Washington University Dirge: Ye Merrie Yuletide Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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Dirge

ye merrie yuletide number

pryce - two bittes
It costs a lot, but Camel must have the best

It is true that Camel is the quality cigarette, but it costs to make it so. To make Camel the favorite that it is costs the choicest crops of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. It requires the expense of a blending that leaves nothing undone in the liberation of tobacco taste and fragrance.

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By special arrangement with the Coronado Hotel, the newly organized Hilltopper Club, composed exclusively of Washington University students, will gather every Wednesday night in the Pal-Lido of the Coronado Hotel throughout the school year. Wednesdays have been designated “Hilltopper Nights.”

Membership cards may be secured from the committee. Cards are necessary to obtain special Hilltopper Club privileges.

First Hilltopper Club Dance
Wednesday, Dec. 21
A Surprise Party
and every Wednesday Night
10 p.m. until closing

Music by
Allister Wylie
and his
Coronadians
“Just About the Hottest Band in Town”
At
The Hotel
Coronado
Lindell Boulevard at Spring Avenue

$100
—per person
and no more

includes cover charge, entertainment, refreshments (Special Hilltopper Club Menu). . . . two dollars for you and your date! See the Committee for further details and membership card.

“COMMITTEE”
Edwin A. Lamke
Wm. C. Krenning, Jr.
Arthur Gildehaus
Grey Bruno
W. C. Trampe
Otis L. Sturbois
Allister Wylie
C. S. Cullenhine
Jack McDonald

Merry Christmas!

MICKEY FLOM
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PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
Mother: Why, Percy, what are all these strange-looking lesson sheets from your correspondence school—calling you all kinds of ugly names and making you look ridiculous with a lot of silly drawings?

Percy: Oh, that’s nothing, Mother. I am just being hazed.

—Beanpot

A very self-satisfied young man arrived at the gates of heaven and asked for admittance.

“Where are you from?” St. Peter asked.

“Havahd.”

“Well, you can come in, but you won’t like it.”

—Ox

“It’s no good mincing matters,” said the doctor; “you are very bad. Is there anybody you would specially like to see?”

“Yes,” replied the patient faintly.

“Who is it?” queried the doctor.

“Another doctor.”

—Selected

Two very spirited fraternity brothers unfortunately wandered into a shower room after arriving home after a formal. “Hie—come on, John, let’s git going,” shouted one. “This is a terrible storm we’re out in to-night.”

—Denison Flamingo

“Hank, dear,” said the burglar’s wife, “please don’t make so much noise when you come in to-night.”

“Sure,” he replied. “Did I wake you up last night?”

“No, but you woke Mother, and I don’t want her going to prison and telling Father that I married an amateur.”

—Harvard Lampoon

Our old friend, the ubiquitous absent-minded professor, was in the receiving line at a faculty reception for the students. One of the students, who worked part of the time in a tailor’s shop, and who had made several shirts for the professor, approached the professor. The latter, not recalling his identity, extended his hand cordially and said.

“Your face is familiar, young man, but for the moment I cannot remember who you are or where I have seen you.”

The student blushed and whispered in the professor’s ear, “Made your shirts, sir.”

“Ah, to be sure,” said the professor, turning to the lady next to him in line. “Mrs. Brown, permit me to present Major Shurtz.”

—Yellow Jacket

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She: And while you were traveling in the Sahara didn’t you find the Arabs intense?
He: Oh my, yes, in tents and on horseback both.
—Chaparral

We Aim to Please
Waiter: That gentleman over there says his soup isn’t fit for a pig.
Manager: Then take it away, you fool, and bring him some that is.
—Tawney Kat

Love’s Old Sweet Song—When do we eat?
—Cannon Bavel

So they called her “Tonsils” because the Medical students used to take her out so much.
—The Cynic

Speaker (at dinner of club)—Gentlemen, did you ever stop to think? I ask you again, did you ever stop to think?
Stewed (tired and sleepy)—Did you ever think to stop?
—The Yellow Jacket

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The Original
Christmas Number
IN WHICH WE PAY OUR RESPECTS TO MERRY YULETIDE.
Poet: "My girl said this last poem of mine caused her heart to miss a beat."

Editor: "Then we can't use it. We can't print anything that will interfere with our circulation."

---

Dec. 20.

My Dear Santa Claus,

I am just 10 years old. I have been a very good little boy during the past year. I hope you will be able to bring these few small articles that I am in great need of. They are: an electric train and cars, a desk, a cowboy suit, lead soldiers, a cannon, a bicycle, a b.b. gun, a typewriter, a parchees game, boxing gloves, a sled, a football suit, a football, a baseball bat, glove and ball, ice skates, a sheepskin, and about 25 bucks.

I think you in advance and I promise to be a model boy for the ensuing year.

Your little friend

Jack.

---

Dec. 26

Well old Hay Face,

I don't wish you any tough luck but I hope they make Eskimo pies out of your helpers. I hope your reindeers get fallen arches and hang nails and I hope you get stomach trouble in every cubic foot of that bay window of yours.

Call any time and I'll return those 4 neckties and 2 handkerchiefs.

So to hell, plenty.
The neighborhood roughneck,

Jack.

---

"Our Babe" says that if beauty is only skin deep, there are several people who ought to be out and skinned.

She sat and yawned in the parlor, till finally the frequent home.
After Swinburne’s “A Match”

(Fifty-nine years after)
If love were like some garlic
And you were like its shape,
We’d scent the world together
In any sort of weather
As far north as the Arctic
Or South down to the Cape
If love were like some garlic
And you were like its shape.

If I were what the noise is,
And love were like its cause,
I always would stay single
With you I’d never mingle
I have some better choices.
Who, Thank God, have no
flaws—
If I were what the noise is
And love were like its cause.

If love were like a lemon
And you a little seed,
We could spend our time in
trade,
We could make some lemonade
Ah, well, how we could demon¬
strate how we need the feed.
If love were like a lemon
And you a little seed.

'S Bloode!

It was in the form of a challenge when he mut¬
tered between clenched teeth, “I’ll meet you behind
the church at sunrise.”

Would he really come or was he too much of a
coward to risk losing his reputation and possibly
his life? He had said nothing about bringing
others. What were his intentions? Thus ran the
thoughts of the one who, leaning against the church
yard wall, waits for the challenger.

The sun was just rising. It was a wonderful
morning for such an encounter, no one around to
interfere, no law, no inquisitive watchers. Truly it
would be a decisive meeting.

Ah! he comes at last, but as he approaches he
fails to see the one who waits, leaning thus. Su¬
ddenly he becomes aware of the waiter and his coun¬
tenance changes completely. Now, he breaks into a
run and when he reaches the challenged he throws
out his arms and as she sinks into them he whispers,
“Ah my darling, we’ll fly away together before my
wife gets on my trail.”

The Wise Man says: “A bim in the arms is
worth two in the dreams.”
Chaucerian No End

I'm Chaucer, the tosser, rah rah and rah.
I star on baseball team of college, rah rah.
The games, I win. I sure deserve
The victory, I clinch with all my nerve.
Mudville, it was the game—champishn
To win, to win, our only scheme.
Five hundred runs spelled victorree.
Of course the game depends on me.
Four-Ninety-Nine to nothing they led us by.
But lend an ear and hearken guy
To me, great I, Rudolph Casey Chaucer
In hand my club advanced to saunter.
'Twas sock and sock and sock again
That pill I gave it flowing pain.
O'er fence, o'er meadow, o'er winding brook,
O'er land, o'er sea, o'er dried up nook
Sailed little pill and ne'er was downed
Till Casey Chaucer ran 'round and 'round
And all five hundred runs were made.
The game on ice right sweet he laid.
But Bumpire "Mug" was no dull yegg.
And so he croaked, "Fill me the egg."
Yer out, he cried to the "king of swat".
Yer out, yer out, you dirty sot.
You missed a hag' on the four hundredth dash.
Saying which—he retired on Mudville cash.

"Leonhard, I heard the new maid tell the cook
you had cold feet, so I got you these."

"Skunked"

Two lonesome skunks by the roadside stood
As an automobile rushed by;
It left an odor far from good,
And a tear was in one's eye.

"I hear that you have a fine job now."
"Yes, I work in a shirt factory."
"How come you are not working today?"
"Oh, we are making nightshirts now."

"Oh, why do you weep?" asked his anxious friend,
"And why do you sob and quake?"
"Because that smell", said the other skunk,
"Is like Mother used to make."

"ROOM AND BORED"
The Summer Gone

The summer passed on wings of gold—
It held for me a wealth untold
Of amber days, and silver nights,
Of lazy hours and—chigger bites.

A summer that was made for love,
The beach below, the moon above
That seemed to gild each tiny fleck
Of foam and—sand flies down my neck.

Silent walks beneath the trees
That seems to whisper to each breeze.
The molten sunlight in your hair
—And poison ivy everywhere.

And then to fill my cup of woe
Nigh to the point of overflow,
One gorgeous midnight, balmy, still,
—A rampant skunk beneath my sill.

(This is our annual post-season brainstorm.)

Essay on Roommates

Roommates sure are a problem. Mine is the kind that is good at parking anything from an automobile to cookies. Yeah—he’s a regular cookie pusher. I don’t have to tell him to sleep tight, because he always comes home soused. Even when he dies, he wants to be buried in bier. He says that he always sleeps sound; and I agree—it’s sound (oh, such a terrible sound!) all night long. And he’s constantly getting hard up and having to sell my belongings; I believe he’d sell my birth certificate for a pot of morce. I think he has an inferiority reflex, or a patellar complex, or something. One thing in his favor, though: he does look mighty well dressed in my clothes. But he is such an idle rumor.

Jounce: “I notice when you ride horseback you always whip your horse on the right side. Why don’t you give him a little on the left for a change?”

Joss: “It really doesn’t matter. As long as I get one side going, the other side is bound to follow.”
Ye Nighte Before Christmas

Twas ye nighte before Christmas,
And alle throughe ye house
Ye Brothers wer brewinge
Ye goode winter's souse.

There wer beer in ye bathe tub,
And gin in ye sinke,
There wer whisk in ye cellar,
Alle manner of drinke.

Ye curtains were drawn
And ye lamps alle turned lowe,
Ye Lodge wer well oiled
And readye to go.

Ye guests nowe assembled
From neare and from farre,
Some in ye flivver
And some in ye carre.

Ye partye waxed hotte,
Each turret so dimme
Wer well occupied
By some ladde and his bimme.

I in ye attick
And Bille in ye halle
Had settled ourselves
For ye goode winters brawl.

When out in ye drive
There rose such a shriek,
We dived for ye windows,
To have us a peake.

Forsooth, wast a raide?
'S bloode, we guessed righte,
Ye coppes there in numbers,
And full of ye fight.

Yeomen to ye stations,
Ye portcullis fell,
We hauled up ye drawbridge,
Ye systeme wer swelle.

We poured down ye oil,
Alle boiling and hotte,
We pelted ye raiders
With arrows and shotte.

We scrapped alle ye nighte
Till cracke of ye dawnne,
Then called off ye battle,
With handshake and yawne.

Ye coppers were pooped
Ye duty wer done,
They hadde pulled offe ye raide
And hadde lots of funne.

We signed us a truce
And opened ye gate,
Ye foe staggered inne—
We caroused until late.

Ye Lion and Lambe
Soon snored side bye side,
For such is ye spirit
Of ye olde Yuletide.

L'Envoi
Peace on Earth, Goodwille to Manne,
Gladness farre and near,
Raise lottes of helle, for Xmastide
Rolls round butte once a year!
Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

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Bearers of Ye Pall

WILLIAM LINCOLN ........................................... Ye Boss Scrivener
CARL WEBER .................................................. Ye Seconde Beste
CHARLES EAMES .............................................. Ye Inke Slinger
DOROTHY ZETLMEISL ......................................... Ye Clipper
JULIAN SIMPSON .............................................. Ye Heade Usurer
KARL SEIBEL .................................................... Keeper of ye Doughne
AUSTIN CHASEY ............................................... Ye Heade Circulator

Ye Quill Pushers

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

Ye Inke Splashers

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

Ye Circulators

Norman Bierman ....................................... 1928
Clay Kirkpatrick ....................................... 1930
Bill Wallace ........................................... 1930
Fred Moore ........................................... 1931
Percy Lunn ........................................... 1931
Louis Keesler ........................................... 1931
Frank Seitz ........................................... 1931
Oscar Arbogast ......................................... 1921
Frank Bosse ........................................... 1933

Ye Usurers

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

Ye Circulators' Henchmen

Corinne Koch ........................................... 1928
Dorothy Mark ........................................... 1928
Camille Stowe ........................................... 1928
Ruth Christopher ....................................... 1928
Marie Barrett ........................................... 1931
Delphine Meyer ......................................... 1931
Celeste East ........................................... 1931

PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

Dirge wishes to extend to the public in general, and to
the afflicted party in particular, a most profound
apology for omitting, in the issue previous, the name of Charles
Eames, our most illustrious Art Editor. We salaam mid sack-cloth and ashes!
E WONT attempt to follow editorial tradition in wishing all you little studes a very merry and trite Christmas, neither will we pull the moth eaten admonition to eat, drink, and be as merry as all thunder, for to-morrow is just another pain in the neck. We feel that these time-honored, time-worn, and time-out expressions but bespeak the utter lack of sincere feeling and original thought. Consequently the perpetrators of this publication extend the sentiment of not giving two whoops in the warm place whether the world at large finds in its little stocking, on the frosty morn of December twenty-fifth, its heart’s desire or not.

To get down to business, a Merry Christmas is a darned fine idea, but for the love of mud don’t inflict your hackneyed expressions of trite and often spurious good will on a much suffering public. If you feel the urge of expression, let it out in the form of something original. Yes, the editors will accept anything from an Isotta-Fraschini to an ancient apple. Merry Christmas!
Recantation of Rich Richard

It's a long road that has no place to park.

A college man is judged by the liquor he keeps.

It's a strange baby that cries for its father.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

A girl in the car is worth two on the dance floor.

Birds of one feather sure do look picked.

A string of bologna is no stronger than its weakest link.

It is has been estimated that if all the "choo-choo-trains" Santa Claus receives requests for were placed car after car, they would make a line from here to the Moon, to Venus, to the Sun, and back to the starting point.

Epitaphs

Sigh and lament for Roscoe McBo,

He played in "Old English" at Chicago.

Cheer and applaud for Bertram Melsthmus,

Had a fight with his girl the day before Christmas.

Arrange such matters with "Wop" Palazoon,

New Year's Eve is coming soon.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
Any everywhere that Mary went,
She was late.

"He's a loafer."
"You mean, then, that he's a baker?"
"No; but he does make plenty of dough."
"Well, in that case, he is certainly a bread winner."
“ye full page”
"I gave the salesman a new, crisp dollar bill for that Christmas present."
"That certainly was passing the buck."

Bay: "That was a pretty bald statement."
Rum: "Well, it wasn't particularly hair raising."

She was only a ball player's daughter, but she threw a wicked curve.

Sonnetize
I took one look into her dreamy eyes,
I hazarded another glance or two;
Once more I gazed and then with grim surprise,
I noted one was black, the other blue.

"Fair Maid," quoth I, (I am that way, you sap),
I never say or talk, but always quoth,
"Those eyes that seem to decorate your map—
If they were mates, wouldn't that improve them both?"

She took one look into my deep blue eyes,
A heavy hurting haunting look it was.
What happened next was too grim a surprise,
(Although I saw an arm and heard a buzz).

When I awoke and to myself came back,
One of my eyes was blue, the other black.
The Life of a Dept. Store Santa Claus

Seven bucks a day is sure small change for this damjob. I wish I'd never quit working in O'Riley's pool hall. It was at least quiet there while this being stared at and poked at is a helluvalot worse. When that hot looking frill hung around, made eyes at me, and then tried to walk off with my exhibition doll, I felt like tossing off my stomach and whiskers and paddling her. By the way, this pillow in the front of my coat is so heavy that the feathers must have come off of Plymouth Rocks. Ogosh here comes another one of these talkative old hens and her spouse.

“Yes, Mr. Claus, Junior and I came to see you last year and ever since Christmas morning Junior, who is now 10, has been anxious to see you again. Just take the little dear up in your arms and he'll tell you all of his wants. That's it. He's not really heavy is he? Now, Junior, tell Santa what you've been wanting to tell him.”

“So you're the bird that said he'd bring me a bicycle and a shot gun last year for Christmas and all ya brung me was a suit of clothes. Well, I've been savin' up for this—"

Ow— G—dam let go my whiskers—take your fist out of my eye, quit kicking my back, here give me those whiskers—this finishes my career.”

YE NEW YEARE’S “EVE”

LIFE’S LITTLE TRAGEDIES:—SANTA CLAUS FORGETS HIS TERNION

— D D D —

Shocking Poetry

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees—
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked!

— D D D —

Soph: “How did you lose your teeth, Freshman?”
Frosh: “Shifting gears on a lollypop.”

— D D D —

In the Westminster game the team reminded us of counterfeit money. That is, the halves were full of lead and quarters couldn't pass.

— D D D —

Queen: “Charles the baby has a stomach ache.”
King: “Page the Secretary of the Interior.”
ON THE SCREEN

SKOURAS THEATRES

MERRY CHRISTMAS shows are being presented at Skouras Brothers theaters starting Saturday, December 24, with Colleen Moore's tremendous production "Her Wild Oat," at the Ambassador, Richard Dix in his latest triumph, "The Gay Defender" at the Missouri, while the Grand Central re-opens with Vitaphone in conjunction with the showing of "The Jazz Singer," featuring Al Jolson.

On the stages of the Ambassador and Missouri theaters, smiling Ed Lowry and Brooke Johns will preside over special holiday productions, Lowry's show at the Ambassador being called "Listen In," while Johns' at the Missouri is entitled "A Holiday Jubilee."

Colleen Moore is the mistress of a rolling kitchen in "Her Wild Oat," the Christmas week feature at the Ambassador. Colleen has soaring social ambitions, that bring on some hilarious situations for the would-be social butterfly. Ed Lowry's stage production features Irma, the dancing violinist who is a great St. Louis favorite. Herman and Seaman, comedians direct from "Allez Oop!" Dolores and Eddy, dancers, and many others. The entire presentation will have a gala Holiday setting.

BROOKE JOHNS IS PRESENTING "HOLIDAY JUBILEE" with the outstanding junior talent of St. Louis, professional acts, the Missouri Dancing Girls, Arthur Nealy, and many others. Johns’ Christmas week show will undoubtedly be his most elaborate presentation of the year, and will be full of gaiety and pep. The screen attraction at the Missouri is the theater's favorite, Richard Dix, in his latest role of a dashing, romantic caballero of the old gold fields. Thelma Todd, lovely blonde Paramount player, is featured opposite him.

The presentation of "The Jazz Singer" at the Grand Central takes on importance for several reasons, two of which stand out prominently. One is that it will be the occasion of Al Jolson's local debut as a screen star, and the other that as given, "The Jazz Singer," through the instrumentality of Vitaphone, will show the greatest step forward in the presentation of motion pictures that the screen has known. It will be the first time that Vitaphone will have been brought into play in carrying out the story of the picture, inasmuch as through it all the musical sequences of the story will be heard. Herefore the only part Vitaphone has played in motion pictures has been in furnishing the musical score accompanying the action.

Some of the greatest pictures ever produced will be featured at Skouras Theaters during 1928, with the first quarter of the year offering "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "The Street of Sin," "Jesse James," and "The Harvester."

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy" will be utterly different from anything heretofore depicted on the screen. It offers a unique theme, portrayed in settings of rare beauty. Maria Corda, lovely Hungarian beauty, portrays Helen while Ricardo Cortez is cast opposite her as Paris. Lewis Stone is Menelaos, and Alice White is Adraste, Helen's handmaiden.

Emil Jannings, star of "Variety," and "The Way of All Flesh" has just completed another great picture, to be released early in 1928. It is "The Street of Sin," a gripping story of the back streets of a great city.

"Jesse James" offers a different slant of the character of the great bandit. It portrays a Jesse James whose father was a Baptist minister, whose mother was a convent-bred Kentucky girl, and who married a woman of the highest type. "Jesse James" in its screen version, has enough gunplay to thrill the hardest of his followers, and enough romance to reach the hearts of all.

Gene Stratton-Porter's novel "The Harvester" is another one of the great stories to be picturized. All the glories of Indiana in the springtime, and all the youth and beauty of the original story have been combined into one of the most accurate screen adaptations of any novel. Natalie Kingston and Orville Caldwell, famous for his portrayal of The Knight in Morris Gest's "Miracle" have the featured roles.

LOEW'S STATE

The modern day substitute for the "Matinee Idol" of yesteryear will make his bow at Loew's State. That theater, abandoning its policy of "name" stage attractions, will go into the "bandshow" stage policy, with a master of ceremonies conducting the affairs of drama. Teddy Joyce, whose eccentric dancing and other stage nicknacks have made him a sensation at the Capitol, New York, will conceal himself in Santa Claus' pack, "fixing" it with that famous "Man in the Red Suit" to have himself draped on St. Louis' Christmas tree.

Joyce will start as Loew's Master of Ceremonies, Saturday, December 24. Loew executives have signed him to a year's contract. Each week, Joyce
will present a different production. Twelve Criss-Cross girls, a stage band, and a number of vaudeville acts will be included in his show each week.

Not only will Loew's present a new form of glorified stage revue, but it has announced a list of film super-productions, to be included in each of Joyce's shows. For Christmas week's show, Loew's will present John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in "Love". Though you'd never recognize it from its new title, "Love" is Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina". Co-eds who saw Gilbert and Miss Garbo in the clinches of "Flesh and the Devil" ("Sudermann's "The Undying Past") may gain new ideas in technique from the further adventures in the gentle art of love, as depicted by such sophisticated apostles as John and Greta.

Warwick Deeping's best-selling novel, "Sorrell and Son" will be another of the "supers" to be included with Joyce's shows. Tear glands that have been inactive since "Stella Dallas" are expected to come to life for this production. A story of a father and his son, "Sorrell and Son" casts H. B. Warner—the Christ of "The King of Kings"—as Captain Sorrell. Anna Q. Nilsson, Carmel Meyers, Nils Asther and Micky McBann are others in the cast.

Lon Chaney, who has been everything in celluloid except a tarantula, will be Burke, a Scotland Yard detective in "London After Midnight". As a present-day Sherlock Holmes, Chaney is the boy who solves five-year-old murder mysteries—similar trifles. Anyone who could do that could short-change the Bookstore. There is room for him at Washington.

ON THE STAGE

SHUBERT-RIALTO THEATRE

DECEMBER 18.—"ABIES' IRISH ROSE", which has broken all previous records for longevity, is to be with us once more, this time at the new moderate price scale. The company comprises actors and actresses who have been in their present roles for three years, insuring a smooth preservation of Anne Nichols' much discussed comedy. "Abie's Irish Rose" has the unique distinction of playing on three continents at once, North America, Europe, and Australia, breaking records on each.

DECEMBER 25.—"THE PLAY'S THE THING", Molnar's comedy, starring Holbrook Blinn, comes directly from Miller's Theatre in New York, where it ran the entire season to capacity houses. P. G. Wodehouse, an author and humorist of no small repute, has adequately adapted the famous Hungarian's latest work to the Anglo-Saxon understanding. With Blinn are such notables as Martha Lorber, Ralph Nairn, Gavin Muir, and Hubert Druce. A special matinee will be given on Monday, December 26.

JANUARY 1.—"THE MADCAP", in which that lovable continental comedienne, Mitzi, more than lives up to her title. This brilliant musical comedy comes direct from Chicago, where it played a long run at the Olympic. New York has yet to view this tuneful comedy. "Mitzi" has been said to spell "entertainment."

JANUARY 8.—"THE VAGABOND KING," returns. The tale of the poet scamp, Francois Villon, embellished with music by Rudolph Friml, and staged by the Russian color genius, Boleslawsky, promises to lose nothing in the repetition. "The Vagabond King" has been acclaimed the finest presentation of its type, and there are few who deny it. Practically the entire New York company will be sent on this tour, including Carolyn Thomson, Edward Neil, Jr., Cooper Cliffe, and others.

AMERICAN THEATRE

Cecil B. De Mille's stupendous spectacle, "The King of Kings" will be the attraction at the American Theater from December 18th to December 31st, inclusive. This production has achieved unusually long runs in New York, Los Angeles, Boston and Philadelphia. It will be presented here with a large touring orchestra and complete effects. "King of Kings" has an all-star cast of 18 players and 5000 others. It cost $2,300,000 to produce.

"Tommy", that sparkling comedy described by the New York Times as being "one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season—bright, fresh and continuously funny", is booked for the American Theater for a single week beginning Sunday night, January 1st. St. Louis will be the third city to see "Tommy", its previous presentations last season and this being confined to New York and Chicago.

On Monday night, January 9th, David Belasco's widely heralded presentation of "Lulu Belle", starring Lenore Ulric, will come to the American. "Lulu Belle" is said to be the outstanding dramatic offering of the year. It played for two years at the Belasco Theater, New York, and only recently concluded a long run at the Illinois Theater, Chicago. Miss Ulric has a role that gives her ample opportunity for the display of the histrionic talents that won for her the enviable position of being of the greatest of American stars.
Land of the Pilgrims’ Pride,
by George Jean Nathan (Alfred A. Knopf)

“Land of the Pilgrims’ Prude” would have been a better title for this book, assuming that one needs a title for any book Nathan writes. The “I” stands out throughout everything this critic pens, and one is inclined to think that he likes to attack because the word criticize has three “i”’s in it. In the present collection Nathan comments upon a few of the modern American diseases, such as critics, moral laws, sex education, prohibition, American authors, sandwiches, and a host of others. In fact the only malady he seems to omit is democracy, but the omission is excusable, since his colleague, Mencken, capably takes care of that.

The first section of the book, probably the best section, is called “The New Morality”, and in it Nathan attempts to show the change in morals and the causes of the change. That there has been a change in morals, even the director of an institution Devoted To The Inculcation Of Ideals In Our Youth will admit. Nathan goes further than merely acknowledging this fact; he boasts of it. He doesn’t ask as does the Browning Society of Pedukah, “What’s the younger generation coming to?” What he wants to know is, What Of It?

As to the cause of the change—whether it be modern slang, college jokes, the war, or a general disgust with the world—what difference does it make? Any one of the causes is as irremovable as the French debt or a drunken policeman. Nathan’s attitude toward the changing morality is surprising: one suspects he laments the change.

One other section, that entitled “The Motherland”, is worthy of mention. The so-called affinity existing between America and England is just as operative as the Eighteenth Amendment. “Soothing handelaps and quasi-secret fraternal grasps aside, we discover that England and America are farther apart today than they have been since 1875.” The statement probably will not descend smoothly upon those who consider England and America on the road to an extremely co-operative future. There are other things that might descend upon these people with better effect. It is (fortunately or unfortunately) true that this country has outgrown its motherland and in dealing with each other, the two countries assuredly do not manifest the parent-child attitude.

The essays (some of which have appeared in Clinical Notes in the American Mercury) are arranged in no particular order, an arrangement characteristic of more than one critic. To discuss each article Nathan deals with would be a trifle more hopeless than the expression of American public opinion. Definitions, censures, credos, notes, comparisons, and essays follow each other in rapid succession. The author’s observations in most instances are well-founded; that they are as well-expressed goes without saying. If he is not liked it is not because of his style, for it is more than readable, nor because of his reflections, for they are plausible, but because of his apparent unimpeachable “rightness” and a not-to-reluctant willingness to admit that he is right.

When in some future day a silly teacher asks an innocent class to describe the georgejeannathan philosophy, a good student can say: “He believed that none but the brave deserved the fair, because he believed that he was brave and that he was fair.”

M. M.

Books Reviewed in this column from the Doubleday, Page Bookshop

First Pugilist: “Why do they call youse ‘Gentleman Jim’?”
Second Pugilist: “Aw, they seen me holding a fork once when I was eatin’. I had it to crack me bruder’s knuckes if he reached for me pork chop.”

—Pit Panther

He—A man asked me this afternoon if I wouldn’t drop in some time and see his line of snappy neckwear?

She—Salesman?
He—No, a musical revue producer.

—Williams Purple Cow
Put your pipe on P.A.

WHAT you get out of a pipe depends on what you feed it. Millions of contented jimmypipers will tell you that Prince Albert commands a pipe to stand and deliver. You suspect you are in for some grand pipe-sessions the minute you get a whiff of P.A.'s aroma.

The first pipe-load confirms your suspicions. What a smoke, Fellows! Remember when you asked for the last dance and she said "You've had it"? P.A. is cool, like that. And sweet as knowing that she didn’t really mean it.

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Put your pipe on P.A. You can hit it up to your heart's content, knowing in advance that P.A. will not bite your tongue or parch your throat. That one quality alone gets P.A. into the best smoke-fraternities. And then think of all its other qualities!

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Driver’s License

Officer: “What do you mean by going sixty miles an hour through this town?”

Husband: “Why, you...!”

Wife (helpfully): “Don’t pay any attention to him, officer. He’s intoxicated.”

—Brown Jug

He who laughs first told the joke.

—Ghost

“No, we shall not let Horace return to college this year. You know he is so young.”

“Yes, yes. My son flunked out too.”

—Jester

“Don’t always complain about my cooking!”

“I’m sorry; I simply had to bring it up again.”

—Purple Parrot

“What’s an operetta?”

“Don’t be dumb—it’s a girl who works for the telephone company.”

—Texas Ranger

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

—Puppet

“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

She was only a country belle, but she tolled on me.

—Scream

Captain—All hands on deck! The ship is leaking!

Voice from the Forecastle—Aw! Put a pan under it and c’mon to bed.

—Royal Gaboon
Evening Clothes and Accessories

Useful Christmas Gifts for Men and Boys are listed alphabetically and priced in our Booklet “Christmas Suggestions” which will be sent on request.

The Next Visit of our Representative to the Hotel Jefferson will be on December 14 and 15.

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“I’m going home to mother,” she sobbed, “and I never want to see you again.”

“Too late,” he said, “your mother went home to grandmother last night.” —Marlet

Irate Father—I’ll teach you to drink!
Son—Gee, pa, I wish you would. They say you used to be the best drinker in the house.
—Jack-O-Lantern

I bet she wouldn’t marry me and she called my bet and raised me five. —Mink

The guy who invented the “Black Bottom” and the “Miss Around” must have watched a snake sleeping off a seven-day bat. —Ranger

Working Boy: “Don’t sob, brother, the wolf has never been at your door.”
Athlete: “No, he was in my room and had pups.” —Flamingo

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Tact

Polite Frosh: "You know you've changed since I saw you last?"

Sweet One: "And how? For better or worse?"

Polite Frosh: "My dear, you could only change for the better." —Buzz

"Did you ever play poker with a bridge hand?"

"No, and neither did you."

"Oh, yes I have. He worked for a construction company." —Sun Dial

He: The weather always affects me: when the air's mild, I feel mild; when it's brisk, I feel brisk: when it's—

She: How balmy the air is tonight!

—Judge

Rock-a-bye, senior, on the tree top,
As long as you study your grades will not drop,
But if you stop digging your standing will fall
And down will come senior, diploma and all.

—Denison Flamingo

If it were not for college men's clothes, what would the circus clowns copy?

—Westminster

"And have you any brothers?"

"Three; two living and one married."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

"Is the westbound train on time?"

"No, I think the company paid cash for it."

—Lehigh Burr
Mu: Do you believe in mind reading?
Mu Mu: Yes, I was introduced to a chorus girl the other night and she slapped my face.
—Rensselaer Pup

Worldly One (in midst of telling story): Have you heard this before?
Great chorus of ye's.
W. O.: Well, I'll go on. You'll probably understand it this time.
—Chaparral

"Jenkins, the cook tells me you were intoxicated last night and trying to roll a barrel out of the cellar."
"Yes, my lord."
"And where was I at the time?"
"In the barrel, my lord."
—Judge

"If Fred marries that vulgar actress, his father promises to cut him off without a cent. You ought to tell him that."
"There's no use bothering him; I'll just tell her."
—Mercury

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Pleas from a dark corner—Don’t hold me re¬
sponsible. I can’t see what I’m doing.
—Royal Gaboon

Wall-eyed clerk to little girl: “Well cutie, what
do you want?”
Spinstor (coyly): “Now you stop, naughty
man!”
—Goblin

“I’ve been smoking a terrible lot of cigarettes
lately.”
“I’ll say you have, if that’s one of ’em.”
—Red Cat

He (calling her up)—Say, Mary, did anyone
ever tell you that you were good-looking?
She (excited)—Why, no!
He (hanging up)—Thanks awfully; good night!
—Log

Gob: “Tell me, Cutie, have you ever been
kissed?”
Cutie: “Only once.”
Gob: “Who kissed you?”
Cutie: “The Marine Corps.”
—Tawney Cat

“My grandfather lived to be nearly ninety and
never used glasses.”
“Well, lots of people prefer to drink from a bot¬
tle.”
—Kitty-Kat

She: “Wanna spoon?”
He: “What’ya mean, . . .”
She: “Look at those couples over there spoon¬
ing.”
He: “If THAT’S spooning, let’s shovel.”
—Siren

“Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is
the most interesting thing in the world?”
“When I’m next to a beautiful girl, I’m not wor¬
rying about statistics.”
—Virginia Reel

Child: “Oh, mother, I’m tired of this ‘sex-appeal’
stuff.”
Mother: “Why, child, what do you know of ‘sex-
appeal’?”
Child: “Well, we’ve been playing tag and I’ve
been ‘it’ all morning.”
—Bison
On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include Back to Mother, by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne’s first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on All-Americans of All Time, and there are many others.

$2,000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!
The sweetest pipe in the world

At any smoker, you’ll usually see the widest smiles behind Milanos. They make even low-brow tobacco taste good.

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“Can you trust your wife at home alone?”
“Certainly. I own a Frigidaire.”

—Jack-o-Lantern

First Working Girl: “I’ve been on this job now for five months, and the boss has never got fresh with me once.”

Second Working Girl: “My Gawd! Why don’t you quit?”

—Mink

He: “I haven’t known you for long, but in the two short hours we’ve been sitting here under this glorious moon I have been absolutely conquered by your beautiful eyes, your marvelous figure, and your engaging personality. I wonder if I might kiss you?”

She: “Are you beginning to wonder, too?”

—Jack-o-Lantern

Sweet Young Thing—And how did you win your D. S. C.?
Tuff Old Sojer—I saved the lives of my entire regiment.
S. Y. T.—Wonderful! And how did you do that?
T. O. S.—I shot the cook.

—Purple Parrot

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
Up!

"Why didn’t you answer when the elevator man said ‘up’?"

“I thought it was indigestion.”

—Vassar Vagabond

Padre—You’ll ruin your stomach, my good man, drinking that stuff.

Old Soak—S’all right. It won’t show with my coat on.

—Cornell Widow

Judge: “The policeman says that you were travelling at a speed of sixty miles an hour.”
Prisoner: “It was necessary, your honor; I had stolen the car.”
Judge: “Oh, that’s different. Why didn’t you tell me in the first place? Case dismissed.”

—Bison

“What did you get for your leopard’s skin coat?”
“Five hundred dollars—spot cash.”

—Grinnell Malteaser

Professor—These aren’t my own figures I’m quoting. They’re the figures of a man who knows what he’s talking about!

—Grinnell Malteaser

Jackie Coogan: “I can’t decide whether to go to the University of Moscow or to Dartmouth.”
Baby Peggy: “What the difference? If you go to Moscow they hang a ‘ski’ on your name, and if you go to Dartmouth they hang a pair on your feet.”

—Brown Jug

“Is your father very old?”

“Just a little, his head is just beginning to push through his hair.”

—Rutgers Chanticleer

“Do you pet?”

“No.”

“Drink?”

“No.”

“Cuss?”

“No.”

“Smoke?”

“No.”

“You’re hired—first side show to the right, please!”

—Cracker

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Fountain Pen and Pencil Sets
Stationery—Plain or Engraved with the University Seal
Jewelry—Bar Pins, Compacts, Watch Chains, etc., Displaying the University Seal
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Patronize DIRGE Advertisers
She: I suppose you’re just crazy to kiss me.
He: Yeh, I have to be. —Ranger

“Do you know who the laziest man in the world is?”
“Who is he?”
“The man who said, ‘Moonbeam, Kiss Her for Me.’” —Octopus

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

Our latest Scotch importation tells us how Sandy MacPherson decided to leave school because he had to pay attention. —Punch Bowl

Crowd: Hey! Sit down in front!
Assistant Manager: Quit yer kidding. I don’t bend that way. —Lampon

“From college, eh?”
“No. I just got outa jail and dey gimme dis suit.” —Humbug

“So you’re going to the University of Chicago! What are you taking?”
“Triggernometry.” —Cracker

Whale—Hi, Jonah!
Jonah—Hi, Whale! Where y’livin’ now?
Whale—Atlantic Ocean. Drop in some time. —Lampon

Geraldine, dear, I miss you—
“Turn on the light, you sap, and quit groping in the dark.” —Red Cat

Phi: “Where was the wedding tonight?”
Delt: “Ha, Ha, the joke’s on you. That old man with a shot gun was going duck hunting.” —Iowa Frivol

“‘The first night I caught her in my arms. The next night I caught her in my pockets.’” —Oklahoma Whirlwind

That Boy Could Eat!

There was a time when Henry’s appetite filled her with apprehension—nay, terror. He would—or so it seemed—clean out the entire restaurant and exhaust the waiter for the evening.
The mean fellow invariably ate onions or fish or something detectable at a vast distance. Or so it seemed.
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Amateur Hunter—What is the name of the species I just shot?
Guide—I've been investigating and he says his name is Smith.

—Royal Purple

Judge: I thought I told you when you were here before that I didn't want to see you here again.
Prisoner: That's what I told the dick that pinched me but he wouldn't believe it.

—Bison

"What makes the world go round and round, pop?"
"Oscar, how many times must I tell you to stay out of the cellar?"

—Bucknell Belle Hop

L'il piccaninny
Looks just like his poppy;
Don't know what to call him,
'Les it's Carbon Copy.

—Octopus

Judge—Guilty or not guilty?
Prisoner—You guess first.

—College Humor

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Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit-and-run driver): “Did you get his number?”
Victim: “No, but I’d recognize his laugh, anywhere.” —Life

“Where do you live?”
“New York.”
“Go on; your nose isn’t long enough.” —Record

Burglar—Come on! Let’s figure up and see how much we made on this haul.
Par—Shucks! I’m tired. Let’s wait and look in the morning paper. —Goblin

“When do you see this diamond ring? Well, it belonged to a millionaire.”
“Why, who?”
“Mr. Woolworth.” —Witt

Wife—Do you know that you haven’t been home for four nights?
Absent-minded Prof.—Ye Gods! Where have I been going?
—Yellow Jacket
**Something Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life**  
*By Briggs*

---

**Panel 1:**
- Text: *Gee, Clara, the old tree looks great, doesn't it?*
- Image: A Christmas tree.

**Panel 2:**
- Text: *Yes, but you should have bought some more ornaments.*
- Image: Santa Claus holding a Christmas ornament.

**Panel 3:**
- Text: *And no actor ever made a better entrance.*
- Image: Santa Claus entering the scene.

**Panel 4:**
- Text: *How are you, little boy? A hoarse voice.*
- Image: Santa Claus speaking to a boy.

**Panel 5:**
- Text: *And just as you start to hand out the presents, you start in to cough.*
- Image: Santa Claus making a face.

**Panel 6:**
- Text: *And you're worse than a flop in your Santa Claus act.*
- Image: Santa Claus holding a present.

**Panel 7:**
- Text: *That isn't Santa Claus! That's Papa. I know his cough!*  
- Image: Santa Claus and a man with a hoarse voice.

**Panel 8:**
- Text: *Now you've shattered all that boy's illusions! If you'd only listened to me and smoked Old Golds, this never would have happened!*  
- Image: Santa Claus and a man holding cigarettes.

---

**Footnote:**

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*The Treasure of Them All*

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