

# JUDGE

4<sup>th</sup> of July

Number

FEBRUARY 26, 1927

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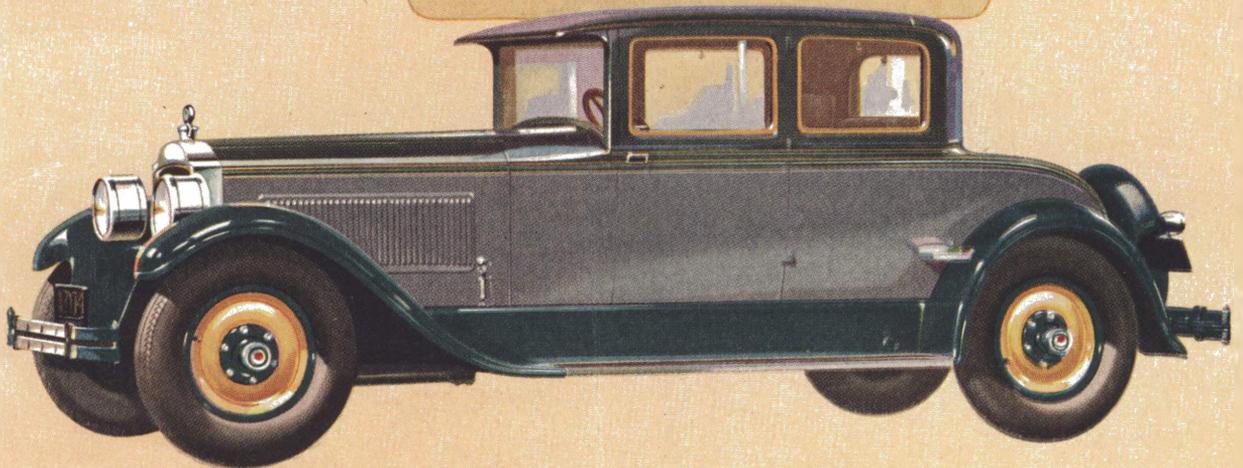
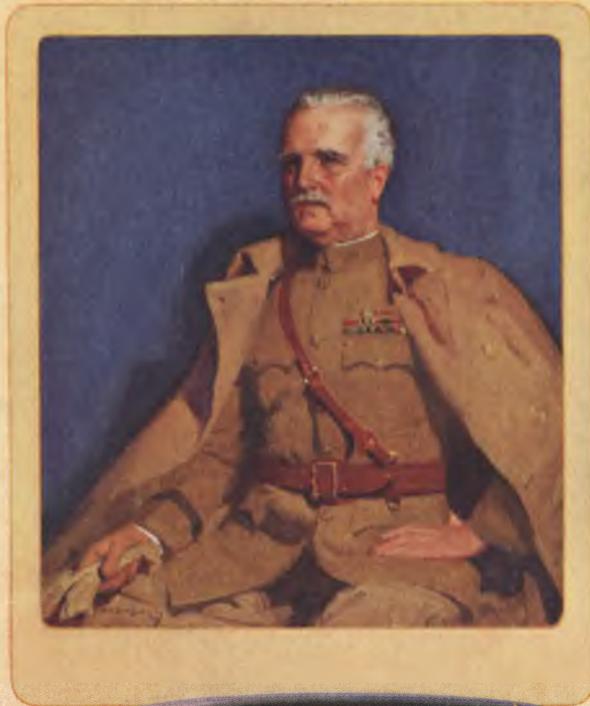


THANKS FOR  
THE CANOE  
RIDE!

DEALON  
VALENTINE



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



*Reputation* • Enduring fame is a sufficient reward to many for a lifetime of effort and great accomplishment. Certainly a well deserved and outstanding reputation is even more difficult to achieve than financial success.

Packard has achieved both. But Packard reputation today, after twenty-seven years of service to the public, is an even greater asset than Packard's absolute financial independence.

For Packard is a name which means superlatively fine motor cars in every quarter of the globe. And this reputation,

so laboriously and deliberately built up, is more jealously guarded than all the gold in Packard's surplus.

It means more. For it reflects the confidence of the world in Packard vehicles—in Packard engines. Packard power has won international renown on the land, in the air and on the water. A generation of uninterrupted success and constant leadership is the best guarantee that that excellence of reputation will be sustained.

# PACKARD

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1927

## HEAT WAVE HITS CITY

The *Literary Digest* advertises that the majority of its readers are telephone subscribers. Reading the *Digest* probably keeps them from getting entirely out of touch with what's going on in the world.



A Dutch astronomer has announced the discovery of 180 new stars. Thousands of pedestrians have written the scientist that he ain't seen nothing yet.

A New York radio station is broadcasting a weekly talk on chlorine gas as a treatment for colds. Other stations merely broadcast the gas.



## FIRE CRACKER KILLS 3

According to Professor Baur, of Yale University, baseball was played in Athens 1300 years ago. We understand that Judge Landis has offered the Professor traveling expenses if he can find any evidence of sloughing.

## THRONGS CROWD CONEY

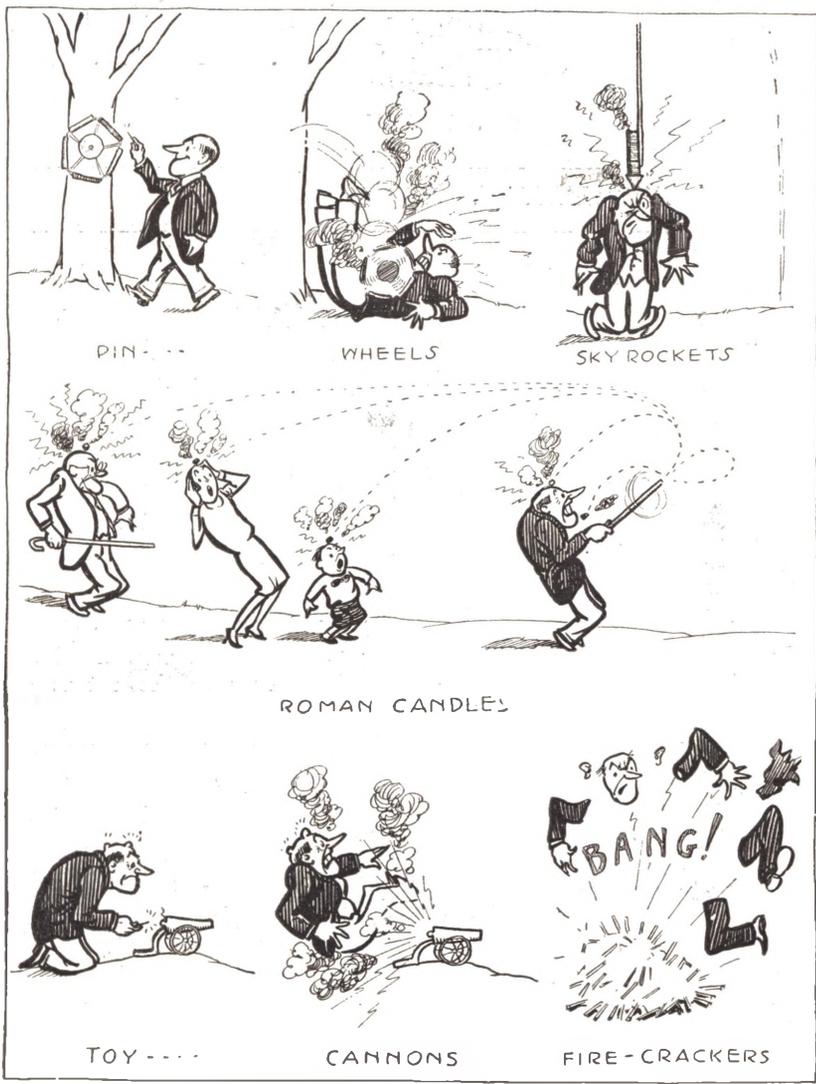
A Canadian barber recently drank 86 cups of coffee in 6 hours and wound up by drinking a pint of beer. Americans who visit that country will probably shatter this record, but they will do it the other way round.



Professor Irving Fisher claims our Government has profited by the Dry Law to the extent of \$6,000,000. Chiefly, we suspect, by the income taxes of undertakers.



WIFE (nervously)—*Is it lit, Henry?*



If the poisoning prohibitionists get hold of our fireworks.

**Evolution**

*Mother*—Now, Willie; I'll give you a nickel if you take your castor oil like a little man.

*Willie* (20 years later)—Blup—Gr-r-r-rk—uh— Pretty smooth stuff, Joe.



*Hunter Story Teller*—I fired. Imagine the thrill I experienced. The lion lay dead.

*Skeptical Listener*—What had it died of?



Some bootleggers are meeting Prohibition half way. They always add water to their hooch!



These men are typical of the male creatures who presume to criticize the figures of women bathers!—and what of it!

**The Glorious Fourth**  
(Advance Literature)

The Glorious Fourth is here at last,  
So's your old man and winter's blast.  
One's very breathing, we might state,  
Goes up in smoke to celebrate.  
We blow our hands, and stamp our feet,  
A white confetti's in the street.  
The fire-crackers up the flue,  
Our faces are red, white and blue—  
Nor do our cars the spirit lack,  
Just see the radiators crack. . . .  
The Fourth is here, for on the square,  
The atmosphere is in the air.



The second-hand car passeth nothing but understanding.



"Are you going to let your boy have fire-crackers this Fourth?"  
"No, sir, not a one! If he wants noise he can turn on the radio."

**Revised**  
**1914**

*Physician*—Whisky is the most effective antidote for snake bite. Where are you going?

*Jones*—To get a snake.

**1927**

*Voice on Phone*—Oh, doctor; a man drank a quart of drugstore whisky. What's the antidote?

*Physician*—Snake bite.

**Some First Aid Hints**

*Cap Pistol Poisoning*—Move subject out of the sun and if possible into a snow-drift edged with rose taffeta. Embroider with silk ruffles, add a pinch of paprika, garnish with green potato plants and serve while hot.

*Small Arm Wounds*—Wrap the patient in several layers of tin foil and sprinkle with two parts flour and one part Henessey.

*Skyrocket Shock*—This form of insanity is common to people living in and about the American prohibition zone and can be easily recognized by the usual hallucinations of snap-dragons, mud-turtles and pink elephants riding on the tails of the fireworks. Put patient to bed with a cold towel and let lie until the following day. Do not administer stimulants.

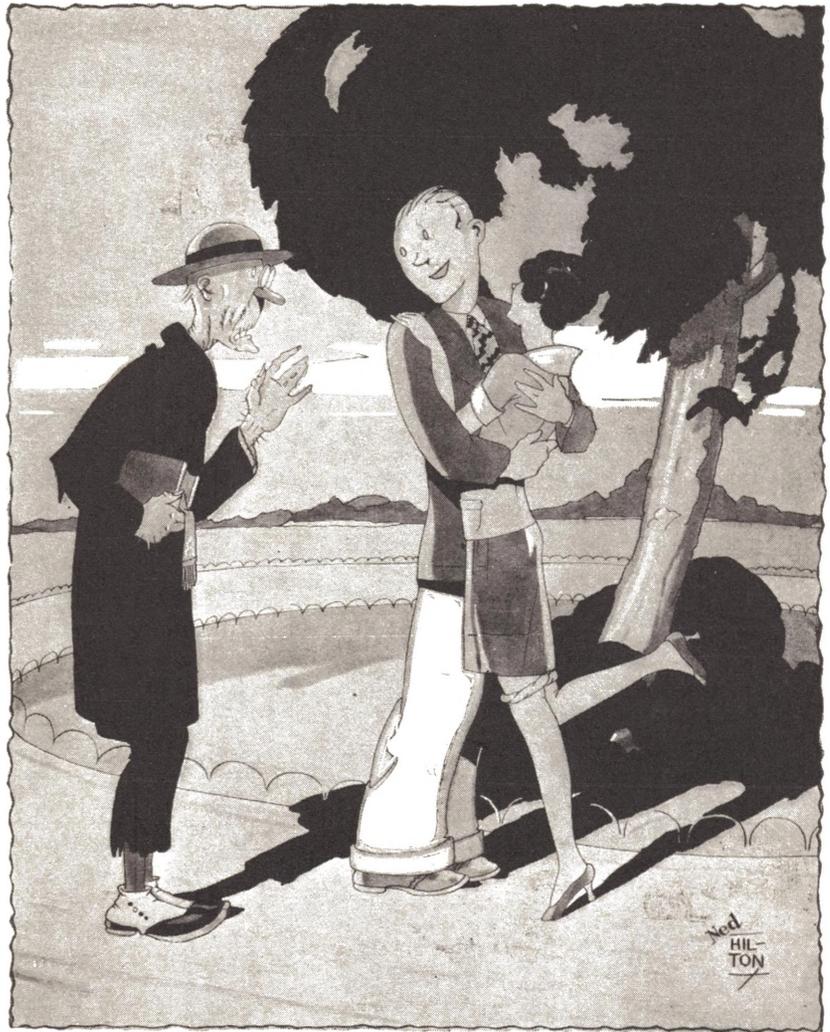
*Pinwheel Rash*—Lay patient out cold and open clothing, if a close friend. Take a quart of raisins, add a cake of yeast, the yolks of two lemons, a spoonful of vinegar and about a half-dozen burned matches. Stir well and sit in a pan until the police arrive.

—RICHARD S. WALLACE

**Why John Jones Shot Himself on Independence Day**

- Don't Walk on the Grass.
- Keep Out—This Means You.
- No Smoking Allowed.
- One Way Street.
- Private Park—Keep Out.
- No Children Allowed.

This Place Padlocked for Violation of the National Prohibition Law.



*"Tck, Tck! I must report you to the authorities for kissing your wife on Sunday!"*  
*"But this isn't my wife!"*  
*"Oh, pardon me."*



*"Yes, her father is very old-fashioned, so she promised him that she'd wear her skirts below her knees."*

**Another Scotch Joke**

A Scotchman stood in line waiting to purchase seats for "The Miracle." Behind him stood a Jew.

"Have you two dollar seats for this show?" inquired the Scot when he finally reached the window.

"I am sorry, we are all sold out of the two dollar ones," was the answer.

"Then give me two four dollar seats," said the Highlander.

When the Hebrew heard this, he immediately left the line.

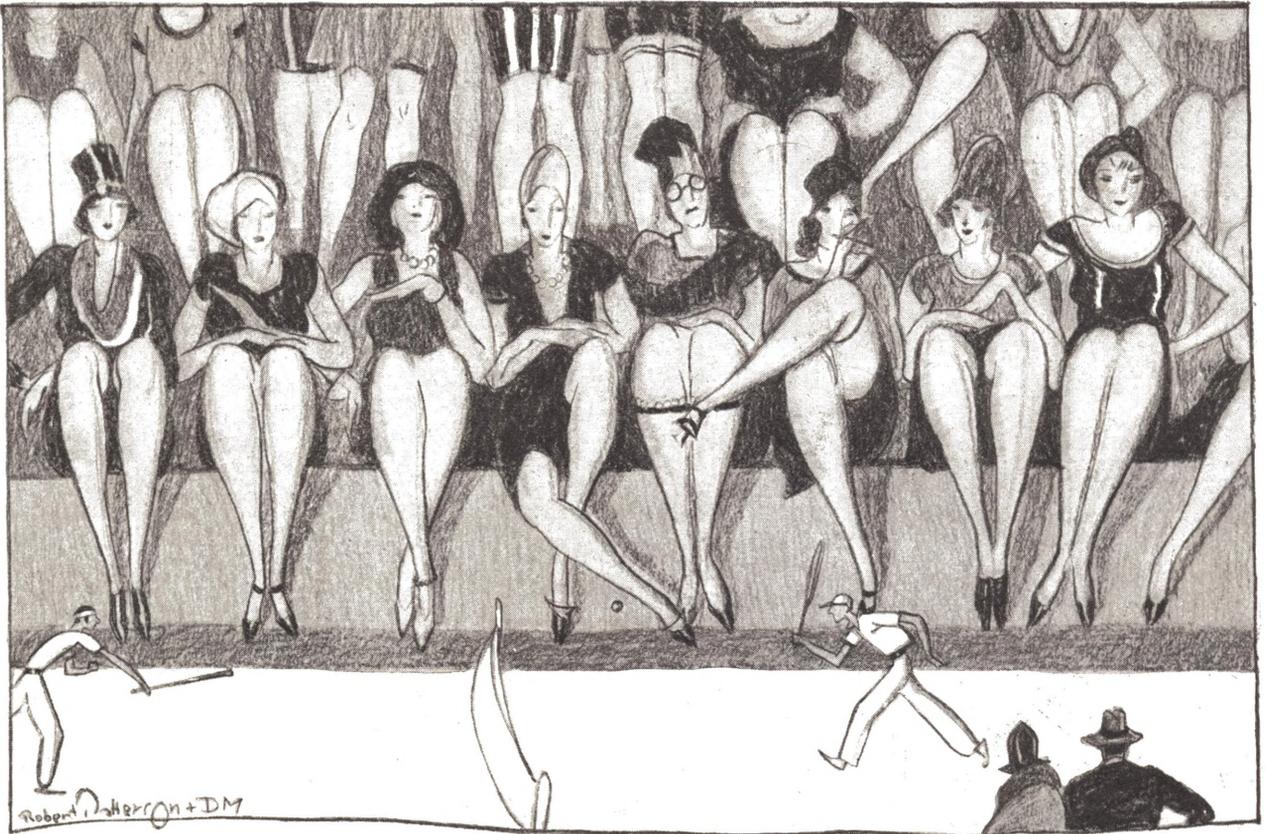
"I vill keep my money . . . I have seen de Miracle," said he.

**Congressmen Note!**

When in Washington do as the Anti-Saloon League does.



THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T LET HIS BOY PLAY WITH FIRE-CRACKERS  
ON THE FOURTH



*Impressions gathered by man while viewing championship tennis match*

**Station U.S.A. Broadcasting**

(Had the radio added to the colonists' troubles.)

6 P. M.—Ben Franklin, President of the Philadelphia Electrical Supply Company, in a descriptive word picture. "Lightning Rods — their uses and abuses."

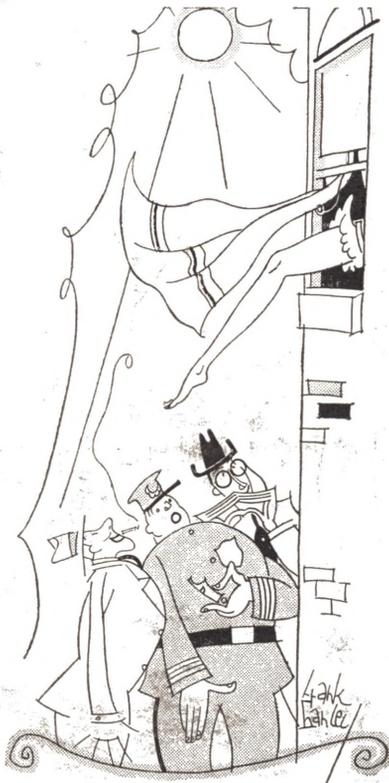
7 P. M.—Tommy Jefferson and Johnny Adams — the "Liberty Boys" in a program of popular jazz tunes through the courtesy of the George Washington Washing Machine Company.

8 P. M. — Proceedings broadcast direct from the Boston Tea Party, through the courtesy of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the Colonial Tea Co.

9 P. M.—Broadcasting of the Declaration of Independence by special wire from Independence Hall. Super power will be used to reach England.

10 P. M. — "Detours I Encountered on the Road from Lexington to Concord"—A short talk by Paul Revere.

—HUGH WOOD



*Young lady who always dips cautiously into the water, tests the weather outside her window.*

**It's a Great Car**

I KNOW a motorist who has driven many thousands of miles with never an unpleasant bit of engine trouble to mar the enjoyment of his trips.

The multifarious motor grief which is the common lot of practically every individual who drives a car is absolutely unknown to him.

He has never been troubled with a faulty carburetor, no burned-out bearings, and never the slightest hint of a piston slap. His lubrication system has always functioned perfectly and he has never been compelled to stop because of overheating. He has never suffered the least diminution of power on the steepest hill and carbon is the smallest of his worries. Even the clock in the dashboard keeps perfect time.

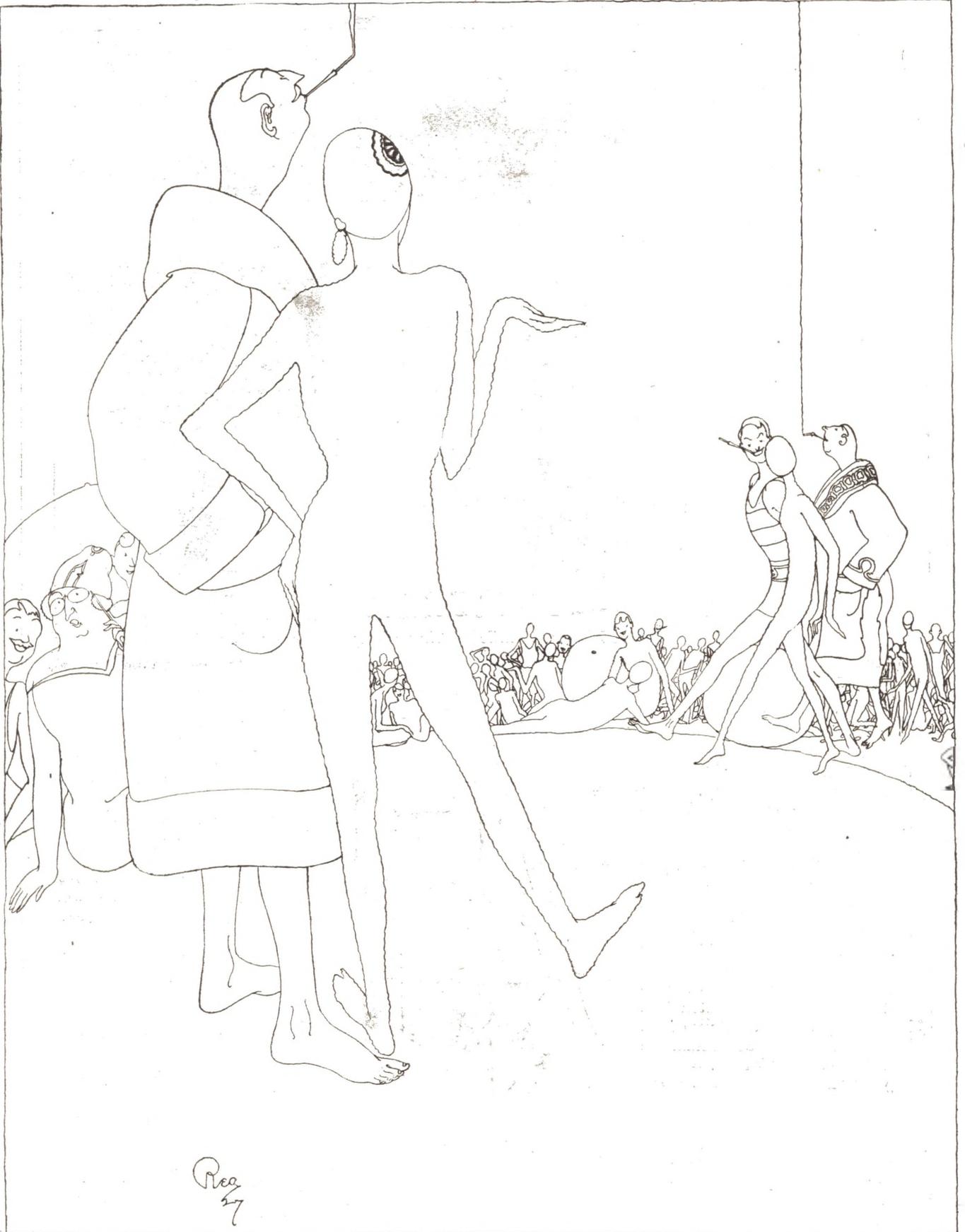
There can be no question but that his car is perfect.

In fact, he admits that there's no other machine like it in the world.

He is an automobile salesman.

—MARION E. BURNS

JUDGE

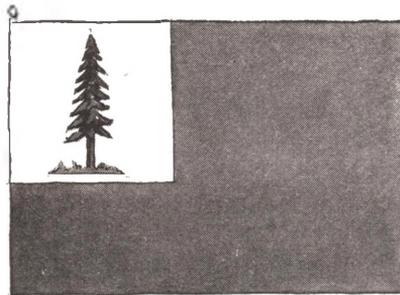


*Flaming Flapperdom, always up-to-date, adopts the one-grease suit*

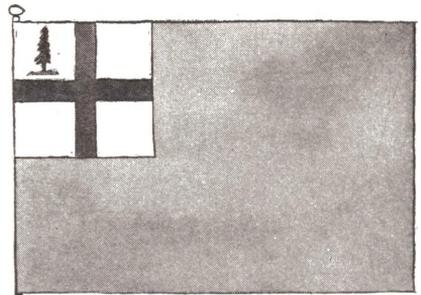
Success

ORSON PETERS drooped dismally on the steps of the village post-office. Soon the daily mail would arrive for Oskepagoo, Wisconsin; but there would be nothing for him. Perhaps a rejection from the Fleischmann's Yeast Testimonial Department. No more. Never a contest won, never a cheek received. Success was not for such as he.

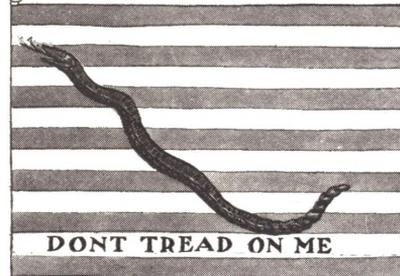
The village oaf sighed and stretched out wearily in the sun. It must be heredity. Every one of the 150 inhabitants of Oskepagoo had had his name in print somewhere: under the Vox Populi column of a New York newspaper, disagreeing with its editorial of two weeks back; as honorable mention in a contest to name a new magazine or a new theatre; among the creators of nationwide slogans. Yes, mused Orson Peters, it must be heredity. His mother had once had a commendatory letter in a Lydia Pinkham brochure, but without the accompanying picture. And his father's only claim to distinction was a short note in the New York Sun, protesting against the infamous suggestion of another contributor that loganberry pies were waning in popularity, for they still de-



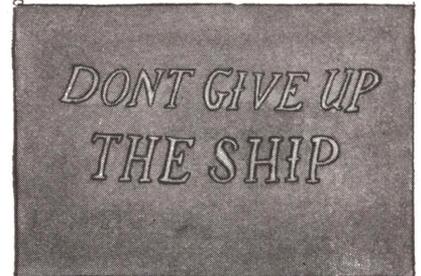
CONTINENTAL FLAG 1775-77



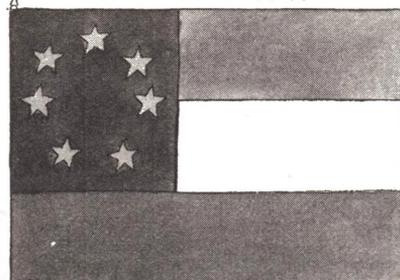
BUNKER HILL FLAG



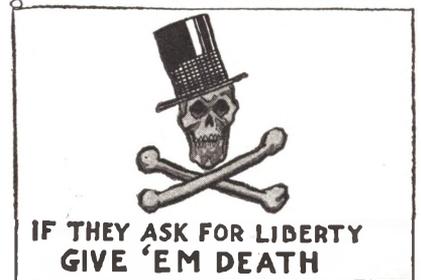
FIRST NAVY JACK



PERRY'S FLAG-LAKE ERIE



CONFEDERATE FLAG-1861



ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE-1927

AMERICAN FLAGS

From Colonial days down to the present



**OH YOU CANDY KID! TAUNTED PEARL.**

"Oh, say, this younger generation! Listen to this one that transpired between a 'Flapper' (giddy young girl) and her 'Pie-eater' (young man-about-town, rake)." Said she angrily: "Say, whaddya mean I got 'loose habits'? I'll have you know I'm a GOOD GIRL. Tell me why you said it or I'll destroy your chin!" "Well, don't you wear bloomers?" retorted the witty act. Yet I daresay he meant no harm.

lighted palates in his part of the country.

Suddenly Orson heard a noise. The mail had come. Quickly asserting it, the postmaster handed out letters to the waiting populace. Disdainfully, one was tossed to the miserable Peters. Lifelessly, he tore open the envelope, beheld its contents, and gave a mad cry of rapture.

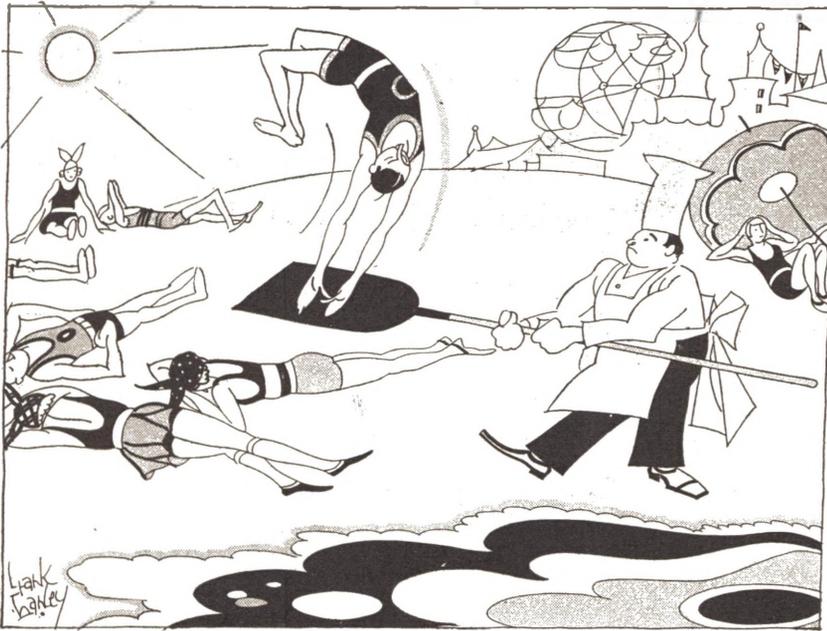
"I've won, I've won!" he screamed, waving a check. "I've won the contest to name the boys' camp at Lake Canucka!"

"What did you call it?" came the surprised, curious chorus.

"The Lake Canucka Camp for Boys!"

149 shoulders lifted Orson Peters high into the air and bore him proudly down the main street of Oskepagoo, Wisconsin.

—COURTENAY ART



WANTED—Strong arm gent to turn over beach bathers when they are brown on one side.

**The Advertising Man Writes a Love Letter**

By Dashiell Hammett

Dear Maggie:

I LOVE YOU!

What is love? It is all in all, said Rossetti; it is the salt of life, said Sheffield; it is more than riches, said Lucas; it is like the measles, said Jerome. Send for leaflet telling what these and other great men of all times have said about love! It is FREE!

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

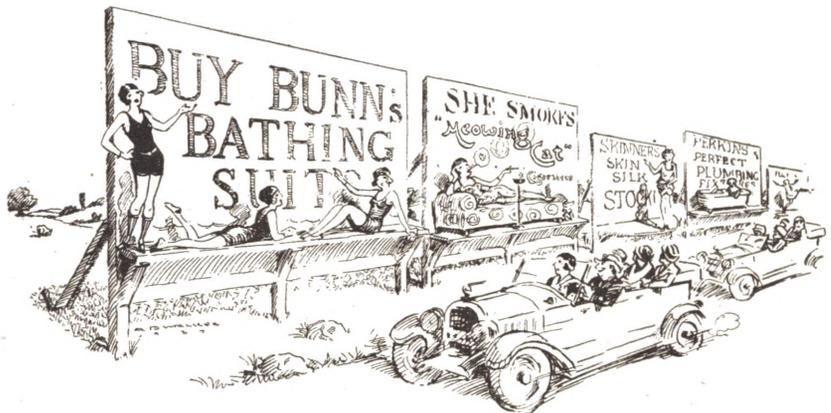
Will you be the grandmother of my grandchildren? Or will you, as thousands of others have done, put it off until too late—until you are doomed to the penalty of a lonely old age? Do not delay. Grandchildren are permanent investments in companionship!

But simply to marry is not enough! You must ask yourself, to whom? Shall you marry a man just because you like his eyes, or his dancing? Or will you insist on the best? IT COSTS NO MORE!

A man who is educated, brilliant, witty, thoughtful, handsome, affectionate, honorable and generous—a man who is made of the best moral, mental and physical materials obtainable—a man



Fourth of July celebration—Patriotic Irishman twisting the lion's tail.



Yes, bill-boards with attractive live mannequins will add greatly to the spice of motoring and tend to stop speeding.

in every way worthy, not only of being grandfather to your grandchildren, but great-great-grandfather to your great-great-grandchildren.

All this can be yours if you act NOW!

Read what others have said (full names and addresses on request):

"He was one swell guy."—Flora B—.

"In the four years we roomed together he never once left a ring in the bathtub."—Paul G—.

"I laughed more the months I knew him than at any other time in my life."—Fanny S—.

"He's one of those fellows who knows everything."—Doris L—.

All this can be yours! Can you afford to be without it?

Mail the coupon TODAY!

Yours for prompt action,

FRANK.

Tear, cut, or bite this coupon along dotted line

FRANK WHOOP, B 132-F 10 3/4 h  
1243 Bunny Street

Please send me FREE leaflet telling what great men of all times have said about love. I am interested in obtaining ETERNAL HAPPINESS without added cost.

You may call to explain particulars en ..... at ..... o'clock. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

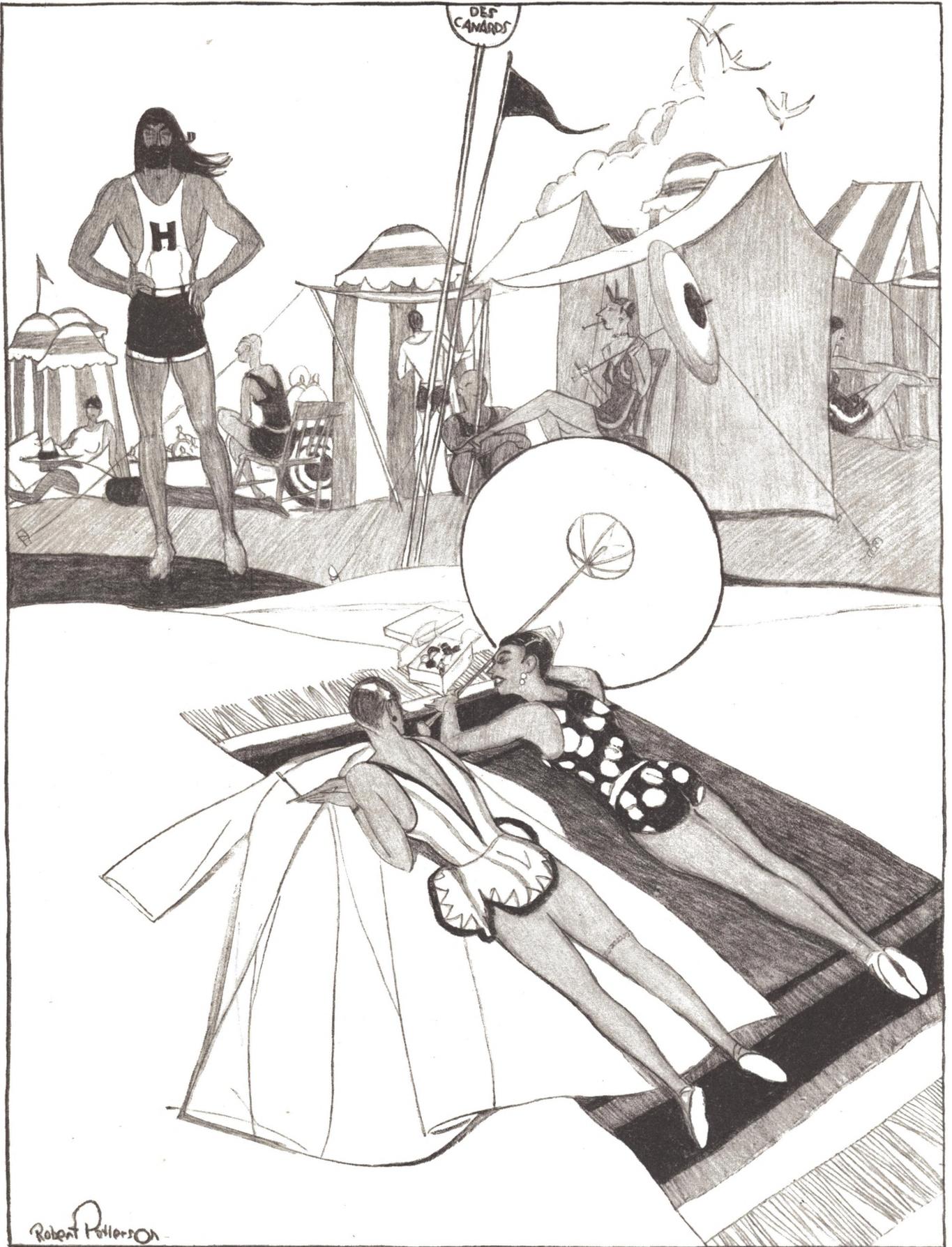


Interesting, if True!

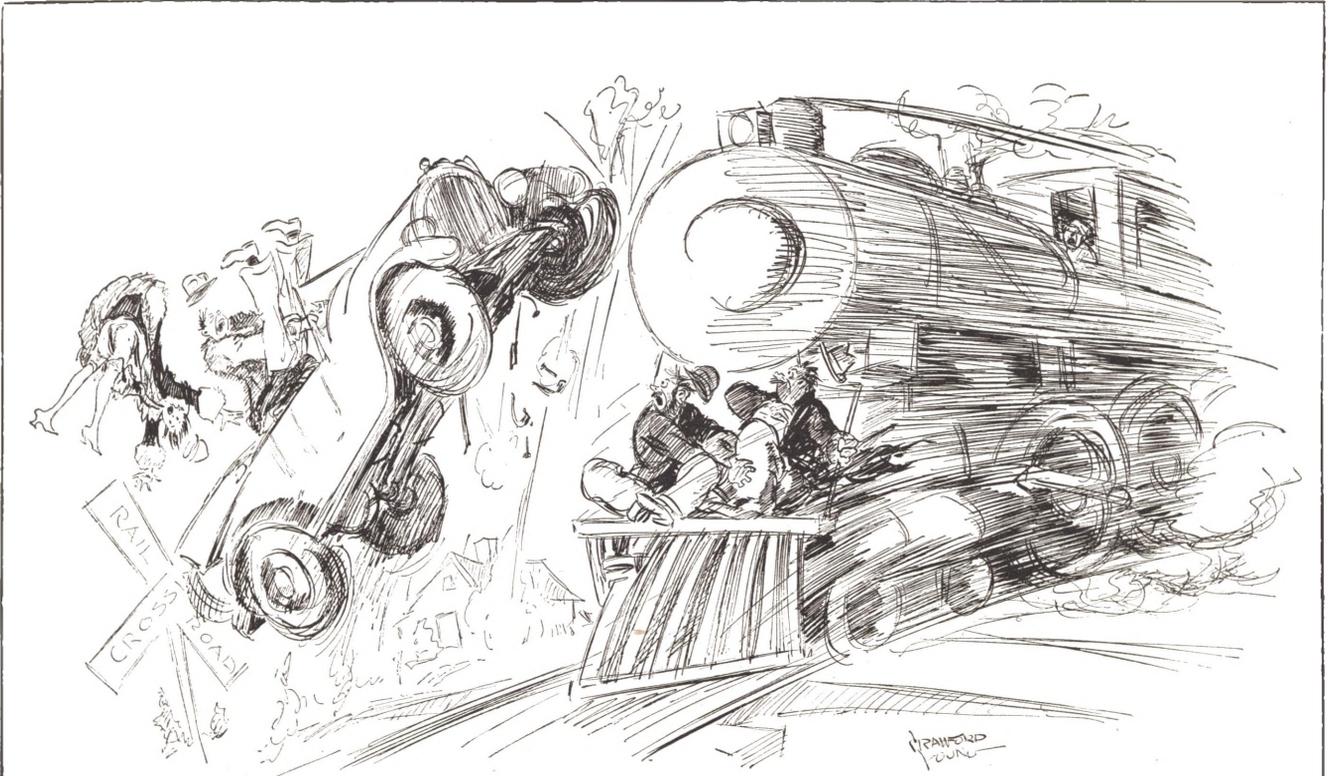
Clarice—Don't you think George dresses nattily?

Maurice—Natalie who?

JUDGE



*"Yes, Jack is letting his hair grow. He says wearing it short is too effeminate."*

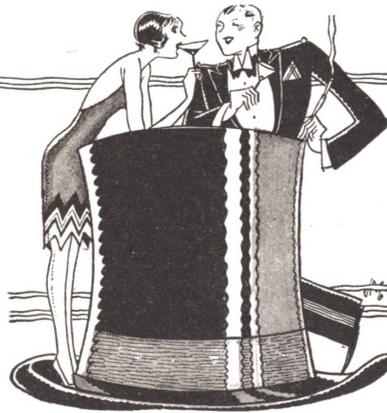


FIRST BUM—Gawd's sake, Bill! Th' autos come right up on the cowcatcher after ye!



GIRL—That's my Grandpa and Grandma.  
GUY—Wot? What's th' idea of a guy marrying an old lady like that?

HIGH



HAAT

Every year, about a week before the Beaux Arts ball, I always make a firm resolve, not to miss the brilliance and beauty of this auspicious occasion and, to make it a point to take in the decorations, the wonderful costumes and the pageant, and every year, the day after the ball I read about the decorations, the won-

derful costumes and the pageant in the papers . . . ever since the Beaux Arts ball became an annual institution I have been an enthusiastic attendant and the only decorations I have ever noticed were the Gainsborough prints on the hotel room walls, the only costumes I have seen were worn by the crowd in the same hotel rooms, and the pageant has consisted of the stream of people going in and out of said hotel rooms . . . in spite of this fact, I have always had a wonderful time, and realizing that there are probably thousands of others

who have annually done likewise, I hereby suggest to the Beaux Arts committee that next year they dispense with the ballroom entirely and increase their Scholarship fund just that much more.  
P. S. I'd like to thank the gentleman who left the bottle of champagne in the bureau drawer of Room 314.



JUST BEFORE THE BUISE MOTHER IN A ROOM AT THE ASYR ARTS

derful costumes and the pageant in the papers . . . ever since the Beaux Arts ball became an annual institution I have been an enthusiastic attendant and the only decorations I have ever noticed were the Gainsborough prints on the hotel room walls, the only costumes I have seen were worn by the crowd in the same hotel rooms, and the pageant has consisted of the stream of people going in and out of said hotel rooms . . . in spite of this fact, I have always had a wonderful time, and realizing that there are probably thousands of others



THE MAN WHO TRIED TO GET IN AS A "LEVEE" MAC-

In order to make the joke clear on the little sketch that "Mac" has made here, it might be a good idea to inform our readers that the costumes of the Beaux Arts ball were of the period of New Orleans of 1803.



Two shows, witnessed last week, should, to my mind, both be considered for prizes . . . the first, "The Road to Rome," ought to be awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the season . . . for originality, intelligent writ-  
(Continued on page 29)



INDEPENDENCE DAY

JUDGE on the BENCH



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

Judge Lindsay

THE Supreme Court of Colorado has ordered that Ben B. Lindsay be ousted as Judge of the Denver Juvenile Court. It has done this on the strength of an irregularity in the returns for the election of 1924, one planted apparently by his enemies. Thus the forces of the Ku Klux Klan who fought him locally, and the much greater forces of the self-righteous who have been denouncing him nationally, are triumphant, temporarily at least. The man who, more closely and understandingly than any other of his generation, has been able to watch the disintegration of the traditional moral standards among the young and to tell us about it, is out of office. Hurrah, cry the unco guid, we've stopped that leak!

Well, of course they haven't stopped anything of the kind. The business of apprehending and studying and broadcasting the present moral revolution has only just begun, and no doubt, since most of Judge Lindsay's services to the youth of Denver were performed out of court, ex-officio, he will be enabled to continue them, at least to a limited extent, and to publish his findings as heretofore. His ouster will not hurt him so much as it will hurt Denver, of which he and his court together were by long odds the most distinguished feature. Nor will it hurt the cause of truth and sanity. Martyrs have never been a source of weakness to any cause.



THE charges, other than legal, brought against Judge Lindsay have been of various kinds, but chiefly that he endangered the institution of matrimony by, (1) his sympathetic and helpful way of handling the erring boys and girls who have come to him in their trouble; (2) his attacks upon the rigid hypocrisy and "conspiracy of silence" on the part of parents and the unforgiving vindictiveness of teachers and ministers, and (3) his suggestion of "companionate marriage" (derisively called "free love" by his detractors) as a possible solution of the present chaos.

In view of the appalling situation that every sane observer knows to exist in this country respecting the ancient institution of matrimony, such charges seem trivial to the point of absurdity. And as a matter of fact they are not entirely sincere. The good people who make them may think they honestly explain their opposition to Judge Lindsay, but we

have a shrewd notion they're wrong, that what has really outraged them has been not the Judge's views, but the Judge's willingness and ability to save a few sinners from the social consequences of their sins.

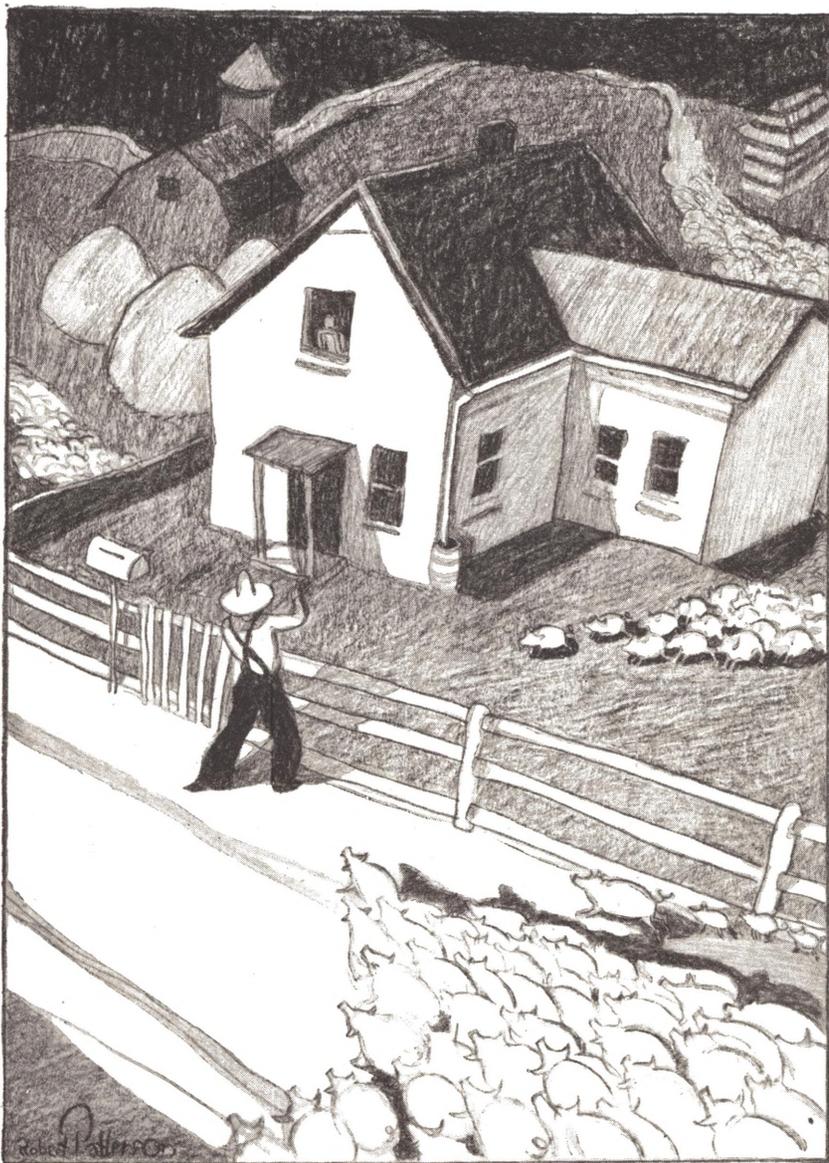


SELF-RIGHTEOUS people are naturally sadistic. Inhibited themselves in the direction of the pleasures they condemn they jealously resent their indulgence by others and secretly gloat over the sufferings that overtake the transgressor. No more striking confirmation of this could be had than in the present poison liquor controversy. Observe Wayne B. Wheeler revelling in the statement that the person who drinks today deliberately commits suicide. Watch his frantic opposition to every suggestion that the Government, in treating alcohol, use non-poisonous denaturants. In New York State every Assemblyman who voted to petition Congress to stop poisoning alcohol has received notice from the Anti-Saloon League that in doing so he had "betrayed his dry constituents." They want to see them die, these good people, and similarly in the case of boys and girls who violate the so-called moral code, they want to see them suffer; they want to see them hounded and disgraced, ruined socially, psychically and physically. What's hell for, if not to satisfy the sadistic impulses of the self-righteous? And better a hell on earth you're sure of now than some shadowy kingdom that exists in the hereafter.



JUDGE LINDSAY has stood between the youthful, often the totally innocent or ignorant, sinner and the legions of the righteous thirsting for his blood. He has thwarted them in their favorite sport of revenging themselves on others for their own inhibitions. Instead of bringing into open court and disgracing before the community the boys and girls who had been playing with fire and got burnt, he has made discreet arrangements by which they might escape ruin, keep their self respect and rehabilitate themselves. In his twenty-seven years on the bench he has by such methods saved countless useful citizens to the service of the State. And it is for this that he has been hounded out of office and denounced from the pulpits of the nation. It doesn't do to disappoint the Christians.

W. M. H.



*The winner of the hog calling contest serenades his girl.*

**In the Canyon Country**

"Tell me a story, daddy," begged the curly-headed tot as he climbed up on his father's knee, "something different though. None of this Mother Goose drivel. It gets on my nerves."

The beaming father sat the boy on his lap, lit a cigar and started: "She was a product of the Golden West. California's suns had warmed and nurtured her. She was as much at home in the deserts of Arizona as in the prairie lands of Kansas.

He came from the rock-bound coasts of Maine and was proud of his native state. Yet once in a

while his business called him far away from his Yankee home.

One day, not far from Albuquerque, New Mexico, he passed her. A sudden glow swept over his frame—the glow of love at first sight—and he thought he glimpsed a response from her. Before a word could be exchanged, she sped away. Her beauty haunted him. Day and night he searched for her. Once he saw her for an instant across a deep valley, but several hundred yards separated them. He called to her, but the wind swept his voice away and she never heard his plaintive cry.

Then one night high in the Rockies she slowly passed him. "Darling," he whispered, "ever since I saw you months ago in New Mexico, I have yearned for the time when I might voice my passion. Say it is not unrequited."

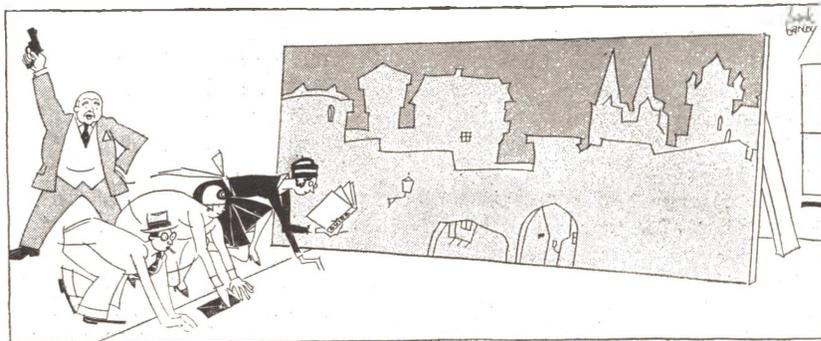
A kindly note sounded in her tinkling voice as she answered, "I can never be more than a sister to you, for my heart has been given to one from Seattle."

A piteous little cry escaped him and he trembled. "You are the only one in the world for me," he answered, "and life without you is empty." In the twinkling of an eye he lurched to the rim of the canyon, and, before she could restrain him, hurled himself into the murky depths."

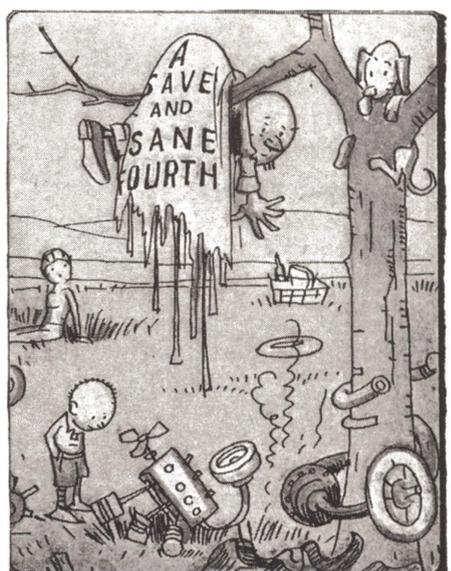
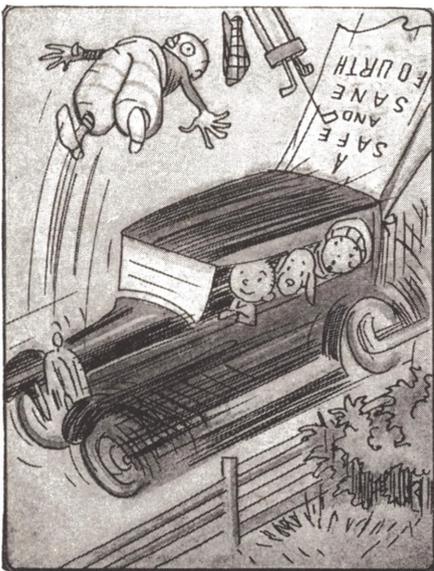
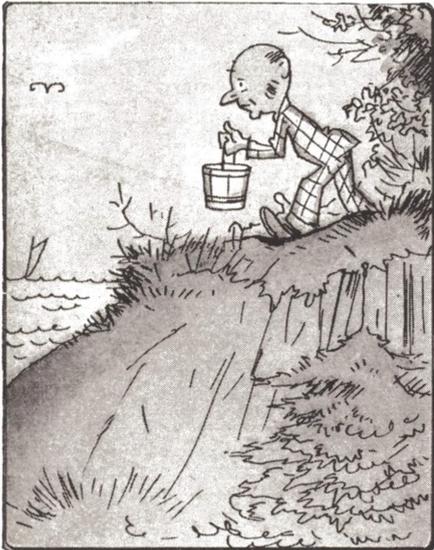
The old locomotive engineer wiped his eyes and patted the curly head of the lad who had been intently listening.

"And that, junior," he said, "is the story of the great, but hopeless love that Boston & Maine Freight Car No. 16429745 had for Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Box, Car No. 4268945."

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



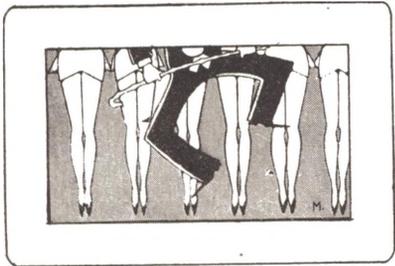
*Family who plan to do Europe in three weeks this summer, pictured in training.*



SAFE AND SANE

# JUDGING the SHOWS II

by George Jean Nathan



I

At the end of the second act of Martin Brown's "The Dark," Percy Hammond and your often objectionably un-humble servant, conferring in the lobby of the Lyceum Theater, concluded with some alarm that we must gradually be going crazy. It was reasonable to assume, we agreed, that Brown wrote his play about something, that the Messrs. Brady and Wiman, who put it on, had at least read it and made head or tail of it, that the director had found some slight sense in it, and that the actors knew to a degree, at least, what it was about. All this, despite considerable head-scratching, however, was more than Percival and I could master. Just what all these estimable gents had found in the play eluded us so completely and disturbingly that we decided the much feared and often predicted softening of the brain had set in on us at last and that henceforth there would, therefore, be nothing left for us to do but enter politics.

In the third act, Brown began, so far as the M. Hammond and I were concerned, to show faint gleams of intelligibility, but the illumination didn't last long enough to inculcate light in our befuddled skulls. The whole thing seemed to be an attempt to write "The Donovan Affair" in terms of Pirandello. Varicose symbolism was as thick upon the proceedings as gilt on a movie theater. What we engaged once again was the pitiable effort of a Broadway show-writer to be intellectual. This Mr. Brown writes plays as if they were



- "The Road to Rome" (Playhouse)—See this issue.
- "The Dark" (Lyceum)—Ditto.
- "Pinwheel" (Neighborhood)—An impressionistic view of Owen Davis.
- "Lally" (Greenwich)—To be reviewed next week.
- "The Wandering Jew" (Cosmopolitan)—How Walter Hampden overlooked this one is a puzzle.
- "Trial Marriage" (Wallack's)—A dud.
- "Trelaucy of the Wells" (New Amsterdam)—Revival of Pinero's pleasant comedy with almost every conspicuous player out of work but Babe Ruth.
- "Rio Rita" (Ziegfeld)—Ziggy's ample atonement for "Betsy."
- "The Scarlet Lily" (Comedy)—Pretty terrible.
- "Saturday's Children" (Booth)—Maxwell Anderson's praiseworthy comedy of matrimony.
- "Honor Be Damned" (Morosco)—What? Yes, sir, by Willard Mack!
- "Yours Truly" (Shubert)—A good show with a lot of attractive girls.
- "The Love Thief" (Eltinge)—Stale and soporific.
- "Lady Alone" (Forrest)—Alice Brady gives good performance in a well-observed character study.
- "The Barker" (Biltmore)—The detail is better than the play.
- "The Captive" (Empire)—One of the really interesting things in town.
- "Tommy" (Gaiety)—A pure comedy for pure people.
- "Chicago" (Music Box)—Very amusing caricature of crime life in the western metropolis.
- "The Play's the Thing" (Miller)—Well acted risqué comedy.
- "The Strawberry Blonde" (Bijou)—To be reviewed next week.
- "Broadway" (Broadhurst)—The best of the season's melodramas.
- "Vanity" (Carroll)—Jessie Matthews is attractive, Julius Tannen is comical and Moran and Mack are Moran and Mack. But nothing else in it.
- "Fog" (National)—To be passed on next week.
- "The Desert Song" (Casino)—Some tuneful numbers, but a poor libretto.
- "Sex" (Daly's)—For the white-wings.
- "The Constant Wife" (Elliott)—Witty comedy with Ethel Barrymore in the lead.
- "The Squall" (48th St.)—Ten cent passion.
- "New York Exchange" (49th St.)—Fake sensationalism.
- "Oh, Please!" (Fulton)—Beatrice Lillie—nothing else.
- "Oh, Kay!" (Imperial)—Gertrude Lawrence and many other things.
- "Sinner" (Klaw)—I'll tell you of it next week.
- "The Brothers Karamazov" (Guild)—The Guild's best production of the season.
- "Ned McCobb's Daughter" (Golden)—Middling comedy.
- "The Devil in the Cheese" (Hopkins)—A Junior Week show.
- "The Noose" (Hudson)—What? Yes, sir, by Willard Mack!
- "Judy" (Royale)—In next week's issue.
- "The Nightingale" (Jolson)—Eleanor Painter in good voice.
- "Two Girls Wanted" (Little)—For grandma and the little ones.
- "An American Tragedy" (Longacre)—Dreiser should worry!
- "The Ramblers" (Lyric)—Roberto Clark in high feather.
- "Wooden Kimono" (Beck)—Dull mystery drivel.
- "The Pirates of Penzance" (Plymouth)—Fair revival.
- "Bye Bye Bonnie" (Ritz)—Weak music show.
- "I Told You So" (46th St.)—Sam Bernard and some amusing monkeyshines.
- "The Constant Nymph" (Cort)—I recommend it to your notice.
- "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Times Square)—The big gold rush of 1926.
- "Peggy-Ann" (Vanderbilt)—Mild song and dance exhibit.
- "The Adventurous Age" (Mansfield)—Mrs. Pat Campbell. See next week's issue.
- "The Ladder" (Waldorf)—At the bottom of the class.

traffic problems and if he were a London bobby trying to straighten out things in an alien and disconcerting environment. His "Cobra," after the first half of it was over, got caught in a side-street and couldn't extricate itself. His "Great Music" was as helpless as a wheelbarrow in the rush hour at Times Square. His "Praying Curve" started in one direction and got run over before its second act was one-third done. And this "Dark" is lost in a maze before it starts. After all, such a theme as Brown groped for in this play is not to be caught by the tail save by a fellow of salty intellect. It is as far beyond the present playwright's reach as another "Hamlet." The performances of Ann Andrews and Louis Calhern, considering the material unloaded upon them, are very good.

II

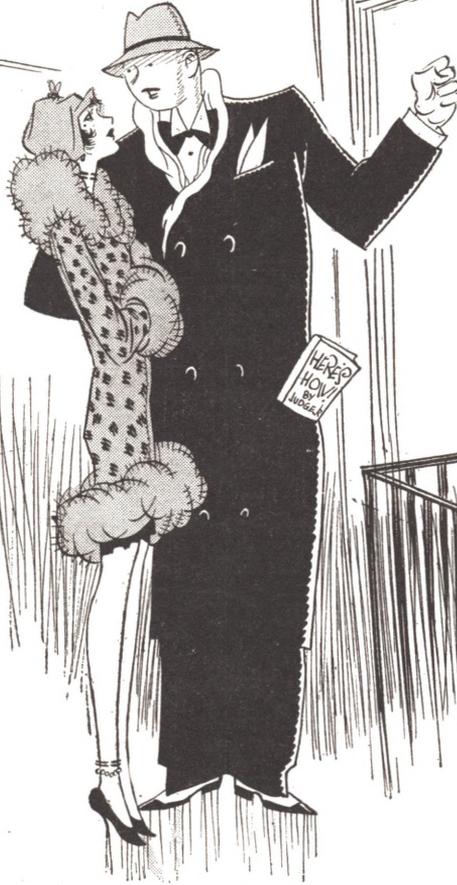
ONE of my colleagues has described Robert E. Sherwood's "The Road to Rome" as being "very young." The designation is apt. The author has laid hold of an adult theme and has treated it in an adolescent manner. He begins lightly and he ends lightly, and with some humorous sagacity, but in between he is as youthful as a college senior reading an indignant thesis on pacifism.

The play is ineptly composed. It starts out with its heroine taking the point of view of the heroine of Rita Wellman's "Barbarians," produced several years ago at the Provincetown Theater, and with its tenor largely that of a boulevard farce in a toga. It

(Continued on page 26)

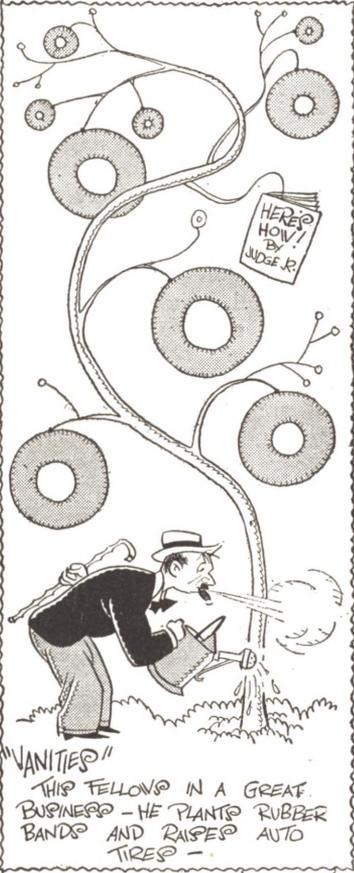
# LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

THE BOOZE ISN'T SO GOOD HERE - BUT IT'S THE ONLY SPEAK-EASY IN TOWN YOU CAN GET INTO WITHOUT STANDING IN LINE !!

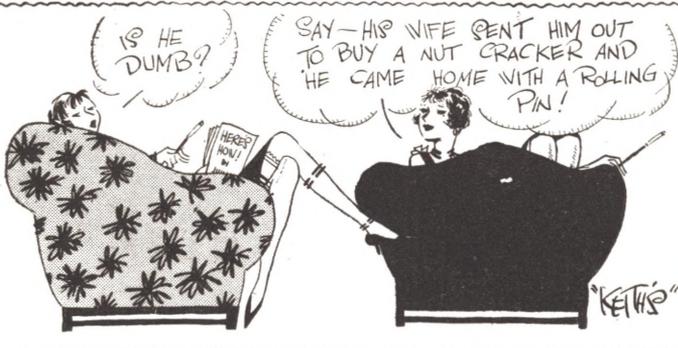


JOE SMILCH CARPENTER AND PLUMBER

"PRAYING CURVE"



"VANITIES" THIS FELLOW IN A GREAT BUSINESS - HE PLANTS RUBBER BANDS AND RAISES AUTO TIRES -



IS HE DUMB? SAY - HIS WIFE SENT HIM OUT TO BUY A NUT CRACKER AND HE CAME HOME WITH A ROLLING PIN!



THIS IS THE EARL OF DORCHESTER OH! - IT'S AN EARL PAINTING!

"YOURS TRULY"

## A SOBER MAN AND A SYNTHETIC BOOK!!



JUST LEMME READ ONE MORE PAGE SHOSSEFER

OH! - YOU'RE WELCOME, I'M SURE - JUDGE, JR. O-MY-YES!!

Jeffrey Michael



I've just come into possession of the smallest of all miniature objects. A cigarette lighter that, honestly, isn't any larger than a quarter. In fact, it's so small it has a good excuse for not lighting. It is in rose enamel and is worn around the neck suspended from a ribbon.

A new wrist watch effect. A miniature, silver powder compact attached to a little black wrist band.



Have you tried Don Dickerman's Blue Horse down on Eighth St.? It's just the place for a very, very tête-à-tête. The tables are successfully concealed in little caves, and canaries and goldfish are found in the most surprising places—inserted in walls and hanging from the chandeliers. A delicious table d'hôte dinner and very good music.



Since the supper clubs close at three o'clock we have discovered another form of entertainment to finish out the evening. Have you noticed the unmarked maps of the U. S. on the back of the Childs' menus? Well, the idea is to try to fill in the states and capital cities—correctly of course. It's awfully thrilling and isn't half as simple as it sounds at three o'clock in the morning after carrying out all the rules and regulations of a supper club—which incidentally produces a forty-ninth state. However, that is highly personal and purely psychopathic.

And speaking of three o'clock curfew. A supper club owner was arrested for staying open after hours. His excuse for the violation was that the only timepiece in his possession was a sun-dial.



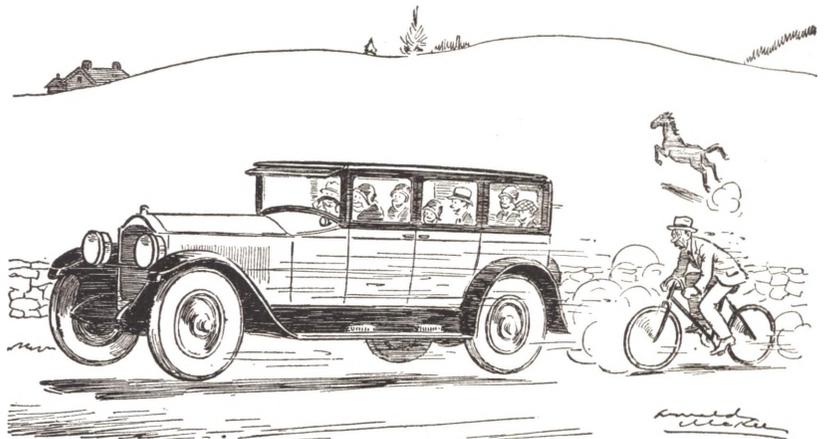
### Six or More Best Steppers

- High in the Hills (no show)
- Wear Your Sunday Smile (Judy)
- I'd Love To Call You My Sweetheart (no show)
- Some Day (no show)
- A Little Music in the Moonlight (no show)
- It All Depends On You (Big Boy)
- Over the River from Queens (Bye, Bye, Bonnie)
- Rio Rita (Rio Rita)

*Judgette*

### The First Reader for Department Store Adv. Writers

- Q.—What kind of coats will be put on sale at our store tomorrow?
- A.—A special lot of smart coats.
- Q.—How will this special lot of smart coats be priced?
- A.—At one low price.
- Q.—How is it that we are able to sell these coats at this price?
- A.—The manufacturer was facing bankruptcy.
- Q.—But how did this store happen to get the lot?
- A.—Our President was on the spot, and paid cash.
- Q.—Should our customers come early?
- A.—Yes. While the stock is complete, yet it will soon be exhausted.
- Q.—Will we have a hosiery day tomorrow?
- A.—Yes. We will have the biggest hosiery day in our history.
- Q.—How many pairs of hosiery will we sell?
- A.—Two thousand pairs of fine silk hosiery.
- Q.—At what price?
- A.—Less than cost.
- Q.—Why are we selling them below cost?
- A.—To make room for our new stock.
- Q.—Describe the silk underthings that go on sale at our store tomorrow.
- A.—They are wonderful, soft, and shimmering.



For families who like to have Father along—the Berserker Motor Co. of Fond Du Lack, Wis., gives away with each car a bicycle for the use of the head of the family.

# JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



**F**OR a gorgeous burlesque of the cinema don't miss "When a Man Loves," with John Barrymore. This is the third picture in succession now in which our John has shown his shining talents in this field; in it he reaches heights hitherto un-scaled.

"When a Man Loves" is an adaptation of "Manon Lescaut," conceived in the most scrumptious Hollywood manner. Barrymore, of course, is des Grioux, on his way to his novitiate as a priest, when he chances upon Manon at the inn and falls in love with her. Incessant close-ups of the Barrymore profile keep you in close touch with the essential spirituality of the man. Dolores Costello masquerades as Manon. Quite naturally and modestly she remains the country ingénue throughout the drama and manages to fit into her Eighteenth Century French setting like a wooden plug in an aching molar.



- "Beau Geste"—At the G. A. Henty level.
- "The Scarlet Letter"—Lillian Gish is superb.
- "The Strong Man"—Harry Langdon ditto.
- "Tin Gods"—Renée Adorée dies for love.
- "Kid Boots"—It won't bore you.
- "The Ace of Cads"—Mediocre Menjou.
- "The Better 'Ole"—A side-splitter.
- "The Sorrows of Satan"—Idiotic.
- "Bardelys the Magnificent"—Sword play.
- "We're in the Navy Now"—Good slapstick.
- "Everybody's Acting"—Amusing.
- "Forever After"—Collegiate romance.
- "Upstage"—Amusing and interesting.
- "The Eagle of the Seas"—Gentleman pirate.
- "What Price Glory"—Pictureially great.
- "The Canadian"—Drab.
- "Faust"—A fine picture.
- "Old Ironsides"—Oceans of patriotism.
- "Michael Strogoff"—Exciting melodrama.
- "The Gorilla Hunt"—Most interesting.
- "Stranded in Paris"—A bedroom and Bebe.
- "Tell It to the Marines"—Soft hard-boiled Chaney.
- "The Fire Brigade"—Exciting propaganda.
- "Hotel Imperial"—Pola deserves better.
- "Valencia"—Mae Murray flees D'Arcy's teeth.
- "A Little Journey"—But quite long enough.
- "Don Juan"—False and flord.
- "The Lady in Ermine"—Improper dream.
- "Flesh and the Devil"—A triumph for Grete Garbo.
- "The Music Master"—Old-fashioned mush.
- "The Potlers"—Profound and amusing satire.
- "Blonde or Brunette"—Bedroom farce.
- "The Kid Brother"—Lloyd, but not loud, laughter.
- "Slums of Berlin"—Sentimentality in realistic setting.
- "Paradise for Two"—Very mild Dix.

"When a Man Loves" follows in the main the story of "Manon" until we arrive at the card game. Then comes the first major variation, to permit (a) the display of an interior that makes the grand lobby of the new Paramount Theater look like the hall of a walk-up, and (b) a demonstration of sword play beyond the imagination of a Dumas. Des Grioux is called upon to play a hand at cards with Louis XV, no less, the stake being his beloved Manon. Each has the ace of diamonds up his sleeve and produces it in the showdown. The King accuses his opponent of cheating and claims the prize, whereupon des Grioux takes on the whole court of Versailles at sword sticking, kills most of them and wrecks the palace.

Shortly then, we come to Manon's deportation. Des Grioux murders the chief of police, accompanies Manon to the convict  
(Continued on page 28)



Our educated prize fighters.



HE—Were you out last night, too?

SHE—I should say not, I only had a drop.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

The scars on most fraternal wrists were not won in duels defending a lady's honor—tout au contraire, suh, they got them reaching for the butter!

—NEBRASKA AWGWAN

Hi—What is it that has four legs and stands in a barn, and can see equally well with both ends?

Ball—A blind horse!

—DENISON FLAMINGO

Prof. in German class—What's a compound-relative?

Student—Twins!

—WESTERN RESERVE RED CAT

Our ideal of the absent-minded prof is the one who walked into the room, put his cane in bed and went and stood in the corner; tied his spaghetti and ate his shoe strings; washed his hands, threw the water in bed and jumped out of the window.

—TEXAS RANGER



Black—Did you hear that Professor Jones has just died?

White—Just my luck; here I've finished his assignment for tomorrow.

—RUTGERS CHANTICLEER

Prof.—Spell rattlesnake.

Frosh—R-a-t-t-t-l-e-s-n-a-k-e.

Prof.—Leave out one of those T's.

Frosh—Which one?

—BUFFALO BISON

Ed—Use the word faith in a sentence.

Ev—Your faith looketh familiar.

—ANNAPOLIS LOG

Sike Prof.—I am dismissing you ten minutes earlier. Try not to wake the other class.

—WASHINGTON STATE COUGAR'S PAW

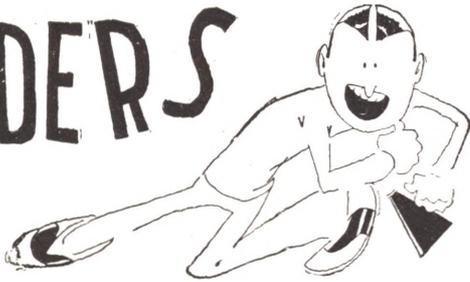


"Is this good alcohol?"

"It oughta be! I got it out of a Packard Radiator."

—CARNEGIE PUPPET

# LEADERS



"Boy, a pot of tea and two cups."

"Ha! A bit parsimonious."

"No, fairly sweet."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

"Ho, Aloysius, how comest thou by thy faculty for juggling?"

"Ho, thyself, hast there not always been a jugular vein in my family?"

—MIDDLEBURY BLUE BABOON

Coach—Don't mind that big guy. The bigger they are, the harder they fall.

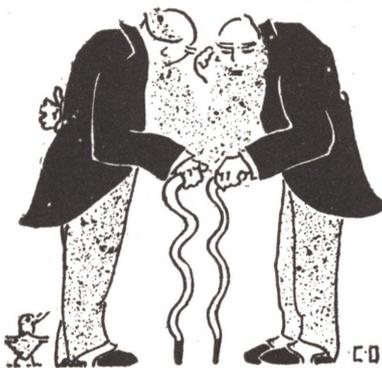
Runt—Yeah, but suppose he falls on me.

—WEST POINT POINTER

"Let's get drunk and make merry."

"Mary who?"

—DARTMOUTH JACK O' LANTERN



"Remember when girls bit their lips to make them red?"

"No."

—OHIO STATE SUN DIAL

Another meanest-man-in-the-world candidate is the individual who telephones an urgent request for "Valencia" to his local broadcasting station and then shuts off his radio.

—STANFORD CHAPARRAL



FA Adair '30

"Give me a sentence with the word 'Ethel.'"

"Ethel to be poor, ain't it?"

—NAVY LOG

In the local museum there is a bust of a famous Scotchman. Rightly enough, below his noble Caledonian features is a sign which reads, "Don't Touch."

—WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Prof.—Can you give the definition of watt?

P. B. K.—A watt is an inquisitive pronoun.

—PENN PUNCH BOWL

Napoleon said there was no such word as can't. Wonder if he ever tried to scratch a match on a cake of soap?

—OREGON ORANGE OWL



OTTERTON—

The man from Chicago.

—YALE RECORD

Willie (shooting an arrow across the fence)—Mrs. Brown, is my arrow in your yard?

Mrs. Brown—No, Willie.

Willie—Yes, it is, ma'am, in your cat.

—TENNESSEE MUGWUMP

First Rooster—What's the old hen looking so glum about?

Second Male Chicken—Oh, she's brooding over her chickens.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

## Little Johnnie

It had been Johnnie's good luck to become the proud owner of a litter of little kittens. Having too many, he had the idea of making some money.

"Do you want thome toot 'ittle tittens?" he asked a lady.

"Some what? I don't understand."

"Do you want to buy thome toot 'ittle tittens?"

Another lady appears on the scene.

"What did he say?"

"Do you want to buy thome toot 'ittle tittens?"

"I don't understand. Will you say it again?"

By this time Johnnie was disgusted.

"Aw, h—ll! Do you want to buy a dod tam tat?"

—OHIO HO BO



## LOOKS LIKE A BAD SQUALL!! VOUCHSAFED) CAPTAIN EBEN

*My parrot told me a beauty yesterday. It seems two boys were pretty well fried. Said Marcus, "Shay, kiddo, jush b'fore I met you five feet-pads held me up ou'si' my house!" "Well, Monk," said the other, "'s lucky they did; you couldn't have held y'self up! Heh heh heh heh!" Do your Christmas shopping early.*

### Letters from a Boob Abroad

*Brigue, Switzerland.*

DEAR JUDGE—I'm having the time o' my life over here in the Alps, JUDGE; what with collecting Alpinestocks, joyriding on the glaciers, and fishing for the wily chamois in the raging mountain torrents, my time is pretty well occupied. Collecting Alpinestocks is a great sport. You stand at the bottom of a thousand foot precipice and whenever a tourist falls from the top you grab his Alpinestock. The one that gathers the greatest number of Alpinestocks wins the game. I've got quite a collection already.

Another and very popular Swiss National game is pitching yodels. It is a little on the order of the old American game of pitching horseshoes. I'm getting to be quite proficient. In another month I'll be able to pitch a yodel as far and as accurately as anybody.

Stopped at Martigny (pronounced Mar-teenie) the other day. I changed trains there. In fact I changed trains eight times in an hour and a half and none of them was the right one. A porter finally told me that the train to Brigue, where I was ticketed for came in at sixteen thirty-five. Nobody can kid me, JUDGE, you know that, so

I said, "Whereja get that sixteen stuff?" sarcastic like and he pointed to the clock, and hones'tuhgod, JUDGE, cross my heart, there it was on the clock all the way from one up to twenty-four. Five o'clock in the afternoon is seventeen o'clock in Switzerland and midnight is twenty-four o'clock. There's a double row of numbers

all the way 'round, I suppose that's because most of the natives see double.

While waitin' for this sixteen thirty-five train I wandered around Martigny on a personally conducted tour. The town is about sixty feet wide and Lord knows how long. All the family washings are done in the horse trough at the town pump. The women all gather around the trough and pound their clothes on smooth boards. A poor old moth-eaten dray horse died here the other day; he came for a drink at the trough while the wash women were absent and choked to death on a green shirt.

I met the man that Mark Twain saw fall off his farm in 1877. He told me he has fallen 146 times since that without injury. He now carries a parachute constantly while doing his farming and has a private electric elevator so he can get back up his chalet in time for supper. He was either a mighty progressive farmer or an awful liar.

Hoping you are the same.

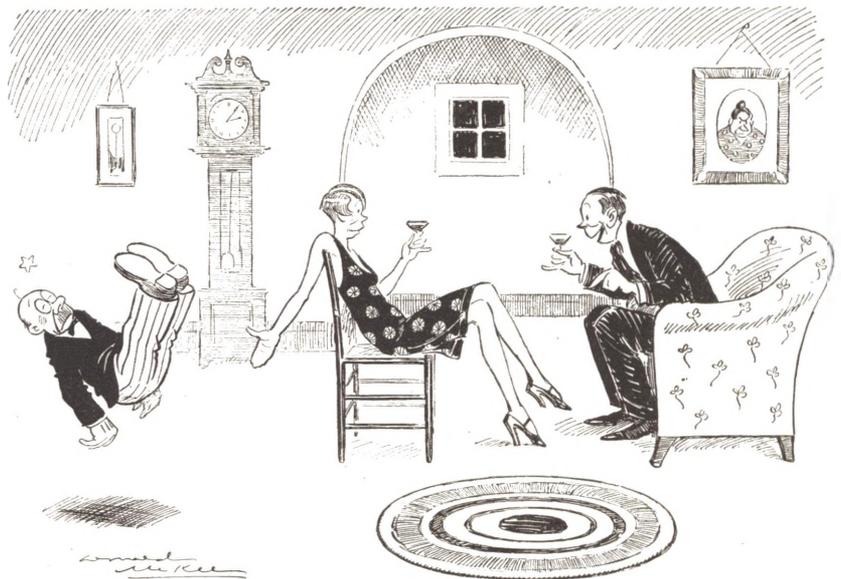
—NATE COLLIER



"Ah, good-mornin', Mrs. Murphy, and how is everythin'?"

"Sure, an' I'm havin' a grand time uv it between me husband and the fire. If I keep me oye on the wan the other is sure to go out."

—ANSWERS



CELESTE—Go on wise-cracking, Cuthbert. Don't mind Father—he works in a comic strip for a living.



*"You'll pardon me, my dear, if I decline to eat this rubber celery!"*  
*"And you'll pardon me, darling, if I remind you again that the Frigidaire you've been promising to get will keep celery as crisp as your own temper."*

A Frigidaire is NOT a panacea for domestic difficulties. But for those little differences that originate in the pantry and culminate in the dining room, a Frigidaire HAS solved many a perilous problem!

Because, with Frigidaire, one's desserts are always so— one's butter always firm, one's celery never reminiscent of garden hose—one's cream supreme! To be sure, it is

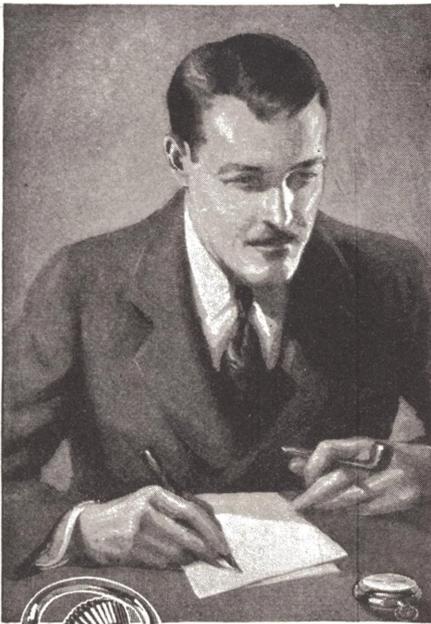
Frigidaire that has the frost coil direct cooling system, the system that keeps its air content 12° colder without ice. But then, with the resources of General Motors behind it, why shouldn't Frigidaire be the plus-perfection of electric refrigeration! It should! In fact—it IS! FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

*This way out* →

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION  
 Dept. P-7, Dayton, Ohio  
 Please send me your booklet illustrating the  
 new cabinet models of  
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Name .....

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## Pocket Ben for busy men

**I**NCREASING numbers of busy men choose Pocket Ben for everyday use. He meets all the demands of business—looks well in any company, measures time faithfully and accurately.

Pocket Ben is Big Ben's brother, a member of that distinguished family which the whole world knows as "Westclox." The family name on his dial assures you of correct time.

Sold everywhere—\$1.50.  
With luminous night-dial \$2.25.

WESTERN CLOCK  
COMPANY  
La Salle, Illinois



"I see the Bulls got 'Slim.'"  
"Yeh—jes' as he was goin' into the theater to see 'Abie's Irish Rose.'"  
"Oh, well—he only got five years—he can see it when he comes out."

### Doping the National Pastime

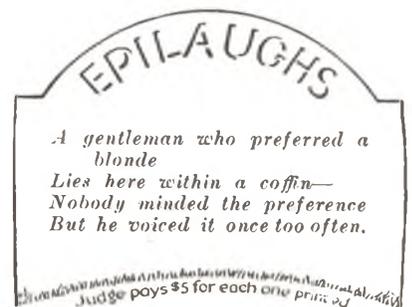
After reading the opinions of the annual spring baseball prophets, I have about come to the conclusion that—

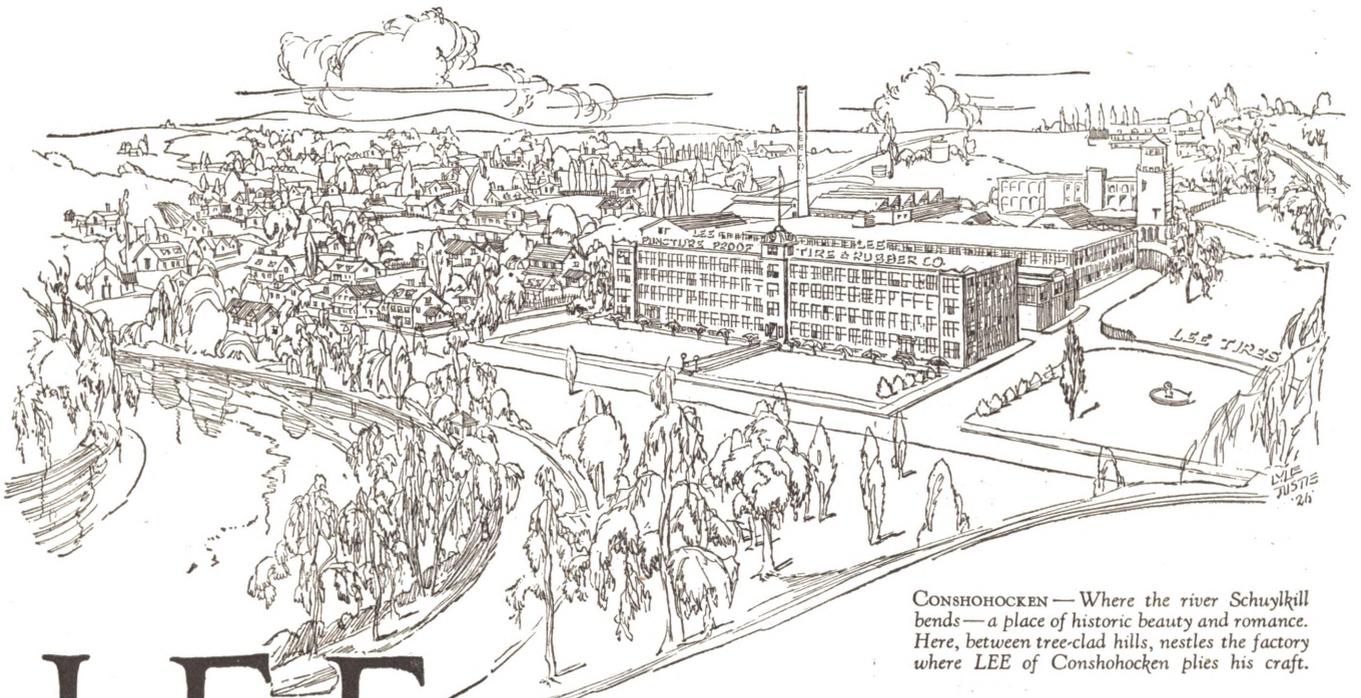
In the American League, Washington should easily capture the pennant, while there is little doubt but that the Athletics will breeze right through the season and capture the old flag. The Browns are sure winners, and anyone who doubts that they will win should have himself psycho-analyzed. Nobody but a moron believes for a moment that the Tigers are not the logical champions and it's going to be a cinch for the White Sox to cop the old piece of bunting. And say, go right out and lay your last dime that the Yankees will be in first place right after the Fourth of July and there they will stay until the race

is over. Yet we aren't considering the Red Sox. Why man, there's a little old team that might just as well go and have the flagpole painted red right now, for it's going to carry that pennant just as sure as a full house beats two queens.

And in the National League—why continue the agony?

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN





CONSHOHOCKEN — Where the river Schuylkill bends — a place of historic beauty and romance. Here, between tree-clad hills, nestles the factory where LEE of Conshohocken plies his craft.

# LEE of Conshohocken

IT IS EASIER to make a tire that sells fast than one that travels far.

Good tires, of course, must have good stuff in them. All tire builders can get the best materials if they want to. Some of us do.

The real difference in tires is, after all, in the makers of them, their purpose in the work, what they are really trying to do.

Your interest in a tire is in what it will do; the miles at the price. Ours is in making it do more than you expect.

You can depend on LEE of Conshohocken for integrity that is traditional. Any LEE dealer can prove it to you; his service is no less trustworthy than the tires themselves.

Pneumatic tires for passenger cars, trucks and buses. Solid tires for commercial use. And the celebrated LEE Puncture Proof tires in both high pressure and balloons.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

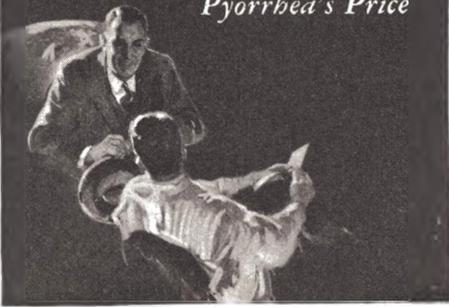
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.



SMILE AT MILES

## He's the Lucky One

4 Others Pay  
Pyorrhœa's Price



### He Sees His Dentist, Often

How foolhardy it is to risk health, when just a little care will safeguard you against the attack of dread Pyorrhœa and troubles that begin with neglected teeth and gums.

Be on the safe side. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice a year. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, today!

Receiving toll from 4 out of 5 after 40 (thousands younger), Pyorrhœa ravages health. Its poison sweeps through the system often causing many serious ailments.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's prevents Pyorrhœa or checks its course. It firms gums. It makes teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

See your dentist every six months. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. Get a tube, today . . . All druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York

## Forhan's for the gums

More Than a Tooth Paste . . . It Checks Pyorrhœa



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

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**Q** Because those contributions that are not accepted will be promptly and neatly filed in the waste basket.

The hundreds of *Funnybones*, *Epilauls* and *Lizzie Labels* received daily have forced this drastic policy upon us. But for prompt attention, address manuscripts in separate envelopes, to the following departments:  
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627 WEST 43d STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

## PISO'S for coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup  
35c and 60c sizes.

And externally, use PISO'S  
Throat and Chest Salve, 35c



THE MAN BELOW—Hi, Bob, chuck me dahn a spare brick, will ye? I'm short o' one in me 'od.

—PASSING SHOW

### Judging the Shows

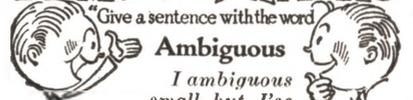
(Continued from page 16)

then suddenly gets very sober and elocutionary in the manner of Bernstein's "Judith," with overtones of Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." It then turns turtle again and winds up with a quiet and engaging humor, but only after enough speeches on the futility of war to make an audience prepared for light amusement grunt. I have a feeling that much rewriting was done on the play and that its author became confused. His moods are poorly orchestrated; one moment one hears, "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and the very next "A Hero's Career." As I have said, the last ten minutes of the piece constitute shrewd, effective and diverting playwriting. But what precedes them is both muddled and heatedly juvenile.

Jane Cowl is the star. She is

often convincing and often charming, but she spoils much of her performance with a forty-year-old kittenishness that makes one groan. There is nothing so irritating as the spectacle of a mature and adult actress trying to pass herself off as an irrepressible little thing of sixteen. Philip Merivale has the rôle of Hannibal, with whom the wife of Fabius spends a night by way of making the world safe for democracy and Fanny Hill. He gives a satisfactory performance, despite his invariable personal relationship to a poker.

## KRAZY KRACKS



I ambiguous  
small but I've  
gwine to hit  
you.

III

"RIO RITA," the new Ziegfeld show, is by long odds the loveliest exhibit, in the way of settings, costumes and girls, in this town. Dr. Ziegfeld has never put on anything more completely satisfying to the eye. And the new theater in which he has housed it, the work of Joseph Urban, is a music show playhouse that is a music show playhouse if ever there was one. But certain of the principals in the show surely do not belong to the Ziegfeld school. Among these are Ada May Weeks, as trying a pseudo-ingénue as I know of, and J. Harold Murray, the kind of singer who lets go with all the muscles of his neck and who, when his numbers are finished, stands and grins confidently at the audience for a few moments as if to say, "Now, then, what of that, my friends!" Overlook these two, keep your eyes on the extremely pretty girls and the beautiful sets and the brilliantly designed costumes, and you'll enjoy yourself fatly. The libretto—but you know the rest of that sentence.



*Angry Customer*—These eggs aren't fresh.

*Grocer* (indignantly) — Not fresh! Why, the boy brought them from the country this morning.

"What country?"

—ANSWERS



A musician in Chicago played the piano for two days without stopping. The number of ruthless gunmen in Chicago must be greatly exaggerated.

—LONDON OPINION



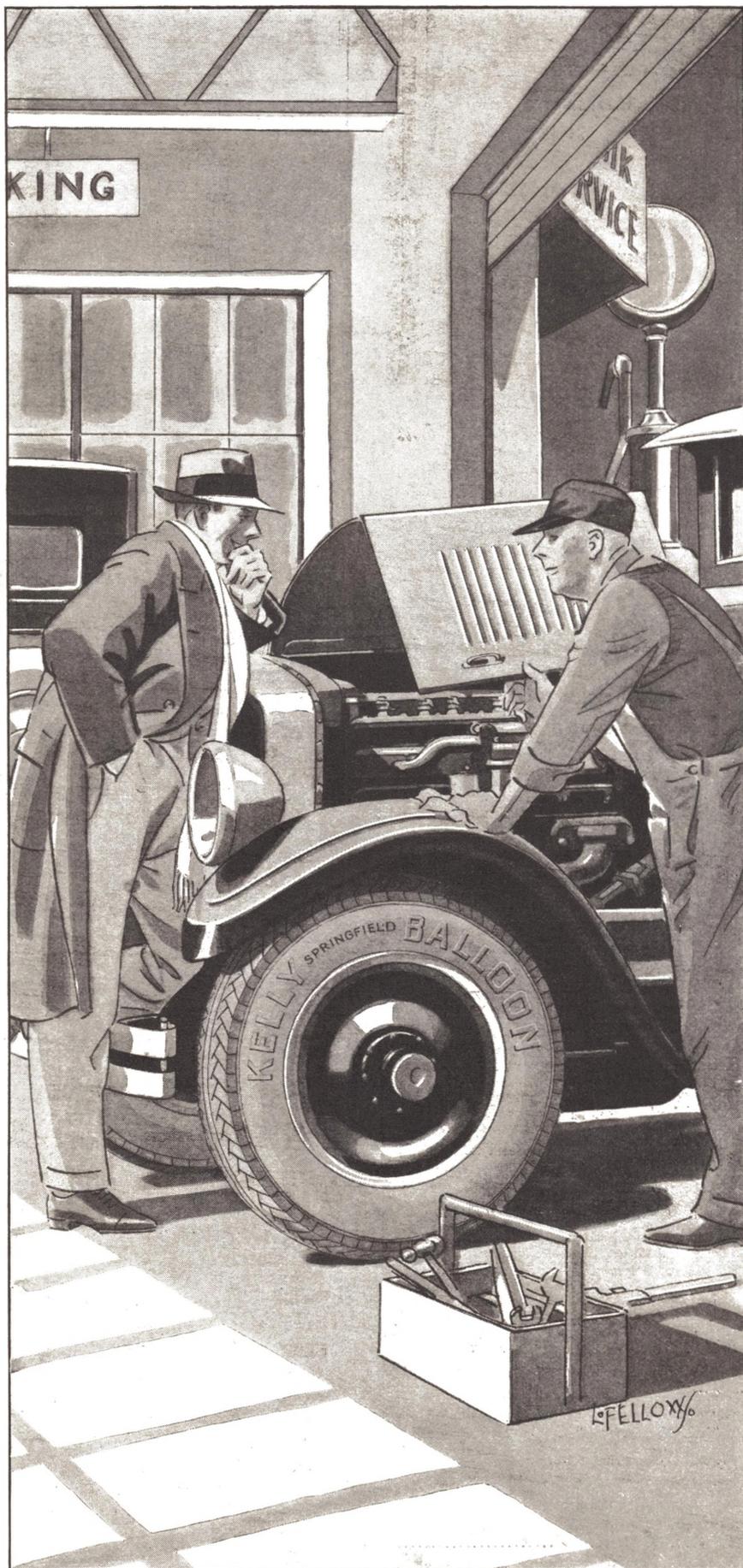
A play entitled "A Woman's Word" was produced recently. Appropriately enough, it lasted nearly three hours.

—PASSING SHOW

## DIZZY LABELS

"We call her "Mussy" Lena,  
"she's the facist gal in town."

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed.



"There y'are, Cap; the gas line's clear now and you ought to finish your trip without any more trouble—unless you have a blowout."

"I'm not worrying about blowouts, with Kelly-Springfields on all around."

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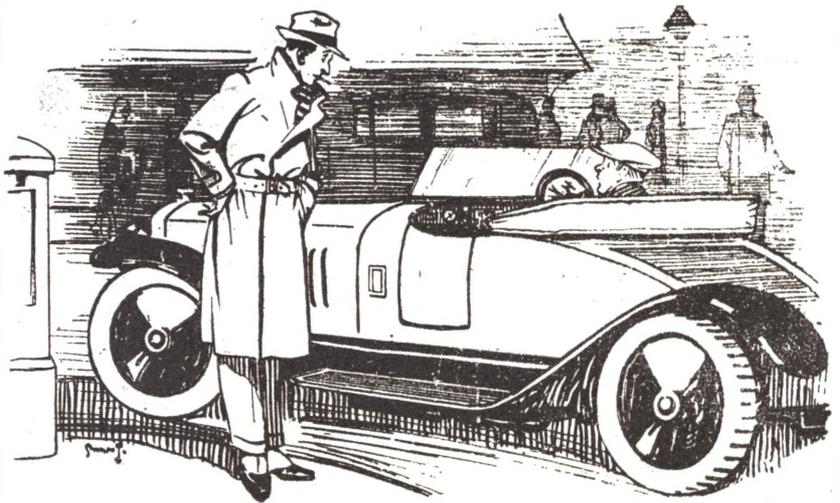
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INSIST UPON  
**KEMP'S BALSAM**  
FOR THAT COUGH!



FRIEND—I suppose you didn't run across a fellow named Scrimshaw on your travels?

ROAD HOG—Dunno, old man—I never stop to ask their names!

—PASSING SHOW

### Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

ship, smuggles himself aboard and is off for the New World, just as the *gendarmierie* thunder upon the pier in search of him. From here on the thing goes completely Hollywood. The foully sneering and inhuman captain marks the fair Manon for his own. He has des Grioux cast into the "hell-hold" with a choice assortment of manacled murderers, who are shown stripped to the waist and gnawing on large bones. Then very considerably he puts off his attempt to ravish the heroine to synchronize with the mutiny of the murderers, who, whipped to a frenzy by the tongue lashings of des Grioux, burst their chains and their cage and spread over the vessel in an orgy of blood lust, just in time to save Manon. The final scene is that of des Grioux and Manon alone in a lifeboat, behind them the rising sun, before them the low-lying shore. As he embraces her for positively the last time he murmurs: "Yonder, America. For us, freedom—and love everlasting!"

I SHOULD mention, I suppose, the Vitaphone features which accompany this tidbit and together form a program lasting three hours. Most of them are snatches from opera sung by Metropolitan and equivalent stars and worth any man's attention. The interesting experiment is made of presenting the singers in huge close-ups and magnifying their voices

to fit their heroic size. It is distinctly successful.

THERE'S no reason, of course, why the picture "New York" should be any better than the picture "London" or the picture "Paris." It isn't. Maybe there's something fatal about taking the name of a city in vain.

The story of "New York" is reminiscent of the Irving Berlin-Ellen Mackay romance, though it departs from its model in certain essential particulars. For example, the young jazz orchestra leader who captures the multimillionaire's daughter is none other than the dashing Michael Angelo Cassidy, who dominates a gang on the lower East Side. In the person of Ricardo Cortez he looks less like Irving Berlin than like Mussolini. Furthermore, he gets her father's consent almost too promptly for the proprieties. A cagier suitor might begin to suspect there was something wrong with the girl. Finally, the other girl, a friend of humbler days who has pursued him with a jealous passion, is shot in his rooms. He has to stand trial; to run the gauntlet of the law as well as of all the reporters and cameras in Christendom. And what do you think happens? In the very nick of time they discover that he didn't do it. Can you imagine that!

The same degree of originality inspires everything about the picture, from the acting to the subtitles. To call it "New York" is like naming a five-cent cigar after Jeritza.

## High Hat

(Continued from page 11)

ing, humor and satire, aided by Jane Cowl, the palm goes to Bob Sherwood . . . the second show, "Rio Rita," ought to be awarded the Altman prize for the best landscape!



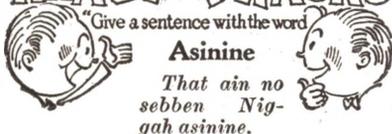
Speaking of shows, I think I've discovered a great weakness in the M. Nathan . . . it is music, or maybe I should say, popular music . . . the M. Nathan stated some time ago that the music of "Oh, Kay" was mediocre, and in his latest review of "Yours Truly" he writes that "there are no less than four tuneful melodies" . . . George, just what are those four tuneful melodies? . . . I'll bet you a good box of cigars, or a box of good cigars, that there isn't *one* tuneful melody in that there now show!



A letter from Buenos Aires. . . "Señor Juez (Hijo), Sombrero Alto: I greet thee, nay I salute thee with enthusiasm. Yes suh, Brother, I gives you the old five. Any gosh darned mortal what can fling ink so recklessly what you does, ain't nothing else but good! I say, what's the chance of me being elected the Sombrero Alto of this here so called second Paris? I hail from New Orleans where that lil' college (Tulane) gave Peggy Flournoy to the football world. Amigo, did you ever try a Cubano? 1 half Gordon water, 1 third Martini Rossi vermouth, 4 drops of Kummel, 4 drops of Charbreux, 2 drops of pineapple syrup, 2 hunks of fresh fruit. Tell sister Judgette to listen to 'La Media Luz 'y Moscocita' in either jazz or tango time. Owen Hutchinson" . . . you're elected, Owen, if you'll tell me what the heck Charbreux is!

*Judge Jr.*

## KRAZY KRACKS



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For the man  
who feels entitled  
to life's  
better  
things



PROFESSOR (coming to after a crash)—Now let me see,  
what did we say  $x$  equalled?  
—PASSING SHOW



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**GOING FISHING?**

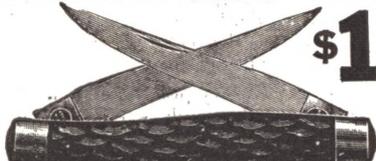
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**Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 114**

1		2	3	4		5		6	7	8	9		10
		11				12		13		14			
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		68				69				70		71	
72									73				

Submitted by Janet M. Walters, Westport, Conn. Judge pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

**Horizontal**

- The nut that holds the steering wheel.
- To set upon (nothing to do with eggs).
- Melancholy Iron.
- A mouse trap.
- Any straight shooter has to do this.
- In this or that manner.
- You might talk over this with your friends.
- Indefinite article.
- Ejaculation of the inebriate.
- This means nothing at all.
- Say it with flowers if you like—but don't say it with this.
- These are grown in the wide open spaces accord- ing to certain novelists.
- Measures of length.
- Quite enough to make a fellow go up in the air.
- This, if full, would be considered a wise crack by any bad yegg.
- A slippery fish.
- You've got to do this to understand anything.
- To steep.
- Indispensable on all auto trips.
- How could the Romans have done this—if they had loaned their ears to Brutus.
- This is a blow—but a gentle one.
- This made Caesar cross.
- A promise that's often broken.
- A heap of stones which marks the spot.
- These are served in jail.
- Attempt.
- A hand-out.
- This wins the women.
- A fur jumper.
- A literary composition.
- Hold-up places.
- Epoch.
- Lots of these in Horizontal 58 (abbr.).
- You lose this when you stand up.
- In addition, besides, further, still or what have you?
- Something never left (abbr.).
- This fellow has to take care to do his business.
- This means us.
- What Mr. Babbitt likes to go around in (not a Kiddie Car).
- To speak.
- What you get if you put two and two together.
- What the American does for his freedom.
- It takes effort to do this.

**Vertical**

- These play a big part in the Morse code.
- Part of the verb to be.
- This holds a lot of liquor.
- Where the first loud speaker was made.
- Found in every family tree.
- A storage place for gas.
- Good for a neck.
- Part of the verb to be.
- A doggie home.
- Those who live in these can't go out nights.
- Possessive pronoun in old Philadelphia.
- This is smooth, though often unrefined.
- This meets with a kiss.
- This is odd.
- An organization that went on a European tour a few years ago (init.).
- This lady made her Mark.
- A united state.
- Any old hen is apt to do this.
- Set 'em up on the house and get the air.
- Something between Rome and Carthage at the time of Caesar.
- A type of English wagon.
- Do this to your JUDGES subscription (adv.).
- Call a Scotchman this and you won't be far wrong.
- You don't have to do this to be "fast."
- This kind of dog never bites.
- Distinguished Occidental Society (init.).
- The anger of crossword puzzles.
- French for King.
- George did not cut the tree down for this.
- People who disagree with you.
- A peninsula on the other side of the world.
- Like the cow's tail, this is always behind.
- Found in very few artists' studios.
- A very human thing to do.
- A hairy animal of Central Asia.
- No used car can be this.
- A modern fairy-tale—told by hubby at 3 A. M.
- The golf bug.
- This has no legs but runs when it's tired.
- This is often at sea.
- It's easier to get into this than out of it.
- The man they all forget.
- The head of the house.

# Ye Cuckoo Islands



THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER WALKING HOME FROM THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.



LITTLE BEVO GOES TO HEAVEN



A PARALACTICAL PARASITE ON A PARABOLA. PARAPHRASING A PARADOX WITH A PARASOL. COULD ANYTHING BE NICER?



COTTON-TAIL WITH COTTON-BATTING PLAYING BOLL WITH A WEEVIL FOR A BOTTLE OF COTTON GIN



HERE'S THE 10 BUCKS I OWE YOU

MARY

THE MARY OWE



## The Plunge

"ROSE, is the Old Man alone now?"

"Yes, Jimmy. It's a good time now to ask." Still the young man lingered.

"But, Rose, do you really think he will agree?"

"I cannot say, Jimmy. You know how moody he is at times."

"Well, do you think I had better wait for a more favorable opportunity? I'd rather wait if he's going to refuse me now."

"Oh, Jimmy! I don't know how you can think of waiting. It's just prolonging the agony." Jimmy sighed.

"That's true. I'm simply dying to get it over. Should I put it to him bluntly or introduce it by degrees?"

"I think you had better ask him outright. He'll only get angry if he thinks you are fishing. Don't be afraid, Jimmy, he's human, after all."

"I know that, Rose, but I am so afraid he will refuse me."

"Well, you'll have to ask him. It's the only way."

"I suppose it is. You say he's in a good temper?"

"As good as he can be, Jimmy."

"And alone, Rose?"

"Quite alone, Jimmy."

"Then here goes"—straightening his tie. "Wish me luck, Rose."

"I do, Jimmy, the best of luck."

And with those encouraging words from the little typist, the little office boy went in to ask his boss for a rise.

—PASSING SHOW



We read of a married man who always has the last word. It is usually "Yes."

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY

## Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

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



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# JUDGE for YOURSELF



"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."  
—VOLTAIRE

## You're Welcome

To the Editor of JUDGE:

Please grant me the favor of printing this letter in an early issue of JUDGE so that if Mr. Babcock should chance to again spend fifteen cents for a copy of JUDGE he may, perhaps, realize how uncalled-for are his criticisms of things about which he evidently knows nothing.

If I were incapable of choosing a magazine equal to my intelligence I would not proclaim the fact to the world through the medium of a magazine which is recognized as one that the educated read—although, of course, there are exceptions—Mr. Babcock, for instance.

Catholics, and especially graduates of Catholic institutions of learning, are enthusiastic patriots and would never even think of offering such a direct insult to the Constitution of the United States and the men who were responsible for it as Oregon has done by trying to abolish religious freedom—and that is what their action amounts to—when that is the very thing that caused our ancestors to endure all kinds of hardships in finding and living in a free country. Where in all the world is there anything more vile than that? Why, even a "rum hound"—to use Mr. Babcock's expression—would pause.

Evidently Mr. Babcock would like to see "JUDGE on the bench" wear a nightgown and a hood and preach any kind of a doctrine as long as it was against Catholics, instead of being the impartial critic which he has always been.

Thank you,  
James F. Dugan

Hellertown, Penna.  
January 19, 1927.

## Poison

**YOUR HONOR:** This cross-bone Poison Parade editorial, that appeared in the January 22d issue, is the best flash of intelligence that you've flickered since this country went under the rule of trigger-pulling evangelists, quack doctors of divinity, the Anti-Saloon League, etc. If you don't keep this up they'll be poisoning our soda-water next.

The Humane Society campaigns against the poisoning of cockroaches, cats, dogs, and all kinds of pet animals. But I haven't seen any of them campaigning against the poisoning of the human animals. **HAVE YOU, JUDGE?**

Yours till the bootleg gets to be as pure as Ivory Soap,

J. H. McKinley

Laredo, Texas  
January 27, 1927.

## He'd Suppress Us

Editor of JUDGE.

**GENTLEMEN:** In your editorial in the College number you asked for suggestions from your readers and I am going to give you mine.

Your editorial and other various comments on the 18th Amendment are so nauseating that it is time for any one who calls themselves a Patriotic American to call a halt.

I am not an Anti, neither am I what you designate as an Aunty. I have been in between the two elements, the one fighting for the Amendment and the other fighting against the Amendment. I have for years liked a drink occasionally and have not fully approved of the 18th Amendment, but having lived before and after and seen the great change for the betterment since the Volstead Act has been approved, I am ready to say I am willing to forego ever taking

another drink if we can continue conditions as they now are in this country.

I used to take a great deal of pleasure in reading JUDGE, but during the past year it has been going from better to worse and in my opinion is now more radical than any red magazine published in this country.

Your publication could not be sent out broadcast in any other country in the world, making the attacks on the constitution of this country as your publication does, and if I were your Uncle Samuel your publication of JUDGE would stop at once.

Next to the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation, the 18th Amendment stands as the greatest act for the uplift of humanity ever placed upon our statute books and any man who admits that he cannot see great benefit during the 18th Amendment should consult an oculist, for there is surely something wrong with his eyesight.

In addition to the above, I wish to say that "Puns" in the College Number directed at and against our colleges is an insult to our boys and girls who are students in these various institutions, and no man, unless there be something seriously wrong with him, could picture our boys and girls guzzling booze as you have pictured them.

Gilbert Trumpeter

Monaca, Pa.  
January 29, 1927.



**HOUSEHOLDER**—I'm afraid I shan't want you any more after to-day.

**PLUMBER**—But I 'aven't 'alf finished yet.

**HOUSEHOLDER**—I know, but my lease has expired.

—LONDON OPINION

# HOW TO MIX WITH THE BEST PEOPLE

*You, too, can move in the best circles!*

**T**HIS is the story of Angela Apple and how she became the toast of the town (*name on request*) overnight. It seems a travelling salesman came to their house one night—no that isn't the story. We'll rub it out and start all over! Angela was worried no end. She suffered from chill-blains, stuttering, fallen arches, plain face and an Inferiority Complex—1927 sport touring.

None of the gay young bloods would

come near her house in spite of the fact that her father was a famous bootlegger. That will give you a rough idea of how hot Angela was. She was so popular the boys called her "Poison Ivy."

She even tried luring them with the old man's rare vintages of 1926, but after taking a swallow of one of her concoctions, the sheiks would grow green around the gills and go right through the parlor window.

In this way, she collected quite a few overcoats and hats and even shoes, which she decided to sell. After arguing with the

big-hearted old clothes man one entire morning she took the dollar and went downtown, and as she passed a bookstore window she glanced in and what do you think she saw! You guessed it! A copy of "*Here's How!*" by Judge, Jr!

Well, to get down to the coupon, she went right in and bought it and **THAT NIGHT** she 'phoned all the boys to come over because her father was giving away bottles of gin. And did the boys come? Well, you can bet your sweet life they did, Gentle Readers!

Angela mixed them some snifters from "*Here's How!*" and about five o'clock in the morning the old man called down

and wanted to know if the gang was ever going home!

And every night now Angela's house is crowded with young sheiks from all over the state and she's the envy of every girl in town!



JUDGE, JR.  
627 West 43rd Street, New York.

DEAR JUNIOR:

I want to be popular, too, and mix with the best people. Here's a dollar for my copy of "*Here's How!*"

.....  
.....

H A V E A C A M E L



## *The happiest words in the world*

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Millions of friendly voices are calling you to the mildest, mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette. Once you know what they mean, no words can compare with

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