

AP
101
.J9

JUGGLE

MARCH 14, 1925 ★

PRICE 15 CENTS

C 372867 K

PHYSICAL
CULTURE
NUMBER



Delwante

THE QUEEN OF CLUBS

WHO'S WHO IN JUDGE



FRANK HANLEY

SHAKE hands with Frank Hanley, folks! Here's a real born and raised Greenwich Villager and, in spite of it, a real nice fellow!

Frank studied at the Art Student's League in New York City and after he got through there he joined the Navy and saw the world.

While he was in Timbuctoo he happened across a copy of JUDGE and liked it so well he took the first boat back home. Ever since then he has been helping JUDGE to become even better!

“LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS”

JUDGE

WANTS TO KNOW—

WHO put the culture in the *Physical Culture Magazines*?

AND what the *Physical Culture Magazines* would do without dumb-bells?

WHY traveling salesmen always look like traveling salesmen?

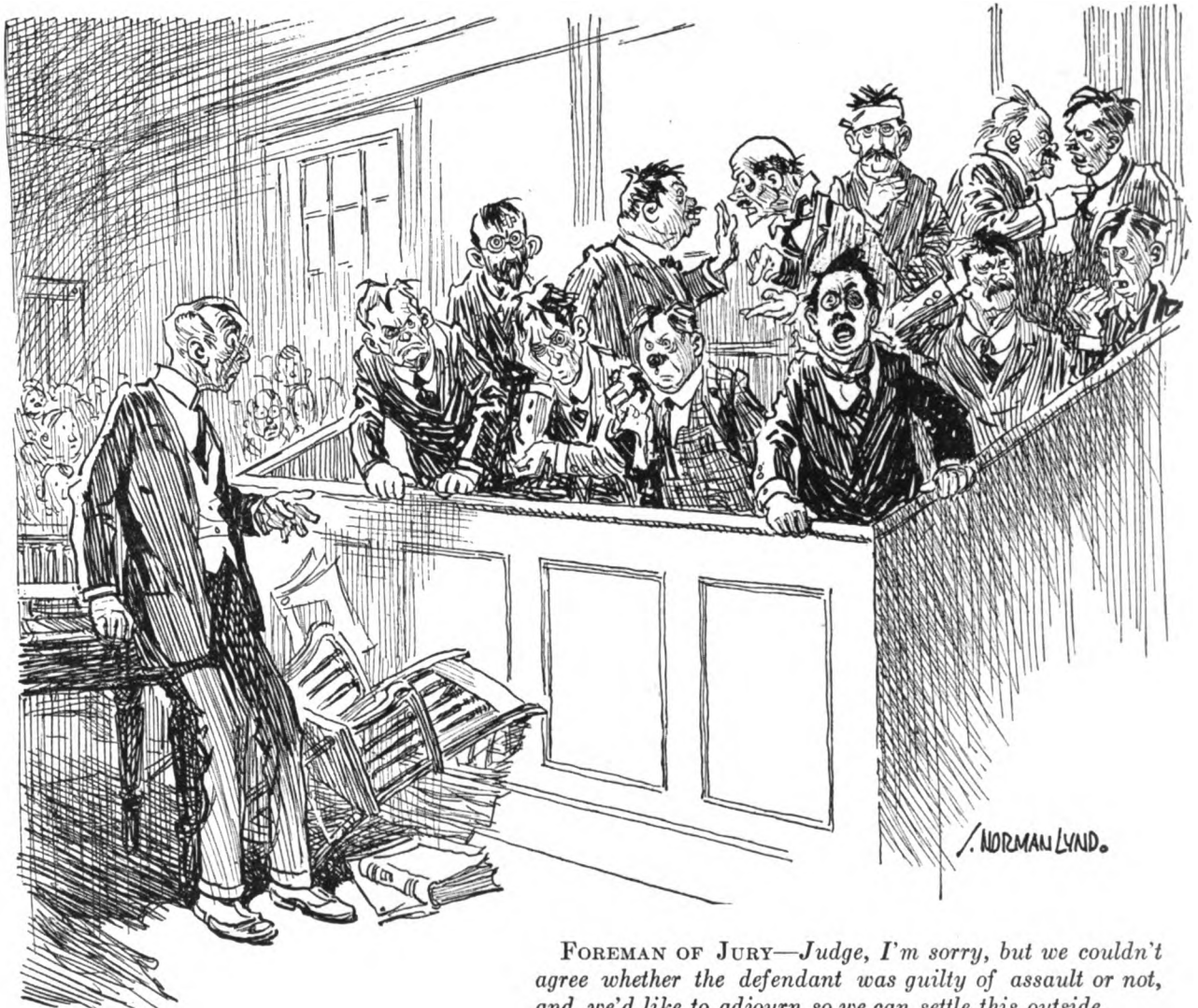
WHAT was the name of that Chinese game that everybody was playing about a year ago?

WHY people always feel so superior when they look out of the window of a dining-car?

WHY McFadden doesn't buy Muscle Shoals?

WHY anyone wants biceps like those in the physical culture ads?

WHEN they will hold a contest to decide the most popular revenue officer?



FOREMAN OF JURY—*Judge, I'm sorry, but we couldn't agree whether the defendant was guilty of assault or not, and we'd like to adjourn so we can settle this outside.*



Speaking of calisthenics—how's this stunt of father's?

Cold Showers

I HAD muscles soft and flabby,
 Was as pampered as a tabby,
 And I rarely left my habi-
 tation, unless told.
 I was frail, anæmic, slender;
 I was pale, pyæmic, tender,
 Ever willing to surrender
 To a tiny cough or cold.

Then I went to old Doc Bowers
 Who suggested icy showers
 In the chilly morning hours—
 And I took at least a score.
 I'm rheumatic now and wheezy,
 I'm lymphatic, weak and sneezy,
 Symptomatic, meek and freezy—
 Ten times sicker than before!
 A. L. L.

Records 1925 May See Shattered

C. COOLIDGE will endeavor to break the all-time laconic message record of J. Caesar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, earned him the deathless hatred of the Amalgamated Locals of Court Stenographers of his day.

Tin pan alley plans a concerted drive to lower the mammy song record and it is confidently expected that there will be less than 31,416 ditties glorifying Southern maternity published during 1925. Al Jolson has promised to co-operate by omitting all references to the Mason-Dixon Line.

The baseball world looks forward eagerly to the breaking of spring's annual tie, when sixteen major league managers consistently predict a pennant for their respective teams, the theory being that sooner or later one or more must weaken under the strain.

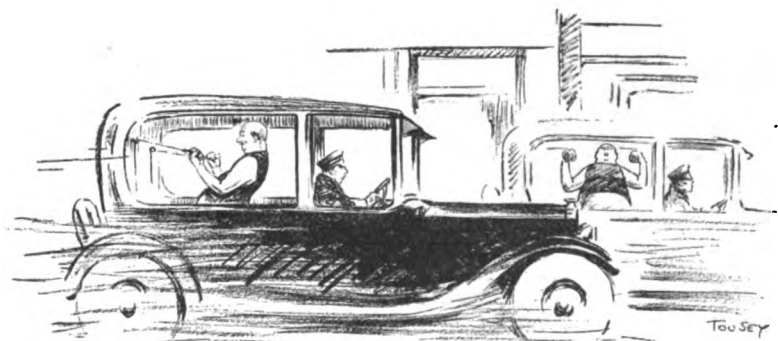
Every Hearst newspaper is on the alert to shatter the high-water mark attained when the *Evening Journal* on August 14, 1917, yielded a net displacement of twelve murders, eight suicides, fifteen holdups, seven abductions and ten breach of promise suits on page one.

Crossword puzzlers breathlessly await the publication of a brain teaser which includes less than seven of the following: Period of time, devoured, minute particle, beast of burden, be mistaken, Southern state, elongated fish, chemical symbol, girl's name, and river in Italy.

Roswell J. Powers



Crime waves also are becoming permanent.



SUGGESTION TO BUSINESS MEN

Why not save ten minutes by doing your daily dozen on the way to the office?

The Commuters' Field Day

THE five-yard sprint between Frank Gulch and R. F. Juice of the 8.05 and J. Pilstach of the 8.12, for the last seat on the 8.19, was hotly contested the entire distance up the aisle and resulted in a tie between Gulch and Juice. While the resulting dispute was being settled Mr. Pilstach secured the seat. An unidentified man, endeavoring to get off the train at that station, suffered minor contusions about the nose and forehead when he started down the aisle just as the race started.

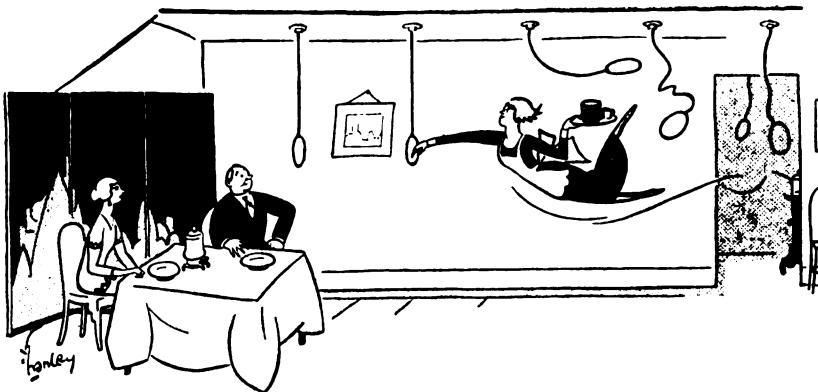
In a weight-lifting contest, inaugurated by Miss Miriam Towell of the 8.23, to see what gentleman would be kind enough to reach down her traveling bag for her from the shelf, Mr. T. Prance of the 8.23 was the lucky winner, the weight of the bag being approximately eighty-nine pounds. Dr. B. T. Beet, asleep on the inside of Miss Towell's seat, was slightly crushed when the bag became unmanageable and slipped from Mr. Prance's hands while he was lowering it to the floor.

G. J. ("Spike") McMullen of the 7.56 was victor in the handicap race for that train, covering the entire distance between the station and his home four times in a single morning, when he returned for his pipe, his keys, his commutation ticket, and finally to kiss his wife good-by. McMullen caught the train over L. Dounce, his closest rival, when the latter attempted to return home a fifth time to empty the ashes out of his furnace.

In the wrestling contest on the 8.36 between J. W. Crouch and the third window on the right in the smoking car, Crouch established the



The outdoor-sleeping fanatic takes the Twentieth Century for Chicago.



These folks get very rapid service from their maid (who is a physical culturist) by catering to a desire of hers to perform on the flying rings.

record altitude of two and seven-eighths inches before he was thrown. According to experts Crouch might have added another inch to his record but for the fact that the train rounded a curve just at that moment, causing the window to collapse on his thumb. Crouch's injury was attended in his dressing-room by jeers and hearty laughter. *Corey Ford*

Funnybones

Lots of girls have more on their cheeks than on their minds.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed

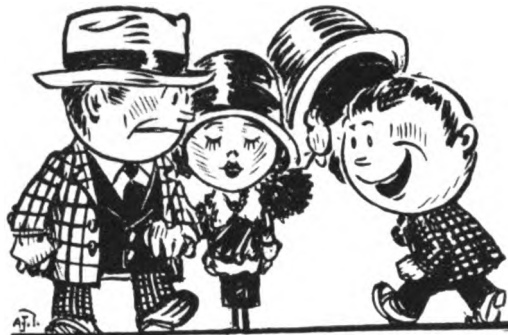
EASY EXERCISES FOR TIRED BUSINESS MEN



THE "GOING SOUTH" MOVEMENT: This exercise consists of reaching in one's pocket and pulling out money. This exercise should not be overdone, however, as it is very trying on the nerves. In fact, many people have suffered from cramps while doing it when there was a dinner check to pay.



SHAKING THE COCKTAIL: This is one of the most popular of the exercises and develops the arms and stomach muscles. Also a great neck developer.



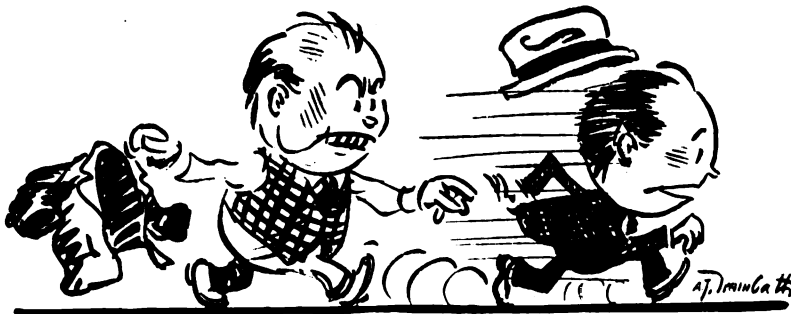
TIPPING THE HAT: This exercise can be enjoyed without taking any extra time unless you know too many girls. It is much more efficient and develops the arms much quicker if the hat used is a derby, as it is a great deal heavier to tip. This is a very dangerous exercise, though, and great care should be taken not to tip the hat to strange ladies accompanied by husbands.



TAPPING THE CIGARETTE. This exercise consists of holding a cigarette, a cork tip, if possible, as it makes it a heavier object, in the right hand, and tapping the left wrist with the cigarette. This is a great developer of the wrist and finger muscles, but should not be overdone.



TIPPING THE ELBOW: This exercise is done by simply lifting some object, a glass usually, from another object, usually a bar or table to the lips and back again. If done often enough each day the results are amazing. Followers of this exercise claim they experience immediate strength and exhilaration. In fact, one man after doing this exercise conscientiously one afternoon, went home and beat up his wife.



THUMBING THE NOSE: This old-fashioned exercise, which is simply lifting the hand up, placing the thumb against the nose and wriggling the fingers, is good for leg development and the wind, especially if there happens to be another person around when you are exercising and he is bigger than you are.

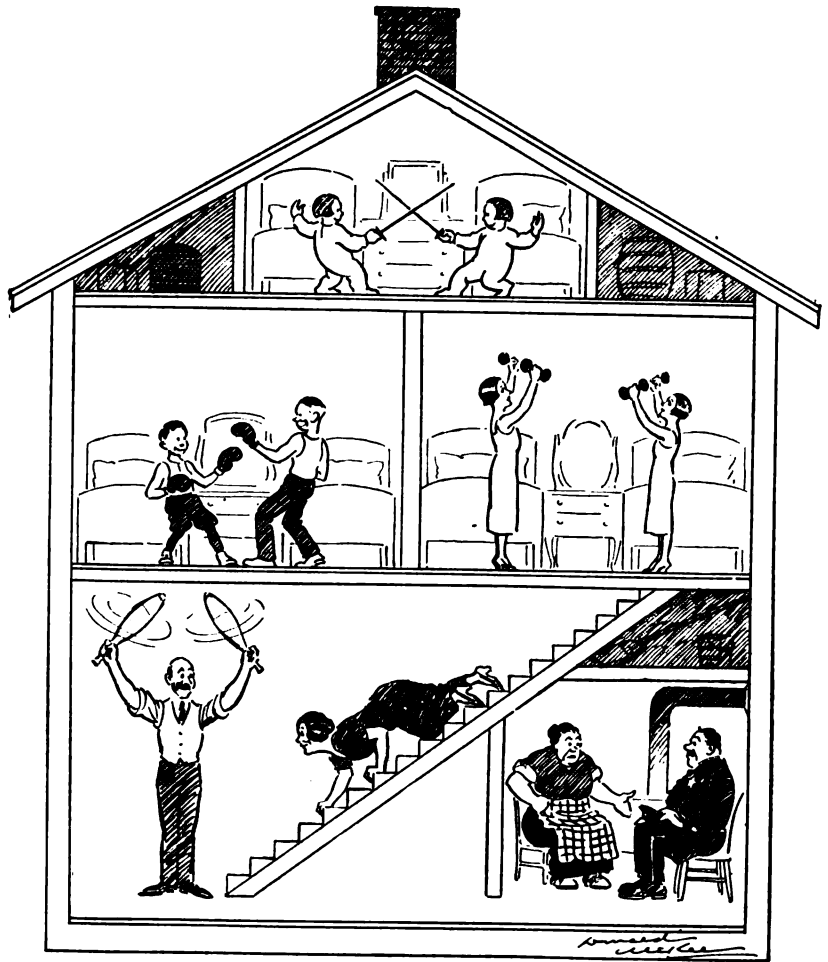
Dizzyrhythmics

There was a young clothier named Spiegel
 Made business connections with Siegel;
 They stocked up with light goods
 Made money on white goods—
 And now they're called Kleagle & Kleagle! A. L. L.

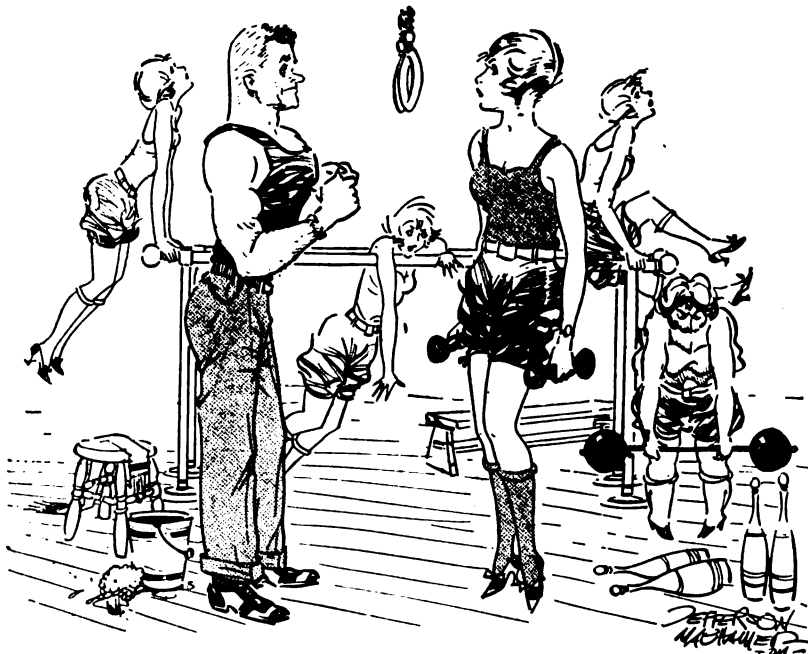
Mexican D. A. R.

"Who is that distinguished looking lady?"
 "That is Señora Alcatraz Juan de Mendoza Ortega Arrellaga Cota Guterrez de la Guerra."
 "And what are all of the badges, buttons and ribbons she wears?"
 "Oh, she is a Daughter of the Hundred and Forty-eight Revolutions."

KRAZY KRACKS
 "Give me a sentence with the word
 Quantity"
 "Aw, quantity really?"
 Judge will pay \$5 for each crazy crack printed.



COOK—I think I'll be leavin' before a family row breaks out in this house!



PHYSICAL DIRECTOR—Now inhale deeply.
 MISS SHAPELEIGH—Sorry—I haven't a cigarette on me!

Quizzical Culture

I LOVE to see the shiny gleam
 Of winter suns on slender skis,
 Or see folks on an ice-locked stream
 Go skating in their B.V.D.'s.
 It thrills me, too, when I behold
 Intrepid winter bathers who
 In bathing suits defy the cold
 And with the flu play peek-a-boo.

I love to view the huntsman, too,
 Go stalking on an icy waste
 To shoot at deer or caribou—
 Such things exactly suit my taste
 On zero Sunday mornings when
 They bring to me the magazines,
 And, lolling in my cozy den,
 I thrill at all these outdoor scenes!

Arthur L. Lippmann

Funnybones

"That's something to blow about,"
 said the farmer as the cyclone
 carried off his wife.

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



The strong man of our factory basketball team gets player and ball confused.



"Go 'head, Ezry, it's your move."

"Durn it, wot's the rush? I hevn't got rested from movin' thet other checker, yit."

I Know a Girl—

SHE thinks euchre is an exclamation of contempt and disgust, that parcheesi is an old widower who is about to marry Mah Jongg, and that hearts is a game for two played in a darkened room or on the top of a bus, but she just dotes on little informal parties where one plays games and does as one pleases.

I asked her if she was familiar with the latest bridge developments and she replied that she'd seen a number of pictures of new ones being opened, in news reels at the movies in the past few weeks, but that she really wasn't interested in that sort of thing.

She told me that she's passionately fond of crossword puzzles. She thinks that they are such a mental stimulant. (As if anything were powerful enough to stimulate her mind.) She's quite proud of the fact that she completed a whole puzzle once.

As a matter of fact she's passionately fond of almost everything. The word passion is, in truth, her pet passion. She uses love and passion as if they were a team like corn beef and cabbage or Gallagher and Shean.

She thinks charades are made on cabarets for selling liquor illegally, that cribbage is the period in a person's life between nothing and three years, that whist is an Irish expression, but she doesn't know what it means and that anagrams are a new means of rapid communication.



'The slack wire performer takes a stroll in the country.

If you ever meet her she'll tell you you dance heavenly and then suggest sitting out the next one. Don't be offended. Do as she suggests. She sits out dances very well. *Carroll*

Protection?

New Boarder—Say, what kind of table do they set here?

Old Ditto—Oh, all right, I suppose. We have chicken every morning.

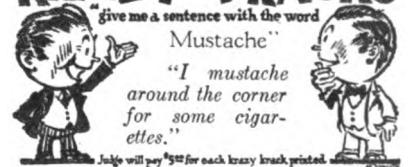
"Chicken every morning? How is it served?"

"In the shell."



Physical culture family, grazing.

KRAZY KRACKS



Judge will pay \$25 for each crazy crack printed.



AMATEURS



The champion cross-country walker goes shopping with his wife.

A Castle in the Air

A Romance of the Theater

THE calisthenic soda clerk was looking for a mate to share his lonesome bachelorhood before it was too late—to rest him in the evening after hurried hectic days of brewing chocolate malted milks and slinging out frappés.

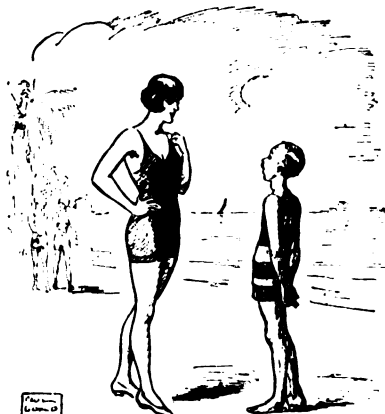
A famous female juggler, yet withal a simple maid, sauntered to his fountain for a lime and lemonade, watched him juggle dishes with a surreptitious thrill, marveled at his sleight-of-hand and tumbler tumbling skill. A wearied soda fountain clerk in center aisle, row A, viewed the gentle jugglerette that evening at the play. He saw her spiral crockery with understanding stare and chuckled at her deft control with objects in the air.

He radiated harmony—a secret joy was his thereafter as exultantly he drew his foaming fizz; he polished tarnished silver and he paced the dampish floor with a lithesome, blithesome attitude he never showed

Funnybones

*Woman is a flood of loveliness.
Dam her.*

Judge will pay \$5 for each one printed



WHAT PHYSICAL CULTURE CAN ACCOMPLISH

The man has exercised two hours a day, all his life, while the girl has done nothing but dance and smoke cigarettes.

before. One evening in the twilight he removed his little cap, hung away his apron, took a beautifying nap, pressed his narrow trousers, took a squirt of lilac smell and called upon the jugglerette—the rest I needn't tell!

She juggles plates of oatmeal now and tosses scrambled eggs. She twirls upon her pugsy nose the kitchen table's legs. She flips her famous flapjacks with a topsyturvy grace that brings contented laughter to her happy hubby's face. Their family life is beautiful; devoid of any squalls, they snuggle as they juggle fruit and countless rubber balls. Compatible in temperament, new twists and turns they hatch, a whirling, twirling couple and a most successful match.

Arthur L. Lippmann

It Takes Two!

Winkler—How can I keep postage stamps from sticking together?

Blinkler—Buy 'em one at a time!



The physical culturists who wanted the luxury of a car, but who didn't want to give up walking, have a special model designed for them

The Absorbing Adventures of Professor Blotter

PROFESSOR BLOTTER has at last invented a self-bailing pipe for fishermen who keep the stem between their teeth all day. The success of this invention was so instantaneous that the famous scientist has been encouraged to devote his attention to other problems which face the disciples of Izaak Walton.

It was while on a fishing expedition in Florida that Blotter stumbled on the invention of Blotter bait, that ingenious artificial worm which is made entirely of dynamite. According to the professor, the fish swallows the worm, the angler hits the fish over the head with an oar immediately afterwards, and the results are usually very satisfactory. The professor says that the consequences of such a fishing expedition sometimes prove quite shocking.

But it was his capture of the india rubber fish that gave Blotter the greatest thrill on his little expedition. It seems this extraordinary



"Good Lord, Brown, you look like a pretzel! Why don't you see an osteopath and get put right?"

"That's it I've just come from one!"



fish protects itself from capture by a most ingenious method. Whenever it swallows a hook, it immediately puts its tail in its mouth, turns itself inside out and extracts the hook; it then swims rapidly backwards until it turns itself outside in again, and flits off among the water hyacinths, lightly touching its fin to its nose.

"I was out shooting flying fish along the Indian River," said Blotter, "and owing to the enthusiastic cooperation of a number of trained dogfish who were not only excellent pointers but also very eager to fetch and carry, I had soon bagged a considerable number. At this moment I saw the fish I particularly desired.

"Hook and bait proved of no avail and I was in despair when an inspiration occurred to me. Seizing a pocket mirror I tied it on the end of my line and lowered it to the fish. The fish glanced into the mirror and saw for the first time how a fish looks, and immediately laughed himself to death. I gathered him in with a net." Corey Ford



The half-hour in the subway need not be wasted.

As One Car to Another

"MY DEAR! So glad I ran into you! And how well you're looking! What a beautiful finish you have on!"

"Do you really like it? I got it at a new paint shop—De Ceau's. They're awfully expensive. Henry overheated frightfully when I told him the price. He fairly boiled."

"I must try De Ceau's. I really haven't a decent finish to my name. How is Henry, by the way?"

"Oh, he's having a touch of his old carbon trouble, but the garage man thinks a short rest will remove it."

"I hope so. I know what it is to have a sick husband around the house. Will's carburetor has been bothering him—he tanked up on some vile gasoline last week—and my dear! His temper! He snorts and backfires all day long."

"Before I forget it, have you seen that Mercereau woman? My dear, the airs she puts on since she got that winter top!"

"Really? I haven't seen her. I haven't been anywhere for ages. We were going to the Motor Show, but Will was taken out of town."

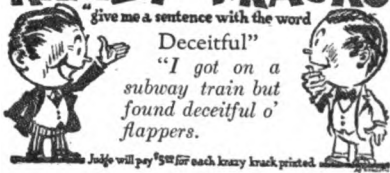
"Yes, I missed you there. Kitty Baker was there with her two little Light Sixes. They're such dears! And I wish you could have seen the paint job that Crash woman had on. The most hideous stripes! As I told



"What's the matter with Hazzard? He goes around with such a hang-dog air lately."

"Oh, he's been taking golf lessons and that's the result of the pro's instructions to keep his head down."

KRAZY KRACKS



Henry, if that's her idea of style, she'd better go to jail."

"Ann Smith-Knight is lots heavier since she came back from the Coast. She's getting to look like a limousine. I told her she'd better start rolling."

"Did you hear about Mary Youngsmobile? She had one of those operations to remove extra fat—she went to the Mayo garage—and they cut her down to a speedster."

"I must go and see her. I really think I ought to have something done about my balloon tires. Oh, here's a new filling station! Let's drop in and have a bite!"

John C. Emery

Spring Song

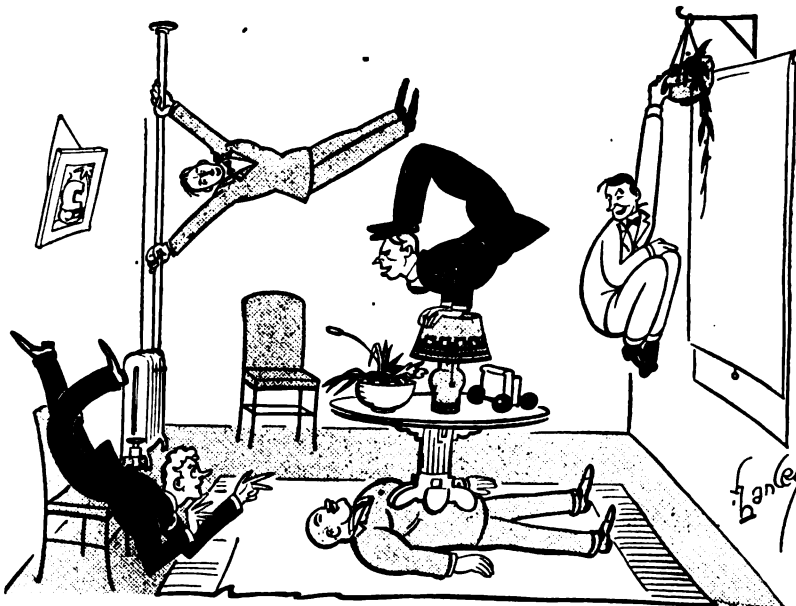
WITH a showing of roses,
A blowing of noses,
A blooming of bonnets,
A gushing of sonnets—
With a running of saps
And a shooting of craps;
With a haberdash flash
And a thawing of cash;
With a neigh and a whinny, a musical moo—

A colourous heluva hullabaloo—
With jingles and glees and mad unreason,

Winter springs—

The vernal season!

Cyril B. Egan



A physical culturist spends a quiet evening at home, with a few congenial friends.

LAUGHS from the SHOWS



Keith's

"Give me a sentence with the word
Tango."
"Tango rain no more!"



"Rose Marie"

"How did you happen to marry him?"
"Why, when he proposed I didn't have
sense enough to come in out of the moon."



Ted and Al Waldman—Palace

"They call her electricity.
Her mother's name was Dina
and her father's name was
Moe."

Drama du Jour by George Jean Nathan

I

A PLAY with the name of
"Tangletoes" is hardly the
kind to make a reviewer
cut his dinner short at the con-
sommé in his enthusiasm to get
to the theater on time. It is too
suspiciously suggestive of the
sweet little orphan school of
drama. When, therefore, a play
with that title was recently an-
nounced for the Thirty-ninth
Street Theater, your obedient
servant may be forgiven for hav-
ing looked forward to the adven-
ture with all the hot eagerness of
an Eskimo for a dish of ice cream.

(Continued on page 28)

Fannie Brice and Bobby Clark
in "The Music Box"

Fannie Brice—Was the sub-
way crowded?

Bobby Clark—Subway? Stick
to your period, babe.

"What is a period to a
questionable woman?"

If Congress Broadcasted

STATION CGRS

Wave-length: 567 Kilocycles
Output Equivalent to 300 Gas
Meters

1 P.M. Congressman Gooseberry, of Pumpkins Corners, in an educational little talk entitled, "The Value of Free Seeds in Their Relation to My Re-election."

2 P.M. "More Chewing Tobacco for Congressmen," an eloquent appeal on behalf of the neglected legislators.

3 P.M. The proceedings of the great congressional investigation into the activities of the Trombone Trust. Congressman Schmidt will grill the witnesses, who will include several famous chefs and an unknown butcher with a good deal of steak.

4 P.M. Congressman Kinselman will imitate birds and beasts of the forest, including among others, the call of the voter bird, the vote pecker, usually found pecking around the polls; the red-breasted repeater, a little furry friend of Congressmen, and many other little helpful creatures.

5 P.M. "The Boon of the Bootlegger," an educational talk by the Ways and Means Committee.

6 P.M. "Keep Coolidge," a poem recited by Robert Tervis, twenty-two-year-old boy Congressman. Accompaniment on the Dawes Pipe Organ by the Vice-president.

7 P.M. Talk by Congressman Teazole of the hat-checking committee. "The Influence of Halitosis on the Next Election," followed by



"Boy, wheah at is youah mouf organ? Ah likes music wif mah meals."



"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

"Inferiority Complexes I have found on the Amazon."

8 P.M. Dinner music direct from the congressional lunch room. The program will include, among other selections, "Brown October Bail," from Robin Good; "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," by William J. Bryan; "Alexander's Ragtime Gland," by Doctor Copeland of New York, and "I Can't Get the One I Want," by Canon Chase.

Arthur L. Lippmann

Without Reservation

I pleaded, I begged and in utter despair

My purse and my heart opened wide;

And yet all I got was a vacuous stare,
So I fell on his desk and I cried:

"Have mercy, oh, master, don't callously smirk

And plunge this poor heart into gloom"—

And finally I softened the hard-hearted clerk

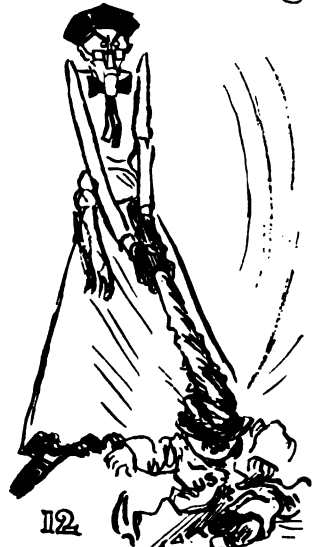
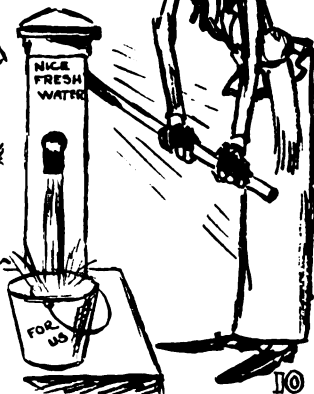
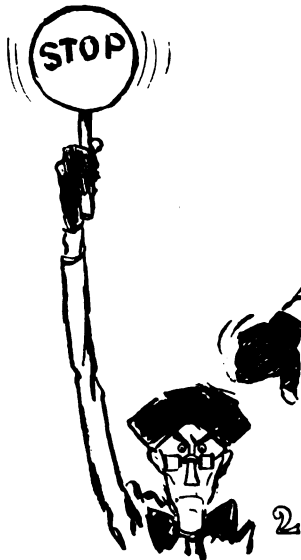
And he gave me a three-dollar room!

Hints to Parents

If you wish to hear frequently from your children at school, give them a small allowance. That is, if you desire to hear directly. If you prefer to hear from them indirectly, give a large allowance.



The physical culturist's son puts the baby to sleep.



AUNTY EVERYTHING'S DAILY DOZEN



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

JUDGE is grieving and sick at heart, for an inspiring power and joy has gone out of our lives.

William Green, our chief, chairman of our board, our pal, has passed on suddenly. At the height of his powers, with his marvelous personality and capacity at the full.

Every fine quality that we idealize in a man—honesty, intelligence, courage, wisdom, independence, steadfast loyalty, generosity, extreme lovability—all who knew him will tell you, he possessed to a rare degree. And that's the simple truth. Under his rough, blunt exterior of handsome homeliness was a heart of gold. He was distinguished in any gathering.

We who knew him well, from laboring beside him, day after day, year after year, through disappointments and triumph, know beyond question that William Green was a great man; a great and patriotic American, a penetrating thinker, an unusually able manufacturer, a great printer. His broad shoulders were always willing and able to shoulder another's troubles. His quick, keen, honest mind was ready to tackle the hardest problems. His staunch courage feared no man-made obstacles.

His mind was simple and always true; his heart was vast and always there.

Square and frank with men, gentle and tender with little children, a perfect sportsman, William Green was one of God's own.

To work with William Green was a privilege.

To play with William Green was a great joy.

We have never known and never hope to know a finer, bigger, broader, squarer man.

Your aims, ideals, and memory will always shine brightly with us. Good-by and God bless you, W. G.!

DOUGLAS COOKE

The Day of Days

THE authorities we have consulted differ as to whether St. Patrick's Day is the anniversary of the Saint's birth or of his death. One, for whom we have the greatest respect, explained that the fathers of the Church were in doubt whether he was born on the 8th or the 9th of March, so they added the two dates together and got the 17th.

In any case, he picked an inconvenient season of the year for whatever happened to him on that date. And right here let us remark that there seems to have been a conspiracy among the sacred heroes of history to be born when the going is bad. Christmas, Lincoln's Birthday,

Washington's Birthday, St. Patrick's Day all squeeze themselves in between the winter solstice and the vernal equinox, and it isn't exactly fair.

Another thing. Largely through its association with the 17th of March, most of us think of Ireland as a perpetually cold, damp place. And many of us have a painful mental picture of St. Patrick in his bare feet and sandals, wading through icy slush as he drives the snakes before him. This isn't good for Emerald Island real estate. Now, if he had been born in the good old summer time. . . . But they never are!

Kerplunkett No. 2

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES P. PLUNKETT celebrated Washington's Birthday by addressing the Sons of the Revolution as follows:

"The way things are being published now, I can see where the time will come when we will have to muzzle the press. There is a great deal in the press to-day to poison the minds of the public."

This is the same Admiral Plunkett who made a feeble gesture some months ago toward censoring the play, "What Price Glory?" He objected, among other things, to the swearing of the marines in it. But some one wrote to the *New York World* that the Admiral once displayed to great advantage an altogether lurid vocabulary of his own—when he got some naval guns mounted on flat cars up to the front in France, only to find they were pointed the wrong way, and not a turntable in the province!

Small wonder he wants the press muzzled.

Depend upon it, the play or book that is prominently advertised as clean is also sterile.

Typical

IT is quite typical of the sorriest, most inept Congress in the history of the country not only that it should vote to raise its own salaries but also that it should dodge a roll call in doing so. It may be that *real* Senators and Representatives are worth \$10,000 a year. But as for most of the present incumbents, all they have is a nuisance value. To get our money's worth out of them, we ought to pay them \$10,000 a year to keep away from the Capitol.

The U. S. Transport Beaufort arrived recently with forty cases of whisky and a large quantity of rum aboard. And yet there are some who would scrap the Navy!

W. M. H.



IF THIS PHYSICAL CULT



URE STUFF KEEPS UP



"Young man, don't you know you oughtn't to smoke cigarettes."
 "Lady, I figure I've got to sow my wild oats sooner or later."

DEMON NICOTINE

by Don Herold

THE anti-tobacco agitators forget that there is considerable pain in being a person. This is something that I was not going to mention as long as I live, but it seems that the time has come for us to stand up and assert our agonies.

There are mornings when the thought of my after-breakfast cigar is the only thing that enables me to bear up through the 575 mechanical operations of finding my bed slippers, through the 1,598 mechanical operations of shaving and bathing, and through the 321 mechanical operations of eating breakfast. I hate to break down like this, but it just seems here lately that things have been too much.

The anti-tobacco leaders have had a meeting in Washington and have come out with jaws re-set against nicotine. They are going to get it if possible. They are even going to stop billboard cigarette advertising if they can. Yes, they are after nicotine *right* this time.

(Let me mention here, by way of solace, a sweet and humorous and comforting book, "The Burning Shame of America," with text by Richard J. Walsh and pictures by George J. Illian, and published at \$1 by William Rudge, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—a handbook of easy reference for platform speakers against the evils of tobacco—as deft a piece of kidding the reformers as

has come to my nicotined attention in many months.)

Well, now it seems to me that the anti-nicotiners have lost sight of the fact that life was either a colossal accident in the first place or that it has got pretty far out of God's hands, and that in either case it calls for a cigar or cigarette or at least chewing gum—some little vice to help us forget. (I hate to be like this.)

Do you ever for a moment suppose that God, way back there,
 (Continued on page 30)

Choose Your Career Now!

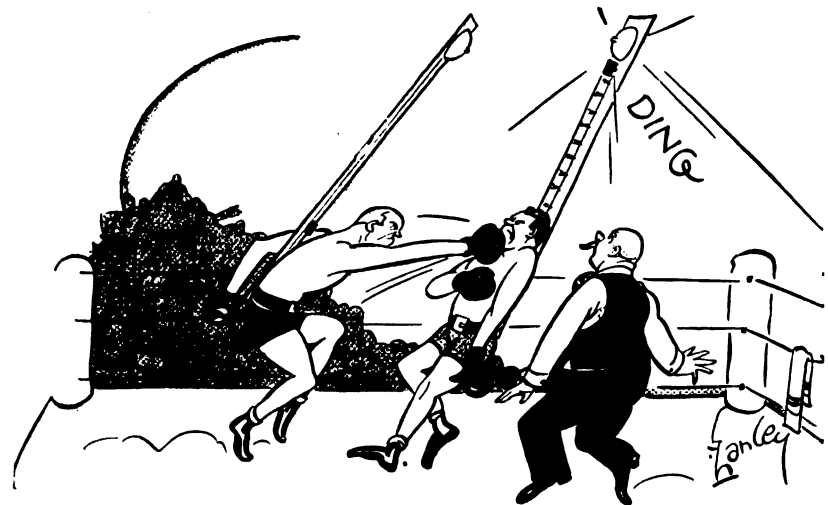
IF THE young man is thinking about becoming an artist, he must make sure first of a romantic strain in his nature, wear a smock, and be fond of sipping tea. He will seek continually to express himself (usually collect) and will hang his studio with magenta curtains, because he feels he has a purple soul. If two or more artists gather together the group is called a colony, and is taken up by wealthy society matrons who are also trying to express themselves. Once the artist finds a new way of painting the New York Harbor in rhomboids and concentric circles, using melted tar, they will all organize together and call it a School of Expression.

Directions for Artists

After the young artist has grown old enough to stop biting the eraser off the end of his lead pencil and swallowing it, his fingers will itch to draw things. He will draw trains of cars and chimneys with curlicue smoke on the inside of his geography book, and on billboards, and all over the tablecloth if any, and on the walls inside telephone booths. In fact he will draw everything but attention and a salary.

At twenty-nine he will starve to death in a garret. This last is inevitable. There is only one way to avoid it; don't go into garrets.

Corey Ford



Prevent fake fights and bluffing. Instrument to register force of blow, so fighters can't fool fans.



IN THE YEAR 2000—A FUTURE HEALTH FARM

JUDGE REMARKS



The New Yorker—"Not edited for the old Lady in Dubuque."

Tch! tch! Such filial disloyalty!

Dorothy Perkins—"Listen to what your mother and father tell you and stay away from married men."

Why not bachelors, too?

Assemblyman Hackenburg, of New York—"The reform business has become well organized. A good many people are doing it not in the spirit in which they make people believe they are—the spirit of 'Onward Christian Soldiers'—but the great hymn they sing is 'Every little bit added to what you've got.' I want to stop the cashier register reformer."

You rang the bell that time, Brother Hackenburg!

"The public is turning away from jazz," says WEAF chief.

The jazz shows seem to be turning them away, too!

Dr. C. S. Pabst, Civil Service Commission—"Bootleg booze is responsible for spread of facial blemishes."

Well, we'll bet there isn't a revenue officer in the country with a clear complexion!

From call for national anti-tobacco congress—"Every student in all public and private schools should be taught the truth about tobacco."

Ask Dad—he knows!

Lady Astor—"When two people of different nationalities marry, the woman usually gets her own way."

There are three superfluous words in this sentence, see if you can find them.

District Attorney Banton—"Eugene O'Neill's a great damn fool. That's what I think of him."

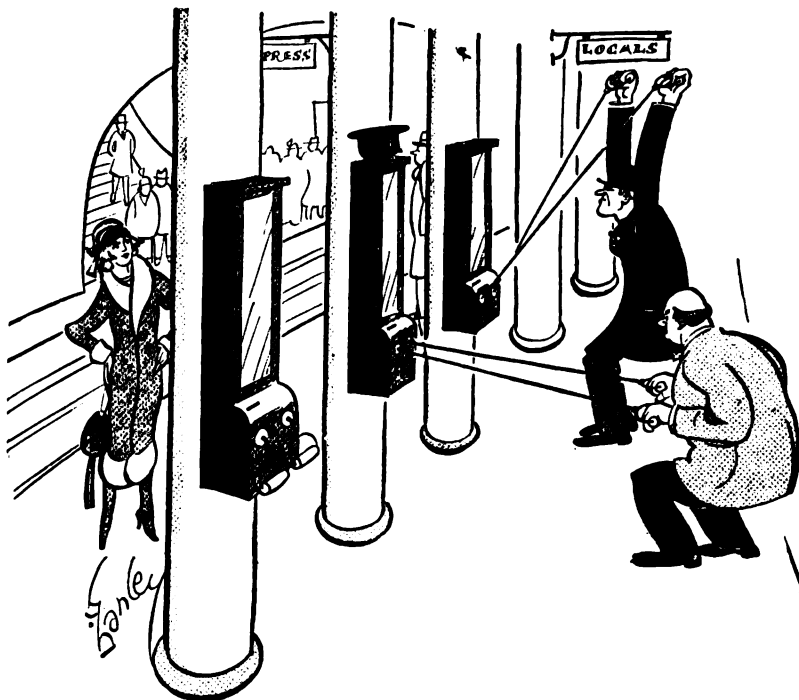
The quintessence of praise, considering the source!

Lieut. Gov. Lowman—"New York is now known as the bootleggers' paradise, but it will not always be thus."

Probably not, the competition is too keen.

Amy Lowell—"The poet must learn his trade in the same manner and with the same painstaking care as the cabinetmaker."

Some poets are born cabinetmakers.



Exercisers instead of gum machines on stations. Insert penny and release handles. Take your daily dozen while you wait for the train.

The Reel Stuff

By Carroll Carroll

The Edward Everett Hale Storm

THE Ku Klux Klan, The Elks, The Kiwanians, The Amalgamated Baseball Fans of the World, Local Union Number 82, and all other organizations who say that talking about the United States won't get you anywhere ought

to go and see "The Man Without a Country." Just a couple of words got Lieutenant Nolan sent all over the world and a Grand William Fox superpresentation on Broadway with flags out in front just as if it were St. Patrick's Day or Yom Kippur.

Anybody who's been thinking (and not many people have lately) that "Flaming Youth" is our national yarn can take my word for it they've been terribly mistaken. "A Nation's Love Story" (you've sure got to hand it to these

movie chaps for coining phrases) is what these seven or eight spools of celluloid are lovingly called by their fond producer.

Well, you see it was this way. It seems there was a guy named Nolan and he said he

didn't think the United States was so hot (that was because he'd never been to California before) and then the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce said why didn't he go back "from whence he came," but as he hadn't come from any-

where special except his mammy's arms they put him on a ship and he spent the rest of his life with the bootleggers out there where they park their gins.

Pretty soon Nollie's mother (I always used to call him that for short) began putting candles in the window which "cast their little rays of love out across the water," then the door blew open and in walks a vision of Nollie doing such

terrible acting that it kills his poor old mammy.

But the picture does point a moral. It simply goes to show how a fellow can waste his golden opportunity. If Nollie had only been alive to his chances, knocking around

the world the way he did and picking up languages, he could have easily gotten a job in some twelve easy lesson language school and made something like a fortune or less.

If you have a choice between Chu Chin Chow and Lon

Chaney in "The Monster," you'll find the latter farce-superior to the former. (Ha-ha! Ha-ha!!)

The Movie Fan's Daily Dozen

Greed—Life, love and the pursuit of sloppiness.

Isn't Life Wonderful?—Pollyanna with a German accent.

Inez from Hollywood—A Lewis Stone's throw in the wrong direction.

The Wages of Virtue—Oh, come now! Isn't that a misprint?

The Lost World—Some very large animals in a very little plot.

Peter Pan—"Do you believe in fairies?"

Charley's Aunt—Well they laughed and laughed and laughed!

Quo Vadis—The home life and habits of Mr. Nero of Rome.

The Parasites—One of them.

Dante's Inferno—Hell's belles.

The Thief of Paradise—Let's see, which one is this?

The Last Laugh—And the laugh's on our American producers!



Father takes the ashes out of the furnace

Daughter fries the eggs

Mother does the washing

Brother shines his shoes

Little sister goes to school

The physical culture family.



THE TURNING POINT

INSPIRED WIFE—Lucius, why don't you send the palette to the exhibition instead of the picture?



"What is logic, anyway?"
 "Why, logic is that stating of things
 you know in language you don't recog-
 nize."
 —YALE RECORD

Watch Out!

"Reminds me of the smallest man
 in Caesar's army—the chap who
 slept on his watch, you know."
 "Hell, that's only a fairy tale."
 "How come?"
 "Sounds to me like another 'once
 upon a time' story."
 —Washington Dirge

"Not many people can do this,"
 said the magician as he turned his
 Ford into a lamp-post.
 —S. California Wampus



"What d'ye say, little lady—I'll give
 you a nickel for a kiss?"
 "No, thank you, I can make more
 taking castor oil."
 —CENTRE COLONEL



"The bearded lady of Ringling
 Bros. circus recently died on Staten
 Island leaving a wife and five chil-
 dren."
 —N. Y. Medley

May—Mother says the hose I
 bought to-day are shocking.
 Low—I don't see why.
 "Guess it's because I had them
 charged."
 —Centre Colonel



"Out, out, damned spot! If it
 wasn't for you, the word would be
 'potato.'"
 —STANFORD CHAPARRAL

Cruel Words

"Why so angry?"
 "Jack just called me over the
 phone."
 "What did he call you?"
 —Texas Ranger

Waiters are either fools or humor-
 ists when they bring in a glass of milk
 after extract of beef has been
 ordered.
 —Hamilton Royal Gaboon

Now is the time to buy your ther-
 mometers. They will be higher in
 the summer.
 —Williams Purple Cow

Under the swinging street car strap
 The homely coed stands,
 And stands, and stands, and stands,
 and stands,
 And stands, and stands, and stands.
 —Denver Parakeet

Her—I'd never invest in that
 bank, I don't think it's safe.
 Him—What's the matter with it?
 "The cashier always keeps his hat
 on."
 —Oklahoma Whirlwind

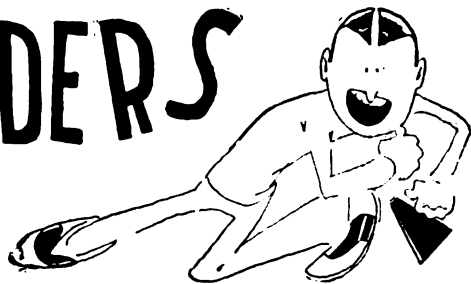
First Kafult—Oi, but I'm in dis-
 tress.
 Wilhelm—Zounds, but did'st think
 that thou would'st cavort around
 naked?
 —Colgate Banter

He—What kind of shoes do you
 think I ought to wear with these
 golf hose?
 She—Hip boots.
 —Colorado Dodo



"Is Mary out for athletics?"
 "No; athletes."
 —WEST VIRGINIA MOONSHINE

LEADERS



"Mr. Elman, you fool, you're off the key!"
 "There, there, Professor Bach, don't fly off the Handel."
 —DARTMOUTH JACK O'LANTERN

Cheese It

"Do you know how rats get in here?"
 "Naw."
 "Yes, that's right."
 —Penn Punch Bowl



Black and Blue.
 —STANFORD CHAPARRAL

He—Let's pet.
 She (very innocent)—All right.
 What shall we pet?
 —Hamilton Royal Gaboon

"Rastus, I'm sorry to hear you've buried your wife."
 "Boss, ah just had to—she was dead."
 —Wesleyan Wasp

Teacher—Tommie, give me a sentence using the word "diadem."
 Tommie—People who drink corn diadem sight quicker than those who don't.
 —Oklahoma Whirlwind

Speed

"George, I'll give you a pint of Scotch if you'll hurry over to my house and get my grip. Hurry now. . . . What! Haven't you gone yet?"
 "Gone? Boss, I's back!"
 —Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket

Of troubles connubial, jars and divorce,
 This, we believe, is the fruitfulest source:
 A man falls in love with a dimple or curl,
 Then foolishly marries the entire girl.
 —Princeton Tiger

The Dead Flame

Kaydet—How's tricks?
 Kaydet—Oh, she's married. I have another one now.
 —V. M. I. Sniper

"This is another viewpoint on a subject of interest," thought the keyhole to itself.
 —M. I. T. Voo Doo



FROSH—How come all profs have baggy knees?
 SOPH—They get that way from callin' the roll.
 —WASH. STATE COUGAR'S PAW

"Hold that line," yelled the wash-woman as the pulley began to squeak.
 —Carnegie Puppet

Jim—It must have been hard for you to get a kiss from Mary.
 Jam—Yes, but she submitted to pressure.
 —N. Y. Medley



GEORGE—I wonder why Edith doesn't smile any more when she says good-morning to me on the street?
 EMILY—Edith has no sense of proportion. She's afraid if she lets herself go that far she'd laugh outright.
 —PRINCETON TIGER

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days



T. S. Sullivan in *Judge*, 1902.

THE DIFFERENCE

PAT—I say, Dutchy! Phot's th' difference bechune a man wid a cold in his head and Jim Jeffries?

HANS—Ach! Vun off dem has someding in his het unt der udder vun has not!

“No, Dutchy; yer 'way off. Wan ov thim blows his nose and the other wan knows his blows!”



Carl Anderson in *Judge*, 1910.

“WHY SMITH LEFT HOME”

“Have you no home, my poor man?”

“Yes; but I got a wife in it.”

Nibbs—I said something to my wife the other day and she hasn't spoken to me since.

Henpeck (eagerly)—Can you remember what you said?

—*Judge*, 1905

Office Boy—There was a fellow here that wanted to lick you.

Boss—What did you say to him?
“I said I was sorry but you weren't in.”

—*Judge*, 1907

They say he's the flower of his family,

But swiftly it comes to your mind
The brand that is thus represented
Is not of the self-raising kind.

—*Judge*, 1903

New York Merchant—Pardon me, sir, but I guess you didn't understand that we only sell goods strictly “spot cash.”

Philadelphia Buyer—Well, excuse me, but I thought you knew that “thirty days” is spot cash in Philadelphia.

—*Judge*, 1904

Pollyanna Takes to Crime

"POLLYANNA of the Bloody Hatchet—to the bar!"

Smiling, the little glad girl with the gory hands took the stand.

"Pollyanna," growled the judge, "you are accused of passing ten bad checks upon members of your family! Is this true?"

"Your honor," piped Pollyanna, "it is, and it is not! It is true that I passed a check for a million dollars on my poor deceased mamma, as likewise some million dollar checks upon my poor defunct papa and grandma and grandpa and uncle and aunt and sister and brother respectively. But that they were bad checks, I deny; they were goodie-goodie-good checks—goodie-goodie, better-besty checks!" Joyously Pollyanna clapped her hands.

"We shall prescind from their goodie-goodiness," snorted the magistrate, "and proceed to a more serious charge. Is it true, Pollyanna, that you beheaded in their beds the several members of your family?"

"Oh, yes, your honor," agreed Polly eagerly, as she ticked off her decapitations on her fingers. "There was mamma and papa and grandpa and Uncle Max and—"

"Stop!" cried the judge: "Little Glad Girl, why did you commit this sad offense?"

"Oh, Judgeywudgums," protested Pollyanna, "it was a glad offense! My family were always so sad and sour I wanted to make them happy and gay for a day!"

"But how—"

"So I gave each a million dollar check, and you should have seen how glad they were. Of course there wasn't any million dollars, but I told them not to cash their checks until morning, and early the next day, before they should wake up to find everything out and be sad again, I crept pitta-patter into all their rooms, and with my little hatchet—snickety-snip—chopped all their happy heads off! Forgive me, judge; I only wanted to give them the 'Smile That Won't Come Off!'"

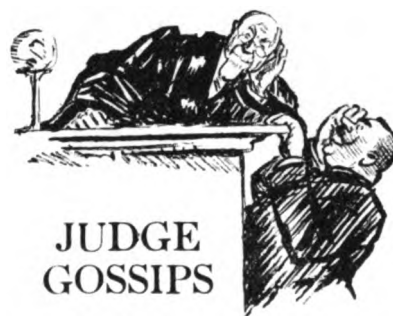
At this touching evidence of family affection the great big judge burst into tears.

"Forgive you, my child? We will erect a statue to you!"

And so it was done. . . . And to this day, in the market square of Jollyberg, you may behold the terra cotta figure of Pollyanna, with a bloody hatchet in her right hand, and a happy head in her left hand, and nine other happy heads encircling her feet, and at the base of the monument this inspiring motto:

For the Greater Happiness of the Greatest Number.

Cyril B. Egan



JUDGE GOSSIPS

JUDGE is feeling very happy, these days, over a letter from ye editor of "Passing Show"—England's foremost humorous weekly. "You must feel very good with yourselves, over your paper, these days, as it has improved out of all knowledge recently, and in my opinion, is easily the foremost humorous paper in its class." Rule Britannia, say we!

The JUDGE Round Table Lunch Club had their first meeting over at Cavallo's Chop House last week and a convivial time was had. Thirty-six, count 'em, contribs. gathered to "break bread." There were no casualties.

Reports coming in from all over the country, including Chicago, tell us that JUDGE's crossword puzzles are making a great hit in the movies. They are already appearing weekly in over 150 theaters. Rumor has it that Will Hays saw one and almost laughed himself to death.

Arthur Lippmann, who writes so ably for this periodical of pleasure, precatened ye ed with a case of real Southern molasses last week. A darn good writer, that fellow!

The JUDGE jesters were well represented at the Beaux Arts Ball which was held at Mrs. Astor's hostelry recently, and a good time was had by all, including Bob Patterson, the demon dancer. Bob was kind of peeved, though, because they broke the party up at seven in the morning.

Carroll Carroll announces that he is working on a new play and that he is going to call it "They Threw What They Wanted."



TUOHY (March 17)—For th' last time, will yez give us "Th' Wearin' of the Grane," or will yez come out and fight?



It was Jimmy's treat!

A canny young fellow is Jim—He had four pals to treat and only 5¢ to his name! "A packet of Wrigley's please"—said he—and each lad had a wholesome sweet.

Refreshing - thirst-quenching - digestion-aiding - delicious and beneficial.

So remember:

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal!



The Flavor Lasts

F52



THE MAN—I paid five dollars to a palmist yesterday. She described you exactly, and said we should be married within a month.

THE GIRL—How extravagant you are! I could have told you that for nothing!

Words to the Wise

CYNTHIA was leaving for school in New England. Father, mother, small brother, Uncle Fred, Aunt Edith and William Ellis, her boy friend, were in at the finish.

"Now remember, Cynthia, a letter every week," her mother warned. "And that woolen underwear is much better for you than those silk things."

"And remember what I told you about wasting money on candy and clothes," This from father. "I've arranged with Miss Peck to give you only \$1 a month for spending money."

"Cynthy kiss baby! Cynthy kiss baby! Cynthy kiss baby!" Small brother, of course.

"Have a good time, Cynthia, and don't mind what these—," Uncle Fred began. But Aunt Edith squelched him with a look.

"Don't even think of going out with those college boys, Cynthia," she admonished. "They are all alike. And here's a Testament for you. Read it every night."

"Oh, Cynthia!" moaned William, and emotion would let him say no more.

Then bells rang, whistles blew, the "All aboard!" was shouted, and

shrill good-bys were tossed back and forth indiscriminately. Cynthia waved farewell.

Two minutes later she was in her Pullman chair, powdering her nose and touching up the faded spots. Thirty seconds later she had hooked the glance of an Adonis whose bag bore a crimson Harvard sticker. And fifteen minutes later, in the dining-car, Cynthia's advanced education had really begun.

J. C. E.



PUTTING THE TWINS TO SLEEP

This modern method is not only an effective sleep producer for the babes but also an excellent exercise for the fond parent.



Early Irish traffic regulation.

The Wrong Box

BOXING among girls is said to be becoming fashionable.

Phyllis, I disapprove of this; in fact, I

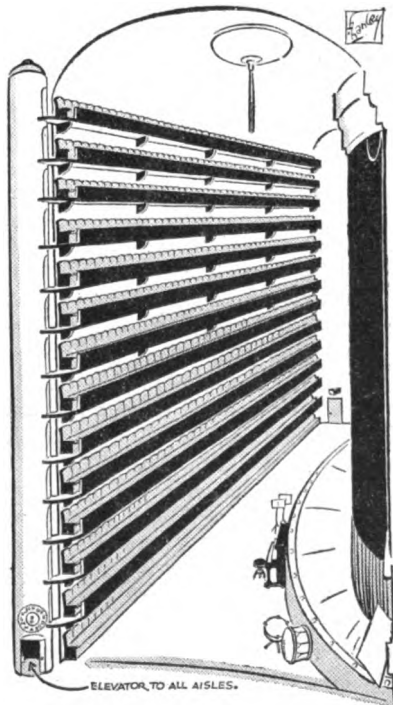
Must ask you to desist at once, my dear.

How can I gaze on you if you've a blacked eye?

How can I kiss a cauliflower ear?

Let dusky maids from Fiji or the Congo

Delight to bite or bark each other's shins;



Theater designed to satisfy all who would sit in the front row.

You were not meant to wait and hear the gong go,
Nor aim destructive blows with four ounce fins!

Think, if you're laid out, of the degradation;

Think of my agony; and here's the point—

Think of your awful counter-irritation,

Should Gladys put your proud nose out of joint!

One ray of hope, one crumb of comfort still is:

Unless she grovels on the carpet (felt),

Because of where you wear your waist-line, Phyllis,

She cannot hit you, dear, below the belt!

Wanted to Know

Seeing his mother nod pleasantly to the minister who went by, Archie inquired, "Who's that, mamma?"

"That's the man who married me, dear," she replied.

"Then if that's the man who married you," said Archie, "what's pa doing at our house?"

—*Boston Transcript*

Two friends went to see a billiard match between well-known professionals. After the match had been in progress for a while, Joe turned to his friend and said:

"What do you call this game, Bert?"

Bert replied: "Billiards."

Joe watched a few more strokes, and then said: "Well, what do they call the game they play in our club?"

—*Tit-Bits*



"NOURISH
THE HAIR
AT THE
ROOT"

WITH

ED. PINAUD'S
HAIR TONIC

The original
French Eau
de Quinine

E. D. PINAUD BLDG.

NEW YORK

"Old Town Canoes"



Where'er the smiling
stream may beckon

Get an "Old Town" this summer and realize the joy of a truly fine canoe. "Old Towns" are beautiful canoes. They are patterned after real Indian models.

Invest in an "Old Town" today and you will receive dividends in happiness for years to come. "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1925 catalog shows all models in full colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1513 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Become an Artist

EARN \$100 to \$250 a WEEK

You can quickly learn to draw pictures that sell through a remarkable simple home-study method. Earn money while learning and secure a well-paying position after completing course. Good artists are always in demand and earn from \$100 to \$250 a week.

Write today for free book. No obligation.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, (Room 483-C, 1115 15th St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.)



**If you lack
this one thing—**

Many of your friends have lost it—many others are losing it—and if you lack this one thing

But it's no use dwelling on the unpleasantness of being over-weight. Every woman hates it. Every woman fears it. Yet, it is so unnecessary!

Slenderness can be acquired easily and pleasantly. For many years Marmola Tablets have brought the health and vigor of a slender figure to thousands of men and women. No diets, no exercises—just Marmola Tablets. Try them.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1719 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



Shies for all types of noses.

Free Demonstration if desired

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

The GENUINE (Patented)

Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a Genuine and most Comfortable Nose Supporter. Absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by Physicians.

Write for FREE booklet, "Nature's Way To Happiness"

The ANITA Co.

Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23 Dept. 389 Anita Building, 655 High St., NEWARK, N. J. BEFORE-AFTER

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 5,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. We train you thoroughly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin. The course is under the personal supervision of William B. Costenbuhl, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois; also former Director of the Illinois Society of C. P. A.'s, and of the National Association of Cost Accountants. He is assisted by a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 382-H Chicago The World's Largest Business Training Institution

SONG WRITERS/(\$250) ADVANCE ROYALTY

will be paid on songs found suitable for publication. Submit your manuscripts for immediate examination **EQUITABLE MUSIC CORPORATION** 1658R Broadway New York City

WRITE FOR *Free Book on Song Writing*

Comedies, Dramas, Musical Comedies, Vaudeville Acts, Plays, How to Stage a Play and Revues, Min-strel Choruses, Songs, Blackface plays. Everything for Burnt Cork Shows and All Amateur Entertainments. Monologs, Dialogs, Speakers. CATALOGUE FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 21 CHICAGO



He—They say, dear, that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike!

She—Then you must consider my refusal final.

—London Mail

Drama du Jour

(Continued from page 12)

Yet, as some one has wittily put it, surprises will happen, and this "Tangletoes" turned out to be anything but the dose of megrims yours with very best regards expected.

My spy, assigned to report on all theatrical happenings south of Browne's Chop House, informs me that Miss Gertrude Purcell, author of the piece in question, is a flapper. If his report is true, all that I can say is that La Purcell is about as wise a baby as I have listened to since I attended Casanova's funeral. Her play is full of rather startling information for one of so tender years. On such subjects as sex, Miss Gertrude reveals herself to be full of eloquence and, what is more, sapience. Her central character, a young girl of easy virtue, is an uncommonly accurate portrait. It lifts an otherwise periodically crude and extremely sketchy play into the regions of sympathetic attention. Several of the episodes of the evening are handled with such cool intelligence that they bring yours cordially and sincerely to look forward to Miss Gertrude's next exhibit with considerable curiosity. A bright little girl! Let us keep our eyes on her.

Mildred MacLeod, who was so good in "The Little Angel," again gives a creditable account of herself in the rôle of the girl with the slippery foot.

II

"THE DOVE," David Belasco's latest contribution to the art of the theater, is a melodrama by Willard Mack. The dramaturgy of the latter is familiar enough to you by this time. He is as skillful in the tricks of the theater as he is oblivious to the tricks of life. The world, to the Mons. Mack, has a spotlight for its sun, a piece of blue canvas for its heavens, and the membership list of the Lambs' Club for its inhabitants. It is a globe whose revolutions are duly and regularly punctuated by ejaculations of "hell" and "damn," by pistol shots, by amorous embraces, and by drop curtains. His most recent opus is still another autobiography of his esoteric metaphysics. But studious application to it on the part of that shrewd showman, the Mons. Belasco, has converted it into what nine out of every ten theatergoers regard as a good show.

When I use the phrase "nine out of ten," please don't think that I am high-hatting myself into the tenth position. When it comes to a good hot melodrama, you will find this boy sitting forward in his seat and chewing gum just as intensely as the other nine. He can get every bit as much amusement out of a Jack Dalton shindig as the lowliest of God's boobs. "The Dove," true enough, is not sufficiently exciting to please him entirely; he prefers the kind of melodramatic jazz in which the Italian and Chinese vil-

lains are shot up every few minutes by the American secret service heroes, in which fire engines are drawn across the stage by live white horses, and in which President Lincoln pardons the ensign at the last moment for having spit into the British admiral's soup; but, even so, there is enough of the good old stuff in the Mack fireworks periodically to jounce his ancient bones. It is, as has been said, pretty rubbishy drama, but, as Belasco has cast and staged it, it provides pretty good theatrical fare of his kind. Holbrook Blinn, Judith Anderson, William Harrigan, Sidney Toler and William Norris deserve a slice of chocolate cake apiece for the quality of their performances.

III

"HOUSES OF SAND," by G. Marion Burton, is one of the season's sourest. There is nothing in it from start to finish that is worth what Mr. Mack would call a damn. If you wish to know more about it, I fear that you will have to go and see it for yourself. Fear is the world.

IV

"NATJA," which has succeeded Peter Pan as Marilyn Miller at the Knickerbocker, has far and away the best score in town. It is not, oddly enough, the work of Harry Tierney or Harold Levey, but of Tschaiakowsky. The adaptation of the melodies has been accomplished with admirable skill by a gentleman named Hajos, and the evening is highly to be recommended to you. This recommendation is made for all the fact that the book of "Natja" is as bad as its score is good. And

for all the further fact that the acting of the singers is just about all that one has come to expect from the acting of singers. But the melodies, milord! They'll give you a sweet few hours.

V

THE second offering of Dr. Henry Stillman's Art Theater, Inc., is a dramatization by the Doctor himself of the engaging Frank Swinerton's equally engaging "Nocturne." While the exhibit is superior to the Doctor's antecedent one, it is still far from what one might anticipate from an organization that denominates itself an Art Theater, whether Inc. or not Inc. The Doctor's dramatization is amateurish, and obscures the merits of the novel. Nor is the presentation accomplished with much imagination.

By way of what the critic of the Foshgaines, W. Va., *Register-Democrat* calls constructive criticism, I suggest to Dr. Stillman that he makes a revival of Zoë Akins's "Papa." There he will find a play that is interesting whether it be well done or not. What is more, if the Doctor will put it on, I'll promise to attend at least three times, and pay cash for my tickets.

Variety Enough

Doc advised a change of climate

But I shall not go away;

I'm a citizen of Boston,

Where we get it every day.

—*Boston Transcript*

وہی

Trotsky is preparing a new book entitled "My Mistakes." The paper shortage in Russia is said to be getting serious. —*Passing Show*



FRIEND—Just hark at your husband talking to himself, Mrs. Brown.
BARBER'S WIFE—Yes, he always does that when he's shaving; he's trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo or singe. —*Passing Show*

Big 3 ft. Telescope

Has unusually powerful lenses—magnifying over 5 times. Makes people and objects miles away seem close. Brings new pleasures to home, farm, camp, travel, sport. See moon and stars as never before. New Ferry "Wonder" telescope has 5 sections—opens out over 3 ft. long, measures 12 inches closed. Big, strong and powerful yet light, compact, easy to carry. Body and draws fully brass bound with knurled edges. Body covered with black leatherette, draws made of special, smooth finish fibre, easy to slide in and out. Brass safety caps at each end to keep out dust. Powerful lenses are special clear achromatic European optical glass.

3 ft. long open
12 in. long closed
FIVE SECTIONS
8-power Lenses

Free

Read These Letters of Delighted Users

YES ABSOLUTELY FREE! Handsome leatherette covered Carrying Case light, strong, complete with strap. Case is 12 in. long, 2 1/2 in. in diameter. Protects from dust and damage. Handy for farmers, auto tourists and hikers.

"I am delighted with the 'Wonder' telescope. Today I have been watching submarines 3 miles off the coast." —Phillip Brush. "I can see across the Mississippi 3 miles and see people fishing." —M. L. Thorn. "I am nearly 80 years old and if I could not get another would not take \$10.00 for it." —A. R. Walker. "I can tell time on the church clock 5 miles away." —Edward Foster. "Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away." —Mrs. L. M. Yarbrough. "I saw a Light House 18 miles away." —Clyde Scribner. "Can see men working 7 miles away." —S. M. Gearhart. "I could see windmill more than 4 miles away." —Raymond Cosanova.

Send No Money

Sign and mail coupon below with free Carrying Case will come by return mail. Pay postman special bargain price of \$1.85 plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Send coupon today!

FERRY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Ferry & Co., Dept. 2386
3224 N. Halsted St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me 3 ft. Ferry Wonder Telescope and Free Carrying Case. I will pay postman \$1.85 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied you will refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Catalog of Things You Want Sent Free



"THE PRIMROSE PATH"

Original engraver's proofs on Heavy Art Mat. Size 9" x 11".

Price 25c each

Carefully packed, prepaid to any address

JUDGE Art Print Department
627 West 43d St., New York City, N. Y.

Fit YOURSELF for Matrimony!



It is a crime to marry before you are physically fit and a real man in the fullest sense of the word. That pure girl is blinded by her love for you and does not realize your deficiencies. She thinks you are a prince among men—her ideal of vigorous manhood—she pictures you as her husband and the father of her children. You know that you are not fit to marry—you dare not marry in your present physical condition. The future looks dark and gloomy to you—but cheer up. My hand is held out to you in friendship—I want to help you—I can help you to be a 100% man with

STRONGFORTISM—The New Science of Health Promotion will conquer your weakness, banish your ailments and fit you for Marriage and Parenthood, no matter what your condition is, or what caused it. I guarantee it.

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Mention the ailments on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c (one dime) to help pay postage, etc., on my free book—"Promotion and Conservation of Health; Strength and Mental Energy."

It's a man-builder and a lifesaver. Send for my free book Right Now, TODAY!
LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist Over 25 Years
Dept. 1779 Newark, New Jersey.

Notice to Judge Contributors

NO MANUSCRIPTS will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelope, and owing to the thousands of contributions sent into this office each week, it is impossible to enter into personal correspondence regarding them.

JUDGE has been swamped with KRAZY KRACKS and FUNNYBONES. So do not enclose postage as they will not be returned. As there are very many cases of duplication, the first available one received will be accepted.

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

Manuscripts—Literary Editor of JUDGE.

Krazy Kracks—Krazy Krack Editor of JUDGE.

Funnybones—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE.

Crossword Puzzles—Crossword Puzzle Editor of JUDGE.

627 West 43d Street, New York City



"Get plenty of partners?"
"Rather. Up to my knees in boys the whole evening!"
—Gaiety (London)

Demon Nicotine

(Continued from page 18)

contemplated taxicabs? Or income tax, or keyrings, or shoelaces, or upper berths, or batteries, or liability insurance? We are born into this world naked, and the first thing we know there are about 15,000 things like collar buttons which become part of us. We live a trick life in trick houses and depend all the time on tricks, tricks, tricks. Everybody is inventing something handy. It is all so irritating. Smoking is just another trick, but it makes all the other tricks more endurable.

(Even character is a trick. Character is quite artificial. We weren't built to be as nice and peppy and

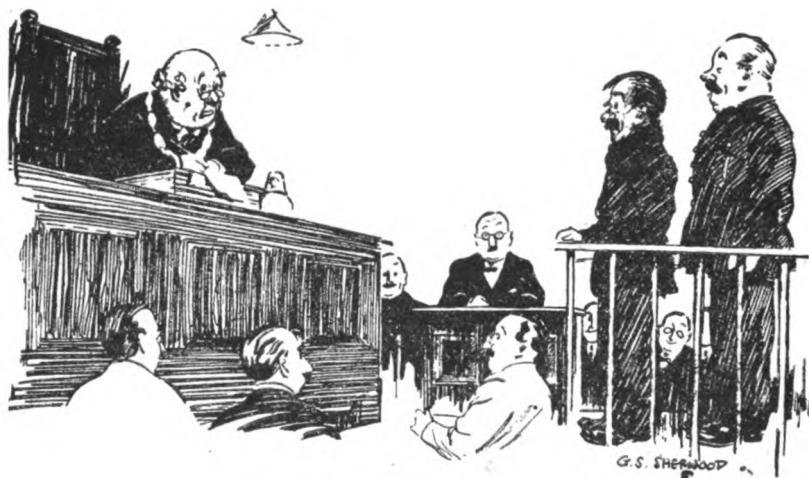
prompt as character inventors would now have us. We were meant to doze on the beach and frolic in the water and knock our meals out of cocoanut trees. Character needs nicotine to make it bearable.)

Still, these boys, Walsh and Illian, do make out a bad case against tobacco. Let me quote some things from their book. Here is a verse:

*"Fumes that will so destroy the lily
Must serve our inner organs illy."*

And here are a few lines from the chapter entitled "The Brutal Parent, or Sullyng 'Home Sweet Home':"

"Many of our members do not believe us when we frankly tell them that in many homes men smoke right



His Worship—What is your name?
Prisoner—Sparks, sir.
"And your occupation?"
"Electrician, sir!"
"Then, for your offense you must go into a dry-cell for a month!"
—Passing Show (London)

in the presence of their children, in the parlor, the dining-room, the 'den,' and even in their bedrooms. Some men even smoke in bed and often set sheets afire, causing painful injuries and damaging costly linen.

"To see a little tot or 'kiddie,' with wonder in the baby blue eyes, watching his parent 'lighting up' is a tragedy.

"But the worst of it is the smoky air that hangs about a house where a habitual smoker hangs about. It gets into the lungs of the whole family, prejudicing them to all kinds of diseases. It makes it impossible for them to enjoy the pure air, the smells of fair flowers, rubber plants and ferns, the dainty perfumes that mother sprays about her boudoir, the tantalizing taste of good cooking in the kitchen. In many smoking homes it becomes the custom to open the windows at night to let out the vapors of tobacco, thus exposing the whole family to the dangers of drafts and the risky night air."

This is almost enough to make me quit smoking, but I still hope the reformers do not abolish tobacco. I would like to have a few things left in the world about which I can use my own judgment.



Male Customer—I want a couple of pillowcases.

Shop Assistant—What size?

"I don't know, but I wear a size seven hat." —Answers

After the Honeymoon

"I wish to complain," said the bride haughtily, "about the flour you sold me. It was tough."

"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

—Progressive Grocer

A Determined Man

"I told my wife that if she bobbed her hair I would leave her."

"But she bobbed it; and you're still living with her?"

"You bet I am. I'll show her she can't bluff me."

—Houston Post-Dispatch

Looks That Way

"There is safety in numbers."

"Huh?"

"License plates will soon be getting too many figures to remember."

—Louisville Courier-Journal

See How Easy It Is To Learn Music This New Way

YOU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly.



The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember, because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

Any one can now learn to play a musical instrument at home without a teacher. A new, simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. You can now master singing, piano playing or any musical instrument you wish, right at home, quickly, easily, without endless study and practice.

You don't have to know anything whatever about music to learn to play a musical instrument this new way. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours, to regular classes. You practice whenever you can, learn as quickly as you please. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a method of amazing simplicity—each step is made as clear as

A B C. Thousands have already learned to play their favorite musical instruments this splendid, new, quick way.

You Can Play Your Favorite Instrument Three Months From To-day.

If you are dissatisfied with your present work, let music act as a stepping-stone into a new career. If you long for a hobby, a means of self-expression, let music be the new interest in your life. If you wish to

be a social favorite, if you wish to gain popularity—choose your favorite instrument, and through the wonderful home study method of the U. S. School of Music play it three months from to-day. You can do it. Youngsters of 10 to 12 have done it, and men as old as 60 have found new interest and enjoyment in learning how to play a musical instrument. You don't have to listen while others entertain any longer. YOU can be the center of attraction, the talented person who holds the audience fascinated.

Free Book Explains All—SEND TO-DAY

Every one who is interested in music should send at once for our valuable book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." It not only explains the wonderful new simplified method of learning music, but tells about a special short-time offer now being made to music lovers. With it will be sent an Illustrated Folder which proves, better than words, how delightfully quick and easy the famous Print-and-Picture method is.

Mail this coupon at once for your copy. But act now before the supply is exhausted. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 23 Brunswick Building, N. Y. C.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
23 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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

Have you above instrument.....
Name..... (Please write plainly)
Address.....
City..... State.....

- LEARN TO PLAY ANY INSTRUMENT**
- Mandolin Saxophone
 - Drums and Piano
 - Traps Organ
 - Harmony and Violin
 - Composition Banjo
 - Sight Singing Clarinet
 - Ukulele Flute
 - Piccolo Harp
 - Trombone Cornet
 - Hawaiian Cello
 - Steel Guitar Guitar
 - Voice and Speech Culture
 - Automatic Finger Control
 - Piano Accordeon

Popular Radio
Edited by KENDALL BANNING
APRIL 1925

In this Issue—
SINGLE-CONTROL RECEIVERS

Progress, thrills and true romance, the practical things and technique of RADIO are all best told each month in POPULAR RADIO, the world's greatest radio magazine; edited by Kendall Banning. New subscribers may send One Dollar for 5 issues, to POPULAR RADIO, 627 West 43d Street, New York

\$50 to \$200 Weekly - and Easy Work

Learn CARTOONING at Home

It's not unusual for successful cartoonists to earn \$50 to \$200 a week. You can do as well and join most attractive profession even if you've never touched a drawing pencil before. For through a wonderfully easy method, Cartooning can now be learned at home during spare time most convenient. Every step from beginning to end is clear and easy to understand. Many students of this method began to sell their Cartoons before they were half through their courses. Every day finds new opportunities for the trained Cartoonists—anywhere from \$25 to \$100 is very often paid for single original drawing. Learn to draw and cash-in on this ever-increasing demand for all kinds of good Cartoons.

Send for FREE BOOK

A handsome booklet has just been prepared which is crammed full of interesting information about cartooning, and describes in detail the remarkable method. It will be sent you without cost or obligation. Mail post-card or letter today!

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 483C, 1113-15th Street, Washington, D. C.

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

Write today for my **FREE BOOKLET**, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

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

CHICK CHART FREE

Beautiful, Colored, Instructive. Shows how perfect hatched chicks live and grow—fast into money; also facts about raising chicks. Buy no chicks until you see the CHART.

BERRY'S POULTRY FARM Box 254 CLARINDA, IOWA

THROW YOUR VOICE

Under the table, into a Trunk, down Cellar or anywhere. Our lessons in **VENTILOQUISM** teaches you. With our **VENTRILLO** (fits in the mouth and cannot be seen) you imitate Birds, Animals, etc. without moving your lips. This outfit and book of **JOKES** by mail for 10c.

UNIVERSAL DIST.
Box 526 Stamford, Ct.



\$3 **And it's yours**

DOWN

The Greatest Typewriter Bargain Ever Offered

Right now we are making you the greatest typewriter offer you ever dreamed of—an eye opener. This wonderful standard Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood only \$3.00 down. Ten days' free trial and the easiest monthly payments, shipped direct to you from our big factory.

Ten Days' Free Trial

Yes, only \$3.00 down puts this genuine late model Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood in your home. You can try it, test it, and then decide. See for yourself how new it is, how it writes. You must be satisfied. Your \$3.00 unconditionally returned if at the end of ten days you are not satisfied. The entire transaction will not cost you one cent.

Easy Monthly Payments

Little more than rental. Balance of payments so small you will hardly notice them, while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine. You don't have to scrimp and save to pay cash. All at a big saving to you.

Five Year Written Guarantee

With every typewriter we give a written guarantee. These machines are rebuilt like new by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Equipped

with late improvements. You can't tell them from a new machine. The world's standard typewriter, the same models as sold by the Underwood Typewriter Company today, at a big saving to you. Act Now! Get this splendid offer and save money.

Free Book of Facts

Write for this free book of facts explaining Shipman-Ward's wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters. We show you exactly how it's done. How you are able to buy them. Complete and valuable information about the typewriter industry, both instructive and educational.

ACT NOW! Mail this coupon today.

Free with Every Typewriter

A complete course in touch typewriting. You don't have to know how to operate a typewriter. You can learn to operate this machine in one day. We also give free a waterproof cover and all tools that come with a typewriter.

From Factory to You

These machines are shipped direct from our factory—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world. They are rebuilt by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Developed through 30 years in the typewriter business. Through our money saving methods of rebuilding and elimination of a large expensive sales force we are able to make this wonderful money saving offer to you. ACT TODAY, take advantage of it and you will save money.



All Shipments made direct to you from our modern factory—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co.

2673 Shipman Bldg.

Montrose and Ravenswood Aves., Chicago

Send by return mail your wonderful offer of Shipman-Ward Standard Rebuilt Underwood, also your Free book of facts. (This is not an order and does not obligate me in any way.)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

Post Office.....State.....

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.

2673 Shipman Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Montrose and Ravenswood Ave.