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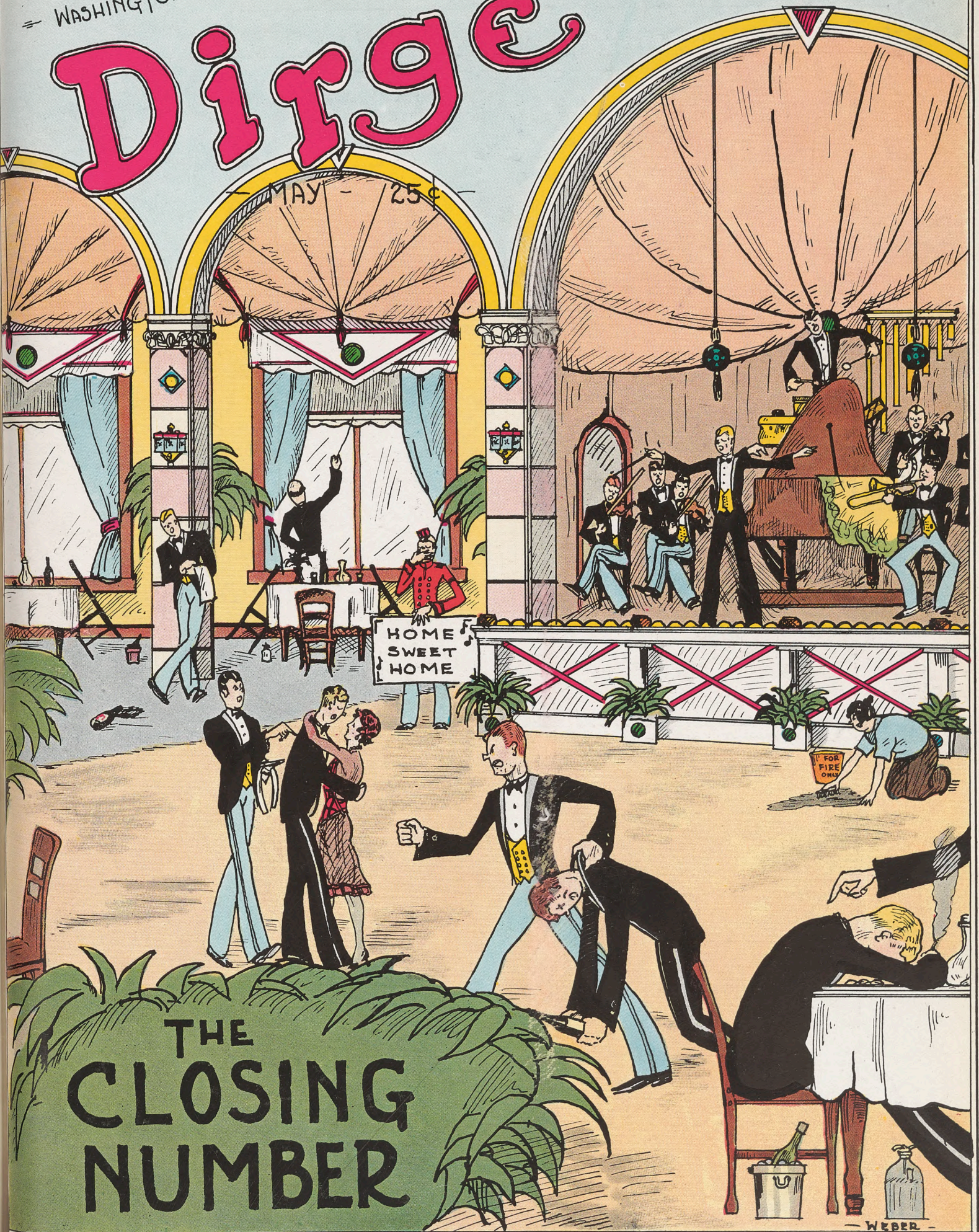
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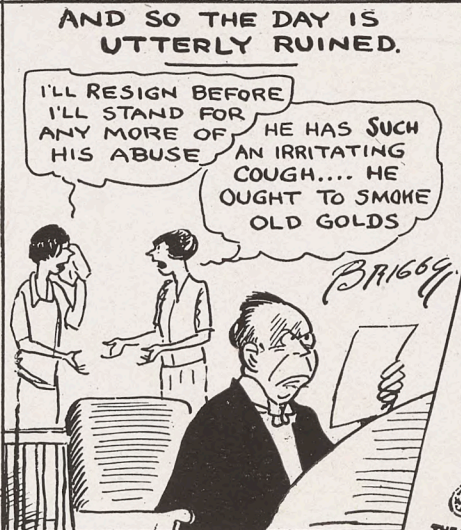
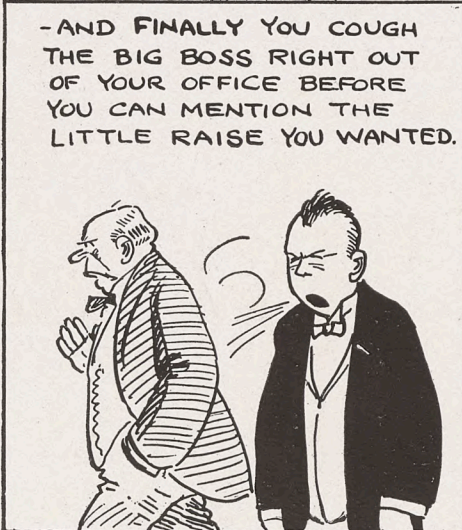
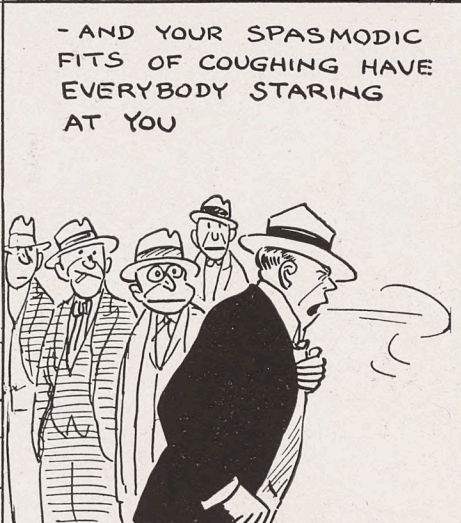
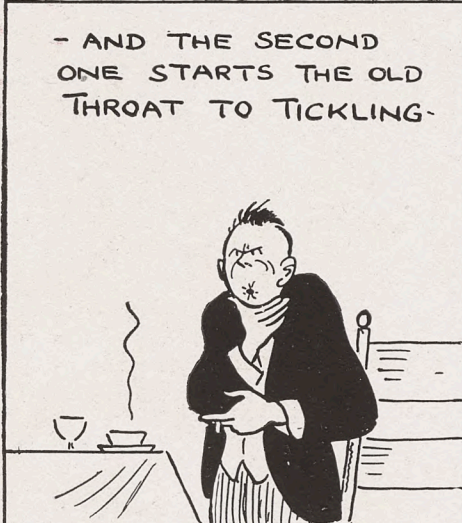
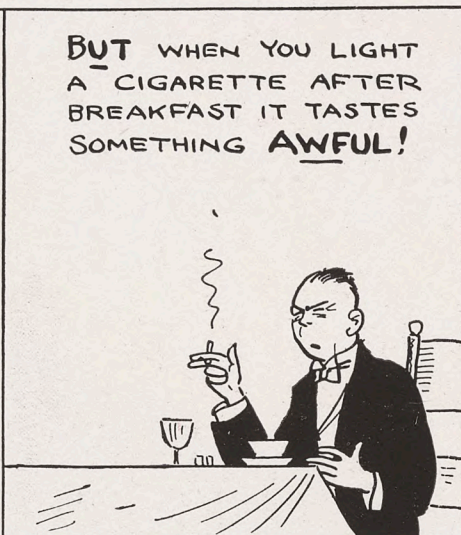
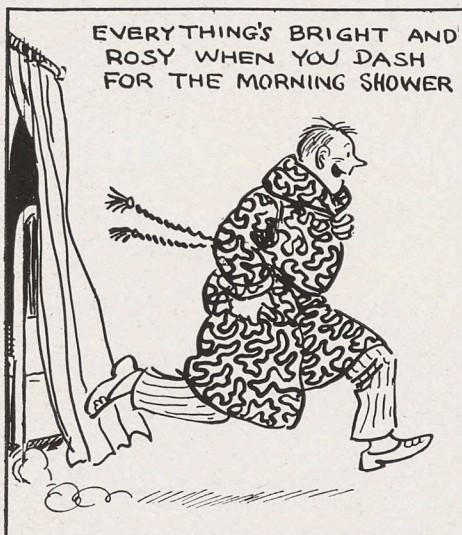
Dingee

MAY 25c



THE
CLOSING
NUMBER

How to Start the Day Wrong : : : : : By BRIGGS



© P. Lorillard Co., Est 1760



.. not a cough in a carload

15¢

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



“Framed in the prodigality of nature” ~

What’s the difference if King Richard III did live several centuries ago? Shakespeare wrote his speech and Shakespeare wrote for the ages. Both liked to refresh themselves. Maybe Shakespeare saw the handwriting on the wall—one of those Coca-Cola ads, reading:

Good things from nine sunny climes poured into a single glass.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

King Richard III
Act I, Scene 2

*8 million
a day*

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PEVELY
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MILK

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

The house has burned down to the ground!
Sister has eloped.
Father's run away with cook,
Just as we had hoped.
Mother's dying—but keeps cool!
Good 'n scared now?—April Fool!!

The house has only *half* burned down
Sister's dead,—not Mother
Father didn't cop the cook
That was only brother.
So calm your fears and do keep cool.
I just was playing April Fool.

—Bison

— D D D —

Prof—Now, in this equation, Y is a constant.
Student—Yeh, that's what I want to know.

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

Parson: "Brother Jones, does your daughter
trust in God?"

Jones: "She must judging by the company she
keeps."

—Humbug

— D D D —

Doctor (to taxidermist): "The stork has ar-
rived."

Tax (absent mindedly): "All right, put him on
the shelf next to the owl."

—Log

— D D D —

Talkative Woman (on board ship): "Can you
swim?"

Sailor—"Only at times, ma'am."

Talkative Woman—"Only at times! How
strange! And when do these moments of ability
come to you?"

Sailor—"In the water, ma'am."

—Virginia Reel

— D D D —

Hortense: "The trouble with you is you don't
know when to stop."

Adalber: "Oh yes I do, but the best place is a
half mile up the road." (Curtain.)

—Jack-O-Lantern

— D D D —

He: "Shall we sit in the parlor?"

She: "No, I'm too tired—let's go out and play
tennis."

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

"Did you get any letters at college?"

"Yea, sure—'bout two a day, but it was pretty
hard to answer 'em all."

—Broken Jug

Raise You Five

He: "For two cents I'd kiss you * * *"
 She: "Well, here's fifty cents, let's get going."
 —Siren

— D D D —

"Do you come from Boston?"
 "Hell, no! I'm talking this way because I cut
 my mouth on a bottle."
 —Record

— D D D —

"Here, young man, you shouldn't hit that boy
 when he's down."
 "Gwan! What d'yer think I got 'im down fer?"
 —Blue Gator

— D D D —

If Acceptances Were True

Mr. Harold Applebottom
 regrets that the eight hour working day
 observed by
 The Long Hang Whang Lang
 Laundry Company
 makes it impossible for him
 to get his only shirt back in time
 to accept
 the kind invitation of
 Kappa Chi Alpha
 for dinner Thursday, June ninth.
 —De Pauw Yelloze Crab

— D D D —

Sabine: Hey! Where are you going with my
 wife?
 Roman: Now you just hush up. To the victor
 belong the goils.
 —Record

— D D D —

"I knew I'd love you the minute I heard of you."
 "How did you know?"
 "One of my brothers was out with you last week."
 —Utah Humbug

— D D D —

Pa: "I know a man who hasn't been away from
 home a single night in thirty years."
 Ma: "That's what I call love."
 Pa: "Well, the doctor called it paralysis."
 —Punch Bowl

— D D D —

He: If I had a lot of money I'd ask you to marry
 me.
 She: If you had a lot of money you wouldn't
 have to ask me.
 —Punch Bowl



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 known brand and Spread it on Thick
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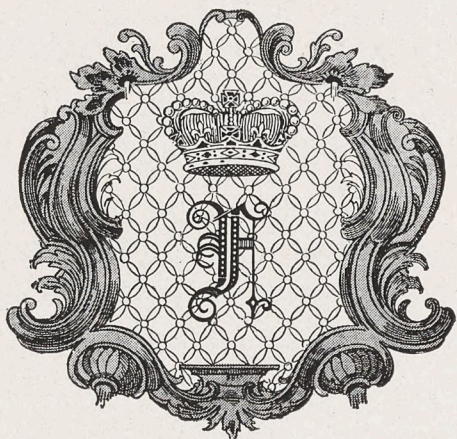
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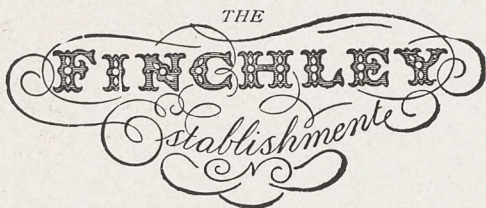
APPAREL

THOSE INTERESTED IN SURVEYING THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY FOR SPRING WILL GAIN A MOST EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGE BY ATTENDING THE NEXT FINCHLEY EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT YOUR SCHOOL.

WATCH COLLEGE BULLETINS FOR DATES AND PLACES OF EXHIBITIONS.

HATS : HABERDASHERY : SHOES
LEATHER GOODS : LUGGAGE
CRAVATS : WOOLIES

CLOTHES FOR CAMPUS, SPORTS
AND FORMAL USAGE.



FIFTH AVENUE JACKSON BLVD.
NEW YORK CHICAGO

"That star is Venus, it was named after a beautiful woman."

"Is that the star the wise men followed?"

—Widow

— D D D —

My girl is so fat I walked down the street with her the other day without knowing my rival was doing the same thing.

—Life

— D D D —

Ideal

You are crimson
With the flush
Of youth.
Your lines
Are graceful.

But,

Though you are adorned
With gold
You're black inside,
And empty,
And I must fill you,
My Waterman.

—Panther

— D D D —

Friend: "What is your son taking up at college?"

Father: "Space, nothing but space."

—Green Gander

— D D D —

She: Am I the first girl you have ever kissed?

Frosh: Now, that you mention it, you do look familiar.

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

Marg. (angrily)—"I'm mad with you."

Bill—"Why?"

Marg.—"'Cause you said I was conceited."

Bill—"Well, nearly all beautiful girls are."

Marg. (sweetly)—"Oh, Bill, are they, real-ly?"

—Sniper

— D D D —

Lamp This

There's the heart of a soldier in me
And a bit of the pirate bold,
The buccaneer and the cavalier,
And the seeker of yellow gold.

There's a little German in me,
A good deal of English and Cree,
A bit or two of Spanish and Sioux—
I'm a cannibal gent, you see!

—Mercury



LISPING LIZZIE
SAYS:—

“Thith

ith

the

Clothing

Number”



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"Walking to reduce?"

"No! Reduced to walking."

—*Chicago Phoenix*

— D D D —

Archaeologist: I found a wonderful myth in the old baths of Rome.

Student: I hope you begged her pardon and left.

— D D D —

"Jack is some composer, isn't he?"

"Naw, he don't compose, he just draws lines on fly paper, then plays it."

—*Judge*

— D D D —

"I'm going to Ifornia next week."

"What do you mean by Ifornia?"

"The Cal is silent, as in Coolidge."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

— D D D —

Explained

Tenor (ego): "Now that I have sung that romantic selection, do you realize why girls leave home?"

Bored: "Yes; do you ever hear from your sister?"

—*Whirlwind*

Orchestra Leader: "Wot's the idea—what have you got in the carriage?"

Trap Drummer: "My kid sister—I'm gonna start her crying during our Baby Number."

—*Life*

— D D D —

Short and Sweet

Scene: Divan.

Time: None at all from the girl.

He (disgustedly glancing at her wrist watch): I guess I'll go now. It's eleven by your watch.

She: Oh, my watch is fast.

He: Well, that's something.

Exit.

—*Darhmouth Jack O'Lantern*

— D D D —

"Where was Jack yesterday?"

"He went out for a tramp."

"Find any?"

—*Froth*

— D D D —

"He reads the filthiest stuff possible!"

"Tabloids?"

"Nope—he's a professional mind reader."

—*Medley*.

The DIRGE

"Jest in Peace"

Closing Number

HOW TO BE POPULAR

Adv.

Johnny was heart-broken. As a lover he was the hell in hellitosis. His sex appeal was bad. His libido was wrong. He had what everyone else has simply because no one else wants it (use lifebuoy). All the girls smiled at Johnny because if they didn't smile they had to laugh. He was a college student. Blah! Now, wasn't Johnny in a H—l of a fix.

Today Johnny is the talk of the town. He stands alone, a lofty figure, the lover that no girl could possibly forget. Johnny became famous over night. The Iota Nok Yer Blokoff sorority had given a party and our hero had been chosen by the girls as the ideal man in the perfect man contest. No. You're wrong. Johnny was itless. He couldn't pet, neck, or even be sociable but just the same John was the Perfect Man. It's easy. Anyone can do what Johnny did and if you'll stay sober long enough for me to tell it, maybe you too can become the man that blondes pilfer.

During the lull in the general merry-making our youthful hero stepped modestly up to the piano. He casually announced that he would do anything upon request. Someone suggested that he choke himself but Johnny disdainfully refused the request. In spite of wise cracks and harder objects flung at his head Johnny sat down and began to play. Someone in the crowd snickered. Mollie Goop was heard to say, "He really can't play. Can he?"

But at the end of the number everyone ap-

plauded. John gave encore after encore, finally ending with those two melodious numbers, "He gave her the gate but she took a fence" and "She threw the baby out the window, Oh for crying out loud." After several hours of strenuous pounding the young artist dropped from exhaustion so they hauled his ashes. You, too, can be famous. Learn at home. Only a few minutes practice every day and you

can play almost anything. Start today. Don't be the paper on the wall all your life! Do it now. Send twenty-five dollars to cover the cost of postage and wrapping and we'll take care of the rest. This offer is absolutely FREE. You are under no obligation at all. If after several lessons you are not an accomplished artist try and get your money back. Absolutely FREE. This splendid offer only lasts until we can think up a better one.

— D D D —

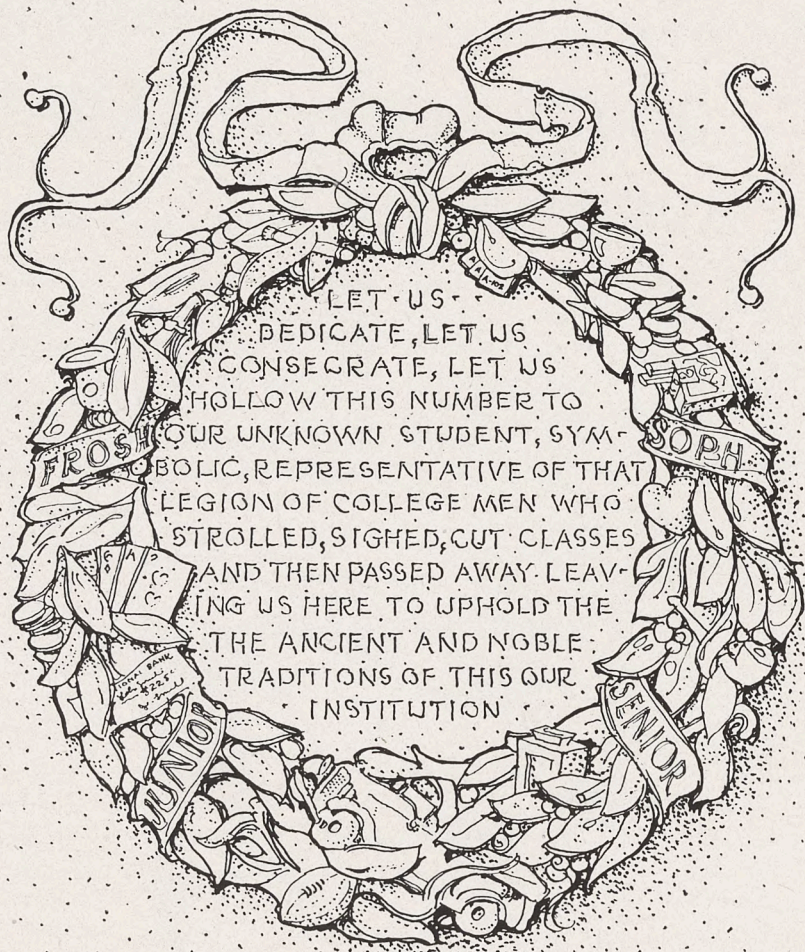
**DON'T GIVE
ME VODKA!!**

— D D D —

A Doggy One

The dachshund is an outcast pup,
He slinks about the town,
He wouldn't be so bad at all
If he weren't so durn low-down.





LET US
DEDICATE, LET US
CONSECRATE, LET US
HOLLOW THIS NUMBER TO
OUR UNKNOWN STUDENT, SYM-
BOLIC, REPRESENTATIVE OF THAT
LEGION OF COLLEGE MEN WHO
STROLLED, SIGHED, CUT CLASSES
AND THEN PASSED AWAY. LEAV-
ING US HERE TO UPHOLD THE
THE ANCIENT AND NOBLE
TRADITIONS OF THIS OUR
INSTITUTION

Neck and Neck

Francis Jim: Is he a very stable sort of a person?
Liggett Hall: Yes—his father was a jockey.

— D D D —

She was only a swimmer's daughter, but she knew
all the dives in town.

— D D D —

For Seniors Only

*Some four years back, there came upon this school
A class of verdant, blissful ignorance
One ounce of brains they could not boast of then,
They blossomed forth in all their innocence.*

*And now it seems that they will graduate
The birds are old and have ceased to flit
They came here feeling dumb, and looking that
The queer thing is,—they haven't changed a bit.*

— D D D —

"Gosh, that guy's fast, lookit him tear around
those sacks."

Fooled you all. He was the pure food inspector
at the flour mill.

— D D D —

Ah-Ha-May !!

*Ah May!
Ah May, Thou month of joy,
Thou time of shy smiles and deep sighs,
We welcome thee with outstretched arms
And fluttering hearts.
Thy days are full of beauteous maids
Thy too soon passing night's will find them made.
We love thee May, oh month of Maypoles and
pole vaulters.
Thou markest the passing of the seniors....
And their final repose at the Alma mater.
Alma Mater—huh,—school—finals—passing?
Bah, May!!!*

— D D D —

Bud: "Hi!—Hat!"
Peggy: "Lo! Brow."

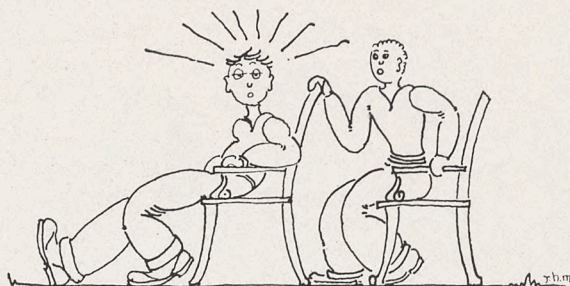
Coed Love

"My love for you is great" she sighed.
The love light in her eyes he spied,
"You've been so true, I want just you
And care not what we have or do.
If you were not so full of wealth
And just possessed with God's own health
I'd love you, dear, and be your wife
And for you alone give my poor life.
You're my ideal and I'll prove to you
That some coeds can still be true."

He raised his brow and took her in embrace
Tears welled up and down his handsome face
"Gee, I'm glad you feel that way.
I wanted to tell, —but just couldn't say.
Dad stopped my allowance and gave me the gate.
I've lost my jack, my cars, my rate
My home, my clothes and my La Salle
But gee, I've still got you for my gal."

He then glanced away and smiled and wept
While o'er her pan a queer look swept.
Then he heard her sweetly chime
That she was kidding all the time
And that it made her collapse with mirth
Hek! She'd loved that guy for all he was worth.

— D D D —



"Say, the prof called on you while you were
asleep."

"Yeah? And what did I say?"

— D D D —

1st Lawyer: "What do you hear from home?"
2nd Loafer: "Don't ask for so much money."

— D D D —

"Did you get a bid to the Theta dance?"
"No, I didn't spit!"
"I didn't ask you that!"
"I mean I didn't expect to rate."

ADVENTURES OF THE WILD WOMAN FROM BORNEO

Written Specially for Dirge by a St. Louis Telephone Operator.

They sat alone amidst the fragrance of a June night. The moon above smiled amiably upon the young couple. His arm stole gently around her waist. His technique was perfect. They sat silently for a time closely cuddled together. An untrained observer might have said they were necking. But it was far too gentle and too tender for that.

He was as handsome as a Greek God. His voice was like a gentle spring breeze. He spoke softly and gently but no maid that lived could resist that matchless voice:

"Darling, I'm asking you for the last time. I've told you time and again what it means to me. You know when I first gazed upon your pretty eyes, your pearly teeth and your graceful ankles, I was completely bewildered. You know that I worship you, that I live only for the happiness that you can give me. Sweet Dream, Precious Hope, I gaze into your eyes and see a little cottage nestled among the roses. I see a sweet and tender face waiting to greet me at the door and as I walk up the path the children run to meet me at the gate. Ah! What bliss! It lies in your power to give me all this and yet, you sit there with your cold smile as though I were simply spouting meaningless words."

The color softly mounted to her cheeks. She sighed and gave her consent as though in pretended reluctance.

* * *

A man is walking down a winding path and there nestled among the roses is a tiny cottage. A loving face is smiling at the window and the children are running down the path to meet our hero. As he walks he silently contemplates the scene that we have just been over. He really had been sincere with the girl, for the fifty thousand dollar insurance policy she had signed meant life and happiness to him and to his aging mother.

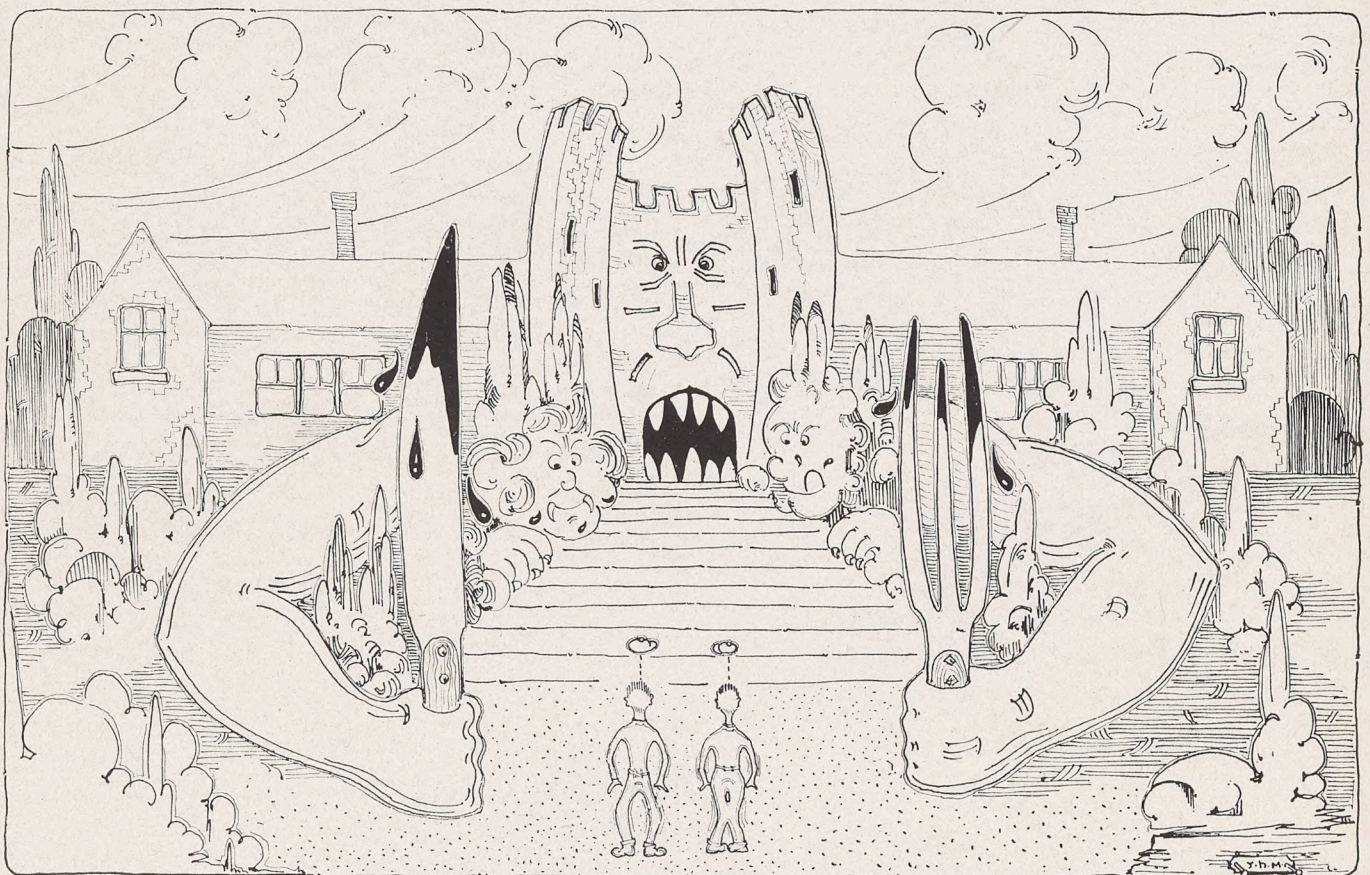
— D D D —

A girls dress is just like a fence because it doesn't obstruct the view, but it does protect the property.

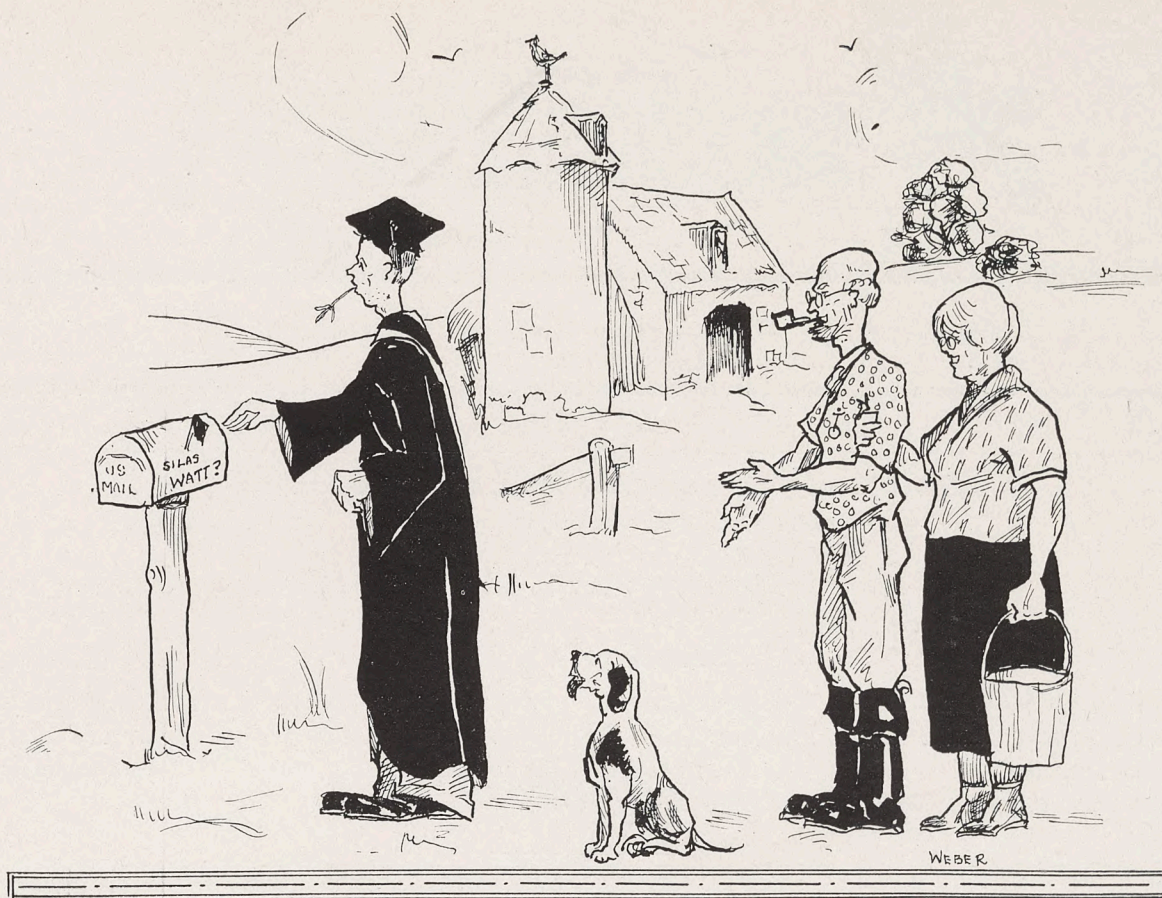
— D D D —

Those Hot Dog Days

Tough urchin who has just been bitten by a mad canine "Aw! Go throw a fit."



The dear Alma Mater as seen by any stude on or about May 24.



The correspondence school student receives his diploma.

The Poet's Farewell

I've reeled off lines of wordy thought
And courted the Muse for hours,
I've raved about the crescent moon
And ranted of summer flowers.

I've swung my pen through battles wild,
Through tales of daring doings,
I've snorted of the rolling sea,
And ardent lover's cooings.

I've trod the path of shining light,
I've probed the depths of gloom,
I've chirped about the Northern Light
And worshipped the orchid's bloom.

I've seen the world nine times around—
And rhymed what I have seen,
I've often knelt at beauty's shrine,
Acknowledged many a queen.

I've sung my song and I've played the fool,
I've made of my pen a scratching tool
To coax a smile or so,
But my song is done, and I'm on my way,
Perhaps to jest some other day,
Now—The End—and I must go.

A Cigarette Is The Butt of This Story

"Mustapha Kemal, Mustapha Kemal," cried the
cigarette-starved Turks, as they raided the stores.

— D D D —

Anatomically Speaking

He may be your right hand man, but I think he's
a heel.

— D D D —

Famous Last Words

1. Believe it or not, I'm waiting for a street car.
2. Too late—too late.
3. It won't be long now.
4. Now, bring out that d—n cat.
5. Who called that son of a gun a piccolo player?
6. Heigh—ho, the fox!

— D D D —

"The wurst is yet to come," remarked Emil, as
he cut up some more "weenies".



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Vol. IX

MAY, 1928

No. 8

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Bearers of The Pall

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Delphine Meyer1931
Julius Herman.....1931
Celeste East.....1931

PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

DIRGE wishes to thank you all for your very kind consideration, such as it was, and to wish you all a fairly enjoyable summer.



DIRGEwishes to announce to all and sundry that the governing Board for next year has been duly chosen and installed, to the extent of floating this, the final issue. The Board: Carl Weber, Editor in Chief; Charles Eames has been re-elected Art Editor, Dorothy Zetlmeisl, Exchange Editor, while on the Business side of the page, William Stannus will be Business Manager, James Barngrove, Advertising Manager, and Austin Chasey, Circulation Manager. Give 'em a hand, they'll probably need it.



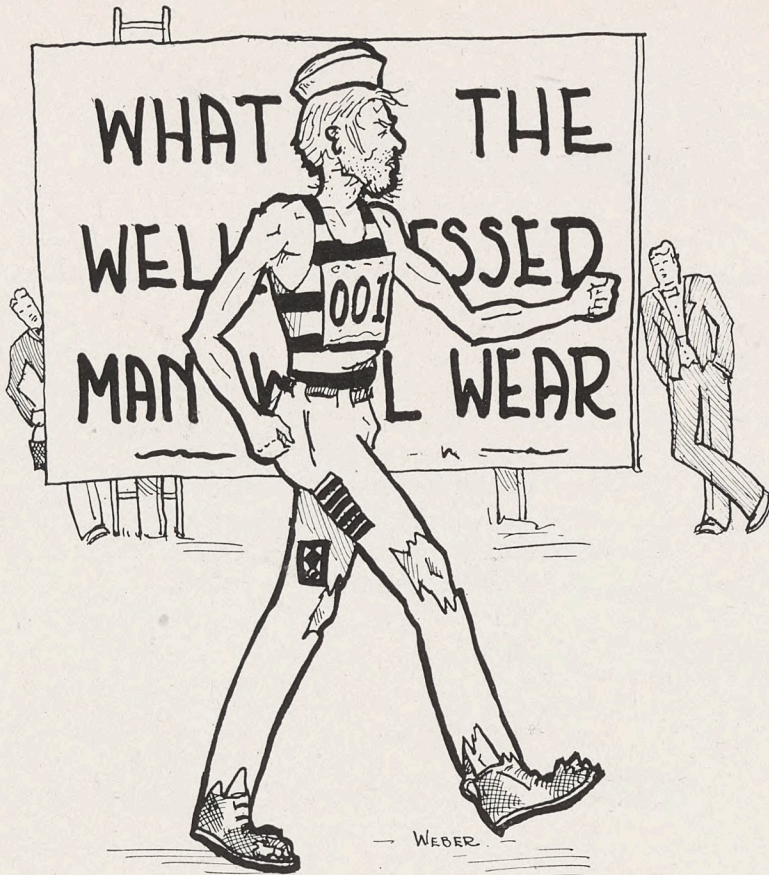
IN view of the fact that the 1927-28 editors have resigned in favor of the next load of wits and half wits, we of the second part feel at liberty to speak here as we please and expect no wise cracks.

Our hats are off and we stand with bowed heads and legs as the staff of this season's Dirge passes on the long black buggy ride into the great beyond. With all due respect we state that their efforts have been more than laughable. Their work has been appreciated and in a word—noble. May they jest in peace.

The new staff has accepted the challenge. We have taken up the torch, refilled it, and shall carry on. We stand ready to serve. If you have enjoyed this issue we promise you an absolute likeness once a month in the future. Incidentally, we did all of the work herein. However, gentle reader, if you find this edition not so hot, we must admit that the old regime put the chill on the damp spots. This unfortunate occurrence was due to overexertion of the cranium from which none of the new staff has ever suffered. We will only think on warm days, so watch the thermometer go up.

And now. After due thanks for your attention we promise to give you a Dirge that is bigger and deader and most of all, ON TIME. With your co-operation (\$.25) and our brains we promise the best Dirge by a Hearseful.





Sign: "What's Coxy's army done since they marched on Washington?"
Bored: "Why right now they're running to New York."

— D D D —

Senior's Lament

Four years of college,
I've lived and learned,
Frequently scorched,
But never yet burned.

Four years of college
Gone by the board,
And never a girl
I might have adored.

Four years of college,
I wasted away,
And then at the end
I met Her one day.

Four years of college,
I finally fell.
To see her, to leave her,
Life is
just
plain
hell!

The Prince: "What beastly weather."

Whales: "Yeh, it's been raining cats and dogs."

— D D D —

Prof—"Enlighten me on the derivation of belligerent?"

Stude—"Ah—yes belli—means war."

Stewed (the night before)—
"Not where I come from."

— D D D —

It was the last straw. He could not go further.

"Another bottle of Whistle, please," he said.

— D D D —

"Who Freud that?" shouted the psychoanalyst, as the missile struck him.

C. C. Pyle's Skin Split Delight

The Race Won by 2 Feet

"Rip Van" Gavuzzi erstwhile Irish Piccolo artist led the field in the Beard Growing contest through Saint Louis by 3 inches of coal black bristle. Gav., whose folks were hay merchants in Ohio, has grown a spectacular crop of face fuzz that threatens to overshadow the efforts of his opponents by far.

"Rip" might easily be mistaken for a janitor's brush as he shambles his spacious beard along the highway.

The most colorful instance of the race occurred in the close finish between Gardiner, Payne and Davis, red, white and black entries, who ended in a blanket finish colorful enough to be mistaken for a crazy quilt.

"Baby" Bunky, knee and palm expert holds 5th place and has surpassed all previous crawling records having neither run, ambled, rambled, shambled, nor walked one step of the 2,000 miles so far traversed.

George Half is the only man in the race who is not troubled by shin splints. His shins have never given him a moments trouble but his arms are about killing him. He plans to run the last 500 miles on his feet.

— D D D —



A little thing in black and white.

"Poor Lindy"

*In the hills of old Dakota
Where the land is nice and smooth
There lived a country maiden..
She did before she moved.*

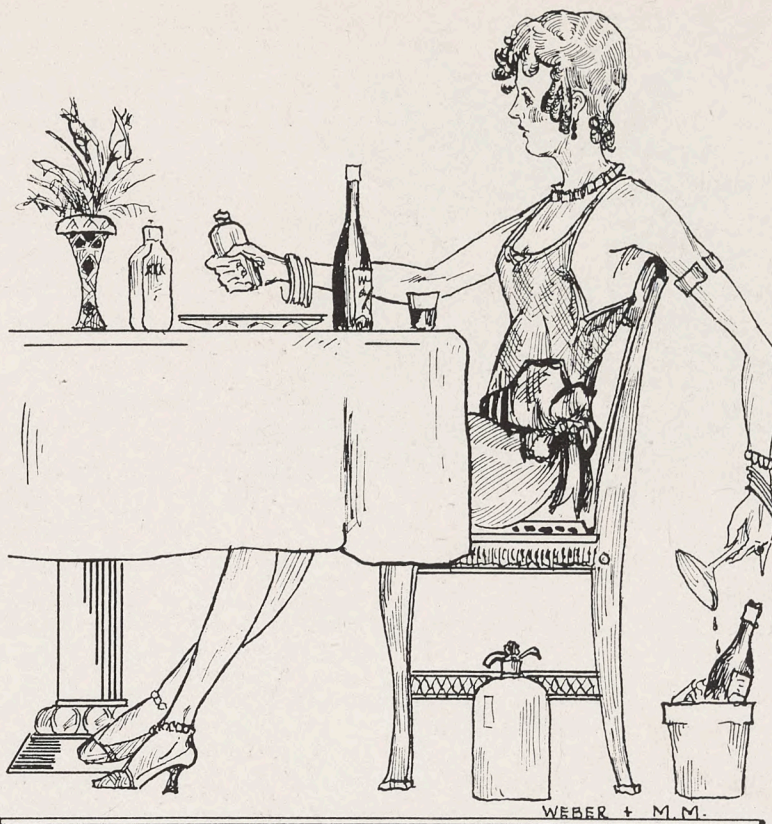
*As pure as any lily
That in December grew
A simple honest maiden
Was this lass of Dan McGrew*

*At length a city slicker
With a Ford and lots o' jack
Did chance to stop his buggy
In back o' Lindy's shack.*

*And he peered into the window
Then smiled and gave a laugh
For in a round wood basin
Was Lindy at her bath.*

*Poor Lindy first did shudder
Then gave a little cry
And tried to hide her carcass
From the dirty scoundrel's eyes.*

*But fate would not prevent it
So the louse came tearin' in
Er aiming to catch Lindy
And plunge her soul in sin.*



The obedient girl whose mother said: "Don't go near the water."

— D D D —

*As quick as any panther
She clamb' into the loff
At this Alonzo Newell
Did look upright and laugh.*

"Listen Bo, don't date that babe to the Prom, she's a pin head an' I'm tellin' you, you'll get stuck."

— D D D —

*He tempted her with love words
Diamonds, cars and rings
But to a little girl like Lindy
These were but useless things.*

Dowager: "My good man I thought I told you that you could never fill the position as our butler, you lack polish."

Pug: "Ye gods, lady, den I went and got dis shiner all fer nuttin'."

— D D D —

*At length his patience ended
And he pulled out a great big gun
He aimed at poor lil Lindy
Oh cruel cruel one.*

Advertising man (entering Hades and glimpsing Cerberus at the portals)

"Ah! Where the Pup is furnace man."

— D D D —

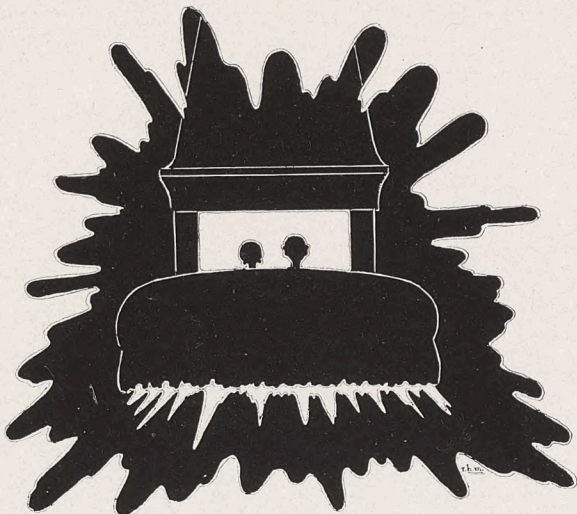


Prof (to star athlete at commencement): "And now, sir, I hope you'll go out into the world and make a big man of yourself as I did."

*But hearken gentle reader
And wipe your tear dimmed eyes
For is there one who has not
heard
That cats have nine-long-lives?*

Minnie: "They love just like two turtle doves."

Ha-ha: "Yeh, they're both coo-coo."



Voice from upstairs: "Is that young feller thar yit, Datter?"

Datter: "No, pap, but he's gittin' thar."

— D D D —

Ode to Beer

*Sit down now my friends of strength
And test yon beverage for its strength,
Pass the bucket round and round
And test your gullets for the sound
Of drink that makes you happy.
Good strong beer, foaming clear,
Four good men to bring good cheer.
All of us are happy now,
None of us will ever row
With another who by him sits
And drinks as a gentleman with his twits.*

*Four quarts each and adjourn we must,
For another and we'd bust.
But, come again? We surely will,
For we'll never get our fill
Of good old beer!*

— D D D —

POME

*"Mine is the love of a thousand years;
Mine is the love that is deep as the sea.
Mine is the love, precious as mother's tears;
And all of it is for thee!"*

*"Nay, nay," she sighed, and hung her head;
"It cannot be—father objects."
Then seeing the tears in his eyes, she said,
"I must have a husband who necks!"*

— D D D —

We sympathize with this guy Nobly who is always being done.

— D D D —

He was just the kind of a sailor with a wife on every davenport.

May Has Come

May has come—
The one month of the sport's delight—
The one month when the necking's right.
The little lambs once more cavort
Or cuddle close to some young sport
In a roadster, or comely hack;
And there seems to be no walking back.
May has come.

May has come—
The time is past for all remorse
The Prince again falls from his horse
And all we foreigners laugh with glee
Pop and Mama's concern to see.
Track men willingly blister in the sun
Our headman alone, "does not choose to run."
May has come.

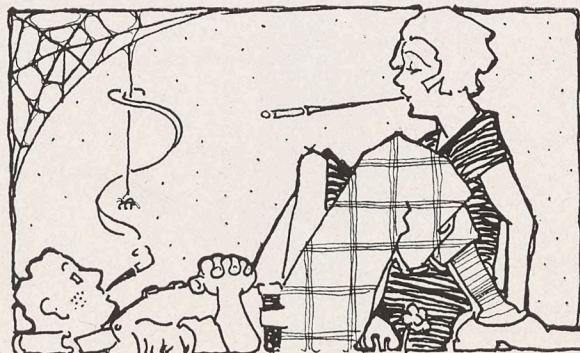
May has come—
We soon sweet rest shall for us find
A solace for the fevered mind
We think no more of books and grinding
Tho'ts of sunny shores through our brains go
winding
But Dad says "Now the time for summer work is
ripe"
And all our bliss turns to one grand gripe.
May has come.

— D D D —

"Hear what happened to the tight rope walker?"
"Nope."
"Got too tight, fell and broke his neck."

— D D D —

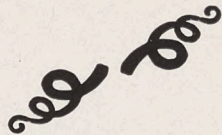
SN'OTHER HESHEE JOKE



"I didn't know houses pet."

"H'zat?"

"Well, it says in my little book that the houses changed hands."

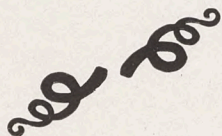


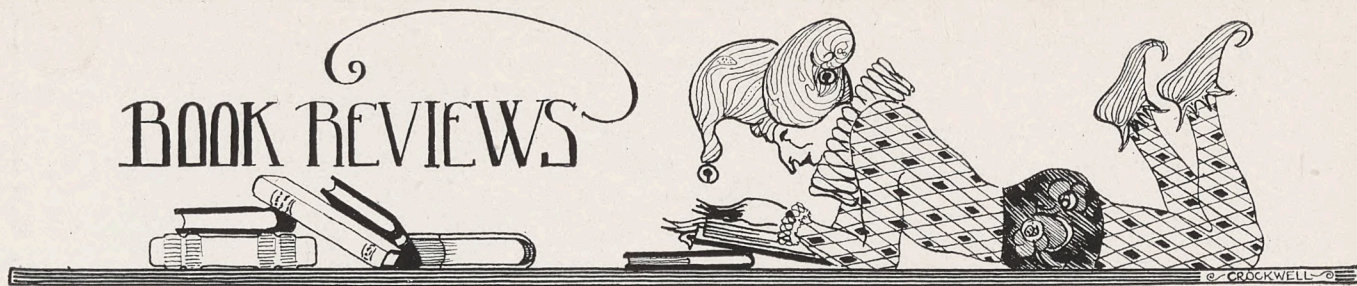
Puns

I SING the puns of history, the fair bon mots of yore,
 The jokes of Grecian funny men, Aristophanic lore,
 The jests and quips that Socrates, when sober, used to pull,
 The bright cracks at which Alexander roared in battle's lull.
 I sing the puns of history, I laud them to the skies,
 But I hear no echoing praises—only silence, shocked surprise—
 Then come the criticasters' sneers, when they in judgment sit,
 "Puns are not considered clever; they're the lowest form of wit."

I sing the puns of Greece and Rome, the merriment of kings,
 The Renaissance's drollery, Boccaccio's brilliant things,
 The Rabelaisian humor, that of Shakespeare and Moliere,
 Of Schopenhauer and Byron, laughing melancholy pair.
 I sing the men who played with words, from Homer to Milt Gross,
 But indignant murmurs stop me; black looks put me at a loss—
 Then come the criticasters' sneers, when they in judgment sit,
 "Puns are not considered clever; they're the lowest form of wit."

I sing the puns that Dirge has run, the sort that never pall,
 Original or larcenous, I chortle at them all;
 What though they drip with lather like the ads for Williams' soap—
 Who cares for fun that can't be seen without a telescope?
 I sing the puns that Dirge has run, the good ones with the bad,
 But I hear the English teacher's gripe, the highbrow's scornful "Sad!"
 Then come the criticasters' sneers, when they in judgment sit,
 "Puns are not considered clever; they're the lowest form of wit."





"Seaports in the Moon" by Vincent Starrett (Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50)

Out in the east, where Bohemianism is heaven and criticism a chronic disease, reviewers have written to the publishers how they (the reviewers) remained awake until all hours of the clear Manhattan night, to finish this book, how they purchased additional copies for their very best friends only, or how they yelled with delight at its charm; and this time, at least, the august arbiters of American literature will be justified in their antics. For *Seaports in the Moon* is the creation of a Vincent Starrett who is evidently enjoying himself, a pleasure aided somewhat by a reckless disregard of facts and an open embrace of fiction. Of all the arts, unless it be tragedy, comedy is the most contagious, and Starrett's comedy is a wholesome triad of wit, nonsense, and philosophy, a combination of three overlapping elements.

Shadowed by a background of a delightfully distorted, discriminatingly selected history, the book concerns itself with the presence, more often the absence, of a small vial of water from the Fountain of Youth. Thus in 1483, Columbus, pacing the hot sands of Funchal, and musing on the imbecility of a disbelieving world, comes upon a shipwreck from the ruins of which is discovered, almost naturally too, the dying Francois Villon, who commissions a dizzy Columbus with the quest to seek Bimini where flows the mystical and mythical Fount. A mysterious figure, possibly Napoleon, appears, following Columbus' thoughtful disappearance, and after careful perusal of the deceased's possessions, curses the poverty of the corpse, and probably with an oath of disgust, tosses most of the parchments into the sea, and crams a crude map of a small island into his pocket.

Some few years later, the Queen of Spain, discovering that in the fat-and-forty combination, the last two words were superfluous as far as she was concerned, agrees to pawn the royal jewels, so as to finance Columbus' mission to find Bimini and incidentally the valuable water.

And the story goes that Don Quixote and Sancho in their romantic adventures, gain possession from an inkeeper who obtained it from a drunken sailor, a queer map, which they take to be of an island that Sancho is to govern. And that through unduke-like acts a duke accompanied by Don Juan Perez de

Ortubia secures the map from the Knight and his squire. And that Ponce de Leon, viewing with alarm the grotesque proportions of his beltline, rents a boat and with a crew (including Don Juan Perez) sets out for Bimini. He stumbles upon the island, and while searching for the waters, Don Juan, with the aid of the map, reaches the fountain of perpetual youth, and fills a glittering vial with the crystal fluid. And the story further goes, according to Starrettania, that another Queen of Spain, tired of an senile King, is caught in an affair with Juan Perez, whose appealing youthfulness only we can understand. Juan Perez is hanged. And as the story unravels itself, it seems that Father Mendez and Francois Rabelais are roommates, that the scholarly *Padre* to reward Rabelais for his services, presents the French physician with a vial and a manuscript which explains that Dominic Oviedo of the Order Sain Dominic, was given the vial by Juan Perez on the eve of the latter's death. Dominic, it seems, had given the vial to Father Mendez.

And Starrett's history discloses next that at a certain inn, at about 1650, a duel between D'Artagnan and Cyrano Le Bergerac is interrupted by a woman's scream, and a royal scream it was, for it came from the throat of Mademoiselle de la Motte d'Argencour. The damsel it is disclosed was abducted by the treachery of her guardian Vicomte d'Emonville who has her ring and which the duelists set out to retrieve so as to speak on behalf of the fair lady to the King. Imagine their surprise, when, after washing D'artagnan's sword with Vicomte's blood, they discover the jewelled vial in the dead man's den. But alas for poor Cyrano and his companion. While proudly displaying the secret of the ages to their pious friends and drunken companions, the vial is unaccountably unaccounted for.

And the history has it that Alexander Pope, after making love to Lady Mary, but not because of it, dies. And immediately after the Angel of Death stalks off with Pope's soul or whatever it is the Angel of Death stalks off with when it stalks off, comes a small mysterious package. What it contained is not difficult to guess.

And Starrett's fancy has it that Long John England, as a by-product of his saloon industry, buys dead bodies and sells at a profit to physicians; that

in the grave of one of the corpses is found this vial; and that Long John, at a neat margin, sells the vial to John Andre, a captain of a squad stationed near England's saloon.

And we next hear of the vial when Edgar Allen Poe, on the threshold of death, is vainly striving to open the bottle, and failing, dies.

And history finally disposes of the vial by having a curio shop keeper, disgusted with the enormous offers of a business man for the purchase of the intrinsically worthless, spiritually valuable waters of

immortality, empties the contents of the vial into a bowl of gold-fish.

If the book were entirely serious and logically correct, it would be an epic; if it were concerned only with its central theme, it would be philosophy; if it were dramatized, it would be tragedy; if it were not a fantasia, it would be humorous. But it is none of these things, because it is all of them. And its unmistakable moral is that to avoid perennial youth is inhuman; to yearn for it is human; and to achieve it is superhuman.

M. M.

(Courtesy Arcade Book Shop)



She: "I prayed for you last night."

He: "Next time, call me up an' I'll be right over."

— D D D —

Bible Story

The End of the World

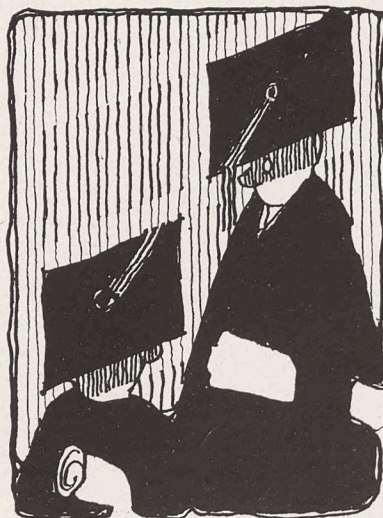
And finally there arose up in the land of America a great and mighty bootlegger by the name of Mus-teeka and he did brew much and potent liquors that would knock even the best of us. And everyone lived, loved, and gloriously revelled with his brews of wonder. At length some ungodly gripe by the name of Boornburg did post the police to sack, raid, and arrest this public benefactor. And the police came and tasted the stuff and lo, they drank and drank, even as the populace drank and drank, and they fell victim to the charms of this liquor and no arrest was made.

Then the Army and Navy was called upon to incriminate and capture this sinning bootlegger. Verily, verily, they tested the stuff and lo, they drank and drank even as their predecessors had drank. For shame, they too fell addicts

Finally, the League of Nations was called upon and even they were captured by the might and potency of this wonder brew. Soon the whole world was wonderfully drunk and no man, woman, or child drew sober breath. The world virtually wallowed and saturated itself in the marvelous drink.

There remained only this one gripe who was unconvinced. One dark night he stole himself into the brewery and filled all the bottles with water so that next day when everyone partook they immediately dropped dead, poisoned. Then this old gripe tasted by mistake the liquor and thereup proceeded to drink himself to death in the most natural of ways. Thus with no one left to carry on the progagation of the race the world necessarily terminated.

— D D D —



"She get her Bachelor degree?"

"Naw, she made College Widow."

ON THE SCREEN

MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

Skouras Brothers are bringing another stage celebrity to St. Louis, Frank Fay, who will act as master of ceremonies at the Missouri theatre, starting on or about May 26.

Known as Broadway's favorite son, Fay is a comedian and singer of great note. He has been in vaudeville and musical comedies for the past few years, and has attained fame in both.

At the Ambassador, Ed Lowry continues as master of ceremonies, and the third de luxe Skouras House, the Grand Central, is lining up some of the year's greatest attractions to be shown in conjunction with the Vitaphone.

Heading the list of coming screen attractions at Skouras Theaters, are such successes as "Broken Hearts", adapted from Warwick Deeping's "Doomsday"; the greatest epic of the air yet shown on the screen "The Lone Eagle", which will be dedicated to Lindbergh's New York to Paris flight; and "The Lion and the Mouse", starring Lionel Barrymore, May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr., which will be shown at the Grand Central with the Vitaphone.

Another production of note to be used with the Vitaphone is "Lilac Time", starring Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper, while other important productions are: Richard Barthelmess in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come", featuring Molly O'Day; Clara Bow in "Ladies of the Mob"; Esther Ralston in "Something Always Happens", and "The Saw Dust Trail"; Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in "Burning Daylight" and "The Hawk's Nest"; Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton and Mary Brian in "Partner's in Crime"; and Laura La Plante in "Silk Stockings."

Paramount, whose pictures are shown at Skouras theaters here, has just announced its productions for the coming year. In addition to such favorites as Clara Bow, Emil Jannings, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Bebe Daniels, George Bancroft, Esther Ralston and Wallace Beery, Paramount next year will present several new stars and featured players. Charles "Buddy" Rogers will be starred in a series of four pictures. Fay Wray and Gary Cooper are being launched in a series of three pictures as Paramount's "glorious young lovers." As a regard for her performance in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Ruth Taylor will be co-featured with James Hall in a series of three comedy-melodramas.

Other young feature players who will be given more important roles in the new program are Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Nancy Carroll, Lane Chand-

lar, Ivy Harris, Doris Hill, Jack Luden and Iris Stuart.

Among the authors whose work will form the basis for Paramount pictures are: Owen Davis, Rich Washburn Child, John Monk Saunders, James Montgomery Flagg, W. Somerset Maugham, Edna Ferber, Elinor Glyn, George S. Kaufman, Jim Tully, Ernest Vajda, Ann Nichols and S. S. Van Dine.

Also, as a reward for the pictures they turned out during the present season, Clara Bow, Richard Dix, and Esther Ralston will be starred in a number of special productions in addition to the regular program pictures which they will make. Wallace Beery also will make two special features with all-star casts.

LOEW'S STATE

There seems to be no end to the versatility of young Nat Nazzarro, Jr., the musical comedy star and good looking master of ceremonies, who started out on what looks like a permanent engagement at Loew's State Theatre. Those who saw this youngster in his first start last week, will remember for a long time that difficult "neck-spin" he executed during his sensational dance. The audience broke loose with a clattering of hands that has seldom been heard in any theatre. But young Nat only smiled that wholesome boyish smile of his. He was saying to himself perhaps, "Wait, dear people until I get accustomed to what you want, and then—" Well, anyhow they tell the writer at Loew's State that this lad is "there" with any kind of dancing, singing or the playing of any musical instrument. If this be true, we'll want to follow his shows at the State and, aside from seeing what he does himself, we'll be interested to see the kind of acts he brings along.

Nazzarro announces that for the week of May 12, he will head his show with that musical comedy team of Dave Kramer and Jack Boyle. Other acts will round out the bill that week. Then for the week of May 19, he promises that we shall see another musical comedy star, Jimmy Savo, the pantomime comedian, who gets plenty of laughs with his antics.

The feature picture for May 12 at the State will be "Ramona", starring Dolores Del Rio. For the week of May 19, "Rose Marie" is the attraction with Joan Crawford and James Murray starred. Then we will see Ramon Navarro in "Across To Singapore" and also we are promised Gilda Gray in her newest sensation, "The Devil Dancer". And from another source we hear the rumor that Miss Gray herself will come to the State to dance for us in her own inimitable style.



If you don't think Short
Vamps are for sale
see page 26

— D D D —

Kodak As You Go

“My! what a dark room!”

“Yes, there's going to be some rapid develop-
ments in here in a minute.”

— D D D —

—*Frivol*

Sweet Young Thing (after breaking glasses):
“I've broken my glasses; do I have to be examined
all over again?”

Optometrist (sighing): “No, just your eyes.”

—*Cougra's Paw*

— D D D —

The boy stood on the burning deck
But he did not feel it burn
For he had been with Elinor Glyn
Three weeks at Lake Lucerne.

—*Whirlwind*

— D D D —

Drunk (waking up in cemetery): “Thish must
be the resurrecshun and I'm the first one up.”

—*Chanticleer*

— D D D —

A college graduate is one that can count up to
twenty without taking off his shoes.

—*Lyre*

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Rich Malted Milks—The Ice
Cream is double rich—the
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A combination that would
tickle the most sophisticated
palate—Again we say “The
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“DRUGS WITH A REPUTATION”

Business Ethics

“Oo-hoo! I saw you kiss Sis!” cried one of those
small brothers, suddenly materializing from nowhere
at all.

“Er-ah—here's a quarter, my little man,” offered
the embarrassed suitor.

“And here's fifteen cents change,” countered the
little man. “One price to all—that's the way I do
business.”

— D D D —

—*Cynic*

“Oswald do you want to see the new baby brother
the stork brought?”

Modern Boy—Naw, let me see the stork.

— D D D —

—*Caveman*

“His name begins with ‘C’, but I can't remem-
ber what it is.”

“Is it Charles?”

“No.”

“Is it Chillingsworth?”

“No—oh, I remember now it's Choseph!”

— D D D —

—*Pointer*

“Did you ever hear the “Blue Danube Waltz?”

“No, but I've heard the Mississippi gurgle.”

—*Sun Dial*

Carl Campus says: It isn't how much a girl
knows that bothers me—it's where she learned it.
—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

— D D D —

Helen—I'm the happiest girl alive, I'm marrying
the man I want.

Harold—That's nothing to the joy of marrying
the man someone else wants.

—*Jack-o'Lantern*

— D D D —

Drunk, staggering along the streets, bumps into a
telephone pole. Feels way around it several times,
then mutters, "S'no ushe. Walled in."

—*Jack o'Lantern*

— D D D —

"So your father knows the exact moment he will
die, does he, the exact year, month and day?"

"Yassuh, he had ought to. The jedge tole him."

—*Cornell Widow*

— D D D —

Doctor—The best thing for you to do is give up
smoking, late hours, wine, women, and—

Stude—Wait! What's the next best thing?

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

— D D D —

Whisper from the sofa—"I hope your mother
doesn't object to kissing."

Second same—"Say! I thought this was my
party."

—*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

"We are now passing the most famous brewery
in Berlin," explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the American tourist as he
hopped off the sight-seeing bus.

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fried
and I'll have the chops lean."

"Yes, sir; which way?"

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

An Old Story

I felt the beating of her heart,
So close was hers to mine;
We could not wrench ourselves apart;
Her presence was like wine.
But still the girl I couldn't win,
So near and yet so far—
For that's the way with strangers in
A crowded trolley car.

—*Tulsa Collegian*

Fair Visitor—But where do you bathe?

Co-ed—In the spring.

"I didn't say *when* I said *where*."

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon*

— D D D —

"Can a man tell when a woman loves him?"

"Sure; but she is liable to get mad."

—*West Virginia Moonshine*

— D D D —

Teacher—What is a Polar bear?

Bright Pupil—The man who carries the coffin at
a funeral.

—*Tennessee Mugwump*

— D D D —

All joking aside, these intelligence tests really do
indicate those who have brains. Those who have,
don't take them.

—*Denver Parrakeet*

— D D D —

"I told my girl just what I thought of her after
the prom."

"What did she say?"

"I love you, too."

—*Cornell Widow*

— D D D —

"And you say you guarantee these canaries?"

"Guarantee them? Why, madam, I raised them
from canary seed!"

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

"Shall I put a roll in your stocking, madam?"

"No, Yvette, I'll carry my pocket-book."

—*Penn State Froth*

— D D D —

"So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang
onto your mother's skirt?"

Youngster—Couldn't reach it.

—*Texas Ranger*

— D D D —

Park Officer—Do you have a license?

Parked Driver—Of course not. We're not going
to get married till June, are we, dear?

—*Pitt Panther*

— D D D —

"Every time I have an argument with my girl I
enter it in a small diary."

"Ah—I see. You keep a little scrapbook."

—*Denver Parrakeet*

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© BROOKS BROTHERS

Customer (to drug clerk)—Is this candy good?
 Clerk—Is it good? Why it's as pure as the girl
 of your dreams!

Customer—I'll have a package of gum.
 —Exchange

— D D D —

Hal: "Wanna go canoeing?"
 Sal: "No, let's go for an airplane ride."
 Hal: "What's the idea?"
 Sal: "Well, Ma knows I can swim."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

Oxfords: Where are those good looking legs
 carrying you, young ladys?

Pumps: To be precise, they're taking me home,
 and there aren't going to be any heels dragging
 along, either.
 —Spartan Spasms

— D D D —

"Two penny woth of bicarbonate of soda for in-
 digestion at this time of night!" cried the druggist
 who had been awakened at 2 a. m. by the Scotch-
 man, "when a glass of hot water does just as well!"

"Weel, weel," returned the Sotchman hastily, "I
 thank ye for the advice. I'll no bother ye after all.
 Gude nicht!"
 —Toronto Goblin

According to College Humor, Life and Judge

The Alarm Rings—

Professor Whoozis jumps out of the window and
 puts down his bed while he set out the radiator and
 turns on his clean underwear. The clock chimes
 downstairs and, in his haste, he rolls under the
 dresser and waits for his collar button to find him.
 He rushes downstairs to breakfast, spreads out his
 cereal and gobbles the newspaper. Young Ph.D. in
 the high chair wails and he jumps up, spanking his
 napkin and wiping his mouth with the baby. A
 train mhistles in the distance. He dashes out into
 the hall kissing an umbrella and bangs madly out
 the front door with his wife under his arm.

—Jester

— D D D —

Him—You've got too much color on your cheeks
 tonight.

Her—Why, that color's natural.

Him—Don't try to kid me, young lady.

Her—It is so. Look, it says right on the box.

—Michigan Gargoyle

— D D D —

The pessimist say all women are immoral; the op-
 timist merely hopes they are.

—Boston Beanpot

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TYPE CARS

Chryslers Buicks Hupmobiles
Fords Chevrolets



Jack: What were you before you
joined the Navy?

Tar: A Life Saver!

Jack: What flavor?

CABANY
5016

CABANY
6590

NELSON'S ICE CREAM

of a Finer Quality

Bakery Goods

Light Luncheon

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

Some Examples of Futility

Blowing smoke rings in the dark.
Drinking a fifth of gin immediately before going
to bed.
Apple polishing.
Waiting for a street car at three in the morning.
Trying to get gum out of a gum machine.
Marrying a rich girl for her money.
Trying to acquire "IT" by watching Clara Bow.

—Humbug

— D D D —

Twice Weekly

"Say, freshman, what do you take in physical edu-
cation?"

"Shower baths and cuts."

—Cracker

— D D D —

"Look here," said her old man, "I want to know
why you kissed my daughter last night in that dark
corner."

"Well," returned Johnny Larimer, "now that I've
seen her by daylight, I've been kind of wondering
myself."

—Exchange

— D D D —

Izzy: "You have dropped a nickel, Papa."

Moe: "Tch, tch, that you should notice it. Do
you want pipul to tink we are Scotch?"

—Golden Bull

— D D D —

"Won't you give something to the Old Ladies'
Home?"

"Sure; you can have my mother-in-law."

—Cracker

— D D D —

She: Hoot, why did you park here when there
are so many nicer places farther on?

He: Because, Joan, this is a case of love at first
site.

—S. California Wampus

Jefferson 1940

Jefferson 2370

Reliance Express Company

ALL KINDS OF HAULING

Auto Truck Service

Main Office 3414 Olive St.

J. MEYER, Mgr. ST. LOUIS, MO.

"I never stole anything in my life."

"You didn't? But I thought you wrote jokes for a college comic publication."

—*Texas Ranger*

— D D D —

First Old Grad—Personally, I prefer the mid-victorian type of girl.

Second Souse—I don't. A lot of bustle and you never get anywhere.

—*Columbia Jester*

— D D D —

Conductor (running through train)—Change for Virginia Junction!

Dopy Collegiate—Washamatta, lil' gal broke? Here'sh a dime.

— D D D —

Waitress: Your order, sir?

Gordy: I wanna roll.

Waitress: On this floor, or in the next room, sir?

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

The Goof: "Willie, did you know I was going to marry your sister?"

The Terror: "Yeah—when did you find it out?"

—*Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

Come walk with me. We will pick violets."

"But there are no violets at this time of the year."

"Hell, I must have prepared the wrong lesson."

—*Puppet*

— D D D —

Good night, darling, I'll just say goodbye 'till tomorrow."

"Goodness, mother might come home.

—*Chaparral*

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"Oh My—And How"

We Invite Your Charge Account



Walk-Over SHOES for MEN



612 Olive

Grand and Washington

"There's a woman peddler at the door."

"Show him in, and tell him to bring his samples with him."

—*Columbia Jester*

— D D D —

Swain: "I heard an awful clanging last night. What was it?"

Knave: "Launcelot had a petting party with Joan of Arc."

—*The Jester*

— D D D —

A couple of flappers pooled their spending money to buy a book advertised in the newspaper as "What a Young Lady Should Know Before Marriage."

The book arrived—"100 Cooking Recipes."

—*Fliegende Blatter*

— D D D —

Two Alumni were celebrating after the Big Game. The next morning, the night's effect still visible, they arose and began to dress—

"Shay, looka my funny pair of shoes," giggled one, "a black'n an' a tan'n."

The other grinned back foolishly—"S'nuthin' I got a pair jus' like 'em."

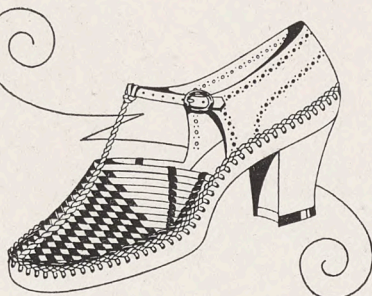
—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*—

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Those lovely slippers
so full of chic, per-
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Call her to-night by "Long Distance." The sound of her voice is next best thing to the look in her eyes. Worth a great deal more than it costs, and it costs very little.

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Cop—Do you know where you are going?

Lit—Shhh. Don't tell me. I want to be surprised when I get there.

—*N. H. Golden Bull*

— D D D —

Warden—What made you beat up your cellmate the way you did?

Convict—Aw, dat guy gits wise wit me.

Warden—What's he done to you now?

Convict—Tore de leaf off'n de calendar, and it wuz my toin.

—*Lchigh Burr*

— D D D —

Tramp: "Mornin' ma'am, kin I cut your grass for my dinner?"

Kind Old Lady: "Of course, but you don't need to cut it; eat it just as it is."

—*M.I.T. Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Guest—"Waiter, there is a fly in my ice cream."

Waiter—"Let him freeze and teach him a lesson. The little rascal was in the soup last night."

—*Carnegie Puppet*

— D D D —

The Thrill

Miss Gibson was very rich and Mr. Hanna was very poor. She liked him, but that was all, and he was well aware of the fact. One evening he grew somewhat tender and at last he said: "You are very rich, aren't, you Helen?"

"Yes, Tom," replied the girl frankly, "I am worth about two million dollars."

"Will you marry me, Helen?"

"Oh, no, Tom, I couldn't."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Just to see how a man felt who had lost two million dollars."

—*Tennessee Tar*

— D D D —

Same Caliber

Gangster (hiding out in New York): Pardon me, aren't you the man I shot in Chicago last spring?

New Yorker (after deep thought): How do I know? All those Chicago bullets feel the same.

—*Denison Flamingo*

Eigh Hours

A young and pretty girl eighteen years old weighing 102 pounds goes upstairs to her room at 3:30 to change before going out to tea saying that she will only take 10 minutes.

State the wait of the man downstairs.

—*Princeton Tiger*

— D D D —

"I'm not going to step out with Hazel any more."

"Why not?"

"She din't invite me to her wedding."

— D D D —

"The Biblical story of the creation must have been written by a baseball reporter."

"How come?"

"Well, it starts off, 'In the big inning—'"

—*Centaur*

— D D D —

Aged Gentleman: My boy, I'm getting an old, feeble man these days.

Fresh Frosh. What are you going to do with him when you get him?

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

"What do you take for a headache?"

"Liquor the night before."

—*Bobcat*

— D D D —

Dizzy Davis: "I had a date with a professional mindreader last night."

Duffy: "How did she enjoy her vacation?"

—*Arroz*

— D D D —

"He's a fraternity man."

"How do you know?"

"He answered four names in class this morning."

—*Phoenix*

— D D D —

"Tell me, Anemone, is there anything more tiresome than Charlestoning with a man with a wooden leg?"

"I am astonished at your ignorance, Clapboard! Of course there is! Have you ever tried to sing a deaf baby to sleep?"

—*Blue Baboon*

— D D D —

A Tallahassee went hunting and was fortunate enough to kill a few birds. When she arrived home her father inquired, "Did you shoot them on the wing?"

She replied, "Don't be silly, Father. How could we tell where the bullets hit them?"

—*Blue Gator*

something



-dreadful has happened to Oscar

It's the new plus nines—the angle of the Dunhill—the way he speaks familiarly of Bond Street, *Folies Bergère*, Limehouse.

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It couldn't be helped. Everybody goes nowadays. And Oscar picked the tour of them all. College Humor's—with a college jazz band, famous writers, artists and athletes from every campus. The special parties in Paris.

Oscar made a hundred new friends. He has a broader outlook on life. He's a changed man.

Oscar *has been to Europe*.

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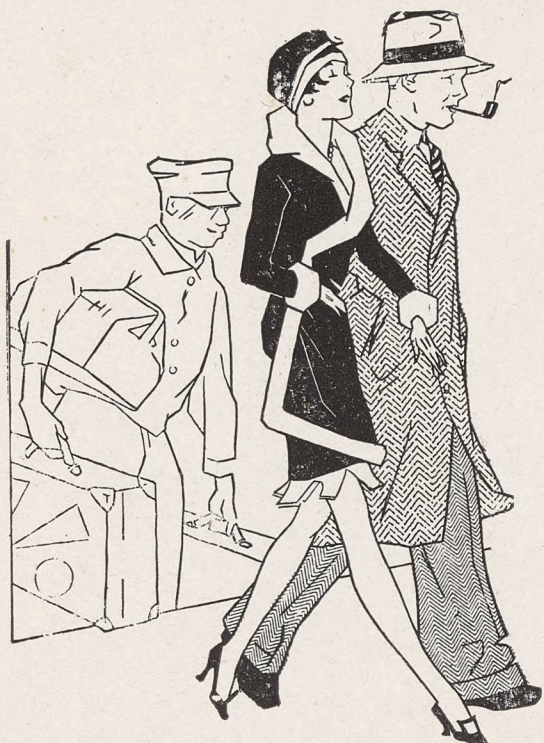
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Perplexed

The drunk leaned over the railing of the bridge and gazed perplexedly at the reflection of the moon on the water. A policeman walked by. "Say, officer," called the inebriate, "is that the moon down there?"

"Of course it is," answered the law.

"Then, how the hell'd I get up here?"

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"She has a head like a doorknob."

"How come?"

"Any man can turn it."

—Frivol

— D D D —

"What are ten good arguments against companionate marriage?"

"A wife and nine kids."

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

The doctor looked into the patient's eye and said: I can see that you are suffering from gastritis, appendicitis, diabetes, and sleeping sickness. The patient replied: Try the other eye, Doc, that one is glass.

—Log

Put—Put—Put

Student: "I passed your car last night and it sounded as though it had a miss in it."

Dented Stew: "Could you hear her squawk, too?"

—Pup

— D D D —

"Why didn't you find out her name when the professor called the roll?"

"I did try to but she answered to four different ones!"

—America's Humor

— D D D —

Astronomy Professor: Can you name me a star with a tail?

Ardent Student: Sure. Rin-tin-tin.

—Ohio Green Goat

— D D D —

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wotinell you think we're doing," asked No. 3289, "digging fishworms?"

—Buccaneer



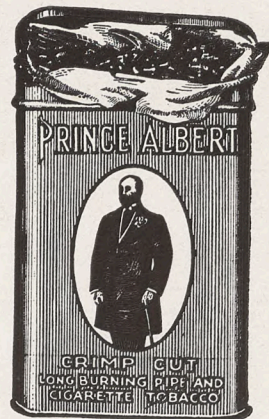
P.A. wins on every count

ANY way you figure it, P.A. is better tobacco. Take fragrance, for instance. Your well-known olfactory organ will tell you. And taste—who can describe that? And mildness—you couldn't ask for anything milder.

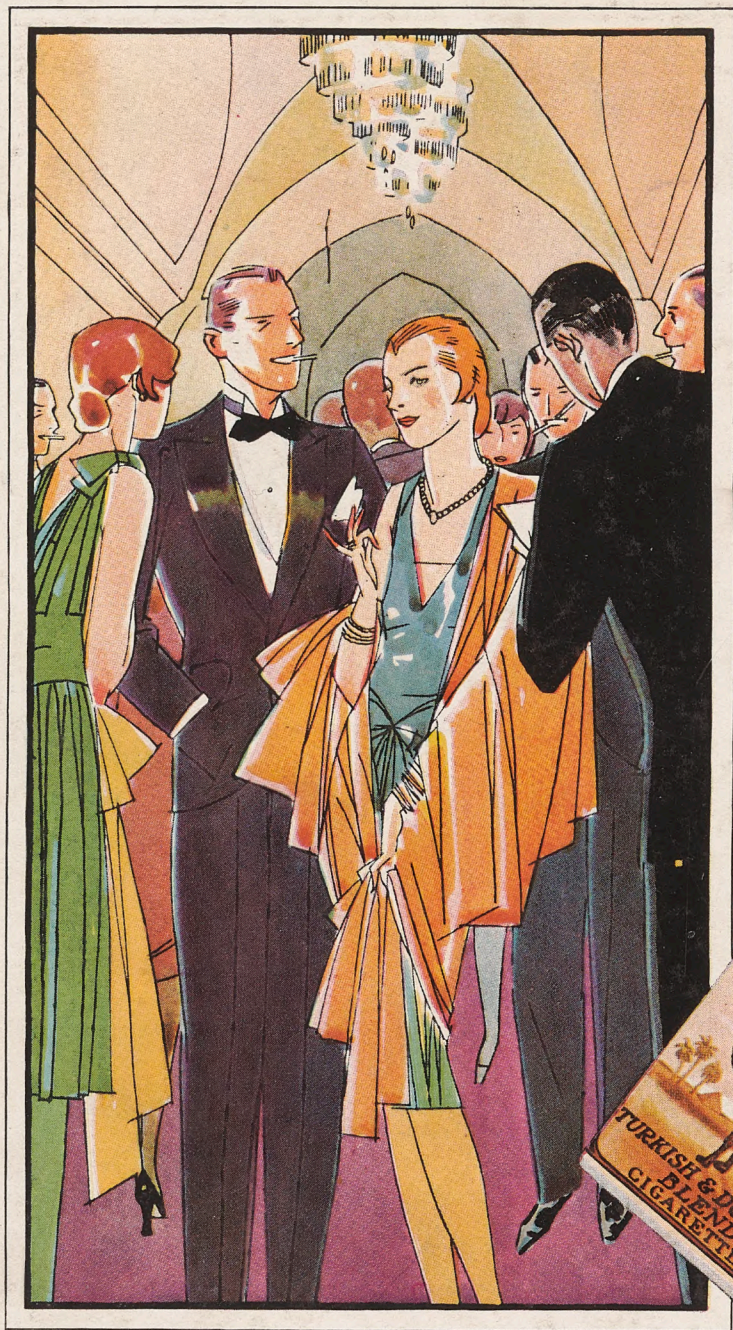
Yes, Sir, P.A. is cool and comfortable and mellow and mild. Long-burning, with a good clean ash. You never tire of P.A. It's always the same old friendly smoke. Get yourself a tidy red tin and check everything I'm telling you!

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—no other tobacco is like it!



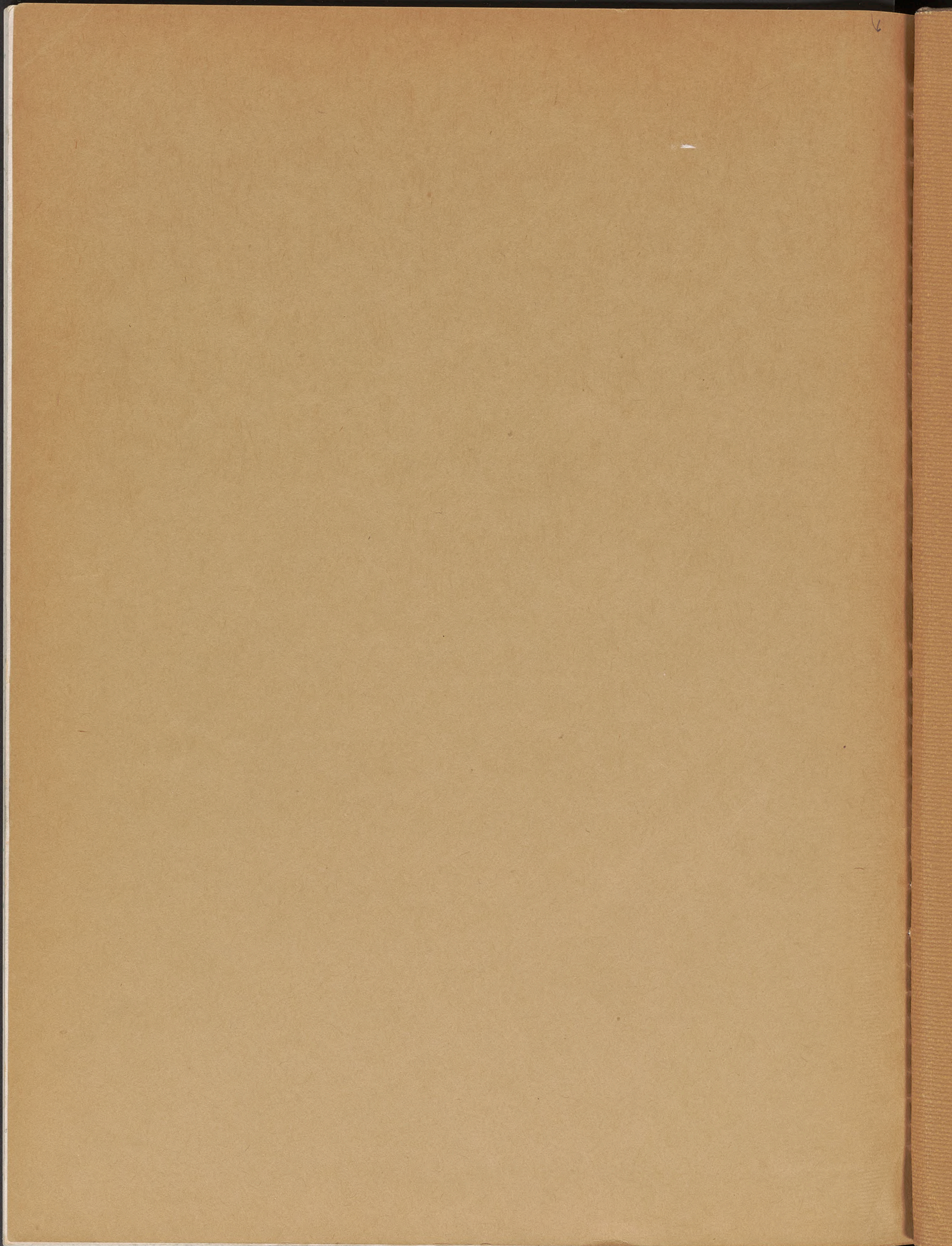
*The more you know
about tobaccos, the
more you appreciate
P.A.*



AN ADDITION TO CAMEL SMOKE-LORE

WE SUBMIT the sad case of the freshman in zoology, who, when asked to describe a camel, said, "A camel is what you wish you were smoking while you try to think of the right answers." He flunked zoology—but he knew his cigarettes. For in time of trial or time of joy, there's no friend like Camels.

The subtle influences of choice tobaccos upon the smoke-spots of mankind have been carefully studied, identified, and blended smoothly into Camels—the finest of cigarettes. And we'll bet an alkafitch on this: Camels have just the taste and aroma to pack your smoke-spot with the "fill-fullment" every experienced smoker seeks. Got an alkafitch you want to lose?



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