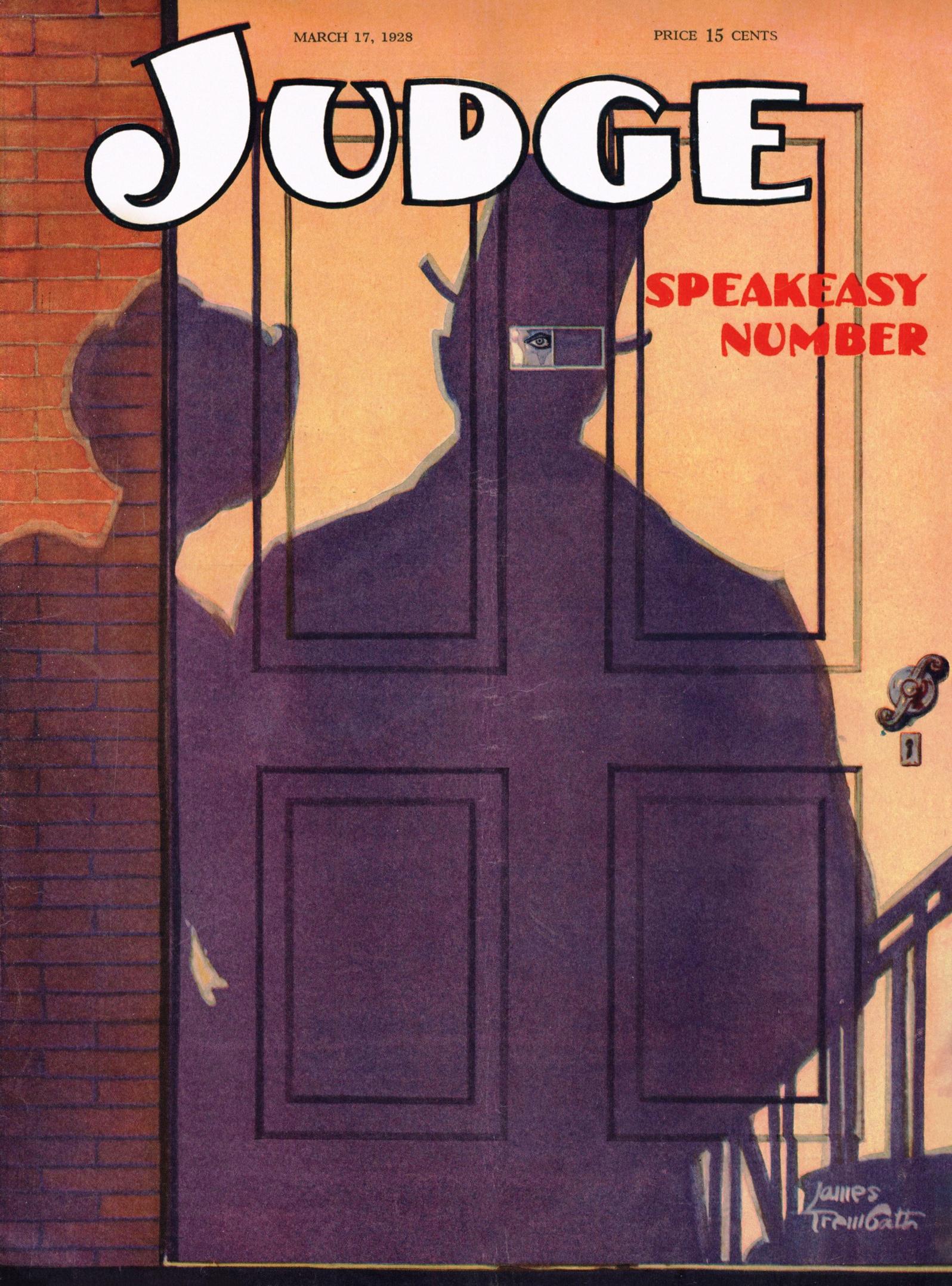


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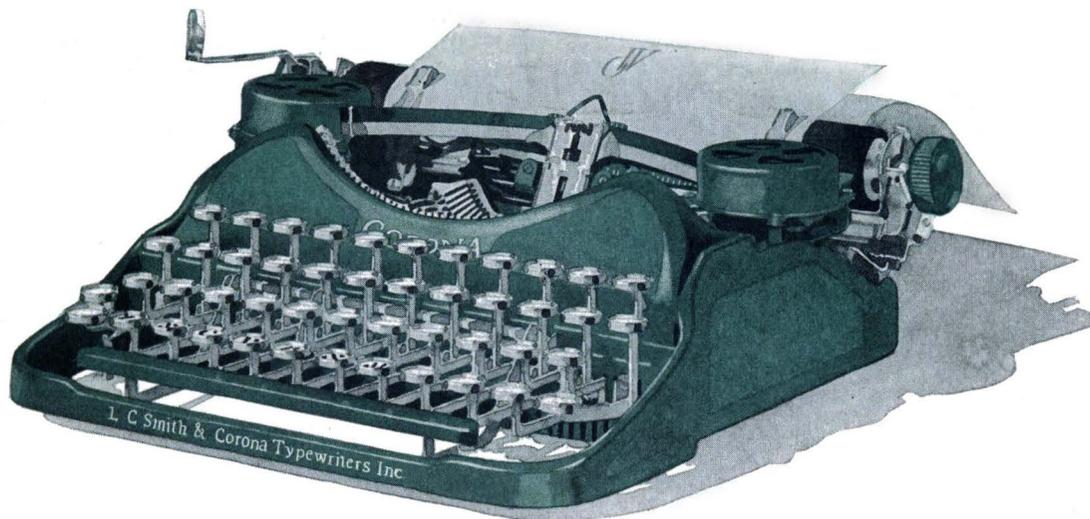
PRICE 15 CENTS

JUDGE

**SPEAKEASY
NUMBER**



*James
Traill Bath*



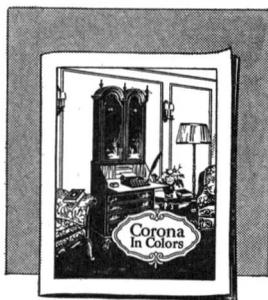
CORONA in colors!

[Bruce Green]



Does your typewriter match your pajamas?

Write us today for a free copy of this illustrated folder showing the new Duco finish Coronas in actual colors.



THERE'S one best time to write those intimate little notes that breathe happiness—and love—and maybe a few choice bits of gossip. That time is morning — all comfy cozy in bed, while the sun streams in the window.

Of course, you don't *have* to stay in bed to use Corona! But you *can* get Corona in a smart color that harmonizes with — well, anything.

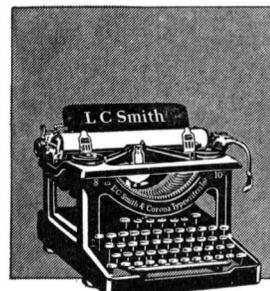
Drop into the Corona store and select a Corona that matches your own pet color scheme. Convenient monthly terms if you so desire.

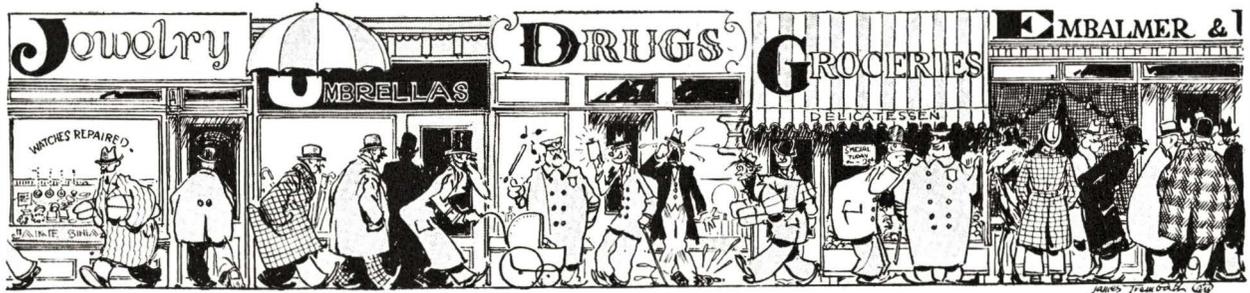
L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Established 1903

Sales offices in principal cities of the world
310 E. Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

L C Smith — the Ball-Bearing Office Machine. Its light touch and easy action increase output, eliminate fatigue.





THE CRITIC'S CREDO

The following paragraphs constitute the second of a series of beliefs and basic assumptions of the American critic. This little doctrine has been undertaken as a modest contribution toward the understanding of the philosophical faith of that group of intellectuals known as the intelligentsia.

THAT in pre-Volstead days all the bartenders were exceedingly amiable and philosophical gentlemen.

THAT all produce dealers are corpulent, loud-voiced spenders who come to New York from the Middle West to raise merry hell with the chorus girls.

THAT a foreign vocabulary lends authenticity to literary criticism.

THAT stories of rich men having succeeded through hard work is a lot of hooie.

THAT all attempts to install bath tubs in Pittsburgh have failed because the tenants mistake them for coal bins.

THAT more soldiers' lives have been saved by bullets lodging in decks of cards than have been by their lodging in pocket Bibles.

THAT everything written by Jim Tulley is exceedingly juicy and realistic.

THAT all conductors get round hair-cuts.

THAT chorus girls would rather drink gin than champagne.

THAT there isn't any Santa Claus.

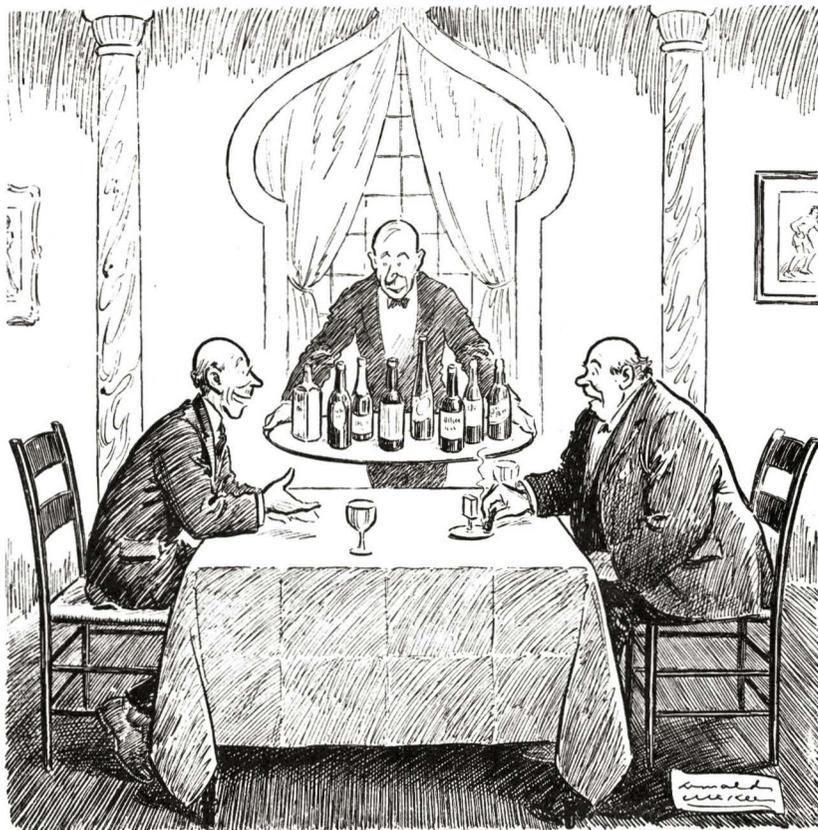
—JACK SHUTTLEWORTH



PROPRIETOR OF SPEAK-EASY—Who is it?

"Just a Sergeant, a Captain and a couple of friends from the District Attorney's office."

"So, you think you'll get in by that ruse, do you?"



Bar Examinations

Knock! Knock! Knock!
 Q: What do you want?
 A: What have you got?
 Q: How many in your party?
 A: Three and a radio announcer.
 Q: Who recommended you?
 A: Potash.
 Q: Which Potash?
 A: Potash of Potassium.
 Q: You think you're funny, don't you?
 A: There, there. Modesty forbids . . .
 Q: Got a membership card?
 A: Yes.
 Q: Is your name Merkle?
 A: In the flesh.
 Q: Advance. Give the countersign and glassword.
 A: Three cheers for the red wine and brew!
 (P. S. He was admitted to the bar.)

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

FIRST MARRIED MAN—My wife has just eloped with the chauffeur.
 "Tck! Tck! I've always intended to hire a chauffeur, and yet I never seem to get around to it."

The Way It Goes

(A Variation)

There she is, my old gal;
 There he is, my old pal;
 And here am I—with somebody else.

—R. C. O.

Hector—What are you going to do this afternoon?
Molly—Oh, bring over some gin and we'll have a tea party.

Another trouble with Prohibition is that only one-half of 1 per cent. of the population practice it.

Casey on the Bat

Night sends its sable livery to
 Blind the eyes of doubt
 With ebon shrouds of blackness—
 Mighty Casey has passed out!



FIRST VICTIM—Lordy, lordy, but I feel awful, Eddie. Where the dickens is this thing taking us?
SECOND VICTIM—Just hang on tight, Williams. He always goes back to the speak-easy. I've taken these canthers before.

Here's How

Lil—That a mash note you're reading?

Til—Yes; from Jakie. He says the stuff's coming along fine.

Driver (arrested for speeding)
—But, officer, I'm a Prohibition Agent!

Officer—Ignorance is no excuse.

Permanent Cure

There was once a Scotchman who got into the American habit of saying "Check!" to everything that was said. "Nice day, Sandy," "Check!" "Ain't the beer cold?" "Check!" "There's a neat little broad." "Check!" He just somehow couldn't break himself of it—until one time he went to a night club with some friends.

Stew (entering flower shop)—
I want shome flowers.

Prop.—Potted, sir?

Stew—None of yer bishness!

"Why has Smith quit drinking?"

"He's gone into the bootlegging game."



"Shorry, mum, but I thought it was a speak-easy!"



"They've pinched Bozo the bootlegger at last."

"Yes; he was parkin' his car too near a hydrant."

Just Like That

Romantic Wifey—Today is our wedding anniversary, dear.

Prosaic Hubby—Really? Then I'll have to mix up some orange blossoms!

Non-rusting and acid proof steel is now being used to make false teeth. This would be an excellent side-line for bootleggers.



After leading a friend through two alleys, over a back fence and up a fire-escape.

At a cost of many thousands of dollars, we have at last figured out that the size of a night-club bill is inversely proportional to the size of the dance floor.

Nitt—Who's that fellow you just threw out of your house?

Witt—He's my first cousin once removed.

First Junior Executive—Gosh, I'm feeling dull this morning.

Second Big Business Man—So am I. Hope we have a conference.

JUDGE



"I don't care wot ye say, Ed—I ain't takin' in any more shpeak-easies t'day!"

The Man Who Saw Tomorrow

The thirsty gentleman stepped up to the door of the speak-easy and raised his hand to knock thrice. Even as he did so something within him arrested his arm and he stood still for a moment.

With his mind's eye he could look forward to the grim, chill dawn and taste the bitter embers of his flaming thirst. He saw himself being carried home by a thieving taxi driver. He saw three dancing sea serpents doing a soft shoe dance with an elephant, a giraffe and a boa constrictor. He beheld himself swaying crazily on a crowded dance floor inhaling the heavy, stagnant air. He felt his frame being racked by hiccups that were as regular as the thumpings of a mighty liner's engines. Malevolent devils drove pointed spikes into his aching temples as he experienced now the raging pain of the headache that was to be on the morrow. He saw himself doing a mock Salome dance to the intense delight of about thirty bibulous couples. He saw it all—saw it clearly and graphically in the brilliant white light of his memory.

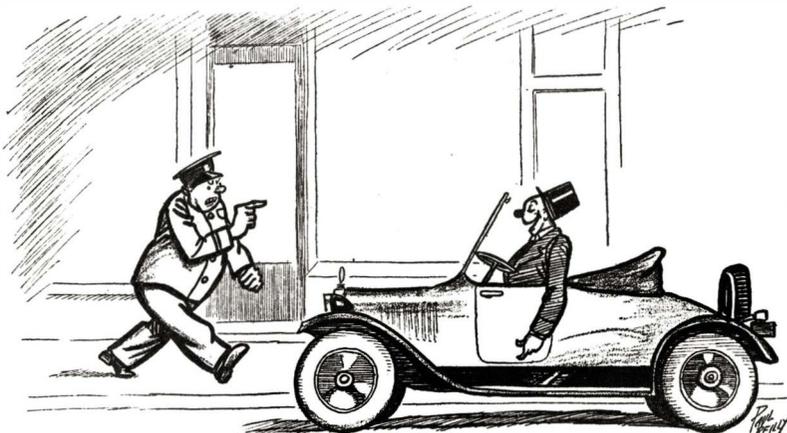
His jaw set firmly. He squared his shoulders and threw his head back. Determination was written on his face. His decision had been made. With a shudder of disgust he pushed his way through the door.

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

Winks

There's the wink of the flirt
That says, "How do you do?"
There's the wink that you use
Telling jokes *entre nous*.
But the *one* wink that I
Very rarely see fail
Is the wink that means "rye"
When you say "ginger ale."
There's the wink of the babe
As he coos in his crib,
There's the wink that implies
One is telling a fib.
But the wink that I watch
With much glee is displayed
By the man who means "Scotch"
When he says "lemonade."

—A. L. L.



"Hey, you, don't you know the parking law?"
"Sure—don't ssttop within fifteen feet of a p'liceshman."

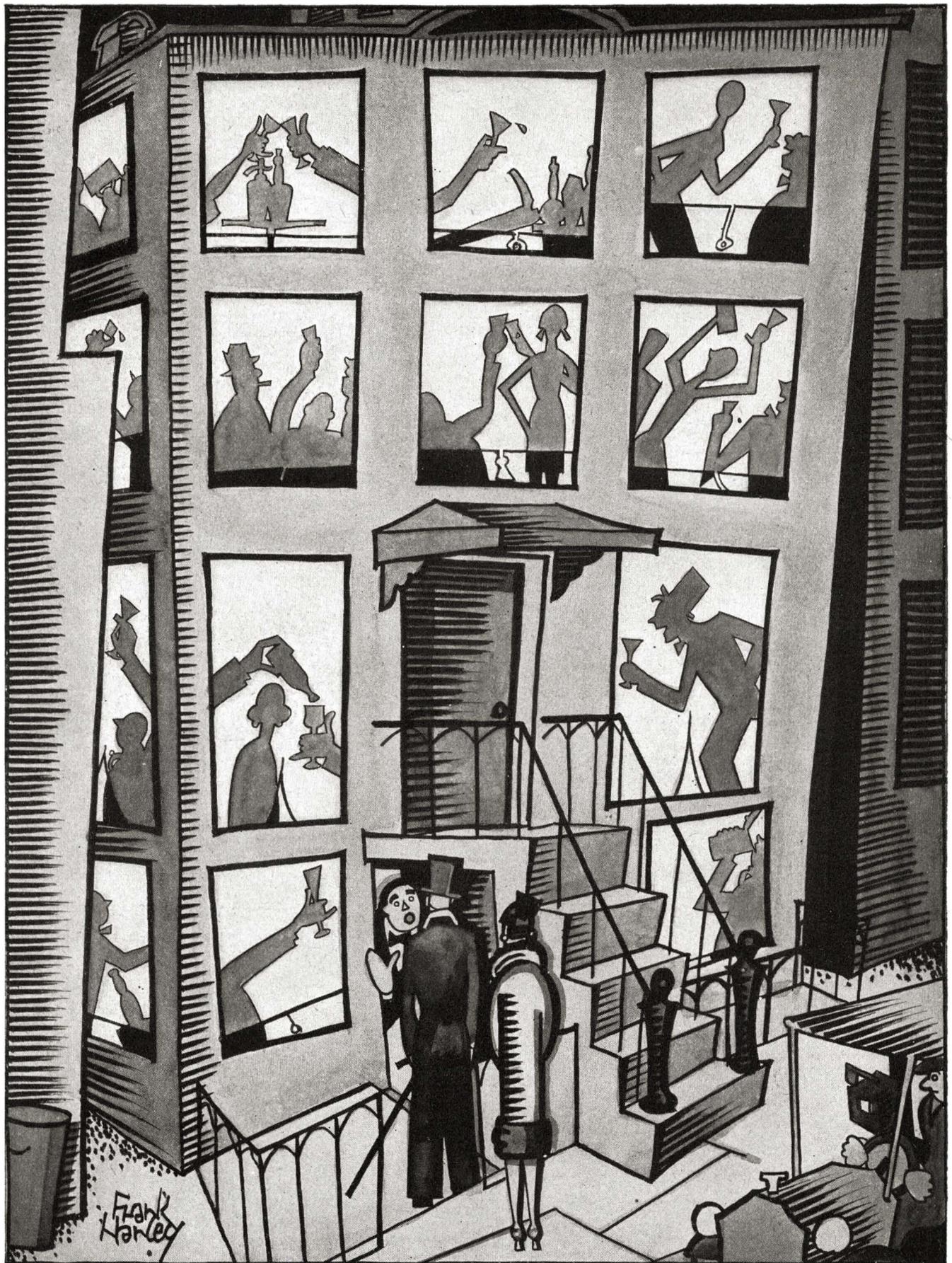


"Guess I'll go home."
"What! An' break up th' party?"



A modern speak-easy for the busy sections.

JUDGE



"No, sir, you can't get in—this is a private house!"

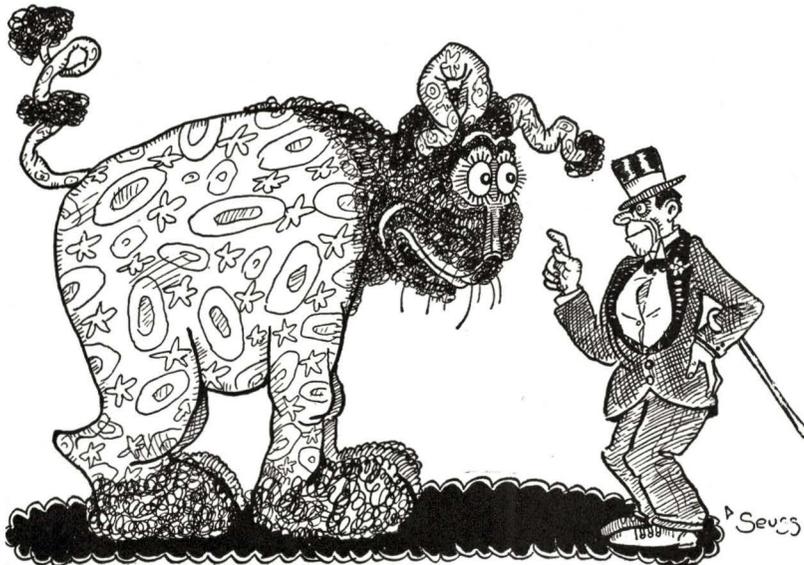
Speak-easy Only With Thine Eyes

all right brats ill tell youse a fairy tale about a speak-easy so spread yourselves around and prepare for a pip well once upon a time there was a speak-easy and it wasnt in the cellar and it wasnt one flight up and it wasnt an old private house and it wasnt disguised as a florist shop or a restaurant or a bird store or a saloon and you didnt have to ring a bell and wait outside while somebody peered at you through a peep hole and said what do you want and who do you know and have you a card and once inside the iron gate the proprietor said dont feel that you have to order drinks because i make plenty of profit on my dollar dinner and besides i have no drag with the french authorities and my french wines are all fake and i make my gin in a bathtub and my whiskey is made right here in the kitchen and i put it up in attractive bottles with labels which cost me 50 cents and you pay me 12 dollars and he didnt make absinth cocktails with just a dash of paragoric and nobody came over to the table and hummed swonderful for a buck and there werent a couple of foreign gentlemen sitting in the corner talking with their hands and saying zis at zat and the walls werent



Host—*This is some sherry that's been in the family since 1880—what do you think of it?*

"I think it's rather small for its age."



REVENGE

"Now, see here, animul! The next time ya get fresh and bite me, I'm goin' to take aspirin and sober up. And then where in 'ell will ya be?"

covered with sketches that so-and so had done specially and when somebody opened a bottle of bicarbonate of soda champagne with a bang and the cork hit the ceiling nobody turned around with a horse laugh and said sounds like pre war days why i can remember when the stuff flowed like water and in leaving nobody said will you remember me next time i come here and the proprietor didnt say thats all right just mention mr jones name and nobody wise cracked with the pretty little coat room girl or tried to talk french with her and when they got out into the street nobody started to fumble around for a card to another speak-easy and now chicks uncle jack sees rings forming under tired little eyes so bon newie

—JACK CLUETT



WANTED—Athletic waiters who can add a stimulating kick to mild cocktails.

Companionate Marriage for Horses, the Latest Fad

By S. J. PERELMAN
Horse and Companionate Marriage Editor of JUDGE

All of us who are interested in the goings-on amongst "our dumb friends" will be much intrigued by the latest developments in the horse world as regards marriage. For some time most of the better grade of horse has felt that the old system of matrimony is "outworn," to become slangy for a moment. According to



Here are the nice new little liquor glasses, an exact replica of the famous Liberty Bell. The cracks are only imitation. Ring when glass is empty.

"Trader Horn," the official stud book of the "Four Hundred" of horsemanship, there were no less than 32,000 equine divorces in the fiscal year ending February 1st—and that was in Chicago alone, where there is also a large population of swines. The swine figures are even more impressive; it is estimated that over 104,000 porcine marriages ended in disaster.

To curb this alarming onrush of divorce which all unbeknownst threatens to strike at the very heart of our American horse institutions and ideals, many of the four-footed aristocracy have adopted a form known as com-



"I don't like to throuble you, Saint Patrick—but there seems to be one more!"

panionate horse marriage. In simple terms, this means that if two horses have taken a lurch to each other and decided to post horse banns preliminary to espousal, that instead of setting up housekeeping in the usual way they will each go to live with their folks as before.

Let us take a concrete example. Supposing that there is a "man's best friend" (horse) named *Wood Face* which is being brought down to Havre de Grace to run in the Futurity. This horse pays 12.50. Her owner, let us say, is a man named Michelson. Now let us suppose for the fun of it that there is a filly by the



JUST A COUPLE OF KANSAS CITY BOYS

You want to know how I like my new parchment lampshade? Vellum very well satisfied with it. But hend this one: "God save you, Mr. Magnolia, do you have matins at your church?" inquired Mrs. W. B. Yeats. "No, ma'am," chuckled the witty Celt. "We have linoleum!" You have to watch those Fenians.

name of *Flabby Lil* also being brought down for the Futurity. She likewise pays 12.50 and is owned by another man named Michelson. The two horses, realizing that this is not coincidence, but destiny, decide to fall in love. After a two weeks' courtship, the following conversation ensues:

(Continued on next page)



An astute young author, submitting his latest book for criticism and review to Mencken.

Wood Face—I love you and two can live as cheaply as one; will you marry me?

Flabby Lil—Yes, but you are not earning sufficient to maintain me in the style of which I have been accustomed.

Wood Face—Well, each of us is paying 12.50 apiece. 12.50 and 12.50 is 25 and we can take furniture on the instalment plan.

Flabby Lil (suggestively)—I have a suggestion. Why not companionate horse marriage? After all, we can still meat-ball the folks and if you still love me after a year, we can move over to the Manger.

And so it is decided. A year later we find these two happy horses living in connubial bliss, having avoided that first year wherein is strewn so many pitfalls, like she need never see him with the lather on his face and he don't even know she wears a mud-mask whilst in the Land of Nod. And they bring up a fine family of eight children, all boys, and every one of them running at Pimlico or Lincoln Fields or somewhere.

I think this proves successfully what a horse boon companionate marriage really is and it would not surprise me in the least to find that other of the lower animals would be quick to



DRY RAIDER—Can't take a chance raiding this place, people all walk out so stiff and straight. You must be wrong.

SNOOPER—Listen, this guy's wise; he puts starch in the cock-tails.

adopt the suggestion. I understand that at the present time there are two leopards and a covey of wolverines at the Bronx Zoo who have been trying out this novel plan with good results. Perhaps you and I may live to see the day when even "Homo Sapiens" himself tries out this new marital scheme—but I dare say we are looking a bit too far ahead. Thank you very much.

Mad Dog!

Did you ever take up frothing at the mouth in a serious way? You will. And there'll be quite a thrill in it when, on a dull gray morning after a bright pink night before, you mistake the shaving-cream tube for the tooth-paste one, and squeeze out a brushful.

For astonishing results, brush vigorously.

You'll soon be considering yourself a lucky dog at being in the seclusion of your own bathroom, instead of in the crowded street running for the 8.49, where you'd attract general attention as cops began firing into plate-glass windows and shooting innocent bystanders.

—ORSON LOWELL

Less Formal

A Negro preacher had pestered his bishop so much with appeals for help that the bishop finally told him with a tone of finality that he didn't want to hear any more appeal from him.

The next week there came another letter from the preacher as follows: "Dear Bishop: I assure you this is not an appeal. It is a report. I have no pants."



"The nerve of that guy—drivin' a truck up Fifth Avenue!"

HIGH

JUDGE JR., LAUDS DETROIT

Says it is Next to the Best City in the Country

Midair, Somewhere East of Suez, March 17.—Radiogram received from Editor of JUDGE: "Stop at Detroit stop interview Henry Ford stop don't talk Jewish." "Well," says I, looking over my shoulder at Mac, who was busy trying to catch bits of cloud to put on top of our Silver Fizzes, "orders from Headquarters! The Big Cheese, I mean Chief, wants us to stop at Detroit! Where are we now?" "Longitude 66, Latitude 77!" snapped Mac, immediately springing into action and opening a bottle of champagne. "Perfect!" says I, giving the Spirit of Pol Roger the gas. "That makes Detroit only twenty-five miles away! Keep your withered eye open, Mate!"



Ten minutes later, maybe twelve, maybe fourteen, Mac yells, "Hard a' port! City on yon sta'b'rd side! Shiver me timbers, there's a street full of Lizzies—it must be Woodward Avenue!" "Kayo!" says I, and we made a dive past the Book-Cadillac and landed right in an open parking space. As we climbed out of our trusty ship we heard the sounds of gay laughter, and looking up beheld several people issuing from a store carrying very suspicious looking bundles. "What's this?" says Mac. Just then I got a peek in the door and grabbed Mac by the shoulder. "Ye Gods! It's liquor! They're

selling it wide open! Some town!"

Well, that was all we wanted to know and we joined the crowd, but discovered the proprietor would only sell us two bottles at a time. "That's easy," says Mac. "Take those two you've got out on the curb and I'll join you before you can say Bobbe Arnst with two more!" Well, after several round trips we settled ourselves real comfortable on the curb and Mac says, "Come on, Detroit! Do your stuff!" And what fun it was, sitting there watching the Detroiters go by! My, how the time flew, fled, flied! "There goes the Addison!" says Mac, breaking a long silence and another bottle. "It is not!" says I. "That is the Book-Cadillac!" "It is not!" says Mac, jocularly. "That is Truman Newberry!" "My, how he's changed!" says I. "It must be the climate." "No," says Mac, "I think it's Washington Boulevard!" "Well, have it your own way!" says I, real

(Continued on page 31)



JUDGE



"And I told the wife I was going to sit up with a sick friend!"



Editor, Norman Anthony

Associate Editors, Richard J. Walsh, Phil Rosa, Jack Shuttleworth

Dramatic Editor, George Jean Nathan

The Gracious Speak-easy

THE saloon bore the blame for bringing down upon us the tyranny of Prohibition. For a while even the wets would say that while they wanted their liquor back, they would never vote to restore the saloon. Latterly it has become fashionable to say that the saloon was the greatest loss of all, that its good fellowship, its free-for-all debates and its well-defined etiquette made it a potent leaven in our democracy. Maybe so; but for our part we think the rise of the speak-easy is the greater gain.

Speak-easies have brought quiet and grace and privacy into the practice of drinking in America. They exclude the noises of the street, bad music, objectionable drunks, impertinent missionaries and political heelers. With custom they tend to take on the air of clubs, frequented by homogeneous groups, so that you can be sure of finding cronies and conversation. They cultivate the art of service, which languishes in the public places. Their furtiveness is somewhat ridiculous; you feel silly pushing a bell, being peered at through the grating and admitted with rattle of chains and shooting of bolts. It's for all the world like going to your safety deposit vault; you know it is in part flub-dub and stage setting, but you also know it is in part necessary and therefore you find a certain zest in it.

This exclusiveness which we enjoy in our snobbish moods is of course the chief drawback to the speak-easy, considered as a social institution. But it is not beyond belief that eventually a system will grow up by which the poor man may get his beer as easily as Judge Junior gets his cocktail. Everybody who wants to drink, whatever his class, will have a card to at least one speak-easy, while everybody else will live in happy ignorance and never be outraged by seeing us depraved sinners come out of swinging doors wiping our lips.

"Profitless Prosperity"

A WARNING that the country may be finding itself involved in a "profitless prosperity" is voiced by Paul Mazur, the banker, whose studies of industry and distribution are as candid as they are exact. He sees a new economic revolution. His is almost the first authoritative voice—except those of aesthetes—to be raised against mass production. "To limit high distributive costs," he says, "we must limit mass production. That calls for a compromise

between the advantages of mass production, large-scale buying power—anything in mass—and the disadvantages of high-cost distribution." Have we been producing for the mere sake of production?

It is ominous that factory employment has fallen to its lowest point in several years. The coal strike, the depression of the textile mills, the devastation of the floods, cannot wholly account for this unemployment. The very efficiency of machine processes has thrown many a man out of work. Meanwhile, distribution has lagged with its old inefficiency and excessive costs, so that the consumer cannot afford to buy more than 65 per cent of the potential output of our plants. Drunk with the heady wine of economy in manufacture, we have cried, "Move the goods and damn the expense."

The remedy, obviously, is not to go back to the old slow production in smaller units. It is to straighten the road of distribution and civilize the jungle of wastes. The short cuts of manufacture can be paralleled by short cuts in distribution. Mass selling can save mass production. Together they can make prosperity profitable.

* * *

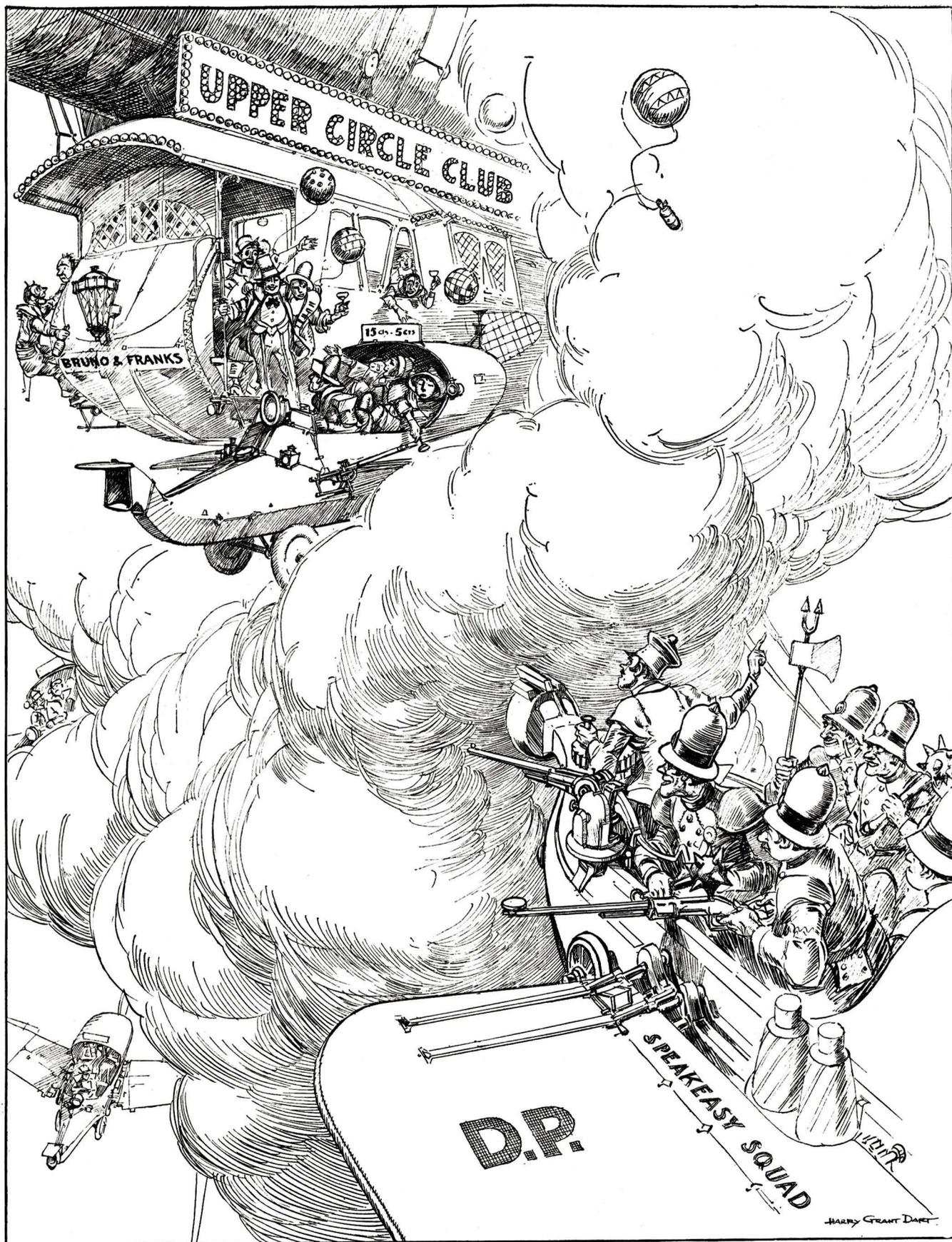
WE welcome to charter membership in the Amalgamated Metaphor-Mixers the *Boston Transcript*. The good old lady qualifies nobly with the following sentence in a political piece: "The situation soared so high in the air that it seemed unlikely to come down until a rift had developed within the party which might throw the delegate situation into chaos."

That's the spirit that pours new wine into old arteries and proclaims that the worm has turned and laid the axe at the pinnacle of the far-flung ranks of the purists. The motto of our society is the immortal dictum of Webster—Daniel or Noah—who said to a carping critic, "Young man, when the English language gets in my way it doesn't stand a chance."

Younger Generation Notes. No. 13

HEADMASTER Taft of the Taft School says it: "The modern boy is as good as his predecessors. The only trouble is that he needs to be about ten times as good." And since there are about ten times as many different definitions of "good" as there used to be, obviously nobody can be satisfied.

R. J. W.



PINCHED !

LIEUTENANT—*Don't let 'em get away with none o' that stuff
about 'em coming from Mars!*



Stay out of my district or I'll take you for a ride, Mahoney!!

If this keeps up, I'll be gagging on the Paramount lot next spring—yeh, yeh. This is No. 679 of the Mandy-Sambo series. Said Mandy, "Sam, Ah's gotta have time to think it ovuh; I'll give you mah answer in a month." "All right, Clara," replied Sambo. "But all Ah wanna know is—will it be yes or no?" Watch the critics pull a rave on that one.



SLEEPY GENT JUST COMING TO—Oh—er, bring me a dry Martini!

GAGS TO RICHES

By R. C. O'BRIEN

The Smartest Thing My Child Ever Said

I was at the movies with my youngest child, who also happens to be my oldest. An attendant came around with the fumigating apparatus, and the youngster remarked: "I know what's in that."

"What?" I queried.

"Chloroform," he answered.

The little dear had noticed all the people asleep.

Mrs. Nothing (Aged 36)

No Small Achievement

Nitt—Is your friend tall?

Witt—Gosh, yes! He's so tall he can reach all the letter boxes!

The wife was going through her husband's pockets.

"Hey, there!" he cried, "that money belongs to me."

"It won't belong now!" she answered.

Incapacitated

A song writer collected fifty thousand dollars for the loss of a finger. It was the one he played with.

Quaint Scotch Custom

In Scotland the members of the family at dinner have the knives and forks tied on a string which extends up one sleeve, around the neck and down the other; the way little boys' mittens are secured. This is to prevent the dropping of knives and forks. That means company, you know.

Last Night

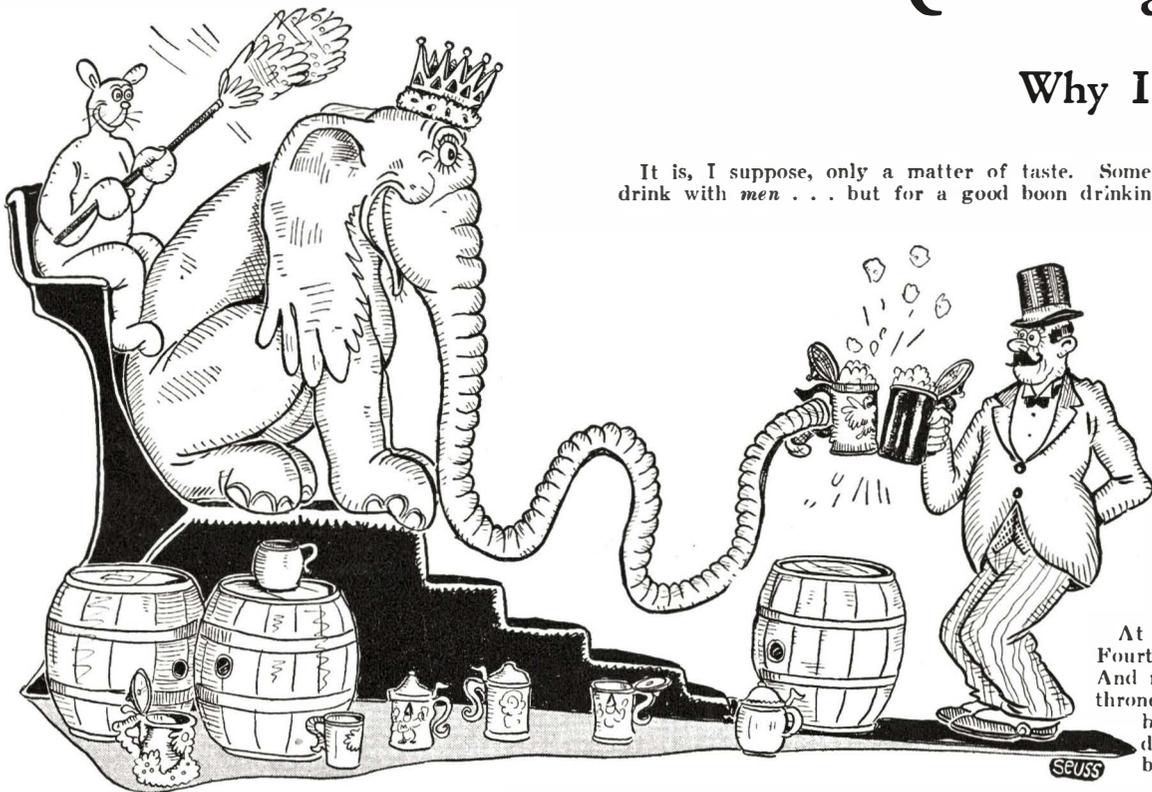
We were listening to the radio and we thought we were hearing a duet, but it was the same guy singing in two apartments.

Quaffing with

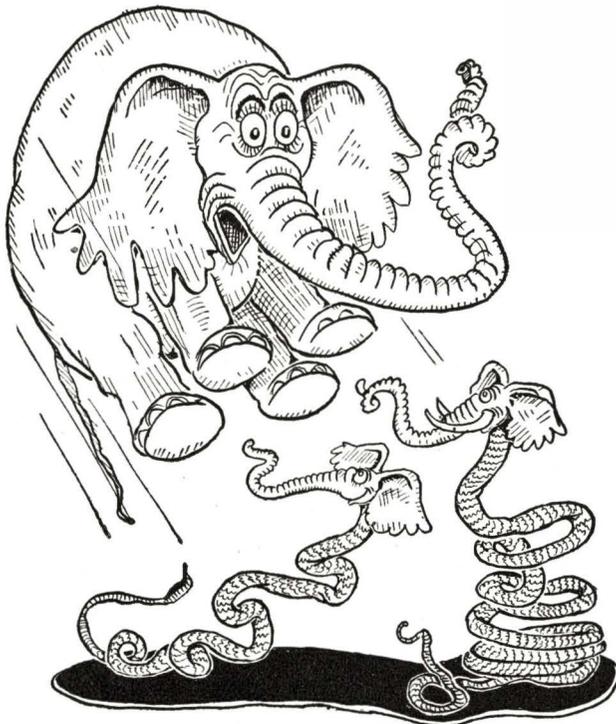
Why I Prefer the W

By Dr. TH

It is, I suppose, only a matter of taste. Some people would rather drink with men . . . but for a good boon drinking companion give me an elephant any day. It was with the greatest joy, therefore, that I recently learned that all the speak-easies on the West Side of New York had been bought up by a wealthy syndicate and that first-class elephants had been installed in each. The function of these humorous



At the left is a scene in a Fourteenth Street, where King And righteously so! Ferdinand throne in the great elimination her in Madison Square G down to his highness wh bottles of Canadian Ale at

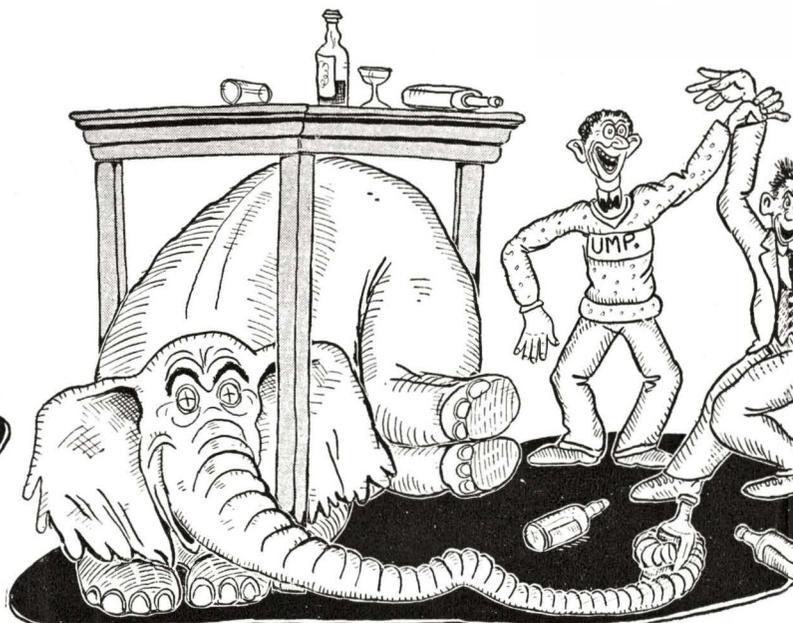


Does an Elephant Have D. T's?

"Of course the poor fellow does!" declares Prof. Geo. Klein, the elephantologist. "They have them just like we do . . . only the elephant sees a slightly different make of serpent."

Have You Ever Drunk One Under the Table?

Some rainy Friday evening when you crave entertainment drop up to Killarney's on 37th Street and see the tryouts. These are held weekly to give amateur elephants an opportunity to break into the game. The candidate is stacked up against a Yale Sophomore, and if he is still on his four feet after an hour he is taken on as a member of the firm.



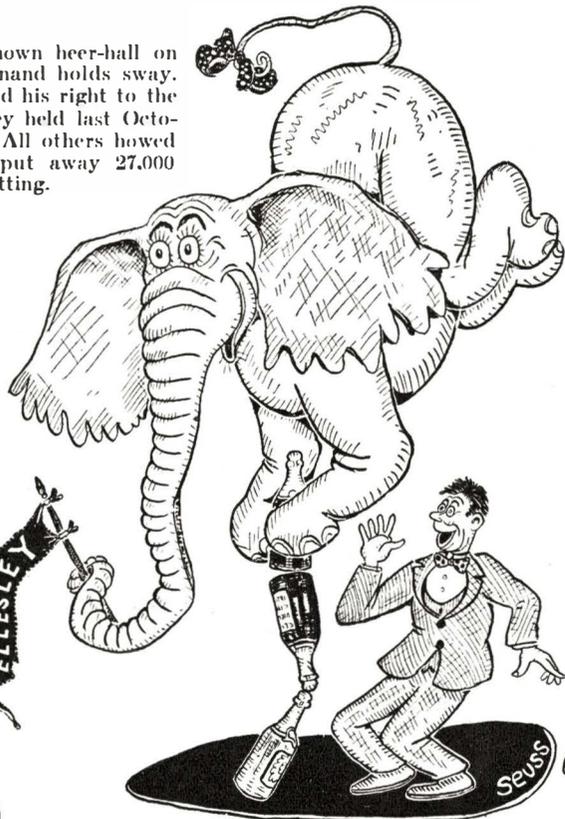
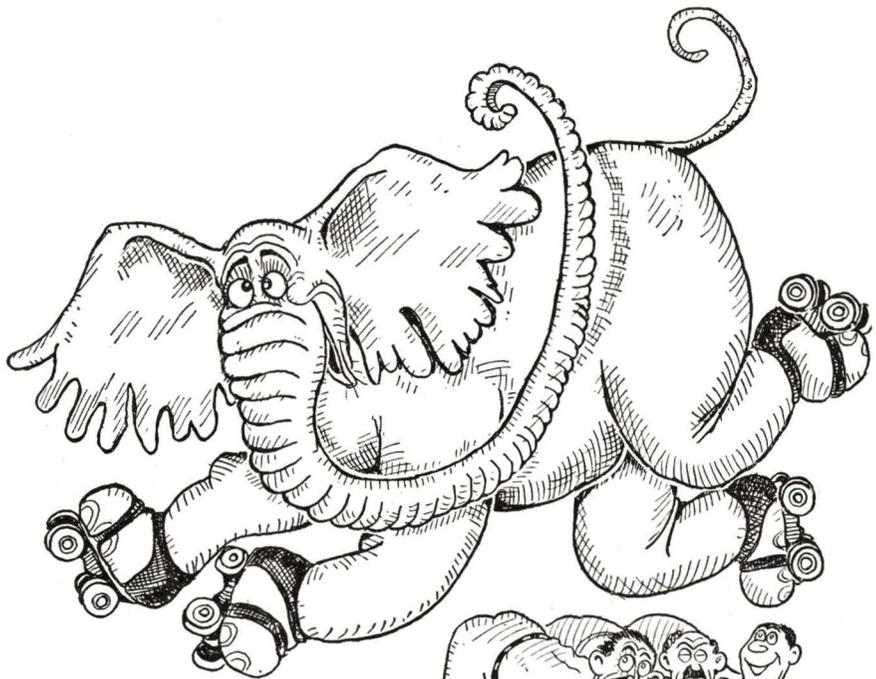
the Pachyderms

R
West Side Speak-easies
EO. SEUSS

beasts is purely social. They circulate smilingly among the customers. They fraternize with the newcomer and make him feel perfectly at home. They dance; they sing. And in return for this invaluable service they ask for nothing more than an occasional drink. (The East Side speak-easies are so dull in comparison. They employ nothing but kangaroos.)

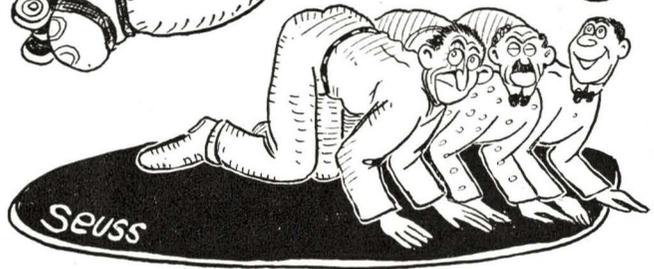
One of my favorite elephants is an elephantess named Mirabelle. For years Mirabelle earned her living as mascot on the Wellesley crew. But finally she outgrew the boat and had to become a professional drinking-elephantess. Her bottle-balancing act, herewith pictured below, is her best gag. She learned it by watching the Wellesley girls on Tree Day—the observing little minx!

well-known beer-ball on
z Ferdinand holds sway.
d proved his right to the
fourney held last Octo-
arden. All others howed
en he put away 27,000
one sitting.



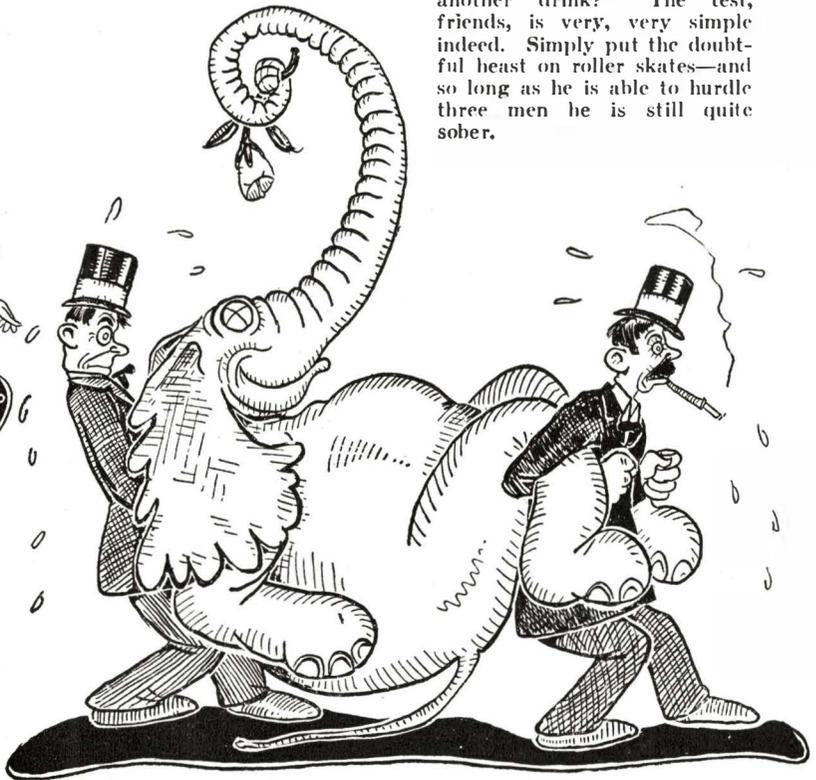
A Petition!

In behalf of the Elephant Owners of New York, we humbly petition the Subway Commission to install larger turnstiles and exit contraptions on the West Side Subway. As they are, it is absolutely impossible to carry an insensible elephant through. And Lord knows what a terrible job it is to carry them home!



An Infallible Test of Sobriety

How often people ask, "When has an elephant had enough?" and "How shall I know when to refuse him another drink?" The test, friends, is very, very simple indeed. Simply put the doubtful beast on roller skates—and so long as he is able to hurdle three men he is still quite sober.





First group photograph of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

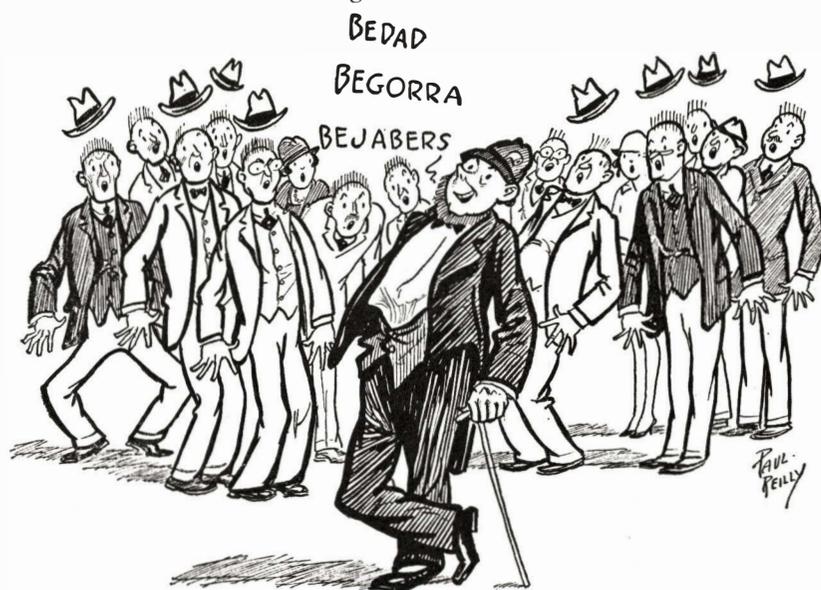
The Road to Success

Seems like some folks is just born lucky. Go nit-wittin' their crazy way through life and first thing you know old lady luck takes a fancy to 'em and they're ridin' around in Rolls Rices and yachts and livin' on the fat of the land. Nothin' but just plain luck.

Take this young whipper-snapper Jed, old man Wilkins' boy, for instance. I never see such a good-fer-nothin' fool in my life as he was. Never went to school more'n a week straight



Here it is. The new Quart Bowler for banquets—etc., etc.



The stage Irishman arrives in Dublin.

runnin' in his life, and lord knows he weren't good for nothin' around the farm.

Yes, sir, that boy couldn't a been a farmer if he had wanted to. But lucky for him he didn't hanker for it and you recollect how he run away to the city 'bout three or four years ago.

Seems he didn't do nothin' but hunt jobs and then get fired from 'em and was writin' home fer money all the time until about a year ago.

Then he gets a dam-fool idea and now they say he's livin' like a rich fool instead of a poor one—got a couple big houses around Noo York, three or four expensive autymobiles and ten or twelve hired hands to take care of things while he goes galla-

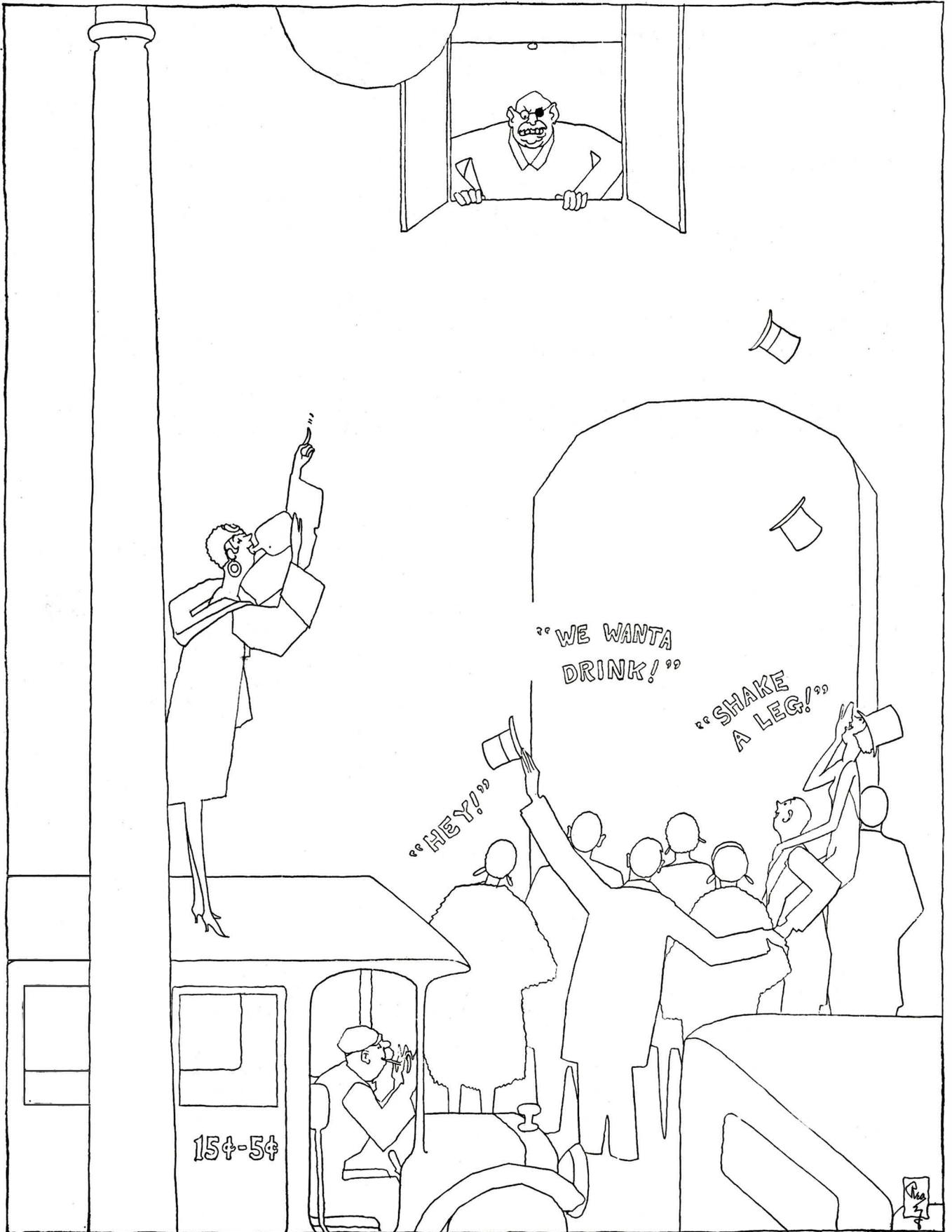
vantin' to Yourope and all over the country for weeks at a time.

Yes, sir, Jed Wilkins has just been a big enough fool for lady luck to of took pity on him. Seems like in Noo York these here now speak-easies is gettin' raided and movin' round so fast the folks can't rightly keep track of 'em.

So what does Jed do but he's up and started a card index service to all the speak-easies in Noo York, with daily supplements of all the raids and changes and newcomers, that keep his two million subscribers' files right up to the minute!

Just goes to show how the biggest idiots is sometimes just born lucky.—RICHARD S. WALLACE

JUDGE

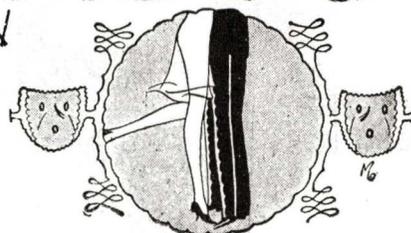


AMERICAN TRAGEDIES

Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson unknowingly moves into a former speak-easy

JUDGING THE SHOWS

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



I.

It would seem that whenever a playwright, however hard an egg he may otherwise be, writes about a courtesan he promptly proceeds to grow soft and get more or less mushy. I can think of very few dramatists who have handled one of these girls without becoming sentimental and even gooey. And I am not thinking of the hacks either. From Dumas fils and "Camille" all down the line to Eugene O'Neill and "The Great God Brown," you will pretty generally find a tenderness of heart in the dealings with the red ladies. Even Shaw melted a little in the presence of Mrs. Warren. And now we have Simon Gantillon, the Frenchman, crying sweetly over another of the same set.

Gantillon's play is called "Maya" and, in a skilful translation by Monsignor Boyd, has been put on by the Actor Managers. In those of its episodes that view harlotry realistically, it is an interesting piece of work. But in those that sedulously seek to gild the lilies of the field it periodically becomes rather sticky. Nor does Gantillon rest content with mere sentiment in making out a case for his scarlet sister. To swing the jury he resorts also to symbolism and incidental music. Granting him his privilege as an artist to manoeuvre his theme in any manner that he elects, it yet seems to me that in his attempt to juggle realism and sentiment into a completely convincing pattern he has missed a number of catches. His sentiment becomes too often mere sentimentality and that sentimentality is too often tinged with an unmistakable theatrical

"Our Bidders" (Miller)—Entertaining revival of W. S. Maugham's derisory comedy.

"Maya" (Comedy)—Sentimental view of the harlot by Simon Gantillon.

"Rope" (Biltmore)—A moderately effective dramatization of Stribling's "Teetotalow."

"Sh! The Octopus" (Royale)—Heavily strained and dull attempt to duplicate the success of "The Gorilla."

"Spring 3100" (Little)—Dreadful balderdash.

"The Ladder" (Belmont)—It gets worse and worse.

"The Clutching Claw" (Forrest)—Stale mystery stuff.

"These Modern Women" (Eltinge)—A light comedy gone sour.

"The Merchant of Venice" (Broadhurst)—George Arliss as a weakly conceived Shylock and with appropriately weak support.

"Escape" (Booth)—Galsworthy in a very sentimental mood.

"Coquette" (Elliott)—A finished Jed Harris production, with Helen Hayes starred.

"The Royal Family" (Selwyn)—Another finished Harris exhibit, highly commended to your notice.

"Rain or Shine" (Cohan)—A jolly show—the funniest in town.

"The Racket" (Ambassador)—A melodrama of the Chicago underworld, above the average.

"Repertoire" (Cosmopolitan)—All the actors out of work working hard to make a number of old plays give them jobs.

"Napoleon" (Empire)—To be reviewed shortly.

"Cock Robin" (48th Street)—Just another bag of mystery tricks.

"Strange Interlude" (Golden)—The best play of Eugene O'Neill's thoroughly worth your attention.

"A Free Soul" (Klaw)—Claptrap.

"The Command to Lore" (Longacre)—There's amusement here.

"Marco Millions" (Guild)—Marco Polo, the original butter and egg man, seen through O'Neill's humorously poetic eyes.

"The Bachelor Father" (Belasco)—To be passed upon next week.

"The Silent House" (Morosco)—Another mystery melodrama.

"Paris Bound" (Music Box)—Adultery treated sympathetically in a nukly entertaining comedy.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan" (National)—Courtroom melodrama well handled.

"The Queen's Husband" (Playhouse)—Nothing in this one.

"Burlesque" (Plymouth)—Some good gags in this.

"Porqy" (Republic)—Aby produced dramatization of the novel of the same name.

"The Wrecker" (Cort)—Still another mystery affair. To be reviewed next week.

"Keep Shufflin'" (Daly's)—A new colored song and dance show. Ditto.

"The Furies" (Shubert)—Laurette Taylor starred in this one. I'll review it presently.

"Funny Face" (Alvin)—The Astaires . . .

"Manhattan Mary" (Apollo)—Ed Wynn . . .

"Good News" (46th Street)—The fastest of the dancing shows.

"Dracula" (Fulton)—And still more mystery monkeyshines, excessively bewhiskered.

"Golden Dawn" (Hammerstein)—Some agreeable vocalists.

"Sunny Days" (Imperial)—The stereotyped thing.

"The Shannons of Broadway" (Beck)—An evening with the wisecracking Gleasons.

"Rosalie" (New Amsterdam)—Handsomely staged Ziegfeld show, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue.

"A Connecticut Yankee" (Vanderbilt)—Good jazz.

"Artists and Models" (Winter Garden)—Good low-comedy.

"Show Boat" (Ziegfeld)—From beginning to end a highly engaging show.

hokum. If he desired to show us that the harlot is in certain departments not different from one of her less anatomically philanthropic sisters he might have resorted to devices not quite so obvious as her reactions to a doll, to the death of her child and to similar schnitzels from the popular boob drama.

The play is poorly presented. The women cast for the various strumpet rôles go about depicting them like so many comic valentines and the majority of the male actors conduct themselves as if a big football game were in progress in the wings and yell their heads off. An air of amateurishness pervades the evening and contrives to take the edge off much of even the better writing in the manuscript.

II.

THE revival of Maugham's "Our Bidders," originally presented here some eleven years ago, makes for a diverting couple of hours. While I have never been able to persuade myself that the piece is all that some of my colleagues assert it to be, it surely contains enough sulphuric wit to constitute it lively entertainment. Written by the talented William Somerset in one of his more bitter—and eminently understandable—moods, it presents today, as it presented eleven years ago, a sharply recognizable picture of certain phases of the expatriate, pushing American set in London, and if it frequently goes in for exaggeration, that exaggeration has nevertheless a Daumier virtue. If the play has a fault, it is the overemphasis of the derisory note; Maugham's pounding on

(Continued on page 29)

LAUGHS FROM "LOVELY LADY"

MABEL ELAINE, SPEAKING TO HANDSOME GUY ROBERTSON, SAYS - "IF ELINOR GLYN HAD SEEN YOU BEFORE SHE WROTE 'IT' SHE WOULD HAVE CALLED IT 'THOSE!'"

GOD, EH, MR. ROSA?

-ANY TILLER GIRLS IN THE SHOW?

"OLD FASHIONEDS" AT JACK & FRANKS THEATER

JACK SHEEHAN TOLD DORIS PATSON HE'D DIE TODAY IF SHE'D MARRY HIM TOMORROW! FUNNY, EH - MR. ROSA?

-ANY TILLER GIRLS IN THE SHOW?

"DOUBLE BRANDIES" AT THE JUNGLE TH.

WHEN JACK SHEEHAN TOLD GUY ROBERTSON "HE FELT LIKE PUNCHING HIS FACE AGAIN" GUY SAID "WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'AGAIN'" AND JACK SAID "WELL I FELT LIKE PUNCHING IT ONCE BEFORE!" - HOWV-YOOBEEN, MR. ROSA?

ANY TILLER GIRLS IN THE SHOW?

"SHAM PAINS" AT GENE'S PLAYHOUSE

WHEN SHEEHAN ASKED DORIS IF SHE'D LIKE TO HAVE DINNER WITH HIM SHE SAID "FINE" AND JACK SAID "WHO CAN WE GET TO INVITE US?" - DORIS HIT HIM, BUT NOT QUITE HARD ENOUGH!

ANY TILL' GIRLS IN TH' SHOW?

"THE THREE LIL' BEERS" AT THE DIZZY TH.

JUST PUT YOUR HEAD TO ICE IN THE MORNING MR. ROSA!!

-WAS ANY TILLER GIRLS INNA SHOW?

One Man to a Traffic Cop

"Listen here, no more of that back talk to me. Where do you think you are? When I say a thing it stays said, and you and a dozen cops like you can't change it. I'd like to see you. . . What do I care about you wasting a whole day? No, I'm not going to a fire or a firemen's banquet or anything like it. Because you're a policeman you can't change me. If you must know, my palm wasn't greased and it wouldn't be any of your business if it was. Speed . . . don't make me laugh. What do you know about speed? All you need to do is watch your curves and don't try that bean ball any more, or I'll send you to the showers. Now, if you and the other cops don't want to go on with the game, I'll forfeit it to the firemen. You heard me, I'm umpire here. Yeh! Well go there yourself. . ."

Final score of the game . . .
FIREMEN 9, POLICEMEN 0.

"A dog went for me on the golf-course yesterday and tore off my knickers."

"How embarrassing!"

"Yes—I was quite non-plussed."



Saturday—To see Funny Face once again and afterward to the Mayfair Dance, and Junior certainly should have been there! Gloria Swanson present in a stunning black velvet with diamond earrings. Not to mention Bobbe Arnst in a white gown trimmed with rhinestones. And my favorite, just at present, Rex Cherryman!



Sunday — Book Review. "Clothes Economy for the Well-Dressed Woman," by Margery Wells—one of those "budget" books which tells her just how to look swell on practically nothing! It came at just the right time as I had just spent my last cent on a frock I couldn't pass in Kurzman's window! "Mirrors of the Year," by no less than nineteen writers! I suppose I should say I was thrilled to death

over it, as my Editor is mentioned in it! "Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole—One of my favorite writers leaves me quite cold with a very irritatingly quiet story. "Menckiana"—A volume of Brickbats contributed by H. L.'s enemies which strikes me as the height of something! Upon what meat doth this our Menckie feed?



Monday—Solved the Traffic Problem! Read an article in the *Sunday Times* on the difficulty of getting to the theater owing to the terrible traffic. Which gave me a brilliant idea! Pick out a speak-easy near the theater to which you are going and dine there! Simple? Now if some kind-hearted gent will only furnish a complete list of our theaters and the corresponding speak-easies next door there will be no more traffic problem! I thank you!



Tuesday—To the opening of "Keep Shufflin." Never having seen the famous "Shuffle Along" I cannot compare them, but enjoyed the evening anyway and found two good tunes. Afterwards to the Lido. Nice crowd.



Six Best Steppers

- "Give Me the Sunshine"
- (Keep Shufflin')
- "Sippi" (Keep Shufflin')
- "Oh, Baby" (Rain or Shine)
- "My Ohio Home" (no show)
- "Oh Gee, Oh Joy" (Rosalie)
- "Dawn" (Golden Dawn)



"This is a swell joint, but you have to bring your own ginger-ale!"

Judgette

JUDGING THE MOVIES

BY PARE LORENTZ



IF you are one of these leather-necked amusement seekers who take your fun and like it or die in the attempt, "Feel Your Pulse" might amuse you.

Following the current fashion in movie advertising, I present a graph of the emotional contents of the picture.

- Love Interest30
- Violence30
- Wicked Thoughts12
- Surprise001½
- Tragedy001½

Humor (including titles, action, members of audience, personal comments)03

Time off (for sleeping, looking for hat, etc.).....24

The love interest, of course, will vary according to the prevailing state of your psychoses and your income tax report, but I think you will find the other figures fairly accurate.

The story, should you be interested, deals with a pseudo-invalid who goes for relaxation to a sanitarium which is being

The Movie Guide

(Two-Performance Daily Shows)

"The Crowd" (Astor)—Perfect direction by the man who did "The Big Parade."
 "Four Sons" (Gaiety)—Bavarian Mammy song.
 "The Jazz Singer" (Warner's)—Jewish Mammy song, with Mr. Jolson.
 "Simba" (Earl Carroll)—The animals and Martin Johnsons, two by two.
 "Sunrise" (Times Square)—Fortunately, you can still see it.
 "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Central)—Unfortunately, you can still see this.
 "Wings" (Criterion)—The effective aviation picture.

(Continuous Performance Shows)

"A Girl in Every Port" (Crotona)—Good slapstick comedy.
 "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Freeman)—Stop if you've read this one.
 "Feel My Pulse"—Reviewed in this issue.
 "The Last Command" (Rialto)—The great Jannings in a good production.
 "Soft Living"—Reviewed in this issue.
 "Two Arabian Knights" (Pantheon)—Worth your time.
 "Underworld" (Superior 81st St.)—Inside dope on Chicago's world war.
 The following are also highly recommended: *The Circus*, with Charlie Chaplin; *The Gaucho*, with Douglas Fairbanks; *Sorrell and Son*, with H. B. Warner; *Sadie Thompson*, with Gloria Swanson; and *Drums of Love*, with Lionel Barrymore and a good cast.

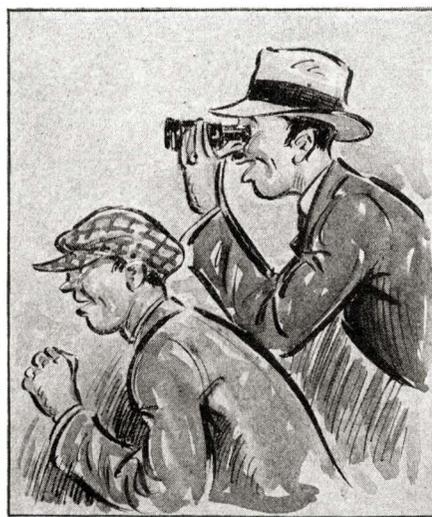
used as a rendezvous by a gang of rum-runners. There you are—she develops into a two-fisted girl of the tall woods, and the handsome young reporter rescues and captivates her.

Bebe Daniels' playing, as usual, is charmingly supported by that impressive young actor Richard Arlen and, as usual, is very much in need of it.

News Item: "Sixty facial expressions are required to be a successful motion picture star, according to Esther Ralston. The expressions range all the way from utter terror to placid dumbness." Remembering Miss Ralston's last masterpiece, "Love and Learn," we suggest she has been practicing too much on expression number sixty.

STARTING in the perfumed offices of a divorce lawyer, "Soft Living" develops into a bargain basement farce with absolutely no pleasant or charming episodes to relieve the monotony of the theme. A young stenographer marries for money, and when she finds another woman making passes at her husband she realizes that per-ruls and gold are as confetti to pure love. So that's that. Madge Bellamy is the young lady starred by Mr. Fox. She has a good figure and at times manages to look practically con-

(Continued on page 26)



It's all over now! The kid's



got 'em—both of his eyes are—



—closed!



SPEAK-EASY WAITER—*A penny for your thoughts.*
 PATRON—*I'm wondering if the management provides Christian burial.*

Hamilton's Nemesis

"Sardines on toast," casually said Cunningham to kindly old Oscar, the most beloved waiter at our club.

Harry Hamilton's face blanched and he hastily rose to his feet. "Gentlemen," he gruffly said, "I beg to be excused." He saluted briskly, clicked his heels and left the room.

I glanced questioninglly at Cunningham. He grinned. "I thought you knew the story of Harry and his mermaid," he said. "No? Well, if you're a good boy and don't flick your ashes on the rug, papa will tell you. . . .

"You know Hamilton lived in the South Seas for many years. Well, what I am going to tell you is an old South Sea legend, but Hamilton says he has lived it, so we'll believe him. It seems that one morning at dawn while strolling along the beach, he beheld a ravishing mermaid sunning herself on the rocks by the water's edge. Love smote him with all eight cylinders and he approached the marine beauty. When she beheld the handsome stranger her lovely eyes softened and no doubt a few silver scales fell off her in her excitement. To make a long story short, she agreed to become his wife and Hamilton had a huge swimming pool built in the basement of his bungalow to satisfy her. Here they spent many idyllic hours,

she swimming around knitting socks for her swain, and he, in his bathing suit, floating on his back reading the latest novel or playing a game of solitaire.

"Came a day, however, when the call of the sea was too strong for her and one morning when Hamilton came down to the pool to bring her a cup of coffee, alas and alack, she was gone. Yes, she couldn't stand it any longer and had gone back to the mysterious caverns and recesses of the deep. Grief overtook Hamil-

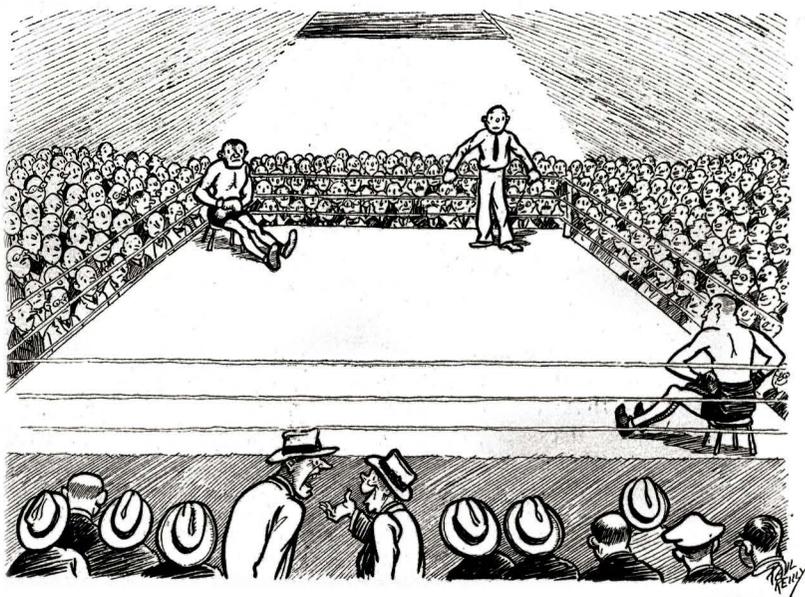
ton and soon he sold his water wings and turned the pool over to the Aloa Chamber of Commerce for a community swimming pool. . . .

"One noon while at luncheon in an English tavern he ordered sardines on toast. When the plate was set before him he was suddenly startled to hear one of the sardines say, 'Why, Cousin Harry, don't you know me? I'm your wife's cousin.' Hamilton was terribly embarrassed. He couldn't eat his own cousin, could he? He vowed then never to order sardines again as long as he lived.

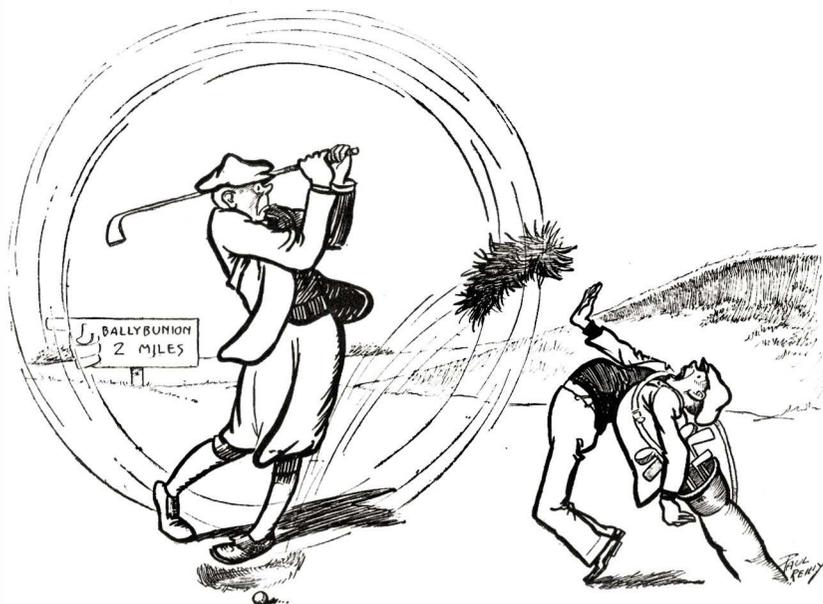
Then one summer evening he forgot, and ordered a sardine sandwich. With him were Lady Montmorency and the wealthy Mrs. Kitterling. As he raised the sandwich to his lips a cry of anguish came from between the slices of bread. 'Oh, Harry, Harry, don't, don't. It's I—your nephew, Bobbie Minnow!' Her Ladyship and Mrs. Kitterling stalked out in a furious state of mind and Hamilton was asked to resign."

"Poor fellow," I said, "what does he do now?"

"He haunts the aquarium," said Cunningham, "hoping that some day he may again meet his wife."—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



SCOFFER—*If your people are such great fighters, why are there no Irish champions?*
 IRISHMAN—*Sure, an' we never can wait for the bell!*



The Ould Sod.

An Interview With the Professor

As a joke writer I thought it my duty to have a talk with the absent-minded professor and find out just what he was like. So I made an appointment by phone, and called upon him later at the time agreed upon. He came to the door himself, and I was surprised to see that he was dressed differently from the way he has so often been pictured; the difference being that he was dressed.

I had expected to find him out, as I figured he would forget the interview, but he informed me that he had forgotten it and that was the reason he was in. Thinking to profit by his absent-mindedness I took out a match and asked if he had a cigar. "Certainly," he said, "I have a box of them."

To get down to the business at hand I asked him point-blank: "Is it true, as a college comic paper has said, that you once rolled under the dresser and waited for your collar button to find you?"

He laughed, looked over some papers he was correcting and then turning to me said: "Were you speaking to me?"

I admitted I was. "Well, who are you anyway and what do you want?" he demanded rather testily.

"My card," I said, thinking to remind him of the visiting card I had given him upon my arrival. "My card," I repeated.

"Don't swear around here," he replied, growing angry.

"I didn't say what you think I said," I said. "I said 'My card!' You have my card."

"Yes, I know I have your card," he answered, "but you ought to know we don't give out the cards until the first of the month."

I was so mortified at being mistaken for a student, I looked out the window, and there on the lawn I saw the clock which he had put out the night before. My attention was next directed to a cat which had entered the room; it was all wound up and looked terrible.

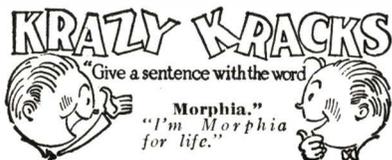
Remarking that the professor had a black eye, I asked him how he got it. He replied: "Yesterday I had two important things to do: deliver a lecture to a class of co-eds and kiss my wife as it was her birthday. I became slightly befuddled and kissed the class and came home and delivered a lecture to my wife, who wouldn't stand for either."

"Do you like to teach?" I ventured next. "Oh, that reminds me," he smiled, "I have a class at three."

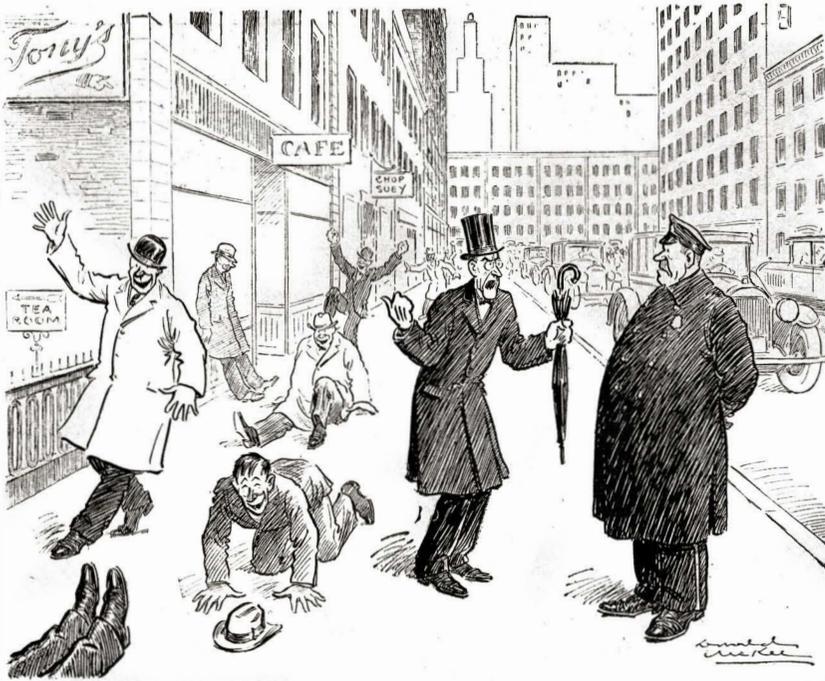
"But it is already half past five," I reminded him again. "Gosh," he goshed, "that is unfortunate, for I shall have to mark them all absent again."

And with that he was off.

—R. C. O'BRIEN



"Th' nerve av this editor—gettin' out th' Speak-aisy Number on th' Sivinteenth av March—as if the Irish were a drinkin' people!"



"Officer, they must be selling liquor on this block!"
 "Well, what do you expect them to do—give it away?"

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 23)

scious, but for the better part she appears just too wide-eyed to be registering anything but complete surprise at learning there is no Santa Claus.

I HAVE seen no more tiresome, inconsistent, childish picture in weeks than the William Fox feature, "Four Sons." Yet the daily press was very kind.

"Quite a graphic conception of the sufferings and tribulations of a German mother during the World War is unfurled in 'Four Sons,' a pictorial adaptation of Miss I. A. R. Wylie's story, 'Grandmother Bernle Learns Her Letters.'" This is quoted from Mr. Hall's review in the *New York Times*, and with the exception of noting that the battlefield scene was "disquieting" he had nothing meaner to say about it.

Mr. John T. Hutchens, of the *Evening Post*, admitted that there was one scene which was "wretchedly filmed and a preposterous coincidence," but "having accepted as a premise its unflinching tear-duct appeal, this reporter is ready to admit that not many sob stories have been done much better."

Miss Harriette Underhill, of the *Herald-Tribune*, expressed this opinion of the great epic: "The story was played out much

too slowly after the closing of the war, but the picture as a whole is splendid entertainment."

Mr. Gerhard, of the *Evening World*, is also subdued by the theme of the picture: "As such—that is a treatment of the subject of mother love—'Four Sons' is a deeply moving picture."

From these rather sketchy quotations you may gather that "Four Sons" is a bad job well done. In other words, the reviewers admit it is entertainment with a purpose, but they all feel apologetic because it is about Mother! Personally, if I were

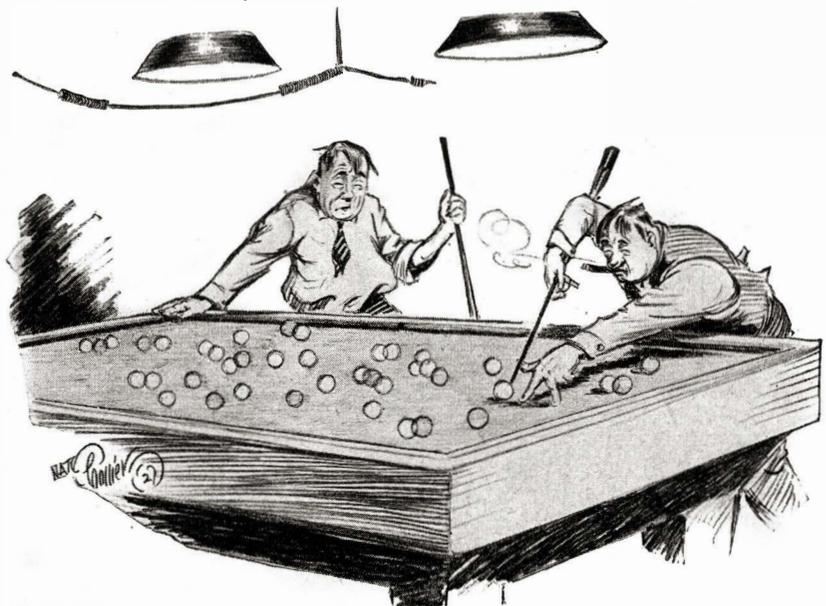
seeking entertainment for my mother I should spend my hours at Madison Square Garden rather than the Gaiety Theater. The job of reviewing is to report whether or not a picture was honestly entertaining, moving, stimulating. Mother Love is no apology for a cheap job, yet because a gray-haired old lady playing her first big part is the star of this picture, the reviewers (with the exception of John S. Cohen, Jr., of the *Evening Sun*, and of two magazine reporters) figuratively stood on one foot and then the other and stammered that, considering everything, it was a good movie! "Four Sons," while well-photographed indeed, is overwhelmingly tiresome and it is not a convincing production. "The Crowd" and "The Last Command" put it in the class of custard pie comedies.

I realize that the members of the daily press write under pressure and without the benefit of leisurely contemplation, but I hope the next time they approach a picture dealing with little mothers they leave their knitting at home.

The Highbrow Visitor—I must congratulate you on your daughter's brilliant paper on "The Influence of Science on the Principles of Government."

The Lowbrow Father—Yes, and now that's off her mind I hope she will begin to study the influence of the vacuum-cleaner on the carpet.

—PASSING SHOW



"Sh—fursht time I ever played billiardsh wish sho many ballsh!"

Jim—I think I will have to get a new car.

Will—What's wrong with the one you have?

Jim—I can't pay for it.

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY

"Hermann, come here. Trina is behaving strangely—the brandy bottle is empty and she is trying to knit a jumper with the macaroni."

—LUSTIGE KOELNER ZEITUNG,
Cologne

Horace—What is a bachelor, daddie?

His Father—A bachelor, my boy, is a man who looks before he leaps—and then doesn't leap!

—ANSWERS

"My wife is very thrifty. She made me a tie out of her old dress."

"And my wife made herself a dress out of one of my ties."

—PASSING SHOW

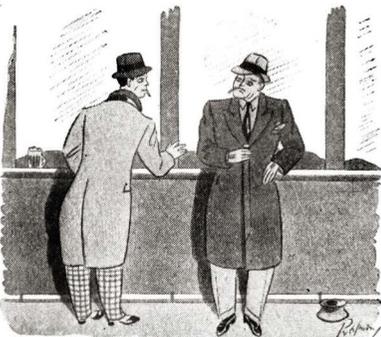
Famous Judge—Wasn't that young Smith who left the house as I came in?

Joan—Yes, Daddy.

Judge—Didn't I issue an injunction against him seeing you any more?

Joan—Yes, Daddy, but he appealed to a higher court—and Mother said "Yes."

—LONDON OPINION



YEH, JAKE SHUBERT'S DYIN' TO GET ME PROCLAIMED THE HOOFER MODESTLY!

This being open season on apologies, the writer would like to apologize to his dear public for even being alive. But swing into this one: "Poppeh, that man over there can't hear it thunder!" remarked a small tike to his pater. "Why, is he deaf?" queried pater. "No, it ain't thundering," said Monk, ducking a haymaker. And now I'll roll high dice with you men to see reho jumps overboard.

HOW GOOD IS YOUR BRIDGE GAME?



SIDNEY S. LENZ

You may boast—very gently, of course—if you win a Lenz prize. He has held, twelve times, the National and International Bridge and Whist Championship. His is the greatest name in Auction Bridge.

THIS is the sixth of a series of Lenz problems published in JUDGE. Prizes weekly for the best three solutions. Sterling silver trophies by Gorham for the best three scores in the series. Mr. Lenz personally conducts this department. His decisions will be final. If two or more contestants tie, both or all will receive like prizes. Problems will grow more difficult as the series progresses. The series will run not less than thirteen weeks nor more than sixteen.

Contestants should give as directly and clearly as possible all essential variations of attack and defense in playing the cards.

Address solutions to Sidney S. Lenz, His Desk, JUDGE, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Problem No. 6

The number of the problem must be clearly indicated by the contestant at the top of each solution. Only one side of each sheet of paper used should be written on.

All solutions must be received not later than March 26th. Lenz solution will be published in April 14th issue. Names of winners will be published in April 21st issue.

First Prize

Twelve packs Russell's Aristocrat Playing Cards. The cards with the Bank Note backs. An established favorite of card clubs.

Second Prize

(1) Set Clark's Auction Bridge Tiles, with racks. Used in place of cards, especially out of doors. Ideal for working at Bridge problems.

Or

(2) A year's subscription to JUDGE.

Third Prize

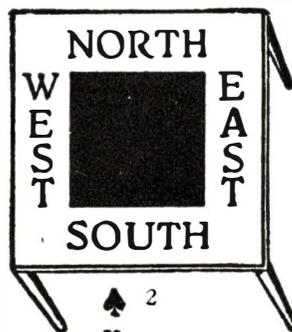
(1) An autographed copy of Lenz on Bridge. Latest volume. Published by Simon & Schuster. Contains all his popular problems from New York theater programs.

Or

(2) A year's subscription to Auction Bridge Magazine.

♠ —
♥ K 3
♦ 2
♣ 10 4

♠ —
♥ 9 7 2
♦ 8
♣ J



♠ 2
♥ 6
♦ —
♣ Q 6 3

♠ Q
♥ J 8
♦ —
♣ A 5

Clubs are Trumps. South has the lead. North and South must win four of the five tricks against any defense by East and West.

(See next page for Lenz Solution to Problem No. 3)



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FIRST CELEBRANT—Got a stamp, Henry? Joe's a nuisance—I want to mail him home.

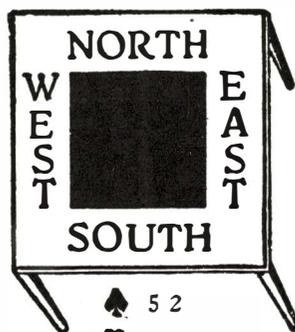
Lenz Solution to Bridge Problem No. 3

As it appeared in the February 25th issue of Judge

Diamonds are Trumps. South has the lead. North and South must win four of the five tricks against any defense by East and West.

♠ —
♥ 5
♦ 6
♣ 9 6 2

♠ 10
♥ J 8
♦ —
♣ K 10



♠ 5 2
♥ K 10
♦ A
♣ —

♠ 9 6
♥ —
♦ —
♣ 8 5 3

South opens a Spade, North discarding the two of Clubs. West must lead a Club, which South trumps and returns the Spade. North trumps, and whatever West discards will be wrong—the squeeze cannot be combated.

Variation: At the second trick, West may lead a Heart, but—how can anyone be so dumb? This little problem is quite easy if South leads out of the wrong hand at the first trick—and gets away with it. The Club is trumped. The Spade is trumped. Then West is stuck in with the second Club and forced to lead to the Heart tenace.

Prize Winners: Problem No. 1

As it appeared in the February 11th issue of Judge

First Prize: Edgar Guay, Shawinigan Falls, Quebec

Second Prize: Phyllis Gardner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Third Prize: Frederic A. Thompson, Williamsport, Pa.

The names of the prize winners of Problem No. 2 will appear in the issue of March 24th, instead of in this issue, as previously announced.

(See Page 27 for Lenz Problem No. 6)

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 20)

the one key grows just a little tiresome.

But the real weakness of the play and what spoils its pattern is the injection into it of a distinctly Rialto "Man From Home" flavor in the person of the noble American who williamhedges himself in and out of the traffic and opposes his high American principles to the low ideals, affectations and artificialities of the rest of the cast. All that this character needs is a small American flag in his buttonhole and brown socks to complete the picture. Surely Maugham must have laughed up his sleeve when he made this compromise with the American box-office, upon which he has so largely relied to get him those real estate investments in England.

Ina Claire is starred and acquits herself admirably. The girl is an expert comedienne. Constance Collier burlesques the rôle of the faded old duchesse out of all sound countenance, but is amusing. Frederick Truesdell is unhappy in the part played so immensely well by John Flood in the original New York production. Martin Walker is excellent as young Lord Bleane and Hugh Sinclair, as the fashionable maquereau, is almost as good as Reginald Squire was when the piece was done at the Hudson Theater.

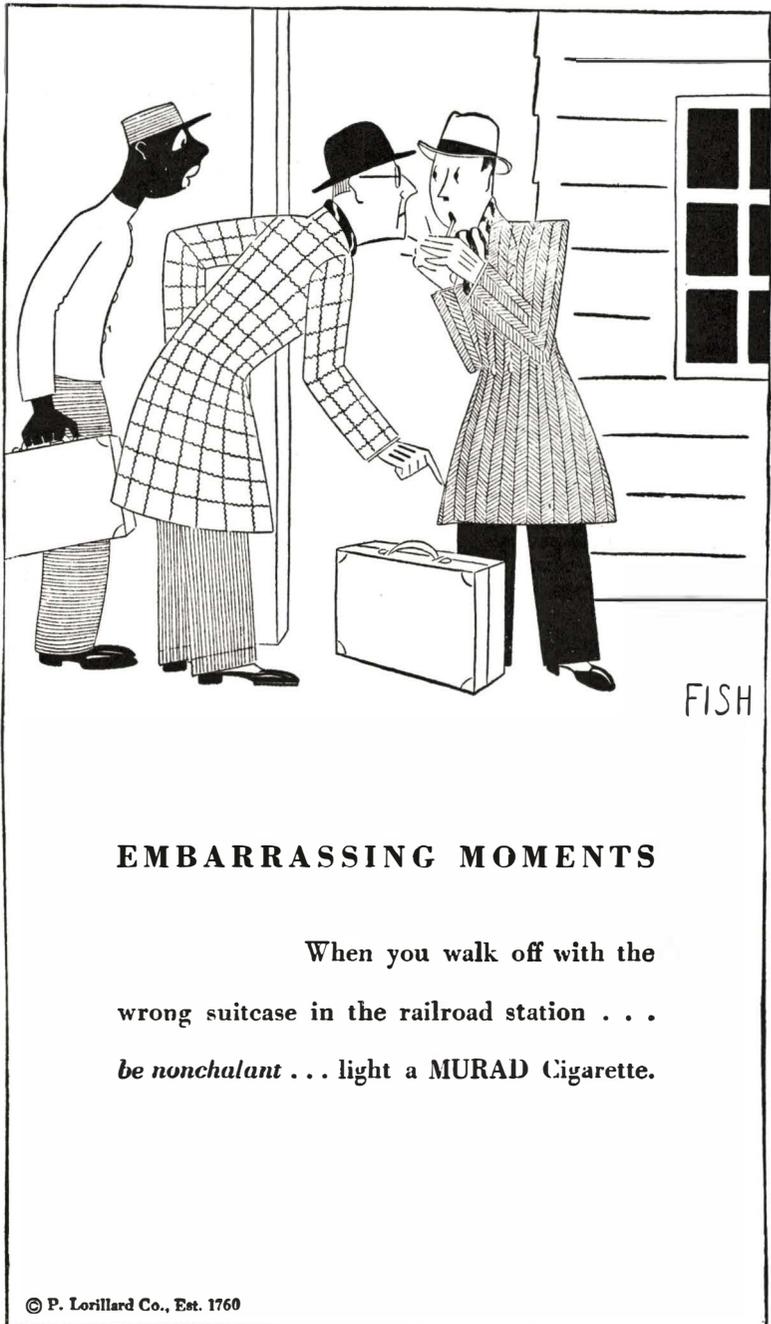
III.

"ROPE," a dramatization of T. S. Stripling's "Teefallow" by Stripling and David Wallace, is a crude but occasionally kickful melodrama of the lynching belt. It has been ably staged by Frank Merlin, but some of the acting leaves much to be desired. The second act curtain, showing the lynch rope flashed suddenly against the night, with the shadows of the mob huddled black beneath it, is extremely effective theatrical stuff.

Bank Clerk—Now you work in a theater you can send me a few tickets for the theater.

Theater Clerk—Certainly; and in return you can send me a few notes from your bank.

—PELE MELE, Paris



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you walk off with the wrong suitcase in the railroad station . . .
be nonchalant . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.

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Send in your wildest, craziest puns. JUDGE will pay \$5 for each one accepted and will illustrate and print several each week. The original drawings will be mailed to the successful contributors.

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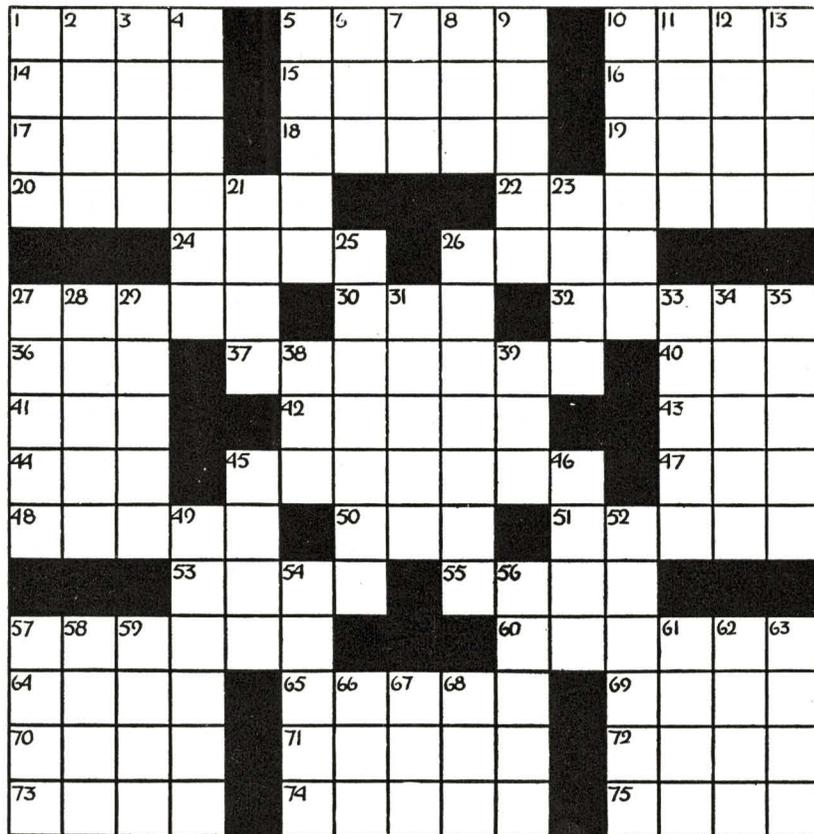


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685 METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 772 Portland Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 43



Submitted by Catherine MacMillan, Chicago, Ill. Judge pays \$10 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

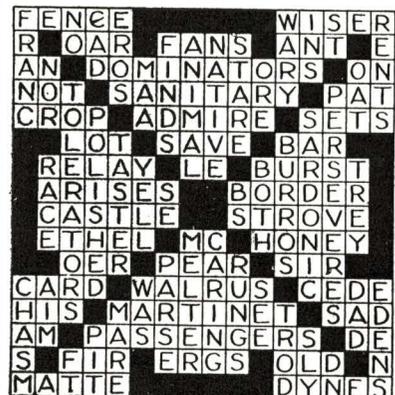
- These are always bringing up the dirt.
- We hope you get, at least, *this* out of JUDGE.
- What do little boys usually want at dinner?
- A sore point.
- What the horses in the old county fair did to win the race.
- The shape of an ellipse.
- To catch sight of.
- These are hard to catch, but when caught should be put to work.
- Beastly hang-outs.
- Where the speak-easy number should be popular.
- What debs do at a coming out party.
- What Kearns did to Dempsey.
- The pessimist's pet word.
- This has a lot of stick-to-itiveness.
- An attachment needed with every radio.
- A sucker.
- How many bootleggers believe in prohibition?
- What does a torador talk with his senorita?
- The origin of the iron-cross.
- Many a peach has gone into this.
- Appearing as if gnawed.
- To employ.
- A spare rib.
- A good thing for a business man to have.
- The elephant of the cartoonists.
- To cause aver-jion.
- A Japanese coin.
- Curved figures—and under twenty.
- You can raise this on any old car.
- A good thing to put your ear in.
- What the Irish do to the Scotch.
- These are always left behind.
- This made the Leaning Tower of Pisa famous.
- Often met up with in Chicago.
- The kind of person who never marries more than once.
- What the ambitious sleuth follows.
- What the young and old never do.
- There is no end to this.
- To take notice.
- We suppose you *could* call a stenographer this.
- A navy man should not get stuck on this.

- What she did to get service.
- Otherwise.
- What the Scotchman does when he loses.
- A kind of note which often causes trouble.
- A popular form of address among men of letters.
- A person must get busy about this if he wants to get up in the world.
- This is often overlooked at breakfast time.
- No dead one can be in this condition.
- An all night affair.
- The positive terminal of an electrical source.
- This should be taken at its face value.
- What it is—sometimes—to monkey with fire.
- What many a girl does to win an argument.
- By means of.
- What any goose would do for her young.
- What won in pre-historic poker.
- A heavenly body—on Broadway.
- Prepared for publication.
- An aid in solving crossword puzzles.
- The covered wagon.
- Beyond the sky limit.
- A ticklish situation.
- They say you can get over this in a minute in the new Ford.
- A popular color for losers.
- Where the first clubman lived.
- It's hard for the girls to keep this under cover.
- A slave bound to the soil.
- Me and my shadow.
- Skill.
- A ball-bearing starter.

Vertical

- Where retired millionaires are.
- This is good for a scent.
- Servant's quarters.
- The most artful.
- What causes women to say catty things to each other?
- What you'd be if they put you in Matteawan.
- Hard drink.
- The poetic landscape.
- Lady Lizzie's brother.
- The kind of clothes grandma used to wear.
- Which way do some cars turn when approaching a ditch?

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle



High Hat

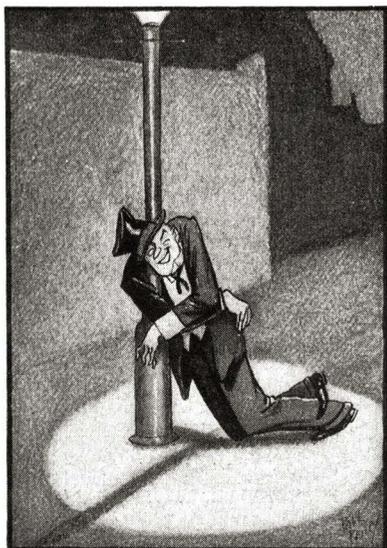
(Continued from page 11)

testy. Just then a nice-looking old gentleman who said he was president of the Yondotega Club joined us. He was weeping bitterly, so removing our hats we asked him to tell us his story. "Won't you sit down?" said Mac, and after seating himself cobbler fashion the old gentleman began. "I had a pet herring which I kept in a goldfish bowl. Every day I took a teaspoonful of water out of the bowl when he wasn't looking." "What'd you do that for?" says Mac, bright-eyed. "I wanted to get him used to living out of water," said the kindly old man. "Finally I took out the last drop!" He shivered and buttoned his coat closer about him. "He never knew the difference! I put him in a bird cage where he sang gayly all day." "Yes, yes, go on!" whispered Mac, all tense-like. "Last night," sobbed the old man, "when I came home, I found him in the bird bath drowned!" He rose from his seat, sobbing heavily and started to stagger away, but I clutched his arm. "Wait! Before we leave Detroit we must call on Henry Ford! Will you tell us, kind sir, where he lives?" The old gentleman turned and controlling himself with an effort, said, "Gentlemen, this isn't Detroit. This is Windsor, Ontario!"

FUNNYBONES

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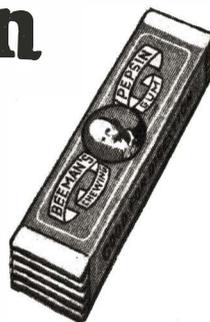
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"When Jack broke off the engagement did you take it to heart?"

"No, to court!"

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY

A writer says that some people are never in danger of working their fingers to the bone. This, of course, does not apply to a deaf-and-dumb man who stutters.

—PASSING SHOW

Rich Young Bachelor—What time is it, Jarvis?

His Valet—Eleven forty-three, sir.

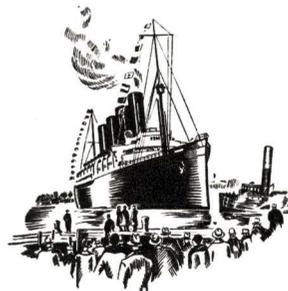
"Er—Jarvis, you might work that out for me, will you?"

—ANSWERS

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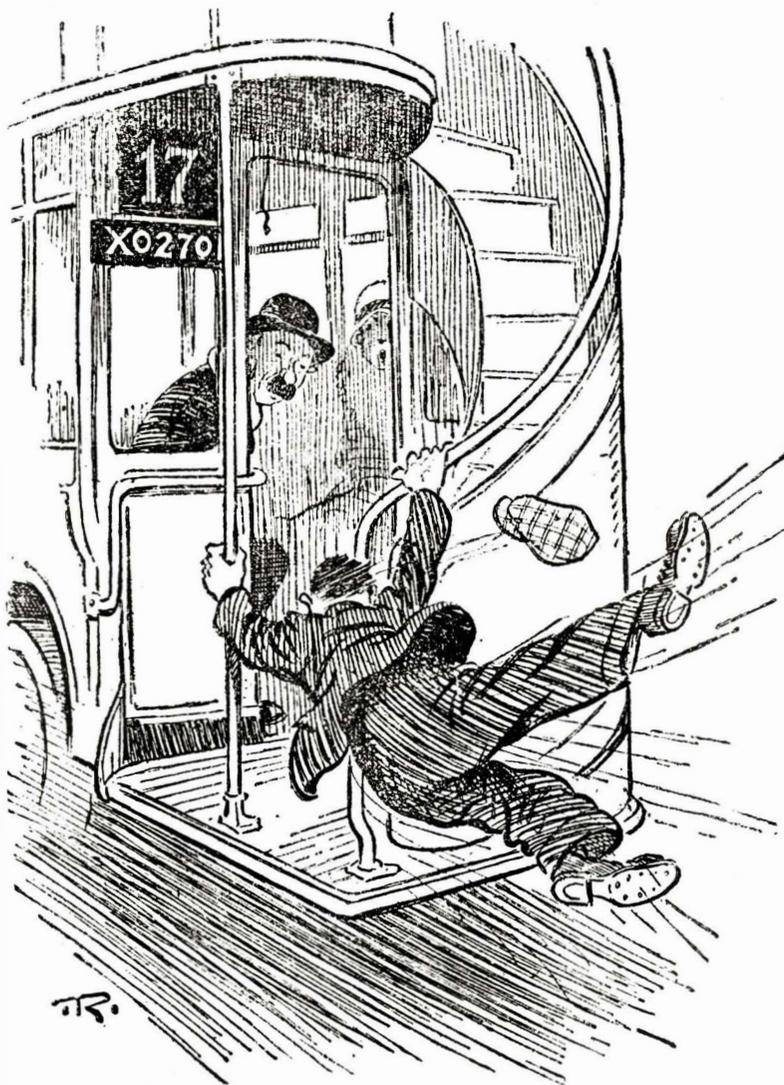
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MIXTURE

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"Hullo, Bill! 'Ow are you gettin' on?"
—TIT-BITS

THE CHEER LEADERS

JUDGE announces a new policy for its CHEER LEADERS Department.

JUDGE is going to use ORIGINAL material from college artists and writers beginning

NEXT WEEK

JUDGE will pay good prices for all matter accepted and, in addition, there will be prizes awarded for the funniest drawing and the funniest text used during 1928.

Only contributions from undergraduate students will be considered. Contributors should indicate name, college and class on each one and address CHEER LEADER DEPARTMENT of JUDGE, 627 West 43rd St., New York City, and enclose return postage.

Price and prize offer information will be sent upon request.



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Barney's, 85 W. 3rd. Swell place. H *** \$ C. \$2.00. CC. Arnold.

Montmartre, Broadway at 50th. Good crowd, fair music. * \$\$ C. \$3.00. CC. Charlie.

Lido, 7th Ave. at 52nd St. Nice place. Good music. * \$\$\$ C. \$3.00. CC. Maraschino.

Parody, 48th St. W. of B'way. Jimmy Durante, Clayton & Jackson put on the funniest show in town. *** \$\$\$ C. \$2.00. CC. Leon.

Helen Morgan's, 151 W. 54th. Fun no end.

Heigh Ho, 35 E. 53rd. H * \$\$ C. \$2.00. CC. George. No entertainment—great idea.

The Ambassadors, 146 W. 57th. Not so hot. * \$\$ C. \$2.00. CC. Arthur.

Jungle, above the Lido. Rough Park Avenue. *** \$\$\$ C. \$3.00.

Villa Venice, 10 E. 60th St. Very collihy. Not so hot. * \$\$ C. \$1.00. CC. Jean.

Casa Lopez, B'way at 50th. Pretty wet but good music. ** \$\$ C. \$3.00.

County Fair, 54 E. 9th. Fun if you take your own crowd. H ** \$ C. \$1.00. CC. Charlie.

Frivolity, B'way at 50th. Times Squarish *** \$\$ C. \$3.00. CC. Albert.

Silver Slipper, 201 W. 48th St. Also Times Squarish *** \$\$ C. \$3.00. CC. George.

Boston

Cocoanut Grove. *** \$\$ C. \$2.00. CC. Angelo.

Chicago

Chez Pierre, 247 E. Ontario St. Good crowd and music. *** \$\$\$ C. \$2.00. CC. Paul.

College Inn, 112 W. Randolph. Very good. * \$\$ C. \$1.00. CC. Julius.

Cincinnati

Club Chatterbox. *** \$\$ C. \$1.00. CC. Victor.

Detroit

Luigui's, West Duffield. *** \$\$ C. \$3.00. CC. Luigui.

Los Angeles

Cocoanut Grove, Ambassador Hotel. * \$\$\$ C. \$2.00.

Miami

Embassy Club, Dixie Highway. Very High Hat. * \$\$\$ C. \$3.00.

Coral Gables G & C Club. *** \$\$ C. \$1.00.

New Orleans

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Pittsburgh

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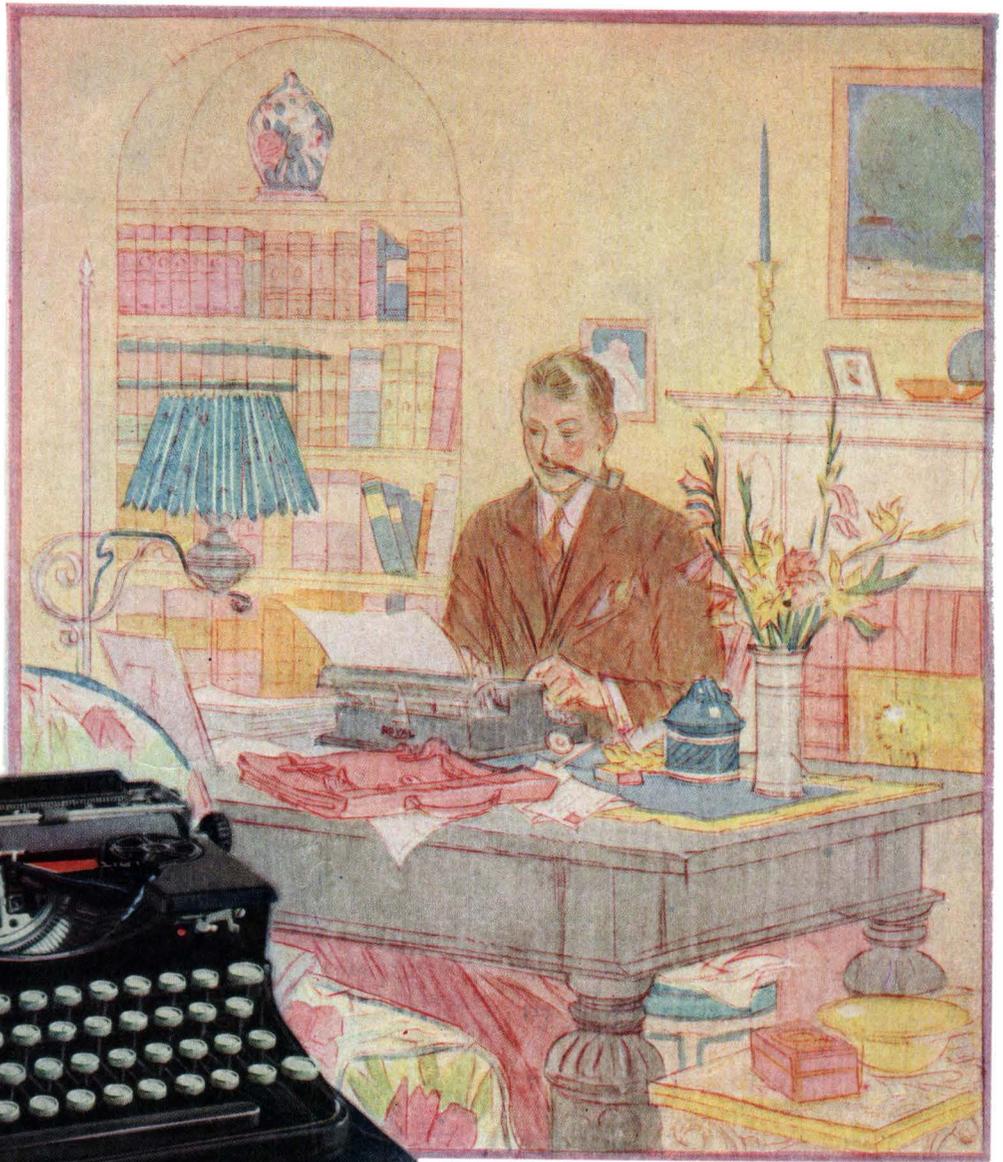
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