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Dirge

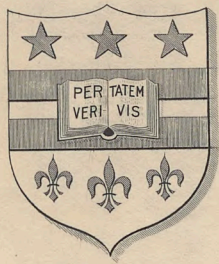
OCTOBER
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THE
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NUMBER!



ALFRED
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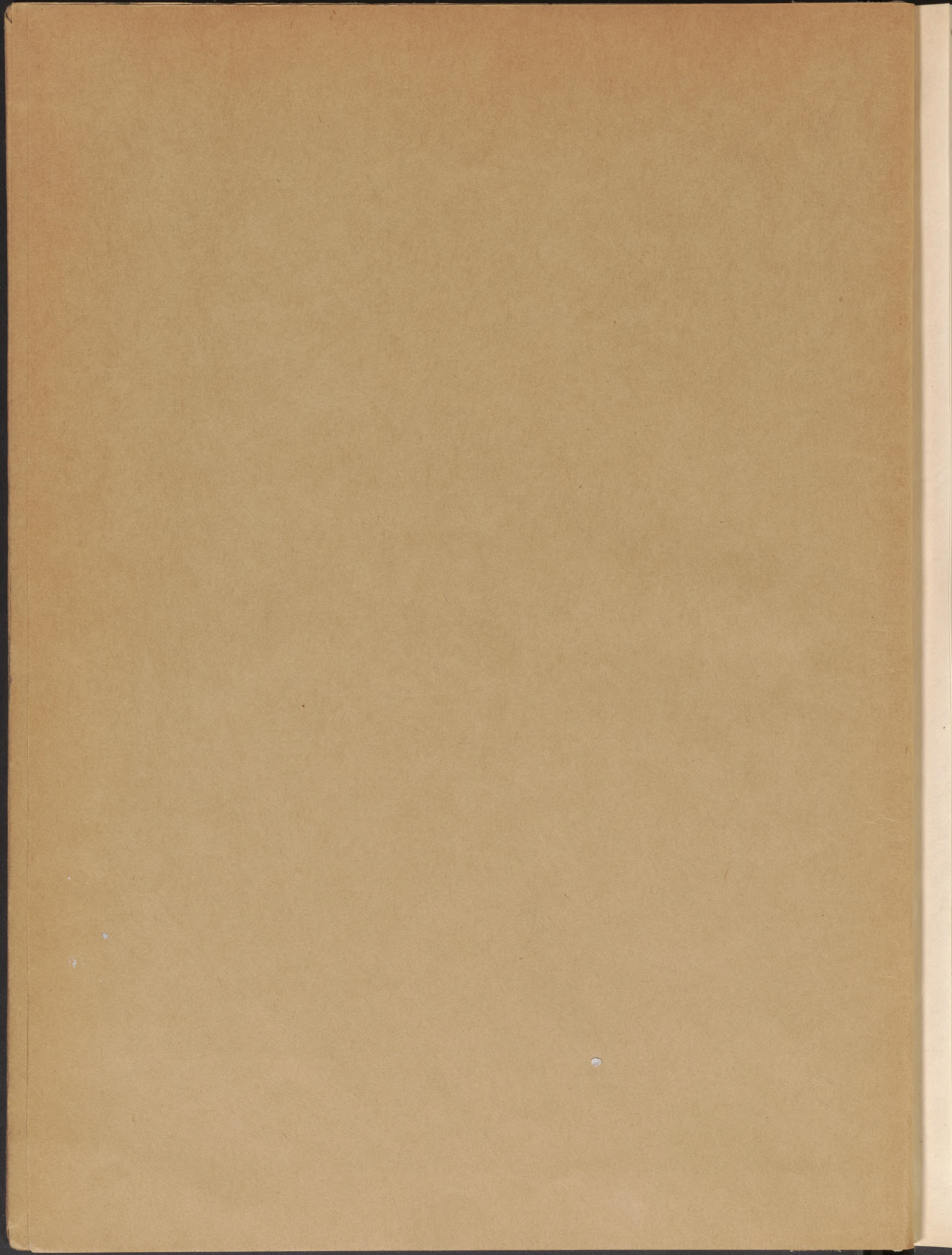


Washington University

The Gift of
Kenneth Tisdal



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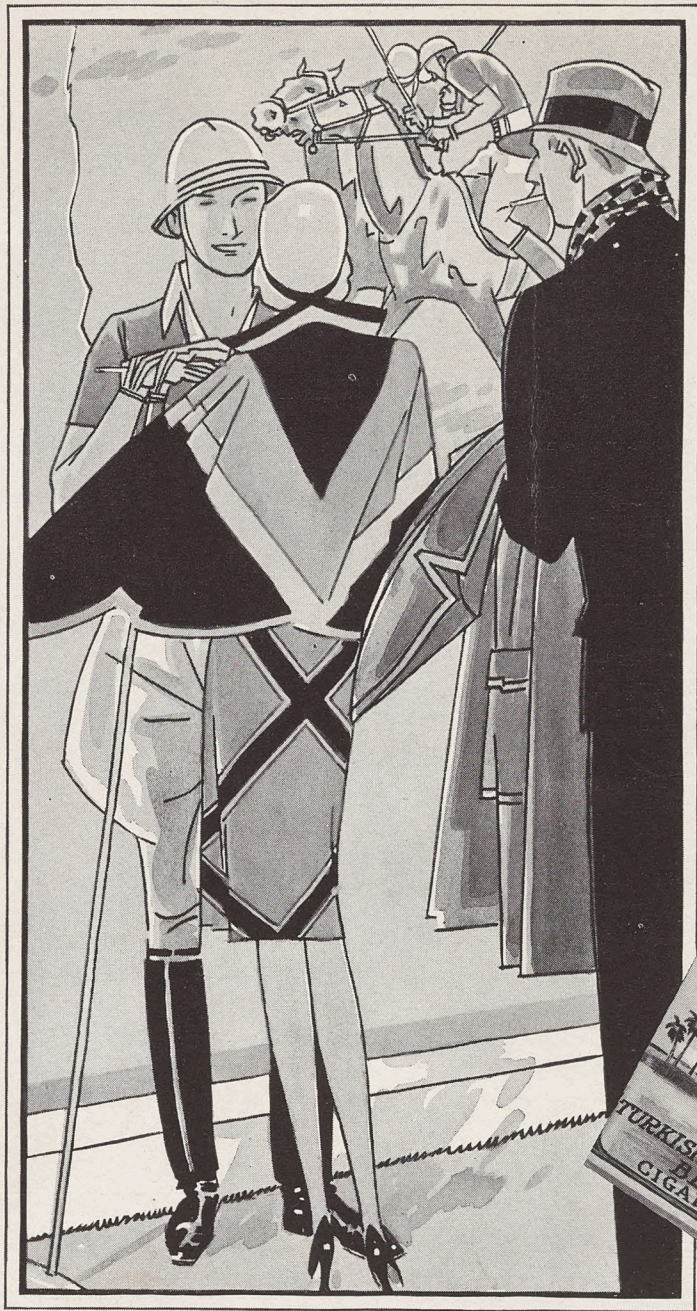


St. Kenneth Tiedal, St. Louis
March 1943

October, 1927

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY DIRGE

JB.
2496 1
10



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It is a natural pride that Camel feels for its triumphs. Not only did it lead the field shortly after its introduction. It passed steadily on with each succeeding year until today it holds a place in public favor higher than any other smoke ever reached. Camel is supreme with modern smokers.

Obviously, there is a quality here that particular smokers appreciate. It is indeed

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You will more than like Camels. You will find a solace in them every smoking hour. Their mildness and mellowness are an endless pleasure. "Have a Camel!"

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AND SANITARY PLACE

Everything served in an appetizing manner
at very reasonable prices

One Trial Will Convince You

My girl's got the hoof and mouth disease.
Yes? What are the symptoms?
Eat and run!

—Siren

— D D D —

Five: Did you say this skirt made me look
shorter?

Feet: Yes, dear, but it makes me look longer.

—Siren

— D D D —

"I'm terribly downhearted."

"Why, what's the matter, old fellow?"

"Well, I was proposing to my girl the other night,
and got embarrassed and had to stop. Of a sudden
she said, 'Why your clothes are awfully wrinkled,'
and when I didn't go on she became angry and sent
me away."

"You poor boob, don't you know what she meant
by that?"

"No, what?"

"Why, it was only a gentle hint for you to press
your suit!"

—Scream

— D D D —

"You've got nothing on me," cooly remarked the
artist's model.

—A. K. K.

TRADE
PYRO-SANA



TOOTH PASTE

Is Perfection

Use it and maintain a healthy, vigor-
ous condition of the mouth and gums.
Prevent and check.

Pyorrhoea.

Teacher: Harold, in the sentence, "I saw the girl climb the fence," how many i's would you use?

Our young hero: Bofe of 'em, teacher.

—*Ghost*

— D D D —

"Kiss me!" she cried, and then laughed and laughed, for she knew that he couldn't because she had on kiss-proof lipstick.

—*Pelican*

— D D D —

Actor: My kingdom, my kindom for a horse!

Voice from the gallery: Will a jackass do?

Actor: Sure, come right down.

—*Lyre*

— D D D —

Early to bed and early to rise and you wear what belongs to the other guys.

—*Cougar's Paw*

— D D D —

Frank: I don't see how you tell those Smith twins apart.

Hank: That's easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet.

—*Tiger*

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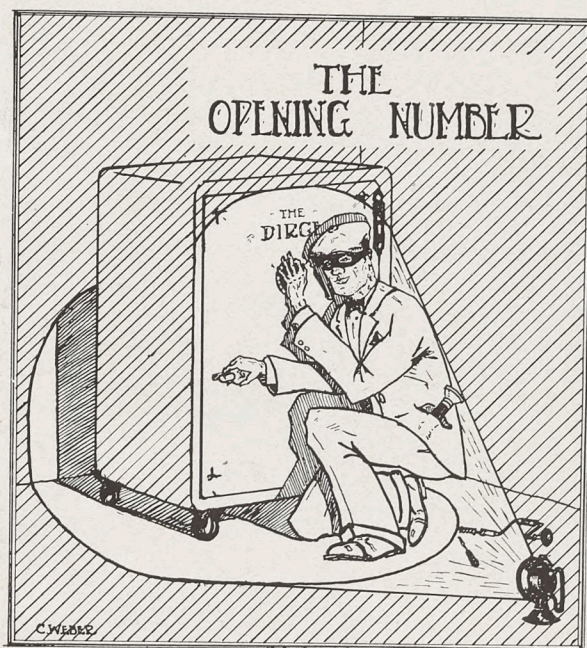


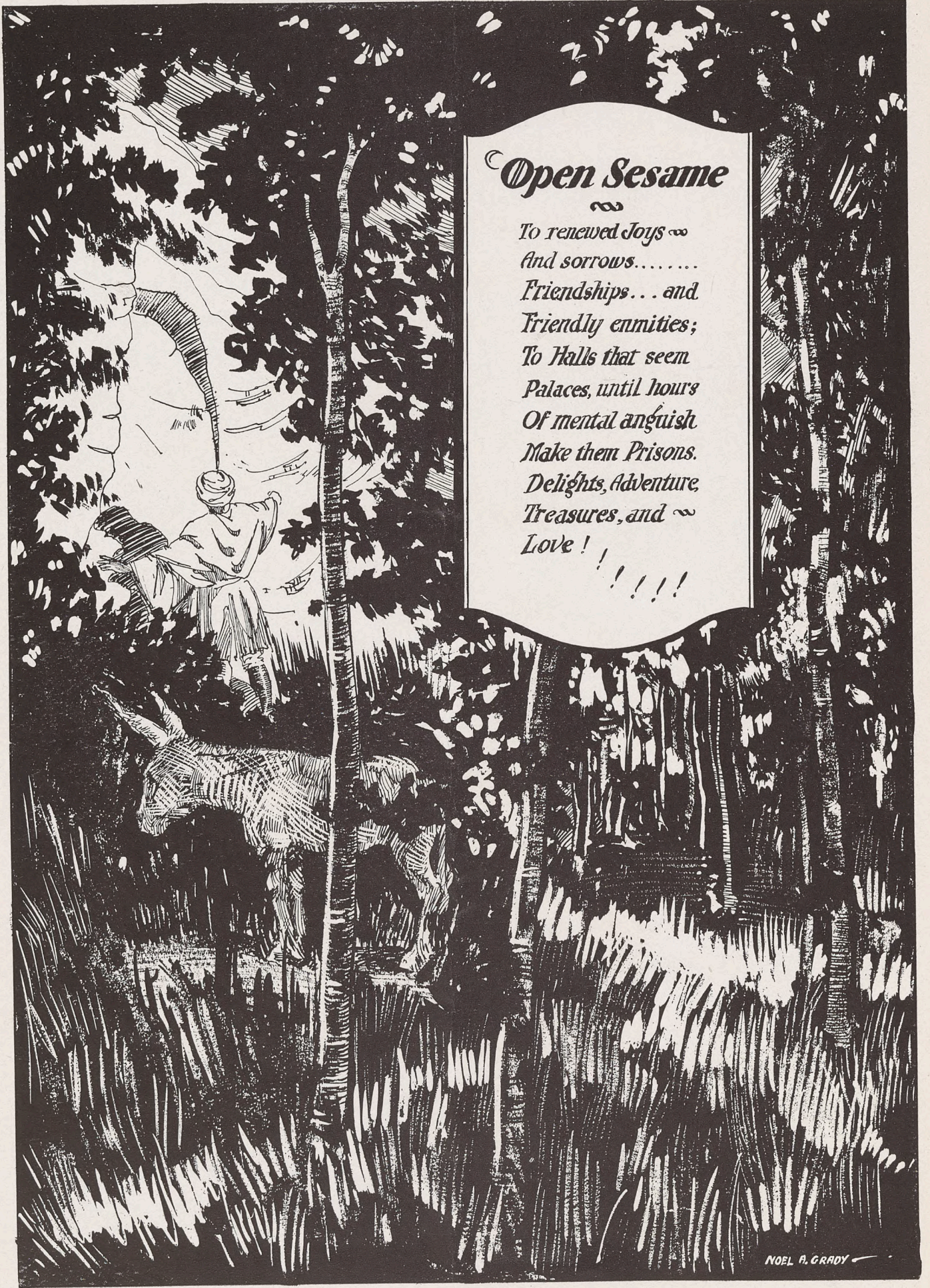
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To renewed Joys ∞
 And sorrows.....
 Friendships... and
 Friendly enmities;
 To Halls that seem
 Palaces, until hours
 Of mental anguish
 Make them Prisons.
 Delights, Adventure
 Treasures, and ∞
 Love !

!!!

The
DIRGE
 "Jest in Peace"

OPENING NUMBER

TEN ROUNDS IN A SQUARE RING

Being the Only True and Unbiased Account of What Went On

For the benefit of those who have neighbors without radios, I have been asked to review that little brawl that popped loose in Chi a while back. Of course no one could understand just who was on the entertainment committee, but from what I could find out there were ten or twelve trying to run the works.

Among those present we find one J. Dempsey, another baby termed "The Fighting Marine," (a distant relative of the Ancient Mariner), a bozo known as the Manassa Mauler, a talkative lad known as Graham McNamee, a wash-out called Dave Barry, a direct descendant of Silas Marner who went so far as to employ his ancestors weaving tactics, an Indian chief known as Two-Knee, a one way bank named Rickard, and last but not least the "Ex Champ."

Well, it seems that the Champ socked the Mauler, and the Mauler pasted McNamee, and he soaked Barry, who smeared Two-Knee, who after looking around for someone to wallop, compromised by hitting the floor.

Then Barry, who averaged 95 in everything but Math, began to count. He did fairly well up to and including 9 but there his calculus failed him and by the time he had figured out that 11 was the next

hieroglyphic, Two-Knee had regained his equilibrium or something. Just then the long arm of the Law grabbed me by the collar—pardon me folks, I was thinking of another party.

In the next round, the Weaver of Ravello came out bobbing and was sent back sobbing. Well, he weaved in and out and finally knitted a pair of socks that he slipped on the Marine's beak. Two-Knee

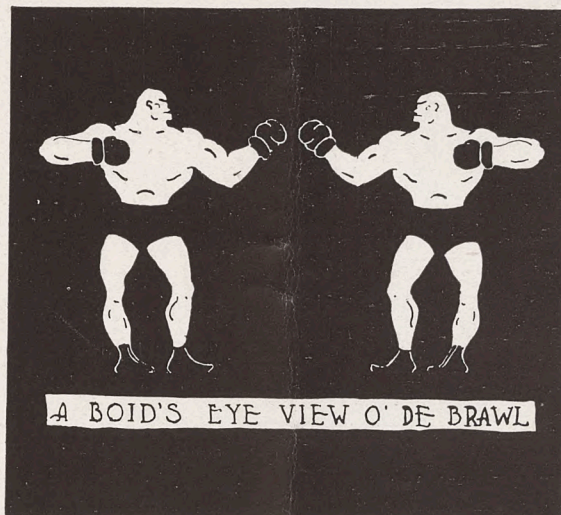
reverently dropped on one knee but came up yelling "Hotsy" as he threw hooks, gloves, socks, and a few whatnots in the Mauler's bread-basket.

About this time some genius spiked the punch and Jack began to stagger unsteadily, and they say he cut up something awful.

The tenth selection was a tag dance, with our old friend Gene doing most of the tagging. About this time a cloud burst, getting the gong ringing wet, which was translated as meaning the hostesses were ready to call it a day. Everyone in

the ring seemed well pleased except young Silas Marner, who with tears in his big blue eyes went sadly home to count his paltry millions and live in poverty forever and anon.

Moral: A long grey beard and glittering eye have their advantages over catalepsy and nickels under the fire-place.



By Lucrezia Borgia



Little Known Origins of Well Known Expressions

Editor's Note:—This is the first, and possibly the last of a series of startling revelations of the personal histories of some of our more prevalent and expressive expressions.

Once upon a time, or twice, or even thrice upon the same time, there was a swell babe, and I don't mean swell like a balloon, because she had more curves than a scenic railway, and they weren't all rolled into one, either. Well, anyway, this babe was the nuts, you know, kind of hard on the outside, but worth the trouble when you'd cracked the surface and really got to know her, and she had a darned clear idea as to what was what, and a lot of what wasn't. Anyway, this workout had all the boys in her home town sizzling in spirals and circles, because she was just the kind that gives men gray hairs, meaning that she didn't present them personally with a hair apiece, because the hairs just naturally got that way by themselves. But anyway she did it. (But not with her little hatchet. Why not, I don't know.)

There were only two things wrong with this damsel. In the first place she was married. I don't know what happened in the second place because I was asked to leave about then. She and her sparring partner, to whom she was related by marriage, had a yen for throwing swell brawls. These sessions were well attended by Society's upper crust, at least the crusty part was there, I don't know about the upper part of it because the only upper I know is the elevator boy, and even he has his low-down moods. There was a funny thing about these orgies (not referring to the husband, even if he

was funny), that every time one broke up, or down, as the case may be, or may not be, I don't know. Well, anyway, when the party had gone home to help the milkman up the steps, and the smoke had all cleared away, there was usually some bozo staring at the ceiling and with his toes turned up, just a liability to everybody but the coroner from then on.

The bright lad who finally doped out the how-come of all the stiffes thereby got himself into one hell of a situation. It was this way. Or that way, whichever way you want, they all go the same way anyway. He was taking nourishment with Our Lulu and her boy friend, when Little Rollo saw the smooth mama drop a cake of Rough on Rats in his soup. He knew the soup wouldn't feel it, but he wasn't so sure of his own digestion. The poor boy turned green around the gills and began to sweat chicken feathers and monkey-wrenches, which really weren't such a big help in a case like that. What to do? Suddenly he remembered, When in Doubt, Watch the Hostess, which he did. She grinned a Pepsodent grin and raised her soup dish. "Bottoms up," quoth the dark eyed siren. "You're a liar," gasped Oscar, looking around. He was still sitting down and he knew it. So "Mud in your eye," he gurgled, and they tossed off the doses like that. Yes, just like that, only more so. Luther knew he'd pulled a brodie as soon as the mess hit his esophogus, but he died game, happy as any other little ray of

sunshine. He knew that he had not committed a fox-pass by failing to imitate his hostess, and he knew, or he might have known, had he not been in total eclipse just then, why the insurance companies classed this dame as a bum risk. But Archie was just then, exactly and precisely then, completely and thoroughly extinct.

When news of this foul deed reached Merry England's halls, the King he swore right then and there he'd have the lady's life. So in due time John Law arrived. Over the tenth rickey he asked the whereabouts of the corpse. "Peek for yourself, John," quoth Priscilla ardently, reaching for another hooker of gin. He gazed sadly at the three bodies

and blew his nose. He wasn't at all worried about losing his nose because he had it trained so that when he blew it off its course it would come trotting back, wiggling its little pink ears and howling with contentment.

"Dead as a door-knob," this from the dark eyed sheba. Quick like a mouse came back the Law with "Whattahel?" Not to be outdone by this big bouncing boy-baby. Lady Bountiful gracefully scratched a match on her new riding breeches and lit a Deity, nonchalantly remarking "Something he ate, no doubt", thus giving to future generations the remark so aptly quoted at many a rousing beer-bust.

The Free Verse Writer Writes Home

Dear Folks: I was certainly glad to get your

Let-

ter and the money which I found In it.

Ah, the money which

I found in it.

School is still the same hard grind,

Nothing to break the monotonny. Waste . . . barren . . .

desolate . . .

God! was it worth it!

I took in a show last night. A high-priced, high balconied, palace of entertainment. As lovely as is the only pretty girl in a psychology class; as enjoyable as a teacher when he is home and unable to go to school.

It cost \$2.25.

I am

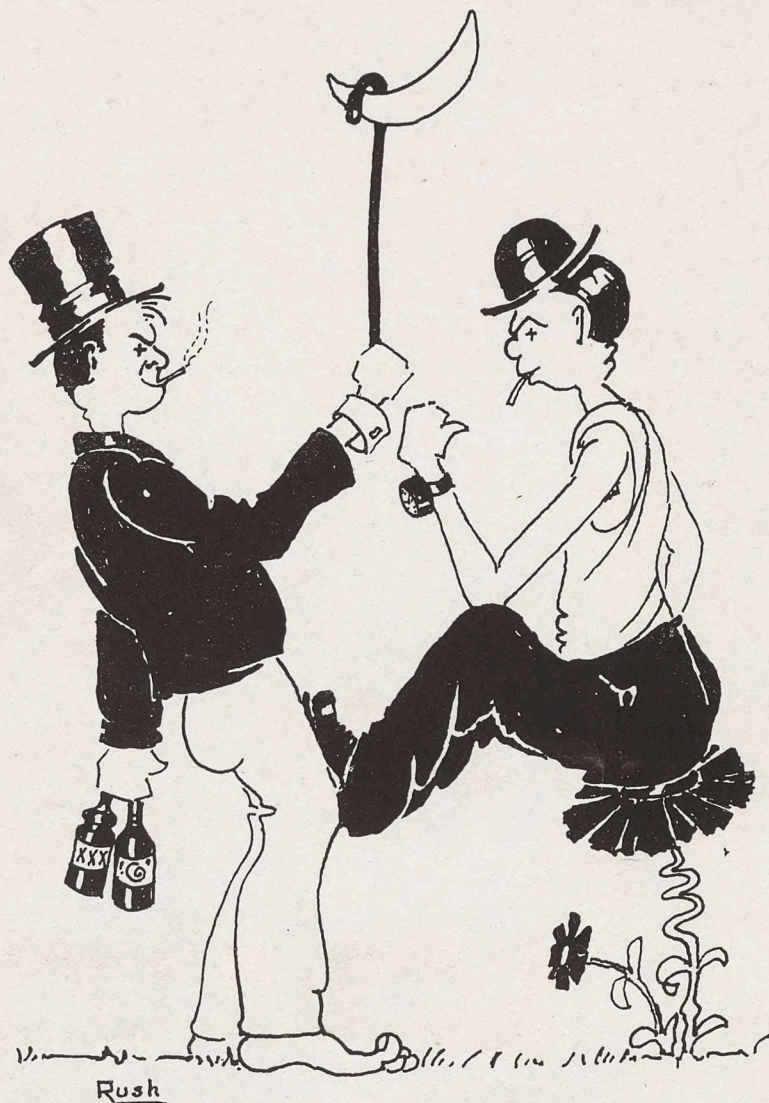
As ever yours, Oscar.

— D D D —

Lass: One of your Brothers proposed to me last night.

Lad: Did you call his bluff?





First Artist: Vell, I got a fine etching to-day, Ike.
Second Drunk: For vy you don't sketch it den?

Our New Champions

Dick Hotfoot, who rode 99.44 44/100 miles on a "Geedap" bicycle and then swam across the Mississippi river and back three times, using 426 crawl strokes, 96 back strokes, and 382.76 of his own "mud crawl" strokes, otherwise known as the Black Bottom, in order to win the \$439.98 offered by the Podunk and Squeedunk Association for Versatile Champs. By doing this Dick was able to raise the dough to buy a coonskin coat. Otherwise he would have been unable to get a college education.

Anna Duckster, who is the first woman with three gold teeth, a glass eye, and a set of twins, together with a correspondence school degree in swimming, to swim the English Channel without drinking "Pinscratch" brand coffee every forty seconds. From the privacy and comfort of her steam heated bath tub she swam the 42 miles of icy and turbulent water by radio. Her time was two hours and one red gumdrop.

Seargent Attarms, who was the first blind man to fly across the Pacific Ocean by candle-light. Be-

OLIVE STREET

An old and typically rural farmer, with his faithful spouse, was paying one of his very rare visits to the big city. In the downtown district he spent a great deal of his time inspecting the shapely nether extremities of the passing damsels. Finally his better half remarked in exasperation, "My lan', Ezry, a body'd think you'd never seen legs before."

"Wal," he remarked, "I been thinkin' that myself."

— D D D —

"I hear Jill named her pet skunk Fatima."

"And why?"

"What a whale of a difference a few scents make."

— D D D —

A definition of tact—If you tell a babe that time stands still when you gaze into her eyes, that's tact. But if you tell her that her face would stop a clock, look out.

— D D D —

Co: Reading another love story?

Ed: No, it's about married life.

— D D D —

"Say, what's that fellow's name over there?"

"Same as any place else, I suppose?"

— D D D —

fore starting he dropped his landing gear, the engine, a few wings, and the gas tank, to cut down the flying load. It was said that he ran on his nerve. Most of the time he flew backward to keep the wind out of his face, at times he found it necessary to get out and push, so great was the wind pressure.

Letters Home

Dear Al:

This is one fine dump, got in a few days ago and managed to sober up this morning. A big bender every night with a few classes to break the monotony. Located myself a smooth babe the second day, and how! Got a date to-night, so I'll tell you more about her later. Love to the boys and stay out of jail.

Bill.

Dearest Betty:

Things don't seem right without you, and you'll never know how much I miss you. Just because I'm away don't give that big blond bruiser too much time, he can't appreciate you like I can. I can't seem to get interested in the girls here, they all seem so inane compared to you, baby mine. But I have a big exam to-morrow so I think I'd better hit the books a bit. Remember how much I think of you and write soon to your own faithful.

Bill.

Dear Mother:

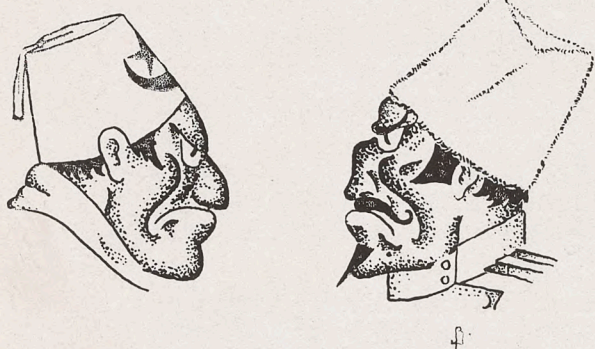
Every thing is wonderful here, and the boys are a fine bunch. No, I didn't forget my rubbers, and I wear the long underwear every day. No, the boys don't swear, much, but they do smoke a little. If you see Betty, give her my love. I will write soon, when I finish my theme.

Your loving son,
William.

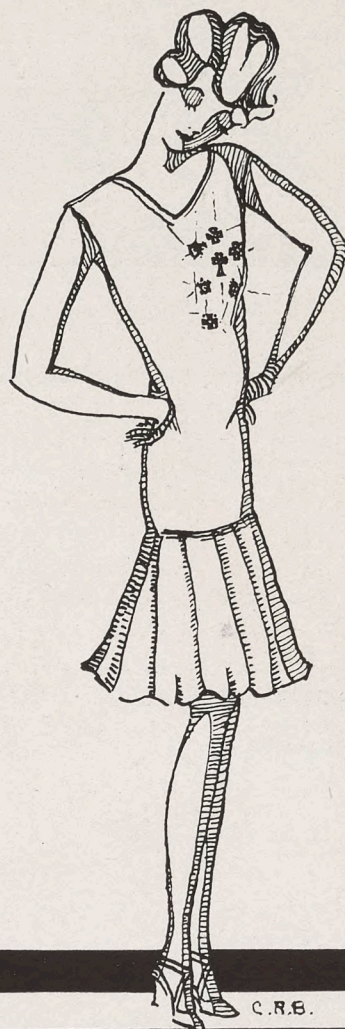
Dear Dad:

Need fifty bucks quickly.

— D D D —



1st College Grad: Why so wan, friend Ivan?
2nd Tramp: Went on a bender last night.
Abdul: And where was this?
Ivan: Down by the pretzel factory, oh, Abdul.



Well, summer's come and gone

— D D D —

Why Registrars Go Crazy

Name: Oswald. Address: Girls wear them. I wear pants.
Phone: No Spik. Age: Once a year.
Parents Name: Mother and Father.
Where graduated from: Auditorium stage.
When graduated: Commencement night.
Class standing: So was I.
Course: Due north.
Color of eyes: Blood shot.
Weight: Wait yourself, I'm in a hurry.
Color of hair: Arms, black. Legs, brown. Head, red. Mustach, doubtful.
Sign your full name: Same as when sober.

— D D D —

Some stockings aren't what they seem to be. (A ripping good pun)



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Vol. IX

OCTOBER, 1927

No. I

Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

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Bearers of The Pall

WILLIAM LINCOLN, 1928.....Editor-in-Chief	JULIAN SIMPSON, 1928Business Manager
CARL WEBER, 1930Managing Editor	KARL SEIBEL, 1928Treasurer
DOROTHY ZETLMEISLExchange Editor	

Art Mourners

Literary Mourners

Chick Miller1928
 Steuart Britt1929
 Leon Neuman1930
 Donald Loeb1930

Alfred Parker1928
 Noel Grady1928
 Clara Beardsley1930
 Arline Hilmer1930
 Virginia Brower1930
 Alice Bradford Magee.....1929
 George Senseney1929

Business Mourners

Ted Jacoby1929
 Herman Levine1930
 Monte Edeln1929
 Mildred Saenger1930

Circulation Mourners

Norman Bierman1923
 Presley Mason1928
 Virginia Sankey1928
 Robert Parmon1929

Milton K. Harrington.....1928
 Ted Thompson1929
 Clay Kirkpatrick1930
 Bill Wallace1930

Circulation Assistants

Corinne Koch1928
 Joseph Latta1928
 Alan E. Pollock1930
 Virginia Smith1930

PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

DUE to the fact that Dorothy Lippman has not returned to school, we have taken it upon ourselves to select a successor to her position as Art Editor. After due consideration Charles Eames was put into office. Step right up, lads, and shake him by the paw.

DIRGE wishes to introduce to its readers: Ernie Hill, Morris Cohn, and Leonhard Haeger, who from now on will grace Dirge's staff. We also wish to thank the following for their noble contributions: Red Agress, Henri Rush, Betty Wolfson, Bobby Stoffregen.

GRADUATION and such things have left a few gaps in the various staffs. So come, all ye faithful, writers, artists, and men and women of business, and try your talents. Ability, either potential or developed, plus a little of the old fashioned elbow grease, is all you need. "Pull" is not included in the Dirge dictionary, so gather around, try your hand.



AS HAS been announced in Student Life, a remarkable opportunity has been figuratively dropped in the arms of college students throughout the country. College Humor, some time ago sponsored a short story contest for undergraduate authors, and with such success that the same organization is at present conducting a similar contest for collegiate artists of the more or less humorous variety. Drawings must be by University students, and in monochrome, meaning a single color. Any medium is permissible. Entries must be in the hands of College Humor by January fifteenth, 1928. Details may be had from the editor of Dirge.



DOING two things at once is always a bad policy, but that is precisely what we are trying to do. We want to commend the much maligned Sophomore Vigilance Committee for their very satisfactory handling of the frosh at the football games, while at the same time we want to register a gripe about the more or less flagrant violations of old traditions on the campus.

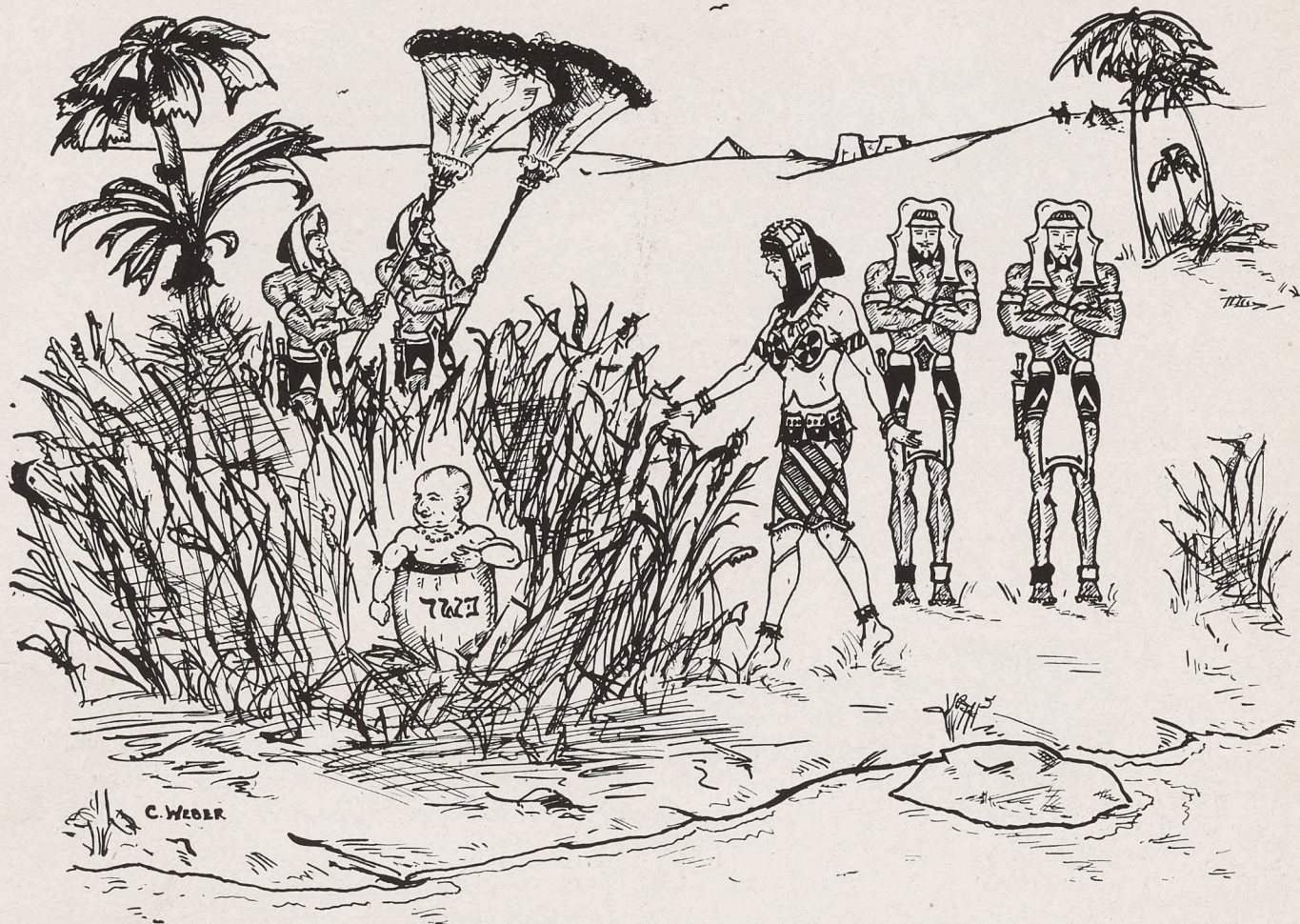
Many of the bolder, or perhaps the more ambitious of the genus frosh have calmly discarded the time honored "derby", assuming, of course that they once possessed one, and are going merrily on their way, presenting to a tolerant upper class world all the ear-marks of "one of the gang." It has even been rumored that some of the more venturesome of our newcomers have formed the habit of passing their spare moments on the proverbial Library steps. This is all very well if the student body as a whole intends to abolish the entire set of University traditions so jealously cherished, figuratively and literally speaking, in the past. But if these traditions are to be preserved, as is our opinion that they should, some drastic measures must be instituted. We wish to go on record as advocating a larger, more ambitious, more bloodthirsty Vigilance Committee, cocked and primed for either observance of freshmen rules, or profuse and instantaneous violence. A large and substantial paddle, wielded by a lusty sophomore, will work wonders in the preservation of freshman traditions.



AND just a word in appreciation of those of the student body who, when the tornado emergency arose, were sufficiently public spirited and self sacrificing to give freely of their time, money, and effort to help alleviate the suffering among those less fortunate in this disaster.

I

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1930



The Original Rush Party

And Thus It Ran

Shrieks, moans, unearthly cries. All this from one end of the ancient building. What goes on? I peered into a half open doorway which seemed to be the source of the uproar.

Such a scene! There upon the bed-rail climbed a rampant human, head down, prehensile legs twined convulsively around the bed post. The creature peered blearily at me with pop-eyed intensity, barked like a moon-struck hound, and shrieked at the top of its well developed lungs. An unearthly light glowed in its eyes, rooting me to the spot. The optical glow faded and the monstrosity uttered a low, ringing burble, followed by a raucous squawk, strangely reminiscent of the 11:30 crowd on the Library steps, the soft hum of a boiler works, the gentle toot of a steam whistle, or Hell Week at the Phi Delt house. Just then the creature made a flying leap in my direction, but a burly individual with "Guard" on his cap intercepted the pass, and on the third bounce my friend was in a straight-jacket and comfortably tucked under the bed.

My savior turned to me and politely asked, "What in hell are you doing here?" My perfect

training here became evident and I replied that it was none of his damned business. That broke the ice and we were soon the best of friends. I finally asked a few questions concerning the inverted individual in the straight-jacket. "I suppose he hooked some bum liquor?" "No." "Dope?" "Some cracked collegiate?" "Yeah, they all are." "Well, what's wrong with that lad?"

"He is *the* man whose radio went dead in the middle of the tenth round of the Tunney-Dempsey brawl. Very sad."

— D D D —

No matter how high the price of writing paper goes, it's always stationery.

— D D D —

Lulu: I hear that Bill got canned.

Belle: Yeah, he threw a little party out at the club.

Lulu: What of it?

Belle: The little party happened to be the dean.

Zoo-ology

Teacher: Now, children, what do the little cows say?

Children: Moo moo.

Teacher: And what do the lit-puppies say?

Children: Bow wow.

Teacher: Now tell me what the little black crows say.

The Class: Gooper feathers are so soft, who cares about that, and what causes that, anyway?

— D D D —

Th'Bim: Where ya goin', Al?

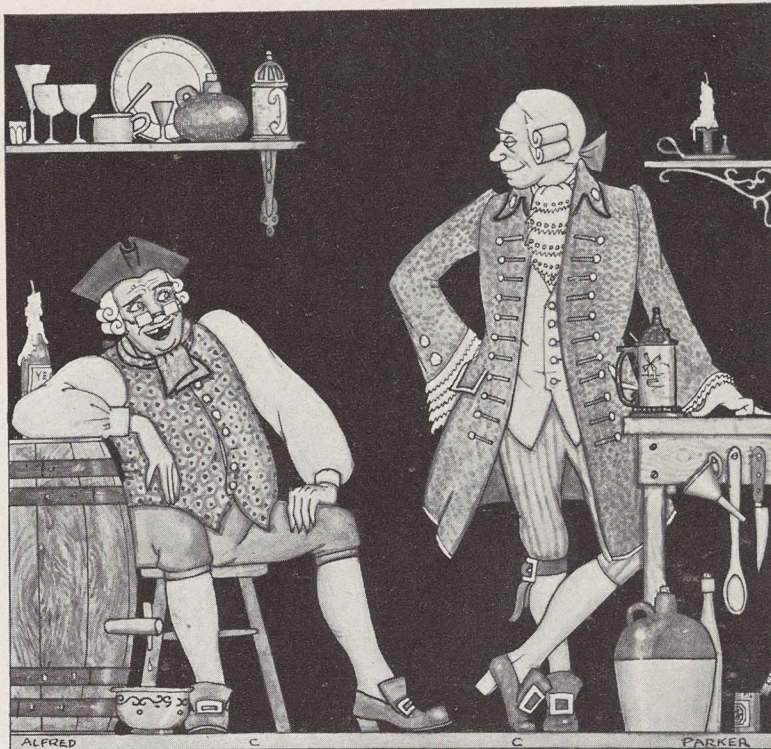
Th'Boy: Out to Fraternity Row.

Th'Bim: How darling. I just adore boat-rides.

— D D D —

What to do until the plumber comes: Save your money.

— D D D —



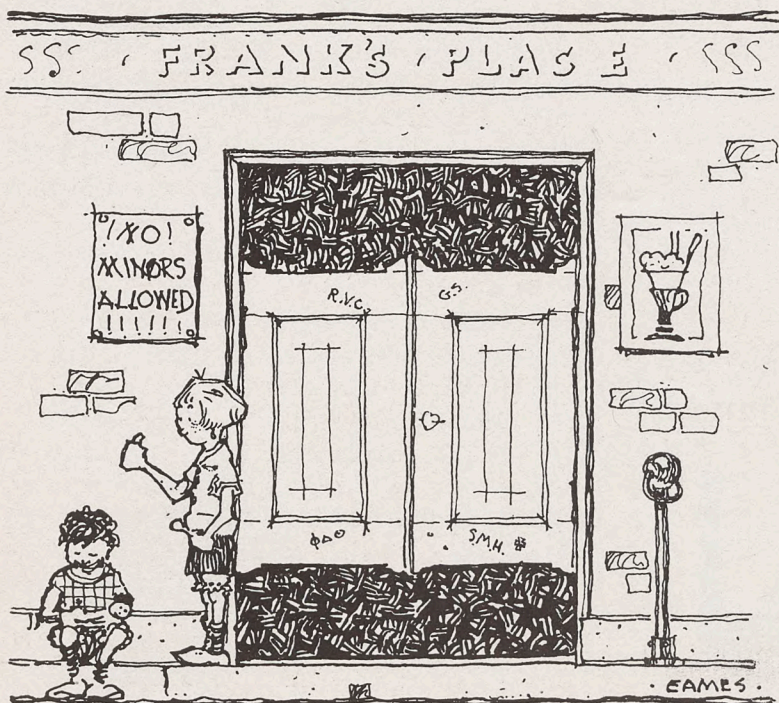
"Sir Alfred, I would like a job with the Telephone Company."

"Any previous experience, Lord Bostlwaite?"

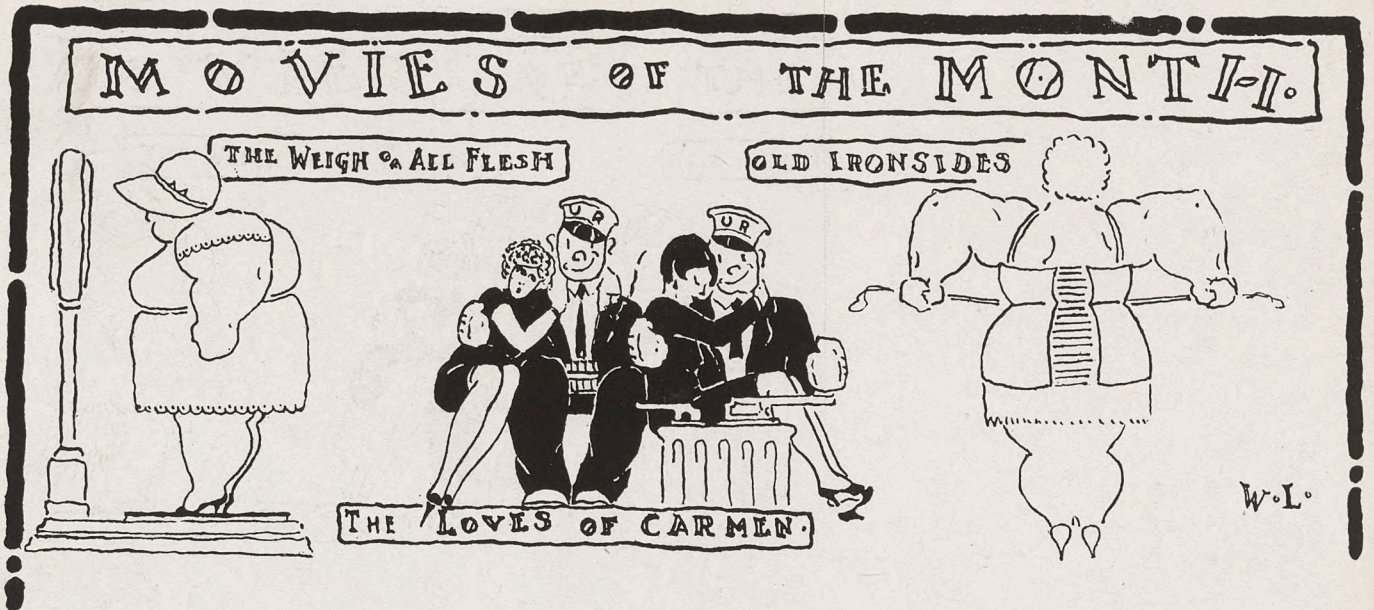
"Well, both my parents are Poles."

TRUTH!

He passionately strained her to his throbbing breast and murmured burning words of flaming love into her eager ear. He gazed with ill concealed emotion upon her alabaster throat and her half closed eyes, mysterious in their shadowed pools of purple darkness. Her exotic beauty dazzled him with its sheer perfection and he incoherently swore eternal devotion. No, gentle reader, she was not a photograph, a favorite horse, an albino cow, a white colly, nor a marble statue and he an amorous drunk, but she was an honest-to-gosh girl, he an honest-to-gosh male, on an honest-to-gosh night that was made specifically for such goings-on, thereby radically departing from the stereotyped ending of such tales. We thank you one and all for your kind attention.



"See that sign? I guess there ain't no chance for us gold-diggers around here."



'S Low Motion

"I hear that Oscar got into a scrap with a taxi driver."

"How'd he come out?"

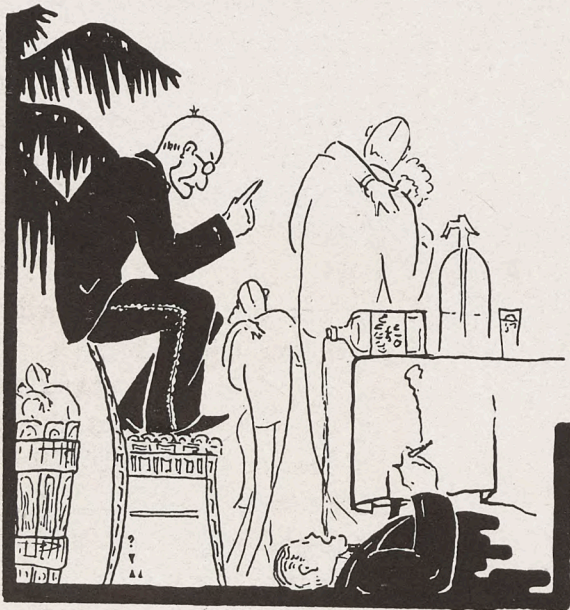
"He didn't. He had to be carried out."

— D D D —

"Griselda claims to be a one-man woman."

"Yeah, one right after another."

— D D D —



"My boy, you're headed straight for the bad place!"

"Now ain't that hell!"

"Wilfred, dear, you've torn your pants."

"Izzat sew?"

— D D D —

The Examination

The editors of Dirge, in their quest for questions and answers, unearthed the following. These are the questions asked of taxi drivers before they are hired, and the answers were those made by Lou Borzia, who turned in the best paper for the year of 1926.

Q. Do you know how to drive a car carefully?

A. I drove a five-ton truck for three years.

Q. What would be your route on taking a passenger from the Station to the Statler Hotel?

A. Over to Locust street, through Forest Park, and down past Sportsmans Park.

Q. If you were stopped at a street intersection by a traffic cop, and an old lady passed in front of you—what would you do?

A. Give three short blasts and one long one on the horn.

Q. When a passenger gives you the correct amount of the fare, and walks away without giving you a tip, what would you say?

A. Send stamped envelope for particulars.

Q. If a passenger tells you that he has to catch a train, and on the way to the station you have a puncture, what would be the logical thing to do?

A. Lock the doors.

Q. If you were to have an accident, how would you act?

A. Innocent.

Q. After you have driven a person whose name you know, to his home, and find a wallet with fifty dollars in it, what would you do?

A. Quit work.

More Examinations

Did you know that traffic cops have to pass examinations before they are allowed to perform their duties? Well, you do now. The funny looking marks printed below, will—if you study them very carefully—tell you what the coppers are asked, and also what one of them answered.

Q. Are you Irish?

A. Oui.

Q. Who is Mayor Miller?

A. I voted for him.

Q. The traffic in which direction has the right of way?

A. None.

Q. If a little man driving a battered Ford were to cross when you had signalled the traffic to go the other way, and as he passed you was to splash mud on your face, and then bump into you when he backed up—what would you say to him?

A. "You should be more careful."

Q. When traffic gets into a hopeless tangle, what would you do?

A. Arrest someone for parking near a fireplug.

Q. If you saw a man driving the wrong direction on a one-way street—what would that be?

A. "Fine."

Q. What is the difference between the way you signal to go ahead, and the way you signal to stop?

A. None.

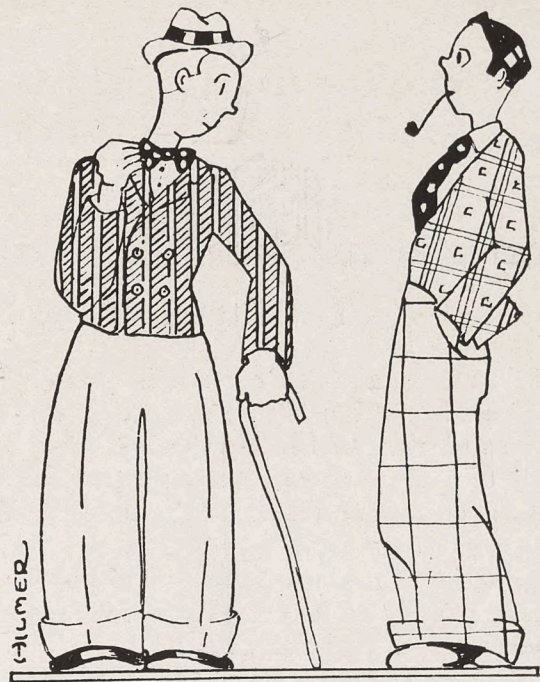
Q. Identify the following: Revolver; night-club; traffic tower.

A. An apparatus at Coney Island; any cafe after ten o'clock; I've often wondered myself.

— D D D —

Herr: Do you use Mennen's powder?

Himm: Do you think I'd use women's?



Al: Do you believe in "free love"?

Phonse: Heck no! My last one cost me plenty!

— D D D —

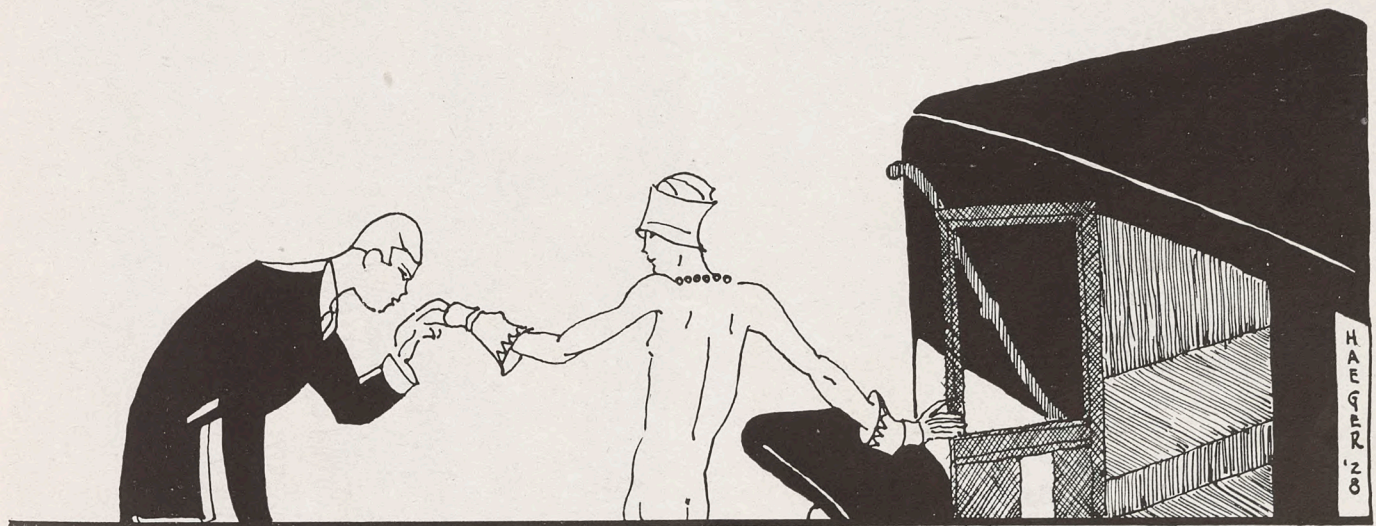
The Lad in the Green Derby wants to know—
How much does the arch-weigh?

With whom did the Quad wrangle?

Are Co-Ed and Phys-Ed related?

Is a female senior known as a Seniorita?

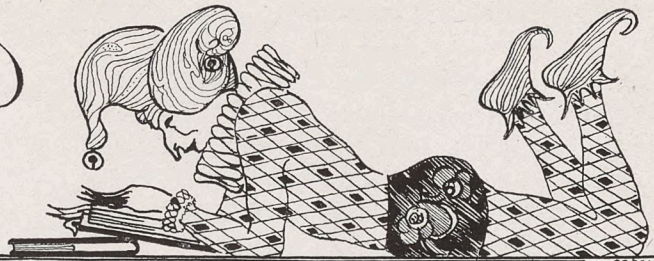
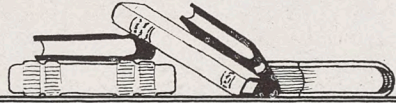
Why Washing Done is spelled W-A-S-H-I-N-G-
T-O-N?



Etta: Is this outfit apt to be spotted easily?

Lot: Oh, at least five blocks away.

BOOK REVIEWS



The Street of the Malcontents, by Cyril Hume (Doran)

This collection of short stories is certainly a better book than "The Golden Dancer", which, we understand, was published earlier in the year. This group of stories was collected from those published in magazines since 1925. Their subject matter is wide, and their treatment varied. It is conceivable that a series of stories written over so long a period of time should treat of a variety of interests and be handled in such different ways.

"The Street of the Malcontents", that is, the title-story of the book, is perhaps the best story of the group; but this, however, is not the one which we like best. We prefer the shorter and more interesting tale, "Cowards of Conscience". The scene of the title-story is Florence, and Mr. Hume succeeds in enveloping the story with an air of wickedness and the distinguishing Florentine laxity of morals, which shroud, however, is pierced by the angularity of the plot. "Cowards of Conscience", on the other hand, has no locality and might very well be imagined anywhere. The story is a clever and subtle presentation of the deformed impressions

of two lovers. The lovers are thwarted, and strangely enough the reader is glad of this, rather than sorry.

The other stories are as varied as fruit from the same tree might possibly be—and perhaps more so. From a realistic scene here and there the author plunges headlong into a pool of mysticism and strangeness, so that the reader must hold his breath for the weirdness of it. Perhaps what we like best in Mr. Hume is his courage in telling us some beautifully impossible stories. Not that one believes them; but rather that one is charmed by the colorful flow of words and vividness of ideas.

His best field, we think, is the very short story, wherein he skillfully and speedily manouevers one or two characters to the denouement. And altho we felt all along just what this denouement was going to be, we were satisfied in reading it because of the pleasure we got from reading it and having out guess verified. An example of this type of story is "The Shout".

M. C.

— D D D —

Statistical Note

If 5000 miles of non-skid razor blades were placed end to end, they might reach from New York to San Francisco.

— D D D —

Registrar: Now just what do you want to take?

Frosh: I think I'll try Interior Agriculture, I hear you have a new Field-House.

— D D D —

Galahad: Say, paw, do you ever ride bare-back?

Lancelot: Bear-back, hell, what do you think I have a horse for?



Maid of Washington, 'Ere We Part

Maid of Washington, 'ere we part
 Give, oh give me back my heart.
 Or since my roll thou hast spent in fun or jest
 Keep it now or take the rest
 Maid of Washington!

You held me by your wilful wiles,
 Your pretty lips, your pleasant smiles
 My life, my love, my own sweet soul
 Give, oh give me back my roll
 Maid of Washington!

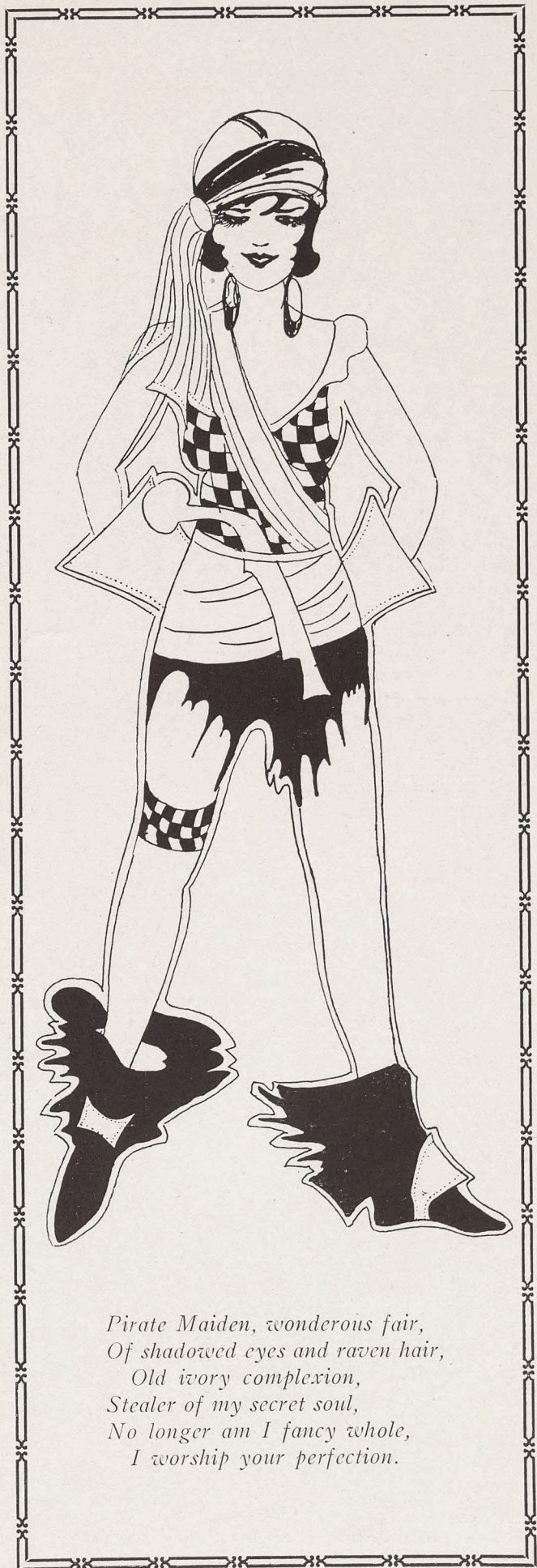
By those petting parties in the park
 By those soulful kisses in the dark
 By love's alternate joy and woe
 Give, oh give me back my dough
 Maid of Washington!

Maid of Washington, you are gone
 Think of me, sweet! when alone
 Washington holds my heart and dough
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
 Maid of Washington!

— D D D —



It: Whatever I say goes!
 She: Then talk to yourself a while.



*Pirate Maiden, wondrous fair,
 Of shadowed eyes and raven hair,
 Old ivory complexion,
 Stealer of my secret soul,
 No longer am I fancy whole,
 I worship your perfection.*

COMING SCREEN ATTRACTIONS

LOEW'S STATE

Week of Saturday, Oct. 15

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, whose steam-heated love-making made memorable such motion pictures as "The Dark Angel", "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and "The Night of Love", again hit the heights of lyric romance in "The Magic Flame". Henry King, who directed "Stella Dallas", "The White Sister", "Tol'able David" and "The Dark Angel", directed this latest Colman-Banky "opera". Its story casts Colman in a dual role—that of a libertine prince; and a circus clown, who causes the prince's death, then impersonates him to save his own life.

* * * *

William Haines, the "wise-guy" who cometed into fame in "Brown of Harvard", "Tell It to the Marines" and "Slide, Kelly, Slide!", helps to glorify the "ancienne and royale" game of golf in "Spring Fever", another of Loew's coming attractions. Opposite Haines, Joan Crawford appears as the kind of girl who determines not to be swept off her feet by any young man's too great assurance. George K. Arthur, Lee Moran and George Fawcett appear in their support.

* * * *

"The Fair Coed", George Ade's celebrated story of campus life, will bring back Marion Davies to Loew's screen. Thus the heroine of "Tillie the Toiler" mariculates into the realms of higher learning. The picture casts Miss Davies along the lines of hoydenish comedy for which she is famous—at least, Miss Davies is famous for her lines, she being among the list of those Glorified Gals whom Florenz Ziegfeld gave toward enriching the American drama.

* * * *

"The Garden of Allah", the familiar Robert Hichen's stage success, has been filmed by Rex Ingram, to be another of Loew's offerings. Ingram, who made "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", "Scaramouche", "Where the Pavement Ends" and "Mare Nostrum", has as his featured players Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovitch. The picture was produced in Algiers, its locale.

* * * *

A travesty version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "Topsy and Eva", brings the famed Duncan Sisters of musical com-

MISSOURI

Week of Saturday Oct. 15

Brooke Johns, back from his vacation, opens this week at the Missouri Theater for an indefinite stay. Brooke is celebrating his return with a jubilant stage production, featuring New York acts, the Missouri Ensemble, and his own specialty numbers on his famous banjo.

On the screen, Dolores Costello is starred in one of the most outstanding pictures of the year, "The Heart of Maryland", adapted from the famous stage success. Jason Robards and her sister, Helene Costello, are featured players.

AMBASSADOR

Ed Lowry is presenting a joyous round of celebration on the Ambassador stage during the week of October 15. Ed's celebrating his signing of a contract to remain at the Ambassador indefinitely with the biggest and best presentation yet offered. He is calling it "Joy Bells."

On the screen Adolphe Menjou is starred in a spicy story of high life of the French capital—"A Gentleman of Paris." Shirley O'Hara, Arlette Marshal and Ivy Harris head the supporting cast.

ON THE STAGE

AMERICAN THEATRE

October 16—No Show

Week of October 23rd—"George White's Scandals"

"George White's Scandals" boasts three song hits, namely, "Lucky Day", "Birth of the Blues", and "Black Bottom". The dance named for the latter was introduced by Ann Pennington, who is in the present cast, an attraction which needs no description.

This year's "Scandals" are fortunate in having such stars as Tom Patricola, the dancing demon of the day; Buster West and John West, termed the funniest eccentric dancers on the stage, and again, dainty Ann Pennington of the flying feet.

Week of October 30th—Second Week of "Scandals"

Week of November 6th—"The Cradle Song"

This most interesting and successful of the modern plays is a Spanish comedy-drama, dealing with life in a Dominican cloister, has been chosen as the initial offering of the Civic Repertory Theater in an effort to provide the best in legitimate drama at reasonable prices.

"The Cradle Song" is produced under the personal direction of Miss Eva LeGallienne. The cast includes actable players as Mary Shaw, Zita Johann, Phyllis Rankin, Mary Hone, Virginia Gregori, Harry Davenport, and Alexander Kirkland. This play comes to us well recommended.

Week of November 13th—The Marx Brothers in "The Cocoanuts"

These great entertainers in a most satisfying musical entertainment will be remembered by a great number of St. Louisans who saw "The Cocoanuts" during a two weeks' run at the American last season. Few musical comedies achieved a greater success or furnished more fun than this piece for which Irvin Berlin composed the score and wrote the lyrics. We personally recommend this.

Week of November 20—San Carlos Opera Company

edy onto the screen. The story follows familiar lines, with Rosetta and Vivian Duncan interpreting it from the standpoint of comedy.

* * * *

More Camels—not cigarettes, either—will appear in "Two Arabian Nights", another desert picture which Loew's will offer. This, however, falls

in the comic category. Louis Wolheim, the original Capt. Flagg of the stage version of "What Price Glory"; and William Boyd, who "evoluted up" from Cecil B. De Mille's "The Volga Boatman", appear as two American doughboys, captured by Germans. An escape into Turkey casts them as the two Arabian knights. Mary Astor, one of the girls most easy to look upon in all cinemannals, is the heroine.

And So the Day Was Utterly Ruined ; : ; By BRIGGS



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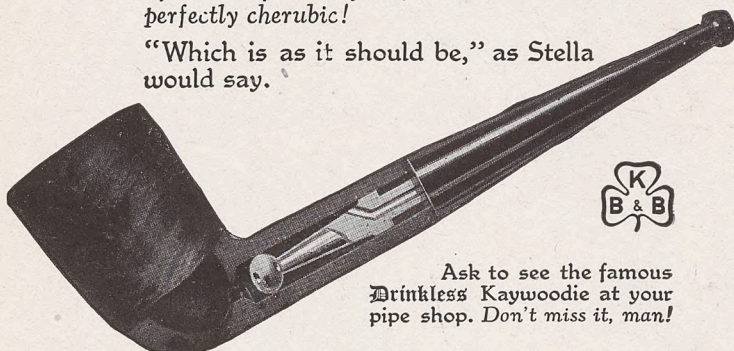
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lips—keeps 'em pure, unstained and
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The cute little sub-deb, all giggles and thrills
Came dreaming of romance and looking for thrills,
Then she up and asks, 'fore I'd uttered a sound
"Say, tell me, are any cute young men around?"

A sophisticate debutante, sleek and well fed,
A bored cultivation and Eton-crop head.
She heaved a great sigh, then glanced all around,
Then, "Ah, are there interesting men to be found?"

The divorcee, the widow, the mama quite fat,
And even the school-marm, what think you of that?
It seems that all for the same thing were bound,
"By the way, are there any nice free men around?"

Such women! Search hard and find worse if you
can,

They make me wish fervently that I were a man.
I wouldn't stick with them if fun could be found,
Doggonit! I wish there'd be cute men around.

— D D D —

He had a face that only a mother could love, but
it was just his luck to be an orphan.

ESTABLISHED 1818

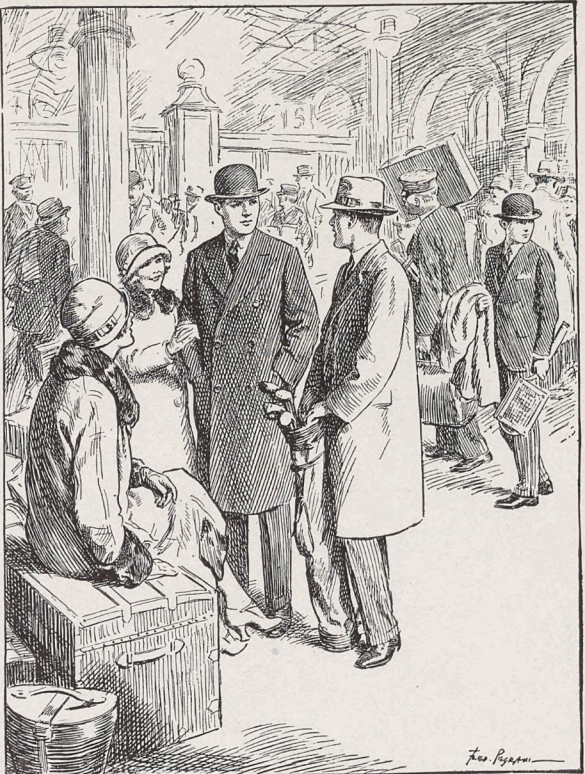
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WE DELIVER

"And did you let Bill kiss you?"

"Let him? I had to help him!"

—*Aggievator*

— D D D —

Mother (entering room): Why, Mable, get right off that young man's knee.

Mable: Not a chance, Maw, I got here first.

—*Log*

— D D D —

"There's a fellow who takes things easy."

"Hoozat?"

"That pickpocket."

—*Panther*

— D D D —

"Have you a cigarette?"

"Lots of them, thanks."

—*Jester*

— D D D —

"I'm getting myself in a fine pickle," asservated the worm as he bored his way into the cucumber.

—*Ranger*

— D D D —

"Was the dance a washout?"

"Not by a jugful!"

—*Ranger*

— D D D —

"There are several things I always count on."

"What are they?"

"My fingers."

—*Punch Bozell*

— D D D —

They told me her poise couldn't be shaken, but they'd never seen her dance.

—*Gaboon*

— D D D —

Between Two Girls

"Is he a nice boy?"

"No, he's collegiate, but I think you'll like him."

—*Jester*

— D D D —

Nous: A lady at the bookstore tried to sell me some fairy tales.

Vous: Well, that's nice.

Nous: I just laughed and laughed, 'cause I know that fairies ain't got no tails.

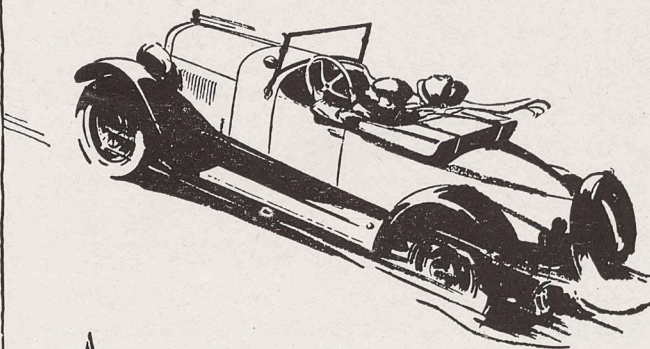
—*Bucancer*

— D D D —

"We always try to keep a head of our competitors," said the Maori headsmen, as he nonchalantly whetted his knife on a rock.

—*Beanpot*

AN ESSEX Speedabout to some college artist



ATRIM, new Essex Speedabout with a special paint job, and seventy-five other prizes by Eugene Dietzgen Company will be awarded by COLLEGE HUMOR to the college artists submitting the best original drawings before January 15, 1928.

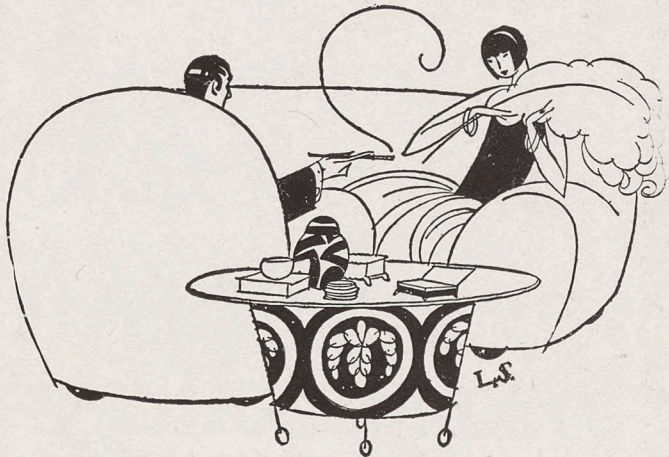
Drawings may be done in any medium in black and white. Several drawings may be submitted if return postage accompanies each drawing.

Three famous artists, James Montgomery Flagg, Gaar Williams and Arthur William Brown, will judge the drawings. In case of a tie two Essex cars will be awarded. Other drawings, if accepted, will be paid for at regular rates.

See the new Essex Speedabout you may win at

For complete details see a copy of COLLEGE HUMOR now on sale on the news-stands. Drawings should be sent immediately to the Art Contest Editor

CollegeHumor
1050 N. LA SALLE ST.
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**"Smoke all you wish, darling,
but —"**

But—. Guess what the but meant. Give up? Well, simply that the gentleman in question should remember to take some of those little Pep-o-mint Life Savers between smokes and make his breath pleasant and sweet.

She could tell him the truth about stale tobacco breath. It's lots easier to love a person who takes Life Savers between smokes.

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It was a cool clear evening in June. They were drifting over the placid surface of the little mountain lake. Conversation had languished. The weather and the rest of the guests at the hotel had been thoroughly discussed. At last a happy thought struck him.

"Have you heard our echo?" he asked; "it's quite famous."

"Oh no, I'd love to," she replied breathlessly.

"All right, here goes; now listen—HALLOO!"

"Halloo!"

"What are you doing?"

"None of your damned business!"

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

"I say, Si, what's in the bag?"

"Punkins."

"Haow many?"

"Ef ye kin guess, I'll give ye both on 'em."

—Chaparral

— D D D —

Grandmother: Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those banisters.

Johnny: Wouldn't hell, you couldn't.

—Wampus

"Two Black Crows"
Hear It! You'll Laugh For a Week!

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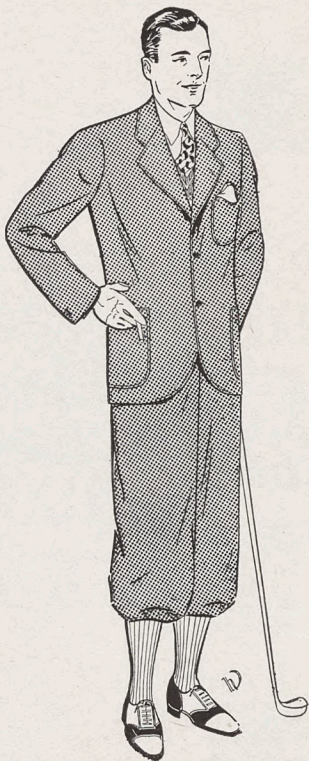
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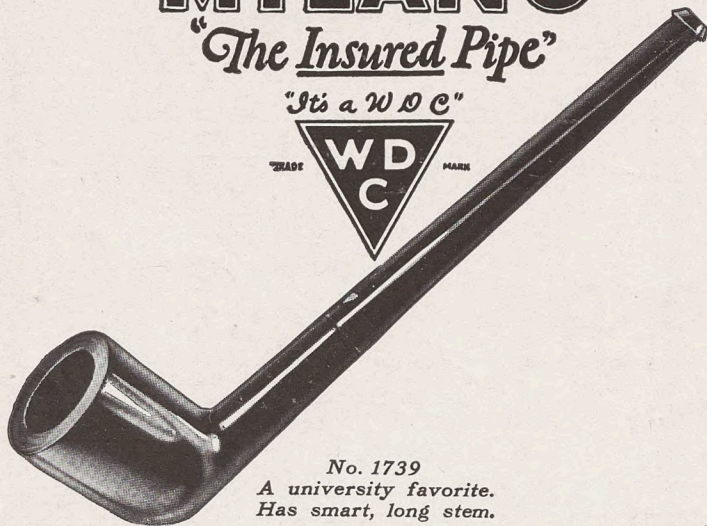
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Dirge

*Positions are to be filled
by try-out, open to the en-
tire student body: Adver-
tising Manager and posi-
tions on the Business Staff.*



P.A. is some little cheer-leader

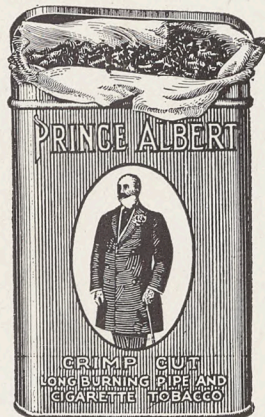
EVERY pipe is a Sunny Jimmy-pipe when it's packed with P. A. The tidy red tin chases the blues—and how! Why, you feel better the instant you open the tin and get that marvelous P. A. aroma. Every chore becomes a cheer, and you're sitting on top of the world.

Then you load up and light up. That taste—that never-to-be-forgotten, can't-get-too-much-of-it taste! Cool as a cut-in from the stag-line. Sweet as retaliation. Mild and mellow and long-burning, with a balanced body that

satisfies, right to the bottom of the bowl.

You find that P. A. never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how often you stoke and smoke. Get on the sunny side of life with a pipe and P. A. Buy a tidy red tin today and make the personal test. Pipes were *born* for tobacco like this.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

ARROW SHIRTS

ARE MADE WITH ARROW
COLLARS ON OR TO MATCH
AS ABOUT NINETY PERCENT
OF SHIRT STYLE LIES IN THE
COLLAR ~ IT PAYS TO INSIST
ON *ARROWS*

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., — *Makers*

