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• WASHINGTON • U •

Mirror

25¢



Full Stocking Number •

DECEMBER, F. M. E. KNIGHT 1929



Drink
Coca-Cola
 Delicious and Refreshing

**PAUSE AND
 REFRESH
 YOURSELF**

AND ANYBODY WHO
 EVER RAN AFTER A
 TRAIN THAT WAS
 GOING FASTER THAN
 HE WAS KNOWS THERE
 IS NOTHING ELSE TO
 DO BUT.

Run far enough, work long
 enough, play hard enough and
 you've got to stop. That's when
 the pause that refreshes makes
 the big hit. Happily you can find
 it around the corner from any-
 where, waiting for you in an ice-
 cold Coca-Cola, the pure drink
 of natural flavors that makes any
 little minute long enough for a
 big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
 MILLION
 A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
 PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

C-6

Mother: Where are you going, Emily?

Emily: Downstairs to get some water.

Mother: In your nightgown?

Emily: No, in the pitcher.

— D D D —

Add in newspaper: Why kill your wife? Let our washing machine do your dirty work.

— D D D —

*A restaurant starts when Greek meets Greek,
A river widens when creek meets creek,
But a romance starts within a week
At a campus dance when cheek meets cheek.*

— D D D —

Small boy: Mama, am I descended from a monkey?

Mother: I don't know, son. I never knew any of your father's people.

— D D D —

*It's easy to smile when your dates are alone
And there's not a bothering sound;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the family sticks around.*

— D D D —

Friend: What do you miss most—now that you're married?

Bride: My husband.

— D D D —

Freshman: Shall we waltz?

Freshwoman: It'll all the same to me.

Freshman: Yes, I've noticed that.

— D D D —

It's Toasted

*Here's to the boy I love,
Here's to the boy who loves me,
But the boy I love
'S not the boy who loves me,
So to hell with 'em both!!!
Here's to me ———*

— D D D —

You: "What is a meat ball?"

Him: "I don't know. I never attended one."

Physician: I don't like your heart action. I believe you've been having some trouble with Angina Pectoris.

Patient: I have, Doc—only that isn't her name.

— D D D —

*If I don't drive around the park
I'm pretty sure to make my mark.
If I'm in bed each night by ten
I may get back my looks again.
If I abstain from fun and sulk
I'll probably amount to much.
But I'll remain the way I am
Because I do not give a damn.*

— D D D —

The gentleman had sent for a plumber to fix an upstairs tap, and as he and his wife started downstairs they met the plumber coming up. The gentleman stopped the plumber and said:

"Before I go downstairs I would like to acquaint you with the trouble."

The plumber politely removed his hat and murmured:

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am."

— D D D —

Did you know that the Book-of-the-Month Club is behind the thirteen month calendar reform?

— D D D —

Indignant father: "Last evening I distinctly saw my daughter sitting on your lap. What explanation can you make?"

The lucky one: "Well, I just came early, sir, and beat the rest."

— D D D —

Deep Seated

Oh, I say, here's something about Lord Heathmoor.

Is that so? I shot for several seasons at his country seat.

And did you ever hit it?

— D D D —

Student (after rough and tumble talk): "But, sir, I've always been taught not to hit a man when he's down."

Wrestling Instructor: "Gwan! Whaddyuh tink yu git 'im down fer?"

BLUE VALLEY BUTTER



Eat it for
Good Health

Served on the Campus

So Say We All!

You may talk of Notre Dame's set of backs, or even of Washington's set of backs, but I prefer Ziegfeld's.

— D D D —

Once pun a time a boy asked the shoe salesman what shoes were made of thereby causing this dialogue:

Salesman: Hide.

Boy: Hide, what for?

Salesman: Hide, hide, the cow's hide.

Boy: I don't care, I'm not afraid, leather in!

— D D D —

We wonder if seasick passengers would make good ball players because they have such a heave.

— D D D —

We leave you to ponder pun these these words of wisdom.

— D D D —

Lady: "I'm afraid there's a good deal of luggage this year, because we're going to rather a remote place, and we're taking a bungalow."

Taxi man: "No lady, not on my cab, you don't take no bungalow."

— D D D —

Those who left last year and didn't come back will be quite squelched to find the school is getting along very well without them.

— D D D —

What is your name?

Washington.

Any relation to George Washington?

Yes, suh; I is him.

"What's the formula for water?"

"H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O."

Where in the name of thunder did you get that idea?"

"The book said 'H to O'."

— D D D —

Foreman: "We don't need any more men on this job."

Prospect: "Can't you use just one more? I'd do such a little bit of work."

— D D D —

We have the Freshman who expects to get back his exam paper without handing one in. Just another case of believing in Santa Claus.

— D D D —

Upside Down

Mrs. Brown: "I admire Dr. Jones immensely. He is so persevering in the face of difficulties that he always reminds me of patience setting on a monument."

Mr. Brown: "Yes; but what I am becoming rather alarmed about is the number of monuments sitting on his patients."

— D D D —

She: The man I marry must be a hero.

He: Oh, come now. You're not as bad as all that.

"Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on!"

"Well, who does that?"

"My horse."

— D D D —

"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?"

"Stay away, niggah; I'se jest smilin' to rest mah face."

— D D D —

A man leads his bride to the altar only to discover that he's altered the lead.

— D D D —

Prof.—Mr. Smith, define trickle.

Mr. Smith—To run slowly.

Prof.—Define anecdote.

Mr. Smith—A short tail.

Prof.—Now use both in a sentence.

Mr. Smith—The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote.

How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas



JUST HOW does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

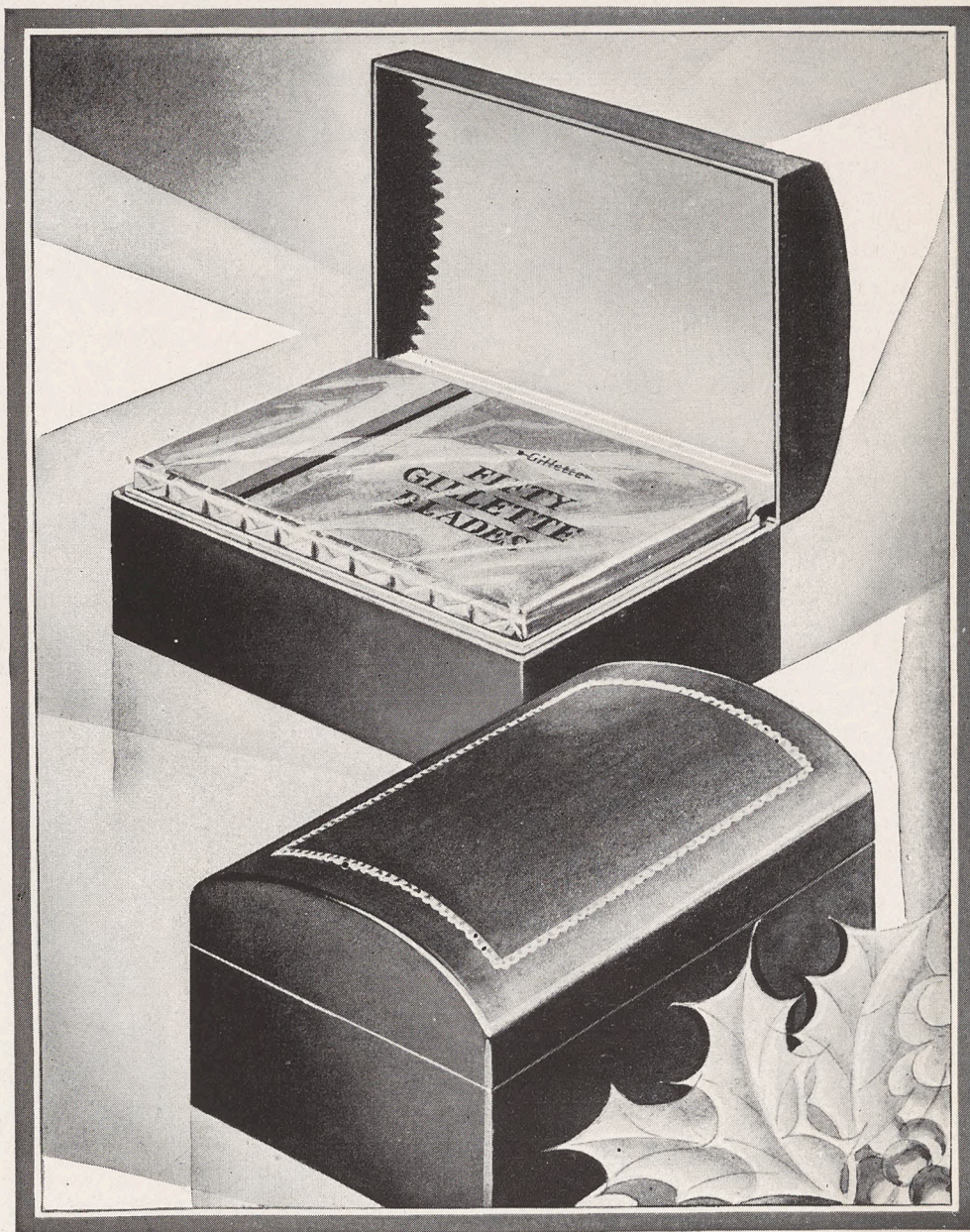
It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

RADIO—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



Five Dollars

Gillette



GIVE HIM SHAVING COMFORT IN ABUNDANCE
WITH THE FAMOUS FIFTY BOX OF GILLETTE BLADES



"You just know she wears them"

Christmas Gifts

Are you puzzled what to give? Do you wish to give something beautiful, useful, something every woman will appreciate—the answer

A Box of Vogue McCallum Hose

Or a pair of the most fascinating VOGUE boudoir or dress slippers, sparkling buckles, and, if in doubt, a Vogue Gift Certificate.

also—Beautiful Evening Slippers for that gala occasion on New Year's Eve. Largest Selections, Moderately Priced.

Vogue
BOOT SHOP

615 Locust St.

1st Classman: "How would you address the Secretary of the Navy?"

Plebe: "Your Warships, sir."

— D D D —

—Log

"She's a Follies girl."

"T'hell you say."

"Yep. She 'follies' the fleet around."

— D D D —

—Log

Ambitions at the Naval Academy

4th Class: "To be graduated in 4 years, to have a good time, to earn a lot of money, to become an admiral."

3rd Class: "To be graduated in 3 years, to have a good time, to earn a lot of money."

2nd Class: To be graduated in 2 years, to have a good time."

1st Class: To be graduated."

— D D D —

—Log

1st Indian: "Let's go on the warpath."

2nd Indian: "We can't. It's being paved."

—Ariz. Kitty Kat

— D D D —

Prof: "Any questions?"

Frosh: "Yeah, what course is this?"

— D D D —

—Gargoyle

"Vere iss mine glasses, Rachel?"

"On der nose, papa."

"Don't be so indefinite."

— D D D —

—Chapparat

The Lad—"Hey!"

The Lass—"My name ain't 'Hay,' an' don't try to make me while the sun shines."

—Michigan Gargoyle

The Blind Goddess

The bell rang. Slowly he rose to his feet and shook his clenched fist toward the smiling blue sky. The sun shone brightly and the birds sang blithely. For all the rest of the world there was laughter and pleasure, but not for him. His world lay a broken bubble at his feet. All was dismal. There was no justice. For the first time this semester he had come to class prepared and the professor had cut.

—Brown Jug

— D D D —

Father: Necessity, my boy, is the mother of invention.

Dear Boy: Oh, I see. But who was the father?

Father: Why, he was er-er, oh yes, he is Pat Pending.

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

Game Warden: "Hey, young man, what's the idea of hunting with a last year's license?"

Biles: "Oh, I'm only shooting at the birds I missed last year."

—Lafayette Lyre

— D D D —

"He cleaned up a lot in crooked dough."

"Counterfeiter?"

"No, pretzel manufacturer."

— D D D —

—Exchange

Sing me a song of ire,

Sing me a song of wrath;

Dieu! Que le sond du phone

Est hell quand vous est en bath.

— D D D —

—Whirlwind

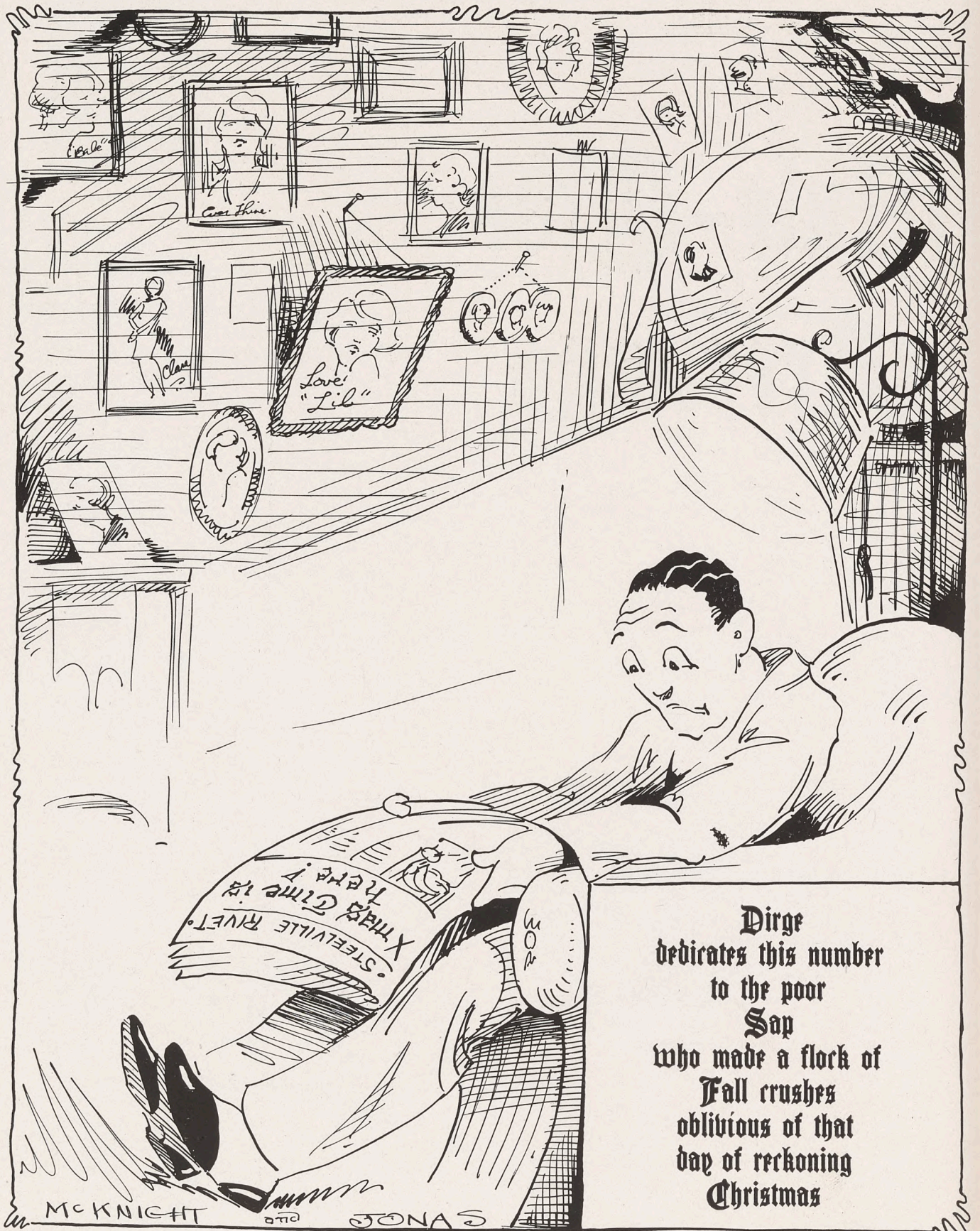
"Did you go to a quiet place for your vacation?"

"Say, that place was so quiet they even burned soft coal."

—Punch Bowl

Mule-Tide Greetings





MCKNIGHT OTTO JONAS

Dirge
 dedicates this number
 to the poor
 Sap
 who made a flock of
 Fall crushes
 oblivious of that
 day of reckoning
 Christmas

excluding

Have you Insomnia? Are You Losing Weight?
 If so, This Chart Will Indicate the Cure

What To Get For Her At A Glance

If She	Make sure that	excluding immediately	then price	but get	from	because
expects a lot	she believes in reciprocity	anything under 50 dollars	a Packard roadster	something	a pet shop	it's suggestive
is going to give you something	it will be worth something	neckties	something the same price	anything	Woolworth's	it's woolworthit
is a sweet child	she is	a box of cigars	"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"	a Dirge subscription	any salesman	she'll improve rapidly
chews gum	she changes often	"Mac"	a plug of chewing tobacco	a pint of gin	607	the flavor lasts
still believes in Santa Claus	she is normal	the Tri Delts	"Grimm's Fairy Tales"	her away	guys with white whiskers	she sleeps near the fireplace
wears them	they're genuine	Cooper's	an alarm clock	what you started to	Penny and Gentles	you can get them 30% off
is fat	nothing can alter her	a corset	a reducing machine	nothing	Lane Bryant's	her papa wouldn't like it
is your New Year's Eve date	she's worth the dough	Phi Mu's	the Claridge rates	at table at Garavelli's	6-8	the 20 bucks isn't really necessary
likes a fraternity brother	he takes advantage of it	anything valuable	one medium-sized bomb	a half dozen	Cleaners' Local 113, 131, 311	it would make a balmy Xmas
has that famous breath disease	it is contagious	a kiss	a flagon of Listerine	a long way off	her	it kills 6,000,000 germs per second
has possibilities	your dope is right	a subscription to "Youth's Companion"	a beaded bag	censored	censored	boys will be boys
likes poetry	she doesn't write it	that swift kick	a good alienist	some brandied peaches	your old man's cellar	she'll like the spirit in which they were sent
is a Pi Phi	she's like the rest of them	inky	a neck-piece	more than you expected	12 to 3	of environment
is a gold digger	same as above	same as below	same as above	same as below	same as above	same as below
loves you truly	it's the right kind of love	you know what	something else	nothing	any place whatsoever	she'll get all you've got sooner or later
writes Dirge Critiques in Student Life	she's not a moron	the whole Student Life staff	a bottle of arsenic	big hearted	a sense of superiority	no one believes Student Life anyway—after those mass meeting announcements

The Santa Claus Murder Case

BY

R. S. VAN PINE

WHILO PANCE removed his monocle and polished it carefully. Then he did the same for his false teeth. This done, he replaced them both and bent over the body.

Santa Claus had been found dead in the living room of J. Piccolo Pillsbury's palatial doghouse, located at 17.35 $\frac{3}{4}$ Biddle Street, thus starting one of the most fantastic murder case west of Waupaca, Wisconsin.

"First," said Whilo, who by the way invented the

mittee on the Deposition of Second-hand Cigar Butts in the Department of the Interior."

"Ha! It is just as I feared. The villain is a man with devilish ingenuity, a beautiful daughter, and two warts on the left hand side of his nose. Better make a note of that, Van."

I whipped out my trusty fountain pen and jotted down his words on my left thumb-nail.**

"Observe also," continued Pance, "the life-like attitude of the victim. He is lying perfectly flat on his face, as if he had simply passed out from drinking too much fraternity-house coffee. It all seems so deucedly simple, and yet. . ."

"Suicide?" I suggested.

"Of course not."

I couldn't follow the course of Pance's reasoning. How was he able to tell with such certainty that the man had not killed himself? I decided to ask how.

"How," I asked.

"Observe," replied Pance, "that the head is missing from the body."

So it was. How simple it all seemed after Pance had explained it in his masterful way. But another question entered my mind.

"How could Claus be lying on his face if his head was gone?" I asked.

"Alas, my dear fellow," replied Pance, "you don't seem to realize that practically anything can happen in a Dirge story."

"That may be so," I an-

(Continued on page 9)

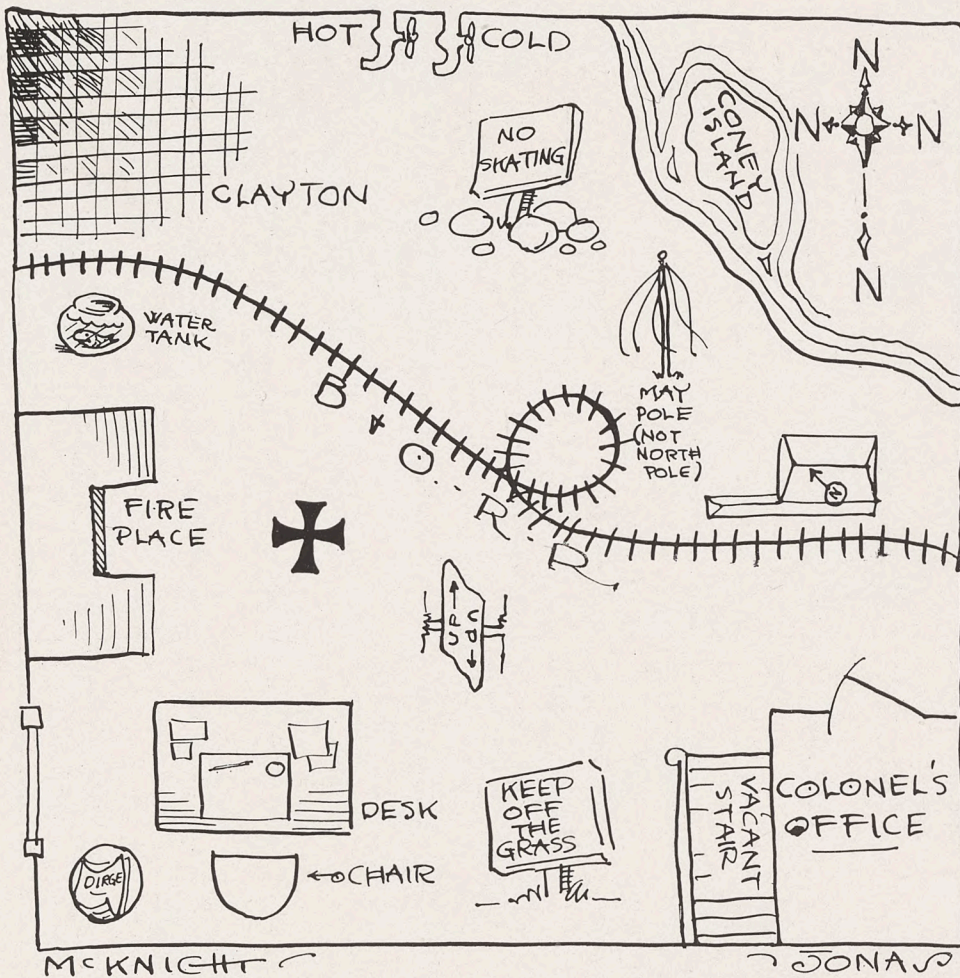


Diagram of the scene of the murder, showing practically nothing at all. Contrary to usual custom, the body was not found anywhere near the X. The B. & O. R. R. has nothing at all to do with the murder, except that it is a second cousin of the author; it was merely put in to make it harder for the reader.

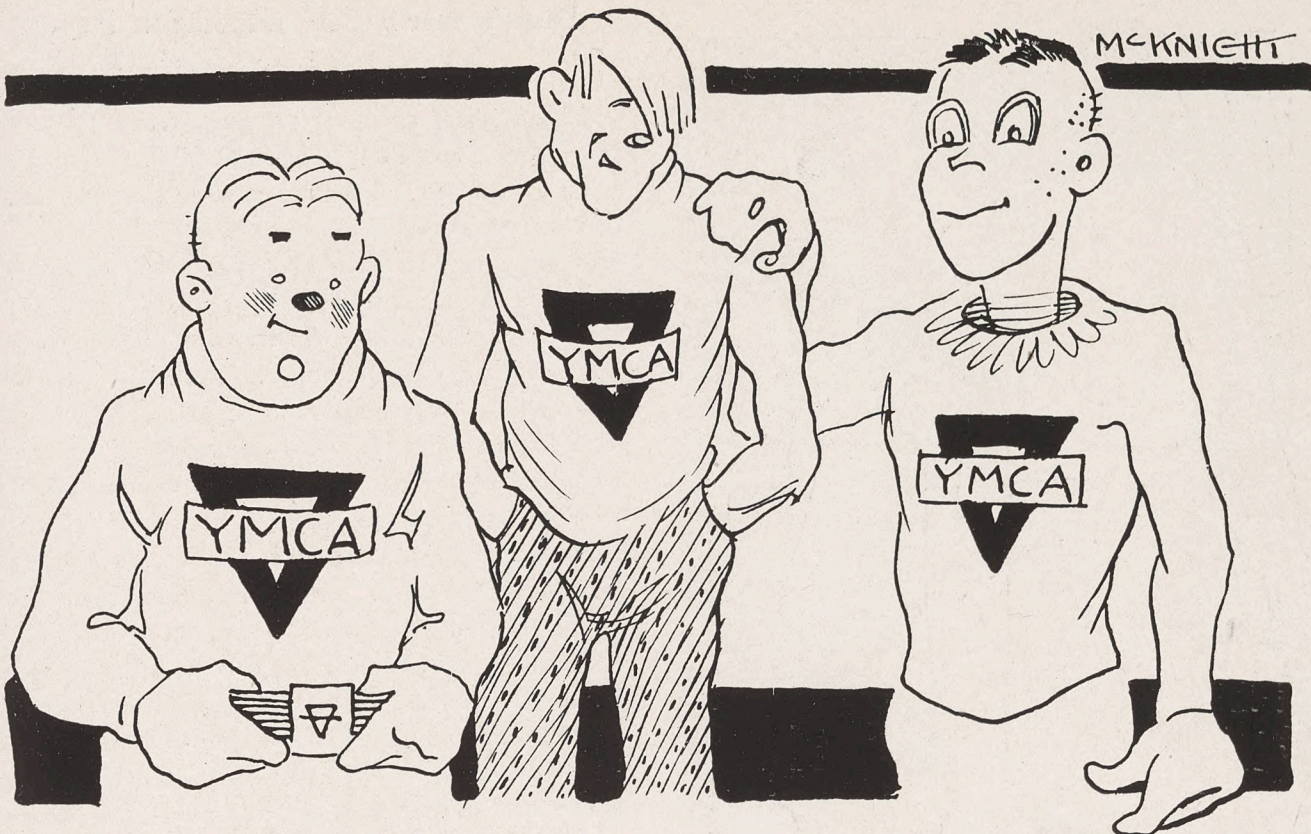
two Pance suit, "we had better get an X to mark the spot where the body was found."

A glance at the accompanying diagram, donated by Straus, will be nothing more than a waste of time.

"Sorry, sir," replied Sergeant Wreath*, "but all the X's are being used as paper-weights by the Com-

*I. V. Wreath had formerly been on the stage, having starred in the Follies, and also taking the part of the pay-envelope in "The Wages of Sin".

**I was at this time employed as Pance's secretary, having become acquainted with him while employed in the firm of Pance, Pance, Pance and Pance (of which firm Pance was one of the partners). Yes, you punsters, I worked under Pance.



And these, kiddies, are none other than the three "Y's" men you've heard so much about in Sunday School.

(Continued from page 8)

swered. "But don't keep us in suspense. This story's getting too damn long already. Who did commit the murder?"

"Why," replied Pance, "the murderer was none other than—"

At that instant a door opened and the headless, mangled corpse of a Chinaman fell into the room.

"What the hell!" said Pance, looking at this new suspect. "You're not due until the next book by the present author, 'The Peanut Murder Case'. Beat it."

"Yes, sir," replied the corpse, withdrawing gracefully. The author must have made a mistake, sir."

When he was gone, Pance once more turned to us. "I'll show you who the real murderer was," he said. "Do you see those roller-skate tracks which circle the corpse three times and then disappear up the chimney? We shall follow them."

We followed them. They led to the Colonel's office.

"I arrest you," said Pance to the Colonel, "for the murder of Santa Dillpickle Claus."

"But I didn't do it!" answered the prisoner.

Suddenly Wreath stepped up behind Whilo and slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. "Sorry, Pance," he said, "but I'll have to arrest you. I see it all now. The Scotch Parents' Association hired you to kill Santa Claus. I'll have to search you."

In Pance's left-hand pocket they found the head

of Santa Claus, neatly done up in gum-wrappers.

"Alas!" said Pance, a large tear running down his nose and splashing in his galoshes. "So I did it myself, eh? Well, I strongly suspected it right along."

But suddenly the head of Santa began to sing "I Ain't Got No Body."

"What the coo," asked Pance.

Santa laughed.

"I thought I'd fool you boys. Nothing's wrong with me. It was all done with mirrors!"

— D D D —

Logic

Nit: "But only God can make a tree."

Wit: "Is that why all the talk about Virgin Forests?"

— D D D —

"It's a bitter loss," said Miss Brown as she mislaid the quinine tablets.

— D D D —

It is easy to identify the owner of the car; he is the one who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder.

— D D D —

We think that the man and woman with fifteen children must be stork mad.

Dirge's North Pole Expedition Report

By Commander Spentwhistle



A: "Joe calls his girl Spearmint."

B: "Why, is she Wrigley?"

A: "No. Always after meals."

— D D D —

Sic Habeas Corpus

The other day Colonel Fentzwhistle told Durkin Bledsoe, "You are persona non grata." "You mean I ain't got no sine qua non," whined Durkin quick as a flash. Say sugar don't bring that glucose, it smells bad.

— D D D —

*There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad
She was popular.*

— D D D —

"What are you doing in my hickory tree," said farmer Brown.

"Nutting," retorted Gus Campus.

I have heard so many people say that there was no Santa Claus that I determined to find out the truth for myself. I went north up through Baden and past Riverview Club. God it was cold. My progress however was slow and sure until reached the famous Eskimo Normal (almost normal) school, the University of Palooka. There was only one chapter there, a Kappa Sigma bunch. Here it can truly be said that the Kappa Sigs are the best on the campus. The Kappa Sigs up there are a lot of Palookas. Finally I tore myself away from this school and went on towards the pole. A recital of my hardships would be monotonous. It was as cold as a ticket-collector's eye. Finally I reached Santa Claus at his palatial workshop. I got into his presence (presents) (joke) under the pretext of being an interviewer from the American Magazine. I was ushered into the old gent's study. He was just as I had imagined. He had whiskers as white as a freshman's face during a math final, a nose as red as a Pi Phi's lips, and when he laughed he shook like a beef trust girl. I asked him what some St. Louisans were going to get for Christmas. Dave Black will get a real funny guy for Dirge. Coach Sharpe will get another disappointment. Mayor Miller will get a stocking full of glue. Coronado will get a new band for the new Pal Lida they are going to make by tearing out a telephone booth. The Pi Phi's will get that man. Alice Kay White will get a new false face. The Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings will get nothing, he is rude to people. The Public Service wont get anything unless they put a second car on the City Limits line. I asked Santa what I was going to get. "You will get the hell out of here if you know what is good for you, you're as useless as the drinkless attachment on a pipe."

— D D D —

There

Miss Mugge—And now I suppose you'll tell every one I let you kiss me.

Mr. Hugge—Don't be alarmed. It's nothing to brag about.

— D D D —

The country roads were pleasant. As they stopped at an intersection the young man remarked: "Here's a fork."

"But no place for a spoon," replied the old-fashioned girl.

YE HOLIDAYE ETTIQUETTE

By Emily Poach

Unfortunately many college students do not know the finer points of behaviour at dances. Suppose you are going to a Gamma Delt dance in the basement of Beer's Hotel. Do you know whether to take gin or rye? What do you know? The other night a crowd was circling around a girl and crying "She thinks she is a lot, but she is only a House." The poor girl was flustered. If the offenders had only known that it is rude to point this unfortunate incident might have been averted. Many do not know the proper way to ask a girl to dance. One should remember when in Rome (figurative) do as the Romans do. If a gel is from the South Side sidle politely up to her and say in a modulated voice, "Say, Lousy, whatd'ya say we crawl?" If she is from the West End and did you hear about the freshman they sent to the Tri Delt rooms for the West End heh heh you must say, "Wormy, let's wiggle." If you wish to dance with a Theta you must say, "May I have the favor of the next dance?" Perhaps she will do you a favor and refuse (no I didn't really mean that) but not if you say "dawnce" broadly enough. It is these small points that mark the real gent and distinguish him from those on the Student Life staff. Be alert to keep the conversation on safe grounds. If you step on a girl's toe and she says, "Go? Da?rn it," you say, "I can tell by your oaths you are not an atheist." The girl forgets that you stepped on her toe and the conversation is shifted to religion, always a good topic for small talk. And prospective host and hostesses for the Holidays don't forget a blanket bid to Dirge.

— D D D —

Post-Xmas Epitaphs

*A make-believe Santa was Radcliffe McBandle,
But he got his false whiskers too close to the candle.*

*And heave a sigh for Andy Guff,
He thought it was pre-war stuff.*

*Oh, gentle reader, drop a tear
For poor old Bobby Green,
His girl asked him for perfume and
He gave her Listerine!*



Could I kiss you under the mistletoe?
Hell no—not under an anaesthetic!

— D D D —

Misslaid

The story is told that a certain well known Frosh who was returning to Alma Mammy after an unusually exhilarating Christmas season, went into a railroad restaurant and ordered a soft-boiled egg. The waitress (who, strange tho' it seems, was in a hurry) dropped the egg. "What shall I do?" she cried. The college man, still a little sleepy, shouted: "Cackle."

— D D D —

He: These sun dials are certainly Scotch!
She: How so, Aristotle?
He: There's no wear and tear on dark days.

— D D D —

"What do you do for a living, Mose?"
"Ah manages a laundry?"
"What's the name of your laundry?"
"Liza."



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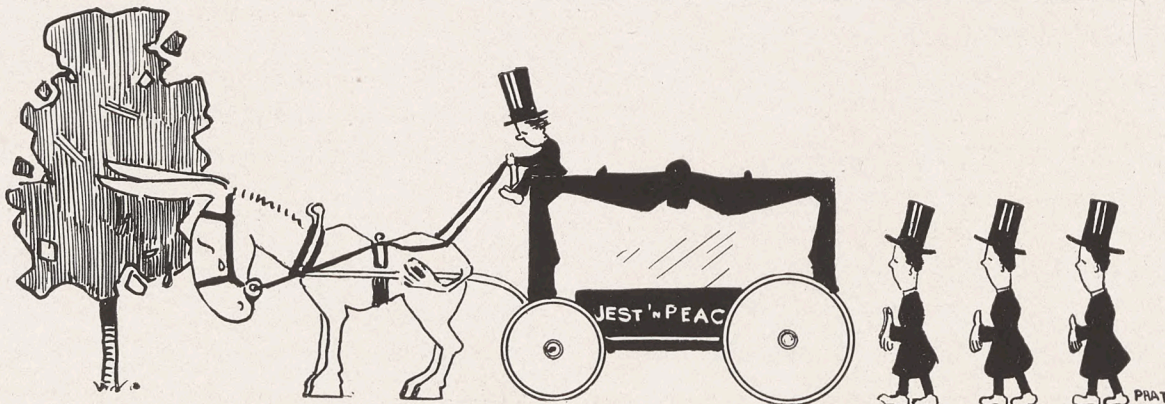
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BURLESQUE



ANY claim that a collegian may have to superiority of wit must be based upon his appreciation of subtle burlesque. That which once was considered to be synonymous with crudeness and coarseness has now taken on the glow of virtue in its new environment among the so-called intelligencia. Burlesque was once used merely to denote the frank exposure of the crudeness of nature—usually on the stage. But now the term denotes the art of seeing the flaws in apparently faultless things and magnifying them so greatly that that which once seemed faultless soon becomes ridiculous. It is obvious that to indulge successfully in burlesque one must have a more thorough understanding of the object of the burlesque than its own self-satisfied creator.

In view of the above remarks it may seem slightly presumptuous to announce that in the next issue of DIRGE the staff will assume the burden of burlesquing the campus, its institutions, its publications, and its inhabitants. But as presumptuous as the task may be we will at least attack it with good intentions if not with good results.

So beware of the Ides of February all ye guilty creatures—beware that Burlesque Number of Dirge.

EDITOR



The First Christmas Carol

or

What Keeps Cats Awake Most Any Night

*There once were two proud pussy-cats
Who daily had their feline spats.
No matter what one pussy had
'Twas what the other wanted bad;
They even quarreled about a flea
'Cause one had two—the other had three.*

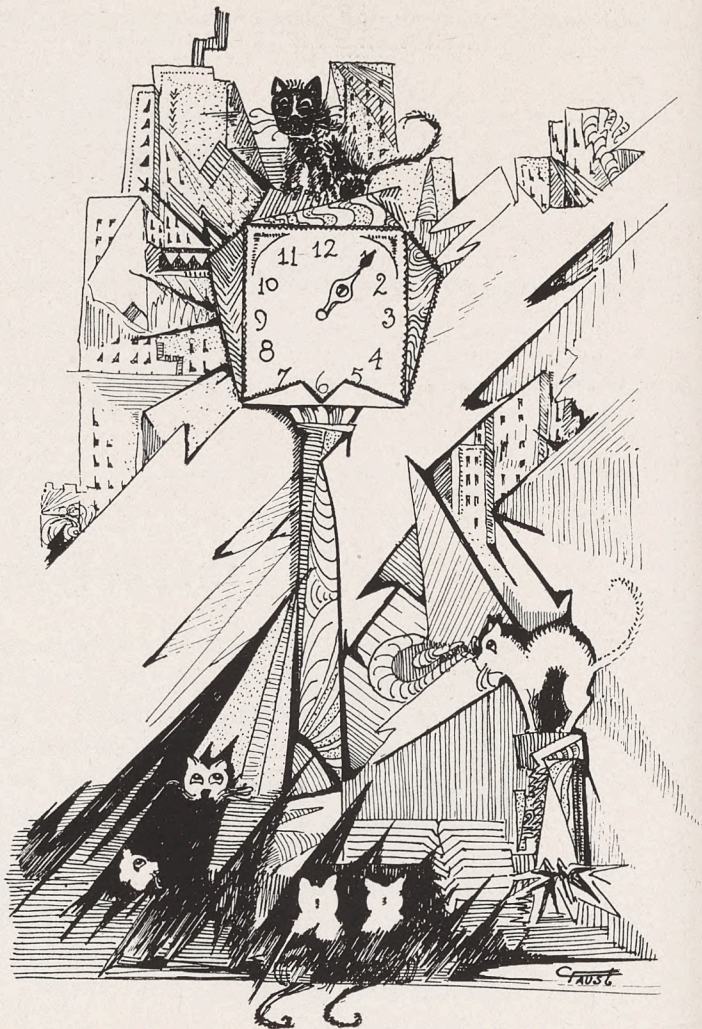
*There was a Tom Cat down the street
With mincing ways and roaming feet.
'Twas whispered he stayed out at nights,
And in the town knew all the sights.
Ann Gora Kitty loved him well,
As did her sister Clara Belle.
Each sister cat was sure that she
Was his feline affinity.
Tom Cat to this was nothing loath,
"Egad! Forsooth! I'll pet them both!"*

*Clara Belle would softly purr
And Ann would wriggle 'neath her fur,
When Tom Cat asked each for a date.
And each would think, "My! How I rate!"
Ann would tweak his whiskers fine
And run her paw along his spine.
While Clara Belle was soft and sly
And willingness shone in her eye.*

*One night Ann came home after one,
Her hair and dress were quite undone—
"At last I know he loves me quite!"
"You lie! He loved me most last night
You alley cat!" screamed Clara Belle.
"You hussy!. You know he loves me well!"*

*They knocked each other off the fence,
The heat of battle was intense.
The fur flew up and left and right
'Til they de-furred, looked a sight.
A neighbor heard the awful din
And dropped on them a quart of gin.
This stopped them—for they knew the truth
That they were both "all wet", forsooth!*

*Ann said, "Clara, come with me,
This Tom Cat we will go to see.
He'll make it plain he loves me true,
And then he'll give the gate to you."
"All right—we'll go," sobbed Clara Belle,
"His love for me I'll make him tell."*



—sweet caroling pierced the still night. One didn't have to look at the clock to tell that it was about five after one.

*So, torn and dirty, they rushed down
Through the dark and spooky town.
They banged upon poor Tom Cat's door.
Just think what all he had in store!
But no—just wait!. Tom was n't there!
Their outburst fell on empty air.
His neighbor called out—"Lila Mouse,
To-night he's staying at her house."
He kissed his paw-tips airily—
"A lovely chorus wench is she—
Enchanting figure—voice sublime—
You'll have to come some other time—
And I'd fix up a little more—"
He slyly added, and shut the door.
"It's all your fault! I told you so,"
Said Clara Belle—"you'd ought to know."
Ann slowly smoothed her ruffled fur—
"Go wash your face!" says she to her.*

G. HOPPE

Table Talk— After the Christmas Goose

“Well,” said the Old Timer, refilling his glass for the thirty-second time, “you boys may think that was cold weather you were having around here recently, but lemme tell you, you ain’t seen nothin’ yet. I recall one time back in ’49 when it was really cold. We had to build fires under the cows to keep them from giving ice cream. It was so darn cold that when a man spoke to us his words froze before they reached our ears, and we had to pick them up and take them inside to thaw out before we could find out what he had said. Down at the old Last Chance saloon all the liquor froze in the bottles, and the boys just cracked them open and used the stuff as an all-day sucker. If we were in a room on the second story, and wanted to get downstairs, we just threw a pail of water out the window and then slid down the icicle. Why, I remember that the sunshine froze on the sidewalks and we had sunlight all night!”

— D D D —

Boss: “Why did you spell pneumatic ‘new-matic’?”

Stenog: “The ‘k’ on my typewriter doesn’t work.”

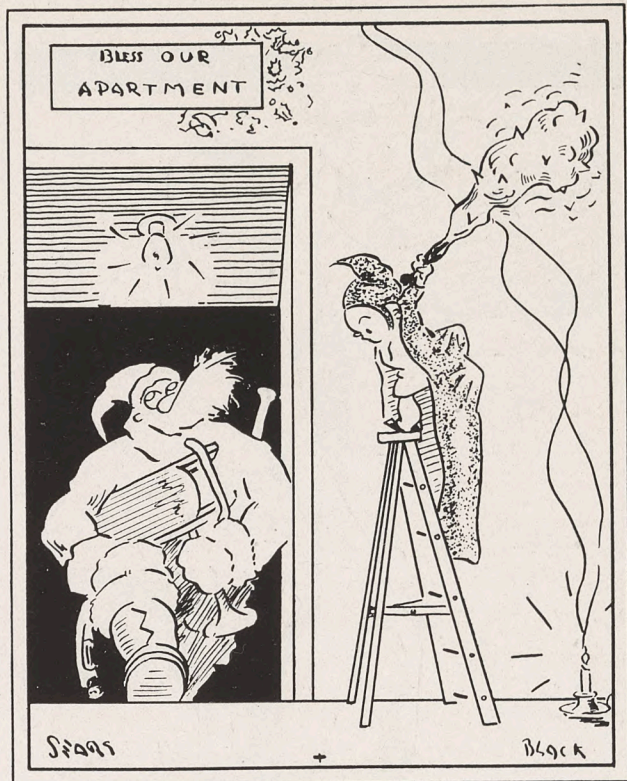
— D D D —

“Behold the apple!” Eve did holler, and Adam wished for an arrow collar.

— D D D —



And another thing—ten gross of yo-yo’s for the grandchildren.



Here’s where I get the guy who’s messing around with those toys that pop hid in the basement yesterday.

— D D D —

Big Gamey

*In June I married Sue,
In April dear Ophelia,
In March, I wedded Lou,
In January Celia;
I married Frau in August
And Dot in cold December,
And many more I trust;
But hell! I can’t remember.
And next I married Jo and then it was Elise,
It means a lot of work to be a Justice of the Peace!*

— D D D —

Her tiny hand shook as he took it in his and her eyelids fluttered as he closed them with sweet kisses. Her lips trembled as they touched his and her whole body seemed to vibrate as he embraced her. But alas! that’s what comes of necking in a Ford—with the engine running!

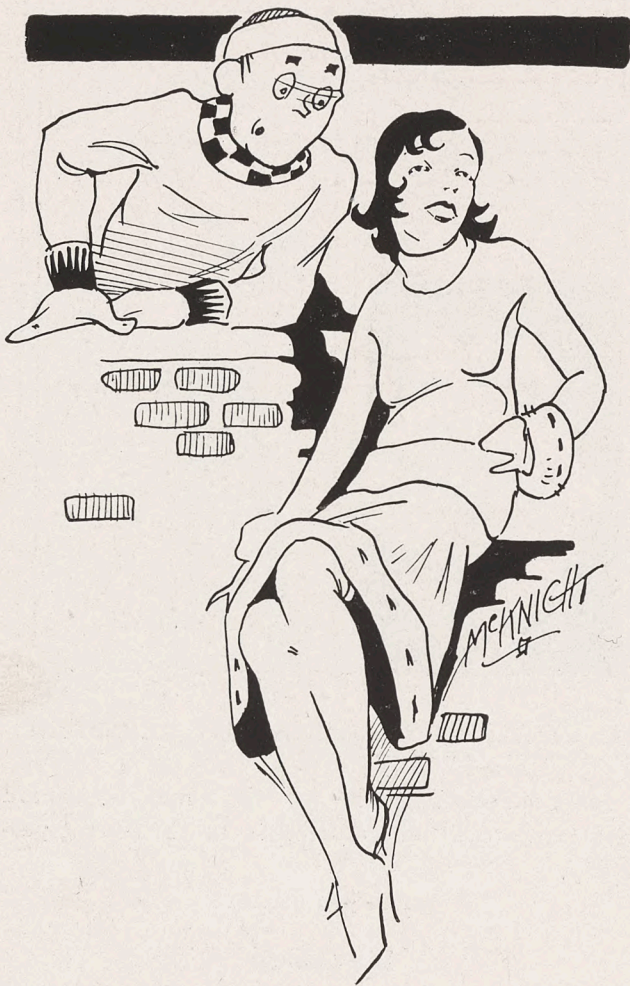
— D D D —

He (in street car, seeing an ad for ice cream next to one of pickles): “Awful combination.”

She (just getting into car): “Fresh! Keep your eyes where they belong.”

—Voo Doo

FAIR HAWVAHD?



Ess—Have you heard the new Harvard song?
 Oh—Go on, unburden yourself.
 Ess—The "Broad 'A' Melody."

— D D D —

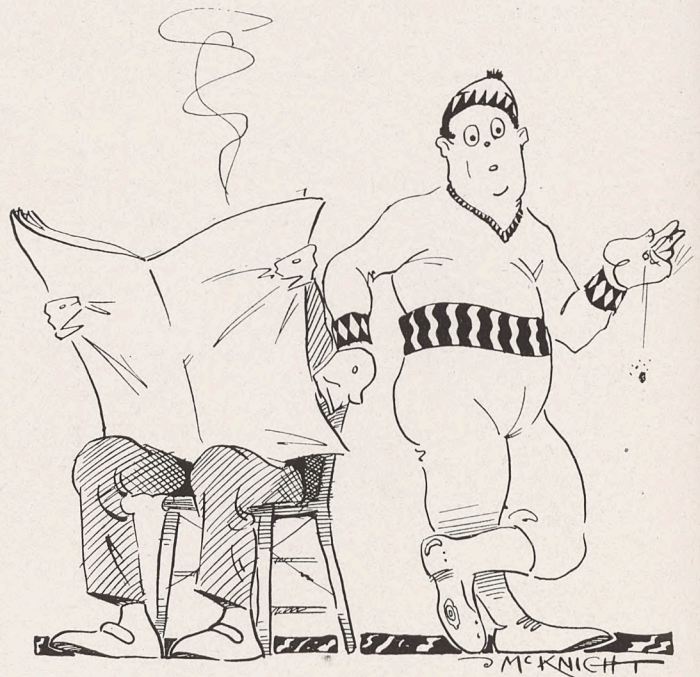
Another Suggestion

STEP up closer, ladeez and gentulmen, while I demonstrate to you the marvul of modern science—that world famous and far renowned magic set of Little Wunder Vegatable and Fruit Knives. These knives are put out by the Little Wunder Implement and Tool Company headed by none other than Tom Carr. (Stand back, boys, you bother me.) The first littul knife removes the eyes from potatoes, fish, removes warts from your hands, empties the ashes from your furnace and gets in between the teeth where decay first sets in. No family is complete without one. In fact, deah people, it does everything but change the baby. That important feature is handled by this simple little affair—the baby-changer and screen-grid radio tube, the only combination of its kind on the market. In the kitchen it cuts up old cabbages, bacon rind, steak bones, and pieces of lineoleum into

such amusing and intriguing shapes that they are most suitable for garnishing your choice dishes or feeding to your husband with his doses of arsenic. In my left hand, I hold an implement of a thousand and one uses; this cuts, peels, hemstitches, grinds, waltzes, crochets, and frequently is used as an automobile jack by some of our best people. Your life cannot be happy without one. In other words, this little gadget is the life of the party. Next, it is my pleasure to introduce to you—(stand back boys, you bother me)—our pride and joy, the fancy knife, that is a necessity in the life of almost every married woman. I refer to the Fancy Anatomy Design Knife. Consider how much more finesse your hatchet murder would have if you could use one of these knives which make neat perforations, star-shaped incisions, crescent slices, and a neat scallop pattern, all of which will show to the jury that you were thoughtful of your dear mate to the end. Now here's my proposition: I'm not here to sell these things to you, I'm not here to secure a down payment but my company sends me here to *give* them away, ABsolutely free of any charge to you to advertise them among your friends. However, to cover the cost of shipping, packing, plug tobacco, and the high cost the amusement tax on these articles, I am asking you to cover these little expenses at the slight cost of 50c. Who'll be the first one to take home a package?

— D D D —

HEIR-MINDED



—See by the paper that a baby was born in an airplane.

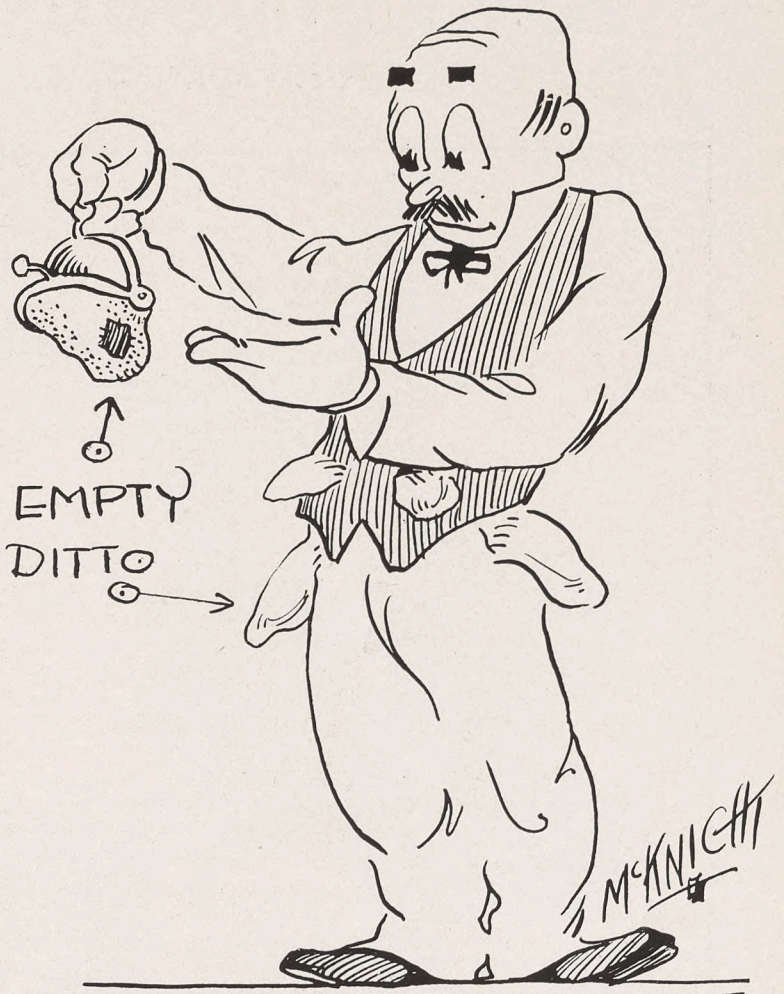
—Yeah? That's my idea of something new in aircraft.

The Christmas Spirit

A POME

(Translated, with a meat-grinder, from the original Scandinavian, and offered with the necessary apologies to all concerned.)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and thru all the frat house,
 Everybody was stirring—for the annual souse!
 The liquor was hid in the chimney with care,
 For they knew that the cops would not look for it there.
 The Frosh had flipped out, and were now in their beds,
 While visions of purple snakes danced in their heads.
 Then out in the front there arose such a clatter
 The brothers all cried, "What the hell is the matter?"
 They ran to the windows as quick as a flash,
 Yanked up the curtains, and threw up—the sash.
 And what should appear to their wondering eyes
 But a big patrol-wagon and eight tough-looking guys,
 And a tough-looking driver, so lively and quick
 They knew in a minute he must be a dick.
 As graceful as freight-trains they ran 'cross the lawn,
 The chief called them by name and encouraged them on.
 "Now Clancey, now Spitski, O'Brien and Mike,
 O'Halloran, Mulligan, Steinberg, and Ike;
 Four guys in the front door, and four in the rear.
 If we take all these guys, I'll treat yez to beer."
 But the doors were all locked, so they climbed on the roof;
 And the gang inside heard every No. 12 hoof.
 They put down the windows and were turning around,—
 Down the chimney the coppers all came with a bound.
 The supply of good liquor so carefully cached
 In the chimney, was thereby disgracefully smashed.
 The cops grabbed the boys by the seat of their britch,
 Shoved 'em in the patrol-wagon out in the ditch,
 And ere they could dope out the whole situation,
 The boys found themselves locked in a cell at the station.
 They were given some blankets, and slept on the floor,
 The chief being careful to lock the iron door;
 And the last words he said as he turned out the light—
 "Merry Christmas to all, and may all—sleep tight!"



Pop sees now why they call him St. "Nick"

— D D D —

She was only the stableman's daughter, but boy,
 how that girl could stall.

— D D D —

Mother: When I was your age, nice young girls
 never held a young man's hand.

Daughter: Well, nowadays a nice young girl has
 to hold a young man's hand.

— D D D —

A man said: "The first night I caught her in my
 arms—the next night I caught her in my pockets."

— D D D —

Magistrate: So your only defense is that you
 were drunk when you kissed the lady. How can
 you prove that?

Defendant: Well, just take a good look at her
 yourself, judge.

— D D D —

Asked about his marriage the college man said:
 "Well, I just sobered up and there she was."

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS LETTERS CLICK?

*If Not—Use This All-American Selection For A Model**



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
ST. LOUIS, ON RIVER DES PERES

Santa Claus, Frozen Foot Park, Frigidarea.
My dear Mr. Claus,

I just thought I'd write you a line to give my correct address for Christmas. Don't bring the stuff here to Washington because I won't be here then and besides the Colonel told me to tell you to keep out of his chimneys. He says that he knows the power house will be a big temptation for you to slide down but not to put your foot in it. He says also to keep them reindeers of yours off the campus. He hopes you will use an airplane soon.

Anyway I'm going to be visiting the folks in Jefferson City over Christmas. Our house is the big one in the middle of town with the bars on the windows. I haven't been home yet because the folks moved unexpectedly from Potosi while I was away at school. But our new place must be pretty good because a state official selected it for pa.

I wish you would bring papa a radio because he doesn't get out of the house much these days. He also says that you might bring him a small file while you're at it if you have an extra one around the shop—because his finger nails are getting awful long and files are pretty scarce around home.

I guess you'd better bring mom a Schaefer's Life-Time, because she says she doesn't think much of the pen around there.

You'd better bring some extra presents with you too, Mr. Claus, because from what I hear, Uncle Joe and Cousin Ossie will probably be home for Christmas.

As for myself, Santa, I have been a very good boy since last Christmas. I cancelled by subscriptions to "Artists and Models" and "Dirge" and read the Literary Digest instead. I have also quit going out with Pi Phi's and am now only dating Theta's. Besides, Santa Claus, that girl from McMillan I went out with last night was the cousin of my best friend down in Potosi, honest. We only talked about books and after I asked her if she knew who wrote the "Chance of a Life-time" we went home.

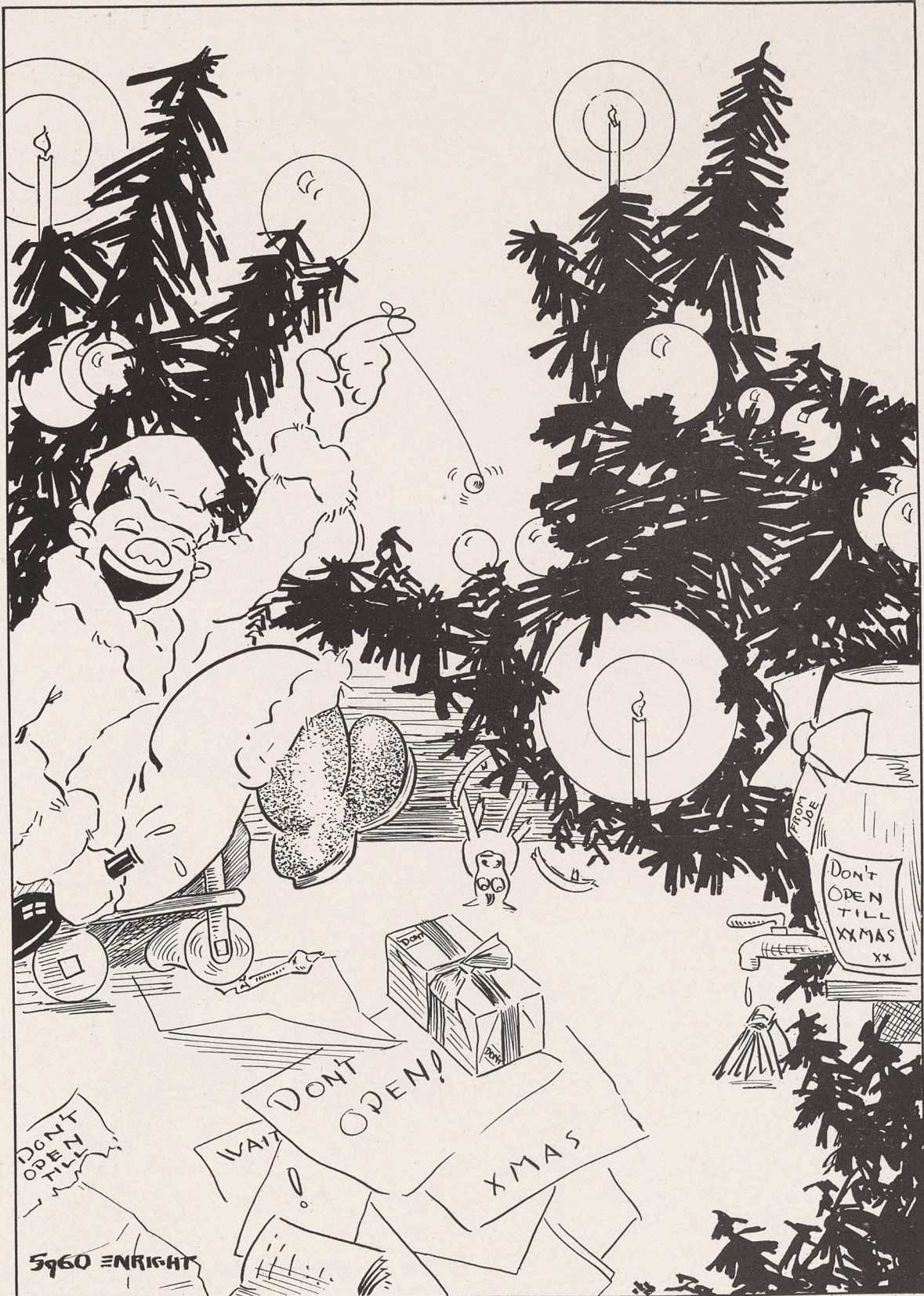
After thinking these things over, Santa, I am sure you will admit that I deserve a lot for Christmas. I am short on school supplies so first of all you might bring me a notebook and some lead for my pencil. Then too you might bring me a pass to all of the sorority dances—they're getting awfully snooty this year. The pop gun you brought me last year is still in good shape but I wish you would bring me a case of gin because I ran out of corks. Don't bother to bring me a Yo-yo, Santa, because every one in the Frat house has one now. What I want is something practical—a two gallon hat, maybe or, a pair of fur lined spats, or a rubber plated water cooled dress shirt front to wear to the Theta formal. Also if you have anything else that nobody wants you might bring it along too.

Affectionately,

Horatio

P.S. If you don't I'll tell the Colonel on you about staying so long in McMillan Hall last Christmas Eve.

*Selected jointly by an authentic committee made up of representativess of Rubican's, I. C. S., the Dead Letter Office, and the National Convention for the Prevention of Blackmail.



A case when Mr. Santa Claus failed to follow directions.



Patricia—I'd like to see some gifts suitable for a lawyer.

Pat—Bar-pins on 3rd Aisle to the left.

— D D D —

The Opportunist

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

"We are like h—!" exclaimed the Yankee tourist as he climbed down from the bus.

— D D D —

"Chaperone: "I just saw a young man on the porch try to kiss your daughter."

Modern Mother: "Did he succeed?"

Chaperone: "He did not!"

Modern Mother: "Then, it wasn't my daughter."

— D D D —

Place: Any military school or R. O. T. C. on it.

Time: Summer practice on the rifle range.

They fire at 500 yards. Not a hit.

They move up to 400 yards and fire. Not a hit.

They move up to 300 yards and fire. Not a hit.

They try it at 200 yards.

At last the officer bawls: "Detail, attention. Fix bayonets and charge! It's your only chance."

— D D D —

The teacher was explaining a problem in geometry at the blackboard. Very seriously she said: "Now, I know my figure isn't very good, but if you watch closely you'll see it."

She: Leave the house at once!

No response.

She: Did you hear me? I said: leave the house at once!!

He: Well, before I go I have one last request to make.

She: What is it?

He: Will you please get off my lap?

— D D D —

*I learned the truth the other nite
That from experience grew,
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady
But faint whispers often do.*

— D D D —

He: You sure can dance.

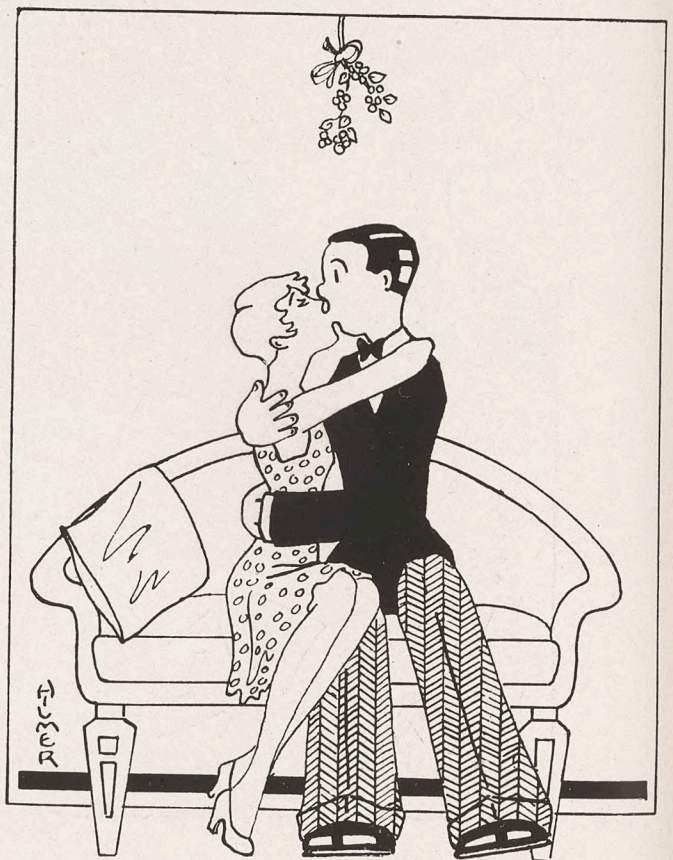
Shee: Yes, I love, too.

He: Then we'll love.

— D D D —

Then we have the tramp who had chopped all the wood in one pile and not in the other. He said to the lady that he told them jokes and one pile split their sides laughing, but the others were English walnut and would split next week.

— D D D —



Pledge: Would you mind if I kissed you?

No answer—

Pledge: I say, would you mind if I kissed you?

Co-ed: Say, what do you want me to do,—
promise not to bite?

Imagine Papa's Embarrassment=



Should we tell Santa Claus all those crazy darn reasons why the ole man said we shouldn't ask for an airplane?
Naw—would be a insult to his intelligents.

Sybil: It was exactly 12 o'clock when Jerry kissed me good-night.
Mother (patiently): What time did he leave?

— D D D —

*Lives of great men all remind us
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.*

— D D D —

Mary: Would you kiss me even if I told you not to?
Oswald: Of course.
Mary: Goodie, now I can mind my mama.

One of our Freshmen wanted to know if Mussolini wore clocked hose because he was a man of the hour.

— D D D —

Colonel: "—and I crept out and shot the brute in my pajamas."

Fair auditor: "But Colonel, how did the elephant get into your pajamas?"

— D D D —

A cod-ed is something which shows much interest but no principle.

— D D D —

*Willie in a fit of gall
Drank some wooden alcohol.
Willie croaked—his ma greze pensive—
Alcohol is so expensive.*

What's To Be Scene

LOEW'S STATE FEATURE ATTRACTION "THE LOCKED DOOR"

United Artists have outdone themselves in the current picture at Loew's State Theatre, "The Locked Door", it being a story of the eternal triangle, with some new and amazing sequences. The cast embodies such names that will thrill the heart of every College boy and girl, heading the cast is our adopted daughter Barbara Stanywyck, (in private life Mrs. Frank Fay), this is the little lady that flew across the continent to become the bride of the very popular Frank Fay during his stay in our City. Rod La Rocque, who has starred in many of the most famous of the pictures of late years, William Boyd who has proven himself an actor of sterling caliber, and little Betty Bronson who was made famous in PETER PAN, and has lived up to the name she made in that memorable picture. "The Locked Door" deals with two young men and two young girls, there are situations that are amazing to the average picture fan, and the entire production being in talk lends itself to the highest degree of entertainment. Loew's State has good news ahead for all young patrons, the fact that William Haines in "Navy Blues" is this star's first all talking picture and that he is supported by the very charming Anita Page, it being a story of the trials and humorous situations that befall our gobs when off and on Duty. The month of January is one of the events of all show business, for Loew's Theatres have planned a month of celebration throughout their entire circuit, every day will be a day long to be remembered in the memories of all theatre goers, it is the month of Thirty One day of happiness, the Month is given over to be called Loew's January Festival, and is one that will meet with all patrons' approval, no advance in price will be in vogue, and all pictures shown will be hand picked attractions, with the best that the talking artists of both stage and screen can afford to place before the public. Our urge is not to miss a single week at Loew's during the month of January, start the new year off right, visit Loew's weekly for this month, and be assured of beginning the Year with HAPPINESS.

AMBASSADOR

Ed Lowry, St. Louis' favorite entertainer, has returned to the Ambassador to make whoopee for the Skouras Brothers in the ever popular Publix stage shows. Lowry's homecoming after several

months in the East was the occasion for much beating of the tom-toms among his feminine following and Eddie is responding with a collection of brand new songs delivered in his own inimitable style.

Incidentally Eddie is on his way to setting a new all-time record as master of ceremonies at one theater. He already has passed the old mark set by Paul Ash in Chicago and his popularity shows no signs of diminishing at the Ambassador. As a matter of fact Lowry is attracting more and more customers through the doors of the Seventh street amusement palace.

Several of the best of the Publix shows are now on the way to St. Louis. Eddie personally vouches for them, having played with most of the actors during his stay at the Bransford in Newark. "They are the best shows I have played in years," he commented on his return home.

On the talking screen the Ambassador is planning a series of Paramount, Warner Brothers and First National features. Included is "The Kibitzer", rated as the funniest film of the entire year. Harry Green, the Jewish comedian carries the lead and is supported by Mary Brian and Neil Hamilton. Another scream in "The Aviator" with Everett Edward Horton and another is "Pointed Heels" with William Powell, Helen Kane and Fay Wray.

MISSOURI

Two outstanding attractions are booked on the program of the Missouri Theater within the next few weeks. One is titled "General Crack," a thrilling and entertaining picture starring John Barrymore who talks for the first time on the living screen.

Another hit attraction is Ziegfeld's all-talking, all-singing and all-color production "Sally," featuring Marilyn Miller. A cast of 300 appears in this great extravaganza.

GRAND CENTRAL THEATER

For its Christmas attraction the Grand Central is offering what it believes is one of the most outstanding pictures ever shown on both the silent and talking screens. Its title, "The Show of Shows," is truly explanatory of this mammoth production filmed entirely in Technicolor (or Natural Color).

An impression of its bigness is gained in a summary of the features and characteristics that go to making it. Seventy-seven stars, both of the stage and screen, contribute something or other to its entertainment. There are in the neighborhood of 315

(Continued on page 24)

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Christmas Suggestions:

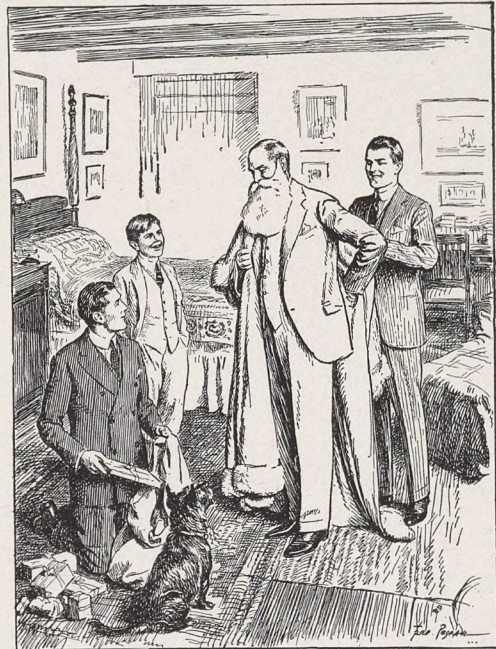
- Trunks, Bags, Travelling Coats and Rugs
- Dressing Cases, Razor Sets
- Pocketbooks, Stud Boxes, Cigarette Cases
- Umbrellas and Walking Sticks
- Mufflers, House Gowns and Jackets
- English Pipes and Pouches

The next visit of our Representative to the
HOTEL JEFFERSON
will be on December 16 and 17

"Christmas Suggestions" and Illustrated
Circular on Request

BRANCH STORES

- BOSTON
- NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
- NEWPORT
- PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

She: "What is this primrose path, anyway?"

He: "What, haven't you erred?"

—Log

— D D D —

"How come you didn't come straight on home?"

"I had to detour by the dentist's because a bridge
was out."

—Log

— D D D —

It looks as if it were inevitable to add another to
the list of meanest men in the world—the guy who
ties knots in his room-mate's yo-yo string.

—Log

— D D D —

Son: "Dad, how do they catch lunatics?"

Dad: "With face powder, lipstick and pretty
dresses, my boy."

—Trouble Shooter

— D D D —

Black: "I want a divorce. My wife has a weak-
ness for Midshipmen."

White: "Who do you name as correspondent?"

Black: "The United States Naval Academy."

—Log

That man is so dumb he thinks the Mexican
border has to pay rent, and that Santa Claus is an
amendment to the Constitution.

—Log

— D D D —

Cop: "You say the judge is absent-minded?"

Clerk: "Well, in court to-day, he dismissed the
prisoner, sentenced the jury, scratched his desk, and
hit himself on the head with the gavel."

—Log

— D D D —

Due to the fact that a Texas cowboy fell out of
bed and broke his collar bone, a movement has been
started to make it compulsory to have stirrups on
nightmares.

—Log

— D D D —

Clarence Jr.: "What is a rare volume, pa?"

Clarence Sr.: "It's a book that comes back after
you have loaned it."

—Log

— D D D —

English Teacher: "Who was Walt Whitman?"

Bright Pupil: "The man who invented candy."

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

What's to be Scene

(Continued from page 22)

specialty acts that range from Shakespeare to Jazz, and eighteen catchy songs are heard at various times during the picture's rendition, played and sung by orchestras and stage personalities most suited for the rendering of the particular air.

Among the screen and stage players well known are: John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Noah Beery, Sally Blane, Monte Blue, Irene Bordoni, Hobart Bosworth, Marion Bryon, Georges Carpentier, William Collier, Jr., Betty Compson, Chester Conklin, Dolores Costello, Helene Costello, Viola Dana, Alice Day, Lila Lee, Ted Lewis, Winnie Lightner, Myran Loy, Nick Lucas, Carmel Meyers, Patsy Ruth Miller, Marion Nixon, Molly O'Day, Sally O'Neil, H. B. Warner, Alice White, Louis Wilson, Grant Withers, Loretta Young and many others.

A feature that will prove unusually interesting to many St. Louisans is that Frank Fay, master of ceremonies at the Missouri Theater a short time ago, steals the honors as master of ceremonies for "The Show of Shows."

John Barrymore, probably one of the greatest living stage actors, does a scene from Henry VI. This is the first time Barrymore has broken his long silence inasmuch as the talking screen is concerned.

"Show of Shows" has been more than six months in production.

— D D D —

She—Mother insists that I wear a pair of woolens.

He—Well, watcha gonna do about it?

She—Wait and see—I'll get out of it.

—Bison

— D D D —

And It Was the Wrong Number

"Why are you standing in the doorway wringing your hands so vigorously?"

"Because the doorbell is out of order."

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

"Then there was the Scotchman—aw, just one more—who carried a violin case around with him and saved ten dollars a year on haircuts."

—Michigan Gargoyle

— D D D —

He: Let's go, and do a little petting on the side.

She: Set your aim higher, my boy.

—Cornell Widow

Millie: The boy friend is getting along fine now. He is getting down on his chin.

Tillie: I'll say he is. Mine only gets down on his knees.

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

"Oh, so that's the kind of a girdle you are," said he, snapping it harder the second time.

—Froth

— D D D —

"Is that Marie de Mope in a backless evening gown or am I seeing things?"

"Both."

—Panther

— D D D —

Lace up your shoes Gertie, your tongue's hanging out.

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

Theophila: I was up till 4 ever night during my vacation.

Penelope: That's nothing, I went to bed with the milkman every morning during mine.

—Amherst Lord Jeff

— D D D —

"Any ice to-day, lady?"

"Fifty pounds, ice man."

"That's nice, lady."

"No, that's ice, man."

"Ice is cold, lady."

"So's my old man."

"That's too bad, lady . . ."

"That's an ice man!!!"

—Octopus

— D D D —

Then there was the modest old maid who wouldn't undress with the *Christian Observer* in the room.

—Orange Peel

— D D D —

Fresh: "Why was that immigration inspector fired?"

Fresher: For passing a bum Czech.

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

Fair Maid—Your face is getting puffy. You ought to diet.

Freshman—Is there any particular color that you desire?

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

He—If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you.

She—Well, I can't hold this expression much longer.

—Beanpot

W. U. STUDENTS

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Little Freshman: May I break?

Disdainful Debutante: You break—Can't you see I am dancing with the captain of the football team?

Freshman: Sure, I thought he was stuck.

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

One frosh is so dumb he thinks a sexton is a man who writes novels on birth control.

—*Froth*

— D D D —

He: How did you get that blue mark on your neck?

She: Very pleasantly.

—*Boston Beanpot*

— D D D —

"I'll take pork chops and have them lean."

"Yes, sir, to the right or left?"

—*Iowa Frivol*

— D D D —

1—Is she a local girl?

2—No, she's an express.

—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

He—You always remind me of a quarter moon.

She (flattered)—Because I shed a soft and tender glow over—

He—No; because you're not so bright.

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

Hometowneer—Where have you been for the last four years?

College Student—At school taking medicine.

Hometowneer—And did you finally get well?

—*Exchange*

"Are you a big man on the campus?"

"No, but I'm a pretty big noise in the library."

—*Utah Crimson.*

— D D D —

"I tella your fortune, sir?"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Correct."

—*Exchange*

— D D D —

Doctor (inquiring after boy who has swallowed a half dollar)—How is the boy today?

Anxious Mother—No change yet.

—*The Satyr*

— D D D —

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

—*West Pointer*

— D D D —

"If he asks me I'll say 'Yes.' It doesn't make much difference. He's clever and good-looking. His hands are gentle. I like to feel them in my hair. I think he would treat me all right. If he doesn't ask me, all right—but if he does, I'll say 'Yes.'"

"Shampoo, madam?"

"Yes."

—*Life*

— D D D —

She (in traffic jam)—Isn't there some way we can avoid this delay?

He—Well, if you're not bashful we can take advantage of it.

—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

"Roses are red, Violets are blue."

"How do you know?"

"I saw them on wash day."

—*Belle Hop*



"The old-grads are putting up with us during the Reunion."

"You mean we're putting up with them. They'll be decorating their breaths with everything they can lay hands on."

"They're 'holey a subject for Life Savers."

Can't Be

It seems that one chap rushed up to another one more or less excitedly and cried out, "Binks, the lawyer, is dead. They found him lying on his back!"

"Binks?" queried the other calmly. "It can't be the same man. If it was Binks he would be lying on either one side or the other."

— D D D —

A boot maker put a notice in the local paper to the effect that his boots were guaranteed for three months. Immediately after, he was inundated with orders, and an Aberdonian arrived just in time to purchase the last pair. But in five weeks he returned the boots to the maker. The soles were worn through, and the uppers showed signs of wear.

"That's strange," said the bootmaker. "You are the only one that has complained. Did the boots no' fit ye?"

"Aye, they fit me," was the reply, "but they were a wee bit tight for one o' ma brothers on the night shift."

— D D D —

We are still searching for that Freshman who wanted to know if a myth was a female moth.

"Did you see Oliver Twist, aunty?"

"Hush child. You know I never attend those modern dances."

— D D D —

Mrs. Jones—"You deceived me before I married you. You told me you were well off."

Mr. Jones—"So I was, but I didn't know it then."

— D D D —

Husband (reading aloud a newspaper report of a fire): "One woman escaped down a water pipe at the back of the house."

Wife: "How lovely to be as slim as all that."

— D D D —

Prof: "Jones, do you know what steam is?"

Jones: "Yes sir. It's water gone crazy with the heat."

— D D D —

Sister (on train): "What is that fence?"

Brother: "Snow fence."

Sister: "Well, it looks like a fence to me."

— D D D —

Chem Prof: "A catalyst is something that aids in the completion of a reaction but takes no active part in it. Can you illustrate?"

Student: "A glass egg."

—Banter

— D D D —

A parasite is a person who goes through a revolving door without pushing.

—Record

— D D D —

"Where do bad little girls go?"

"Most everywhere."

—Frigol

— D D D —

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3. _____ and Q's.
4. _____ Leaning Tower.
5. St. Louis Blues.
6. Peggy Joyce.

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

"I just lit my pipe with a ten-dollar bill."

"You must be a millionaire."

"Naw, it's easier to burn it than pay it."

—Owl

It was the poor cow's only son, and it never had
anudder. —*Yellow Crab*

— 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 —

"Yes, he's a very thrifty young fellow; saves ten
dollars every day."

"Really? How?"

"Well, he rides to school each morning on the
street car, where there's a ten dollar fine for spitting
and he doesn't spit."

—*Ghost*

— D D D —

The Eternal Kind Old Lady: "Don't you dread
the shame of being electrocuted?"

Occupant of Cell One, Prisoners' Row: "Naw,
it's the shock of it that bothers me."

—*Buffalo Bison*

— D D D —

Traveler—"Do you call this a fast train?"

Conductor—"Yes, sir."

Traveler—"Do you mind if I get off and see
what it's fast to."

—*Aggievator*

— D D D —

"Who the duece do you think you are?"

"I'm just a little dandruff trying to get ahead."

—*West Point Pointer*

— D D D —

"We are using human cadavers for dissection
in anatomy."

"That's a stiff course, isn't it?"

—*Yellow Crab*

— D D D —

And then on the right, in the padded cell, we
have the pitiful case of the man who tried to de-
scribe a waffle to an Englishman.

—*Ghost*

— D D D —

Prof.—If there are any dumb-bells in the room
please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone Freshman stands
up.

"What! Do you consider yourself a dumb-bell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see
you standing all alone!"

—*Voo Doo*

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*An absent-minded old gentleman named Hickens,
Who chewed tobacco like the very old dickens,
Used to spit on the cat*

*And give the spittoon a pat
That extraordinary old gentleman named
Hickens.*

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

Doctor: Let me feel your pulse.

Meek Sixteen: Oh, doctor! That's the way you
all begin!

—*Ollapod*

— D D D —

Drunk (lying on sidewalk): I'll climb this wall
if it takes me all night."

—*Idaho Blue Bucket*

— D D D —

"Well, gents, step up and hear the football song:
"After the Ball Was Over."

—*Punch Bowl*—

— D D D —


"Yes, we are planning to send little Egbert to
M. I. T. He has such a cute tip-tilted nose!"

—*Beanpot*

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selecting their shoes.

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Perspective

Goo—I saw Mary at the beach.
Fey—What sort of bathing suit was she wearing?
Goo—Don't know; she was reading a book and I
couldn't see it. —*Pup Tent*

— D D D —

“He knows a lot of questionable songs.”
“Yes, he has a guttural voice.” —*Pointer*

— D D D —

Sextus was pelted to death by the Gallic soldiers.
That would imply, we take it, that he died of Gaul-
stones. —*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

We Doubt It

Colored Man—Boss, de ladies has giv' in, ain't
dey?
White man—Give in? How?
C. M.—Well, I just now seen a sign down the
street that said: “Ladies Ready-to-Wear Clothes.”
—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

Lady (to little boy): “My dear, does your mother
know you smoke?”
Small Boy: “Madam, does your husband know
you speak to strange men?” —*Mugwump*

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

“Was I drunk last night?”
“Were you? You took your hat and
went around taking up a collection for the
Dead Sea.” —*Bison*

— D D D —

Brown: I'm a self-made man.
Jones: That's what comes of employ-
ing cheap labor. —*Life*

— D D D —

I must go to the dentist.
Why?
Have to have a cavity filled.
You'd better get a private tutor instead.
—*Belle Hop*

— D D D —

“Didja ever see a codfish ball?”
“I didn't even know they were emo-
tional.” —*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

He who laughs last must have had a mouthful
—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

My girl is certainly on the square—she's as broad
as she is long. —*Jester*

— D D D —

Sigma: “My girl wears sausage garters.”
Nu: “Well what are sausage garters?”
Sigma: “Oh, below knees.” —*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

Simp: “You out of school again, fellow?”
Pathetic: “Yeah.”
Simp: “What did you do this time?”
Pathetic: “Graduated.” —*Illinois Siren*

— D D D —

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Lady

When you come near,
 Lady
 I knew you were dear
 Useless to part—'ere in my heart,
 Lady.
 But was folly to pursue
 One as wonderful as you—
 Snubbed by you—sick and blue
 Till I discovered how to woo,
 Lady.
 My love for you my only sin,
 I stooped to lies to try to win
 You—my Lady!

I fear to speak—I dread your ire.
 Losing you is bitter—dire!
 Life without you—hear my cry—
 Is to live, and yet to die,
 My Lady.
 So forgive me while I speak—
 Hell! I've never roomed with Rudy Vallee!
 —Belle Hop

— D D D —

She was only a stock broker's daughter, but she
 often exceeded her margin.
 —Jester

— D D D —

Musicians plan speedier funeral marches.
 —Journal

— D D D —

Even the shroud will be a rag.

— D D D —

Fair Young Real Estate Agent: "Could I inter-
 est you in Culver City?"

Susceptible: "Lady, you could interest me any-
 where."
 —Wampus

— D D D —

"Is he conceited?"
 "Conceited! Why he works cross-word puzzles
 with a pen."
 —Gargoyle

— D D D —

They laughed when I sat down at the piano—I
 had forgotten to bring the stool.

—Flamingo

— D D D —

She was only a telephone girl, but she severed
 my connections with the university.

—Rammer-Jammer

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He Was

There was a young man from Missouri
 Whose sweetie went off in a fury.
 When she said, "I've a figure!"
 He replied, "Well, I beg your
 Pardon, but I'm from Missouri."
 —The Beanpot

— D D D —

"Porter, fifty cents for another pitcher of ice
 water?"
 "Sorry, suh, but if I takes any more ice dat
 corpse in the baggage car ain't going to keep."
 —Exchange

— D D D —

She: What do you mean by telling me that the
 dates you had with me were like a string of pearls?
 He: Neckless, dearie, neckless.
 —Dodo

— D D D —

Fay—Lean close, sweetheart, and whisper sweet
 nothings in my ear.
 Jay (dreamily)—Math grade—my bank account
 —your head—CRASH!?!?.....
 —Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

Her (at dance): Wait right here for me, Bill,
 while I go powder my nose.
 Her (three dances later): Been waiting long?
 Him: No, but I've been looking all over for you
 to give you your compact.
 —Sour Owl

— D D D —

"What's all the commotion in the car ahead?"
 "Just an old maid in an upper berth who tried to
 look under her bed before she retired."
 —Cornell Widow

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"Well, what dy'a know about that!—so Ethel was married last Sunday."

"Who was the lucky guy?"

"Her old man."

—*Lehigh Burr*

— D D D —

Librarian—"Please don't put your feet on the desk while studying."

Freshman—"Who said I'm studying?"

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

"Gee, but that kid's clever. He's only three and he can spell his name backwards."

"What do they call him?"

"Otto."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

— D D D —

"Who were those Brown co-eds you were with last night?"

"They weren't Brown co-eds, they were mulattoes."

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

— D D D —

They call him Luke because he's not so hot.

—*Cajoler*

— D D D —

Handsome Young Professor of Romance Languages—"Very good, but why do you use the intimate form of the verb in translating the sentence?"

Attractive Co-ed (pouting)—"Well—I thought after last night—."

—*Colorado Dodo*

— D D D —

Son: "Dad, what is the Latin word for people?"

Dad: "I don't know, son."

Son: "Populi."

Dad: "How dare you speak to me like that!"

—*Atwgwan*

Most People Don't Realize:

1. That collegiate flivvers have been "out" for at least three years.
2. That slickers and pennants are almost never seen on college campuses.
3. That balloon trousers haven't been worn since the Harding administration.
4. That most collegiate jokes are written by people who wear slickers and balloon trousers and ride in collegiate flivvers.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

Hey, Chief, there's big leak in No. 16 levee.

Well, dam it. Don't bother me about it.

Aw, this is no time for cussin' Chief, what shall I do?

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

Just to Show How Old a Joke Can Be

Remember when this used to be real smart?

"With a voice like yours you ought to be in the movies."

—*Bean Pot*

— D D D —

"Does your girl smoke?"

"She ought to, she's hot enough."

—*Ohio University Green Goat*

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He: What would you say if I threw you a kiss?
 She: Lazy, lazy boy.

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

“If any one knows any reason why this man should not marry this lady, let him speak, or forever hold his peace.”

(Voice from the rear): “That’s no lady, she’s my wife.”

—Harvard Lampoon

— D D D —

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American history if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

—Froth

— D D D —

“How come you were born in Ireland?”
 “Well, you see, I wanted to be near my mother.”

—Log

— D D D —

He—Grace has a fever blister.
 Him—How did you find out?
 He—Got it from her own lips.

—Bison

— D D D —

“Darling, you are the very breath of my life to me.”

“How long do you think you can hold your breath?”

—Reel

— D D D —

“So your father is a Southern planter?”
 “Yes; he’s an undertaker in Atlanta.”

—Froth

— D D D —

In the Wide Open Spaces

Si: Which side of a cow do you milk it on?
 Siren: On the udder side.

—Penn Punch Bowl

— D D D —

I—“What is a dog pound?”
 II—“Sixteen ounces of frankfurter.”

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

Dean—“Don’t you know you shouldn’t play strip poker?”

Sweet Young Thing—“Oh, it’s perfectly all right. It’s really not gambling.”

Dean—“What!”

S. Y. T.—“No; you see we get our clothes back.”

—Utah Crimson

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Riddle

Take away my first letter. Take away my second letter. Take away all my letters, and I’m still the same. What am I?

Answer—The postman. Ain’t I the cagey bird?
 —Widow

— D D D —

Ode to a Freshie

*Don’t worry if your tasks are hard,
 And your pleasures few—
 Remember that the mighty oak
 Was once a nut like you!*

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Let’s have a verse using abash, decrease, sap and buoy.

*A bashful maid,
 The buoy a sap;
 Decrease is gone
 From off his lap.*

—Beanpot

— D D D —

History Prof: “Mr. Tison, what’s a Grecian urn?”

Henry: “About twenty-five cents a week unless he owns the restaurant.”

—Mugwump

— D D D —

An Old One

“This car is the nuts.”
 “Oh! Is it yours?”

—Wampus

— D D D —

*As on her ruby, quivering lips
 He gently pressed a kiss,
 Said he, “I’ve sipped from many a cup,
 But never a mug like this.”*

—Lariat

TELEGRAMANIA

Miss Dorothy Schmaltz
914 Seaside Blvd.
Hixville Pa

Can you come houseparty November eighth.
Wire immediately.

JACK

Mr. Jack Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Sorry. Will be out of town that date. Love
kisses.

DOTTY

Miss Mary Gooslip
1419 Main Ave.
Horseneck Pa.

May I expect you houseparty November eighth.
Wire.

JACK

Mr. Jack Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Sorry am engaged since you met me. Thanks
anyhow.

MARY

Miss Kathleen O'Hara
43 Hill Drive
Smith Corners Pa.

How about houseparty November eighth. Ex-
pecting you.

JACK

Mr. Jack Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Dinner engagement that date. Wire sooner next
time.

KITTY

Miss Mamie Doyle
C/o Flanigans Restaurant
East Limburg Pa.

Houseparty November eighth. Can you come.
Counting on you.

JACK

Mr. Jackie Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Oke with me big boy. Need money for dress.
Can you oblige.

MAMIE

Miss Mamie Doyle
C/o Flanigans Restaurant
East Limburg Pa.

Wiring ten buks. Look pretty for papa.

JACK

Mr. Jack Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Changed mind about going out of town. Expect
me on eighth.

DOTTY

Mr. Jack Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Engagement all off. Can some houseparty.
Love.

MARY

Mr. Jack Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Dinner engagement broken. Driving up in Pack-
ard. Shall I bring gin.

KITTY

Miss Kathleen O'Hara
43 Hill Drive
Smith Corners Pa.

Expecting you. Brink gin Packard anything
everything.

JACK

Miss Mary Gooslip
1419 Main Ave.
Horseneck Pa.

Jack seriously hurt in chem lab. Will be in hos-
pital houseparty week.

BILL BLITZ

Miss Dorothy Schmaltz
914 Seaside Blvd.
Hixville Pa.

Jack called to beside of dying uncle. Cancel
houseparty date. Sorry.

BILL BLOTZ

Miss Mamie Doyle
C/o Flanigans Restaurant

Jack in infirmary with tonsilitis and grippe.
Sends regrets.

BILL BLOTZ

Mr. Jack Zilch
Phi Phi House
State College Pa.

Friends from New York visiting us. Must Can-
cel houseparty date anyhow. Terribly sorry and
hope you can get somebody.

KITTY

Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Zilch
1492 Columbus St.
Glucose Heights Pa.

Jack removed to infirmary suffering brain storm
and dementia praecox. Believe due to overstudy.

BILL BLOTZ

—Froth

It's a Gift!



WHEN this time of year rolls 'round and you are still on speaking terms with your girl, you realize that some sort of gift is in order.

With this question weighing you down, you stop to purchase the magazine you always take to her on that first night of each month. . . . Your eyes light up at the thought . . . an idea . . . your own brain child! Why not give her a subscription to this best of all books-of-the-month? Another year of holding hands and reading the smartest humor in America—the "humor with a college education."

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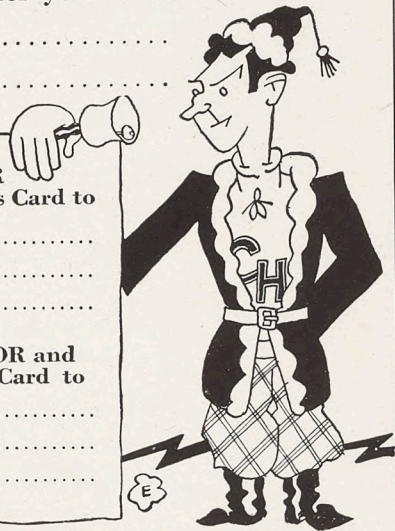
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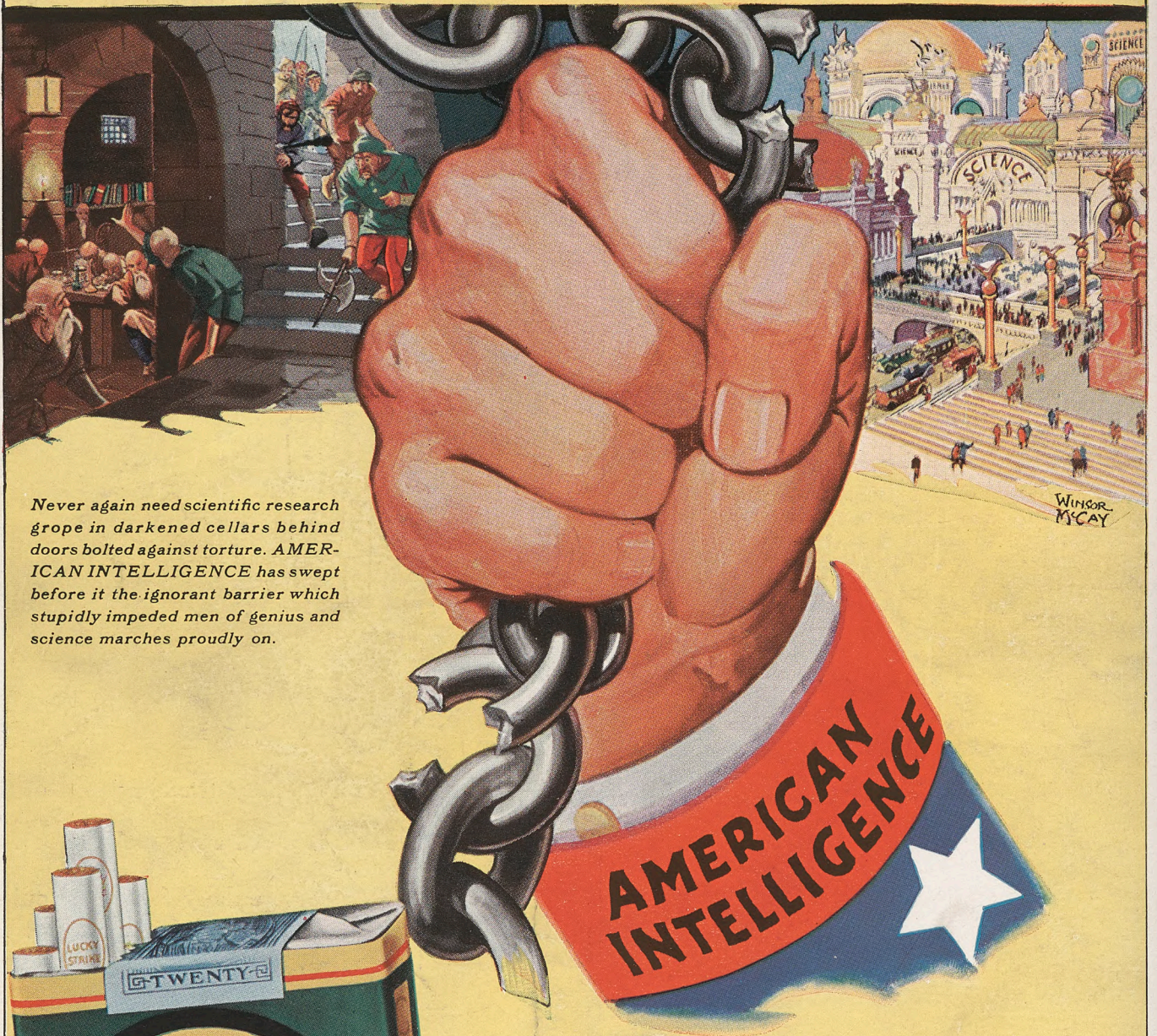
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