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### Washington University Dirge: Travel Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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THE "WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY"

# Dirge

FEBRUARY 1928

25¢



- TRAVEL-NUMBER -

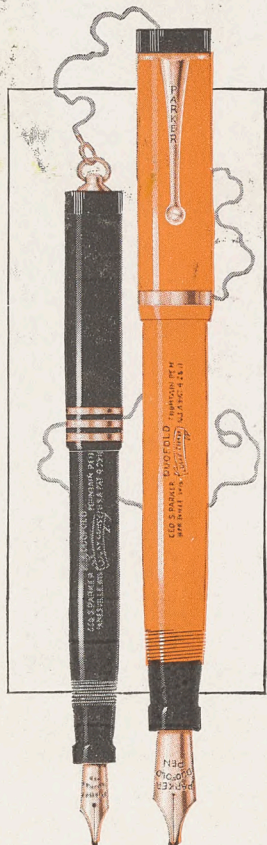
"ALL RIGHT, NOW, 'MR. DUOFOLD,'  
TAKE DOWN THESE NOTES."



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Take notes, write themes, long letters, etc., with a New Duofold and learn what it saves in *time* as well as effort.

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Parker Permanite [28% lighter but 1000% stronger than the rubber formerly employed] is *Non-Breakable*. So this new Parker is a *Permanent Pen*.

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# Parker Duofold

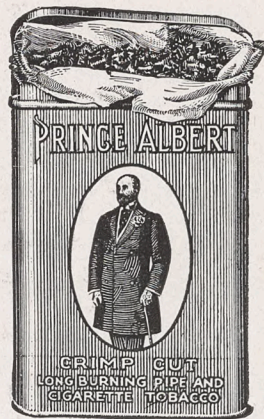
Your Permanent Pen



# They say P.A. is the world's largest seller

I DON'T doubt it, nor do I wonder why. Just open a tidy red tin and get that full fragrance of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. Then tuck a load in the business-end of your old jimmy-pipe.

Now you've got it—that taste—that Lead-me-to-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Cool as a condition. Sweet as making it up. Mellow and satisfying. Try this mild, long-burning tobacco, Fellows. I *know* you'll like it.

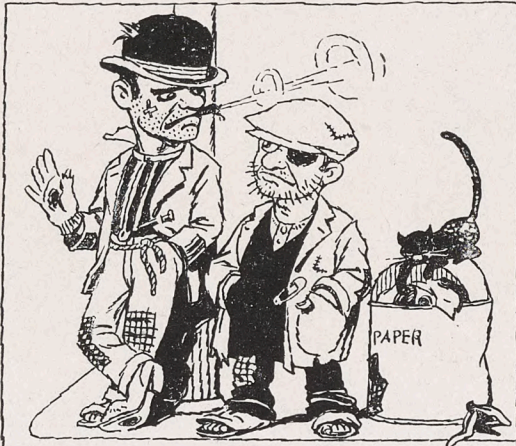


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Ya goin to Urop?  
Naw my S.T.C.A. application  
was toined down . . .

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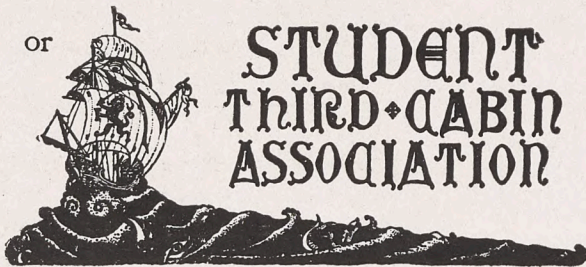
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"Strange that medicine didn't help you. Did you follow the directions?"

"Yes—they said keep bottle tightly corked."

—Pointer

— D D D —

A group of tourists were looking into the crater of Vesuvius and were amazed at the boiling mass.

"Aint that just like hell?" exclaimed an American.

"Ah, ze Americans!" remarked a Frenchman.  
"Where have zey not been?"

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

Burglar—Where have you been?

His partner—Robbing a fraternity house.

Burglar—Lose anything?

—Kitty-Kat

— D D D —

### One Way of Doing It

An undergraduate, seemingly a permanent fixture around the University, was showing his visiting parents around the campus.

"That," he explained, indicating a large brick house, "is the Chancellor's residence."

He next indicated a large window.

"That is the Chancellor's study window," he continued.

Then he removed one of the bricks from the Fourteenth street pavement and threw it through the window. The glass broke with a startling crash, and instantly an old gentleman, his face purple with rage, appeared at the ruined window.

"And THAT," the undergraduate concluded imperturbably, "is 'Ernie' himself."

—Sour Owl

— D D D —

The party was hilarious. In fact, everybody was certainly having a great time. Laughter, shrieks and giggles.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. The bedlam ceased abruptly, and a stony silence fell upon the merry-makers.

"My husband!" was the fearful thought in every woman's mind. Whereupon the men scuttled for cover, leaping out the windows, and dashing for the back door. Came another knock. Every woman trembled, expecting her husband to come in.

He came. It was Brigham Young.

—Red Cat

— D D D —

"McDonall, will ye not have a cigarette?"

"Thank ye, no. I never smoke wi' gloves on. I canna stand the smell of burning leather."

—Lampon

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## Any Sunday Morning in Scotland

Scotchman—Give me change for a dime, please.  
Storekeeper—Sure, and I hope you enjoy the ser-  
mon. —*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

“Why so smooth?”  
“I’ve a date with Milton C. Work’s daughter and  
I’m taking her out in my best suit.”  
—*Jack-o’-Lantern*

— D D D —

Boss: “Say, where in blazes are you two worth-  
less niggers going? Why don’t you get to work?”  
Mose: “We’s working, Boss. We’s carryin’ dis  
heah plank to de mill.”

Boss: “Plank! I don’t see any plank.”  
Mose: “Well, foh de Lawd’s sake, Sam. Ef we  
hain’t gone and clean forgot de plank!”  
—*Froth*

— D D D —

Handsome young professor of Romance lan-  
guages—Very good, but why do you use the inti-  
mate form of the verb in translating the sentence?  
Attractive Co-ed (pouting)—Well—I thought  
after last night—  
—*Colorado Dodo*

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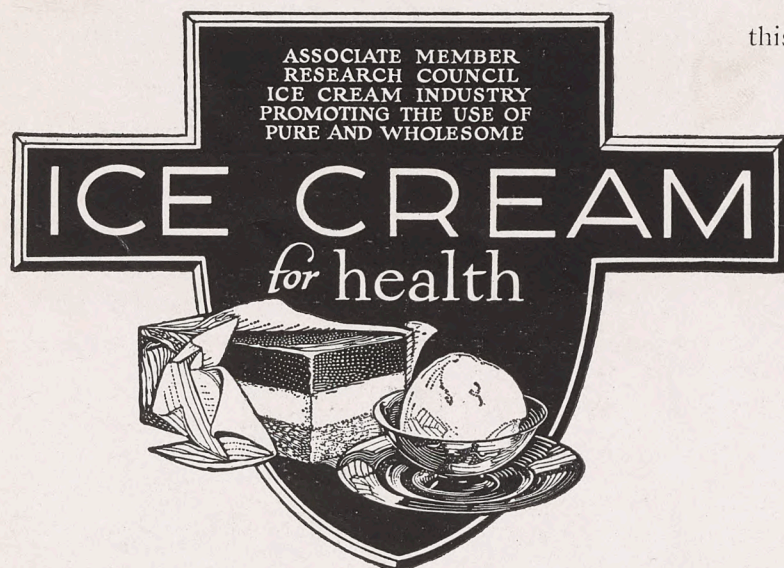
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**Progress**

Two young men met upon the street,  
Their step was quick; appearance, neat,  
Said one, "Say, Henry, good old scout,  
I hear the new Ford's coming out."

The years had passed and left their trace,  
Two old men walked with feeble pace.  
Said one, "Say Henry, good old scout,  
I hear the new Ford's coming out."

— D D D —

**A Prayer**

"Please God, send a plague or something upon  
these pestiferous Moran and Mack imitators with  
their continual 'What did you bring that up for?'  
and 'What causes that?' I can't stand it it much  
longer. In fact, 'I don't feel well'."

—Sun Dial

— D D D —

Mr. Wood, what's that piece of paper doing  
behind your radiator?"

Wood tiptoes over quietly so as not to disturb the  
paper, examines it carefully and answers:

"It's not doing anything now, sir."

—Pointer

— D D D —

Tonsorial Artist: "Business is rotten. If it  
doesn't pick up soon I'm going to open a butcher  
shop."

Voice from barber chair: "And will you close  
this one?"

—Ski-U-Mah

— D D D —

Waiter: Would you like to drink  
Canada Dry, sir?

E. Bracken-Bracknavitch: I'd love  
to, but I'm only here for a week.

—Judge

— D D D —

Baby Eskimo: Bawwwww! I wanna  
drink!

Mother Eskimo: Shut up—it's only  
two months 'till morning.

—Octopus

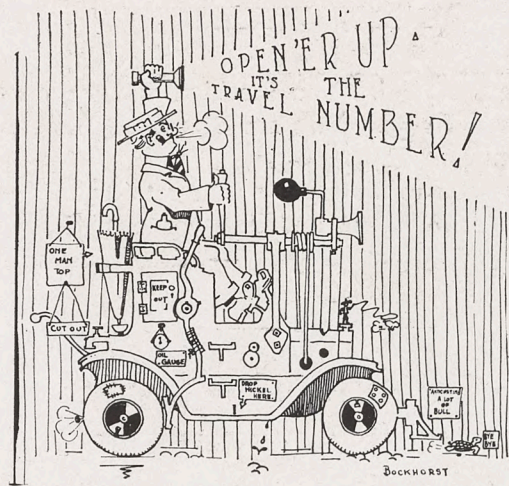
— D D D —

"I say, old deah, do you neck?"

"If I don't, how do you suppose I got  
into this house party, on my face?"

"Well, if you did, you sure came over  
a rough road."—Carolina Buccaneer

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"I hear you've got a new baby, Mandy. What have you named him?"

"Oh we calls him Veto, Miss Smif."

"Veto? And why?"

"Cause when de doctah came he said, 'Well, if it ain't another little black bawl.'" —*Bison*

— D D D —

"You are beautiful. You are kind and wonderful. You are divine. You are everything that is good," he murmured.

"Oh, you flatterer, how you exaggerate."

"Well, that's my story, and I'll stick to it," he replied. —*Texas Ranger*

— D D D —

It was noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

A shrill, clear voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned around as one, and among the sea of brown faces could be distinguished one small, delicate yellow one.

The genial priest straightened up and smiled. "There seems to be a little Confucian here," he said.

—*Jacko*

A Scotchman stood in line waiting to purchase seats for "The Miracle."

Behind him stood a Jew.

"Have you two dollar seats for this show?" inquired the Scot when he finally reached the window.

"I am sorry, we are all sold out of the two dollar ones," was the reply.

"Then give me four dollar seats," said the Highlander.

When the Hebrew heard this, he immediately left the line.

"I will keep my money . . . . I have seen de Miracle," said he. —*Ex.*

— D D D —

**Husband Murdered**

Wife (reading her scenario)—It was the witching hour of midnight. A white hand appeared out of the murky darkness. Two white robed figures stole along the corridor and the clock struck one.

Bored Husband—Which one?

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

The main trouble with Paris is that it isn't Nice.

—*Octopus*

*The*  
**DIRGE**  
 "Jest in Peace"

Travel Number

"Europe to liquidate war-debt."—News Item.  
 Several thousand Americans will also be well liquidated.

— D D D —

A rolling stone gathers no moss, neither does it cloud up and become stagnant.

— D D D —

As the prima donna's maid remarked when the lady yodeler showed up as boiled as a hoot-owl, "You can't go on like that."

— D D D —

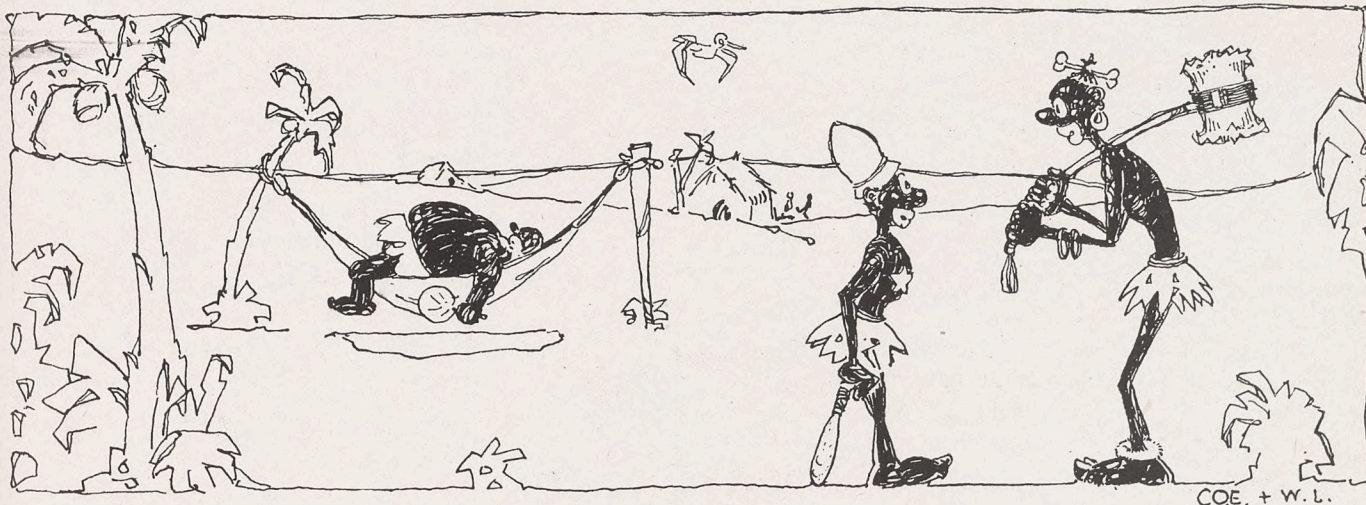
We have just thought up a bullet-proof way to get rid of the cat that always comes back. First, take a long walk, the cat will naturally follow. Walk all day, without stopping for meals. The kitty will work off all of its surplus avoirdupois, fading away to a mere shadow of its former self. Now, put the pussy in a dark room and turn out the light. Obviously, the shadow will disappear.

(Patent applied for)

— D D D —

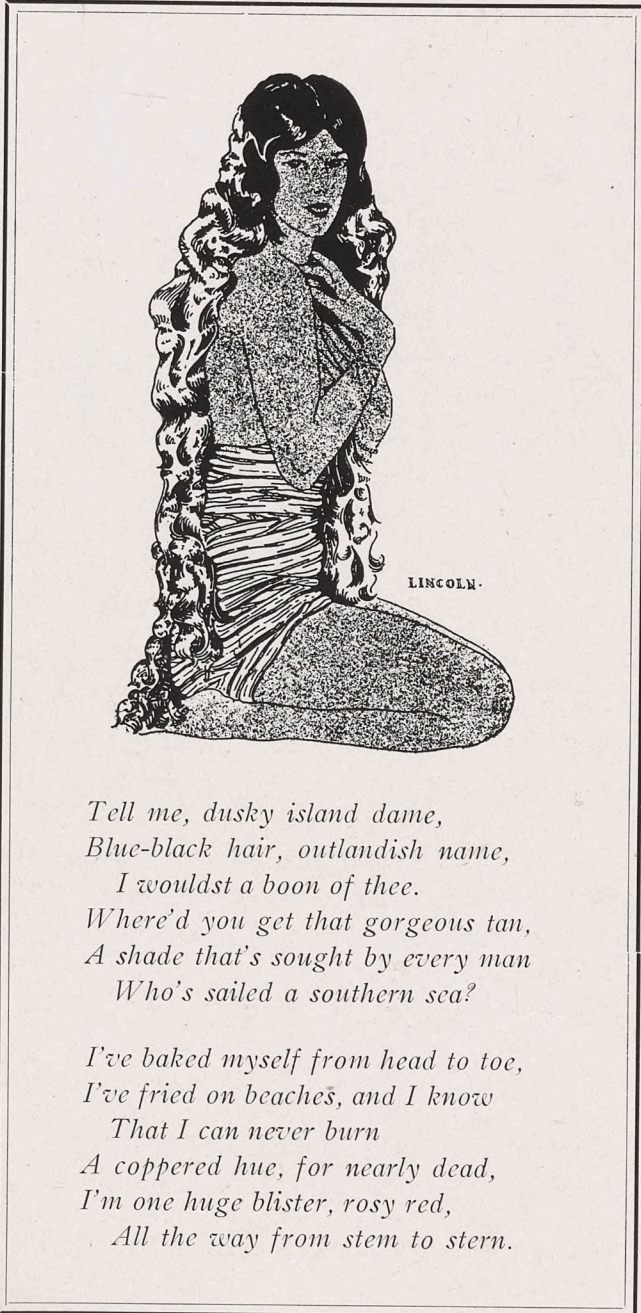
"Yes, we ran into an awful fog in London."  
 "I know, and you're still in it."

— D D D —



"Whah y'all goin' wid dat mallet, eight ball?"

"Well, smoke, de chief wants some music and he done sent me out to beat on de biggest tom-tom in town."



*Tell me, dusky island dame,  
Blue-black hair, outlandish name,  
I wouldst a boon of thee.  
Where'd you get that gorgeous tan,  
A shade that's sought by every man  
Who's sailed a southern sea?*

*I've baked myself from head to toe,  
I've fried on beaches, and I know  
That I can never burn  
A coppered hue, for nearly dead,  
I'm one huge blister, rosy red,  
All the way from stem to stern.*

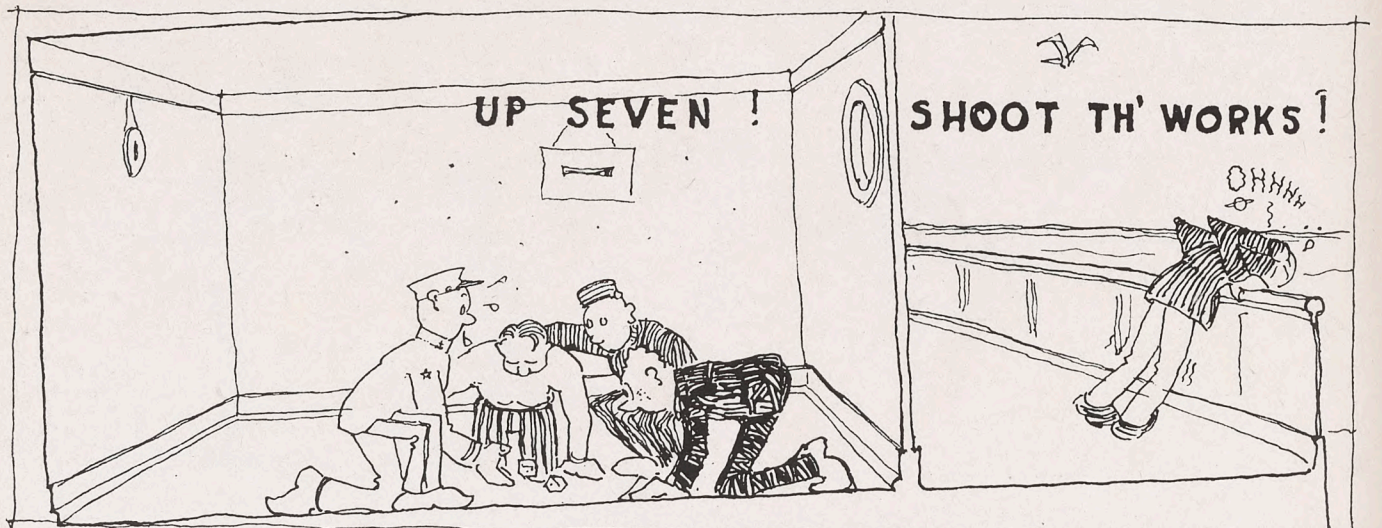
### Fish Stories in the Pribiloff Islands

We were hunting the deadly *Giasticutus* fish, a creature known throughout the scientific world for its peculiar habit of swimming on its back, so that its spine, which is very tender, will not be sun-burned by the blistering rays of the Midnight Sun. Consequently the fishes tumtum is burned a deep tan, while its back is a pale pink, which has nothing to do with this tale. Another rare trait of the *Giasticutus* is its custom of swimming backward, to keep the salt water out of its eyes.

First we bored a three foot hole in the Behring Sea, near the favorite hangout of the fish (in nautical terms, a dive), then the native guide very carefully sprinkled the sides of the hole with fine tobacco shavings. Soon a whopping big *Giasticutus* came pedaling along, in the approved reverse english style. He (or she, we never knew which) made a dive for the tobacco shavings, which he devoured in spirals and circles, gradually working to the surface of the sea. When his nose, which by the way points downward to keep it from filling with water and drowning him, appeared above the horizon, I batted him a lusty bat behind the frontal sinus, the fishes only vulnerable spot, with a left handed monkey wrench, lashed to a shaft made from a thirty-five inch yard-stick. A single gasping cry of "Mammy", and he was mine.

Moral: Girls, never try to land a sucker without a sugar coated line.

— D D D —



Song Without Words

CE.T.W.L.

If Paris is truly the Capital of the World there is going to be some real "capital punishment" when next summer's crop of tourists blows in.

— D D D —

**The Return of the Jazz-Singer**

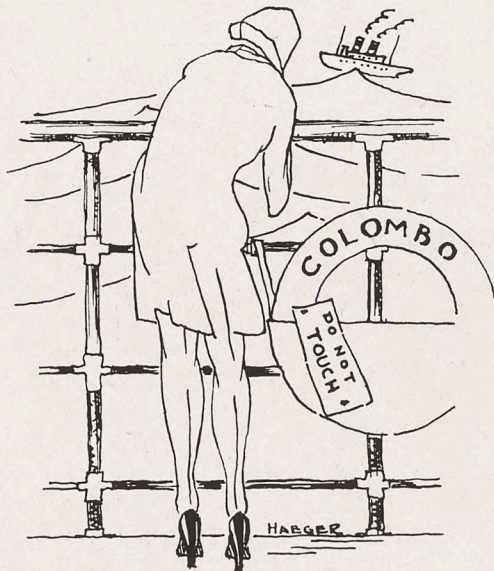
Mammy, Mammy, can't you hear your little baby, Mammy, Mammy. Heart-sick and blue Mammy Mine, got to see the old home stead, those roses that climb on the window sill, that little brown pup, ah why did I ever roam? Just two more miles and I'll be back to that little old paradise I left behind me, where the only real joys and real loves exist. Oh— Oh—just one more little mile to heaven. Give me strength to get there—just to set my dogs where everything is so sweet. Ah, there it is, my little old shack, and here she comes that little mother of mine. See how glad she is to see me. Mammy, Mammy Mine, here comes your little rolling stone—

"Rolling stone, Hell, you only been gone a week and now you've come back to cadge off'n me and the old man, somemore!!!"

— D D D —

The guy who called Rome the "Eternal City" must have waited for more than one street car there.

— D D D —

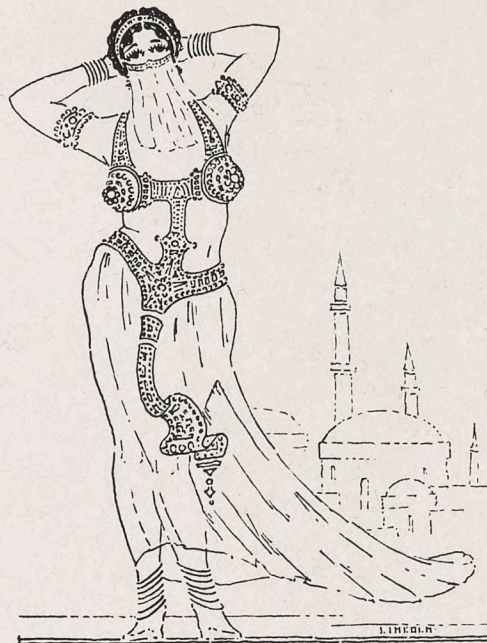


Going to Europe by rail

— D D D —

1st Traveling Salesman: "Ever notice how the waiter brings your bill and puts it on the table face down? I've turned over more than one bill."

2nd Ditto: "Yeah, to someone else."



The Sultan calls her his "Chewing Gum Girl," because she's all wrigley.

— D D D —

No, little girl, the Tour Eiffel is not a ride in a rubberneck wagon.

— D D D —

**My Castle In Spain**

Cloud high and rose tinted it glowed in the rays of the setting sun, a sight to delight the heart of any romantically inclined young person. The materialization of many a fiction tale of adventure and bold deeds of love and sword. One of the famed Castles in Castile, peopled by the ghosts of courtly Dons and languid Marquesas, swarthy, white of teeth, and lithe of carriage. It crowned an impregnable slope which was laced with a serpentine of silvery white roadway, leading to the golden portal that had received, and probably would receive for years to come, the fairest and noblest of the most romantic in the world.

But it is rather hard on one's imagination to find a Castle in Castile inhabited by a family of overweight, greasy, garlic odoured individuals, and to discover that the far-beckoning roof of scarlet tile was laid by an American plumber two years ago and leaks like the devil already. Romantic ideals might have withstood even these sad blows, but I have yet to meet the dream of the Roseate Past that can weather a wood-pussy beneath the bed.

— D D D —

After a dose of Italian wine we wonder that the Leaning Tower is no worse than it is.



If at first you don't succeed, remember that all French girls are not alike.

— D D D —

### I Went Abroad Because

Of the old wanderlust.  
Travel is educational.  
I needed a change of climate.  
Liquor is legal in Europe.  
My friends were all going.  
I love the sea.  
Foreign sights intrigue me.  
and  
Because the police told me to.

— D D D —

### How To Not See Paris In a Week

Sunday. Louvre, Galleries Royale, Tour Eiffel, Saint Chapelle, Luxembourg, "Qu'est-ce que c'est?"  
Monday. Notre Dame, Rumplemeyer's, Moulin Rouge, Poisson Noire, "Je ne comprend pas."  
Tuesday. Zelli's, Ritz Bar, Maison Russe, Ciro's, "Certainement non!"  
Wednesday. Harry's New York Bar, Les Ambassadeurs, Le Cheval Vert, "Pas ce soir."  
Thursday. Cafe de la Paix, Continental Bar, Morte Chat, Cowboy Bar, Le Barre Americaine, Folies Bergere, "Hell yes, let's go!"  
Friday. The Bastille.  
Saturday. Banker's Trust, Gare du Nord, Cherbourg, to New York.

### Why I'm Not Going to Europe

I hate foreigners.  
I'm going to study.  
Travel upsets my nerves.  
It is so common.  
I can't spare the time.  
and  
I haven't got the dough.

— D D D —

### Custom-airy

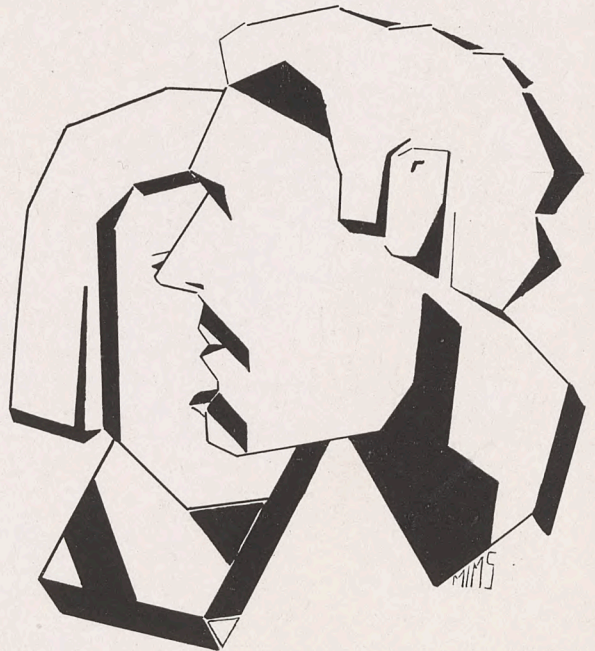
"Of course I'm not tight! The very idea! Insulting a lady to her face! And if you think I have more than six quarts in my suitcase, you're insane! Officer, I intend to see a friend of my husband's brother-in-law who is related to someone who has an acquaintance in the Coast Guard. He'll fix *you*. 'Tight!' My word, just because a lady has a little breath on her and a few measly old bottles in her bag, you think you own the earth, but you'll see. I've been bringing this stuff in for years, and no dumb questions asked, and now, with only six little quarts you raise such an awful row and accuse a lady of being tight!"

"You have six quarts, lady?"

"Yes, and what's more—"

"Fifty dollars fine." (to his buddy) "What's that old dame squawking about? Tight my eye! I asked that old crow behind her if he had a light."

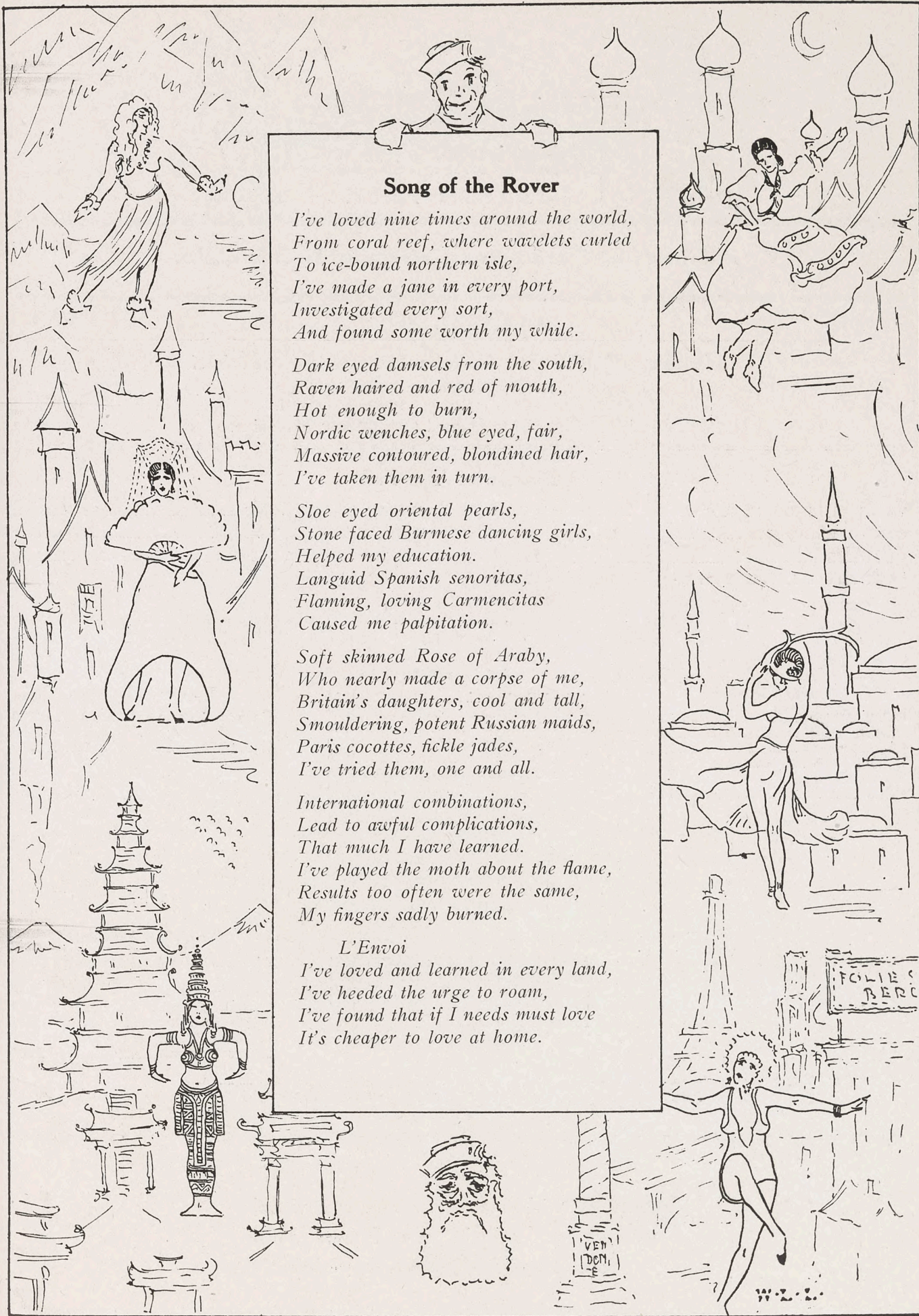
— D D D —



Her: How'd you get along with Emma?

Hym: OKMHX.

(Translate this to suit yourself)



**Song of the Rover**

*I've loved nine times around the world,  
 From coral reef, where wavelets curled  
 To ice-bound northern isle,  
 I've made a jape in every port,  
 Investigated every sort,  
 And found some worth my while.*

*Dark eyed damsels from the south,  
 Raven haired and red of mouth,  
 Hot enough to burn,  
 Nordic wenches, blue eyed, fair,  
 Massive contoured, blondined hair,  
 I've taken them in turn.*

*Sloe eyed oriental pearls,  
 Stone faced Burmese dancing girls,  
 Helped my education.  
 Languid Spanish señoritas,  
 Flaming, loving Carmencitas  
 Caused me palpitation.*

*Soft skinned Rose of Araby,  
 Who nearly made a corpse of me,  
 Britain's daughters, cool and tall,  
 Smouldering, potent Russian maids,  
 Paris cocottes, fickle jades,  
 I've tried them, one and all.*

*International combinations,  
 Lead to awful complications,  
 That much I have learned.  
 I've played the moth about the flame,  
 Results too often were the same,  
 My fingers sadly burned.*

*L'Envoi*

*I've loved and learned in every land,  
 I've heeded the urge to roam,  
 I've found that if I needs must love  
 It's cheaper to love at home.*



Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. IX

FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 5

Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

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CHARLES EAMES, 1930.....	Art Editor	AUSTIN CHASEY, 1930.....	Circulation Manager
DOROTHY ZETLMEISL, 1929 .....	Exchange Editor		

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#### Literary Mourners

Chick Miller .....	1928
Steuart Britt .....	1929
Leon Neuman .....	1930
Donald Loeb .....	1930
Morris Cohn .....	1929
Ernie Hill .....	1931

Alfred Parker .....	1928
Noel Grady .....	1928
Clara Beardsley .....	1930
Arline Hilmer .....	1930
Virginia Brower .....	1930
Alice Bradford Magee.....	1929
George Senseney .....	1929
Leonard Haeger .....	1928
Catherine Vogel .....	1931

### Business Mourners

Herman Levine .....	1930
Mildred Saenger .....	1930
William Stannus .....	1929

### Circulation Mourners

Norman Bierman .....	1928
Clay Kirkpatrick .....	1930
Bill Wallace .....	1930
Fred Moore .....	1931

Percy Lunn .....	1931
Louis Kessler .....	1931
Frank Seitz .....	1931
Oscar Arbogast .....	1931
Frank Bosse .....	1933

### Circulation Assistants

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Camille Stowe .....	1930
Ruth Christopher .....	1930
Marie Barrett .....	1931
Delphine Meyer .....	1931
Julius Herman.....	1931

PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

**D**IRGE wishes to welcome a new ink-splasher, namely one Robert Mims. Come all ye faithful and do ye likewise.

**L**ADIES, gentlemen, and those of you who have traveled, we want you all to notice, very particularly, that this is absolutely the first and only Travel Number put out by any magazine that has omitted to mention the time worn crack about Traveling Bags. We will receive congratulations from now on.



## A Defense



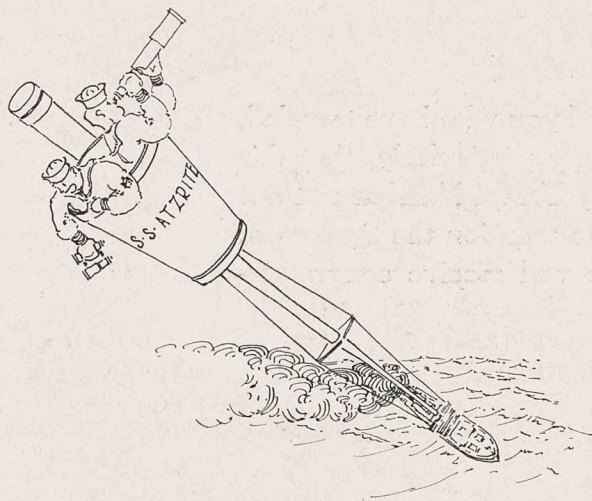
WE are told that he was a red-head. While this, in itself, would tend to shatter many romantic conceptions, we might have gone blissfully on our respective ways, firmly convinced that George Washington was the greatest man of all time, had not some enthusiastic iconoclast appeared on the horizon and labeled our national hero a drunkard, gambler, user of profanity, in short, a reprobate extraordinary.

George Washington very probably did drink, gamble, and swear mighty oaths when the occasion arose, but what self-respecting gentleman of his time did not? After all, the finer points of morality are relative. Too often they do not exist within themselves, but merely in comparison with other technicalities. How many successful men of to-day are censured because they indulge in an occasional stogie? Smoking to-day is considered no more a vice, when done in moderation, than the rather mild drinking, card playing, and swearing, which were the accepted thing in Washington's time.

At least, in those halcyon days, a gentleman forebore exercising his petty "transgressions" behind locked doors, which is a great deal more than most of we saintly moderns can truthfully say.







"Hey, Bill, that fool ship's gone off and left us!"

— D D D —

### Just Between Us Babes

(with apologies where due)

My dear, I could SIMPLY roll over and spit TACKS, I mean I REALLY could! That divINE COLLar ad who seems to apPEAR in a new OUTFit EVERY day SIMPLY refUSES to give me a TUMBLE. And I think it's PERFECTLY PUTrid of him when I've ALL but PROPPed myself aGAINST his FRAME. The first day OUT I stumbled, and DO you THINK the great OAF even GRABbed me? He SIMPLY stuck out his HAND and said STEADY. But no more HOUSE than a PHI Beta KAPPA. I could SIMPLY rise up on my HIND legs and breathe MONkey-wrenches with RAGE. I mean my DEAR, I ACTually could. What, MARried? How ABSolutely SCRUMPTious! MARried men are SO sort of inTRIGuing, if you KNOW what I MEAN. To THAT mess with him? And he's an inSURance PEDDLER? And he LOOKS like God's gift to WOMen. Oh, my DEAR!

— D D D —

*Some bright collegian tried to buy a couple of tickets to Picadilly Circus.*

— D D D —

For those who travel and suffer from insomnia a sure cure has been found. It is—lots of good sleep.

— D D D —

Aunt Eppie doesn't dare go abroad this summer because some one told her that travel broadens one, and she's forty inches wide already.

### Home Again—Worse Luck

Friends, Roamers, and Travelling Men,

Hearken, hearken unto one who offers potent advice, advice that has been bought and paid for by tears and sighs, stews and hiccoughs.

The Tale.

At the age of 7 months, I left my mother's knee to roam. Look at me now. After 7 years of Rome what have I to show for it? A Roman nose, fallen arches, and a baseball bat autographed by one of the Cardinals, nothing more.

Then I took in Germany. Ugh—It has left its marks on me. It left 2,039,947,947,943,875 of them and they aren't worth a brass dime. I still have all of my beer stained vests and physical shape disfigured and ravaged by the kegs of heimgamach I knew so well.

There is no use, dear friends, in enumerating the hells of each and every country, the point is obvious. There is, after all, only one place in the world where comfort, joy, and all the forms of happiness go hand in hand. There is one place held much dearer than all the rest. Let us go back, let us go back, I beseech thee let us go back to our loved ones—back, back to Paris, the land of understanding and understood bims.

— D D D —



"Who was that party I seen you with last night?"

"He wasn't no party, he was a nice boy."

— D D D —

"The leader of that orchestra could make a million dollars."

"Howzat?"

"If he could do his legs like he does his arms."

— D D D —

"What were your impressions of Europe?"

"Wine, women, and song."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, but who wants to sing?"

**A Russian Tragedy In One Gasp**

By

Ivan Awfultime

Scene: Imperial Palace in Itchalovar.

Characters: Grand Duke Volga, a wet smack, and the Countess Vodka.

Wind, wolves, and static are yowling outside.

Vodka: (shivering) Ikon!

Volga: Yeah, you can, but will you?

Vodka: (scratching her ankle) My liege subjects perish of hunger. The cold is bitter. The cold is bitter. It's gosh-awful, Little Father.

Volga: (investigating) Petrushka ninekev! Your puppies are cold!

The Countess: It is life. It is for Russia. It is death. I weep. (She does her darndest, but has mislaid the onion).

Volga: Save your tears, babe. I, the Grand Duke of Anchovi, will keep the wolf from the door.

Vodka: Ah, little Samovar, my heart swells. It swells.

Volga: (puffing violently) And now, Little Garlic-flower, how about a party?

The Countess: (startled) Your Highness! My husband, the Count.

The Grand Duke: Rimmed again, by Saint Alikovenin!

(throws her to the wolves, who take her home to the little wolverines to teethe on)

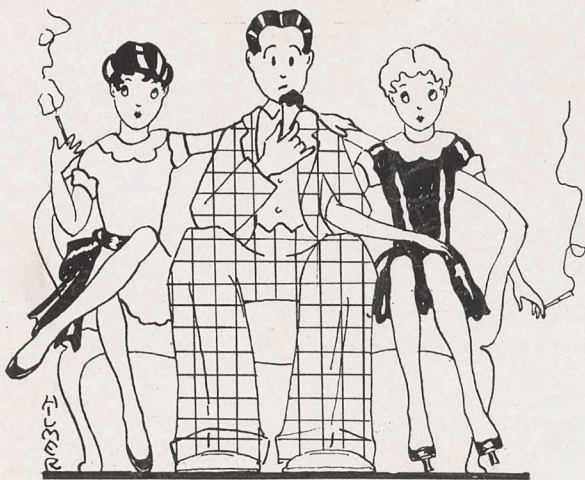
The Grand Duke: What have I done? Ah, it is Russia! It is death! Oh, well!

(swallows the Kremlin in two jolts and fades away)

The wind, wolves, and static are yowling outside.

Curtain.

— D D D —



Page from his diary: "First night at sea I picked up some hot French idioms."



"Whence the holes in the dress, Aloha?"

"Truly, Aloma, I was on a tear last night."

— D D D —

**The Lotus Flower**

by

Hum Lo and Sing Hi

Beside the river Hsiao, in the season of  
The Spring God, there dwelt a maiden fair,  
Fairer than the heaven-flower of her name.  
Beside the river-reeds, I met her there.  
Two eyes as softly bright as the moon  
Which silvers the lily beds,  
That same lord of the midnight heavens who  
Aureoled our unworthy heads  
With a radiance of moon-madness,  
The night I told her of my poor love.  
The nightingale sang from afar off,  
And the Wind God whispered above.  
I loved her and left her, Unworthy I!  
I have travelled the fields, but she waits for me,  
Little Lotus Flower sighs as she waits,  
*With a ten-gauge shotgun on her knee.*

— D D D —

Customs Official: Have you any liquor with you?

Recent Arrival: Only a quart, your honor.

C. O.: Give it here.

R. A.: Can't do that, I just drank it.

# Salome Pulls A Fast One

*A Far Fetched Tale from the Near East*

Brethern and Cistern!

The sermon for this month will be on John the Baptist in two parts, featuring Salome, dansant de Reptiles. Jawn, like most normal people, had a father and mother, and it was through their untiring efforts that he attended the Methodist S. S., the Christian Endeavor, the B. Y. P. U., and the Epworth League every sabbath morn. Naturally little



"Such a crust," she gurgled

Jack grew up to be a staunch Catholic and ardent admirer of Al Smith, thereby earning his title of John the Baptist.

Now one day Johnnie had a vision, in which the angel whispered in his little shell-pink ear, "Verily, verily, John, get thee hence and stir thy pups, or you'll never make the history book. Tell the world to observe the Saturday night ritual and prepare for a set of wings and an off-key harp."

Now, Jack being an ambitious sort of lad, acquired the ethereal stare, Billy Sunday's ringmaster fireworks, rented a flock of auditoriums, and went about the terra as he was told. He leased the Jordan and with the aid of a progressive soap company converted the beach into a free-bath bureau. According to the sediment at the mouth of the river, he did quite a business.

History is bound to repeat itself, and it so came to pass that Jackie was to be object lesson number 235,975, thereby making his failure and downfall WOMAN. She was a cabaret prancer monikered Salome, and what she couldn't shake was nailed down. You know Jawn had a way with the women and it's not surprising that Sal used to get quite a kick out of tying his tie and messing around with his lapels. But Jack had been over the bumps and was then out for business, so he gave her the royal pitch.

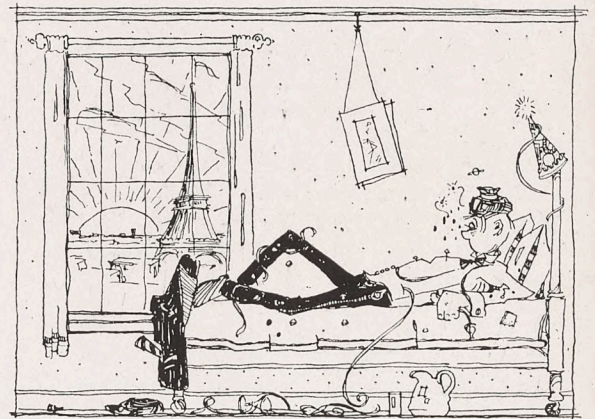
But Sal was rangy, and didn't confine her workouts to the local paddocks, so needless to say after she'd given the King a few lessons, he was all cocked and primed for to tear up the town. So he up and spilled, "Name it and it's yours, babe." Sally kind of sidled up to him and uncorked a double strength treatment of big brown eyes, where upon the poor boy went down for the count. Our Sal whispered, "I'll take Johnnie from the neck up on a tin dish." And so the chief poo poo of guardroom came to see Johnnie with a razoo behind his back. Quoth the raven, "Do you know what I want?" Like a sap Jawn came back with, "Axe me another, big boy", and so he was cut off short.

The moral to this little tale is, Never lose your head over a strange chorus lady.

— D D D —

Sagebrush Sam, short, sinuey, sunburned, son of the sizzling sands, says, "The only book-learnin' we need around here is 'triggernometry'."

— D D D —



"The Song is Ended, But the Melody Lingers on."

**Venezia**

*Venice, Bride of the Adriatic,  
Peopled by silvery Tenored, moonstruck Gondoliers, and Patterned with a Lacework of languid, Purple, deep Canals, on which float Hyacinth blooms, Cast there by Latin Lovers Who croon, at night, Che Bella Sole.*

*Yes, peopled by gin Tenored, odorous Gondoliers, and Messed up with a Tangle of semi-stagnant Canals, on which Float Defunct grapefruit, Cast there by Latin Housewives, Who screech, all night, Red Lips, Kiss My Blues Away.*

— D D D —

“Through Europe on nothing a day.”—News Item.  
At least he had no trouble with rate of exchange.

— D D D —

**Do a Good Turn Weakly**

Her husband had been on a business trip to Noo Yorke and was returning on a through train. He wired at various points along the way. One of the telegrams read:

“BE HOME TOMORROW STOP AM FEELING ROTTEN TODAY STOP GAVE BERTH TO AN OLD LADY LAST NIGHT STOP.”

— D D D —

*The author spent a whole day looking for the Left Bank of the Seine, to change his pennies into Latin Quarters.*

— D D D —

We nominate for our own private Hall of Fame the lad who looked up The Hague, expecting to find half of the well known distillery.

**Honeymoon Lane**

*Henry is such a dear!  
I can't wait until we sail.  
Think how gorgeous Blue water and Whales  
Jumping all over.  
And Henry!  
He's so handsome—  
and everything!  
Oh, I know I wont be able to stand it  
I mean I actually wont!  
Oh dear!*

\* \* \*

*People look so different  
When they're seasick!!*

— D D D —

He who laughs last usually—is an Englishman.

— D D D —

Famous last words: “Now, when I was abroad.”

— D D D —

“Oh, fair maiden tell me why they call you P. S.?”  
“Verily, kind sir, because my name is Ad-a-line.”

— D D D —

Me and my brother al we went on bicycle trip in yurrup because bicycles was told us cheaper as trains but you dont have to buy trains before you start like you do bicycles like me and my brother al. we ride all over yurrup and we think we goansee old folks in old country in granoldstyle. so we pedalup round swedenborg but the tires begin wear thin likehell you say in amerika. so we run allaway to swedenborg where is weather cold like coeds heart. soon nuf air in tire freeze hardlike rocks and we go fine me and my brother al. but soon tires wear thru and drop off so we run on frozen inside air because it cold like everything their. but me and my brother al come down to come home and air thaw out like babe when dummy pulls out big roll. so we run bicycles on rims because tires wore out and we run on froze air but when froze air melt and run all over place whattadoo. we stay home next time you bet me and my brother al.



Paris, the home of French Dressing



Squiffed Salesman (about to travel): These nightmares! I'll zshusht shtand here till ish gone away.

**Paris A La Tourist Agency**

- Arc de Triomphe.
- Les Invalides.
- Pantheon.
- The Sorbonne.
- The Eiffel Tower.
  
- Luxembourg Gardens.
- Cluny Museum.
- Sainte Chapelle.
- Conciergerie.
- Bibliotheqe Nationale.

- Louvre.
- Hotel de Ville.
- Tuilleries Gardens.
- Palais Royal.
- Notre Dame.

- Brentano's.
- Sacre Coeur.
- Madeleine.
- Pont Neuf,
- and to
- Bed.

**Silence is Golden**

My girl on the sofa's efficient,  
 At petting she's very proficient;  
 But my head's in a whirl,  
 For I've lost my girl,  
 A word to the guys was sufficient.  
 —Pup

— D D D —

**Paris A La Tourist**

- Folies Bergeres.
- Chez Fyshor.
- Les Ambassadeurs.
- La Troika.
- Casino de Paris.
  
- Chateau Madrid.
- Zelli's.
- Maison Russe.
- Varietes.
- Grand Guignol.

- Ciro's.
- Pre Catalan.
- Auteuil.
- Moulin Rouge.
- Caveau Caucasion.

- American Hospital.
- Banker's Trust.
- Keeley Cure,
- and
- Battle Creek
- Sanitarium.



Bon Voyage!

## Wrong Office

Mrs. Mack—"I'm bothered with a little wart I'd like to have removed."

Dr. Williams—"The divorce lawyer is at the second door to your left."

—Kitty-Kat

— D D D —

Insignificant Parent: "Isn't it time he could say 'Daddy'?"

Fond Mother: "We've decided not to tell who you are until he gets a bit stronger."

—Passing Show

— D D D —

"Oscar, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"

"Take 'em off before I tripped and broke my neck."

—Malteaser

— D D D —

Visitor—Does Mr. Burton, a student, live here?  
Landlady—Well, Mr. Burton lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman.

—Juggler

— D D D —

Frosh—"Will you hold these books for me?"

Prexy—"Sir, I am President of this University!"

Frosh—"Oh, that's all right. You look like an honest fellow."

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

He—Could I have a date tonight?

She—Yes, if you could find anyone dumb enough to date with you.

He—Well, I'll be around to see you about eight o'clock then.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

— D D D —

"This quarter is no good, it won't ring."

"What do you want for two bits, chimes?"

—Chanticleer

— D D D —

"Can your girl keep a secret?"

"Can she? We were as good as married seven weeks before I even knew it."

—Cannon Bawl

— D D D —

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

"I am astonished at your ignorance, Clapboard! Of course there is! Have you never tried to sing a deaf baby to sleep?"

—Blue Baboon

## Shakespeare on Tobacco Advertising

Hamlet:

To cough or not to cough,—that is the cigarette question

Whether 't is nobler in mind to suffer  
The fears engendered by unfounded claims,  
Or to take no heed of a sea of false alarms  
And by ignoring them to smoke in peace  
Once more. To say by pure tobacco smoke we end

The heart ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'t is consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To smoke,—to dream!  
Aye there's the nub;

For in that smoke of pleasure what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mental care  
Must give us joy. There's the respect  
That we owe to pure tobacco

For who could bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
Unless he himself might by smoke escape,

Sans throat infection? Who would these fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under weary strife,  
But for faith in pure tobacco's taste.

Heretofore undiscovered qualities some brands claim, but

No authority verifies, puzzle the will,  
And make us rather cling by that brand we know  
Than fly to others we wot not of.

Thus does prudence make wise men of us all;  
And thus the native flavor of tobacco

Is victor o'er false advertising thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their policies turned awry

Then lose the faith of smokers.—Soft you now!

— D D D —

"Hey, watcha doin' down there?"

"Building the new subway."

"How long before it will be finished?"

"About four years."

"Oh, well—I guess I'll take a cab."

—Life

— D D D —

"On arriving at New York my mother had lots of trouble with the officials there about the Chinese vases she endeavored to bring in."

"Custom?"

"I'll say she did!"

—Chanticleer

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## ON THE SCREEN

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### LOEW'S STATE

*The Divine Woman* is an international collaboration that promises to provide many opportunities for our old friend Greta Garbo to display her talents for demonstrating evening gowns and her well known prowess at wrestling. The Swedish charmer, in the role of a Parisian actress, exercises her slow-eyed come hitherness on a buck private in the French army, much to his discomfiture. However, he soon realizes her possibilities and the usual clinch is the result. Greta's customary tragic end has in this picture been replaced by a very satisfactory one. The male leads are filled by Lars Hanson and Lowell Sherman.

*Charlie Chaplin* has himself termed his latest comedy, "The Circus," a low-brow comedy for high brows. While the plot is more or less Chaplinesque in its touches of minor tragedy and pathos, crowned by a very noble and self-effacing finale, the equally characteristic treatment of the ridiculous antics of the master clown more than compensate for the sameness of the plot. It is not hard to realize that circus life offers wonderful possibilities for the peculiar brand of slapstick hilarity that is Charlie's.

"*The Gaucho*" has provided Our Mr. Fairbanks with another bandit-hero plot, this time among the South American pampas, through which he smilingly fights, loves, and cavorts. In short, Doug pulls the same acrobatics that have made him famous. The lady villain is played by Lupe Valez, well termed "the Mexican hell-cat," and it is a matter of historical record that she is the first of the Fairbanks leading ladies to refuse to await her partner's overtures. In fact *The Gaucho* frequently has to fight, catch-as-catch-can, to get rid of her, a most unusual procedure for Douglas.

*Lon Chaney* has shed his grotesque camouflage and blossomed forth once more in plain clothes, this time as Chuck Collins, the toughest gang leader in "The Big City", his newest picture. Lon is shown as a gangster par excellence, boss of the underworld, and finally, a dyed-in-the-wool hero. A replica of Texas Guinan's renowned night club figures prominently in the show, and it is here that Lon does remarkable tricks with a revolver, only to get the worst of it later, see the error of his ways, and lose his true love in typical Chaney fashion.

### MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

Some of the year's most important photoplays will be shown during the coming month at Skouras Brothers Ambassador and Missouri theaters, a few of which are Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid" with Molly O'Day; George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent in "The Showdown", with Neil Hamilton; Clara Bow in "Red Hair" by Elinor Glyn; Fay Wray and Gary Cooper in "The Legion of the Condemned", and Harold Lloyd's production of the year, "Speedy".

At both the Missouri and Ambassador theaters, Brooke Johns and Ed Lowry continue as master of ceremonies at their respective theaters, presenting a new stage show each week. At the Ambassador the lavish productions devised in the Publix Theater studios in New York are featured, while at the Missouri the Missouri Ensemble under the tutelage of Brook Johns devise sparkling new features each week.

No greater love story has ever been told than that depicted in "The Patent Leather Kid", Richard Barthelmess' starring vehicle. It portrays love that endured all the hard knocks of a tough guy fighting kid and came back for more—love that great armies could not even move—love that came through when everything else failed—love that made a hero out of a coward—love that carried two unfortunate souls into a heaven of bliss. Molly O'Day, starred in "The Shepherd of the Hills" plays opposite Barthelmess as the saucy, cynical and yet emotional Curly Callahan.

Evelyn Brent and George Bancroft, whose outstanding success in "Underworld" promoted them to stardom, are presented in "The Showdown". It is the drama of a man who had everything within his grasp, then deliberately throws it away, yet gaining something bigger in life for it. Spiritual happiness is the solution of the theme. The story is laid in lower Mexico, in the dense tropical country, where white men seldom tread. Picture then the entry of a beautiful woman amongst five men who are battling each other for black gold—oil.

Madame Elinor Glyn has written a startling successor to "It" for Clara Bow. It is "Red Hair", a swift moving love affair of Clara, the little manicure girl, with Lane Chandler, a new screen discovery. Clara has more gorgeous gowns than ever, more

(Continued on page 22)

# Camel

*The most popular cigarette  
in the United States*

Quality put it there—quality  
keeps it there. Camel smokers  
are not concerned and need not  
be concerned with anything  
but the *pleasure* of smoking.



*If all cigarettes were as good  
as Camel you wouldn't hear  
anything about special treat-  
ments to make cigarettes good  
for the throat. Nothing takes  
the place of choice tobaccos.*



(Continue from page 20)

tantalizing ways, and more of "it" than in "It" itself.

Fay Wray and Gary Cooper are featured in "The Legion of the Condemned", a thrilling story of the air service during the war. Fay Wray is the young Hollywood girl who was selected by Eric Von Stroheim for "The Wedding March", while Gary Cooper is remembered for his portrayal opposite

Clara Bow in "Children of Divorce" in "Beau Sabreur."

Dates for the showing of "The Whip Woman" featuring Estelle Taylor and Antonio Moreno, "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with W. C. Fields, Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda, and George Sidney and Charlie Murray in "Flying Romeos" have not been set, but it is probable they will be shown at the Missouri or Ambassador some time in the near future.

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## ON THE STAGE

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### AMERICAN THEATRE

Vincent Youmans' nautical musical comedy success, "Hit the Deck", now playing to crowded theaters in New York, Chicago, San Francisco; London, England; and Australia, will be the attraction at the American Theater the week beginning Sunday night, February 26th. This piece, featuring the two song hits "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "Hallelujah", is the latest to have a score by the composer of "No, No Nanette". The cast to be seen here is headed by Queenie Smith and Charles Purcell.

The American Theater's attraction for the week

beginning Sunday night, March 4th, will be Ziegfeld's famous musical comedy, "Kid Boots", which returns to St. Louis for the first time at popular prices. Pauline Blair, late of "Sunny", and Eddie Nelson head the company of fifty.

On Sunday, March 11th, Thurston, the famous magician, now on his twenty-second annual tour of America, will take possession of the American Theater for his yearly two weeks' run. New tricks, new illusions and many novel features, make the Thurston visit an event that should attract theatergoers of all classes.

"Why is bob-sledding so popular in the Scandinavian countries?"

"Because there is such a long coast."

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

First Detroiter (derisively): "What, married? Don't make me laugh, stupid. How did you ever get a wife?"

Second Ditto (after a trip to Windsor): "I just sobered up and there she was."

—*Goblin*

— D D D —

"Did they hold you up at the Canadian border?"

"Hold me up?—They had to carry me."

—*Humbug*

— D D D —

Lord of the Castle: "Why are you running a roller over that field?"

Serf: "Im trying to raise mashed potatoes."

—*Orange Peel*

— D D D —

"Why aren't you writing, Johnny?"

"Ain't got no pen."

"What about your grammar?"

"She's dead."

—*Columns*

Collegiate: "Do you dance?"

More-collegiate: "Yes, I love to."

Collegiate: "Fine, that's better than dancing."

—*Belle Hop*

— D D D —

A coed may love a boy from the bottom of her heart but there is always plenty of room at the top for at least one more.

—*Siren*

— D D D —

"What's the difference between kissing your sister, and kissing your girl?"

"Oh, about twenty seconds."

—*Widow*

— D D D —

Prof: "And did I make myself plain?"

Frosh: "No. God did that."

—*Washington Columns*

— D D D —

The professor who comes ten minutes late is very rare. In fact, he is in a class by himself.

—*Pitt Panther*

**Omitted by the Two Black Crows**

Noir—Why this lion is tame. It'll eat right off your hand.

Oiseau—Yeah and he'll eat off yo' leg too.  
—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Tourist (to Spanish matador): "Do you throw the bull?"

Matador: "Now that can be taken in two ways."

T.: "That's the way I meant it."

.: "That's the way I took it."

—*Flamingo*

— D D D —

**Old, But We Like It**

Monday: Awfully slow. Walked around deck. Wish I was over there.

Tuesday: Ditto.

Wednesday: Saw a good-looking officer on board.

Thursday: Am beginning to enjoy the water. Met officer at dance.

Friday: Walked all afternoon with officer. What a shame the trip will soon be over!

Saturday: Officer kissed me and I slapped him. Told me that if I did not act nice to him he'd blow up the ship and kill 250 people.

Sunday: Saved the ship and 250 people!  
—*Drexerd*

— D D D —

**The Girl He Left Behind**

I travelled to the farthest poles  
And braved the icy float,  
To satisfy my Sweetie's whims  
For a genuine seal-skin coat.

From there, I left for Kimberley  
To achieve a solitaire,  
To place upon her hand so small  
And win her heart so rare.

I then set sail for Erin Isle  
To kiss the Blarney Stone,  
To gain the power to beguile,  
And win her for my own.

At my return, she did enthrall,  
And listened to my plea;  
She took the diamond, coat, et al  
And travelled 'way from me!

—*Pup*

Get Your Costume  
FOR THE  
**Engineers' Masque**  
AT  
**St. Louis Costume Co.**  
507 N. BROADWAY

---

Bring this ad with you,  
it is good for 50¢ on the  
Rental of any Costume  
for this Masque.

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and DELICATESSEN**

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### For all happy occasions

A birthday, a holiday, or to convey tender sentiment — let a box of Walgreen's fine chocolates express your feelings. Their quality testifies to your thoughtful discrimination and insures pleasing the recipient.

*"Made as good as good candy can be made."*

### Walgreen Drug Stores

#### To My Girl

There are endless poems written  
On the glories of Salome,  
And Cleopatra's beauty,  
And the maids of ancient Rome.

But the sweet young thing we speak of  
Does not belong with these,  
For she's living now to-day,  
And is lively as the breeze.

She's got them all beat hollow  
When it comes to pretty looks,  
And there aren't any like her  
In all the history books.

But just one glaring fault is hers,  
That I forgot to mention,  
For how she came to choose my room-mate,  
Is past my comprehension.

— D D D —

"Rastus, you-all am most narrow-minded pusson Ah know."

"Say, bo, if yo' was a little more narrow-minded yo' ears would be on the wrong side of yo' haid."

—Ex.



### Vogue Boot Shop

615 Locust St.  
Spring Showing Now!

The Perfect Footwear for the College Miss

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#### Top Deck Conversations

He .....??  
She .....!!

— D D D —

Just as the steamer was leaving the harbor at Athens a lady rushed up to the captain and said, "What is that white stuff on those mountains?"

"That's snow, madam."

"Well, that's what I thought, but I just overheard someone say it was grease."

—*Cougar's Paw*

— D D D —

Phil—"Were you fired with enthusiasm when you tackled your first job?"

Osophy—"Was I! I never saw a man so glad to get rid of me in my life."

—*Drexverd*

— D D D —

"I'm thinking of going to Europe! how much will it cost me?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Yes, thinking about it won't cost you anything."

—*Annapolis Log*

### "The Primrose Path"

A Persian Kitty, perfumed and fair,  
Strolled through the kitchen door for air;  
When a Tom Cat, lithe and lean and strong,  
And dirty and yellow, came along.

He sniffed at the perfumed Persian Cat,  
As she strutted about with much eclat,  
And thinking a bit of time to pass,  
He whispered "Kiddo, you're some class."

"That's fitting and proper," was her reply,  
As she arched a whisker over her eye;  
"I'm ribboned, I sleep on a pillow of silk,  
And daily I bathe in certified milk.

"But we're never contented with what we've got,  
I try to be happy but happy I'm not,  
I should be joyful, I should indeed,  
For I'm certainly highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said Tom Cat, with a smile,  
"And trust your new-found friend for a while,  
You ought to escape from your back-yard fence,  
My dear, what you need is experience."

New joys of living he then unfurled,  
And he told her tales of the outside world,  
Suggesting at last with a luring laugh,  
A trip for the two down the Primrose Path.

And the morning after the night before,  
The cat came home at half-past four,  
But the innocent look in her eyes had went,  
Tho the smile on her face was the smile of content.

And in after days when the children came,  
To the Persian Kitty of perfumed fame,  
They weren't Persian. They were black and tan.  
And she told them their Dad was a Traveling Man.

—Ex.

— D D D —

### All Wet!

A typical boasting American had by some means  
got into heaven and was raving garrulously about  
Niagara Falls. An old shriveled-up woman near  
him started to giggle and laugh.

"Do you mean to say," said the American, "that  
you think that eight million cubic feet of water each  
minute is not a lot of water? Might I ask what  
your name is?"

"Certainly," replied the woman, "I'm Mrs.  
Noah."

—Punch Bowl

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS



A lark over here is a 'beano' abroad . . .

And a 'beano' is to travel

TOURIST THIRD

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(Round Trip) in the

CARONIA and CARMANIA

to Plymouth, Lavre and London

The 1928 Caronia and Carmania entirely re-  
modelled from stem to stern . . . You are  
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you have good food, nicely served . . . You  
will swim in salt water in an improvised deck  
tank. You will have ample deck space in which  
to do your 'mile' or work up your back-hand  
at deck tennis . . . or to enjoy the delightful  
games that youth-on-a-lark devises.

Or to Queenstown and Liverpool in the  
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Cabin quarters now at Tourist Third rates . . .  
Lounge rooms with intimate corners . . . an  
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to the tum-te-tums of yester-century . . .

The fun of going somewhere with your own  
kind who are not boiled in the oil of habit . . .  
comfort and space . . . and that inimitable  
CUNARD service which confirms your own  
suspicion that you are a blinkin' Lord of the  
earth! . . .

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**DEVELY**  
 THE BEST  
**MILK**

They say that when Lindbergh flew over the Atlantic he discovered four bolts loose, but did he turn back? No! When he got to Scotland they all tightened up.  
 —Drexerd

— D D D —

Engineer: "It took me days of hard work and back-aches to get that motor running."

Ear: "And what have you got for your pains?"

Engineer: "Sloan's liniment."

—Drexerd

— D D D —

A New York actress was giving a benefit performance at Sing Sing. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," she trilled.

From the back of the room a deep voice ejected, "But, lady, how they do help."

—Penn Punch Bowl

— D D D —

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

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

—Cornell Widow

— D D D —

If you like Esquimaux, travel to Alaska, for that's how you get to Nome.

—Panther

Operated under Government Inspection

**Fischer Meat Company**

415 MORGAN STREET  
 DELUXE HAMS AND BACON  
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Proud Mother: "Do you know, only yesterday Baby threw all her clothes out of the nursery window?"

Fatuous Visitor: "By jove! Rather a stroke of luck she wasn't wearin' them at the time, what!"  
—Humorist

— D D D —

He named his child Montgomery Ward because it was of the male order.  
—Ski-U-Mah

— D D D —

One: "Did you hear about the traveling salesman that died?"

Two: "No."

One: "Left an estate of 500 towels and a hotel key."  
—Red Cat

— D D D —

**Fantasy**

The pale moon sent its glimmering beams across the ripples of the placid lake. She, a beautiful maiden, lay prone in the prow of the drifting canoe, languidly exhaling the scented smoke of my imported monogrammed cigarette. Peace . . . contentment . . . happiness . . . perfection. Then in a nasal, flat voice she said, "Ain't it nice?"

Silently I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and drowned her.

—De Pauw Yellow Crab

— D D D —

Cleveland Resident: "Did you ever gamble in your life?"

Second Bum: "Only once; I used a nickel telephone."  
—Flamingo

— D D D —

There are three classes of women—the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

—Flamingo

— D D D —

Frosh—"Professor, you must have made a mistake in giving me an 'F' on this paper."

Prof.—"Young man, I very seldom make mistakes. Have you seen my secretary?"

Frosh—"Oh boy, have I!!—I guess you're right."  
—Voo Doo

— D D D —

Little Urchin to Big Collegian—"Say, Mister, is college really like it is in the movies?"

"Sure, Sonny, why?"

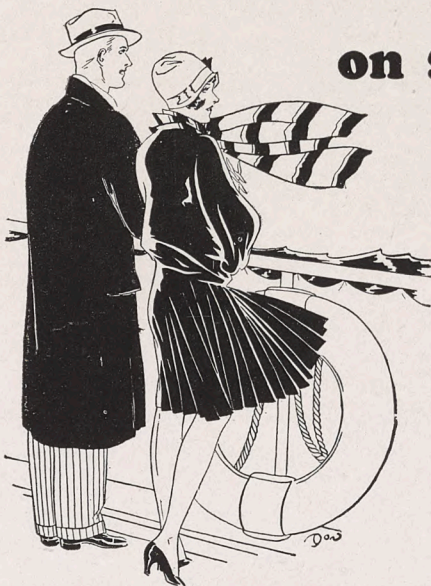
"Then watcha carryin' books for, Mister, huh?"  
—Black & Blue Jay

—Black & Blue Jay

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

# "Do" EUROPE

## on \$375



### All Expenses!

## College Humor's Collegiate Tour To EUROPE

**SEE**

- Montreal
- Quebec
- Liverpool
- Stratford-on-Avon
- Warwick
- Kenilworth
- Thames Valley
- Eton
- Windsor
- London
- Dover
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Sailing eastward from Montreal June 22, 1928, a happy group of college men and women will set out to "do" Europe in a campus-like atmosphere of informal good-fellowship, under the auspices of "College Humor" Magazine.

Down the mighty St. Lawrence we'll go, and across the Atlantic—with a college dance band on board to furnish music. There'll be deck sports and bridge tournaments and masquerades to make the ocean voyage a memorable "house party at sea."

Then Europe! We'll see it under the guidance of the Art Crafts Guild Travel Bureau, originators of the justly famed Collegiate Tours. They will make all reservations, handle all details, furnish experienced couriers and guides. We just go along and enjoy ourselves! We sail homeward July 14 from Cherbourg on the famous Canadian Pacific steamship "Empress of Australia," arriving at Quebec July 21.

Membership in the tour is necessarily limited. If you are interested, mail the coupon below for full information. Tour Europe next summer with a "campus crowd" under the auspices of "College Humor."

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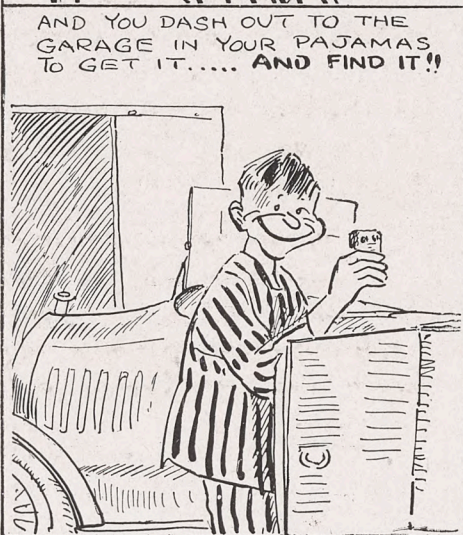
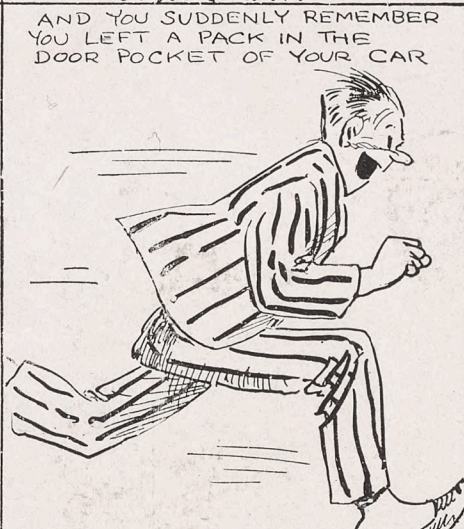
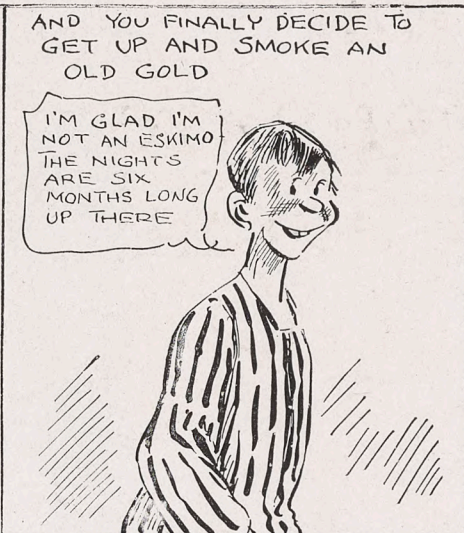
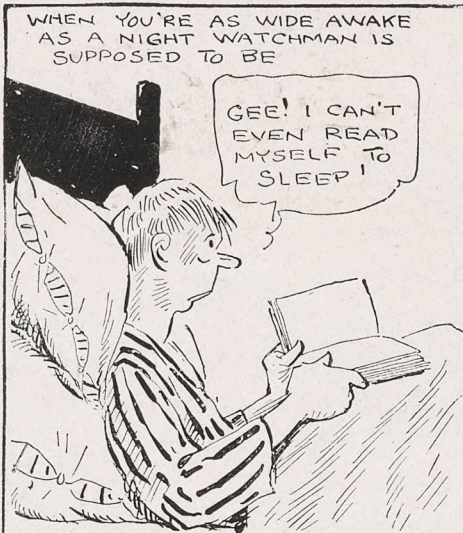
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*Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?* : : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload



15¢

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

# What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Othello  
Act II, Scene 3

**“Your name is great in mouths of wisest censure” ~**

Mr. Othello was always very serious. Naturally, Mr. Shakespeare, writing for our day as well as his own, picked him to utter the remark above—a fitting caption for an opinion the United States Supreme Court was one day to hand down on Coca-Cola:

*“The name now characterizes a beverage to be had at almost any soda fountain. It means a single thing coming from a single source, and well known to the community.”*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

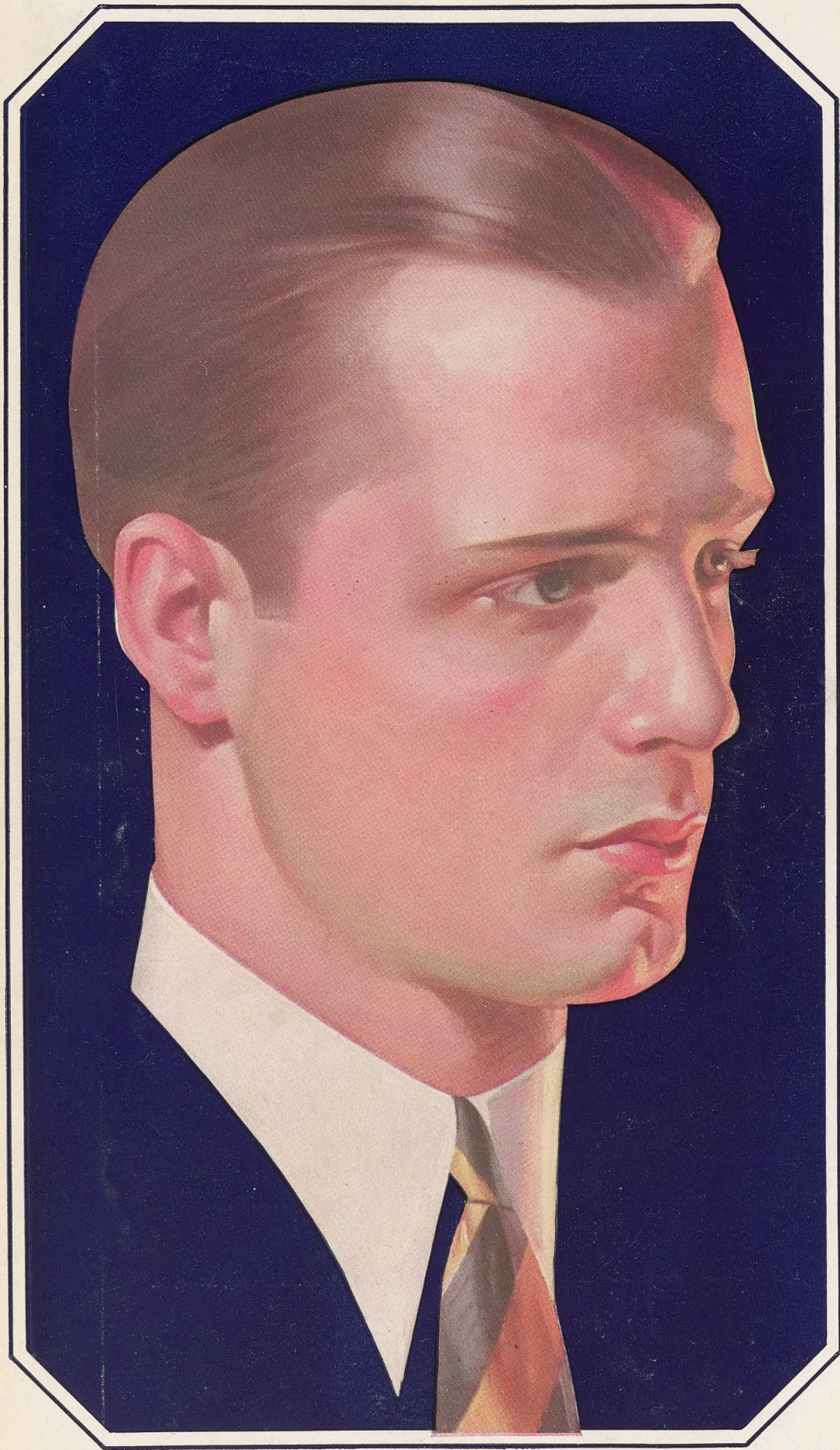
*8 million  
a day*

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

1-CM

5¢





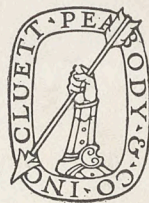
## *College Men wear*

Starched Collars—to be right—on occasions—Dinner, Sundays, Photographs, Week-End Visits, Dances—and if you're right, then whenever you are to attend any social function with a young lady, you'll wear a Starched Collar.

The soft stuff is all right for the day's work or the day's game, or for general country wear, but in Town, in Society—whenever you wear the Chesterfield, the Derby or the Spats, then the right thing is the

# ARROW COLLAR

Boyd is one of them



Wu 1928

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