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The Dirge, St. Louis Missouri

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Wonder What an All-Star Half Back Thinks About

By BRIGGS

WELL, I'M OFF FOR MY 39TH TOUCHDOWN. FEET, DO YOUR STUFF.

THOSE GUYS WHO'RE YELLIN' FOR A TOUCHDOWN OUGHTA COME DOWN ON THE FIELD AND TRY TO MAKE ONE.

LOOK AT THAT LUCKY STIFF UP IN THE STANDS LIGHTIN' A CIGARETTE.

WHAT I'D GIVE FOR A CIGARETTE RIGHT NOW! OH, BOY!

THREE MONTHS WITHOUT A SMOKE! I'M PISSED UP ON FOOTBALL.

WHEN THIS SEASON'S OVER I'M GON' TO BUY ME A CARTON OF OLD GOLDS AND SMOKE 'EM ALL AT ONCE SITTIN'!

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.. not a cough in a carload

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Frosh: “What? How’s that?”
Barber: “I had to hunt for the beard.”
—Princeton Tiger

“I got a hunch.”
“Really, I thought you were just round-shouldered.”
—Purple Cow

“I call my car Parker.”
“Why?”
“Because it’s a Parker.”
—Bison

Doctor: “May I kiss you?”
Nurse: “Certainly not. I hate to have a doctor’s bill thrust in my face.”
—Brown Jug

“My son is a born gentleman!”
“Yes, but he’s been to college since.”
—Sour Owl

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—Froth

Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking over old times. Said the old lady to the old man:
"Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"
"Heh? Oh, yes, you would hardly recognize the old place now, would you?"

—Puppet

Van: Did you ever see anything as unsettled as the weather?
Dal: Well, there's our fraternity bill.

—Aggievator

"What did you do last summer?"
"I worked for my dad."
"Shake; I didn't do anything either."

—Punch Bowl

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FATHER: “James, tell Miss Doris the manicurist has arrived.”

—Puppet

A class-room is like an old car—the crank in front and a bunch of nuts in the rear.

—The Mink

“What makes that thing go round?”
“The spring.”
“Well what do you do with it in the summer?”

—Lord Jeff

He: “Really I like you, I’d like to see more of you.”
A day later he got an invitation to the swimming party.

—Whirlwind

Single: Does your wife select your clothes?
Married: No, but she picks the pockets.

—Buccaneer

For dumbest freshman we nominate the moron who thought an egg-plant was an incubator.

—Purple Parrot

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P A T R O N I Z E  D I R G E  A D V E R T I S E R S
It was back in the eighties. Those were the days when Washington had real teams. Lumber camps and state prisons were the sole means of supplying fresh meat for the grid machines in the good old days. Yeah! As I recall the old gang, we sure had a good bunch of Sunday School boys. Not one of them had served less than three terms in some state institute of good standing. There were boys on the team that could crunch brass knuckles between their teeth, boys who knew what "billies" were for, and not one of us that couldn’t crack ribs as well as safes.

It was the day of the big game with Mizzou—not that Mizzou had a team like ours. That isn’t why I called it the big day. I called it that because of the hard feeling that existed between the two teams. You see it was like this. In the last game one of our good men, Jesse James, cut the liver out of a Missouri man named Lewis. So this yegg Lewis got his gang together and began to gouge eyes. Naturally our boys having been brought up on good old American ethics, resented this, and after we had killed and wounded a few Missouri men, we finally won the game with a touchdown. Missouri always claimed that we didn’t win fairly. Their contention was that when we “got” the Lewis gang we got their best men, so we really didn’t beat their best team.

Well, to get back to my story, this is what happened on the big day. The good old Bears were holding ’em pretty even when the Mizzourree gang sent in a guy named Birger and a pair of birds named the Shelton brothers. Those birds were just Sunday School teachers and country deacons along side of some of our boys like Kurz Likell and some others. But what chance did we have against their sub-machine guns? After old Bombsock, our left tackle had blacked all the eyes he could find, and Claudius Collie had bit every leg he came across, why those bad children cut loose and mowed us down with their “mile-a-minute-gats”. As usual it was up to me to save the game. I started a big parade down the field. Ten men rushed at me. I cut the first three in half with razor blades. The fourth and fifth I killed with sex appeal. On the others, I tried auto-suggestion, but it didn’t work. Five men hit me in the solar plexus and I went down like a raw oyster. Not another Washington man was living on the field. I stood over the ball and snapped it back to myself. Then I started on an end run that would have made Red Grange jealous, but he wasn’t there.

Well, Baby, that’s how I won the big game. Now Kiss your old Grandpa and run along to bed.
"Does Harry play with his team?"
"Well, after the ice is delivered he teases the horses."

Zoo Logically Speaking

Miz Zoo's * (star) collection of Tigers came, saw, and conquered the local zoological entry of Bears on the latters’ arena, and wow. Believe it or not, some of these ferocious specimens of beef on the bone appeared almost human as they preformed grotesque antics for the huge multitude of animal lovers.

Animal trainers Higgins and Henry led their fantastic herds into the main ring at 2:30, amid "mush sheering" from the hic-coughing alumnae section. It might be well to wise you up to the fact that the preformers were of three distinct types: first, there was a row of Grizzly Bears, quite in evidence on account of much and many stomachs and balloon sized limbs (this row of Bears was called the Lion?); next, there was 1 Polar Bear and three Cinamon Bears who, being highly touted, were able to stand on their hind pins and run such tremendous distances as -3 or 2 yards; most peculiar of all, were the clowns who had funnel shaped trunks through which they made peculiar noises as they ran hither and yon doing this and that, for reasons purely anaesthetic.

Things started to go on when a Grizzly named Curse bit a Tiger on the leg and busted off his pet molar. Zek, the big Polar Bear representing one of our well known ice companies, was the Polar Star of this half, demonstrating his trade mark, "We've come to stay". After this and that had happened, all except the funnel bunnies retired into seclusion to eat raw meat and peanuts in preparation of a bigger and better half.

The larger and more disastrous half proved to be a gross exaggeration. Each time a Tiger sprained a whisker, three bigger and grosser Tigers waddled out into the field, until the last quarter found O. Henry ringing in elephants, hippopotami, and what nots. Thus quantity triumphed over quality to the extent of two touchdowns. As a matter of history, it might be well to record that various and sundry forms of celebration among the winners, losers, and some who sneaked in free, all ended up, in some fashion best known to themselves, at the impressive function known as the Lock.

As Aesop argued, some two thousand years back, "If you like tight locks, try a Washington Lock."

“What's th' grand idea?” asked the piano mover as he picked up his favorite instrument and heaved it out the window.
A Modern Bible Story

Chapter I

Eve was a Phi Pi.
She wore a smooth dress of
well placed Fig Leaves.
Adam was a Powerful Eta.
Adam and Eve raised Cain
whenever they were Able.
Cain pleged Eta while Able
went Swig Alf.
The Two Brothers went out
for Football.
Fraternity Politics entered the
Question, and Cain slew his
Brother.
The Great Father of the Chap¬
ter of Eta appeared to Cain and
Cursed him Awhile.
Cain was Blackballed, and
wandered Forth.

Chapter II

Cain had a Heluvatime.
He had no Chance to make
Pralma, to Run the Student
Council, to make Lockenchain, or
to be Anything big.
Cain was a Barb.
My Kingdom for a Greek Pin,
speak Cain.
Whereupon Abraham appeared
unto Cain and said, Seek and Ye
shall Find.
So Cain sought the Great Des¬
ert of the Kwadwrangle and be¬
got Himself a rich Theta Pledge.
And so Cain was Happy.

Chapter III

Then there came unto Cain a
Woeful Day.

Chapter IV

He picked Himself up and com¬
muned with his Soul.
Then Ambition again bestirred
the Soul of Cain.
With a mighty Heave he col¬
lared Miss Innocence.
He applied a Two-Arm Stran¬
gle Hold that devastated the
Babe.

Chapter V

And thus It came to Pass,
That once more Peace and
Prosperity reigned,
And the Sun shone, and the
Crops ripened.
And there was Abundance and
Plenty in
All the great Kingdom of
Washingtonium.
So the Wise Men called this
Day the Day of Thanksgiving,
and did eat Much Turkey, and
play much Football, and then did
Solemnly swear never to Behave
in such Fashion again, even as
You and I, my Children.

"Hold 'em!"

Hellfire and Brimstone, Sack¬
cloth and Ashes.
The Seven Plagues of Egypt
and the Curse of Babel just were
not in It at all.
A Plappa Pledge, a Blue¬
Eyed, Corn fed Innocent, crossed
the Path of Cain.
She rolled her Youthful Eyes
and Cain fell like a Plank.

The Love Light shone brightly
in the Eyes of The Innocent.
Cain had Conquered, so he left
Her "Cold"—mayhap.
EDITOR'S NOTE—The following is a rather liberal translation of a recently discovered inscription, dating back to the Stone Age, describing what was probably the original football game.

The Game of the Century was played on the Osteopichthysis Field, the gift of Running Nose, a famous half back of the early Neolithic age. The field, a thousand miles by the usual five hundred, was in perfect condition, not a pebble over eight tons to be seen anywhere. The Battle-Axe U. goal, near the Upchuck Pass in the Himalaya Mountains, was vividly decorated in black, while the east goal, defended by Stonehatchet College, wore the contrasting colors, also black.

The game: Battle-Axe kicked off to the Dolomite Tribe, the Hell-Bending backs of the Stonehatchet backfield, who ran the boulder back a good 250 miles before being downed by a well placed flock of sabre-tooth tigers, strategically guarding the right wing of the potent Battle-Axe line. A new backfield, 300 strong, was sent in, but failed to gain on line plays. A short pass, Flint Face to the American Theatre, was intercepted by Axident, who ran 80 miles behind perfect interference, the fastest squad of rhinocerii in the Conference, before running afield of the Ringling Brothers Menagerie, playing the Safety Spot. Time out, while Mr. Axident was scraped off the goal post. Battle-Axe's ball within 200 miles of a touchdown! El Koinel, the biggest kicker on the team, dropped back to try for a field goal, but he dropped too far and hasn't been seen since. Ptilicentanthropus and his forty-five halfbacks ran off a mass play that netted 80 miles and a dozen fish around the Dead Sea. The next play, a line back through left guard, was effectively squelched by the agile Stonehatchet line, covered at this particular point by no less a personage than “Mammoth” Cave, All-American tackle, and his crew of mounted Dinosaurae, the Tarkian Terrors from Turkistan. Battle-Axe punted, and Ike Cann rang back the kick for a good 580 miles, and would have reeled off more, but the reel broke. He was forced out of bounds near the Gulf of Zanzibar by the left halfback of Battle-Axe, ably played by three score Ichthysaurae. Exit Ike. The Trade Wind blew, ending the half. Score, 0-0, favor the squad of referees, who got lost in the Sahara Desert looking for a lost ball.

Second half: Battle-Axe kicked off to Kalien-siclus, the commander of the Stonehatchet fullback detachment of 80 hippopotami and their anthropoid riders, who took the boulder personally, and behind the superb interference of some hundred or so bull elephants, ran a broken field, (over the Ural Mountains) for at least 240 miles, but the play was called back and Stonehatchet U. was penalized 80 miles and a dozen quarterbacks for unnecessary roughness, ninety-five Battle-Axe linemen having been carved to wee small bits in the scrimmage. The forfeited quarters were dropped in the nearest slot machine, thereby keeping the Fire Breathing Gorgon Brothers in Anti-Hali mints for the rest of the game. The Gorgon Lads, a nifty score of ponderous backs, pulled a fast trick play that skirled the Pyrenees Mountains, ran through the Heart of Africa, circled the British Isles at least twice, and wound up somewhere near the Tropic of Capricorn, on the one mile line. The team then pulled their punches for three downs, not gaining a single inch, but on the fourth down Harry Chest climbed aboard a winged pterodactyl, tied the two ton ball on behind, and sailed over the line behind a rolling barrage of quartz pebbles and stench-bombs, and scored the winning touchdown for Old Battle-Axe University. The surviving players then gave their comrades a wholesale funeral, with full military honors.
What Is This Strange Power
You Have Over Women?

Woo in every manner,
Try in every way,
I've no power over women,
Ah, my secret is away!

I've tried and tried to neck 'em
And I've also tried to pet.
I've tried a dozen systems
But I haven't found one yet.

I've tried the girls with roses
And I've wooed with candy too,
I've spent so darned much money
That my pocket's mighty blue.

I'm Romeo and Juliet
And all the others too,
I've tried in every lovers guise
But none of them will do.

Poet, beggar, merchant, king,
Athlete, shiek, and liar,
I've wooed some awful hot ones
But I'm burnt in every fire.

Now I'm wooing Betty,
And now it's Mary Smith,
I begin to think I'm lucky
But my luck is all myth.

I've essayed in every manner,
Love's beyond my ken.
Any little co-ed can put
Me way back when!

Why does one take a girl out
and squeeze her waist, kiss her
lips, neck her neck, mess her hair,
and then ask the old man for her
hand?

Prof (to puzzled student):
What's the matter, don't you
know the question?
Stude: Yeah, but I don't
know the answer.

“Is that Bud out there on the
team?”
“No, that’s the team on Bud.”

Stude: I've been given an
Admiral’s commission.
Prune: Howzat?
Stude: Because I command
such a swell pair of “gun-boats”.

And speaking of feet, who was
it remarked, “By their dogs shall
ye know them.”

Rome: Let’s go for a paddle.
Ants: Frosh, pledge, or canoe?
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Cover by
Charles Eames

Dirge wishes to announce the election to the Art Staff of Catherine Vogel, and also to thank the following for their contributions to this issue:
Fred Moore, W. F. Cliff Greves, Mims, Bertha Wolfson,
Red Agress.
E FEEL called upon to bespeak ourselves upon the resumption of athletic relations with our ancient and honored enemies, St. Louis University. It is, in our estimation at least, appropriate that the two major universities of St. Louis exist on terms of at least friendly enmity. While it is freely admitted that there has been, to a certain extent, hard feelings in the past, we feel quite confident that the two schools have adjusted their difficulties to the satisfaction of both parties, as evidenced by the scheduled football game to be played on Thanksgiving. Until its discontinuance some years back, this annual conflict had become something of a tradition, not only in the two universities, but throughout the city itself, and consequently it is with a great deal of satisfaction that we view the resumption of "hostilities", if only to get another chance to humble the "wild Irishmen".

DIRGE has at last accomplished something more than the entertainment of the student body! We feel that the unprecedented improvements in the surface of the campus roads are due directly to the efforts of DIRGE, even though the connection seem hazy. It has been rumored that our worthy Colonel had a pre-view of the cartoon on page seventeen of this issue, whereupon said Colonel became so incensed, infuriated, and incoherent, that in order to blow off steam without doing anyone permanent damage, he turned his heroic efforts to ironing out a few craters in said roads. Keep up the good work, Colonel, there is still room for improvement.
Many a Lad's Reason for Playing Football.

Mountain Ears

“Whar ya goin', Zeke?”
“Me'n Pap's agoin' ta hunt sum ba'rs.”
“Wal, Zeke, bring home a mite o' gin, wilya?”

In the Library, perusing
Books drolly amusing,
Across the aisle a girl is sitting.
Her mind to other topics flitting.
I know her thoughts are not quite serious,
For heavy thought is quite injurious.
Perchance 'tis man, perchance 'tis love,
—I wonder what she’s thinking of.
I’d give my pipe, I’d give my watch,
Is it gin or is it scotch?
I wonder if girls think at all
—Is he cute, or merely tall?
If it’s neither liquor, man, nor love,
Then, what in heck’s she thinking of?

As the first rooster remarked to the second,
“Say, bo! You’d better hide out. There’s a couple
of women laying for you!”

Answer

I loved you once
And all was fine,
Until I found
You had a line
And didn’t mean
The things you said
And then—
I wished that I
Were dead.
But dying really
Isn’t fun,
And you are not
The only one.
There are some men
More true than you
And one I know
Is grander, too.
I've long forgot
My moment's pain
And no—I could not
Care again!

Scotch goodnight—Sleep tight.

"Stars of the Grid Iron."
Here and Thar

The new baby in the Mussolini home is said to look like his famous pa. For that matter, all babies look like the Duce.

Freshman Philoppe says “These sophomore paddles certainly bring back old memories—and feelings.”

Our nominee for the dumbest guy in the R.O.T.C. is the lad who asked the captain where he could find feathers for the machine-gun nest.

Coach: Can you run with the ball?
Rookie: I don’t know, I always get tackled before I find out.

“Our Babe” has decided that love is “just one damned fool after another.”

A poor working man who has just lost his only visible means of support.

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

If I was an oyster and you were a scallop
I’d open up my shell
And squeeze myself thin so you could get in
Now wouldn’t that be swell?

“Gosh, why all the bandages, big brawl?”
“No, I stuck my head in a Brentwood saloon and yelled ‘Fire!’ ”
“Well?”
“They did.”
By the way, I don’t remember your name.”

“Oh, I’m the answer to a maiden’s prayer.”

“Can’t scare me, big boy, I’m an atheist.”

ON NECKING

The great struggle could last but a few seconds longer. Thus far neither of the straining, perspiring masses of mud covered humanity had accomplished much. I say perspiring because every one knows that horses sweat, men perspire, and ladies glow. Hence the moistured brow. The ball nestled affectionately on the much maligned one yard line. In truth the teams might have been toiling in the shadow of the goal posts, had not the new rules and the lack of sunshine removed all chance of a useful shadow.

A yodeled signal, and—BANG! The two lines met with a crash. It was said that they came together like a shot, but that was only a report, we hear. The powerful full back, with blood in his eye, mud in his molars, and the ball in his paws, smacked into the clawing mass of humanity, hell-bent for a touchdown, but no—an underslung tackle, a fumble, an ungainly recovery by a dirty mud guard, and the lad was off and away. Three fast rights and a left hook to the mid-section, and the field was cleared of opposition. Ninety-nine yards for a touchdown! But no cheers rang out, no bands blared ungodly discords unto high heaven, no whistles blew, no demonstration at all from the stands. No, my friend, this was not a practice session, neither was it a movie thriller, nor yet a substitute’s pipe-dream. It was simply a boner by the lad who learned football from a rule-book.
Sensations!!!

Girls belong to three classes: those who think they are good-looking, those who are, and those who want to be. I belong to the third class, so I went up to see him.

He was handsome, just as handsome as—well—as handsome as most men think they are. And personality! It stuck out all over him. Best of all, it wasn’t the kind you get from correspondence school or college, but the genuine unadulterated article. Besides these qualifications he was some talker. Some men are clever speakers, some are convincing, and others are brilliant, but this man was all three personified. Fast? Well it took him just about three minutes to make up my mind. The result was that I leaned back in my chair, laying my head in the position he indicated. Suddenly a tuft of curly brown hair caught my eye, wonderful hair, hair lying back in curly ringlets and parted in just the manner that I had always tried to induce my brother to part his. Then the light from his large lustrous brown eyes pierced mine and held my attention. They were soulful eyes, eyes of endless depths, eyes gleaming with intelligence. They seemed to get closer all the time, so close that I could almost look down into them. I raised my hand to pass it through that mass of wavy brown hair, but caught myself just in time to refrain from the attempt. No man had ever affected me this way before. I then became aware of a tingling sensation that seemed to come out of the air, pass up my back, and end in nothingness. It was an exquisite sensation and I began to thrill all over. My body quivered and throbbed. My corporeal parts were in a state of rapturous ecstasy. It was different than any feeling I had ever experienced before. It was like an electric shock and yet it was different. I can only describe it by saying that it was indescribable; and then it stopped, stopped just as suddenly as though it were an electric shock that I had been receiving, and the current had been turned off. I got up from the chair murmuring to myself “Oh, how that man did thrill me,” and at the same time handing the doctor fine rags for the X-Ray treatment.

“I see the Colonel’s getting collegiate.”
“Howzat?”
“He’s been tearing up the campus roads something terrible.”

“My trouble.”

“A PLUNGE THROUGH CENTER.”

Room: I’ve looked all over this dump, but where’s my shirt?
Mate: Have you been upstairs?
First One: Oh, that’s another story.

Why does one take a girl out and squeeze her waist, kiss her lips, neck her neck, mess her hair, and then ask the old man for her hand?

Kit: Bill proposed to me last night.
Kat: And that bum promised me he’d stay sober.
FOOTBALL

By NORMAN BIERMAN

Closing their Valley Season with a record of two victories, two defeats, and one tie game, for an average of .500, the Washington Bears will end one of their most successful football seasons in recent years this Thanksgiving Day by battling the Saint Louis University Billikens for the championship of Saint Louis in what should be a thrilling and evenly-matched grid game. The Bear-Billiken feud is one of long and ancient duration and altho discontinued for a brief time, still commands the interest of most football fans in Saint Louis, and old grads of both schools will gather again to witness the renewal of athletic relations between the Blue and White and the Red and Green schools.

The Bears this year have a team which should give an excellent account of itself in any football game. Coach Higgins has a backfield quartet in Whittler, Bickel, Duncan, and Harnett, which is big, powerful and fast. "Zeke" Whittler, fullback, is the heaviest man on the team, weighing close to 200 pounds, and his line plunging is one of the features of the Bears attack. Bickel is a fighting, smashing type of halfback and is one of the most versatile men in the backfield. His accuracy in tossing passes gave the Bears a tie with Kansas and counted for many long gains in other games. But Harnett, Washington's main backfield threat, is one of the heaviest men on the team and at the same time one of the fastest and most elusive backs on the squad. His spectacular runs around the ends and through the tackles have furnished the spectators with several of the most thrilling moments in the past season. At quarterback, Coach Higgins can use either Duncan or Millard. Duncan seems to have a slight edge on his older and more-experienced rival, and is perhaps the best safety man of the two. Coach Higgins has also a number of fast and smart substitutes for each of these positions and can put in a pony backfield of Harding, Lohrding, Rawdon, and Ax, which, altho not as big as the regular backfield is yet always a threat on a dry and fast field.

The Bear line has been somewhat erratic and has not at all times played the type of football of which it has been capable. In the Missouri game the line did not yield a first down until late in the third quarter, although outweighed by almost five pounds to the man. In other games however the men have played listlessly allowing much weaker opponents to break thru on numerous occasions. The work of Tyke Collins, tackle, Lee Scheib, center, Iv Kaplin, guard, and Elwyn Comstock, tackle, has been outstanding thruout the season, however, and deserving of mention. Collins has unquestionably played the best game on the line and his work should put him in line for an all-valley berth. Time after time he has been down on punts before the ball and has nailed his man in his tracks. Scheib is the best center seen at Washington since Al Mar-guard's day. He should make the all-valley team before he finishes his football career.

Ivan Kaplin, playing his third year as regular Bear lineman is one of the most dependable men on the squad and altho handicapped in the latter part of the season by a bad knee is still one of Coach Higgins' best bets at the guard positions. Paris, a giant sophomore tackle weighing close to 200 pounds, Drake, a fast and husky guard, Hoffman, Jablonsky, Kurz, and Libman are other linemen who deserve mentioning. Captain McCarrol's playing while not as steady as it might have been, has yet been noteworthy at times. "Mac's" responsibility as captain and the worries which attend it, have probably been the cause of some of his erratic playing. Comstock has been bothered by losing a lot of weight at the beginning of the year and it was not until late in the season that he began to play his accustomed type of smashing football.

The opening game of the season in which the Bears defeated Lombard by a 6-0 score did not show the best in the team and it remained for the Oklahoma Aggies, last year's Missouri Valley champions to awaken the Bears to some of their real possibilities. In this encounter the Red and Green players completely outplayed the Aggies in every branch of the game and should have won by at least three touchdowns if it had not been for some rather foolish playing when within the Aggies' twenty-yard line. The Rolla Miners were the next to fall before the Bears by a 13-0 score, altho the Miners gave a wonderful exhibition of fighting, and spirited football. Again it seemed that the Bears should have rolled up a larger score, but were unable to do so. Against Missouri the Bears had an excellent chance to score in the second quarter when they were on the Missouri 1-yard line and yet were unable to put the ball across. The Bear line also showed its mettle by pushing back the Tigers several times within their own ten-yard line, and once holding them for downs with only a foot between the Tigers and a touchdown. The Missouri team made its first score on a 93 yard run by Mehrle who intercepted a Bear pass and galloped thru the surprised Bear team before it could recover. Late in
The Poems of Robert Cameron Rogers  (The Dial Press)

The book is a slender volume of a little verse and less poetry. It is a collection which includes "Poems", "Songs", "Sonnets", and "Lyrics of the Great Divide", in which the author seems to have attempted a departure from the conventional idiom of poetry. In so doing he has written some passages of real worth, but he has also fallen into the language of prose, which in a few cases is not appropriate to the subject matter or treatment. One of the "Songs" is the well known "Rosary", which has been set to music and on whose quality the popularity of the writer, if any, depends.

The "Poems" exude a faint aroma of classical erudition. They are for the most part done in a rather vague and confused form. The longest poem, "For the King," which is an account of an incident from II Samuel, 23, is an example of this lack of definition of form. In many passages it is hard to discover the rhythm even by reading aloud. There is no regular rhyme scheme followed; the author has inserted his rhymes where he saw fit, or possibly where he could, for there is more than a hint of some awkwardness causa metri. One notes, too, such lapses as an occasional vowel repetition in the middle of the line, which is like a deceptive rhyme.

In "The Death of Argus" there is a good description of Odysseus. And we rather liked the story of the dog's death in spite of the indifferent quality of a number of lines. Best of all, we liked "The Dancing Faun". Rogers quite steps out of his mediocrity and achieves a bit of poetry, which, while not a masterpiece, is quite worth while. It is an ode to a statue of a faun which presumably has been buried for a number of centuries, and one is pleased at the ease and freedom from awkwardness with which its rather uncommon form is handled.

Besides "The Rosary", there is one other song worth mentioning; "The Riding Song." This poem has the swing and pulse-like effect of a song, and the beat of the accents is not unpleasant to the ear:

```
Making tide, and a midnight moon;
Where do we ride to-night?
White to seaward, white each dune,
White as the surf is white.
Hoofs of the horses, steady in tune,
Beat like a pulse in the night.
```

His sonnets and lyrics are not as good as some of the others. The former quite accomplish a soothing, pastoral air, but are nevertheless quite ordinary in their context. If a poet does not charm the reader by the manner of his discourse, he should attract him by the substance of his verses. Rogers fails to do either in his sonnets. His lyrics are a group of descriptive and narrative poems of the west, and are only moderately interesting. "Tetons at Dusk", in which the author does some good description, is perhaps the best of these.

FOOTBALL
(Continued from preceding page)

the fourth quarter the Tigers pushed their way thru the tired Bear line and plunged over for their second touchdown. If the Bears had not again been guilty of several tactical errors when within scoring distance it is not improbable that they would at least have tied the Tigers, and perhaps have defeated them.

Playing the Kansas Jayhawks on their own grounds the Bears displayed a dazzling forward-passing attack which left their opponents mystified, and a Bear pass, Bickel to Libman, tied the count at 21-21 in the last few minutes of play. This was one of the most exciting valley games of the season and the outcome was in doubt from beginning to end.

The following week the overconfident Bears were held to a 6-6 tie by a fighting Bluejay team. The Bears played listlessly and deserved what they got. Next Saturday the Bears were bewildered by the trick plays of the Oklahoma Sooners and fell by a 28-7 count. This was their worst defeat of the season, and it seemed that the Bears had not yet recovered from the state of lethargy into which they had fallen after the Westminster game.

(Continued on page 24)
He says he got those in scrimmage, but gosh, have you ever seen him eat?"

Just Try It

He flits out of his "rest in peace" Murphy in-a-door every morning at six, and after regaining his schoolgirl complexion with a few suds off of that youth giving green bar, he saves his best friend the job of neglecting to tell him what's what by gargling several gulps of that anti-hali compound. Following three cakes of yeast to fill his blood with red corpuscles, like Tunney's, he downs a box of that breakfast food that puts the waves in Laura LaPlante's hair and makes the four year old brat next door such a roughneck. A package of Luckies fixes his voice like Martinelli's, his smile like Mary Lewis', his endurance like Nurmi's, his temperament like Nazimova's, and his brain like Edison's. He shuns his snarky roadster to ride on the trolley, because the escaping electricity makes one beautiful. Yes, it must be hell to be a conscientious Advertising Manager.

Examiner: Do great heights make you dizzy?
Candidate: Oh, no. I always sit in the gallery at the Orpheum.
Eve's Apple

In the window of a Tailor's abode
Stood a bright, red, gleaming apple.
It stood unaccompanied and alone,
And mystified the rabble.
"Forsooth," said one. "It gets my goat
To see an apple there, instead of a coat!"
The eccentric Tailor was questioned by them,
That the secret might be known to men.
Said he: "As everyone of you knows
"If no apple there had ever been—
"No one would wear any clothes."

Old Fashioned Romeo: Ah, thou fairest rose
of an enchanted garden, wherein dwells the essence
of all delight, I pray thee implant love's ecstasy in
my adoring heart, and grant me, if but for a mo¬
moment, the magic nectar of your clinging lips.
Modern Juliet: Well, kiss me, you idiot!

Territorially speaking, the sales field for razor
blades covers the face of the earth.

Our Oscar expects to receive a night-letter in
recognition of his athletic accomplishments in the
University Extension Courses.

Hear Here!

Concerning Football and Such

The other day a sweet young thing asked us if
Clarence Axe, our budding young fullback, was any
relation to the Hatchet Queen. In answering this
question, we wish to announce publicly that he is
her twin brother.

After watching him lay out three of the opposi¬
tion in a row, we have decided that our Mr. Whiller
has a "moving personality".

Our fair co-eds might get in there and help "hold
'em." A good backfield is often handicapped by a
poor line.

The babes certainly knew a thing or two about
"screened passes", they cover up everything that
might be misleading.

It has been aptly said that the best backs at Wash¬
ington University appear around Junior Prom
Time.

A "half-back" is a girl whose evening dress re¬
veals but partially her southwestern exposure. Our
maidenly modesty balks at a definition of the rest
of the backfield.

"Time out" is a well-known expression among the
girls on the Hill. Usually used only when neces¬
sary. Be wise next time, brother!
ON THE SCREEN

LOEW’S STATE
Week of Saturday, Nov. 26

The picture that kept 4,000 St. Louisans laughing at 4 o’clock in the morning will be Loew’s chief attraction for this week. It is “Two Arabian Knights”, a “war comedy” with the war left out and the comedy piled on thick. The picture, previewed by the 4,000 at Loew’s Tornado Sufferers’ Benefit Show, kept them laughing at the recorded hour—and it takes an awfully funny picture to keep people away, much less guffawing, at that time of morning.

Louis Wolheim, the Captain Flagg of the stage version of What Price Glory? has boys and girls. Boys and girls escape their German captors and land in Turkey. Their adventures with a Shapely Sheba—Mary Astor—provides the comedy with its ridiculous possibilities.

Sophisticated farce—designed for folks who only believe the well-known stork to be an ornithological representative—is coming to Loew’s in “Adam and Evil”. With this engaging title, the picture tells the tale of a fast-thinking, if philanderia, which tend to be a rather good, from Brazil to explain his own amatory adventures. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle, newly paired as a naughty-but-nice comedy team, are featured in the picture. Roy D’Arcy and Gwen Lee are others in the cast.

“Man, Woman and Sin” as a title would be enough to lure half the campus—interested sociologically, only, don’t you know?—to Loew’s. But when you add the interesting fact that none other than John Gilbert as the Man does part of the Sinning, you’ll probably find a larger interest among the more serious of the campus’ Second-Story Thinkers. John, who packs more British Thermal Units to his love-making than does any celluloid rival, will portray his more fervish passions in the presence of Joanne Eagles, the stage star of “Rahm”. If Loew’s doesn’t break its boxoffice records, then boys aren’t boys and girls aren’t girls any more. And if they aren’t—if the girls aren’t, that is—here’s one candidate for the Suicide Club right now!

With the vogue for comedy mystery-melodramas, Loew’s joins the big parade of theaters supplying chills-and-thrills and spoaks-and-crooks drama. “The Thirteenth Hour” is guaranteed to cure sleeping sickness. Lionel Barrymore heads the list of fiends-in-human-form who appear in this particular “Hooby-Jooby Op’ry”.

AMBASSADOR AND MISSOURI

The pre-Christmas season at Skouras Brothers’ Ambassa-
dor and Missouri theatres offers some of the most out-
standing of the newest photo plays with Dorothy Mackaill in “Man Crazy” at the Ambassador starting November 26, and Esther Ralston in “Figures Don’t Lie” at the Missouri at the same time.

Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill, the youthful lovers of “Smile, Brothers, Smile”, have made another joyous comedy “Man Crazy”, featured at the Ambassador starting November 26.

Dorothy is followed by droves of eligible men, but refuses to marry any of them, and instead falls in love with a man she has seen on the road.

With Esther Ralston in “Figures Don’t Lie”, Richard Arlen, Ford Sterling and Louise Pazaenda are also featured.

Other coming pictures for Skouras theaters whose exact playing dates have not been set are Coleen Moore in “Her Wild Oat”; beautiful Mary Astor and Gilbert Roland of “Camille” fame, in “Rose of the Golden West”; and Clara Bow in another wildfire sensation, “Get Your Man.”

Richard Dix is a dashing hero in “The Gay Defender”, and Thelma Todd, a Paramount Junior star, is cast opposite him.

At the Ambassador, Ed Lowry continues to present glittering stage shows each week, while at the Missouri, Brooke Johns offers outstanding stage productions.

ON THE STAGE

SHUBERT-RIALTO

November 20—Francine Larrimore in “Chicago”—Miss Watkins, the author, has produced a play which combines burlesque, satire, and comedy, in a very unusual manner. The theme is simple, treating the “canonization” of a murderer, in the process involving many subplots, and some not so subtle, jibes at the present judicial system of America. While the scene happens to be Chicago, it applies within reasonable limits to every large city in the country. It is well worth the trouble.

November 27—“The Ramblers”, starring clark and McCollough, is a production which combines the hilarious witticisms and ludicrous antics of these two popular comedians with some fourteen scenes, laid in Hollywood and Tia Juana, which are reported to be a really good. Suffice it to account that New York appreciated this offering to the extent of a record engagement, after which it played a long run in Chicago. “Clark and McCollough” usually means “a good show”.

December 4—“Gay Paree”, a pretentious Winter Garden show with its complete New York cast and settings, will arrive for a one week stay. There are over forty different scenes in “Gay Paree”; the longest period without change of scenery being seven minutes.

Among the more opulent spectacles are “ Bacchanal”, “The Vintner’s Dream”, “Cascade d’Or”, and “Fins Feath-
ers.” The full Winter Garden Chorus guarantees a remarkable show in every respect.

December 11—Al Jolson in “Big Boy”—In this vehicle, Jolson, who is bringing a new stock of laughs, songs and stories, plays the role of a negro stable boy who rides the winner of the Kentucky Derby, the stabling of which is sensational. “Big Boy” travels via a ten-car special train, with a personal staff of 100 people, including a youthful beauty chorus from the sunny Southland.

AMERICAN

On December 16th, the American Theatre will present the distinguished actress, Madge Kennedy, supported by Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast, in a new comedy “The Springboard”, coming here direct from the New York engagement at the Mansfield Theater and the Chicago run at the Blackstone Theater.

On December 12th, Fred Stone will begin a single week’s stay at the American in his new musical comedy, “Crisa Cross”. Featured in the supporting cast is Stone’s daughter Dorothy. There is a company of 100 singers, dancers, players, tumblers and acrobats. On Sunday night, December 13th, the American will begin a two weeks’ showing of Cecil B. DeMille’s cinema spectacle, “King of Kings”, said to be one of the really outstanding pictures of the year.
EVERY pipe is a Sunny Jimmy-pipe when it's packed with P.A. The tidy red tin chases the blues—and how! Why, you feel better the instant you open the tin and get that marvelous P. A. aroma. Every chore becomes a cheer, and you're sitting on top of the world.

Then you load up and light up. That taste—that never-to-be-forgotten, can't-get-too-much-of-it taste! Cool as a cut-in from the stag-line. Sweet as retaliation. Mild and mellow and long-burning, with a balanced body that satisfies, right to the bottom of the bowl.

You find that P.A. never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how often you stoke and smoke. Get on the sunny side of life with a pipe and P.A. Buy a tidy red tin today and make the personal test. Pipes were born for tobacco like this.

P.A. is some little cheer-leader

PRINCE ALBERT
— the national joy smoke!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
After the Theatre

Then the dance. And remember—all those cigarettes you have been smoking between the acts have positively not improved your breath. They have if anything—well, why go into details? A tobacco breath and romance do not go together.

A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.

FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 19)

The Bears ended their valley season with an 18-7 win over the weak Grinnell team as the feature of homecoming week. The Higgins team showed a powerful line drive in an 80-yard march for a touchdown early in the first quarter, and also showed its versatility by several well-executed forward passes, two of which were good for touchdowns. In the fourth quarter Coach Higgins started sending in his substitutes and it was in this period that the Pioneers picked up a fumble and ran 65 yards for their only touchdown. It is quite probable that the Bears might have rolled up a much larger score if Coach Higgins had kept his first team in the game but he wanted to give the substitutes a chance to show what they could do and thus enable them to get some playing experience against a valley team.

The Bears will have a real battle on their hands when they face the Billikens, as Saint Louis University boasts one of the best teams which it has developed in years, and has several outstanding stars who would be feared by any team. If Washington will play the fighting brand of football which it displayed against Missouri, and if the Bear quarterback uses his noodle in calling signals, the Bears have an excellent chance of ending their most successful football season in recent years with a victory over Saint Louis. Of course we must remember that big “If”. Coach Higgins loses only two regulars by graduation this year. They are, John McCarroll, end, and Ivan Kaplin, guard. Both of these men have played excellent football for Washington in the last three years and their absence is to be regretted. Art Hamblin, a reserve lineman, and Paul Harding, a flashy little halfback, will also be lost to the team by graduation. As all of the rest of the squad will be eligible next year it does not seem beyond reason to predict a championship team for the Washington Bears.

The season's record is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lombard</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oklahoma Aaggies</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rolla</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missouri</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westminster</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oklahoma</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grinnell</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis</td>
<td>?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Won 4, Lost 2, Tied 2.
Bears points 77, opponents 75.
Including Grinnell game.
We have always a two-monthly period of leisure between the final exams and the beginning of the holidays, and it's a period that our minds are inclined to wander. We're not to be found around this time. Where are we? We're in the air—visiting the cafes and other places, seeing old friends, meeting new ones, and generally savoring the atmosphere of the sunny November days.

There's something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy . . . .

Does it catch you up—sweep you along? If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR.

You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on Princeton, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, The Return of Andy Protheroe, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

**College Humor**

*At All News-stands, the First of Every Month*
"Nobody knows how dry I am!"

SINGS the Drinkless Kaywoodie

"until they smoke me!"

Here's a modern pipe that earns "A" on any test. And you can't get it "wet"—it gives a dry, cool, fresh, sweet, wholesome smoke all the time. The Drinkless Attachment does it—easy to clean.

Drinless KAYWOODIE

Ask to see the famous Drinkless Kaywoodie at your pipe shop. Don't miss it, man!

Drinkless KAYWOODIE $3.50
Unconditionally Guaranteed

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., 120 Fifth Ave., New York

The hostess was talking to one of her guests as the two sat on the lawn listening to a chimes recital.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" remarked the hostess.

"Pardon?" inquired the guest.

"I say, they're beautiful, aren't they?"

"I'm sorry," roared the guest, "but I can't hear a word for those damned chimes."

—West Point Pointer

No Hurry

Stude: "Say, Peter, how long is a million years to you?"

St. Peter: "Oh, about a minute."

Stude: "How much does a million dollars mean to you?"

St. Peter: Oh, about a cent."

Stude: "Lend me a million, will you?"

St. Peter: "Yes, in a minute."

—Tiger

Avie: "How do you like my new plane?"

Ator: "She's some bird alright."

Avie: "It's no she, it's a mail plane."

—Whirlwind

Some girls are good and chaste, while some are bad and chased.

—Orange Owl

No, Gwendolyn, a boycott is not a male davenport.

—Old Maid
A. L. SULLIVAN
TEXTILE WEAVING CO.

Moth Holes, Tears, Holes, Burns, etc.

Our process of weaving restores damaged garment to original form.

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By the 100, 500 or 1000 sheet packages

Some of the bond papers we carry are New Market, Voucher, Policy and Brother Jonathan. Select the paper you like best and call for it by name.

Washington University Bookstore

PECK GOWNS, INC.
465 NORTH KINGSHIGHWAY
(Opposite Racquet Club)
ST. LOUIS

SMART GOWNS AND FROCKS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. MODERATELY PRICED
SPORT DRESSES, $16.50 TO $25.00
COATS, $65.00 TO $95.00

DELMAR 925

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
Laclede - Christy

Makers of Good

Fire Brick
Since 1844

Main Offices and Plants, St. Louis

Frosh: Sir, I want permission to be away three days after the end of vacation.
Dean: Ah, three more days of grace?
Frosh: No, sir, three more days of Helen.

Cop: Who was driving when you hit that car?
Drunk (triumphantly): None of us; we were all on th' back seat.

Latest Version

"Who was that collegian I seen you with last night?"
"That wasn't no collegian, that was a Freshman."

"Can you remember the first boy you ever kissed?"
"Can't even remember the last one."

Ruth: "Innocence is bliss."
Les: "Yes, but look at all the good jokes that get by you."

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
As Columbus demonstrated to the courtier who sought to detract from the credit due him for his discoveries, anyone can stand an egg on end—or cross strange seas—after someone else has shown the way.

The task of creating a nationwide telephone service, like that of discovering a new world, is one for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration that had never been done before; by patiently working out an endless succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Only because of its willingness and ability to lead the way in telephone development has the Bell System been able to provide America with a nation-wide, universal service that sets the standard for the rest of the world.
The instant a Camel is lighted, you sense that here is the distinctly better cigarette. And how this superior quality grows with the smoking! Choice tobaccos tell their fragrant story. Patient, careful blending rewards the smoker with added pleasure.

Camel is the one cigarette in a million for mildness and mellowness. Its decided goodness wins world popularity for Camel. Modern smokers demand superiority. They find it fulfilled in Camels, and place them overwhelmingly first.

You should know the tastes and fragrances that choice tobaccos really give. Camels will reveal an entirely new pleasure. And the more of them you light, the more enjoyable.

“Have a Camel!”

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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