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## Judge Real Estate Number

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# JUDGE

JANUARY 16, 1926 ★

PRICE 15 CENTS

REAL ESTATE  
NUMBER





# JOIN

## The JUDGE CHIROGRAPHIC SOCIETY

An association of astute penmen who appreciate the influence of human nature upon chirography and so, in order to improve their handwriting, want JUDGE, each week to keep them in good humor.

Qualifications for Membership—Applicants must have the ability to fill-in the coupon below, in such a way that the Circulation Manager can decipher it without undue eyestrain. Initiation fee of \$1.00 must accompany all applications.



THIS WEEK THE SOCIETY WILL CONSIDER  
THE SIGNATURE OF

*Mark Twain*  
*Z*

Even to the novice in the study of character reading from handwriting, this signature will easily identify itself as belonging to a romancer, author and humorist.

The "upturned finals" and the fancy dingbat under the signature proclaim the fact that the perpetrator of this "Trade Mark" would produce a luxuriant growth of bushy white hair as well as "Huckleberry Finn."

### APPLICATION BLANK

JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York

This chirographic example of my cognomen and the enclosed legal tender of the United States in the amount of one dollar are proof that I know how to sign my name, when by so doing, I can secure JUDGE for 10 weeks by mail.

THIS IS THE RIGHT TIME TO SIGN YOUR RIGHT NAME

Name .....

Address .....

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

*If you want JUDGE for 52 weeks instead of only 10 weeks, send \$5.00*



# JUDGE

## Ground Hogs

ALL hail to the planned booms,  
flamboyantly grand booms,  
America's orgy of advertised land  
booms,  
Where ballyhoo fakers sell Florida  
acres  
To Iowa bakers and Maine under-  
takers;  
Where stucco rococo huts under the  
cocoanuts  
Sell for a million to guillible loco nuts.  
Paters and maters are now real  
estaters;  
Plumbers and stokers are realty  
brokers.

Profits they sock away far north as  
Rockaway—  
Give 'em a billion and take a square  
block away!  
Sadly rejected the old occupations,  
Madly neglected for land specula-  
tions.

Reaching from Boston much further  
than Fargo,  
Uncle Sam's nephews have learned a  
new argot;  
Cowboy and plowboy and Rio  
Grande gringo  
Speak nowadays in the realtor's  
lingo.

The new Golden Fleece is a vault full  
of leases,  
And none puts on more front than  
him who owns "shore front."  
The really "who's who" prints, the  
new prints are blueprints  
Of bungalows basking in tropical hue  
tints.  
I know every lot, every plot, every  
tree on  
The State once explored by old  
Poncy De Leon.  
In realty's kingdom I'm mentally a  
grand lord. . . .  
But say, can you loan me ten bucks  
for the landlord? A. L. L.



FLORIDA REAL ESTATE AGENT—*Can't ye just see it? The sunken garden here, the garage there,  
and the kiddies playing around the house!*





*Housing problem eased by the "clinging bungalow" idea. Bosses and managers find it so convenient to be housed near their offices.*

*Della—Your cottage is out of date.  
Stella—So's your old manse.*

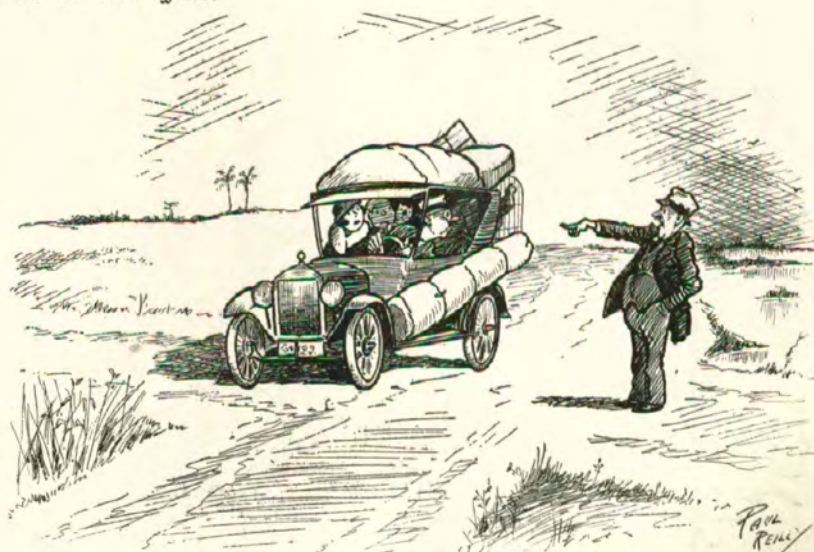
~~~~~

Little drops of water;  
Little grains of sand;  
Down in sunny Florida  
Sell for solid land.

~~~~~

WE JUST know we're going to have trouble with our heating plant this winter. We know how to get the ashes out of the furnace, all right, and we know how to get the water in the boiler. We also know how to get the coal in the furnace. But darned if we know how to get any coal in the cellar.

R. C. O'B.



MOTORIST—Can you tell me where I'll find Coo-coo Gables?  
FLORIDIAN—One acreage, two super-developments and one golden opportunity to your right.

## It's Ah Hecht-ic Woild

FADDAIR's gone ta Floridah  
Ta buy ah lemon lake.  
Foist he begged end borrowed ah  
Few t'ousand for his stake.  
He hocked our heppy home, but  
shahcks,  
He's gon'tah mek ah meelyun bahcks.  
Faddair's gone ta Floridah  
End evryt'ing iss jake.

Faddair's beck from Floridah  
Oi, how he raves end rents.  
His torrid woilds are torridah  
Then Cleopetrah's glence.  
Thah dough he took ta buy sahm  
lend  
Wass spend on meals, end hoitels,  
end—  
Faddair's beck from Floridah  
Wid petches in his pents.

*Frederick Ernst*

## Accessories

"Away with grief! Avaunt despair!"  
Chirped John Q. Tyre of Pershing  
Square.  
(The nurse announced a son and  
heir;  
Henceforth the Tyres can boast a  
spare!)

## Room for Only One

Ward—Your wife dresses well, why  
don't you?

Shoup—That's why!



## Venture in Real Estate

**I**T WASN'T until after we had sunk our money in Florida real estate that we discovered that Florida is a peninsula, and that a peninsula is a piece of land extending out into the water. Then we made a trip down there to look at our property. After viewing it we wished the Florida peninsula extended out into the sea a little bit further. At least until it reached our lots.

In the locality where we made our purchase, property increases in value as the tide lowers, and vice versa.

Putting on our boots we surveyed our property. It was just as the agent described it—a wonderful view of the ocean. A wonderful view of the ocean—on all sides.

The name of the place was Disappearing Island. Our agent told us the lots could be seen any day from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. He was right.

However, our plunge in Florida real estate was a financial success. Our venture netted us a substantial profit. We sold out to a steamship concern that wished to use our property as a right of way for a new line.

## Head Work

*Diner*—My bill, waiter.

*Waiter*—What did you have?

"I don't know."

"Hash is forty cents."



## IN FLORIDA

*TRAMP*—Kin you let me have ten cents?

*SOFT-HEARTED REALTOR*—I haven't ten cents—but here's three or four acres.



*Dick Huemer*

*ROMAN REALTOR*—Here's a dandy little villa and only a stone's throw from the station too!

*SECOND ROMAN*—So's your old man—railroads haven't been invented yet!

## Coal Facts

**T**HE word "coal" comes from the Latin word "cool" meaning without heat. Coal itself comes from the Greeks and Armenians and has the same meaning. Coal is theoretically a mineralized vegetable matter used as fuel. A fuel is any one who pays \$20 a ton for it. A ton is 2,000 pounds, a ton of coal is 1,500 pounds, of which 500 pounds is coal. Coal is used to heat houses, one method of getting heated is to burn it; another method is to think of the price of it. In America most people use coal substitutes. A very good coal substitute can be obtained anywhere for \$60 a case. *Jack Shuttleworth*

\*\*\*

There's so much bunk on the radio no wonder people go to sleep.





AN OPPORTUNITY THEY MISSED





### LOCAL ITEM

*One of our most prominent realtors arrived home this morning after a short visit to Florida.*

### Real (Estate) Reasons

#### *Why They Bought the Charming Little Home*

IT WAS just big enough for the two of them;

It was sort of out of the way, and very, very quiet;

The Mr. and Mrs. next door were such very charming people;

Instead of a lot of modern conveniences, it had old-fashioned simplicity in construction;

It had a spacious lawn with such a luxurious growth of grass that it might well be mowed twice a week; and

They could just meet the monthly payments by strict economy.

#### *Why They Sold the Damned Old Place*

It was just big enough for the two of them;

It was sort of out of the way, and very, very quiet;

The Mr. and Mrs. next door were such very charming people;

Instead of a lot of modern conveniences, it had old-fashioned simplicity in construction;

It had a spacious lawn with such a luxurious growth of grass that it might well be mowed twice a week; and

They could just meet the monthly payments by strict economy.



*The suburbanite who bought a home only a stone's throw from the station.*



## Remarkable Real Estate Value

*As It Should Be Advertised. We Suggest Our Cash and Carry Homes*

**W**ALLS made of best grape box-wood, guaranteed to support three pictures.

Surbases will absolutely curl after three weeks.

You go upstairs at your own risk.

Well ventilated due to the way they were built.

Super quality wrapping paper roofs.

Remarkably uneven floors.

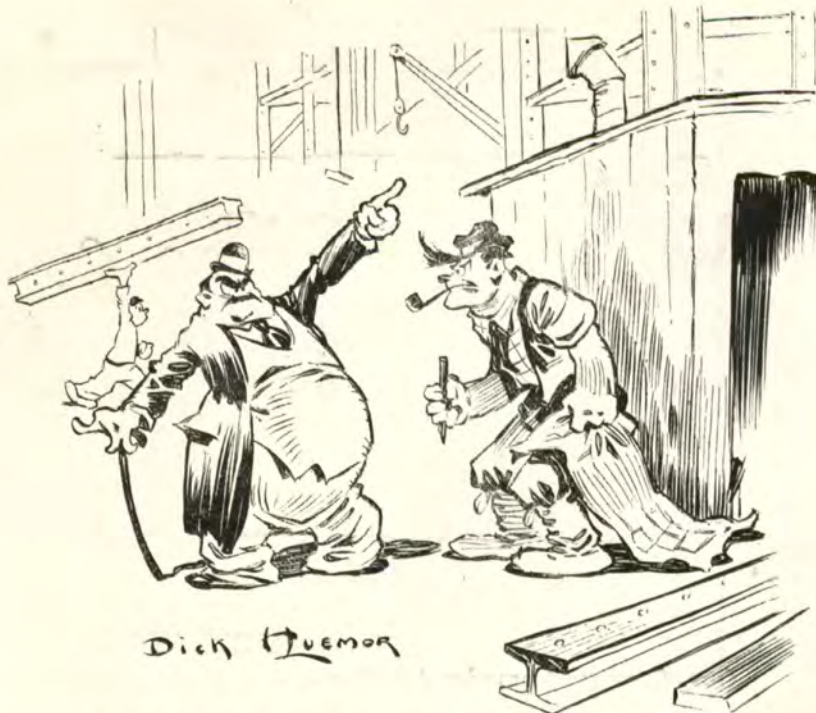
Near station, near stores, near falling down.

You can't touch these homes—safely.

You won't go wrong here

If you buy elsewhere.

*George A. Paravicini*



DICK HUEMER

## On the Road to Tampa Bay

**C**OME you back to Tampa Bay,  
Where the subdivisions lay—  
Can't you hear the salesmen talkin'  
from St. Pete to Ybor? Say,  
Come you back to Tampa Bay  
Where the options always pay,  
And the price goes up like thunder on  
the stuff from day to day!

*W. G. H.*

**RABID REALTOR**—Hurry up and get this building finished—we've gotta tear it down and put up a bigger one!

## FUNNYBONES

*They sold him the land for a song  
and they called it Tosti's Good Buy!*

*Judge pays \$5 for each one printed*

## Florida True Story

*A Confession*

**I** OWNED—or did up to yesterday—about a quarter of an acre of land on the outskirts of Malaria Zephyrs, a bustling little Florida village of seven million souls, according to the real estate pamphlets. Twenty-two years ago it had been bought for twenty cents by an enemy of mine who died and willed it to me in the hope that some time I might be forced to live there. I had been keeping the deed and title to the property in my stamp box for years, expecting some visiting friend to steal it.

What took me to Malaria Zephyrs besides a train, I can't say, but I landed about a month ago, bought some boots, and started out to look my estate over. I didn't see anything like seven million people on the streets, but then I soon guessed they were all playing golf. And my day started off when I asked a stranger to direct me to the property. He was very obliging throughout the conversation; first he offered to sell it to me for sixty thousand cash, and then when he found out I owned it, he offered to buy it for ninety thousand and put up a thousand cash for a thirty day option. He took my



*"Poor old Bill, who has been writing us all those exultant letters from Florida, describing the beauties of the climate and the joys of the life, has just died of sunstroke in Miami."*





"They say he made a fortune in Florida real estate!"  
 "Yes, he married a Realtor's daughter."

dazed, silent behavior for refusal, and increased his offer to an even hundred thousand before I could get my breath. I accepted and he took a sign labeled *Realtor* from his pocket and sat down on the curb to make out the contract of sale papers. A bit shaken, I went over to get a package of cigarettes and after an hour's hunt, finally found a drug store in a little corner of a great hall occupied by eight real estate offices. As I stopped to light up, a man who had followed us out to my property and back approached and spoke.

"Are you," he began, taking out a fountain pen and check book, "the owner of that block of land overhanging the swamp? Don't stop to reply," he continued nervously, "because I was following so close that I couldn't help overhearing your conversation with that man. I always knew he was a lousy crook—think of offering you a measly hundred grand for that piece! Will you take my check for two hundred and fifty thousand, accompany me to the bank in my real estate office where you

(Continued on page 24)



INVESTOR—Now, let's see, where did that agent say my lot was?



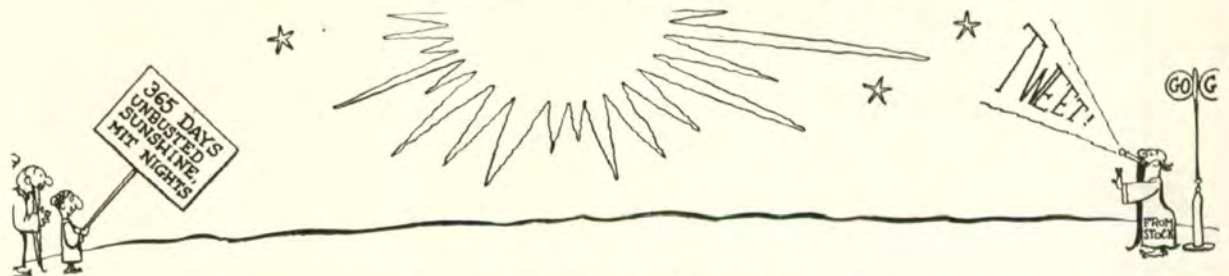
# THE REALTOR'S OUTLINE OF HISTORY



Adam and Eve launch their rival "Eden-by-the-Sea."



The chosen first glimpse the promised land at high tide.



Joshua repeats his stuff for the Local Chamber of Commerce.



Noah realizes on the whale.



And Columbus discovers America. Gosh, how could he help it!

Reg 65





*Finding the pipe organ in his new mansion to be out of order Mr. Newrich sends for the plumber.*

## Real Estate

**N**OWADAYS when you pay for a lot, you get darned little.

The "own your own home and save money" idea is a beautiful thought. So is perpetual motion.

"Booms" in the ordinary sense are all sound, but land booms are nearly all unsound.

The average home builders' site is terribly myopic.

As we understand it, the installment system on a \$100 lot amounts to \$5 down and \$5 a month till the entire \$500 is paid.

Florida, so the ads tell us, is spending vast sums on its music. All for bass drums, of course; the only instrument made, that's always booming.

Though the average Florida real estate proposition won't hold water, the average Florida lot both can and does.

Buying land at auction generally consists in bidding \$5 higher than the



*Five hundred dollars down.*

owner's representative, who's bidding against you, can count.

An honest realtor, a long-range home buyer who got full value for his money, and a unicorn, once met on the street. "The trouble with you two," said the unicorn, "is that you're only myths."

And the trouble with this sort of wise cracks—and the reason they're so cynical and bitter—is that they won't pay enough to meet the mortgage note to-morrow.

*Gardner Rea*

## Lines from Florida

**I** LOVED to lie upon the turf  
In days that are no more,  
And hark the booming of the surf  
Upon the golden shore;  
But now the golden shore's so much,  
So loudly, in demand:  
The booming of the surf can't touch  
The booming of the land!

*Gardner Rea*





# HIGH HAT

..... Heard Paul Whiteman play Gershwin's "135th St." last week ..... great stuff ..... his music in "Tip-Toes" is marvelous ..... and the "Song of the Flame". ..... This high hat is off to George Gershwin!

..... Read "Sam in the Suburbs" by Wodehouse ..... very funny ..... "Joanna" by H. L. Gates ..... all about the poor working girl ..... that's all the book review there is, there isn't any more.

..... For the benefit of those who came in late we will repeat the "Six Best Step-ins," with a slight change: Montmartre, Mirador, Ciro's, Lido, Chantee and County Fair.

The Six Best "Steppers":  
 "That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-Toes*).  
 "Sweet & Low Down"—(*Tip-Toes*).  
 "When Do We Dance"—(*Tip-Toes*).  
 "You Have Me, I Have You"—(*Greenwich Follies*).  
 "Go South"—(*Greenwich Follies*).  
 "Five Foot Two"—(*No Show*).

*George A. Paravicini*

Something else to rave about ..... "Tip-Toes" ..... Queenie Smith ..... better than she ever was and a wonderful show ..... five song hits the first act! ..... and here's a darn good suggestion for the managers ..... put schedules out in the lobbies showing the time certain numbers go on which would enable the YMAT to drop in and see his favorites. Here's my schedule. ....

9.05 ..... Marilyn Miller sings "Who."

9.25 ..... Dennis King sings the "Song of the Vagabond."

9.45 ..... Queenie Smith sings "These Charming People."

10.05 ..... Joe Cook imitates four Hawaiians.

10.20 ..... Beatrice Lillie does "March With Me."

10.40 ..... Hulbert and Courtneidge do "The Trick Brothers."

## Lot and His Wife

"HERE is the lot for that home," cried the genial agent, a good fellow—in fact he had given me a pair of his hip boots for the trip. "It's just the place for the kiddies."

"It is indeed," I said enthusiastically, "our little girls just dote on mud pies."

"And look at the station," he went on, offering me his field glass, "why, man alive, it's out of sight." His vigorous optimism was contagious. I looked. "Where?" I inquired, with rising interest.

"You know, on clear days," he chortled, "there are times when you can actually see the smoke of the engines."

"Get out!" I cried, incredulously.

"I can't—I'm stuck," he admitted.

"Well, I must agree that the outlook is bright," I mused, wiping the rain from my face.

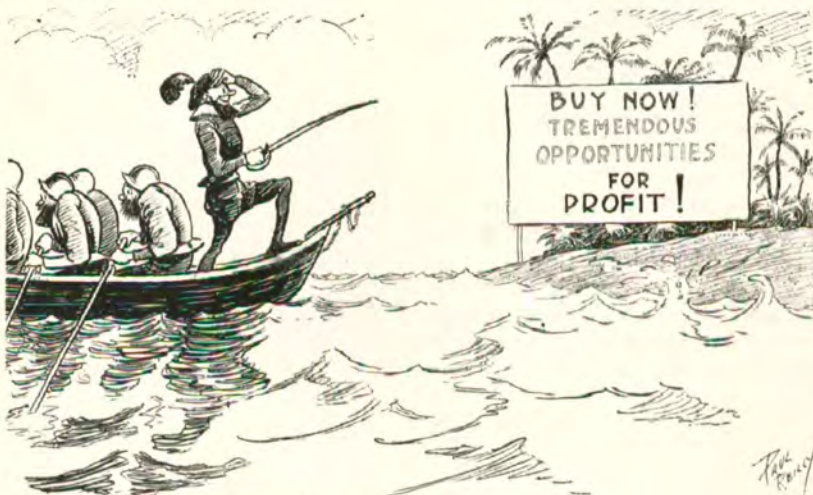
He wallowed over to me, and batted me heartily on the back with a set of blue prints.

"Yes, sir," I continued, "I'm sold on the place."

"Good!" he chirped, reaching for a cigar, and handing me a fountain pen.

On the way back to the station he paused long enough in his breast stroke to give me a sympathetic look, and to suggest that before I built I see their plans for modern arks. But smiling, I broke into the Australian crawl, and chuckled under my water wings. Mabel's bridge club could never make the grade.

*George A. Paravicini*



*How Ponce de Leon knew it was Florida.*



## In the Days of the Shortage

THEY were down to their last match box. Soon that would be consumed and nothing left for these two young married children to do but, clasped in each other's arms, go down with the thermometer. Everything had gone up in smoke—the hope chest, the bread board, the kitchen flooring, and all of the wainscoting. The furniture, too, had been sacrificed (the furniture that they had bought at a fire sale—how ironic it seemed), even the metal beds had been tried, but with no success. But they had lived and been happy, these two. Thanksgiving Day had they not made merry with the turkey while the flames of the newel post flickered cheerily in the hearth. And never would they forget the red-letter day when they had remembered the dog box, just as the last of the coat hangers was dying out. Something had always turned up.

But, now—now, it seemed as if the last straw had come, that is the last match box. She seemed bright, though, in the face of the crisis, and he thought that he detected a mischievous gleam in her eye as he sat there sneezing and rubbing his chilblains. She was trying to help. That was it. What an ace she was as she stood there, her chapped hands resting on his bare neck (his celluloid collar had gone the way of all fuel),



### INTIMATE PORTRAITS

*James Watts, apartment house dweller, fails to discover steam.*

smiling between her shivers. He looked up at her.

"Well, Nell, old girl," he chattered, "I guess it's all over but the shouting." The match box had flickered its last, and the hearth was as cold as Monday night roast beef. She said nothing, but leaving the electric bulb in whose warmth she had been basking, walked over to the dining-room door, opened it, and beckoned to him. He rose and shimmied over

to her. She pointed. He looked, and started back in astonishment. There, piled half way up to the ceiling were stacks upon stacks of letters, pamphlets, booklets.

"How—what—" he became incoherent. Fuel! Fuel enough for the worst of the grim weeks that lay ahead.

"And that's not all—that's only the first mail," she said. "We are saved, for it will come every day."

"Saved, Nell," cried the boy. "Saved!" He was almost hysterical, but finally calming down, he demanded brokenly how she, a frail little goose-fleshed woman, had accomplished the impossible when he for weeks had been unable to buy even a newspaper. She threw her arms about his neck, glorying in his wonder, his admiration.

"I wrote a Florida Realty Agency," she said simply.

*George A. Paravicini*



SUBURBAN REALTOR—And you mark my words there's going to be a big boom here very soon!

### EPILAUGHS

Try to register grief for T. Ronald Van Loan  
The Gods of loquacity got him.  
He was still as the "Sphinx" till he holed out in one.  
Well—  
To cut a long story short we just shot him.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed





THE END OF THE RAINBOW



# JUDGE on the BENCH



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

## Good-by, And Not *Au Revoir*

**H**ITHERTO, every time we have said good-by, for Philadelphia, to General Smedley Butler, a movement has gained ground there to keep him a while longer. But this time our farewell would seem to be safe. Indeed, we want to congratulate both the General and the city on what looks like a permanent divorce, the General because he was not the right man for the place, and the city because it was not the right place for the man.

**T**O BE SURE, the circumstances of General Butler's departure leave something to be desired. It is too evident now that when President Coolidge interposed a final "no" to Mayor Kendrick's impassioned plea for another year of Smedley, the Mayor heaved a great sigh of relief. What must have been his consternation and disgust, therefore, when the naïve General, taking the petition of the Mayor and his committee of prominent citizens at its face value, resigned his commission in the Marines in order to comply with it. Mr. Kendrick knew then the true bitterness of irony, and that was a very lame excuse of his that he didn't want a *resigned* officer of Marines on the job. General Butler was quite justified in waxing furious at the deception; only in his fury he let the cat out of the bag.

"Now, what are you good citizens going to do about this," he asked of a lot of Pittsburghers meeting under the auspices of the Adult Bible Classes Federation of Pennsylvania, as if the civic affairs of Philadelphia were any of Pittsburgh's business, or as if Pittsburghers hadn't enough of a problem of self-government on their own hands without meddling in Philadelphia's—"Now what are you good citizens going to do about this? Philadelphia belongs to this State and there is no more reason why you should allow a cesspool in Philadelphia than the United States should have allowed one in Cuba. . . . If necessary you should pass laws taking their government away from them if they don't know how to run it."

**O**N MORE than one occasion we have likened General Butler's attempt to "clean up" Philadelphia's morals to General Woods' much more successful attempt to clean up Havana's streets, or with the tactics of our soldiers and sailors in putting other Caribbean ports over the sanitary jumps. And now the gallant General virtually confirms our impression that such were his models. As if a (theoretically) free, self-governing American community—and in this case one of the greatest and oldest,

the first capital of the country, home of Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell—could or should be treated as a subject city, its constitutional guarantees suspended, to be kicked and cuffed and scrubbed into righteousness by an imported police officer. "Take their government away from them if they don't know how to run it." There speaks your true man-on-horseback. How appropriate that would be for the city of our Sesqui-Centennial!

**A**ND WHAT, after all, is all the pothe about? Why does General Butler consider that government in Philadelphia has broken down and that the city should be deprived of its autonomy, like Port au Prince or Santo Domingo? Does political chaos rule there, have its finances gone Swedish, is it a prey to looters or epidemics? A few days before he told Pittsburgh that Philadelphia was a cesspool, he defended his police administration there as follows:

"As a matter of fact crime is only 40 per cent. of what it was when I came. We've arrested 1,600 loose women, 18,000 men for violation of the liquor laws and confiscated \$4,000,000 in liquor. Those are a few of the figures. Of course, we got no help from the courts. We did not get many convictions. All we did was raid and raid and raid again. We smashed down their doors, broke up their furniture and their beds. After a while they got tired and closed up—some of them."

Not a word here, you will notice, about murder. Yet according to Richard Washburn Child, "Philadelphia has had a murder record far above the figure for the whole of Canada!" Not a word about burglaries, bank robberies, payroll hold-ups, assaults, arson. Yet in these crimes, too, Philadelphia's rate keeps well abreast of that of the country as a whole, which is much the highest in the civilized world.

In other words, when the former Director of Public Safety speaks of crime he does not refer to peccadillos of this sort, but to such heinous offenses against the security of the Commonwealth as the violation of the Volstead Act or of the moral code. It is on account of them that he says Philadelphia should be deprived of its self-government (what is left of it).

"All we did was raid and raid and raid again."—What has come over this country that even for a moment anywhere we should call this sort of thing *policing* a city, or term its perpetrator a Director of Public Safety? What he was, of course, was a Billy Sunday in uniform. And now he's condemning the town to hell for not hitting the sawdust trail.

Well, anyway, good-by, General.

W. M. H.



## The Sunny Side of Baldness

by Don Herold

I AM not bragging, but it would not surprise me if we all woke up bald-headed in the next world. I do not mean to ridicule hair and I do not wish to put hair on the defensive, but there seems to me to be something spiritual about bald-headedness.

I have been bald-headed for seventy-five years. I would never have noticed it if it had not been called to my attention. It has caused other people considerable misery and amusement, but it has left me flat and unconcerned, and this is the first time that I have ever brought the subject up for discussion. Let me make it clear that I do not share in either the morbidity or the amusement with which my baldness seems to affect onlookers. I give it no emotional consideration one way or the other. Not even barbers make me morbid about it. If cornered in a social gathering, I can enter into a spirit of levity regarding it, but my normal attitude is that it is no affair of mine.

It is only as a writer and as a public servant that I am discussing it now. A writer considers everything. It surprises me that I have not covered baldness long ago, because it would seem only natural that I should start at the top in my daily inventory of possible themes for metaphysical discourse.



HE—Brother, our carbolic shampoo will start hair on your head.

ME—Brother, you are barking up the wrong tree. I consider hair a distraction.

I stack my bald head up against Rudolph Valentino's Valsparred tresses and ask you which is the more spiritual and which is the more material. I win. I go a step in the direction of the perfect sphere which Rupert Brooke, the poet, conceived as the more fitting form for all of us. It would not shock me if we all found ourselves much more like toy balloons in heaven, all floating about gaily in gentle breezes, discoursing on things eternal, undistracted by appendages, undisturbed by such bothersome and irrelevant things as noses, ears, toes, fingers, and—hair.

The Lord has struck a low average of beauty in His effort to give us individuality of form in this world and has only succeeded in providing subject matter for the pen of Rube Goldberg, so I imagine He will give up on that score in the world to come and content Himself in giving us individuality of soul, striking us all out of one mold as far as our exteriors are concerned. As I say, baldness is a step in that direction. Baldness partakes of nonentity.

To a certain extent, not very far I admit, I already float with some freedom through life, by virtue of my baldness. I am relieved of the ordeal of comb and brush. I have not brushed my hair since 1911. This means a daily saving of perhaps five minutes or an annual gain of over thirty hours, or two waking days. Imagine ourselves relieved thus of all physical obligations, including the obligations of providing food for our inwards and shelter for our outwards, and you have almost pictured Utopia. As far as hair care is concerned I already dwell in Utopia.

So I need neither sympathy nor advice. You can not comfort a man who thinks he is on his way to glory. Even though baldness may be a badge of decadence and decay, I do not suffer from it. I always hesitate to console a man who has one foot in the grave, because how do I know that he has not philosophized  
(Continued on page 26)



HUSBAND—In some families this would start a quarrel.



## Make Play of Your Work

FOR instance there is the great game of furniture moving, which in these days of childless tenants and heartless landlords, threatens to displace baseball as the national game.

This great game is divided into three periods or chuckers.

The first period is a sort of preliminary in which you are supposed to chuck things into boxes, getting ready to move. What you actually do is to get things ready to be lost. The score in this period is determined by counting all the essentials packed at the bottom of the box.

The second period brings with it three or four strong men. These fellows enter right into the spirit of



Through trains.



The perfect family man built his new house with the idea of giving the children the best possible advantages for winter sports.

the game and start throwing everything up into the air. When anything comes down on the wagon it counts one for the home side. Individual scoring is also permitted during this chucker on a basis of noise made. Ordinarily the chap with the piano has an advantage although the man with the china is a very hard man to beat.

The third and last period, which is probably the most exhilarating, is called the settle. If there is anything more stimulating than staggering around under a one ton overstuffed arm chair, it must be electrocution. The children under foot add a few charming hazards which can't be overlooked either.

Karl H. Bronson

## The Preliminary

When Dempsey and Wills finally arrange matters, the greatest price fight in history is expected.

## LIZZIE O LABELS

"And there's a hundred million others like me!"

JUDGE pays \$5 for each one printed.

## A Cynic Speaks

A LONDON professor chap, Jeffery, Says women incline to be heffery, Flighty, irrational, silly and vain, Because of an underfed gland in their brain;

Professor, how could you! Such infantile rot!

An underfed gland in their what?

Gardner Rea



FLORIDA REALTOR—What did you say?

NORTHERN BUYER—Pull me out if you don't want to lose a customer. I can't swim and this lot is deeper than I realized.



# JUDGING the SHOWS

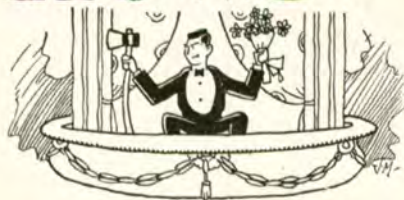
by George Jean Nathan



## I

MR. GILBERT SELDES began his professional career as managing editor of the *Dial*. The *Dial* is the magazine that charges fifty cents for pictures showing beer kegs floating down the Seine, 200 pound charwomen in the altogether and China chambers filled with Brussels sprouts to people who consider them art. The next step in Mr. Seldes' professional career was the discovery that Irving Berlin had written "Alexander's Ragtime Band," that Al Jolson could sing mammy songs, that Ring Lardner was funny, and that Marilyn Miller could dance. These discoveries made such a profound impression on our friend that he told Schofield Thayer to go chase himself, left the *Dial* and its pictures of beer kegs floating down the Seine, 200 pound charwomen in the altogether and China chambers filled with Brussels sprouts flat, and proceeded to devote himself to discovering, to his huge amazement, that Houdini could get out of handcuffs, that Clark and McCullough were comedians and not Ibsen actors as everyone had thought, that George Gershwin was a piano player and that Flo Ziegfeld actually put on the shows we know as the "Follies."

Having presently exhausted himself in arduous research work leading to these remarkable discoveries, Mr. Seldes then took a couple of days off and, as the third step in his professional career, wrote a play. This play was disclosed a few weeks ago to the connoisseurs of the metropolis under the title of "The Wise-Crackers." In it, Mr. Seldes set himself to make sport of the boys and girls who hang out at the Algonquin Hotel and who devote themselves to celebrating the glory of Michael Arlen, Harpo Marx and other such great figures in the world



## II

of art. Mr. Seldes went at these boys and girls with an ax, and his play, as a consequence, landed plumb on its Little Winnie. Mr. Seldes is apparently unaware of the fact that it is absurd to use a Big Bertha against a custard pie.

"MERCHANTS OF GLORY," the latest production of the Theater Guild, is a French play. The directly previous production was an Hungarian play. The next production, it is announced, will be an Austrian play. Following the Austrian play, there will be produced Spanish, Italian, Russian, Norwegian, Danish, Siberian, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Rumanian, Turkish, British, Irish, German, Hindu and Congo Free State plays. And, if all goes well, the Guild promises that it will produce an American play not later, at the outside, than 1965.

"Merchants of Glory" attracted a deal of attention when it was put on in Paris last year. It is not difficult to see why. It contains a small measure of honesty in its approach to the subject of war and if there's one thing the French are not used to it is a small measure of honesty in an approach to the subject of war. The French elect to look at war—or, more specifically, any war in which they are or have been participants—much in the light of a panorama of Barbara Frietchies, Florence Nightingales, Sousa marches, bronze statues, charges of the Light Brigade drummer boys of Shiloh, Flag Days, torchlight processions, and continuous performances of "The Heart of Maryland." Any consideration of war from a different viewpoint must flabbergast them as greatly as the spectacle of a sober American. "Merchants of Glory" presents this other point of view—and thus the

(Continued on page 30)

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Interesting play of British schoolboy life.

"A Lady's Virtue" (Bijou)—Piffle.

"The Green Hat" (Broadhurst)—Ouida sits on Pinero's lap, and falls off.

"Is Zat So?" (Central)—A dramatization of the American language.

"Cousin Sonia" (Central Park)—I haven't seen this one.

"The Jazz Singer" (Court)—The East Side's delight.

"Morals" (Comedy)—Smut-smellers as targets for custard pies.

"Fool's Bells" (Criterion)—To be discussed anon.

"Open House" (Daly's)—Drivel.

"Beware of Widows" (Elliott)—Poor attempt at comedy.

"Easy Virtue" (Empire)—A good first act; thereafter, the toboggan.

"One of the Family" (48th Street)—Next week, maybe.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyne" (Fulton)—London crook comedy.

"The Fountain" (Greenwich Village)—O'Neill, but below his mark.

"Merchants of Glory" (Guild)—French irony corrupted by sentimentality.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Flapdoodle.

"The Master of the Inn" (Little)—Mush.

"The Butler and Egg Man" (Longacre)—Wise-cracks de luxe.

"Naughty Cinderella" (Lyceum)—Bordoni, but nothing else.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The M.M. Marx and a lot of laughs.

"The Vortex" (Miller)—Superficial sensationalism.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Good American play.

"Twelve Miles Out" (Playhouse)—Diverting melodrama.

"The Master Builder" (Princess)—Our old friend Henrik.

"The Man Who Never Died" (Provincetown)—Whim-wham.

"Young Blood" (Ritz)—Weak, younger generation comedy.

"The Enemy" (Times Square)—Another of Channing Pollock's indignations.

"Chivalry" (Wallack's)—Mediocre melodrama.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Very good dancing show.

"Princess Flavia" (Century)—Very good singing show.

"Charlot Revue" (Selwyn)—Where is the show of yesteryear?

"The Patsy" (Booth)—For future review.



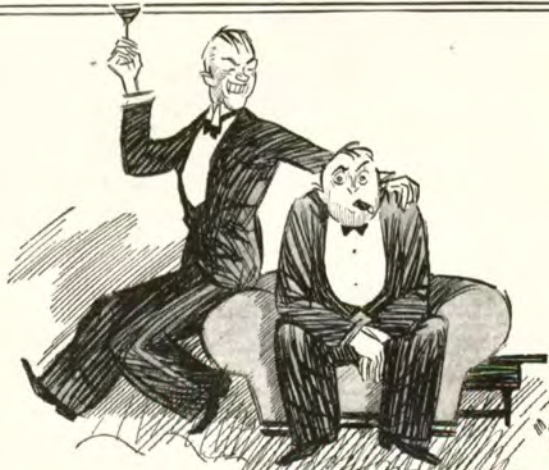
# LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS

"THE CITY CHAD"



"DOC-THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY STOMACH!"

"KEEP YOUR COAT BUTTONED AND NO ONE WILL NOTICE IT"



"LAUGH THAT OFF"

"I PROPOSED TO PEGGY, AND WHEN SHE FINISHED GIVING ME HER ANSWER, BELIEVE ME, I KNEW I WAS ONE OF THE SINGLEST GUYS IN THE WORLD!"



"DO YOU LIKE THE SIMPLE THINGS?"

"ARE YOU PROPOSING?"

"OH, OH, NURSE"



"THE COCONUTS"

GROUCHO - "I SHOT A DOG!"

CHORUS - "WAS HE MAD?"

G - "WELL HE WASN'T ANY TOO DAMNED PLEASED!"



JEFFERSON MACHNER



# JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton



**I**F AND when the opportunity comes your way, go to see Siegfried, the movie, whether or not you have seen the opera. If you are like me you will enjoy it more than the opera, for a few simple reasons. One is, of course, that as a movie the story is told not by singers intent upon notes and in a foreign tongue, but in simple, perfectly decipherable English titles. For the first time, therefore, you will be able fully to appreciate the beauty, simplicity and grandeur of this heroic myth. Another reason is that the acting in the movie is superior to anything you are ever likely to see on the operatic stage. Paul Richter as Siegfried, Hanna Ralph as Brunhilde, Margaret Schoen as Kriemhild, Hans von Schlettow as Hagen Tronje, play their parts with a finished restraint that makes the incidental acting of opera singers, as it does the floundering of Hollywood, look like the efforts of crass amateurs. And finally the setting is infinitely richer and more realistic than anything possible on the speaking stage.

To go with all these advantages

"Stage Struck"—Our Marquise as a hash-slinger.

"Lord Jim"—A good picture, with apologies to Conrad.

"Stella Dallas"—A story of mother love gone cocoon, but well acted.

"The Big Parade"—Too good to miss, if you can get a seat.

"The Road to Yesterday"—Expensively upholstered hokum with a bit of theosophy and a lot of love.

"The Masked Bride"—The fetching Mae Murray picks an unpleasant husband.

"The Best Bad Man"—Tom Mix rescues the heroine from an otherwise interesting torrent.

"Clothes Make the Pirate"—Leon Errol just can't make his legs behave in an amusing farce.

"His People"—Rudolph Schildkraut well cast in a sentimental drama of the Ghetto.

"Seven Sinners"—Good until the sinners get virtuous, and then terrible!

"We Moderns"—The winsome Colleen Moore goes aviating, and so does the story.

"A Woman of the World"—The seductive Pola Negri in an excellent picture adapted from Van Vechten's "The Tattooed Countess."

"Time, the Comedian"—Melodramatic hokum embroidered with the antics of Time symbolized as a clown.

"The Golden Cocoon"—A poor plot to which a lot of characters have been violently fitted.



there must be, of course, a full orchestra, worthy of the score of the opera, playing its heart out as the gorgeous picture unfolds before your eyes. Granted this, you are in for high adventure. For the two hours (approximately) the picture lasts you become the intimate of heroes, your spirit falls into the stately rhythm of great tragedy and you begin to understand the difference between dignity and the kind of lives most of us lead to-day. You see, the tragedy of the thing is not confined wholly to the story.

I hardly need add that Siegfried was produced at the Ufa (German) studios under the direction of Fritz Lang.

**G**OD bless Bill Hart! Now that Buffalo Bill has been gathered to his fathers there is no one to fill his extravagant shoes but Hart, Bill. And now that Bill is back in the pictures I am more impressed than ever that he does it very acceptably. To be sure, I'd rather see and hear and smell the Indians than watch their

(Continued on page 28)



"Say, fellers, have y' heard th' one about th' Irishman an' th' goat?"

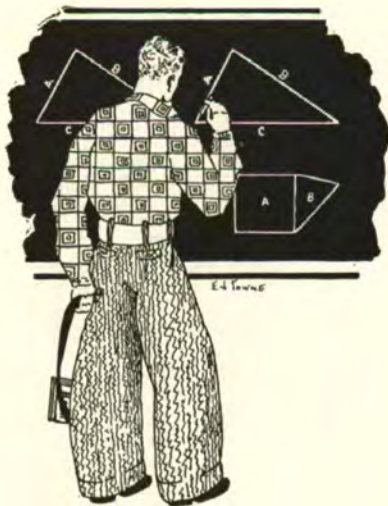


"No sir—tell it to us!"









A Cowboy of the planes.  
—NORTHWESTERN PURPLE PARROT

"So you and Lou are all off each other?"

"Uh-huh."

"Did she return your pin?"

"She invited me to drop around to her apartment some night and pick it out."  
—Iowa Frivol

Frosh—I'm taking Helen out to dinner this evening.

Soph—Where'd you make your reservations?

"Reserved two slots at the Automat."  
—M I T Voo Doo

It's easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life flows 'round and 'round;  
But the man worth while,  
Is the man who can smile,  
With his garters coming down.  
—Rensselaer Pup

Motorist (seeing a road sign out of Walla Walla, Wash.)—It must be that stuff I had in St. Louis.

—Texas Ranger

"A little bit goes a long ways," said the keeper feeding a handful of hay to a giraffe.

—Cornell Widow

Said the monkey to Mr. Darwin:  
"So's your old man."

—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl



She—I believe every person should sing at his work.

He—My brother can't.

"Why not?"

"He's a trombone player."

—Penn State Froth

A censor is a man who took too much castor oil when he was a boy.

—Vanderbilt Masquerader

Auntie—Are you engaged to that young man who called last night? I've heard several reports—

Sweet One—Goodness, Auntie, did we make as much noise as that?

—Pitt Panther



"The robber wore rubbers and walked backwards," deduced Hawksraw.

"Ah!" observed the silly mug, "then we must look for a man with receding gums."

—BUCKNELL BELLE HOP



"Hello, men."

—DARTMOUTH JACK O'LANTERN



# LEADERS



"Where do actors borrow their money when they are broke?"

"What do you suppose the advance man is for?"

—OHIO STATE SUN DIAL

## Lament of a Lady

You didn't mean the things you said  
But I believed—

Your pretty phrases turned my head  
—How you deceived!

And then at last I saw your game  
Gave you the sack

I should rejoice — but just the same  
I want you back.

—Michigan Gargoyle



"Our team uses a style of play that is terribly hard to understand."

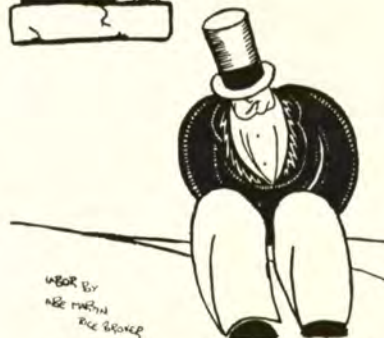
"Yes, the coach told me the team used the overhead game."

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

Boy—Hey, mister, gimme a nickel to go on the merry-go-round?

Drunk—Save money, boy—hic— and climb up here on my—hic— shoulders.

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay



"Oh, yea, Petrovitch, one thing leads to another."

"What meanest thou, Iskigon, that one thing doth lead to another?"

"Forsooth, silly lad, didst never see link sausage?"

—WEST VIRGINIA MOONSHINE

## Getting Personal

He—Yes, you are the first girl I have ever kissed.

She—Then what caused that scar on your cheek?

—Ohio State Sun Dial

Old Doctor—What do you want, my lad?

Young Physician—I want a little advice on how to succeed in this profession.

"Just have patience, my son, have patience."

—Denison Flamingo



DAN—Give me those keys!

LOU—What keys?

"Those whiskeys!"

—TEXAS RANGER

"Pip, pip, Johannus, and canst tell me how a pancake is like the sun?"

"But no, Thesaurus."

"Because it rises in the yeast and sets behind the vest, thou ass."

—W. Virginia Moonshine

Ike—I have some very valuable papers here. Can you advise me concerning a safe place for them.

Mike—Sure, put them in the filing cabinet. Nobody can find anything there.

—Colgate Banter

First Autoist—Why are you throwing that match away?

Second Autoist—I always throw the first match away, because I've never been able to light my cigar on the first match, anyway.

—Wisconsin Octopus

Telegram to Friend—Washout on line, cannot come.

Reply—Come anyway; borrow a shirt.

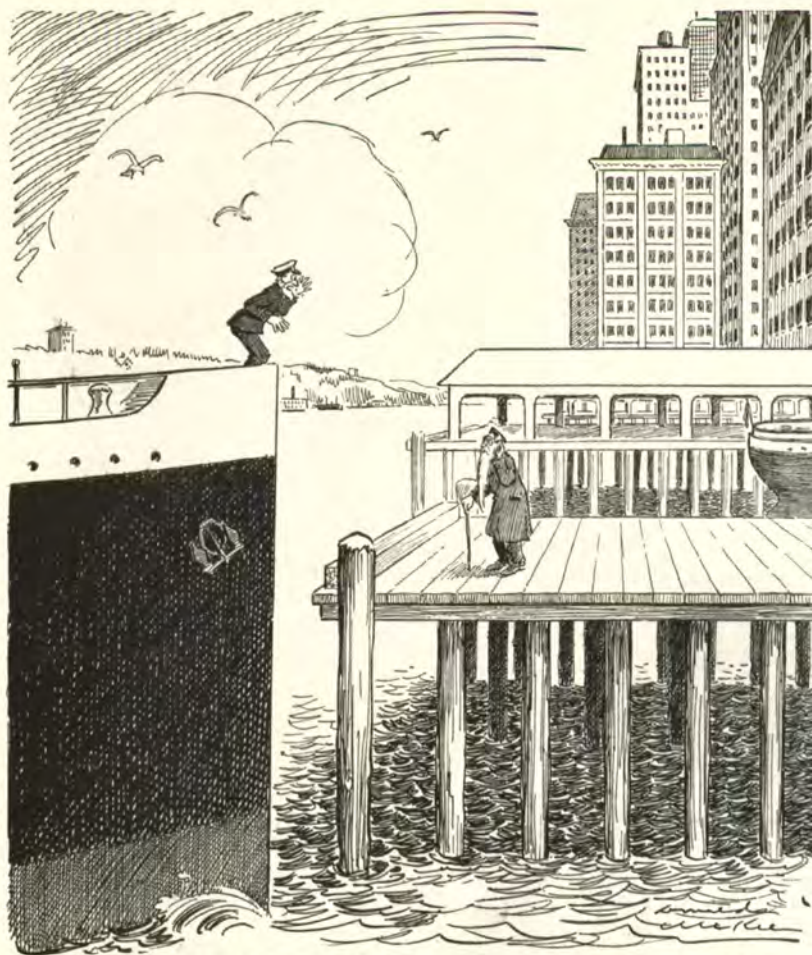
—Denver Parrakeet

Bob—I am on a liquid diet.

Joe—So am I, except for a few pretzels now and then.

—Annapolis Log





SKIPPER (winter of 1930)—*New York, ahoy! Where's the population?*  
*"I'm the caretaker. Everyone else has gone to Florida."*

### Always Be Enthusiastic

WHEN one is invited by one's friend to cast an admiring glance at his new car, one must always remember that the friend is certain the new boat is the finest on wheels. One, therefore, should be careful that one's remarks are perfectly attuned to one's friend's enthusiasm over his new toy. The following well chosen words one may always use with the knowledge that one will not offend:

"Yeah, nice li'l car, Bill, not a bad bus a-tall for the money. Lots of 'em sold nowadays. Don't look bad, either. Of course, this finish won't hold up long and the motor overheats on the hills, but you won't be driving much outside the city and when it goes dead there'll always be a garage nearby so you can get towed in.

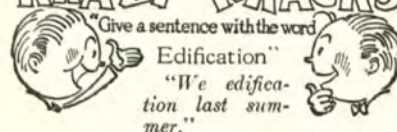
"They're not hard riding after you get used to 'em, either, and a chap I know only broke three springs on his last year. He got good service for the first 10,000 miles and then the thing went to pieces. But, of course, he didn't take care of his bus like you will. He never could get more

than thirty-seven out of his, but a man's crazy to try to speed these days. The rear axle's a bum job and the gears must be made of lead, but a fellow that drives sensibly like you hadn't ought to have much trouble.

"Fellow told me they were going to tear out this cheap motor and put a real power plant under the hood next year and if that don't keep 'em from rattling to pieces they're going to discontinue this model. But you got a nice li'l car, Bill, nice li'l car. You'll get a lot of pleasure out of it and after you've rolled 10,000 or so there'll always be some dumb-bell you can unload it onto."

Chet Johnson

### KRAZY KRACKS



#### Real Ecstatic

"LOVE me little, love me lots,  
 My heart's mortgaged, dear to you.

That's a fact, and may I ask  
 House my chance of coming through?"

Slipped a ring upon her hand—  
 Option until settlement;  
 Deed he did, and after that  
 Held her title she'd consent.

G. A. P.



MAE—*Gladys is going to Paris for her gowns!*  
 TOM—*I thought she had left her clothes somewhere!*



## The Realtor's Bride

(A ballad of uplift, in which the scorn of a maid conveys to a realtor the necessity of turning over a new lease.)

SHE worked in a realtor's office  
(Where most of the fortunes  
begin)

She always was neat, and her voice  
was so sweet

As she called divers mortgages in.

Spring came to the realtor's office,  
Came violets, too, in a bunch;  
For the realtor there saw his steno  
was fair  
And brought up the subject of  
lunch.

Indignant, she looked up and at him,  
Her eyes were aflash, that they  
were  
As she cried, "Though I work as a  
realtor's clerk  
Do you think I would go with you,  
sir!

"My parents think I'm still boot-  
legging,  
I dare not to tell them the truth  
That I've fallen so low," 'Twas a  
grim, telling blow,  
And his head hung forlornly, for-  
sooth.

And his tears pattered down on her  
blotter -  
As she rose, but he thickly cried,  
"Wait!  
I'd quit it to-day if you'd show me  
the way  
And would help me once more to  
go straight."

And her heart went quite out to the  
realtor,  
So broken, so saline, so sad;  
And she thought that she should help  
him all that she could—  
He couldn't be thoroughly bad.

And she did, and they struggled to-  
gether—  
It wasn't so easy, you know,  
For to start out anew is a tough thing  
to do,  
Yes, his row was a tough one to hoe.

But he swore he would stick till he  
won her,  
And dozens of jobs he essayed  
With no thought of quitting—tried  
out counterfeiting  
And made good, and married the  
maid. *George A. Paravicini*

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*When Sheik meets Chic, then comes  
the dawn in Hollywood!*

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seeking one a cut above the ordinary  
because of the finer grades of tobacco  
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a whale of a difference just a few cents make*



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will be procurable next week

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS





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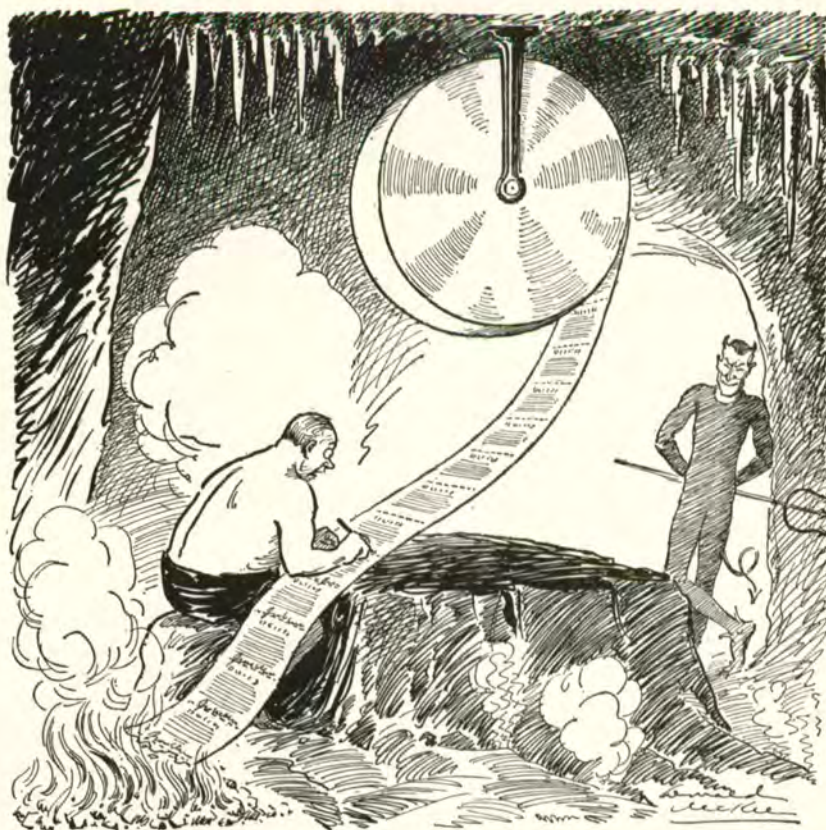


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THE EXPERT SALESMAN'S OCCUPATION IN THE HEREAFTER

"Sign on the dotted line!"

## Florida True Story

(Continued from page 7)

can cash it, and let my notary draw up a bill of sale?"

A bit of delirious laughter escaped me, and he held up his hand for silence.

"I get you," he said, "and I've no time to waste. A slick one, aren't you? Making all that talk when you knew I was right behind you, just to whet my interest. Well, I know land, and I know men. All right, all right. An even four hundred thousand cash and one hundred thousand in ninety days—I forgot my pocketbook this morning and I'm a bit low at the bank till I can deposit the options on yesterday's sales. What do you say?"

I could say nothing as he led me to his bank, cashed my check for me, had the bill of sale drawn up by the notary, and pocketed my deed and title. I was a little worried because I had no abstract, but my new friend was plainly a rank materialist, and had no interest in it. On the street once more, I was debating whether to spend eleven dollars for a pair of shoes in a certain window when I happened to overhear a loud conversation. I grew heated in my interest and a boiling Florida sun as I learned they were discussing the very land I had sold.

"It'll be at least a year," one was saying, "before that piece tumbles over into the swamp, and during that time—well, you know how much could be made by re-selling it only fifty times! I wish to God I could find the owner; I'd sink eight hundred thousand in it this moment."

A purple rash was on my forehead; madly I dashed back to the office of my eavesdropping friend and jerked him from his chair.

"A word—a word with you in private!" I shouted. "My conscience simply won't stand it. You have the title, but it is not clear—you remember you overlooked the abstract in your hurry? Well, that land does not belong to me at all—it was stolen (gasp) stolen from a Seminole Indian fourteen years ago! And (gasp) this Indian has just found out where it is, and is after me now! Quick! Take back your money and give me the papers, or he'll kill you instead of me!"

The title in my clutched fist, I leaped and ran to where I had seen the two dealers (as who is not?) standing; thank God they were still there. Panting, I offered it for sale at nine hundred thousand and was taken up to the speaker's office. An hour later, with the cash in my pocket, I was sitting in the little park called Real Estate Nook when I happened to overhear still another



animated conversation. This time peals of laughter punctuated the speech of all.

"Did you hear," said a short little man whose good deeds positively stuck out from him all over, "about that sucker from the North who let his subdivision tract go for nine hundred grand? I think his is the best story yet—listen: He comes down this morning and without knowing a damn' thing about the three new developments going on just the other side of his stuff, he sells it all for just that—*nine hundred grand!*" He paused and mopped his red face, laughing, and continued: "A half-hour ago old D. Vision, the developer, took a ten day option on it for two million, and turned around and sold it to Sandy Dunes for three! Yes, and Sandy got it dirt cheap!"

Yes, I agreed numbly as I staggered to the station leaving my bags at the Malaria House, dirt cheap!

Wayne G. Haisley

#### Lesson In Language

**I**f Real = real  
& tor = bull  
& eador = thrower—

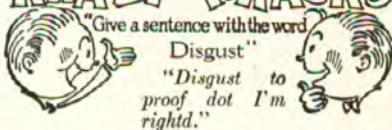
And since Florida was discovered by Spain—

Why don't they call 'em *Realtor-eadors?*  
Cyril B. Egan

**JULIUS**—Were you out much last week?

**CAESAR**—Quite a bit. I met one of those Florida real estate salesmen.

## KRAZY KRACKS



### Winter Song

**M**Y SISTER lives in Hollywood  
Beneath the camera's eye;  
She owns a trellised cottagette  
Full half a story high.

In Paris, France, my mother stays,  
A small salon is hers,  
Wedged 'twixt the shops of Paul  
Poiret,  
And those of Boué Sœurs.

A tent provides my father's home,  
Near Florida's warm shore;  
My brother and my uncle both  
Have other tents next door.

A house, a cook, a radio,  
A Packard, and a maid,  
Are all they've left me in New York;  
Should I have really stayed?

Marjorie

### The Accommodation

"I want to return to the city on a late train," said the stranger at the small town ticket office.

"Well," responded the agent, "I'd recommend Number 7. She's usually as late as any of 'em."

—American Legion Weekly



The new salesman for Lilac Gables, Fla., sold a lot a day in New Jersey, but he always chose a certain psychological moment to approach the prospect.

## This Tenor Banjo FREE



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## The Sunny Side of Baldness

(Continued from page 14)

that that is one foot about which he need no longer worry. Most losses are gains, anyway. There is such a thing as hunger for surcease from the knickknacks of this trick existence. Well, hair is one knickknack that is out of my life.

Baldness may or may not be funny. I don't know. It is an unconventional condition, if that is what you find funny. That is, it is relatively unconventional. But everything else is unconventional—a nose for example. What a funny thing is a nose when you are thinking of folks in terms of toy balloons.

I do not wish this article to be construed as commendation or condemnation of bobbed hair. Baldness and boyish bobs are two different things. Baldness comes, boyish bobs are achieved. Whether or not a boyish bob smacks of divinity depends somewhat on the attitude with which it is attained and maintained. If it is in the way of effort toward ridding oneself of a peck of irksome pulchritude, it is praiseworthy. If the motto of the bobbee is, "The less of everything, the better," then bobbed hair is a sign of sense. This goes for long skirts, too. But if it is mere conformity to social custom, if it is undergone for vanity's sake, if it, once accomplished, is given more time and attention than the hair previously worn by the bobbee, then it does not entitle bobbees to the same spiritual classification that I have this morning bestowed upon baldees.

## Getting the Breaks

A FORD once left our neighborhood bedight with banners gay. With envious eyes I watched it start, and blithely draw away. It bore above its flippant cardboard sign, "Excuse our Dust," A blazing placard with the slogan, "Florida or Bust."

But just to-day when I was glooming o'er my salaried lot Wraith like I saw that car steam up like ancient coffee pot; It rattled round the corner, thick with yellow mud encrusted, Bearing this legend on its body, "Florida—and busted."

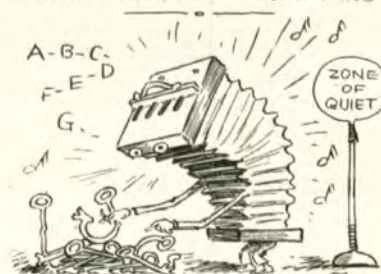
George A. Paravicini

A piano symphony has been written to be played with one hand. The other hand, presumably, is to ward off the missiles.

—London Opinion



A COUPLE ECHOES HAVING AN ARGUMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS



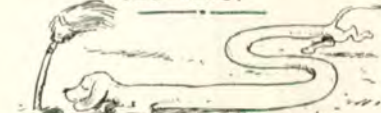
DOWN AND OUT ACCORDIAN WITH A SORE FINGER TRYING TO FIND THE KEY OF G.



THE LOST BAH OF A BILLY GOAT CALLING ITS PAPA.



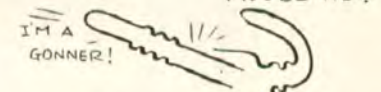
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Entitled.....

By.....

And the Text in this issue  
Entitled.....

By.....

Should be entered in the  
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(Name).....

(Address).....

(Week of January 16)



*Festive Gentleman*—"S no use denyin' it. I shaw you throw it at me. You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—you a parshon, too!

—Gaiety

## Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 18)

shadows on the screen; I'd rather imbibe through three senses and in three dimensions the roundup and the rodeo, the Wild West holdup, the kidnapping of the heroine, the running fight from horseback and the final triumph of virtue and heroism. But for everyone who could see Buffalo Bill and his picturesque troupe in the days when they went on tour, there are a thousand now who can see Bill Hart pull the same stuff, somewhat more deftly as becomes the screened performance, against a truer panoramic background, and with greater variety in the matter of plot.

"Tumbleweeds" is a representative Bill Hart picture. In it he rides like a demon, shoots like Leatherstocking, ducks the big fat villain in the horse trough, foils more than one nefarious plot against the innocent and helpless, and—wins the girl. And, what is more to the point, before he gets through he has given everyone a good laugh and a few some good crys and he has all the kids cheering. What could be fairer than that?

But I do miss the peanuts.

...

*She* (demurely)—It's very good of you to ask me to dance.

*He*—Don't mention it; it's a charity ball.

—Answers



*Mother of Three*—I want three glasses of water, four plates, knives and forks, and a cup of tea. Quickly, please!

*Waitress*—Yes, madam. Would you like the band to play "Annie Laurie"?

—Passing Show



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## JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



### We Won't

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear JUDGE: Don't you do it! We all like your "Judge for Yourself" column, even down to Friend Jack Gallieciz. Unless Jack enjoys the printed letters of criticisms, why does he read them? I think he's spoofing us.

And the dear philandering "Dr." A. M. Carothers—who would inject pills down W. M. H.'s lusty throat. Does he hope that his prescribed pills will lull to sleep all that wealth of honest-to-God sound reasoning and logic which seems to be W. M. H.'s affliction? "Doc" says he lives "forty miles from Dayton, in Heathenish, Anti-evolution Tennessee." From his letter, JUDGE, would you accuse "Doc" of being guilty of ever having traveled the forty miles? (Any direction?)

Will you tell my other friend, who is "heartily in favor of the Klan" that I was, also, until I became a member, and got "wised up" a bit?

Seriously, JUDGE, please continue your "Judge for Yourself" column, and if you consider W. M. H.'s life in danger any time, make him don one of those ancient's suits of armor. His editorials are positively needed!

Yours,

De Winbe Gerr

Jackson, Tenn.

November 29, 1925.

P. S.: I, too, live in the Tennessee "Doc" so befittingly described. Do you give medals to those who live in this particular State?

DeW. G.

### He Skips It

To the Editors of JUDGE:

I have recently subscribed to JUDGE for two years and I do not intend to cancel my subscription. At first I read your magazine from cover to cover. However, I soon learned that the editorial page was not the kind of reading to benefit one's mind, so, to-day, when I read JUDGE I simply turned that page without a glance. If you don't like it, don't read it; you will certainly find enough else in every issue to pay you for the outgo of fifteen cents.

The work of P. Crosby is alone worth that, and then you have the best guide to the New York shows, by Nathan, which more than doubles your values.

I enjoy JUDGE. I read it every week, but I will say W. M. Houghton must be on the payroll of everything anti-American, along with your paper's weekly envelope.

R. B. Leegood

Elmira, N. Y.

October 24, 1925.

### Tickled Pink

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: French Canada salutes thee! (As the Romans used to say minus the F. C.)

I hope you do not object to my writing to state that your title, "The World's Wittiest Weekly," is fully justified.

Sometimes—contrary to my maidenly dignity(?)—it makes me double-up on the carpet and go through other contortions, providing the family isn't looking.

I go round our little native village of Montreal with a perpetual grin on my face—which makes people wonder if I am all there.

I can raise no discussion over the "Judge on the Bench" editorial for the simple reason that I never read it.

For though I will confess to nothing but extraordinary intelligence (?) I must admit it passes over my head. Besides women do not have to know those things—or do they? Answer no! emphatically or I am doomed!

Another little thing, which concerns crossword puzzles. It appears that there exist certain specimens who know many tongues (dead, among others) but I and many other lost souls do not—so! would you please tell me how you expect me to know what "pancake" is in Eskimonian language or "influenza" in Scheklosavian or many other delightful terms?

Ere I float off (yes, I get poetic at times) let me proclaim your magazine great—and not finding an appropriate word in Canadian slang (if any) I say in true Yankee style that it is a wow!

Long may it prosper—live—reign—wave (or what have you).

Sincerely,

Renee Recary

Montreal, Canada.

December 10, 1925.



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*Loafer (to pal)—Lumme, Bill, ain't this neighborhood gone dahn! Why, I remember when a 'andsome pub used to stand where this blinkin' bank is.*  
—London Opinion

## Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 16)

French got so excited about it that the goatees of half the male population fell off.

Over here, however, the play fails to kick up any such fuss. All that Americans can discern in it is the venerable platitude that those not engaged in war profit at the expense of those who are engaged in it. The authors have further invalidated much of the irony by introducing heavy gobs of sentimentality into the proceedings at the wrong times.

III

THE Russians take everything terribly seriously. If they were to put on "The Butter and Egg Man," they would put so much fire, passion, indignation and iron-willed determination into it that you'd have trouble distinguishing it from "The Brothers Karamazov." The Russians don't believe in going at anything lightly, whatever it is. And so when they put on Offenbach's "La Périchole" we find them as intense

about it as if Offenbach had insulted their old gray-haired mothers. But, paradoxically enough, it is this very intensity that make their performances interesting even to such critics as appreciate that what they are doing is, at bottom, all wrong. Their presentation of "La Périchole" may thus not be good criticism, but it is a very good show.

The opening night was, happily, not the occasion of the nonsense that attended the premiere of "Lysis-trata." The audience, for once, behaved like American ladies and gentlemen, and not like pseudo-Slav donkeys.

♦ ♦ ♦

*Guest—I suppose I can sit here until I starve?*

*Waiter—Hardly that, sir! We close at eleven o'clock!*

—Answers

## Another Mac

*Foreman (to applicant)—Are you a mechanic?*

*Pat—No, sorr. Oi'm a McCarthy.*  
—Grand



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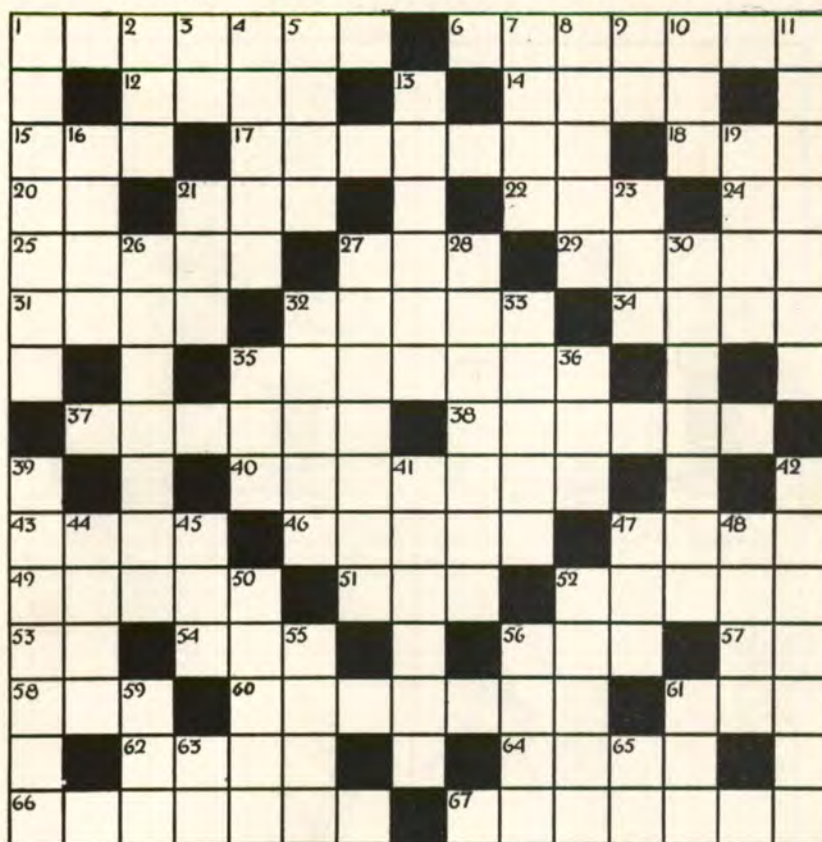
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## Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 58



Submitted by Miss E. W. Arnoult, New York City. JUDGE pays \$25 for each puzzle printed.

### Horizontal

1. Famous light weight champion.
6. A bursting sound followed by profanity. (Two words.)
12. Interjection used to attract attention.
14. Eager.
15. Lyric Singing Nabobs (abbr.).
17. The land of the spree and the home of the crave.
18. Period of years.
20. An Irish "I."
21. Roman eggs.
22. American shade tree.
24. Like.
25. Something good waltzers do.
27. Mocha Pouring Republicans (abbr.).
29. A very good man.
31. The number of tranquil marriages in N. Y.
32. An ancient rat catcher.
34. Kitty food.
35. These people never marry. (Two words.)
37. Seats of affection.
38. A large bird cage.
40. Something a westerner is always putting his foot in.
43. Tear apart.
46. Quench.
47. When cupid aims at one of these he Mrs. it.
49. The proof of the Scotch is in this.
51. Feminine suffix.
52. Some people have this over the weak end.
53. Suffix meaning "pertaining to."
54. Dry. (Fr.).
56. A Scotch cap.
57. Operatic Indians (abbr.).
58. Nowadays this kind of a girl is hard to find.
60. Pillages.
61. Terminal (abbr.).
62. Land of brickbats and shillalahs.
64. A large continent.
66. These are found in mushrooms.
67. A lot of people are crazy about these.

13. An iced beverage.
16. A cow's restaurant.
19. This is what most gas bags do.
21. Same as number 10. (Pretty soft!)
23. The mating call of a goat.
26. One hundred per cent. Americans.
27. This is quite dangerous when flying.
28. These are always passed at tea parties.
30. That run down feeling.
32. Flasks of lightning.
33. Tired business men's delight.
35. Part of the verb "to be."
36. A popular kind of nightcap.
39. These people are born, not paid.
41. Scamp.
42. Years for.
44. Everyone.
45. These come from liquor bottles (abbr.).
47. Nineteen hundred.
48. A once well-known kind of gin.
50. Wierd.
52. Something a sassy red-headed girl is.
55. Something Europeans take for a walk.
56. Afternoon gab fests.
59. Still.
61. A Greek letter.
63. Right (abbr.).
65. French definite article.

### Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



### Vertical

1. A balloon type hot dog.
2. Summer coat.
3. Courthouse (abbr.).
4. Something actors do to register emotion.
5. Old-fashioned girl's name.
7. This is often found hanging around women.
8. Things that football players play in.
9. West Indies (abbr.).
10. Short poem recited to creditors.
11. Maker of rafts for poached eggs.



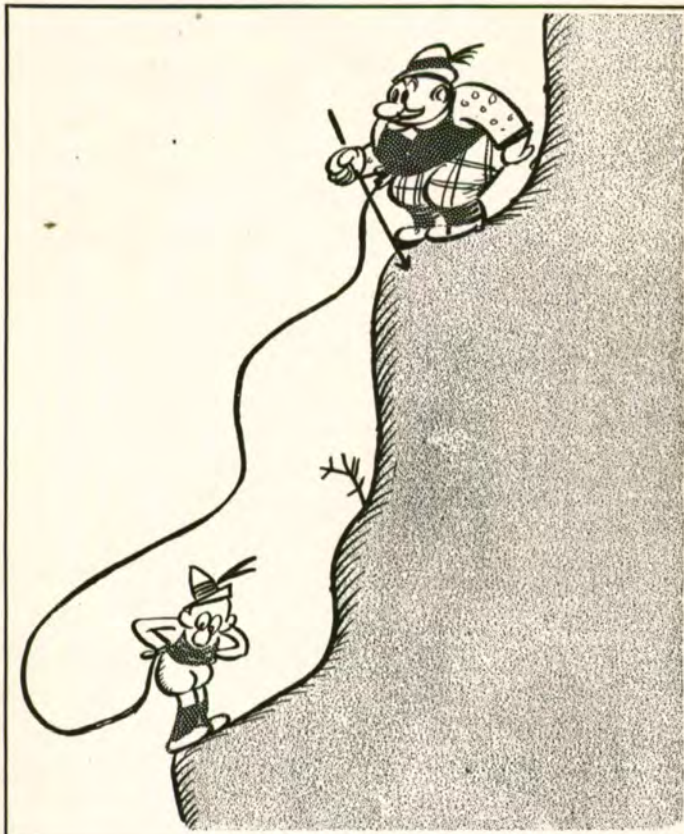
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to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes January 25. Winning ending appears in the issue of February 13.



Contest No. 25





There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him. He sees and describes not merely this man's love or that woman's inspiration, but the blind sweep and devastation of universal forces.

H. L. Mencken

Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. Those who don't intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him—for the first time—how I envy them!

Gouverneur Morris

The only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent.

John Galsworthy

### Some Remarkable Facts About Conrad

AT AN auction before Conrad's death, his original manuscripts sold for \$110,998. Before his death also, a numbered autographed de Luxe edition of his books was published, the Sun Dial Edition, limited to 735 sets. That number of people promptly came forward and paid, each, \$175.75 for one of these sets (a total of \$129,176.25). Now, for the most modest book budget comes the Kent Edition of his *complete works containing everything in the Sun Dial Edition including special prefaces written by Conrad for each book*, and two additional volumes besides. It will be sold for only \$35.00, payable in small amounts, instead of \$175.75 cash.

One comes to Conrad with unspeakable relief—with the feeling that here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.

Christopher Morley

One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work.

H. G. Wells

To stand in a Summer stifled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.

Mary Austin

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"I AM not a literary man," Conrad once modestly said. But what did the world think of him? It was shown strikingly, before he died, by the

payment of over \$110,000 for his original manuscripts, and by the outlay of over \$129,000 for a few autographed editions of his complete works. Probably no such tribute was ever paid, in all history, to an author while he was still alive.

"I feel that Romance is dead now, not Conrad," an American woman in England wrote home to a friend. That was the feeling of unnumbered thousands when this great Master passed away.

### The Secret of Conrad

What is the secret that lifted this former Polish cabin-boy to the foremost place in contemporary English literature? Perhaps most of all, it is the exciting narratives he told and the rare glamour of the life he wrote about—the life of outcasts, wanderers and adven-

tures in the fathermost places of the earth.

What an array of them there is: rough traders, thieves, murderers, adventurers—the riff-raff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East, and there battling out their destiny! And what women move through his stories: the bewitching plotter, Dona Rita; the mysterious Flora de Barral; the brave little outcast, Lena; the elusive and pathetic Nina of Almayer, the unfathomable and seductive Malay princess for whom Willems sold his soul—to mention but a few.

"Here, surely, if ever, is genius!"

Conrad had met these men, he had known these rare, strange women he wrote about, and what tales he spins of them! Tales of the devoted love of men and women, in remote seclusion, far from civilization, possibly deserted on some lonely isle, surrounded by chattering people of other races; tales of blood and adventure in the mysterious China Sea, where typhoons spring out of a cloudless sky; tales of breathless romance covering the far-flung world—of friendships and conflicts of men and women caught in swirling eddies of life.

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