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LOWE & CAMPBELL
ATHLETIC GOODS CO.
1127-29 PINE STREET
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

OTHER STORES
KANSAS CITY  MINNEAPOLIS
DALLAS  CINCINNATI
CHICAGO  DENVER
I took my girl out to tea. 
It was just as I thought it would be. 
When the waiter came in 
She started to grin
And she made a pauper of me.
—Blue Baboon

She—"I suppose you are on the football team?"
He (proudly)—"Well, yes; I do the aerial work."
She—"What is that?"
He—"I blow up the footballs."
—Lafayette Lyre

"Who you shoving?"
"I dunno—what's your name?"
—Sniper

London Curio Dealer: "Yes, sir, this is the very handkerchief used by the father of William Penn."
Tourist: "Hmmm, the original pen wiper."
—Punch Bowl

What is so rare as an A in June?
—Virginia Reel

"What do you take as a remedy for insomnia?"
"A glass of wine at regular intervals."
"Does that make you sleep?"
"No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."
—Satyr

Lady—"I want to buy a gun."
Clerk—"Very good madam. Have you a license?"
Lady—"Certainly. Here, look it over."
Clerk—"But madam, this is a marriage license."
Lady—"Well?"
—College Humor

A minister while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.
"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."
"Well, wot in nelly you think we're doing," asked No. 3289, "digging fishworms?"
—Buccaneer

It was a special picture, but he did not know that the price was raised. He handed the ticket seller a dollar bill, and when the t. s. said, "a dollar for the girl," he answered, "she's yours."
—Pitt Panther

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, as he entered a crowded bus with his big date.
"Dear," she whispered, "I think we'd better wait until we get home."
—Drexerd

As One Garbage Man: "You ought to see all the rubbish I had to collect today."
To Another: "Oh I say, let's not talk slop."
—Virginia Reel
Two And Two Make—?

On mules we find two hind legs behind,
And two we find before.
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.

—Notre Dame Juggler

"Conductor! Help me off the train?"
"Sure."
"You see, I'm stout and I have to get off the train
backwards, the porter thinks I'm getting on and
and gives me a shove on again. I'm five stations past
my destination now."

—Brown Jug

"So this is your dream man! Say, dearie, you
ain't been eating anything heavy lately, have you?"

—Yale Record

He: "See that man playing full back? He'll be
our best man in about a week."
She: "Oh, this is so sudden."

—Augswan

"Yes, dear, and it isn't only the school I adore it's
the principal of the thing!"

—Pointer

His First Day at the Gym

Harrison: "Did you take a shower bath?"
Morgan: "No, is there one missing?"

—Bison

Headline in newspaper:

"Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath."

Miss Cecelia Jones owes her life to the watchfulness
of the elevator boy and the janitor of the hotel
where she was stopping.

—Brown Jug

Auto: "Love-making is the same as it always
was."
Matic: "How can you tell?"
Auto. "I've just read of a Greek maiden who
sat and listened to a lyre all night."

—Sun Dial

Carstairs—"And when the boat went down I was
swimming for about two hours before I was picked
up."
Vodka—"Oh, how lovely! I adore swimming."

—Panther

Generally Speaking

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

—Colgate Banter

"If I'm studying when you come in, wake me
up."

—Caveman

Pater (over long distance): "Hello, George.
Why did you flunk your examination in Subject A?"
George: "Can't hear you, father.
Pater: "I say, George, couldn't you pass that ex-
amination?"
George: "I can't hear you, father.
Pater: "I say, George, do you need any money?"
George: "Yes, sir. Send me fifty dollars
father."

—California Pelican

Customer: Does this wig match my hair ex-
actly?"

Salesman: "Yes, sir, like toupees in a pod."

—Green Goat

Flap: "Did they bury your old man when he
died?"
Jack: "Naw; dey poured him back in de barrel."

—Yale Record

Lawyer: "I ask for a recess. My defendant is
deaf."
Judge: "All right. He'll get his hearing in the
morning."

—Punch Bowl

"He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback on his ear.
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.
The left guard sat upon his head,
Two tacklers on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case."

—Yale Record

The laziest fellow we heard of lately is the senior
who came in and made believe he was drunk so his
roommate would put him to bed.

—Lafayette Lyre
Every day you have a different face to shave.

There's the February morning when the hot-water faucet runs cold—and the dark brown morning after the party when your face is taut and sensitive from lack of sleep—and the hurry-up morning when you have to make an 8 o'clock—all kinds of mornings, all kinds of shaving conditions, but only one kind of Gillette Blade—the one constant factor in your daily shave.

Eight out of ten Americans count on that blade to deliver a satisfactory, comfortable shave 365 mornings in the year, and it does, regardless of conditions.

Tomorrow morning may be fair or rainy, wintry or mild. Slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor and get a smooth, comfortable shave anyway. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

* Gillette *

The only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
Hotel Guest—"Who's there?"
Voice Outside—"A message from a friend in another room, sir."
Hotel Guest—"Well, put it under the door."
Voice—"Can't do it, sir. I'd spill it."
—Texas Ranger.

Adam was toiling home at the end of a hot summer's day, carrying his shovel and hoe, while little Cain trotted beside him.

On reaching the Garden of Eden "Little Cain" peeped through the palings and said: "Gee, pop, I wished we lived here."
And pop replied: "We did once until your mother ate us out of house and home."

Eternal damnation
Of Zeus almighty
On the female creation
Who chirps, "All rightie."

"Hell-o old fellow, what college did you go to?"
"Notre Dame School."
"Well, that's too bad, but I wouldn't swear about it."
—Judge

Texas Dick: "And do you want an English saddle or one with a horn on it?"
Buffalo Bill: "Give me the English saddle; we won't be in any traffic."
—The Pointer

Have you heard the one about the Scotchman who was given a pair of spats and then went out had them half soled?
—Cornell Ollapod

He: "Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?"
She: "Yes. Why?"
He: "I just wondered who lifted them off the stove for you."
—Purple Cow

Headline in local paper: WOMAN FOUND SANE; MUST DIE.
—Black and Blue Jay

Sing me a song of college, boys,
And tell me where to go.
Theta for her pretty girls,
Kappa for her "go,"
Pi Phi for vocality,
Alpha Tau for grime,
And Chi O for the rhyme.
—Flamingo

Famous Springs
fever
Bed———
the trap
Hot———s
The Broad jump
le the law
Off———
—Flamingo

Professor Whimpus states that bathtub designing has attained a foremost place in modern art. We congratulate the Buick Company on its achievement in this field.
—Lampoon

"Is that water warm?"
"It ought to be, it's been running thirty minutes."
—Annapolis Log.
HEY, BUDDY!

HERE’S YOUR

“FOOTBALL NUMBER”

THANX—
DIDJA GITCHA "BIG GAME" NUMBE'S?

CMON SKIBOS!

- DIRGE -

DEDICATES THIS NUMBER TO THE SCOTCH WARRIORS,* BUT HOPES FOR A "CLOSE" GAME. BE CAREFUL OF THEM B'ARS, SKIBOS!

*Not under any circumstances to be taken to mean "Booze Fighters".—Noah Webster.
THE "BEAR" FACTS

Carnegie Tech isn’t making any attempt to hide its Scotch ancestry when it’s a well-known fact that they hire their football coach for weekends only.

- D D D -

We only hope that they don’t use their traditional plaid for their uniforms. Even in playing on the gridiron we like harmony.

- D D D -

They boast of the fact they broke a tradition by being the first team to beat Notre Dame on their home field in 23 years.

Yes sir—that Carnegie Tech team sure likes to break all precedents.

Washington has never beaten a team from Pittsburgh. Think it over, Carnegie.

- D D D -

“Half of Hunkle College’s Football Team are Paid Professionals,” shrieked the headlines of the rival college’s paper after the latter’s defeat on the gridiron.

The indignant athletic department of dear old Hunkle demanded a retraction in full. Next issue the rival paper headlined, “Half of Hunkle College’s Football Team Aren’t Paid Professionals.”

- D D D -

“Oh, well,” mused the soph who had just gotten spliced, “if the worst comes to the worst, we can go and live with your parents.”

“Not a chance,” returned his new mate, “they’re already living with their parents.”

The gnu is fast disappearing. Shall this little animal be allowed to become extinct? Gno! Gnever!

- D D D -

“So you had a date with your English prof. Did he split any infinitives?”

“Sir!”

- D D D -

Traffic Officer—Sorry Miss, but I’ll have to tag your car.

Sweet Young Thing—Gee, Officer, I like the way you play—be more familiar if you like.

- D D D -

The Carnegie Tech Game offers a swell opportunity to spill Scotch—jokes.

- D D D -

Did you hear about the Scotchman who was too tight to pay his carfare?

- D D D -

An so I says, Mamie, I says, if that’s the way you’re gonna act when you ask me to ride I won’t wear your darn pin any more. You should of heard him try to explain.

- D D D -

A shrill scream rent the deserted house. Hooray, said the landlord, the house is rented.

- D D D -

And now there are the Scotchmen who send their children to the night football games so they can get their studying done without wasting electricity.
FEET BALL—THEM GOOD OLD DAYS

This picture of the reunion of Dotted's famous team of '00 was taken by the Fox Movietone News for special use in "Dirge". If you listen closely you will hear the sound accompaniment. If you wish this picture may be played on your victrola or sewing machine—but you'd better send the kids to bed first because these bozos sound as tough as they look. This picture is also broadcast on all distant stations between the hours of 10:00 and 10:01, commonly being called the "Amos and Andy" period. All loyal alums of Dotted should consider it a duty, however to tune it out because they are all impostors—never having attended Dotted except at night—when they tried to crack the bookstore's safe.

How dear to the hearts of the Old Grads are the gentlemen pictured above! The famous four horsemen of Dotted University, with three pedestrians thrown in for good measure! Back in the "good old days" when women shellacked their faces in private, these boys made up the toughest team west of the Mississippi and east of the River des Peres. When they started charging down the field, nothing could stop them until their charge account ran out. The pictures printed above were furnished by the Cub, which had nothing whatever to do with the whole affair.

The first person whose map appears above is the famous Dye N. Shine, who was Daughted U's all-star tackle—you've doubtless heard of "Shine, on the Daughted line". Dye was one of those boys who always had to "get even" with everybody. When the opposing team took the field, Dye retaliated by taking the grandstand. After that there was no place for the game to be held, so the officials announced: "Game called on account of Shine."

The John Gilbertish looking gentleman whose picture is second in line is none other than "Bad" Sign, pride of the faculty, idol of the co-eds, and right end on the Daughted team. Who hasn't heard of Sign on the dotted line? This baby had more sex appeal than Rudy Valee and Rin Tin Tin combined. Whenever he played in a game the women used to sneak out on the field and hide behind the fifty-yard line and wait for him to pass by. When he approached, they'd jump up and ask him for a souvenir—his autograph or his pants or any old thing. But Sandy never gave anyone his autograph—he always kept it himself, hanging it on his watch-chain. You see, he needed it to sign English themes with.

The guy with the plump contours is no one else but Peter Petunia, the center. Those scars on his face are the result of one of the worst scrimmages in years—Peter had a date with a chorus girl and was penalized for holding! In one of the football games Peter played in, a member of the opposing team ran 250 yards for a touch-down and never did get there. It happened this way: The opposing back, grabbing a fumble on Daughted U's ninety-nine yard line, ran the whole length of the field, but didn't reach the goal line. So he ran another hundred yards, and still no goal in sight. But Pete just laughed and laughed and laughed, because he's stolen the goal line and had it in his left hand hip pocket all the time!

The bozo fourth in the above line is Custard T. Beeches, quarter-back, the brother of Sandy Beeches.
Once in a while one of the half-backs didn’t show up, and then Custard had to play both quarter-back and half-back, making him altogether seventy-five cents back. Custard came from Ontario, and was one of those Canadian quarters you hear about now and then, if not oftener. However, Cus was inclined to be a little absent-minded. Once, while kicking goal, he got hold of the referee by mistake, and altho he drop-kicked that gentleman fairly and squarely over the goal post, the ref was slightly upset about it and refused to give him the point.

The next gridman is Cowhide McConcrete, who played substitute second-baseman. This gentleman was so tough he shaved with a blowtorch. Referees took one look at that awful mug of his and ran and hid under the water bucket. Cowhide became famous over night one time when he grabbed the pigskin and ran 99 2/3 yards or thereabouts—but he got arrested for it. You see, the pig was still inside the skin.

The sixth guy to be considered is Horatio McToothbrush Squibb, who sometimes was left end, but was usually left out. This bohunk was so thin that he could crawl through a picolo without hitting a note. This slimmness was the basis of one of Daughted U’s trick plays. Horatio would run down to the end of the field and make a noise like a four-by-four. The opposing team thought he was a goal-post and paid no attention to him. A pass was a sure touchdown. (Note: Body by Fischer, legs by the Fuller Brush Co.)

The last gridman in the above line-up is Luke B. Chrysanthemum, the most conceited man south of the moon. Why, every time the crowd yelled “Yea, team!” Luke ran out and took a bow. Luke also helped the score keeper keep his pencil sharpened. And when all these boys got together and began rushing down the field, nothing could stop them except the period at the end of the sentence.

--- DDD ---

Help

“Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party,” as the Hostess said when Prohibition agents entered.”

--- DDD ---

1st: I call my boy friend Nero.
2nd: Why?
1st: Because he’s always fiddling around when I’m burning up.

--- DDD ---

Yeah?

With a bottle or two of rare old wine,
And a maiden with features and form divine;
On a night just made for love and laughter—
Say—who gives a damn for the morning after!

--- DDD ---

Scientific Love

Given: The boy loves the girl.
To Prove: The girl loves the boy.

1. The boy loves the girl. (some men are born that way.)
2. Therefore the boy is a lover.
3. All the world loves a lover. (Axiom 1)
4. Therefore all the world loves the boy.
5. The girl is all the world to the boy. (Just too bad.)
6. Therefore the girl loves the boy. Q.E.D.

Note: At home, November 9.

--- DDD ---

Up The Creek

Oh hark to the tale of poor Theodore.
Without swimming suit swam he ashore.
But alas and alack, ‘twas a scandalous fact,
That picknickers were picknicking by the score
So he made for the brush, midst many a blush.
For no clothes had he on, behind or before.
She worshipped the man with the pigskin,
She dated the man with the coonskin,
She envied the man with the sheepskin,
But married the man with the frogskin.

Sunshine: I've got a box of cigars but can't find a light. What can I do?
Moonshine: Simple—Just take one cigar out of the box and it will be a cigar lighter.

The Dead Letter That Caused The Big Stink

[Demonstrating what the average co-ed thinks of during a football game.]

Lovable Petunia:
MY DEAR, did I enjoy that game last Saturday night? REALLY, I thought it was TOO kaYOOT! I DO adore football! My old friend George was right up on the front line, which is something BIG considering he was farther back last year. And you could NEVER guess who I saw. None other than Julia Randall. It was only for a minute in the opposite stands. She had on that new dahlia shade, hat, dress, shoes, and ALL— really quite NAUSEOUS on her. I'LL NEVER forgive her the time she said my new permanent looked like a CURL PAPER job. She's the type that thinks Epicurean Heights is in New Jersey, or some other UNheard of district. IMAGINE!

Next to me was the most DIVINE boy. I couldn't sit still all evening. He had that CUTE sort of blonde hair and the LONGest eye lashes. I was TERRIBLY shattered to see the car he drove away in after the game. And speaking of CUTE boys, the one on the field that carries out the paper cups at ODD times is TOO precious. They do say he plays HAVOC with the women but that makes it all the more INtriguing. My date said he didn't think he was so hot. Can you IMAGINE such utter lack of interest? Things like that SLAY me.

The new uniforms were EXACTLY the color of my new sports dress—the reddest affair I have EVER seen. I look like the fire chief's daughter and I'M CRAZY about it. At the game I wore my new uneven waist-line dress. I wear a long petticoat to get even. It was quite ALL there.

To get back to the game. In the third inning or session or whatnot, George got hurt and had to be taken out. The YOUTH they put in his place was TOO pitiful. As George left the field, who should I see leave but Julia. I bet she took George home in her car but OF COURSE my date wouldn't let me leave to see. Men are so FUNNY that way. I MUST find out. After George left, my interest ABSOLUTELY FADED.

What was the SCORE? Oh, MY DEAR. How should I know?

DORAS

“Whar yo all gwine, Rastus?”
“Ise huntin’ elephunts.”
“Lawsee, boy, don’t yo’ all know t’aint no elephunts heah?
“If dey was, Ah wouldn’t hafter hunt an dat’s what Ah wants ter do.”
Always Look Your Best
At The Big Game
—Says the Press Agent

[Except in the case of the Old Army Game—
Noah Webster.]

[Through the courtesy of Vanity Fair and the
Sociable Press.]

UN formation, boys, here goes to run off
in rapid style a line on gent’s natty tog-
ning to the clients in our diocese. As
Dirge’s style mentor, we have been sta-
tioned incognito at the Railroad Y.M.C.A. for the
past few weeks where we were able to get the low-
down on any new tricks of the trade that might
be flashed by Eastern drummers stopping over be-
tween trains. Unfortunately, an old friend from
Mt. Holyoke saw through our incognito so we had
at least put on a heavier one. But why bother with de-
tails.

From one who should know, we are informed
that the Hamberger hat will be more popular than
ever this year, especially with those who had them
the year before. We advise that you procure one
at the next Westborough dance, if you would be
in the swim.

Speaking of swimming (see above), there will
be no radical change in the costumes worn at Fran-
cis Pool this Fall. The regulation red rubber hip
boots, cotton stockings, black and green suit, three-
quarter length sleeves, water wings to match, and
a bottle of Mothersills Sea Sick Remedy (two tab-
lets before eating and two more soon after on an
empty stomach).

Here’s a tip: top coats will be worn longer this
season, mostly by those with “stein” hooked on
their name, but an innovation will be the return of
leg-of-mutton sleeves, they (the sleeves) having
been on the Byrd Expedition for several months.
Their return will be a cause for much celebration
and a round of parties will no doubt follow. Cara-
cul cuffs and collars and a quart size, acid-proof
pocket will also make their appearance.

Here’s some dope on clothes to wear at a dog
fight. We have heard too many people say “Oh, I
wouldn’t wear that to a dog fight” so we have this
to suggest. Boyd-Weil-Clemmons’s emporium offer
a two-piece (coat and vest) suit of red, black, and
white plaid with brown leather buttons, bell-bot-
toms, and double eagle trading stamps for a very
reasonable sum. Pants may be matched (adv.) at
the Pants Store, the idea being to make clothes
buying a thing of adventure.

Shirts are showing a come-back and collars are
now quite the thing for Sunday wear. Broad stripes,
checks and all-over patterns are most favored.

(Continued on page 23)
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Bearsers of The Pall

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Kirtley Heselton
FOOTBALL GAMES WE'VE NEVER ATTENDED

[Earl Carroll's "Vanities" vs. Ziegfeld's "Follies"]

The "Follies'" backs are just about perfect, but according to form the "Vanities" have the goods for the offense, though they mean none. "Zieg" Field is always packed for this spectacle. There is no referee for nobody watches the ball anyway. The "Follies" depend a lot on "line" plunges for their success, but no one can say that the "Vanities" waste any time in getting their man—even playing a strong defensive game when the occasion demands.*

[*Also appropriate for the "Believe It Or Not" column.]
Judge Walter P. Steffen - Advisory Coach - Football
Carnegie Tech

Dr. William L. Marks - Assistant Coach

Robert N. Waddell - Assistant Coach

Captain Dreshar - Guard
### Washington University

**PROBABLE LINEUP**

- **Putney (26)**: Left End
- **Glazer (48)**: Left Tackle
- **Senn (51)**: Left Guard
- **Butz (52)**: Center
- **Jablonsky (37)**: Right Guard
- **Paris (49)**: Right Tackle
- **Coover (44)**: Right End

- **Waid (21)**: Quarterback
- **Saussele (32)**: Left Half
- **Rawdon (40)**: Right Half
- **Springer (36)**: Fullback

### PLAYER STATISTICS

**WASHINGTON**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Weight</th>
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<td>Center</td>
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<td>End</td>
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<td>Back</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>Muskogee, Okla.</td>
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<td>Jack Thomas</td>
<td>Back</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>Mexico, Mo.</td>
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<td>Back</td>
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<td>St. Louis</td>
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**CARNegie TECH**

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY DIRGE

Carnegie Tech

PROBABLE LINEUP

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<td>Left Guard</td>
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<td>L. Flanagan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fullback</td>
<td>Karcis</td>
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PLAYER STATISTICS

CARNEGIE TECH

JUDGE W. P. STEFFEN, (Chicago) Advisory Coach
Robert Waddell, (Carnegie Tech) Head Coach
DR. MARKS, (Carnegie Tech) Assistant Coach
BURT MUNHALL, Trainer

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<td>Jeannette, Pa.</td>
<td>John A. English</td>
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E. Miller (Pa. State)
Howard Cochrane (Kalamazoo)
H. Friesell, Jr. (Princeton)
G. Hedges (Dartmouth)
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FOOTBALL as it should be played, if it should, in other words ought it and if so how?

Eleven well mannered, unperspiring, young gentlemen should be placed on each one of two sides—you know—teams, one of the greatest problems confronting the educational institutions of today is where to get these so called pummelers of the pigskin. It is said that Yukon College owes her great prowess on the gridiron to the fact that the local chamber of commerce keeps the team well supplied with fresh material from the corn belt and river front. After they are all signed up to their contracts and sobered up they are brought out to the school. The mayor escorts them out to the main quadrangle to wait for practice in the afternoon—if they should decide to go to it. They are warned about using cuss words and making friends with any coeds except two Theta’s and a Pi Phi—who are said to be good associates.

After the team is enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts further details of the agreement get some consideration. All back field men work on straight salary, the tackles work on a commission basis (getting 5¢ per tackle) and ends get a special bonus for each completed forward pass. Then too, pretty nearly all colleges need to supplement their teams (enlisted or payrolled) one more man who will look nice and cute in a football outfit to carry one end of the measuring chain—you know they use one as a rule. He can be easily picked out at one of the teas at the start of school.

Well when the first game comes around the coach starts his first eleven—which is usually the same as his second eleven—being all he’s got. This makes it easy on the men, however, for all of them get to play and none of them feel hurt—yet. And too, it leaves the bench to the coach and to the fellows who played last year and can’t forget it.

When the players get in the game they realize they must make a good showing—for a good career is necessary if they are going to land that job with the Bell Telephone Co. The referee, who is so high to a tall Indian, seeing a man off side turns to the quarter back and asks him if that is his right end. The quarter back laughs and says that if it isn’t somebody has played him a dirty trick. The quarter back is reminded of his “newsboy” days when he sees that he only has eight more yards to go. By this team one team or the other is beaten badly and ready to go home.

In the stands we find thousands and thousands of people, of those 19,432 are white, 6,847 are black, and the remainder correspond to those in class A. They are all attempting to make America “Safe for Prohibition” by dutifully drinking everything in sight. The last thing I heard was some dumb co-ed trying to guess how much a full-back would hold.

November Eve

It was a wonderful moonlight night in June; stars twinkled above us and the faint odor of new mown hay filled the air. Ah—she and I were speeding outward in the country. Soon we stopped in a beautiful lonely spot where trees overhung the road and within hearing distance of a bubbling brook. Here I vowed I should never leave her. Why she seemed more beautiful to me than ever before, her beautiful curves, the luscious tints that seemed to issue from her very being. That was the supreme night under the moon. Alas—just me and my new; sport roadster.

Jack and Jill came to the “hill”
To try to gain some knowledge,
Jack was bright and studied at night,
But Jill flunked out of college.
CREPT silently into the great man's office. He was the power behind the throne, the major donus. I did not immediately speak as he was transacting some important legal business over the phone. “Make that two cases, Joe,” he said.

The grizzled veteran turned around and as I spoke I noticed his firm purposeful, self-reliant look. He reminded me of Mussolini. “Colonel, what do you think of our football team this year?”

“The other teams will have to look sharp to beat us,” he said.

“Sharpe?” I questioned. He detected the added e and we both had to laugh at this droll play on words.

“Colonel, two weeks ago the newspapers announced we were sure to beat Carnegie. Was this just a hoax?”

“I don’t know. I never studied chemistry,” he retorted quick as a flash. He looked at me coldly with his right eye and glassily with his left.

“Major,” I said, “who killed Dr. Dillon?” For a moment I thought the Major would lose his composure but after a moment he spoke with an effort which had noiselessly appeared at his side. He turned to me and whispered hoarsely, “Cherchez la femme,” he said to me in excellent French and gesticulating excitedly. “That has always been my motto,” he added, a twinkle in his eye.

Since the imperator seemed to consider the subject closed I asked him another question of import or maybe Bayport. “What do you think of prohibition?” I said my heart bursting with pride because I bet not many reporters think of asking that question.

“Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha et al ad infinitum vice versa,” said the great colonel and grizzled veteran in a burst of genial laughter. We both sat silent mulling over the old school days at Heidelberg. The colonel had been considered a great dueller, in fact some say he now leads a dual life. At last I rose to leave and at the doorway the irresponsible old humorist gibed, “Don’t take any wooden nickels.” I had to laugh.
What's To Be Scene

AMBASSADOR

November will be the biggest picture month in the history of the Ambassador theater. The downtown house of the big Skouras interests have contracted for the cream of the Hollywood talking and singing productions for their fall campaign.

Harold Lloyd’s first dialogue hit “Welcome Danger” is the opening shot of the Ambassador’s drive to set new box office records. Lloyd has been absent from the screen for more than a year and “Welcome Danger” has been in the making for months and months. Critics who have witnessed its preview in the private screening rooms are enthusiastic over this hit. It is something new—hasn’t even a theme song and shows Lloyd as a tough guy in Chinatown.

“Footlights and Fools”, with Colleen Moore, an all-color production, is booked as another Ambassador attraction and after this jazzy, up-to-date romance featuring the fair Colleen comes such hits as George Bancroft in “The Mighty” and Nancy Carroll and Jack Oakie in “Sweetie”. All these pictures are all-talking, of course.

Through an arrangement with the producers in Hollywood the Ambassador is showing many world premieres of the Paramount, First National and Warner Brothers pictures.

MISSOURI

Three all-talking productions of unusual merit and importance will be presented at Skouras Brothers’ Missouri Theater within the next few weeks.

Heading the list is the most talked of motion picture of the year, “Disraeli,” a gigantic spectacle with George Arliss, long a favorite of the legitimate stage, in the title role. “Disraeli” adds a talking picture to the list of the world’s greatest masterpieces of art.

Here, in one giant stride of progress, Vitaphone not only equals but surpasses the artistic standards of the stage. It is a production to match the stature of its star—the world’s foremost dramatic actor.

Skouras Brothers’ are confident that “Disraeli” will break all records at the Missouri Theater—it will change one’s whole conception of the scope and future of talking films!

Another film which may be described as an epic of the living screen is “The Virginian,” film version of the famous novel of the same name. “The Virginian boasts a great cast of stars headed by Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian and Walter Huston.

Other attractions booked for the Missouri are “The Forward Pass,” a thrilling football story, and “Kibitzer,” the funniest farce of the year.

GRAND CENTRAL THEATER

Among the “road show” attractions that will grace the talking screen at the Grand Central soon is Florenz Ziegfeld’s first personally directed talking picture, “Glorifying the American Girl”, which includes in its cast one of the most prominent Broadway casts yet featured in dialogue pictures.

Such names as Eddie Cantor, Mary Eaton, Helen Morgan and Ruddy Valee combine to making the picture a lavish production on a spectacular scale. Individually any one of these Broadwayites are symbols of great entertainment, and have gained world recognition for their accomplishments.

Produced under the personal supervision of Florenz Ziegfeld, “Glorifying the American Girl” has all the lavish beauty, the gorgeous staging and wealth of color that are the distinguished characteristics of Ziegfeld shows.

In order that the Ziegfeld methods and ideas might be interpreted to the fullest many of the supporting production ensemble of Ziegfeld were engaged to contribute their services. As an example, Ted Shawn, internationally known maestro of the ballet, personally trained the scores of chorus dancers.

As a final master stroke so that the lavish stage shots might be presented to motion picture audiences in their full beauty, natural color photography (Continued on page 24)
Dickies and separate cuffs are definitely out. Shoes, socks, and underwear are a matter to be personally decided on by the individual. They are showing a tendency in the East to be popular and no doubt we will see some in these parts in a few years.

Have we forgotten anything? A little S.A. and human interest might be worked in but maybe next time. Can you wait, dear readers?

Any questions you might care to ask should be written on white paper, re-read, and then torn up as foolish. Save us the time.

Liza: “So you think I’ve got the nicest form in town?”

Rastus: “Yup, Ah knows a good thing when Ah seize it.”

“I told my girl just what I thought of her after the prom.”

“What did she say?”

“I love you, too.”

Don’t fret, little tabby, stop your hollers, You’ll be a tennis racket priced twelve dollars.

—Flamingo

Logic Misplaced

“Here, boy,” said the wealthy motorist, “I want some gasoline, and please get a move on! You’ll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed, and that got me where I am.”

“Well, guv’nor,” replied the boy, “I reckon you’ll have to push again ‘cause we ain’t got a drop of gas in the place.”

—Schraderstown News

Caller: “Is the editor in?”

Office Boy: “No.”

Caller: “Well, just throw this poem in the waste basket for him, will you?”

—Toronto Goblin

Question: “How many shirts can you get out of a yard?”

Answer: “It just depends on whose yard I go into.”

—Buffalo Bison

“Youse is a viper!”

“Aye not be viper. Aye be dam’ gud oiler.”

—Columns
What's To Be Scene
(Continued from page 22)

was used in the filming of the great finale scenes. Color schemes in these scenes were specially designed for the Technicolor process.

Such composers as Irving Berlin, Walter Donaldson, Dave Stamper and Lary Spier contributed to the catchy lyrics.

LOEW'S STATE

Outside of the huge staff of cameramen, sound technicians and stage crews, a number of music composers, orchestration arrangers, dance masters, football experts and university advisers were necessary for the screening of "So This Is College," the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talking—singing—dancing feature which opens November 2 at the Loew's State Theater.

Although most of the ten song hits were composed by Martin Broones, many of the lyrics came from the pens of Al Boasberg, Fred Fisher and Charlotte Greenwood. Broones' numbers are the peppy "Campus Capers," "College Days," "I Don't Want Your Kisses," "Gorgeous" and "Friends Until the End," while Greer and Klages contributed the whoopee song, "Sophomore Prom."

Sammy Lee of Ziegfeld Follies fame, and George Cunningham, who put on the dance numbers in "Good News" and "The Broadway Melody," got together on concocting the "Campus Capers" number, which is winning wide popularity throughout the country.

Delmer Daves, former Stanford class president and co-author of the original story from which the picture was filmed, acted as class president in the fraternity house scenes and also supervised technical details of set construction and glee club activities.

Sam Wood, director, used the Trojan campus for many of his outdoor sound locations and the Los Angeles Coliseum, jammed with 100,000 spectators was the authentic background for the big football battle.

Virtually all of the extra players in the film were college students from universities in and around Los Angeles. It is interesting also that the cheering sections filmed and recorded were the real rooting clubs from U. S. C. and Stanford and the huge night bonfire rally was shot under conditions of real collegiate atmosphere.

Elliott Nugent and Robert Montgomery, Broadway stage juveniles, make their talkie debuts in the new M-G-M production, and Sally Starr, the leading lady, also makes her first screen appearance. Cliff (Ukelele Ike) Edwards plays a comedy and singing role in the feature.

FOX THEATER

Lynn Cowan as Master of Ceremonies and Fan-chon and Marco's brilliant fantasies with first class stage attractions.

Real hits on the screen:
Nov. 1—"Big Time"—Lee Tracy, Mae Clark, Josephine Dunn and Stepin Fletchit.
Nov. 8—"Frozen Justice"—Lenore Ulrich,
Nov. 15—"Sunny Side Up"—Charles Farrel, and Janet Gaynor. (A Musical Romance)
Nov. 22—"Love, Live and Laugh"—George Jessel.

DESIRE

I want the lights that brightly shine,
I want the men, I want the wine;
I want the thrill of a first long kiss,
I want the things that the good girls miss;
I want to be naughty, and yet be nice.

So as a lawyer gives me advice
On how to be naughty and yet be nice;
Tease and cuddle up, bill and coo,
Pencil my eyes and powder my nose,
Paint my cheeks and rouge my lip,
Carry a silver flask on my hip.

Ride and swim and golf and skate,
Take the fence instead of the gate.
I don't like pepper, but I do like spice,
I want to be naughty, and yet be nice.

The advice I give you is sound and true,
You can't eat cake and have it, too;
If you want the men and want the wine
Why, someone must pay when you love or dine.

If the one yields a moment's bliss,
Why, the next one must be a longer kiss.
If you want the things that the good girls miss
You have got to be wiser than the good girl is;
'Tis a problem old to be bad or nice
So watch is my advice.

Go to it, kid, with your grease and paint,
Shimmy and dance to your heart's content;
Be hugged and squeezed till your ribs are bent.
Bathe, if you must, in a river green
But you can't use mud and come out clean.

The game you play is man's long suit,
Since Eve first nibbled the forbidden fruit;
Whatever you get, you pay the price,
You can't be naughty and yet be nice.

—June, '23
Requiescat in Pace

(R. L. S. is good too)

Under the wide and starry sky,
Please go way and let me lie.
Much did I drink and much did I buy,
And I lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he ought to be;
Home is collegiate, home from the spree,
Home from his friend's still, still.

—Pitt Panther

Freshman—“Well, good-night.”
Freshman Woman—“Good-night.”
Sophomore—“Aw, pleesh, just one.”
Sophomore Woman—“Don’t be foolish; it’s not being done this season.”
Junior—“Just one more.”
Junior Woman—“It’s getting a bit late, but . . .”
Senior—“Gawd, an’ how.”
Senior Woman—“Oh, Oh!”

—Pelican

The famous detective arrived at the scene of the crime.

“Heavens,” he said, “this is more serious than I thought. This window has been broken on both sides.”

—Ski-U-Mam.

Advertisement

Having been exposed to two semesters of Conversational French while an inmate of the College of Business Administration, I approached the waiter with boldness, and although they laughed when I spoke to him in French, he returned with excellent Scotch.

—Beanpot.

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Complete Showing now of the thrilling new ideas, made on the improved Vogue naro-toe last and at Special Introductory Prices.

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If you are one of the many who say they simply must have Vogue Short Vamps, you’ll be delighted to know that we shall continue to feature our exclusive Short Vamp originations just as we have been doing during the past ten years.

615 Locust St.

A Tale

“Remember what the fly said when he sat on the fly paper?”
“No. What?”
“This stuff sticks to the end!”

—Cajoler.

The preacher had just finished a sermon in which he said, “All liquor should be thrown in the river.” The choir ended the service by singing, “We Will Gather By the River.”

—Froth

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

—Flamingo.

Motor-car manufacturers are rapidly immortalizing our presidents. We had the Cleveland; we have the Lincoln, and now comes the Roosevelt. Why not another car—The Coolidge, America’s Silent Six?

—Judge.

Butter is like Irish Children ‘cause it comes in little pats.

—Sun Dial

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Patronize Dirge Advertisers
“Mama, what is a goblet?”
“A female sailer, dear. Now run along and play
Ring Around the Rosie.”
—Pitt Panther

“Prisoner, if you didn’t steal the $3,000—where
did you get it?”
“Yer honor, I saved it from buying Listerine
tooth paste.”
—Sour Owl

“Say waiter, remove this soup, it has a foreign
body in it.”
“Sorry sir, it must be the cook’s glass eye again,
he can’t tell the difference in the oyster soup, sir.”
—Octopus

“If a hen laid an orange, what would the little
chick say?”
“Oh, look at the orange marmalade.”
—Bison

“It’s the little things in life that tell,” said the
sweet co-ed, as she yanked the kid brother from
under the sofa.
—Whirlwind

There’s something sort of pathetic about a horse-
fly sitting on the radiator of a truck.
—Malteaser

“Her lips are like fire plugs.”
“Retainers of moisture?”
“Guess again. No parking.”
—Pitt Panther

Teacher (seeing Johnny standing up): “What’s
the matter, Johnny, haven’t you a seat?”
Johnny: Yes, I have a seat, but I haven’t any
chair to put it on.”

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can choose your complete
sport outfit with the com-
forting knowledge that
everything is exactly right.

823 Locust Street

Frosh vs. Soph

Soph: “Say, Tom, I hear you failed in English
Comp. Is that true?”
Frosh: “Yes, the prof asked us to write an essay
of the ‘Result of Laziness’ and I sent up a blank
sheet of paper.”
—Black and Blue Jay

“Has Harry traveled much?”
“Has he? He’s been to half the places on his
suitcase labels!”
—College Humor

“Bill is pretty honest, isn’t he?”
“Is he? Why, he even pays the fines on his
books at the library!”
—Sewanee Mountain Goat

She was only a redcoat’s daughter, but she knew
Howe.
—Mink

“A Flower dog? Never heard of one.”
“Yeah, he’s a Poinsettia—cross between a pointer
and a setter.”
—Judge
"Hell, yes," said the Devil, picking up the phone receiver.

—Texas Ranger

First Imbiber: “I found (hic) a half dollar.”
Second Inebriate: “Itsh mine, itsh got my name on it.”
“Whatsh your name?”
“E Pluribus Unum.”
“Yea, itsh yours.”

—Yellow Jacket

“Are you a doctor?” she asked the young man at the soda fountain.
“No, madam,” he replied, “I’m a fizzician.”

—Malteaser

“Mama, what’s all that noise in the cellar?”
“Oh, that’s only papa keeping still.”

—Jack O’ Lantern

Evolution

Fascinating little chap,
Raw as any on the map,
Eager to display his rank,
Sinless, spotless, fallow, frank,
Helmeted in cap of blue,
Masked in pea-green necktie too.
Amateured like all his chums,
Nothing but a Frosh he comes.

Satisfied a lot too much,
Only he is ever such,
Pertinent to helpless Frosh
Heartless, enmity, and harsh,
Ordained by tradition old,
Miserable to make Frosh’s hold,
Occupied in some low plot,
Ready for a time real hot—
Every Soph must play his part.

Jaunty Stud the third year shows,
Uniformed in wit he goes,
Nearing grand collegiate fame,
In set with some sort of aim,
Opulent in sense and non-
Robust Junior ambles on.

Sheathed in honors he has won,
Erred from paths where he begun,
Nerved by knowledge profs have spilled,
Impressed by the wise and skilled,
Overstepped by women’s arts,
Ruling Senior, he departs.

—Blue Baboon
“Sandy, what would you do if your friend MacIntosh offered you a Life Saver?”

“Hoot mon, it would take my breath away.”

The Maiden’s Prayer

Please, dear lord, help me to be half as popular as the dog that ran through our lecture room this morning.

—Illinois Siren.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
*****xxxxx????????zz??

—Belle Hop.

Marriage License Clerk: But lady, the law requires that I record all previous marriages before issuing a new license.

Movie Actress: Good Heavens! And I’ve a taxi waiting outside!

—Pointer.

Here’s to the girl that’s mine, all mine
She drinks and she pets
And she smokes cigarettes
And sometimes I’m told,
She goes and forgets
That she’s mine, all mine.

—Georgia Cracker.

Missed His Calling

“What is this, waiter?”
“Chicken broth, sir.”
“Chicken broth? You are wasting your time serving in this restaurant.”
“How so, sir?”
“A man with an imagination like yours should be an author.”

—Passing Show.

The crowd milled and surged about the morgue. A new body had been brought in. A murdered man.

Suddenly a dazed gentleman pushed and elbowed his way through the throng and into the building. He spoke quietly to the caretaker and was admitted into the inner recess. Shortly he reappeared.

“Was he your brother?” asked the caretaker.
“Yes,” came the sorrowful answer.
“But how did you identify him?”

The man wiped away a tear as he chokingly replied, “He was deaf.”

—Annapolis Log.

Clatter and clash
Slinga da Hash
Smasha da Deesh, and
Twirla mustache
Loopa da loop
Sloppa da soup
Winka da lady
No give da whoop.

—The Clazv.

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

“Never mind talking,” he snapped. “I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat, and if you let it get hit it’s no fault of mine!”

—Voo Doo.

Our own private idea of carrying a joke too far is for a professor to hum “Home, Sweet Home” when he is writing the term exam questions on the board.

—Avegwan.

“You’re fat.”
“In the best places they say one is stout.”
“Well, in the best places you’re fat.”

—Brown Jug.
School Days

(1928 Autumn Model)

School days, school days,
Flippant, fresh and fool days!
Bending of elbows and similar tasks.
Whoopie and petting and pocket flasks.
You were the Queen of Co-eds Row,
I was your Highball Romeo
And you chalked on my Ford, “I choose to go,”
When we were a couple,
A couple of supple Young Kids—Hey! Hey!

—Buccaner.

Track Coach—“Why didn’t you turn out for practice yesterday?”
Mile Runner—“I had a date. A miss is as good as a mile.”

—Flamingo.

Professor: “I’ll not go on with the lecture until the room settles down.”
The Nimble One: “Better go home and sleep it off, old man.”

—Flamingo.

Getting Nowhere

A gentleman, pretty well perfumed, picked up the telephone:
“Hello! Hie! Hello!”
“Hello,” returned the operator.
“Hello!”
“My gosh!” said the gentleman. “How this thing echoes!”

—Army and Navy Journal.

Edward: “You are the sunshine of my life! You alone reign in my heart. Without you life is but a dreary cloud.”
Eva: “Is this a proposal or a weather report?”

—Wasp.

Wife—John, I put your shirt on the clotheshorse.
John—What odds did you get?

—Goblin.

Accident

The Man—But, my dear lady, why didn’t you signal?
The Flapper—There is no signal for what I wanted to do.
Students and Organizations:

Do you know that you can have your letterheads, envelopes, billheads and all miscellaneous types of circulars printed on the UNIVERSITY PRESS on the ground floor in the Robert S. Brookings Hall? We can give quick service and good printing at reasonable prices.

Leave jobs in Room 19

A Jew and an Irishman were on board a ship bound for Ireland.

Irishman (catching sight of his fatherland): "Hurrah for Ireland!"

Jew (riled): "Hurrah Hell."

Irishman: "That's right. Every man for his own country."

—The Lehigh Burr.

"Moses, is my hawth warm?"

"Deed, suh, the wahnest Ah ever was in."

—Ghost.

Housewife (to garbage man): "Am I too late for the garbage?"

G. M.: "No, ma'am; jump right in."

—Put

Rose's are red;
Pearl's are white.
I seen 'em on the clothes line.

—Phoenix.

He (coyly): Do you have this dance taken?
She (rudely): No, but I don't think I'll dance with you.

He (blithely): Oh, that's all right, lady! I'm just taking statistics.

—Flamingo.

"Is that woman very old?"

"Is she old? Why, her first husband invented the "Who was the girl I seen you with last night" joke.

—Flamingo.

Jim: "Al's jokes are paradoxical."
Jam: "How's that?"
Jim: "They're both very dry and all wet."

—Flamingo.

Deception

The fortunate youth gazed delightedly at his stunning date, as she gracefully descended the stairway. His heart beat violently as he realized that all this beauty was his. Charmingly she stood before him and whispered, "How do I look?"

"Sweetheart," he murmured, as he took her in his arms, "you look mighty good to me."

"Don't let your impressions mislead you," she breathed, snuggling closer.

—Flamingo.

Filled with Pathos

She (at party) "And while in Florence I visited Pitti Palace."
He (same party) : "Oh, did ums?"

—Banter.

"How can you have the nerve to wear a necktie like that?"

"It's a gift."

—Red Cat.

Interfraternity Council

"The only men I kiss are my brothers."
He—"What fraternity do you belong to?"

—Drexerd.

Picture of an angel in Alaska drinking milk on a white horse. White clouds and sea gulls seen in distance.

Picture of a negro chasing a black cat through a coal mine at midnight, with crows, buzzards and bats following behind.

—Flamingo.

House President: "We can't very well phone the police about that sorority not pulling their shades down."

Pledge: "I tell you it's outrageous."

H. P.: "As far as that goes, you can't see anything from here anyway."

Pledge: "No, but just stand up on that table and take a look."

—Coleman.

Judge: "Madame, the jury finds you guilty of shooting your husband with a sawed-off shot-gun. The fine will be fifty dollars and twenty-five cents."

Defendant: "Thank you, Your Honor, but what is the twenty-five cents for?"

Judge: "Federal Tax on Amusements."

—Lampoon.
Surprise

"Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.

"He knows," replied the boy.
"Knows? How can he know?"
"He's under the hay." —Drexerd.

"Waiter, here's fifty cents for you."
"Yes, sir. You want to reserve a table?"
"No. But in a few minutes I'll come in with two ladies and I want you to tell us that every table is engaged." —Texas Ranger.

"How is it that your parrot swears so shockingly?"
"By an oversight, she was left one night in a sorority house." —Texas Ranger.

"Hasn't Betty the largest Hispano-Suiza you ever saw?"
"Yes, and she just will wear those tight dresses." —Pelican.

Jane: I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me.
Clerk: That is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?

Night Life

College Prexy (awakened by the phone from deep sleep at three A. M.): Hello?
Voice: Is this the president?
Prexy: Yes.
Voice: Well, what are you doing up this late? —Sagehen.
**Gentle Complaint**

Remember the night I gave you that kiss?  
And you swore you gave it right back?  
But you didn’t—you toad! You kept it—  
You took it home and sliced it like a Baffle Bar  
Then you said to your friends: “Have a piece?”

And now when I walk by, the boys grunt:  
“See that babe? They say she’s a plenty party—  
They say she’s campus-mouthed; her teeth are Loose!”

These, and other balloons gassed up by rumor.

--- D D D ---

Inquisitive: “Lord, what happened to your front teeth? Something knock them out?”  
Afflicted: “No, oh no, I chipped them out myself to make it easier for talking and thrilling.”

--- D D D ---

**Stage Business**

Playwright: “Here’s my latest play, sir.”  
Producer: “But there’s only two sheets here.”  
Playwright: “Oh, that’s enough! It’s a bedroom farce!”

--- America’s Humor.

--- D D D ---

Our Fruitful Language

A girl shows her raisin when she makes a date with a prune for whom she doesn’t care a fig. She may be a peach, but they make a funny pear. She may be the apple of his eye, but she hands him a lemon, although she may have a cherry disposition. It is plum wrong and if her name be Anna, he ought to ban Anna. By this time he would realize that his efforts had been fruitless.

—American Legion.

--- D D D ---

“So you’re tired.”  
“Yes, I’ve been helping mother about the house.”  
“What! Is she drunk again?”

--- Froth.

--- D D D ---

Sad ends to promising careers: The naval architect designer in a china factory—building gravy boats.

--- Voo Doo.

--- D D D ---

He: “What kind of lipstick is that?”  
She: “Kissproof.”  
He: “Well, rub it off. We got work to do.”

--- Drexel.

--- D D D ---

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--- D D D ---

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