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*The Dirge*. 45.

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Apr. '29

# College Humor

NUMBER OF  
DIRGE

V. 10 # 7

APRIL '29.  
25¢



IN THIS  
ISSUE ~

WHY  
BREATHE  
QUESTION - AIR?"

by DR. GIRAFFE

*... and so to bed... late... exam tomorrow... wish  
I could get to sleep... dog barks... room-mate snores  
... time to get up... jangled nerves... irritable skin*

—then is the time your skin  
needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade



Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case. Ideal as a gift, too . . . . Five dollars.

**T**HERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

There are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind; when the hot-water faucet runs cold and your shaving

cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors —paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

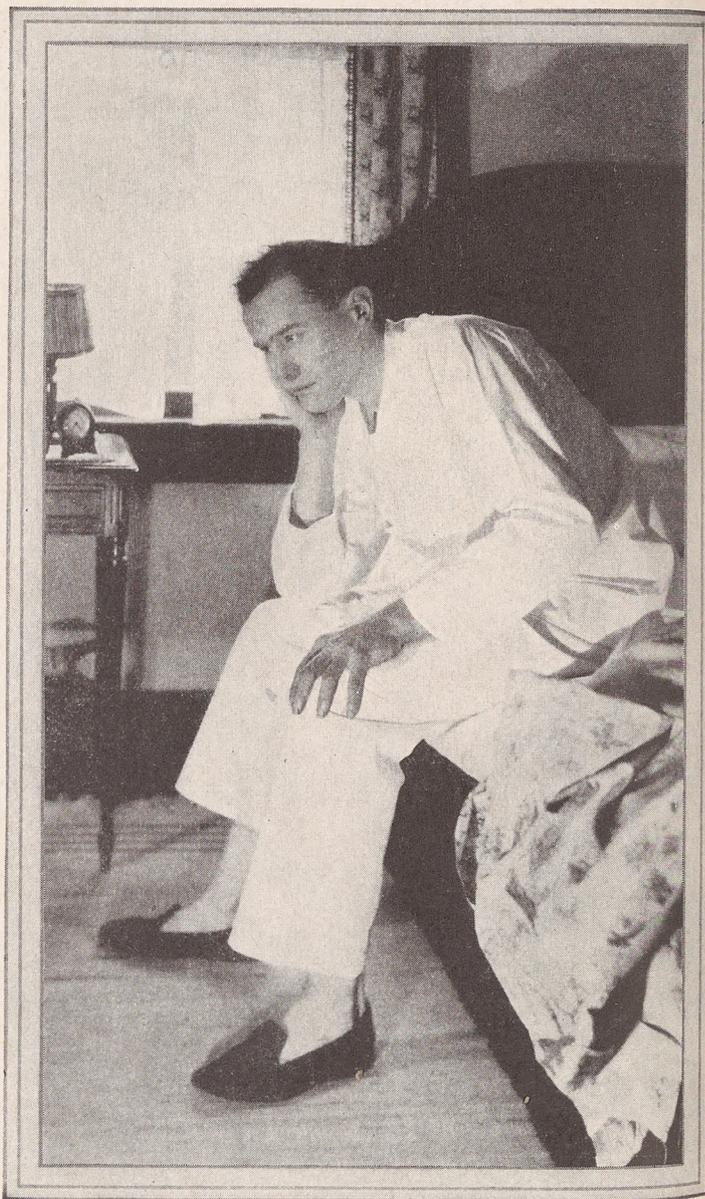
Countless varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette Blade doesn't change. It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave.

Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

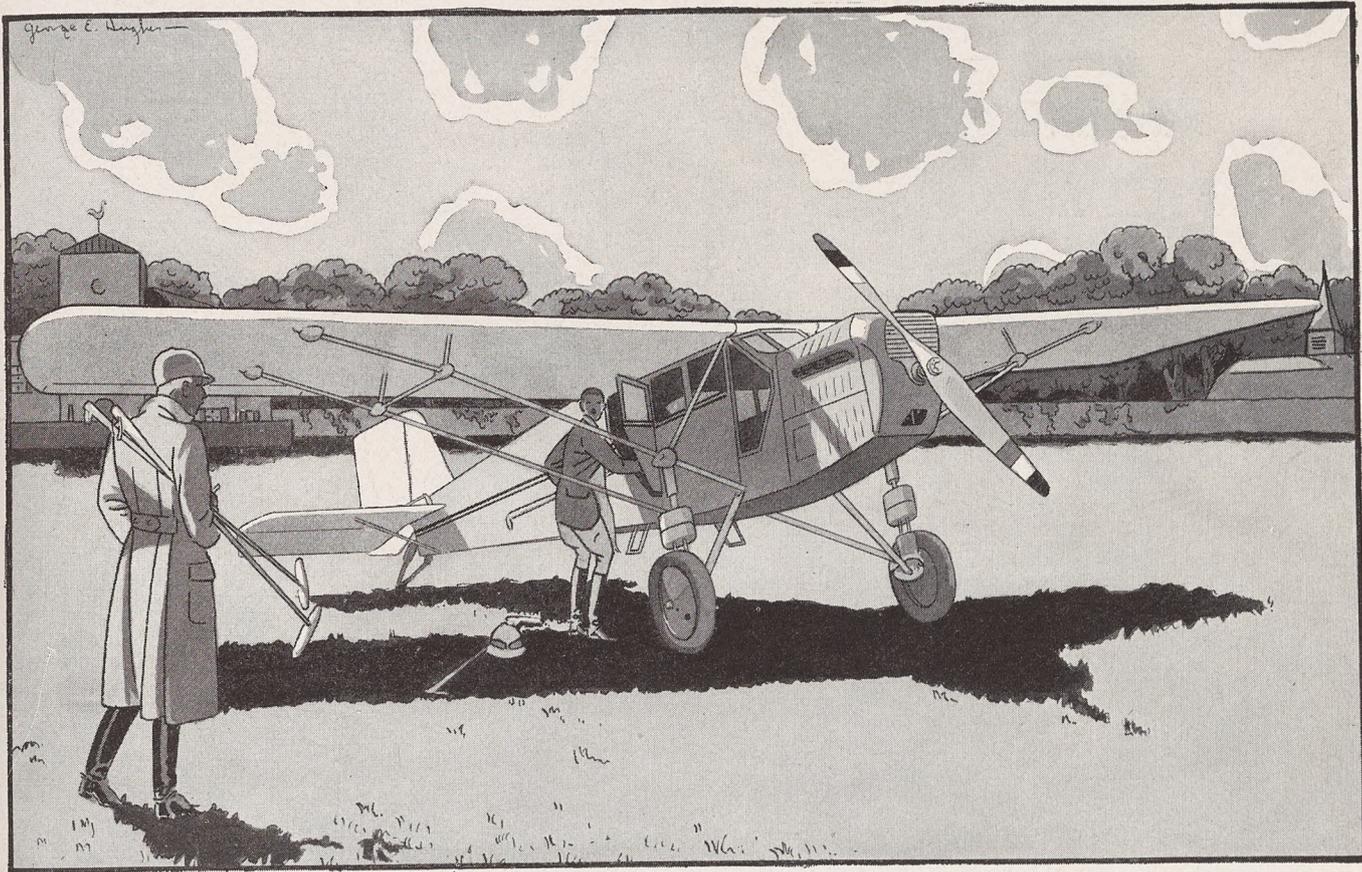


★ ★ ★

**Gillette**



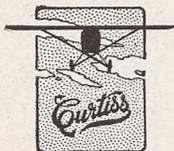
**A Luxurious, Three-Place, Closed Cabin Monoplane . . . Easy to Handle and Economical to Fly . . . . .**



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*(Further Information Gladly Furnished)*

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1822 Locust St.  
CEntral 3755

There was a shy young man who wanted to propose to his lady love, but never dared. Finally he took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said: "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day?"

—*Flamingo*

— D D D —

Dentist: "Do you use tooth paste?"

Freshman: "No sir, my teeth aren't loose."

—*Westminstrel*

— D D D —

Western Union: "Twins arrived tonight stop more by mail stop."

—*The Green Gander*

## INSTANT SERVICE BETTER CLEANING HI-POINTE CLEANERS

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**We Own and Operate our Own Plant**

Judge—"Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?"

Foreman—"We have, your honor. The jury are all of the same mind—temporarily insane."

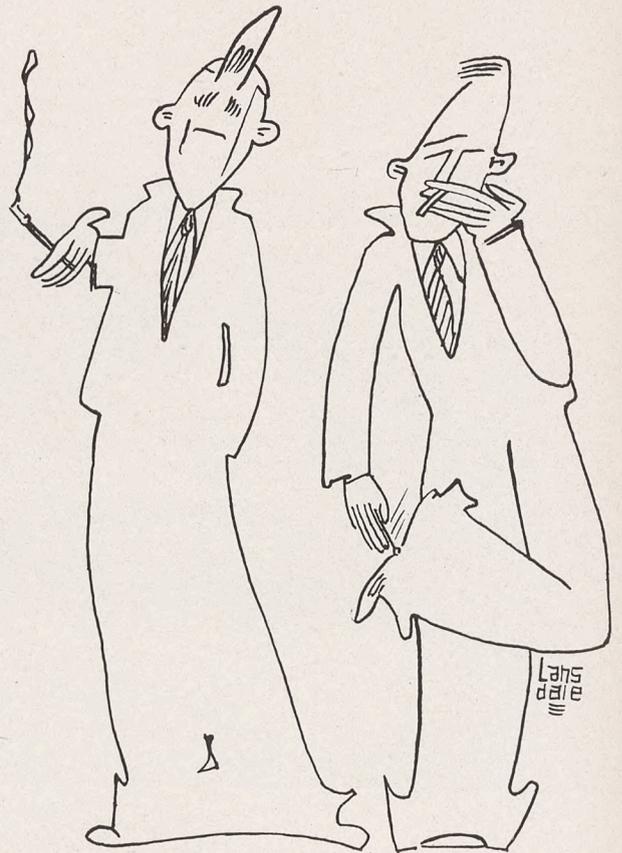
—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

Teacher: "Repeat in your words—I see the cow. The cow can run. The cow is pretty."

Stude: "Lamp de cow. Ain't she a beaut? An' say, baby, she sure can step."

—*Orange Peel*



Oscar: "Why was your marriage a failure?"

Horace: "Well, on my wedding night I saw two girls, and I married the wrong one."

—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

— D D D —

"That's me all over," said the suicide as he hit the street after jumping out of a 50th story window.

—*Banter*

— D D D —

"I lived three years on a desert island."

"How did you keep from starving to death?"

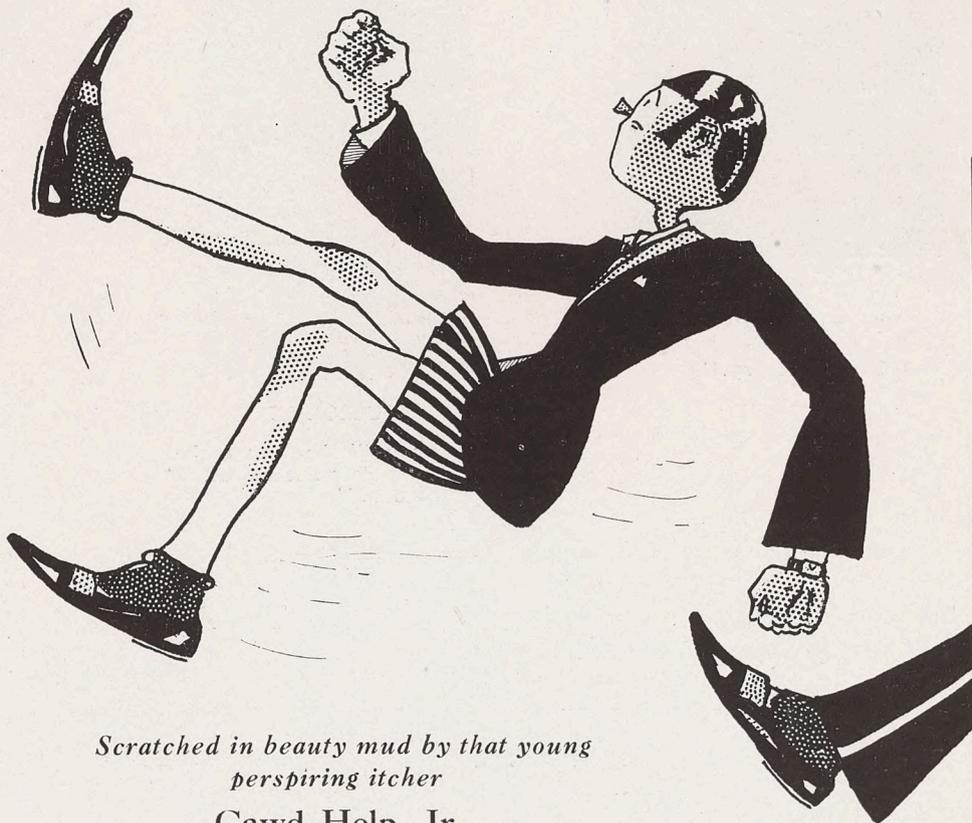
"Oh, there were enough provisions in my life insurance policy to keep me alive."

—*Wampus*

DIRGE

PRESENTS

THE  
"COLLEGE HUMOR"  
NUMBER



*Scratched in beauty mud by that young  
perspiring itcher*

Gawd Help, Jr.

The Editor Goes Out Of  
Office—

(NOTE:—This issue is the last sponsored by the 1928-29 board.)

# Our COLLEGIATE ALLEY of FAME

*Purposely omitted by order from the following gents—They give their reasons*



POP

"It's poor policy—but I have my traffic problems to care for. Good day."

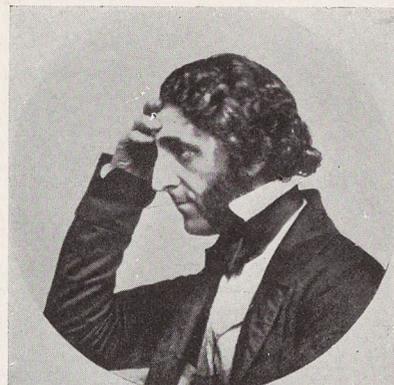


"You chust can't do it. For why I should make a statements. Am I Hatchet queen? Heh, Heh. No, I say, get off der grass."



MUSSOLINI

"You collitcha boy make too mucha da noise ahead. I calla da boss."



THE STUDENT LIFE CRITIC  
*in a meditating mood. He can appear to think, anyway.*

"No one is popular here, the Dirge is terrible, the coeds are worse—putrid idea, I should say."

"Sir, could you help our orphan home?"  
"I'm sorry, mister, but I'm not married."

— D D D —

*Girl there standing on her hands,  
Yelling all the day—  
Locked within a crazy house—  
She's funny that way.*

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

"Shall we waltz or tango?"  
"It's all the same to me."  
"Yes, I noticed that."

—Ranger

— D D D —

The great ambition of every college comic editor is to put out just one issue after he gets his diploma.

—Grinnell Malteaser

## The Auctioneer's Son Becomes Quarterback

*By Bernard Teran*

"Well, well, is everybody ready? Signals! Ah, yes, twenty-two—twenty-two is all right to start the ball rolling. Ha-ha, start the ball rolling is good. Do I hear thirty? It's a shame, what's thirty on a bright, crisp afternoon like this? Is there no one of you who will raise my own bid? All right, forty-two it is then. Do I hear sixty? Impossible, I'll bid sixty my-self—sixty once—going— Sixty—twice. For the last time, gentlemen, going at sixty—going. Gone to the quarterback with the red hair. Hep!"

—College Humor

— D D D —

He—"Would you scream if I kissed you?"

She—"How could I if you did it properly?"

—Aggievator

# "Why Sing—Sonny Boy"

By HOWIE BELLERS

Night was falling in heavy chunks on the campus of University. It fell on the roof of the Omega Alpha Tau fraternity house, bounced off the gutter, and landed in the front yard, where it broke into several pieces. But even though the shades of night were falling fast, the brothers of the Alfalfa chapter of O. A. T. didn't mind, because the evening was yet young and a little fall like that wouldn't hurt it, much.

The Omega Alpha Taus were a frivolous bunch—you've probably heard of the wild O. A. T.'s. Just at present most of them were playing a very wicket game, croquet. Others were indulging in a little game known as "hop-Scotch". The rest of the brothers were watching a hot game of tiddlewinks between the champion one-armed player of the second floor and the house mother. The house mother was leading by three winks with only two tiddles to play.

Meanwhile, Mortimer N. Blimp (who was called Mortimer Blimp for short), a personality boy with lots of "If", was getting ready for a heavy date

(135 pounds when stripped for Jim). He was wearing his room-mate's D.V.B.'s (he had them on backwards, you see), the house mother's shoes and the cook's shirt. He decided to wear his best suit, and in this decision he was given staunch support by his room-mate's suspenders. He wore no garters, which he had also borrowed from someone.

At the same time, Helen Highwater, the date in the hand who was worth twice as much in the bush, was dressing too. She wore her mother's stockings, her aunt's dress, her sister's slip, but her own—well, that's enough to give you the general idea. (You expected to get your money's worth for once, but we fooled you.)

Helen had always been more or less of a mystery. Her class-mates didn't know where she had come from, nor why she had left her home town behind instead of bringing it with her. They didn't know who she was nor why she wasn't. In fact, they didn't know a damn thing. So Mortimer wore a determined expression on his face (also borrowed

*(Continued on page 30)*

"And furthermore, silly, I refuse to walk home. What d'ya say to that?"



Illustrations by  
John Ah Gotta

# FACE VALUE

By MAURY GROETING

done in that usual JOE COLLEGE manner

It was at the intercollegiate tennis match at Granite City that Babs Lincoln first saw Ken Keeler. Ken was playing a wonderful game for Upham U.—his immaculate white body was bounding tirelessly from one side of the court to the other, returning lightning drives with sweeping strokes that staved off almost certain defeat again and again.

"Isn't he handsome—I could adore that boy," sighed Babs to Ethel Cronn, her room-mate at Ashley-Manor.

"Why Babs," said Ethel, "he is a fraternity brother of Tom's, it would be easy for you to meet him."

The nite before the finals Ken wandered thru the grounds at the Country Club with Babs until long after the orchestra had gone home. They were locked in each other's arms when they were startled by the crowing of a rooster. "Why darling," Ken said, "I didn't dream it was so late."

"But Ken dear, what will Ethel and Tom think," cried Babs, "we came out with them."

They ran back to the club-house, stumbling over obstacles as tho they were toys that stood in the way of their mad dash. The deserted grounds were silent except for the occasional chirp of a cricket and the forlorn croaking of a bull-frog in the lake. They went around to the back and there was

Ethel's blue Mercury roadster. A bit of white fluttered from the steering wheel which they quickly appropriated. "A note," they cried together, and scanned the missive eagerly.

"Babs Dear," it read, "we have gone home with the rest of the gang in Bob's car. We hated to disturb your reverie so I'm leaving my car for you and Ken. I hope you get this in time to meet us at the Hanley at 9 as we are to shop with mother so that we may see Ken play in the afternoon.—Ethel."

"That was sweet of her, wasn't it!" commented Ken.

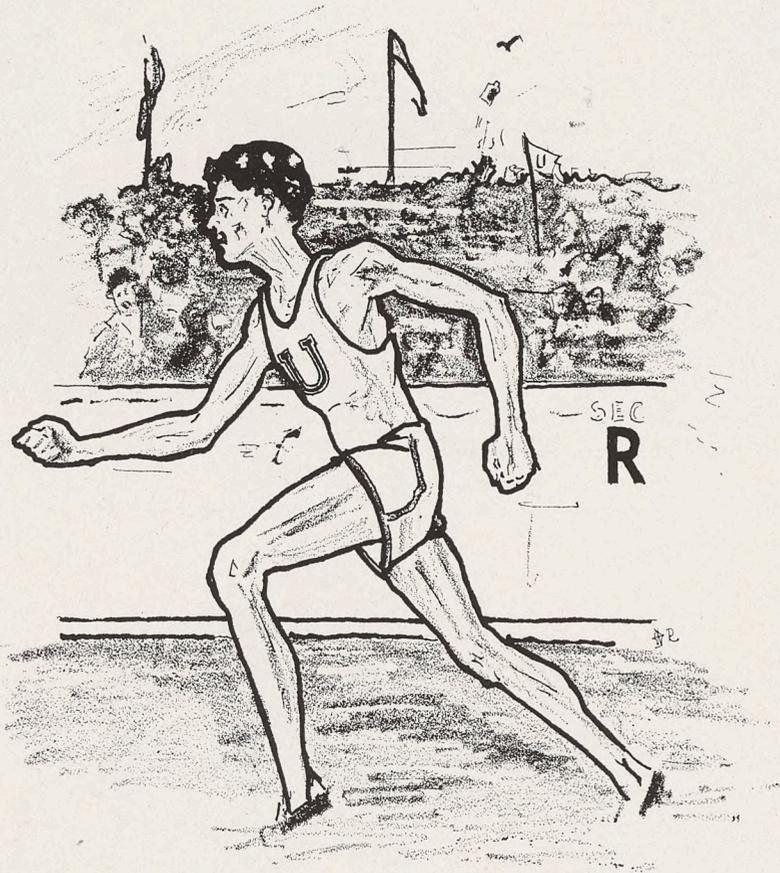
"Everything Ethel does is sweet," Babs replied.

They started the drive back to town, a bit slowly, perhaps, but at least in the right direction. Ethel had driven it in less than an hour that afternoon but

at the end of the first hour they weren't out of sight of the club grounds. Nor were they getting any further from it—they were parked under the spreading chestnut tree, (I think it was chestnut—but why worry). Their arms were clasped about each other and they kept whispering sweet nothings into one another's ear.

"Ken, honce, are you sure you wanted me to have your pin?" queried Babs.

"Uh-huh," mumbled T. Kenneth Keeler, who was wandering perilously near the fabled Land of Nod.



He looked as though he had been transformed into some furiously charging monster as he thundered down the stretch.

Neither spoke—people seldom do in their sleep. Babs was half an hour late getting to the Hanley that morning.

Ken played a brilliant game in the finals, turning down last year's champ 6-4, 5-7, 6-2, 6-0. As Ken confided to Tom after the match, "Gee, fellah, what else could I do with Babs sitting up there with my pin on?" That preposition is bad but we'll go on.

The two spent a wonderful summer together and Babs tearfully told Ken hood-bye at the station as she left for Ashley. "I'll see you Christmas, sweet," Ken told her, "you'll write won't you?"

"You know I will dear."

Letters flowed between Upham and Ashley-Manor with unvarying regularity—always one a day, sometimes two or more and a special on Sunday. Ken was in an accident and broke his right arm which put an end to his tennis for that year and complicated the letter writing considerably until he decided to dictate them to a freshman who was under peril of being beaten to death left-handed if he whimpered so much as a word of what Ken told Babs. He saw her at Christmas when he told her he was going out for track in the Spring. The Eastern Conference meet was held late in May and Babs came North to see Ken run the mile for Upham.

The day of the meet she met "Pug" Wheeler, a boxer who had made his roll in the ring, and walked out, as any man with brains should. He also walked out with a slightly mishapen nose and a beautiful cauliflower ear that blended perfectly with a generous expanses of freckles that extended over his en-

tire physiognomy. Babs noticed none of these things as she gazed into Pug's friendly blue eyes. Indeed she even forgot to notice that Ken was standing beside her waiting to take her to Ethel's for lunch.

Babs and Pug were at the meet that afternoon, standing by the rail as the men warmed up for the mile. They took their marks and, at the crack of the gun, spurted out into that long easy stride that eats up the dirt. Ken was second as they passed on the last lap. He cast one fleeting glance at Babs then dragged on. Coming down the home stretch, Ken gave his all. His face showed he was cruelly tortured from the agony of the gruelling race and he looked as tho he had been transformed into some furiously charging monster. Babs thrilled—then shivered as she looked at him snap the tape—a winner. Slowly she and Pug walked away.

That evening Ken called Babs a dozen times but succeeded in learning only that she had packed a bag and gone home. At 9:30 a messenger came to the house and left a small package and a letter for a Mr. Thomas Kenneth Keeley, Alpha Delta House. That young individual desperately tore open the letter and read:

*"Dear Kenneth—I am returning your pin for I realize that I could never love a man after he made such a face as you made this afternoon. When you receive this I shall be Mrs. Albert Alberton Wheeler and on my way South for our honeymoon. Babs."*

"Well, I'll be d—ned," cried Ken, "and her old man with twenty millions that I could see in my pocket already. Oh—well—which one of you guys borrowed my date book? Never mind—what's that red-head's number?" Aren't college people funny?

**The Boys Grow Older**

Fourth Class: "I don't know."

Youngster: "I'm not prepared."

Second Class: "I do not remember."

First Class: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."  
—Log

— D D D —

"Youse is a viper!"

"Aye not be viper. Aye be dam' gud oiler."

—Columns

— D D D —

This automobile age is responsible for girls being driven away from home.

—Exchange



She—"I guess you played around with all the French girls while you were in Paris."

He—"No, not all of them. I was only there for two weeks."

—Penn Punch Bowl

**Really**

"My goodness but that skirt is tight around the bottom."

"Yes, around the a-hem, too."  
—Jug

— D D D —

M. Beard—"I want something to wear around the dormitory."

Sales Girl—How large is your dormitory?"

—Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

There's a story circulating about Providence of the Brown senior who took a bath and found two shirts he lost in his freshman year.

—Jack o' Lantern



"And she thinks I gotta lotta snap—'How de-  
 classe you are!' was her very words."

—Yale Record

— D D D —

### Women Are Like

*Women are like cantaloupes:*

You can examine them and study them and squeeze them all you please, but you can't tell anything about them until it's too late.

*Women are like newspapers:*

Every man should get one of his own so he won't have to chase after his neighbor's.

*Women are like street cars:*

Men should never chase a woman or a street car—there'll always be another one along in a few minutes. There are fewer after midnight, but they go faster.

*Women are like angels:*

We never see one that isn't painted.

*Women are like baseball pitchers:*

They have a lot of mean curves, but once in a while one gets fouled.

*Women are like films:*

They are best developed in a dark room.

### We Open with a Prayer

Dinner Speaker (in prayer)—"And that reminds me, Lord, of a couple of Irishmen."

—Judge

— D D D —

### Play in One Act

Scene: Street. There has just been an automobile accident. A man has been hurt and is lying in the street in a dying condition. A reporter has seen the accident and wishes to notify the man's mother of the unfortunate fate of her son. As the curtain rises, the reporter rushes to the side of the man and takes the man's head in his arms.

Reporter—"What is your name?"

Man—"What do you want my name for?"

Reporter—"So I can tell your mother."

Man—"My mother knows my name."

Both men die. (Curtain.) Applause.

—Log

— D D D —

"He doesn't go to college."

"How do you know?"

"He's reading College Humor."

—Widow

— D D D —

"How did you get dubbed so young?"

"I went to knight school."

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

"That picture on Evolution is all off," said the director sadly. "Lon Chaney absolutely refuses to play the role of an amoeba."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —



"Hey, Mildred, your neck is dirty."

She—"Oh, stop it, let's not talk shop."

—Belle Hop



First stowaway to Mate in Life Boat which has broken loose from its moorings:  
"I say Bill, ain't it about time we was crawlin' out 'o ere' an' showin' ourselves  
to the Cap'n?"

*Wisconsin Octopus*



Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. X

APRIL, 1929

No. 7

Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

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### Bearers of The Pall

CARL WEBER, 1930	.....Editor-in-Chief	JAMES BARNGROVE, 1929	.....Business Manager
DAVID BLACK, 1930	.....Managing Editor	DOROTHY ZETLMEISEL, 1929	.....Exchange Editor
ROBERT MUTRUX, 1930	.....Art Editor	JOHN N. ERNEST, 1930	.....Treasurer
		FRANK BOSSE, 1933	.....Circulation Manager

## Hooray! No Editorial

Rest assured that this is no false statement, and in view of the fact that no editorial can be written with a scissors S' truth. However, rather than leave this space go to waste we must tell you how grateful we are to all those brother collegiate publishers who so kindly permitted us to use their material and who gave every assistance possible. (If they offer to buy all the left over copies: we'll have them sainted.) Anyway we don't know how to express our appreciation of the courtesy that has been shown us so we'll merely stammer about and finally blurt a real loud THANKS.

By the way this is the last issue to be inflicted by the 1928-29 editorial board so clear the track and Stop, Look and get set to chuckle at the new gang. We hear they're going to be pitiful. Watch for the renouncement.



Castaway—"Listen, fellow! Did you ever hear that two's company?"

—Judge

Squire: "How can I tell whether a man is a Christian or a Moslem?"

Knight: "Ask him for a cigarette, and if he tells you to go to hell he is a Christian."

—Widow

— D D D —

### They Love Each Other

Two Harvard Juniors were called before the Dean for having been drunk at a college dance. "Young men," said the Dean, "do you realize that you are not living up to Harvard's standard?"

"Well, sir," replied one of them, "we drank all we could."

—Yale Record

**Ship Ahoy**

Down—"Say, Slim is pie-eyed! I wonder where he got his liquor?"

There—"Oh, he's been getting boos from the gallery all evening."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

**Teas**

The sorority tea had been a great success, and all of the new pledges had met with the approval of the connoisseurs of feminine pulchritude. A very conceited freshman was just saying goodbye to all the newly met co-eds. At the end of the line a very stunning girl grasped his hand and remarked in a conventional manner, "I am very glad to have met you but I have forgotten your name." Thereupon the conceited freshman threw out his chest, gave a sophisticated cast to his visage and said: "Oh, no, you haven't. You just want to hold my hand!"

—California Pelican

— D D D —

We know a vaudeville actor who always insists on being last on the program when he plays in England. He says he gets the laughs of the whole show in that way.

—Columbia Jester

— D D D —

"Do you use Kissproof Lipstick?"

"Yes."

"Is it?"

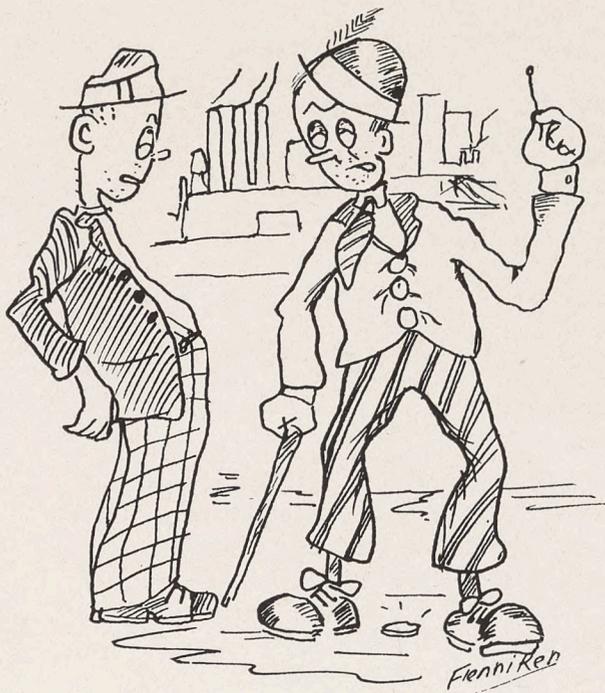
"No."

—Kitty Kat



"Now Mabel, stop that this instant before I forget I'm a gentleman!"

—Carolina Buccaneer



"Shay, this match won't light. Wasa madder wid it?"

"I dunno. It was all right a minute ago."

—Log

— D D D —

**Flappers' Toast**

To our lovers—those who have been tried and true—  
—those who have been tried—  
—those who tried.

—Record

— D D D —

It may not be proper etiquette to use opera glasses at musical comedy, but it shows good form.

—Lyre

— D D D —

Tommy: "Mother, does daddy give you a dollar every time he kisses you?"

Mother: "Why no, Son. Why ask such foolish questions?"

Tommy: "Well, he gives the maid one, and she don't put a damn thing into it."

—Sniper

— D D D —

Mother (scolding child for making faces)—"Just suppose your face should freeze that way. Then you'd be a terrible sight."

Child—"Did you make faces when you were small, mother?"

—Malteaser

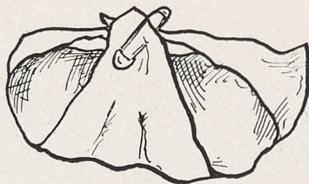
— D D D —

"Our police dog was O. K. until he began to litter up the place."

—Hulla-Baloo



## CLOTHES FOR



## YOUNGER SET

THE

By Jack Kett

**D**URING the past few months this department has received numerous letters in regard to correct dress for collegians. Questions such as: What are the correct types of cuffs to be worn to finals? Should pink undergarments be worn to a Friday meal at the SAE house? Will the Colonel endorse the whoopie shirt or doesn't he give a whoop? Is it proper to wear a blue flannel overcoat to swimming parties and numerous others. Questions, we mean.

Because of all this manifest interest we present here the styles set by the younger set at eastern schools such as Soldan. Here can be seen the approaching mode for summer and fall wear for the next two years at least. In numerous cases the clothes of the young man are similar to those of last season. Coats and trousers will be featured. On most Hill-top men both of these garments will be worn inside and out. Mostly out.

There is one outfit that always pops out at this time of year when the thoughts of all young men turn to white flannel trousers which will probably be shorter than they were last year. With these will be the conventional grammar school blue jacket, spotted tie, and slipping shirttail. While this outfit is perfectly correct it is not the 1929 smartly and partly dressed man's conception of the ice cream festival layout. The white belted pants of the well dressed man will of course stay on (we hope) but this season the park bench stripe will predominate. These stripes usually blue or green will show off to advantage with a grey camel hair jacket or in the workhouse quarry. Along with this a

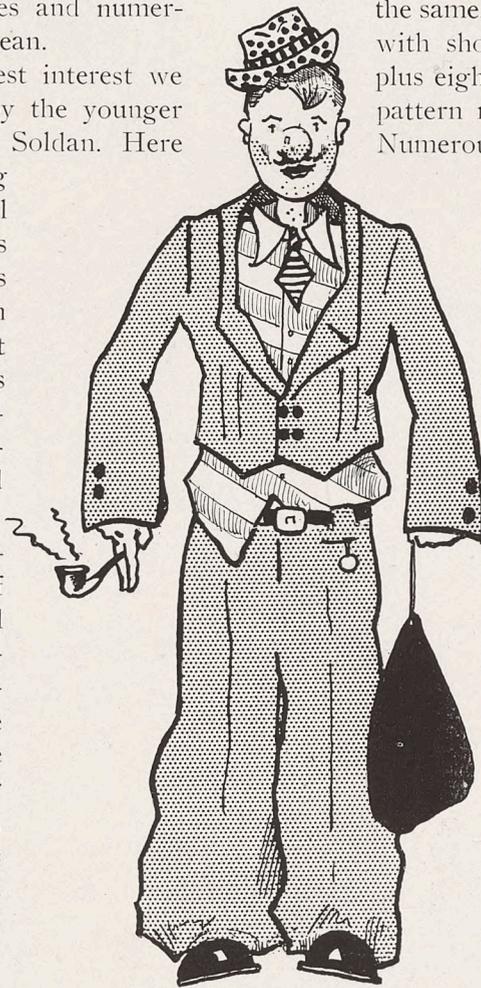
mouse gray shirt and tie should be worn while in the line of headwear, the panama seems to have won the collegiate straw vote. Pbbbb, like that. Shoes buttoning up the back will also be featured.

If there is a slight chill on the air (get a date) a lightweight burlap crew neck sweater of a sweet delicate pastel shade should be worn for a tramp in the woods. All other tramps will probably wear the same. These sweaters should be single breasted with shoulder straps and crocheted laces. The plus eight knickers bearing a small inconspicuous pattern may be worn at the risk of the reader. Numerous accidents have occurred due the never hitting bottom tendency of these drawers when drawn on by some unsuspecting standing student. When drawing on your trousers use cloth paints, of course.

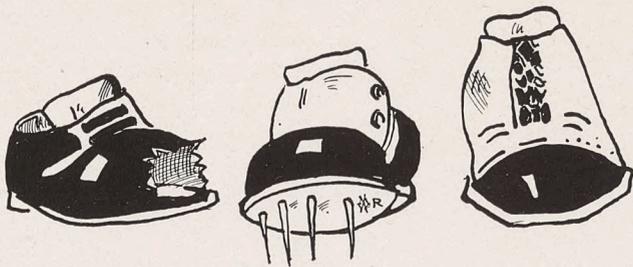
For golfing we find the well dressed undergraduate wearing leather spiked shoes of the two tone triple ignition type. The regular rubber shoe should be worn only to Theta bridge parties. 250 points for this. In the line of upper coverings the black crepe sweater is advised for golfers prone to wearing derby hats and pink collar buttons.

When coeds are going motoring the footwear is the thing to be considered at this season. Heavy durable soles of the non-gumming type are recommended. Long necks will be in evidence for evenings, and all in all we imagine some clothes will be permitted by the fair ladies this season. This is only a prophesy for the fair ladies costume, the darn good coeds don't stand for so much you know.

Oh yes, that reminds us of bathing suits. Yes, it does, and often makes one lighter. The polo coat which has seen extensive use on our beaches and young men in the past seasons has finally been placed in the same position as the



Here we see one of the best attired of the male students at one of the great Eastern universities. It is men such as this who set the styles for the rest of the collegiate world. This youth is shown wearing the latest in double breasted Scotch tweeds (note closeness). The trousers are the new plus eights times two. This picture further shows the wearing of the new solid color shirts with small collar and large cravat, plain fedora and light shoes. The Santa Claus book kit recently invented by a prof. in a Western school is shown in the student's left hand. The free lines of the entire outfit, the snug collar and the geometric golf hose all go toward making ensemble charming.

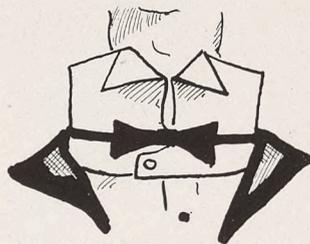


The three footwear patterns shown here are typical of the trend toward dark uppers and light bottoms. The hiking shoe on the left is popular with college men and is just the thing for a tramp. The sport Oxford in the center shows the new side button golf shoe with short cleats. This feature prevents slipping when yelling "Fore". The brogue on the right is the latest in fancy dress wear. Note the genuine Flemish lace.

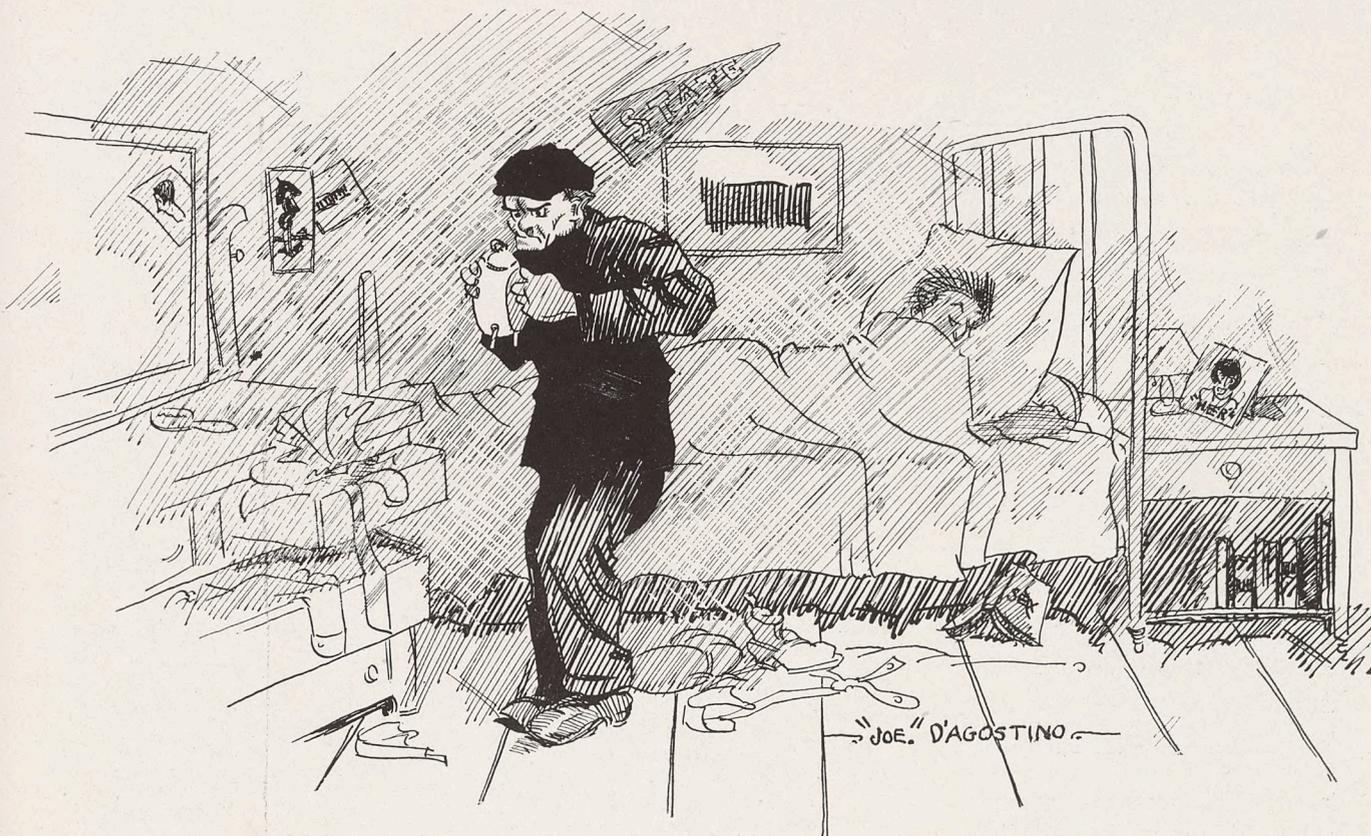
Bridge trough, the two piece suit of flannel trunks and track shirt will be worn. The one piece suit is considered not so hot and worse than the other type of tights. You see it is usually worsted. Phew!

(If you have any dumb questions you would like answered, try writing this department and enclose stamps and your phone number. Just try!)

horse blanket. This may still continue to be a stable mode of attire, however. Now for the bathing clothes proper. The French designers say bathing suits are worn too much in America, but we feel that a few more bathings might help so disagree on this point. The swimming attire at Wilson pool will remain the same except on Ladies' day. At other watering places, including the Eads



The three cravats shown above are extremely popular. The one on the left is of an old familiar pattern usually worn well with a striped suit. In the center we see the customary cravat worn by most theological students when preaching their first sermons. On the right is the "latest". This tie "the Eve cravat" is worn o'er the Adam's apple, and with a low collar. This dressy feature was introduced by the head waiter at Childs. It is quite the thing for wear at a midnite wedding.



"Darn these college boys, they haven't a thing worth takin'. Well—I'll get even with this gink, I'll set this alarm for 4 o'clock."

—Penn State Froth



"Goodness gracious—I've lost the page"

— D D D —  
—Wisconsin Octopus

Ike: "How do you like bathing beauties?"

Mike: "Dunno. I never bathed any."  
—Frivol

— D D D —

"Goo," said the baby, as he stuck his fingers in the molasses.

—Dodo

— D D D —

Lady (sarcastically): "Do we have to pay for the water you put in the milk?"

Milkman (sarcastically): "No, mum, that's thrown in for good measure."  
—Octopus

— D D D —

Bandit: "Throw up your hands, lady, and gimme all you got."

Old Maid: "My money is in my stocking, thank God."

—Exchange

First Yegg: "Ches—de employment sikhuation ain't so tuff as dey say."

No. 2: "Why ain't it?"

No. 1: "Hell—I just now saw a sign 'Man Wanted for Train Robbery!'"

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

"Have you heard the new 'moron' song?"

"No, what was it?"

"Oh, you have no idea."

—Whirlwind

— D D D —

Street car passenger: "Say, conductor, can't you run any faster than this?"

Conductor: "Sure, but I have to stay in the car."

—Ghost

— D D D —

"Any ice today, lady?"

"No, the baker just left a cake."

"Giddap."

—Purple Cow

— D D D —

Abie (who has cornered a burglar in his living room—"Hands up or I vill shoot!")

Quick-witted Burglar—"Five for de gat!"

Abie—"Sold!"

—Buffalo Bison



Just another French examination

Penn Puch Bowl

**Prommed**

Taken in—

- A ring
- Two gold safety pins
- One drink too much
- Her perfumed handkerchief
- PLENTY

Passed out—

- Fifteen bucks, i.e., ticket, cor-  
sage, taxi
- Camels
- Gin
- Fraternity pin
- Along about twelve-thirty

—*Ghost*

— D D D —

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

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

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

—*Rice Owl*

— D D D —

"You brute, where did you kick the dog?"

"Ah, madame, thereby hangs a tail."

—*Tiger*

— D D D —

"Vat you tink, Rebecca?"

"I'm sunk, Vater."

"Sunk, Rebecca?"

"Yes, Vater, sunk a dress on the sunk machine."

—*Chaperon*

— D D D —

I sent her flowers—called for her in a taxi—took her to dinner—then to an opening night—then a night club—bought favors, liquors, and cigarettes—taxied her home—kissed her good-night—remembered the woman always pays—and went home happy.

—*Exchange*



"Who are you?"

"Fatima."

"Good; I'm a cigarette holder."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

Mike: "Whatchagotnapack-  
idge?"

Ike: "Sabook."

Mike: "Wassanaimuvitt?"

Ike: "Sadickshunery, fulli-  
naims. Wife's ganna getaaplece-  
dog anagottanaimferim."

—*Friivol.*

# A Great Future For "Questionnaire" Predicted by Coach DeGaff

**A** NEW sport has been introduced this spring which is taking the "country" (including Jefferson City) by storm. The school that gets the credit for popularizing this sensational game is the well known Mizzery College, of Calumny, Missouri. Cross-word-puzzles and ask-me-another's all had their day, and the mock (or monk) trial at Dayton surely kept everyone entertained for a long time, but according to De Gaff they have nothing on "Questionnaire"—the "rage" of Jefferson City.

De Gaff very modestly declares that though he invented the latter game, he really didn't have as much to do with making it famous as some of the boys at Jeff City who had played all the "farmer" games. This capital bunch worked up a lot of interest in the new game and got together (though Coach De Gaff, the inventor, was not consulted) to decide upon the rules for playing it.—One of the most important was "If the opposing team (Mizzery) wins, it shall not get a share of the gate receipts."

The boys back at Mizzery were in a bad way



COACH DE GAFF

Inventor of the Sexaphone

Dreamer of dreams—thinker of thoughts—remarkable—all wet.

when they heard the new rules. But Coach De Gaff bravely assembled his "sextette" and gently informed them that the outcome of this first game of Questionnaire was indeed questionable—especially since D. Babbling Brook, their promoter, had accidentally placed some bets on the Jeff City team.

The whole college turned out for the opening of the season—(a few of them were turned out after it was over). They demonstrated their spirit by throwing things at the Jeff City team when it took the field—in fact one would say that the school spirit was at a high pitch. After the field had been taken there was nothing left for the home team to take—but a beating. "It won't be long now," predicted Coach De Gaff just before the whistle blew, holding on to his chair.

"There is no joy in 'Mudville' for the Coach has been kicked out!" But though the home team is rather downcast at the loss of their initial encounter, they are confident that the fans are on their side and that the Jeff City bunch will not always be able to stand up against 'De Gaff'."

— D D D —

Prof: "Don't you know anything, young man?"

Louie: "No, I don't even suspect anything."

—Buccaneer

— D D D —

## March of Civilization

Explorer: "Just to show you the advance of civilization—in the past the Eskimos used to eat candles for dessert."

Old Lady: "And now, I suppose, they eat electric light bulbs?"

—Life

— D D D —

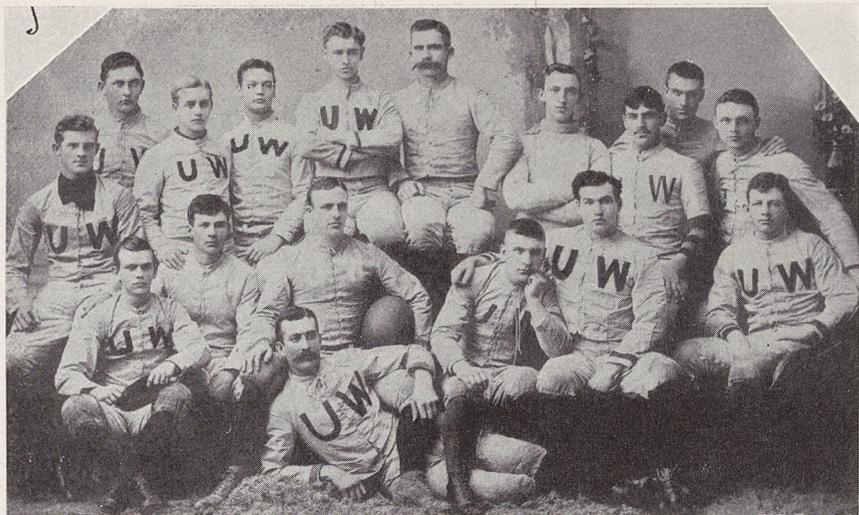
"I see Goldbaum had a fire last night."

"Vell, he's a nice feller; he deserves it."

—Tit Bits



Scene at the championship struggle at Edinburgh. A tight score. Sex to sex resulted.



The questionnaire champions for the season. Note Lon Chaney under the arm of the third player from the left (bottom row). The captain (also seated) is thinking up a really clever one to pull in the next game like "Why will a bearded lady never marry?" The answer will be of course, "She can't razor children properly." Subtle to say the least.

— D D D —

Voice in next room: "Johnnie, are you teaching that parrot to swear?"

Johnnie: "No mam, I'm just telling him what not to say." —*Banter*

— D D D —

Cheer Leader: "All right now, All together— Fifteen rousing damns for the administration."

Silence—

Cheer Leader: "What, nobody gives a damn for it?"

— D D D —

College is the home of Learning. False are the stories of Riotous parties and drunken brawls.

It is an established fact that The college man thinks only About the great things in life.

Thoughts

Of trivial matters—of sex Are far removed from his mind. A college man would rather Be dead and buried than Kiss a strange but pretty girl He desires nothing more Than to make Phi Beta Kappa.

This is the absolute truth—that is, if one reads but every other line. —*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

"What will you have sir?"  
"A toasted cheese sandwich."  
"On toast, sir?"  
"No, bring it in on horseback."  
—*Chanticleer*

Jones went to the picture show the other night and saw "The Purple Garment." Came home and slept in purple pajamas.

The next night he saw the "Black Mantle." Came home and slept in his black night shirt.

A night later he saw "The Follies."

Now the durned fool is about to die with pneumonia. —*Ranger*

— D D D —

She: "Every time I come to Minnesota I have to change to my heavy undies. You know, I'm from Georgia."

He: "That so? I'm from Missouri."

She: Sir?" —*Ski-U-Mah*

— D D D —

Professor: "What did you learn about the salivary glands?"

Girl: "I couldn't find out a thing, professor. They're so darn secretive."

—*Life*

— D D D —

College students like girls who are old enough to know better—but don't. —*Chaparral*



"As one friend to another, Bill, I think the American Mercury is a lotta baloney!"

—*Carolina Buccaneer*

## ON THE SCREEN

### LOEW'S STATE

Mary Pickford came to the sound stages, saw the micro-phones and conquered them in "Coquette," her new, all-talking picture now showing at the State Theatre.

During the recording of her first scene in the picture, Miss Pickford was as excited as a small child.

"I feel just as I used to feel in the old days when the curtain went up and it was time for me to step out on the stage," Miss Pickford whispered as she waited for Director Sam Taylor to announce that all was in readiness for the scene.

By the time the final episodes of the picture were recorded Miss Pickford was as much at home on the sound stages as before the silent cameras.

Miss Pickford's victory over the menace of the micro-phones was the result of a deliberate and carefully-planned campaign. When she cut off her world-famous curls and decided to bring to the screen an entirely new personality, she submitted to the most rigorous voice tests possible. Finding that she possessed the most perfect recording voice in filmdom, she determined to make an all-talking production.

Miss Pickford selected "Coquette," the dramatic and emotional Broadway stage success, as her battle equipment, and adapted it especially for the screen. With expert generalship, she surrounded herself with a cast of players, all of whom, with the exception of her leading man, John Mack Brown, possessed a background of stage experience.

"The sound pictures present an entirely new technique," Miss Pickford believes, "they are a combination of both the stage and the screen with an added art all their own. We, who are testing their possibilities, are the pioneers in an entirely new field of amusement endeavor."

Besides this super-production, Loew's State presents selected short subjects and David Pesetzki conducting the State Symphony Orchestra. Ernst Hares is heard at the organ.

### MISSOURI



Emil Jannings, Esther Ralston in the Paramount Picture "Betrayal"



An old man cast about by the fates of life; a beautiful and charming young wife fettered to irksome domestic duties and a dashing lover—such is the setting for Emil Jannings' latest emotional masterpiece "Betrayal", the coming offering of the Missouri Theater.

The great German genius of the screen is this time teamed with the ultra-modern Hollywood favorites—the popular Gary Cooper and the appealing Esther Ralston.

The old version of love vs. the 1929 variety—vivid life—awful death—passion—romance—in tremendous sets with hundreds of extras taking part on the usual gigantic scale of Jannings' productions.

Laid in a village in the Swiss Alps, "Betrayal" was filmed in deep snows of the Sierra Mountains at Lake Tahoe. Many of the thrilling scenes including a fatal tobog-

gan slide accident were shot there.

Nothing the great character actor has ever done exceeds in dramatic punch the scene in "Betrayal" in which the birthday feast and dance is broken up when his wife's body is brought into the house.

The Missouri management is outlining a series of film hits for future offerings. Among the bookings considered is "The Shakedown", a picture that has been well received all over the country.

On the stage the laughing, snappy, wise cracking Harry Rose continues to produce his lively productions. Rose has clicked with the Grand Boulevard theater goers. His latest offering is "Footlights" in which he sings several popular numbers. Rose has his own style. He sells himself to the audience without effort. As a matter of fact the new master of ceremonies improvises as he goes—says one thing this show and something else the next show.

Leonid Leonardi is working out a group of grand orchestral numbers and has promised a big surprise for his many admirers. His theme for the coming show is "Light Opera Gems" with many favorite numbers.



### AMBASSADOR

That sensational stage play "The Letter" has been made into an all talking picture and it promises to create motion picture history. Jeanne Eagels, the stage star of "Rain" is the lead in this version of W. Somerset Maugham's play.

Leslie Crosble (Jeanne Eagels) and her husband, Robert (Reginal Owen), live on a rubber plantation in the country near Singapore. One evening Robert goes into the city on business and Leslie at once sends a letter to Geoffrey Hammond (Herbert Marshall) a dissipated bachelor on a neighboring plantation. He goes to Leslie upon the receipt of the note and they quarrel and Geoffrey is shot and killed by Leslie.

In court Leslie tells of the shooting, of how Geoffrey was drinking and attempted to force his attentions on her and how she killed in self-defense. It is a cool and perfectly convincing account, and the jury returns the verdict of not guilty.

That evening Leslie's lawyer, Joyce (O. P.ogie), a friend of the family, learns that the Chinese mistress of Geoffrey's is in possession of the letter sent to him just before the



Jeanne Eagels in the Paramount Picture "The Letter"

(Continued on page 26)



Mary Pickford in "Coquette" at Loew's State

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Scientist—"The seismograph is vibrating, there's an earthquake somewhere."  
—Judge

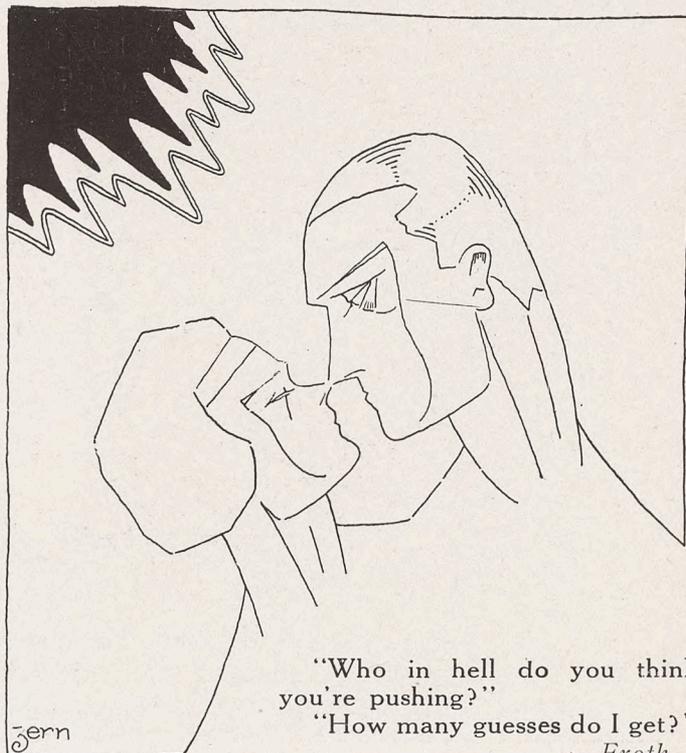
— D D D —

### Justifiable Homicide

I long to cruise the ocean wide,  
To reach a distant shore,  
In unknown lands to ever hide,  
To hear again no more  
In any of my earthly days  
The folks I yearn to doom:  
The fools who oft repeat the phrase:  
"I faw down and go boom."

And if I cannot gently run  
And hide myself away,  
A dreadful deed must needs be done.  
(For death cannot repay  
These fools.) I'll gather maid and lad  
And lock them in a room  
And let them drive each other mad  
With "I faw down and go boom!"—C. L.

—Froth



"Who in hell do you think  
you're pushing?"

"How many guesses do I get?"

—Froth

Inscription on a tombstone:  
"Here lies an atheist. All dressed  
up and no place to go."

—Rutger's Chanticleer

— D D D —

Gamm: They say that Horace  
Glamph is a pauper now.

Phi: Oh, dear, to think that  
one so young should have a child.

—Columbus

— D D D —

Girl: When I get married, I'm  
going to cook, sew, darn my hus-  
band's socks, and lay out his pipe  
and slippers. What more can any  
husband ask than that?

Fellow: Nothing, girl, unless  
he was evil-minded.

—Phoenix

— D D D —

Bud: "Do you know what  
Mark Antony said at Cleopatra's  
bed room door at two in the  
morning?"

Rose: "No. What?"

Bud: "I did not come here to  
make a speech."

—Brown Jug

— D D D —

ESTABLISHED 1818

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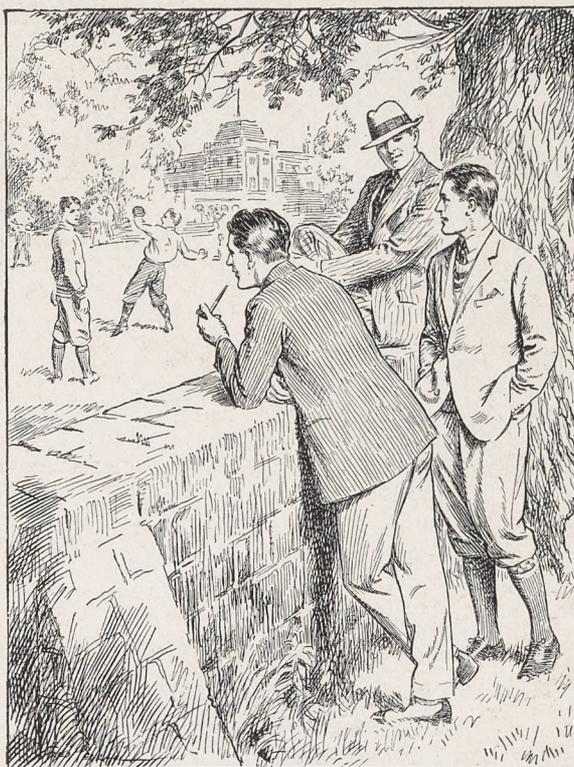
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The next visit of our Representative to the  
HOTEL JEFFERSON  
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R.B. FULLER

"Well, you blankety-blank—why don't you say something?"  
—Judge

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS



**"I stepped outside for a bit of breath."**

**"So I notice. Better take a Life Saver and get rid of it."**

Non: "Whoopee! I own Hell."

Entity: "Howzat?"

First Dit: "Dean B. just gave it to me."

—*Rammer-Jammer*

— D D D —

She: "You know, I like variety—it's the spice of life."

He: "Look me over, kid; my name is Heinz."

—*Orange Peel*

— D D D —

Mother Squirrel—"Now sit tight, children, and don't mind the noise, while Mama goes out and makes the men shoot down some nuts."

—*Puppet*

Aunt Hilda, after a brief survey of the college comic, looked up at her nephew with a horrified expression of wonder.

"Aren't you afraid," she asked, "that young ladies will read these papers?"

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

— D D D —

Adam—"Why keep me guessing? Is there another man?"

Eve—"That's what I'd like to know."



"That Obligato is pretty."

"Yeh! I like the blonde pretty well too."

—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

— D D D —

"Kiss me!"

"Make me!"

—*The Pointer*

— D D D —

First Imbiber: "I found (hic) a half dollar."

Second Inebriate: "Itsh mine, itsh got my name on it."

"Whatsh your name?"

"E Pluribus Unum."

"Yea, itsh yoursh."

—*Yellow Jacket*

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(Under New Management)

MOVING, PACKING & STORING  
GENERAL HAULING

J. R. NEVILLE, PROP. 6143 DELMAR BLVD.

# He coughed—the Villain!

## and the love scene had to be taken all over!



MADGE BELLAMY, Beautiful Fox star.

### Madge Bellamy explains the growing popularity of Old Golds in Hollywood

"The 'hero' in a movie may easily become the 'villain' if he coughs at the wrong time. A cough isn't ever nice, but when it interrupts the taking of a movie scene, it's a calamity! The high tension of movie work makes smoking a vital relaxation. But we relax with OLD GOLDS. They're as smooth as the polished manner of Adolphe Menjou, who himself is an OLD GOLD fan. While they're the most enjoyable of cigarettes, OLD GOLDS mean absolute 'fade-out' for throat-scratch and smoker's cough."

(SIGNED)

*Madge Bellamy*



### Why not a cough in a carload?

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



On your Radio . . . OLD GOLD-PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, with his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday . . . from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Frosh (observing a bowlegged co-ed): Santa Claus sure played a dirty trick on that girl."

Soph: "Why?"

Frosh: "Look what he put in her stocking."

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

Coolitch Boy: "Honey, your lips are damp with the dew of passion."

Chorine: "Sonny boy, I don't mind the grey skies but that ain't dew—it's don't."

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

He—"I want a pair of silk hose for my wife."

She—"Sheer?"

He—"No, she's home."

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

"Dearest, I must marry you."

"But have you seen father?"

"Yes, many times, but I love you just the same."

—*The Ghost*

— D D D —

Feeble: "What has four feet and flies?"

Fanny: "Tailless horse."

Boom!

Another absent-minded professor called on his old friend, the doctor, one night. After chatting for a couple of hours, he rose to go.

"Family all well, I suppose," the doctor asked.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the professor, "that reminds me, my wife's having a hemorrhage."

— D D D —

First Husband: "I've no sympathy for a man who beats his wife."

Second: "A man who can beat his wife doesn't need any sympathy."

—*Lisburn Herald*

— D D D —

"Have you got any good tooth-paste?"

"Forhan's?"

"No, for myself."

—*Drexerd*

— D D D —

### Gawd!

Greeckess: "How can I keep fish from smelling in warm weather?"

Fisherman: "Well—you could cut off their noses."

—*Columbia Jester*

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

**ON THE SCREEN—continued from page 20**



Joseph Schildkraut  
Co-featured with Laura La Plante  
in "SHOW BOAT"

killing. The Chinese woman sends word that she will accept 10,000 dollars for the letter and Leslie gives up her personal fortune and is successful in obtaining it, but only after suffering much humiliation at the hands of Geoffrey's Chinese mistress.

Joyce, however, makes Leslie give the letter to her husband and then the dramatic climax, in which Leslie tells her husband she has never loved him and that she has always loved Hammond. Robert tells her he still loves her and so they continue, a pair of conventional married folk on the rubber plantation sharing bitter memories.

Ed Lowry is presenting on the stage "Barcelona", a colorful show with a Spanish background, sweet señoritas, dashing dons, including Rene and Evelyn, Apache dancers, Bobby Gilbert, making the fiddle talk, Ross McLean the Spanish baritone, Borge Moller an accordionist, and the Dorothy Berke Girls, the only troupe of castanet dancers in America.

Following the above program, Hit No. 5 of the Greater Talkie Month, is that naughty baby, talking for the first time, Alice White, in "Hot Stuff". This is a snappy collegiate story about a girl, who, when she walked into College the "sheiks" dropped astrology and took up anatomy. It is filled with Whoopee parties, college romance, flaming youths. It's hot enough to burn up your blues. Ed Lowry is presenting a fast moving show called "Southern Belles" which is filled with those good old southern melodies and that undefined but fascinating southern spirit.



Emily Fitzroy  
as Parthenia Anne Hawks  
in "SHOW BOAT"

**GRAND CENTRAL**

Friday night the Grand Central theater presented a new phase in St. Louis' motion picture theater history, that of the advance price pre-view showing of "Show Boat", the talking, singing, dancing picture version of Florenz Ziegfeld's record breaking stage success of the same name now in its 69th week at the Amsterdam theater in New York. All seats at the Grand Central are being sold at \$2, an admission price that has never before been charged in St. Louis for the opening of a long run cinema production.

This gala opening night event would have been impossible to promote in the days of the silent flickers, but with the coming of the sound screen which enables the movies to give the picture patrons both eye and ear entertainment with the original stars of the stage plus the innumerable little miracles that they can perform in their sound studios, the sound screen has taken such a foot-hold in the amusement world that even in St. Louis it appears possible to stage a Broadway premiere at prices that awed people several years ago.

Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe, Aunt Jemina and the famous forty plantation singers appear in the "Show Boat" picture.



Otis Harlan as CAPTAIN ANDY HAWKS  
in "SHOW BOAT"

Universal fully realizing the possibilities in "Show Boat" have spared no cost in making it a feature that will not soon be duplicated. Combining both the genius stage ability of the famed Ziegfeld and the fine novelization of this romance by Edna Ferber, incorporates one of the most unusual dual abilities yet brought to advantage to the talking picture patrons.

Those of screen prominence who participate in "Show Boat" are; Laura La Plante as Magnolia of the story, Joseph Schildkraut as Gaylord Ravenal, Otis Harlan as Capt. Andy Hawkes, and many others who portray familiar characters of the book.

The song hits of "Show Boat" are: "Here Comes the Show Boat", "Old Man River", "Show Boat", "Can't Help Lovin' That Man".

The picture runs two hours and a half while the Ziegfeld show is only two hours even. The additional running time is attributed to the added sequences from the book to the picture.



LAURA LA PLANTE  
as MAGNOLIA in "SHOW BOAT"

Mrs. Watts: "Wire you insulate?"  
Inebriated Mr. Watts: "Here's my nose: socket and get it over with."  
Mrs. Watts (putting out both his lamps):  
"There, I guess I fixture."

—Stone Mill

Mrs. Henpeck (sarcastically): "I suppose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his hand all evening!"  
Mr. Henpeck (sadly): "If I'd been holding his hand, I'd have made some money."

—Jester

When it comes to finding one's way about in the dark, almost any college boy could show the old pioneer scouts a few tricks. *Voo Doo*

— D D D —

"How do people tell you twins apart?"  
"Sister has a mole on her thigh."

— D D D — *—Whirlwind*

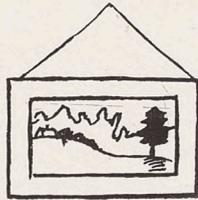
Economical Student: "Do you take anything off for cash?"

Saleslady: "Sir!" *—Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

"I had a date with Helen last night."  
"No foolin'?"  
"Oh, a little."

*Bison*



And he learned about women from her.

*—Carolina Buccancer*

— D D D —

**Ex-pect To Rate Her**

Advertisement in newspaper—Eskimo Spitz Pups for ten dollar apiece.

— D D D —

*—Satyr*

The Baron: "Tell the sliding trombone player to blow in this direction—my soup is too hot."

*—London Opinion*

THE

★ ALL-AMERICAN ★

HOCKEY TEAM

OF

1929

PRESENTED by

JOE GODFREY, JR.

ALSO

"To the Dogs and Back" by

ROLAND KREBS

"Net Tilt" by

HOLWORTHY HALL

"The Art of Picnicking" by

FRANK SULLIVAN

"Twilight of the Gods" by

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN

"May Day" by

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

"Broken Glasses" by

STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY

"Joe College" by

COREY FORD & T.H. WENNING

AND

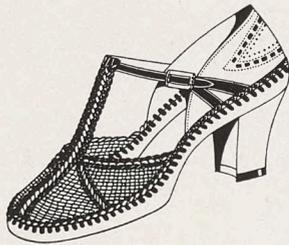
★ WEST POINT ★

IN THE MAY

College Humor

## Vogue Short Vamps

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"So your family gave you a wrist watch when you entered college. What do you think they'll give you when you graduate?"

"Don't know. Grandfather's clock, most likely."  
—*Ranger*

— D D D —

Woman (after shooting man): "Haven't I shot you somewhere before?"

—*Life*

— D D D —

"Now that the Gideons have a Bible in every hotel room, what do you suppose they'll be doing next?"

"Putting a hymnal in every bathroom."  
—*Cougar's Paw*

— D D D —

### A Love Note

"He kissed me and I felt it all the way to my toes."

"What a wonderful lover he must be."

"Lover, hell! He was standing on my feet."  
—*Purple Parrot*

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### By Heck

Near-sighted old man (eating a box of loose-leaf reinforcements): "Well, by heck, these Life Savers don't taste like they used to."

—*College Banter*

— D D D —

Nit: "What is the greatest Greek tragedy?"

Wit: "Oh, I never knock other fraternities."

—*Bell Hop*

— D D D —

"For ten years, ten long and lean years," cried the writer, "I have been composing this drama, changing a word here, a line there, working on it till my fingers were cramped and aching, my brain and body weary from the toil."

"Too bad, too bad," the producer murmured, sympathetically. "All work and no play."

—*Ghost*

— D D D —

"I think I'll send my girl a bayonet, a rifle, and a sword."

"Is she collecting souvenirs?"

"No, but she enjoys having arms around her."

—*Sniper*

— D D D —

"Wotsa matter, in a fight?"

"Naw, a senior at the barber college flunked his final exam on me."  
—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

"Something I ate, no doubt," murmured the circus fire-eater, as he suffered a touch of heart-burn.

—*Ranger*

— D D D —

Girl: "We want to buy a ticket."

Ticket Agent: "But there are two of you."

Girl: "Well, ain't we half-sisters? Add that up."  
—*Ski-U-Mah*

— D D D —

"Drive back to Woolworth's, James. I think they short-changed me."  
—*Log*

— D D D —

The usual crowd had gathered after a street car had bumped into a milk wagon, flooding the pavement with milk.

"My, what a waste," explained a little man, trying to peer around a very large woman in the crowd.

"Just mind your own business, will you?" snapped the woman.  
—*Pup*

**Younger Generation**

Mother: "Johnny, go wash your face and neck."

Modern Youth: "Neck who, mother?"

—Chaparral

— D D D —

She: "Why are frat pins worn so much by students here?"

He: "Well, that's the only way we know where to take them when they pass out."

— D D D —

—Virginia Reel

Soph—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Frosh—"Who teaches it?"

—Ranger

— D D D —

Mister: "Do you want a one-eyed husband?"

Missus: "Certainly not."

Mister: "Then let me carry the umbrella."

—Green Gander

— D D D —

Prof: "What's this! Is someone smoking back there?"

Stude: "No, sir; it's only the fog I'm in, sir."

—Stanford Chaparral

— D D D —

"This is Gus."

"Gus who?"

"Mercy, can't you Gus who?"

—The Yale Record

— D D D —

James—"How did you like Venice?"

Archibald—"I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded!"

—The Humorist

— D D D —

Knick—"At the burlesque the other night my eyes felt like birds."

Knack—"How's that?"

Knick—"They were flitting from limb to limb."

—Cannon Bazel

— D D D —

Dad: "What is the proverb about a rolling stone?"

Collegiate One: "A revolving fragment of the Paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation."

—Lion

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(Continued from page 7)

from his room-mate). He had determined to uncover, among other things, the secret of her past, and when he made up his mind to do a thing, he usually did it in spite of Helen Highwater.

\* \* \* \* \*

The campus clock said exactly minus three o'clock when Blimp's car stopped in front of the Highwater house and he started to kiss Helen good-night. The clock had been running backwards for the last few days.) When he finished, the clock said two o'clock, which ought to prove something, but I'm not sure what.

"I'm not what you think I am," said Helen, "and furthermore, I won't walk back, you poor simp." She suddenly removed a ring from her finger and revealed herself as a man of about 50.

"My God!" shrieked Mort. "My father!" He reached for his gun. "You're the brute who used to come home drunk at night and steal my poor mother's hard earned likker."

Two shots rang out on the still night air. One was intended for the author of this tale, but unfortunately missed. The other pierced the heart of the tyrant who had posed as Helen Highwater. With a little scream he fell forward into the gas-tank, where he drowned. But as he did so his mask

came off. Mortimer stared in surprise, then fell on his knees before the body.

"Mammy!" he cried, realizing at last the foul trick that had been played on him.

— D D D —

Mistress (to new help): "Oh, Mary, how clumsy! You've broken one of my china plates in two."

The Maid: "This is my lucky day, mum. I generally has to gather up the pieces in a dust pan."

— D D D —

Happy Man: "Shay, waiter, find my hat."

Waiter: "It's on your head, sir."

"Don't bother, then; I'll look for it myself."

—Caveman

— D D D —

Associate: "Chief, we are being sued for a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar libel."

Editor: "Thank God! Recognition at last."

—Life

— D D D —

Unfortunate Motorist: "Madam, I fear your puppy is dead. If you will allow me I will replace the animal."

Owner (icily): "Sir, you flatter yourself."

— D D D —

Booster: "See the large building on our right?"

Stranger: "Yes."

Booster: "Did you notice it was on our left when we came down-town?"

Stranger: "Yes."

Booster: "Well, that gives you some idea how quickly our city changes."

—Buffalo Bison

— D D D —

### Wanted Company

He and his young wife were taken for a motor trip by some friends. She admired his anxiety about her comfort.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Quite, dear."

"Cushions comfortable?"

"Quite, darling."

"Not being jolted?"

"Oh, no, sweetheart."

"Not in a draft?"

"No, lambkin."

"Then change seats with me."

—Washington Cougar's Paw

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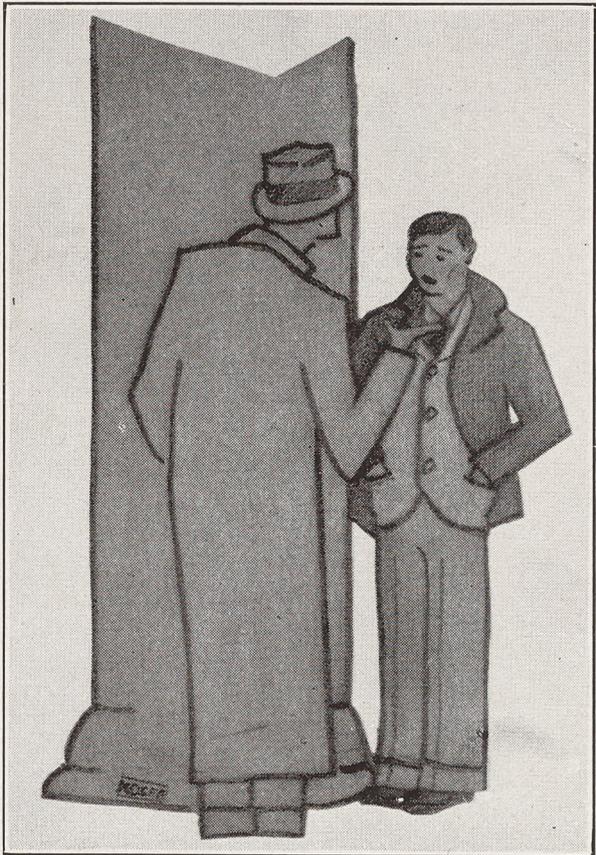
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"That girl reminds me of a little green board outside of a window."  
"What ? ? ?"  
"Yeah, every time I see her I shudder."  
—*Bucknell Belle Hop*  
— D D D —

There was a fearful crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later Mr. and Mrs. Pickens crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. Pickens opened her mouth to say something, but her husband stopped her.

"Never mind talking," he snapped, "I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat, and if you let it get hit, it's no fault of mine!"  
—*Voo Doo*

**Night Work**

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed Deacon Brown to his better half, the other evening. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting and mopping the floor; but I do object to running ribbon through my night gown to fool the baby."  
—*Skipper*

— D D D —

"The phrenologist said that I have a head that interests him."  
"I take it for granite."  
—*Cajoler*

— D D D —

**Caution**

Mrs. Saylor: Henry, are you trying to keep something from me?"  
Mr. Saylor: "No, dear. Just from the neighbors."

— D D D —

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on St. Peter's Gate): "C'mon; open up here or I'll throw the whole Frat out."  
—*Lehigh Burr*

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Josephine who has just answered the phone: "It is your fiance, Celest, the one with the deep voice."  
—*Buccaneer*

— D D D —

Hubby: "I'm a man of affairs!"  
Wifey: "Yes, especially that blonde one!"  
—*Siren*

— D D D —

It isn't every girl that has a college education—some learn to neck in high school.

—*Red Cat*

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### White Shadows

A missionary wrote home: "The natives here are starving and are badly in need of food—send more missionaries."  
—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

General Jackson: "Who touches a hair of you maiden's head shall die the death of a dog."

And as long as General Jackson remained in town, twenty men refrained from brushing their coats.  
—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

Marat: "You don't intend to kill me, do you?"

Charlotte Corday: "Well, I'm going to make a stab at it."  
—*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

He: "I have never seen such dreamy eyes."

She: "You have never stayed this late before."  
—*Judge*

— D D D —

Wife (to returning husband at seaside resort): "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you've come. We heard that some idiot had fallen over the cliff and I felt sure it was you!"  
—*The Yale Record*

— D D D —

"Can I get a room for three?"

"Have you got a reservation?"

"What do you think I am, an Indian?"

—*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

"That's a most seductive gown you have on, my dear."

"Well, what else would you wear to teas?"

—*Virginia Reel*

— D D D —

"I can't get a thing out of this book."

"What book?"

"My pocket-book."

—*Wabash Caveman*

— D D D —

"I'd like to see something cheap in men's clothing."

"Just a moment, I'll call the floorwalker."

—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

"Hello, little freshman boy, watcha doing?"

"Git along, lady, git along. I'm remembering my promise to mother."  
—*Ranger*