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Washington University Dirge: In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy Lightly Turns to —

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO ---

MARCH

25 CENTS
suits my taste
like nobody's business

I KNOW what I like in a pipe, and what I like is good old Prince Albert. Fragrant as can be. Cool and mild and long-burning, right to the bottom of the bowl. Welcome as the week-end reprieve. Welcome . . . and satisfying!

No matter how often I load up and light up, I never tire of good old P.A. Always friendly. Always companionable. P.A. suits my taste. I'll say it does. Take my tip, Fellows, and load up from a tidy red tin.

PRINCE ALBERT
—no other tobacco is like it!
What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola

"Nature’s above art in that respect”

At the time in question King Lear was tricked up like a walking florist’s shop—but he was still wise in his sayings. Liking to refresh himself, even as you and I, what a full-meaning headline he turned out for the following Coca-Cola ad:

A pure drink of natural flavors — produced before the day of synthetic and artificial drinks, and still made from the same pure products of nature.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

King Lear
Act IV, Scene 6
Summer School Cruise to South America
at The University of Rio de Janeiro
and The University of Buenos Aires
Courses will be given in Sociology, History, Politics, Geography, Languages and Literature
Credits will be given by Washington University
For information see
PROF. HUNTLEY SINCLAIR
ROOM 206, DUNCKER HALL

“Pardon me, sir, but could you tell me where I could get a drink?”
“Mister, I’m only a street car motorman. You’re the third man this morning who has mistaken me for a policeman.” —Exchange

A Follies girl received daily from an admirer huge bunches of the most costly and beautiful flowers obtainable. He seemed to her a rather insignificant sort of person. He did not look particularly prosperous and she wondered how he could buy her such flowers. She permitted him to take her out several times on the strength of this floral display. Then she found out where he worked.
He had a job at an undertaker’s. —Princeton Tiger

“Mr. Jones, your wife has just eloped with the chauffeur.”
“Isn’t that my luck! Just when I wanted to use the car to go golfing.” —George Washington Ghost

The preacher had been doing his stuff for nigh on to two hours, and the length of the sermon and dryness of the subject was beginning to tell on the congregation. In fact, Deacon Beggs, who was seated near the rear end of the church, had dozed off.
Finally the minister became pretty well exhausted so he ended his sermon with the following words: “We will close with a short prayer. Deacon Beggs will lead.”
The deacon awoke with a jerk and replied: “It ain’t my lead, I just dealt.” —Exchange

We Can’t Believe This
It is rumored that several college boys are trying to marry Greta Garbo for her money. —W. and L. Mink
Rushing Business

"Aren't you the girl that I kissed in the library last night?"
"What time?"
—Ohio Green Goat

Lady (in upper berth): Porter, is that my coat down there in the aisle?
Porter: No, ma'am. That's just a college boy going home for Christmas.
—Virginia Reel

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats,
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink—
But always be careful not to
Say it with INK.
—Ranger

"Don't you think that women are a necessity in this world?"
"They are not—but they make damn fine pets."
—Amherst Lord Jeff

Dancing Coach—"Come on, Girlie, wiggle the old biceps."
Chorine—"I'm doing the best I can—I backed into a radiator this morning."
Dancing Coach—"How did it happen—taking a bath?"
Chorine—"No, I stooped to button my shoe while crossing Boylston street."
—Too Doo

Timid Freshman Voice (10:30 P.M.)—"Please may I stay out all night?"
Head Resident—"What—what—why—why where are you?"
Timid Freshman Voice—"Locked in the library."
—Ollapod

Inspector: "And what is your name?"
Lady: "Mrs. Jones, nee Knox."
Inspector: "That's too bad. I'd do something for it."
—Northwestern Purple Parrot

It was Prom time. Fifty couples were dancing to the strains of mad music.
It began to rain. A hundred and fifty couples were dancing.
—Amherst Lord Jeff

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
EUROPE

Every deck, every sunny corner—yours

Four splendid ships, Minne-
kahda, Minnesota, Devonian and Winifredian, carry only
one class—TOURIST Third
Cabin. And so, even though
you pay only 3c a mile for
your crossing, you have the
complete freedom of the
ship. No class distinctions.

Or, if you wish, you may go
"TOURIST" in specially re-
served quarters on such
famous liners as Majestic,
world’s largest ship, Homeric,
Olympic and Belgenland.

May we not send you com-
plete information about our
many sailings to principal
ports of Europe?

$102 50 up
ONE WAY

$184 50 up
ROUND TRIP

White Star Line
RED STAR LINE  LEYLAND LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
1100 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo. Our offices elsewhere, or any authorized
steamship agents.

Lady: Are you sure these lobsters are fresh?
Fishmonger: Madam, they are positively insult-
ing.

—Dave Friovol

"Officer, you’d better lock me up. Jush hit my
wife over the head wish a club."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don’t think sho. Thash why I want to be locked
up."

—America’s Humor

The hall was filled with the dense blue smoke
from cigarettes of the men standing about in groups.
They were chatting about the various merits of
leading musical comedy actresses.

Then suddenly a boy’s voice announced: "The
curtain is up."

And the men dashed into the next room and
leamed far out the open windows—gazing at the
windows of the girls’ dorm next door.

—Gargoyle

"Who’s your girl like?"

"ME."

—Jack o’ Lantern

Narcissus: "Looky heah, Black Man, whut ya
gwine to gimme fuh my buf day present?"

Black Man: "Close yuh eyes, honey." (She
closes them.) "Now whuddeya see?"

Narcissus: "Nothin’!"

Black Man: "Well, ’at’s whut ya gwine to git."

—Boll Weevil

"Ethel," he said, "I have seen the doctor. He
said I must give up smoking at once. He tells me
that one lung is already nearly gone."

She flinched; a look of agony came over her pale
young face.

"Oh, Raymond, can’t you hold out a little longer,
till we get enough coupons for a new rug?"

—Black and Blue Jay

The guards grimly went about their task of affix-
ing the electrodes to the body of the doomed man
in the chair. The kindly chaplain bent over him.

"Any request, my poor mortal?" he inquired.

"Yes, parson," the wretch replied. "It’ll comfort
me a lot if you’ll just hold my hands."

—Exchange
SPRING NUMBER
'Twas Ever Thus

You can keep all the presents I've sent you,
You can keep the proposals I've made
You can keep all the kisses I gave you,
And all the sweet tricks of the trade.
You can keep just whatever you care for;
My loving, the parties you threw;
But please send me back what I'm missing—
The cold cash I've wasted on you.

—Carolina Buccaneer

DDD

"Mother, if I get married when I grow up, will I get a husband like my old man?"
"Why, yes dear."
"And if I don’t get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Susie?"
"Yes, dear."
"Well, all I gotta’ say is, that it’s a pretty tough world for us wimmin, isn’t it, mother?"

—Panther

DDD

Lord Nelson: "The worst time I ever had was when we ran out of port in a gale."
Blue-jacket: "We drink rum in our navy."

—Virginia Reel

Evidence

Mother: "Come here, Johnnie, I have some good news for you."
Johnnie (without enthusiasm): "Yes, I know; brother is home from college."
Mother: "Yes, but how did you know?"
Johnnie: "My bank won’t rattle any more."

—Whirlwind

DDD

"What made the General sick at the party?"
"Things in general."

—Kitty Kat

DDD

"Beg pardon, are you a prize fighter?"
"No. I’m a pugilist. I guess you’re a reporter?"
"Me? No. I’m a journalist."

—Green Gander

DDD

"How did you get that cut on your head?"
"Hic—musta—heic—hic myself."
"Gwan. How could you bite yourself up there?"
"Musta stood on a chair."

—Goblin

DDD

That dumbest feeling—To catch a stranger in town kissing a girl you’ve been trying to kiss for six months.

—Masquerader.
A New Joke for the Old Ford

Bim: Say, is the seat of your pants dirty?
Bo: I don't know. I'll look in the rear vision mirror and see.

“Every morning on my way to work my next-door neighbor is scrubbing her front steps.”
“Who is your next-door neighbor?”
“I don’t know. I’ve never found out what she looks like.”

Voice on the phone, 3 a.m.:—Mr. Smith?
Mr. Smith:—Yes.
Voice:—Is your house on the bus-line?
M. S.:—Yes.
V.:—Well, you’d better move it, there’s a bus coming.

The sad plight of Laconic Larry, who has just remarked, “Three gallons, ethyl.”
(The attendant’s name is Mike)
THE TELEDATE

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Telephone, telegraph, telephoto, television, and now the most scientific, stupendous, superbly startling discovery of the age utilizing the sixth dimension—I take extreme joy in offering for your approval the latest, the most recent, the TELEDATE, patent off and on. The mechanism of this new device are extremely simple, greatly resembling the active portion of a Freshman's brain and, as you may imagine from the above diagram, this unprecedented gift to "The babes in some other Port" may be worked off any 110 watt electric circuit or, with a T N E eliminatory, may be generated off the Orpheum Circuit. These sets may be stolen at any corner drug shop or may be procured by saving labels off Gordon Gin Bottles. The actual working of this extraordinary device is most easily explained by a description of an actual Teledate.

Joe Quentin Quadrangle, pleonastic piccolo player of Pluto Pond, Pennsylvania, calls his "babe of the woods", who resides in the Alpine territory near Kookoomo, Kansas, on the old fashioned telephone. Joe Q. makes a teledate for 8 Saturday night. As the hour of love draws nigh, dear old Quentin scrapes off the dirt, dons his Roebuck trousers, and makes preparation for the big time, because tonight he plans to wax potent in the Romantic field.

At exactly 8 p. m. he sets down in front of the transmitting screen, back in Pluto Pond, ties his feet to the chair and switches on buttons 3 and 7 thereby placing him on the third screen which happens to be in Chillicothe Havana. The scene is a garden one and the moon hangs romantically. Thus on the screen the 6th dimension, that odd property which makes teledates possible, is brought into play. Joe is able to move about freely on the screen while he merely sits back in Pluto Pond. After a 15 minute wait, the bim shows up, using the leaky bath tube as the excuse for delay. After such minor discussions as must always take place, they got down to business. The night was bad and the static hindered necking to a great extent, but between squawks he managed to get in some pretty fair licks. Finally J. Q. Q. got down to business. On his good right knee he popped the question of matrimony. At the same moment, the static interferred greatly and when the noises, shakings, quakings, and squells had cleared out, she was still there but only faintly. He reached out to take her in his arms but with a sigh of disappointment and despair she murmured, "There goes my last power tube," and disappeared.

"Like my new plane?"
"She's a bird!"
"She my eye, it's a mail plane."

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

—Blue Gator
His classes forgotten, ye Prof slumbers
On
Immersed in dreams of rosy hue,
Wherein dwell maidens from his class-
book,
And wink at him with eyes of blue.

Aromatic odors hang heavy on the air,
Wafted scents have laid him cold,
Scents that reached, and found, and held
Upon his neck a strangle hold.

The cook he had hired to dish up his chow
Had a past that the Prof didn't know.
For the lad in the kitchen was formerly boss
Of a House on Fraternity Row.

But habit was strong in this chef of the Greeks;
Unthinking, he hooked up a still.
The stuff that came out was the dead-
liest yet.
Now the cook has Gone Over The Hill.
What Every Girl Should Know

These words of wisdom are for innocent, young girls only. Others do not read:

1. Don’t stay out after ten. Enjoy the beauties of nature now, and you will have nothing to enjoy when you grow older.
2. Don’t say prunes, pears, pickles, or soup, because it puts the mouth in a kissable position.
3. Avoid the one-piece bathing suit. It will either make or break you.
4. You needn’t rub it in—using so much powder.
5. If he gives up smoking, it’s not because of you. He’s just broke.

Spring Pome

I like the Spring—
The silken hose,
The wind that blows
The girlies’ clothes.
I like the spring.

That was a rather breezy verse.

This verse may get censored:

But just the same
I like the Spring
Its sunny rays
Reveal to gaze.
I like the Spring.

The next verse did get censored. All right, you evil minded. Let your imaginations do their worst.

Ba-a-a-a-a

“Do you know what happens when a goat eats a rabbit?”
“Easy—there’s a hare in the butter.”

“Have got a French Grammar?”
“No, but I have an Irish Uncle.”
A NIGHT UNDER THE ROUND TABLE

Long years ago, when hearts were young,
And knighthood was the fad,
There lived the bravest of them all,
The stainless Galahad.

The purest of a saintly crew
O trusty warriors bold,
He swanned among his fellow men
And sported spurs of gold.

His armor was the latest style,
It fit him like his skin,
In winter he wore iron clothes,
His summer suit was tin.

The love he bore his lily Queen
Was very near platonic,
And the love songs that he sang to her
Were naught if not symphonic.

But one bright day a stranger came
To call upon the Queen,
Sir Ukelele, known to all
As the slickest ever seen.

To shorten up this story some,
And speed it on its way,
Sir Uke done wrong by our Queen
And skipped his bill next day.

When news of this foul deed
Reached Galahad's pink ears,
He swore he'd have the villain's hide,
If it took a thousand years.

So he hopped himself upon his horse
And rode him off to seek
The craven he had sworn to find,
And bust him on the beak.

He jogged along for days and days,
And in the end he found
Sir Ukelele, full of fight,
His clansmen gathered round.

Sir Ukelele took a poke
At brave Sir Gallie's crust,
That had it landed, would have looped
Our hero in the dust.

But Galahad was rather spry,
And ducked this mighty blow,
Three paces back he stepped, and then
He opened up the show.

The lad uncorked a wicked clout
That started from the ground,
He clipped Sir Uke upon the beak,
And turned him thrice around.

It looped him up and plopped him down
Upon his craven neck,
Sir Gallie calmly turned his lamps
Upon this total wreck.

"Insulter of the smoothest dame
That ever man did know,
Stir thy pups from here away,"
Quoth Gal in accents low.

So saying, Galahad wound up,
And smote him on the dome,
Sir Ukelele got him hence,
And Gallie got for home.

The King awaited his return
To pay him homage due,
The fatted calf was killed and cooked
Into a gorgeous stew.

The testimonial banquet then
Began to wax quite hot,
Two hours later by the clock,
The King was halfway shot.

They plied Sir Galahad with wine,
The party soon got rough,
And for once in all his sweet young life
Sir Galahad enough!
Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

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Delphine Meyer 1931
Julius Herman 1931

Passed by the National Board of Nonsensorship.

Dirge again welcomes a newcomer to the ranks of the nit-wits. Robert Mutrux is now a neophyte of the ink-bottle.
ELL, in spite of zero weather, occasional snow flurries and such, Spring is here. The lambs are again gamboling on the green, the Law School has resumed its open-air childishness, the campus roads are once more becoming first cousins of quagmires, and everybody’s happy.

The Library Steps are showing signs of the Date Mart’s perennial opening, the quadrangle grass is green, in spots anyway, our noble Colonel is on the warpath against defilers of the sod, and the long incubated musical comedy shows signs of hatching.

Yes, it looks suspiciously like Spring.

Ergo, since Spring, with its causes, events, and results is again with us, be it resolved, here and now, that there be no classes between the hours of eight-thirty in the morning and eight-thirty the following morning. We find that the omnipresent classes cramp our slumber style. Selah!
Omar the Wench Maker says, "When better bims are made, I'll make them."

Travel Travail

I've been to a lake and I've been to a sea,
I've loved a tall mountain and worshipped a tree;
But scenery leaves me, my perspective is wrong,
For every vacation has been a love song.

I went up to Canada for a short stay,
Met Gina and liked her the very first day.
She was lovable, clever and quick on her feet;
I'll always remember how strident and neat.

The girl who had loved and had learned quite a bit,
Who smoked hard and drank hard and made a great hit,
Was the girl met New York way—sophisticate town
She cared not a whoop and she sure got me down.

Then down the great river and in Arkansas
Corn liquor flowed freely and loving was law,
I laughed and I danced with a peppy young thing,
Kissed her—loved her—had quite a fling.

New Orleans lent Judy to me for a while,
A devil had taught her the kiss in her smile;
I loved her, I held her—she dug me, she lied,
But still when I left her a part of me died.

Other vacations, some north and some west,
All of them ended just like all the rest.
Each one was different and still all the same,
A spark, an enchantment, a short-living flame.

I'll woo and I'll wed and I guess I'll be true,
I'll love "little wife" and be commonplace, too,
But in moonlight and firelight and raindrops I'll see
The girls who have lived my vacations with me.

Read Between the Lines of the Joke

Of course, you've heard the following joke? Well, then, in that case we'll just leave a blank space, and save time and ink by not publishing it:

What Every Boy Should Know

These gems indicate exactly what's what and how's how:
1. Don't wear red neckties. You're apt to be mistaken for a big butter-and-egg man.
2. Coats will be worn again this season.
3. Trousers, too, will be worn out.
4. The magazines of fashion predict that garters will not be worn around the neck.
5. Let the laundries do all your dirty work!

Oh, Daddy

"Is he your father?"
"Nix."
"Then what's he pawing you for?"
THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

as seen by CHANGE

The following specimens, which we firmly believe are well stand¬
ardized, were collected by the author, over a long period of time, and
at an average cost of a heck of a lot.

The divorcee of recent vint¬
age, on the loose and look¬
ing for trouble. Unless
you are gifted with serious
intentions and a substan¬
tial bankroll, she’s very
bad medicine.

The Moron, who is omni¬
present in various quan¬
tities. Chief attraction is
total lack of intellect and
a pair of vacuous baby
blue lamps. Seemingly a
necessary evil.

And then the baby who
was born with a platinum
spoon in her mouth. And
promptly swallowed it.
Goes in strong for road¬
sters and diamonds. Very
suspicious of males in
general. “Theah are so
m a n y fortune-hun tahs
about, my deah.” A prime
pain in the neck.

The Gawgiuh Peach, the
babe, who has enough fra¬
ternity pins to start a na¬
tional of her own. “Cmawn
outside and cool y’pipes,
ba-a-aby,” thereby causing
young America to drop
all thoughts of mortgage,
farm, and kiddies and join
the Confederate Army.

The big, strong, outdoor
girl who knows the pedi¬
gree of all great athletes,
including herself, for gen¬
erations back, likes noth¬
ing better than a ten-mile
stroll before breakfast,
preferably at hours when
all self-respecting people
are getting to bed. Not
much help after six p. m.

The She-Rounder, who can
and will, at the drop of the
hat, drink all comers under
the table. Very aloof and
exceedingly hard on the
shekels.

The snooty dame, known
to the male element as
haute chapeau, who affects
a British accent and bru¬
nette youths in pale grey
roadsters. Reputed to be
worth the trouble, but
fears of frostbite has
scared most of the lads
away.
A brief outline of the "Three Bares"

"What! That dame fired? Why she's been dancing at the Avalon for over a year. How come?"

"Well, it seems that her nose is crooked, and last night somebody happened to notice it."

"Know that girl?"
"Yeah, Helen Carrs."
"Fine, how is she in a canoe?"

Mr. Sinclair has finally arrived at the conclusion that one doesn't have to go to an artist to be "done in oil."

"My Man"

He beats me
And
He swears
He will kill
Me. But he's
My Man.
He's always drunk,
And he takes
My money, but
He's my Man.

Yeah, he's my Man,
But for two cents
You can have him.
For keeps.

No, a boycott is not a male bed.

Spring

Loud sweaters . . . lads in knickers . . . and fuzzy socks . . . green grass . . . where there is any grass . . . sleeping through classes . . . instead of waking up for roll-call . . . slushy snow . . . auto tops down . . . renewed interest in moonlight . . . just lazy, that's all . . . last year's babe . . . this year's abomination . . . oh, go on back to sleep.

"Whither goest thou, Oscar?"
"Faith, and I search for a good summer job."
"What luck?"
"Oh, a couple of blondes and a redhead."

"She's still a minor, you know."
"Miner hell, she's a regular gold digger."

Oily to bed
And oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man
When an auto he buys.

The blase one: "Save your breath, brother, that's all Greek to me."
In the wilds of the Big City,
Beside the Mississippi,
In the shadowed jungle primal,
Dwelt our hero.
Dwelt he there in lonely splendor,
Alone save for his thoughts,
Thinking when he had to,
Which was seldom, if at all.
For amusement he would hie him
Once in every blue moon
To the great stone Temple on the hill.
To the Temple where were classes,
Dreary classes every morning,
But he seldom made his classes.

In the fastness of the City,
Untracked, our hero roamed.
He loved to roam the game trails,
To pit his skill and cunning
Against the arts of creatures wise,
Or wiser than he in woodland.
He hunted in the wilderness
Of the great midnight Downtown
Where the silence fell oppressive,
Or it would if there were silence.
Just a stripling College brave,
A young buck turned to nature.
So Joe would hunt all night in
Downtown, the great white, lighted
Downtown,
And calmly wrestle pillows when
He should have made his classes.

One night there came to Downtown,
To primal, dazzling Downtown,
A shy and beauteous coed,
Set our hero's heart a-racing,
A-racing like all git-out,
She got him all a-lather.
So he stalked the wondrous coed,
Skilfully he stalked her,
Trailed the damsel to her hangout,
Lured her thence with lures of fodder,
Dished up in a night club gay,
Where the lights were dim and shaded,
Where the night was turned to day.
Chased he the lady always,
Every night he would escort her,
And every Morning After slept,
So he seldom made his classes.

In the end he conquered,
And she took him to her hangout,
Her hangout quite mysterious,
Where her Grecian Sisters waited,
Kappa Theta Alpha waited,
Waited for Our Hero,
In the dim, primeval Westend,
And they looped him.
While he seldom made his classes,
He smoothly made his lasses,
From then on.

Verse by the Hour—Pictures by Mistake
The Great American Bandwagon, by Charles Merz (John Day Company: $3.00)

To visit these United States and ascertain that we are a restless nation is the prerogative of foreigners. How and why should Americans know anything about their country? After all, they only live there. So when a Siegfried pens an “America Comes of Age”, or a Guedella escapes with a “Conquistador”, or a Keyserling bravely announces to a revolting youth that youth is revolting, we natives of Columbus’ accident are amazed at the exhaustive scrutiny, the keen analytical mind, and the penetrating research of these guests.

But here is a man who is guilty of writing about the phenomena of his country, and doing it well. Not by the knowledge gained through three short visits to attend the Shoe Dealers Convention, not by a thorough perusal of American literature gained at an early Tudor fireplace, no, not even by the conversation gained at six pre-lecture repasts and as many post-lecture banquets.—I say, in none of these fundamentally basic methods has Charles Merz been able to indulge for information. He was forced, poor man, to employ the raw materials of American activity as premises for his conclusion that America is active.

A queer bandwagon is that which Merz rolls out for us. It is a substantial, vividly-colored, one hundred per cent American-built vehicle, boasting of standardized occupants, and moving rapidly in the general direction of a perfect circle.

Who are riding this bandwagon? There are of course, the members of the Gideons, the Rotarians, the Kiwanians, the Woodmen of the World, the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, the Daughters of Rebekah, the Elks, Beavers, Lions, Serpents, Roosters, Orioles, Deer, Geese, Goats, and Bears, the Hoo-Hoo, the Sheiks of the Mosque, the Hooded Ladies of the Mystic Den, the Modern Order of White Mahatmas, the Irridescent Order of Iris, the Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur, and a host of other “Mystic”, “Illustrious”, “Imperial”, “Exalted”, “Royal”, and “Ancient” orders.

There are too, the increasing large number of radio jazz-mad fans who “tune out” talks on such important subjects as “What’s Wrong with Us Parents?” in order to hear, accompany, interrupt, or dance to Phil’s Five Fantastic Famous Fiddlers.

Like murder cases, peace conferences, and Ford, golf has become a national institution and threatens boxing matches for the number of its enthusiasts, challenges the “silver screen” for the intensity of the emotions which it arouses, and approaches the expense of a suburban hacienda near Pittsburg for the money which it involves. Yes, the golf experts, amateurs, and plodders are no small part of the bandwagon’s riders.

A hustling, bustling, active, moving, shrieking bandwagon is Merz’s. Many of America’s maladies are within its sphere: drug stores which have been known to dispense drugs; fight fans who have really seen the Big Fight, Italian type homes which resemble Italy in the sense that their inhabitants like wine; headliners in this morning’s papers who are idolized because they are what we would be and aren’t; cross-country tourists, who, while waiting for a train to whizz by, are chagrined because they are forced to see the scenery; bathing-beauty pageants which prove that business will utilize beauty wherever possible (in business); Americans touring Europe through a time-table; and finally this Week fad.

It is in describing this relatively new theory of concentrating into one week what is inconvenient to distribute throughout the year, that Merz best represents the theme of the whole book. We have our Remember-Your-Mother-Week, Kill-A-Mouse-Week, Learn-The-Constitution-Week, and Test-Your-Battery Week. In fact the time will soon come when there will be a shortage of weeks in the year and we might be forced to have a Stuffed-Date-Week and an Avoid-Indigestion-Week within the span of the same period. Eventually perhaps, the people will realize that the sudden spurts of seven days are mere manifestations of great activity and accomplish nothing; and when that day comes, the people will probably set aside the first week in each December as the Abolition-of-the-Week-of- Anything-Week.

M. M.
**A Mormon Wedding**

Some people wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. It's something like this:

Preacher (to groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

Groom: "I do."

Preacher (to brides): "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do."

Preacher: "Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."

---

"Say, girlie, are you very fast?"

"Listen, half-pint, give me five minutes with a man, and he's a fellow with a past."

---

Make Ready: After a man succeeds in printing one kiss upon a girl's lips it's an easy matter to run off a large edition.

---

**Rewarded**

Proper training certainly shows results. For nineteen years my wife and I labored unceasingly, early and late, teaching our son the noble beauty of generosity and the inherent duty of unselfishness. At last we got a response to our efforts. Yesterday he agreed to let us use the car while he is away during the winter semester.

---

He held her to his manly breast
And murmured, "I love thee."

He hadn't time to tell the rest—
His roadster climbed a tree.

---

**Not a Squawk**

Host (appearing on darkened veranda): Are you young folks all enjoying yourselves?

(absolute silence.)

Host (returning indoors): That's fine!

---

"Billy grabbed me last night and said he was going to kiss me."

"God! I bet you were scared."

"I was—I thought for a minute he was going to back out."

---

"Prithee, sir, how pass thou the time?"

"Ha! Ha! Gertie, I'm the editor of the hangman's Journal."

O, I see, a noose-paper."

---

"Then we're engaged?"

"Of course."

"And am I the first girl you ever loved?"

"No, dear, but I'm harder to suit now than I used to be."

---

"Bill just met a girl who was hard as concrete."

"What did he do?"

"Took her for a walk."

---

"What ho, Alexanhiprodes, lend an ear. Do you approve of tight skirts?"

"Nay, non, no, dear Beautaplantus, I think women should leave liquor alone."

---

We admit the Indiana band did very well on spelling "Harvard," but we'd like to see them come up against "The Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

---

Notice: When spreading your coat at a picnic for a girl friend to sit on, take it off first.

---

Mountaineer: Where is my gal Nell?

Summer Visitor: Now, don't be alarmed, she has just gone up in the mountains.

Mountaineer: Fool, don't ye know thar's bars in them mountains?

S. V.: Well, she's on a bicycle, so I guess she can handle bars.
MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

An imposing line-up of pictures is featured at Skouras Brothers’ Ambassador, Missouri, and Grand Central theaters for the week of April 7. At the Ambassador, Harold Lloyd’s newest production, “Speedy” is the attraction with Ed Lowry’s stage show “Gens.” At the Missouri, Billie Dove is introduced for the first time to Missouri audiences in “The Heart of a Follies Girl” with Larry Kent and Lowell Sherman, while Brooke Johns’ “Farewell Week” show is the stage attraction. At the Grand Central a truly great Vitaphone feature is offered, Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel in “Tenderloin”, featuring for the first time human voices in the major part of the picture.

In the following weeks some of the year’s greatest pictures will be offered at these Skouras houses. No definite date has been set on them, nor has the theater at which they will play been decided. Among them are Anne Nichols’ tremendous success “Abie’s Irish Rose” with Charles (Buddy) Rogers as Abie, and Nancy Carroll as “Rose.” Richard Dix in his latest sensation “Easy Come, Easy Go” also has for a co-star Nancy Carroll, the screen’s newest “find.”

Bebe Daniels in the “50-50 Girl” will be offered soon, as will “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come”, featuring Richard Barthelmess and Molly O’Day, stars of “The Patent Leather Kid.”

Other productions which will be shown soon are “Doomsday” with Gary Cooper and Florence Vidor; “Something Always Happens”, starring Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton; “Lilac Time”, featuring Colleen Moore; and “The Big Noise”, featuring Sam Hardy and Chester Conklin.

An “all beautiful” film attraction is coming to the Missouri Theater.

“The Heart of a Follies Girl”, a First National Picture starring Billie Dove, surely deserves the description. On its display of feminine charms alone the tired business men of the audience would award it a beauty prize!

Costumes, not only in Follies scenes but in others throughout the picture, are gorgeous. Their striking originality of design and profusion, should delight feminine spectators of “The Heart of a Follies Girl.”

And for a background, beautiful settings, beautiful scenery, and beautiful photography!

Larry Kent plays opposite Miss Dove and Lowell Sherman heads the masculine portion of the supporting cast.

“Fast and furious” is an expression that carries little weight any longer, owing to its misuse by motion picture press agents, but nothing more aptly described Harold Lloyd’s newest production “Speedy” which comes to the Ambassador theater.

From start to finish it is literally a whirlwind of comedy, as the name implies. Lloyd, in the breezy character of a New York boy, whose principal vocation is losing jobs, gives one of his most likeable characterizations, and in addition has a story that is appealing, as well as based on fact.

Lloyd has a variety of positions in “Speedy” ranging from soda jerker, to the chauffeur of a horse car, with a taxicab pilot, and several others sandwiched in between.

Gang warfare, fights to the death, riots, speeding police cars—raw virile melodrama, richly seasoned with the inimitable comedy of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. That describes “Partners in Crime.”

Beery has the part of a dumb detective whose heart is right but whose mind is just a few hours behind time. Hatton has a dual role. First he is a wise-cracking newspaper reporter and then he is “Knife” Reagan, an underworld gang leader.

One of the most amusing features of the plot centers about this resemblance between the reporter and the gang leader. Beery knocks the gangster cold thinking it is the reporter, who is his rival for the girl in the case.

When a beautiful blonde girl sets out to look for trouble usually finds it and so do the people with whom she comes in contact. Esther Ralston does everything from making faces at policemen to kidnapping a judge in her Paramount picture “Love and Learn.”

Among other things the dynamic golden haired star does in this picture are drive an automobile through a police station window, fire a revolver in a crowded court room, overpower a matron and escape from jail and foil a plotted frame-up on the judge she had kidnapped.

The dangers of too hasty marriage in these days of wild parties among certain classes of the younger generation is vividly pointed out in “Mad Hour”, the adaptation of Elinor Glyn’s stirring novel, “The Man and the Moment.”

(Continued on page 22)
He: "Tell the truth, now don't you wish you were a man?"
She: "Yes, indeed, don't you?"

—Mercury

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"
"Oh, I jest get up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."

—Tiger

Cop: Hey there, collegian, where to with the drunken coed?
Collegian: I'm taking her to a lecture, officer.
Cop: Who's giving a lecture at four o'clock in the morning?
Collegian: Her housemother, officer.

—Carnegie Puppet

John had just finished a very large evening and as he tiptoed into the house rather unsteadily he crashed into the goldfish bowl and sprawled on to the floor.

Ah—a voice from upstairs:
"John, is that you?"
"Aw, you gwan back t' bed—I ain't goin' t' let no damn goldfish bite me."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

Warlike Uncle: "And if you drill religiously every day—who knows—when the next war comes, you may be the unknown soldier!"

—Exchange

She: "You know, I like variety—it's the spice of life."
He: "Look me over, kid, my name is Heinz."

—Orange Peel

1st Mother: "You know I have the time of my life keeping dirt out of my children's ears."
2nd Mother: "It's just the same with me. My husband doesn't seem to care what he says in front of the children."

—Stevens Stone Mill

Co-ed (to frosh who just tried to kiss her): Don't you know any better?
Frosh: Sure, I know better, but none of them will let me, either.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot
In the film Donald Reed, son of a millionaire, and Sally O’Neil, daughter of a taxi driver, are wed at a 2 a.m. “gin marriage,” with Reed so befuddled that he didn’t know what he was doing.

“Mad Hour” is a story of jazz-loving, careless youth, going a mile-a-minute clip, and in addition to Miss O’Neil and Reed features Alice White, Lowell Sherman, Norman Trevor and others.

George Sidney and Charlie Murray never want to see another aviation school as long as they live. The reason is that both comedians went to “school” with a vengeance while making First National’s great aviation comedy, “Flying Romeos.”

Sidney and Murray play a couple of barbers who want to learn aviation. When they arrive at the school they find it in charge of a young man who is a rival of theirs for the hand of a certain young lady. What he does to them when he gets them in all the trick machinery of the school is plenty, and it effectively cures both Murray and Sidney of aviation ambitions for all time.

LOEW’S STATE

“Quality Street,” Barrie’s famous stage play, opens March 31. Marion Davies, as Phoebe, gives a smooth representation of the ups and downs, ins and outs, and there are many, of the famous heroine. Barrie’s very satisfactory ending has fortunately been preserved, along with his original humor, which loses nothing by modern high-lighting.

Our perpetual Lindbergh covers 40,000 miles in a rather good added feature.

“The Latest From Paris” gives starry-eyed Norma Shearer a wonderful chance to involve and extricate herself from some really remarkable situations. As a lady salesman for a clothing firm she looks potent enough to sell a text-book to a college boy. If you like Norma, and we do, you’ll like this.

“The Garden of Eden” is not a fig-leaf farce, as one might suppose from the title, but takes its name from a hotel in Monte Carlo, where Corinne Griffith pulls some fast ones. As a cabaret singer who spends a great deal of time being disillusioned, and some more very entertaining moments having her ideals restored, our Corinne comes through the matrimonial fade-out in great style.

William Haines, the wise youth of the screen, bats a polo ball from one end of “The Smart Set” to the other. His well known propensity for blithely raising thunder with the public’s mental equilibrium gets plenty of action, and incidentally is the cause of his being booted out of the championship match. However, this same wisecracking attitude reinstates him, and he loops the winning goal, together with the girl in the case, Alice Day. We consider this all very entertaining.

AMERICAN THEATRE

Classic drama will have its inning at the American Theater during the month of April. The first attraction of the month, playing four performances only, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, April 2, 3 and 4, with a matinee on Wednesday, is George C. Tyler’s third annual classic revival, Vicofrien Sardou’s masterpiece, “Diplomacy”, presented by an all-star cast including Margaret Anglin, Frances Starr, William Faversham, Jacob Ben-Ami, Helen Gahagan, Rollo Peters, Cecilia Loftus, Charles Coburn, Tyrone Power, Georgette Colman, Georges Renevant, Antony Holles, Ralph Bunker and Dorothy Fane.

The week beginning Sunday night, April 8th, at the American will be devoted to a special Shakespearean festival presented by the distinguished American actor, Fritz Leiber, and associate players. This engagement is of particular importance because it will mark the first presentation in this city of “The Taming of the Shrew” in modern habiliments. Two performances of the week, Sunday night and Saturday matinee will be devoted to “The Shrew” in modern dress. The repertory at other performances is as follows: Monday night, “Hamlet”; Tuesday night, “Macbeth”; Wednesday matinee, “Romeo and Juliet”; Wednesday night, “Merchant of Venice”; Thursday night, “Julius Caesar”; Friday night, “Twelfth Night”, and Saturday night, “Othello”.

The third dramatic attraction of the month is George C. Tyler’s second classic revival for the spring of 1928, Goldsmith’s comedy, “She Stoops to Conquer”, for which another all-star cast has been assembled. Among the players are Fay Bainter, Glenn Hunter, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lyn Harding, O. P. Heggie, Patricia Collinge, Lawrance D’Orsay, Wilfrid Seagram, Marie Carroll, Horace Braham, George Tawde, John D. Seymour, Thos. Coffin Cooke, William Lorenz and Harold Thomas. “She Stoops to Conquer” will be offered at five performances only—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, April 16-17-18-19, and a matinee on Wednesday.
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Bad to Worse

Skippy— I saw a man swallow a sword.
Dippy— That's nothin', I saw a man inhale a camel.

D D D

“Would you like to see some rare books?”
“No, I prefer them well done.”

D D D

Frau—“Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear, a truck ran over your new hat.”
Absent-minded Prof.—“Was I wearing it?”

D D D

“No woman tells me what to do; I'm boss in my home.”
“Yeah, I'm a bachelor, too.”

D D D

“Do you love me?”
“Uh-huh.”
“Then why doesn’t your chest heave like in the movies?”

D D D

Different Story

“Ma, baby just dropped a penny down the well!”
“I'll give him another.”
“Oh, don’t bother, he still has it in his hand.”

D D D

Flo: “What’s the difference between a girl and a horse?”
Joe: “I don’t know.”
Flo: “I’ll bet you have some great dates.”

D D D

“Sir, I believe you’re trying to kiss me!”
“Well, now that you understand, suppose we quit assaulting each other and co-operate a little.”

D D D

Dear Old Lady—“Dear me, what were those college boys arrested for down at the cemetery?”
Constable—“I caught ’em replacing the ‘No trespassing’ signs with ‘Happiness in every box’ advertisements.”

D D D

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Steps of Sophistication

Freshman: “I don’t know.”
Sophomore: “I am not prepared.”
Junior: “I do not remember.”
Senior: “I don’t believe I can add anything to what has been said.”

“I sent my boy to college to acquire a little polish,” moaned Farmer Brown, “and now he’s drinking it!”

Wanted—A Cashier

“I understand the bank is looking for a cashier.”
“I thought they hired one last week?”
“They did. That’s the one they’re looking for.”

Judge: “Why do you want a retrial?”
Lawyer: “On grounds of newly discovered evidence.”
Judge: “What is the nature of it?”
Lawyer: “My client has dug up four hundred dollars that I didn’t know he had.”

“Did you say your girl’s legs were without equal?”
“No; I said they knew no parallel.”

She had him bored stiff, and now, turning the pages of the family album, came to a picture of herself, when a bright little tot, seated at her father’s knee.

“Who,” the visitor inquired, reaching for his hat, “is the ventriloquist?”
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She: "Say! What do you think you are doing?"
He: "Oh, about forty-five." —Siren

Co-ed: "Have you Prince Albert in cans?"
Drug Store Clerk: "Yes."
Co-ed: "Why don’t you let him out?"
—U. S. C. Wampus

Bringing in the Sheaves
"Church was out early last night, wasn’t it?"
"Yes."
"What was the trouble?"
"Someone blew an auto horn outside and the male quartet was all that was left."
—Nevada Desert Wolf

Noise: Knock, knock, knock.
Pope: "Who is it?"
Pope’s Chamberlain, a bit griped, for having to wake his master every morning: "8:00 o’clock sir, and all is fair."
Pope: "The Lord and I know it, you may go."
P. C.: "You and the Lord are two wise guys—it is 4:00 o’clock and raining like hell."
—Buccaner

"Hey, your headlights are out."
"I know it—I put wood alcohol in the radiator and the darned things went blind."
—Pointer

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway): "Do you ever speak to strangers on the street?"
Sweet Little Dove: "Oh, no."
S. L.: "Well, then shut up."
—Chaparral
Phi: "What's your best course?"
Beta: "Straight past the dean's office —what's yours?"
Phi: "A course in etiquette! Life Savers are 'always good taste'."

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Headline in Japanese paper: Three Killed and Several Wounded in a Pillow Fight. (N. B. Japanese are still making their pillows of wood.) —Princeton Tiger

"I won $10 by drinking twenty whiskeys."
"What did you do with the ten?"
"Oh, I went out and got drunk on it." —Lehigh Burr

Employer (to Applicant): Do you smoke?
Applicant: No.
Employer: Do you drink?
Applicant: No.
Employer: Do you go out with girls?
Applicant: No.
Employer: What do you do?
Applicant: I'm a perfume salesman. —Lehigh Burr

Simple: What kind of a fellow is Jack?
Ton: Well, when he gets in a taxi, they leave the "vacant" sign up. —Pitt Panther

"What's the big hole in the sidewalk?"
"Some skeptic threw his Parker pen out of the twenty-sixth story window." —Cynic

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Professor: "It gives me great pleasure to give you sixty in English."

Student: "Why don't you make it ninety and have a heck of a good time?"

—Belle Hop

Stude (writing): I would write more, sweetheart, but my room-mate is reading over my shoulder.

Room-mate: You're a dirty liar.

—Whirlwind

"Mary has the grippe."

"Ye Gods! Does she know the password, too?"

—Georgia Cracker

He (despairingly): What makes you think I don't love you?

She: They say actions speak louder than words, and all you have been doing so far is talk!

—Lehigh Burr

"No, Mabel, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house."

—Moonshine

Limehouse: This 'ere Venus is a naked 'ussy.

Nights: Aw, quite 'armless I calls 'er.

—Virginia Reel

Pat: "How do you tell the age of a turkey?"

Mike: "By the teeth."

Pat: "Turkeys have no teeth."

Mike: "No, but I have."

—Flamingo

Daughter: "He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

Mother: "No, dear, let him keep on thinking so."

—Belle Hop

"I know a girl who plays the piano by ear."

"Nothing—I know a man who fiddled with his whiskers."

—Lord Jeff

Jane: "Look here, Pearl, it says that every time you get kissed it shortens your life three minutes."

Pearl: "OOOOoooooo ooooooo...

Jane: "Why the exclamation?"

Pearl: "Nothing, I was just thinking how long I would have lived."

—Tennessee Mugwump

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Tact

The nervous passenger approached the captain timidly.

"What would happen, sir," she asked, "if we struck an iceberg?"

"The iceberg would pass along as if nothing had happened," replied the captain. And the old lady was very relieved.

—Princeton Tiger

Jules Verne: Patron (at library): "I want to get a book on Atlantic City."

New Attendant: "How would you like 'A thousand Legs Under the Sea'?"

—Iowa Fritol

A western paper reprints the story of a man who said his wife explored his pockets one night. Like all explorers, all she found was material for a lecture.

—Stone Mill

"Dr. Goofus has certainly worked himself up, hasn't he?"

"How's that?"

"He used to be a chiropodist: now he's a dentist."

—Texas Ranger

Then They Shot Him

Surgeon (to attendant): "Go and get the name of the accident victim so that we can inform his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later): "He says his mother knows his name."

—Buffalo Bison

An old lady, visiting an insane asylum, observed the lunatics at work. One man was standing in a corner, idle.

"My good man," inquired the O. L., "why don't you work? Aren't you crazy?"

"Yes, mum, but not that crazy," the man replied.

—Flamingo

Grand Slam

Sweet Young Thing (coming in with attentive partner from room where hard bridge match has just finished): Oh, mother, I've just captured the booby.

Mother: Well, well; come over here and kiss me, both of you.

—Banter
So, This is Leap Year

When you've been spending all of your evenings and most of your pay for three years on a wonderful girl.

"And you've never been able to get up enough nerve to pop the big question.

I've been thinking a lot lately and--"Uh--I thought how wonderful it would be er--er--if we could go to the theatre tomorrow night.

"And then one night she shows signs of becoming sentimental.

Joe, you know I think a terrible lot of you.

I want you to smoke old gold cigarettes...I'm frightfully worried about that cough of yours.

This may be leap year but it means nothing in my shattered life.

And I hope you won't think I'm terribly forward in asking you this.

---not a cough in a carload
One of life’s great pleasures is smoking

Camels give you all of the enjoyment of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment good for you? You just bet it is.