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THE WASHINGTON U. NEWSPAPER NUMBER

MARCH 1931

DIRGE EXTRA

25¢

MURDER
DIVORCE
BREAD
OF
POVERTY
SEWERS
FLOODED
BISHOP
DENIES
CHARGES
WHEN GANG
KILLS
HUSBAND
STABS HIM
WITH SCISSORS
BROTHER
MURDERED

TRIAL
PLACE
OF NEXT
MURDER

UNUSUAL
DEATH OF
WARREN
HOWERTON
WHEN GIRL
LOVED HIM
AND KILLED
HIM

NOT A
GRAPEFRUIT
FOR RUDY
VALLEE BUT
BOMB SAYS

HERBERT
HUDSON
GANG LEADER
KILLED ON
SPOT WHEN
TO GO

WILCOX
KILLED BY
UNKNOWN
WEAPON
POSSIBLY
SQUIRREL

ALPHONSE GLI
STATES HIS
DISAPPROVAL ON
MODERN GIRLS
WHO WANTS
THESE FLAT
CHESTED EAGLE
EATING FEMALES
HE SAYS, WHATS
THIS MODERN
WOMENHOOD
COMING TO A

FRIED MURDERER
SUES FOR
ALIMONY

SHARCILE WHO
REASON LOVER TO
FOURTEEN
WOMEN
TRAMPLED TO
DEATH TRYING TO ENTER
COURT ROOM

FROSH MURDERED
EXTRA
SLAVE TRAFFIC
RENEWED

POLICE
STATE
UNKNOWN

DOUGLAS DREW
PROSPECTS
FOR POLITICAL
OFFICE

NEwSPAPER NUMBER
The smoothest incense to the green-eyed goddess since the introduction of Cutting In . . . cigarettes that really SATISFY!

Chesterfield

Milder . . . and Better Taste
"Bill’s one of those white-collar men."
"Howssat?"
"He’s got dandruff."
—Cornell Widow

The rising generation retires about the time that the retiring generation rises.
—Rice Owl

A Lesson

Joseph had been sent to bed by his mother for using profane language. When his father came home she sent him up-stairs to punish the boy.

"I’ll teach that young fellow to swear!" he roared and he started up the stairs. He tripped on the top step and even his wife held her ears for a few moments.

"You’d better come down now," she called up after the air had cleared somewhat, "He’s had enough for his first lesson."
—Co-operative Engineer

"Ha, Ha, that’s a yolk on me," said the Swedish lady as she dropped an egg on her chest.
—Exchange

Statistics show that Yale graduates have 1.3 children
While Vassar graduates
Have 1.7 children
Which proves that women
Have more children
Than men.
—Diamond Dust

"Is this the Student Laundry?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, I’m a student. Kin I get a bath?"
—Cornell Widow

Copper: "Where’s that bozo going in such a hurry?"

Student: "He just bought a text book and is trying to get to class before it is out of date."
—Frivol

Irritable lady in crowded car: "Stop pushin’, can’t yer?"

Fat man: "I ain’t pushing’, I only sighed."
—Malteaser

Years ago when a girl raised her skirt six inches it was a sensation, but if the girl of today raised her skirt that much, it would be a sensation, too.
—Bison

Condemned Man: "Warden, I’d like a little exercise."

Warden: "All right. What kind of exercise do you want?"

C. M.: "I’d like to skip the rope."
—Malteaser

In the dance it’s grace, but in the dark it’s Dorothy.
—Columns.

Statement

"I never kissed a girl before in my life," said the young man as he removed his cigars from his vest pocket and took her in his arms.
—Whirlwind

FOR
Delicious Sandwiches

Joseph Garavelli’s
DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

"Hello, My Friend"
A patent medicine manufacturing company received the following letter from a satisfied customer:

"Dear Sirs:

I am very pleased with your remedy. I had a wart on my chest, and after using six bottles of your medicine, it moved up to my neck, and I now use it for a collar-button."

—Lampoon

"Do you think you can learn to love me?"
"I can, sweetheart, but the tuition's going to be high."

—Beanpot

One: "It's so dry where I live that the women have to run the wells through wringers in order to get enough water to cook with."

Two: "Yeah? It's so dry in my home town that the women have to do that, too, but when they get the water wrung out it's only wet on one side."

—Longhorn

This Indian chief was a Sioux,
Who gulped down a keg of home-brewed,
Admitting, of course,
It kicks like a horse,
Still the flavor reminds me of glioux.

—Log

"Forsooth, Lancelot, methinks I'm sitting on a rivet."
"Ho, ho, Guinevere, what's a rivet between friends."

—Cajoler

Bounder: "Don't stop me; I'm going into this shop and buy a new cover for my typewriter."
Rounder: "But this is a fur shop."
Bounder: "Well?"

—Exchange

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
A NEW GOLF JACKET

The figure illustration accompanying this article shows a golfer wearing one of the new golf jackets. About the lines of the jacket, there is nothing very new. It has a knitted collar (in this sketch, turned back) knitted cuffs and knitted waistband. The sleeves are set-in like shirt sleeves.

But its material is waterproofed woolen gabardine, lined for greater comfort and practicality. Usually jackets of this type are leather windbreakers, but here we have a woolen one impervious to wind and rain alike.

With a jacket of this type is worn a light-weight pull-over sweater without sleeves. The shirt is fine French flannel or possibly a wool taffeta.

Knickers—tweed. Either Harris or Shetland, and the cap is of the same material as the knickers, but in a different pattern and different color.

Stockings or socks are heavy brushed wool to harmonize with the knickerbockers or slacks. Shoes are stout, waterproofed and made of heavy Zug leather.

This is an ideal outfit for early spring golf or general outdoor wear in the country toward the close of the winter season when only a few patches of snow are left and the ground is apt to be soft in spots.

(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)

Enthusiastic gent: “There is a house without a flaw.”

Bored Prospect: “What do the people walk on?” —Stevens Stone Mill

Senior: “There is one type of girl I don’t want anything to do with.”

2nd Joke: “Huh! That’s good one.” —Drexel Drexerd

Here’s one course in which you simply have to make the grade or just be plain out of luck . . . your allowance . . . stretch it as you will . . . stretch it ‘til it breaks and you’re broke before another remittance day is in sight.

We can give you one tip that will help a lot . . . how to be well dressed and save money . . . one of our made-to-order suits will outwear most any other suit . . . but that isn’t all, you don’t have to spend a fortune in pressing; the crease and the shape stays put . . . and style! Man, what style!

She: “Did you hear anything fall in the gutter?”

Same: “No.”

She: “Must have been just my imagination, then.”

Same: “Yes, it has a way of doing that.” —Yale Record

“You buried your wife just a month ago. If she knew how you were tearing around she’d dig out of her grave.”

“Let her dig! I buried her face down.” —Malteaser

He: “I’m a big shot.”

She: “Oh, yeah?”

He: “Yeah, a Lambda Chi from Cornell.”

She: “What’d he do?” —Voo Doo

“Freshman: “You know last year the doctor told me that if I didn’t stop smoking I’d be feeble-minded.”

Sophomore: “Why didn’t you stop?” —Beanpot.
NELSON’S ICE CREAM
of Finer Quality
Pastry Cakes Salads
for every occasion
440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

BLUE VALLEY BUTTER
Rich in Nature’s Vitamins
Served on the Campus

And we know the Senator who calls his girl Violet Ray, because she gives you something you can’t get through a window-pane.

—Punch Bowl

Here lies the body of Alice Mann,
She lived an old maid, but died an old Mann.

—Log

Kappa (writing): “I won’t write any more, dear, my roomate is reading over my shoulder.”
Beta: “You’re a liar.”

—Rammer-Jammer

Freshman (studying for history exam): “What’s progress?”
Soph: “When she stops telling you to be careful of her permanent, that’s it.”

—Doo Doo

Famous Last Words

“I don’t know why you spent all that money and then drove me way out here, because I don’t allow boys to kiss me.”

—Brown Jug

The College Comic Editor Writes His Girl

“Pansy, my angel.
“A glorious moon is shining through my window, giving me joy through my pane. The gymnasium clock has just tolled twelve and has told me this is the right time to write to you. Midnight seems to be the logical hour to cast my love at your feet. At the zero hour I think of naught but you. I cipher you, ma chérie.

“How are you, Pansy mine? Has your liver been troubling you lately? I love all of you; I love your eyes most, but your liverwurst. Take good care of it, because it may decide whether you liver die.

“Fair Pansy, everything around here reminds me of you. Every little breeze seems to whisper Pansy. Birds in the trees seem to twitter so loud I can’t sleep. The stars that twinkle above remind me of your blue eyes. The crimson and gold sunset reminds me of your magnetic cheeks. The moss-covered rocks of Mt. Greylock reminds me of your pearly teeth.

“How’s your old man these days? Does he keep that gun loaded that he threatened me with that night after the Sunday School picnic? Does he keep himself loaded as he was that night, or is he only good for a couple of shots?

“Pansy, this coming vacation is going to be momentous for me, every minute of it. I feel that I’ve known you and loved you long enough to prove my devotion by giving you a ring. Incidentally, what is your telephone number?

“Well my eyelids are getting heavy and I feel I must drop off into the arms of Morpheus. Don’t get jealous, dear—only a figure of speech, but, oh, what a figure! It knocks me speechless.

“So farewell, my sugar. I call you that because your old man sure does raise cane. And as the leaves leave in the fall, so must I leave before I fall asleep. Thus, I leave with a bough.

Thine, eternally, “Bebe”

—Williams Purple Cow

SHALLCROSS SERVICE SATISFIES
PRINTING STATIONERY
1822 Locust St. CE.ntral 3755

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
W. U. GETS
NEW COACH

O. Dinwiddie Tlopp
New Football Mentor

A. E. Oilers, athletic manager and passenger coach, announced yesterday that O. Dinwiddie Tlopp has been secured as new football coach for the next season. In addition he will coach football, swimming, basketball, track, fencing, boxing, wrestling, lacrosse, hockey, speedball, soccer and sweep out the field house.

Coach Tlopp is a graduate of Yale University where he worked his way through selling corsets and made a hundred and forty yard drop kick. He graduated in 1814 and a year later published his literary masterpiece, "Little Women." This secured him an offer to coach the football team of the Tennessee Institute of Technology. Here he was very successful in turning out winning teams in 1876 and 1897. From T. I. T. he went to Tarkio junior college where he coached until he was hired by Washington in line with the policy of securing only the best coaches available. His salary will be commensurate with his ability.

Prominent Actor Rides Horses to Keep Fit

Vivian Guilford, prominent actor in the now absorbed Little Theatre and various other little things, rides horses to keep mentally and physically fit, it was learned by a Blabloid interviewer late tonight.

"I feel that only by keeping my brain alert and my muscles co-ordinating properly can I give my public the best that is in me. I will be glad to lend you this picture of myself on my favorite mount, but"—he blushed modestly,—"I wouldn't have you print it for the world!"

Mr. Guilford can't remember very much about his birth except that it took place in England. "My earliest recollections," he said, "are of a cute little farm we had in Trafalgar Square in dear old Lunnon. It was here that I became so fond of horses." His other favorite mounts besides the one pictured above are, he says, Mount Vesuvius and a second-hand rocking horse presented rather forcibly by his "public" during a performance.

In spite of his early handicaps, Guilford

(Continued on page 12)
“Pop” O’Brien, alias “Dad” O’Bryan, alias “Pop” O’Brien, was taken into custody yesterday afternoon by Federal prohibition officers, with the cooperation of St. Louis police, and charged with violation of the Eighteenth Amendment. According to Chief of Police Jerk, he confessed early this morning after undergoing a strenuous questioning and “third degree” all last night.

The university authorities expressed great surprise at this information. Chancellor George R. Throop could not be located in his offices this morning, and this reporter would not be admitted into the offices of Dean James or Dean Stephens, during his quest for explanations. The federal detectives said that they have suspected O’Brien for a month and a half.

By Larry T. Grundidge

CORRECTING CAPT. JONES

Statement of the secretary of the “Political Whip Company”:

“Capt. Jones is in error when he states that he always passed out ‘Cracked Devil’ whips to his men before having them attack the flanks of the enemy. Records show that the whip most in use was our ‘Fractured Satan’ model, patent No. 711132a.

GENERAL DENIALS GIVEN OUT!

On page nine of the second section of this paper will be found general denials, president denials, legislative denials, and, in short, all sorts of denials of everything Capt. R. C. (Bobby) Jones has said or will say. Included among the persons and organizations making these denials are the government, the president, the treasurer, the owner of a speakeasy, Benito Mussolini, all soldiers in the army, and Capt. R. C. (Bobby) Jones.

Chap. 3 When I arrived at the abandoned meat shop in the little hamlet which was to be my headquarters for the next three days, I was immediately struck by the swinging door of that part of the building which had once been a saloon. Fond memories at once welled up in my breast, and it was with these that I was mainly occupied for the rest of the day. Speaking of rest, when I sought my bed that night I was surprised and horrified to find that I had nothing more to sleep on than a pillow. When I informed Ignatz, my chamber maid and bootblack, of this deplorable condition he only drew himself up to his full height of five feet and two inches and said frigidly, “Sir, this is a headquarters.”

On the following morning I arose early in the morning, put away a doughnut which I procured from a doughboy, drank a glass of bitters mixed with vinegar, and prepared to go on a tour of inspection. Consultation with maps revealed that the best touring route was probably that which was sponsored at very reasonable rates by the Sergeant Gaines Touring Club. We left without delay of the land, and so I stumbled over a blade of grass.
Miss Eleanor Werber
Crowned Beauty Queen

Receives Award In Unique Contest
Held In Dark

Arriving in back of my accommodation
I was surprised and disappointed to per-
ceive that my back door was flanked on
three sides by a stock yard, which though
occupied at the moment, gave striking
evidences of the recent presence of ani-
mals. Calf lots and hog-pens are not as
usual things the most delightful of play-
grounds, but this, I could see, was an
example of poor animal husbandry, and
would require the united services of a
battery of men to put it back in shape
again. For the pigs, which had obviously
(Continued on page 24)
INDECENT GARGOYLE ON BROOKINGS HALL

“IMMORAL!” screamed Miss T. Blotts-com Botch, president of W.C.T.U. Local No. 43, when news was announced to her of the discovery of a coarse, lewd, obscene, pornographic, lascivious, indecent, ribald, and naughty gargoyle in the arch between Brookings Hall and Cupples I.

The gargoyle in question, which depicts with shocking frankness a slightly deformed gentleman about to drink a mug of beer, was discovered by Abigail Longnose Gloomph, thirty-second assistant vice-president of the International Vice Suppression Society for Unmarried Ladies. Miss Gloomph came across this work of art while hunting bird-nests behind the Student Finance office one afternoon, and immediately reported it to Miss Botch.

"Why, I simply can't believe my ears!” said Miss Botch, in a statement for the press made exclusively for a Blabloid reporter. “With loathsome objects like that before their eyes every day, no wonder our coeds smoke and cut Sunday School classes!”

Miss Botch has announced her intention of suing the architect for contribution to the delinquency of minors.

A committee consisting of ninety-eight Temperance Unioners raided the school in an attempt to remove the object, but their efforts met with failure when officer O’Brien and two architectural engineers rallied around to its defense. “After all,” O’Brien told the female Savonoralas, “it may be a little broadminded, but it’s Art, ain’t it, lady?”

“The Chancellor has promised to have the filthy thing removed for me,” Miss Botch told the reporter, “but I won’t be satisfied until I have it in my own hands!”

COEDS RAID BOYS’ DORMS

Midnight Expedition Stopped by University Police

Washington University was again the scene of violence and bloodshed last night when the co-ed occupants of McMillan Hall attacked the boys’ dormitories at two o’clock. The campus has been the scene of the Dr. Dillon murder and several suicides, but never before has it seen such violence and pillage as last night and early this morning. Many of the boyish victims were in hospitals this morning and several have signified their intention to prosecute.

It is rumored that the trouble started when several of the girls were sent to bed without their gruel as a punishment for smoking. Angry little gatherings began to congregate about the cloistered halls and milled sullenly about for several hours. Finally it is reported a girl named Tootle or Tottle leaped upon a chair and began to harangue the crowd dramatically. In a spirit of girlish fun it was decided to raid the boys’ dormitories.

The girls marched across the campus and battered their way into the dormitories. They then proceeded to break down all the doors and attack the occupants. Witnesses say the carnage and pillage was terrible. A photographer on the Blabloid staff secured a picture of one of the rooms and its occupant after the visit of the marauders. It depicts a scene of terrible violence.

A general alarm was sounded and the University police responded with tear gas guns. They were later augmented by the Faculty Vigilance Committee. The mob was finally dispersed after many serious injuries. The rioting continued until time for classes this morning.

ARTHUR MOORE PROMINENT ACTOR ARRIVES IN ST. LOUIS

Will Take Part of Prime Minister in Princess Nita

The well-known character actor, Mr. Arthur Moore, blew into town yesterday. There were several others in Mr. Moore’s party; in fact, Mr. Moore was handcuffed to one of them.

Mr. Moore was wearing a large diamond ring which, he admitted shyly, had been given to him by Clara Bow. He was in a very dejected mood as a result of his hurried departure from Clara. And no wonder; for, according to him, Miss Bow had promised him a new roadster and a fifth of gin a day.

One glance is enough to reveal why Mr. Moore was showered with gifts from the unfair sex. He is six feet tall, or six feet one half inch in wool socks. He has large hair, a wavy chest, blue teeth and a perfect set of white eyes. What more could a girl ask? Plenty! But this isn’t that kind of a paper.

Mr. Moore is a native of Unkbay, the locale (setting) of Princess Nita. He stated that Prime Ministers in Unkbay are always stupid but that he would have little trouble in assuming the role.

In a slightly Puritanical statement, he said that he preferred to appear in legitimate plays rather than in any other kind. In fact, one can easily see that Mr. Moore is an upright young man because rather than accept gifts from girls he is going to pawn the diamond ring and send Miss Bow the pawn ticket. “That,” he said, “will ease my conscience.”

Scene in one of the dorm rooms After the coed invasion.

Descendants of the prominent actor, Mr. Moore, originally came to St. Louis and settled on a farm in a state of the Union. The family is now scattered in various parts of the country. They are an old family and how many of them were there once is anyone’s guess.

Mr. Moore could not be reached for a statement early this morning.

It is thought that University officials will take immediate steps to prevent a recurrence of last night’s violence. The League of Women Voters and Tramps have been ordered to disband already. It is thought that such uprisings cost the University endowments which are its primary reason for existence.

Student leaders were not surprised at the uprising. Washington students have been chafing for some time under the yoke of stringent faculty supervision and campus politicians declare such a revolt to have been inevitable. No one understands why it took the form of the dormitory girls making a midnight raid on the boys’ dorms.
STUDENTS FIGHT DUEL OVER CAMPUS BEAUTY

Combatants Revert To Another Century To Settle Love Difficulties

Bill Ohle and Carl Shumacher, two prominent students at Washington University, turned back the pages of time and fought it out over one of the belles of the university, turned back the pages of time and fought it out over one of the belles of the university.

Although it is against the law to duel with the entire affair, it is a pity that no decisive result was obtained," he said. "It is a pity that no decisive result was obtained," he said.

Both patients agreed that when they leave the hospital they will fight again, although over a different co-ed. "Maybe not over a co-ed at all," said Ohle. "There's a nice girl going to Mary Institute we could fight about." Major Hardaway of the R.O.T.C. has gladly consented to loan the pair two machine guns for their next meeting.

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SECRETARY BRINGS SCANDAL CHARGES AGAINST QUAD CLUB LEADING LADY

Waldbauer Accuses McNatt Of Love-Nest Operations

In the 72nd day of the scandalous McNatt-Waldbaur trial, the testimony of Ruth Waldbaur, alias "Sadie the Soak", erstwhile secretary to Miss McNatt, threw new light on the numerous and soul-stirring "affaires de coeur" attributed to our "Darling of the Stage."

Miss McNatt is suing on the ground of gross negligence on the part of her secretary. She alleges that her secretary willfully scheduled her two favorite lovers for dates on the same night and at the same hour. In a counter suit, Miss Waldbaur accuses Mary of alienating the affection of the policeman on the beat by appearing in the kitchen before Ruby and her policeman attired in negligee, thus utterly undoing all of Ruth's good work.

Arriving early in the court room, Miss Waldbaur greeted all the jurors, using their first names which she knew the second day of the trial. She then approached the judge with her daily sacrifice to the law, this time a fifth of gin and the card of Miss McNatt's favorite bootlegger.

Creating a great furore, Miss McNatt appeared, making her usual late but well-timed entrance amid applause and cheering led by the judge and jury. She went immediately to the jurors and paid each one the daily installment of $100.00 on her bribery account. It is rumored that the foreman of the jury will receive a bonus if the acquittal is voted unanimously. Going to the judge, she sat on his lap and kissed him several times, addressing him as, "Darling Judgy" while he cooed to her, "My own McNattsy." She then handed him the cancelled mortgage on his home which she had paid. Her reminder was, "Don't bite the hand that feeds you."

Mary McNatt

Miss McNatt was the first to take the witness stand. Question: Do you know Miss McNatt? Answer: Too well. Question: What were your duties? Answer: Pay bills, order presents for her boy friends, schedule dates and do the routine work in all love affairs. Question: What were some of the bills? Answer: $567.75 for duplicate keys, $7500.00 rent on six bachelor apartments, $2000.00 to men's tailors, $5000.00 a year to each of seven bootleggers, $7000.00 for two Cord oadsters for her favorite lovers and $1000.00 for each boy friend I rope in. Question: How many lovers did Miss McNatt have? Answer: 3 major and 38 minor lovers. Question: What constitutes a major and minor lover? Answer: A major lover has all expenses paid and a minor lover pays his own expenses. Question: Would you say that Miss McNatt lived the right kind of life? Answer: Absolutely, but it cost her plenty. Question: Did your employer's list include any married men? Answer: As many as we could get. They paid a flat rate of $50,000.00 each for hush money. Question: Did Miss McNatt treat you generously? Answer: Very. She said I would never be needed in the evenings. Question:メンマの残業料は何万円でしたか？
“OLYMPIA” BY THYRSUS ADDS ITS BIT
TO GENERAL ECONOMIC DEPRESSION

Special Review by HENRY THUMB

The play itself contained a good many witty and catchy lines which were supplied by Mr. Molnar. In Mr. Thumb’s own words: “Olympia” is a gay comedy full of juicy social satire. A young cavalry officer wins the love of an Austrian princess whose pride makes it impossible for her to marry him, so he demands the usual hour (Oh Mr. Thumb) of her life. She offers conventional resistance at the end of the second round, pardon, act.”

Metaphorically, Mr. Thumb continues in explanatory vein: “The irony of the situation, of course, is that the peasant holds the nobility in the palm of his hand, makes them dance as he wishes, and throws them aside when he’s through.” Mr. Thumb, in conclusion: “As for the women, nothing more could have been asked.”

As a parting apologia pro amateurica dramatica, “Considering the crowded stage, inadequate properties, shortness of rehearsal time, the costumes, and the cast of characters (have we slighted anyone?) the play went fairly smoothly.”

An extremely small but irresponsible audience... Although advance notices predicted a sellout, many of the holders of ten-cent seat options failed to continue in their error by paying the rest of the purchase price and the audience was impressively seated in the two front rows of the house. Because the stage-hands for the stomach padding was so realistic that many in the audience felt that Wagner was a fat person. Among the others also present on the stage at various times were Phil Becker, “Mary’s Little Lambkin”, etc.

The judge helped her to the witness stand. Noticing the tired look in the judge’s eye, she offered to dispense with the remainder of the session if the judge cared to. He refused and she took an oath to tell anything and everything but the truth. Question: Are you an actress? Answer: Only when it is necessary. Question: Is it true that you are the leading lady in Princess Nita? Answer: No, he’s a sissy. Question: How did you get the part? Answer: I had a date with the author. Question: How do your friends in your apartment? Answer: Only when it is necessary. Question: Is it true that you are the leading lady in Princess Nita? Answer: No, he’s a sissy. Question: How did you get the part? Answer: I had a date with the author. Question: How do you entertain your friends in your apartment? Answer: We play games. Question: What games? Answer: Postoffice. Question: Not that old game of Postoffice? Answer: No, we play a modern version of the game—a little faster game and it requires more skill. Question: What other games do you play? Answer: Hide and Seek. Question: That’s rather tame—is it not? Answer: No, they don’t find you. Question: Do you smoke? Answer: No true Pi Phi does. Question: Do you drink? Answer: I told you I am a Pi Phi. Question: Have you ever loved one man? Answer: One at a time is all I can handle. Question: Have you ever tried two at a time? Answer: Yes, but one got away. Judge: I’d like to question the witness further in my office.

Two hours later the clerk announced that court would adjourn for two days as Miss McNutt had invited the Judge and jury to a house party over the weekend.
Editor of Tabloid Dirge Disappears Mysteriously

Foul Play Expected

Searching for Body of Missing Editor

J. Porter Henry, formerly editor of the Washington University "Dirge", vanished mysteriously soon after the Dirge's NEWSPAPER NUMBER appeared. In view of the fact that Henry was instrumental in exposing a large amount of campus graft and scandal, it is believed that persons whose names appeared in the Newspaper number had something to do with his disappearance.

When last seen alive, Henry was running in the direction of Northeast hall, followed by a large crowd of campus celebrities armed with shot-guns, ropes, ice-picks, hair pins, eggs, etc. According to the accounts of bystanders, Henry kept screaming, "I didn't mean it! It was all supposed to be funny! Can't you take a joke?" Witnesses say that the crowd ignored his pleas and was gaining rapidly when they passed around the corner of Northeast Hall.

At 4:00 this afternoon when the above photo was snapped, the body had not yet been found. The coroner has notified the relatives of the deceased, but he was unable to locate any friends.
EMILIO I. TORRES
ALIAS TWO GUM NECKS
TREED IN BIG MEXICAN
JUMPING BEAN

Police Predict Capture
or Escape

E. J. Torres, prominent in Washington University wine cellars as "bad boy" and six day bicycle racer, was treed late today on the power house chimney after he had playfully eluded the Colonel and his cohorts and had stolen the pockets from their jeans. After a merry chase he was treed when his garter, which had been ailing for some time, had a nervous breakdown. It was reported improving this eventide.

Torres in the meantime non-chalantly stripped off the undershirt he had stolen from the Salvation Army and gurgled, "Stop me if you've seen this one", as he shamelessly bared his operation to the gawping Student Life reporters.

Torres first gained recognition as a "bad boy" some three years ago when he was discovered washing the Theta Xi's house mother's rompers which he had stolen from the Francis Memorial Gymnasium. Later he became interested in the "health Gypsy" and Mexican jumping bean. As his affection for his bean grew it was not uncommon to see him foundling them affectionately for days at a time, allowing his pets to spend the night pouncing about in the billowy hairs on his chest. He had utilized them at Backgammon and had made the first payment on a reducing belt when the catastrophe which will forever blight his life was uncovered. A bean was found dead, mangled beyond recognition, in Torres' bedclothes by a Beta who had borrowed the sheets for the annual Beta housewarming. The colonel was summoned at once and upon viewing the remains over his beer, stated, "A clear case of suicide, murder, manslaughter, or, at any rate, death".

Torres was then found munching anchovies over a hogshead of porridge and narrowly escaped capture by baffling the police by a misnomor.

He barely had time to dress before munching the last anchovie and his appearance, as he reposed among the clouds resembled something between the Lennox house detective, Buffalo Bill, and the town dog catcher of Baton Rouge. He was sporting his Econ prof's drawers, the housemother's shoes, the yard man's pants, and a benign smile he had borrowed from a wild west picture at a nearby cinema.

When asked to make a statement to the press he blushed freely for several seconds before hitching his belt.

"Fellers", said he as he adjusted himself more firmly upon his ample seat.

"You can't arrest me, I" and with this he spat a horrible oath and a Mexican jumping bean, "I am about to become a father!"

St. Louis Kiddies Like
Cod Liver Oil

Dorothy Mae and Earnest Blutz

Dorothy Mac and Earnest Blutz, twins, age twelve and eight respectively, were happily at play with their building blocks, when the Scotts' Expulsion reporter came around to interview Mrs. Blutz. "What delightful kiddies you have, Mrs. Blutz", said the reporter.

"Yes", said Mrs. Blutz proudly, "ain't they cute? Step inside for a moment, won't you? You see they have been weaned on Scotts' Expulsion of Cod Liver Oil. They say it tastes like candy, and wouldn't be without it for hell".

Children everywhere like Scotts' Expulsion of Cod Liver Oil, great for sore throat, fallen arches, B. O. and dandruff also. Take a snifter today.

Gooseberry Tiger
Suits for
Collegiate
Guys

The genuine college fellow knows what's classy and nobby in fashions without being extreme. That's why he wears Gooseberry Tiger clothes as pictured above.

Rent A Ford—Try and Drive It

Deposit 35c and the car is yours.

We refund 10c for every piece brought back.

Cars With Side Curtains for Special Parties
Art School Throws Bender at Court House

The local Art School opened its social activities by heaving a costume brawl March 6 at the old St. Louis Courthouse, near the levee in true Bohemian atmosphere, from ten to one, after which the A. S. A. took charge till the last dancer was carried out to make way for the salvage corps.

This bender marks a new era for Art School affairs, all of which have been noted for their decorum in years past with a to-be-expected lack of enthusiasm on the part of pay customers. A. S. A. officers are considering renting the Arena for the next wiggle to take care of the anticipated influx of stags exhausted beyond redemption from ennui of Locks, sorority, din-guses, and Engineers’ Mosques.

Satiated with enthusiasm and seared with zeal of doing something different, the Art School moguls chose this delightful old building in the heart of the city’s underworld, and succeeded in adding another chapter to the structure’s tale for posterity. Those venerable steps from which once slaves were sold were mute witness to a toup of costumed thrill seekers a week ago last Friday. That aged courtroom mustied with tradition of the famous Dred Scott case was converted into a lover’s trysting place with lines of couples waiting their turn as did spectators in days of yore. That high vaulted dome which for years had felt only sounds of those learned in the Law or those on them dependent resounded with the wild shriek of the saxaphone, the shuffle of gilded feet and the blather of those too far gone to do better, a week ago last Friday.

Prizes were awarded various superlatives in costuming. Ruth Jacozy, D.G. extraordinaire, copped the gunnysack by a bust for the scantiest with her ribbonette consisting of a fairly wide blue sash wrapped horizontally around the hips and another white strip of milky purity extending from the aforementioned blue sash diagonally upward over the right shoulder down the back to fasten to sash at the left hip. Dainty blue satin slippers completed this modest costume.

David Kendall Breeder, prominent Law student, “Y” worker (why not?) and Boy Scout Executive, came thru as the dizziest by his impression of Engineering School professor. One of the judges confidentially admitted to the writer in a copyrighted statement, however, that Breed’s natural qualifications were what put him over.

Bobby Stuffwagon, perennially maid, waddled off with all laurels for the plainest attire with her simple costume of black velvet set with rhinestones and other cheap jewelry fastened at the waist with a silver belt and suspended by two chains of finely spun gold. Purple slippers and a head-dress of scarlet and white ostrich plumes added the finished touches to a get-up undeniably ordinary.

New Kind of Proposition
Lets You Make Money While You Sleep

No “selling”—no “canvassing”—customers come to you. Just turn on a switch and go to bed. Can make $50 a week in spare time. Operate at home—in basement, spare room, garage or barn. Chicago engineer has amazing way to charge auto and radio batteries for a few cents each—you can do tremendous business among motorists and garages. Generous new offer puts you into this quick-money business on our credit. We trust you—full or spare time.


Don’t Envy The Plumber
BE ONE!

The world demands modern plumbing and skilled trained mechanics to do it. Unlimited swift growing field. Make 50 to 100 dollars a week or start own shop. We train you quick. Learn in 8 to 12 weeks to do any job with skill and science. Need no previous experience. Strictly tool using system. Opportunity knocks. Investigate today. World’s greatest school. R. Vieth of St. Louis took our course and plumbers everything now. Write today.

Ginsberg Plumbing School, Medicine Hat
20,499* PHYSICIANS SAY—

“This is going to hurt just a little bit”.

*Figures checked by Board of Student Finance

Sunshine Mellows.
Heat ________?

$50,000.48

For answering these two questions:
No. 1—What change has recently been made in Festerfield package?
No. 2—Who cares, anyway?

Give Your Teeth That Healthy Sparkle!
(They can’t roll off the Brush)

Which one of these lines is longest?

Your eyes deceive you!
(So will a Pi Phi)

But oh that Blindfold Test!

True Individuality Cannot Be Copied

ONE will always Stand Out!

Mr. Horowitz who adores Festerfields

For answering these two questions:
No. 1—What change has recently been made in Festerfield package?
No. 2—Who cares, anyway?

Give Your Teeth That Healthy Sparkle!
(They can’t roll off the Brush)

Which one of these lines is longest?

It’s Roasted!

Not A Coffin,---
A Carload!

BUY
Festerfield CIGARETTES
(They Stupify)
EDITORIAL

Prohibition and the Wickersham Report

The recent report of the Wickersham Committee, which came out about three months ago, has undeniably startled the undergraduates of the middle-western universities. Why? We do not know. It is the policy of this publication to ignore the mutterings and gibberish of the "yellow" press in relation to this report. It was stated recently that the only good thing about the Wickersham Report is that it will prevent rings on the piano when placed underneath a tumbler. This is indeed reprehensible. "What is the world coming to?" one may ask. Sure, go on and ask. What good will it do you? And now let us analyze the Wickersham "announcement", as it is sarcastically epigrammed by G. B. Shaw, in a typical Shavian address.

The committee was appointed by President Hoover in 1929. It was composed of the Hon. George Wickersham (maybe that first name isn't accurate) and a subcommittee of six other people who do something. They stated that they were opposed to crime as a whole and also the Eighteenth Amendment, but favored the continuance of the latter. "Ah! Ah!" you cry. "Where does Stalin enter into the controversy?" As a matter of fact, he doesn't. But it looks good in this article, don't you think?

Are we, as literate, intelligent, smart, conscious, homogeneous, heterogeneous people, going to stand for the abolishment of the Eighteenth Amendment? A thousand times "No!" When corrupt politics flows like a sluggish stream through the suburbs of our fair country, and lobbyists are everywhere in our state capitals; when gangland has our nation bound hand and foot, and cheek to jowl; when the red flag of anarchy is found waving in every farmer's hip pocket, and he blows his nose with it; then, and only then, my friends, is Prohibition going to be prohibited. Disregarding individual views on the question, we may well say that the Wickersham Report will have tremendous effects upon the nation, and will be, when worst comes to worst, a "mere scrap of paper." And you must remember that, although you may have no piano at home to keep glass rings off of, you can at least use the Wickersham Report to wrap your next lunch in, especially if it be composed of scrambled-egg sandwiches.

Questions and Answers

Q: How can I avoid getting cigarette stains on my fingers?  
M. A. Hawkins  
A: Go to the City Hospital, where they will be amputated free of charge.

Q: I have a piece of cloth which is two feet too long on one end. What shall I do?  
Diebel  
A: Cut two feet off one end and sew it on the other.

Q: How can I keep my husband from running around with strange women?  
P. D. Q.  
A: For the solution to your problem, write to East and Dumpkey, "The Sisters of the Skillet," who specialize in problems of this nature.

Q: (Censored) Elizabeth Shilkee.  
A: Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the information you desire.

Fifty Years Ago To-day

Gibby Butler completed his Sophomore year. It was definitely announced that work on the new stadium would start within a month. Dean Stephens announced that any girl wearing anything more than three inches above her ankles would be expelled. Thyrus lost $17.85 on its latest annual.

EDGAR PEST'S Daily Poem

OUR COLLEGES

Our places of learning, our universities,  
Where dim minds are yearning to do as they please.  

Ah! the hope of the future, the nation's great hope.  
When our students are mature, may they use Lifebuoy Soap.

Lincoln and Wilson were presidents great.  
You may have a son who will govern a state.  
Send him to school which will give him a chance.

He might be a fool but will awake from his trance.  
And this is the moral, "You, too, can succeed;  
Be crowned with a laurel, in your country's need! !"

Today's Horoscope

Things are not auspicious today. Pluto is on the fifth cusp, a very precarious position, and evilly afflicted by Taurus, the Bull. Children born on this day are likely to have falsetto voices until the age of seventeen. Due to the peculiar goings on of Mars and Venus in the probacular orbit nervous old maids had best remain indoors until a little later.

Famous people born under this horoscope are Al Capone, Jessie James, Sam Marsh, and Gyp the Blood.

THE BLESSINGS OF PROHIBITION

THE BLESSINGS OF PROHIBITION

THE BLESSINGS OF PROHIBITION
Notes on Recent Books

“Book Revue” by Falter Pinchell, published by the Copper Gazette, Inc., is exactly what the name implies, a review in book form of all the best New York revues of the last few years. It contains pictures of many leading ladies and chorus chorines of the past decade, and the body of the book is very fine. It has been approved by the National Association of Butter and Egg Men, who endorse it by saying “the country was in great need of this volume”. The publishers have announced the exact number of books which they expect to sell, and strange to say, this number coincides exactly with the number of men in the country today.

Did you know Lindbergh is a yes-man? His biography has been published in France under the title “Oni”.

“How To Be a Ruddy Valet”, an informal treatise on the art of being a gentleman’s personal gentleman, is notable for its clear and concise explanation of how to croon for the master’s delight. In the epilogue, however, it turns right around and makes extravagant claims for the validity of the old maxim, “silence is golden”, and this it calls the Maxim Silencer.

Maximilian Beerbalm’s latest is a study of immigrants who have just arrived in New York from Arkansas on a mule boat. The setting is laid in the bowery, the wife of the hero in her boudoir, and the incidental casualties in their graves, which gives the author his title, “A Grave Situation”.

The action of the story, which may be found in footnotes on pages 97 and 106, centers around the losing of a whiskey gun. The bride’s father wore a second-hand Prince Albert and a pearl-handled sawed-off shotgun.

Ruben Tindolph’s “Short History of Russia” is a mere abridgment of his former work “History of Russia”. The new volume consists of every third word in the old book, these words sorted according to syllables, and arranged alphabetically under the convenient headings “Words of One Syllable”, “Words of Two Syllables”, etc. A happy feature is that all Russian names have been omitted.

Sergent Hamletian’s “Burial Vaults and Caskets” is a monumental work.

News of Society

MARRIED

Miss Dottie “Dimples” Negg

One of the outstanding events of the social year was the recent wedding of Percival Swiftspremium Hamm and Dorothy “Dimples” Negg. The ceremony was attended by hundreds of friends of the couple (the bride’s father is a bootlegger) and several Capone sub-sub-lieutenants who spent an unsuccessful evening hunting for wedding presents. Miss Negg spent her freshman year at Washington (1925-31), while the groom graduated from the Sawdoff School of Musical Expression in ‘29.

The costume worn at the Hamm & Neggs’ affair were brilliant; the bride was clad in a five-piece calico job, the groom wore a tax and a worried look, while the bride’s father wore a second-hand Prince Albert and a pearl-handled sawed-off shot gun.

The couple are at present on a tour of the west, including Kirkwood, Webster Groves, and fraternity row, following which they will take up light housekeeping in the basement of McMillan Hall.

Daze by Day at Washington by O. U. McIntyre

Up at 11:30 and to lunch with Ike Vandover, who chatted sweetly about the latest books. Came a letter from the Y.M.C.A. announcing that “a group of intelligent young men, interested in the more serious things of life” meets every Thursday for a problem discussion, next Thursday’s “serious problem” to be: “Should the cinders on the parking field be round or elliptical?” Countersigned by Haack, Schumacher, Wager, Ohle, Timberlake Hoefer and Boeger—the Y’s men!

In the evening to a performance at the Garrick, where I was surprised and overjoyed to find my old school teacher, Mrs. Middich, in the chorus. So to bed.

Purely personal piffle: I always put my right sock on first, and I have a corn on my left foot. I can’t stand tomato salad, and we have a bulldog named “Buddy”. I like toothbrushes with red handles best. This is all insignificant tripe, but I bet you’re dying for more.

From Mrs. E.D.P. of Casteria, Ohio: “Ever since my son swallowed some molten lead a few weeks ago, his tongue has been paralyzed and he has been unable to say anything but “I”. Do you think I could make a columnist out of him?”

I’m blushing!

The K. A.’s annual breakfast dance will be held next Saturday morning, a week from next Friday, and on alternate Wednesdays for the rest of the school year.

The If Phi Nu pledge dance was held last Saturday in Garavelli’s buffet. Thelma Blimp, president of the sorority, reported that an unusually large number of stags attended, but they left in a taxi about 11:30.

Wallseyed Wager recently returned from a weekend visit to Chicago, where he passed several pleasant days and a bad check.

Miss Bodine Forder, popular member of Scrappy Alpha Theta sorority, requested a Blabloid reporter to get her name in this issue somehow. Because of lack of space, however, we were totally unable to do so. Sorry.
Our Daily Serial Story

The Companionate Stenographer
by AURELIA WOOK

Synopsis. Petunia Gotch, daughter of Frank Gotch, manufacturer of Gotch supporters, and Montmorency Lamkin, a handsome Armenian gigilo of vanilla extraction. She is fascinated by his suave manners and gazed-like eyes and falls madly in love with him. Her aunt and cousin warn her that he is just a fortune hunter. A quarrel ensues and Petunia walks off in a dappled gray huff. As she is strolling in the limpid moonlight she meets Montmorency. Now go on from here.

A warm thrill ran thru her body as their lips met. "Dearest," she gurgled faintly . . . Installment 23.


"Ah, Montmorency," rejoined Petunia, "I am indeed glad to see you, light of my love". They strolled along the smooth gravel paths between the rows of fragrant flowers. The moon shown down bathing all in its gentle white light, casting shadows and accentuating the pallor of Petunia's white face. They sat down on a white marble bench.

"It's heavenly," sighed Petunia. The exotic romance of the beautiful night took hold of them and they sank into each other's arms. The gentle white moonlight shown down on the two mud lovers, Petunia Gotch, the rich heiress, and Montmorency Lamkin, the Armenian gigilo. Forgotten were social differences. They kissed and mutual love combined in that heavenly moment that their souls flowed together and fused as one.

"Petunia, I love you. Forget our social differences. Ours is true love. Let us elope, flying on the wings of the wind, or maybe take a bus. Tonight, right now. Dearest I love you so. Petunia say you love me too."

"Monty, dearest", she said, for indeed it was he, "tonight is farewell. We shall have to say goodbye forever. I love you, honey wuzzy fuzzy lamby pie, honest I do. And I know you love me", she continued gently with a catch in her voice, "but we can never see each other again."

We can never be married. There is too much difference in our social positions. I am one of the world's wealthiest girls; you are just—", she broke off sobbing hysterically.

"I know", he said, his voice husky and his face pale, "just a gigilo! Just a gigilo!" He walked off without saying a word. Petunia sobbed. The pale white moonlight shone down and from the casino came the faint strains of the orchestra, echoing, mocking, "Just a gigilo".

To be continued.

Household Hints
A few ground garlics will aid in disgusting meal in making chicken salad.
A stiff gargle of straight whiskey will remove all odor of gin from one's breath.

The Children's Corner

Our Daily Bedtime Story

The Woes of a Weasel
by THORNTON PURGEUS

Ooky-Wooky the weasel was up bright and early this spring morning. The sun was shining and the birds were twittering in the trees. As Ooky-Wooky was yawning in the bright sunlight, he was greeted by Pooky-Pooky the Polecat.

"Good morning, Ooky-Wooky", said Pooky-Pooky, "You're up bright and early this morning."

"Yes", said Ooky-Wooky, "the damn alarm went off too soon. By the way", he continued on page seven, "I am becoming an etymologist; you know, a guy that collects things."

"Oh goody goody", said Pooky-Pooky, "can I help you? Oh, please let me help you."

"Very well, Pooky-Pooky", said Ooky-Wooky, "you may help me if you will collect moths for me. Go to the library and read some books about moths."

So Ooky-Wooky went off, hippity-hop, tramp, tramp, tramp, rattle, rattle. On the way he met Nutsy-Wutay the Chipmunk and Roley-Poley the Coel, who blushed and went off into the brambles together.

Inside the library it was very dark and gloomy, and Ooky-Wooky hunted and hunted all over to find a book about moths. He searched for a long time, hippity-hop, rattle, rattle, etc., and finally he found a huge tome, which he lugged back to Pooky-Pooky the Polecat, who was an etymologist.

Author's Note: Pooky-Pooky seems to have gotten mixed up with Ooky-Wooky, but what the hell can an editor expect for twenty a week?

Editor's note: You know what the hell I expect! "Did you get a bow about moths?" asked Pooky-Pooky.

"Yes", said Ooky-Wooky, and pulled out the mammoth tome for Pooky-Pooky's inspection. Pooky-Pooky took it and read the title:
"Advice to Expectant Mothers".

That's all for today little kiddies, and tomorrow Uncle Thornton will tell you about Rennard the Fox, and how he tried to dry his face on a paper towel.

"NOTE: Story 'ased on an old English whozeo by Nancy Powell.

Bright Sayings of Readers' Children

Mother (to itsy Jackie, aged three, and so cute!): "Jackie, what are you going to ask Santa Claus to bring you?"
Jackie: "Oh, go to hell."
**Dorothy Hix Talks—**

My Dear Miss Hix:
I am only 18 years old, well built, and some of my friends think I have what Eleanor Glyn calls “it”. I met a nice boy at the Lock and Chain dance. He is about six feet tall, blonde, and very good looking. He reminds me of a Greek God. I am sorry if I get sentimental, but oh, the way he affects me! My mother used to write you for advice and you helped her so much that I thought perhaps you could help me. My problem is to find out how I can get him to know I care for him and to have him call me up, without forcing myself upon him. Thanking you for your trouble I am.

Miss Eppa Glottis, 
Phi Pi House.

My Dear Miss Glottis:
I was very interested to receive your charming letter—I am sure you are very pretty and nice. You say “I am sorry if I get sentimental, but oh, the way he affects me! He reminds me of a Greek God.” Perhaps you had better write again giving his name and address and I will see what I can do.

Yours,  
DOROTHY HIX

My Dear Miss Hix:
I am in serious trouble, and I hope you will be able to help me out. I have been going around with a young man who is our family physician. I am sure he is fond of me, and I know I can trust him, except one time he held my hand too long saying good-night). But now it seems I have appendicitis, and I’m so very bashful, and oh, Miss Hix, I just can’t do that! What shall I do?

Prudence Parsnip.  
McMillan Hall.

Dear Prudy:
Oh my dear, I can quite sympathize with you, because even if I was once a chorus girl, I’ve always tried to be nice and all that.

I am sure your difficulty can be fixed up. I have written a book called “Simple Remedies for Simple People” which you can buy at any book store for $3.98 (or $10.17 at the University Book Store), which will teach you to remove your own appendix with only a fish-hook and an egg beater.

This would end your troubles quickly, I am sure.

Your friend,  
DOROTHY HIX

A burnt spot on your husband’s shirt may easily be covered up by dyeing the shirt. Pastel shades are good.

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**ETIQUETTE**

Dear Ettie:
I am going with two very nice boys, both of whom are Sigma Chis. Each of them recently gave me his pin to wear. Is this perfectly proper?

Eleanor Ely

Dear Miss Werber:
No, you are not doing anything improper, but you’ve certainly been double-crossed!

Dear Ettie:
I have been invited to a strip-poker game at my boy-friend’s house. What rules of etiquette must I observe in order to be perfectly proper?

“Lincoln Manie”

Dear Mane:
This is a very delicate situation, and must be handled with extreme tact. In concluding a bet, never say “I’ll call you,” but “I’ll see you.” If gin is served, be careful not to spill any, as it is extremely harmful to one’s complexion. Don’t forget that you can outstrip all your opponents and still be a loser. Wear a cheerful smile at all times, especially if you lose. Before betting your stockings, be sure and give something to the poor, since “Charity covers a multitude of shins.” Above all, be a good loser; if luck is against you, just grin and bear it.

Left-over chicken or turkey will make a palatable luncheon for the cat or dog if prepared with a tasty cream sauce.

---

**PERSONALS**

CLEMENTINE, come home. Our seven children and I need you. Ollie.

ON AND after this date I will not be responsible for runs in my wife’s stockings. J. J. Gripe.

USE Flees Insect Powder after the dance. (Adv.)

DAMN it, Clementine, come home. Our six children and I need you. Ollie.

SENATOR Jones: All is discovered. Fly at once. J. H.

WILLARD. Stop going to hotels with strange women. Your wife.

CLEMENTINE! Come home. Our three remaining children and I need you. Ollie.

USE Flees Insect Powder during the dance. (Adv.)

OSCAR. Forgive me. I won’t date any more Frat men. Sophronia.

REWARD of $50 for return of my mother-in-law if unalive. J. K. L.

CLEMENTINE. They’re all dead. Don’t need you anymore. Having fine time. Ollie.

USE Flees Insect Powder before the dance. (Adv.)

OLLIE. Come home at once. Clementine.

---

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS**

Do not threaten your children with incarceration in a dark closet. Rather, appeal to their imaginations in this wise: “What do you think Daddy would say if he caught you pouring karo syrup on the cat.”

USE THE
BOORSTEIN BARECAT TOOTHPICKS

For greater ease, economy and efficiency.

ON SALE AT ALL HARDWARE STORES

---

**HAVE YOURSELF FRAMED AND HUNG**

Give your sweetie a photo of yourself for Xmas.

Our special staff of gigoledes and fraternity men will pose for you.

Gorillo Photographers

---

**WAS RINGTON BOOP STORE**

rAtes ReAsomabel NicE WoRg

---

**HAVE YOURSELF FRAMED AND HUNG**

Give your sweetie a photo of yourself for Xmas.

Our special staff of gigoledes and fraternity men will pose for you.

**HAVE YOURSELF FRAMED AND HUNG**

Give your sweetie a photo of yourself for Xmas.

Our special staff of gigoledes and fraternity men will pose for you.
Girls’ Athletics Decreased
Due to Lack of Supporters

Because of an alarming decrease in the number of enthusiastic supporters at the girls’ athletic events, it was announced today by the G.A.A., the number of games will have to be cut to less than half of the present number. "We used to have large crowds at our games," said the president of the association, in an interview with a Blabloid reporter, "but numbers of supporters have been dropping off alarmingly at the recent events, and we felt that something would have to be done about it."

ADOLPHUS BUSCH ENTERS
CHIEF PINCUS IN DERBY

Thoroughbred Will Be Only St. Louis Entry

Adolphus Busch announced today that he would enter Chief Pincus in the Kentucky Derby. Chief Pincus is a horse of noble lineage and traces its descent back to Charles the Great. He was recently a maid of honor at the U. D. C. ball. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Pincus of Grant farms. Chief Pincus has never won any races due to being disqualified for running the wrong way. He is fed almost entirely on a diet of Fleischman's yeast.
NED TRANT AT GARTER

Bob Soupey

The Great Championship Marble Game Between Garter and Ramway Is Under Way With Our Hero, Ned. Stinging Under Fall Pester's Accusation of Being a Quitter!

Having Been Put Wise By Sally Concerning Her's Anger, Coach Herman Yanks Ned To Cool Him Off But Before Next Shift, Ned I Rule Out Too! Since There Was No Freon For Making Man Ways Marble Picks Down, Old Boy, Carter Needs You in

Will Our Hero Be Able To Control His Temper and Win For Dear Old Garter? This Is the End!

INTRAMURALs

NINETEEN-CORNERED TIE IN MARBLE TOURNAMENT

Kappa Beta Phi Takes Lead As Other Fraternities Clash

Believe It or Not—Apols to Ripley

Collier's Selections

1. Hix-me-daddy, Slow-foot Werber, Tom Swift.
2. Ned Brant, Man of War, Red Chili.
4. Sealsick, Hoeller the Lover, and Dangerous Dan.
5. Maurnheyt, Davenport Dan, Kid Shil-
7. Look out Below, Flying Maze, Wrong Number.

In one of the weirdest contests in the annals of inter-fraternity sport came to a close at sunset, last Saturday. Alpha Epsilon Pi, Alpha Tau Omega, Beta Theta Pi, Chi Delta Phi, Kappa Alpha, Kappa Sigma, Phi Delta Theta, Phi Beta Delta, Pi Kappa Alpha, Alpha Sigma Epsilon, Sigma Alpha Mu, Sigma Chi, Pi Kappa Alpha, Sigma Nu, Sigma Tau Omega, Tau Kappa Epsilon, Theta Xi, Xi Sigma Theta, and Zeta Beta Tau tied for first, or for that matter, last, place in the annual marble tournament held at the west end of the tennis courts.

Each fraternity won one game, and lost one. None of the teams entered in the match showed up, and, therefore, each team won by default because the other team didn't show up, but because each team didn't show up, they lost to the other team by default, making each team win and lose the same game, making—

(Ed. Note: Oh, shut up!) (Author's Note: Oh, you shut up yourself! So there.) (Ed. Note: I won't shut up.) (A. Note: You will too, you—you ignoramus, you!) (Ed. Note: I won't.) (A. Note: You will!) (Linotype Operator's Note: Hey, cut it out, you guys.) (Gentle Reader's Note: Pipe down, the lot of you. I'm trying to get some sleep.)
On The Air Tonight

An overture from “Morpheus and the Sleeping Beauty” will be the feature of a half-night’s broadcast by the Gold, Red, Brown, Lavendar, Magenta, Purple and Black Room orchestra under the leadership of Bibbie Sykes and his bounding baton.

Mary Jane Roach, dramatic actress of some note (probably A-flat), will be the subject of Charles (Horatio Alger) Freeman’s talk at 8:30 over WOP, the Voice of Fenury.

Duke Wellington’s Woolen Club orchestra will do its best to mangle a heterogeneous mess of late song hits into some sort of a second-choice program over KOK this P. M.

Uncle Abe and David will not be heard over KROX, the Voice of St. Vitus, at 9:30.

Station WENR, the service station, will present a half-hour of slow, dreamy, romantic music by Husk O’Hairy and his slow, dreamy romantic orchestra from 10:30 until 3:00.

An unusual detective thriller called the “Schmeer Case” will be presented by Cupid’s Diary magazine sometime tonight over KUKU.
MOON MULLINS

Kayo, did you get those eggs I sent you for?

Yes.

And how would you like your eggs, Moon, fried or scrambled?

I think I’d like them scrambled, Emphy.

It’s a good thing he does Emphy, cause he’s sitting on the eggs.

SKIPPY

For two cents I’d knock your block off!

Get away from me, ya dirty professional.

TOONERVILLE FOLKS—after Fontaine Fox

Lil’ Kitty Swiggin’

in a rush week along sorority row.

OUT OUR WAY—after Williams

And what did you say, professor, when you heard this student using vile language?

I told him he wasn’t fit to associate with decent people, and brought him in here!

Suitcase Simpson discovers new way to make money with his famous feet.
MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WAR

(Continued from page 7)

been in a majority, had been allowed to run free without expert supervision, and as a result had dug mud-holes and sinks of varying sizes, but which taken all in all made the so-called yard a veritable miniature Alps, interspersed with mucky morasses. And it was in this rough and rugged tract of land that my cavalry was expected to train and develop into an invincible fighting unit! It would have been a perfect setting if my horseman had been provided with mountain goats for steeds, but as it was any four-footed organism which attempted to negotiate a safe passage across this range would soon resemble a bow-legged man with knock-knees, with a touch of splay-footedness thrown in. Immediately upon getting a thorough grasp of the situation I set to work to write a report, which I couched in one-syllable words in order that the general staff back could make good use of them in the midst of fare.

Their reply was placed on my plate the next day by Orderly Moise, and I, under the misapprehension that it was merely an unusually tough piece of lettuce, ate it as salad. It was therefore necessary for me to conclude my account of this whole sorry affair by writing in my diary: "Headquarters letter lost in mail."

It has been said that an army travels on its stomach, and I received clear proof of this when I went to the front lines on a tour of inspection. There the men had been entrenched for only a few hours, and as ditch-diggers were in the majority among them, they had only managed to dig themselves into a trench about ten inches deep, in order to escape the enemy's bullets, every man-jack of them was required to lie flat on his stomach on the damp earth, and to crawl in this manner from one post to another. This in itself was regrettable, but also a number of biting insects called lice had taken up positions in the official government trenches, without the consent of the government, and were making their presence felt among the body of the men in a most obnoxious way. I had sent a linguist to enquire of these intruders what right they had in government owned and controlled property. He had been stationed at headquarters, although in the minority, and I had made their presence felt among the body of the men in a most obnoxious way. I had got a linguist to enquire of these intruders what right they had in government owned and controlled property, and to tell them that they had not a leg to stand on. He came back to report that they had not a leg to stand on. He took back to report that they had not a leg to stand on. He had told them that they had no right there, but contended that they each had a number of legs to stand on. He said that he had paid no attention to their report that they had no right there, but contended that they each had a number of legs to stand on. He then went upstairs to take a bath.

In tomorrow's chapter Capt. Jones will relate to you how he ably met this supreme crisis of his soldierly career, and also, if you are good children, he will tell you what war he is writing about.

CAPT. R. C. (BOBBY) JONES:
P.S.: Ewe might as well send those kids too. They won't fill the bill, but we can make good use of them in the midst of fare.

Campus Policeman Arrested

(Continued from page 6)

have had him under constant surveillance. He was found to have a secret code for telling his patrons about the liquor which he had ready. As he stood at the south end of Brookings Hall, presumably to keep freshmen off of the grass, he would greet the various students coming to classes. If he said "Hello" twice to the same person, this meant that he had just received a fine shipment of champagne. If he said "Good Morninging" to one of his customers, it meant that he had six cases of gin at five dollars a pint. If he closed his left eye and whispered "Howdy", the patron would understand that "Three Star Hennessy" had gone up two dollars in value. On the other hand, if he closed his right eye, pulled at the lobe of his left ear and said "Bon Jour", "Old Kentucky Colonel" whiskey was not available but would be ready in five days. O'Brien stated that he had very little demand for beer, although the dormitory boys in Liggett Hall seemed to like it.

One of the main clues leading to the suspicion of O'Brien was the fact that he has a shoulder holster to carry his gun. "What then was the bulge in his hip pocket?" asked the police of themselves. They figured that it must be a flask. However, upon investigation, the bulge proved to be three pocket handkerchiefs. "I am very susceptible to colds" was the explanation of "Bad". Another clue was the fact the stickers pasted on students' cars were often put on rather crooked. The labels on some of the bottles of liquor were pasted on crooked also, and therefore it pointed to the fact of the same person possibly doing both pastings. Investigation proved this true.

O'Brien has a police record thirty-three inches long at headquarters, although mostly for petty offenses. His alibi for these petty offenses was that he could not pet very well, and thus offended the girls. All this, of course, occurred when he was a young man. Upon his release from Sing-Sing in 1917, he promised to go straight, and thus secured his position at Washington University. "I found it impossible to go straight, however, here, or at any other university," he said.

"I was born at Kokomo, Indiana," he continued, "in 1876. At the age of nineteen my first arrest took place. I was driving a spic and span of gray horses down the main street of Kokomo and said 'Yoo-Hoo' to a couple of ladies. They were the days," he ended, with a reminiscence.

The trial of the accused will be held next week, and the defense will be that although, each person at school is allowed so many cuts a semester, O'Brien never cut any of his stuff, and has given his customers the best that the Mississippi River could supply.
There’s a thrilling freshness in the smoke of a Camel—a delicately blended fragrance, sunny and mild—that’s never even been approached by any other cigarette. Swing along with the modern crowd! They’ve graduated to Camels and real smoke-enjoyment.

Swing Along!

Camels

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Attention
Sportsmen!

The new Spalding Store, conveniently located at 409 North Broadway, is the headquarters for authentic equipment for almost every sport. Stop in your first opportunity and see for yourself.

The lowest thing in the world is the ring around a Scotchman's bathtub when the water is on a meter. —Drexerd

Chevy: “I must buy a tooth-brush.”
Mack: “Do you mean to say you haven't a tooth-brush?”
Chevy: “Oh, no, but I have to clean my ‘Aust-in’.” —Drexerd

Joe Palooka barged into the saloon noisily. He banged his fist down on the counter with a great show of violence.

“Gimme a whisky straight,” he bellowed at the barmaid. One gulp was all that Joe needed to drain the shell. “Bah, that was good,” he sputtered as he threw the glass into a corner. “I feel just like a bull.”

Then from the stillness of a far corner came a faint “moo...moo...moo...moo...” —Wasp

Toast overheard at a fraternity banquet:
“Here’s to the land we love and vice-versa.” —Stevens Stone Mill

“Some foxy Indian got hold of his gun and reversed the charges.” —Pitt Panther

“Jack,” said Jill, “let’s go up the hill And get a pail of water.”
Father said, “Nix, I’m on to your tricks, You can’t play that way with my daughter.” —Battalion

Daughter: “But, daddy, why do you object to my being engaged? Is it because of my youth?”
Father: “Yes, he’s hopeless.” —Log

Dick: “You took that little blonde from the notions department home last night, didn’t you?”
Tom: “I'll say I did, and I kissed her goodnight, too.”
Dick: “What did she say?”
Tom: “Oh, she just said, ‘Will that be all?’” —Stone Mill

“Is that likker potent?”
“Potent? Boy, pour it into a rose bed and it'll turn them into tiger lilies.” —Ranger

Automobile Driver to Girl who has succeeded in begging a ride of him: “How far are you going?”
She: “I knew there was a catch in it.” —The Vanderbilt “Masquerader”

“Did you see Cleopatra’s needle when you were in New York?”
“No, I didn’t know she was a dope fiend.” —Octopus

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You Are Always Welcome at
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"EVERYTHING MUSICAL"
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PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
Boy, she was so fat that I never knew what wrinkle she was going to open to talk.
—Annapolis Log

Business men say that Hoover has made times so hard that Singers' Midgets have to sell crabapples on the corners in New York.
—Punch Bowl

Probably Not

We wonder if those fellows who take the picture for these art magazines get a salary, too.
—Y. M. I. Sniper

“Did you bet on a good horse?”
“Yeah, she was so good she walked home.”
—Banter

The following note was sent from a Sorority House to a near by Fraternity House:
“Will you please put up some shades. Do you think we are taking a course in Anatomy?”
The answer sent back was as follows:
“Well if you are it is purely elective.”
—Malteaser

Evolution

‘33—wishes he know women as a senior does.
‘32—wishes he had kept track of all the women he has dated.
‘31—wishes to gosh the women wouldn't hang around him so much.
‘30—wishes he knew what he's going to do with the one he's acquired after three years of wishing for her.
—Rammer-Jammer

Baby Stork: “Mama, where did I come from?”
—Wisconsin Octopus

Fraternity house rules.
No liquor is allowed in rooms.
Do not throw bottles out of windows.
—Northwestern Purple Parrot

“Bill has a wide acquaintance.”
“Yes, I saw him with her last night.”
—Malteaser

The Seniors are singing the real theme song:
“Three Thousand Words.”
—Juggler
Hemorrhoids Cured Without the Knife
Fistula, Fissure cured by my Soothing, Gentle Method. My Guarantee—Cure or No Pay. No Chloroform, No Danger. No Hospital. No Detention from Business. Call or write today. It will pay you.
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THIRTY-THREE YEARS EXPERIENCE

“Listen, boys and girls, that thing Rudy waves at his band isn’t a baton—it’s a wand!” —Voo Doo

“Oh! Dear! You were wonderful! You rowed faster than anyone in the boat.” —Princeton Tiger

Advice to Co-Eds: If you are looking for a real thrill, try kissing a man with hiccoughs. —Skipper

Water: “How did Sam get cross eyed?”
Wagon: “His girl is knock-kneed.” —Wampus

Professor: “Use the word omniverous in a sentence.”
Student: “Omniverous happy as when I’m drunk.” —Yellow Crab

A Scotchman was engaged in an argument with the conductor on a street car. It seems the Scotchman believed the fare was five cents and the conductor insisted on a dime. After a long drawn argument, the conductor became disgusted, and seizing the Scotchman’s suit case, threw it off just as the car was passing over a bridge which crossed a small stream. The suit case landed with a loud splash. “Mon,” screamed the Scotchman, “isn’t it enough you try to overcharge me without drowning my little boy?” —Purple Parrot

“I call my girl grapefruit, because she gives me an eyeful.” —Log

Spit may be a horrid word, but it comes in damn handy when you’re brushing the teeth. —Ski-U-Mah

This girl had to be handled with kid gloves—her husband is a fingerprint expert! —Rice Owl

Beckwith: “I say, what is the proper outfit for a man who follows the horses?”
Riley: “A white uniform, isn’t it?” —Lehigh Burr

She saw him.
She kissed him.
He remained motionless.
He was a bust.
(Are we all?) —Bison

Mary: “I wish God had made me a boy.”
Sue: “What’s the matter—can’t you make enough of them yourself?” —Longhorn

Hot Stuff
Sin: “Hear about Jack? He drank sulphuric acid by mistake.”
Copation: “Kill him?”
Sin: “Hell no; he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief every time he blew his nose.” —Iowa Frivol

Senior: “Well, Frosh, having taken Freshman English, what do you think of O. Henry?”
Frosh: “O. K., but the nuts stick in my teeth.” —Bison

“Do you use Williams’ Shaving Cream?”
“No, I quit rooming with him.” —Juggler

Paul T. Heil
Flowers
Telegraphed
Flowers Delivered
Anywhere to
Fraternity Houses
6142-44 Delmar Blvd.
CAlbany 8800

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Modern fine-car quality in an inexpensive automobile

It is wise, in these times, to consider what you get above the bare needs of transportation, when you buy a low-priced car. With its fine-looking new Six, Chevrolet has stepped smartly away from standards based on utility alone. Here in this smooth, capable, new automobile are—actually—scores of fine-car features...features which bring a new measure of quality, style and comfort to the lowest price field...Just slip behind the wheel once, and drive the smart new Chevrolet Six. Weave this car in and out of tangled traffic—eat up a straightaway at flashing top speed—let loose a thrust of power and take a stubborn hill! Do these things and you will know the new Chevrolet for the excellent automobile it is...Here, from every standpoint, is a low-priced car you'll have every reason to be proud of—speedy, sturdy, smart and dependable—the Great American Value.

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The Great American Value
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"A pretty snappy suit," said the baby, as he was put into his rubber panties. —Green Gander

Harvard: "We're going to give the bride a shower."
Penn: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

Sorority Sue says—A fool and his money are some party. —Drexeld

The difference in effect of the stuff Rip drank and what we drink is that Rip woke up. —Tiger

Worried: "Doctor, I'm afraid my goldfish has eczema."
Doctor (after examination): "Don't worry, Mrs. Smith. It's only on a small scale."

Skeptical Lady: "And can I wear this coat out in the rain without hurting it?"
Fur Salesman: "Madam, have you ever seen a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

"I'd like to buy a pair of garters."
"Single or double grip?"
"Doesn't matter. I want to make a sling shot!" —Pitt Panther

Books That Were $2.50 to $5.00

NOW $1.00

A Few of the Titles are:

- Story of Mankind Hendrik Van Loon
- Queen Victoria Lyton Strachey
- Microbe Hunters Paul De Kruif
- Why We Behave Like Human Beings, Dorsey

Also New Additions to the renowned Modern Library Series include:

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We have a supply of the important book:

Universities—American English, German by Flexner, $3.50

Washington University Store
Ground Floor Brookings Hall
Sometimes

"Hey, frosh, don't spit on that floor!"
"Wassamatter, floor leak?"

—Purple Parrot

Annette: "Whatcha drinkin' beer for?"
Rosalind: "Just an old belchin' custom."

—Red Cat.

Assistant to the Sword Swallower—"Will you be using the saber?"
Sword Swallower (himself)—"No, I'll take mine straight tonight."

—Froth

"The guy who said that the pun was the lowest form of humor had probably never ridden in a Pullman smoker."

—Pointer

Yes

Joining a fraternity is like playing strip-poker, only in poker you get your clothes back.

—Purple Parrot

Then there was a gangster by the name of Macintosh who took his rival for a walk.

—Wasp

Does Clara Bow still believe that "Daisies don't tell"?

—Lampon

All Through the Night

A new wall paper design has bars of music printed on it. Our idea of luxury would be to lie on a couch and whistle the ceiling

—Life

Ed: "Avast, old son, what's the difference between a hot necker and an old cow?"
Ted: "Forsooth, Sir Harry, what?"
Ed: "Egad, my lad, if you don't know, gimme your date with Dolores and spend the evening at the stockyards."

—Wampus

She: "It don't matter whether I wear chiffon or velvet, you like me anyway, don't you?"
He: "I'll always love you through thick and thin."

—Wampus

Did you hear of the Frosh who walked through the new Art Museum and stopping in front of a mirror, exclaimed, "It must be a Rembrandt."

—Owl
MUSIC OF THE MONTH

At the present writing there are two new show songs running rampant on everybody’s radio, piano, saxophone and rolmonica: “Something To Remember You By” and “Cheerful Little Earful”. The first is from the worldly revue, “Three’s A Crowd”, and the second is heard in “Sweet And Low”, which has been quite boastful of its hit song.

“Something To Remember You By” is a frank torch song, the kind that carries the ember, as the columnists have it. It is adjustable to all sorts of treatment, the slow fox trot and crying vocal renditions being most favored.

“Cheerful Little Earful” is just that, a happy-go-lucky care-not-ditty with a smart lyric by George Gershwin’s brother, Ira. As a happy song it is played con excitato, or maybe it should be agitato.

In the large group of songs having no fraternal affiliations and classified as “pops” variety is more evident than ever. There are waltzes becoming more popular than ever, fast and slow fox trots, tangos, rumbas, all manner and nationality of music.

“I’m So Afraid Of You” bids fair, as they say, to rival the success of “Three Little Words”. Both numbers emanate from the same pens and pianos.

“Little Sweetheart Of The Prairie” is a sweet song and can be hummed right off.

“For You” is a waltz with more music in it than is common of late, to say nothing of early. There’s a lyrical and melodic quality in it that makes it worthwhile to have on tap for duet evenings, that is, if you duet at all. “When You Were The Blossom Of Buttercup Lane And I Was Your Little Boy Blue”, (take a deep breath and exhale casually). Learn the title of this song and you have it as there can’t be much room for more than that. The thing lifts along very pleasantly, dances and sits out well, it being active or passive, depending on whether you feel like dancing or sitting. In either case it’s as pleasant as another song with a lengthy title, “Tie A Little String Around Your Finger So You’ll Remember Me”. These latter two are fox trots.

Enlisting in the ranks as a successor to “Among My Souvenirs” is “To Whom It May Concern”. It is really worthy of rank with its predecessor and is heard frequently on the air lanes, which is one of the criteria of a song’s hit potentialities.

A song which may be called “cute” without any of the opprobrium attaching to that epithet is “When You Fall In Love, Fall In Love With Me”. Possessed of a philosophy the history teachers call laissez faire (the Italians are ours), this new number has excellent piano possibilities. And Europe, good old gran’ma Europe, sends along “Just A Gigolo”, the most continental melody and lyric combination of a decade.

If you like songs rather bluish in tint, by all means have the piano player at the music shoppe play “The River And Me” and “He’s Not Worth Your Tears” for you. “The River And Me” is not the shivery river type that holds the Sweet Afton to be a last resort and a suicide’s grave. It is, rather, a happy combination of blue-accented melody and friendly lyric. Dat ol’ debbil river ain’t so bad in this song. Sa nice ol’ river. But lesh not get sentimental ’bout it. We’re buddies. “The River And Me”. (Courtesy Evclove Review Service)

This is a country of equal opportunity for all, and if Calvin Coolidge had done differently he might have gone as far as Al Capone. —Juggler

“Marriage is a great institution,” said Oscar Entwhistle philosophically, “no family should be without it.” —Dodo

Proctor: “What’s all that tramping around upstairs?”

Student: “Oh, that’s just Smith doing his R.O. T.C. homework.” —New York Medley
DO YOU LIKE GOLF?

IF SO

READ VANITY FAIR

Is an umbrella the most versatile club in your bag? ... It shouldn’t be ... Bobby Jones explains why, from time to time, in Vanity Fair ... When you miss a putt do you throw your caddie into a water hazard? ... Does this cost you one stroke or two? ... Do you pivot on the wrong foot and lash back as though you were fly-casting? ... What is the proper way to address a ball? — or a girl you’ve just picked up in a sand trap? ... If you wore your Reddy tees around your neck do you think you’d change them oftener? ... Will hot applications cure a stymie? ... Follow through, for a year, and keep your eye on Vanity Fair’s articles on the Royal and Ancient.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books ... to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies ... to visit the London tailors ... to see the best new works of art in Paris ... to attend the world’s great sporting events ... to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes ... to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge ... to go to the opera: in short, to know what’s what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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Sunshine Mellows
Heat Purifies

LUCKIES
are always
kind to your
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Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough