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JUDGE

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Chicago Number

MISS CHICAGO

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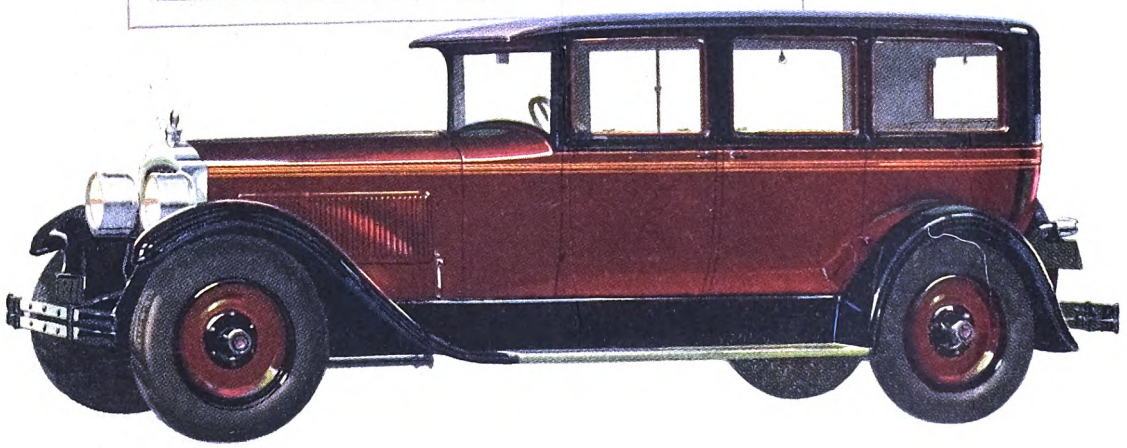
"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."



A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

Grace · It is not surprising that Packard cars have eleven times won international beauty contests abroad. For their slim, graceful, flowing lines are so universally admired and frankly imitated that they have set an enduring style in motor car design.

But the fleet grace of Packard lines is truly appropriate only to the car which created them. For grace is more than a thing of external appearance. Grace is beauty in motion.

The grace of the Packard is symbolic of the car's supreme performance—its smooth, rapid acceleration—the ease with which it reaches and maintains unsurpassed speeds—the comfort of its luxuriously roomy interior.

The improved Packards, while retaining the traditional Packard lines, have an added refinement of beauty and a new range of performance which only those who drive them can fully appreciate.

P A C K A R D

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(For Chicago)
BIG WIND

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1926

PAPER PROBES PROFITS

A CHICAGO newspaper points out that the Government prints and distributes the speeches made by Congressmen without the slightest profit. It might also be added they are read the same way.

THE modistes of Paris, we understand, have offered a prize for the best trade symbol depicting the ultimate purpose of their trade. No doubt many competitors have already suggested a fig leaf.

ONE of the defendants in New York's most recent milk graft trial was pronounced to be mentally unsound. Though not psychiatrists, several citizens have suggested that the unfortunate milk dealer may be suffering from water on the brain.

MESSAGES FROM MARS

A GERMAN scientist says that even if Mars was at one time trying to get in touch with the earth by wireless there are no signs of any such attempt at present. It may be that they tuned in on one of our bedtime story-tellers and gave up the idea then and there.

PRINCE OF WHALES CAPTURED

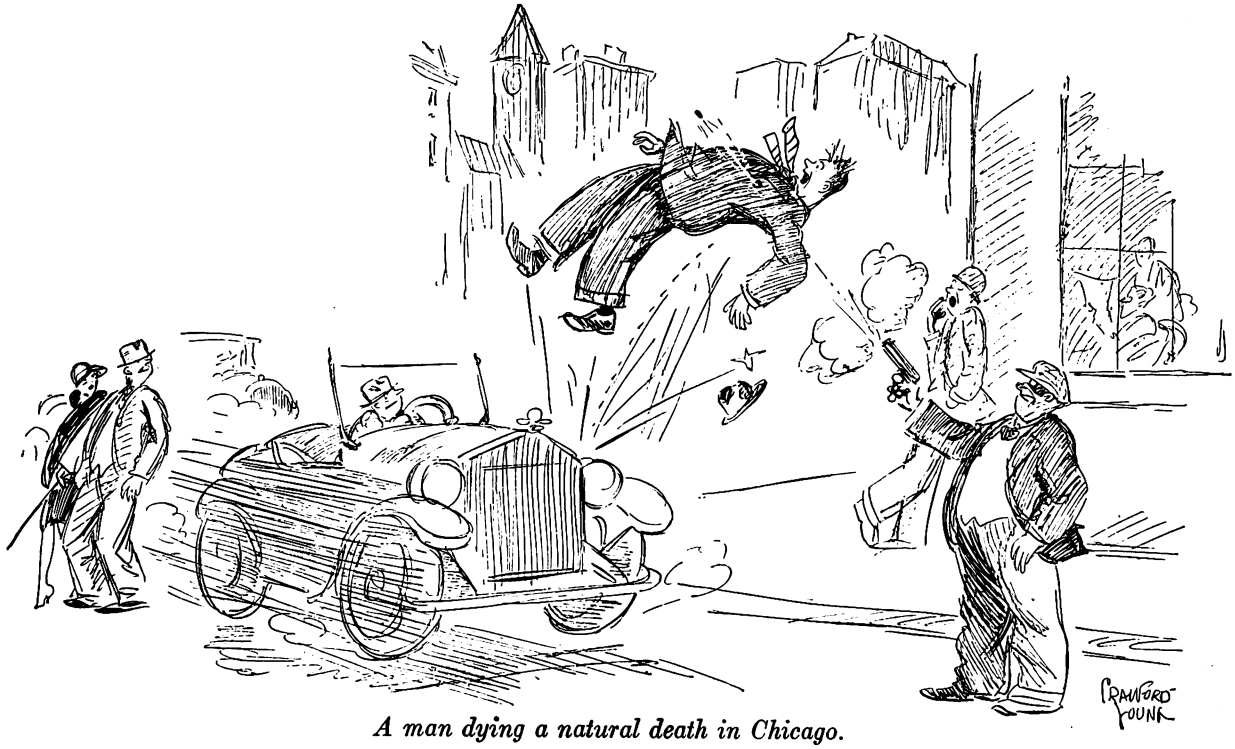
A LIVE whale, weighing a ton and a half, that had washed ashore on the English Coast, was carted through the streets of London on a truck and deposited at the Natural History Museum. A convivial American is said to have chased the thing for several blocks with a salt shaker.

SCIENCE GETS THE AIR

A SERIES of talks on Christian Science was recently broadcast over the air in New York City. This would seem to be a poor method of substantiating the belief that there is no pain.

ONCE more Pope Pius has commented upon the impropriety of the present day style in feminine attire. To a casual observer it would appear that the Pope is making much ado over practically nothing.

THE New York *Evening Post* campaign against unnecessary street noises has resulted in a proposal to request traffic cops not to blow their whistles so much. A request not to wet them so much might also help a little.



A man dying a natural death in Chicago.

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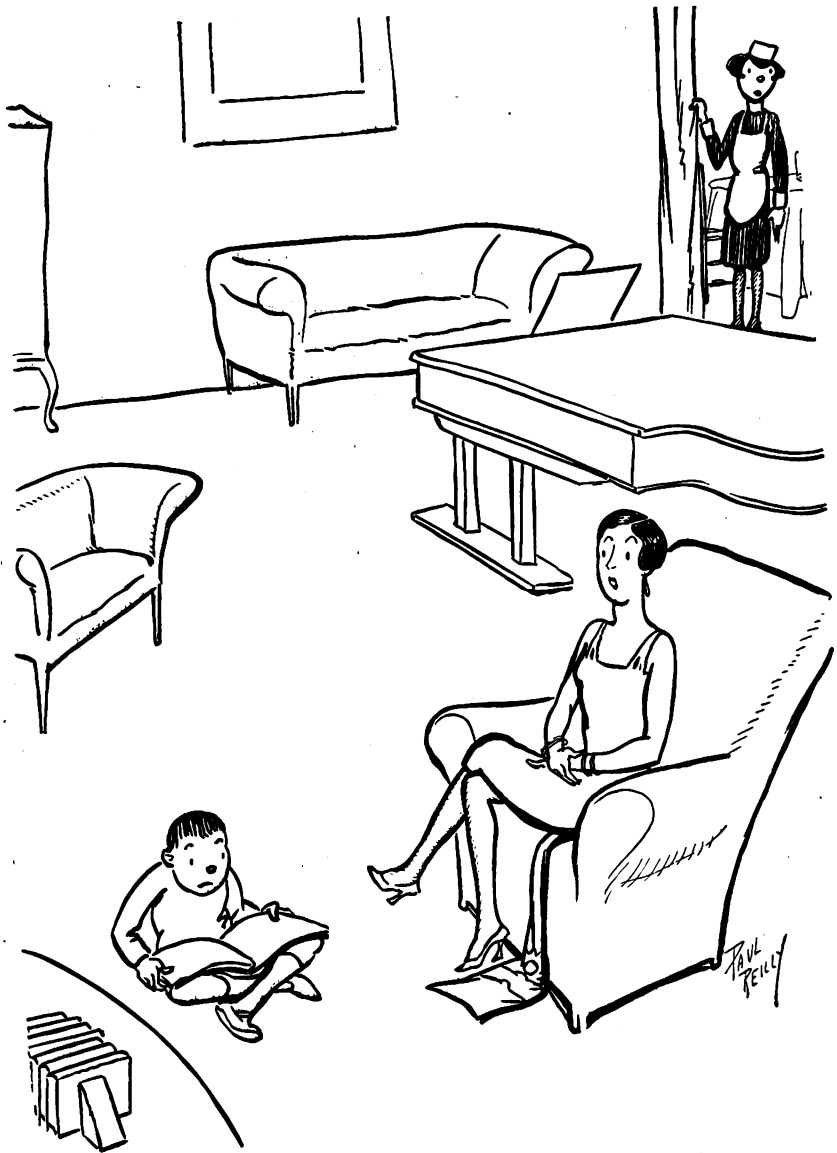


CHICAGO SERVANT—*The master is twenty minutes late, ma'am . . . shall I ring his office or call the morgue?*

Toasts of the day

Here's to Chicago—
have a shot!

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Stet!

Revolver shop in Chicago, Ill., flaunts over its doorway the following sign:

"Business as Usual During Altercations."

Chicago Menu

HARD-BOILED eggs.
Scrambled brains.
Stewed ham.
Grilled suspects.
Cabbage heads.
Green onions.
Cooked goose.
Split beans.
Chopped ribs.
Sugar-cured police.

Wayne G. Haisley

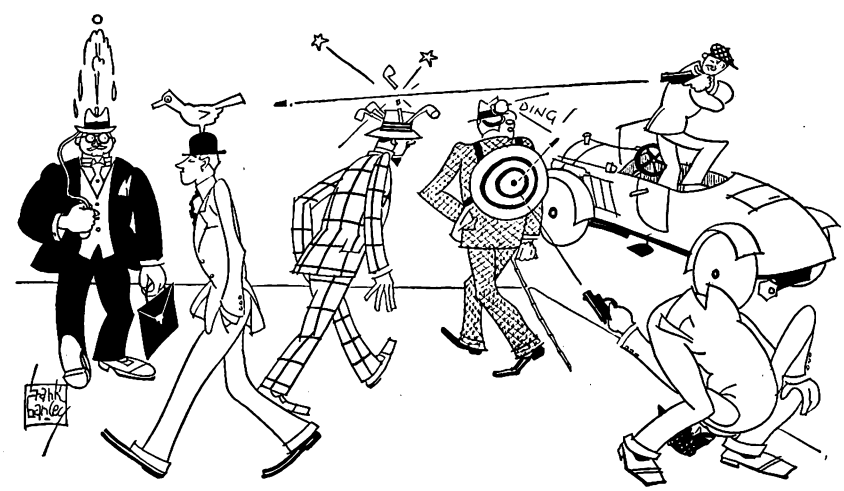
Trade Favors

First Chicago Bandit—Buddy, I'm scared th' bulls are gonna keep me a coupla days in th' jug.

Second—S'tough, ol' boy, but I'll stick up fer ya.

Chicago Modes

CLOSE shaves.
Perforated hatbands.
Trimmed pockets.
Permanent crime waves.
Crush hats.
Hammered gold jewelry.
Pale complexions.
Smoking jackets.
Lead pipes.
Stained belts.
Weighted canes.
Red lights.
Blue faces.
White lilies.



Strategic move to distract the gun men by tempting them to try their markmanship own shooting gallery paraphernalia.

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The Parting

HE STOOD on the front porch of their little home and embraced each of his three children tenderly, tears streaming down his face. At least, *they* could not know the sadness of that farewell, but when he faced his wife of eight happy years to say good-by, it was almost too much. She tried one last appeal to persuade him.

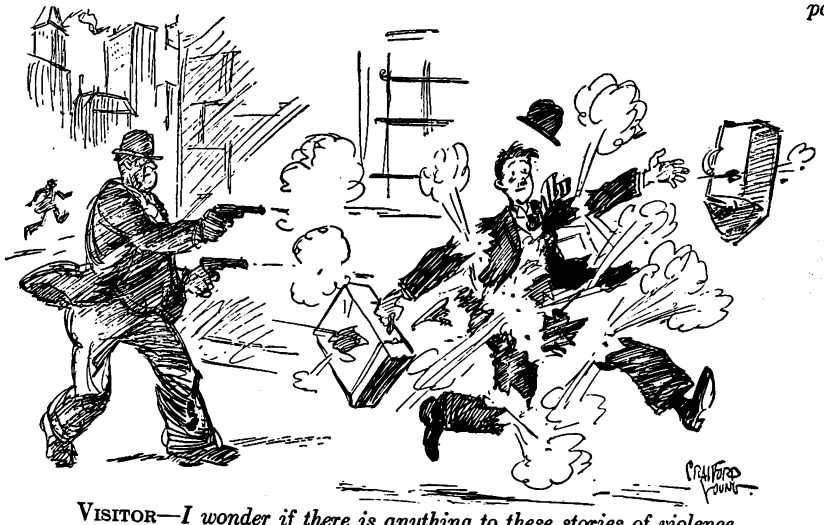
"Dearest," she said, "it's not worth it! What can you gain from the company that will pay you to run the risk? Darling, throw up your job if it means this trip, and get anything you can here in Podunk—please! The children and I will get along somehow—but don't let money cost us a father and husband! They've no right to ask you; didn't they admit the last five special men they sent on this job never came back? Don't —*please* don't do it, dear. It's not too late. Phone them now you won't undertake this frightful journey that means almost certain death —John, I—" She was in tears as she saw his stern, set face.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said gently, "but this is my big chance. If I can get in and out where they've lost their best men, nothing will be too good for me. They frankly tell me it's next to impossible, but I owe it to you and the children to try .... Lucy, I've got to go."

He swung rapidly down the street to hide his tears, reached the station, checked his salesman's sample case, and within an hour was on his way to Chicago.

COMMOTION IN MATERNITY HOSPITAL

Newly-born Chicago infant has just succeeded in picking the doctor's pocket.



VISITOR—*I wonder if there is anything to these stories of violence here in Chicago?*

Magistrate—Do you realize that this is the twenty-eighth time you have appeared before this bench, that three times you have been warned, twice you've been let off on parole, six times you've been fined, seventeen times you've received jail sentences and here you are before me again.

Prisoner—Well, your honor, no man is perfect.

***

The Chicago resident should be careful what sort of wool he gets in his suits. He ought to insist on steel wool.

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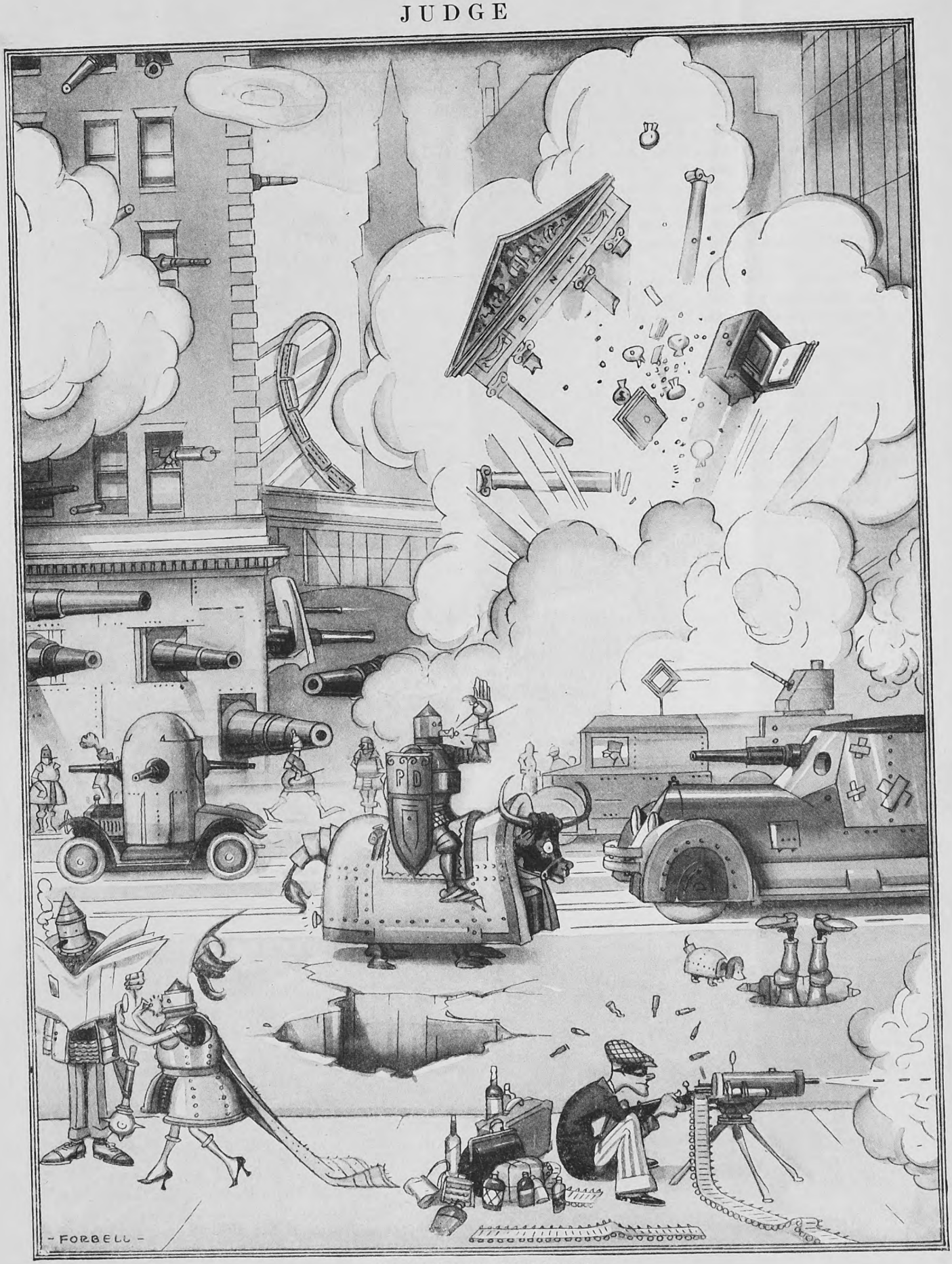

SO THIS IS CHICAGO!

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Often a Bride-to-Be

Never a Bride!

AGATHA BLIMP was attractive: she had the neck you love to touch, her complexion was rosy and flushed whether you were telling modern jokes or not, and her perfect figure would have delighted a Certified Public Accountant. Yet she was reluctantly being dragged toward her thirtieth year, and in a little while any husband she'd get wouldn't be worth shooting.

And it wasn't just looks with Agatha, either; she could play anything from bicycle polo to the Victrola. In the water, she made her companions look like poor fish indeed, and she would have made an ideal companion for an outdoor man, an all-round sportsman. Yet she was single, and her best friends wouldn't tell her anything. They couldn't.

Because, aside from being a gentle eyeball massage and an athlete, Aggie knew her books, her Art, her New Movements, her Freud, her anti-Freud, and swore as fluently in Russian as in English or French. She could battle a tennis fiend all morning, neck a member of the younger degeneration all afternoon and give the intellectuals a whirl from dinner till 4 A.M. Yet, try as she might, she had never succeeded in exchanging any words whatever in front of an altar.

Don't imagine she was unpopular—she was a whiz at any party. Men flocked about her, dated her weeks in advance, tried to be with her constantly. In their eagerness, artists and radcials took up hiking, heavy neckers sighed and wrote her sonnets, athletes put their declarations of love in abstract metaphysical terms. She received and accepted an average of twenty proposals a week, but always something queered it. Sometimes she was even left waiting at the church. Poor girl, as she thought the situation over frankly, she realized that she would have to leave her childhood friends and home if she ever married.

For, living in an apartment two blocks from the Loop in Chicago, with her church in the same district, no bridegroom had ever reached the wedding alive.

W. G. H.

For passing through dark and dangerous neighborhoods—light bullet proof lamp-post with burglar alarm attached.

An assistant district attorney goes for a stroll.

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CHICAGO VISITOR ASKING TO BE DIRECTED TO THE "LOOP"

BUT, IN JUST A MINUTE, THEY'LL KNOCK HIM FOR IT.

Shop Talk

"WELL Mac, how's things with you? Your neighborhood offerin' much these days?"

"Tell th' truth, Mick, they ain't; I've hadda go outside my own district to keep in business. I told Tiger Smith t' put some high-pressure footpads in my district, and give me a couple weeks in his territory, free-lance like."

"Yeah? Well, I'm jus' breakin' even myself—jus' breakin' even. They's too much competition in Chicago fer a good guy ever t' get what he deserves—too much competition *al*together. Wish t'-ell th' bulls 'ud run some o' th' small fry out."

"You said it; too many weak sisters runnin' around bunglin' things. *They* don't get nuthun' t' shout about—whyn't they leave it t' guys as can do a real job."

"'S awful, Mick, an' no joke. Gettin' so a guy lays out a schedule an' before he c'n get around, half his places is clean done picked. Y' know, I been thinkin' 'bout goin' East."

"Have ya reelly, Mac? Y'might be right, at that, but I dunno. After all, us guys gets wunnerful co-operation from th' authorities. Y' reelly couldn't ask a sleepier bunch than we got right here in little ol' Chi. An' y' know what I heard not long ago, Mac? Lissen, I heard 'at once in a while they hangs a guy out there East! Yeah, sure—fer nuthin' but murder—can ya beat it? Hangs 'em, and gives 'em th' chair!"

"On th' level, Mick, no kiddin'? Must be a bunch o' damned hard courts out there with no regard whatever fer human life, 'at's what. I guess mebbe you're right about stickin' where they treat you right. Well, s'long Micky, gotta run along an' bust a guy what cleaned out a poker game up street. See ya in court—ha-ha-ha!"

Wayne G. Haisley

NEW YORKER—*I see there's another daylight robbery in Chicago yesterday.*

OTHER ONE—*Yeah—heck of a city ain't it!*

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A TIRE BURSTS IN CHICAGO

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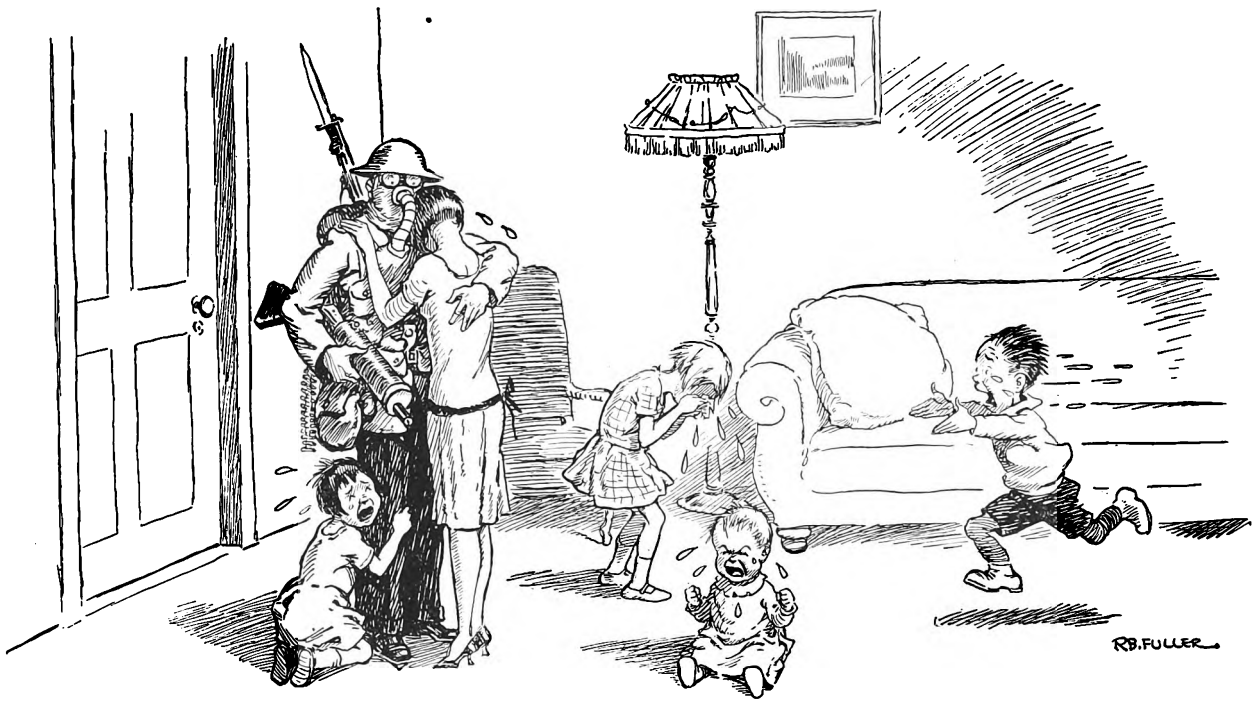

CHICAGO HUSBAND—*There, there! I'm just going down to the corner to buy a paper!*

Blink—Any fat people in your family?

Blank—Yes, my aunt and uncle. They were so fat when they got married the wedding guests threw puffed rice at them.

Cataclysm

JARRING crashes rend the air,
Strong men sob and tear their hair,
Fenders shudder near and far,
But at last she parks her car,
Parks her auto safe and snug
Right beside a water plug.

Paul Ernst

The man who'll make the biggest clean-up of the century will be the doctor who first announces to irritated parents that he is ready to transplant elderly monkeys' glands to their children.

"One more word out of you and you go back to Chicago!"

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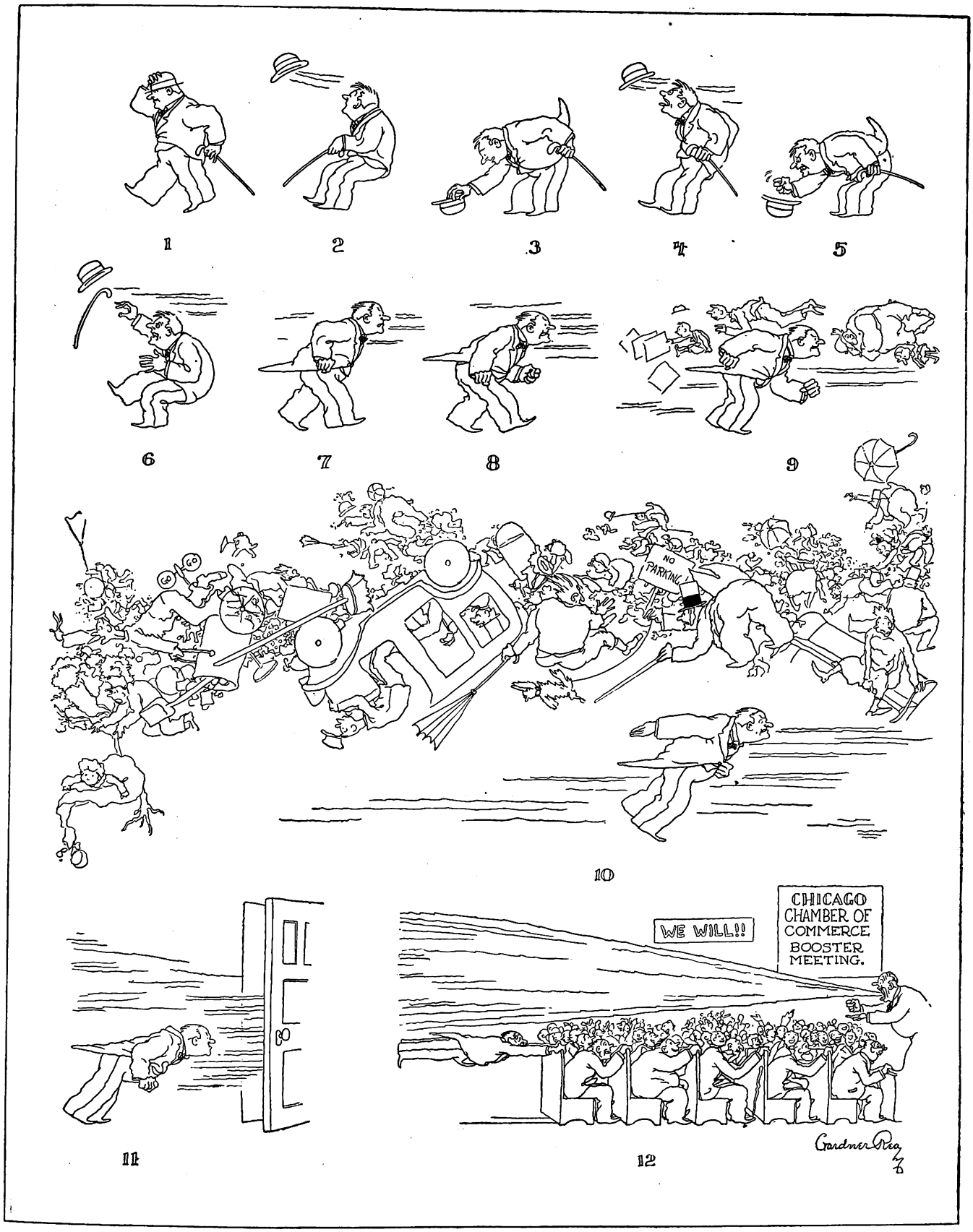

THE "WINDY CITY"—A LONG-SUFFERING NEW YORKER TRACES IT DOWN

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Ballad singers frustrating a holdup, by singing one of those sob songs that always touches the hearts of tough eggs.

The Girl Friend

"YA NO at guy at wuz comin' to my house? Well I'm tellin' ya, he came. An' we played paper dolls all evenin'. Is at kid some cut-up! Firs he cut-up a whole cake at ma soived on account a she saw we wuz parked for the season. An when he's finished with at he cut-up a couple a apples an when it gotta be happas alevin he cut-up a awful fuss on account a I tol him I hadda hit the hay.

"Say at guy mus be jus creepin' with jack. Mus be inna railroad bizzness or sunthin an he's gotta line as slow as a Erie. I says to him, I says, 'how'll we spen tha evenin'?' see an he says 'oh we'll spen it alright.' He's a kinofa guy at saves up for a rainy day an then settles down onne Sahara Desert.

"Well, we sits an sits an sits an en I sees he's creepin up on me an en comes the big blow. Get this, iss hot, he says, 'Don you think we'd better save some a these here lights?' an I says 'neva mine about at, the ol man's payin for em an besides watts ut to ya?' But he dint gettit. He's too dumb.

"He tells me ima kinofa girl he likes. One atswillin to stay home with a fella an spen a quiet evenin'. Betcha a poimanint atsa line he hans em all on account a he never gives em a chanct to do anything else.

"Ma says, 'what a nice young man, so quiet an all.' Ain't mothers a scream, she shoulda seen at guy tryin' to spen a quiet evenin' alone with his hooks. I dint let him touch me. Couldn't afforda taka chance; he ate everythin' else he could lay his hans on.

"Talk about spennin a quiet evenin'; evytime at guy comes I spen a quiet three weeks in Philly. Is he dumb! I hope you Sesqui. Atsa hot one huh? Made it rite up outa me own head. Guessa kids there, huh. Well, don go out without ya roller skates an don forget to tell the guy who tol you. S'long.

Carroll Carroll

SKETCHES FROM A SANITARIUM

A couple of porkers plighting their trough.

Gentlemen Prefer

BLONDES.
Brunettes.
Redheads.
Raven heads.
Titians.
Flaxens.
Auburns.
Nutbrowns.
Peroxides.
Hennas.
Gentlemen prefer—
Women!

Cyril B. Egan

A good thing about the radio is that it will never be able to broadcast a man's breath.

NEW YORK PICKPOCKET—*So this is Chicago.*

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HIGH HAT

The High Hat Club idea seems to have taken on no end and threatens to swamp this department. . . . . Can't understand why my "big advertising scheme" didn't go over that way! . . . . . But more of that later . . . . . suggestions are coming in so fast it is impossible to print them all and I've already had applications for the position of Head Local High Hat from six different cities. . . . . I even went so far as to get "Mac" to make a sketch of the High Hat key, and have gotten up a questionnaire for prospective members to fill out that's a humdinger!

Got a real laugh the other day . . . . . saw a kid in the Penn Station on his way back to college and he had his bags covered with soup labels, cigarette package covers and every ad imaginable . . . . . from a distance it looked as if he'd been around the world a hundred times.

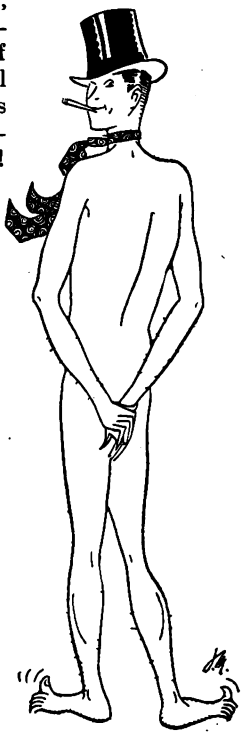
Saw a great show last week—in fact two great shows . . . . one of them was called "Broadway" and the other was Clark and McCullough in "The Ramblers". . . . . I raved last year about Marie Saxon, but after seeing her in "The Ramblers" I'm speechless. . . . . How that gal can dance! . . . . . Marie, you are hereby nominated to head the list of JUDGE's Favorites!

Cliff Greeman writes from Pasadena, Cal., and suggests that I call my new book "Why Prohibition Is a Failure". . . . . he claims that with that title all the drys would then buy it and, after trying a few mixtures, give up all opposition to Prohibition . . . . . thanks for the idea, Cliff, but I think they'd be more apt to buy it if it was called "Here's How!"

Ed Flynn of Bridgewater, Mass., "*The Town With a Future*," sends in a recipe . . . . . "Tea Punch". . . . . Take a half pint of "what have you," a quarter pound of sugar, and the juice of a large lemon. . . . . Light this mixture and while it is blazing pour on it a quart of green tea . . . . . no wonder Bridgewater's got a future!

While we're on the subject of beverages I must thank the Aquazone Company for their very nice apology for appropriating my term "Gordon Water" . . . . . as they themselves say "a great idea like that should be public property!". . . . .

If you will cast a sympathetic eye on the accompanying sketch you will see the pitiful condition of Judge, Jr., as a result of his "big advertising scheme!". . . . . Three wide-awake firms, namely, Knox Hats, Camel Cigarettes and Cheney Cravats crashed through nobly, and as we go to press Huyler's came across with a box of candy, but, manufacturers of America, will you let this state of affairs go on! Do you want the younger generation to think that this form of attire is the latest thing! Think of the consequences! You owe it to your sons and daughters to stop this terrible peril immediately! My address is 627 West Forty-third street, New York City.



The Night Clubs are beginning to blossom forth again, and while I have "stepped" in a few, none of them are worth mentioning . . . . . the six "steppers" you hear the most are:

"Play Gypsy"—(*Countess Maritza.*)

"All Alone Monday"—(*The Ramblers.*)

"Cross Your Heart"—(*Queen High.*)

"Ladder of Love"—(*Vanities.*)

"Someone"—(*Naughty Riquette.*)

"Hugs and Kisses"—(*Vanities.*)

Judge Jr.

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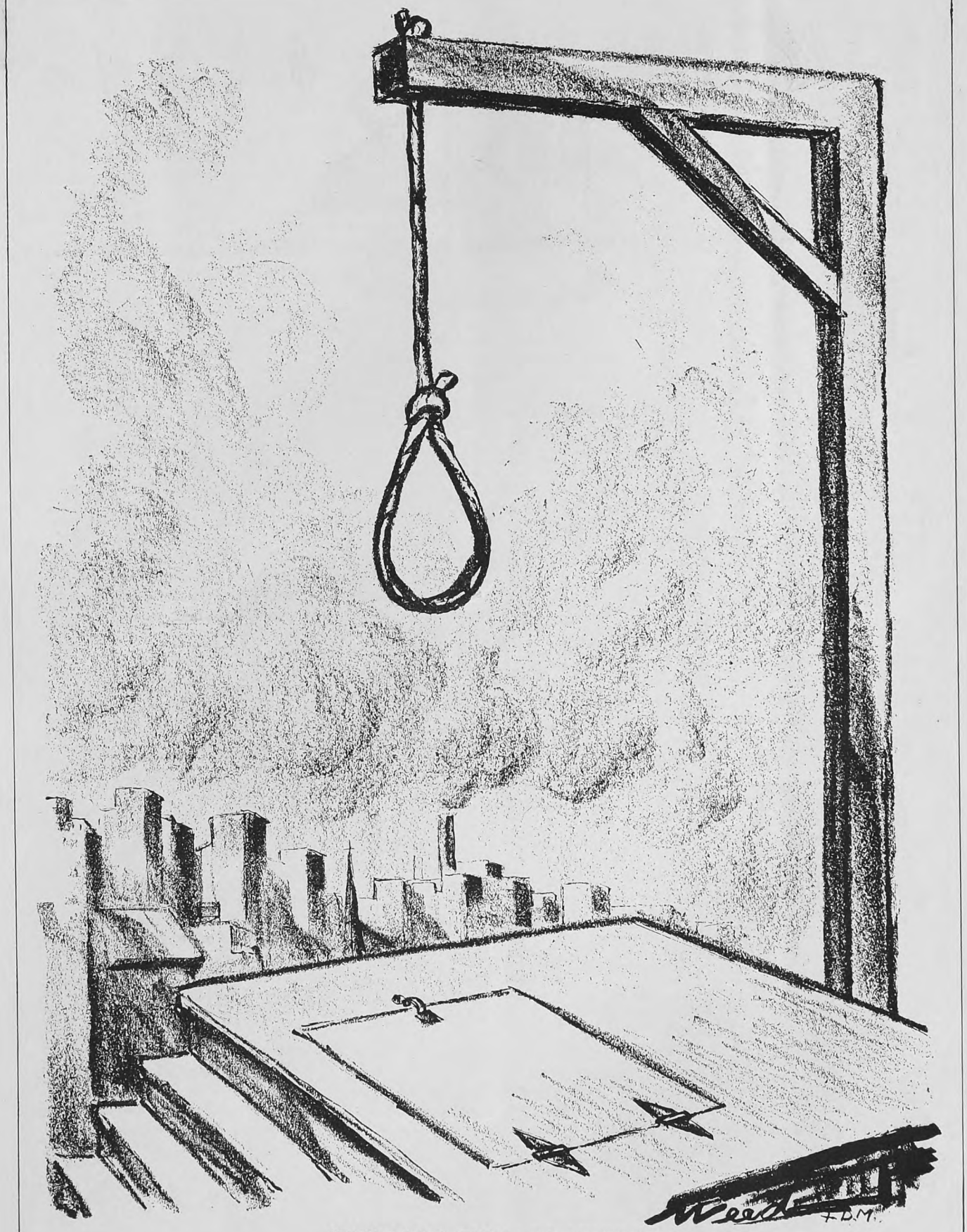

THE LOOP CHICAGO NEEDS

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

A Certain City

THE Moderation League, as the newspapers will have informed you, has recently completed a survey of drunkenness in the United States for the year 1925. It finds that arrests for drunkenness, taking the country as a whole, are slightly above what they were in 1914 when the country for the most part was legally wet, but that in Chicago they are almost twice as great, specifically 92,871 as compared with 52,823.

In New York City, on the other hand, a city about twice the size of Chicago, there has been exactly the opposite tendency. The figures show 23,041 arrests for drunkenness in 1914 (less than half those for Chicago) and only 11,011 for 1925, less than half of that half. They are much less, for the latter year, than the figures for Boston or Philadelphia or Pittsburgh or Cleveland or Detroit, even smaller than those for Los Angeles, the heaven of the Middle West, and hardly a bit above those for Washington, our national pride and a city not a twelfth its size. All these other cities, also, with the exception of Boston, show increases over 1914, though none can touch Chicago's record.

How do you account for such a showing? New York, to our hundred percenters, is the traitor among cities, in the traitor among States. It is as wet as the ocean; it has no local enforcement law; it reeks of "foreigners" and "nullificationists" and Al. Smith. What a place, to be sure! And yet in the matter of drunks it hasn't a tithe of its quota. Is this, too, a sample of its un-Americanness?

It occurs to us that there is a direct connection between New York's indifference to Mr. Volstead's injunctions and her figures for drunkenness. It will be argued, of course, that New York can't be as strict in arresting her inebriates as her sister cities (which we don't believe). But she is certainly as strict as she was twelve years ago and she has more than cut her number in half, which is in itself a record. The only other large city that approaches her in this respect is San Francisco, also a wet seaport full of foreigners. No, there is certainly a connection here which may be epitomized in this simple sociological rule: The freer the town (from the Volstead complex), the fewer the drunks.

WHAT about Chicago, the real subject of this piece and the butt of this particular number of JUDGE (for which city we entertain only the kindliest regards)? If you have been reading the papers you will realize that it is not only in the matter of arrests for drunkenness that Chicago's turbulence manifests its pre-eminence. Yet one rarely hears a patrioteer anathematize Chicago as he does New York, for obvious reasons. Chicago is perhaps the most typical of American cities. She is the capital of that great empire of the Mississippi Valley which contains the bulk of our hundred percenters, which rules us politically and which is gradually but steadily imposing upon us its social and moral and religious standards. With all her foreigners Chicago is a true daughter of the Middle West, an intimate expression of its culture and its aspirations. If one can call her un-American then ditto corn-on-the-cob.

But by the same token Chicago is also the victim of the terrible repressions that rule the Middle West. She is in fact the social volcano through which these repressions seek relief. Hence her condition of chronic eruption. It is not solely, or even largely, her fault that she picks 100,000 plastered citizens off her streets every year, or that she furnishes the battle ground for rival bootlegging gangs, or suffers from bandits or boy murderers or Carl Sandburg. Back of her, making such lawlessness inevitable, is the spirit of her hinterland as expressed in Volsteadism, in the Klan, in militant Fundamentalism, in all the taboos of a jealous and disgruntled yeomanry. She's their safety valve. Thar she blows!

A Close-up

JUST why Hiram W. Evans should continue to "strut his stuff," as he likes to express it, in a full dress suit and a Pierce Arrow as the head of the dwindling Klan, when he might be in the movies enjoying the latest thing in dinner clothes and Rolls Royces, it is hard to explain except on the theory that the man is a pure idealist. His talent for the movies is without a flaw, as he demonstrated before the recent annual klonvocation in Washington. You may remember that he had just been re-elected Imperial Wizard by carefully planned spontaneous acclamation. We read on:

> These incidents were followed by a touching scene, illustrating how the head of the order influences his followers. Dr. Evans had referred tenderly and affectionately to his wife, a very comely, striking brunette several years his junior, with gentle manners and a soft, musical voice.
>
> He told the assembled Klansmen he had been guided by her wisdom and advice. After the election Dr. Evans caught his wife by the arm, escorted her to the footlights, and presented her to the audience. Then he repeated what he had said of her in his speech, and the crowd yelled from sheer joy. As the shouting died down Mrs. Evans turned to the Wizard, lifted her face and he kissed her.

No doubt murmuring the while, "my best pal and severest critic!" *W. M. H.*

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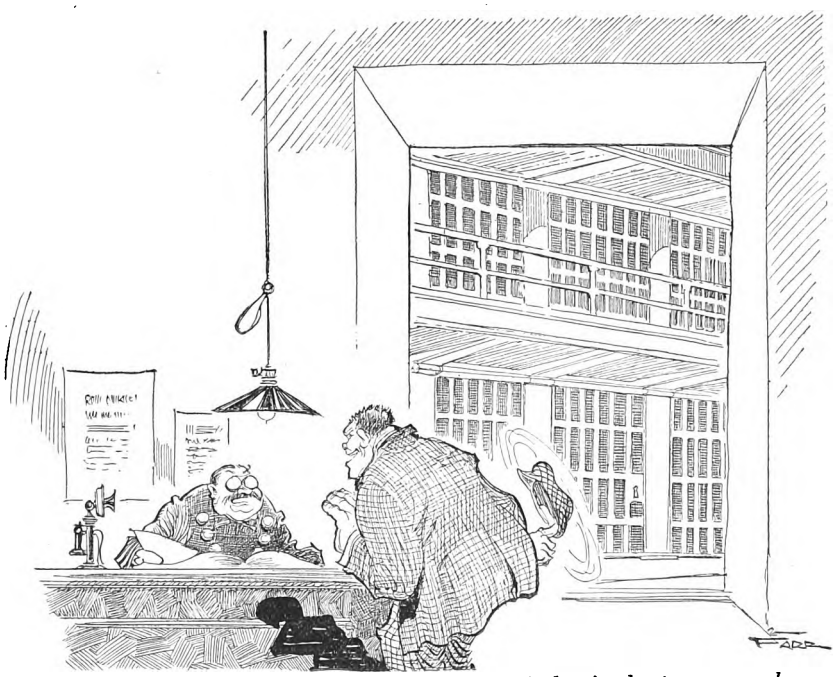

"Yes, your time is up—in fact I'm sorry to find we've kept you a week too long."

"That's O. K., Warden—knock it off my next visit."

How to Enjoy a Visit to Chicago

EDITOR OF JUDGE: My wife and I want to drive to Chicago. Can you advise us what to take along? Rufus Bathmat, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

Dear Mr. Bathmat: First secure a durable armored automobile. These may be purchased from the War Department. Equip your car with five-inch guns, fore and aft. Some of the tourists this season have been mounting machine guns on the radiator cap, but this is optional with you. A good tank such as was used during the World War might do as well.

For a three-day stay in Chicago, take along about thirty-two rounds of ammunition, two automatic revolvers, one heavy duty rifle for the loop district and hand grenades to use when trying to work your way out of traffic. It would be well to purchase armored vests for your wife and self, also two trench helmets. If you can afford it, I would suggest that a company of infantry march alongside of your car as you enter the city.

Entering Chicago, you will approach the rear line trenches. Proceed cautiously now on account of heavy artillery fire from bank robbers. Swing your guns out, ready for action. As you near the gunmen sector, start firing with your forward gun. Meanwhile, your wife can lay down a barrage with the hand grenades. If not killed by a sniper's bullet, you should reach your hotel with only minor flesh wounds.

A gas mask for use in the stock yards region would prove a handy little accessory. Suggest you dispense with your Blue Book and purchase instead a copy of the United States Army Infantry Guide, The Artilleryman's Manual, Machine Gun Fire Technique and a copy of "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes." *Hugh Wood*

EPILAUGHS

Here lies Lou A. Hurd.
Said he, "Aw go
To H-ll," to a bird
In Chicago.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Theater Business

IT'S a wise novelist who knows his own story in play form.

The theater coat checking-room is a wonderful thing for those who haven't anything to do for a couple of hours after the show.

Any theater is said to be capable of being emptied in three minutes, but "Abie's Irish Rose" would probably require ten or twelve years.

Tired business men never look tired at the musical comedy.

The love of money is the root of all bedroom plays.

A dramatic critic is known by the company he keeps talking about.

Better never than late coming to a show.

The dirty work in most crook plays was when the author stole his idea. *Wayne G. Haisley*

CHICAGO BOOTBLACK—*Boss, if you can't stop jiggling your left foot, I won't be able to give you a decent shine—makes me nervous.*

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JUDGE'S FAIRY TALES FOR TIRED CLUBMEN

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe

WELL, guys, you'll probably call me a great big fibber when I say that there was once an old dame living in a shoe with twelve or fifteen children. The idea was that some years before they used to live in a peachy flat but a giant had broken up their housekeeping by stealing off their old man to his castle, so they had to rent a good cheap shoe to live in. The shoe was all right but there wasn't any hot water after nine o'clock at night and the elevator boys never showed up till noon. Their three dogs and the canary was living in the bathtub, while the Shetland pony slept in the breakfast-room; but as he never got up before five o'clock, they had to get their breakfast from the dumb-waiter.

The kids were a great help to their mother. The young ones used to visit a fruit stand around the corner and bring back whatever was in season, while the older ones used to hold up a cigar store now and then and give their mother all except a little spending money for themselves. The older girls had all bobbed their hair and were practicing to be bobbed-hair bandits; so their mother knew that there was no idle hands to get in mischief.

But one day the oldest boy, whose name was Ben, said to the other children, "Why not go off and rescue the old man and then we won't have to work no more?" Everybody thought this was a great idea, so all the boys armed themselves with bean-shooters and stood in line to get their mother's blessing. After she gave it to them, she says, "How did you plan to get to this here giant's castle?" "In a taxi," says Ben. "And where would you get a taxi here?" asks she again. There was a silence and then the youngest boy

Ben and two of his brothers.

pipes up, "At the taxidermist's!" So they killed him and away they went.

They finally got to a place where it said, "Giant's Rest, Campers Welcome, Hot Dogs, Gas, Twenty Cents a Gallon, Park in Rear." Ben went up to the door and knocked and an old gent came to the door and says, "All our stuff is gone but I can send you to a place around the corner where they sell it for three dollars a quart." "No," says Ben, "we got a date to win back our old man from the giant which stole him away. How do we get to him?" "You got a fat chance," says the oldster, "there's a dragon guarding him! Anyway, go in and follow the green line." So they went in and when they saw the dragon they wished they hadn't. They don't have dragons nowadays like they used to; most of them have died from eating in delicatessen stores; but this one was a wow. They explained that they wanted their old man back, and when the dragon heard this, he curled up like a leaf and passed out cold. Then they went in and found their old man chained to the giant's foot which was asleep and they cut the chain and beat it without waking the giant.

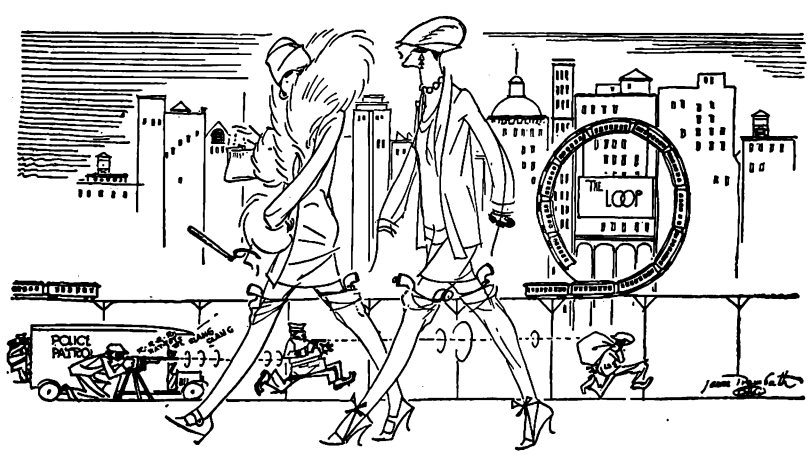
About half an hour later the giant awoke with an awful head and found that they had taken away their old man; so he rushed out of the castle and as soon as he got out on the sidewalk a flock of revenue agents fell on him and nabbed him. Then they shoved him in the black maria and took him up the river for a long visit. And the whole crew of boys returned with their papa and there was great rejoicing and everybody was fried for three days on gin cocktails. I like this story because it's full of narrow escapes and adventure and shows how Prohibition reunites families and protects the home.

Perelman.

Lyric of Discreet Impartiality

WHERE do all the brutal gunmen browse?
Chicago!
Where do they slay defenseless cows?
Chicago?
Where is the place of most renown,
The finest spot, the cleanest town
In which to work and settle down?
Buffalo, Los Angeles, Kalamazoo, Philadelphia, Boston Washington, San Francisco, Detroit, Brooklyn, St. Louis, East Aurora, Duluth, Herrin, or wherever *you* live!

Arthur L. Lippmann.



FIRST CHICAGO FLAPPER—*I think this method of wearing your artillery is just too cunning and handy too—but it certainly is tough on silk stockings!*

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

THE week of which I write has again made the profession of play reviewing somewhat more enjoyable than that of laundering in Armenia. Up to this week the job of the New York dramatic critic has been about as jovial as embalming. But now, suddenly, going to the theater has once more become attractive. True enough, the week has uncovered some lovely flapdoodle—such as "Just Life," "Kept" and "Henry's Harem"—but it has also brought the best melodrama of many a day in "Broadway" and two Viennese scores, by Oscar Straus and Emmerich Kalmann, that contain something more musically elevated than the saxophone neuralgias and soup can poundings which we usually get.

"Broadway" is not only a tasty melodrama, it is as shrewd an example of observation and reporting as we have had in the theater in some time. A tale of life behind the scenes in the pink boob-traps known as supper clubs, it catches deftly the characters, atmosphere and lingo of these ungodly dumps and translates them into lively and thoroughly entertaining drama. Its authors are the MM. Dunning and Abbott, and the boys have done themselves proud. What is more, the acting and staging are admirable. Lee Tracy, Robert Gleckler, Sylvia Field—the whole kit and caboodle couldn't be improved upon.

I note that one or two of my colleagues, while speaking very highly of the play in their reviews, condescendingly observe, however, that "it is not literature." Well, so be it. For that matter, neither is literature often drama.

"*Countess Maritza*" (Shubert)—Music worth listening to.

"*Naughty Riquette*" (Cosmopolitan)—Ditto.

"*Just Life*" (Miller)—Just trash.

"*Broadway*" (Broadhurst)—See this issue.

"*Henry's Harem*" (Greenwich)—Pretty terrible.

"*No Trespassing*" (Harris)—About as poor as they come.

"*Sour Grapes*" (Longacre)—Interesting for half its distance.

"*Fanny*" (Lyceum)—I'll talk about this one anon.

"*The Ghost Train*" (Eltinge)—For crossword puzzle fanatics.

"*The Donovan Affair*" (Fulton)—For persons who marvel at the pulling of a rabbit out of a silk hat.

"*Number 7*" (Times Square)—For people who went wild over "Sawing a Woman in Two."

"*The Adorable Liar*" (49th St.)—For women under twelve.

"*Potash and Perlmutter* (Ritz)—The worst of the series.

"*She Couldn't Say No*" (Booth)—No.

"*Sandalwood*" (Gaiety)—Pauline Lord the star. To be reviewed later.

"*The Home Towners*" (Hudson)—George Cohan's entertaining humor.

"*The Shelf*" (Morosco)—Frances Starr the featured player. To be lectured on in the near future.

"*The Prisoner*" (Forrest)—This one is in the offing as I write.

"*If I Was Rich*" (Mansfield)—Wise-cracking.

"*Loose Ankles*" (Biltmore)—Same here.

"*Laff That Off*" (Wallack's)—As bad and as popular as they make 'em.

"*Garrick Gaietics*" (Garrick)—The Mlle. Perkins.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—The Mlle. Miller and the Mons. Donahue.

"*One Man's Woman*" (48th St.)—Garbage.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—Ditto.

"*Iolanthe*" (Plymouth)—Fine revival.

"*Deep River*" (Imperial)—To be reviewed in a later issue.

"*Two Girls Wanted*" (Little)—John Golden gets a step nearer to godliness.

"*Queen High*" (Ambassador)—For those who like music shows without beauty.

"*The Little Spitfire*" (Cort)—Piffle.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—One long, loud laugh.

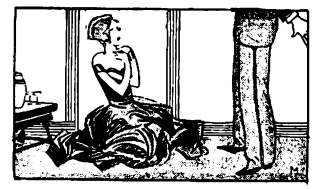
"*Vanities*" (Carroll)—Beautifully staged, but without comedy.

"*What's the Use?*" (Princess)—Dead in its tracks.

"*The Great Temptations*" (Winter Garden)—A good, big revue.

"*Yellow*" (National)—I'll review it next week.

"*The Ramblers*" (Lyric)—Clark and McCullough. Also next week.



II

IN "Countess Maritza" and "Naughty Riquette" the Shuberts keep up their noble Christian purpose of giving us relief from the promiscuous boiler-maker racket called jazz. Although in the latter they have syncopated one or two of Straus' melodies and incorporated into the score a composition that smells much more of the West Forties than of the Danube, the music in both exhibits, save for the exceptions noted, comes as a delight to ears long since grown weary of cowbell ringing, dishpan walloping, waffle-wagon horn tooting and the other component elements of jazz. Of the two operettas, "Maritza" is the superior. Kalmann's score is as good as that he confected for "Sari," while Straus' is by no means up to his excellent "Chocolate Soldier." The Kalmann operetta, further, has been the more happily cast. In the other, Stanley Lupino, the English music hall clown, is the only interesting performer. There may be some persons who can wax enthusiastic over the looks and talents of the actress who calls herself Mitzi—simply Mitzi, like Bernhardt, Duse or Danderine—but it grieves me to report that I am not one of them.

III

AFTER the opening of "Just Life," the author, the M. John Bowie, put an advertisement in the newspapers thanking the reviewers for their kindness to him. Inasmuch as the play was mercilessly panned by them, we may any day expect to read advertisements by Mrs. Rosenthal thanking the Mexicans for their kindness to her husband.

(*Continued on page 22*)

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"Oh, no, they are not gunmen. Just a Chicago banker and his wife going to the theater incog."

So's Your Old Municipality

New Yorker's Impression of Chicago

"Just an overgrown village, that's all, with lots of out-of-towners and congested pavements. The hotels sock you there all right, and it's worth a feller's life to cross the street in that traffic. Say listen, all their successful people originally came from here and it won't be long before that burg will be a suburb of New York."

Chicagoan's Impression of New York

"Just an overgrown village, that's all, with lots of out-of-towners and congested pavements. The hotels sock you there all right, and it's worth a feller's life to cross the street in that traffic. Say listen, all their successful people originally came from here and it won't be long before that burg will be a suburb of Chicago." *Hugh Wood*

Tough State street canary singing base.

Big Business Operations

The buzzer in the outer office hummed. Conversation suddenly ceased. The chief desired his assistant in the presidential sanctum at once. And when Horace K. Weeplethumb wanted something, he couldn't wait. In all his thirty-three years of business experience he hadn't been known to waste even a split second. "Efficiency. Crowd sixty seconds into every minute. Avoid waste motions!" These were his maxims. And well had he lived them. Breathlessly, his understudy raced through the corridors and finally confronted the mighty presence.

"Lamb!" roared H. K., "reserve a room at the city hospital. Send up three typewriters, a filing cabinet and three stenographers. Phone the barber shop to make a date for Francois to cut my hair and for Miss Brown to do my nails. Also have my chiropodist present—gotta get that corn fixed up. Arrange for my dentist to come and fill those rear cavities. To-morrow afternoon at three. Be sure the stenographer's pencils are sharpened. Gotta heap of mail to dictate. Bring up the twelve o'clock mail and we'll go over those O'Connor contracts."

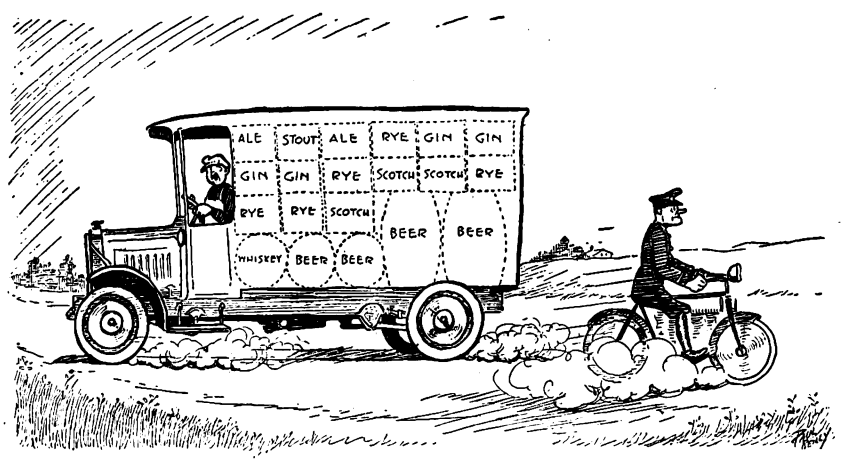
"Er—beg your pardon, chief," said Lamb. "Why at the City Hospital? I can't understand—"

"Doctors ordered an appendicitis operation to-morrow at three," roared H. K. "Can't afford to waste the time. Going to get caught up on a lot of work while they're operating. Efficiency, my boy. Crowd sixty seconds into every minute. Avoid waste motions. Ouch, but that hurts." *Cyrano*

One Without

Last week I was fired. I was fired with enthusiasm and alacrity. I was also fired for making a mistake. I only made one mistake but it was a bad one. I told the boss he couldn't get along without me. *J. S.*

A reign is as long as its weakest kink.



"He didn't know it was loaded."

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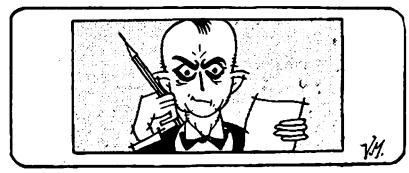
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



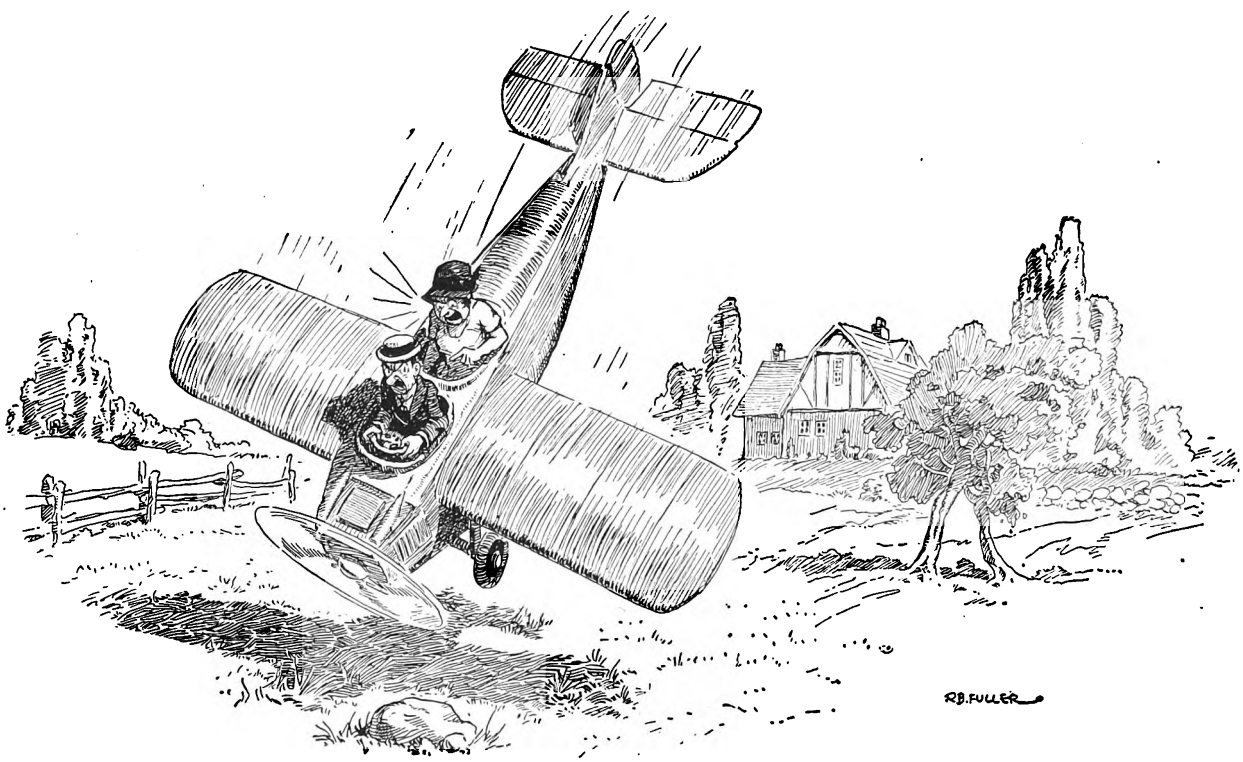
"*The Big Parade*"—At the top still.
"*Ben Hur*"—Ride 'im, charioteer!
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Paradise.
"*La Bohème*"—A good cry.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Harold Lloyd.
"*Aloma of the South Seas*"—Gilda Gray.
"*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*"—Harry Langdon.
"*Say It Again*"—Richard Dix farce.
"*Ella Cinders*"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
"*Good and Naughty*"—Pola as comedienne.
"*The Volga Boatman*"—Red melodrama.
"*The Palm Beach Girl*"—Before the storm.
"*Lovey Mary*"—Sugary.
"*The Road to Mandalay*"—Lon Chaney.
"*Variety*"—Emil Jannings.
"*Up in Mabel's Room*"—Bedroom farce.
"*Mantrap*"—By Sinclair Lewis.
"*Nell Gwyn*"—Good British film.
"*The Waltz Dream*"—Slush out of Germany.
"*The Amateur Gentleman*"—Barthelmess.
"*Battling Butler*"—Buster Keaton at his best.
"*Beau Geste*"—Blood and blah.
"*So This Is Paris*"—Gallic comedy.

SOME time in my late boyhood or early manhood I was persuaded to swallow "The Scarlet Letter" as one would a dose of medicine. No doubt this is a common experience with this superb book. Numbered among the classics and burdened besides with patriotic and historical associations it was doomed from the beginning to be fed to immature and highly resistant minds which thereafter would dismiss it as one of the bores of a conventional education.

But now it has been "adapted" for the screen—translated, that is to say, into a language supremely fitted for immature minds. So far as the boys and girls of America, old and young, are concerned this is pure gain. Instead of having to trace with faltering attention the slightly elaborate pattern of Hawthorne's prose they can learn of Hester Prynne and her tragic ordeal from a series of scenes enacted with great pathos and appeal by Lillian Gish. And come away with no such feeling of mental effort, and therefore of distaste, as fell to the lot of their sires. Only, I warn them not to try to pass a college exam on the book from their knowledge of the movie.

For the filmwrights have not been entirely content with the original story. You will remember that the book opens with Hester already a mother and about to ascend the scaffold with her baby and her scarlet letter for the edification of the multitude. The movie, on the other hand, opens with various scenes and episodes manufactured for the purpose

(*Continued on page 28*)



WIFE—*Say what you like, Amos, I* will *have the last word!*

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She—What's wrong between you and Peggy?

He—She had a birthday and I told the florist to send her twenty roses.

She—Well?

He (gloomily)—Being a friend of mine the fool put in ten more for good measure.

—*Carolina Buccaneer*

An ancient sage these wise words spoke,
"The woman pays, but the man goes broke." —*Lehigh Burr*

Old Lady (visiting New York Museum)—Have you a mummy of King Tut here?

Attendant—No, madam.

O. L. (amazedly)—Dear me, they have a very fine one in the British Museum.

—*Sewanee Mountain Goat*

HUSBAND—*Last night when I got home my wife had a wonderful dinner, my favorite book and pipe ready, my slippers and gown ready, my*——.

SECOND HUSBAND—*How much was she overdrawn?*

—WABASH CAVEMAN

"What struck you the first time you visited Chicago?"

"A Blackjack." —*Pitt Panther*

"Helene is two-thirds married to Bob."

"Really?"

"Yes, she's willing and the preacher is willing." —*Texas Ranger*

Prof—Have you ever done any public speaking?

Stude—Well, I proposed to a girl over the telephone in my home town once.

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket*

"That man there is wanted in Chicago."

"What for?"

"He is a crook."

"Why do they want any more crooks in Chicago?"

—*Pitt Panther*

BILL TILDEN—*And what are you doing on the green this time o' the marnin', lad?*
WILLIE HOPPE—*Sure an' I just came out to putter around!* —CALIFORNIA PELICAN

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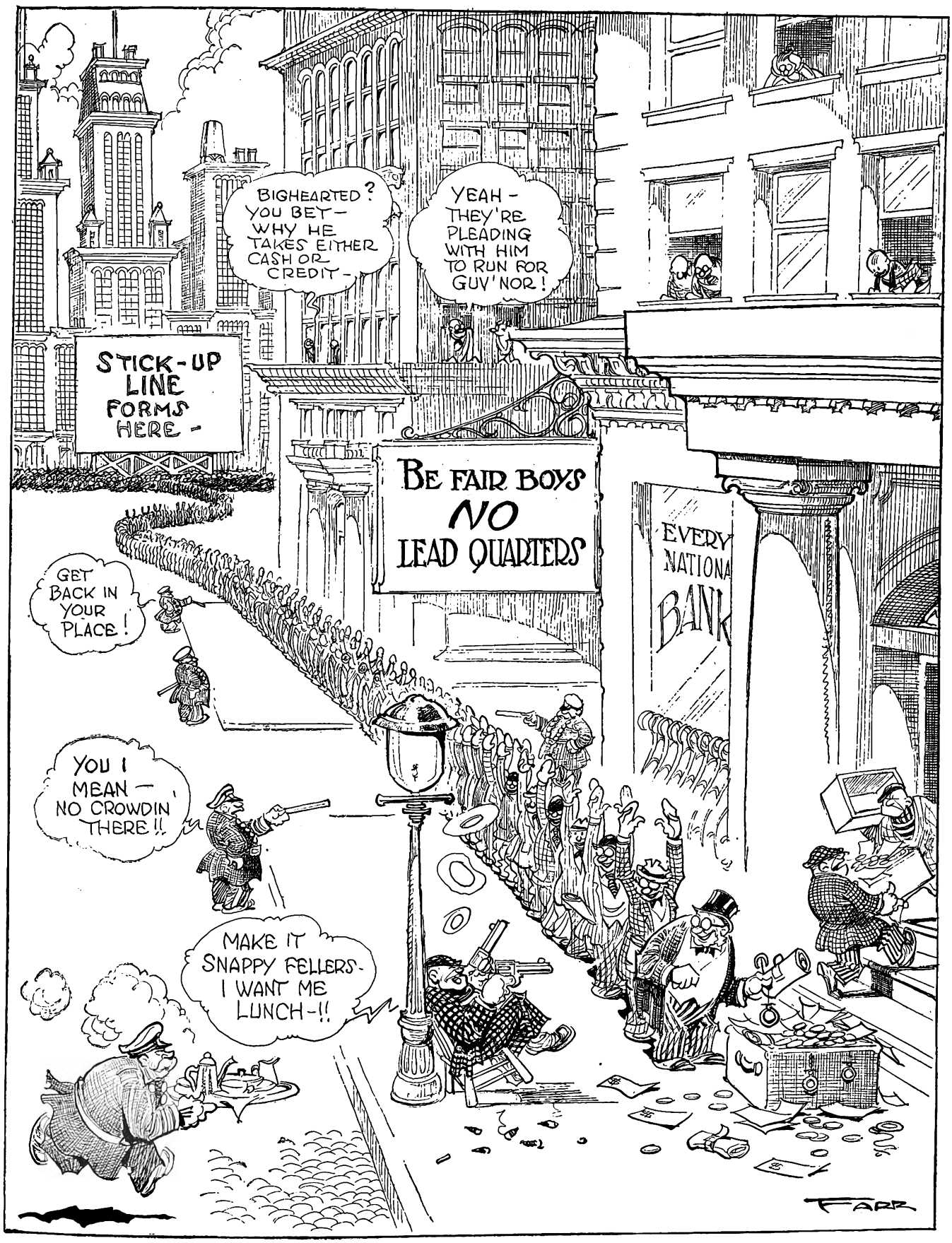

PARADISE

—as pictured by a hold-up man.

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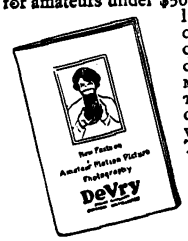
Professional Movies with the Ease of "Still" Pictures

THE wonderful new DeVry motion picture camera for amateurs takes exactly the same kind of pictures as the professionals do. And yet, it is so simple of operation, so handy and so compact, that a child can take pictures with it. In every way it is just as easy to use as the "still" cameras. It holds 100 feet 35 *m/m* film.

DeVry
Standard—Automatic
MOVIE CAMERA

It remained for the famous DeVry Corporation to produce this standard theatre size film, automatic professional movie camera, for amateurs at the amazing low price of $150.00. Constructed of finest materials, it will last you a lifetime. It will give you professional motion pictures which you can preserve. A special automatic lock permits you to get into the pictures yourself while the camera continues to record automatically! At last amateurs can take actual motion pictures which can be shown in motion picture theatres, schools, churches—everywhere that real motion pictures are shown—and in the home as well. Here is the only motion picture camera for amateurs under $300.00 that uses standard size film like professionals use. Now you can actually preserve for all time, cherished scenes and actions of dear ones—AND HAVE PRINTS MADE FOR YOUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES. With this new DeVry you can make as many prints as you want and preserve the negative. That is what professionals do.



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Please send me your new book, "New Facts on Amateur Motion Picture Photography." I understand this places me under no obligation.

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Wife—It's no use hiding, dear. I can see you!
—*Humorist*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 17*)

"Just Life" is pretty awful stuff, and its awfulness is not diminished by what Miss Marjorie Rambeau does to its leading rôle. Miss Rambeau is perhaps the worst star actress visible this side of Union Hill, N. J. There was a time, long ago, when she showed some promise, but after the early faint flickers she began gradually to go up in smoke. In the M. Bowie's nonesuch she reaches the Heights of Ham.

The play deals with a former darling of the operatic stage whose spouse goes in for *Tung-fang* with his stenographer, lives off his wife's money, brings his mistress into his home while his wife is away and otherwise makes the best of things in this sad world. The wife returns from a singing tour abroad—she has been reduced to warbling in vaudeville theaters to get the money necessary to keep her husband from jail for forging—sees the lay of the land, kicks hubby out and tells an old suitor-idiot who has been hanging around, Crocker-Harrington-wise, for twenty years that she'll meet him in Rome. Aside from the ocular pleasure one derives from looking at pretty Vivian Tobin, who plays the rôle of the old girl's daughter, the evening is about as cheerful as one spent in Canarsie with one's grandfather.

Another gloomy session is to be

"That's Trumple's great picture. Venus coming out of the wave."
"But I can't see the wave."
"That's where he is supreme; it's a wireless wave." —*Aussie*

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had with "Henry's Harem." And still another with "Kept." The former works up a terrible sweat trying to be funny and succeeds only in being as dull and humorless a farce as has been put on in New York since the reception to Gertrude Ederle. "Kept" tries to draw the yokels to the box-office with a suggestive title that has as much to do with the contents of the play as "Ben Hur" has to do with "Main Street." When the boobs, falling for the sex title, get into the show house, all they find is a dish of sentimental mush.

Dead Game Sports

Wife—I've put your shirt on the clothes-horse, Jim.

Jim—What odds did you get?

—*Sydney Bulletin*

A man was recently fined for motoring backwards at a high speed. It is thought that a pedestrian he had grazed on the forward journey had sneered derisively.

—*Humorist*

Captain (to gunner)—See that man on the bridge five miles away?

Gunner—Ay, ay, sir.

"Let him have a twelve-inch in the eye."

"Which eye, sir?" —*Answers*

Bigamy has this in its favor: You can always be jailed for it and so escape the penalty. —*Aussie*

The prison governor gave the ex-burglar a long lecture on the necessity of mending his ways, and then discharged him. The man, however, still remained. "What are you waiting for?" inquired the governor. "My tools," calmly replied the man.

—*Tatler*

Growler—I didn't sleep a wink all night. I had awful toothache.

James—Ah, you should try repeating to yourself, fifty times every day, "Get behind me, pain!"

"Not much! Do you think I want lumbago?" —*Answers*

"Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening."

"In what way?"

"He lent me an umbrella."

—*Tit Bits*

FUNNYBONES

"It's worth the taxi fare to feel you don't care what happens to the fenders.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Negroes."

"My boy's going to be a policeman when negroes up."

Agent—But it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse.

Fed-up Female—I'll not pay another penny. I've paid reg'lar for eight years, an' I've 'ad no luck yet!

—*London Opinion*

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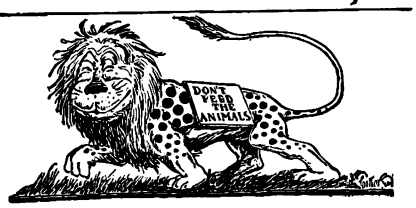
Brighten faded blonde hair

with new Swedish shampoo

NO need now for dull, streaky, faded, lustreless, blonde hair! Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, leaves no oil behind on the hair to form film, on which dust and dirt quickly collect—causing the hair to darken and become discolored. Not only keeps light hair from darkening, but actually brings back the true golden beauty even to the most discolored and darkened blonde hair. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Beneficial to scalp and hair. No injurious dyes or chemicals. Over half a million users. Highly recommended for children's hair. Money back if not delighted. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo



..... *sign on the dotted line* .....

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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.

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

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Dizzy Labels—Dizzy Label Editor of JUDGE.

627 WEST 43d STREET
NEW YORK CITY

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Mother—Willie! Don't push that rock. Remember, there are people below. —*Passing Show*

Catastrophe

THERE was a difference in the poise of the man as he passed along the High street of the town which had given him birth and friends.

The old square-shouldered swagger of gait was missing. In the place of a merry faced, frank eyed man of thirty odd years, once care-free and debonair, the old High street looked down grayly on a shuffling, bent figure whose drooping shoulders and hanging head testified to the brooding, furtive desire to meet the eye of no man or woman among the throngs which paraded the town.

Ashamed looking, he shuffled on his way with eyes dropped to the pavement, and both hands thrust deeply in trouser pockets.

He pictured himself as he had once been. Then he had been on easy terms of familiarity, of good fellowship with these people, and could fearlessly greet them in the street and talk and chat with them. Now . . .

His head sank lower. He hoped no one would recognize in him the man who had taken their hands in comradeship. A gentleman passed, half-turned, and muttered something to the lady with him. She, too, turned.

"Robert Sumner!" she called.

The man shambled on, unheeding.

There were others who would have greeted him. But he avoided them studiously, and passed on, head bent, moodily.

The kindly disposed vicar and his wife and two daughters paused on meeting him. The ladies smiled sweetly, and the vicar raised his hat.

The man stood for a brief moment, half-smiled, against his will, then, recollecting what had occurred, nodded miserably, and not troubling to remove his hands from his pockets, shuffled on with dejected droop of his whole figure.

They didn't know yet, didn't realize what misfortune can mean.

He passed on. Everyone he knew seemed to be out that afternoon. He passed on, stooped; burning-faced. Never once did he look them full in the face as he once would and raise his hat with the innate courtesy for which he was famed.

He passed on, shoulders hunched, hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets.

As he reached the gates of his home and went up the little drive he broke into a shambling trot.

"D'you think I ought to tell Reggie about my past?"

"Oh, not yet, dear. Keep it for the long winter evenings."

—*London Opinion*

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One minute later he found his wife, and got a word with her alone.

"For pity's sake," he urged, hoarsely, "try and mend these suspenders. They broke when I was on the other side of the town, and I've had to walk all the way back with my hand in my pockets. . . . "

—Passing Show

His Fear

"It's raining and my wife is down town."

"That's all right; she'll probably step inside some shop."

"That's just it!"

—Christian Science Monitor

❧❧❧

Voice (over telephone)—And a dozen bottles of beer.

"What?"

"Beer, beer."

"Pears?"

"No, *beer*."

"I can't understand you."

"Beer, as in—

" 'For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his *Watery Bier*.' "

"And you want flowers sent?"

"Yes, pick out a nice big funeral piece."

"What shall I do with it?"

"Hang it around your neck."

—Tit Bits

❧❧❧

Marie—What are you going to do this afternoon?

Mabel—I don't know whether to go for a spill in Charlie's motor-boat or an accident in Bob's car.

—Answers

❧❧❧

Officer (examining recruit)—Have you any scars on you?

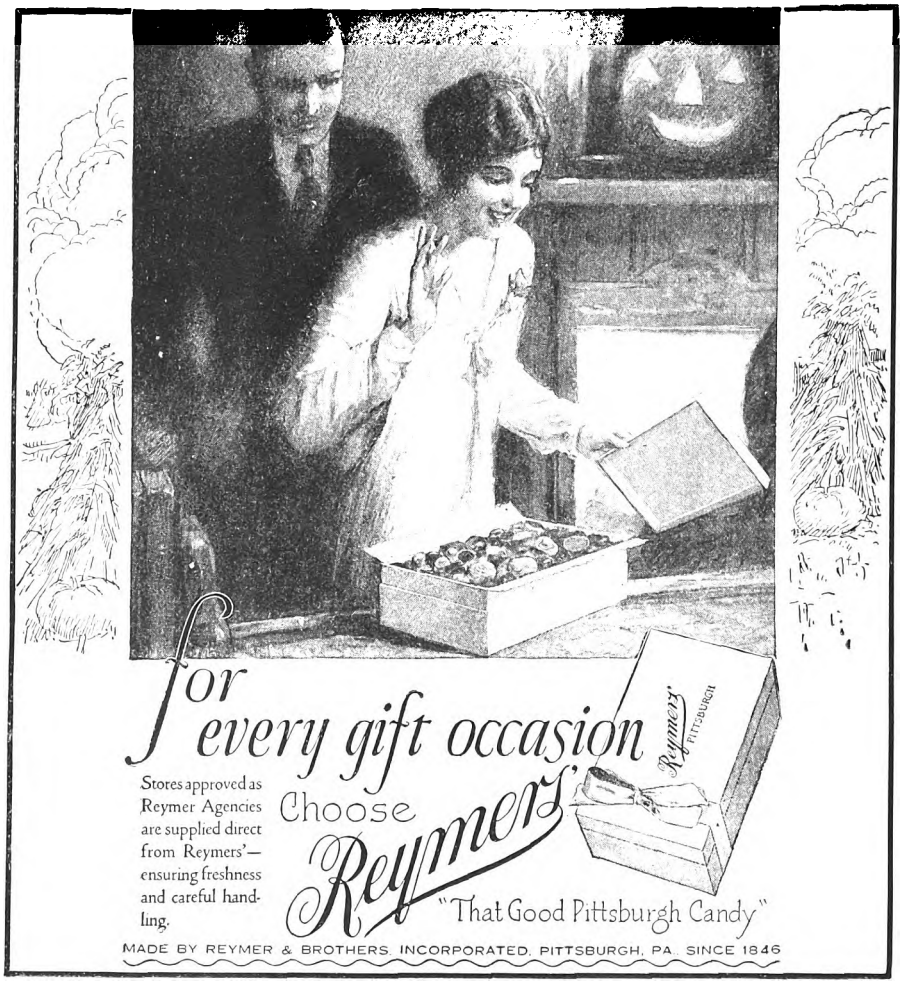
Recruit—No, but I can give you a cigarette. *—Tit Bits*

Economy

A Scotsman was leaving on a business trip, and he called back as he was leaving:

"Good-by all; and dinna forget to tak' little Donal's glasses aff when he isna' lookin' at anything."

—Everybody's



DIZZY LABELS

We call her "Wanda" because she is never home.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

LIZZIE LABELS

Aged in the hood.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Her Father (as he goes to bed. Time 11.45)—Give me a call when you go, please. I've got to be up early in the morning!

—London Opinion

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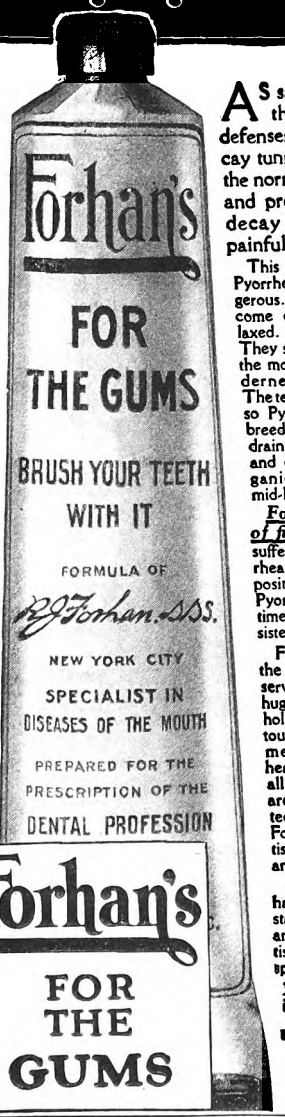
Watch your gums – bleeding a sign of trouble



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.

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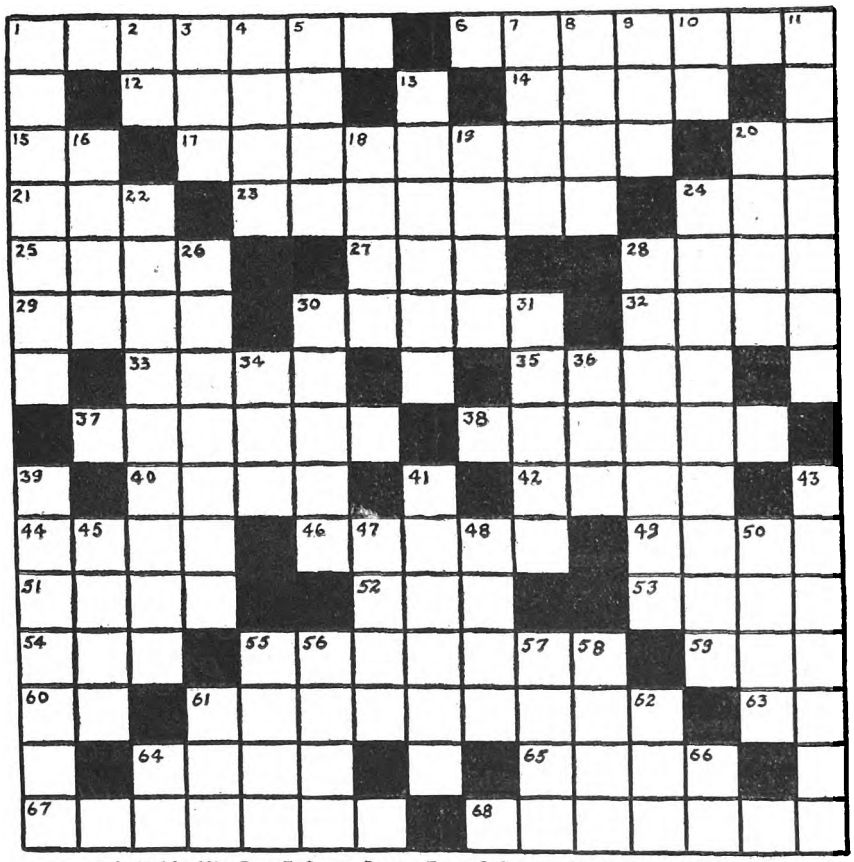

Submitted by Miss Rosa E. Lowry, Bogata, Tex. Judge pays $25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. A tough knot to untangle.
6. Social shindigs.
12. The only part of a pig the packers can't use.
14. Putting on the dog.
15. The land of the spree (abbr.).
17. Nickel nurser.
20. Saw-bone degree.
21. A political party.
23. Makers of sheet music.
24. To stuff.
25. An Irish instrument of torture.
27. Just a droop.
28. Call of the wild golf bugs.
29. A woody plant.
30. A devotee of Deism.
32. What a go-getter does when he wants to find out.
33. Mahogany decoration.
35. Wise birds.
37. Hidden, concealed or mysterious.
38. A good way to cross the Channel is to get well oiled and then go across on these.
40. A gentle reminder.
42. These usually have an edge on.
44. This is bad.
46. Having a sharpish, stinging taste.
49. This needs to be answered.
51. Where Norwegian sardines come from.
52. The cozy side.
53. Shoe leather fish.
54. This has a nap in the afternoon. (And in the morning, too.)
55. See this place and die!
59. Embryonic fish.
60. Manuscript rejector (abbr.).
61. A go-between.
63. North Western State (abbr.).
64. This is usually parted over the weak-end.
65. A plot of terra firma.
67. Places where spirits may be found.
68. Something Rip Van Winkle was.

Vertical

1. Cleopatra was nice and she was also this.
2. Scottish filling station for fountain pens (abbr.).
3. "It is" according to the poets.
4. Dark liquids.
5. Related to.
7. A rural Sesquicentennial.
8. Fish wings.
9. Skill.
10. Part of the verb be.
11. What the saddest married man in the world is.
13. Weak kneed.
16. Something successful aviators do.
18. Chief asset of a Prohibition agent.
19. Understandings.
20. To note.
22. A parson's pastime.
24. A fellow who has and holds.
26. You can drive a horse to water but these must be lead.
28. Wavers.
30. Greek letter.
31. A kind of a grape.
34. Vat.
36. Both ends of the candle.
39. Very few women can keep these after they reach forty.
41. The first two slices of a birthday cake.
43. This kind of motorist comes to his own conclusions.
45. A canton in West Central Switzerland.
47. Cut short.
48. Darling.
50. Volunteer League for the Oppression of Necking (init.).
55. Neat but not gaudy.
56. What a magician finds in his hat.
57. Something football players get knocked for.
58. Where matrimony is concerned this is too much.
61. A flivver.
62. Before.
64. The villain enters!
66. End of Puzzle (init.). You're welcome!

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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FUNNYBONES

"Being shot at sunrise is a great thing if you can afford it."

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A society woman has a lizard which sits on her shoulder. Others have trained their pet reptiles to walk by their sides and carry parcels.

—*Eve*

A lady was visiting the servants' registry office. "I want a good cook for my country house," she informed the manageress. The latter turned to her assistant. "Have we anyone on our books who would like to spend a day or so in the country?" she enquired. —*Tattler*

Pulborough Council have decided to do without street lighting. Belated revelers will now have to rely on the light of one of the moons.

—*Humorist*

The bank of England recently received a shipment of £400,000 in sovereigns from South Africa. The trouble is that America may get to hear about this.

—*London Opinion*

Fond Father (to daughter)—Dear, I am happy to announce that young Timson has asked for your hand.

Daughter—But, papa, I don't want to leave mamma.

"Don't let that bother you. You can take her with you."

—*Answers*

A lady, going away for the day, locked everything up carefully, and for the grocer's benefit left a card on the back door.

"All out. Don't leave anything," it read.

On her return she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added: "Thanks. We haven't left much."

—*Boston Transcript*

DIZZY LABELS

They called him Rip because he's always on a tear.

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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.

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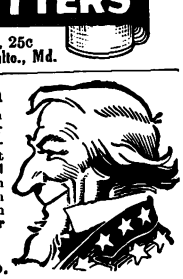

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COURT NEWS!

The Bachelor—How we change as we grow older!
The Divorcee—Yes, d'you know, I used to marry men I wouldn't invite to dinner now! —*Sketch*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 19*)

of emphasizing the absurdly puritanical complexion of the Boston of Hester Prynne's day. These are intended to be amusing but succeed rather in being clownish in the good old movie manner. Then comes the love-making between Hester and the Reverend Dimmesdale. This in the book is numbered among the things antecedent to the story and is thus left entirely to the imagination. But the movie, as one would expect, comes right out with it. The result on the subsequent drama is twofold. It does away with the gradually unfolding mystery enveloping the father of Hester's child with which Hawthorne seduces the reader onward, and it makes necessary, presumably to placate the censors, the introduction of an utterly false note. This is the suggestion that Dimmesdale didn't know Hester was married, that he fully expected to marry her himself and that she had deceived him. Such obscene hypocrisy is pure sacrilege.

But when all is said and done the thing makes a movie of the first rank. In stature and hauteur Miss Gish is not the Hester Prynne described by Hawthorne, but her very wistfulness and frailty help to emphasize the courage of her conduct and the tragedy of her position. She at least has an adequate conception of her rôle and without apparent effort wrings from it the last drop of heroism and agony. Miss Gish has done fine things for the screen before but I doubt if she ever rose higher than she does in this picture.

She is fortunate in having to play

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LIZZIE LABELS

"Hard Started Hannah."

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

opposite as good a Dimmesdale as Lars Hanson, though the part is undoubtedly marred by the changes in the story. And most fortunate of all in that the picture preserves the tragic ending. It wouldn't be worth a tinker's dam artistically if it didn't, but, then, that is not always an argument in Hollywood.

HARRY LANGDON continues his ascension. In "The Strong Man" he takes his place beside Harold Lloyd, possibly a jot or tittle in front of him, as a laugh producer. The Big Four among screen clowns, I should say, were now Charlie Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, somewhat in that order. Lloyd has been funny more often than Langdon but in the quality that robs laughter of its ruthlessness and brings it close to tears he has never quite equaled Langdon in "The Strong Man." And I don't think he can. Harry, in the absurd futility of his manner and the appeal of his baby stare, radiates a sweetness of personality that seasons the rawest slapstick, as, for example, when in "The Strong Man" he treats his cold by rubbing limburger cheese on his chest in mistake for camphor. He is in a crowded bus at the time and already an object of malevolence to his fellow passengers from his incessant coughing and sneezing. The helpless innocence of the little "strong" man makes this scene memorable.

There are fewer bare stretches in "The Strong Man" than in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," though in one part the resort to melodrama in building up a situation for Harry constitutes a blot on an otherwise fair farce. But Harry soon makes you forget it.

WINNER OF MOVIE PLOT CONTEST NO. 6

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She—Oh, Doctor, I'm so anxious about Mrs. Smythe. She is in your hands, is she not?

Doctor—She was, but I'm not attending her now.

She—Ah, then she is out of danger? —*Humorist*

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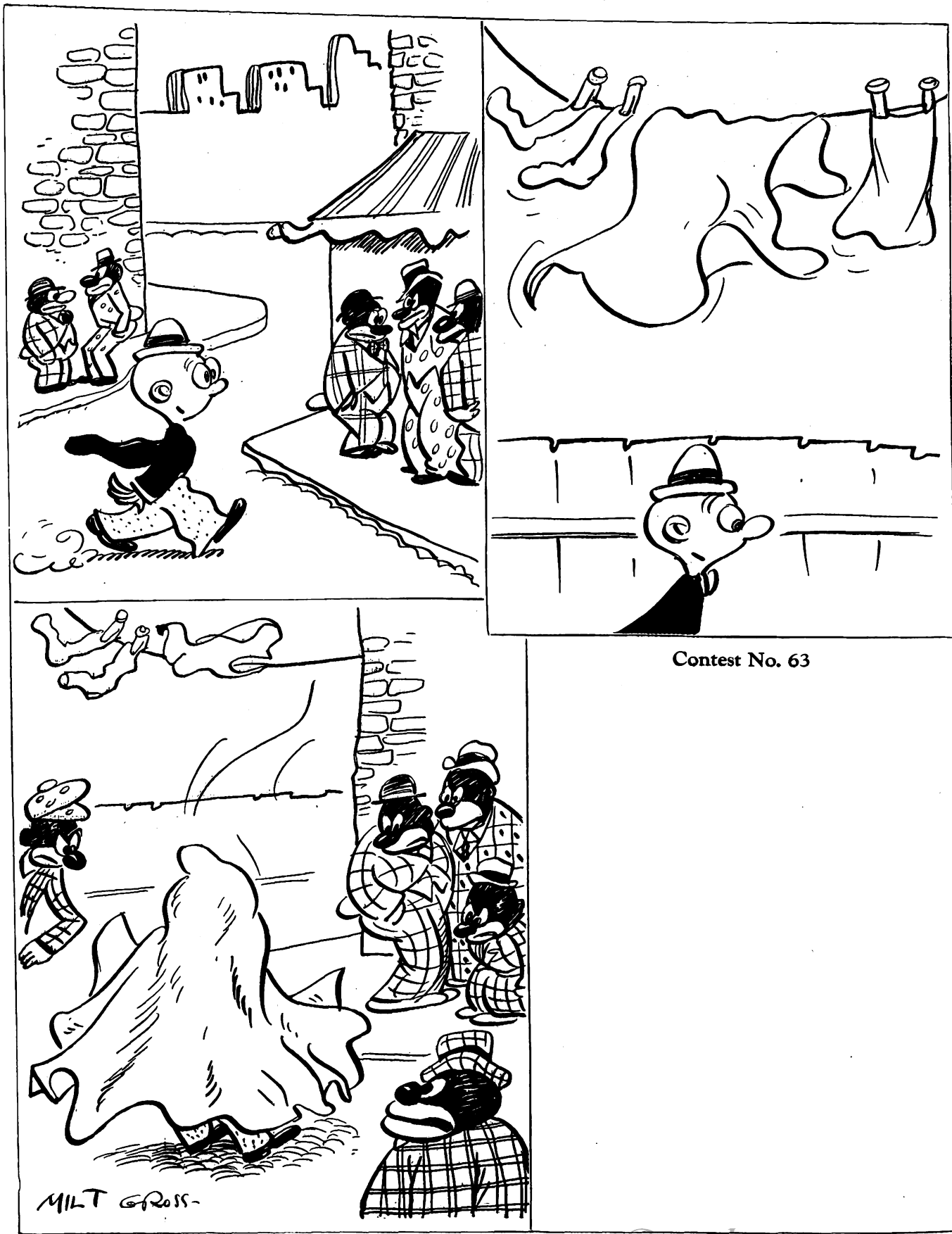
Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes October 18. Winning ending appears in the issue of November 6.



Contest No. 63

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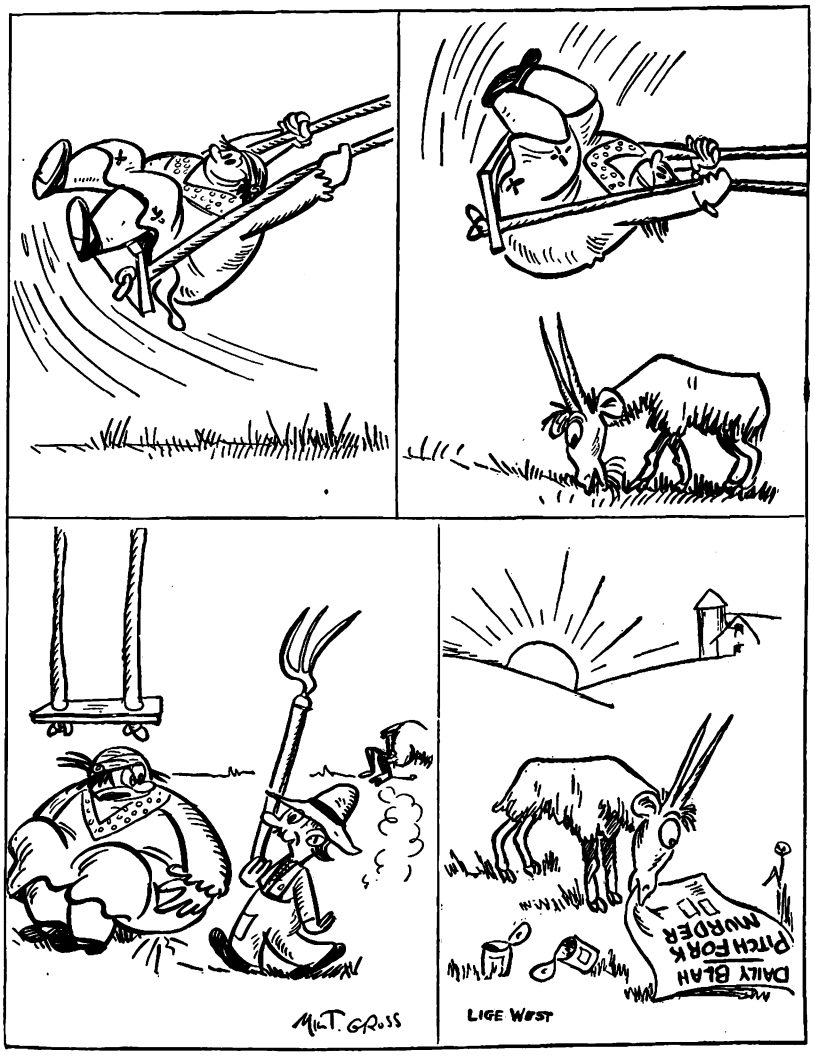
Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 59



Lige M. West, Poteau, Okla.

Runners Up

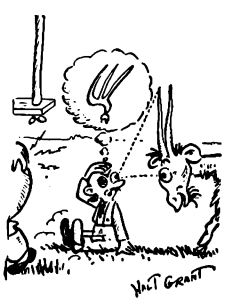
Riley Johnston, Wabash, Ind.

Paul L. Boeshore, Robesonia, Pa.

Wm. G. Mortimer, London, Ont., Canada.

M. G. Hyman, Cleveland, O.

Herbert Heyel, Port Chester, N. Y.



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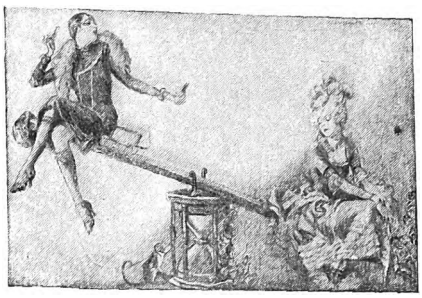

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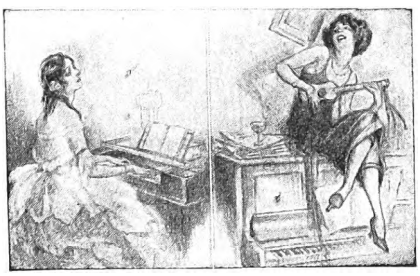

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"The Curse of Drink"	25 cents each

JUDGE
ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 WEST 43d STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

You Know Not What You Ask

DEAR W. M. H.: Want to know what I'd do if I were you, W. M. H.? I'd stop going to the movies. What are you trying to do—ruin your own life? If the movies affected me as they do you I know darn well I'd cease going to them. I think I'd get a job peddling pencils before I'd do anything that annoyed me as the films seem to annoy you.

Personally, I like them. I've gone to the movies off and on for the last twelve years, and I still like them. But then perhaps I have a singularly innocent mind. For instance, after seeing a silly movie I don't leave the theater positively nauseated. I simply feel bored. I can't see all the cheapness and dirt that your eagle eye can discern. Can it be possible, W. M. H., that, like the censor, you are looking for it? Not being a highbrow (I don't pepper my conversation with such words as stink, tripe, rape, etc.) and not caring a great deal for realism (by realism I mean love without marriage, murder, etc.), I find myself quite a movie fan. Then again perhaps the reason that I enjoy the films is that I am of a newer school than you. I'm not a member of the bigoted class that still thinks the stage superior to the moving pictures.

Now, of course, my opinions about the movies don't interest you much, and I don't expect them to. I'm just writing this letter to beg you to discontinue going to the movies. I'm too tender-hearted to stand reading your suffering remarks about them, and being an admirer of the jokes in JUDGE, and in fact everything else printed therein, I *will* read the movie reviews, and every time it gives me the blues. Won't you have a heart, W. M. H., and spare me, and incidentally give yourself a little happiness? *A Movie Fan*
San Francisco, Cal.
Aug. 27, 1926.

"Wafer Goofs"

WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON:

DEAR SIR: Anent your article "South of the Rio Grande" in the current JUDGE, would say regarding your communication from "Hap Haller of Big Creek, Cal.," that he uses the expression "wafer goofs," as applied to papal adherents because of the form of bread used at their communion.

Not being a Catholic but an Episcopalian, which is but a step removed, and as we use the same form I think I am right. The bread is of a composition like fish food and is of wafer type about the size of a twenty-five cent piece.

Your statement that it is not this country's battle is quite right, and I think we should do well to keep our hands off. Sincerely yours,
Hartford, Conn. *Malcolm J. Taylor*
Aug. 21, 1926.

Just In Time

DEAR W. M. H.: If I wait another moment I think I'll burst. I simply have to write and thank you for giving us Catholics a chance.

You're about the first one in history who has ever given us an even break, but we are still here and going strong!

And believe me we appreciate your broad-mindedness.

As far as Paul A. Johnson is concerned—and a few more like him who hide their true characters under a pretended patriotism—we should worry. And if there is any exiling to be done, let's organize and get busy—and Africa isn't hot enough for persons of their caliber!

Last week J. T. Allen, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, suggested exposing the falseness of "Romanism." His assertion was too silly for words.

There is an old adage which runs, "Ignorance is the root of all evil," to which we might add: Bigotry is a synonym for ignorance.

As for Prohibition, it's easy for him to approve of the Eighteenth Amendment in Rio de Janeiro. Would he feel the same in the U. S. A.? We wonder. Again thanks.
Cuba, N. Y. *Jean Arlea*
Aug. 27, 1926.

Coming!

DEAR JUDGE: I have missed you. One week without it and I thought of the renewal. Please do continue to send JUDGE. Don't change it. Listen to the growls and comments, but let free speech go on. Mr. Houghton is O. K., also Judge, Jr., has a kick in every receipt. Regards,
Edgartown, Mass. *Harold B. Batcheller*
Aug. 21, 1926.

Our Funniest Feature

DEAR JUDGE: I am seeking information. I have read JUDGE for seven years. I'm still reading it. Sufficient. Now would you mind telling me if the letters in the Judge for Yourself column are actually written and sent in to you by pleased or displeased subscribers, or are they edited by you? In my humble opinion that column is just about the funniest thing in your paper. If one of your staff is editing it I would like to know his name, for he is surely a genius.

If, however, they are bona-fide letters, it would seem that a great many of our fellow-citizens would have to be taken to a hospital and undergo Cæsarian operations if they are ever to give birth to an original thought. The editorials of W. M. H., loaded as they are with wit and straight thinking, make an educational dose which your present critics in boyhood days used to receive a quarter for to take from their parents' hand a teaspoonful every two hours.

Believe me, sir, when I say that I enjoy every one of your issues from cover to cover and especially the remarks of G. J. N. and W. M. H. For the latter's benefit I might add that a good many members of the Senate who took part in the recent liquor investigations fit in with the saying of a bachelor friend of mine, "All women, each and every one of them, are absolutely alike, only some are worse."

Looking forward to the next copy,
Easton, Pa. *George F. Coffin, Jr.*
Aug. 22, 1926.

[ED. NOTE—We should like to claim credit for the letters, but truth compels us to admit that every one is genuine.]

Signor Profundo, before signing the lease of his new residence, tests the acoustic properties of the bathroom —*London Opinion*

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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 SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

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I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 550,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

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Judge

OCTOBER 16, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

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SHOCKING DISCLOSURES

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MEN who have always been accustomed to the finest in living—maintain their high standard and yet live within their budget at the Allerton Club Residences.

Here are business and professional men (mostly from college) who want an atmosphere of quiet and refinement together with prices that fit their present income.

A carefully selected personnel. Real rest rooms, reading rooms, completely equipped exercise rooms. All the advantages club life affords—at a price that makes it convenient for the man on his way to the top.

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(*For the Football Season*)
HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1926

TUNNEY FALLS DOWN

SHORTLY after his Philadelphia victory, Gene Tunney promised to appear at a benefit performance held in the New York Hippodrome but failed to show up. This is the first indication we have had that he is a true champion.

THE Oyster Growers and Dealers Association advertise that Napoleon Bonaparte ate oysters before every battle. It might also be pointed out that the Battle of Waterloo was fought in a month that does not have an R.

OVERHEATING in the press room of the New York *Times* recently caused a roll of paper to ignite. Undoubtedly this was caused by printing one of Mr. Coolidge's fiery, issue-meeting speeches.

TRAFFIC PROBLEM PROBED

ACCORDING to a series of articles recently published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the late Mr. Burbank was successful in crossing nearly every sort of fruit with some other variety. So far, however, no one has been able to successfully cross a state highway with any degree of safety.

WORLD FLAYS JUDGE

JUDGE recently made the statement that Kipling didn't know blondes when he wrote "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and F. P. A. of the New York *World* commented that Kipling had no corner on ignorance. We wish to assure our readers that this was a proofreader's mistake. We knew all the time that Shakespeare wrote it.

G. O. P. SINGS BATTLE HYMN

ACCORDING to the New York *World*, a female vocalist sang a piece at the opening of the Republican Convention in New York, which was unfamiliar to the entire audience. The chances are that it was one of those old-time harmonies.

AN English professor of languages says that Greek may some day become the universal language. A great many of us are already familiar with such words as bodder tust, rust biff, grep frut, and bulla zoup.

SINGERS HIT HIGH SEAS

A MUSIC critic claims that Prohibition has caused a large number of American opera singers to migrate to Europe. Even so this hardly justifies the Eighteenth Amendment.

NEARSIGHTED HUSBAND—*Mary! The length of the skirts you wear is becoming positively silly!*

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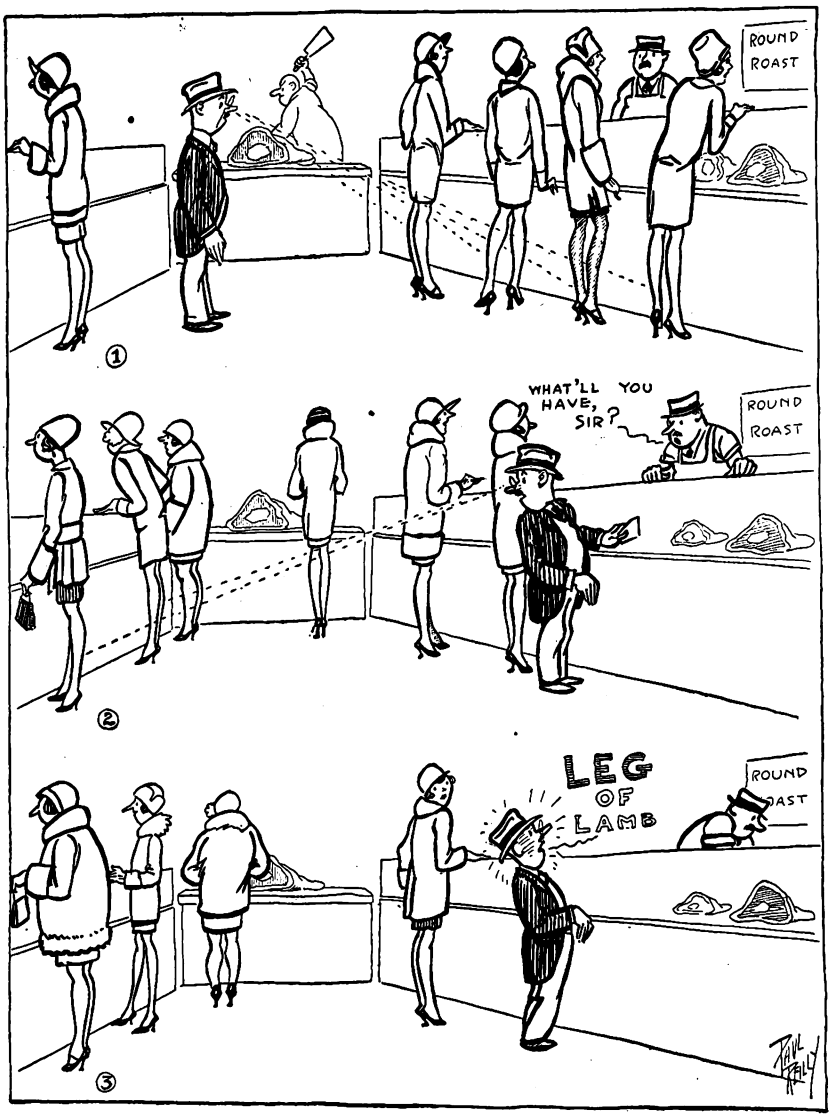

THAT'S ALL VERY WELL

But he was sent for a pound of pork chops.

Have a Song on Your Lips

HAVE a song on your lips when you wake up at dawn,
And sing it to all who will hear you;
For a song on your lips will, much more than a yawn,
Draw all of your fellowmen near you.

Have a song on your lips when you go down to work,
And sing it to all who would meet you;
Have a song on your lips, and a new light will lurk
In the eyes of each fellow to greet you.

Have a song on your lips through the whole happy day,
For you're quite free to sing it, by law;
Have a song on your lips, it's the easiest way
To go out with a sock in the jaw.

Carroll Carroll

The safest way to cross Broadway at Forty-second street is in an airplane.

Somewomentalkthewaythislinelooks.

Toastmaster—Let us all join in the chorus of that old song revamped: "My Blondey Dyes Over the Lotion."

Stroking the Wrong Way

First Golfer—Well, and how are you hitting them to-day?

Second—Dammit, everything is at sixes and sevens.

The girl with perfect limbs doesn't need a family tree to get along on.

"I have a friend who is sick and tired of living alone."

"What does he expect to do for it—get married?"

"No. He intends to get a divorce."

WIFE—*I got the recipe for this pudding over the radio, to-day.*
HUB (*tasting it*)—*Ugh! Doggone that static!*

CRAWFORD YOUNG

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Talk About Trouble

HEY you! Waddya thin kye blewwa wissel fer? To amusa kids? Gotta noshunna slipya tickut!

I wonder where I can buy some life insurance.

My sweetheart says she'd like to go to Chicago to the Army-Navy game.

Have a drink of this gin. Picked it up for sixty cents a quart.

Well, I guess I'll turn on the radio.

Henry, what's this blonde hair doing on your lapel?

What I think I need is a machine.

Here comes my wife.

My son's learning to play the saxophone.

We've opened charge accounts at all the good stores.

It's twins. *Carroll Carroll*

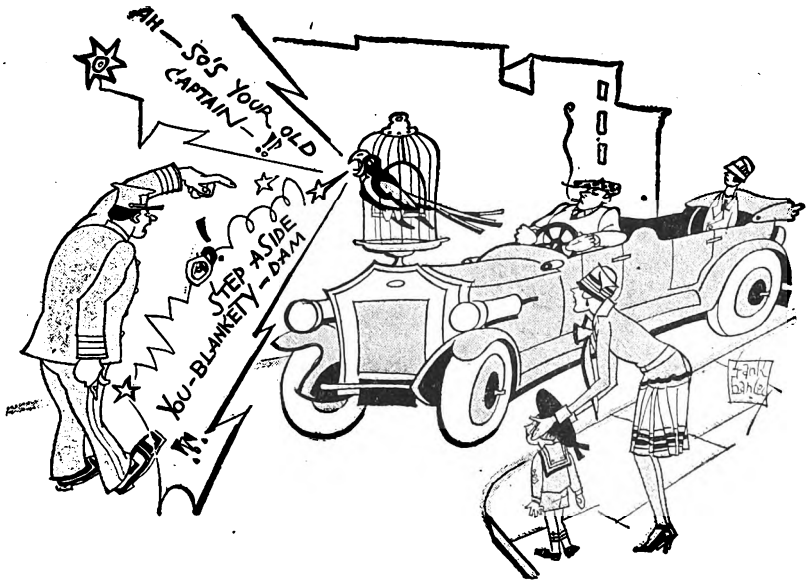
Ten Original Alibis for Losing Football Teams

1. Our players have a highly developed sense of color. The yellow of the opposing team's socks clashed so badly with our own orange pink that of course our team just *couldn't* play its best.

2. The ball wasn't properly inflated.

3. Our president's third cousin's aunt died the day before. Team overcome with grief and badly off its game.

Right up here, gents! Get these real art photos, three for a quarter, seven for a half dollar! Say, gents, have you heard the one about Ernie and his mother? It's a wow! It seems Ernie said to his mother, "Hey, ma, I bet you can't tell me what's always in fashion!" Mrs. Gookie finished her ironing and turned to her son. "Well, what?" she inquired, her honest old face wreathed in smiles. "The letter 'f'!" shot back Ernie. They carried him out on a shutter.



A radiator decoration that is more than a decoration. Pass your most unpopular cop and enjoy it.

4. Lost purposely. Team had been winning so long that the attendance was falling off—like Connie Mack's Athletics in their prime.

5. Spectators insisted on cheering, and the team couldn't hear the signals.

6. Lost in order to deceive chief rival to be played at end of season.

7. Our best players remained in their rooms to study.

8. The game was fixed.

9. Our men trained in the South Sea Islands and are only used to playing in the rain.

10. The other team was better. (Yes, we said "original.")

Parke Cummings

In this day of prevalent divorces it seems that most of the courting is done after marriage.

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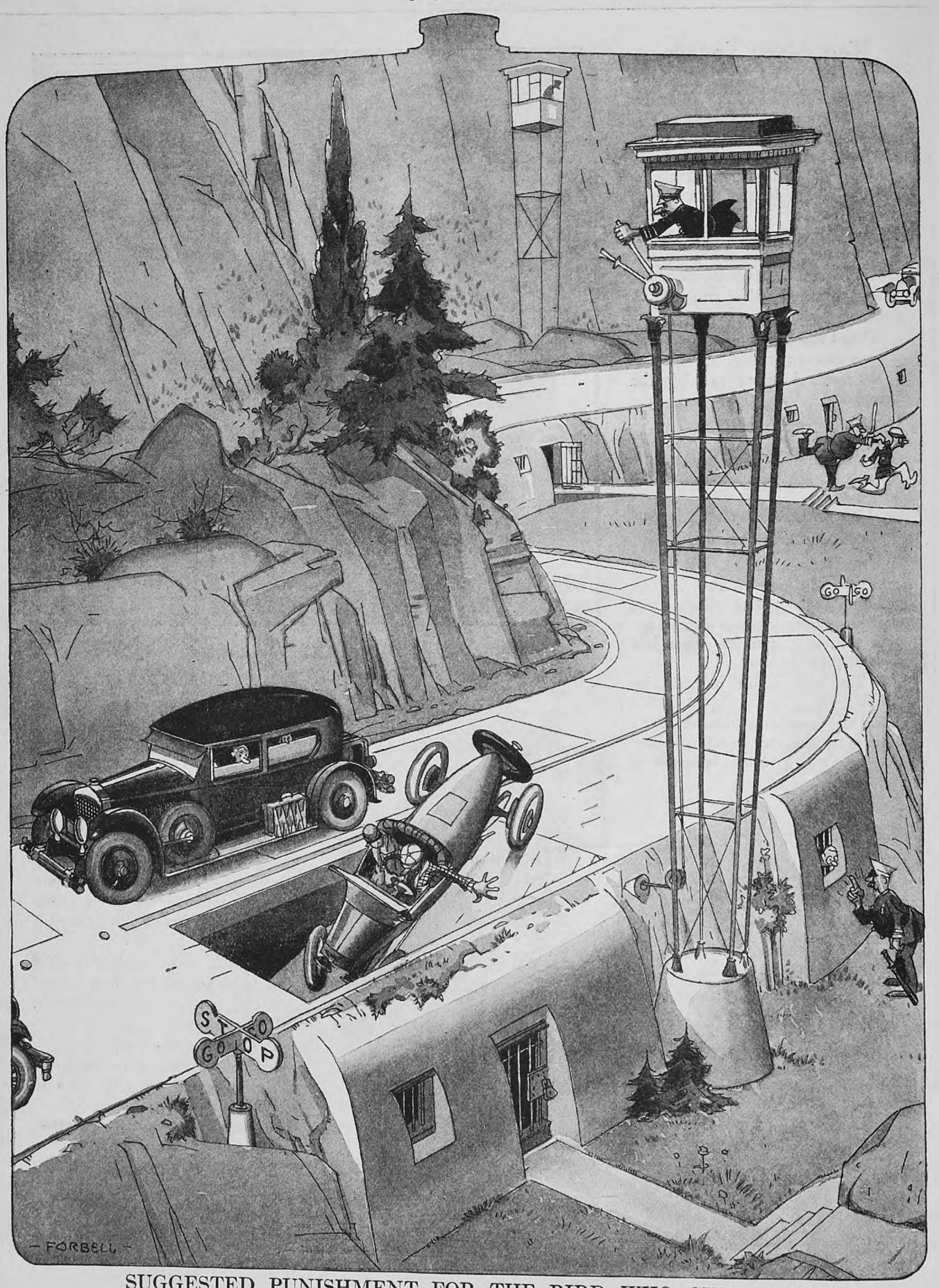

SUGGESTED PUNISHMENT FOR THE BIRD WHO CUTS OUT

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DRUGGIST—*Yes, Louie is expensive and temperamental, but he's worth it—the only soda jerker in the country who can juggle the "Rainbow Milk Malt."*

The Automobile Klaxon—Its Uses and Abuses

THE automobile klaxon is a mechanical noise-making device, constructed in just the opposite manner from a fall-apart cuff button. It has also been termed, in various languages, a hellish thing. The thing that makes it go is a fool.

A lot of people who own automobiles never know where the klaxon is located. Their only interest seems to be the whereabouts of the button which lets it loose.

The uses of the klaxon are quite varied.

A man uses it principally when in front of the house, to signal to his wife at intervals of every thirty seconds, which means, "For God's sake, hurry up!"

A woman uses it to signal to any other woman on a busy downtown street.

It is especially fine for your neighbor's sleeplessness, particularly if it is used loudly and stridently after he has gone to sleep.

In the matter of expressing unqualified disgust for the humble flivver at the head of the long line of cars, which it is holding up, the klaxon is ideal. More so, when it is reinforced by several other klaxons. It is also very good when used on weddings, New Year's Eve, Election Night, the Fourth of July and other convivial occasions.

The klaxon should never, under any circumstances, be used for the following purposes:

To signal the car in front that your car desires to pass.

To sound off in compliance with instructions of automobile club signs at curves and dangerous intersections.

To gently warn pedestrians aside. That's not the way to make them jump.

To warn children, at play in the street, that a car is coming.

The foregoing instructions, if carefully followed, will result in long life for your klaxon. Your life doesn't matter.

Marion E. Burns

CHILDHOOD SWEETHEARTS OR LOVES YOUNG DREAM

Miss Gimblefinger, was having a free feed with a drummer. They were having mushrooms and the drummer says, "Ha! These mushrooms are tiny! Why, where I come from the mushrooms are as large as plates and grow at the foot of trees!" A dead silence, and then Miss Pussy to the rescue: "Yeh, but where I come from, the trees grow at the foot of mushrooms!"

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Mr. Mitchit Blocks Traffic

MR. MITCHIT stood with his hand on the door of the taxi, endeavoring to decide whether he should engage a cab or not. If it were going to rain, he would be caught in it and if he were caught in it he would get his old hat wet and then his wife would say, "the same thing would have happened if you had worn your new hat. That's five dollars thrown away," and be cross for the rest of the night.

Still, maybe it wouldn't rain. And then the money would be wasted. So Mr. Mitchit considered with one hand on the handle of the taxi's door.

After twenty minutes the driver turned his head and spoke to him:

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but did you notice the girl with the red hair who just went by?"

"You've broken my train of thought," said Mr. Mitchit.

"She was very pretty," said the taxi driver.

"I don't think so," said Mr. Mitchit.

"You didn't see her," said the taxi driver.

"No, but I had a cousin who was a judge in a beauty contest once."

"Where?" asked the driver jealously.

"Davenport, Ioway," said Mr. Mitchit.

"Humph!" snorted the taxi driver contemptuously. "Missouri raises more mules in a minute than Ioway does in a month."

Mr. Mitchit debated whether to slap the taxi driver's face or get a chocolate soda. This gave Mr. Mitchit two matters to consider.

An hour went by. Mr. Mitchit had got as far as "M is for Mummies" when a traffic cop appeared.

"You're blocking traffic," he shouted at Mr. Mitchit.

Mr. Mitchit turned. There was a line of vehicles as far back as the eye could see. As far back as two eyes could see, really. The policeman, strangely enough, was telling the truth. Astounding, thought Mr. Mitchit. And as though divining Mr. Mitchit's thought, the policeman said:

"I promised my mother on her deathbed."

"Thanks," said Mr. Mitchit, adding wisely, "after all it is only the cynic who really suffers."

"What are you going to do about this traffic jam?" asked the cop.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Mitchit, piteously.

"He has a brother in Davenport, Ioway," ventured the driver.

"Good!" said the cop with the first real enthusiasm he had displayed, "that makes it easy."

"It's only a cousin," said Mr. Mitchit.

The traffic cop burst into tears and had to be led away.

"He had a cousin once," explained a fellow officer who had just come up from the Battery.

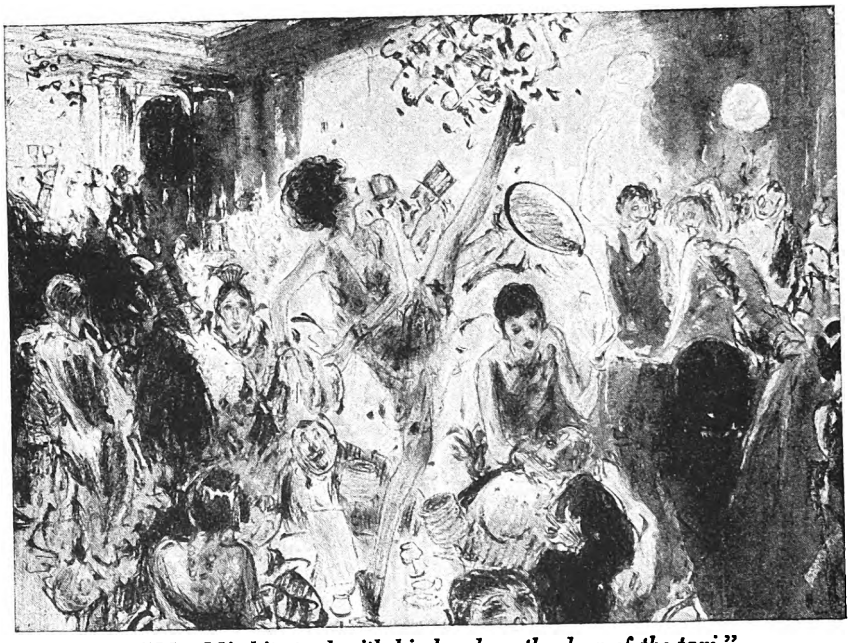
"She married some one else?" inquired Mr. Mitchit, tenderly.

"No," said the fellow officer, "they were twins."

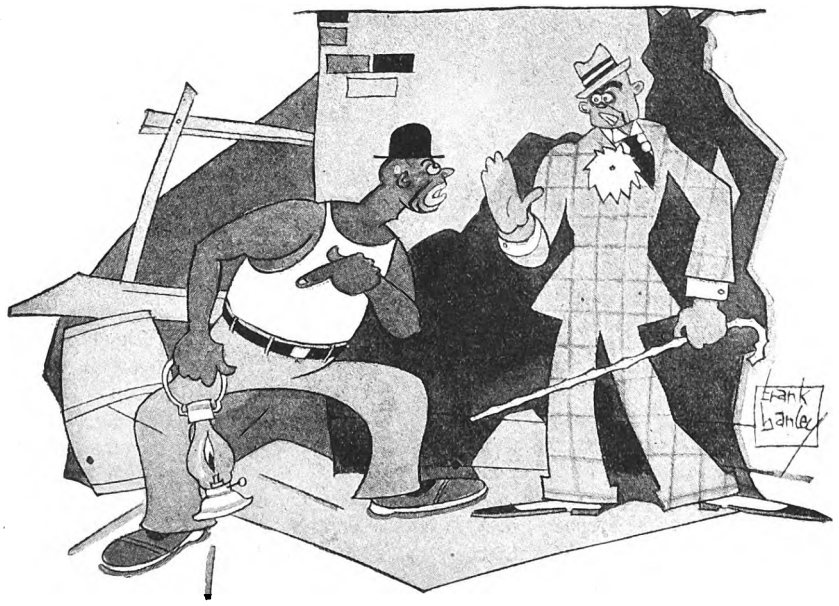
The jam grew momentarily worse and worse.

"All we need now is a subway tie-up," giggled a girl whose skirts

(*Continued on page 28*)



"Mr. Mitchit stood with his hand on the door of the taxi."



"Man you better travel. Where dere's dynamite dey hangs a red light—and you will observe a crimson lantern attached to dis wing."

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So far as Evolution goes, we can perfectly easily understand how—

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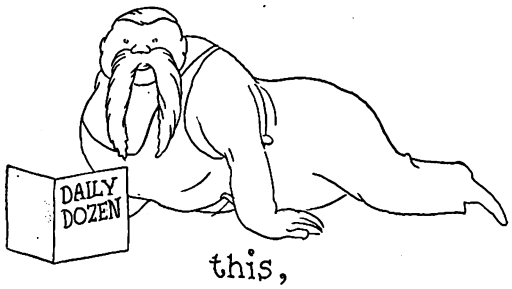

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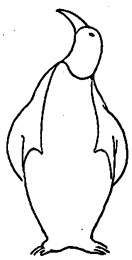

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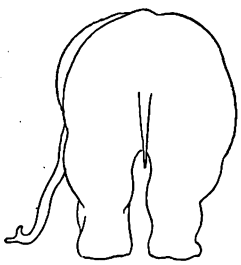

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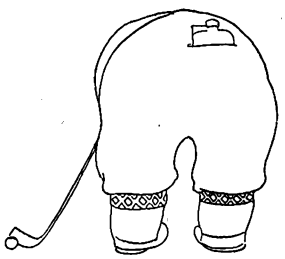

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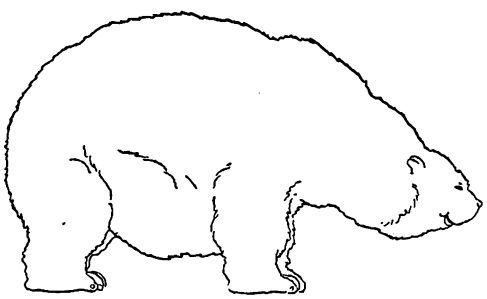

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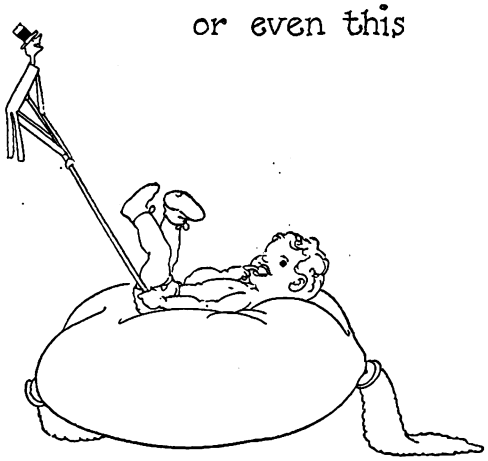

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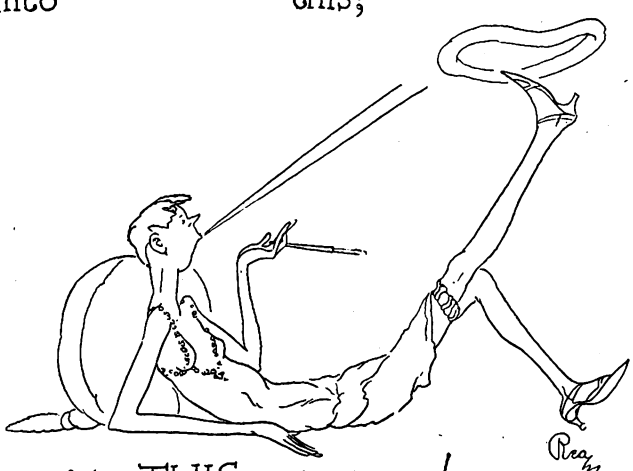

turns into THIS.....beats us!

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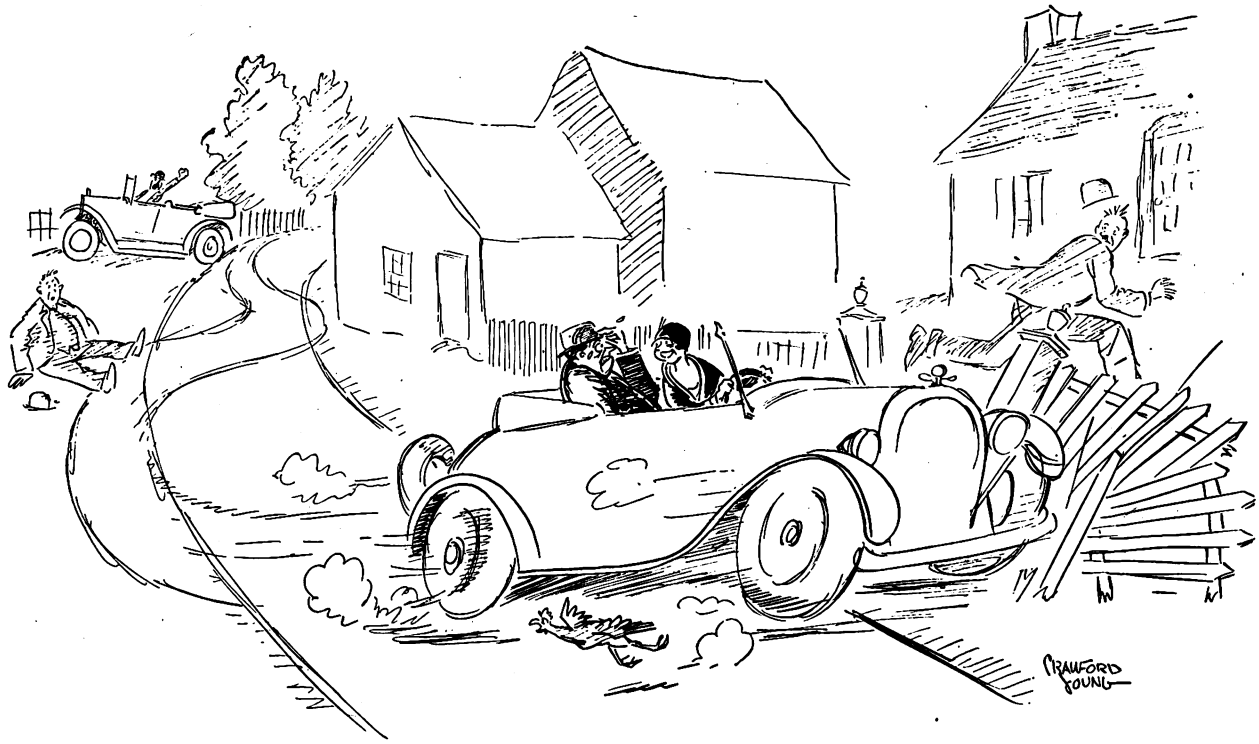
Regrettable position of an actress who has just written a lovely blurb about pipe smoking.



SHE—*Harry! You've ridden ten minutes and haven't said how you like my new car.*

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His Busy Day

"Sorry, young man, but I can't look over your samples today," said Wendell Marsh, owner of the Marsh Dry Goods Emporium of Centreville, "I got a Chamber of Commerce meetin' at nine-thirty and after that, the executive committee of the Civic Improvement League is convenin'. You see, I'm chairman of the league. At noon the Rotary Club meets up at the hotel and I got to hustle through luncheon in order to be on hand at the one o'clock session of the Main Street Merchants' Association. Can't give much time to that, either, for the Better Business Bureau of the Board of Trade has a gatherin' to discuss ways of increasin' business at two-thirty—"

"I could see you—"

"Soon as that meetin's over, I'm due at the monthly convention of the County Retailers, and I got to rush some in order to get back for the Good Will Federation Get-together late this afternoon. You see, I'm pretty much tied down here. A fellow's got to keep his nose pretty close to the grindstone nowadays, and I just can't spare the time to look over your samples. Drop in on your next trip."

Arthur L. Lippmann

IT'S A TOUGH NIGHT ON SAILORS SAID OLD ARCHY AS HE RUSHED BY.

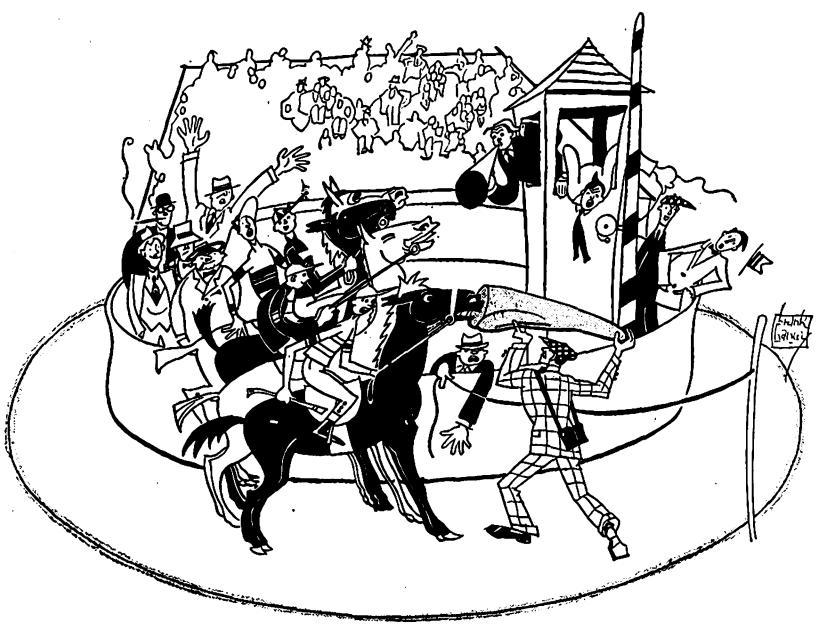
HAVE YOU HAD YOUR CHANNEL SWIM TO-DAY?

Munroe Winefinger, 12, of the Bronx, is the handiest boy in his troop. Say, people, you should have seen the radio set he made out of an old piece of ham and two forks! Well, here is a clever one from Munroe: He was in a crowd and he happened to bump into a rather pretty girl. "Say," demanded the lass, "who you shovin', who you shovin' anyway?" "How should I know?" countered Munroe, rolling his eyes, "We never been introduced, have we?" This effectually silenced the girl, though she told reporters later that she wished she had crowned Munroe then and there.

FUNNYBONES

Italy may be said to be dictated but not red.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed



Follower of a pony, that always loses by a nose, has false konk made to fit his favorite.

Process Patented

(*All infringements will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.*)

Would you like to enjoy your Sunday motor ride?

Would you like to be able to set your own pace on a road free from traffic?

Would you like to avoid narrow escapes from having other drivers cutting in and trying to beat you to your destination?

Would you like to avoid detours?

Would you like to get away from the ride beggars who silently make their request by jerking a thumb in the direction you are going?

Would you like to find abundant parking space when you reach your journey's end?

Would you?

Just drive your car to church.

Bill Sykes

Prohibition Note

Get the best of liquor or it will get the best of you.

A pessimist is an optimist who endeavored to practice what he preached.

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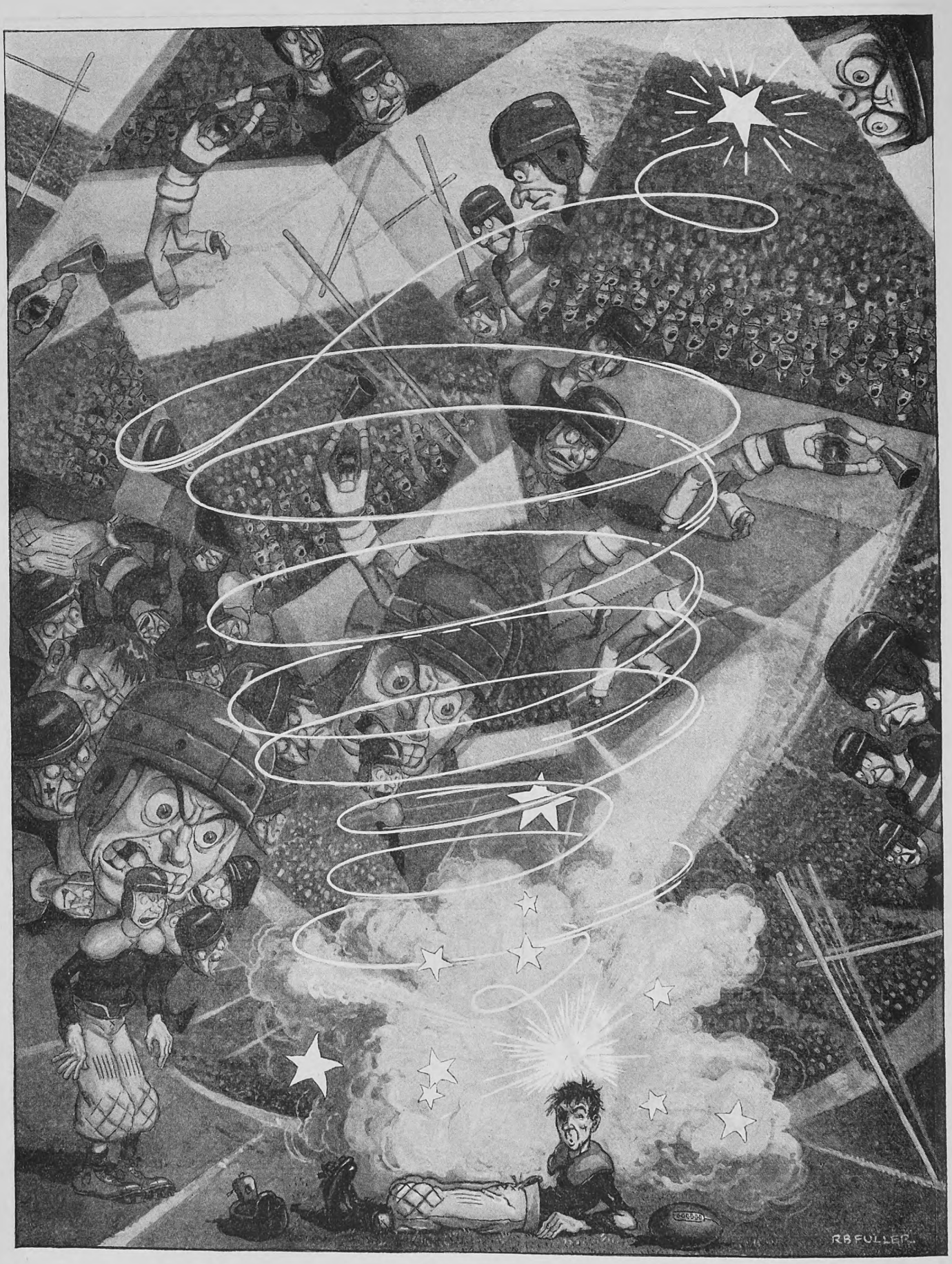

"TIME OUT!"

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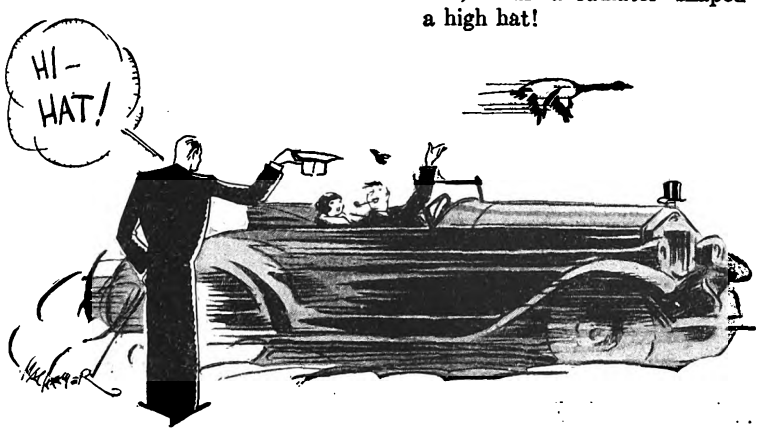
HIGH HAT

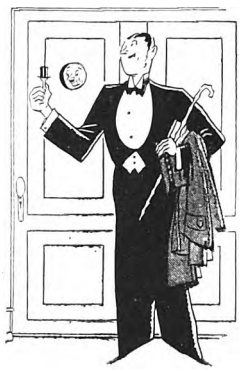
Some bright morning, Gentle Readers, you are going to stare at the newspaper over your coffee cup and read a screaming headline something like this: YOUNG HARVARD STUDENT MURDERED IN HIS SLEEP BY JUDGE, JR.! . . . this bird Van Phelan, who got up the brilliant idea of a High Hat Club, has practically ruined my young life . . . three extra postmen have been

added to this route to take care of High Hat Club mail, and I've had to hire two extra secretaries to handle the correspondence . . . instead of ducking out of the office about three o'clock, as usual, I have to stay and write Eddie Zilch of Chillicothe and inform him that the High Hat Club is not a fact as yet, and that I can't pass on his application for membership because I haven't anything to do with the darn thing anyway! . . . My public seems to think all they've got to do is send in a postal and they are members!

According to these birds who have waxed enthusiastic over the club idea, the High Hat key would just about open anything in the city, and the possessor of it would be popular no end with the fair sex . . . Well, mebbe so, mebbe so . . . they've fallen for worse bunk than that! . . . . However, some of the suggestions have been interesting enough to have illustrated, and if the Club ever should see the light of day, or rather — evening, they actually might work . . . for example, the High Hat radiator cap, suggested by a Princeton lad who signs himself M.U.M.! . . . "Mac" didn't do a very good job on it so don't judge by the illustration! . . . We are now ready for price quotations from radiator cap manufacturers! . . . And why doesn't some bright automobile manufacturer get out a High Hat Car, with a radiator shaped like a high hat!



Some "DT" from Cornell, (you might know it was from Cornell!) suggests that we arrange with the better "speak-easies" not to keep High Hat key holders waiting out in the cold. . . . Now there is a constructive idea! . . . He also goes on to suggest that Night Club proprietors might waive the cover charge for members. . . . I'll bet that lad believes in Santa Claus! . . . however, it probably could be fixed at that so that they'd get ringside tables and extra special attraction.



The prize thought comes from Bill J. Jr. of Yale, no less, who says it would be great if hotels would cash checks for key holders. . . . Hot diggedy dog! It sure would, Bill!. . . . I'll speak to the Governor about it right away!

Judge Jr.

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"YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY, GRIDLEY!"

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

Our President

MAYBE it was Mr. Kerney's eloquent article about Al Smith in the September *Scribner's*. Maybe it was the notion that an intimate glimpse of the homely interior of the presidential mind, like a whiff of the bread that mother used to bake, would afflict with nostalgia those Republicans now straying after strange Democratic gods. Whatever it was that inspired the Bruce Barton interview with Calvin Coolidge, the interview itself was a master stroke.

In the first place, it was not stenographic. No doubt it faithfully paraphrased the President's words and had his official sanction, but Bruce Barton wrote it, and Mr. Barton is one of the most talented advertising men in the country. "No man," to quote a shrewd estimate of him, "is his equal in assaying the middle-class mind and directing an appeal to it."

Secondly, it was not syndicated in the usual manner—that is to say, manifolded and sent direct to the various newspaper offices. Instead, it was sent to the Associated Press to become an item in their regular service. This assured its publication not only in every neck of Uncle Samuel's woods but in all the opposition as well as the Administration papers. Rather 'cute for such a simple, up-country lad as our Cal, *n'est pas?* Or do you think it was all Bruce Barton's doing?

* * * * *

BUT what about the substance of the interview? One of the most revealing parts of it to us is that in which Calvin mentions his boyhood ambition to be a storekeeper. The interview at this point runs as follows:

> "Did you have the usual boy's ambition to be a policeman or a railroad engineer?" I asked.
> "Living in the country, I did not have much knowledge of railroad engineers or policemen," he answered. "As I now recall it, I had always rather hoped that I might keep store when I grew up."

This should be bracketed with Calvin's hero-worship of George Washington. In this same interview he mentions Washington as his favorite historical character, and you may recall the speech he made over a year ago in Cambridge, Mass., about Washington. In this speech he showed an intimate acquaintance with the Father of His Country, derived from a close study of original sources, that astonished the country. Now, Washington had in marked degree some of the qualities that make a storekeeper. "I doubt," writes W. E. Woodward in a current biography of Washington (running serially in *The Nation*), "if we can find in history any other character of the first importance who had a passion for counting equal to that of George Washington. During his whole life he kept his eye on the *number* of things. Every penny he owned and every foot of land was set down, over and over again, in the most orderly and meticulous manner. . . ."

Who can doubt that George Washington's flair for bookkeeping is the trait that tips the scales for him in the estimation of the man who, as a little boy, "always rather hoped" that he might keep store when he grew up? Who can doubt that such a man, becoming President, would make his mark as a reducer of taxes and a guardian of the budget? Little George, according to Mr. Woodward, "loved arithmetic as many another boy has loved Shelley." How about little Calvin?

* * * * *

WE hesitate for humanitarian reasons to pursue further the comparison between our first President and our latest. But we can't refrain from paying Calvin a tribute which, whatever his merits and defects—whatever the ultimate estimate of his contribution to the sum of national progress and human happiness—seems to us to be richly deserved, the more obviously so since this interview. Calvin has had the courage to be himself. This is no mean virtue even in those whom nature has favored above the ordinary. It approaches the sublime in Calvin. And this courage with him is not merely a negative thing; he may be said to feature his unimpressive personality somewhat as Hester Prynne did her scarlet letter.

Expert observers of the political scene have never ceased to ask what makes the man popular, so lacking he seems in all the vote getting qualities. The answer lies in the fact that he has always been conspicuously content to be merely Calvin Coolidge. The people have a curious affection for something genuine however humble—often the humbler the better.

Millennial Note

FLORIDA relief workers recently made an appeal to the country for whisky. But the Prohibition Commissioner in Washington pointed out that since the Federal law strictly forbids the interstate shipment of whisky for non-medicinal purposes and the Florida law prohibits the distribution of medicinal liquor the victims of the hurricane will have to go without. Of course, if they want to, they can get plenty of synthetic stuff to ease their sufferings, poisoned by the Government. *W. M. H.*

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JUDGE'S FAIRY TALES FOR TIRED CLUBMEN

Jack and the Beanstalk

IN reply to the many letters received on this subject, would say that the plots used in these stories are original with the writer and based on his childhood experiences and have never been used in the movies.

So once upon a time there was a widow and her son Jack living in a cottage on Long Island and at the time this story opens they were living off a cow which gave them everything they wanted, even steam heat in the cold weather; but one day an inspector came along and found out that the cow wasn't contented, so he told them they would have to sell it. The old dame sent her son Jack to the market with it and while he was moping along the road he met an old gent who offered to trade him a can of magic pork and beans which he said was worth twice as much as the cow. So Jack, who was little better than a half-wit, went through with the deal and when he got home the old lady went off into a rage and threw the beans out in the yard, which was practically an invitation for the garbage inspector to give her a ticket.

Jack brings home the pork and beans.

Well, the next morning Jack got up early around noon and went out in the yard. It seems one of the beans had taken root and grown up into the sky. So Jack, who could climb like a monkey and looked a good deal like one, went up the beanstalk and found an arid region like New Jersey on the top. And as soon as he got up there a swell mamma like a Follies girl came over to him and said she was a good fairy and was willing to tell him what had become of his father if he took her out and bought her a gin buck. So Jack took her to a speakeasy around the corner (I guess this must have happened in Hoboken, N. J.), and there she told him that a mean giant which lived across the railroad tracks had bumped off his old man and took away all his private stock and that was why Jack and his mother had to live in the cottage. She advised him to sue the giant and told him where he lived, so Jack kissed her good-by and beat it. After a hard bus ride lasting over an hour, Jack came to the giant's castle and rang the bell. The Giant's wife came to the door.

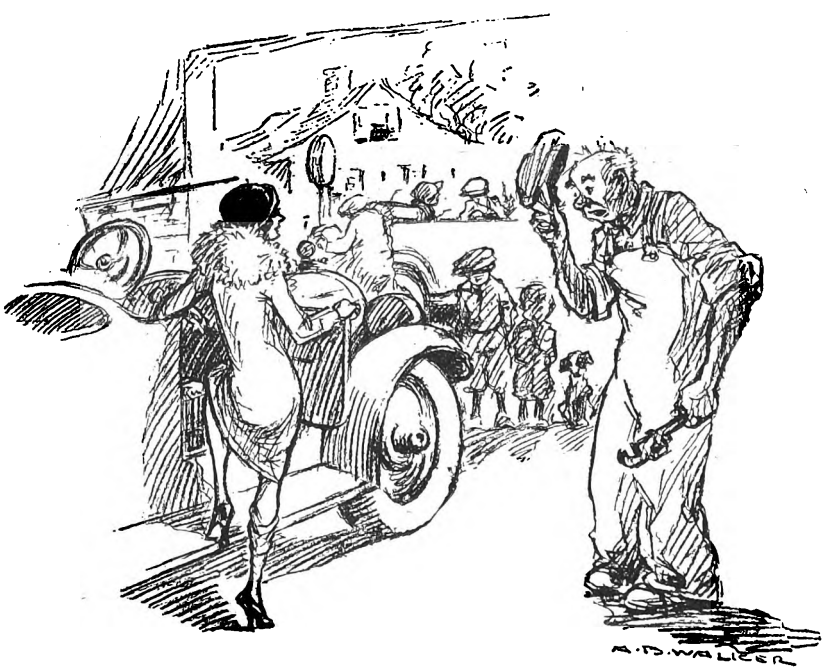
"We don't want no pots and pans today," she says, but Jack told her he wanted some fresh doughnuts and milk as he was kind of fagged. "You better run along," says the wife, "my husband likes kids like you with tomatoes and mayonnaise, and if he finds you here you'll turn into a salad." But she must have liked his looks and she gave him some cornflakes. Then she heard her husband's feet on the stairs, so she hid Jack in the oven. The giant walked in and hung his coat on a nail.

"You forgot to wipe your feet on the mat," says his wife.

"One more like that and I'll bop you on the chin," says the giant tenderly, "bring me that cow you left in the ice-box; "I'm hungry." He ate the cow and a brace of chickens and washed them down with a small barrel of beer. Then he stretched out on a couch for a snooze before dinner. As soon as he fell asleep Jack came out of the oven, as the giant's wife had forgot to turn off the heat when she hid Jack in there.

"That beer must have been needled," thought Jack as he looked at the giant and he started to look around the apartment. He found several bags of gold and took the bus back home. When his mother saw the booty she thought he had robbed a bank. The money helped to pay two installments on a new radio and Jack and his mother both went to the movies every day for a week after.

The next day Jack went up the beanstalk again and come back home with the giant's pet hen which laid fresh golden eggs



"Yes, miss, your car is now all right, but—er—your hose connection is out of order."

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so they ate omelets for a time. But one day while he was snooping around the giant's castle wondering whether he could carry home a pair of brass andirons, the giant saw him and went after him like an office boy to a ball game. You should have seen Jack climb down that there beanstalk with the giant right after him; and just as he got to the bottom Jack grabbed an ax which a small boy handed to him and cut down the stalk. The giant made a noise like a high diver and landed on his nose, out for the count. So Jack and his mother swept him into a corner and called the coroner. Then Jack and his mother opened an orange drink stand and lived happily ever after. This story sounds like it would make a good ad for a canned beans company. *Perelman*

The fiend that yanks the Pullmans at two in the morning after everybody has gotten soundly asleep.

The Business Man

HE PREACHES the doctrine of efficiency—then he eats pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut for lunch.

He thunders that sentiment has no place in business—then he marries his stenographer.

His filing system is wonderful: a place for everything and everything in its place—then he hunts all over the house for a dress shirt.

He belongs to the Chamber of Commerce and boosts his city at luncheons—then he writes indignant letters to the newspapers about local conditions.

He's got no use for the intelligentsia—then, when he makes a million, he becomes the "angel" for little theater movements.

Arthur L. Lippmann

OLD HARVARD, MOTHER OF MAN

Remember the old days at Harvard? The banjo players, fellows strolling arm in arm across the yard, soft songs in the twilight, the gin parties? Gone, all gone. But here is a story to evoke old memories. One of the professors asked in a classroom one day, "Freddie, how do you spell 'ice'?" "I-c-e!" answered Freddie readily. "Good, and now what is 'ice'?" queried the man of learning. "Why, it's water that fell fast asleep!" parried the witty sophomore, and his admiring classmates cheered him with a will. It takes a Harvard man every time to save the day.

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PARADISE

As pictured by a Tabloid Editor.

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This Age of Specialization

"My finger!" shrieked Terrence Smithers, dashing into the office of Dr. Thomas Gray, "I smashed it with a hammer hanging a picture in the living-room. Oh, it hurts so! Doctor, please—"

A pained, aggrieved look suffused Dr. Gray's face. Even his goatee trembled with ill-concealed rage. "My dear sir," he announced, "I specialize solely in diseases of the nose and throat. I cannot handle smashed fingers. Good day."

Across the street Terrence read another sign: "*Irving Robinson, M. D.*" Dashing into Dr. Robinson's waiting-room, he encountered a white-clad, austere-looking nurse. "Have you an appointment with the doctor?" she asked Terrence.

"No. I smashed my finger with a hammer hanging a picture—"

"Doctor Robinson cannot see you. The doctor is an anæsthetist. The exit is this way, please."

"Where can I go?" asked Terrence. "My finger hurts like the dickens."

"Well, let me see. There's Dr. Rice. No, he couldn't take care of you. He's specializing in gastric disturbances. Two doors away is Dr. Boley. Dr. Boley might look at a smashed finger. No, I guess not. He switched over last week from general practice to eye, ear, nose and throat work. Let me think. On the corner is Dr. Brown, but he's doing nothing but cardiac work—heart specialist, you know. There's Dr. ——"

"But my finger!" wailed Terrence, "look it's getting all black and blue." He started to weep. "I want a doctor."

"I wonder if Dr. Russell could take care of you," said the nurse. "I'll phone his office." In a few minutes she returned. "Sorry, but Dr. Russell is devoting all his time to skin troubles. I don't think that Dr. Norris could handle it, while Dr. Jones is doing nothing but appendicitis operations. I'm really sorry. Why don't you let your wife bathe it in witch hazel?"

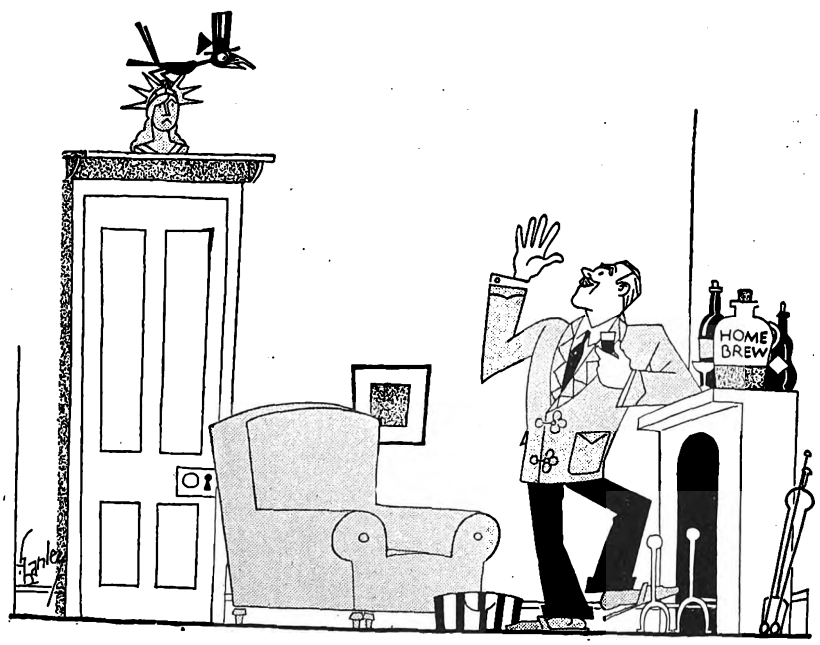
"Might ask her to," said Terrence, gazing at the carpet. "She's specializing in bridge and mah jong and I wonder if she would take the time to bathe a husband's hurt finger."

"No harm in asking," suggested the nurse.

"You don't know my wife," said Terrence.

Curtain. *Arthur L. Lippmann*

How to make a million with a magazine.



Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

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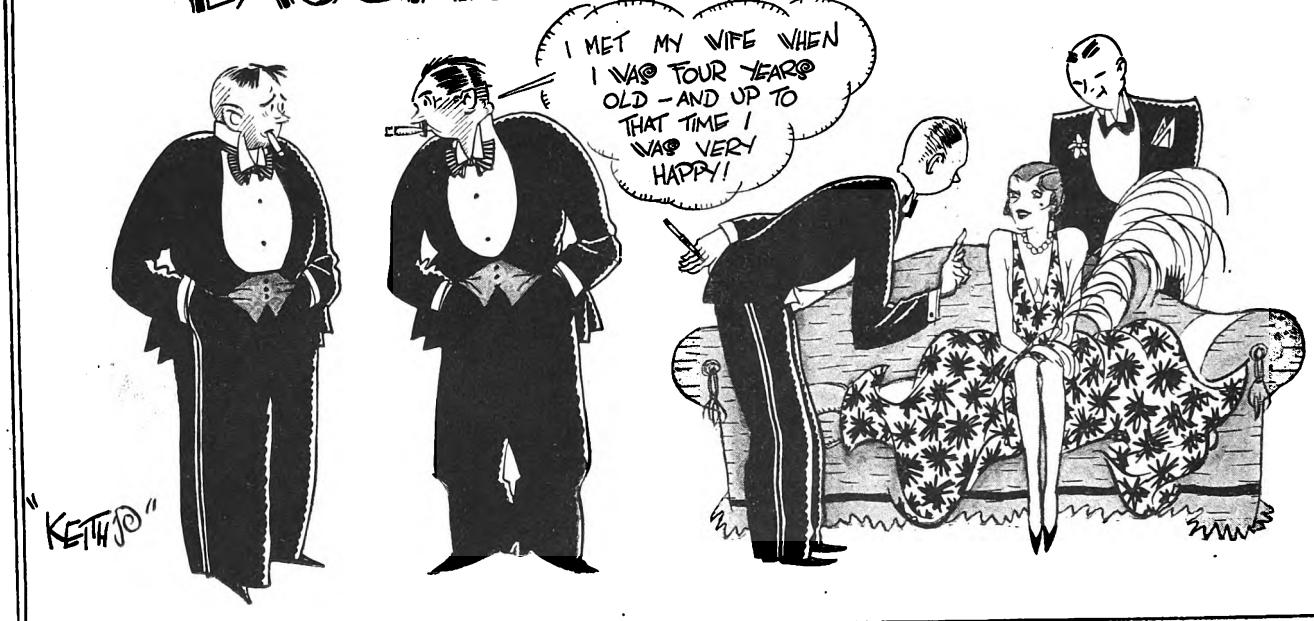
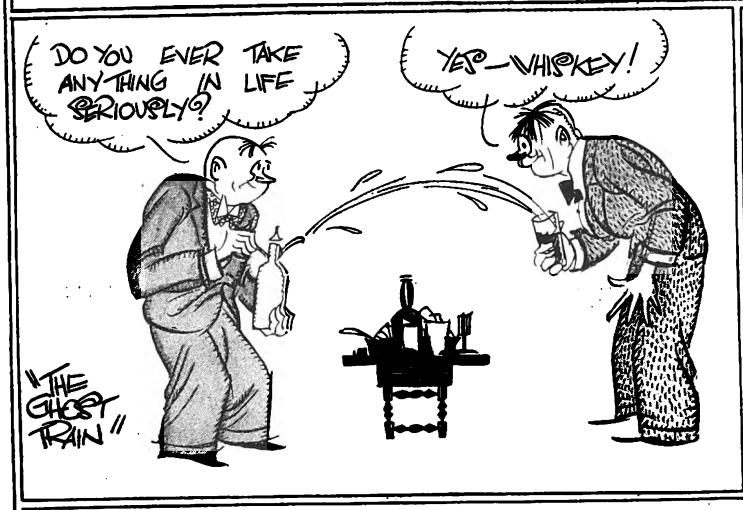
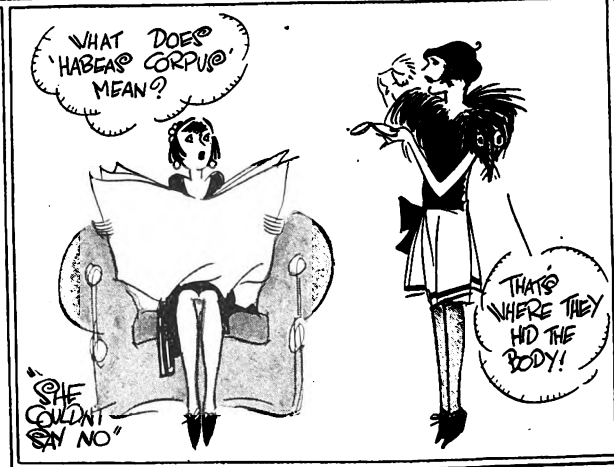
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS







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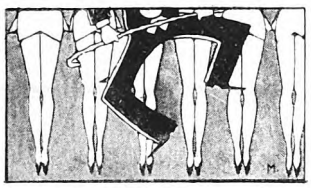
JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan



I

THE humorous resources of JUDGE seem to be inexhaustible. A few weeks ago, I composed a review of "The Donovan Affair," in which I noted that the advertisements of that play took the season's prize for bad grammar. Doubtless believing that my article lacked enough humor for its purposes, JUDGE ordered its copyreader to mess up what I wrote so as to make my review twice as ungrammatical as the advertisements referred to. I understand that the new hat presently to be observed atop JUDGE's editor is a gift from "The Donovan Affair's" press-agent

II

THE big line in "Yellow," the new melodrama produced by George M. Cohan, goes something like this: "When men make a misstep, they can get back on their feet; but when a woman makes one, she can never recover from it. Ninety-nine per cent. of women who have sinned end in the gutter." This remarkable piece of news has come as a terrible shock not only to the layman, but also to the Street Cleaning Department.

The line gives you a sufficient idea of the general nature of the entertainment.

III

THE failure of "Scotch Mist," an English importation, is perhaps to be explained by its relatively calm and cool approach to a theme that is generally handled in the theater in terms of sweetness and light. Patrick Hastings has taken an old-time Pinero problem play and shot sense into it, a procedure apparently distasteful to the rank and file of theatergoers.

"Yellow" (National)—Seduction and a pistol shot.

"Scotch Mist" (Klaw)—Seduction without the pistol shot.

"Sandalwood" (Gaiety)—A good theme muddled in the telling.

"Fanny" (Lyceum)—David Belasco's continued hot pursuit of art.

"The Ramblers" (Lyric)—Clark and McCullough in lively form.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Times Square)—Anita Loos' picnic.

"The Shelf" (Morosco)—To be reviewed anon.

"Broadway" (Broadhurst)—A first-rate melodrama admirably acted.

"Kept" (Comedy)—Terrible.

"Countess Maritza" (Shubert)—Kalmann's delightful score.

"Just Life" (Miller)—Awful.

"Number 7" (Harris)—Mystery flubdub.

"The Donovan Affair" (Fulton)—Ditto.

"The Ghost Train" (Eltinge)—Ditto.

"The Captive" (Empire)—Lesbianismus. To be passed on next week.

"Two Girls Wanted" (Little)—Mush.

"Sex" (Daly's)—Terrible.

"Naughty Riquette" (Cosmopolitan)—Melodious tunes by Oscar S[illegible]us.

"Queen High" (Ambassador)—Mediocre music show.

"She Couldn't Say No" (Booth)—Rubbish.

"Deep River" (Imperial)—To be reviewed later.

"If I Was Rich" (Mansfield)—Joe Laurie, Jr., in a cheap soufflé of wise-cracks.

"Loose Ankles" (Biltmore)—Poor play with spots of good low humor.

"The Home Towners" (Hudson)—Diverting dialogue and stage business.

"One Man's Woman" (48th St.)—Trash.

"Castles in the Air" (Selwyn)—Not much.

"The Woman Disputed" (Forrest)—I'll review this one presently.

"The Eternal Thief" (Hampden)—And this one.

"The House of Ussher" (Mayfair)—Pretty bad.

"Iolanthe" (Plymouth)—Excellent Gilbert and Sullivan exhibit.

"Laff That Off" (Wallack's)—A dull one.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—A very funny one.

"The Little Spitfire" (Cort)—Flapdoodle.

"Henry—Behave" (Bayes)—Mild.

Sir Patrick's piece has considerable wit and, here and there, a share of character accuracy. It has also, as hinted, a generally rational point of view. On the other side of the ledger, it has a modicum of stenciled buncombe in such superlatives as "he is the most notorious blackguard in London," "she is the most envied woman in London," and the like; and it has, too, one of those chase-around-the-table, lamp-smashing seduction scenes that one thought had passed out of the drama for all time with the demise of Paul Potter. Nor must we overlook the time-honored allusion to the female who is "no better than a woman of the streets." Notwithstanding and nevertheless, I found the evening not without interest. Some of the dialogue is very well handled, and Sir Patrick has a nice flair for sardonic expression. David Tearle's performance of the butterfly rake was highly amusing, and Fred. L. Tiden gave a good turn to the rôle of the husband. The two leading characters—those of the teaser-wife and the Scotch lover—were, however, played in a way to let the exhibit down with a thud. Rosalinde Fuller read two of her emotional scenes ably, but her physical movements throughout the evening were considerably less those of a dramatic actress than those of a member of Isadora Duncan's outdoor class. Philip Merivale's Scotchman needed only a bunch of stogies and a feather headdress to be a fine cigar store Indian.

IV

THE Rev. Dr. Belasco's latest contribution to the art of the drama is "Fanny," written by himself in

(*Continued on page 31*)

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STAY-AT-HOME—*How did you like the Roman Forum?*

GO-ABOUT—*Oh, fairly well, but I think that the French have them beat.*

—MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

Confession to My Lady

With wistful iambics and fabulous phrases
I've praised you with eulogy's breath,
But now I repudiate flattery's mazes:
My darling, you bore me to death!

I've told you no girl in the world is your better,
I've sworn that your frown gives me pain,
But now I've determined to shatter love's fetter:
Dear heart, you are really inane!

I've pleaded for kisses, I've joyed in your smile,
I've followed your steps like a dog,
But I must be truthful, dear, once in a while:
You move in a terrible fog!

With wistful iambics and fabulous phrases
I've praised you with eulogy's breath,
But now I repudiate flattery's mazes:
My darling, you bore me to death!

—*Yale Record*

A Tragedy

I was moved by her pretty face,
I was thrilled by her golden hair,
I was touched by her dainty ankle,
I tried to kiss her,
I was struck by her dainty hand!

—*Penn State Froth*

Visitor at Insane Asylum—What did that poor fellow do?

Keeper—He tried to invent a portable typewriter that you can carry with you. —*Cornell Widow*

The Boy—Poor Jones died last night of heart failure.

The Girl—You don't mean it!

"Yeah, he tried to commit suicide and the gun didn't go off."

—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern*

Hot—I see where an Edinburgh woman 35 years old had her twenty-first child.

Shot—Great Scot!

—*Sewanee Mountain Goat*

White—So your father is ill. I hope it is nothing contagious.

Nun—So do I. Doctor said it was from overwork.

—*Denison Flamingo*

A thing of beauty is a great expense.

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket*

Embarrassing position of an anti-evolutionist's suspenders.

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

"And can you cook like mother used to?"

"Yes, if you can stand indigestion like father used to!"

—TORONTO GOBLIN

"How many automobile injuries yesterday, chief?"

"Five hundred."

"Another bumper crop, eh?"

—*Cornell Widow*

She—Bob and Alice are married already and they've known each other only a week.

He—They must have been fast friends. —*Penn State Froth*

He (singing)—When the sun has gone to rest, that's the time that I love best.

She (disgusted)—The sun set an hour ago. —*Rensselaer Pup*

"My poor fellow, here's a quarter, it must be dreadful to be lame, but think how much worse it would be to be blind."

"Righto, Madam, when I was blind I was always gettin' counterfeit money." —*Centre Colonel*

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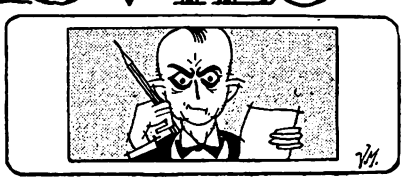
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



"*The Big Parade*"—Please go.

"*Ben Hur*"—Bigger, better, busier blah.

"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Eden.

"*La Bohème*"—A good cry.

"*The Black Pirate*"—Doug. and color.

"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Harold Lloyd.

"*Aloma of the South Seas*"—Gilda Gray.

"*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*"—Harry Langdon.

"*Say It Again*"—Richard Dix redeems it.

"*Ella Cinders*"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.

"*Good and Naughty*"—Pola as comedienne.

"*The Volga Boatman*"—De Mille melodrama.

"*The Palm Beach Girl*"—The active Bebe.

"*Lovey Mary*"—Little Mother love.

"*The Road to Mandalay*"—Lon Chaney.

"*Variety*"—Emil Jannings.

"*Up in Mabel's Room*"—Bedroom farce.

"*Mantrap*"—By Sinclair Lewis by gosh.

"*Nell Gwyn*"—Good British film.

"*The Waltz Dream*"—Slush out of Germany.

"*The Amateur Gentleman*"—Barthelmess.

"*Battling Butler*"—Buster Keaton in good form.

"*Beau Geste*"—Blood and blah.

"*So This Is Paris*"—Gallic comedy.

"*The Scarlet Letter*"—Lillian Gish at her best.

"*The Strong Man*"—Harry Langdon ditto.

MARY PICKFORD is still able to enact a juvenile rôle convincingly. That is to say, she can still look amazingly like a little girl with pigtails down her back. But when it comes to making that little girl other than a sweet quaint paragon of all the virtues who never existed, she fails.

This failure in the case of "Sparrows" she shares equally with the story and with William Beaudine, the director. The latter's aim in the picture is apparently three-fold: to make the most of Mary by fitting her with a halo of maternal love and heroism; to exploit the ten kids in the plot to the limit of their "cuteness," and to provide as much suspense as ogres and alligators and gun play permit. All of which spells melodrama.

The villain of the piece is Grimes (Gustav von Seyfferitz), proprietor of a fake baby farm. Mollie (Mary Pickford) is employed to look after the children whom Grimes starves and maltreats. When Grimes threatens to murder the latest arrival, a baby kidnaped from a wealthy home, by throwing it into the surrounding swamp, Mary flees with the whole brood. Every possibility is exhausted in depicting the horrors of the swamp into which she and her chicks plunge. Hideous pools of soft ooze alternate with gaping alligators to imperil their progress. And when, after hairbreadth escapes, they win through to firmer ground they find man an even deadlier menace.

Combine all this with the humor that can always be squeezed out of babies, and with the comfortable assurance of their ultimate delivery,

I notice when I dress like this the fools don't stare at the wart on my nose.

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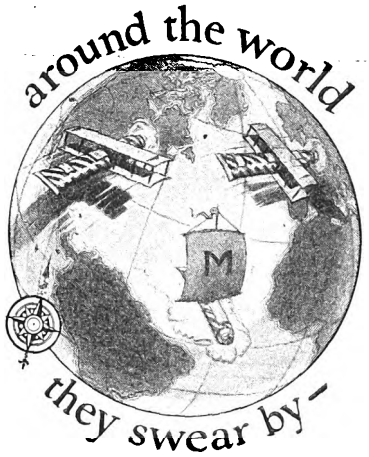

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If you don't use Mennen Shaving Cream, I know why. It's simply because you've never tried it. Men who give it a good, competitive test, become steady users.

It's as dead open and shut as that. I am personally acquainted with thousands who have sworn by Mennen Shaving Cream ever since we first put it on sale. Thousands of others write me like the above. Hundreds of thousands more tell the dealers all over the country the same story—you can't beat it!

Regardless of wind, weather and other things, Mennen users have no shaving troubles. That's why we've not only won world-wide success, but are able to win individual success with every new user. Try it, and you'll be writing me friendly letters, too. A great big tube for a half a dollar, on my money-back guarantee.

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Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

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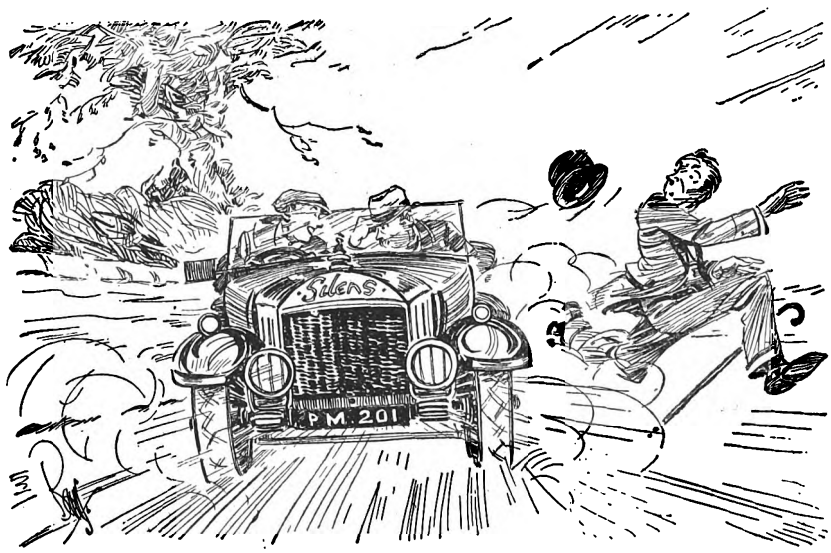
Wireless Announcer—We are now going to have an interesting lecture by Dr. Pills, on "The Evils of Overeating." —*Passing Show*

and if you don't enjoy "Sparrows"—well, you can't say I didn't warn you.

No one ought to know better than "Red" Grange that such a picture of college and football life as "One Minute to Play" is the bunk. Yet "Red" goes through with it with an unbelieved earnestness that marks him as the true professional. From the moment when he picks the wrong college, as the result of a free-for-all on the train, and then decides to stay there, thanks to a pair of bright eyes, until he gallops across the goal line to victory, he never betrays his new calling. In other words, he plays the college hero as well as if his only Alma Mater were Hollywood.

The football scrimmages, of which there are a large number in "One Minute to Play," look unusually realistic, even when it is necessary to permit "Red" Grange to live up to his reputation as the "Galloping Ghost." This part of the picture represents the substance of the charlotte russe.

"The Campus Flirt" is another of those impossible pictures of college life released to synchronize with the opening of the college season. But in this case the wild extravagance and rough house humor of Bebe Daniels excuse it. Why should there be such a place as Old Colton, or whatever it is, when there's no such girl on land or sea as the preposterous Bebe? One ab-



Very Pleased Motorist—See that! That's showing how silent she is—almost got that chap before he knew we were on the road! —*Tatler*

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KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word High Hat."

"I wish High Hat wings like an angel."

surdity deserves another. Personally, I like "The Campus Flirt" better than the other Bebe Daniels pictures I have seen. Whether due to the college atmosphere in which it is supposed to be cast, or merely to an improvement in technique, the lapses into vulgarity that have marred her previous pictures seem absent here. She acts the snob and the fool, gets tight, swims the lake in her ball dress, spends a night in the observatory, pole vaults the gallery at the track meet, and wins the deciding race without sacrificing her charm as a very pretty and attractive person. Some Bebe!

Winner of Movie Plot Contest No. 7

Preston P. Puttput is a rising young YEASTERNER in the District CAKE MAKER'S office. One day he is called on to HANDLE the case of a poor but WELL BREAD girl of KANSAS, who swears she is IN KNEADY CIRCUMSTANCES. He LATER DENIES STEALING DOUGH FOR HER, but the evidence is strong and it looks as though HE IS IN FOR A PANNING. At the last moment HE GETS A BUN ON AND confesses, BURNING WITH SHAME that HE DID IT, BUT THE RAISIN HE GIVES is the SYMPATHY HE FELT FOR THE FLOUR OF KANSAS, and the Governor arrives by OVENING with a PARDON. Meanwhile having fallen IN LOAF, Puttput and HIS SWEETIE decide to GET WRAPPED UP and since he has been BADLY SCORCHED for his part in the affair, they RAISE THE DOUGH AND LATER SOME LITTLE PUTTPUTS.

Clara Cairns

Ups and Downs

Mary had a little waist,
Where waists are meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
The waist was sure to go.

—Toronto Goblin

Empty underground trains have been run on a new route to familiarize the staff with their duties. Particularly brawny porters flung imaginary passengers through the carriage doors from the farthest ends of the platforms. *—Humorist*

Magistrate—What happened after the prisoner gave you the first blow?

Witness—He gave me a third one.

You mean a second one?

No. I gave the second one.

—Answers

FUNNYBONES

Who says that this Government isn't solid? Look at our Congressmen.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Rural Bus Conductor—Where you goin'?
Visitor—To Chumpleigh.
"Well, we ain't."

—London Opinion

Don't shoot the British Ambassador!

"JIM, an old cow-puncher friend," Roosevelt wrote, "visited me at the White House and stayed for lunch. The British ambassador was also coming, so I cautioned him solemnly: 'Remember, Jim, if you shot at the feet of the British ambassador to make him dance, it might cause international complications.'"

What the cowboy said—what he did—these and a thousand other amusing anecdotes are crowded into the pages of Roosevelt.

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Every book he wrote sparkles—for Roosevelt was the man who could not be dull. Never "posing for posterity," he wrote with boyish humor and vivid style.

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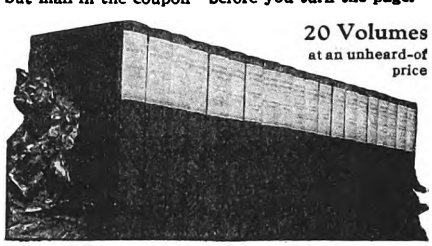
But remember, too, that you may safely order on approval from the coupon below. Don't send a penny, but mail in the coupon—before you turn the page.



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Mixed Market Results

by Theodore Williams

THE mixed results in the securities market for several weeks recently were the natural aftermath of a great decline followed by a recovery somewhat greater. Getting back to peak offered a definite goal that could be attained with reasonable certainty. Beyond that there was no sure objective, all was unknown and tentative. Whether prices would seek higher levels or drop back again could only be surmised. Hence there was backing and filling without much additional progress except in special instances. The strength of certain issues did not forecast distinct improvement in the general list, though it did serve to keep the market from serious backsliding.

This then became the situation: Quotations were as high for the rank and file issues as was warranted by earnings, dividends and surpluses. They could not legitimately be advanced, unless favorable developments occurred to put them more in line with the acknowledged leaders. Some of the latter had been influenced by unusual factors—mergers, etc.—that could not possibly affect the majority of securities. The market grew irregular, and even, at times, stale, or firmed and freshened according as the outlook for the general list was supposed to vary. But the professionals were handicapped in their operations by the lack of large public participation. Outside speculators were wary, and knowing investors were cautious. There was more or less outright buying of good issues on recessions and these commitments can hardly fail to prove remunerative in the future.

Indications are that the market will still have its setbacks, but it is scarcely probable that the strong men who can control it will permit a bad reaction, with its implied lowering of prosperity, before election day. After that the condition of business will, as it should, be the chief shaper of affairs on the exchanges. Trade prospects continue promising, not booming, but assuring steady growth in prosperity. Securities which are not overpriced will have little to fear from coming fluctuations. But this cannot be surely said of those which are quoted far ahead of earning power and book value.

Answers to Inquiries

C., CINCINNATI, O.: Public utility corporations of the first class are very prosperous, and their issues are regarded by many financiers preferable to those of any other group. Instances that may be cited are the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, which in the year ending July 31, 1926, showed a balance available for dividends and surplus of $13,148,939 against $8,080,480 in the preceding year, and Cities Service Co. whose net was $18,488,381, against $15,656,048 in the previous year. There are many other sound public utility companies, offering a good diversity for investments.

K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: My sources of information contain no data concerning the International Signal Company, and the president's letter to stockholders gives no substantial encouragement as to the future of the concern. There are many automatic signal devices on the market and they depend for commercial success on orders from railroads. Several of the lines are already installing signal systems entirely different from the International's, which does not seem to attract them. There appears to be no market for your purely speculative 100 shares.

B., BELLE VERNON, PA.: There is no mention of General Mines in my records of corporations. Its stock is quoted on the Boston Curb at a low figure and that indicates a lack of merit in the shares. Don't be misled by cheapness. A cheap issue is most always dear in the end. Buy a good dividend payer and don't risk money on a poor stock.

H., BELSONI, MISS.: If you want this Bureau to help you with your investment it is necessary for you to state the amount of money you are able to invest. Advice to a person with plenty of funds would be different from that to one of small means. The case of each investor must be judged by itself.

D., SIDNEY, O.: None of the companies you inquire about appears in any available list of corporations. Taking it for granted that you have sought information from the companies' managers and have failed to obtain it, there is strong likelihood that the companies are failures and no longer doing business. Judging from many instances of the kind, your $3,500 was practically thrown away.

J., PORTLAND, ME.: You struck it rich when you bought Nickel Plate stock at $100. It was quoted recently above $200. Even at that figure it makes a fair yield on market price. The return on your purchase price would be hard to beat, and usually only a speculative stock comes anywhere near that yield. You could switch to sound issues like Dodge Brothers 7 per cent. pfd., International Paper 7 per cent. pfd. or to Sinclair Consolidated Oil 8 per cent. pfd. all selling under par and increase your income. Penna R.R.'s dividend, it is predicted, will before long be increased to 7 per cent. That might cause a further rise in price, unless indeed the increase has already been discounted. An advantageous switch would be to Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. pfd. (Par $50 —) now quoted at about Penna's price.

P., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Sears Roebuck &

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Company is steadily expanding and its sales this year are expected to show a big increase over those of 1925. Prices of goods have been revised downward, but the company earned its full regular yearly dividend in the first half of this year. Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company is a subsidiary of General Motors, which owns all the common stock. It earned $2.17 on Class B shares in the first half of 1926. The yearly disbursement on these is $3. So the stock is a good business man's purchase.

E., Akron, O.: Standard Textile Products Co. reports earning in 1925 $14.11 on pfd., $8.89 on pfd. B and $1.51 on common. This was an excellent showing, but in the first 6 months of 1926 surplus after charges was only $85,000 against $408,000 in the same period of 1925. The company's president declares business is satisfactory considering the poor condition of the textile industry in general. The company's future depends on the long hoped for improvement of the industry.

C., New York City: The system of investment trusts—that is, buying standard stocks and bonds and issuing certificates against them—has been coming into vogue of late years and when the promoters of such a trust are men of financial strength the plan has worked well. I know nothing about the company you mention or its particular scheme. If you doubt its responsibility you should get a report on it from a mercantile agency or refrain from doing business with it. If it is a concern of large capital and in good repute it can be trusted to treat you fairly in its dealings.

B., Jersey City, N. J.: Having been in business since 1917 and having had success enough to pay liberal dividends, the Permanent Mortgage Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., may fairly claim that its stock is among good investments for a business man. Its allied corporations seem to share its merit.

C., Jamestown, N. Y.: Some time ago the State authorities sought to get an injunction to prevent sale of the stock of the Duplex Motion Pictures Industries, Inc., alleging that false representations concerning the company had been made. The company's officials denied wrongdoing and said the prospects justified their action. The injunction was denied. No recent statement of the concern's operations and financial condition is available. But I have never had a high opinion of the shares. The motion picture business is risky and few companies in it make good.

E., Vancouver, B. C.: Brooklyn Manhattan Transit 6 per cent. pfd. is a sound issue, but you must expect to see the price fluctuate from time to time. It is making you an excellent return on your purchase price to which it has already got back to. It looks like a good stock to hold. B M. T. 6 per cent. pfd. and Standard Gas & Electric make about the same net return. Standard Gas & Electric is the better seasoned stock, but B. M. T. probably has greater likelihood now of advancing materially.

S., New Haven: General Motors, and Nickel Plate having fulfilled predictions by lately crossing the $200 mark, some forecasters declared that their example would, sooner or later, be followed by Cheapeake & Ohio, Union Pacific, Atchison, U.S. Steel and Pullman. They added that N. Y. Central would reach $175 and Balto. & Ohio $150. There is nothing inherently improbable in such conjectures for these stocks have substantial worth and excellent prospects. Other issues could be selected which may make lesser advances, but there may be considerable previous shuffling of prices.

T., Mobile, Ala.: The new first mortgage sinking fund 7 per cent. bonds of the New Orleans Pontchartrain Bridge Co. have prospective merit. The enterprise is not expected to be in operation before July 1, 1928, and of course no revenue will be earned until that time. The bonds are an inviting business man's risk at present.

X., Penn Yan, N. Y.: In spite of somewhat optimistic statements regarding the company's business, Moon Motor Car stock declined still further lately on rumors that earnings had fallen off and the dividend was in doubt. At least a cut was feared, even if it was not wholly passed. Better wait further developments before buying Moon.

G., Danbury, Conn.: Willys Overland common has been a disappointment to its holders. It was confidently expected some months ago that a dividend would be declared on it soon. The company's outgivings fostered that idea. But the dividend is still only a dream. It may be that in the coming weeks the price may recover enough to let you out with small or no loss. In that event you would wisely switch to some dividend payer. Hudson Motor stock has declined on your hands even more than Willys Overland, but is a sounder issue, makes a moderate return on purchase price and has a better chance to come back. However, unless new developments show the contrary, it might be just as well to get out of it, when you can do so without loss.

W., Boston, Mass.: The embarrassment of a single first mortgage real estate bond house, through over-extension, by no means justifies doubt of the soundness of all houses in that line of business. It should be remembered that the bonds the house referred to has been selling are for the most part well secured and that the great majority of the borrowers are keeping up their monthly payments. These latter are the rightful possessions of the bondholders, who must eventually receive them when proper arrangements have been made for handling the funds. In the meantime the sound, well established bond houses may prudently be patronized as of old.

W., Cambridge, Pa.: I have no information regarding the affairs of the Buffalo Texas or the Southwestern Oil Company. The literature sent intimates that the companies have been improperly managed or unsuccessful and that a stockholders' association has assumed control. I am a very strong believer in the getting together of stockholders for supervision of the affairs of their companies. The documents you sent me seem to show good intentions but whether the concerns in question can be saved and made prosperous remains to be seen. Apparently this move offers your only chance to get back any of your money, and perhaps it might be well enough to risk a few dollars more. But that depends on whether you have shares enough to make it worth while.

New York, October 9, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

The Milton Strauss Corporation, dealer in first mortgage real estate bonds, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan, will mail to any address its booklet "Before You Invest," designed as a guide in the intelligent selection of first mortgage investments. It explains the requirements of the corporation's bond offerings, and shows how well they are safeguarded and the ample worth of the properties which secure them. To obtain a copy of the booklet write to the corporation for J-102.

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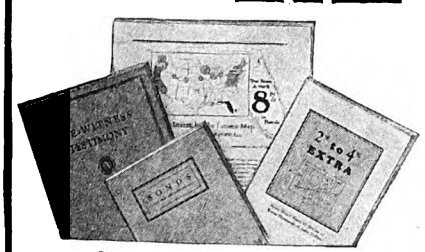

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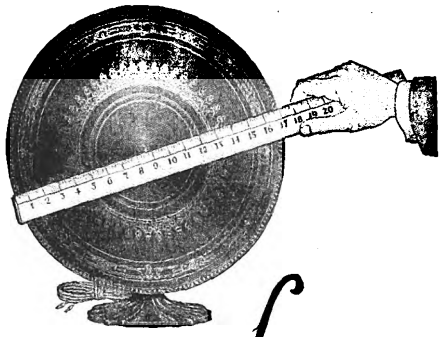

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$9.50 The Tower cone

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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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WELL, JUDGE, I GUESS I GOTTA TELL YOU ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND. UNDERGROUND IS ENGLISH FOR SUBWAY. THEY WERE ALL LAID OUT BY SOME GUY WITH A COMPASS.

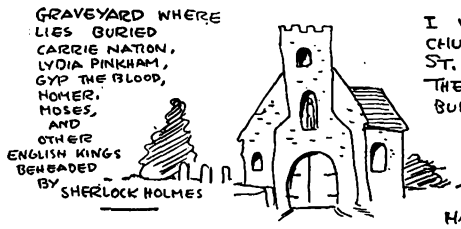
IT DOUBTLESS WAS A ARKITECK NAMED SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AS HE WAS THE BIRD THAT LAID OUT EVERYTHING IN LONDON.

WELL ANYWAY THE HOLES IN WHICH THE UNDERGROUND RUNS ARE ROUND — THE BOOKING OFFICE IS ROUND (BOOKING OFFICE IS ENGLISH FOR TICKET OFFICE), THE LIFTS ARE ROUND (LIFTS ARE ENGLISH FOR ELEVATORS), EVEN THE CARS ARE ROUND AND THEY RUN ON A ROUND TRACK CALLED THE INNER CIRCLE.

I RODE AROUND TH' DANG THING TWENTY SIX TIMES AND NEVER DID GET ANY PLACE. THERE WAS A BIG SIGN ON EVERY STATION SAYING BOVRIL AND FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING AHEAD AND BACKING UP TO THE SAME STATION UNTIL A GUY TOLD ME THAT BOVRIL WAS A KIND OF BEEF TEA (YOU SEE THEY EVEN MAKE TEA OUT OF BEEFSTEAK OVER HERE.) I GOT OFF THE TRAIN SIX TIMES AND CHANGED TO ANOTHER BUT THEY ALL WENT TO THE SAME PLACE. THEY OUGHT TO PUT A SIGN ON ALL THE PLATFORMS LIKE THIS

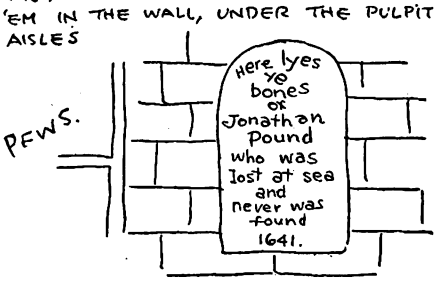
CHANGE HERE FOR THE WRONG TRAIN

THEN NOBODY WOULD EVER GET FOOLED.



I VISITED AN ANCIENT CHURCH TODAY CALLED ST. BARTHOLEMEWS AND THEY TOLD ME IT WAS BUILT BY THE NORMANS. IT WAS THE FIRST I KNEW THAT NORMAN ROCKWELL AND NORMAN ANTHONY HAD EVER BEEN OVER HERE BUT ANYWAY I WANT TO SAY THE BOYS DONE A MIGHTY FINE JOB WHILE THEY WERE AT IT. MAYBE NORMAN PRICE WAS HERE TOO, THE STEEPLE LOOKS LIKE HIS TECHNIQUE

THERES A CHURCH ON EVERY CORNER IN LONDON. I'VE BEEN IN ALL OF 'EM AND THEY WERE ALL EMPTY AND SELLING POSTCARDS TO MAKE A LIVIN' FOR THE MINISTER. I GUESS THE CHURCHMEMBERS ARE ALL DEAD, ANYWAY THEY ALL ARE FULL OF GRAVES AND CRYPTS. THEY BURY 'EM IN THE WALL, UNDER THE PULPIT AND EVEN IN THE AISLES



SAMPLE BIRDS EYE VIEW OF TOMB IN AISLE OF CHURCH.

AFTER WALKING AROUND OVER A LOT OF DEAD MENS BONES YOU DON'T CARE MUCH WHETHER YOU GO TO CHURCH WHILE YOURE LIVING OR NOT.

ON EACH SIDE OF EVERY CHURCH IS WHAT THE NATIVES CALL A PUB WHERE FOR A COUPLE O' TUPPENCE AND A HAY-PENNY YOU CAN FORGET ALL ABOUT TH' DEAD MEN.

WELL HERES HOW, JUDGE, AN' MANY OF 'EM

EXPLORINGLY YOURS

NATE Collier

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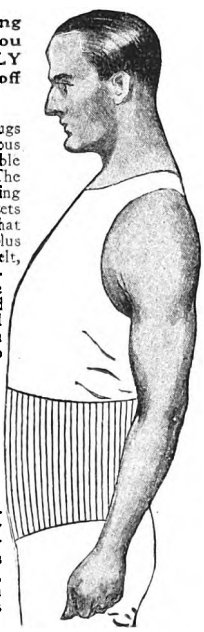
Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "Judge," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York.

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; *Harris 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. *Harris 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 17th day of September, 1926. Joseph T. Cooney, Notary Public, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY —but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.



DIET is weakening — drugs are dangerous — strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt *works for you every second.*

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Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

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Address.....

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

It's a Pity

The man raised his eyes to hers. "Come here," he said, softly. She neared him a little tremulously. He gazed into the unfathomable depths of the liquid blue eyes of the fair young maid sitting next to him—oh, so close to him! Her face expressed acute anxiety, but she was smiling weakly nevertheless. Ever and anon a sigh seemed to rend his very soul. For many minutes they remained thus. Neither spoke, but each gazed intently—into the other's eyes.

"Yes," said the oculist at last, "one eye is seriously affected, and if not treated immediately may develop into a decided squint."

—*London Opinion*

When a door key is hung up outside a house in Sweden it is a sign that the family is not at home, says a weekly paper. If this is done in England, it is a sign that that family is not all there. —*Humorist*

A man recently got compensation because a workman dropped a brick on his head. He claimed a lump sum. —*London Opinion*

"Can I have my bill soon, waiter?"

"We are doing all we can, sir. There are three people engaged in working it out!"

—*Klods Hans* (Copenhagen)

An American visitor tried to purchase one of our public statues to take back to California with him. It is kindly thoughts like this that will further cement Anglo-American bonds of affection. —*Humorist*

Uncle Mark—You young lads of to-day want too much. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?

Maurice (his nephew)—No; and I'll bet she didn't, either.

—*Answers*

Three hundred babies are said to be born each minute in America. It is only fair to point out that the poor little beggars are given no choice in the matter. —*Eve*

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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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.

Since starting this colyum I have received three proposals of marriage, one challenge to fight (all filed together), and 1,172 requests for advice from headache sufferers.

* * *

And, say, it's great to be an expert on something, like Foster on bridge, even if I'm only the recognized authority on pains in the old bean.

* * *

To save postage, and forestall correspondence, proposals, etc., I'll tell you now what my colossal coast-to-coast reputation is built on—

* * *

It is my advice to treat headaches rationally.

* * *

I tell "my public" to lay off of all potent drugs, with their weakening effects.

* * *

And, instead, to use the reliable remedy, known for 35 years, the "safe, balanced prescription."

* * *

It's called Kohler-Antidote, and it leaves you feeling like a million dollars, AaA+1.

THE
VANITY FAIR
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OF
JUDGE

Will be on sale next week at all Newsstands.

It may be well to get there early

Remember—The Saturday Evening Post Number Sold out in two days.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

"Hello, Brown, why, you've shaved off your beard and moustache . . . I really wouldn't have recognized you if it hadn't been for my umbrella." —*Passing Show*

Mr. Mitchit Blocks Traffic

(*Continued from page 6*)

were somewhere between sixteen and forty-three.

"Sssh!" warned a man who happened to be on the spot. "Don't put such thoughts into their heads."

But it was too late. In a second people came pouring out of the subway, crying, "Tie-up! Tie-up!"

"I didn't mean it," sobbed the girl.

"Word-s, word-s, words," muttered the man, and turned out to be not a man at all but a little girl poet from Brooklyn.

A bootlegger arrived in a police department limousine. He was a police captain on Thursdays. This was Thursday.

"For God's sake, Mr. Mitchit!" he cried. (He had got the name from the extras.) "Something must be done! Do you really want this taxi?"

"No," whimpered Mr. Mitchit, "but if it should rain—?"

He waited for some one to finish his sentence. Many tried. The tabloid newspapers gave away thousands of dollars for the best answers but not one solved the problem.

At last, just when the jam was becoming a menace to the city, a tall, heavy-set gentleman arrived on the scene. It was Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University and owner of the biggest suppressed presidential desire in the country.

"Come," said Mr. Butler without a moment's hesitation.

"Where to?" asked Mr. Mitchit, and the crowd murmured belligerently. They were there to see fair play.

"To a telephone."

"By what authority do you order this man to leave here?" growled the crowd.

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Young Knut—I say, waitah, nevah bring me a steak like that again.
Waiter—Why not, sir?
Young Knut—It simply isn't done, old thing!

—*London Opinion*

"I was with Grant," said Mr. Butler.

The crowd took off its hats.

Led by Mr. Butler, Mr. Mitchit hurried to a telephone booth.

"Call a number," said Mr. Butler.

"What number?"

"Any number; one to five."

So Mr. Mitchit called three and got his friend, Chipperly.

"It's Joe Chipperly!" cried Mr. Mitchit excitedly.

"Good," said Mr. Butler, and then not so much in the manner of a college president as of a Republican National Committeeman, he added, "*Pax vobiscum.*"

Mr. Mitchit had got as far as "Hello, Joe" when he was disconnected.

"They don't answer," the operator assured him.

"They must answer," said Mr. Mitchit, really very much provoked, "there's a baby there."

Mr. Butler smiled and tiptoed away. His work was done.

When the night watchman let Mr. Mitchit out of the store, the streets were empty. Mr. Mitchit's taxi had been gone for hours, but there was no resentment in Mr. Mitchit's heart.

"Thank God for Nicholas Murray Butler," he said.

Then it began to rain.

Bertram Bloch

DIZZY LABELS

They called her Ida, but Ida-know why.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

***

A Scotsman, invited to a golden wedding, was told that each guest would be expected to take a golden present.

He took a goldfish. —*Tit Bits*

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FRANK C. CLARK
Times Building, New York

KELLY BALLOONS

For Comfort and Mileage

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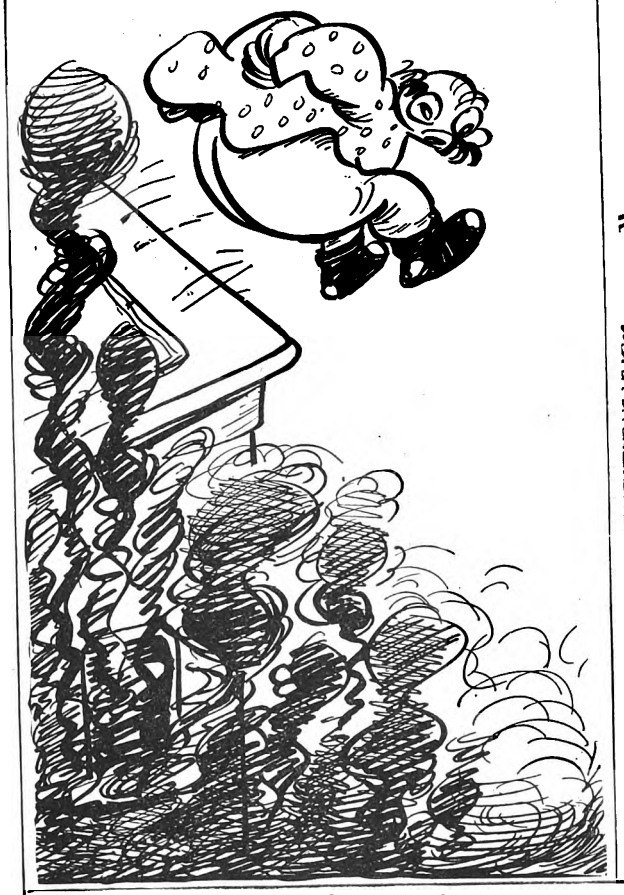
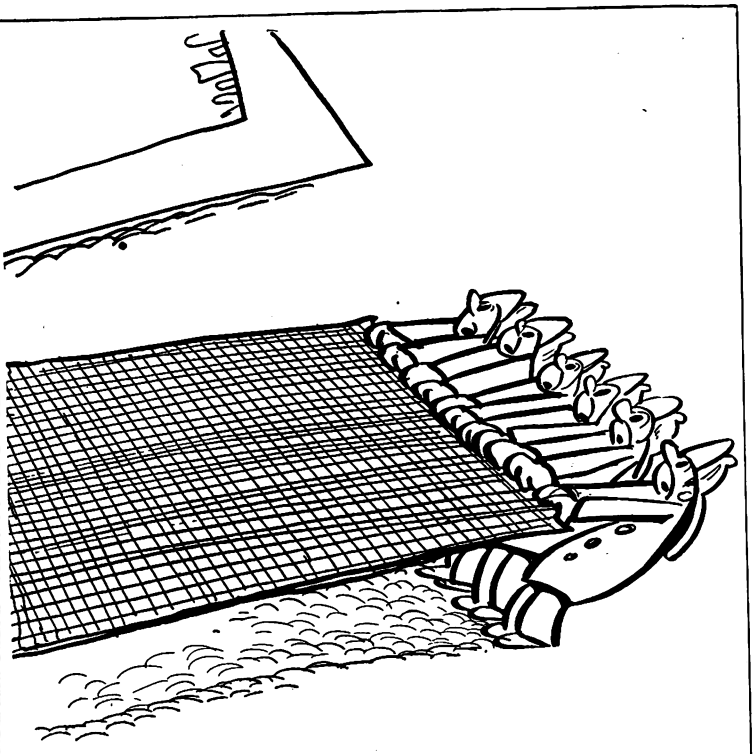
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

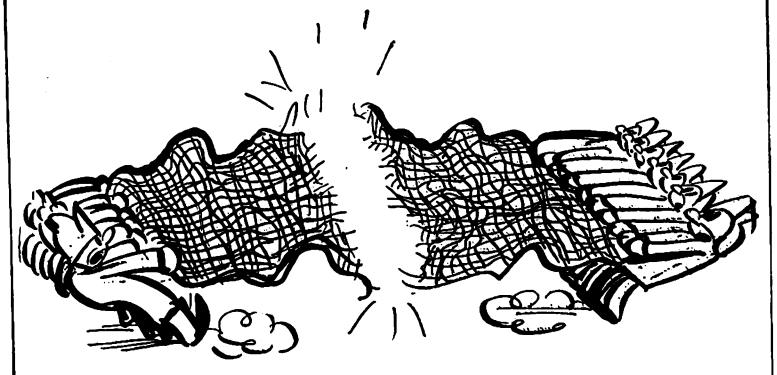
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

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 October 25. Winning ending appears in the issue of November 27.







MART ROSS

Contest No. 64

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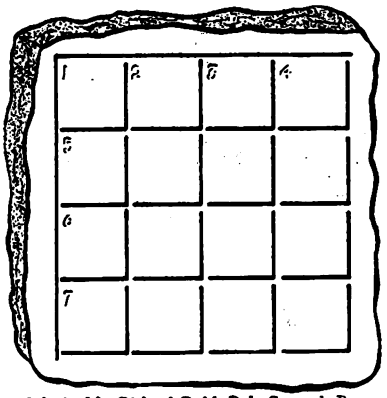
Puzzle No. 95



Submitted by Richard Tafel, Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

(Editor's Note):

This curiously carved stone tablet was recently discovered in an excavation in Arabia. It is believed by archæologists to be the original crossword puzzle, and perhaps explains why the Arabs folded their tents and silently stole away.

Horizontal

1. Insects.
5. Organs.
6. Tantalize.
7. Comfort.

Vertical

1. To crush or wound.
2. Fishing term.
3. To be taken in (slang).
4. A morsel.

(*Solution next week!*)

Solution of Puzzle No. 94

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

Draw Your Own Conclusions

Answers for Contest 60 will appear in the October 30 issue.

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 19*)

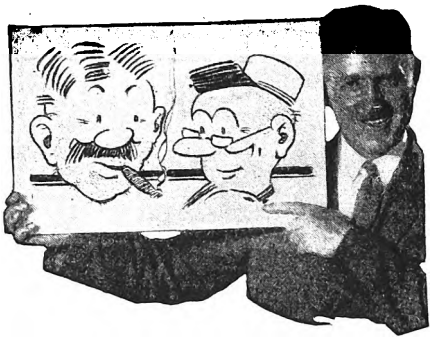
collaboration with Willard Mack. Tailored for Fannie Brice, it is as dismal an affair as has been uncovered hereabouts in many seasons. The attempt to make a dramatic star out of La Brice is about as sane and intelligent a maneuver as would be an attempt to make a dramatic star out of Al Woods. Miss Brice is a very good music hall performer, but when she tries to be dramatic the spectacle is quite as touching as that of Leslie Carter singing "Valencia."

As for the play, it may be politely dismissed as rubbish. Even my colleagues, some of whom still remove their hats whenever Belasco's name is mentioned, displayed an almost unanimous mirth toward it. It will be interesting to watch and see whether Mr. Belasco lists the play in his annual book, sent to us boys at the Yuletide, attesting to his undisputed leadership among American producing artists.

V

In the ravings over the splendor of the performance given by Pauline Lord in "Sandalwood," I find myself unable to join. The tradition that Miss Lord is a very great actress has got almost as strong a hold on a number of the critical gents as the tradition that Robert B. Mantell is probably not so bad an actor as they believe he is. The fact is that Miss Lord is a good actress—at times, a very good one—but that in the last few years she has permitted a monotony to get into her voice and stage deportment that makes her performance in one rôle almost indistinguishable from that in another. In "Sandalwood," she has moments of genuine eloquence and conviction—and also moments when one feels that she has forgotten that both "Anna Christie" and "They Knew What They Wanted" have already closed.

The English note, so far as our actresses go, is creeping into New York reviewing. If an actress makes a sound hit once and endears herself to the critical boys, she can do no wrong thereafter. The circumstance leads to much humorous theatrical reporting. To read the papers, there are more wonderful actresses on our stage to-day than there are ice cream dishes at the Algonquin Hotel.



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Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

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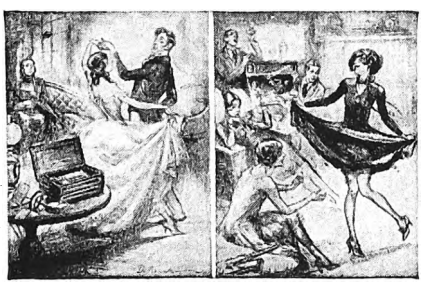

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By Delevante

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.

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"Have a Look at Venus"	.50
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ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
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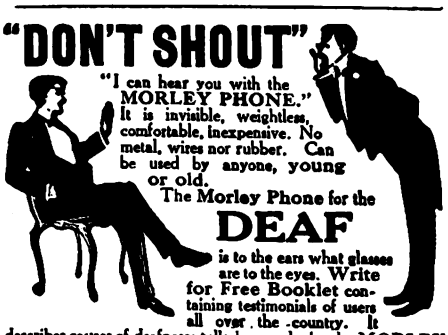

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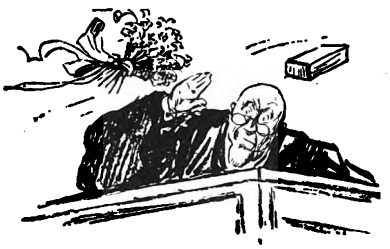

Why Not Prohibit Us?

JUDGE: After reading through the Bathing Girl Number of your anti-American publication, I have come to the conclusion that it's about time that Americans quit reading such publications as you put out.

I agree heartily with Steven McCray and J. H. Theisz, but would advise that Richard H. Dais, the "high school kid," return to the fourth grade and "learn to stand it," because the American laws are made to be obeyed and not broken.

America for Americans.

Detroit, Mich. *Kennedy Sharpe*
August 4, 1926.

Benedictine

YOUR HONOR: I don't as a rule like to write to editors; there seems to be a silent understanding that the writer has to outdo himself in pæans of praise, unless he roasts the publication. The first I don't like to do and the last I have no occasion to do in your case. However, I have felt like writing for such a long time that it just needed one little incident to overcome my natural dislike for this particular kind of correspondence.

I like JUDGE immensely, and I like every department in it, the humor, the editorials and the crossword puzzle. I got into the habit of reading JUDGE two years ago, when I started regular weekly commutation to Providence, and I think in celebration of this fact you ought to bring out a "Travel Number."

Now comes the knock. But it is a friendly knock, just like one I would give my better half, if she spent too much money on my birthday present. Why will you insist in poking fun at the blessed state of double harness? Not that I am overenthused about it, but, then, what's the use of rubbing it in, why laugh at the guy that's down? It makes me think that you are single, and why should you be, when I am so much married? Go easy on that, will you?

Outside of that, you represent to me Justice with the eyes wide open. There is an old saw: "The judge must be condemned when he absolves the guilty." And nobody can accuse you of that.

With best wishes to the World's Wittiest Weekly.

New York City. *Henry Wells*
Aug. 10, 1926.

When Prohibition Prohibits

DEAR JUDGE: Like others, when I wander into your circle for fun, I am surprised at your attitude on such subjects as Prohibition.

Judging by one of your departments you are conducting a Refined Bartenders' Journal. All your pages ooze. Is booze the paramount issue? I forget about it mostly except when I bump into the lamentations or witticisms of the wets.

Some of you birds think continually of the drinks you have had, are having or expect to have. When Prohibition becomes fully effective, folks will have to learn to be happy though sober. This may take a generation or so, I admit, as the old guard dies but never surrenders.

Now, if Prohibition is a joke, what is all the fuss about? Is it the high cost or the poor quality of liquor? Or the danger of being caught? Perhaps you don't like to disobey the law and your remedy is to get rid of it.

Of course, if your object is to laugh it out of court, you dare not even take time out for meals and you will have to achieve the permanent smile of the acrobatic dancer.

Cheer up, you will outgrow this stage just as you have outgrown the political slap-stick of the past.

By the way, I like your crossword puzzles.

Denver, Colo Yours,
Aug. 28, 1926. *O. W. Kremer*

"Up for the Week-end"

Editors of JUDGE:

DEAR SIRS: May I congratulate you, and through you, the artist, on the picture in your recent issue entitled "Up for the Week-end"?

It might have been done by Bellows at his best.

And, while I am at it, let me express the hope that Mr. Houghton will continue his excellent work. He is one of the small group of civilized writers that is doing more to raise the level of decency and intelligence among us, than many suspect.

And, with reference to your fight against the Prohibition insanity, let me paraphrase a line from Richard Le Gallienne's "Violin Music":

"Ah, for the love of God, cease not thy fighting."

Shiner, Tex. Cordially yours,
Aug. 23, 1926. *Hartley H. Hepler*

[Ed. Note—The picture referred to was drawn by Clive Weed.]

Irate Flat Dweller—Look here, Brown, your infernal loudspeaker kept me up till twelve last night!

Radio Fiend—My dear old cherub, you ought to have stuck it for another quarter of an hour; we got some great stuff from Paris.

—*Passing Show*

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"It takes away the veil of secrecy!"

Says Dr. Frank Crane in his introduction to

The Lost Books of the Bible

and Letters of Pontius Pilate!

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman: ". . . this valuable volume *The Lost Books of the Bible.* It is indeed a very desirable work to have and one which I shall consult with profit and recommend to others."

Archbishop of Canterbury Wake: ". . . contains all that can be depended upon of the most primitive fathers who had the advantage of living in the Apostolic times, of hearing the Apostles, and conversing with them. . . ."

The Nation: ". . . will do more for the cause of liberalism in theology than all the experts who offered their services at Dayton."

Dr. Frank Crane: "The publication of this book will do good because it takes away the veil of secrecy that has hidden for many years the act of the church in accepting certain Scriptures and rejecting others."

THE ORDER OF THESE BOOKS

Mary
Protevangelion
1. Infancy
2. Infancy
Christ and Abgarus
Nicodemus
The Original Apostles' Creed
Laodiceans
Paul and Seneca
Paul and Thecla
1. Clement
2. Clement
Barnabas
Ephesians
Magnesians
Trallians
Romans
Philadelphians
Smyrnaeans
Polycarp
Philippians
1. Hermas Visions
2. Hermas Commands
3. Hermas Similitudes
The Letters of Herod and Pilate
Lost Gospel of Peter

HIDDEN under the sands of Egypt for nearly nineteen hundred years! A parchment codex of the **Gospel According to Peter!** The ink on this arresting document scarcely changed while centuries rolled over it.

A French Archæological expedition has brought it to light—this vital portion of the **Gospel According to Peter.** It speaks to us directly out of the momentous first days of Christianity, in the words of the Chief of the Apostles—**"I, SIMON PETER!"**

Here is a new account of the Trial and Crucifixion that in detail is very different from the Canonical Gospels. It is freer from constraint; and with the events between the burial and resurrection it is much more ample and detailed than anything in the Canonical Gospels.

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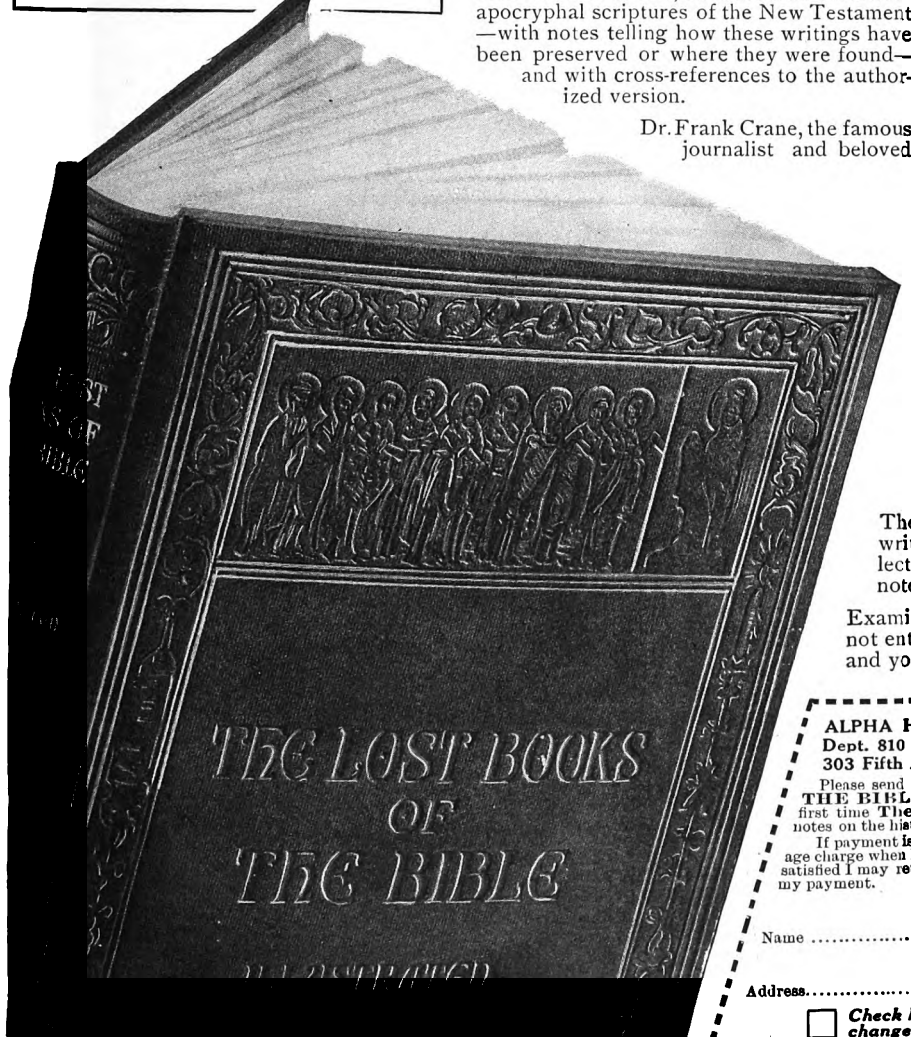
Dr. Frank Crane, the famous journalist and beloved philosopher, has written a striking introduction. In it he says that these writings are ***"valuable because they enable us to get a point of view which otherwise would have been lost!"***

The Archbishop of Canterbury Wake, who translated much of this amazing collection, finds here the words of witnesses ***"who had the advantage of living in Apostolic times, of hearing the Apostles, and conversing with them."*** And he adds that he hopes these writings will find ***"a more general and unprejudiced acceptance with all sorts of men than anything that could be written by anyone now living."***

The beautiful style is like that of the Bible. Here are pages of history, anecdotes, orations, parables, letters, ballads, odes, dialogues, proverbs, essays, and dramas.

This volume fills in gaps of the Christian story. For example, there are the years of Jesus' boyhood days. Did He enter into the pastimes and pleasures of other boys? Did He go to school? The answer is here.

You will meet familiar characters in a new light. Barnabas is revealed as a letter-writer with power and intellect similar to St. Paul's. Nicodemus is revealed as a mystic with a brilliant imagination. Abgarus, King of Edessa, is shown as a historic friend of Jesus. The plot and arrest of St. Paul at Iconium is here told with breathless intensity. The correspondence of Herod and Pilate betrays the vagaries of Pilate's beleaguered mind.



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Reader, pause—realize that here you can examine an arresting document about the greatest adventures in history. From **Dr. Frank Crane's ringing introduction to The Lost Gospel According to Peter,** which was hidden for centuries in an Egyptian tomb, you will share the fundamental emotions of mankind.

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LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

DES MOINES IOWA

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PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

JUDGE
à la Vanity Fair

October 23, 1926 The Condé Scending Publications Price 15 Cents

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THE SLOBBS *IRON HAT*, ACCEPTED EVERYWHERE, EVEN YONKERS, BY SWELL DRESSED MEN, AS THE FIRST INDICATION OF THE STYLE TREND FOR WINTER, IS A SLIGHT REACTION FROM THE GOOFEY SHAPES OF THE PAST YEAR. IT HAPPILY ADAPTS ITSELF TO THE MOOD OF ITS WEARER — WHEN DENTED, ITS LINES ARE GRACEFULLY BECOMING.

SLOBBS & CO. — *Fifth Avenue* — *New York*

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IN ANITY FAIR

Homer Veppy

or How One Boy Found Himself

HOMER VEPPY was not like other boys. From the first he was fascinated by books. When other lads of his age were hallooing at their cricket, Homer could generally be found somewhere about the piggery—or, as it was then called, the hoggery—busy with his book. At first he found a simple pleasure in taking out the pages one by one and burying them; later, he learned how to build swell bonfires, which, in his own childish way, he called potato bakes. Only, instead of using potatoes, he used books. In this way he went through an entire set of Balzac, most of Kipling, and a good portion of Rabelais. He was also fond of the modern authors.

It was quite early in his life that his peculiarities began to appear. When he was twelve years old, his father woke up one day—or rather didn't wake up—to find that the precocious lad had smothered him while he slept. His mother, of course, had remonstrated with the growing boy. He promised to be good, and for a time all went well. Then, one day, judge of his mother's surprise to find on her return home that Homer had barbecued his older sister Frugalia, aged fourteen. There was Frugalia frying on a spit, astonishment writ large all over her face, while Homer busied himself with his blocks on the floor.

"Now, Homer," began Mrs. Veppy, "this will never do—"

"But, Mother," explained the smooth-faced prodigy, "she smokes so nicely!" In the face of this what could a mother do? She could only take Homer on her lap and explain that nice girls never smoked, and that in the future such things would be forbidden. With tears in his eyes, Homer promised.

TIME passed, and Homer grew older. His twenty-fifth year found him ready for that greatest of adventures—college.

"At twenty-five Homer was ready for college. . ."

There was a touching scene on the eve of his leave taking. At his mother's knee stood Homer idly dissecting the cat with a fork. His mother, her eyes suspiciously bright, handed him a Colt .44 and his father's razor.

"Homer, bairn," said Mrs. Veppy softly, "what do you want to be when you grow up?"

"I don't know, mammy," replied Homer, "but I often felt I'd like to be a street car conductor."

"Then you shall go to Harvard," said Mrs. Veppy, or rather Mrs. Fitznagle, for by this time she had married again, which really made Homer a Fitznagle, didn't it?

THE first five years of Homer's college life passed smoothly enough. He joined an exclusive eating club and kept on with his books. In his second year the club moved to a new house, as there had been a fire in the old one in which five of the brothers had been roasted to a turn. I daresay the boys would have been piqued had they known that Homer lit the fire, but he never squealed on a pal. At the end of his third year an uneventful incident nearly ended Homer's college career. He was discovered slicing the dean into small segments; the affair was hushed up with difficulty, but the dean was very formal with Homer for a time.

But they soon surprised everyone by strolling arm in arm across the yard, the best of chums; for Homer, in his own unconscious way, had done the dean a great favor. He had been lounging in his window absently dropping flower-pots filled with gravel on the heads of passers-by when he scored a bull's-eye in the form of the president himself, whose chagrin was laughable indeed. Shortly afterward the dean became president and a fast friend of Homer's.

THE next two years, however, wrought an immense change in the boy. It was after a separation of a year that his mother noticed a new Homer. She finally took him aside and looked into his eyes.

"Homer," she asked, "what is this change which has come over you?"

(*Continued on Page 25*)

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"And Still the Wonder Grew"—Susie Smilch

The Continental Favorite Seen Here Last Year in Hans Waffle's "Schmerecase"
Now Playing the Scarlet Woman in "Schlagisbundt"

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Vanity Fair

NUMBER OF JUDGE

THE MAUVE BALLOT

How the Young Men of Park Avenue Are Voting This Fall

By PETRONIUS

For whom are the young men of Park avenue voting this fall? Offhand their choice would seem obvious. They have on the one ticket (Republican) two millionaire - aristocrats — James W. Wadsworth for senator and Ogden L. Mills for governor—and on the other (Democratic) two East Side boys—Robert F. Wagner for senator and Al Smith for governor. It seems hardly necessary to ask what will be the smart selection as among such candidates? And yet you'd be a little surprised.

Personally, I think the Republicans have overplayed their silk stocking note. The bracketing of two such bloods as Ogden Mills and Jimmy Wadsworth makes the ticket too orthodox. If one is a true artistocrat (and who isn't?) one likes to feel that one can afford a bit of social or political heresy when it suits one; in fact, one rather inclines toward a certain degree of heresy as notice to the polite world that one *can* afford it. The Mills-Wadsworth combination challenges this inclination. It's a ticket, say the young men of the best standing, that seems devised to seduce those who venerate the *haut ton* rather than those who belong to it.

I am merely giving you the gossip of the best clubs as it filters through to me. But this suspicion that the extreme social impeccability of the ticket was designed to awe the *parvenus* has had partial confirmation in the blunder made by George K. Morris, chairman of the Republican State Committee, in his opening statement of the campaign. Mr. Morris, on the theory that old-fashioned formulas carry the greatest punch, has sought to identify Al Smith and Tammany with the underworld. This sort of thing may go in certain counties up State where they are still whistling "Valencia," and in the *Faubourg* Brooklyn, but not on Park avenue.

So as a gesture of fashionable irreverance the young men referred to will for the most part split their ballots. They will vote for Al Smith for governor and for Jimmy Wadsworth for senator. They will vote for Jimmy Wadsworth because he is one of them and because he has antagonized the drys, and they will vote for Al Smith, the warm-hearted, raucous-voiced, unpretentious "primitive," both because they are genuinely fond of him and because they will get a kick out of the slight revolt against convention involved.

As a matter of fact, Al Smith, for all his background of the Fulton Fish Market, makes an irresistible appeal to the socially elect. There never lived a man of less social pretense than the genial Al. This trait wins the immediate respect of those who are forever pricking the bubble of social pretense; it permits him to meet his pedigreed admirers on an even footing, unaffected and unafraid. They are drawn to him, too, by his ready humor and gayety of spirit which mocks the dour temperament of the middle-class reformer, and they honor his courage. In other words, it is the old story of the strange attraction of social opposites, of the patrician and the truckman shaking hands across the sea of smugness in between.

These, of course, are merely personal conjectures to account for the vogue of Al Smith among our very best people. I can assure you it is a vogue which those who are as careful in picking their candidates for political office as they are the items of their season's wardrobe will do very well to respect. Mr. Mills, no doubt, will appeal to gentlemen of highly conservative taste. A vote for him could hardly be called a social blunder. But the ultra smart thing in ballots, I have every confidence in predicting, will be Smith and Wadsworth. *Verb. sap.*

"I OFFERED HIM MY HEART"

By POROTHY DARKER

I offered him my heart . . . .
My vibrant, palpitating heart.
Who wears it on her sleeve
Should offer a heart carefully.

I sang a little song:
And the breeze rustled an elm.
Who sings a little song
Should gargle her throat.

I sang a little song
And offered him my heart.
But he spurned them both,
Crying, "Woof! Woof!"
Naughty dog!
He wanted liver.

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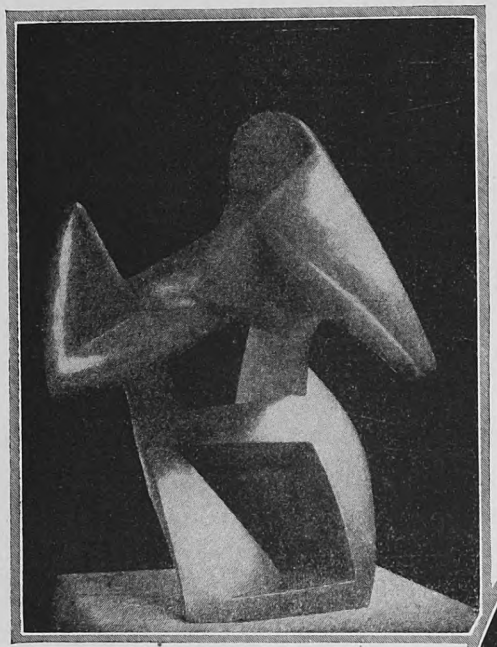
A Group of Recent Sculptures

Examples of Some New Works by European Artists Currently on Exhibition in Yonkers



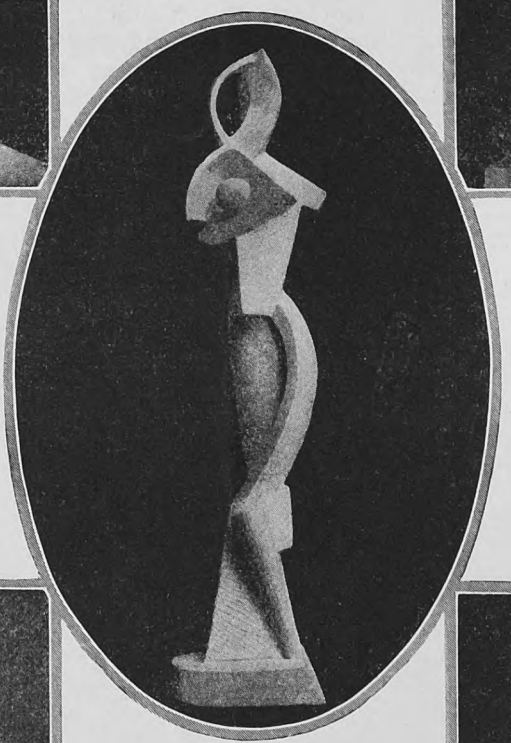
THE HUNT

A powerful, vivid piece of work by Archipenko, depicting a man hunting for his collar button, which aroused a storm of protest at the recent exhibition at Yonkers. Archipenko is of the rebel group of sculptors now sojourning in Mount Vernon.

It is a curious and frequently noted fact that modern sculpture is passing through a subtle phase. European art critics agree that it is a distinct departure from the Phydian Era and JUDGE takes this occasion to ask—as it has asked several times—why?

LOVE'S AWAKENING

A poignant sculp by the famous Basquè, Brancussi. Although a modern, Brancussi is unable to free himself entirely from the conventional, as may be seen from this naïve sketch of the two lovers meeting at eventide.



PORTRAIT OF HESTER

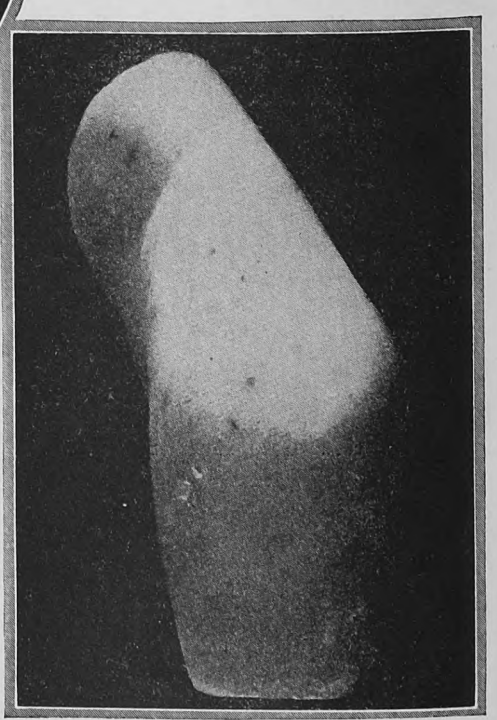
In this searching portrait, the sitter, or rather, the stander, is caught in an attitude of reverence.

(Left) PORTRAIT OF FANNY

Note the subtle simplicity in this charming bit of work by Brancussi.

TORSO (Right)

A virile piece of sculpture by Brancussi which contains an unescapable suggestion of the archaic sculptors, whether Zonavian or Pelusion.



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One Hundred Years Around the Stables

Being the Recollections of a Racing Spectator

By JIM ZULLY

"You won the marbles? Say, that's a horse of a different color!"
—OSCAR WILDE

I THINK it was Firpo who, on being asked what he thought of Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*, replied "He's a good colt, but he's never had a decent jockey!" The famous *diseuse* was obviously confused.

I have often been questioned concerning the early days of horse racing. Now that the horse has given way to whisky sours and other fashionable forms of relaxation, many of my younger readers know little of those first days of what I shall dub "The Sport of Kings."

HUDIBRAS

EPINARD

Ah, there were lovers of good horse flesh in those days. I can remember vividly a barbecue I attended when we ate Epinard, just I and Edna Ferber and Epinard. Poor Epinard! There were tears in his eyes when I told him that he must go. He leaned over to me and said:

"Sam," he said, "Sam, I should never have et that there rarebit late last night. I had the *funniest* dream! You know, out in the street with only my underwear on ... tee hee! I was never so mortified in my life!"

By the time this article reaches your hands, *Bubbling Over*, the fastest little mare that ever bit off your thumb in a stable, will have won the Derby, and, if luck is with her, the fourteen balkline billiard championship. Miss Over will be remembered for her notable feat in swimming the English Channel last year clad only in a pair of overalls and a short clay pipe. A fact not generally known is that I discovered this fleet little horse on a farm outside Nyack, N. Y. At that time Miss Over was in center field, but a few weeks at shortstop revealed her ability; and I am proud to say that she still remembers her one-time benefactor. Only last week I received this telegram from Syracuse:

"Joe: For — sake send me a fin. The show closed last night. How's my daddy?"

Perhaps the race that stands out most clearly in my memory is the classic Rubber Heel Sweepstakes in Chicago in 1907. It was a gay scene; thousands of suckers in the grandstand, streamers streaming, leeks leaking—a sight to thrill the most jaded. And the shout that went up when *Sir Walter Scott*, black as coal and twice as expensive, dressed in a bewitching pink taffeta creation by Ginsberg with mahogany panels and piloted by a little lad who was to become Ferenc Molnar, was brought on to the track in a Ford half-ton truck! And close after him *Maude X*, three hands high and as lovely a creature as ever attended primary school. Gad, there was a beautiful animal! And on their heels Dick Whittington and his cat, Ninon de L'Enclos, Mrs. Murphy and her cow, and that whole splendid pageant which was to make history that day.

BUBBLING OVER

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MADAME X

What a race! Although not a betting man, I plunged when I heard that *Sir Walter* was leading by six lengths and bet fifty cents that he would romp home the winner; but he fooled us all and arrived home the next morning after breakfast, having taken advantage of the stop-over privilege at New Haven. This one unfortunate experience cured me of betting, as it is essentially crooked and I always give the money back anyway.

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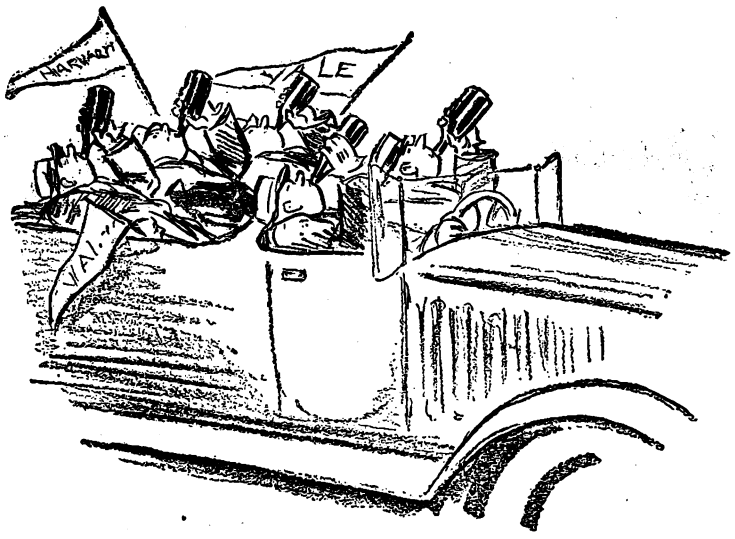
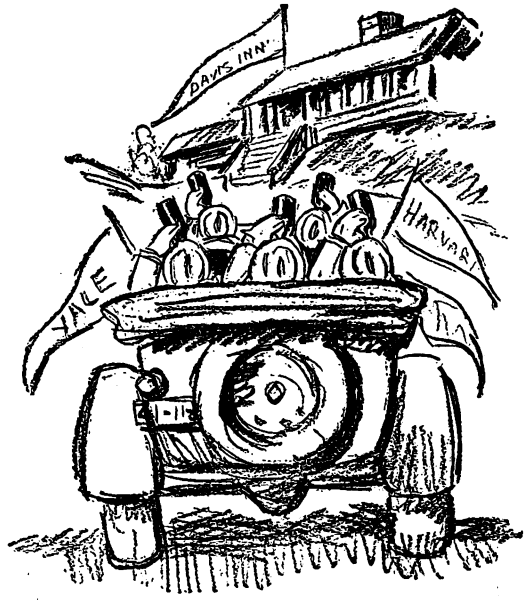
GOING TO THE GAME

This Year, as Usual, the Football Season Opens with a Kick



Off to the Game.



The Stop at the Roadhouse.

First Quarter.

Second Quarter.

Third Quarter.

Fourth Quarter.

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Poems of Joy

By EDNA ST. OLEOLAY

SUNRISE

I kneel upon the hillside,
The soft wind
Caresses me,
The summer sun
Warms me—
I am happy.
A lark
Pours out its soul
In song.
A flower
Grows at my feet—
I laugh with joy.
In the distance
Stands a horse
Two horses,
Three horses,
Many horses,
Horses, horses, horses,
Crazy over
Horses, horses, horses.

THE TRYST

Why are you so silent?
What can the reason be?
Why do you stand in the doorway?
With never a word to me?

* * *

Why don't you answer me, darling?
Tell me your secret, do.
Why do you stand in the doorway?
Why do you look so blue?

* * *

Hear me, I beseech you,
Tell me the reason, quick.
Why do you stand in the doorway?
And only answer—Hic?

CLOUDBURST

Skies darken,
Thunder
Peals in the distance,
Streaks of lightning
Rip the heavens,
A drop of water
Splashes
Against my cheek
It looks like—
Rain.

DESPAIR

Purple shadows
Melt in the mists of evening,
A nightingale
Sings to the silvery trinkle
Of a far off waterfall.
The perfume of magnolia
Hangs in the twilight haze.
And a maiden
Sits alone
And weeps.

Weeps out her heart
While the shades of night,
Like black despair,
Draw silently
Around her.

So young, so lovely,
There in the dark.
So miserably alone.
And not even her best friends
Would tell her.

NOCTURNE

Shades of night—falling,
She was lovely—lovely.
But now—I can't see!
Why did she,
Why did she
Pull down the shade?

ALL ALONE

Alone he stands,
Ah, me!
Where once there stood
So many.
And now
He stands alone.
Alone he stands
He stands
Alone
Ah, me!

ELFIN

Over the moonlit meadow,
Under a starlit sky,
I dance
A wild fandango,
I sway
To the pine tree's sigh.

I poise,
I leap,
And snaky loops
Complete my every step.
Aesthetically
I dance alone,
Alone, alone al—whoops!

LOVE

O love,
O flower of love,
Whose perfume
Enchants my soul.
What joy,
What bliss.
I think
That this
Is awful.

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JUDGING THE SHOWS

Being a Critique in which the Shows are Judged

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

I

THE prevailing question as to whether "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the play, is as good or not as good as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the book, may now be settled for once and all, and very simply. The answer is: It doesn't matter. For the play, whether it is better or worse than the book, is still funny enough to tickle almost everybody.

It is useless to discuss the play in detail, because it follows the book so closely that four out of every five Americans are thus already perfectly familiar with it even if they haven't seen it. The sales of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the book, haven't been equaled by anything in the last ten years, with the possible exception of postage stamps. It is reported that Boni and Liveright, the publishers, have themselves on occasion been compelled to stay up all night in order to help their shipping clerks wrap up bundles for the impatient trade. The phrase which constitutes the book's title has become so popular that it is now used to advertise everything taffy-colored from Virginia fine-cut to taxicabs. And Anita Loos' royalties have mounted so high that her publishers and play producer have been forced to have special checks printed of twice the standard size. In other words, it looks as if Miss Loos' book and play might turn out to be successes.

The casting of the play was no easy job, but Professor Doctor Selwyn has managed the business nicely. To some of us, June Walker may suggest Lorelei just about as closely as Charlotte Walker, but her performance is so excellent that she creates a sufficient measure of illusion none the less. Edna Hibbard is admirable as Dorothy; G. P. Huntley and Gertrude Hampton are equally good as the Beekmans; and the gents cast for Robber and Louie, the Frenchmen, are superb. Only Frank Morgan, as Spoffard, falls down. On the opening night, the play, for some reason or other, moved so slowly that one had the feeling the third act would begin before the first ended, but I understand turpentine has since been injected with satisfactory results.

QUESTIONNAIRE

(Answers will not be found on page 120)

1. What is Mrs. Leslie Carter's middle name?
2. Were the bloodhounds in the original "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company male or female?
3. Who is Louis Mann?
4. Name all the operettas Marguerite Namara has rehearsed for and not opened in.
5. What do the critics do on the nights plays open at the Triangle Theater?
6. What opera did Al Woods sing in in 1924?
7. What are the names of Eddie Foy's eight children?
8. What great actor on the American stage has his pants pressed every night?
9. What great actress?
10. What Strindberg play did Lee Shubert act in at the age of 12?
11. Now that the automobile is here, where does Mrs. Fiske find enough drivers beating their horses to get her name in the papers?
12. What is the name of Louis Mann's uncle?
13. In what year did William A. Brady emigrate to this country from Norway?
14. Is it true that George M. Cohan's real name is Rosenberg?
15. Give the names of all the chorus girls in the Aborn Opera Company.
16. Which is the elder: Vivian Tobin or Mrs. Whiffen?
17. What is the color of Winthrop Ames' moustache?
18. What is the best way to get to the Neighborhood Playhouse on a rainy night?
19. Has "Abie's Irish Rose" lost money, and how much?
20. What year was Louis Mann born in?

II

MR. WILLIAM HODGE, the pet of Squeedunk and other outlying art centers, is with us again. His exhibit this time bears the title, "The Judge's Husband." It is neither better nor worse than his exhibits in preceding seasons, which is to say it is pretty terrible.

Mr. Hodge spends nine months annually traveling around the sticks and cleaning up and then gives himself the satisfaction of coming to town for a few weeks, renting a theater and spending a lot of his hard earned money in an effort to persuade folks, and himself, that he is a big-time actor. Why he goes in for this yearly dido, the good Lord knows. He is, histrionically, of the bush-league species; his plays are of the town-hall sort; and he should be content to reap his nine months' harvest in the corn and wheat belts. The metropolitan theater is no more the place for his wares than it is for "Tom" shows or the Bermuda Minstrels.

III

FRANCES STARR makes her reappearance in a piece by Dorrance Davis, called "The Shelf." A few moments after the curtain goes up, several tight-corsetted, tight-lipped old frumps of the village come on and protest against the goings-on of the rouged and dressy heroine who has just come back from Paree. If you want to know more about this great and novel masterpiece, you'll find it at the Morosco Theater, if you hurry. Suffice it to say that it has been written with a rolling-pin, that it is uniformly as familiar as the alphabet, and that Miss Starr, while still a very competent and often charming actress, has acquired so many mannerisms and so obstreperous a modiste that her performance periodically becomes indistinguishable from a bag of confetti giving an imitation of Emily Stevens.

(Continued on page 28)

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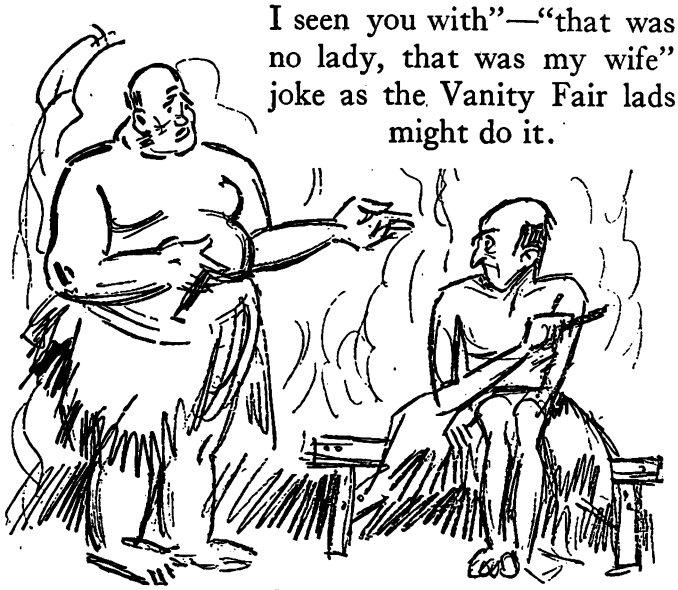
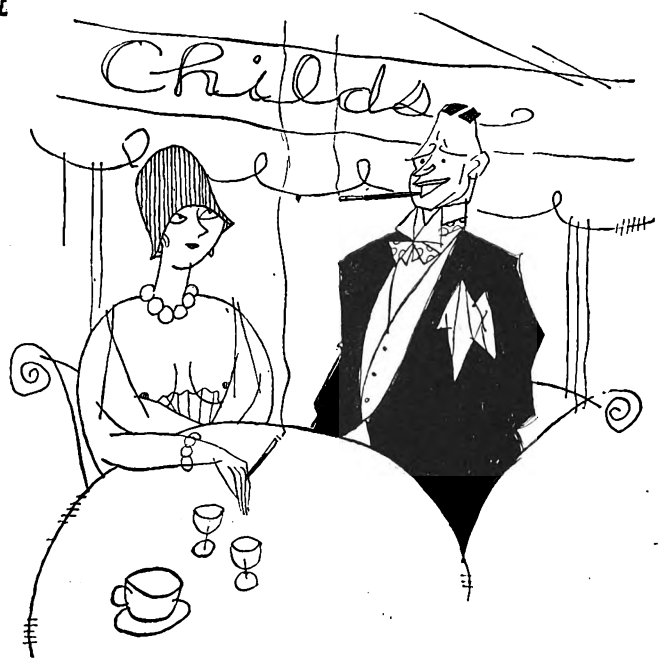
That "Who Was That Lady I seen you with"—"that was no lady, that was my wife" joke as the Vanity Fair lads might do it.



George Luks.

One of the Russians.



Martin.

Bolin

Covarrubias.

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Cherchez La Femme

Our American Women Who Are Carrying Off the Honors in the Field of Sport

THE MISSES KLUPP

Who, for the second time, carried away the American Doubles Honors in Croquet, with consummate ease, defeating such sterling opponents as the Zupp Sisters from Denmark.

VIVE LA FILLE AMERICAINE!

This season, she has come to the fore in practically every branch of sport, with the exception of "Ring-around-a-Rosie" and "Tick-tack-toe." JUDGE takes this occasion to say, "Girls, we are proud of you!"

"OUR" SUSIE

Susie Glutz broke her own record this year by bouncing a tennis ball 3,689 times without a miss. Vive la Susie!

THELMA THUTT

World's Lady Clock-golf Champion, for six years running.

(Left) **FANNY FIETLEBAUM**

World's All-around Champion Fender Denter. Fanny's never lost a battle.

RACHEL HOOFIT (Right)

World's Champion Home Walker, who has held her own against all comers for the past two seasons.

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The Foreign Invasion of the Cinema

A Discussion on the Relative Merits of Foreign Films

By W. M. HOUGHTON

THE introduction into this country of the Russian movie, "Potemkin," and more lately still of the first all-Chinese film (both by the Film Arts Guild), to say nothing of the increasing popularity here of representative German films, should stir the prophet in all of us. It suggests, for instance, that the day is coming when film fans will no longer have to be content with Hollywood fare but may indulge their unpatriotic predilections for, say, Turkish tragedies or Siamese comedies or possibly even *real* South Sea romances.

THE cinema, unlike the speaking stage, is ideally adapted to such cosmopolitanism. The translation of a few simple titles in most cases, and a picture directed in Russia becomes quite as intelligible to us as one directed in England, more so than one directed in Brooklyn. I doubt, too, if we shall be bothered much or for long by the protests of our home-grown industry. Movie money follows, or thinks it follows, the tastes of American movie fans. If they show a fancy for the art as developed in Abyssinia, it will seek investment in Abyssinia, as it has already in Germany, and without a bleat about the poor stars threatened with unemployment in Hollywood. The only protest of any strength, I think, will come from our professional Nordics who will fear for the pristine provincialism, possibly even the racial purity, of the native-born white Protestant Nordic fan, the backbone, sir—some say the head bone—of our nation.

FOR the indigenous, home-grown cinema has always been the Nordic's especial favorite and ally among entertainments. It sentimentalizes his ideals; it respects his hypocrisies; it deifies and flatters his type—the strong, silent man of the great open spaces. Whenever possible it picks as villains low persons of quite another strain, swarthy and alien. On occasion, to be sure, it has introduced as heroines beautiful "native" girls, with the allure of Satan in their supple limbs and smiling black eyes, but only to celebrate the nobility of the white hero in withstanding their frank advances. What if now this ally, this trusted standby among the recreations of a sinful world, removes its petting hand. . . . *Et tu, Brute!*

THE danger of corruption is not so remote as one might suppose. In the "Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate," for example, the all-Chinese picture referred to, I found my middle-aged self very strongly attracted by the beauty and demure sex appeal, for all her enveloping robes, of Miss Mary Lee, who takes the part of Kin-Chi,

(*Continued on page 27*)

Impression of "Vanity Fair's" office by one who never expects to be there.

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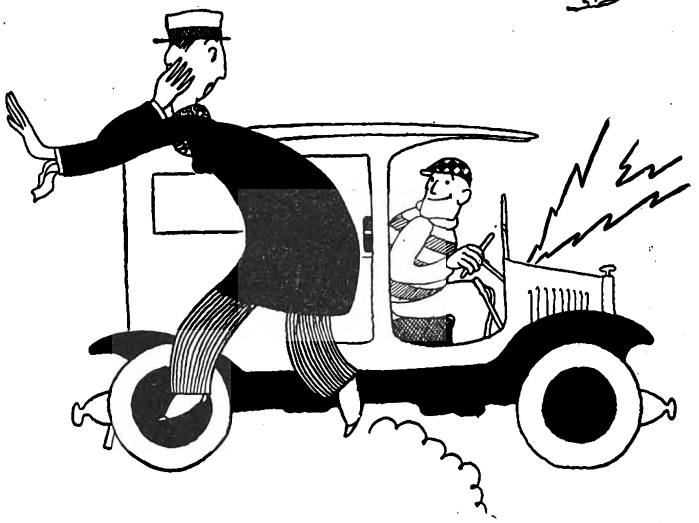
More American Tragedies

In Which Are Unveiled Agonies Unknown to the Common, or Madison Garden, Variety of Male

Drawings by A. POOR FISH

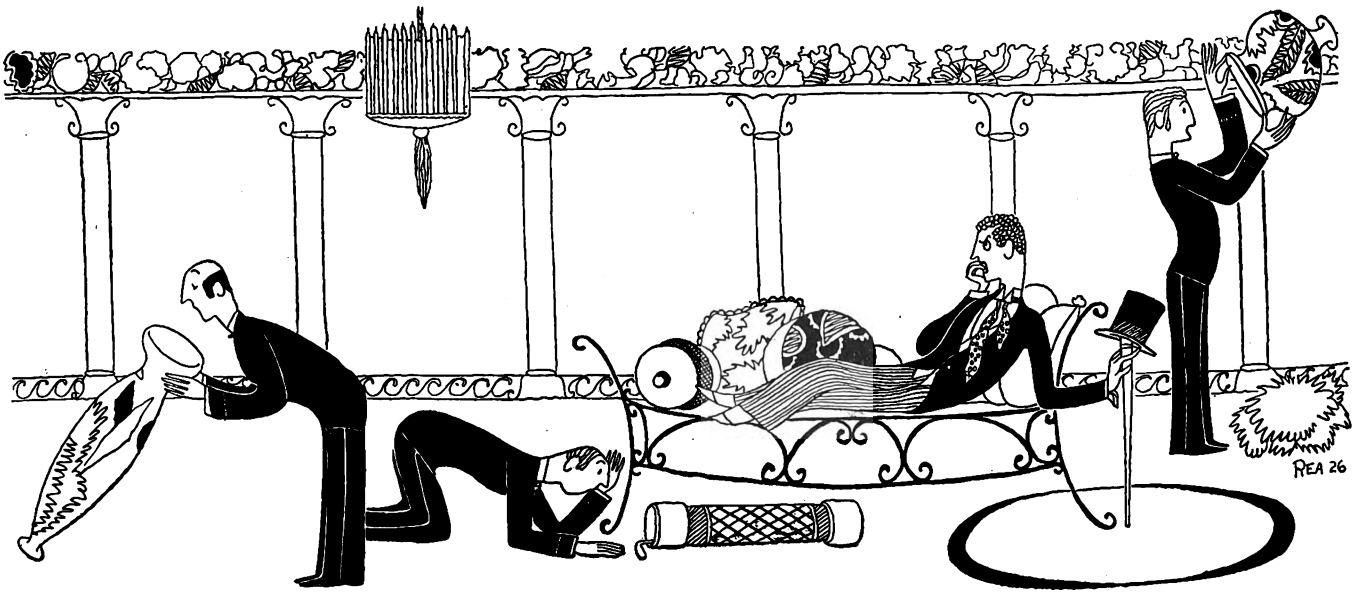
Here (at the right) we have the case of Ethelbert who finds, to his matutinal horror that Perkins, his man, has scented his shower with *Quelques Fleurs* when the criminally negligent fellow knows perfectly well that Ethelbert positively can't *stand* anything but *L'Origan!* If our martyred hero swoons at tea this afternoon, the fault must certainly be Perkins's.



Much worse, however, is the martyrdom of Eustace (above); who simply cannot stir a step on our public streets, my dear, without being honked at by irreverent rowdies. Is nothing sacred? To tell the truth, we shouldn't be at all surprised if Eustace were the power behind Mayor Walker's crusade against the dreadful nuisance.

And then consider the plight of poor Reginald (also above), who has been almost beaten to death by a female—a friend, to be sure, but nevertheless a female—who has been guilty of the violent vulgarity of slapping him on the back in ill-bred greeting. However, it is but further proof of Eustace's contention that, what with the rowdy manners of our present-day flapper, the hoydens aren't fit to associate with.

But darkest of all bulks the tragedy of pitiful Percival (below). At 11 o'clock our hero has an engagement to meet Queen Marie; it is now 10.58, and Jenks, his fourth man—the one who knots his cravats, is nowhere—*nowhere* to be found! Percival, be it recorded, is playing a man's part in the exhaustive search, by primitively biting his nails. He has already bitten them thrice—and is prepared to bite them a fourth time if necessary.



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Raquel Smeller

The European star who has taken Newark by storm, and will appear in Milt Gross' new play this season

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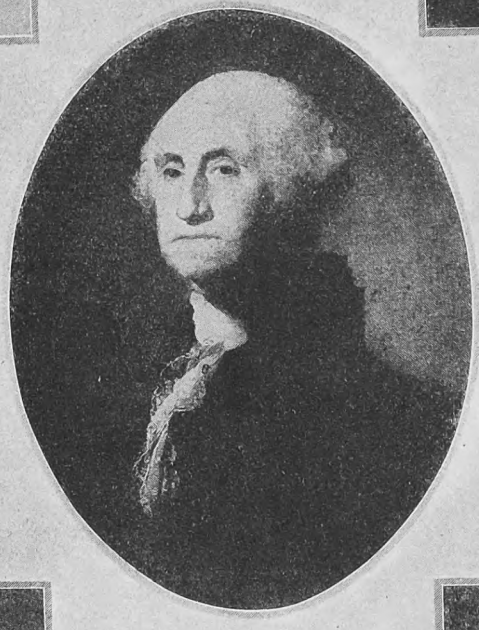
We Nominate for the Hall of Fame

(Left) U. S. GRANT

Because he fought it out on that line and took all summer, because he smoked big strong cigars and because he never ate at the Algonquin.

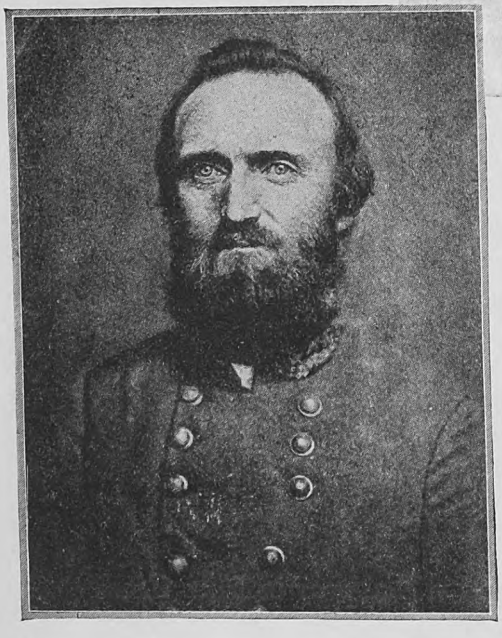


GEORGE WASHINGTON (Right)

Because he was the father of his country, never had a bicycle, and because he never ate at the Algonquin.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Because he never told any traveling salesman stories, because he photographed very well, but never posed for Alfred Cheney Johnson, and because he never ate at the Algonquin.

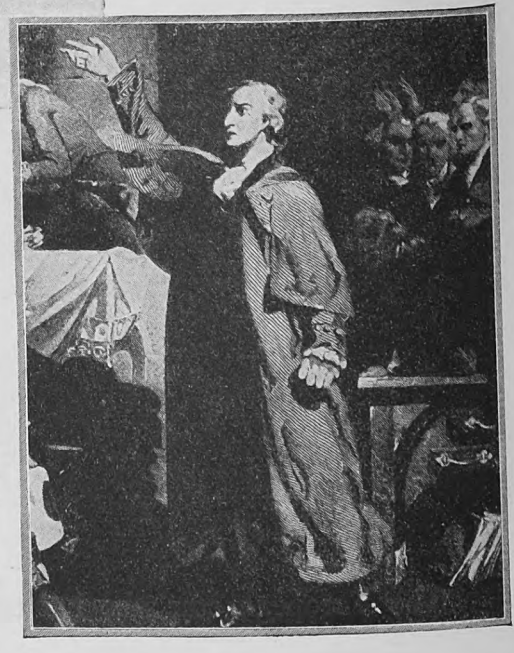


(Left) STONEWALL JACKSON

Because he preferred blondes, because he never sat on the Yale fence, and because he never ate at the Algonquin.

PATRICK HENRY (Right)

Because he said, "Give me liberty or give me death," because he never went to Dartmouth and because he never ate at the Coffee House.



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THE FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE

First Row (Left to Right), Friend of the Wardrobe Mistress, Friend of the Stage Manager, Friend of the Author, Friend of the Leading Man, Friend of the Leading Lady, Friend of the Ingenu. Second Row, Friend of the Producer, Friend of the Property Man, Friend of the Comedian, Friend of the Villain, Friend of the Stage Door Man, Friend of the Scene Shifter, etc., etc.

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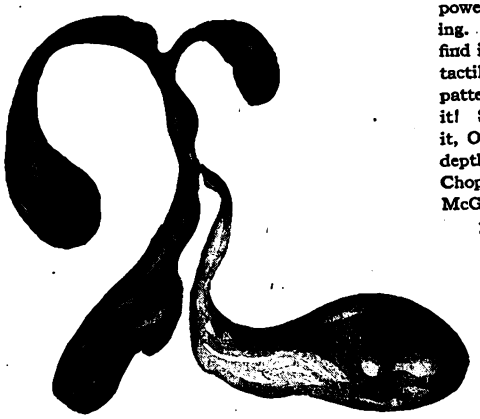
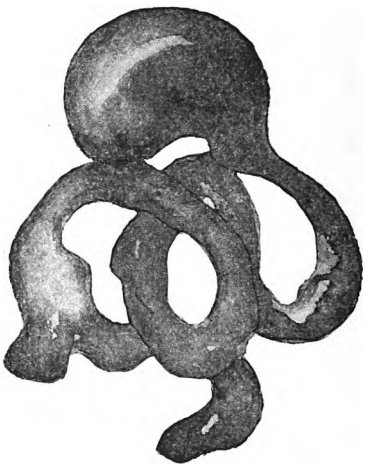


CUPID AND PSYCHE (Above)

A powerful bit of symbolism by McGuinness which, on its premier in Boston, caused a series of Back Bay riots—due to its fearless handling of the erotic problem. Though one of the earliest *opi* of the *maestro*, one is still moved to marvel at such complete mastery of the genius of the medium. Surely, one exclaims to one's raptured self, chewing gum can go no further!

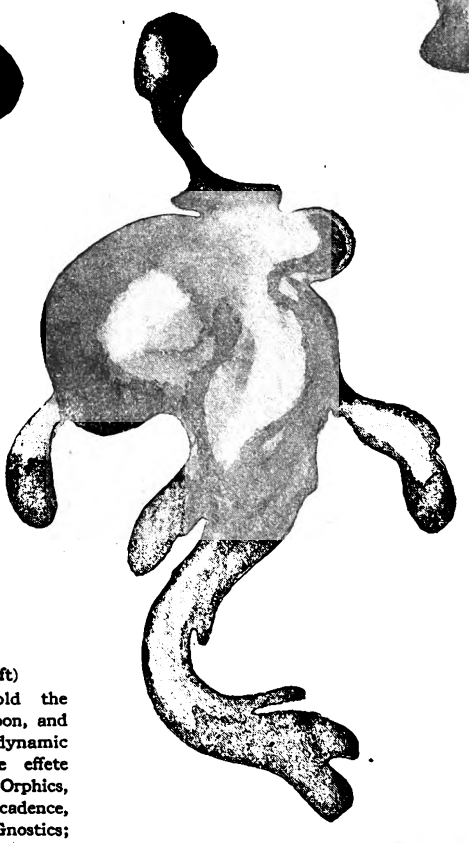
NOCTURNE IN A FLAT (Right)

A beautiful example of McGuinness's powerful overhand motion in working. Nowhere in the antique do we find its equal for sheer plangency, for tactile effect, for strict adhesion to pattern. And the utter modernity of it! Stravinsky might have grasped it, Ornstein drawn it forth from the depths of his magic keyboard, but Chopin—never! And to think that McGuinness owes her technique to years of patient stenography!



OLD PRETZEL WEAVER (Left)

One of the most realistic of the *artiste's* creations in chicle, this divinely rhythmed, socialistically inclined to be sure, but still cosmically of the soil old pretzel weaver of Nuremberg. Inspiration for this observing bit of *genre* came to McGuinness while leafing one day through her geography in search of a cigarette paper. In point of rapidity of execution it establishes a high watermark probably never to be surpassed. From stick to completed *opus*, the time consumed was but twenty-nine seconds.



INVICTUS (Left)

Again do we behold the *artiste's* reliance upon, and erudite grasp of, dynamic symbolism. Not the effete symbolism of the Orphics, of the Byzantine decadence, nor yet of the Gnostics; but imagery in its unsullied purity. And to think that this glorious contribution to the Art of all time was almost borne to premature oblivion on the criminally careless heel of an admirer!

WAKING GAUL (Above)

Here we have, alluringly portrayed, the latest development of the McGuinness *style*. The newly awakened interest in patina. Less rugged of surface, it is true, than her preceding work, but vital nevertheless, and possessing a surface beauty unequaled by contemporary efforts. Nor is there any diminishing of the stark realism of the conception proper, which is endowed with the cosmic unforgettableness of all the *artiste's* productions. Beauty comes, and beauty slips away—but the powerful chicle creations of McGuinness, stick!

The Strange Art of Gertie McGuinness, Worker in Chewing Gum

Brilliant Examples of the *Oeuvre* of America's Leading *Mastiqueuse*

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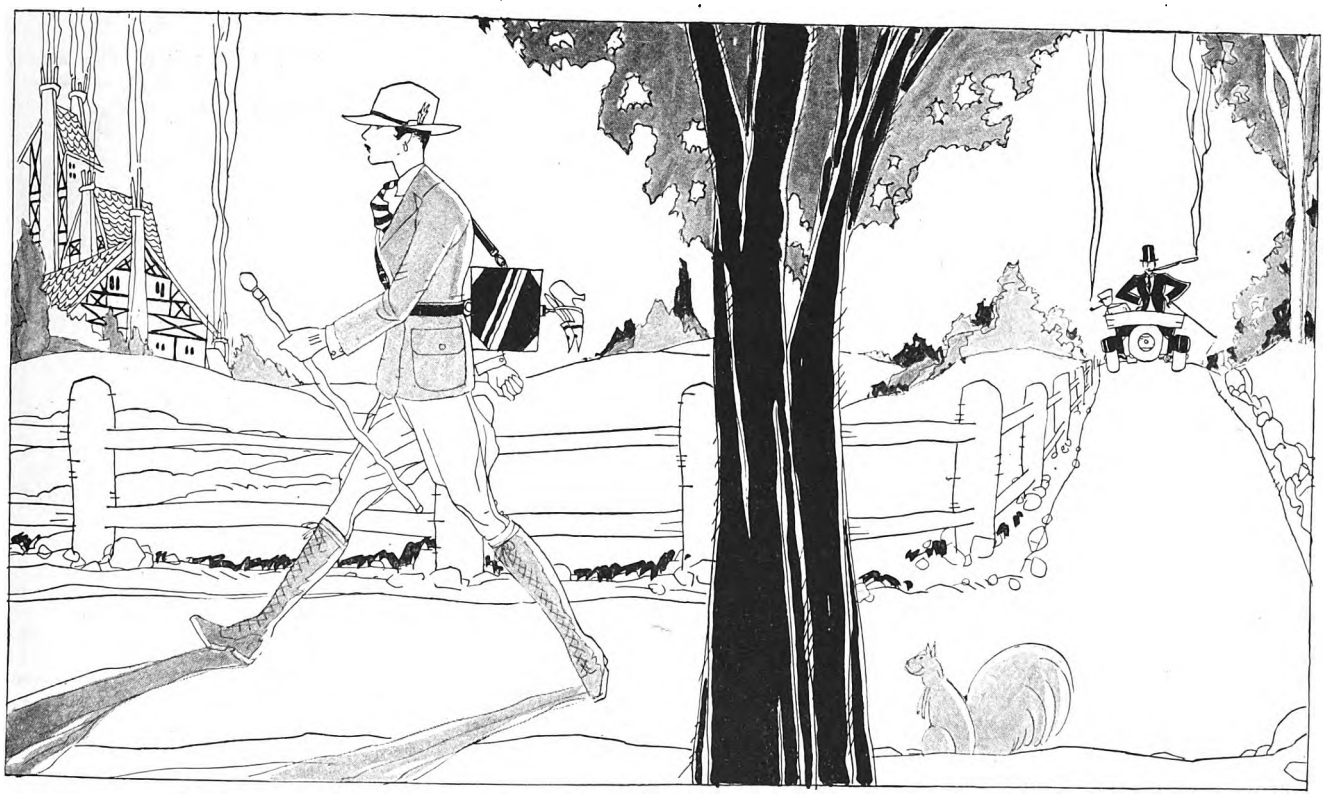
The Well-dressed Woman Considers the World of Sport

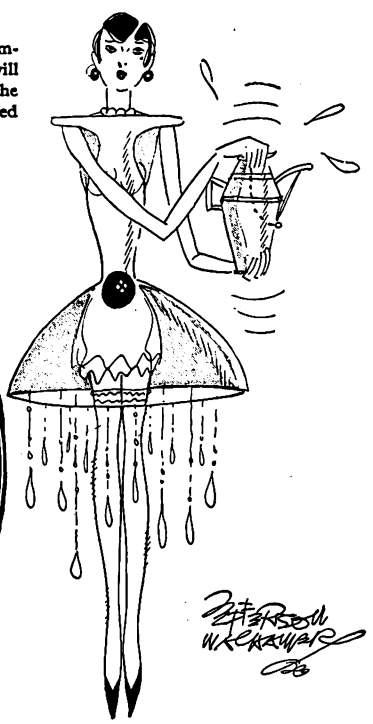


When the well-dressed woman goes a-motoring she should select a chic outfit for the walk home. This two-piece suit is an O'Grady model imported by Sears-Roebuck.

The gown below is of Kasha Velours. It is a Mulcahy model imported by Gumbel Brothers Hardware Department for the strenuous sport of cocktail shaking.

The Crapps model imported by Black, Starr & Frost, is made of Ivory Crepe Suzette with a dash of bitters, for the woman of discernment.

The model shown below, imported by A. G. Spaulding, will be very popular this fall. The ruff comes in embroidered barbed wire.



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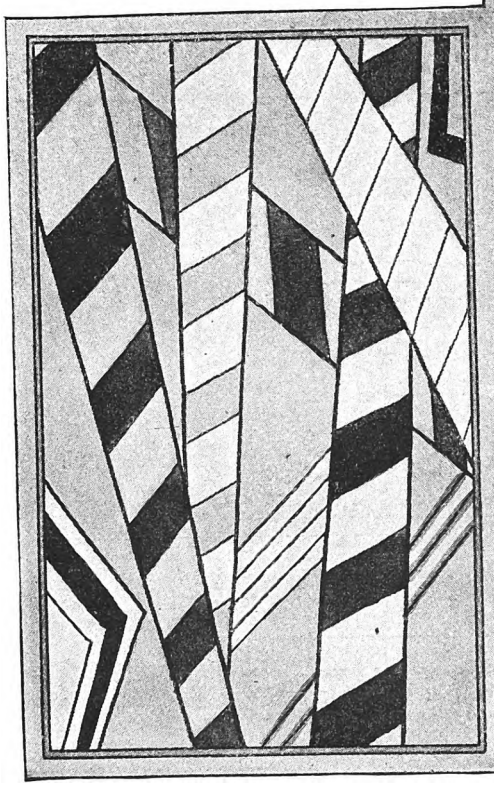
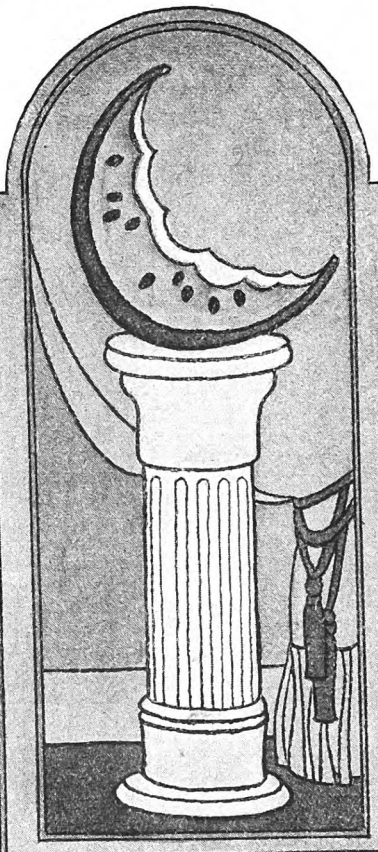
Browsing Around the Third Avenue Galleries

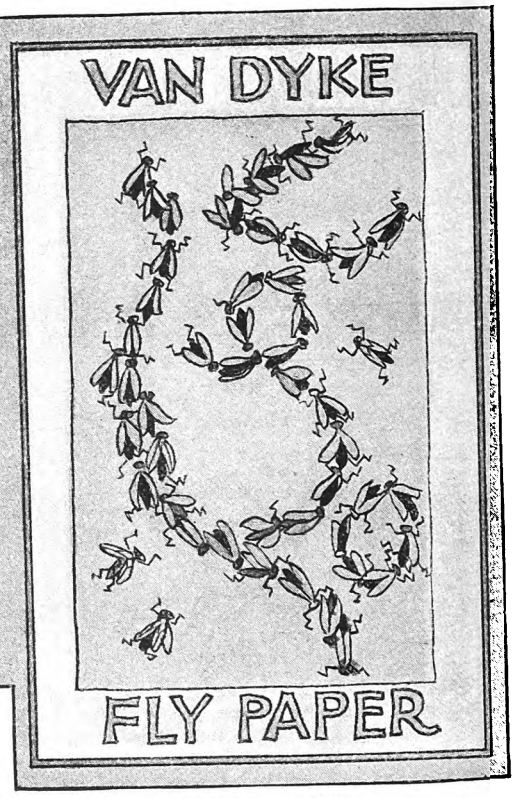
The art center's centers are agog this year over the famous Undependable Artists Exhibition which is being held on Toid avenue. Below is a selection of the more popular canvases and objects d'art.





DEEP RIVER

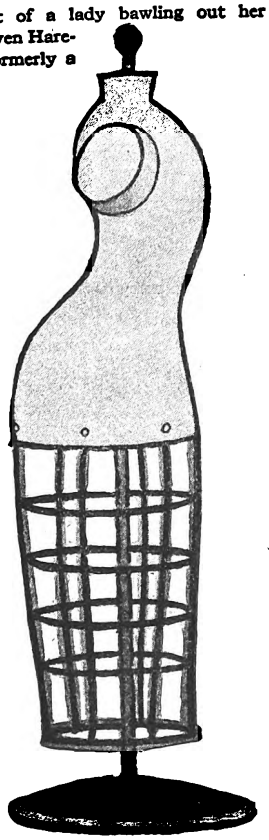
A charming bit of watermelon sculpture by Lulu Belle Mulcahy.



"SWAT'S SWAT"

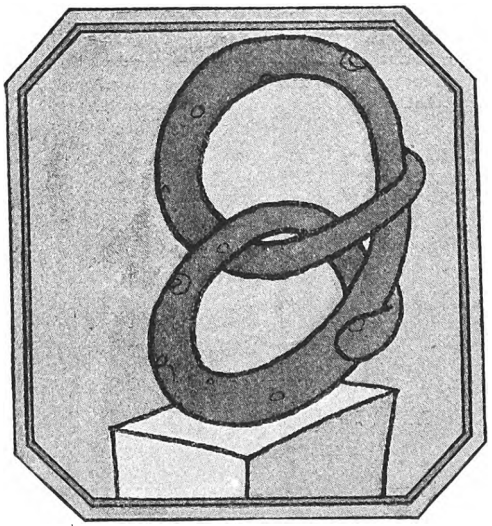
This intriguing fly paper design is the culmination of years of effort by Oscar Weil Thebanisplaying.

Portrait of a lady bawling out her husband by Shaven Harecutt, formerly a barber.



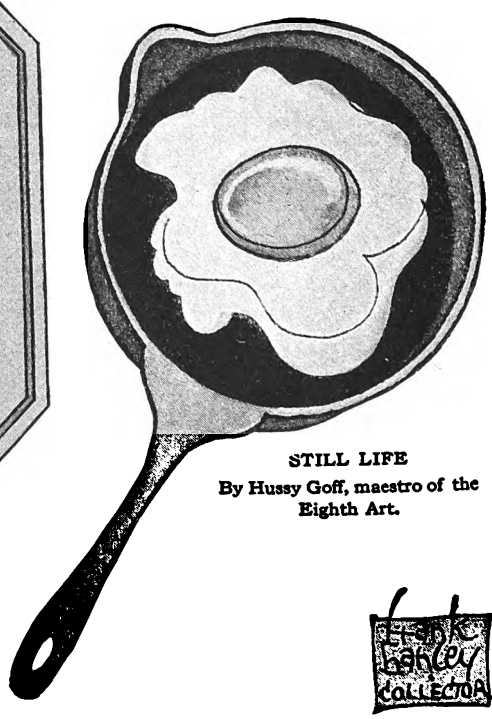
(Left) VENUS

A striking example of the post-expressionist school by Trimsherown Hatts.



SPRING

A symbolic piece of sculpture by Pretzel, the tailor.



STILL LIFE

By Hussy Goff, maestro of the Eighth Art.

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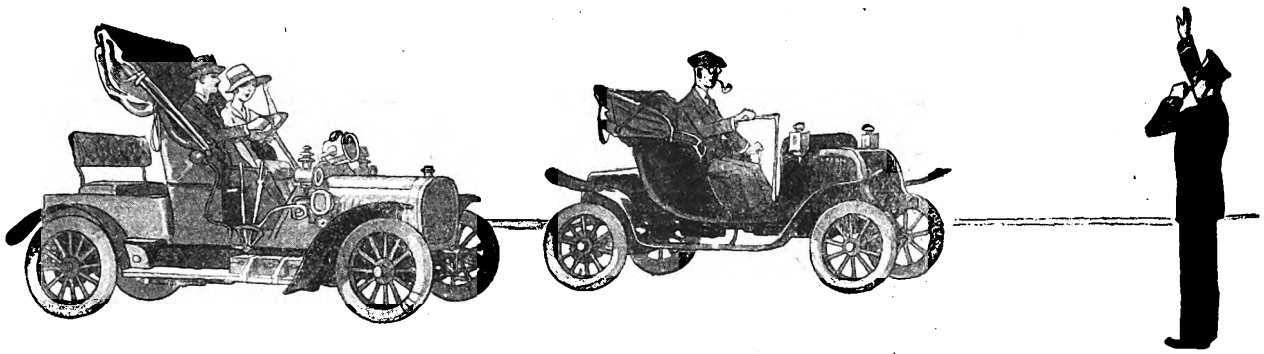


THE MERCY-DEES

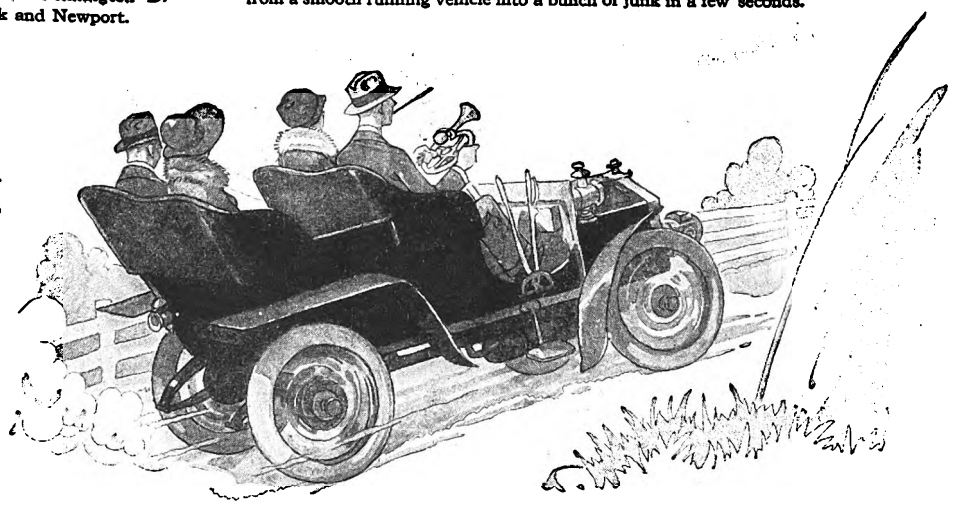
A cussed-out body built by the Smith House-wrecking Corporation, for Mr. Pennington D. Packahuey, of New York and Newport.

THE CONVERTIBLE RUEIT

The Rueit Runabout is of the convertible type, and can be changed from a smooth running vehicle into a bunch of junk in a few seconds.

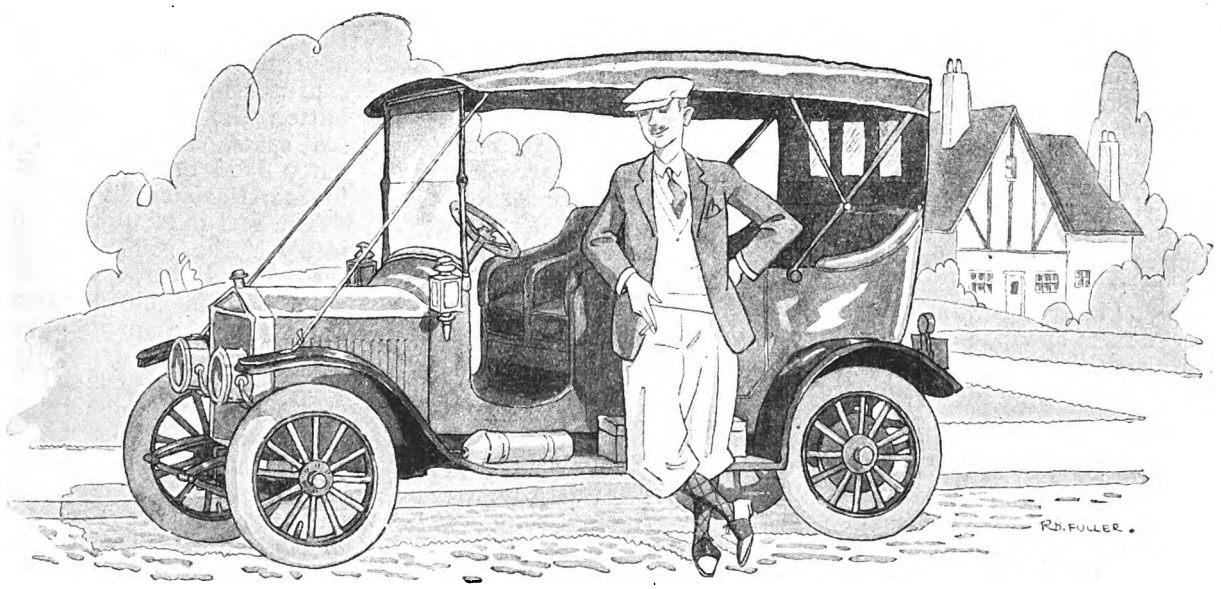
The Survival of the Open Touring Car Brings Much Color to the Road

EVERYWHERE there is evidence of the revival of the open touring car. They may be observed on any Saturday, or Sunday, cluttering up the ditches, astride fences and decorating telegraph poles. The Automobile Manufacturers predict a big year.



THE NEW LICKIT

This is one of the new European type cars, which have forced the American Manufacturers to build chassis with a much larger ground clearance to keep the small cars from getting stuck underneath.



HILLS SAINTE FAIR

One of the latest models in the open touring car field is the Hills Sainte Fair, which is a very fast car downhill and is noted for its riding ease when in the garage.

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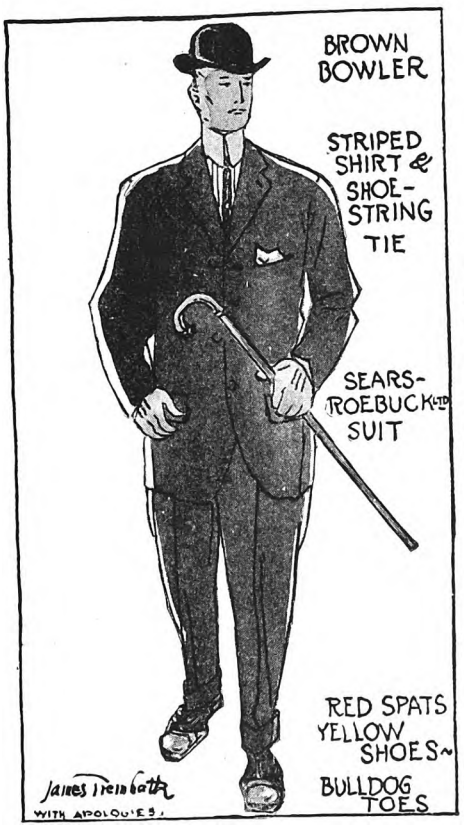
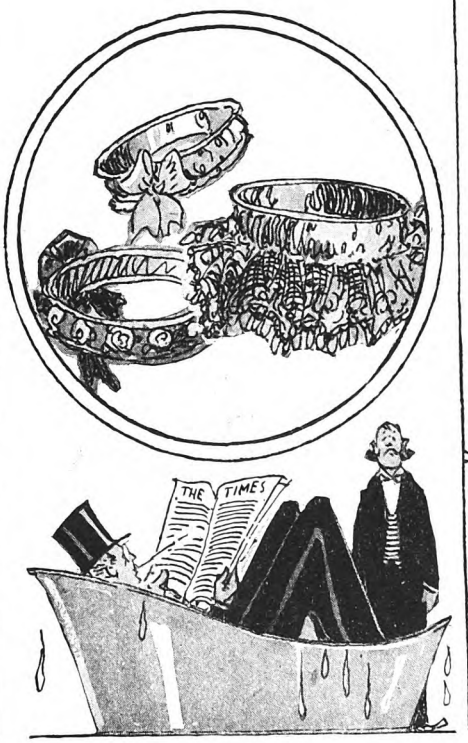
Our London Letter on Men's Fashions





EVER since Lord Lounging-Robe, Bloomsberry fashion arbiter and nephew of Sir Lloyd Thropington Kersey (a cousin of the queen on his Aunt Irene's side) appeared at the Havana cigar butt hunt of the London Hoboes' Field and Marine Club wearing a pair of purple sleeve garters, the best-known men about town have enthusiastically gone in for the idea. The colored sleeve garter looks best when worn with a pink or red striped shirt and can be obtained from some of the more conservative firms of sleeve garter makers. Roastbeef & Gravy, Limited, Official Sleeve Garter Makers by Appointment to His Majesty, have a very pretty display in their windows on Bond street.

A famous member of Parliament —Lord Pinsker-Duffus—who shall be nameless, startled the aristocratic chowder party of the Billingsgate Regular Republican Club by appearing in a pair of rainbow striped sleeve garters trimmed with fragile lace which draped artistically an inch or so below the elastic. Blushing furiously, Lord Pinsker explained that the newest vogue was to trim one's sleeve garters with bits of lace bestowed by one's sweetheart and removed by her from some intimate article of personal wearing apparel.

Fashionable London has been deploring the recent laxity in those niceties of dress which proclaim the true gentleman. Even so conventional a Briton as Sir Soft-Beverage appeared at dinner one evening recently *sans* his dinner jacket. Lady Begood, sister of the Count of Creosote, who gave the dinner in honor of Captain Carbohydrate Fitz, fainted when Sir Beverage removed his monocle and stood at the entrance to the dining salon attired in his union suit and a tweed jacket. Public sentiment waxed strong and as a result the exclusive tailors are showing formal clothes for every activity from the pre-breakfast tub to the post-dinner night-cap. At Rock & Rye, Formal Clothes Outfitters by Appointment to His Majesty, there are being shown the new full dress suits to be worn in the bathtub. Shirt and collar are of rubberized material, shoes and accessories are waterproofed and the aristocratic Briton need no longer appear for his matutinal plunge in the nude.

The bell-bottom trouser is being worn a good deal in London this season, while egg stains carelessly dotting the vest are being observed at many of the better clubs. A particularly smart turn out worn by a prominent member of the House of Lords at a recent widget hunt near Tewksbury on Mush consisted of a pair of high yellow button shoes with bulldog toes, red spats, brown bowler and a natty 1906 mail-order suit made by Sear-Roebuck, Limited.

The real outstanding feature of men's clothes for winter wear is the vogue for trousers. Fashionable London now agrees that nothing aids a man's appearance more than a pair of trousers. Chills & Fever, Official Trouser Purveyors by Appointment, Of Course, to His Majesty, are showing a complete line of winter suits with trousers included. But we will always have the conservatives in our midst. General Bullfinch, hero of the Boer War and several Kensington teas appeared last Sunday at the Charing Cross Station *without* trousers, though proudly displaying a starched shirt and high silk topper. Will stylish Lon-

(*Continued on page 26*)

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The Three-card Major

Its Advantage in the Cross Ruff, the Right Cross and the Double Cross

By F. R. FROSTER

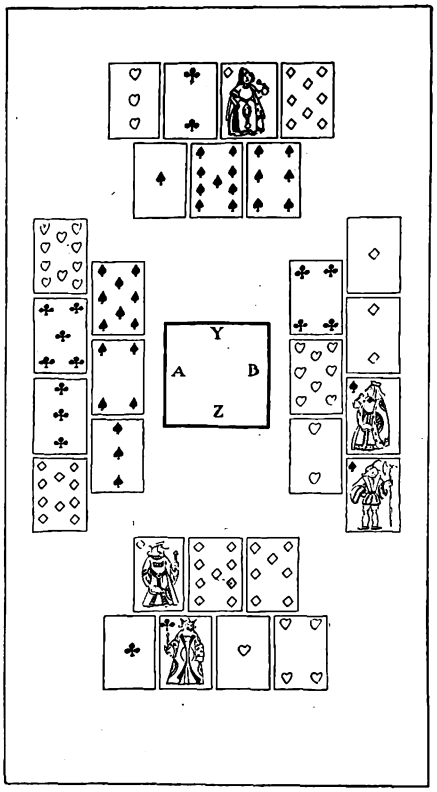
MANY bridge players have always been willing to bid in a four-card minor suit, a three-card major suit, or a last year's double-breasted suit. This tendency of players to bid irregardless of their suit is all too apt to get them into trouble. For instance: In the chart on this page the hands are dealt, there are four trumps in the game and two tramps. One of them is the Major. Y and Z want to take 6 tricks. Z leads with a club and Y comes back with a right cross to the jaw. This is the first trick and shows Y's strength. Y now has one ace, 1 king and 2 tens. Z has 1 king, 3 queens and a sorehead. At this point B should lead his jack, and A should follow with a major. The major is the dummy, but he has 3 aces up his sleeve so B loses his jack, or most of it at least. This is the second trick and a very neat one, too. The next four tricks will go to Z and Y and the success will go to their heads. This gives A and B the game, and Z and Y the raspberry.

GAME IN HAND

HERE are two hands in which there might be some doubt in the bidder's mind. These hands appeared in an old army game when the three card major was dealing:

	♡ A K 4 3	
E	♣ K K K	F ♡ A A A
	◇ A A A A	♣ A A
	♠ A A	◇ A A K K
		♠ A A K A

If there is any doubt in either player's mind at the start of this play there won't be at the end.



BRIDGE PROBLEM

There are no trumps and Z leads them. Y and Z want six tricks. Why do they want them? Answer in May number.

THE DUMMY

IT IS now generally conceded that the dummy should not be laid out face up on the table, but should be laid out with a blunt instrument and rolled under it. In a game of progressive bridge recently played at the Elk's Club, four dummies and a traveling salesman were laid out in this manner and the rest of the club then progressed to the bar.

THE INFORMATIVE BID

CONTRARY to the teachings of myself and other experts, some of my contemporaries still contend that the correct bid on a certain hand should be bid only when such a bid is bid when a bid should be bid. This is wrong. The bidder should always bide his time and bid only when the bid he bids is the bid that hould be bid. For instance: If a player bids a bid that should not be bid when he bids it and it turns out to be a bad bid, it makes it a bit bad for his partner and vice versa.

ANSWER TO LAST YEAR'S PROBLEM

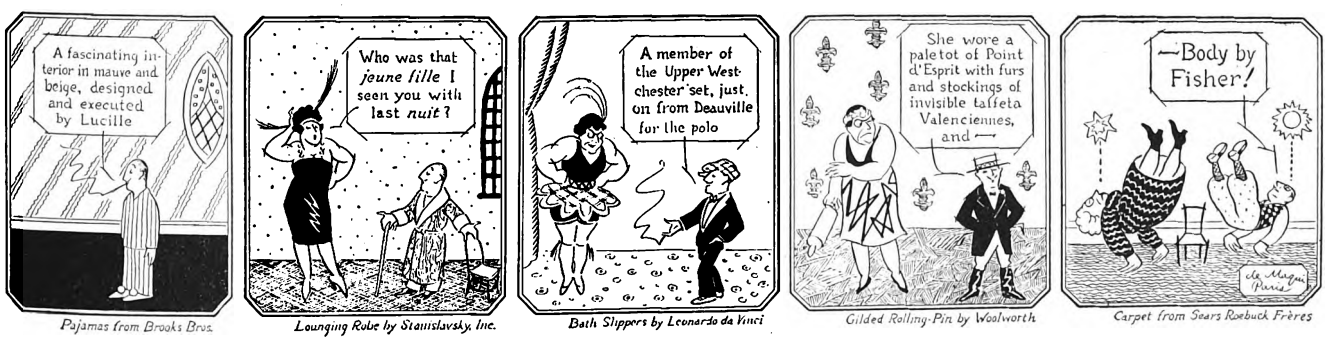
THIS was the distribution in Problem XXXXXXXXX:

	♡ J 10	
	♣ J 9	
	◇ None	
	♠ Q J 8 6	
♡ 3 2		♡ None
♣ 2	Y	♣ None
◇ None	A B	◇ None
♠ 5 4 3 2	Z	♠ None
	A K Q	
	A K Q	
	A K Q	
	A K Q	

Spades are trumps, Z was dealer as may be seen, and A is going to get a surprise. Y has passed, B has passed out, and something is rotten in Denmark.

A wants 5 tricks, A is going to be disappointed. Y wants a new deal and B wants to go home.

The idea of this problem is to get B home without waking his wife. This can't be done and the results can't be published. *J. S.*



IF VANITY FAIR RAN A COMIC STRIP

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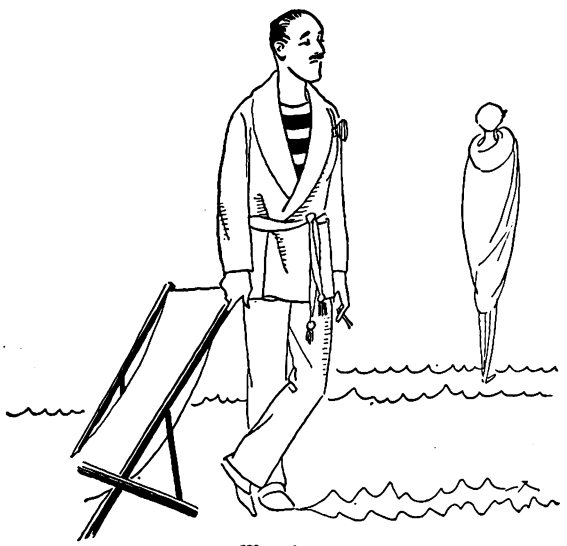
If You Leave It to Vanity Fair

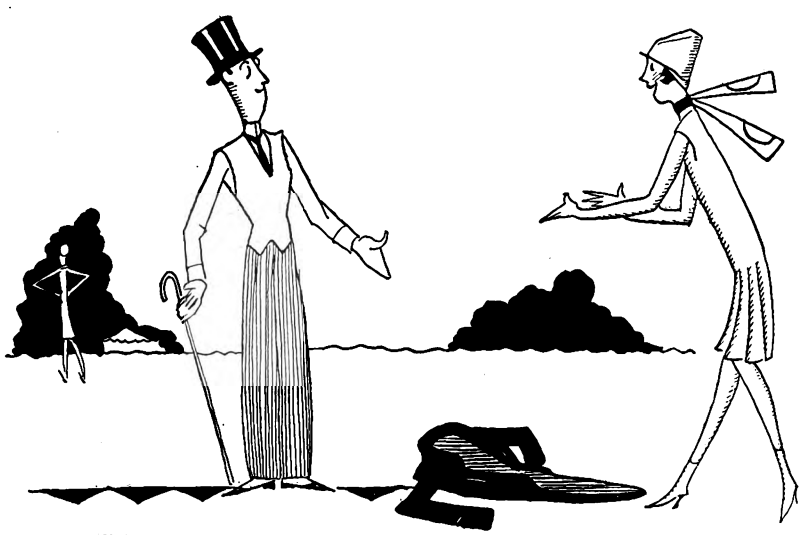
Columbus discovers America.

Washington crosses the Delaware.



Napoleon at Waterloo.

Farragut damns the torpedoes



Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth.

The retreat from Moscow.

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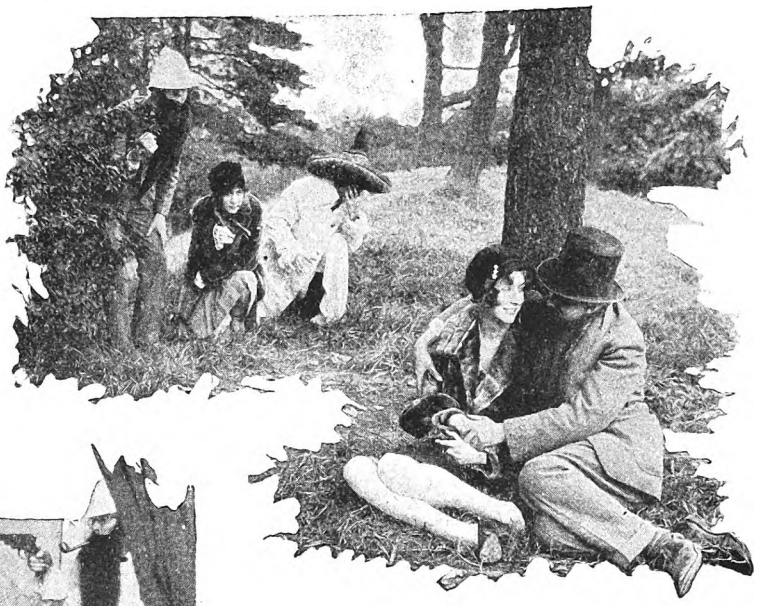
THE NEW ART

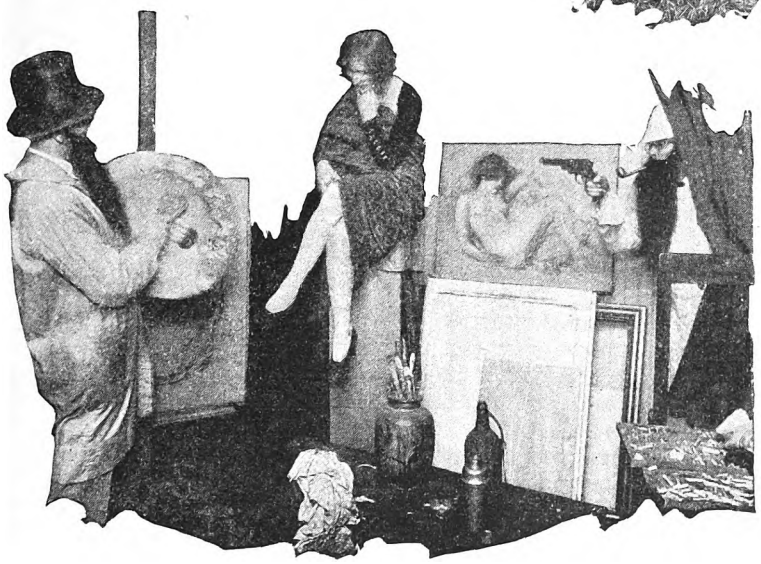
Developed by the Tabloid Newspapers

The old saying that "Murder will out" has been proven conclusively by the picture newspapers, and a new form of photographic art—namely, the picturization of the actual scene of the crime, posed by paid models—has begun to spread itself throughout the country. Judge takes this occasion to ask, as it has asked several times before, what is the world coming to?



THE MALLS-HILLS CASE

Here we are shown exactly how the erring minister of the gospel and the unfortunate zither player met their deaths under the weeping willow tree. Note the neglected wife in the background.



THE FAMOUS ZILCH STUDIO MURDER

Luther Zilch, the artist, was a libertine of the worst sort and lured young girls to his atelier. He was finally killed by one of his victim's husbands, as shown above.

THE "LOVE NEST" MURDER

Who does not remember the famous Snoggins "Love Nest" killing? Ephraim Snoggins was shot in his apartment one winter's evening by his sweetheart's old man.

THE GREAT RIO GRANDE ABDUCTION

A thrilling picture of the two rich American girls, prominent in Hoboken society, who were kidnaped by Mexican bandits and held for ransom.

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THE CLEW

Breathless he dashed into the police station at midnight. In a state of semi-collapse he explained that his wife had been missing since eight o'clock that morning.

"What's she like?" asked the stolid sergeant in charge. "Let's have her description. Height?"

"I—I don't know," gasped the man.

"Weight?"

The man shook his head vaguely.

"Color of eyes?" demanded the officer.

"Er—grayish blue, I think."

"Do you know how she was dressed?"

"I expect she wore her coat and hat. I've just discovered she took the dog with her," said the man.

"What kind of dog?"

"Brindle bull terrier, weight fourteen and a half pounds, four dark blotches on his body, shading from gray to white. He's got a blackish spot over the right eye, white stub tail, three white legs and right front leg brindled, all but the toes. A small nick in the left ear—"

"That'll do!" cried the sergeant, "we'll find the dog!"

—Passing Show

* * *

A man found himself at a teetotal banquet. He suffered patiently until dessert arrived, when a neighbor pressed him to have some grapes.

"No, thank you," he growled; "I don't take my wine in pills."

—Tit Bits

* * *

"How is it I didn't see you at the charity meeting last night?"

"It was I who passed the plate round!" *—Heywood Advertiser*

* * *

"I don't know what to do with my daughter; the more I blame her the worse she is; what is to become of her?"

"Oh, make her a telephone girl." *—Buen Humor* (Madrid)

AN ABSOLUTE CURE

"The doctor has ordered her to the seaside. Now they're having a consultation."

"Of doctors?"

"No, of dressmakers."

—Cleveland Press

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" - Insist!

For Colds Headache
Pain Lumbago
Neuralgia Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only a Bayer package which contains proven directions

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

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

Blonde hair kept light

by new Swedish shampoo

BLONDE hair is highly attractive but it has a tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is far from pleasing. But now every blonde can keep her hair beautifully light and sparkling *always*. Simply use Blondex, the new Swedish light hair shampoo. This not only corrects the natural tendency of blonde hair to darken—but actually brings back the true golden beauty to hair that has already darkened. Makes hair fluffy, silky. Fine for scalp. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

If You Can Do This Step

I'll Make You a Finished Dancer in 10 Days!

I DON'T care if you've never been on a dance floor! My method of teaching dancing is so simple that you can learn any of the latest steps—Charleston, Fox Trot, Waltz—in one evening, right in your own room, without music or partner.

Five Lessons FREE

To *prove* that I can make you a finished dancer in ten days, I will send you five lessons from my course—*absolutely free!* To cover cost of printing and mailing send 10c and these valuable lessons will be forwarded at once. Also a free copy of my new book, "The Short Cut to Popularity." Write today—and surprise your friends!

ARTHUR MURRAY
Studio 675 7 East 43d St., New York, N. Y.

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HIS CHOICE

Casey and Murphy stood looking into a jeweler's window.

"Casey," asked Murphy, "how'd you like to have your pick here?"

"Sure," responded Casey, "I'd rather have my shovel."

—*Argonaut*

* * *

The movie actor, who had been divorced five times, proposed again.

"Why, I rather like you, Jim," said the young woman, "but, you, see, I've heard so many things about you—"

"My dear," interrupted the much-married actor, "you really must not believe those old wives' tales." —*Boston Transcript*

* * *

Customer—Here, I say, when you sold me this medicine you told me it would cure me in a night. Well, it hasn't cured me.

Chemist—Ah, but it doesn't say which night on the bottle, sir. —*Answers*

* * *

Visitor—I must say, Mrs. Brown your Ellen's improvin' in 'er playin'!

Ellen (from within)—I'm not playin'! I'm just dusting the pianner.

—*Northern Daily Telegraph*

A DRUMMER'S SWEETHEART

The following conversation ensued between a traveling man and his sweetheart: "What?" he asked, "you don't know what 'l-a-m-e' spells? If you saw a poor man coming out of the hospital hardly able to walk, what would you say he was?" "I'd say he probably got pie-eyed on some bum liquor," shot back the innocent mamma. This just goes to show.

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

F A T I M A

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

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Homer Veppy, or How One Boy Found Himself

(*Continued from page 1*)

"Mamma," said Homer slowly, "I don't want to be no street car conductor."

"What!" cried the poor woman, "what have I sent you to Harvard for—" But the boy had interrupted her. From his brief case he had taken a magazine.

"I see my mistake," he said. "What I really wanted to be was a motorman. And here is the magazine that helped me find myself." And he handed her a copy of *Vanity Fair*.

Perelman

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)
1666 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Always insist upon having

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Tonic Appetizer For 52 Years

Sample by mail, 25c
C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

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Stores approved as Reymer Agencies are supplied direct from Reymers'—ensuring freshness and careful handling.

MADE BY REYMER & BROTHERS, INCORPORATED, PITTSBURGH, PA., SINCE 1846

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

(*Continued from page 20*)

don adjust itself to the easy informality of the times and adopt the trouser or will British tradition defeat this radical tendency? Will the glorious tight little Isle of Wellington, Victoria and Kitchener fight grimly for its time-honored pantless prerogative or will our children learn to regard the trouser as fitting clothing for an English gentleman? As the French so aptly say, *je ne sais pas.*

Arthur L. Lippmann

* * *

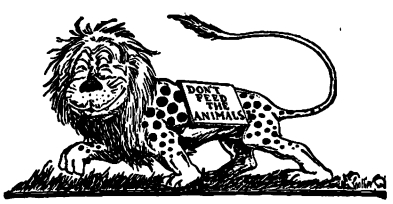
The many ways of doing things,
A casual glance discloses,
Some folks turn up their sleeves at work,
And some turn up their noses!

—*Aussie* (Sydney)

Winner of Movie Contest No. 8

Out on a ranch SOMEWHAT WEST OF HOBOKEN, WHERE MEN ARE MOSTLY EXTRAS, JACK COXIE, a TWO-GUN MAN FROM CHICAGO, is working AS A COW-PUNCHER BY DAY, AND TICKET-PUNCHER by night, trying hard to SAVE UP CAR-FARE TO HOLLYWOOD. One day the wealthy ranch owner arrives with HIS BEAUTIFUL BUT DUSTY DAUGHTER from the East, and in spite of JACK'S RED HAIR AND CROSSED EYES, THE GIRL FALLS FOR HIM, AND they, AS THE SUBTITLE SAYS, LOVED WITH A LOVE THEY swear eternal. A DESPERATE AND HUNGRY gang of bandits KIDNAPS THE GIRL, holding HER for A RANSOM OF A DOZEN DOUGHNUTS AND SIX CUPS OF COFFEE. The GALLANT cowboy mounts his RUSTY FORD and TRAVELS AT A RECKLESS RATE for days, finally DISCOVERING THE BANDITS' LAIR. IN THE FIERCE FIGHT THAT ENSUES, HIS LEFT ARM IS SHOT OFF, AND HE RESCUES THE GIRL SINGLE-handed. As a reward for his BRAVE DEED, the OLD MAN makes him THIRD ASSISTANT BRONCO-BUSTER, and, SEATED IN HIS TIN STEED, JACK AND THE GIRL RATTLE AWAY into the setting sun.

Allan Glasser



..... *sign on the dotted line* .....

NOTICE TO JUDGE CONTRIBUTORS

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.

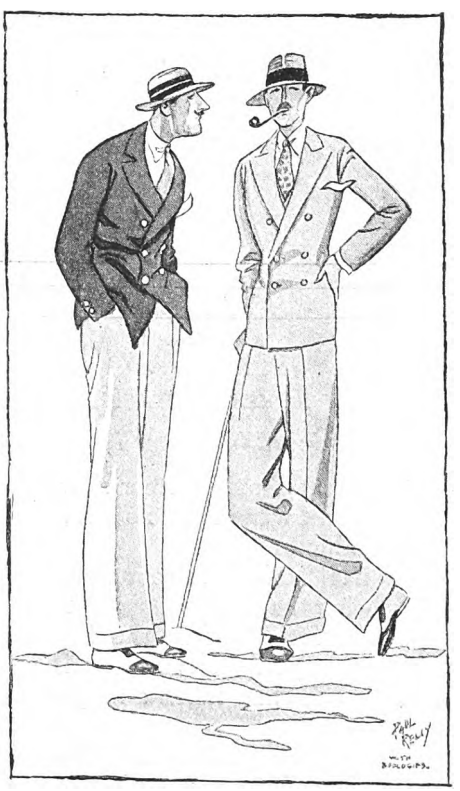
But for prompt attention, address manuscripts in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

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,
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

CLOGGED PORES prevented if skin is well cleansed with non-irritant soap. Thousands use only

Resinol



MEN ABOUT TOWN AND COUNTRY

Southern-and-California-wear Young Man in "Vanity Fair" Ad—Where are you going this summer?

Companion—Nowhere—but I expect to spend the winter in "Vogue."

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The Foreign Invasion of the Cinema

(*Continued from page 11*)

daughter of a tyrannical old Mandarin. Miss Mary Lee's eyes slant the wrong way, according to all cinema standards; she lacks a bridge to her pretty nose; she takes steps about an inch long without once showing even her toes, and she neither gives nor receives kisses (not in public, at least), and yet I'm sure the stirrings within my ancient midriff at sight of her will be duplicated with interest in the bosoms of all the strong, silent men of the land when they, too, can see her. What an influence for internationalism!

MAYBE I should add that the legend of "The Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate," though 900 years old, is quite as romantic and sentimental as anything we are in the habit of filming, that a great deal of attention has been paid in the picture (directed by William H. Jansen, an American) to costumes and scenic photography, which are both superb, and that the acting, with the exception of Miss Lee's, is laughable. In other words, the American fan ought to feel entirely at home watching it all.

* * *

"I saw the doctor enter your house. I hope it was nothing serious!"

"It was very serious! He called to collect his bill!"

—*Pele Mele* (Paris)

THE AGONY OF SUSPENSE

They sat there holding hands—neither had spoken for some minutes, but the girl had a feeling that soon she was to be asked the all-important question.

Her mind was in turmoil—again and again she asked herself how should she answer him—should she seem surprised or should she show that she more or less knew that he would ask her?

She had only known him a short time—she liked his voice and he played divinely.

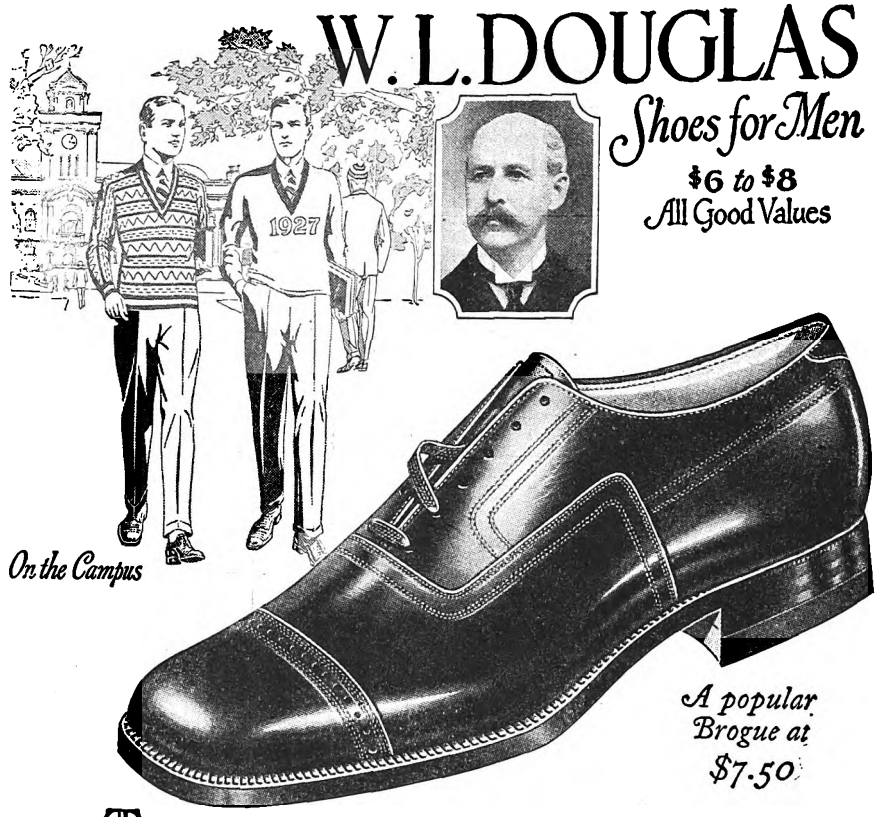
She nerved herself up for the words she knew must come and turned her smiling face to his.

He glanced at her appealingly as if he wished to speak but felt it was not yet time to do so.

She looked at him again with her large innocent eyes and then like a woman she decided to play her last card.

Then he at last found words—he could speak now the game was finished.

"Why did you trump my ace?" he asked. *Cecil Norriss*



THE carefully groomed city man and collegian favor this medium Brogue It is cut on Custom lines from top grade, imported, full grain calfskins and has calf-lined quarter. Popular Chestnut Brown or Black. Here ample toe room is associated with trimness. Added style features relieve its conservatism. ∞ ∞ ∞ At $7.50 this Douglas shoe is matching steps with others far more costly.

[W. L. DOUGLAS WOMEN'S SHOES FOR ALL OCCASIONS $5 AND $6]

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO. ∞ BROCKTON, MASS.

"Hello, 'Vanity Fair'? I very nearly forgot to notify you of a change of address."

Judge, Jr., Starts a New Contest Next Week!

Learn to Draw at Home

Simple Method Makes It Amazingly Easy

Trained artists earn from $50 to over $250 a week. Tremendous demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc.

Become an artist through this quick, easy method—right at home in spare time. Learn Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning. Actual fun learning this way. Individual attention by mail from successful commercial art instructors. Learn to draw and earn big money.

Send for FREE BOOK

Just printed—a new book which describes the latest developments and wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art, and gives full details of this quick, easy method of learning to draw. Tells all about our students—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning. Write for this Free Book and details of Attractive Offer. Mail postcard or letter now.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 4810-D 1115—15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C

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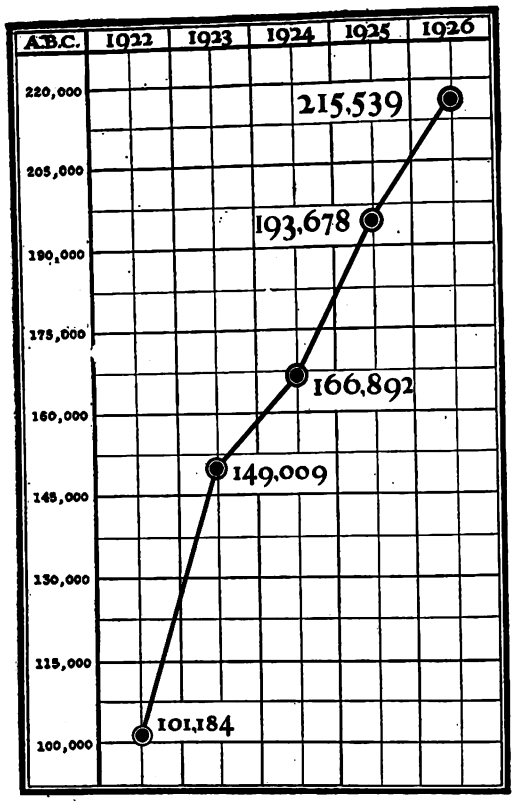

Judge is going ahead

These new rates will apply to all advertising not covered by a formal order before November first

Line		**$**	**2**
Column			**285**
Page			**850**
Color Page,	**2 colors**		**1,200**
Inside Covers,	**2**	**"**	**1,200**
Inside Covers,	**4**	**"**	**1,400**
Back Cover, 2, 3, or	**4**	**"**	**1,750**

Judge

Advertising Management of

E. R. Crowe & Company, Inc.

New York **Established 1922** **Chicago**

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 8)

IV

NOR can I find anything to buy drinks on in "The Woman Disputed." What we have here is the brain-child of a Mr. Denison Clift, whose especial art consists in the manufacture of moving picture scenarios. There is no reason why a moving picture scenario writer shouldn't be able to write a good play; in fact, there is even no reason why a moving picture scenario writer shouldn't be able to write a good moving picture scenario; but for some peculiar fact or other no moving picture scenario writer seems able to do either. The M. Clift's play is a cheap war melodrama, utterly without quality. It will thus doubtless presently be converted into a movie which will get rapturous notices from all the movie critics.

The leading actor is Lowell Sherman, a *cabot* beloved of cinema devotees. The leading actress is the skillful Ann Harding.

* * *

Don't forbid your girl
Cigarettes and such;
If you let 'em smoke
They don't talk so much.
—*London Opinion*

* * *

The report that a New York singer, who was struck on the head lost his voice was probably started by some wholesale hammer manufacturer. —*Humorist*

Driver—Taxi, sir?
Reveler—Mush obliged—was jusht wonderin' what it was! —*Humorist*

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4¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS Until Nov. 30 at 4¢

Greatest Bargain Sale in Publishing History—Your Choice of Great Books at 4c per Copy—Rush Your Order Today

To Secure 1,000,000 New Readers, Little Blue Books Are Offered at 4c Each Until November 30, 1926. —Order Your Winter's Reading Today

MILLION NEW READERS WANTED

1,000,000 new readers are wanted for the Little Blue Books—hence this amazing bargain sale at 4c per copy. Look over this list and place your order according to instructions below. You have only until midnight, November 30, 1926.

58 Tales from Decameron
672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life
14 What Girls Should Know. Sanger
653 What Boys Should Know. Fielding
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
536 What Women Past 40 Should Know
690 Man's Sexual Life
689 Woman's Sexual Life
691 Child's Sexual Life
692 Homosexual Life
74 Physiology of Sex Life
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
98 How to Love. Wood
556 Hints on Etiquette
893 Five Hundred Riddles
6 Love, etc. Maupassant
23 Great Sea Stories
78 Hints on Public Speaking
82 Common Faults in Writing English
91 Manhood: Life Facts Presented to Men
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
145 Great Ghost Stories
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
166 English as She is Spoke. Mark Twain
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
189 Eugenics. Ellis
192 Book of Synonyms
203 Love Rights of Women
208 Birth Control Debate
209 Aspects of Birth Control
217 Puzzle of Personality
231 Humorous Sketches
239 26 Men and Girl. Gorki
286 Prostitution in Ancient World
1111 Prostitution in Medieval World
292 Mlle. Fifi, etc. Maupassant
336 Mark of the Beast, etc.
639 Most Essential English Words
648 Rejuvenation: New Fountain of Youth
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
668 Humorous Fables
681 Spelling Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
822 Rhetoric Self Taught
823 Composition Self Taught
696 How to Pronounce 4,000 Proper Names
697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
717 Modern Sex Morality
726 Facts About Venereal Diseases
734 Book of Useful Phrases
746 Daughter of Eve. Harris
795 Gunga Din. Kipling
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
815 Book of Familiar Quotations
821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
800 Sex in Psycho-analysis
1092 Simple Beauty Hints
56 Dictionary of Slang
1062 Humoresque. Hurst
152 Son of the Wolf. London
907 Sex Obsessions
1010 Amateur Magic Tricks
1023 Popular Recitations
1088 Truth about Mussolini
288 Tales of Far North. London
835 Book of Useful Tables
847 How to Play Card Games
855 How to Write Letters
856-857 Arithmetic Self Taught (2 vols.)
864 Confidential Chats with Husbands
868 General Hints on Self-Improvement
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
883 Debate on Capital Punishment
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886 Piece of String, etc.
887 Necklace, etc. Maupassant
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290 Gold Bug. Poe
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870 Facts About Tuberculosis
816 Shakespearian Quotations
1042 Red Inn. Balzac
1045 A Mad Sweetheart
1075 Ghouls and Ghosts
1034 Spanish Humor
674 The Falcon, etc.
15 Atheist's Mass, etc.
66 Crimes of Borgias.
662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents
7 Huxley's Liberal Education
76 Bryan's Prince of Peace
323 Life of Joan of Arc
778 Environment of Life
745 Harris' Montes: Matador and Lover
710 Botany for Beginners
706 Should the Bible be in Schools?
675 Bernhardt's Philosophy of Love
665 Love Letters of Sarah Bernhardt to Sardou
558 Great Pirates
468 History of Architecture
493 Novel Discoveries in Science
419 Origin of Life
391 Dog of Flanders. Ouida
1092 Simple Beauty Hints
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
1004 How to Save Money
1049 How to Sing
997 Simple Recipes
996 Dual Personality
994 Physics Self Taught
998 How to Make Money in Wall Street
999 Latin Self Taught
1000 Wonders of Radium
943 Stories of Mystery
944 Stories of Adventure
945 Oriental Stories
946 Tales of Desert Places
940 Weird Tales. Poe
1008 Origin of Religion
942 Detective Stories
1017 Without Benefit of Clergy. Kipling
917 Room No. 11. Maupassant
920 Queer Night in Paris
922 A Wife's Confession
959 American Humor
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962 Comic Poems
972 Popular Joke Book
971 Humorous Anecdotes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1015 Comic Dialect Poems
1016 Nonsense Poems
1018 Humorous Limericks
1033 Russian Humor
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
990 Wagner's Great Love
980 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself
935 Necessity of Atheism
1020 Why I am an Infidel. Burbank
948 Famous Russian Stories
1003 How to Think
1096 How to Dress on Small Salary
1097 Memory: How to Use It
986 How to Debate
969 Supernatural Tales
1022 Odyssey of the North
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963 French Love-Artists
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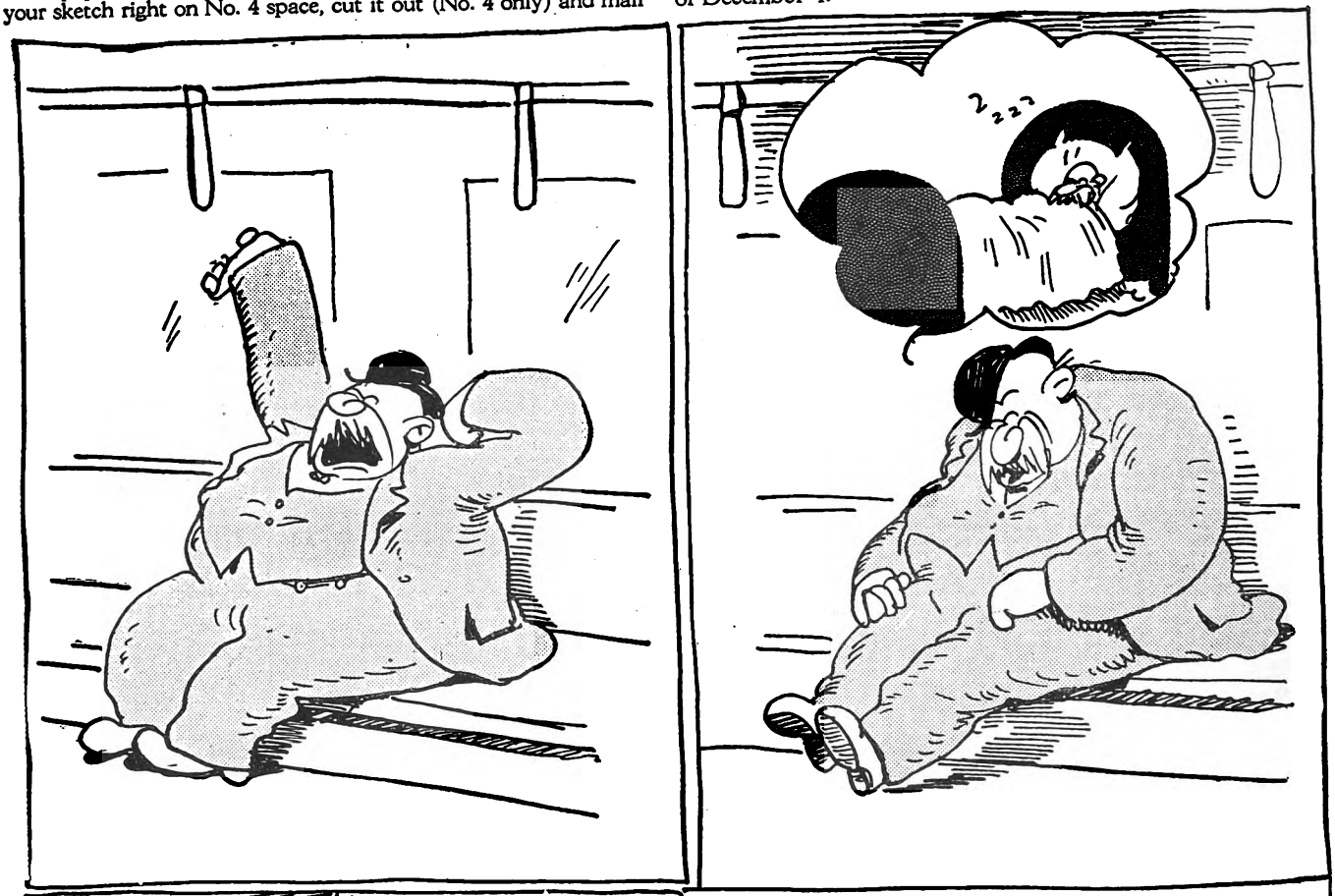
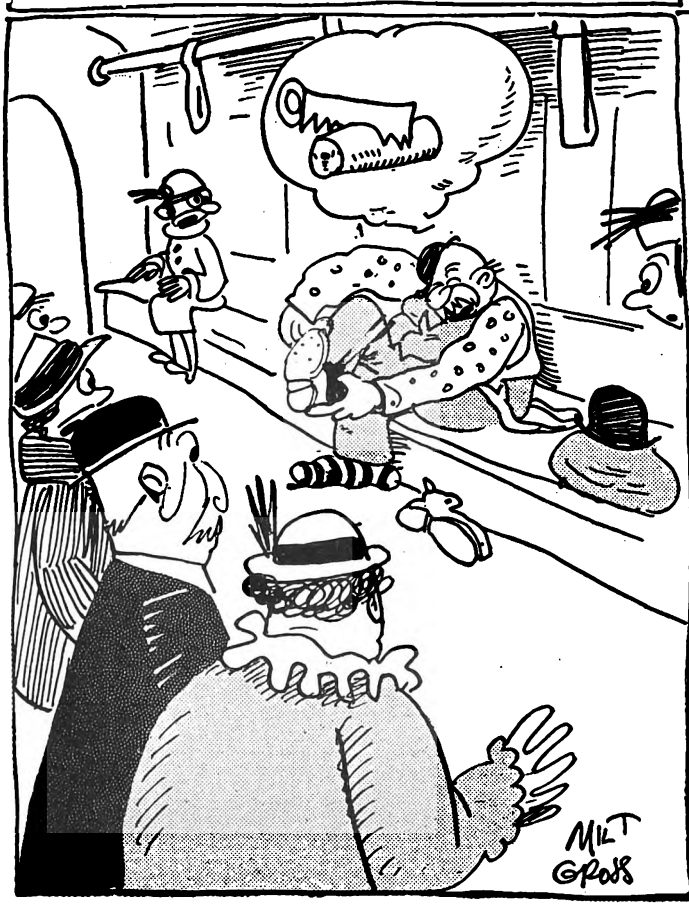
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

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 November 1. Winning ending appears in the issue of December 4.





Contest No. 65

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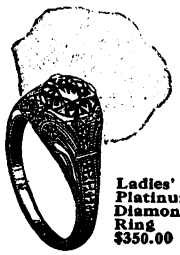

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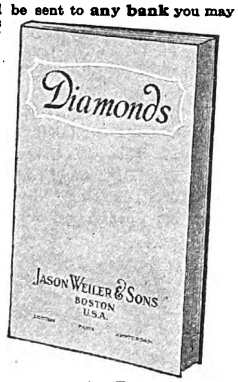

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Some Paper, Says He

Editor of JUDGE:

DEAR HAS-BEEN: Since "dizzy" has come into pretty good use and has a meaning all its own like "raspiderious," the more I think of it the better it seems to fit your dizzy magazine.

JUDGE has retrograded something terrible since the whole works has become imbued with the idea that Prohibition and the church are so funny and such fruitful sources of mirth to the editorial nit-wits.

It is darned well known that these are sour grape subjects and personally I think your dizzy sheet is already far back of that Haldeman-Julius' nightmare out in Kansas.

You boys must surely have a grouch on the U. S. A. and everybody who can't think the way your one-track mind goes.

So, second-guessers, who'll win the pennant in the Three-Eye League this time, and will Charley Paddock ever swim the Aegean Sea? Half-heartedly,

Pittsburgh, Pa. *B. V. Connors*
August 12, 1926.

Hap Haller Please Note

GENTLEMEN: For the past year or so I have been a great advocate of your magazine. To everyone that I would meet, if the conversation by any chance drifted to wit and humor, I always heartily recommended JUDGE as the acme of perfection as a magazine of mirth. But no more will I even suggest that anyone whom I know should read JUDGE.

The article by W. M. H. pertaining to the attitude of the Catholics in this great country of ours toward their co-religionists "South of the Rio Grande" is about as flagrant an insult to any Catholic as I have read in any non-sectarian magazine.

And since JUDGE is a magazine of humor it amazes me that I should find anything that should arouse the resentment of any sect in its editorials.

His letter of Hap Haller's was probably the worst piece of arrogant bigotry that I have read in a long time and because of this letter, if for no other reason, I shall not permit another copy of JUDGE in my home, until an open apology is made.

Yours truly,
White Haven, Pa. *John B. Knebels*
August 22, 1926.

Ditto

Editor of JUDGE:

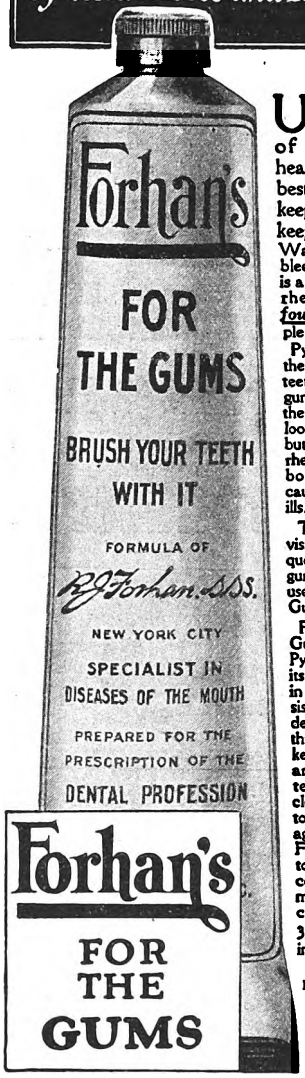
The letter written to you by J. P. Thornley expresses my sentiments too, regarding Prohibition.

"We love you for the rotten enemies you graciously allow to abuse you, in 'Judge for Yourself.'"

Methodism and the Anti-Saloon League are becoming more and more obnoxious.

More power to you.
New York. Sincerely yours,
August 25, 1926. *Wm. E. Lee*

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.

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It would take a long time to select a gift which would be more welcome to the average man than the Vibro-Shave Electric Safety Razor. It makes shaving a real pleasure, for it eliminates all the pulling, scraping and irritation which accompanies the use of the ordinary safety razor. The Vibro-Shave, with its electrically operated blade, takes off the toughest beard smoothly, quickly and without pain. It is absolutely safe.

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For use with 110 volts alternating current; for direct current specify the interrupter.

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JUST-OUT-OF TOUCH, DON'T YOU KNOW?
The painful result of missing one issue of "Vanity Fair."

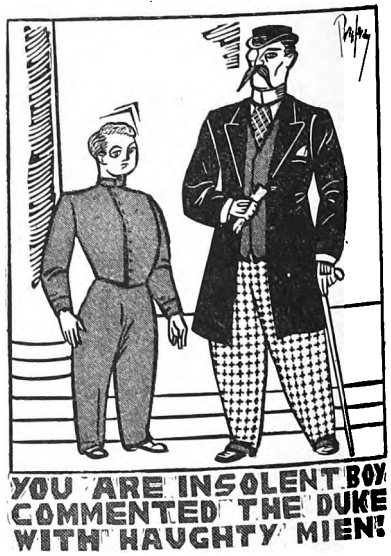
Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 96

Horizontal

1. This man is often upset.
5. Ancestors.
10. Indefinite article.
12. Rheumatic Utes (init.).
13. You'll find one on page 24.
14. This is ancient history.
17. Near the top of the scale.
19. These are all wet.
21. How Sheba likes her sheik.
24. What Helen Wills plays tennis with.
25. Use this if you want to roast something.
27. These bring the salesman's ship in.
29. Crafty.
30. To fail in duty.
31. Abbreviated sums.
33. Proverbially small.
34. In great plenty.
35. Naturally you do this on your vacation.
37. Oriental Raspberry Collector's Society (init.).
39. Two by two. (Latin.)
41. Turkish summer house.
43. This runs best when it's tired.
45. A big man in early Greece.
47. Exactly. (Latin.)
48. These stand around elephants.
50. Comic Editor's Laugh Getters (init.).
51. These will make you—swell up—but not with pride.
53. An afterthought.
54. The fat of the land.
55. Mixed type.
57. Weary Willie's pal.
58. Every one (abbr.).
60. Middle Age rulers.
61. What every woman knows.

Vertical

1. This is always contrary.
2. The sun god.
3. A noted organization.
4. Poker relations.
6. A bay window.
7. These are crazy about Matteawan.
8. Printer's measure.
9. What to do in a raid.
11. A plant allied to the hyacinth.
15. Kinds. (Don't try to be grammatical.)
16. This is ugly.
18. There are bars in this place.
20. Show girls carry these with them.
22. 58 Horizontal is quite similar.
23. This follows the "night before."
25. This is devilish.
26. Part of the verb "to be."
28. What you'd be in some night clubs.
30. Legal.
32. Swedish Noodle Soup (init.).
33. Girl's name.
36. What the bandit did.
38. A wine bottle.
40. There's a string to this sport.
42. Inherent Proclivities (init.)
43. A menu fish.
44. This is always at the movies.
46. A nickname.
48. A French painter.
49. This is all bull.
51. This takes things easy.
52. In the sea of matrimony.
56. You and I.
59. Spanish yes.



Say, people, are you fond of "fast" collegiate jokes? I heard this one in a barber shop last week and I remembered it for my dear public. Tony, a Yale boy, had been out on a toot and was feeling sort of blah in the classroom. His turn came to recite and the professor asked him, "Now, Tony, what are the principal products we get out of the ground? Speak up like the good little man that you are." Tony winked at his "mates" and answered, "Worms!" Did those youngsters laugh! Send me a postcard and ten cents' worth of stamps if you liked this one. I'm saving up for a lollipop.

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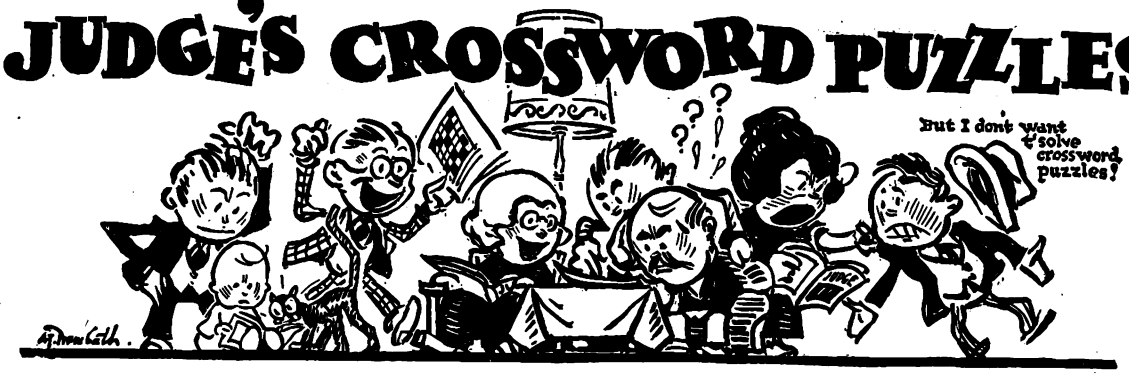
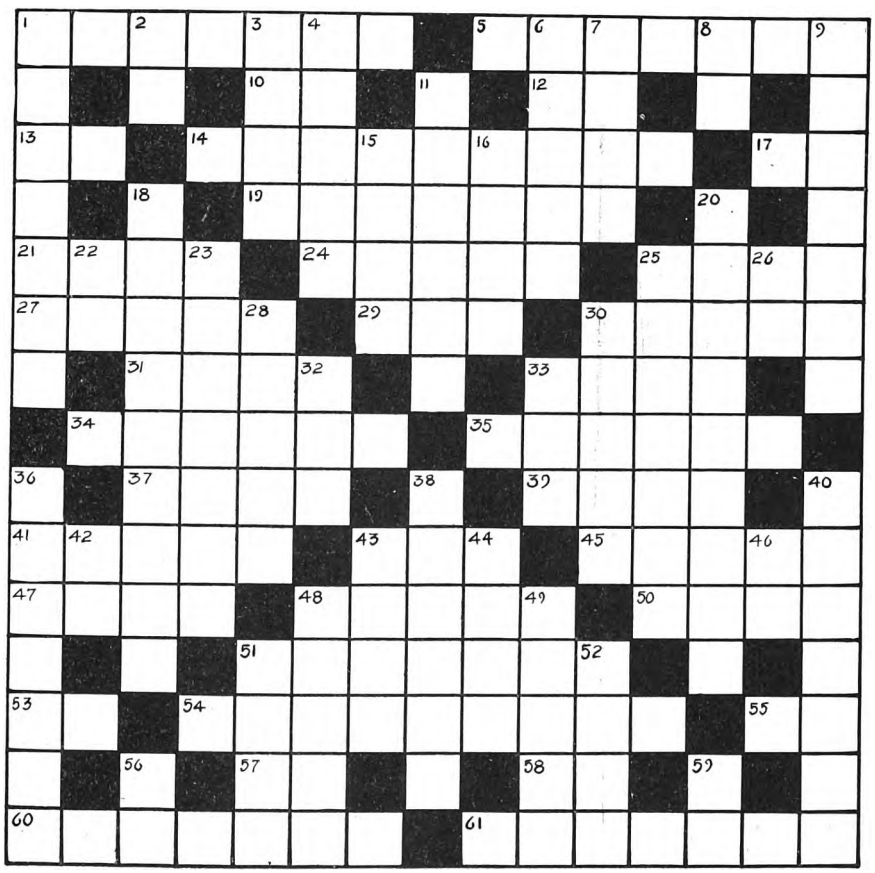
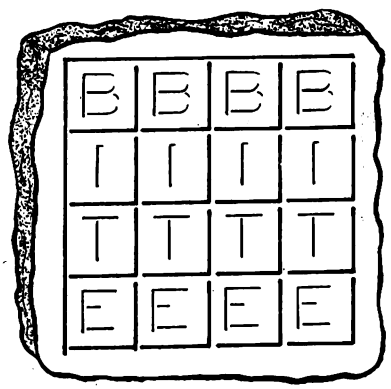
JUDGE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLES



Number 96



The above puzzle was submitted by Miss M. L. Howser, 1604-19th street, Washington, D. C.



Solution of last week's Puzzle

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

Puzzles will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

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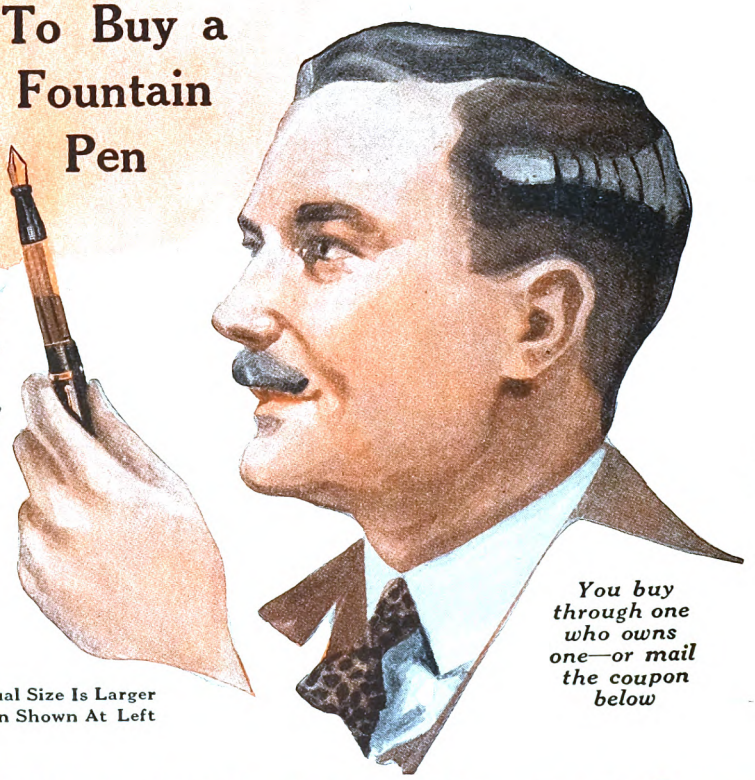

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The materials and craftsmanship are absolutely guaranteed to be equal or superior in quality to those found in any other pen, whether sold at $7, $8.75 or more.

Only One Way to Get This Pen!

It would be impossible to sell the Postal Pen at $2.50, the low price upon which its inventor insists, if we sold it through the retail stores. Their profit alone on a pen of this quality would be more than what you pay for a Postal Pen. And so we are willing to make you this unheard-of offer:

If you can wait just a day or two for your pen (shipments made within 24 hours after receipt of order) you can save from $5 to $6.25 and get the most satisfactory pen you ever saw. Simply mail the coupon below. And. . . .

When your Postal Pen arrives, fill it with ink—**use it 5 days**—then return it if you are willing to part with it! ! !

POSTAL PEN CO., INC.
Desk 138, 41 Park Row, New York City

You may send me a Postal Reservoir Pen on 5 days' trial. If I am not entirely satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it and you are to refund the full purchase price. I am also to receive 5 premium post cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of a new Postal Pen. I reserve the right to sell these cards at 50c each or dispose of them in any way I wish. I will pay postman $2.50 upon receipt of my pen. Send me the model I have checked. ☐ Men's Size ☐ Women's Size.

Name.....

Address.....

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

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon

Fill It With Ink—Use It 5 Days

Then if you do not agree that it is the most satisfactory fountain pen you ever used regardless of price, return it to us and get your money back!

NEVER before have you heard of any fountain pen so sure of satisfying everybody that its manufacturer could adopt a "Try-it-before-you-Buy-it" sales policy such as this!

It's the amazing new fountain pen that everybody's talking about. . . . The perfect pen for your personal use. . . . The practical, moderate-priced gift for your friends. . . . The Postal Reservoir Pen (Named Postal because Uncle Sam is our exclusive selling agent and he saves you the retailers' and wholesalers' profits. Named Reservoir because it holds 3 times as much ink as ordinary self-filling fountain pens).

Never before has any new pen created such a sensation in such a short time. In less than 6 months, more than fifty thousand new users have become enthusiastic over its remarkable features.

How You Can Actually Earn a Postal Pen Without Cost

With each Postal Pen you receive absolutely FREE, 5 Premium Post Cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another Postal Pen. You can easily sell these cards at 50c each and earn back the cost of your Postal Pen. You can sell them, give them away, or dispose of them in any manner you wish. No strings to this offer. Merely an easy way to get, without cost, the most dependable and unusual fountain pen ever made, the one pen so sure to please that its manufacturer can afford to let you try it out before you buy it.

But mail coupon right away—don't wait! You'll want to give several Postal Pens for Christmas after you've proved their amazing merit for yourself. Send no money—mail coupon now!

Costs Only $2.50

Postal
RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., Inc., DESK 138,
41 Park Row, New York City

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PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

Judge

99% Pure Number

NOVEMBER 6, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

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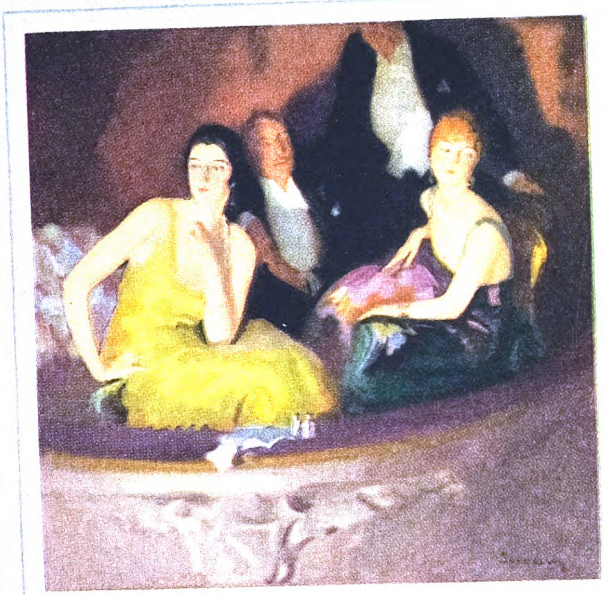
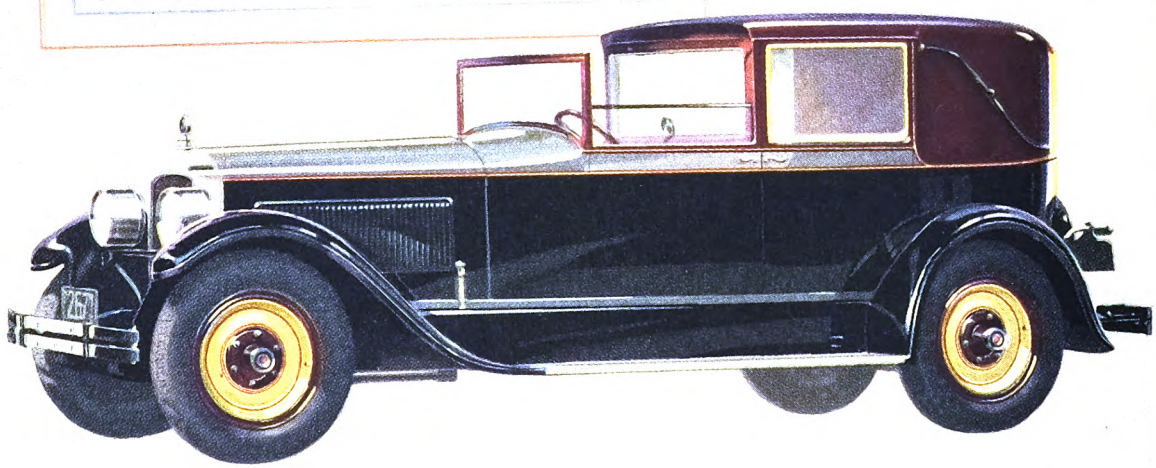


"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."



THE RESTFUL CAR

Distinction . . . A man or motor may gain notoriety, even popularity, almost over night—and lose them just as quickly. But distinction comes only with time and a long series of notable achievements.

The distinction which Packard cars enjoy is the result of more than a generation of leadership in engineering and in body design—a quarter century of patronage by an illustrious clientele.

Pride in Packard ownership is natural, and few would care to change the famous lines which proclaim their cars as Packards. But there are those who wish an individual distinction. To them Packard offers the masterpieces of the foremost body designers and unlimited choice in color combinations, upholstery and the refinements of equipment.

Thus those who would add the final touch of luxury and personality to supreme comfort, beauty and distinction can gratify their ultimate desire in a custom-built Packard.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(For the Big Games)
WHIRLWINDS FROM THE WEST

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1926

ISLANDS ASK FREEDOM

THE Philippine Legislature has now adopted a resolution calling for complete independence. If they are really serious about it there's no reason why we shouldn't sell them our Statue of Liberty.

—

AFTER more than thirteen years of intensive study a professor of Brown University has figured out that *V. Dei Hic Dux Ind.* means "by the will of God, here I became leader of the Indians." This just goes to show what a college education can do.

ACCORDING to Senator Reed's investigations, the Senate is about to get some of the very best members that money can buy.

—

ENGLAND CHIDES U. S.

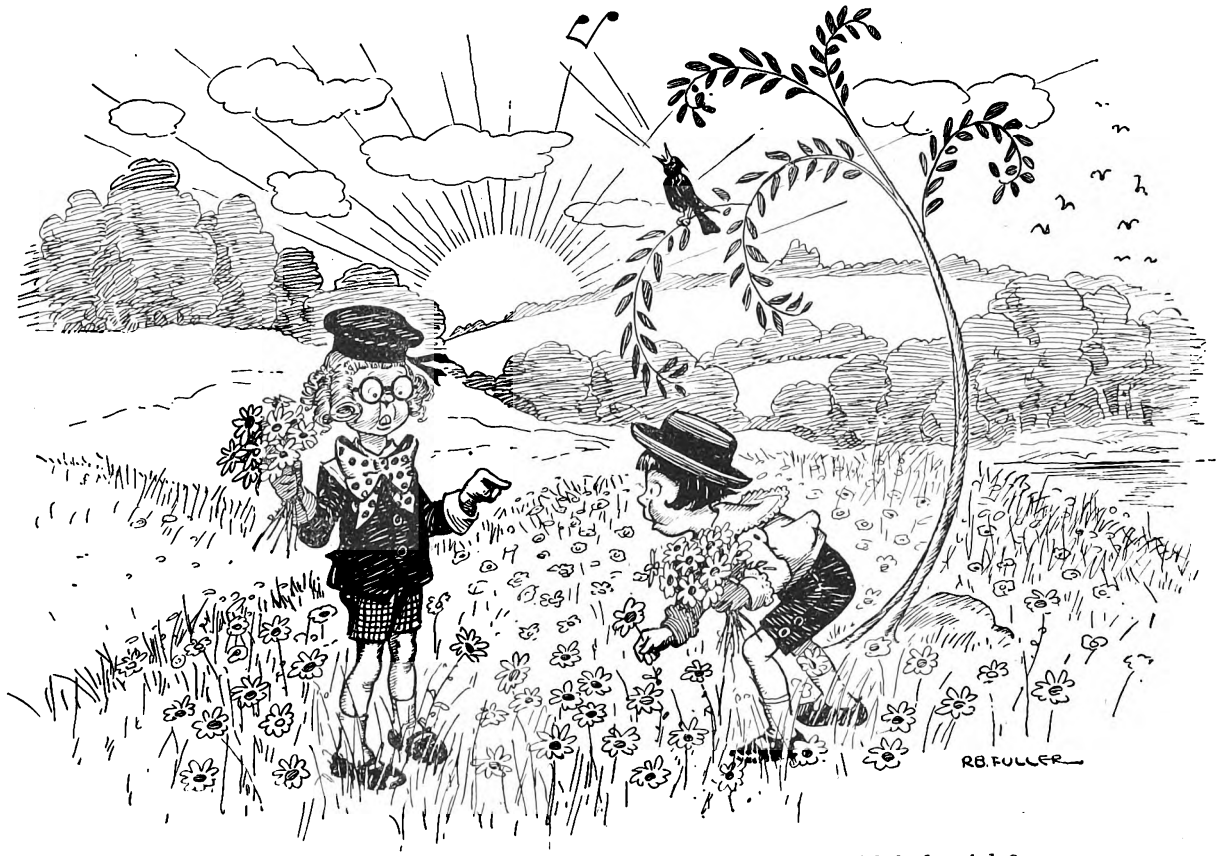
ENGLAND finds it very humorous that the citizens of "The Land of the Free" aren't permitted to take a drink. On the other hand, it is rather amusing to us that the citizens of the Empire on which "The Sun Never Sets" can't buy cigarettes after eight o'clock at night.

YANKS FLAY FRENCH

NEW YORKERS returning from Paris say that in spite of the decline of the franc they were grossly overcharged at every turn. It may be, of course, that our French cousins were merely trying to make their guests feel at home.

—

A STATISTICIAN of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has computed the cash value of a child at birth to be $9,333, at five years of age $14,156 and at fifteen years $25,341. In other words, it isn't the original cost, it's the upkeep.



PERCY—*Thay, Othcar, who wath that lady I theen you with latht night?*
OSCAR—*That wathn't no lady—that wath my mamma!*

JUDGE, Volume 91. No. 2319, November 6, 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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BROWN—*Hurry, hurry! Lady Godiva is riding down Broadway.*
JONES—*Gosh, where? I haven't seen a horse for an age!*

Hints to Purifiers

REPUTATIONS should be carefully packed in excelsior to prevent injury.

Girls from the country should be equipped with bells around the neck so they can be found when they stray from the path.

Good resolutions should be handled with extreme care as they are carried out, to prevent breaking.

Dirty cracks should always be sealed with cement or plaster as soon as made.

Principles should be kept very high; usually placing them in the attic or on the roof is the best plan.

Bad breaks should be mended with glue or tied together firmly as soon as they occur.

Wayne G. Haisley

Some Pure Thoughts

_____

_____

_____

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_____

_____

_____

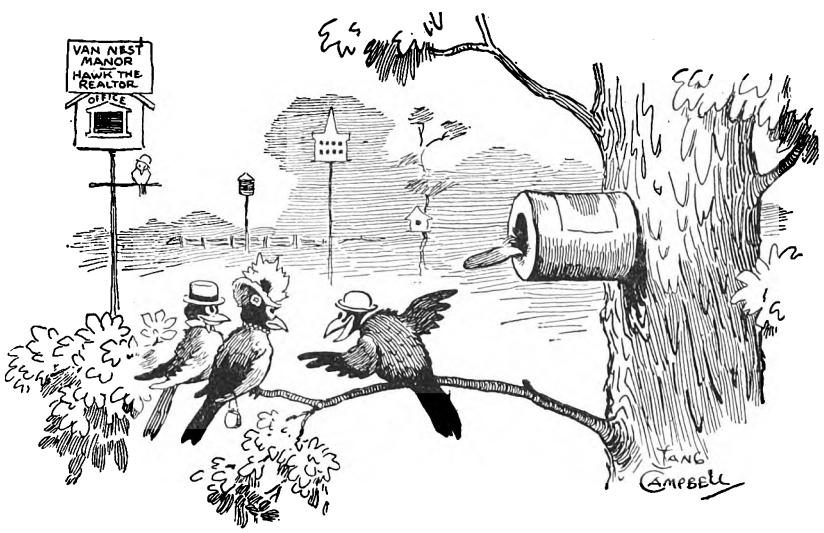
—Purol

Ay

LITTLE Miss Lofus worked in an office,
Pity the pure working girl!
She broke out in sables and sat at Ritz tables,
Pity the pure working girl!
She only got twenty-one berries a week,
Yet she flashes a necklace of pearl:
To locate the moral you've not far to seek—
Pity the pure working girl!

***

A lot of young folks these days who don't know where they are going, apparently haven't the time to stop and inquire.



MR. SPARROW—*Have you an Italian villa for sale?*
AGENT—*Not one left—but let me show you this charming Louise Cans Chateau!*

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Ballad of the 99.44 Pure

It was Saturday night at the Riley's,
And baths were in order, of course;
And Eddie and Tim had gone in for the swim,
And were shiny and sleek as a horse.

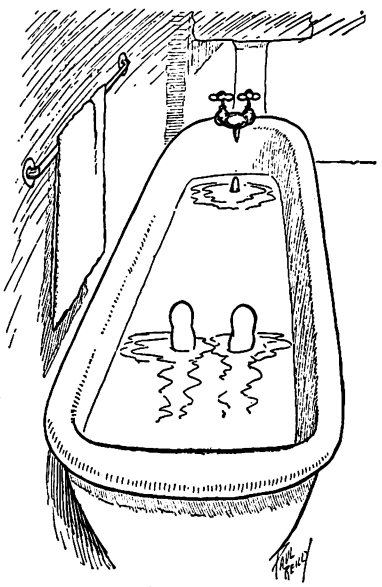
Then father he tickled the Ivory,
Then Katie and Aggie and Phil
Emerged debonair in clean underwear—
And last came the lady called Lil.

And Lil cast her lamps on the sliver
They left of the Ivory soap,
And though somewhat unnerved, she sweetly observed,
"You don't think I'd use *that*, I hope?

"You've left me but fifty-six hundredths,
You've drained all the best to the dregs;
How can I stay pure if I use it, I'm sure
You're a parcel of poisonous yeggs!"

'Twas easy to see that she meant it,
She made neither outcry nor fuss—
But though they all joshed, joined the Righteous Unwashed,
A martyr to Purity Plus.

George A. Paravicini



99/44.100 PER CENT. PURE
Miss Ivory in her bath.

If all the jokes about girls walking back were true!

Granny

Yes, it's been sort of lonesome around here without Granny. She was always so open-handed and generous. Why, I remember the first week she was here. She was fond of going shopping in the afternoons. So this one day she came home with a brand-new black hand bag. "Why, what have you there, Granny?" asks the wife. Granny didn't say a word, but when we opened the bag, there were three dozen pairs of silk stockings and a live chicken with love from Grandma. Well, that *was* a surprise! The next night she came home with a fireless cooker and a set of Kipling, and we had *more* fun! Of course, after a while we began to wonder where she was buying these things, as all she had was carfare when she went out; we were getting cramped in the five rooms. Johnny and Matilda were kicking about having to sleep in the elevator shaft and the clothes closet the wife was cooking in was too small. And then one night Granny didn't come home. We waited a week for her, but we weren't worried as we knew she often used to go camping or on all-night clam bakes. And then one night the wife looks up surprised from the paper and reads where a Mrs. Harold Zookie had been sentenced to ten years for removing the glass clock from the information desk in Grand Central. You can imagine how crestfallen we were then.

Yes, it's been sort of lonesome around here without Granny.

Perelman

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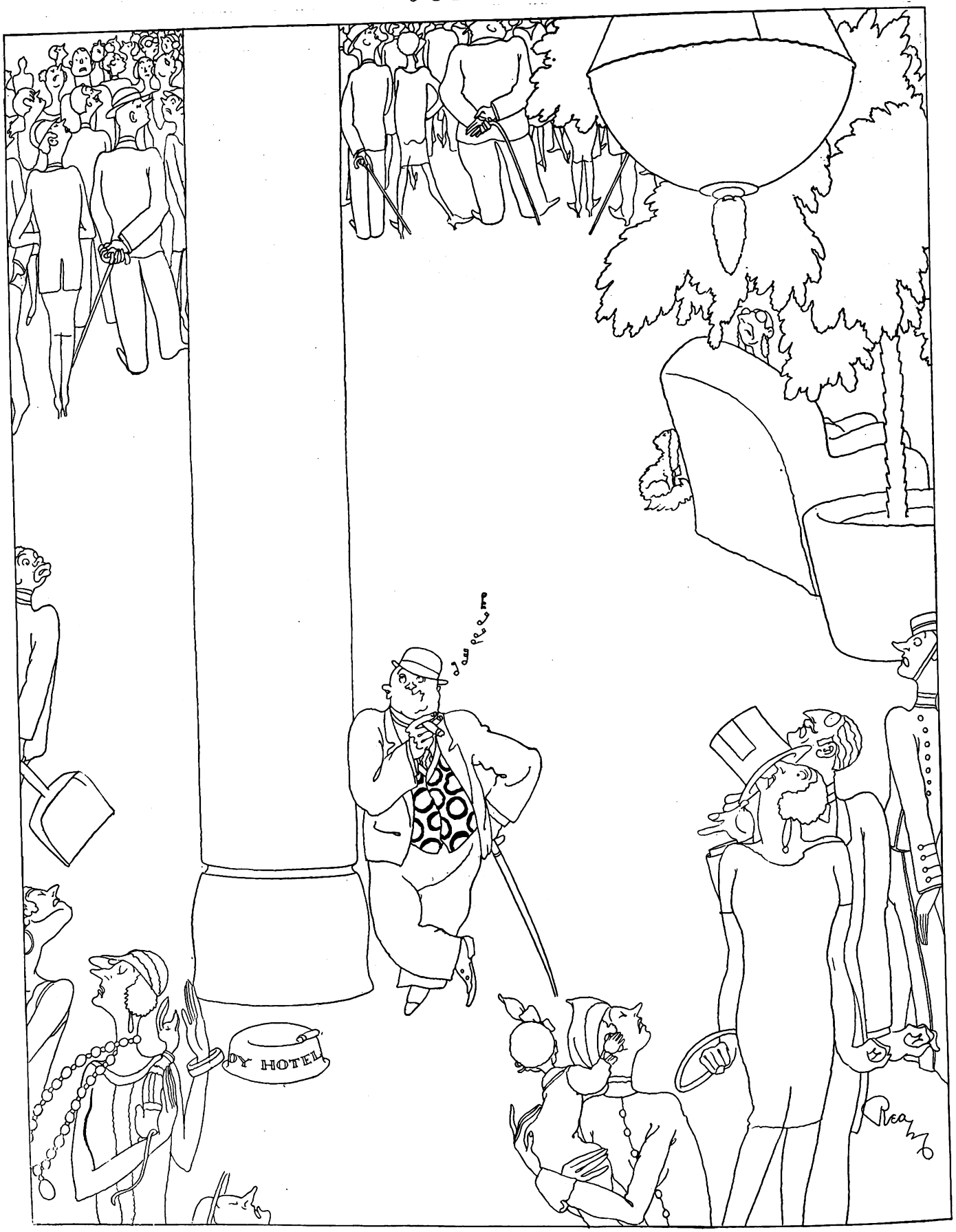

THE FELLOW WHO WHISTLED A NAUGHTY SONG

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THE PURE, PURE FISH

A Love Story for Every Member of the Family

by Kathleen Kathoris

"After all she would be more appreciated at home faithfully tending her father's stills."

THE sunflowers blew sweetly across the eyes of sweet Pattootie Patoot as she went singing about her father's kitchen tending the gently murmuring stills, and the tomato vines climbed coyly over her front porch.

Sweet Pattootie, as she was intimately called by all the appreciative members of the perish, always went about with a smile on her lips, an egg stain on her face, or a flask on her hip, and she was loved by everyone, far and near, for her generous affection and sweet good will.

But the gently sloping countenance of Sweet Pattootie was clouded on this particular morning by a veil of haze. It had only been a Sunday-school picnic but, as the boys said earlier in the evening, it sure was a riot. Our little girl could only remember a few outstanding incidents of the previous night, but the chief thing that had clung to her was George Dunkelschmaltz, the concrete tire salesman from Piqua, who had promised to come and see her again to-day.

George hadn't really been invited to the picnic, but he had sort of horned in on the party, as the Eskimos say, since he was trying to sell one of the perishers, who was about to be married, a set of concrete tires for his kiddy-car.

And now, as she went about, turning up the steam a little in this kettle and down a little in that, Pattootie reflected upon the flashy tire salesman and his attentions of the previous evening. She was thirty-six years old now and it did seem as though she ought to be thinking about getting married or something. Hadn't she been thinking about it for thirty-six years now? We ask you—we don't know, and anyhow what good had it done her and why does an electric eel?

It was all very well to teach the infant class and play the organ and keep house for the old man and tend his smelly old hootch kettles and visit the sick and the retail bootleggers and carry Christmas dinners to the poor. Yes, they were all very well,' and how are all your folks? But this morning, as she thought of George and his sporty little two-seated Hispana-Fiord, she was overcome with the desire to get away from all this, and see something of the life she had read about in *Sloppy Stories* and experienced in the darkness of the sinema.

Should she flee with her handsome tire salesman or should she stifle her commotions and go on in this humdrum life that would some day steal the bouquets of pansies from the garden of her rich, proud head? Ah, should she or should she? That was the all-fired question.

Suddenly, our little girl heard a scratching at the side door of the circus tent and there, in all his six feet two of feline attractiveness, stood Bettina, the neighbor's cat, with her little brood of twenty-six chickens, which she had just laid out the day before. She barked proudly as she proudly herded her proud little family down the road and out of sight in a cloud of dust that settled gingerly over the rafters of the evening.

Suddenly, the essence of it all came back to Sweet Pattootie. The wistful poignance of that domestic barnyard scene awoke a new spring of love and raspberries in her youthful breast. After all, this was home, even if it was a hell of a hole, and what was good enough for the cows and horses was good enough for her.

And as the last red rays of a setting sun filled the mud holes of Beggar's Valley with the breath of a cold, hard winter, the hoarse, innocent voice of

(*Continued on page 29*)

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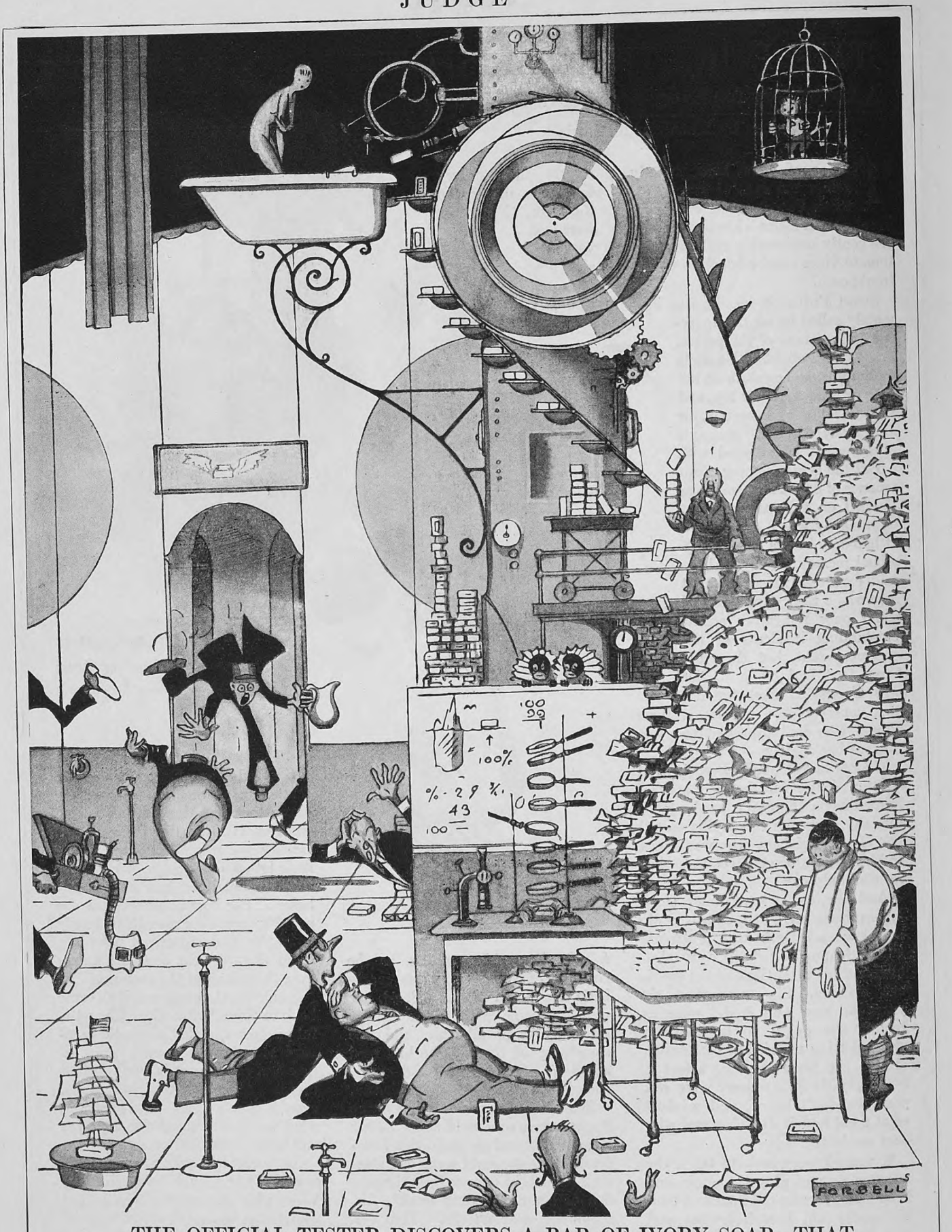

THE OFFICIAL TESTER DISCOVERS A BAR OF IVORY SOAP—THAT IS ONLY 99.43/100 PURE

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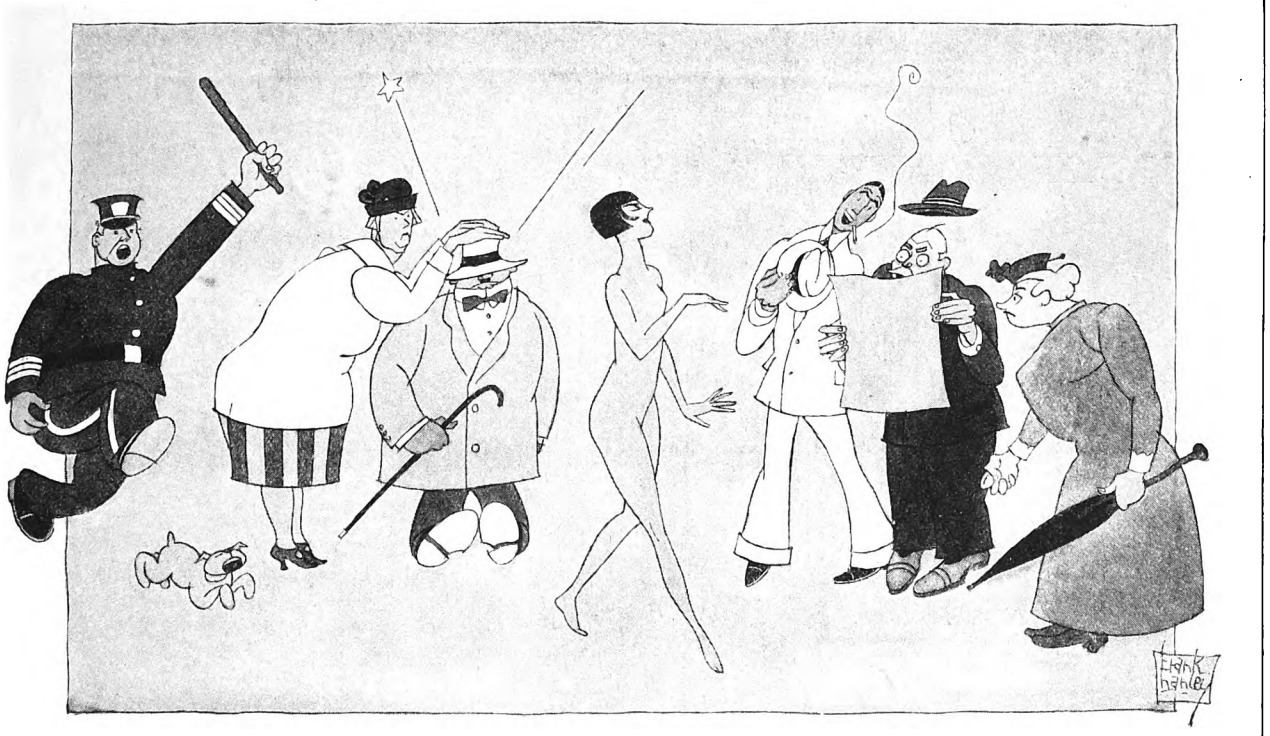


"Well—they can't say I'm suggestive!"

Sentences To Be Imposed

During an average month in the 100 per cent. pure days of 1950 A.D.

NOVEMBER—The S. S. *Leviathan*, sixty days in jail for lying in the New York Harbor.

Two maple trees, $100 fine for exposing their limbs on Main street, Westville, Ia.

A lamp, thirty days in jail for smoking on Sunday.

The Whatnot Corporation, $1,000 fine for being in a bad hole financially.

One wall, $200 fine for being plastered.

The Hootsville *Daily Bugle*, ordered to cease publication for stealing a march.

One revolving door, padlocked for going around with the wrong sort of people.

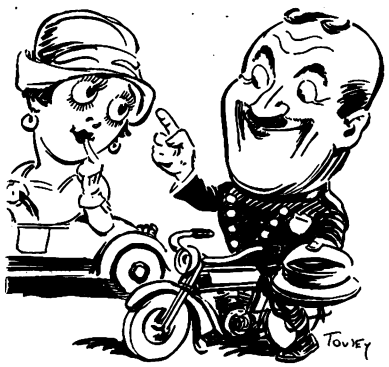
Seven prunes, $200 fine for being discovered stewed in a Twenty-seventh street boarding house, New York.

A sign painter, $150 fine for making bad signs.

One balloon, deflated by court order for staying up after 9.30 P.M.

The tennis champion, debarred for life from playing in the United States, for raising a racket.

Motorist's Primer



THE MOTOR COP

Is the motor cop angry with the speed maniac?

Oh, yes. He is being very severe with her because she drove sixty-two miles an hour.

Why doesn't the motor cop hand her a ticket?

The motor cop doesn't hand her a ticket because she has such big brown eyes.

One electric sign, ordered taken down for going out by itself after 7 P.M.

The Kurtzpantz Clothing Company, Inc., $5,000 fine for having a bad week.

One carpenter, thirty days in jail for breaking a rule.

One pair of overshoes, ordered destroyed for having a dirty look.

A glass of water, $500 fine for being drunk.

Columbus Circle, $1,000 fine for not being square.

A high price, ordered cut down for having no visible means of support.

One witness, $500 fine for swearing in court.

Two turkeys, $1,000 fine for hanging undressed in a butcher's window.

Broadway, ninety days in jail for crossing Forty-second street after the policeman blew his whistle.

The Buller Construction & Rebuilding Company, $5,000 fine for raising the roof.

One man, $300 fine for concealing arms in his coat sleeves.

A horse, $100 fine for breaking into a run.

Everybody, imprisonment for life for contempt of court.

Wayne G. Haisley

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FATHER SAYS "DARN!"

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JUDGE'S OWN KIDDIE KORNER

Brave Deeds of Bright Boys

No. 1. How Archie McOsker Saved a Man's Life

ARCHIE MCOSKER was twelve years old and in his second year in primary school. One day Archie was just about to leave a barroom when he saw near him an old man who had arranged seven glasses of Antigua rum in front of him and was preparing to down them one after the other. The old man was pretty well shot already, and Archie, taking in the situation in a glance, realized that seven more hookers would probably prove fatal. With a bound he was at the side of the old man and before the latter could speak, Archie had tossed them off himself without batting an eyelash. The old man turned out to be none other than Goody Two Shoes and he rewarded the daring lad liberally for his brave action. Archie finished his schooling the following year with the old man's assistance and is now a rising cash boy in a meat market.

Tommy and His Fish

Tommy is only four years old but he is already very fond of "the finny sport." Tommy's collection of fish, which he keeps under his bed, includes one squid, a score of eels, a lovely little trout as good as new, and a perfect honey of a slightly used ham sandwich. Tommy never tires, however, of telling how he hooked his biggest fish. Let us hear him tell it himself:

"It was at a night club," says Tommy, "and we had gone about half the evening when I found out that I had left my billfold in my other pants, heh, heh . . . . Just then I saw the waiter approaching with the check. I turned to the other gent in the party, a citrus man from the West, and told him I had to make a call. Then I ducked around the corner and in two minutes I was out on the main drag heading for my crib. Say, that was a close call!"

A Playtime Song

Ring-a-ring-o'-roses,
  That's the game to play,
In the shady orchard
  On a summer's day;
While the birds above us,
  In the apple tree,
Peep at us and wonder
  What our game can be.

Chorus

Red hot mamma,
Red hot mamma,
Turn your dampers down!
Ring-a-ring-o'-roses,
  Baby's tumbled down,
Pick her up, the darling—
  Kiss away the frown!
Tumbles never hurt one
  Where the grass is green.
Put her in the middle,
  Baby shall be queen!

The Kiddies' Own High Hat Junior

Well, well, and how are all the little demi-wits to-day? Heard a good one yesterday. . . . Seems they are calling camels "Ships of the Desert" because they carry so much baggage across the desert. . . . ha, ha. . . . . Speaking of camels, they may be able to go a whole week without a drink, but *we'd* get thirsty! . . . . . Little Henny Firefogel, of New Rochelle, sends in this interesting recipe: "Two parts of buttermilk, one part of water, and a spoonful of sugar. Shake well with shaved ice and heave it out the window. It's no damn good anyway." Thanks, Henny . . . . we'll try it. . . . . Read a good book the other day . . . . it was called "How Elsie Found Herself" . . . . and tells how Elsie found herself a platinum bracelet, a new Royce, and a sugar poppa. . . . . Everybody around here seems to be playing this new game, "Anecdotes" . . . . you start off with the one about the pair that were traveling and the hotel that was filled up and so on; then the person next to you tells one and so on . . . . then gradually all the decent people leave the room and the last person in the room is made into a salad . . . . 'At's hot!

The Six Best "Junior Steppers":

"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

"I Found a Rose in the Devil's Garden."

"Suite 31, for Piccolo and Chin-Rest (Brahms)."

"The Merry King of England."

"How Toby Got Fried" (Recitation).

"Jerusalem the Golden."

OSCAR WILDE
At the age of ten.

Oscar Wilde, boy marvel, who swam from Yonkers to Buffalo in two hours recently. Oscar says laughingly that he has just washed his hair and can't do a thing with it.

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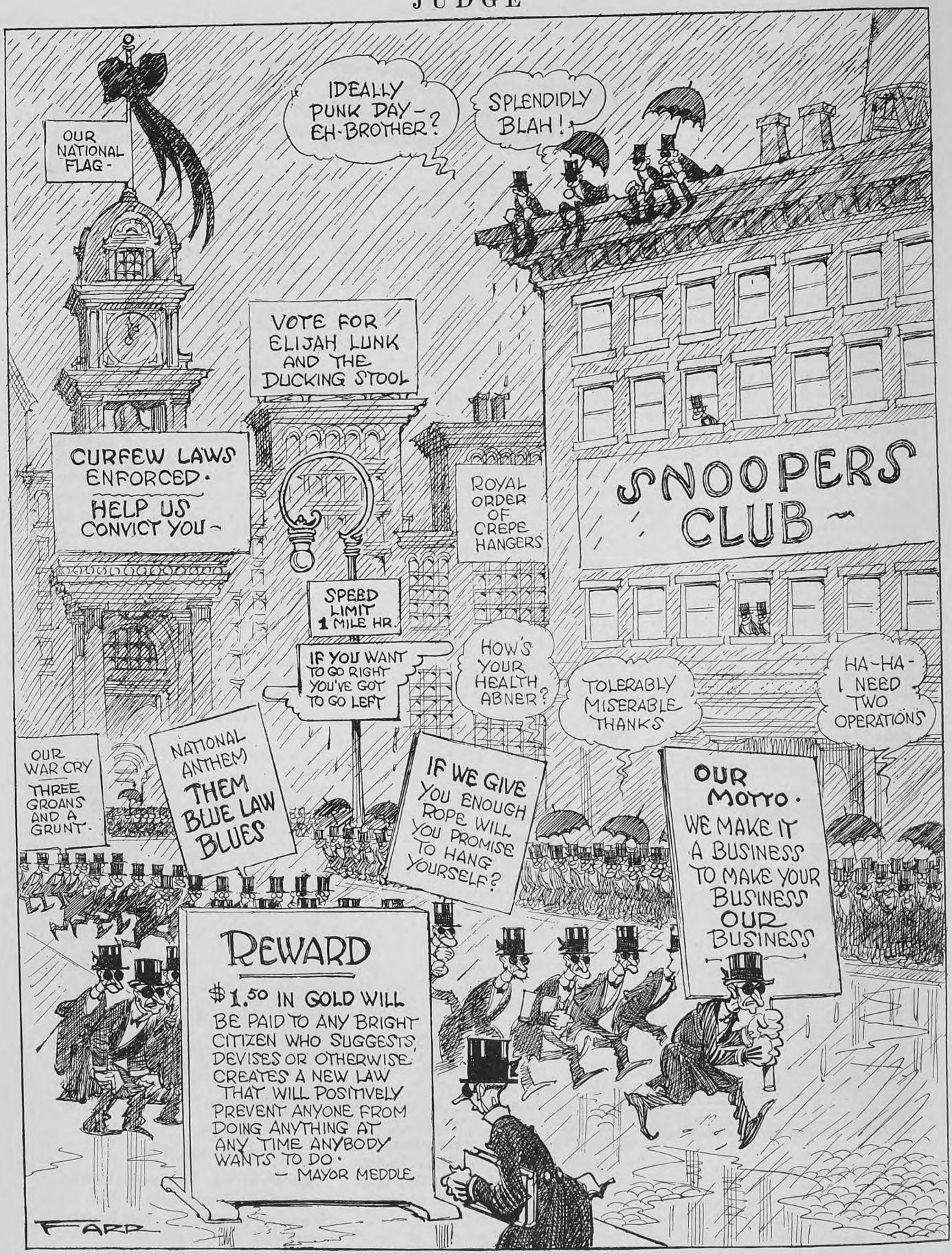

PARADISE
As pictured by a reformer

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DRY AGENT—*Ah-hah! I caught cha!*
"Aw, you peeked!"

ONE OF THE TWINS—*Maw, you haven't done right by us, you should have kept me from sucking my thumb so much and made Oscar suck his more.*

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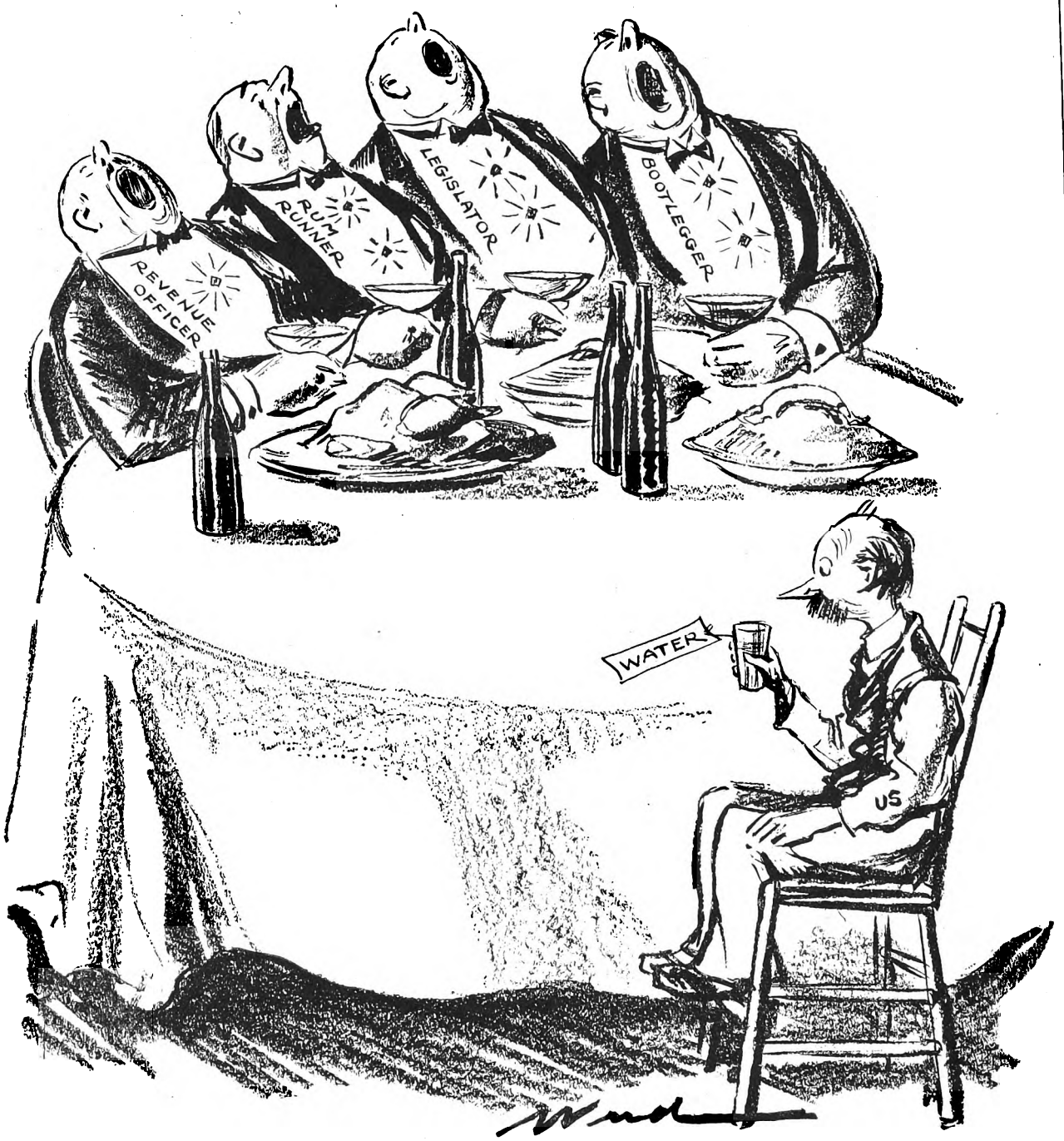

"PURE PAPA, PURE PAPA, HE'S GOT NOTHIN' AT ALL!"

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

Speaking of Purity

WE ARE reminded of an article that appeared in the October 2 issue of *Liberty*, entitled "The Dry and Itching Palm." With a few more or less familiar facts and figures it tells the old, old story of the abysmal corruption that always and everywhere is the price of Prohibition (the price that little Norway, to her everlasting credit, has just decided is too high). For example:

"Nine hundred Prohibition agents have been dismissed in the last few years 'for the good of the service'."

"In the City of New York there are at least 15,000 speakeasies and only 200 Prohibition agents. . . . "

"Many proprietors of speakeasies pay graft each week to certain Prohibition agents. An army aviator, now retired, told me he witnessed the passing of $600 . . ."

"I know a druggist who was shaken down for $300. . . Specific incidents of bribes given to inspecting agents by druggists run into the thousands."

"Many agents bootleg large quantities of confiscated liquors."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars is a nominal bribe to be offered to an administrator. . . . "

There are several pages of such material, and the writer, Eula McClary, has divulged only a half of one per cent. of the open secret. The smug silence of every community in the land hides more of it. How can a people that venerates sanitation as we Americans do want to swap the comparatively sweet, wholesome smell of booze on our composite breath for this national halitosis?

Purifying Our Politics

SO MANY things that the Prohibitionists promised us in the gullible youth of our century have failed to materialize that one feels a little delicacy in referring to the list. It is like reminding a European debtor of his obligations. Nevertheless, duty impels us to a fractional enumeration. There was to be no more drinking, for one thing, and a marked decrease in crime. The social evil was to become a thing of the past, and poverty, and marital infelicity. But possibly the most confident of all the predictions of our militant millennialists, the thing on which we were asked to bank as on age and indigestion, was the complete elimination from our politics of the "saloon element." Close the saloons, they told us, and we'll get rid of the corrupt boss and his gorillas and henchmen who recruit their followers over the bar; prohibit liquor, and we'll wipe out the "shame of our cities."

WE WERE never one to look with the horror of the Pharisee on the "saloon element," but now that the saloons have been closed let's see to what degree this particular promise of the drys has been fulfilled. In New York City the "saloon element" in our politics was represented by Tammany. Tammany to-day is not exactly the same Tammany that used to misgovern the city in the dear dead days, but its reform did not come with Prohibition, except coincidentally. It came with Al Smith and George Olvaney and Justice McAvoy and other straight shooters of a younger generation who knew nothing of Prohibition—nothing good. Tammany is still as wet as the North River; it still relies for its power on the "saloon element," or its equivalent, and it is more firmly entrenched in power than ever before in its picturesque history. It has just re-elected Al Smith Governor of New York for his fourth term (this is being written before the event but, barring an act of God, it is a safe prediction); it completely controls the city government, having long since cancelled the partnership with Hearst, and it entertains very respectable presidential aspirations for a favorite son.

* * * * *

IN PHILADELPHIA the corresponding organization is Mr. Vare's Republican machine. Mr. Vare's machine is probably much more corrupt than Tammany, but in the face of the most powerful opposition, political and financial, that the Federal Administration could muster against him, Mr. Vare captured the Republican primaries in his State last spring and has just been elected Senator from Pennsylvania (another safe prediction).

New Jersey, wedged in between these two mighty hives is ruled by the "saloon element" of Jersey City. Chicago is the sport of rival "saloon elements" to a degree unique in American annals. Boston, Buffalo, Detroit obey wet bosses. We don't pretend to a knowledge of local political conditions in all the large cities of the country, but from those we are familiar with we gather that never before did the "saloon element," so-called, seem to sit so pretty in the political saddle as in this year of our Lord, the 1926th, and of Wayne B. Wheeler, the 7th.

* * * * *

THE reasons must be obvious even to intellects of the caliber of Adna Leonard's. Prohibition has presented our urban spoilsmen with as pretty an issue as ever a politician dreamed of as a cloak for his selfish purposes. As long as Prohibition continues to mutilate our fundamental law, so long will our cities continue to return to power the men who uphold the right of every humble citizen to his glass of beer. What a boon Prohibition has been—to "the boys"!

W M.H.

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ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

We found this one in a shoe-shine parlor, so we had it dry-cleaned and here it is. Poor old Geebick had been hitting the flask for several hours before his marriage and when the time came for the ceremony he was pretty well fried. After the marriage the minister said to the bride: "How could you come to the altar with a man in that condition?" The bride bit off another hunk of candy and replied: "Say, fella, do you think I could have got him to come here if he was sober?" This dry retort certainly made the bridesmaids titter.

How Love Came to a Ferryboat

ONE day, when he was only a little ferryboat, a bunch of people took him aside and broke a bottle of champagne over either his head or his tail (he didn't know which, as he looked alike at both ends) and named him *President Arthur*. After that he used to ply back and forth between New York and Jersey. It was a dull life, but for the most part he was a contented little ferryboat; all he wanted was a handful of oats now and then, with maybe a good cigar on holidays.

And then, one day, he saw the girl of his dreams. She was painted a swell red with blue stripes and she had a copper bottom and nice shiny rails. She was moving right straight toward him and as she drew nearer he saw her name painted on both sides of her nose, *Little Rosie*. Oh, how his heart pounded, you may be sure! Would she look at him? He whistled twice, but what was his chagrin when she swept scornfully by him without even a glance. As he made his way slowly over to Jersey there were tears in his eyes and he felt the water sink in his gauges.

Oh, how he used to wait for the day when she would speak to him! But she, proud, untamed creature that she was, never lifted her inscrutable eyes from the other shore. Shy and miserable, he waited for her to speak. . . . And then, one night, in her woman's way, she came to him. There was a heavy fog on the river. He was drifting along aimlessly, his heart full of love and his boilers only half full of steam. Suddenly, without a word, she was in his arms and his timbers shook with passion. In that first embrace all his waiting was forgotten. "*Little Rosie! Little Rosie!*" he murmured brokenly; she was panting, her lips hungry; and hand in hand they moved into the dawn of a new day.

Perelman

Success

LOCALLY acclaimed in her native town for her sterling work in amateur theatricals, the girl went to New York determined to gain laurels and lucre there in her chosen profession. "I shall shoot into prominence without delay," cried she to her intimates as the train wheezed away from Homeburg. A cynic upon the platform sneered. "Do tell!" sneered he. But the girl knew whereof she spoke. Three days after her arrival in the metropolis, she stormed her way into a theatrical manager's office, asked for an engagement, was refused, pulled an automatic which she had hidden in her clothes—no small trick in these days—and then taking careful aim at his head, so as to shoot him in the foot, shot him in the hand. A month later, after her acquittal in court, the girl was given a profitable engagement by a rival theatrical manager who was putting on a big revue.

Marion E. Burns

"Oh-h! If I was only a woodpecker!"

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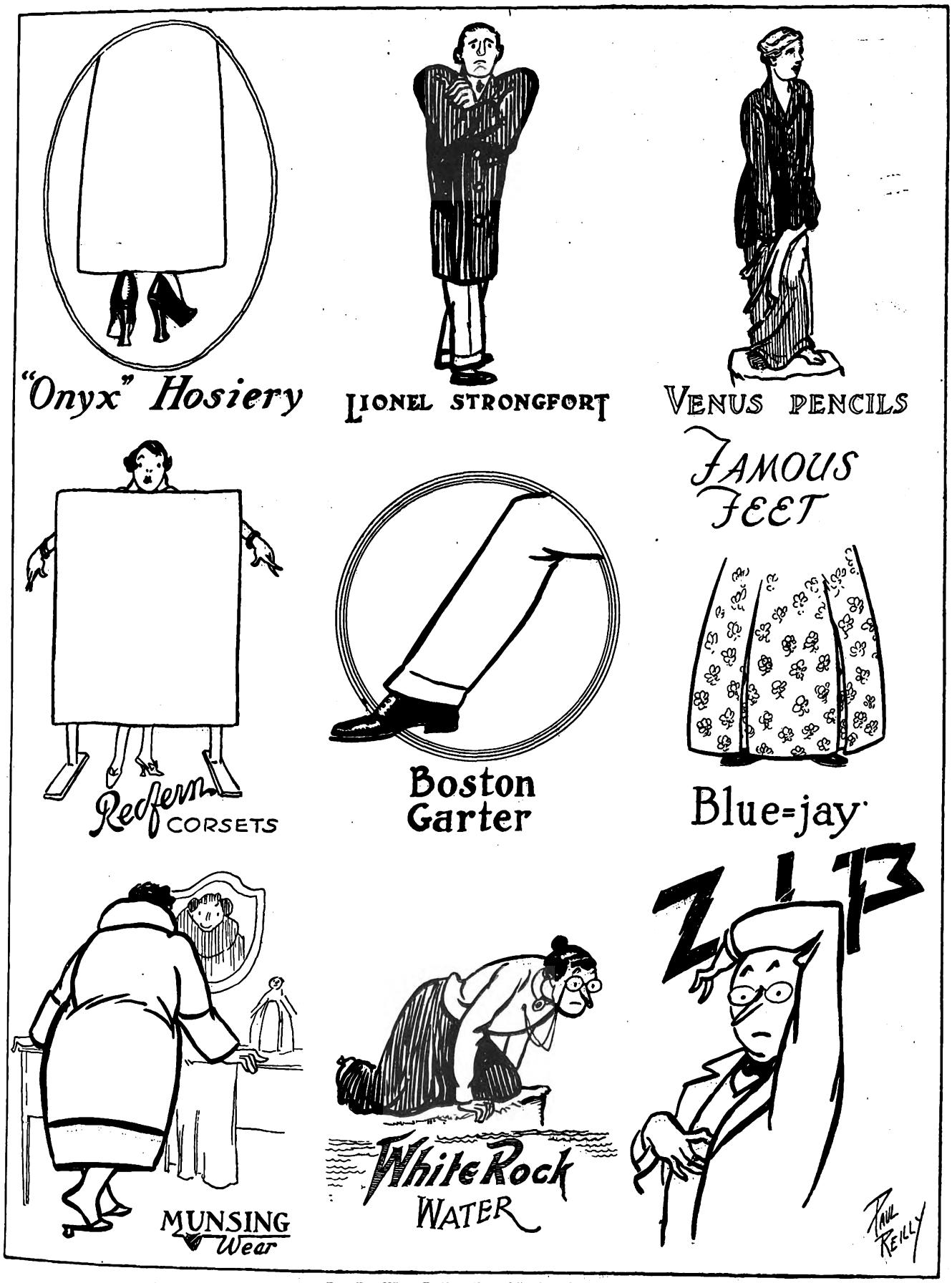

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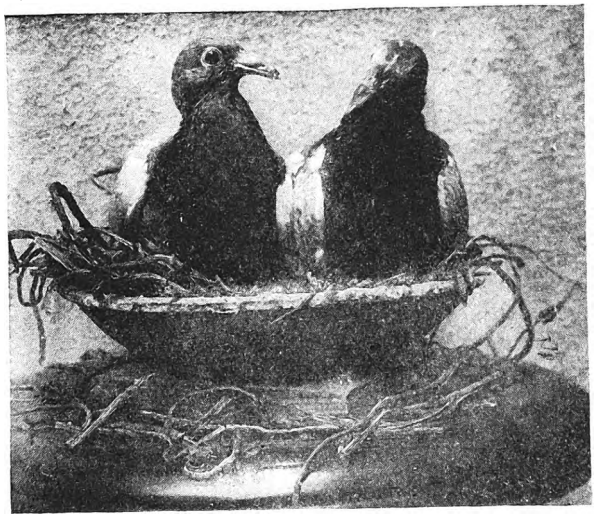
SUNDAY 10,000
DAILY 10,000

THE NURSERY NEWS

FINAL EDITION

Vol. 8 No. 101 Kiddie Korners, New York 2 Cents

SPARROW, STARVING ROBS LOVE NEST



Love Nest

Jam Stealer

Vamp

Sand Lot News

STOLE JAM, Admits Joe, Age 5!!!

Story on Page 16

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HIGH HAT

The Editor of this well known weekly of wit informed me the other day that I could have a vacation this week and I flashed right back at him quickly, "Why?". . . . . "Well," he replied easily and with great aplomb in that waggish way of his, "next week is the Pure number, so what would you be doing in it?" . . . . . "Heh, heh, heh!" I snorted, twirling my bamboo cane, which I bought myself with my own money, which is little enough considering the number of JUDGES I sell every week, and then I let him have it right between the eyes. "Is that so!" . . . . . as Perelman says, "his confusion was pitiful to see" and as you can see for yourself, here I am in the Pure number!

Van Phelan, the guy from Harvard (that's the college that's got the team that just beat both William and Mary!), asks me if I've seen the new imported bottle tops . . . . . he says that they are of hollow metal in the shape of a bird's head with a large beak which opens when the bottle is tipped, and the liquid runs out of the beak . . . . . he also goes on to say that the "watermelon" idea was a flop because a watermelon is too large to take out on a party . . . . . can you imagine that!

I certainly have been getting a razzing the last two or three weeks by certain parties who are very jealous of the gifts I have been receiving . . . . . as Leo Crosby says, "always belittlin', always belittlin'!" . . . . . one of these parties, a guy named Rosa, who happens to be one of the Editors of JUDGE and is therefore even more jealous than the others, suggests that I run the "Six Best Presents" each week!

I have also received several articles of apparel from sympathizers who felt for me in my nudity and they ranged from corn plasters to fig leaves . . . . . such popularity must be deserved, and I thank you, old Pals! . . . . . with such support nothing can stop me!

Oh, I forgot, this is the Pure number! . . . . . which reminds me of a new game I saw at a party the other night . . . . . I told "Mac" about it and as you may see by the illustration below he's awfully quick at those things! . . . . . Any way, the game was "Quoits" but instead of the usual "stake" a girl's le-limbs were used and you have no idea how much fun it was . . . . . which only goes to show how much pure joy and innocent amusement can be gotten out of a simple little game if it's gone at in the right way!

No change in the Six Best "Steppers" this week. "Play Gypsy" still heads the list.

"Play Gypsy"—(*Countess Maritza*).

"All Alone Monday"—(*The Ramblers*).

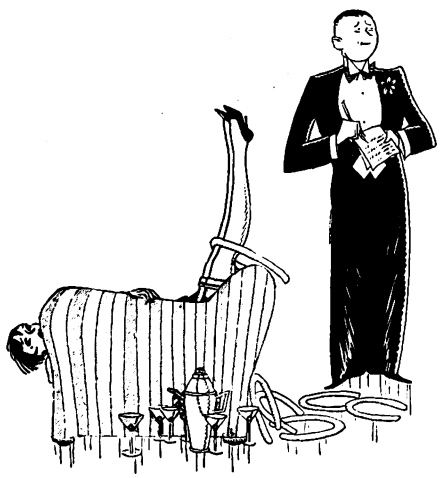
"Cross Your Heart"—(*Queen High*).

"Ladder of Love"—(*Vanities*).

"Half Moon"—(*Honeymoon Lane*).

"You Will, Won't You?"—(*Criss Cross*).

Judge Jr.



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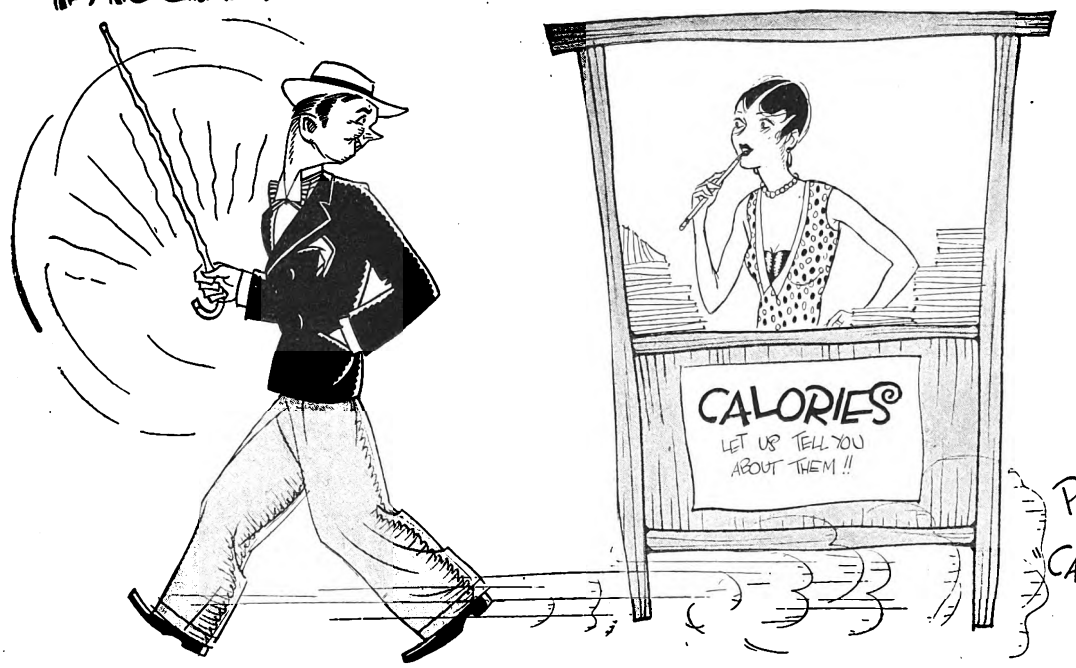
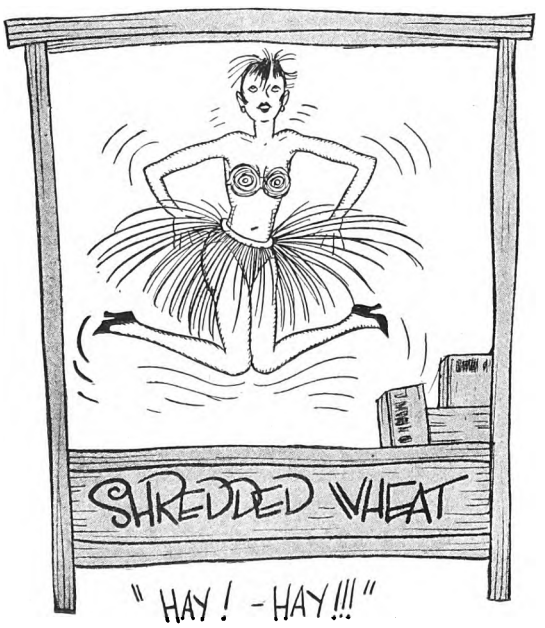
"LAUGHS FROM THE PURE FOOD SHOWS"

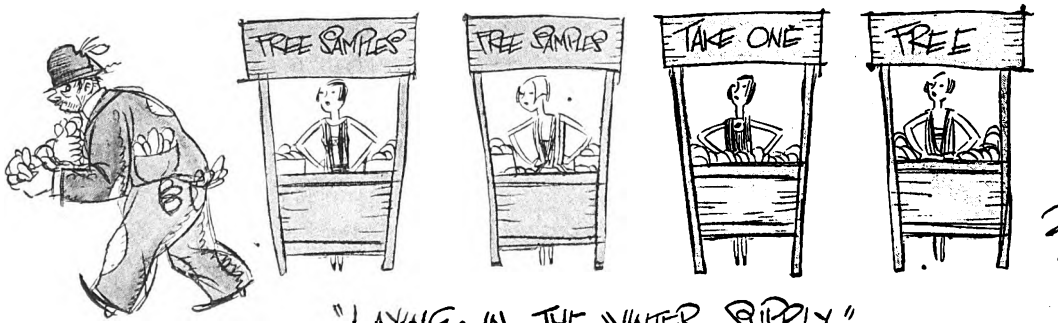


PLAYING TO THE "CALORIES" (HA! HA!)



"HAY! - HAY!!!"

"THE EDITOR SAYS THIS DOESN'T NEED A CAPTION"



"LAYING IN THE WINTER SUPPLY"

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

PROBABLY influenced by the football season, our first-night audiences have taken up cheering plays as if they were so many championship games. It is a rare evening now that the theater on an opening night doesn't sound as if Red Grange were tackling Morris Gest for a loss of sixty yards, grabbing the fumbled ball and rushing it through the entire Shubert office force for a couple of dozen touchdowns. It doesn't seem to matter much what the quality of the play is. Enthusiastic yelling has apparently become as fixed a habit as sticking one's toe under the wire holder of the seat ahead and dislodging the occupant's derby.

In the last few weeks, everything that has been produced in the New York theater has been greeted with a tumultuous din of approval—on the opening night by the audience and now and again the next morning by the manager of Cain's storehouse. The only thing, in fact, that has been put on in the theater during this period that hasn't been bravo'd with the volume of a thunderstorm has been Percy Hammond's overcoat. "The Good Fellow," "The Jeweled Tree," "We Americans," "An American Tragedy," "Criss-Cross," "They All Want Something," "Deep River" and three or four other exhibitions have been thus indiscriminately hallelujahed. If things keep up, we may anticipate the need of earmuffs in self-protection on the occasion of Samuel Shipman's next play, to say nothing of on the next first night at the Bramhall Playhouse.

Although there was some justification for the noise made by the customers at the opening of the new Fred Stone show, "Cross-Cross," since here was as beautifully costumed and as finely staged a gay dancing affair as the Globe Theater has uncovered in a long time, the racket at most of the other pieces calls for considerable explanation, which explanation I fear that I, for one, am unable to arrive at. If there was anything to get excited about on these other evenings, this old bonehead was too thick to appreciate it. "The Good Fellow" is already in the storehouse, for all the salvos of the Grand and Exalted Order of Algonquin Elks. "The Jeweled Tree" will doubtless be in the adjoining twin bed before these words gladden the family fireside. "We Americans" is as cheap as a three-cent bargain at a five-and-ten-cent store, and "They All Want Something" is even cheaper. As for "An American Tragedy," we find something very considerably superior, but still far from deserving anything more than some modest and respectful handclapping over a difficult job heroically undertaken if not satisfactorily realized.

The making of a play out of the estimable Dreiser's estimable fiction hippodrome was surely no simple task. But it seems to me that Patrick Kearney made it even more difficult than it was by trying to retain in the dramatic version everything in the novel but the inserted advertising circular announcing Dreiser's forthcoming book of verse. The playwright has been as disconcertingly loyal to the novelist as a Hoboken Vigilante during the late war. I doubt that a sound drama is to be fashioned from a work of fiction in this wise. Certainly Kearney has not succeeded in fashioning such a drama. He has put into his play, as I have said, almost everything that Dreiser put into the novel, but all

(*Continued on page 28*)

"An American Tragedy" (Longacre)—See this issue.

"Deep River" (Imperial)—A romantic musical show sitting uncomfortably and self-consciously in the Diamond Horseshoe.

"Jaurez and Maximilian" (Guild)—A lethargic contribution by Franz Werfel.

"Black Boy" (Comedy)—Jim Tully acts as Boswell to another Johnson. An interesting play about a Negro pug.

"Fanny" (Lyceum)—Drivel.

"Broadway" (Broadhurst)—A first-rate comedy of life behind the scenes at the New York night clubs.

"On Approval" (Gaiety)—To be reviewed in the next issue.

"White Wings" (Booth)—Ditto.

"The Humble" (Greenwich Village)—Two-by-four Dostoievski.

"The Captive" (Empire)—Excellent drama retailing the tragedy of a perverted woman.

"The Little Spitfire" (Cort)—Mush.

"Countess Maritza" (Shubert)—Kalmann's admirable score.

"Criss-Cross" (Globe)—Dorothy Stone, supported by her papa, in a beautifully staged and excellent dancing show.

"Sex" (Daly's)—More drivel.

"We Americans" (Harris)—Cheap stuff.

"The Woman Disputed" (Forrest)—Same here.

"The Jeweled Tree" (48th St.)—A dose of veronal.

"Tragic 18" (Hopkins)—Amateurish comedy dealing with the young of the species.

"The Wild Rose" (Beck)—Next week.

"The Judge's Husband" (49th St.)—William Hodge and trash.

"The Donovan Affair" (Fulton)—Wholesale murder.

"The Immortal Thief" (Hampden's)—Rhetorical flubdub.

"They All Want Something" (Wallack's)—Bad.

"Treat 'Em Rough" (Klaw)—Equally so.

"Two Girls Wanted" (Little)—Ditto.

"The Ramblers" (Lyric)—Bobby Clark is worth the price of admission.

"Loose Ankles" (Biltmore)—Some funny lines—nothing else.

"The House of Ussher" (Mayfair)—Sleeping sickness.

"The Shelf" (Morosco)—Frances Starr in a cheap and obvious comedy.

"Yellow" (National)—Commonplace melodrama.

"Buy, Buy Baby" (Princess)—Smutty farce, and very dull.

"She Couldn't Say No" (Ritz)—Dismal.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Times Square)—Thoroughly amusing dramatization of the Loos book.

"If I Was Rich" (Eltinge)—The same old stuff.

"Sure Fire" (Waldorf)—To be lectured on anon.

"God Loves Us" (Elliott)—Ditto.

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

GRETA GARBO, in her pale, lack luster fashion, does a memorable job in "The Temptress," as gaudy and sensational a melodrama as Ibanez ever wrote. Figuratively speaking, she stands almost still while the violent action whirls about her as about an axis. Only her eyes, which are tearless throughout, betray the emotional leverage with which she keeps everything spinning.

"The Temptress" has a typically Latin theme, that of a not too scrupulous marquise who, for love, ends up a woman of the streets. It is so much more robust and sophisticated than anything associated with our own home-grown thrillers that it almost wins one's respect. Still, I find it a little difficult to believe in a vast banquet at which the banker-host announces his bankruptcy and then, as he toasts the lady who caused his ruin, deliberately falls dead over his plate. And I also find it a little difficult to believe that a gold-digger, like the lady in question, after pursuing her real lover over half the earth's surface, would renounce him at the moment of capture for fear of hurting his career. I might mention, too, the duel with long whips between the Argentine bandit leader and the hero (however improbable, it provides a highly picturesque episode); the much more conventional flood that carries away the dam (sooner or later Blasco is bound to wet his heroes), and the hallucination, near the end of the picture, by which the drunken Elena (Greta Garbo) mistakes a bearded roué for Christ. If our old friend, Blasco, really sees life in such terms I predict his death from spontaneous combustion.

"*The Big Parade*"—*Marchons!*

"*Ben Hur*"—Huge spectacle.

"*Moana of the South Seas*"—The ideal winter resort.

"*La Bohème*"—Rich in pathos.

"*The Black Pirate*"—Doug. and color.

"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Harold Lloyd.

"*Aloma of the South Seas*"—Gilda Gray.

"*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*"—Harry Langdon.

"*Say It Again*"—Dix is funny.

"*Ella Cinders*"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.

"*Good and Naughty*"—Pola as comedienne.

"*The Volga Boatman*"—De Mille melodrama.

"*The Palm Beach Girl*"—The active Bebe.

"*Lovey Mary*"—Romance of the Cabbage Patch.

"*The Road to Mandalay*"—Lon Chaney.

"*Variety*"—Jannings, the Great.

"*Mantrap*"—By Sinclair Lewis.

"*Nell Gwyn*"—Historical British film.

"*The Waltz Dream*"—Ufa nods.

"*The Amateur Gentleman*"—Barthelmess.

"*Battling Butler*"—Buster Keaton in rare form.

"*Beau Geste*"—Highly improbable.

"*So This Is Paris*"—Gallic comedy.

"*The Scarlet Letter*"—Lillian Gish at her best.

"*The Strong Man*"—Harry Langdon ditto.

"*Sparrows*"—Mary Pickford.

"*One Minute to Play*"—Red Grange.

"*The Campus Flirt*"—Bebe, the athlete.

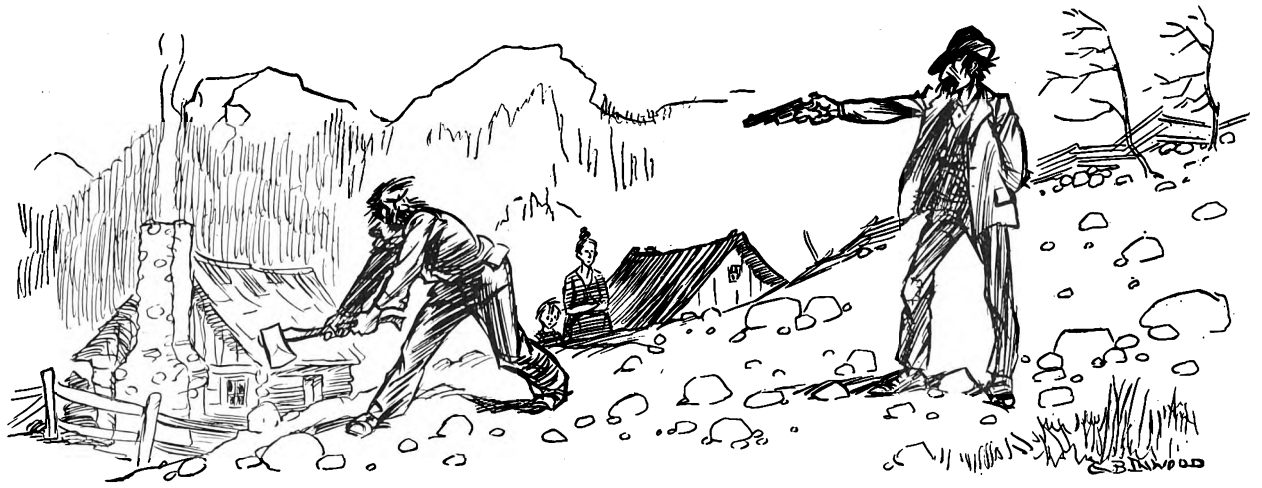
"*Tin Gods*"—Melodramatic tragedy.

"*The Treasure*"—Rich as an old master.

"*You'd Be Surprised*"—Good comedy.

JUST to start an argument, I'll say that Buster Keaton in "Battling Butler" is funnier than Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots." To me these two comedians are not unlike, as innocent and unsmiling they rush in where angels fear to tread. But given a first-class clown the simpler the story and the more natural the stage business the better. In "Battling Butler" there is a minimum of "cutting back" to pick up loose threads. The situation develops uninterruptedly

(*Continued on page 29*)



FEUDIST—*Yo're takin' advantage of me, Ansel*
"Advantage, nawthin'! Hevn't I got one hand behind my back?"

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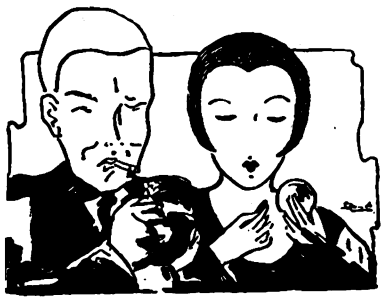
THE CHEER LEADERS



"Life holds nothing more for me."
"Drained it to the dregs, already?"
"Yep. Drank the last drop last night." —Ohio Green Goat

Classified Ad

College widow with six children would like to marry old grad with five and a football.
—Oklahoma Whirlwind

Freshmen may use the following to advantage for the rhetoric grammar test:

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She's singular, you are nominative. You walk across to her, changing to verbal, and then it becomes dative. If she is not objective, you become plural. You walk home together. Her mother is accusative and you become imperative. You talk of the future, she changes to the objective, you kiss her and she becomes masculine. Her father becomes present, things are tense, and you become a past participle.
—Kansas Sour Owl

"Egad, me boy, what say to a game of hop scotch?"
"Be off, fool, no one ever got the jump on the Scotch."
—Colgate Banter

And he said, "Let there be light," and light was made.
And the next day came the gas bill.
—Boston Beanpot

"And I owe it all to you, Grace," said the I. C. S. man as he borrowed another $10 from his wife.
—Cincinnati Cynic

Perhaps one of the most unusual, and surely destined to be one of the greatest athletes ever seen at Kansas University, is the new freshman discus thrower. He is not only said to throw the discus around 150 feet, but also runs down and catches the discus before it hits the ground.
—Kansas Sour Owl

A bright little girl who is suing her bobber for breach of promise because her permanent wave straightened out after six months.
—California Wampus

The new Vodka song—
"Vodkan I say, dear, after I say I'm sorry." *—M. I. T. Voo Doo*

"I'm from Walla Walla."
"I heard you the first time."
—M. I. T. Voo Doo

Hic—*That must have been paint remover I drank last night?*
Cup—*Howsat?*
"It took all the enamel off my teeth."
—California Pelican

Leggo There!

"What did your grandfather say when they amputated his leg?"
"He yelled, 'Hey, what's comin' off here?'" *—Denison Flamingo*

First Year Ag—I like your girl's posture.
Second Year Ag—So do I. That's where I'm gonna keep my cows after we're married. *—Penn State Froth*

Little Algernon had a bad habit.
He would always chew his finger nails.
We asked the doctor, and the doctor told us to put something on the ends of his finger nails.
We used arsenic.
It worked beautifully. Little Algernon doesn't chew his finger nails any more. *—Wisconsin Octopus*

Captain (on excursion boat)—Does anyone here know how to pray?
"I do," replied a member of the party.
"Well, you pray and the rest of us will put on life belts, we're one shy." *—Washington Cougars Paw*

First—Have any of your family connections ever been traced?
Second—Yes, they traced an uncle of mine as far as Canada once.
—Michigan Gargoyle

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THE

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extra fine
extra fare

***New* Santa Fe train de-Luxe, *between* Chicago *and* California**

only two business days on the way

It costs more to ride *The Chief* because it is finer and faster—distinctively superior—like an exclusive hotel or club, on ribbons of steel, speeding through a scenic wonderland, in luxury, ease and supreme comfort.

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There will be an observation sunparlor, ladies lounge, ladies maid, barber and valet service, also bath.

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Remember—Grand Canyon National Park—and the Indian-detour.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1156 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free Santa Fe folders of trains and trip to California.

.....

.....

Eudora Bascom, Nature Lover

Little Interviews With People You would Like to Meet

Eudora Bascom, Nature Lover

"THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS" is the original name which Miss Eudora Bascom, nature lover, has evolved for the great open spaces, and surely no appellation could describe more completely or accurately nature at her most natural.

"How I love the great out-of-doors," Miss Bascom told me in her charming way, "love the whispering of the alders, the whooshing of the pines, and the rasping of the daisies. Up here in my snug little cabin in the Adirondacks I lie awake o' nights harking to the tiny voices of the forest. Each sound tells me a story. I understand the chirrup of the rabbit, the whistle of the weasel, and the long, whining moan of the bull-ape. I understand them all. My children."

She sat silent for the nonce thinking of the forest folk while a happy light shone in her bright blue eyes. Leaning forward she moved the lamp so that the light now shone in my eyes and once more lapsed into deep reverie.

"Have you," she asked suddenly, "ever seen a young wildcat, gray with fatigue, catching by means of his long supple tail fish to feed his hungry wife and babies?"

"No," I confessed reluctantly.

"Neither have I," said Eudora. "What a sight that would be."

Pretty Miss Bascom is the author of several well-known and dearly beloved nature books:

"With Traps and Snares, or How to Play the Drum," "In Search of Beaver and Zits," "Moose, Welsh Rabbit, and 1,000 Other Recipes," and "Getting Back to Nature." This last is really a guide book showing how to get back to Nature, Ia., the town where Miss Bascom spent her golden childhood.

"It is an awfully hard place to get back to," she explained, "as no railroad goes near the place."

So earnest is Miss Bascom in her study of the wild folk that she once traveled in a circus as a snake charmer so as to learn the habits of constrictors and pythons. Upon being asked if she weren't frightened, the dauntless lady replied, "Oh, it was rather thrilling at first, but later it got to be an awful boa."

Robert S. Wood

Jones—I've dodged my income tax for five years. Do you pay yours?
New Acquaintance—I have to. I'm the local income tax collector.
—*Passing Show*

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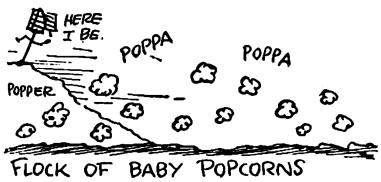
COFFEE POT WITH THE FLU SITTING ON A RED-HOT STOVE SOAKING IT'S FEET IN A SCUTTLE OF HOT MARMALADE. JUST YOU TRY THAT ONCE.

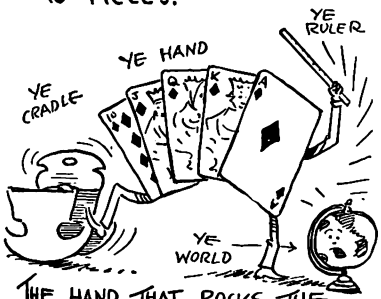
CLOTHES PINS WITH BROKEN LEGS DANCING THE CHARLESTON.

FAWNING YELLOW-SKINNED LICKSPITTLE LOOKING FOR A JOB.



FLOCK OF BABY POPCORNS LOOKIN' FOR THEIR POPPA.

PEEVISH PENDULUM GOES MAD AND KICKS THE CLOCK TO PIECES.



THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD.

AW, DON'T BE SILLY!

NATE PRATTER '29

Ballad of Go-Getters

I hate to be a kicker, I always long for peace,
But the wheel that does the squeaking is the one that gets the grease. —*Sanford Herald*

You tell 'em, kid—you're peaceful and not too hard to please,
But the dog that's always scratching is the one that has the fleas.
—*Miami Tribune*

"I hate to be a kicker" means nothing in a show;
The kicker in the chorus is the one that gets the dough.
—*Youngstown Telegram*

The art of soft-soap-spreading is a thing that palls and stales,
But the guy who wields the hammer is the one who drives the nails.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

***

"Look, Augustus, there goes Mr. Plummkuten. He has been in Doctor Isbeen's hands for ten years, on account of a nervous breakdown."

"Ten years! And the doctor hasn't cured him yet?"

"Oh, yes, he has cured him several times. But every time Plummkuten gets the doctor's bill he has such a shock that he gets another nervous breakdown and the doctor has to take him in hand again!"
—*Lachen Links* (Berlin)

***

There are some railway men, it is stated who don't like receiving tips. Perhaps; but it's wonderful how they manage to keep their prejudices to themselves. —*Passing Show*

***

Life is described by a scientist as the metabolic activity of protoplasm. It often seems even worse than that on a Monday morning. —*Humorist*

***

"When did the robbery occur?" asked the cross-examining barrister.

"I think—" began the witness.

"We don't care what you think—we want to know what you know," said the barrister.

"Well, I may as well get out of the box, then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer." —*Tit Bits*

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He called his girl Luther because that's what he did.

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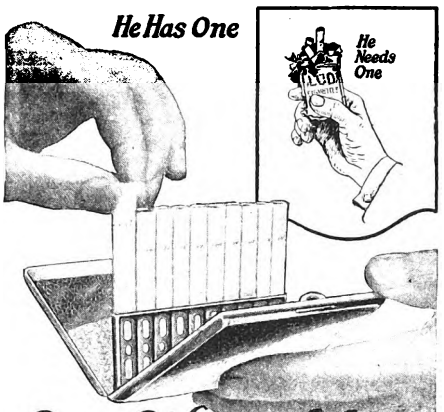

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Times Building, New York

"But you advertised a bed-sitting-room."
"Certainly. This is it."
"Well, I see the bed, but where's the sitting-room?" —*London Opinion*

Theb's Cherished Letter

WE were sitting in the library when I told Theb of my approaching marriage. A fire crackled in the grate as the summer night had turned chilly, and my friend's eyebrow cocked peculiarly.

"Indeed," he drawled. "Have a brandy."

There was something in Theb's tone that irritated me. I had a brandy, however, and took a deep pull at my pipe.

"I once met a real woman," he jerked out. "A real woman. She loved me. They all do. Her love was worth having—pure gold, hall-marked, stamped on every link. Not like these modern creatures who love a man a little and his cash a lot.

"It was twenty years ago when I met Martha. A little slim thing, all blue eyes and hair black as a crow—or a raven, isn't it? She came to teach me the piano. Sweet, demure . . . Bless her."

Theb stopped to light a pipe.

"Well?" I prompted.

"Treated her badly," grunted Theb, his face clouding. "She was mine for the asking. I . . I let her down. Listen.

"Martha used to come twice weekly to tutor me at the piano. We used to hold each other's hands and speak with our eyes, while I gave the keys an occasional jab to deceive the old man working in his study. It took me a long time before I could persuade him to allow me to have the lessons. Told me I was wasting my money. Anyway, I prevailed, and Martha came twice weekly. Days of heavenly bliss, man. I dream of 'em now. I didn't marry Martha. No; but I'll always remain true to her. I feel I couldn't ever think of any other woman when I have the memory of my Martha's beautiful disposition and utter selflessness.

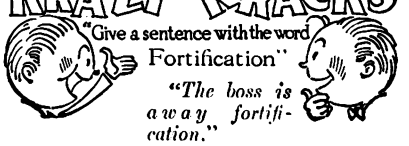
"I knew Martha cared. She was wild about me. Women always are, for that matter. But Martha's was a worth-while love.

"I wrote to her and told her that I wasn't rich as everyone thought. I told her I was poor as a spider in a church poor box, and that I'd a mere seven-fifty per annum to offer her. I told her I offered that $750, and what to her would be the biggest treasure—myself. 'Write per return, my love,' I instructed her, 'and thus show me just all that you feel for me . . . think of me . . . want of me. If you are afraid to share poverty for some years, do not reply. Do not write pouring out that love which I know is mine, and which the realization of poverty where you thought riches existed, cannot affect.' "

Theb stopped and breathed exultantly.

"I knew that she would not fail. She loved me for myself. They all love me, but Martha's was a worth-while love. Nothing mercenary about

KRAZY KRACKS



"Give a sentence with the word Fortification"

"The boss is away fortification."

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FUNNYBONES

Of all the Prohibition drives the most successful is the drive to Canada.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Martha. Money to her meant nothing. It was Theb she wanted. Theb she worshiped. The letter came . . ."

"Then why did you not——" I began.

"Why did I not marry her, having the letter which meant so much . . . which came hastening to me by the very next post from her dear fingers? You will loathe me when I tell you. I felt as that letter reached my hands that I couldn't go on with it. It sort of came over me in a flash. I couldn't —just *couldn't* let that sweet, unselfish girl face life with seven-fifty between us.

"With the letter unopened in my hands I stood in this very room, before this very fire, and my fingers trembled at the seal. And at that moment the old man's step came from the corridor. He was coming in here.

"Like a flustered fool I lost my nerve. The old man would have been bound to make a scene if he knew of that letter. Without a moment's thought I quickly made a cylinder of the envelope and slipped it within the neck of that vase, intending to read it when the old buffer had gone."

Theb eyed the vase tensely.

"When the old boy had rummaged about for some cigars, and had hopped out of it, I went to the vase for my letter. To my horror I had thrust it in too far. *The letter had gone down through the long, narrow neck, and had expanded, unrolled, inside the broad bottom of the vase!*"

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated.

Theb nodded. "That was twenty years ago. I tried every dodge I could think of to get that letter; bent wire and all the rest of it. I never succeeded."

"Then it's still in the vase," I jerked, staring at the blue flask-like ornament.

"It is still within the vase," said Theb. "That vase is priceless. I daren't break it. And why should I? It is a safe burial place for a love that could not be requited. It's very wonderful to know that letter is there. A testimony of what my Martha thought of me. I say, be careful!"

Wonderingly, reverently, I had taken up the fragile vase.

"I never replied to the letter, of course," said Theb. "How could I? Anyway, I thought it best to main-

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DIZZY LABELS

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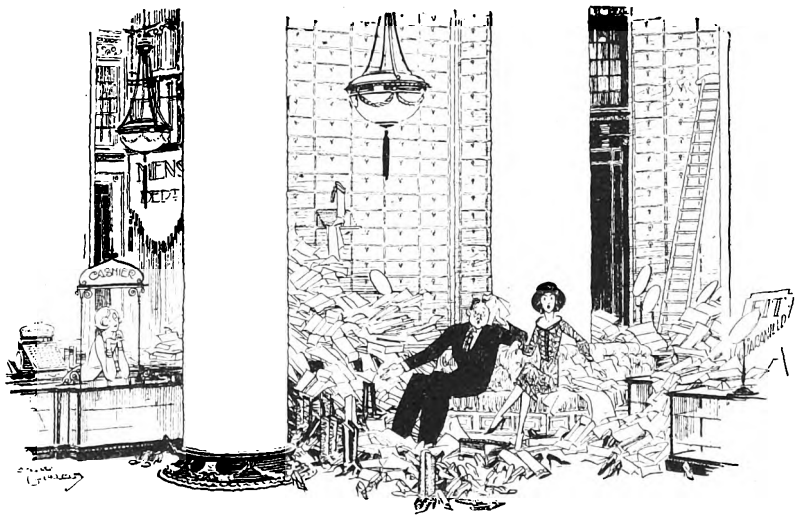

Customer—No—no! I simply couldn't walk a step in shoes that pinch like that.

Assistant—I'm sorry, madam, but I've shown you all our stock now. These shoes are the ones you were wearing when you came in.

—*Passing Show*

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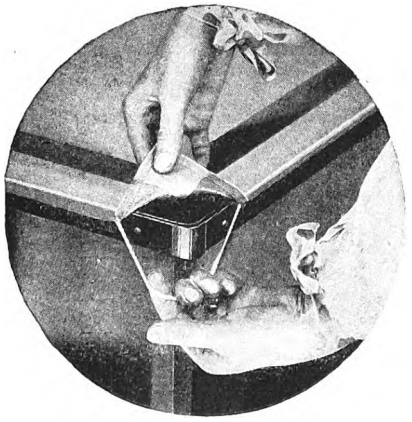

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tain a silence. And it just happened the old man and I went abroad for a long spell. Kinder, you see, than putting things in a letter. Sort of let the girl get over it that way. Things written would hurt more, and . . . er . . . !"

"Quite," I said, quite. "I understand you. Very wise." I still held the vase wonderingly.

"But I shall always remain true to that woman," said Theb. "Unmercenary, as I am repeatedly drumming into you. Selfless to a degree, and one who embraces love despite poverty. In that vase lies the letter I cherish as the token of such a woman. Different from your modern girl, what. Yes, so. I . . . By Heaven!"

The unexpected happened. The vase in its blue shimmering slippiness had evaded my fingers. With a gasp I surveyed a littered blue crumble at my feet.

There was a curl of yellow-white paper amongst the ruins. Dazedly I stooped and picked it up.

"My letter!" snapped Theb, and snatched it from me with eager eyes. His podgy thumb ripped greedily at the time-stained envelope. It parted easily, and a sheet of paper was between his fingers . . . was being eagerly devoured.

Then the silence of the room was broken by hoarse laughter. Theb shook, and uninvited I looked over his shoulder.

The sheet of paper read:

"To eighteen lessons at the piano
$63.00.

An early remittance would oblige."

The billhead bore the name of Martha. —*Passing Show*

***

Doctor—Your husband's not so well to-day, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?

Mrs. M.—He is not, sorr. He says he'll not be after starvin' himself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years longer!

—*The Belfast News-Letter*

New Assistant—What's in this bottle?

Chemist—Oh, that's what we use when we can't read the prescription.

—*Passing Show*

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Knew the Price

"Is this a free translation?" asked a customer in a bookshop.

"No, sir," replied the clerk, "it will cost you $2."

—*Christian Evangelist*

A $250 motor car will shortly be placed on the market. It remains to be seen whether it will go without being pushed. —*Humorist*

A pair of owls came down the chimney into the sitting-room of a Kent schoolmaster. We understand that they exasperated him by repeatedly saying, "To who" instead of "To whom." —*London Opinion*

Sandy (at the pictures)—I say, meester, will ye tickle me when the funny picture comes on?

His Neighbor—What's the idea?

"I'll no' hae it said a Scotsman has nae sense of humor."

—*Tit Bits*

Aunt Ada—I understand your husband can't meet his creditors.

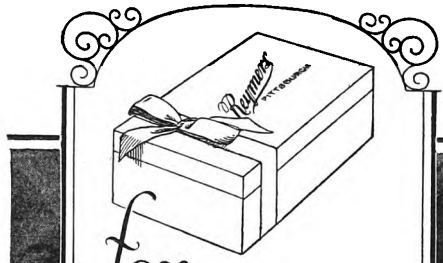
Her Niece—I don't believe he wants to particularly. —*Answers*

The father surprised the music master kissing his daughter.

"What is this, sir? Is this what I pay you for?"

"No, sir, I do this free of charge!"

—*Pele Mele* (Paris)



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The Dud—Confound it, another worm! That's the third this morning.

Caddie (thoroughly fed-up)—Sure it's not the same one, guv'nor?

—*London Opinion*

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"For goodness' sake, don't hop about so much! I've wasted a couple of shots on you already." —*Humorist*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 19*)

that he has contrived to extract from his over-crowded stage is a rather commonplace melodrama with two good and valid scenes. The leading rôles of Clyde Griffiths, Roberta Alden and Sondra Finchley are competently played by Morgan Farley, Katherine Wilson and Miriam Hopkins.

The Fred Stone show, as noted, is a splendidly chromatic and happy circus. There is no more skillful young dancing girl than the Mlle. Dorothy on view hereabouts, and Papa Stone has added some fetching new wheezes to his clown repertoire. To James Reynolds, who did the costumes and scenes, however, goes a big share of the evening's credit. He has spent the M. Dillingham's money to good purpose.

II

THE Guild season has opened with a production of Franz Werfel's "Juarez and Maximilian." If Al Woods had produced it, everyone would promptly and correctly have voted it something of a bore, but the Guild has succeeded in having itself regarded as being hotter for art than even Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and the fall guys among our critical professors have accordingly tried magnificently to read into the boredom various artistic virtues. The fact about Werfel's play is that, while it reads well and while it contains stuff to beguile the library fancy, it proves trying in the theater. It is cumbersome; it moves along with bricks in its boots; it gives one the impression of a slow moving picture distractingly interrupted at intervals of every half hour or less by the camera's getting out of order and coming to a temporary stop.

Although the Guild's production is deficient in many particulars and although I did not see the reported more finished presentation in Europe, I am skeptical that any production of the play, however dexterous, could make it much less tedious and dull than it is in the theater in West Fifty-second street. I, therefore, suggest that you buy the printed play, read it in the afternoon and in the evening go around and have a good time listening to that other art work from Werfel's home town, the score of "Countess Maritza."

❧❧❧

Some South Sea Island natives can only count up to four. When it's Thursday they think it's Sunday again and take the day off.
—*Passing Show*

❧❧❧

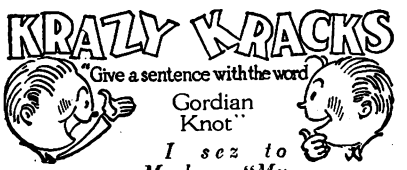
Wife—There was a poor woman here to-day after old clothes for her family.

Husband—Did you give her any?

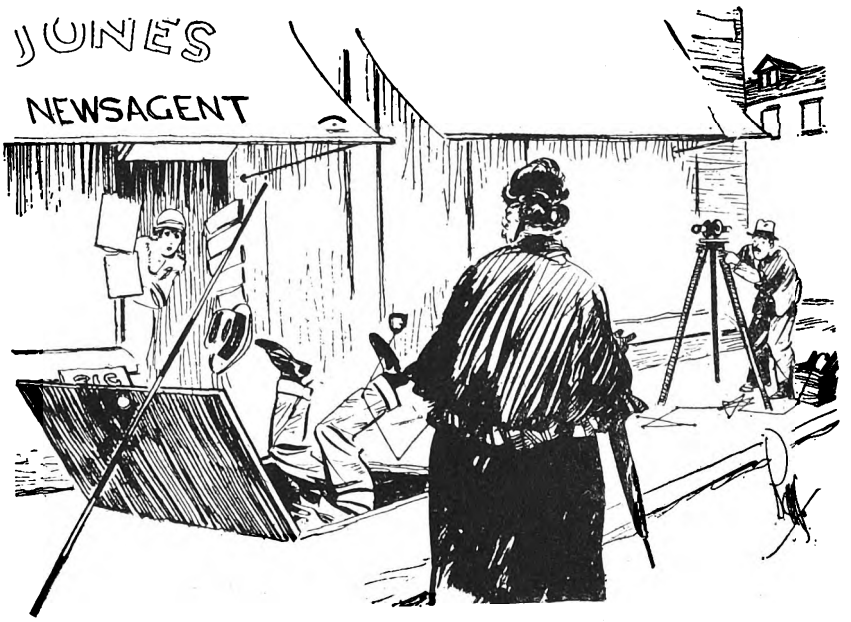
"Yes, I gave her that ten-year-old suit of yours and that dress I bought last week."
—*Christian Science Monitor*

❧❧❧

A doctor declares that kissing shortens life. I suppose he means single life. —*Passing Show*



I sez to Madge, "My Gordian Knot goin' out with that cake eater?"



Old Lady (seeing surveyor's assistant in difficulties)—Well! It's surprising what people will do for this film business. —*Passing Show*

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Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 20*)

to a climax which in itself provides the best comedy in the picture. But in "Kid Boots" one is asked to keep track of too many romances and too many beautiful girls. The action becomes involved, the cutting back and forth fast and furious, and the comedy climax when Kid Boots & Company drop on the courthouse with a parachute, is palpably artificial and effortful. Funny? Yes, but not to be compared in this respect with the fight in which the fake Battling Butler knocks out the real one.

But maybe I'm laboring the point. "Kid Boots" is good for several laughs and Eddie Cantor has the satisfaction of knowing that he can resort to pantomime without cramping his style.

The Pure, Pure Fish

(*Continued from page 5*)

Sweet Pattootie floated clear across the next county in the tender strains of "Palpitatin' Mamma, Papa's Gettin' Back His Breath."

Her decision was made. Her mind, what there was of it, was hard as a rock. George, the concrete tire salesman, was not for the likes of her. She would stay at home and go about her happy, wholesome way, singing at her menial tasks and brightening the lives of the people in her perish.

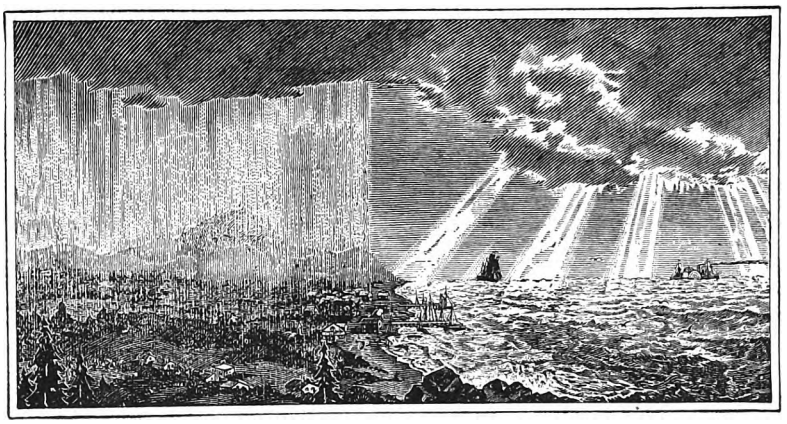
After all, she would be more appreciated here at home, faithfully tending her father's stills, milking the chickens and watering the cows, than she would be as some rich man's plaything in the great city. And that's no lie, either.

The battle was over. Her mind was made up and Pattootie, thrilled with the joy of having made a right and pure decision, just as every one of us must thrill with satisfaction when our hearts tell us that we have put away the passing joys of a fleeting pleasure for the more important things of life, like a clear conscience, a good bed, and three meals a day.

And this little story of Sweet Pattootie should teach us all to be more kind and thoughtful of our elders and that three or four swallows don't always make a hot party.

Because, after all, George Dunkelschmaltz, the concrete tire salesman, hadn't the slightest idea of coming back after Sweet Pattootie. He was, as a matter of fact, some hundred miles away and getting further every minute with the blonde telephone operator from the Reed House.

Richard S. Wallace



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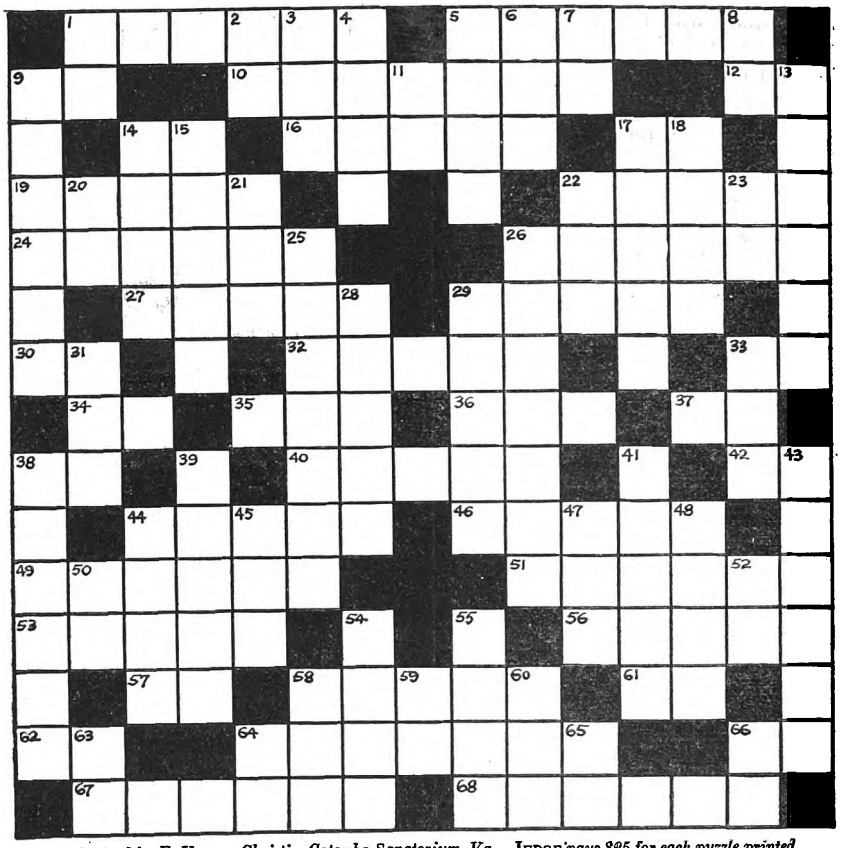
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 98



Submitted by E. Vernon Christie, Catawba Sanatorium, Va. JUDGE *pays $25 for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. A sign of the times.
5. A bier.
9. This man is apt to be a cut-up (abbr.).
10. This is an adjective meaning rude.
12. Several of these in every Packard (init.).
14. Abbreviation for a part of Africa.
16. This is swell at sea.
17. Green Rummies (init.).
19. More "sharks" here on land than at sea.
22. Unattractive feature of a woman's hat.
24. You might get this way with a dumb-bell.
26. Malaria.
27. Home of the sheik.
29. What the guest of honor looks like after a necktie party down South.
30. A hot state to be in (abbr.).
32. It's the spirit of the thing.
33. Polite Engineer (abbr.).
34. Abbreviated "guests."
35. One thing a woman won't tell.
36. How to leave the speak-easy when the cops arrive (init.).
37. So's *your* old man.
38. You and I.
40. This used to be money in France.
42. Lazy Chimpanzees (abbr.).
44. A place for misplaced kisses.
46. How a goat with no nose smells.
49. What the miller says it with.
51. College bred—after a four-year loaf.
53. Much in evidence at musical shows.
56. Fall guys.
57. Kitchen Police (abbr.).
58. A drink (obsolete).
61. This is an afterthought.
62. This fellow reads JUDGE (abbr.).
64. Supporters of the Feminist Movement.
66. Old Tomatoes (abbr.).
67. Eat them and cry.
68. Easy to kick up, hard to down.

Vertical

1. Two of a kind (abbr.).
2. What men go West for.
3. Goddess of the Dawn.
4. A rake in the Garden of Love.
5. What motorists go to heaven on.
6. Point of the compass.
7. Exclamation of triumph.
8. Exclamation of surprise.
9. Gentle maiden as the poet sees her.
11. You can tell this by its tracks (abbr.).
13. To give pleasure.
14. A bump—but not a jolt.
15. High hat love.
17. At the end of the Primrose Path.
18. What to do when you sit on a tack.
20. A pronoun.
21. A respectable roadhouse.
22. Slapstick nourishment.
23. Common meter (mus. abbr.).
25. Laughs that shimmy.
26. Dews that do harm.
28. Not so popular in Arabia as here.
29. Prefix meaning "over."
31. This man is always going up in the air.
33. The American Sphinx.
38. A heavy batter can become this.
39. Always a boob.
41. Commencement on the farm. (Two words.)
43. Used to hang around the girls.
44. This stands between you and drink.
45. Elderly Roué's Society (init.).
47. What chorus girls want to be.
48. These meet in the Garden of Love.
50. That poor Indian again.
52. Old English (init.). Wish it was Old Scotch.
54. These are always in prison.
55. Foams at the mouth.
58. This is pale.
59. Terrible Teddies (init.). Not underwear.
60. Railroad Universities (init.).
63. What doers do.
64. When she says this you go.
65. Sweet Mamma (init.).
66. Our wish on 52 Vertical gratified.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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Visitor—What a very nice chap this old invalid is.

Village Stores Proprietor—One o' the best, zur. We could do with more like 'im, too. Why, 'e buys two walkin' sticks 'ere at a time!

—*London Opinion*

Maid—You know that old vase, mum, you said 'ad bin 'anded down from generation to generation?

Mistress (anxiously)—Yes?

"Well, this generation 'as dropped it!" —*Passing Show*

Vienna has a society for simplifying men's clothes. It is suggested that as a first effort they should reduce the number of pockets in which a railway ticket can be lost, from thirteen to three. —*Eve*

It is reported that a famous American film star is retiring. But not very, we should imagine.

—*Humorist*

A speaker recently remarked that America was not yet wholly free of whisky. Some inhabitants, we understand, have a little still.

—*London Opinion*

A chess match between a French and an English team was played by cable. Next year it is hoped that Channel swimmers will dash backwards and forwards to make the moves. —*Humorist*

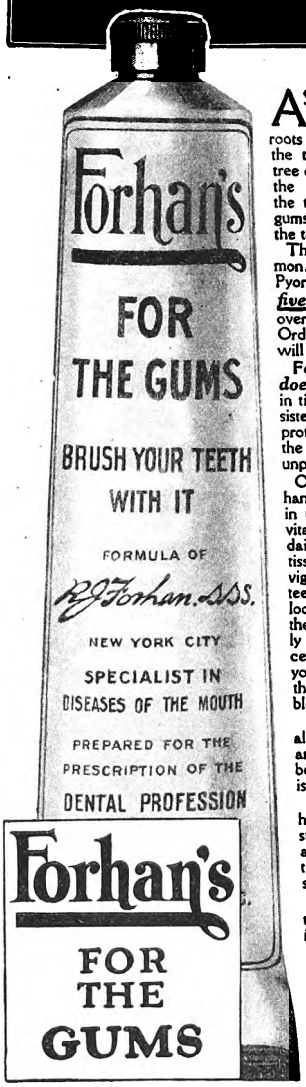
Crouch—What's become of that fellow Bones, who was known as the perfect driver?

Morgan—He met Jones, the imperfect one. —*Answers*

Mrs. Jones—Good gracious! What's the matter with that young Pinkleton? Is he paralyzed?

Daughter—Oh, no. He's only suffering from a sharp attack of ukulele twist. —*Humorist*

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.

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Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

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Be fair with yourself. KNOW the facts and face them fairly. Write for Free booklet, "How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp."

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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.

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Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. We trust you—until Christmas. No Work—Just Fun. St. Nicholas Seal Co. Dept. 169-J, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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2 Prints for 75 Cents

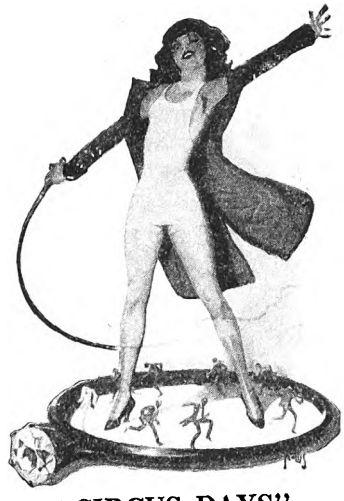
"SOME KIDD"

By Raymond Thayer

As classy a little buccaneer as ever sat on a dead man's chest and sang "Ye ho! and a bottle of rum." A *new* Art Print, printed on extra heavy Art Mat, size 11 x 14 inches, in four colors, from the original plates.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each



"CIRCUS DAYS"

By Enoch Bolles

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50 cents each

Judge Art Print Department
627 West 43d Street New York

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Bald

Grow New Hair In 30 Days—or No Pay

Write Today for FREE Proof

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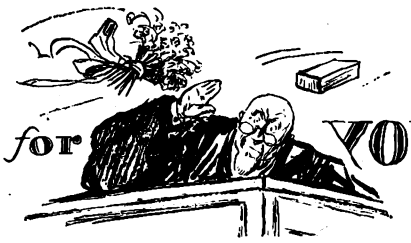

JUDGE for YOURSELF

Welcome to the Sesqui!

Editor Judge:

Perhaps the rest of the country (including the Klan, 50 percenters and Volstead Violators) would like to know how the run-of-mine Philadelphian regards the much berated or condoned Sesqui. Well, it seems that two born promoters, the undisputed political boss and the transportation magnate, saw in a notable anniversary the opportunity to combine a mosquito farm with the desire of the public to go somewhere and see something. A receptive administration provided the missing link, namely, the public's millions to convert the swamp into a fair ground. The project was put over with plenty of ballyhoo and the trucks of the "big boss" began to haul dirt from the new subway to fill the swamp. Despite high pressure methods and overtime wages, the show was not ready when officially opened. Hence the well deserved black eye, which we proceed to laugh off.

The questionable lineage of the infant left on our doorstep doesn't entitle us to strangle the child. The grafters will graft but the child must be reared, so loyal citizens are spending time and money to provide the best in pageantry, music, displays, collections, athletics and general amusements, as well as a cordial welcome to our millions of guests. In other words, moron and highbrow alike can get a kick out of the Sesqui and it's worth the price of admission and the insult of not being allowed to park your car on most of the adjacent broad, empty streets. As for our boss-ridden city: forget the rough, undesignated streets and the parking regulations framed for the sole benefit of the traction company and imbibe a little patriotism from the cradle of Liberty. Enjoy with us our parks, our zoo, our colonial relics, our new bridge, our hotels and, if you wish, our speakeasies. The year's quota of rain being about exhausted, Philadelphia and the Sesqui should prove a worthy objective for that fall trip.

Sincerely,
Philadelphia, Pa. *Ralph B. Ball*

A Sesqui Rooter

Dear Judge: I read the comment of C. S. F., Jr., in this week's issue of Judge, and it certainly makes me sore at the attitude that you take toward the Sesquicentennial.

I wish to state that I was at the Sesqui on the opening day, and it was terrible. It wasn't completed, and it was a sin to take the money. However, since then, I have visited the Sesqui many times, and there is as much difference between now and then as there is between the K.K.K. and the Salvation Army. There is only one building not completed, and that is the Tower of Light. All exhibits, State and foreign buildings, concessions, and roads are completed.

Contrary to the rumor now current, the only costs are the 50 cents admission to the grounds, the 10 cents admission to the India Building, and the cost of the amusements.

There is a boardwalk around the Gladway for rainy days, electric signs that tell you where to go, lagoons, lakes, swimming pools and extensive flower gardens.

I would like to know whether you have visited the Exposition as yet? It certainly does not seem that way, because if you had, you would not be so quick to boycott it.

With the omission of your editorials, and unjust wise-cracks, your magazine is O.K. Hoping you are the same, I am,

Very truly,
Philadelphia, Pa. *Edward D. Cohn*

Wet, or Dry, Which?

Dear W. M. H.: Out here in Pasadena, sometimes known as the Holy City because our local press and movie censors refuse to let the lengthy bewhiskered populace think there is anything going on, your sheet is read quite openly among the intelligencia.

I purchase it irregularly, not to be counted among the smart alecs, but because some day I have hopes of discovering that you have once and for all made yourself clear on the Prohibition question, if it is a question, or a flop or whatever it is.

Don't you think you have been on the fence long enough? I never saw such around-the-bush beating in all my life! You can't seem to make up your mind if you are wet or not. Such twatwaddle* only betrays your Methodist upbringing. And I positively refuse to become a subscriber until such time as you come out flat-footedly and make up your mind on this alleged Prohibition.

One of our local boys I frequently see with a copy of Judge is the head of our purity and dry squad. Many's the time I see him sneak a copy into his gun pocket with a search warrant as a marker to the editorial page.

Pasadena, Cal. *Cliff Greenman*

*Superlative for Nathan's flapdoodle.

"I waved and she saw me, but she didn't stop," said a policeman, giving evidence against a fair motorist. Evidently she wasn't that sort of girl. —*Passing Show*

Bald-headed Man—You say this hair restorer is very good, do you?

Chemist—Yes, sir; I know a man who took the cork out of a bottle of this stuff with his teeth and had a moustache the next day.

—*Answers*

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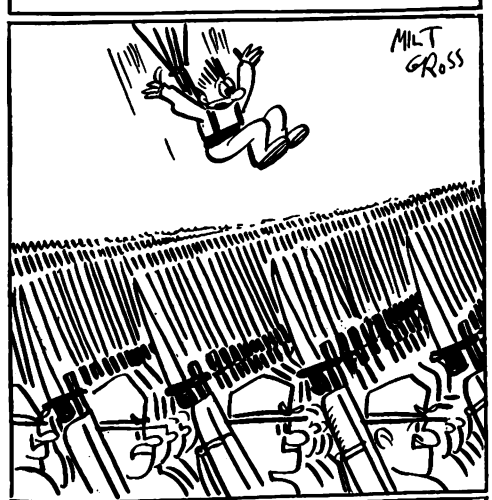
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!



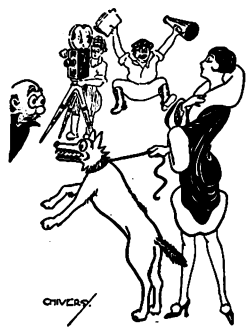
Contest No. 67

Send in your "Conclusion" in ink, on white paper, the same general shape as this space. You may draw it any *size* you care to.

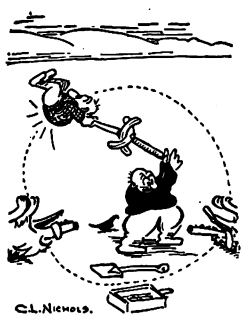
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

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. Mail yours to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

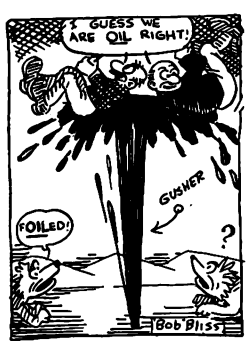
Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes November 15. Winning ending appears in the issue of December 18.



F. H. Chivers,
Montreal, Canada.



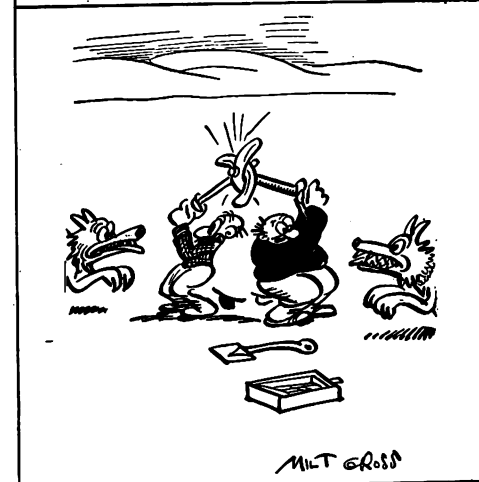
Dr. C. L. Nichols,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Bob Bliss,
Danvers, Mass.

Above: Runners up in Contest No. 61.

Right: Winner of Contest No. 61. Henry Dodds, 16 Permilea street, St. Catharines, Ont., Canada.



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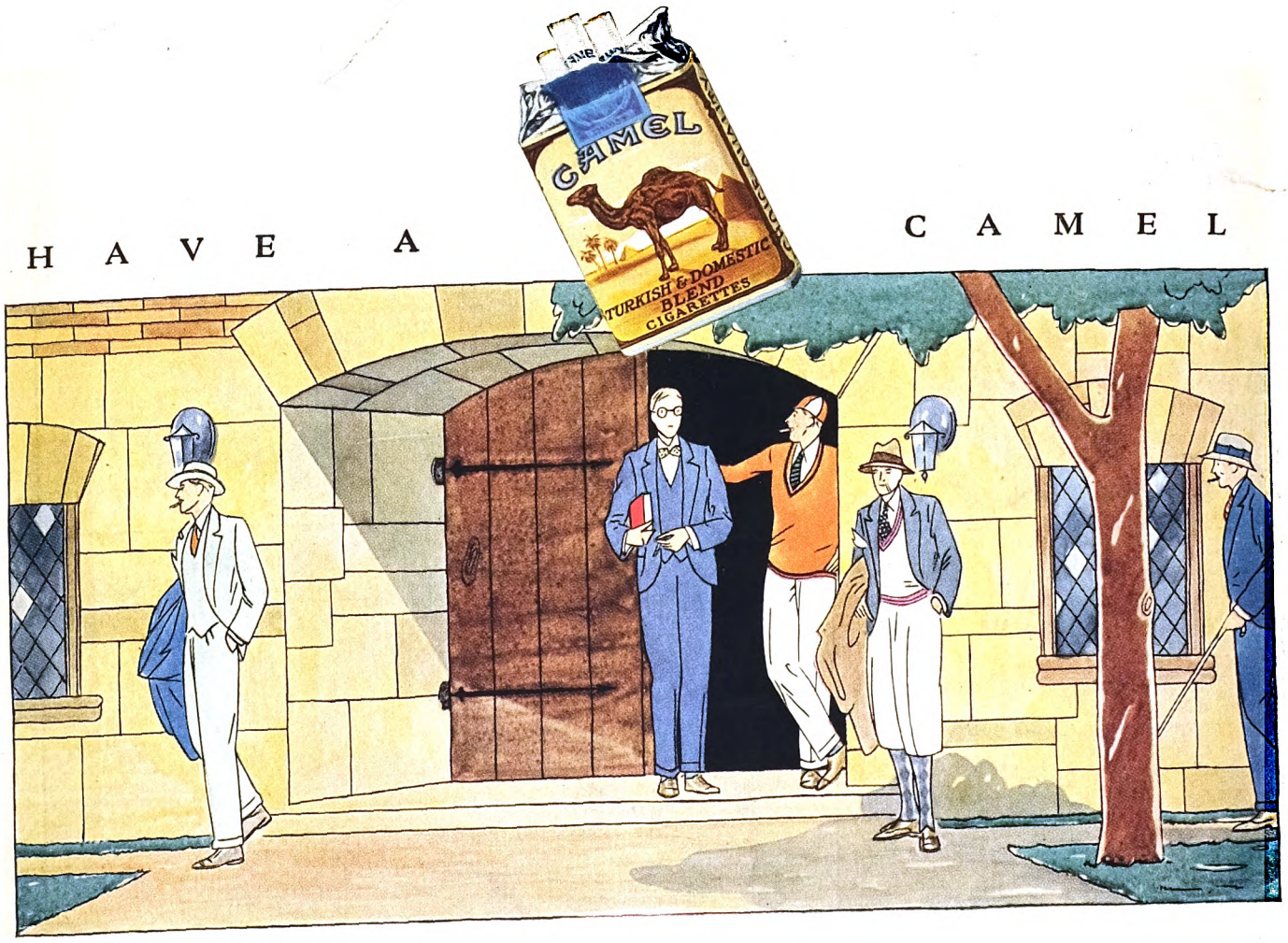

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THROUGH sheer quality, through a never before known smoking enjoyment, Camels won the world to cigarettes. Camel was the first and only cigarette that combined all the goodnesses of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos — and Camel became the greatest smoke word of all ages. No tobacco name compares with Camel.

Camel won and holds its overwhelming preference through indomitable tobacco quality. Only the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are rolled into Camels. These fine tobaccos receive the skilful blending that only the world's largest tobacco organization could give. Nothing is too good or too expensive that will make Camels the utmost in cigarettes.

If you have never yet tried Camels, a new sensation in smoking pleasure awaits you. The sensation of the choicest grown, the most perfectly blended tobaccos that money can buy.

Have a Camel!

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JUDGE

NOVEMBER 13, 1926
PRICE 15 CENTS

Society Matron: Good Heavens! Do you mean to tell me that a woman actually posed for that?

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The Masterpiece of Masterpieces!

New and Improved FRESHMAN MASTERPIECE

—the thing that makes it wonderful is its tone quality. The large cone speaker has been designed to exactly match Freshman's new QUALITY radio receiver. This special cone speaker easily handles the full power that this new set delivers. Yet, in spite of its ability to handle great volume, when the power is reduced the softest and mellowest tones come forth in a manner never before achieved by any sound producing device.

Simplicity

Its ease of operation, with its three distinct controls, allows any novice to tune in the station wanted day after day at the same points on the dials. This efficient means of operation eliminates the overlapping of wave lengths, which assures distinct separation of one broadcasting station from the others.

Write for our new booklet illustrating and describing the entire line of Freshman Masterpiece Receivers and other apparatus.

Model 6-F-11 $119.50

Slightly Higher Denver and West

THIS "Masterpiece of Masterpieces" startles and surpasses all expectations. It is the most perfect radio that has ever been designed. It is massive—it is beautiful. It is just what you want for your home. For no matter how exquisite your furnishings are, this artistic genuine mahogany upright console will lend additional beauty. And yet, it is priced so moderately that almost every family can easily afford to own one.

Genuine R C A Radiotrons

are recommended for use with Freshman Masterpiece Receivers. A special package containing—1 UX-112 power tube, 1 UX-200A detector tube and 3 UX-201A amplifying tubes—matched and tested for the set in which they are shipped; is sold by Authorized Freshman Dealers.

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The Most Perfectly Toned Radio Ever Produced

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(*For the Hunting Season*)
MIST

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1926

PAN CONGRESS CLOSED

THE first Pan-European Congress held in Vienna has just come to a successful close. Europe can now return to its old game of pan America.

AFTER a lapse of more than five centuries it has been officially established that the 98th Emperor of Japan was one Emperor Chokes. Historians believe this to be one of the oldest chokes of the Empire.

BECAUSE he was disappointed in love, a Tokio confectioner swallowed eggs, wine, beer, sake, whisky and rice until he fell unconscious and died a few hours later. It must have been something he et, no doubt.

THE chief of a tribe of Cherokee Indians has adopted the name of Moses Levy. Doubtless this insures him against disappearing from the face of the earth.

THREE lynchings in South Carolina and one in Tennessee have marked an unusually good week in the South. This is the section of the country that barred Evolution because of its firm belief in the teachings of the Bible.

THE average life of a paper dollar is nine months and the Government, we understand, is experimenting in an effort to make it more durable. Perhaps eventually they'll make one that will last from one Saturday to the next.

INN PATRONS SHOT

PATRONS of New Jersey roadhouses who refuse to obey the instructions of raiding Prohibition officers are to be shot with camera and flashlight. The officers, however, will probably get themselves shot in the customary way.

GENERAL WU PEI FU was recently defeated by General Chiang Kai Shek in the battle of Wuchang on the Yangtze River. General Wu Pei Fu is said to be sore as h-ll.

THIS is about the time of the year when the coal miners lock horns with the operators to prove that they can't fuel all of the people all of the time.

"J-Joe! Here comes the whole f-family!"
"Oh, my cats! Look at us—not shaved or nothin'!"

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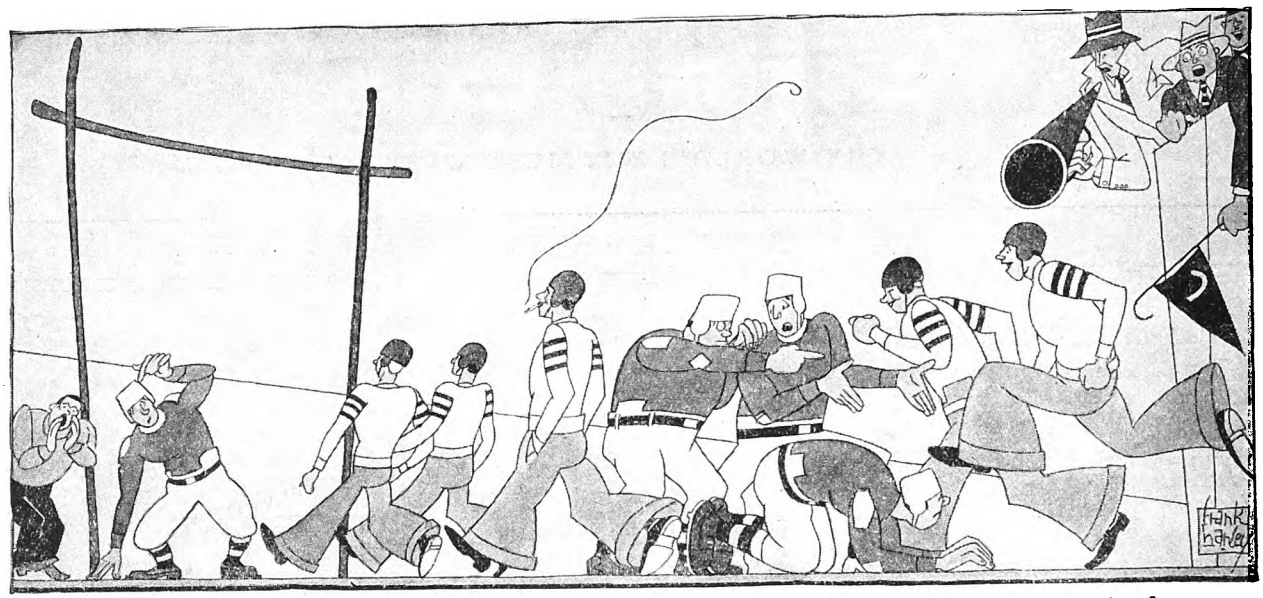

Opposing football squad adopt the bell bottom trouser and smuggle the ball over the line in them.

Dumb Dora's Old Man

DUMB DORA'S dumbness is inherited.

She gets it from her old man.

Once he accidently punctured a condensed milk can on the bottom and he was afraid to put it down for fear it would spill.

When he undresses he takes his shirt off before his collar and tie.

He wouldn't wear his garters around his neck simply because he thinks it would make him round-shouldered.

He butters the outside of a sandwich.

Christmas Eve or not, he hangs his socks on the mantlepiece.

He once heard writers got paid by the word, so he thinks letter carriers get paid by the letter.

He doesn't think explorers deserve credit for finding the North Pole. "All they gotta do," he says, "is keep goin' North all the time and they can't miss it."

Nevertheless, in spite of his dumbness, he gets royalties from the publishers of the Book of Knowledge. They got their idea from him.

Tom Foolery

***

"Joanah was pinched for reckless driving the other day."

"Couldn't she move the cop who pinched her?"

"Yes, that's the trouble—she moved him about twenty feet."

Not Necessary

Customer—See here, tailor, you haven't put any pockets in these pants.

Tailor—No, sir. Judging from your account here, I didn't think you had anything to put in 'em.

If you think you're important, remember this: A lot of men famous a century ago have weeds growing on their graves to-day.

***

Many a tight nut has been loosened up by a small wench.

QUICK DOPE HIDE THE SWAG! WHISPERED LITTLE JENNY

SOME HIGH JINKS

Rarely does one get as hearty a chuckle as this one arising out of an episode in a barber shop. Derek Kornsweet, thirteen, of 1824 Highlands avenue, the Bronx, remarked to his barber, "Say, fella, this place sure reminds me of the old family album at home." "And how is that?" inquired good old Bones. "Well, it's so full of ugly mugs!" thrust back Derek sociably. The coroner pronounced it second degree murder.

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The Desk Sergeant Says:

THERE used to be a saying that murder will out, but I guess nowadays they are referring to the murderers.

The trouble with this crime business is that there doesn't seem to be any arrest for the wicked.

If there weren't so many shakedowns in the enforcement of Prohibition there wouldn't be so many shakeups in the force.

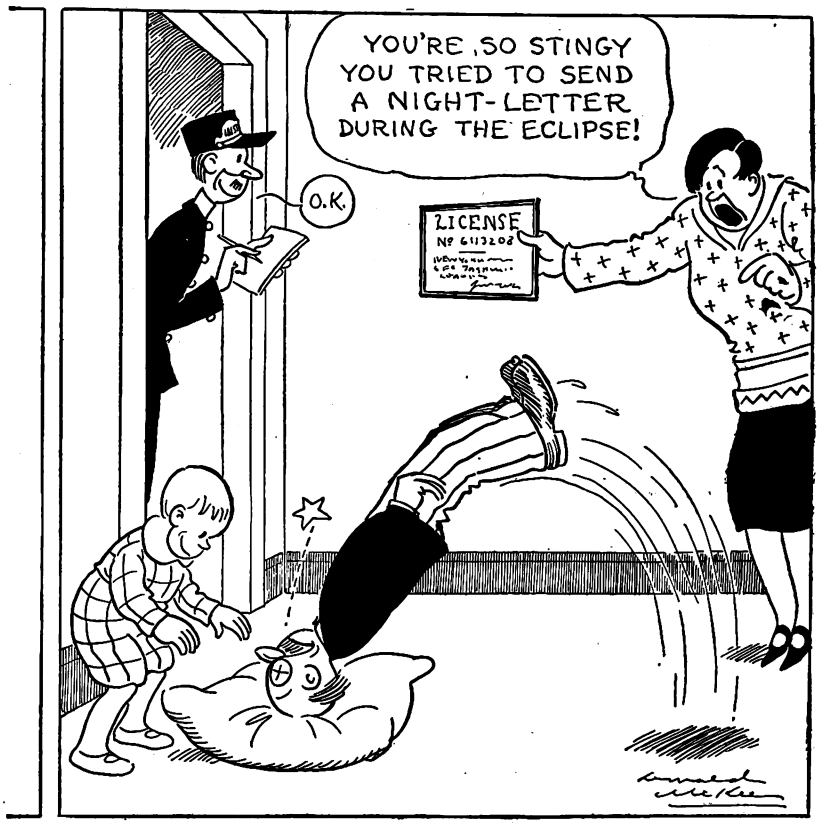
The crime wave started with the passing of the old wood shed.

If the porch climbers are too active for comfort, the modern solution is to abolish the porches.

The only reason anybody ever tries to hide a bottle from a policeman is that he is afraid he will be asked for a drink. *Roy H. Fricken*

A smile on the hip is worth two on the face.

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy squirms,
He's just been eating chestnuts,
And they were full of worms.



The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to comic strip husbands now compels the placing of a pneumatic cushion at the proper spot in the final picture.

The Slovaks have always been great wags, as anyone who has ever played hockey knows. Here is a "banana," or Slovak joke. "Well, it's a fine moonlit evening, Patsey!" remarked a gentleman to that person one night. "Shure and it is, yer reverence," answered Honey-boy Patsey, "but it ain't to-night we need the moon, it's the dark nights it ought to shine, by my beard!" The next day Patsey's pet hen laid an egg.

That's My Baby

MY girl's an ultra-modern miss—
No fooling!
She gives the sheik who prides his kiss
Some schooling!

She paints her lips; she daubs her nose—
She swears some.
Pink undies? Why, the whole world knows
She wears 'em!

She quaffs red liquor—yes—and smokes
Like Hades:
She will not listen if the joke's
For ladies.

She shames bacchantes in the dance,
Unheeding
My chaste and Puritanic glance
Of pleading.

She scorns maternal apron strings
And highbrows:
She draws the line on just two things—
Her eyebrows!

Roswell J. Powers

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THE SPEED TRAP

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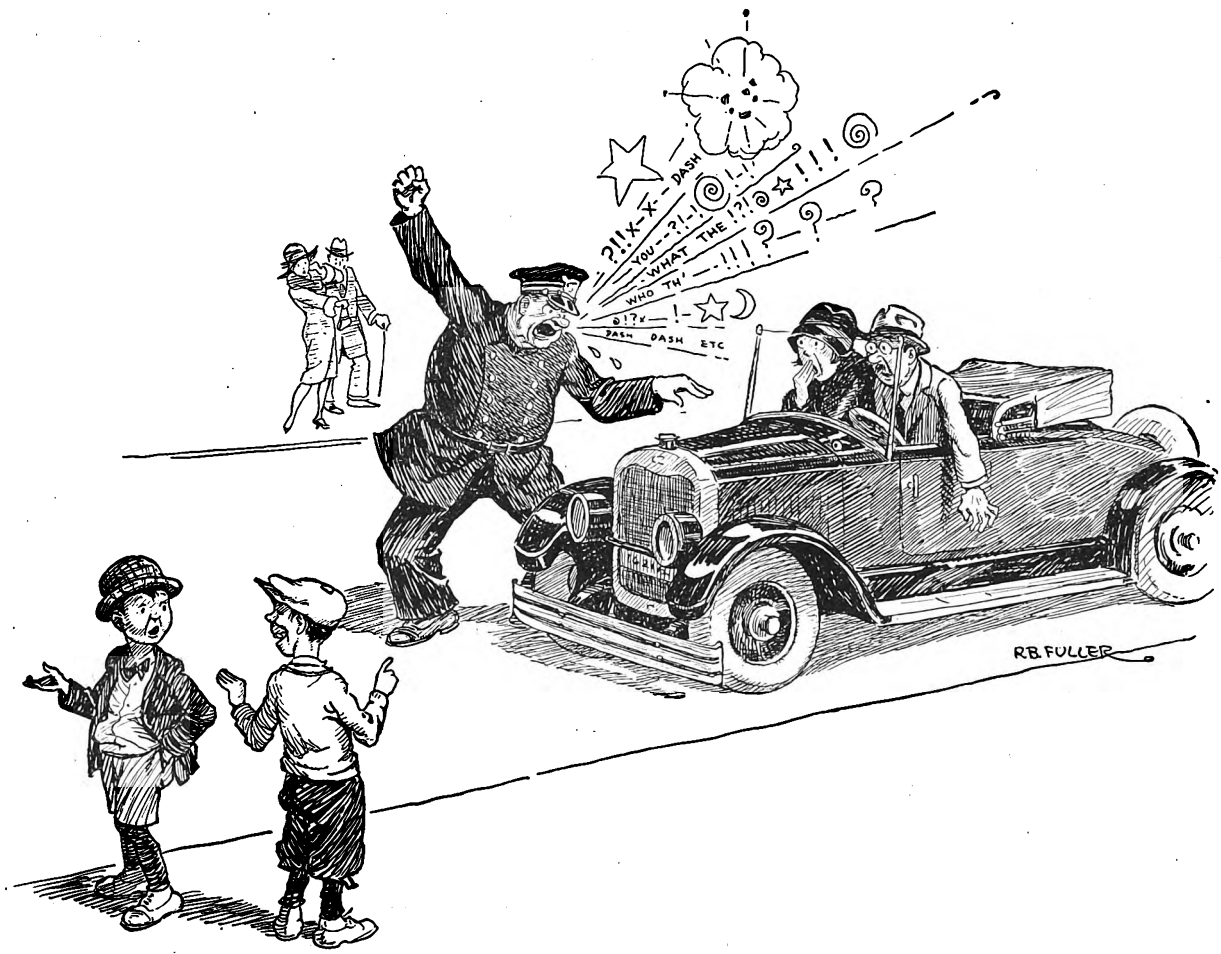
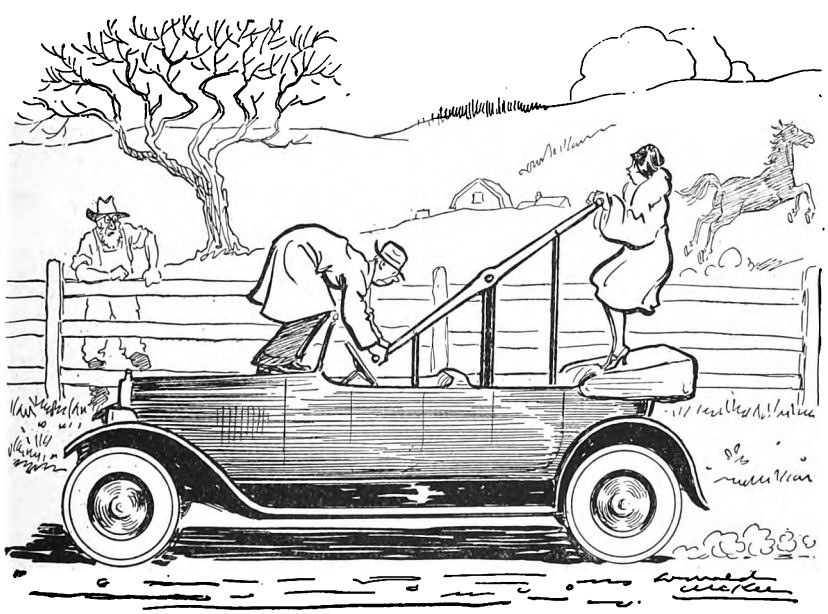


"I've got some money—let's go to th' movies."
"G'wan—this show's th' best!"



This hand-car attachment gets you back to town when the gas fails or the engine passes out.

The Generous King

IN THE dead of night King Solomon heard a noise. It seemed to come from the dormitory where were housed his surplus wives.

The King armed himself with a javelin and carefully crept toward the dormitory. Flinging wide the door he called out: "Who's there?"

"Ain't nobody here but us chickens," said a voice.

"All right," said Solomon. "I thought maybe some harum-scarum was bothering you. Good-night, girls, and you can all sleep late to-morrow." *Roy H. Fricken*

Widely Traveled

"Have you that umbrella I loaned you?"

"No, I loaned it to a friend."

"That makes it very awkward for me, as the man who lent it to my friend tells him that the owner wants it."

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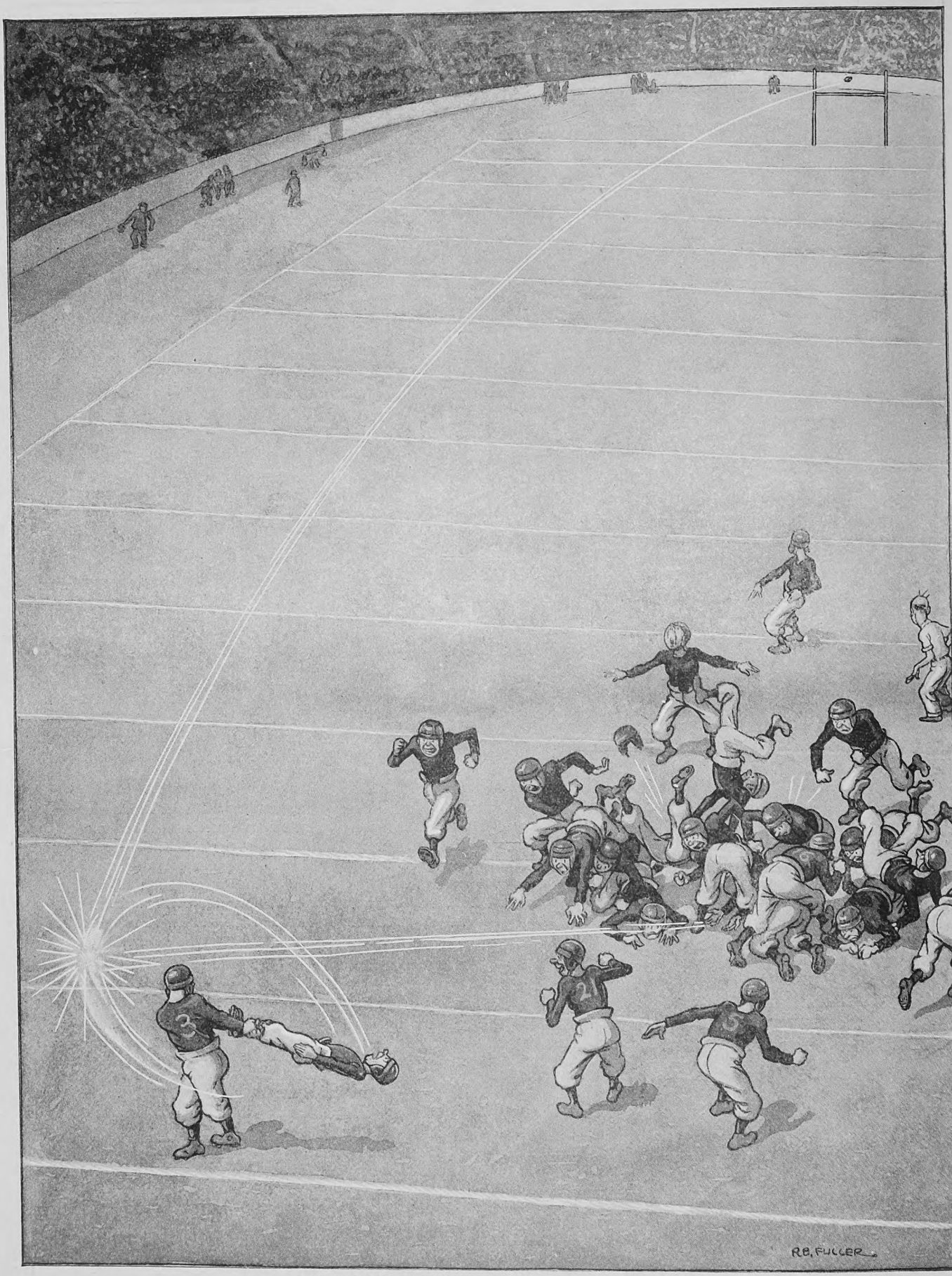

IF BABE RUTH PLAYED FOOTBALL

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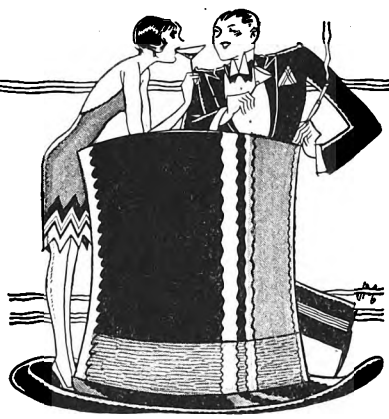
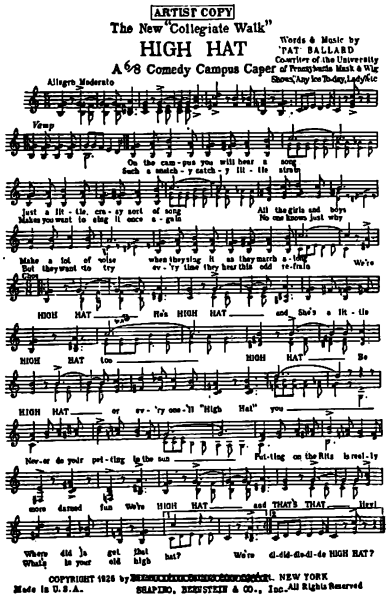
HIGH HAT



Speaking of beverages—g'wan, who was speaking of beverages!—the High Hatters have crashed through nobly this week with some of the niftiest recipes that it has been my privilege to test out, and lads—I'm telling you they're good! . . . . the first one is really an epic and is contributed by one James Norton of Princeton, no less, and is called a "Swiss Itch" . . . . place a pinch of salt on the back of the right hand and with the same north paw hold a half a lemon between the thumb and forefinger—hold a small glass of Gordon water in the right hand and follow this sequence—lick the salt, drink the Gordon water and suck the lemon! . . . . in the words of Mr. Norton, there's a beautiful zip to it and it goes down with the ease and speed of an elevator with a broken cable!

Mr. McKinstry, of our own thriving city, suggests the "Cranberry Flip" and all I can shay is that it'sh a wunnerful invention! . . . . Take a pound of cranberries (that's four cups full) and boil in three quarts of water until soft . . . . strain through three thicknesses of cheesecloth (a good clean bath towel will do) and then stir in one cup and a half of sugar for each quart . . . . after it has cooled (you've got to wait that long!) take two parts cranberry juice and one part Gordon water, shake in a shaker, and serve with a slice of orange or a mint leaf . . . . toss that one off, Brother High Hats!



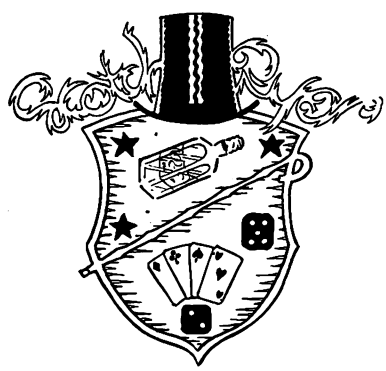
Brother McKinstry also informs me that you can get non-intoxicating Scotch in many of the department stores and that if you add that stuff that the Government is poisoning you can't tell it from "Pre-war."

You can say what you want, but a college education is a great thing! . . . . . here's Mr. Little, of Cornell, comes through with the "Cornell Special," which he claims is as smooth as the hair on a silkworm . . . . one part Benedictine, one part Gordon water and mix with two parts of limes and lithia . . . . . many thanks, Sid!

Speaking of beverages, Bob Hotz, of Chicago, took the wind out of my sails this week by sending in a little book of recipes, which he had printed for his friends, entitled—you guessed it!—"Here's How!" . . . . however, I don't think he'll object to our using it, especially if we send him a complimentary copy.

Speaking of beverages—for the love of Mike!—Pat Ballard, the well-known composer, has written a song called — you guessed it! — "High Hat!" . . . . and if you don't believe it, here it is! . . . . . try it on your piano.

Mrs. Haeussler, of San Jaun, P. R., thinks the High Hat Club ought to have a coat of arms and sent me a sketch which "Mac" has developed into a masterpiece.



Gordon Jr.

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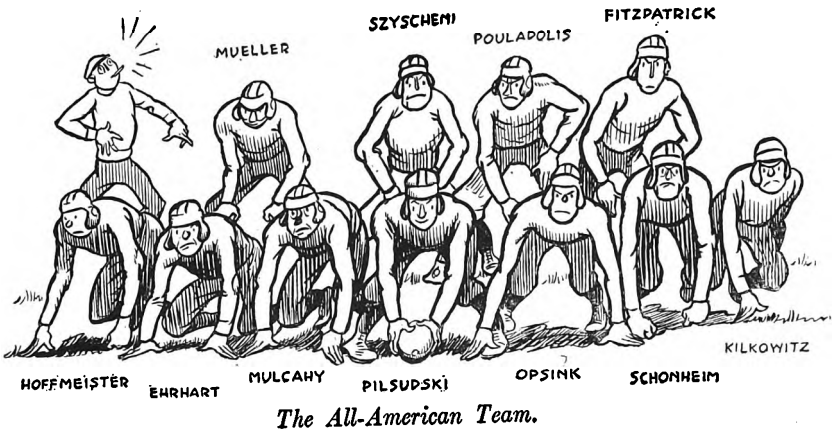


The All-American Team.

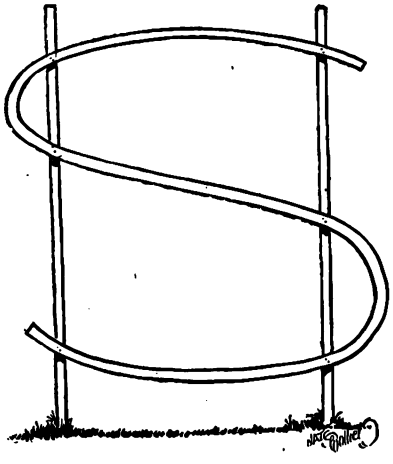
The New Webster

FOOTBALL, noun. Football is a sport requiring at least twenty-two gluttons for punishment, a referee, a whistle, a football, a stadium, two water buckets, a lot of sweaters, several high jumpers to lead the cheering sections, a couple of bone setters, a couple of coaches (the kind without wheels), somebody with a watch to keep track of time out, two quarts of arnica and a college. The purpose of college football is of course to furnish scenario writers with material for stories of college life. (Coming soon. Ask your favorite theater when.)

Football is not as rough a game as is popularly imagined, and, although a gridiron is still no place to pause to try to get a cinder out of your eye with the end of a handkerchief, the game has been modified somewhat in recent years. So has capital punishment. A player who deliberately steps on an opponent's chest without so much as saying excuse me, is doubly penalized; once by the referee and once by his fellow-players for not stepping on the opponent's neck while he had the chance.

The football season is not ideal as regards weather, from the spectator's point of view. The beginning of the season generally coincides with the rainy season. The football season winds up with the holidays approaching, and the football spectator generally winds up with pneumonia approaching. Many who go to cheer at football games remain to shiver. Of course, there is something comes for just such emergencies, but why mention it? Everybody knows what it is.

R. C. O'Brien



New artistic goal post used in professional football.

Cheap skates are now a thing of the past.

The Tabloid Readers' Baby

HE WAS just a delicious little bundle of pink skin, blue eyes and pudgy little hands. He romped about in his tiny cradle. Above him stood his doting parents, worship and adoration reflected in their beaming eyes.

"Darling," said the fond mother to her husband, "Infant prodigy lisped for first time Monday. Baby lips spoke."

"Hubby delighted at babe's performance," replied the father.

Just then the infant uttered some unintelligible baby language and then clearly and distinctly cooed: "Fiend slays chorus girl. Dope addict murders Broadway blonde."

"Oh, how darling," enthused the young mother. "Isn't he just too cute for words?"

"Gunman kills two on rampage," gurgled the baby lips. "Police dragnet captures candy kid bandits."

"Darling little mite," whispered the delighted parents. "He says *such* interesting things for a baby just starting to speak."

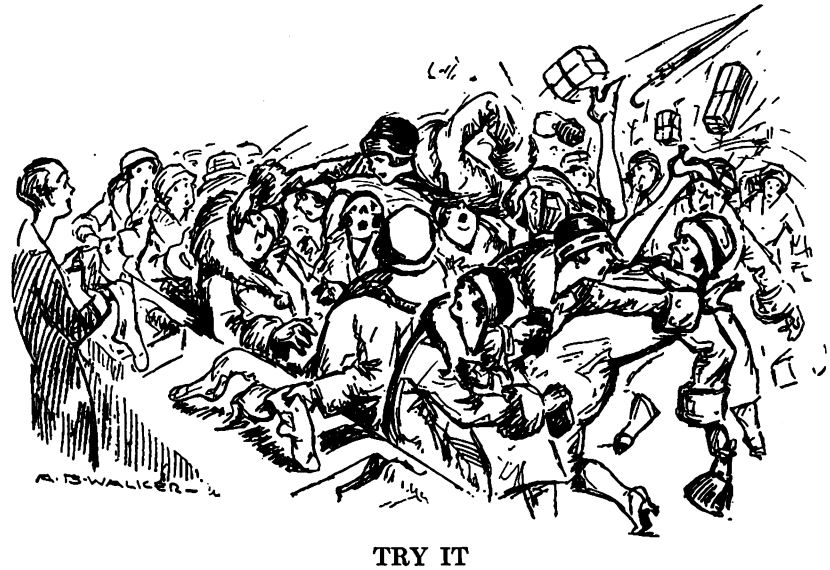
The infant continued. "Goo—goo. Heavy sugar daddy finds love nest invaded by wife. . . . Forger gets twenty years in prison. . . . Bootleggers' queen shoots detective."

"Mamma's little pet," said the mother.

"Papa's li'l innocent lambkin," said the father.

"Blood-stained handkerchief found at murder scene," said the baby.

Arthur L. Lippmann



TRY IT

The Australian Crawl is handy for shopping.

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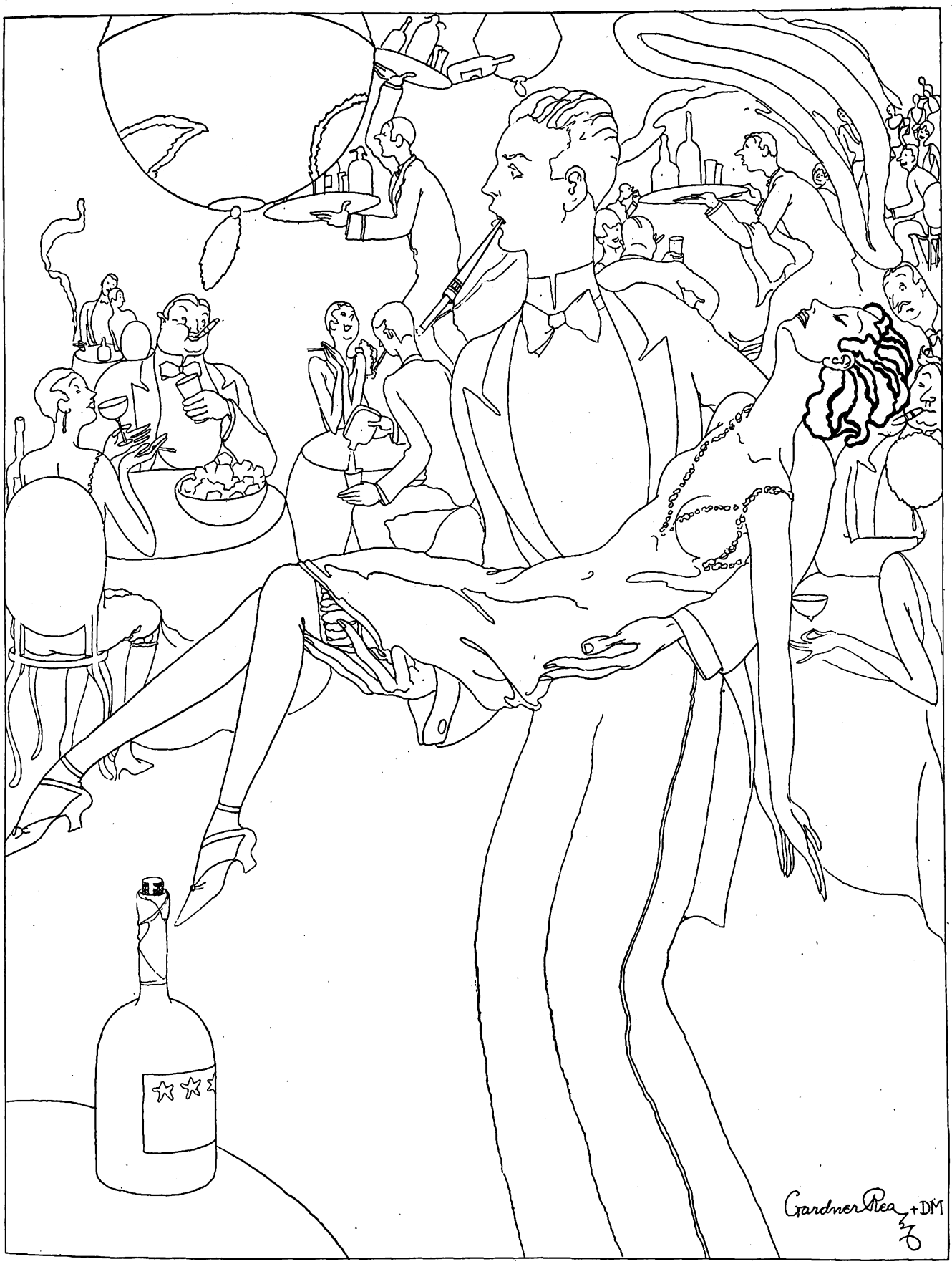

"AW, SOME MEAN GUY TOLD HER THERE WAS TALK OF PASSING A PROHIBITION LAW IN THIS COUNTRY!"

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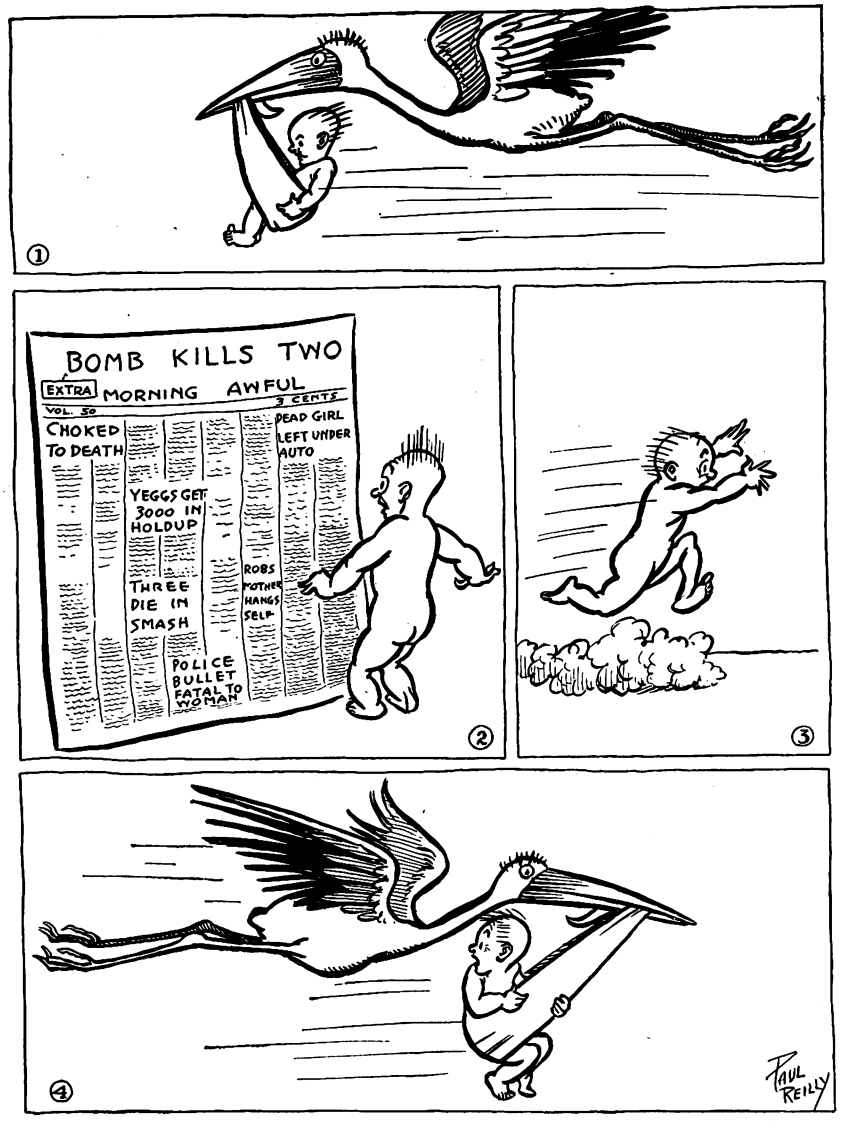


The Power of the Press.

That Statistical Age

"And what," the kind old gentleman asked the little boy, "are you going to be when you grow up?"

"According to my last psychological tests," the little boy answered patiently, pausing in his play with a cylinder from his straight eight, "I have an Oedipus Rex complex, which, if not sublimated or diverted will make me a dementia præcox, if not an Elk, by the time I am sixteen. Another consideration is, that, according to the Mendaliam Theory I may have inherited a taste for horse racing from my maternal great grandfather who had a mole on his left ear and who could never eat pickled herring.

"Besides," the little boy concluded, "according to statistics recently issued by the Wet Blanket Insurance Company, only one out of every 9,832 children will survive accidental shooting, ordinary murder, automobile accidents, pedestrianism, alcohol poisoning, mistaken identity, suicide, plain diseases, and ten per cent. off for miscellaneous depreciation, so that it's a long shot that I'll grow up to be anything. So long."

Leonard MacTagart

Crime Note

Judge (after charging jury)—Is there any question that anyone would like to ask before considering the evidence?

Juryman—A couple of us would like to know if the defendant boiled the malt one or two hours, and how does he keep the yeast out?

Literary Scenes

I'd Turn Over a New Leaf to See—

A dangerous criminal cut a nick in time;

A busy efficiency expert stick himself with the spur of the moment;

The Headless Horseman run a race with the brainless motorist;

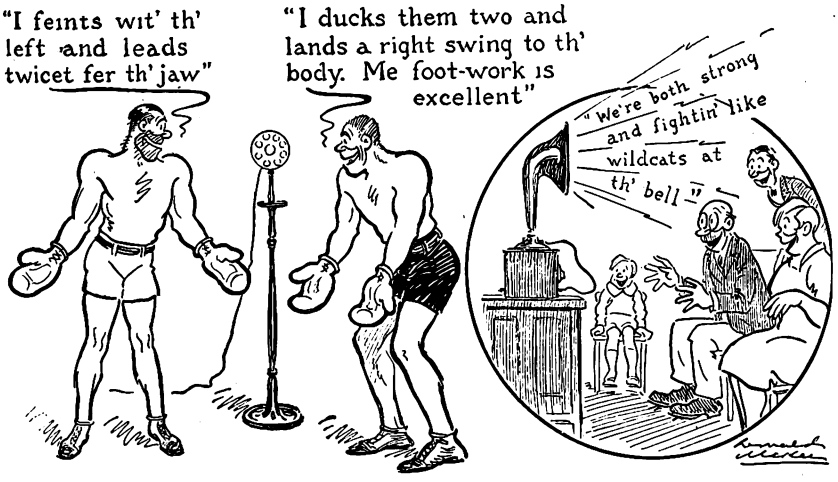
A reformer bite off more than he can chew, and then choke on it;

An Indian shot in the back bite the dust, and before he dies, make a dirty remark to the hero;

A famous lecturer have his speech cut and dried, and a stiff wind blow it away;

A rising young novelist become fired with ambition and burn up.

Wayne G. Haisley



Logical evolution of the heavyweight championship prize fight.

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WHAT HAPPENS

When a Chicken Crosses the Road?

by Ellis Parker Butler

For a long while, almost since Noah docked his ship, people have been seeing chickens cross the road, but they have not given the phenomena the attention they should. This is because people know hardly anything about modern science. To them a chicken crossing the road is merely a chicken crossing the road. They say, "Ah! there is a chicken crossing the road; where shall we stop for lunch." That is the common attitude of the lay mind, but we scientists know how wonderful are the operations that take place when even an ordinary chicken crosses the simplest sort of road.

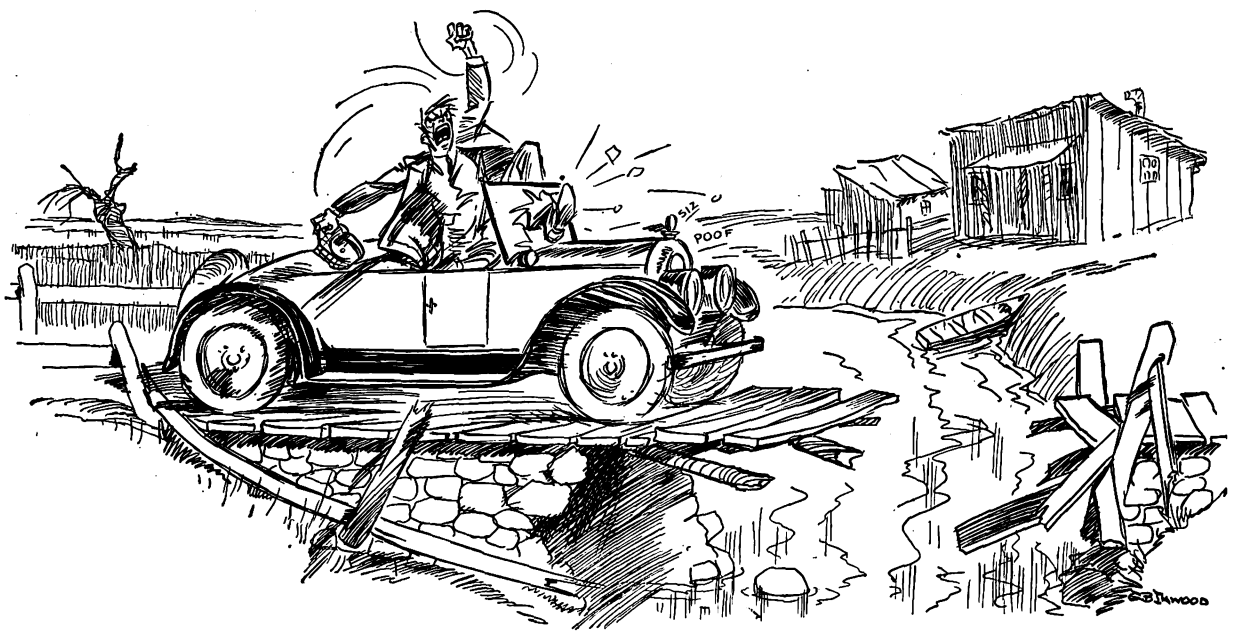
Let us suppose the chicken is a female chicken of some fourteen months of age, with feathers on its outer side. We see the chicken at one side of the road as our automobile approaches. The chicken then starts across the road. We observe that it stretches out its neck, lifts its right leg and then its left leg, and our wife then says, "Oh! George! You have run over that chicken."

We will now have to select another chicken for our experiment because that one is not good for much any longer. We now select a speckled chicken of the female sex, aged fifteen months. It is, let us say, at one side of the road, which we will call "A." The chicken desires to reach the other side of the road, which we will call "B." For fifteen months the chicken, which we will hereafter call the party of the first part, has had no desire to reach the other side of the road because there is nothing there to tempt its appetite or, as we scientists term it, appetite. A large touring car now approaches from the east, $800 having been paid down and the balance in twelve notes, one due each month. If we look closely we will see that the car has shock absorbers. These cost a little extra, but are worth the money as the shock comes regularly each month when the notes fall due.

When we see the chicken at the side of the road, which we will call "C," we say, "There is a chicken that will remain at that side of the road, which we will call 'D,' for a great many years." But we do not know chickens or we wouldn't say that. Immediately upon hearing the automobile approaching it, the chicken says to itself, "I must get to the other side of the road, which I will call 'E,' immediately." This is because the noise of the automobile, reaching the chicken in waves, penetrates the ear drum (X) and passing through the esophagus (ff) expands the gizzard (J), thus causing the appetite (M) to hunger for a bite of the old shoe (s) on the opposite side of the road (Q). The chicken then lifts its leg (v) and stretches out its neck (Fig. 6) at the same time flapping its wings (k and kk) and starts across the road (*).

Now suppose that, instead of stopping at the Pockatock Inn for lunch, we magnify the brain of that chick two million times. The brain of the chicken is now as large as a mosquitoe's eye. What do we see? Nothing. But suppose we multiply the chicken's brain twenty million times. We find now that the brain of the chicken is composed of cells. Each cell contains a pitcher of water, a loaf of bread, a small iron cot and a wash basin bolted to the wall in the corner. The bars at the window are of chilled steel half an inch in diameter. We will take one of these cells, already multiplied twenty million times and multiply it fourteen

(*Continued on page 24*)



"Well, of all the G—! X—!! D— engines! Stopped again!"

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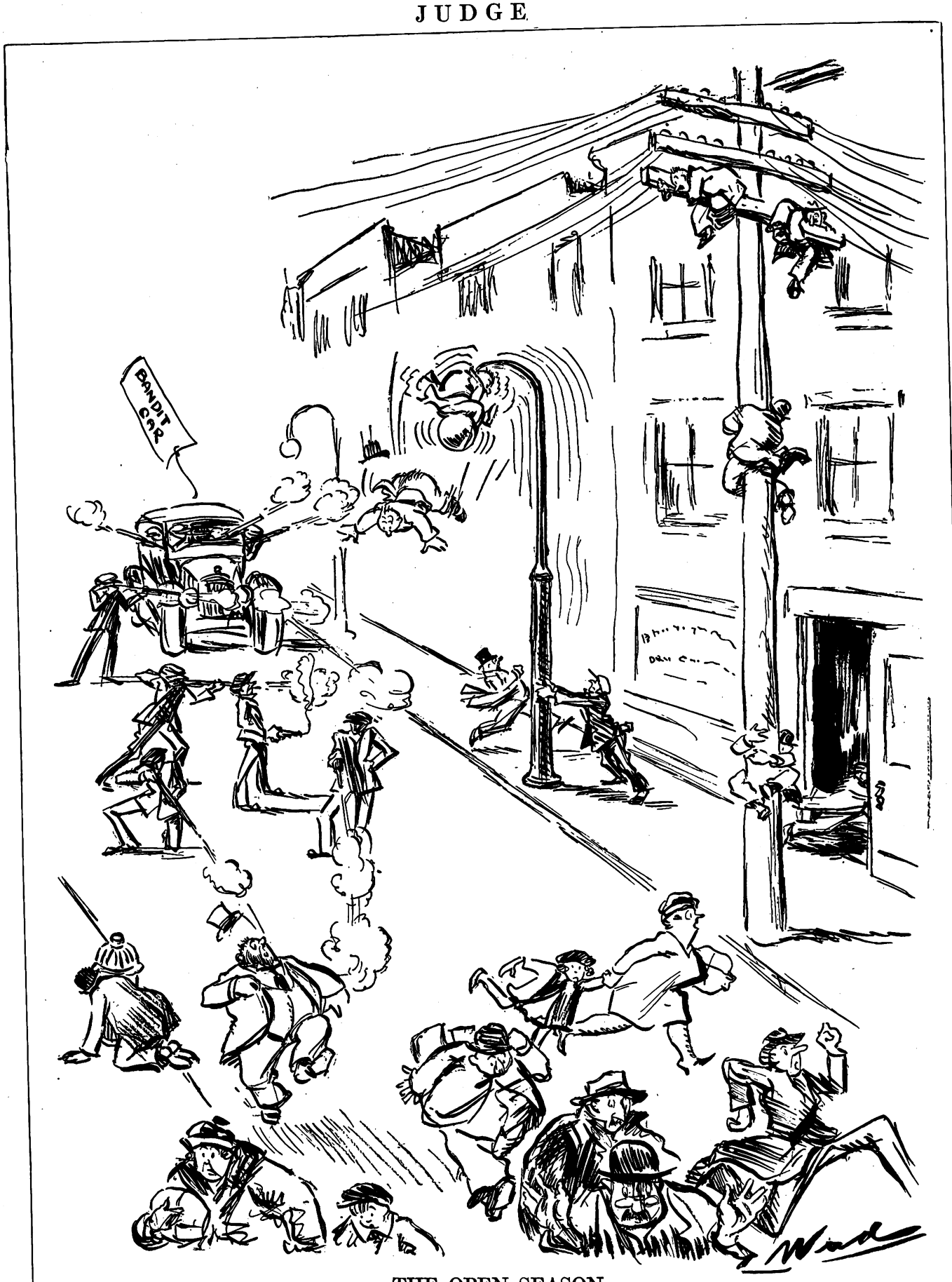

THE OPEN SEASON

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

Roi-Mania

Some day soon, let us hope, the American people will have become used to royal visitors and will have learned how to welcome them in an intelligent, honest and self-respecting way—that is to say, not according to their rank, except formally, but according to their merits. At present we are still suffering from a starvation diet of royalty so that a little of any sort goes to our heads.

"We come now," wrote Carlyle, "to that last form of Heroism; that which we call Kingship. The Commander over Men; he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of Great Men. He is practically the summary for us of *all* the various figures of Heroism; Priest, Teacher, whatsoever of worthy or spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to command over us, to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to do."

In other words, the king stands at the apex of our pyramid of heroes and the queen beside him, and our regard for them is as natural as breathing. The latter is true of all hero-worship. Human nature craves it as a means of escape from itself. There must be better, nobler, braver beings in the world than we are, we say to ourselves with something of the feeling of children in search of a guardian, "There are!" comes back a mighty chorus from thousands of candidates for preferment. We pick out a few of them on whom to concentrate our devotion. But such is the incurable feeling of inferiority in the human breast that sooner or later we are likely to lose faith in the divinity of our selections because *we* picked them out. It is only when Nature unaided picks them out for us, that is, when they are *born* to the purple, that mankind seems to take complete satisfaction in its heroes. Hence royalty.

We in this country, however, believe, officially, in royalty even less than we do in whisky. So far as kings and queens of our own are concerned we are congenital teetotalers. But let a little of the heady stuff of whatever brand dribble over to us from abroad and we lap it up with an ardor and a lack of discrimination that stamps us for the confirmed romanticists we really are.

Our only dispute with Marie of Rumania personally can be reduced to a question of taste. We don't fancy the self-advertiser. But as Queen of Rumania, for all her charm and democracy of manner, her genius for display advertising and her fresh enthusiasm for things modern, she represents as moldy a little backwater of left-over medievalism as Europe boasts. The Treaty of Versailles virtually doubled the area of Rumania by handing over to it against their will millions of people of alien race and sympathies. These millions are now living under Rumanian rule with no "minority rights" worthy of the name. The government there has suppressed all liberty of speech and of the press; the army has gone *beserk* in Bessarabia, shooting down hundreds of peasants, and in many cases hideously torturing its victims to make them confess to Russian sympathies; Rumanian jails are crowded with political prisoners under conditions described by Henri Barbusse as disgraceful in the extreme.

When the Queen visited Toronto the other day, she received a memorial from the Ukrainian people of that city which did not exaggerate the truth. "In general," it read, "we are convinced that the living conditions of our brethren under your government are deplorable and far worse than they were before the great war, and we, as citizens of a free country, deem it our duty to respectfully draw your attention to these facts."

She deserves more of this kind of greeting.

No doubt Marie, personally, is not responsible for these conditions. It may even be that she would, if she could, remedy them radically, though she has given no indication of any such burning desire except to refer frequently to "my poor." (Gee, it must be great to be a Queen's—a good-looking Queen's—poor and feel yourself so close to her heart!) But why should the American people, to whom such a background traditionally is, and should be, anathema—why should the American people turn itself inside out to fete a lady who battens on it? It is not necessary to treat her pharisaically or with discourtesy or to hide or deny our very natural interest in and regard for royalty, but we certainly might take such a person more casually than is indicated when hundreds of women stand patiently in line to sit for a moment in a chair which had been warmed by the somewhat elderly Marie. We might remember, before we begin throwing our hats in the air, some of the things behind the Queen's smile.

W. M. H.

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Not the meeting of two long lost lovers—two total strangers avoid a couple of taxis.

The Hell of It

THE devil-in-chief greeted the new arrival by asking him his occupation.

"I am a reformer," was the answer. "A professional reformer, and one of the best in the business."

"You're just the type of man we're looking for," said the devil, "and we can place you immediately. There is plenty to keep you interested and occupied here."

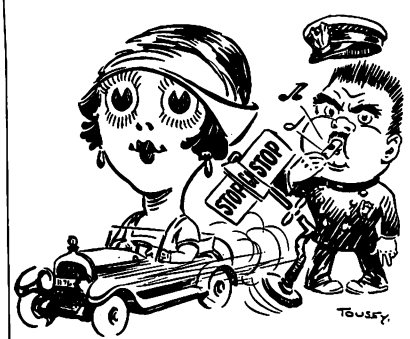
"I guess I'll get along all right," replied the new arrival, "but it may be a little lonesome here for me."

"On the contrary, all your friends are here." This from the devil.

"Well, that's fine. I can join their organization immediately. I suppose it is supported by contributions?"

"No," answered the devil, "you reformers had enough money to burn on earth, you have none here. You must work for nothing. The place is beyond reforming, yet you must keep on trying to reform it, knowing all the while that you are not getting paid for it, and that your efforts will be futile. That will make you miserable, of course, but the purpose of this place is to make you miserable. If you attempt to bribe officials with ice water, they will take your ice water and then double cross you. That's what they're here for. Your intentions may be the best in the world, but this place is paved with good intentions, and we're giving you your paving contract right now. Get busy."

Motorist's Primer



THE LADY DRIVER

Does the lady driver need glasses?

Oh, no. The lady driver does not need glasses.

Could she see the signal?

Oh, yes. She could see the signal.

Why didn't the lady driver stop?

Because the lady driver does not believe in signs.

Modern Myths

"CAN'T find a single cavity. Your teeth are in perfect condition and they won't need my attention for at least five years," said the dentist, ushering his patient to the door.

"My latest novel compares very unfavorably with my earlier ones," declared the author as he presented his manuscript to the publisher.

"Junior isn't nearly as bright as other children of his age," said his mother as she poured tea at her bridge. "He doesn't begin to compare with your little boy, Mrs. Allen."

"Thanks a thousand times for the tip," said the waiter, pocketing a dime.

"I am marrying you for your money, not your looks." Then he placed the solitaire upon her finger.

"This is Station WXL. Miss Dorothy Sheldon will screech a soprano solo. Miss Sheldon has never appeared on any concert stage and probably never will."

Arthur L. Lippmann

***

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now I wonder who you are;
Though the lights spell Claire de Lan,
Aren't you Clara Monahan?

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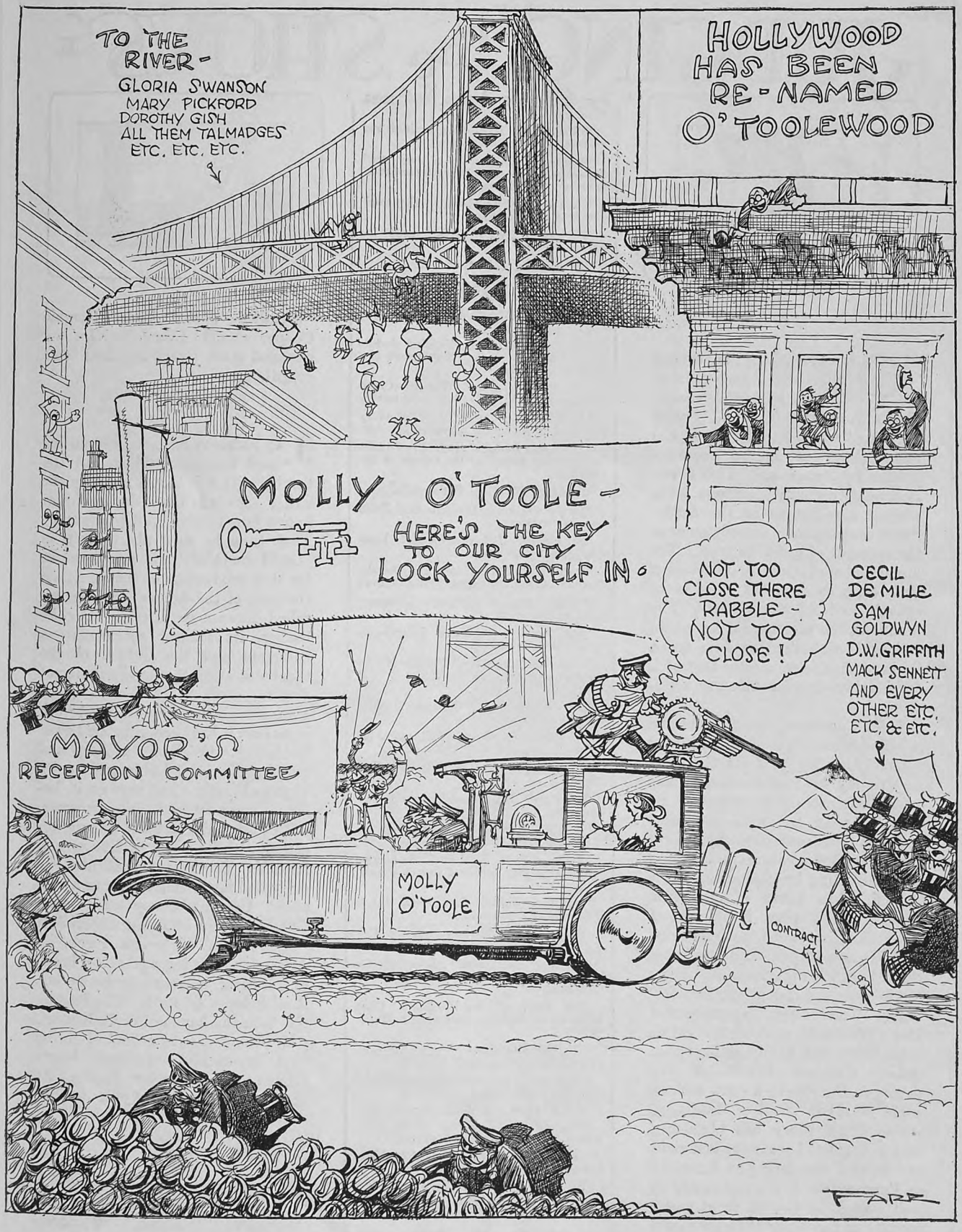

PARADISE

as pictured by a Movie Extra

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

"ON APPROVAL" is several miles behind such other of Frederick Lonsdale's comedies as "Aren't We All?" and "Spring Cleaning," which is to say it is several miles ahead of similar comedies written by Americans. This Friedrich, excepting only Maugham, is the wittiest Englishman on the Anglo-Saxon drawing-room comedy scene at the moment of going to press. His humor is based upon sly observation and experience; it at once kicks suavely and caresses bitterly. The humor of the majority of his polite colleagues on both sides of the ocean is, in comparison, merely that of a fashionably dressed bloomer salesman.

I don't argue, obviously, that the affable Lonsdale is a profound fellow: he surely is very far from that, but he can lay hold of trivialities and make them profoundly amusing. In his latest piece, he juggles two males and two females dexterously, taking essentially dull creatures and making them diverting by capitalizing their stupidities in terms of an ironic laughter. His play is uneven—I don't like that word, so insert one that is more to your and my taste; his last act goes pretty much blooie; but he gives out enough fun for a few hours. The company is composed of Hugh Wakefield, who is excellent as a snobbish and highly self-satisfied duke; Kathlene MacDonell, engaging in the rôle of a calm and assured woman; Wallace Eddinger, whose Little Mary has blossomed into womanhood since our last sight of him and who, being as American as Pawnee Bill, is approximately as well suited to British front-parlor comedy as Lawrance D'Orsay would be to the rôle of the hoofer in "Broadway"; and Violet Kemble Cooper who, like *sardellenklops mit eiersalat*, must be an acquired taste or nothing.

"*White Wings*" (Booth)—A strained and tiresome satirical burlesque.

"*Broadway*" (Broadhurst)—A very good melodramatic comedy with some excellently observed characterizations.

"*Black Boy*" (Comedy)—Interesting tragi-comedy of a Negro pug.

"*The Little Spitfire*" (Cort)—Stuff for morons.

"*God Loves Us*" (Elliott)—See this issue.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—For a criticism of this exhibit, call up Lexington 4100.

"*The Ladder*" (Mansfield)—To be reviewed later.

"*The Captive*" (Empire)—Excellent production of a highly meritorious clinical study of a daughter of Lesbos.

"*The Woman Disputed*" (Forrest)—Cheap war melodrama that will end up in the movies.

"*The Jeweled Tree*" (48th St.)—Who had the hardihood to put up the money for this one?

"*The Judge's Husband*" (49th St.)—William Hodge enjoys himself at the expense of the audience.

"*Sure Fire*" (Waldorf)—Rather stale.

"*The Donovan Affair*" (Fulton)—Cock Robin on a darkened stage.

"*On Approval*" (Gaiety)—Not up to Lonsdale's best, but diverting.

"*Criss Cross*" (Globe)—Fred and Dorothy Stone in a beautifully staged dancing carnival.

"*Countess Maritza*" (Shubert)—A Viennese score to tickle you.

"*The Humble*" (Greenwich Village)—No wonder Dostoievski died!

"*Jaurez and Maximilian*" (Guild)—Heavy-going pageant drama by the author of "The Goat Song."

"*The Immortal Thief*" (Hampden's)—Rhetorical biblical stuff.

"*We Americans*" (Harris)—Still another bid for the "Abie's Irish Rose" overflow.

"*Fanny*" (Lyceum)—A bad one by Willard Mack.

"*The Noose*" (Hudson)—A bad one by Willard Mack.

"*Deep River*" (Imperial)—Creole Louisiana in terms of the Cotton Club.

"*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" (Times Square)—A comical play fashioned from a comical book.

"*Two Girls Wanted*" (Little)—All that is Golden does not glitter.

"*Daisy Mayme*" (Playhouse)—George Kelly's latest, to be reviewed next week.

"*An American Tragedy*" (Longacre)—An important novel becomes an unimportant melodrama.

"*The Ramblers*" (Lyric)—Bobby Clark brings the old burlesque show spirit to Broadway.

"*The Wild Rose*" (Beck)—Arthur Hammerstein's latest elaborate musical comedy.

"*Just Life*" (Morosco)—Marjorie Rambeau and a lot of dull sniffling.

"*Yellow*" (National)—Gimcrack melodrama.

"*They All Want Something*" (Wallack's)—William Tilden is a good tennis player.

"*Loose Ankles*" (Biltmore)—If Osgood Perkins gets sick, God help this one.

"*Katja*" (44th St.)—Jean Gilbert's melodies.

"*The Pearl of Great Price*" (Century)—To be lectured on anon.

"*Iolanthe*" (Plymouth)—Admirable revival.

II

J. P. McEVOY has got an amusing and humorous fiddle, but the trouble with it is that it has only one string and all that the professor knows how to play on it is one tune. That tune he now plays again in "God Loves Us." The exhibit marks the first production of the season on the part of the Actors' Theater, so-called because its director, its chief backer, its loudest spokesman at banquets and the owners of the theater in which it offers itself are not actors.

McEvoy's theme in his latest work is, as ever it has been, Sinclair Lewis' Babbittry. Originally a sharp and fetching theme, it has long since, by virtue of endless harpings on it, become moss-covered and tiresome, until to-day the Babbitt wheeze, together with its affiliated Rotary and Kiwanis Brothers, constitutes as dewy and inspiriting humor as a joke about General Coxey or bustles. There is some amusing material in "God Loves Us"—one scene, in particular, showing a go-getter lunch in full blast, is especially good—but it all belongs to 1924. The leading rôle is in the hands of J. C. Nugent, who belongs to the school of acting that invariably interprets heart-broken dejection by bowing its head and staring fixedly at its shoe shine.

III

HAVING made a great success with his production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe," Winthrop

(*Continued on page 22*)

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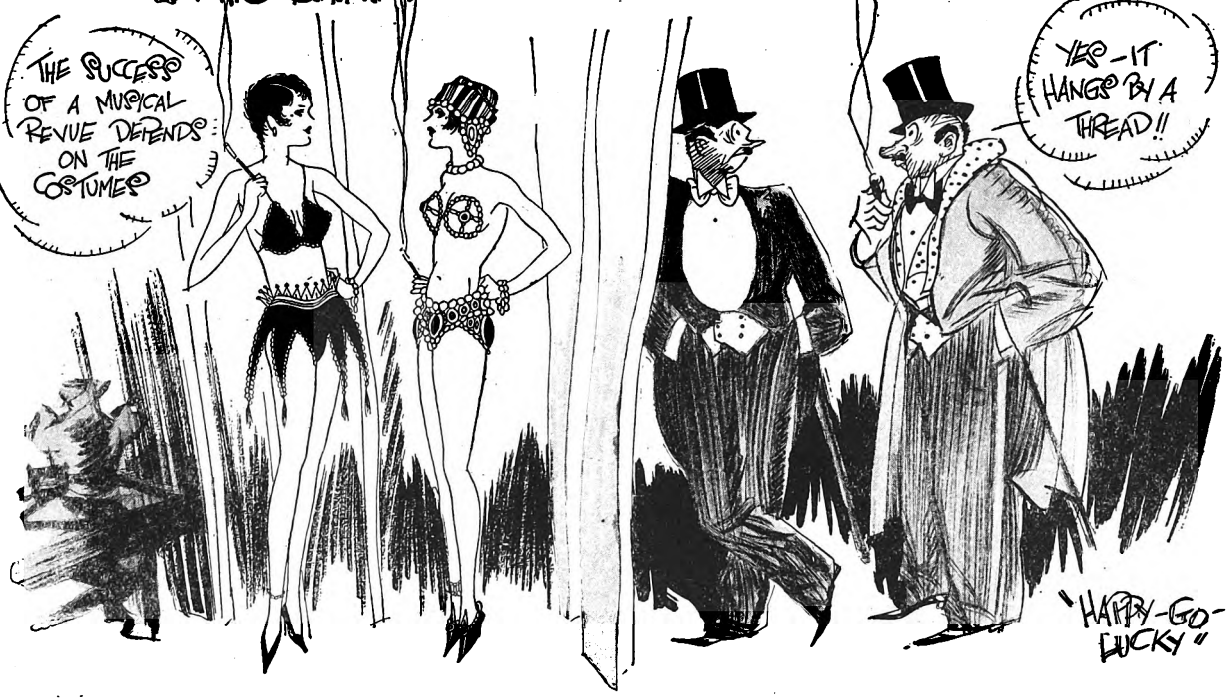
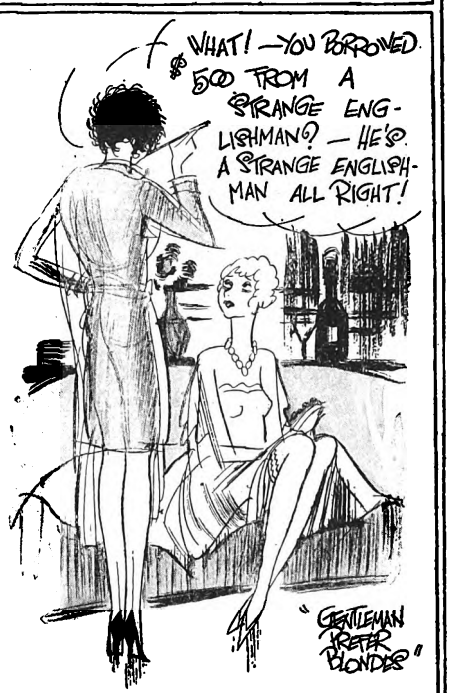
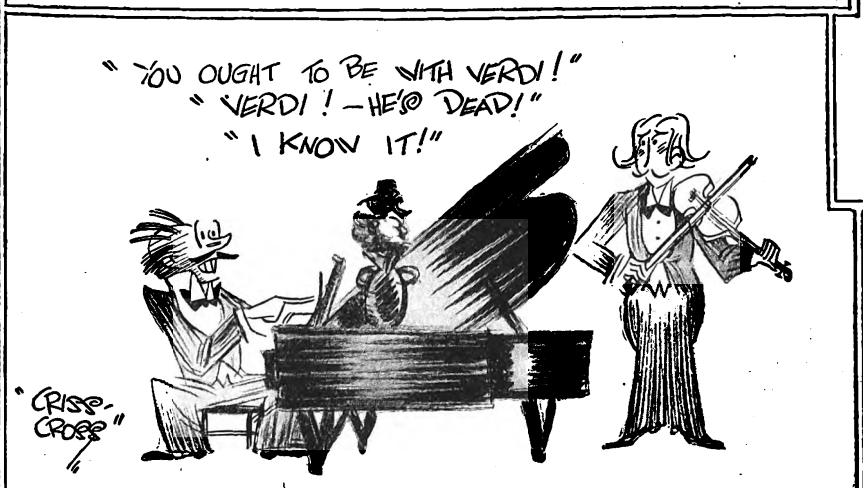
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS—







EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THIS SPACE IS LEFT OVER WITH NOTHING TO PUT IN IT. IT CERTAINLY IS UNHANDY.

YOURS TRULY
DEFERSON WACHTER

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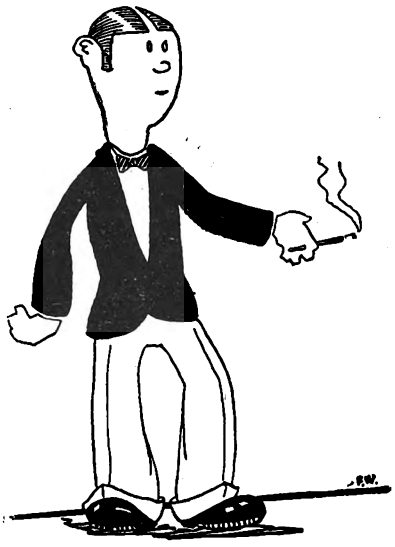


SYLVESTER

So dumb he thought that Macon, Ga., was a hard job.

—CAROLINA BUCCANEER

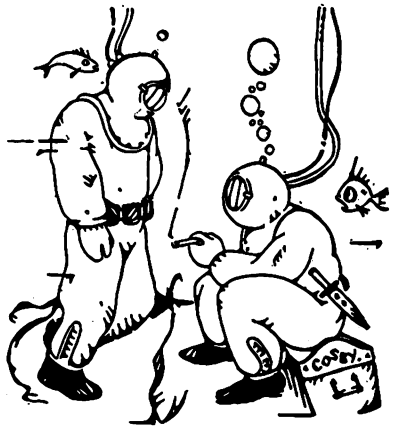
After the Affair

Oh, don't remind me, do you think
  I thought it joy indeed
To break your heart to free myself
  To sow a wilder seed?

But why bring up the age-old song?
  'Tis past repair, once done.
The pieces of a broken heart
  Will not grow into one.

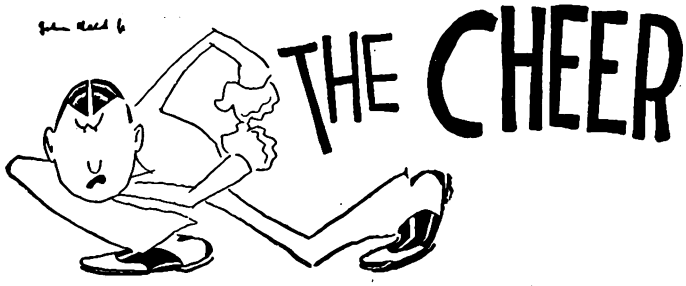
I know I crushed your fragile heart;
  I know your life is made a wreck.
I always have regretted, dear . . .
  I didn't break your neck.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*



DIVER—*Hey, you can't smoke here!*

ASSISTANT—*Aw, to hell with the rules!* —CALIFORNIA PELICAN



Author—What do you think of this story? Give me your honest opinion.

Editor—It's not worth anything.

"I know, but tell me anyway."

—*Washington Dirge*

AWGWAN

"*Shall we hug and kiss and tell jokes?*"

"*Oh, let's not jest now!*"

—PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH BOWL

The Elsie Song—Elsie you in my dreams.

The Hotel Song—Hotel me where's my sweetie hiding.

The Cheese Song—Cheese the kind of a girl that men forget.

The Police Song—Police play for me that sweet melody.

The Phew Song—Phew knew Susie, like I know Susie. —*Illinois Siren*

General—Who will carry the message to Garcia?

Private—I will, sir.

"Tell the bum he makes a dam poor cigar."

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*

"What yuh doin'?"

'Nothin'."

"How du yuh know when yer done?" —*Washington Cougar's Paw*

"Is he lazy?"

"Lazy! Why he puts pop corn in his pancake batter to save him the trouble of flipping them!"

—*Colgate Banter*

He (waiting in restaurant for order)—Where is that chicken I ordered an hour ago?

Waitress—Well, the cook hasn't killed it yet, but he has gotten in a couple of nasty blows.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

"You little imp how dare you call the deacon a piece of American cheese. Don't you know that the deacon is a mild and holy man?"

"Well, then, the deacon is a piece of Swiss cheese."

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

"*Had a great time at the dance last night.*"

"*Stag, eh?*"

"*Not a bit. Soon as I got dizzy I sat down.*" —CORNELL WIDOW

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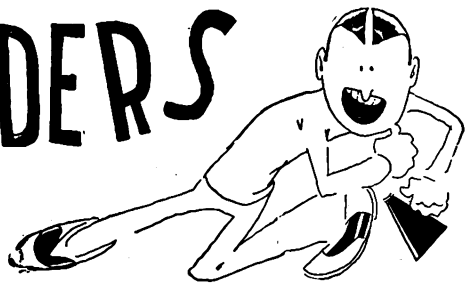
LEADERS



"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.
—*Washington Cougar's Paw*

"I call my girl grapefruit."
"Why?"
"Because every time I squeeze her she hits me in the eye."
—*Bucknell Belle Hop*

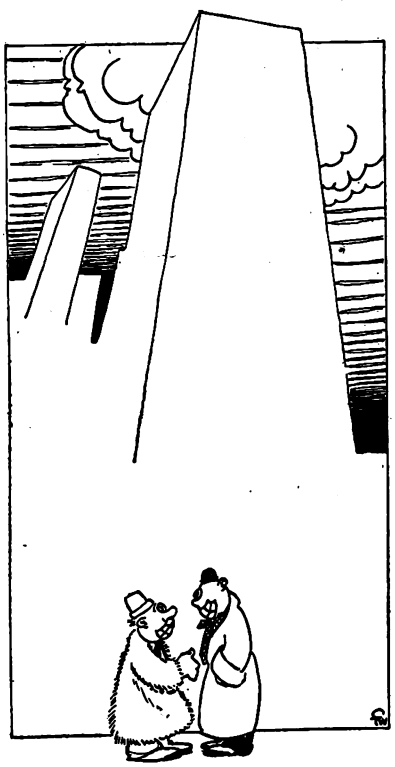
"Yes, the doctor told me to keep away from cigarettes, so I'm smoking Chesterfields." (not adv.)
—*Carolina Buccaneer*

Hubby (on phone)—Sorry, honey, I'll be awfully busy at the office and can't get home till late.
Wifey—Can I depend on that?
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

She—How do you know that's a telephone girl over there?
He—I said "hello" and she didn't answer. —*California Pelican*

"Hear about the terrible wind in Florida?"
"Are those real estate salesmen starting in again?"
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

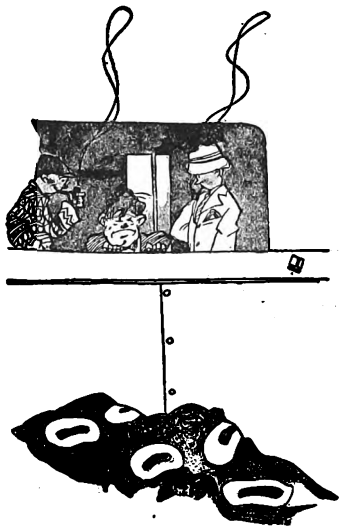
If all the fraternity men in American colleges were placed end to end they wouldn't do a thing!
—*Iowa Frivol*



"Gladtaseeya! Cripe but you've growed."
"Grown, ol' boy, grown."
"Groanell, wha' should I groan for."
—Carolina Buccaneer

Customer (to head waiter)—Just for a point of information, did the waiter who took my order leave any family? —*Pitt Panther*

A fellow crossed his carrier pigeons with parrots so that when they got lost they could ask their way home.
—*Denison Flamingo*



IN MID-OCEAN

"Goin' across?"
"Yeah."
"That's funny. So'm I."
—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

Young Innocence

She was young, very young, and ignorant of the world, and that night he brought her an expensive present. So she sat in his lap, unresisting, while he smothered her with kisses and caressed her hair. He was much older than she.

"Are you a married man?" she asked him.

He laughed at her.

"Of course," he answered. "What a ridiculous question!"

Then he kissed her again, and she never protested.

Her neighbors knew her as a quiet girl, who cared little for companionship or discourse. Her rooms were rented and paid for by the man she called her "daddy." As a matter of fact, he was a married man, much older than she, old enough to be her father.

And she was his daughter, aged four and one-half.
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

"What struck you the first time you visited Chicago?"
"A blackjack." —*Pitt Panther*

"May I marry your daughter?"
"I don't know. What did she say?"
"She's willing if you disapprove."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

THERE is always something about the Hollywood touch that renders the attempt to reproduce "smartness" of atmosphere in the movies a little ridiculous. Sometimes it is merely a hint of awe in the approach, as reflected in the subtitles and in the choice and behavior of some of the minor personnel of the cast. This is the case with "The Ace of Cads," starring Adolphe Menjou. I can't quote the subtitles, but they introduce you to a drama of London life involving a few officers of the Guards and their ladies with the implication that you are now in very top-lofty company indeed. Menjou and Norman Trevor and Alice Joyce, who have the principal rôles, take it calmly enough, but as you proceed down the list of players you will notice an increasing tendency to act like ushers at a "function."

The plot of the picture is too lacking in plausibility to merit criticism, but Adolphe Menjou does his finished job in it regardless. The suavity and deftness of his performance make it a joy to watch.

APPARENTLY it was the British who won the war, thanks to Old Bill. But you won't begrudge him or them the credit when you see "The Better Ole"; you'll be too busy trying to moderate your vulgar guffaws. Maybe it was a touch of St. Vitus' dance or second childhood, but never at a movie have I laughed with such perilous abandon as during the scene in which Old Bill and Bert, impersonating the fore and hind parts of a horse respectively, stage their touching act for the benefit of their buddies. It's desperately old-fashioned slapstick. Nevertheless, when that horse of the dual personality backed up too close to the blacksmith's forge just as the flame responded to the bellows, I lost all control. If you should be suffering from a weak heart or cold sores or boils on the neck, I would turn away at this point. Safety first!

Syd Chaplin gives a splendid performance as Old Bill. The only fault I can find with it is a slightly too "knowing" air, somewhat like Chester Conklin's, as if Old Bill half suspected his own cleverness. I'm not sufficiently familiar with other impersonations of Old Bill, or with the type, to say that this is not in character. But for me it has a tendency to blunt the fine edge of farce. Harold Goodwin, as the more innocent Bert, seemed to me a little nearer

(*Continued on page 31*)

"The Big Parade"—Still marching.
"Ben Hur"—Still racing.
"The Black Pirate"—Doug. and color.
"For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.
"Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
"Say It Again"—Dix is funny.
"Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
"Good and Naughty"—Pola as comedienne.
"The Volga Boatman"—De Mille melodrama.
"The Palm Beach Girl"—The active Bebe.
"The Road to Mandalay"—Florid nonsense.
"Variety"—Jannings, the Great.
"Mantrap"—By Sinclair Lewis.
"Nell Gwyn"—Historical British film.
"The Waltz Dream"—Ufa nods.
"The Amateur Gentleman"—Barthelmess.
"Battling Butler"—Buster himself.
"Beau Geste"—Not so *beau*.
"So This Is Paris"—Gallic comedy.
"The Scarlet Letter"—Lillian Gish at her best.
"The Strong Man"—Harry Langdon ditto.
"Sparrows"—Mary Pickford.
"One Minute to Play"—Red Grange.
"The Campus Flirt"—Bebe, the athlete.
"Tin Gods"—Melodramatic tragedy.
"The Treasure"—Rich as an old master.
"You'd Be Surprised"—Good comedy.
"The Temptress"—Greta Garbo.
"Kid Boots"—Eddie Cantor.

"Ah, cripes! I lost me hat! Now they'll catch me and I'll hang."

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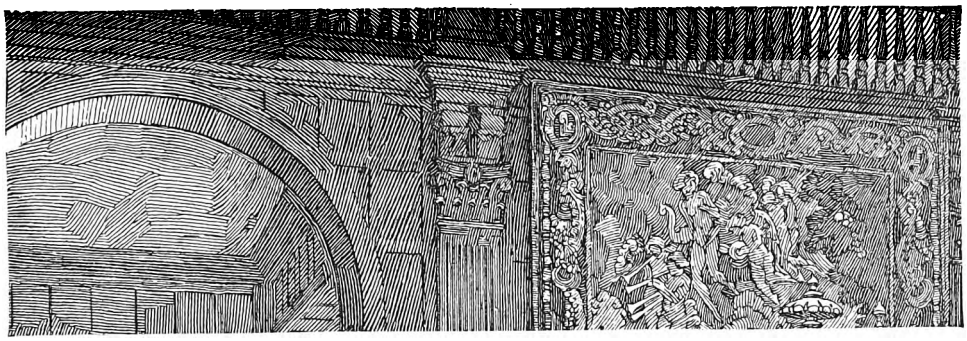
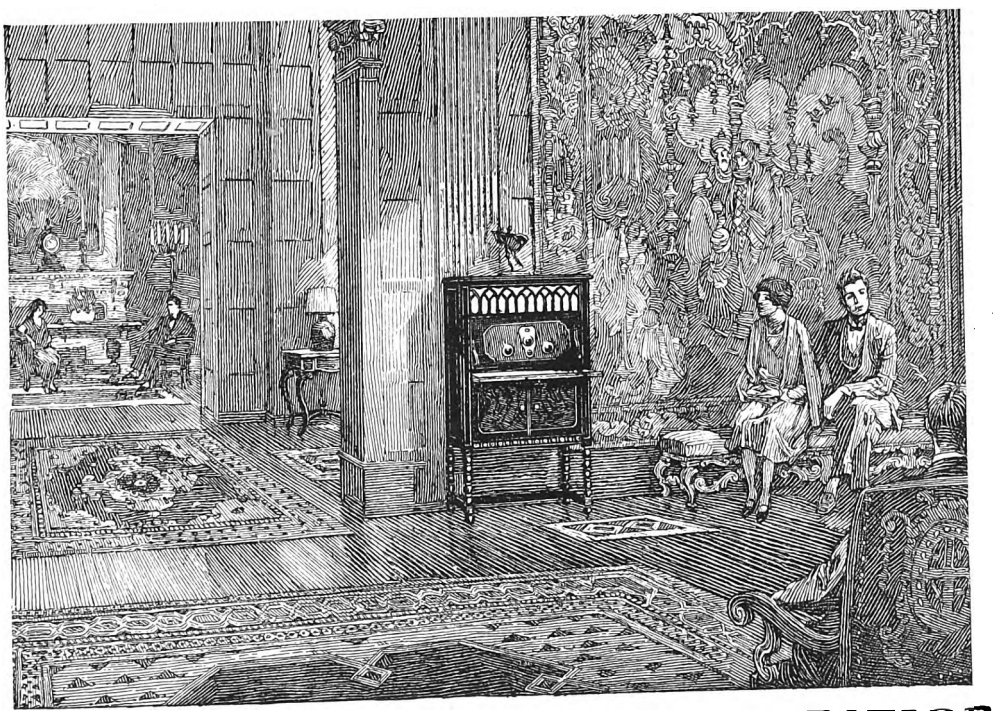


FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES



ALWAYS FIRST IN SOCIAL PRESTIGE

Now at prices everyone can afford

EVERYWHERE throughout the land—in the homes of the leaders of finance, society and the arts—you will find the FREED-EISEMANN. Among other distinctions, it was selected by government experts and purchased by the Navy for installation on the President's yacht.

Now, after two years of planning and experiment, we are able to announce FREED-EISEMANN *quality unchanged—but at new, low prices that have amazed the radio public.*

Think of it! Sets made with the same micrometer precision; the same devotion to high technical ideals, for which FREED-EISEMANN is famous, now priced as low as $60.

FREED-EISEMANN OFFERS REVOLUTIONARY RADIO IMPROVEMENTS AT NEW LOW PRICES

$60 *and up for table sets*

$95 *and up for console sets*

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

And this year, FREED-EISEMANN embodies revolutionary radio improvements: Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel chassis construction. Superb cabinets. Sets can be run from house current with FREED-EISEMANN power units.

No wonder that within a week after the new FREED-EISEMANN was announced, our vast, new plant had to go into full production in order to meet the great demand.

Shown above, Model 40*—C40, Price $155. Single control.

You may have a demonstration in your home without obligation, and, if desired, make payments on convenient terms.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION

**Licensed under Latour Patents—Freed-Eisemann Building, Brooklyn, New York*

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"Believe me, there's nothing like Mennen"

E.V.D. Paul, who used to ride the range in the cow country, has the real cow-puncher's slant on shaving. Here's a letter I got from him recently:

"Keeping the beard down on the round-up and riding herd—with alkali water and a dull blade—is no joke. That's why I prized my Mennen Shaving Cream—and still do—almost as much as I did my horse.

"Believe me, there's nothing like Mennen. I had all the stubble mowed 5 or 10 minutes before the other boys had stopped howling—with a clean, smooth face that felt bully. Mennen sure softens the whiskers—they just fall away when the old razor starts to go through.

"I've been a Mennen fan since 1914 and I expect to use it as long as my whiskers are rarin' to grow."

Pretty straight from the shoulder—he *knows*. You'd talk the same way if *you* knew. That's why I want to make a proposition. Send me a post card and I'll send you—FREE—a special Demonstration Tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. I want you to use it until it's all gone, because by then I know you'll be a regular Mennen customer for life.

¾ inch on your brush will build the biggest, firmest, wettest bank of lather you ever saw. The ease with which your razor slips through the whiskers will convince you that everything I have said about Dermutation—the Mennen process of absolute beard-softening—is true and then some.

Honestly, you'll be amazed at the quick, clean, smooth shave you get—no scraping or pulling—a shave that stays shaved all day.

If you don't want to bother to send for the free Demonstration Tube, you can buy a big tube—good for five months of daily shaving—for 50 cents. If it doesn't thoroughly convert you to Mennen, send me the tube. I'll refund your money, plus postage.

* * *

Now about after shaving. There's nothing quite like Mennen Skin Balm. Feel its fine, fresh tingle. Reduces pores. Tones up skin. Makes you look 100%. Price 50c.

Mennen Talcum for Men doesn't show on the face. Absorbs any excess moisture. Tops off the perfect shave. 25c.

Jim Henry (*Mennen Salesman*)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
383 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 16*)

Ames has now entered the lists with a Gilbert libretto that unfortunately was written by Philip Barry. It is called "White Wings" and it is magnificently, even superbly, dull. In the hands of a Gilbert, it might have been juicy stuff, for it contains a valid and happy satiric idea; but in the hands of Barry it turns out to be just a bore.

Barry has taken a family of white wings, as proud of their genealogical tradition as the present New York descendants of Seventeenth Century Dutch cheese makers are proud of theirs, and has essayed to show them in conflict with the advance of the times, embodied in the invention of the automobile and the consequent gradual disappearance of the all-important road apple. But all that he has got out of this tasty idea is a meandering, strained, repetitious and very amateurish burlesque consisting of a Lew Fields' "Round the Town" horse, some awful puns and some forced shenanigans with stage props.

IV

"KATJA," the new Shubert operetta, has some nice tunes by the Bavarian composer who, unless my informants err, was born Hans Winterfeld, but who has adopted the tonier moniker, Jean Gilbert. It also has a passable libretto and it is sufficiently well staged. Furthermore, its comedy element is not so bad. But, gentleman of the old school though I am, and ever ready to defend the ladies with my chivalrous Virginia blood, I am yet constrained to protest against casting the leading rôle with a lady apparently so advanced in years. Against ladies of advanced years, I have, in general, nothing; but when producers cast one of the otherwise estimable creatures for the breath-taking, beautiful and excessively aphrodisiac princess in musical shows, I fear that I forget myself. Age may be all very well for drama, but musical comedy calls for youth—and at the top of its lungs. There is a place for the old girls in drama, but when the band strikes up all genuinely serious critics and dyed-in-the-wool æsthetes demand something under thirty—both in the matter of years and calf circumference.

⁂

A writer asks what is the most obscure job in the world. The vice-premiership of Italy, I should think.

—*Passing Show*

Judge Junior's Dictionary

"Wet Smack"—A dead one; a flat tire; a person who is *non compos mentis*.

"Flamper"—A flapper vamp.

"All Wet"—See Wet Smack.

"Flat Tire"—See Wet Smack.

"Wash-out"—See Wet Smack.

"Butter and Egger"—A person with lots of money who gets taken by the girlies.

"Sheik"—A male vamp.

"Fried"—Intoxicated.

"Tight"—See Fried.

"Boiled"—See Fried.

"On His Nose"—See Fried.

"Sheba"—A female vamp.

"A Heavy Date"—An engagement with the most wonderful girl in the world.

"Crashing"—Getting in without an invite.

"Snort"—A drink.

"Snifter"—See Snort.

Can you add to it? Either original slang or something going the rounds. $2 will be paid for each one used.

Our Headache Corner

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

Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

A woman is as old as she looks, but nowadays no woman looks over 29 except when she has a headache.

* * *

And then she feels like 92.

* * *

Men and women who have headaches habitually, age needlessly, suffer needlessly—

* * *

They have a rotten time. Especially if they make matters worse by using a "remedy" that leaves a depressed and weakened feeling.

* * *

But, hark, relief is at hand! (Bugles and drums are heard off-stage.)

* * *

Habitual as well as occasional headache-sufferers will be glad to know of a safe, balanced prescription—

* * *

One that leaves you "feeling fine."

* * *

For over 35 years, all druggists have sold Kohler-Antidote.

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All That Matters

She does not know who Caesar was,
Nor when Columbus sailed the seas;
She may, for all she says or does,
Think Botticelli is a cheese!
Now, gentle reader, don't commence
To say you think it is a pity
To live in ignorance so dense—
You see, she's pretty.

She will not wrinkle up her brow
To call to mind a verse of Keats;
Ask her if Shakespeare's writing now,
She'll say she likes the parquet seats;
Of current topics she may speak
And show misinformation simple—
But in the rose-pink of her cheeks
There is a dimple.

So, what is history to her?
What are reformers and their ilk?
She has the latest mode in fur
And wears the newest shades in silk.
Sigh not that she must dwell alone,
Her ignorance don't pity,
She knows all that need be known—
You see, she's *pretty!*

—London Opinion

Jacob was negotiating a loan from his brother Solly. Solly was willing to make an advance, but demanded 9 per cent.

"Well," said Jacob, "I ain't kickin', y' understand, but vot'll our poor dear dead fader say ven he looks down and sees his son gouging 9 per cent. out of his own flesh an' blood?"

"Don't you vorry about that, Jacob," replied the lender, affably. "From vhere he is it'll look like 6 per cent."

—Tit Bits

A new profession for women is dealing in autographs. Many wives have been negotiating for autographs for years. Their husbands' autographs. On checks.

—London Opinion

"I'm not speaking to him!"

"Why?"

"Well, last night I rang his office because I didn't believe he was working overtime, and, the cad, he answered the 'phone himself."

—Aussie

"How d'you get on with your in-laws?"

"All right, but they only like one thing about me, I think."

"What's that?"

"My wife."

—Tit Bits

ISN'T HE SILLY?

No *protection!*

Yet many people are silly about their *throats* that same way! Cold, dust, germs, strike the delicate membranes: coughs, sore throats result.

Smith Brothers' cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

5c S-Bs or Menthol

LIZZIE LABELS

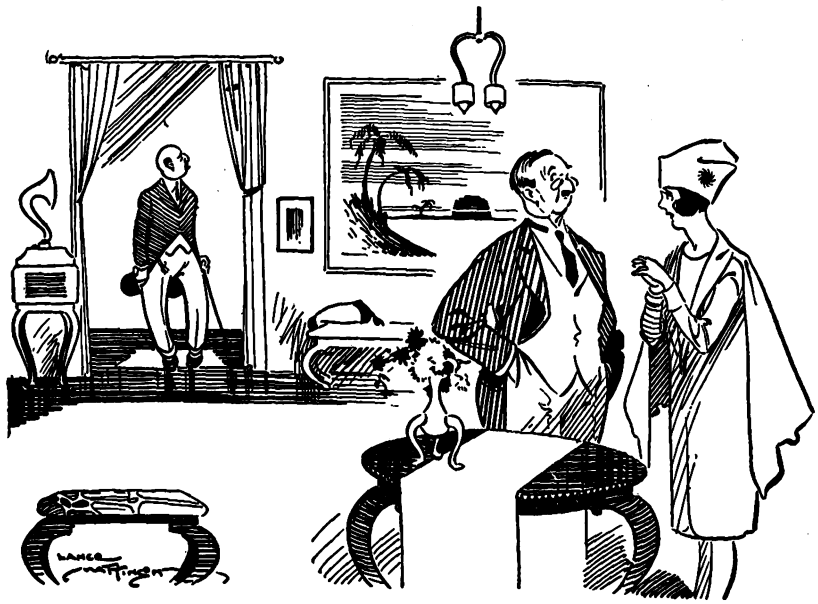
We got Denver with this hookup.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

DIZZY LABELS

They call him Frank, because he doesn't amount to much.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.



Lady (looking for furnished flat)—This won't do at all! My husband is so sensitive—he'll think the furniture is mocking him.

—London Opinion

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Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only a Bayer package which contains proven directions

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

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

What Happens When a Chicken Crosses the Road?

(*Continued from page 11*)

million times more. If we are cell experts we now see that these cells are quite different from those at, let us say, Sing Sing or Auburn. The cells at Sing Sing and Auburn are bolted on the outside so that nothing can get out of them; the cells in a chicken's brain are *bolted on the inside* so that *nothing can get into them!*

We look into the cell awhile and the Mrs. remarks that it don't look like much to her, if anybody should ask her, and that if we don't start soon we will not get to the Pockatock Hotel in time for dinner because the dining-room closes at eight. Or anyway it did the last time we went there, because you remember we had the blowout at that place where the chicken crossed the road.

This brings us back to the chicken crossing the road once more, but we have on our hands a chicken brain multiplied two million times twenty million times, with the cells magnified fourteen million times that. The question is what we shall do with these things. Some of the party are in favor of leaving them where they are, but some think we ought to rake them up in a pile at the side of the road and burn them, so we throw them over the wall into the meadow and drive on.

Now let us see what we have learned. We drive six miles further to the crossroads and find we should have taken the left turn at the crossroads one mile before we came to the chicken.

These are the things that make modern science so thrilling to those who approach it in the proper spirit. Or even in a Ford.

***

A swarm of bees took possession of a fruit shop at Stamford and drove the customers out. One man who escaped unhurt said he was badly stung later on, as his wife insisted on taking shelter in a millinery establishment. —*Humorist*

***

"Money," says a financier, "means trouble." Then it's the only kind of trouble it's difficult to borrow.
—*Passing Show*

DIZZY LABELS

They call her Violet, because she takes your breath away.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

The first requirement of holiday etiquette

THE use of Christmas Seals is more than the *correct* thing to do. It is the *right* thing to do.

In a few short years, the organized health work of the Tuberculosis Associations has helped to cut the tuberculosis death rate by more than half. This work is financed by the sale of Christmas Seals.

At the head of your Christmas list, write "Christmas Seals." Buy them. They bring to you the pleasure of unselfish generosity. They bring health and happiness to many. Buy Christmas Seals first—and then seal every letter, parcel, and holiday Greeting Card with these holiday health seals.

THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS *of the* UNITED STATES

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KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Sensuous"

"It's a long time sensuous here last."

The Wife-beater

He was a wife-beater, a twisted, misshapen thing, depraved and deformed, seemingly devoid of all vestiges of compassion, and—to all outward appearance—with a soul as twisted and warped as his body.

There appeared to be no end to his brutalities, but the worst things in life cannot endure forever, and, in the end, he killed her. . . .

Even their child—it looked a mere babe in arms—was not exempt from his cruelty.

His attacks were of almost daily occurrence. They were the talk of the people of the little town, who, although they dared not enter his house and interfere, gathered around it time after time, fascinated by what was being enacted within.

Raised in anger would be heard his raucous voice mingled with her plaintive cries and timorous pleadings for mercy. Then would come the dull, sickening sound of blows.

His brutality was exceeded only by his arrogance. He appeared to take a freakish delight in leaning from the window and brazenly confronting the deeply-moved crowd below, hurling epithets at them and seeming to gloat over and delight in the sensation he was creating. Even little children were the auditors, if not the objects, of his callous jests.

He killed her. He beat her to death in a moment of incredible rage, and—surely this spoke of madness!—broke into a wild, unearthly—almost exultant—shriek of laughter—"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The sensational story of how, on the very scaffold, he contrived to evade the hangman, cannot be told here.

The public, it is true, followed the drama to the end. But when the Punch and Judy man came around with the collection bag, they suddenly lost all interest, and faded away as if by magic.

—*Passing Show*

***

Plumber—Is this where you wrote for a plumber to come, lady?

Lady of the House—Plumber, indeed! Why, I wrote last July!

To mate, "Come on, Bert—wrong 'ouse. Party wot wrote last April we're looking for!" —*Passing Show*

Don't you think?

It is by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Wife (to sick husband)—Well, there's one thing, 'Erb. Wot with 'ot poultices every two hours and yer med'cine every three, the days'll soon pass.

—*London Opinion*

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Investment Bureau

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The Bull Market's Wane

by Theodore Williams

THERE have been numerous indications of late that the bull market, if it has not actually come to an end, has spent most of its force, and cannot under present conditions resume its onward course. The market's rather protracted irregularity lately has stamped it as "intermediate," having no decided trend either in a bullish or a bearish direction. The continued seesawing, however, has been a negative argument for the bears. It would not have occurred had there been more strength and initiative on the constructive side. The bull operators have displayed a lack of confidence and have been on the defensive. The ball has at times been carried so far into their territory that it seemed as though their opponents were going to win out. Rallies have not been vigorous enough to surely save the game, and in fact there has been a net weakening tendency in prices.

It is evident that without some powerful stimulus, not yet foreseen, the market is fated either to be stale or reactionary. From what quarter can such an impetus be expected to come? Quotations are already high enough in most cases, too high in many and justified in only a few. The first two classes of issues must shrink back to their proper levels: the third class, in existing circumstances, alone has a chance to hold its own. If members of this group advance farther it must be on proved merit. They will have to show big increases in earnings, larger dividends, growing surpluses. Only greatly enhanced prosperity will suffice to swell their values. The general list cannot evade the test applied to the better class. Though manipulation and expectation may occasionally boost them, they cannot long outrun hard economic facts. The country is prospering, but no boom can be forecast. There must be some solid basis for the making of artificial prices by pools. Therefore since industrial and commercial progress bids fair to be steady and not hectic or inflated, there is no logical ground for expecting a pronounced upward swing in the securities market in the near future. Purchases on reactions for a quick turn may result now and then in profits, but these do not promise, except in special instances, to be generous. Investment buying of well-chosen issues, after smart declines, is the better plan to follow.

Answers to Inquiries

H. HERMANN, MO.: A child's money should be invested in securities that are legal for trust funds in your State. I advise that you consult your home banker on the subject.

A., NEW YORK CITY: Electric Boat earned only 71 cents a share in 1925, and, of course, gives no return to stockholders. There is nothing to indicate an upward rush in business or price of stock. There should be a future for the company, however. No data concerning Technicolor is at hand. It should be realized that the motion picture business in all its branches is extremely risky, and one should not hastily invest his dollars in new concerns in that industry.

N., WILKES-BARRE, PA.: As N. Y., New Haven & Hartford R. R. stock is paying its stockholders nothing and is not likely to do so for perhaps a long time to come, a switch to Loew's, Inc., which yields more than 6 per cent. on market price, would be an improvement. But a switch to American Steel Foundries common, a solider issue and making a higher net yield, would be more advisable.

B., PADUCAH, KY.: Some time ago I printed an item to the effect that no immediate declaration of a dividend on U. S. Rubber common could be expected. The remoteness of the dividend and the irregularities of the crude rubber market partly account for the stock's decline. The stock recovered somewhat and may yet go high enough to tempt you to take profits. Better switch to a good dividend payer as soon as you can.

W., CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.: Yellow Truck and Manufacturing common is not much of a buy at present price and dividend, but as the company is controlled by General Motors the probabilities are that the stock will be eventually worth while. The preferred stock is a pretty sound business man's investment. Studebaker common has merit and, though it is selling several points below your purchase price, you are receiving an excellent return on your investment and may live in hope to see the quotation come back some day.

P., WASHINGTON, D. C.: Marland Oil of Mexico., a non-dividend payer, is controlled by the Marland Oil Company, which owns nearly 95 per cent. of its capital stock. Marland Oil, a dividend payer, exchanged its own shares for Marland Oil of Mexico shares at the rate of one Marland for 8 Marland of Mexico. Had you accepted this offering you would now be receiving the equivalent of 50 cents a share yearly on your holdings. Perhaps you can still make the exchange. Write to Marland Oil Company, Ponca City, Oklahoma. Consolidated Textile stock cannot make any substantial advance until the corporation shows profits instead of deficits. Even as a long pull the shares are not now desirable.

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B., West New Brighton., N. Y.: The Pennsylvania-Dixie Cement Corporation is a merger of four concerns that have been profit makers for thirteen years. The new enterprise has a promising outlook, but it has not become a seasoned dividend payer, and the stock must still be classed as a fair business man's purchase.

M., Amsterdam, N. Y.: The title of the U. S. Metal Cap & Seal Co. was changed in August, 1925, to the Upressit Metal Cap Corp. The company reduced its capital stock from $400,000 to $40,000, making the par of the shares only 10 cents. It has paid no dividends. Under the circumstances the stock lacks promise. You should communicate with headquarters and get your old shares properly exchanged for new ones.

M., Brooklyn, N. Y.: You took a speculative chance in buying American Agricultural Chemical stocks after the company's long period of depression and before it was certain that it could resume dividends. The shares advanced for a time on improved prospects. Now another setback has occurred. The slump in cotton prices has caused an impression that cotton planters will be too discouraged to buy much fertilizer during the coming year, and that the company's business will again become poor. Switches from both the common and preferred to dividend payers would appear advisable if you wish to get any income from your holdings before a long lapse of time.

F., So. Glens Falls, N. Y.: The Scullin Steel Co. of St. Louis has been in business, under a different name, since 1899, and it seems to have had fair success. Earnings on the participating preference stock being estimated at $7.60 per share, an ample margin is left over the $3 dividend. If that rate can be maintained, the stock at its issuing price of $38.50 is, in view of its participation feature, an attractive business man's purchase. The first quarterly dividend of 75 cents is payable January 15, 1927.

H., New York City: The Stutz Motor Car Co. reports greatly improved business, but its stock is still only a speculation. General Baking B is highly speculative as its low price shows.

H., New York City: In spite of the cut in dividend to $1.50, Moon Motors makes a fair yield on your purchase price. Whether the reduced disbursement can be continued depends on future profits and these cannot be foreseen. An increase in earnings would naturally be followed by some recovery in market price.

S., New York City: As the Roxy Theater has not as yet got into operation, its earnings and dividend prospects can only be conjectured. The stock is only a speculation at present, though the prospectus of the corporation makes it seem promising.

S., Brookline, Mass.: Because of a serious falling off in earnings the dividend on Continental Baking Corporation A stock was endangered, and the stock suffered a heavy decline. The A stock is entitled to 8 per cent. before anything can be paid on B stock. The latter, therefore, has a very poor prospect and sells accordingly. Its price must continue low until the corporation's earning power improves. At best it is an unattractive speculation.

F., Cleveland, O.: In view of the hard drives on motor shares lately, White Motor has acted comparatively well. The company appears to be able to maintain its dividend, which renders a fair yield on your purchase price and it would not be surprising if the stock should again rise to that figure. It seems prudent to hold your shares.

R., Roswell, N. M.: The prospects of the Mutual Building & Loan Association of El Paso, Tex., reads quite convincingly. If its statements are true it would be prudent to put some of your savings into the concern. I have no means of quickly verifying the standing of the company, which is not mentioned in standard lists of corporations. I advise that you ask your local banker to write to a banker in El Paso, making inquiries about the association. I do not think that a shareholder in the association could be assessed for expenses, but your banker could put that point up to the El Paso financier.

H., San Rafael, Cal.: Bethlehem Steel common is less risky than some other non-dividend-paying issues, but it is still in the speculative class. Resumption of dividends on it is being looked forward to at a more or less distant date. A preferable stock at this time can be found in American Steel Foundries common, paying $3, and quoted at about $42. Here is an immediate and not a merely possible income.

T., Pittsburgh, Pa.: Disaster has befallen the Owenwood Oil Co. Its officers have been indicted, but the details have not reached me. Owenwood Pool No. 3 is apparently in the ditch also. I know of no market for the stock.

L., Miami, Fla.: No dividends have been paid so far by the United Carbon Co. and in 1925 its net earnings were only about one-fourteenth of the full dividend on its 7 per cent. non-cumulative preferred stock. This does not speak well for the company's future. No decided change for the better is as yet regarded as likely. Columbian Carbon earned $5.38 per share in 1925 on its 402,431 shares outstanding of no par value. In the six months ending June 30, 1926, the earnings totaled $3.44 per share. These figures indicate that the dividend of $4 can be maintained. The company has issued no preferred stock nor bonds. Its working capital has been increasing from year to year. The stock is in a voting trust, which expires November 1, 1930.

B., Woodhaven, L. I.: The prospectus of the Independent Bonding & Casualty Insurance Co. reads promisingly, as is usually the case with new ventures of all kinds. The prospectus makes a strong appeal, and the men backing the enterprise seem to be a good lot. The company being as yet untried and its earnings not certain, the stock is a speculation rather than an investment. A moderate amount of the stock might be bought by anyone willing to take a risk.

H., Brooklyn, N. Y.: The stock of the Trans-Lux Daylight Picture Screen Corporation has not passed out of the speculative stage. The concern has installed movie tickers in the New York Stock Exchange, the Curb Exchange and numerous brokerage houses, but its net profits still are small. These were only $44,719 in the year ending May 31, 1926. Obviously the corporation will have to enlarge its earnings greatly before it can put its shares on a dividend basis.

L., Eveleth, Minn.: Your three purchases of National Cash Register common averaged a trifle over $44 per share. On its $3 dividend basis the stock yields but a little less than 7 per cent. This is a pleasing return on the investment. The stock has gone below your average figure, but the company is a substantial one and the decline has been due to market conditions and not to weakness in the business. The quotation might easily rise once more enough to make you even. The stock is good enough to hold for a higher day. Dodge Bros. 7 per cent. pfd., bought at $75, is an excellent issue to hold, yielding you a liberal return. North American Utilities Securities Corp. 6 per cent. pfd. seems a fair business man's investment, as does the 6 per cent. Detroit Properties Corporation bond.

C., Kansas City, Mo.: Don't try to sell your Miller bonds. You can't get a fair price for them just now. If the borrowers are making their payments you will eventually get your dues. If the bonds are in default efforts will be made to better their position. The receiver has sent out a list of surely safe bonds. Since your letter does not specify the properties you are interested in, I must refer you to this list.

H., Governor's Island, N. Y.: Under the plan for the reorganization of the St. Paul, dated June 1, 1925, as modified November 19, 1925, the holders of St. Paul 4s, 1925, are to be given 20 per cent. in a new fifty year 5 per cent. Mortgage Gold Bond, and 80 per cent. in new 5 per cent. convertible adjustment bonds, cumulative after January 1, 1930, redeemable on and after October 1, 1930, at 105, and convertible at the option of the holders into preferred stock and common stock of the new company at the rate of 5 shares of preferred stock and 5 shares of common stock for each $1,000 bond. This shows a good reason for still quoting the 4's of 1925, which are in default and overdue. People may want to invest in them.

F., New York City: Pennsylvania R. R. gold 7s, 1937, quoted around 107, would make a net yield of more than 6 per cent. So would Union Pacific common, Great Northern Pfd., Bethlehem Steel 7 per cent. pfd., American Tel. & Tel., American Car & Foundry common, and Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. pfd. Seaboard Air Line pfd. (par $100) sells at about $38, pays no dividend, and, as things now look, is a long pull speculation. Under the plan of reorganization, holders of St. Paul common are to pay an assessment of $32 per share, for which they are to receive $28 in new 50-year 5 per cent. gold mortgage bonds, and one share of new common. Should the road prosper once more the buyer of the common stock at current price would in the long run be well rewarded.

E., Vancouver, B. C.: There are signs that the bull market is coming to its end. Prices of many stocks are too high and the slump has been due to selling by speculators who saw no further profits ahead, by investors who hoped to buy back at lower figures, and also, of course, by the bears. It would be wise to take profits on bulges and to be well prepared to meet calls for additional margin on issues one hates to sell at a loss. Of the stocks in your list six are dividend payers, and would be fair purchases if they had been bought outright. Two of them show you a small profit. Mo. Pacific pfd. and Kansas City Southern make no return and besides having dropped more than any of the others, are not carrying themselves, but are piling up expense for you. You must decide for yourself how long you can stand this. It is possible but not certain, that there may be some sharp rallies which will give you a chance to get out with less loss than at present.

S., Bridgeport, Conn.: The American Founders Trust is the fiscal agency of the International Securities Trust. International Securities owns blocks of over five hundred approved issues from which it derives an income 50 per cent. in excess of the dividends it pays on its own issues. The latter appear to be reasonably safe and all are making fair yields to stockholders. What regard they are held in as collateral I cannot say. Lenders of money might well differ as to their acceptability.

New York, November 6, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

Seven plans whereby "you can have more money" are given in the booklet "What 8% Can Do," lately issued by the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla. It aims to show how income may be very materially increased each year without sacrificing safety and without investing more money. The plans have been tested by many investors throughout the United States. The company will send this booklet (220) to any interested investor.

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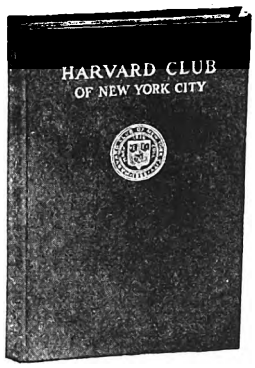

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To five hundred of them we wrote simply "Do you read Judge?" Of all who have thus far replied

70.9% read Judge

Identical tests of the members of three other exclusive New York clubs—Racquet, Union, Bankers—will be announced as they come in.

Yale Club returns, announced two weeks ago, show 71.1% reading Judge; Yale and Harvard Clubs, combined, 71%.

Nearly every one of these Harvard men wrote that his family *all* liked Judge.

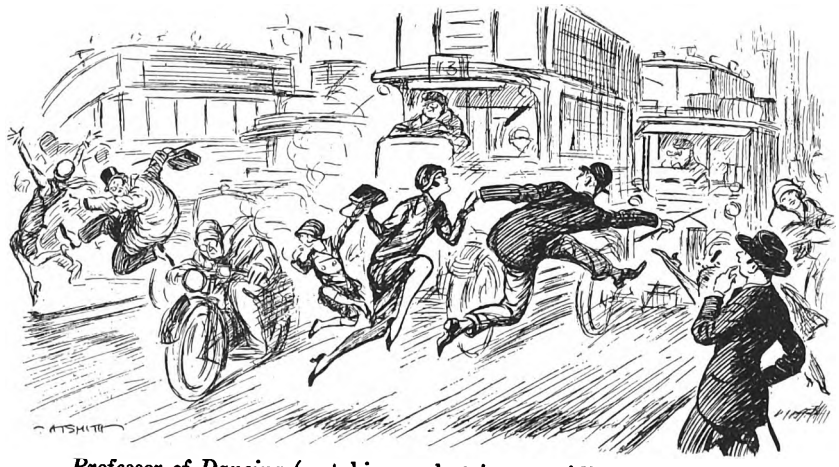
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Dear Judge—I think my family would like you too.

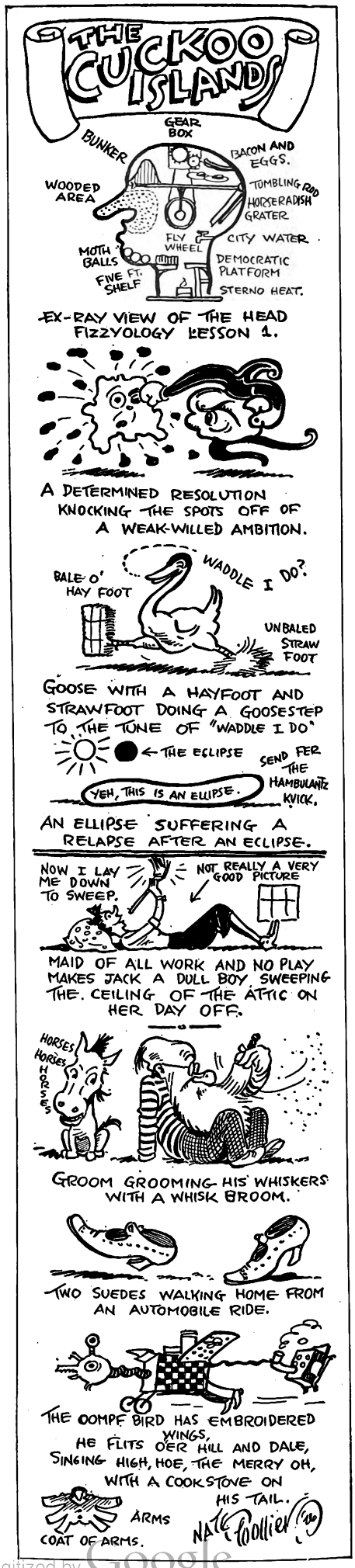
My name is.....

I live at.....

Here are five dollars for your next fifty-two numbers.



Professor of Dancing (watching pedestrians avoiding traffic)—Capital—Capital! Several new ideas! —*Humorist*



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Burdette Blimp, Song Writer

Little Interviews With People You Would Like to Meet

Burdette Blimp, Song Writer

IF HIS grandfather hadn't been a zither player *par excellence* perhaps Burdette Blimp would not be writing songs to-day. That would be too bad.

As everyone, especially the insouciant, light-hearted little ladies and gentlemen of the younger (or sin and gin) set knows, Mr. Blimp has composed many of the most popular and fetching songs of the day. His Spanish-Negro Blues ditty entitled, "Ah, Won't Get a Man Till Ah Get a Mantilla" is almost classical. At the least it is classy.

Among the many other favorites which he has composed these head the list: "Oh, Baby, Ain't a Baby Grand Grand?" "If You Think She's a Red-hot Mamma, Why, Boy, You've Got Her Down Cold," and "When You Wore a Rose in Your Halo of Hair and I Wore a Hole in My Sock."

Mr. Blimp's lyrics are about as clever as his music. He confided to me the secret of his success in that line.

"The layman," he told me, "fails to realize the catching rhyming power of such simple words as 'pain' and 'again,' 'home' and 'alone,' and other simple couplets. By the way, I have just discovered a set of brand new rhyming words which I shall utilize in my next song. They are 'moon,' 'June,' and 'spoon.' Clever?"

Here is the lyric of Mr. Blimp's latest success, "Sweet Celeste," the first semi-ballad number he has composed:

Sweet Celeste, I'll attest (not in jest)
you're the best of gals.
As I've stressed and confessed you
arrest and infest my breast with
zest-zest suppressed.
Lest you haven't guessed, I should
like to suggest that naught could
wrest you from me.
We'd stand every test.
I'd invest all my dough with in-ter-est
just to prove you the best of pals.
When we've "Yes"-ed and been
blessed and compressed to one
by Hymen,
Not depressed though oppressed to
the crest we'll be a-climin.'
With you pressed to my vest there'll
be naught to molest.
We'll be blessed as we rest in our
little love nest.
Out there in the golden—we know
it's gold; it's been assessed
West. Celeste.

Robert S. Wood

The Dancers

He was tall, dark, one of those men whose soulful eyes "burn the innermost depths of one's being." He was no callow youth, but was at the interesting age. He was faultlessly attired and danced like an adept.

She was low and dumpy, with dyed red hair. She had a double chin and danced as if she had as many wooden legs. Her dress was low and high, but in the wrong places.

Yet he took her everywhere.

He had to.

He had married her.

—London Opinion

***

Mistress—Look, cook—this is the new evening dress I bought in town this afternoon—I think I'll wear it to-night.

Cook (preparing the dinner)—H'm—it's very nice, but it'll 'ardly go well with 'ashed mutton, will it?

—Passing Show

FUNNYBONES

A pedestrian is one person who has found that it doesn't pay to go straight.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

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FOR THAT COUGH!

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DULL, streaky or darkened blonde hair can now be restored to its natural charming beauty. This is thru a marvelous new light hair shampoo, called Blondex, which brings back the original golden loveliness to darkened light hair in a natural, gradual way. Keeps already beautiful blonde hair from darkening. Makes hair soft, silky and gleamingly lustrous. Blondex is not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. Fine for children's hair. Over one-half million users. Satisfaction guaranteed or money gladly refunded. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores.

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The Blonde Hair Shampoo

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Name.....
Address.....
Instrument..... Have you this Inst?.....

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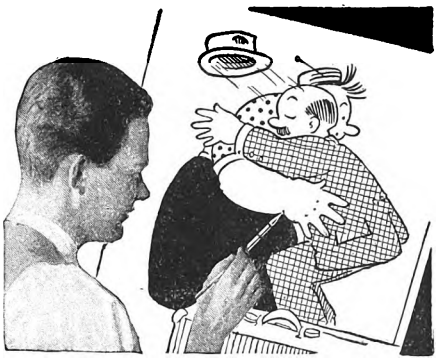

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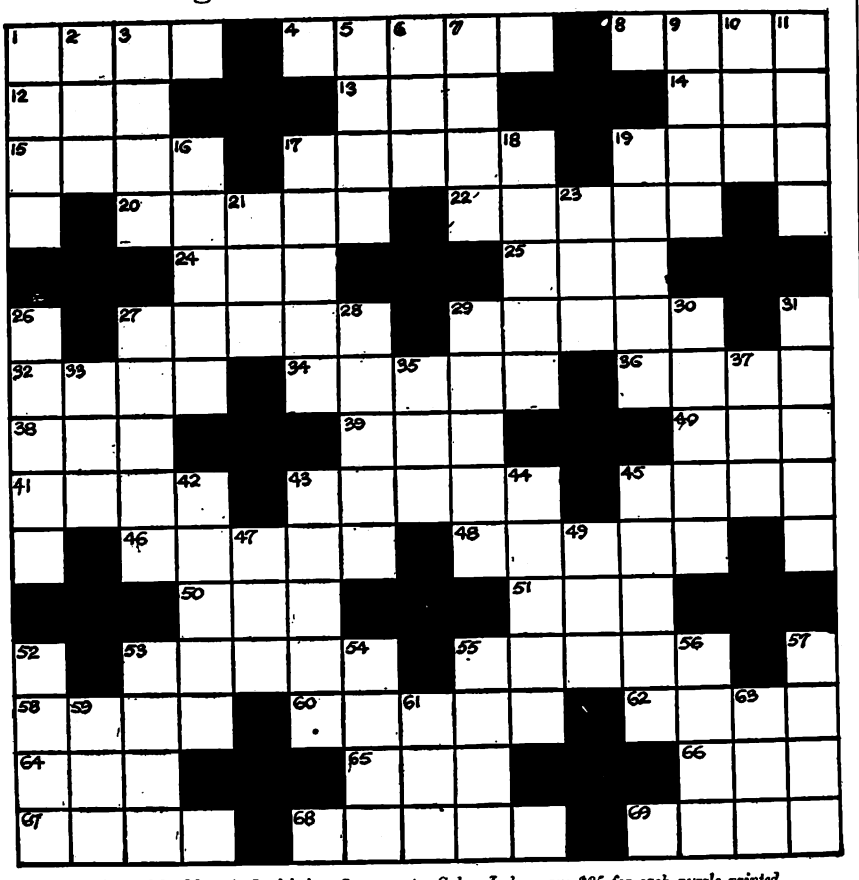
Gold Medal Won 1928

The ANITA Co.
ANITA Bldg. Dept. 1189 Newark, N.J.

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 99



Submitted by Mrs. A. Studebaker, Sacramento, Cal. Judge pays $25 for each puzzle printed.

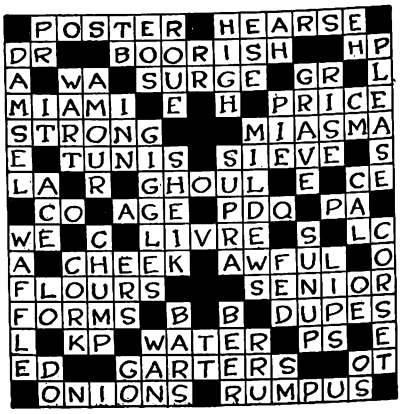
Horizontal

1. How good girls get home.
4. This bird is always kidding some one.
8. An asinine objection.
12. If you had this you'd be angry.
13. A holy fright—in fact it's awful.
14. He's always looking for his honey.
15. The first evening gown.
17. How Tired Business Men do *not* spend their evenings.
19. Kind of woman who never talks about her neighbors.
20. Pirate's promenade.
22. When girls are always coming out.
24. Hard drink. (Prohibition.)
25. This is over the head of the Scotch.
27. This measures up well—if it's in good condition.
29. Makers of divine music.
32. An ill-mannered fellow.
34. Amatory obstacle.
36. One woman would make this impossible.
38. Last words of a bachelor.
39. An exclamation.
40. Slick stuff.
41. Married men's retreat.
43. These are intoxicating.
45. Painful.
46. A fox-hunter's hobby.
48. This is hell for a Hebrew.
50. How Coolidge got to Washington.
51. This is epochal.
53. What Miss Muffet was eating.
55. Oozes slowly.
58. Just a little bit—you can't see this.
60. A letter carrier.
62. A soft place.
64. That large Australian bird.
65. What women never tell.
66. Roman household God.
67. A pugilistic present.
68. What Mr. White got at Palm Beach.
69. This is always stopping liquor.

Vertical

1. What Prohibition makes us.
2. Part of the verb to be.
3. A hop-off.
5. The result of conversation.
6. What you do when you're in debt.
7. Vocal cords of a saxophone.
9. To be next to.
10. What landlords do.
11. To have and to hold.
16. This man is always getting up in the air.
17. A villainous expression.
18. This is attached to flowers.
19. A swell affair.
21. What actors should learn to do.
23. The drinks are often on this.
26. What mother-in-laws usually do.
27. Love-light (pl.).
28. A little stiff—or a big one.
29. This is Hell.
30. A police pigeon.
31. What the sheik does when Sheba passes
33. A poem.
35. This is always moving.
37. What aviators go up in.
42. Try this on your ukulele.
43. Makes his way; travels.
44. This is all woolly.
45. These are used in a clean-up.
47. Use this when you listen-in.
49. Before.
52. Only a sheep can have this.
53. Found in the best cellars.
54. This is always acting up.
55. A diving duck-like bird.
56. A single outrage.
57. This covers the prettiest limbs.
59. Pedal digit.
61. Past.
63. Distant.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle



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Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 20*)

the ideal in a much less important rôle.

The highest compliment that can be paid "The Better 'Ole," or any other farce for that matter, is that it is amazingly refreshing. No sticky sentimentality to taint the fresh breeze of buffoonery, and yet a wealth of homely humanity to temper its harsher phases. To Bruce Bairnsfather, creator of Old Bill, must go, of course, the lion's share of the credit for this as for every other incarnation of the immortal Limey. But the Warner Brothers and Charles Reisner, the director, deserve our thanks, too. They have shown exceptional appreciation and restraint in permitting Old Bill to do his stuff unhampered by the Hollywood idea.

THE Vitaphone deserves an essay rather than a review. All I can say for it is that it stirs in me both excitement and resentment—excitement because of its amazing contribution to the illusion of reality on the screen, and resentment that this advance should have been scored on the side of mechanism rather than of art. What the movies need just now is not mechanical but spiritual improvement (I am using the word "spiritual" in its broadest sense.) They don't need better machinery a tenth as much as better pictures, the kind that appeal to an adult intelligence. The tendency of this new invention, if it follows precedent, will be to postpone the happy day when we may speak of the *art* of the cinema except with irony.

But all this can't alter the fact that the Vitaphone is an epoch-making thing, opening up possibilities that stagger the imagination. Don't let a grouch like the one I have expressed deter you from seeing and hearing it when the opportunity offers. It will entertain and astound you.

AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL

Waitress at Refreshment Buffet—A good long drink? Yes, sir, what would you like—a saucer of milk?

—*Humorist*

"Oh, Papa, can you tell me if Noah had a wife?"

"Certainly; Joan of Arc. Don't ask silly questions." —*Tit Bits*

A taxicab recently dashed into a shop front in Knightsbridge. One theory is that it mistook all the wax models for real pedestrians.

—*Humorist*

FUNNYBONES

The most unlikely thing in the world is a used car owner looking for trouble.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

They Gave Me the Ha-Ha! When I Asked for a Dance

—but When I Stepped on the Dance Floor—

By Fred Kennedy

HOW the boys laughed when they saw me ask Mabel for a dance.

"Why, Fred can't dance, can he?" I heard one of them whisper excitedly.

"No; he never danced a step in his life!" came the reply.

Just then the music started. I tightened my arm around Mabel and swept her out on the dance floor in a graceful waltz.

I heard gasps of astonishment from my friends. "Look at Fred dance!" "Where did he learn?"

A Complete Triumph

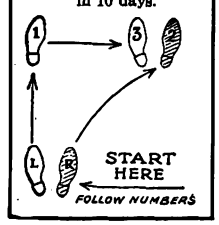
I kept on dancing—did all the latest steps. When the music stopped, my friends congratulated me. "Fred, you're a wonder," they declared. "Where did you learn to dance like that?"

I told them about Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor—told them how I had quickly and easily learned to dance through his famous Home Study Course which cost only a few cents a day. It certainly was the luckiest day of my life when I heard about Arthur Murray.

Learn to Dance at Home

This story is typical and it shows you just the chance you've been looking for—a chance to become an accomplished dancer right in your own home at a small cost.

IF YOU CAN DO THIS STEP
Arthur Murray will make you a finished dancer in 10 days.



No matter how poorly you dance now—no matter if you've never been on a dance floor in your life—Arthur Murray's new method makes you a finished dancer in ten days or you don't have to pay a penny for the lessons. You can learn right in your own room without music or partner.

Just think! In ten days' time you'll be able to do the Charleston, the French Tango, the Ritz Fox Trot, the Debutante Waltz, and all the other smart new steps.

Five Lessons FREE

To prove that Arthur Murray can make you a finished dancer in ten days' time, he is willing to send you five lessons from his remarkable course **absolutely free!** Just send the coupon (with 10c to cover cost of printing and mailing) and these valuable lessons will be forwarded at once. Also a free copy of his new book, "The Short Cut to Popularity."

Don't wait. Mail this coupon NOW. Arthur Murray, Studio 687, 7 East 43d Street, New York City.

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 687
7 East 43d Street, New York City.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in ten days you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 10c. (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc. You are to include free "The Short Cut to Popularity."

Name.....

Address.....

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

DIZZY LABELS

"They call her Fanny." Because "She gives 'em the air."

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

A new species of fish has been found which lives on land. This is thought to be a reprisal for Channel swimming. —*Passing Show*

"It's not a crime to get stout," says a critic. It is, in America.

—*London Opinion*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

THIS CLASS PIN 25c.
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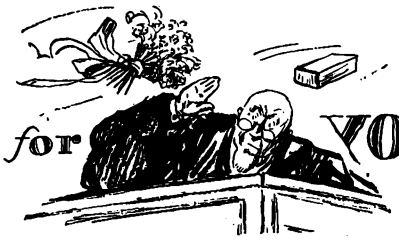

JUDGE for YOURSELF

The Church's Job

DEAR JUDGE: It seems to me that a little study of the historical development of the church would be enough to quiet the Methodist on Prohibition. Is it not the truth that more than fifty per cent. of the wars in the past were caused by the churches trying to take part in the governing of nations? It seems that knowing this, the churches, which are erected to the glory of the "Prince of Peace," are letting littleness and narrow opinions lead them from the path that He has laid. If the church sees wrong on light wines and beers (Christ certainly saw no wrong in wine) let them cause the people of this nation to believe so. That is the job of the church. They believe that every one should go to church. Then shall we pass a law compelling all people to go to church? While we are passing this law we might as well do it properly and compel all the people to go to the Methodist church. In closing this paragraph please let me explain that this is not a letter against our religion, as I am a firm believer in it and a member of a Protestant church, but it is an argument against the improper use of the power God has given the church.

I offer my compliments to W. M. H., and I earnestly hope that he will continue the good work he is doing on his page. It is useless to explain to a man of his evident brain that every letter he gets from the anti tribe condemning him is just what we want. We want them to take issue, because if they will fight we are bound to win.

Very sincerely,
Lynchburg, Va. *F. H. S.*
September 3, 1926.

Vultures

MY DEAR JUDGE:

I read JUDGE every week, also the "Judge for Yourself" column. While JUDGE is steadfastly committed to the fight against Prohibition I thought perhaps it might tolerate a word from one of those who, though not a Methodist minister, nor a member of the Methodist Church, nor a klansman, nor a member of the Anti-Saloon League, presumes to reside on the opposite side of the fence from JUDGE, and one F. W. Kohler, who has certain things to say in this week's issue of JUDGE in the "Judge for Yourself" column.

Mr. Kohler reasons in a circle He says that the Methodist Board of Temperance, Public Morals, etc., is maintaining headquarters, organizations and spending money for the purpose of minding other people's business, when the funds could be spent to better advantage on South street in Philadelphia, or East Side in New York.

It seems that the gentleman has overlooked the fact that he, and those whom he represents, have spent millions for the purpose of creating just such conditions as prevail in the sections he mentions, and that there is no barrier now lying between him and his associates and said sections of New York and Philadelphia that would preclude him from expending as much money to right the conditions prevailing there as he desires to spend.

Mr. Kohler, it may be a crime for an organization to expend money trying to suppress crime, but I doubt it. The element you represent, and for whom you speak, is the same element that expended millions debauching the electorate; packing courts and commissions; spreading poisonous propaganda, and doing the things in this country which, had Prohibition not cut them short, would have, in a short time, destroyed our free institutions, and our Republic.

It is rather a difficult matter to induce sane people to take poison or to vote for the reopening of public dispensaries of poison, especially in sections of the country where the saloon once flourished and has since been displaced with law and order—not Chicago.

Mr. Kohler, you have a right to your opinion, and as you say, those who try to keep the country clean may be vultures, and indeed they do stand in that light, for in truth and in fact a vulture's mission on earth is to destroy carrion and filth, and that certainly is what the churches are trying to do when they direct their attention to the liquor traffic. Yes, in this sense they are vultures.

Yours very truly,
Charleston, W. Va. *B. T. Clayton*
September 23, 1926.

"Yours for Freedom!"

Editor of JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: I have read for several months the splendid articles in your excellent magazine, especially the "Judge for Yourself," column.

It looks as though our religious and civil liberties were at stake with all of this anti stuff going on. Anti-tobacco, anti-evolution, anti-movies, etc. A minister in the West tells us that evolutionists should get the noose along with murderers. *Sweet Land of Liberty!*

It is time the people woke up to the fact that they are soon to be dictated to by a minority of religious and civil reformers. It is bad enough at present.

I am glad to say that I make my home in Michigan where we can at least teach evolution—and where we always will.

Yours for freedom and not for having others mind our business.

Very sincerely yours,
Jacksonville, Fla. *B. D. Iseman*
September 1, 1926.

Lady—Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of the traffic?

Boy—Yes, grannie; but you should hear the 'bus drivers!

—*The Tatler*

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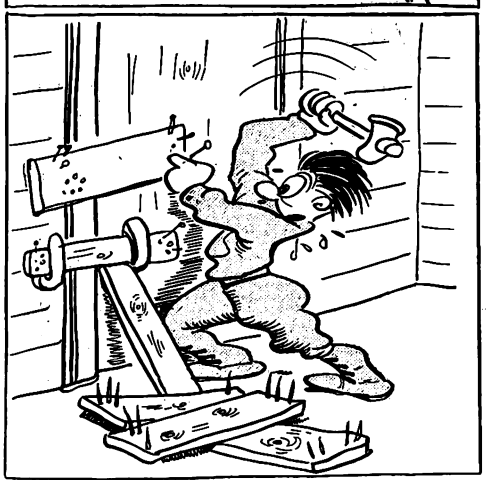
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!



Contest No. 68

Send in your "Conclusion" in ink, on white paper, the same general shape as this space. You may draw it any size you care to.

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. Mail yours 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 November 22. Winning ending appears in the issue of December 25.

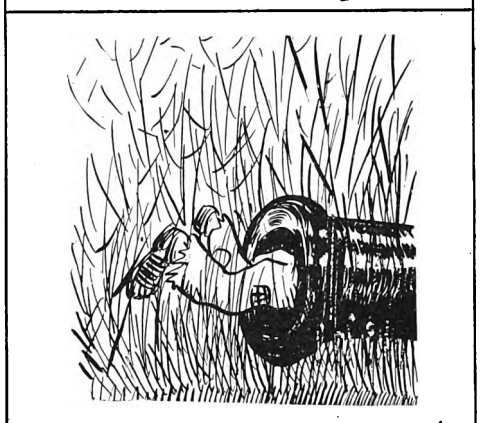
David P. Greenwell,
Baltimore, Md.

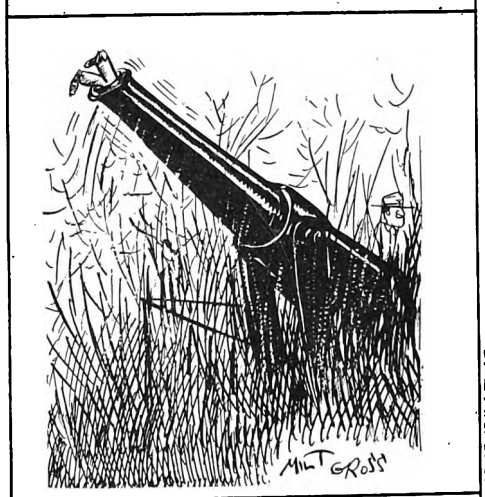
Paul R. Loomis,
Lake George, N. Y.

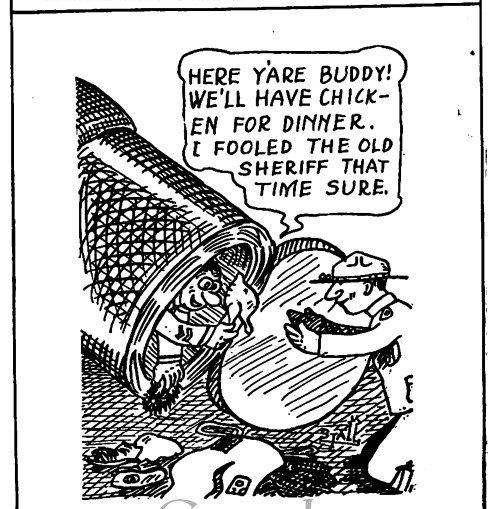
Arthur Johnson,
Tacoma, Wash.

Above: Runners up in Contest No. 62.

Right: Winner of Contest No. 62. Newton Stall, Greenville, S. C.







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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. DES MOINES IOWA. 23572

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PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK.

NOVEMBER 20, 1926
PRICE 15 CENTS

JUDGE

R351

ALL-AMERICAN BACK

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(*For Thanksgiving Day*)
FOWL WEATHER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1926

SHAKESPEARE SCREENED

IT has been announced that the movie magnates of Hollywood intend to film some of the Shakespeare plays under new titles. The chances are that new stories will be provided as well.

ACCORDING to a sports magazine, winter skating rinks can be made on golf courses by damming the creeks and water hazards. Make your own wise crack.

AN instrument has been invented in Russia that is said to be similar to a saxophone but much easier to play. That country seems to get nothing but tough luck.

THE referendum vote on the Volstead Act shows that New Yorkers may have something to be thankful for on Thanksgiving Day after all.

CENSOR FLAYS CINEMA

A NEW YORK censor says that a great many of our moving pictures are an incentive to do murder. This perhaps accounts for the number of scenario writers who live in Europe.

ONE of the oldest castles in England is said to have rooms that have not been touched for more than four hundred years. England, it seems, has the same sort of landlords that we have.

"How do you like your egg, madam?"
"Oh—just so-so—I married him on a bet."

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SIGHTS WORTH SEEING

Two painless dentists operate on each other.

The Awful Truth

GRIM-LIPPED, on the narrow ledge, she stood,
Her brown eyes bulging with horror;
As she watched the red, relentless hand
Creeping ever closer . . . closer.
There was a terrible fascination about it
That she seemed powerless to resist.
Suddenly, when there could be no mistaking
Its dire meaning, she sighed deeply,
(For life was very dear to her).
And leaped from the frail platform:
She had actually gained three pounds!

Elwood Lindsay Haines

Try It!

THE next time you come home late and experience difficulty in finding the keyhole in your door, place your flashlight against the keyhole on the opposite side of the door, and you will immediately see the light shining through the keyhole on your side. Softly insert the key and open the door. This method is really quite a time saver.

Chester W. Colburn

Favorite Instruments

THE cook, kettle drum.
The ball player, slide trombone.
The chimney sweep, flu te.
The druggist, viol in.
The baker, pi ano.
The old maid, man dolin.
The moonshiner, corn et.
The reformer, ban jo.

B. C. B.

Simile

A salesman told us that getting orders from some people was like pulling teeth—he had to give them a lot of gas.

***

"They say the prisoner was very much interested in the jury's verdict."

"Yes, he actually hung on their words."

Jones always carries along an imitation fire plug. He is then never crowded while parking.

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Blink—The boss is always stepping on me.

Blank—Be a live wire and he won't.

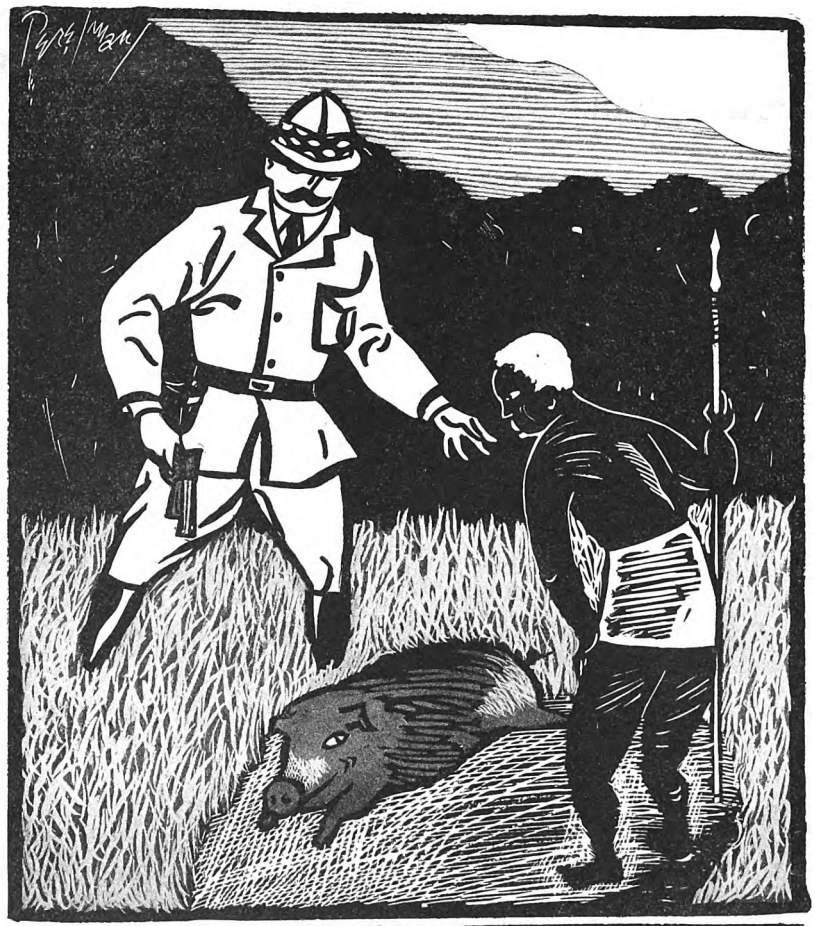
I Own a Real Automobile

I FIND it impossible to restrain myself from hearty laughter when some fellow-motorist, who has owned a car for, say a matter of a few months, commences to boast of the performance of his bus. It's really funny. Because a car has traveled a few thousand miles without a grinding of valves and can still pull a hill in high, is nothing to crow about. Any car, almost, will do that, except a used car. Now, take my car. Ah! There's a sweet record of motor performance if one ever was. It isn't much for looks and there are times when quite a bit of cussing is necessary to get her up some hills in second, but recently, my car passed the supreme test—the one gruelling test which marks a car as a peerless satellite of motordom. My car passed through this trying travail with colors flying and a minimum of negative snorts. Only a few days ago, it was, that I paid the last installment on it and she's still going.

Marion E. Burns

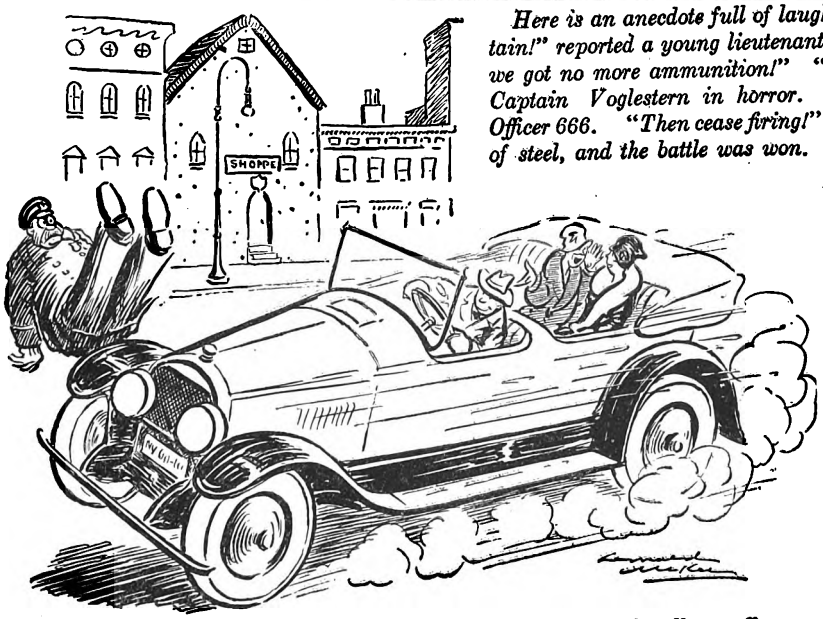
Heard at a Football Game

Hey, you, sit down, where do you think you are? In the subway!



DONT KILL ME BOYS I MAY BE SOMEBODYS MOTHER!

Here is an anecdote full of laughter and tears, smiles and sobs. "Captain!" reported a young lieutenant during a naval engagement, "Captain, we got no more ammunition!" "What, no more ammunition?" queried Captain Voglestern in horror. "No, no more ammunition!" replied Officer 666. "Then cease firing!" commanded the doughty captain in tones of steel, and the battle was won.



CASSANDRA—*He's so dumb he thinks the World Court handles traffic cases!*

Moving Time

SAID Mr. Moth to Mrs. Moth:
No longer need we roam
In search of rich and juicy cloth,
I've found a fruitful home.
Fur coats for you, a tux for me,
A velvet dress for Jill,
An ermine cloak for Emily.
A bathing suit for Will.
A lovely home for winter, dear,
A gorgeous place to park,
And lined throughout with cedar, dear,
To keep it nice and dark.

Paul Ernst

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"THE HUDDLE SYSTEM"

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Handy Reference Table for Comic Strip Cartoonists

Saves the Artist Time and Worry in Filling in the Word Balloons

EEK!—sound uttered by lady upon spying a mouse.

Oof!—sound emitted by fat man upon being kicked in stomach.

Oof!—sound emitted by fat man upon being kicked in rear of stomach.

Glub!—to be enclosed in balloon above bubbles on pond of water, indicating humorously that some one is down for third time.

Bam!—to be printed in dust-cloud near posterior of pedestrian who has just been struck by motor car.

Ha! ha!—indicative of motorist's mirth who has just struck pedestrian.

Zowie!—indicates sound accompanying a poke in the nose.

Sock!—indicates sound accompanying a bust in the eye.

Smack!—indicates noise resulting from osculation. Enclose in cloud-like balloon; sprinkle freely with hearts.

Bang!—sound produced by explosion (pistols or cannons).

Pow!—sound produced by brick striking gent in the head.

Zam!—noise resulting when heavy club comes in contact with seat of pants.

Ulp!-Ulp!—indicates noise made by low-brow consuming bowl of soup.

Blub-Gulb!—baby language meaning "So's your old man."

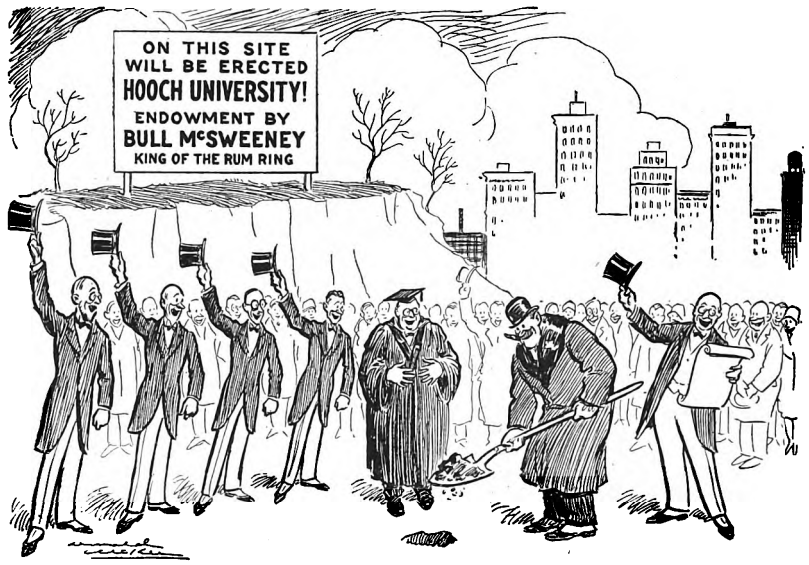
Wow!—noise expressing childish anguish.

Arf!—dog language, freely translated, means "apple sauce" or "hot dog."

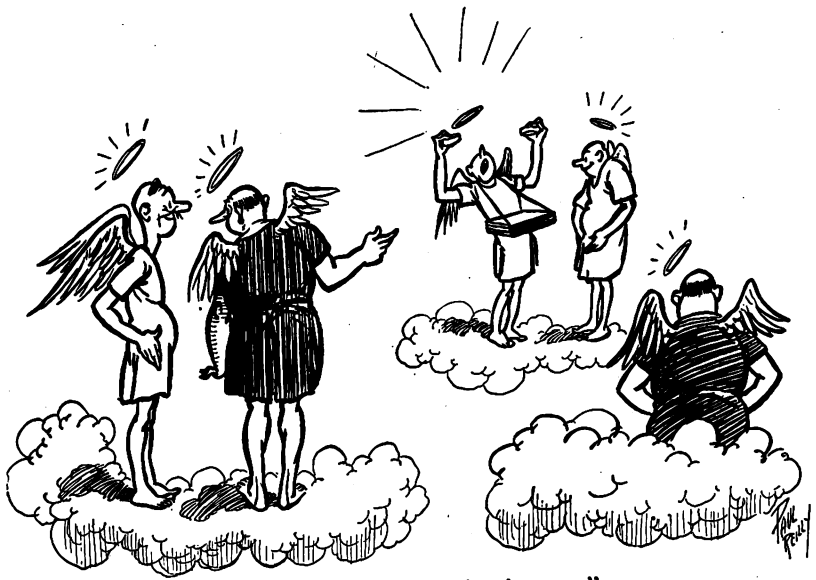
You——! ---**!!***----!!!--- forceful exclamation meaning: "You mean thing! I think you're horrid!"

Whang!—to be used when none of above words fit the situation.

M. M. Musselman



How to remove the last suggestion of taint from the bootlegging industry.



"That bird's making a mint o' money."
"How?"
"Selling Halo Polish."

Utopia

J. EPHRIHAM PINCUS came into my office to interest me in a modern Utopia that he and some other uplifters were promoting.

First he acquainted me with the evils of gambling, drink, etc., and then he outlined his plan for an ideal community where every member would lead a righteous life.

I told Mr. Pincus that while it was a noble idea there were hundreds of just such communities already established, but he firmly assured me that I was very much mistaken.

"It's a fact," I continued, "I've just returned from one of them myself. An ideal community exactly as you have described. A place where every man has work to do of one kind or another, where there are no worries about food, shelter or clothing. Where smoking is prohibited, drinking unknown, and profanity severely punished. Where there is no motoring about in expensive cars, no golf, no gambling and where the Sabbath is strictly observed."

"Impossible," cried J. Ephriham Pincus, "that's precisely my own idea and it's never been worked out. But where is this place?"

"Well, Mr. Pincus," I said, "I'll tell you. I was sentenced to ten days in the county jail for reckless driving and I just got out this morning!"

Jack Shuttleworth

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ANTI-DRINKING SONG

By Wilfred J. Funk

1.

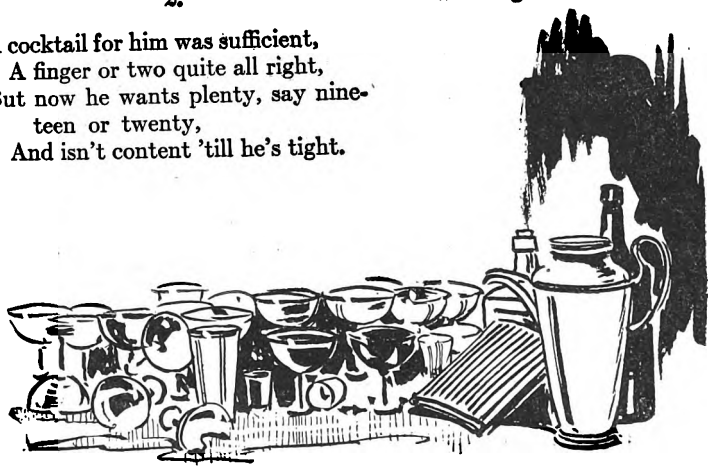
In the days that are dear and departed,
When liquor was drunk without sin,
A man was degraded who boldly paraded
His liking for whisky and gin.

5.

You can't give a dinner without it;
The repartee's deadly and slow.
You're simply bucolic unless alcoholic
Libations are part of the show.

2.

A cocktail for him was sufficient,
A finger or two quite all right,
But now he wants plenty, say nineteen or twenty,
And isn't content 'till he's tight.



The drunkard's wife keeps a light in the window — A delicate touch not in the poem.

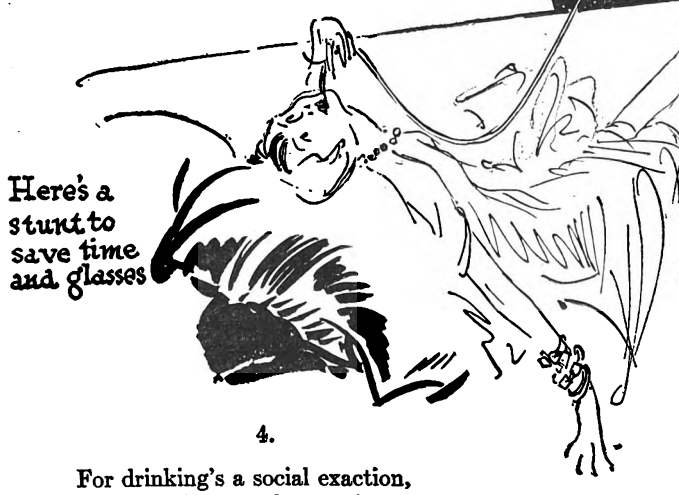
6.

I'm going somewhere that a fellow
Can say "no" without being rude,
And stick on the wagon, and not be a drag on
The others who want to get stewed!

Nineteen or twenty cocktails, or what had you?

3.

At parties, receptions and dances
There isn't a throat that is dry.
Each flapper and flipper is out with a dipper
To drain the existing supply.



4.

For drinking's a social exaction,
Regard it as work or as fun
It may be distasteful, or wickedly wasteful
But, goodness! It's *got* to be done.

7.

Somewhere a long way from an orange,
And cocktails, and shakers, and such.
I'm not in condition to stand Prohibition
I don't like to drink very much.

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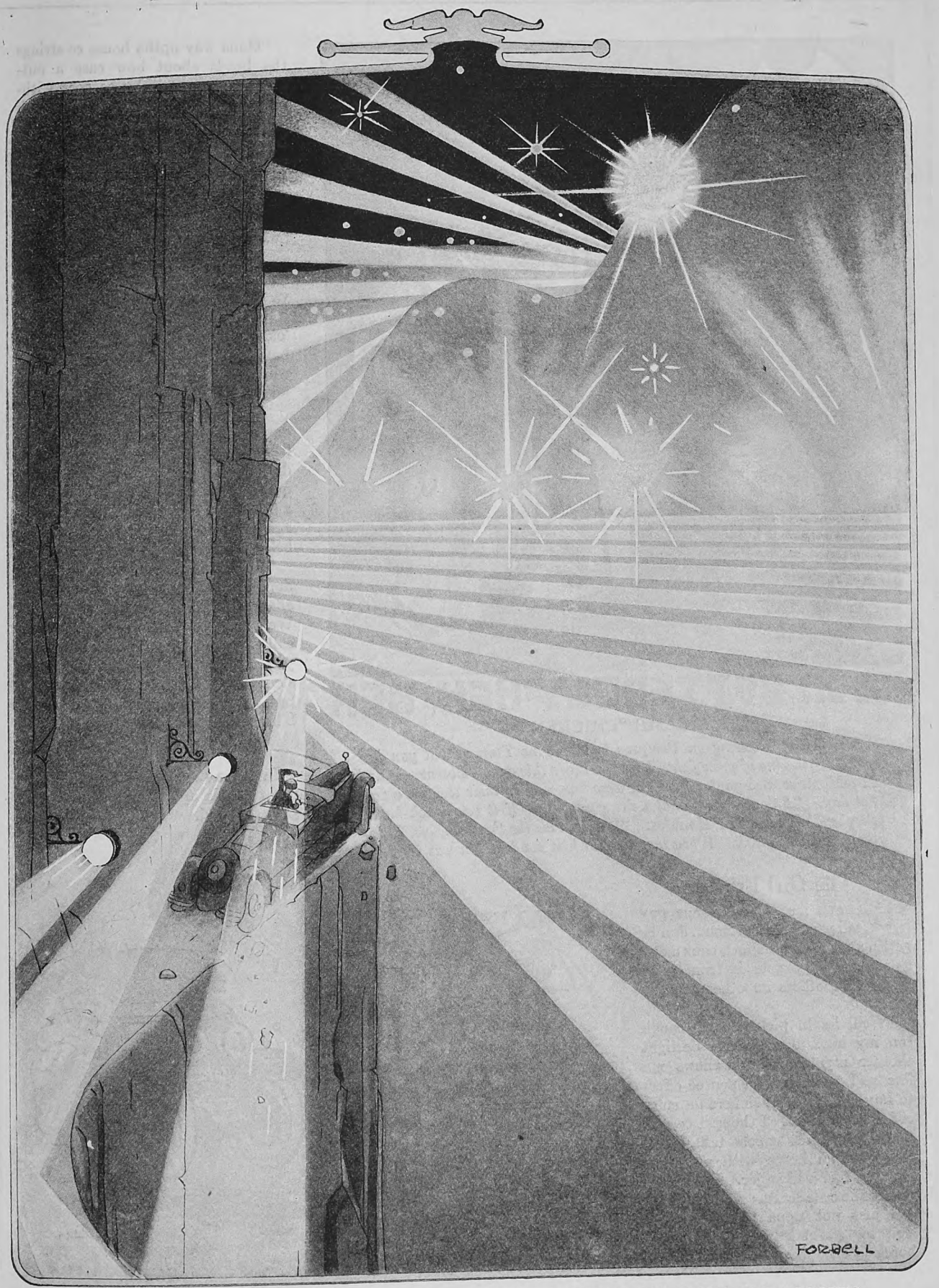

THE PROPER HELL FOR THE BIRD WHO REFUSES TO DIM HIS LIGHTS

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POOR BUTTERFLY HEH HEH

A GAME "CHICKEN"

Everybody is betting on Dempsey to lick Gene Tunney, but you just wait. Speaking of prize fights, have you heard this one? Rosenzweig and MacMonnies, two young clubmen, were lounging in their club on a very hot day. "I don't know what we're going to do if it gets much hotter, Stephen," declared MacMonnies. "Why not ice the thermometers?" suggested the witty Scot. When they carried him out his chin was bleeding.

The Girl Friend

"BULEAVE me, Bessie, wenna guy tell ya ease a sportsman don be gettin a idear ease a sport, cauz a ony s'port em guys gets is frum thair wives un mothers un other wimmin folks.

"Well, iss lil pickerel gess caugh ton my hook dancin atta Eelight thother night an ee swallows ma line so I hooks im an nen ee offers ta buy me a coupla sinkers an enuff coffee ta float em. I thought ee wuz cereal, bud ee sez 'cancha taka joke?' So I took im home with me an ee behaved like a lil sojjer. Evvy once inna while eede starta camp. Buthen Ide juss put uppa 'no trespassin' sign an showed himma waita go home.

"Onna way uptha house ee strings tha beads about how ease a outdoor boy an ats why ee goes withoutta hat. Yess it tiz! Ee doogh wear no hat fer fear a losin a coupla hairs an ee hatesa part with em so ee combs em straight back. Bussides hatsa bein watched closer in the troughs ee eats at.

"Bunevathaless, ee tells me ease fonna fishin an how wood die lika go with im sum day. An, well, I ain neva caught em kina fish before an ya know how a girl ul taka chanct on annathin one sinna while so I sez 'okay, budd I gotta get home at ha-bass seven,' budd easa nuther wunna em guise at cant neva see a joke.

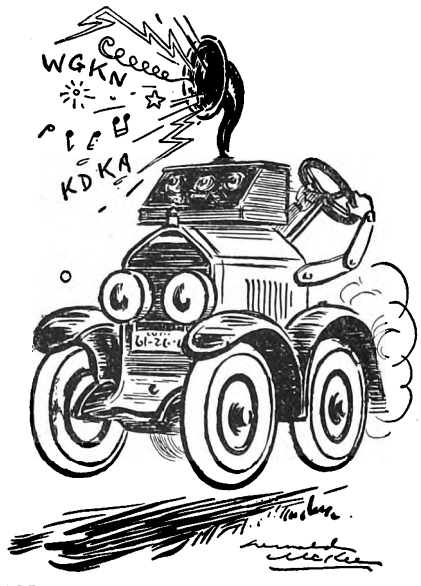
"So at Sadidy ee shows up an ee don look like ease gonna do much fishin. But we starts an en comesa dawn. At guy takes to tha Acquarium fer tha P. M. Ats is idear a fishin. Is ee a piker! Don I manage ta getta swellest bunch yells fa help ya eva hoida?

"Bud I allays say what I goil dough nose liable ta hoit er so I allays look inta evvy popposition. Well, save ya pennies fer a telephone call cauz aisle be waitin ta hear how you an at pretzel bender ya gotta struggle with to-nights gonna cornbeef-an-cabbage to one anuther. S'long!" *Carroll Carroll*

In these days of bootleg liquor a night cap is apt to put a fellow to sleep for good.

His beginning

MAN



His end.

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"OH, BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE DARING YOUNG CHARMS——"

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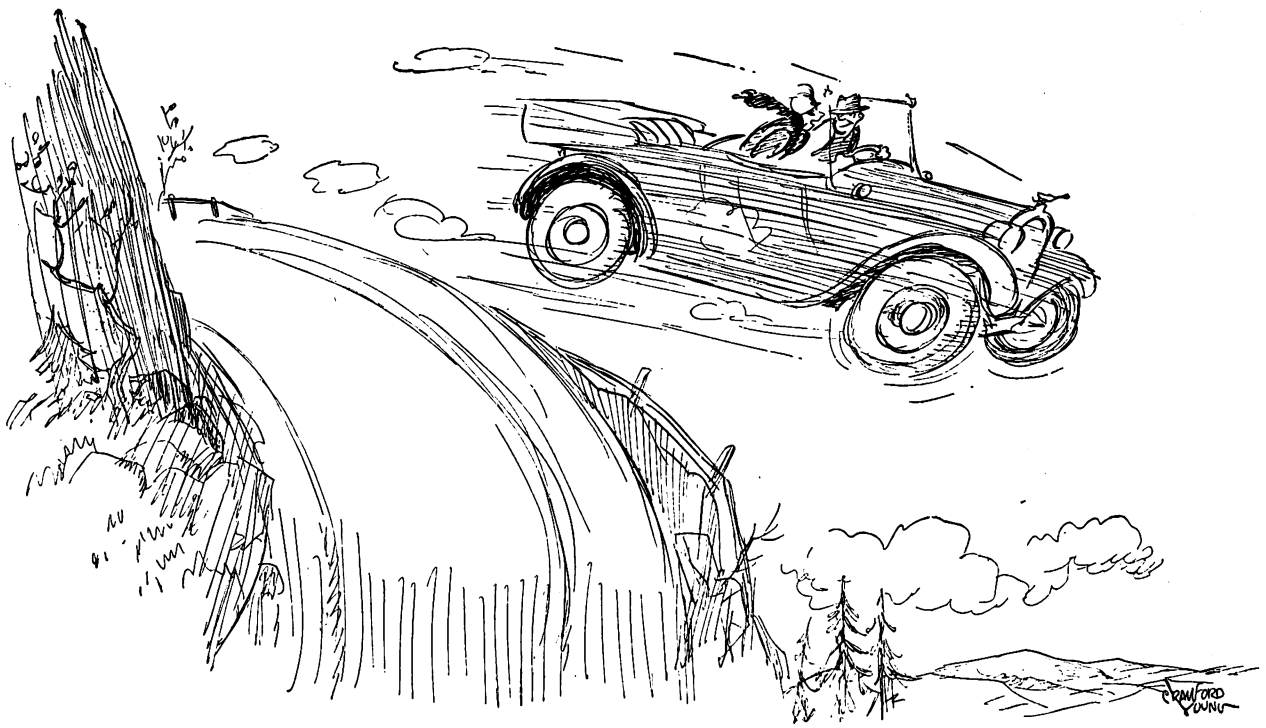
FIREMAN—*Mabel! Did you turn in this alarm?*
HIS SWEETY—*Yes, Bill! I just had to see you!*



HER—*Listen, Albert, we oughta be cautious and take this hill in second.*

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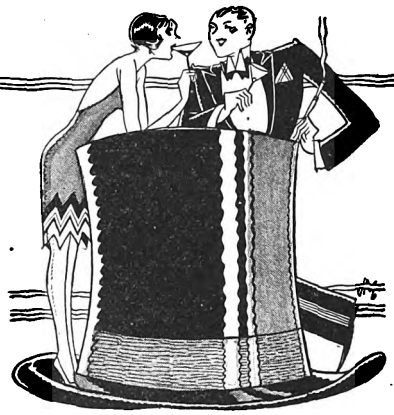
HIGH HAT



Louis Maxwell, of Dartmouth (that's the college that used to have a football team), writes as follows ..... "After having read the comments of Harvard, Yale and Princeton in your column, here is a verdict from an undergraduate in Hanover. Judge, Jr., is the wettest thing I have ever seen. It can appeal to none but the very undesirable and light-headed element of our half-witted population. Isn't that enough?" ..... I should say that it was ample, Louis! But stay! You're not alone in your opinion. Listen to what Arthur S. McNabb, writing on Hotel Chester, Starkville, Miss., stationery, has to say ..... "Congratulations on your *Vanity Fair* Number. I liked it chiefly because it caused the deletion of the usual 'High Hat' page. Such bilge has driven me to the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*. Please extend your good works to the art of drowning Judge, Jr." .... How do you like them apples? .... it's discouraging, to say the least. Maxwell is a college man, at any rate he goes to Dartmouth, and Mr. McNabb is evidently a traveling salesman. That practically covers the field and I can't please either of them! What's the use, I ask, what's the use! Here, I've been working my head off, burning the midnight oil, trying to do my modest little bit toward brightening the hearthside and all I get is sneers, sneers. .... All right, lads, belittle me, go ahead, but some day, some day, when I'm President, or something like that, you'll be sorry!

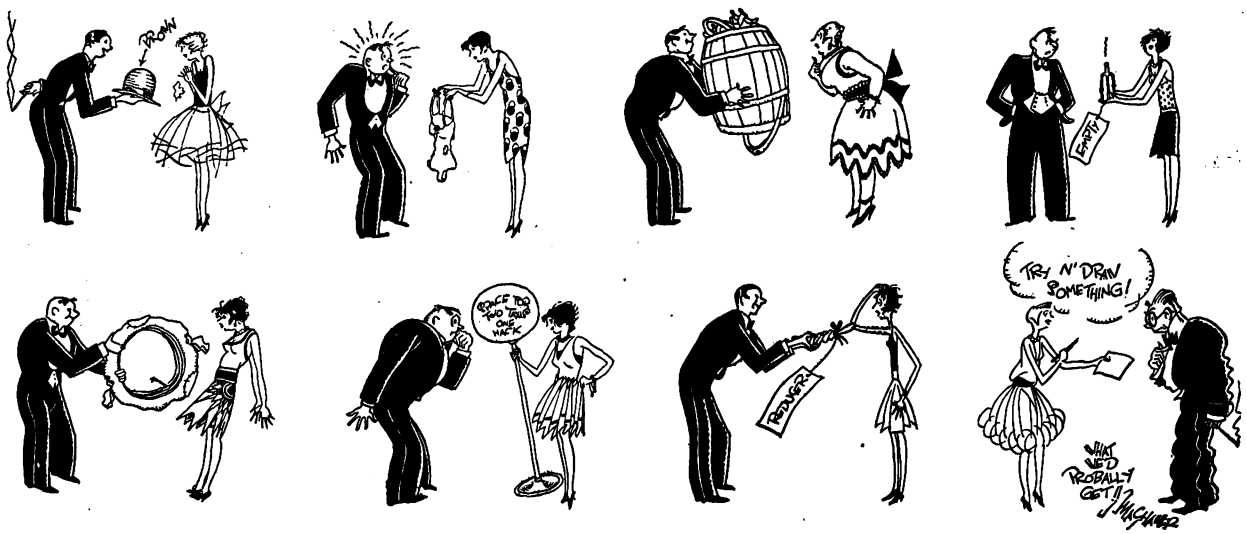
Which leads right smack up to a party I attended the other night .... it was called a "White Elephant" party and everybody was invited to bring something they couldn't use or didn't want ..... two or three of the ladies brought their husbands (Ha! Ha! Ha!) .... well, no kiddin', folks, more good fun was had than you could shake a stick at and the party never broke up until nine thirty at night! If anyone ever drags me to one of those things again I'll have to be unconscious. (Cries of "Aw, you're unconscious most of the time!")

Well, to make a long column shorter, after this here now hilarious party, we, that is, me and the girl friend, thought we'd get real rough so we retired to a night club and that's how I happened to discover this place .... "What place?" you cry feverishly .... well, it's called the "Club Dover" and they've got a bird there named Jimmy Durant who is the funniest guy east of the Hudson River and is a real artist .... if he isn't snapped up by some manager darn quick I'll miss my guess .... this may sound like a boost for the Dover Club, but it is ...,. the crowd is terrible but if you want to have a real laugh drop in there some night.

Speaking of nights clubs, "Mac" and I have talked the governor into letting us cover the leading ones (cries of "Pretty soft!"), so you may look for some real snappy stuff come this Michaelmas. (Advt.) Haven't been around enough yet this fall to start a list of the "Six Best Step-ins," but will soon.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FROM HIGH HAT CLUB HEADQUARTERS .... the club is coming along fine, keys being made, questionnaires printed and Local High Hats being appointed .... it won't be long now.

Judge Jr.



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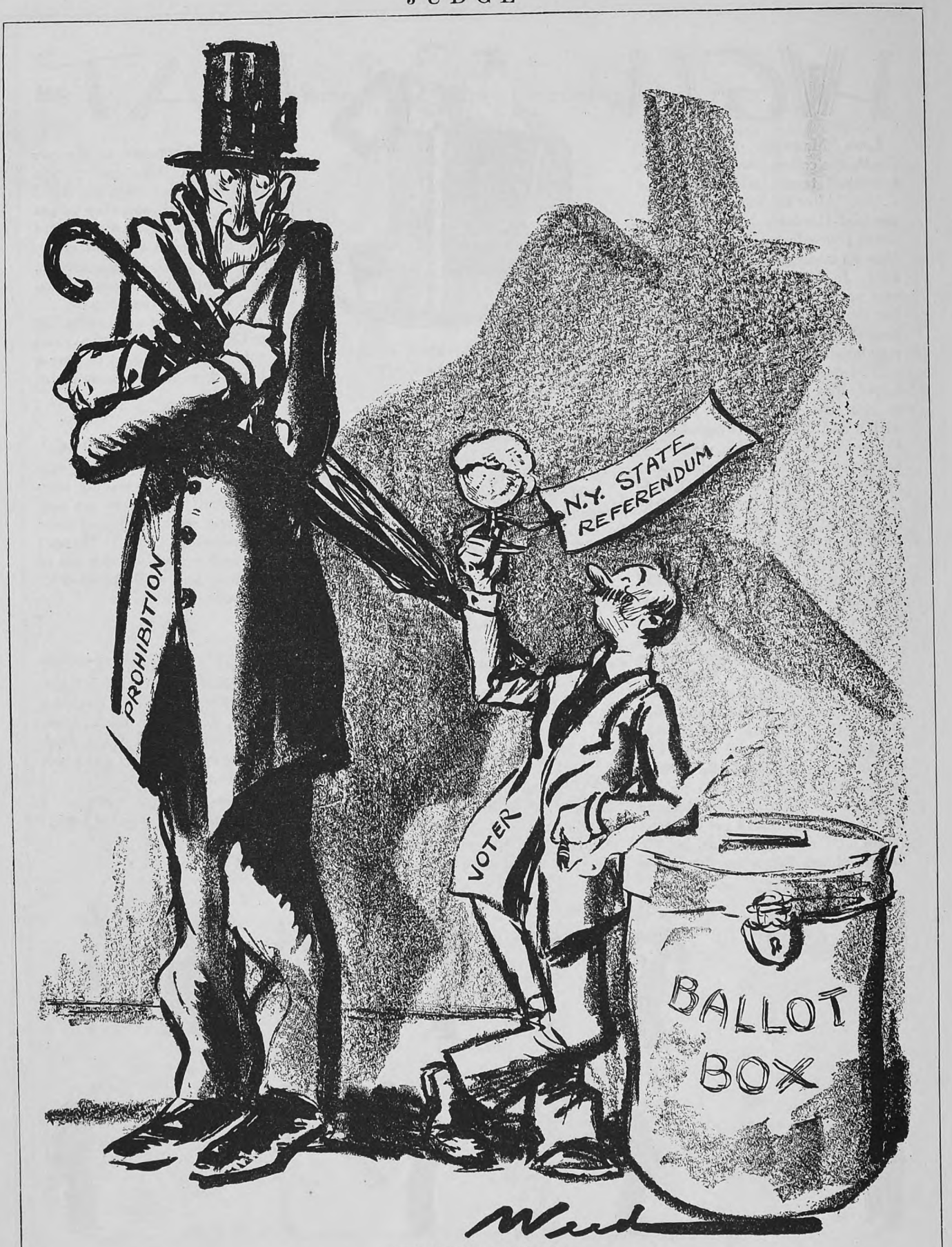

"HERE'S HOW!"

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

Corking!

SENATOR EDGE of New Jersey says of the election returns that they indicate "more of a wet ratification than a Democratic victory." Thank you, Senator, thank you, though we're sure it can't have been *all* our doing.

WE hope the reader is as happy as we are to be reminded that in five of the eight States conducting referendums on the subject of Prohibition the wets won. We first set down six, but in the interim California has apparently gone dry, thanks to the vote of her Southern and by no means better half. It serves her right in a way. If her Native Sons hadn't boasted so long and so loudly of the California climate they wouldn't have as fellow citizens now such a raft of the kind of being who votes dry and worships Aimee Semple McPherson.

But to turn to happier themes; in the New York referendum, the most important of the lot, the wets won three to one, by a plurality considerably over a million. If that, Mr. Borah, be treason, make the most of it!

OUR purpose at this late day, however, is not to do a snake dance in celebration of what Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler is pleased to call a dry triumph. It is to point out the painfully awkward position of the Republican party in New York State as a result of the referendum and of the elections, a position which sooner or later, we have predicted, is bound to be the fate of every political organization that hedges or divides on Prohibition.

YOU get the whole picture in the defeat of Wadsworth. Senator Jimmy Wadsworth, whom the late Vice-President Marshall called the "most useful" member of the United States Senate, was defeated for re-election by a block of ultra-drys in his party who would rather see Jack the Ripper get the job than a wet. These gentry are open to no blandishments now or later. So far as they are concerned lips that touch liquor, or even smile upon it, shall never murmur the oath of office. But suppose Wadsworth had masqueraded as a dry to win these needed votes. Then he'd have lost more than a corresponding number of other Republican votes in wet territory. He was damned either way, and so apparently for an indefinite period in the future is any candidate of his party for major office in New York State.

WHAT is to be done about it? The results of the election show that no party can be both wet and dry in the Empire State and hope to elect senators and governors, and of the referendum that no party of drys there can be other than a minority. And meanwhile the Democrats, under the shrewd leadership of Al Smith, have entrenched themselves on the wet side of this dynamic issue. The fact that it was comparatively simple and natural for them to do so, while the Republicans were flirting with the Anti-Saloon League, doesn't lessen the enormous advantage of their position. Thanks to the Eighteenth Amendment they have what begins to look like a perpetual franchise to govern the most populous State in the Union.

WHICH brings us to a consideration of the utter destruction of all dignity in American politics since the intrusion of Prohibition. Imagine a State of ten million supposedly civilized inhabitants, containing the largest city (we will say so for convenience) in the world and much the greatest concentration of wealth and power, electing or defeating a Senator for his views on an article of diet. Imagine, as Senator Edge has indicated, a whole series of campaigns comprising the political activity of the entire country, resulting in a "wet ratification," that is to say, hinging on the question of an article of diet, while issues of great moment, profoundly affecting national and international policy, go begging for attention and bandits make merry with machine guns. Yet the phenomenon is inevitable. Mix a drink with a little orange juice and it makes a cocktail; mix it with a bit of "Thou shalt not!" and it makes dynamite, which is even now in the process of blowing up our historic political alignments and detonating out of earshot the questions that should be agitating us.

Why, even JUDGE is influenced by it!

PROFESSOR WILLIAM B. MUNROE, who teaches municipal government at Harvard, had a piece in the October *Atlantic* on the "fundamentalism" in our political faith. "Most men and women," he wrote, "inherit their party affiliations. They are creatures of the Mendelian law. They are Republicans or Democrats because their fathers and grandfathers were, although they do not like to be told this truth. . . . Some of these voters—yes, thousands of them—would support Beelzebub for governor, with the right tag pinned on him. It is not that these men and women think alike; many of them do not think at all."

Except on the subject of Prohibition, Professor.

W. M. H.

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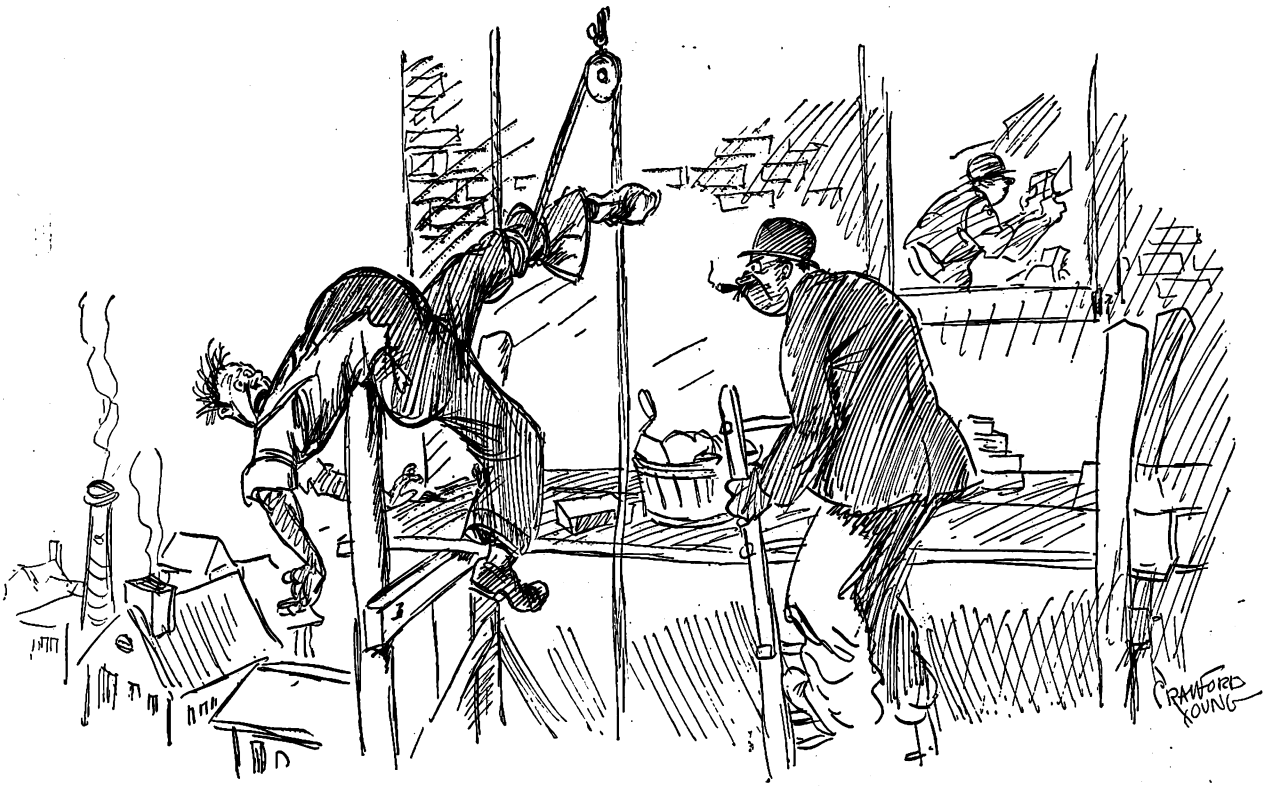


FOREMAN (to workman with foot caught)—*Aha! resting again are you?*

Making America Religion Conscious

(*Announcement is made that after Christmas a campaign to stimulate interest in religion will be launched with a commission of a hundred clergymen preparing the messages.*)

The Red-blooded Appeal

AFTER a busy day at the office, as you hop off the five twenty-six, what's more refreshing than a good liberal dose of old-fashioned religion?

Mr. Man, you'll squeeze every joy drop out o' life if you'll get hep to yourself and get religion. Handed out at all reputable churches. If your minister can't take care of you, let us know and we'll fix you up, Mr. Man.

Institutional Appeal

Ever since Noah sailed in the Ark, ever since the Biblical Contracting Corporation built the Tower of Babel, religion has won new friends yearly. Surely such a glorious record must mean something. Ask the man who's got it.

The Testimonial Appeal

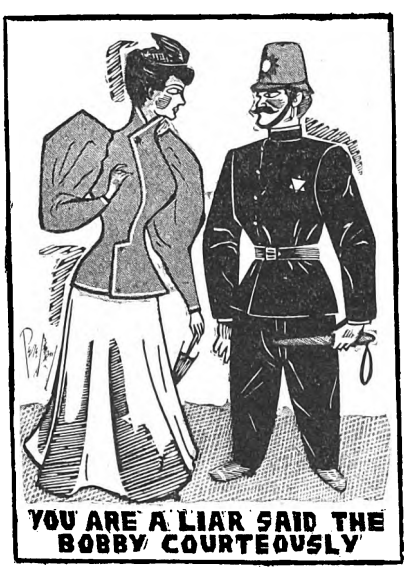
"We could never get anywhere. Men who worked at the same bench with me became traffic managers and floorwalkers. But I always stayed in a rut. One day, Jim, who works the stamping machine, said to me, "Art, you're making a failure of life. What you need to get is religion."

That night the little woman and I pondered Jim's words. The next morning I stepped into the church of Doctor Richardson. "Doctor," I said, "I want some religion." In two minutes I had some. That was ten years ago. To-day I am an elevator operator and rising every minute.

The French or Perfume Ad Appeal

Would madame or monsieur cultivate that chic—that fragile something—that makes so many people popular? Ah, it is only necessary to go at once to the corner church and get religion. *Tres simple.*

Hugh Wood



A little water cress often serves as a good substitute for hair if one is bald, as this "peachy" tale illustrates. Said Mrs. Marchbanks to her husband, 'that sermon Doctor Goosie gave this morning was a wow! Her husband retorted, "maybe it was, but he read *the whole thing!" "Say, guy," responded his wife, "that would have been a swell sermon even if he had* whistled *it!" Her "hubby" didn't even let out a peep at that.*

***

During the recent bout between Mike McTigue and Jack Delaney one of Mike's adherents kept yelling: "On the jaw, Mike, on the jaw!"

His words must have had some effect, too, because that is where Mike eventually got it.

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JUDGE'S FAIRY TALES FOR TIRED CLUBMEN

The Fair One With Golden Locks

ONCE there was a king's daughter named Tessie which had perfect blonde hair so she spent most of her time writing testimonials for a company which made peroxide. Now in the next country there was a young king and he thought they was only one thing to make him happy and that was a wife. He could have broken a leg or had smallpox for nothing, but instead he wanted a wife. So he sent his butler over to Tessie with a five pound box of nut centers and nougats and asked would she marry him. But the butler came back and said Tessie didn't want to start doing no man's laundry as yet, so it was no use.

Now in this king's country there was a young sheik with that schoolboy complexion and the kind of hair women like to tangle. This gent was named Moe and he was considered to be hot stuff. So when he heard that the king's butler had pulled a flop, he went around saying that the king should have sent him and he could have brought back the bacon, or rather, the princess. The king was sore when he heard this, so he tossed Moe in the cooler because he said it was unhealthy to have an opinion about yourself like

Moe returns carp to the river.

Moe had. But one day he changed his mind and sent for Moe. On his way to the palace, Moe thought it would be a good idea to put the king in a good humor, so he stopped at a bookstore and bought a copy of a book called the Decameron, which was written by an Italian newspaper man and had all sorts of funny stories in it. When he got to the king's room, he handed the book to the king and said, "Try this on your phonograph!" They all got a good laugh out of this, including Moe, which was never known exactly to despise himself.

Then the king said, "Moe, here is a free pass on the B. & O., and go tell Princess Tessie that a queen's job is open and will she take it." With that Moe had grabbed a pair of socks and a toothbrush and flung them in a bag and away he went. Well, children, some funny things happened to him right then. First he passed a river and there on the bank was a carp which had fell out of the water and somehow couldn't seem to get into the swim again. So Moe told the fish that they was no use in carping and threw him back in the river. The latter said that he would give Moe a hand if he ever needed it. Then, a little later, he saw a crow being chased by an eagle, so he shot the eagle because you never know when an Old Crow will come in handy. The flustered fowl thanked him and told Moe to call on him when he wanted a good turn did. Right after this he found a boiled owl caught in a hunter's net, so he let him go too. The owl, with tears in its one good eye, promised he would pay Moe back if he ever got the chance.

When he finally got to the princess and told her what the king had

(*Continued on page 26*)

"Sist! Warden, will ye put a extra lock on my door? I think there's a crook in this place."

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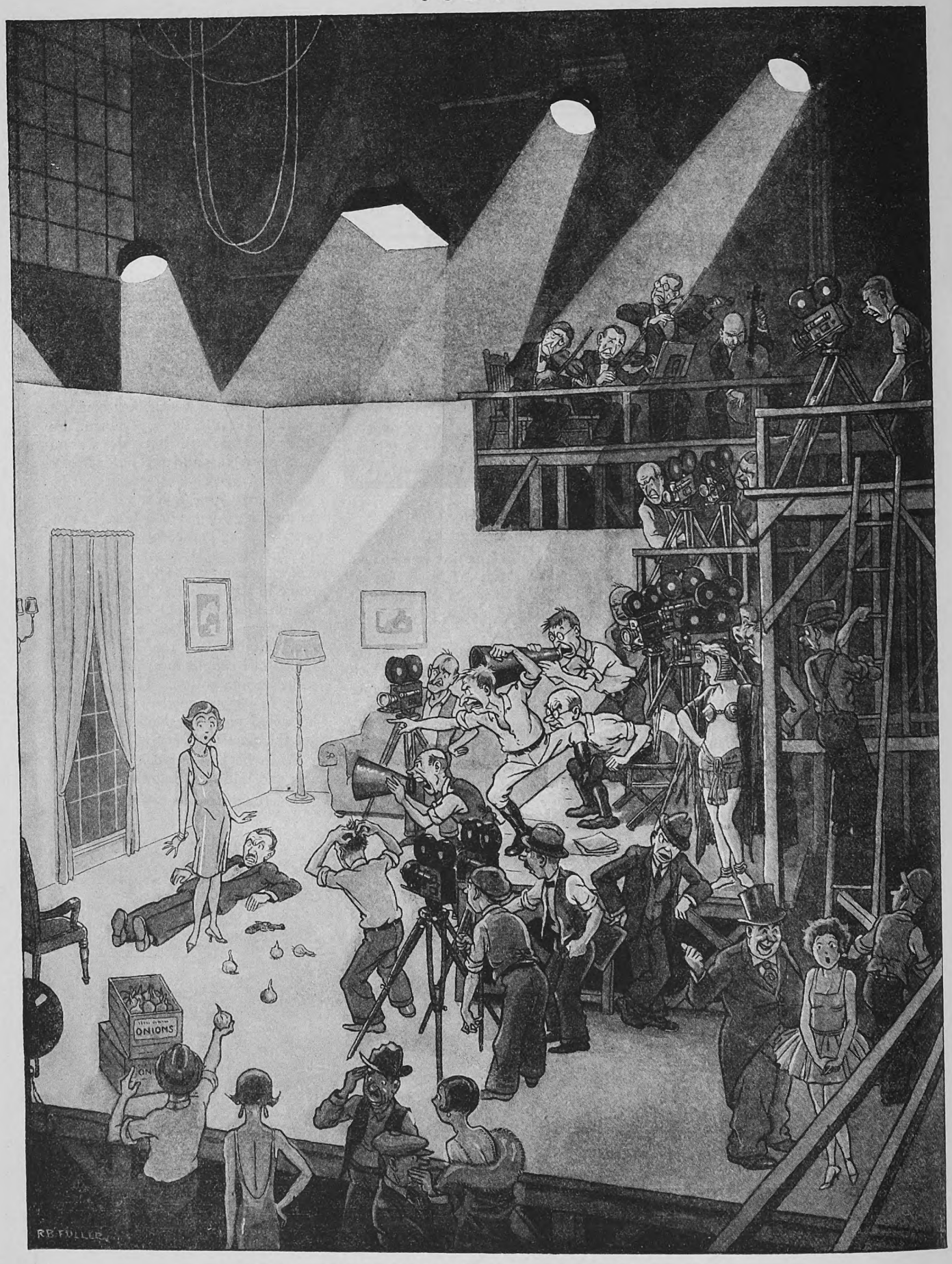

THE MOVIE ACTRESS WHO COULDN'T CRY

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Judge's Dream Department

IT IS with the greatest of pleasure that JUDGE wishes to announce that after thirteen years of collaboration with the leading psycho-analysts of Europe, including Doctors Freud, Jung and Adler, it is now prepared to analyze the dreams of its readers. Practically nothing is now known about the interpretation of dreams. In order to better convey to the public at large the extraordinary importance of its dreams, JUDGE'S Dream Editor will analyze *absolutely free of charge* the dreams of any reader who wishes to address him.

In this first installment, our Dream Editor answers four typical letters. Should you care to ascertain the meaning of any dream you have had, send it to him in care of JUDGE.

"Jenkins, the cook tells me you were intoxicated last night and trying to roll a barrel out of the cellar."
"Yes, my lord."
"And where was I at the time?"
"In the barrel, my lord!"

Dear Great Big Dream Man—I am a girl of thirty-four summers, fond of jolly boys, and a door knob holder by profession. I hold door knobs for people when burglars try to break into their rooms. Two nights ago I dreamed that a tall dark man with a wen in his ear would offer me honorable marriage. What does this mean?

Frances (Peaches) Rabelais

Miss Rabelais—This is essentially what is known as a "Borzoi," or "Wen-in-the-Ear" dream. The tall, dark man is probably your husband or other close relative. The best procedure in a dream of this kind is: "Wen in the ear, do as the ears do."

Dear Dream Editor—Two weeks ago last Thursday I came home in what mamma calls "a disgraceful condition." She and the butler finally put me into bed. That night I dreamed that I was going to be kicked out of Yale. Since I am a Harvard man, I can't understand this at all. The drinks were rye highballs.

Anxious

Anxious—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you bounder you. This dream is undoubtedly a sex dream. Eat plenty of farina and never give a Yale man an even break.

"I'll have the one you're holding over you."
"Like 'll y' will! That's the one I never sell."

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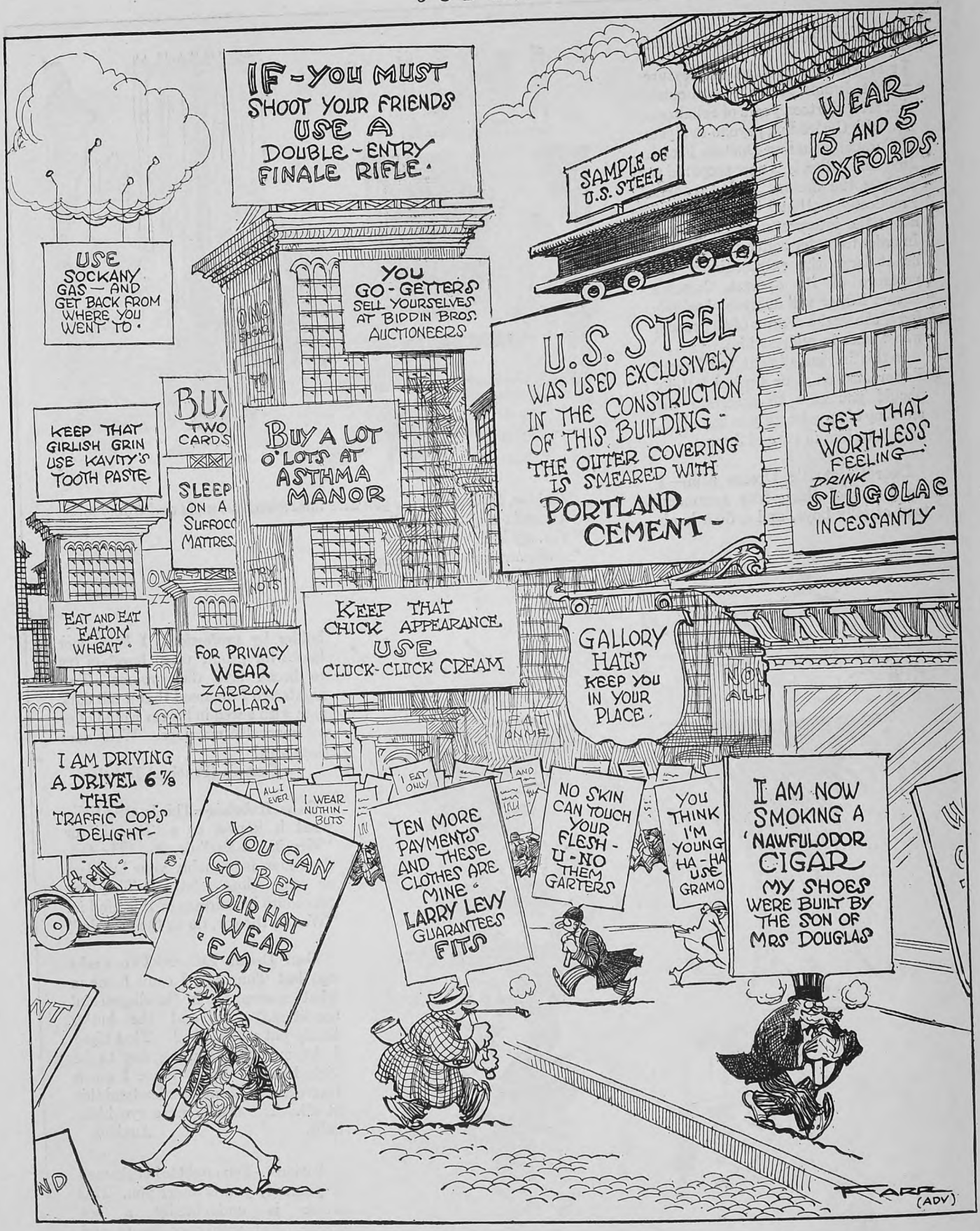

PARADISE

as pictured by an Advertising Man

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A Better Mousetrap

VLADIMIR VILLAINISHKI, holding in his right hand a small flask, leaned from the window of his laboratory. Directly beneath the window a Siberian camel was drinking from a rain barrel. Vladimir allowed three drops of the sparkling, colorless fluid in the flask to trickle into the barrel. Two minutes later the camel died.

Howling with delight, the inventor skipped back into his laboratory and poured several drops of the liquid into a gas bomb. Then he dragged a bomb-thrower to the window, aimed it at a herd of cattle on a mountainside five miles away and let fly. Two minutes later the last cow had kicked the bucket.

Vladimir burst into song. His wife's copper washboiler, hanging by the rain barrel, next caught his eye. He sprinkled it (the boiler, not the eye) with his invention. The stuff ate through the heavy copper like rejection slips through the heart of a young author. Two minutes later the boiler was a sieve.

Vladimir leaped from the window and danced to the edge of the cliff on which his hut was built. At the base of the cliff, far, far below him, stood a lordly castle. He tossed the flask over the cliff. A flash followed, a puff of smoke and an explosion that shook the entire mountain. The castle was blown to smithereens.

Villainishki was now satisfied that his invention was perfect. It was the most potent poison in the world, the most powerful explosive, blended with an acid that would eat through the hardest metal. So he put his extra pair of socks in his pocket and went out to sell it (the invention, not the socks) to a government.

Years and years and years passed away. All the governments in the world turned him down. His invention was too barbarous, too ruthless, too horrible to be used for war. Footsore, weary, heartsick, discouraged, the poor inventor came back to his little hut in the mountains with the intention of drowning himself in the Vodka.

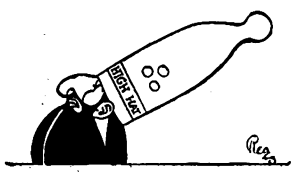
It was this very idea that gave him the big idea.

That night he and his wife packed up their things in the old copper sieve that was once a boiler. They came to America and rented a garage. Here Vladimir began manufacturing his own invention. He put it on the market at $40 a quart, and the world beat a path to his garage door.

He is now a millionaire bootlegger.

Asia Kagowan

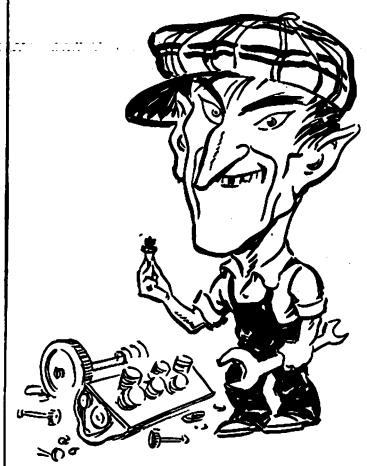
Judge Nominates for the Hall of Fame



SOLOMON

Because he did not model his famous temple on the Yale Bowl; because, though possessor of the highest hat in history, he wasn't; because, by a total abstention from income tax publicity and dry legislation, he gained an eternal rep for exceeding wisdom; but most of all because the "Song of Songs," popularly attributed to him—and the greatest lyric hit of the ages—contains not a single reference to moons *or* mammies.

Motorist's Primer



THE MECHANIC

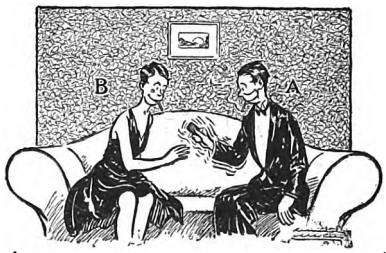
Did the mechanic find much trouble when he took down the engine?

Yes, the mechanic found $262.71 worth of trouble when he took down the engine.

What did he find broken in the engine?

The mechanic found that the engine had a broken spark plug.

Inventors—Lookit!



FROM OUR BOOK, "1001 NEEDED INVENTIONS"

B asks A for a match. A passes matchbox to B, first shaking *same to ascertain if there are any matches in it. B, receiving matchbox, also* shakes *same to make sure that there are matches in it. B extracts match and uses it. B* shakes *box again to be certain that she has left some matches in it, and passes box back to A, who shakes it again before putting it into his pocket.*

Now, the above process takes place all over the United States exactly 181,000,000 times every day. 386,000 horsepower is thus generated daily by constant agitation *of matchboxes. But this power is all wasted. How to utilize it—how harness it to a useful commercial purpose? Devise a method of achieving this end, and*

MAKE YOUR FORTUNE!

A Brilliant Trader

I HAVE bought five dollar watches during the past twelve months, and the main spring broke in each one shortly after the purchase. In each instance I took the watch to a watch repairer who, after putting in a new mainspring, would inform me that the cost was $1.50.

"But I only paid a dollar for the watch," I would say.

He would reply: "Well, we can't help that. We charge $1.50 for putting in a new main spring."

Whereupon I would say: "Well, what will you allow me for the watch?" He would look at the watch carefully and say, "seventy-five cents"

Then I would give him seventy-five cents more, he would keep the watch, and the bill would be fully paid.

You see otherwise I would be paying him $1.50 when I could buy a new watch for a dollar. I bought the sixth watch to-day.

William Sanford

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LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

By George Jean Nathan

I

If mere accurate reporting constituted good drama, Owen Davis' "Gentle Grafters" would be a pretty good play. But good drama, unfortunately for Mr. Davis, differs a bit from skilful journalism. It calls for imagination, adroit writing and several other things that our successful box-office *masseur* is not overly gifted with, and, as a result, his latest exhibit falls considerably short of what he doubtless thinks it is.

Davis has worked truth into his picture of a dramatic Lorelei Lee; the portrait is a sharply sketched and recognizable one. But the play that he has caused to flow under the character and pull her hither and thither washes up against cheap coasts and, when finally its tide ebbs, its waters are seen to be full of Coney Island frankfurters, popcorn bags and watermelon rinds. This Davis provides an object lesson to all aspiring young American playwrights. A man not without talent, he has for so long sacrificed to the ticket-sill what reputable qualities were in him that when now, in his later years, he tries to write decent drama he finds the job impossible. He is one of the many ironic little tragedies of Broadway.

Katherine Alexander's performance of the rôle of the get-girl is worth a commendatory line.

II

T. C. Murray's "Autumn Fire" has some literary merit but little theatrical value. It tells again, and without much originality, the thrice-told tale of an old man's fancy for a young girl and of the inevitable pull of youth toward youth. Hardly a season passes that we do not get the theme in one guise or another. Murray has simply transferred the scene to Ireland and added a brogue.

Sean O'Casey excepted, the Irish playwrights seem to be lacking in individuality of late. Their erstwhile freshness of viewpoint appears to have evaported for the time being. If things keep going on in this way, we may confidently expect a series of plays from Dublin showing small Irish youngsters in their nighties reuniting Papa Pat and Mamma Sheila on Christmas Eve, Irish prosecutors discovering that the Mary Murphy on trial for murder is none other than their own daughter, and Irish crooks outwitting Scotland Yard detectives by hiding in the cuckoo clock.

"*Daisy Mayme*" (Playhouse)—Disappointing.

"*Autumn Fire*" (Klaw)—May-and-December with a brogue.

"*Saturday Night* (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne returns from uplift work in France to uplift Americans living on 14th Street.

"*God Loves Us*" (Elliott)—Another onslaught on Babbittry.

"*Black Boy*" (Comedy)—Interesting character study of a Negro prize fighter.

"*An American Tragedy*" (Longacre)—Literature converted into an orthodox melodrama.

"*Broadway*" (Broadhurst)—As good a melodramatic comedy as you might wish for, and admirably produced.

"*Fanny*" (Lyceum)—Dreadful stuff, with Fannie Brice obviously homesick for Ziegfeld.

"*The Noose*" (Hudson)—Commonplace melodrama.

"*The Captive*" (Empire)—An excellent drama dealing with Mlle. Krafft-Ebing, excellently acted.

"*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" (Times Square)—Anita Loos' humorous odyssey of a gimme-girl.

"*Gentle Grafters*" (Music Box)—Anita Loos should have written this one too.

"*The Pearl of Great Price*" (Century)—To be reviewed next week.

"*Criss Cross*" (Globe)—The charming and talented Dorothy Stone in a handsomely mounted tune show.

"*On Approval*" (Gaiety)—Not Lonsdale's best, but amusing.

"*The Ladder*" (Mansfield)—Awful tripe on the subject of reincarnation.

"*Deep River*" (Imperial)—The passion of Creole Louisiana in terms of hand-holding. A failure. To be succeeded by "Oh, Kay."

"*The Little Spitfire*" (Cort)—Drivel.

"*The Jeweled Tree*" (48th St.)—Ditto.

"*The Judge's Husband*" (49th St.)—Ditto.

"*The Donovan Affair*" (Fulton)—Owen Davis kills Cock Robin.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—About as bad as they come.

"*The Woman Disputed*" (Forrest)—Movie whangdoodle.

"*Loose Ankles*" (Biltmore)—Cheap comedy with several funny wheezes.

"*The Wild Rose*" (Beck)—Old-fashioned but tuneful musical comedy, well sung by Desirée Ellinger.

"*The Humble*" (Greenwich Village)—Dostoievski shakes hands with Charles Klein.]

"*Countess Maritza*" (Shubert)—Delightful Viennese melodies.

"*Jaurez and Maximilian*" (Guild)—This one by Werfel reads a lot better than it plays.

"*We Americans*" (Harris)—More box-office grease for the Jewish trade.

"*Loose Ends*" (Ritz)—To be reviewed next week.

"*The Ramblers*" (Lyric)—Bobby Clark's evening.

"*Just Life*" (Morosco)—Dismal sniffle-sonata.

"*Yellow*" (National)—10-20-30 melodrama.

"*Iolanthe*" (Plymouth)—Excellent revival in every respect.

"*Sure Fire*" (Waldorf)—One key to Baldpate.

"*They All Want Something*" (Wallack's)—Nothing in this one.

"*Lulu Belle*" (Belasco)—A make-up box view of Harlem.

"*Seed of the Brute*" (Little)—To be reviewed anon.

III

"The Ladder," by J. Frank Davis, is a reincarnation play. A reincarnation play is one in which a man proposes marriage to a woman in the prologue, whereupon the woman closes her eyes and observes that the souls of the man and herself repose in the figures of the knight and lady in the large tapestry hanging on the back wall. The man, being at a loss what to answer to this *schnitzel* of balderdash, says nothing. This is the cue for the electrician to turn down the lights and for the stagehands to take their chewing tobacco out of their mouths and shift the scene back to the year 1300. The man and woman are now discovered in the garb of a Ben Ali Haggin medieval tableau. After some lusty oaths and hair pulling, the lights go out again and, when they are lifted, we behold the twain in the dress of 1670, playing a slice of pre-Sardou nonsense. Once more the lights are dimmed and we read in the program

(*Continued on page 31*)

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

REX INGRAM has put into the production of "The Magician" all the cunning of the camera, and all the magic of his undoubted ability as a motion picture director. But the result is exactly zero, or, to be more specific, a silly melodrama, a little more sensational and preposterous than the average. "The Magician" illustrates more clearly and forcibly than most movies what, fundamentally, is the matter with the cinema. Here is Mr. Ingram fashioning, with the miraculous mechanical aids of a mammoth modern industry, with the patient skill of the Toymaker of Nuremburg, a gimcrack. He is expending a world of technique on nothing.

I have never read the original story by Somerset Maugham, but in the movie version an insane magician discovers in a Paris library an old alchemic formula for the production of life. One of the ingredients called for is the heart's blood of a maiden. So he hypnotizes the fair-haired heroine into marrying him (this for Mrs. Grundy's benefit) and abducts her to his sorcerer's castle on the top of a mountain behind Monte Carlo; object—murder. At the last moment in busts the hero.

Alice Terry is, as always, easy to look upon and the photography is superb.

ENCOURAGED, no doubt, by their success with Dorothy Gish in "Nell Gwyn," the British National Pictures, Ltd., have tried to repeat with her in "London." "London," we are told, is "an original story for the screen by Thomas Burke." "Assembled" would have been a better word than "original." Mr. Burke has picked up his parts ready-made, largely from "Nell Gwyn." And not only that, but I distinctly detect the voice of the director at his elbow, if not dictating, then at least participating in, the work of assembly. "Don't forget it's for Dorothy Gish." "Put her in the slums first, 'in' but not 'of,' gay under her grime, kidding the sots about her; courage, a heart of gold to match her hair, a

(*Continued on page 27*)

"*The Big Parade*"—"Oh, say, can you see . . ."

"*Ben Hur*"—Come on, you Ben!

"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Vicarious winter vacation.

"*The Black Pirate*"—Doug. and color.

"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Harold Lloyd.

"*Aloma of the South Seas*"—Gilda Gray.

"*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*"—Harry Langdon.

"*Say It Again*"—Dix is funny.

"*Ella Cinders*"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.

"*The Volga Boatman*"—DeMille melodrama.

"*The Palm Beach Girl*"—The active Bebe.

"*The Road to Mandalay*"—Lon Chaney plus.

"*Variety*"—Jannings, that's all.

"*Mantrap*"—Commonplace.

"*Nell Gwyn*"—Historical British film.

"*The Waltz Dream*"—Sappy German.

"*The Amateur Gentleman*"—Amateur is right.

"*Battling Butler*"—Good Buster Keaton.

"*Beau Geste*"—Not so *beau*.

"*So This Is Paris*"—Naughty, naughty!

"*The Scarlet Letter*"—Lillian Gish at her best.

"*The Strong Man*"—Harry Langdon ditto.

"*Sparrows*"—Mary Pickford. Not ditto.

"*One Minute to Play*"—Red Grange.

"*The Campus Flirt*"—Bebe, the athlete.

"*Tin Gods*"—Melodramatic tragedy.

"*The Treasure*"—Superb photography.

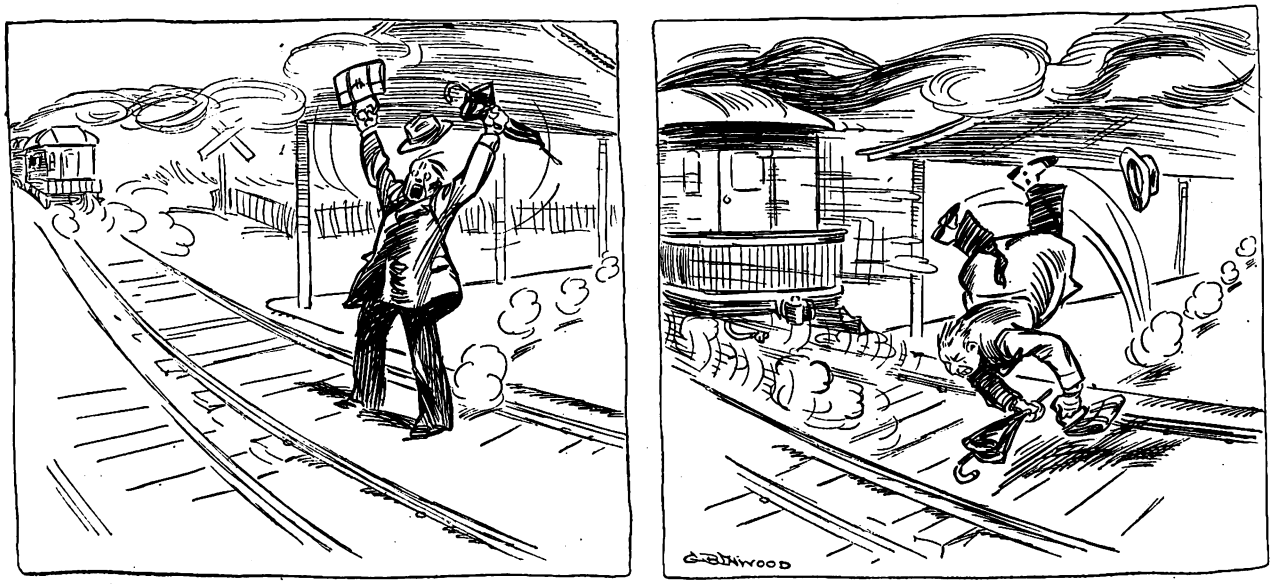
"*You'd Be Surprised*"—Raymond Griffith.

"*The Temptress*"—Greta Garbo.

"*Kid Boots*"—Eddie Cantor.

"*The Ace of Cads*"—The suave Menjou.

"*The Better 'Ole*"—Gorgeous farce.



In a fit of despondency because he was always *missing his train, Mr. Bloo decides to end it all by throwing himself in front of the next one that came along.*

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The 1926 Blue Book

A Book Review

AGAIN the tireless author of the Blue Book Series for Merry Motorists has given us the fruits of his brain. Though published earlier in the year, this reviewer decided to wait until the motoring season was over before attempting a critical monograph on this volume which has been one of the best sellers of the year.

Gifted with a facile pen, the talented writer of these books is guilty of much repetition in phraseology. The one sentence: "Bear left at school house" appears repeatedly with depressing monotony. Could he not have written: 'To the left, old-timer; at the schoolhouse,' or 'Snap out of it, bo—left at the old Hokum Bucket?'" Throughout the volume there is a constant reiteration of "Slow Down—Steep Hill" or "Sharp Upgrade Beyond Railroad Station." I think these two sentences occur about seventy times in the first thirty pages, obviously sloppy writing which could have been overcome by rhyming the exhortation, somewhat like this:

"Dangerous hill—the curve is sharp;
Slow down, friend, or twang a harp."

The author is woefully negligent in the matter of detours. Never once does the action in the book lead up to a good, stirring detour. But on the road almost every route leads up to one. His character portrayal, however, is excellent. This little passage will illustrate my point: "Six miles from here is the Village of Snetherlow, founded by plucky Major Bronson just after the close of the Spanish-American War. Major Bronson had just returned from Valley Forge where he had conferred with General Washington, General Pershing and President Lincoln and was on his way to the front with some German prisoners when he met Napolean. 'Surrender!' commanded the Little Corporal. 'Never!' answered Major Bronson. And that's how the Village of Snethrelow was founded, boys and girls."

The plot, of course, does not deviate much from the formula, though the description of hotels this year attains a new standard of hyperbolic excellence. Anyone who contemplates a motor trip this fall will find the book easy reading. There's no need to look at rural scenery and flamboyant billboards when touring. Tote along this book. With your head buried deep between its covers, speed through the country and past the wonders of Mother Nature. Autumn will tint the hills and trees a golden brown, but that needn't bother you if your blue book is along.

Arthur L. Lippmann

The scene is a river bed; the characters, a father oyster and Hannah, his youthful daughter oyster. Said the father oyster: "Now, Hannah, I want you to behave yourself while I'm gone." "Ah, poppeh," replied the young one, "this is June, and nobody expects an oyster to be good at this season!" The old man's amusement knew no bounds.

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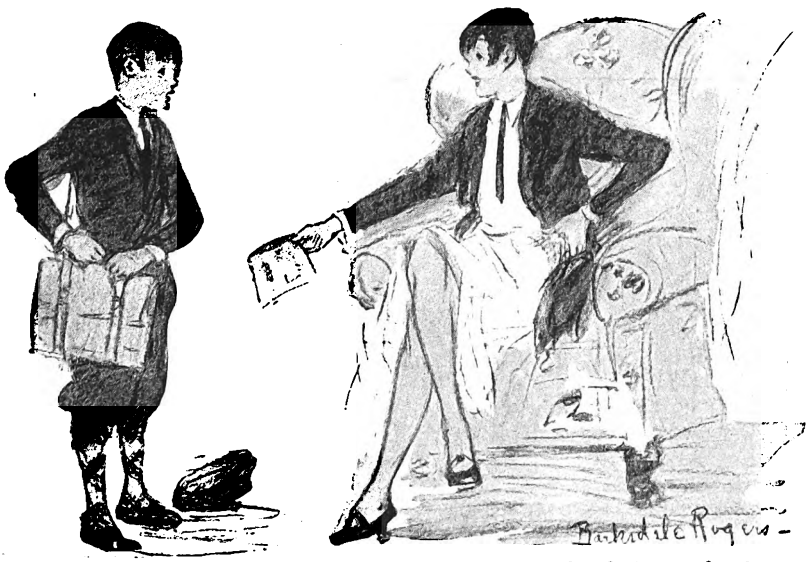

MOTHER—*Tommy, why are you always at the tail end of your class?*
TOMMY—*That's all right—they teach the same things at both ends!*

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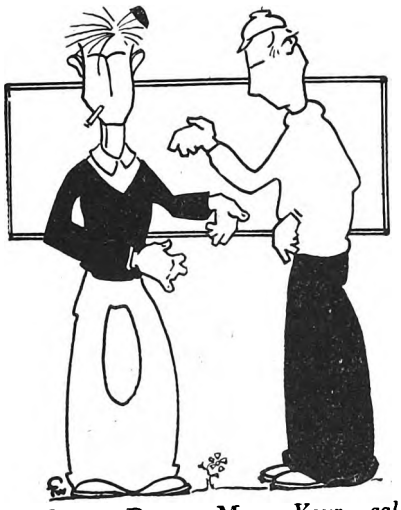


First Dumb Man—*Your gal smoke?*

Second Dumb Man—*Naw, white.*

—Carolina Buccaneer

Fraternal

"Say, Bob, can I borrow your pen?"

"Sure thing."

"Got a sheet of writing paper I can use?"

"Reckon so."

"Going past the mail box when you go out?"

"Uh-huh."

"Wait a minute till I finish this letter, will you?"

"All right."

"Want to lend me a stamp?"

"Yeh."

"Much obliged. Say, what's your girl's address?"

—*California Pelican*

Two Jews were shipwrecked and after drifting several days in a small boat Goldberg said to Lewis, "Look! Look! I see a sail!"

Lewis answered, "Vat's the use? We got no samples!"

—*Rutgers Chanticleer*

"I got my education at Princeton."

"Sue 'em, brother, sue 'em."

—*Columbia Jester*

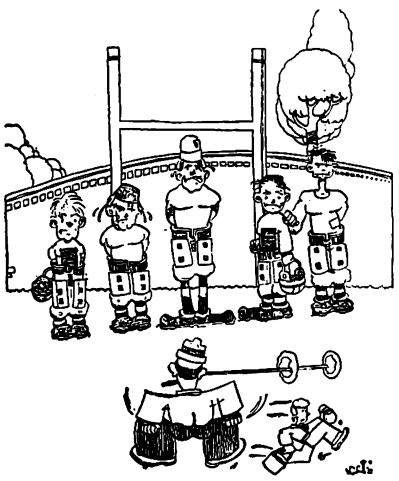
Prof (to students in back row)—Can you hear me back there?

Students (in unison)—No.

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

There was a man in college once
Who was so very bright
He couldn't get it dark enough
To go to sleep at night.

—*Stanford Chaparral*



"Remember, boys," exhorted the brave Harvard captain, "that your professors are in the stands watching your every move."

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

True Love

About a year after Jim Smith got married, his wife said to him one night: "Jim, you do not speak so affectionately to me as you used to when we were first married. I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you?" growled the man. "There you go again. Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the baseball news." —*Bucknell Belle Hop*

"Have a drink?"

"Jush had one!"

"Have another."

"Jush had another!"

"Well, how about one more?"

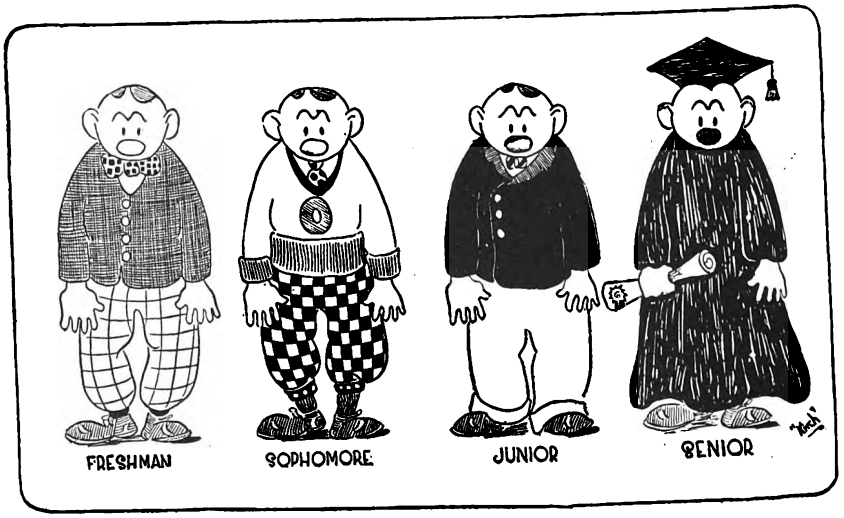
"Shay, are you tryin' to get me drunk?" —*Brown Jug*

"Oh, Ruth, what do you think? I saw Muriel the other day."

"Uh, huh? Has she kept her girlish figure?"

"Kept it? She's doubled it!"

—*Maine Maniac*



Bring on your Fundamentalists!

—Ohio Green Goat

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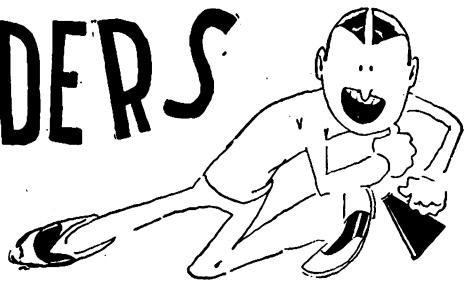
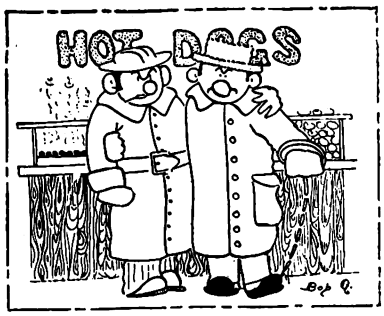
LEADERS





"I never seen myself when I wasn't good."

"Well, well, but then balloon soup's very fillin', they say."

"It's a fack. We allus turns down tha lights." —OHIO GREEN GOAT

***

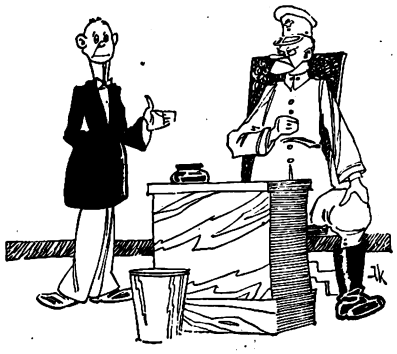
Rector—Is that your cigarette stub?

Student—Go ahead, father, you saw it first. —*Notre Dame Juggler*

***

"What, ho, Diogenes, looking for an honest man?"

"No. Where the hell are my pants?" —*Yale Record*



FRESHMAN—*Sir, I have neither pencil nor paper.*

MAJOR—*What would you think of a soldier who went to battle without rifle or ammunition?*

"I would think he was an officer, sir." —CINCINNATI CYNIC

Try This On Your Piano

Stewed—Got a raw deal thish A.M.

Stude—How come?

"Prof bawled me out."

"What did he roast you for?"

"Caushe I came into class shtewed."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

***

A Scotchman and a Jewish boy went out golfing on a very hot day. The Jewish boy had a sunstroke and the Scotchman made him count it.

—*Rensselear Pup*

Hair to-day—gone to-morrow.

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

***

"I just came in from Jack's funeral."

"Is he dead?"

"Well, if he isn't they certainly played a dirty trick on him."

—*New York Medley*

***

Darkey—Doc, I'se jest been bit by a dog.

Doc—Well, well! Was he a rabid dog?

"Nassah! Doc, he was jest a plain ole bird dog."

—*Sewanee Mountain Goat*

STEAMSHIP TICKET AGENT—*Where to?*

PHI BETE—*Cherbourg.*

"Well, what class?"

"Dartmouth '28."

—DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN

***

Snake (using phone)—Give me 22 double 2.

Central—2222?

"Yeh, hurry up. I'll play train with you afterward." —*Navy Log*

***

Tho they had never met B4
What cause had she 2 care?
She loved him 10derly, because
He was a 1,000,000 aire. (period)

—*Penn State Froth*

***

Si—Your cow just got into my field and ate up all my vegetables.

Lo—All right. I'll send you over a quart of milk.

—*Cincinnati Cynic*

***

"I see that Jack has a new stick up boat."

"How's that? Has he turned pirate?"

"Naw! Sail boat. Stick up the middle of it."

—*Iowa Green Gander*

***

Hiram—Well, sir, my shotgun let out a roar and there lay a dead wolf ahead of us!

Bored Boarder—How long had it been dead? —*Wesleyan Wasp*

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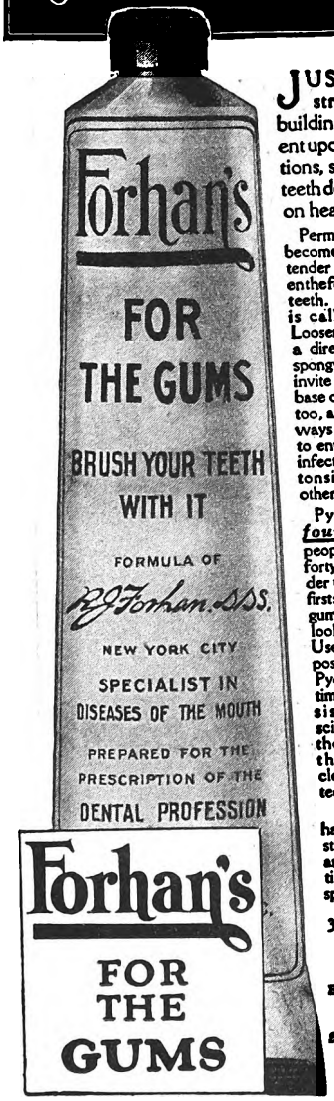
The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



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.

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"What a sense of security those four-wheel brakes give one."
"Indeed, you are right, Adelaide. One need never lose one's dignity." —*Passing Show*

Judge's Fairy Tales for Tired Clubmen

(*Continued from page 15*)

said, she told him that she would consider the offer if Moe would get her back a diamond ring which she had dropped in a river; so he got the carp on long distance and the grateful fish did the job in quick order. But Tessie said, "Now, they's another thing. A certain giant has been pestering me of late to marry him, so bump him off and I'll think over your proposition." Well, Moe invited the giant out for lunch and had the crow, whose life he had saved, tickle the giant's ear. When the latter turned around to brush away the crow, Moe hit him so hard in the chin with a bean-bag that he turned over like a fly-wheel. But even this didn't satisfy the princess. She said there was one more thing Moe could do for her. It seems there was a beauty parlor somewhere and these eighteen dragons there was guarding some beauty oil in it which if you rubbed it on your face you would look like Mae Murray in five minutes. Now if Moe would get this everything would be hotsy-totsy, so Moe sent his old friend the owl after it. Then the princess saw they was no way out of it, so she packed her satchel and went back to the king with Moe.

Well, after Tessie and the king had been married two weeks, she found out that she had really fell for Moe all the time. The king saw how things stood, so he threw Moe into the coop again, figuring, "If I only can lay my hands on Tessie's beauty oil, maybe she will fall in love with me." But whilst poking around in the queen's medicine chest he took some Alcorub by mistake and he forgot to take a chaser, so he went out like a light and never came out of it.

When the queen heard this, she let Moe out of the pen and told him he could take over the reins of state as soon as he gave notice in the shoe store where he had been working as a salesman. Moe thought this would be a good break, and thought he might be able to get a real job some day, so he married Tessie. Then they came to New York and got the keys of the city and a big parade. If you want to know the moral of this tale, send ten cents in coin (no stamps accepted) to P. O. Box 137, Leavenworth, Kan.

Perelman

A famous composer says that a certain modern popular song has real merit. There is some talk of setting it to music. —*Passing Show*

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Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 22*)

quick wit—you know." "Now pick her out of the mud and make her a princess—that's the stuff!—only too genuine for the insincerities of her new surroundings." "Just like 'Nell Gwyn,' only different." "That'll knock 'em cold!" Such, or their equivalent in English English, are the admonitions which my imagination tells me were showered upon the head of the devoted Mr. Burke as he bent valiantly to his task. Who will blame him, therefore, if the product of his pen is an incoherent chain of anti-climaxes loosely flung together to put a screen star through the same set of paces that have won her acclaim hitherto? "London" lacks inspiration, continuity and drama. Except for that it's all right.

Unlucky

When an unlicensed driver with one arm round a girl drives a stolen car with no lights and no number plates the wrong way, on a one-way street, and after running past two policemen crashes into a police station—he's unlucky!

—*London Opinion*

***

Miss Grey—When is Miss Smythe thinking of getting married?

Miss Brown—When isn't she?

—*Tit Bits*

***

Magistrate—What did the defendant look like when you arrested him?

Constable—Well, sir, 'e 'ad a sort of a pinched look. —*Aussie*

Terrible Thought

Nurse—Mr. Maloney, you are the father of quadruplets.

Maloney — What! Thim things that be runnin' around on four legs!

—*Montreal Star*

***

A lecture was recently given on "How the worm conducts its courtship." Any married woman could talk at length on a subject like that.

—*Passing Show*

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Oh, I wish I had some one to shove me.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

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JUDGE JUNIOR'S DICTIONARY

"A Heavy Date"—An engagement with the most wonderful girl in the world.

"All Wet"—See Wet Smack.

"Apple Sauce"—See Bologna.

"Banana Oil"—See Applesauce.

"Beazle"—See Flamper.

"Blind Date"—An engagement with a person you've never met.

"Boiled"—See Fried.

"Butter and Egger"—A person with lots of money who gets taken.

"Crashing"—Getting in without an invite.

"Dogs"—Feet.

"Duck Soup"—Easily beaten.

"Dumbdora"—Beautiful but dumb.

"Flamper"—A flapper vamp.

"Flat Tire"—See Wet Smack.

"Fried"—Intoxicated.

"Give Him the Air or the Gate"—To tell the boy friend you do not wish to see him any more.

"He's a Flop"—Failed to register—and I don't mean if or because—I mean it.

"Horning In"—To present one's self without being wanted.

"Hung Up"—Delayed, detained.

"Indoor Aviator"—Elevator boy.

"'Joe' College"—Very collegiate.

"Low Down"—Confidential inside news.

"Malakie"—Bull.

"Mexican Athlete"—A person who shoots a line, one who throws the bull.

"Oil-can"—One who takes nine years to complete a four-year course.

"On a Bust"—On a drunk.

"On His Nose"—See Fried.

"Potted"—Intoxicated.

"Ritzy"—Classy.

"Sheba"—A female vamp.

"Sheik"—A male vamp.

"Shin Slopper"—Poor dancer.

"Snifter"—See Snort.

"Snockered"—Intoxicated.

"Snort"—A drink.

"Stand-up"—Failing to keep a date.

"Sugar Daddy"—A female's steady income.

"Sugar Mamma"—Sweet on all the boys.

"Tight"—See Fried.

"Uptown"—High hat.

"Wash-out"—See Wet Smack.

"Wet Smack"—A dead one; a flat tire.

Can you add to it? Either original slang or something going the rounds. $2 will be paid for each word and definition used.

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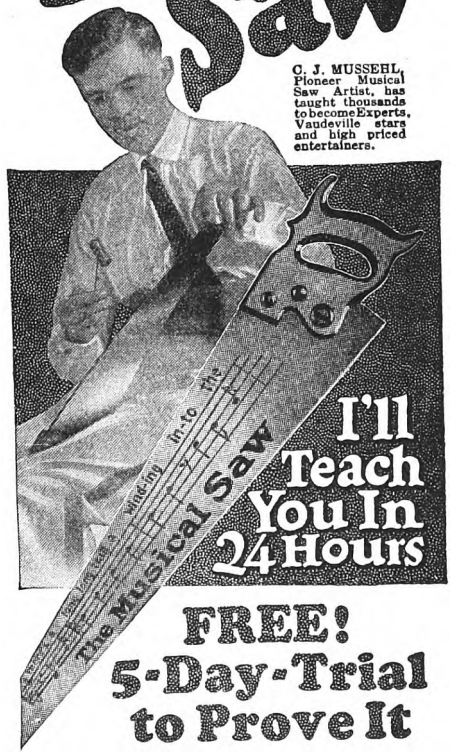
Play a Saw



C. J. MUSSEHL, Pioneer Musical Saw Artist, has taught thousands to become Experts, Vaudeville stars and high priced entertainers.

FREE! 5-Day-Trial to Prove It

JUST to prove how quick and easy you can learn to play a saw, I'll send you a genuine, specially tempered Musical Saw for 5 days' trial. I guarantee that in 24 hours you can play tunes like "Old Black Joe" and "Home Sweet Home". Then you quickly learn latest jazz and song hits, operatic and classical music. Amazingly simple—no notes to read, no dreary practice. You don't need to know a thing about music.

Charles Gugliери, booked to play solos in Broadway (New York) motion picture theatre.

Play for Money or Fun

The Musical Saw's only rival is the violin for sweetness and expression. Tone effects are positively startling and so unexpected that nothing compares to it in winning instant popularity or becoming a salaried entertainer. Its novelty gains headline position for you. You are always in demand.

Robert S. Alter, broadcasting celebrity, has delighted audiences of six leading stations, including an appearance from WSN "Steamship LEVIATHAN".

Success Guaranteed

I have taught thousands to play the Musical Saw. Just three short simple lessons reveal every secret of my 12 years' success as a professional saw musician. Scores of others have won fame and fortune like the three pupils shown here. Let me prove that you, too, can quickly play like a professional.

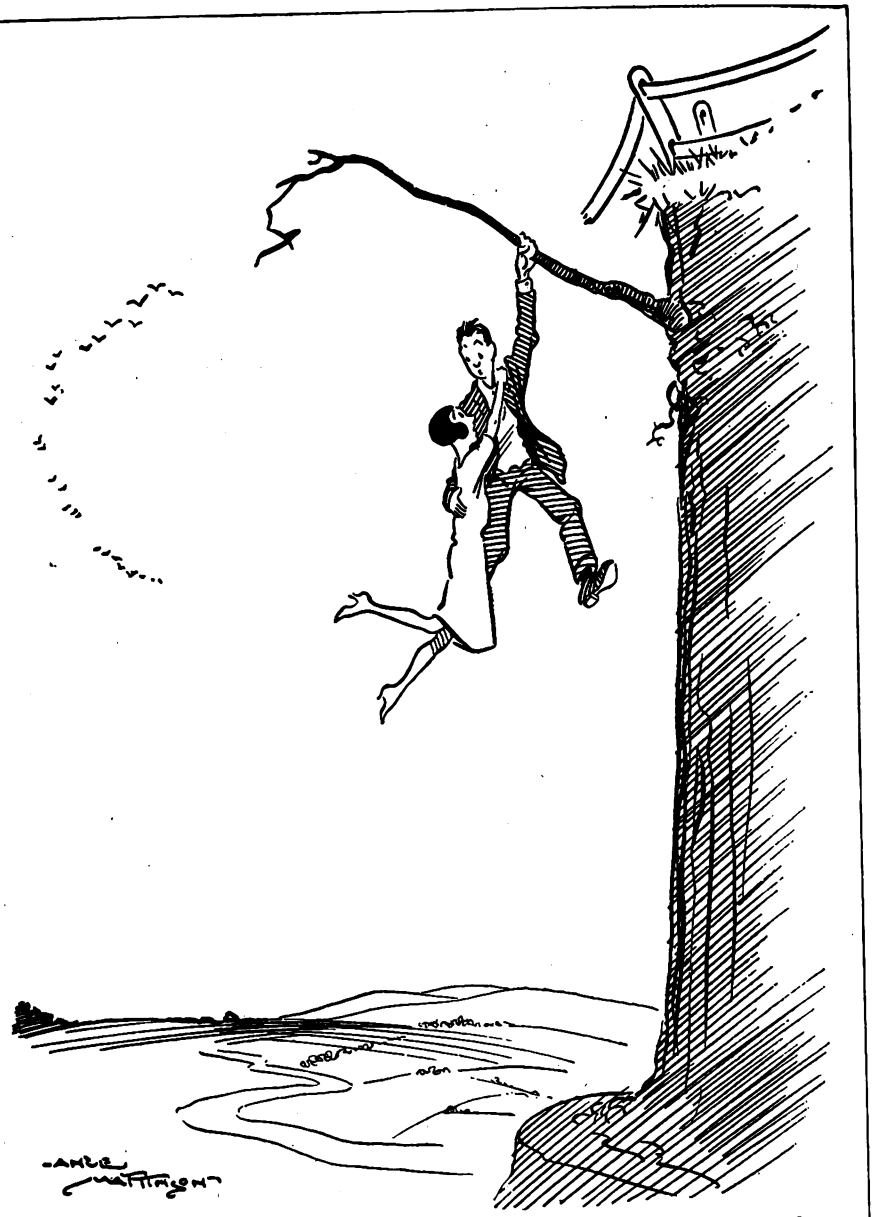
"Bud" Gamble is paying his way around the world with the Musical Saw. Is now in Europe.

Phonograph Record FREE!

Double-disc, demonstration-size Phonograph Record of beautiful saw solo and duet. Two beautiful selections, positively amazing to anyone who has never heard the Musical Saw and its sweet tone. Send 10c (stamps or coin) to cover handling and postage.

However, if you have already heard the Saw, and do not want the record, ask only for my big FREE TRIAL OFFER with which all my pupils have made their start to fame and money. No charge; sent postpaid. Simply mail me this ad with your name and address printed along the margin.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
216 West Water St. Ft. Atkinson, Wis.



The Lady—George, quick! I'm slipping! Put both arms round me! —*London Opinion*

Willing To Be Shown

Salesman—This is the type of washing machine that pays for itself, sir.

Prospect—Well, as soon as it has done that you can have it delivered at my house. —*Good Hardware*

***

Insurance Examiner—You say you never had an accident. How about the time you were bitten by a dog?

Applicant—That wasn't an accident. The dog did it on purpose.
—*Tit Bits*

***

Rules for Channel swimmers are to be drawn up. This is a wise precaution, as some swimmers seem to imagine that if they cross the Channel three times it becomes their own property. —*Humorist*

Ford Runs 57 Miles on Gallon of "Gas"

A new automatic and self-regulating device has been invented by John A. Stransky, P-780 Stransky Building, Pukwana, South Dakota, with which automobiles have made from 35 to 57 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It removes carbon and reduces spark plug trouble and overheating. It can be installed by anyone in five minutes. Mr. Stransky wants distributors and is willing to send a sample at his own risk. Write him today.

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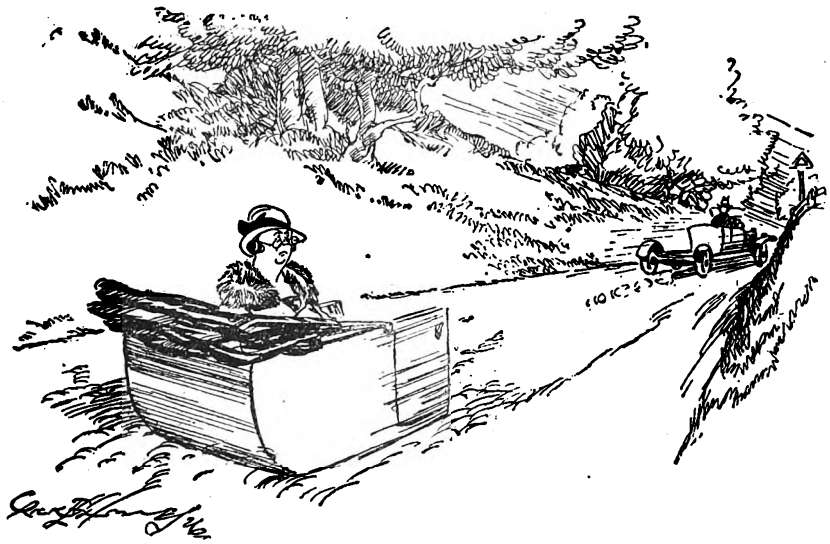
The Victim—Would you mind coming home with me and verifying my statement as to what became of my wages? —*Humorist*

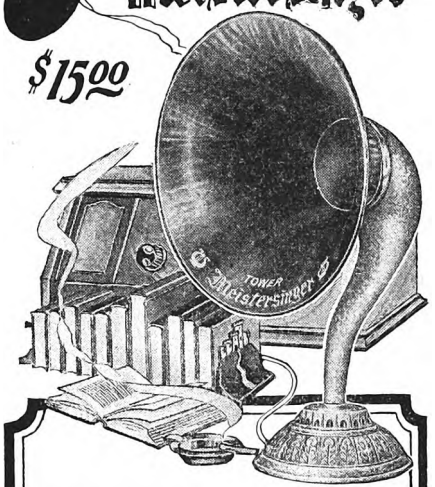


The Victim—I wonder if this gives me ground for desertion? —*Tit Bits*

The Model (posing for humorous artist)—I 'opes the joke is every thing it ought to be, zur. My 'usband's a clergyman. —*Humorist*

Tower Meistersinger

$15.00



FOR those who prefer the rich deep tone of the gooseneck type of radio speaker, the Tower Meistersinger is particularly recommended. The extra large duralumin bell brings out to best advantage both high and low notes obtained only in full volume and perfect clarity from the exclusive Tower unit.

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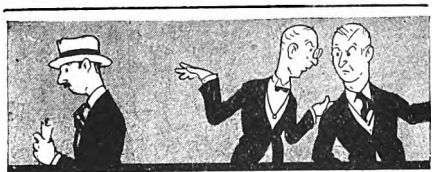

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Angus Wirple was a failure in business and social life—and no one would tell him why!

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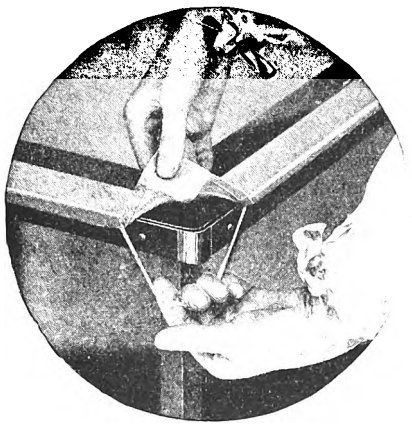

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" 3—Black with Red border.
" 5—Grass Green with Gold border.
" 6—Olive Green with Gold border.
" 7—Old Rose with Wineberry border.

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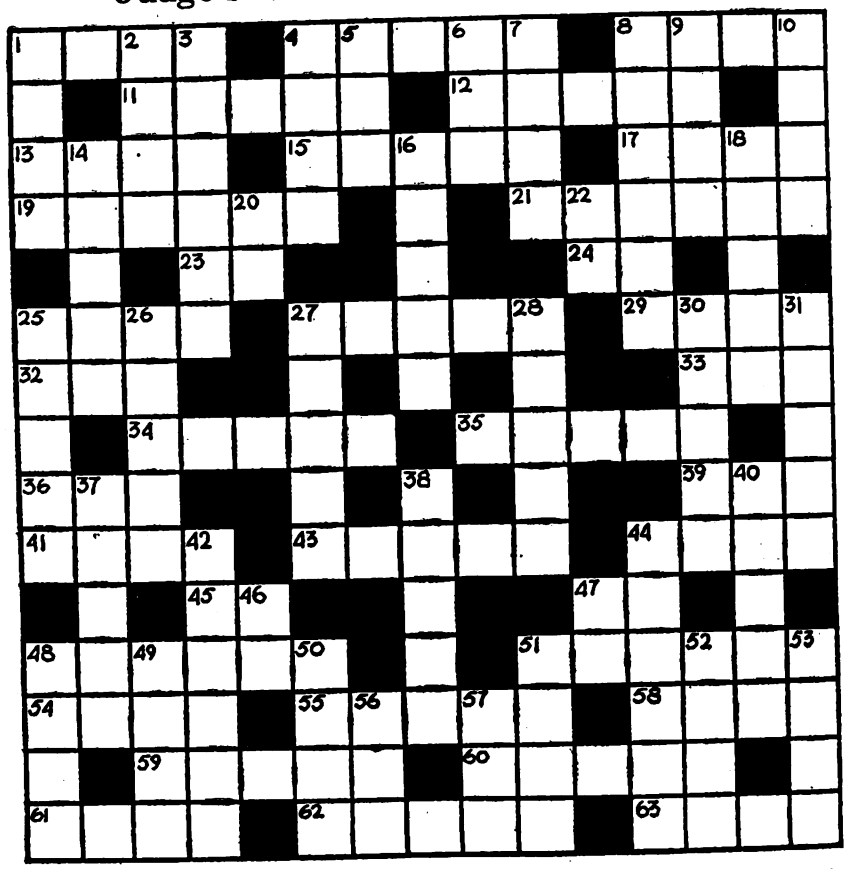
INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 100



Submitted by D. G. Rowland, 1703 S. Broad street, Trenton, N. J. JUDGE *pays $25 for each puzzle printed.*

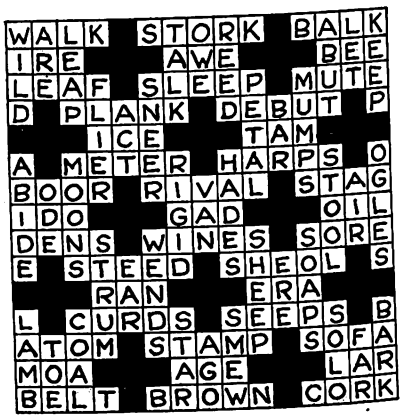
Horizontal

1. Always hanging around the women.
4. A heavenly person.
8. Lining for the pocketbook.
11. This is good as far as it goes.
12. Pertaining to the voice.
13. This is a mistake.
15. A ticket to Dreamland.
17. Wild butter.
19. It's the yarn that makes this.
21. X C.
23. If three's a crowd—what's two? (abbr.)
24. T for two.
25. What you'd find if you went to Cuba.
27. Don't let this stick you.
29. This used to be carried home Saturday nights.
32. Any good pupil can do this.
33. This is green in summer.
34. Food.
35. The nut that holds the wheel.
36. Application.
39. A tough old bird.
41. With these you can see most everything.
43. A member of the weasel family. (Even his best friends can tell him in the dark.)
44. Take this and keep out of trouble.
45. Disordered type.
47. A wise bird with a long bill (abbr.).
48. A fool-dress uniform.
51. By product of United Cigar Stores.
54. This has no nose—but smells.
55. What her "no" means.
58. Governmental impediment—when it is red.
59. What has two legs and sings?
60. Decree.
61. This is hard to pass.
62. Famous Polar ship.
63. How could the Romans have done this if they had granted Antony's request?

Vertical

1. The argument that wins (feminine).
2. Indolent.
3. The only thing these ever catch in Chicago is the measles.
4. Female unmentionables.
5. There's a catch in this.
6. The only girl in the world.
7. Friendless.
8. What Clarissa does to make-up.
9. River in Germany.
10. What foxes are.
14. Russian Governmental decree.
16. What the ladies like to ride in.
18. A musical exercise.
20. The word she said that made him the happiest man in the world.
22. This is a pronoun.
25. The act of passing out.
26. Louisianna darkies' dance floor.
27. These have two legs, but neither eat, drink or sleep.
28. An artifice.
30. To the Nth degree.
31. This is saucy.
37. Ecclesiastical council.
38. Formed into ringlets.
40. Lowest deck in a ship.
42. Hamlet's old man.
44. One means of support.
46. Preposition.
47. A note. (Not of the love variety.)
48. Dumbbell.
49. Playful spectators at lynching parties.
50. A sign.
51. This is a "give-away."
52. The phrenologist's delight.
53. Volstead beer.
56. Hubbub.
57. To supplicate.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle



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Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 21*)

that we are now to engage the couple in the costumes of 1844 which, sure as shootin', we presently do. More lung and foot work and the scene goes back to the first scene of the first act. "Love is love and life is life," sagely meditates the woman. "Through all the ages, it is the same. True love is triumphant ever!" Embrace and curtain.

This ingenuous drivel is on view once again at the Mansfield Theater, but doubtless not for long. If you crave a stupefying evening, go around and take a look. In addition to a very bad play, you will have the pleasure of seeing some of the worst acting of the last three years.

IV

"DAISY MAYME" is by the author of "The Show-Off" and "Craig's Wife," which is its severest criticism. For George Kelly on this occasion falls far below the standard he set in his antecedent plays. Once more he has caught life in terms of its devastating little truths, but this time he has failed to dramatize what has come into his net. As a consequence, his exhibit is interesting only in flashes; in general, it proves rather tedious in the theater.

It is contemptible criticism to say that these studies of lower middle-class American life are getting to be very tiresome. Criticism should be ever willing to be bored to death, if necessary, in the presence of old ground adroitly plowed. But, criticism aside for the moment, I begin to feel like standing up and yelling when one curtain after another rises and monthly offers what are essentially the same old provincialisms. Kelly, of course, is a more talented fellow than the usual playwright who tackles the aches and woes of mental Suburbia, but, even so, his materials are pretty well worn. Some dexterous writing, some excellent performances and an admirable production do not operate to conceal that deplorable fact.

V

THE Friml tunes are the best things in Arthur Hammerstein's "The Wild Rose." The libretto is the conventional one in which Douglas Fairbanks invades the kingdom of Eswarnicht, pulls the whiskers of the Prime Minister, swings up a rope-vine to the fair Princess' balcony and bestows a smack upon the proud beauty's lip rouge, swings down again and kicks the chief revolutionist in the rear, and winds up leading the regal flapper to the altar. Desirée Ellinger lacks the pulchritude commonly, if erroneously, associated with princesses, but sings very ably. Joseph Santley is the Fairbanks of the occasion.

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JUDGE for YOURSELF

"You're Another!"

JUDGE:

R. E. Edwards of San Francisco sure can spread words without getting anywhere. In his letter of July 29 he makes some harsh criticisms of our Eighteenth Amendment which reflect his own "bigotry and intolerance" to the *n*th degree. He is either ignorant or blind to the fact that the real Americans of the South and West are overwhelmingly for Prohibition and that the "highly organized minority with lots of money to spend" is an accurate description, not of the Drys but of the Wets. Anyone who keeps up with the Wet and Dry controversy understands that it is in the large industrial centers of the North, where the foreign element is predominant, that the greatest impetus is given to the "light wines and beer" propaganda and agitation.

R. E. E. sidesteps the issue when he asserts that we sent our boys to France to die for Prohibition. His derogatory statements concerning the dry leaders and organizations are simply the mirrored outbursts of the tremendous wet propaganda which is sparing neither truth, money nor means to make the American people give the lie to their true beliefs.

The Constitution offers many privileges to the citizens of America which have been necessarily restricted or forbidden as our country progresses so that the greater number shall benefit though the minority suffer. The right to carry arms is but one of many such examples.

No one can deny the fact that the United States is at the peak of prosperity, particularly as it concerns the workingman. That is the natural result of the denial of the "privilege" of the saloon. Instead of spending his wages at the corner saloon he now has a comfortable home, a car and many other comforts and advantages which are shared only by the workingmen of the one great industrial nation which has Prohibition.

The Eighteenth Amendment can be enforced if the Federal Government seriously tries.

I hope that R. E. E. will put a little more thought of the other side's viewpoint in his future outbursts.

Sincerely,

Miami, Fla. *Dean Critchell*
September 4, 1926.

Room for Improvement

DEAR JUDGE: Enclosed find P. O. order for $5.50 (five dollars and fifty cents) for JUDGE for another year.

I enjoy reading Judge on the Bench the best of anything in your magazine, but you could improve over that a whole lot if you would cut out some of your knocking the Methodists and a few other things that you everlastingly keep knocking.

If you cannot find anything new, I might be persuaded to send you a list.

Yours truly,

Beaver Falls, Pa. *E. A. Leyendecker*
October 6, 1926.

Skoal!

Editor JUDGE:

In dealing with human ails and ills the greater part of the day, I get no better kick than reading W. M. H., George Jean and Judge, Jr., for my daily diversion. "Judge for Yourself" is great. The more I read it the more I root for W. M. H. and hope he doesn't give some of his critics a second thought. His attacks on the Methodist in politics, Prohibition, motion pictures, etc., can't be beat. No wonder Mencken can get loads of material for his *Americana* after reading "Judge for Yourself."

I now drink a cocktail to the members of the JUDGE staff and my only regret is that I am unable to ask you to join me. Good luck—more power to you.

Brooklyn, N. Y. *M. M. Christ, M. D.*
September 24, 1926.

Bagged—One Canadian Goat

The Editor, "Judge on the Bench":

DEAR SIR: I have been a reader of JUDGE for over six years and can truthfully say that I think that it is "the World's Wittiest Weekly."

I read it from cover to cover, but sometimes I pass up the editorials because I think they are out of place. After reading one by W. M. H. I could always comfort myself by saying "Oh, well, that is just one man's opinion and he seems pretty narrow," but after reading one in this week's issue entitled "S-s-s-s-sh," well, I could be put in prison for what I think of him. He's just too narrow and small and bigoted, and misinformed for words.

If you want to please the public, and I believe you do, why not turn him out amongst us sleeping Canadians, and thus make your magazine 100 per cent. acceptable and at the same time give him the pleasure of being the only shining light up here in "this great stretch of wide open spaces."

Yours for a better magazine than ever.

Cliff Whitmore

Prince Albert, Sask., Can.
September 27, 1926.

P. S.: Print a picture of W. M. H. and we will, I think, see him as the dyspeptic that we think he is. *C. W. W.*

Customer—I want a pair of spec-rimmed hornicles—I mean sporn-rimmed hectacles—confound—I mean heck-rimmed spornacles.

Shopwalker—I know what you mean, sir. Mr. Perkes, show this gentleman a pair of rim-sporned hectacles. —*Tatler*

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

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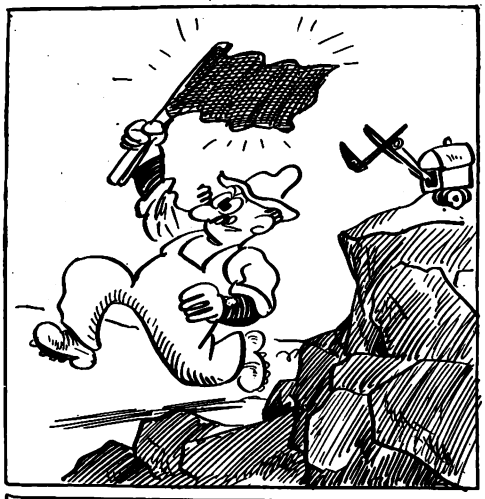
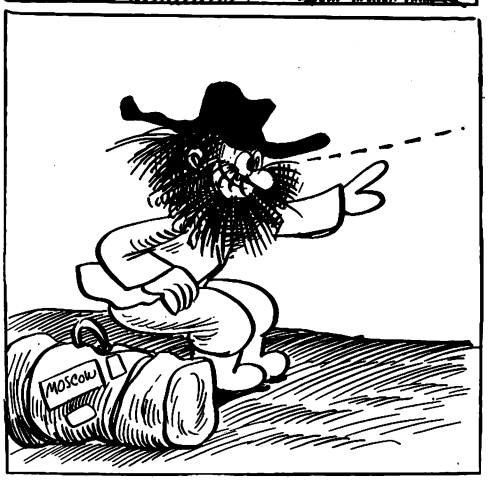
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!





Contest No. 69

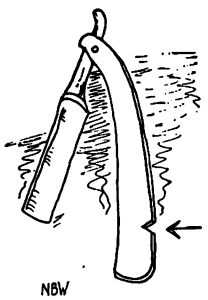
Send in your "Conclusion" in ink, on white paper, the same general shape as this space. You may draw it any size you care to.

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. Mail yours 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 November 29. Winning ending appears in the issue of January 1.

Arthur Weinman,
Chicago, Ill.

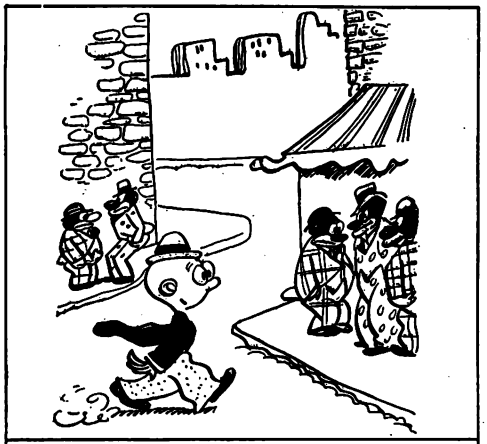


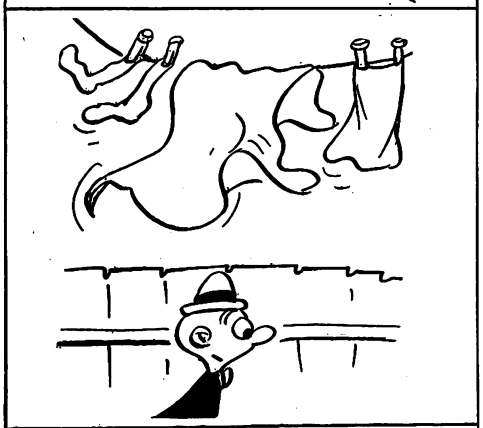
Nelson B. Wells,
Boston, Mass.

David P. Greenwell,
Baltimore, Md.

Above: Runners up in Contest No. 63.

Right: Winner of Contest No. 63. Arthur Johnson, Tacoma, Wash.





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Ruth
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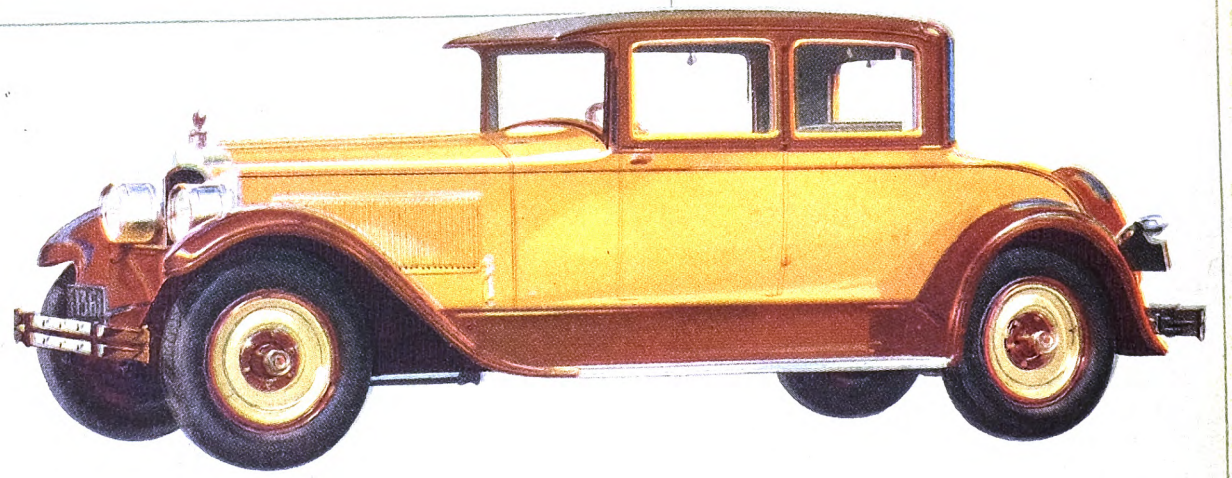
"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."



Quality, True quality in man or motor car is a subtle blending, a well balanced combination, of many fine traits.

THE RESTFUL CAR

Packard quality, like that which distinguished the gentry of our ancestral tradition, is bred in the bone. It is the result of more than a quarter century of evolution from that first Packard which a genius of great means built to surpass any car then produced.

So the Packard comes of a distinguished family of fine cars—long supreme in every characteristic which quality demands—long accepted into intimate association with the great.

And the latest scion of this line—the improved Packard of today—is earning by conquest the right to its title "The Greatest Car in the World." Appreciation of its quality—its superiority in every point of comparison—can come only with ownership. The improved Packard has no peers.

PACKARD

Ask the man who owns one

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

WEATHER FORECAST
(*For Fathers*)
SNOWED UNDER

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

DECEMBER 4, 1926 — *CHRISTMAS NUMBER* — PRICE 15 CENTS

STUDENTS QUIZZED

IN a questionnaire submitted to a group of New England students, 30 per cent. stated their ambition was to write short, colorful fiction. There should be quite a future for them in making the labels for our holiday whisky bottles.

—

AN entire stock of Christmas cigars has been threatened by fire in a Chicago warehouse. The blaze, however, was extinguished before it could do any real good.

$25,000 worth of stolen gems were recently discovered by a private detective at the bottom of a sulphur well. One theory is that the thief decided to forego his life of crime and become a bootlegger.

—

SCIENCE SCORES GHOUL

A GROUP of German scientists have organized a society for the purpose of building a device to receive messages from the dead. In America, of course, we have the ballot box.

NEW YEAR STATISTICS

A STATISTICIAN has estimated that only 6 per cent. of the men who make abstemious resolutions at New Year parties ever carry them out. Most of the 94 per cent. who don't carry them out, however, get carried out themselves.

—

AN indignant Swedish student has written in to say that he believes every one who has fostered enmity between Harvard and Princeton should be sent to yail.

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

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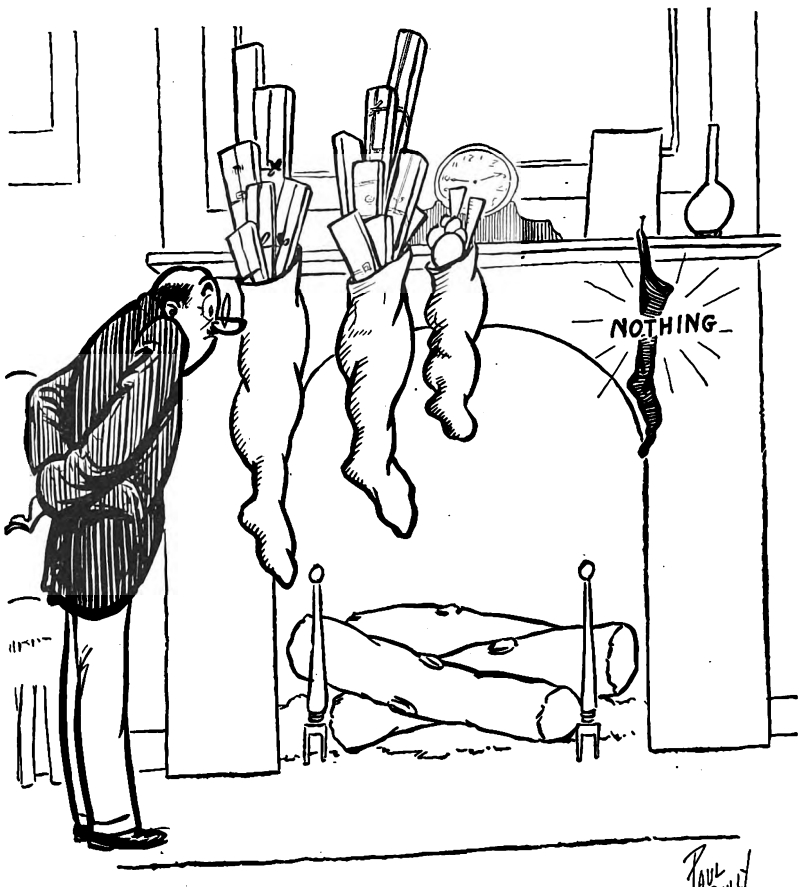

Just what he'd been looking for.

Song Without Music

I KNOW who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle.
When lazy Rip was not upon the scene.
When Napolean would go
To annihilate the foe,
I know who stayed at home with Josephine.
I'm wise to who played bridge with Mrs. Caesar
When hubby had to hasten to a fight;
I know who helped to cheer
Up Mrs. Paul Revere
When Paul went horseback riding all the night.
I know who toddled 'round with Mrs. Nero
When papa played his fiddle on the hill.
I know a thing or two,
But now I'm asking you
To answer me this question, if you will:

CHORUS

Who helps to comfort Mrs. Claus
When Santa is away?
What Eski Moe or Eski Joe
Comes calling in his sleigh?
There where the Arctic silence awes
Why do the young bloods leave their squaws
And risk the prowling coyotes' jaws?
Ah, tell me, is it they
Who help to comfort Mrs. Claus
When Santa is away? *A. L. L.*

Christmas cigars will burn better if there is a good bed of coals in the furnace.

Certainty

Gert—Is he a rich man?

Dirk—He ought to be. He's got the Chicago machine-gun rights.

Satisfied

"The bridge is off!" the woman exclaimed.

Was there a grinding of brakes, a sudden jolt?

Not at all.

The husband merely settled himself more comfortably in the living-room of the bungalow.

"Thank God," he said, "I didn't feel like playing cards to-night anyway!"

Scene in a private room of the hospital for Christmas convalescents. Under the special course of treatment 90% of the patients recover.

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Add Hyms of Hate

I AM a janitor.

I hate Christmas.

I hate the dangerous looking cigars that the benevolent tenants in my house force upon me.

I hate the gift neckties that are magnanimously bestowed upon me by gentlemen in the house who have received several of the same color.

I hate the patronizing light in wealthy Mrs. Kennedy's eyes (apartment 4D) when she sweetly presents me with a nice crisp dollar bill (they're always crisp) and gurgles, "I'm *sure* you'll buy something very useful with this."

I hate the bulging trash baskets, the filled garbage pails and the empty liquor bottles on the dumb-waiter.

I hate the hurry calls to come right up to apartments to fix Juniors' new toys which the young destructionists have succeeded in wrecking by ten o'clock on Christmas morning.

I hate the friendly "merry, merry Christmas" from tenants who have recently written letters of complaint to the owner about me.

I hate the blown-out fuses caused by new electric trains, new electric irons, new electric toasters and new electric gadgets of all kinds.

I hate Christmas.

I am a janitor. ***A. L. L.***

ALLEGED COMEDIAN—*Why are you crying, Gel?*
GEL—*I had no stockings to hang up Xmas Eve!*
"What were you expecting—a lead pencil?"

CHRISTMAS HINTS—
Wonder what Dad wants?

Well-Known X's

Ex-champions.
Ex-wives.
Sport Ex-perts.
Ex-it.
Ex-ercise.
Ex-hibits.
Ex-cess.
X-ray.
Ex-aminations.
Madame X.
Miss X.
XXX.

***

If two people get mad at each other and feel like fighting both should count to one hundred. But the fellow who does the counting by tens will get over the first crack.

State University of Iowa
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YE YULETIDE SPIRIT

'Merry Xmas!"
"Gwan! Before I give ya a sock 'n the jaw!"

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FARM AND FIRESIDE

No kiddin', people, you can't beat them tots in Tottenville, Staten Island! Sally Gaffney, 3, was kibetzing around with Aaron Apple, 2, several days ago. "Does your father hang up his stocking Christmas Eve?" inquired Sally. "H—l, no!" replied the little Apple, "but he hangs up the baker, the butcher, and the fruiterer!" They took Sally out feet foremost.

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HOW ONE BOY MET SANTA CLAUS

by S. J. Perelman

"WELL, bozo, how you bearin' up under the season?"

"Say, Joe, I'm ragged! Everywhere I go I get the same old line of fancy goose-fat about this 'Santy Claus'! I get dragged to every darn one of these toylands in the stores and a bunch of fat old birds dressed for the Arctic paw me over like I was a remnant counter and ask me what I want for Christmas. Honest, Joe, if one more of them old white-whiskered bar flies makes a pass at me, I'm gonna give him a chop-stroke on the chin, so help me! I wake up in the middle of the night nearly out of my mind thinkin' another one of those diphtherias is fondlin' me! Say, I'm tired of it.... And at home! I hide a bottle of brandy under my bed and the next mornin' they got a sled or some other half-witted thing hid there as if I never think of lookin' under the bed! And the old gent walkin' in every other night with a big bundle and me supposed to be all het up to find out what's in it. Blah! And I know what's comin'! Christmas night about ten people sneakin' around the

house while I'm tryin' to do a sleep job. Believe me, Joe, I nearly got the heebies when I even think of it!"

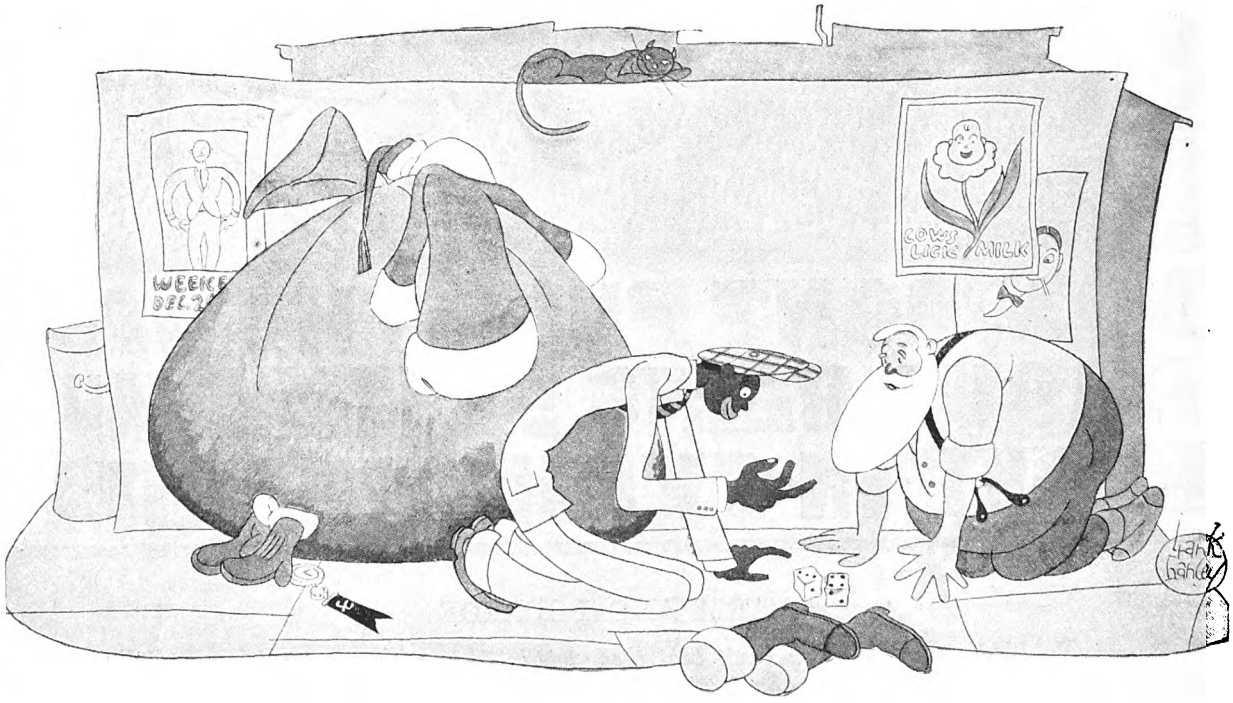
"Aw, kid, you take it too hard. Whyn't you do what I did?"

"What did you do?"

"Well, I borrowed a bear trap from a sporting store around the corner. It had one of these good strong chains on it. And the night before Christmas I listened to the whole line of hooey about 'Santy Claus' and nearly split a strap snickerin'. Then after everybody went to bed I sneaked down and anchored the trap near the fireplace and went back to bed. About two o'clock in the morning I heard a yell, and then I turned over and slept like a log. The next morning when I got down to breakfast there was a locksmith and a plumber there in the living-room. They'd been workin' six hours tryin' to get the bear trap off the old gent's foot. I just walked by him and says, 'Oh, are you Santy Claus?' And believe me, kid, *what I mean* I never had a bit of trouble since! Whyn't you try it?'

Close a woman's mouth and she'll talk through her nose.

It isn't the clothes which make the men stare—it's the women that should be in them.



It seems Santa Claus became involved in a little game passing through Darktown.

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HE—*Well, dear, is everything unwrapped at last?*

Putting Santa On An Efficiency Basis

NEW form designed by the president of the International Efficiency Forum to facilitate the work of Santa Claus this year.

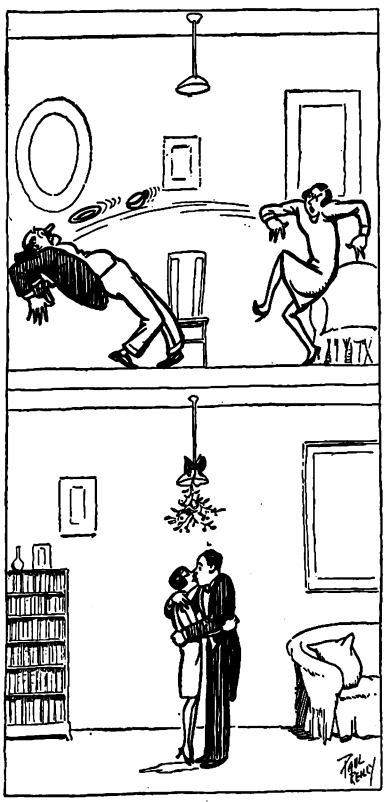
Petition Number 678,897

For children from 3 to 10 years of age.

Name of Child.....
Age of Child.....
Residence.....
Has House a Chimney or Dumbwaiter?.....
Does Child wash neck and ears daily?..... Yes....No....
Does child do home work every night?.....Yes....No....

To Santa Claus: I hereby declare that I have been a very good boy, a good boy, a pretty good boy this year and desire the following gifts:

baseball bat	building blocks
roller skates	electric trains
boxing gloves	air rifle
radio set	.....
new bicycle	.....



APARTMENT HOUSE LIFE
Under the mistletoe—and over it.

1st Endorsement: I hereby certify that my son ..... has been a good boy and is entitled to the above.
.....Father

2d Endorsement: .....has been a really good boy who has always obeyed me and deserves the above gifts.
.....Mother

3d Endorsement: From—Keeper of the Heavenly Records.
To—Santa Claus:
1. The record of ..... is satisfactory.
2. His application is approved.
3. Deliver requested gifts.
.....Keeper of Records
Sworn to before me this ..... of December, 1926.
.....Notary Public.

Hugh Wood

No Mistake

Blink—Did the horse doctor find out what was the matter with your horse?

Blank—Oh, yes.

"What was it?"

"It was dead."

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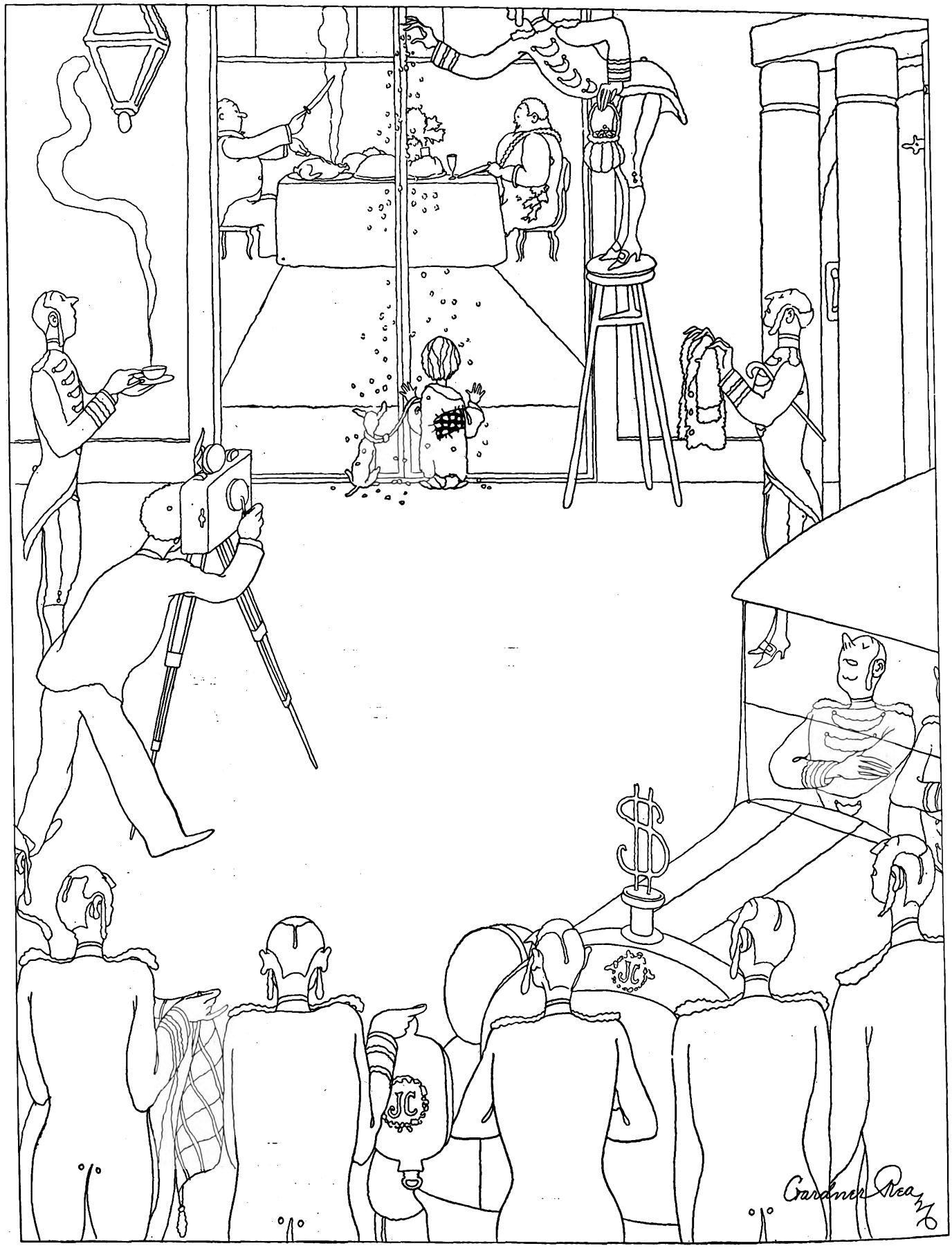

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE MOVIES

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"PEACE ON EARTH"

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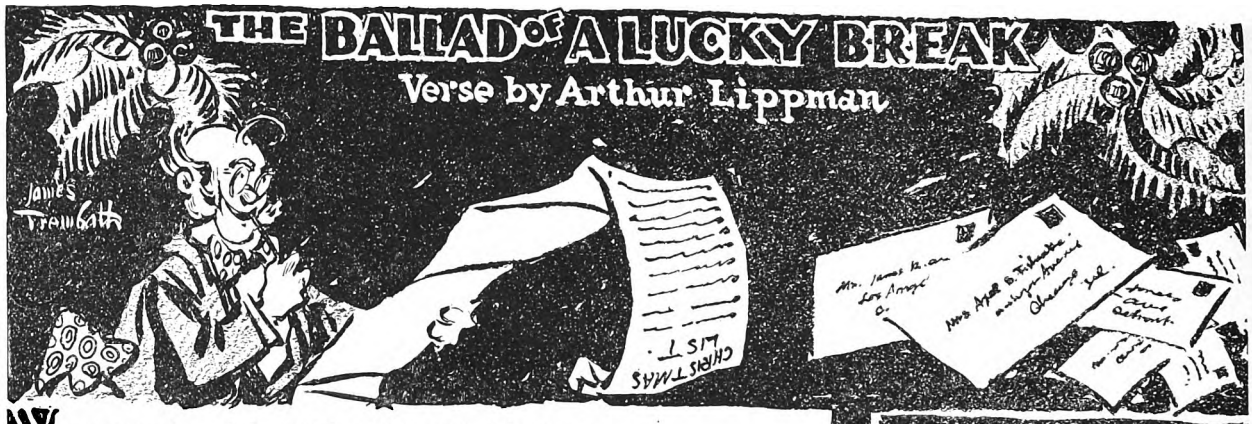
THE BALLAD OF A LUCKY BREAK

Verse by Arthur Lippman



WHEN I was but a baby prattling in my muraled nursery,
Folks listened to the pæons of praise for thoughtful Rufus Bends
Who never let a birthday or a silver anniversary
Go by without remembering his relatives and friends.

The joyous Christmas season was particularly dear to him.
With zealous concentration he prepared his mailing list,
Including mere acquaintances as well as persons near to him
And lots of distant relatives who never would be missed.

From Alpha to Omega he re-checked the roster carefully;
He added second cousins and an uncle in the West.
Then calling his stenographer, he whispered almost prayerfully,
"My Christmas list is ready—have the envelopes addressed."

HIS chipper little argosies sailed forth 'cross
Nature's barriers
On railroad trains that thundered through the midnights cold and
clear.
From Portland, Maine, to Hollywood perspiring letter-carriers
Delivered Rufus' messages of hearty Yuletide cheer.

And in his home on Christmas morn an atmosphere of jollity
Pervaded every corner of his cozy little flat,
But tragedy was lurking 'neath the surface of frivolity—
Like pointed claws within the paws of gentle pussy cat.

In mirthful glee around the tree his jolly collie barked to him;
He frolicked with his children in the simple games of youth,
When suddenly his loving wife quite artlessly remarked to him,
"Oh, did you send a greeting to Aunt Alice in Duluth?"

A SUDDEN tremor shook his frame—his heavy sobs replied
to her—
He clutched his throbbing forehead like a man who
had been shot.
In all their years of wedded life not once had Rufus lied to her,
So now he voiced the ghastly truth: "My darling, I did not!"

His erstwhile loving children gazed upon their father tragically,
When suddenly a messenger came whistling up the way—
A moment, and the mournfulness was lifted almost magically
As mother read the telegram: "Aunt Alice passed away—

"Three days ago your aged aunt who'd lived in modest piety
"Succumbed to her bronchitis which she'd suffered many years."
"Restored am I!" cried Rufus, "to the Bosom of Society,
"Be done with lamentations—let the welkin ring with cheers!"

No longer was the cozy flat a scene of tragic dolesomeness.
Crescendo rose the joyous shouts of children at the feast.
I gazed upon that peaceful scene, replete with hallowed wholesomeness
And shed a saline tribute to Aunt Martha, now deceased.

Arthur L. Lippmann

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S. O. S.

"THIS is Station Y-U-L-E, official broadcasting station of the Polar Bear Rug Company. A report has just reached us of the finding of a chubby old man with a long white beard, high boots, a red coat and a pack over his shoulder. He was found wandering near Alaska, mumbling incoherently as follows:

" 'I want electric trains with a lovely satin evening dress trimmed with two new tires for the car I have been a good boy and a diamond bracelet that talks, walks and sleeps sheer silk stockings papa says ate all my farina deserve hang up stocking a teddy bear that goes without winding because always go to bed after supper sister wants pair of long pants like Bobby Jenkins to wear on Sundays with a dog collar for Rover and please bring mother a jackknife trimmed with Irish lace and a pipe that papa promised me if I was a good hangs near the chimney with a hole in the toe and sister don't wear no stockings so I loaned two wheel bicycle with real puppy that barks at doll's house with a coaster brake and chocolate ice cream and a rattle for the baby's boxing gloves like Gene Tunney told mamma I could have a baby brother and building blocks. . . .

" 'Filled in fountain pen good boy with long whiskers and glass eyes and whipped cream and marshmallow all around the top that spins for ten minutes with a baseball bearings roller skates on wrist watch with hands and feet like Uncle Ned says if I'm pussy cat that meows and I love my mother with chocolate icing and three tube radio set the Christmas tree in the parlor got no chimney but fire engines with real horses I want. . . .'

"We would appreciate anybody giving us some information about this queer old man who says he is Santa Claus. Hah, hah—that's a laugh for you. Oh, well, Miss Grace Yelp will now warble, 'Come Hang Around the Arctic Circle With Me.' Let 'er go, Grace."

Hugh Wood

"It's going to cost you a little more than usual this year—I'm touring the country under the management of 'Cold-cash' Pyle."

Under the mistletoe, chandelier, plaster, etc., etc.

Those Christmas Shopping Stockings not only create a holiday atmosphere but help the overworked delivery man.

A Modern Christmas Carol

For the Wee Tots

THE spirit of Christmas cheer meant almost nothing to poor little Aloysius De Vantervale as he sat musing in the great overstuffed armchair of his father's drawing-room and sipped sadly from his fourth cocktail.

Ah, it was all very well to go to school and hear of the joy and peace and good will which dwelt in men's hearts at this Yuletide season. Aloysius had never gone to school, but he felt that if he had he would have, if you grasp the essence.

There would be no happiness in the home of little Aloysius on this

(*Continued on page 20*)

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"Merry Christmas!"
"Yeah?"

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

Our Christmas Menu

Bluepoint Cocktail

Olives — Stuffed Celery

Green Turtle Soup

Broiled Brook Trout

Stuffed Vermont Turkey

Squash — Cranberry Sauce

Romaine Salad

Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce

Ice Cream — Pumpkin Pie

Demitasse

Camembert

Amoroso Rivero
Chateau Yquem 1907
Romanée Conti 1907
Benédictine

Cigarettes
Corona Corona

Wishing you the same.

A Sentimental Journey

TWENTY-ODD years ago teachers of elementary psychology, to illustrate the true nature of sentimentality, used to cite the case of the Russian lady who attended the opera and in the semi-seclusion of her comfortable box seat wept her lace handkerchief wringing wet over the melodious tribulations of the hero and heroine, while outside on *his* box seat she left her coachman to freeze to death. To-day they might, for the same purpose, choose the spectacle presented at the dedication of the Liberty Memorial in Kansas City on Armistice Day. Here was the President of the United States come all the way from Washington to sniffle, metaphorically at least, over the beauty of this great fluted column raised to commemorate the sacrifices of those who died in the "war to end war"—here he was crying, "Peace, peace!"—the while he coldly and definitely turned his back on the World Court.

We are not one of those who consider either the League of Nations or the World Court as likely to modify very seriously the propensity of its members to resort to organized murder. But these two institutions together represent the only formal effort to find a substitute for war; they were established at the instance and with the prayerful assistance of our own leaders, and we owe them our support, certainly to the grudging extent of membership in the World Court. Their very weakness ought to recommend this minimum of co-operation to the narrow nationals among us who love so to weep over war's victims and hate so to do anything about it.

* * * * *

COOLIDGE in the beginning, we believe, really wanted to do something about it. We give him credit for sincerity in repeating and pressing Harding's recommendation that the United States join the World Court. Incidentally, this is the only positive measure with which his administration has been identified. But the true secret of Cal's personality is a pronounced lack of vitality. However strongly he may have felt that his country should thus redeem its pledges to aid in organizing the world for peace, it simply wasn't in him to get out, peel off his coat and lead the cause. His opponents, like Borah and Reed, could, and did, do just that for their side. But all Cal could do was to bring official pressure to bear on the Senate. This was effective up to a certain point. He got through the reluctant Senate a resolution to adhere to the court, with reservations. But as time went on and the other nations began querying these reservations (quite reasonably), and the trumpetings of his adversaries began to tell in votes, the temperature of the presidential feet, never very high, took a distinct drop. He regretted he had ever got mixed up in the controversy, that he hadn't remained non-committal about this burning issue as about every other. How much safer always to sit tight in one's bomb-proof of silence and let the passions of mankind zip by overhead. At any rate, Cal has now withdrawn as gingerly as possible from his advanced position.

While the nations involved can not yet be said to have made a final determination, and from most of them no answer has been received, many of them have indicated that they are unwilling to concur in the conditions adopted by the resolution of the Senate. While no final decision can be made by our Government until final answers are received, the situation has been sufficiently developed so that I feel warranted in saying that I do not intend to ask the Senate to modify its position.

Sh! You can almost hear him tiptoing away.

* * * * *

POSSIBLY Cal has learned the secret of popularity in a land of sentimentalists, which is that one must be forever expressing ideals and weeping over them, but never for a moment displaying any dangerous disposition to contribute to their realization. *W. M. H.*

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

By George Jean Nathan

I

"Oh, Kay" is an entertaining affair. In the first place, it brings back the skillful Gertrude Lawrence. In the second place, it has a couple of good tunes by the proficient Gershwin, although his score as a whole is disappointing; he begins to show unmistakable signs of repeating himself. In the third place, it contains at least four excellent wheezes. In the fourth place, it has an old-time knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out burlesque table scene in its second act that shakes the ribs in a welcome manner. In the fifth place, it has a chorus that dances with considerable agility. And in the sixth place, it sagaciously gets around a poor libretto by practically shooing it off the stage and giving over its place to such evergreen didoes of the burlesque wheel as boots in the rear, dejections upon the ditto, homeric sneezings, crawlings around the floor and their various low-comedy concomitants.

La Lawrence is as engaging a music show creature as the English stage has to offer. She has a variety of talents considerably above British par, not the least of which are thin legs. I trust I am not guilty of bad drawing-room manners when I intimate that, in this latter regard, she is a relief from most of the English stage ladies who come over here to vie with our home product.

II

The only amusing thing I could find about Bruce Bairnsfather's "Old Bill, M.P." was the way in which the economical producers got the actors in the troupe to double. Thus, when the curtain went up, we beheld Mr. N. St. Clair Niles in the rôle of a constable only to be somewhat disconcerted a few minutes later to observe the gent appearing as a Bolshevik coal miner. Mr. Guido Alexander then came out as another miner only to reappear presently, to our dismay, as a doggy footman. Mr. Roy Cochrane, who was a grimy under-foreman in the first section of the play and who loudly muttered anarchistic sentiments, contributed shortly thereafter to the gayety of the occasion by appearing as the justice of the peace who, to all intents and purposes, seemed to those in the audience with a good memory for faces to be trying himself. Not to be outdone by Mr. Cochrane, a *cabot* named Henry Carvil, cast early in the doings as a troublesome laborer, achieved a good laugh from the gang out front by coming on soon afterward as Inspector Ferguson of Scotland Yard. And so it went until, at ten-thirty, everybody in the cast seemed to be playing two rôles but the dog that appeared briefly at the end of the first act. Whether, at 10.45, the dog came out as the long-lost heiress, I am unable to say, as I didn't wait to see.

Bairnsfather's revival of his war-time cartoon characters in this Year of Our Lord 1926 is approximately as apt as would be a revival of Allen G. Thurman campaign posters.

"*The Captive*" (Empire)—An excellent play, and at the top of the list.

"*Broadway*" (Broadhurst)—A first-rate melodramatic comedy.

"*Old Bill, M.P.*" (Biltmore)—See this issue.

"*First Love*" (Booth)—Feeble French sentimental comedy.

"*The Pearl of Great Price*" (Century)—A. B. C. pseudo-morality.

"*The Judge's Husband*" (49th St.)—William Hodge and mush.

"*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" (Times Square)—Funny comedy made from the funny book.

"*On Approval*" (Gaiety)—An amusing second act.

"*The Proud Woman*" (Elliott)—To be reviewed next week.

"*Pygmalion*" (Guild)—Shaw revival.

"*Caponsacchi*" (Hampden)—Tiresome.

"*The Noose*" (Hudson)—Stale melodrama.

"*Oh, Kay!*" (Imperial)—Gertrude Lawrence dances with George Gershwin.

"*Countess Maritza*" (Shubert)—Kalman's tuneful evening.

"*Seed of the Brute*" (Little)—Cheap sensationalism.

"*An American Tragedy*" (Longacre)—I am still waiting to hear what Dreiser thinks of it.

"*Lily Sue*" (Lyceum)—Willard Mack again. To be reviewed anon.

"*The Ladder*" (Mansfield)—Awful.

"*The Play's the Thing*" (Miller)—Amusing Molnar comedy.

"*Yellow*" (National)—See "The Noose."

"*Daisy Mayme*" (Playhouse)—Middle-class tedium.

"*Naked*" (Princess)—Pirandello mystified by bad actors.

"*Loose Ends*" (Ritz)—Diluted Noel Coward.

"*Head or Tail*" (Waldorf)—Botched Hungarian comedy.

"*They All Want Something*" (Wallack's)—Bad.

"*Criss Cross*" (Globe)—The Stone family and a good show.

Repertoire (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne is at least ambitious.

"*Sure Fire*" (Comedy)—Nothing in this one.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—Less in this.

"*If I Was Rich*" (Eltinge)—Not much more in this.

"*The Woman Disputed*" (Forrest)—And less still in this.

"*The Squall*" (48th St.)—The one about Dolores, Juan, Pedro, Jose and the padre.

"*The Donovan Affair*" (Fulton)—Mystery monkeyshines.

"*The Ramblers*" (Lyric)—Bobby Clark's diverting antics.

"*The Wild Rose*" (Beck)—Some good singing, but a poor libretto.

"*Princess Turandot*" (Provincetown)—Gozzi in a bandbox.

III

As if the Pirandello drama were itself not already sufficiently complex, Mr. Augustin Duncan has further complicated matters by producing the Italian dramatist's "Naked" with a company of actors

(*Continued on page 28*)

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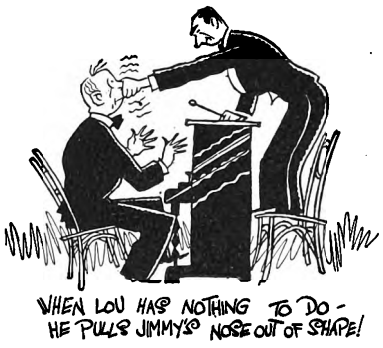
The Editor of this scintillating sheet is generous no end but around Christmas time his big heartedness expands beyond all bounds of reason —he's given me two pages to fill! . . . . . being an ingenious lad, however, I got hold of "Mac" the demon artist and we covered a couple of night clubs, which, when you figure the sketches, covers a lot of space too! Damned clever, these columnists!



"Mac" had heard considerable about the Dover Club and Jimmy Durant, so about 3 A.M. I poured him in there and he had the time of his young life . . . . . Jimmy, Eddie and Lou (there's an idea for a song, Jimmy) did their stuff and "Mac" fell under the table three times (witt leffing) . . . . . their "Lost at Sea" number (see sketch below) is the best thing they've done so far but they change their act so often it will probably be out by the time this is printed . . . . . I raved considerably about this here now place last week, but I repeat, for the benefit of those who came in late, Jimmy Durant is a genius.

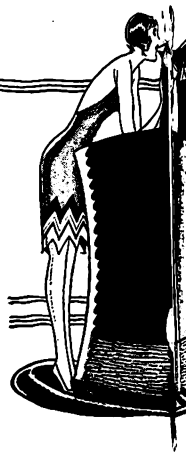
The next night (yes, yes, go on!) we went down to see my old boozem pal, Don Dickerman, "act" and everything right out loud in the "County Fair," which seems to be very popular this year . . . . . I mean the place, not Don . . . . . he puts a rube dance on with a very, very pretty damsel named Peggy Rainsford that's a roawdy dow . . . . . if the orchestra would only pep up a little the "County Fair" would be a grand place for those evenings when your dress shirt is being laundered.

Speaking of dress shirts I would like to submit an idea right now to some astute shirt manufacturer which is not only very practical but ought to look pretty good too . . . . . and here it is—a dress shirt with a solid front, that is, with no opening in front, and no studs! . . . . . it would have to be put on over the head, but think of the convenience for quick dressing and the saving on profanity alone would make it well worth while . . . . . check may be mailed direct to JUDGE.

P. F. M. of Chicago (he didn't dare sign his name!) suggests that we ought to have a High Hat Club song—namely, "If High Hat the Wings of an Angel!" . . . . . anyone wishing to mail bombs to Mr. P. F. M. may obtain his address from me upon receipt of a postal.

Speaking of songs, it appears that Mons. Nathan, the demon critic, and I have disagreed again . . . . . in his review of "Oh, Kay" he said that Gershwin's score was mediocre, while in the same issue, I praised it to the skies! . . . . . WELL, I don't like to belittle, BUT—George Jean may be a darn good theatrical critic but if he doesn't think the music of "Oh, Kay" is O K he's a Schlossen weiner gu fut schnitzel!

HIGH



This being the Merry Yuletide number, w e ' l l throw in a little book review, free of charge . . . . . two volumes have been keeping me in evenings lately . . . . . Lewis Browne's "This Believing World" and Burns Mantle's "Best Plays of 1925-26" . . . . . Browne's book is an outline of religion and is one of the most thrilling, yes thrilling, things I've ever read . . . . . it is told very simply but it has a powerful message to every creed in the world . . . . . Mantle's book contains the scripts of the best plays produced during the past year and some read even better than seeing them—notably "Great God Brown," "The Wisdom Tooth" and "The Dybbuk."

Speaking of Yuletide, it wouldn't be amiss to add a few snappy recipes to the Christmas spirit! . . . . . Rube Ford suggests "The Blackjack" . . . . . well, why not? . . . . . 1 jigger Gordon water, 1 jigger Applejack, 1 jigger cranberry syrup and 1 jigger lemon juice . . . . . M.A.N. suggests the "Blonde"—2 parts pineapple juice, 1 part lemon juice, 2 parts Gordon water and a dash of Creme de Menthe.

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HAT

Nosmo King, of Princeton, that great big rough college down in Jersey, has a bright idea and writes to wit, as follows: "This High Hat business is most certainly progressing. Why not a High Hat political party? We could easily carry the country and make you President. Ben Bernie ld be in your cabinet, and as for me I wish be chief Chorus inspector. And it would only just that Princeton be officially nomied as the High Hat University"....O.K. smo, if you Princeton lads promise not to too rough!

Frank Williams, of Johnstown, Pa., suggests t we get out a High Hat number of dge.... well, I hate to talk about myself, nk, but the Collegian number, dated Jany 22, on sale at all newsstands for fifteen nts, and ap at half price, is be edited me..... maybe, knows, a tle later, Editor let me e just such umber as suggest.

MARGUERITE RAINSFORD AND ON DICKERMAN, E GENIAL PROP "COUNTY FAIR"

This office is flooded every day with letters, telegrams, etc., from anxious readers, wondering what's happened to the High Hat Club..... patience, Lads, patience! Utica wasn't built in a day, you know!..... Up to date we have twenty-eight applications for local High Hats, and our "Ear-to-the-Ground" department is busy looking up their credentials..... it won't be long now!

Bob Maitland of Ardmore, Pa., suggests a Male Beauty Contest..... that's a good idea, Bob, but I couldn't very well start a thing like that myself..... it wouldn't be fair..... why you ought to see my mantelpiece! It's just lined with cups!

Speaking of Beauty Contests, Ben Bowden of Harvard (that's the college that used to play Princeton), revives the Hidden Beauty contest by stating that there is a half pint size knockout on the Boston Conservatory of Music steps every morning at 8.15! NOTICE TO BOSTON POLICE FORCE, (all three of 'em.) Kindly have reserves stationed at Boston Conservatory of Music, starting December 4. (Date of this issue).

J. D. Reid of San Francisco has me sobbing out loud over a letter of his..... it seems his wife recently returned from Paris and has done nothing but talk about the delicious Champagne cocktails she had at the Ritz..... Mr. Reid states that he can raise the necessary ingredients but that he doesn't know how to make the darn thing, and wants me to give him the recipe..... will some reader with a big heart help him out? (sob, sob) I can't!

This being the Merry Yuletide Number (yeah, we know that!) and this being one heck of a lot of space to fill, I'm going to fall back on the old reliable book review and list the "six best books"..... that is, the six best in my humble opinion.

"The Story of Philosophy"—(*Will Durant—not Jimmy.*)

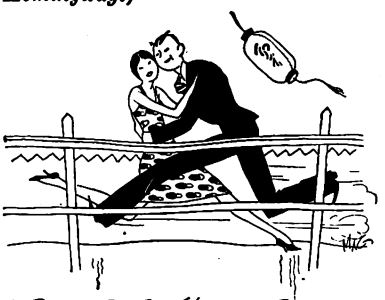
"This Believing World"—(*Lewis Browne.*)

"Introduction to Sally"—(*Elizabeth.*)

"Galahad"—(*John Erskine.*)

"Show Boat"—(*Edna Ferber.*)

"The Sun Also Rises"—(*Ernest Hemingway.*)



A REGULAR COUNTY FAIR RACE-TRACK FOR FAST STEPPERS!

And if we list the books, why not the shows?

"Broadway."

"Oh, Kay."

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"American Tragedy."

"The Ramblers."

"The Captive."

And "Six Best Steppers."

"Do, Do, Do"—(*Oh, Kay.*)

"Maybe"—(*Oh, Kay.*)

"Half a Moon" — (*Honeymoon Lane.*)

"Hey Di Di Diddle"—(*No show.*)

"She Belongs to Me"—(*No show,*)

"All Alone Monday"—(*The Ramblers.*)

Judge Jr.

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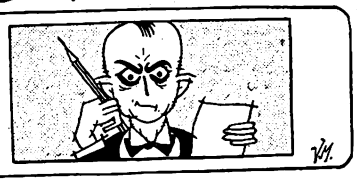
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



FOR a dirty hour or more of unrestrained mirth I can recommend "We're in the Navy Now," with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Thanks to its complete lack of creative character delineation it rests on a much lower rung of the slapstick ladder than "The Better 'Ole." But it *is* painfully funny—funnier, according to official announcement than "Behind the Front," its sister farce, though as to that I can't testify.

Any military service, with its rigid discipline and constant danger, offers a rich field for the clown, but the Navy has the added advantage of plenty of water. A ducking is often injurious and sometimes fatal, but it is always funny, whether the victim is a French admiral whose mouth is pursed in a perpetual pucker, or merely a fool gob innocent of the ways of the sea.

Beery and Hatton impersonate two of the most hopeless landlubbers ever shanghaied aboard a vessel, Beery with a fatuous smile of greasy good nature and Hatton smileless and worried but equally dumb. Their duckings come early in the picture, to be followed sooner or later by the ker-splash! of pretty nearly everyone caught in the orbit of their idiotic activities, including a couple of admirals. But the high point of their performance occurs when they discover a shipload of dynamite marked "brandied peaches" and start prying open one of the boxes with the idea of having a party. The tension at this point is such that a little boy directly in front of me stood up and turned away with his hands pressed tightly over his ears, albeit his eyes were bright with laughter.

Chester Conklin has a part in the picture, but of such a minor nature that it isn't worth mentioning. This is the only disappointment.

To preserve the same order in which they are named in the bill, Betty Bronson, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock all appear and reappear in "Everybody's Acting." So you are bound to get your money's worth of stars whatever you think of the

(*Continued on page 24*)

"The Big Parade"—Worth seeing twice.

"Ben Hur"—Worth seeing once.

"Moana of the South Seas"—Flaherty's famous picture.

"The Black Pirate"—Douglas Fairbanks.

"For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.

"Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.

"Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.

"The Volga Boatman"—Russia à la De Mille.

"The Palm Beach Girl"—Bebe Daniels.

"The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chaney plus.

"Variety"—100 per cent.

"Mantrap"—North Woods stuff.

"Nell Gwyn"—Historical British film.

"Battling Butler"—Good Buster Keaton.

"Beau Geste"—Desert melodrama.

"So This Is Paris"—Naughty and neat.

"The Scarlet Letter"—Lillian Gish at her best.

"The Strong Man"—Harry Langdon ditto.

"Sparrows"—Mary Pickford.

"One Minute to Play"—Red Grange.

"The Campus Flirt"—Bebe, the athlete.

"Tin Gods"—Melodramatic tragedy.

"The Treasure"—Well made in Germany.

"You'd Be Surprised"—Raymond Griffith.

"The Temptress"—Greta Garbo is good.

"Kid Boots"—Eddie Cantor.

"The Ace of Cads"—The suave Menjou.

"The Better 'Ole"—Old Bill himself.

"The Magician"—Childish.

"London"—Echo of "Nell Gwyn."

"The Sorrows of Satan"—Sins of the flesh illustrated.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"—John Gilbert becomes an acrobat.

It seems that Santa Claus has been reading "High Hat."

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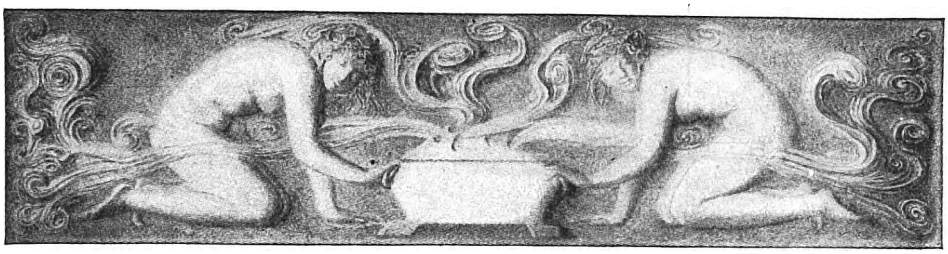

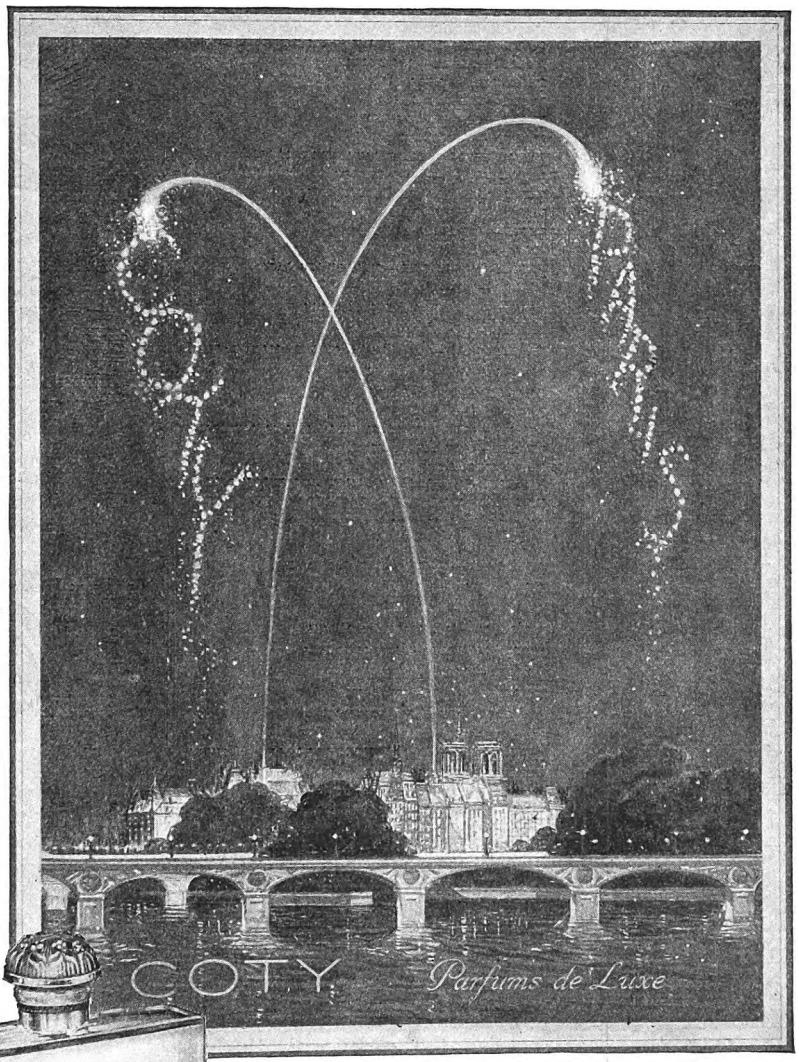

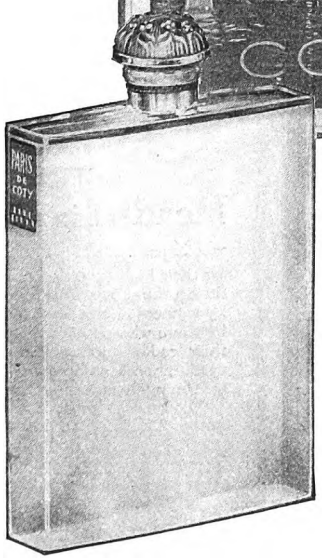

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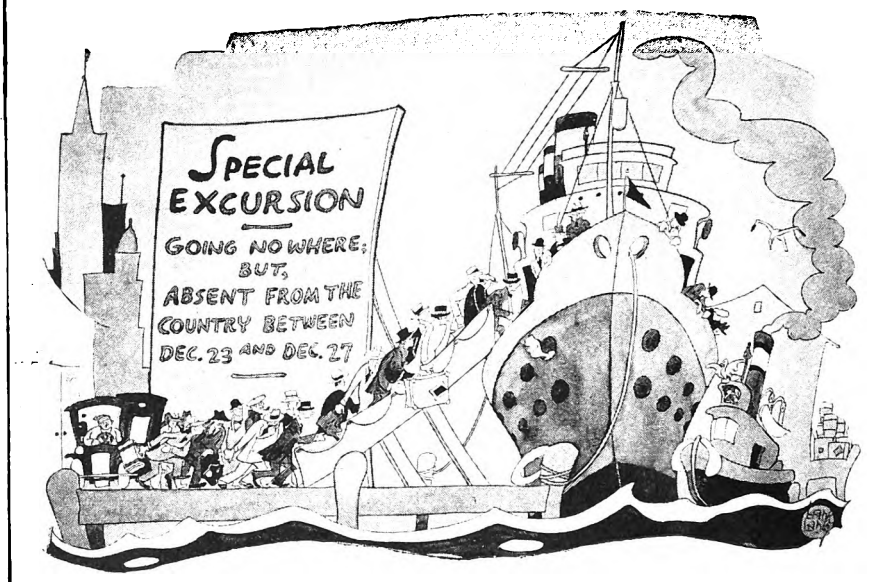

A Modern Christmas Carol

(Continued from page 11)

Christmas Eve. He thought of the boys and girls all through the great city who would soon be dancing and laughing about their Christmas trees, their stockings mingling and crossing in the glow of the warm fire.

Aloysius began his sixth, or perhaps his seventh, cocktail; and he heard the angels singing their songs of glad tidings, the bells pealing from the great church steeples, and saw dimly the fragile little reindeer (or were they giraffes) bounding along through the gusts of drifting snow.

Ah, yes, there would be no Yuletide joy for Aloysius. The son of the city's most famous bootlegger must needs forego such pleasures. His was too busy, too confining a life to spend in frivolity on Christmas Eve. Already Papa and Mamma De Vantervale must have a legion of those everlasting flasks of Five Star vintage made up and ready for the labels.

And he, unfortunate slave of industry, must hurry back to his labor of covering the corks with those sticky green papers with the "Bottled in 1904" mark printed across them. Ah, God, what a life—and on Christmas Eve!

Suddenly a ray of glorious light shot dizzily through the childlike brain of our hero. At last he had it! He would revolt. In fact, he felt he was already revolting. He would go to his father and demand the right to a true Christmas celebration. He would strike for a Yuletide spirit—his heritage from the days of Eden, or even long before.

Now that he had it, poor little Aloysius struggled gamely with his eleventh cocktail and rose unsteadily to his feet. Scarcely knowing what he did, he staggered forlornly to the

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door of the library whence now issued sudden sounds of revelry.

The door yielded slowly to his unstable equilibrium and as he floated ethereally into the stately grandeur of the ancient hall he sensed the swift passing of a wornout gin bottle and was quickly gathered into the revolving celebration. His parents enthusiastically welcomed him with a crashing of glasses and he was dimly aware that perhaps the Christmas spirit had permeated even this stronghold of non-union industry.

Something indeed had happened—something great, something wonderful, for he caught snatches of jubilance that sounded far away. "Papa is no longer a bootlegger." "No more humiliating work and secrecy." "Happy Easter, and many of 'em!"

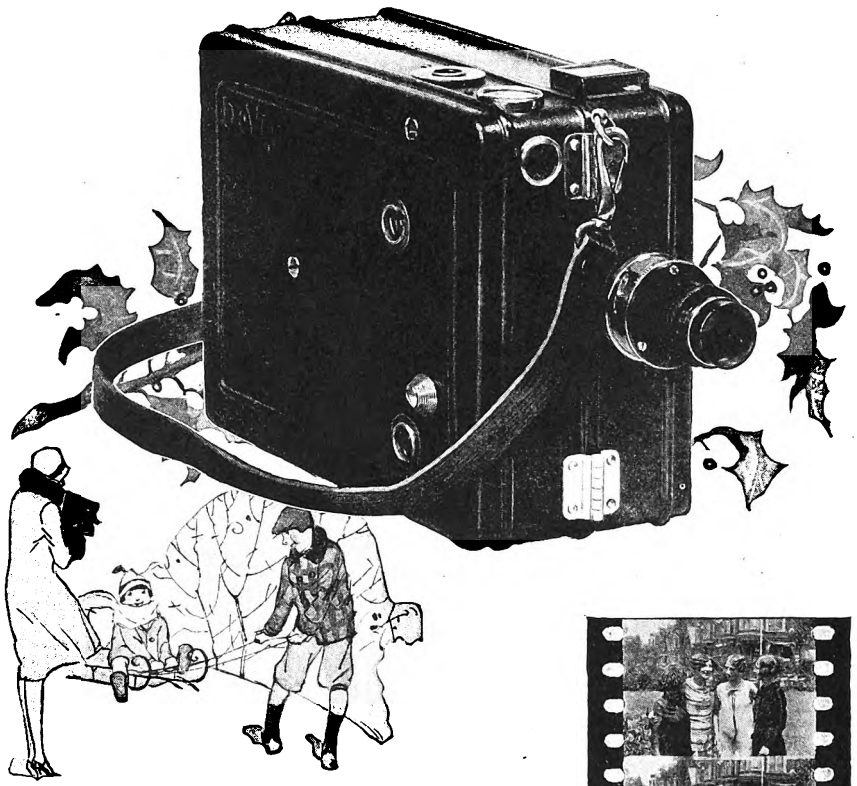
The clouds began to part and little Aloysius was coming to. No longer would he be bound down by long labor and anxiety. His father was splendid, magnificent. With a shout our hero comprehended the sudden turn of events. The Christmas spirit was truly present, and there would be Yuletide joys such as Aloysius had never imagined.

A new day had burst suddenly upon the happy family. Papa De Vantervale had been promoted from bootlegger to Prohibition Enforcement Agent!

And the Christmas spirits beamed warmly down upon the joyous household, as dimly and indefinitely, the chimes of Yuletide floated groggily down the chimney.

Richard S. Wallace

"Yes, little kiddies, Merry Christmas—this is Santa Claus speaking.



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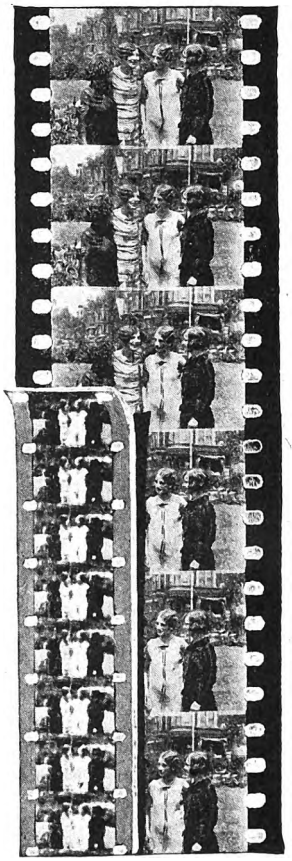

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Dorothy's Christmas Present

I ENTERED the drawing-room wearing a worried frown.

"Clare," I said, "what are we going to send to Dorothy this year?"

Dorothy is Clare's sister.

"What do you suggest?" said Clare.

"I don't suggest anything," I said. "I hardly know her. I've no idea what her tastes are."

"They're very much the same as mine," said Clare.

I dismissed my worried frown.

"That simplifies matters," I said.

"Yes," said Clare. "All you have to do is to shut your eyes and pretend I'm Dorothy and ask me what I'd like."

I shut my eyes.

"Dorothy," I said, "what would you like for a Christmas present? In a humble way, of course," I added hastily.

"I'd *love*," said Clare's voice, "a crepe de Chine scarf—like the ones in Merton's window. They're quite cheap."

"You shall have it, Dorothy," I said generously.

I brought it home that night.

"Isn't it *lovely?*" said Clare excitedly. "I *do* like it."

"You're speaking as Dorothy, I hope?" I said rather anxiously.

"Of course," said Clare.

"Have you sent Dorothy's scarf to her yet?" I said, at the end of the week.

"I'm *so* sorry," said Clare apologetically. "I'm afraid I got muddled between myself and Dorothy. You see, I'd chosen it as Dorothy and accepted it as Dorothy, and I'm afraid I've been wearing it as Dorothy."

I sighed.

"Well, it can't be helped now," I said.

"We'd better begin all over again, hadn't we?" said Clare hopefully. "Shut your eyes and I'll be Dorothy again. I'd like," she said without waiting to be asked, "a green lustre bowl, like the one Mrs. Jones has in her drawing-room."

I remembered the bowl quite well. I wanted to get this Dorothy business over, so I bought the green bowl that afternoon.

The next evening I was surprised to see it on a little oak table in our drawing-room, filled with yellow chrysanthemums.

"I *say*," I said, staring at it in horror. "That's Dorothy's."

"I'm afraid it isn't," said Clare. "I'm afraid I got muddled up in my dual personality again. It was I who wanted that green bowl, not Dorothy. I realized it when you gave it me. I don't think it would appeal to Dorothy at all."

"Clare," I said sternly, "is there *anything* that Dorothy likes and you don't?"

Clare pondered deeply

"Yes," she said at last, brightly, "I remember that Dorothy always liked chocolate ginger and I couldn't bear it."

So that evening I brought back a highly ornamental box of chocolate ginger.

The next day was Saturday.

"Have you sent the chocolates off to Dorothy?" I said to Clare. "Because if you haven't I'll do it now. Where are they?"

Clare handed me the box. It felt horribly light. I opened it. It was half empty.

"I can't *think* why I used not to like chocolate ginger," she said brazenly. "I tried it again last night and I'm *quite* converted now!"

I've just sent Dorothy a check for five pounds. I think it will be cheaper in the end. *Humorist*

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The Awakening

"THIEF!" she cried scornfully.

"No, no!" he exclaimed pleadingly. "Anything but that!"

"Thief!" she repeated, as she eyed him with a glance of pitying disdain.

The poor fellow winced at the word—tried to remonstrate with her but words refused to come to him.

"Thief!" she shouted for the third time, quivering with emotion, "a thief to whom I would indeed like to teach a lesson!"

"Go on then," he entreated, "I am man enough to learn it."

"A thief," she answered, "takes so little that it is hardly missed, an embezzler takes all that is within reach, and a financier takes so much that it cannot be counted!"

The young man hesitated but one moment, then taking his stand once again beneath the mistletoe he became a financier.

—*Passing Show*

A Christmas Problem

(*Which faces most of us more or less at this time of year.*)

I'M really in an awful fix!
I sallied forth to get
Some Christmas gifts for eight or nine
Nice kind acquaintances of mine,
And haven't got them yet!

For every one the choicest thing
I managed soon to spot,
But though they'd give great joy, I know,
Myself, alas! I love them so,
I simply cannot let them go!
I've got to keep the lot! —*Eve*

***

Romantic Man (at fancy-dress carnival)—Hail me, O slave; I am the High Priest of Isis!

Modern Maid—Splendid! I'll have a vanilla. —*Tit-Bits*

***

Country Policeman (at scene of murder)—You can't come in here.

Reporter—But I've been sent to do the murder.

"Well, you're too late; the murder's been done." —*Answers*

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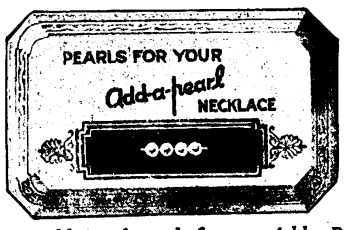

Correspondence invited from Dealers only

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THE ADD-A-PEARL CO.
108 North State Street, Chicago

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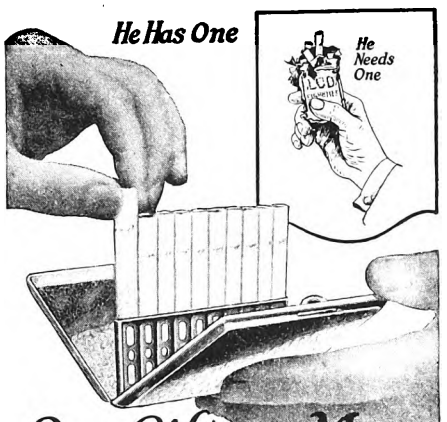

One Gift a Man Will Really Use!

To the man who carries his cigarettes crumpled in a paper package, a Fillkwik Cigarette Case will be a prized and useful gift. Ten cigarettes, always fresh and uncrushed, stand invitingly upright in an automatic grooved rack—handy to get at when the case snaps open.

In many handsome designs of Sterling Silver and other metals including solid gold inlay, richly engraved, beautifully finished, priced from $3 to $25 at jewelers and the better stores.

Ladies' Fillkwik Cigarette Cases—$5 upward.

FILLKWIK COMPANY, Attleboro, Mass, U.S.A.

Makers of the Fillkwik Flask with patented cup-stopper. Also Strap Cigarette Cases, Compacts and Vanities.

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The Quickly Filled
CIGARETTE CASE

BE THE Jazz Queen Of Your Town.

Be Popular. Have fun. Step. You can be the Queen of the land with a

BUESCHER
True Tone Saxophone

Ideal instrument for girl or boy. Buescher made it easiest instrument to play. Simple lessons given with new instrument, teach you. Get genuine like big stars use. Send postal for beautiful free book and details of home trial and easy payment plans.

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (9)
1669 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

"Johnnie, what on earth is Uncle shouting for?"
"I don't know, Mummie, unless perhaps I put rather too much holly in the bathroom." —*Humorist*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 18*)

picture. As to that, I have seen much sillier films although it was written and directed by the same man, in this case Marshall Neilan. Original stories by movie directors are apt to be a little more blah than the average. This is a little less.

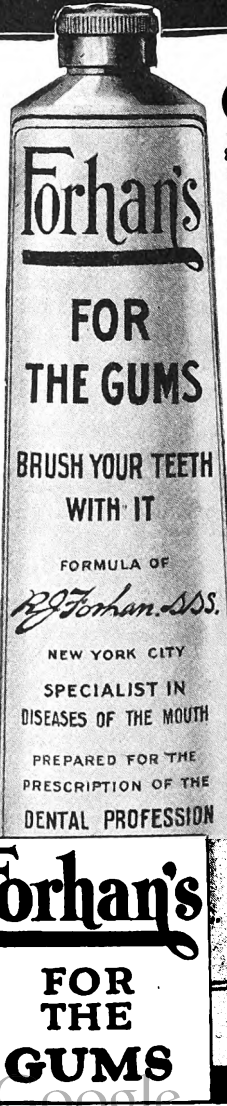
Betty Bronson takes the part of a young actress brought up by an association of five bachelor fathers, all actors, who assumed the burden when, in her infancy, her father murdered her mother. The situation is rich with sympathetic comedy and Sterling and Hitchcock, among the foster fathers, make the most of it. She captures the heart of a personable young taxi driver (Lawrence Gray) who turns out to be the scion of a multi-millionaire mother. Mother manages a vast pickle business and, like many another pickler, has social ambitions. Distinctly disdainful of a prospective actress daughter-in-law she prepares to call on her and squelch her. The associated fathers get wind of her design and with the help of stage props and their own histrionic talents receive her in a manner to make her believe she has intruded on the British nobility. Here again the comedy is excellent. But foster

FUNNYBONES

Great yokes from little blue laws grow.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

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

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

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KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Almond"

"Almond My Way to Mandalay."

daughter is too damnably honest to carry out the deception. . . .

Oh, well, it all comes out right in the end, and with a minimum of mush.

"FOREVER AFTER" (spoken preciously to the strains of slow music) might have been adapted from a poem by Eddie Guest instead of a play by Owen Davis. Lloyd Hughes takes the part in it of a football hero and Mary Astor of his sweetheart. Her ambitious mamma thinks him too poor to marry her daughter and persuades him to renounce her, but the girl remembers from the fairy tales of her childhood the refrain, "and they lived happily forever after," and considers it prophetic, as of course, up to the point of marriage, it proves to be. On such a framework F. Harmon Weight has built a structure of love and kisses as unconvincing as a loganberry flip (whatever that is) and, if anything, more sickish. What he must think of the mental age of movie audiences!

Sparks

"Did you tell father over the phone that we were engaged?"

"Yes."

"What did he reply?"

"I'm not sure whether he replied or whether the line was struck by lightning." —*St. John Globe*

DIZZY LABELS

We call her Little Joe, because she's hard to shake.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Wife—Oh, Clarence! You're knocking *all* the berries off the holly!

—*Passing Show*

Gifts~

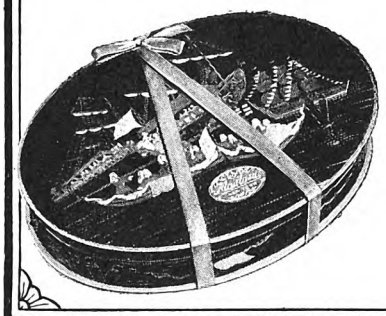
Bonbons
Chocolates
Bonbonnieres

NEW YORK
Madison Avenue at 47th Street

CHICAGO
Michigan Boulevard at Jackson

Maillard Restaurant and Candy Department in Stern Brothers' store, West 42nd Street, New York

Maillard



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(THE KING'S NAVY)

AN IMPORTATION from France by Maillard. An assortment of chocolates chosen from our very best pieces—unusual packing. Two pound size only, $3.50.

Maillard Products are sold at most of the better stores everywhere

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FROM NEW YORK, JAN. 15

by the world's most luxurious liner

ASTURIAS

Zulus—Diamond Fields—The Veldt—The Golden Rand—Victoria Falls 19 days in the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia

Also—West Indies, South America, East Africa, Sudan, Egypt, Europe—101 days of wonder.

Rates, including shore excursions

$1650 to $17,500

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TIPLITE is a Christmas gift of quality. Use it on the office desk or on the library table at home.

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TIPLITE COMPANY

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City

Clark's Famous Cruises

By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners at rates including hotels, guides, drives and fees.

121 days, $1250 to $2900

ROUND THE WORLD

s. s. "California" sailing Jan. 19

7TH CRUISE: 19 DAYS JAPAN-CHINA, OPTION 17 DAYS INDIA; PALESTINE AND GREECE; also includes Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Manila, Java, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy and the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

62 days, $600 to $1700

MEDITERRANEAN

s s "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 29

23RD CRUISE: SPAIN (Madrid-Cordova-Granada) 15 DAYS PALESTINE AND EGYPT; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy and the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

3rd Norway - Mediterranean Cruise

July 2; 52 days, $600 to $1300

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Times Building, New York

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE CHEER LEADERS

"James, there's a burglar down stairs. I'm going for help."

James—Wait a minute; I'm going with you. —*Pitt Panther*

"Now, this is the Sphinx."

"Sphinx? What is that?"

"It is the head of a woman carved in solid rock."

"Oh! I've seen lots of women like that.'" —*Washington Dirge*

"Why did you stop singing in the choir?"

"Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed."

—*Princeton Tiger*

Siegfried—Where is Reginald today?

Little Eva—He's celebrating the feast of the hangover!

—*Stanford Chaparral*

"Are you from Alaska?"

"No, what makes you think so?"

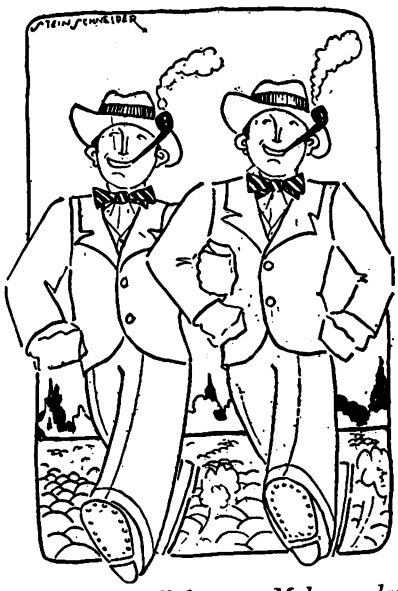
"Just wondered; you dance like you got snowshoes on."

—*Oregon Orange Owl*

"Thirsty?"

"No, Tuesday."

—*So. California Wampus*



JOE—*I call her my Mohammedan girl!*

HERB—*Mohammedan?*

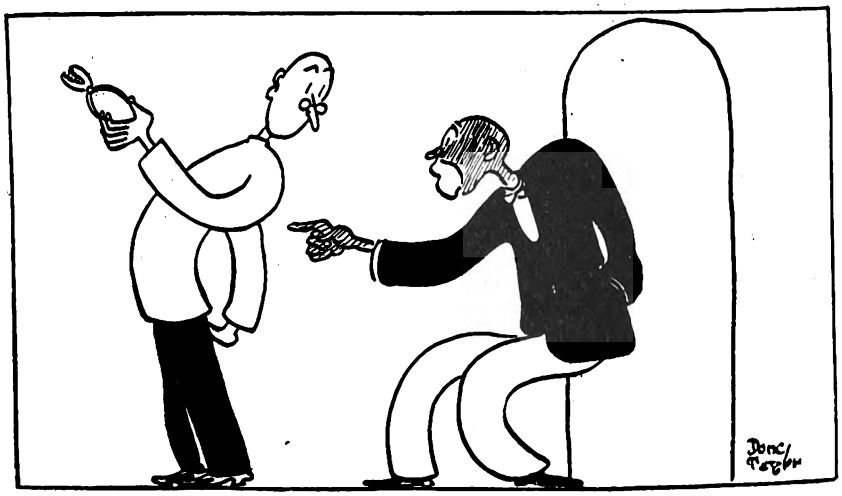
"Yeh, I Mecca do this, and I Mecca do that." —COLUMBIA JESTER

He (at the cotillion)—Shall we polka-mazurka?

She—That's no mazurka; that's a chaperone. —*Stanford Chaparral*

"This is a pretty snappy suit," remarked the baby as he was put into his rubber panties.

—*Colgate Banter*



"Doctor, does you pull teeth?"

"Certainly, come right in."

"Well I'se got two in mah arm, and I wants them pulled out."

—THE BROWN JUG

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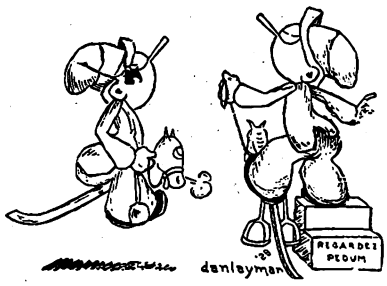


"Did they hold you up at the Customs?"
"No, I managed to walk."
—WILLIAMS PURPLE COW

"They arrested Bill for carrying concealed weapons."
"Don't make me laugh!"
"Yeah, he has bow-legs and was wearing an Arrow collar."
—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

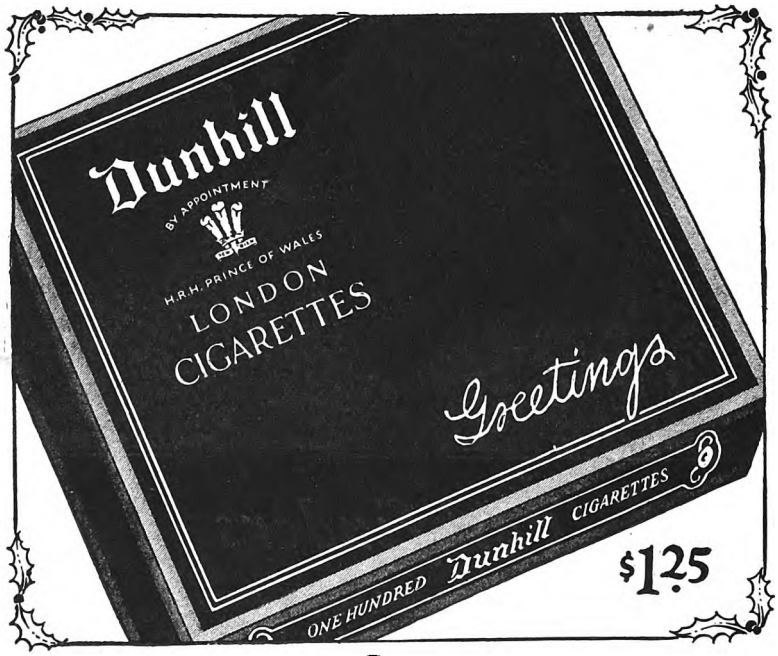
"I sugar coat, I did."
"You what?"
"I sugar coat."
"Now, listen here—"
"Well, her coat was full of sand, so I sugar coat, dumb-bell."
—*Colorado Dodo*

Man (calling a bluff)—Here, Cliff. Here, Cliff. —*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Father (over the phone)—Mabel is not at home? Can I take any message?
Young Male Voice (nervously)—Er—yes. Just say—er—Toodle—oo—sweety—eetums—from Cyril.
—*Iowa Green Gander*

A. M. PROFESSOR—*Hmm, undoubtedly ulcerated. You'd best see a dentist at once, old man.*
—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

Why not Give the Finest?



Your card and this Gift Package of 100 Dunhill Cigarettes are an admirable answer to "*What shall I give?*"... At your dealer's, or, if more convenient, send $1.25 to

CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., INC.
44 West 18th Street, New York City

Of Course It's So

"Button, button, who's got the button?"
"My laundryman."
—*Kansas Sour Owl*

Have a Gamel!

When the dance is in full swing—and some alumnus is capturing your girl—have a Gamel!

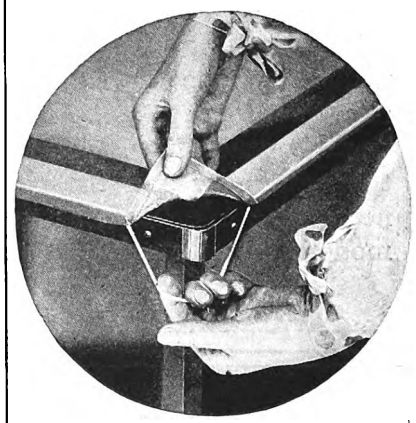
When she looks up at him with enticing eyes, and Mr. Alumnus masterfully maneuvers her away from your corner; when you are almost sure that you want to do murder—cut right in and give him a Gamel. —*Lehigh Burr*

Frosh—How do you suppose a fellow with two wooden legs can walk?

Soph—He probably just manages to lumber along.
—*Michigan Gargoyle*

"Heard the Nice Song?"
"No, how does it go?"
"'Nice to-day, lady?"
—*Washington Columns*

THE "TRUMP" BRIDGE TABLE COVER



Has met with universal approval and is growing in popularity every day.
Designed especially for the standard size square card tables. Made of Rayon in six attractive shades to harmonize with home surroundings (with a two tone border effect and designs corresponding to the different suits attractively woven in each corner.)
Specially adjusted elastic loops easily slip over the table corners, holding the covers securely and smoothly

No. 1—Sand with Peach border.
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" 5—Grass Green with Gold border.
" 6—Olive Green with Gold border.
" 7—Old Rose with Wineberry border.

These make splendid prizes and gifts.
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Order by number.
Money refunded if not satisfactory on examination.

Yomanco Production Co.
P. O. Box 280-J, City Hall Station, New York City

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Pathfinders

An advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, thus adding a new world to the old. Alexander Graham Bell discovered the telephone, giving the nations of the earth a new means of communication. Each ventured into the unknown and blazed the way for those who came after him.

The creating of a nation-wide telephone service, like the developing of a new world, opened new fields for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration.

Its continued advancement requires constant effort in working upon a never-ending succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Because it leads the way in finding new pathways for telephone development, the Bell System is able to provide America with a nation-wide service that sets the standard for the world.

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 15*)

who apparently haven't the slightest idea what the play is about and who proficiently convey their befuddlement to an already mystified audience. Just why actors who have difficulty in understanding even "East Lynne" should wish to offer themselves as decipherers of considerably more occult drama is, like so many other problems concerned with the genus actor, not easy to make out. But if there is one thing above all others that the average actor likes to do it is seemingly to vouchsafe himself the luxury of being regarded as a highbrow among his fellows by playing a rôle that is as greatly beyond the comprehension of his brother actors in the audience as it is beyond his own. These periodic mummer picnics provide the humorous sauce of any theatrical season.

IV

IN neither "First Love" nor "Head or Tail" can I discover anything to earn quotation in the management's newspaper advertisements. The former, an adaptation of a French comedy of Verneuil's by Zoe Akins, is much the better of the two, though I fear that that isn't precisely what may be called a compliment. All that I can discern in the exhibit is a slow-going sentimental manuscript with a surprise twist at the finish that is as startling and unforeseen as breakfast. Nor can I work up any enthusiasm over the acting. Miss Fay Bainter, who plays the lead, though she is dexterous in certain departments, is an actress who always leaves me in a state of complete indifference, and George Marion, what with his endless grimacing, never fails to remind me of an unremitting movie close-up. Their colleagues are similarly, at least in this instance, hardly synonyms for hallelujah.

"Head or Tail" is a dismal adaptation of an Hungarian fantastic comedy by Laszlo Lakatos. Al-

Hey! People!

Next week, my kid sister, JUDGETTE, is going to start a column of her own! It's going to be hot stuff!

Judge Jr.

EPILAUGHS

Here rests the body of Tony the Wop,
He thumbed his nose at Kelly the Cop.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

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A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY

The Peeved Gentleman—Botheration! Here I have maneuvered the girl right in to the center of the page, and the confounded artist has forgotten to draw the mistletoe. —*Passing Show*

though I am reasonably familiar with most of our friend Laszlo's work, this play has never come to my attention, yet it is reasonably safe to offer heavy odds that the American adaptor has made it seem much worse than it actually is. In the business of reducing its possibilities further, Mr. Henry Baron, the impresario, has figured magnificently. To it, he has brought a director in the person of one Silvernail who has garbled it no end, to say nothing of two leading players, Miss Estelle Winwood and Mr. Philip Merivale, who contribute to it a species of acting that would shut down "Abie's Irish Rose" after one performance. Miss Winwood is still given to so many affectations and artificialities that one is impolitely brought to look around one for Mack Sennett's baker. Mr. Merivale is at times a satisfactory actor, but this is not one of his times. Into the rôle of the Budapest husband he fits as snugly as Louis Mann would into "Young Woodley."

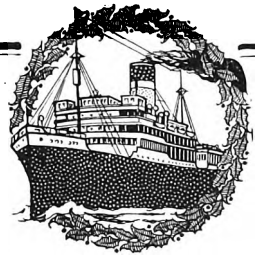
"I got a mosquito bite last night and spinach in me ever since"

A fellow we know got a terrible shock the other day. He came home unexpectedly from a trip abroad and found his wife sitting in the drawing-room with another man.

"Who is that?" he thundered.

"My brother from India," she faltered.

And it was. —*The Pink 'Un*



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Nassau
BAHAMAS

England's fascinating "Isle of June," such a Christmas as you never had before—bathing, fishing, tennis, golf on seaside courses, dancing, boating. Tropic beauty unspoiled by summer storms. No passports.

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Every comfort and luxury; unsurpassed cuisine. New York Booking Office—Room 202, 67 Wall Street.

Modern, luxurious, S. S. Munargo (432 feet long) sails Dec. 18 and Fridays thereafter, reaching Nassau in 60 hours. Special Inclusive Holiday Rates from $212.50 up for the round trip, with one week at the New Colonial Hotel.

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STEAMSHIP LINES

67 Wall Street, New York City
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stop coughing

It's discomfiting, unfair and dangerous to others. Nothing soothes and relieves the throat and mouth like Thayers Slippery Elm Lozenges.

They're Baked

THAYERS
OLD FASHIONED
SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES

Here's how to be POPULAR

BY new, easy methods you can learn to play a Conn saxophone in a few short weeks. Entertain yourself and your friends. Its zestful, cheering music makes you the life of the party; you're welcome everywhere.

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. Exclusive, easy-playing features, yet Conns cost no more than others. Write today for free literature.

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Old Money Wanted Will pay $100.00 for 1894 Dime, S. Mint., $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo). Big premiums paid for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you.
NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. 469, Ft. Worth, Tex.

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Special Price!

HERE'S a Gift that's Different, Useful, Instructive, Entertaining, Pleasure-giving all year round! 8-POWER BINOCULARS—magnify eyesight 8-times! Brings people, objects, sports, glorious vistas—right to one's feet! See miles away! Fine for motoring, hunting, hiking, yachting, races, baseball and football games; shutins; bird and nature study, etc. Any man or woman will welcome and *treasure* a pair.

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THESE are Genuine Imported Famous French and German 8-POWER Prism Binoculars, same as used by Army and Navy Officers, European Commanders, etc. Superb lenses, exquisite definition, wide view of vision. Adjustable to eye-strength and eye-width. Plush lined Leather Case, with neck and shoulder straps. List Price, $42. Advantageous foreign exchange rates make possible Bargain price..... $23.50

Our Plan is Different! *Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. We send Binoculars for 10 Days' Absolutely FREE TRIAL to responsible persons.*

If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan:
$5.00 MONTHLY **$21.75**

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT; Otherwise, return them. Order NOW! Limited Quantity! Rare Value! Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on delivery.

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Largest Retailers of Binoculars in America.

Gentlemen:—Send me **$23.50 8-POWER BINOCULARS** for 10 days' FREE Trial on the above plan.

Name.....

Address.....

Clip and mail this Coupon NOW to insure Xmas delivery! Please tell us something about yourself. Trade References Preferred. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU! Judge 12-4-26.

"JAZZITHA" The one string Hawaiian Guitar

Have you seen the latest Jazz instrument? Everybody is talking about the curious, unusual "Jazzitha." If you hear it you will want to own one.

Boy!—what music! Play all the song hits immediately; absolutely no instructions or lessons necessary—music is written in numbers.

The "Jazzitha" is made of fine grained hard wood with specially designed metal sound box. Handsomely decorated and beautifully finished in lacquer—19 inches in length. Played with bar and pick.

Send No Money

Just your name and address when Jazzitha and sheet music arrive, pay postman only $1.47—plus a few cents extra for postage.

$1.47

FREE—with every instrument we will include 8 extra Jazzitha strings worth 25c.

JUST OUT Book of 5 Latest Song Hits, written in numbers.....25c.

THE JAZZ STUDIOS
2512-41 Ave., Dept. 557
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

BOYS & GIRLS Earn Xmas Money

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. We trust you—until Christmas. No Work—Just Fun. St. Nicholas Seal Co. Dept. 169-J, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869 Write
LACEY & LACEY, 657 F St., Washington, D. C.

Judge Junior's Dictionary

A HEAVY DATE—An engagement with the most wonderful girl in the world.

ALL WET—See Wet Smack.

APPLESAUCE—Bull.

ARABS—Camel smoker.

BARGING—See Crashing; also stagging a dance.

BOLOGNA—See Applesauce.

BANANA OIL—See Applesauce.

BEAZLE—See Flamper.

BLIMP—Girl friend.

BLIND DATE—An engagement with a person you've never met.

BLOTTO—Intoxicated.

BLUE RUIN—The morning after.

BOILED—See Fried.

BOX CAR—"12" in crap game.

BUTTER AND EGGER—A person with lots of money who gets taken.

CRASHING—Getting in without an invite.

CUSPUTT—A disagreeable person. This word has been used by the originator with wonderful results. One will find after using it, a great relief from nervous tension.

DEAD-HOOFER—A poor dancer.

DIRT—Gossip.

DOGS—Feet.

DRAGOUT—Out-of-town party.

DUCK SOUP—Easily beaten.

DUMBDORA—Beautiful but dumb.

FLAMPER—A flapper vamp.

FLAT TIRE—See Wet Smack.

FLICKER—A little wee "bun."

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD—Ejaculation of derision.

FRIED—Intoxicated.

FUR BENNIE—A term applying to the proverbial raccoon coat.

GIVE HIM THE AIR OR THE GATE—To tell the boy friend you do not wish to see him any more.

GORDON WATER—Gin.

HE'S A FLOP—Failed to register—and I don't mean if or because—I mean it.

HIGH—Intoxicated.

HORNING IN—To present one's self without being wanted.

HUNG UP—Delayed, detained.

INDOOR AVIATOR—Elevator boy.

JINGLED—See Blotto.

"JOE" COLLEGE—Very collegiate.

KIBETZER—A wise guy; a spoofer.

KNOCK OUT—Pretty girl.

LEAPIN' LENA—Flivver.

LITTLE JOE—Point "4" in crap game.

LOUSY—Synonym of rotten.

LOW DOWN—Confidential inside news.

MALAKIE—Bull.

MEXICAN ATHLETE—A person who shoots a line, one who throws the bull.

NECKER—One who pets.

OIL-CAN—One who takes nine years to complete a four-year course.

ON A BUST—On a drunk.

ON HIS NOSE—See Fried.

ON THE STUB—Financially embarrassed; broke.

PETTING—Loving.

PHOEBE—Point "5" in crap game.

POTTED—Intoxicated.

PULLED A FAST ONE—Slipped one over.

RITZY—Classy.

SHEBA—A female vamp.

SHEIK—A male vamp.

SHELLACED—Meaning intoxicated.

SHIN SLOPPER—Poor dancer.

SLEIGH-RIDE—A run around; the raspberry.

SNIFTER—See Snort.

SNOCKERED—Intoxicated.

SNORT—A drink.

SNOW BIRD—Dope user.

SNUGGLE-PUPPY—See necker.

SPARE TIRE—A girl who is asked out only when there is no one else around.

STAND-UP—Failing to keep a date.

SUGAR DADDY—A female's steady income.

SUGAR MAMMA—Sweet on all the boys.

THIN SOUP—Easy to see through.

TIGHT—See Fried.

TORCH—The object of one's affections.

UPTOWN—High hat.

WASH-OUT—See Wet Smack.

WET SMACK—A dead one; a flat tire.

WOODEN DESSERT—Toothpicks.

$2 will be paid for each new word and definition used. In case of duplication the first one received will be accepted.

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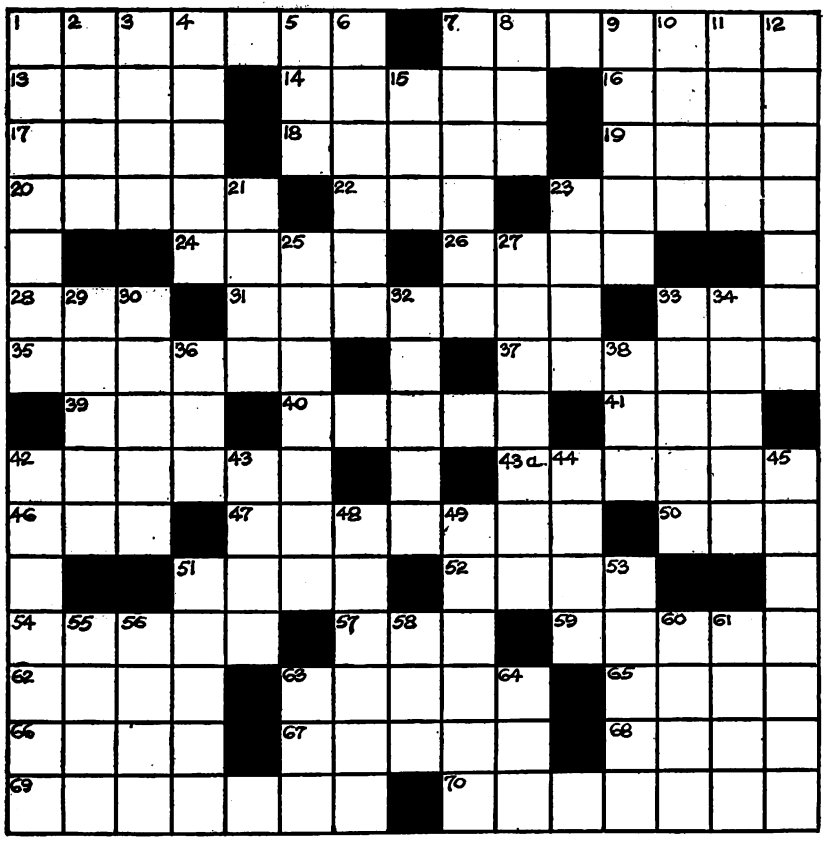
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 102



Submitted by O. J. Hoppner, Long Beach, L. I. *$25 will be paid for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. There's one in every drug store.
7. Hamlet's papa.
13. This is always around animals.
14. What traffic cops usually are.
16. Get this and you'll get the air.
17. Above.
18. This has no nose—but smells.
19. These help catch many poor fish.
20. A revolutionary leader.
22. Suitable.
23. A West Pointer.
24. A collection of houses.
26. You can't do this without talk.
28. A woolly butter.
31. What Dead Eye Dick had on his rifle.
33. Equality in value.
35. The boy friend.
37. To abide.
39. This is a duet.
40. This is more sensible.
41. What artists rarely work for.
42. To choose.
43a. To charge.
46. Putting two and two together.
47. The girl who married an artist.
50. What girls were twenty years ago (obsolete).
51. A dandy fellow.
52. An architectural molding.
54. This is very alarming.
57. A spike.
59. Work is all play to participants of this.
62. This has nothing on.
63. A foundation.
65. This gets hot just before dinner.
66. If you have this—execute it.
67. A river in France.
68. An ecclesiastical dignitary.
69. Well deserved.
70. How wifey opens your pay envelope.

Vertical

1. A disease of the tropics.
2. Where you'll find your honey.
3. The garden of first love.
4. What one rarely receives at home.
5. Do this and be easy on the dogs.
6. A. W. O. L.
7. As ye sew.
8. Booster's stimulus.
9. Some of these in gold watches.
10. Stepped on.
11. What Lady Godiva went out for.
12. The part of the U. S. bordering the Atlantic.
15. This wears a snow cap.
21. Not one.
23. Where spirits come from.
25. The yarn Priscilla spun.
27. A poor fish.
29. What Tex Rickard did after the fight.
30. To form (as spelled in England).
32. A part of a poem.
33. Where Parisians eat.
34. This is often dropped in England.
36. Where the poor fish comes from.
38. What you'd be if you really were crazy over horses.
42. This is devilish.
43. A friend indeed.
44. A bad state to be in.
45. Government of the State of Matrimony.
48. To gain again.
49. One of the non-metallic elements.
51. This is awful.
53. To corrode.
55. A kid's game.
56. Seaport in Arabia.
58. A stupid animal.
60. To assert.
61. What you get at a filling station.
63. Indispensable in traveling.
64. This is all wet.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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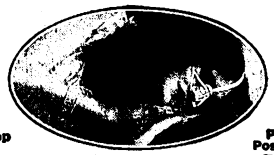

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Back to the Attack

To the Editor of JUDGE.

DEAR SIR: In your September 25 issue of JUDGE, in reply to my letter on your editorial by W. M. H., who called the movies "cheap and silly," you comment as follows: "What we have to say to the 'above facts' is simply that most of them are not facts at all but opinions which we respectively decline to share."

The writer asked you to name six pictures that were produced since January 1, 1926, that left a bad effect upon the youth of our country, to substantiate your claim that moving pictures are "cheap and are made up of hypocrisy and gross sentimentality." Could you do so? No!

During the early part of 1926, hundreds of exhibitors all over the country voted for the 104 pictures that made the most money at the box office during 1925. Heading the list of the 104 pictures selected were: "The Ten Commandments," "North of '36," "Charley's Aunt," "The Covered Wagon," "The Freshman" and "The Gold Rush."

Why were these pictures so successful? Was it because they were "cheap and silly" or because they were "made up of hypocrisy and gross sentimentality"? No! They were selected as the pictures making the most money at the box office during 1925 because they are the kind of pictures that the public want, and which the producers realize are the biggest money makers. The winners are necessarily the good and clean productions.

The motion picture industry stands aloft from the other industries, and anyone connected with it should be proud of the fact. Would that I were connected with it, and I would proudly acknowledge the fact. *Samuel H. Krone*

Brooklyn, N. Y.
September 27, 1926.

Good Medicine!

JUDGE: Your editorial forbearance and patience are highly commendable. After reading the letters published this week in "Judge for Yourself," I feel pity rise within me for the chronic howler who objects to your humorous sallies against the church and Prohibition. After all who are they to say that you have a single-track mind? And who are they to raise their puritanical howls to the skies because you happen to mention the church without nine deep salaams and many loud huzzas? I say pity, because I feel awfully sorry for any human who is so "convention-bound" that his mind is narrowed to the point that these communications indicate.

Although I don't know the weekly circulation of JUDGE, I feel quite safe in suggesting to the authors of two of these letters that a subscriber or two less would hardly make it financially impossible for JUDGE to continue publication. So say I, hooray for JUDGE—it's good medicine and we all enjoy taking it.

Princeton, N. J., Sincerely,
October 23, 1926. *J. E. D.*

For Letter Writers

Editor, Judge for Yourself.

Greetings: The purpose of this impromptu court, excuse me (column), has caused me no little wonder. The title "Judge for Yourself" seems to suggest an invitation to emulate "Judge on the Bench." Convention, however, dictates an interpretation which may be expressed by the phrase, Judging JUDGE.

Is it necessary to rehash here the meat so obviously used by His Honor to feed the quasi-intellectural souls of the T. B. M., the Drug Store Cowboy, the Man About Town—including Hi-Hats (thanks, Junior)? I rather imagine the wild sobbing, the wringing of hands in utter despair, the angry gnashing of teeth of outraged knighthood, and conversely, the greasy plaudits and oily praise of the seekers, the eager, even dog-like devotion of the Yes Men, all appear in this column for the same reason that this article is written—that sneakin' little desire to get into print.

Now, why not own up to the aspiration? Let your eyes wander to the picture above. The brickbat hasn't touched the JUDGE and he doesn't want the bouquet. What is one to derive from that? Well, if you don't get the point it doesn't matter, anyhow. Nevertheless, and in spite of the valorous efforts of this court—beg your pardon, column, it remains that Prohibition distinctly does not prohibit. What I mean, we are living too early. We should wait until Aunty Somebody puts the KO on short skirts.

Don't you see, we who write these—ah, er (well, read the second paragraph again), are wasting time, our digestions, and the family tranquillity on mere nothings whereas we might worry along for awhile on more momentous subjects such as "That d—d coal bill," "The wife's new dress," or "How in h—l can I pay for it." Court's Adjourned,

Boston, Mass., *J. L. C.*
October 19, 1926.

The Wandering One—Goo' Lor', you mush 'ave had even a worsh C'ris'mas night than I've had. You look simply gashly!
—*Sketch*

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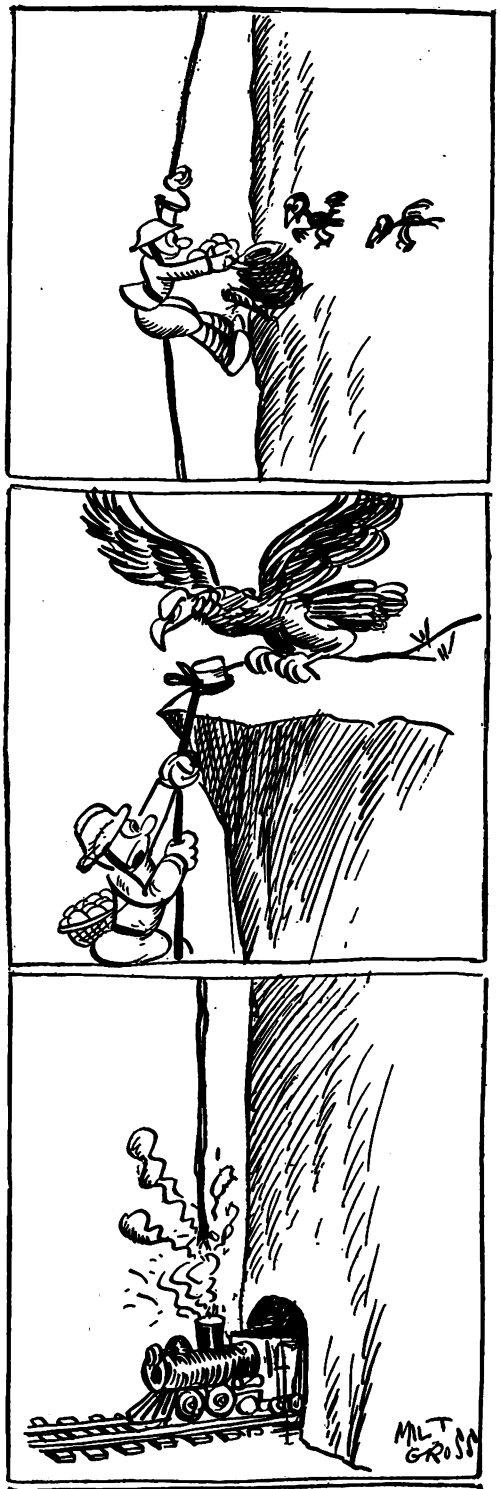
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!



Contest No. 71

Send in your "Conclusion" in ink, on white paper, the same general shape as this space. You may draw it any size you care to.

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. Mail yours 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 December 13. Winning ending appears in the issue of January 15.

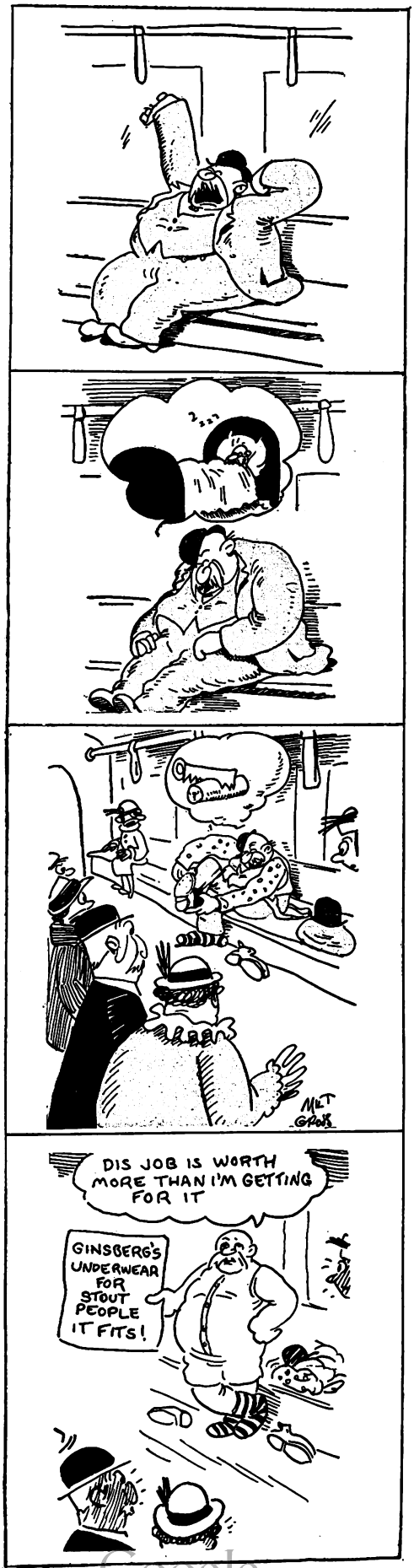
Will J. Cooper,
St. Louis, Mo.

K. Stoehr,
Chicago, Ill.

Wm. G. Mortimer,
144 Central avenue,
London, Ont., Can.

Above: Runners up in Contest No. 65.

Right: Winner of Contest No. 65. 2d Lieut. C. G. Follansbee, Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.



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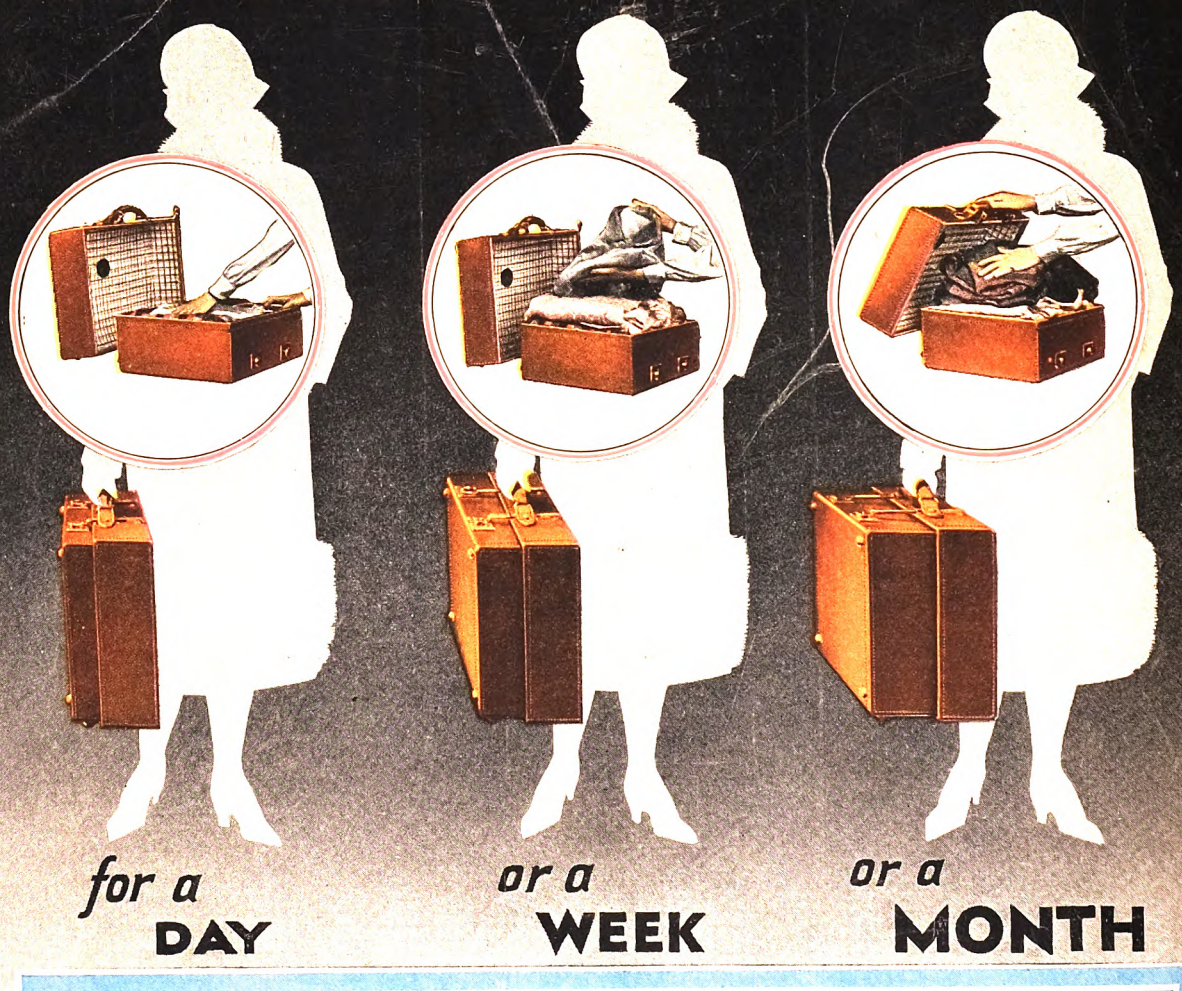
THE *same* REVELATION



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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(*For the Holidays*)
WET

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1926

NOVEL MACHINE INVENTED

A MARVELOUS beer machine at the Brewers' Exhibition in London has a capacity of 7,200 bottles. The darn thing is almost human.

TWENTY-SEVEN Mexicans and one American were recently reported wounded by bullets near Mexico City. It is not known as yet who was elected.

DOCTOR MARCHAL, of Paris, has expressed his belief that man's supremacy is threatened by insects. No doubt the doctor is referring to the American road louse.

A CAMPAIGN, we understand, is now on foot for the suppression of snuff. This is one thing we should eschew.

SEVENTIETH CONGRESS

FROM all indications our seventieth Congress will still lean toward the Drys. Judging from some of the members "sway" would be a more fitting word.

A TWO billion candle-power searchlight on exhibition in the Grand Central Palace is said to be so powerful that a man forty miles away could see to read his newspaper by it. Even so it wouldn't throw any light on the Hall-Mills case.

CRITIC SCORES U. S. HOMES

ONE of England's foremost architects says that American homes do not have a distinct atmosphere of their own. Evidently he has not visited us since we learned the art of home brew.

A MEXICAN Indian recently ran sixty-two and a half miles from Panchua to Mexico City in nine hours and thirty-seven minutes. At last—the perfect commuter!

AN airbrake, we understand, has now been invented for use on automobiles. The millennium will be reached when some one invents one for use on Congressmen.

FLAPPER (*to mendicant*)—*Here, take this and buy yourself some decent clothes.*

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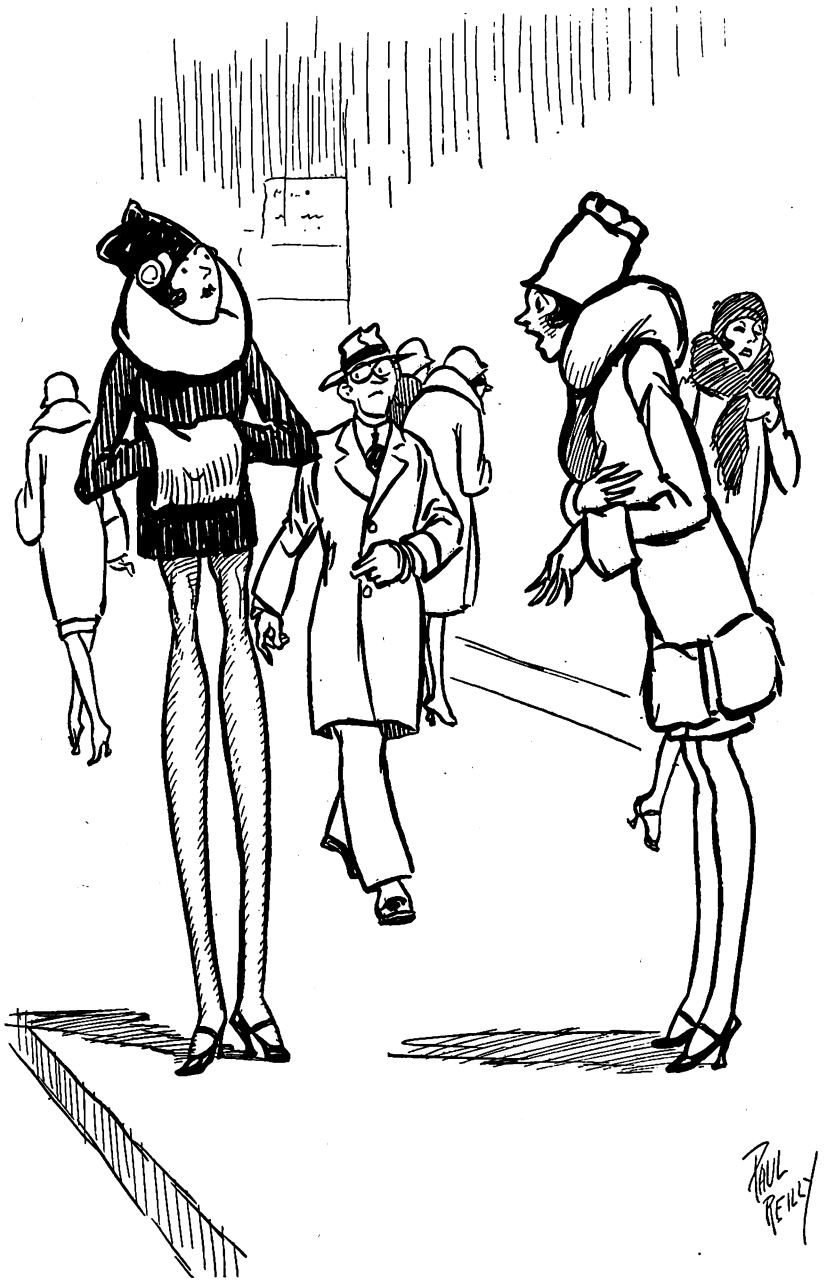

"B-b-but Mabel!"
"Oh, yes, I tried everything else and now I've had my knees lifted."

The Night Before Christmas

WELL, Bill, here's how."

"'Sgreat stuff."

"Damdifitisn't, Bill. Have another."

"Surest thing you know."

"'S pre-war stuff."

"How do you know?"

"Bootlegger told me. Gets it straight through a fixed customs official."

"Lucky stiff. Can you get me some?"

"Sure. Easy."

"'Sabsolutely genuine, you say?"

"Ab-so-loooot-ly. Look at the label."

"Well. S'long. I gotta go play Santa Claus for Willie."

"Mygawd! He still believe in Santa Claus?"

"Yeah."

"The poor fish."

Parke Cummings

Late Permanently

Old Man—When did the first street car start running here?

Young Man—August 3, 1863.

"I just wanted to be sure. I'm waiting for it."

Love is like getting drunk, marriage is like the headache the next morning, and divorce is the aspirin tablet.

When Prohibition is one hundred per cent. effective, it will be much more difficult to get a drink.

Angry Motorist—Some of you pedestrians walk along just as if you owned the streets.

Irate Pedestrian—Yes, and some of you motorists drive around just as if you owned the car!

Five Secrets of Happiness

Money.
Money.
Money.
Money.
Money.

WIFE—*You ducked! I could get a divorce for that!*

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The Christmas Ghost

A Very, Very Modern Poem

It flits about the house at yule time
in the wee small hours
and then departs—silently.
no one
in the house hold has ever met it
face to face.
if they did i think they'd
die.
but sometimes they hear
its muffled tread and sometimes they
find that it has borne away some valued treasure.
sometimes they hear of other
people
who have seen it, yes, and lived to
tell the tale.
—the neighbor's daughter did
,for instance,
and her cheeks still bear their former
glow.
the ghost
is edward home on christmas vacation. *Parke Cummings*

When a pedestrian gets hopping mad he must always remember to hop quickly enough.

Riddle Department

"Why should every traveler in the desert carry a watch with him?"

Ans. "Because every watch has a spring in it, heh, heh."

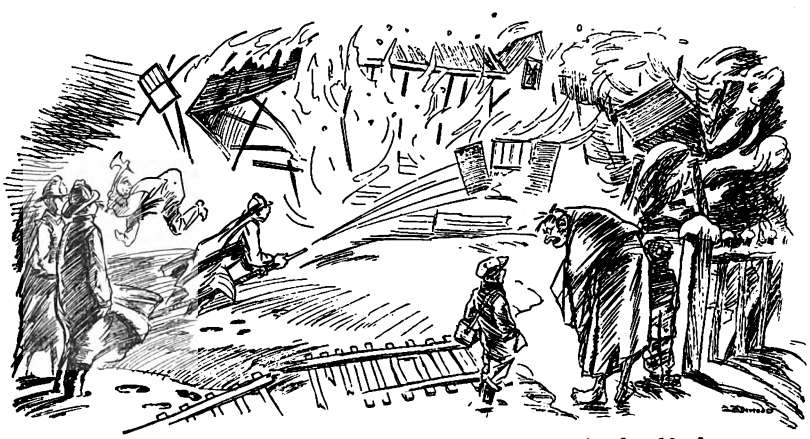
"Why does a motorman wear red suspenders?"

Ans. "To hold up his pants." Gosh but these are dumb.

MAKE A NOISE LIKE A HOOP AND ROLL AWAY SAID TRILBY

THE POET AND THE PEASANT

Kindly move out of the doorway, gents; that's right, thank you. The next object is a genuine 14-Karat pair of cardboard andirons. That reminds me of a story. Mr. Guffey met his old friend, Mr. Hitch, on the sidewalk one day. "And how are you?" he inquired. "Say, what has become of good old Ray Schmaltz who kept the saloon?" "Oh, he's gone," replied Hitch, hitching his horse to a tree. "Gone? Gone where?" asked Guffey, dazed. "I'm sure I don't know," sallied Hitch, "but he's dead anyway." Friends of Hitch are requested not to send flowers.



Events preceding the mysterious disappearance of a bootblack, "Shine Mister?"

Ballads of a Husband

For Christmas she bought me
Some green and red ties;
Her heart's in the right place,
But where are her eyes?

"Yes, I used to be in politics myself. I was dog-catcher in my town for two years, but finally lost my job."

"What was the matter—change of mayors?"

"Nope. I finally caught the dog."

Banks seem to believe there's safety in numbers of vice-presidents.

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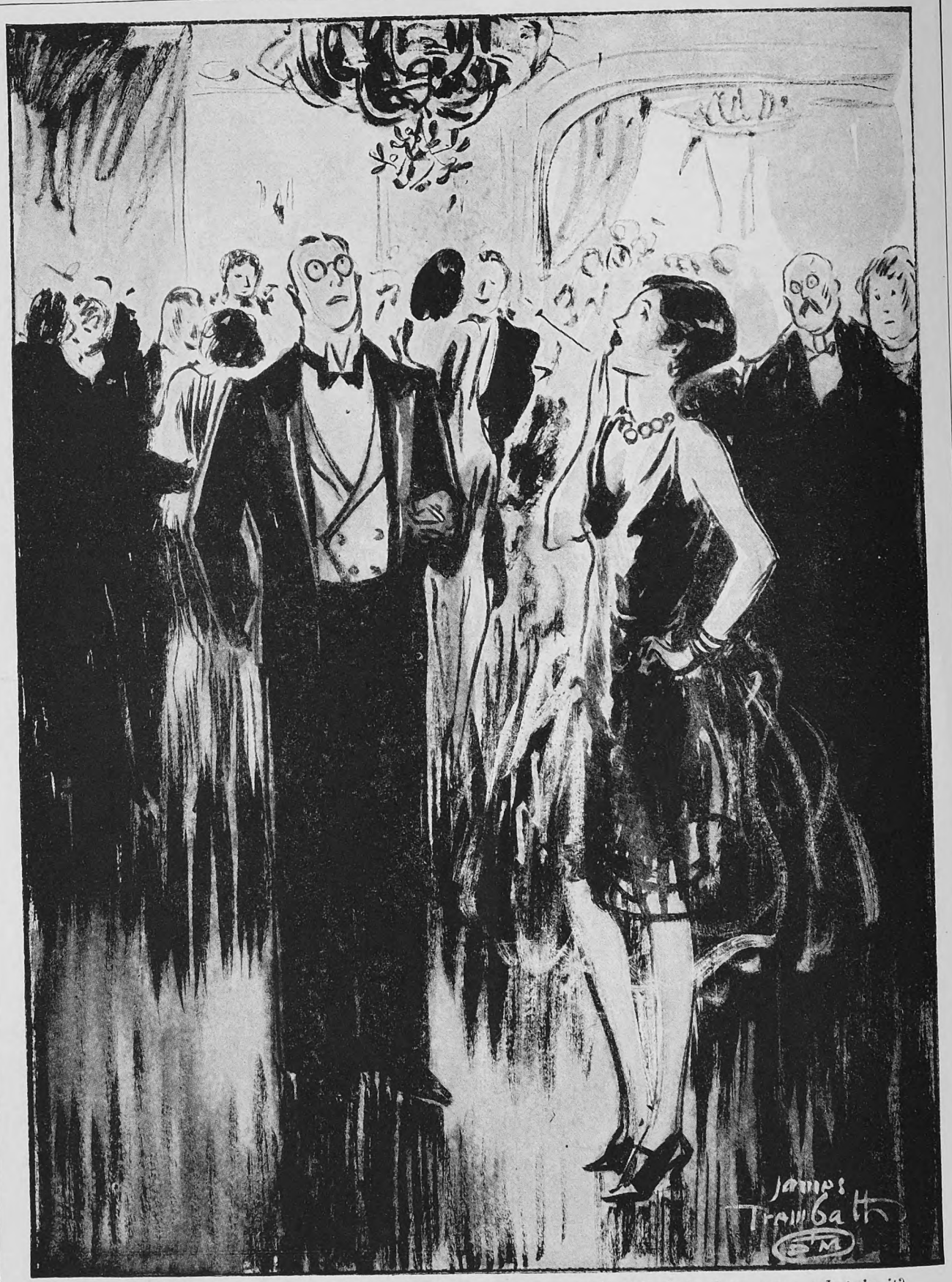

IDWAL—*There's some quaint old-fashioned custom connected with that plant, now, what is it?*
EUTERPE—*I dunno, maybe you're supposed to dance a Charleston under it.*

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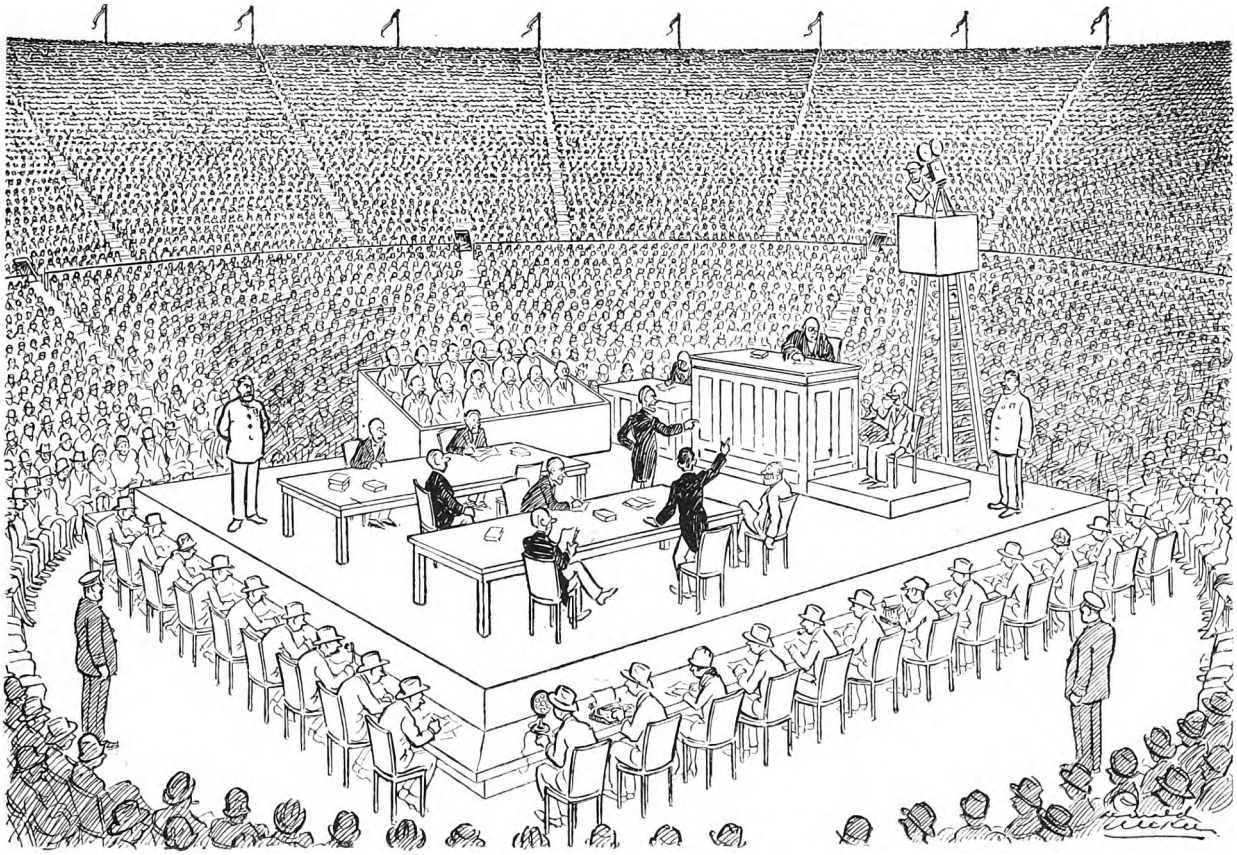

1931—Logical evolution of the "big" murder trial. Promotion by Tex Rickard. Daily "Gate," $1,200,000. Everybody happy.

The Hero

Amid the cheers of the thrilled multitude the hero staggered ashore, bearing in his strong arms the limp form of the beautiful and half-drowned girl. Gently he laid her on the warm Florida sands and stood unsteadily, his great chest heaving, water dripping from bronzed shoulders, a shock of hair half covering his handsome, finely chiseled features.

It had been a desperate struggle but he had won—won against heavy odds. He passed his hand over his eyes and endeavored to clear the dizziness from his brain. The crowd surrounded them. The girl opened her eyes and gazed up into the handsome face of her rescuer. Words formed on her bruised lips. The crowd pressed closer.

"My hero," the girl murmured. He looked down and met her smile, his face emotionless, his breath coming and going with great sobs. The eager crowd pressed still closer. Here was romance—romance such as they had seen heretofore only in the movies or read about in books.

Suddenly there was a commotion and a well-dressed, middle-aged man fought his way into the small circle.

"Mr. Watt, the radio millionaire," some one breathed. The crowd hushed. There were tears in the millionaire's eyes as he grasped the hero's hand.

"Young man," he said, brokenly, "I saw you rescue my daughter! Anything I have is yours! *Anything!* Name your own reward!" He looked down at his beautiful daughter. She was gazing rapturously at the hero. There was a moment of complete silence; then the hero shook his head violently as the situation burst clearly upon him. Slowly he pointed an unsteady finger at the beautiful girl and spoke.

"This dame," he said in a voice that cracked, "grabs onto me neck, an' I can't even swim! I smacks her in the pan, but she won't leggo so I drug her in!" Wearily he turned to the millionaire, "What the h—l gimme a coupla thousan' bucks an' I won't say nuthin' more about it."

Gurney Williams, Jr.

"Was your European trip a success?"

"No, a flop—it's no fun to drink right out in the open like that!"

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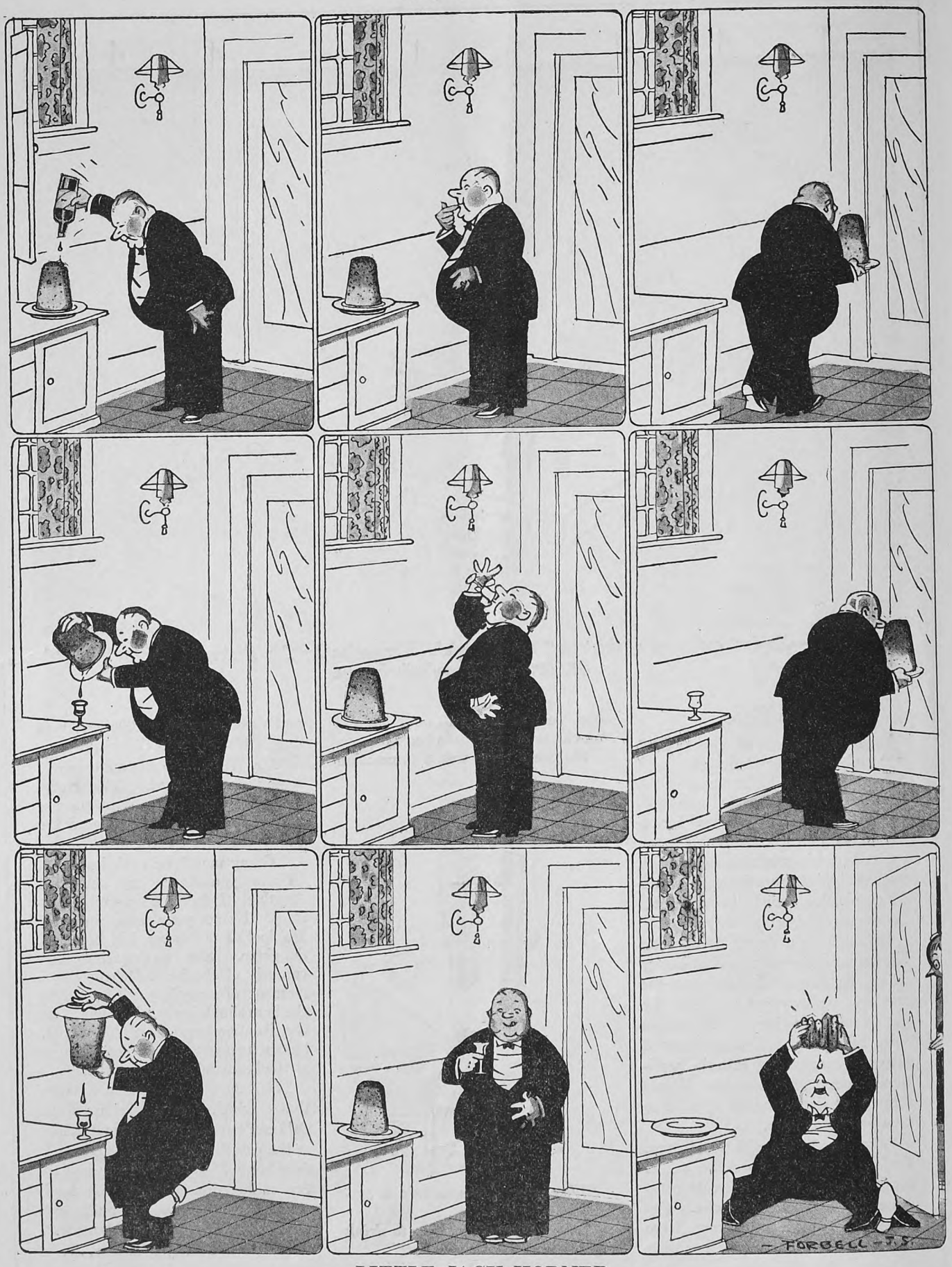

LITTLE JACK HORNER

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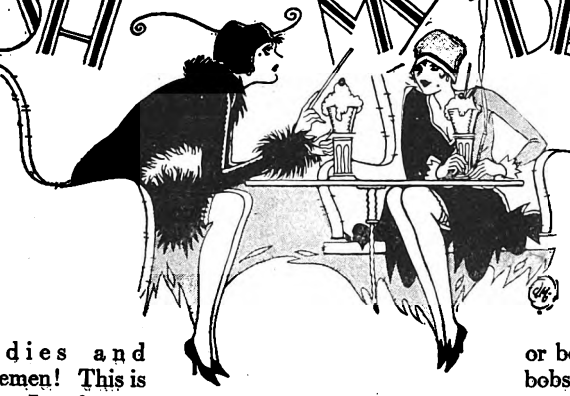
"OH MY DEAR!"



Ladies and Gentlemen! This is Judge, Jr., broadcasting direct from the High Hat Roof! It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the kid sister, Judgette .... give this little girl a hand, Folks!... (shut up, will you, till I get through with my speech!) .... Judgette is very shy and bashful (like a jazz band) and doesn't know her way around very well, but in her simple little childish way she'll try and tell you all about what the girlies are doing, and, Lads, what they're not doing!.... which reminds me of the story of the three bares—(Sit down! Sit down!)—all right! Ladies and Gentlemen .... Judgette!

Dear Readers (Ya' big sap!) that brother of mine thinks he's very funny (Ha! Ha!) as a matter of fact he's green-eyed because he can't write things for the feminine mind—you know about the chameleon on the Scotch plaid ....

Speaking of recipes!.... I've discovered the duckiest combination .... three parts vanilla ice cream, sliced bananas, whipped cream, crushed pecans, two or three cherries and maple syrup! Toss that off, Sister High Hats!

Don't overlook the new slippers and bags to match .... a particularly smart set in navy blue suede with a bit of leather trim .... and don't get too well stocked in reptile skins—plain leather is coming back.

Rose Quartz is new no end in jewelry .... what a relief!.... it is combined with rhinestones or pearls, or both, for rings, earbobs, bracelets, etc. .... saw some nice rings, that is if you like that sort of thing, at Saks .... huge crystal or colored stones .... one is supposed to have a pair—one for each hand....

Saw a Deb the other day wearing a little jeweled saxophone .... how could you, Dame Fashion! Or perhaps you haven't .... do you like the new pony fur jackets or the many colored leather coats?..... neither do I!

Have made a marvelous discovery ..... an evening bag that will actually hold a compact and a few things besides .... square, medium size, and flat, made of white moire trimmed in tiny steel beads and seed pearls .... and it has a perfectly wonderful mirror that you can see your whole face in!

Brother, Dear, is so big-hearted! ..... he has consented to let me have the "Six Best Steppers" in my column. I used to pick them out for him anyway!

"Cross Your Heart" (*Queen High*).
"Moonlight on the Ganges" (*No Show*).
"Half a Moon" (*Honeymoon Lane*).
"Do, Do, Do" (*Oh, Kay*).
"Clap Yo' Hands" (*Oh, Kay*).
"Someone to Watch over Me" (*Oh, Kay.*)

Judgette

Learn a Trade a Day

CHESTNUT roasting. Any young man who likes to hang around corners would do well to take up chestnut roasting as a career. They say there's money in chestnuts too, although most people can't find anything in them but worms.

To stimulate trade, the chestnut vender must move about from curb to curb. In case he forgets, there are always police to remind him. The equipment required for entering the business consists of several pieces of charcoal, a small wooden stand, a frying pan, a match, a small tin cup (the smaller the better) and three or more chestnuts.

The best selling plan is this: Stand where people will see you and then start burning the chestnuts. The aroma is bound to attract customers. Ask each one how much worth he wants. If he says five cents' worth, fill the cup and dump it in his vest pocket. If he says ten cents 'worth, fill the same cup, but dump it in his overcoat pocket. If he says two cents' worth, pick out a couple of red-hot ones and put them in his hand. Another trick of the trade is to purchase a tin cup measure that is smaller at the top than at the bottom. When measuring with this receptacle, a big chestnut will often get stuck. *R. C. O'Brien*

This week's hilarious wheeze comes from none other than Judge, Jr. It seems a lawyer said to his son, aged twelve months: "I must prepare a tort," and the son snapped back, "For Pete sake, Pop, don't say tort say taught!"

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HESTER—*What d'ya mean, my guardian oughta start a hospital?*
HECTOR—*Well, he's got an alcoholic ward to begin with!*

Righting An Old Wrong

RECENT translations shed a new light on the Bluebeard myth. According to returned archæologists, Bluebeard is a much wronged man.

"He was not," says Professor Flumph emphatically, "the gory ogre hitherto depicted. On the contrary, he was a mild and amiable soul, fond of gardening, Sunday night picnics, and six-day bicycle races. He enjoyed the respect of his suburb, along with his wives, while they lasted. He merely had more courage than his neighbors."

"To begin with, he killed only five women. Not seven, or eleven, as the rumor ran. And he early formed the habit of surrendering himself for trial. Court records of the day show that prompt acquittal followed the introduction of evidence that—

Wife No. 1 was given to asking questions when Mr. B. was shaving.

No. 2 had a penchant for driving the chariot from the rear seat,

No. 3 usurped his coat hangers and left the top off the toothpaste tube,

No. 4 insisted that he play golf with her, week-ends, and

No. 5 demanded constant reassurance as to the state of her permanent wave.

Stanley Jones

The I'm Gonna Guy

POOR old Bill was one of these "I'm gonna" boys.

Just before each payday he'd say, "I'm gonna start saving money next week." Then he'd borrow a five.

"I'm gonna go on a diet pretty quick," he'd confide. Then he'd order the starchiest foods on the menu.

"I'm gonna ask the boss for a raise next week or quit." But he stayed on when the rest of the gang was fired for refusing to take a cut.

"I'm gonna get me a big six next month." But he drove his old flivver until the end.

The last definite word I had of Bill was at the inquest.

Joe, the foreman at the garage, was the principal witness.

Five minutes before losing the argument at the crossing, Joe testified, Bill shouted, as he drove away from the garage: "Joe, I'm gonna drop in next week and have you fix these brakes."

Chet Johnson

Santa follows the lead of other popular celebrities and just leaves autographed photos.

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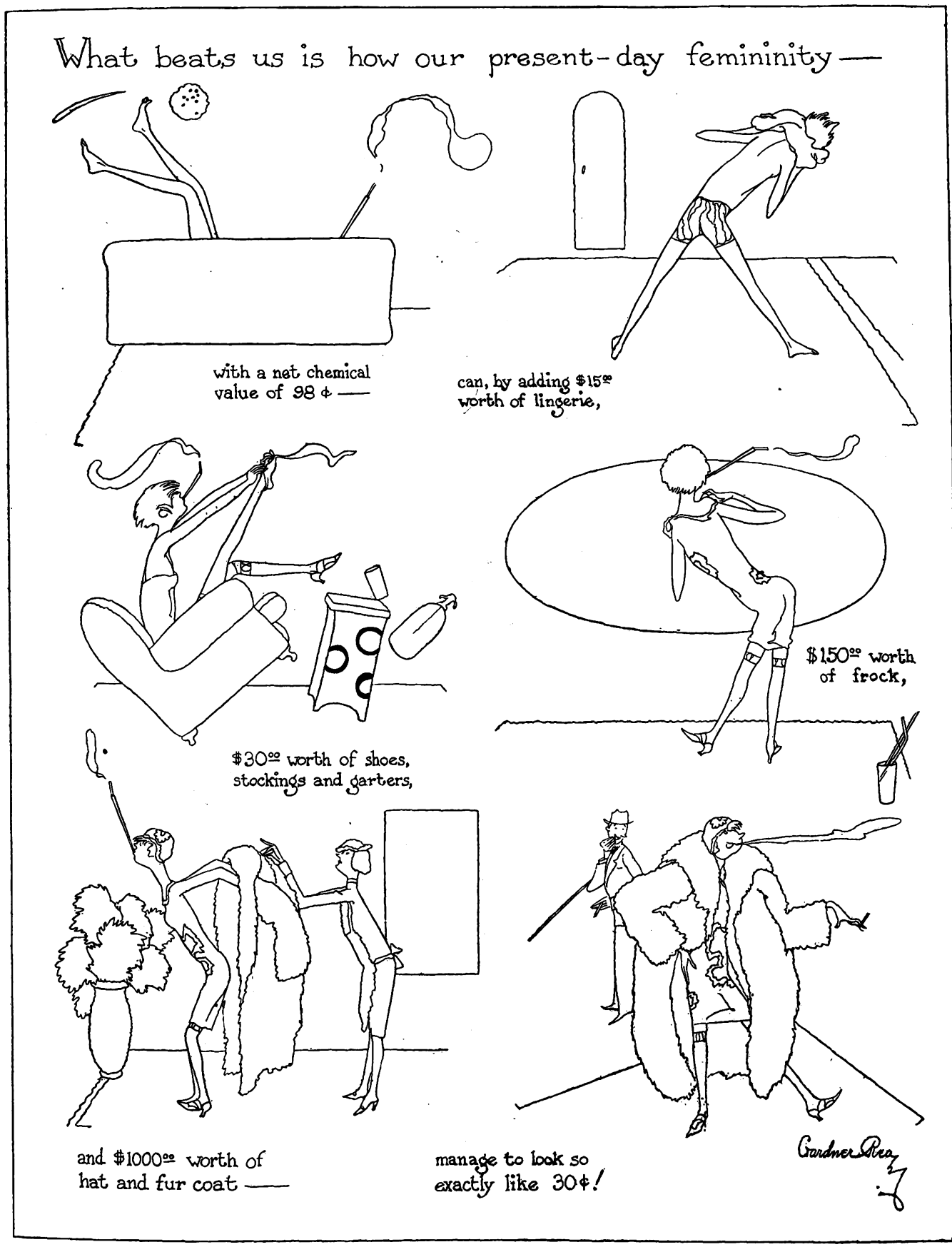

A MATTER OF DOLLARS AND SENSE

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JUDGE'S FAIRY TALES FOR TIRED CLUBMEN

The Steadfast Tin Soldier

THIS is the kind of a story that makes you feel glad you're a teetotaler because if anything sounds like a hot session with the D.T.'s, this is it. Anyhow, it starts off about a small kid named Reuben which was opening up his Christmas presents and was getting mad enough to tear a herring in halves with a turn of his wrist. The first three packages he opened all contained tin soldiers; so when he got to the fourth bundle and found a dozen tin soldiers, he let out a curse that made his grandmother almost bite off the neck of the Bacardi bottle in surprise.

"Why, Reuben, what can be the matter?" says the good old dame.

"Are you the wise-cracker that gave me these soldiers?" says Reuben, trying to look her in the eye. He couldn't very well, because she had a quart of Bacardi in her and she couldn't have held her eyes open if she used her fingers.

"Why, yeh," answers the grandmother, "why?"

"Well, *you're* a cheap piker," flies out Reuben, burning up fast. "What do you think I'm gonna do with four dozen tin soldiers, start a army? Say, cabbage, if all I could think of to give a grandson was tin soldiers, I'd paste a couple flat leaves on my shoulder blades and call myself a rubber plant!" And he quick grabs up one of the soldiers and heaves him out the window. This introduces the hero of our tale, another good title for which might be "When Love Flies Out the Window."

"So you're back, refuse?" says Reuben.

Well, everything would have been all right if this soldier was built like a rubber ball, but some mechanic must have forgot to put springs in him, so when he hit the ground he sort of stayed there, full of broken ribs and anger against Reuben. But no sooner had he got back his breath when along came a couple of young scavengers and thought they would have a gay time with him. So they made a boat out of newspaper and shoved him in it and gave him a push out in a stream. Then they went on scavenging.

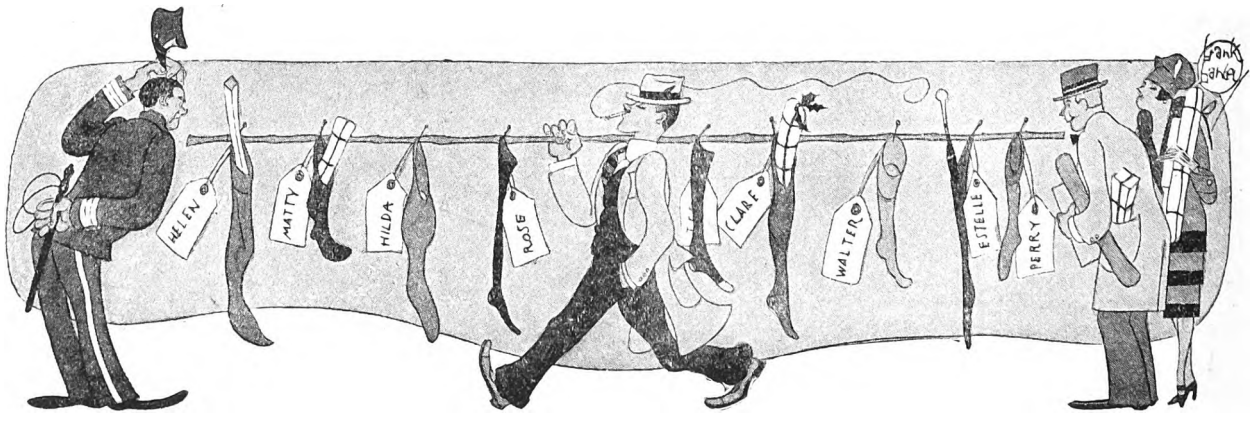
The water was starting to leak into the boat and the soldier was wishing he had another pair of shoes to change to when all of a sudden the bottom of the boat fell through and the soldier went down head first. Just as he was going down he met a large ugly looking haddock.

"Pardon me," he says. "But what sort of a dive is this?"

"I'll tell you," says the haddock, "It's a nose dive!" And before the soldier could argue the fish had swallowed him.

It took him a couple of minutes to figure out his bearings on account of it was dark in the fish's interior, but as soon as he lit a match and realized where he was, he saw they was no use crying so he sat down and started to catch up on his back reading. It was lucky he had brought along a tabloid which he had picked up on the subway. He got through with the paper and was just starting in to write a couple of letters when he heard a funny noise and he saw that somebody had caught his apartment, so to speak, and he was once more on dry land. After a little while somebody opened up the fish and the soldier stepped out feeling kind of rheumatic from the damp. But he didn't get very far because just then the cook, which had opened up the fish, grabbed him and took him into another room where a small boy was playing double Canfield. His back was toward the soldier and when he turned around the latter almost passed out of the book because it was none other than our old friend Reuben.

(*Continued on page 24*)



He had this outfit made to do his Christmas shopping and the system saved him from forgetting anyone.

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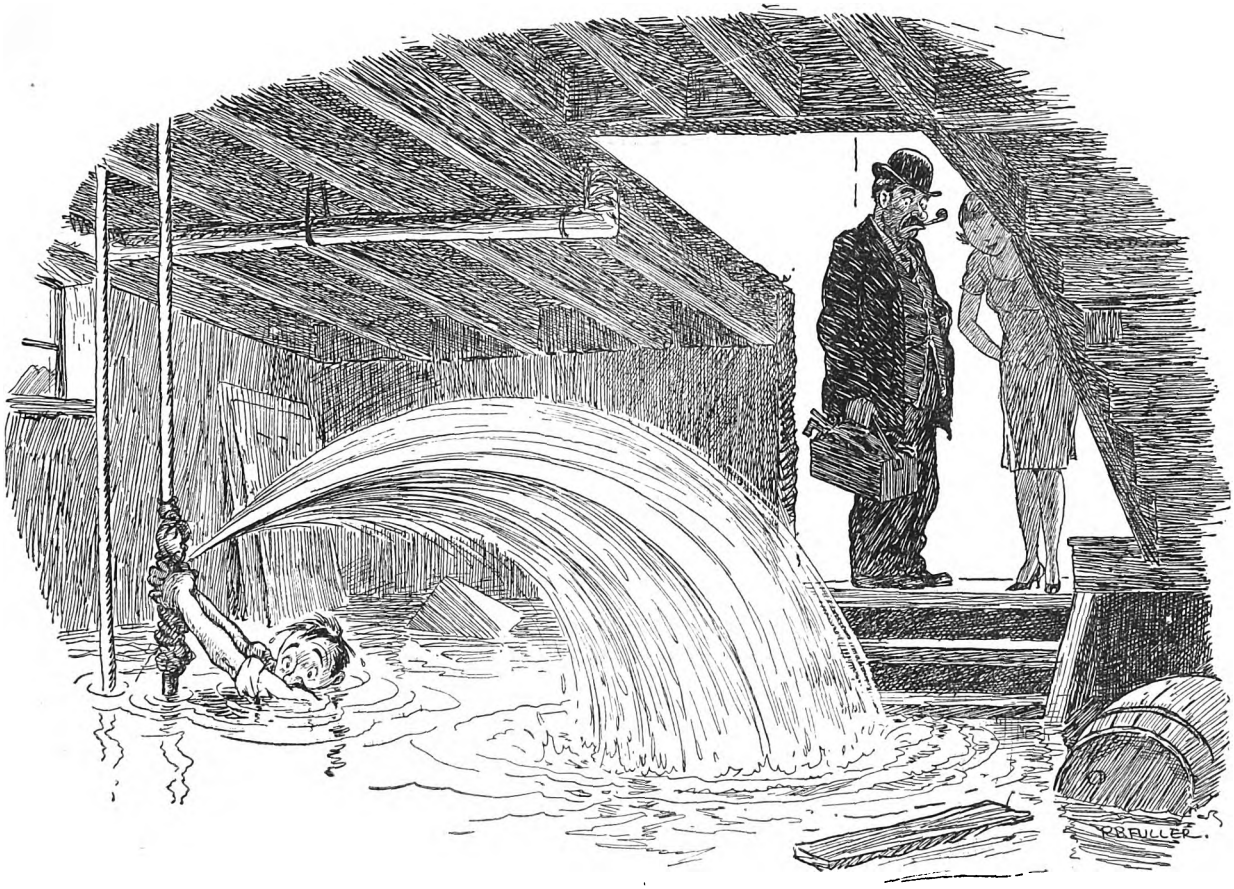

VOICE FROM UPSTAIRS—*It's all right, dear—the plumber has come!*

"Ye gods, what a breath!"

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HAS SHE AN ALIBI?

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

Harvard-Princeton

THEY say that just before the two elevens ran on the field for the Harvard-Princeton football game Bill Roper got his Princeton squad together and read them the discourteous strictures on their university in the *Lampoon*. This, it is supposed, is what gave the Tigers the extra allowance of fury that enabled them to trounce Harvard 12-0. We can't vouch for the accuracy of the story, or for the alleged consequences, if the story is true, but you may remember that virtually all the penalties in the game—for holding, for off-side play, etc., etc.—were imposed on Princeton.

There is no doubt in the world that college spirit counts in football. The sense of solidarity with their human background always gives men strength in combat, just as a tendency to individualism weakens them. The boy who can feel that it is his Alma Mater bucking the line, and not he, is worth more on the gridiron than his fellow of even greater strength and speed who in his subconscious represents only himself. This explains why certain institutions, often with scanty or inferior material, have the habit of turning out winning football teams. With all due salaams to Bill Roper, it explains why Princeton has that habit.

Princeton has the thing called college spirit to a degree that is almost unmatched. This is not necessarily a compliment. College spirit needs for its strongest expression an attitude in the individual that is a little less than sophisticated, a little less than mature. He must be prepared to swallow unquestioningly much that a properly developed sense of humor would reject and to abdicate emotionally and intellectually at the call of the pack. As men grow to intellectual maturity they frankly hesitate to "die for dear old Rutgers," and as colleges grow in size and complexity they attract a larger proportion of such men, whose point of view spreads down and in the course of time infects even the members of the "cheering section." This is what has been happening at Harvard for more than half a century. But Princeton, cloistered in its small town and expanding much more slowly, has never reached this stage, and now that her numbers have been pegged it is possible that she never will.

In any case, it is this fundamental difference that explains the deep-seated antagonism between the two student bodies. Harvard, conscious of a maturer point of view, regards Princeton a little patronizingly. Princeton, conscious of the strength that comes from her greater emotional solidarity, greets Harvard with the strut of the victor. It will take a graduate engineer in brotherly love to bridge that gulf.

Who Made It a Sin?

NEITHER in the Decalogue nor in any other portion of the Bible, so far as we can discover, is there a single mention of gambling. In Cruden's Concordance there is no reference to the word or to "games of chance" or even to "games." The terms, bet, bettor, betting, wager, dice, cards, racing, indoor sports, galloping dominoes, do not occur there. One is forced to the conclusion either that the Jews and their neighbors of the Ancient World did not gamble, or that if they did they considered it an innocent pastime of not sufficient consequence for comment in either the Old or the New Testament. (Of course, if you cling to the belief that God wrote the Testaments, then you must admit either that He found gambling non-existent at the time and could not foresee its growth and spread, or that He, too, considered it a peccadillo.)

We are very much inclined to the second theory. There is every indication in history and human nature that gambling is as old as love and drinking, and the presumption that the ancient Jews, an avidly commercial people to whom speculation in trade was as the breath of battle to the champing steed, had their games of chance must be very strong indeed. But if they didn't think enough about gambling one way or the other to mention it in the Bible, why is it that our own ministers of religion and their little yes-men, the legislators, and all the forces of the Uplift and of Righteousness (with the big, rolling "R") among us should so condemn it, and pass laws about it, and conduct raids and crusades against it? If it isn't in the Book from which they take their cues, who first made it a sin?

As a matter of fact, the gambler, who thinks no more of his money, or of the material things it represents, than to risk it on a guess, is following much more closely certain of the precepts of the Gentle Founder of Christianity than are the careful "good" boys who look down upon him. "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" Gambling is apt to lead to improvidence, wherefore our Bible-thumpers have accounted it a sin, but the words quoted would seem to counsel improvidence.

All of which has a bearing on the recent opening of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd, in Lexington, Ky. This is the only church in the world, according to newspaper report, built with the money of turfmen. From all over the world they sent in their contributions in gratitude for the help of the rector, the Rev. Thomas L. Settle, in defeating a bill to forbid betting on horse races. It is a fitting, if somewhat ironic, tribute. Christ's will be done! *W. M. H.*

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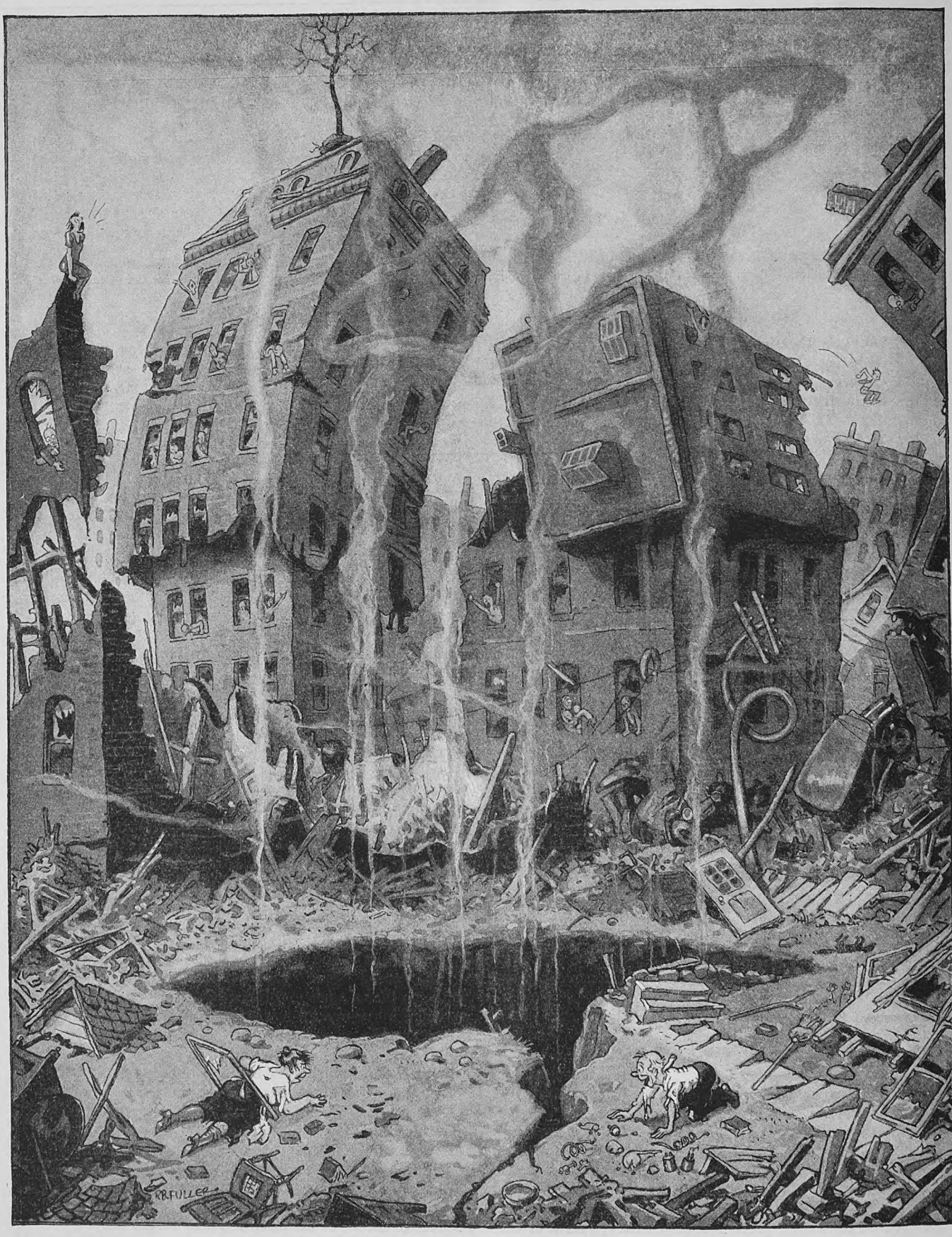

PROFESSOR'S WIFE—*What have you done now?*
"I've sub-divided the atom!"

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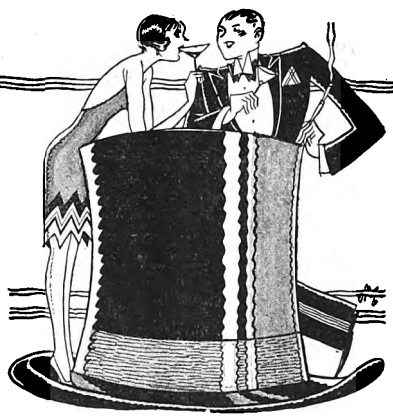
HIGH HAT



What, oh what, is the younger generation coming to! . . . . they're getting more brazen every day! . . . . something ought to be done about it —write your Congressman! . . . . just the other day, right in front of my very eyes, a young couple walked up to a soda fountain and got two glasses half filled with orange juice—then the male deliberately extracted a flask from his hip pocket, filled the two glasses and they stood there and drank them!

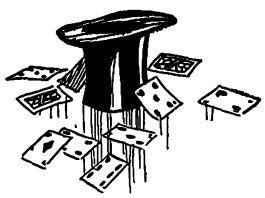
Long, long ago there was a fellow named Gus Christo, who wouldn't let me in Montmarte because I had short pants on . . . . however, I was a persevering lad and when I got my first long pants I walked up to the door and I said "Look, Gus!" and after that I was a steady customer. . . . . well, all this leads up to the important news that Gus has opened a place at 72 East Fifty-sixth that's a darb—best meals in town! I get a free meal for this ad!

Brother High Hats, the millennium has come! Chas. P., of this fair city, has doped out an "Apologia" that fills a long felt want! No more remorse! No more worryin'! Just check whatever crimes you were guilty of and mail it to your former hostess.

Mr. . . . . .

regrets exceedingly
his deplorable conduct while a guest at your
☐ Dance ☐ Party
last . . . . . evening
and humbly craves your pardon for the
Breach of Etiquette
checked in the column below

☐Striking Hostess with bottle
☐Spanking Hostess
☐Riding to Hounds in Drawing-room
☐Riding to Hounds in Ballroom
☐Excessive screaming
☐Frequent absence from party
☐Extreme inebriation
☐Destruction of furniture
☐Complete loss of equilibrium
☐Throwing glasses
☐Insulting guests
☐Indiscreet petting
☐Nausea

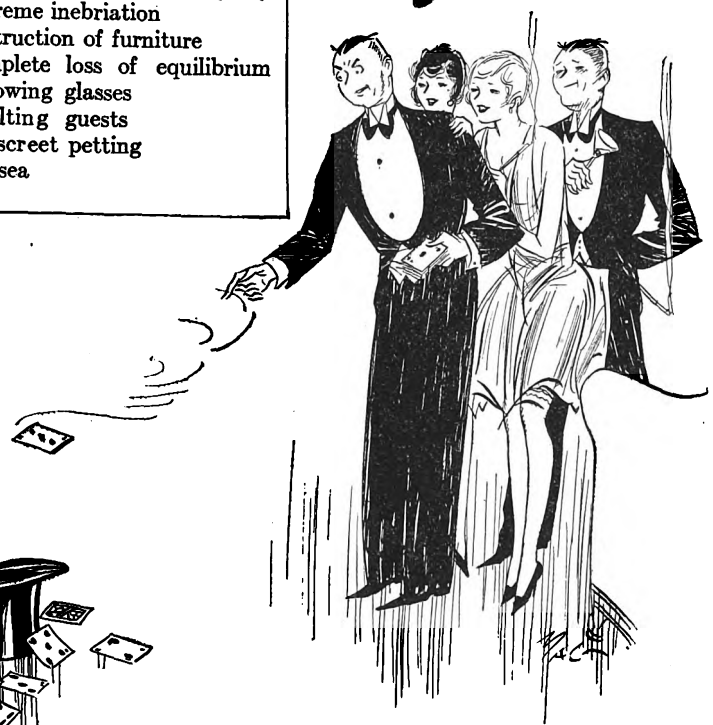


Speaking of clubs, some thoughtful person from deah old Lunnon sent me several cards to night clubs in that fair city . . . . all of them read "Dancing 10 P.M. to 6 A.M." . . . . those people over there know how to live!

Speaking of pictures, I hate to talk about myself but Mr. Carl Laemmle, Jr., himself in person, has requested me to write the titles for some of his "Collegian" pictures, and he's going to call one of 'em "High Hat!"

New game, Lads! . . . . "High Hat!" . . . . and it isn't half as sappy as it sounds . . . . put a high hat, or any kind of a hat upside down on the floor and, from a distance of about six feet, see how many ordinary playing cards you can throw into it . . . it's difficult no end and makes a great gambling game.

Carl Laemmle Jr.



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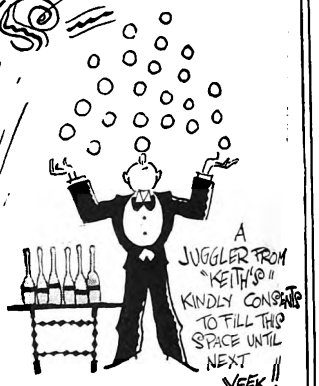
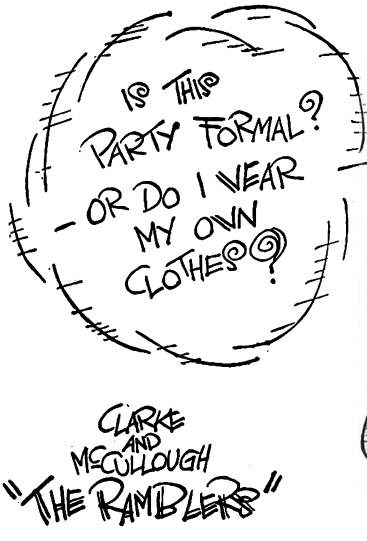
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

"GAY PAREE"



"QUEEN HIGH"

"OH-KAY!"



CLARKE AND McCULLOUGH "THE RAMBLERS"

MR. CLARKE'S NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS IS MOST CONFUSING—NO END*! WHY—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT—MORE OFTEN THAN NOT HE MISTAKES MR. McCULLOUGH FOR AN AIREDALE!!

PETERSON '06

* © JUDGE JUNIOR.

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

ARTHUR RICHMAN'S "A Proud Woman," which suggests George Kelly in more than one direction, doesn't deserve the failure that stares it in the face. It has a considerable share of merit. It rings true up to that moment in its last act when a woman confesses a dereliction to her husband that no woman this side of the Pinero drama would under the same circumstances conceivably have confessed; it exhibits a clear insight into character; it avoids the rubber stamp as a colored man avoids black shoes. But it also avoids what the boobs call situations, that is, those often arbitrary dramaturgic shenanigans that substitute foot-work for head-work, and so it is a perfectly certain bet that the general run of audiences will not take to it. To make money in the American theater, a play must periodically interrupt talk, however veracious and dramatically interesting, with at least the unexpected entrance of the husband as Raoul de Capucins is about to commit *Tung-fang* with the fellow's spouse or the ominous ringing of the telephone at the very moment that Mlle. Flora, the psychic, has predicted the demise of the evil banker.

Richman has laid hold of a tale of false pride and its train of consequences that can best be told by uninterrupted natural and human speech, and he has accordingly told it in just that way. Sometimes, true enough, his talk gets a bit monotonous, but, in the aggregate, it is more holding than any bogus "situation" monkeyshines could make it. His integrity will prove his undoing at the box-office. For the box-office generally demands what the boneheads call action. To this sad fact, Edgar Selwyn, the impresario, must have been duly privy, and one wonders, therefore, why he picked the play for production and gave it so careful and satisfactory a presentation. I offer a guess. The hero is a handsome dog, a fellow of all the virtues, a gent whose praises are elaborately sung by the other characters in the play. And—God bless us!—Mr. Richman has named him Edgar. The temptation, Mr. Selwyn doubtless found, was too great to resist.

Florence Eldridge's performance of the rôle of the girl whose spurious pride marks her downfall is worth a line of commendation.

"*A Proud Woman*" (Elliott)—Has anybody here seen Kelly?

"*Pygmalion*" (Guild)—The years have staled it.

"*Lily Sue*" (Lyceum)—Old-time Western melodrama.

"*The Witch*" (Greenwich)—Revival of play presented at the late and unlamented New Theater.

"*There Was a Man*" (Klaw)—To be reviewed next week.

"*Gertie*" (Bayes)—Drivel.

"*Mozart*" (Music Box)—Irene Bordoni in Yvonne Printemps' rôle.

"*The Captive*" (Empire)—The best new play now on view in New York, admirably produced and acted.

"*Old Bill, M.P.*" (Biltmore)—Dull.

"*First Love*" (Booth)—Ditto.

"*The Pirates of Penzance*" (Plymouth)—Winthrop Ames revival, to be reviewed in due course.

"*Broadway*" (Broadhurst)—Exceptionally interesting and excellently acted comedy-melodrama.

"*The Pearl of Great Price*" (Casino)—A Tecla.

"*The Little Spitfire*" (Cort)—The run of this one shows how few people read dramatic criticism.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—Same here, only more so.

"*The Woman Disputed*" (Forrest)—Movie walla-walla.

"*The Squall*" (48th St.)—The one about the passionate gypsy girl.

"*The Judge's Husband*" (49th St.)—William Hodge plays on the drama with one finger.

"*Countess Maritza*" (Shubert)—Kalman's delightful tunes.

"*On Approval*" (Gaiety)—A fairly diverting comedy by Frederick Lonsdale.

"*Criss Cross*" (Globe)—The Stones, *père et fille*, in a very good dancing show.

"*Oh, Kay!*" (Imperial)—The engaging Gertrude Lawrence and some funny wheezes.

"*Caponsacchi*" (Hampden)—Tedious.

"*We Americans*" (Eltinge)—Cheap stuff.

"*The Noose*" (Hudson)—Poor Willard Mack melleer.

"*Seed of the Brute*" (Comedy)—Crude drama embroidered with elaborate cussing.

"*An American Tragedy*" (Longacre)—Just an ordinary melodrama.

"*The Ladder*" (Waldorf)—Awful.

"*The Play's the Thing*" (Miller)—Suave and amusing Molnar comedy.

"*Yellow*" (National)—Just another ordinary melodrama.

"*Daisy Mayme*" (Playhouse)—George Kelly's miss.

"*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" (Times Square)—Good dramatization of the amusing book.

"*Ned McCobb's Daughter*" (Golden)—Next week.

"*The Shanghai Gesture*" (46th St.)—In addition to its gunmen and other troubles, Chicago is now going to get this one.

"*Two Girls Wanted*" (Little)—Drool.

"*The Ramblers*" (Lyric)—Bobby Clark in fine burlesque-show trim.

"*The Wild Rose*" (Beck)—Some fetching tunes, some good singing, but a dismal book.

"*Princess Turandot*" (Provincetown)—As staged here, a bore.

Repertoire (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne's rather pathetic enterprise.

II

IF the M. Belasco did not wish us to believe that he was the greatest patron of art since Lorenzo de' Medici and did not regularly seek to prove it by sending us handsomely printed pamphlets showing conclusively that he had spent his soul and money on a multitude of such masterpieces as "The Little Lady in Blue," "Alias Santa Claus," "Ladies of the Evening" and "Fanny," we might be more charitable toward such of his offerings as "Lily Sue," lately put on at the Lyceum. But when man parades himself as one to whom dramatic art is as close as his undershirt and then continues to devote himself largely to the production of yap melodramas of the kind that even Al Woods would apologize for, the critic is justified in indulging himself in some very impolite nose-fingering. This "Lily Sue" is still another of Willard Mack's unborn movies; it is precisely the sort of thing that entertained us in the old 10-20-30 days; it no more belongs in the theater of a producer who has the highest interests of drama at

(*Continued on page 28*)

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Individual surf-board, plus municipal rotary belt, eliminates the auto and traffic problem.

Letter from a Boob Abroad

DEAR JUDGE—I guess you are wondering what I am doing up here in this jerkwater town. Well, I'll tell you. It seems there used to be a guy named Shakespeare lived here way back in the days before Prohibition. He was a regular wow as a poet and used to write obituary pomes for the weekly paper. He also had a sort of a medicine show where he did his own stuff, and I just came up here to give the place the once over.

It cost me a shilling to get into the house they said he was born in. It wasn't worth it. I'm telling you this, JUDGE, so if you ever come over here you won't waste your shilling. I've seen better houses in the Bronx. It needed redecorating badly. The walls were in terrible shape, and I don't think that the plumbing has been fixed since Bill died. Besides I found out that the house wasn't built until a long time after he was born. Some tourist had come along wanting to see Bill's birthplace and so they erected this ramshackle house, because it wouldn't do to have folks come around asking for something they didn't have.

Bill is buried right up in front of the pulpit of a funny looking church on the bank of the river and on his tombstone is the following verse:

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

They still have services in the church, but it doesn't make any difference to Bill. He keeps right on cursing anybody who moves his bones in his misspelt way all through the sermon and doesn't pay any more attention to the preacher than he did when he was alive and kicking.

I walked out to Ann Hathaway's cottage. Ann, you know, was the girl Bill married. Ann wasn't at home, so they charged me another shilling to get in. It was filled with old worn-out furniture and needed new flooring. They told me Ann's people lived in the same house for over four hundred years. Imagine that! I guess, JUDGE, they thought I looked pretty dumb, hey?

Hoping you are the same,
Historically,
Stratford-on-Avon,
England.
Nate Collier

THE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTLEGGER
And gosh, how he could deliver!

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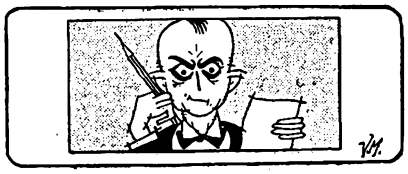
JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



As a picture of life on the vaudeville stage, "Upstage" is probably the kind to make a vaudevillian scream aloud. But never having been a vaudevillian I found the thing amusing and refreshing. I have seen corresponding dramas of newspaper life similarly enjoyed—by those who couldn't know how ridiculous they really were.

"Upstage," whatever the degree of its unfaithfulness to its model, manages to communicate to an outsider the flavor of the variety circuit. This is partly due to the subtitles, which are racy and excellent, and partly, or mostly, to the acting of Tenen Holtz in the rôle of a booking agent. Holtz, whose name I haven't noticed before in the bills, makes, as Sam Davis, the kind of booking agent you have always pictured to yourself—cigar clamped in the corner of his mouth, hat on the back of his head, a kind-hearted, hard-boiled skeptic, with a wit and a vocabulary as fertile as they are devastating. "Book me for a 'single' on Broadway and I'll be a box office attraction," pleads the "upstage" Dolly Haven in the person of Norma Shearer. "What doing," queries Sam, "selling tickets"?

"God gave her a beautiful body and then stopped," he tells her former partner. But that worthy, impersonated by Oscar Shaw, demurs. He credits her with some brains as well. "Oh, it's *love* you got," says Sam. "Well, that's your sickness, not mine."

Dolly, needless to say, is deflated, but, also needless to say, she comes through in the end and the curtain goes down on that famous act by Laughter and Tears.

Maybe you have read "Captain Sazarac," by Charles Tenney Jackson. I haven't, and after seeing "The Eagle of the Sea," taken from it, I doubt if I ever shall. It is apparently the story of a famous pirate of the Mexican Gulf, Jean Lafitte, who helped Jackson defeat the British at the Battle of New Orleans and later turned slave smuggler. The picture makes him out a young gentleman of elaborate punctilio and great courage and a sentimental patriot into the bargain. As impersonated by the burning Ricardo Cortez I have confidence in saying that never was there such a pirate on land or sea.

(*Continued on page 25*)

"The Big Parade"—The big run.
"Ben Hur"—Quantity production.
"Moana of the South Seas"—Flaherty's famous picture.
"The Black Pirate"—Douglas Fairbanks.
"For Heaven's Sake"—Harold Lloyd.
"Aloma of the South Seas"—Gilda Gray.
"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—Harry Langdon.
"Ella Cinders"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
"The Volga Boatman"—Russia à la De Mille.
"The Palm Beach Girl"—Bebe Daniels.
"The Road to Mandalay"—Lon Chaney plus.
"Variety"—Emil Jannings outdoes himself.
"Mantrap"—North Woods stuff.
"Nell Gwyn"—Historical British film.
"Battling Butler"—Good Buster Keaton.
"Beau Geste"—Desert melodrama.
"So This Is Paris"—Naughty and neat.
"The Scarlet Letter"—Lillian Gish at her best.
"The Strong Man"—Harry Langdon ditto.
"Sparrows"—Mary Pickford.
"One Minute to Play"—Red Grange.
"The Campus Flirt"—Bebe, the athlete.
"Tin Gods"—Melodramatic tragedy.
"The Treasurer"—Well made in Germany.
"You'd Be Surprised"—Raymond Griffith.
"The Temptress"—Greta Garbo is good.
"Kid Boots"—Eddie Cantor.
"The Ace of Cads"—The suave Menjou.
"The Better 'Ole"—Old Bill himself.
"The Magician"—Childish.
"London"—Echo of "Nell Gwyn."
"The Sorrows of Satan"—Sins of the flesh illustrated.
"Bardelys the Magnificent"—John Gilbert becomes an acrobat.
"We're in the Navy Now"—Very funny.
"Everybody's Acting"—All-star comedy.
"Forever After"—Mush.

Picture of a dog that once burnt his nose on a lighted cigar.

Picture of a man who has been married four times.

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"Egad, Josephus, what's the purp doing in the garbage pail?"

"Forsooth, Randolpho, merely gnawing bones."

"Guess what he don't gnaw won't hurt him none." —BROWN JUG

This Is All Wet

Mussolini—I see by this morning's paper that there is no water on Mars.

Briand—Zat so. It's getting almost as bad as America.

—*Carnegie Puppet*

"Do you remember that wet girl who used to live here last winter?"

"You mean the one that wore wool underwear with long legs all winter? Yeh, I remember her, what of it?"

"Well, she is in Miami, Fla., this winter, and I hear she's the hottest girl in town."

"How come?"

"She still wears them."

—*College Banter*

Bust—Have you got a razor that don't pull?

Ed—No, but I've got one that holds like hell when you pull.

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer*

His Letter Read—I am enjoying Florence immensely.

His Wife Replied—You can stay in Europe. I am having a good time with Oscar.

—*Stanford Chaparral*

Labor Saving

Caller—Is the editor in?

Office Boy—No.

"Well, just throw this poem in the waste-basket for him, will you?"

—*Toronto Goblin*

"And who, may we ask, will be the first man to Charleston on the pole?"

—THE YALE RECORD

Cornered At Last

Dorothy is one of those pretty little darlings who always answer "no" to everything you ask them to do. In fact, she says "no" before a fellow has a chance to get the question out.

I asked her to go to a basket ball game.

"No!"

I asked her to go for a ride in my new Ford.

"No!"

I asked her to go to a dance.

"No!"

I told her I had two tickets for "Glory, What Prices!"—would she go?

"No!"

Then I asked her if she'd object if I kissed her!—*Penn. Punch Bowl*

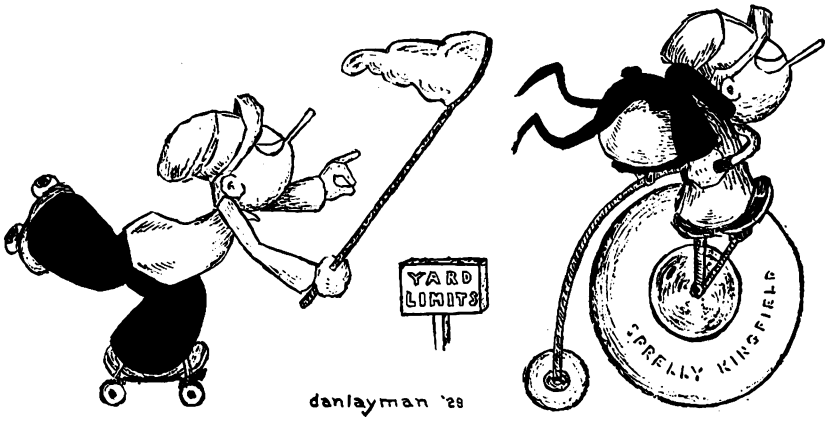
"Trouble's a bubble."

"You sud it."

—*Penn State Froth*

Wonder what automobile mechanics wipe their hands on when there are no steering wheels handy?

—*Kansas Sour Owl*



"Wot didja do last summer?"

"I woiked in Des Moines."

"Coal or iron." —WILLIAMS PURPLE COW

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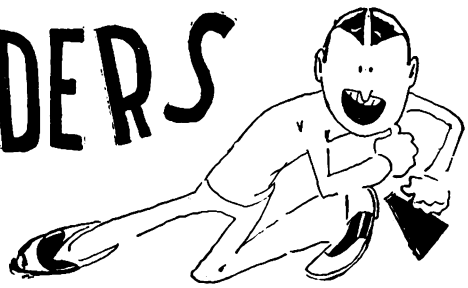
LEADERS



"How did you ever meet up with those out-of-town dames?"

"My good fellow, they are co-eds in my correspondence school."

JOHNS HOPKINS BLACK & BLUE JAY

To See What?

"Jack fell out of his car the other day and broke his peninsula."

"His what?"

"Peninsula! A long neck stretching out to see." —*Brown Jug*

"Ah, ha! I see my friend gave you a black eye."

"Why, you never saw the person who gave me this black eye."

"Well, he's my friend now."

—*Pitt Panther*

"And where has the royal executioner gone?"

"He's hanging around his old homestead now."

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

Soaker—Wha' shay we go to the dance? I'll get Maud.

Soaked—Sh' fine plan. I'll get maudlin. —*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

"Did this pig they stole off you have any earmarks, Ludwig?"

"Yes, Mr. Interlocutuh, it had its tail cut off." —*Brown Jug*

Bums!

—CORNELL WIDOW

"My wife finally got rid of her nasty temper."

"How?"

"She stamped her foot one day while ice skating."

—*Pitt Panther*

"Gentlemen prefer blondes"; which may explain why professors are usually partial toward brunettes.

—*Lafayette Lyre*

Talk about some fast acting—you should see a Hawaiian dancer with her grass skirt on fire.

—*Stevens Stone Mill*

"Dear one, could you learn to love me?"

"Learn, h—ll! I've been to house parties, ain't I?"

—THE PITT PANTHER

It's never been discovered where people who live beyond their incomes get the money.

—*North Carolina Buccaneer*

Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

Sidney—Tom tried to get drunk last night and couldn't.

Pal—Why not?

"The flesh was willing, but the spirits were weak."

—*Iowa Frivol*

SHORT-SIGHTED NOBLEMAN—*Did any ducks fly by?*

LACONIC GUIDE—*Yes, Mallard.*

—TORONTO GOBLIN

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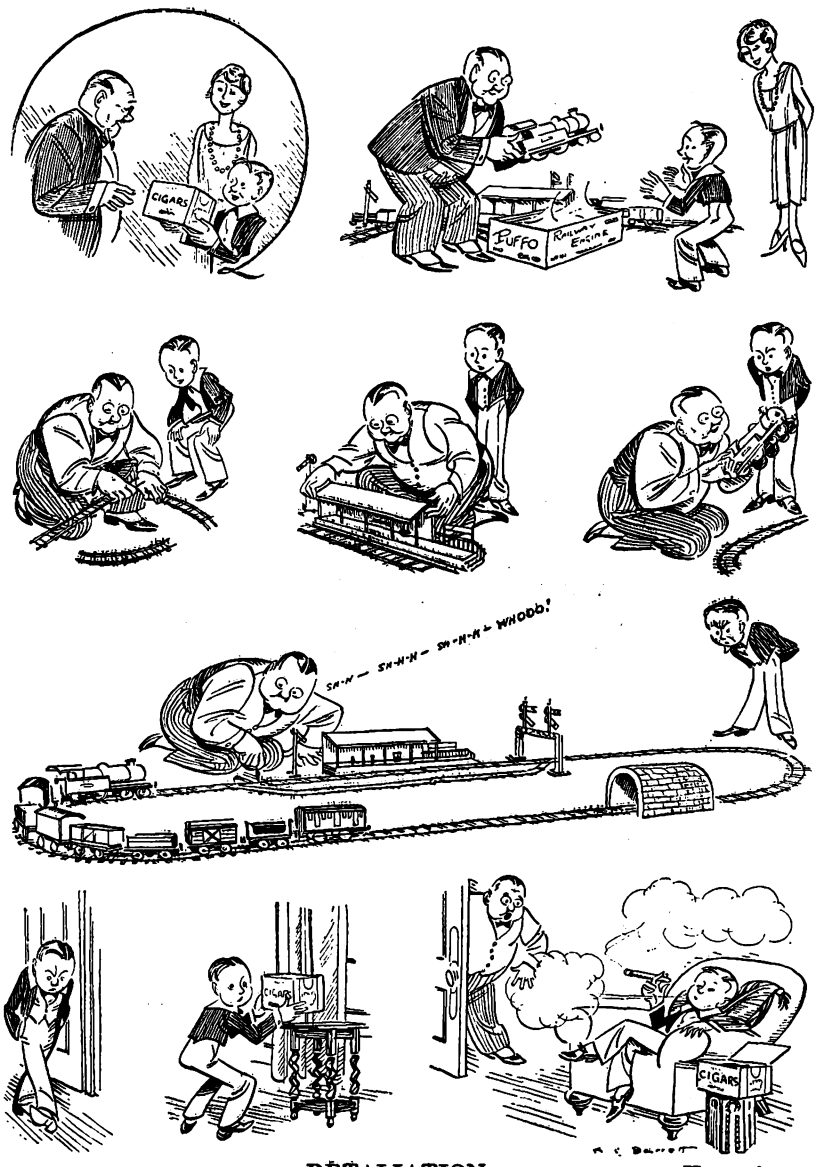

RETALIATION —*Humorist*

Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Mince's Manual of Nollidge

FORTY years ago I didn't know a darned thing. In fact, I was so dumb I didn't know enough to get up and walk away when old ladies pinched my cheek and said, "Oo—, what nicums fattums cheekums."

But to-day, look at me. I'm forty-one years old, and I know why the Mexican flea hound has its feet shorter on the northwest side than in the equatorial zone. I know what kind of apples the tribes of interior Zanzibar use for moth balls, how John Smith happened not to be the inventor of the automatic spaghetti fork, and why the stars always revolve about the sun in the same direction.

I am in demand at all dinners and banquets because I've lost my appetite. I've won two salary raises in the last fifteen years, there are no lumps in my mashed potatoes, any more, I'm historian of the Loyal Auxiliary of Amalgamated Bozos, Tent No. 57-A, and my wife died in disgust and left me two thousand dollars.

Altogether, I'm a pretty wise guy and one of the upended pillars of the community. I blame it all on your Mince's Manual of Nollidge, which a fellow that owed me money gave to me for Christmas once. I'd rather he'd of kept the money.

Wishing you much success in making other people as wise as I am,

Yours distortedly,

Earlie Asparagus.

Gooley's Goose Grease for Grinding Gravy

When I was a small child I used to be bothered with mice in the pantry and sometimes it got so bad I couldn't lie on my right side at night which was, of course, quite an annoyance, though even my best friends didn't tell me about it for a long time.

Finally, I got some of your Gooley's Goose Grease for Grinding Gravy, and when my husband wasn't looking, I mixed it in with the dog's breakfast. Inside of three weeks we were in sight of the outlying islands of the Western Hemisphere and from then on we sailed right past all traffic semaphores until we hit Pueblo and the County Fair.

After a long search we finally found our bearings which had been picked up by the magnetic rear axle, and from that period in my life until next winter the snow was all gone

"See, Hulda, your Christmas present. We want you to be contented here. We've had a keyhole made so you won't have to bend down to peek in and earphones to help you hear what we're talking about.

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"My God, Smith, what's happened to you? Come, I'll take you home."

"For th' lova Mike don't, I've just come from there!"

—Meggendorfer Blaetter

away and the mice don't bother me since I learned to ignore them.

Yours for a very marry Christmas,
Ruth.

Roberts Wretched Salt Sea Soap

This ain't no recommend, so you needn't get all sot up from gettin' a letter off of me. Me and my old man and all of our kids is all hard-working bozos and we don't stand for no soft soap from nobody.

Last Christmas, come Next New Years, though, little Willie's school-teacher, he's the youngest and ain't working yet, except a paper rowt after school and tendin' a movin' picture machine evenings and helpin' the baggage man on Saturdays and in Kelly's Pool Room chalkin' cues on Sundays,—he ain't much good financially yet but we got hopes of him workin' when he grows up.

Well anyhow, quit interruptin' me, will you? Willie's teacher, she sent us some of your Roberts' Wretched Salt Sea Soap, which is said on the wrapper was good for removin' dirt, stains, pimples, protrudin' teeth, and appendixes from man, women and other beasts.

But what I want to say is, it's all a darn lie because I smeared some on Willie before he goes to school one morning, just to let his teacher know I was wise as to what soap is for, and the greasy stuff just stuck there and didn't do a darn thing. It didn't even take the dirt offen Willie's clothes, to say nothin' of the dirt on Willie hisself.

Hopin' you are the same, you big Stiff,
A Thankful Mother.

Richard S. Wallace

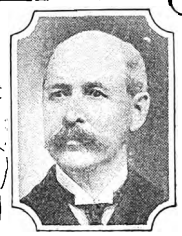
EPILAUGHS

Green grows the grass
Over William Odowd;
He was thrown out the window,
For sleeping out loud!

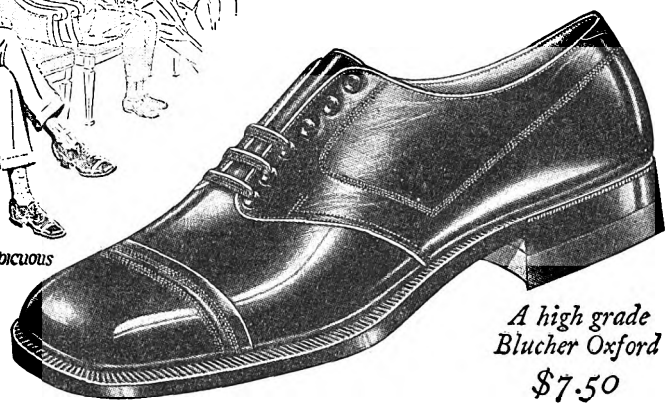
Judge pays $5 for each one printed

W. L. DOUGLAS *Shoes for Men*

$6 *to* $8
All Good Values



Where Shoes are Conspicuous



A high grade Blucher Oxford
$7.50

OCCASIONALLY, a shoe is designed which in quality and style so obviously outclasses its price as to stand practically alone. Such a shoe is this W. L. Douglas black calfskin blucher oxford at $7.50. ∞ ∞ ∞ It is cut from top-grade, full-grain calfskins, has calf-lined quarter and Winter-weight oak-tanned sole. Semi-soft French toe and pleated tip add the final touches to its smart appearance. You'll not be disappointed when you choose this shoe or companion shoe in golden brown calfskin.

One hundred and twenty W. L. Douglas stores in the principal cities and shoe dealers everywhere are showing the new Fall and Winter styles in W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men, Women and Boys.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO. | AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN SHOES | BROCKTON, MASS.

Plumber (playing Santa Claus)—Now I've done it! I've been and forgotten the presents!

—Passing Show

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Catching his Christmas Cold

Many folks—even careful, fully-dressed ones—pick up colds in the Christmas shopping crowds, simply because they leave their *throats* unprotected.

Smith Brothers' cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe the irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

Two kinds: S-Bs (licorice) and Menthol (orange box). Keep a box handy always. 5c

"The cheapest health insurance in the world."

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

DIZZY LABELS

We call him Rumania; his "queen" went away.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

LIZZIE LABELS

"Have you looked at your starter this morning?"

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

Football Enthusiast—Wot's all the megaphones for?

Chorus of Men (lined up for match)—Why, ain't you 'eard? The ref's 'ard o' 'earing! —*Humorist*

Judge's Fairy Tales for Tired Clubmen

(*Continued from page 10*)

"So you're back, refuse?" says Reuben, starting to roll up his sleeves.

"Yeh, I'm back," says the soldier, "and I feel like giving you a good swift poke on that ugly little snoot of yours, only I might spoil your chances of marriage!"

"What a laugh!" hollers Reuben. "Why, you little shrimp, I'll knock you for a row of empty gingham aprons, you lowlife you!" And he grabs the soldier by the ear and gives him a quick shove in the fire.

"Wait a minute!" yells the soldier just as Reuben starts to walk out of the room.

"What is it, hey?" says Reuben. "I suppose you want coupons too?"

"No," says the soldier. "Only I wish I had a red hot mamma here now. Think of the party we could throw!" And he gave up the ghost. The only point I can find hanging around this one is go ahead and eat raisins if you want iron in your blood, but if you're made out of tin it's a bad plan to run after fire engines.

Perelman

An English scientist has discovered a skull nearly three-quarters of an inch thick in America. There was no need for him to leave this country if that was all he was after.

—*Passing Show*

Friend—How do you like 'aving a plumber for a 'usband, Mabel?

Young Wife—Well—it's a bit funny 'aving to see 'im off twice every mornin'.

—*Manchester Evening News*

Brand—Women are hard to please.

Grand—Yes, my wife isn't even satisfied with the present she bought for me. —*Answers*

"It's the good-lookers who are successful," remarks a writer. Especially on a golf course, where balls are easily lost.

—*London Opinion*

Drawing the Line

The Bachelor—How we change as we grow older!

The Divorcee—Yes, d'you know, I used to marry men I wouldn't invite to dinner now! —*The Sketch*

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Irate Visitor—My name's Harford—your office sent me a cook last week.

Head of the Agency—Yes, I remember.

"Well, it will give me great pleasure if you will dine with me tonight, madam!"

—*Passing Show*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 19*)

To say merely that he risks his life to circumvent a dastardly plot which had for its object the rescue of Napoleon from St. Helena and the embroilment of his country with Great Britain, and that in the end he sails away with the belle of New Orleans as a willing bride, is to do him scant justice. He defies, for his country, a mutinous crew of desperate cutthroats; he matches swords with half a dozen bloodletters at a time; he overcomes with his gallantry and sex appeal the ingrained maidenly loathing of a second Princess Astrid with the features of Florence Vidor. The kid, in the language of Lord Chesterfield, is there!

But all this might be forgiven if the sword play were convincing. It isn't. There is a great deal of it, what with mutinies and boarding parties and this and that, but it never gets beyond a suggestion of the burlesque. Pirates, your necktie!

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

"There's a wonderful echo about here," said the guide to the man who was walking in the Lake District, "but you have to shout very loud. Now, you just yell, 'Two pints of beer!' "

The man shouted and then listened.

"I hear no echo," said he.

"Oh, well," said the guide, "here comes the inn-keeper with our beer, anyway."

—*Tit-Bits*

"At any rate, professor, you must admit that there is a great deal of 'feeling' about my daughter's playing."

"Truly, madame, a great deal of feeling—about for the right note!"

—*Everybody's Weekly*

The Old Spinster—Has the canary had its bath yet?

The Maid—Yes, he has, mum. You can come in now.

—*Answers*

FUNNYBONES

A man who hides behind a woman's skirts nowadays is no coward—he's a magician.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Want to please HIM?

. . Here's real value and a real Gift

MENNEN for MEN
Christmas Gift Box
with the new Improved Lather Brush

You can scarcely find anything that will give him more *genuine* satisfaction. Here's an assortment of shaving delights that will appeal to his luxury-loving heart.

The Lather Brush is the *real* thing—the fine *quality* kind that he's always wanted. Finest undyed hair and bristle set in hard rubber. Sterilized. Sturdy, easy grip handle—stands where it's put. A real lather builder. Easily the equal of any that you could buy for $4.00 to $5.00. *Guaranteed.*

And the famous Mennen trio—Shaving Cream, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men—will give him the finest shaving treat he ever experienced.

It's a gift that is a real bargain... and how it rings the bell! At your favorite store. Get yours *now*—before the supply is exhausted. *Jim Henry* (Mennen Salesman)

CONTENTS

1 Mennen Lather Brush (value)	$4.00
1 Mennen Shaving Cream (special size)	.25
1 Mennen Skin Balm	.50
1 Mennen Talcum for Men	.25
Actual value	$5.00

Special Price $2.50
Attractively Packaged

$5 value for $2.50

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N.J.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

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SHORT TERM 8% BONDS

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Trustee: Trust Company of Florida, operating under state banking supervision;

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Free Booklet: Mailed on request.

First Mortgage Bonds at 8%
$100 Bonds, $500 Bonds, $1000 Bonds
Partial Payments Arranged

Write to
TRUST COMPANY OF FLORIDA
Paid-in Capital and Surplus $500,000
MIAMI, FLORIDA

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Street.....
City..... State.....223

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Conservative Forecasting

by Theodore Williams

VALUES of listed securities have been showing no sure tendency of late to race either uphill or downhill. They have varied more or less, but readjustments have been apt to follow. There is a rather widespread notion that for a year or so the market will be more steady than spectacular. Not a few predict a static bull market, holding its own, not rising greatly nor giving way to serious depression. Competent observers thus put the possibility of another real bear market off until at least the latter part of 1927, and some are not kindly to the suggestion of such a thing even then. They do not see anything permanently bearish in the situation. They admit that fluctuations will occur, but these will not, they believe, result in a drastic net shift downward.

If we are to credit this view of the outlook, security movements in 1927 will be comparatively moderate either way, and investors will be happier than speculators. The conservative forecasters base their faith on the steadfastness of general business. Peaks have been reached already and for the time being in various industries, but that does not signify that a drastic falling off in these is to ensue. The ebb, if any, may be reversed into a flood at any time, and there are doubtless businesses that have not attained the limit of success and which will experience increased production and profits. Conditions are so well balanced that prosperity as a whole will be maintained; and from that source securities will derive their worth and strength. Population is growing fast, and the country's resources are to be more and more wonderfully developed. The tried and true issues dealt in on the exchanges should continue in favor, and new issues of merit are bound to be brought out by creative enterprise. If 1927 is to be a soberer and quieter year, industrially, commercially and financially, than 1926, it should prove satisfactory in its progress and its returns. Securities of sterling quality can prudently be bought on smart recessions to hold for income.

Answers to Inquiries

J., CONCORD, N. H.: One explanation of why Standard Oil of New Jersey maintains its common dividend at so low a rate may be found in the reported plan of the company to spend $150,000,000 for expansion purposes during the next two years. The company intends, through subsidiaries, to increase the capacity of several plants and to build new refineries. That program should eventually benefit S. O. N. J. stockholders, though it may help delay a larger return than was effected by its recent dividend increase.

L., CHEYENNE, WYO.: You have a satisfactory purchase in your American Water Works & Electric Co. common stock. The company's net earnings for the year ended September 30 were $4.56 a share on common, compared with $3.62 in the previous year. This income would enable an increase in the cash dividend if the directors saw fit to decree it. But the present part cash and part stock return makes the issue worth holding.

S., SPARTANBURG, S. C.: Strength of late in the Radio Corporation of America's stocks has been due to the marked improvement in the corporation's earnings. These in the nine months ending September 30 last equaled $2.55 per share on common as against only 12 cents in the same three-quarters of 1925. The final quarter of the year is usually the best in this business, and so it is estimated that the net earnings for the entire year will be at least $3.70 a share, or nearly twice the $2 dividend. The Radio Corp. is strong financially and as it is backed by two leading electrical companies, its outlook is bright enough to make your 50 shares reasonably safe.

K., WINDSOR, VT.: This year is expected to be Corn Products Refining Co.'s best since 1920. Earnings in 1925 decreased seriously owing to the high price of corn, the company's raw material, and the low price of sugar, one of its products. In the nine months ended September 30, 1926, however, Corn Products earned $2.88 per share on common, compared with but $1.56 in the corresponding period of 1925, and $4 is forecasted for the full year. This excites hope that some extra distribution may be declared in December. The company's financial condition is strong. The shares are selling too high. You can get better returns on other sound issues.

W., WHEELING, W. VA.: At the beginning of November Du Pont de Nemours & Co., as a result of splitting the old stock in two, had 2,661,658 shares of no par value stock. The dividend of $7 a share was lately supplemented by a $5 extra, and extras are expected from time to time. Du Pont is probably very far from reaching its peak of expansion and revenue, and there might be good speculation in retaining your shares.

L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Nothwithstanding a fairly optimistic official statement regarding the business, Chandler-Cleveland Motors Co. pfd. stock sold lately down to the lowest level for the year. Rumors prevailed that the dividend on this issue was imperiled by scant earnings. It was admitted that the company in the first six months of the year had earned less than the $4 dividend requirements, but it was said that business was improving and that the dividend could be continued. When a dividend is in doubt it is always safer to defer purchase of a stock.

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M., Omaha, Neb.: Mathieson Alkali Works, Inc., manufacturing caustic soda, soda ash, bicarbonate of soda, etc., made a fine showing for three-quarters of 1926, its net earnings on common being $7.80, compared with $6.72 in the like period of 1925. Market price of the stock was run up higher than a $4 dividend warranted, but the earnings indicated a possible increase of dividend in due time.

P., Hampton Bays, N. Y.: I do not advise you to buy 200 shares of Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic Railroad stock now selling under $1 per share. This stock has no real value, for it was practically wiped out when the Atlantic Coast Line acquired the road's defaulted bonds and got foreclosure power.

W., Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico: Armour & Company of Delaware pfd. sells a little lower than your purchase price, but it is an issue of merit and holding it seems prudent. Decline of Engineers Public Service Company pfd. is more than offset by the value of the common received as a bonus. The company being a Stone & Webster promotion is in good hands and has a promising future. The U. S. National Building & Loan Association of Philadelphia made a rather promising start a few years ago and no adverse advices concerning it have been received. Hudson Motor stock went up over $5 per share after your letter arrived here. This is an encouraging sign, and it would be better policy to hold your shares than to sell them even at the reduced loss. U. S. Smelting pfd. shows you a small profit and the common lately moved up toward your buying figure. Prospects are that the dividends will be maintained. The shares are therefore good to hold. Vanadium Steel shows you a very neat profit. The dividend makes it worth while, and besides there is talk of a merger with a strong company.

A., New York City: The third quarter statement of the North American Utility Securities Corporation is certainly creditable, and your investment in the shares should prove gainful after you have finished paying for them.

D., Evart, Mich.: Framerican 7½ per cent. bonds are guaranteed by Schneider & Co., prominent manufacturers of France, whose American branch Framerican is. The bonds look safe, though Framerican showed a deficit in 1925. Czechoslovak 7½'s are selling above par, indicating that they are reasonably safe. Oriental Development 6's stand several points below par, but have paid interest right along. The concern is a Japanese enterprise for real estate exploitation in Corea and elsewhere. The bonds are fairly good, but not so attractive as a sound 6½ or 7 per cent. American first mortgage real estate issue. Saxon Public Works 7's have a good rating, as their quotation, somewhat above par, reveals.

S., New York City: Both Reynolds Tobacco and Texas Gulf Sulphur have possibilities, but which of the two will win in long-run race my prophetic powers are unable to determine. Electric Bond & Share is deservedly a growing factor in the corporation activities of the country, and its earnings and prospects foreshadow an important future. Of course it is impossible to foresee a price of $200 for its stock, but that might some day come to pass.

S., Northport, L. I.: International Paper 6's are in the class of sound investments, the company being very strong and prosperous, and paying dividends.

G., Schafferstown, Pa.: Nothing better is to be expected of Moon Motor Car stock until the company is able to show enhanced income, and that time cannot be forecast. Earnings of Gabriel Snubbers in the first nine months of 1926 were $4.41 per share as against $5.23 in the like period of 1925. This does not indicate that the $6 figure of all last year is to be equaled this year. The stock has been paying, with extras, at the rate of $5 per year. The management has thrown out a hint that the return in 1927 will not be so high, as it is desirable to strengthen the company's financial condition. It does not seem wise at present to sell either Moon Motors or Gabriel Snubbers at a serious loss.

A., New York City: I do not know the actual value of the lots you have bought at Berry's Business Center in the Muscle Shoals region. It is charged that there have been much fraud and excessive inflation of prices in the sales of property in that section. Before paying any more money on your purchases you had better go to the spot, inspect it and have it properly appraised. It would be hard to have to forfeit the $1,800 already paid, but why risk further payments on property of whose worth you have not been assured.

S., Newark, N. J.: A first mortgage real estate bond is about as safe a kind of property as one can buy. Of course, you should deal with a responsible house—one with a long and honorable record, whose customers have never lost any money on the securities it has sold.

G., Yonkers, N. Y.: The White Sewing Machine Co. is credited with very good earnings. This has been reflected in the recent firm tone of the pfd. stock, which is a sound business man's investment.

L., Wilmington, Del.: Retirement of its pfd. stock by the Standard Oil Co. of N. J. was a large and notable financing transaction. The company will save nearly $4,000,000 yearly by substituting debenture 5's for the 7 per cent. pfd. There is a large offset to this in the increase of dividend on common from $1 to $1.50, and the need of paying dividends on an increased amount of common. That a further increase in the dividend rate will occur in the near future is not likely.

O., Cincinnati, O.: Pittsburgh Coal common and preferred are paying nothing to shareholders at present. The company seriously felt the depression in the coal industry, but is now catching up a little. The shares, however, are but speculative at this time. Inland Steel shares make fair yields on market prices, but the preferred is the better buy. General Baking is making progress and is a dividend payer. Its stocks are fairly good buys.

G., Colusa, Cal.: Western Pacific common is not paying dividends and is only a speculative purchase. The preferred is a dividend payer and makes a good yield on market price. Simmons Company has paid the 7 per cent. dividend on its pfd. stock since 1917, and its $2 dividend on common since January 2, 1925. It earned $3.74 per share on common in 1925, but only $1.24 per share in the first half of 1926. The falling off in earnings is explained by heavy sales of low priced products which yielded lower profits.

C., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Although the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad is a fine profit maker, piling up a big surplus, there is no present indication of a melon cutting. The dividend paid on the shares yields less than 5 per cent. on market price. It would be easy to switch for a higher return. American Tel. & Tel. would be an excellent substitute for Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. Continental Motors still looks like one of the best minor dividend payers. It yields about 7 per cent. on market price. Its stock appears to be a more desirable issue than National Power & Light common, also paying 80 cents and lately selling nearly 9 points higher.

C., Fort Ann, N. Y.: Overman Cushion Tire Co. is a going concern, making a return of 6 per cent. on common, and 7 per cent. on preferred. The shares appear like good business men's investments, with the pfd. the more desirable.

W., Oakland, Cal.: The Wickwire Spencer Steel Corporation was reorganized, and was succeeded last year by the Wickwire Spencer Steel Co. The old company's convertible 7's were cared for by the new company. The latter had deficits in 1924 and 1925, and is not wallowing in profits even now. This naturally has much weakened the position of the bonds.

C., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Lion Oil Refining earned in 1925 over $6 per share. At that rate it should be able to continue its $2 dividend. Tulip Cup Corp. is paying dividends on both common and preferred and adding to its surplus.

Z., Chicago, Ill.: The reply made to you in the issue of August 21 concerning the General Necessities Corp. was based on a printed item which proves to have been misleading. The corporation, operating in Detroit, is a highly flourishing one. It has earned large nets for years and has paid liberal dividends. It would be perfectly prudent for you as a business man to invest in the corporation's issues.

R., Montclair, N. J.: Cities Service and Public Service of N. J. are prospering organizations whose issues are of the better class, and worth buying and holding when procured at favorable figures. Mack Trucks has been subjected to considerable pressure during the past month or two, and the market price of the shares has suffered severely. Unless, however, there is a big slump in the company's business the stock, with its $6 dividend, should be an excellent purchase.

P., Sharpsburg, Pa.: The reorganized Spearhead Gold Mining Co., with a capital stock of $3,000,000, par $1, is operating in Nevada. The shares were formerly assessable, but after the 20th assessment were made non-assessable. Development work for many years failed to locate paying ore, but last year some rich ore was said to have been discovered. No important results have as yet been achieved. The stock has been as low as 2 cents a share, and lately was quoted at 5 cents. Were the company's outlook encouraging the stock would not have sunk to that level. It would have been better to put your $1,000 into a first-class real estate bond, or some good standard stock which would to-day have been making you a substantial return.

New York, December 4, 1926.

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In order to make clear the requirements of the first mortgage real estate bonds which it offers the public, the Milton Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., has issued a booklet entitled "Before You Invest." This will serve as a guide to intelligent selection of securities of that class. It shows what the margin of security, the ratio of earnings to loans, and the payments by borrowers should be to insure safety. The corporation makes loans on desirable properties in the growing city of Detroit. The booklet may be obtained by writing to the corporation for it. Ask for J-1127.

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Booklet G-12

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Just as the twilight was falling Mother tucked little Ermine into her little crib and crooned "Between the dusk and the daylight when the night is beginning to lower." "Ah!" sighed little Ermine, who hereafter will be known as the party of the first part, "that was written by a big man." "How does my little duckling know?" Her mother heart was bursting. "Because," sighed little Ermine, "he was a Longfellow." Tear mist filled their eyes for they knew that nothing so sweet would come into their lives until next week when

The Sentimental Number

of

JUDGE

Will be on sale at all newsstands

Read it and weep!

EPILAUGHS

I started to recite a poem,
I bowed and doffed my lid,
"Shoot if you must this old gray head,"
And, by gosh, some one did.

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KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 17)

heart than a pretzel belongs in the Café de Paris. Yet here we have the self-dubbed champion of American dramatic art backing it, expending his full energies upon it, producing it as carefully and painstakingly and lovingly as Arthur Hopkins or the Theater Guild might produce a drama by one of the world's geniuses, and incidentally again making a sublime hypocrite of himself. It is all very pitiable—and very funny.

III

THE three other productions of the week of which I am writing were "The Witch," an adaptation by John Masefield of the Norwegian drama by Wiers-Jenssen, a revival of Shaw's "Pygmalion," and a musical show enjoying the title of "Twinkle Twinkle." The first named was originally shown at the New Theater, its locale transplanted to Salem and with Bertha Kalich in the rôle presently occupied by Alice Brady. La Brady's performance is the better of the two. Where La Kalich acted the rôle in the spirit of Ibsen's Rat Woman linking arms with Frank Campbell, the Mlle. Brady brings to it a simpler and considerably more well-reasoned interpretation. As for "Pygmalion," which, when it was

A TOUCH OF REALISM

Old Gentleman—Really, boys, I must congratulate you! That's the most life-like snow-man I've seen for a long time.

Boy—Yes, sir. We've got Bertie Briggs inside.

—*Passing Show*

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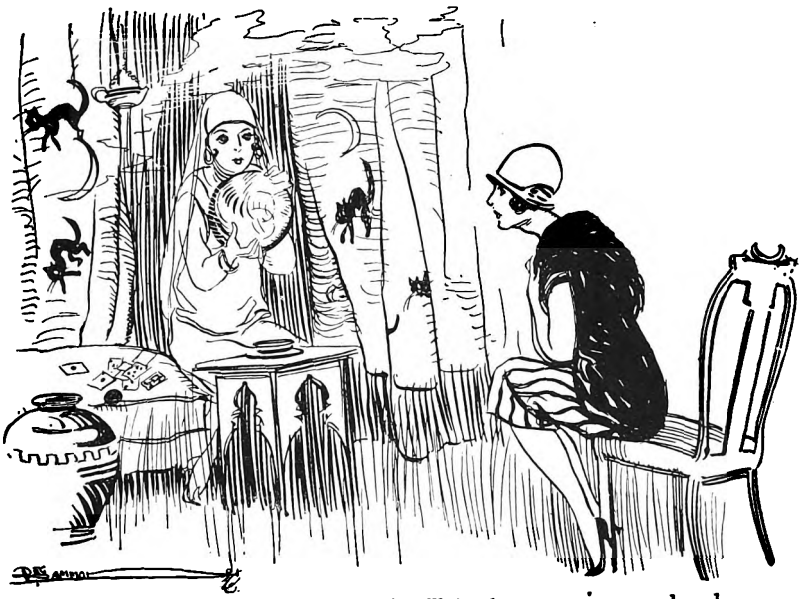

Fortune Teller—Your husband will be brave, generous, handsome and rich—

Client—How delightful! Now tell me, how am I to get rid of the one I have now?

—*Humorist*

first exhibited, seemed juicy stuff, we find a large share of cobwebs now enveloping it. Age's lines are on it, and the Theater Guild, for all its massaging, is unable to obliterate its crow's-feet. "Twinkle Twinkle," aside from an allusion to the late fiasco in Philadelphia as the Cesspool Centennial, follows pretty closely the routine of such things. The tunes by Harry Archer are commonplace, the costuming is anything but fetching, the principals are none of them particularly interesting, and the libretto is banal. I hate to take JUDGE's money for remarking again that a music show without beauty is like a tail without a horse, but, after all, what is so is so and, anyway, Scotch is expensive these days.

"Why has your new typist left?"

"I tried to kiss her one day when it had just struck five and she wanted to be paid for overtime."

—*Guerin Meschino* (Milan)

They Began It

"My razor doesn't cut at all."

"Come, come!" replied the wife. "Your beard is no tougher than the linoleum I cut yesterday."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A popular musical comedy has been visited by over 920,000 people, many of whom went several dozen times. Some even profess to know the words of the opening chorus.

—*London Opinion*

The Leader (to indifferent vocalist)—Lumme, Alf! It may be in four flats, but there's no need for you to sing 'em all at once!

—*Passing Show*

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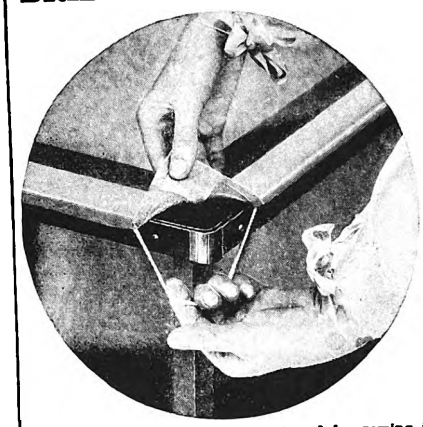

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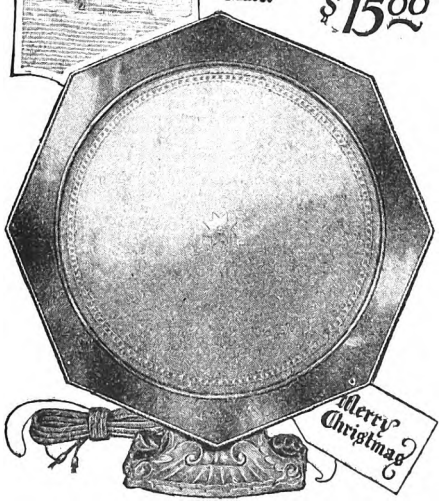

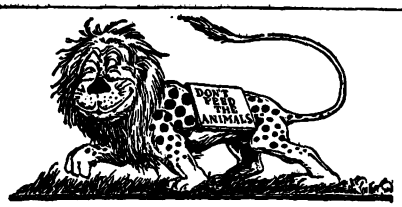

..... *sign on the dotted line* .....

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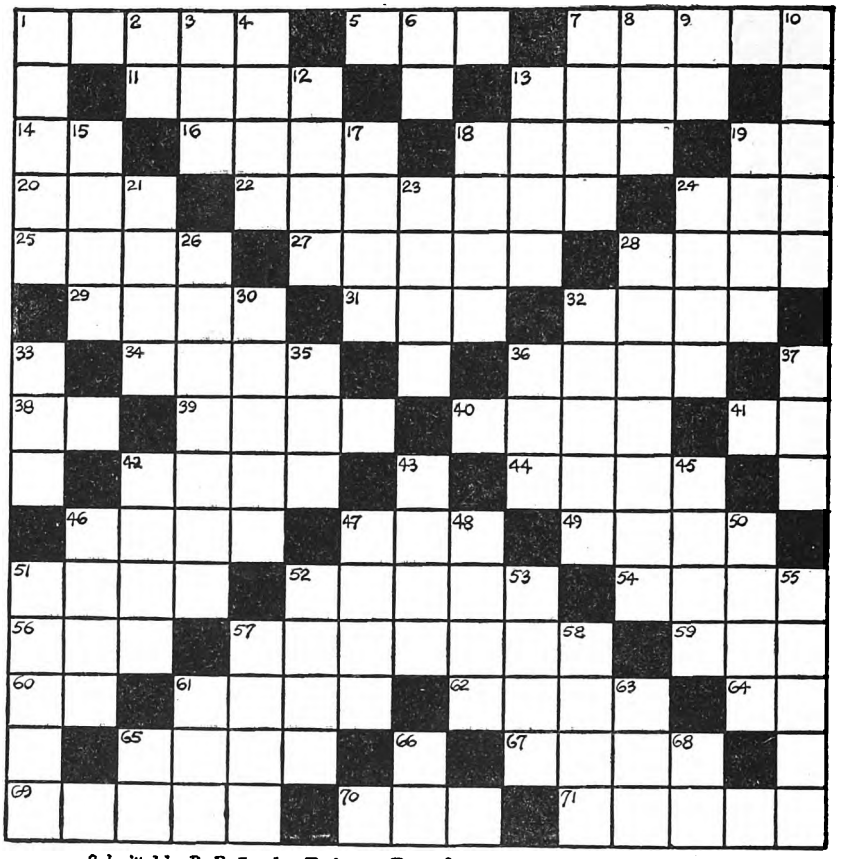

Submitted by R. E. Sneder, Herington, Kan. JUDGE *pays $25 for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. The nicest thing in silk hose.
5. A man who keeps still for $75,000 a year.
7. This has four legs and plays in the parlor.
11. This is often on the house.
13. They say some go to hell for these.
14. A degree.
16. The only girl who never talks.
18. This always holds its liquor.
19. The big boss.
20. Barney Google's hobby.
22. Something a dead beat does.
24. This is a joke.
25. This is yellow—and very dull.
27. What the poor worm does when the wind blows.
28. This is manly—or should be.
29. This comes out every night on Broadway.
31. What horizontal 29 comes out to do.
32. What horizontal 29 never stops at.
34. This is a big hit.
36. What Southern Mammies carry.
38. That poor, poor Indian!
39. These are often put up to the men.
40. Pulled to pieces.
41. There's many a peach in this state.
42. You'll have to do this to make both ends meet.
44. To goad.
46. These usually wear sailor suits.
47. Help wanted.
49. The most popular way to go from France to England.
51. Corn is measured this way (abbr.).
52. No Scotchman ever did this with his money.
54. Mother Nature's blanket.
56. An animal that has prominent teeth.
57. Who is Marquis Henri de la Falaise?
59. If you lost this it would affect your hearing.
60. A legal term.
61. He has whiskers but never shaves.
62. One in every murder play.
64. Preposition.
65. Your cousin's grandfather's daughter.
67. The nightie brigade.
69. The sun (obsolete).
70. Some Californians don't have to be caught in the rain to get like this.
71. What Barney Oldfield did to get famous.

Vertical

1. The monkey introduced this into society.
2. This is never left (abbr.).
3. Worn over the weak-end.
4. No wonder this is called a mess in the Army.
6. The big strong man of the Wets.
7. A lot of hold-ups are due to these.
8. It's not nearly as dangerous to say it with flowers as it is to say it with this.
9. Likeness; similarity.
10. An Indian tribe.
12. To throw out; to discharge.
13. These cut up a lot.
15. There were these in them hills.
17. Aunty Everything's favorite color.
18. What the Arab raises in the desert.
19. What is a steer?
21. These get shot in Chicago.
23. Do this well and you may win at poker.
24. If you get this don't take a fence.
26. These troubles are little ones.
28. Very small fish.
30. These are never welcome in California.
32. Don't let these stick you.
33. This is put down in England.
35. Timid Police Department (init.).
36. Often goes for a spin.
37. So's *your* old man.
42. When the pitcher changes his mind.
43. A resident of South Africa.
45. Often done at dinner time.
46. This is just a story.
47. What leading ladies like to act in.
48. Cut off quickly.
50. This was all wet around the castle in ye olden days.
51. Very, very little—but they are dangerous.
52. Slang for rib.
53. Congress is full of this.
55. An American Tragedy was born when Dreiser did this.
57. Dempsey's championship.
58. Disposed of.
61. A Chicago pocket-piece.
63. You'd have to join the Navy to be this.
65. Article.
66. The objective of I.
68. She said this—and they lived happily ever after.

DIZZY LABELS

They call him Cliff; he's a big bluff.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

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Judge Junior's Dictionary

A HEAVY DATE—An engagement with the most wonderful girl in the world.
ADA FROM DECATUR—Point "8" in crap game.
ALL WET—See Wet Smack.
APPLE SAUCE—Bull.
ARABS—Camel smoker.
BARGING—See Crashing; also staging a dance.
BOLOGNA—See Applesauce.
BANANA OIL—See Applesauce.
BEAZLE—See Flamper.
BIG DICK—Point "10" in crap game.
BLIMP—Girl friend.
BLIND DATE—An engagement with a person you've never met.
BLOTTO—Intoxicated.
BLUE RUIN—The morning after.
BOILED—See Fried.
BOLSTER—The sober one who takes you home.
BOX CAR—"12" in crap game.
BUTTER AND EGGER—A person with lots of money who gets taken.
COW-BOY—Drug store loafer.
CRASHING—Getting in without an invite.
CUSPUTT—A disagreeable person.
DEAD-HOOFER—A poor dancer.
DIRT—Gossip.
DOGS—Feet.
DRAGOUT—Out-of-town party.
DUCK SOUP—Easily beaten.
DUMBORA—Beautiful but dumb.
FLAMPER—A flapper vamp.
FLAT TIRE—See Wet Smack.
FLICKER—A little wee "bun."
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD—Ejaculation of derision.
FOXED—Fooled, taken in.
FRIED—Intoxicated.
FUR BENNIE—A term applying to the proverbial raccoon coat.
GIVE HIM THE AIR OR THE GATE—To tell the boy friend you do not wish to see him any more.
GORDON WATER—Gin.
HE'S A FLOP—Failed to register—and I don't mean if or because—I mean it.
HIGH—Intoxicated.
HORNING IN—To present one's self without being wanted.
HUNG UP—Delayed, detained.
INDOOR AVIATOR—Elevator boy.
IT—Sex appeal.
JIMMY HICKS—Point "6" in crap game.
JINGLED—See Blotto.
"JOE" COLLEGE—Very collegiate.
KIBETZER—A wise guy; a spoofer.
KNOCK OUT—Pretty girl.
KNOWS HIS GROCERIES—He's no fool.
KNOWS HIS OATS—Has been around (usually one who pets well).
LEAPIN' LENA—Flivver.
LITTLE JOE—Point "4" in crap game.
LOUSY—Synonym of rotten.
LOW DOWN—Confidential inside news.
MALAKIE—Bull.
MEXICAN ATHLETE—A person who shoots a line, one who throws the bull.
NECKER—One who pets.
NINA FROM MADINA—Point "9" in crap game.
OIL-can—One who takes nine years to complete a four-year course.
ON A BUST—On a drunk.
ON HIS NOSE—See Fried.
ON THE STUB—Financially embarrassed; broke.
PETTING—Loving.
PHOEBE—Point "5" in crap game.
POTTED—Intoxicated.
PULLED A FAST ONE—Slipped one over.

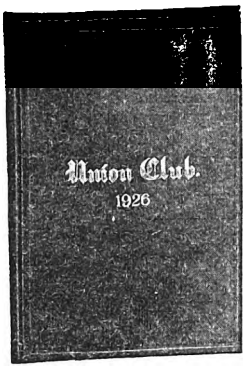
"If you must beg, I should think you might at least stay sober."

"Can't be done, ma'am. When I'm sober, I'm ashamed to beg."

—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*

RITZY—Classy.
SHEBA—A female vamp.
SHEIK—A male vamp.
SHELLACED—Meaning intoxicated.
SHIN SLOPPER—Poor dancer.
SLEIGH-RIDE—A run around; the raspberry.
SNAKE-EYES—Two "ones" in crap.
SNIFTER—See Snort.
SNOCKERED—Intoxicated.
SNOOTY—Anything unusually striking.
SNORT—A drink.
SNOW BIRD—Dope user.
SNUGGLE-PUPPY—See necker.
SPARE TIRE—A girl who is asked out only when there is no one else around.
STAND-UP—Failing to keep a date.
SUGAR DADDY—A female's steady income.
SUGAR MAMMA—Sweet on all the boys.
THIN SOUP—Easy to see through.
TIGHT—See Fried.
TORCH—The object of one's affections.
UPTOWN—High hat.
WASH-OUT—See Wet Smack.
WET SMACK—A dead one; a flat tire.
WOODEN DESSERT—Toothpicks.

$2 will be paid to the first contributor for each new word and definition used.



Members of this Club are distinguished for wealth and social prominence

To five hundred of them we wrote simply "Do you read Judge?" Of all who have thus far replied

69.6% read Judge

Besides the Union Club, results have already been announced from identical tests of the Yale, Harvard, and Racquet Clubs. In about a fortnight, we will publish the poll of a fifth exclusive New York Club, the Bankers Club.

Total returns to date from members of Yale, Harvard, Racquet, and Union Clubs show a combined average of 70.5% reading Judge.

Moreover, nearly every one of these prominent clubmen wrote that his family *all* liked Judge.

↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑

Dear Judge—I think my family would like you too.

My name is.....

I live at.....

Here are five dollars for your next fifty-two numbers.

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Everybody's Religion

DEAR JUDGE: Your recent effusion on the farmer and his woes fairly leaves one gasping for breath. Were it not so evident that on this subject (as well as on Prohibition), you are "all wet," there would be cause for alarm. But really and seriously, I am surprised that you are so out of touch with the spiritual regeneration that has been taking place in this fair land. We of the hinterland have always looked upon you as representing a select section of the intelligentsia, and it is surely a shock to learn that you are unaware that the clodhoppers have been infected with the same views of the new order as the Realtors and Electragists and other erstwhile lowly (but urban) folk, who have sought, and apparently found, a place in the sun.

Did you, for a moment, think that the Cult of Service, the Religion of Success, the Doctrine of Reward here on Earth, the vision of a Place in the Sun, had left the rural population untouched? Or did you merely wish it had?

The trouble is not alone with the Farmer's Religion, it's with everyone's religion, the Catholic workman is just as insistent on an earthly reward as is the "Puritan" farmer. The very fundamentals of our religious life are changing and in no way can we escape the social and political consequences of the change.

I suggest that you lay off your belly-aching about Prohibition and rural unrest and devote your undoubted abilities to helping us adjust our lives to our new religion, and don't forget that we are very much a unified nation and urban thinking is not *per se* in advance of rural ability to comprehend.

Yours very truly,
Fairmont, W. Va., *Andrew Stroud*
October 28, 1926.

"Henry Crashes Through," eh?

DEAR W. M. H.: Your editorial, "Henry Crashes Through," was a masterpiece of propaganda. But it was a dud as to logic—really I am disappointed. On the strength of your editorials, I have deserted Wayne B. (I always was dry and have bolted the Methodist Church, hard seats).

However, getting back to Henry. Little did I dream of ever seeing the day when the cold-blooded slayer of Bunk, W. M. H., would be taken in on such a thing as Henry's economic philosophy.

Henry made his millions with a mechanical atrocity, and now it appears his economic theories are to be as popular as his car—and to have the same life—a season.

Listen, boy friend, Henry has already tried out his theory. He had paid a premium for his labor, worked it three to five days a week, and worked it twice as hard as anyone else. Where is the advantage of paying $6 a day, but three days a week over six days at $3?

Further, has it occurred to you that Henry approves a short week because he cannot sell a full week's product?

A comparison between Ford's sales sheet and that of General Motors will tell you why "Henry Crashes Through" rather than G. M. C.

Aside from that I am with you. One day less for work, one day more devoted to thirst will hasten the day when we can split the bottle of Burgundy rather than absorbing the putrid concoctions advocated by Judge, Jr.

Denver, Colo., Yours,
October 28, 1926. *J. L. Sullivan*

Times Have Changed

To the Editor of JUDGE:

For years I had been laboring under the impression that JUDGE and a certain weekly of similar aim were about equal in their pretense at humor. Time after time, as a boy, when the mail-man would deposit on the garbage can in the front yard, JUDGE ("Whatta—!"), and the Sears-Roebuck catalog, with what zest would I devour the pink pages showing buxom lasses in the latest steel reinforced corsets, $1.89, Misses' Sizes Only.

After I had been confirmed and introduced to long trousers and Holland gin, whenever a friend from the "old country" would drop over for a visit and ask, (after first having a more important question answered), "Big boy, ain't you-all got no funny papers over heah, no-how?" I would merely yawn and hand him a copy of the "Hagerstown Almanac," with a page creased at "Conundrums for the Young and the Old!"

But those days are no more. After weathering the "War to Make the World Safe for Democracy," Prohibition, The Methodist Board of Temperance and Public (yours and mine, brother) Morals, and two parades of the Ku Klux Klan, I have found to lighten my declining years, a new JUDGE. A JUDGE that is penetrating, courageous, and *funny* with a dash of paprika. If you don't think you're good, try counting the number of letters that you have received from harassed old women of both sexes.

Washington, D. C., Respectfully,
October 23, 1926. *M. P. Healey*

P. S.: Pardon errors in composition and punctuation, I have just been glancing through the cook's copy of the *Dial*.

Householder—Here's a penny. Take your carol somewhere else.
Butcher—Carol be blowed! This is my bill for four pound nineteen an' six!
—*Humorist*

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DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

Contest No. 72

Send in your "Conclusion" in ink, on white paper, the same general shape as this space. You may draw it any size you care to.

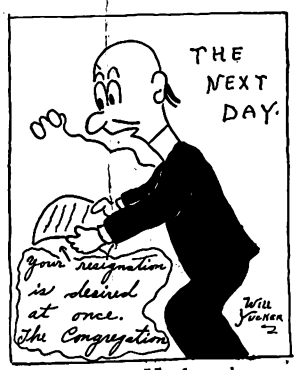
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

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. Mail yours 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 December 20. Winning ending appears in the issue of January 22.

M. K. McQuarrie,
Kentville, N. S., Canada.

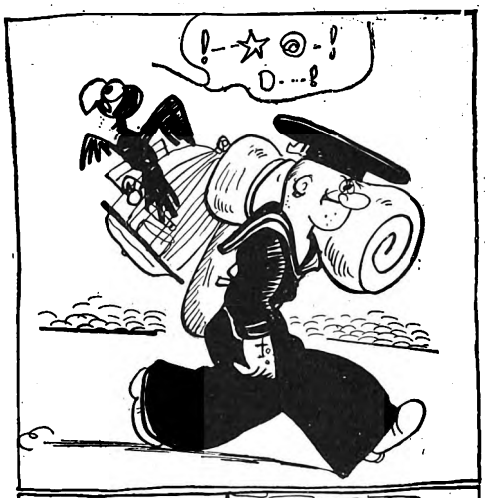
Franklin Archer,
San Diego, Cal.



Wm. Yucker,
Haledon, N. J.

Above: Runners up in Contest No. 66.

Right: Winner of Contest No. 66. R. A. Snayder, 9717 Elwell avenue, Cleveland, O.



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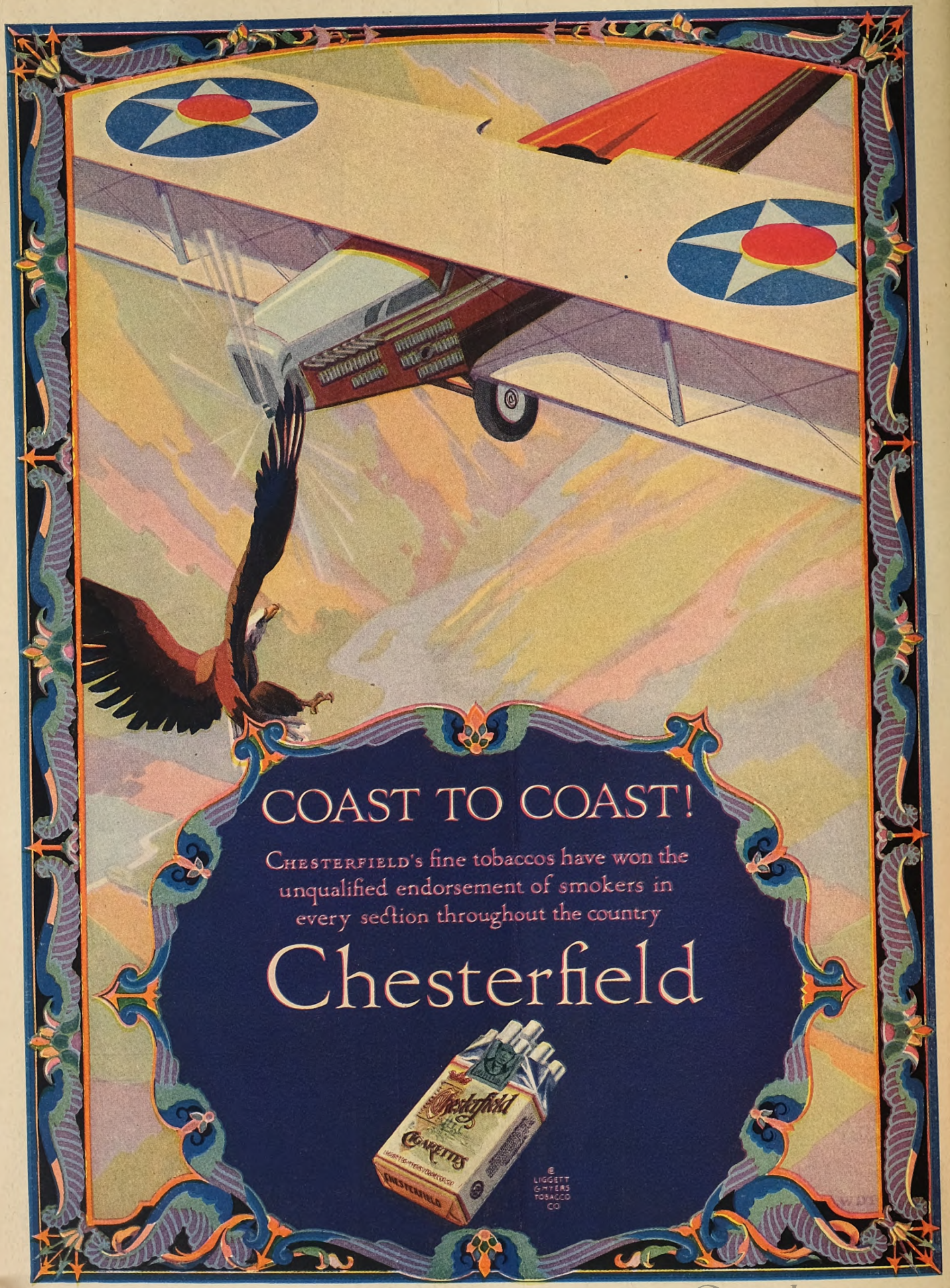

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK

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DECEMBER 18, 1926
PRICE 15 CENTS

JAN 11 1927

Judge

SENTIMENTAL NUMBER

Love's Awakening

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World's Greatest Radio

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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(*For the Sentimental Number*)
SLUSH

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1926

MARIE TO STAGE COMEBACK

We learn from the press that Queen Marie has promised America another visit. No doubt this next one will be made under the auspices of Mr. C. C. Pyle.

Because of his belief in the success of Prohibition, an English missionary has announced that he will make a trip from New York to California and forfeit half a crown for each intoxicated person he sees. This department is willing to contribute half a crown toward his fare back home.

A well-known professor of geology has estimated that the world will last some 999,000,000,000,000 years longer. Perhaps we will collect our French debt after all.

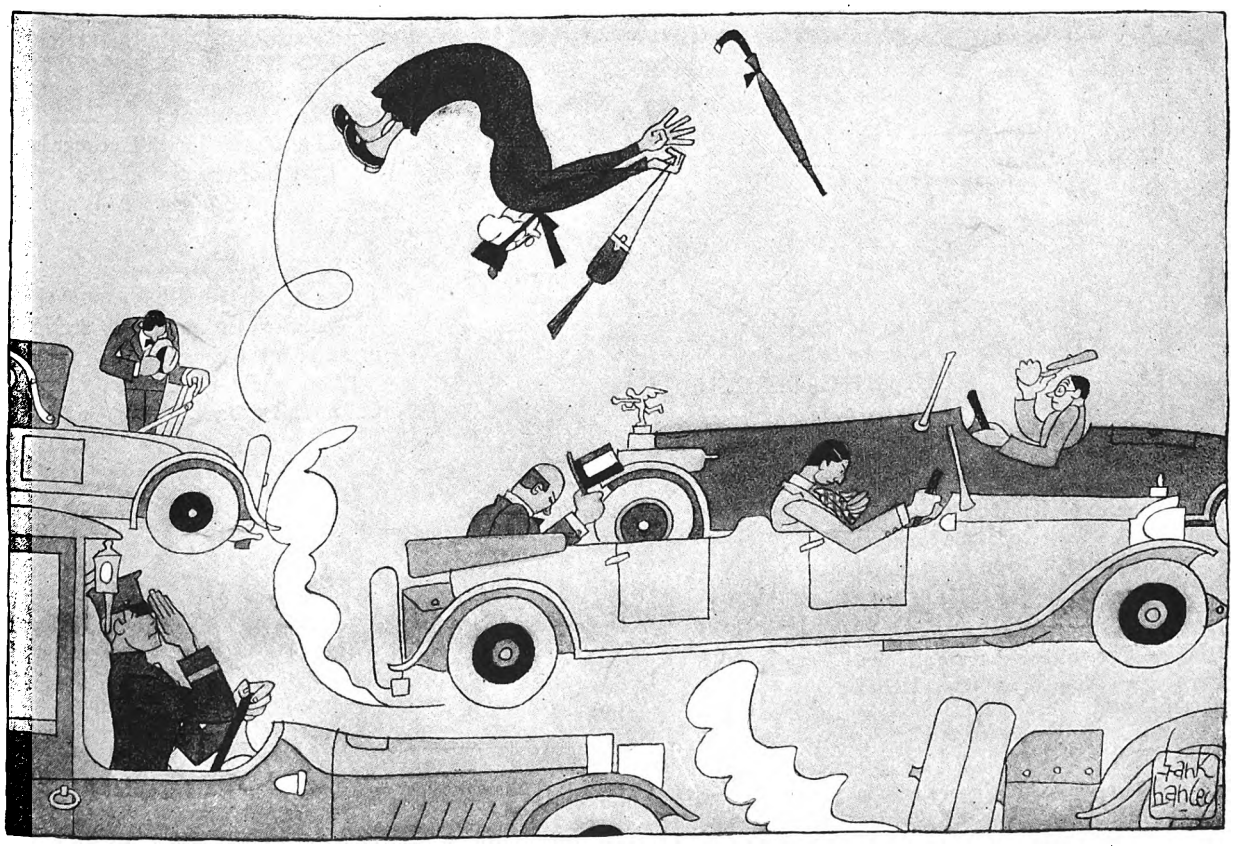
NOVEL CAMERA INVENTED

A concealed motion picture machine has now been invented which will be used in Chicago to photograph criminals. For some time a similar device has been used in Hollywood to photograph morons.

MOTOR STOCKS WILL RISE

A Detroit engineer of aeronautics says that in twenty years every motorist will be flying. And by that time every pedestrian will be playing a harp.

At the Twenty-second Annual Automobile Salon held in New York, the radiator cap of a special roadster was topped with a silver miniature of Pierette in the act of kicking the motometer. A more appropriate design would be a silver miniature of a pedestrian in the act of kicking the bucket.



Somebody's Mother

JUDGE, Volume 91. No. 2355, December 18, 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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PAUL REILLY

OUT IN CALIFORNIA

Where trees are trees.

Letters Tied With Lavender

Miss Ella Bella Dellavere,
The Statuesque Miss Dellavere,
A slender, tender damsel who looked swell in sable coats,
Was worshiped by a gentleman,
A wealthy sentimental man,
Who wrote the blushing maiden many, many ardent notes.
With strings of lovely lavender,
Miss Ella Bella Dellavere,
Had tied the torrid missives so they would not go astray.
Most precious were they to her heart
And those of us who knew her heart
By no means were astonished that she treated them that way.

She always kept them near to her,
Those ardent notes so dear to her,
Protecting them as carefully as necklaces and furs.
A lass who's really glad she loves
Keeps letters from the lad she loves—
Well, Ella Bella Dellavere most certainly kept hers.
In strings of lovely lavender,
Romantic, fragile lavender,
They nestled in her closet by her negligees and boots,
For recently the regal maid
Had sought efficient legal aid
And letters tied with lavender help breach of promise suits.

Arthur L. Lippmann

Diplomacy

"Jack, when we are married I must have three servants."

"You shall have twenty, dear; but not all at once."

Some Blessing

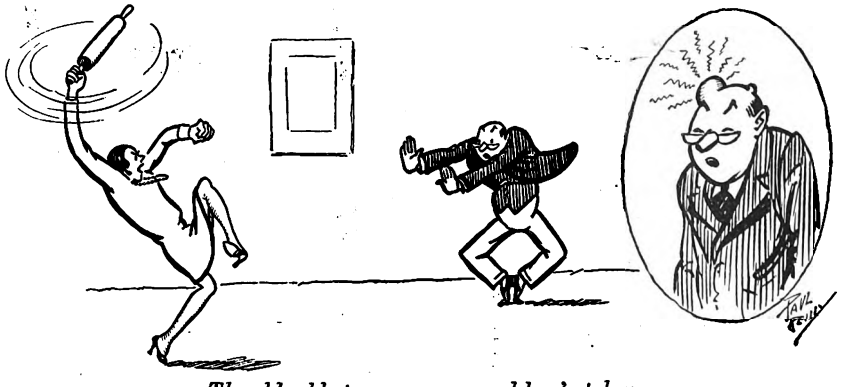
Just think of it: If a radio announcer ever sneezed, ten million people would say: "God bless you!"

* * *

Wife—I've got to get some clothes.
Hubby—Who said so—the chief of police?

* * *

It isn't only the bootlegger who is cashing in on Prohibition, but a lot of his customers as well.



The old, old story.....and love's token.

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She Can't Be Beat

My affection for her has resolved itself into a love which rivals for tenderness the adoration of the gayest of gay Lotharios for the seductive charms of his most charming of lady loves. My devotion to her shows boldly forth from my eyes when I gaze upon her—it amounts to almost an idolatrous worship. I know that it is not mere infatuation, for I have been enamored of her over a long period of time—years that have been marked by much of bliss for me which emanates from her beloved contact. I can never love another with the same measure of fervency that I give her.

She means everything to me and she is only five years old.

But, even so, she's good for another twenty thousand miles. My beloved first car—I shall always cherish her. *Marion E. Burns*

Solving One Problem

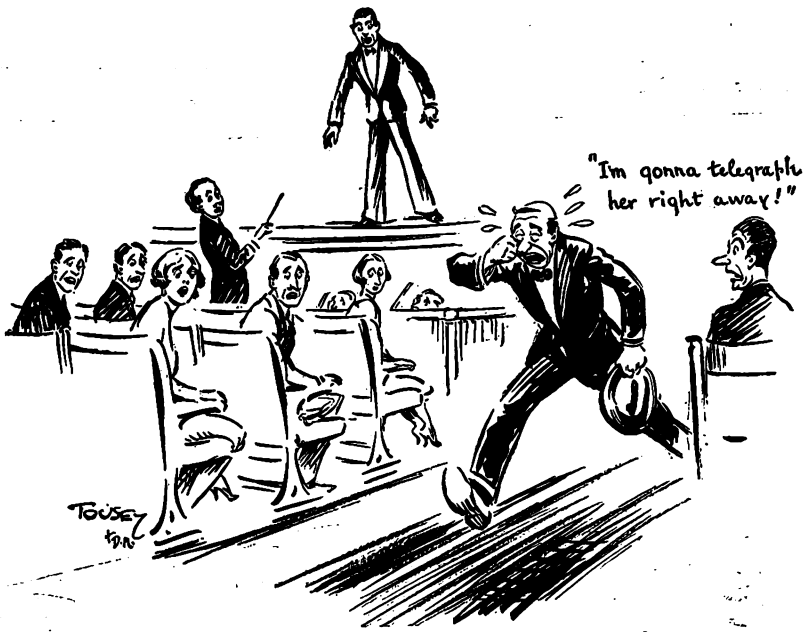
Jim—That jitney driver has discovered a side line that earns him a lot of cash.

Will—What doing?

"Ferrying nervous pedestrians across the street."

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG HUSBAND—*Why, darling—I—er—had no idea—*

WIFE—*Yes, I thought the peke would appreciate it this winter.*



The man who took the "Mother Song" seriously.

The Man Worthwhile

When things go wrong, I envy the man who can stand up and take his medicine with a grin—calmly swallow it down without so much as a murmur regardless of how bitter the dose may be—drain the cup to the very dregs.

I say I envy the man who can take his medicine. I wish I could, but it isn't possible; my doctor won't issue prescriptions for the stuff.

Paul Lutz

With all this talk of prolonging human life, science has completely overlooked the simple expedient of suppressing the gunman.

Some of the present-day young women may be dumb, but no one can get much on them.

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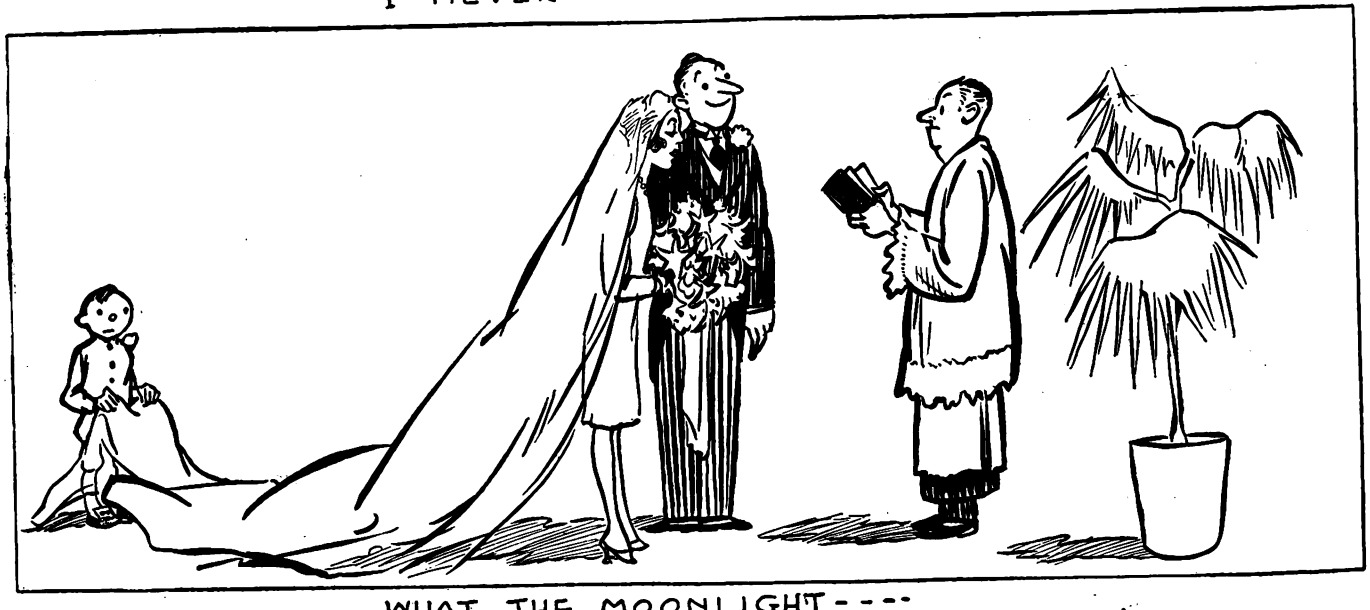
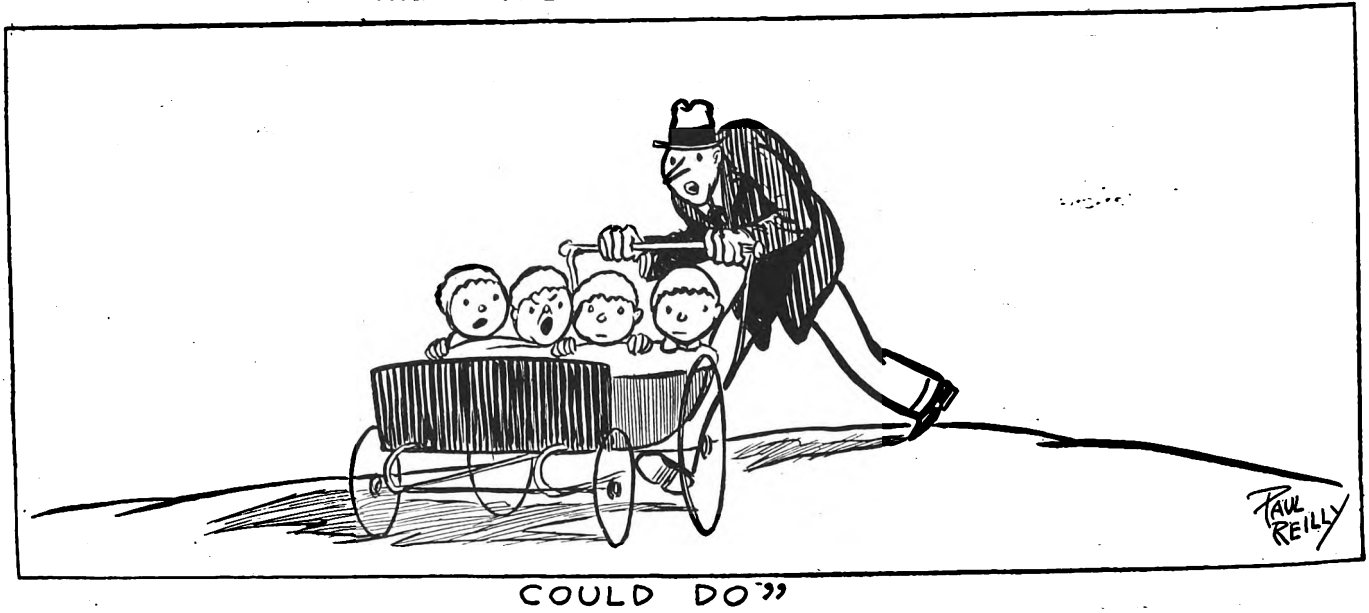
"I NEVER KNEW------



WHAT THE MOONLIGHT----



COULD DO"

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Why not station talented violinists at the principal New York street corners and have them play affecting airs so as to keep the people from being quite so hard-boiled?

Why Husbands Stay at Home

He had been a little curt that morning at breakfast, a bit preoccupied, and Mrs. Smithers hastened to the mirror as soon as he left and gave herself a long, searching look. There was no use in fooling herself. She looked positively dowdy. Little telltale lines appeared at the corner of her eyes and her long hair was certainly old-fashioned. Mrs. Smithers had heard of the temptations that pretty blonde stenographers place in the paths of dutiful husbands.

All afternoon she spent in the pursuit of beauty. Her long tresses were ruthlessly cut and in their place appeared a chic boyish bob. Tall young ladies in white aprons applied daubs of oozing mud to her face. Others toiled long and conscientiously over her nails. She purchased the sheerest silk stockings that she could procure and a saucy little Parisian frock.

That evening as Mr. Smithers entered the foyer, she awaited him, lovely in her newly acquired clothes. Her cheeks were ruddy and her short, pert hair glistened under the hall light.

"Darling," she said, "do you notice anything different?"

A pleased smile illuminated his face, an appreciative smile, and his eyes glowed merrily as he took her into his arms for a real, old-fashioned, pre-wedding kiss.

"You little sweetheart," he said, "you bet that I notice something different, you little darling. You've got my smoking jacket and slippers all ready for me by the Morris chair. Come, give hubby another kiss."

Hugh Wood

Two erstwhile boys were practicing shooting at a target on a fence behind which their fathers were talking. Suddenly one exclaimed, "Hey, dummy, look out! You nearly winged my father that trip!" "Oh, I'm awfully sorry!" replied the other. "Here! Forget it! Take a shot at mine and don't say a word!" These two was dead game sports, what I mean.

❧❧❧

After shaving, a fellow's map generally shows a lot of short cuts.

❧❧❧

Some people get on the right track and then go in the wrong direction.

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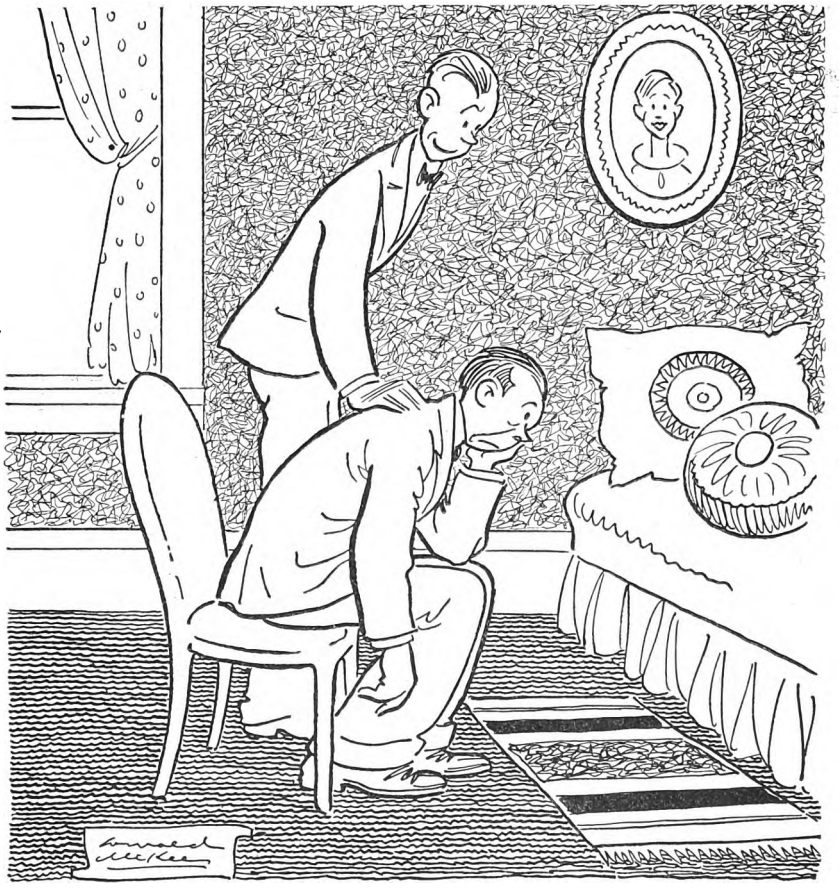

"Don't take it so hard, Ichabod—even if she threw you over, remember what the song says—'The hours I've spent with thee, dear heart!' "
"It ain't the hours I'm thinking of—it's the jack."

Near Calamity

"You will insult my wife, will you?" snarled the first bruiser.

"I didn't insult your wife!" retorted the second. "And what's more, if you don't shut up and go back to your own table I'll bust you one in the nose!"

"Yah, yah!" sneered the first. "Try and do it!"

The first man removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves. "For two cents," he said, "I'd paste you in the eye!"

"Is zat so?" retorted the other. "Well, you'd better not try it, big boy. I'm Killer Burke, lightweight champion of the East."

The first man put on his coat again, a surprised look in his eyes. Presently he smiled and extended his hand.

"Say, I'm glad to meet you!" he said pleasantly. "I'm Young Plotznick, your challenger. Put it there!"

"Well, well, well, so you're Plotznick!" cried Burke, shaking the fellow's hand warmly. "Say, I sure am glad to see you! Why, imagine my saying that for two cents I'd paste you in the eye!" He laughed heartily.

The two became fast friends.

Norman R. Jaffray

Noses In Bloom

I've smelled a lot of pleasant things
Some things that were forlorn
I've smelled the smoke of battle,
And the rose at early morn.
But now I'm growing older
And my smeller's not acute,
These modern odors that I smell
They never seem to suit.

I've a craving in my system,
Yet it seems to be denied,
For the very sweetest odor
That my nose has ever tried.
It's the rotten, sour smellin'
Of a barroom runnin' free.
There ain't no words can ever tell
What that odor means to me.

I go down the street a-sniffin'
With my old nose opened wide.
For the odor that was comin',
From the doors that swung inside.
And if hell is full of licker
And in heaven they are dry,
I'll sniff up to the pearly gates
But I'll go sniffin' by. *J. P. F.*

We thought the Christmas drawing of the poor little girl and the beautiful lady was always good, but somehow it doesn't seem to hit just the right note this year.

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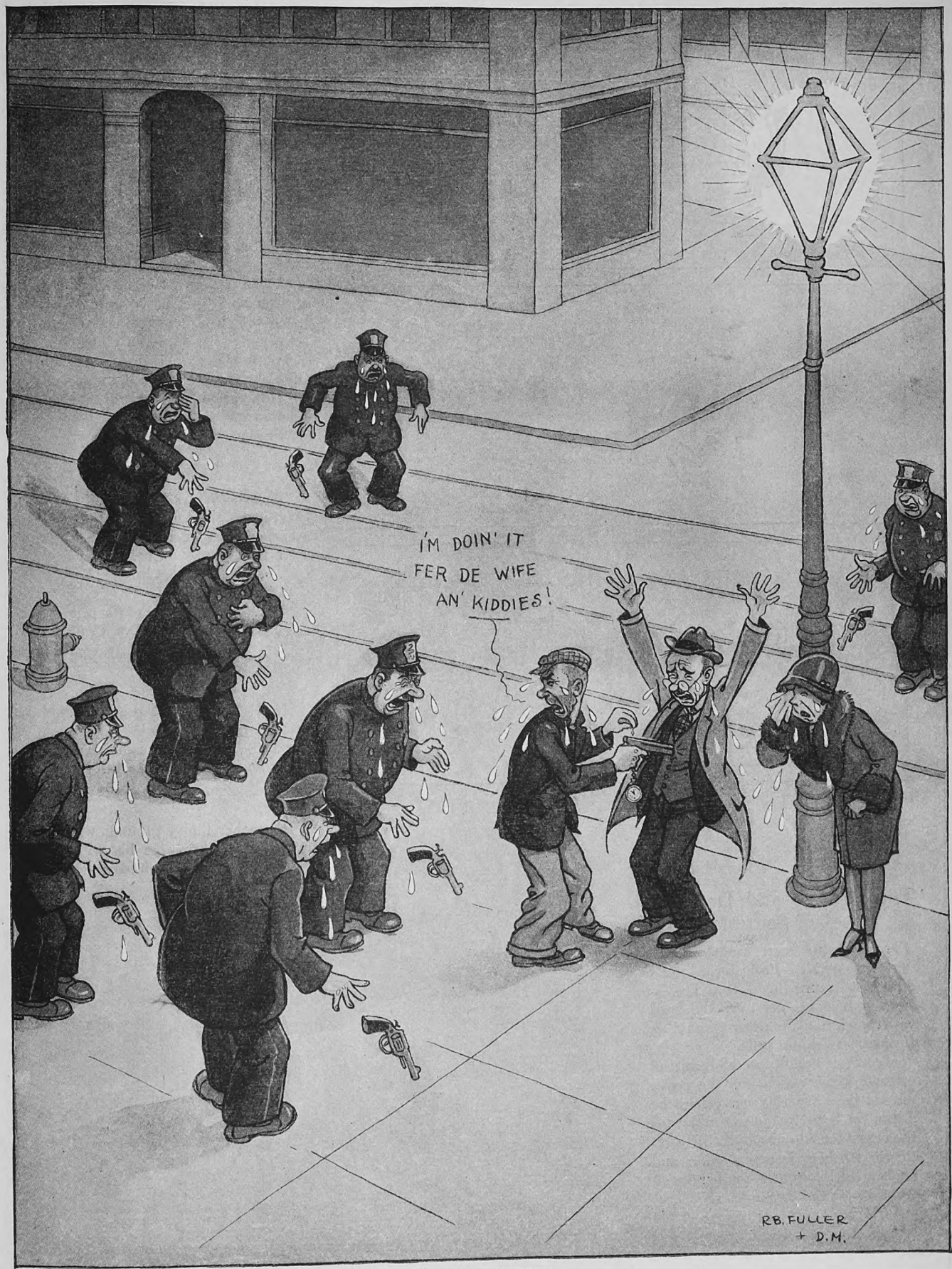

'NUFF SAID!

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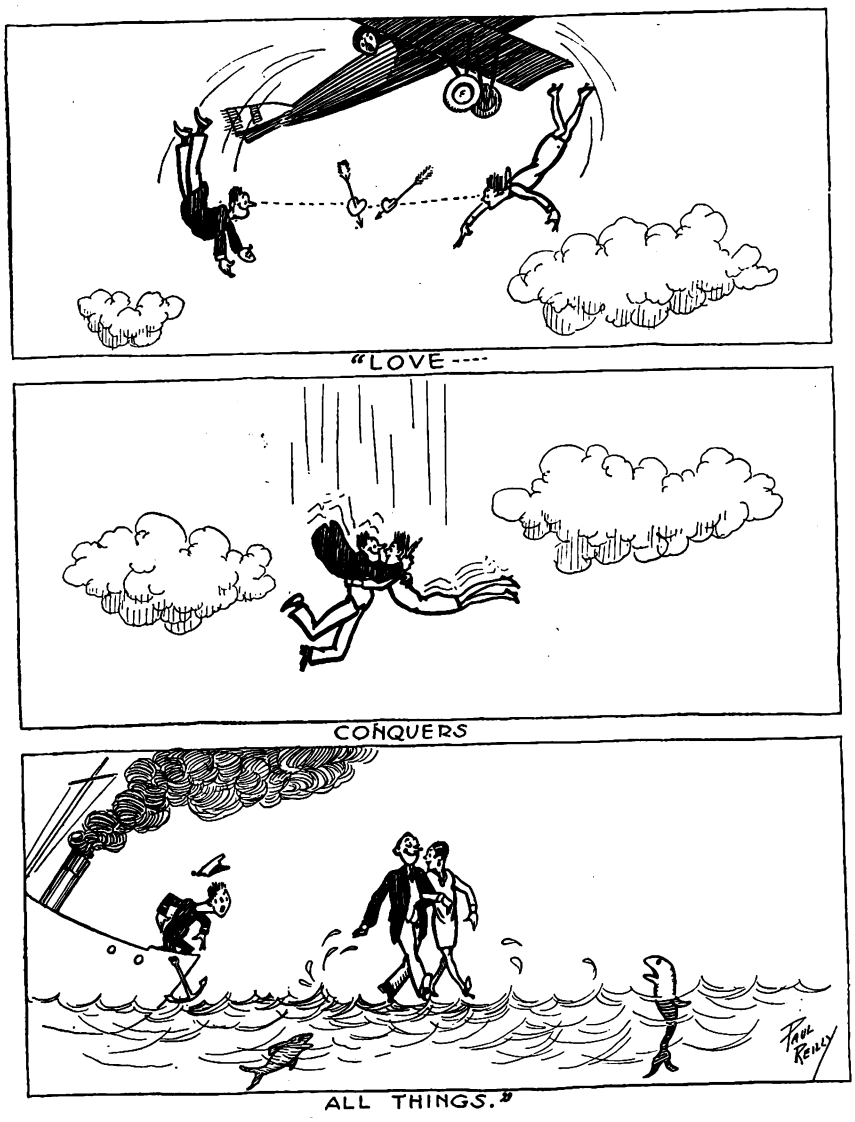

them all with a heaving bosom, and allows him to kiss her hand. Poet buys another bottle of liquor and writes 2,868 additional sonnets. His lady's heart melts and he is permitted to kiss her alabaster brow. Wedding march, please—da, dum, de, dum.

Ardent young swain in Gay Nineties besieges his well-fortified female with boxes of chocolates and bouquets of flowers. She is reluctant to marry him until his income is ample for two. He secures a good job in a bicycle factory at eighteen dollars a week and they move into a nice house with iron dogs and deer on the lawn.

Young college man meets a beautiful Sheba at a fraternity dance.

"How about a gulp of shellac, Cleopatra?"

"Produce Exhibit A, big boy."

Gulp! Gulp!

"Say, he-man, didn't you shave this morning? Your cheek feels like a barbed wire fence."

"I'd like to see you in a kitchenette, baby. Let's get hitched."

"Okay with me."

"Where's the justice of the peace?"

That'll be all for to-day, Cupid.

Hugh Wood

❧❧❧

ABC—Why do those two old Scotchmen look so sad?

XYZ—They just recalled the fact that they spent their youth together.

❧❧❧

It's rather flimsy grounds when a man seeks to divorce his wife because of the way she dresses.

The Growth and Development of Sentiment

Prehistoric man woos prehistoric maid. Prehistoric maid does not return his love. Prehistoric man clouts her over the head with a club. Prehistoric maid is thrilled. Wedding bells.

Medieval knight woos beautiful princess. She insists that he prove his mettle. Wearing her colors, he sallies forth to the jousts and wins the championship on points. He returns with her victorious colors and on bended knees asks for her hand. Another job for the minister.

Victorian poet dedicates 3,826 sonnets to his lady love who reads

"Well, stubborn—if you won't come in the housh—wear my overcoat."

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MEMORIES

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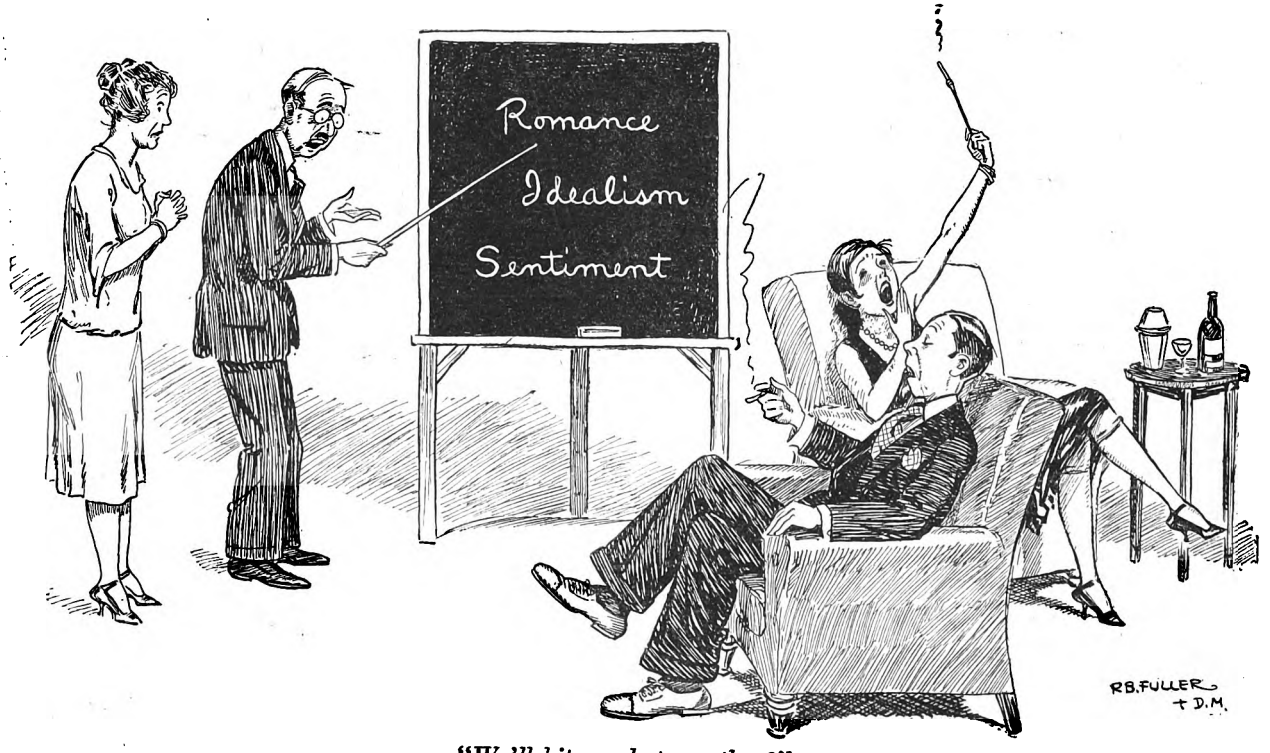
"I cannot sing the old songs."



"We'll bite—what are they?"

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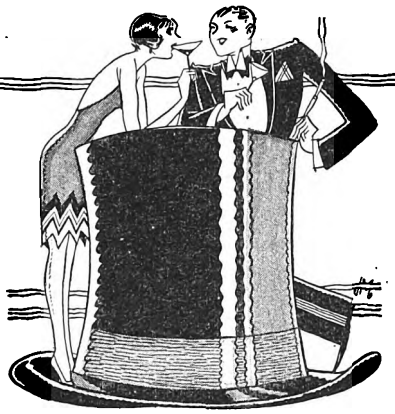
HIGH HAT



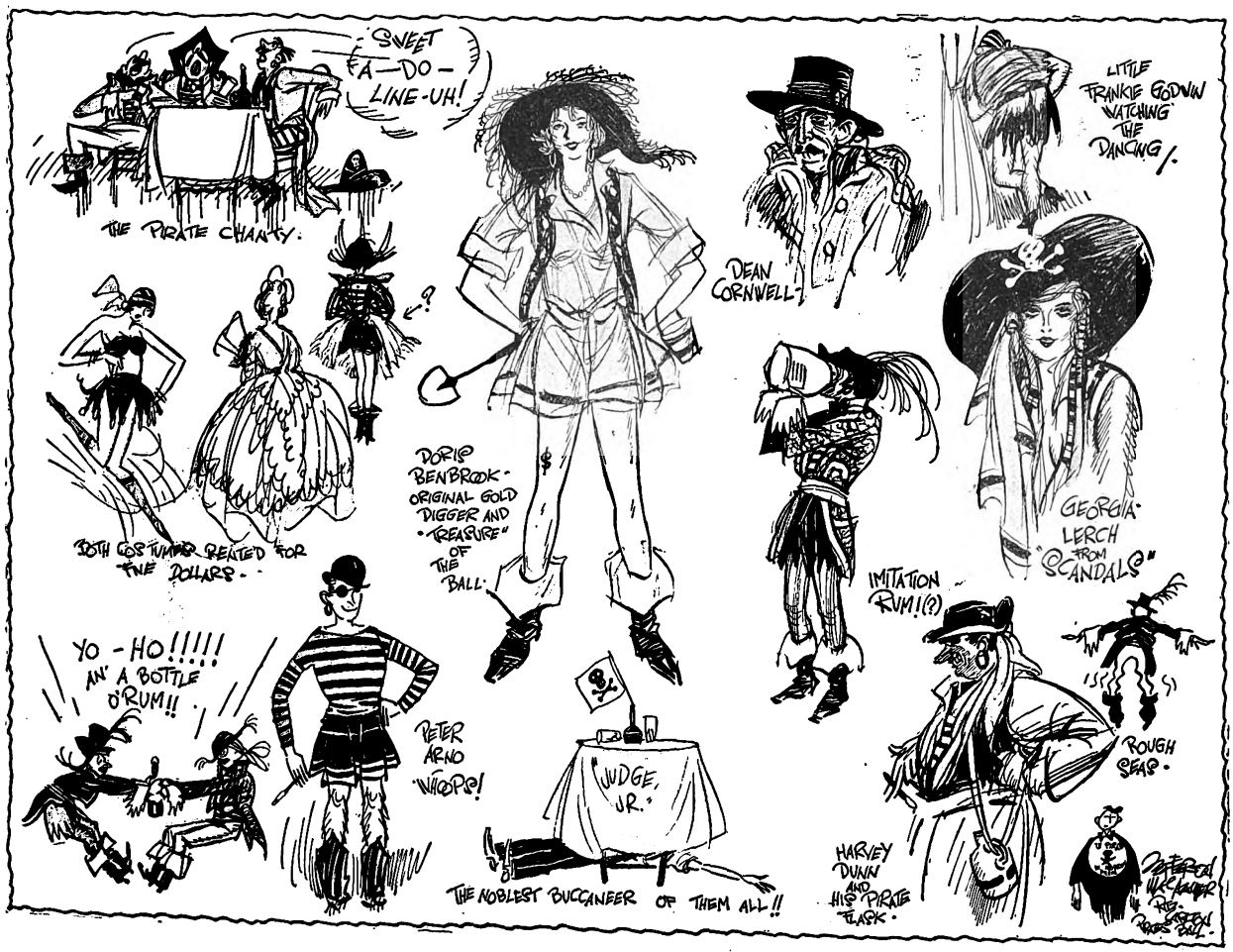
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest Yo Ho an' a bottle o' rum!"*

*I'm not saying who the dead man was, or who the fifteen other fellers were, but the bird that made the sketch of me down below is trying to belittle me, I can see that! . . . . . anyway, the Pirate's Ball, due to old Don Dickerman, was a huge success . . . . . that is, they tell me it was! . . . . all the celebs in town were there, they tell me, and By Golly, I lost my good Knox hat! . . . . as Harry Dart says, "It's damn seldom where my hat is!" . . . . the Ritz was all decorated up like Mrs. Astor's horse, they tell me, and likewise most of the visiting pirates! . . . . anyway, as I always say, it was a considerable occasion . . . . . they tell me . . . . . next week—the Author's League Show (Advt.).

Everybody from Cal Coolidge to Lon Chaney has been suspected of being Judge, Jr., and only the other day I picked up a paper and read the surprising statement that Ray Perkins, well-known song writer and man about town, was conducting a sophisticated column for JUDGE under the tag "Judge, Jr."! . . . . which compels me to disclose a terrible secret to my dear public . . . . . I can't play the piano, or a ukulele, not even a mouth organ, and people tell me that my singing sounds like the new moo cow klaxons . . . . . that bird you used to hear on the radio *was* Ray Perkins, but he's never had anything to do with this page and he's *not* Judge, Jr.!

A lad that signs himself Van Feelin of Vanderbilt College (That's down in Ten Ten Tennessee) is evidently jealous no end of the publicity Van Phelan of Havvrd is getting and pops a letter at me that is very amusing. . . . . "Down here, Junior, we play 'Sniff-or-Snifter'—a foursome starts out PLUS one quart of likker, and at the end of each hole the winner takes a 'Snifter' and the losers

(*Continued on page 26*)



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"GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY WANT!"

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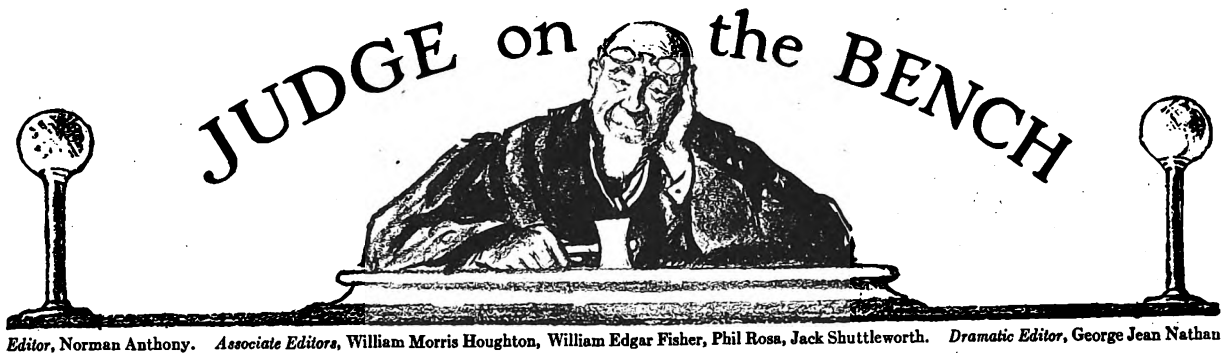

Editor, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa, Jack Shuttleworth. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

JUST what Senator Simpson had in mind in crying "fraud!" "mistrial!" as the Halls-Mills circus approached its conclusion is anybody's guess. From our point of view he unwittingly voiced the truth. In other words, if the belated investigation and prosecution of the Hall-Mills murder is a vindication of law and order and the dignity of the State then the Queen of Rumania is a modest woman.

Let's admit that four years ago there should have been a more vigorous and thorough investigation of the crime and possibly a trial of the late defendants, or some public appeasement of the very natural suspicion that they were implicated in it. Nevertheless, from the point of view of law and order and the dignity of the State it would have been better if the case had been allowed to slumber where it lay instead of being resurrected as the medium of a newspaper sensation and of the political ambitions of a publicity hound. Even for the State it is more seemly to ignore a challenge than to accept it and throw a fit.

Which reminds us that the only dignity remaining in the affair accrues wholly to the defendants and especially to Willie Stevens, to whom were attributed various forms of mental incompetence, including epilepsy. Poetic justice mounted the throne when Willie Stevens took the witness stand and politely and with finality put his persecutor in his place. You have heard of the triumph of mind over matter; this was the triumph of simplicity over sneers, of self-control over conceit. At the moment when Willie, the witness, ever solicitous for accuracy, corrected his cross-examiner, saying, "Not *Doctor* Hall, Senator; *Mister* Hall"—at that moment the vast bubble of self-importance into which Alexander Simpson had managed to blow his case burst, and . . . well, "bang! bang! bang!" as the Pig Woman said. Only this time there lay on the ground the fair dream of a politician caught in a *liason* with a tabloid.

Mistrial is right!

Our National Vice

THIS being the Sentimental Number, permit us to correct a misunderstanding of our attitude toward the movie industry. A while ago on this page we expressed the belief that most motion pictures aimed at the exploitation of sex appeal and that this object, coupled with the efforts to disguise it, accounted for the cheap, unwholesome atmosphere that enveloped them. Immediately readers who agreed with the diagnosis, and others who didn't, jumped to the conclusion that we had joined the hue and cry against "immoral" pictures. We hadn't. We have no quarrel with the exploitation of sex appeal *per se*. What provokes the nausea within us is the false cloak of sentimentality thrown about it.

Sentimentality is our national vice, for which we are made to pay very dearly indeed, all things considered. It has cost us our liberty, for one thing, to a degree to which we are only gradually becoming aware. It has cost us our "law and order" (quaint contradiction of terms!). It is the parent of lynchings and "unwritten laws," of the Ku Klux Klan and the mounting divorce rate. It holds constant threat of war. And the vast movie industry, instead of kidding and satirizing this vice, instead of snapping us out of our self-indulgent snifflings over liberty and love and justice and mother and peace, the while these things themselves fly out the window, does everything in its power to pander to it, to sink us deeper in the quicksand of our introspective emotions. For heaven's sake, give us some honest sex appeal. It will seem like fresh air.

The Reason Why Not

ALBERT C. RITCHIE, Governor of Maryland, is to the national what the still small voice is to the individual conscience, reminding it constantly of its traditional principles, prodding it persistently with the logic that has no answer. At Chicago the other day he echoed, but with a much greater show of conviction, the words that Calvin Coolidge once spoke against the growing centralization of our Government, against the tyranny of a Federal bureaucracy. Unlike our cautions President he did not confine himself to generalities. He launched forth against the proposal to establish a Federal Department of Education and reiterated his grounds for opposing the Child Labor Amendment. On the subject of National Prohibition he strongly urged the only solution compatible with common sense, namely, "turn the subject back to the States so that each State may handle it in accordance with the convictions and the will of its people."

"Why," he asked, "intensify the conflict between the rural and the urban? The South and the West are rich in achievement and richer still in promise. If they want Prohibition they are entitled to it; but why submerge the infinity of problems that confront them in a futile struggle to enforce Prohibition in States which do not want it?"

We'll tell you, Governor. Because the only sensible people on this our sun-kissed Continent are the Canadians. *Vide* Ontario.

W. M. H.

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A Visit to Giuseppe

How my heart leaped as I descended from the train and walked up the old familiar street from the station. First of all I would see Giuseppe the cobbler, whimsical, wizened, wrinked, ancient Giuseppe who always sat in the window of his tiny shop and hammered endless heels and soles. I smiled as I remembered how he used to put a handful of tacks into his mouth while all of the neighborhood urchins, including myself, grinned through the window. Good old Giuseppe! As skillful in the dissemination of homely philosophy as in the repairing of tattered soles.

Sentimental fool that I was! Yet hadn't the world given me enough grief and disillusionment? Maybe the paternal Giuseppe, sitting on his little round stool, would take the tacks from his mouth long enough to greet me and maybe he would pause with his hammer poised in midair to give me one of his mellow smiles.

Cataclysmic events—a newspaper prints its retraction as prominently as it displayed the original slander.

"Doris, say you'll divorce me."

Then I reached the cobbler's shop. But how different it was! Outside a huge electric sign proclaimed that this was Store No. 343 of the Nu Way Rapid Shoe Repairing Corporation. Inside complicated and awe-inspiring machinery whirled around as shoes were automatically conveyed from one mechanical monster to another. A heavy Oriental rug covered the floor and efficient young mechanics tended the machines.

"Does anybody here remember Giuseppe?" I asked the alert manager.

He glanced at his polished nails. "Giuseppe who?" he inquired.

"Giuseppe Sabatini," I answered.

He drew himself up very erect. "Mr. Sabatini is vice-president of this corporation in personal charge of operations and publicity. He is at present inspecting our Pacific Coast rubber heel factories."

I murmured a polite thank you and slowly walked to the street. Then I turned and gazed into the window and again I seemed to see old Giuseppe, his mouth full of tacks, seated on his little stool, hammering endless leather heels and

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OH FOR A NICE STIFF SHOT OF GROG! ENVIED LITTLE JOEY.

I heard three hot ones at a smoker last Tuesday night, but they're too funny for words, and besides, I forgot the words. But this is the one about the prosperous gent and the street arab. Said the gent, "Here, my boy, take this dime, you look deserving." "Absolutely no!" replied "Hot Stuff" Mulligan. "And why not?" queried the gent in surprise. "I know your kind," replied the lad. "As soon as I take the dime, I gotta promise to grow up and be President, and kiddo, I ain't signin' no contracts!" Only an undertaker could get a laugh out of this one.

Ballad of Hazy Remembrance

(The Sentiment is Strong, but the Memory Weak)

I REMEMBER, I remember,
Though not so very well,
The little house where I was born,
And where I used to dwell.
I think the house was painted red,
Or maybe it was brown;
At any rate, it matters not:
The house has been torn down.

I remember, I remember
The stairs so tall and wide;
I think they were out on the porch,
Or else they were inside.
I remember well the chimney,
At least I think I do;
There must have been one on the roof—
Or maybe there were two.

I remember, I remember
The parlor and the hall;
Though which was which is difficult
For me now to recall.
The bedrooms and the dining-room,
The kitchen and the sink;
I cannot place those things at all—
We had them though, I think.

I remember, I remember,
Much less than I forget
About the house where I was born;
I see it dimly yet.
I was so very young, you know;
I cannot recollect—
And what I do remember is
Most like incorrect.

R. C. O'Brien

giving his kindly smile to passers-by.

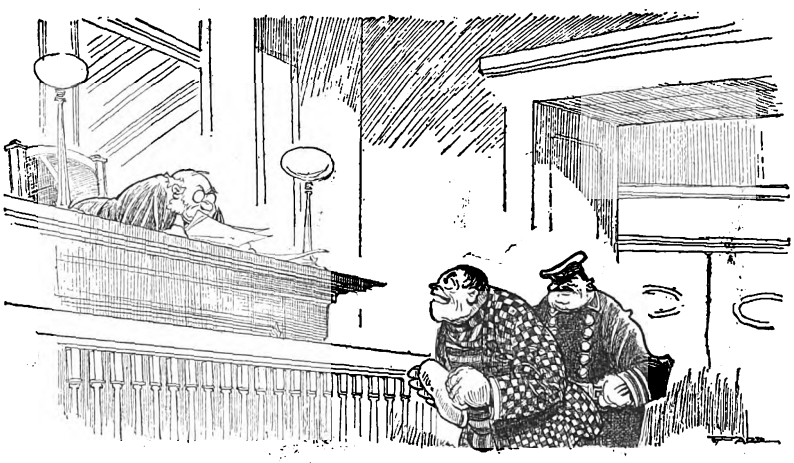
"Hey, you, no loitering," snarled a passing policeman.

A stray shot from a gunman's pistol went through the crown of my hat. A passing motorcycle spattered me with mud. Somebody in the apartment house above dropped an empty whisky bottle on my head. Then something hit me with a dull thud and when I awoke I found myself in a spotless room, redolent with the odor of antiseptics.

"What happened?" I asked the nurse.

"Be very calm until your fever goes down," she whispered, "you were run over by one of the automobile trucks of the Nu Way Rapid Shoe Repairing Corporation."

Arthur L. Lippmann



"You're charged with having burned three houses, resisted five officers and broken out of jail twice, what's your defense?"
"Your Honor—I jest overcame my inferiority complex."

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INDIA

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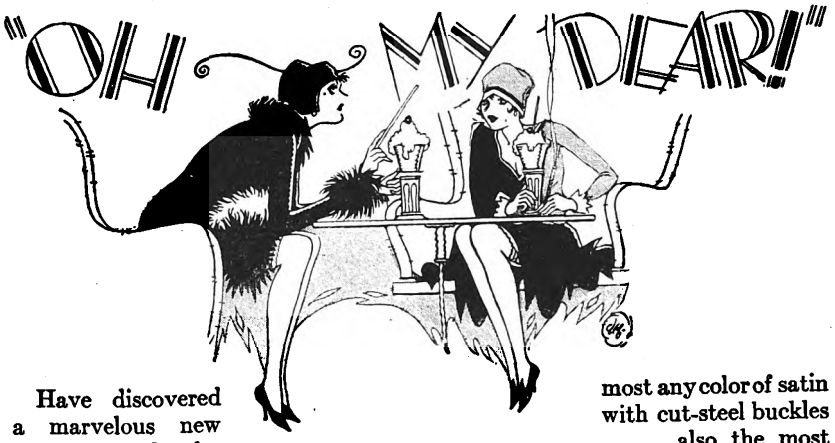


Have discovered a marvelous new dance . . . . the elevator boy taught it to me so it must be real Southern, although it hasn't gotten below One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street yet . . . . it's called "Messin' Round" and is just the thing for Night Clubs as it only requires enough space to stand on thus enabling at least three couples to dance simultaneously on the average Night Club floor.

Heard the "Charleston" and "Black Bottom" played with Tango rhythm the other night and it's simply grand . . . . you have no idea how much it sounds like real music! . . . . Brother, dear, says I must lay off Night Clubs and drink recipes, but I can't resist this one! . . . . the darlingest Chef told me that a bottle of Worcestershire sauce will cure any cold!

Here's your chance to be the most photographed person in America and make "Peaches" Browning dwindle into pictorial obscurity . . . . all it takes is eight minutes and twenty-five cents . . . . you pop into a device which is a cross between a sentry box and a victrola, drop a quarter into a slot, have an embryo D. W. Griffith shout directions at you, pop out again and before you can readjust your spit curl your vanity is sopped to the extent of eight miniature photographs . . . . they call this golden opportunity "Photomaton" . . . . it's on Broadway in the early fifties and is quite the rage just at present.

The evening slippers at Saks are simply divine . . . mauve, cerise, almost any color of satin with cut-steel buckles . . . . also the most amazing creations . . . . the whole rear half studded with jewels of every shape and color, the insteps, cut in points and jewels, without any sides and what's left is gold kid! . . . . My Dear!

Have you (of course, you have!) seen the new knitted suits . . . . sweater, skirt and cap to match . . . . saw some stunning fur hats at Jaekel's . . . . nice little leopard skin with rolled brim . . . . also a tan pony fur with high square crown and narrow brim.

The Six Best "Steppers":

"What 'ya Say?" (*Honeymoon Lane*).

"Little White House" (*Honeymoon Lane*).

"Moonlight on the Ganges" (*No Show.*)

"Do, Do, Do" (*Oh, Kay*).

"Fidgety Feet" (*Oh, Kay*).

"Someone to Watch Over Me" (*Oh, Kay*).

Judgette

When Love Is Young

HASTINGS puffed at that smelly old pipe of his as we sat in a cozy corner of the club. "She was a dream," he mused, "a vibrant, lovely creature. The first time I saw her she was singing the aria from "Madame Butterfly" and the spotlight played on her like a golden halo. I suppose I'm a sentimental fool but I can't ever forget."

"I know how it is," I gruffly answered, for Cupid's darts had done some slight damage to my own battered hulk.

"I sought and obtained an introduction to her," continued Hastings, "and our beautiful friendship blossomed into a rare love. I called her my fairy princess and she christened me her knight."

He paused for a moment and glanced at the roaring blaze in the fireplace. I placed my arm about his shoulders. "Tell me more," I tenderly whispered.

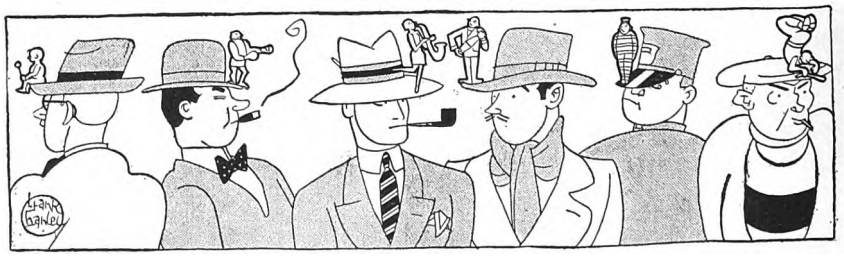
"Well, there's not much left to tell," he said, "it's the old, old story of youth and romance. For two idyllic years she was my inspiration. And then it was that I wrote my best stuff. Then there came a fateful day and romance went out of my life forever." He paused again and a tear glittered for just a second on his cheek.

The logs crackled merrily in the fireplace. Outside, the little lights were dotting the huge buildings as dusk fell over the city. The old club, as if in sympathy with his mood, was unusually silent for this time of the day.

I leaned forward and gently asked him, "What ever became of her?"

A strange look came over his face and he reached over and slipped into his hat and coat. Just at the threshold he stopped for a moment and called back to me:

"I married her." *Hugh Wood*



If motorists can sport radiator sculpture, why can't pedestrians have their little show?

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I nearly burst a strap chuckling over this hot one, so lend me your ears. "How do you do, Louis?" inquired a woman of her neighbor's young son, aged thirteen. "Very well, thank you!" responded the clever child. "Now you must ask me how I *do!" expostulated Mrs. Meefer. "Yeh," answered Lefty Louie. "But who the h-ll cares how* you *do?" Then the dawn came up like thunder over China 'cross the bay.*

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan

I

NOEL COWARD takes adultery so seriously and his actors take it so lightly. That is the way with these young playwrights. As men, they view *crim. con.* with the eyes of so many pastors but as playwrights, in shamefaced effort to hide their true attitude and by way of persuading the world at large that they are very blasé and sophisticated fellows, they make a show of viewing it as so many *dégagé* rakes. Thus, once again, we have Coward in his latest confection, "This Was a Man," clearly the moralist in his own conscience and superficially the worldly *raisonneur* in his stage exhibit. He makes the same familiar elaborate pretense of Gallic casualness, but it is very easy to read between the lines and discern there the perfectly conventional Anglo-Saxon.

Coward's play tells the tale of a young married woman to whom adultery is as of little concern as her five o'clock tea, and of the effects of her derelictions upon her philosophically unruffled spouse. On the surface, we have the point of view of a Maurice Hennequin or Robert Dieudonné, but not more than an inch or two below we can see that of a Bishop Manning or John S. Sumner. One gets the impression, on the whole, of an evangelist disguised as a college boy cutting up in a geisha house. Other indelible marks of the Coward dramaturgy are equally evident. It is ever this gentleman's futile effort to extract important emotions from trivial people, and here he makes the attempt for the fourth or fifth time. His characters are weaklings, mentally and emotionally, and he would have us interested in giants. The effect is much the same as viewing so many nincompoops of five-feet-three who have curls on their foreheads and nice little bellys and who hence imagine themselves and conduct themselves as Napoleon.

Also, we engage the affable Coward again writing perfectly conventional stage stuff and valiantly essaying to throw audiences off the scent by following up his obviously stagey lines and physical vibrations with such whimsical animadversions as, "Ah, so this is the old eternal triangle situation," "Don't act as if this were a cheap melodrama," "This is life, not a scene from a play" and "You must have been going to a lot of bad plays lately." There was a time when theater customers suffered themselves to be bamboozled by this hocus-pocus, but the device has been employed so often in the last fifteen years that they no longer bite.

"This Was a Man" has a few mildly amusing bits of dialogue, but nothing else. In its aim to be smartly indifferent to the usual alarms of the sex world it succeeds only in being transparently forced, like a man who picks up the oyster fork for his soup and, for all the neighboring lifted eyebrows, goes blandly on, with a fine show of self-assurance, using it. Francine Larrimore does very well with the badly written rôle of the philandering wife; A. E. Matthews is the agreeable actor that he always is in the rôle of the calm husband; and a fat boy named Bruce, imported for the occasion, does nicely in the rôle of the husband's friend against whom the wife proceeds anatomically.

"This Was a Man" (Klaw)—Reviewed in this issue.

"Mozart" (Music Box)—Ditto.

"Up the Line" (Morosco)—Another poor Harvard prize play.

"Ned McCobb's Daughter" (Golden)—To be reviewed next week.

"Gertie" (Bayes)—A dead one.

"Old Bill, M.P." (Biltmore)—Bairnsfather's cartoons, badly faded.

"First Love" (Booth)—French sentimentality.

"Broadway" (Broadhurst)—First-rate comedy-melodrama of the Rialto.

"The Desert Song" (Casino)—To be passed on next week.

Repertoire (14th St.)—Hell is paved with good intentions.

"Seed of the Brute" (Comedy)—10-20-30 melodrama with some $40 cussing.

"The Little Spitfire" (Cort)—Balderdash.

"Sex" (Daly's)—Ditto.

"We Americans" (Eltinge)—For the Abies.

"The Captive" (Empire)—Excellent drama, excellently acted.

"The Woman Disputed" (Forrest)—Film flapdoodle.

"The Squall" (48th St.)—Sex life in Spain. Dull.

"The Judge's Husband" (49th St.)—William Hodge's idea of drama.

"The Donovan Affair" (Fulton)—Where was Moses when the lights went out?

"On Approval" (Gaiety)—Fairly amusing comedy by the witty Lonsdale.

"Criss Cross" (Globe)—Very good dancing show with Fred and Dorothy Stone.

"The Witch" (Greenwich)—A moderately interesting play badly botched.

"Pygmalion" (Guild)—Shaw revival.

"Caponsacchi" (Hampden)—Automatically criticized by its first two syllables.

"Lily Sue" (Lyceum)—Melodrama of thirty years ago.

"Yellow" (National)—Melodrama of twenty-five years ago.

"The Noose" (Hudson)—Melodrama of twenty years ago.

"An American Tragedy" (Longacre)—Melodrama of fifteen years ago.

"Oh, Kay" (Imperial)—Amusing musical show with Gertrude Lawrence.

"Two Girls Wanted" (Little)—A sugar-teat.

"The Ramblers" (Lyric)—Bobby Clark's comical monkeyshines.

"The Play's the Thing" (Miller)—Molnar's diverting risqué comedy.

"The Constant Wife" (Elliott)—Ethel Barrymore and Maugham. Next week.

"Beyond the Horizon" (Mansfield)—Eugene O'Neill revival.

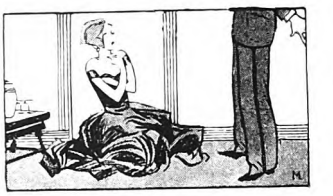
"Daisy Mayme" (Playhouse)—George Kelly goes wide of the mark.

"Countess Maritza" (Shubert)—A score worth hearing.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Times Square)—A funny comedy from the funny book.

"The Ladder" (Waldorf)—Drivel.

"Autumn Fire" (Wallack's)—A thrice-told tale.



II

YOU would never recognize the "Mozart" that Europe has taken to its bosom in the "Mozart" that is currently on tap at the Music Box

(*Continued on page 28*)

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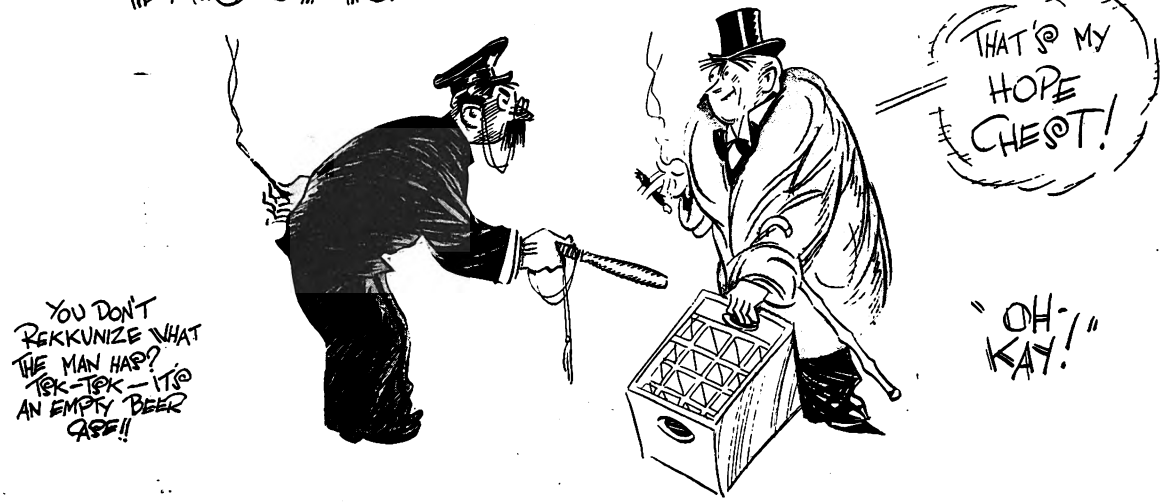
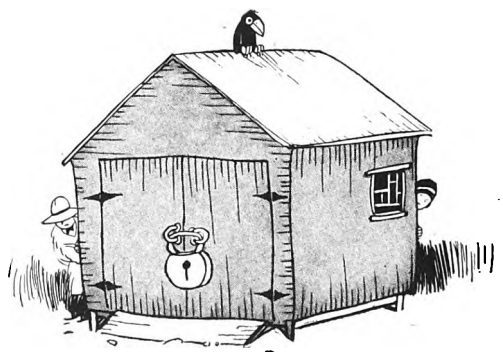
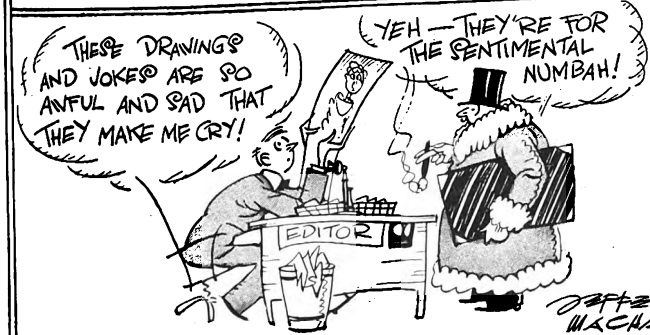
LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS







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Jester announces the award of its $50,000 prize for the best title for this picture.

WINNER—*C. Cooledge, of Washington, D. C., "Rolling Down to Reno."*

SECOND—*N. M. Butler, of New York, N. Y., "Here comes Fatima with her tra la la Boom Deay."*

THIRD—*J. Erskine, of New York, N. Y., "Hot Hellen."*

FOURTH—*Queen Marie, of Roumania, "What Smudge's Cream has done for me."* —COLUMBIA JESTER

Milt Gross in the Cannibal Isles

The savage mother looked into the kettle, and then over to her offspring fondly. "Nize baby," she murmured, "et opp all der missionary." —*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*

Armour (in ecstasy)—Thinkest thou that glasses do help one to see?

Swift (pronto)—Aye, indeed, after the first six I can see double.

—*South Sewanee Mountain Goat*

"Aw, go jump in a creek. You know what a creek is, don't you?"

"Sure. One of those guys what runs a restaurant."

—*Tennessee Mugwump*

"Hello, is this the sea food store?"

"It is."

"Do you have any fresh fish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't let them get away with anything, sister."

—*Gettysburg Cannon Bawl*

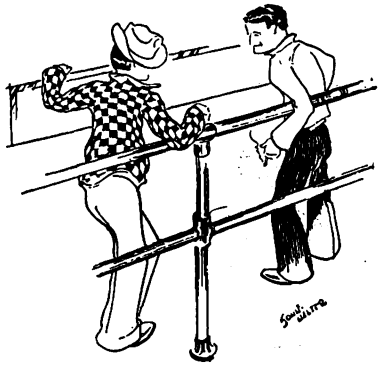
"Pop" 'Em

"Is this the real stuff?"

"Sure!"

"How do you know?"

"I know the fella who makes the corks." —*Brown Jug*



"Where are you from?"
"Chicago."
"Let's see your bullet wounds."
—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

Ginsberg—Miteh Ottish, I vant you should make me a doughnut sign.

Painter—Certainly, Mr. Ginsberg, but I thought that you were a butcher, not a baker.

"Sure I'm a butcheh; I vant it a sign: 'Doughnut Hendel de Feesh.'"

—*Missouri Outlaw*

"What time you gettin' up in the morning?"

"When the clock rings."

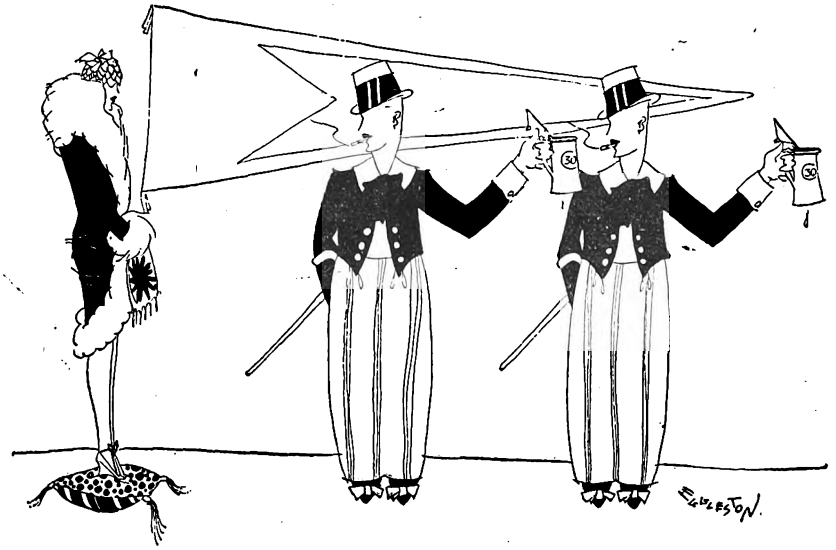
"What time?"

"I don't know, the alarm doesn't work." —*Pitt Panther*

"I see that May is going to be married again."

"Yes, she's been married so often that the wedding bells sound just like an alarm clock to her."

—*Stanford Chaparral*



DEAN OF WOMEN—*Are those your Eton jackets?*
BOYS—*H–l, no, these are our drinking clothes.*
—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

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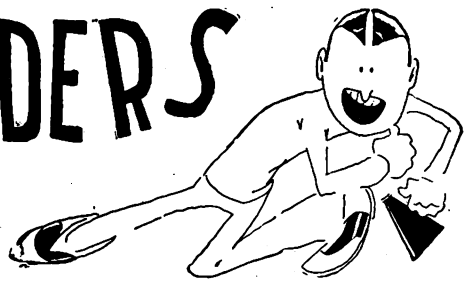
LEADERS



According to the Freshman Intelligence Test

An oxygen is an eight-sided figure.
Nero means absolutely nothing.
Homer is a type of pigeon.
Ulysses S. Grant was a tract of land upon which several battles of the Civil War were fought.
A quorum is a place to keep fish.
A vegetarian is a horse doctor.
Radium is a new kind of silk.
Henry Clay is a mud treatment for the face.
Mussolini is a patent medicine.
Flora and Fauna are a couple of chorus girls.
—*Western Reserve Red Cat*

The Italians are unanimous in agreeing that "all Gall was divided into three parts," and that all three were given to Mussolini.
—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*

"Why all the pans of oil sitting around in the corners?"
"I put 'em out for the mice. I hate to hear them squeak."
—*Ohio State Sun Dial*

"Smell thot aire?"
"That aire wot?"
—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

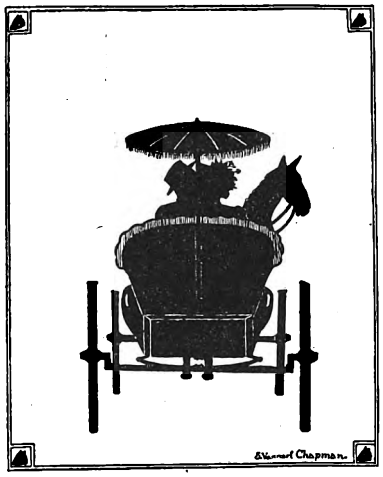
Kitty—Isn't Dick a wonderful dancer? He's so light on his feet.
Tom—I'd like to see him light on his head. —*Buffalo Bison*

Favorite tune as sung by a defeated football team serenading their victorious opponents:
"Where'd You Get Those Great Big Guys?" —*Louisville Satyr*

HERMIONE—*Have you heard the terrible news?*
FORWARD—*No, what is it?*
"Our bootlegger has been arrested!"
"What for?"
—STANFORD CHAPARRAL

So many banks have gone broke in Georgia that merchants are not surprised to receive returned checks marked, "No bank."
—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*

Quick and Dirty—I ordered strawberry shortcake. Where are the strawberries?
Just Dirty—That's what it's short of. —*Middlebury Blue Baboon*



Fifty years ago to-night—ask dad—he knows!
—JOHNS HOPKINS BLACK & BLUE JAY

"Seems to me," said the little grapefruit, "you're too full of juice."
"I don't want any back talk from a little squirt like you," retorted the big grapefruit. —*Centre Colonel*

Drunk (stopping street car)—Say—thish car go to Fortieth Street?
Conductor—Yes.
"Well, g'bye an' God blesh you."
—*Stanford Chaparral*

"Bill got a big kick out of the dance last night."
"How come?"
"He tried to crash the gate."
—*Penn State Froth*

My Guard!
—PENNSYLVANIA PUNCH BOWL

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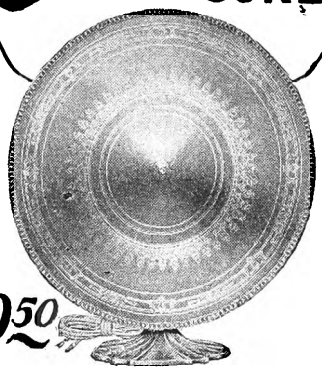

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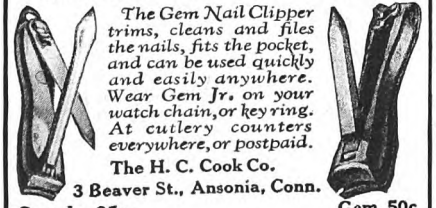
Homer Squiff was fired because, whenever a big deal was on, he would put his hands on the desk—and his finger nails looked like an exhibit from the Egyptian wing of the museum, and so they stopped the show. But Homer today draws down $156,000 per, because he learned to use Gem, the handy pocket manicure.



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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

I HAVE been admonished, and I pass it on to you, to look at "What Price Glory?" first from the pictorial standpoint, and only secondly to consider its "literary" values. Accordingly, then, let me say that as a "picture" it is literally stunning, but as drama it is cheap nonsense.

The battle scenes go as far beyond those of "The Big Parade" as the latter transcend anything before them. After all the war stuff which the screen has afforded us in the last few years it would seem impossible to get worked up over more shell-hole panoramas, more flare-lit infernos. But "What Price Glory?" puts all of this sort of thing that has gone before in the shade. Its troops, following their own barrage into the innermost hell of modern warfare, seem in every sense real troops stumbling into a real hell so much more stupendously appalling than anything but actuality that it comes as a novelty.

Many of the quieter scenes are equally smeared with the rich stain of reality. It is very difficult indeed to believe that individually or collectively those marines, lounging about their billets in the French village, falling in for mess, roistering in the tavern, quarreling, making love, raising hell, are actors, or that the setting is Southern California. The acting on the whole is so devoid of strain, and the photography so charged with a feeling for color, that the illusion is complete, or, I should say, better than complete, since if one were actually on the ground in France with these Leathernecks one would miss the values that only art can supply.

The amazing performance of Victor McLaglen as Captain Flagg contributes as much as any one factor to this pictorial triumph. McLaglen, they tell me, was a prize fighter a few years ago with a local reputation on the Pacific Coast. He had had only a few minor parts in second-rate pictures until he burst into glory with this rôle; but now, how Jack Dempsey must envy him! Raoul Walsh, among his other achievements as director of the picture, deserves infinite credit for picking him. McLaglen has an exterior as tough and forbidding as Wolheim, who established such a high mark for this rôle in the original play. He makes, if anything, a more convincing soldier, and at the same time he radiates an extraordinary charm which is most apparent when his reluctant smile is in the act of conquering his harsh, pugnacious mask and warming everything it lights on. Edmund Lowe, as Sergeant Quirt, though excellent, can't touch the performance of William Boyd, who took this part in the play, and Dolores del Rio, as Charmaine, is too deliberately seductive.

But now we come to those qualities of the picture that are classed as "literary"—its story, its choice of episodes, its dramatic emphasis. And here it is that the picture wallows in a mess of mud and sentimentality. You may remember the savage vulgarity of the play, so necessary to its authenticity and yet so adroitly subordinated to the action. In the picture they pitchfork this stuff up, mix it with a lot of typical movie gags, and hold it under your nose as the feature of the first half of the show. The critic, R. Dana Skinner, once wrote in the *Commonweal:* "A play may deal with stark and even repellent realities, and

"I heard a new one the other day; I wonder if I've told it to you?"

"Is it funny, baron?"

"Yes."

"Then you haven't."

—*Petit Bleu*

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still in its treatment of them show the divine cleanliness of understanding, charity and justice.... Another play, dealing with the same realities, may never pass beyond those realities, and in that case promptly sinks in a quagmire of filth and muddled thinking...." "What Price Glory?" the play, belonged in the first category; "What Price Glory?" the picture—at least the first half of it—belongs in the second.

The latter half of the picture is marred with rhetorical flights on the part of Flagg and Quirt as palpably out of character as if Cal Coolidge were to be cast as a cheer leader. Flagg is permitted to say in one place, while reviewing his men: "It's a rotten world that would wet the soil with the blood of boys like these." And in another, "The Marines are always faithful to the old flag." And Quirt, in his farewell to Charmaine, breathes tenderly: "At last I've found something in all this muck and blood worth coming back for."

But consider the climax when, at the end, these two enemies sworn and tested, these two case-hardened, flame-seared, twenty-minute eggs are shown returning to the front each with an arm over the other's shoulder. Boys, I couldn't keep back the tears!

Guide to the Movies

"*The Big Parade*"—Still in the van.
"*Ben Hur*"—Mammoth spectacle.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Idyllic.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Douglas Fairbanks.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Harold Lloyd.
"*Aloma of the South Seas*"—Gilda Gray.
"*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*"—Harry Langdon.
"*Ella Cinders*"—Colleen Cinderella Moore.
"*The Volga Boatman*"—Red romance.
"*The Road to Mandalay*"—Lon Chaney slops over.
"*Variety*"—The Emil Jannings classic.
"*Mantrap*"—North Woods stuff.
"*Nell Gwyn*"—Good British film.
"*Battling Butler*"—Buster Keaton in rare form.
"*Beau Geste*"—Desert melodrama.
"*So This Is Paris*"—Sophisticated comedy.
"*The Scarlet Letter*"—Lillian Gish at her best.
"*The Strong Man*"—Harry Langdon ditto.
"*Sparrows*"—Mother Mary Pickford.
"*One Minute to Play*"—Red Grange.
"*The Campus Flirt*"—Bebe, the athlete.
"*Tin Gods*"—Melodramatic tragedy.
"*The Treasure*"—Beautiful Ufa picture.
"*You'd Be Surprised*"—Raymond Griffith.
"*The Temptress*"—Greta Garbo is good.
"*Kid Boots*"—Eddie Cantor.
"*The Ace of Cads*"—The suave Menjou.
"*The Better 'Ole*"—Old Bill himself.
"*The Magician*"—Childish.
"*London*"—Echo of "Nell Gwyn."
"*The Sorrows of Satan*"—Florid Corelli.
"*Bardelys the Magnificent*"—John Gilbert becomes an acrobat.
"*We're in the Navy Now*"—Very funny.
"*Everybody's Acting*"—All-star comedy.
"*Forever After*"—Mush.
"*Upstage*"—Vaudevillianous.
"*The Eagle of the Sea*"—A pirate lover.
"*Potemkin*"—Amazing.

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Bonbonnieres

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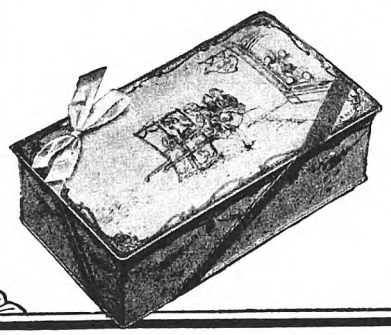

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1 lb. . . $1.75
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Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

LIZZIE LABELS

An American Tragedy.

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The Odd-job Lady—I put yer dress in soak as yer arst me, mum—but the mean divils wouldn't give me more'n five bob on it!
—*Everybody's Weekly*

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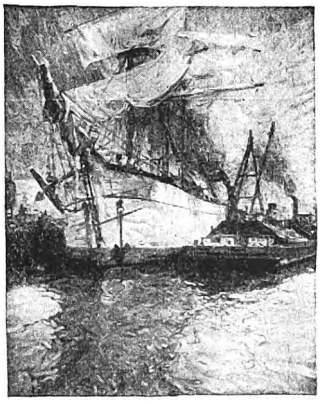
PICTURES



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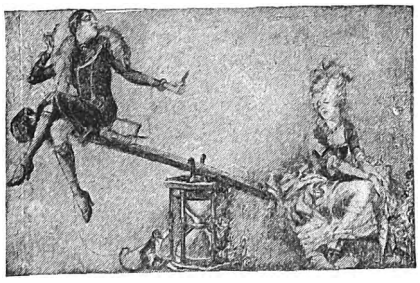

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JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

627 WEST 43d STREET NEW YORK

Old Gentleman (who has collided violently with a young man)—I beg your pardon, sir.

Young Man—Entirely my fault, sir.

"Then why the blazes don't you look where you're going?"

—London Opinion

High Hat

(*Continued from page 11*)

get a 'Sniff' of the bottle. You have no idea how even the last nine becomes and the finish is worth the price of admission! Our test for liquor is to drop a claw-hammer into the punch and if it sinks to the bottom we leave the contents to Aunt Julia from Murfreesboro. If the hammer floats the stuff is drinkable and if it dissolves immediately upon touching the fluid . . . . . Boy! That's Liquor!"

In the Xmas number I mentioned "The Sun Also Rises" as one of the six best books so it might not be a bad idea to say something about it . . . . . it's by a bird named Ernest Hemingway and despite sentences that are about a thousand words long, is one of the fastest reading books I've ever read . . . . . it concerns the doings of a group of dissolute Americans living in Paris and certainly makes you thirsty! . . . . . also read "Murder at Smutty Nose," by Edmund Pearson, and if you're a Hall-Mills fan you'll get a great kick out of it . . . . . it's a good deal more thrilling than a would-be mystery story and contains accounts of eight famous murder cases.

Gerald Jr.

Cora—My doctor tells me I can't play golf.

Clara—So he's played with you, too. *—Answers*

Husband—My dear, a great physician says women require more sleep than men.

Wife (suspiciously)—Oh?

"Yes, my dear; so—er—perhaps you'd better not wait up for me tonight." *—Answers*

"What, another hat! Will you never stop buying things under the pretext that they are bargains?"

"I've already stopped, dear. I paid twice as much for this as it's worth." *—Petit Bleu*

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Judge Junior's Dictionary

A HEAVY DATE—An engagement with the most wonderful girl in the world.
ADA FROM DECATUR—Point "8" in crap game.
AIREDALE—An uncouth male.
ALL WET—See Wet Smack.
APPLE SAUCE—Bull.
ARABS—Camel smoker.
ASPHALT ARAB—A street corner sheik.
BARGING—See Crashing; also staging a dance.
BATTLESHIP—The girl who wears corsets.
BOLOGNA—See Applesauce.
BANANA OIL—See Applesauce.
BEAZLE—See Flamper.
BIG DICK—Point "10" in crap game.
BLIMP—Girl friend.
BLIND DATE—An engagement with a person you've never met.
BLOTTO—Intoxicated.
BLUE RUIN—The morning after.
BOILED—See Fried.
BOLSTER—The sober one who takes you nome.
BOX CAR—"12" in crap game.
BUTTER AND EGGER—A person with lots of money who gets taken.
CHISSELER—Tight-wad.
COVERED WAGON—An elderly rotund woman who apes the youthful flapper.
COWBOY—Drug store loafer.
CRASHING—Getting in without an invite.
CUSPUTT—A disagreeable person.
DEAD-HOOFER—A poor dancer.
DINGE—A colored gentleman.
DIRT—Gossip.
DOGS—Feet.
DRAGOUT—Out-of-town party.
DRIP—Some one who is "all wet."
DUCK SOUP—Easily beaten.
DUMBDORA—Beautiful but dumb.
EARBENDER—Talker.
FLAMPER—A flapper vamp.
FLAT TIRE—See Wet Smack.
FLICKER—A little wee "bun."
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD—Ejaculation of derision.
FOXED—Fooled, taken in.
FRIED—Intoxicated.
FUR BENNIE—A term applying to the proverbial raccoon coat.
GET ON THE BALL—To go on a drunk.
GIVE HIM THE AIR OR THE GATE—To tell the boy friend you do not wish to see him any more.
GORDON WATER—Gin.
GOBE—Gossip.
HALF-PINT—Shrimp, small, undersized.
HE'S A FLOP—Failed to register—and I don't mean if or because—I mean it.
HIGH—Intoxicated.
HOOEY—Bull.
HOOF AND MOUTH—Craves dances and food.
HORNING IN—To present one's self without being wanted.
HOT SOCK—Good dancer.
HUNG UP—Delayed, detained.
INDOOR AVIATOR—Elevator boy.
INKWELL—The girl's home you can use for a clubhouse.
IRON HAT—Derby.
IT—Sex appeal.
JIMMY HICKS—Point "6" in crap game.
JINGLED—See Blotto.
"JOE" COLLEGE—Very collegiate.
KIBETZER—A wise guy; a spoofer.
KNOCK OUT—Pretty girl.
KNOWS HIS GROCERIES—He's no fool.
KNOWS HIS OATS—Has been around (usually one who pets well).
LEAPIN' LENA—Flivver.
LITTLE JOE—Point "4" in crap game.

First Pup (critically)—Look at her! It's enough to disgust you with bones! —*Le Rire*

LOUSY—Synonym of rotten.
LOW DOWN—Confidential inside news.
MALAKIE—Bull.
MEXICAN ATHLETE—A person who shoots a line.
NECKER—One who pets.
NINA FROM MADINA—Point "9" in crap game.
OIL-CAN—One who takes nine years to complete a four-year course.
ON A BUST—On a drunk.
ON HIS NOSE—See Fried.
ON THE STUB—Financially embarrassed; broke.
PETTING—Loving.
PHOEBE—Point "5" in crap game.
POSIE PUSHER—One who throws.
POTTED—Intoxicated.
PULLED A FAST ONE—Slipped one over.
RITZY—Classy.
SHEBA—A female vamp.
SHEIK—A male vamp.
SHELLACED—Meaning intoxicated.
SHIN SLOPPER—Poor dancer.
SLEIGH-RIDE—A run around; the raspberry.
SNAKE-EYES—Two "ones" in crap.
SNIFTER—See Snort.
SNOCKERED—Intoxicated.
SNOOTY—Anything unusually striking.
SNORT—A drink.
SNOW BIRD—Dope user.
SNUGGLE-PUPPY—See necker.
SPARE TIRE—A girl who is asked out only when there is no one else around.
STAND-UP—Failing to keep a date.
SUGAR DADDY—A female's steady income.
SUGAR MAMMA—Sweet on all the boys.
THIN SOUP—Easy to see through.
THOUSAND WATT—Always lit.
TIGHT—See Fried.
TORCH—The object of one's affections.
TOUCHDOWN—A loan.
UPTOWN—High hat.
WASH-OUT—See Wet Smack.
WET SMACK—A dead one; a flat tire.
WOODEN DESSERT—Toothpicks.
WOODEN KIMONO—Coffin.
YEN—Yearning.

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I had twelve notches in my gat,
I thought I'd have some fun,
I plugged a hole in the sheriff's hat.
And this is what he done.

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INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

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Judge—Do you mean to say you stood by and let your wife be brutally assaulted by the prisoner without rendering any help?

Witness—Well, I didn't think he needed any help.

—*Humorist*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 20*)

Theater. The play itself is for the most part the same; the *décor* of the original production has been more or less successfully imitated; only a few alterations have been made in the musical numbers and accompaniment. What is more, Ashley Dukes has gone about the job of translation adroitly. But the entertainment is still as unlike that which some of us enjoyed abroad last summer as "Held by the Enemy" is unlike "Madame Butterfly." There is humor in "Mozart," but not a trace of it comes out of the present performance. There is charm, a considerable charm, and here you will find not a morsel of it. There is drollery and irony, and there is about as much of these qualities in the show at the Music Box as you will discover in "Ben Hur."

Irene Bordoni, who plays the rôle in the English version that Yvonne Printemps plays in the French, is a delightful performer in many ways, but one of them is certainly not boys' rôles. She is physically and by temperament no more suited to such rôles than are many of our juveniles. In the rôle of Grimm, so charmingly and humorously played by Guitry, Frank Cellier, an English Shakespearian actor, moves about with all the comfort of a Walter Hampden trying to get Gertie's garter. And the rest of the troupe are equally ill at ease, reminding one most disconcertingly of so many Germans celebrating the Fourteenth of July.

To add to the catastrophe, the local impresario has caused to be added to the play a prologue written by Brian Hooker which not only gives an insultingly Burton Holmes explanatory lecture on who Mozart was and the nature of his trade but which kills the interest of much that follows by narrating it before the curtain goes up on Sacha's first act.

III

"Up the Line," by Henry Fisk Carlton, is designated another Harvard Prize Play. The more I see of these Harvard plays the more I am brought to the conclusion that the hope of the American drama, if any, must rest with either Catawba College or dear old Muhlenberg.

***

"A woman was in a restaurant eating a pineapple sundae when a man entered and ordered a chocolate soda. How did she know he was a sailor?"

"I don't know. How?"

"Because he had a sailor suit on."

—*Tit-Bits*

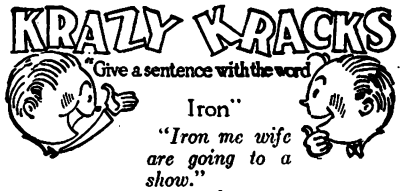
***

Georges Carpentier announces that he is going to live in an American city permanently. Chicago, we imagine, is one of those in which it would be very difficult to live permanently. —*Humorist*

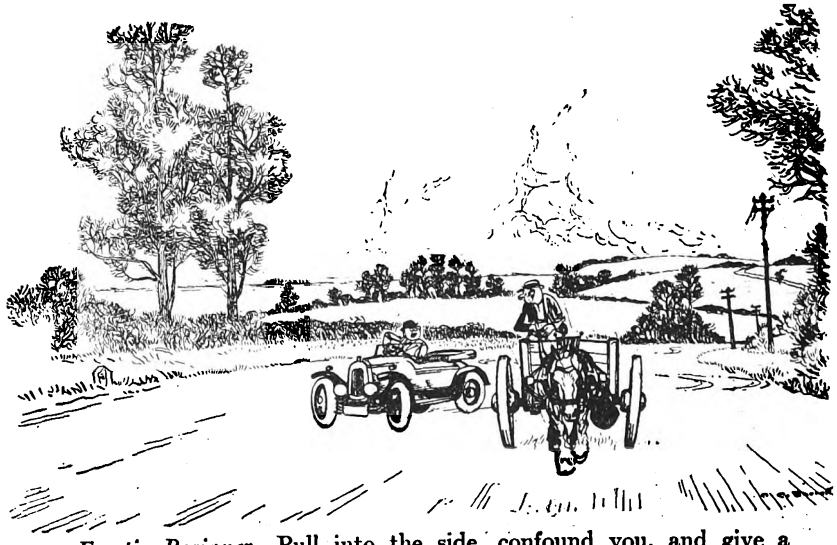
Passenger—Is the train running late?

Porter—Yes, mum. I don't know of any new arrangements.

—*London Opinion*



"*Iron me wife are going to a show.*"



Erratic Beginner—Pull into the side, confound you, and give a fellow room to pass!

—*Passing Show*

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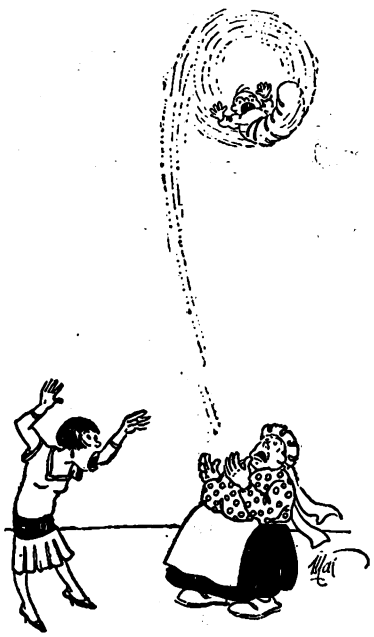

"Don't worry, mum. I just f'rgot t' shake th' medicine before I gave it to him." —*Pele Mele*

"The average young doctor sits like Patience on a monument waiting for clients," says a daily paper. That is better than having the monuments on the patients.

—*Everybody's Weekly*

Rugs and carpetings are now being woven from a yarn made from paper. I hear that an economical gentleman has had a beautiful buff hearth-rug made from his old income tax envelopes. —*Passing Show*

Customer—And you guarantee these canaries?

Dealer—Yes, madam. I raised them from the seed. —*Answers*

Nowadays, we are told, most of the food which is provided on the stage during a play is eatable. The idea may possibly be copied by some of our restaurants. —*Humorist*

FUNNYBONES

Not all wooden-headed drivers are on the links.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

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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 144, 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.

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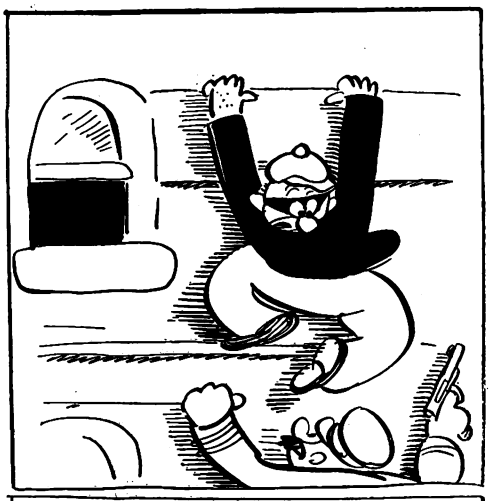
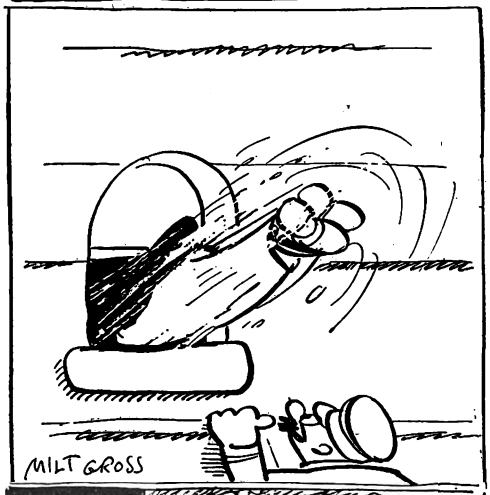
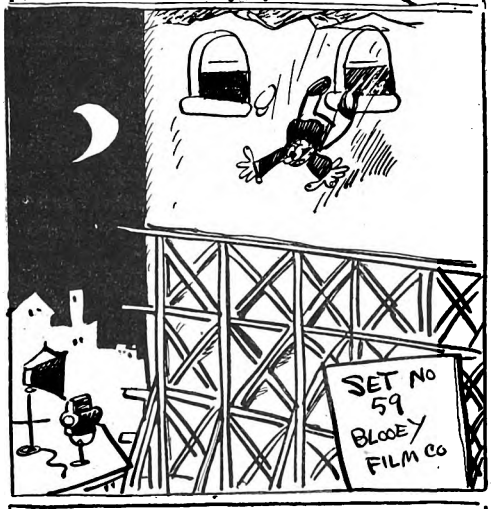
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!







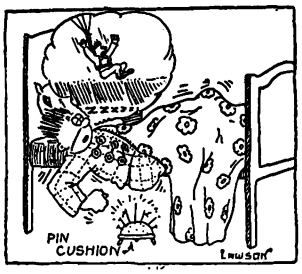
Contest No. 73

Send in your "Conclusion" in ink, on white paper, the same general shape as this space. You may draw it any size you care to.

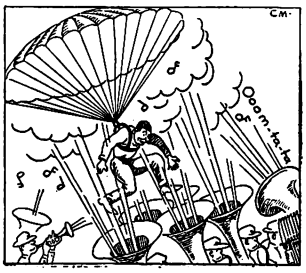
JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

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. Mail yours to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

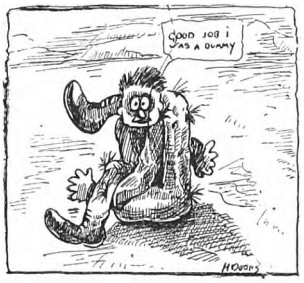
Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes December 27. Winning ending appears in the issue of January 29.



Harold T. Lawson, Buffalo, N. Y.



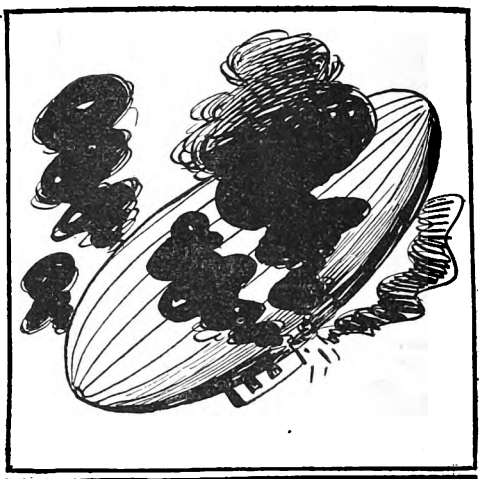
C. Molinelli, Martinsville, Ind.

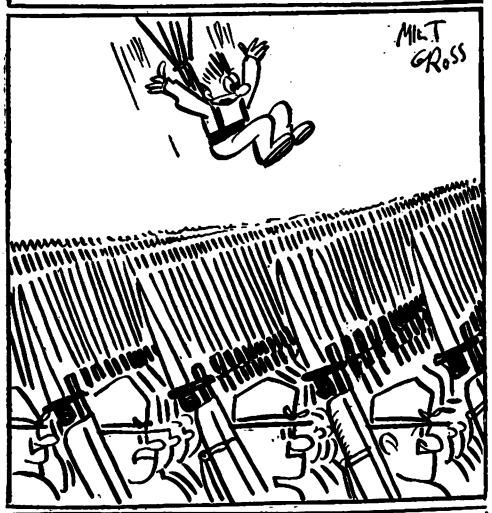


Henry Dodds, Ontario, Canada.

Above: Runners up in Contest No. 67.

Right: Winner of Contest No. 67. Mrs. T. G. Milo, 1192 Ocean avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.





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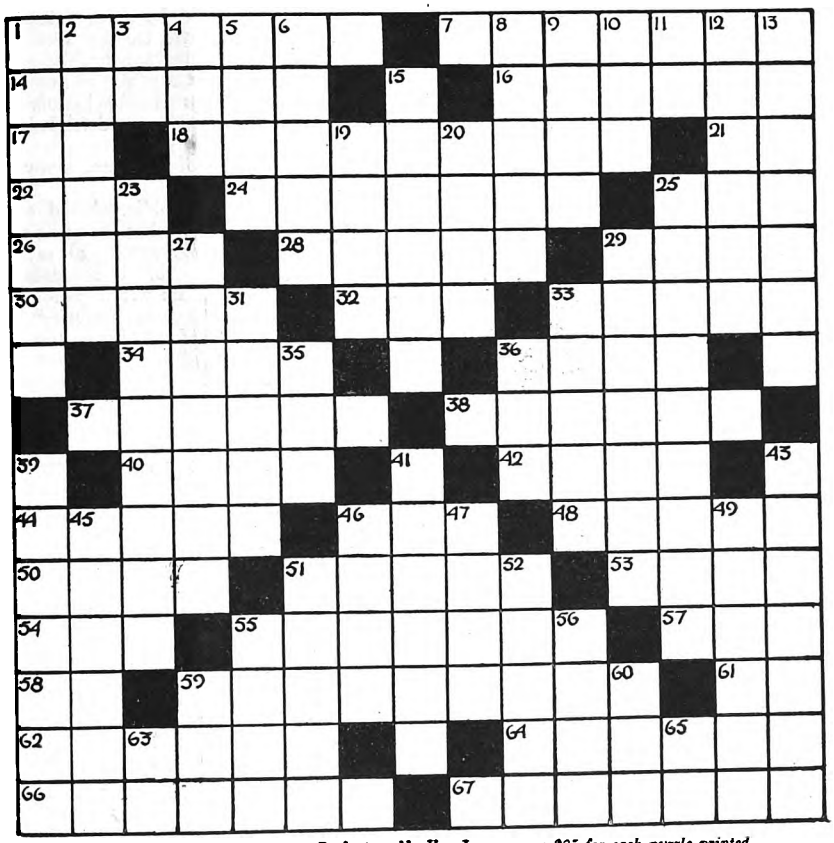
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 104



Submitted by L. V. Burrows, Rochester, N. Y. JUDGE *pays $25 for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. A hook-up with a loudspeaker.
7. People are always acting up here.
14. The generic name of various microscopic Protozoa. (How do you like that one?)
16. This often gets stewed in restaurants.
17. Rabid Bohemians (init.)
18. Hot air escapes through these.
21. Unit of measurement.
22. This is a darling.
24. What the villain did in the good old plays.
25. The Football Blues—played at Princeton.
26. Fat people use up a lot of it—and not for reducing either.
28. These little boys went to war.
29. A garden famous for its apples.
30. Rulers that had two feet (the Bolshevists broke them in Russia).
32. French article (plural).
33. A good way to get *home* if you're a little late.
34. These are red at Coney Island.
36. A good way to reduce the weight of all flesh.
37. Nymphs. (And heavenly ones, according to the Mohammedans.)
38. Shoutings.
40. Noah says, "One who uses."
42. Webster says, "One who does."
44. What to do with a JUDGE subscription (adv.)
46. The American Sphinx.
48. Girls of to-day (according to Granny).
50. Called blooming bounders in England.
51. Professional slang.
53. Often found hanging around the girls.
54. An indefinite length of time (over 119 minutes—abbr.).
55. What baby does to earn his groceries.
57. Very green in the spring.
58. A little word with a big meaning.
59. Where a student lands when he slips at school.
61. Expression meaning most anything.
62. A dark man in Africa.
64. Fair in love and war (ask any gentleman).
66. Try and find one in a Pullman.
67. Tall timber.

Vertical

1. Sitting Bull's favorite highway.
2. Hot stuff—when coaled.
3. Execute.
4. All wet.
5. Wading bird related to herons.
6. Billy Goat's girl friend.
8. They say we have these as long as we live.
9. What flappers get when the wind is blowing.
10. There's a kick to this.
11. Tough Town (init.)—probably Chicago.
12. What drunks did before Prohibition—and what they do now.
13. Fur bearing animals.
15. Condition of the eyes when the lid is lifted.
19. The great divide in the poker game.
20. Annoys.
23. Parlor athletes.
25. A whole page in JUDGE.
27. Excites into action.
29. Indispensable to every football game.
31. To scatter.
33. Where fodder goes for the winter.
35. If she says this she's a lady.
36. The kin you love to touch.
39. Fuller's kids.
41. A collector of antiques.
43. How granny feels about the Younger Generation.
45. What you get if you "listen-in."
46. This is good in a pinch.
47. Plunder.
49. This is false.
51. There just couldn't be anyone else around when you're like this.
52. A distinct community of Indians.
55. African golf.
56. Betrayed.
59. This has a lot of crust.
60. A good time to subscribe to JUDGE (adv.).
63. To have existence.
65. This is a refusal.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

G	I	R	L	S	■	C	A	L	■	P	I	A	N	O
L	■	T	I	L	E	■	L	■	S	I	N	S	■	S
A	B	■	D	U	M	B	■	T	A	N	K	■	M	A
N	A	G	■	M	I	L	D	E	W	S	■	G	A	G
D	R	A	B	■	T	U	R	N	S	■	M	A	L	E
■	S	T	A	R	■	E	A	T	■	B	I	T	E	■
A	■	S	W	A	T	■	W	■	T	U	N	E	■	D
L	O	■	L	I	P	S	■	T	O	R	N	■	G	A
E	■	B	E	N	D	■	B	■	P	R	O	D	■	D
■	T	A	R	S	■	S	O	S	■	S	W	I	M	■
G	A	L	S	■	S	P	E	N	T	■	S	N	O	W
E	L	K	■	G	L	O	R	I	A	S	■	E	A	R
R	E	■	G	O	A	T	■	P	L	O	T	■	T	O
M	■	A	U	N	T	■	M	■	K	L	A	N	■	T
S	O	N	N	E	■	W	E	T	■	D	R	O	V	E

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.....

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For Yourself

Play Jazz in a week

on your **Buescher Saxophone**

You can do it—easy. 3 lessons free with each new instrument give you a quick start. Practicing is fun because you learn so fast. And it will make you popular, in demand, the center of attraction everywhere you go. Always a hit. Even if you have failed with some other instrument, you can learn the simplified Buescher Saxophone. Don't delay. Get into the big fun. Any instrument sent for 6 days' free trial. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Write now for beautiful, free literature. Address:

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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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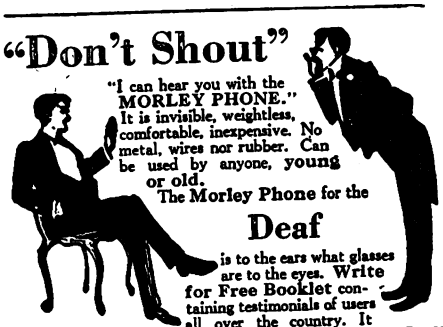

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write

LACEY & LACEY, 657 F St., Washington, D. C.

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O Spare Us!

To the Editor of JUDGE:

I am twenty-one years old, a member of the younger generation, but not a "flaming youth," and I have never "taken anything" (You see, I know all your little phrases—you must know an evil before you can fight it), except once when, at the age of eighteen, my father forced some of the "stuff" upon me. (I never will forget that night when he came home and tried to make a drunkard of his son, his own son. He was drunk, drunk, and he had a head of lettuce in his hat which he had stolen from a restaurant. Oh, how ashamed I was and how my mother cried.)

Since that one horrible night, which was *after* Prohibition, when my own dear father so disgraced himself, I have been doing my little bit toward law enforcement, and you, *you* are trying to make men criminals by telling them to break the law and how to break it, and worse, are working for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, which would put us down a rung on the golden ladder of civilization.

Your silly paper has become a menace, an evil worm which is gnawing at the foundation of the greatest monument to Heavenly Knowledge which man's enlightenment has ever erected.

Santa Barbara, Cal.. *Henry Sherman*
October 14, 1926.

Who's a Crab?

Judge on the Bench:

DEAR JUDGE: Please do me a favor, JUDGE. Take William Morris Houghton out for a fishing trip. Throw him overboard three times, and only pull him in twice.

JUDGE, why ruin America's best comic weekly by allowing a crape-hanging, single-track-minded individual, such as the above, to write editorials and criticize motion pictures? And George Jean Nathan criticizing the shows. Why, JUDGE, he's a wet blanket, too.

I am forced to wonder if these two human crabs get any pleasure at all out of life. It is safe to say that the theater affords them very little. I have seen numerous shows and pictures on which they have passed judgment, and if they pan it, I am sure to enjoy it.

Thanks, JUDGE. I'll pay for the arsenic. Yours very truly,

Ardmore, Pa. *Robert H. Maitland*
October 21, 1926.

In Arkansas

Editor JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: Voters at our primary, August 10, nominated a man for governor who admitted taking a drink on occasion, over an opponent (the present incumbent) who denied ever having tasted liquor in his lifetime.

To-day's papers give Jno. Martineau 15,000 lead over Governor Terrell although it is the unwritten law here to give a man a second term.

Five years ago an admission of drinking would have been sufficient to defeat any one in Arkansas for any office, therefore we wonder has constant agitation such as JUDGE has conducted influenced voters to this extent or can it be because better whisky is being made here than formerly?

Is it coming to such a pass that the man will be ridiculed who makes an unbelievable statement as Governer Terrell did, regarding how he took his liquors?

If Terrell told the truth the governor of North Carolina was right when he held his famous long-distance conversation with the governor of his sister State.

Yours truly,

Cabot, Arkansas. *Aunty Bellum*
August 12, 1926.

Maybe He's Kidding Us

DEAR SIR: We see by your latest issue that one from the Golden West, where the climate always acts like a lady, to say nothing of a gentleman and scholar, feels you are unreadable because you have neither disparaged, defended, nor disinfected Prohibition.

For that same sin of omission, many thanks.

Just why, we ask Goldie, should a perfectly humorous weekly spoil its schoolgirl complexion by getting all red in the face over poor old Pro? JUDGE does well, say we, to keep its wit free from cramping bias. Newspapers, magazines, preachers and politicians have wet-nursed and whaled Volsteadism to date, and will henceforth, we feel certain. Whatever their object, that is their job.

Personally, we swear and smoke, but neither chew nor drink. Now and then, we are capable of thought, and at such off-moments, we offer a solemn Amen to JUDGE'S soothing, golden silence on a subject so odorous.

The clown is good for man's mental balance, being hell on his vanities. Thus JUDGE is justified in saying nothing, so long as it says it with the properly humorous eloquence. Appreciatively,

Pittsburgh, Pa. *R. W. Lightner*
November 6, 1926.

"The Impostor" —*Passing Show*

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REAL LIFE EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF MARLBORO'S SENSATIONAL FLIGHT TO UNIVERSAL POPULARITY IN ONE SHORT YEAR

They Lend an Added Charm to Smoking

MARLBORO CIGARETTES' tremendous popularity was predicted a year ago by those who first discovered their inimitable flavor ... their exquisite mildness.

Husbands told their wives what a rare new treat they could serve for their friends and week-end guests. —And Marlboro's fame began to spread.

In just a little more than a year Marlboros have achieved the most sensational success ever achieved by any cigarette in such a short period of time.

You'll be delighted with the added charm they lend to smoking. And at finding that a blend which exactly suits your taste can also be as "Mild as May."

Mild as May
20 for 20c

MARLBORO

CIGARETTES

Created by PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd., Inc.

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On the crisp winter eve, as memories grow golden before the hearth fire and anticipation quickens, many a genial master calls for Martini & Rossi Vermouth (non alcholic). In its fine old tang and snap there is the wholesomeness and challenge that suits the family mood and heartens the guest. Blending to the epicure's taste and the stomach's good, Martini & Rossi is the historic holiday beverage. For many a year it has been the Yuletide cup in palace and villa. Product of Riviera sunshine and herbs, it fills the eye and overjoys the palate.

At the Better Grocery and Delicatessen Shops

SANTA CLAUS AT NO. 10 LOSES JOB AND WHISKERS

Brother-in-Law Santa forgets Vermouth (non alcoholic) and is dropped from the family and from the chimney as well

Send for "The Confessions of a Good Mixer" by Tad Crane, to
W. A. Taylor & Co., 94 Pine St., New York City

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Judge

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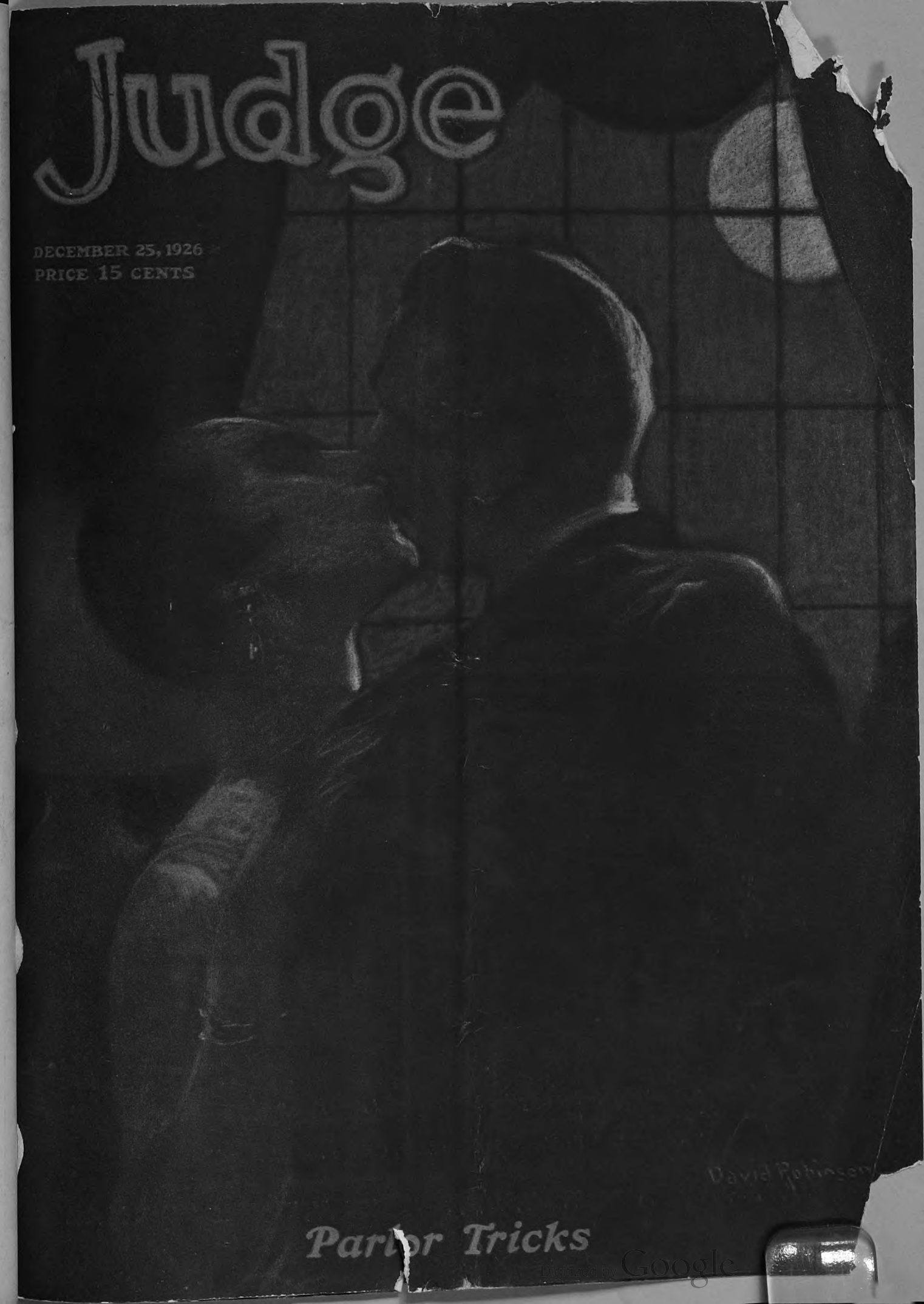

David Robinson

Parlor Tricks

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Club Residences

"A full house beats 3-of-a-kind, doesn't it?
"In poker, yes—but no poker hand can equal these three."
"What are they?"
"Allerton Club Residences, in New York, Chicago and Cleveland."

RATES $12 TO $22 A WEEK — TRANSIENT RATES: $3.00 $3.50 • NO INITIATION FEES • NO DUES
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LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

JUDGE

THE WORLD'S WITTIEST WEEKLY

WEATHER FORECAST
(*For the day after Xmas*)
SMALL CHANGE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1926

KING SPEAKS TO CAL

KING GEORGE, we understand, expects to open the transatlantic radiophone service by holding a conversation with President Coolidge. King George, we take it, is something of an optimist.

SPEAKING before the New York State Chamber of Commerce, Iowa's former Secretary of Agriculture suggested a governmental commission to fix and guarantee to the farmer, minimum prices on wheat, corn, cotton and wool. According to the farmers this is just what they have been getting.

THE man who originated the proverb that its better to give than to receive had probably just finished unwrapping his Christmas presents.

CORRUPTION IN CHINA

MANY Chinese officials have recently been executed because of bribery and corruption. We are sadly afraid that China will never succeed as a Republic.

THE next step the debtor nations are likely to take in connection with this country's War Loans, will be to demand that we pay them interest on the money.

HUNTERS FIND GOLD

HUNTERS in the State of Washington report that the gizzards of wild geese are filled with gold nuggets. They may be geese but they know what they'll need if there going to spend the winter in California.

WE learn from the press that Governor McLeod recently attended an official function in Raleigh as the guest of the Governor of North Carolina. What was it again that the Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina?

LANDLORD—*Aha! I shall have to charge you extra for making a rink!*

JUDGE, Volume 91, No. 2356, December 25, 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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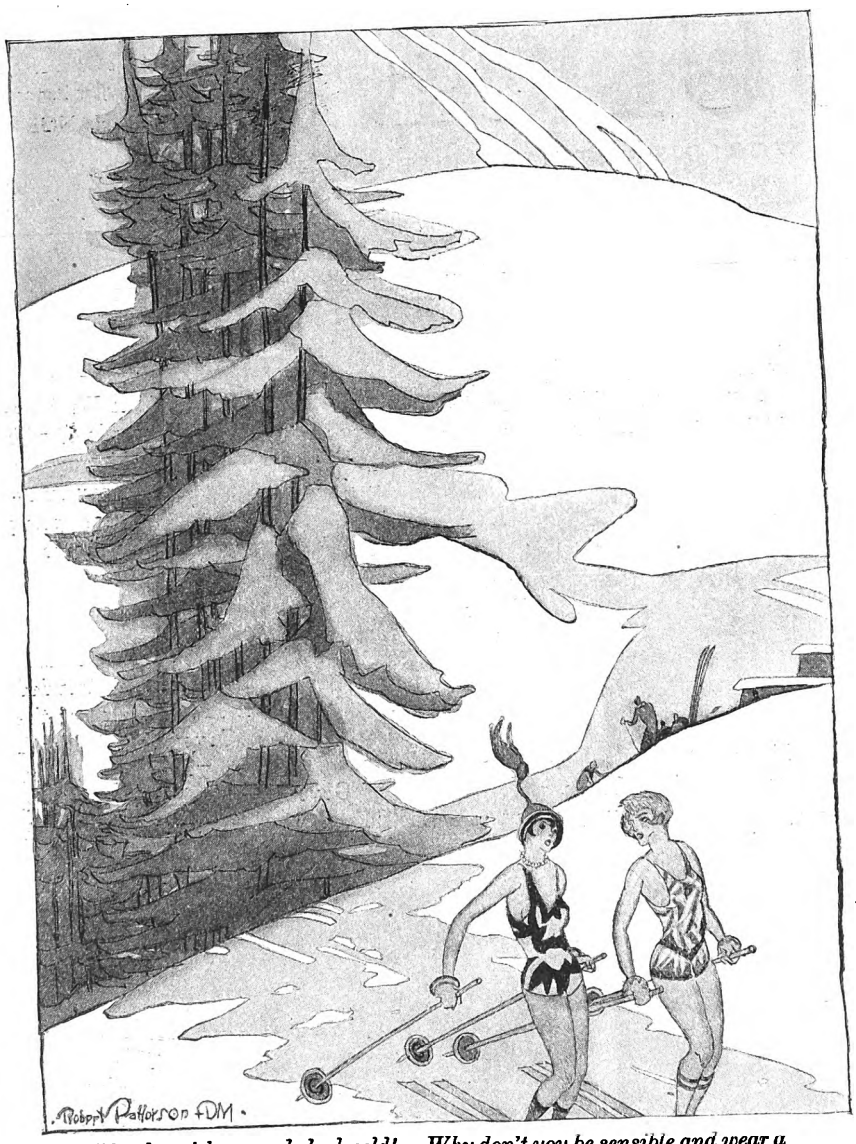

"Sophronisba, you do look cold! Why don't you be sensible and wear a cap?"

For His Own Good

THE fellow who has the apartment above mine evidently believes that it's never too late to celebrate.

He's at it again to-night. I think he's trying to raise the roof. Or lower the floor. It makes me nervous and my nervousness seems to be contagious. The chandelier is trembling. The ceiling seems ready to collapse.

The pictures on the wall are shaky.

And that's what worries me. A fallen picture means a death. If one of those pictures falls, it means there will be a death in this apartment house.

I wonder if the fellow upstairs is superstitious. He'd better be.

R. C. O'Brien.

A splendid idea of supreme helplessness: An efficiency expert out of a job.

There's no question but that the short skirt is having a high old time.

"There are no back-seat drivers in my family."

"You're lucky."

"Yep. She rides on the front seat."

Too Big a Risk

She had never done wrong,
And nobody was purer;
She was too good to live—
So they wouldn't insure her.

Women now not only buy their clothes on the installment plan—they wear them the same way.

Well Anchored

"That was some wind you had in Miami," remarked the visitor.

"Yes," replied the survivor. "It lifted everything but the mortgages."

Christmas over, papa puts away his Santa Claus suit till next year.

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The American Bacchus

HURRY up, my boon companion;
Pack your things, 'tis time to start
On that ribald tour we promised
To devote to Bacchus' art.

Cease your pitiful potations
Of a gin as new as h—l.
We will gargle Benedictine.
Curaçoa and Moselle.

By the old Moulmein pagoda
With the temple bells a-clink,
What the good Moulmeinians drink of,
Oceans of it, we will drink.

On the far coasts of Kamchatka
We will watch the dawns grow pale
Drinking, like the best Kamchatkans,
Gulfs of brown Kamchatkan ale.

In the blue Bulgarian mountains,
In a hut upon the steep
We will tipple koumiss blithely
Till we topple off to sleep.

Mornings sipping in our cabin,
Guzzling on the deck till late.
Boozing round the Bay of Biscay,
Beering up the Bering Strait.

Yes, but old companion, hurry.
Here we simply rot and die,
Quick, for one world-round of drinking
E'er the whole round world goes dry.

S. R. G.

MASON—*I've changed me mind—I won't chase no $2 hat.*

Why not adapt the candelabra idea to the needs of the girl who has to smoke more than one cigarette at once?

Too Much

DOBBINS, the mail man, staggered into his home at eight o'clock Christmas night, after having lugged infinite quantities of mail about all day. He looked for all the world like the hunchback of Notre Dame; in fact he was so bent over that the children thought he was getting ready to go down on all fours to play with them. His eyes were those of a caged animal, for his nerves were completely gone.

The good wife kissed him and remarked that he had not yet seen his Christmas gifts. He tottered over to that part of the davenport allotted to the display of suspenders, socks, etc.—took one look at an open box, and leaped, screaming hysterically, into the tree.

Some one had given him a package of writing paper.

George A. Paravicini

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PARADISE
as pictured by any kid

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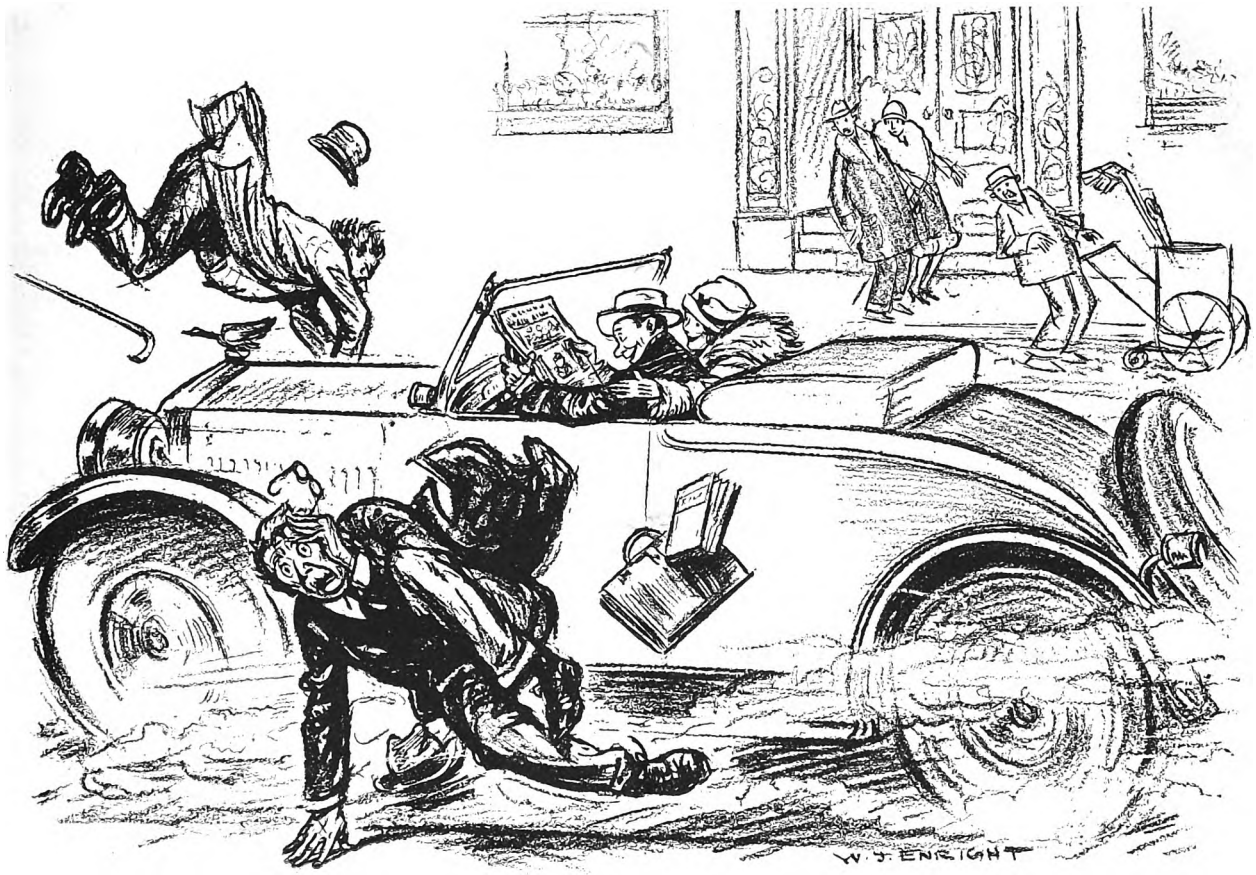

THEOBALD—*What I like about the tabloids is that you can read 'em while you're driving!*

A Man's Memory

"WELL, well, Mahoney! Glad you dropped in," exclaimed Ben Sheldon, general statistician of the International Gadget Corporation, "how are things down *your* way?"

"Cotton crop's too big," said Mahoney.

"Yes, yes," mused Sheldon, "the average price per ton of coal here is sixteen and two-thirds per cent. higher than it was in nineteen twenty-four. We shipped thirty-three million gadgets last year, of which twenty-six million went to the export trade. This may mean something and then again, it may not.

"Yes and no," said Mahoney.

"Furthermore," continued Sheldon, "in this country there are three hundred and forty-eight thousand gadget salesrooms, exactly thirty-three and a third per cent. more than we had in nineteen hundred and ten.

"Well, well," said Mahoney. "Can you take dinner with me?"

"Sure!" shouted Sheldon, "got to ring up the little woman first and ask to be excused. Let me see. What's my 'phone number? Imperial three two six one or six three two one? Wonder if my exchange is Imperial or Billings? Funny, I can't remember that." He walked to the outer office, deep in thought.

"Oh, Miss Lane," he called, "look up my telephone number in the directory and tell Mrs. Sheldon I won't be home to dinner."

"Ready," said Mahoney.

"Sure," answered Sheldon, "now there are about three hundred and thirty-eight different types of gadgets and of these only two hundred and sixty in. . . ."

Hugh Wood

OH FOR A BRAVE LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE WILLY-NILLY

Old "Si" Hoskins—by heck!—was approached by a flighty young female from the city, who desired to buy some milk from him. "Wa'l," drawled the good peasant, "I'm fifteen quarts short this mornin'. The young calf got in the barn last night and drunk 'em up!" "Oh, Mr. Hoskins!" exclaimed Miss Lovejoy, "how did it ever get the tops off the bottles?" Can you picture honest Si's amusement question mark.

There's only one thing a wife will admit she doesn't know and that's why she married her husband.

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WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

by Our Special Correspondent

Whiffletree, N. J.

On January 24, 1927, two of New Jersey's ablest lawyers will face each other in a last attempt to ascertain just who the dickens anyway *did* kill this here Robin person. Governor Zoftick of New Jersey said yesterday in an exclusive interview with our correspondent that he was getting sick and tired of all this kibetzing around and he intended to find out who killed the damn bird anyhow, suggesting at the same time that it might have been our Aunt Hester, which notion we promptly pooh-poohed.

The salient facts of the case are as follows: A bird, who later gave his name as Cock Robin, was found in a pretty disorganized condition under a curly maple tree near Lodi, N. J. He had a black eye and two brandy blossoms on his nose, so it was first thought that the tree might have fallen on him; but this surmise was abandoned when it was pointed out by several investigators that the tree was still standing. Repeated attempts were made to revive Robin without success, until it was finally suggested that he be given wood alcohol cocktails. If he didn't revive under these, argued the suggesters, he must be dead indeed; and if he were really dead, the cocktails could only make him deader. The plan was carried out and so was Robin, but not before he had come to for a moment and whispered the significant syllable "Rab."

Such are the mysterious circumstances surrounding the case. What further complicates the case is that several people have already come forward with admissions that they killed Robin. Chief among them is a bushelman from the Bronx named Sparrow, who claims he did it with his bow and arrow. The fact is that this Sparrow is just a rhyming fool and would admit anything as long as it rhymed with Sparrow. Like "narrow" or "barrow," for instance. Or even "harrow." By the way, that's not so bad. How about a little jingle like

"Oh, how these circumstances must harrow
The honest soul of Mr. Sparrow!"

This might work up into a good poem sometime.

Well, the way we figure it out is this: The key of the case is contained in Robin's last utterance, "Rab." Now take all the things this could mean. Did he mean "Rabid," inferring that he had been bitten by a rabid dog? No, for Robin was a pretty gay dog himself. Did he mean "Rabbit"? No again, for as far as can be ascertained, he hated rabbits, and they, likewise, feared him. What of "Rabble" or even "Rabbi"? No, they sound wrong anyhow. So that we finally narrow down to what Robin meant when he breathed "Rab" into the

(*Continued on page 29*)

"Dern ye, Fat! If I cud git clost enuf to ye I'd sure paste ye one!"

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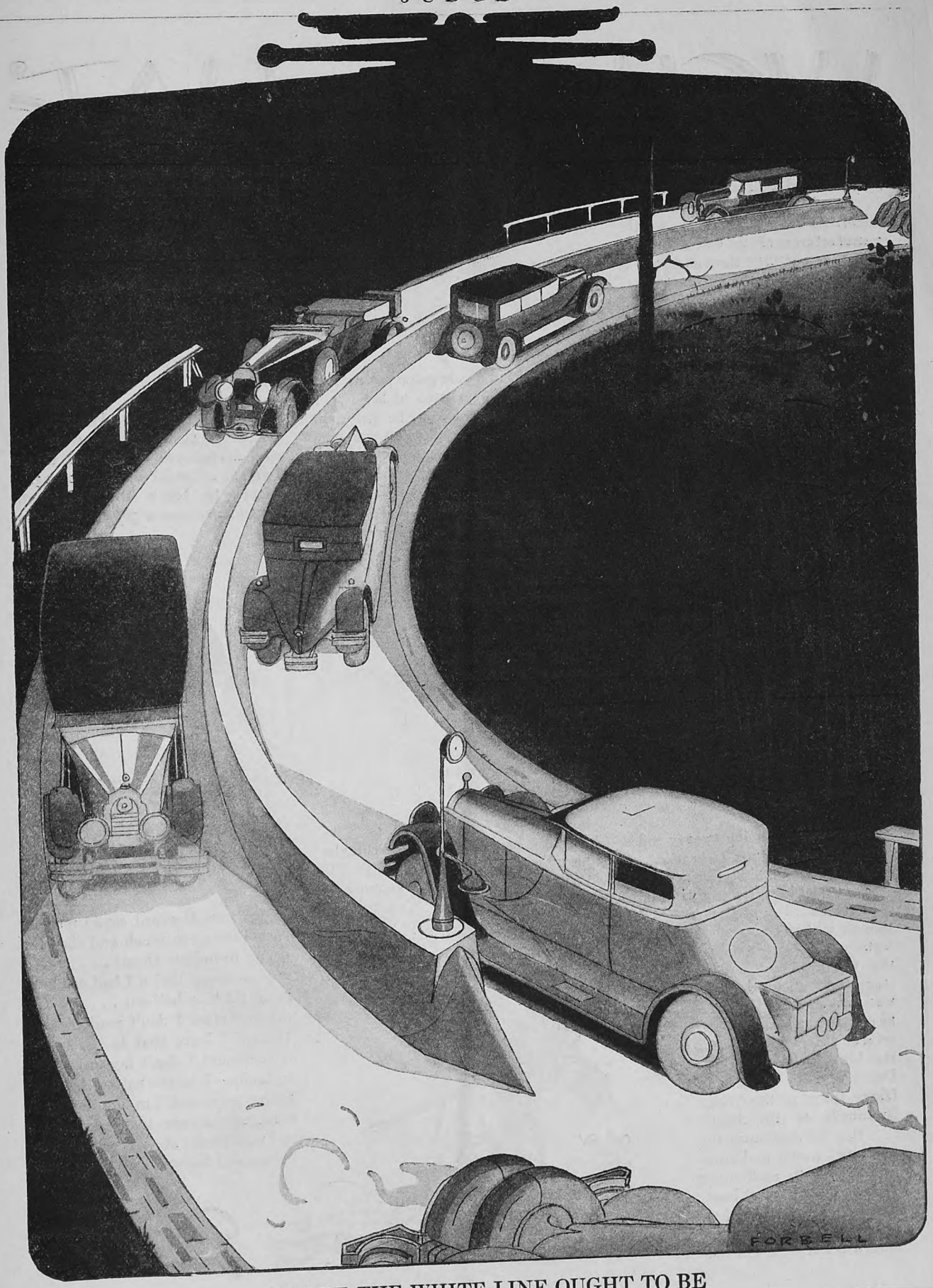

WHERE THE WHITE LINE OUGHT TO BE

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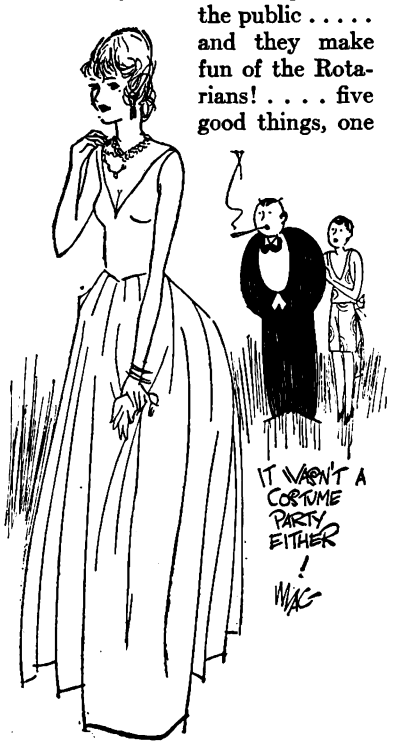
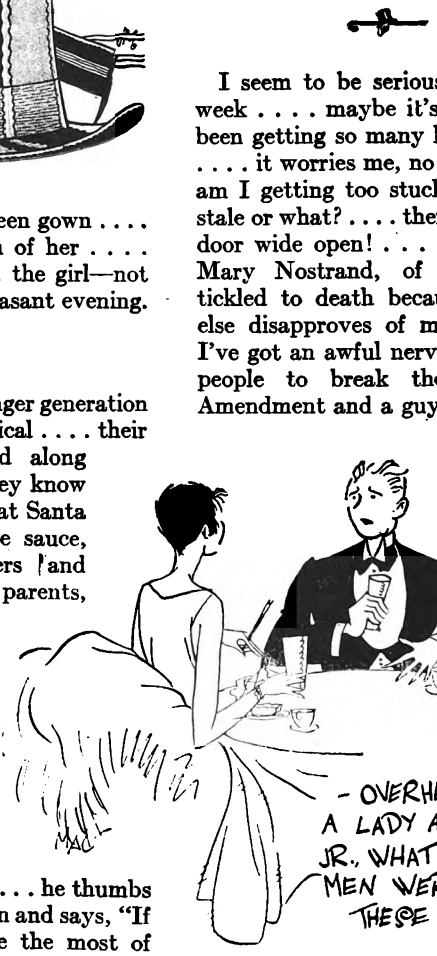
HIGH HAT

The Annual Author's League Benefit Show and Ball at the Roosevelt . . . . . fifteen hundred, count 'em, celebrities in one room! . . . . . the manufacturers of Art and Literature who turn out fifty thousand tons of material daily for the consumption of the public . . . . . and they make fun of the Rotarians! . . . . five good things, one of them worth driving twenty miles through a snow storm to hear . . . . . George Gershwin himself in person at the piano playing "Rhapsody in Blue" . . . . sounded a little flat though without an orchestration . . . . . Jack Donahue, the funniest guy on the stage, told about the man who was so fastidious that he put trees in his socks, and several other stories . . . . the hit of the show was Donahue, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby as the "Beau Brummels of Broadway" . . . . they were so funny the celebrities forgot and stopped bowing to each other . . . . and last but not least, Ben Bernie and his orchestra . . . . and speaking of hidden beauties, a tall red-haired girl in a pale green gown . . . . "Mac" made a sketch of her . . . . striking no end. . . . . the girl—not the sketch . . . . . a pleasant evening.



No wonder the younger generation is hard-boiled and cynical . . . . their illusions are discarded along with their rompers, they know before they are five that Santa Claus is a lot of apple sauce, they have stepfathers and mothers instead of parents, they learn that money is the only God that is worshiped and that Presidents are people . . . . all of which leads up to Sam Adam's book "Revelry" . . . . how he gets away with it is beyond me . . . . he thumbs his nose at Washington and says, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" . . . . at any rate it's a mighty interesting book and by the time this is printed will probably be a sensation.



I seem to be serious no end this week . . . . maybe it's because I've been getting so many knocks lately! . . . . it worries me, no kidding . . . . am I getting too stuck up or going stale or what? . . . . there! I left the door wide open! . . . . for example Mary Nostrand, of Paterson, is tickled to death because some one else disapproves of me and thinks I've got an awful nerve encouraging people to break the Eighteenth Amendment and a guy named Cambridge, from Harvard, says I read the *New Yorker* too much and that I'm trying to imitate them! . . . .and he goes on to say that if I had one more brain I'd be a half-wit . . . . *Well* in the first place I don't read the *New Yorker*—I leave that to the out-of-towners and I don't lay any claims to brains—I leave that to the Cambridge men and I'm not trying to encourage anyone to break the law so I won't print any recipes this week because—I haven't any more space!

Judge Jr.

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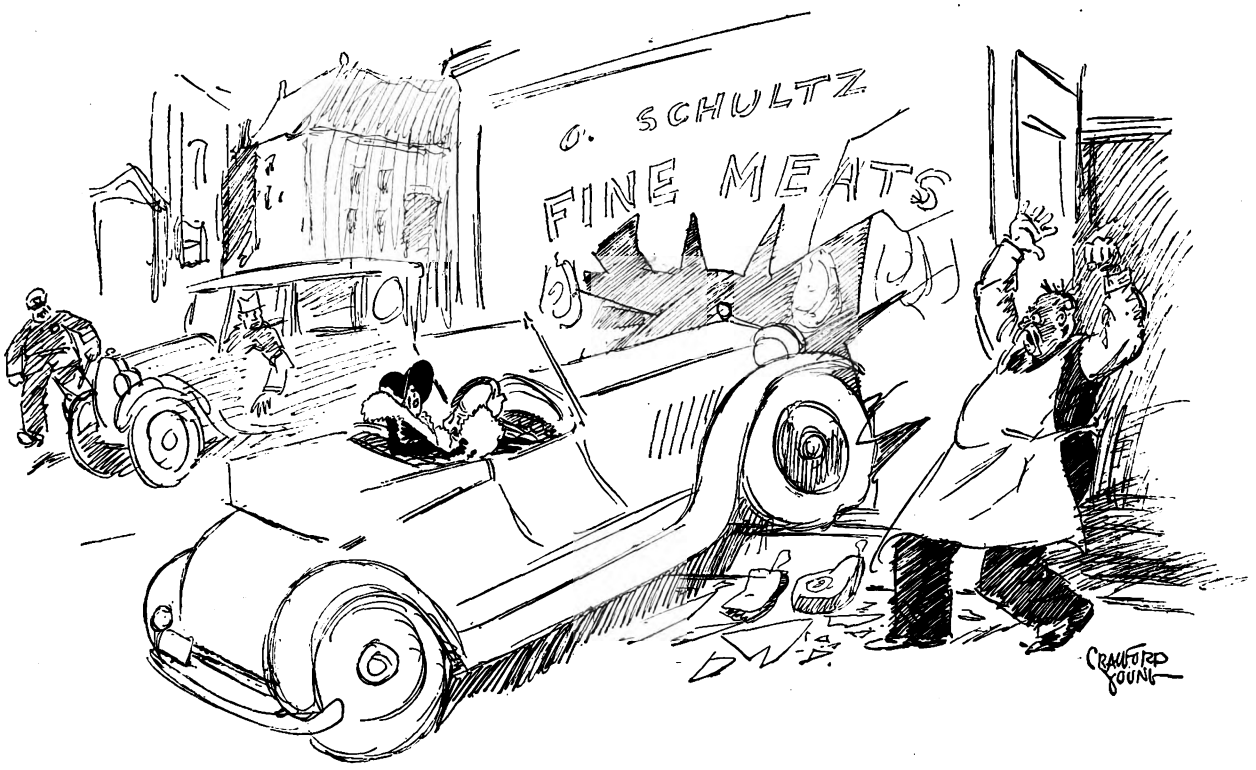

FLAPPER—*Ah, for the love of Pete, don't be silly! I did this to avoid an accident!*

COP—*What! Your husband fainted at the wheel?*
"Yes! That woman signaled she was going to turn left and then she turned left!"

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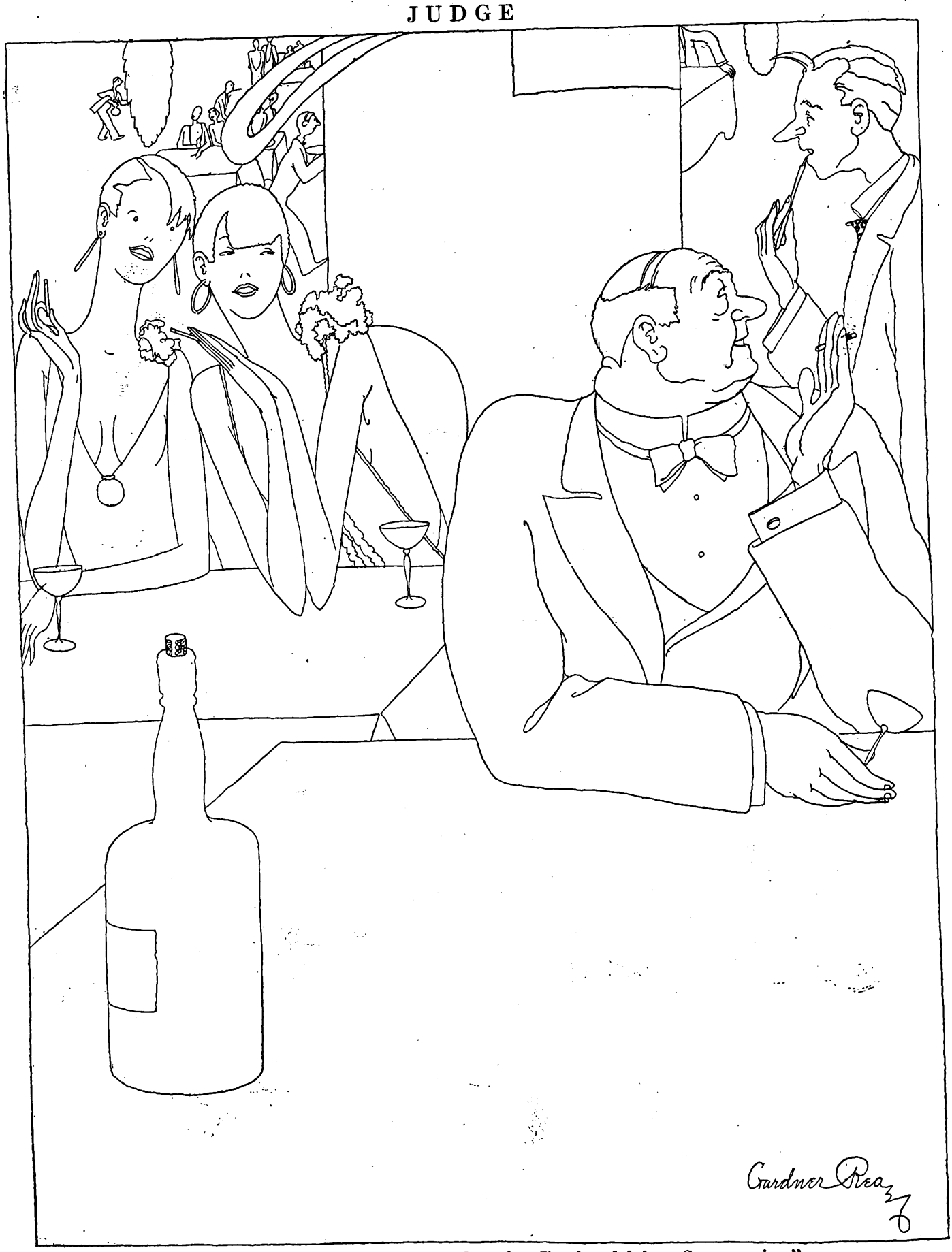

"Of course, he doesn't look it, my dear, but I've heard he's a Sexagenarian."
"Mercy! The old reprobate!"

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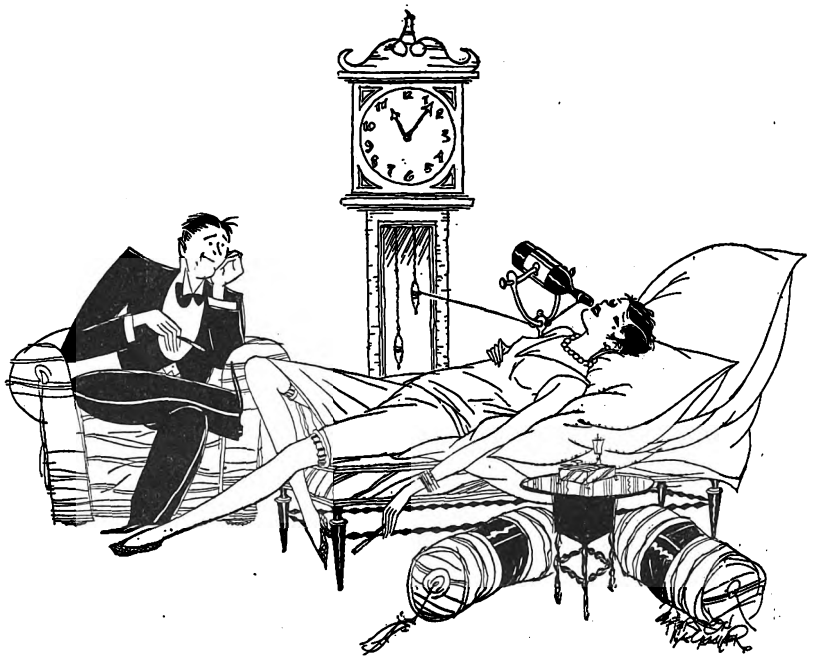
What the Well-dressed Man Will Wear

REMEMBER "Nifty Joe" Nevins? The gent who turned the Schmaltz Silk Mills job and got twelve years up the river for it? Poor Joe! He *was* a hard-hearted guy, I know; but before he took the trip up the foam, Joe told me a story. This is it.

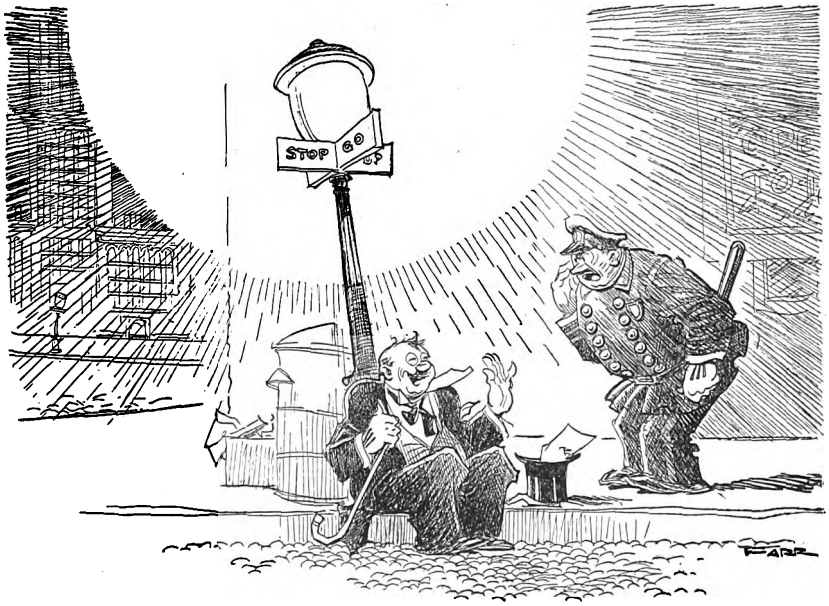
He was doing second-story work one time in a swell neighborhood uptown. He had just got into a apartment that promised rich pickings and was looking over the layout when he heard somebody at the door. Joe never let any wheat grow between his feet and in a minute he was behind a curtain with his gat ready. The light goes on and there's this natty gent rigged out in a perfect black overcoat with a velvet collar and hard hat. The guy stands in the middle of the floor pulling off his gloves while Joe decides to wait and see what happens. Joe never was a fashion plate himself but he knew the goods when he saw it. The clothes-horse looks himself over in a mirror before he starts taking off his coat and Joe notices that he don't make any move to start throwing stones at himself. While Joe is looking the guy over, he notices that he's wearing these half rubbers, and Joe was sure it wasn't raining when he came in. Well, the fella takes off his overcoat and turns his back to Joe; and poor Joe almost threw a kitty when he sees a patch as large as a pillow in the seat of his pants. Then he turns around facing Joe and he sure was a fancy bit of gent's wear; he looked like a floorwalker off for the day. Everything on him matched; his tie and his pocket handkerchief was exactly alike and Joe starts putting down a few notes on his cuff. Next thing the guy slips off his jacket and Joe had another shock. The guy was wearing a dickey instead of a shirt. A minute later he had took off his tie and Joe saw that one whole end of it was clipped off short. Then, a second later, he sees why; the gent had pinned the piece he cut off the tie in the pocket of his jacket, so no wonder they matched. By this time Joe was beginning to feel sort of dizzy. The guy kicks off his rubbers and then his shoes and Joe sees why he wears the rubbers. There were two holes like half dollars in the soles of the shoes. Joe watches fascinated and when he sees they ain't no feet in the guy's socks, that was the last straw and he passed out cold.

When he come to, the guy was in his bathrobe and was just heading for the door. Ten minutes later the guy came back in the room and saw a note pinned to a ten-spot on the dresser. It said, "Here. Take this and buy yourselves some clothes; I ain't got the heart to rob you." And it was signed "Santy Claus."

Perelman



"Some labor-saving device, Virginia."
"Not so hot—I gotta wind the clock every eight days."



"Lishen, Offsher—I'm not as think as you drunk I am."

Everything you say to a woman, will be used against you.

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"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

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

The Great Day

"CHRISTMAS," writes a correspondent to Heywood Broun, "has become our most commercialized, stereotyped occasion, not excepting Mother's Day. The only people who really enjoy it are the makers of Christmas cards, owners of department stores and, in anticipation, children. In fact, if there were no children in the world some public spirited person would have succeeded in abolishing the gift-giving aspect of the holiday long ago."

We doubt it. We are reminded of an illuminating article in a recent *Mercury* entitled, "Wanted: A New Messiah." The writer, Byron Dexter, describes convincingly the transformation, now taking place, of Christianity into the Religion of Success. He indicates just how the old forms and phrases have been interpreted to clothe the new god, even to the rediscovery of Christ, by Bruce Barton and others, as the ideal Rotarian. But he misses an opportunity, we think, in not stressing the extent to which Christmas, the great festival of the Nativity, has been absorbed into and made to serve this new religion.

THERE is a certain poetic justice in this adaptation of Christmas, since in all likelihood Christianity itself purloined the festival from preceding cults and made it over into its own image. We refer, of course, to the well-known theory that it is a continuation under altered auspices of the Roman Saturnalia and similar pagan rites in celebration of the winter solstice. Certainly it began as a feast day pure and simple, after these ancient models, and even to this day, outside of Teutonic countries, Christmas presents are unknown.

But in Teutonic countries, and especially in our own, behold how far we have strayed from the original conception of this day. We have made it the one day in the year when the merchant cleans his shelves, when consumption with a mighty effort catches up with production. This is the day when everyone, even the least of us, marches up manfully and plunks down his tribute to the Moloch of Modern Industry. It is the day of the great commercial killing, of the great annual sacrifice to the God of Success. In preparation, the banks start boosting Christmas clubs a year ahead and industry follows with a careful canvass and determination of styles. Then come the interminable conferences which finally congeal into advertising campaigns and which, as the day approaches, develop into a drum-head barrage. His Majesty, Mass Production, concentrates his entire high pressure selling effort on this day, making his appeal to our greed, to our self-interest, our social ambition, our pity, our pride, our sentimentality. He rakes us fore and aft; and how nobly we respond!

AND why not? Isn't Christmas the birthday of Christ and wasn't Jesus, according to Mr. Barton and the other current prophets and soothsayers (as interpreted by Mr. Dexter), "the world's greatest organizer, the man who proved His right to sit at the head of every directors' table"? "He had personal magnetism, He rose from obscurity to such eminence that the wealthiest men in the community invited Him to dine at their homes. . . . He was the world's greatest advertising man, an attention getter; He had a sales punch. Jesus proved conclusively that there can be no such thing as overproduction. Jesus is the man to study if you would learn how to Organize, to Get Across a Message, to Land an Order, to Build Up a Bank Account. Jesus was a Success."

And so is Christmas. Ask any live-wire merchandiser in the land. But what a flop it must have been once! Before people came to understand The Man Nobody Knows, when they still thought of Him as He who said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." Then if anyone gave presents he usually made them himself, and people devoted the day, not to the exchange of purchases, but to such simple, inexpensive observances as going to church, calling on the neighbors, playing games, sampling the punch bowl. How ignorant they must have been in those days of the true spirit and significance of Christmas, mustn't they?

Vare, Oh Vare . . . !

AT the moment this is being written they have discovered that a dead man voted for Senator-elect Vare, of Pennsylvania. Previously it was established that children of tender age had voted for him and men and women who were out of town at the time or who had neglected to go to the poles. No doubt the investigation will unearth many more surprises of a similar nature ere this goes to press. What a pity it is that Philadelphia could not have put over the Sesquicentennial as easily and unselfconsciously as she does an election.

BY the way, we noticed lately that the Sesqui is still being advertised on car cards in the New York "L." The voters of Philadelphia will be interested to know who is paying for this—those who aren't dead. *W. M. H.*

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WELL "SARATOGA SADIE" I HAVE YOU AT LAST GLOATED SAMUEL.

WHAT PRICE COLLARS AND CUFFS?

Here is a flossy piece of merchandise we just received from the South. A couple of Kentucky mountaineers met outside a well-known still (address on request). Said one, Lafe by name, "Say, Hank, old rubbish, they tell me you-all shot a man down thar in the gulch. Why-all did you-all do it?" "Well, Lafe," replied the other, reaching for his shootin'-iron, "thet thar guy claimed Ah had a necktie on under mah beard. What could Ah do?" Now I ask you, did you ever hear a dumber one than this?

A Man About Town

ROBERT DEMUTH was a man about town. Not only was Robert Demuth a man about town but he was also a man about four feet eleven inches at least and carried himself well. He had learned to carry himself well when he was in the army during the great World War. People everywhere stopped and stared at him on the street because he carried himself so well. Perhaps you would think that he would have become annoyed when people stared at him on the street this way for carrying himself so well. Well, he was sort of. That is until he got used to it as everyone does. His friends always used to say to him, "Robert, you'll get used to it as everyone does." So after he got used to it he would just acknowledge their stares with a cool smile and a self-satisfied look meaning, "I've gotten used to it."

One day found Robert telling a story as he sat around at the club, lounging. Robert loved to lounge. He had learned to lounge at a very early age because his mother had one of the easiest lounges in the neighborhood. It was really too easy for words. In fact, it was like taking candy from a baby. But Robert didn't care. He used to stay home and lounge by the hour. Then he would lounge by the fire and then by the window and sometimes by the piano. And sometimes he would even alternate if it struck his fancy. But then it always irritated his mother when he alternated.

"What are you doing down there?" his mother would call in a shrill falsetto and a kimona.

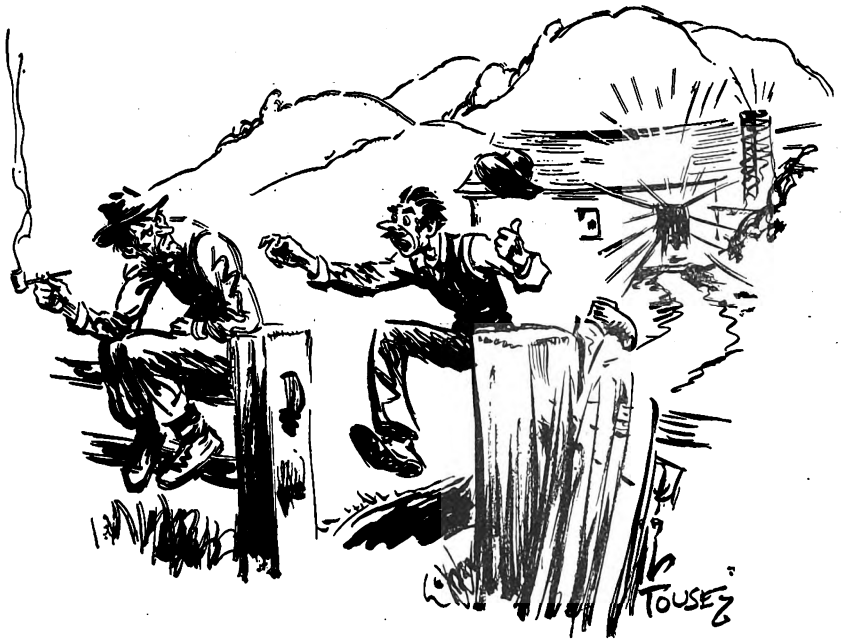
"I'm lounging," Robert would answer, and then he would just lean back and go on lounging—and no one would hear a sound from him until he was through.

It was Florence Haber whom he chanced to meet late one evening just before sundown.

"Why, bless my soul," Robert exclaimed to the conductor, "stop the car because I am sure that's Florence Haber we just passed." He could always recognize her by a rusty mailbox right in front of her veranda.

"Why, Florence, what are you doing here?" he asked, taking her by the arm and leading her toward

(Continued on page 24)



"Quick, Sam, a wildcat's jes run into tha' house with yer wife."
"Wal, he'll jes' have to git out the best way he can!"

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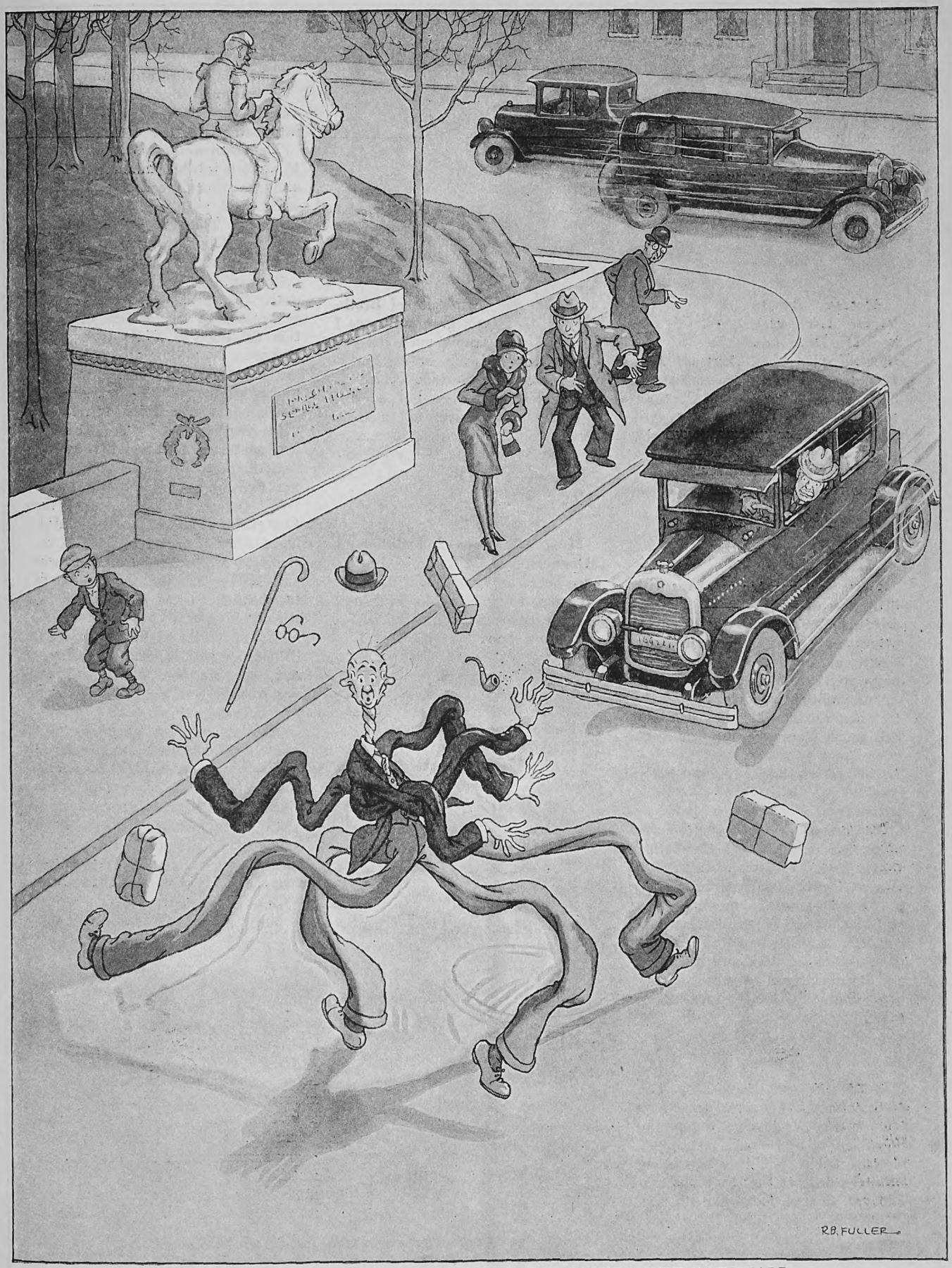

WHEN YOU TRY TO PASS THAT PANICKY PEDESTRIAN

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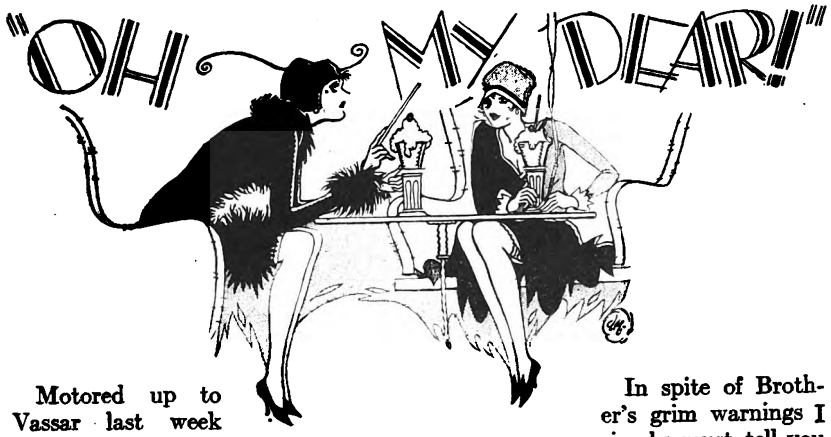

Motored up to Vassar last week and, My Dear, how the old place has changed! . . . Eons ago we girls had to wear modest little outfits but now . . . three fourths of the lassies are all togged out in bright colored wind-breakers, rainbow golf socks and little, tight pleated skirts about six inches above the knee! . . . What is the younger generation coming to?

Have you seen the new bags with little watches inserted? . . . gives me an idea . . . put out one with an alarm attachment . . . if you want to leave a party at, say, two o'clock, set your bag watch and the rest is automatic . . . or a mother could set her daughter's bag watch and say, "When that bell rings, Young Lady, you come home!"

The new rhinestone cuffs for evening wear are the most scintillating things I've ever seen . . . what a chance for the willowy brunettes! . . . Ermine wraps . . . mmmmm! . . . one with a luscious flesh feather bow collar . . . another trimmed in bands of mink around neck and shoulders and lined with velvet-garnet at the hem, gradually shading into bright red.

In the Brevoort Book Shop, the aesthete may enjoy a real treat . . . some perfectly lovely things in Bohemian glass — not just glass blowers' tricks but tiny figures so infinitely delicate that they make a Tanagra figure look like "Civic Virtue" . . . if you think I'm raving —go see them!

In spite of Brother's grim warnings I simply must tell you about George Olsen's club on Forty-ninth street and the Lido Venice . . . both delightful places but so different! . . . and there isn't a single velvet drapery in either place. . . . Olsen's is very informal—Lido Venice just the opposite. . .both good places

Must also rave a little about "Honeymoon Lane". . . . I'd never even heard anything about it—went expecting to be bored to death and had the time of my life . . . it's a marvelous show.

The Six Best "Steppers":
"Half a Moon" (*Honeymoon Lane*).
"Clap Yo' Hands" (*Oh, Kay*).
"With You In Araby" (*Criss Cross*).
"You Will, Won't You" (*Criss Cross*).
"My Baby Knows" (*No show*).
"Hello Bluebird" (*No show*).

Judgette

A Believer In Signs

"THIS is my record room," said the man who had been introduced to me as the possessor of an interesting treasure.

The room we had entered seemed to stretch into an infinite distance, and what was more strange, its walls were lined with shiny, steel filing cabinets. The center of the room, too, was filled with these cabinets. My host started to explain.

"Everything is filed according to date. Thus, this side of the room is devoted to the records of 1920, this to those of 1921, this, 1922, and so on up to those of 1926, which are filling up this recently acquired row of cabinets. I have ordered a dozen more of the most modern type, with great capacity. They will be here next week and should accommodate the records obtained during the next two months."

We stepped close to one of the 1926 cabinets. It was labeled, "Midnight, May 1, to 6 A.M., May 6, inclusive." My host opened the drawer with his key and pulled out some of the records.

I took a card. "Tony Gallo, No. 3410, Office to Plaza," it read. "Vic Cruze, 10671, Small's to Brossert," read another. "William Brosky, 6444, Al's to Southampton, and return," read a third.

"Pardon me," I pleaded, "but what, may I ask, are these, anyway?"

"They are the records of the names and numbers, with the extent of the journey, of taxicab drivers with whom I have ridden. I keep them to comply with police department instructions. You have doubtless seen the order, posted in all taxicabs: "Notice to passengers: Keep a record of above name and number of this cab."

John C. Emery

"Gee! That was a bully fore-leg stroke, Sussie."

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Rules for Bridge Conscripts

These simple rules were formulated by the husband of a bridge-playing wife who insisted on drafting him to fill in. If followed, they are guaranteed to cure such wives.

RULE 1—Count your cards. If you have more than twelve and fewer than fourteen, bid five no trump. You won't make it, but you'll never be invited to play again.

Rule 2—After shuffling, place the cards on the floor. Place your right foot on them. If the host can't find another deck, the game will be called off.

Rule 3—When in doubt as to what to play and as to what it's all about, shut your eyes and play a card. If your partner leaps at you and bites you, he or she is no gentleman or lady, as the case may be.

Rule 4—Always play through strength into weakness or *vice versa*. If the lady on your left has eaten a garlic salad you may change your seat.

Rule 5—When you realize that you are about to be completely sunk, elevate your nose, sniff three times and announce that something is burning in the kitchen. In the ensuing lull kick out one of the table legs. This is always good for an out.

Rule 6—During the inevitable post-mortem held after each hand, light a cigarette and drop the lighted match in the lap of the lady on your right.

Rule 7—When you have forgotten what is trump, take a pair of dice from your pocket and roll them on the table. If any of the players offer to fade you, you may be able to start a crap game. If they offer to assassinate you, that is your fault for ever mixing with a bevy of bridge bugs in the first place.

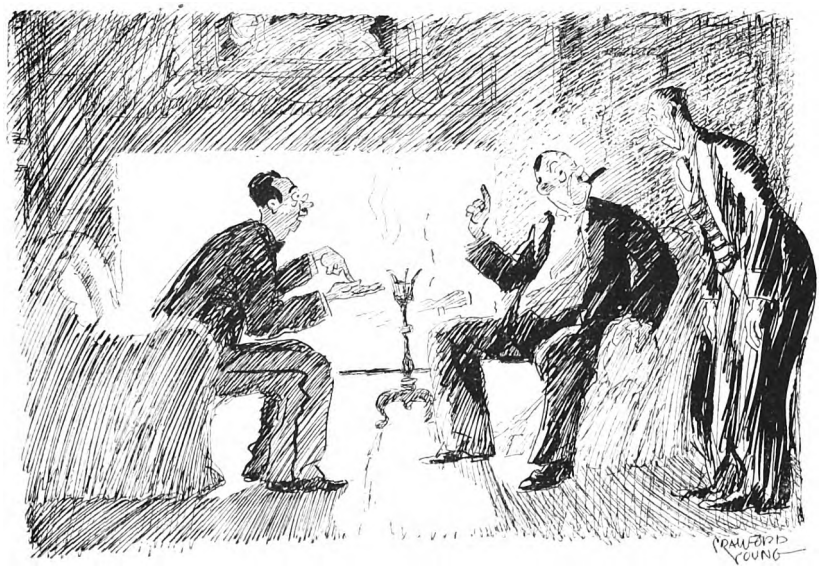
Rule 8—Upset your glass of gin on the cards just as the deal is being completed. If it knocks the spots off the cards, you get a fair delay while a new deck and a towel are being brought.

Rule 9—Tell the lady on your left that you saw her husband feeding artichokes to his stenographer. If you can't pronounce artichokes, tell her "anchovies." Better make it a steak. You may be able to start a first-class family row in this way and provide a good out for yourself.

Rule 10—Arrange with the Prohibition outfit in your town to make a raid just as the game is starting. They'll do anything for $5. This is almost always a sure out.

Ed. J. LaBarge

A glutton for punishment.



BUTLER—*You rang, sir.*

NEW RICH—*Yes, Jenkins. Just listen to Mr. Deadbean's hunting story while I go to bed.*

IF the Greek restaurant menus were printed as the smart vaudeville boys would have it:

Wegetable Zoop
Peeckles Huss Reddish
Rust Biff
Mesh Pututters Bins
Frooit Sillid
Rolls or Butter Tuss
Upple, Pitch or Stromberry Pie
Kupperkoffee

Hilton Butler

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LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

OUR NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS

1- WE ARE NOT GOING TO TRY TO SAVE MONEY—TRIED LAST YEAR AND COULDN'T!

2- WE ARE GOING TO WEAR OUR HAT BRIM TURNED DOWN ALL THE WAY ROUND ONLY WHEN THE LITTLE PAL AND CRITIC IS PRESENT!

3- WE SHALL CONCEDE PUTTS OF TWO INCHES!

4- WE ARE NOT "GOING ON THE WAGON"—IT IS TOO HARD TO "CATCH UP"!

5- WE ARE GOING TO SMILE AT THAT BLONDE SENSATION ON THE 5:19 OUT OF PENN STATION IF SHE ISN'T CAREFUL!

6- WE ARE GOING TO SELECT OUR OWN NECKTIES PERSONALLY AND ALONE !!!!

7- WE HAVE RESOLUTELY DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE LATE PARTIES IN THE FLAT BENEATH US—PROBABLY GO TO THEM—!!

8- WE ARE DETERMINED TO CONTINUE OUR TIRADE AGAINST SHORTER SKIRTS FOR GIRLS WHO HAVE PASSED THE 200 YR MARK!

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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JUDGING the SHOWS II

By George Jean Nathan

I

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM—or "Willie," as he is familiarly known to persons with whom he is not particularly familiar—is the author of Ethel Barrymore's new play, "The Constant Wife." This would be a pretty dull way to begin a review if the author were Horace Annesley Vachell, Cyril Harcourt or one of a half dozen other fellow-countrymen of Maugham's, but in the case of Willie it is different. For that gentleman's name on a play usually guarantees something. The reason for this isn't far to seek. And that reason is that, unlike four out of five Englishmen who concern themselves with polite comedy, he has something more to offer than mere politeness.

The average English drawing-room comedy is little more than a "Book of Etiquette" periodically interrupted by the incursion of a somewhat obstreperous husband who has found his wife's gloves in Basil Pfffleberg's bachelor chambers and by a butler who announces that something or other is being served in the next room. The authors give one the impression of having spent their lives standing outside of the Ritz or the Carlton looking in. They know nothing and simply say it dramatically. But in Maugham's case, one feels one's self in the presence of experience and a very considerable intelligence, even on such occasions as his plays are not up to the mark. His sophistication is not the forced sophistication of many of his fellow British playwrights; his epigrammatic expression is imbedded in a goodly share of worldly wisdom where that of the others is imbedded in nothing more profound than the statement of a minority opinion in a snooty and risqué fashion. This latest exhibition of Maugham's is, thematically, as platitudinous as a colored bishop, but the fellow's embroidery of it is for the most part witty, warm and ingratiating. At bottom, the story is the ancient one of sauce for the goose and gander. Yet Maugham juggles it so deftly that its age is lost sight of. Not all the time, true enough, but at least often enough to make the evening pass agreeably. Miss Barrymore is quite charming; the quality that used to be in her performances in the old Empire days she has once again recaptured.

"*The Constant Wife*" (Elliott)—See this issue.

"*Beyond the Horizon*" (Mansfield)—Competent revival.

"*Gertie*" (Bayes)—Very bad.

"*The Pirates of Penzance*" (Plymouth)—To be discussed next week.

"*Slaves All*" (Bijou)—Ditto.

"*First Love*" (Booth)—There's little in this one.

"*Broadway*" (Broadhurst)—Highly interesting comedy-melodrama admirably staged and acted.

"*The Desert Song*" (Casino)—Entertaining musical comedy.

Repertoire (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne plays clap-hands with Ibsen, Tchekhov and Goldoni.

"*Seed of the Brute*" (Comedy)—Cheap melodrama.

"*The Little Spitfire*" (Cort)—Awful.

"*Sex*" (Daly's)—Even more so.

"*We Americans*" (Eltinge)—Obvious stuff.

"*The Captive*" (Empire)—Excellent drama, finely done.

"*Hangman's House*" (Forrest)—To be reviewed later.

"*The Squall*" (48th St.)—Sex life in dear old Spain.

"*The Judge's Husband*" (49th St.)—Bad.

"*The Donovan Affair*" (Fulton)—The usual mystery stuff.

"*On Approval*" (Gaiety)—Diverting comedy.

"*Criss Cross*" (Globe)—Fred and Dorothy Stone in a very good hoofing exhibition.

"*Ned McCobb's Daughter*" (Golden)—See this issue.

"*The Witch*" (Greenwich)—Moderately interesting play killed by incompetent production.

"*Pygmalion*" (Guild)—Shaw revival.

"*Caponsacchi*" (Hampden)—A dull evening.

"*The Noose*" (Hudson)—Conventional melodrama.

"*Oh, Kay*" (Imperial)—Lively and amusing music show.

"*This Was a Man*" (Klaw)—More sex—and dull.

"*Twinkle, Twinkle*" (Liberty)—Inferior music show.

"*Two Girls Wanted*" (Little)—For children under twelve.

"*An American Tragedy*" (Longacre)—Dreiser in terms of Hal Reid.

"*Lily Sue*" (Lyceum)—See "The Noose."

"*The Play's the Thing*" (Miller)—A diverting light comedy by Molnar.

"*Up the Line*" (Morosco)—A Harvard Prize Play. Boola-boola!

"*Mozart*" (Music Box)—Wait until you see the Guitrys play it.

"*Yellow*" (National)—See "The Noose."

"*Daisy Mayme*" (Playhouse)—George Kelly weakest.

"*This Woman Business*" (Ritz)—The sophomore class cuts up.

"*Countess Maritza*" (Shubert)—Some excellent tunes by Kalman.

"*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*" (Times Square)—A funny evening with the Misses Lee and Shaw.

"*The Ladder*" (Waldorf)—Terrible.

"*Autumn Fire*" (Wallack's)—Feeble Irish play.

II

HAVING rejected several relatively first-rate American plays, the Theater Guild, desiring to ward off further complaints of a too great devotion to the dramatic art of Czecho-Slovakia, the Congo Free State and points adjacent, now produces a third-rate American play. Its author is Sidney Howard; its title, "Ned McCobb's Daughter." What merits it possesses lie in a recognizable wish to draw authentic character and, now and then, a suggestion of sound ironic viewpoint. Its failure lies in the playwright's inability to realize his intentions. Seeing the play, one constantly feels that the author, though he stands on the tips of his toes, is reaching for something that stubbornly remains a foot or two above the ends of his exploratory fingers.

What Howard has endeavored to do is to show us a woman of an inherited integrity battling to frustrate an encroachment upon her of dishonesty and disgrace. At moments this woman begins to seem a real

(*Continued on page 28*)

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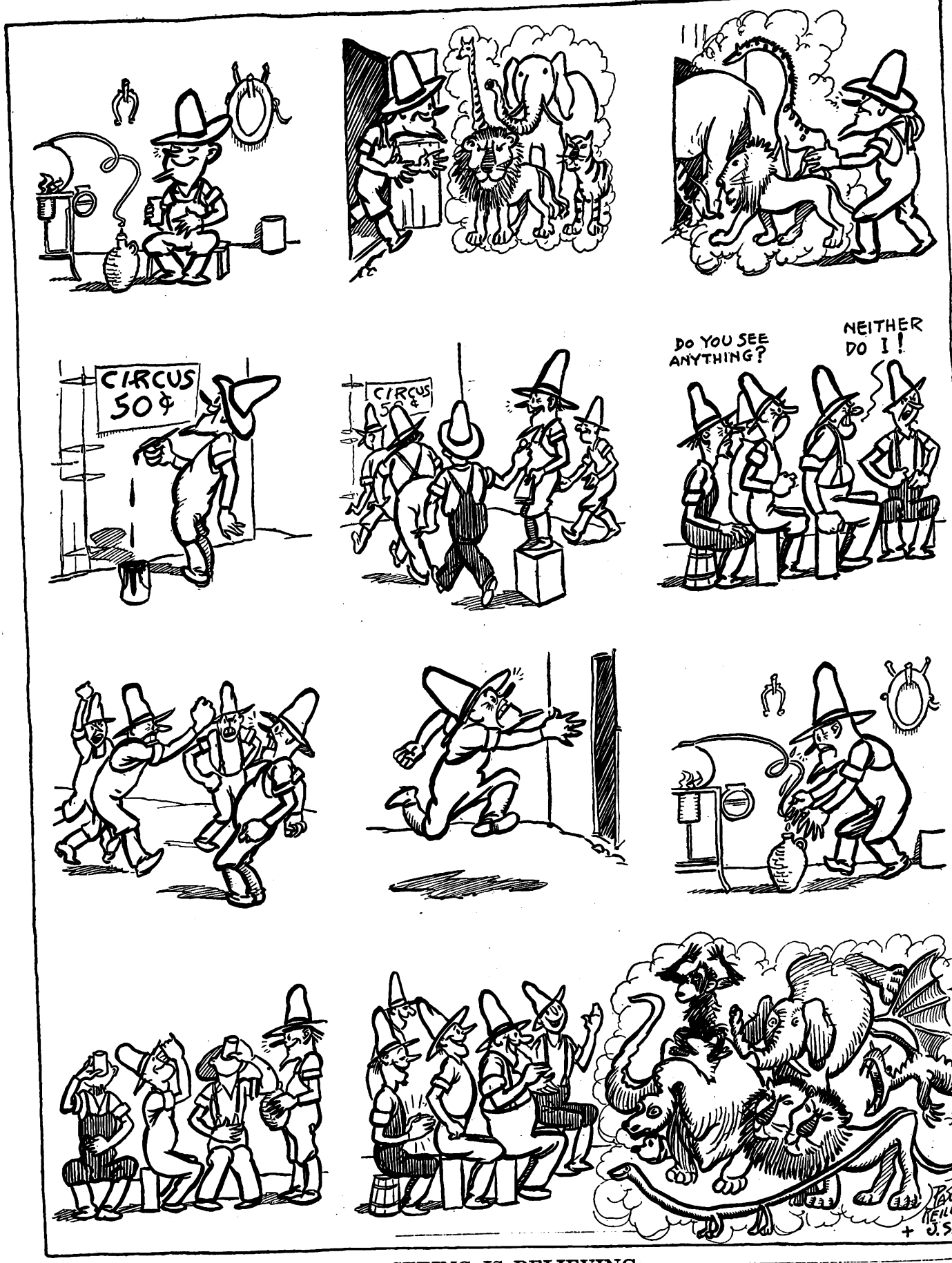

SEEING IS BELIEVING

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JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

CALL it a blind spot or a touch of creeping paralysis, anything you please, but I can't see the seductiveness or the genius of Lya de Putti. In size, in appearance, in expression she seems curiously doll-like, which may make her the ideal subject for a big man's pet, as in "Variety," but I'm not a big man. To appeal to weaklings like me there should be more woman and less marionette.

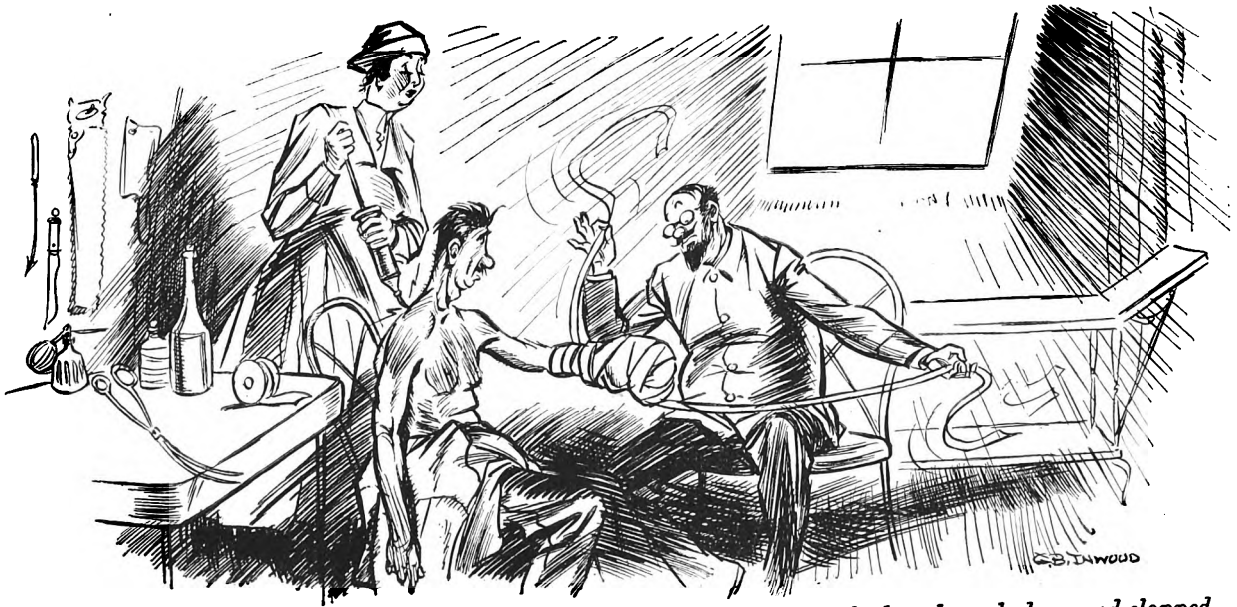
She does infinitely better in "Manon Lescaut" than in the "Sorrows of Satan" (as who wouldn't?) but even as Manon, her most famous rôle, she seems to me to lack something of the human elasticity of a real temptress. As the pampered mistress dropping a tear for her absent lover and yet beguiled by a pretty pair of shoes she is perfect. But as the ardent woman seducing her lover from the threshold of a monastery she is unconvincing. Her charm is too impersonal and her "restraint" seems rather to mark the limit of her emotional capabilities.

"Manon," however, is a splendid picture, a credit to the UFA organization and to Arthur Robison, its director. The photography and settings are quite up to the UFA standard and the acting on the whole superb. In criticizing Miss de Putti's performance I am not trying to measure her against her sisters in Hollywood but against her own reputation. Otherwise I should cry, "Magnificent!"

I SAW "Manon Lescaut" in the Cameo Theater, a very small playhouse of comparatively simple appointments, leased by the Film Arts Guild for the showing of pictures of genuine artistic merit. And then I crossed the Square to the new Paramount Theater. The contrast was instructive.

If there is anything missing from this Grand Cinema Terminal that money can buy or the vanity of man

(*Continued on page 25*)



"*The Big Parade*"—Still playing its "two-a-day."
"*Ben Hur*"—Mammoth spectacle.
"*Moana of the South Seas*"—Idyllic.
"*The Black Pirate*"—Doug in color.
"*For Heaven's Sake*"—Harold Lloyd laughter.
"*Aloma of the South Seas*"—Gilda Squirms.
"*The Road to Mandalay*"—Lon Chaney slops over.
"*Variety*"—The Emil Jannings classic.
"*Mantrap*"—North Woods stuff.
"*Nell Gwyn*"—Good British film.
"*Battling Butler*"—Buster Keaton in rare form.
"*Beau Geste*"—Foreign Legion romance.
"*So This Is Paris*"—Sophisticated comedy.
"*The Scarlet Letter*"—Lillian Gish at her best.
"*The Strong Man*"—Harry Langdon ditto.
"*Sparrows*"—Mother Mary Pickford.
"*One Minute to Play*"—The Galloping Ghost.
"*The Campus Flirt*"—Bebe wins the race.
"*Tin Gods*"—Renée Adorée jumps off a bridge.
"*The Treasure*"—Properly named.
"*You'd Be Surprised*"—You would.
"*The Temptress*"—Greta Garbo is good.
"*Kid Boots*"—Eddie Cantor is, too.
"*The Ace of Cads*"—Mediocre Menjou.
"*The Better 'Ole*"—Old Bill himself.
"*The Magician*"—Well photographed bosh.
"*London*"—Echo of "Nell Gwyn."
"*The Sorrows of Satan*"—Florid Corelli.
"*Bardelys the Magnificent*"—John Gilbert becomes an acrobat.
"*We're In the Navy Now*"—Very funny.
"*Everybody's Acting*"—All-star comedy.
"*Forever After*"—Mush.
"*Upstage*"—Vaudevillainous.
"*The Eagle of the Sea*"—Cortez as a pirate.
"*Potemkin*"—Amazing.
"*What Price Glory?*"—Pictorially great.

PATIENT—*You see we was havin' a couple of highballs when one of the bunch pushed me and slopped more'n a spoonful on my hand.*

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VOICE OFFSTAGE—*Bill made a fortune out of his oil well.*

THE HORSEMAN—*I didn't know he struck oil.*

"He didn't, but he pulled up the well and sold it for post holes."

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

Tragedy

The shipwrecked man had been wandering on the desert island for three days. Food nor drink he had none during all that time. His tongue hung out a foot.

Suddenly he saw before him a pile of small cubical boxes.

"Food! Food!" cried the famished man as he rushed forward and seized one of the boxes. But the poor fellow fell dead. For on the box were these horrible words:

"Now you'll like bran!"

—*Illinois Siren*

"Gosh, I had a narrow escape last night."

"How's that?"

"Well, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw something white moving in the room. So I grabbed my gun and shot it. After I turned the light on, I found it was my shirt."

"I don't see any narrow escape to that."

"Why, just suppose I hadn't taken my shirt off last night."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

She—Take back your diamond ring. It's paste.

He—Better keep it, girlie; a paste on the hand is worth two in the eye.

—*Cincinnati Cynic*

Our Latest Song Hit

'29—Have you heard the newsboy's song?

'30—No, what is it?

"How Many Times?"

—*Western Reserve Red Cat*

"My accusers are right. I am a liar."

"I don't believe you."

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

Gordon—Jim'sh goina Europe.

Jin—Shasho! Wha'sa dope?

"He'sh shailin' ona shixsha Deschember."

"Sha damfine boat. Wen' over on 'er las' shummer!"

—*Princeton Tiger*

"Stop sniffling, little boy. Can't you do something with your nose?" the austere old lady asked on the crowded street car.

"Yes'm," returned the lad politely, "I can keep it out of other folks' business."

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket*

Jedge—You are charged with striking the defendant. What cher got to say fer yerself?

Answer—Well, she asked for it.

"How come?"

"She asked me to fetch her a wrap and I fetched her a darn good one."

—*Rensselaer Pup*

One way of beating the army. —YALE RECORD

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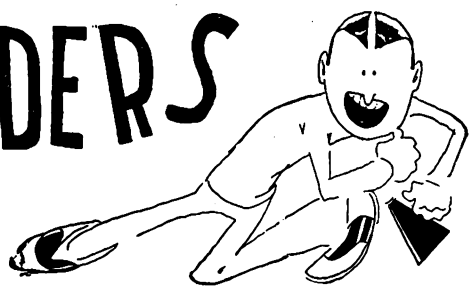
LEADERS



A prof was calling the roll for the first time.

"Mr. Leinz?" he said, "is that 'L' as in 'Luke'?"

"No," came the reply, "it's 'Heinz' as in 'Baked Beans.'"

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

***

Paul—That wasn't real Italian spaghetti we had for supper.

Vera—How do you know?

"Because real Italian spaghetti drops off your fork and goes 'Wop' on your plate."

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket*

***

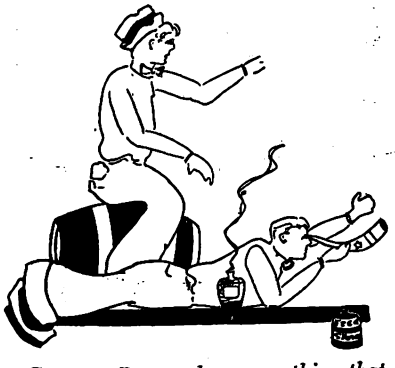
A lady from far Alabama,
Was trying to wield a large hamma;
But she hit her toenail,
And was sent off to jail,
For using such very bad gramma.

—*Centre Colonel*

***

"M'lord—could you give a poor man a pound?"

"That I could—and right readily a kick too." —*California Pelican*



GOWN—*Do you know anything that is good for a cold?*

TOWN—*Yes; but he won't sell it to students.*

—GETTYSBURG CANNON BALL

"This Zimbalist is marvelous, isn't he?"

"Yes, he sure can play those Zimbals." —C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

***

Punch—Did you hear the comedian committed suicide?

Bowl—Yes?

"Uh-huh, Cut his jocular vein."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

***

He—I want to buy a present for my wife.

"Can I interest you in some silk stockings?"

"Let's see about the present first."

—*Purple Cow*

***

"Is she a careful girl?"

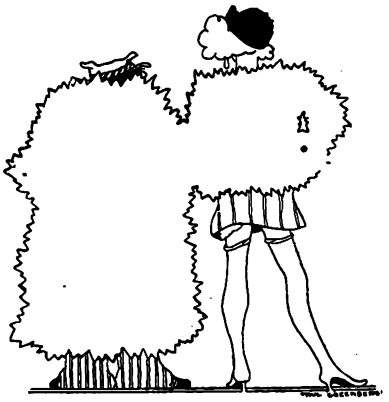
"Yes, verily. She ponders nothing, very carefully, and then says it."

—*Colorado Dodo*

***

She—What's a party platform?

He—More gin, better girls, bigger allowance. —*Cornell Widow*



"Do you believe in marriage?"

"Only as a last resort."

—N. Y. U. MEDLEY

***

A Scotchman in a Penny Arcade came across a punching-bag machine with a notice on it to the effect that if one hit the bag hard enough the penny would be returned.

Friends found him two hours later, lying under the machine, unconscious, with both arms broken.

—*Brown Jug*

***

Cynthia—How is your husband?

Dorothy—I haven't seen him for five years. I think I must have said something to annoy him.

—*Buffalo Bison*

***

May—I wouldn't give you a straw if you were drowning.

Kay—I wouldn't touch it if you did. —*Bucknell Belle Hop*

MILTON—*Great heavens! Where did you get that scar?*

NOAH—*Poker.*

"Cheating?"

"No, flirting with the cook."

—GEORGIA TECH. YELLOW JACKET

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"I wonder you read them comic papers, Bert. Always got some nasty silly joke about plumbers."

—*Humorist*

A Man About Town

(*Continued from page 14*)

the Manhattan Opera House. There was nothing playing at the Manhattan Opera House that night, but it didn't make much difference to Robert who could always get seats there the last minute because he knew the man at the box office, "Andrew Fox."

Robert really knew lots and lots of people because he had been in the hardware business for six years and there are lots of people in the hardware business. Robert was the first man in the hardware business to start the "Don't Put Tacks in Your Mouth" campaign. In after years Robert claims there will be few people left who will put tacks in their mouths while they are tacking instead of putting them in a cigar box, an empty drawer, an old barrel or some place where they would be much safer.

One day Robert was walking down the other side of the street hardly realizing that he would run into none else than Harry Doff who was dieting at the time because he had some trouble with his stomach.

"What are you doing on that street car?" he shouted at the top of his lungs.

"I'm boarding it, can't you see?" Harry shouted back in a loud, clear tone. Harry was well known in the neighborhood for boarding street cars. He also boarded dogs and some cats while people were away in the summer.

"I had a very funny dream about you," Robert went on.

"Why?" remarked Harry eagerly.

"Why what?" inquired Robert.

"Why nothing—that's just sort of an expression."

"First I dreamed I was in a quandary," Robert went on.

"What was it like?"

"I don't remember exactly except that it wasn't very well furnished. And I didn't sleep very well," Robert continued. "In this quandary I dreamed I was matching pennies and tossed in my sleep all night."

"So long," and they shook hands.

Up to the day when Robert attended a physical culture and hygiene lecture, Robert never used to give the care of his body much thought. Once in a while he used to exercise his authority but that was about all. This he did with some special apparatus he had made for that purpose. But Robert found out, as others will, that there is lots to exercise besides one's authority.

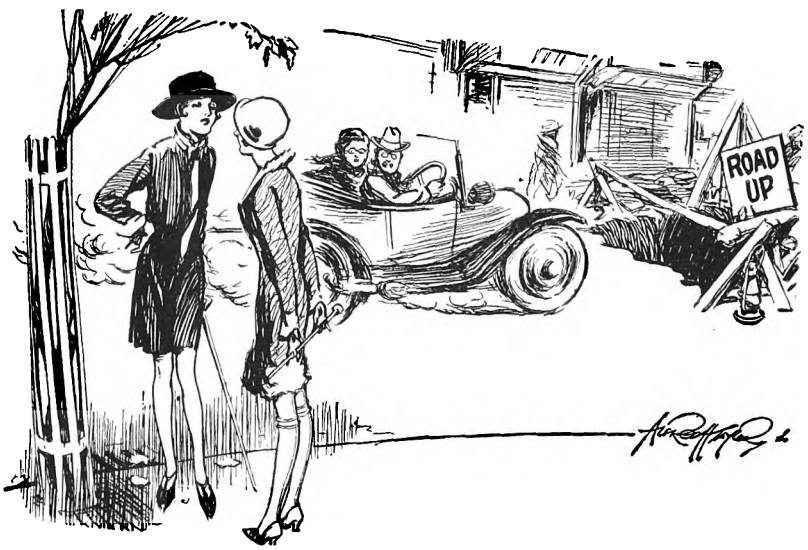
Take oatmeal, for example. Oatmeal is grown in thirty-two States in this country and is used in symbolic fashion on the State seal of Maryland. If you doubt this just take the State seal out some time and look at it.

So it was that Robert would take oatmeal every morning for breakfast after he attended the lecture on physical culture and hygiene. That is, he would take it unless it had lumps in it. He never liked lumps—except possibly in his coffee in the morning, but that was different because they were made out of sugar.

Stanley Rauh.

***

We understand that Gene Tunney is writing a book. A sort of scrapbook, we presume. —*Everybody's*



"Just look at those two modern girls, George."
"Yes, I don't know what we're coming to."

—*London Opinion*

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"Oh, Captain, I've been looking for you everywhere. I want to tell you how I like my eggs done in the morning."

—*London Opinion*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 21*)

display it eludes my imagination. Marble and gilt and crystal, and expensive paintings and crimson draperies, modestly bedeck a "grand lobby" two stories high such as no opera house can boast. There is a fountain in it tinkling, and ubiquitous uniformed attendants with elaborate manners murmuring, and maybe canaries singing, for all I remember, and of course awed couples from the sticks promenading up and down stairs and ohing and ahing. And all this before one enters the vast auditorium itself, with its dome ten stories aloft and its loges and galleries and super organ.

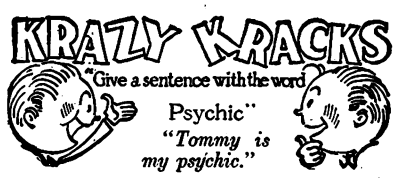
But what, I ask you, is the picture that reposes in this obscenely elaborate frame, what the jewel nestled in this lavishly pretentious box? On the occasion of my visit as meek and spiritless a film as I have ever seen exhibited, namely, "The Canadian," with Thomas Meighan.

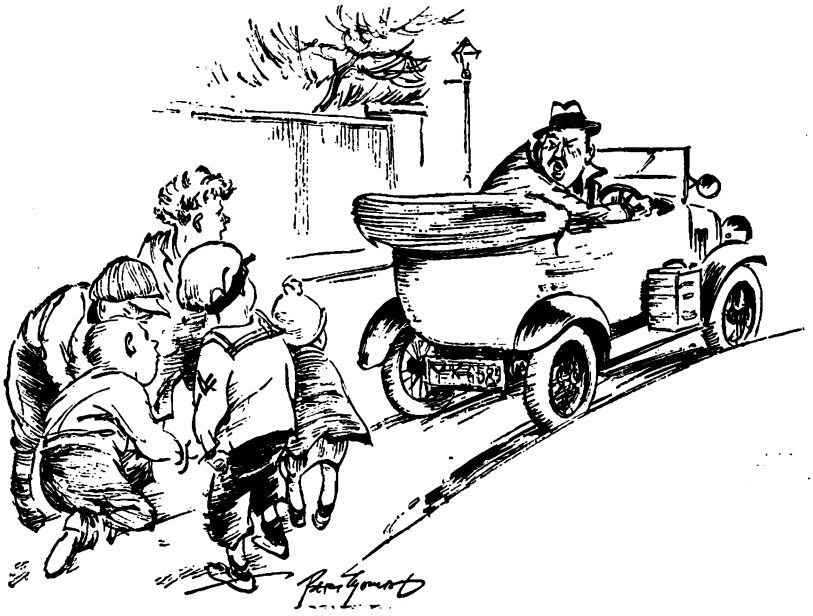
The drama itself, based on a play by Somerset Maugham, is not without interest and dignity, but the picture should have been labeled, "Meighan Plays Safe." He walks through his part as if life for a young and lusty frontiersman raising wheat in the Canadian Northwest were as drab and discouraging as a hangover the day after Christmas. A pretty and high spirited girl, in the person of Mona Palma, bursts within the circle of his consciousness. Does she heighten his circulation? There is no indication of it to flutter the Meighan technique, although we learn toward the end that she is "the only thing I ever loved." Through storm and stress he remains the same pale, obviously tired, slightly precious person who years ago made himself "interesting" to women fans — a standardized product.

But you should see the Paramount Theater!

EXTRACT from a previous review of "Potemkin," the Russian picture:

"If any picture ever fully justified the cinema, 'Potemkin' does. After seeing it one feels instinctively that this is the sort of thing, speaking broadly, done in the sort of way, also speaking broadly, for which in the end the motion picture was invented —instead of for sticky romances and idiotic melodramas and slapstick farces in imitation of the old ten-twent'-thirt' stage. 'Potemkin' requires too much room, too many actors, properties too vast and action too various for any stage. And by the same token it brushes aside all the little tricks of stage tradition developed during centuries of intimate play over the footlights. It is the movies come into their own."





Motorist (after many attempts to start his midget)—'Ere—any of you boys playing about with a magnet?

—*Humorist*

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A Great Demand for Bonds

by Theodore Williams

SINCE the World War there has grown up an immense and insatiable demand in this country for bonds. Widespread appreciation of this class of securities had its birth in the drives for Federal bonds during American participation in the great conflict. Before that time holders of bonds were comparatively few in the United States. The masses were ignorant of their value and desirability, and it required intensive appeals to their patriotism to induce them to purchase Libertys and Victorys. But once come into possession of these, a pronounced popular appetite for bond issues was formed, and as our Government's flotations were restricted, the bonds of foreign nations and of domestic corporations were eagerly sought for. Now there are millions of bondholders in our domains and the number is continually increasing. Hundreds of millions in bonds are offered yearly and are snapped up immediately. The public hunger in this respect appears to have no bounds. Financial houses complain at times that they are unable to properly supply the market. General prosperity makes available vast aggregates of surplus funds which seek sound and safe investment. The rush for bonds is a remarkable demonstration of the intelligence and good sense of American investors, who buy mostly not for speculative reasons but to hold for income.

All varieties of first-class bonds—railroad, industrial, public utility and real estate—may prudently be bought by those who desire ample security for invested money. Real estate bonds have lately been called into question in some quarters, but they have regained their deserved position among the safest and best-yielding issues. Annual total transactions in first mortgage real estate bonds have mounted to one billion dollars and that figure will be much exceeded in the not distant future. Plans have been made by prominent interests to safeguard further and to stabilize this expanding industry. The responsible houses engaged in it are determined that lax methods and ill-judged underwriting shall be eliminated, and that real estate bonds shall be guaranteed a soundness equal to that of the so-called gilt-edged issues. There is no valid reason why this should not be the case universally, as it is today in very many instances. Even now the offerings of the reputable dealers are worthy of the confidence and consideration of the public. These offerings are already as well secured as skilled experience and good faith can make them.

Answers to Inquiries

T., MOBILE, ALA.: This department does not concern itself with the commodity markets, but it agrees with you that purchase of high grade cotton at the current low quotation might prove as profitable as and less risky than, a speculation in stocks. From reliable sources comes the information that although this year's cotton crop is the hugest on record, so large a proportion of it is damaged or inferior that there will not be a great excess of the better quality staple and that the value of this is bound to rise.

J., PEORIA, ILL.: The textile industry has recently begun to show signs of recovery from its long depression. Cotton mills are aided by the cheapness of cotton, and woolen mills find an improved demand for their products. American Woolen stocks have advanced on the better conditions, and even Consolidated Textile shares have had a spurt of vitality. Holders of the latter, however, are not as yet very sanguine. They have had too many years of disappointment to get elated all at once. But they may some day have their reward.

G., ST. PAUL, MINN.: Prosperity is bound at times to smile on every industry. Sugar is now coming into its own once more, and the stocks of the sugar producing companies have displayed more vigor. Perhaps the same will yet happen in the lagging oil industry. You can better afford to hold your dividend paying sugar and oil shares than to dispose of them at much less than you paid.

C., TORRINGTON, CONN.: General Motor's common's decline of 10 points below your purchase price was due to market conditions and not to lack of merit in the stock. It is better to hold it for a higher price than to sacrifice it. Waldorf System common gives a return which makes it a fairly good business man's investment. Swift & Co. bonds are meritorious and quite safe.

N., NEW YORK CITY: Considering the long pull possibilities of the Beaver Board Companies, it does not seem advisable to accept a loss of $61 per share on your holdings of its stock. Wait awhile to see if it will not go higher.

A. ROXBERRY, N. Y.: Stewart Warner and Wabash Railroad preferred are pretty good dividend

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payers and may prudently be held. Commonwealth Power common makes a moderate return on market price, and the preferred a better one. The pfd. has an investment quality. The common no doubt has a future, but a switch to a good standard issue would yield you more income.

A., KANSAS CITY, MO.: Atlantic Gulf & West Indies has paid no dividends since February, 1921. There is no investment quality in shares with that record. Standard Oil of New Jersey common paying, with extra, only $1.12½ is hardly a "good buy" at present price. Many sound issues can be bought which make a larger yield.

M., MUSKOGEE, OKLA.: It is impossible at present to foresee the future of Rumanian currency. There is considerable unrest in the kingdom, and finances are not well settled. The King has been seriously ill and his death might be followed by commotion. Queen Marie's visit here had, it was alleged, as one object, the obtaining of a loan from American bankers. Should there be no dynastic trouble, and should Rumania get the needed money, leu might advance in value. One can only guess at the future. The purchase of Armour A stock, a non-dividend payer, is not advised. You can get American La France, paying $1 for several dollars less per share, and Continental Motors, paying 80 cents, for nearly the same price as La France.

G., CINCINNATI, O.: Penn Seaboard Steel has been for years just a gamble and has been selling for ⅝ of a dollar with no prospects of doing much better, though it made a small profit in 9 months compared with a loss in the like period of last year. It is poor policy to buy cheap, non-dividend paying issues.

M., LOUISVILLE, KY.: Gimbel Brothers common pays no dividend, and is selling up out of line on expectations. The pfd. shares, paying $7, are a good business man's investment. U. S. Steel common is, of course, a first-class issue, and its price holds high because of hopes of increased dividend or a melon cutting. At current quotation its 7 per cent. dividend makes a fair yield.

D., NEW YORK CITY: Your holdings of domestic bonds appear to be sound. Italian Government 7's may recover the slight decline if economic conditions in Italy go on improving. American & Foreign Power 7 per cent. preferred is giving you good interest on the money you invested. The decline of 9 points or so in the stock was due to disappointing revenues from the company's properties in Cuba. Better earnings are expected with the improvement in the sugar industry of the island. Even as matters are, the pfd. dividend is being earned by a small margin and, it is asserted, will be maintained.

B., NEW YORK CITY: Savoy Oil has paid no dividend since 1920. Why should anyone want its stock? Miami Copper shares are a good business man's mining purchase. Happiness Candy makes a satisfactory yield on market price, but is rather speculative still. United Profit Sharing paying 60 cents regular with stock extras, looks like a fair business man's purchase.

G., WINNIPEG, Canada: International Combustion Engineering lately reported a large increase in business and earnings, and this may some day be reflected in a higher dividend rate. At present the stock sells too high for its $2 return.

P., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.: Southern Dairies, Inc., reports for the 9 months ended September 30, net earnings of about $6 per share on Class A stock. The dividend is $4, and it looks well asssured. American Can is said to be doing about as well as in 1925, but it is doubtful if any increase in the $2 dividend on common will be made soon. The stock sells far above the price justified by the dividend. The Erie Steam Shovel Co. lately paid its initial quarterly dividends on common and pfd. That on common was 62½ cents, or at the annual rate of $2.50. This is low for industrial shares selling at over $50.

S., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.: Two competent banking concerns with foreign connections agree that the Reichsbank Notes you inquire about are valueless. They were part of Germany's paper currency that went to "eternal smash." The Reichsbank is controlled by the Government, and its issues are government tokens.

G., NEW YORK CITY: The bond and mortgage company you mention makes loans on second mortgages and claims to be a successful concern. But you must see that first mortgages would be safer, and the company's stock cannot be as safe as first mortgage real estate bonds would be. There are listed stocks that make a stronger appeal. Among these are Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. preferred, Dodge Bros. 7 per cent. pfd., Armour of Delaware 7 per cent. pfd., and International Paper 7 per cent. pfd.

K., SYRACUSE, N. Y.: First mortgage real estate bonds offered by the F. H. Smith Co. are reasonably safe. The Adair Realty & Trust Company's 6½ per cent. guaranteed-insurable bonds are about as safe as such bonds can be made.

E., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.: Notwithstanding the fact that some of the shares in your list have declined since you bought them, American Tel & Tel., North American, Dodge Bros. pfd., Endicott Johnson, American Tobacco B, Studebaker, Adirondack Light & Power pfd., and Pacific Gas & Electric, all making returns, are good enough to hold. You have profits on some of these and the others may possibly, in the changes of the market, get back to cost. Seaboard Air Line common is a dividendless speculation which seems likely at some time to pay dividends.

B., MONTREAL, CAN.: Your list of four stocks is of the speculative variety. Butte & Superior, paying $2, has declined a few points from your specified price. Ahumada Lead, paying $1 including extras, would rise if the return were assured. The Sweets and Wilson common issues give nothing to stockholders and the stocks are not inviting.

W., OTEEN, N. C.: The Briggs Mfg. Co. stock pays $3. During the nine months ended September 30, 1926, the company earned $5.23 per share, slightly less than in like part of 1925. The dividend appears to be secure for the immediate future, at least. As a manufacturer of accessories the company's prosperity depends on that of the automobile industry. The Lambert Co.'s income has shown a considerable increase this year and a higher dividend rate has been declared. The stock sells a little high for the present return of $5.

N., HELENA, MONT.: The Beatrice Creamery Co. has a good record and is paying $5 yearly on common. Cuba Company's common makes a fine yield on market price, and would sell for more money were the dividend deemed assured. The American Arch Co. manufactures practically all the arch work in locomotive fire boxes in the United States and Canada. Its dividends are liberal and its shares attractive.

M., ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.: Kay Copper has been persistently boosted for a long time by certain brokers, but recently it sold below $1.50 per share. A mining stock selling at that low figure is in the mere gamble class.

P., HARRISONBURG, VA.: The stocks of the Chase National Bank and the New York Title & Mortgage Co. are of the highest merit, but they are selling at levels which, in spite of their liberal dividends, render the yields very moderate. Anticipation of future profits and increased returns, and possible melon cutting, account for this. If you are prepared to wait for some time for bigger disbursement it will be well enough to buy either or both these issues. The Title & Mortgage Co. pays the larger dividend, but the market price of its stock nearly equalizes the returns. American Tel. & Tel. stock is one of the best and safest of listed securities and it stands a chance of appreciation in the course of year. Its present net yield satisfies hosts of investors. It would not be amiss to invest your entire $2,400 in it. But diversity is a good thing in investment, and you might also consider Union Pacific common and Standard Gas & Electric 8 per cent. preferred.

W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Philadelphia Rapid Transit common and preferred are reasonably safe and attractive propositions. The Pennsylvania Light & Power Co. is paying 7 per cent. on preferred, but nothing as yet on common. The preferred looks worth while. Other preferred stocks of proved soundness include Standard Gas & Electric pfd., U. S. Steel pfd., International Paper pfd. and Beth. Steel pfd. Part of your $15,000 might be put into Union Pacific common and American Tel. & Tel., and into first mortgage real estate bonds.

J., BRISTOL, PA.: Dodge Bros. 6s are not secured by mortgage, but as the company is able to pay 7 per cent. on its pfd. stock the interest on these bonds seems to be well assured. They are a good purchase for a business man. It will require a big increase in American Bosch Magneto's net to warrant advance of the shares to your purchase price of $30. In the nine months ended September 30 the company earned $1.18 per share. The fourth quarter is expected to be the best of the year. The company has gone into the radio business and from this its managers hope for substantial profits. The outlook, however, is so uncertain that it may be well for you to switch to a dividend payer.

NEW YORK, December 18, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

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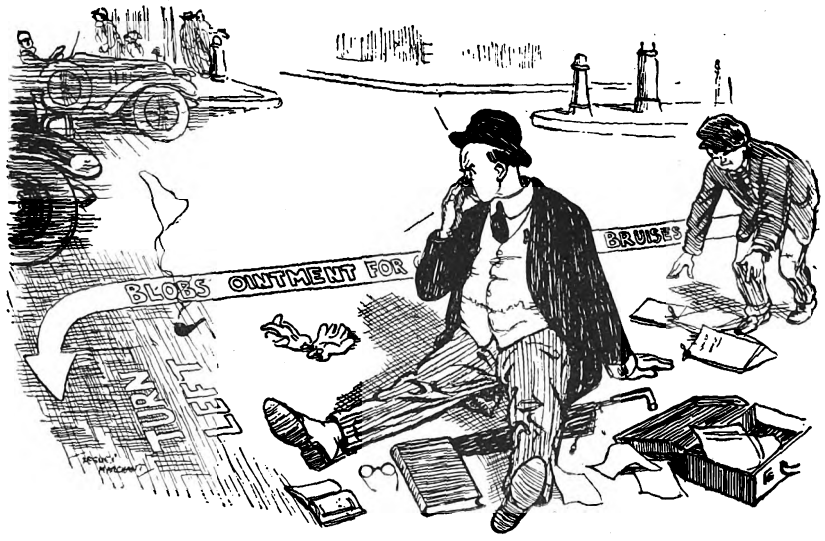

Why not make use of the roads for advertising?
—*London Opinion*

A new device for the telephone insures that a conversation is not overheard. What we want to know is who invented the device that so often insures that no conversation can be heard at all?
—*London Opinion*

A society lady has had on an average a fresh husband every two years. It is rumored that, although not a film star, she is to be offered the freedom of the city of Los Angeles.
—*Humorist*

"Facism would never work in this country," says a contemporary. No, all the politicians would want to be Mussolini. —*Passing Show*

Mother (to Bobby)—Surely you did something else but eat at the school treat?

Bobbie—Yes, mummie. After tea we sang a hymn called, "We can sing, full though we be."

Mother learned later that the hymn selected had been, "Weak and sinful though we be."
—*Dublin Sunday Independent*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 19*)

character, only to dissolve the next instant into a creature of grease paint. This is not the fault of Miss Eames, who plays the rôle, but of the playwright. His grip on the pole of life is still too weak to fetch up out of the depths anything save a superficially glittering goldfish. It seems a pity that the Theater Guild, if it is at all sincere in its desire to do the work of American dramatists, doesn't either find or stop rejecting the plays of such men as O'Neill, Kelly, Kearney, et al., instead of expending its misdirected energies upon plays that might well be left to less important impresarios.

Alfred Lunt's performance of the rôle of the Ned McCobb's daughter's bootlegging brother-in-law is a distinctly humorous achievement. The fellow is an actor of parts.

III

Cecile Sorel inaugurated her American season with a French John Drinkwater composition called "Maitresse de Roi," by the MM. Aderer and Ephraim. It deals with the life and times of Du Barry, and it is dull, dull stuff. As for Madame, I have written of her so extensively in the past that I find, after lighting three cigars, I have not much more to say of her. She is a skillful actress; she has all the tricks at her beck and call; she knows how to use her voice; she wears costumes well; yet she lacks that peculiar quality that compels an interest in what she does. She is like a furnace enveloped by a cement wall; the heat is in her, but it doesn't come out. I observed that certain of my confreres compare her with Bernhardt, though, true enough, to her disadvantage. She is no more properly to be compared with Bernhardt—whether to her disadvantage or not—than Guffanti is to be compared with Mussolini.

IV

"The Desert Song" is the new Casino musical comedy. Romberg has written no less than three good melodies for it; it is well sung by Vivienne Segal and Robert Halliday; it has some good low humor; and it is nicely put on. Its libretto is a dud. But there is enough in it otherwise to give you a pleasant theatrical evening.

DIZZY LABELS

They call her Venus, because she's not all there.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed.

"I'm sorry I couldn't come to your party yesterday."

"Dear me! Weren't you there?"

"Oh, why, of course I was! How stupid of me—I must have forgotten!"
—*Humorist*

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Maiden Lady—My dear, I've only just heard of your marriage a month ago. Am I too late to congratulate you?

—*London Opinion*

Who Killed Cock Robin?

(*Continued from page 6*)

coroner's ear. What he wanted to say was "Rabelais."

Now what does this peculiar clue indicate? According to his own testimony, Cock Robin, or Robbins, as he loved to be called, was an avid, or rabid, reader. And the book he liked best was his Rabelais. Is it therefore unlikely that he had loaned his Rabelais to a friend, who lost it by accident, the loss so affecting Robin that he died from pure grief, the meanwhile uttering the name of his best loved book? Answer: Yes, it's damned unlikely.

But all this speculation is, of course, premature. What we want to know after all is something a good deal more relevant: How would a man go about getting two quarts of good rye for the holidays?

Perelman

Motorist—Gee, an obstruction as big as that oughta be on th' road maps!

—*Pele Mele*

The boxer came to the doctor with a black eye and a broken head. "Did this happen while you were training?" asked the doctor.

The boxer laughed: "No, they can't touch me."

"You were set on in the street?"

"No."

"Then I don't understand."

The boxer breathed heavily: "My wife proved to me that she couldn't possibly go on wearing last year's hat."

—*Ulk* (Berlin)

The newest locomotives have seats for the driver and fireman. Similar accommodation is provided for some of the passengers.

—*Passing Show*

"Congratulations! They tell us you are going to get married."

"No. I am not going to be married."

"Ah, in that case, congratulations!"

—*Buen Humor* (Madrid)

FUNNYBONES

Mussolini couldn't survive a shot of the stuff his countrymen brew over here.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

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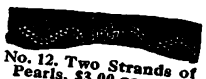

No. 12. Two Strands of Pearls, $3.00 per pair.

No. 17. (The Pearlastic worn in the picture) One Strand with Alternating Pearls, $2.50 per pair.

No. 37. Forget-Me-Not, $2.75 per pair.

No. 19. One Strand of Pearls, $2.00 per pair.

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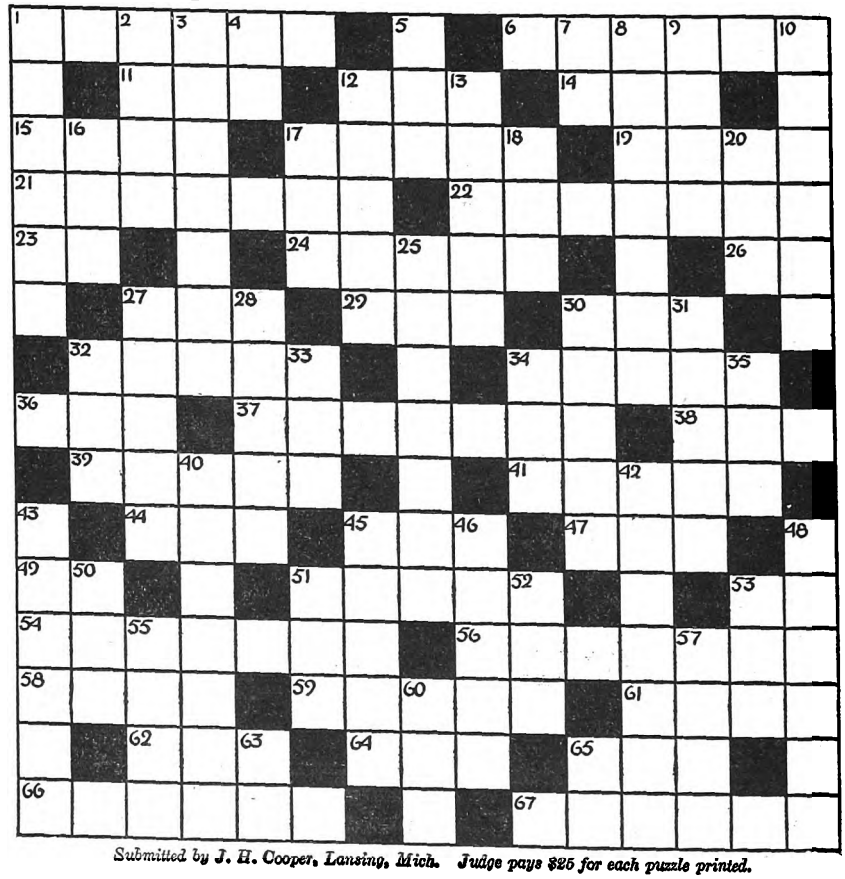
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 105



Submitted by J. H. Cooper, Lansing, Mich. Judge pays $25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. These people are very *close* to each other.
6. Japanese *head cheese.*
11. Lady Godiva's horse knew this was the right turn.
12. A smart blow.
14. Eggnog without the egg.
15. This is a poetic island.
17. Drug store cowboy's dissipations.
19. The Spanish berry, or buck.
21. Jewish quarters.
22. This autoist drives at a *fine* pace.
23. A Hebraic exclamation.
24. Stewed, oiled, pickled, or what were you.
26. You and me.
27. A table scrap.
29. This is born in France.
30. A Denmark slipper.
32. What most people who bought land in Florida are.
34. This is an old salt.
36. This heavenly old fellow runs a tannery.
37. What Alphonse and Gaston tried to be.
38. That schoolgirl complexion.
39. This is a bird.
41. Fan again.
44. A Scot will do this, before they bury him.
45. A hiatus.
47. This is hers in London.
49. A river in Siberia. (If you care.)
51. A sheik's camping ground. (This requires a lot o' grit.)
53. Political "We."
54. They usually have good spirits at these parties.
56. This makes everything on the level.
58. Throat condition after a spirited party.
59. Even if Tennessee is anti-evolution, it is still this.
61. When a farmer is plucky, he can get this from a duck.
62. Domestic head cheese (init.).
64. Same as Horizontal 23, only plural.
65. Where the corn grows in achers.
66. Pertaining to great American pill tossers.
67. This is the big noise in the orchestra.

Vertical

1. A beer runner.
2. Eye language of the flirting flapper.
3. Seesaws.
4. This is half o' cent.
5. Girls who used to do this knew their stuff.
7. Preposition. (That's a lot of help.)
8. Russian coppers.
9. Good alibi for Dempsey's non-return.
10. The kind of airs broadcasted from the stockyards.
12. When an acrobat feels himself slipping, he uses this.
13. What the "So's your old man" remark is.
16. What the modern flapper is not. (Except as regards clothing.)
17. A follower of the swallows.
18. Peeping Tom found out that it didn't pay to do this.
20. To use the needle.
25. This bird always has a big bill to meat.
27. A condition resulting from moonshine.
28. Sitting Bull's bungalow.
30. Vertical 27 got that way from being on this.
31. Greek "I's."
32. Organist, fruit peddler, opera singer, etc.
33. Unborn suckers.
34. This is ever a contraction.
35. Woman's detector.
40. A dog chain.
42. What most gentlemen married to blondes prefer.
43. This gets the dirt.
45. Appreciation with wim and wigor.
46. A dealer in these, runs a skin game.
48. This is the whole thing in a nutshell.
50. Manufacturer of sweets. (This is a stinger.)
51. Dissipated Egotists Society (init.).
52. What Queen Marie said she came to America to do. (We shall see.)
53. This is the kitten's.
55. Men go to war in this.
57. Leopold's lifer long friend.
60. An affirmative in voting.
63. So is this, in Spain.
65. A famous baseball Cobb.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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

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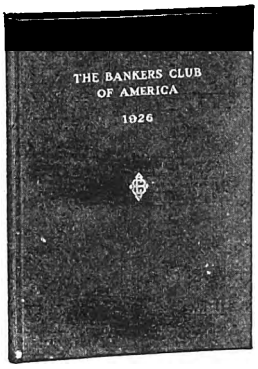
Judge Junior's Dictionary

A Heavy Date—An engagement with the most wonderful girl in the world.
Ada from Decatur—Point "8" in crap game.
Airedale—An uncouth male.
All Wet—See Wet Smack.
Apple Sauce—Bull.
Arabs—Camel smoker.
Asphalt Arab—A street corner sheik.
Barging—See Crashing; also staging a dance.
Battleship—The girl who wears corsets.
Bologna—See Applesauce.
Banana Oil—See Applesauce.
Beazle—See Flamper.
Big Dick—Point "10" in crap game.
Blimp—Girl friend.
Blind Date—An engagement with a person you've never met.
Blotto—Intoxicated.
Blue Ruin—The morning after.
Boiled—See Fried.
Bolster—The sober one who takes you home.
Box Car—"12" in crap game.
Butter and Egger—A person with lots of money who gets taken.
Chisseler—Tight-wad.
Covered Wagon—An elderly rotund woman who apes the youthful flapper.
Cowboy—Drug store loafer.
Crashing—Getting in without an invite.
Cusputt—A disagreeable person.
Dead-hoofer—A poor dancer.
Deckle-edge—Classy.
Dil or Dilly—This word is used a great deal by the "collitch" boys. It is of Arabic origin and refers to the female companion of a date.
Dinge—A colored gentleman.
Dirt—Gossip.
Dogs—Feet.
Drag—The girl you escort.
Dragout—Out-of-town party.
Drip—Some one who is "all wet."
Duck Soup—Easily beaten.
Dumbdora—Beautiful but dumb.
Earbender—Talker.
Flamper—A flapper vamp.
Flat Tire—See Wet Smack.
Flicker—A little wee "bun."
For Crying Out Loud—Ejaculation of derision.
Foxed—Fooled, taken in.
Fried—Intoxicated.
Fur Bennie—A term applying to the proverbial raccoon coat.
Get on the Ball—To go on a drunk.
Give Him the Air or the Gate—To tell the boy friend you do not wish to see him any more.
Gordon Water—Gin.
Gore—Gossip.
Half-pint—Shrimp, small, undersized.
He's a Flop—Failed to register—and I don't mean if or because—I mean it.
High—Intoxicated.
Hooey—Bull.
Hoof and Mouth—Craves dances and food.
Horning In—To present one's self without being wanted.
Hot Sock—Good dancer.
Hung Up—Delayed, detained.
Indoor Aviator—Elevator boy.
Inkwell—The girl's home you can use for a clubhouse.
Iron Hat—Derby.
It—Sex appeal.
Jimmy Hicks—Point "6" in crap game.
Jingled—See Blotto.
"Joe" College—Very collegiate.
Kibetzer—A wise guy; a spoofer.
Knock Out—Pretty girl.
Knows His Groceries—He's no fool.
Knows His Oats—Has been around (usually one who pets well).
Leapin' Lena—Flivver.
Little Joe—Point "4" in crap game.
Lousy—Synonym of rotten.
Low Down—Confidential inside news.
Luggage—Something on the hip.
Malakie—Bull.
Mexican Athlete—A person who shoots a line.
Necker—One who pets.
Nina from Madina—Point "9" in crap game.
Oil-can—One who takes nine years to complete a four-year course.
On a Bust—On a drunk.
On His Nose—See Fried.
On the Stub—Financially embarrassed; broke.
Parlor Leech—One who doesn't step out with the girl friend.
Petting—Loving.
Phoebe—Point "5" in crap game.
Posie Pusher—One who throws.
Potted—Intoxicated.
Pulled a Fast One—Slipped one over.
Ritzy—Classy.
Sheba—A female vamp.
Sheik—A male vamp.
Shellaced—Meaning intoxicated.
Shin Slopper—Poor dancer.
Sleigh-ride—A run around; the raspberry.
Snake-eyes—Two "ones" in crap.
Snifter—See Snort.
Snockered—Intoxicated.
Snooty—Anything unusually striking.
Snort—A drink.
Snow Bird—Dope user.
Snuggle-puppy—See Necker.
Sofa Pup—Davenport Hound.
Spare Tire—A girl who is asked out only when there is no one else around.
Stand-up—Failing to keep a date.
Sugar Daddy—A female's steady income.
Sugar Mamma—Sweet on all the boys.
Thin Soup—Easy to see through.
Thousand Watt—Always lit.
Tight—See Fried.
Torch—The object of one's affections.
Touchdown—A loan.
Uptown—High hat.
Wash-out—See Wet Smack.
Wet Smack—A dead one; a flat tire.
Wooden Dessert—Toothpicks.
Wooden Kimono—Coffin.
Yen—Yearning.

$2 will be paid to the first contributor of each definition used. Must be mailed not later than Christmas. 10,000,000 on hand. Have a heart?



This book lists the financial leaders of America

To five hundred of them we wrote simply "Do you read Judge?" Of all who have replied thus far

62.3% read Judge

Identical tests, already announced, of the members of four other exclusive New York Clubs show for

Yale	71.1%
Harvard	70.9%
Racquet	70.3%
Union	69.6%

Combined returns from all five clubs indicate that 68.7%, more than two-thirds, of their members now read Judge; and, in nearly every case, that their families also all read Judge.

Nearly every one of these prominent clubmen wrote that his family *all* liked Judge.

⬆ ⬆ ⬆ ⬆ ⬆

Dear Judge—I think my family would like you too.

My name is.....

I live at.....

Here are five dollars for your next fifty-two numbers.

EPILAUGHS

Abie Cohen's body
Lies here in sweet repose;
He went to court a lady
Where the River Shannon flows.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

BOW LEGS?
THIS GARTER (Pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out. Self Adjustable.
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
The T. GARTER CO. Dept. A, New London, New Hampshire

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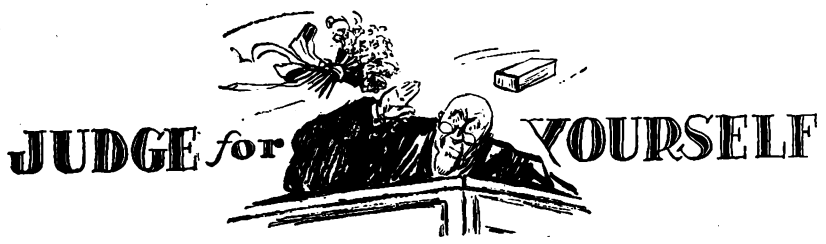

Not Mad, Is He?

JUDGE:

The humorous part of your magazine is really humorous, I'll give you credit for that, but why spoil it all by the nature of your editorials? In some respects they appear humorous to me, too, but only in as far as they show the narrow-mindedness of their writer in knocking everything that ever contributed toward the making of this great country of ours, and not only that, but then totally ignoring, as if by accident, all the forces that are constantly at work to tear down the laborious work of another generation.

But in passing I can not help but agree with one point in your last editorial, in which you admirably compare the Vare regime in Philly with Tammany Hall here.

I have moved since I first subscribed to your magazine, and did not even deem it advisable to write you of my change in address, hoping not to see the magazine again, but it followed me like a thing accursed. So please do not send me any more of your numbers, even gratis.

Truly yours,

New York, N. Y. *Geo. Brenner*
November 12, 1926.

That's the Spirit!

MY DEAR JUDGE: I happen to be another one of these constant readers who finds it in him to tolerate W. M. H. My other qualifications are that I favor Prohibition, and go to college nevertheless. Our friend "On the Bench," you may be pleased to learn, in my humble estimation did a noble deed when he laid before us, in the JUDGE of November 13, the whole business of Royalty Worship in America.

I agree with him heartily when he promulgates with his customary caustic wit, his idea of our "Roi-Mania." I fail utterly to see how any straight thinking American citizen, reformers included, can make King worship gee with our ideas of Democracy. Perhaps the Judge has gone too far in criticizing the Queen's character, but the main parts of his argument can't be removed by any amount of bigotry.

As to Mr. Houghton's ravings on the subject of Methodism, Prohibition, and the Klan, it seems to me he often steps off his own territory and demonstrates an astonishing lack of ability to change the record. But I usually read JUDGE for a laugh anyhow, and if I don't choose to take W. M. H. seriously, why shouldn't I take him as a good joke? To my way of thinking a whole crowd of people who buy JUDGE to criticize him would be far better off should they learn how to "laugh off" something that goes against the grain.

I say hurrah for free thinking and let our friend William Morris do just as he pleases! *J. S. K.*

Roslyn, Pa.
November 14, 1926.

He Craves Variety

JUDGE:

DEAR SIR: Being a constant reader of your publication and one who thoroughly enjoys reading its fine humor, I have long been rather perplexed at the inharmonious tone of your editorial page. It was becoming so I could know at a glance just what to expect in each succeeding issue, the same anti-Prohibition, anti-Methodist, anti-Koo-koo Klan, or should I say just general anti-everything *you* happen not to like. I have long cherished the hope that some day it might dawn on you that your continual rantings on the same subjects, simply a slight rehash of the same old line from week to week, would grow as stale and monotonous and tiresome to your readers as the opposite viewpoint on the same subjects have evidently grown to you and to everyone else. Continual anti-anything is as monotonous from one side as from the other. I had begun to believe you had a one-track mind, and that of very narrow gauge.

However, a few weeks back you surprised me and I feel sure a great majority of your readers as well by changing your tone and writing some really intelligent and constructive editorials on subjects which were actually foreign to your general line of attack. I congratulate you. However, I fear you are beginning to fall back into your old way. I simply want to tell you that I at least would prefer that you stay out of the old muddy and well-worn rut and give us some more of a more refreshing nature.

I am a native North Carolinian living for the past several months in Florida. I am an engineer. I sometimes have to smile at your ignorant remarks concerning the South. We expect it of you Northern editors and pay little attention to it, for it hurts nothing. You can keep your old Koo-koo Klan in the North. It's long since passed out of the South. As to the hidebound evolution-fighting, intolerant Methodist Church, which is of course more so in the South than elsewhere, I enclose the enclosed clipping as a shock to your ideas. I believe you're on the wrong track.

Now that I've got this off my chest, here's hoping you keep up your old-time humor, but for gosh sakes, give us a little variety in the editorial page!

Very truly yours,

St. Augustine, Fla. *J. C. Kirkman*
November 1, 1926.

[ED. NOTE—The clipping referred to has this heading: "Flapper and Sheik Defended by Two Methodist Leaders."]

The Sister—Captain Randall proposes in this letter. I wonder if he really loves me—he's only known me a week.

The Brother—Oh, then, perhaps he does! —*Humorist*

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DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

Contest No. 74

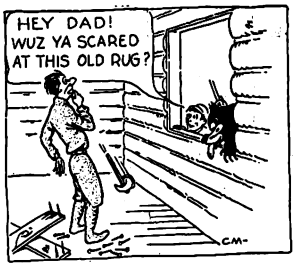
Send in your "Conclusion" in ink, on white paper, the same general shape as this space. You may draw it any size you care to.

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

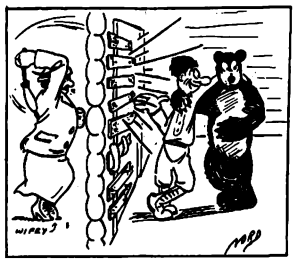
You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Mail yours to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes January 3. Winning ending appears in the issue of February 5.

Joe Pinkas,
Chicago, Ill.



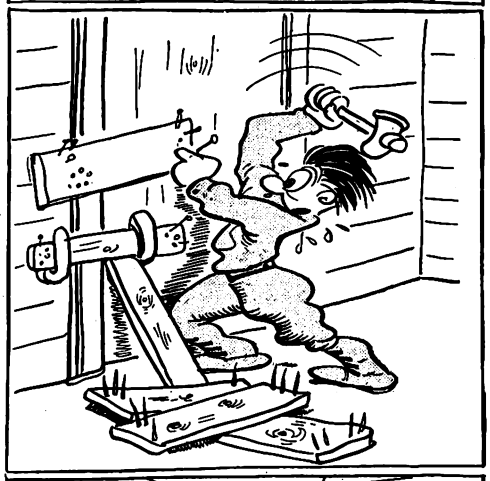
C. Molinelli,
Martinsville, Ind.



K. F. Nordling,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Above: Runners up in Contest No. 68.

Right: Winner of Contest No. 68. Henry Dodds, 16 Permilea street, St. Catharines, Ont., Canada.



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When the tree is trimmed for the great day—when the peace and good cheer of Christmas are almost here

—have a Camel!

WHEN the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children's tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow's glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire — *have a Camel!*

For to those who think of others, there is no other gift like Camels. Camel enjoyment enriches every busy day, increases the gladness in giving, makes life's anticipations brighter. Before Camel, no cigarette ever was so good. Camels are made of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste.

So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done — when you're too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow's happiness — have then the mellowest—

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.

Remember your few closest friends with a supply of Camels for Christmas Day and the days to come. Mail or send your Camel cartons early, so that they will be delivered in ample time.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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