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.

PRINCE ALBERT
—the national joy smoke!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
An Advertisement of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.

$9,600,000 Telephone Program for Eastern Missouri and Arkansas

**The Calculagraph**
- a time clock with which the Long Distance Operator times and records the length of your long distance conversations.

17 Years Faster

Long distance service in the state of Missouri was 17 years faster in 1927 than it was in 1926.

The average interval between placing your long distance call and getting your connection was reduced from 5 minutes in 1926 to less than 4 minutes in 1927, an average saving of more than one minute on each call. There were some 8,800,000 long distance calls placed in Missouri last year; 8,800,000 minutes is equal to 17 years—17 years saved for busy Missourians.

Service—Always

Winter—with its storms, sleet, wind, snow—is hard on telephone lines. To protect your service requires constant vigilance, and it is due to the untiring efforts of wire chiefs, linemen, and repairmen, that telephone service is so reliable. Regardless of the weather, they "stand guard," alert to protect your service by finding and restoring damage to telephone lines.

Represents Expenditure of $28 for Each Bell Telephone in Area

During 1928, the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company will spend more than $9,600,000 in Eastern Missouri and Arkansas for additions and improvements to the telephone system in the area. This means an average expenditure of about $28 for each of the 346,000 Bell telephones in this area.

Part of this expenditure will go to provide equipment for 18,500 new telephones which it is estimated will be added to the Bell System in E. Missouri and Arkansas during 1928. It also covers the cost of placing 2,600 miles of long distance lines, which it is planned to add to the existing network in the area.

The activities planned for 1928 are part of the continuous program to widen the scope and increase the usefulness of your telephone and they reflect faith in the future of your state.

For 45 Cents

For 45 cents you can talk 75 miles by long distance, providing you use station-to-station service and place your call after 7 p.m. Just give the out-of-town telephone number to the local operator—it's quicker.
Origin of Species

Freshman—Where do jailbirds come from?
Soph—They are raised from larks, bats and swallows.

First Washout—Advertising has convinced me of one thing.
Second Fizzle—Whazzat?
Washout—that greatest boon to mankind would be a device for smelling one’s own breath.

Alice—I adore Keats!
Ikey—Oy, it’s a relief to meet a lady who still likes children!

“Whence the black eye?"
“It’s like this—I saw a big poster which read, ‘Murderer Wanted’—"
“Yes—"
“So I went and applied for the job.”

Sweet Young Thing (leaning out window)—Hey, ice man, do you have the time?
Ice Man—Sure! But who’s going to hold the horses?

“Gimme $25 worth of scratch paper.”
“What?”
“Hurry up, I got the seven-year itch.”

“What! Jones in the hospital again?”
“Yeh! His leg.”
“I thought he had that amputated long ago.”
“He did, and got a wooden one in place of it.”
“Well?”
“Cornborers.”

Joe College says—a man does not have to be a tattoo artist to have designs on a lady.

“Hear about the Scotchman who just went insane?”
“No, what was the matter?”
“He bought a score card at the game and neither team scored.”
Discard

He was thoroughly disgusted with her. Who wouldn't be? Why, she wouldn't as much as respond to his advances and entreaties. He had always loved her and trusted in her, but somehow, tonight, he knew this would be the end. He would forsake her immediately. Who could blame him? Why, anybody with pride would do as he did!

He left her out in the cold night air to face the world alone. And there, far from human habitation, in three feet of snow, shamefacedly she stood, a disgrace to her creator—Henry Ford.

—Cannon Bawl

Tess: I just realized why they make paper out of dirty old rags.
Bess: Why?
Tess: So the tabloids can have the right foundation for their scandal sheets.

—Belle Hop

Co-ed (as they danced): “I believe in a girl having a mind of her own. I for one am not easily led.”
He (between the dips): “So I perceive.”

—Dr.ured

Time

“George,” said the sweet young thing in a nervous whisper, as she pushed him away, “you'll have to wait; you must give me time.”
“How much?” asked the love-sick college man.
“A week, a month, a year, or even longer?”
“Don’t get impatient, little boy,” answered the S. Y. T., “only wait until the moon gets behind the cloud.”

—Burr

“Why do you bring suit for divorce against this man?”
“Well, your honor, he made me wash his back every Saturday night.”
“And do you consider that sufficient grounds for divorce?”
“No, judge, but last Saturday night his back was already clean.”

—G. W. Ghost

Dr. Cessna: I never knew until I got a car that profanity was so prevalent among the students.
Pres. Hughes: Do you hear much of it on the campus?
Dr. Cessna: Why, nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully.

—Green Gander
Before Ruins of Ancient Roman Bath

Guide—Here three people could bathe at once.
Lady Tourist—And to think, they put Earl Car-roll in jail. —Yellow Jacket

Salome's dance wasn't original—just a take-off from start to finish. —Lord Jeff

"You'd like to be a stenographer, young lady? What are your qualifications?"
"I have no brothers and my father is dead."
"Hired!" —I've Do

She 1—I know the secret of popularity.
She 2—So do I, but mother says I mustn't. —Masquerader

(Mstage door Johnny knocks on dressing room door.)
Girl—Not unless there's a gentleman you wish to see inside.
Johnny—But there is.
Girl—Who is he?
Johnny—Myself. —Carolina Buccaneer

"My, what a charming baby! And how he does resemble your husband!"
"Gracious, I hope not! We adopted him." —Chaparral

Frosh—I want to buy some gloves.
Clerk—Kid gloves?
Frosh—I should say not! I'm a college man now. —Jack-o'-Lantern

"Darling, do you love me?"
"With my all, Rodney, dear."
"And I love you, dearest Cynthia."
"Do you think we love each other enough, Rodney?"
"I'm sure of it, Cynthia."
"Then, Rodney, dear, go ahead and marry Clementine, and I'll break up your home within three months." —Ghost

"Can you multiply?"
"Do I look like a rabbit?" —Medley
Good. That’s what it is...

No use trying to put a definition around Camel. It is as diverse and fugitive as the delicate tastes and fragrances that Nature puts in her choicest tobaccos, of which Camel is rolled. Science aids Nature to be sure by blending the tobaccos for subtle smoothness and mildness. One way to describe Camels is just to say, “They are good!”

Somehow, news of Camel has got around. Each smoker telling the other, we suppose. At any rate, it’s first—in popularity as well as quality. It has beaten every record ever made by a smoke. Modern smokers have lifted it to a new world leadership.

Camels request a place in your appreciation. Try them upon every test known. You’ll find them always loyal to your highest standard.

“Have a Camel!”

© 1927

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Patronize Dirge Advertisers
"Jones seems a rather promising young chap."
"Yeh, but he met a Follies girl and promised too much."

Ho: Wonder what she'll do on a gallon?
Bo: Say, are you talking about women or cars?

Ask Me Another

What, oh what is love?

Why, love is that feeling of affection that one person holds for another. It is the feeling a fond mother holds for her only child. It's the tingling impulse a heartsick, home-sick wanderer experiences when he utters "Mammy". It may be the state of mind of a husband for his neighbor's wife, or a wife's yearning for the iceman. Love, oh love, it is truly a blessing, one of the best things in life that is free.

Not even close. Love is a new 5c milk chocolate bar, now on sale at all corner drug stores.

"It's things like this that get me so hot I can't see straight," meditated the lad who was being burned at the stake.

Coolidge stockings, they "Do not choose to run"

He: Do you know why girls walk back?
She: No!
It: Right.

"What do you think of that Bim?"
"Not half bad."
"Not interested. I like 'em wild."

I never sausage eyes as thine,
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,
And liver round me every day,
We'll meat life's frown with life's cares
And cleaver road to happiness.

"The ain't no Justice!" remarked Dan McChew as he nonchalantly shot the Peace Officer.

No, Oscar, when the Law School is dismissed, it is not called a legal holiday.
Little Known Origins of Well-Known Expressions

A brainstorm in one act

Now, kiddies, if you'll poke out your ears and scoop in a few Pearls of Wisdom, I'll spill the dirt on the family history of one of our primest expressions.

It seems that once there was an aged Medic, known throughout the realm for his skill at whittling on people's innards. It was said that he had never left anything larger than a five-ton truck inside of a patient, and that only happened once. Nobody cared much because the truck was pretty old and wouldn't run very well any way. He was awfully popular with the men-folks because they could get rid of at least a dozen old razor blades every time he threw an operation. But the hell of it was that the old coot was as absent-minded as all thunder, and many a patient had come to only to find himself up the well known creek without the proverbial paddle. For instance, one time the Carver remembered that he had forgotten to leave a souvenir inside the patient, so he started to sew up a Grandfather's Clock for internal reference. But imagine the patient's surprise, when he came to, to find that the forgetful Knife-Nicker had sewed him up in the clock instead of the clock in him. The Doc had gotten scared pea-green and was holding a pulmotor over the face of the clock wherein reposéd our hero.

Well, one simply gorgeous day, in rolled a guy who looked like he'd been poured in and then shaken well before using. The whole hospital force left the crap game to ogle a few at the Wreck of the Fast Male. He showed unmistakable signs of hard wear and tear, and looked like something the cat had dragged in and couldn't eat. After seeing this Wreck of a Well Spent Life, I don't blame the cat a bit. The lad was out, like a light, and was enough to send the proverbial Ducky Bumps, otherwise known as Gooseflesh, peddling up and down any well organized spine. It looked like a case of Heaven Help The Poor Sailors On A Night Like This. Just one of the boys.

The Doc jacked him up, put him in drydock, and took a big load off the pups. Not a trace of ingrowing toe-nails, catalepsy, air in the pipes, love at first sight, or any other violence. Naturally an operation was the solution. There is nothing like getting an inside view of things. So the latest Food For Thought was laid out on the meat block, and all the tools brought in for a trial workout. A wonderful set, too, everything from the good old fashioned Bung-Starter to the more modern, but equally effective Phonograph, with dishwashing attachment, no charge for children under three weeks old.

'But fortunately, the Master Mind of Medical Manhandling took one last squint at the Prehensile Alusthionic Narthex, more commonly known, in the lingo of the Indian, as the Tom-Tom. The great brow furroughed in thought, and, "Hmmm, you have a fake Basilicus."

Quick, like a mouse came back our hero with "Cut out the phoney stuff, Doc," thus endowing an unappreciative posterity with a remark appropriate for all semiformal occasions, with the exception of death by hanging or eating crackers in bed, a crummy to play on anyone, even an enemy. S'long!
Jingle

Absence makes the heart
Grow fonder.
O'er this wisdom oft
I ponder.
Wish there were some way
Of knowing
For whom yours is
Fonder growing!

“Have you heard about Lindbergh’s Chinese cousin?”
“Humph?”
“Yeah, name’s One Long Hop.”

May I borrow your riding suit?
Yes, but don’t make it a habit.

“Aint this a helluva pastime?”
“Oh, well, it has its good points.”

Athos: I call my car “The Parson’s Daughter.”
Aramis: And why, pray tell?
Porthos: Egad, and its looks belie its speed.

Just because he’s always tight is no sign that he’s Scotch.

What makes you think he’s married?
He stopped his annual donations to the Home for Wayward Women.

What would you say a ship saw, after it had gone to sea?

Jangle

Absence makes the prof
Grow wilder,
Alibis will make
him milder.
Wish to hell I’d find
A way
To stay in bed for half
The day.

Under his arm reposed a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Not that he revered the savior of the Union, but he was answering an advertisement that read, “Just bring an honest face.”

We Moderns

A recent edition of an ancient sob story, a classic of its time:

Oh, father, dear father, come home
With me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes
One,
You’re as drunk as all hell, so you
Might just as well
Come home and sleep off that
Bun.

He went in for skating
W wish to announce that the next event of any im-
portance whatever on the campus will be the appear-
ance, on or about the twentieth of next month, of the
Travel Number of Dirge. This effort will undoubtedly go
down through the ages as the greatest monstrosity of
its kind ever produced. So we are letting you know far
enough ahead for you to start saving your pennies.
AVING more or less safely put behind us one more half year of toil and tribulation, we feel free to cast a knowing eye toward the always hopeful future.

While it is seldom safe to prophesy, we venture to hope for a few events that might help things along a bit. Will our Noble Colonel finally get around to permanently repairing the Tower Clock? Who will be the new Chancellor? Will the seemingly omnipresent Athletic Jinx still dog the footsteps of Washington teams? When will the slowly materializing Women's Building become a concrete realization of many a zealous coed's dream? How about the new stadium? When will some enterprising tornado step in and remove North Hall, old Biology Hall, and the inspiring frame edifice at the bottom of the Hill? When is the new, and some say, very tricky Bookstore to be erected? Yea, verily, how about these fanciful dreams of a distraught imagination?

But be that as it may, here we are, likewise the faculty, buildings, and whatever goes to make up a University. Being here, we might just as well do our durndest to pull off a term that will not reflect discredit on our mortal souls. On the ball, and quit griping!
Our idea of real prosperity is to be able to smoke a Corona-Corona in a forest fire, and not give a darn.

One of our staff members read that the little Eskimo sleeps very warmly in his little white bear-skin, but said staff member tried sleeping in her little white hareskin and caught a helluva cold.

"Because they both make a better showing in the wind."

"When the Fast Mail Goes By" used to be a favorite song of our elders. More modern is the favorite lament, "When the Fast Male Goes Buy."

Speaking of aviation, this night flying may be alright, but where in thunder is a guy going to park?

Sing: What’re you in for, buddy?
Sing: Speeding, and you?
Sing: Life.

We will now render that old ballad entitled "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes—And You'll Stay Sober To-night."
The Open Road

Oh, the poets sing of the Open Road,  
And rant of the starry night,  
They sigh and moan for Freedom's joys,  
For the path of shining light.

The Open Road! The land beyond,  
Dim, untraveled, lures us on.  
A leaping car, at breathless speed,  
The Babe beside me in the dawn.

Hurtled away on the Wings of Night,  
The ground streaks by, a darkened blur.  
Who cares where morning's blighting glare  
Shall find us, as long as I have Her?

The Open Road! Romantic path  
Of silvered, glowing, dreamy light,  
It drew us on, beyond the stars,  
That gorgeous, fragrant, summer's night.

The darkness fades, the East grows red,  
The dizzy race is run,  
The Open Road! Like hell, it's closed!  
A lurch, a crash, and then the fun.

The Car now wrapped around a tree,  
The end of a glorious toot,  
I on my back with a dented skull,  
And The Babe—A Breach of Promise Suit!

L’Envoi

I've read, and dreamed, and all was well,  
But the Open Road, romantic, hell!
"Jones, our star pilot, took a drop yesterday."
"Kill him?"
"No, but he got the D. T.'s."

The other night me and The Bim were barging along in the old chariot, she thinking about whatever women think about, and me trying to figure out the chances for a little "wrestlin'." Cold enough to freeze the toes off a brass monkey, too. "Charlie, I'm cold!" Hence, oh care! Away, oh idle conjecture! I simply remembered the family scutcheon, and made her a swell Coat of Arms. Snappy? Like a rubber duck!

A man may be Down, but he's probably "Out".

Lincoln is known as The Savior of the Union, but had it not been for George Washington, there would have been no Union to save. Likewise, had it not been for Lincoln, Washington would have been known to history as The Father of Twins.

The Hard School of Experience is a great thing, but we know of several lads who have flunked out of that one. Most of them were behind in their Experiments.

Heard From the Rumble—

Sit down for heaven's sake, you'll fall out. Must you park yourself all over me? What on earth are you trying to do? My goodness, never again will I consent to another ride like this. You might at least keep your feet off me. Horace! will you behave? I've never seen you so rosy! Oh your tongue, it is so warm, Are you sick, Horace? Say something. Are you sick? What? "Bow-wow!"

"Where did you get the black eye?"
"Leap year."

Light Verse

Oh, Lady,
Into whose
Eyes
I gazed, and
Saw, deep in
Shadowed pools
Of liquid,
Flaming
Darkness, a light.

I gazed
Again.
And loved you
More
Than at first,
If such can
Be.
Once more I
Saw
That glowing
Radiance.

But when I
Came to
I
Found out that
It wasn't a
Love-light
At all, but a
Darned
Stop-light!

"Where did you get the black eye?"
"Leap year."

Sex, but darned little appeal
AS OTHERS SEE US

I SAA-AY, HAVE WE MET?

PIP PIP!

TOODLE DOO?

A WESTERN CONCEPTION

DAM YANKEE?

CAFeT-BA GG AH

RING?

MARSTAR?

STOCK YARDS

FOG

SMOKE

AS, AND WHEN, WE SEE OURSELVES

SLUSH

MUD

THE NORTHERN CONCEPTION

THE EAST SEES US — THAT IS, WHEN THEY BOTHER TO LOOK...

AS THE EAST SEES US

THE POPULAR SOUTHERN IDEA OF US

BLACK

TOMAHAWK

WA HOO!

ICE BERG

INJUN

(NORTHERN LIGHTS)

GREEN

COON DERR

TARNAH, YAMMIT?

JULIE TREE

MIDNIGHT SUN

KNUCK POG POUT

NORTH POLE

FOO NEE
Brethren and Sistern: The text for today will be, "Jonah in the Belly of the Whale," taken from the 25th chapter of Moke and the 9th verse.

Amen! Amen!

And there arose a great, great famine in all the realm of Oceania and all the crops of sea-weed had failed, and scores on scores of starving mammals perished for a want of vitamins. And there came an Angel of Peace unto Jonah as he cruised his time away in the Dead Sea, and quoth, "Verily, verily I beseech thee to make stop of such foolish pastime and sacrifice thyself so that thy lesser brothers might live!"

Hallelujah and Hallelotis!

And Jonah was sore touched and afflicted with religion and so he gave his life that the fish might live, casting himself over-board into the briny main.

Praise the lord, God bless the angel!

And there came about a greedy, greedy whale who had fasted for weeks on weeks and he swallowed up Jonah in one gulp, failing to divide the meal with his dying neighbors.

And Jonah waxed wrothful to thinking that his sacrifice had been thwarted thus, but lo! when the digestive secretions began to dissolve him he broke out in prayer and he prayed long and fervently for deliverance from the Belly of the Whale—Yea, oh yea and his prayers were heard and the dove of peace appeared with a box of baking soda but the devil came also bearing a bottle of Pluto Water, and the greedy whale swallowed both.

Praise God every day, and aid Jonah in his dilemma.

But Jonah, with great presence of mind, grabbed the bottle of Pluto Water just in time to save this little tale from what might have been an embarrassing ending. Selah, amen, and such.

"I hear some fella was canned for swearing in class."

"Roughly speaking, he was."

Bo: What say, lad, been to class lately?
Zo: Oh my yes, that's the only way I ever get there.

This being Leap Year, Flying Flossie has decided to get her man "up in the air" before she "lands" him.

A certain dowager, well up in the Four Hundred, was once introduced to a certain chorus girl who was known as much for her great beauty as for slangy repartee. The old lady surveyed the blonde through her lorgnette and remarked, "Reahlly, my dear, you remind me of an intricate bit of Renaissance Intaglio." Whereupon the bim returned, "Well, hell, you don't look so damned healthy yourself."
Porgy, by Du Bose Heyward (Geo. H. Doran & Co.)

"Porgy" is a short novel of negro life in the south. It has been dramatized, and is running in New York this season. The story is about Porgy, who is a crippled negro beggar, and his influence on Bess, the "bad" woman. It is done in a vivid, well-fashioned prose, the tone of which is skillfully varied with the mood of the story.

Bess' husband, Crown, is wanted for murder, and his abandoning Bess to escape arrest leaves her to Porgy. She goes willingly to the beggar, and is happy with him, for altho he is not a "good nigger", he exerts a quieting influence over her fiery and care-free temperament. But Crown returns, and the story moves rapidly to a bloody ending. The tragedy, however, lies not in the blood-shed, but in the inevitable waywardness of poor Bess.

The attractive feature of the book is not so much its story, altho that is interesting enough, as it is the quality of the prose. The author has given enough realistic detail chosen with an eye skilled in seeking out significance, but he has also indulged in the play of sympathetic imagination which makes the reading even more interesting than the actuality presented in it might have been. And he has an eye for color in his descriptions. The parade of the negro lodge thru the streets of the sleepy southern city is distinct and clear-cut, and the reader is made to feel the barbaric strains of color clashing with somber monochromism of civilization. That the author has a keen ear for prose rhythms is proved by his description of the hurricane. The words move along with an intensity which is sympathetic to the power of the wind; the reader is aware of the staccato breaking of sharp consonants, the jarring of vowel sounds against the solidity of the harder sounds in the scene describing the ripping off of the roof by the wind, and the sound of the roaring sea.

Black April, by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs Merrill Co.)

Perhaps a realistic negro novel cannot be written without including bloodshed. Of the few we have read, those making a sincere attempt at negro-portrayal have included more or less knifing and bloodshed. In "Black April" there is not a great deal of it, but it seems to us that one especially disgusting episode could very well have been left out even if it were an exact portrayal. It is a description of a fight between two negro men; the hero of the story, who is one of the participants, bites off a circular piece of flesh from his opponent's cheek and spits it out; the bit of bloody flesh is then snatched up by a dog, and swallowed with apparent gusto. We have sketched here only the outlines of that scene, but its full repulsiveness can easily be got by a reference to the chapter called "Church".

The plot meanders along lazily, and sometimes we were not at all sure that we knew where we were, —nor that we cared. The quality of the writing itself varies a great deal. In passages it is clear and colorful; the author sometimes succeeds in delineating a field or a garden with some precision and clarity. There are, however, too many confused passages; there are some which have not yielded us their exact meaning after several readings, and we are still wondering just what the author intended to convey.

There is this interesting idea in the form of the plot. The episodes in which the narrative is unrolled are the various activities of the negro farm-hand on a southern plantation, and they are told as they are observed by Breeze, a boy of about twelve years. Each episode might be an ordinary event in the farm's routine, except of course the incident which helps further the plot. The episodes are not obviously manufactured because they are necessitated by the story, but the story occurs in them almost casually. This clever plan is rather skillfully handled, and it serves the purpose of presenting a picture of the life in the locality as well as of unrolling the story.

Books Reviewed in this column from the Doubleday, Page Bookshop
LOEW'S STATE

"Long Live Romance!" will be the cry at Loew's State during the week starting Saturday, Jan. 21, when "The Student Prince in Old Heidelberg" will be presented at that theater. With Ramon Novarro, handsome "Ben-Hur" star, as Karl Heinrich, the boy who had to be king; and with Norma Shearer, beautiful screen heroine, as the girl who could never be queen, this poignant love story has been directed by that German master Ernst Lubitsch, whose American successes include such immortal celluloid masterpieces as "Lady Windermere's Fan", "The Marriage Circle" and Mary Pickford's "Rosita".

"The Student Prince" follows the familiar lines of the stage play. With the picture will be synchronized Sigmund Romberg's beautiful melodies, including "Deep In My Heart", "Serenade", the "Stein Song" and "Golden Days". Coming direct from its six months in New York at advance prices, "The Student Prince" will be shown at Loew's usual admission charges.

Salutations, Theodore—Teddy Joyce, the elongated, collegiate wretch whose dancing at Loew's has "devastated" the campus frailts, will continue as Loew's Master of Ceremonies, presenting the same type of stage shows as he has in the past. Joyce, who is from Western Reserve, Cleveland, owns a 'coon-skin coat, bought and paid for; a ukelele; and the "Lady-Killer" championship of the State of Ohio.

MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

Among the outstanding pictures to be featured at the Ambassador and Missouri theaters during the coming month are such widely-heralded successes as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," starring Ruth Lee Taylor and Ford Sterling, Emil Jannings in "The Last Command" with Evelyn Brent, "The Irresistible Lover" with Lois Moran, "Old Ironsides" to be shown for the first time at popular prices, the world's most famous comedy team, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in "Wife Savers", Richard Dix in "Sporting Goods", and Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose". "The Lion and the Mouse" with Vitaphone accompaniment will be featured at the Grand Central some time in the near future.

In addition to these photoplays at the Missouri and Ambassador, Brooke Johns and Ed Lowry as master of ceremonies at the Missouri and Ambassador respectively, will offer an unusual line-up of stage presentations.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" starts at the Ambassador theater January 21, with Ed Lowry's gigantic stage presentation "Rainbows", featuring his Columbia record "Waiting for the Rainbow." Ruth Lee Taylor, the most beautiful blonde in Hollywood is Lorelei Lee, the blonde whom gentlemen prefer.

"Wife Savers" is the screen attraction at the Missouri starting January 21, with Brooke Johns' peppy stage show "As You Like It." Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are featured in this hilarious comedy which is said to eclipse all their previous successes.
“Old Ironsides”, the stirring story featuring Esther Ralston, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft and Charles Farrell, will be featured at the Missouri theater in the near future. This is the romance built around the “Constitution”, and the historic charm of the story is enlivened by a pleasing love plot.

Richard Barthelmess has adapted his most recent starring vehicle from the stage play “The Noose”. “The Noose” is one of the strongest and most unusual of any story in which Barthelmess has been featured.

“The Lion and the Mouse” which comes to the Grand Central with Vitaphone accompaniment has as its principal feature a court room scene in which Vitaphone gives the sound of the voices for a period of forty-five minutes. Undoubtedly the farthest advance in motion pictures since the birth of the pictures themselves, the conversational sequence in “The Lion and the Mouse” will place it foremost, among the season’s sensational photoplays.

ON THE STAGE

SHUBERT-RIALTO THEATRE

“The Road to Rome,” is a clever and not illogical explanation of that fire eating Carthaginian warrior, Hannibal’s failure to exterminate Rome. Robert Sherwood’s mixture of pageantry, philosophy, farce, and romance, particularly the latter two, goes far toward humanizing history, with highlights of superb comedy. The fictitious Amytis, in our estimation is a very good reason for forgetting to obliterate any town, is expertly portrayed by Grace George, while McKay Morris is a very convincing Hannibal, tin suit and all. This offering, by reason of its unusual nature and well handled dialogue, has proven a success from its opening.

“The Lion and the Mouse”, which opens here on February 5, portrays the other side of “The Great White Way”, and vividly introduces the night-club chorus, hi-jackers, and bootleggers who infest the glaring streets and back alleys during the wee, small hours when the rest of the world slumbers. The play successfully mirrors the world renowned street for which it is named, and does it in a manner thoroughly convincing and amusing. While not a true underworld “revelation”, this work gives a remarkable insight into the workings of the night-hawk genus of the metropolitan district. Classed as an outstanding hit of the year.

AMERICAN THEATRE

“The King of Kings”, Cecil B. De Mille’s stupendous spectacle, which attracted a great deal of attention when presented at the American Theater recently, returns to that playhouse for a single week beginning Sunday, January 22nd. “King of Kings” features an all-star cast of 18 players. More than 5000 persons were used in its production and the cost of the spectacle is announced as exceeding $2,300,000.00.

The American’s announcement for the week of January 30th is Mrs. Fiske and Otis Skinner in Shakespeare’s comedy, “The Merry Wives of Windsor.” Heading the brilliant supporting cast is Henrietta Crossman. The tour of the noted stars in the Shakespeare play has been in the nature of a triumphal procession, every city visited responding with capacity audiences. The opening night in St. Louis has been bought by the College Club for its annual benefit performance.

On February 5th, the American will be given over to the widely-heralded film spectacle “Wings”. This super production is the rage of New York. The War Department, the Air Corps and the Paramount organization combined to make the picture which is said to have some of the best aerial photography ever taken. With aviation the topic of the hour, “Wings” has a glorious message for every American.

What a Wrench

“What’s your son taking up at college?”
“Think he is studying to be a plumber.”
“Why’s that?”
“In his last letter home, he wrote that he knew more about pipes, nuts and joints than any student in the university.”
—Sun Dial

Two Mormon boys went to school for the first time in Utah, and the teacher asked their names.
“John and William Smith,” the boys replied.
“Ah, then you are brothers. How old are you?”
“Each ten years old, ma’am.”
“Indeed! Then you are twins?”
“Please, ma’am,” replied one of the boys, “only on our father’s side.”
—Voo Doo
**Calling Out the Reserves**

Small Boy—“Quick, policeman. A man’s been beating my father for more than an hour.”
Policeman—“Why didn’t you call me sooner?”
Small Boy—“Father was getting the best of it until a few minutes ago.”

—Kansas City Star

**Thoughts in a College Library**

Damn hard book this. The criminal population of the United States is composed of heterogeneous, complex groups.—Nice girl, there, in the blue hat.—Police court statistics in regard to criminality.—Hm, some nifty legs. Wonder if she minds my looking at her?—Damn it, I’ll never get through at this rate.—The problem of the unadjusted girl in the blue hat—hell, no—the problem of the unadjusted girl is a serious one.—She’s looking at me. Boy but she’s pretty.—Sexual promiscuity is caused by nifty legs—no, by social maladjustment.—But hats give rise to insanity.—Damn it, if she doesn’t get out of this library I’ll go nuts.—It is impossible to estimate the loss caused annually by sky-blue eyes—damn those legs, why doesn’t she keep them under the table—blue hat, blue hat—uses a lot of lipstick—what legs—I wonder if she—Aw, hell, I’ll do this tomorrow.

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

**How Could You?**

The tramp approached a door marked Dr. Roberts, and knocked. A lady answered the summons and he inquired politely: “Has the Doc an old pair of pants, or two, that he could let me have, missus?”

“No,” the lady answered sweetly, “they wouldn’t fit you.”

“How could you?” he questioned.

“Quite sure,” was the reply. “You see, I’m the Doctor.”

—Goblin
Tact

Certain young girl of a none-too-high family decided to become a lady, and she therefore purchased and studied many books of etiquette. She knew whether to invite him into the house, what to order instead of chicken salad, and knew that filet mignon wasn’t a horse. Faithfully indeed did she adhere to the instructions in her etiquette books, and at last she became such a polished young lady that fellows began to invite her out.

One day she was passing through a crowd with a young man, when a burly stranger bumped into her and almost knocked her over. Her gallant escort immediately asked, “Who did that?”

Not for a second did the girl’s training leave her. “It’s impolite to point,” she said. “A lady never points, you know. But it was that—(censored)—of a—over there.”

—Punch Bowl

A professor coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest to him, he angrily inquired: “Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?”

“No, sir, I don’t,” replied the student, “but I strongly suspect his parents.”

—Voo Doo

A demure maiden from a family imbued with the seriousness of life and its glory, was sent to college. In her first letter home she wrote:

“I began to appreciate the beauty and greatness of life. At last I feel myself a part of a glorious race—went to work on my first lap last night.”

—Jester

Improvisations on a Prominent Tune

Tightened up my belt a notch;
Had to go and hock my watch:
Vo-do, deo, do-do-do.

I attended Junior Prom;
Got to write to Pop and Mom
For dough, dough, deo-ough, dough-dough—dough!

—Boston Beanpot

Nuf—“I met a very nice girl in one of those Maine towns.”
Seel—“Bangor?”
Nuf—“Nope.”

—Pup
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studies.

After Vacation

I cannot say that Love was grand
As Love has been for others,
For Love, to me, stalks hand-in-hand
With what it blindly smothers.

I cannot say that Love was true,
For Truth cannot be blasted,
Yet O, my deah, but Love’s sweet brew
Was potent while it lasted! . . .

—Westminstrel

VENICE

Cool silver moonlight
Casting a sleek sheen
On smooth, shiny
Water
Deep, dusky quiet
Broken only
By the noise at intervals
Of Venetian housewives
Emptying the evening garbage
Into the canal

—Gargoyle
To a Quaker Maid in Fashion

Blessings on thee, pretty miss
Quaker Maid, I long to kiss,
With thy merry, wanton quips
And thy quirking, lipstick lips—
All that sort of thing connotes
That thee knows thy Quaker Oats!

—Life

I. (beginning a story)—"They were both deadly
white as they lay there together under the tree. For
hours they_____
Elle (interrupting)—"Is this a nice story?"
I.—"Sure, they were a couple of snow balls."

—Siren

Our idea of the latest dirty dig is a negro shovelpusher an hour late.

—D D D—

“Gosh, why the bandages, tornado?”
“No, I stuck my head in a Brentwood saloon and
yelled fire.”
“Well?”
“They did.”

—D D D—

Teacher: Johnnie, use the word Shetland in a
sentence.
St. L. Lad: Ven de vind blows de roofs avay,
dey shetland somevere.

—D D D—

“Don’t you think Tunney is wonderful?”
“My dear he’s simply stunning, stunning.”
“Stunning my eye, he’s a knockout.”

—D D D—

Herr Franz Wilhelm Otto Friedrich Johann
Manfried Schnitzler von Altenheim says he got
those scars at Heidelberg, but have you ever seen
him eat?

—D D D—

Janitor: I’ve been all over the building and I
can’t find my broom.
Helper: Have you looked on the top floor?
Janitor: Oh, that’s another story.

—D D D—

“What’s th’ grand idea?” asked the piano mover,
as he heaved his favorite instrument out the
window.

Fair One!

May Edginton, in the February College
Humor, begins a novel that is a rich and
genuine study of a girl on her own, Fair
One. It begins with simple people . . .
an English village . . . streets with the
sunset bloom in them . . . men and
women who knew life was somewhere
about, but didn’t much want to find it out.
It quickens in pace; employs many glam¬
orous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an
arpeggio-like manner that is certain to
delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will
find Sailor Love, a story of shore leave by
John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a
feature photoplay. And Richard Connell,
John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully,
O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating
article on the University of Chicago, by
Samuel Putnam.
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Gritty George: Good-mornin', lady.
Kind Housewife: Well, what do you want?
Gritty George: Please, mum, I feel a fit comin' on an' I'll go somewheres else an' have it fer the small sum of a dime.

—Goblin

"Johnny," cried Queen Guinevere, "run out and get the blowtorch, I have to mend Papa's pants!"

—Jester

First Aid

First Aid Instructor: "What would you do if a man was pale, sweating profusely, unconscious, bleeding from the mouth, eyes and ears, and had a fractured skull and arm?"
Student: "I'd bury him."

—Lampoon

Omar says, "Where there is method, there is badness."

—Pup

"Why do you squeeze your girl so tight?"
"Someone has said that the temperature increases with pressure."

—Whirlwind

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"How can you shave over such a large Adam's apple?"
"Trickery, my dear. I gulp, and then do the job before it can slide back into place."

—Stanford Chaparral

Zoology Professor: What disease do we associate with biting dogs?
"I come from Arkansas, sir," wailed the timid Freshman. "We n-never bite any down there."

—Malteser

Get A Muzzle

Bashful: "Do you mind if I kiss you?"
(No answer).
Bashful: "Would you care if I kissed you?"
Wise Sister: "Say, do you want me to promise not to bite?"

—Pelican

First Traveling Salesman—Being on the road ain't what it used to be.
Second Ditto—Naw, I've been on the road for ten years now and never had to sleep at a farmer's house yet.

—Amherst Lord Jeff

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
"I'm going to spend more afternoons at the office next summer... I've wasted too much time on golf."

"I'm off the Saturday night poker game, too. That bunch of robbers sure nicked me for plenty the last three sessions."

"I'm going to stay home with the wife more nights, but I don't see why she had to go to that club meeting tonight."

"Tim says he's going to cut down on his smoking this year."

"But that's playing the new year's resolution thing too strong... a man's got to have a little pleasure out of life."

"And if you stick to old golds, they can't hurt you... not a cough in a carload, I'll tell the world."

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