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DIRIGE



R.H.M.

• TRAVEL - NUMBER •

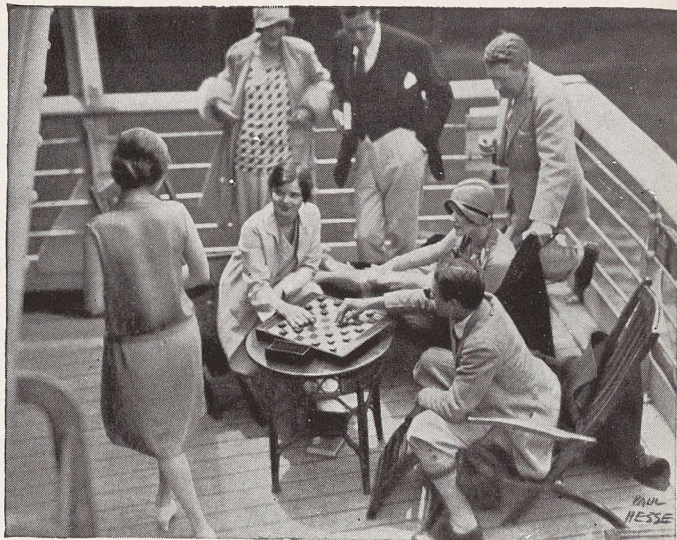
What Shall I Read?

¶ This is a question that any one, and especially a college student, well might ask at this time when hundreds of books are published every month. A professor of Educational Psychology in a neighboring university once said to his class, when he was attempting to induce his students to do systematic reading, after preparing their lessons, to start their reading period by reading something worth while—say a part or all of one of Shakespeare's plays or some chapters in Plato's Republic.

¶ Following this he recommended something "easier" to read such as The Lincoln-Douglas Debates or Shaw's Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. The last part of the time devoted to reading could be spent on something that was very entertaining and amusing such as Will Rogers' Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to his President, Collier's or the Saturday Evening Post.

¶ These, as well as many other worth while and entertaining titles, are to be found on our shelves—either for purchase or rental.

**Washington University
Stores**



The sea-faring collegian now speeds to Europe . . . in the new "Tourist Third" of the

Aquitania

The Aquitania . . . one of the world's largest and fastest ships . . . a mid-night sailing! . . . 6 days . . . Europe! Yes! the Aquitania has now "Tourist Third" . . . an entire section of the former second cabin has been taken over and most attractively equipped for this service.

Cunard "Tourist Third", always famous with collegiate travellers! A large fleet to choose from; comfort, informality . . . excellent food . . . a care-free atmosphere . . . congenial companionship—dancing to the tunes of a vigorous, vivacious college orchestra . . . swimming and deck sports of every kind.

Cunard "Tourist Third" is the modern, economical way to Europe . . . frequent sailings to Cherbourg, Southampton . . . Plymouth, Havre, London . . . Queenstown, Liverpool . . . Londonderry, Glasgow . . . Rates from \$102.50 up one way—\$184.50 up round trip.

CUNARD LINE



Your Local Agent or
1135-37 Olive Street, St. Louis

THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

x? X!

First Pig: "I never sausage heat.
Second Pig: "Yes, I'm nearly bacon."
—Lampoon

— D D D —

"Wheresha Phi Beta Kappa house?"
"Damfino. Whinell you wannakno?"
"Founda key to th' dam' door."
—Virginia Reel

— D D D —

He: "Wanta neck?"
She: "No! I've got one!"
—Malteaser

— D D D —

"Is she a sorority girl?"
"Gamma Phi know."
—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

There was a young lady, quite hacht,
Who went to ride on a yacht.
She said, "I will pet
For a diamond barette;
But for anything less, I will nacht."
—Sniper

— D D D —

One: "Sneagle. . ."
Two: "Snoteagle, snowl."
Three: "Sneither, snostrich."
—Sniper

— D D D —

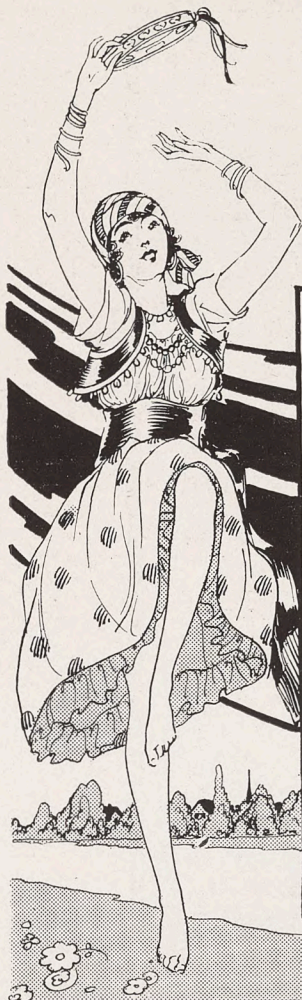
We like to know little intimate details about great men—But when the New York Times Book Review prints an article entitled, "Tolstoy as His Wife Saw Him," we think that is going a little too far.
—West Point Pointer

— D D D —

Son—"Dad, what is Latin word for 'people'?"
Dad—"I don't know, son."
Son—"Populi."
Dad—"How dare you speak to me like that!"
—Arrogwan

— D D D —

He—"I wish I had enough money to get married."
She (hopefully)—"What would you do?"
He—"Buy a coonskin."
—Cornell Widow



The GYPSY
TEA SHOP
invites you

Did you know there's a real pleasant surprise awaiting you if you will just come over to our house?

It's new---a wee bit of mystery surrounds you.

Come and enjoy a dainty luncheon, linger awhile and make it your rendezvous---Your time will be well spent and your purse only slightly taxed.

May we expect you?

Hours 11-8

"Come in and make a Wish"

312 N. SIXTH ST. 2nd FLOOR
OPPOSITE FAMOUS BARR

The crowd milled and surged about the morgue. A new body had been brought in. A murdered man. Suddenly a dazed gentleman pushed and elbowed his way through the throng and into the building. He spoke quietly to the caretaker and was admitted into the inner recess. Shortly he reappeared.

"Was he your brother?" asked the caretaker.

"Yes," came the sorrowful answer.

"But how did you identify him?"

The man wiped away a tear as he chokingly replied, "He was deaf."
—Annapolis Log

— D D D —

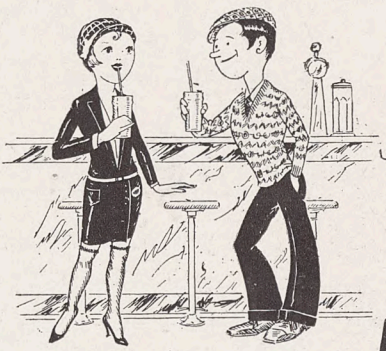
Two little boys came into the dentist's office. One said to the dentist:

"I want a tooth took out and I don't want no gas because I'm in a hurry."

"That's a brave little boy. Which tooth is it?"

"Show him your tooth, Albert."
—Texas Ranger

—Texas Ranger



— they shake a mean malted milk —
— and how! —

AT WALGREEN'S—

A delicious refreshing, tonsil-tickling, whistle-wetting drink—try one today at the—

Walgreen
DRUG STORES

Then there's the Scotch sheik who gave his sweetie moth balls to put in her hope chest.

—Judge

— D D D —

One (studying English: "What in the devil is a metaphor?")

Another: "For cows to graze."

—The Log

— D D D —

Macbeth's sentinel (upon spying Birnam Wood moving Dunsineward): "Cheese it, de cospse!"

—Lord Jeff

FOR
Delicious Sandwiches

Joseph Garavelli's
DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

"Hello, My Friend"

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

Unsolicited Testimonial

The Slimy Soap Co.

Gentlemen:

"Your soap is great. My mother-in-law fell on a cake and busted her jaw."

—Washington Columns

— D D D —

It (over the phone): ". . . and I'd love to go to that game with you."

He: "Sorry, sweetheart, you'll have to make me a better offer. I know three girls willing to do as much."

—Penn Punch Bowl

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing, to coal man: "Did my father order some coal this morning?"

Coalman: "This load of coal is for a Mr. Zell."

SYT: "That's fine, I'm Gladys Zell."

Coalman: "So am I."

—Malteaser

— D D D —

"But I tell ya, Roy, I didn't swipe your liquor."

"Well, some contemptible, sneakin' low-life swiped it, an' if I hadn't a knowed where Max hid his, I'da been outa luck for my date last night."

—Texas Ranger

— D D D —

AB: "When your nose itches what is it a sign of?"

CD: "You are going to have company."

AB: "And supposing your head itches?"

CD: "They have arrived."

—Green Gander

— D D D —

"You can't flunk me, professor—I'm insane."

—Jester

— D D D —

"Are you sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month?"

"Of course, what's the matter?"

"Well, I thought there must be some mistake; I've lived a dog's life ever since."

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

Stude (to Prof): "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof.—"I told you to write plainer."

—Beanpot

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Careless

Adam—"Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again!"
—Ski-U-Mah

— D D D —

A gentleman slipped on the top stair of the subway and started sliding to the bottom. Half way down, he collided with a lady, knocking her off her feet, and the two continued the journey together. After they had reached the bottom the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her politely, he finally said, "Madam, I'm sorry, but this is as far as I go."

—Trumball Cheer

— D D D —

Scotchman: "Say, mon, how much is this tooth extraction going to cost?"

Dentist: "Ten dollars."

Scotchman: Would you mind just loosening this one?"
—Phoenix

— D D D —

It's Still Funny

The Old Gold investigators were giving their blindfold test to a noted professor—of course, absent-minded.

When the bandage had been fastened about his eyes and everything was in readiness, the professor chuckled heartily and startled every one by shouting: "Here I come! Ready or not?"

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

— D D D —

A drunkard, staggering down the street, fell into the gutter next to a pig. Two elderly women passed by and noticed him, and one said to the other:

"You can always judge a man by the company he's in."

And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

—Cracker

— D D D —

Lawyer—"You want to divorce these women? Can you name any co-respondents?"

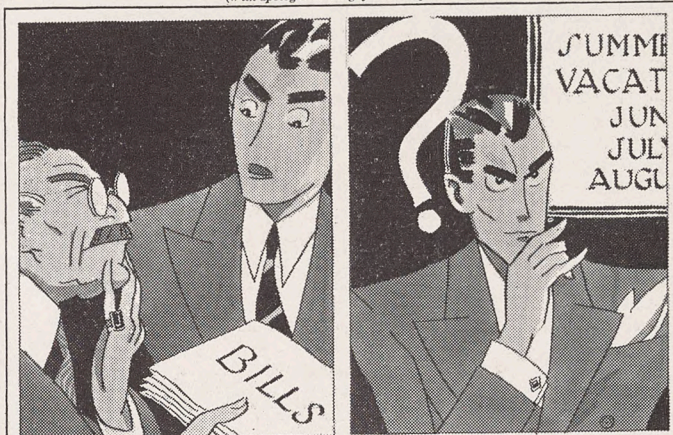
King Solomon—"Not offhand, of course, but I strongly suspect the 97th Regiment of the Royal Light Infantry."
—Goblin

— D D D —

And didn't you ever read of the man who swallowed a can of gold paint and then said, "Oh, how guilty I feel!"
—Cynic

"Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments. You can get rid of the former at PARKS this summer and more easily bear the latter afterward."

(With apologies to the guy who complained about the Stamp Act July 1st, 1765.)



The work of polished idleness has its pains and penalties

Why not make your summer vacation this year pay dividends



PARKS will show you how

full details on page 25

CABANY 5016

CABANY 6590

**NELSON'S
ICE CREAM**

of a Finer Quality

Bakery Goods Light Luncheon

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

10% off for Washington University order

Shallcross Service Satisfies

PRINTING STATIONERY

WE PRINT THE DIRGE

1822 Locust St.
CEntral 3755

Life's Little Tragedies

The man went into the hat shop and asked for a derby. "Fine," said the salesman. "What color?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter what color," said the man.

"So much the better," said the salesman. "What size?"

"Well," replied the man, "I don't care very much about the size."

"This," said the salesman, "is indeed strange. You come in here and request a derby and don't care about the color or the size!"

"No," said the man. "Ye see, it's for my trombone."
—Goblin

INSTANT SERVICE BETTER CLEANING HI-POINTE CLEANERS

6820 CLAYTON AVE.

Hiland 2340-41

Webster 3810

We Own and Operate our Own Plant

The Joy of being Editor

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.
If we print jokes, people say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we clip things from other magazines,
We are too lazy to write them ourselves.
If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.
If we stick too close to the job all day,
We ought to be out hunting up news.
If we do get out and try to hustle,
We ought to be on the job in the office.
If we don't print contributions,
We don't appreciate true genius.
And if we print them,
The magazine is filled with junk.
If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up.

We are too critical.

If we don't, we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some guy will say

We swiped this from some other magazine.

We DID.*

*So did we. Our swipe was from the *The Fulton County Medical Bulletin*.

*We did too. We clipped it from *California and Western Medicine*.

*And we pilfered it from the *Gargoyle*.

*And we from the *Green Gander*.

*And we from the *Punchbowl*.

— D D D —

How to Get Into an Open-Back Dress Shirt

1. Open with prayer.
2. Remove pins, being sure to leave plenty of thumb prints on front for identification.
3. Suspend shirt in doorway; make desperate dive as if tackling dummy. If shirt evades capture.
4. Elect garment on floor in shape of army pup tent with aid of sliding rule. Crawl in; in case of collapse,
5. Insert top gas balloon in shirt, raising it to ceiling. Deflate balloon, allowing shirt to settle on shoulders. If air currents are unfavorable,
6. Call in Live Saving Corps with breeches buoy. Hang shirt at other end of rope and coast into it with outstretched arms.
7. Call in roommate to button the damned thing.

—Jester

— D D D —

"I'll give you one day to hand in that paper."

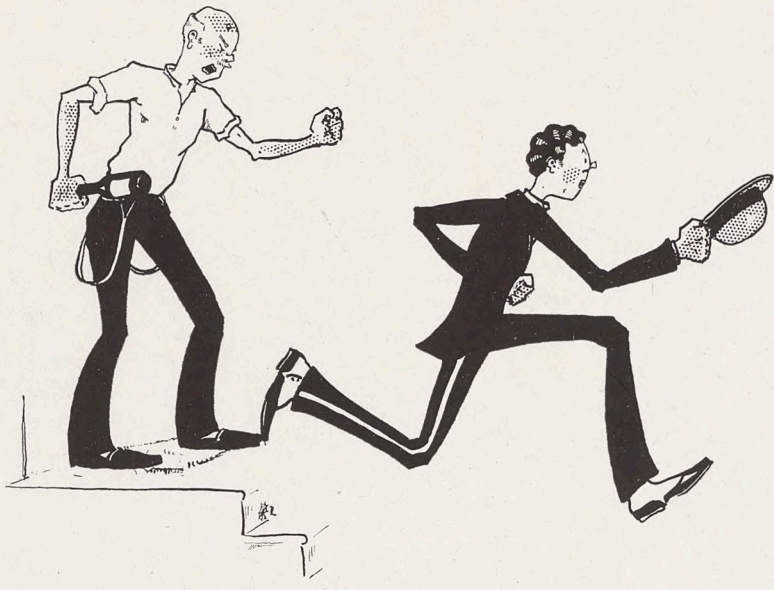
"All right. How about the fourth of July?"

—Texas Ranger

THE

TRAVEL

NUMBER

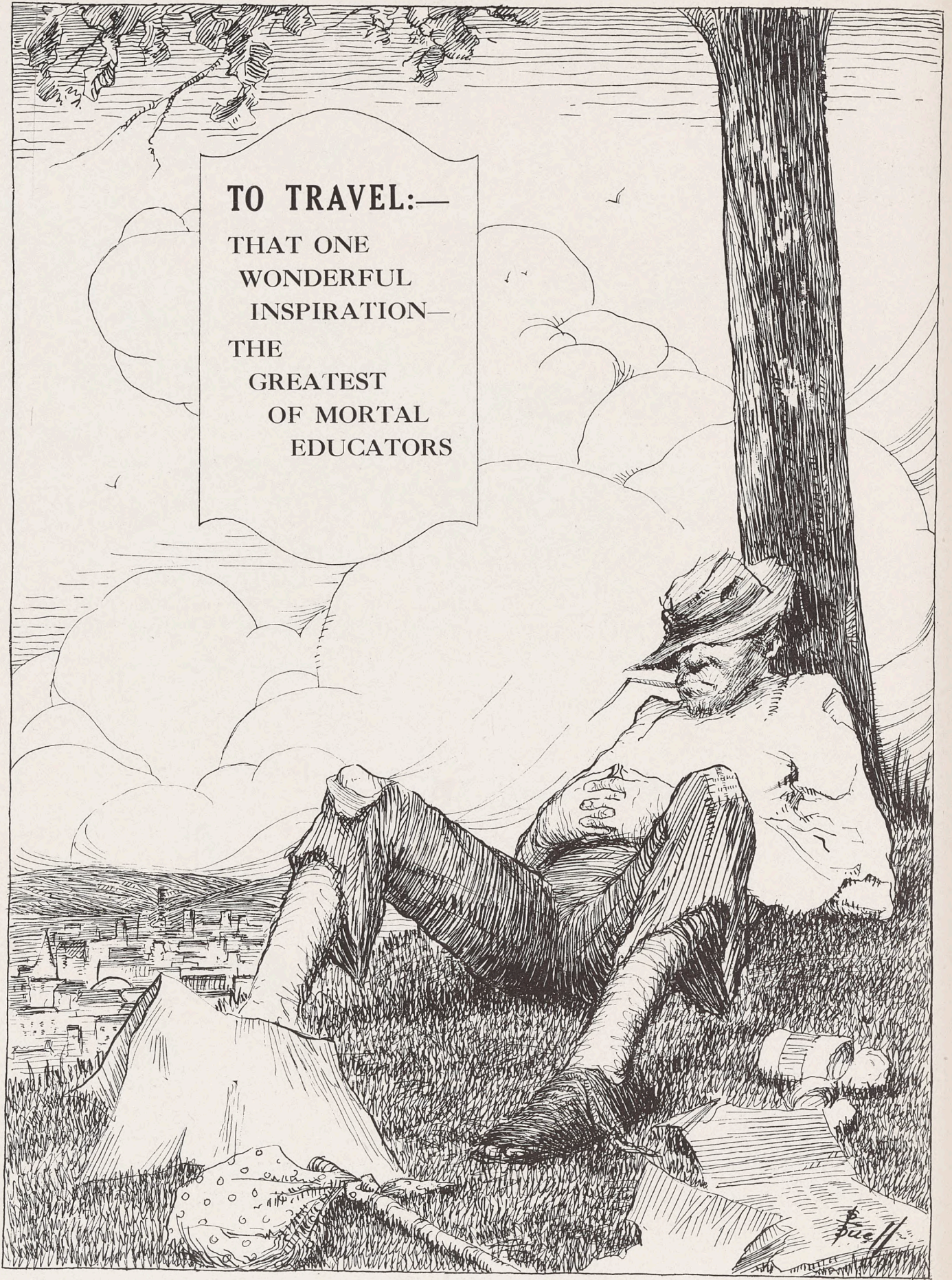


“YOUNG FELLER, I’LL GIVE YOU
JUST THREE TO LIGHTEN MY
DOOR— ONE

TWO

THR—

TO TRAVEL:—
THAT ONE
WONDERFUL
INSPIRATION—
THE
GREATEST
OF MORTAL
EDUCATORS



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The
DIRGE
"Jest in Peace"

Travel Number

THAT FIRST BIG TRIP
—OR WHY NIAGARA FALLS—
A DAMP TALE YOU MUST HAVE MIST—

Don't be bothered by the historic present, it helps. "Parse this sentence, Joseph, 'The cow jumped over the moon.' 'What mood?' Joseph:—"The cow!"

Bang!!

(Reading time: wasted.)

"Eugene, hurry and get on board. The boat's going in 5 minutes, and I'll never be able to find a place at the rail to wave—No, you worm, I didn't say I was sick; hurry now!" Mrs. Eugene TuSwiet, of Sucrose Falls, is distinctly agitated as the start of her first voyage "cross the pond" draws near.

Mr. TuSwiet, the big cream and sugar man, alias Eugene, darts for the gangplank, trips gaily half-way up, and sprawls most effectively, digging his cane into his very diggable tummy and grinding his cigar into expansive countenance, with visible damage to both parts affected. Imagine his embarrassment! But oh no, Mr. TuSwiet is beyond that; tho, being slightly twiddled, he momentarily forgets himself and, putting the end of his cane in his mouth, he pulls out another nickel cigar and attempts to lean on it; it being a little too short, he topples into space over the side, being saved from a watery grave by a stoker who intercepts him at the fourth row of portholes. (Ah, now I feel better; he's safe.)

Mr. TuSwiet now sees a young lady (Pooh, Oswald, of course she's a lady), and is about to make a conquest, when he discovers the "young thing" is the stewardess. Embarrassed? Oh, no, but the Mrs., just hoving in sight, is, and . . . oh well.

It is warm and choppy; Eugene does not care for his overcoat or his lunch, and discards both. (No, Oswald, not both over the rail.) Mrs. T. is hobnobbing with high society in the salon and is making the most commendable average of 3 social errors a minute. She is in her element, but nobody else is. Is she

embarrassed? Hardly; everyone else is taking care of that.

Mr. T. has found a most congenial bunch of card-playing boys, and is proceeding to hand over most of his dough by the poker method, when his better half, tiring of society, seeks out her hubby, and succeeds in regaining his dough and some more too. The ToSwiets, wearied after a day of such activity, are now distinctly sour, and turn in for a sweet sleep. Of course they don't get it; Eugene is again indisposed, and the Mrs., if possible, is sicker still. To give everyone a joyful time, Mr. T. again gets on the wrong side of the rail, and is caught in his downward flight by the same stoker who speared him before, and who, having relieved Eugene of the contents of his lounging robe, still does not feel repaid.

Ho hum; four more days of this, and at last Cherbourg is in sight. Mr. T., now quite addled, distributes trick cigars to the whole crew, including the captain, which event quite dislocates their already strained relations. The disembarking is uneventful except that Mrs. T. tires of walking and runs down the gangplank sitting down, quite accidental of course. (Yes, Oswald, I think they laughed). Furthermore Mr. T., who has refused to be parted from his suitcase, decides to cap the climax, and, tripping at the top, rides down on his tummy: Yes; the ToSwiets are original.

The happy couple, reassembling themselves, now breathe together in a tone of devout prayer, "Honey, what a wonderful trip!!" (What's that, Oswald? You say if that's right, you want to be wrong?") Hmm; mebbe so; mebbe so; meb—.



Sea-sick Student Tourist: "Gawd! Am I for that berth control stuff now!!"

— D D D —

Kings !!!

"My God, my God!" cried Tommy, "Stop!"
 "I sure have made a slip;
 We're out at sea, but I've just found out,
 I'm on the wrong ship."

— D D D —

"I'll never get over this," said the hen as she ambled up to the ostrich egg.

— D D D —

Please Note

Editor's Note:—For the benefit of the Freshmen and unsophisticated Sophomores, we hereby republish the definition of a Wow!

A Wow is a girl who doesn't very often—but when she does,—Wow!!!!!!

— D D D —

"How's this for using your head," said the girl friend as she wiped her fountain pen through his nice blond hair.

Ain't It So

Prof: "Young lady, name a great universal time-saver."

Sadie T.: "Love at first sight!"

— D D D —

Drunk: "I'll drive. You're drunk."

Drunker: "Aw right."

(Time out—they hit the telephone post)

Drunker: "Fooled yuh!—didn't unlock the steering wheel."

— D D D —

We're Getting Childish Now

Cleo: "Does oo know Odessa?"

Anthony: "Odessa who?"

Cleo: "—Odessa 'ittle bit!"

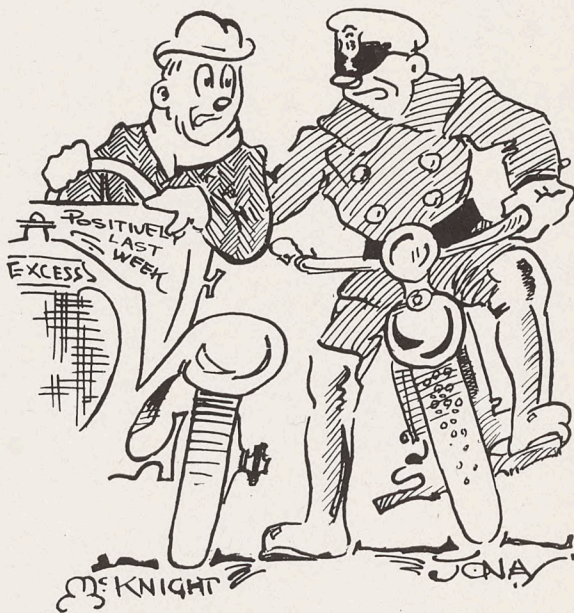
— D D D —

Nize Party

He (before the fireplace):—"Dou you notice how the flames redden?"

She:—"I'm sure it's not because of anything we've done."

— D D D —



Telegram Home

Mr. Hiram Heel

Dad:—College fine Stop Passing everything as per your request Stop Bum advice Stop So said cop Stop Continued to pass signal Stop Send fifty Stop Fine and Love Stop

Louie

A One Act Play

(Decide what kind!)

The night was dark and moonless; the wind sighed drearily through the leafless trees. The autumn night was dark and dank.

(Play begins)

"Is there no other way?" a sweet girlish voice from the car asked.

"No other way," answered a deep bass.

"Oh, I can't. Never, never, in this dark. It's awful! Why do you ask it? I who am used used to the straight road. I-I-I-I-can't! Why do you ask it? Isn't there some other way?"

"No other way," answered the deep voice again.

"Here, I will give you my purse, my rings, all of them, if you do not ask me to do this terrible thing."

"No, young lady, orders is orders. This concrete isn't hardened yet. Ye'll have to detour!"

(Climax, no, not tobacco!)

Finis—(Curtain)

— D D D —

Guide: "See the flying buttresses."

Emma: "An' I thought they was pigeons."

— D D D —

Clerk: "Would you like an inside or an outside room?"

Stewed: "Inside—you simp; it's raining."

— D D D —



Great: "Why sae doon in yere mouth, Sandy?"
 Scot: "Ay, Jock, its these jokes. Ae have a sense o' humor—but why must they aw be at our expense."



Rare chromo by our special correspondent ot Hotsi-totsy, Zulu, shows the village "Headman" making a pot of the famous noodle soup.

Note.—"A headman is known in America as Supt. of Grounds, Buildings, etc."

— D D D —

There was a young hiker named Jim;
 All hikes were attractive to him.
 But he broke his neck
 When he got in a wreck,
 'Cause the light from his mind was too dim.

— D D D —

Just A Little Help For Some Frosh

S. A. E.:—"May I hold your hand."
 K. A. T.:—"Certainly not; this isn't Palm Sunday."
 S. A. E.:—"Well, it isn't Independence Day either."

How Two Washington University Youths Toured Europe with NINETEEN Dollars and a Second-Hand TEETHING Ring



In Paris we met the most wonderful girl.

ANYONE who has traveled in Europe will tell you that nineteen dollars isn't a very princely sum to make the trip on, yet that is all two Washington University youths had, and they were able to make an extended tour of the continent, proving that it is possible to see the world without joining the navy or marrying Lindbergh.

The two boys are Fuller Brush, a popular Junior who made the scrub team and is therefore known as "Scrub" Brush, and Bob Heinz, a Sophomore, member of the chapel choir, W. G. A. A., and I. W. W., and president of the M. A. S. B. R. (Mutual Aid Society of the Back Row).

On the night of June 17, 1929, a long freight train pulled out of the East St. Louis railroad terminal, carrying on board 256 mules, 23 hoboos, 1,492,847½ horse-flies, and our two heroes. By the time they had gotten to New York and loaded the mules on a boat, the hoboos had disappeared, but the flies were good at arithmetic—that is to say, they multiplied rapidly.

But let's let Scrub Brush tell the story in his own way.

"We had plenty to keep us busy," says he. "Be-

Fuller Brush and Bob Heinz shirked their way across the Atlantic on a mule-boat, spent several months and \$19 in Spain, France, and Germany, and would have travelled around Samoa but had to return home because of insufficient funs.



Bob playing his saxophone on board ship. Believe it or not.

tween us we had to look after eighty-nine mules, all N R fiends. Whenever the engines of the boat went on a strike, we had to get out the life-boats and tow the darn tub. It was during this experience that we organized our fraternity for able-bodied seamen—Rho Dammit Rho. But the worst part of all was the food. We couldn't imagine where they got such tough hash until we landed at Barcelona and counted the mules. There were only 240 left! We nearly starved until we discovered that the boat was made out of slippery elm, which tasted pretty good. The woodwork in the captain's cabin was pretty bitter, but on the hull the stuff wasn't so bad. We ate life-boats for dessert.

"The first thing we did upon landing in Spain was to attend a bull-fight. It was quite a hair-raising experience—Bob raised a moustache and beard watching it. I think this heavy beard made him often feel 'down in the mouth'. This had one good effect, however—the people now called him 'Black-beard' (pun to be employed later) and this was bet-

(Continued from over there)

ter than 'Senor B. Heinz'! The way those fellows threw the bull around sure did make me home-sick for dear old W. U. I'd tell you the whole story of the fight, but the bull's tale is too long.

"I forgot to say that when we got off the mule-boat we had a couple of mules hidden in our pockets. We now traded these in on a second-hand bicycle and set sail for France. We had a pretty hard time climbing the Pairaknees Mountains until Blackbeard suggested turning the bicycle around and riding backwards. Then it was pointing down the hill instead of up, and in this manner we coasted up all the hills and were soon in Paris, France, the land of the crave and the home of the spree.

"After climbing the Awful Tower and guzzling several quarts of the wine of the country (the country north of England), we began to look around for companionship, and soon scraped up an acquaintance with a little girl who drove around in a pink Creme

de Menthe roadster. Her last boy friend had just left her, and she didn't know where her next male was coming from. We were pretty good friends with her and for awhile we showered her with presents, but it ain't gonna rain no more, because we soon found out that she was nothing but an old gold-(adv.)-digger. 'Our presents were requested', as they say on the invitations; and when she commenced taking us into all the shops and singing 'Sonny Buy, and 'Buy, Buy, Blackbeard' we left town. We stopped off for a while at Nice. This is pronounced 'Neece', not 'Nice'—there's no word like 'nice' in the French language.

"We next went to Germany. We had expected to find lots of pretzels and beer here, but to our surprise there were very few pretzels. We didn't stay in Germany long, because I didn't like to be called 'Herr Brush'. We had planned to visit Moscow,

(Continued on page 17)

DIRGE HERE PRESENTS ITS HOME TRAVEL TIPS FOR THE FEEBLE MINDED



PROVING THAT THIS IS THE TRAVEL NUMBER

A prize will be awarded to the reader finding full sized statue of Abraham Lincoln riding nude upon the horns of a Swiss mountain goat. "Dont loose your grip, Luella!" cried the momser as he watched his pet sister choke the ice-man. The gorilla is better but still refuses to do hemstitching over Vitaphone.



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Vol. X

MARCH, 1929

No. 6

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Bearers of The Pall

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		FRANK BOSSE, 1933.....	Circulation Manager

Literary Mourners

Champlin Lindsley	1930
Louis Neuman	1930
James Burton	1931
Fred Rodgers	1930
Edna Crusius	1931
Gertrude Hoppe	1930
Porter Henry	1932
Ballard Clemons	1932
Fred Horner	1930
Willis Wager	1931
Hoyt Cole	1931

Art Mourners

Roland Bockhorst	1929
Arline Hilmer	1930
Leonard Haeger	1928
Henri Rush	1929
Joe Lindsay	1930
Jane Doty	1932
Virginia Farrar	1931
Shirley Buell	1931
Sears Frank	1930
Bobby Stoffregen	1931
Wiley Bischoff	1932
Elinor Lewald	1931
Charles Faust	1930
Fred McKnight	1931
Geo. Jonas	1931

Business Mourners

Logan Mock	
Burke Dawson	

Circulation Mourners

William Wallace	1930
Delphine Meyer	1931
Celeste East	1931
Bill Wait	1932
Louise Oram	1930
Walter Hensley	1931
Cathrine Philips	1931

Circulation Assistants

Ruth Biggers	1931	Phil Luedde	1930	Robert Sexton	1932
Al Carpenter	1931	Percy Lunn	1931	Bernice Young	1931
Claude Ellis	1929	Ed. Murphy	1931	Ruth Waldbauer	1931
Walter Hensley	1931	Maury Groeting	1931	Dot Wetterer	1931
June Nagel	1931	Ella Von Bauer	1930	Helen Stewart	1932
		Louise Berger	1932	Betty O'Loughlin	1932

PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

AFTER tabulating the results of the BIG JOKE CONTEST held last month Dirge has concluded that Washington possesses some remarkable wits. The jokes were all so good and subtle that we decided not to run them at all but immediately turned them over to Student Life. In this way we have made certain that the members of the Life staff will get the biggest laugh. The winner of the contest was Miss Minerva Bloop whose story about the girl walking home from the auto ride was selected for its originality. Watch for it when it is lauded by the S. L. critic.



OUR NEW HOME, TSK! TSK!



SINCE our last meeting, children, a great change has been wrought in the environs of Dirge, that great literary classic which you doubtless have read about in one place or another. We still fail to see why our former and well beloved abode had to be vacated to make way for the assaults of the Col. and his men. But orders iss orders.

A new office was of course provided and in spite of the fact that we can now stand erect in our own workroom we render loud and voluminous complaint. We have lost our liberties, Saturday Evening Posts and the rest (All were sold to the junkman). Dirge is no longer alone but has been forced to share quarters with another group of campus penmen. The place is far too small for all of us and after being scalded twice during rival tea parties Dirgie has decided to try and light out.

Our search for a new home has proven fruitless, needless to say, and in spite of our willingness to locate in the power house chimney the faculty will not approve. All other rooms and cubby holes on the entire campus seem to be full of teachers, mice, rats and other animals. We wave our fins in despair.

Salvation is promised in but one direction and that is in the erection of the long needed MEN'S BUILDING where the offices of the campus publications could be housed comfortably along with the other forecasted club rooms. All this seems quite distant and will doubtless still be a vision long after we have left Washington far behind. The MEN'S BUILDING and the STADIUM are two necessary features for our campus, kiddies, and every one of us should do our durndest to work and gripe about until finally some great day our football team will have a proper place to cavort and Dirge will have a first rate office. Until then, dears, we ask you to help us in our search. Should any of you locate some open space on the Hill in the near future give us a break and inform us by telegraphing Dirge, N.E. Hall Room No. 100.



LOCAL TRAVEL CONDITIONS



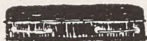
INASMUCH as this is the TRAVEL NUMBER, we thought this to be a splendid opportunity to groan about the present condition of the campus roads. However, as we feel that we complained a bit too much already and in view of the fact that we only broke one spring on that beautiful stretch behind CUP. 2, silence will be gilded. Anyhow something should be done before we all become angry and walk.

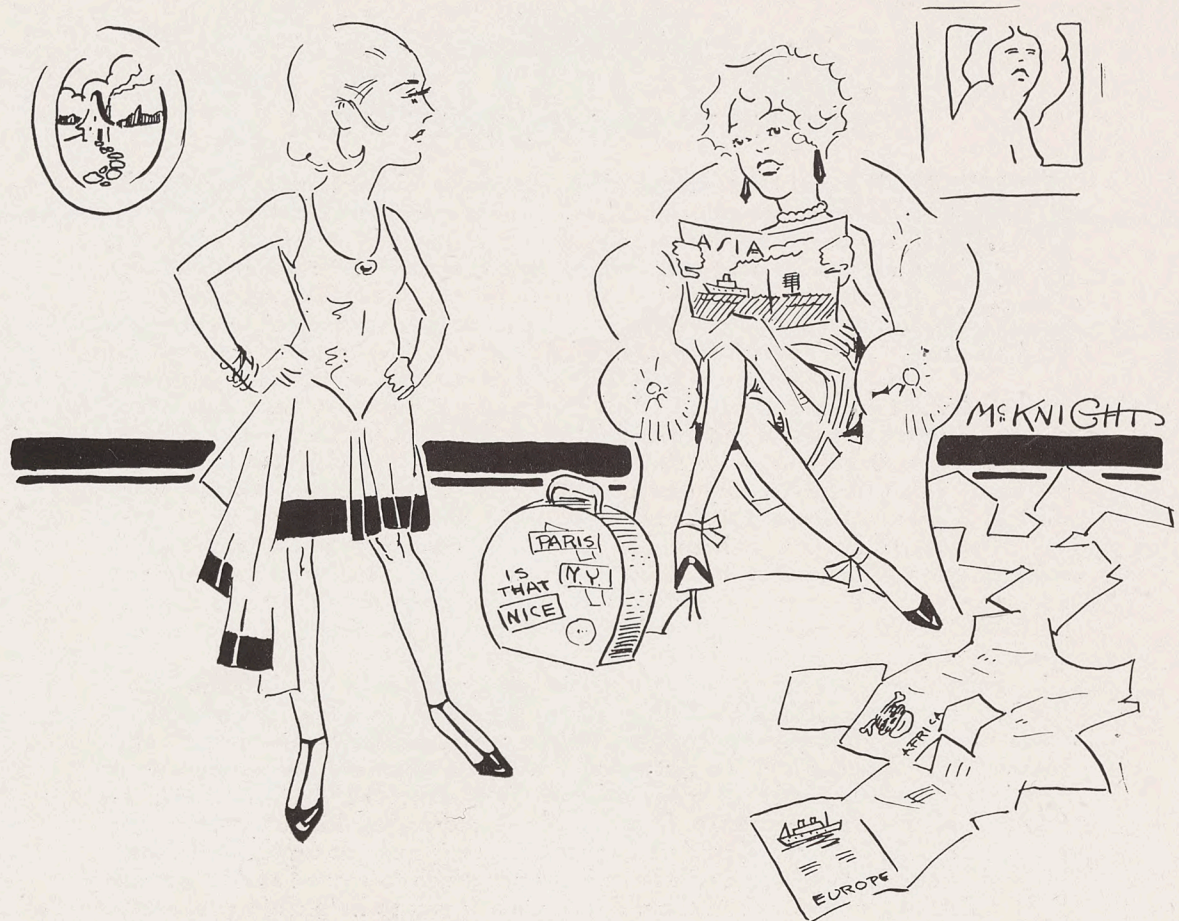


NEXT YEAR'S STAFF



THE coming COLLEGE HUMOR number of Dirge will, of course, mark the final effort of the present staff to inflict punishment upon the school at large. It will be necessary therefore, to announce the staff for the coming year in the next number along with the 1929 Board. Positions on this staff are now thrown open and all tryouts should have their contributions in the DIRGE office before April 25. The New Office is Room No. 100 N.E. Hall. A word to the wise!





"So you're going to Europe? Have you completely filled up your itinerary?"

"I don't think we'll need any. My two wardrobe trunks will be enough!"

Night Mares

*Dreams that are beautiful linger not—
They pause, and hurry on
Dreams that are happy are soon forgot—
They pause, and fly with the dawn.*

*Dreams are a pleasant waste of—
Touch them and let them go.
Dreams will darken a sunny clime
With a cold wet blanket of snow.*

*So I live in the time of the present day
And think not of joys to come,
Sorrows will come as soon as they
They live much nearer my home.*

— D D D —

Business Man (Butter and Egg): "Well, Miss Smith, would you like to take a business trip with me next week?"

Miss Smith (chewing hard): "Say, I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable."

—Purple Parrot

A U. S. Cavalry trooper arrived before the heavenly gates and found that things aloft were as fine as he had been led to believe. One of the receiving angels took him in charge and asked if there were anything he wanted.

"Yep, I always did like choir music," said the trooper, "get me ten thousand soprano singers."

"An unusual request," commented the angel, "but you shall have them. Is there anything else you might want?"

"Ten thousand alto singers."

"Yes, anything more?"

"Ten thousand tenors," ordered the trooper, "and that'll be all for the present."

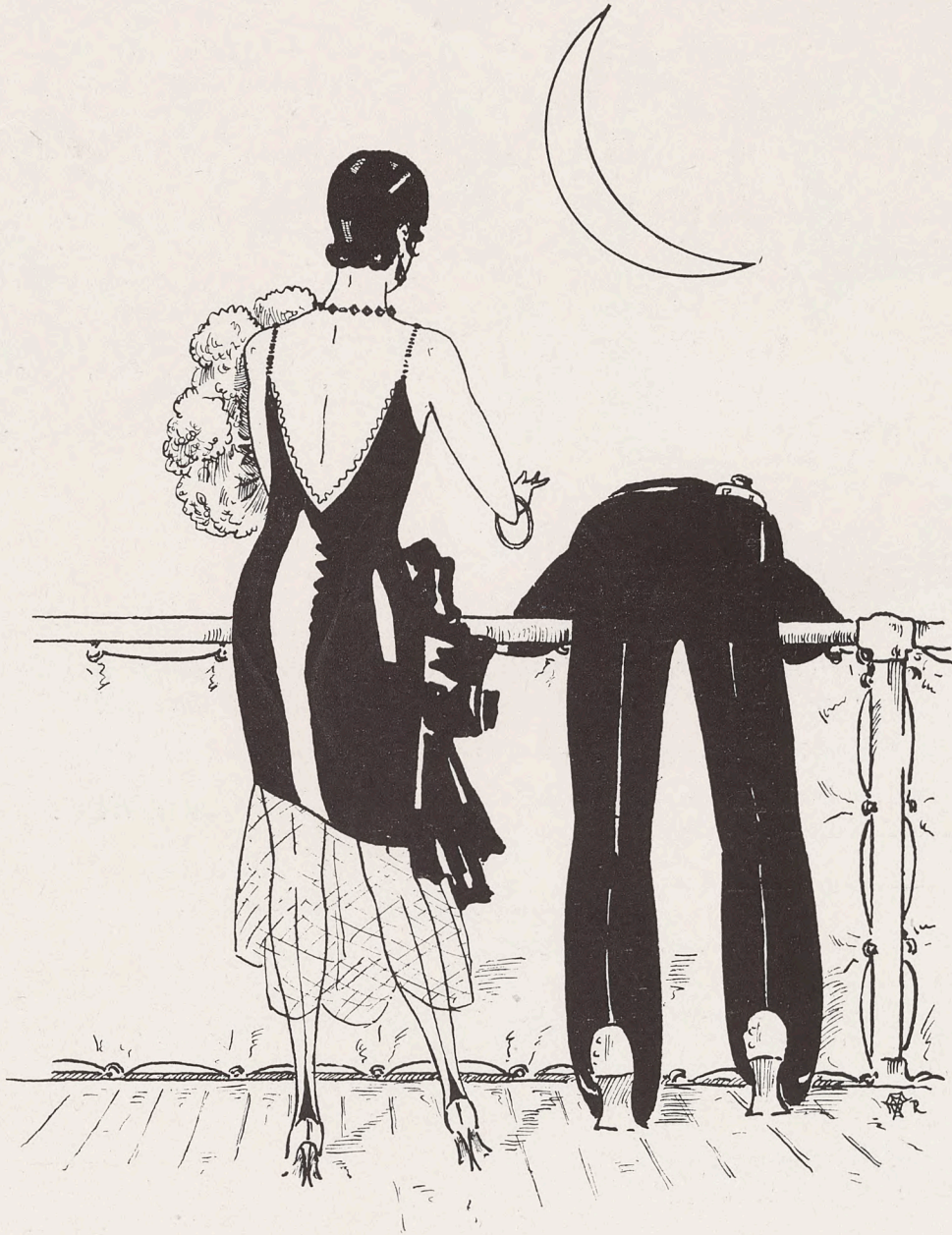
"Well—er how about the bassos?" the angel timidly inquired.

"I'll sing the bass."

— D D D —

Proud Parent (who served): "What I just told you is the story of the World War, my son."

His Son: "But, papa, what did they need the rest of the army for?"



Comforting Cora:— "Don't give up the ship, dear."



"Prithee, Demetrius, where is the fire to which yon yeoman hasteneth?"
 "Tsk, Tsk, Anastasius, dost not perceive he's burning up the road?"

"Hey, Yokel, how far is the station from here?"
 "Just a five minutes walk—if you run."

— D D D —

"For two cents I'd run you in," said the policeman, angrily.

"It's a good thing you made it two, 'cause one copper couldn't do it."

— D D D —

Tourist: "Do fast trains ever stop here?"
 Local: "Sure, we had a wreck once."

— D D D —

Note to enthusiastic European tourists: When you see Mussolini talking to himself, that's a cabinet meeting.

— D D D —

If dad doesn't seem to be doing much on vacation except smoke, you can be pretty sure that mother and the girls selected the place.

Says Who?

"Will you have a cigarette?"
 "Nothing else butt!"

— D D D —

He: "I feel like a better man every time I kiss you."

She: "Well, you needn't try to go to heaven tonight."

— D D D —

A resort is a place where the natives live on your vacation until next year.

— D D D —

Conductor: "Here, don't do that, you are ringing the bell at both ends of the car."

Scotch: Thash all right, bedad-hic-'an I want both ends of the car to shtop."

— D D D —

The prize ring is no place for a slow-poke.

(Continued from page 11)

but we heard that business was Russian here, and thought that they'd be too busy to see us. So we decided to return home.

"Since all the floating stables were on the other side, we had to come on a regular passenger boat. Bob disguised as a saxophone and we managed to get a job in the orchestra on the S. S. Garavelli. But Bob's such a crazy kid that even as a sax he was a little off and couldn't bear my horning in on him. We lost this job. Next we got a position operating the fog-horn, but we whistled as we worked and thus drowned out the noise of the horn, and the icebergs couldn't hear us and didn't get out of the way. We were finally successful in developing a good ice cream and saved the ship. We arrived home safe and sound and what a sight that statue of Liberty was. New York is a mess, too, compared to good old Carondelet.

"You perhaps wonder where the teething ring mentioned in the head lines comes in. Well, you see, we're going to repaint it and use it for the theme song when we make our experiences into a movie."

HARRY BUMDISH,
Feature Reporter St. Louis Bar.

— D D D —

"It is nights like these," says Co-ed Cleo, "that causes boys to leave their fraternity pins in their dresser drawers when they go out on a date."

— D D D —

Somebody asked if fish gained weight rapidly. "Wal, that all depends on who ketches 'em," the veteran angler replied.

— D D D —

Be Nonchalant About It

Church program in Rochester, N. Y.:

The Offering: "Freely have ye received, freely give."

Anthem: "Search me, O God."

— D D D —

Maybe it's because the girls don't wear hatpins anymore that so many of them have to walk home.

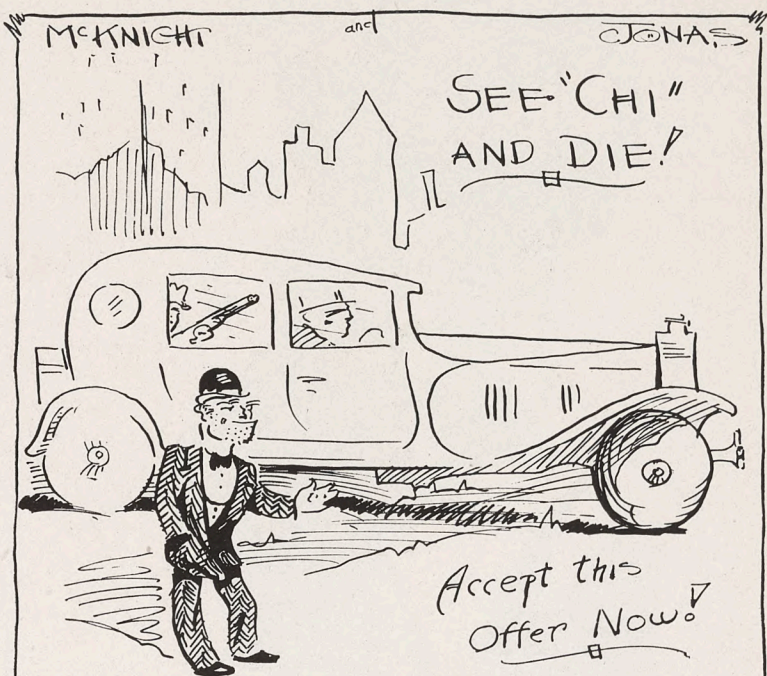
— D D D —

The Prize Dirty Crack

She: "The more I look at you, dear, the handsomer you seem."

He (expectantly, of course): "Yes???"

She (Brutally): "I really think I should look at you oftener."



LET US TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE IN CHICAGO

This is fast becoming the favorite outdoor sport of Chicago, so come on up and we'll demonstrate one trial will convince you. After taking this ride you cease worrying about the future. The above illustration show one of our new fleet of special cars in which you're whisked through this famed home of the "Pineapple". Chi is the "land of the Spree and the home of the Brave." It's also a good place to winter as the local boys always make it hot for you.

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Louis Lactose (the big butter and egg man) states: "I allus stay at home, but when the old lady goes to Europe I have to come across first."

— D D D —

Girl Friend: "Charlie, what do you think of the Community Drive?"

H. K. A.: "Oh, I know a much better place to park than that."

— D D D —

Hostess: "Will you take your tea with a lemon, Mr. Blank?"

Blase Junior: "I prefer it with a peach. However, if your daughter insists."

— D D D —

We Hear

There's only a slip between the modern flapper's dress and her—L-L-hip.

— D D D —

Doity Woik At De Cross Roads

Gee(at prize fight): "Oh! What a dirty sock!"

Girl Friend: "Is it really so noticeable?"

— D D D —

Irate Papa: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"

K. A.: "Too late now, I've already learned."

Tourist schedule often omitted by the S. S. catalogue:

July 5-9—4 days layover in Paris.

July 9-10—2 days hangover at Cherbourg.

— D D D —

And
There's the time
My room-mate's
Sister
Came to town.
She had a wart
On
Her nose.
I had to take her
Riding,
And I really
Did
Run out of gas—
Aw—Hell!

— D D D —

Her letter says, "I miss you so!

Oh, Charlie, hurry back!"

And "Charles, time goes so very slow!"

Aw hell—my name is Jack.

— D D D —

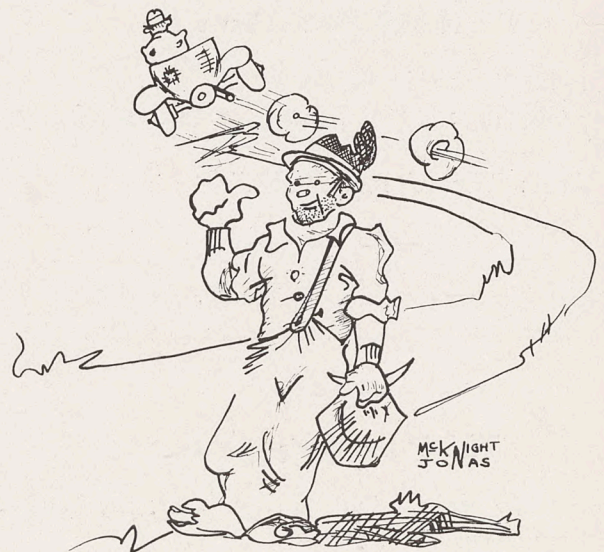
Applicant: "I'd like to get that job as an actor."

Director: "Have you had any experience with women?"

Applicant: "Yes, I was an ice-man."

—Ski-U-Mah

— D D D —



Don't frown on this, folks—not a tramp, but just a poor boy who got a "bum" start in life!

They Say It Pays to Advertise

A seaside resort advertises: "Clean dancing every night except Monday." (*What have we here—a strong bid for Monday night crowds?*)

— D D D —

Mistress: "Did you enjoy your day at the beach, Mary?"

Mary: "No I didn't, mum. All the picture houses wuz full so we had to wander 'round the beach an' watch the ships all day."

— D D D —

Traveller (in Arizona): "Conductor, why is the train so late?"

Conductor: "Well, you see, sir, at night it gets so cold that the fireman can't keep up steam in the engine, and in the daytime it gets so hot that the rails expand and push the towns farther apart."

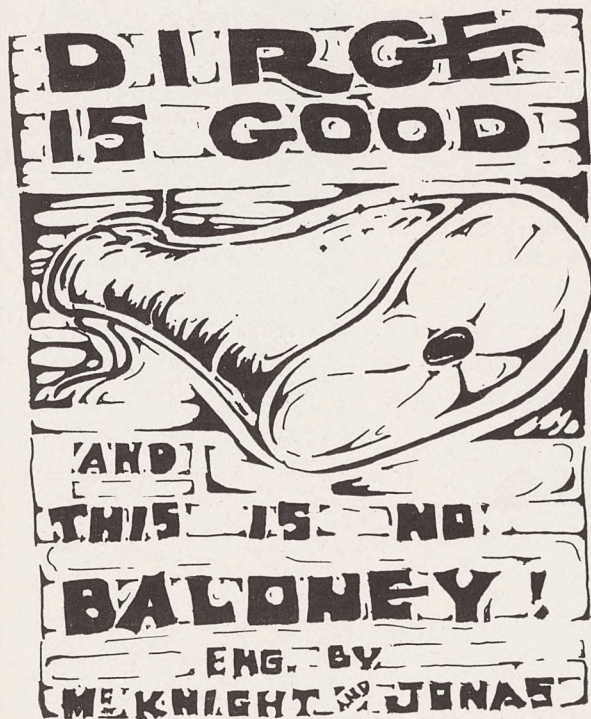
— D D D —

Our Dear Old Try-Weakly

Stagnant Lie Critic: "Mother would it be well to put 'terrible, wretched, rotten, weak and loving in the same sentence?"

Mama: "Oh, is Dirge out again?"

— D D D —



Swift etching by the staff artist after reading a "Stagnant Lie" criticism.



That Femme

*She smiles on me—a dawn of pure delight.
A frown—I stumble thru the darkest night.
Favored, I bask in pure and heavenly joy,
But slighted, life seems cheapened, poor alloy.
My stumbling wit sets forth a few slight lines
And I expect some sweet and dear response,
If not, as happens oft, my joy declines,
And stinging hurt my seeming lightness haunts.
She is herself, and independence rules;
But I—I lean on favors for my life—
I need the smiles from her dark eyes, dear jewels,
Withheld from me, the more for them I strive.*

— D D D —

Proving that "mush" is not only used to make Eskimo dogs skamper.

— D D D —

Detective (to girl flirting in hotel lobby): "Let's see your hunting license."

— D D D —

The saddest tale afloat is the one about the Scotchman who put a dime in a penny slot machine.

— D D D —

"What is your idea of a successful politician?"
"One who can bring home the bacon without spilling the beans."

ON THE SCREEN

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

If ponderosity of chorine clothing were to be accepted as an accurate index of decorous thoughts in the onlooker, the Tired Business Man of two decades ago must have been sixty times more Platonic-minded than the T. B. M. of 1929

Fifteen pounds was the average weight of the garments worn by the billowy and buxom chorus girl of the gay nineties and the years following the turn of the century. The regular working costume of a dancing maid in "*The Broadway Melody*", M-G-M all-talking picture coming March 30th to the State Theatre, causes a pressure of just about four ounces on the scales.

Whatever the inference to be derived from this comparison, it is a certainty the "*Floradora Sextette*" and similar musical comedy troupes gave contemporary monitors of morality little opportunity to cry for reform. It would take a singularly vigorous imagination to find traces of indecent exposure in a fifteen-pound silken ballast.

In those days the chorus girl draped her frequently undisciplined figure in a full-length skirt extending at least four inches below the knee. This was made of heavy taffeta, banded with a velvet waist, the flowing skirt creating a counterfeit bustle about the hips. Bright colors and flower designs never seen by the hearthside added a touch of daring.

Undergarments—which may properly be discussed by the unshamed historian—consisted of six underskirts of heavy China silk, with "accordion" pleats. These were usually of varied colors, and the high spot of the evening was reached when some pert damsel kicked just a bit too high, producing a rainbow effect. A corset was imperative, as were voluminous silken bloomers, unending cotton stockings, and high-top black shoes with spool heels.

The cost of such a mummy-like outfit was seldom more than \$25. The four-ounce costume costs close to \$100. But this is another story.

"*The Broadway Melody*" is now playing at the Astor Theatre in New York, the Stillman in Cleveland, and The Chinese Theatre in Hollywood at \$2.00 prices and seats in all instances are sold out for weeks ahead. It is an all-talking, all-dancing, all-singing picture starring Anita Page, Bessie Love, and Charles King.

MISSOURI

The Missouri theatre beginning with its Easter week program will offer on both the stage and screen outstanding attractions. Amid the brilliance of song, music and mirth, Harry Rose makes his debut as master of ceremonies on the Missouri stage, while on the screen Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez, lovers in real life, appear as lovers on the silver sheet for the first time. Lupe is heard singing in English several theme songs among which are: "Mi Amado" and "Yo Te Amo," two delightful melodies that promise to be song hits of the year.

Harry Rose has for a long time been a box-office name in the East. He is reputed to have been one of the first to introduce the master-of-ceremonies policy in the New England section. The Skouras Brothers have thus far arranged quite a booking for the Rose shows. Of course he will have the able support of the Missouri Rockets, and the chorus.

While the Missouri has a lineup of talking pictures that would be hard to surpass for their variety of diversified entertainment, the titles and stars cannot be definitely announced, because they are not yet out of the cuttings rooms of the Hollywood studios.

AMBASSADOR

The "*Wild Party*" which is coming to the Ambassador Theatre starting Easter Saturday, will afford, for the first time, the chance to hear the "IT" girl CLARA BOW. From all the reports Clara's voice even has that same "IT" and this together with a story that is filled with the Pep, Push and Personality. The "Red Head" is true American girl of to-day, vivacious, care-free, warm-hearted and capable of choosing, through understanding, the paths she shall follow.

Thousands who never have been to a wild party will go to "*The Wild Party*" and hear the wonder girl of the screen in her first all-talking picture, then to be thrilled more than ever.

This marks the opening of The Greater Talkie Month at the Ambassador and parade of the finest talking pictures will be offered. The following productions have been selected, "Sonny Boy" with DAVY LEE the child star of "*The Singing Fool*"; Milton Sills in "*His Captive Woman*" with Dorothy

(Continued on Page 22)

Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez, lovers in real life, will be seen together in their first screen romance, "The Wolf Song," a talking-singing picture. Lupe Velez, popular Mexican siren is heard singing Mi Amado and Yo Te Amo. Gary is the Wolf who haunts the life of this hot-blooded maiden.



Clara Bow, incomparable "It" girl of the screen, doesn't make any part-talkies for her debut as a speaking artist. In "The Wild Party", Clara is heard for the first time. It is All-Talking and very hot, we hear.



Clara Bow in the Paramount Picture "The Wild Party"



BOOK REVIEWS

“LOVE IN CHICAGO” by CHARLES WALT

(Harcourt, Brace and Co.)

Good old Chicago, how you and your racketeers, gangsters, beer runners, and their ilk do get written about. All blared forth from the front pages of the dailies, in short stories, novels, sermons, editorials and what not. It has been said that the only setting for a story of a big city was New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco. But Chicago is breaking into her own.

But attention, and out of this travail of travellers' talk give a hand to the Hon. Charles Walt, blooming young writer extraordinary and plenipotentiary, who dedicates his first book to “Clarence Darrow who passed the buck to Zona Gale who encouraged me”, whatever that means.

The title starts you on the right track, since almost anything in the current literature line with Chicago in the title means lawlessness. The true story behind the cover is a racketeer who “May 2 Jabbing this down in St. Louis' best hotel, the Statler, prior to checking out and walking around the corner, where an impatient customer is waiting in his machine to whisk me away to Chicago, so's I can send a bullet chasing after the bootlegger's soul

that's been giving him competition.” . . . Hey Jack! fer Gawd's sake Jawn! do I need to go any farther? This book is more or less the same old stuff. Of course, our racketeer hero(?) does big things but that's all part of these stories—and he kills himself at the end, having been driven insane, ho hum, by the suicide of his wife. So much for the story.

This new author writes a book that contains plenty of action. And he, too, seems to be a travellin' number. This is a story that can be read in an evening and don't start it before dinner because it's liable to get cold. The chief interest is the action. Aside from that the book is not especially outstanding. The author tries to inject an occasional God-fearing soul and an occasional flash of intelligence into the underworld character who was otherwise pretty low. It just won't work. Then, too, the author gives pictures of Carl Sandburg and others as being the pen behind the racketeers' arrogant diary. He indicates a fraternity brother revised it. We hope that any more of the diaries are left alone—there is grave danger that the author may lose his individuality.

For light reading the book is fine.

(Continued from Page 20)

Mackaill; Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll in “Close Harmony”, and the flaming sensation, Alice White in “Hot Stuff”

Ed Lowry has coming from New York, stage presentations of super quality which will make the Greater Talkie Month at the Ambassador the center of interest.

GRAND CENTRAL

Richard Barthelmess' first talkie, “Weary River” continues to draw capacity crowds at the Grand Central. This picture is creating much comment all over the country. Dick Barthelmess is heard

singing “Weary River”, the theme song of the feature that is enjoying widespread popularity at the present.

Betty Compson plays the part of his sweetheart in the story. She is excellent in the dialogue scenes.

The All-Talking screen version of W. Somerset Maugham's stage play, “The Letter”, with Jeanne Eagles, renowned if not a bit sensational as a stage star, will probably be the next attraction at the Grand Central. However, if the all-talking screen depiction of Florenz Ziegfeld's magnificent stage production, “Show Boat” is available it may displace “The Letter” as the picture following “Weary River”.

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Dun't Esk

My old grandfather, who had gotten it from his grandfather, used to tell the story of the two Eskimos who were bitter enemies. They owned clothing stores on opposite sides of the street, and considering the circumstances, you could hardly expect them to be friends. Anyway it came Thanksgiving and after a most satisfying dinner of gefulta fish Moe fell asleep. Lo! An angel appeared to him and said, "Moe, you have been a good man and I have been sent to tell you that you may ask anything you desire and you shall have it."

And Moe answered in his native tongue, "Dot's fine."

But the angel continued. "There is, however, one condition to this. It is that of whatever you get, Ishclops, your rival across the street, gets twice as much. If you choose a million dollars he gets two million. Now let the spirit of Thanksgiving fill your heart and choose well for you and Ishclops."

For many minutes Moe was lost in thought, but finally his face lit up with a happy smile. At last he had decided.

"I vish," he said, "dot I might lost vun eye."

—Brown Jug

In The Nursery

*No wonder the little duckling
Wears on its face a frown,
For it has just discovered
Its first pair of pants are DOWN.*

— D D D —

Doorkeeper: "Pardon me, sir; you can't enter. This is a naval officer's ball."

Inebriate. "Thash all ri', thash all ri'; I wash my wifesh firsh mate."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

He: "Some dew outside."

She: "Yeah, but I don't."

—Sniper

— D D D —

"And who is this Oliver Twist?"

"Lon Cheney's gym instructor."

—Juggler

— D D D —

"May I kiss you?"

"Do you think I'm waiting for a street car?"

—Eatvr

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS



"C'mon Annabella, we're goin' in an git yer milk certified!"

In The Locker Room

"Hey you! You big tramp. What's the idea of swiping my shirt? You're no fraternity brother."
—*Frivol*

— D D D —

Phi Beta Kappa for students.
Kappa Beta Phi for backward students.
—*Frivol*

— D D D —

"A void to the vise is sufficient," said the Jew as he pushed the professor into the Grand Canyon.
—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

Here's the number that went over so big in Puget Sound last summer, boys. Someone of the canine variety gave us the particulars. Here they are:

"Where are you bound, my daisy damsel?" asked the doggy minstrel of this comely wench.

"Sir, how did you know that I wore corsets?" was the fast rejoinder. It was a rather nasty body blow, I do believe.
—*The Green Goat*

And Then What Happened?

Student (after pulling a drowning man from the river): "My lord, the dean!"
—*Mugwump*

— D D D —

Never stand under the mistletoe; there might be a bird there!
—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

"Woman, are you concealing anything from me?"
"Gee! I hope so!"
—*America's Humor*

— D D D —

The latest Scotch Song is: "I'd give a thousand dollars to be a millionaire."
—*Aggievator*

— D D D —

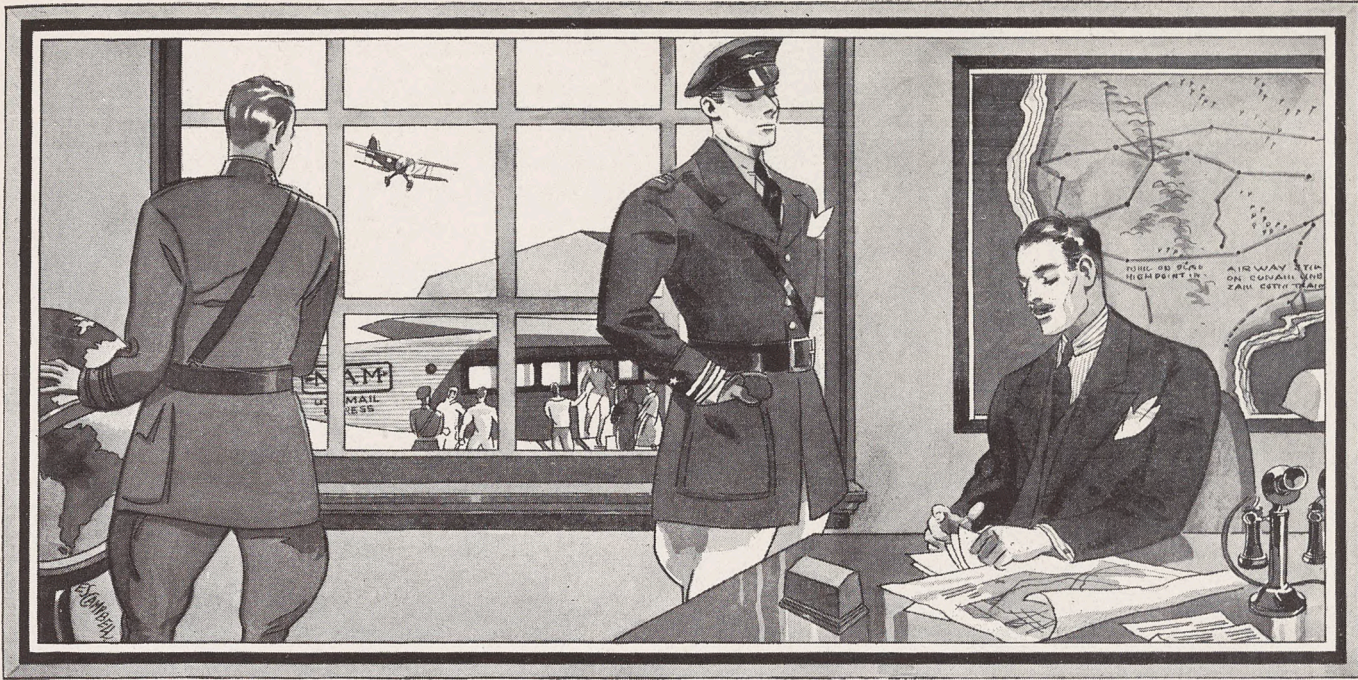
Bridge Shark

"Lady, may I trouble you to rise. You're sitting on my hand."

"How dare you!"

"But I'm sure I laid my cards there."

—*The Owl*



IN DEMAND— College Men With a Knowledge of Aviation

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



First devil, "I have an idea. There ought to be a big demand for Life Savers down here."

Second devil, "You mean—as a relief from thirst?"

First devil "Exactly. It ought to wow them in the Styx!"

Lonesome Little Laura: "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."

Hard-Hearted Henry: "Well, God loves you, and you can sit on your hands."

—Annapolis Log

— D D D —

The guide was showing the sights of the city to a party of tourists.

"That," he said, pointing, "Is a Statue of Mercury."

"Really," said the sweet young thing, "it looks like bronze."

—Columns

— D D D —

The crowd had filed off the transatlantic liner and Sandy had not recognized among them his brother who was to arrive from the old country. Finally he spied a man with a long flowing beard and unshaven face. Approaching him, he said, "Hoot, mon, an' have you seen my brother?" "I'm your brother," replied the stranger. "Na, na, I dinna know ye as my brother, for he was clean shaven when I left him ten years ago." "Ay, but, Sandy, ye must remember that it was ye who took the razor."

—Yale Record

Woman

Husband—"Don't pull that spark down, it heats up the motor."

Wife—"I will too, it looks better this way."
—Widow

— D D D —

Speaking of Vaccinations

Masculine: "Nice car you have."

Feminine: "Sir!"

—Chapparat

— D D D —

Ph. D. (cynically)—"I suppose you came to Tech to be educated."

'32—"No sir, I came to be an engineer."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

The station master rushed out of his room after hearing a crash on the platform. He discerned a disheveled young man sprawled out perfectly flat among a confusion of overturned milk cans and the scattered contents of his traveling bag.

"Was he trying to catch the train?" the station master asked of a small boy who stood by admiring the scene.

"He did catch it," said the boy, "but it got away again."

—Drexel Drexerd

— D D D —

Prominent Clubwoman's Son—"Yes, sir, my mother laid a corner stone yesterday."

Birdie—"Did she cackle?"

—Record

— D D D —

Little Boy—"We have a new baby at our house."

Big Boy—"What is it, a boy or a girl?"

Little Boy—"Aw, it's a girl. I saw them put powder on it."

—Annapolis Log

— D D D —

1st Mother—"You know I have the time of my life keeping dirt out of my children's ears."

2nd Mother—"It's just the same with me. My husband doesn't seem to care what he says in front of the children."

—Stevens Stone Mill

— D D D —

"Did you hear about the Scotch athlete who hated to loosen up his muscles?"

—Flamingo

"Folks, how can I make Whoopee up here . . . when down in front the 'coughers' are whooping?"



EDDIE CANTOR Premier American comedian starring in the glorious new production, "Whoopee."

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

"Maybe the audience would be grateful if I stepped to the footlights some night and voiced the above protest about the 'coughing chorus' down in front. "But that wouldn't be kind and it wouldn't be just. The cougher doesn't cough in public on purpose. He can't help it. It embarrasses him as much as it annoys his neighbors.

"What he needs, to avoid that throat tickle, is an introduction to OLD GOLDS."

(SIGNED)

Eddie Cantor

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD Cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows. Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant. Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

eat a chocolate . . . light an Old Gold . . . and enjoy both!

Scene On a Street Car

Lady (to boy who has been sniffing most annoyingly): "Young man, haven't you got a handkerchief?"

Boy (with dignity): "Yes, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."

—Orange Peel

— D D D —

He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it?" he inquired tenderly.

"They did more than that. Two of them recognized it."

—Texas Ranger

— D D D —

Boys will be boys—if they were anything else the girls wouldn't have near as much fun.

—Exchange

— D D D —

"Daughter, you're wanted on the telephone."
"Oh, dear, and I haven't a thing to wear."

—Judge

First Student—"I say, why don't you use the hotel towel rather than your handkerchief to dry your hands?"

Second Student—"Well, I want the towel to be clean when I get home."

—Exchange

— D D D —

An then there is the Scotchman who put a quarter in his mouth and had someone ties his hands behind so he wouldn't get sea sick.

—Afficiator

— D D D —

Doctor: "You eat too much. Your stomach needs a rest. I would advise you to go live in a fraternity house."

—Ranger

— D D D —

Hay—"Aren't you wild about bathing beauties?"
Fever—"I don't know, I never bathed any."

—Flamingo

— D D D —

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on St. Peter's gate): "C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out."

—Lehigh Burr

Six Units of "F's"

Son (nervously): "After all, Dad, the real thing in college is what you meet and see outside the classrooms. The real advantage lies in the social opportunities and—"

Father (taking out check book): "Now what did you flunk?"
—*Banter*

— D D D —

Two colored preachers were swapping sermons. "Brother Brown, what will be yo' text for next Sunday?"

"Why, Brother Henry, ah have chose fo' my text: 'The Widow's Mite'."

"Ah can't use that text, Brother Brown; there is three widows in mah' congregation and they all will."
—*The Princeton Tiger*

— D D D —

The butcher had read considerable about the "Milk from contented cows," and wanting to keep up with the times, placed this sign in his window: "Sausage from pigs that died happy."

—*University of Buffalo*

— D D D —

"You're fat."

"Well, in the best places they say one is stout."
Well, in the best places you're fat."

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

Dog Tricks

"Say, is your dog clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' He comes or he doesn't."
—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

Foiled

Sweet but Not so Gaudy: "I dread to think of my twenty-fifth birthday."

Ed: "Why; what happened?"
—*Yellow Crab*

— D D D —

Don't Do It

When the baby is done drinking, it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled. (From an advertisement in Children—a magazine for parents.)

Something we have always wanted to do.

—*Goblin*

First Traffic Cop: "Did you get that fellow's number?"

Second Same: "No, he was going too fast."

First: "Sure was a swell-looking dame he had in the car."

Second: "Wasn't she!"

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat*

— D D D —

A College Man Is

Something that can see a pretty ankle three blocks away while driving a motor car in a crowded street, but will fail to notice, in the wide, open countryside, the approach of a locomotive the size of a school house and accompanied by a flock of fifty box cars.

—*Burr*

— D D D —

Service

An absent-minded motorist sat in the dentist chair. "Will you take gas" he was asked.

"Yeah, and you'd better look at the oil, too, while you're about it."
—*Current News*

— D D D —

"Oh, Fred, the baby has swallowed the matches. What shall I do?"

"Here, use my cigarette lighter."

—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Otherwise

Extract from newspaper account of accident: "The collision bruised her somewhat and hurt her otherwise."
—*Gargoyle*

— D D D —

Youngster (on cruise): "You know, I like navigation when it's not over my head."

Old Salt: "Yeh, and that's the way I feel about sea-gulls."
—*The Log*

— D D D —

Indignant Farmer: "Say, look here, you ain't getting as much milk from the cows as you used to."

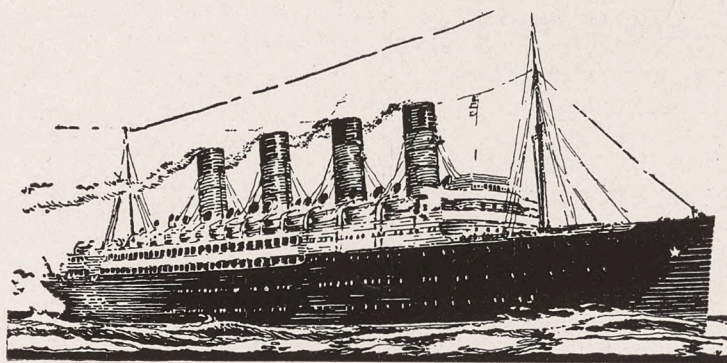
Hired Man: "Nope, sorter lost my pull."

—*Dennison Flamingo*

— D D D —

"Did you notice," asked one lady of another, "that Mrs. 'Awkins 'ad a black eye?"

"Did I not?" was the answer. "And 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week. I don't call it respectable, I don't."
—*Exchange*



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“I want to marry a beautiful girl and a good one.”
 “What? I didn’t know you were a bigamist.”
 —*The Old Maid*

— D D D —

Greenhorn—“And how can we tell when we’re near an elephant?”

Bored Companion—“You’ll detect a faint odor of peanuts on his breath.”
 —*Life*

— D D D —

All at once he realized what he was facing. He attempted to get out of the way, but it was futile. Having no alternative, he stopped to reflect and followed by throwing out his chest. Bravely he faced the pistol; there was the report of an explosion, a flash of fire, and the smoke coiled toward the ceiling. He stepped back, and gasped. Then he smiled. It was over. The flashlight photo of the banquet had been taken.

— D D D —

Surgeon—“I’ll sew the scalp wound for you for ten dollars.”

Patient—“Gee, doc! I just want plain sewing, not hemstitching and embroidery.”

—*Jester*

Be Prepared

He: “I think the lights are going out. Are you afraid?”

She: Not if you take that cigarette out of your mouth.”
 —*Jack-o'-Lantern*

— D D D —

Algernon (reading joke): “Fancy this, Percy: A chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels.”

Percy: “Haw, haw, and how many wheels has the bally thing?”
 —*Log*

— D D D —

“What was that you said, Henry?” she asked as she loosened her shoulder-straps. “Say it again, Dear—” She let her dress slide to the floor. “I can hardly believe it!” She stepped out of her shoes, drew up a chair, and slowly pulled off her stockings. A long pause. She listened, tremulously, excited. “Promise me you won’t tell a soul—” Her ethereal silk underlings slipped down and fell in a little pool of ruffles at her feet. “All right, Henry—good-bye.” She hung up the receiver.
 —*Sniper*

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“You’re quite an amateur at kissing.”
 “Think so? Well, it took a lot of practice to get that ‘first time’ effect.”
 —Log

— D D D —

Father—“Betty, I want you to come from the party at a reasonable hour—and not with the milkman.”

Butt—“But, father, how absurd! He won’t be there.”
 —Tit-Bits

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“Ouch!” Said The Male Man

“Gloria, there is something I want to ask you,” said Herbert.

“Yes, Herbert,” said Gloria, “I’m listening.”

“You’re sailing the first, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am, Herbert.”

“Well, are you going to England?”

“Yes, Herbert.”

“Well, you’ll write to me, won’t you?”

“Yes, Herbert.”

“Well, you are going to France, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Herbert.”

“Well, you’ll write to me, won’t you?”

“Yes, Herbert.”

“And you’ll write me from Spain if you go, won’t you?”

“Yes, and I’m going to Italy, too, you know.”

“Oh gee, I’m so thrilled about your trip, I’m saving stamps.”
 —Octopus

— D D D —

Mother: “What’s making that awful racket?”

Little Boy: “Grandma ain’t used to her new teeth yet, and she’s bustin’ up all the saucers drinkin’ her tea.”

— D D D —

New Bank Clerk (dictating and in doubt)—Miss Jones, do you retire a loan?”

Stenographer—“No, I sleep with Aunt Emma.”
 —Kitty Kat

— D D D —

Voice From Lake: “Help! Help! I’m drowning.”

Psychologist: “Hold on a minute, and we’ll arrange to communicate together from the spirit world.”

— D D D —

Brother—“Have you any money?”

Other Brother—“Money?” (Finds some in his pocket.) “Whose suit is this I have on?”

—Panther

— D D D —

“This wonderful speaker whom you have just listened to could not speak a word of English when he came to the United States.”

“Where was he born?”

“He was born here.”

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus

— D D D —

Driver: “Did you test the oil?”

Milkman: “Yes, it tested awful to me.”

—Purple Cow

Noah's wife: "What was all the racket down in the steerage?"

Noah: "A big row. The skunk refused to room with that college man we picked up."

—Cajoler

— D D D —

Psi: "What is that rasping sound?"

Sign: "The dean of women filing a complaint."

—Columns

— D D D —

Lecturer (giving travelogue on the wild woods): "When the bull moose—"

Student: "I beg your pardon, Professor, the bull bellows, it's the cow that moos."

Jester

— D D D —

"What time is it lady?"

"Two o'clock."

"I think you're fast."

"What gives me away?"

—Jester

— D D D —

House Manager (to new waiter): "Breakfast at 7:30, Smith."

Smith: "Thanks, but if I'm not up, don't wait for me."

Brown Bull

— D D D —

Band Director (at conclusion of a march): "We will now play number 68."

Beginner: "Say, I just finished playing that piece."

—Brown Bull

— D D D —

We could tell you some jokes, but what's the use? You would only laugh at them.

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

So?

Ein: "Where is little Nell today?"

Zwei: "She's up in the mountings picking wio-lets."

Ein: "There's b'ars in them mountings."

Zwei: "Yeah."

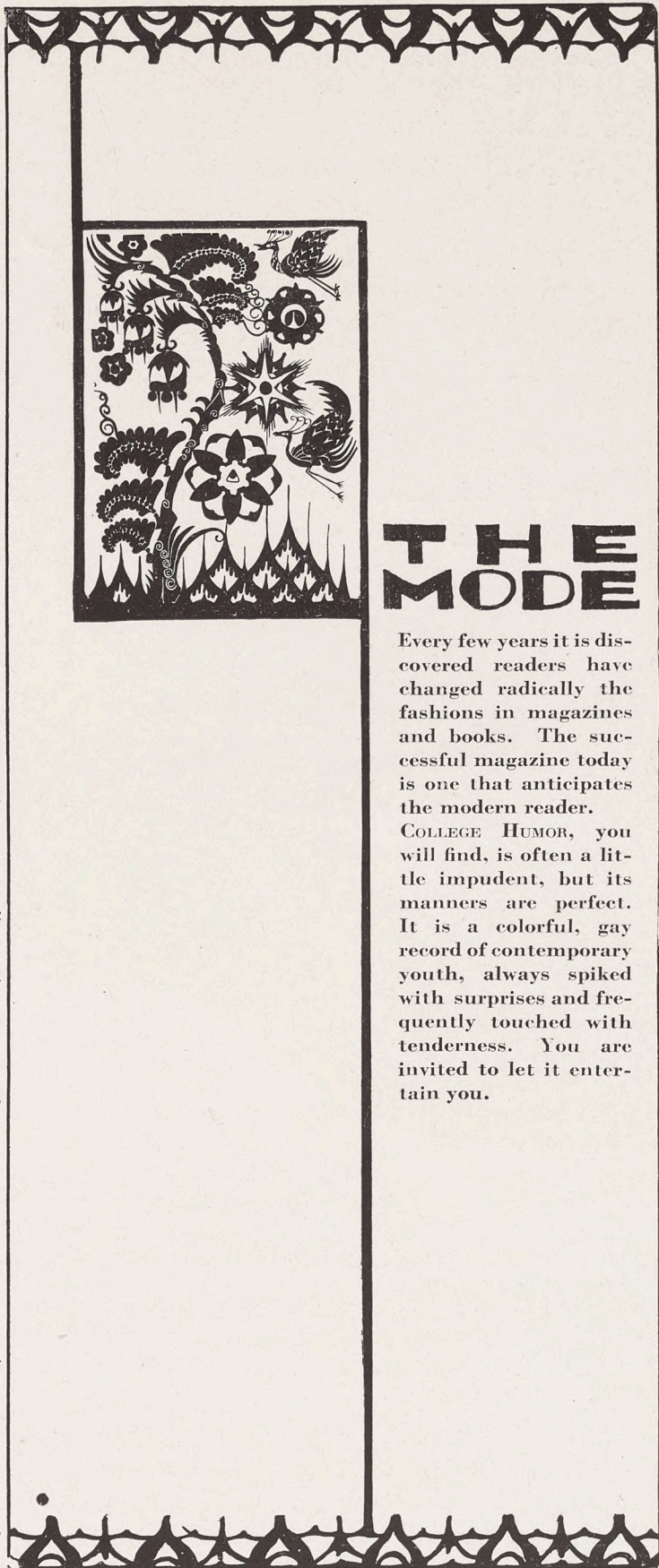
Ein: "Ain't little Nell afraid of the ba'ars?"

Zwei: "Naw."

Ein: "Why ain't little Nell afraid of the ba'ars?"

Zwei: "'Cause she's got her bicycle with her and she can handle ba'ars."

—Yellow Crab



THE MODE

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Grand and Washington

Smarty: "I saw Jane stepping into her Chalmers this morning."

Dopy: "What are Chalmers?"

—Bison

— D D D —

The preacher had just finished a sermon in which he said, "All liquor should be thrown in the river." The choir ended the service by singing, "We Will Gather By the River."

—Froth

— D D D —

"I was not surprised when I heard the cook singing this pathetic ballad.

"The Frigidaire Will Never Replace the Ice-man!"

—Buccaneer

— D D D —

Father: "Lucy, this disappoints me terribly, seeing you smoke. You're no daughter of mine."

Daughter: "Well, cheer up, Dad; I won't tell a soul."

—Whirlwind

— D D D —

"Why is a woman like a player piano?"

"I'll bite."

"You can't play them without a roll."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

— D D D —

What: "Are there many Jews in Greenland?"

Not: "Don't be a college student, of course not."

What: "Well, then, who are these Icebergs?"

—The Kitty-Kat

— D D D —

Wife: "When you came home last night you said you had been to the Grand with Mr. Jones. Now you say it was the Trocadero! Why did you lie?"

Husband: "When I came home I couldn't say Trocadero!"

—Passing Show

— D D D —

Street-car Conductor: "How old are you, my little girl?"

Little Boston Girl: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and to keep my own statistics."

—Record

— D D D —

Irene: "Is it my head on your breast that thrills you?"

Jack: "No, I'm sitting on an ant hill."

—Froth