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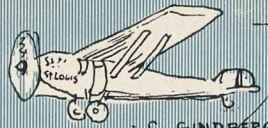
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WM TELL



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J. OF ARC

HISTORY NUMBER



G. WASHINGTON

TIBER DE LA WARE



SIMON LEGREE

C. EAMES

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'? : : : By BRIGGS



WHEN YOUR THROAT TICKLES
WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE
MORNING AND A
CIGARETTE TASTES
TERRIBLE!

-AND YOU HAVE MORE
COUGHS THAN A SECOND
HAND CAR HAS RATTLES

WAUGEL
OOF OOF OOF

- AND YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO FEEL THAT YOU OUGHT
TO CUT DOWN ON YOUR
CIGARETTES

-AND THEN A FRIEND TELLS
YOU THAT YOU'RE SMOKING
THE WRONG BLEND

-AND YOU SWITCH TO OLD
GOLDS AND FIND THERE
ISN'T A COUGH IN A
CARLOAD!

-OH-H-H-BOY! AIN'T
IT A GR-R-R-RAND
AND GLOR-R-R-RIOUS
FEELIN'?!?

TA TATA



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not a cough in a carload

15¢

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



“A dish fit for the gods” ~ ~

Et tu, Brute! Authorities are agreed that Brutus was the best of the lot. He knew his stuff. Two thousand years makes no difference with a man like that. With a glass of Coca-Cola in his hand, you can easily imagine him saying further:

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Act II, Scene 1

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a day*

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Forest 0766

"What's that you have in your hand, Bardelys?"
"It's a book entitled, 'WHAT EVERY COLLEGE MAN KNOWS'."

"Don't fabricate. It's nothing but a notebook full of blank pages."

"That's just the point, Mortimer, just the point."
—America's Humor

— D D D —

"Bo, theys only one man I'se ever seen that could write on an empty stomach!"

"Who's dat, Machievelli, who's dat?"

"A tattoo artist, Sophranisbo!—Look out for the baby carriage!"
—America's Humor

— D D D —

This is the way to write a thoroughly angry business letter: "Sir—My typist, being a lady cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot write it. You, being neither, can guess it all."
—Exchange

— D D D —

Obadiah: Brown got kicked out of school this morning for cheating in an astronomy exam.

Joshua: Copying?

Obadiah: Naw, the professor caught him bumping his head against the wall.

—Chaparral

— D D D —

"What were your father's last words?"

"There were no last words. Mother was with him to the end."
—Outlaw

— D D D —

"Norah, what in the world is the matter with this cake?"

"Put in some bad yokes, ma'am."

"Why, where did you get hold of that old college magazine?"
—Ollapod

— D D D —

She was only a cigar salesman's daughter but she knew the ropes.
—Juggler



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Rather Harsh

A college man is something that can see a pretty ankle three blocks away while driving a motor car in a crowded city 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 —

"I think that fresh young fellow is following us."
"I'll tell him where to—No, he's turning off."
"Hell!" —*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Blase

Once there was a woman whose husband was devoid of all jealousy. He didn't give a hoot when she entertained her boy friends; he closed his eyes when he caught her necking in the garden; he even smiled peacefully when she appeared with strange jewelry. He was King Solomon. —*Burr*

— D D D —

Mr. and Mrs. Ariel C. Merrill wish to announce their happiness at the arrival of a new eight-gallon water bucket. —*Reading (Pa.) Journal*
The baby turned pale. —*Belle Hop*

Same Old Same

Judge (to culprit): So we caught you with this bundle of silverware, eh? Whom did you rob?

Inexperienced Burglar: Two fraternity houses, sir.

Judge (to orderly): Call up all of the downtown hotels and have them claim this stuff.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet*

— D D D —

"I call my girl Lux."

"Why?"

"'Cause she doesn't shrink when soused."

—*Pitt Panther*

— D D D —

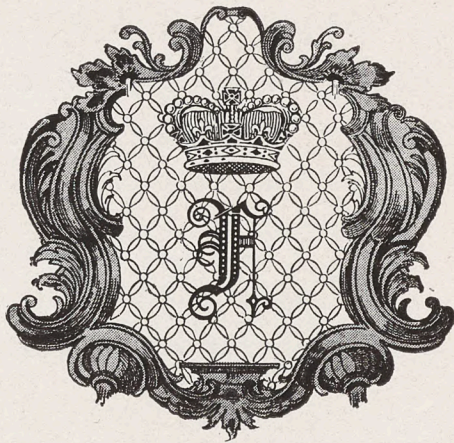
Doctor: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."

Male Patient: "But, Doctor, can't I even look at them on the streets?" —*Life*

— D D D —

"And now," said the Eskimo general as the arctic sun went down, "have you any particular desire as to the manner of your death?"

"Yes," replied the spy, "I should prefer to be shot at sunrise." —*Recl*



APPAREL

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Apologia

Let us then be up and dodging,
Campus mudholes all the time,
And arriving leave behind us
Mud tracks on that rug of mine.

—Masquerader

— D D D —

Theodore Roosevelt said a thorough knowledge of the Bible was worth more than a college education.

A thorough knowledge of anything is worth more than a college education.

—Review

— D D D —

Stage Hand (to manager): "Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the livin' statues has the hic-cups!"

—Blue Gator

— D D D —

"Who was Homer?"

"Homer ain't a who. It's the what that made Babe Ruth famous."

—Ranger

— D D D —

Man (confessing his sins): Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl.

Priest: How many times did you commit this terrible sin?

Man: Father, I came here to confess and not to brag.

—Caroline Buccancer

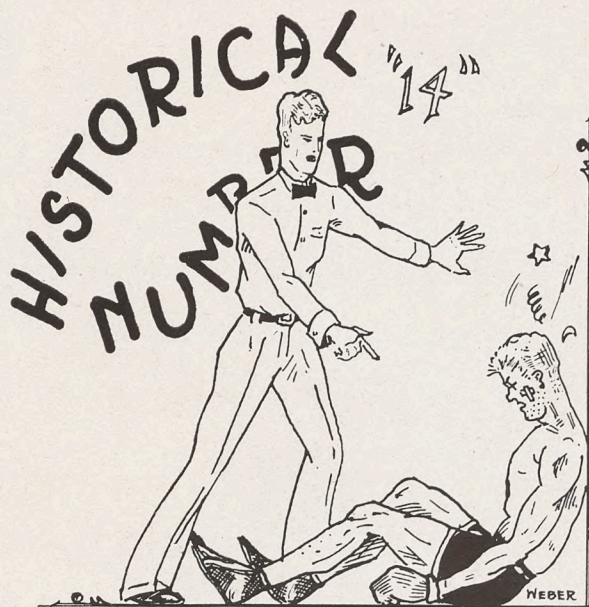
— D D D —

Jones was walking down the lane with his country girl. A cow and calf beside the fence were rubbing noses in bovine affection.

"Look," said Jones, "isn't it wonderful? It makes me feel like doing the same thing."

"Go ahead if you want to," she said, "the cow belongs to father."

—Bison



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Efficiency Expert: "Captain! Captain! There's a man medium complexion, five feet nine in height, weight 160-170 pounds, last seen wearing a blue serge suit, drowning approximately twelve feet eight and one-half inches off the starboard bow."

—Lampoon

— D D D —

Senior: "That chef at the Green Parrot has been cooking for twenty years."

Soph: "He should be almost done by this time."

—Bison

— D D D —

What is the difference between a thin girl and a fortune-teller?

One is a bum hug and the other is a hum-bug.

—Orange Peel

— D D D —

Joe—She is one of these chess girls.

Collich—Chess girls?

Joe—Yes, plays with 32 men at once.

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

She—"Young people nowadays don't need chap-erons on parties."

He—"Naw! What they need is referees."

—The Log

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She—Why, your heart sounds like a drum beating.

He—Yes, that's the call to arms.

—Colgate Banter

— D D D —

Susan B. Anthony (seeing drunk). "How gauche!"

Lucky Person. "Fine, thanksh. How goesh it with you?"

—Froth

— D D D —

First Bo: "Say, have youse hoid dad de total wealth of dis country is \$3,555 per person?"

Second Bo; "My Gawd, I've been robbed."

—Ohio Green Goat

— D D D —

"Why are there so many Scotchmen coming to this country?"

"I guess they just heard about free love over here."

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

College Senior: "I would give five dollars for just one kiss from a nice little innocent girl like you."

Innocent Co-ed: "Oh, how terrible."

College Senior: "Did I offend you?"

Co-ed: "No, I was just thinking about the fortune I gave away last night."

—Bison

The
DIRGE
 "Jest in Peace"

Historical Number

He stared in fascination at the complicated mess of wheels, wires, and dojiggers before him. It was the result of years of heartbreaking toil, and its failure now would be the straw that broke the camel's back. But lo! It was sputtering out the results of his age of work. Alexander Graham Bell leaned nearer and remarked, "Something phoney here."

— D D D —

No, Alice

All soap makers are not members of the Bar Association, and neither are all bootleggers.



1776

Self destruction of the Minute Man who got to the Battle of Lexington sixty-one seconds late.

"I'm in bad shape," remarked the pretzel the morning after a big bender.

— D D D —

The wages of sin may be death, may we can't see that virtue pays so well either.

— D D D —

Honesty may be best in the long run, but those of us who aren't runners will just have to stick to safe-cracking.



The Most Famous Historical Outline



Historical Dates

John the Baptist about to lose his head over Salome.

Throughout The Ages

I've made love to beautiful Cleo,
 To the Siren of the Nile
 I've played with wicked Circe,
 I've basked in Beauty's smile,
 I wooed and lost fair Helen
 To Priam's comedy son.
 I'd give another thousand years
 To win that wondrous one;
 I've made love to Dante's Beatrice
 Of literary fame,
 And many Borgia beauty
 Has trembled at my name.
 Throughout all the ages,
 In all my love affairs,
 I've always laughed
 At Woman's foolish little snares,
 But still I go on seeking
 In my quest that's almost vain,
 Until life's golden stream
 Begins to ebb and wane,
 I've sought like old Diogenes
 That very ancient fool,
 I've sought this fairy dream
 In college and in school,
 But if I seek a million years,
 As no mortal truly could,
 Still I'm sure I'll never find
 A girl that's really good.

UNFAIR TO
 ORGANIZED
 ARMIES
 NO BOTTLE
 NO MILK ^{eic.}
 COTTON ^{gin}
 WE QUIT!!



1860

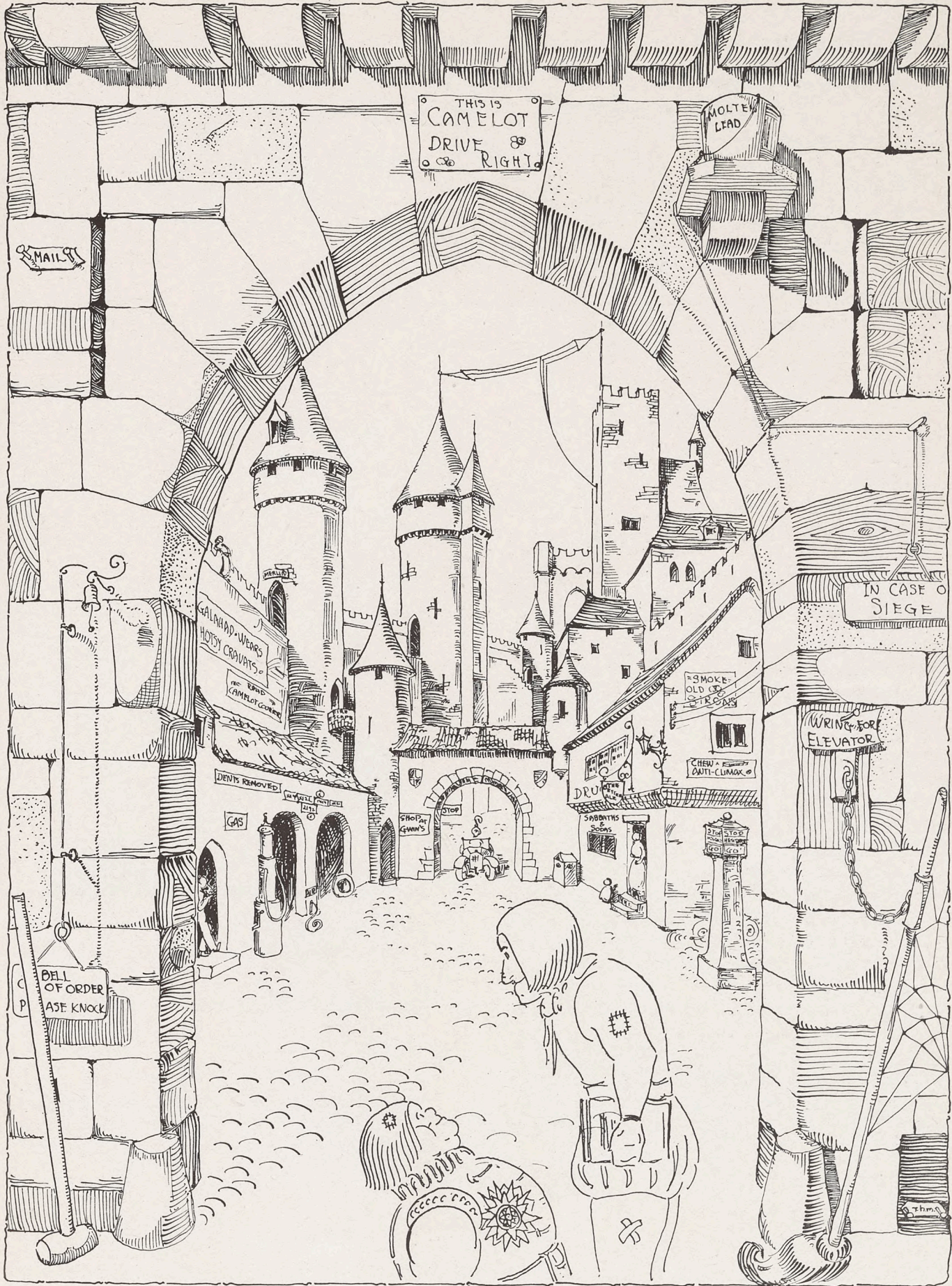
What if the Union Army had
 gone on strike?

A History of History

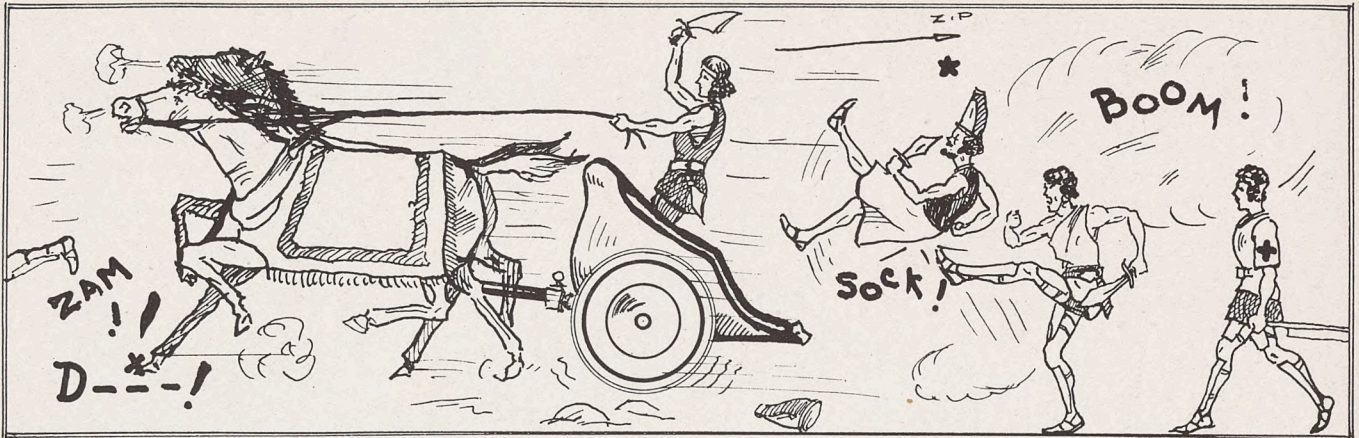
History was originally a by-product of a perverted professor's mind, thought up for the express purpose of keeping his prehistoric students awake for many a long winter's eve. Since then it has proven no end useful for the subject matter of such hooey as this, to give Chicago's militant ex-mayor something to toot about, to give a few fossils something to point out as a paragon of all that is as it should be, but fortunately is not. Likewise history has been the inspiration of numberless cracks about the same repeating itself, the cause of numberless student suicides, the number of which we expect to be exceeded only by the number of suicide editors, when they get an eyeful of this number. (Student Life will be so kind as to not quote this passage in their monthly panning.) But taking it all in all, History isn't so bad. Think of where Marc Antony would have spent his Saturday nights if History hadn't given him Cleo, Napoleon would have stayed a corporal if History hadn't made him Emperor, the Greeks would have been still building Acropolae if History hadn't made them the proprietors of innumerable kandy-kitchens, and all of we poor studes might be getting a bit more sleep around exam time. Yes, it *is* hell.

— D D D —

They say
 History
 Repeats itself,
 But that's all
 Bunk,
 Because I've been
 Listening
 To this darn book
 For two hours
 And
 It hasn't said
 A word
 Yet.



"Say, I hear you went to the masquerade as Titus Andronicus."
"That's a rare falsehood, Calixtus, I was as sober as a judge."



Greek Conquests: Alexander, 300 B. C.

How to tell a traffic cop: No sir, I won't speed again.

— D D D —

A Fancy Fable from History

Once there was a lad called Androcles who was an unpaid gabboon pusher in a second rate Roman pool hall. Andy was just a poor boy who'd never had a chance, born poor and never read a thing by Horatio Alger. But his boss was a Heel if there ever was one. He was so darned mean that on Christmas eve he went outside, shot off a firecracker, and came in and told the kids that Santa Claus had committed suicide. Just nobody's prize package. Well, anyway this crime used to give our Andy the run-around and drag-out, about twice a day, three times and a matinee on Sunday. So one balmy evening Androcles ups and hauls his dogs away from there. He got himself hid out in an old beer joint that had gone on the rocks and was wrestling the sheets for all he was worth, which wasn't much, when he rolled over and found his pan about two hops from a business-like lion, who was sitting on his chest making eyes at him. Andy whooped a beller and dived for a window but the lion fetched him a backhanded clout that laid him cold. When he popped out of it old Numa stuck out his mitt and Andy lamped a whopper of a raspberry, that he closed up with tobacco juice and a pair of Life Savers. The lion murmured, "Mammy," and clawed his spine to show his gratitude.

But about then the cops roped our Andy and drug him off for to make of him a Roman Holiday. Well, they stood him up in the middle of the Colosseum, gave him a knife and fork, together with a slingshot and two marbles, and told him to give the Emperor's pets a workout. Poor Andy was just about ready to turn in his chips when who should stroll by but his old pal, the Face On The Barroom

Floor. According to History, from here on everything was jake, but this ain't history, this is just plain facts, which means that the fool lion didn't recognize Androcles from Adam's house-cat, so he batted him from here to hellangawn, and right then and there Androcles gave that lion the derndest case of indigestion he ever had.

Moral: History may be all off but it's not half as off as the guys who write it.

— D D D —



"Vell, how's History?"

"I don't quite understand about the ancient vas-sals."

"Vy, sheeps vot sail on de vater, of course."

— D D D —

Not that it makes a lot of difference, but how could the Colonel die of indigestion of one meal at Cousin Otto's when he had been eating at the Commons for the last few years?

— D D D —

So you wrote your girl a letter using a fictitious name?

Right.

A sort of suitornym, huh?

The Lament of Faustus

*Oh Mephistophiles, I'd like to cast
My blinkers on a dame of ancient charm;
They say she was a darb and pretty fast:
One look at her would do my lamps no harm.*

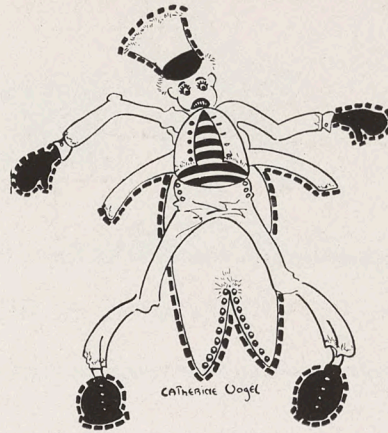
*So you're the dame that ruined a lot of stiff's
And antedated their millenium?
Was this map that sunk a navy's skiff's,
And raised a lot of hell in Ilium?*

— D D D —

Around the World on a Beer Check

Ann Achranism, famous historian and bedtime story artist, has condescended for the first time to give the true and unbiased account of the wherefores on that little myth concerning Noah and his arc. Noah was one of the first geometry students in history and when the big blow came on he figured that by inverting one of his geometric arcs he might be able to keep afloat for an indefinite length of time. Thus with the aid of Pathagorean's Theorem which specifically states that "a hole full of air will never drown," Noah threw a house party that goes down in the annals as the wettest brawl since the sorority week end party out on the row. After 40 days and 21 nights the mates were on the verge of draught, having had nothing to drink for 96 days. A catastrophe was avoided by a "Dove of Peace" who flew across the vessel dropping a case of Gin to the parched mariners. The arc landed in that district which now bears its name—Arkansas. The only child born on the trip, Joan of Arc, moved up to Paris, Illinois, where she later became a famous pugilist and if grandfather doesn't chew up his corn and then swallow his false teeth I'll tell you tomorrow night about how Al Smith was born on the Saharah desert.

— D D D —



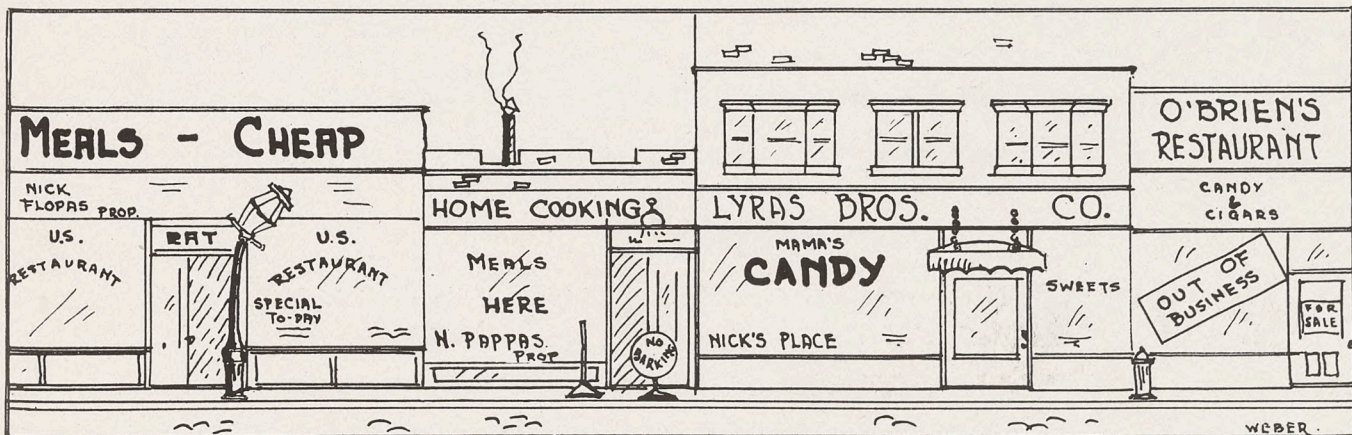
The Weather Bird says, "Circe was the first fisherlady, she landed that sucker Ulysses with a heavy line."

— D D D —

High Lights

O lord, history again . . . wonder if Cleopatra really was a red-head . . . not a bad work-out at that, I guess . . . Caesar was a pretty bright guy . . . wrote all his dirt in Latin . . . Hell, I can't even say hello . . . Gosh, I hope Napoleon won the battle of Armageddon . . . Because that's what I said on the last quiz . . . Oh well, why worry . . . They say Helen of Troy used to get her dresses from Paris . . . Sounds likely . . . And Eve seemed to think clothes grew on trees . . . I sure believe in reincarnation . . . because the next time I come back to earth I want to be a bear . . . they hibernate half the time . . . Wonder what the Egyptians did for sunburn . . . it takes an awful ass to go swimming at three a.m. but Leander did it plenty . . . but I guess he had a good reason . . . if Josephine looked like her pictures, I don't blame Napoleon for going to Russia . . . imagine Solomon stepping on the cat at five in the morning . . . some ruction, I guess . . . no, professor, I don't know that, and—thank gawd this class is over!

— D D D —



Greek Conquests: Nick, 1928 A. D.



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No. 7

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PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

IN our next and final number which will be the initial effort of the incoming Board, the personnel of next year's management will be announced. Stand by!



ISTORY is at best a dry term, but it seems to the perpetrators of this august publication that said chronicle of the world's doings might not be as devoid of interest as historians would have us believe. Consequently it is with unholy glee that ye editors take this opportunity to enlighten the world at large on true circumstances of several heretofore misunderstood happenings, and if these happenings seem to the lay mind to be unduly embellished and retouched, may it be remembered that "poetic license" is dragged in to cover a multitude of sins, and mayhap it covers several multitudes in this admittedly disrespectful and irreverent number.



OUR OWN LITTLE OUTL

Conceived, designed, executed, and perpet
and three relapses by the Oriental bio

The jolly old Platypus, in the days of long ago,
Led a rather lazy life, of which we little know.
He wallowed through the primal mud,
He lived and loved and died a dud—
His plane of thought exceeding low.

There came an ape-like man, and a lozebrowed woman too,
They started keeping house, and the children grew and grew.
Things were going smoothly when
They ate forbidden fruit, and then
They hauled their dogs to regions new.



The sunburned old Egyptians—Cleo was their queen—
Piled rocks and made some pyramids, the finest ever seen.
The Hebrews came and raised a stink,
Pharaoh tossed them in the klink,
And treated them most awful mean.

The old Greeks were an arty race, they built the Parthenon,
Could lick their weight in wildcats, as witness Marathon,
Shouting "Alpha gamma chi
Roasta biffa pissa pie,"
They kept the foe upon the run.

Alexander, Macedon, was quite a lad, they say,
He cleaned up half the earth, not half bad for his day.
The Persian Xerxes got too bold,
Alex up and laid him cold,
And then went calmly on his way.

Nearby the rolling Tiber, of ruddy yellow foam
A pair of Latin brothers had wandered far from home.
A lady wolf soon took them in
And brought them up like her own kin,
And so they founded Rome.

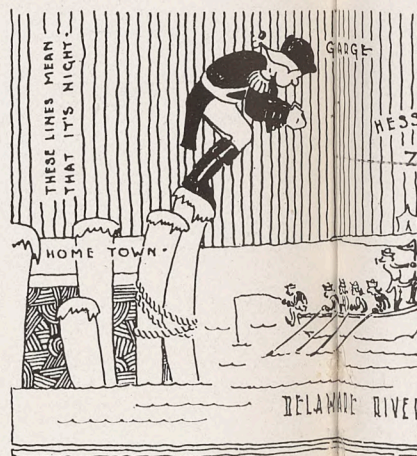
Caesar was a fightin' fool, a damned good
He didn't smoke, he seldom drank, and a
One day at Brutus he got mad,
Brutus socked him. Well—too bad
And thus friend Caesar left that crew.

Britain was a jolly isle, wherein the Druid
Likewise Saxons, oft at war against the
Soon some snooty Frenchmen came
To the whole land they laid claim,
And with the natives harshly dealt.

The wild and woolly Borgia crew, famed
Invented quite a Panacea, sure cure for a
Ask a lad to come and dine,
Tank him up on loaded wine,
And watch him turn green round the gill.

Pleasant little Torquemada, chief poo-po
Started up an Inquisition, had a grand tu
He'd slice off ears and singe a nose
Yank out teeth and wrinkle toes,
And then remark 'twas quite inane.

Back in sunny La Belle France, Louie's s
Because the Sans Culottes found out that
The cry went up, "No crown, no he
In modern words, they "cut him dea
Now Louie's just a proper noun.



The Minute Men elected G. Washington
They matched to see who'd swim the cree
He piled his army on a score,
Towed them off and raised a row
That looped the British for a loss.

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

uted, and perpetrated in eighteen spasms
the Oriental biographer, Hong Kowt.

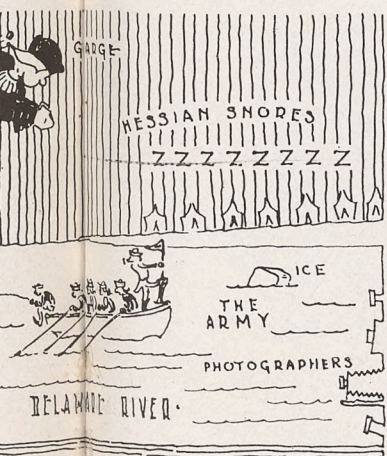
ol, a damned good Mayor too,
dom drank, and couldn't learn to chew.
he got mad,
Well too bad.
left that crew.

wherein the Druids dwelt,
t wear against the rowdy Celt.
Frenchmen came,
they laid claim,
arsibly dealt.

orgia crew, famed for deadly pills
ea, sure cure for all ills.
and dine,
aded wine,
reen round the gills.

ada, chief poo-poo of all Spain,
on, had a grand time raising Cain.
and singe a nose,
wrinkle toes,
quite inane.

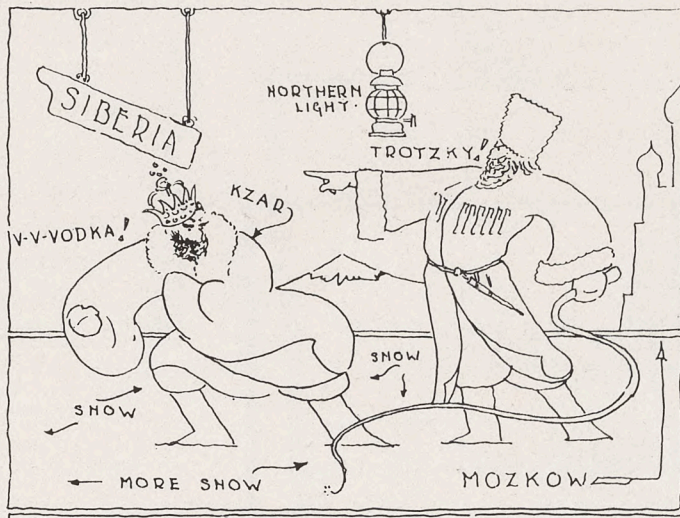
France, Louis's stock went down,
es found out that he had hocked the crown.
No crown, no head!
they "cut him dead."
per noun.



d G. Washington their boss,
o'd swim the creek and Georgie won the toss.
on a score,
d raised a roze
for a loss.

Napoleon was a scrapper and he bossed a warlike crew,
About the art of fighting he knew a thing or two.
Up and married Josephine,
Discarded soon his only queen,
And got the bounce at Waterloo.

Grim, Teutonic Bismarck was a Prussian born and bred,
With an iron pointed derby upon his haughty head.
With France he picked an awful scrap,
Nearly shoved them off the map,
And then went back to bed.

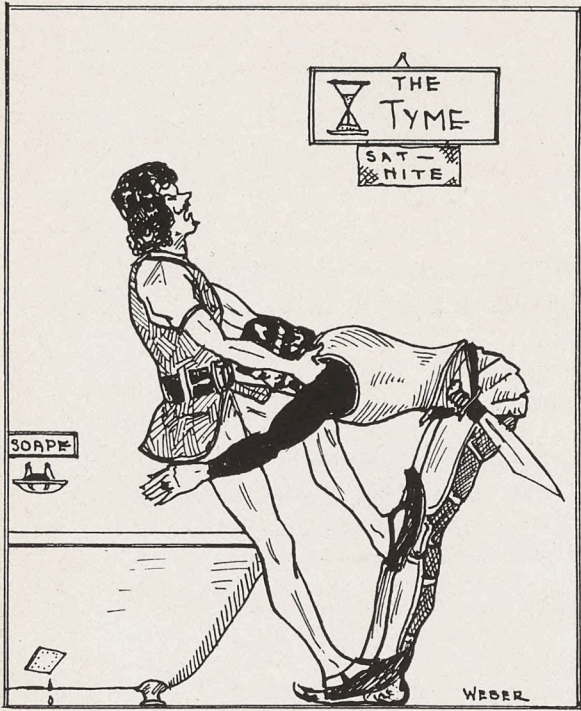


Russia had a swell idea, to do away with kings,
So they tossed a revolution, along with bombs and things,
The Czar made some most awful crack,
Then and there he got the sack,
Likewise a set of wings.

The Kaiser had a notion once, his brainstorm follozes here,
That he could pitch the whole darned world upon its little ear.
But some folks up and raised such hell
That William now can hardly tell
When next he'll get his beer.

A quiet guy is our Cal, New England's native son,
His silence is the butt of many a bad pun.
Influenza, chilly toes,
He does not fear because his nose
Just does "not choose to run".

Last but not least on our peculiar Roll of Fame,
Comes our campus hero, the Colonel is his name.
At present he is seeing red,
The papers have declared him dead,
And he knows not who to blame.



Young Lochinvar comes out of the vest

This Space
is
Dedicated
to
That Hero of
History

who, in the face of terrors unknown, fears fostered by generations of blind horror, and in spite of inward turmoil and trepidation, did finally and without equivocation, with his eyes open, swallow a raw oyster.

Requiescat in Pace

Legal Lights

Laws were first originated and brought into practice by Oscar A. Hammurabi, grand-uncle of our own law constructor, Chames E. Reede. Hammurabi, like our own politician, had ideas that were seldom equalled and never installed, but after inventing the "Multi Vote System" he had little or no trouble in having his projects accepted. In fact, he practically won his own election casting 618 ballots before the judge got his correct name. Some of his first laws have been preserved on Papyrus. This English race horse still bears the marks of the first 3 laws which read something like this:


1. Parking near fire plugs is encouraged. Each year the gentleman causing the greatest loss by fire in this manner will be given any political position he may ask for.
2. Spitting in or on a street car is requested. There will be a weekly prize to the man spitting the largest wad of tobacco juice, and a prize also for the old maid spitting most accurately.
3. There will be a bounty of \$7.50 per head for dead pedestrians. This contest is open to all auto drivers with less than 3 years experience who have never before won a contest of this kind.

— D D D —



"His Night Out," or the Original "Nickel Show."

DEAR FOLKS
IT IS NOW TOO
LATE FOR
HERPICIDE
YOU MAY PROFIT
BY MY EXPERINCE




SAMPSON

SOME
**TESTAMONIAL
ADDS**
AS THEY MIGHT
HAVE BEEN FOUND
IN SOME OLD
DAILY PAPERS

RAT EXTERMINATOR
THE PIEYED PIPER INC.

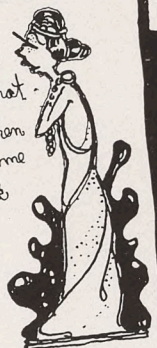
This pipe line
is a lot of
Hokum, my
job would have
been a flop, if I
didn't have a pocket
full of "RUFFON RATS"

very truly
yours
The Pie Eyed Piper



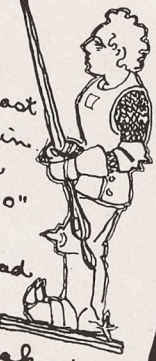
CIRCO & CO. VAMPS DE LIKE

I was at a loss
to know just what
was the matter. Then
a little child told me
I drank
3 cases of Blistarine
giving me power
to trap the great
Ulysses



Seductively yours
Circo

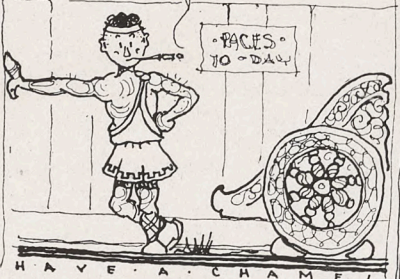
I was a
social out cast
but five min
a day with
Dr. Eliot's 5'-0"
book shelf
put me ahead
of them all




Sir Galahad

HAVE A CHAMEL

Before the
races I always
find time to
Chamel and reflect
yours
Bon Hur



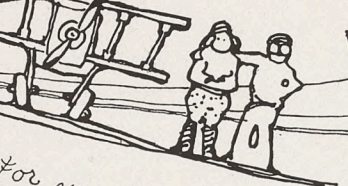
MY FRIENDS
WERE AMAZED
WHEN I PLAYED
THE FIRST
FEW BARS OF
"HUMORESQUE".
"WHEN DID YOU
LEARN TO
FIDDEL?" THEY ASKED. THEN
I TOLD THEM THE SECRET.
THE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOL OF MUSIC



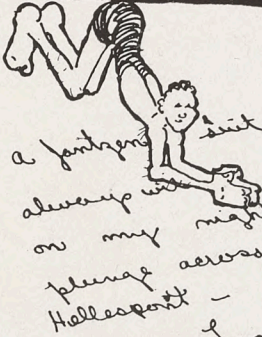
SIGNED
Nero

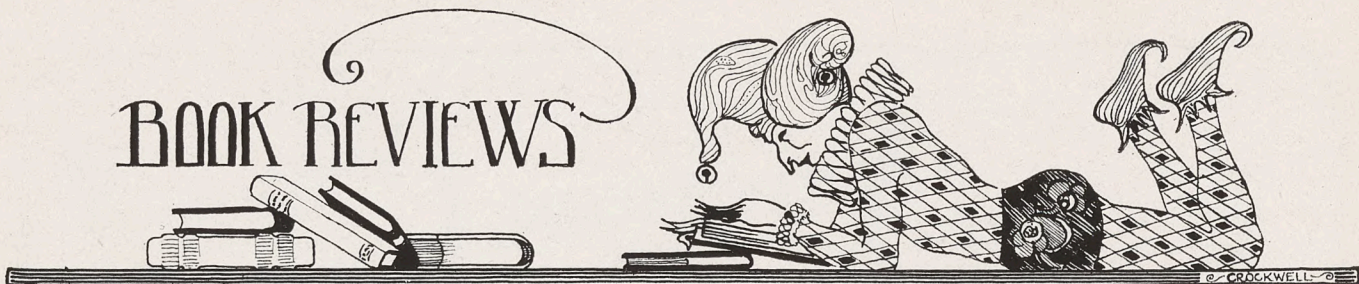
For years we were in
a low run down
condition but we owe
our rise to Freshmans
zeal.

yours in high spirits
Wilbur & Orville Wright



a fortnight
always with me
on my nights
please access the
Halleport -
Leander





“The Man Who Knew Coolidge” by *Sinclair Lewis* (Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00)

The title narrative, which occupies about a third of the present book, appeared in *The American Mercury* recently, and the other two-thirds have never appeared before, say the publishers. No explanation is given, however, for the present publication.

The book is a series of monologues by Mr. Schmaltz, who represents all that is vicious to the creator of *Babbitt*. A resident of the capital of Lewisland, Zenith, this alleged friend of Coolidge, belongs to the Chamber of Commerce, the Optimists, and the Rotarians. By nature, he is digressive, talkative, and prevaricative; by religion, a Congre-

gationalist; by vocation, an authority on office supplies; by instinct, an expert in split infinitives; by self-appointment, a judge of beauty, art, literature, sports and music.

Not a particularly superior burlesque, this last effort by Mr. Lewis submits Mr. Schmaltz as a congenial and compatible companion of Mr. George Babbitt. If the penalty of intelligence is oblivion (as was announced by the gentleman to whom *Elmer Gantry* was dedicated) this man who knew Coolidge is immortal.

(Courtesy Arcade Book Shop)

That Bright Heat by *George O'Neil* (Boni & Liveright, N.Y., 1928, 303 pp. \$2.50)

From the pen of O'Neil the poet and O'Neil the playwright comes now a contribution from O'Neil the novelist. Concerned chiefly with the lives of Clarion Lawless and Clover Halliday, two misunderstood residents in the St. Louis of the shady side of the nineteenth century, *That Bright Heat* presents a rather wholesome picture of characters slightly more individualistic than agreeable, a trifle more wondered at by their contemporaries than admired by them.

Lawless, the most eligible man and Clover the Belle of St. Louis are the victims of a reciprocal love. But she becomes engaged to an Englishman, elopes with a native St. Louisan, and dies shortly after the birth of her child, son of Clarion. And Lawless, imbued with a passion for searching that which he would not recognize if he found, but which he knows he has as yet not discovered, manages dreadfully the business he inherited from his father,

speculates away his own and his aunt's fortune, misunderstands the only woman who understood him, becomes acquainted with the most aristocratic prostitute in town, and shoots himself after pushing to safety from the burning hotel, one of the prostitute's disciples.

A tragedy is bad enough; a tragedy which might have been converted in a so-they-lived-happily-ever-after romance is not better. But this is tragedy which is worse than both, for we have a hero hopelessly rebelling against the warmth of common sense in order to be burnt by that great heat of genius; here we have a heroine who, too, is out of place in this self-satisfied, self-made, selfish community of the seventies.

A highly enjoyable novel, somewhat hilly in spots, *That Bright Heat* should be particularly interesting to St. Louisans because of its background.

M. M.

Classy Claire

Darling Claire, my hope divine,
 I really haven't got a line
 I wish that you could only know
 That I'm the only Romeo
 Pretty eyes and beauteous hair,
 Can you doubt, I love you Claire?
 Tulip lips and sparkling eyes
 Mingle with my love-sick sighs,
 Sweetest dream of all the earth,
 Peerless maid of priceless worth,
 Dearest darling, lovely Claire
 Who is there so wondrous fair,
 Precious dear, my sweetest hope,
 Oh will you tie the marriage rope?

— D D D —

This month the maidens choose a queen,
 And crown her maid with flowers,
 And trip a light fantastic toe
 Beneath the leafy bowers.

That is, they used to dance that way,
 When maidens knew their onions,
 And when the light fantastic toes
 Were free and clear of bunions.

But now a grotesque fad appears,
 And has completely got 'em,
 They choose some hall and with their shiek
 Cavort in the black bottom.

In former days the vernal breeze
 Blew through the May Queen's tresses,
 But now, alas! She's cut them short,
 Just as she has her dresses.

In former years she walked the streets
 With her in-steps barely showing,
 But now her step-ins can be seen
 When the May breeze is blowing.

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing: "Have a cigarette?"
 Elderly Lady: "What! Smoke a cigarette?
 Why I'd rather kiss the first man that came along!"
 Sweet Young Thing: "So would I. But have
 a cigarette while you're waiting."

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

The mate had fallen overboard. He sank out of
 sight then rose to the surface.
 "Ahoy, there," he yelled. "Drop me a line."
 The captain at the rail shouted back, "All right,
 but what's your address going to be?"
 —Capper's Weekly

What Price Sorority

The girl of my dreams passed the library door.
 My heart quickened. I must follow her, know her,
 win her. Hastily I shut the book I had been read-
 ing and grabbed for my hat. Damittall, just as I
 was in the act of following her my conscience
 clutched me and pitched me back down in my chair.
 What right had I to think of spring and love when
 I was failing in everything? The old fight between
 conscience and desire was on but I suppose there's
 no need to tell you who won.

She was beautiful. Deep blue eyes overshadowed
 by curling brown hair, dimpled chin and voluptuous
 lips, a tender smile, a sweet air of purity, but oh
 hell! Why tell you about it? You won't believe
 it anyway. She was a co-ed—oh so dumb and yet
 how perfect! Our hero cuddled close. She gazed
 into his frank manly eyes and giggled stupidly. A
 tender sigh, a wistful look, and they fell into
 stranglehold. If a referee had been there the girl
 would have obtained the first fall in five minutes
 and thirty-three seconds. Our hero tried a new
 mode of attack. He placed his arm where college
 men usually place them. She gurgled gleefully and
 gripped his hand between her teeth. He quickly
 retrieved the remnant of his hand from the jaws
 of hell. He held up his hand and gazed ruefully at
 the mangled fingers. The strange incident was soon
 cleared up when the girl snickered, "I'm Cleopatra
 and I put my Mark on Antony." "Poor nut,"
 said our hero, you were the girl that didn't make
 her sorority.

Moral: Now our hero doesn't put his hand there
 anymore? ? ? ?

— D D D —

Man (who has just turned his ankle, but seeing a
 child, controls his language)—Oh dear me!

Boy—For God's sake, mister—that must have
 hurt like hell!

— D D D —

Not Dead Anyway

"Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's had a relapse."

—Blue Bucket

— D D D —

The Doctor told little Sammy he must go to the
 hospital. When he refused the Doctor asked him
 why not. "I know a hospital is a nice place, Doc,"
 the child replied, "but I don't want a baby, I want a
 puppy."
 —Siren

— D D D —

Moron—Good Gravy! Why are your writing on
 that fly paper?

Imbecile—Oh, you see, I want it to go by air mail!

ON THE SCREEN

LOEW'S STATE

Beginning Saturday, May 5, Loew's State Theatre will present a new master of ceremonies in the person of Nat Nazarro, Jr., who comes here from the field of musical comedy where he has starred in many Broadway productions.

Possessing all the requisites for this important stage role, young Nazarro is said to be an ideal selection for the State stage position. It is stated that he is not only handsome, having plenty of "IT", but that he sings and dances and plays any musical instrument in the orchestra.

If this is the case, then we may look forward to seeing a pleasing personality in young Nat Nazarro.

Some of the stage shows he has appeared in are "Artists and Models", Ziegfeld's "Follies", several Winter Garden productions and one season with George White's "Scandals". Any youngster (and it is stated that Junior Nazarro is but 24 years of age) who can survive these high-class stage shows, ought to be good enough for Loew's State, surely.

At any rate, he makes his bow on Saturday, May 5, and it's safe to say that a good many of us will be there to see just what sort of a master of ceremonies this boy is going to make. His first show will give him every opportunity to demonstrate his ability, as it is a "Nite Club" affair with a Broadway cast of favorites.

MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

Vitaphone productions continue at Skouras Brothers' Grand Central Theater, with an important line-up of coming attractions as Al Jolson's successor to "The Jazz Singer", May McAvoy and Lionel Barrymore in "The Lion and the Mouse", noted for its 45 minute courtroom scene, all recorded on the Vitaphone through the talking of the players, and Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel in "Glorious Betsy."

Some of the coming attractions at the Missouri and Ambassador are described as follows:

The screen version of the farce is the Laura La Plante starring vehicle "Silk Stockings".

The picture is even more successful than was the stage comedy. The credit for this goes to various people, Miss La Plante, the star; the supporting members of the cast; the director, Wesley Ruggles; the scenarist, Beatrice Van.

John Harron plays opposite Laura La Plante in "Silk Stockings" while the others in the supporting

cast are Otis Harlan, William Austin, Tempe Pigot, Marcella Daly, Ruth Cherrington, Heine Conklin and Burr McIntosh.

Elinor Glyn, world's most popular authoress, has discovered still another chronological title to glorify in "Mad Hour."

Madame Glyn, whose books have sold into the millions, has made use of the time element in almost all her works, as the titles attest:

"Three Weeks" made her world-famous. "Six Days" followed soon after, with such titles as "His Hour," "One Glorious Moment" and similar stories of chronological nomenclature in sufficient number to make it a recognized custom.

"Mad Hour" was directed by Joseph C. Boyle and features Sally O'Neil, Alice White, Donald Reed, Larry Kent and others.

Do you ever wonder what is going on in the wings and backstage when you attend a legitimate theatre?

You'll find out, at least to a certain extent, in "Lady Be Good," First National's farce comedy featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Lady Be Good" is a story of vaudeville performers, with most of it occurring in the dressing rooms and backstage. Arguments, quarrels, disagreements, all sorts of things, may be happening just a few feet from the stage. But when the entrance call comes, sentences are halted verbless, arguments are temporarily abandoned, fixed smiles appear like magic, and the battlers go capering out to do their turn.

"Lady Be Good," as a musical comedy, had a long run in virtually every large city in America, and its success promises to be duplicated on the screen.

"Tol'able David" has been re-incarnated. As Chad Buford, the Kentucky mountain lad, who dreamed of "the settlement's" books and grand persons, Dick Barthelmess has added another lovable and unforgettable portrait to his already brilliant gallery.

If the United States ever decided to erect a monument to American Youth, then this self-same Tol'able David and Little Shepherd will be its model—idealistic—composite—the culmination of the great American crusible.

Dick, they call him—all of them! And that's significant. It's boyish and yet manly. Only chums and buddies call a man named Richard by the more

(Continued on page 22)



SEEK YE NO FURTHER, DIOGENES

THIS jobbie Diogenes was a Greek who left his fruit stand for the commendable purpose of questing for honesty by good old-fashioned lamp-light. And now, loud and ever clearer, rings the cry from the housetops: "Diogenes — throw away your lantern . . . here's an honest cigarette! Have a Camel!"

Camels have but one raison d' être—to pack the smoke-spots of the world with the "fill-fullment" every experienced smoker seeks. Fill your own smoke-spot with a cool cloud of Camel smoke, and hear it sing out—"Eureka!" (from the Greek, "Eureka," meaning—"Oboy, here 'tis!").

© 1928

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

(Continued from page 20)

intimate and friendly Dick. Girls, too. It's irresistible.

For the first time since they furnished the comedy in such pictures as "Adventure" and "The Devil's Cargo," Beery and Hatton forsake burlesque and ludicrous costumes in "Partners in Crime." They are real characters in a story that furnishes the maximum in comedy through legitimate situations.

Beery has the part of a detective with a good heart but a thick head. Hatton plays a dual role. He is

a hard boiled newspaper reporter who loves to ridicule the police, especially Beery, and he also takes the part of "Knife" Reagan, the mysterious outlaw who brands his victims with his merciless knife.

An ambitious young assistant district attorney seeking advancement so he can marry the girl he loves, declares war on the underworld. He is kidnapped and Beery and Hatton start on the trail.

Jack Luden takes the part of the attorney and Mary Brian is the girl. William Powell has a strong part as an underworld gang leader.

Mu: "Do you believe in mind reading?"

Mu Mu: "Yes, I was introduced to a chorus girl the other night and she slapped my face."

—*Rensselaar Pup*

— D D D —

Sunday School Teacher—Now does any little boy or girl know what the Israelites were looking for when they went into the wilderness?

Little Willie—Yes, ma'am; I know. Parking space.

—*Life*

— D D D —

A well-known American sportsman cancelled a tiger hunt in order to get married. Well, we suppose he knows best.

—*Humorist (London)*

— D D D —

Easy Come—Easy Go

"Boy, that wife of mine sure leads me an awful chase. She's all the time asking for money. Goodness, how that woman wants money!"

"What does she do with all this money she asks for?"

"Nothin'."

"How come, nothin'."

"I never gives her none."

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

Judge: "Are you sure this is the man who kissed you?"

Girl: "How could I forget him?"

Judge: "Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself?"

Boy (after deep meditation): "All I can say is if you were nicked in the arm with a buzz-saw would you know which tooth nicked you?"

—*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

Judge—Were you ever in trouble before?

Prisoner—Well, a librarian fined me two cents once.

—*Ollapod*

Now comes the story of the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for the collar button to find him.

—*Reserve Red Cat*

— D D D —

Ducrot—Hey, don't spit on the floor!

Wife—What's matter? Floor leak?

—*West Pointer*

— D D D —

The Ages of History

Today—and the Good Old Days.

—*Juggler*

— D D D —

"Why did the Chicago politician's son have to leave college?"

"His father learned that he was majoring in English."

—*Juggler*

— D D D —

Will a dollar pay for your hen that I just ran over?

You'd better make it two; I have a rooster that thought a lot of that hen, and the shock might kill him too.

—*Frivol*

— D D D —

"Pardon me, my good man, but what drove you to drink?"

"Thirst, curious parson, thirst."

—*Annapolis Log*

— D D D —

While walking through a jail one day, a man stopped to ask a fine-looking prisoner what he was in for, and the prisoner answered:

"Well, you see, I was born in the fog of London, and everything I touched was mist."

—*Voo Doo*

ESTABLISHED 1818

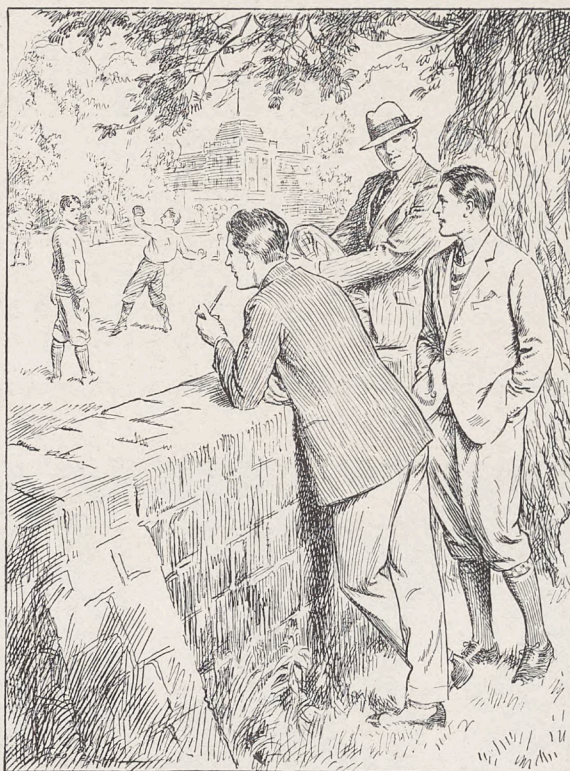
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CLOTHING,
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 MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK

Clothes for Spring
 Term

Send for BROOKS'S Miscellany

The next visit of our Representative to the
 HOTEL JEFFERSON
 will be on May 7, 8, 9 and 10

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 LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING
 TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



© BROOKS BROTHERS

"Captain, do you know all about the sea?"

"Yes, M'am. Man and boy for thirty years I've followed her. What can I do for you?"

"I want you to teach my little boy to make stones skip."
—Lampoon

— D D D —

Dear Editor:

Last Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly, as it was an heirloom. I immediately inserted an advertisement in your Lost and Found column, and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of my other suit. God bless your paper!
—Puppet

— D D D —

"How is it Scotchmen always have good reputations?"

"Did you ever hear of a Scotchman losing anything?"
—Juggler

— D D D —

"This 'Adam and Eve' by John Erskine will make a hot play if they don't go and spoil it."

"How could they spoil it?"

"Well, they might put it in modern dress."
—Life

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

Midnight Oil

"If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up."
—Wabash Caveman

— D D D —

As it used to be:

"Oh, Lord, protect me in my hour of trial."

As it is now:

"Oh, Lord, protect me in my four months of trial and in all of my retrials as well."
—Tiger

— D D D —

Norris—"Say, I heard a good gag last night."

Morris—"Fine. Let's write a show."
—Life

— D D D —

It is said that Levine is about to write a book about his trans-Atlantic flight. The title will probably be "Me."
—Life

— D D D —

Fell Down In English

"John would still be living if he knew how to punctuate."

"I don't understand!"

"Well, he was a sky-writer and went back to put in a comma he left out!"
—Orel

RENT—A—CAR Drive it Yourself

AT

KISSEL SKILES COMPANY, Inc.

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Delmar 1277-5650

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Jefferson 3795-3796

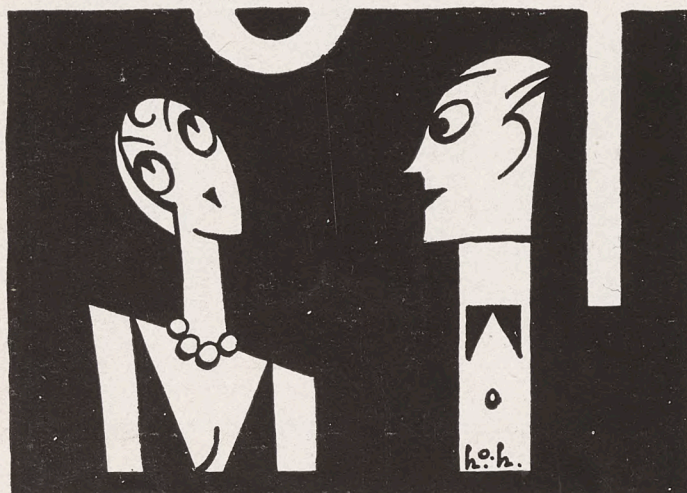
ALWAYS-A-NEW-CAR—LOW RATES

Special Rates on long trips—Free Gas,
Oil and Road Service

SPECIAL—TO—STUDENTS:—A No-Deposit Card Will Be Issued On Request
NO HOUR CHARGE EXCEPT SATURDAY NIGHT & SUNDAYS

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Fords Chevrolets



Ad: "A penny for your thoughts."

Alyne: "They're worth a nickel, dear."

Ad: "I get you — Life Savers take your breath away."

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GENERAL HAULING

J. R. NEVILLE, PROP

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Athlete: "It took me four years to make the team."

Flapper: "Huh, I did it in one week end."

—Jack-O-Lantern

— D D D —

"My brother, Frank, he goes to Dartmouth College and he writes me some awful fast letters about some of the things he does up there. He said that one night he had a date with a chorus girl; you know, one of them girls that don't wear much and can do lots. And he said he took her to a soda fountain and they had a coca-cola—and he took her home in a taxi by himself. He said he held her hand all the way to her room—and he says that if he plays his cards right and goes around to see her much more, he'll be able to kiss her!"

—Froth

— D D D —

Practical

"Do you really love me?" she wrote.

"Referring to my last letter," he promptly answered, "you will find that I love you devotedly on page one, madly on page three, and passionately on pages four and five."

—Rammer-Jammer

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Big Money

There are exceptions, but the men who make big money are usually unusually well-dressed. Whether they became well-dressed before they made the money, or after, isn't always known. "Which comes first, the chicken or the egg?"

But good clothes distinguish the man who has succeeded as well as the one with ambition to succeed. Which brings us right up to "GLEN ADDIE" woolens—as Scotch as heather, and suggestive of heather in their colorings. 30 fine patterns—all weather weight—satisfying soft surface, with a tight twist and firm weave underneath. Hold their shape and wear exceptionally well. Made-to-measure-to-fit—only \$60!

(Other suits \$50 to \$70)



Madly—Sweetheart, I adore you and I want you for my wife.

Infatuated—For the love of mud, what would SHE do with me?
—*Illinois Siren*

— D D D —

She—"Say, can you draw?"

The Artist—"Why, yes."

She—"Well, draw those curtains or we'll have an audience on the sidewalk!"
—*Garboyle*

— D D D —

He—Have you ever heard about the traveling salesman—

She—Shut up! I am a farmer's daughter.
—*Ski—U—Mah*

— D D D —

We once knew a college man who took a trip to Paris and never had a drink there. The ship went down in mid-ocean.
—*Flamingo*

— D D D —

The only difference between a modern co-ed and a seventeenth century pirate is that the pirate is dead.
—*Westminster*

Rushed—"Swell frat club you have here."

Rusher—"Thanks, awfully, but we feel that you should know that it's heavily mortgaged, and that we haven't enough money to buy coal this winter."
—*Lyre*

— D D D —

We have often wondered what make of machines they grow on these truck farms.
—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

The Lady—A big strong man like you begging—you ought to look around for work.

The Big Strong Man—I can't look around, lady; I've got a stiff neck.
—*Life*

— D D D —

Mutt—"What do you use your stomach for?"

Jeff—"To hold my pants up."
—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

— D D D —

Feminine voice—"Oh, John! You never make love to me like that!"

Masculine Basso—"Aw, don't you know he gets paid for doing that?"
—*Jester*

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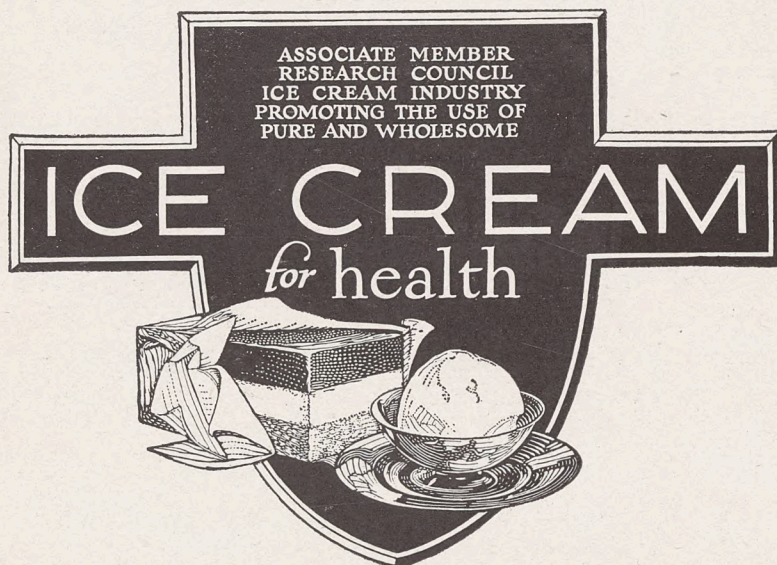
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And How!

He rushed up to her. "This is my dance you know," he said breathlessly.

She gave him a haughty stare. "Oh, really? I thought it was the Junior Prom."

—*The Mink*

— D D D —

Judge—Isn't this the fifth time you have been arrested for drunkenness?

Old Friend Sot—Don't ash me. I thought yoush keeping schore!

—*Sniper*

— D D D —

Aunt Mary—The preacher is coming to call this afternoon.

Dora (who has just read Sinclair Lewis)—Do you think it's safe?

—*Life*

— D D D —

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, madam, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

— D D D —

Nit—What's happier than a cat in the Canary Islands?

Wit—A tramp in the Sandwich Islands?

Nit—Naw, a co-ed in Grat Neck.

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

"When did the revival of learning come?"
"Just before examination time."

—*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

"What's a good book on cannibalism?"
"How about 'The Hard-boiled Virgin'?"

—*Pitt Panther*

— D D D —

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked the melancholy-looking young man.

"No, sir," the young man replied, "I was eliminated in the preliminary tryouts."

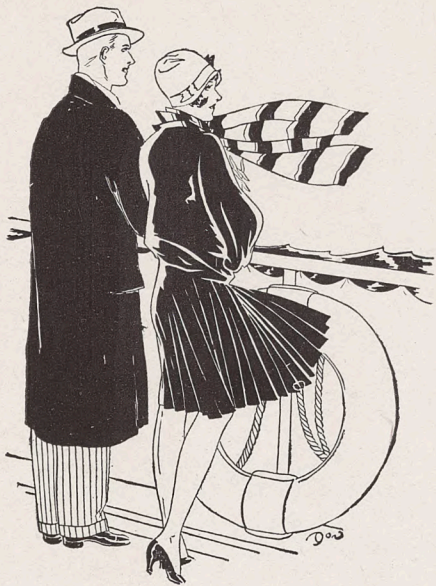
—*Nit Witt*

— D D D —

"My girl got her nose broken in three places."

"That'll teach her to keep out of those places."

—*Bison*



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CC2

Bi—Two fellows were walking one day and the following conversation ensued: "Between you and me how do you like Jane?"

Son—Well, between you and me—not so well. But alone— *—Bison*

— D D D —

Prof: "How many make a dozen?"

Stud: "Twelve."

"How many make a million?"

"Very few." *—London Answers*

— D D D —

Professor: "What are the interrogating ad-verbs?"

Student: "Where, why, when—"

Professor: "Is that right, John?"

John: "And how!"

—Princeton Tiger

— D D D —

Frosh—"Why doesn't baby talk?"

Junior—"He can't talk yet. Young babies never do."

Frosh—"Oh, yes they do. Job did. I read in the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born."

—Flamingo

— D D D —

A Hint For Young Mothers

A thermometer is unnecessary when giving baby a bath. If the baby turns red, the water is too hot; if the baby turns blue, the water is too cold; but if the baby turns white you'll know that it needed a bath.

—Burr

— D D D —

The Preliminary

Wife (at 3:17 A. M.)—Is that you Henry?

Henry—No, 'sh radio. An' th' li'l tenny-weeny fushy-wushy tenor sesh to th' Happy Hour Bischuit Sherenaders, "How'sh all m' pals in Grenidge, Mash'chooshts," an' Mishter Dempsey to th' easht made fi' yards through Mishter Whitehead an' thish's Gra'm Coolidge 'nounshing from Blue Heaven—

—Life

— D D D —

"What do you think of Prohibition?"

"Better than no licker at all."

—Chanticleer

— D D D —

"Who was Homer?"

"Homer ain't a who. It's the what that made Babe Ruth famous."

—Ranger

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"Let's have some ginger ale."

"Pale?"

"No, just a glass will do."

—*Drexerd*

— D D D —

A sailor arrested in an Eastern port speaks a language which none of the interpreters recognizes. Possibly that Easy French in 15 Lessons.

—*Detroit News*

— D D D —

Chicago Cop: "What've you got in that car?"

Gangster: "Nothin' but booze, officer."

Chicago Cop: "I beg your pardon—I thought it might be history books."

—*Princeton Tiger*

— D D D —

"There goes our phone."

"Well, I told you to close the door."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial*

— D D D —

Mother: "Do you know how to bring up a child?"

Papa: "Of course I do."

"Hurry then, ours is at the bottom of the well."

—*Panther*

Looking Ahead

"How many times have you failed in your exams?"

"To-morrow's will make the third time."

—*Punch*

— D D D —

College Stude (In London)—Say, do you know the King's English?

English Chappie—Haw, haw, and the Queen is also.

—*R. P. I. Pup*

— D D D —

"What did you talk to the President about?" Mr. Walker was asked.

"About three minutes," he replied.

—*New York Herald-Tribune*

— D D D —

One: "I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live."

Two: "Why? Refused again?"

One: "No! Accepted."

—*Bobcat*

— D D D —

"What would you give a person who had just taken five grains of arsenic?"

"A decent burial."

—*Chaparral*

Quality sent P.A. to the head of the class

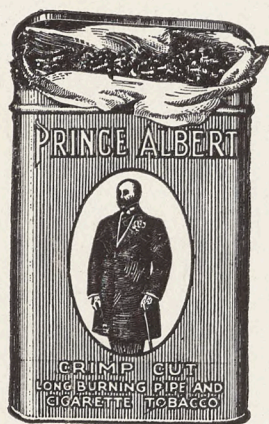


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