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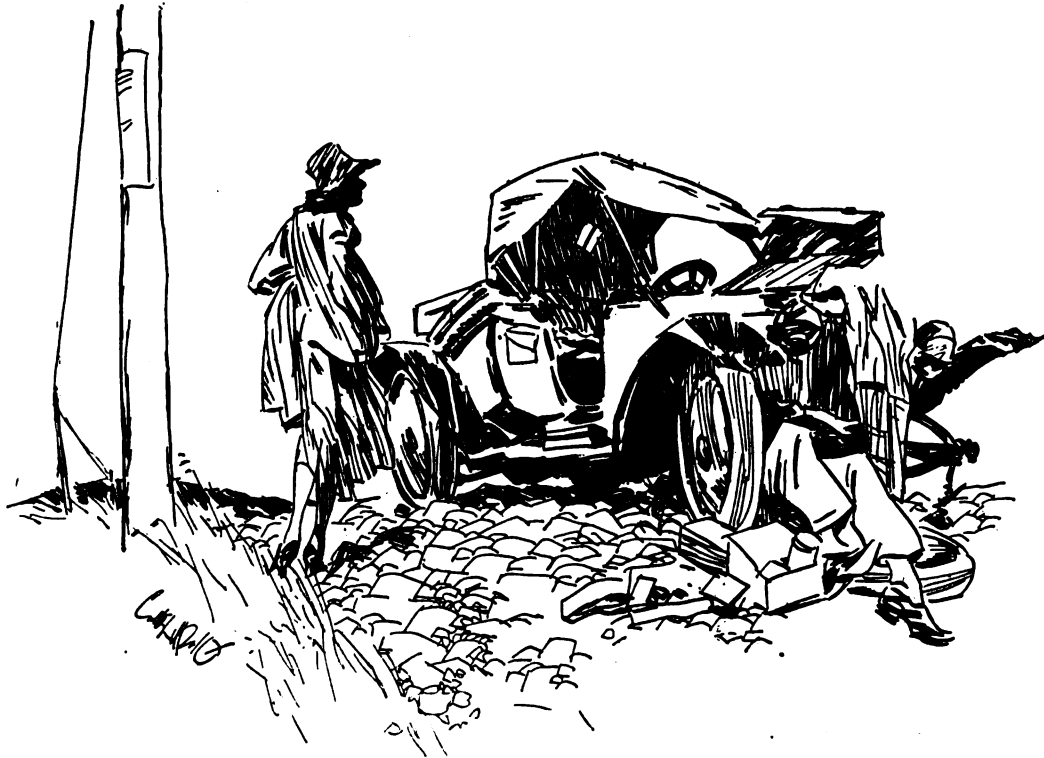
JUDGE



Perry Barlow

"Forty-nine cents worth of round-steak and a penny's worth of dog-meat."

Can you originate a clever second line for this joke?



Helen—Is anything wrong, Jack?

Jack—

JUDGE'S FIFTY-FIFTY CONTEST No. 31

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

In case two or more persons submit the same winning line, \$25 will be awarded to each. Any reader of Judge may compete. Any number of lines may be submitted but none will be returned. No. 31 Contest closes August 12, 1924. The winning answer will appear in the September 13, 1924, issue of Judge. Check will be mailed to the Prize Winner on that date. In the meantime, No. 32 will appear next week.

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

All answers, to be considered, must be received not later than August 12.

“LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS”

JUDGE

Impossible Dialogues

Scene: A Living-room.

Time: 4 A.M.

Characters: A Husband and a Wife.

*(The wife is seated in an arm-chair.
The husband has just entered.)*

Wife—Why, John!

Husband—Wha' you want?

Wife—You're home very early. Didn't you have a good time?

Husband—Pretty goo' time.

Wife—But not as good as it might have been, eh?

Husband—No, th' liquor gave out.

Wife—Oh, my dear! And you didn't get enough to drink?

Husband—Not nearly 'nough.

Wife—My poor darling!

Husband—Coulda drunk mush more.

Wife—Dear! Dear! And here I've been sitting all night long, thinking you were enjoying yourself.

Husband—No, not 'nough to drink.

Wife—It's an outrage!

Husband—Thash whash it ish. Ou'rage!

Wife—Well, dear, come with me.

Husband—Wha' you goin' do? Where you goin'?

Wife—Where am I going! Why, darling, I'm going to open that quart of champagne we have on ice and make you drink every single drop of it!

C. G. S.



Madam (intent on dinner)—What are you getting to-night, Margaret?

Cook—I'm getting Minneapolis!



"Never mind, John, I found the key."



SOME WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN ATHLETES NOT ON THE OLYMPIC TEAM

Hank Hooch (unattached) long distance drinker. Records: 25 cocktails in 1 hour, 15 minutes; 17 days continuous party.

Art Dodger (Forty-second Street A. C.) has held jay-walking championship of New York for past five years.

Hal Hartsdale (Westchester '23) inter-suburban champion train catcher.

Impossible Dialogues

Scene: A Doctor's Office.

Time: 11 A.M.

Characters: A Doctor and a Patient.

Patient—But, Doctor, I'm sure I am very ill.

Doctor—Rubbish!

Patient—I feel weak and feeble.

Doctor—You're in the pink of condition.

Patient—I have pains in every joint.

Doctor—Nonsense!

Patient—I have absolutely no appetite.

Doctor—Absurd!

Patient—And I breathe only with the greatest difficulty.

Doctor—Bunk!

Patient—Moreover, I am very rich and wish to place myself entirely in your care.

Doctor—All imagination!

Patient—And I'll do exactly as you say.

Doctor—You'll do as I say? Very well then. Leave this office, at once, and never let me hear from you again. There's no charge. Good day, sir.

C. G. S.



When My Ship Comes In

OH, I WILL be rich when my ship comes in;

I know it's a saying you've heard before;
Down through the ages men have talked thus,

And to the many I add one more.

Oh, I will be rich when my ship comes in,

But she's not a mystical ship, you see,
She's loaded with whisky and wine and gin

And her cargo, you bet, means riches to me!

NET RESULTS

Man Who Married a Tennis Champion—My dear, I don't want to criticize your game, but I wish you wouldn't use a steel racquet for your overhead strokes.

Mean

First Bootlegger—Talk about dirty tricks!

Second Bootlegger—What now?

"One of my customers died without paying me for the bottle of hooch that killed him."

Hokum

Just a little hokum,
Sometimes quite a lot,
Make some mighty big men
Talk a lot of rot.

"I hear you were camping with the Gugleers."

"Yes, but we had to turn back."

"..."

"Why, the first day out we lost six characters out of the Mah Jongg set."



TIED!

George—I'm so happy, dear, I feel as though we were floating on air.

THE AFFAIRS

OF ANNABELLE



1.

The Sheik—It certainly is a hand-painted day for a walk in the country.



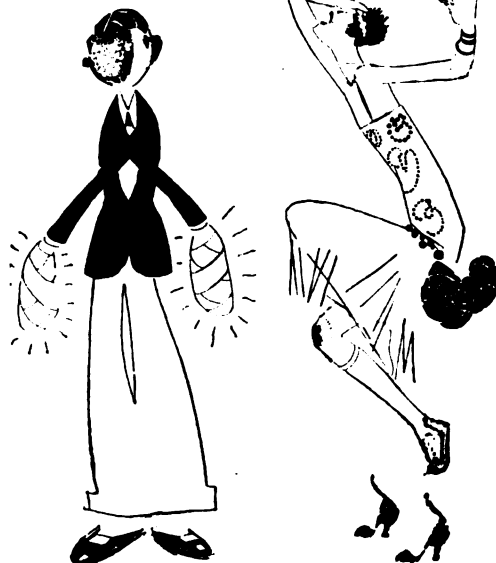
2.

Annabelle—What say if we sit down? Here is a nice green place.



3.

NEXT EVENING
Annabelle — Great grief, Sheik, what's the washout? Been in a wreck?



4.

Sheik — The only thing that's the matter is, that was Poison Ivy where we sat yesterday.

By JOHN HELD, JR.



Prairie Breezes

THE city council of Shortgrass met in special session last Monday night and passed an ordinance prohibiting the hitching of horses to the city pump, as it interfered with the fire department.

Old Tom Shiftless has been telling his experience with this new-fangled college idea of poisoning grasshoppers. He said he lost the can of syrup he intended to mix with the poisoned bran and so he stirred in a little home-brew he had on hand. One old male hopper would come along, he said, take a bite of the bran, jump four feet high, and then start in to lick the first hopper he met. Soon all the hoppers in the field were fighting each other and the carnage was awful.

This continued until there was just one hopper left. Pretty soon an old rooster came along and made a dive for this big hopper, but Mr. Hopper, instead of allowing himself to be quietly eaten, jumped up and kicked the old rooster in the face and chased him under the barn. Nobody much believes this story.

Buck Sawyer was handing out the cigars to his friends in Shortgrass yesterday, as last Monday night a son was born in his home, his best Jersey cow gave birth to twin heifer calves, the registered Duroc sow he bought at Dukes' sale farrowed twelve pigs and his incubator hatched out three hundred chickens.

Sim Galey has had his Ford three years and he never paid out a cent for repairs.

He's had most of his gasoline charged too.

Miss Flobelle Resteasy went to Centerburg last week to a swell party, where everyone ate with one hand in his lap.

"Uncle Buzz never loses his temper," says Bill Doolittle. "If anything he has more of it."

Gratitude First

"Pleasure before business," mused the bootlegger, stopping long enough to vote for all the dry candidates on the ballot before taking up the duties of the day.



The difference between a house and a home is an automobile.



Feelings of the girl who marries at twenty-nine.

Hay Fever Blues

I'm feelin' weary,
 And sick and dreary
 And kinda leary
 Of everything.
 My head is swimmin'
 But not for women,
 My eyes feel in 'em
 A kind of sting.

Chorus

Oh, I've got those doggone
 Woebegone, all-wrong
 Hay fever blues—
 They're hard to lose!
 I've got a pain, I'm insane,
 I'll never be the same again,
 My honey, it's no use.
 My throat is sore,
 I can't breathe no more—
 I want to go up north to the 1000
 Islands
 And meet my old mammy there
 a-smilin'—
 For I've got those terrible, those
 unbearable
 Yes, those swearable blues—
 Hay fever bloohoos!
 Hat—Choo!

E. J. K.

Picnic Hints

TWEEZERS are very useful for removing ants from cake or spiders from the iced tea. Other insects can be rescued from death in the lemonade by the use of small rafts made from ginger ale corks.

To be true to their name, sandwiches should contain sand.

Sardine cans may be opened by running over them with the car, but care should be used in avoiding punctured tires.

Poison ivy should not be used to garnish the salad.

In an emergency a tennis racket can be used for a mosquito swatter.

Leave empty bottles, cans, paper plates and other rubbish for a landmark, so that you will be able to point out the spot to your friends next year.

To the World at Large

WHO pens a verse that moves men's hearts

Is blessed, so they say,
 And likewise he who sings a song
 That drives dull care away.

But blessed more by far is he,
 Be business good or ill,
 Who writes his name upon a check
 And thereby pays his bill.



"Yo' husband ain't up as early as usual?"
 "Lawd, chile, he seldom is!"



Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?



Taxi Driver (to fancy dress reveler)—Yes, it's three dollars here from th' Bronx, Satan! Say, I s'pose you think I oughta drive you to hell for three bucks!

Chills and Fever

WHY is it that when I am gay
My lady feels the other way
And pouts her lips
At merry quips
And renders blue the day?

Why is it that when I am grave
My lady always seems to crave
The drollest pun,
The wildest fun,
Of her adoring slave?

My task is hopeless, I can see.
Our moods do never quite agree,
Except—it's sad—
When we are mad,
And that's too frequently. S. S.

The Queries of an Old-fashioned Young Man

WHILE at theater, should I talk at the top of my voice throughout the performance?

Is it the fad, when dining out, to arrive an hour late in a state of extreme intoxication?

While attending the opera, is it very bad form not to go to sleep?

During a dance, is it *de rigueur* to spend

the entire time guzzling champagne with the butler in the pantry?

When being introduced to a young girl, is it *au fait* to pull my hat over my eyes and leer at her?

When taking a lady out to dinner, is it *comme il faut* to blow cigarette smoke in her face throughout the repast?

Is it extremely *passé* to thank one's host or hostess for their hospitality?



The Optimist—Well, anyhow, Mary, you won't need to wash the dishes.

Suggested: A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Tired Business Man

Its Aims

TO ABOLISH the practice of throwing a spotlight on the T. B. M. who has paid eleven berries for a seat in the first row, while a peroxide coryphée serenades him.

To permit him, after a theater party, to return to his bed before daybreak.

To prohibit the manufacture of musical comedies for his benefit.

To obviate the necessity of his dining out with people he would much rather never see.

To allow him one night a week off.

To preserve him from the tired business woman.

Why is this called leap year?
Because it keeps us old bachelors on the jump.

Equal to It

SUSAN says I have no chances;
All my hopes are idle fancies,
But she loves me, that I know,
For my text-book tells me so.

Unrequited troths? Why fear 'em?
I've a geometric theorem,
Which when duly solved will land 'em
Jinxed, *quod erat demonstrandum*.

"All the world" (an axiom's needed)
"Loves a lover." Now, conceded
I'm a lover, no delusion,
Hence and therefore, my conclusion!

Since the universe (as stated)
With me is infatuated,
I have won, plain as can be
For she's all the world to me.

H. R. B.

Some Gem

SHE has ruby lips and sapphire eyes,
She's a jewel of a girl.
Her hair never knew any diamond dyes,
And her teeth resemble pearl.
She has a golden smile
From the Emerald Isle,
And her voice a silvery tone.
But all day I set a-fretting,
'Bout the ways and means of getting
Coin enough to buy the setting
For such a little precious stone.



Those handy vest pocket editions.

Preparedness

Salesman (to Newlyweds who are furnishing the nest)—I suppose you wish to purchase twin beds?

Mr. Newlywed—Er—isn't that rather a—er—large estimate?

Boggs—Have you any poor relations?

Woggs—None that I know of.

"Any rich ones?"

"None that know me."

The Uses of Adversity

HERMAN T. BLINT had never seen his name in print and it was the one ambition of his life. He did not belong to the social set, so he had no chance to get into the society column. He was a peaceful citizen and never figured in the police reports. He was not in business, so there was no call for him to advertise. In short, Herman was out of luck as far as publicity was concerned. The thought worried him and he brooded over it, often lapsing into protracted spells of absent-mindedness.

It was in this unfortunate condition that he started to cross the street one day. He did not get quite across. The first thing he knew, he found himself in a hospital bed, swathed in bandages. A nurse looked into his eyes.

"The doctor says you are to keep perfectly still," she cautioned kindly. "Is there something you'd like?"

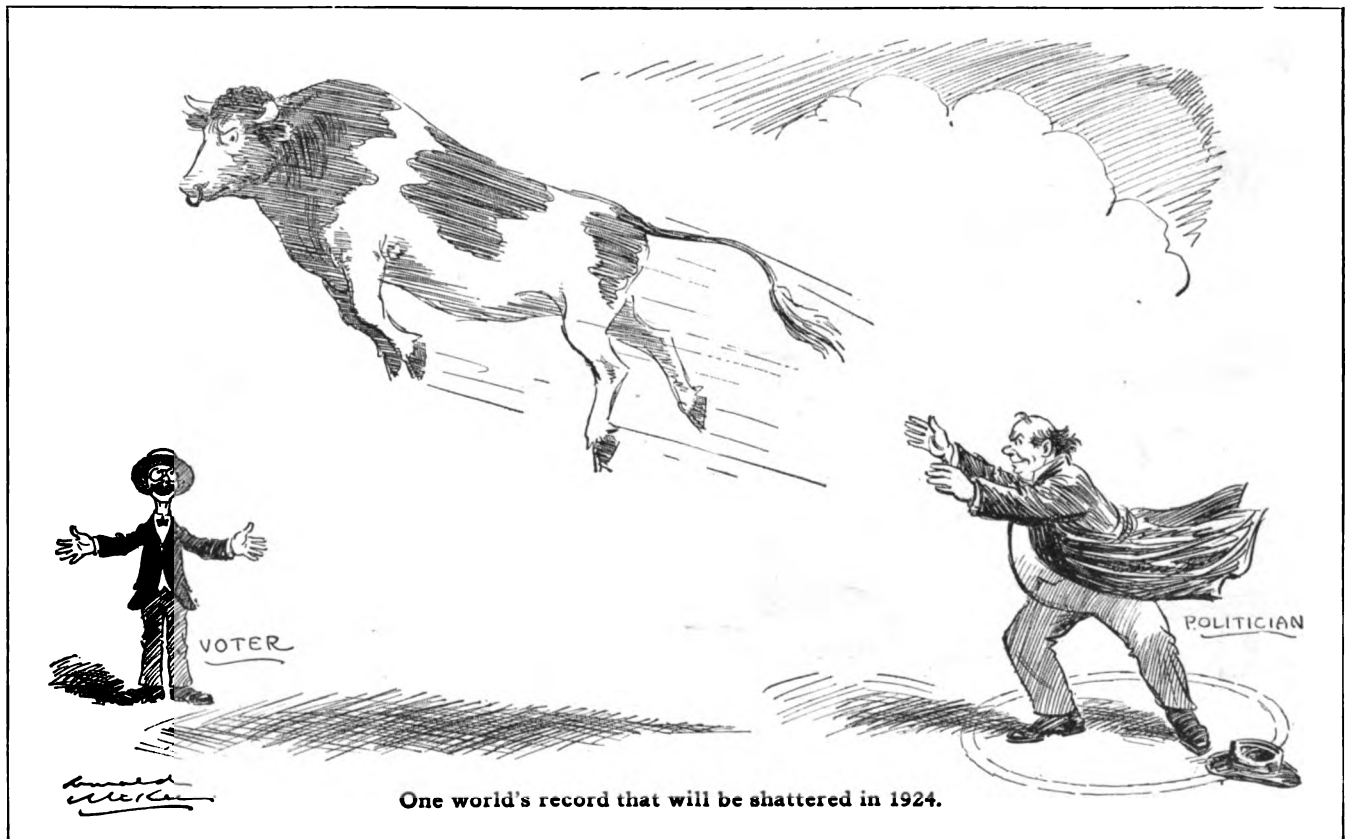
"Yes," whispered Herman, "bring me an afternoon paper."

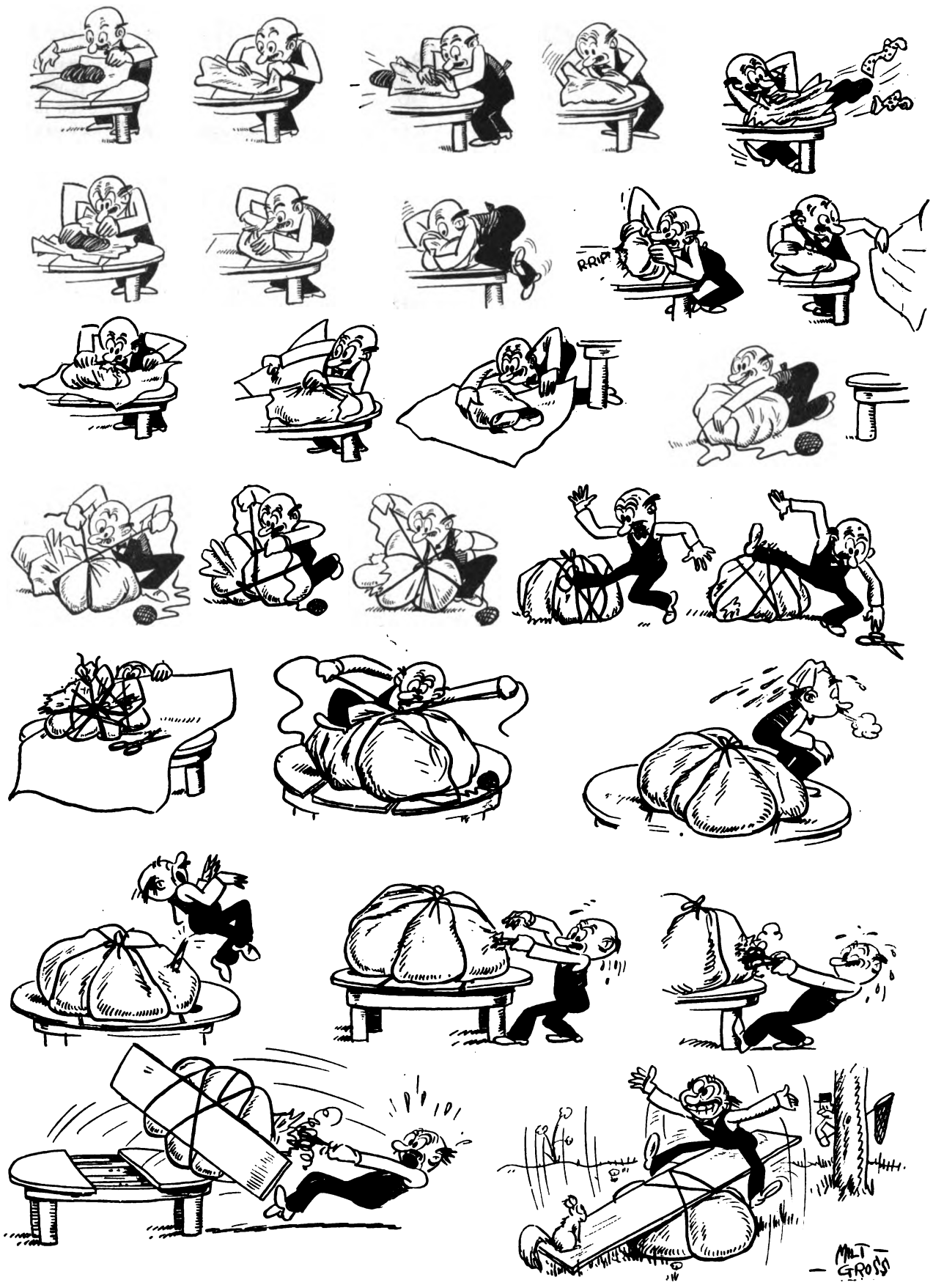
Getting Even

Patient—Doctor, I simply have no money to pay your bill. Will you take it out in trade?

Doctor—Surely; what is your line?

"I'm a saxophone player."





M.T. GROSS

A Wrapsody

If the Interviewers Employed by
Our Inspirational Periodicals had been
Plying Their Trade in the Year 65.

Forging Ahead on Sheer Pluck

The Remarkable Life Story of
Rome's Fiery Young Executive.
How a Vision Led to Success

An Interview by Brutus Scribus

SO THIS was the Emperor Nero! A clean-shaven young man, dressed in a purple toga of the latest cut had entered the room and was advancing with outstretched hand to meet me.

"Keep your seat. Keep your seat," he said pleasantly from between clenched teeth, as his steel gray eyes bored into mine. I noted the square jaw and knew at once that I was going to like my clean-cut young host.

"So you want the story of my life," he continued drolly, his piercing eyes never leaving my face.

"Exactly," I replied. "In other words, I want your rules for success."

"My rules for success"—he snapped the words out virilely—"are simple. Acquire a burning desire for success, don't waste too much time fiddling around, and remember that Rome wasn't built in a day. They used to call me a dreamer"—he closed his eyes meditatively and a half smile came to his lips. "They said I was crazy when I told them I could burn up their fireproof buildings like so much kindling. Well, modesty forbids—"

"Surely, Emperor," I protested, "you have become the master of your modesty."

"All that I am to-day," he continued. "I owe to my dear old mother. Without



"Engaged, eh? Congratulations, tell me all about her."
Advertising Writer—Oh, boy! Just wonderful! Just a real good girl, has a skin you love to touch, and smart from every angle!



"What's come over Gertie?"
"My dear! No exercise—she's all the time floating!"

her I would never have risen to my present heights. I credit all to her."

"What do you think of prohibition?" I asked.

"In regard to that," the Emperor replied, "every one in Rome knows that I am in favor of personal liberty. However," he added hastily, "please carry the message to my constituents in Western Gaul that I believe firmly in enforcing the law."

"And what is the law on the subject?"

"Fortunately there is none," he answered with a look of relief.

And I left with the impression that Rome has indeed a red-blooded, two-fisted, he-man executive. E. M. C.

Trouble

Alice—My husband never worries about me.

Virginia—Doesn't that worry you?



"There goes that nice Mr. Rogers; th' only one o' them commuters w'at kisses his wife good-by."

"Yeh. That's b'cause she took up track-work afore they was married."

Appeal

Press Agent (to star, who is beginning to lose her popularity)—Now, Balma, what I want to know is, are you willing to become a mother?

Red Blood

Nodd—Winkler tells me he has been learning to weed the garden and put up the hammock without his wife's assistance.

Todd—Does that please her?

"Oh, yes—now she calls him her cave man."



"She married an out-of-doors man."

"So I've heard—he never gets in before three in the morning."

By Gum!

IVAN O. PINION
Rolling in wealth,
Cared not for his money
But worshiped his health.

E-v-ery morning
When he a-rose
Stood by his window
Minus his clothes.

Inhaled quite deeply
Expanding his chest,
Physically perfect
He rivaled the best.

Avoided congestion,
Disease and convulsion,
Took regular tonics
And drank Scott's Emulsion.

Kept regular hours,
Devoured vitamins
Ate animal fats
And vegetable greens.

Ivan O. Pinion
Was buried to-day
In spite of clean living
They laid him away.

Reporters from papers
Came when he died,
Questioned his widow,
And then she replied:

"Ivan O. Pinion
Most careful of mortals
Kept physical sickness
Away from his portals.

"There's no use in doubting
He lived systematically,
Just one point he missed
I state this emphatically.

"Ivan O. Pinion
This secret did grasp
Before his last inhale
These words did he gasp:

"Heed this grave danger
—While you're yet alive
—Pyorreha—pyorreha—
Gets—four—out of five!"
WALTER J. JAMES.

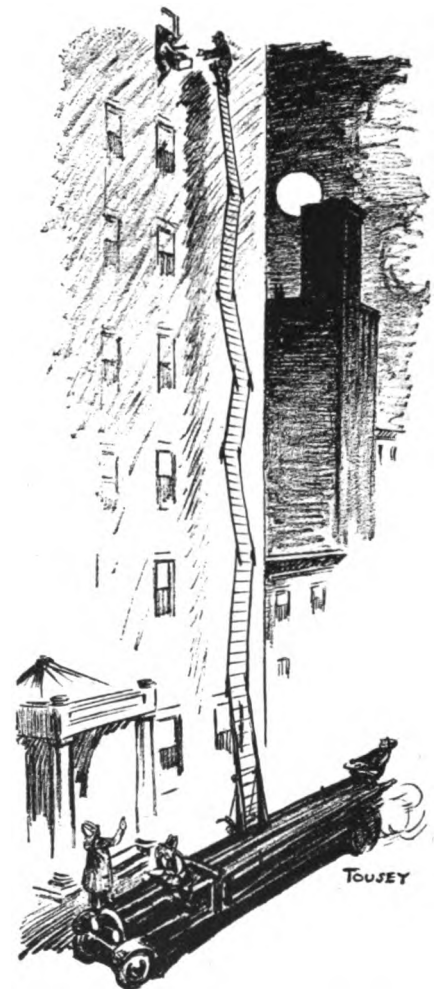
The Real Desperado

"How did that quiet little man get the name 'Dare Devil Dave'?" asked the stranger in Holster, Ariz. "Did he shoot up a gang of bandits or something?"

"Nope," replied the native of the town. "He kept continually flirtin' with widows."

Waves

THE waves chase in, the waves chase out;
I wonder what they chat about.
I wonder if they whisper things
They overhear when bathing brings
Young couples to the quiet bay—
The words of love that wooers say,
The vows that till eternity
Man will be faithful as the sea,
That kisses, spun from gossamer
And dew, were only made for her.
I wonder if the waves repeat
These summer sayings, soft and sweet;
Then, lilting, laugh and coyly toss
White brows and murmur: "Apple Sauce!"



The fireman's elopement.

Ach, du Lieber!

Patron of Restaurant—Please bring me an order of wienerwurst.

Hattie, the Waitress—We ain't got nothing like that on the bill of fare.

Proprietor (overhearing)—Hist, Hattie! Hot dog, hot dog!

Hattie (aggrieved)—Well, why didn't he say so, then? I told you when I hired out that I don't know nothing about them fancy French names.

All's Well

I MET Bilkins this morning for the first time since I had sent him to Professor Phixit, the domestic specialist. On our previous meeting he had related to me all his troubles with his wife. It was the usual case—a serious-minded man hooked up with a butterfly—so I sent him to Phixit, the man who reties marriage knots.

From his care-free attitude this morning it was evident to me that my advice had been of value. He greeted me with undisguised affection, his serenity was absolutely remarkable.

"Well," I said, "how did the Professor fix you up?"

"Marvelously!" he beamed. "He's a wonder, and it cost me hardly anything. My home life now is just as happy as it can be—I haven't a care in the world."

I told him I was certainly glad to hear that, "and," I continued, "how is your wife?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the complacent reply. "You see she eloped with the Professor."

Wuff!

Rastus—Dat am a savage lookin' dorg.

Rufus—Yas, sho 'nuff. So savage lookin' dat dorg am, he am plumb skeered to growl.



Father.—I always knew Henry could manufacture a flying carpet for \$244 if he put his mind to it!

Mary's Little Lamb

MARY was the proprietress of a diminutive incipient sheep,

Whose outer covering was as devoid of coloring as congealed atmospheric vapor,
And to all localities to which Mary perambulated,

The young Southdown was sure to follow.

It tagged to the dispensary of learning,
One diurnal section of time—

Which was contrary to all precedent—
And excited the cachination of the seminary attendants

When they perceived the juvenile mutton at the establishment of learning.

Consequently, the preceptor expelled him from the interior,

Which precipitated Mary into a lachrymose condition,

But he continued to remain in the immediate vicinity without fretfulness

Until Mary once more became visible.

Lovetime

Little beams of moonshine,
Little hugs and kisses,
Make a little maiden
Change her name to Mrs.

Traveler.—And there at my feet yawned a mighty chasm.

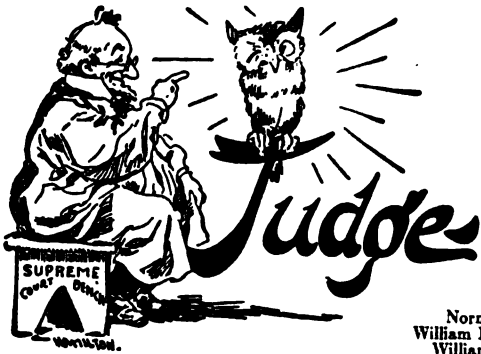
Bored Hostess.—Well, I don't blame it.



"Oh, John! Do you see anything of my hairnet?"



Orphans of the Storm



Editors
Norman Anthony
William Morris Houghton
William Edgar Fisher

W. J. B.: "I regret that I have but one brother to give to my country."

Cheerio!



"Officer, kindly ask Mr. Edward Bok to come forward. How do you do Mr. Bok?"

"Very well, your Honor, for one who would like to love his fellowmen. And you?"

"Well enough, except that I'm a little low in my mind. Do you realize that this week marks the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the World War?"

"So it does—the wooden anniversary."

"Yes, indeed. Notable for the wooden legs of ex-service men. . . ."

"And the wooden heads in the Senate."

"That reminds me, Mr. Bok. Have you ever paid that chap who won the peace prize his second \$50,000?"

"Not yet, sir."

"You haven't spent it, have you?"

"I'd hardly do that, your Honor."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"No trouble, except that the Senate never even considered the prize winner's plan and the country was so taken up with the oil scandal it forgot all about it. You remember the conditions of award?"

"Yes, yes. Do you think the country will recall the plan later?"

"Oh, possibly. About the time another war starts."

"Why, Mr. Bok! You, the creator of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, actually seem depressed. How is that possible? Aren't you aware that wars promote the cause of prohibition and keep a lot of boys off the streets? Cheer up!"

The Party's Reward



The Democratic convention is not the least of the circuses that have played long engagements at Madison Square Garden. Nor is William J. Bryan the least of the clowns that have won plaudits from the multitude there. But it is seldom that the Garden has seen such a sideshow of irony as that embodied in the chairmanship of Senator Walsh.

Senator Walsh, as the chief oil investigator, personally presented the Democratic party with the best chance of a national victory since 1912. To reward him, they picked him to preside for weeks, in heat that

alone tried the soul, over a turbulent and at times almost unmanageable convention that perversely insisted upon throwing to the winds the certainty of victory he had been at such pains to develop. He of all men must supervise the farce that made hash of his handiwork.

K. K. K.



A minister of the Gospel in the enlightened State of Michigan, in these presumably civilized United States (the *Ladies' Home Journal* says ours is the only "first-class" civilization in the world), preaches a sermon derogatory of the Ku Klux Klan. Some days thereafter he starts from home for a religious conference, to be gone twenty-four hours. And he turns up after eleven days with "K. K. K." (maybe they left the periods out) branded on his back, his hair white and his memory gone.

There is no proof as this is written that the Klan is responsible for this atrocity. But the fact that such things are done in the name of the Klan gives that organization a unique distinction among benevolent orders. Try as we will we can't seem to remember anything of the sort ever being perpetrated in the name of the Knights of Columbus, with whom the Knights of the Klan like to compare themselves; or in the name of the Knights of Pythias, or of the Redmen or Elks or Owls or Eagles or Buffaloes or Lions or any other of the brotherhoods that typify the wild free life of the American male. Just how benevolent must a benevolent order become before its name lends itself to such uses?

A Chance for a Decoration



The incident of the Michigan dominie suggests that ministers now, if they wish, can fill a much more adventurous rôle than that of merely starving for the glory of God. They can stand up in their pulpits and thunder a challenge to any order that stirs up racial or religious animosity in the name of Christ, and incidentally court a "K. K. K." between the shoulder blades as if it were the Victoria Cross of their profession.

But how many will? What we need most sorely in this country of ours to-day is a courageous and enlightened clergy. In the last fifty years of utter materialism we have allowed the profession of the ministry to go a-begging for recruits, with the result that too many ignorant, narrow, fanatical men have usurped its posts of responsibility. Under the lash of these mad mullahs of morality the people as a whole have said good-bye to temperance and tolerance, and the few who still cling to these ancient virtues feel cowed.

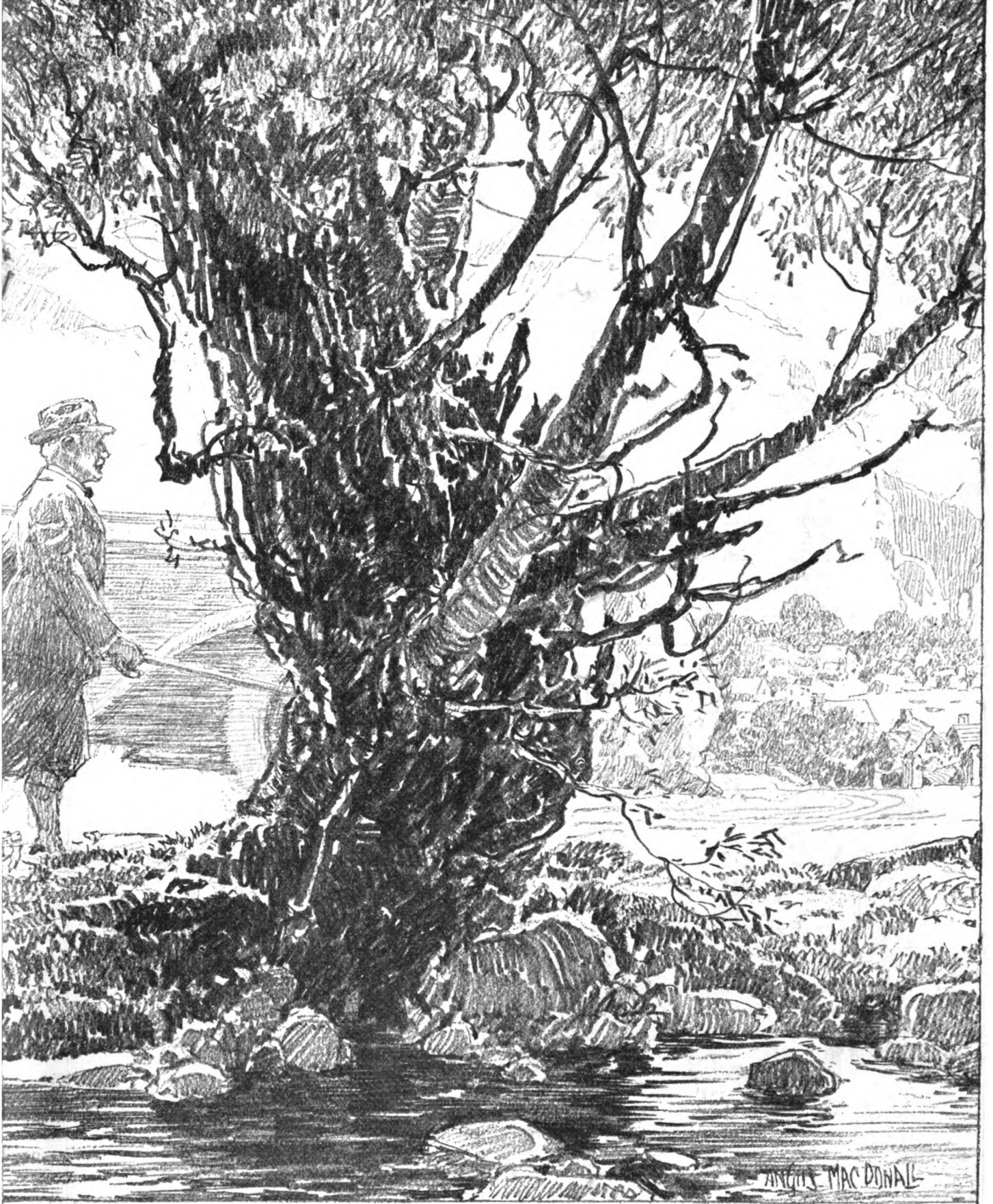
It is silly, as some do, to blame this condition on the war. England suffered from the war ten times as much as we. But in England, where most clergymen are still drawn from the ranks of scholars, the people remain temperate and tolerant, and for that very reason.

Curious, isn't it, the power of the pulpit in a so-called irreligious age? We didn't know we were so rotten righteous.

W. M. H.



Mil



age

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL SHOW

by George Jean Nathan

ONCE, and not so long ago, the most original of the various forms of American theatrical entertainment, the musical show has in recent seasons become the least original. One American musical comedy is presently as much like another as the Keene Twins, and one revue differs no more from the other than two home-made *crème de cocoas*. The moment the imported Charlot revue was seen to be a big success, nine-tenths of our local revue impresarios began to try to glom some of the money by cutting down their twenty minute skits to two and a quarter minutes and inserting an act in which the lady comic was poked in the rear with a spear or a broom handle. This, in the minds of our friends, is the whole secret of the Charlot revue's fortune. All that they see in it is the brevity of the sketches and the humorous virtuosity of La Lillie's bustle.

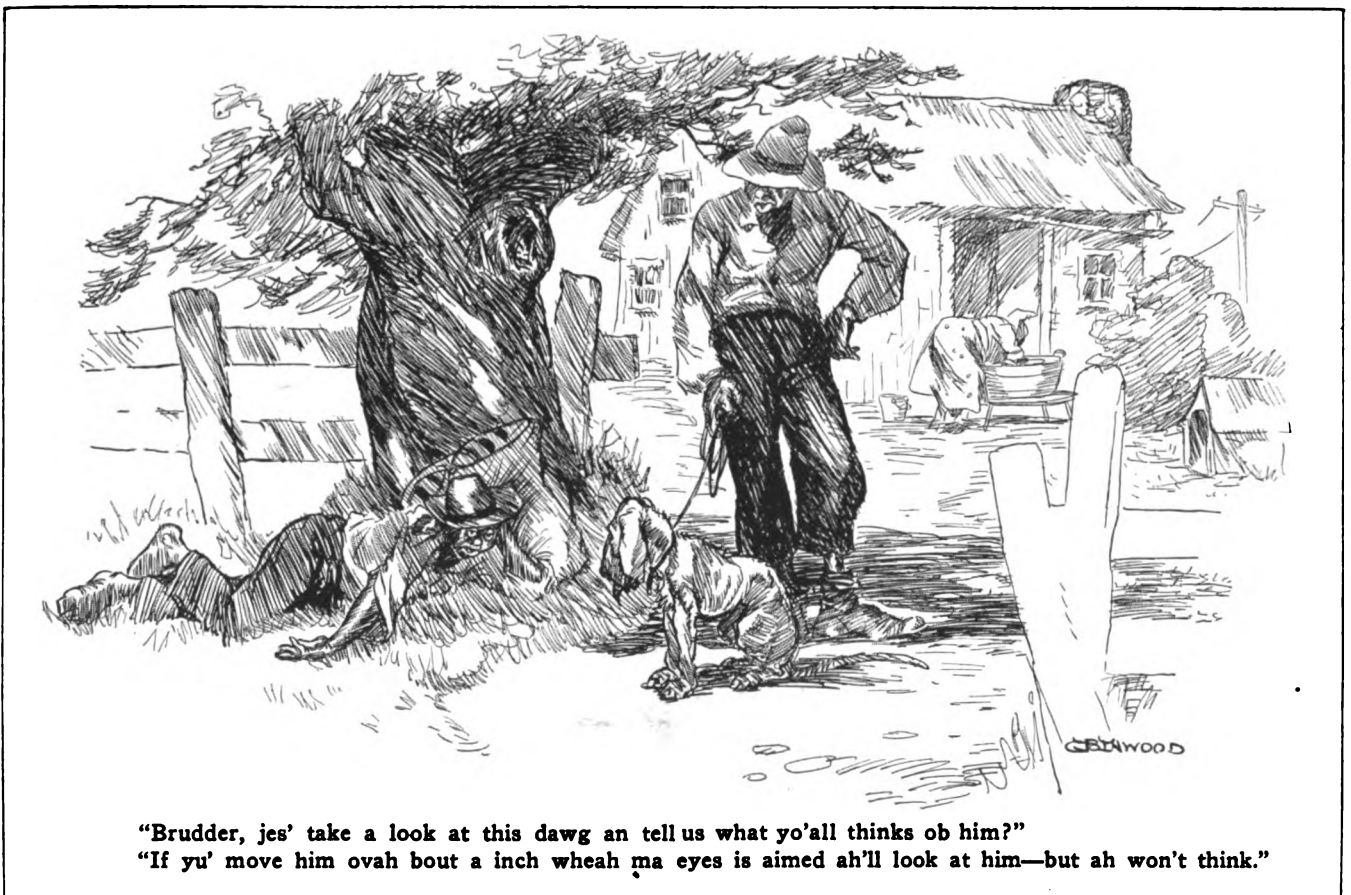
Those portions of the native revue that are not imitations of the Charlot exhibit are equally standardized. There is, for example, sure to be a "living picture," called either "The Dawn of Beauty," or "The Birth of April," in which eight or nine chorus girls who have recently

achieved fame by being bitten by some celebrated blackface comedian pose in strip tights against a backdrop irrelevantly representing the gardens at Versailles. On occasion, by way of striking an original note, there is substituted for these "living pictures" the kind of "living curtain" that has done yeoman service in the French revues. The "living curtain" is exactly like the "living picture" except that it is hoisted into the air. All the local "living curtains" are alike. Half a dozen chubby hussies with brass ashtrays fastened on their breasts and with only the schnitz'l of a didie standing between them and the altogether squat on small seats attached to the curtain, drape their right hands languidly over their heads and clutch their left ears, and are slowly raised aloft into the flies. This is supposed to be very devilish stuff.

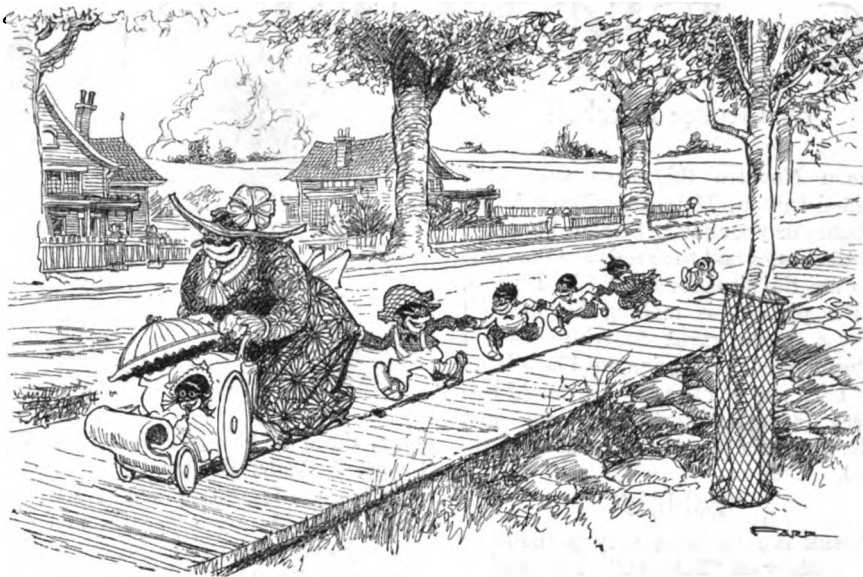
The chorus maneuvers in the last five years have become fixed to a pattern. There is always one number in which the girls march around the stage in military fashion, shifting from twos to fours and from fours to eights and finally forming a large pinwheel. At the conclusion of this number, the première danseuse comes

up out of a trapdoor and stands in the center of the chorus-grouping poised on one toe and airily smelling at a rose. Another number that we are sure to get is the one in which, when the curtain goes up, the girls are beheld sitting on the floor with their skirts pulled over their heads and with a large flower of one sort or another embroidered on their panties. The backdrop is painted bucolically, and the program informs us that the scene represents "In Honeysuckle Land." The tenor sings a song about the heroine being fairer than any bloom and, at the chorus, the girls pull their skirts off their heads, stand up and presumably surprise the audience greatly by revealing themselves to have been hidden under the skirts all the time. Then, too, it is dollars to doughnuts that we are certain to be vouchsafed the number in which, after the line of chorus girls has finished with its concerted kicking, each of the girls is permitted to show individually what she can do. That none of the girls can do anything doesn't seem to matter in the least.

The songs are as stereotyped as the chorus numbers. If we don't get some-



"Brudder, jes' take a look at this dawg an tell us what yo'all thinks ob him?"
"If yu' move him ovah bout a inch wheah ma eyes is aimed ah'll look at him—but ah won't think."



Carbon Copies.

thing about Normandy, we get something about Araby, and if we don't get something about Picardy, we are sure to get something about Brittany. "Rose of Seville," "Rose of Madrid," "Rose of Montmartre," something about the Congo, something about Tango Land, the various "times" (such as Dandelion Time, Apple-blossom Time, etc.), the one about one's gypsy love, the "vision of India," the comic one about the sheik ("The Irish Sheik," "The Sheik of Alabama," "The Yiddish Sheik," etc.), the one concerning the old-fashioned girl, the various "days" (such as Grandma's Day, Calico Days, etc.)—they massage our tympani night in and night out.

If the plot of the musical show isn't a revamping of the old Cinderella hokum, it is generally found to be the one in which the leading lady's aristocratic \$75-dollar-a-week actor-father refuses to permit her to marry the presumably humble juvenile who turns out at eleven o'clock to be none other than the son of his own partner. Nothing, in the musical comedy theater, is so arbitrarily interruptive of the course of true love as 9.45 P.M.

The revue burlesques of popular plays and of our more conspicuous playwrights may be spotted a month ahead. To the writer of these lampoons, Eugene O'Neill means simply a lot of hells and damns, and George M. Cohan merely an American flat, a million dollar business deal, a joke about Providence, R. I., and a boost of the Irish. There is no more imagination in such burlesques than there is in the average cabaret entertainment.

In our music show theater a drop curtain is never simply a drop curtain. It is always an "art curtain." The difference between a drop curtain, old style, and an art curtain, new style, seems to be an embroidered gold bird or two. It appears

that a bird embroidered in gold represents the highest reaches of modern æsthetics.

The Apache dance is still with us, and apparently stronger than ever, although it is now no longer laid in a scene representing Montmartre. The Apaches are presently dressed like Chinese and the scene called either "An Opium Den" or "In Limehouse." But under the Chinese costumes we get the same old Apache hoofers.

At the finale of the first act, the odds are thirty to one that confetti and colored paper ribbons will be dropped upon the

stage from the flies. The dance number at the conclusion of this act will be exactly like two of the dance numbers that have preceded it, save that the stage director will try to make it seem very peppy by getting the chorus girls to pretend, with visible difficulty, to be completely exhausted at the finish of it.

In her sentimental love duets with the tenor-hero, the leading lady will generally be found having an awful time of it trying to conceal the fact from the audience that, being in love with the actor who plays the ukulele in the Hawaiian number, she doesn't like the tenor-hero even to put his arms around her.

In order to fill in the time while one of the bigger scenes is being set, the revue producer always cuts out the number he has been rehearsing for four weeks and hires a couple of steppers from vaudeville to insert in the spot. One of these steppers may always be relied upon to jump with his right foot over his elevated left leg. As audiences have been in the habit of applauding this since 1895, the mechanical applause will once again not be lacking and the revue producer will conclude that the stepper has made a great hit. The other revue producers present will be of the same opinion and will the next day put similar steppers under contract for their own revues.

Mr. Stephen Rathbun will duly write in the *Sun* that each one of the musical comedies and revues is the best thing ever seen in New York.



THE SOURCE

The Maid—Excuse me, Miss Esther, but would you mind writin' a nice love letter for me?

The Mistress—Dear me, Delia, I ought to be inspired, to do that.

"Yes, Miss, 'ere I brought his picter for you to look at."

MOVING PICTURES

by George Mitchell



"The Arab"

I HAVE often wondered what the screen would do if suddenly a ban were put upon sheik pictures. By the same shifting sands of life I seem to think the little sands of Arabia would lift up their voices and clap their tiny hands in joyous abandon if they were nevermore forced to face the camera. But, till the sands of the desert catch cold, they will be photographed together with a white turbaned American actor posing as an Arab sheik in love with a terrifically beautiful English maiden. They (the sands) will be tramped to death by gaily caparisoned hosses as multitudinous Bedouins gallop madly to the rescue of the little band of Christians about to be slaughtered by the Turks. The cry, "Kill the unbelieving dogs," will reverberate across the desert and the hero Arab Sheik will nose in just in time to save the Christians and cop off the terrifically beautiful English maid. That's the usual formula on which Sheik drama is founded. "The Son of the Sahara" type of thing seems to me to be the favorite outdoor sport of M. P. manager and director. Arabitis is the screen's most contagious malady. Not to have directed a Sheik picture ought to throw any director into a shame complex from which he might never again raise his megaphone.

It has been done most recently by Mr. Rex Ingram in a picture called "The Arab." This picture differs from its twin Bedouins only in that it seems to me a little less dramatic; a little less sexographic than its predecessors and after all is said and done a sheik picture without sexography is considerably more to be pitied than censored.

"The Arab" employs all of the old sheik tricks but no new ones. Mr.

Ramon Novarro this time wears the coveted turban, Miss Alice Terry is the turbanee or young lady turbaned against, but the hosses and the sands are the same—so are the situations. If Mr. Ingram, in the picture, is making his farewell address to the great American motion picture public, he is going out like a lamb and I for one of his admirers, would like to see him make another farewell—just so he'd leave a pleasanter memory in my mind.

"Babbitt"

THERE is something very pathetic in the story of "Babbitt." Denuded of all its satire on American banality there is in it the sad, sad tale of a man who has lost or mislaid his youth and doesn't know where to find it. In his roaring forties George Babbitt, flowering in his second blooming, is only a withered bachelor button at best.

George may have been a 100 per cent. American business man but with the business of love making he should have had no business. As played on the screen the selection of Willard Louis as the hero is a splendid bit of directorial discretion. Louis is my idea of a 100 per cent. Babbitt. The story does not tell us what Louis (in the film) looked like in his youth when he courted and married Mary Alden. Nor have I any idea what Mary was like in the heyday of her girlhood. She may have been a gay young flapper. But Time has an ugly way of leaving his crow's-feet on the human map and Mary couldn't be expected to hold George against any such odds as Carmel



Myers threw at George's heart. As for George, I doubt if Don Juan himself with George's impost of weight and age could have made any better running.

In any event, George had a run for his money and, though he lost his youth and didn't know where to find it, came home wagging his tale behind him. As produced by Warner Brothers the picture is well cast, well acted, and well worth your time. You muzzzen mizz it.

"For Sale"

"FOR SALE" is the type of thing in which the plot is so well known to you that you can run way ahead of it and sit comfortably in your chair and wait till it catches up to you again. This series of hundred yard dashes is kept moving right along till the end of the picture when you may get up and saunter out of the theater with no more mental exhaustion than you would have suffered in a game of cassino with Baby Peggy.

Claire Windsor is a beautiful society girl in love with a poor little rich guy—Robert Ellis by name. But Claire's father, Tully Marshall—goes blooey on the market and Claire must marry the man who holds her father in the hollow of his head, or father will blow off the top of his headpiece. So Claire throws herself at the check books of all the young eligible millionaires with which the picture is studded, until Adolphe Menjou in the kindness of his heart releases her to Robert just before the final fadeout. Some day this story will be laid away and we hope it will occur in our day.

There's a lot of swell scenery—the most magnificent homesteads and bedsteads we've ever seen—in this film and some nifty clothing is worn by Claire and her little group of serious gadabouts.



THE CHEER LEADERS



LA V PARISIENNE
—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

☞☞☞

Says the Flapper—I believe I will shingle my hair.

Says the Irate Father—I believe I will shingle my son.

Says the Property Owner—I believe I will shingle my roof.

Says the Proud Greek Letter Initiate—My shingle I'll hang over my bed.

Says the Inebriate Hubby—I wish I wash shingle m'shelf.

—*Denver Parrakeet.*

☞☞☞

"James, as I passed the servants' hall to-day I saw you kiss one of the maids."

"Yes, madam, when would that have been, madam?"

"About four o'clock."

"Oh, yes, madam, that would have been Jane, madam."—*Columbia Jester.*



Christopher—Well, how'd you find yourself this morning?

Marlowe—Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was.

—*Virginia Reel.*

Liza took little Rastus to the dentist. The little fellow took one glance at him and ran.

"Mistah Dentist, if you want to pull Rastus' tooth, you'll have to take off that white robe."

"Why?" answered the dentist in surprise.

"He thinks you're a Klu Klux."

—*Arizona Who Doo.*



"In Hawaii they have the same weather the year round."

"How do their conversations start?"—*Texas Ranger.*

☞☞☞

Margaret—I looked through the key-hole last night when Marion and Mr. Staylate were in the parlor.

Helen—What did you find out?

"The light." —*Tenn. Mugwump.*

☞☞☞

A woman who has reached sixteen and never been kissed is going to reach forty in the same state.—*Georgia Yellow Jacket.*

☞☞☞

If Dempsey published his memoirs, would you call it a scrapbook?

—*Mass. Aggie Squib.*

At mention of sports all the natives will scoff

In Venice,
They're quite unacquainted with tennis or golf

In Venice,
For how can you drive when there's no place to stand,
Vacant lots are just lakes and the lack of dry land

Must be quite a menace
To those who play tennis
In Venice.

—*Yale Record.*

☞☞☞

"Vy, Ike, that hat is three sizes too big for you."

"Yes, but fadder, dey all cost the same price." —*West Point Pointer.*

☞☞☞

Little Girl—Mother what did you do when a boy first kissed you?

Mother—Never mind.

Little Girl (later)—I did the same thing, mother.

—*Mich. Gargoyle.*



The Young Housewife—Professor, can you tell me how I can run my house without using so much coal?

The Famed Economist—Certainly, my dear; burn wood.

—*California Pelican.*

JUDGE'S LIBRARY TABLE

by Walter Prichard Eaton

WE ARE unable to tell why it is that no sooner does the weather get hot and our brain (if we may be permitted to call it such) become incapable of sustained attention, than the publishers begin to load our library table with the most ponderous of their products. In winter, while the gale howls and on the long evenings we are ready to wrestle with all philosophies, we are asked to review Dr. Doolittle or Ethel M. Dell. On this summer evening, however, the perspiration pours from us as we peruse "Christianity at the Cross Roads," "The Negro from Africa to America" and "Woodrow Wilson, a Character Study."

However, we are better off than the story writers, at that. To-night they are all sweating forth Christmas stories, to appear in the December magazines, out on November 15.

"Christianity at the Cross Roads" is written by E. Y. Mullins, D.D., LL.D., Prexy of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and published by the well-known Fundamentalist, George H. Doran. But if Mr. Doran thinks that JUDGE is going, on a night like this, to plunge into the battle of the Christians, he has another guess coming. Of course, all right thinking people must take sides in this Fundamentalist-Modernist scrap

on the Fundamentalist side. But JUDGE isn't a right thinking person. He agrees, rather, with Don Marquis that it would be a good thing if the right thinking people spent less time feeling right and more time thinking. President E. Y. Mullins, D.D., LL.D., is quite evidently an able gentleman, who thrashes over the old straw with refreshing vigor and chases the Modernists all over the place. But we can't, and that's the truth, get so terribly excited about it. On page 47, we found this sentence: "The Christian act of faith is a self-committal to God as revealed in Jesus Christ. Instantly it brings the soul into contact with spiritual reality. Call Buddha, and Buddha does not come. Call Mohammed, and Mohammed does not come. But call Jesus and he comes."

Call Buddha, and he does not come to E. Y. Mullins, D.D., LL.D. But it is barely possible, according to things we have seen and read, that he comes to a sincere Buddhist. And Mohammed at least came to the mountain. This sort of self-exalted ignorance is exactly on a par with the mentality of the man who laughs himself sick because the English drink tea and play cricket. It is the kind of thing that gives JUDGE's book reviewer an acute pain.

ROBERT EDWARDS ANNIN, in his book about Woodrow Wilson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), has made an interesting contribution to a vexed and interesting subject. There are many who consider Wilson a tragic failure. There are a number who consider him a very great man, sure in time to become a national hero, and who are honestly devoted to his memory. Then, of course, there are Democratic delegates who cheer his name in the convention. Mr. Annin begins his study with Wilson's career at Princeton, which he describes at some length, and, JUDGE happens to know, with understanding and accuracy. Then he moves on into the political and world career of his subject. He makes the point that in all phases of Wilson's public life he began with seeming great success and popularity and ended with lost popularity, in apparent failure. How can this be explained? He finds the explanation largely in Wilson's egotism, his refusal to budge from his own point of view, his absorption in self. The paradox is one that has long been debated, and will continue to be debated. As far as he goes, Mr. Annin makes out a pretty good case. But he misses one point.

He says, over and over, that Wilson had an "audacious" intellect. That is true.



We used to thus proudly show off our strength at fairs and bazaars, but times have changed—

and the tables are turned. The "Necking Machine" is now in vogue.



The National Game.

It was audacious enough, and brilliant enough, to start things in the world, the little world of Princeton, the great world of nations, which meant, if carried out, great changes. Now most people are mortally afraid of change, and the more Wilson's audacious intellect and brilliant tongue put these things forward, the more opposition, a deep, subconscious opposition, he roused. Finally the movements got too big, too bitter, too complicated, for any one man possibly to handle. Only the co-operation of everybody could carry them through. But this co-operation was just what he was temperamentally unfitted to secure, as Mr. Annin shows. Wilson was great enough to start great things, but not great enough to control them. However, if some of those things are, in time, carried through, future ages will give him far more credit for them than Mr. Annin does now.

"THE NEGRO FROM AFRICA TO AMERICA" (George H. Doran), by W. D. Weatherford, head of the Southern College of the Y. M. C. A., is a ponderous book in size, but a most interesting book to read, the more interesting because it is written by a Southerner. It is in the best sense scholarly, and it is wise, kindly, full of sympathy and understanding. Dr. Weatherford, realizing the inability of any races to get along together without understanding one another, goes right back to Africa and tells us about the negro, his customs, beliefs, backgrounds, from earliest times; studies him under slavery and reconstruction, reads all his newspapers and magazines to see what he is thinking, shows what it is in our treatment of him to-day which causes his resentments, and sets forth the next steps we must take toward solving our race problem. The next step, JUDGE thinks, would be to put this book into all our schools, both North and South.

We were rather pleased, too, by an article in a negro paper, quoted by Dr. Weatherford. This dusky Brisbane suggested to his afflicted fellows that they had one sure way in the South to force justice. All they had to do was to stand together and refuse to work. The moment the Southern gentlemen and ladies were threatened with having to cook their own meals, empty their own garbage, wash their own underclothes, pick their own cotton, lay their own bricks, they would be filled with a greater fear than if every negro had a shotgun.

Having this morning hoed our own corn, we are just mean enough to want to see this tried.

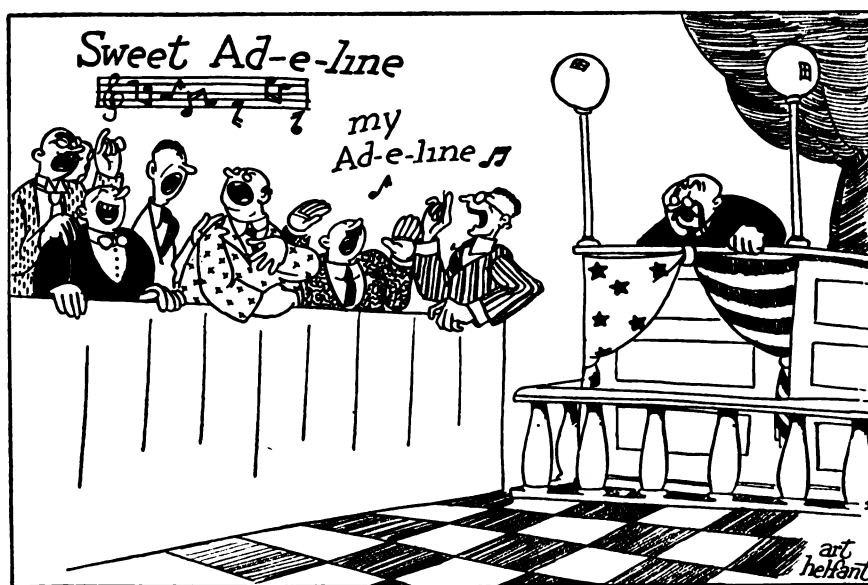
THE SOUL of that quaint little brown-eyed spinster of Amherst, Emily Dickinson, is with the immortals. She died in 1886, after living the life of a

recluse, and hardly one of her poems had ever been published. Now, half a lifetime later, her three posthumous volumes have been collected into one, and issued by Little, Brown & Co., to go on the shelf in the distinguished company of the classics. All her poems are short, and there are hundreds of them. Nearly all her poems are written in a tortured style as arrestingly odd and individual as the poems of Thomas Hardy. Many, many of them are mystic, and you have to dig for the meaning. But re-reading them again after several years, we find them more stimulating than ever, more arresting in their strange beauty, more startling in their flashing insight. Emily Dickinson is not only the finest woman poet America has produced, she comes very close to being the finest poet of either sex. Certainly she held to her own high level more consistently than any other. You can quote from her anywhere, without doing her a grave injustice, and without failing to quicken the breath of your listener. Do you remember this one? Or, now hearing it, will you soon forget?

I stepped from plank to plank
So slow and cautiously;
The stars about my head I felt,
About my feet the sea.

I knew not but the next
Would be my final inch—
This gave me that precarious gate
Some call experience.

It seems almost a sacrilege to add that this poem irresistibly reminds one of the platform committee at a national convention.



The jury having received a sample of the evidence, begin showing evidence of the sample.



KOMICS FOR THE KIDDIES

The Singular Success of Sydney Snickerton

An authentic interview rejected by the Child Labor Department of American Magazine.

FOR many weeks I had been attempting to secure an interview with the great Sydney Snickerton, one of the most celebrated of America's multi-millionaires, only to be turned away at the door by a deferential butler with the message that the famous man was asleep and could not be disturbed. At last, however, I succeeded in gaining an audience.

I found myself standing in an immense room, the walls of which were covered with genuine Bud Fishers, Herrimans, Tads and other Great Masters. Noting my expression of bewildered admiration, Mr. Snickerton condescended to enlighten me.

"This is the library," he said hospitably. "That rug there cost \$100,000. That antique table my feet are on set me back \$25,000—why, I spent \$10,000 on the wormholes alone! Amazing, the way they rob you for wormholes nowadays! Yes, this is one of the best known libraries in America, as this is the room in which I serve cocktails to visiting Congressmen. You can tell it's a library because there's

a book here—at least, there used to be, although I haven't seen it for weeks. There really was one—I never did find out its name."

"Mr. Snickerton," I asked, "to what do you attribute your great success?"

"I never grant interviews," he said, pulling out a bulky sheaf of proof and several large photographs of himself.

"By the way, my first name is spelled with two Y's. The man from the *Morning Bazook* and the one from the *Evening Bazink* only used one. No, I have nothing to say for publication."

"But—" I started to say.

"Even as a tiny tot," said Mr. Snickerton, not noticing my interruption and reading so rapidly from the proof sheets that I could hardly take notes, "little Sydney Snickerton possessed many characteristics that differentiated him from his playmates, chief of which was his overpowering ambition. Got that?"

"Yes," I said.

"I was afraid you were going to ask me how to spell 'differentiate,'" said Mr. Snickerton, much relieved. "There are too many F's in that word—I was never any good on F's. It has been my one weakness. Where was I? Oh, yes, 'ambition—overpowering ambition.'"

"At the age of five—hope I'm not going too fast for you—Mr. Snickerton said to his Aunt Sarah: 'Aunt Sarah, before I am twenty-one I am going to be worth one million dollars (\$1,000,000)'—close parentheses."

"Pardon me," I ventured to inquire, "did you tell your aunt to close parentheses?"

"Certainly not," retorted Mr. Snickerton with some heat. "Though her—ah—limbs were a trifle bowed, I should never have ventured to comment on the fact. But to proceed:

"His aunt laughed at him and said that little boys could never be worth one million dollars (\$1,000,000) although little girls might expect to rate that high if they got the right theatrical connection.

"I shall or will succeed," said Mr. Snickerton," read Mr. Snickerton. "Fix that 'shall or will' business up in your writeup—I never can get the fool thing

THAT BANQUET FLASHLIGHT



As Mr. T. Terwilliger, at the table, knew he looked—



—and what the camera did to him.

straight. To continue: No sooner said than done. Before he was twenty-one years old, Mr. Snickerton was worth the stipulated one million dollars (\$1,000,000). That's all."

"But how did you get your start in amassing your great wealth?" I asked.

"My secretary didn't put that down," replied Mr. Snickerton, peering at the papers in his hand.

"Surely you remember," I persisted.

"Well, I do faintly recall it," admitted Mr. Snickerton. "At the age of twenty I married a chorus girl who was receiving fifteen dollars a week."

"But I don't see—" I started to interpose.

"I forgot to explain," he went on hurriedly, "that she was already married and naturally had to shoot her first husband in order to get me. As she had some business acumen, she had arranged to have a motion picture camera handy, and had already prepared a diagram with cross-marks-spot-where-crime-was-committed. Between the movies and the daily illustrated newspapers we netted a cool million."

"To go back a bit," I interjected, "you said this was the room in which you served cocktails to distinguished visitors?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Snickerton, and graciously dismissed me.

TYLER H. BLISS.



"I tell you yer can't get in."

"But, sir, I am her fiancé."

"Go'an, yer the third guy to tell me that to-night."

Greatest Woman Pickled Again.—Headline in the Washington Evening Star.

So it's not surprising that the stuff simply paralyzes the average person.

Optimist—We are told that the meek shall inherit the earth.

Pessimist—The way things are going, they'll probably be welcome to it.



Satan—And what have you to report to us, your Satanic Majesty, about your day's activities.

Imp No. 1—Your Majesty, I beg to report that I have this day prevented one boy scout from doing his daily good deed.

"His" Den

The Way He Wanted to Furnish It

ONE card table. One poker set. One wicker-covered demijohn.

Three smoking stands. Two humidors. Twenty-seven photographs of bathing beauties.

Bookcase filled with Jack London, Rex Beach and Mark Twain.

Rack for golf clubs, tennis rackets and fishing rods.

The Way His Wife Furnished It

One reading table. Three tie racks. One collar bag.

Framed motto. Picture of two oranges and a bunch of grapes.

Photographs of all her relatives.

Bookcase filled with Elinor Glyn, Edgar A. Guest and Harold Bell Wright.

Window box of geraniums and ferns. Case containing thimbles, needles and thread.

"Your wife says you can't keep anything from her," said the bantering friend.

"She is mistaken," replied Mr. Peckmoore with dignity. "I have a quarter inside the lining of my vest at this very moment."



Short-sighted Individual (catching sight of his own reflection in the aquarium tank)—Vicious looking brute! Shouldn't like to meet *him* if I were a diver!
—*Passing Show* (London).

The Joke

MADGE was sweet and wholly charming
But too haughty, that was clear;
Susan's ways were most disarming
But she was so plain, poor dear!
Prue could cook like my own mother,
But she was a trifle stout;
So it was with many another
Girl I used to care about.

Life has brought its every treasure
But a loving look from Bess;
I've succeeded in full measure,
Save in winning her caress.
Now I know my heart beats truly;
Faults no longer I behold;
Now I'm loving—courting duly,
But young eyes smile: "You're too old."

Waiter—This money is no good, sir.
Diner—Then we're even—your dinner was no good either.
—*Le Pêle-Mêle* (Paris).

Her Past

"I told you to come here and dust, and what do I find you doing—taking it easy in the most comfortable chair in the house! Do you think that I am going to play chambermaid?"
"Didn't you tell your husband at breakfast this morning that you felt ten years younger?"
—*Meggendorfer-Blätter* (Munich).

Theological Student—I had such a curious dream last night, Miss Potts-Point. I dreamed—er—I was in the Garden of Eden.
"Oh, how exciting! And did Eve appear as she is generally represented?"
"I—I—er—that is to say, I did not look."
—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

"What is that noise—a loudspeaker?"
"Yes, my husband."
—*Meggendorfer-Blätter* (Munich).

The New Car

ALONG the road the hedgerows bloom
Against the greenly grassy mead
Where daisies gem the growing gloom—
He chortles: "Gee, this bus has speed!"

And, in quaint gardens that we pass,
From trellises shy blossoms shower
Old-fashioned fragrance on the grass—
He changes gears—"Gee, she has power!"

The moon twines through the maple trees
Its fragile fingers and the soul
Of clover permeates the breeze—
He tries the brakes: "Gee, some control."

I brush against him tenderly,
My eyes as shining as a star—
But he has not a thought for me,
His mind is only on the car.

JOHN MCCOLL.

"So the Jones-Brown match is broken off, is it?"
"Yes. The Browns objected to Jones being so economical."
"You astonish me."
"Yes. You know he is a contractor, so he sent out circulars to all the ministers in town asking for their lowest estimates for performing the ceremony."
—*Tit-Bits* (London).

"I want to tell you a riddle, and you see if you can guess it."
"All right, go ahead."
"What is it that has four legs, a tail, and barks?"
"A dog."
"Ah, I see, somebody's told it to you."
—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

Lady—Are you sure these field glasses are high power?
Ambitious Salesman—Madam, when you use these glasses anything less than ten miles away looks as if it is behind you!
—*Answers* (London).



Samson (absent-mindedly)—And when you've finished cutting my hair, give me a shampoo.
—*Le Rire* (Paris).

She'd Prefer Cash Herself

The Artist—I've been getting a good deal of credit for my work lately.

The Model—But can you get enough of it to live on? —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).



They had been married only two months, but already they were engaging in daily battles.

"To think that you can talk to me that way," she cried, "when only a few months ago you were telling me that heaven had sent me to you."

"I can still say it," replied the husband—but he added, "to punish me."
—*Sans Gène* (Paris).



He—Is she progressive or conservative?

She—I don't know. She wears last year's hat, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income.

—*Answers* (London).



"I don't see you so often at the club now."

"No, I come only every other night."

"Soon it will be every third night, then every fourth and fifth, and finally they'll say, 'Meier is married.'"

—*Meggendorfer-Blätter* (Munich).



The Profiteer—Say, Baron, what do you think of me now? I'm studying "A Thousand Words of English," and I'll soon be able to talk it with you.

The Baron—Indeed? I speak English as if it were my mother tongue.

"That wouldn't satisfy me—I want to speak it better than that."

—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).



"Mummy, Willie's got his frog in bed. He says it's going to sleep with us."—*London Opinion*.

Loses 24 pounds . . . reduces waistline 3 inches —in 3 weeks!

**You can try the same method for
ten days FREE**

No medicine No dieting No exercise
With no effort at all

"I AM returning my Automatic
Waistline and Abdomen Reducer
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Ivan W. Arno, Postmaster of Erroll,
N. H.

"Will you please make it smaller for me,
for I can lace it together and it is still too
loose. I am more than pleased with the
Reducer. I have reduced my waistline 3
inches and have lost 24 pounds in weight in less
than three weeks."

Such letters are pouring in each day upon Dr.
Thomas Lawton, inventor of Dr. Lawton's
Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer.
Hundreds of these reducers, which originally fit
snugly, are being returned to be made smaller.
The summer is the best season for quick reduction.
Men and women throughout the country are
regaining their normal, symmetrical figures through
this wonderful device, which is cool, comfortable, well
ventilated and made of special reducing material.

Something entirely new

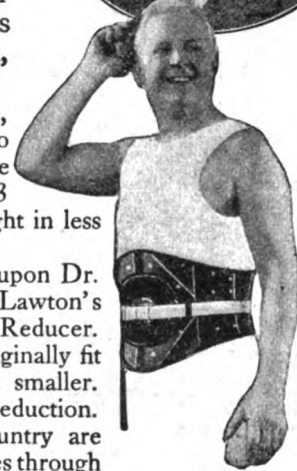
Do not confuse Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and
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True, it does what they do—AND MORE. In the center
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fatty tissue with every breath you take—with every step
you make.

You can now try it—FREE

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to see what it will do for you in a brief ten days—at our
risk. Tear off the attached coupon. Sign your name. It will
bring a complete description of this remarkable reducer.
Also full details of our FREE OFFER which permits you
to wear the Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer for
10 full days—at our risk. You are to be the sole judge of
its ability to reduce *your* waistline and abdomen. If you
are not entirely satisfied it costs you nothing.

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Send it today. Right now while it is handy. You cannot
afford to miss this opportunity to reduce WITH NO
EFFORT AT ALL.



Dr. Thomas Lawton, Dept. H-62,
19 W. 70th St., New York City

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under which I am to be the sole judge of the efficiency of your device.

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Please sign your name Mr., Mrs. or Miss

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MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Subscribers desiring practical help or technical information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, JUDON, 687 W. 134 Street, New York. No charge is made for this service. Please remember that a two-cent stamp should be enclosed for reply.

The Mysterious Missing Cylinder

THE term, "missing cylinder" does not mean that the manufacturer of your eight-cylinder motor had forgotten to include one with the engine and has sent you only seven. It does mean, however, that one cylinder may fail to do its work by furnishing its share of power and instead becomes a drag on the other three, five or seven. When a cylinder misses fire it must be carried along by the others, and therefore, instead of the power being diminished by the proportion representing its share, the figurative dead weight which must be carried by the other cylinders, serves to reduce the power by from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent.

A previous article of the Motor Department, dealing with the manner in which a spark was formed by the high voltage of the ignition current aroused so much interest that we feel justified in going into this subject somewhat farther, for the cause of 90 per cent. of all "missing cylinders" lies in the failure of a spark of sufficient intensity to occur at the spark plug points.

You have been told that the current which forms your spark has a voltage of from 10,000 to 20,000, and yet you know that your battery probably furnishes only a current of six volts pressure. The little cylindrical bundle of wax-covered wires located on the dash or underneath the cowl of your car, is an induction coil which is in reality a converter which transforms quantity of current into pressure of current. In other words, the output from your battery is reduced to a very small fraction of one ampere and the voltage is correspondingly increased. Thus, if your six volts are increased 2,000 times to 12,000 volts, the six amperes which might represent the maximum amount of current are reduced by the means of the coil to only 1/2,000 of this amount.

But, it is necessary that the spark in each cylinder should occur only at the proper time. A continuous spark would not only unduly waste the current but would serve to explode the mixture before the piston had reached the top of its stroke and would either cause a serious knock or prevent the motor from operating in the proper direction. When an engine is operating at high speed, the momentum of the piston on its upward stroke is so great that if we set the spark to occur a little before the piston reaches the top, the maximum power of the explosion to send the piston on its downward path is created. This is what is known as an advanced spark and is controlled either automatically or by a small hand

lever placed on the steering wheel. A retarded spark is one in which the ignition does not occur until after the piston has started on its downward travel.

The device which controls the time of occurrence of the spark is logically termed the "timer." It is connected by gears with the fly-wheel or crank-shaft of the engine, and by means of irregularly shaped cams the connection is made and broken at periodic intervals. A slight spark is formed when the contact is broken and the timer contact points must be made of a very hard, non-corrosive, heat-resisting metal, which may be either platinum or a tungsten alloy.

But each cylinder does not require this spark at the same time, for the pistons, being connected with the crank-shaft at different angles, reach the top of their firing stroke alternately in order to produce a regular series of power impulses. One piston may be at the top of its stroke ready for the spark, while another might be at the bottom or might be pushing out the exhaust gases, and it would be a waste of current to have the spark occur in all cylinders simultaneously, in addition to which the mixture in some of the other cylinders might be exploded at the wrong time.

The other important portion of the ignition system, therefore, is logically termed the "distributor," for it serves to distribute the current to the proper cylinder. In other words, when the contact points of the timer produce the spark, the distributor serves to switch the current only to the cylinder which is ready for ignition. The distributor is combined with the timer and consists merely of a hard rubber or composition piece in which are embedded copper disks which form the terminals of the wires leading to the spark plugs of the various cylinders. A revolving portion of this distributor is connected with the same gear that drives the timer and contains in itself the hard rubber or composition head carrying the copper terminal which connects with the battery. As this is revolved in contact with the copper pieces connected with the various cylinders, the electric current is led only to its proper destination.

Important as is the work of the spark in a gasoline engine the battery seldom gives trouble in this regard. The battery of the modern car furnishes the tremendous amount of current required for the starter or self-cranker; for the lights, both bright and dim; for the horn; and for the ignition. The ignition, however, represents the least of the demands on the battery, and any battery which has sufficient current to operate the lights or the horn, possesses an ample reserve for ignition purposes. Therefore, the principal sources of ignition trouble in addition to faulty wiring or spark plugs as already described, are burned, poorly adjusted or pitted contact points of the timer, a dirty distributor, broken wires or a burned out coil.

HAROLD W. SLAUSON.



"Pease, tell me, Mister, why you say people will be damned ef 'ey don't go to church, when my daddy tells my muvver he'll be damned if he will?"

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

First Bird—I saw your mother the other day.

Second Bird—What good luck!
"Not for her—she was on an old lady's hat."

—*Le Pêlé-Mêle* (Paris).

The man seated himself in a restaurant and made a long study of the menu.

"Waiter," he said at length, "I have only two shillings. What would you suggest?"

The waiter removed the menu before adding: "Another restaurant."

—*Tit-Bits* (London).

Checked
"Now, honest, am I the first man you've ever really loved?"

"Absolutely. I went over my whole list only this morning."

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

"A collar of pearls on an old woman—"
"Is just like a lantern on a pile of rubbish."

—*Le Régiment* (Paris).

Shop Assistant—Pardon me, sir, but our rules forbid us to receive bent or battered coins from customers.

Customer—But I received that very coin here as change.

"Very likely, sir. We have no rule against giving bent coins to customers!"

—*Tit-Bits* (London).

"Do you think big hats are coming into fashion?"

"They ought to if milliners want to make the prices seem smaller."

—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

"People would say you were foolish enough to let me marry you for your money."

"Oh, no, my dear, they would say that I was too schmart to let you get it any oder way."

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

Minister—We, all of us, should do at least two things every day that we heartily dislike doing.

Charlie—I do that all right. Why, every morning I get out of bed, and every night I go to bed.

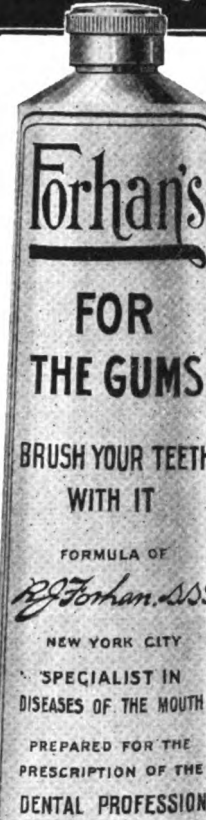
—*Answers* (London).



Jim—I think I'll back "Plumber" for the last race.
Bill—I won't. A horse with a name like that would get halfway round the course, and then have to go back for his jockey!

—*Passing Show* (London).

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 Pyorrhoea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhoea. *Four out of five* people over forty have Pyorrhoea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhoea. 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 Pyorrhoea, 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

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"Prisoner, did you steal that rug?"

"No, yer honor; the lidy gave it to me and told me to beat it—and I did!"

—London Mail.

More Bad Legislation

Herb—Poor Bill was drowned here last year.

Mate—Yep, Parlyment shouldn't let pubs be built on the opposite side of cricks.
—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

☞☞☞

Husband—Last night I dreamed that I gave you a necklace. What does that mean?

Wife—That you are a lot more generous asleep than when you are awake.
—*Sans-Gène* (Paris).

☞☞☞

She—While you are asking papa for my hand I'll play something lively on the piano.

He—I'd rather you didn't, dearest. You know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music.
—*Tit-Bits* (London).

☞☞☞

Summer Boarder (to farmer)—What are you thinking about now?

Farmer—Standing here looking at these bees makes me think what a fine world this would be if hens made honey and bees laid eggs.
—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

☞☞☞

Teacher—Johnny, what are the two genders?

Johnny—Masculine and feminine. The masculine is divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid.
—*Answers* (London).

30

Native—Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here—big ones, too.

Hunter—Good! Which way is south?
—*Tit-Bits* (London).

☞☞☞

Banker—I have one question to ask you before I engage you as cashier. Where do you live?

Applicant—Across from the station. "I can't hire you—it's too risky."
—*Jugend* (Munich).

☞☞☞

Mrs. Skinner (to new boarder)—This is your fourth cup, Mr. Jones. You must be very fond of tea.

Mr. Jones—One would think so, Mrs. Skinner, seeing that I am willing to drink so much water to get a little of it.
—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

☞☞☞

"Do you mean to say you like this stupid play?"

"Good heavens, no!"
"Why are you clapping so loud then?"
"To keep awake."
—*Sans-Gène* (Paris).

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We guarantee all other cars nearly double present mileage, power and flexibility. Models for any car, truck, tractor, marine or stationary engine. Makes old cars better than new. See our mileage guarantees.
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The Real Difficulty

"How did you find your wife when you got home last night?"
 "Easily. But it took me a long time to find home." —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

She—That's the first time in my life that a man ever kissed me!

He—You told me that same thing a month ago.

"Oh, it was you, was it?"
 —*Sans-Gêne* (Paris).

Father O'Flynn—But why did you pick a quarrel and fight with this man—a total stranger?

Barney—Sure, yer reverence, all my friends wor away.
 —*Answers* (London).

Nowadays, many a girl is as old as her mother looks.

All the Difference

"Barbara's married a rich lawyer, I am told."

"Ok, no—he's a rich man, but a poor lawyer." —*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

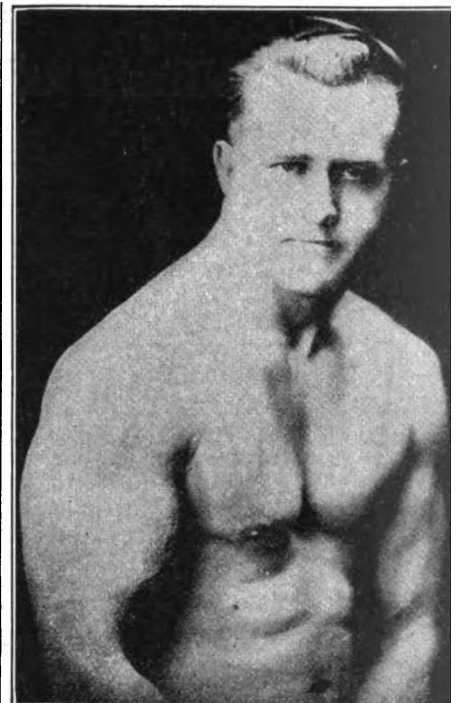
"Mamma, people in America must not be as rich as they're said to be."

"Why, dear?"
 "At the movies I saw an American picture, and there wasn't even one servant in it."
 —*Jugend* (Munich).

Father X.—That horse you sold me is blind, and you never said a word to me about it!

Farmer Z.—Well, the man who sold him to me didn't tell me, either, so I thought perhaps he didn't want it known.
 —*Answers* (London).

"And your bees never sting you?"
 "What, sting me when I know each one of them by name?"
 —*Le Rire* (Paris).



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder

How Strong Are You?

CAN YOU DO THESE THINGS?

Lift 200 lbs. or more overhead with one arm;
 Bend and break a horseshoe; Tear two decks of playing cards; Bend spikes; Chin yourself with one hand.

Can you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. It is natural for the human body to be strong. It is unnatural to be weak. One leading writer on physical culture says: "It is criminal to be weak." I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

I WANT YOU FOR 90 DAYS

These are the days that call for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two inches. But I don't quit there. I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A DOCTOR WHO TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in the factories and mills who literally killed themselves with exercise. They ruined their hearts or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed.

I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered a secret of progressive exercising. I increased my own arms over six and a half inches, my neck three inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor, and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and the highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well proportioned body and the abundance of health that goes with it? Are you true to yourself? If so, spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

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It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

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Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c, for which you are to send me without obligation on my part whatever a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development."

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Habitué—I say, Charlie, how much did I spend on drinks here, last night?
Waiter—Two pounds ten, sir.
 "Oh, good, I thought I had lost it."
 —*Passing Show* (London).

Winner of Judge's 50-50 Contest No. 25



Minister—What are you in here for, my good man?
Prisoner—Because I wasn't rich enough to be insane.

The \$25 Prize in JUDGE's Fifty-fifty Contest, No. 25, announced in the June 21, 1924 issue, was won by Julia E. Adams, 62 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answers which receive honorable mention are: "My doctor ordered arrest cure," Harry J. Francis, 108 South Second street, San Jose, Cal.; "Because I'm not Houdini," J. H. Sheldon, Spirit Lake, Ia; "Misplaced

confidence, parson! She told that her husband was out of town," C. T. Begley, Jr., 2208 South Twenty-third street, Philadelphia, Pa.; "For me health, sor. I had sivin wives," R. Carmen Davis, Route 3, Box 380, Houston, Tex.; "Parson, my bag leaked," "My partner trumped my ace!" A. G. Sturrock, 235 North Dithridge street, Pittsburgh, Pa.; "I made a mistake, I laughed at the wrong Judge," R. C. Pierson, Waterloo, N. Y.

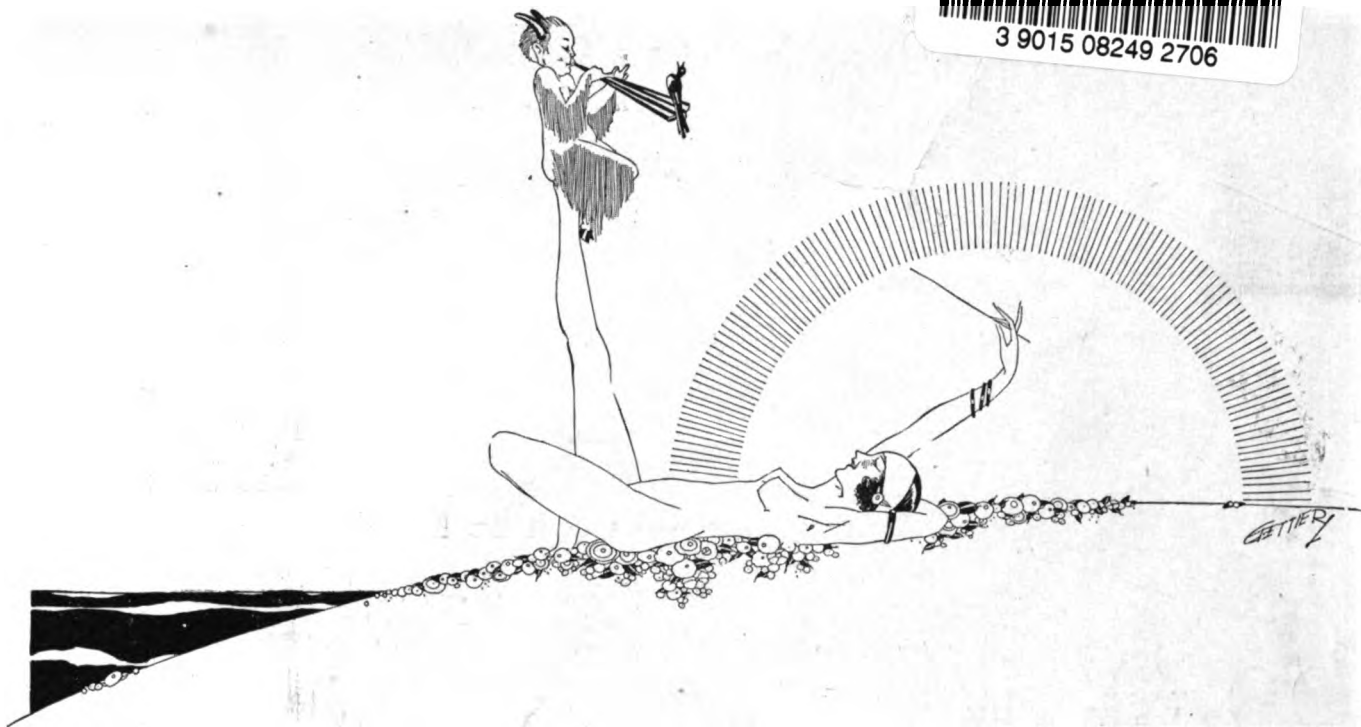
The noted psychoanalyst, Dr. A. A. Brill, divides mankind into two classes—schizoids and syntonics. Which doesn't sound like giving a fellow much of a choice.

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, deprecates the low level to which men in public life have declined. The statue outlook is pretty poor in that regard, come to think of it.

The White House is to be made fire-proof at a cost of \$400,000. In view of the fact that Mr. Dawes isn't even vice-president yet, this seems like a needless precaution.



"Reading Maketh a Full Man."



HAPPY DAYS!

YOU may not be able to get as far from the madding throng as these young people have;

YOU may not be able to shake off entirely the trammels of worry and care;

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