, Vt.

Just Wait!

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: I read your articles with interest, especially the comments in the brick and bouquet columns. As your page seems to deal mainly with the Prohibition question, I have a few comments.

The main drive against Prohibition does not seem to be based on the good points of liquor and its past, but rather on the non-enforcement of the law in some places, especially cities like your metropolis. But that is no argument against a law. Has there ever been talk of repealing the laws against other crimes in periods of crime waves? No, it is a case where the profit is greater than the penalty.

And as to the sentiment of the nation on the subject, just wait until the two big parties make their presidential nominations. The politicians of the nation, who know as nearly as anybody the true trend of sentiment among the great body of voters of the nation, know better than to risk their party with a wet or even damp candidate. If either party does try it, just watch what happens to him. With best wishes,
Clarksburg, W. Va. *Lynn Faulkner*
March 25, 1926.

A Chinese Query

Dear JUDGE: I noticed in your editorial, in the issue of March 6, that Countess Cathcart made the mistake herself by filling the blank with a letter "D" that gave rise to questions involving "moral turpitude." This makes me wonder what did Louis Firpo ever fill the blank with?

But I cannot understand how could your immigration authority ever admit a Chinese Minister to Washington, who, I am sure, could not produce a marriage license, as marriage in China has no legal sanction.

Recently a friend of mine pointed to "the beautiful girl" in New York harbor and asked: "Has America got much use for that?" Will you please tell me so I can inform my friend? Hope the post office won't do business with you, so I will be sure to buy a copy. Yours sincerely,
Flint, Mich. *R. H. Liu*
March 8, 1926.

[ED. NOTE: "The beautiful girl" in New York harbor is our most highly prized antique.]

The Butler Episode

Dear JUDGE: My sentiment has never been so well expressed as I find it in the last column, last paragraph, page 18, March 27 issue.

Until the California episode, I was for General Butler. I am not in favor of Prohibition, but felt he was doing a splendid job in Philadelphia.

My hat is off to you always.

Yours sincerely,
June Page, Jr.

P.S.: Why cut out brick slinging at JUDGE? I've missed it this week. Put it back into the publication. Don't make any changes. *J. C.*
Thomasville, N. C.
March 26, 1926.

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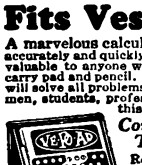

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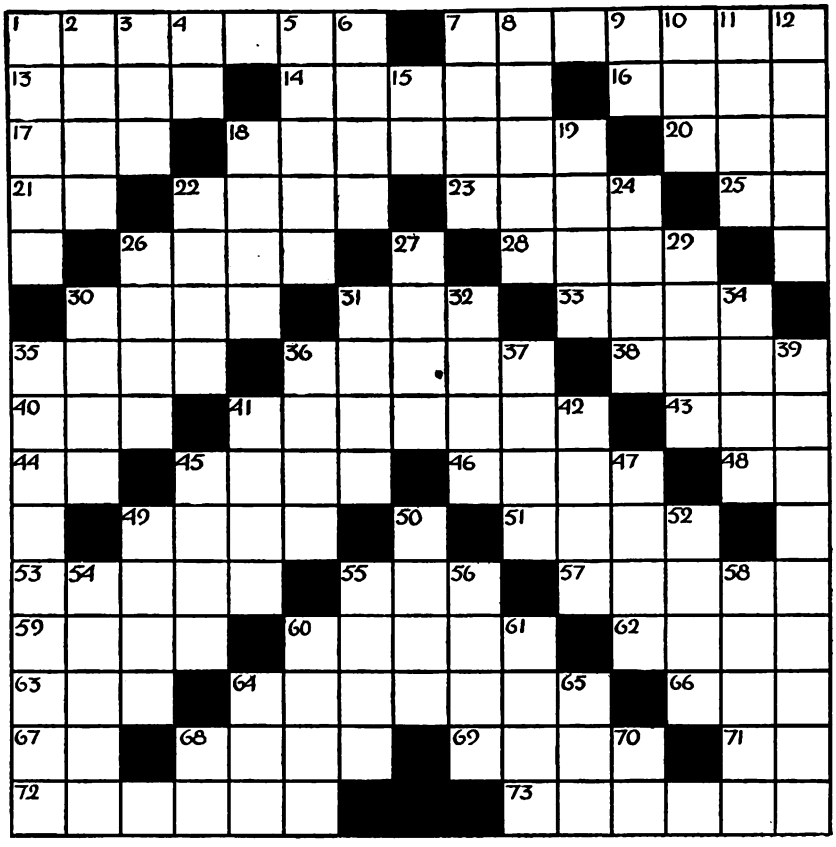
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 74



Submitted by Hartley E. Minear, Sacramento, Cal. Judge pays $25 for each one printed.

Horizontal

1. Moth fodder.
7. Stupid, numb, thick, simple, dumb, or how are you?
13. A little pig.
14. When bachelors chase pretty girls this is what the girls usually do to them.
16. Halitosis is this kind of turpitude.
17. This is unrefined.
18. The life of the party.
20. The first loudspeaker.
21. You and I.
22. What seven days without food makes one.
23. The land of shillalahs and begorras.
25. Yataghan Carriers (init.).
26. The reason for the absence of white collar jobs in Pittsburgh.
28. A party, spree, or bender.
30. To be on fire. (Hot stuff!)
31. The uninvited guest—at picnics.
33. Something fat people have a hard time staying on.
35. This is found in flasks of lightning.
36. The starting place of many marvelous fights.
38. Meager.
40. Advice to bachelors—don't say it with this.
41. This knocks me cold.
43. Falsehood.
44. A sky pilot (abbr.).
45. These animals have large prominent teeth.
46. Sock breakers.
48. An island near New York City (abbr.).
49. These go with the crafts.
51. Tight. (Nothing to do with tippling.)
53. This means "hear" in Latin.
55. The cry of a sinking schooner.
57. Something pretty school-teachers do.
59. Scheme.
60. Things that prize fighters playfully place on their opponent's proboscis.
62. A thin flat piece of anything.
63. Pennsylvania Tomato Munchers (init.).
64. The part of a joy ride that flappers dislike.
66. Crazy Newfoundland Ostriches (init.).
67. Interjection of amateur orators.
68. Export product of Italy.
69. Ancient boat builder.
71. A fellow whose mistakes are buried (abbr.)
72. Ethiopian persuaders. (Ask the man who hones one!)
73. Lover's lanes.

Vertical

1. Something a king always has on his mind.
2. Entice.
3. A lonesome number.
4. Tom Thumb's initials.
5. A burst of applause.
6. To fire with enthusiasm.
7. A pain in the neck.
8. Without sheckles.
9. Feminine affirmative.
10. Crossword anger.
11. Join this, and see the *next* world.
12. Choose by preference.
15. Preposition.
18. A long time.
19. Toyed with the truth.
22. Labor.
24. Something most people have right at their finger tips.
26. One way to get rid of a sucker.
27. Against.
29. Bootleg progression.
30. What many matrimonial ties do.
31. Yodeling hills.
32. Made by the Queen of Hearts.
34. The end of a good old horse.
35. A fellow who grabs 'em young.
36. What a wife does when she wants to know why her husband didn't get home until three in the morning.
37. Fun in Herrin.
39. Professional borrowers.
41. High.
42. But not gawdy!
45. The land of more shillalahs and begorras.
47. What a chorus girl does to your old man.
49. A famous race starter.
50. An east side diamond.
52. Something face powder is made from.
54. Very much so and then some.
55. A tenor's lament.
56. A kind of a game that's played in Florida.
58. This is sweet stuff.
60. Sinks down.
61. A high hatter.
64. Sherman's synonym for Satan's Sanctum Sanctorum.
65. Full of spirits (hic!).
68. Something doers do.
70. Heavy wives (init.).

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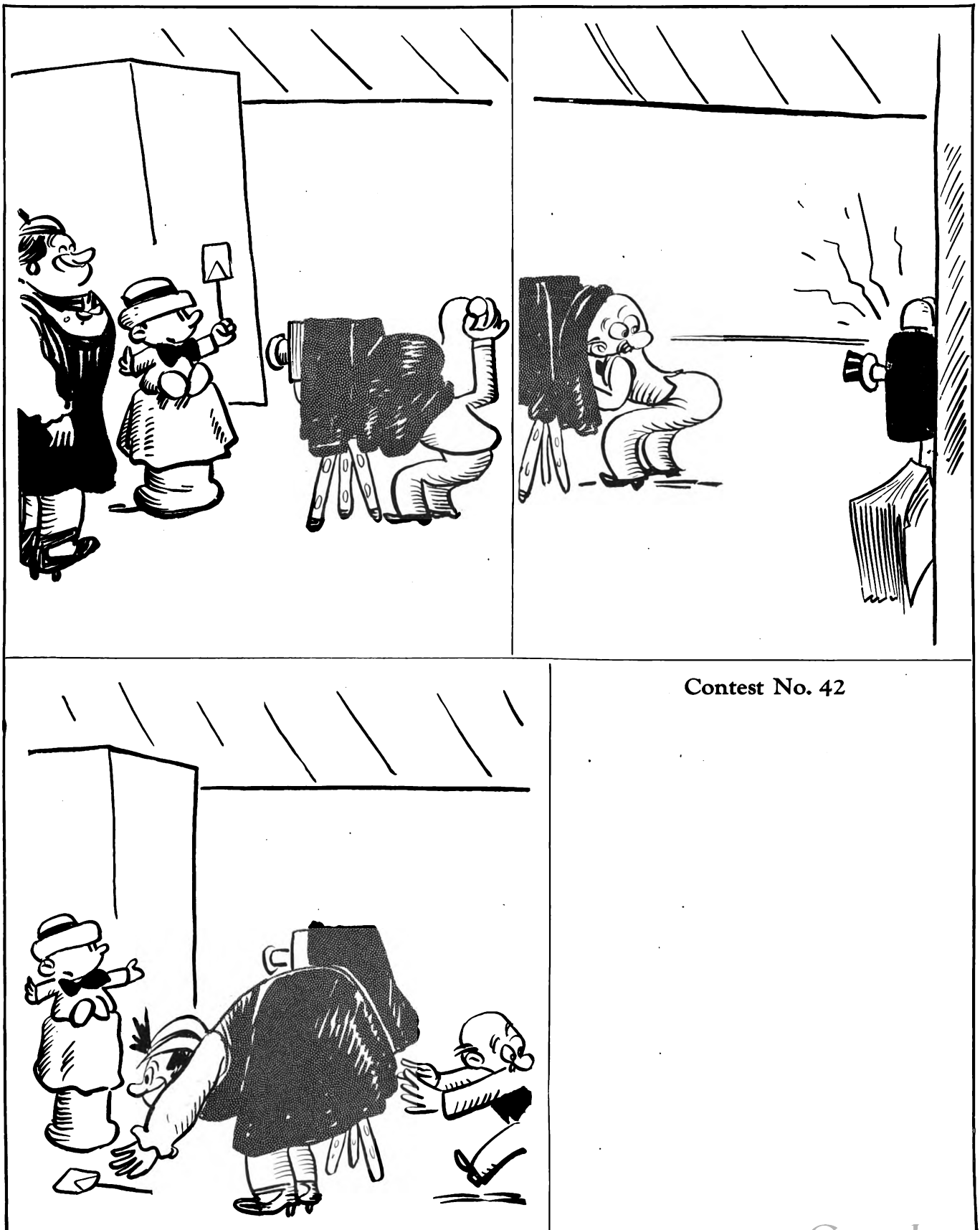
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes May 24. Winning ending appears in the issue of June 12.



Contest No. 42

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Don't delay the pleasure of smoking
Lucky Strike — learn now what
"It's Toasted" really means to you

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

HISTORICAL MEM. & ART
DEPT. OF IOWA. 105.15-Y
DES MOINES IOWA. 2357

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

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JUDGE

#2325

MAY 22, 1926
PRICE
15
CENTS

GRANDMA'S NUMBER

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

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Have You One of the
Lucky One Dollar Bills
?

EXAMINE your one dollar bills and see if you have one of the lucky ones. Have you one that has a likeness of the first President of the United States? Does the name "Washington" on it contain ten letters? Has it a green back?

If you can answer Yes to these questions, you have one of the lucky dollar bills.

We won't ask you where or how you got the dollar, nor shall we publish your photograph.

Just fill in the coupon below and send it in with your lucky one dollar bill and you will receive ten weeks of JUDGE—"The World's Wittiest Weekly."

Incidentally—do it now

JUDGE, Date.....
627 West 43d Street, New York.

Here's my lucky buck. Slip me JUDGE for ten weeks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

JUDGE, Volume 90, No. 2325, May 22, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

A THEATRICAL magazine says that thousands of American actors will tour Europe this coming summer. Hams across the sea.

As there is so much controversy just now about railroad mergers, we take this opportunity to suggest that they merge a couple of Pullman berths.

THOMAS EDISON is said to be very fond of young children. It is also said that Thomas Edison can get along on four hours sleep.

FROM the press we learn that jazz orchestra players from all over the world are planning a mammoth get-together meeting. Very likely the venture is being backed by some enterprising undertakers.

THOSE whose business it is to delve into the private lives of the great now inform us that at one time Mary Lewis worked in the movies as a bathing girl. Learning, of course, to be a diva.

FROM the advertisements we learn that there are 201 parts to a telephone. The most complicated part, of course, is getting the right number.

WEATHER forecasters all over the country predict that the coming summer will be one of the dryest in history. This report should be a boom to the umbrella trade.

Gran'ma's Boy

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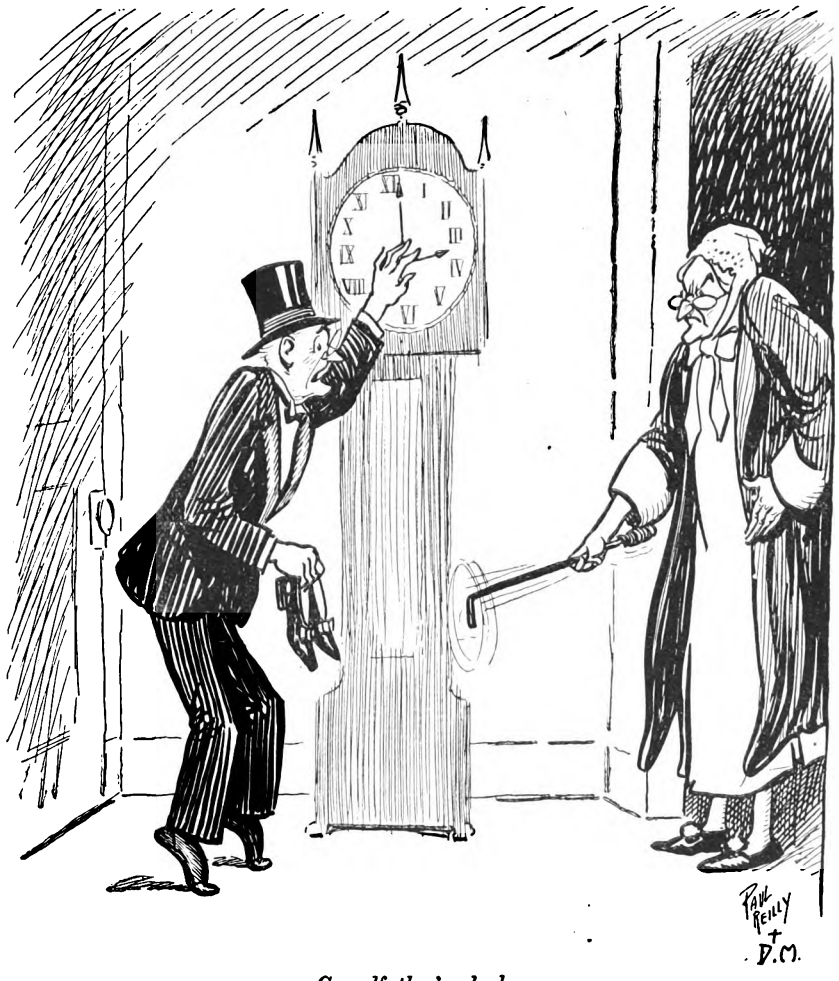


Grandfather's clock.

Anachronistic

GRANDMA sat rocking and knitting by the fireside. Tabby purred at her feet.

"There ain't no place like home," she remarked, dropping a stitch, "and no shoes as comfortable as these old slippers of mine."

It was a pretty picture, the firelight casting a ruddy glow over the room; simplicity, quiet—far from the madding crowd.

* * *

It was the opening scene of a revival of a once successful Victorian drama. *G. A. P.*

LIZZIE LABELS

California, hear us come.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Toasts of the day

Here's to the modern Grandmother — may she never pass out.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

FUNNYBONES

Many a man lives by the sweat of his fraul

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Oh, the moonshine's made to-night
along the Wabash;
From the corn they still good
licker every day;
Through the sycamores the enforcement cops are sneaking
On the banks of the Wabash far
away. *Nate Collier*

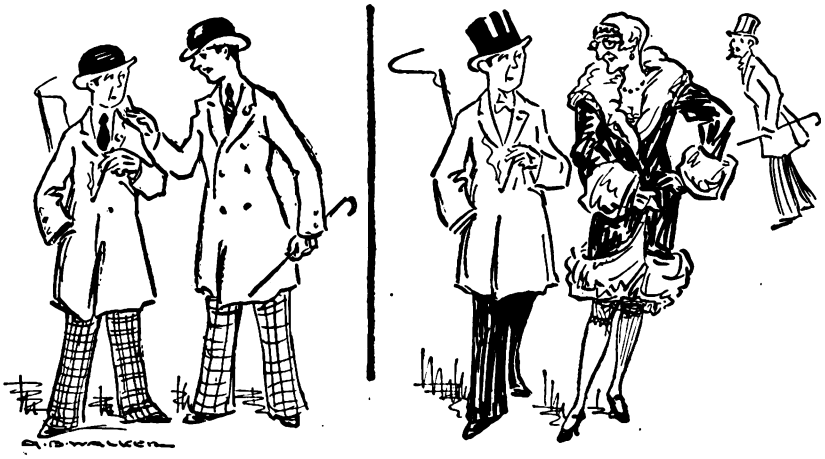
Our Morals Are Saved by These

CLEAN collars.
Good-by.
Fine thread.
Nice weather.
Angel cake.
Proper nouns.
Modest incomes.
Righteous indignation.
Unblemished complexions.
Perfect participles.
Suppressed sighs.
Lawson Paynter

Jenny, the Blasé Check Girl

(*With Apologies to Leigh Hunt*)

JENNY checked my coat and hat,
Yawning on the chair she sat in;
And my tip was pretty fat—
Scribe, into your list, put that in.
Say I'm bitter, say I'm bad,
Say that ruthless fate has spanked
me,
Say most anything, but add
Jenny thanked me! *Cyrano*



"Who was the lady I saw you with last night?"
"That was no lady, that was my grandmother."

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KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Pajama"

"How dare you pajama round me!"

A Terrible Tale

"IT'S terrible!" she cried as she sat there by her mother's old trunk in the attic. Perhaps she was weeping, I don't know. I didn't look. I never could bear to see a woman cry. Especially a beautiful woman. And Madge was beautiful, as beautiful as a cauliflower in bloom, or a fried sausage. Again her voice rent the stillness! "It's terrible! terrible!" she cried. Her mother climbed the attic stairs. There was no other way for her to reach the attic. The elevator wasn't running. Placing a motherly arm about her daughter, she said, "Tell Mother, Madge, what is terrible." The girl looked up.

"Tissue paper," she whispered. "That's tearable." *Nate Collier*

Née Halitosis

In the light of recent issues, shall we not rename our old friend "Oral Turpitude"?

THE PENDULUM SWINGS TO 1956

Grandma's portrait.

DIZZY LABELS

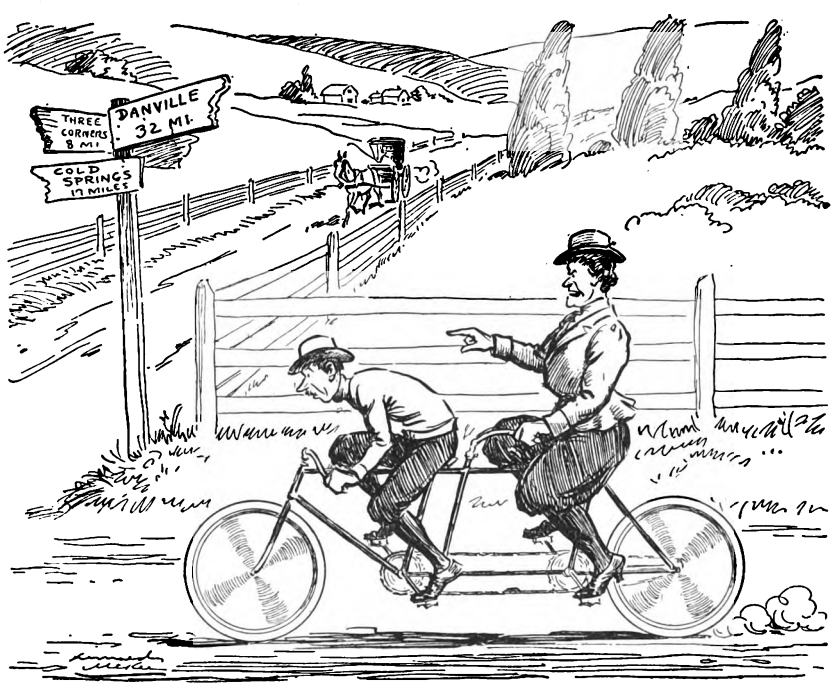
"They all call her Pearl."
Because, "Somebody is always stringing her."

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed.

Famous People

GORDON Gin.
Bill Fold.
Charley Horse
Mary Christmas.
May Pole.
Maggie Zene
Frank Fort.
Katie Did.
Violet Ray.
Sophie More.
Pat Hand.
Hen Party.
Mike Odd.

Lawson Paynter



Origin of the back-seat driver.

Appropriate Menus

For a Young Man in Love

Turtle Soup
Fried Mush and Honey
Baked Lobster, Fancy Dressing
Roast Duck Pressed Deer
Wilted Lettuce Sweet Potatoes
Lady Fingers
Love Apples Pop Candy Kisses

Geo. R. Davies

LETTER LAUGHS

OBINVU your iii,
INV2 your eee,
In fact INV2XS
The dimple in your knees.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed.

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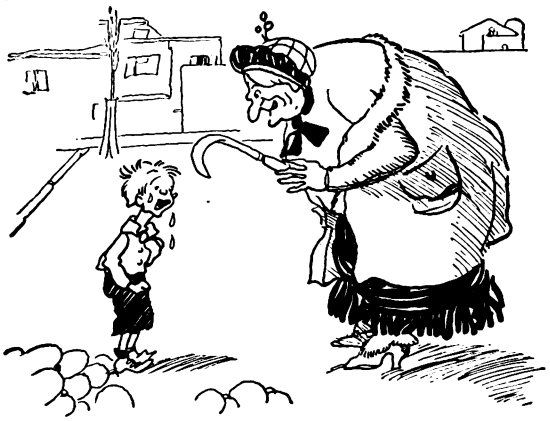
THAT DEAR OLD LADY JOKE

AS IT WOULD BE DONE BY THE ENGLISH

DEAR OLD LADY (who has just returned from Little Puddleton and doesn't like potatoes)—*Dear, dear! Why are you crying, my little man?*

LITTLE MAN (who has never even heard of *Big* Puddleton)—*'Cause I've eat too many wiffins an' I'm* homesick!

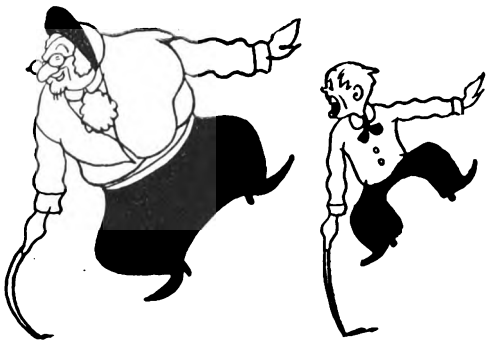
THE FRENCH



DEAR OLD LADY—*Dear, dear! Why are your crying, my little man?*

"Because sister's just become a mannikin, an' now I'll have t' be a girlikin!"

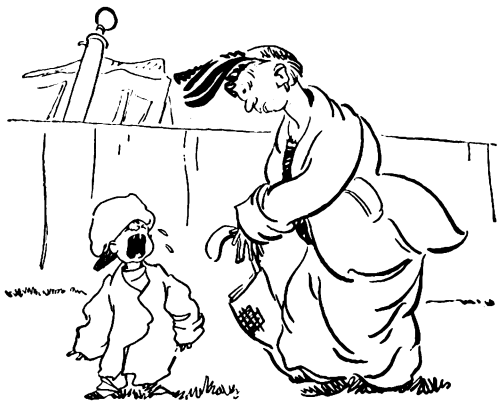
OUR COLLEGIATES



DEAR OLD LADY—*Dear, dear! Why are you crying my little man?*

"That wasn't no lady, that was my moral turpitude!"

"JUDGE"



DEAR OLD LADY—*Dear, dear! Why are you crying, my little man?*

"'Cause I've went an' feryot me wise crack f'r nosey ol' ladies!"

AND BY THE COMIC STRIPS

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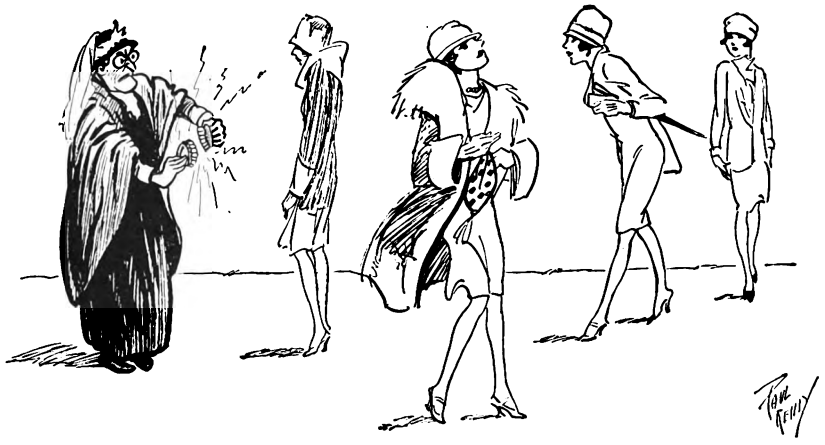


Old lady gnashing her teeth at present-day fashions.

Nita's Naughta Neck

NITA had a lovely neck.
It was, I must confess,
About two feet above the top
Of Nita's ev'ning dress.

Nita had a lovely neck—
Lace, made of diamonds bright;
She wore it on lovely neck-
Ing party every night.

Nita had a lovely neck—
Oh, boy! It got across!
So did the words it warbled forth,
Such Adam's apple sauce!

Martin Shepherd

Not a Fairy Tale

LITTLE Red Riding Hood arrived at Grandma's. Grandma was having wolf steak for dinner.

"Oh, Grandma, what big eyes you have!" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Belladonna, dear," replied Grandma.

"And Grandma, what a long neck you have!"

"It's really no longer than usual, dear; it just looks longer because I've had my hair bobbed."

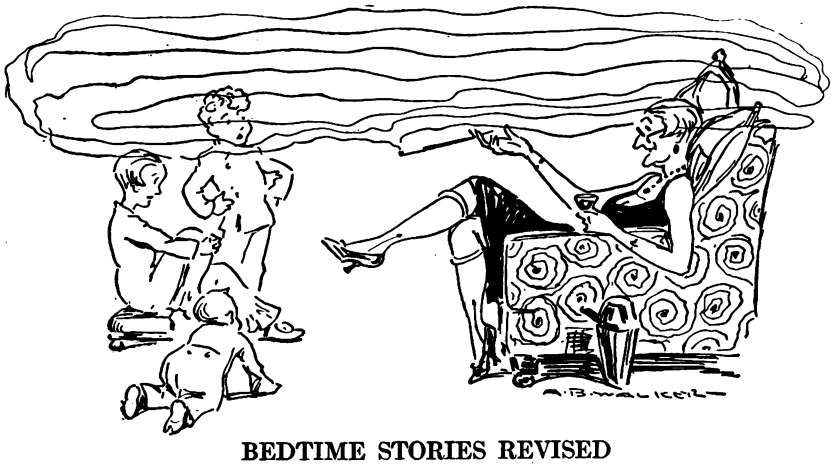
"Grandma, how short your skirts seem!"

"All the better to show my hosiery, my dear."

"Oh, Grandma, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" This from Little Red Riding Hood.

"Not by a damsite," answered Grandma, adding rather testily: "All my life I've worked hard to raise your mother and your aunts and uncles, and what did I ever get out of it except remarks from them that I was old-fashioned? If you know what's good for you, Little Red Riding Hood, you'll beat it!

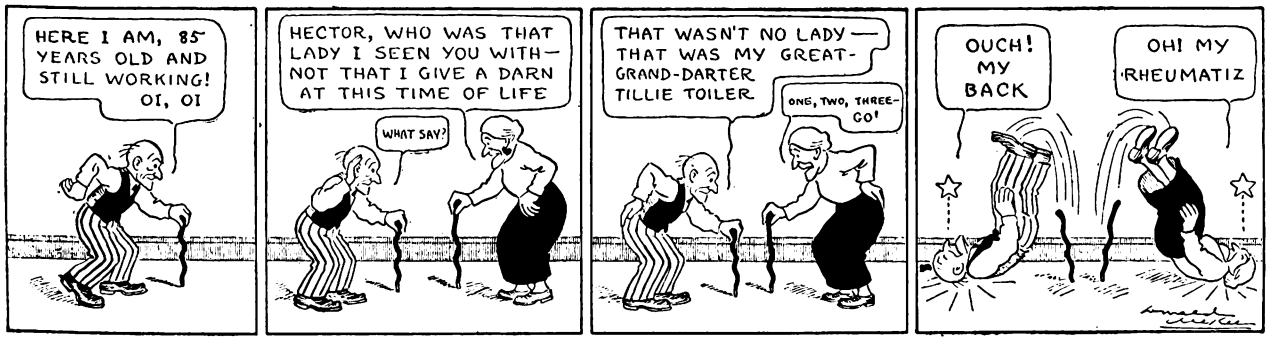
And with that Little Red Riding Hood was off. *R. C. O'Brien*



BEDTIME STORIES REVISED

GRANDMA—*And* then *the* great big black-bearded bad revenue officer pounched *upon the nice, kind little bootlegger and—*

Too bad we haven't a few old-fashioned "Grandma's" left.



It's tough to be a comic strip couple in your old age.

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THE OUTLINE OF HUMOR

Being a Plain History of Wit and Humor

by Judge, Jr.

(Synopsis of preceding installment)

You haven't missed much—merely a boresome introduction and the origin of the amœba, but, from now on it gets real exciting!

THIS is how it came to be called an amœba which is a funny thing is it not?

Now this amœba hadn't slithered more than a couple of good sliths before he ran across another amœba, and without a thought of making history he said: "Didn't I see you in intertidal scum last week?" and what do you suppose the second amœba said? Quick as a fundamental gneiss, he flashed right back, "I've never been in intertidal scum"—and the first amœba said, "Neither have I. It must have been two other amœbas!" Well, sir, these two amœbas, for that is indeed what they were, got to laughing so (see Strabo's Geography) that it started cataclysmic eruptions in the water, which in turn affected the rocks and brought about the early Mesozoic Period.

And as you follow these pages you will readily see what a tremendous

Reconstructed diplodocus (*Courtesy Vanity Fair*)

effect humor has had down through the Ages.

II

Well, you know how quickly a story passes around. One thing led to another and pretty soon all the amœbas in the water had heard the famous story and as soon as one amœba saw another amœba coming he or she (see Strabo's Geography on the Sex Life of the Amœba) knew right away that the other amœba was going to spring that old joke, so he or she (see Strabo's Geography on the Sex Life of the Amœba) would jump right out of the water.

How Life Came Into the Open Air

And that is how life came into the open air.

Well, one day one of these amœbas was slithering along the ground (you see it couldn't even ride a horse yet) and right there in front of him, big as life, stood a diplodocus talking to a brontosaurus. The amœba rubbed his, or her, eyes (see Strabo's Geography on the Sex Life of the Amœba) and ejaculated, "Ye can't fool me, there ain't no sech animule!"

The Cainozoic Period

Which goes to show that it's the little things in life that count because if the diplodocus hadn't overheard this harmless remark of the amœba's he probably would have gone right along in the same rut and life wouldn't have advanced one bit. But, mind you, he did hear the amœba make that dirty crack and right there in the middle of the Cainozoic Period he tried to convince the amœba that there was such an animal. And indeed there was as we know.

Well, they talked and talked but the amœba was an awfully hard person to convince and finally the diplodocus got so vexed he stamped his foot and cried, "Well, you can't make a monkey out of me!"

"I can't, can't I!" bellowed the amœba and quicker than you could say Pithecauthropus Pliocene, he waved a wand, which he had been carrying all the time and turned the diplodocus into a monkey!

(*Continued next week—don't miss it!*)

Why they're putting new beams in the Old Ladies' Home

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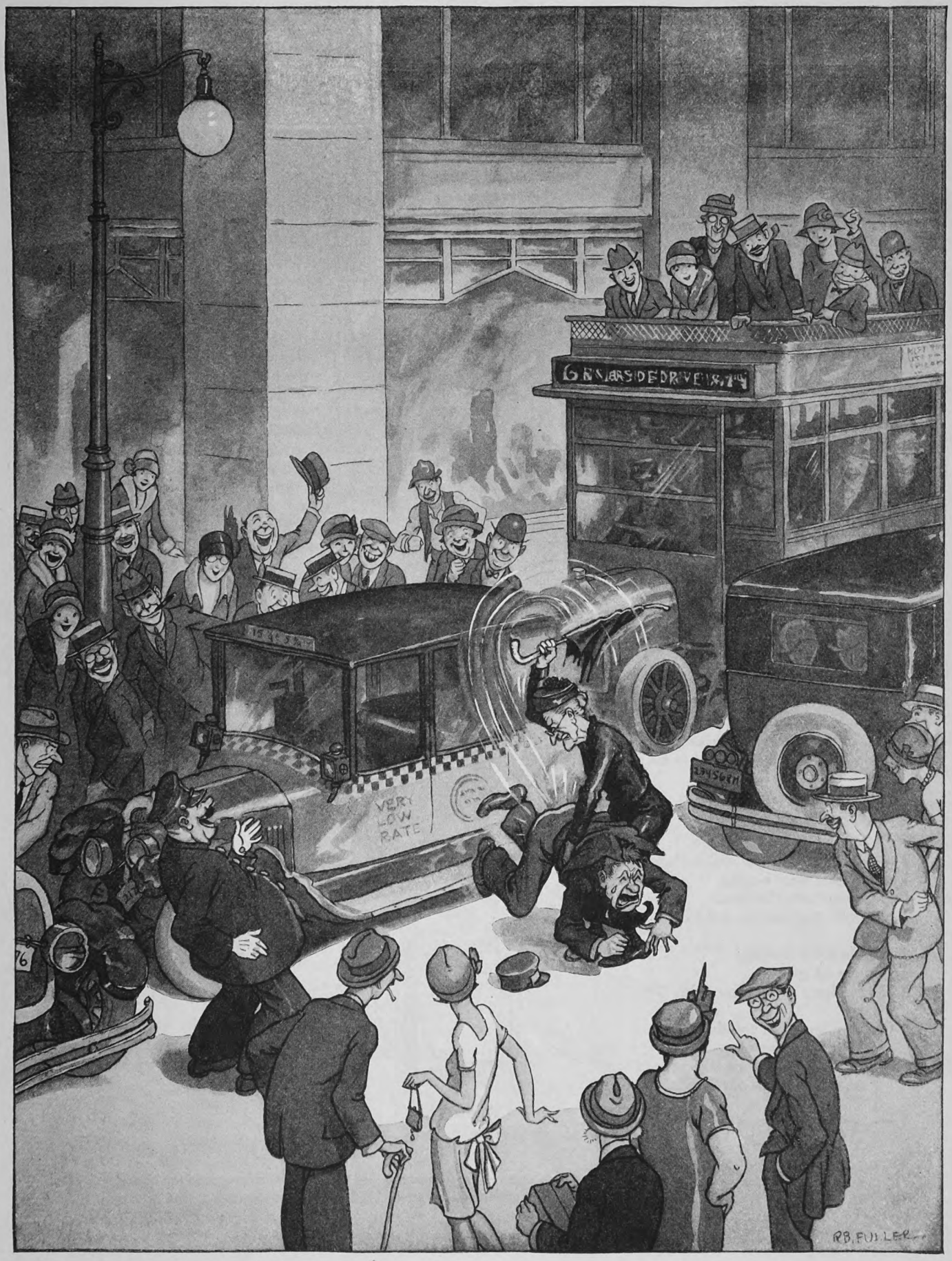

WHAT GRANDMA SAYS SHE WOULD DO TO ONE OF THOSE RECKLESS TAXI DRIVERS

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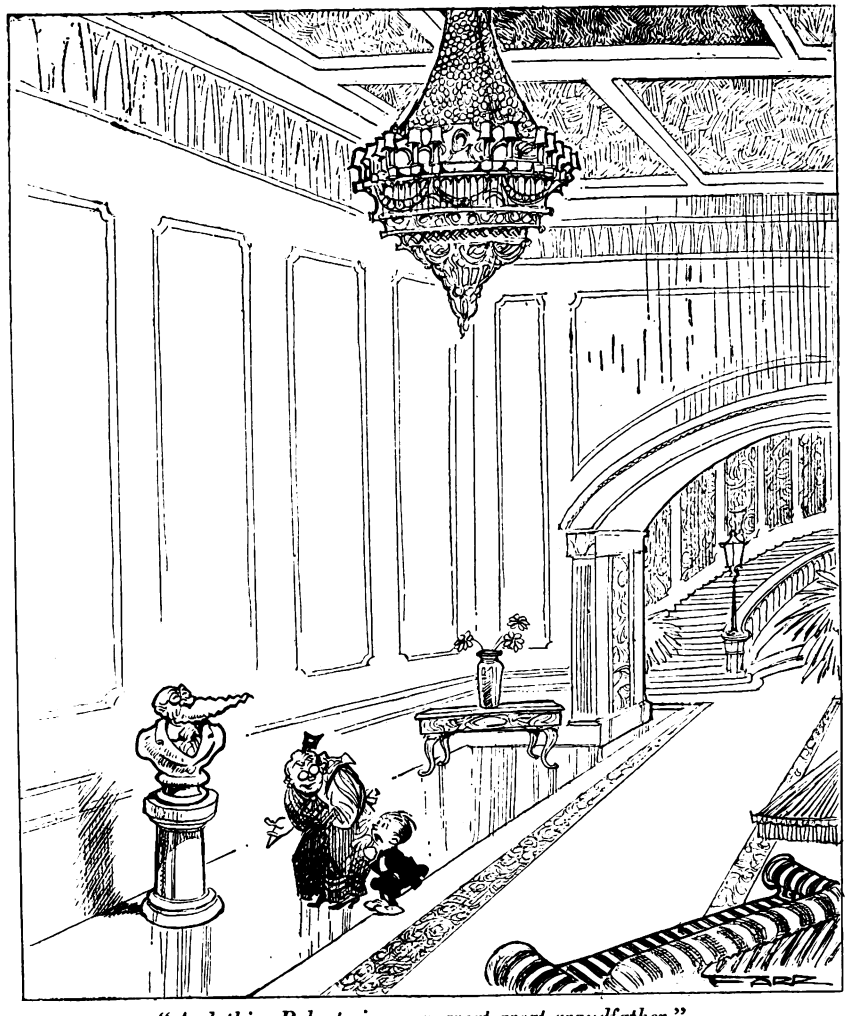


"And this, Robert, is your great-great-grandfather."
"What happened to his feet?"

Some Like It Hot

It was 2 A. M. Wildly, he dashed out of the hotel and ran up the deserted street. Sobbing with joy, he fell into the arms of a policeman, the only person abroad at that hour.

"For once it came true," shrieked the little man in an ecstasy of joy.

The policeman smelled the citizen's breath, but no tell-tale odor testified to the man's condition. "What's all the excitement for?" asked the officer of the law.

"It's this way," said the little man, "I do a good deal of traveling and I spend much time in different hotels all over the country. I've been frozen and scorched time after time, all through no fault of mine. But up there, in my bathroom (he pointed to the large hotel), over my basin are two faucets. One is labeled 'hot' and the other is labeled 'cold.' I turned on the faucet marked 'hot' and what do you think happened?"

"Oh, I suppose cold water came out," said the blasé patrolman.

"No," exclaimed the little man, "*hot* water actually came out. Then I turned on the one marked 'cold,' and what do you think happened?"

"I suppose hot water came out," said the wise cop.

"*No!*" yelled the citizen, "*cold* water came out. It's all too wonderful for words."

The last I saw of them they were tripping away in the moonlight.

Hugh Wood

The Curse of Drink

Grandma, dear grandma,
Come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three.
You said you were coming
Right home from the dance
And wouldn't go out on a spree.

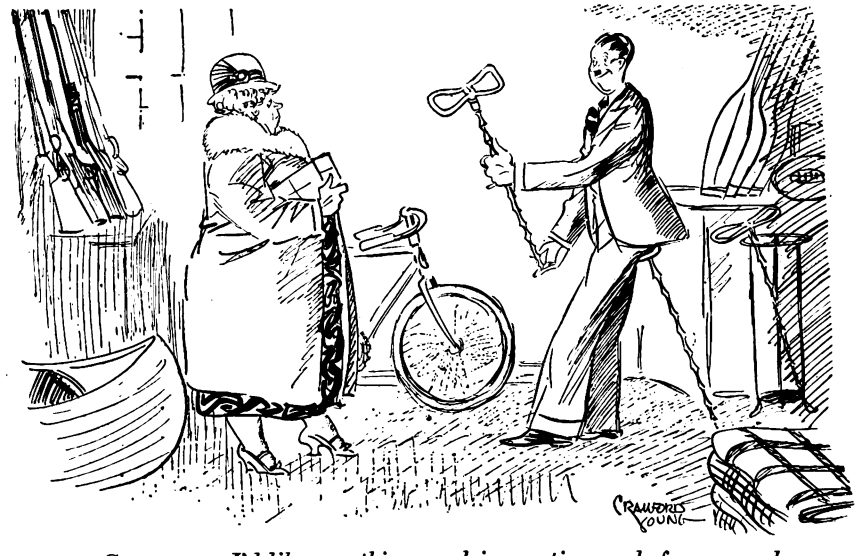
The orchestra's leaving,
The gin is all gone
And grandpa's gone home with the gout.
Oh, grandma, dear grandma,
Come home with me now,
For everyone else has passed out.

Jack Shuttleworth

FUNNYBONES

It is getting to the point where the person killed by an automobile died a natural death.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed



Grandma—*I'd like something novel in sporting goods for my nephew. "How about one of these English shooting seats—comes in handy at tennis matches, too."*
"No. I'd never forgive myself if it went off."

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"O'brien Outloud"

The Barefoot Dancer

She tries to be a butterfly,
A woodland sprite or elf;
But wouldn't she be better off
If she'd just be herself?

O

No Foolin'

In Alaska it's so cold they serve soup in sieves.

O

The One Volstead Wrote

We hear a lot about the unwritten law. The prohibition poll conducted by the newspapers seem to indicate that another law will shortly be unwritten.

O

Will It Ever Come to This?

Courageous Jury Foreman: We find the prisoner and his counsel guilty.

O

In Defense of Fly Paper

FLY swatter manufacturers claim that fly swatters are superior to fly paper because a sheet of fly paper can account for only so many flies, while a fly swatter can end the careers of an unlimited number.

The main argument against fly paper is that it doesn't look very nice and also that people are all the time putting their hands in it or sitting in it.

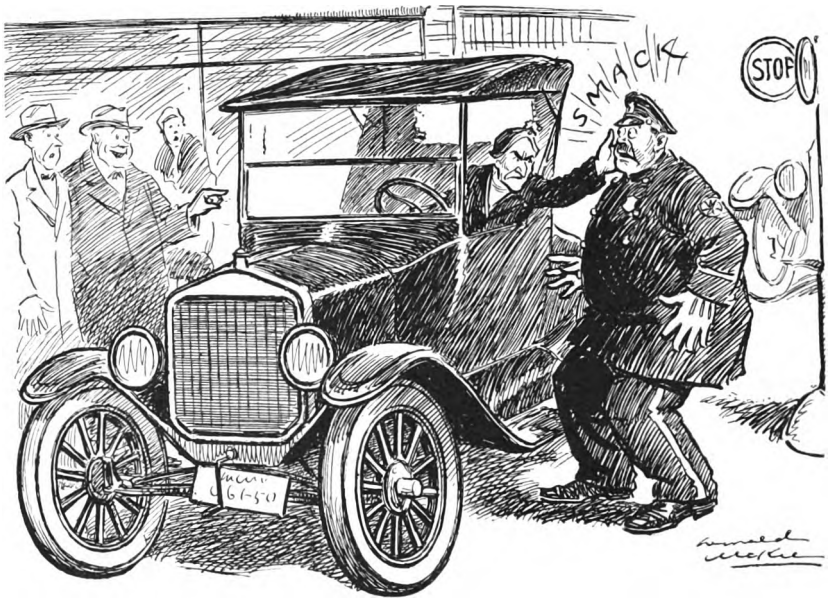
A good way to prevent people from getting stuck is to lay the fly paper face down, the way a piece of buttered bread falls on the floor. Of course, a sheet of fly paper won't catch many flies that way, but, on the whole, it is just as effective that way as it is on the seat of a gentleman's pants.

What we really want to find out is how the people stand on this question. So, if you have nothing better to do, fill out the following ballot:

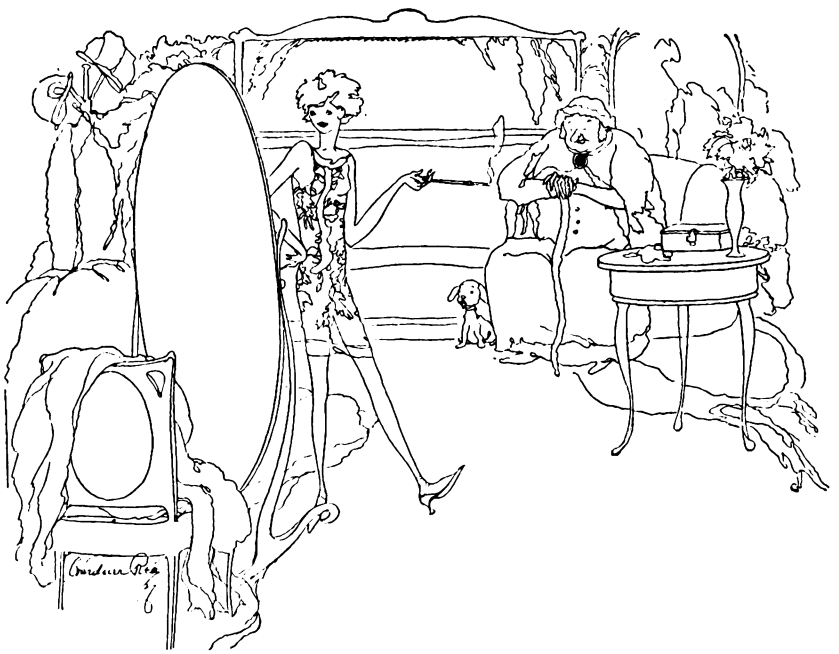
I am in favor of fly paper.....
I am in favor of fly swatters.....
I am in favor of screens.....

(Vote your favorite!)

R. C. O'Brien



"But, gran'ma, ye bruk sivinteen rules!"



"My dear, if we had dared dress like that when I was young—"
"Yes, granny?"
"What a grandfather I could have given you!"

LEARN A FACT A WEEK

Superintendent of plants going quietly about his business.

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"Luella, ask your young man if he won't stay to supper."
"Hush, ma—we've quarreled and aren't speaking."

SPOKESMAN—*Boss, we've got to have sixty cents a hour. We've worked a hour an' one minute at fifty-seven and one half cents a hour an' we're stuck!*

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HIGH HAT

Dueling is coming back! . . . . . it has been modernized no end, and is still against the law, but we firmly believe it will be very popular this summer!

The revival came about in this way . . . . . two young men about town, out on a party, became very much enamored of a young lady, and decided to fight for her hand . . . . the young lady being very romantic, suggested a duel and the rivals agreed . . . . . one of the aforesaid rivals, however, was a very cagey lad and when he won the toss and choice of weapons he cried "Cocktails at five paces at dawn!"

"Seconds" were chosen, even "Thirds" and "Fourths" and the dueling party repaired to a well-known roadhouse. . . . . Came the dawn and there on the historic lawn of this famous inn the two young gallants crossed cocktails. . . . . It was a thrilling contest indeed and the victor and vanquished were carried from the field of honor amid great cheers.

"Please say something about dancing," writes B. A. of Ellwood City, Pa. "Is the 'Charleston' still the rage and do you know anything about the 'Java?' " . . . . . the Charleston is out! . . . . It's a terrible looking dance and I never would get the hang of the darn thing anyway. I don't know what B. A. means by the "Java" . . . . Maybe he means that song "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich, etc."

Paul Whiteman has a book out called "Jazz," but I don't imagine it will burn the world up . . . . it's interesting in spots. . . . . Finally got around to "Fix Bayonets" by Thomanson . . . . . it's one of the best books that's ever come out of the war and the sketches by the author are great stuff. . . . . Also read "The Mauve Decade," by Thomas Beer, and while I must admit I didn't get about much during the "Nice Nineties," I enjoyed it very much . . . . . if that period was *mauve*, my curiosity is aroused as to what color this decade is—probably *orange and gin!*

We take great pleasure in printing a letter from C. W. Steele, of Lakeland, Fla. . . . . Here's a man that believes in being kind to his fellowmen! . . . . .

"Dear Judge, Jr.:

Have greatly appreciated your list of thirst quenchers and in turn would like to suggest another—'The Louisiana Fizz.'—

1 cup of white of eggs
1 cup of white sugar
1 cup of lemon juice
2 cups of Gordon water
A teaspoonful of cream

Shake in shaker with cracked ice until it reaches a creamy white substance and then obey that impulse!" . . . . . We thank you, Mr. Steele, we thank you!

There seems to be a dearth of dance hits just now . . . . . the few revues that have opened recently have been flops as far as the music was concerned. The Six Best "Steppers:"

"Miami Trail" (*No show*).
"The Blue Room" (*The Girl Friend*).
"The Girl Friend" (*The Girl Friend*).
"After I Say I'm Sorry" (*No show*).
"I Certainly Could" (*No show*).
"No Fooling" (*Palm Beach Nights*).

Judge, Jr.

Red-hot Grandma

The wrinkled old face and the bonnet of lace
That grandmother really should wear—
Alas and alack, they will never come back—
For grandma has shingled her hair.
Her face has been lifted, her figure's been shifted,
Her stockings are saucily rolled;
She visits ménages that sell mud massages—
Oh, where is the grandma of old?

The grandmas of fiction endure sad affliction;
They're lavender-scented and meek.
Now grandmas ride horses and sue for divorces—
Then marry some cinema sheik.
The grandma who sat in a cottage or flat,
And knitted her grandchildren mitts,
Now spends half her day at a smart matinée,
And tea dances then at the Ritz.

For grandma demands just a few monkey glands,
A facial, a smoke and a drink,
And when she parades all the gay younger blades
Give grandma a tumble, and wink.
But sometimes I feel that it isn't quite real,
That I glimpse 'neath cosmetic veneer,
Just a sad, wrinkled face 'neath a bonnet of lace,
And the tiniest trace of a tear.

Arthur L. Lippmann

FATHER—*I didn't mind wearing the boy's cast-offs until these oxford bags came along.*

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"SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN, SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

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

" . . . Who Serves Best"

IN THE distribution of the Pulitzer prizes for 1925 the $500 gold medal "for the most disinterested and meritorious service rendered by an American newspaper during the year" has gone to the Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer-Sun*. The award reads, "for the service which it has rendered in its brave and energetic fight against the Ku Klux Klan; against the enactment of the law barring the teaching of evolution; against dishonest and incompetent public officials and for justice to the negro and against lynching."

Permit us to acclaim this award with trumpets.

Ever since the new intolerance showed its ugly head following the war, Julian Harris's paper has fought it on its home grounds without compromise or quarter. We who live in communities comparatively remote from the onsweep of the hordes of bigotry and hatred can hardly appreciate what such spunk entails. For the paper itself it entails the defection of thousands of readers, the ill will of big advertisers, the imposition of all manner of petty and expensive exactions by hostile officials. For its proprietor and his family it means cowardly threats and personal affronts. Mr. Harris insists upon sharing the credit for his uncompromising stand with his wife, Julia Collier Harris, who works with him on the paper. Early in their fight with it the Klan paraded in front of their newspaper office to intimidate them, and it is linked with a plot to blow up the apartment house in which they lived.

A newspaper is run for profit. Our educational institutions, with a few exceptions, and churches are not. Yet where among educational institutions and churches in this fair land will you find a record for the championship of truth and fair play to compare with that of the *Enquirer Sun*? And what about that sanctimonious taradiddle embodied in the Rotary motto, "he profits most who serves best"? In heaven, maybe.

Why Vote?

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, to the ladies of the D. A. R., deplored recently the growing propensity of the voter to stay away from the polls. Between 1880 and 1896, he pointed out, an average of eighty out of every 100 took the trouble to cast their ballots for President; in the last two presidential elections the average was only fifty. "It is not in violence and crime," he said, "that our greatest danger lies. . . . A far more serious danger lurks in the shirking of those responsibilities of citizenship where the evil may not be so noticeable but is more insidious and likely to be more devastating."

With all due respect to the President, whom JUDGE supports quite as heartily as ever, there is something distinctly disingenuous about a solemn warning of this kind coming from an American politician, and especially from Mr. Coolidge, who is renowned for the art with which he mutes vital issues. The reason why so many Americans neglect the use of their franchise is too obvious not to be known to him. It is that when the time comes to vote there is rarely anything to vote about. Every issue with a kick in it has been side-stepped or straddled lest it injure the party, and the election reduced to a choice between personalities thundering the same meaningless generalities. We plugged for Mr. Coolidge in 1924, but what difference did it really make whether John W. Davis or Calvin Coolidge became President, except to the professional office-holder? As George Bernard Shaw said of the Englishman and the American, they speak exactly the same language, only through different organs.

Between 1880 and 1896 there were memories of the Civil War to keep the party labels green, and a very real cleavage in the matter of the tariff. To-day the Civil War is in the category of "old, forgotten, far-off things and battles long ago," and almost as many Democrats as Republicans are protectionists. The party labels are purely traditional, except as they serve the vested interests of organized politics.

There *are* live issues. Prohibition is the livest issue since slavery, but to this day we don't know how the major candidates in 1924 stand on it. Other forms of sumptuary tyranny, involving Sunday laws, censorship and the like, form a live issue. There are issues in the anti-evolution movement, industrial autocracy, federal encroachment, farm relief, Ku Kluxism that would bring the electorate tumbling to the polls if presented sharply. But what does the word Republican, or Democratic, mean with respect to them?

Will President Coolidge come out to-morrow and, to get more of us interested in voting, unburden his soul on these subjects? Watch him!

WE regret to announce the death recently of Grant E. Hamilton, for more than twenty years art editor of JUDGE. Mr. Hamilton was the originator of the "full dinner pail" cartoon in the days when party politics had the intensity of a religion. Though he severed his connection with the magazine shortly after the war there is no one personality more closely identified with its history and growth. *W. M. H.*

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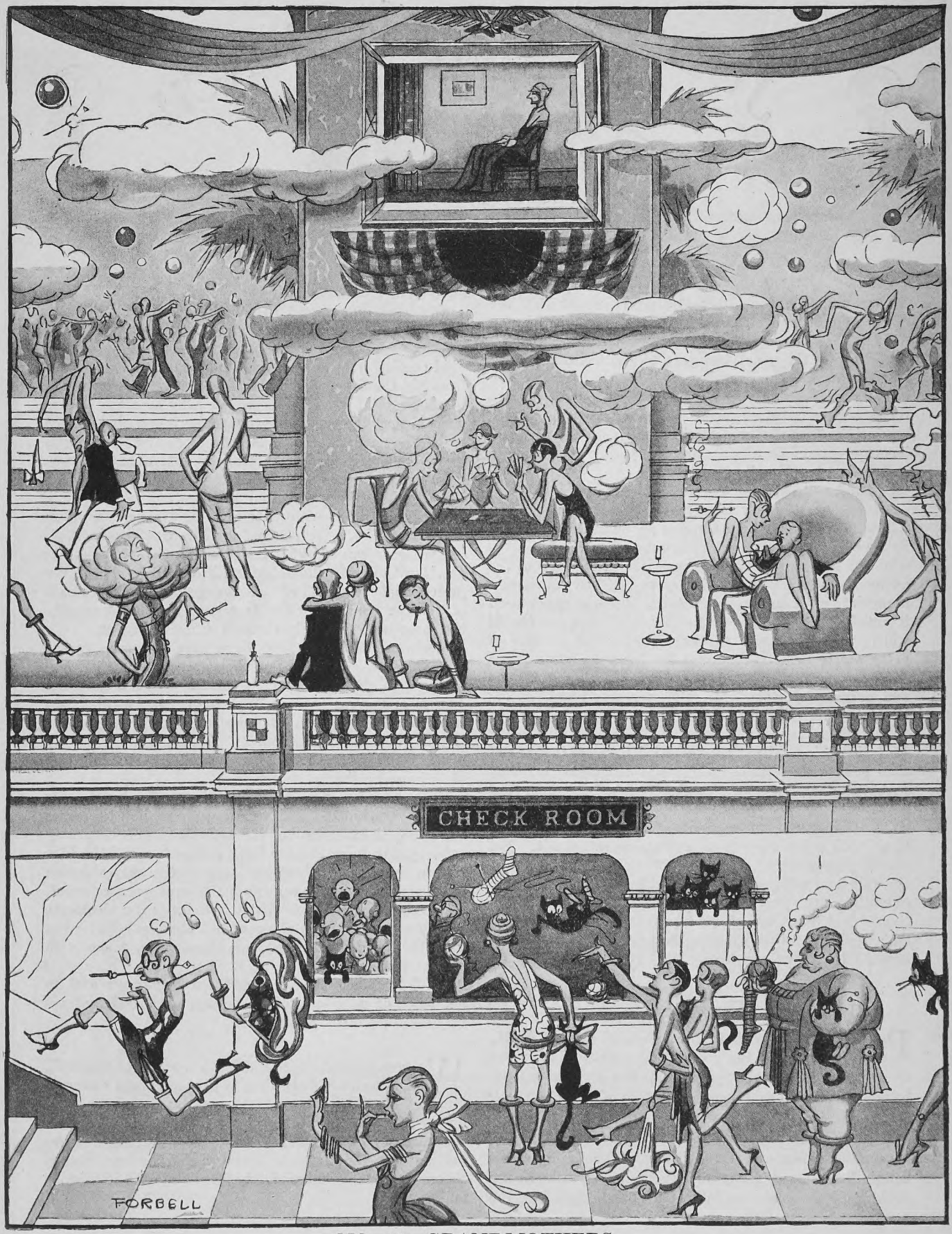
UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS



NO. 10—GRANDMOTHERS

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Low Brow

(As Judge, Jr., Would Run High Hat if It Were Censored)

THIS week's lecture will be on "Wild Parties" and how they are tamed. (The black slide, Oscar .... thank you.) ..... Took in some party the other night ..... played a new version of that game called Post Office ..... similar to Post Office only different, and nicer ..... clever no end..... Hostess gives each player two cents ..... blows whistle and everybody races down to the Post Office (advt.), buys stamp and comes back ..... first back wins..... Seems to be taking on pretty well with the Step-outs this season. What next! What next!

Add new expressions: "Peace be with you!" ..... My ear to the ground department informs me it's the last gasp in slanguage ..... anyway it's becoming quite the rage among the younger set. .....

Read two books this week ..... "40,000 Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts" ..... a collection of darn fine ideas ..... it's a wow! ..... "Adventures of Peter Rabbit," by Thornton W. Burgess ..... a humdinger ..... stay home some morning and read it.

Speaking of Prohibition, lads, I ran across a new drink ..... it's called Water ..... two parts hydrogen, one part of that stuff labeled oxygen ..... considered vera, vera tricky by the High Hats.

The Six Best "Steppers:"

"Yes, Sir! That's My Angel" (*A Night In Heaven*).

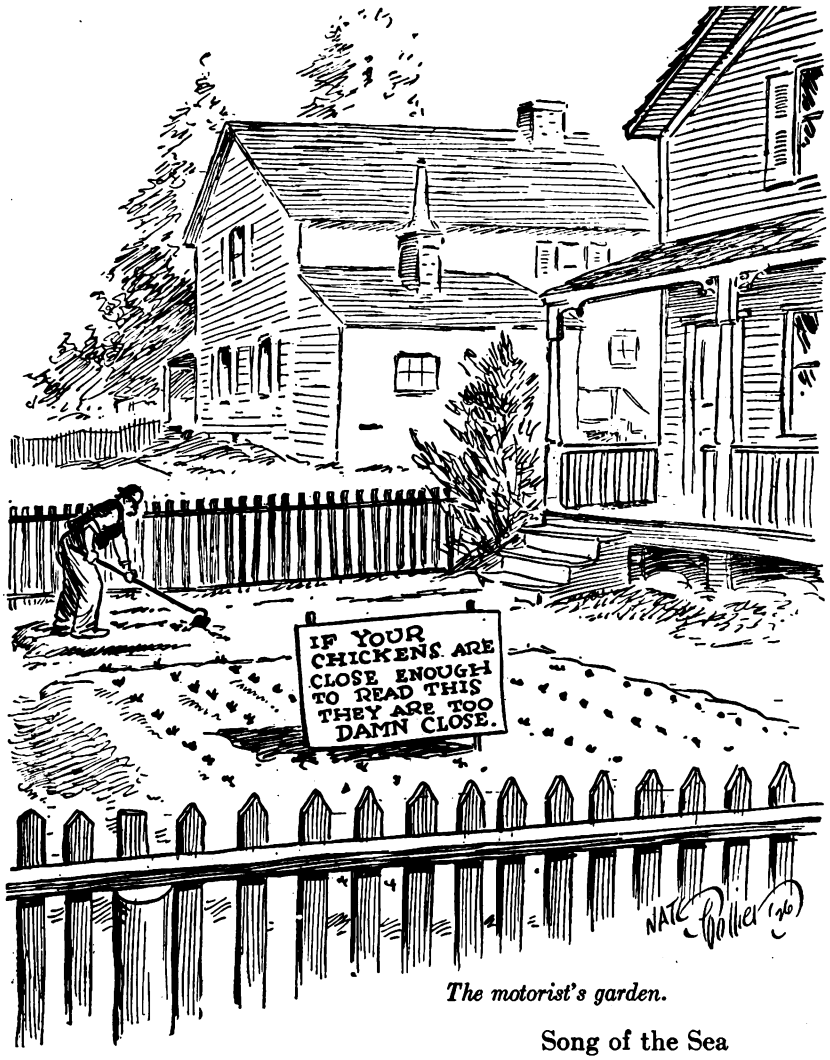
"Whistle Away Your Joys" (*The Hymn Singer*).

"Sweet and High Up" (*The Green Halo*).

"A Girl In Your Sister's Arms" (*Cry That Off*).

"A Cup of Water, a Chaperone, and You" (*Juno and the Padlock*).

"Sweet St. Peter" (*The Milk and Honey Man*). *Lawson Paynter*

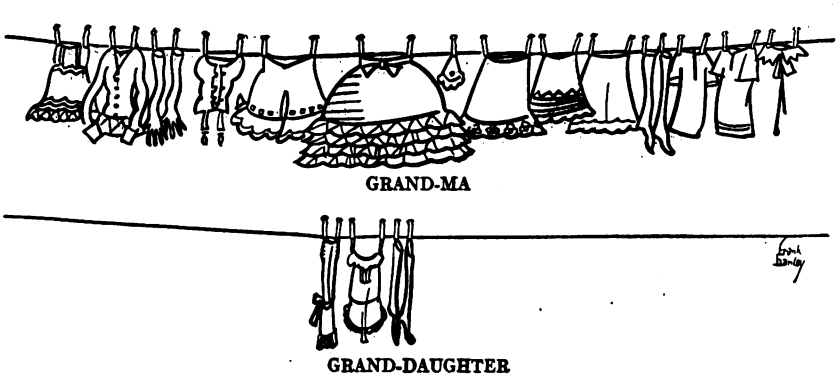


The motorist's garden.

Song of the Sea

DON'T want to go back to a tumble-down shack,
Nor long for its moss-covered charms.
I don't miss any mammy in old Alabamy
Nor crave to be held in her arms.

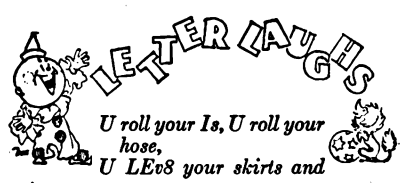
It's the song of the sea that is calling to me,
With a call that I hear from afar.
And I'll feel right at home in the splash of the foam
Where schooners slide over the bar. *Jack Shuttleworth*



GRAND-MA

GRAND-DAUGHTER

Outlines of History.



U roll your Is, U roll your hose,
U LEv8 your skirts and nose,
U smoke, U drink, U dye your hair
And still U R 1 of the fair.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed.

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VANISHING

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MERICANS

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

SAY what you will against the American theater, it never does anything by halves. Let one producer put on an Ibsen revival and all the other producers will promptly begin putting on Ibsen revivals. Let a manager put on a Gilbert and Sullivan revival and another one will be on deck shortly thereafter with a second Gilbert and Sullivan revival, to be followed, in turn, by a third manager who will at least announce in the newspapers that he is going to put on all the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas that his first two brothers have overlooked. Let a theatrical gent go in for a play in which a hoochie-coochie dancer seduces a young Americano in front of a backdrop painted to look like the palm garden in the Park Avenue Hotel and hence representing Zanzibar, and a half dozen other theatrical gents will commission as many playwrights to turn out plays exactly like it as quickly as possible.

Thus, when the Theater Guild recently announced that it was importing a play by the Englishman, C. K. Munro, it wasn't ten minutes that another managerial organization didn't announce that it, too, was making a similar importation. We were hence regaled by two of Munro's plays, that had been lying around unnoticed for five years, on the same evening, and were reminded of the situation a number of seasons ago when, following the initial success of a Hungarian importation, the theater began to be so full of Hungarian stuff of all sorts and descriptions that George Cohan considered for a while the commercial advisability of laying in an Hungarian flag.

The Guild's play is "At Mrs. Beam's," the tale of what happens in a Notting Hill Gate boarding-house when a man and woman, unmarried, are found to be sharing the same bed chamber. There is some amusing material in the exhibit, but Munro has failed satisfactorily to dramatize it. A contempt for the basic technical requirements of dramatic writing is all very well for certain persons, including all the advanced dramatic critics, but it isn't a bad thing for a playwright to know something of those requirements. Munro is apparently as indifferent toward them as an Eskimo is toward electric fans. He is a fellow of considerable comic sagacity, but when it comes to converting his talents into persuasive comedy-drama he is sunk. Some of his episodes will give you tonic chuckles, but when you come out of the theater you'll not be satisfied. The best performance is contributed by Jean Cadell, who was brought over to play the rôle of the meddlesome old maid, which she created in London.

"*At Mrs. Bean's*" (Guild)—See this issue.

"*Beau-Strings*" (Mansfield)—Ditto.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—The worst kind of dramatic drivel.

"*The Bunk of 1926*" (Broadhurst)—The worst kind of revue drivel.

"*Young Woodley*" (Belmont)—An honest and engaging comedy.

"*Bride of the Lamb*" (Miller)—Religion and Freud engage in a boxing match, with Freud the winner.

"*What Every Woman Knows*" (Bijou)—Pleasant revival of Barrie's tepid comedy.

"*Iolanthe*" (Booth)—Excellent Gilbert and Sullivan revival.

"*Kongo*" (Biltmore)—The old South African flapdoodle.

"*Pinafore*" (Century)—Spectacular and interesting production.

"*The Shanghai Gesture*" (Beck)—Punk passion among the punk-sticks.

"*The Patsy*" (Booth)—Not much.

"*The Great Gatsby*" (Ambassador)—Scott Fitzgerald wears grease paint well.

"*The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*" (Fulton)—Crooks.

"*Square Crooks*" (Elliott)—Crooks.

"*Not Herbert*" (Ritz)—Crooks.

"*Alias the Deacon*" (Hudson)—Crooks.

"*The Sport of Kings*" (Lyceum)—To be reviewed later.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morosco)—Good play, well acted.

"*The Garrick Gaieties*" (Garrick)—To be described anon.

"*Vanities*" (Carroll)—Tannen and Cook in high feather.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—Even the death of Zip can't stop this one.

"*A Night in Paris*" (Century Roof)—A diverting show to the accompaniment of a good cigar.

"*One of the Family*" (Eltinge)—Poor stuff.

"*Laff That Off*" (Wallack's)—See "One of the Family."

"*Love 'Em and Leave 'Em*" (Harris)—Moderately amusing comedy in the vernacular.

"*The Wisdom Tooth*" (Little)—Mildly agreeable fantasy for mildly agreeable people.

"*Pomeroy's Past*" (Longacre)—Not Clare Kummer's best, but it has its moments.

"*The Cocoanuts*" (Lyric)—The Marx lads and their comical antics.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—A funny one.

"*The Half-Caste*" (National)—A sour one.

"*The Jazz Singer*" (Cort)—Sentimental hokum.

"*The Vagabond King*" (Casino)—Good musical show.

"*Tip-Toes*" (Liberty)—Good score; poor libretto.

"*Bad Habits of 1926*" (Greenwich)—I'll tell you of this one later.

"*Puppy Love*" (48th St.)—Trash.

II

THE second Munro play is known locally as "Beau-Strings," a title that is enough to keep any half-way intelligent man at home. In it, Munro again proves his ineptitude at the business of taking interesting dramatic ingredients and making an interesting play out of them. The result is a tedious evening. The characters talk incessantly and get nowhere. They repeat themselves; they decorate various chairs and sofas; they periodically make exits; they even now and again lift their voices and grow a bit excited. But they leave their audience cold.

The theme of the exhibit, in so far as it has one, is that true devotion and love can be contrived only out

(*Continued on page 27*)

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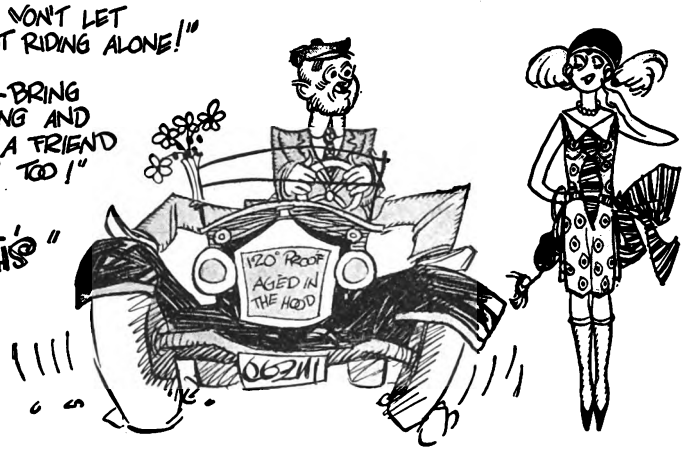
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

"MOTHER WON'T LET ME GO OUT RIDING ALONE!"

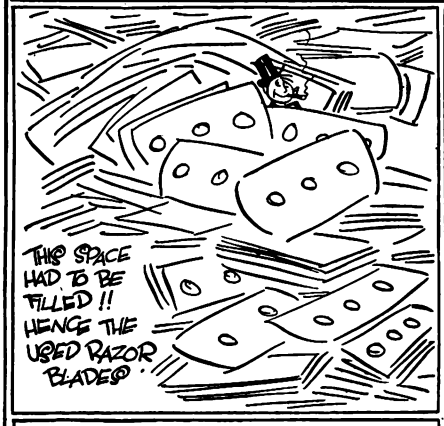
"WELL - BRING HER ALONG AND I'LL GET A FRIEND FOR HER TOO!"

"KEITH'S"



IF I SAID ANYTHING I AM SORRY FOR — I'M GLAD OF IT!

"TIP-TOES"



THIS SPACE HAD TO BE FILLED!! HENCE THE USED RAZOR BLADES.

THAT WAS FOR NOTHING — NOW BE CAREFUL!

"KEITH'S"

BIG BOY - YOU'RE ABOUT TO FALL HEIR TO A PLOT OF LAND!

"G.V. FOLLIES"

HOW ON EARTH DID YOU REDUCE TO SUCH EXQUISITE SLENDERNESS?

ONLY BY MAIN STRENGTH DID WE RESTRAIN THE LITTLE WIFE FROM ASKING THIS QUESTION!

"AT THE CIRCUS"

JEFFERSON MACARTHUR

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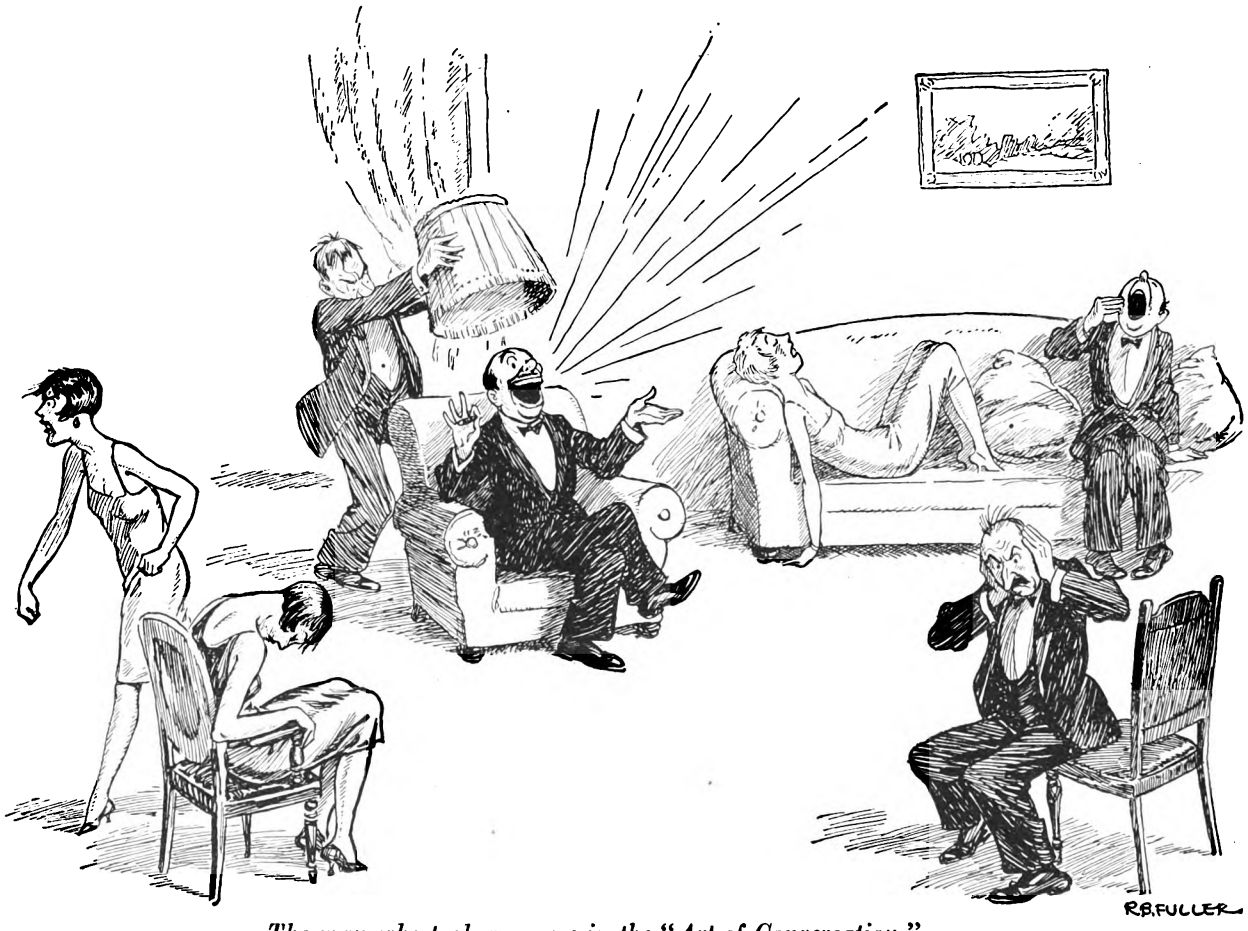

The man who took a course in the "Art of Conversation."

WHEN THE CATS AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY

Said a New York belle to her country cousin, not having seen her for a long while, "Come, let us have a little drink after our long separation."

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied the ingenuous farmer's daughter. "For, when we do see each other, it's meet and drink."

And both laughed heartily.

Cole's Symphonic Jazz

Old King Cole was a wary old soul
And a wary old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three.

He changed his pipe to a fancy flute;
(Who declared that Old Cole was dumb?)
He blew his pipe with a toot—toot—toot—
And he made of his bowl a drum.

He hired a chap with a trick cornet;
He purchased a music stand
And printed an ad in the town gazette
For the King Cole Jazzy Band.

No more gaze they at Cole askance,
(Though some kings got the razz.)
His loyal subjects nightly dance
To Cole's Symphonic Jazz.

Old King Cole is a wary old soul
And a wary old soul is he.
His pockets bulge with a fat bank roll
And his queen's Terpsichore!

Cyrano

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

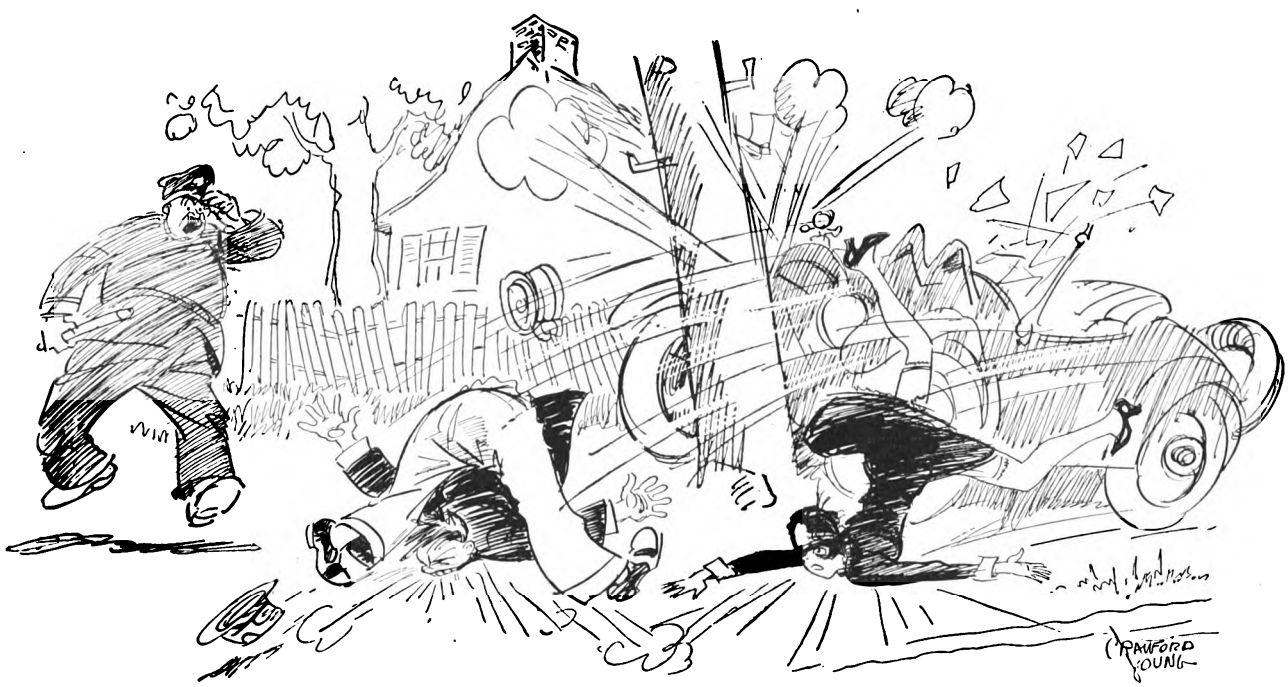
"*The Big Parade*"—Best movie yet.
"*A Woman of the World*"—An excellent film starring Pola Negri.
"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart comes back.
"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Not smart enough.
"*Mannequin*"—Fanny Hurst's prize story. Fairly cheap.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Jack Barrymore gets both his whale and his girl.
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney does his stuff.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Paradise filmed on the spot.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Smooth comedy with Adolphe Menjou.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo gives a finished performance of a sophisticated rôle.
"*La Bohême*"—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert enact the old story.
"*Let's Get Married*"—Richard Dix makes it amusing.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore in fashion show.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Doug in excellent form.
"*First Year*"—Slapstick version of Frank Craven's comedy.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be.
"*The Barrier*"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
"*The New Klondike*"—Florida boom farce.
"*The Devil's Circus*"—It's all the lion tamer's fault.
"*The Crown of Lies*"—Balkan romance with Poli Negri.
"*Bride of the Storm*"—Dolores Costello is rescued from an idiot Dutchman's arms.
"*The Flaming Frontier*"—Custer's Last Stand melodramatized to a fareyouwell.
"*The Blind Goddess*"—Arthur Train's story with Esther Ralston.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Wherein Harold Lloyd makes laughing easy.
"*A Social Celebrity*"—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
"*Kiki*"—Norma Talmadge echoes Lenore Ulrich.
"*That's My Baby*"—Farce potpourri.

Is it conceivable that a spoiled young motion picture actress, albeit one with spirit, would renounce her "career," a gilded lover and all the little luxuries of a pampered favorite for the life of a peasant woman in a mountaineer's cabin in Kentucky? Or, if this is conceivable, for the sake of a young rustic as good looking as Warner Baxter, is it conceivable that happiness could come of it? In other words, is there any call for applause when romance is laid on as thick as this?

I would be inclined to say no and to call "The Runaway" a preposterous melodrama if I weren't halted by the recollection that Maupassant wrote a story curiously similar. You remember the one called "Happiness"? The heroine was the daughter of a noble family in Lorraine who had eloped with a peasant soldier to Corsica and was discovered there after a long life of primitive hardship and complete isolation. Did she regret it? A thousand times no! Had she been happy? Ah, yes! (from the heart.)

So the decision of Cynthia Meade, played by Clara Bow, has distinguished precedent. If I had been she, it would have been helped on rather than hindered by the allurements suggested by Jack Harrison, her city feller, as an inducement to return with him to what we are pleased to call civilization. "Remember what the service at the Ritz is like," he says with an insinuating smile, holding aloft a tin fork from the scanty store in the log cabin. Or, "Hurry and get ready. I'm taking you back to Broadway!" The fact that she almost fell for these cheap blandishments still persuades me that a motion picture actress is positively the last pet I'd introduce to a mountain farm.

(*Continued on page 29*)



COP—*He-ey! How long has this been going on!*

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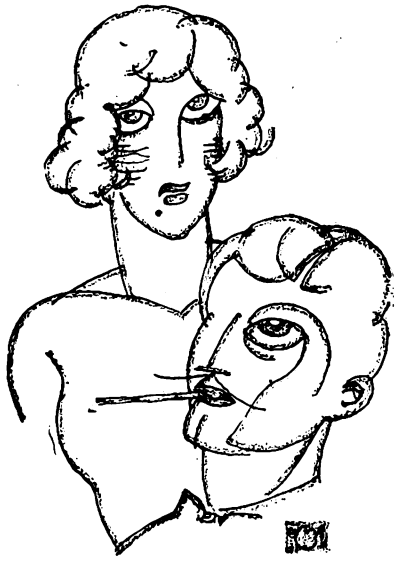
THE CHEER



"I hear that Sandy tried to cheat the undertaker."

"How did he do that?"

"Just before he died he buried his face in his hands."

—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

Quite True

Actor—My good man, just what is your vocation?

Scene Shifter—I'm a Methodist.

"Kind sir, but that is your belief. Now, then, I am an actor."

"Hell's fire, man, that's your belief." —*Penn Punch Bowl*

"Florence is an angel."

"Bah! She's painted all over."

"Did you ever see an angel that wasn't painted?"

—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

SHE—*I dreamed that I was riding with Tom last night.*

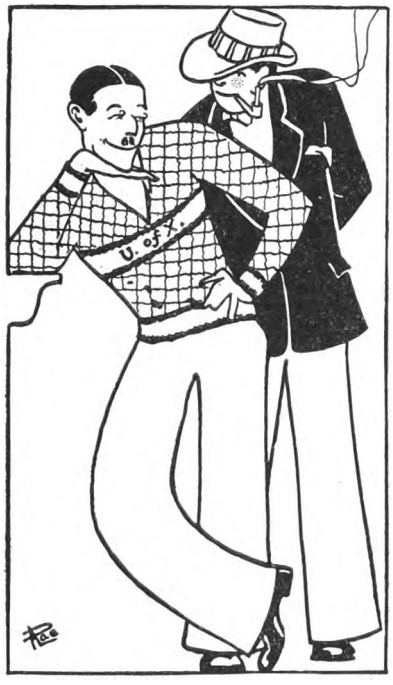
HER—*Oh, yes, I saw you walking in your sleep.*

—DARTMOUTH JACK O'LANTERN

"Why does Harry call his flivver 'Teddy'?"

"No doors—just 'step-in.'"

—*Texas Ranger*



"What shall I do to keep from falling in love?"

"Try pricing apartments!"

—TORONTO GOBLIN

"Abie, vhat you mean by blaying mit metches on de zidevalk. Come righ avay in de store and blay mit em." —*Amherst Lord Jeff*

Dear Editor: What should I take when I am rundown?

Yours,

C. D. Byrd.

Dear Mr. Byrd: Take the license number.

Yours,

Editor.

—*Penn State Froth*

He Hasn't Been Here Long

There was a young fellow named Sid
Who kissed his girl's eye on the lid,
Said she to the lad, your aim is quite bad
You should practice a bit—and he did.

—*Lehigh Burr*

Do you recall, sweet, my sweet,
A magic woodland way,
That ran beneath our dancing feet,
One far-gone summer's day?

Do you ever dream of the budding trees
Or the faintly perfumed little breeze,
That sighed as we said good-by?

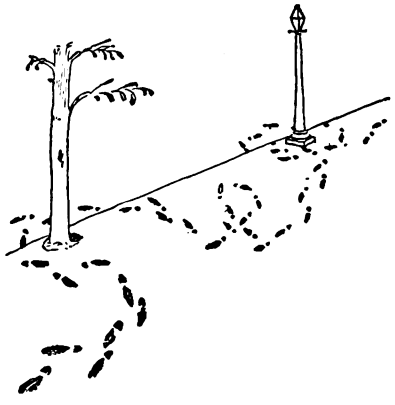
Do you recall how the pathway ran?
Please wire me if you do,
For I want to show to another man
The path I showed to you.

—*Sewanee Mountain Goat*

He—I want to buy a present for my wife.

Clerk—Can I interest you in something in silk stockings?

"Well, let's see about the present first." —*Williams Purple Cow*



The Student Prints

—GEORGIA TECH YELLOW JACKET

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LEADERS

Easy

Teacher—Can anybody tell me what it is that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?

Tommy—It's paw on pay-day nights! —*Toronto Goblin*

***

Old Timer—I understand Bill took mechanical engineering. What is he doing now?

Second Old Timer—He is working for the railroad.

"That so? What doing?"

"Well, you know the man who goes around the cars and taps all the wheels to make sure everything is all right?"

"Yes."

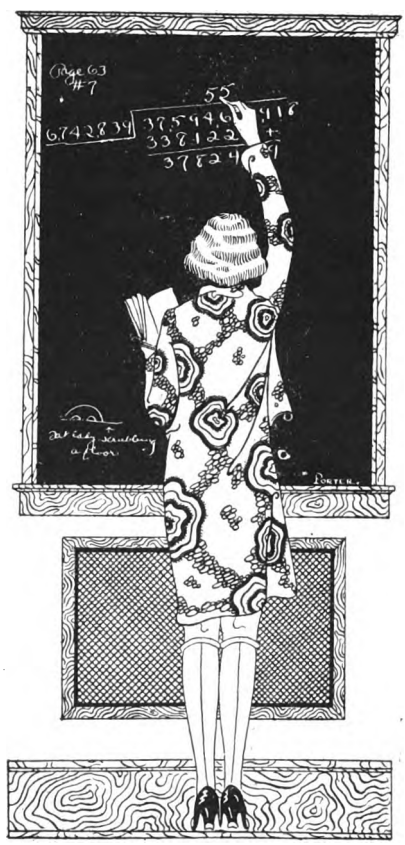
"Well, Bill helps that man listen."
— *Iowa Green Gander*

***

Old Lady—Shame on you, smoking here in a public place. Why I would as soon be drunk!

Hard-hearted Hannah—Well, who wouldn't?
—*Alabama Rammer Jammer*

Charleston Dancers in 1950
—Wisconsin Octopus



The Great Divide
—Cornell Widow

In the Parks

She—What animal is that?

He—It looks like reindeer.

"Did you hear me ask you what kind of an animal that is?"
—*California Pelican*

***

"Why use such a high crib for your baby?"

"So we can hear him when he falls out." —*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

***

Groom—Have you kissed the bride?

Gloom—Not since you married her. —*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Abraham—*Say, who was that lady I seen you with last night?*

Lot—*That wasn't no lady, that was a pillar of salt.*
—California Pelican

"Sam, where you been?"

"No place—just married."

"Thas good."

"Not so good. I'se stepdad to nine kids."

"Thas bad."

"Not so bad—got plenty of jack."

"Thas good."

"Not so good—held on it tight."

"Thas bad."

"Not so bad—owns a big house."

"Thas good."

"Not so good—it burned down last night."

"Thas too bad."

"Taint so bad. She burned with it."

"Thas good."

"Yeah, thas good."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

***

"Ho, Abdullah, and what if the fair Assyrian refuses to marry you?"

"In that case, by Allah, I'm going to Mecca." —*Navy Log*

"*Aguinaldo, you're drunk again. How does it happen?*""

"*There's bars in them thar mountains.*" —Yale Record

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Newly-married Swain—Yes, darling, before we were married—when fishing, this was the very spot where I used to sit and dream of you.
—*Passing Show*

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Disgusted"

"I can't eat disgusted."

"Your worship," he pleaded, "the lady I was kissing was my wife."

"Your wife?"—for the bench was clearly doubtful—"surely if you are a married couple you have your own house to meet in. Why choose the streets?"

The accused knew why.

"We cannot find a house in which to live together, so we have to live apart."

The bench communed among itself and the decision was quite obviously unanimous.

"Under the circumstances," proclaimed the magistrate, "we have decided to be lenient, you are discharged."

The prisoner went gleefully out of the dock, and leaving the court, butted into the policeman who had arrested him.

"Old boy," apologized the constable, "I'm sorry! I didn't know when I turned my lamp on you in the fog that it was your wife."

"It's fifty-fifty," said the discharged man. "I didn't either."
—*London Mail*

LIZZIE LABELS

"Yes, sir, that's my Maybe!"

You Never Know

It was at the Birmingham police court he appeared. For kissing in the streets of Birmingham is, of course, a terrible offense!

The police constable who arrested him was the first witness. Naturally.

"It was half-past nine and foggy," said he, "when walking down Corporation street I see the prisoner and a female person a-kissing."

The members of the bench looked round at each other severely.

"It would appear to me," said justice, "that you have brought terrible disgrace on the city of which we are all so deservedly proud. Have you anything to say in your own defense?"

The voice was sonorous. It sounded like a previous conviction. Indeed it did. But the prisoner had his say to say.

Brown—My grandfather has just celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday in America.

Jones—Celebrated it in America? How? —*London Opinion*

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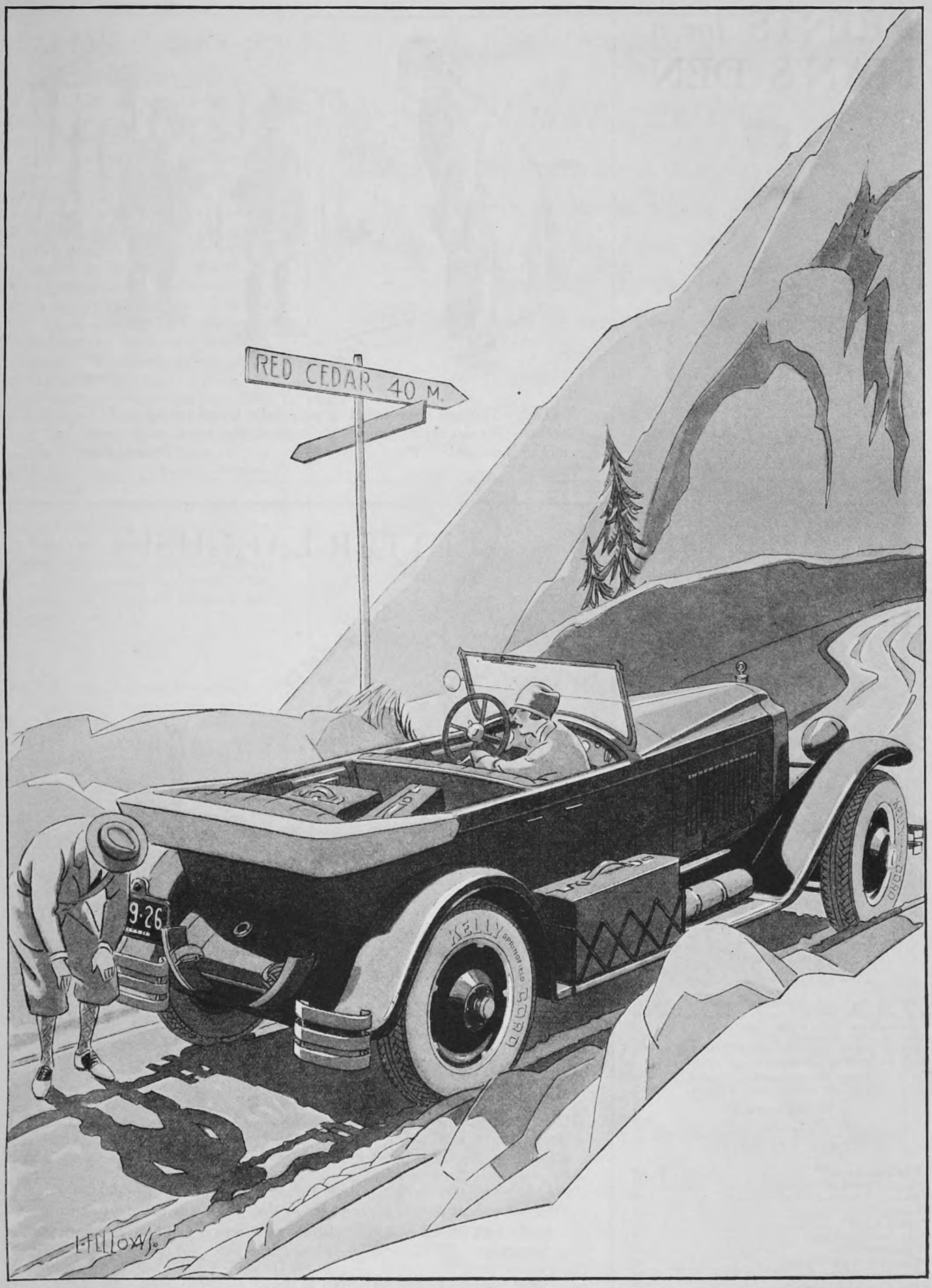

"Forty miles before we hit even a service station! We'll be in a nice fix if we have a blowout, with no spare!"
"I'm not worrying about blowouts; we've got Kelly-Springfields on all around. It's the gas I'm thinking about."

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PRINTS *for a* MAN'S DEN

"The Busybody"

By Sam Brown

A tantalizing and appealing picture that is a wonderful delineation of virile living motion. Our reproduction in all the vivid coloring of the painting is from the engraver's original plates. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches.

Carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each

"Be Yourself"

By Robert Patterson

All of the mad, frolicking impishness that is so often hidden behind a saintly mask of demureness by daughters of Eve has been captured by the artist in this intriguing picture. Printed in full color on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches, ready for framing.

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JUDGE

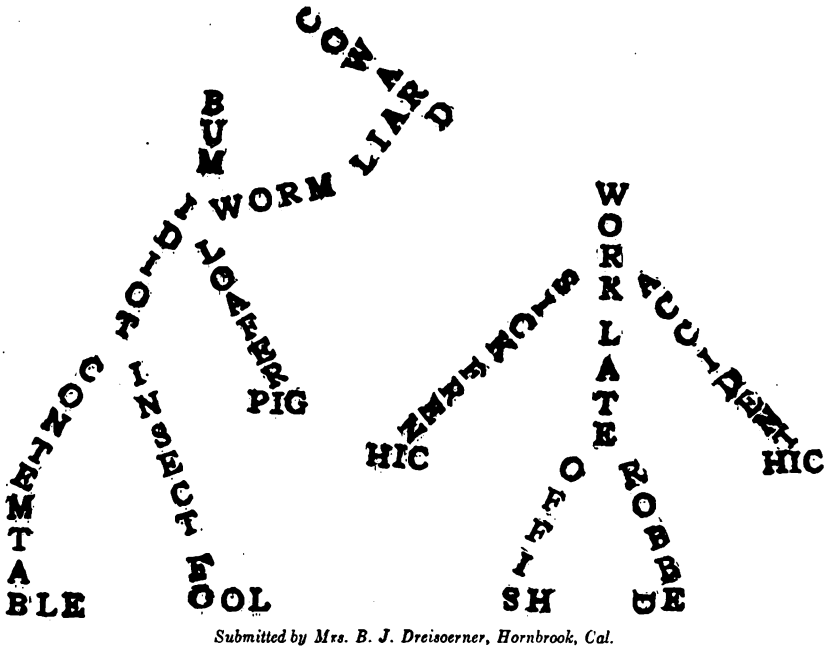
ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

627 West 43d Street New York

Lady—Tell me, dear—what is your little friend crying for?

Girl—'E's not cryin', mum—'e's been playin' tennis with one of 'is mother's onions! —*Passing Show*

LETTER-LAUGHS!



Submitted by Mrs. B. J. Dreisoerner, Hornbrook, Cal.

A wordy woman and her erring spouse.

Judge will pay $25 for EACH ONE PRINTED

How to make Letter-Laughs

Cut out letters, or words, from any printed text matter, and paste them on a sheet of stiff white paper so that they will make a picture.

Each LETTER-LAUGH Picture must have a Caption and must be FUNNY!

Send your LETTER-LAUGHS to the LETTER-LAUGH EDITOR of JUDGE, *627 West 43d Street, New York City, and enclose postage if you wish them returned.*

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Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 18*)

of some sort of personal sacrifice. Friendly critics in his native land have anointed Munro as a realist, as a writer who sees and appraises his fellow-men clearly, truthfully and mercilessly. If Munro is a realist, Maeterlinck is Gorki. The fact about Munro is that he is a profound sugar-plum. He is as thoroughly a sentimentalist as Woodrow Wilson, J. Hartley Manners or Watterson, Berlin and Snyder. He looks at his fellow-men through horn spectacles containing two lenses of crystallized molasses. He makes certain of his critics believe that he is a realist by the simple device of cracking a joke occasionally at the expense of his own ingrained sentimental philosophical viewpoint. These critics mistake the joke for Munro's authentic attitude.

The presenting troupe is headed by Estelle Winwood, whose artificiality and affectations get in the way of any forthrightness of characterization. Good performances are given by Joan Maclean, C. Stafford Dickens and Lyonel Watts.

III

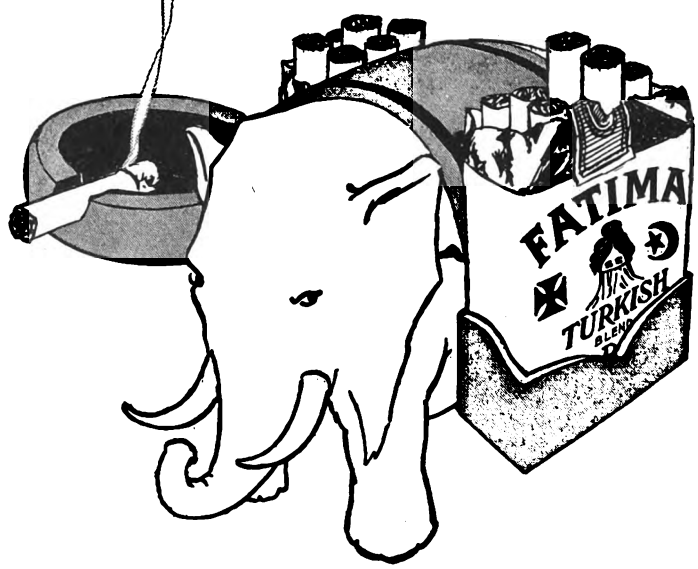
"Sex," by some one who signs herself Jane Mast, is the plainest kind of garbage. La Mast has sought, without the faintest trace of dramatic skill, to capitalize the current public demand for hot stuff. She presents us with a harlot who plies her trade in various parts of the world and who, together with the other personages of the play, tries to jounce the customers out front with dirty talk. It is to be feared, however, that the Mlle. Mast's masterpiece will not bring in the money she had her eye on, for even smut calls for a measure of playwriting talent to make it marketable.

Some of these recent attempts to swindle the boobs out of their dollars with theatrical filth are pathetic. The pathos lies not with the boobs so much as with the *entrepreneurs*. I have a certain amount of respect for successful con men, bordello operators and such, but the spectacle of a poor, misguided man or woman, without any kind of commercial or artistic ability, trying vainly to earn a little easy money out of amateurish hogwash is enough to stir one to the bowels of pity. I haven't the honor of La Mast's acquaintance, but her friends should promptly advise her to give her cheap mind a good, hard scrubbing.

Looks as though we're in for some nice weather.

Without question

BECAUSE it costs us more to make Fatima the retail price is likewise higher. But would men continue to pay more, do you think, except for genuinely increased enjoyment? The fact cannot be denied — they *do* continue



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

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Of a bandit stout.
He moved to Chicago
And died of gout.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

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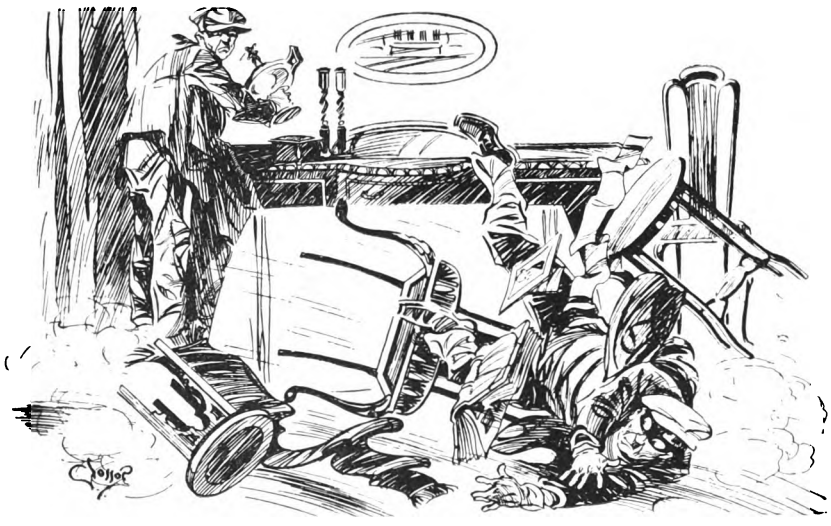


Burglar (to clumsy pal)—That's the idea, Bill—deafen 'em, so they can't hear us! —*Humorist*

Popular Recreations

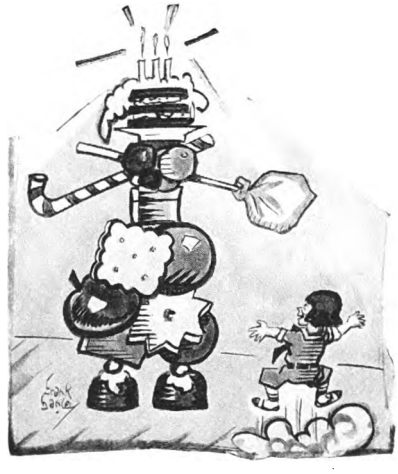
Conferences

FOUR or five years ago (the game of conferences is practically a new one) when business men ceased tending to business and started sitting in private offices and ringing bells for what they wanted, the inactivity of the confined life began to pall on them. It got so they just couldn't bear it. They weren't pallbearers. For this reason they sought recreation in filing systems, dial telephones and conferences.

In conferences, especially, they found an outlet for their exuberant spirits and an inlet for their contraband spirits, as well as the means for bringing them into direct contact with other little big-business men who were also languishing for some companions with whom to play.

All that is needed to play conference is a large room with a lone table, plenty of pencils and pads and any number of men above two, either in age or number. However, when only two play it is called a confab. This name derives from the fact that the conversation is mostly fabrications. The object of a confab is to make the other fellow pay.

A regulation size conference is played in a conference-room, as stated above. When playing on your home grounds you have to furnish the cigars, cigarettes and perishable liquids. As the visiting contestants enter, the home conferee greets them at the door calling them "old socks," "brother Apfelbaum," "big butter and egg men," "friend O'Brien" and other similarly quaint names. This is called good-fellowship and counts 35 points.



As grandma appears to her grandson

In case the home player doesn't recognize one of the visitors he says, "Well, well, well! I certainly didn't expect to see *you* here!" This immediately makes them both Elks and the conference is ready to begin.

This is done as follows: Somebody takes out his watch and says, "Tze, tze! Come, come, come! Let's get down to brass tacks." Brass tacks are then distributed and he continues, "Now in regard to this matter of putting paper drinking cups in the assistant bookkeeper's office, I think that in view of the fact that he is not a drinking man . . . ."

At this point some one must interrupt with, "That reminds me of the day I got tight after breaking a hundred and making a hole in one all in one day, which puts me in mind of a little story. It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike . . . ."

This is a signal for general bedlam. Bedlam reigns for a while and finally the conference is called on account of rain. A return conference is then arranged at one of the other conferee's home grounds and everyone does a mile around the track, takes a brisk shower and rub-down and goes into training for the next conference by going to the Follies that night to get some new jokes. This is practically useless, but traditional.

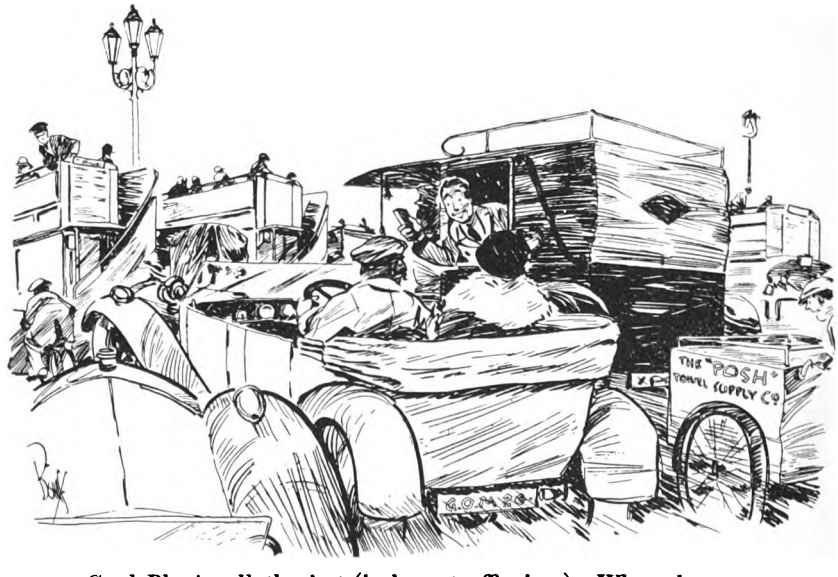
Carroll

***

Poet—To dance with you is to fly. With your wings we can reach the stars!

Modern Girl—How about volplaning down to the bar?

—*Le Régiment* (Paris)



Card Playing Enthusiast (in long traffic jam)—What about a game of bridge? —*London Opinion*

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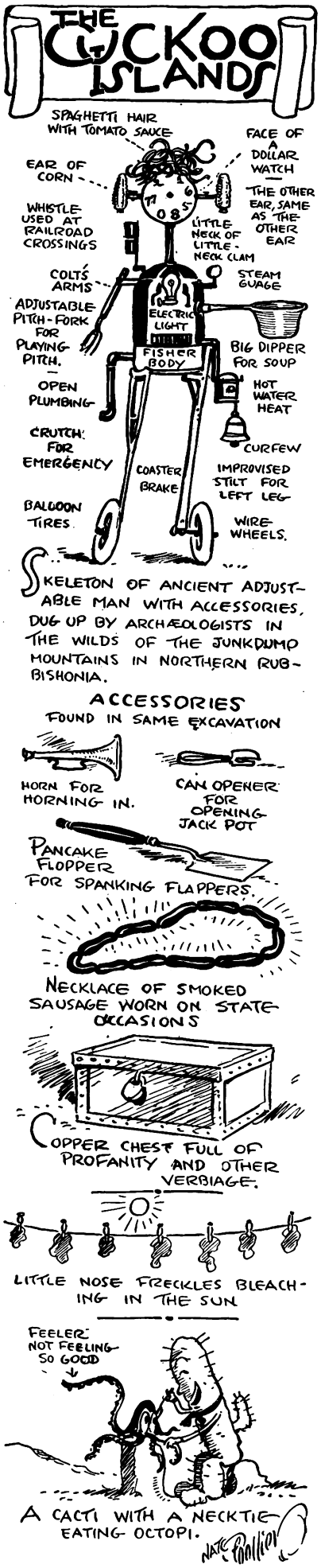

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 21*)

The picture is excellently cast. But special mention should go to Edythe Chapman who took the part of the rustic hero's mother. With her pipe and her shotgun, and her innate dignity, she is the embodiment of a memorable pioneer type. I can't help wondering what her kind would think of Mother's Day.

WHAT is there about a cute bungalow in a row of cute bungalows, each with its formal grass plot, its garage and its radio, that reminds one of a hot Sunday in starched clothes? Well, that's the setting for "Skinner's Dress Suit," a comedy without spice but with Reginald Denny. I say without spice because the sex interest is confined to the lovey-doveying of a young married couple in the suburbs than which there is nothing more kittenishly respectable.

But for all that, the picture at bottom contains some wholesome satire. Skinner, who is Reginald Denny, and Honey, who is Laura Laplante, stretch their credit until installments on furniture and dress suit come due like hailstones in a cloud-burst. In other words, for the sake of social recognition they violate all the canons of thrift, all the recipes of John D. Rockefeller for success. And at the very height of the storm Skinner loses his job. Righteous retribution, no less, and if this were a strictly moral picture it would have ended here. But it grieves me to tell you that disaster is turned into triumph. At the last moment the dress suit he shouldn't have bought enables our hero to grant a social favor that lands the coveted contract, and thrift is left at the post. A subversive picture, utterly subversive!

Furthermore, it is done well.

The secretary of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came once to Barcelona and was shocked to find that there was no S. P. C. A. in existence. He did his best to evoke interest in the matter and a meeting was held. At this a member of the assembly said that he had a suggestion to make—that they should raise funds by means of a charity performance. Then the whole of the members-to-be of the future Spanish S. P. C. A. echoed in chorus:

"Good! A bull fight!"

—*Lachen Links* (Berlin)

"I Know Your Face But - - -"

How many times do you have to make this admission?

There is no real reason why you should subject yourself to the embarrassment of admitting that you are unable to remember names.

It is the man with the ready, reliable memory who impresses people, it's the man who remembers faces, names and facts who is able to command respect and salary.

If it is necessary for you to meet people every day you owe it to yourself to develop your latent powers of memory.

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BY

William Clarke

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The Gay Hours

JASON arrived at Nadine's apartment in Turpitude Towers promptly at eleven o'clock. A Japanese maid let him in.

He hoped Nadine would remember him, but he couldn't be sure. For Nadine had burst in upon his party last night with no idea of where she was or where she had started for. Her escort had collapsed just inside Jason's doorway, and was—so far as Jason knew—still resting comfortably on the spot where he had fallen. She had caroled, "Please—I must have a drink—quick—" and after one of Jason's famous silver fizzes she had simply called Jason "darling" and let it go at that.

Heavy taffeta curtains at a far door parted and a small person with tumbled black hair and a few scraps of chiffon (that probably went by the name of negligée) caught about her came out.

"Are you a reporter?" asked Nadine.

Oh, this was cruel!

"No," he said wretchedly, "you—you invited me to come to breakfast."

Nadine disposed her small perfect person upon the brocaded sofa by the fireplace, caught up a wisp of chiffon so that it covered her bare, famous legs, and then leaned gently back upon the satin pillows, her back to Jason!

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

¶ *Here is Jason in the famous Nadine Parrish's apartment at eleven o'clock in the morning—the dream of a lifetime. But can any young man in the morning remind a girl of the promises she made him in the gay high hours of the night before? Trust Jason! See "Jason and the Silver Fizz," by Dawn Powell, in the current issue of* SNAPPY STORIES. *Now on all newsstands—20 cents.*

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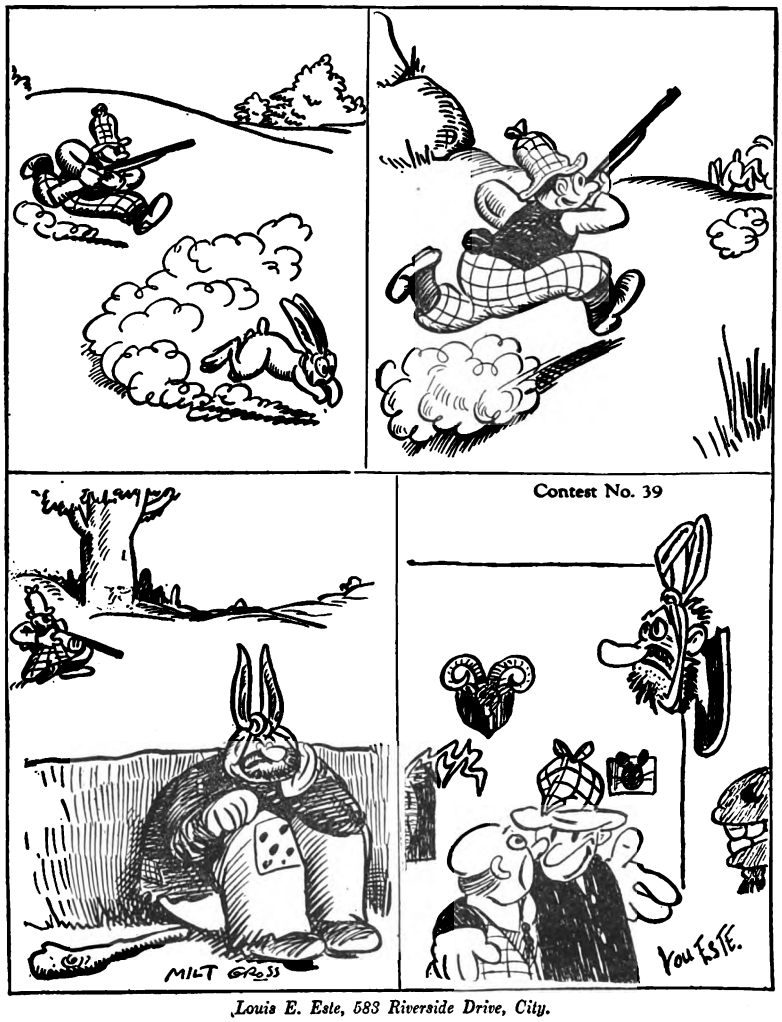
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 39



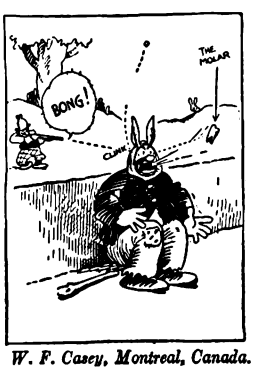
Louis E. Este, 583 Riverside Drive, City.

Close Seconds

A. J. Pepping, Jersey City, N. J.

Harris A. Brightly, St. Louis, Mo.

William Kaplan, New York City.



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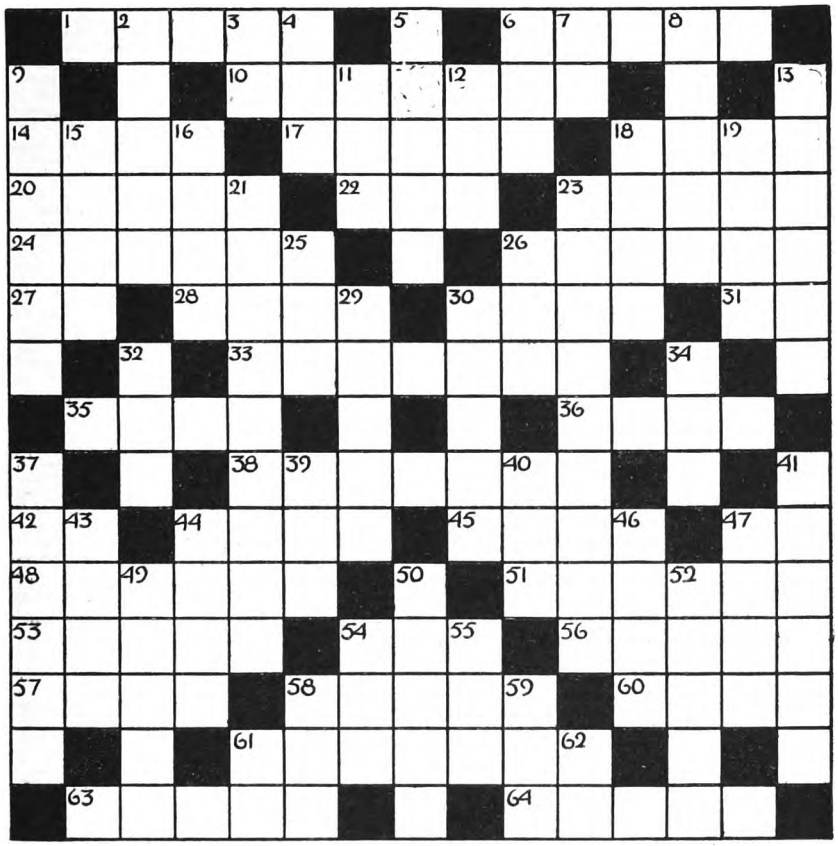
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 75



Submitted by Mrs. Mary L. Downey, Glendale, O. JUDGE *pays $25 for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. These are found on the front end of camels.
6. An anchor for Elk's teeth.
10. African golfers.
14. Something Klansmen and second-hand car owners are always under.
17. That fool girl complexion.
18. A long, long time.
20. This means "farewell" in Mexico.
22. Nationality of the corner confectioner (abbr.).
23. Facility of performance.
24. A hard thing for the fair sex to keep.
26. Gloomy.
27. Tired Socialists (init.).
28. Ancient ancestors.
30. The drink of the drug store cowboy.
31. Point of the compass.
33. Enticed.
35. Girl (slang).
36. A kind of a roomer or rumor.
38. This is small but mighty and it'll get you sooner or later.
42. Massive Girls (init.).
44. Abie's answer to "How B.U.A.B.?"
45. A contract or an agreement.
47. Prefix meaning "again."
48. A lucky number.
51. A kick producer.
53. Pertaining to the moon.
54. A crossword puzzle enemy.
56. Tears asunder.
57. The goal of the pleasingly plump.
58. A kind of a trunk that express companies don't check.
60. Something people get from their doctors. (Not bill.)
61. This fellow is out of luck when he gets a sore throat.
63. This fellow had the weight of the world on his shoulders.
64. The rewards of speeding.

Vertical

2. An apathetic person. (Dora thinks this is a baby carrier.)
3. Nemesis of aspiring poets (abbr.).
4. This is found in trees and bucket shops.
5. An abbreviated part of my lady's apparel.
6. What the land of the spree and the home of the brave is.
7. Like.
8. Many years ago this was found in milk.
9. One hundred per cent. pure.
11. This goes with a bone and a hank o' hair.
12. This is always escaping from the pen.
13. These are found near calves.
15. Short poems.
16. That gullible girl.
18. Webster says this means a handle, as of a pitcher or vase.
19. South American spuds.
21. This kind of a morn has caused many a fall.
23. The only sort of a car that pedestrians don't mind.
25. Most golfers find this a difficult thing to get away from.
26. She's a deer!
29. An osculating noise.
30. Spare this and spoil the little shaver.
32. Poor papa.
34. Incapacitated.
37. Odors.
39. A substance resulting from electrolytic decomposition.
40. A relic of the B.V.D.'s. (Before Volstead Days.)
41. We have five of these and they keep us wise to the world.
43. You may get stuck on this.
44. A literary hoe.
46. Something that careless bachelors get.
47. Delivers from.
49. To establish by law.
50. The bible of the Mohammedans.
52. Sheet music.
54. Because.
55. Esoteric Society of Freshmen (init.).
58. It is (abbr.).
59. Where husbands go when spring cleaning commences.
61. Southern state (abbr.).
62. Eager Indians.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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(Week of May 22)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 prize. Vote Your Favorite!

$100 a Week Selling Shirts

Others Earning $100 Weekly selling direct to wearer. Custom Quality Shirts made by Carlton, 5th Ave., N. Y. America's greatest shirt values, silks, staples and exclusive patterns. We deliver and collect. Your profit; 25% paid daily. Big, beautiful sample outfit **FREE.** Permanent position. Salesmen and Saleswomen write today for outfit.

CARLTON MILLS, INC.
98 Fifth Ave. Dept. C-28 New York

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

From a Minister's Daughter

To the Editors of JUDGE:

My dear Sirs: I have read JUDGE since I have been able to read, and I have found it the prize winner of all magazines, but I often boil when I read "Judge for Yourself," and I feel blue. I have talked of this column to other friends interested in JUDGE. They told me they were disgusted and gave up reading JUDGE. I felt sorry, because they are very grouchy now and are missing quite a lot of good jokes.

Religion is no joke, and should be omitted from JUDGE.

Wherever religion is connected with business or even a joke there is bitter feeling, and as for anyone as ignorant as N. D. Baxter, I should think and would have thought JUDGE too learned a magazine to enter such a low speech.

I am a minister's daughter and my Mother and Dad have always taught me to respect all Christians regardless of belief and never to be a bigot.

I am sorry N. Baxter felt so bad as to write such junk, and my Daddy said, "Perhaps Baxter is a black sheep, because black sheep always know they are right and are always ready to down the other person. Little girl," he said, "you are too young to bother with such talk."

But still I think Baxter a mean old grouch, and I mean to write him a letter.

And JUDGE, for your betterment, you should consider leaving religious talks out of your wonder magazine. Very sincerely,

Philadelphia, Pa. (*Miss*) *Betty Bissor*

The Remedy

To JUDGE:

Dear Sir: I read JUDGE and like it all except the way the Eighteenth Amendment seems to trouble you and I would suggest that you get a large water tank, fill it with whisky, tie some feathers to your feet, so they will stay down, then jump in and all you will have to do is to open your mouth and let the whisky run in. Stay in this position until you have all the whisky you want. Then let us have one issue of JUDGE without mentioning the Eighteenth Amendment.

Yours truly,

Wilson, N. C. *Geo. B. Lamm*

More Letters!

Dear JUDGE: To begin with, I would like to ask you to please use your utmost influence to use at least two pages for your very interesting letters from other people and your more interesting criticism of their letters. This section is of more special interest to me and a great many of my patients than any other section of your most interesting magazine.

For a few months I was a member of the K. K. K. with which I see by reading your articles you do not sympathize in the least, and now for several reasons I do not either, so we are on par together on that subject. Intolerance is my motto, eh, what?

On evolution I am glad to say that I, as many others, believe in evolution. I think God all the more wonderful for His supreme ability in causing the smaller animals in the universe to work and strive to become greater than I imagine they were in the beginning. Thus we have the most perfect of God's creations, man.

Prohibition—"what a joke that turned out to be!" I agree with our friend from Washington, Thomas V. Scott, not that I alone have been able to get any kind of whisky in the cities I have been in, but because men who have made it a special study to find out the real situation have come back with the same report.

For many months I have wanted to write to you, but as we all do, I have put it off and now I find I have so much to say to you, "Your Honor," that I have made my letter too long, but I hope you will excuse it.

As ever your friend, *J. P. L.*

Atlanta, Ga.

FORCE OF HABIT

Wife of Keen Angler—So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Jones—but my husband gave me the impression that you were very tall!

Jones—Ah!—but you must remember that he once fished me out of the *river!* —*Passing Show*

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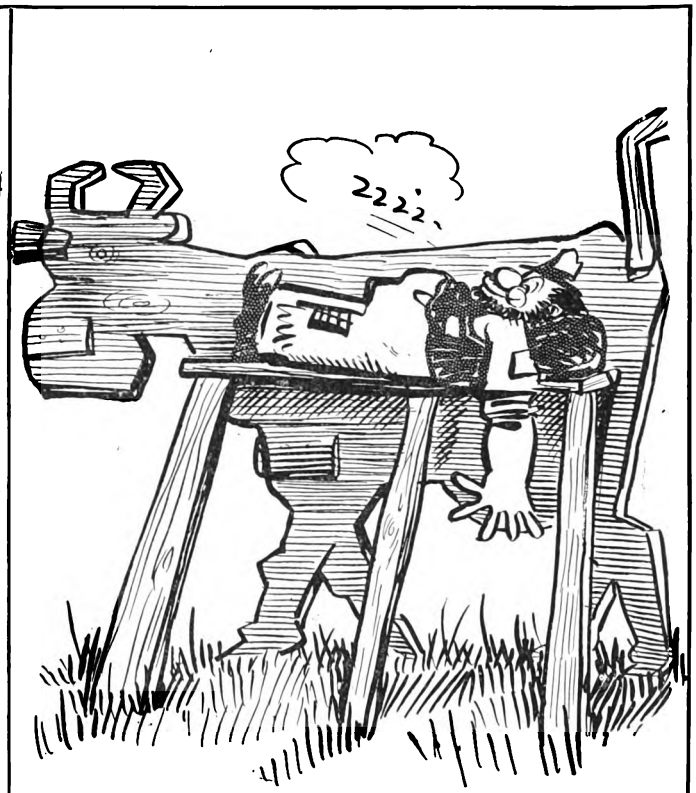
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes May 31. Winning ending appears in the issue of June 19.



Contest No. 43

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Only One Way You Can Get This Remarkable Pen!

You must try it FIVE days before you can keep it!

Equal to Any $7 or $8.75 Pen In Quality

Superior to Any Pen at Any Price in Performance

Only Way to Get the Postal: "Buy From One Who Owns One" — or Mail Coupon Below

THE man who invented this amazing pen consented to let us sell it only under one condition—that we work out a plan whereby the price would be within the reach of everyone, instead of selling it at $7.00 or $8.75, the price of other pens of equal quality.

Of course, it was impossible to sell this remarkable pen through the stores. Their profit alone on a $7.00 or $8.75 pen is *more than what you actually pay for the POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN.* And so we decided to let Uncle Sam do the selling for us—through the United States mails.

The Pen That Says "Fill Me Up!" When Empty

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) is distinctive in design and contains features which are not found in any other pen. It is transparent, so you can always see when it needs filling. It is self-filling—employs an entirely new method, the easiest ever devised. Holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen. Manufactured from same materials as used in highest priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

How to Get the Postal Pen
SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Do not send a penny! When you get your Postal Pen, you will also receive 5 post cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another pen. Every Postal Pen owner finds that his friends admire his remarkable pen and ask where they can get others like it. You can easily sell your premium post cards for 50c each and earn back the full price of your pen. You *do not* have to sell the cards—dispose of them any way you wish—whatever you make on them is yours to keep.

Postal Pen Co., Inc., Desk 69 41 Park Row, New York City

Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may give away or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman $2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 5 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Check which you want.....Men's size. Women's size.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

If you live outside the United States Send International Money Order with coupon.

Vacation Time Is Writing Time— Mail Coupon TODAY

Actual Size is Larger Than This

You Can See Right Through This Pen!

Only $2.50

No Other Fountain Pen Like It!

Read These Remarkable Postal Features

It is Transparent—You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.

It is Unbreakable—You can even *step* on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for lifetime service.

It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw—Big, Solid 14 Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

It is Self-filling—The easiest of all pens to fill.

It Holds 3 to 4 Times More Ink Than Any Other Self-filling Pen—Fill it once a month—and get real "writing mileage."

And Remember—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed to be equal or superior to those found in *any* other pen, whether sold at $7.00, $8.75 or more.

Five Days' FREE Trial!

Send for your POSTAL Pen NOW. State whether you want men's or women's model. Use it five days and if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. You are to be the sole judge. Compare it with any pen at any price. *Remember the price is low only because our sales policy of manufacturer-to-user eliminates all in-between profits, commissions and handling.* Send the coupon NOW and learn what real fountain pen satisfaction is!

Postal
RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., INC., 41 Park Row, Desk 69, New York City

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PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

HISTORICAL ART DEPT. COPY IOWA. DES MOINES IOWA. 2357

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State University of Iowa
LIBRARY

and then he got JUDGE—
for himself

HE—Is that your father storming around the library?
SHE—Yes, the old dear is looking for his copy of JUDGE and I've got it in my room.
HE—Why make such a fuss over a magazine?
SHE—Oh, he's always telling Mother a man must develop a sense of humor if he expects to live with a woman.

JUDGE
627 West 43d St.
New York

I want JUDGE for myself.
Here's $1.00 for 10 weeks.
2.00 for 21 weeks.
5.00 for One Year.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

①

JUDGE, Volume 90. No. 2326, May 29, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

THE recent British labor strike was remarkable because of the absence of fatalities. Now that skilled chauffeurs, engineers and motormen are back on the job the death rate will undoubtedly jump back to normalcy.

THE Anti-Cigarette League claims that cigarette smoking is a deadly habit. This is apt to be true for the pedestrian who tries to walk a mile for each one.

IT IS claimed that a free and easy swing always proclaims a good golfer. So does a free and easy flow of language.

SEVERAL new Polar expeditions are planned for this coming month. It won't be long now before the Polar inhabitants will be sufficiently civilized to make their own Eskimo pies.

A NEW YORK sports writer claims to remember every important ring encounter that has been held in the past thirty years. Fight fans are frankly skeptical, however, as he also professes to remember seeing Jack Dempsey in the ring.

AN eleven-year-old Chicago boy has made an eight-tube superhetrodyne entirely by himself. We understand that because of his youth nothing will be done about it.

POET—*I want to write a sonnet about the sea if I can get some inspiration.*
"Wal, is $10 a quart too much?"

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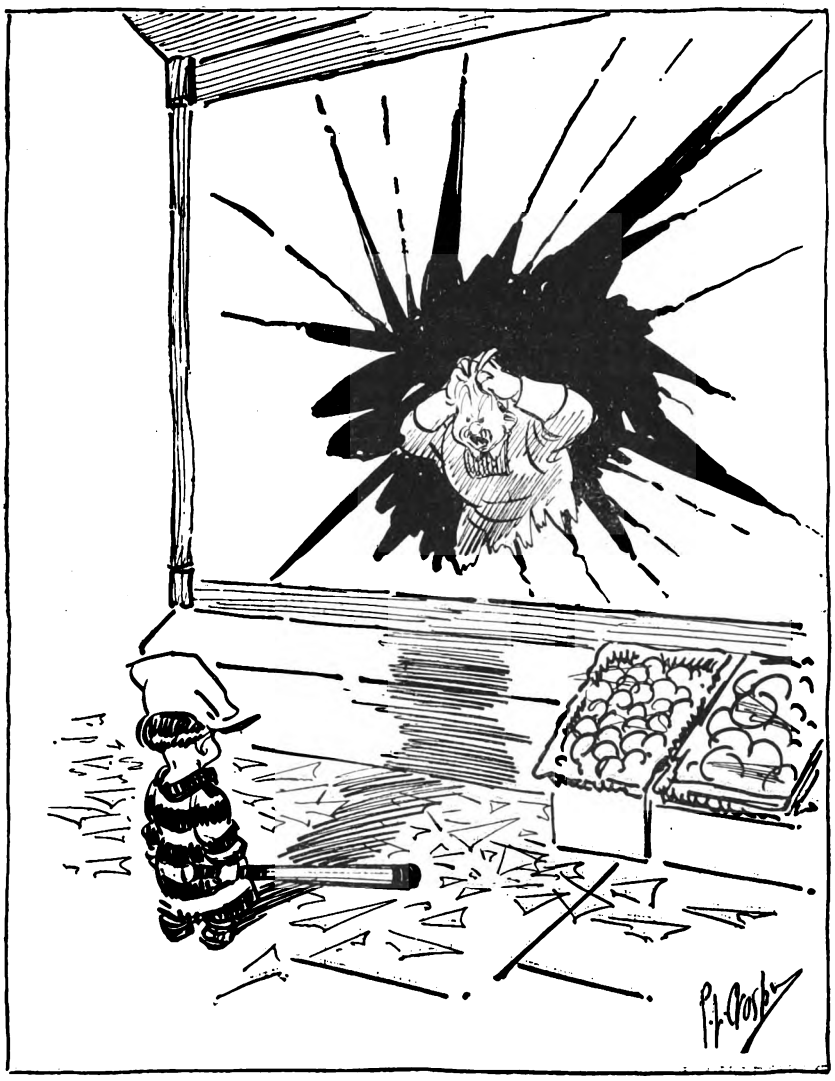


"It was a crazy idea to put a store here in the first place!"

FUNNYBONES

To beer or not to beer, that is the question in Congress.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

He Was Hungry

He lived in one room on the top floor of a rickety tenement. His fire was out, and although spring was in the air a cold wind was blowing. He sat by the window and shivered. He was hungry. It seemed years since he had tasted food. There wasn't a crust in the house. The larder was empty. Must he starve like this? Alone and friendless in this cheerless attic room? Hunger gnawed and gnawed. He looked again, in the icebox, in the cupboard, everywhere. Not a crumb. So he went out to a restaurant and ate a big dinner.

Nate Collier

Not Naughty Enough

Flapper—What's wrong with this confession?

Editor—It's too good to be true.

LIZZIE LABELS

"The Thundering Heard!"

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Toasts of the day

Here's to General Butler—for he's a jolly good smeller.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Appropriate Menus

For a Golfer

Scotch Broth

Club Sandwich Sliced Tomatoes

Link Sausage

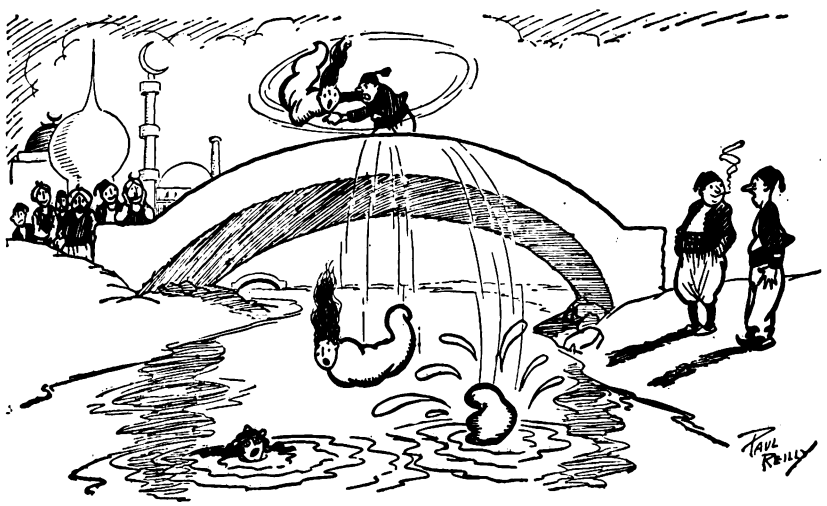
Dandelion Greens Puttatoes

Parsnips

Cup Custard

Rolls Tea Nuts

Geo. R. Davies



"What's the Sultan doing?"
"The old boy is drowning his sorrows."

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LETTER LAUGHS

M T M I 4 O I C
U R O K & I N G
Q T B 4 I — 2 U
M I 2 ½ U P D Q?

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

All applicants for work at a movie studio must see the casting director. A casting director is a fellow who directs that you be cast out.

Punishable Puns

ONCE a pun a time
Pun Annas
Oh pun the door
Puns and coffee
Homes pun
A pun chon the jaw
Where a pun
A pun at 'em
Pun Shops (a pawn my word!)

J. S.

***

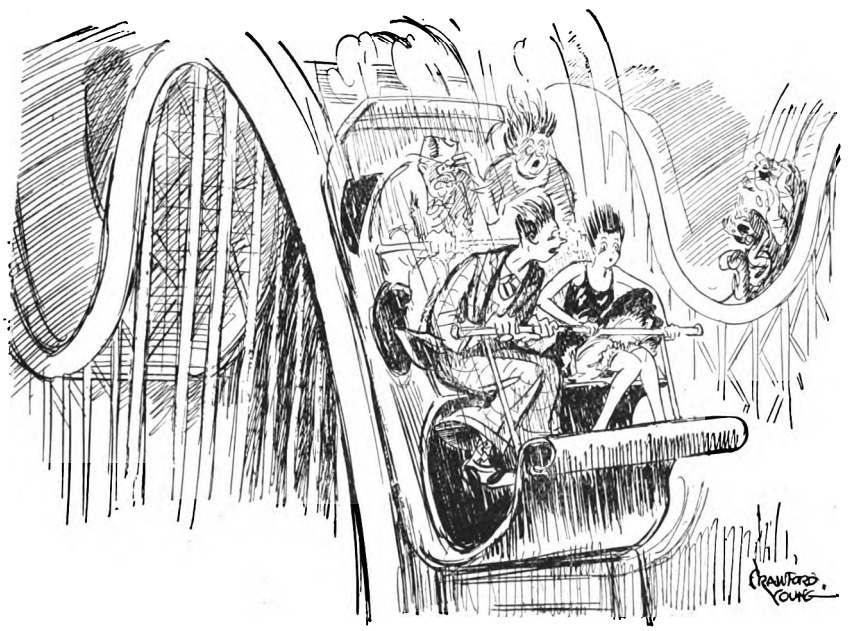
Anyway, they can't say the bathing beauty is all wet.

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Cherub"

"Cherub, the worst is yet to come."

SHE—*How do like my new wrist watch?*
"Oh, it's a wrist watch, eh—I thought perhaps it was a speedometer."



SWAIN—*Mabel! I have long waited for this opportunity to propose to you!*

DIZZY LABELS

"They call her Teddy."
Because, "She's just a slip of a girl."

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Famous Nobles

KING FISHER.
Queen Bee.
Duke Dumb.
Prince Sling.
Knight Shirt.
Sir O'Gate
Count de Change.
Lord Sake.
Baron Net.
Czar Chasm.
Sultan Pepper.

Lawson Paynter

State University of Iowa
LIBRARY
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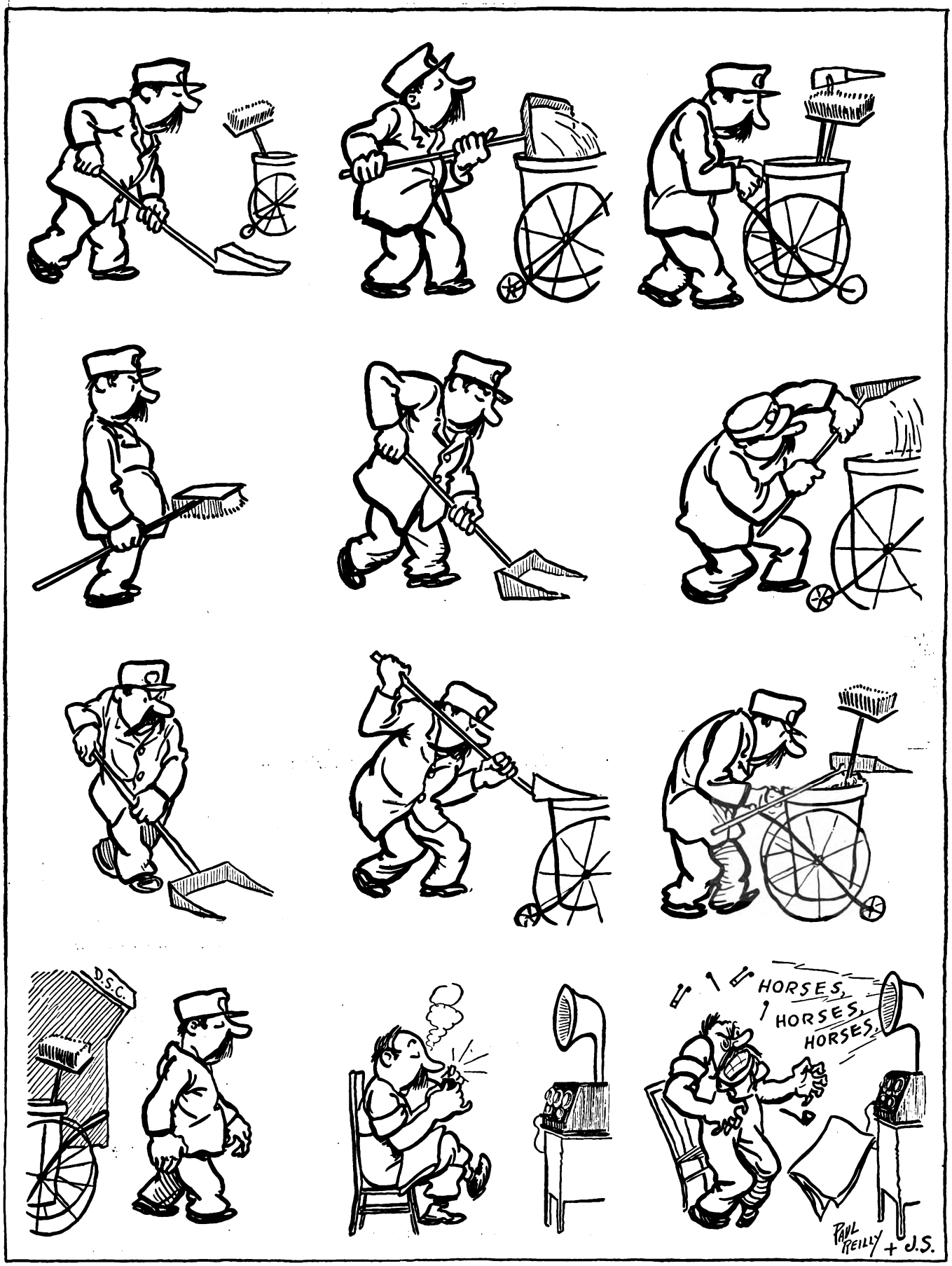

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

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"O'brien Outloud"

Figure It Out

NOWADAYS when a fellow takes a girl on an auto ride the girl sometimes has to walk home. But twenty-five years ago it was even worse. Then, when a fellow took a girl on an auto ride, both invariably had to walk home.

o

Verses for Children

Pastoral

SHEPHERDS are a lazy bunch,
They always fall asleep;
But it is little wonder for
They're always counting sheep.

The Early Bird

I set my alarm clock
For five o'clock—so!
(The clock, if you must know,
Is three hours slow.)

o

Happy Choice

Waiter—As you see by the card you can have your choice of hash or pig's knuckles.

Diner—Suppose I don't want either?

"Then you have your choice of eating elsewhere."

o

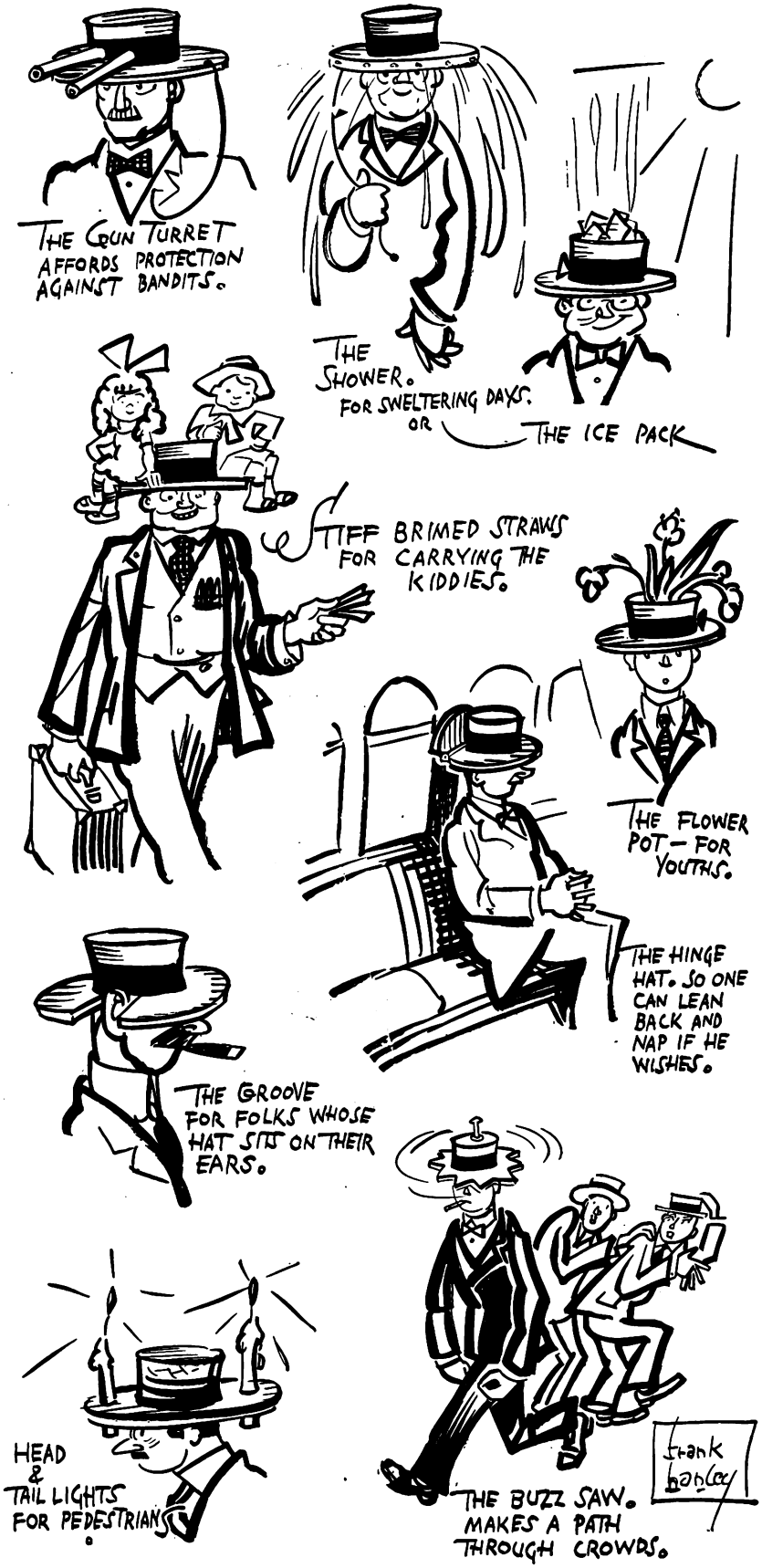
Physics Instructor—Explain how we get cold water and hot water out of the same faucet.

Young Stupid—Well, there's two pipes connected with the faucet. One of them is connected with a tank on the roof and that gives cold water. The other is connected with a tank in the cellar and the water from this tank runs upstairs to the faucet. The exertion of running upstairs causes the water to become overheated and it is hot by the time it comes out of the faucet.

o

A man recently shot his wife because she refused to speak to him. A man like that deserves to hang.

R. C. O'Brien



Since we can't change the style, let's add some novelties and innovations.

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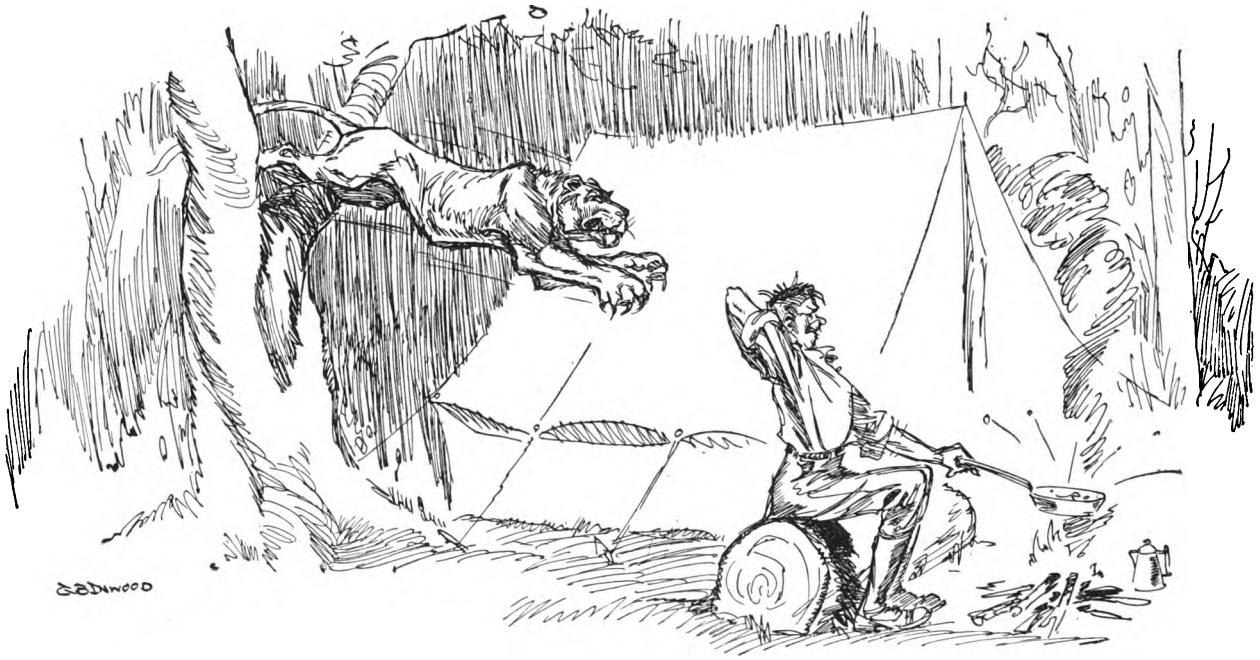
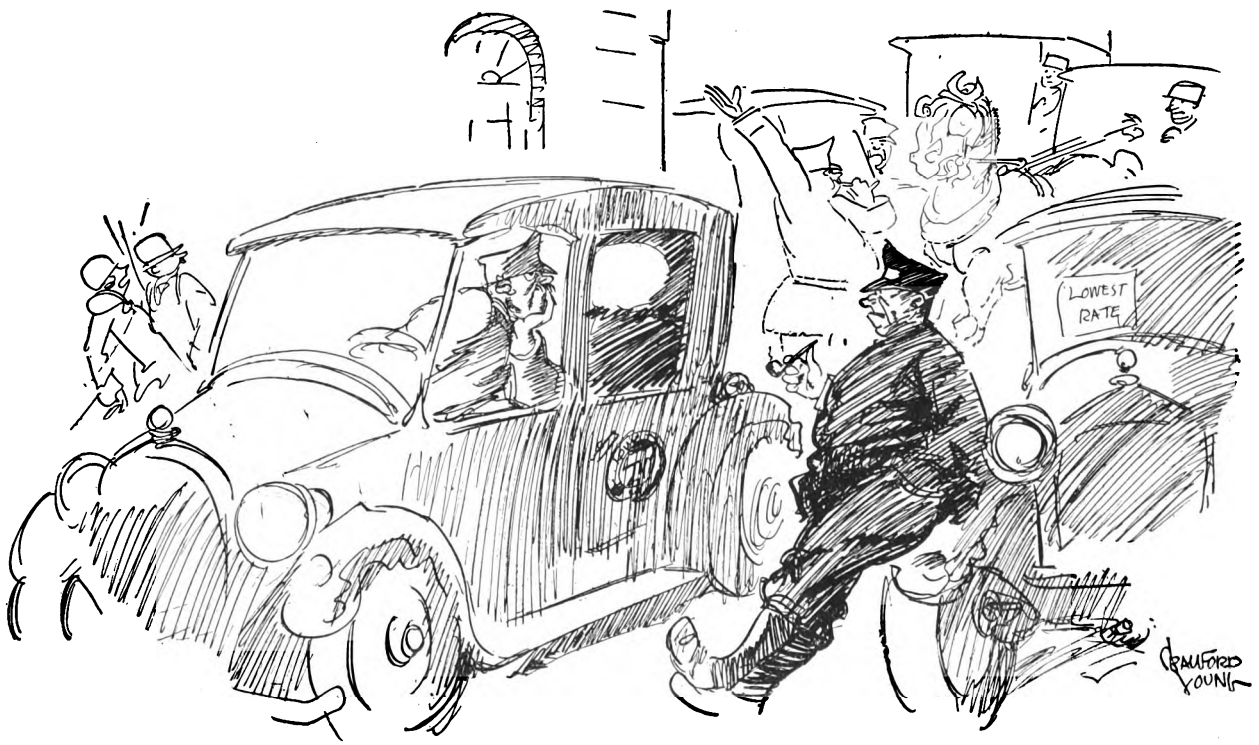


"First thing when I get home to-morrow I'm going to have Minnie scratch my back."



FIRST TAXI—*I met my wife in a funny way—run over 'er with me car an' later I married 'er.*
SECOND TAXI—*If ev'rybody hadda do that they wouldn't be so much reckless drivin'.*

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The Outline of Humor

Being a Plain History of Wit and Humor

by Judge, Jr.

(Synopsis of preceding installment)

If you've missed the two installments before this it's really a shame, because they were awfully good! The last one told all about how life came into the open air and the Cainozoic Period. Ain't nature wonderful!

Adam and Rib (later Eve)

III

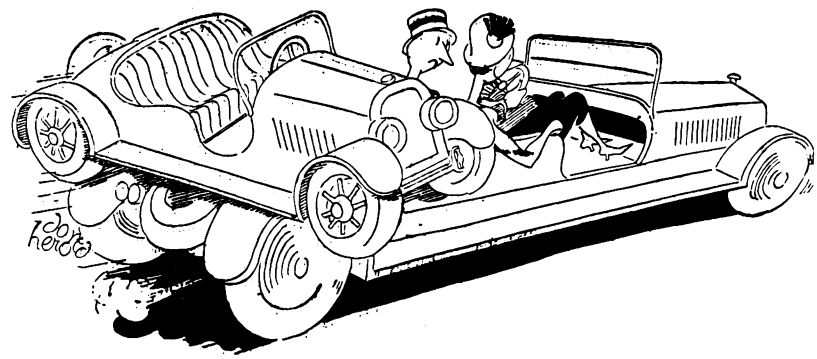
Now everybody, except the people living in Tennessee, knows that man descended from a monkey which makes it a lot easier for us, so we can jump right from here into the Garden of Eden where we find Adam and Eve ducking for apples. Well, they were having great sport, as you can imagine, when they heard a noise and got so frightened they hid in the bushes. Then somebody yelled, "Come, come! Who's hiding in those bushes?" and Adam, who was even then known for his quick wit chattered, "Fo de Lohd, Boss, dey ain't nobody heah 'ceptin' us chickens!"

Why Adam and Eve Had to Leave the Garden of Eden

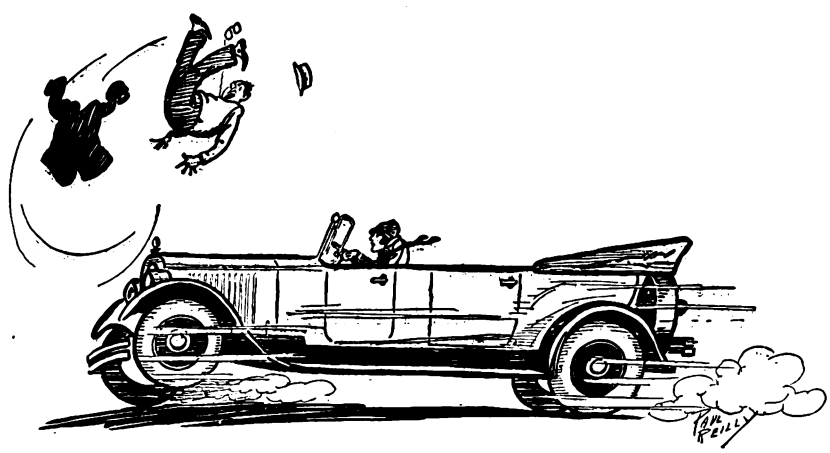
And you can believe it or not (see Well's Outline of History) that's why Adam and Eve had to leave the Garden of Eden. Well, to make a long history short, things went from bad to worse, which brings us right smack up to the Neolithic Age, where man plowed the earth with rude implements. This (see Smilch's Variation of the Ardelus Complex) was the beginning of golf, and it is told how Neolithic man was asked one day what he went around the course in and he replied succinctly, but with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh, an old pair of pants!"

(*Continued next week—no kidding!*)

CUSTOMER—*I don't wish that—I told you I wore No. 2.*
SALESMAN—*But the shoe you took off was No. 5.*
"Yes, it has stretched terribly."



The girl who always took her own car along.



Her cousin's in the royal mounted—
So she always gets her man.

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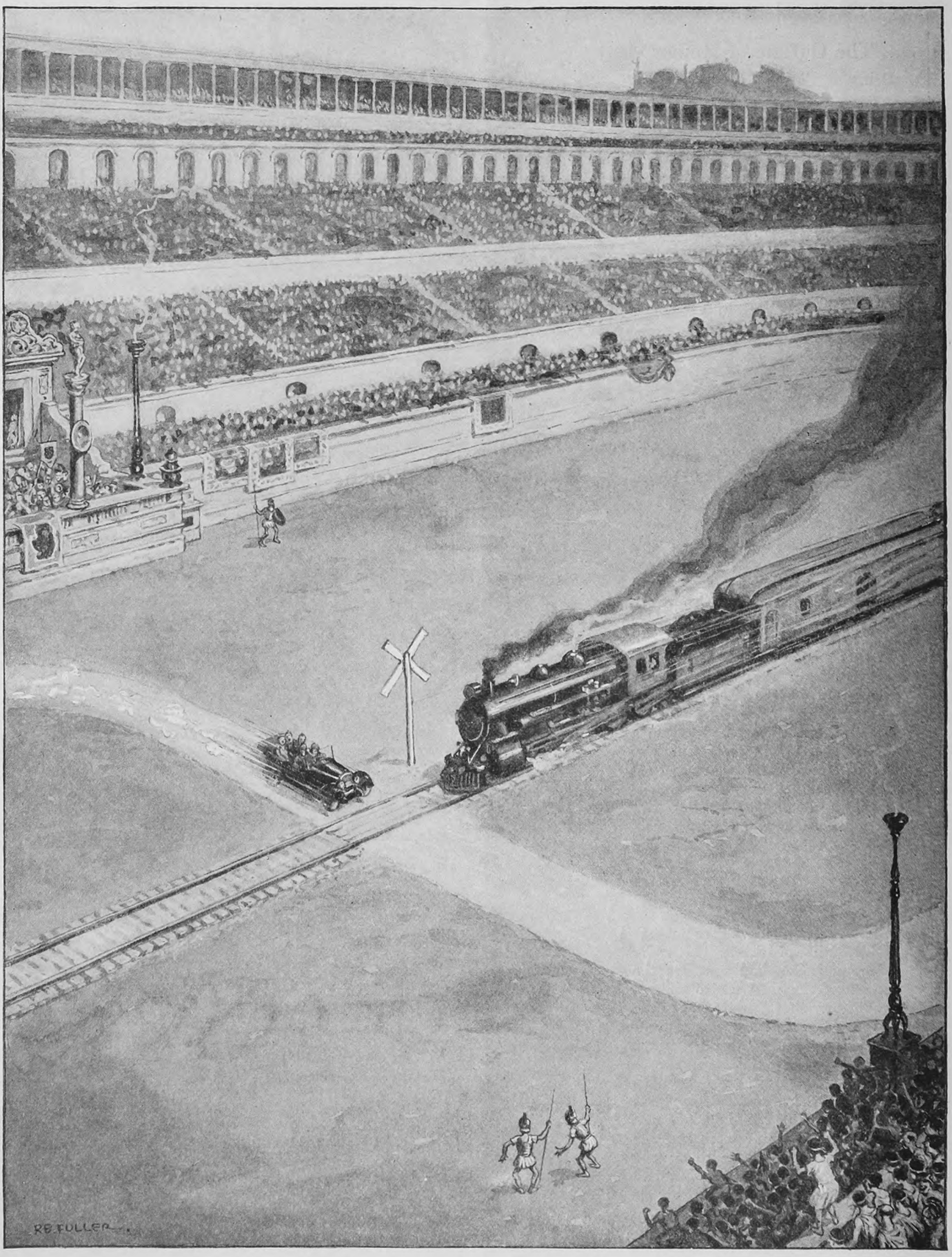

A THRILL THE ROMANS MISSED

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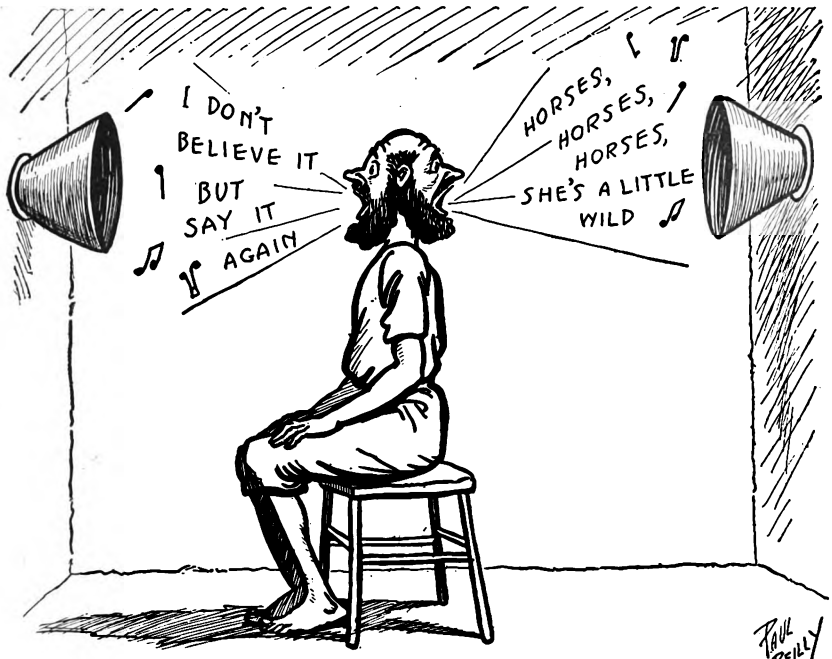


IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

Janus made a lot of money singing for double-faced records.

A Radio Program I'd Like to Hear

THIS is Station XLNT broadcasting a program from their studio at Sleepy Hollow.

6.00 P.M.—Quaker meeting.

6.30 P.M.—Meditation period.

6.35 P.M.—Silent prayer.

6.40 P.M.—Pantomime: The Hush of Evening.

6.55 P.M.—Address by David Krepps, graduate of the Modern School for the Deaf and Dumb.

7.15 P.M.—Demonstration of Maxim silencers.

There will now be an intermission of fifteen minutes. This is Station XLNT, Sleepy Hollow. Please stand by.

7.30 P.M.—Conversation between Calvin Coolidge and "Silent Bill" Smith.

7.50 P.M.—Boy Scout giving wig-wag signals.

7.55 P.M.—Granting of diplomas by the Irrational Correspondence School.

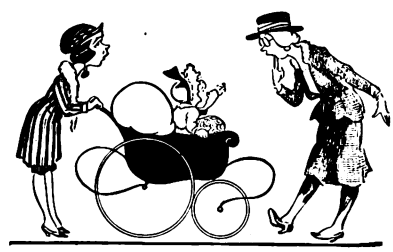
8.15 P.M.—Silent tribute to departed broadcasters.

8.20 P.M.—Demonstration of saying it with flowers.

8.30 P.M.—The Quiet Hour.

9.30 P.M.—This is Station XLNT, Sleepy Hollow, signing off.

Blaine C. Bigler



LADY—*Ootsy, tootsy, 'ittle oofums—*
MODERN BABY—*Ootsy, tootsy, h-ll! Can't you talk English?*

The Last "So's" of Summer

HE WAS (and I emphasize the was) a splendid fellow and well liked by everybody in our community. Well posted on all the topics of the day; had the histories of all the golf players, could name all the topnotchers in baseball, saw all the shows, remembered all the jokes, knew all the current slang and was a great success in his business. But this was before he started in a new line of repartee by replying that ones immediate ancestor on the paternal side was in a similar condition. This constant reference to my family wore on my nerves until I became a shadow of my former self. My only thought was to rid the earth of him and I knew my chance would come. This morning, as I was driving down the street, I saw him standing in a safety zone with his father. I stepped on the gas and my aim was perfect. I got them both. As I passed over them I heard my enemy murmur, "I'm done for." "So's your old man!" I shrieked back and pushed the accelerator down to the floor. *Alden D. Bonfils.*

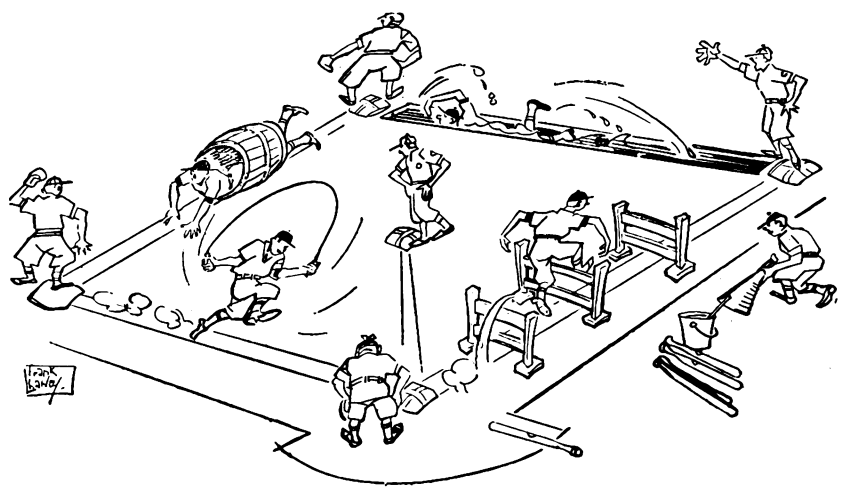
Blink—Why wouldn't they ever let an editor take up a collection in church?

Blank—Because he'd reject too many contributions.

Helen—Bob fell and cut himself badly on a broken bottle.

Lena—Where'd he get cut?

"On the hip, of course, silly."



The lively ball is making home runs so common we will have to have obstacle baseball to make it interesting.

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Another Child Murder

IT WAS breakfast time and I was alone in town. There was nothing for it but be entertained by "the nation's host from coast to coast."

In the window a bleached blonde was turning griddle cakes with all the proudness of a trained flea exhibitor demonstrating the agility of her pets.

I walked in and sat down. In the course of the morning a waiter approached me and stood beside my chair silently, ominously.

I glanced over the menu and then said, "I'll have some shredded wheat and milk."

"Ham or bacon?" inquired the waiter.

"Neither," I replied, "I asked for shredded wheat and wilk."

"We only serve ham or bacon for breakfast, sir," the waiter pursued.

"Commendable concentration," I answered, "but all I want is some shredded wilk and meat."

"Do you want it with ham?"

"No, I think I'll have it with cream."

"What was it you wanted?"

"Shredded wilk and meat."

"Is it on the menu?"

"Certainly. It's under cereals."

"We never serve any cereals with meat."

"I don't want any meat. I want some shredded—"

"Oh, you want shredded wilk and meat. Why didn't you say so."

"I've been trying to tell you I wanted s-h-r-e-d-d-e-d w-h-e-a-t a-n-d m-i-l-k for the past ten minutes."

"Sorry I didn't understand you, sir, we're just out of shredded meat and wilk."

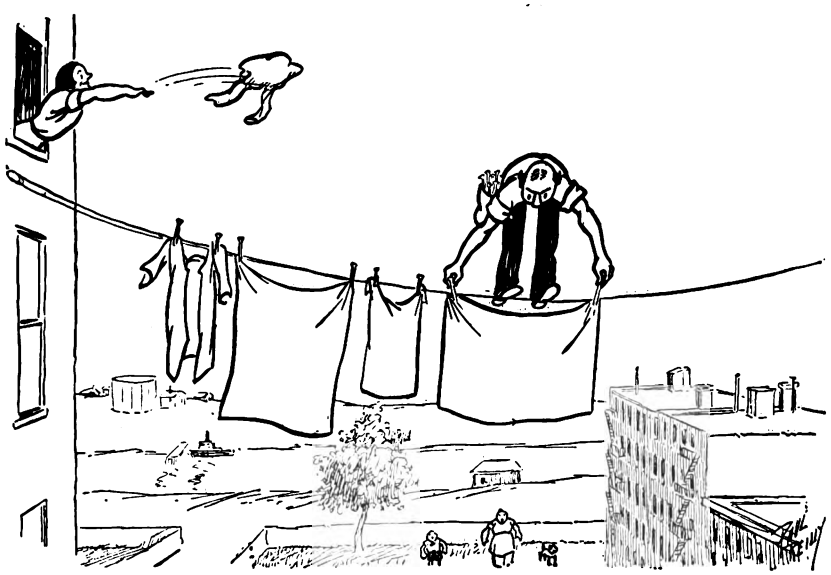
"*What!* No more medded shreat and wilk! Why in %??$ (X&O —" and then everything went black.

All I know is that in a few hours I will go to the electric chair and my last words to all those who are still breathing free air as they pass filling stations is, when ordering breakfast don't try and get Toast Posties, Wuffed Peat or Nape Gruts or you may meet the same fate that befell me on that memorable morning when I loved the world and only wanted a plate of shredded wilk and meat.

Carroll

"Shall we join the ladies?"

STRANDED AVIATOR—*Call off this blamed bird dog of yours, will you?*



Professor Digitalis, the slack wire artist, is a great help to his wife.

Muriel

I LOVE Muriel
Because she has
Naughty eyes,
Pretty clothes,
Lovely form,
Well-filled hose.
Muriel loves me
Because I tell her she has
Naughty eyes,
Pretty clothes,
Lovely form,
Well-filled hose.

Frank Lawson Paynter

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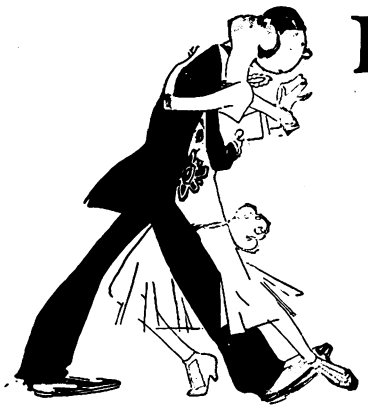
HIGH HAT



From the letters I have been getting in lately, the followers of this column seem to want to turn the poor old thing into a bartender's guide. . . . . However, some of the recipes sound so good that I can't resist printing them.

Exhibit A comes from "somewhere East of Suez" and is called "A French 75."

A nice tall thin glass full of cracked ice.
2 giggers of Gordon water,
1 gigger of lemon juice,
3 spoonfuls of sugar,
And fill her up with Champagne!

I haven't yet had the price to try this baby out, but it sounds wonderful!

The same Far Eastern correspondent also offers "The Quarantine" cocktail:

⅓ glass of the stuff that rhymes with McCardy,
1 glass of lemon juice,
½ glass of Gordon water,
¼ glass of French Vermouth,
3 spoonfuls of sugar and the white of an egg.

In the words of our correspondent this is guaranteed to pep up any foursome in the world!

My chest measurement this week has increased three inches and my very good looking Stetson hat ($12 F. O. B.) fits me no longer. . . . . Since Yale University (the one in New Haven) came right out loud in the opera house and panned me no less than two colleges, count 'em, have come to my support. They are as as follows:

Harvard.
Colgate.

I expect to hear any moment now from Rutgers, and if a red light burns in the JUDGE tower you will know that Princeton has come in solid (they couldn't come in any other way!) . . . .

The gentleman from Colgate suggests a new club, to be called "Never Seen Abie's Irish Rose" Club and I highly indorse it. In fact this idea has wide possibilities. . . . . There are any number of good clubs along this line that ought to be started. For example: "Never Been to Yale" Club, "Never Said 'So's Your Old Man'" Club, "Never Refused a Drink" Club, "Never Saw Dempsey Fight" Club, "Never Tried the Charleston" Club. . . . . Make some up yourself!

I really ought to pan this year's "Garrick Gaieties" because they turned down a very, very clever sketch of mine. Being, however, a very, very broadminded young man I must admit that it's good in spots. . . . . One spot in particular—a burlesque musical comedy called "Rose of Arizona" is one of the cleverest things that has been pulled off in this vicinity in some time and that alone ought to keep the show running all summer. . . . . There is also a young lady in the show named Bobby Perkins and she's great stuff. . . . . The music isn't anywhere near as good as last year.

The Six Best "Steppers:"

"Mountain Greenery" (*Garrick Gaieties*).
"Keys to Heaven" (*Garrick Gaieties*).
"I'm in Love" (*Kitty's Kisses*).
"My Castle in Spain" (*By the Way*).
"The Blue Room" (*The Girl Friend*).
"The Girl Friend" (*The Girl Friend*).

Gerald Jr.

Postal Rules

Revised to Date

No periodical shall suggest, by word or picture, that a girl wears underwear.

No periodical shall suggest, by picture or word, that a girl does not wear underwear.

No magazine shall contain any matter objectionable to any professional reformer.

Postmasters must look with grave suspicion upon any printed matter containing jokes or smile material. The United States postal authorities will furnish all the mirth necessary for the good of the people.

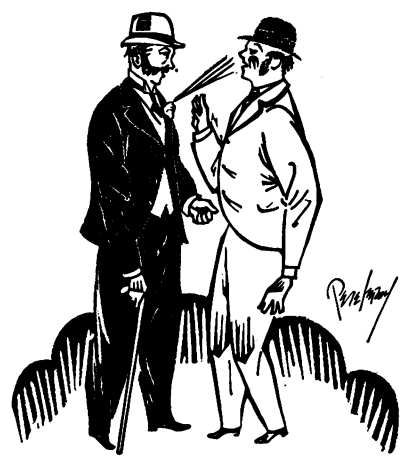
Truth shall be classified as objectionable matter, and will be debarred from the mails.

No magazine shall extract any wit or humor from any person or incident in American History.

All protests must be mailed early. Requests or demands for the suppression of any magazine must be in this office not later than ten days after the last copy of offending publication has passed through the mails.

No asterisks allowed.

Geo. R. Davies



Said a rich man to Blinks, who had just asked him for his daughter's hand:

"Would you love my daughter just as much if she had no money?"

"Why, certainly," replied the young aviator.

"Enough!" exclaimed the first speaker. "I don't want any half-wits in this family!" And he escorted the blushing youngster to the door.

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"NIZE BABY, ITT OPP ALL DE EPPLESAUCE!"

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

About Face

PERMIT us to shed a bitter tear, in behalf of the dwindling band of Prohibitionists, over the defection of *Collier's, The National Weekly*. *Collier's* was a conspicuous champion of national Prohibition before most of us had waked to it as a possibility. Hitherto *Collier's* has been as dry as Chautauqua, as arid as the late Mr. Bryan, and quite as confident of the millennium to follow the Eighteenth Amendment. No other national publication with which we are familiar has supported the dry cause so long, so frankly, so consistently. Fancy, then, the following editorial expression in the current number:

"Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. . . . The law enforcement officials admit the bankruptcy of the dry act. . . . The practical question is how to provide honestly for the legal distribution of liquor. . . . It is hypocrisy and fanaticism to ignore the facts."

As we remarked when the Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church came out for light wines and beer, "gradually the dupes of the Anti-Saloon League come to, look about them, jump up in consternation and renounce the faith. And the longer the awakening is delayed the more thoroughgoing it becomes." The unconditional repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is quite the most drastic proposal yet from the ranks of the converts. *Collier's* has come awake with a yell.

The Strike

THE general strike, as this is being written, has been called off. We may confidently hope, therefore, for an early settlement that will do the miners full justice. At the height of the strike John Maynard Keynes, the British economist, expressed a point of view toward it that exactly embodied our sentiments. "The strikers are not red revolutionists," he said. "They are not seeking to overturn Parliament. . . . They are caught in a coil not entirely of their own weaving in which behavior, which is futile and may greatly injure themselves and their neighbors, is nevertheless the only way which seems to them to be open for expressing their feelings and sympathies and for maintaining comradeship and keeping faith. . . . My feelings, as distinct from my judgment, are with the workers."

Forgiveness is possibly the noblest of human virtues and it seems particularly in order at the moment, but we shouldn't collapse with grief if the strike settlement contained one punitive clause, namely that Winston Churchill be stuffed down a coal mine for the rest of his natural life.

The Optimist

IT SEEMS that Henry Ford also had an opinion of the British strike. "I don't know much about the British strike," Mr. Ford said. "I do know this, that nothing of the kind can happen here. We are too intelligent. You know, the brains left those old countries, and much of them came here when this country was settled. They couldn't put a general strike over on American labor."

It is a curious thing about our millionaires that the older and more garrulous they grow the more optimistic they become. You remember Mr. Carnegie felt quite as secure about international peace—until the World War happened.

Luck

AS A matter of fact, Mr. Ford is probably right. A general strike is hardly possible here, but for reasons that he doesn't mention. In America there is no such stratification of economic classes as exists abroad. With us a smart mechanic can go to his local bank and, with nothing but his reputation for sobriety and industry, get a loan that sets him up in business for himself, launches him as a member of the capitalist class. Mr. Ford himself is a case in point. Practically every natural leader born into the ranks of American labor becomes an employer automatically. It is only the second or third string boys who become labor leaders.

But in England this is not the case. There the transition is infinitely more difficult, thanks to social and psychological obstacles unnecessary to enumerate. Practically the only career open to a Ford or a Carnegie or a Schwab born into the ranks of British labor is labor union politics. In other words, British labor keeps its leaders, and hence its extraordinary organization, solidarity and strength. If Mr. Ford, for instance, were a labor leader instead of a manufacturer and had been forced to expend his genius for organization on unions instead of factories, no doubt American labor would show the same capacity for concerted action now displayed by British labor. And a general strike would be quite as possible here as it has proved to be in England. Fortunately, he and his kind have been allowed to follow the more natural path to power, and so a general strike here seems out of the question. But is that "because we are too intelligent" or "because the brains left those old countries," or simply because the fates were kind to us in freeing us from the social traditions that still bedevil industrial development abroad? Often a more truthful as well as a more modest name for intelligence is luck. *W. M. H.*

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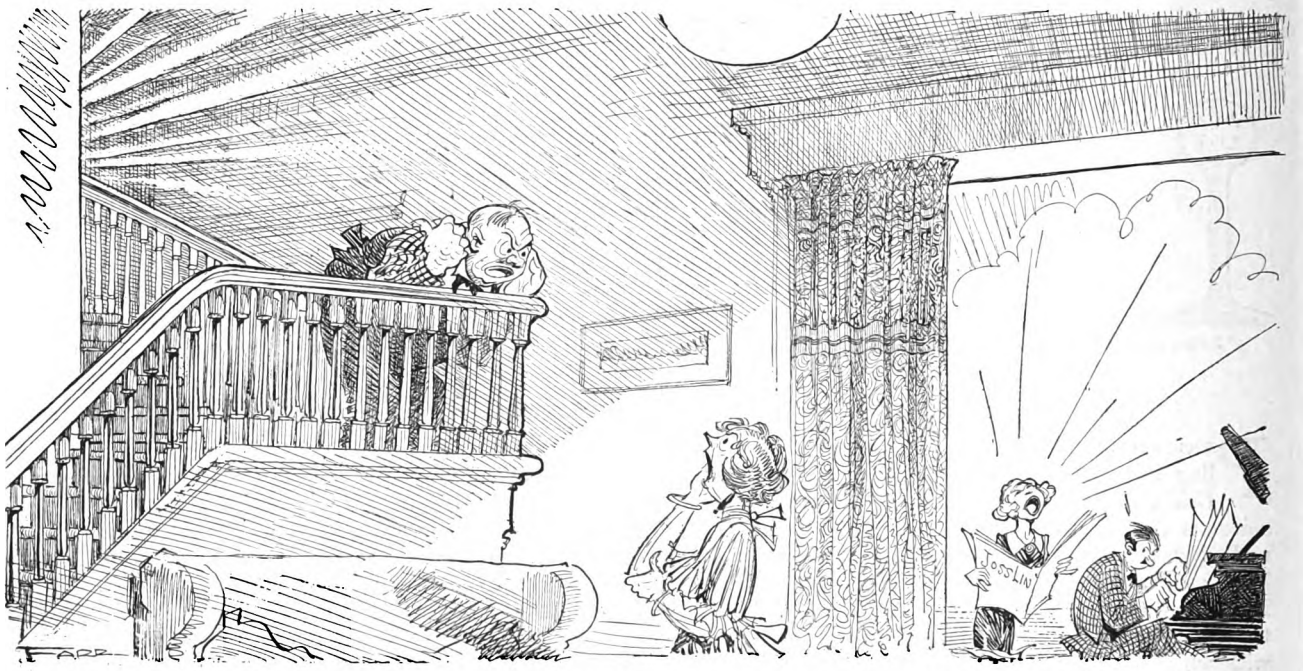

"Tell her to stop singing those lullaby songs—she's waking all the kids!"

A Matter of Business Harmony

WORD had gone forth that the Corrugated Cruller Company had an important opening for a high-class man. The newspaper advertisements were very ambiguous; the employment agencies knew little about the qualifications required. Yet the great army of job changers heard of it and now the outer office was crowded with hard-hitting, two-fisted, go-getting, square-jawed executives who had left their last position because they "craved an opportunity where there was a future."

One man sat alone, aloof from this battalion of data hounds, office memo cowboys, statistical wizards and sales managing marvels. He was a little old man with long black hair, a black flowing bow tie and classic features. He was an incongruous note in this lair of cold commercialism. His classic brow stood out in marked contrast to the utilitarian foreheads that knew how to press buzzers and dominate office boys.

The Scranton, Pa., types gazed at the forlorn æsthete and snickered. What chance would he stand of getting a job with the Corrugated Cruller Company, the most cold-blooded, highly organized and impersonal corporation in America? They glanced at their polished finger nails and grinned.

BURGLAR—*Goo' Lor', wot a relief! Nothin' but a cat.*

Two hours passed, during which each of the high-powered executives had visited the inner office and then dejectedly walked out of the door, still jobless. Now the pensive æsthete was inside. Fifteen minutes passed and he strolled triumphantly out. In the elevator the last of the go-getters, who had come in search of the position, saw him.

"No use going in," softly said the artistic one. "I, as they say in business, have landed the job."

"You landed it?" questioned the newcomer. "You who look like an artist, a musician, have landed a job with the Corrugated Cruller Company? I can't understand it. You ought to be playing a violin with a symphony orchestra."

"Which is exactly what I will do for the company," purred the little man, adjusting his flowing bow tie, "I have just been engaged as first violinist for the Corrugated Cruller Little Radio Symphony Orchestra. We broadcast every Tuesday night from Station POW. Do you understand?"

"Check!" whispered the general manager-in-search-of-a job, "father always told me not to stop my violin lessons." *Hugh Wood*

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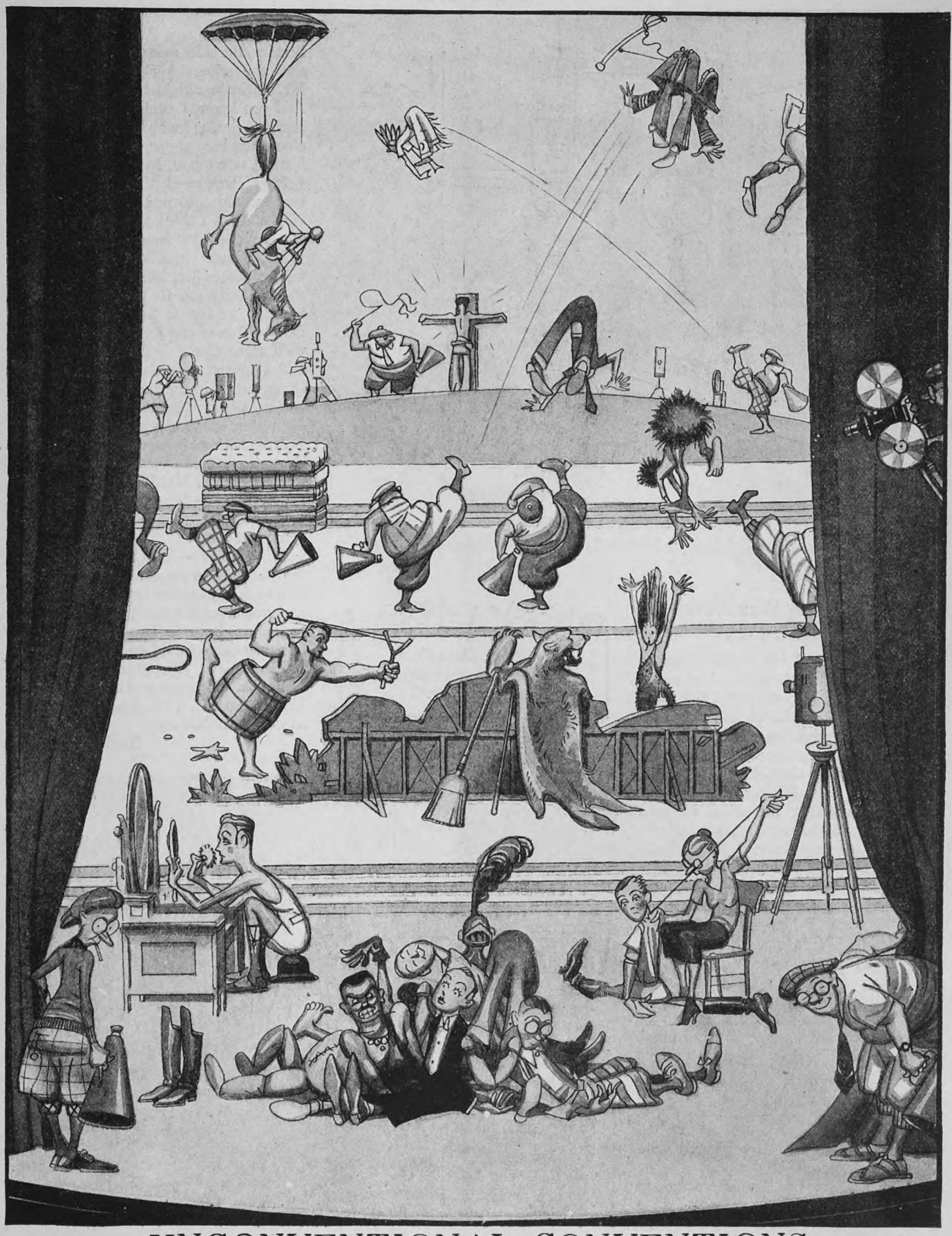

UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS

NO. 11—THE MOVIE HEROES

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NEEDED INVENTIONS

Why not a reversible head for hotel clerks to enable them to read signature when guest registers?

Business Was Never Like This

We've had our share of laughs at the thought of running home on a business basis, but have you ever thought of how it would be to run a business in the way that Mrs. Averagewoman runs her home? We'll assume that Mr. Blinks, president of The Blinks Biscuit Company, entering his office at nine o'clock in the morning, proceeds to start *his* day the way Mrs. Blinks is probably starting hers.

Mr. Blinks (addressing stenographer)—Good morning, Miss Parsons, how do you like my new Scotch tweed? That's fine. I'm so *glad* you like it, for some of the boys on the board of directors thought I looked better in blue. Well, now let's see. We'll have to get half a dozen nice sharp pencils to use to-day and a pint of fresh, blue ink. You also might stop in at the stationer's and get two or three ounces of crisp writing paper, but be sure it's fresh. The paper they sent us yesterday wasn't the best quality and I *do* like to have fresh paper on the desk. . . .

Then, maybe this afternoon we could give a nice conference. We haven't given a nice conference now in a week or so and I'm sure Mr. Perkins, the sales manager, Mr. Watson, the advertising manager and Mr. Hicks would just *love* to come. And you know I could slip into my cutaway during lunch hour. I think a cutaway is *so* appropriate at a conference, don't you, Miss Parsons?

Miss Parsons—I think a conference would be just dandy, Mr. Blinks. But I think you should ask Mr. Murgatroyd from the factory.

Mr. Blinks (petulantly)—No, I will *not* invite Mr. Murgatroyd. He didn't invite me to the conference he held in the factory last week. But we'll have one just the same and we'll serve nice Pall Mall cigarettes and I'll open a box of cigars. So, hurry out, Miss Parsons and get the papers, the pencils, the ink and the cigarettes, so we can get started.

Miss Parsons (mournfully)—But I don't think I can come to the conference to-day, Mr. Blinks.

Mr. Blinks—Why what would a conference be without you there? You *must* come!

Miss Parsons—Well, I'm wearing my pink georgette, and I had it on two weeks ago at the last conference, and you wouldn't want me to wear the same dress to two conferences in succession—would you?

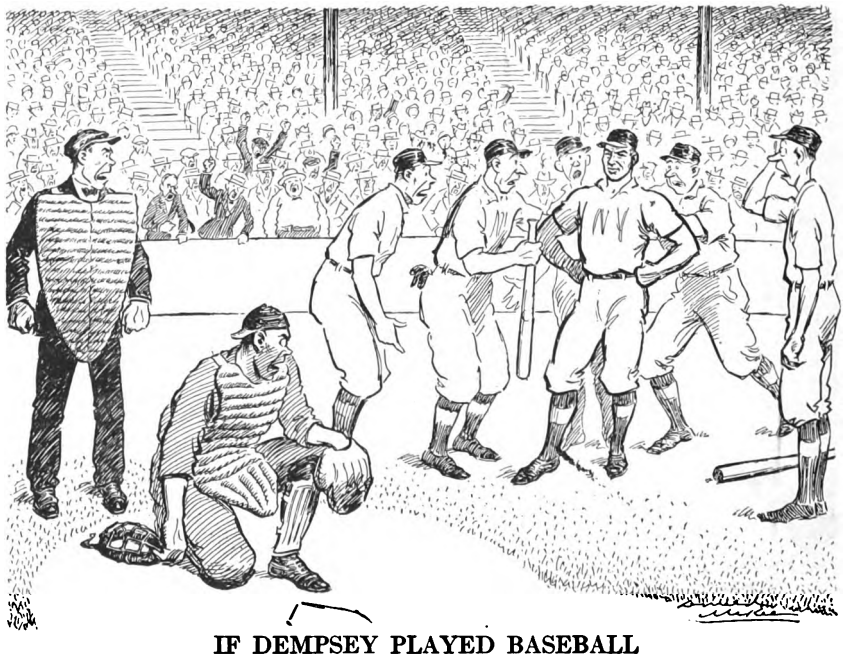
Mr. Blinks (thoughtfully)—Run home, Miss Parsons, and slip on your black taffeta . . . black taffeta looks *so* well at conferences.

Hugh Wood

DIZZY LABELS

"I call her Dora."
Because, "Somebody is always slamming her."

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.



IF DEMPSEY PLAYED BASEBALL

His turn at the bat.

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Facts and Fiction

". . . It is an interesting story, well written, and containing a wealth of color and human emotion. But it teaches nothing."—*From a book review in a New York newspaper.*

STANDING there, their faces turned toward the setting sun, they made a glorious picture.

She, with her Grecian profile, might well have been a statue carved by the master hand of Praxiteles, one of the greatest of the Greek sculptors, who lived in Athens in the Fourth Century B. C.

Her companion was a man of slender figure. His skull was Paleolithic, with an alveolocondylean plane verging toward the early Brobdingnagian and Brontosaurian.

"Darling," he breathed, "I have something to tell you—but first let me ask if you know the name of the capital of Esthonia?"

"Of course, silly," she answered softly. "It is Reval. I was musing over the beauties of the 'Elegy Written In a Country Churchyard,' which is the work of Thomas Gray, an English poet, born in Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716, and who died at Cambridge on the thirtieth day of July, 1771."

"Ah, you like 'The Elegy'?" he cried ecstatically. "I think that poetry, next to deep sea diving, is the breath of life itself. There is one gem of verse which sings in my brain throughout the day, and I would that I knew the name of the poem which gave it birth:

'In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!' "

"Oh, you dear old goose," laughed the girl. "That quotation is from Byron's 'Don Juan,' Canto 1, Stanza 17. Anyone knows that."

"You dearest," he exclaimed. "What better time than now to tell you that I lov—but no, I must first inform you of the population of Khelat, Baluchistan.

"Twelve thousand, 1912 census, which figure will, of course, be changed by the new census to be taken in 1938," she interposed with a roguish twinkle in her eye.

"But I had something to—"

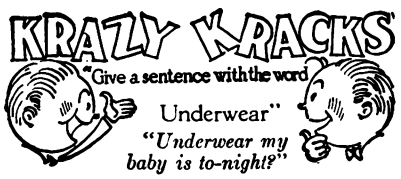
"Some other time," she said, urging gently away. "That is the whistle of your train! Go now! Adieu, as the French say in parting, the word being roughly pronounced 'ad-jer,' with the accent on the 'jer.' Adieu, Henry."

"Ad-jer, Clara."

E. B. Crosswhite

DONT SHOOT, CLARA, SAID DESMOND QUICKLY I SHALL TELL YOU ALL

PRETTY GIRL TO CHARLES—*Charley, how far is it around the world?*
CHARLES (who adores pretty girl, putting his arm around her waist)—*Only about twenty-four inches, my love! She was all the world to him, you see.*



"Underwear my baby is to-night?"

1—Some day we hope to see—

2—The strong-arm æsthetic man—

3—Who always pursues—

4—The light footed toe-dancer—

5—Forget his act—

6—And when she throws—

7—Herself so confidently

8—Into his arms—

9—Fail to catch her.

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

THE Actors' Theater has wound up its season in a grand blaze of lack of glory with a revival of Friend Oscar's "The Importance of Being Earnest." That the year has been a bad one, both artistically and financially, for the Actors' Theater, the Actors' Theater will doubtless be willing to grant without too much arguing back. And why has the year been a bad one? It has been a bad one because the Actors' Theater is apparently without a head who can bring order out of its internal chaos.

The Actors' Theater was originally founded by members of the Actors' Equity Association to prove that the Messrs. Shubert, Erlanger, Hopkins, Ames and Woods know nothing of the correct way to run a theater. The correct way to run a theater was ostensibly to get rid of an experienced manager, a director who had the confidence and respect of his players, and a producer who knew a practicable manuscript when he saw one. Unfortunately, however, something seemed to go wrong with this otherwise excellent and optimistic theory, and it wasn't long before the performances at the Actors' Theater were interrupted by a low and sardonic laughter issuing, unless the ear deceived one, from the commercial managers' sanctums in the West Forties. For a while, the Actors' Theater managed nevertheless to creep along, helped out by the sentimentality of a portion of the public; but presently it became evident that Denmark was not the only place where something was in the process of decay.

Actors may be able to run a theater on their own, but, if they are, the history books of recent times are curiously remiss in supplying the happy statistics. The Actors' Theater is doomed unless it promptly gets hold of an able manager, an able director, an able play-picker and a man able to make actors feel less autonomous than they have felt under the Actors' Theater's principles.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—The Pulitzer prize play, yet a meritorious one.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—The best American play of the season.

"The Sport of Kings" (Lyceum)—British racing comedy, and very tedious.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—To be reviewed anon.

"Beau-Strings" (Mansfield)—Dull comedy by C. K. Munro.

"At Mrs. Bean's" (Guild)—Diverting one by the same fellow.

"The Blackbirds of 1926" (Now in Paris)—The best of the darky shows.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Interesting study of adolescence in an English boys' school.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Beck)—Cheap Chink stuff.

"Kongo" (Biltmore)—Cheap South African ditto.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Fine Gilbert and Sullivan revival.

"The Jazz Singer" (Cort)—East Side hokum.

"Bad Habits of 1926" (Greenwich)—The second worst revue in town.

"The Bunk of 1926" (Broadhurst)—The worst.

"The Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—To be discussed next week.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—Tepid fantasy with one or two entertaining moments.

"Not Herbert" (49th St.)—Obvious crook play.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—Epigrammatic thievery.

"Juno and the Paycock" (Mayfair)—Amusing Irish comedy-drama.

"Pinafore" (Century)—Good revival handsomely mounted.

Raquel Meller (Empire)—The triumph of sex over art.

"Love in a Mist" (Gaiety)—Feeble comedy.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Trash.

"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—Drivel.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Piffle.

"The Half-Caste" (National)—Balderdash.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—A funny low comedy.

"The Great Gatsby" (Ambassador)—Good dramatization of Scott Fitzgerald's bootleg king.

"Pomeroy's Past" (Longacre)—Pleasant little comedy by Clare Kummer.

"Bride of the Lamb" (Miller)—Sex and religion.

"The Servant in the House" (Hampden's)—The Rev. Dr. Charles Rann Kennedy's mush.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Trivial comedy.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Harris)—Amusing moments in the vernacular.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—Marxes and comedy.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—La Miller and Terpsichore.

II

WALTER HAMPDEN, who is reputed to be an intelligent fellow and who, indeed, has periodically given some evidence of the fact, has lately worried his partisans as to his mental condition by reviving the Rev. Dr. Charles Rann Kennedy's abysmal hickpricker of eighteen years ago, "The Servant in the House." Why anyone, even Mr. Hampden, who appeared in the play when it was first produced and who accordingly ought to know better, should wish to dredge up so commonplace a dish of sanctimonious flapdoodle, is a puzzle not less disconcerting than why anyone should wish to get out a new de luxe edition of Captain Charles King. Surely our stage has outgrown such sermonizing as the Reverend Doctor Kennedy's; surely the school of critics who once saw virtue in mush of this kind has gone to join its disgusted fathers.

The Reverend Kennedy and his dramatic works belong to the day when critics were still wont occasionally to confuse the purpose of the stage with that of the pulpit, and when any play capable of spiritualizing a numskill and persuading him to lead a better and duller life was *ipso facto* regarded as admirable drama. To-day, such an exhibit as "The Servant in the House" makes an even moderately intelligent audience laugh.

(*Continued on page 28*)

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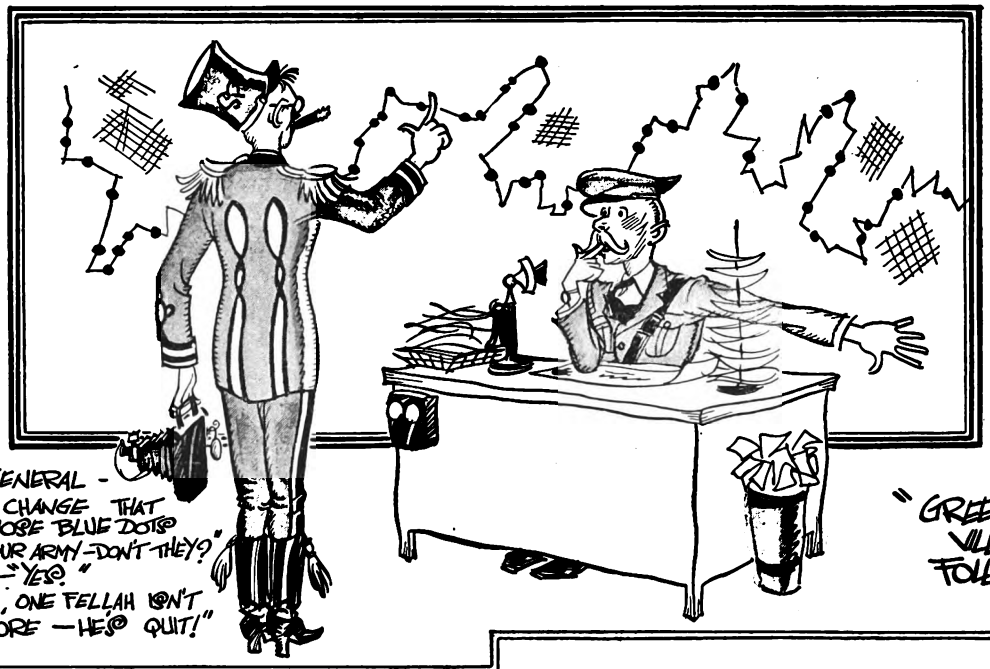
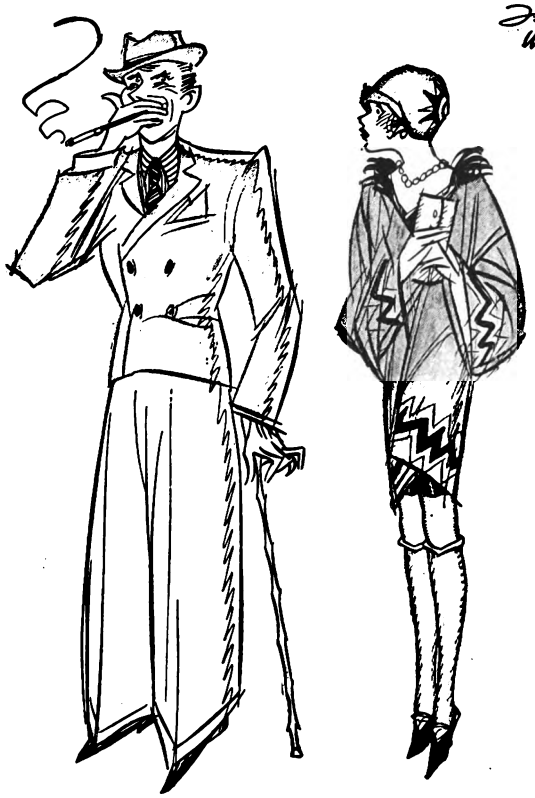
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS



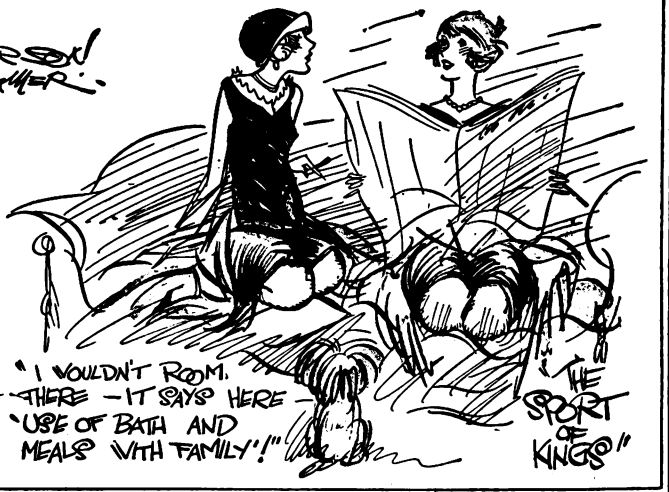
SPY—"SAY-GENERAL—YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THAT WAR MAP—THOSE BLUE DOTS REPRESENT OUR ARMY—DON'T THEY?"
GENERAL—"YES."
SPY—"WELL, ONE FELLAH ISN'T THERE ANYMORE—HE'S QUIT!"

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES"



MISS DUMBLEIGH—"MY BROTHER WON FIRST PRIZE IN A SAXAPHONE CONTEST—THEY GAVE HIM A TRIP TO CHINA!"

"CHERRY PIE"



"I WOULDN'T ROOM THERE—IT SAYS HERE—'USE OF BATH AND MEALS WITH FAMILY'!"

"THE SPORT OF KINGS"

"MY FRIEND'S IN TROUBLE!"
"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?"
"HE SMELLS BOOZE AND CAN'T LOCATE IT!"

"THE GIRL FRIEND"

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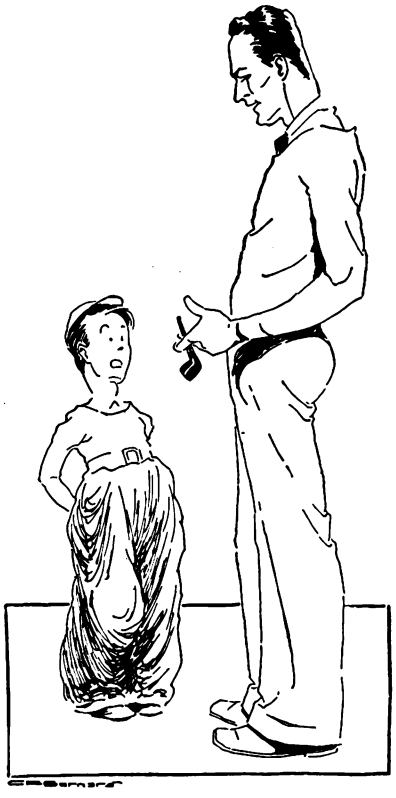


"Aren't you pretty young for a college man?"

"I ain't no college man. These are dad's pants." —COLORADO DODO

A New Tale

Betty—You embarrassed me at the Prom. Your handkerchief hung out under your Tux coat all evening.

Bill—That didn't need to embarrass you. It wasn't my handkerchief—it was my shirt.

—Ohio State Sun Dial

***

Male—What were you doing this afternoon when I called you?

Male (Fe)—Oh, I was helping mother around the house.

"What! Was she drunk again?"

—Iowa Green Gander

***

Her—Don't you love driving on a night like this?

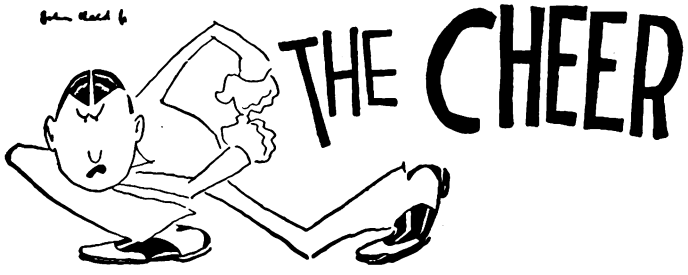
Him—Yeah, but I thought I'd wait until we got further out in the country. *—Cincinnati Cynic*

***

"Have you ever hunted bear?"

"No, I usually wear corduroys."

—Grinnell Malteaser



Not for the Gums

Four out of five have it—and the fifth one knows where to get it.

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

***

Their meeting, it was sudden;
Their meeting it was sad;
She gave her sweet young life,
Most gracious thing she had.

She sleeps beneath the willows,
In peace she's resting now;
There's always something doing,
When a freight train meets a cow.

—Lehigh Burr

BE NONCHALANT

But try to light a Deity!

—AMHERST LORD JEFF

SHE—*What gown are you going to wear to-night, Ruth?*

RUTH—*Don't be funny, Grace, I have it on now.*

—DARTMOUTH JACK O'LANTERN

Heard in the Pool Room

She—You're right good on the cushions.

He—Yes, I'm right good at this kissing game, too.

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

***

"Yes, my night dates are all taken."

"How about giving me an afternoon date?"

"Oh, I'm not popular in the day time." *—Oklahoma Whirlwind*

***

"Say, you haven't paid yet for the liquor you drank."

"No, but I probably will tomorrow?" *—Brown Jug*

***

"I hear your old man died of hard drink."

"Yes; a cake of ice fell on his head." *—Yale Record*

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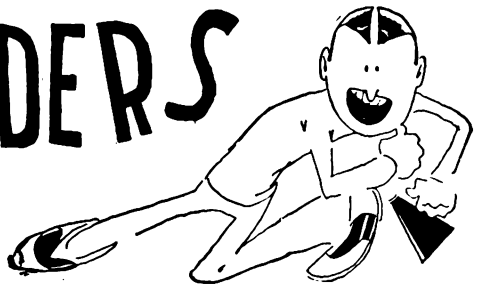
LEADERS



Half Price

"Lend you a dollar? Well, I should say not! You're half stewed now."

"Thatsh all right, then, len' me half dolla." —*Orange Owl*

"Doctor, what can you give me for the grippe?"

"Bring it in and I'll see what it's worth." —*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Frosh—My brother takes up Spanish, French, English, Italian, German and Scotch.

Soph—Goodness, when does he study?

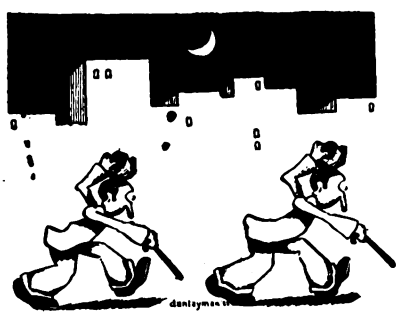
"Study? He doesn't study, he runs an elevator."

—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

"That's a beautiful black eye you're sporting."

"Uh, huh. And I'm lookin' for the man that started this silence gives consent stuff."

—*Gettysburg Cannon Bawl*



TIGHT—*Quit followin' me!*

TIGHTER—*I gotta. I'm goin' shame plashe you are.*

"Wherezat?"

"I dunno. Thash why I'm followin' you." —WILLIAMS PURPLE COW

"How did you like the show?"

"Great bill."

"But, dear, my name is Harry."

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

Daredevil

Beneath is all that's mortal
Of handsome Harry Vance,
Who always quoted Brodie
Before he took a chance.

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

One—Where you from?

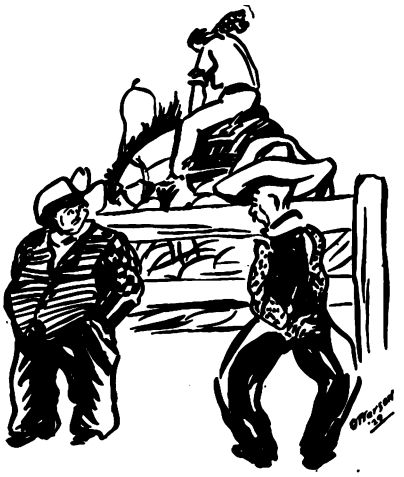
Two—Saskatchewan.

"Bad cold you got there, boy."

—*Stanford Chaparral*

Mr. Nelson—Miss White, meet my sister, Dora.

M. W.—Oh, is your name Dora? Please say something dumb, Miss Nelson. —*Pitt Panther*



"Say, pard, the sherriff wants yu for thet murder at Tonapah. Hev yu an alibi?"

"Shore—thet wuz the day I bumped off 'Spud' Jackson, over Carson City way." —YALE RECORD

Not So Dumb

"My girl believes everything she hears and means everything she says."

"'Thell is she, a deaf mute?"

"Yes." —*Cornell Widow*

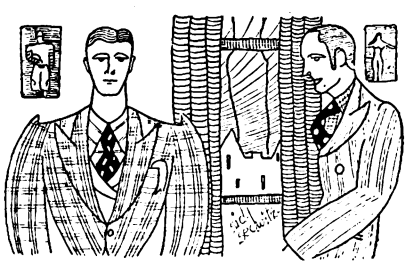
The following sign appeared recently on a Scottish golf course: "Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*

She—The Lord made us beautiful and dumb.

It—How's that?

"Beautiful so the men would love us—and dumb so that we could love them." —*Navy Log*



OLD STUDE—*You want to keep your eyes open around here.*

NEW STUDE—*What for?*

"Because people would think you were crazy if you went around with them shut."—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

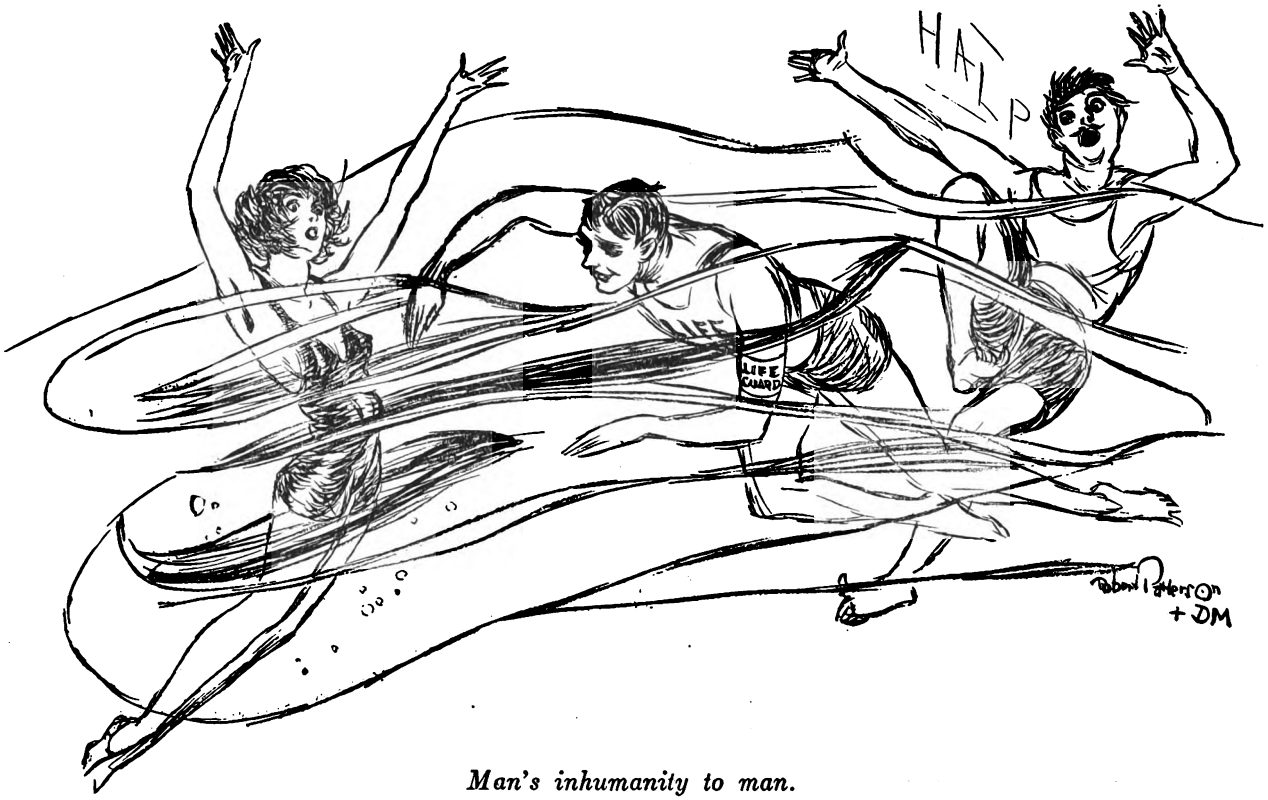
THERE must be a good many people, taking the country as a whole, who never went to Harvard and can't be expected to know, therefore, that "Brown of Harvard" never went there either. Not by several thousand miles; not in spirit or by proxy or by a damsite, or in any other way. Brown belongs not to Old Harvard but, remotely, to Old Siwash, which never existed. And much the same is true of all his playmates in the picture. As to the action:

When Brown first arrives in Cambridge he mistakes the Dickey clubhouse for his dormitory and is thrown out on his ear. Nothing daunted, he proceeds to "pick up" the pretty daughter of a professor. The following spring, the night before the boat races at New London, he gets stewed, although he is substitute stroke on the freshman crew and is called upon to row the race, which he loses. Finally, with his help, Harvard licks Yale at football ten to three. Is it necessary to go on? You may not know much about Harvard, but, believe me, such things just don't happen there.

William Haines, who plays the title rôle, carries out Main street's idea of a wise-cracking rah, rah with a good deal of spirit and charm. If only such beings as the stage collegian existed, I could applaud his interpretation.

WHEN Hatcher Hughes wrote his play, "Hell Bent fer Heaven" he centered it about the study of a young fanatic who found religious justification for all his criminal acts and intrigues. But the movie version makes of him a commonplace hypocrite and skunk, and of the play itself a typical melodrama of the hillbilly school. You will recognize the setting—mountaineer's cabin, background of an ancient feud, rough, honest hearts with hair-trigger susceptibilities, and the rustic version of the Southern drawl. The climax of the action you will also recognize—a terrifying flood let loose upon the

"*The Big Parade*"—The war itself.
"*A Woman of the World*"—Pola Negri startles the hicks.
"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart comes back.
"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Not smart enough.
"*Mannequin*"—Fanny Hurst's prize story.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Jack Barrymore, love and blubber.
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney in rare form.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Paradise filmed on the spot.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Smooth comedy with Adolphe Menjou.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo and sophistication.
"*La Bohème*"—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert enact the old story.
"*Let's Get Married*"—Richard Dix makes it amusing.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore and a wardrobe.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks.
"*First Year*"—Slapstick version of Frank Craven's comedy.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be.
"*The Barrier*"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
"*The New Klondike*"—Florida boom farce.
"*The Devil's Circus*"—Wartime melodrama.
"*The Crown of Lies*"—Balkan romance with Poli Negri.
"*Bride of the Storm*"—Dolores Costello is rescued from a lighthouse.
"*The Flaming Frontier*"—Custer's Last Stand melodramatized to a fareyouwell.
"*The Blind Goddess*"—Arthur Train's story with Esther Ralston.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Good Harold Lloyd farce.
"*A Social Celebrity*"—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
"*Kiki*"—Norma Talmadge in a bowdlerized version.
"*That's My Baby*"—Farce potpourri.
"*The Runaway*"—Hill-billy romance.
"*Skinner's Dress Suit*"—Tame comedy.



Man's inhumanity to man.

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innocent countryside when Rufe, the villain, dynamites the dam. This flood is symbolic of the flow of hokum that in the picture engulfs the play.

Nevertheless, the picture is well cast, and again I must hand the palm to the pioneer mother, in this case played by Evelyn Selbie. Meg Hunt affects neither pipe nor shotgun—like the mother in "The Runaway"—but she makes herself entirely convincing. And so to a slightly less degree does her son, Sid, played by John Harron. Even Gardner James, as Rufe, might have made a real fanatic if permitted to do so.

But neither of the foregoing flivvers is a circumstance to "The Greater Glory." This is a war drama taken from Edith O'Shaughnessy's novel, "Viennese Medley," depicting conditions in pre and post-war Vienna. The action centers about the fortunes of a large Austrian family of wealth whose brothers and sisters and wives and husbands and uncles and aunts and fiancés and children must all be introduced to you and individually followed. There are twenty-two characters separately listed in the cast, to say nothing of the crowds of supers required for the more elaborate scenes, and 90 per cent. of them unnecessary to the story. Finally, to add to the confusion, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are required to ride their shadowy Percherons across the heavens in advance of every tragedy with which the picture is polka-dotted. Your heart bleeds for the time, effort and money spent on so much dullness.

"Are you sure there is no horse-meat in the sausages?"

"I can assure you that there is no meat at all there!"

—*Nagel Lustige Welt* (Berlin)

"A man's an idiot to be absolutely certain of anything."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positively!"

—*Le Pêlê-Mêle* (Paris)

EPILAUGHS

Abe Jones, a vet of many battles,
Succumbed in his last strife;
He left behind all goods and chattels
And one unbeaten wife.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Down the Dumbwaiter they're shouting—

"Is diss a peecture!"

"YOU should see it by de teeayter diss wik a peecture, Meesus Feitlebaum, wot it's culled Harry Lengdon in 'Tremp, Tremp, Tremp.'

"Yi-yi-yi-yi! Is diss fellah comickall! Witt gesping, witt chockling, witt rurring, I tut wot I'll gonna get it a fraction from de reebs!"

"So wot wuz de sin from de peecture?"

"Hm-m-m-m! Dun't esk! Wuz dere tsyclons, witt lendslips, witt merrehtons, witt oll kinds stonts! Is a werry rimmockable ecktor, dot Lengdon!"

Produced by Harry Langdon Corp.

HARRY LANGDON in "Tramp Tramp Tramp"

7 REELS! A First National Picture

First National Pictures

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A Static Condition

by Theodore Williams

APPARENTLY the dynamic force of the bull market has abated, not to be renewed in the degree which preceded the late crash in prices. From now on, for perhaps a long period, the best that conservative observers can foresee is a static condition, no tobogganing or airplaning of a decided character. Business reports continue favorable, so that securities have a firm basis for keeping up. But business is not racing at top speed. On the whole, it is making steady progress, and were nothing to occur to interrupt this, quotations on the exchanges should show resistance to bearish efforts.

But things sometimes happen suddenly and unexpectedly. The general strike in Great Britian, though a long way off, had a material effect on our securities market. It contained potential danger to the peace and trade of the world. It was realized that if the conflict should be prolonged it would have far-reaching consequences. The first reaction on American exchanges was a sharp drop in prices, then a moderate rally, followed by extraordinary dullness in the dealings. The general hope was that the trouble would soon end, but traders feared to take chances. Other events abroad somewhat lessened the sense of relief caused by calling off the strike.

It would be better for the country if both big booms and big depressions could be prevented in business and securities. A sober, stable, uneventful but gradually advancing industrial, commercial and financial development, extending over a few years, would do more to build up the country, and to put worth into securities, than all the sensational movements, up and down, of the past quarter century. If the securities market should pursue an even course for a time, confidence would so increase that higher levels would be reached and maintained by the sterling issues. Investment in these at about current figures would be attractive. The speculators' occupation seems largely to have gone for the time being. The investor still has inviting chances. Although the flood of new issues is very large, the time tried dividend payers have not been displaced. It is noticeable that many investors, wearied of their losses in unstable securities, are turning to the stable and remunerative first mortgage real estate bonds.

Answers to Inquiries

J., TICONDEROGA, N. Y.: Had you left the $1,000 which you wasted on worthless cheap oil and mining stocks untouched in the savings bank, your money by this time would have doubled. Even at the bank's low interest rate the return on $2,000 is worth while to one of your limited means. Better still you could invest such a sum in first mortgage real estate bonds paying 6, 6½, 7 or 8 per cent. and get a larger income. Speculative purchases are always unsafe. The path of safety is the only sure one to financial success. It is not too late to pursue with your future savings the policy here hinted at.

K., RUTLAND, VT.: In spite of depressed conditions in the early part of 1925, the Union Pacific Railroad's earnings for last year reached $15.41 a share on the common stock compared with $14.29 in 1924. There can hardly be any doubt that the $10 dividend will be maintained, for the future of the road grows more promising as the industries and population along its lines increase. You can prudently invest $1,500 in its stock.

T., BUFFALO, N. Y.: The Remington Typewriter Company had a prosperous year in 1925, having earned after charges and preferred dividends $16.19 on common, as against $9.45 in 1924. The company cleared up the dividend arrears on the second preferred. The business so far this year has shown a marked advance over the same period in 1925. Resumption of dividends on the common shares would seem to depend on the amount plowed into the Remington Noiseless Typewriter Company. The value of your holdings of common is not likely to grow less.

G., ATLANTA, GA.: Mack Trucks business is rapidly expanding. The earnings this year bid fair to largely exceed those of last year. There is a possibility therefore that the present dividend of $6 will some day be increased. You could, of course, sell at the present market price and switch with advantage to a stock making a higher yield.

W., KANSAS CITY, MO.: The Air Reduction Company is in sound financial condition. Its earnings last year equaled $10.05 per share of common stock. In the first quarter of this year the profits were at the rate of $12.50 on common. The company last year paid $5 on common but is expected to make a larger return before long. The stock is good to hold.

V., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: You had better hold your Anaconda stock than to sell at a sacrifice. The company last year made its best showing in nine years, earning $5.84 per share, a good margin over its dividend of $3. Should the price of copper improve the company's revenue would be even larger.

O., AKRON, O.: Sinclair Consolidated Oil 8 per

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cent. pfd. and Dodge Brothers 7 per cent. pfd. are reasonably safe, and meet your requirement of stock yielding 8 per cent. on the market price. Chandler Cleveland pfd., paying $4, and selling in the low 30's, is more speculative than the two above mentioned issues, but is less so than Moon Motors or Paige Detroit common. The 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds advertised in JUDGE are a safer investment for your $2,500.

H., LINCOLN, NEB.: The International Harvester Company earned in 1925 $14.82 per share on common stock, compared with $8.81 in 1924. It is paying 7 per cent. on preferred and 6 per cent. on common, which is selling too high for the present return, in expectation that a larger disbursement is coming. This is a company which should give a good account of itself in future years. You might add some of its shares to your investment list.

R., SPARTANBURG, S. C.: If American Ice common had a greater asset value than the present estimated one of $37 per share, more confidence would be felt in the stock. It is paying at the rate of $10 per share with an increase from this possible, as the earnings were $21.97 per share of common in 1925. The earning power of the stock is one of the best, and as the company's prosperity proceeds the asset value of common is expected to rise steadily. Purchase of the few shares you specify would be a fair business man's investment.

P., ASHTON, IDA.: I have no information concerning the Keystone Pecan Co., but it is a plantation scheme, and for one reason or another few, if any, of such projects have been successful. I strongly advise you to put your money into first-class dividend paying preferred stocks, or first mortgage real estate bonds, instead of risking it on the uncertainties of Pecan growing.

D., MAYSVILLE, KY.: Miami Copper and Chrysler common stocks, being dividend payers, might better be held for a time than sold at a loss. Sinclair Consolidated Oil, common, New Haven R. R. and Middle States Oil, making no returns, are unattractive and it would be well to switch from them to dividend payers. Studebaker common is one of the best class motor issues and a good business man's purchase. Future developments in Rock Island may serve to reduce your loss on the stock, but it would be safer for you to dispose of it and buy a dividend payer.

H., ST. LOUIS, MO.: The Ajax Rubber Company reports a considerably improved condition and greater earnings in 1925 than in 1924. Increased prosperity is expected in 1926 but dividends are not yet looming up. With very little financial adjustment you could exchange your shares for Norwalk Tire and Rubber common or Continental Motors, both of which are giving something to stockholders.

P., LONSDALE, R. I.: The Etna Life Insurance Company proposes to increase its capital stock by $5,000,000 in order to provide capital for its automobile insurance subsidiary which has not been very much of a success. The new stock (par $100) is to be offered at $200 to stockholders of record, May 20, 1926, in proportion to their present holdings. Payment may be made in four quarterly installments, the first to be on or before June 1. The new stock may be purchased of the United States Security Trust Company of Hartford to which I refer you for further particulars.

G., MIFFLIN, PA.: Durant Motor Stock is so uncertain a speculation that it is safer to get rid of it than to hold it. It has been selling at only $6.50 a share and has never paid any dividends and the prospects of its doing so have not been bettered by the recent retirement of Mr. Durant from active direction of the business.

M., NEW YORK CITY: The American States Securities Corp., a new organization, issued warrants to stockholders of certain companies which it sought to control, entitling them to a privilege in the matter of buying American States Securities shares. The warrants are simply rights to purchase and are of no value to anyone who does not use them to secure American States Securities stock. The American States Securities Corp. started with good prospects but is not yet an entirely sure thing. The Yellow Truck & Coach Company pays the very moderate dividend of 75 cents, and the shares are quoted around $26. The yield is less than 3 per cent. on market price. You can get better bargains in Paige Detroit Motor common, Moon Motor, Continental Motor and Chandler Cleveland Mortor pfd.

K., CINCINNATI, O.: As the National Cash Register Company seems likely to maintain its high state of prosperity, it is reasonably certain that the stock will recover a portion if not all of its $10 drop from your purchase price. You are getting a fair yield on your money and it would be better to hold your shares for a time than to sell at a material loss.

C., GIRARD, KAN.: The American Beet Sugar Company's net earnings for its fiscal year ending March 31 have not as yet been reported, but it is intimated that they were so poor that the company did not earn the dividend on the preferred stock. The sugar industry is not in a condition to give the stockholders in this company any encouragement. It does not seem advisable for you to buy any more of its shares, and it would seem good policy to switch to some dividend payer selling in the neighborhood of Beet Sugar common stock's price.

O., EAST CHICAGO, IND.: Leased land in the oil regions cannot have much value unless oil is found on it or near by. No data are at hand regarding oil discoveries in that part of Terrebonne Parish, La., where your purchase is located. There has been an immense amount of fraud in past years in connection with the sale of plots alleged to contain oil. Have you written to the oil brokers who "sold you the chance to make a fortune"? I know of no way to sell the land unless those brokers can do so.

W., MT. OLIVE, ILL.: The American Radiator Company reports substantial progress during the past year, and a promising outlook for 1926. The stock has merit but is selling much too high for its present dividend, which yields less than 4 per cent. on market price.

R., TORONTO, CAN.: A better moderate priced investment for your $1,500 than Yellow Cab and Mfg. Class B stock (which is only a common issue) would be Chandler Cleveland pfd. paying $4 yearly, selling at about 31 and having possibilities greater than those of Yellow Cab B.

K., TULSA, OKLA.: The United States Gypsum Company common is a better purchase at its current price at $135 than at $150. The company had a very prosperous year in 1925, paid liberal cash dividends, paid a 15 per cent. stock dividend and added considerable to its surplus. What level the stock will attain to the coming twelve months nobody can foresee. Your purchase at $122 seems to have been a good move.

R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.: Were General Baking Corporation B stock paying a dividend, with good possibilities of maintaining it, the "squabble" over the Ward combination scheme would not have seriously affected it. Whether the shares will again reach your purchase price must be determined by the corporation's earning power and the chances for a dividend. A spurt in the market might enable you and your friend to come out even and it may be well to wait a while rather than to sell now at a material loss. But a switch from this stock as soon as feasible to a sound dividend payer is certainly advisable.

S., TRUMANSBURG, N. Y.: First class first mortgage real estate bonds offer the best investment chances for both women and men. They are well secured, their yield is high and they are not affected by stock market changes. I would not advise a woman to buy foreign government bonds because conditions in Europe are greatly unsettled and in most other countries fiscal administration is not all it should be.

B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: American and Foreign Power Corporation did a larger business in 1925 than in 1924 and it seems probable that the 7 per cent. dividend on the preferred stock can be continued. Both stocks are selling lower than the figures you mention. The preferred stock seems like a reasonably good business man's investment. The common is still very speculative with no promise of near dividends. Kresge Department Stores is not a particularly good buy at 17, for there is no prospect that it will become a dividend payer soon. Universal Pipe and Radiator Company reports a very good year in 1925 and a profitable start in 1926. The preferred stock has gained several points over the price you specify and it looks like a meritorious business man's purchase.

D., WINTER PARK, FLA.: The heavy decline in Jordan Motor stock has been due to uncertainty as to the company's profits. In 1925 the net earnings were much lower than in 1924. In fact they did not cover the dividend. The first quarter of this year showed an improvement which if maintained would produce a surplus over the dividend. But there is widespread doubt as to the ability of the motor companies to beat last year's record. Jordan stock, therefore, at this time is largely a speculation.

E., ERIE, PA.: Paige Detroit Motor car common stock has suffered in value from the general slump, and also from doubts as to whether the dividend was being earned. Net earnings for the first quarter of this year were 70 cents a share, or at the rate of $2.80 a year, while the dividend is $1.80. Should the income hold its own there would be no reason to pass or lower the dividend. The company is said to be in good financial condition with a working capital of $5,000,000 and no bank loans. The book value of the common is put at $13.31 a share. The company has retired most of its debentures and a large block of its preferred stock. You are getting a good return on the price you paid for the common stock, and evening up, as you suggest, might be a fair venture.

L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.: The Gould Coupler Co. felt the depression which fell on all the equipment companies in 1925. The Class A stock dividend of $2 was, however, earned and the company is reported to have done better so far this year. If the improvement is kept up, the dividend will be safe. The company's financial condition is declared to be satisfactory.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1926.

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How an investor with $25,000 increased his capital by $7,200 and his income of $1,500 to more than $2,500 in ten years, is told in a booklet issued by the Trust Co. of Florida, Miami, Fla., entitled "2% to 4% Extra." Examples are also given of what investors with smaller means (including those paying only $10 a month) can do in the way of building up their fortunes if they invest in the 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds which this company distributes. These bonds may be bought on partial payments. The company will send its booklet (209) to any applicant.

An important fact in connection with the 6½ per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds offered by The Milton Strauss Corp., Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., is that they are independently trusteed by some well-known bank or trust company. This is in addition to the usual safeguards which responsible bond houses have established to satisfy conservative investors. Descriptive circular No. J-515, presenting full details, will be mailed by the corporation to any address.

As one example of the kind of property securing the bonds which it underwrites and sells, G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East Forty-second street, New York City, calls attention to the San Jacinto Hotel at Houston, Tex. This hotel is needed and its site is near the heart of the business section. To construct it 7 per cent. bonds to the amount of $1,250,000 are to be issued and are secured by a first mortgage on a ninety-nine year leasehold, building and equipment valued at $1,964,900, and a first claim in effect on net annual earnings estimated at $283,004. Thus the bond issue is only 63.6 per cent. of the value of the property, while the income will be 3¼ times the largest annual interest charges, leaving a wide margin of safety. The Miller "selective process" assuring safety and yields up to 7 per cent., also operates in all the company's underwritings. To obtain descriptions of current bond issues ask the company to send you booklet 217-ML.

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Plan 1B	100	120	37,727	3,018
Plan 2	50	180	16,669	1,334
Plan 2A	50	120	28,851	2,308
Plan 2B	50	180	53,343	4,267
Plan 3	25	180	8,322	666
Plan 3A	25	120	14,372	1,150
Plan 3B	25	180	24,990	1,999
Plan 4	10	180	3,315	265

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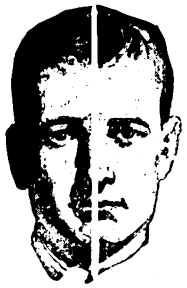
Divide your face in half



Let your own face decide this test

{ Money back if not satisfied with Mennen Shaving Cream }

Millions of men know that Mennen's takes the fight out of the wiriest set of whiskers. The razor swishes through in record time. No pull or scrape. It's a quick, clean shave that *stays shaved* all day long. And I don't mean *maybe*.

But I want *you* to let your *own* face decide. So here is the proposition:

Tomorrow morning, lather one side of your face with the cream, stick or soap you're using now. Rinse off the brush. Lather up on the other side with Mennen Shaving Cream. Then *shave*.

If you can't feel the difference instantly—if you don't find that on the Mennen side you've got the cleanest, quickest, most comfortable shave you've ever had in your life—why send back the used Mennen tube and I'll refund your money, with postage.

By the way, Mennen Skin Balm is the finest after-shaving treat ever invented. You ought to give it a try. A little squeeze gives you a wonderful, tingly, cool freshness. Tones up skin—removes face shine. Astringent—reduces pores. Greaseless, absorbed in half a minute. Comes in big *tubes*. Nothing to break or spill. 50c. And, of course, don't forget that we make Mennen Talcum for Men.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

*Here's another chance to win a magnificent $50 traveling bag**

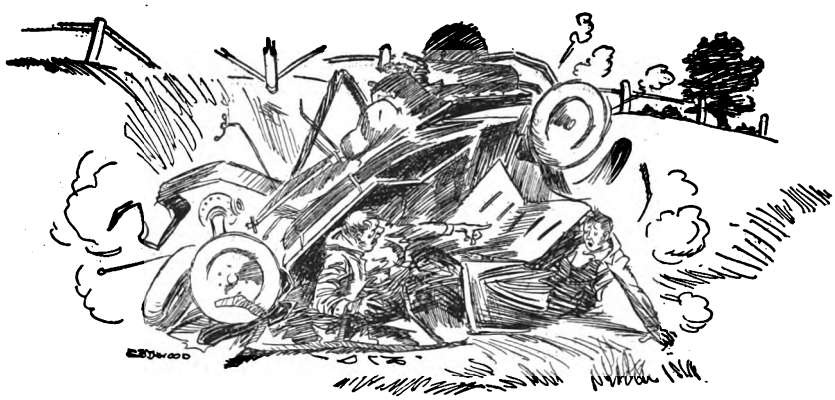
Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. The most interesting answer wins the bag. Contest closes July 17. I am the judge. Watch for next contest in an early issue. *You don't have to go out and buy any Mennen product in order to enter contest.

HERE'S THE BAG

THE QUESTION:

***What do you find the best* after-shaving *preparation and* why?**

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, Jim Henry Contest, 383 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.



"Chauffeur, you're fired!"
"Whuffor? I got a right to know whuffor!"

Portable wardrobe rack to take with you on changeable days.

"What's that leaflet, boy?"
"It's a special advertisement—free edition of the Saturday Evening Post *for them as likes their reading straight."*

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KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Verified"

"I paid twenty dollars for it verified waited I could have got it for ten."

Double-crossed

THE diamonds, which the woman had sought so desperately to gain, lay in a little heap on the table. She gazed at them, covetously, as if hypnotized, then turned toward the man who had outwitted her. He laughed triumphantly.

"My lady must acknowledge defeat," he said. "A bitter pill, indeed, for one so seldom beaten."

A sigh of disappointment escaped her.

"They would have meant so much to me," she murmured, "and I made my plans so carefully that failure seemed out of the question. I never thought—never dreamed—that you would take them from me."

"You're too trustful, my dear Lila," he answered. "I liked the look of those diamonds from the very beginning, and I soon discovered that you were after them, too. So I double-crossed you, that's all."

"You beast!" she put in.

"Your scheming rather amused me," he went on, heedless of the interruption, "especially as I knew that you were bound to fail."

"And so," she cried hotly, "you watched and waited, and as soon as I touched the diamonds . . ."

"As soon as you touched the diamonds, my dear, I put the ace on your King, which made my Queen good, and put you one down, doubled." —*Passing Show*

"Have you read your novel to any one?"

"No!"

"Then how did you get that black eye?" —*Pêle Mêle* (Paris)

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

Now is the time to plan that Tour!

And here is the way to insure your comfort and enjoyment

UNITED HOTELS OF AMERICA

THE joys of touring are richly enhanced when you are sure of solid comfort at the end of the day's journey. A tiled bathroom; choice food well cooked, well served; and best of all, a luxurious box spring mattress—what a difference these make in one's scheme of things!

There is a simple way to insure these prime conveniences this summer. Plan your itinerary so that you will reach one of the cities listed here at rest points on your trip. Make the United Hotels Your Home on the Broad Highway.

The United Hotels are famous for their warmth of hospitality. You will find the same friendliness, the same solicitude for the guest's comfort, which you observe — and require—in your own home.

All the things that go with a fine standard of living await you at United Hotels. Let them play a part in your vacation plans.

The United System

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

*Your headquarters during the Sesqui-Centennial.

UNITED HOTELS
COMPANY OF AMERICA

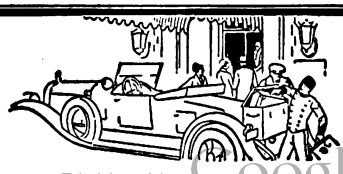
Executive Offices: 25 West 45th St., New York

Affiliated AMERICAN HOTELS CORPORATION, Operating Modern Hotels in Intermediate Cities

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

Reservations may be made at any United or American hotel for any other hotel in this System.

European headquarters, United Hotels Travel Bureau, 7 St. James's Street, S. W. 1, London, England; 6 Rue Caumartin, Paris, France.



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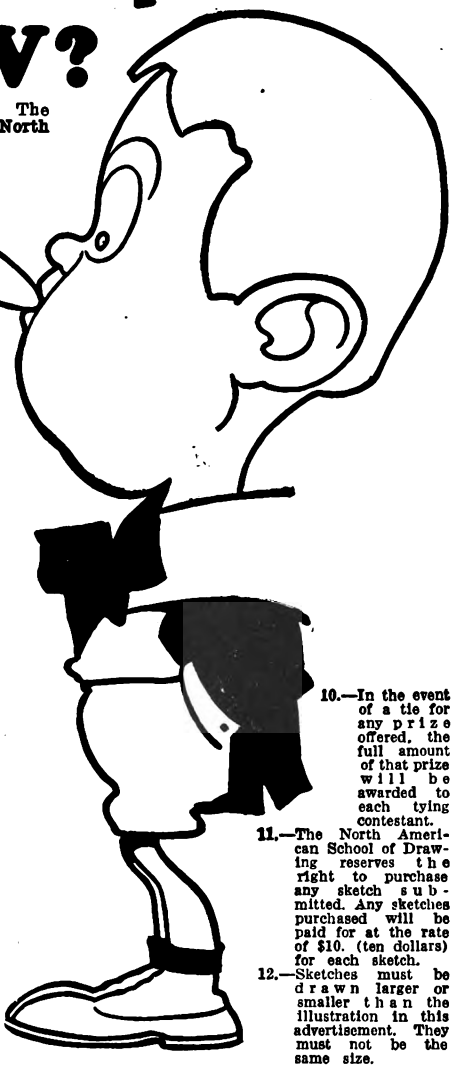
Win $50

Do You Like to DRAW?

Copy this sketch and send us your Drawing. The Competition is being held to advertise **The North American School of Drawing and is Open to Everybody who likes to Try.**

The only persons not allowed to compete are those who have had Drawings purchased by a newspaper or advertiser.

This competition is confined strictly to Amateurs fourteen years of age or over.



CASH PRIZES

1st Prize	$50	4th Prize	$10
2nd Prize	$25	5th Prize	$ 5
3rd Prize	$15	6th Prize	$ 3

7th to 20th Prizes $2.00 each

Costs Nothing to Try. Begin NOW!

Copy this Drawing in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down and try. First of all read the Rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded for the drawings showing the greatest accuracy and the best pen and ink or pencil treatment.

DON'T MISS THIS! SOMEONE WILL WIN THE $50. WHY NOT YOU? Send in your sketch today.

Rules of the Competition

1.—Anyone who is fourteen years of age or over is eligible to compete except employees of The North American School of Drawing and Professional Artists.

2.—All sketches must be received before June 22nd, 1926.

3.—Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.

4.—The bottom left-hand corner of the envelope should be marked plainly—"Competition."

5.—Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with State. Age must also be stated.

6.—Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8 in. high by 6 in. wide.

7.—All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prize-winners. The North American School of Drawing cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.

8.—Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (2 cents for one ounce).

9.—Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of The North American School of Drawing as final and conclusive.

10.—In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of that prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.

11.—The North American School of Drawing reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of $10. (ten dollars) for each sketch.

12.—Sketches must be drawn larger or smaller than the illustration in this advertisement. They must not be the same size.

The North American School of Drawing
501 Curtiss Building **Buffalo, N. Y.**

$500 for SLOGANS!

A brand new Advertising Contest starts in

JUDGE'S ADVERTISING NUMBER

OUT JUNE 19

BETTER THAN THE "SATURDAY EVENING POST NUMBER!"

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 18*)

If the audiences at Mr. Hampden's theater do not laugh, the inference is plain.

III

ANOTHER troupe of self-confident amateurs is currently occupying the platform at the Greenwich Village Theater and proving to its audiences that Ziegfeld, White, Carroll and the other revue producers have all the merits that those audiences knew they had. The show that these amateurs have put on is called "The Bad Habits of 1926." Like most such aspiring exhibits, it is pretty deadly stuff. The strain to be original has been so great that what profits the boys and girls make will have to be spent on Omega Oil, and yet the originality that they have achieved is on a par with that of the two other Buffalo gentlemen, the Philadelphia letter-carrier, and the chicken that crossed the road.

Once in a great while, an organization like the Neighborhood Playhouse or the Garrick sub-Guild contrives to produce a revue that has points to recommend it, but generally all that amateurs succeed in doing when they put on a song and dance show is to imitate very cheaply and ineffectively the efforts of the Broadway impresarios. "The Bad Habits of 1926" is such an imitation. Not only is it without humor; it is utterly devoid of even the remotest sense of beauty of scene or charm of femininity. I don't wish to hurt any of the sweet ones' feeling, but their bare legs would look considerably less ugly if they applied considerable powder to them. It isn't easy to get a dash of glamour into such a production when the eye is constantly assailed by yellowish limbs and red elbow joints.

The nature of the revue I may best suggest by chronicling some of the program bits. These are: 1. An opening chorus entitled "Are We Downhearted?"; 2. A radio song called "Station L. O. V. E.;" 3. A number called "Geisha Girl;" 4. One called "The Chorus Girl Blues;" 5. Another called "Gone Away Blues;" and 6. Still another entitled "Cinderella of Our Block." And then certain cynics wonder why Ziegfeld charges so much for a ticket.

An asylum inmate, who was recently declared sane and was released, took the next boat to America. The authorities have now realized their mistake. —*Humorist*

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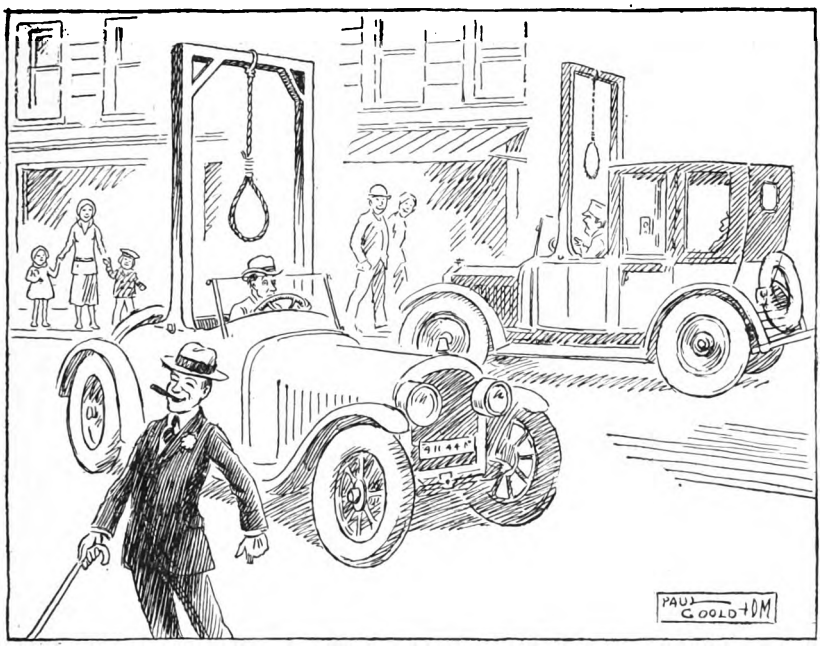
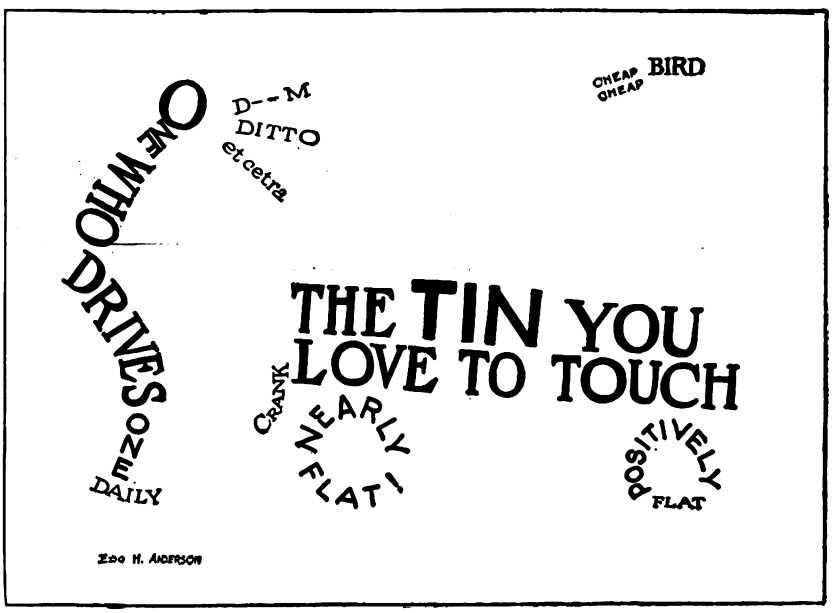


A compulsory motor accessory that would cause a big reduction in the death rate.

LETTER-LAUGHS!



Submitted by E. H. Anderson, 149 North Ninth street, Lincoln, Neb.

Ye Rusty Steed

THREE PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

Owing to the hundreds of Letter-Laughs pouring into this office, JUDGE will start next week by giving three prizes each week for the best Letter-Laughs.

FIRST PRIZE $15 SECOND PRIZE $10 THIRD PRIZE $5

How to make Letter-Laughs

Cut out letters, or words, from any printed text matter, and paste them on a sheet of stiff white paper so that they will make a picture.

Each LETTER-LAUGH Picture must have a Caption and must be FUNNY!

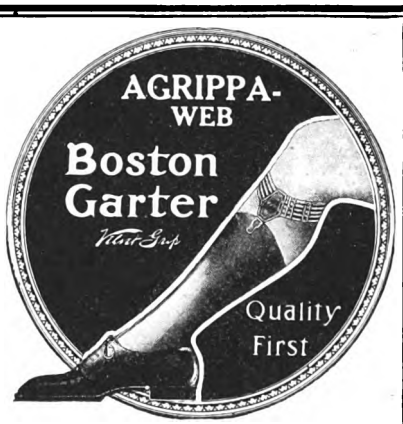
Send your LETTER-LAUGHS to the LETTER-LAUGH EDITOR of JUDGE, *627 West 43d Street, New York City, and enclose postage if you wish them returned.*

Ansco Speedex Film—the red box with the yellow band—fits all roll-film cameras.

Prove
your fish stories!
—take pictures!

The Ready-Set camera is a new kind of folding camera that is prepared for instant action without the necessity of setting for light, speed or distance. Just open—aim—shoot—as easy as that. Three popular sizes to select from.

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM
Pioneer Camera Makers of America
ANSCO—Binghamton, N. Y.



No More Skidding Garters!

AGRIPPA-WEB makes garters act in an entirely new way—and only in Bostons can this web be had. Even when worn very loose it will not slip. It cannot curl and yet it is remarkably soft and light. Here in fact is the first practical ventilated web garter.

In many pleasing colors, 50c the pair.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for All the Family.

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

Always insist upon having
ABBOTT'S
Tonic Appetizer for 52 Years **BITTERS**
Sample by mail, 25c
C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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Mimi Splits Her Dates

LATELY Mimi was finding it simply impossible to make any plans for the day until she was sure that Martin Putnam was not going to call up. It really would be much more convenient if Martin would ask her places the day before instead of waiting till the last moment. This way she was always having to hurt Ted or someone who had an appointment with her.

Ted complained loudly, and with bitterness: "Do you belong to some kind of secret society that calls you at odd times, so you always have to be hanging around?"

The telephone rang then and Mimi started up impulsively.

"Oh, ho," said Ted, "I think I see the plot! Waiting for someone to give you a ring, and you can't leave before he does for fear he won't call again."

"That is not so, Ted Brown," began Mimi, furiously.

The voice that she trilled into the telephone was not at all the voice which she had used when she had talked to Ted. A new voice this, thrillingly sweet, slightly tremulous, ecstatic . . . a love-voice.

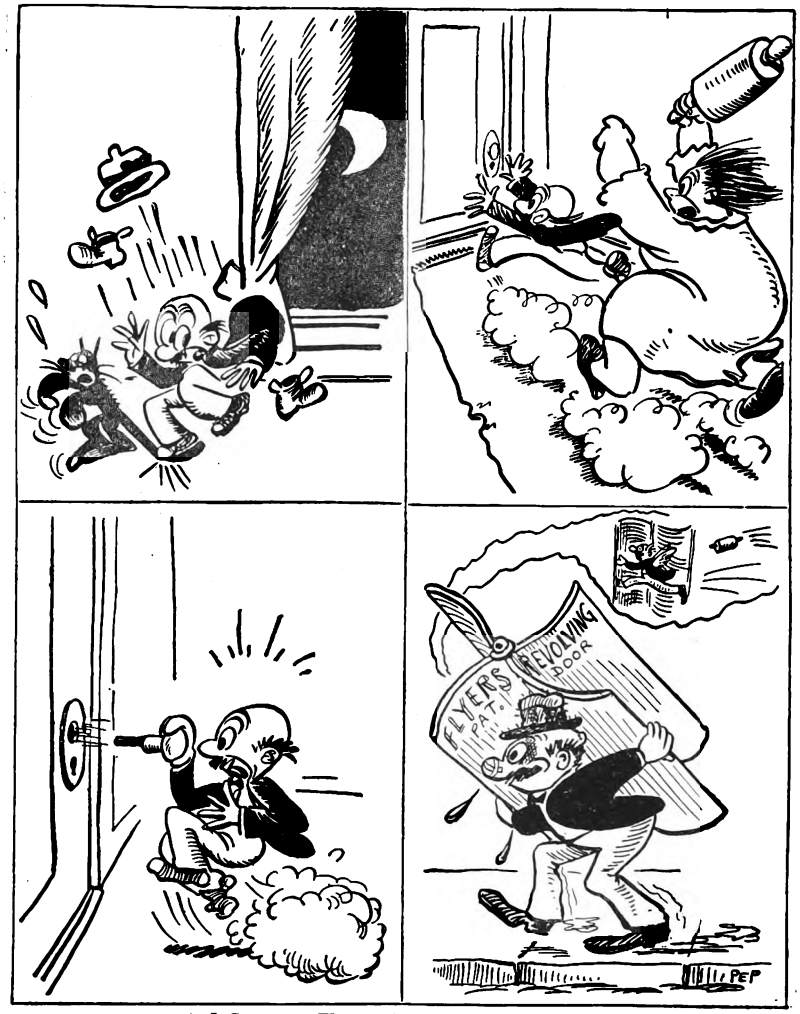
"Oh," she said. "Awf'y well. . . . This afternoon? Why—why—" Her voice fell just a little bit. After all, it was two o'clock now and she had promised Ted. She hesitated, the receiver still in her hand—

▲ ▲ ▲

¶ *When you find the one girl in the world is splitting your dates, there's one way—and only one way—to cure her. Want to know how? Consult "Mimi Splits Her Dates," a delightful story by Dorothy Dow, in the current issue of* SNAPPY STORIES. *Now on all newsstands—20 cents.*

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

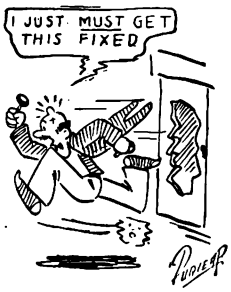
Contest No. 40



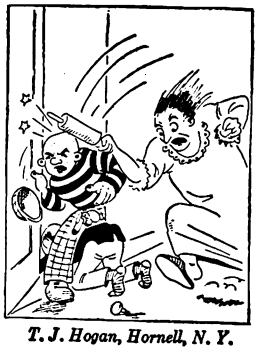
A. J. Pepping, 6 Wegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

Close Seconds

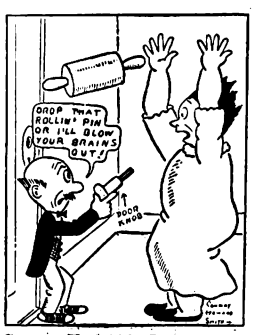
W. F. Casey, Montreal, Can.



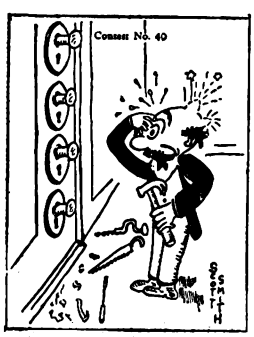
Edwin Puryear, Bentonville, Ark.



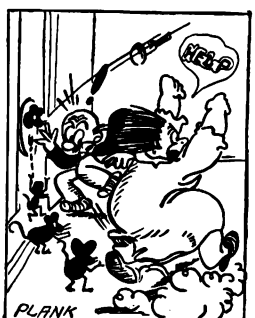
T. J. Hogan, Hornell, N. Y.



Conway H. Smith, Richmond, Va.



Scott Smith, Atchison, Kan.



Persell D. Plank, Winchester, Va.

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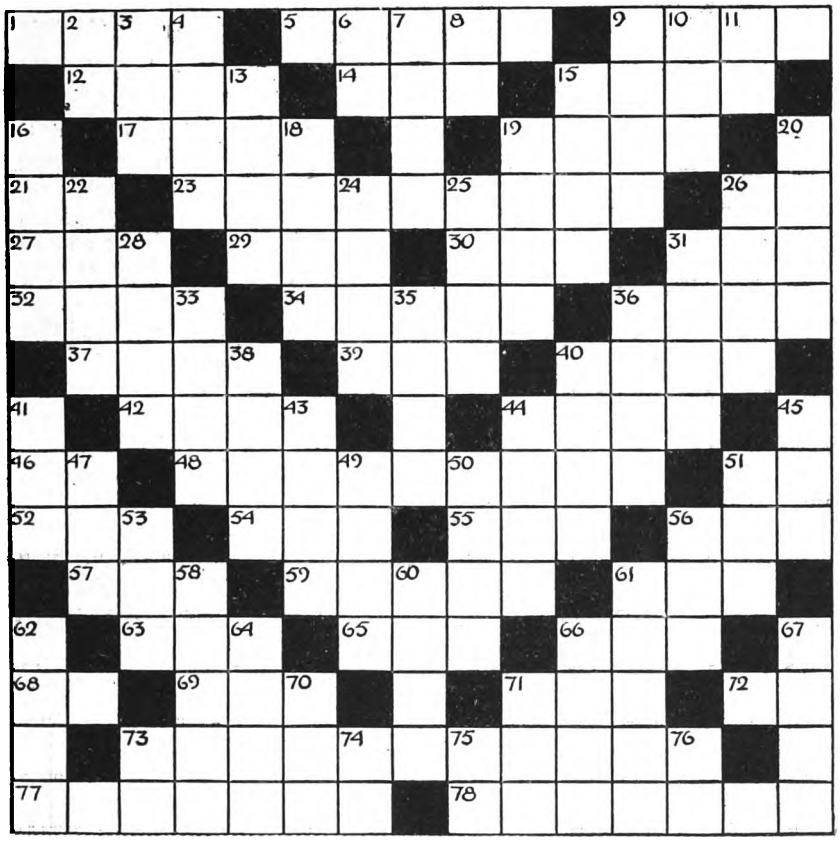
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 76



Submitted by Mrs. C. Timmerman, Cortland, N. Y. JUDGE *pays $25 for each one printed.*

Horizontal

1. A mutely morbid mollusk.
5. Needing dough.
9. This goes with much ceremony.
12. A camel jockey.
14. The original bitter-half.
15. An apple's axis.
17. There's a catch in this so be careful about getting caught.
19. A golf bug, radio nut or any other pest.
21. Artichoke Balancers (init.).
23. What Samson was before he got a hair cut.
26. In such manner.
27. Political missile.
29. Something aviators do.
30. A member of the Pied Piper's audience.
31. A feminine pronoun.
32. An ancient "hobby."
34. Challenged.
36. Cat fights.
37. An Eskimo's refrigerator.
39. To place in a lying position.
40. Those.
42. A deep dark den.
44. What Wall street bears do to little woolly lambs.
46. Within.
48. These are full of hops!
51. A doer's motto.
52. This is a sticker!
54. A golfer's position.
55. This is a one!
56. Something canoes do that Scotchmen don't.
57. Poetic affirmative.
59. Something turkeys and actors do.
61. An owner of very large dogs.
63. Something beavers and flivver owners do.
65. Nearly all old hens do this.
66. What Broadway babies do when they want something.
68. All air castles are built upon this word.
69. An English eater of cake.
71. A regular snake.
72. This is a hard word to say.
73. These people know what a quick turn-over means.
77. Ogiers.
78. Bears witness.

Vertical

2. Southern State (abbr.).
3. Nowadays this is usually done for jack's sake.
4. A martial planet.
6. A masculine pronoun.
7. Where most baked beans come from.
8. Concerning.
9. Abiding place of a sailor's sweethearts.
10. Crude stuff.
11. Personal pronoun.
13. A Saturday evening ceremonial.
15. It's the upkeep and not this that makes aeroplanes so expensive
16. A gimme girl.
18. Goad.
19. This is always getting strung.
20. These are very unfriendly.
22. Onion, lamp, lily, or what would you?
24. An opalescent gem.
25. Most women would rather dye than be this.
26. A humbug. (Nothing to do with mosquitoes.)
28. An argument settler.
31. Appear.
33. Snatch.
35. Something angry wives do.
36. A demonstrative pronoun.
38. A bachelor catcher.
40. This is found in all large forests.
41. This is what the first loudspeaker was made from.
43. Webster says this means "The captain of a Nile boat, a chief, or governor."
44. This comes from vanity cases.
45. The all-American beverage(?)
47. The one that holds the steering wheel is the one that causes all the trouble.
49. You can lead these to water but you can't make them drink it.
50. To put to flight.
51. A plunge.
53. Free.
56. Plaything.
58. This is "less hazardous" in New Jersey.
60. A difficult thing for most tenants to raise.
61. An uplifter.
62. A smack.
64. Manner, method, way, fashion or custom.
66. Something a flapper puts on her face.
67. Most girls love these.
70. By.
71. A small piece.
73. So's your old man.
74. Steamship (abbr.).
75. That Egyptian Sun God again.
76. Another steamship (abbr.)

Solution of last week's puzzle on page 27

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

From

SATIRE & SONG

By

MAURICE SWITZER

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

Even though you do not ordinarily read verse, this volume will appeal to your sense of rhythm. Privately printed in a limited edition, we have a few copies illustrated in color and attractively bound in an Art Binding, size 6½ x 8⅛ inches, which we will be glad to send postpaid upon receipt of

One Dollar

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

ASK FOR
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
for TIRED, ACHING FEET

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

DEAR JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of May 29)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 prize. Vote Your Favorite!

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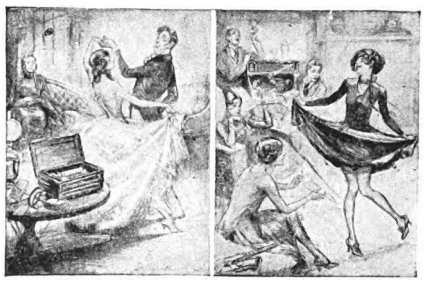
ART PRINTS
By DELEVANTE



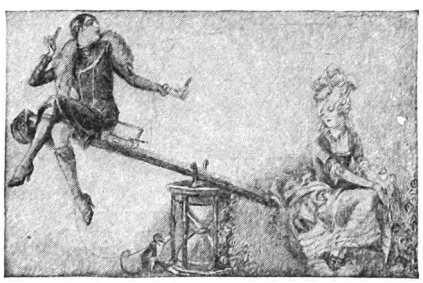
"Time"

By Delevante

A new Art Print which will appeal to lovers of both the old and the new in dancing. Printed in one color from the original engravings on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents



"See-Saw"

By Delevante

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Intelligent Support

To the Editor of JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: In one of your recent numbers there appeared in the Brickbat and Bouquet column a letter which interested me very much. Your correspondent, with great delicacy and refinement, advised you to "lay off the Methodist Church" and to devote your attention to the Catholics.

Had the Roman Catholic Church, which has more members than the Methodist, the insolent effrontery to establish at Washington a Board of Temperance and Morals to supervise the morals of the American people, to curtail their liberties and to ram down their throats one of its dogmas (that of divorce, for instance), you no doubt would denounce and vigorously condemn them. There is little doubt that the Methodists would commend you for such a stand.

You have been quite right in calling attention to this menace to our institutions and I for one hope you will continue to do so with increasing vigor and determination. In evidence of my sincerity I enclose $5 check for a year's subscription and give you permission to publish this letter.

In conclusion I wish to say that I was brought up a Protestant, and taught to hate hypocrisy, religious persecution and intolerance like poison. Also, that I have never been a member of the Roman Catholic Church and never expect to be one. Nevertheless I respect the Catholic Church greatly; the more so since the Protestant Churches have been seized with the Prohibition mania, with its attendant hypocrisy, religious persecution, intolerance, corruption and bootlegging.

Yours truly,
J. P. Thornley

New York City.
April 14, 1926.

[ED. NOTE:—Mr. Thornley has divined our attitude exactly.]

Why the Methodist Lobby?

W. M. H., Associate Editor:

DEAR SIR: Page 13 of your March 6 edition, right-hand column, fifth paragraph, last line, why mention the Methodist lobby so particularly and not the Roman Catholic lobby which openly acknowledges its opposition to measures promoted for the good of all and not against any party, sect or race? I refer more particularly to the school measures, and to the utterly uncalled for endeavor to have us "mix in" the internal affairs of Mexico when they are only trying to enforce laws which have been such for many years back. Were the Government of the people by the "Methodist lobby" as you try to insinuate, in my opinion it would be a case of "live and let live" and the country would have less of this "get off my toes" stuff that is so much heard at present.

Sincerely yours,
E. E. Provost

Albany, N. Y.
April 13, 1926.

[ED. NOTE:—Please read Mr. Thornley's letter.]

A Marine's Opinion

Editor of JUDGE:

In your remarks of S. D. Butler, of March 27, 1926, we heartily coincide. I agreed with you before and now, after the results of the Colonel Williams trial have been published, *I heartily agree* and more so.

I served under Colonel Butler when he used to run the boys ragged with drills and "everything" and then sing "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Onward Christian Soldiers." Thanks to the "Powers that be" I was transferred from under his "Czaristic Command."

It may interest you that I have also served under Colonel Williams as a "buck private," also, I signed on for a term of duty in the U. S. M. C. under Colonel "Freddie" Bradman and that was in 1917. Have seen lots of things in that outfit, but never have I seen a Marine officer *drunk*. No—they are *men, not skunks*.

Very sincerely,
P. W. S.

San Pedro, Cal.
April 20, 1926.

P.S.: Every officer who is a Marine should and will transfer from San Diego.

JUDGE

Date.....

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What great president do the above letters spell when properly arranged? RUSH correct answer and win a choice lot (20 x 100 ft.) free and clear of all incumbrances, located between New York and Atlantic City. Mail answer to Evergreen Heights Development Corpn., World Bldg, 63 Park Row, N.Y.C. Dept 41

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ENCLOSE no return postage when you submit *Funnybones, Epilaughs, Toasts of the Day, Dizzy Labels* or *Lizzie Labels* to JUDGE. And have no fear of rejection slips.

¶ *Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.*

The hundreds of *Funnybones, Epilaughs* and *Lizzie Labels* received daily have forced this drastic policy upon us.

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DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes May 31. Winning ending appears in the issue of June 19

Contest No. 44

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Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas. He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but **DOES** nothing about **ANY** of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is **SCATTER-BRAINED.**

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his **POSSIBILITIES!**

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to **USE** his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling..

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with **BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS.**

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what we possess because that is all we **USE.** We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only **TEN** horse-power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them **BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE,** just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, **UNUSED FOR SO LONG,** could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually **DO** possess them, but they are **ALMOST ATROPHIED,** like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, **USE.**

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

Was that fine ambition unattainable? **OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU?** Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom **THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU.**

What **WAS** the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You **CAN** develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, **MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM,** will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."

The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.

Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.
Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE.** Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS,** and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vascillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF** Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to DO SOME **THING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

March isn't the only month it's windy in Washington.

Weather Forecast for Pennsylvania: Vare and Warmer.

"All right, Bill—it's only a couple of other fellows!"

JUDGE, Volume 90. No. 2327, June 5, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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Short-sighted man chasing his hat

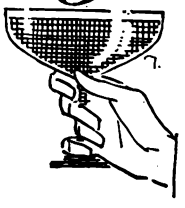
Sometimes a girl's ideal is shattered, but more frequently he's just busted.

Research discloses that the thing that weakened Samson was protesting that he didn't want a shampoo and massage.

Almost any schoolboy can tell you the date of Custer's last fight, but very few adults can give you the date of Dempsey's last one.

Toasts of the day

To pedestrians—here's honkin' at you.



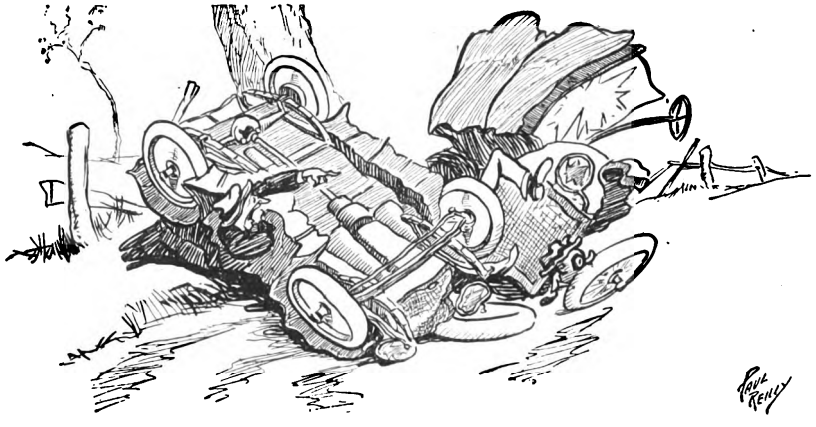
FUNNYBONES

Autos are becoming thicker.
So are drivers.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Our idea of a considerate boss is one who has the No Smoking signs in the office made out of sandpaper.

"238,818 prosecutions under the Volstead Act."
There is proof in these here numbers
Prohibition's bound to fail;
They can't arrest the population—
Some one's gotta mind the jail!



"Lemme see yer license!"

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IOWA CITY, IOWA

Insurance companies estimate that automobile smash-ups have increased 40 per cent. in the last year. It is quite likely that this is due to nearsighted motorists attempting to read those little "If You Can Read This You're Too Damned Close" signs.

"I buy a radium clock and then hafta light the lamp so I can find my d—— glasses!"

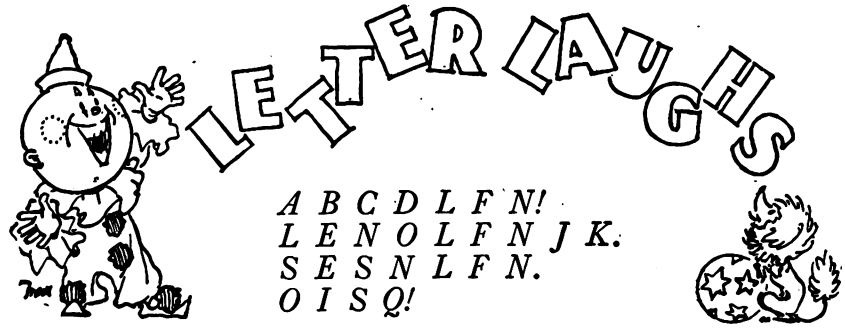
Secretary—Sir, a maiden stands without.

Movie Magnate—Without what?

"Without beauty prize medals."

"Impossible! Send her in!"

The silver wedding anniversary is the day on which the couple celebrate that twenty-five years of married life are over.



"Oh, John, tee hee, give him an extra nickel for looking so fu-funny!"

My wife can make tomato soup without tomatoes. All she needs is some boiling water and a can opener.

The fellow who said "brevity is the soul of wit" would get a big laugh out of a one-piece bathing suit.

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The Man for the Job

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"Gee, Mister, I wish I hed your eyes!"

WHY COLLEGE

boys are nearsighted

1 Overstudies.

3 Ruin their eyes by reading a great many of the classics.

4 Read by bad light.

2 Spend too much time in the reference library.

2 Suffer eyestrain reading rules and regulations.

990 Try to tell whether girls are wearing flesh colored stockings or none at all.

Lawson Paynter

IT SEEMS THERE WERE—

A couple of near-sighted mutes

RARE COINS

Many rare coins are extremely valuable. Look at your coins today. If you see one with two buffaloes on it, put it aside and look at it again when you are sober.

TRY THIS

on a crowded trolley

"Are you the conductor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then conduct me to a seat."

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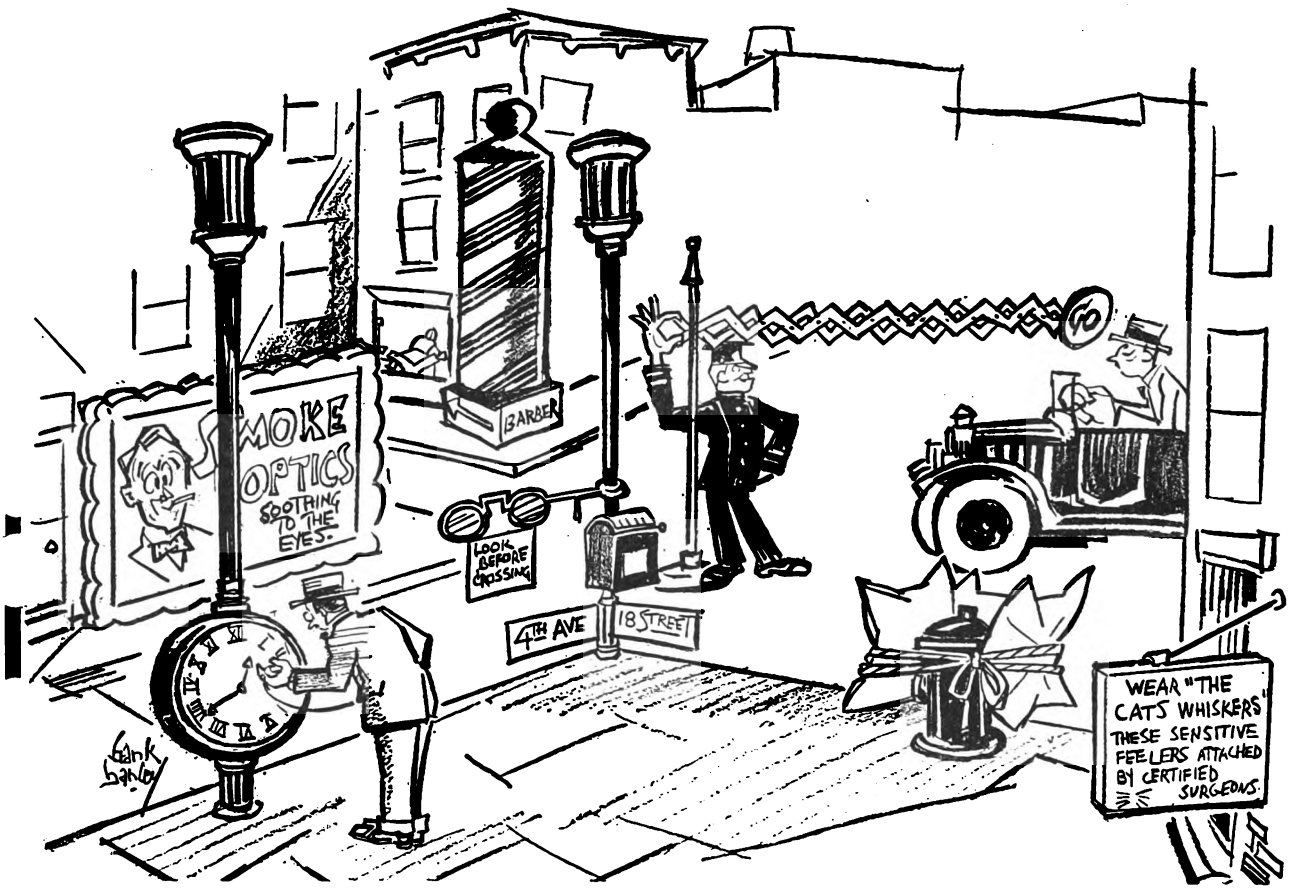

The town that catered to nearsighted folks

The Nearsighted Man

THE life of the nearsighted man isn't laden
With sorrow or gloom, if you please;
What if he can't see how yon short-skirted maiden
Displays truly adequate knees?
What if he can't read all the billboards and placards
That shriek to the gullible mob,
Or gaze at the rich in their Fiats and Packards—
He *can* keep his mind on his job!
Immune to distraction, he gives satisfaction
And works like no other type can.
In any transaction demanding exaction
Just give me the queer-sighted,
Totally nearsighted,
Never the clear-sighted
Man!

Arthur L. Lippmann

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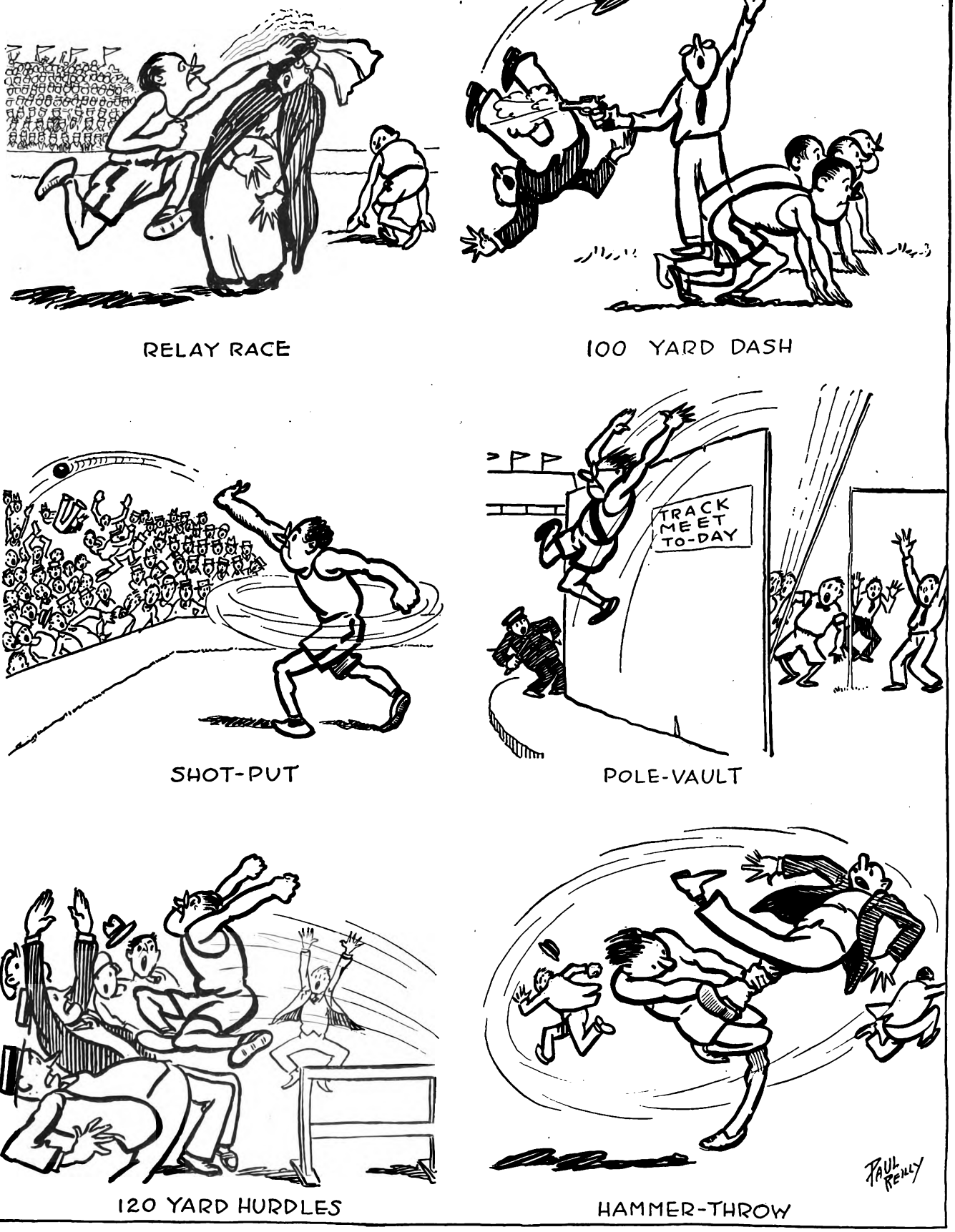

Track Meet of the Nearsighted Institute

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"I notice he left durn quick when he saw me here"

The optician who used to be in the show business

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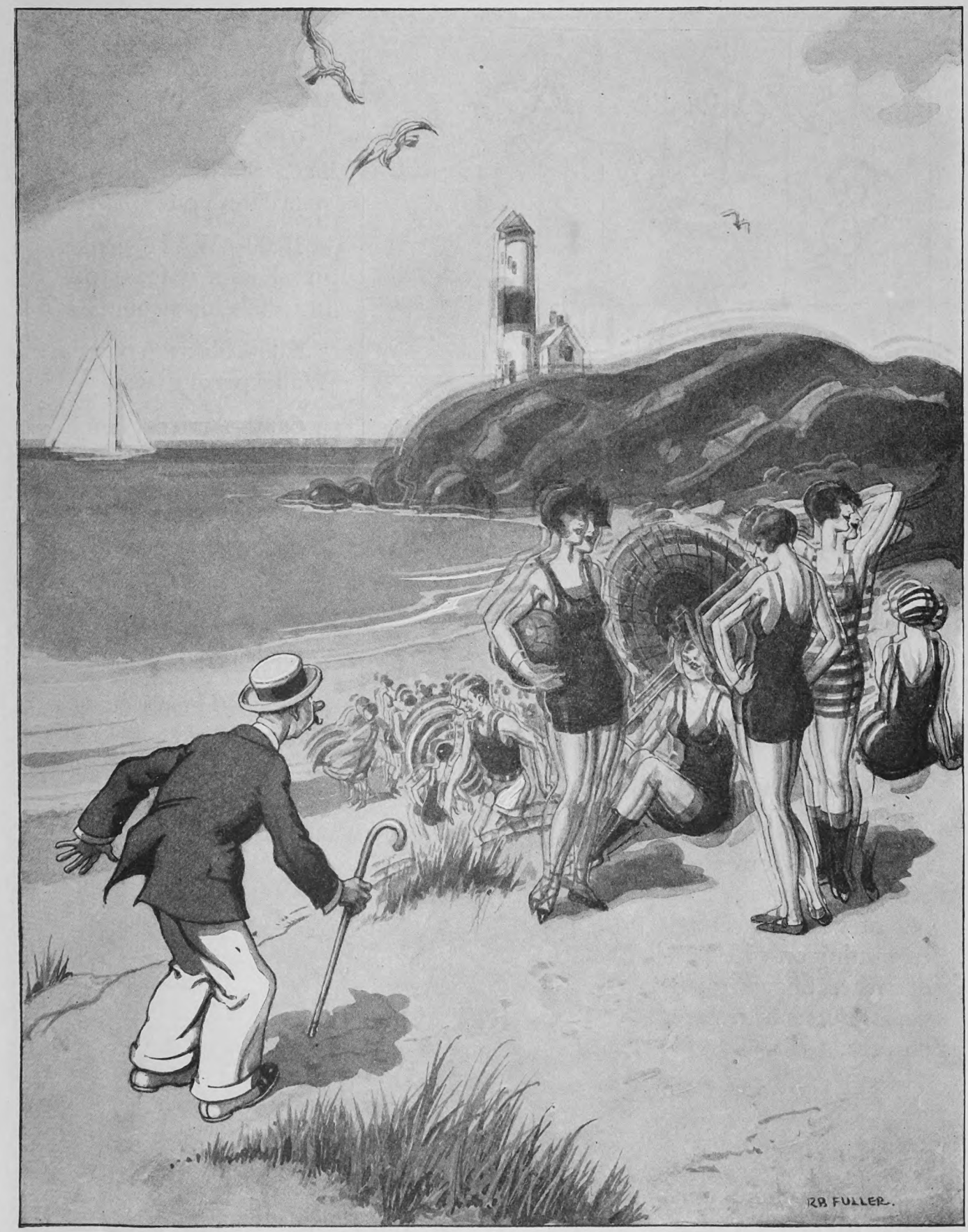

When You Leave Your Glasses at Home

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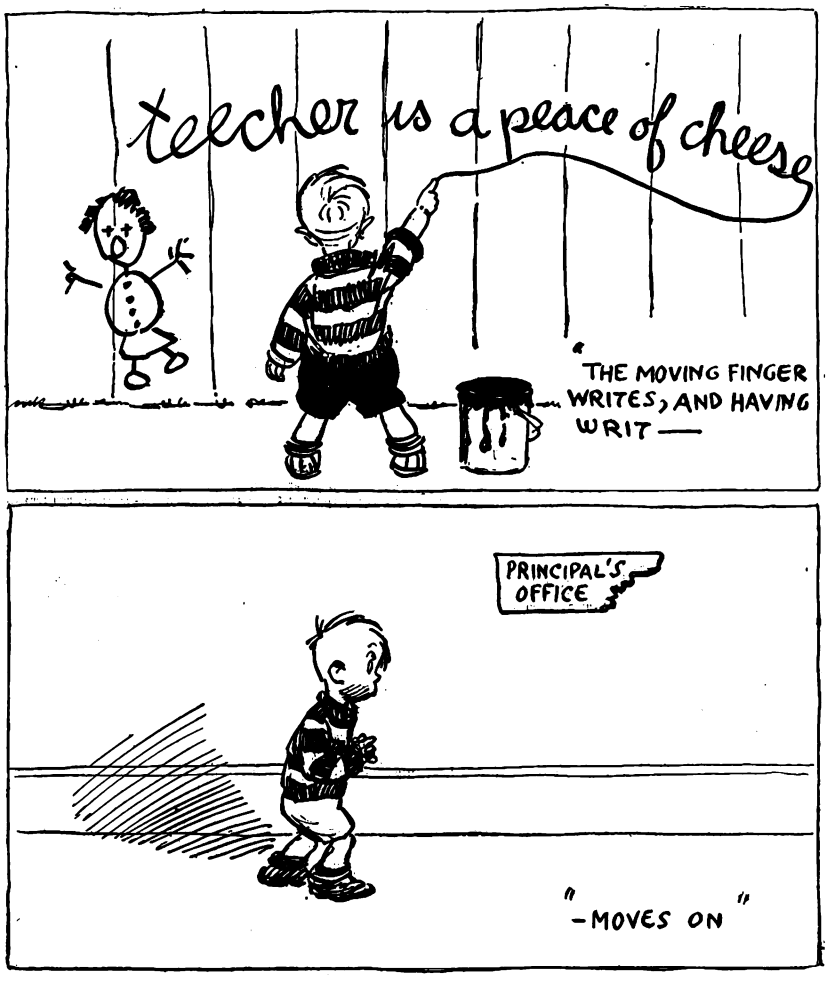

When There's a Boy in the Family.

A NEARSIGHTED MAN'S DAY

7.00—Alarm clock rings. Throws watch out of window. Dresses, putting on wife's underwear. Shaves top of head. Puts hair restorer on face.

7.30—Sits down to breakfast. Eats wax fruit on table.

7.45—Examines timetable to find the date. Looks at calendar to see what train he must take.

9.00—Arrives at office. Sits on desk and puts feet on chair.

10.00—Wife comes in. Kisses wife, thinking she's his stenog.

5.00—Starts home. Walks wrong way.

6.00—Arrives home. Goes down cellar. Polishes shoes with gin. Drinks shoe polish.

7.30—Goes out to dinner. Tips flapper. Tries to flirt with waiter.

11.00—Goes home. Puts wife out and goes to sleep with the cat.

Frank L. Paynter

A Speak-easy

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A Dark Deed

I. E. W. HEDGES carefully inserted his key into the lock, so as not to disturb the family. Three hours earlier he had left for Boston, but upon attempting to read in his berth discovered he had left his eyeglasses at home. Now he hoped to secure them and make a later train.

As he tiptoed across the living-room floor, low voices reached his ears and as he gazed ahead into the library he discerned a woman closely locked in a man's fervent embrace. Tears of grief welled up in his eyes. His shoulders shook as sobs racked his frame, but being a man of principle, there was only one course left open to him. Opening his bag, he removed his revolver. Two sharp shots rang out and the lovers fell dead, their lips still cemented, even in death.

Trembling and shiv-

(*Continued on page 23*)

The Golf Stream

THE WIFE—*John! A bub-burglar!*
"Sh-h-h! Let 'im alone—I think he's swiping the radio!"

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"Try These"

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

Myutopia

Things we'd miss seeing if we were as nearsighted as some people:

Hip flasks
Bootleggers
Corrupt Revenue Officers
Complacent Police
Speak-easies
Public Drunks
Crime Statistics
Congested Courts
Packed Prisons
Hypocritical Legislators
Bill of Rights
Logic

Sugar

A friend of ours took his test the other day for an automobile driver's license. He was a good deal of a dub at the wheel but it was explained to him that if he paid the inspector $10 he'd have little trouble passing muster. He paid, and has his license.

Another friend was recently "picked up" by a motor cycle cop for speeding. He was making hardly more than eighty miles an hour. It was explained to him that if he paid the clerk at the police station $15 he could avoid sentence, which might mean a fine of much more. He paid, and the court next day let him go.

Still another friend landed recently from the West Indies with the equivalent of a case of liquor in his baggage. He told the customs inspector what he had, slipped him two $10 bills and came ashore with his booze.

These are just random incidents of a kind that can be duplicated in the experience or observation of almost everyone. You will notice that they involve local, state and federal officers, and, at least in two instances, services of a sort not usually associated with graft. In other words, they indicate the extent to which bribery and corruption have permeated our governmental structure.

Graft is nothing new, of course, even in a country reeking with righteousness like our own. But was it ever so great or widespread? We doubt it and so do you. And the reason? (Cries of "there you go again; just another one of those anti-prohibition editorials!") Well, yes, old dears. Prohibition has introduced bribery on a scale never dreamed of in ante-bellum days and made it a national jest, and the example of such rich pickings and the complacency with which they are regarded has not been lost on those governmental agencies having nothing to do with Prohibition enforcement. Prohibition has debauched the nation. Some one must be candid about it. *W. M. H.*

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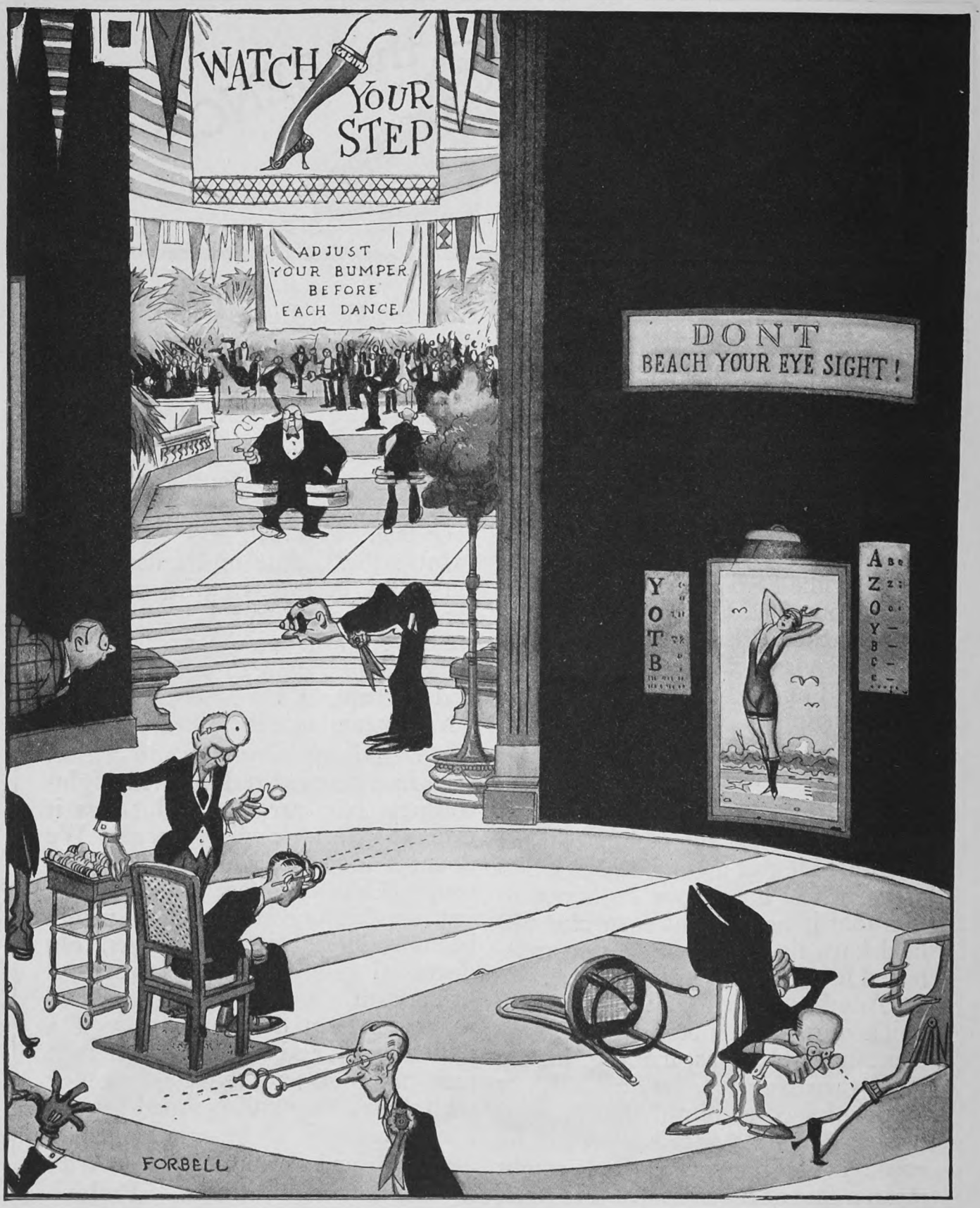

UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS

No. 12—The Myops

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THE OUTLINE OF HUMOR

BEING A PLAIN HISTORY OF WIT AND HUMOR

(What's gone before.)
Nothing much!

IV

PASSING quickly through the Neolithic and Palæolithic Age we find that somewhere in here religion started and then, you might say, the fun began.

L. J. Dusenberry, LL.D., in his "Palæolithic Platitudes" states that religion was first discovered when Neolithic man told some one he was anemic and the reply was "I don't care what your religion

Tiglath Piliser I and II
(Note boyish bobs and poker faces)

is!" This caused a religious war which has lasted ever since.

V

Civilization, we are told, had its beginning in Egypt and historians agree that it is evident from relics unearthed in the Eridu district that there was some reading. They base their beliefs on the following record: (See Weed's "Excavations in Mesopotamia.") It seems Tiglath Piliser I asked Tiglath Piliser II what he should give his wife Isis for her birthday. Tiglath Piliser II suggested a book and Tiglath Piliser I said: "No, she's got a book." This proves conclusively that there was civilization of a sort.

We will dwell but very little on the Egyptian Dynasties and their ilk; in fact we will ignore them entirely which brings us to the fall of Rome and why

(Cont'd next week!)

"Fo' de love of Mike, go ahead! You'se backin' dat mule right inta me!"

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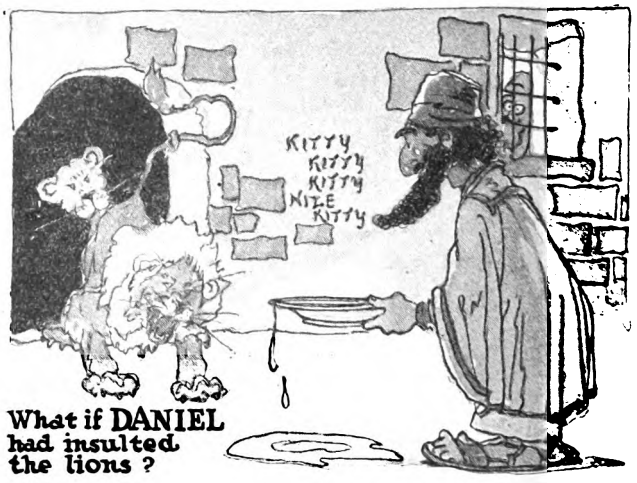

IF FAMOUS PEOPLE OF HIST

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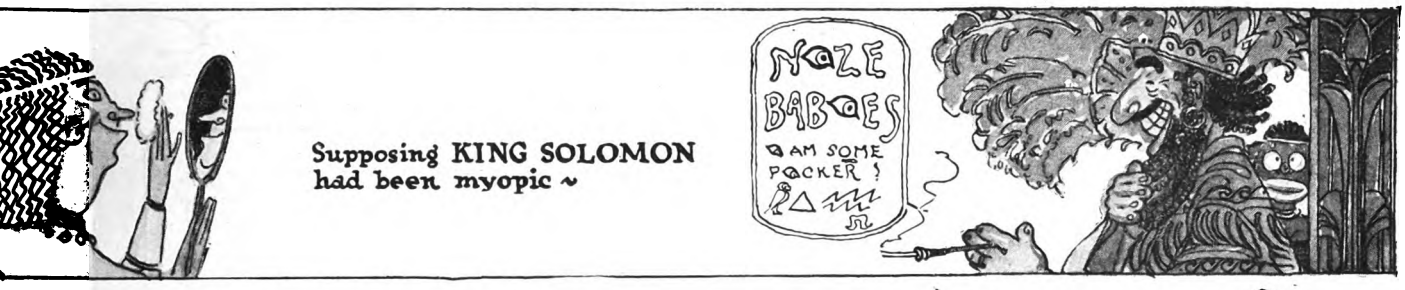

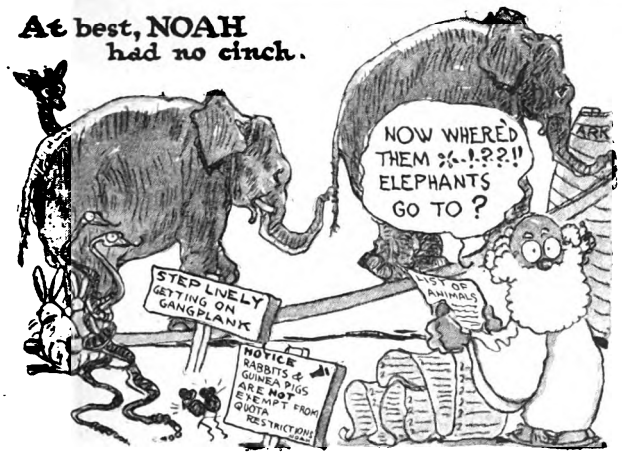

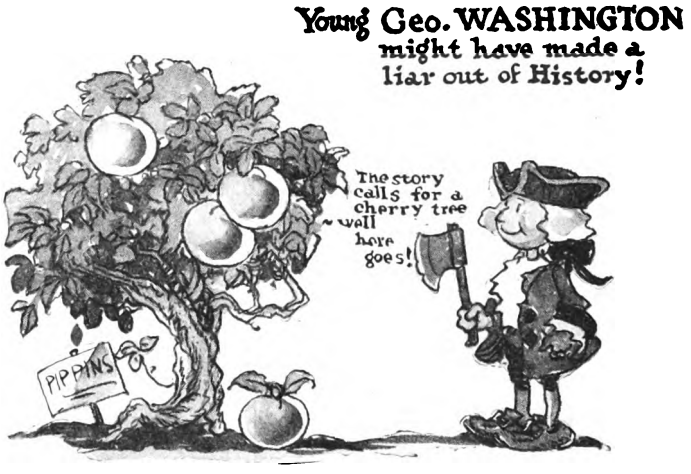

Y HAD BEEN NEARSIGHTED

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

THE audience at the opening of the "Garrick Gaieties" applauded everything but the hat-holders under the seats. Apparently composed for the most part of relatives of the boys and girls on the stage, it kept up so continuous a handclapping that Thomas Q. Seabrooke and Della Fox could be plainly heard rolling over in their graves. Every time one of the boys or girls came out, the rafters shook with cheers and every time one of them, a song or dance done, made an exit, the ceiling almost came down. I haven't heard such enthusiasm in a theater since the night at the National when they postponed the opening of "Money Business."

The reason for all this jubilation, however, was not quite clear to one not related to any of the boys and girls, although it wouldn't be so bad, at that, to have one of the girls, Bobby Perkins, for a cousin at least. This Mlle. Perkins is a relief from the sweet ones one customarily observes on the amateur revue stage. She isn't even knock-kneed. As for the rest of the boys and girls, aside from a lad named Romney Brent, you can say all you have to say when you say no. There is Sterling Holloway, for example, who bears a startling resemblance to Johnny Farrar, editor of the *Bookman*, and whose obvious large admiration of and confidence in himself are, the critic may believe, not based upon his talents. There is, too, Miss Betty Starbuck who figured with the above young gentleman in last year's "Gaieties" and who, though she enjoys all the grand airs of a prima donna, does little to solve the riddle of her stage-center eminence.

The first part of the show is pretty deadly, even for an amateur affair.

"The Romantic Young Lady" (Neighborhood)—Mildly agreeable comedy from the Spanish.

"The Sport of Kings" (Lyceum)—A stale one.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—See this issue.

"Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—Ditto.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—I decline to have anything more to do with this one.

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—To be reviewed next week.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—Also next week.

"The Bunk of 1926" (Harris)—The M. Benchley, of *Life*, thinks this is a fine revue. Subscribe for JUDGE now!

"Bad Habits of 1926" (Greenwich)—Almost as bad as "The Bunk of 1926."

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Shubert)—Sex in the Yellow Belt.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Excellent revival, worth your attention.

"Pinafore" (Century)—Also worth your notice.

"Love in a Mist" (Gaiety)—Poor comedy about a girl who can't tell the truth.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—O'Neill's admirable drama.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—The Pulitzer Prize winner, but a good play.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Marx gents and their humorous vaudeville.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—Sir James Matthew Connelly.

"Bride of the Lamb" (Miller)—Alice Brady and Freud.

"The Jazz Singer" (Cort)—East Side sentimentality.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—A comedy worth the money.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Claiborne Foster enlivens a dull one.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Many comical moments.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Apollo)—A few comical moments.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—Modish crooks.

"At Mrs. Bean's" (Guild)—Fair comedy, well staged.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Hoofing *du jour*, with the talented Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue.

"Tip-Toes" (Liberty)—Gershwin's melodies—nothing else.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—Pretty poor.

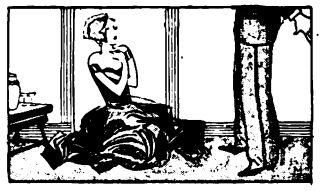
"Kongo" (Biltmore)—South African meller. Cheap stuff.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—Amiable revue in comfortable quarters.

"Pomeroy's Past" (Longacre)—Diverting light comedy.

"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—Sour.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Ditto.



The second part is fairly good, its two high spots being a sketch which shows a young man going looney from reading magazine advertisements and a song number in which the peccadillos of the tennis champions are amusingly set forth. These serve as an antidote to a bill made up largely of burlesque classical dances, imitations of Irving Berlin, travestied musical comedy, burlesque melodrama, Viennese interludes, sofa duets and fat-legged chorus girls. The best melody is that called "Mountain Greenery."

II

ANY such slam at amateur shows as the one indited above is, however, unwarranted when one scrutinizes a professional show like "Kitty's Kisses." If the "Garrick Gaieties" is an amateur show, "Kitty's Kisses" is a kindergarten one. It contains absolutely nothing above the inventive genius of a six-year-old child.

Some years ago, Dr. William A. Brady produced a farce called "Little Miss Brown." This farce he has now laid hold of, cut out three-quarters of its dialogue, added a sufficient number of restaurant tunes and vaudeville wheezes to fill in the gap, and advertised the result as a musical comedy. If a musical comedy is to be fashioned thus simply, I can see no reason why some producer doesn't manufacture a great tragedy by the equally simple device of laying hold of the average musical comedy, cutting out all the music and comedy and filling in the gap with murders.

The best features of "Kitty's Kisses" are Dorothy Dilley and Nick Long, Jr., two dancers of considerable grace. Long, indeed, is about as talented a footer as has been uncovered in some time. Aside from

(*Continued on page 28*)

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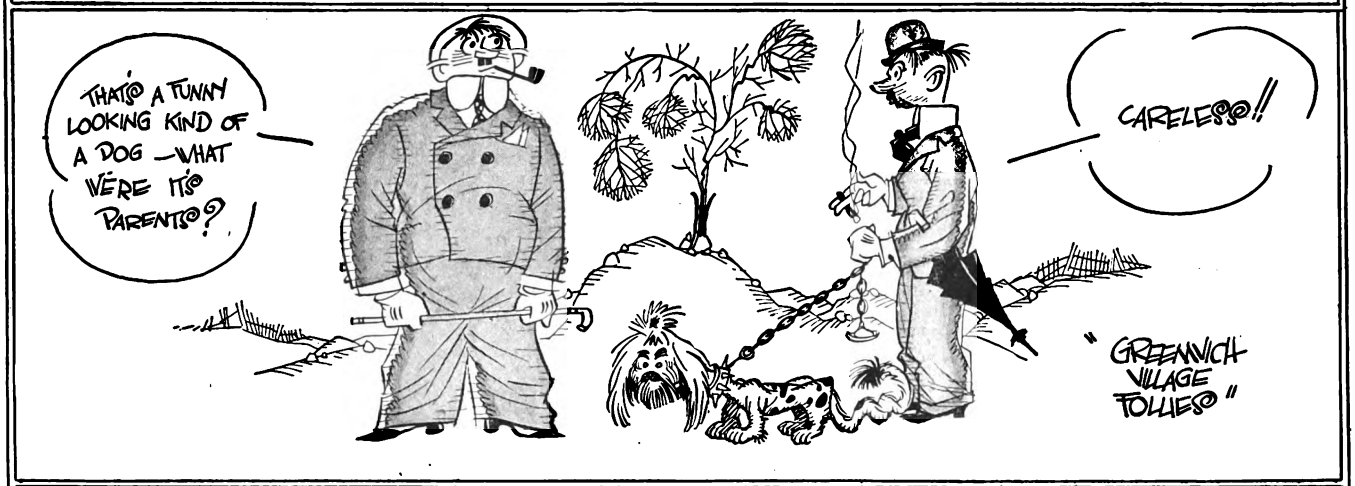
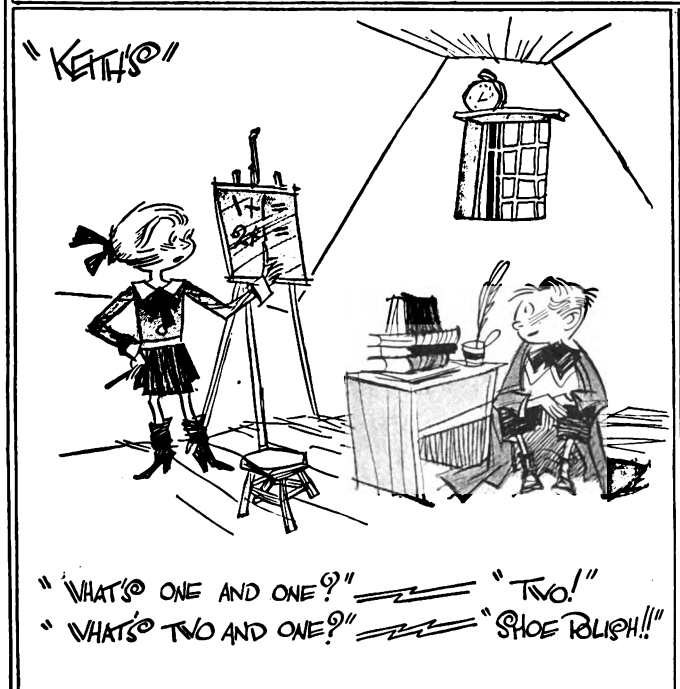
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS





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"I told your sister that I love her, and we are going to be married this summer."

"July?"

"No, I didn't. I really love her."

—OKLAHOMA WHIRLWIND

Beezness Iss Beezness

"Vy for you're in a hurry?"
Said the father to his son,
"Dot you take two steps at oncet
Up de stairs instead of vun?"

"Vy, to safe shoe leathers, poppa,"
As the father looked askance.
"Vell, be careful," said his poppa,
"Dat you do not split de pants."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

DICK—*I'm through with Betty. She's been tried and found wanting.*

BOB—*That sounds like a girl. What did she want this time?*

—YALE RECORD

She was only a typesetter's daughter, but she knew her P's and Q's.

—Cincinnata Cynic

"Can you imagine anyone going to bed with their shoes on?"

"Who does that?"

"My horse."

—Rutgers Chanticleer

BETTY—*I'd rather you wouldn't—*

WILLY—*Aw, please; just one!*

"But what will mother say if—?"

"If I take just one, *your mother'll never know—"*

"Oh, yes, she will; she has all her cigarettes counted."

—JOHNS HOPKINS BLACK AND BLUE JAY

The movie producers of to-day seem to have taken Shakespeare's advice about "All's Well That Ends Well." *—Notre Dame Juggler*

First—Will you have these books bound in Russia or in Morocco, sir?

Second—Oh, don't bother with that. Have 'em bound right here in town. *—Stanford Chaparral*

"What did the fortune-teller say, Betty?"

"She told me that I would marry a big, good looking blonde."

"She's crazy. I haven't enough money for us to become engaged!"

—Ohio State Sun Dial

"I—1—2—B—4—got—10,"
Said the maiden, with a sigh.
"Y—1—T—please—4—get me?
O—Y—O—Y—O—Y?
E—said E—did—N—love me,
N—now—I—1—2—cry;
I—1—2—B—4—got—10,
N—left—L—own—2—die."

—Lehigh Burr

The absent-minded professor is practicing medicine. The other day he left a notice on his door that he would return at half-past two, went out, and upon returning at two o'clock sat down and waited for himself. *—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl*

"The cowboys in Texas don't catch steers on horseback any more."

"And why don't they?"

"Because steers don't ride horseback." —CALIFORNIA PELICAN

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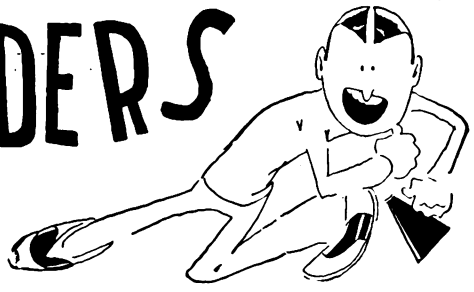
LEADERS



Twenty grim riflemen raised their lower sight leads and leveled their pieces toward the wall. Twenty grim riflemen squinted their eyes and hunched their shoulders. Twenty grim riflemen softly pressed on the triggers. They watched the dainty white handkerchief in the captain's hand. When it fell, twenty shots would sing out.

Against the wall a bob-haired damsel leaned, faintly.

Once more the captain was speaking.

"What are your last words, miss? You still have time to retract."

The woman gasped and seemed to waver, but then her teeth snapped into a line with a click. Her head went back, proudly.

"I love to see a man smoke a pipe," she said.

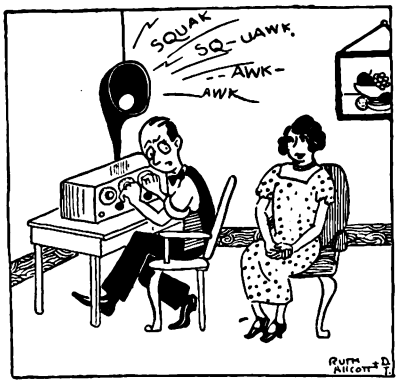
The handkerchief dropped, pronto!

—*Washington Columns*

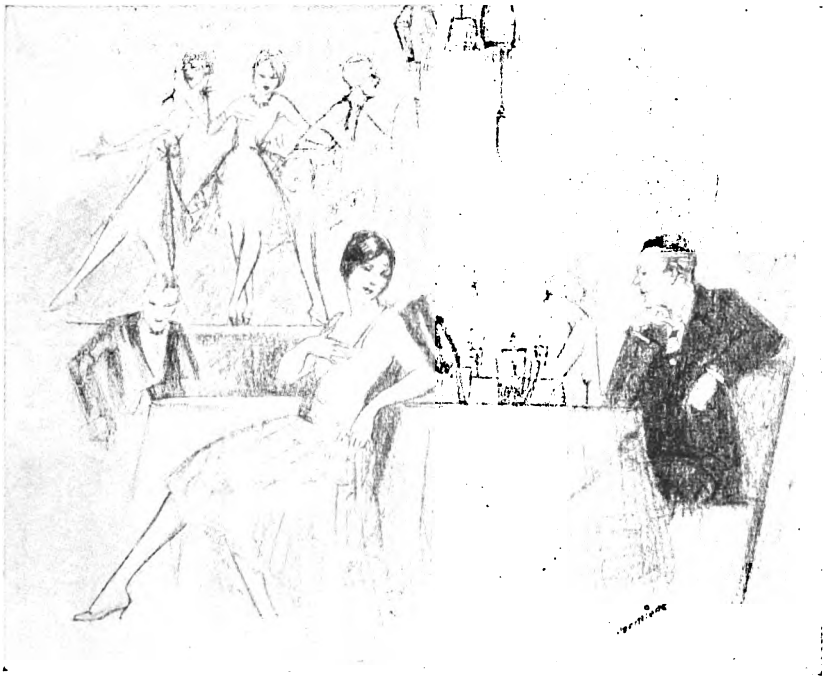
"I can hardly hold my eyes open."

"How do you expect to with your hands in your pockets."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*



"Is that a jazz orchestra or static, dear?" —Wisconsin Octopus



She—*How do you know that's a telephone girl over there?*
He—*I said "hello" and she didn't answer.* —California Pelican

"What did he mean by putting 'Florida Love' at the end of his letter?"
"Oh, that's just lots and lots of it."
—Alabama Rammer Jammer

***

She-sez—I have no sympathy for a man who gets drunk every night.

He-sez—A man who gets drunk every night doesn't need sympathy.

—*Stanford Chaparral*

***

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to get a dollar's worth of scratch-paper."

"But that'll last you for years!"

"I know it—I've got seven year itch." —*Colorado Dodo*

***

"Well, of all the nerve," she said as she slapped his face. "Don't ever try to kiss me again."

"All right," he replied meekly, "if that's the way you feel about it, get off my lap."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

***

Jewliet—While you ask father if you may marry me I'll play a dance record on the Victrola (not an ad).

Rowmeow—Please don't; some people simply can't keep their feet still when they hear dance music!

—*Stanford Chaparral*

***

Salesmen—But, my dear sir, this is a lifetime pen.

Scottie—Why should I buy a lifetime pen when I am already forty?

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

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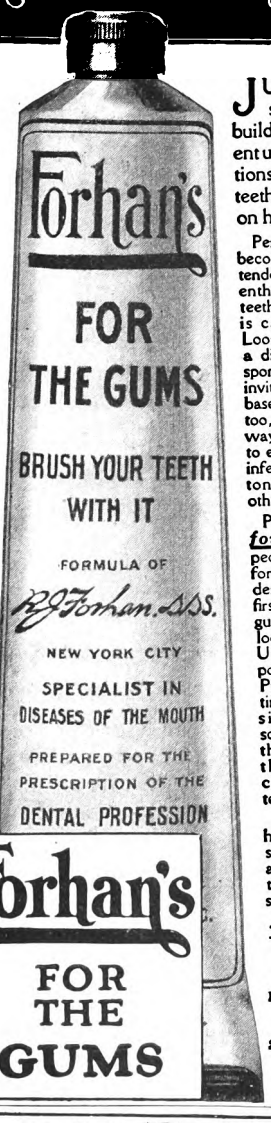
The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks *four out of five* people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

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HIGH HAT

As we go to press (doesn't that sound professional!) no less than six (6) (count 'em) colleges have come to my support in the Yale vs. Judge, Jr., meet . . . . they are as follows:

Harvard,
Colgate,
Vassar,
Columbia,
Princeton,
International Correspondence School.

Of course, I must admit the above institutions haven't responded en masse, but I've received one letter from each college, and if the average attendance of each place is, say five thousand, I think that's a mighty fine percentage! . . . . . I feel a little bit crestfallen that no word of encouragement has come from Bowdoin. . . . . I've got an idea, however . . . . . I hereby state that I never read College Humor . . . . . now watch 'em come in!

"Speaking of Yale, which we seldom do up here," writes G. H. F. of Harvard, "here's a Letter-Laugh for your column:

O A B C D Yale man
E S so S O T ric,
Eeee so sophis T K tid,
Eeee just a bit hys Tric."

And, speaking of poetry, we received the following notice this morning from the Alamac Hotel:

The sun is turning scarlet,
And the days are getting hot,
And folks begin a lookin'
For a cool and restful spot.
So we're opening up the Kongo
Atop the ALAMAC,
Where guests who dine just once
Are sure to oft come back!

As you may gather from this, the roof gardens are beginning to blossom forth and I suppose we ought to run a list of "Step-ups" . . . . . the Astor Roof is again very popular, but the most attractive one I've discovered is the Belleclaire Roof.

The Six best "Steppers:"
"Mountain Greenery" (*Garrick Gaieties*).
"Keys to Heaven" (*Garrick Gaieties*).
"I'm in Love" (*Kitty's Kisses*).
"The Blue Room" (*The Girl Friend*).
"The Girl Friend" (*The Girl Friend*).
"Valencia" (*European hit*).

Judge, Jr.

TOURIST—*Luva Mike, Captain! Can't you drive a little slower over the rough spots!*

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FUNNYBONES

He who dances the Charleston must pay the chiropodist.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

A Dark Deed

(*Continued from page 11*)

ering, Mr. Hedges furtively thrust the revolver into his hand bag and crept to the door. Behind him was the wreck of ten happy years of blissful married life. He still could see her, sweet and innocent, on their wedding day. But now . . .

At the threshold he slowly closed the door and turned about for a brief moment, to probably gaze for the last time on the little door that to him had been a gateway to happiness. But even as he gazed his eyes widened in greater horror, his limbs trembled in more poignant terror . . . .

The door was marked "Apartment 5 C."

The Hedges lived in "5 D."

(I. E. W. Hedges was a *very* near-sighted man.) *Hugh Wood*

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Eye, ear, nose and throat."

"Eye ear he threw the first ball at the match. He sure nose how to throat."

Solemn Warning

Grandma (looking up from paper) —It says here that young women are abandoning all restrictions. Now, mind, don't let me catch you goin' out without yours, Ethel!—*Collier's*

***

Old Moral Gent—And is this bottle of whisky your sole comfort in your bereavement?

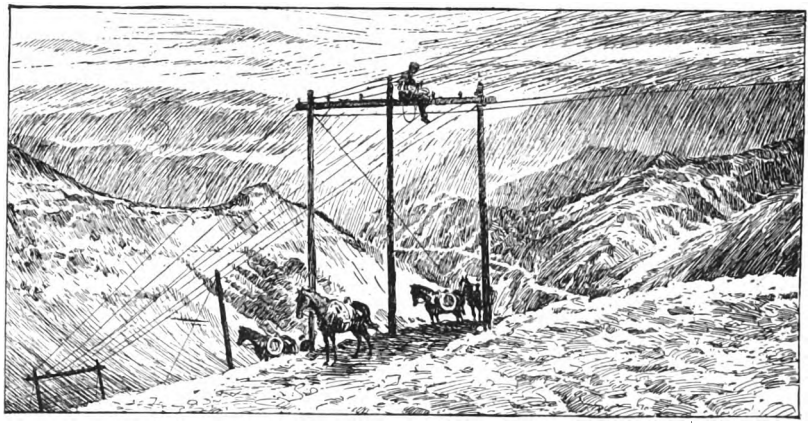
Widower—Oh, no. I have half a dozen bottles in the cupboard!

—*Nagels Lustige Welt* (Berlin)

LIZZIE LABELS

"Who Started This."

Telephone line over the Rocky Mountains



The Builders of the Telephone

Spanning the country, under rivers, across prairies and over mountain ranges, the telephone builders have carried the electric wires of their communication network. Half a century ago the nation's telephone plant was a few hundred feet of wire and two crude instruments. The only builder was Thomas A. Watson, Dr. Bell's assistant.

It was a small beginning, but the work then started will never cease. In 50 years many million miles of wire have been strung, many million telephones have been installed, and all over the country are buildings with switchboards and the complicated apparatus for connecting each telephone with any other. The telephone's builders have been many and their lives have been rich in romantic adventure and unselfish devotion to the service.

Telephone builders are still extending and rebuilding the telephone plant. A million dollars a day are being expended in the Bell System in construction work to provide for the nation's growing needs.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

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JUDGE JR.

takes the air every Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

WJZ

TUNE IN ON HIM!

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

To be able to recommend a movie unreservedly is such a novelty that you will pardon my embarrassment, I'm sure. "The Wilderness Woman" is in some respects the best farce comedy it has been my privilege to see on the screen; it leaves me full of awkward enthusiasms.

To begin with, the story itself, by Arthur Stringer, is amusing—that of an Alaskan sourdough who, after twenty-five years of catch-as-catch-can with an Arctic environment, gets $1,000,000 for his mining claims and comes to New York with his strong-arm daughter and her pet bear to "do" the town. Chester Conklin, as you can well imagine, makes a most engaging sourdough, and Aileen Pringle does supremely well as his handsome, naïve, but somewhat dangerous daughter. She, of course, is the "Wilderness Woman."

Once in New York they meet Alan Burkett, the suave tenderfoot who had previously journeyed to Alaska and paid for the mining claims in person, and become irretrievably attached to the daughter. They also hook up with some confidence men who would sell pa the subway.

Lowell Sherman, as the tenderfoot lover and man-about-town, achieves a very subtle combination of humor, appreciation and fastidiousness, quite capable of charming the Amazon of his choice. And the three confidence men are wholly believable—the "Colonel," played by Henry Vibart; the "Judge," played by Burr McIntosh, and their young confederate, played by Robert Cain. It is the latter's hazardous rôle to keep the Wilderness Woman entertained while the others attend to pa. He does, until his initial success goes to his head and with a left to the jaw and a right to the solar plexus he takes the count. Meanwhile pa . . . But if you want to know how it all comes out go see it for yourself.

Just a word about the photography and I'll desist. "The Wilderness Woman" might be played effectively on the speaking stage, but without the richness of setting afforded both by the Alaskan and the New York scenes, which have nothing of the effect of being lugged in. In other words, without effort of any kind the picture fully justifies the screen as the ideal medium for this particular drama.

The titles, too, are excellent. . . .

"Paramount's Junior Stars," all graduates of the Paramount School of Acting, make their screen début in "Fascinating Youth," which reminds one more of a house party than a movie. In a preliminary announcement the audience is informed that the dozen or so young men and women in the cast are the pick of 15,000 applicants from all parts of the

This magnifying glass for fishermen enables them to state the dimensions of "the one that got away" with an air of sincerity that carries conviction.

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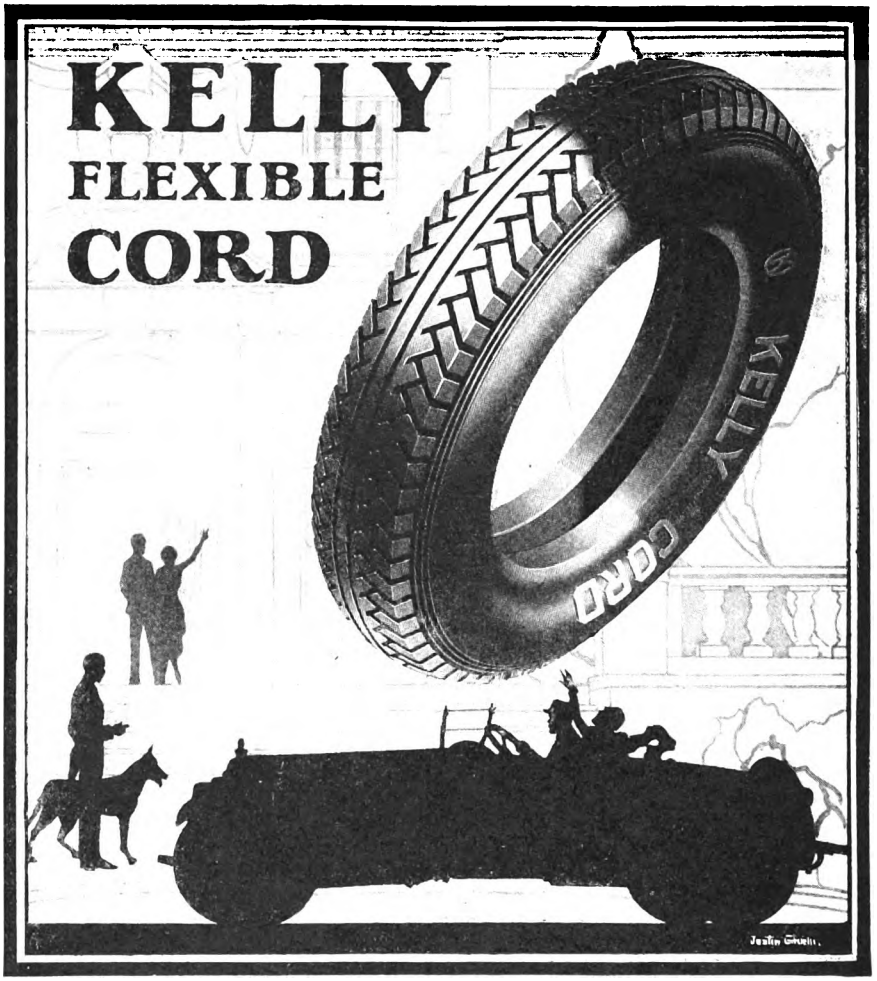
country. This sounds plausible enough, but with the careful training received in the Paramount mill they might all have come originally from Hollywood, for all the diversity or individuality displayed. As film actors and actresses they are undoubtedly quite as professional and competent in their line as bond salesmen just out of Yale, or as advertising men fresh from Williams, and quite as difficult to distinguish one from another.

But part of this impression may have been due to the picture itself, a trivial comedy of no individuality; and part to its direction, the object being apparently to drive the young players before the camera in droves so that each might have the maximum opportunity to register all his standard film emotions. And still more to a mean trick played on the youngsters toward the end of the picture. This is the introduction as "guests" at a hotel soirée of a coterie of Paramount senior stars —Adolphe Menjou, Clara Bow, Tommy Meighan, Leila Lee, Richard Dix, *et als*. These players merely walk into the scene, but what giants they become against that background of marionettes! And what a commentary!

Guide to the Movies

"*The Big Parade*"—The war itself.
"*A Woman of the World*"—Pola Negri startles the hicks, including Chester Conklin.
"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart, that's all.
"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Not smart enough.
"*Mannequin*"—Fanny Hurst's prize story.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Jack Barrymore, love and blubber.
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney in rare form.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Paradise filmed on the spot, minus Gilda Gray.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Smooth comedy with Adolphe Menjou.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo and sophistication.
"*La Bohême*"—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert enact the old story.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore and a wardrobe.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks.
"*First Year*"—Slapstick version of Frank Craven's comedy.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be.
"*The Barrier*"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
"*The New Klondike*"—Florida boom farce.
"*The Devil's Circus*"—Wartime melodrama.
"*The Crown of Lies*"—Balkan romance with Poli Negri.
"*Bride of the Storm*"—Dolores Costello is rescued from a lighthouse.
"*The Flaming Frontier*"—Custer's Last Stand melodramatized to a fareyouwell.
"*The Blind Goddess*"—Arthur Train's story with Esther Ralston.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Good Harold Lloyd farce.
"*A Social Celebrity*"—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
"*Kiki*"—Norma Talmadge in a bowdlerized version.
"*That's My Baby*"—Farce potpourri.
"*The Runaway*"—Hill-billy romance.
"*Skinner's Dress Suit*"—Tame comedy.
"*Brown of Harvard*"—Stage rah, rah stuff.
"*Hell Bent for Heaven*"—Typical movie melodrama with flood.
"*The Greater Glory*"—One long yawn.



Terry J. Swizzle

Is Your Spare Time Worth $500 a Minute?

Terry J. Swizzle is perhaps the leading contest winner in the United States. In a single hour, not long ago, he earned exactly $4.92—*and without having to leave his home town!* How?

He earned extra money winning contests in *The Thursday Evening Boast*, *The Homely Ladies' Journal* and *The Bumptious Gentleman*—and picked up something extra in a Number Guessing Contest—his guess of seven and eleven winning the prize. He is now in training for JUDGE'S SLOGAN CONTEST.

EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU, TOO!

(***And this is no joke***)

JUDGE will actually pay 500 Berries for slogans. You do not have to be as good-looking as Mr. Swizzle, or believe in Santa Claus—you have the same opportunity. Would you care to know the interesting details? Then borrow 15 cents and buy the Advertising Number of JUDGE. It will be out June 17—but get there early. Remember—*The Saturday Evening Post* Number sold out!

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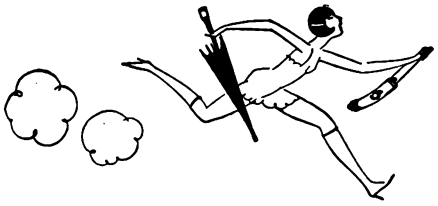

A Petting Party Call

SOMETHING seemed to have hit Morey, either Bee or the greenish drink or both; his eyes took on a trifle of mistiness. He reached suddenly for both Bee's hands.

"How gosh-awful beautiful you are, kid!"

And "This is my night," said Morey with sudden quietness.

Bee wondered at him. His face, no longer shrewd and collegiate, glowed romantically in the darkness. She recalled what her mother had told her about sex. She knew girls who spoke of the grand passion lightly, but in Bee's mind it was all tied up with petting parties on dark roads, gin, promiscuity — in a word *commonness.*

But when she felt Morey's hands upon her shoulders, something within Bee gave way, like a deep-rooted weed at the urgency of a farmer's spade. Bee turned up her mouth to be kissed!

Her first kiss astounded her. "Mother was right," she whispered.

"Yes, yes, I'll hold you tight—you darling!" she heard him say. And then she gave up her weak protestations, allowing him to kiss her again and again. She wasn't conscious of the precise moment when her thoughts became blurred. This *couldn't* be a *petting party*—this must be *love!*

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

If a girl is puzzled to know when a petting party ceases to be a petting party and becomes mad love, should she ask her mother's advice or an attractive young man's? See "A Petting Party Call" in the current issue of SNAPPY STORIES. *On all newsstands—20 cents.*

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
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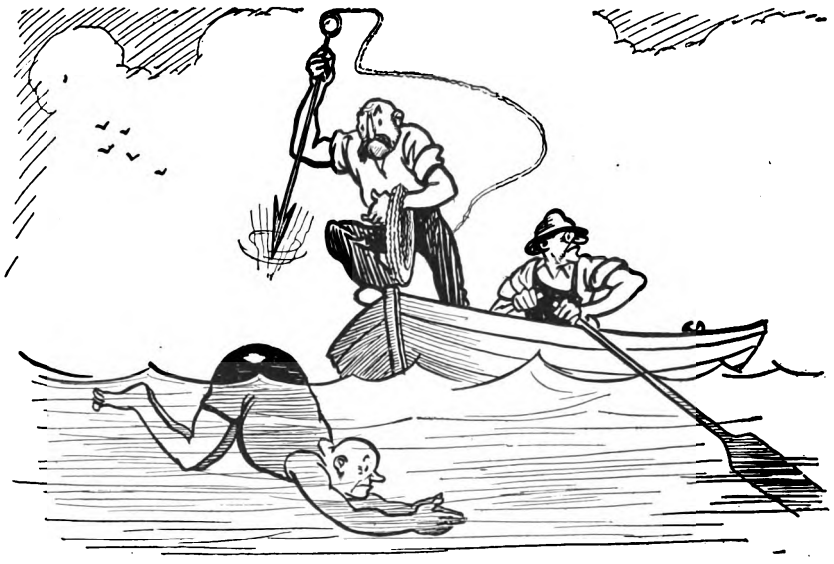
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

MUDDY, OILY SKIN
quickly improved and usually cleared entirely if properly treated with
Resinol



The harpooner left his glasses home.

Finding the Umbrella

"OH, bother!" said Clare. "I've left it in the elevator."

Clare spends her life leaving her umbrella in elevators and buses and taxis and tubes and other people's houses, and I spend mine retrieving it.

I sighed.

"Clare," I said sadly, "you *are* careless!"

"Have you only just discovered that?" said Clare compassionately. "My poor darling! I discovered that years and *years* ago. But you'll be an angel and go for it, won't you?"

So I was an angel and went for it.

The elevator man remembered its being left in the elevator. He'd given it to the head of the boot and shoe department, which was his terminus.

I sought out the head of the boot and shoe department. I had to wait some time because he was attending to a customer who had very lengthy views on the coal report, but I got him at last. He was disappointed that I didn't want a pair of boots. He looked at mine in a pained sort of way as if only politeness kept him from telling me what he really thought about them. But he was quite nice about the umbrella. He'd had it only a short time ago but, hearing that one was being inquired for in the blouse department, he'd sent it over there.

I went to the blouse department and asked to see the head of it. He was a morose kind of man. His manner implied that his whole life was embittered by people who leave their umbrellas in elevators. He told

Street Singer—"And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

Passer-By (sotto voice)—I'm sorry I can't find her for you.

—*Humorist*

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KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Cullender" Wooden" Denser"

"I kept cullender but she wooden denser."

me very gloomily that as the umbrella didn't belong to the party who was umbrella-hunting and as his was a blouse department and not a lost property office, he had sent it on to the manager's office which happened to be next door to his department.

I went to the manager's office. It was only about three o'clock so the manager was still out at lunch, but about half past three he returned. He was very affable and produced Clare's umbrella from a cupboard, and all would have been well if he hadn't (presumably at lunch) thought out a way of reorganizing the League of Nations so that any sort of deadlock would be impossible in the future. He was simply bursting with it. He poured it over me in a stream. Even agreeing with all he said, it took me quite half an hour to get away, but at last I managed to get away with the umbrella and hurried off to the elevator and to where I'd left Clare.

Clare was nowhere to be seen. That, of course, was partly my fault. I oughtn't to have left her in the trunk department. After a long search I ran her to earth in the millinery.

"Well, I *have* had a search for it!" I said, "but I got it at last."

"Where is it, then?" she said.

I looked down at my hand. I hadn't got it.

I had left it in the elevator.

—London Opinion

From a divorce report—"She claims that marriage is nothing but a delusion and a snore."

—Boston Transcript

You can lead men to Congress, but you cannot make them think.

—Detroit Free Press

EPILAUGHS

Here lies the body
Of Officer Sam.
He lost his head
In a traffic jam.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

"B.V.D." Union Suit (Patented Features) Men's $1.50 the suit Youths' 85c

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HIS fish story may not "wear," but his underwear surely *will!* Matchless *economy*—plus better fit and cooler comfort—has given "B.V.D." world-leading popularity!

Be sure to SEE it's "B.V.D."

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It *always* bears this red-woven label→

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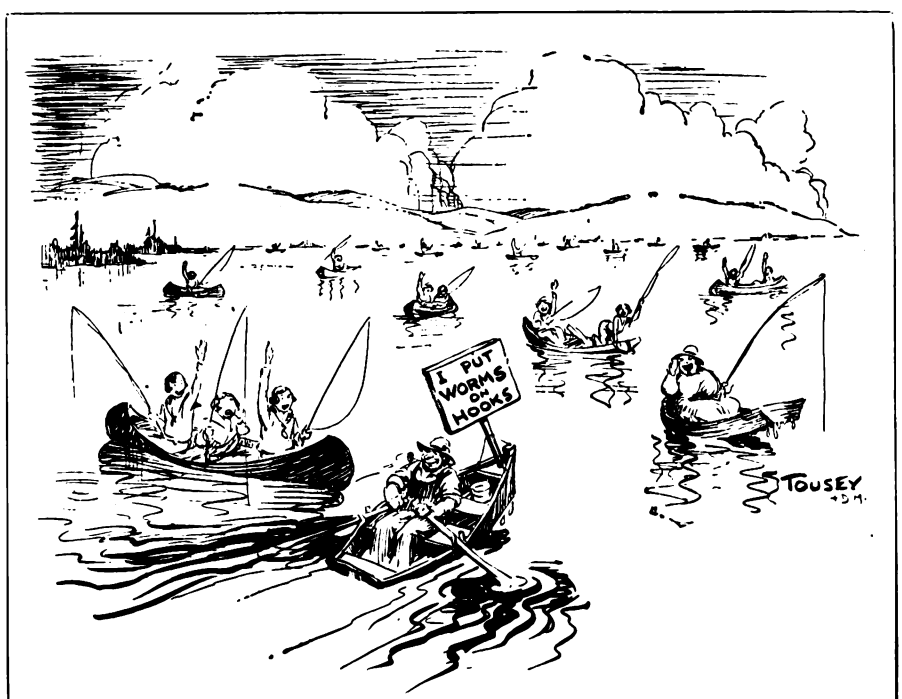

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ENCLOSE no return postage when you submit *Funnybones, Epilaughs, Toasts of the Day, Dizzy Labels* or *Lizzie Labels* to JUDGE. And have no fear of rejection slips.

¶ *Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.*

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Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,
Epilaughs—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,
Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE,
Lizzie Labels—Lizzie Label Editor of JUDGE,
Toasts of the Day—Toasts of the Day Editor of JUDGE,
Dizzy Labels—Dizzy Label Editor of JUDGE.

627 WEST 43d STREET
NEW YORK CITY

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

From

SATIRE & SONG

By

MAURICE SWITZER

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

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For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

DEAR JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of June 5)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 prize. Vote Your Favorite!

First Revue Girl—Her past is nothing to speak of.
Second Revue Girl—Oh! So *that's* what they are all talking about!
—London Opinion

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 18*)

these, the show is approximately as interesting as an expurgated edition of a manual on pencil sharpeners. The plot is our old friend about the girl and man who get into the wrong bedroom. The lyrics deal with such emotions as "Choo-Choo Love." And the humor lies chiefly in vaudeville acrobatics, gum-chewing telephone girls, allusions to garbage cans and comments on a man's avoirdupois.

III

"THE SPORT OF KINGS," by Major Ian Hay Beith, is, despite the military rank of its author, a rank of which he is somewhat irrelevantly proud on a theater program, not to be compared with "The Weavers," by Rear-Private Gerhart Hauptmann, "L'Amoureuse," by Rear-Private Georges de Porto-Riche, or even "Hamlet," by Mr. Shakespeare who had fallen arches. Why is it that these Englishmen try to give their unimportant literary and dramatic compositions a touch of importance by gilding them with their war titles? It is a pretty safe bet that when you encounter a book or a play by one of these Majors or Colonels you'll find something that, in the way of meritorious work, gets no nearer to sound quality than the *opera* of his great American fellow soldier, Captain Charles King.

Beith's play, in point of fact, is as dowdy a comedy as has been brought over from England in years. It contains utterly nothing to recommend it. Its humors are uninspired and flat; its theme is an old-timer; its dramatic devices are rusty. The plot turns on a wager that a hypocritical British country gent can be made to bet on the horses before the end of a specified time. What happens is as obvious as the nose on your face, or at least as the one on Zangwill's. The country gent falls; the young Englishman in the Hawes and Curtis suit falls in love with the personable young private secretary; the country gent loses his money; and the family fortunes are saved by a bet placed unwittingly by the country gent's guileless wife. The company, headed by O. P. Heggie, is a pretty good one, but it can do little to save the evening from the Major's manuscript.

IV

THE Neighborhood Playhouse's latest offering is "The Romantic Young Lady," a mild morsel from the Spanish. It is ably acted and adroitly produced. In the transcontinental journey necessary to get to the Neighborhood Playhouse, I recommend that the trip be broken by a day's stop-over at Lüchow's. The spring consignment of sauerkraut has arrived and the management reports, now that Jim Huneker has gone to his eternal rest, that the supply is sufficient to last at least a week or two longer.

LIZZIE LABELS

"All Ways."

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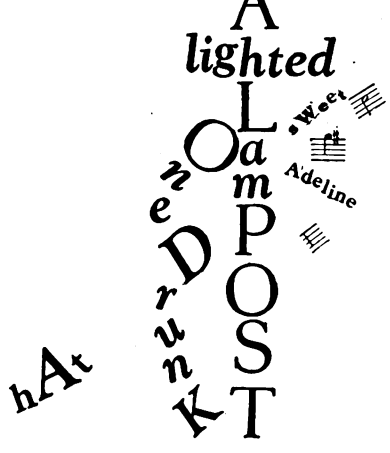
"Oh, say, can you see——?"

LETTER-LAUGHS!

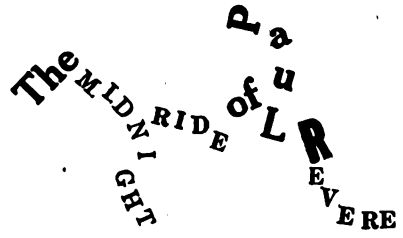
First Prize



Submitted by Sidney T. Hirsch, 1693 Eastburn avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

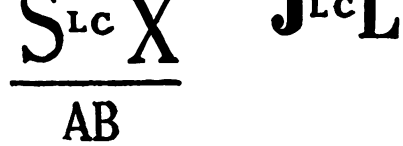
A "Saturday Evening Post" of bygone days.

Second Prize



Submitted by John Kennedy, Box 1888, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Third Prize



Submitted by Mrs. George B. Zimmele, 438 W. 116th street, New York City.

Elsie, in an Essex, ran over Abie. That's how Elsie got in jail.

3 PRIZES EACH WEEK

First Prize, $15; Second, $10; Third $5

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Instrument..... Have you this inst?.....

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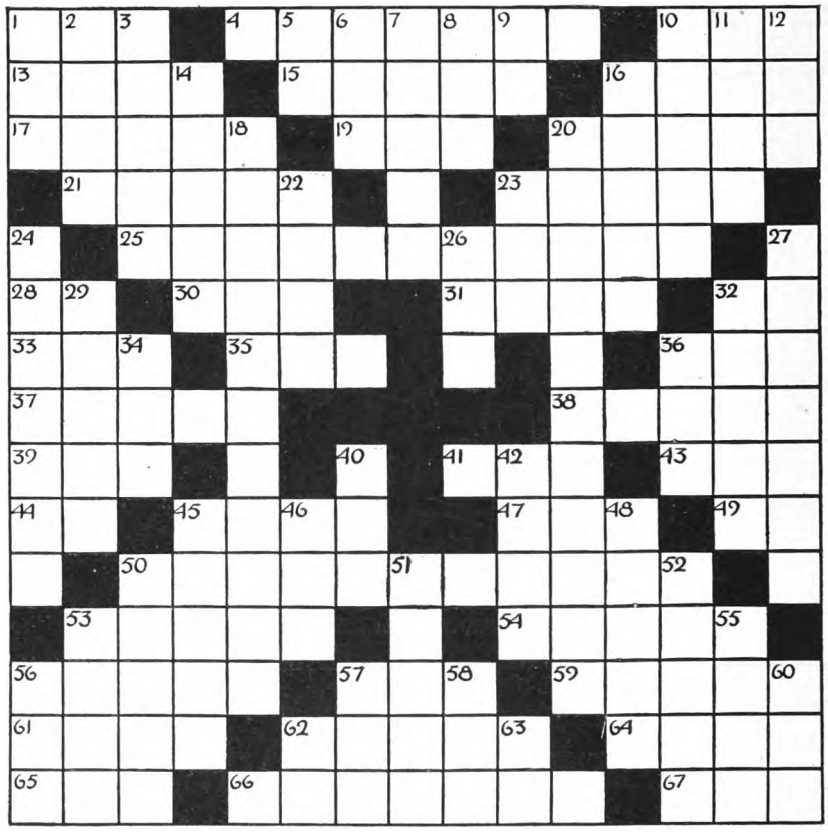
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 77



Submitted by Pat Mills, Kenosha, Wis. JUDGE *pays $25 for each one printed.*

Horizontal

1. A. B.
4. Non-skid pancakes.
10. A second-hand coal.
13. What a man usually does with his trousers.
15. A track jumper.
16. Politicians favorite fruit.
17. Four weeks in Herrin, Ill.
19. What a man of ninety-seven summers, possessed of a wooden leg would be.
20. A kind of a minister.
21. Life savers. (The fellow who invented these didn't make himself a mint.)
23. What whisky does when spilled on a round piece of green blotting paper.
25. This starts with gas.
28. Our old friend the Sun God.
30. What ball players do when they make errors.
31. A synonym for a synonym of an unknown word that is spelled and pronounced "asnr."
32. Quivering Alcoholism (init.).
33. Indisposed. (Like a pain in the neck.)
35. This is almost over.
36. Three strikes.
37. Musical instruments.
38. A rubber country.
39. Something the tides do.
41. People usually take this lying down.
43. An eagle.
44. Providence made this a state (abbr.).
45. Something good Scotch doesn't do.
47. A strong butter.
49. East Indies (init.).
50. So do these sometimes. (See 25 Horizontal.)
53. Pungent.
54. These are high.
56. Empty part of a bungalow or flapper.
57. This is obsolete (abbr.).
59. What a college boy does when he hits his finger with a hammer.
61. A kind of a husband. (Very rare.)
62. A kind of a ham.
64. Genuine.
65. Elegantly Marcelled Reptile (init.).
66. The only man who can tell a woman to shut her mouth and get away with it.
67. A gum shoe.

Vertical

1. Admission (abbr.).
2. Dumb Dora's boy friend.
3. A feeling of weariness.
5. Preposition of place.
6. Away from.
7. Many a true word has been spoken through these kind of teeth.
8. An East Side derby.
9. Half an em.
10. Foreign.
11. What men get when they figure their income.
12. His Majesty's Exit (init.).
14. A hard age.
16. B 4.
18. Pertaining to the equilibrium of fluids.
20. Chiefly, mainly, or mostly.
22. So's your old venerable progenitor.
23. These come from whisky bottles (abbr.).
24. Nuts that hold the steer wheel of racing cars.
26. This is found in all family trees.
27. Like the devil.
29. A poor excuse.
32. Twenty-four sheets in the wind.
34. A high ball.
36. A short poem.
40. Hot Tomalie Mender (init.).
42. A short song or tune.
45. Pale yellow, wan, or dismal.
46. Turf.
48. A shocking device in taxi-cabs.
50. Ham.
51. The path of a planet through space.
52. Shoe leather fishes.
53. A very small particle of matter.
55. A stop signal.
56. A woman's secret.
57. Possess.
58. Sensible Florida Investments? (init.).
60. This is slick.
62. Point of the compass.
63. T (plural).

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 41

E. H. Purdy, 2612 University Place, Washington, D. C.

Runners Up

H. E. MacEwen, Washington, D. C.

Geo. L. Pugh, Asheville, N. C.

Finney Briggs, Chicago, Ill.

Carol M. Redding, Helena, Mont.

Myron W. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.

C. J. McDougall, Elizabeth, N. J.

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William Clarke

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$1.50
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Men! Here's the Flore-Reale Shaving and Toilet set that puts joy into the morning shave. And it's offered to you for only $1.50 —regular retail value $3. Add it up!

1 Genuine Gillette Safety Razor with blade	$1.00
1 8 oz. bottle Lilac Vegetal—for after the shave	.75
1 8 oz. bottle Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic—fine for hair and scalp	.75
1 large tube shaving cream	.35
1 generous can shaving Talc	.15
Total	$3.00
Our price	1.50
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The reason why this Flore-Reale Shaving Set is sold direct to you at ½ its regular value is to get it in the hands of as many men as possible, for we know from experience that 75% repeat and remain steady, satisfied customers.

10 Day Free Trial You haven't a thing to lose by accepting our unusual offer. For, if after 10 days you decide you do not like Flore-Reale products send back the set at our expense and we'll return every penny you paid.

Send No Money Just your name and address. When package arrives pay postman $1.50 plus few cents postage (orders accompanied with remittance sent prepaid). Order today. Remember, with our money-back guarantee you take no risk.

Dept. A FLORE-REALE CO. Syracuse, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY

can you solve this?

LOVEROTES

The above letters when properly arranged spell the name of a late president. Everyone sending in the correct solution will be awarded a beautiful lot size 20 x 100 feet, FREE AND CLEAR OF ALL ENCUMBRANCES, in our New Jersey development, Hollywood Manor between New York and Atlantic City. This offer expires August 16, 1926.

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CASH OR CREDIT

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

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

He Differs With the Courts

Editor of JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: Traveling on the train last week, I purchased your periodical dated April 17, 1926. I came upon the editorial entitled "The Inquisition." This, of course, reminded me of the notorious Roman Catholic institution of the middle ages to crush the Protestants.

But instead it was a tirade on Methodism. And a personal attack on Reverend Chase for doing the duty of a citizen. And a monstrous display of ignorance of government; as if Chase was the government. And all that emanating from JUDGE.

I am not a Methodist, nor hold a brief for Mr. Chase, but I take such slush as a hint that your sheet is not intended for Americans, but an insignificant hyphenated crew.

Yours for the Stars and Stripes,
Prairie View, Kan. *John Vanderbeek*
April 22, 1926.

Don't Quit Now!

DEAR JUDGE: I trust that W. M. H. has too much rich red blood of freedom to be frightened into discontinuing his truthful attacks on Prohibition, because of the protests of two or three damn fanatics.

Out of hundreds of thousands of readers of JUDGE only a few have protested W. M. H.'s articles on the farce of Prohibition and just at this time, when the question is being agitated at Washington, W. M. H. lets up. Let us have some more dope W. M. H. on the farce and give 'em hell.

It will make more readers for JUDGE.

Won't you say a few things about Smelly Butler?

Respectfully,
Dotham, Ala. *W. B. Hale*
April 18, 1926.

[ED. NOTE:—Cheer up! We've only just begun to fight.]

Keep 'Em Up

The Editors of JUDGE:

After reading two adverse ciriticisms of the editorials in JUDGE appearing in the April 17 number, I wish to say, especially in answer to Everett Cook, of Hattiesburg, Miss., that if there is any one thing for which I purchase my weekly copy of JUDGE it is the editorial page.

Not only do I admire Mr. Houghton's stand on the debatable subjects of the day but I am particularly refreshed by his frank and unmincing treatment of them.

By all means, keep up the editorials, the more, the better. JUDGE would cease to be JUDGE without them. Very truly yours,
Havana, Cuba. *S. W. Bromley*
April 21, 1926.

A Suggestion

Mr. W. M. Houghton,
Associate Editor JUDGE:

DEAR WILLIAM: Such a state of mind as you keep me in. Weekly (weakly) I swear I won't read "Judge on the Bench" if W. M. H. appears in the lower right-hand corner. But in spite of resolutions and knowing fully well what the results will be, I do. Dammit! Bill, you're a tyrant.

In spite of an avowed hatred, I must confess I had to chuckle as I read your differentiation of "Sentiment" and "Emotion."

Truly you are hard on the boys and make yourself an excellent target for a sheaf of blackmail letters. (This isn't one.)

Your little diversion on "Professional Football" wherein the esteemed "Bill" Edwards came in for a somewhat caustic rub down gave my liver its needed exercise and all but won me to your cause, if you have one.

Here's a suggestion. How about tossing that little ten ton hammer you carry about with you aside for a few days and write us a page wherein you find it convenient to agree with some one. Or is it possible that everybody but you is wrong. At any rate, most of us know by now what you don't like so why not for once be just as brutally frank and tell us what in hell you do like.

Irritably yours,
Pittsburgh, Pa. *G. D. Thompson*
April 20, 1926.

[ED. NOTE:—Frankly, we like to get your goat and also your letters, when they're as good as this one.]

JUDGE

Date.....

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

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

CHECK HERE — Herewith is $1.00 (check, cash, stamps, money-order) or 10 weeks of Judge.

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

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

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For Yourself

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This Garter (pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
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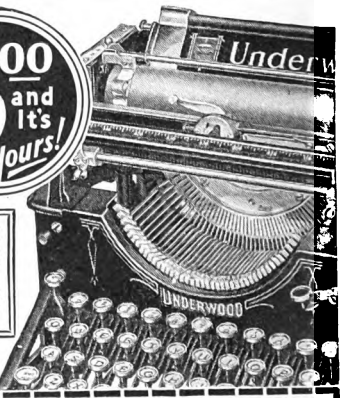

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CLIP THIS NOW! It's your own fault if you go without a typewriter now. There is a bargain price on this Underwood! Totally rebuilt; new type; new platen; new finish; and a *five-year guarantee*. Easiest terms ever—$3 and it's yours.

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DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes June 14. Winning ending appears in the issue of July 3.

Contest No. 45

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"Not at all - the aroma is delightful"

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

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Judge

THE FAIRWAY.

and then he got JUDGE—

for himself

Why the grouch, old man?
Oh, H——, everything's wrong, the wife, business, the boy and my stomach. I'm on my way to the doctor now.
You don't need a doctor, you need a sense of humor.

JUDGE
627 West 43d St.
New York

I want JUDGE for myself.
Here's $1.00 for 10 weeks.
2.00 for 21 weeks.
5.00 for One Year.

Name.....

Address.....

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JUDGE, Volume 90. No. 2328, June 12, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy
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"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

A LONG ISLAND millionaire is said to keep twenty-six servants the year round. It is not known how.

IT IS claimed that China is the one country that could never go dry. One reason may be the hazards of reading a prescription written by a Chinese doctor.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S profile is to be used as a design for the Sesqui-Centennial Memorial half dollars. This should effectively dispose of the adage that "Money Talks."

MARIA JERITZA has decisively won her suit against the cigar manufacturer who named a new cigar after her. It is just possible that the manufacturer presented a few of the cigars to the judge shortly before the trial.

ALTHOUGH the Japanese are rapidly adopting the garb of the West, they continue their custom of removing the shoes before entering the house. In America this custom is popular only after 2 A.M.

A PSYCHO-ANALYST claims that no man should be allowed to marry until his sanity has been satisfactorily tested. Evidently the professor does not believe in matrimony.

MR. WAYNE B. WHEELER says he will live to see the day when the Volstead act is rigidly enforced. Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler is an excellent insurance risk.

THE Anti-Tobacco League is now starting a drive to prohibit all tobacco growing. Should this drive be successful we can, of course, continue smoking the stuff that is put in cigarettes.

HE—*I wish there was some way I could show you how brave I am.*

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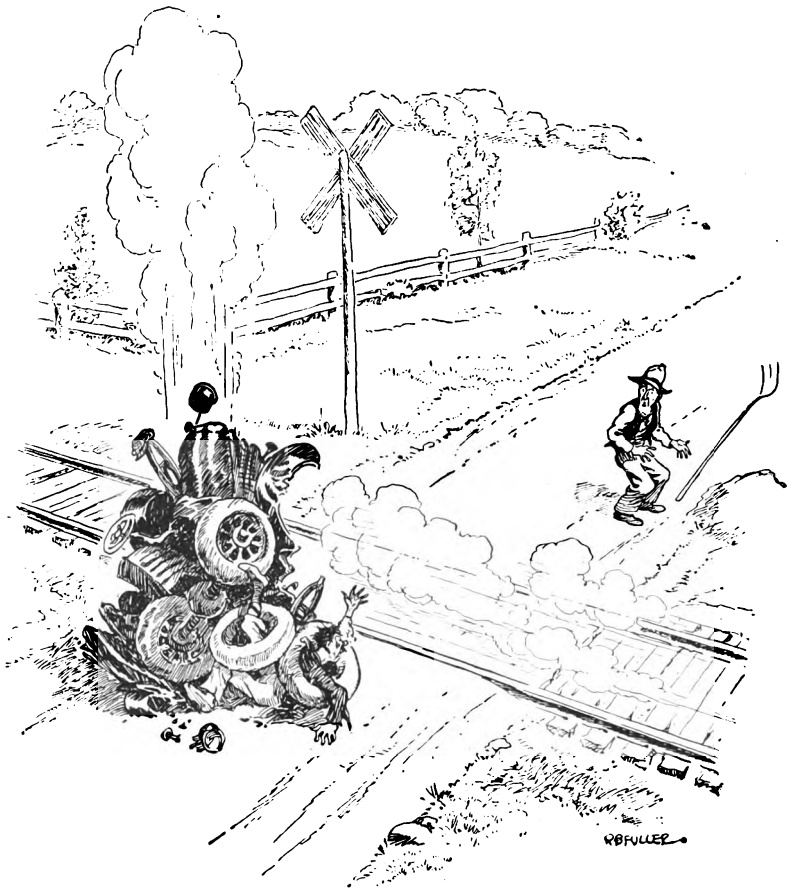

VICTIM—*Hey, are you any good at puzzles?*

FUNNYBONES

The well-dressed woman is now a thing of the past.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

De Profundis

I HAD no knowledge which could serve to arm me—
I was so young, and you, so worldly wise.
How could I guess you ever meant to harm me?
I thought I saw the love-light in your eyes.
I gave you all I had to give. You left me
With broken wings, just like a wounded bird.
Still, dear, you have not utterly bereft me—
Confessions still pays thirty cents a word. *Mary C. McCall, Jr.*

LIZZIE LABELS

"Asthma Baby."

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Toasts of the day

Here's to low necks and short skirts—and may they never meet.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Should a wife keep anything from her husband?

No.

Should a husband keep anything from his wife?

Yes—enough for lunch and carfare.

Hint to Young Writers

AFTER introducing yourself state that you are gathering material for a story. Jot down the ideas on your cuffs from the conversation that follows. If you have no cuffs jot down the ideas on your shirt. If you have no shirt everyone will know you are a writer, and there will be no need of introducing yourself. *William Sanford*

"Thank you, madame, your summer furs serve to remind me that there exists something in the line of wearing apparel more uncomfortable and idiotic than a straw hat!"

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KRAZY KRACKS

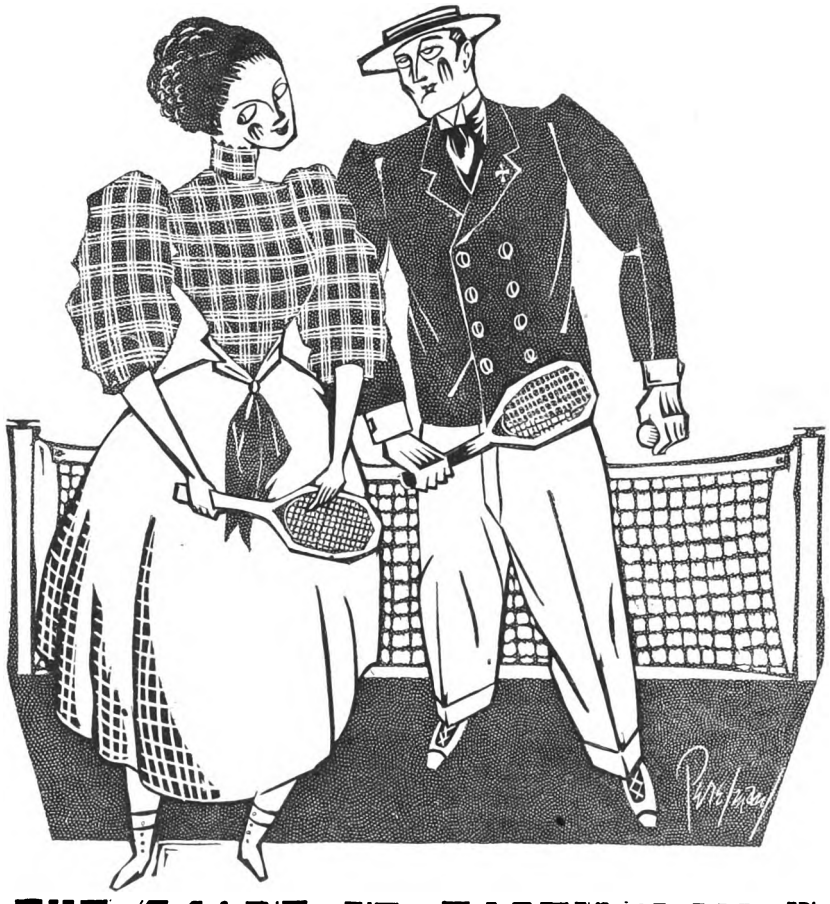
"Give a sentence with the word Waltham"

"Waltham around again, Willie."

The Chief Support

Most musical comedies are similar to articles like this one. They say little or nothing from start to finish, and if it were not for a matter of form, in the majority of cases they, like an article of this sort, wouldn't have a leg to stand on. A show with a good bunch of these, however, is usually good for a long, profitable run

. . .



THE SCORE IS FORTY "LOVE" SAID FRANK MEANINGLY

"Most of the action of my story takes place in a cemetery," an author is reported to have told a fair friend of his. "Well," said the demure girl, throwing him a roguish glance, "isn't that the best possible place for a plot?" Both of them had a good laugh at this, and linking arms, they adjourned to the bar.

WIFE—*No wonder you ain't a successful burglar! Come stumbling in like an amatoor and wake up your own wife and kid!*

DIZZY LABELS

"They call her Pianola."
"You can't 'play' her without a roll."

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed.

The Parting Guest

Show him the way to go home,
But don't just stop at showing,
In fact, you'd better take him home,
He don't know where he's going.

R. C. O'Brien

You can usually tell a big butter and egg man from the vest.

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WIFE—*Oh, Henry, I just happened to think I left a faucet turned on!*

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SUMMER COTTAGER—*Say, young man, I'll pound some sense into you if you don't stop asking to go out and play on a day like this.*

Bright Sayings of the Tiny Tots

A Good One

FATHER was mixing cocktails before dinner. As he poured out the chilled concoction, he looked at his youngest son and said with a merry twinkle in his eye, "How would you like to have a cocktail, my boy?"

"Fine. I've had only two so far," said the youngster, who is only twenty-five going on twenty-six.

The laughter that followed was general.

Mrs. Ira Snort, Mayburg, Mo.

Childish Wit

Little John Straton was playing a game of "Fundamentalism" with some chubby urchins in Central Park. An elderly gentleman, wearing glasses, carrying a cane, and needing a shave, approached him.

"Are you having a good time, Johnnie?" inquired the gentleman who seemed to be a representative of the press.

"You'd better be *good* too or you'll go to h-ll with the rest of the modernists," laughed the little chap, thus turning the joke upon Clarence Darrow and his ilk.

Miss Helen Bean, Rough Neck, L. I.

True, True

Heywood Broun, 3d, was helping his father to buy some cigarettes in the Harvard Club.

"And how are you to-day, my little man?" inquired the cigarette vender, addressing the little man.

"I used to be a newspaper man myself," replied the little fellow, thus making copy for his father.

Robert Beasley, Joyville, N. Y.

Tiny Tot Scores

Grandfather was playing train with his three little grandchildren, Hart, Schaeffner and Marx.

"Are you tired of playing with us, Grandpop?" asked the three children in unison.

"H-ll, yes," twinkled the old gentleman, while the children roared merrily. *Sterling Patterson*

In connection with the British general strike, the following anecdote is especially timely: One young lady recently surprised her chum by saying, "He is a person of many and varied gifts!" "And who is that?" inquired the chum, whom we will call Rabelais for the moment. "Why, Santy Claus!" flashed back the witty belle. The consternation of her friend was extremely humorous.

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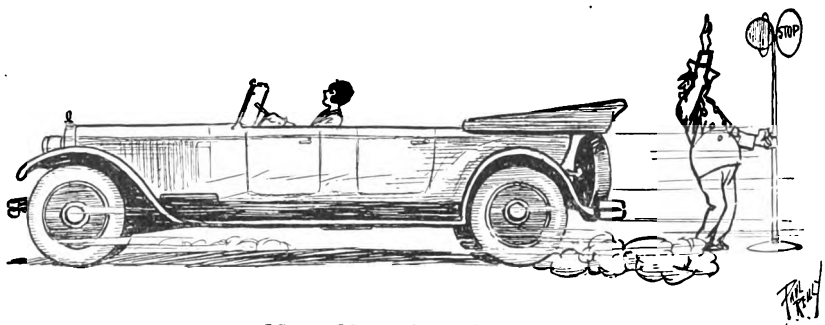
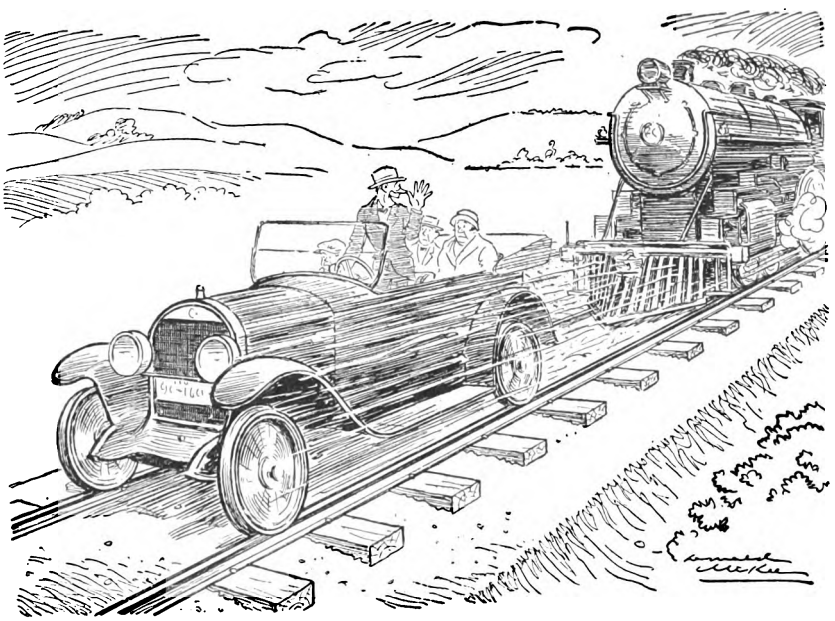
Our filling station agent makes a bid for the ladies' trade.



Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.



Bright motorist discovers new thrills can be obtained by removing the tires.

"O'brien Outloud"

Variation

THE rain is raining all around,
It rains on all the nations,
It rains a lot on many things,
But mostly on vacations.

O

An automobile sometimes bumps a pedestrian so hard that he lands on the driver's eye.

O

Real Drama

It was a very dramatic moment near the close of the first act.

The stage was dark—absolutely.

So was the rest of the theater.

Dark—pitch dark.

And quiet—you could have heard a pin drop, but none did.

The players, the ushers, the play-goers—all were tense.

Finally a shaft of green light flashed across the stage, and then, suddenly and without warning, a blood-curdling shriek shattered the awful silence.

(A late arrival, trying to reach his seat in the darkness, had stepped on a gentleman's corn.)

O

Not for Blocking Punches

It's all right for a pugilist to have a fighting face if he doesn't fight too much with it.

O

Every fifth family has a radio.—*News Item.*

A lot of fifth families live in our apartment house all right.

O

Our doctor allows us only two cigars a day, but it isn't so hard because we have several other doctors who allow us the same number.

O

She had her face lifted but it fell when she got the bill for repairs.

R. C. O'Brien

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HOUSEHOLDER—*Say, listen, Sergeant, I wanta get permission to keep a gun in th' house!*

THE OUTLINE OF HUMOR

Being a Plain History of Wit and Humor

by Judge, Jr.

(*Synopsis*)

Gosh, you should have read last week's installment! It was just too exciting—you wouldn't think history could be that way, would you?

WHY ROME FELL

IT seems there were two Romans, one Mark Antony by name and Julius Caesar of Caesar, Caesar and Caesar. Well, they met one day in the Parthenon and Caesar thought he would kid (see Lardner's "Roman Slang") Antony so he said, "Well, Mark, has your wife been entertaining this season?" and Antony replied, "No, not very." You wouldn't believe it but Brutus and Samson happened to be passing at the moment and Brutus was so enraged at hearing such an old joke that he stabbed Caesar, and for no reason at all said, "How many eggs did you eat for breakfast?" And, smiling through clenched teeth, Caesar replied: "Et tu, Brute!"

View of Charleston about time of discovery of America (from an early woodcut).

Now Samson had a very quick temper, too, and he hated practical jokes, so when he saw what a dirty trick Brutus had played on Caesar he began pushing buildings down in his rage and that's how Rome fell.

VI

Time certainly flies, doesn't it! Here we are up to 1492 and Columbus is about to discover America. And this is how Columbus happened to do such a foolish thing. It seems he was quite friendly with Queen Isabella, who got this quaint name because when a wee child she used to ask her father, "Is a bell on a bicycle necessary?" But we digress. It seems Isabella didn't believe the earth was flat either and she told Chris (she always called him Chris when her husband wasn't around) that she would furnish the money if he would go and discover something. Well, sir, Chris said to Isabella, "What am I going to discover?" which irritated her very much and she said very sarcastically "Take an encyclopedia." And what do you think Chris said? "I would but the pedals hurt my feet!" This made Isabella so mad she had poor Chris banished from the land. Which goes to show what a funny thing fate is because if Chris hadn't been wandering around in the ocean wondering what to do with himself he never would have discovered America!

(*Yes, there's more next week!*)

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IT'S WONDERFUL TO THINK THAT ALL OVER THE WORLD

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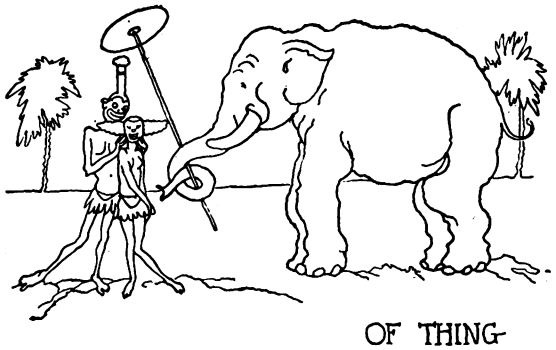

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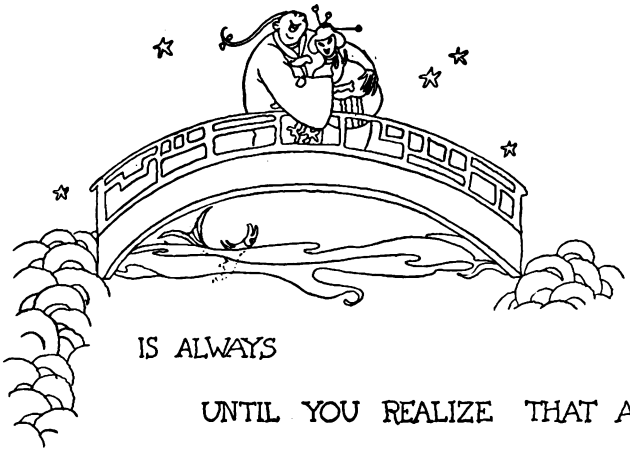

IS ALWAYS

GOING ON —

UNTIL YOU REALIZE THAT ALL OVER THE WORLD

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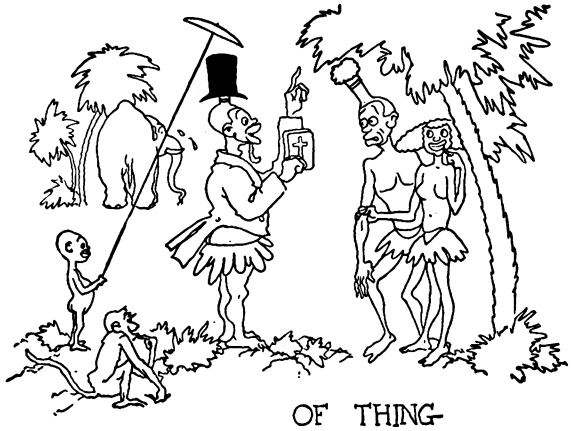

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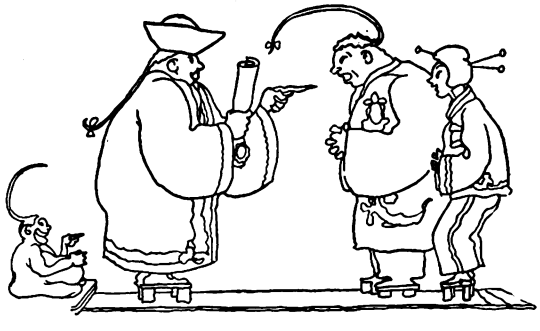

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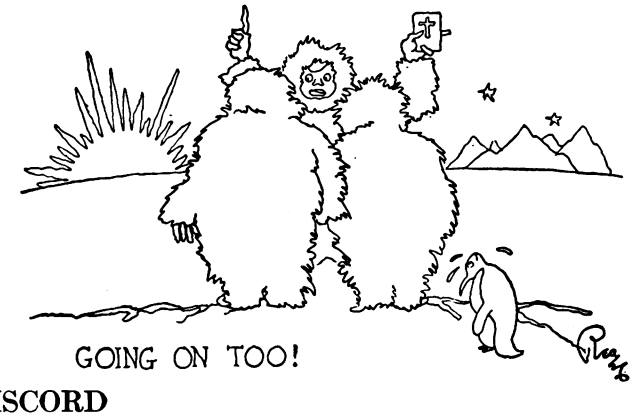

GOING ON TOO!

THE DISCORD

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There's Beauty in Every Jaw

IN the development of power, science may harness everything from sunbeams to trout streams, but the jaw wags on forever. The wags used in the United States in a single day, if stretched end to end would reach from Page 1 clear out beyond the three-mile limit.

(Correct.)

On reliable authority, much of this wealth of energy is wasted, but Hoover, Congress or Henry Ford haven't done a thing about it, and science is so full of B.t.u.'s, h.p.'s and kilowatts, that they haven't even invented a unit of energy to describe jaw power.

This jaw-wagging goes clear back to olden times when a certain old bird wagged a jaw on a thousand Philistines with telling effect, and ever since, jaw-wagging has been the king of indoor, outdoor, year-round sports.

But for the wagging jaw, no barn would sport a lightning rod, a tea party would be a wake, and scandal and scripture would sound alike.

Jaws receding, preceding, underslung, gold mounted, fur trimmed—they all wag, although with some variation; there's the ball-bearing, double acting, straight eight technique, that has sold over $500 worth of life insurance in the last ten years, and the ruminant style of action that made mail pouch famous. There's the one that idling—racing, clutch out and no brakes as it were—that causes most of the trouble in the world and keeps the divorce mill grinding. Many a man has prayed for lockjaw before finally praying the court.

The wagging jaw alone built the Wrigley Building out in Chicago, and but for the wagging jaw, all the Greeks would still be shining shoes.

If the wagging jaw required oil, there'd be a service station every fifteen feet.

Anyone who can jaw-wag sufficiently can get himself promoted to Washington, where the tournament always on, is wagging out about 200,000 laws a year; and then the jaw-wagging has only begun—you wouldn't employ an attorney who had a permanent case of lockjaw, would you? *Witten Rumor*

The driver of the hydroplane at Santa Monica forgot about his tow and started for Duluth, Minn.

Motorist's Primer

THE COP

Is the cop singing a song?
Yes, the cop is singing a song.
What song is the cop singing?
The song the cop is singing is, "Where the h-ll do ya think yer going?"
Is it a pretty song?
The cop thinks it is a pretty song.

FUNNYBONES

A monologue is a conversation between a realtor and a prospect.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

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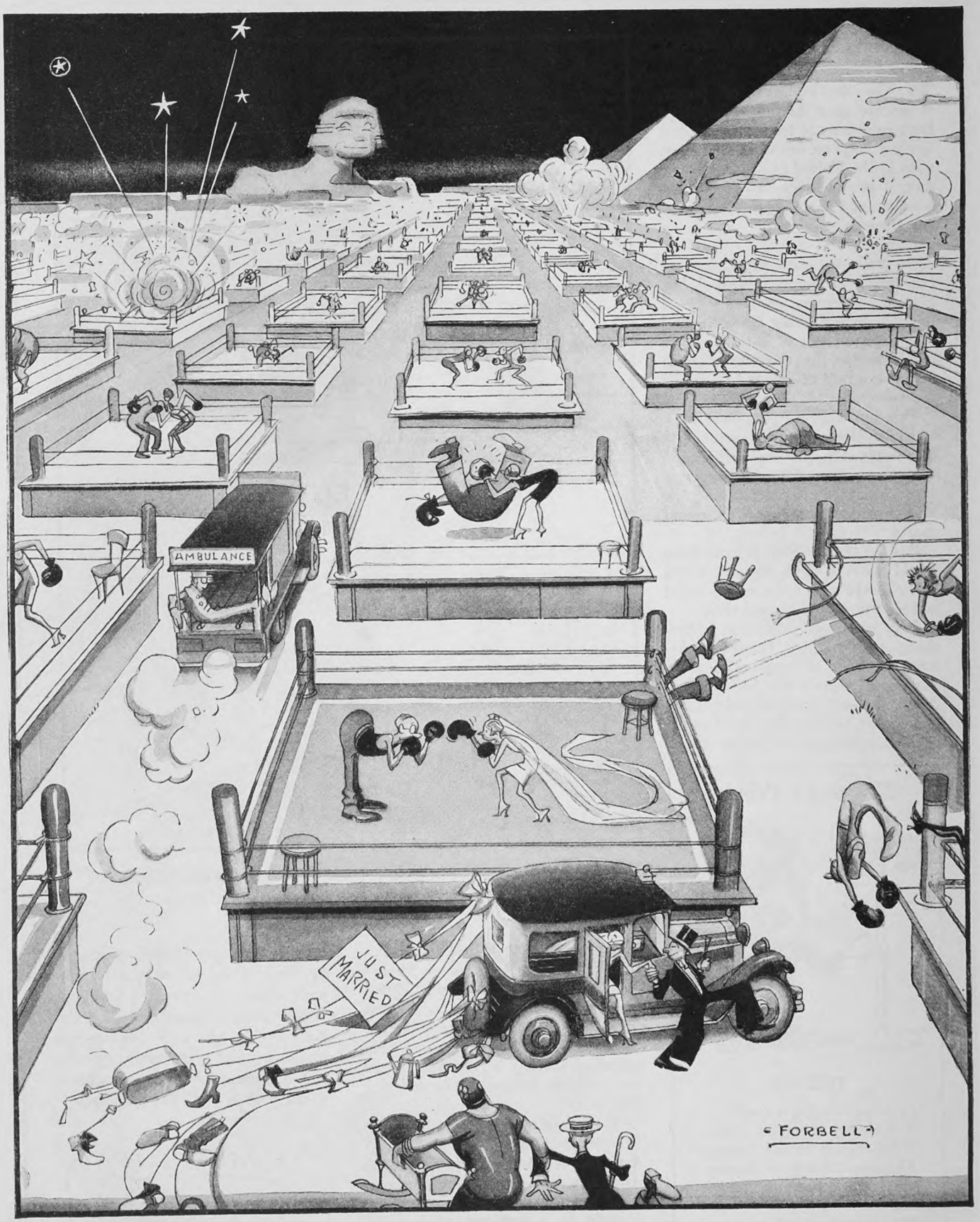

UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONS

NO. 13—THE MISMATES

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HIGH HAT

"Why all this bickering about the colleges?" writes Daniel H., of Dayton, O. There are lots of us who, not only never went to Yale but never went to any college, and it seems to me you are rubbing it in." . . . You're right, Daniel, and I'm sorry . . . after this if any college man starts picking on me I'll just igganore him that's all, and if any Yale man criticizes me—well, I'll just igganore him, too!

At last my life's ambition has been realized. I've had a drink named after me! Yes, sir, it's called the Judge, Jr. . . . . I named it myself! . . . . . two parts Gordon Water, one part McCardy, one part lemon juice, powdered sugar and a dash of Grenadine.

Lovers of African golf will be interested in this . . . . . a new receptacle for the galloping dominoes . . . . a green glass tube about the size of a water glass closed at each end. . . . . It's filled with glycerin and when turned over the dice float to the top, twisting as they rise—very tricky. . . . . They're made in Paris.

Two new books this week. . . . . "Love in Greenwich Village," by Floyd Dell and "Whipped Cream," by Geoffrey Moss. . . . . Knowing the Village pretty well I must admit Mr. Dell's characters are pretty true to life; in fact, I think I recognized a few . . . . . "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" is one of the best of the stories. . . . . "Whipped Cream" is just one of those novels of very, very modern society life—not so hot!

Speaking of books, the Editor of JUDGE just informed me that he was going to let me run one of the numbers—namely, a special number for The Younger Set . . . . as they say in the ads—watch for it! . . . . . and I promise I won't mention Yale once!

There's a new record out that's a peach . . . it's called "Wimmin—aaah!" . . . Paul Whiteman's "Valencia" record is a darb too, but probably by the time this is published it will have been pounded to death. . . . . Speaking of dancing, you may remember that someone inquired about the "Java." . . . . . an evident authority from the University of Yale (there I go mentioning that college again!) by the name of Dick with a *Luxet Veritas* letterhead states that it was a very popular dance in Europe three years ago and that it owed its life to a piece called "Le Java," which was popular at the time. . . . . Give this boy a hand!

The Six best "Steppers:"

"Mountain Greenery" (*Garrick Gaieties*).

"Keys to Heaven" (*Garrick Gaieties*).

"I'm in Love" (*Kitty's Kisses*).

"The Blue Room" (*The Girl Friend*).

"The Girl Friend" (*The Girl Friend*).

"Valencia" (*Great Temptations*).

Judge Jr.

A Great Moment

IT WAS a busy noon hour in The Eton-Rush Cafeteria. Every seat was occupied and some of the best hats and coats still hung on the hooks awaiting a taker.

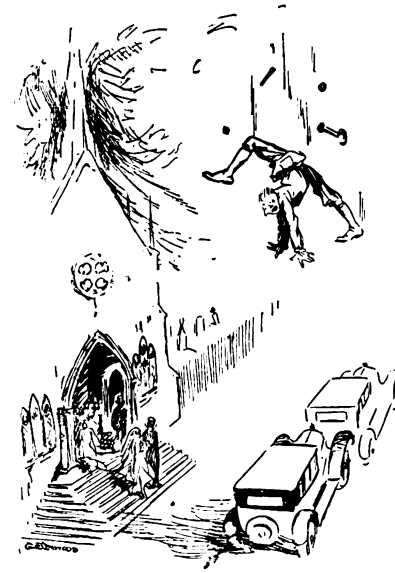
A little man entered and started along the counter containing what cafeterias call food. Two by two the eyes of the various diners ceased their labors of discerning the lumps in the mashed potatoes and riveted upon the little man. Slowly but surely he worked his way around picking up this and dropping that. Silence reigned. You could have heard a plate drop. And frequently did.

On, on around the winding abyss of food stuffs the little man wandered. The dense crowd hardly dared to breathe for fear of pulling in some one else's spaghetti.

Now the little man was getting his coffee. Now his cream. Pop-eyed the anxious throng stared. A man in a distant corner picked up a pepper shaker, thinking it was salt, and sneezed. For a moment the earth seemed to stop, then the little man continued, winding his way through the maze of tables. Finally he found a seat and occupied it, laying his tray piled high with food before him.

The great moment was over. The only man in the world who could carry a tray with his hat in his hand had again performed a miracle.

Carroll



AVIATOR—*Wish I was that young fella—no I don't either.*

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THE NATIONAL GESTURE

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

There Is Hope!

THIS is one of those weeks in which we had resolved to have nothing whatever to say about Prohibition. (Oh, yes, we can write about other subjects. You'd be surprised.) But along comes Calvin Coolidge with his famous executive order and, honestly, we must add our voice to the horrid din. When our President and national spokesman discourses publicly and eloquently of the need to preserve State's rights, before a distinguished academic audience at Williamsburg, Va., and within the same week, as a mere matter of routine, apparently, signs an order destroying the few vestiges of these rights remaining, you mustn't expect us to keep silent. Our friends might think we were sick.

He did it quite innocently, we believe, without appreciating the utter contradiction between his act and his protestations. We are saying this not because JUDGE is Republican but for two other reasons, namely, that Calvin Coolidge doesn't strike us as one of the deliberately hypocritical type, and if he were he is far too shrewd a man to have permitted his act to contradict his words so precipitately. But isn't his innocence of intent the really appalling thing about the exhibition? Deliberate hypocrisy is easily explained in terms of the individual's social or political ambitions, and reflects solely, or largely, on the individual. But unconscious hypocrisy has deeper roots. It springs from a habit of mind that is not so much individual as racial. In this case it is the habit of mind formed by that large proportion of Americans who still give lip service to the ideals of the fathers while accepting their destruction in behalf of the Volstead law.

The amazing thing about Calvin Coolidge's blunder is not that he should have made it but that it should have raised such a hullabaloo. There is hope!

A Patriot

THE Board of Education of New York City has refused a request of the Civil Liberties Union to use a high school auditorium for a discussion of free speech, the speakers to be John Haynes Holmes, Arthur Garfield Hays and James Weldon Johnson. Mr. Holmes is well known as the pastor of the Community Church in New York and the champion of many liberal causes. Mr. Hays is a lawyer who was identified with the defense in the Scopes trial and has lately appeared for the strikers in Passaic. Mr. Johnson is Secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People. All, of course, have advanced views on the subject of free speech—advanced, that is for a generation that has produced its Lusks and its Burlesons—but all are reputable citizens.

Nevertheless, the Rev. Harry L. Bowlby, General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, takes great satisfaction in the action of the Board of Education. He has written one letter to Dr. William J. O'Shea, Superintendent of Schools, applauding it, and another to Professor Conklin of Princeton University, "again requesting him promptly to send in his resignation as a member of a certain committee appointed by the American Civil Liberties Union." If he doesn't resign, the sponsor for the Lord's Day threatens to report him to the Trustees "of my alma mater, Princeton University." For "this is the time," says the Reverend Bowlby, "when all good citizens must stand together, without flinching, against all persons or organizations seeking to weaken and destroy our Government, either through direct or indirect means."

This question may arise in your mind, though hardly in in Mr. Bowlby's: Which is "seeking to weaken and destroy our Government, either through direct or indirect means," an organization such as the triumphant Bowlby represents that is fighting with every weapon at its command to link Church and State and destroy our liberties with Sunday blue laws, or one such as these other gentlemen represent whose purpose is to safeguard the rights of free speech guaranteed us in the Constitution? Incidentally, this is the first announcement we have seen that the Reverend Bowlby was a son of Princeton. Funny the University doesn't make more of her patriots.

Page Freud

MODESTY is hardly an American virtue. But there is nothing in "The Big Parade" to prove it. This picture displays with great force, frankness and charm some typical experiences of the American doughboy in the World War. There was no call whatever to weaken its artistic unity by lugging in the British tommy or the French poilu or any of the rest of the Allied forces, since its object was not to show how the war was won but to see certain characters through a dramatic episode.

Under ordinary circumstances this lack of educational or propagandistic effort would have been hailed by our blood brothers in London as the picture's supreme merit. But when "The Big Parade" opened in London the press there contained such comments as these: "How America Won the War," "Collossal Impudence of New Film," "They have our money and now they want our glory," "It is doubtful if any other nation than America would have had the impudence or the bad taste to produce 'The Big Parade.'"

Can these be the ravings of an inferiority complex?

W. M. H.

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"Stop right there, Mr. Guzinkus!"

The Flying Start

We are told by those who are in a position to know that the success of the modern story depends upon its ability to catch the reader's interest at the outset. Immediate action is a primary requisite if a tale is to prove useful to an editor. There are some writers who complain that it is an impossibility to compel the reader's attention at the start of certain types of story, or to plunge the characters into early action. This, I believe, is an unsound theory. To prove the fallacy of such a notion I have set below two sample beginnings of stories of widely diversified types. I submit, does not the action start almost immediately?

The Brawl

An historical romance

"Damn you!" snarled the Duchess of Drainpipe, "Whaddayamean you go five hearts? Ain't I told you enough times not to take me outta no doubles? Come on now, snap into it or I'll smack you for a brace of fireplugs, you poor nitwitted oilcan!"

The Lady Cynthia Cyclonecellar Cholmendeley paled beneath her rouge.

"Say that again," she shrieked, "and I'll hand you a clip on the jaw."

They arose simultaneously. Under the picture of the Marquis of Queensberry, which smiled benevolently upon them from the wall, they squared off.

The Duke of Middleblister sipped his whisky and soda meditatively.

"Girls will be girls!" he observed.

In stories that deal with the great open spaces where men, strange to say, are men, why should we be bored with a detailed description of the hero's dress, habits, personality, etc.? Why not, on the other hand, leap into the tale with gusto right at the start? Observe this sample beginning of a story of stirring border days!

Hell's Bells

A story of the great West

Pinto Pete galloped into Devil's Gulch, lassoed a lamp-post while on the dead run, put a bullet into Red-Eye Mike who was waiting to get him on the steps of the First National Bank, and dismounted from his horse. The citizens scattered like jack-rabbits. Pinto, carelessly rolling a cigarette with one hand, went into the bank.

"Your business, sir?" inquired the uniformed flunkey at the door.

"What's it to you, buddy?" inquired Pete, squinting his eye. The next second his six-shooter flashed out and from it issued a stream of murderous fire, each shot neatly removing a brass button from the lackey's coat. The porter, with fear blenching his countenance, shrank back against the wall.

"Come, boy," said Pinto, "where's the director's meeting at?"

"What you want to know for?" asked the flunkey suspiciously.

Pinto Pete waved his hand.

"Listen, stupid!" he said, "I'm a director of this bank, get me? Now lead me to the meeting!"

Edwin Rutt

Plastic Surgery

Some pugilists deny that they've had their noses rebuilt, but few can deny that they've had their chins lifted.

GIRL ARTIST (*trying to sell her comic*)—*Don't you think that's a funny joke?*

ART EDITOR—*Yes, it always was a funny joke!*

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SHE—*There was a time when you said I was the most articulate woman you had ever met.*

HE—*But you finished in 1918.*

NOT MUCH TO ARTICULATE

by Don Herold

"THE more articulate, the less said," is an old Chinese proverb which I just wrote, myself, a couple of minutes ago.

There has been quite a practice in recent years of classifying women as either inarticulate or articulate. It is considered the highest compliment you can pay a woman to say of her: "And she is articulate, too!"

(Men have simply lumped themselves off as all articulate. It seems to be women who either are or ain't.)

When I was young (about five years ago) I used to get extremely excited about articulate women. It is only since I have become an old man that I have discovered that there are two kinds of inarticulate people: those who are dumb-bells and those who keep their mouths shut, and that most articulate people articulate themselves dry in a mighty short time.

For long hauls, give me inarticulate individuals every day.

The trouble with being articulate is that there is not much to articulate. And the trouble with articulate people is that they continue to articulate a long time after they have anything to articulate. Pretty soon they are articulating hot air.

This has considerable bearing on marriage and may be construed as matrimonial advice, if you need any. Silence is not half as bromidic as a lot of things that are articulated over and over.

Polar explorers ought to know more about the durability of conversation than anybody, so it was a great satisfaction to hear that Donald B. MacMillan tells his men to keep still on their Arctic expeditions. He knows it is a long way North, and he says it is not cold or lack of food which makes these trips hard, but boredom after the men get all talked out.

The radio is expected to relieve this somewhat in future polar trips, but explorers will soon discover that radio, too, is too dadburned articulate—it talks itself out in a few weeks.

Most of the interesting people I now know may have seemed stupid in the beginning, and they were surely in no hurry to get into the high place of my esteem. And all our pathways are strewn with the carcasses of folks who articulated themselves to cinders long, long ago.

It is amusing to go to a tearoom or somewhere and watch people articulating themselves to extinction.

Between Rounds

Manager—You're doing a lot of missing.

Fighter—Can't help it. Every time I hit him once I knock him so far back I can't reach him with the next few.

The big concerns have armored cars to carry the pay roll for their employees. But the employees must provide their own protection to take their envelope home.

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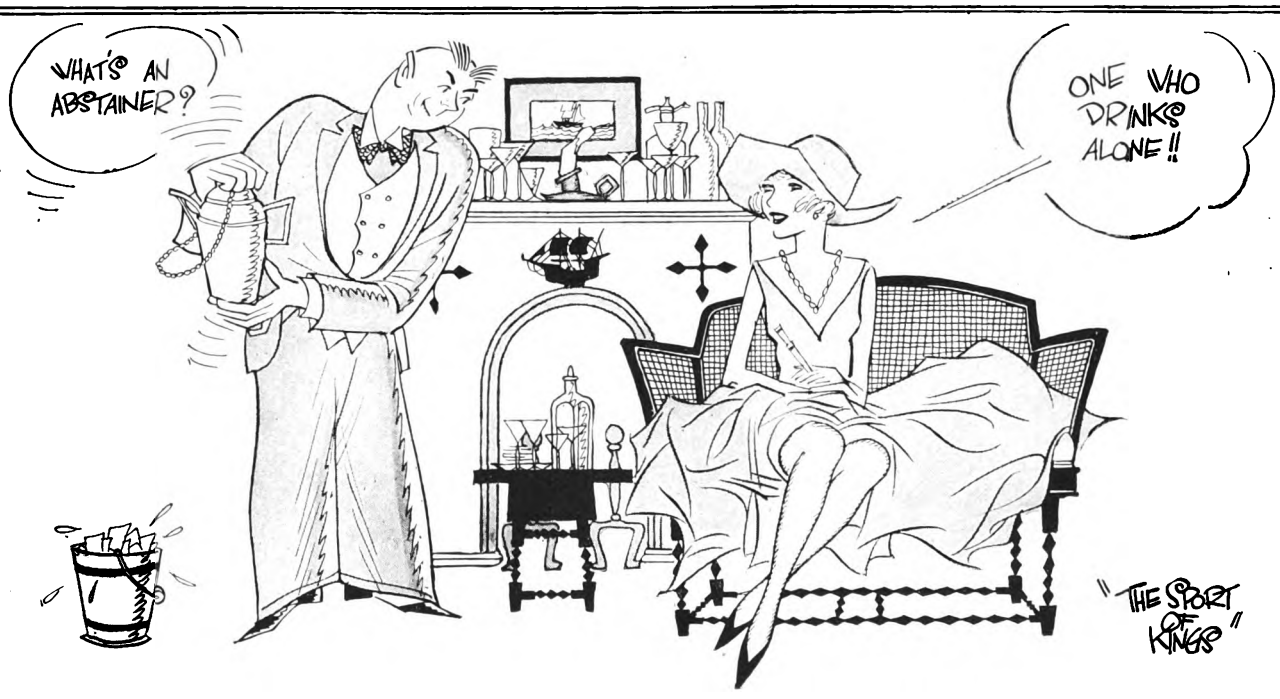
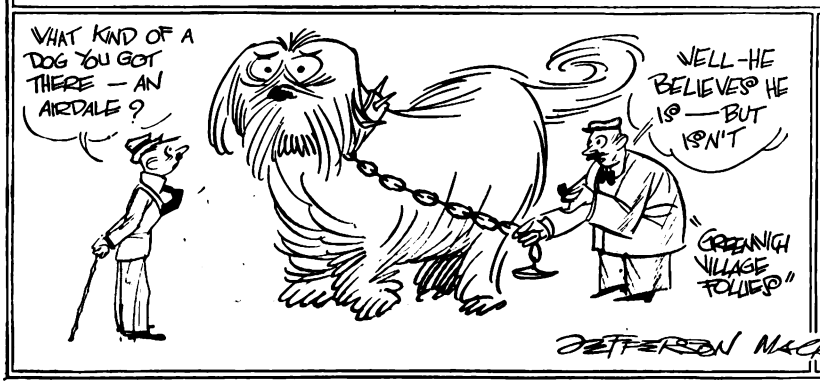
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS





JEFFERSON MACHAMER.

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

THE audience at the première of the Princess Theater Company of Madrid at the Manhattan Opera House consisted of about one thousand Spanish shawls and six people who could speak Spanish. It is always the way when one of these notable foreign organizations appears on the scene. When the Russians land in New York, all the well-known resident Slavs and Muscovites like Arthur Brisbane, Mae Murray and ex-Mayor Hylan grab front seats and cheer themselves hoarse over the great art of their Motherland, just as when Gemièr lands, all the well-known local Frenchman like Otto Kahn and James K. Hackett get out the old family tri-color and wave it like veterans of the Franco-Prussian war.

At the Manhattan opening, the six Spaniards present could readily be picked out by watching the persons who looked at the stage. The rest of the audience spent all its time looking at the program to learn, from the translation printed thereon, what it was all about. Yet if the bulk of the house was little more Spanish than Balaban and Katz, it suddenly became all Spanish the moment each curtain came down. At such times it proceeded to such a fury of applause for a performance that it could understand just about as much as a Portuguese could understand "Is Zat So?" that Alonzo himself, just to get even, must have rolled over in bed at Deauville and begun singing, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

The stars of the Madrid company are the Senorita Maria Guerrero and the Senor Fernando Diaz de Mendoza. Both, viewing them from this more advanced theatrical day, may be described as belonging to the sis-

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—See this issue.

"Bride of the Lamb" (Miller)—Alice Brady's good performance in an interesting dramatization of the platitude on sex and religion.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—For the boobs.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam) — Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue in a lively dancing show.

"Kongo" (Biltmore) — See "Alias the Deacon."

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Shubert)—A Bowery melodrama in a kimono.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Fine revival, thoroughly to be recommended.

"The Jazz Singer" (Cort)—Hebrew hokum.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—The success of this excellent O'Neill play indicates that the movies haven't yet entirely killed the theater.

"Pinafore" (Century)—Interesting spectacular revival.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—A poor comedy.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—The Pulitzer Prize play. Nevertheless worth seeing.

"Sex" (Daly's)—Awful tripe.

"Pomeroy's Past" (Longacre)—Mild, agreeable little comedy, well acted.

"Tip-Toes" (Liberty)—One of these days Gershwin will find a good librettist.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—Tepid fantasy.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—Ina Claire snooping after the pearls.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—Good singing troupe.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Marx family in some very funny vaudeville.

"Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—Fair amateur revue with La Perkins as its star.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Sensitive British comedy, worth your eye.

"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes in a good performance of Maud Adams' old rôle.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—Diverting summer entertainment.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—A weak music show.

"The Romantic Young Lady" (Neighborhood)—A light comedy from the Spanish.

"Love in a Mist" (Gaiety)—A dull one.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Apollo)—Fairly comical bout with the vernacular.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Claiborne Foster good in poor play.

"Bunk of 1926" (Broadhurst)—Pretty terrible.

"One of the Family" (Eltinge)—Nothing in this one.

"Song of the Flame" (44th St.)—Arthur Hammerstein's weakest.

"Not Herbert" (49th St.)—Old crook stuff.

"No, No, Nanette" (Globe)—The "Abie's Irish Rose" of musical comedies.

"The House of Ussher" (Mayfair)—A bore.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Some excellent laughs.

boom-ah school of acting. They are talented, unquestionably, but their talent is of a histrionically rococo species. The play in which they elected initially to disclose their prowess to the local Times Square Spanish colony was "Dona Maria La Brava," a drama of fifteenth century elocutionary passion by Don Eduardo Marquina. It is a darksome exhibit wherein loud moans, groans and lamentations are periodically interrupted by some one else getting murdered. For the average Americano in an orchestra chair, the chief diversion of the evening lies in trying to figure out from the program whether it is Don Alvaro de Estuniga, Alonzo Perez Vivero or Condesa de Medina who is the character who is being stabbed or whether it is Don Alvaro de Luna, Dona Maria Lopez de Guzman y Estuniga or either Conde Palacios, Conde Plasencia or Conde Nast who is the bereaved relative. Anyway, it's not such bad sport, considering lacrosse.

The direction, lighting and staging revealed by these Spanish masters of theatrical art are very minsky. From what one could see, all that the director did was to tell the actors to find a good, comfortable position on the stage, stick to it throughout the evening, and recite their lines with the least possible physical exertion. Except for some lusty lung work, there was no more action to the proceedings, whether internal or external, than to an Eden Musee. In addition, the lighting was of the Joe Jefferson period. The whole first act was played on a stage so dark that it took an uncommon virtuosity on the part of the actors to make the exits without stumbling over one another, and the second act

(*Continued on page 28*)

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

"*The Big Parade*"—The war itself.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Jack Barrymore, love and blubber.
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney in rare form.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Paradise filmed on the spot, minus Gilda Gray.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Smooth comedy with Adolphe Menjou.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo and sophistication
"*La Bohème*"—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert enact the old story.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore and a wardrobe.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks.
"*First Year*"—Slapstick version of Frank Craven's comedy.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be
"*The Barrier*"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
"*The New Klondike*"—Florida boom farce.
"*The Devil's Circus*"—Wartime melodrama.
"*The Crown of Lies*"—Balkan romance with Poli Negri.
"*Bride of the Storm*"—Dolores Costello is rescued from a lighthouse.
"*The Flaming Frontier*"—Custer's Last Stand melodramatized to a fareyouwell.
"*The Blind Goddess*"—Arthur Train's story with Esther Ralston.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Good Harold Lloyd farce.
"*A Social Celebrity*"—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
"*Kiki*"—Norma Talmadge in a bowdlerized version.
"*That's My Baby*"—Farce potpourri.
"*The Runaway*"—Hill-billy romance.
"*Skinner's Dress Suit*"—Tame comedy.
"*Brown of Harvard*"—Stage rah, rah stuff.
"*Hell Bent for Heaven*"—Typical movie melodrama with flood.
"*The Greater Glory*"—One long yawn.
"*The Wilderness Woman*"—Aileen Pringle and Chester Conklin in excellent comedy.
"*Fascinating Youth*"—Farce tryout of Paramount's junior stars.

After all the wonderful adventures that Captain Traprock had in the South Seas it seems like deliberate skepticism to suspect the authenticity of "Aloma." Yet I can't help having my doubts of this picture. Is it probable, for instance, that a beautiful native girl in a grass skirt and brassiere, to whom the hula hula was as natural as breath, would fight to keep house for an unattached young white man, her only object being holy matrimony? And would the noble young white man repel her advances until such time as he felt like proposing marriage? Finally, is it probable that the beautiful native girl in grass skirt and brassiere, to whom the hula hula was as natural as breath, having fought to keep house for the unattached young white man and having won his proposal of marriage, would give up her fiancé with a pious "God bless you" when the white girl happened along who had claimed his heart in the first place? How about it, captain? How about the hula hula itself? Doesn't that, like chop suey, come from San Francisco?

But please forgive these irrelevant questions. "Aloma of the South Seas" may be an eyeful of applesauce but it won't blind you to the attractions of Gilda Gray. Gilda is not only supple and shapely but she has unmistakable personality, which shows to great advantage when she pays her naïve court to Bob Holden (Percy Marmont), her white hero. Her seduction of Holden makes a truly charming scene to which Marmont contributes his share.

The photography, though good, can't compare with that in Flaherty's picture, "Moana of the South Seas,"

(*Continued on page 27*)

BOBBY—*Ain't that h-ll!*
MOTHER—*Tch! Tch! Bobby, you should say,* is *that* not *h-ll!*

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Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Gertie's Girdles for Graceless Girlies

My old man says I been gettin' too fat from a over amount of laziness even if he shouldn't talk from bein' the least good for nothin' old fool in three counties becauze he ain't never held a workin' job more than till he found out that's what it was and he had got mistaken and one night the bulls was after him and went right by he was movin' so slow they thought he was a fire plug and I pulls a good one tellin' him the only job he'd ever keep would be pickin' flowers off of century plants and I take in washin', mind the seven brats and work like h-ll to support the family.

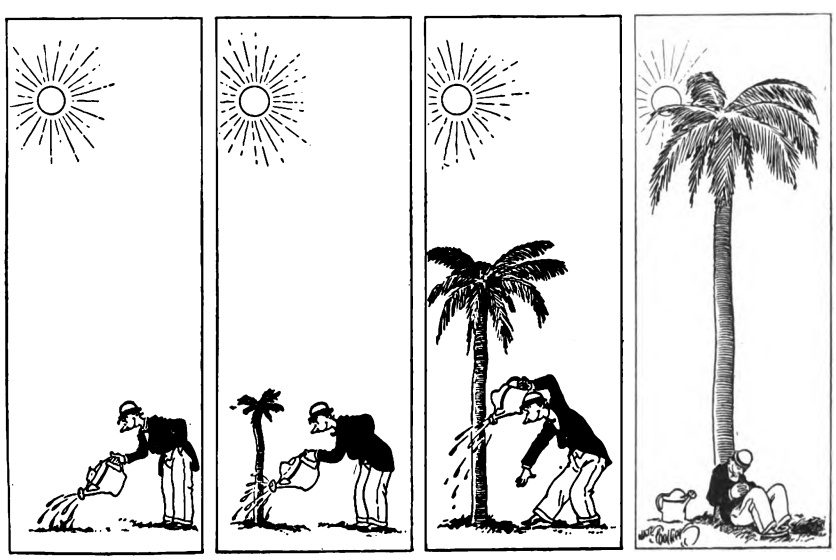
Anyways, maybe I was gettin' a little plump as he's a handsome man even if he is my husband and so I reads about your Gertie's Girdles for Giant Girlies and now I got some and likes them lots, they was a wee bit too little for me rightly but I'm gettin' my money's worth just the same usin' them for flashy garters like the debitonts.

Richard S. Wallace

❧❧❧

The naval authorities are invited to inspect a new ray which, it is claimed, will split anything asunder within a radius of ten miles. No lover of tinned sardines should be without one. —*Humorist*

"Can you play golf to-morrow?"
"I'm getting married to-morrow."
"Oh! Have you any other engagements this week?"



THAT WONDERFUL FLORIDA CLIMATE

Grow your own shade trees in ten minutes.

Now that an American has bred a combination of a turkey and a hen, it is hoped next to add a little bull-dog, and a dash of cow, so that the resultant animal will be able to lay eggs, supply milk, and bark at burglars. —*Passing Show*

❧❧❧

There's now a car to every five people, which should limit each driver to four pedestrians.

—*Manila Bulletin*

❧❧❧

Magistrate—Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?

Complainant — Yer honor, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he gave me the black eye!

—*Co-operative News*

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"Hey, Jim just fell out of a ten-story building!"

"Golla. Did it kill him?"

"Naw, didn't hurt him at all; he fell out of the window on the first floor."

—Bowdoin Bearskin

***

Barber—You have a bad scalp disease. Have you been using our eczema cure?

Henpecked—Nope, it 'uz caused from workin' in the mines, I reckon.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

***

"What kind of a date did you have last night?"

"Boy, if she was beautiful she'd be beautiful and dumb."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

Foist Blueblood—*What's a matta, dearie?*

Second Blueblood—*That damned spaghetti's too stringy.*

"Why don't yer try it wid yer veil off?" —Lafayette Lyre

At a recent bridge party a young college boy asked his fair partner if she objected to his smoking a pipe.

"Yes," was her unexpected answer.

Quick as a whip he rejoined, "Then you'll never make a good actress."

The laughter was general.

—*Bowdoin Bearskin*

"I like Polly, she's the sort of girl that stands out in a crowd."

"Personally I'm all for Betty. She sits out." —N. Y. Medley

A porter entered the smoking car. "Pa'don me, gen'men, but is there a Brown student heah?"

There being no answer, he repeated his question. "Is there a student from Brown heah, please?"

A young man spoke up, "I am from Brown, George."

"Then would you lend me your co'kscrew a moment, suh?"

—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern*

***

"No, Willie," said the Sunday school teacher, "Noah's wife wasn't Joan of Arc."

—*Washington Cougar's Paw*

To a Virtuous Lady

You say you've never been embraced
And I begin to think it's so,
For you are frigid and as chaste
As ice or newly fallen snow.

I've never seen such innocence—
I'm sure it has no parallel,
But would you show such reticence
If you were sure I'd never tell?

—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern*

***

I saw a horse with a wooden leg and a glass eye.

How does he get around?

On a merry-go-round.

—*Rutgers Chanticleer*

***

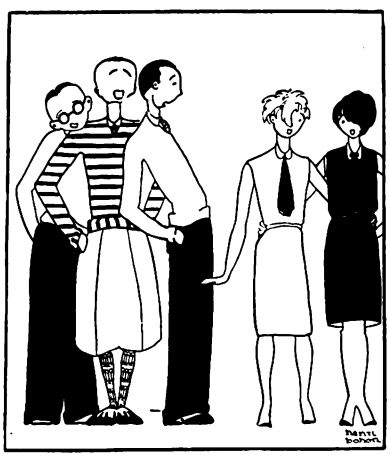
High Hat—What happened to that valet of yours?

Hye Hatte—I fired him for removing a spot from one of my suits.

"But isn't he supposed to do that?"

"Yes, but this was a ten-spot."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



Shes—*Why do rabbits have shiny noses?*

Hes—*Because their powder puffs are on the other end.*

—California Pelican

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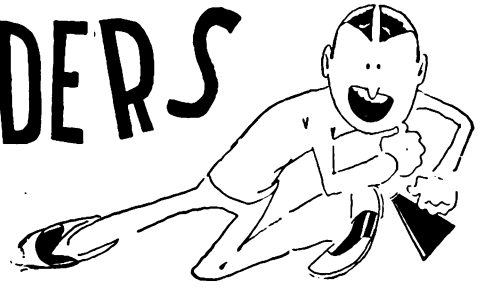
LEADERS



A heavily veiled young woman addressed the clerk at the hosiery counter in a large down-town department store, and asked:

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?"

"Yes, madam," replied the spectacled clerk. "What color will you have—pink, yellow or black?"

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

George—Boss, dat quart er likker you gib me was jest right.

Boss—How do you mean, just right.

"Ah mean if it wus any better you wouldn't of gib it to me, and if it wus any worse, I couldn't of drunk it." —*Vanderbilt Masquerader*

ONE—*Did she ask you to call again?*

TWO—*No, but it amounted to the same thing.*

"*Whaddy mean?*"

"*Well, she said, 'I'd like to see you come here again!'*"

—WASHINGTON DIRGE

Who is the leading lady in the show?

The usher.

—*Rutgers Chanticleer*

Southern Pacific Lines

—STANFORD CHAPARRAL

"So Frank has gone into the bond business."

"No, I said the bonded business."

—*Centre Colonel*

Gene—It would really be quite simple for us to marry, you know. Father is a minister.

Jean—Oh, really? Then let's try it—my dad's a lawyer.

—*Stanford Chaparral*

"Why don't you marry her?"

"She has a slight impediment in her speech."

"How sad! What is it?"

"She can't say 'yes.'"

—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern*

COED (to returned soldier)—*Were you in any engagements overseas?*

RETURNED SOLDIER — *Why, er, there was Yvonne and Gretchen, and—oh, hell, yes, I fought in the Argonne!*

—WASHINGTON COLUMNS

Prof—Give a concrete example of municipal control.

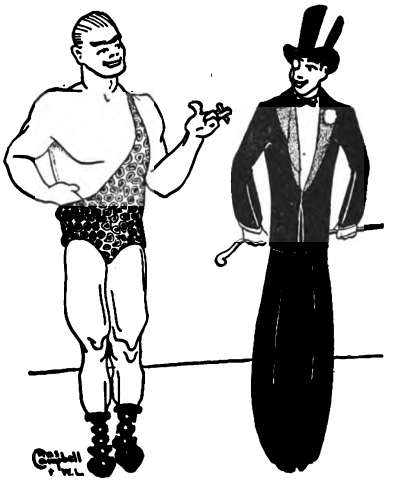
Stude—A paved street.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Worried Mother—The baby swallowed a dime to-day.

Nonchalant Father—I don't notice any change in him.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*



"*Pray, my good man, what is your occupation?*"

"*Oh, I'm a collector of various species of fruits and vegetables.*"

"*Ah, a gardener?*"

"*No, just an actor.*"

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

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The Market's Price Changes

by Theodore Williams

PRICE changes in the securities market have so far this year shown a very wide range. From high speculative peaks quotations dropped to levels where nearly all previous gains were wiped out, and there has been no complete general recovery as yet. Looking at recent figures one might infer that the intrinsic worth of most issues had been suddenly and seriously impaired and that real investors, no less than speculators, had suffered permanent loss. In some cases this may have been so, but the downfall in the market was not in the majority of instances due to decrease of merit. The sounder varieties of stocks are still backed by prosperous conditions in the businesses they represent. Dividends on them are maintained and seem assured, while on certain of them returns have been increased and their book values have risen. Colonel Ayers, the financial sage of Cleveland, has demonstrated that for years there has been no exact relation between prices and dividends. This must be especially true when the market is in control of professionals who manage to raise or depress figures almost at their will.

It is regrettable that no effectual check on such gambling procedures has as yet been devised. But the genuine investor whose dividends continue to come in can smile at a situation in which nominal values have been diminished.

His holdings, if they are of the right sort, are actually as valuable as ever and may eventually appreciate toward former prices. All kinds of rumors have lately been disturbing the market, to the effect that earnings have fallen and that dividends are in danger. Reports, however, from various corporations whose

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

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stocks for the above reason have declined indicate no justification for it. Speculation's nose is seriously out of joint, but investing of the shrewd and careful sort is very much in order. But investors need not wait on the moods of an erratic market, for they can find in first mortgage real estate bonds ever ready, safe and profitable purchases.

Answers to Inquiries

T., Reedley, Cal.: The San Joaquin Light and Power Company is paying dividends on its preferred stocks and its 7 per cent. prior preferred has investment merit. Standard Oil of California yields less than 4 per cent. on the market price. There are many issues that are more inviting. The Southern California Telephone Company is strong and expanding and its stocks, especially the preferred, are promising purchases for a business man. The Southern California Edison Company enjoys prosperity and its shares may be bought with confidence.

A., Worcester, Mass.: The Murray Body Corporation, which went into receivership several months ago, reports so encouraging an increase in business during the first quarter of this year that the idea of a foreclosure sale has been waived and a reorganization plan has been favorably considered. Under this plan the amount of both preferred and common stocks would be largely increased in order to pay creditors' claims and to obtain working capital. This extra capitalization would naturally cause the shares to sell at lower figures, but it is hoped that the reorganization will result in making the business profitable and the shares more valuable.

T., Columbia, S. C.: The Norfolk and Western Railway Company is one of the most prosperous of the transportation lines and its securities command a high rating. Its new issue of $6,000,000 divisional first lien and general mortgage 4 per cent. bonds, due in 1944, are certainly safe, but their yield on launching price of only about 4½ per cent. is so low that you might better put your $3,000 into sound first mortgage real estate bonds making returns of from 6 to 8 per cent.

R., Topeka, Kan.: The North American Light and Power Company 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock looks like a meritorious issue. The company, through its subsidiaries, serves important sections in several Western States and reports undoubted financial strength. Net earnings have been at the rate of nearly five times the preferred stock requirements. The stock was offered lately at a price to yield 7½ per cent. You could prudently invest $1,000 in these shares.

W., New Haven, Conn.: The increase in the U. S. Steel Corporation's regular dividend on common from 5 to 7 per cent. had a good effect on the stock, but this was offset by the decrease of 511,000 tons in the unfilled orders for April. This figure so exceeded the forecasts of the financiers as to weaken the price of the stock. There is no apprehension, however, that the dividend will be adversely affected. It would seem prudent to hold your shares.

B., Lewisburg, W. Va.: Reynolds Spring Company's earnings are lean and do not make its shares worth while. There appears to be but little chance just now of an advance in the price of the stock. It might spurt back to your purchase price but it might decline still further. A cheap non-dividend paying issue is too risky in these days to buy or to hold.

F., Fostoria, O.: The Western Union Telegraph Company is of course one of the greatest public utility corporations in the country and its earnings seem to assure maintenance of the $8 dividend. The stock, therefore, is reasonably safe. At the present market price, however, the yield is less than 6 per cent. You can get a larger revenue with even greater safety by purchasing 6½, 7 or 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds.

K., Pedro Miguel, Canal Zone: Should yo dispose of your $10,000 of United States Government bonds, you would not need to deposit the proceeds in a bank and wait indefinitely for a decline in listed bonds before making a new purchase. You could invest the money at once, safely and profitably, in 6½, 7 or 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds such as are advertised from time to time in Judge. These bonds have maturities up to as high as 15 years, and when they mature it will be easy to reinvest. The houses handling these bonds are reliable, and I advise that you send to each of them for its literature as you might want to divide your purchase among them.

B., Hartford, Conn.: Neither Dodge Bros. common nor Willys-Overland common is a particularly good buy at this time. There is as yet no promise of dividends on them. The preferred stocks of these two companies, each paying $7 yearly, are more attractive purchases figures.

New York, June 5, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

Many persons buy bonds, as well as other securities, in a sort of haphazard way, without a clear understanding of the merits of their purchases. In respect to first mortgage real estate bonds, however, inexperienced investors are now offered a guide to correct judgments. The Milton Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., has issued a booklet which shows how to analyze issues of this kind and to make sound selections. This booklet, J-529, will be mailed by the corporation to any address.

In its latest booklet, "How to Gain Independent Means," the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla., discloses ten plans whereby monthly investments of $10, $25, $50 and $100, for a period of ten to fifteen years, will bring about impressive financial results. These range from a total capital of $3,315 with a yearly income of $265 to a total capital of $66,719 with a yearly income of $5,338. These plans have been approved as feasible by Huskins and Sells, the widely known certified public accountants. The investments are to be in the 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds distributed by the company. Complete details of the plans are given in the booklet referred to (210), which will be sent by the company to any applicant.

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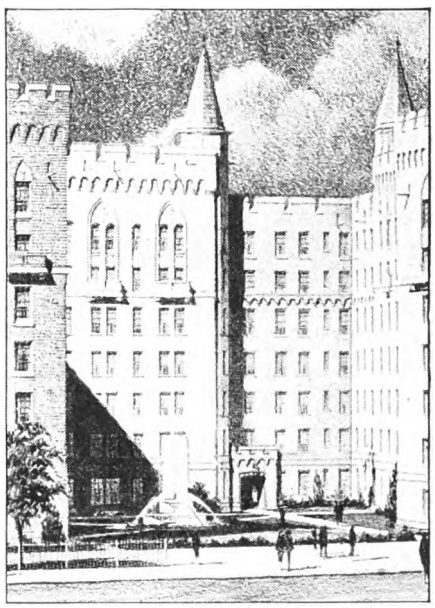

ESPLANADE GARDENS, now building, will be one of the largest apartment structures in suburban New York, containing approximately 140 apartments of from one to six rooms. Its site is more accessible to the business districts of New York City than many residential sections of the city itself. Bonds of this issue are secured by a direct closed first mortgage on land, building and equipment valued at $1,538,450 and a first claim in effect on net annual earnings estimated at $139,000. In the opinion of counsel, certificates of this issue will be legal investment for trust funds in the State of New York upon completion of the building. Send for complete information on current 6½% and 7% Miller Bond issues.

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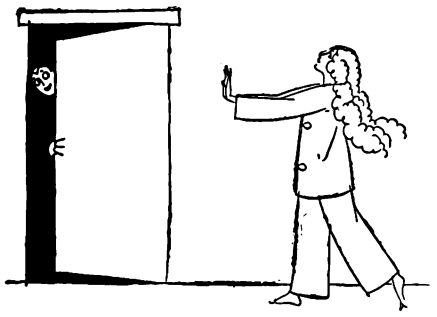


Never Again Till We're Married

HE didn't know how it had happened" could never apply to Billy's case. He knew perfectly well—afterward—how it had happened.

Zelda, her hair the color of ripe radishes, a wee bit tousled now, had put one lazy white arm around him and said, "Kiss wanted, by a lady in need."

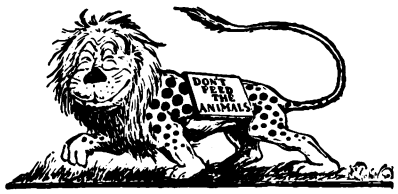
Nevertheless, it was Billy who had to say many times that night that she was the dearest saint in the world, and that he was a low dastardly cad. But she refused to kiss him when he left.

"Never again till we're married," she said.

So Billy went home to look at his bank book. He wondered if he had enough to buy a cheap house.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

¶ *A girl sometimes must use both sex appeal and finesse to coax a platinum band out of the modern male. See "Never Again Till We're Married," by Viña Delmar, in the current issue of* SNAPPY STORIES. *Now on all newsstands—20 cents.*



..... *sign on the dotted line* .....

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Politeness, or the forgotten courteous reply.

—*Humorist*

O'GRADY—*Yes, the lad's got to have a thrashin', but I'm givin' him an even break.*

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FUNNYBONES

Why don't the former wives of De Wolf Hopper organize a Grasshopper Club?

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Another Parlor Sport

You may have heard of smoker's heart and smoker's accessories but I'll bet a nickel, a half a dime, the fifth of a quarter and the twentieth part of a dollar, you never heard of smoker's quoits. Of course not. It's a game I made up myself and can only be played with your closest friends and immediate relatives.

The reason for this restriction is obvious. Just take a look at yourself in the mirror sometime when you're trying to blow rings. And the whole game of smoker's quoits is blown around rings.

Smoker's quoits is played with the last cigarette, a match and a touch of insanity. The object of the game is to see who'll go out and buy another package of smokes. The object of the game is to blow a ring onto a peg in the wall.

A peg is hammered into the wall. If there are no Pegs in your family a Mary, an Elizabeth or a thumbtack will do. Now, stand a good five paces from the peg. If you haven't a good five paces handy, look in Mother's sewing basket. There's generally one there.

First give the cigarette to Aunt Ottie, who laughingly says she isn't playing and hands it on to the next person who says he wouldn't put it in his mouth because he doesn't want anyone to catch his cold. Now it is baby's turn. Baby takes the half burned butt deftly between thumb and forefinger and says, "Oooogly blaagle, glabb, slup." Which freely translated means "have you seen this one, you bunch of slow pokes?" With these words he places the cigarette on the end of his tongue and curls it back into his mouth.

While half the family is turning the baby upside down, the other half is out getting a doctor and the fire department. Any member of this group may be designated to buy another pack of cigarettes while he's out.

Carroll

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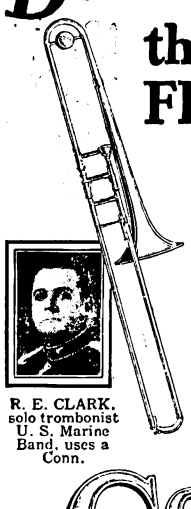

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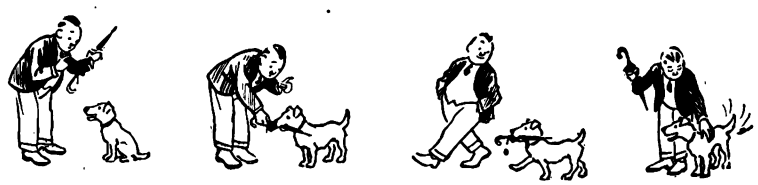
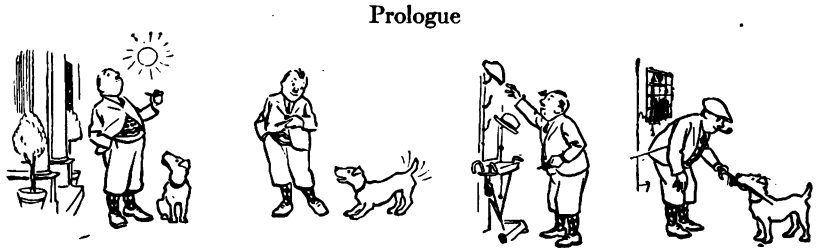
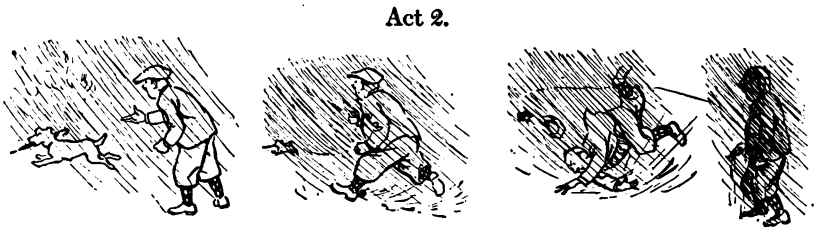


Prologue

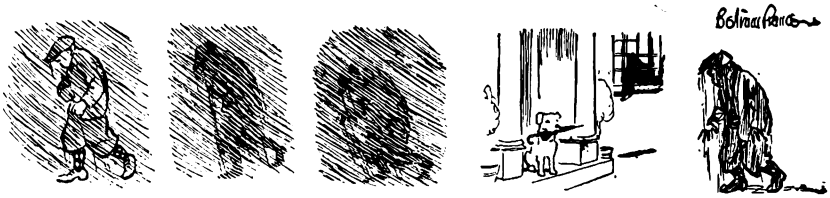


Act 1

Act 2.



Act 3.



Act 3 (Continued). Climax.

The well-trained dog. —*Humorist*

True Love

I've tried all the ancient devices
To prove my affection is deep,
  I applaud all she buys,
  I have eaten her pies,
And rocked both the babies to sleep.

I've taken her mother to theaters,
I've never once caused her a tear,
  And yet I've found out
  She harbors a doubt
As to whether my love is sincere!

So I've thought out a proof that's conclusive,
Though it causes me pain that's acute,
  She is coming with me
  My tailor to see,
To help me select my new suit!

—*Eve*

Mrs. Jack Dempsey says that she has no objection to her husband fighting. What a pity they don't agree on this point! —*Ideas*

A Load Off Their Minds

It was on their honeymoon. "Have all your bachelor friends congratulated you?" asked the bride, as she cuddled closer.

"Some," assented newlywed. "And some of them thanked me."

—*American Legion Weekly*

Morley—So Brown took a course in first-aid. Is he good at it?

Purley—A little hasty sometimes. A man was nearly drowned yesterday and the first thing Brown did was to throw a glass of water in his face.

—*Answers*

"Well, Algy, I hear you have taken up walking as the doctor ordered. How does it go?"

"Seems a bit awkward at first, without a windshield."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

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Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 18*)

possibly because "Moana" was actually filmed in the South Seas.

"ALOMA" illustrates more vividly than usual the utter indifference to cruelty which forms the reverse side of the coin of sentimentality. To avoid embarrassing complications and to give the picture a "happy ending," they feed the villain, who is not really a villain but merely in the way, to the sharks, and everybody is relieved.

IT WOULD be hard to find a more typical movie than "The Rainmaker." To be sure, it hasn't got Alice Joyce in it impersonating mother love and it harbors no virgin mannequin battling for her virtue, but most of the old mush props and tear wringers are interspersed through it in some form or other, together with such familiar action as horse races and saloon brawls. The introduction of a drought and an epidemic, instead of a flood or a cyclone, as the means of cutting the Gordian Knot of circumstance and bringing the two lovers into each other's arms, may be considered a novelty, but not unless you think of a ham omelet as a complete change from ham and eggs.

THE best feature of the picture is the acting of Ernest Torrence who impersonates a frontier saloon proprietor with a heart of custard under his rough exterior. Possibly the worst feature is the introduction of the religious note in connection with the Rainmaker's prayers for rain. The Rainmaker, is an ex-jockey, in the person of William Collier, Jr., who knows when it is safe to pray for rain by the feeling in his game arm. Why the call at the end to bow our heads over this trick?

IF YOU want to see how dismal a "funny" picture can be go to see "Wet Paint." Personally, I like "gag" movies. But unless the gags are reasonably fresh and original and are done with just the proper restraint and nonchalance they become as uninviting as unleavened pop-overs. Raymond Griffith's gags in "Wet Paint" are concerned largely with wild cocktails and wilder automobile rides, both of which have become as common to the movies as kissing. And he works too hard at them. The tempo of the picture is mechanically accelerated so that every movement is a jerk, which adds only to its clownishness.

"If...

FREQUENTLY you hear a man say, "If Fatimas were sold at fifteen cents everybody would smoke them." No doubt, but that's easier said than done. For without the finer tobaccos, the subtle delicacy, made possible by a few cents more, Fatima would not be Fatima

FATIMA

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

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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The Saturday Evening Post Number of JUDGE sold out in three days.

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References to palmistry are given in the oldest books of the Bible and the Chinese and the Brahmins of India are known to have read character from the hand for thousands of years before the Christian Era.

Today, despite the fact that Gipsy "fortune tellers" and charlatans in general have pretended to read the lines in the palm, it is an accepted fact that the hand is truly individualistic and its markings readable.

POWER and FORCE

BY

William Clarke

Late of the Royal Polytechnic Institute, London, England

Will give you, with other interesting facts, a very good general knowledge of the art of reading palms, including a concise explanation of the Lines of Life—Head—Fate—Heart—Marriage—Sun—Fortune or Vocation—Intuition—Health; The Line of Mars, The Girdle of Venus, The Ring of Saturn, The Ring of Solomon, The Rasceltes or Bracelets—Health, Wealth and Happiness.

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

Mrs. B.—Will you come to "43," doctor—my Willie's got a temperature?
Doctor (interested)—Is it very high?
"Only on the second floor, sir!" —*Passing Show*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 17*)

was played on a stage so highly lighted that the blinking of the actors, due to the sudden and unaccustomed electrical radiance, gave all the ladies down front the pleasurable impression that the Spanish gents were trying to make them.

II

THE new show at the Winter Garden is called "The Great Temptations." It is a good one. Its high spots are a brilliantly colored and effective number called "Valencia," an amusing dumb-bell skit very well handled by a Miss Dorothy McNulty, a comic burlesque of "The Shanghai Gesture," and several chorus numbers that have both rhythm and charm.

My prejudice in favor of music halls wherein one may smoke is well known, and for this reason I always go to the Winter Garden—or to the Shuberts' other emporium on the roof of the Century—in almost hospitable frame of mind. Yet I wish that the otherwise estimable Messrs. Shubert would oblige me by barring from both the Winter Garden and the Casino de Paris the customer who sat near me on this last occasion. I have smoked and smelled some terrible weeds in my time, but if what that fellow blew in my nose was cigar tobacco, India rubber is made by Coty.

The dancing in "The Great Temptations" is the best the Winter Garden has given us in some days, and so are the costumes. The show isn't startling in the way of humor; one or two sketches with humorous potentialities, notably the one showing two drunks awaking in a strange bed, are allowed to peter out; but there are other things that make up for the lack of verbal comedy. For example, a number called "The Pin Cushion" that has both originality and loveliness; for example, a number called "The Girls of Koster and Bial's," in which a dozen hefty wenches of the era of 1896 march elephantinely around the stage with their venerable spears; and, for example, the adroit hoofing of a corps of young women who go by the name of the Sixteen Foster Girls.

"*Sleepy Time Gal.*"

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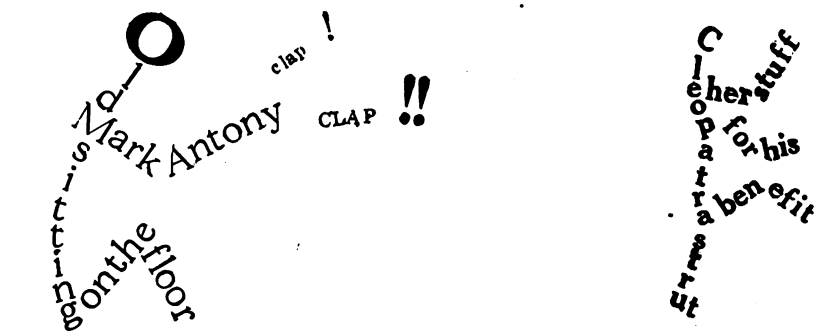
LETTER-LAUGHS!

First Prize



WATCHING

Submitted by R. M. Sands, Box 1236, Montgomery, Ala.

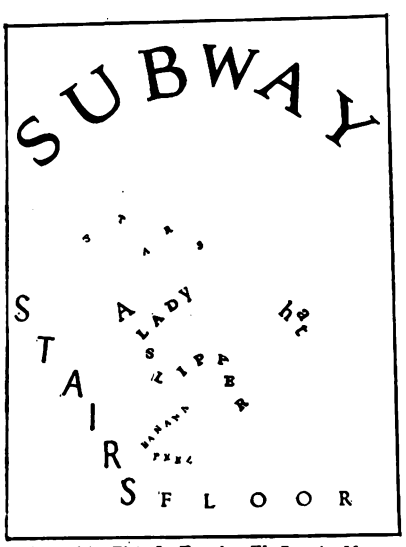
"Rome could have burned a dozen times, etc., etc."

Second Prize

Submitted by A. H. Thorne, Bloomingdale, N. Y.

"She's a little wild!"

Third Prize



Submitted by Elsie L. Keander, W. Dennis, Mass.

"Her downfall!"

3 PRIZES EACH WEEK

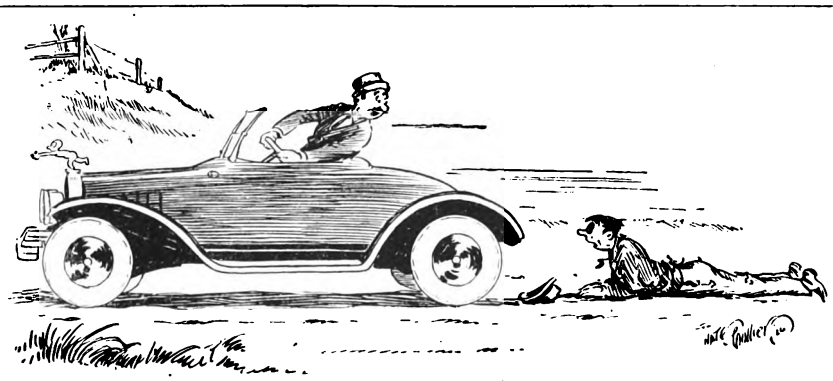
First Prize, $15; Second, $10; Third, $5

How to make Letter-Laughs

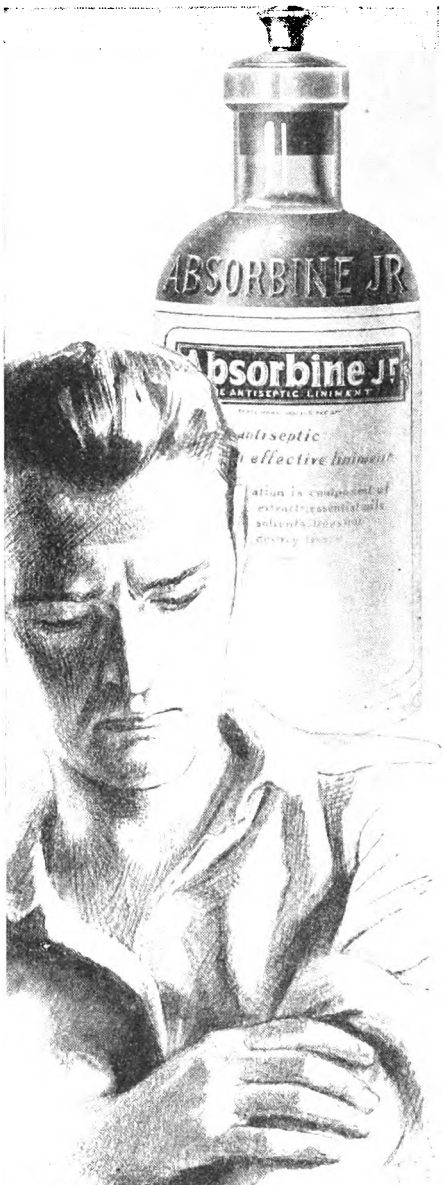
Cut out letters, or words, from any printed text matter, and paste them on a sheet of stiff white paper so that they will make a picture.

Each LETTER-LAUGH Picture must have a Caption and must be FUNNY!

Send your LETTER-LAUGHS to the LETTER-LAUGH EDITOR of Judge, *627 West 43d Street, New York City, and enclose postage if you wish them returned.*



Barber (after running over man)—*Massage, sir?*



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Here's quick relief

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As Absorbine, Jr. penetrates in the affected area, the circulation responds to the hurry call for reserves. The pain and aches are routed!

Take *the magic bottle* along when going away, to relieve sunburn, insect bites and stings, ivy poisoning, cuts and bruises.

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At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid
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ART PRINTS

"Oh, Mama!"

By R. B. Fuller

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

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each

"Time"

By Delevante

A new Art Print which will appeal to lovers of both the old and the new in dancing. Printed in one color from the original engravings on heavy Art Mat, size 19 x 15 inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each

"The Old Army Game"

By James Trembath

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

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each

OTHER NEW ART PRINTS

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

JUDGE
ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street New York

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 42

Elmer Ellsworth, Jr., Chelsea Hotel, 222 West Twenty-third street, City.

Runners Up

Earl Hinton, Dayton, O.

Dorothy Metcalfe, Evanston, Ill.

Charles Mosel, Miami, Fla.

Gilbert Jones, Carbondale, Ill.

O. De Caillet, San Antonio, Tex.

No name or address

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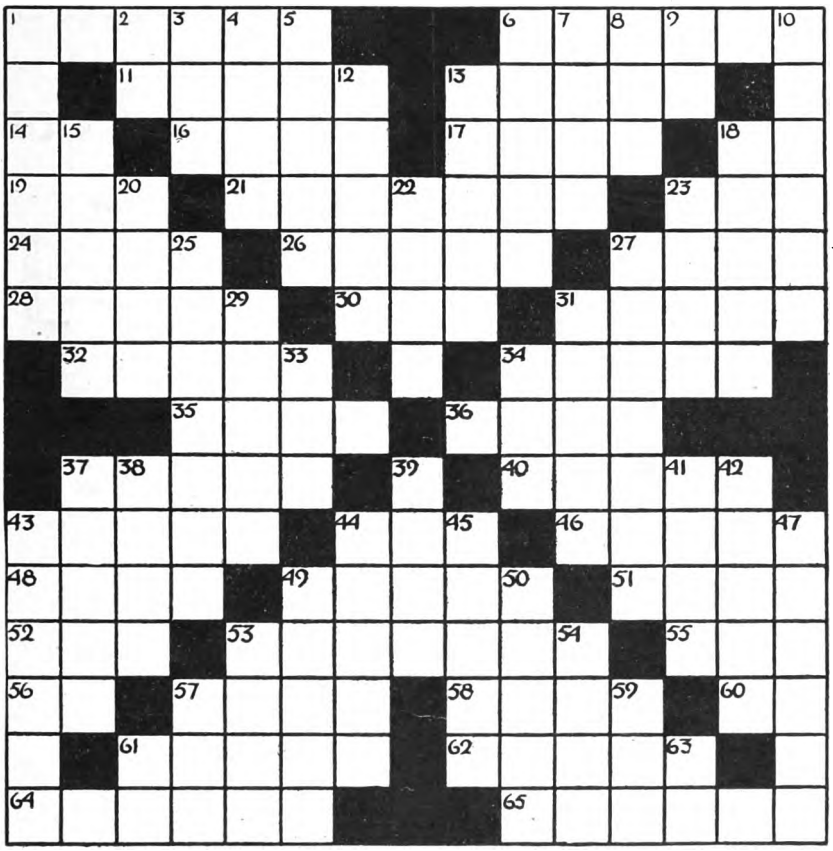
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 78



Submitted by Thomas M. Riley, Medford, Ore. JUDGE *pays $25 for each one printed.*

Horizontal

1. A hold-up.
6. Synonym for Coolidge.
11. Ethical.
13. Fire!
14. Preposition denoting presence or nearness.
16. Better one-half.
17. Flavor.
18. A flapper's principal pronoun.
19. The inside of a vacuum.
21. Spring and summer, salt and pepper, etc.
23. This makes some people feel seasick.
24. A wee sma' drink.
26. Proboscis, horn or beezer.
27. An old kid.
28. A lucky number.
30. Tutankhamen.
31. Used in conjunction with potatoes.
32. Challenged.
34. Famous watering place.
35. A contrary girl who had a garden.
36. Kind of women.
37. The buzzing of a radio fan makes people feel this way.
40. An artist's inspiration.
43. So this is Paris!
44. This has four legs but only one foot.
46. What Scotch kilts are made of.
48. Publius Ovidius Naso. (Not abbr.).
49. You can't blame this fellow for not trying.
51. A sea eagle.
52. How a poet gets even.
53. The pin of a thousand scandals.
55. This is "dry" in France.
56. Transpose (abbr.).
57. A turn in the river.
58. This means a musical composition.
60. Point of the compass.
61. What the village smithy stood by.
62. Kind of a bear.
64. A crazy bird.
65. Something wives and alarm clocks do.

Vertical

1. Modern Fountains of Youth.
2. Room (abbr.).
3. Character in Uncle Tom's Cabin.
4. Epochs.
5. Classifies or ranks.
6. Contraction of two words used most frequently in the Ten Commandments.
7. Electrified particles.
8. Something very easy to fall off.
9. And. (French.)
10. A scrap of paper.
12. What the Tower of Pisa did in 1922.
13. Pleasingly plump.
15. That rundown feeling. (Nothing to do with pedestrians.)
18. The kind of pastry mother used to make.
20. Liquid rock.
22. Musical food.
23. Something prices do all year around.
25. The original bathing beauty.
27. A maker of wheat cakes.
29. Comes closer to.
31. This means a lively kind of a dance.
33. The trouble with this law is that it's all wet.
34. This kind of a light has the most scandal power.
37. What tipplers do when they start for home.
38. The land of worra worras.
39. An inheritor.
41. Gossip catchers.
42. These are always busy.
43. How poets feel in the spring.
44. Ninety-nine per cent. of a newly married couple.
45. This is usually built near railroad tracks.
47. Decorous.
49. A Spanish wrestling match.
50. More mature.
53. A villain chaser.
54. Chief characteristic of September morn.
57. A kind of beer (obs.).
59. Sad Dodo Painters (init.).
61. Fancy Calesthenics (init.).
63. An ancient "you."

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

MEN AND WOMEN USE SILPH TO REDUCE

It Chews Like Gum

"I have taken off 18 lbs. of excess fat with SILPH and feel like a new man." Signed W. H. M., Brooklyn.

No Dangerous Drugs— Guaranteed Harmless!

Why shouldn't men as well as the fair sex care to have a normal figure? There is an old saying, "Nobody likes a FAT man." Who knows better than the one overburdened with excess weight that this is true.

A man's appearance means much to his social success or in business—Wives should encourage their husbands to reduce if they see the threatening signs of a double chin—a bulging stomach coming on—A trim, well proportioned figure is an asset that no man can afford to scoff at. Excess weight is recognized to be dangerous by insurance companies and physicians—If a man is overburdened by fat he cannot enjoy perfect health and he is in constant danger of a sudden death.

It should now be easy and pleasant for anyone to reduce—SILPH is used by thousands of people—It comes in form of a pleasant, refreshing chewing gum—two or three pieces of SILPH a day generally gives most satisfactory results.

Beware of Cheaper Imitations

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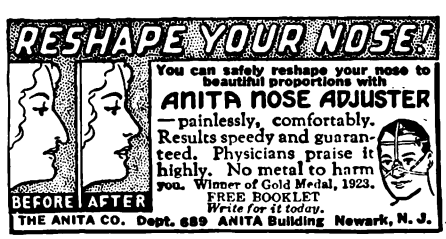
Prof. Budlong states, "I have lost 25 lbs. with SILPH and have been relieved from high blood pressure from which I suffered greatly."

SILPH sells at all good drug or dept. stores for 50c a box. If your druggist is out of it send direct to the SILPH CO., 9 W. 60th St., Dept. 109, N.Y.C.



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8 Power

CONQUER Distance! Follow flight of fowl high in sky! Observe movements of deer, bear birds, ships, people off in the distance. Autos roaring 'round the track! Horses tearing down the turf! Make your eyes **8 times stronger!** Bring objects *right to your feet!* Keep a pair in your car! Motoring will become a joy! New Worlds will open for YOU! When off for a hike sling a pair over your shoulder (*they add that smart military air*) and enjoy glorious vistas as never before. These Binoculars will prove a never-ending lifetime joy! *Indispensable for camping, hunting, hiking, yachting, races, motoring, shut-ins, observation, bird and nature studies, etc.*

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Tear out and mail this Adv. NOW! Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect your information. THANK YOU! Judge 6-12-26

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

DEAR JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of June 12)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 prize. Vote Your Favorite!

Brain-Feast

Solvents, grapefruit, berries, tomatoes, UNDER PROPER CONDITIONS:—dissolve tumors, blood clots, lime in joints [enabling use of limbs], eliminate catarrhal matter from nose, ears, tonsils, bronchials, etc. PYORRHOEA. See reprint "Dental Digest". PREGNANCY. Delivery painless. Eat nerve or muscle food TO SUIT OCCUPATION prevent undue retention of WASTE in blood [basis all disease]. Educational Booklet 10c. BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING, Dept. 16-B, 131 West 72nd St., New York.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

He Would Prohibit JUDGE

JUDGE:

GENTLEMEN: Just a line to let you know there is one Methodist, also an American, that is not afraid to say and write just what he thinks.

You might be able to sell your magazine in the year 1928 if you give with every copy a brand new Ford.

You are doing a great work for the Methodist Church, also every society that you throw bricks at.

For every stab in the back you give us we add another member.

And that makes one more American that will never take his hat off to any dago king.

Here's to a dry country, the Stars and Stripes, may they wave forever, and everything that the Methodist Church stands for. Also a Prohibition on JUDGE. Yours respectfully,

Westerly, R. I. *Silas A. Greene*

Sh! Not So Loud!

DEAR JUDGE: I have been passing the time between editions reading this week's issue of your so-called scurrilous magazine. Why the above appellation has been given to the sheet I don't know, but I imagine it must be from some of these so-called reformers.

Joseph Guiche, of Princeton, N. J., comes from a fine town, and may be a fine man. But, may I ask him, does he accuse this country of being rather childish? Does he consider himself above reproach, and the mentor and guide for the people of this country?

JUDGE, let's you and me (is that the correct phrase?) form a Society to Reform the Reformers. We had 'em here, but they left rather suddenly the other night. We will organize this society to try to teach these cute little pests to reform themselves and their childish and picayune outlook. How about it?

Let's give some of these uplifters some jolts. While I am not much on religion, I believe it was somewhere in the Bible that one should "judge not that ye be not judged." Anyhow, whatever it was, it fits the situation.

Now for Prohibition! That's bologna. Only last night I indulged in the luxury of three Clover Club cocktails in Miami, and believe me, they were no worse than ten years ago. And the price was only thirty-five cents.

I can take any blue nose to a hundred "joints" in this vicinity and get him anything he wants to drink. I am sorry to say that this town is dry. But I am English born and bred, and I'm going to have my drinks when, where and if I want them. So, what's the use of somebody trying to tell me I can't?

You have a great little sheet, and the right idea as expressed by Mr. Houghton. I am firmly convinced that I shall send him by express a bottle of fine Jamaica Rum that is reposing on my table. How about it, W. M. H.?

Yours until hell freezes over,

Stanley A. Townsend

Hollywood, Fla.

P.S.: Oh, I almost forgot. Please ask J. Guiche if *he* was ever young once, and if he never said, did or read anything while in his youth that might tend to reflect upon his morals.

Thanks.

Portraiture

JUDGE: I have read about a dozen of your "intended to be funny" magazines, called JUDGE, and I have come to the conclusion you are not an American, because you are seemingly against everything that belongs to making my country safe from foreign danger. I picture you a booze hound, one of those red-nosed kind, that hide behind the cloak of the papal machine.

No, dear, sir, the Klan is not dead; it is bringing forth the truth to Americans, and the meows! are being heard from all over the land from the "red necks" having their toes *step* on (not kissed) this time.

Read the Fellowship Forum and the Kourier Magazine, and read a little truth—you sure need it.

Hap Haller

Big Creek, Cal. 100 per cent.

She wasn't over twenty, but she knew her little book,
And her manner was so innocently frank,
That when she wanted something, she'd assume a certain look,
And, really, he'd have gone and robbed a bank.

FROM

Satire and Song

BY

Maurice Switzer

A business man with a keen but kindly sense of humor, who has put into verse some of his many impressions of human nature.

Privately printed in a limited edition, of which we have a few copies, which we want to distribute among those who have an appreciation of the sort of easy-reading verse which burns a hole in the memory.

This volume is uniquely illustrated in color and attractively bound in an Art Binding.

Size 6½ x 8⅛ inches

Our supply is limited, but we will gladly send your copy, postpaid, to any address, upon receipt of

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and let me see what you can do with it. Earn from $50.00 to $200.00 or more per week as cartoonist or illustrator. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes **original** drawing easy to learn at home in your spare time. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for full information and sample chart to **test your ability.** *Please state age.*

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J

JUDGE, "The World's Wittiest Weekly," contains the best work of the leading artists and humorists.

U

You will enjoy every issue of JUDGE for it will bring you more real humor, more clever pictures, more funny fancies than any other weekly.

D

Don't delay! Send in your subscription now. JUDGE will develop your sense of humor and help you enjoy "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

G

Get in on this special offer of 21 weeks of JUDGE for only $2.00. Never before did you get so much for so little money.

E

Enclose $2.00 in an envelope with the coupon below and mail to-day.

JUDGE—
627 West 43d Street, New York.
Here is $2.00. Send JUDGE for 21 weeks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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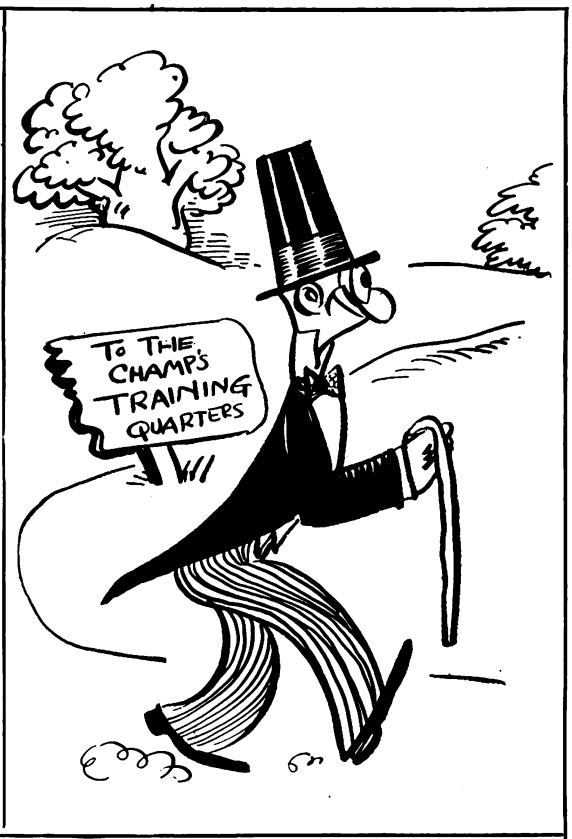
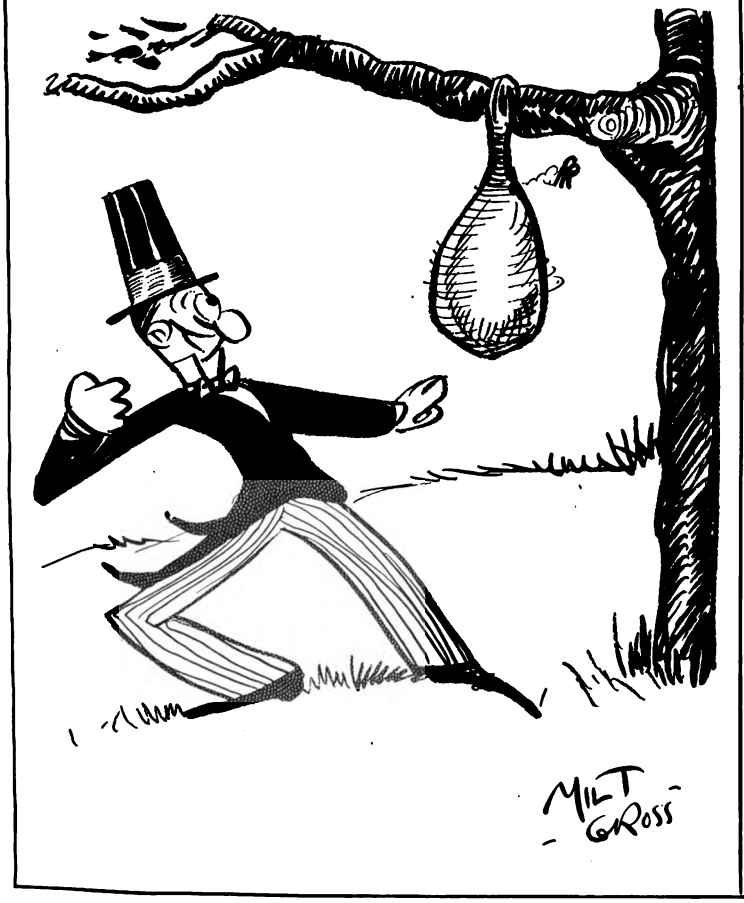
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes June 21. Winning ending appears in the issue of July 10.





Contest No. 46

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by men who know Good Garters

Look better · feel better · wear better
Yet cost no more—25c to $1.00

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JUDGE

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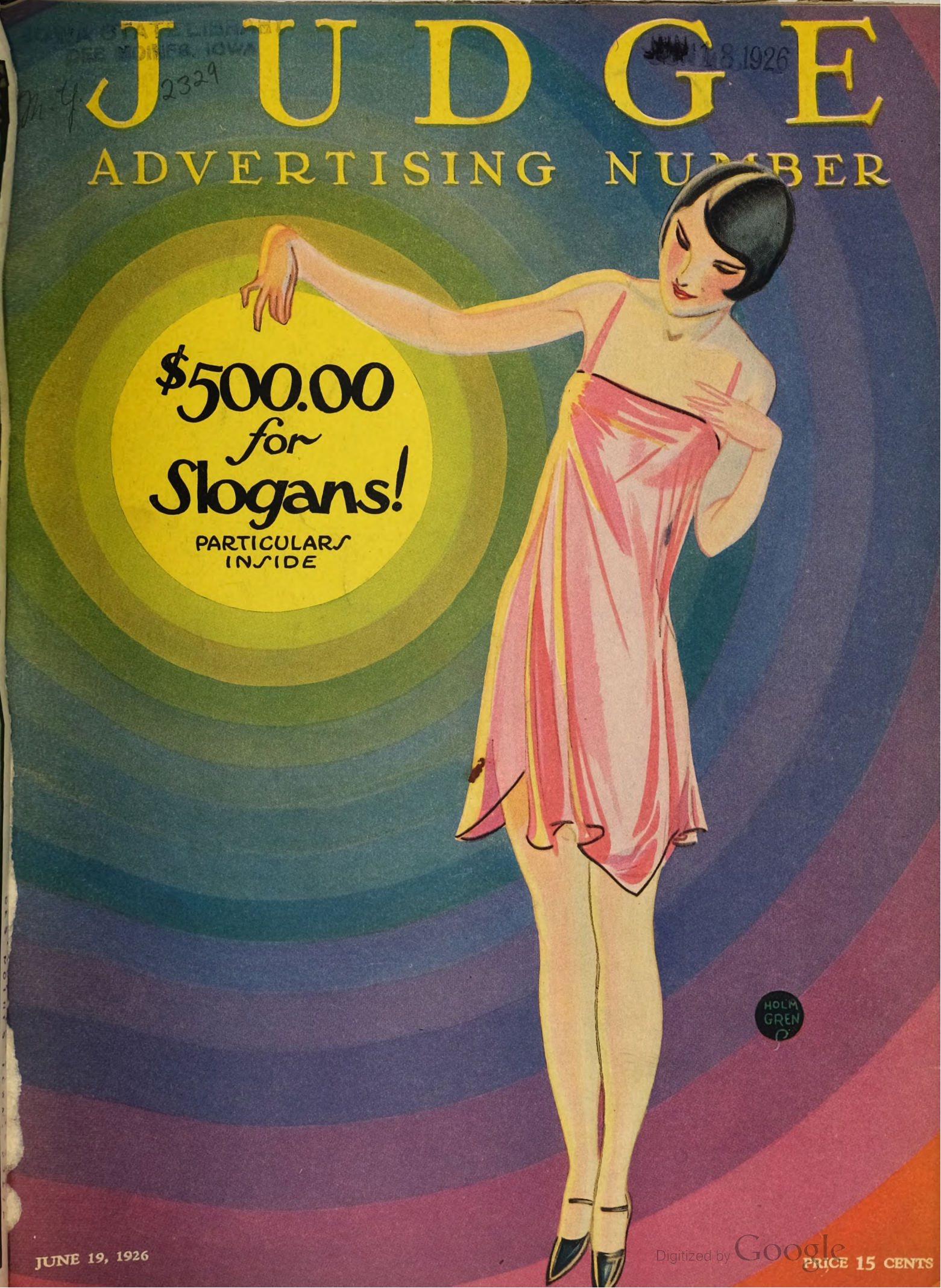

JUNE 19, 1926

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PRICE 15 CENTS

State University of Iowa
LIBRARY

"We'll save twenty miles by going this way."
"I know, but if the road is all like this——"
"My dear, with these Kelly-Springfield Flexible tires you'll never know you're on a rough road."

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DES MOINES, IOWA

When it's evening— and your little home resounds with the joys of hospitality— when friends drop in unexpectedly
—have a Kamel!

When friends come in and you are busy making them know they are welcome—have a Kamel!

Have a kouple of Kamels!

Kamels make blue friendships bluer.

There never was a cigarette made that took so much pleasure out of smoking.

So, to-night, when friends come in—

Have a Kamel!

Have a Kouple!

No other cigarette in the world is like Kamels. There are no butts about it. They are smoked right down to the bitter end! Have a Kamel! Have a kouple of Kamels! The more you smoke the better business will be.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Kamel quality, is that you try a Kamel! Try a kouple of Kamels!

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EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

! ! ? . . ! ! be nonchalant . . light a

DEITIES CIGARETTE

JUDGE, Volume 90. No. 2329, June 19, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary: 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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STATION JUDGE

Broadcasting Direct from the Associated Advertiser's Convention

6 P.M.

"There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night"—By the Hartford Insurance Band.

"Brush Those Tears Away"—By the Fuller Brush Trio.

"Red Hot Mamma"—Sung by the Frigidaire Quartet.

"Rock of Ages"—Played by the Uneeda Biscuit Orchestra.

"Those Radio Blues"—Played by the Victrola Ensemble.

"Follow the Swallow"—Sung by the Bromo Seltzer Boys.

6.20 P.M.

"Yes, Sir, Ad's My Baby"—Sung by the Curtis Publishing Co. Trio.

"The Light That Failed"—Reading by Thomas Edison.

6.40 P.M.

"Hot Lips"—Played by the Dunhill Pipers.

"Running Wild"—Sung by the McCallum Hosiery Harmonizers.

"Let's Talk About My Sweetie"—The Huyler Kandy Kids.

"I Never Knew"—By the Listerine Lullabyers.

"Horses"—Played by the Gobel Band.

"It's All Over Now"—Played by the Liquid Veneer Entertainers.

"Let It Rain, Let It Pour"—By the Carnation Milkmen.

7.15 P.M.

"Everything's Goin' To Be Oil Right"—By the Socony Serenaders.

7.30 P.M.

"Oh, Lord, What a Morning"—Sung by the Aspirin Quartet.

"The Lost Chord"—Piano solo by Mr. Kelly Springfield.

"Let the Rest of the World Go By"—Played by the Dodge Brothers.

"You Forgot to Remember"—The Pelman Memory Institute Chorus.

"I Miss My Swiss"—Baritone solo by Mr. Robert Ingersoll.

"Swing Low Sweet Chariot"—Sung by the Stutz Quartet.

"Don't Bring Lulu"—Sung by the United Hotels Sextet.

"Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield" — By the Freezone Cornet Player's. *J. S.*

The busiest man in the world—Mr. Kellogg signing his cornflakes

State University of Iowa
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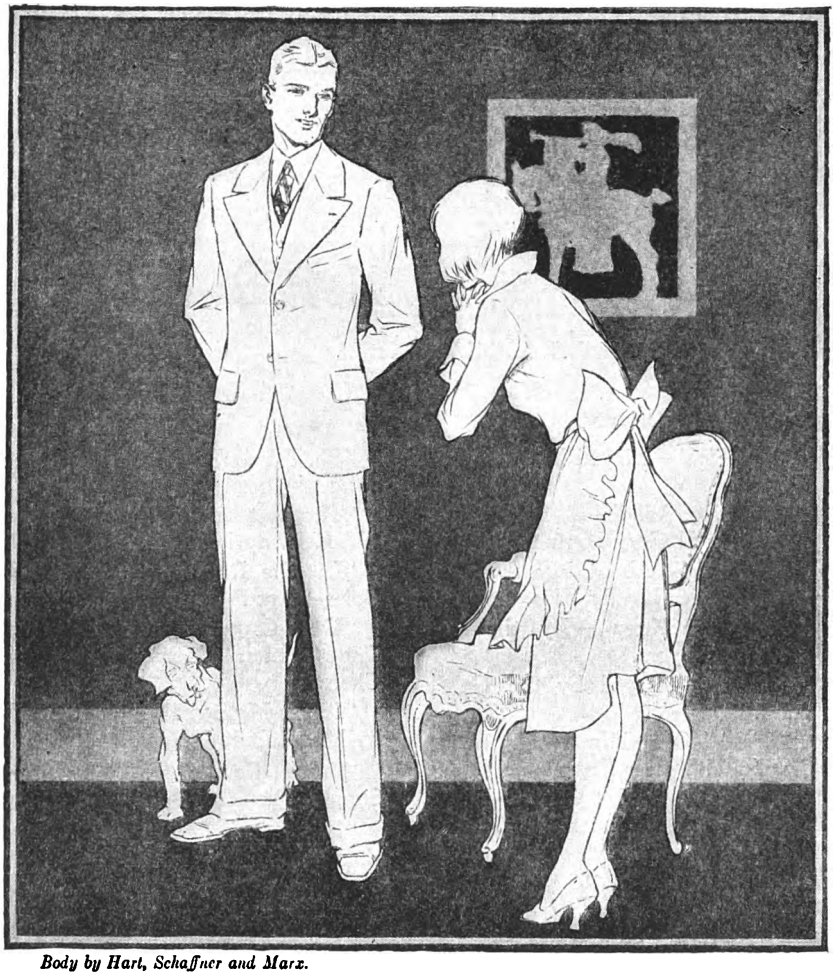

Body by Hart, Schaffner and Marx.

"Oh, Mister Jones! Your wife's run away with the chauffeur in your car."

"That's all right—I've got insurance."

"Good to the Last Drop"

"Good morning," cried Jones, bursting into my bedroom and waking me up. "Have you used Pear's soap?"

"Jones," I said, "get out of here!"

"Such popularity must be deserved," he sighed.

"It is," I assured him, "so beat it!"

"Best in the long run I suppose," he said.

"But you'd better get up and have some milk from contented cows and a slice of the ham what 'am."

"Jones," I asked, "what did you come here for anyway?"

"There's a reason," said Jones, "but mum is the word." "How did your garters look this morning?"

"Jones," I said, "your humor grates on my nerves and—"

"It hasn't scratched yet," he cut in, "and there's beauty in every jar." "Wake up your skin and start the day right; let in some barreled sunlight."

"Jones," I hoarsed, "I'm seeing red."

"Keep that schoolgirl complexion," he advised. "It's finished with Duco and the flavor lasts. You can ask the man who owns one."

I reached for my revolver and aimed it at Jones' head.

"No metal can touch me," he shouted. "Safe tea first."

"Jones," I said, "you're going to die," and I pulled the trigger.

"Never say dye; say Rit," he gasped and slowly sank to the congoleum.

J. S.

Ad Nauseam

O'*LIBBY* alone with my magazine
For I wish to read the ads
Ansco through the fields of *Cream of Wheat*
With the *Champion Spark Plug* lads.

To *Fisk* about with the *Campbell Kids*
O'er the page that the *Nucoa* grows.
Just singing and *Jantzen* along the banks
Where the *Jordan Motor* flows.

I want *Duco* to *Forhan* lands
That are *Fuller Brush* and trees,
And swim in the sea of *Cliquot Club*
In a suit of *B. V. D.'s.*

It'll *Tecla* day and most of *Zonite*
To find what I *Wanda* buy,
So *Libby* alone with my magazine,
Or I'll give you a *Socony* eye.

J. S.

Quipped by Stewart-Warner

"Why do you call this a Railroad Radio?"

"It whistles at every station."

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Who Says "Repairs"?

Call a Grandpa's Knee repair man? Nonsense! Try 3-in-One first. It will flow straight to the "seat" of the trouble, ease the action, stop stitches, quiet nerve-racking squeals and rattles.

Regular lubrication with 2-in-One saves repair bills. But "doctoring up" your old man with inferior oil invites the repair man. 5-in-One oil removes the egg stains, stays in the bearings, comes out like a ribbon, doesn't smoke, drink or chew. Grandpa's knee *kneeds* 16-in-One. Convince him to-night!

To Oil With 33-in-One: Roll up pants leg, jack up knee, remove valves, whistle at the crossing, and oil. Run grandpa around the room at high speed. Let him stand awhile, then re-oil and run him around again. At higher speed. If he rusts in less than a week he's cheating.

Let *your* grandfather be famous for the well-kept glow of his knee.

Oilsense and Nonsense

Who Doesn't Want $5.00

The response to our offer to pay $5.00 cash for original 3-in-One jokes and worse published in this column, has been practically almost overwhelming. The offer is still open. Oil up your "thinking" machine with 3-in-One and see if you can beat the signed contributions below:

Did the Trick

An old lady in our neighborhood kept complaining to us of how though she dearly loved animals she was kept awake at night by the squeaking of her white pet rat. My little brother, aged 76, suggested that she fill it with oil. The next evening she did and it hasn't squeaked since.

THELMA WUFF (age 76½).
10 Wimgley Ave.,
Peoria, Wis.

The Oily Boid

"Call me early, mother darling," quoth the flapper the evening before May Day. But they didn't; they called her "oily"—and they've called her *oily* ever since!

Life

So's your oiled man!
ELINORE McTAGGLES,
10 Wimgley Ave.,
Atchison, Neb.

"For years we had trouble keeping a cook till Poppa had the swell idea of oiling the front walk. Now every time she tries to run off she slips and bings her bean and is laid up for another month."

WILLY ENDERMOGE,
10 Wimgley Ave.,
Oregon, D. C.

Funny-faced Cop

"Oncet I was jailed because my gat stuck when th' cop jumped me. That was before I hearn o' three-in-1. Last night another cop jumped me an' I shot 'im s' fulla holes you'd ought seen his face. I had t' laff."

MITSY G. SMITT,
10 Wimgley Ave.,
New York, N. H.

"Empty 3-in-One cans make slick Ford bodies, and the 3-in-One itself will make anybody slick."

ELLSON MOFFIT,
10 Wimgley Ave.,
Alberta, N. B.

1-in-Three Oil

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Every Time You Dress

give yourself the delight of slipping into cool, fresh "B. V. D."!

There are two prime secrets of summer comfort. One is to have the *right* underwear; the other is to have *enough of it!*

Get *plenty* "B. V. D." Always *look* for the *label.* Nothing without it can bring you the Matchless Comfort, Fit and Wear which have given "B. V. D." world-leading popularity.

From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to the last detail of its scientific construction, "B. V. D." is an underwear with differences that count. Write for our free booklet, "*Why the Knowing Millions Say: 'Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!'*"

Be Sure to SEE it's "B. V. D."

It ALWAYS Bears this Red-Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

© 1926 by
The B.V.D. Company, Inc., N.Y.
Sole Makers
"B.V.D." Underwear

The Witching Allure of Shadowy Eyes—

Instantly stirs the emotions and ensnares romance.

YOUR eyes will take on piquant magnetism and haunting soulfulness when darkened.

Send for our Booklet "How to Get Shadowy Eyes." 57 different ways, such as—"Is it hot enough for you?" and "Hello, Cutie!"

BLINX
WATERPROOF

An Automotive Romance

ONCE there was a Roamer named Diana who got stage-struck and wanted to be a Star. But instead of going right out to Paige prosperity, she just sat at home to Moon and Chrysler 'ittle eyes out.

One day she met a ship Chandler from Cleveland who took a great interest in her stage ambitions. "You would make a very Cunningham," he told her with a Velie nice smile.

"Is Stutz so?" Diana came back snappy, failing to Reolize that he really Revered her.

"All right," he replied. "I guess you have no use for me just because I'm a Rollin stone, but I would like to step out with you to-night."

"Nothing doing," was the rejoiner, "this is Willys-Knight; but maybe I can Dodge him at that. I'll try, anyhow, but it won't be easy. That fellow has chased me Overland and sea."

"I'll be round at eight, then. And how about a little kiss?"

"Kiss-el," Diana sneers, "where do you get that mid-Victorian stuff? I've been stepping out with a Studebaker and a bunch of other tipsy tradesmen. I go 90 mph in low."

"Well, I've got to admit," the Chandler cried, "that you got the best Lexington as well as that indefinable something—what is that unknown quantity about you? Mm—mmmm."

"That's easy," chirps Diana. "The unknown quantity Essex."

Nashing his teeth at such insolence, he cried, "look at Durant hill and see how work should be done. People who work like that cross the Jordan when they die—all of them, Jew and Gentile."

"Not all of them," Diana argued. "Doesn't it depend on what kind of meat the Jewett?"

So saying, they joined the Countess Dagmar in her castle in far off Oakland, struck steel to Flint to light a fire and tried to retire for the night, but found that already Chevrolet in the Westcott.

* * * * *

When the Gray dawn rose, Diana looked out of her window and saw Franklin Anderson, the Gardner, at work.

Thinking over the events of the night, Diana decided the best way to fame and fortune would be to have Rickenbacker.

So she did. And he did. And now her hair is Auburn.

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Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

SOPHIE SOPHAH IN "PINK TIGHTS"

SOPHIE SOPHAH has her big chance in ***"Pink Tights."*** Her form is excellent, she never hits in the clinches, and her emotional climax in the last chukker is the cat's meow.

And her leading man in "Pink Tights"—DICK REEDOCK—is a wonderful lover. In the sawmill scene in "Pink Tights" he is superb, and when SOPHIE SOPHAH falls into the whirlpool he is superber.

ALLBULLINA YARDWIDE directed "Pink Tights."

Don't Fail to Miss It!

Carl Lemme
President

Autographed pictures of President Coolidge, General Grant and Napoleon can be had for 10 cents.

UNIVERSLE PICTURES

Apologies to Gotham Grads.

"You Just Know She Wears Them"

I'VE tried everything from Mobileoil to Valspar on my teeth but they continued to fall out. Finally I grew so discouraged I tried **Tootho** and with amazing results. After using it faithfully for a week I went into a Dental Parlor and bought a nice new set of false teeth. That's How I Got My Pretty Teeth.

How I Got Pretty Teeth

By Millie Molar

Trial Tube FREE
TOOTHO

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THE NEW AND BETTER
FRITEFUL
CIGAR LIGHTER

NO BUTTONS NO SWITCHES
"It lights in the pocket"

"Don't Yell!"

I'm wearing a pair of
COOCOO'S
EAR DINGUSES
and can't hear anything—
The DEVIL-TAKE-ACOUSTICS CO.
DEFASAPOST, IDAHO

UPSET YOUR NEIGHBORS!

WHY BE POPULAR?
WASTE YOUR TIME
ON A
MALIGNEX
SAXOPHONE
"WHEN WORSE SAXES ARE MADE,
MALIGNEX WILL MAKE 'EM"

REDUCE
YOUR INCOME!

"GET OUT-AND STAY OUT!"
LOTS OF OUR PUPILS GET
ORDERS LIKE THESE
FATTHEDD
SCHOOL OF SALESMANSHIP
WE PLAY WHILE YOU PAY

INCORRECTLY
CUT CLOTHES

FEATURING THE MOST UN-
DESIRABLE TENDENCIES
WHIM-WHAM
TAILORING CORPORATION
THE HAT ILLUSTRATED IS THE "RUNT"—FOR
TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR-
"You may go farther but you'll
never fare worse"
PAUL REILLY

How did the pavement look this morning?

"COMIN' DOON"
THE SLIPPING GARTERS
M'F'D. IN CALVES HEAD, MISSOURI
BY WRINKLESOK, INC.

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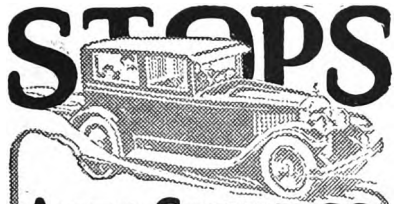


STOPS

AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

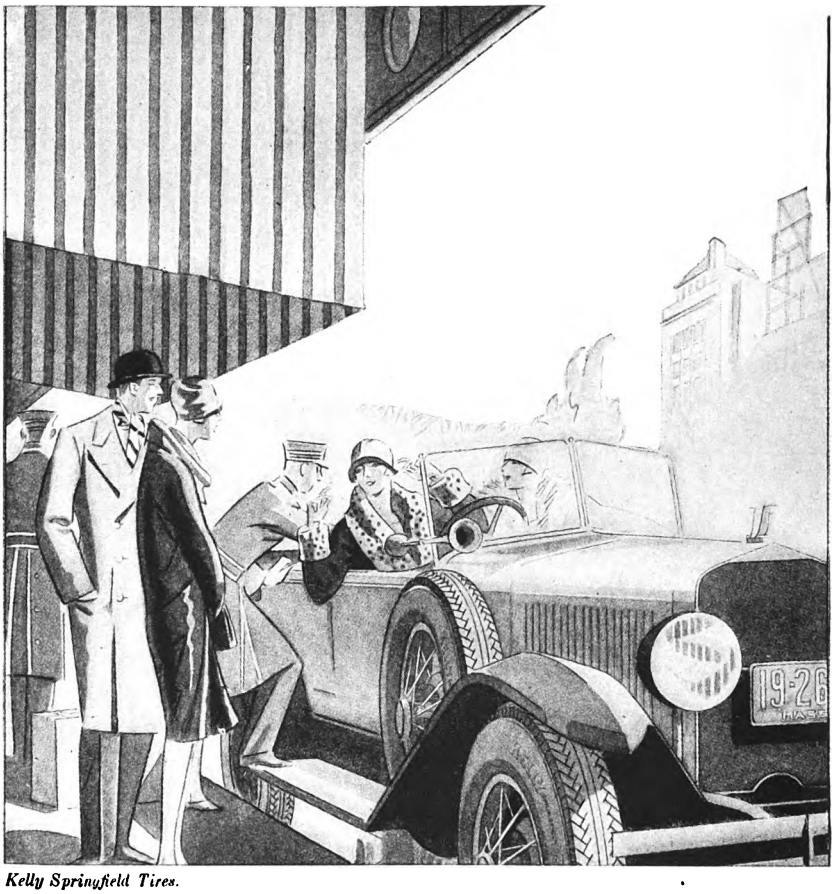
CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

JUNE 30, NORWAY—WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN; JAN. 19, ROUND THE WORLD; JAN. 29, MEDITERRANEAN; FEB. 5, SOUTH AMERICA-MEDITERRANEAN. REASONABLE, INCLUSIVE RATES.

SPECIALLY CHARTERED STEAMERS.

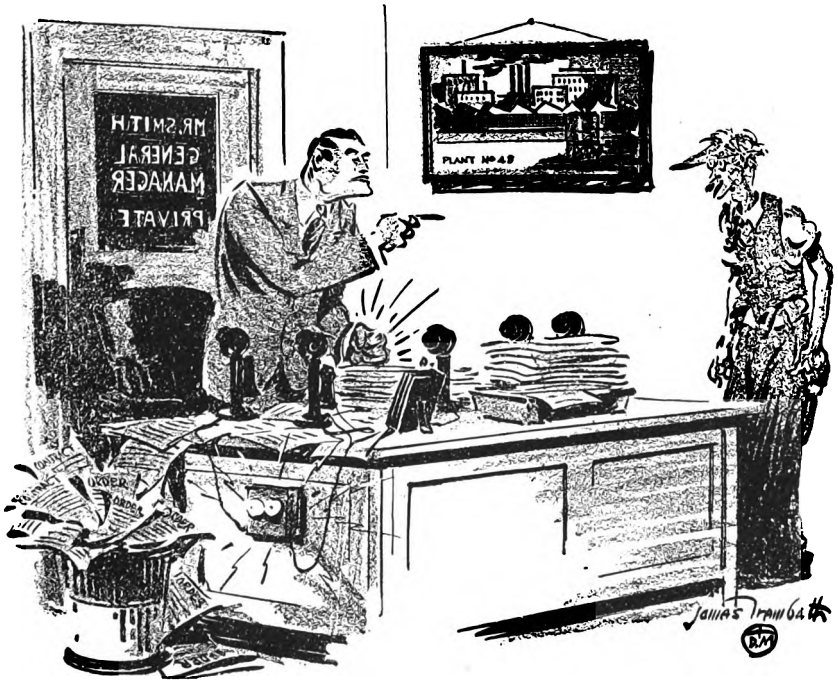
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

Westcott HOSIERY for Men & Women



Kelly Springfield Tires.

SHE—*How did she get such a magnificent boiler?*
HE—*Her husband talks in his sleep.*



GO-GETTER—*You started in here at the same time I did—and now look at us. How do you account for the difference?*
"We're in a correspondence school ad."

Ansco Speedex Film—the red box with the yellow band—fits all roll-film cameras.

Keep
your play-hours
—in pictures

It's a dangerous compliment to beauty to steer off the road—but it's a lasting, perfect one when you take her picture!

Ansco Speedex Film is made so that even inexperienced folks always get good pictures. As for the experts—well, they've used Ansco film for years!

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM
Pioneer Camera Makers of America
ANSCO—Binghamton, N. Y.

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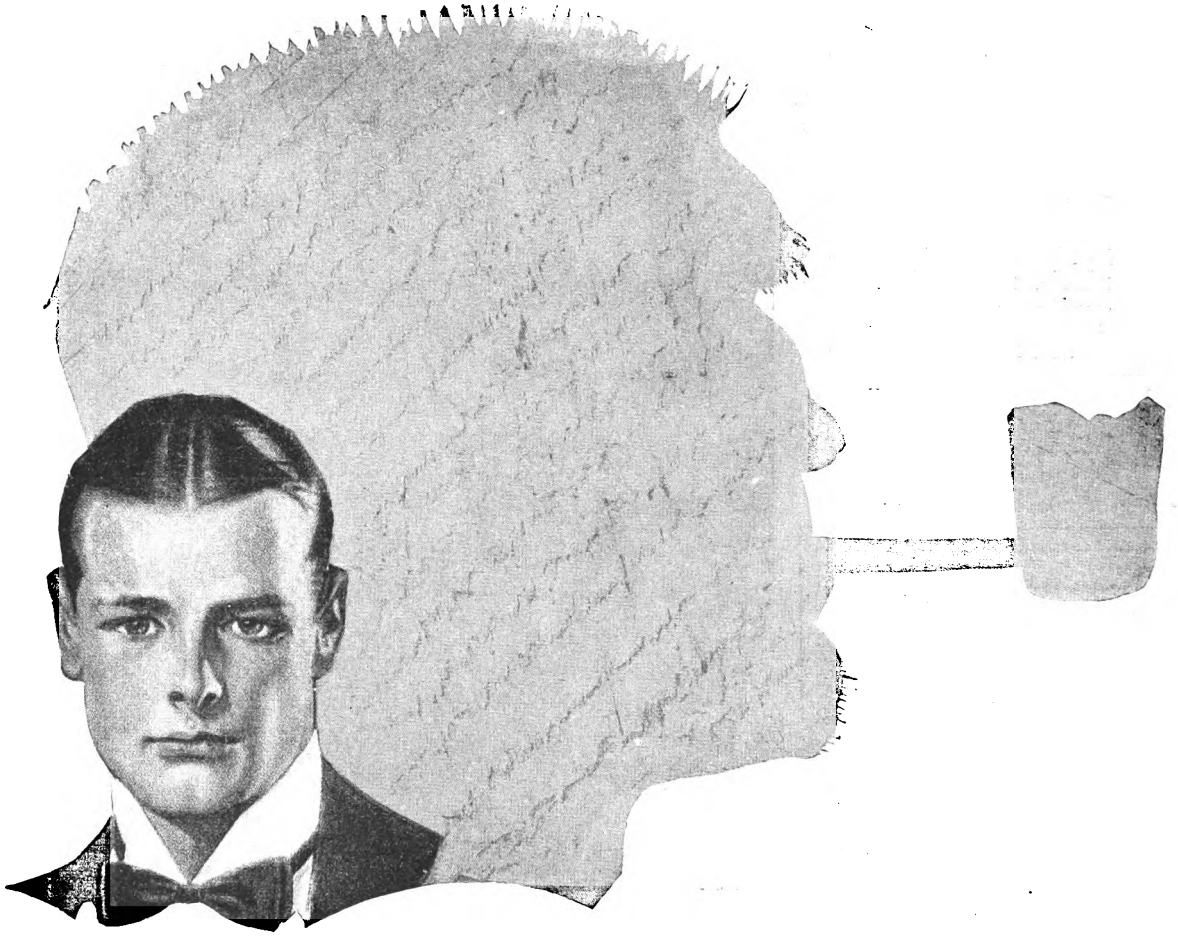

"The fragrance of pipe tobacco makes me wish I were a man"... Chauncey Arrow

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Close-up by Hammermill Bond

"Your wife has eloped with your bootlegger."
"Migosh—the prices he'll charge me after this!"

Don't Scoff!

Be An Efficient Eater!

Enroll With the Gulper Correspondence School of Eating

"By the way, Dulcina, shall I invite young John Dunk to dine with us next Thursday?"

"No, George, I have heard Mr. Dunk eat before."

Have *you* ever been mortified by overhearing such a dialogue about *yourself?* Have *you* ever stopped to figure up how many free meals *you* have missed because you lick your fingers after eating berry pie? Have *you* never experienced the heartbreaking experience of discovering that *Raisons de Corinthe au Jus* were not, as you expected when you ordered them, a new and appetizing French delicacy but merely stewed prunes? The *Gulper Correspondence School of Eating* will save you money and keep you from embarrassment. Join at once.

Do you know the correct and fitting remark to make when, because you handle your knife awkwardly, you flip a gob of mashed potatoes into your hostess's lap? Only a

(*Continued on page 19*)

"Lucky Strike!"

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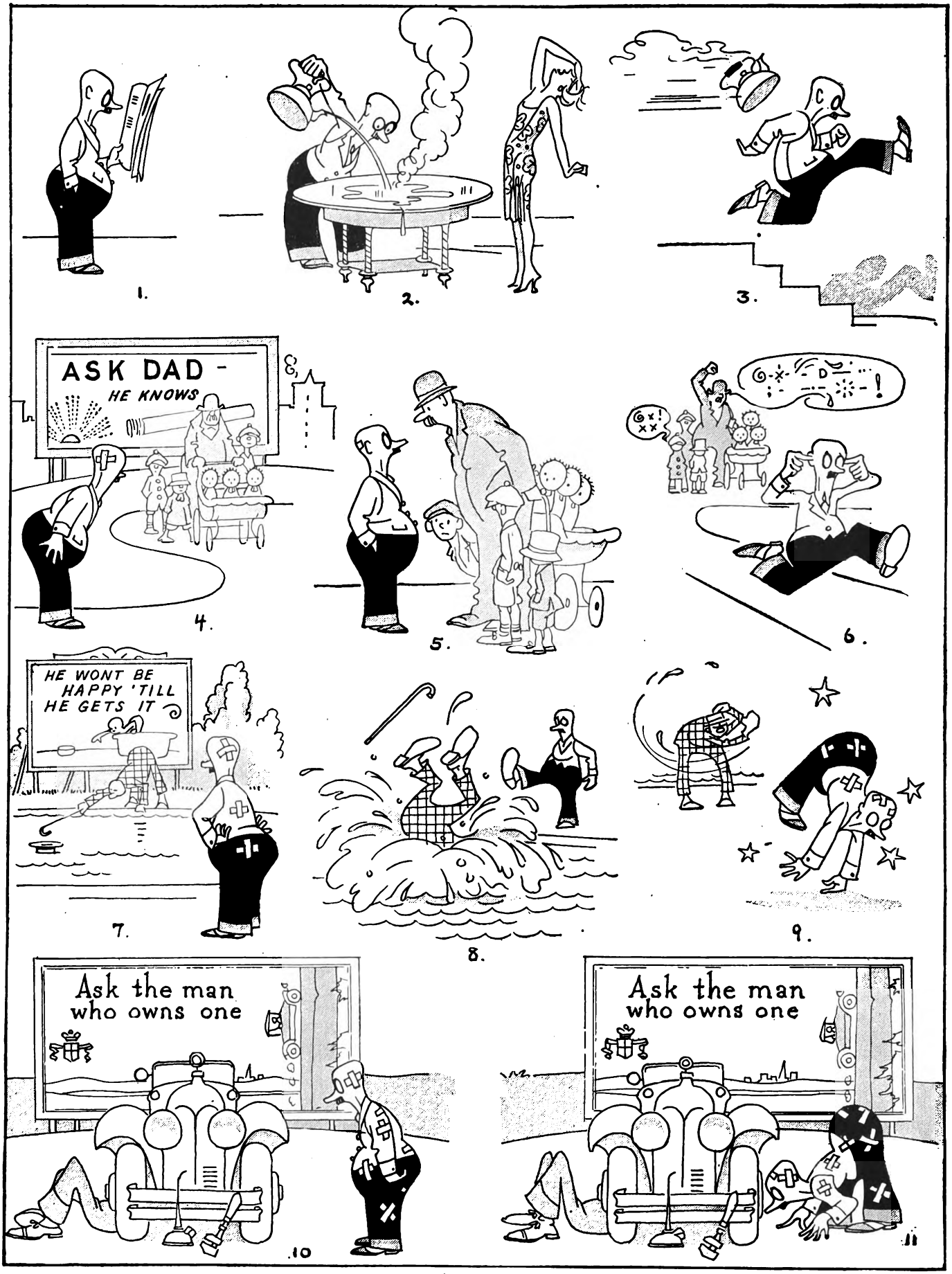

THE MAN WHO

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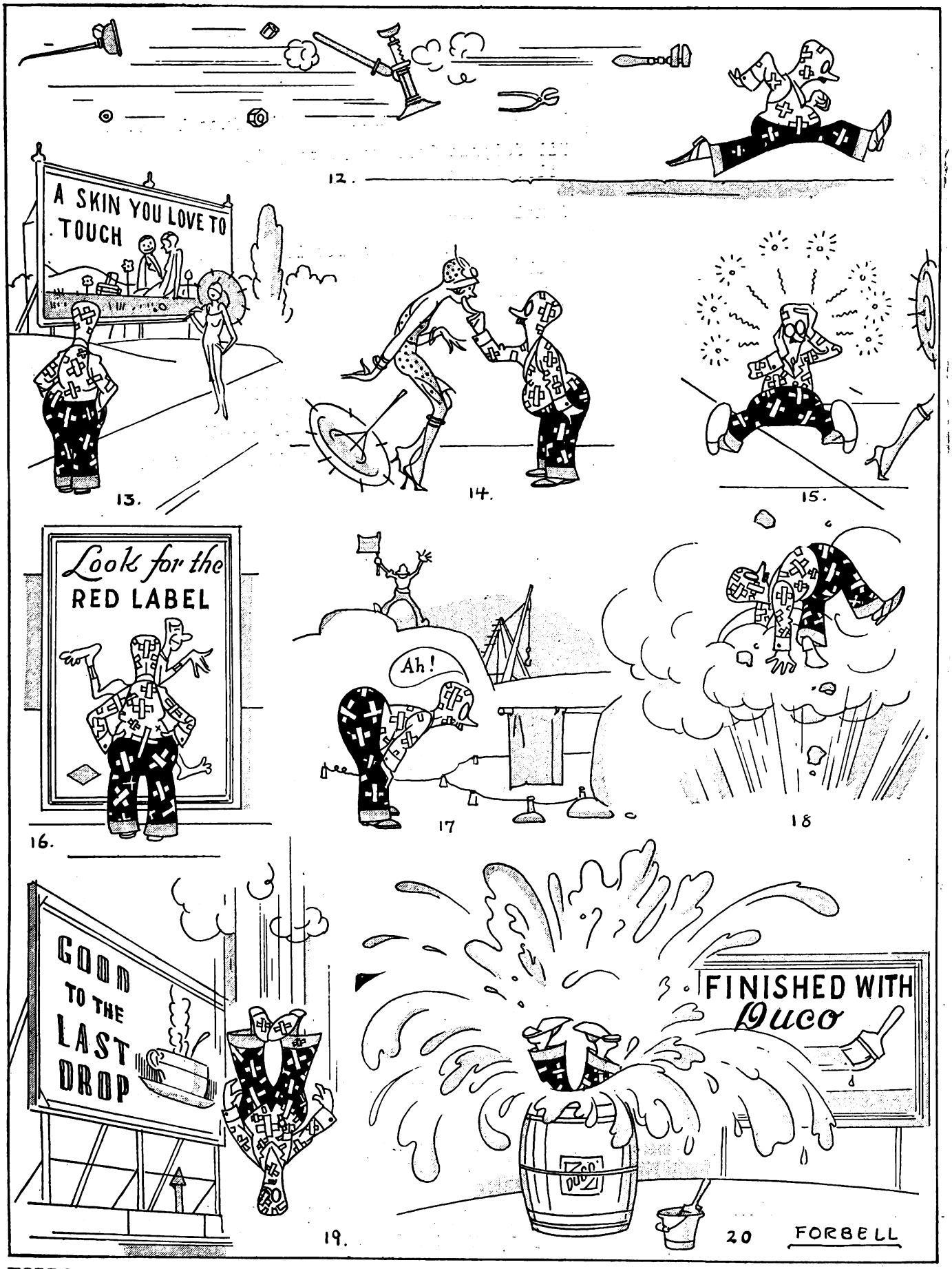

FOLLOWED THE ADS

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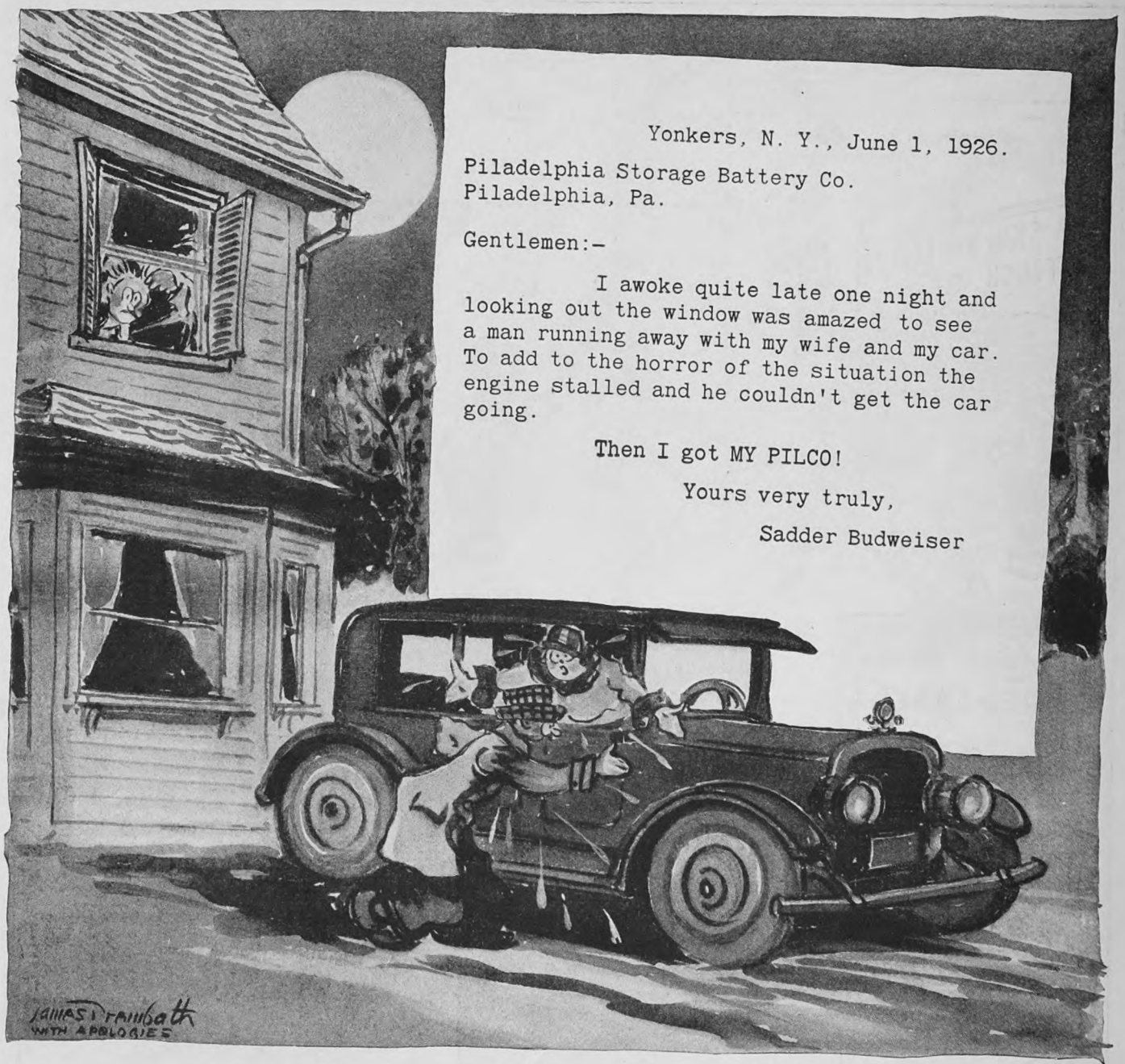
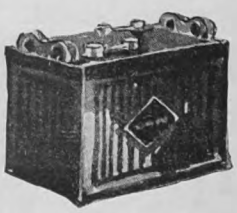


This happened to Mr. S. B.

—and then he got his PILCO!



Batteries for Today's Game—

Johnson and Ruel

Terrible things like this can't happen to you if you use a PILCO.

You can depend on PILCO—it will never fail you.

PILCO AUTOMOBILE EGG BEATER KIDDY KAR CIGARETTE LIGHTER BATTERIES

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For Heaven's Sake

ABNER JOHNSON'S life had not been 99 44/100 per cent. pure. There had been some skidding and frequent detours from the straight and narrow path—that famous one-way street to Immortality. And then Abner died.

Our narrative opens with Abner's anxious soul en route to heaven. "Oh, that my sins have not been too many," wailed the 100 per cent. spiritual Abner as he drifted, like a wisp of fog, toward the pearly gates which he reached at 8 A.M., Interplanetary Time, equivalent to 9 A.M. Hades Daylight Saving Time.

"How do you do," said St. Peter, "have you looked at your garters this morning?"

"No," replied Abner, "but I'll tell you all: I was a poker player and drank intoxicating—"

"Did you ever 'Clip the Coupon That Leads to Social and Financial Success?' " questioned St. Peter.

"No," cried the poor man, "but I stole another man's wife!"

"That's nothing—did you ever try to get distance with a Fried-Iceman Radio?"

"No, but I robbed a bank," wailed Abner.

"That's of no account," said the Saintly Custodian. "What kind of automobile did you drive?"

"I drove a Fluky Four."

"Never heard of it. Didn't you ever drive a 'Velvet Six—Like Riding on Cushions of Air' or a 'Pulsing Pulser—From One to Eighty Miles an Hour in Three Seconds?' "

"No, never," wailed Abner, "but I set fire once to an orphan asylum."

"Trivialities—setting fires," said St. Peter. "Where did you reside?"

"I lived in a flat in Brooklyn."

"In Brooklyn! Didn't you ever live in 'Buckingham Hills—The Garden Suburb Within Thirty Minutes of Times Square' or 'Ozone Manor—Where the Kiddies Grow Up Strong and Healthy?' "

"No."

"Were you buried in a 'Capital Coffin—Your Bones Deserve One' by 'Hassenflug the Undertaker—I Make Dying a Pleasure?' "

"No."

"Then I'm sorry to refuse you admittance to heaven. We've been taken over by the Interplanetary Associated Advertising Clubs and admittance is granted only to souls who have patronized national advertisers while alive. This way out, please." *Arthur L. Lippmann*

"If you have a sneaking notion that you are taking on more than the actual temperature justifies, glimpse your Tycos Thermometer and set yourself right. You haven't one!! Well, that's easy. Any dealer can supply you."

WIVES!

LEARN POCKET-PICKING BY MAIL

Easy quick method—start now!

No special artistic ability needed.

Learn at home in your spare time and practice on your friends and relatives.

You can pick your husband's pocket adroitly after the first lesson!

⊛⊛⊛

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF POCKET-PICKING

LIGHTFINGER, KAN.

Load Your Camera with

SPEEDEX-XX

And enjoy your vacation! You'll see pretty pictures everywhere!

ANSCO'S

YOUR OLD MAN!

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Liberty Oil for Trouble

"O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep."

The Ship of State is heading into perilous seas!

¶ The winds of intolerance have been blowing with gale force. Combers of popular wrath are sweeping the decks, while Aunty Everything clings to the tiller and, like the good King Canute, shouts at the waves to recede.

¶ Shouting won't help.

¶ There is one sovereign remedy and only one—*pour upon the troubled waters the* OIL OF LIBERTY.

A Voice of Authority Points the Way

¶ One hundred and fifty years ago the fathers prescribed the OIL OF LIBERTY, that *fighting "film of protection,"* for all such storms on the voyage of empire. Since then statesmen have cham-

Patrick Henry
"Give me LIBERTY
or give me
death!"

Send for
JUDGE, AT
15c THE

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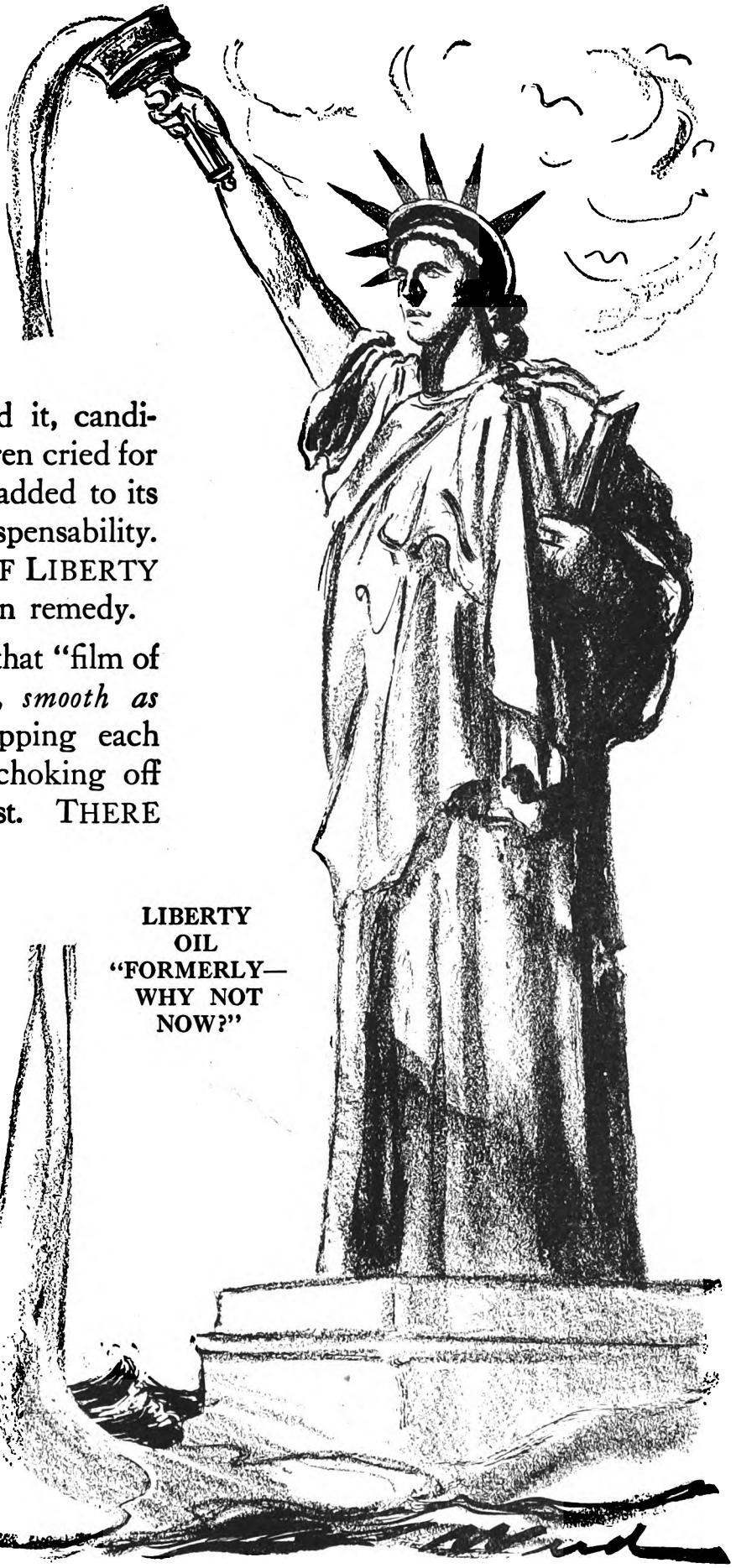
d Waters



pioned it, ministers extolled it, candidates sworn by it and children cried for it. The years have merely added to its prestige, confirmed its indispensability. Now, as formerly, the OIL OF LIBERTY is the standard, the sovereign remedy.

¶ Troubled waters call for that "film of protection"—*thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel,* wrapping each angry wavelet in a shroud, choking off its wind, destroying its crest. THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

Our Booklet

ALL NEWSSTANDS COPY

LIBERTY OIL "FORMERLY— WHY NOT NOW?"

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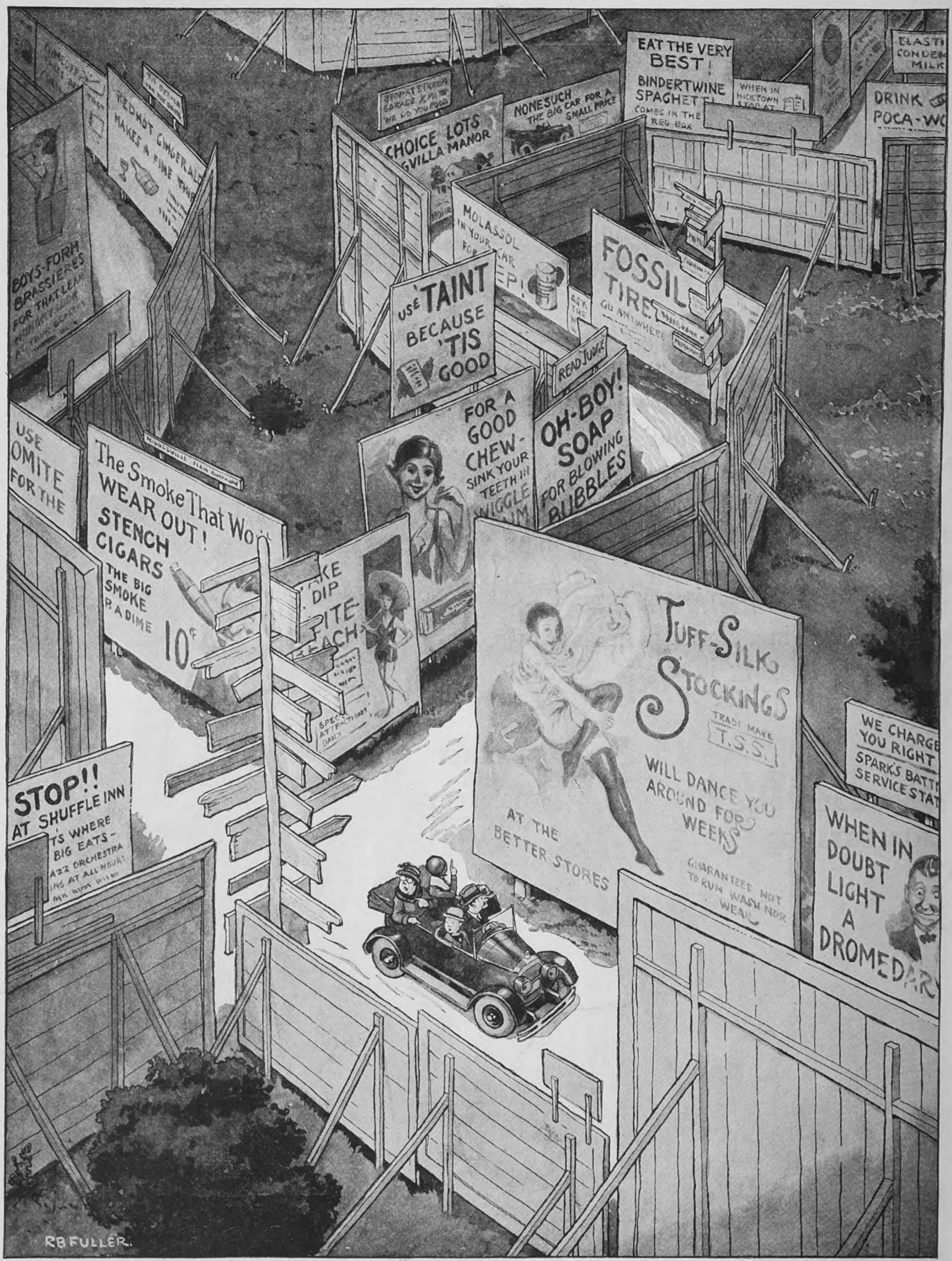

LOST!

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Don't Scoff!

(*Continued from page 11*)

certified *Gulper* graduate does!

The proof of the pudding should not be on the vest! Remember, an Efficient Eater is seen but not heard! Send at once for full particulars concerning *Gulper's Correspondence School of Eating* and join the select circle of Particular Partakers. Our motto is: We provide the course, but use your own courses.

Here are a few items picked at random from our very extensive and comprehensive curriculum:

Soup and Silence: Is it possible?

Pitfalls of Fruit Pits; how to avoid.

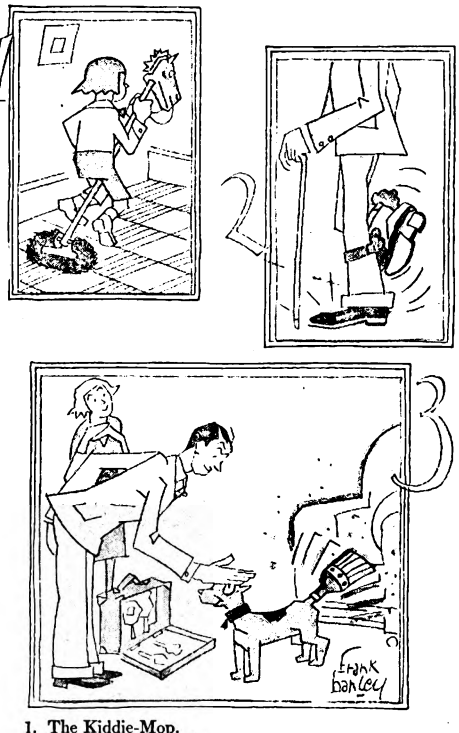
Seven Systems of Vest Protection.

Eggs, Innocent and Guilty, Method of Approach.

The Subjugation of Gravy.

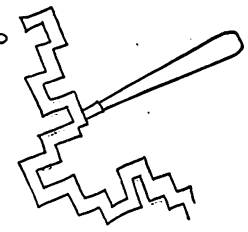
The Law of Balance as applied to Noodles, Peas, Ice Cream, and other loosely constructed foods.

There's a Buller Brush for every purpose.

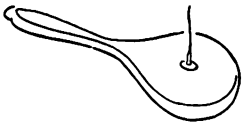


1. The Kiddie-Mop.
2. The leg brush. Always have your shoes bright.
3. Buller man demonstrating use of the dog brush.

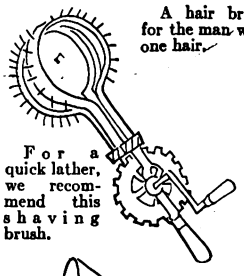
BULLER BRUSHES



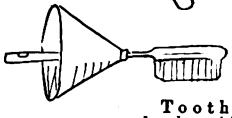
Mantel brush that gets right around things.



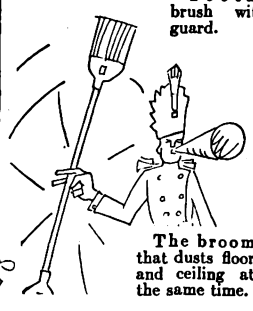
A hair brush for the man with one hair.



For a quick lather, we recommend this shaving brush.



Tooth-brush with guard.



The broom that dusts floor and ceiling at the same time.

Posed by the Topkis Bros.

THE ONE STANDING UP—*You can believe it or not but I'm waiting for a street car.*

When Knights Were Bold

THE Knights of the Round Table Advertising Agency were in conference.

"Ads Bodkins!" bellowed King Arthur, looking fiercely around the table. "Anything new on that soap account yet?"

"Nay, sire," quoth Sir Gallahad sadly. "I have bathed with it now these seven moons in quest of a name and a slogan but naught cometh to my mind."

"Zounds, man!" cried King Arthur, very vexed, "use your head!"

At these words, Sir Gallahad rose, a great light shining in his eyes. "Aye, Sire, I have it! It shall be called Ivory! And like myself it shall be called 99 44/100 per cent. pure!"

"O. K., forsooth!" cried King Arthur. *J. Jr.*

Digitized by Google

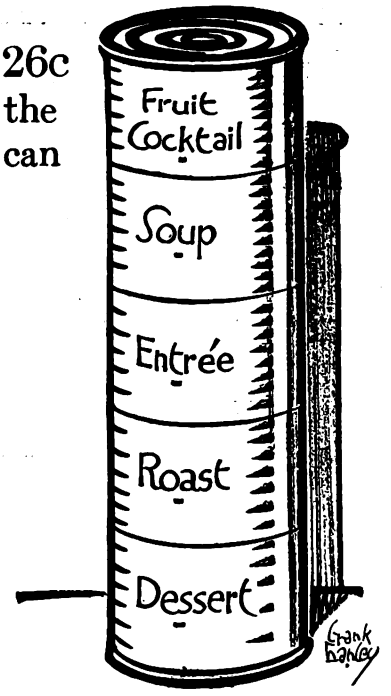
STYLE

You're sure of being in good style when you wear **PRODIGAL SON GARTERS.** They are very en règle for the fatted calf.

PRODIGAL SON GARTERS
YOU GARTER TRY A PAIR!

CAMPBELL'S CONDENSED DINNERS

26c the can



Just the thing for the busy Housewife—A full course dinner ready to throw on the table at a moment's notice.

HEAT AND SERVE

Send for our Booklet, "How to save dishes by eating out of the can."

Mrs. Oswald Slobb
of New Rochelle, N. Y.

Who made enough money selling WHATNOTS, in her spare time, to go to Europe and get a divorce. You can do the same!

MAKE BIG MONEY!
SELLING WHATNOTS!

"What is a home without a WHATNOT?"

Is there anything barer than a parlor without a WHATNOT? Eh, what?

WHAT WITH OUR EASY PAYMENTS WHATNOTS SELL LIKE HOT CAKES

"Have you a little WHAT-NOT in your home?"

THE WHORTLE WHATNOT CO.
WHORTLEVILLE, WASH.

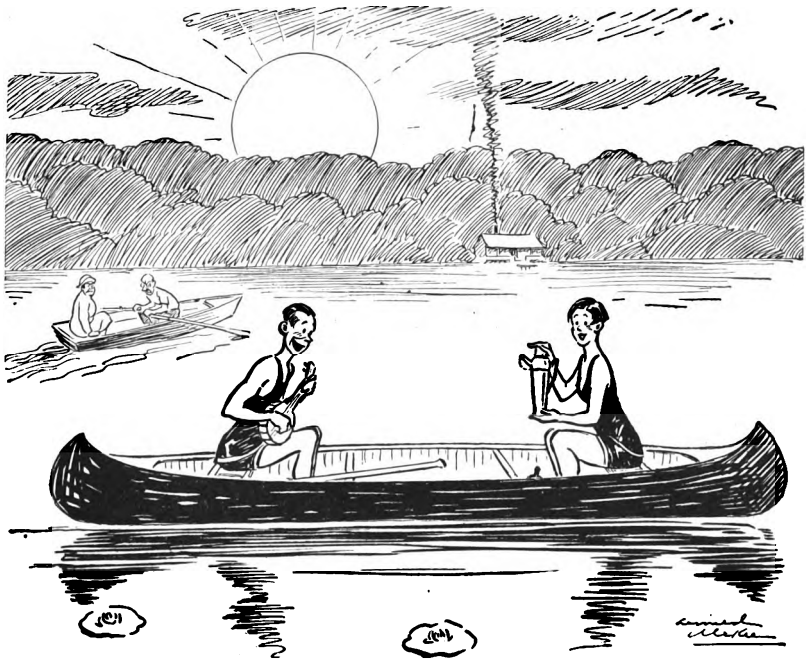
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET
"WHAT'S WHAT ABOUT WHATNOTS"

Digitized by Google

Appearance of a well-known group of citizens until—

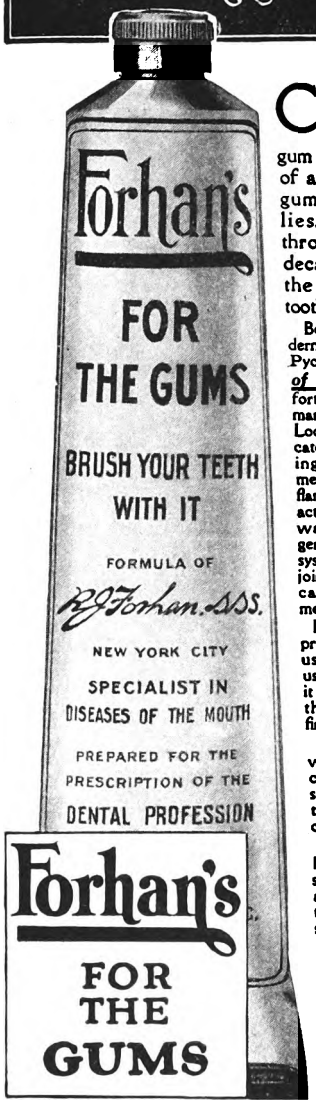
—it was whispered around that No. 5 had halitosis.

SHE—*You shouldn't be ashamed of the used car you got for your birthday —why the ads say "Everybody Drives a Used Car."*
HE—*Yeh? I guess this is the one everybody drove!*



"There'll be a hot time in the old town (canoe) to-night."

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums



COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
200 6th Ave., N.Y.
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

BURNS and SCALDS
Stop the throbbing and smarting at once with a soothing touch of
Resinol

Judge says: YOU don't have to lock the garage-door till after your Rolls is stolen. Nor do you have to fight the fire-insurance after dropping a seemingly dead match where you never thought you did!

"SMOKERLITE" YOUR SMOKES!

UP-TO-DATE AMERICANS DO. AND A THING OF BEAUTY,
(like a bronze-finish Smokerlite), IS A JOY FOREVER.
It plugs into any 5A Socket; you press the button — and it LIGHTS INSTANTLY and KEEPS on LIGHTING ANY SMOKE, and serving. It's the refined, big brother of your well-known, old Manhattan Automatic-Lite. No modern Home or Office is complete without it.
It's THE GIFT THEY WON'T EXCHANGE". — $5.00 for either "Standard" or "Combo" (Smokerlite-Ash Tray combo), with Yale's absolute 1 year Replacement Guarantee.
Your better dealers have "SMOKERLITE". If not, you'll be well to go to the Exhibition and write for it, enclosing a painless 5¢ check or M.O., You'll see, it's well worth your trouble. — Literature on request. — Smokerlite-Newburg, 9 Union St., N.Y.C.

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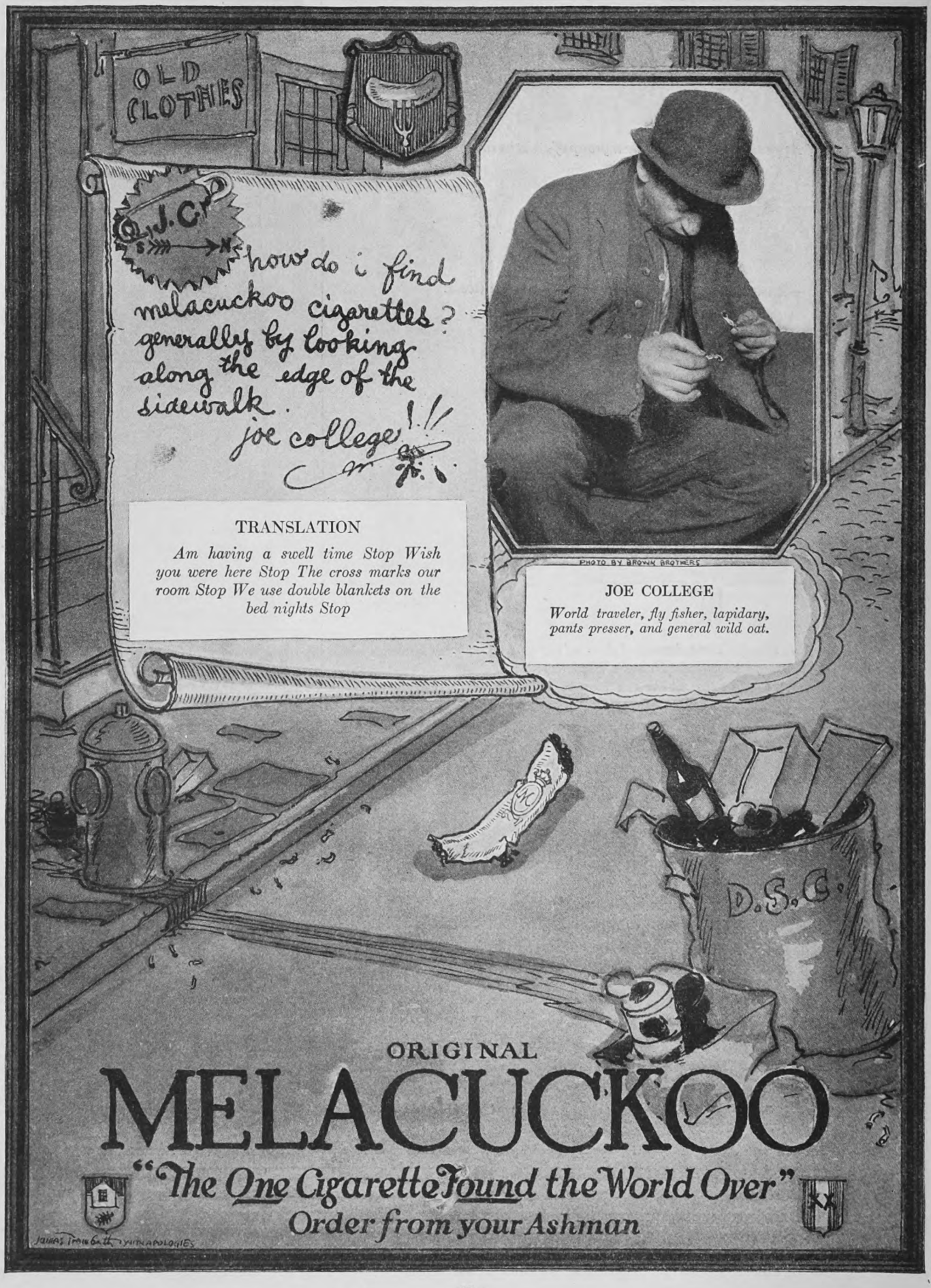

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He Never Knew

HE HAD only known her a week and was madly in love with her, but for some reason she was very, very cool and even refused to see him.

"Ye Gods!" he cried and tore his hair. "Maybe I've got Halitosis!"

He hied himself to the nearest drugstore and purchased a case of Listerine. For a week he bathed in it, gargled it, even drank it in his coffee but still he received no encouragement.

"Ye Gods!" he hoarsed, "maybe my face has that grimy look!" So he bought a dozen jars of Pond's cold cream and creamed himself to a frazzle. But still she remained aloof. Then he saw one of those "4 out of 5 have it" ads.

"Eureka!" he cried. "That's it! I've got Pyorrhea!" And he used up hundreds of tubes of Pepsodent, Hepsodent and Repsodent, but the line was still busy. He became desperate, and studied himself in the mirror. His face looked haggard.

"Ye Gods!" he cried. "It's probably pep I lack!" and he ordered a can of Peptine. She was still *out* to him, however. He bought Books of Etiquette, Books of Knowledge, Books of every sort and when he met her on the street he poured forth a veritable Niagara Falls of brilliant conversation.

She called a cop. He joined the International Correspondence School and the next time he met her he rushed up and cried, "I got that raise!"

Again she called a cop. "Ye Gods!" he cried. "Truly something must be wrong with me!" He sent her a telegram. "Please, for God's sake, tell me what's wrong with me?"

She wired back collect:

"Nothing that I know of except that you are a married man with six children." *Judge, Jr.*

Famous Ads

"——a boy!"

"Up and——'em!"

"——a baby!"

Mur——

Dry——

"Every little bit —ed to what you got"

—am and eve

Listerine.

Cur Tie *all tied for you 16c and down*

Once on, it stays on —and keeps on looking terrible!

YOU have only one problem with the Cur Tie. That is to try to keep from being sold the craziest of designs tied into ties. Then your tie troubles begin. You try to slip the Cur Tie into place, it grabs you by the throat, and no matter what you do to take your mind off your agony—whether business, sport or formal function—your day is ruined.

The Cur Tie is all set for you, clumsily knotted by stained fingers. None of its wrinkles will smooth. The Cur Tie is a sight.

Thanks to the ¶xzx%-shaped Innerform, your fingers have no influence over the damn thing. If you tug too hard, it will bite you; if you don't tug, it will gradually choke you to death. And all the time it keeps you looking your worst.

Feel for this ¶xzx%-shaped Innerform in the ties you buy. There are other ties which may be offered you instead of Cur Ties.

For God's sake grab them!

Chews & Putty, Boston, Mass.
Makers of Bull Dog Sewer Pipe, Fertilizer and Wigs—the Guaranteed Bunk.

Hermon Filch
Well-known young man-about-town, who is considered one swell dresser.

FREE

Write for a free copy of "How I Choked My Wife with a Cur Tie." It also contains many other household uses for Cur Ties.

"BUY A CUR TIE AND YOU'LL GET IT IN THE NECK"

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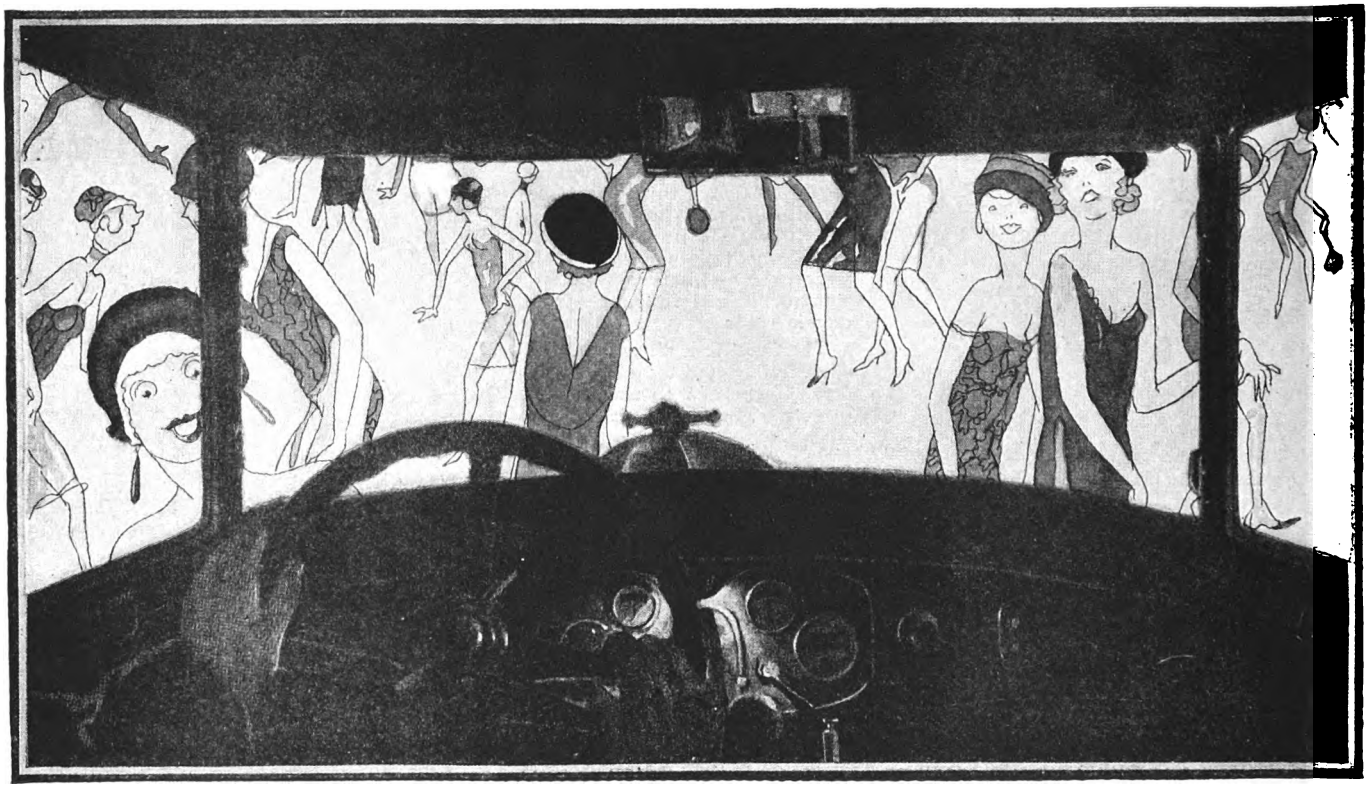
CAMISOLES, ROLLED McCALLUMS, NUDE CORTICELLIS YOU CANNOT DRIVE WITH PLEASURE IF BULKY CORNERPOSTS OBSTRUCT YOUR VIEW



Perfect vision . . *Unobstructed!*

The All-Steal Body made it possible

PERFECT VISION — to-day's greatest need in closed-car driving! Dudd found the way to build "Full-Vision" bodies—Dudd made closed-car driving risky.

In the All-Steal Body you can see to the right. You can see to the left. You can see everything the law permits.

No bulky cornerposts obstruct your view of the Flaming Flapper, the Gorgeous Gold-Digger, Mellifluous Matrons and Gadding Grandmas. No matter how negative their attire, the Eyes have it.

by Dudd

ALL-STEAL

FULL-VISION
MOTOR BODIES

The Dudd body, being all steal, combines the best features of all other makes. The Dudd body prevents accidents, does away with all hazard. No more disappointing pick-ups. You can see what you're getting before you slow down and open the door.

IMPORTANT!—Many motorists believe they have a Dudd Body just because it's shot full of holes. They're probably right.

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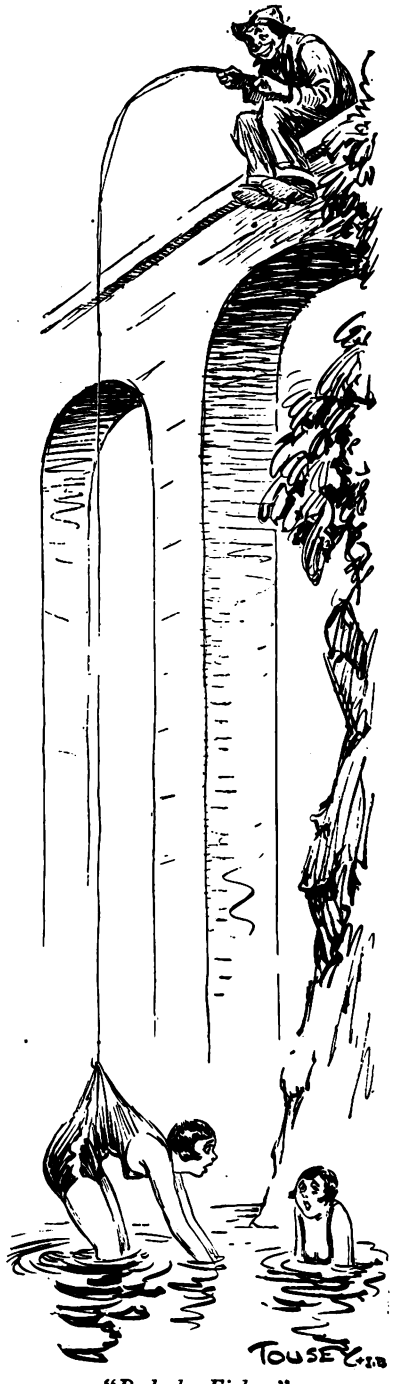


"Body by Fisher."

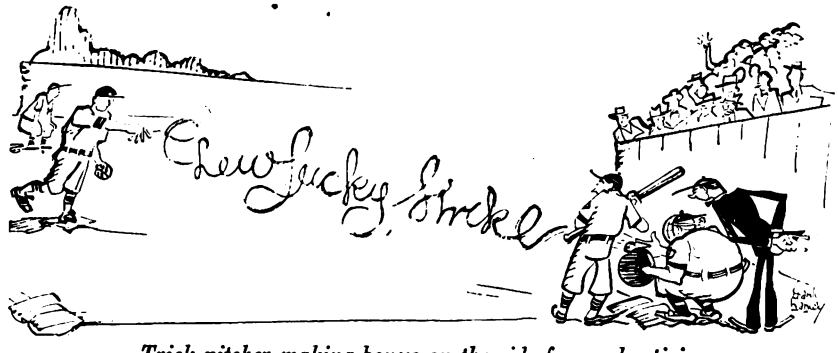
EPILAUGHS

Shed a few tears for poor Eddie Durham—
Of the smoke habit he wished to be rid.
The advertisement said that they surely could cure him,
They did.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

CRITICAL MOMENTS IN INDUSTRY

Consternation in the office of the concern that advertises "Send No Money" when a letter arrives enclosing currency.



Trick pitcher making bonus on the side from advertising.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Digitized by Google

"We thought it was a bunch of tin cans!"

You cannot believe your ears. Your eyes alone convince you it is the new Orthopunic Sictrola you are listening to. You hear the deep boiler-factory cacophony of the bass, the shrill shrieking of the trebles. Every instrument sounds like a skeleton's Charleston on a tin roof. Orthopunic reproduction will make you a firm believer in birth control.

The new Orthophunic Sictrola brings the élite of the nation's boiler factories to your home. It makes even a classical symphony sound like jazz—if you don't like jazz.

If you do not own an Orthopunic Sictrola you are missing one of life's ordeals.

There is a Sictrola dealer near you. Get up a demonstration. Ride him out of town on a rail.

"If it isn't an Orthopunic, it's an improvement."

The New Orthopunic **Sictrola**

"So's His Old Master's Voice."

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY, CAMDEN, N. J.

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"I Painted it myself with Slow Bros. Paint!"

THE delightful charm and beauty of painted walls, in fact everything in sight, can be brought to your home at very little expense . . . and it keeps your wife home! . . . Let her try our Splatter-Gloss . . . it is just wonderful how it spreads! . . . Any Slow Brothers Dealer can supply you with this beautiful finish. . . . He can also recommend a good painter . . . you'll need one!

Slow B.Q. Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

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Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Stringer's Stoves for Striped Stockings

HONEST, I donno what me and the old lady and little Rachel and Hattie and Robert and Millie and the rest would of done last winter since it gave the cold strike wasn't it for your Stringer's Stoves for Striped Stockings.

We liked it so much where you advertise we can have our gas brong to the house in a wagon in a tank in a truck and likewise how you furnish 5,000 feet of gas all free if we buy your stove. The young man which you sent to sell to use the stove gave us at least a thousand extra feet. Of course, we couldn't burn that kind, but neither could we the gas in the tank in the truck in the stove, so we just kept talking about you all winter, Mr. Stringer, which kept us nice and hot till now yet.

Thanks, yours truly.

Gogo's Glorious Gargle for Greased Goats

Before was I even a little boy my papa went off in Canada and was lost sight of for months on end till they would reach three times around the County Courthouse here in Round Corners. Finally, it got so bad we had only enough gasoline to get back to Teller but when we did she couldn't speak the language and what language she could speak, oh, my!

Anyways the reindeers was awful pretty falling over the canyon into the river below, what with all the pretty lights turned on and the hot dog wagons on all sides, till finally we found a can of your Gogo's Glorious Gargle for Greased Goats where some big stiff had left it. So anyways, after we had ate some of it we was all happy and contented, to go back to eating the nuts and berries which it grew along side of the railroad tracks and it's getting late so I must say goodbye. "Goodbye."

Ginnsberg's Garters for Gripping Gadgets

My dear, darling old Ginnie,

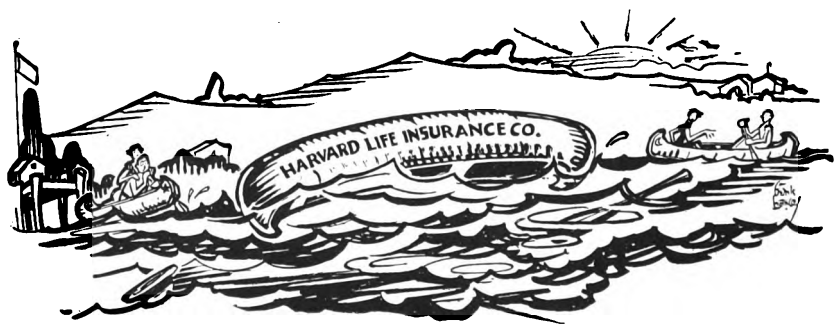
I think there is no sight in the world quite so romantic as to see a man walking down the street dragging the loose end of a Ginnsberg Garter behind him.

Faithfully yours,
Gloria Del'Rabia Gronson

A local Plymouth wag was unconsciously responsible for the first hosiery ad.

Driving from the back seat is absolutely impossible with the new "2-in-1" body and unfolding frame—
The Solitary Six—For husbands, etc., etc.

Advertisers are just beginning to realize the possibilities of railroad crossings.



Canoe people are renting out the privilege of putting ads on the bottom of the canoe. A very desirable position for certain advertisers when the canoe turns over.

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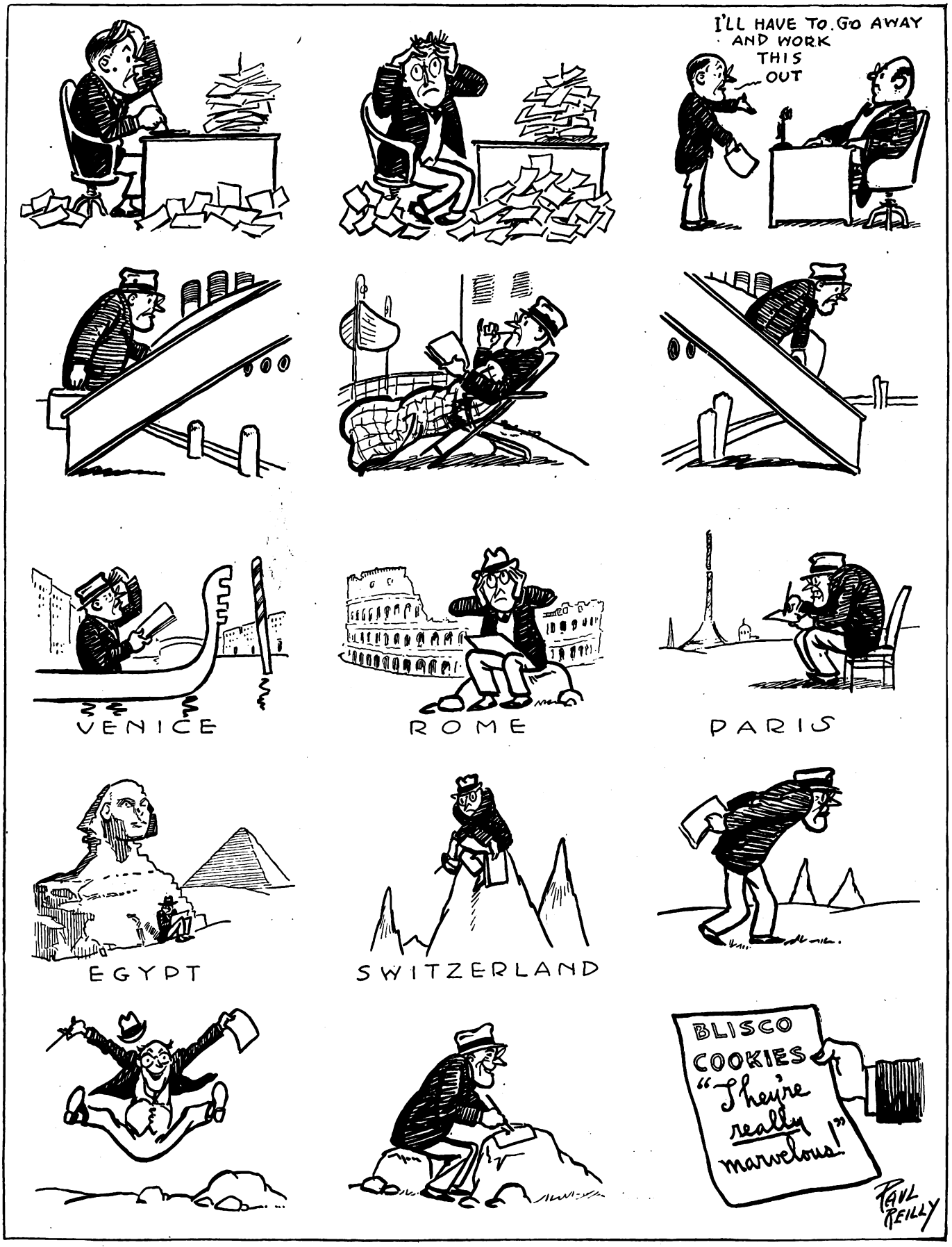

THE SLOGAN WRITER WHO SPARED NO EXPENSE

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$500.00 for Slogans

Rules for JUDGE'S *Great Advertising Slogan Contest*

See the pretty girl! She is advertising something. Of course she is. She is always advertising something! But *what* is she advertising? That, Dear Readers, we leave to you! It can be anything from a brick to a battleship!

YES, YES, GO ON!

Pick out your own Product and think up a good snappy Slogan to go with it. It can be an original one, or a well-known one. Paste the picture of your Product and its accompanying Slogan on a piece of white paper, as indicated in the sample. You may submit as many Products and Slogans as you wish, but each Product and its accompanying Slogan must be on a separate sheet of paper. Send your answers to the Slogan Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

The Slogans which, in the opinion of the Judges, are the cleverest and funniest, will be awarded the prizes.

(This is a sample of how it's done.)

This Contest CLOSES August 20 at midnight and all entries received after that date will be thrown out. ALSO none can be returned.

Winning SLOGANS will be published in the September 18 issue of JUDGE.

First Prize $250.00

Second Prize $100 Third Prize $50

Ten Fourth Prizes of $10 Each

In case two or more contestants submit the same winning Slogan and Product, each will receive the prize.

The Following Well-known Advertising Men will be the Judges

BRUCE BARTON
Barton, Durstine & Osborn

H. W. DICKINSON
Geo. Batten Co.

GILBERT KINNEY
J. Walter Thompson Co.

CONKLIN MANN
Griffin, Johnson & Mann

FRANK PRESBREY
Frank Presbrey Co.

FRANK SEAMAN
Frank Seaman Co.

Digitized by Google

"Four out of five have it."

DON'T BE A *Fat Man!*

Reduce your waistline 2 to 4 inches INSTANTLY!
Get rid of that excess fat—easily, quickly, safely—
You'll look and feel years younger.

HERE'S a quick, *easy* way to get rid of that bulky, dangerous, disgusting, stomach-fat. No need now for weakening diets—dangerous drugs—strenuous exercises that strain the heart. For with this new self-massaging belt—made of scientifically treated rubber—you can take off fat so safely and quickly you'll be amazed!

The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt gives an easy, gentle massage, setting up a vigorous circulation. Seems to melt the fat away like magic—yet preserves the strength. Every minute you wear it—walking, working, even breathing, it does the work of an expert masseur—only results are much cheaper and quicker. Endorsed by physicians, for it puts sagging organs back in their normal places, correcting stomach disorders, backache, shortness of breath, constipation, etc.

Thousands of fat men have vastly improved their appearance and physical condition already with the Weil Reducing Belt. *So can you!*

Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description, testimonials from delighted users and for special 10-day trial offer.

The Weil Company, 76 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Weil Company
76 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Be Popular Play Jazz—

It sets them going. Young folks are enamored by those tantalizing tunes. Be the Jazz King with your

Buescher True Tone

SAXOPHONE

Teach yourself, 3 free lessons give you quick easy start. Try any instrument in your own home 6 days free. See what you can do. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings details.

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (6)
1467 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

DEAR JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled .....

By .....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled .....

By .....

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

(Name) .....

(Address) .....

(Week of June 19)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 prize. Vote Your Favorite!

ASK FOR
ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
for TIRED, ACHING FEET

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grapefruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Trace my sunken letters two hours and note a big change in your writing—almost perfect penmanship in 10 days. Sample letters free. Write.
C. J. Ozment, 81, St. Louis, Mo.

Digitized by Google

FOR DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Write for Free Book "How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp."

It will tell you many things you should know.

Write Dept. AC54.

H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.
119-121 Fifth Ave.
New York City.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

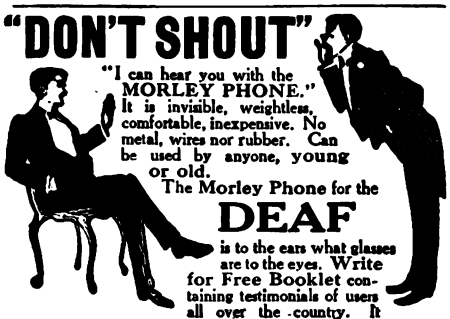
At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

$100 a Week Selling Shirts

Others Earning $100 Weekly selling direct to wearer. Custom Quality Shirts made by Carlton, 5th Ave., N. Y. America's greatest shirt values, silks, staples and exclusive patterns. We deliver and collect. Your profit; 25% paid daily. Big, beautiful sample outfit FREE. Permanent position. Salesmen and Saleswomen write today for outfit.

CARLTON MILLS, INC.
114 Fifth Ave. Dept. D-88 New York

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE." It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old.

The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE relieves. Over 100,000 sold.

The Morley Company, 10 South 18th St., Dept. 774, Philadelphia

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 425 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BOW LEGS?

This Garter (pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 22 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMP.

IF you liked this Number of JUDGE we are sure you will enjoy the

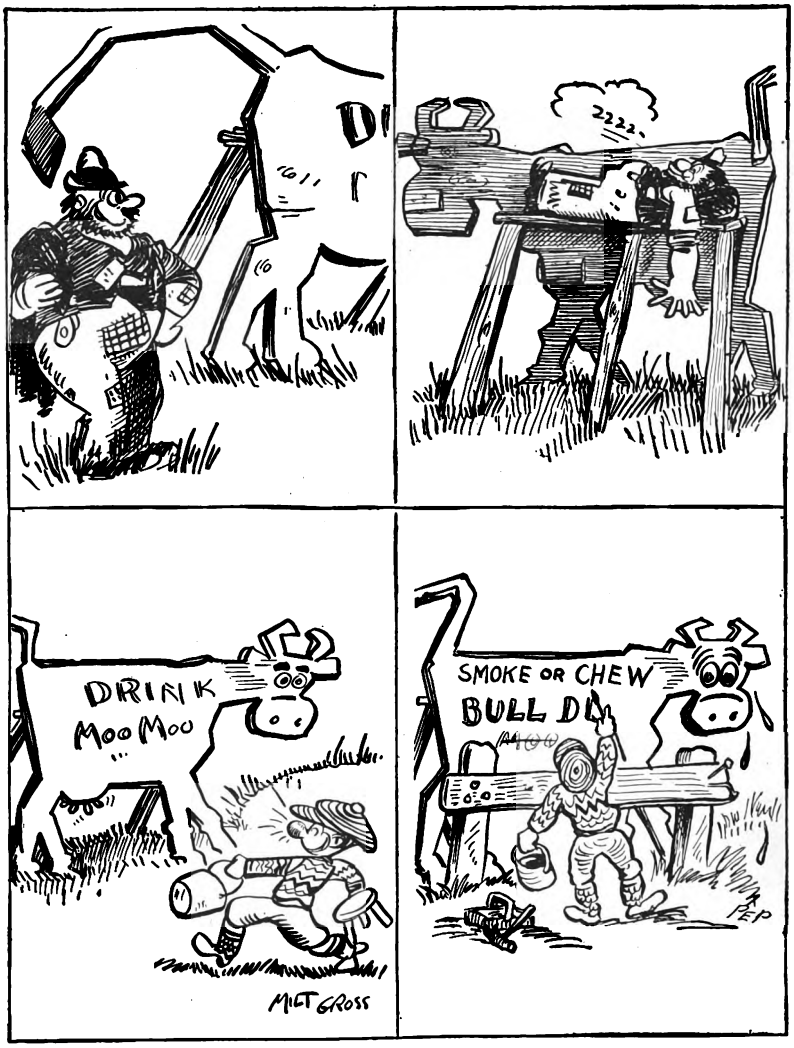
NORTH POLE NUMBER

which comes out

JULY 3

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 43



A. J. Pepping, 6 Wegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.

Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Wichita Ideal Tobacco Cure

UP UNTIL come three or four years back now my wife used to lie awake nights, but worrying about the cigarettes I smoked—I always was careless about putting them out, or vice versa. Anyway, our home was going to the ——. The roof leaked, the milkman was always late, our clocks were run down, even the electric chairs in the library were out of order. Oh, Mr. Wichita, it was awful.

Then, finally, some kind friend (an agent, I believe) told my wife about your Wichita Ideal Tobacco Cure—money back if you can get it. Well, sir, right away we sent for your free illustrated booklet with special rates for large parties, since I ain't no slouch myself.

Your copyrighted plan about not buying any more cigarettes worked out fine. Of course, I borrowed them from my friends for a while, but now I ain't got none no more and so I only smoke on the street which ain't very often as I'm too weak to go out. Anyways now I smoke only cigars. Since I got your instructions I'm a new man—and the hell of a lot wiser.

Yrs. truly,

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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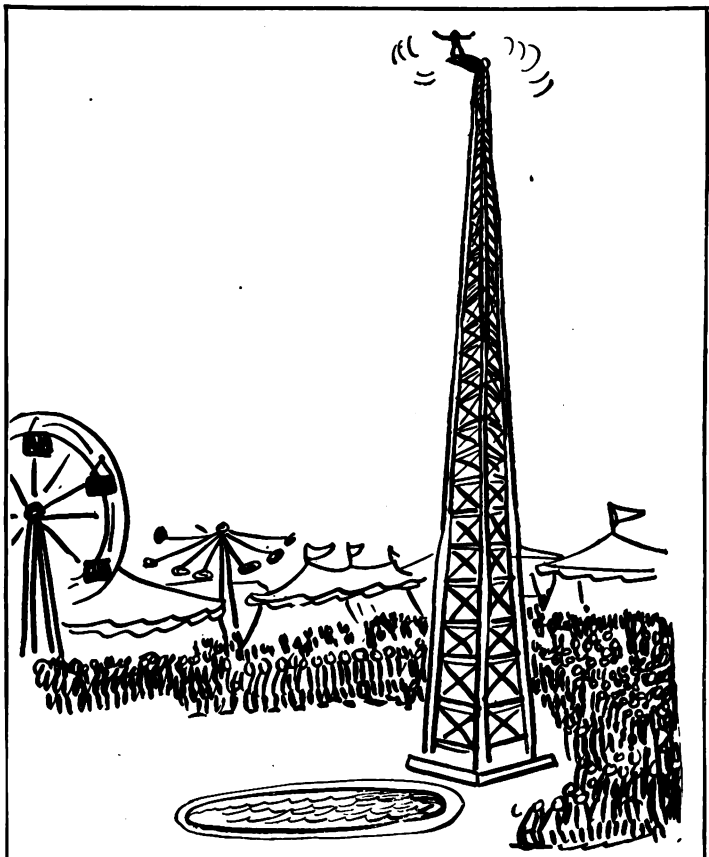
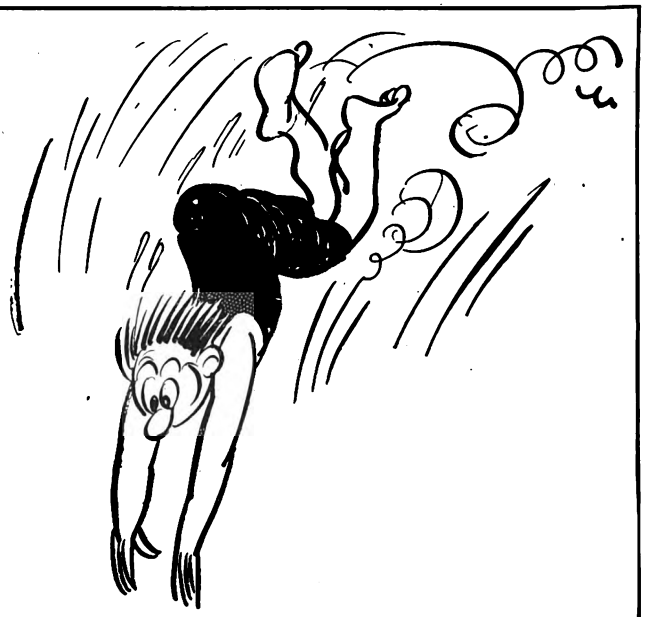
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

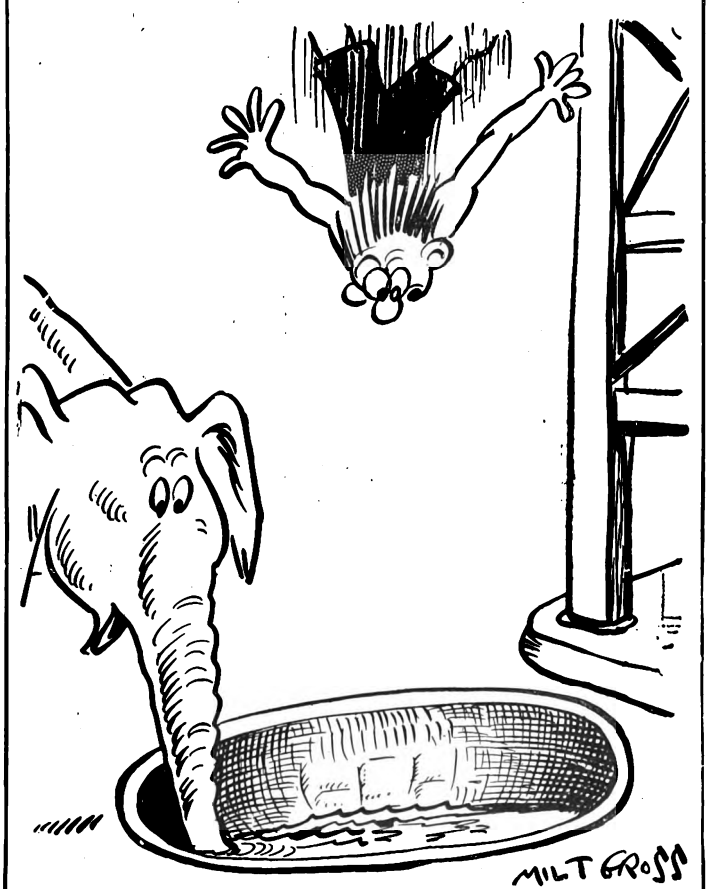
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes June 28. Winning ending appears in the issue of July 17







Contest No. 47

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Because it's toasted, the hidden flavors of the world's finest tobaccos are developed

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

DEPT. OF IOWA. IOSISTY
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JUDGE

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"WELL I SWAN!"

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and then he got JUDGE —— for himself

HE—Why did you swim out to the float with Jack?

SHE—Because Jack is lots of fun—such a delightful sense of humor, while you, poor old dear, always take your pleasure so seriously.

JUDGE
627 West 43d St.
New York

I want JUDGE for myself.
Here's $1.00 for 10 weeks.
2.00 for 21 weeks.
5.00 for One Year.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

③

JUDGE, Volume 90. No. 2330, June 26, 1926. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1926 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

THIS summer the Mayor of New York is going to close the city's cabarets at 2 A.M. With characteristic thoroughness, he will probably close the amusement parks some time this fall.

HUMOROUS remarks on the part of judges is to be prevented by law in Denmark. In future, the Danish judiciary must confine themselves to more sombrous sentences.

A GERMAN physician now lecturing in America states that one of the greatest health secrets is to laugh and be happy while eating. This is all very well for people who aren't vacationing *à la carte* at a seaside hotel.

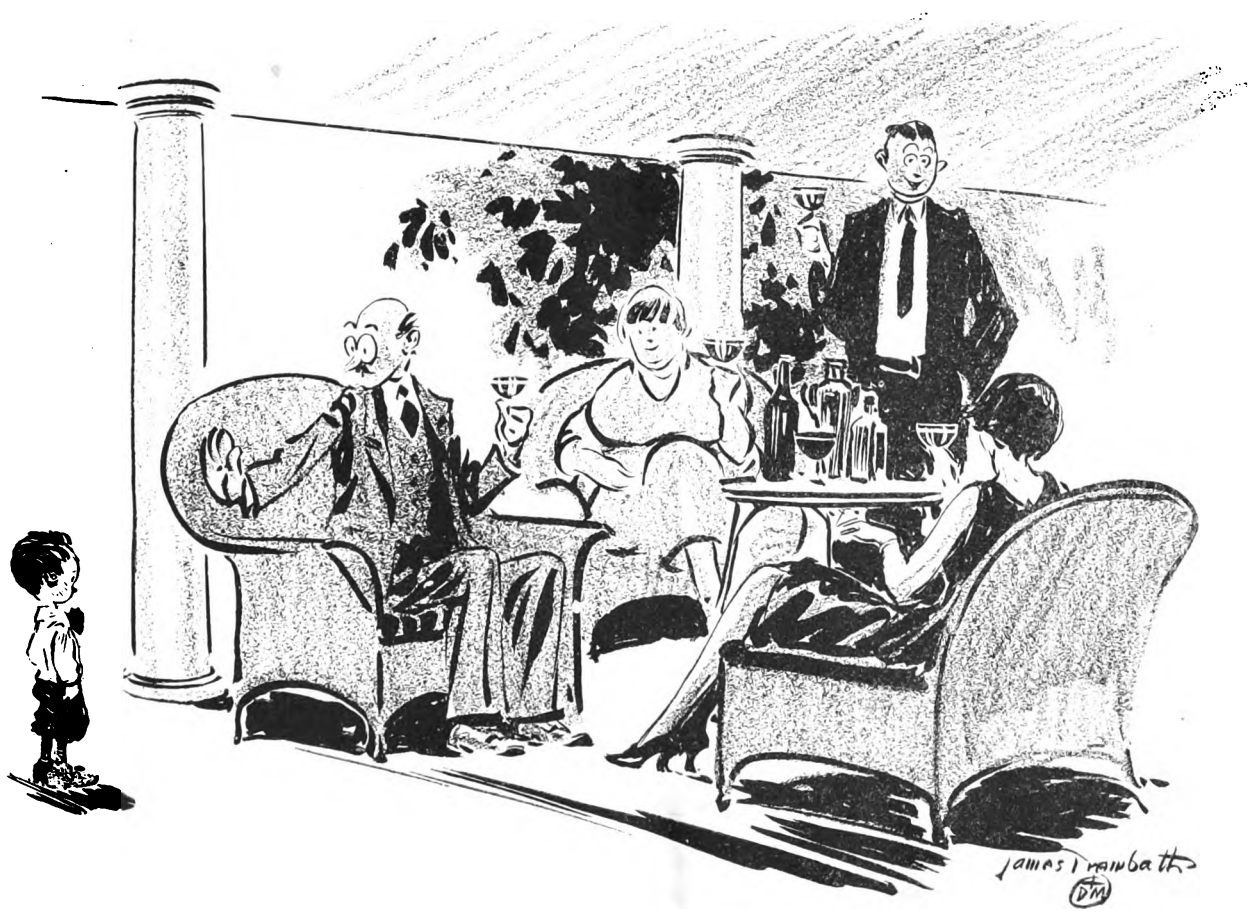
THE latest important news reported by scientific journals is the invention of flexible glass. The millennium will be reached when Scotchmen can turn their whisky bottles inside out and lick off the interiors.

A BOGUS nobleman, arrested for bigamy in Atlantic City, is accused of having married nearly a hundred women, both here and abroad. We understand that he has secured the best legal talent possible to insure that he won't be freed.

IT IS estimated that the average man speaks twelve million, five hundred thousand words in the course of a year. Some statistician should now figure out an average for the married men.

SENATOR WADSWORTH has openly come out and called for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. This is the coup that cheers.

NEW YORK has started on its huge subway extension project. It is estimated that the new subways will be ready for people to stand in, in about three years.



"No firecrackers, Lionel, it's against the law."

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"*Here's where I put one over—*
This suit is painted on!"

It wasn't waterproof!

Toasts of the day

Here's to your car
and my car.
May they never meet.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Suggestions for a Diet for Little People

Little Neck Clams
Oysters on Half Shell
Shrimp Salad Small Steak
Strawberry Shortcake
Demi-tasse Petite Fours

Answer to Correspondent

Al—Maybe you put the corks in too soon. Personally, we never put the cork in a bottle until it is nearly empty.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

His daughters go on auto rides,
So papa's got the blues,
He claims he's going bankrupt
Just keeping them in shoes.

KRAZY KRACKS

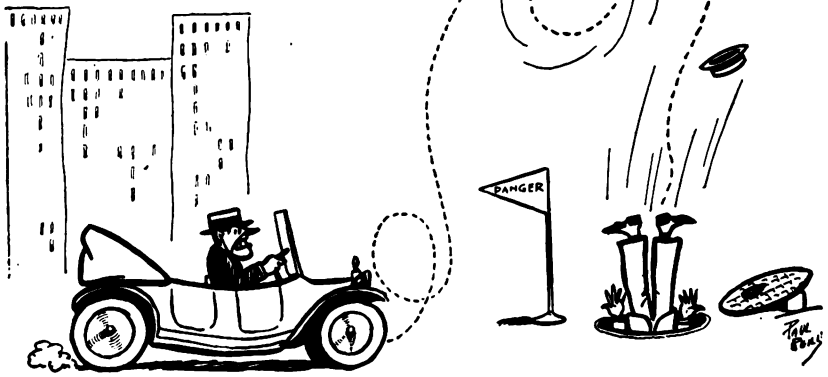
"Give a sentence with the word Minerva's"

"*Minerva's wreck.*"

Famous Pats

St. ——.
———, ———.
Back ———.
——— and Mike.
Butter ———.
Love ———.
—Agonia.
Pitter —ter.
Robert —terson.
A royal flush.

The modern woman is showing the world the stuff she's made of.



POPULAR SONG

"*A roundabout way to heaven!*"

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FUNNYBONES

Straws show which way the wind blows and knees show when the wind blows.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Blink—What do you do in your spare time?

Blank—I don't do anything; if I did, it wouldn't be spare time.

Hospitals are places where people who are run down wind up.

If people, like animals,
Walked on all fours,
The average apartment
Could have several floors.

Practically everybody has lots of chances to get married, but why take any chances?

DIZZY LABELS

They call her Dot
Because she represents the period.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

The winners.

OWNER—*I been tryin' to decide for a week whether to cut his tail off.*
"Aw, gee. He'll be a wreck from you keepin' him in suspense like that."

The Head of the House

I AM the head of my home, I am.
I do as I please and I don't give a dam
If splashes of ashes go falling galore
All over the rugs on the living-room floor,
Nor how many dishes pile up in the sink
And I don't give a rap if the cat wants a drink,
For I am the boss of my own habitation—
While my wife is away on her summer vacation. *J. S.*

The old lady who lived in a shoe now lives in a dancing slipper.

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"GEE, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE OUT IN A CANOE WITH MAMIE NOW"

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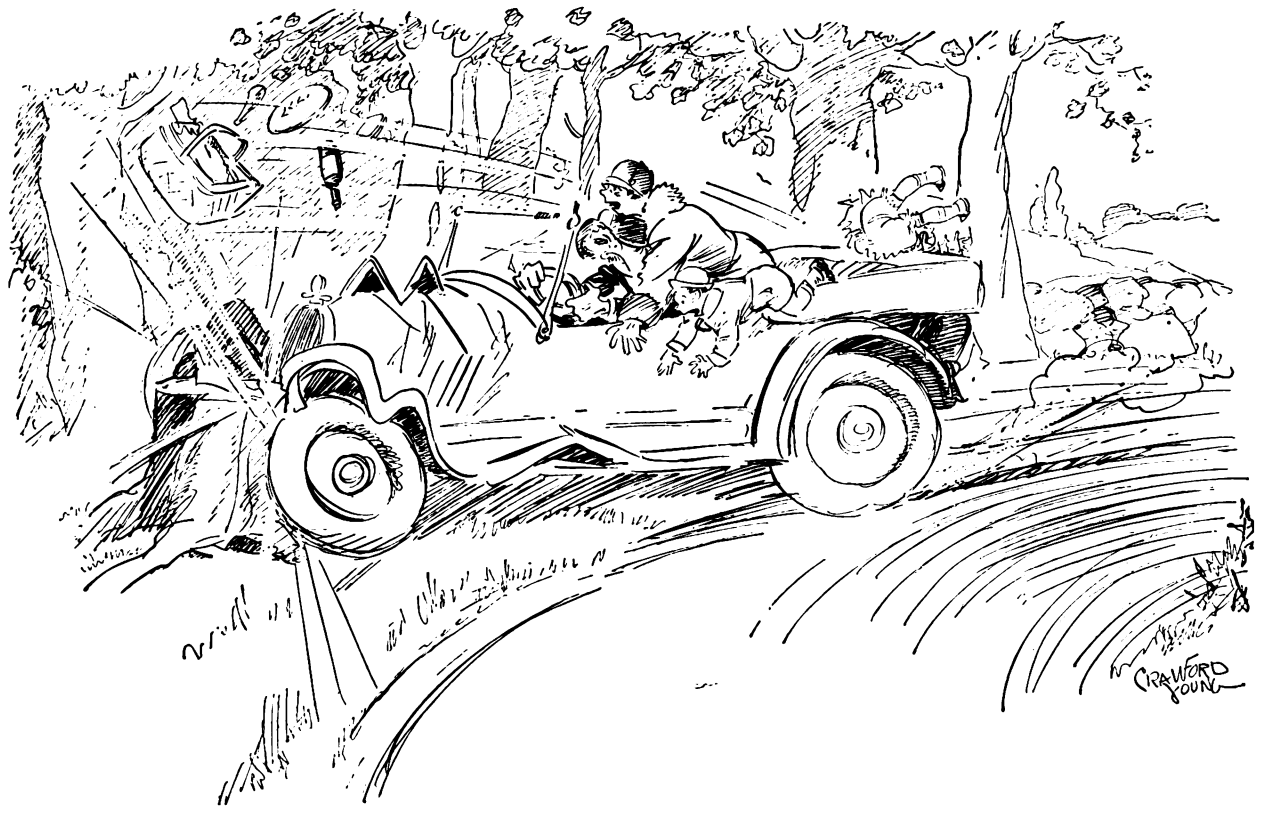

"Gee! Pa, you decide awful sudden where we are going to picnic!"

Memoirs of a Happy Commencement

WE MUST inform you that your account is overdrawn. Please call immediately or . . .

Just received your sweet invitation for commencement prom. Will arrive Wednesday. Love, Betty

* * *

"My goodness, it seems only a few years ago little Robert was just starting to grammar school."

. . . and will be glad to start you in at twenty-five a week with chances for advancement after you have completed our two-year training course. . . .

Sprained ankle. Awfully sorry cannot come to prom. Love, Betty

* * *

"Yes, sir, absolutely guaranteed, and only $6 a quart."

It's just a little something, Robert, but I know you're fond of reading, and I always did like John Ruskin so much.

"Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors? Where, oh, where are the grave old. . . . "

"I can't think of anything worse than 'Raining cats and dogs,'" remarked a weather-beaten old article to her friend Clara.

"I can," replied the latter, her eye twinkling.

"What is it!" inquired Mrs. Hinchcliffe, prepared to hear the worst.

"'Hailing taxis!'" exclaimed Clara triumphantly, thus scoring ten points.

You old dear, will arrive Wednesday for prom. Love, Dottie

Ankle all right again. Arrive Wednesday after all for prom. Love, Betty

* * *

. . . "Sh th' funniesht predic'ment wash ever in, Freddie—'sh just th' funniesht predic'ment. . . .

"The world needs real men, men with high ideals, with grim determination to stand for the best that is in them. Four years in these ancient halls of learning have set a stamp of responsibility on every one of you, to go forth and . . .

". . . so nice of Uncle Ed and Aunt Matilda to surprise us. You simply must get them some admission cards . . .

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

"Domine, ego admitto te ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus . . . "

. . . and wasn't it all just too wonderful! *Richard S. Wallace*

Forza Del Destino

No traffic cop is fortunate;
Success from him must flit,
For he, alas, but *half* the time
Can make a GO of it.

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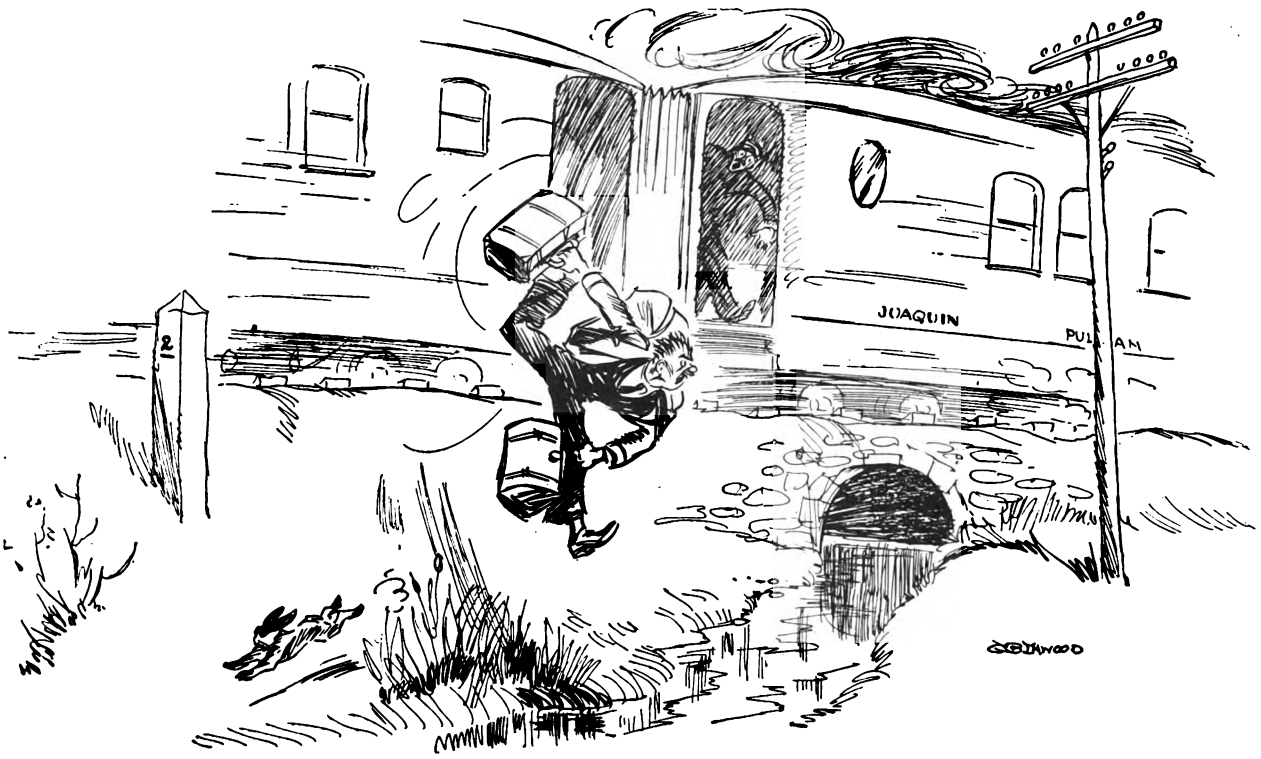


CONDUCTOR—*Hey! We're not there yet!*
"Liar! The time-table says so!"

THE OUTLINE OF HUMOR

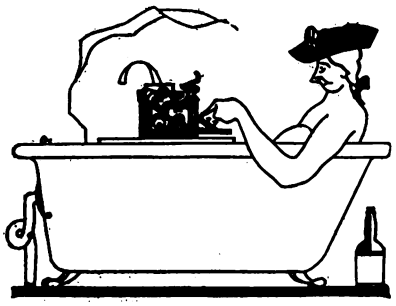
Being a Plain History of Wit and Humor

BY JUDGE, JR.

(*What went on last week?*)
Nothing! They went and left me out on account of the darn Advertising Number!

VII

WELL, as we all know America was discovered, and nearly everybody in Europe began to move over there, just like everybody's going to Florida now, which brings us right up to the Revolutionary War and what caused it. It seems Paul Revere, who was quite a young man about town in those days, met an English nobleman in Lexington one day and remarked casually that he was a little stiff from bowling. Well, sir, what do you think the English nobleman said? He looked Paul straight in the eye and in that insolent way only an English nobleman can look, he snapped, "I don't care where you're from!" Well, sir, that made Paul so mad that he jumped on a horse in his evening clothes. (Note—the horse wasn't in evening clothes) and galloped away shouting at the top of his voice: "The British are rummies! The British are rummies!"



Marat at work.
(*Typewriter by Remington.*)

Well, sir, everybody heard him and thought he said, "The British are coming!" and they all ran out in their night clothes and there was a terrible battle. But, as we all know, right is might and America became a free country.

VIII

It wasn't long after this (see Hiawatha's History of the World) that the French Revolution started and, my, what a terrible affair that was and what a little thing started it. It seems there was a man named Marat (see Marat's "L'Ami du Peuple") and he used to sit in his bath and write, unlike most people who prefer to sing. Well, one day Charlotte Corday, a friend of his, came in to see him. He was in his bath and couldn't very well rise when she entered the room and she told him he was no gentleman. He came right back at her and told her she was no lady which started the ball rolling so to speak. Marat was rather embarrassed at the awkwardness of the situation and just to break the ice he asked Charlotte, for that was her name, why the King wore red suspenders and when she innocently asked why Marat said, "To hold his pants up!" Well, sir, that made Charlotte so mad she stabbed him right there in the bathtub and that really caused the French Revolution!

(*Continued next week*)

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January 1 *February 1* *March 1* *April 1* *May 1* *June 1* *June 2*

History of an effort to regrow a head of hair that has been bobbed.

When Summer Comes

(*The Brown's living-room. Mr. Brown is addressing Mrs. Brown*):

"So you want to run to Europe with all the millionaires, do you? And me with the worst season in five years and the factory only running half time. Of all the unreasonable demands I ever heard, this takes the cake. Europe, eh? New wardrobe! Well, nothing doing. I'm not made of money. If you go anywhere it'll be up to the Forest View House for the last two weeks in August—and that's final."

(*Next morning. Mrs. Brown is addressing her neighbor, Mrs. Green, across the adjoining front porches*):

"Yes, Mrs. Green, Robert was begging me only last night to run over to the Continent this summer. 'Mary,' he said, 'the ocean trip'll do you lots of good and business being so fine, I just want you to take a couple of thousand dollars and enjoy yourself. Go to Paris and buy yourself some of those model costumes you've been wanting for so long.' But I wouldn't hear of it, Mrs. Green. Robert is just a great big boy, like all men, and I wouldn't think of leaving him alone all summer. So I said, 'Robert, we'll take Sunday trips in the car and the last two weeks in August we'll run up to the Forest View House.'"

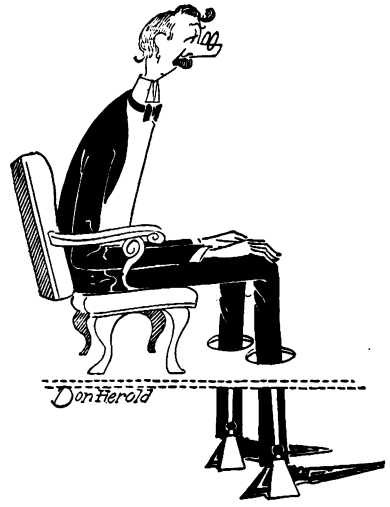
(*Mrs. Green walks into her kitchen, and says to cook*):

"What are you dishing out, Jemima?"

"Applesauce, ma'am."

"So is Mrs. Brown."

(*Passed by The National Bored of Censorship.*) *Hugh Wood*



Sub-seat stirrups for long-legged theatergoers.

THE WIFE—*Oh, George! If you want a real* thrill, *read this book!*

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THE MODERNIST

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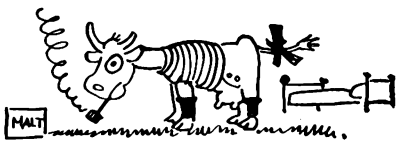
THE KOW



OH, see the purty brindle kow,
All green an' red an' wite;
And see the little trundle bed
The kow sleaps in at nite.

The nawty kow she smoakes a pipe,
Her fur iz soft az silk;
She eats a peck or two of malt
And then gives malted milk.

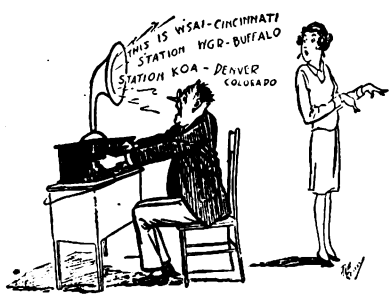
She wears old clothes an' rolls her hose,
An' sometimes goes to jail.
I'd hate to be a silly kow
With a ribbon on my tail.

Natey Kollier

Columbus with an egg once convinced an audience that he was right.

Since that time, however, this means of convincing has been reserved to audiences.

"Liberty's" privilege in July—if there's anything in a name.



The horn of plenty.

Her Line

SHE was stringing a deucedly interesting line
As I happened to stroll by the way;
For you see it was Monday and all of the undie
World there she was hanging that day.

There were brassieres and scanties and stockings and panties
And teddies with trimmings of lace,
And the slips and chemises that blew in the breezes
Would soon bring a blush to your face.

There were scanty creations in rare combinations
Of camisoles, bloomers and such
And some nice summer frocks and some little blue smocks—
But they didn't interest so much

As the nightie she slept in, a vest and a step-in
And a negligee trimmed with real fur—
She was stringing a deucedly interesting line
And I learned about women from her.

P. R.

I'D DIE FOR DEAR OLD RUTGERS

Mr. X—, a man about town, was lately invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment had come off. "Very boring," replied the old watchman. "The ladies hemmed and I hawed!" The friend smiled broadly at this fresh sally.

What you do; that's your business.
What I do; that's my business.
What she does; that's her business.
What she and I do; that's nobody's business.

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HIGH HAT

A thick black cloud has settled over these parts now that the night clubs are being closed at 2 o'clock . . . . . according to the authorities that is the time when the crooks, who haunt these places, begin to prey on the decent people who haunt these places . . . . . this bit of information takes a great weight off my shoulders because now the heavy bank roll and the bottle of Scotch I usually carry, is perfectly safe up to two o'clock and I won't have to worry about it . . . . . and wouldn't it be funny, though, if some butter-and-egger was robbed in one of those places at ten minutes to two! . . . . . the authorities also claim that these night clubs that have been disgorging their customers at six and seven o'clock in the morning all dressed up in their evening finery create Bolshevism in the minds of laborers going to work at that time. . . . . Now I know why the price of milk has been going up!

Speaking of night clubs we just received a copy of "A Débutante's Diary" issued by the Montmarte Club, where the young débutante, according to said Diary, seems to spend most of her time . . . . . this leaves us a little bit skeptical . . . . if it came from "Murphy's Cellar" or "The Owl" we might believe it.

John Held, Jr., who made the heading for this column, writes as follows . . . . . "Would you, out of the kindness of your heart, and for old times' sake, have the young gentleman who is doing Judge, Jr., state in cold type that I am *not* editing that department. It is spreading all over the continent that I am. And with all due respect to what I laughingly call my public, God forbid!" . . . . . in case some of our little readers should be ignorant enough not to know who John Held, Jr., is allow me to explain that he is the young gentleman with the scissors who so ably portrays the merry college boys and girls in that old campus favorite, "College Humor" . . . . . where he gets that "spreading over the continent" stuff I don't know, because in the year that this column has been running, not one letter to that effect has come into this office. . . . . However, there was a big gathering of people up at Columbus Circle the other night, and now that I think of it, I do remember such cries as "I tell ya' John Held, Jr., *does* run that column," and "ya' can't fool me! *John Held, Jr.*, runs Hight Hat!" . . . . . Anyway, in order to save riots, and possible loss of life we will state officially that John Held, Jr., *does* not edit this column. . . . . God forbid!

Speaking of the old campus, I've already gained one friend in J. L. Dixon '28, who writes, "You'll never keep up a good fight with Yale if you knock 'College Humor.' Congratulations on never having read it." . . . . . And here's a telegram came in last week from New Haven . . . . . "Hearty congrats Stop You have been elected honorary member. Never read Judge, Jr. Club Stop We think your dandy Stop Cheerio"—(Signed) Brown of Harvard.

And speaking of Brown of Harvard the big laugh of the year comes from the new movie of that name with subtitles written by one Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart late of Yale . . . . . what an opportunity! . . . . . if they'd only get out a "Blue of Yale" and give me a chance at the titles!

Judge Jr.

Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Barnum's Baby Food for Babies

WHEN we used to go Florida for our summer vacation we got in the habit of sleeping out in the parks at night but lots of other things we couldn't get used to, especially our youngest infant which didn't take to the flies and mosquitoes which they don't show in the real estate advertisements.

Anyways, we got hold of some of your famous Barnum's Baby Food for Babies and other infants and after we fed the baby with it for once or twice the bugs and flies mostly stayed away and what didn't inside of half a hour they was dead.

Trusting you are the same, etc., etc. A Thankless Poppa.

Cohen's Liniment

Pedro walk alonga da street. No heera de wheese no ringa da bell. Bump Tony alla way on Staten Island. Guess Tony gotta da arm bus taka da pills justa same. Likem fine and maybe six seven eight months Tony gonna be all right again. Much obliged.

Richard S. Wallace

Motorist's Primer

THE TRUCKMAN

Is the pedestrian sore at the truckman?

No, but the truckman is sore at the pedestrian.

Why is the truckman sore at the pedestrian?

Because the truckman failed to knock the pedestrian for a goal.

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"O'brien Outloud"

HERE is a proverb
Will stand any test:
The thinner the soup,
The cleaner the vest.

o

More Action

We'd rather go to the moving pictures than to a wrestling match most any time. The pictures at least move.

o

Immigrants often weep when they first see the Statue of Liberty; native Americans sometimes go into hysterics.

o

If you see a man come down the street in an automobile and pass a stray dog without so much as giving the poor animal a tumble—that man is not of a sympathetic nature.

But if you see another man come down the street and look at that same stray dog and then step out of the automobile and take the poor animal in his arms and give him a ride in the automobile—that man is not of a sympathetic nature either, he's a dog catcher.

o

The Heavyweight Situation

Wills may not stand much chance of beating Dempsey, but he certainly stands a better chance of beating him than of meeting him.

o

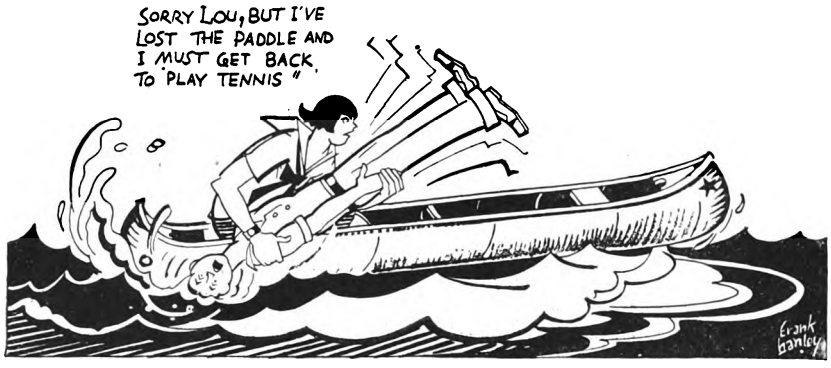
Nursery Rhymes Revamped

Rock-a-bye baby
On the tree top,
Don't you fall out,
It's a helluva drop.

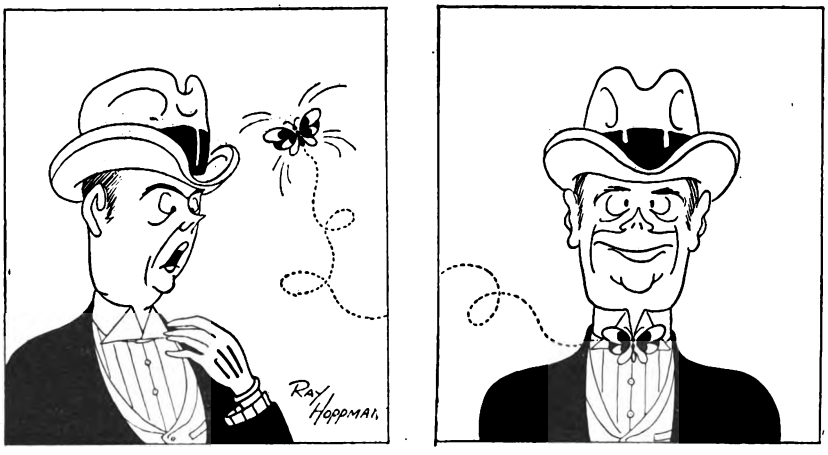
o

Before marriage he caught her in his arms every night; now he catches her in his pockets.

R. C. O'Brien



The athletic girl.



The proper Mr. Peck was shocked to find that he had forgotten to put on his necktie, but luck was with him.

A Southern incident: "What have you named your newest child, Uncle Eben?" queried a scion of the Southern aristocracy of that person.

"Why," said the humorous old retainer, "we ban name him Bill 'count he allus is bilious."

"Well," said the scion, "I suppose you'd name him John if he had jaundice!"

The old man blushed under his heavy coat of tan.

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"MUSTA BEEN A COUPLA OTHER FELLAHS!"

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

SIX young students at Lake Forest College, Illinois, finding life a bit heavy on their hands, broke into a neighbor's house and robbed it "for the kick in it." "Boys will be boys!"—1926 style.

Prophetic

THERE is an old saying, attributed to some Republican wisecracker, that "Iowa will go Democratic when hell goes Methodist."

Not so long ago the United States Senate seated Daniel F. Steck, a Democrat, from Iowa, throwing out on his ear one Smith W. Brookhart, nominally a Republican. And now Mr. Brookhart in revenge has captured the Republican primaries of his State, defeating Senator Cummins and ripping the Iowa Republican organization wide open. So no one need be surprised if next fall Iowa sends another Democrat to the United States Senate.

Meanwhile, what about hell? It is a little premature, perhaps, to speak of a complete conversion, but at least we can say this, that the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals has won the bootleggers to its side.

The Grievance

THE result in Iowa may be attributed, we suppose, to disappointment over the course of farm relief legislation. The Haugen bill, opposed by the Administration and already defeated in the House, is a pet of the Corn Belt. And why not? All it seeks to do is to put the Federal Government into the business of marketing farm crops, maintaining the domestic prices for them at pre-war levels and dumping the surpluses abroad for anything it can get. What could be fairer than that—for the farmer?

Only one thing, and that is the decided modification or abandonment of the protective tariff. The protective tariff is only protective in the case of two classes of commodities, those whose production here falls short of the demand, and those whose producers can combine to maintain the protected domestic price while dumping their surplus elsewhere. Most of our manufactures fall within one or the other of these classes, but the farmer's products, with the exception of a few specialties like sugar and wool, do not. He produces more than the country needs, and his number is legion, precluding the possibility of combination to maintain prices. Hence he must sell here for what his surplus brings abroad, duties or no duties.

Apparently, he has waked up to this fact, and to the further realization that all these years he has been buying in a protected and selling in an unprotected market, and helping with his votes to bring this about. Little wonder he's sore. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," unless it is a farmer gyped.

Sacred

THE American farmer is nobody's damn fool. Why, then, for generations should he have supported—why should he continue to support—the protective tariff? He knows it has been robbing him in favor of the manufacturer. He knows, or ought to know, that the famous Haugen bill is merely a roundabout method of remedying the inequality. Why doesn't he insist on the simpler, more direct remedy of abolishing the protective tariff altogether?

The June *Atlantic* carries a searching article—"Puritanism and Prosperity," by Reinhold Niebuhr—which throws an interesting light on this question. The Rev. Mr. Niebuhr agrees with Max Weber, the German sociologist, that "Protestantism is the main root of the modern capitalistic spirit, and that, of all forms of Protestantism, Puritanism has been most successful in encouraging business enterprise." The fiercest Puritans in the United States are the farmers. It is easy to understand, therefore, that quite apart from its effect on their own fortunes they would be attracted to a political doctrine whose whole argument is that it encourages business enterprise. In other words, the tariff is part of the farmer's religion, God help him!

The Sincerest Form of Flattery

WE ARE indebted to a correspondent for the following item of Americana, which appeared under a Sacramento date line in the San Francisco *Examiner:*

> At least one Californian eager to be deputized as a Prohibition agent under President Coolidge's executive order or any other authority, for that matter, developed to-day when Vance Rapp, fifteen-year-old Boy Scout of Turlock, Stanislaus County, petitioned Governor Richardson to appoint him as a "State Prohibition detective" and requested advice on how he can inform on his liquor drinking schoolmates and "still be their friend."
>
> The would-be sleuth wrote that his young friends get all they want to drink and advanced the theory that by "going with them and acting rottenly" he could learn where the still is located and bring about its confiscation.

Just another amusing instance of a boy scout wanting to act like a Marine. *W. M. H.*

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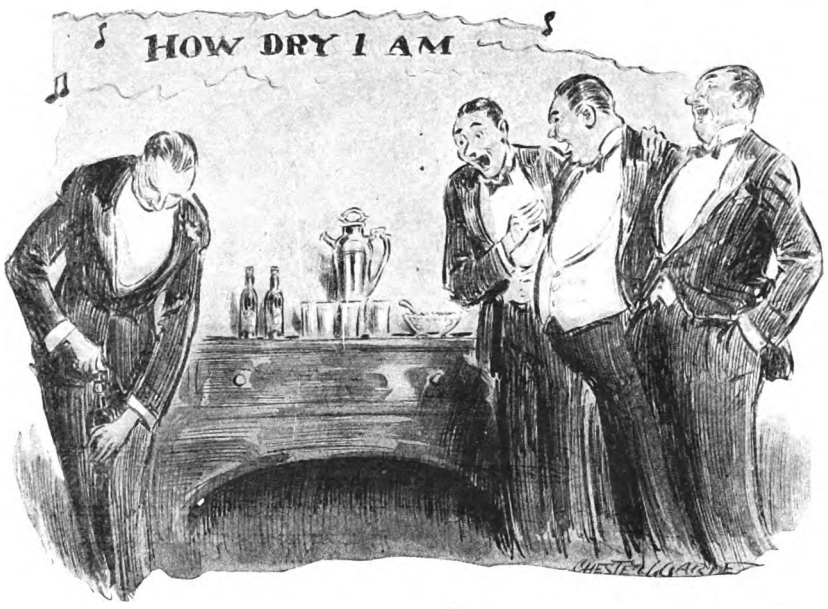

The opening chorus.

Entertaining Made Easy

PROBABLY one of the best ways to entertain your guests and get their minds off drinking is to have them play games.

Here are a few suggestions in the game line:

Goat games: The players all sit around and converse. Sooner or later one of them is bound to remark: "So's your old man!" This player is immediately made the goat. He must stand up in the center of the room for the rest of the evening and answer: "So's your old man!" to every question put to him. If another player makes the same remark, he too must be a goat and suffer the same penalty. After several goats have been caught, the rest of the players can slip quietly out of the room and go some place where they can enjoy themselves in peace.

Guessing games: A player-piano is needed for the first of these. A roll is put into it and played. Everyone must try to guess the title of the number and write it on a slip of paper. For the benefit of those whose answers are incorrect, the same roll is played again, and so on through the evening until everybody has obtained the right title. (This is a great game for hosts who only have one roll for their player-pianos.) Every time the music stops, the one conducting the contest must say: "Well, what do you think it is?" If a neighbor from across the hall finally sticks his head through the door and says: "I'd like to tell you what I think it is," the conductor must reply: "Say, who do you think you are?" The neighbor will probably come back with: "Say, we're trying to sleep in our house, and it's not a question of who I think I am but what you think we are, anyway!" The conductor then demands: "All right, what are you going to do about it?" If the neighbor suggests that he'll come in and show him what he's going to do about it, he must be reminded of the fact that he hasn't been invited to the party. The contest can then be resumed. Guests, as a rule, do not mind little interruptions of this kind; in fact, they sometimes find them more amusing and exciting than the games themselves.

Here's another guessing game with a catch to it: A fellow stands up and says: "Guess what I have in my pockets." After all the guests have guessed until they're blue in the face (noses excepted), the captain (that's only an honorary title for the duration of the game) can put his hands in his pockets and say:

DIZZY LABELS

They call him Bill
Because he arrived on the first of the month.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

AH THEM HAPPY HOURS 'NEATH THE GOLDEN MOON!

A GOOD CLEAN JOKE

They tell a good one at the expense of Otis Skinner. A young member of the "weaker sex" asked him of a Saturday, "Are you going to church to-morrow, Otis?"

"No," replied the noted musician, "I think I shall stroll down to the beach and look at the breakers."

"Ha, ha, you mean the Sabbath breakers!" parried the witty girl and Otis winced under the reproof.

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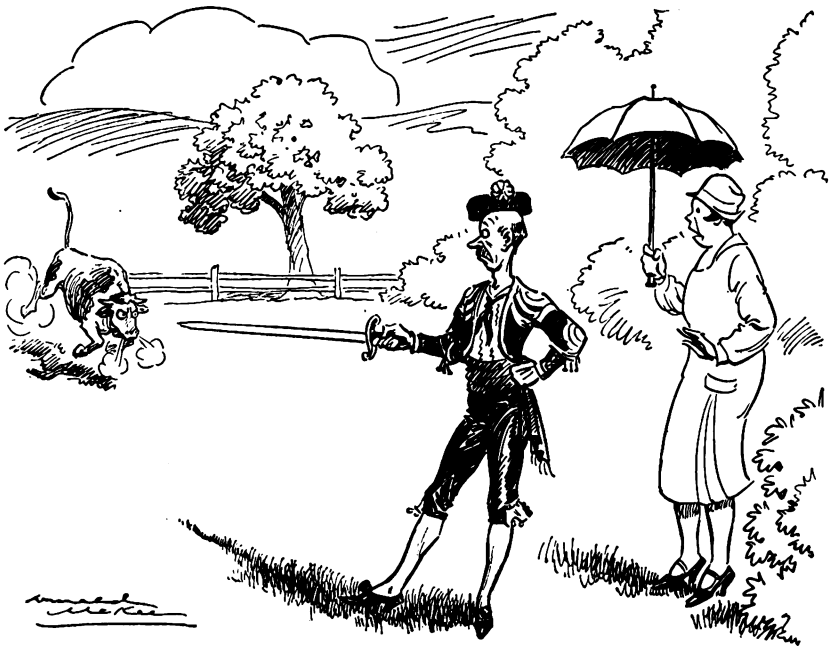
"Why, my hands, of course." Then the idea is to see who can hit him first.

Continued stories: The best story-teller in the group takes six or eight persons with good memories into another room (one at a time) and tells each one an installment of a thrilling yarn. Then, at a given signal, the players come out and recite their respective installments for the benefit of the remaining guests, if any of the guests are remaining. To make everything seem more natural, the players should be made up as issues of some popular magazine—one an April issue, another a May issue, and so on. (If there is any liquor about the premises it should be hidden during the rendition of this number, or else when the time comes several of the installments are liable to be missing.)

R. C. O'Brien



The costume a man ought to wear when walking with a lady in the country, according to the funny pictures

For Purity

"Is THAT story on 'The Folly of Sin' in type?" asked the Great Editor, as his assistant strolled into his sanctum to borrow a cigarette and a match.

"It is," said the assistant, "and the boudoir photographs illustrating it are very nifty indeed."

"Good. How about the interview with Tessie Twinkletoes on 'How I Keep My Body Beautiful'?"

"All set," answered the assistant.

"And the pictures that go with it would make a Ben Ali Haggin tableau look like a lawn party in the gay nineties."

"Excellent." The editor rubbed his hands. "What about the piece by Dr. Ulysses J. Furtif called 'Little Known Vice That I Have Uncovered'?"

"That's ready. All the places he talked about have been out of business so long that we couldn't get photographs. Had some drawings made by our staff artist. They're up to standard."

"Good, good." The editor beamed. "And the article by our beauty specialist—'Hips That Pass in the Night'—is complete?"

"Right," replied the assistant, "and illustrated with some quite presentable close-ups."

"And there are plenty of photographs of — ah — athletic young women throughout the issue?"

"You bet. Every one of them makes a bathing beauty look as overdressed as a cabaret doorman in December."

The Great Editor leaned back in his chair and sighed happily.

"Then," said he, "as soon as I finish my editorial on 'Innocence' we can go to press."

Sterling Patterson

LIZZIE LABELS

Body By (Bud) Fisher

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

CUSTOMER—*Can I get a prescription filled?*
CLERK—*Prescription? What's that?*

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LOVE AT FIR

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ST SIGHT

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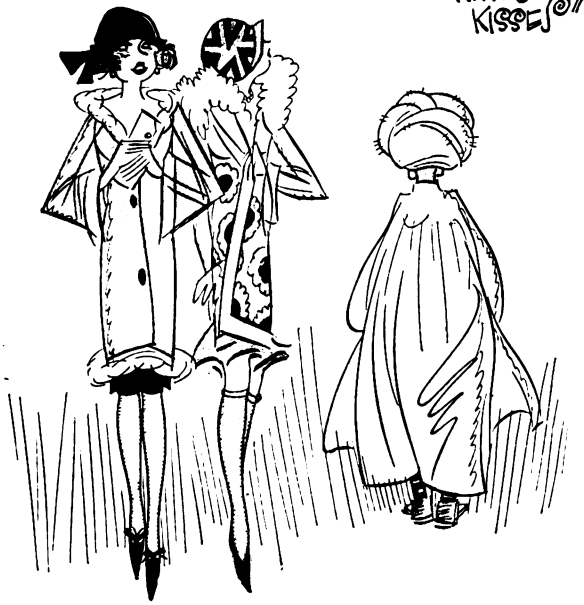
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

KEITH'S

SOUSE — "WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR THIS?"
BANK CASHIER — "FOUR PER CENT"
SOUSE — "A'RIGHT — WRAP ME UP A DOZEN BOTTLES!"

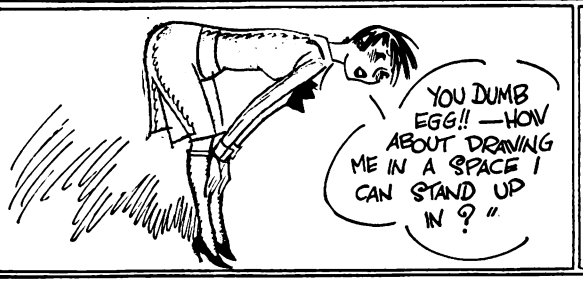
"KITTY'S KISSES"



A HINDU IS A GUY WHO CAN'T WASH BECAUSE HE'S USING THE BATH TOWEL AROUND HIS HEAD!!"

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES"

"OUR DOG GOT HIS TAIL CUT OFF BY A RAILROAD TRAIN!"
"THAT MUST HAVE SPOILED HIS CARRIAGE"
"NO — IT DIDN'T SPOIL HIS CARRIAGE BUT IT RUINED HIS WAGON!"



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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

THE novelty of the performance of Rahman Bey, the Oriental fakir, lies in the fact that, where the usual actor tortures the audience, this one tortures himself. The M. Rahman, imported by those two great devotees of the mysteries of the East, the MM. Al Woods and Archie Selwyn, is a gent who earns a living by sticking nails, pins and daggers into himself and by allowing other gents to apply a red-hot poker to his epidermis. All this he feels no more than the actor playing the king feels the rapier-prick of Hamlet —even less, in sooth, since Hamlet occasionally and lamentably has a couple of drinks in his dressing-room and the rapier dents his highness a trifle more than is called for.

Our friend Rahman's show consists of five acts. The first is called "Body Rigidity." In this slice of the entertainment, our friend does something to the nerves of his body which deadens them. After he is in the desired condition, he permits himself to be laid upon some sharp scythes and swords and to be pressed down hard against them. Whether this is an easy trick or not, I can't authoritatively say, as I have never tried it. The second morsel of the bill is called "Cataleptic Anæsthesia." This time our friend, returning to consciousness from the cataleptic trance and finding himself in a gala state of insensibility to pain, permits the nails, pins and daggers to be inserted into his person, and apparently enjoys the consequent sensation as much as if they were so many Martini cocktails. Act III is "Thought Reading and Transmission," which is no great shakes; there are various performers in the vaudeville dumps who have shown us such stuff for years. The Oriental professor brings nothing new to the venerable hocus-pocus. Nor does he provide anything startling in a hypnotism act that follows. In this act he uses members of his private troupe—at least, he did on the evening I sat before him — and, as everybody knows, if you hire a man to be hypnotized and pay him regularly every Saturday night, he'd be a dirty ingrate if he didn't become duly hypnotized when his boss made passes at him. I don't say that our Oriental brother can't hypnotize strangers; for all I know he may be able to make even Morris Gest denounce his own hat; all that I do say is that, if he can, he didn't demonstrate his virtuosity on the night I was hanging around the Selwyn Theater.

The big card of our friend's show, however, is his "Burial Alive" stunt, with which he concludes his exhibition. Thus, the program: "The Fakir will place himself in a cataleptic state which in a few instants will change into a sleep where consciousness is completely atrophied and respiration and circulation are stopped. In this state he will permit himself to be buried for as long a time as the audience may desire, on condition that the period be fixed in advance." In other words, it apparently wouldn't be fair to take the professor off guard by keeping him in the coffin for eight minutes when seven were the original plan, although—recall that we have his program word for it—his "consciousness is completely atrophied and respiration and circulation are stopped." I hope that I am not too impolite to my friend, the professor, when I ask information as to how he himself can regulate time when his conscious-

(*Continued on page 23*)

"Bride of the Lamb" (Miller)—Religious hysteria traced to its sexual origin. Alice Brady very good in leading rôle.

"The Great God Brown" (Klaw)—O'Neill's fine play for the more cultured theatergoer.

"The Shanghai Gesture" (Shubert)—Florence Reed as the duenna of an Al Woods idea of a Chinese bordello.

"The Great Temptations" (Winter Garden)—Spectacular revue with Dorothy McNulty's five-minute act as its most humorous feature.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Still going along at a merry pace. Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue as the leading hoofers.

"Abie's Irish Rose" (Republic)—Comment unnecessary.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—Ina Claire as a lady crook.

"Tip-Toes" (Liberty)—Gershwin's tunes are alone responsible for the life of this one.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Interesting play about the married woman who regards her husband as simply a necessary evil.

"The Bunk of 1926" (Broadhurst)—A poor revue with nothing to recommend it.

"Kongo" (Biltmore)—Cheap melodrama of South African hokum.

"Sex" (Daly's)—Garbage.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—Puny farce-comedy.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—The prosperity of this one is a puzzle.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Excellent Gilbert and Sullivan revival, thoroughly worth your money.

"The Patsy" (Booth)—Feeble stuff given a touch of life by Claiborne Foster.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The Marxes and their humorous monkeyshines.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Another good laughing evening.

"Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick)—The best item here is Bobbie Perkins.

"The Girl Friend" (Vanderbilt)—I can't find anything in this one to persuade you to dig down into your change pocket.

"Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse)—Aside from Dorothy Dilley's and Nick Long's dancing, see above.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—Agreeable revue—and you may smoke to your heart's content.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Times Square)—Moderately amusing slang comedy.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—See this issue.

Rahman Bey (Selwyn)—Ditto.

"Pomeroy's Past" (Longacre)—Pleasant little comedy by Clare Kummer, with Ernest Truex in the lead.

"Song of the Flame" (44th St.)—Not up to Arthur Hammerstein's standard.

"The Vagabond King" (Casino)—Some good voices here.

"What Every Woman Knows" (Bijou)—Helen Hayes attractive in the rôle made famous by Maude Adams.

"The Wisdom Tooth" (Little)—For such persons as are enthusiastic over A. A. Milne's verses.

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

I AM NOT familiar with Paris, but the Apache, I suspect, has become a stage fiction. Only the other day, to confirm this impression, the newspapers carried an interview with Rene Cassellari, a former police commissioner of Paris, who says the example of young American crooks has revolutionized the ways of the underworld there. "The odd part of it is," he says, "that once we looked to the Apaches for most of our crimes, but now there is a new school of adepts in criminology, and they are recruited from the better educated and the better dressed element and they are most difficult of apprehending."

But I suppose we shall go on having pictures like "Paris," melodramatizing the Apache, until he becomes as worn a piece of stage furniture as his American counterpart, the Bowery tough. For twenty adventurous years now I have dodged traffic all over the metropolis of the New World and have yet to meet the conventional Bowery tough in the flesh. Very likely even he, originally, had a kernel of authenticity. But once these types have captured the imagination of the box office, they go on performing behind the footlights long after their prototypes in real life, or what passed for their prototypes, have evolved into wealthy and respectable bootleggers or, as in the case of the Apaches, into art dealers.

Much the same is true of their adoring girls—the hard, dowdy little tatterdemalion whom the Bowery tough slaps about, and the lithe, catlike creature who is constantly courting death at the hands of her Apache lover. If they ever existed at all—off stage—they have long since faded into graduate flappers.

You can say of "Paris" that it breaks away from the traditional movie formula of beauty and innocence rescued in the nick of time by Frank Merriwell. You can say also that it is excellently cast. If there are any Apaches left they would do well to take lessons from Douglas Gilmore, known in the picture as The Cat; and their Apachettes from Joan Crawford, who plays the part of The Cat's ill-used but excessively loyal sweetheart. And if there are any rich American Johnnies left as idiotic as Jerry, played by Charles Ray, God help them!

(*Continued on page 28*)

"*The Big Parade*"—The war itself.
"*Ben-Hur*"—See it for the chariot race.
"*Sea Beast*"—Jack Barrymore, love and blubber.
"*The Black Bird*"—Lon Chaney in rare form.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Paradise filmed on the spot, minus Gilda Gray.
"*The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*"—Smooth comedy with Adolphe Menjou.
"*Mare Nostrum*"—War tragedy from Ibanez.
"*Torrent*"—Greta Garbo and sophistication.
"*La Bohème*"—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert enact the old story.
"*Irene*"—Colleen Moore and a wardrobe.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks.
"*First Year*"—Slapstick version of Frank Craven's comedy.
"*The Bat*"—Exciting mystery drama.
"*The Untamed Lady*"—Gloria Swanson shows how unpleasant she can be.
"*The Barrier*"—Ice and Lionel Barrymore.
"*The New Klondike*"—Florida boom farce.
"*The Devil's Circus*"—Wartime melodrama.
"*The Crown of Lies*"—Balkan romance with Poli Negri.
"*Bride of the Storm*"—Dolores Costello is rescued from a lighthouse.
"*The Flaming Frontier*"—Custer's Last Stand melodramatized to a fareyouwell.
"*The Blind Goddess*"—Arthur Train's story with Esther Ralston.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Good Harold Lloyd farce.
"*A Social Celebrity*"—Adolphe Menjou makes it worth seeing.
"*Kiki*"—Norma Talmadge in a bowdlerized version.
"*That's My Baby*"—Farce potpourri.
"*The Runaway*"—Hill-billy romance.
"*Skinner's Dress Suit*"—Tame comedy.
"*Brown of Harvard*"—Stage rah, rah stuff.
"*Hell Bent fer Heaven*"—Typical movie melodrama with flood.
"*The Greater Glory*"—One long yawn.
"*The Wilderness Woman*"—Aileen Pringle and Chester Conklin in excellent comedy.
"*Fascinating Youth*"—Farce tryout of Paramount's junior stars.
"*Aloma of the South Seas*"—Gilda Gray and applesauce.
"*The Rainmaker*"—Disjointed melodrama.
"*Wet Paint*"—Wet gags and Raymond Griffith.

NEW POP—*Shush! In about an hour, when Toodles wakes up, you may yell for help.*

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Fun In a Penitentiary

Or How Prisoners Amuse Themselves by Convict No. 711

FIRST of all, let me tell why I'm here in jail. I am a thief. I admit it. I have robbed homes and cigar stores, sold real estate that didn't exist just because I thought I had to, put slugs in the subway turnstiles, stolen and hocked my grandmother's false teeth, and committed other crimes too numerous to mention. But that ain't specifically why I'm here. Specifically, I'm here because I got caught.

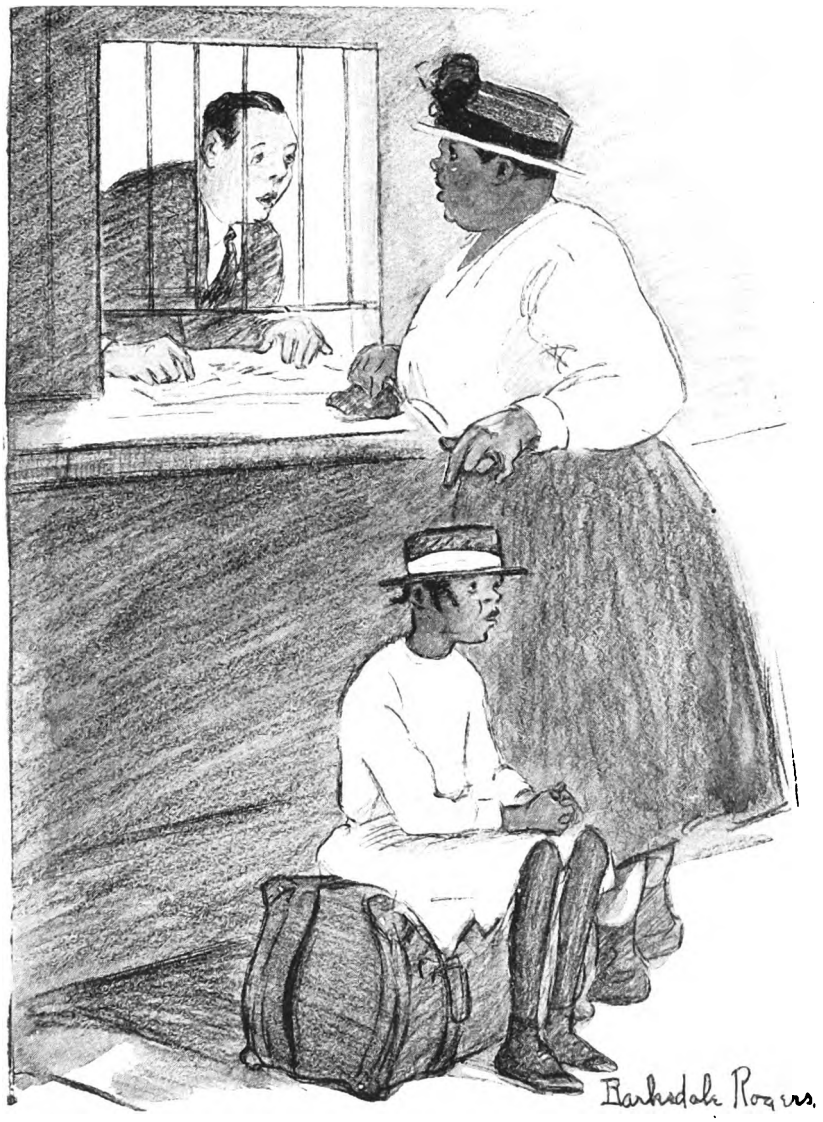
There are some students of prison life who claim prisoners are coddled. I beg to take issue with these gentlemen. We prisoners are not coddled—we're hard-boiled. But we have our fun in our own way. For instance, when we laugh at a visiting committee of uplifters, we laugh internally. Or on one side of our faces—the side farthest from the visiting committee.

My roommate and I amuse ourselves evenings by telling jokes to each other. His job in the prison is to keep the electric chair dusted off, and this is pretty soft as dust doesn't get much of a chance to collect on it these days. He tells me how scared some of the spectators at an execution look and other comical things. I work standing up in the chair factory. I tell my roommate how I work standing up making chairs and this always gives him a laugh. Every time I tell him this, he laughs. This just gives an idea of what we have to laugh at.

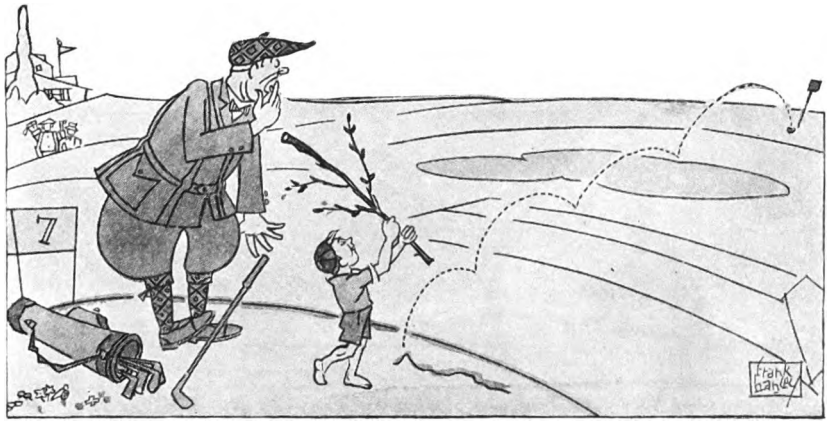
Of course, this isn't the only way we amuse ourselves. We also play checkers. We haven't any checker board, but we use the squares on the stone floor for a board and buttons we have swiped off our shirts for checkers. I am a better player than my partner. So far I have won 3,749 games, while he has won only 2,631. He can hardly hope to catch up now as he's only in for seven years more.

Others of our brethren play more dangerous games, such as drilling through the roof, sliding down the drainpipe and over the garden wall. These games need no explanations to readers but they need a lot of explanations to the warden.

R. C. O'Brien



COLORED WOMAN (to ticket agent)—*I want a ticket for Magnolia, please.*
TICKET AGENT (after studying railroad map for ten minutes)—*Auntie, where is Magnolia?*
"Here's Magnolia settin' on de suitcase!"



The kid who used to catch all the trout with a bent pin, takes to golf.

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ZANE—*I hear th' Prohibition squads raided th' schoolhouse las' night.*

GREY—*Yeah—they found whisky in th' dictionary.*

—WASHINGTON COUGAR'S PAW

If the Lizzie Label Editor Got Mixed Up With the Current Song Reviewer

"Syncopating Sal."
"Little Rosewood Casket."
"No One's Ever Kissed Me."
"Thanks for the Buggy Ride."
"That Certain Feeling."
"She Was Just a Sailor's Sweetheart."
"So That's the Kind of a Girl You Are."
"The Wreck of the *Shenandoah*."
"I'm Going to Charleston Back to Charleston."
"The Lost Chord."
"Trust and Obey."
"Eternal Secret."
"Just a Little Thing Called Rhythm."
"The Flying Dutchman."
"Horses."
"Don't Wake Me Up, Let Me Dream."
"Show Me the Way to Go Home."

—Brown Jug

"That man there is wanted in Chicago."
"What for?"
"He is a crook."
"Why do they want any more crooks in Chicago?"

—Pitt Panther

First—What's the "D. T." after your name for?
Second—I'm a barber. I run a tonsorial parlor.
"But why the 'D. T.'?"
"Doctor of Tonsolitis."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader

THE HEIGHT OF VIRTUE

"Harold, you let go of my ankle this minute or I'll tell mother."

—OHIO STATE SUN DIAL

Tick It

Fare—I'm sorry, but I can't return your ring.
Please—Oh, that's all right then. Just give me the ticket, and I'll go and get it. *—Lehigh Burr*

"When they named my bim they knew what they were doing."
"Meaning?"
"They named her Camille, and she lives about a mile from our house."

—Michigan Gargoyle

"Come on out for a ride with me, Betty. We'll be back before the intermission is over."
"Promise me that you'll not try to kiss me?"
"Aw—well, all right, I promise."
"Guess I'll go with Ed, he wouldn't promise."

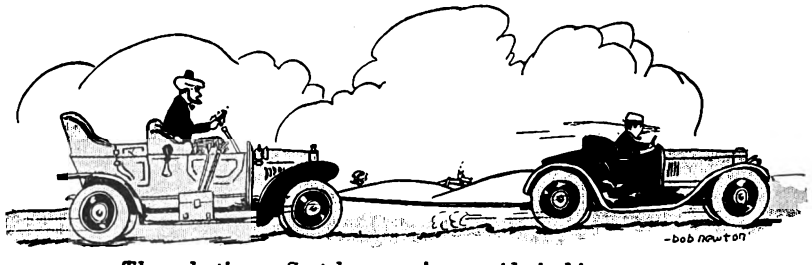
—Minnesota Ski U Mah

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a young collegian of a beautiful young damsel he saw on a train.
"No, sir, but I am," she modestly replied.

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern

"How do you know Jim is home?"
"Why, his suitcase is here and the car has been gone for days."

—Wisconsin Octopus



The only time a Scotchman enjoys a ride in his own auto.

—MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

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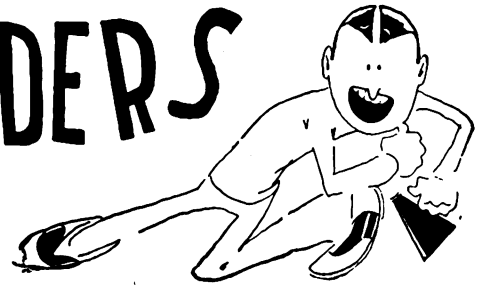
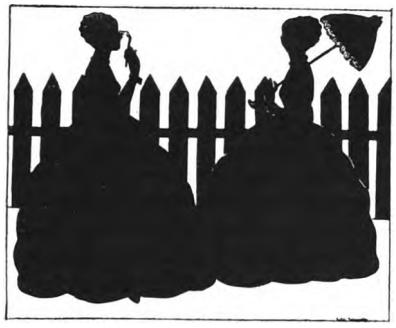
LEADERS





"Did the doctor treat you yesterday?"
"No, he charged me $5."
—M. I. T. Voo Doo

She—Lovely statue over there. Whose is it?
He—Oh, it belongs to the city.
"No, no. I mean what's it of?"
"Granite, I guess."
"But what does it represent?"
"Oh, about $50,000."
"Thanks."
—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern

Campus Logic

1. Necessity knows no law.
2. A bootlegger knows no law.

Conclusion: A bootlegger is a necessity. *—Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Teacher—Use the word embrace in a sentence.
John—May I embrace you?
"I want to see you after school."
—California Pelican

Interested—What happened to your prize-winning Dachshund?
More So—He died—met his end going around a post.
—M. I. T. Voo Doo

"How do you know your daughter trusts in God?"
"By the company she keeps."
—Carolina Buccaneer

Five girls working their way through college.
—Cornell Widow

MORAL
Don't forget your rubbers.
—Cornell Widow

"I call my girl snowball."
"Why?"
"Because the harder you squeeze her the faster she melts."
—Colgate Banter

Waitress—Tea or coffee?
Stude—Coffee, without cream.
"You'll have to take it without milk. We have no cream."
—Oklahoma Whirlwind

Co-ed (dreamily)—Did you ever see the Man in the Moon?
Snake (absent-mindedly)—No, but I've seen a lady in the sun.
—Alabama Rammer Jammer

"She's false to our club."
"Why so?"
"Well, here we are selling kisses for charity and she's off in the corner bootlegging them."
—Centre Colonel

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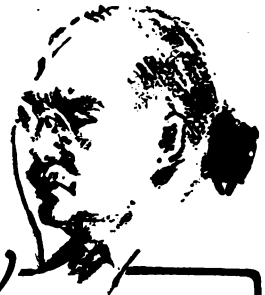

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The Path of Recovery

by Theodore Williams

THE period of hesitation in the securities market following the severe decline earlier in the year seemed lately to have ended. Belief that there would be further serious reaction, before full readjustment took place, became less general. Signs of recovery in prices were evident, although there was some irregularity. Good buying of leading issues appeared, indicating something more than a mere technical rebound. Values of the sounder issues showed a tendency to maintain their new gains. There was a sort of spring rise—very different, however, from the one hoped for previous to the big downfall. Bullish sentiment was more confident, but there was doubt as to how far the upward trend would go, and whether it could be maintained.

Veteran observers were chary about giving overmuch significance to the indications of improvement. They did not dare to forecast for the remainder of the year duplication of the inflated and abnormal figures of a few months ago. They considered that the market's future to a peculiar degree depended on the forthcoming state of business.

The steel, railroad and automobile industries are notably abetting constructive sentiment. Pessimism regarding the motor car manufacturing outlook has been yielding to the records the chief companies are making, and steels and rails are being well bolstered by earnings and dividends. When such important lines of activity prosper there should be an encouraging prospect for most others. While no signal expansion in general trade may be due in 1926, the results may at least equal those of 1925. Some corporations, indeed, anticipate better times than those of the past year. So there should be reasonable and normal dealings on the exchanges, with fair appreciation in issues of intrinsic merit.

The recent exposure of a gang of swindlers who sold $5,000,000 of worthless stock to people in New York State alone shows anew how the average investor needs to be on his guard. Untried and speculative issues should be shunned, especially when they are urged by strange and glib salesmen. Only sound stocks and bonds can stand the test of time, and yield their holders anything like assured returns.

Answers to Inquiries

K., NEW YORK CITY: This is not a good time to speculate in stocks. General Baking Class B stock is a very poor selection for speculative purposes. You had better keep out of speculation altogether and safely invest your $1,000 in first mortgage real estate bonds. A Class A stock has preference in the matter of dividends and also voting power. Class B stock has no voting power. While General Baking Class A is getting its $5 dividend, Class B as yet receives nothing.

S., MONTPELIER, IDA.: Kresge Department Store common stock has no investment quality. It pays no dividends and is but a speculation. Better buy some sound dividend paying issue.

A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: In view of the present condition of the companies, Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad Company's 7 per cent. cum. Prior Lien pfd. stock, Southern California Edison Company's 7 per cent. pfd., Utah Power and Light Company's 7 per cent. pfd. and New York and Richmond Gas Company's 7 per cent. pfd. are excellent business men's investments. The American Bond and Mortgage Company is a responsbile and reliable concern and the first mortage real estate bonds which it offers may be bought with confidence.

T., TRACY, CONN.: Hudson Valley Coke and Products Company's pfd. stock at 83 looks like a pretty fair purchase, but the common will not be desirable until there is certainty of a dividend. Swift International did not do well in 1925 and its outlook is not very favorable. National Electric Power Company is strong and its preferred stock has merit. The Class A stock is not yet very inviting.

S., WHITINSVILLE, MASS.: At this time I should consider the following the best purchases in your list, in the order given: General Motors common, Studebaker common, American Locomotive common, Stromberg Carb. common, and P. Lorillard common. Of course, new developments now unforeseen might cause a different rating at a later date.

C., NEW YORK CITY: If the City of Hamburg 4½ per cent. bonds had any chance of becoming really valuable they would not be offered at a nominal price of $300 for 1,000,000 marks (about $250,000). The German Consul General at New York City has been warning people against buying German bonds quoted at ridiculously low prices. The revaluation law strips these issues of nearly all the price fixed on them. For full particulars I suggest that you write to the German Consul General, New York City.

J., BUFFALO, N. Y.: Although the wild land boom in Florida has subsided, many promoters are attempting to create little booms in various parts of the State. You had better be wary in investing money there. Take all the prospectuses and circulars that may be sent you with a large grain of salt. Much fraud in connection with Florida

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land schemes is alleged to have been practiced. The National Better Business Bureau, which is doing great work in exposing business frauds, specified in one of its recently published circulars no less than twenty-eight Florida land concerns charged with misrepresentations and fraud.

O., Albany, N. Y.: The slump in the price of Moon Motor Car Company's stock was brought about by bearish attacks based on rumors that earnings were shrinking and that the dividend was in peril. The president of the company has discredited these adverse reports. He stated that the net earnings for the first quarter of this year exceeded those for the same period of 1925, and forecasted earnings for the whole of this year at about $6 per share. He expressed the opinion that the dividend was in no danger. Since you bought your shares outright, and your friend has his amply margined and is able to take up the stock at any time, neither of you seems to have any occasion to worry.

L., Great Neck, N. Y.: While International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation is an enterprise of merit, the stock is selling too high for its $6 dividend. It does not appear to be a suitable investment for women. First mortgage real estate bonds paying 6 to 8 per cent. are preferable as regards both yield and safety.

N., Toledo, O.: The North American Company has been in operation for over thirty-six years and is one of the largest and strongest public utility organizations in the United States. It is continually expanding, acquiring properties and increasing earning power. Its net earnings after charges and preferred dividends for the past fiscal year equaled over 31 per cent. on common stock. The company is paying 10 per cent. on its common stock, this dividend being payable in common stock instead of cash, the cash being plowed into the properties. This enables the company to finance an extensive expansion program which eventually should prove very remunerative and give the common stock cash dividends and a high rating. The company's subsidiaries serve some of the most important industrial centers in the country and their business is growing rapidly. Since you can "well afford to wait for a year or two for cash returns," it would not be amiss to invest $5,000 in the common stock.

H., Trenton, N. J.: American Druggist Syndicate stock is by no means a "safe bet" nor even at present an inviting speculation. It pays no dividend and it would be unwise for you to lock up your small capital in it. Play safe and buy a first mortgage real estate bond yielding 6½, 7 or 8 per cent. This is likely to net you more in the end than would any uncertain cheap stock.

B., New York City: The Texas Consolidated Oil Company's stock does not appear to be a desirable purchase. My advices give no statement of earnings and record no dividends. I have no quotations on the shares and would consider it safer to buy the stock of a better known company which is paying dividends.

M., Newport, R. I.: Fisk Rubber common, being a non-dividend payer, has little to commend it. Instead of buying additional shares of this stock it would be better to dispose of your holdings and buy shares which pay dividends, such, for instance, as Continental Motors, paying 80 cents, Paige Detroit Motors common, paying $1.80, or American La France, paying $1.

C., Valley City, N. D.: The silver fox breeding industry is very much of a gamble. I know nothing of the company you mention, but the proposition it makes is peculiar, and in view of the risks involved, buyers of foxes would have very uncertain chances of profit. Many fox breeding concerns have been started, and many people have invested money in them to their loss. Ask this company to give you, if it can, names of bona fide customers who have made money by fox purchases. Better put your $2,000 into first mortgage real estate bonds, which will assure you a satisfactory return, and will be a safe investment.

New York, June 19, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

In a booklet lately issued, entitled "Why Your Real Estate Bonds Should Be Guaranteed," is pointed out the unusual extent to which Adair 6½ per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds are safeguarded. These bonds are secured by properties much exceeding their face value, the income derived from the property, monthly payments of principal and interest, unconditional guarantee by the Adair Realty and Trust Company, with resources of $2,500,000, insurability against loss by one of the largest surety companies in America, and the Adair Company's record of sixty years in business without loss to any investor. The bonds yield 62 per cent. more interest per year than deposits in a savings bank. The booklet, which gives full particulars, can be obtained by writing to the Adair Realty & Trust Company, Healey Building, Dept. G-6, Atlanta, Ga.

How a thrifty man by investing $50 a month for 180 months became the possessor of a little fortune of $16,668 and a monthly income of $111 is told in a new booklet, "How to Gain Independent Means," issued by the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla. The booklet presents twelve plans for investing $10 to $100 a month to gain $3,315 to $66,719. The company, operating under Florida banking laws, has an unbroken safety record. It offers 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, with a partial payment privilege. It will send its booklet (211) to any applicant.

"How We Analyze Our First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds," a booklet prepared by the Milton Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., illustrates the requirements of the corporation's bond offerings. It serves as a guide in the intelligent selection of first mortgage bond investments. It shows how a good interest yield can go hand in hand with a generous margin of security. The booklet (J-612) will be mailed by the corporation to any address.

As typical of the properties on which Miller first mortgage real estate bonds are based, G. L. Miller & Company, 30 East Forty-second street, New York City, cites the Esplanade Gardens at Mount Vernon, N. Y., now building and which with its 140 apartments will be one of the largest apartment houses in suburban New York and will be very accessible to business men of the metropolis. The bond issue on this building will be $1,025,000 6½ per cent. bonds which, when the structure is completed, will be legal investments for trust funds in the State of New York. The bonds are backed by property valued at $1,538,450, besides estimated annual earnings of $139,000. Any investor asking for 212-M. L. will receive from Miller & Company, a booklet containing current lists of offerings of 6½ and 7 per cent. bonds. It is Miller & Company's claim that no investor ever lost a dollar in Miller bonds.

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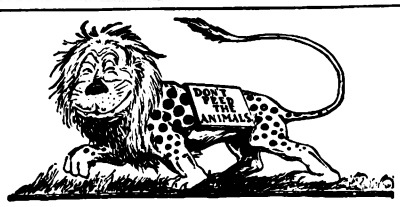

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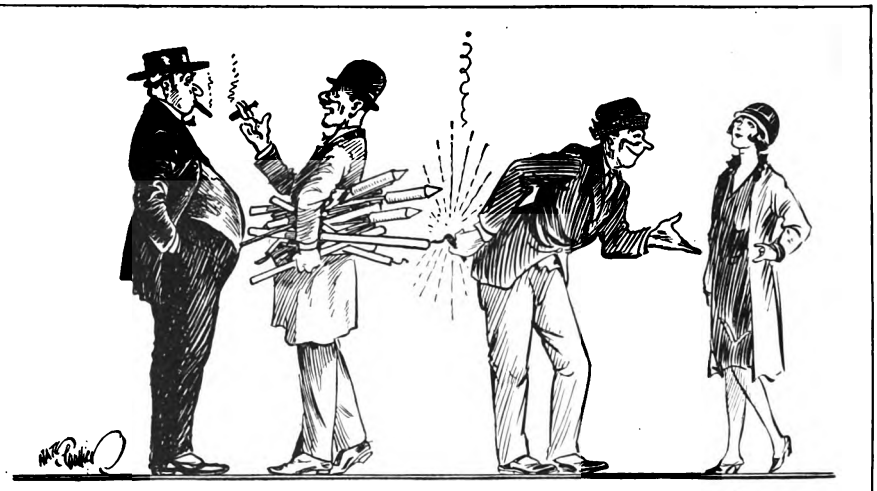

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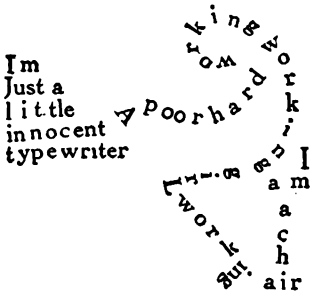

Submitted by Dorothy B. Flannagan, 1176 Peachtree street, Atlanta Ga.

A letterer lettering letters. Let her letter!

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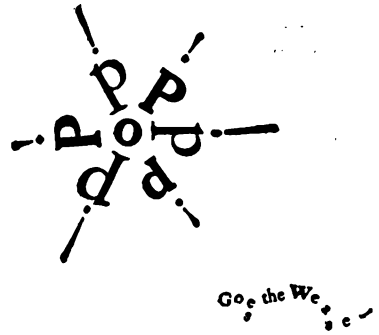

Submitted by Marion H. Fabrick, Box 981, Billings, Mont.

My Lizzie's favorite song.

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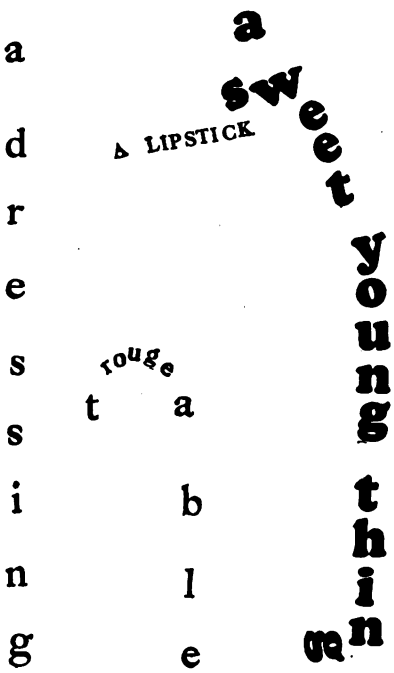

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1013 Best Irish Jokes
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1016 Nonsense Poems
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1035 Italian Humor
956 Italian Tales of Love
987 Art of Kissing
988 Art of Courtship
975 Cleopatra's Loves
976 Casanova's Loves
977 Pope Alexander's Loves
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These titles are selected from a large list: complete catalogue mailed on request. ORDER BY NUMBER: To order "Carmen" put down "21." Minimum quantity is 20 books ($1)—Canadian and foreign price 7c per book. Add 10 percent for carriage charges, or books are sent express collect. Send money order, check (add 10c for exchange), or cash with all orders.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY

Dept. A-380 **GIRARD, KANSAS**

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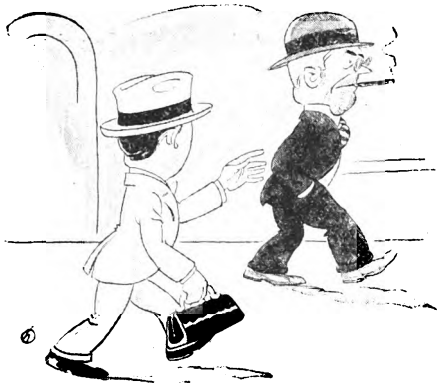
Tough Customers



—I like 'em!

I like 'em hard to sell. Any grip-toter who has criss-crossed this U. S. A. and points Mex. for as many years as I have, comes to the bat with unholy joy when he meets a tough customer.

As for me, I'm selling Mennen "Shaving Service," and I know I've got something.

Now you take Mennen Shaving Cream—there's a product that has won over more tough customers that any he-man product I know of.

You see this Dermutation—beard-softening process—is really scientific. It gets results right away. A tiny little cream builds a magnificent, firm, creamy lather that makes each stiff and horny hair wholly soft and pliable.

The razor goes through without a tweak and when you wipe off your face, you've got a shave that's a *shave*.

Also Mennen Skin Balm. That's newer, but let a man once try it and he's sold. It's a balm, you know—comes in tubes—not a liquid. A tiny bit on your finger tips, rubbed gently on after a shave—and *boy!* First there's a little astringent *bite*, then a spicy, cool freshness spreading all over your cheeks and down towards your Adam's apple. In half a minute, it's all absorbed—and you've got a sparkling, toned-up feeling that's unique in your experience.

Then there's Mennen Talcum for Men. That's service. Made to match the color of man's skin so that it doesn't show. A dash of it absorbs all the moisture the towel doesn't reach, soothes the skin and protects it against wind, rain, hail or sun with an invisible, antiseptic film.

All three together make the Complete Mennen Shave. And my advice is to start for the nearest drugstore and get all three. It's good, common-sense luxury.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 20*)

HARRY LANGDON, who has been wearing two-reel comedies for years, steps before us in his first five-reel pants in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." The importance of the event is attested in the eight or ten curtain announcements listing the directors, actors, scene shifters, title writers and water boys of the picture. Among these lists is one giving the names of the authors. There are at least eight of them, eight fathers publicly implicated in the birth of this film child.

The child shows it. Langdon's face, even in repose, is good for a laugh, and he has some very amusing eccentricities of expression and gesture that always get a roar from his followers, but "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" is a go only in infrequent spots. One of these spots comes near the beginning when Harry swallows a handful of sleeping tablets and for a hundred feet or so of close-ups tries to insist that he can't go to sleep. Another comes at the end when he and his hard-won bride call to the baby and up out of the cradle pops an exact replica of father. In between come a series of gags of two-reel caliber.

"MONEY TALKS" is just plain vulgar farce. It depends for its comedy on a drunk who jumps overboard and thereafter appears in his B. V. D.'s trying to wring out his trousers; on various and sundry seasick passengers, and on Owen Moore masquerading in women's clothes as a female doctor. Need I say more? The "noes" have it.

***

The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of a consumer from the audience: "Oh, what a charge they made!" —*Tit-Bits*

***

A naturalist has discovered a fish with hands. They must be awfully useful when describing the worm that got away. —*Humorist*

***

It is stated that London's output of rubbish is about a ton and a half per person. Exclusive of plays and novels, of course. —*Show*

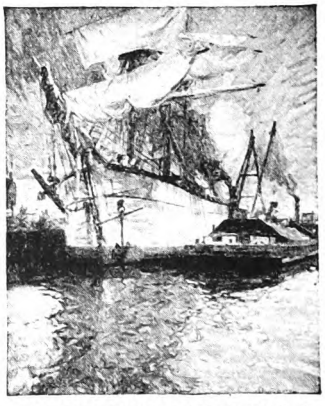
HE'S MY PAL

"SATURDAY NIGHT"
By Kernan

A new Boy and Dog picture, which will, we are sure, be enthusiastically received. Printed from the engraver's original plates on Heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 Cents each

AHOY, SAILOR!



"THE SPANISH BARK"
By J. D. Gleason

A fine reproduction in brilliant coloring, that will appeal to all who love the sea. Prints are 7½ x 9 inches.

Prints will be sent carefully packed and postpaid upon receipt of 50 Cents each

A LITTLE DEAR

"THE CURSE OF DRINK"
By Maud Tousey Fangel

This popular reproduction in three colors should be framed and hung conspicuously over the table at which you mix your cocktails. Size 9 x 12 inches. Sent postpaid to any address for 25 cents.

JUDGE
ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 WEST 43d STREET NEW YORK

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Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 19*)

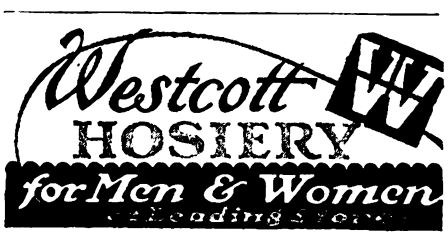
ness, as he tells us, is completely atrophied. What can it matter to him if the period of burial be ten minutes or twenty? Since the answer is more or less obvious, no prize is offered for the correct answer.

II

IT SEEMS something of a shame to waste space on Michael Kallesser's "One Man's Woman," produced by none other than Michael Kallesser, because it will doubtless have disappeared down the chute long before these words greet you. If it hasn't gone by the boards by this time, my talent for prognostication should promptly be investigated by an especially appointed committee.

What we got here was still another Hawaiian dingus, one of those affairs in which a backdrop painted up with palm trees and in which a number of steel-guitar players are relied upon to give a languorous semi-tropical atmosphere to a play that, so far as its theme goes, might every bit as well be laid in Altoona, Pa. In this particular exhibit, a young American falls in love at sight with a fair creature who, he imagines, is as pure as the driven snow. In Act II, however, he is shocked to learn that she is a resident in a fancy-house and by profession a lady of joy. After the usual hour of deep breathing exercises, table pounding and loud language, the Americano finds that he cannot quiet the love in his bosom and, challenging the world and the few people who are still sitting in the theater, takes the hussy for his lawful, wedded wife. In brief, drivel.

The company assembled to merchant Mr. Kallesser's masterpiece was fully up to the demands of the occasion and gave a performance quite as bad as the play itself. On the opening night, the audience impolitely razzed the proceedings. Whether the audience on the second night did the same thing depends entirely upon whether or not there was an audience there on the second night.



The Gay Dog

HE often dines with Genevieve.
(She's beautiful at night!)
At Sherry's he takes tea with Eve
(A cunning little mite).
He sometimes lunches with Eileen
(She thumps his typewriter).
He motor rides with young Delphine
(There's lots of style to her).
He takes Virginia to the play—
(A literary maid).
He loves to dance with dashing Fay.
(She's strong and unafraid!)
So golden moments pass. (You see
He leads a merry life!)
He has his breakfast sulks with *me!*
(That's 'cause I am his wife.)

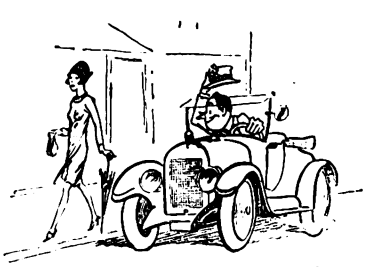
—London Opinion

"Ten years ago I arrived in the town with only one shilling, but that shilling began my fortune at once."

"You must have invested it very profitably."

"I did. I telegraphed home for money."

—Northern Daily Telegraph



"HOW ABOUT A LITTLE RIDE?"

"YES HOW ABOUT IT?"

The policewoman.

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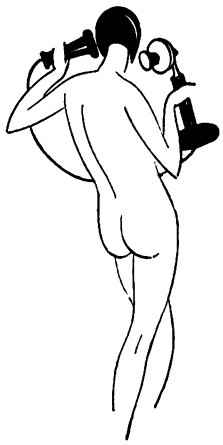


It's Too Hot To Be Good

OF course Joy didn't have to run all over New York on a July day in a velvet dress. No, she could have gone without it, but one looks so cursedly conspicuous answering advertisements in a peach-colored chemise. . . .

As Joy awaited the elevator, the wicked young man strolled languidly toward her.

"Jobs hard to get, sweetie?" he asked. And "Oh, boy! Isn't this a scorcher? Better come to Greenwood Lake with me," and he looked very wicked as he said it.

"Why, you—you—do I look that kind? You—" Words failed Joy and the wicked young man laughed as he thrust his card at her.

"When you think of a good name to call me, give me a ring," he said, "or if you decide to go to the camp."

He laughed again and after the manner of his Satanic Majesty disappeared, leaving only a tiny puff of smoke to prove he had been there.

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

How long did it take Joy to decide to call up the wicked young man? What did she say? And what did he do then? Look for the answer in Viña Delmar's delightful story, "It's Too Hot to Be Good," in the current issue of SNAPPY STORIES. *Now on all newsstands—20 cents.*

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

DEAR JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled.....

By.....

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

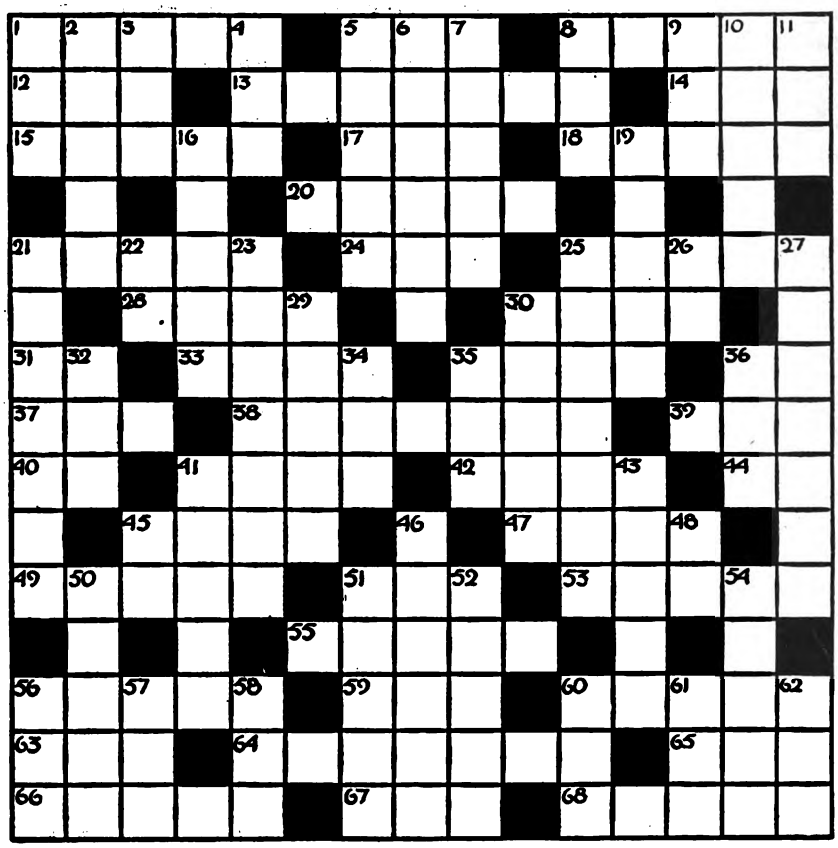
(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of June 26)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 prize. Vote Your Favorite!

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 79



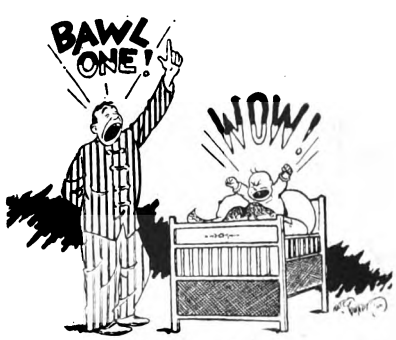
Submitted by T. L. Woodruff, East St. Louis. JUDGE *pays $25 for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. A dry State.
5. Skillful.
8. Standards of measurement.
12. Part of the verb "to be."
13. Nowadays this is what girls do before venturing out on the street.
14. Definite article.
15. Shine.
17. That blue day (abbr.).
18. An item of a bootlegger's stock in trade.
20. Spiffy.
21. A gardner's weapon. (What ho!)
24. It is (contr.).
25. The life of the party.
28. The length of a camel's walk.
30. What Danny Deever did.
31. Half a printer's measure.
33. Enumerate.
35. This is sung on the banks of the Shannon.
36. Where husbands get when the water wagon starts.
37. Movie comedy.
38. These will give your chin a rest.
39. The old block itself.
40. A baby's first name.
41. Electrical unit of power.
42. A short letter.
44. Flivver exterminator (abbr.).
45. If you get this don't take offense.
47. One thing that goes up but doesn't come down.
49. Socked.
51. The boomed out state (abbr.).
53. Mad.
55. In ye goode olde days this used to "Follow the Swallow."
56. To love intensely.
59. Same as 12 horizontal. (Pretty soft!)
60. A good thing to rear a son with.
63. The Russian color.
64. The boss of the Swiss Navy.
65. A lonesome number.
66. Something a clear Havana is.
67. To tie on the nose bag.
68. The office or residence of a Chinese public functionary.

Vertical

1. Something hammocks do in the corn belt.
2. Webster says this is the lowest deck of a ship.
3. A hum bug.
4. A prevalent kind of runner.
5. To allow in argument.
6. A good thing to sell chestnuts at.
7. Insect cages.
8. The land of the free. (Now you tell one.)
9. Possessive pronoun.
10. One who drinks tea to excess. (No fooling.)
11. Something old hens do.
16. To examine an account.
19. Something people get from No. 3 vertical.
21. *She* just knows she wears them.
22. Another part of the verb "to be."
23. What landlords do to rents.
25. A wisecracker. (A pun my word!)
26. This is no good (abbr.)
27. What first years are the hardest?
29. The high hat bunch.
30. This is found among thieves.
32. A nat's girl friend.
34. This fellow's wife was the salt of the earth.
35. Eve's contribution to civilization.
36. This will always start a row.
41. This is all wet.
43. To decree.
45. An order that salesmen don't like to get.
46. Girl's name.
48. Why some men go West (abbr.).
50. The kind of a husband that's hard to get.
51. An old one has exploded many a marriage.
52. Prevent.
54. The kind of pictures made in Hollywood.
56. Portion of a circle.
57. Short poem.
58. A listening in device.
60. Crafty.
61. A name for gypsy.
62. A cramp producer.



The umpire at home.

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Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 44

Wm. A. Fritsch, 401 Smith street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

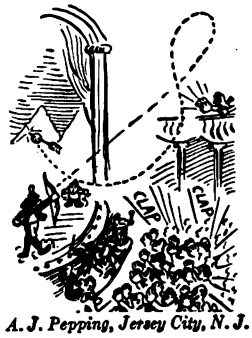
Runners Up

Wm. A. Fritsch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

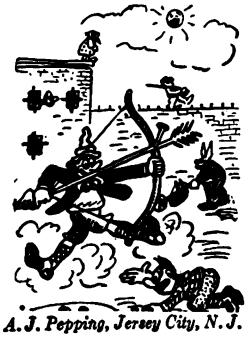
M. G. Hyman, Cleveland, O.

Bruce Adams, Whitman, Mass.

Harris A. Brightly, St. Louis, Mo.



A. J. Pepping, Jersey City, N. J.



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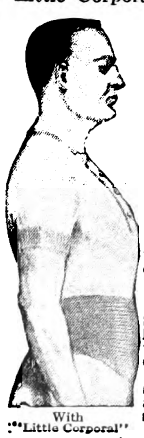
Without "Little Corporal"

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



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This remarkable belt not only reduces your girth at once, but *keeps your waistline down.* It fits as perfectly as a dress glove. *No laces! No clasps! No buckles! No straps! No stiff supports!* It's built for comfort.

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

Guarantee Offer!

Send coupon today for free descriptive literature. If you prefer, give us your waist measure (snug) *over underwear,* enclose $6.50 and get the belt, or pay postman on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded. Price outside U. S. is $7.50. Mail coupon NOW!

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If you prefer to order a belt, fill in below:

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

From a *Mercury* Fan

DEAR JUDGE: Your editorials defending the *American Mercury* are very soul-satisfying and greatly appreciated. If some one did not come to the front in defense of this worthy magazine and its editor some of us would almost burst with just resentment. You have said just exactly the right things about this matter and I sincerely believe that many millions of our best citizens share your opinion. I refuse to believe that this great Republic could have attained its present position of leadership in world affairs under the direction of, or greatly influenced by, such persons as caused the suppression of the April issue of the *Mercury,* while apparently unmoved by the circulation of the cheap sex trash that meets the eye at every turn.

Stay with them, JUDGE. More power to you.

Lieutenant United States Navy
United States Battle Fleet,
Pan Pedro, Cal.
May 7 1926.

A Careful Reader

I have always enjoyed reading JUDGE until it seemed to make such an effort to hold up the institutions that I have been taught to respect, to public ridicule.

Like most of your readers I have often prefaced a laugh provoking remark by " I read in the last issue of JUDGE about—etc," but of late it has been embarrassing to be asked what kind of a magazine it was if the Post Office Department had to refuse it the use of the United States mail because of one issue that was not acceptable.

Your liquor cartoons and editorials have become exceedingly distasteful to me and so I must forego the pleasure of the rest of the magazine because I can't afford to support your institution even in the small way that I have by my subscription to your otherwise mighty amusing magazine.

Very truly yours,
Merced, Cal. *Walter Mink*

On Our Side

Editors of JUDGE:

GENTLEMEN: I am a regular reader of your periodical and favor your editorial repulse against the hordes of barbaric and backward Prohibitionists. Any attempt to break the strangle hold that this menacing race of bigoted, biased, narrow, non-competent, corrupt, cankerous, inane, infantile morons holds our country in is noble. And if purposely or by dint of fervor for your cause you slight the issue's other side, the more credit to you. A gentleman's reasoned concession is taken for a reluctant confession by the hostile hot-heads of Drydom. Not only would a concession here and there set the drooling dregs a drooling, but it would weaken your appeal to the wish-washers whom we must wash to our side. That great mass which believes everything in print, yes, which believed all the rot that Aunty Everything smeared into print, the people who are swayed even by the unseasoned but guided words of the stump orator, those people by one trick or another must be enlisted in the ranks of the Amendment seekers in order to put this country's reins in the hands of capable drivers. Just such people read your magazine too. The iron shoe is hot now so let's strike firm and true and hammer it to shapeless deformity. For more thought and the extinction of inherited bigotry, I remain,

Yours in earnest,
Indianapolis, Ind. *Robert C. Morris*
April 4, 1926.

A Joke

DEAR JUDGE: Just a few lines to let you know I enjoy your little magazine very much and also your views on everything except the K. K. K., but I can overlook that. The more you ridicule the reformers and anti-everythings and the Eighteenth joke, the better I feel.

Prohibition is sure a joke. The Government is losing money and the bootlegger making it and the people poisoned.

Yours truly,
Rochester, N. Y. *Bertram C. Oliver*
March 6, 1926.

"I Know Your Face But - - -"

How many times do you have to make this admission?

There is no real reason why you should subject yourself to the embarrassment of admitting that you are unable to remember names.

It is the man with the ready, reliable memory who impresses people, it's the man who remembers faces, names and facts who is able to command respect and salary.

If it is necessary for you to meet people every day you owe it to yourself to develop your latent powers of memory.

POWER *and* FORCE

BY

William Clarke

Late of The Royal Polytechnic Institute, London, England

Will in a simple yet practical way show you how you can remember names and faces and how to read character in the head, face, eyes, nose, mouth, ears, hands and handwriting. Will give you in sixteen (16) handy pocket sized booklets, fully illustrated, the secret of personal Power and Force through the practical application of memory.

A limited edition of this remarkable work is available for distribution among readers of JUDGE. Sets will be sent postpaid upon receipt of

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JUDGE

Date.....

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

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

CHECK HERE — Herewith is $1.00 (check, cash, stamps, money-order) or 10 weeks of Judge.

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

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

For Yourself

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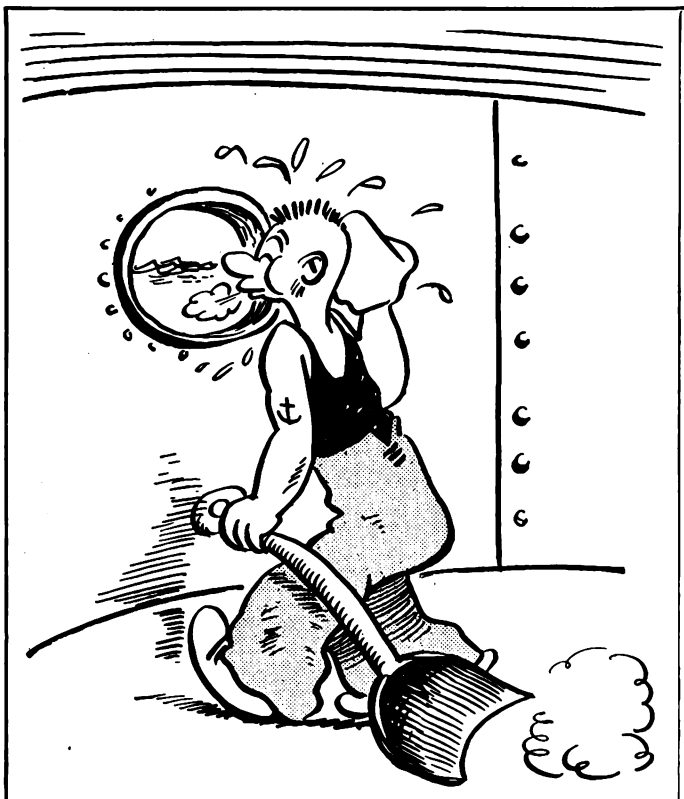
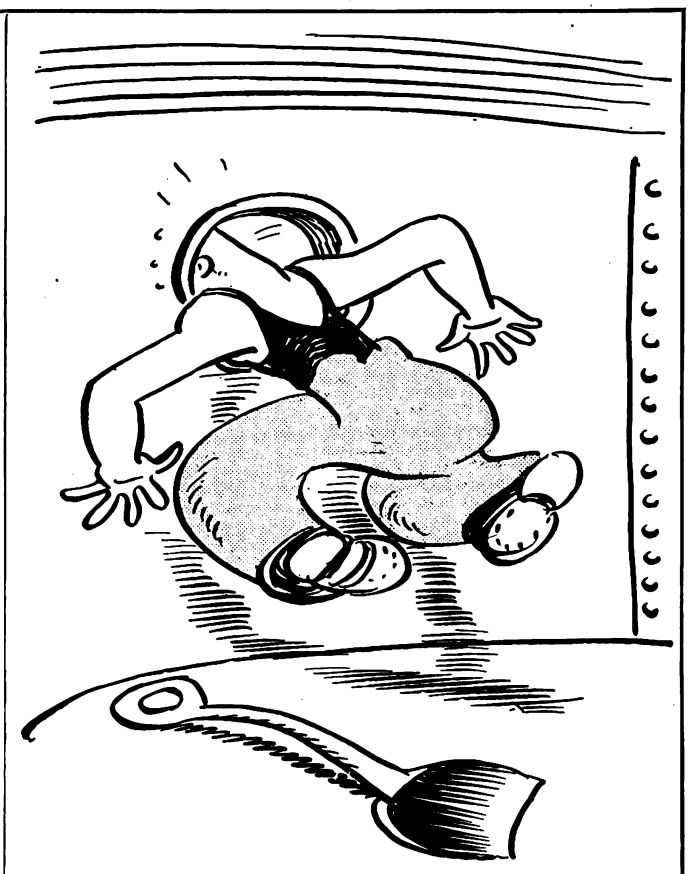
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

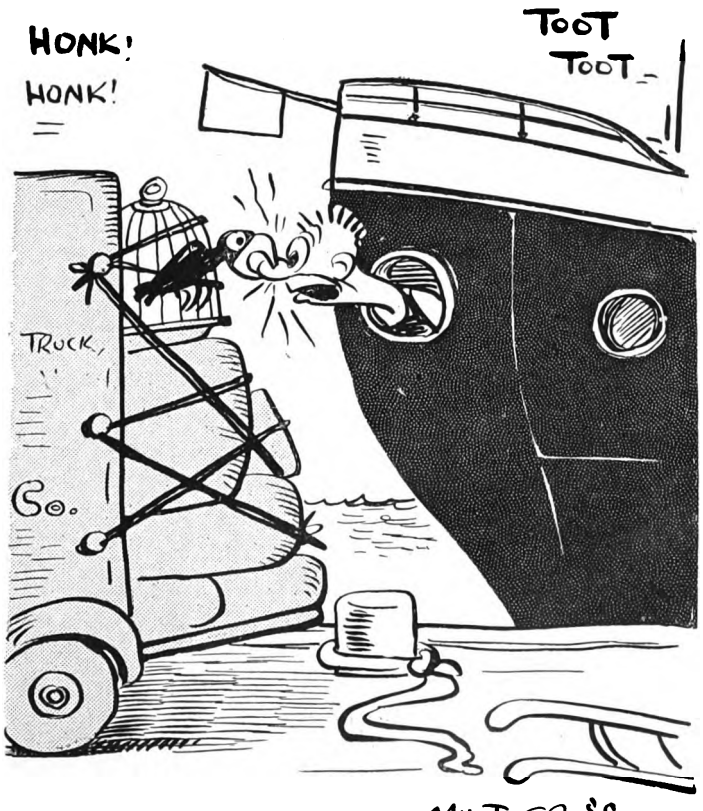
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes July 5. Winning ending appears in the issue of July 24.







Contest No. 48

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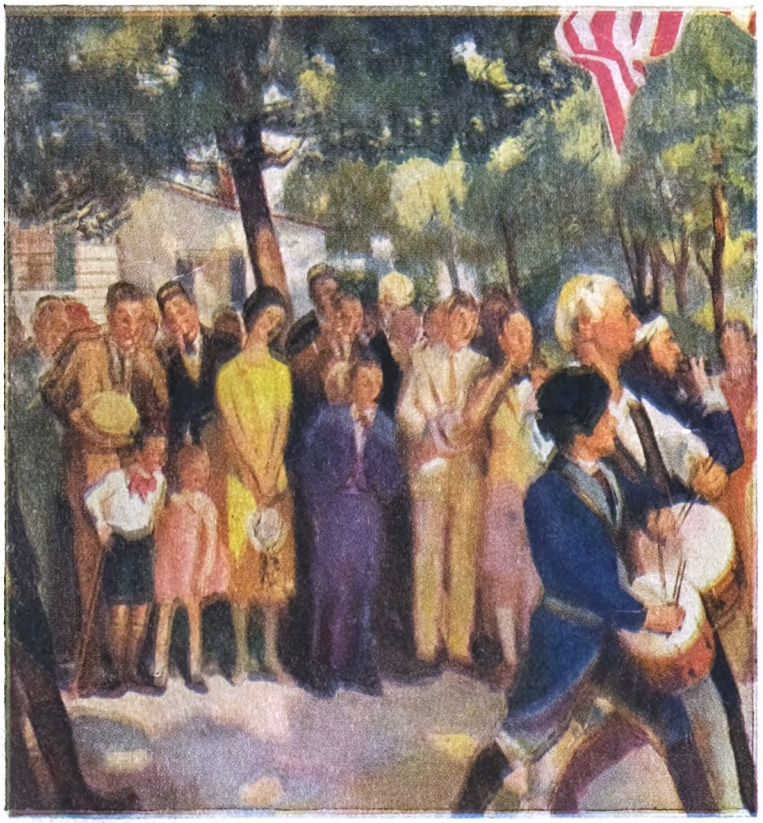
When Fourth of July bands are playing—and the cannon are roaring out their celebration of another day of Independence and Freedom —have a Camel!



Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the noisy shouts and songs of freedom burst forth on Independence Day. And bands and parades and booming cannon join in the joyous celebration. When you think again that our country and the men in it must be free—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever brought such liberation to so many millions of smokers. On the day of its birth, Camel decreed the end of tired taste, of cigaretty after-taste. Mild and mellow flavor, full enjoyment have made Camel the most celebrated name in the history of smoking.

So this Independence Day, as you watch our country's defenders march by in inspiring parade — know then the deepest goodness that ever came from a cigarette. Have the utmost in smoking enjoyment.

Have a Camel!

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

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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