Washington University Dirge: We managed to beg—borrow—or—steal enough material for this "Hard Times"

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

Follow this and additional works at: https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/dirge

Recommended Citation
The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Dirge: We managed to beg—borrow—or—steal enough material for this "Hard Times"" (February 1931). The Dirge. 18.
https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/dirge/18
We managed to beg, borrow, or steal enough material for this "HARD TIMES" DIRGE.

Also work by prominent alumni.

February 1931.
The most efficient way of shutting off the blues since they first put switches on radios... cigarettes that really SATISFY!

Chesterfield
Milder...and Better Taste

© 1930 Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
How the Girls Do It

“What? Friday night? Oh, of course. That will be lovely! I’ll—oh-h-h-h! I just remembered I’ve got another date that night. Dern, I’ve just got to go with you. I know what I’ll do! I’ll break that other date—it’ll be hard, but I’ll try my best to do it. What’s that? You’ll call me tomorrow? Allrightie! Good bye eee!”

And the girl is saved from another night of studying.

Dumb Dora Doggerell

Dumb Dora crossed her pretty knees
And sat in contemplation,
And since her ignorance is bliss
She sat in high elation.
And being dumb she missed a lot
Of trials and tribulations,
She thought that the leading baseball team
Was in the League of Nations.
She thought that doughboys were the sons
Of fathers who were bakers.
She thought that feathers were the stuff
That shook in cocktail shakers.
She thought a chapeau was a place
Where nobles live in France.
She thought that debenture was
A new collegiate dance.
She thought that catfish live in milk
That goldfish come from mines,
She alway thought that trumpets grew
Upon the trumpet vines.
She thinks a “legger” is a guy
Who cobbles legs for boots,
She thinks a tin-horn gambler
Is one who really toots,
She thinks that anyone who coughs
Should change to Lucky Strikes,
She thinks a walking delegate
Is one who really hikes.
She doesn’t get the blues because
Blue doesn’t match her coiffure,
She gives us inspiration,
It shows how much a girl can get
Through college education.

Lost and Found Column

Found: Watch and chain. Will owner please form in line in lower hallway.

College Efficiency

“You know, I think George is the most efficient man I know.”
“How’s that?”
“In order to save on his laundry bill he hides his socks in the pockets of his pajamas.”

FOR Delicious Sandwiches

Joseph Garavelli’s
DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

“Hello, My Friend”
“I hear there is going to be a wedding in the chapel today.”
“Compulsory?” —Tiger

“That will be enough out of you,” said the doctor, as he stitched the patient together.
—Malteaser

Parade: “Does this wind bother you?”
Rest: “No; talk as much as you please.” —West Point Pointer

Love Life of the Protozoa

I was born one Monday morning at eight fifteen along with seven thousand brothers and three thousand sisters. By eight thirty I was an uncle two hundred and fifty times. I felt old, realized that I had been on earth long enough to settle down and raise a few hundred generations myself.

As I sat on a crumb of bread, musing, Mable dashed by. My nucleus throbbed and quivered, a sure sign that I was in love. Mable had two cells and a marvelous shape and was at least a minute old. She would make an ideal mate, so I sauntered after her.

“Pardon me, Mable,” says I. “How about a date tonight?” She turned around, outraged. “Sir, I am a married woman!” and off she sailed in a huff. Two seconds later her family passed by. I counted three hundred and then fainted.

Then I met Jane at a plunge party in a drop of milk. I was dazzled by her ability to do the breast stroke, so I proposed marriage. She laughed as I sat down on a vanilla wafer, and told me that she had been a great grandmother for five minutes. I sighed and left the party, crushed but still hopeful.

Next is was Pearl, a widow with seven thousand children. I really didn’t love her, but she had money enough to keep an old bachelor like me in cigars for a day. She took my frat pin and then sued for breach of promise. She fell in love during the trial and dropped the suit. After that came Shirley, a dark little devil with a skin like sea-weeds. Amoebla blood in her veins, I think. I took her for a stroll through some celery, but she fled when I suggested stopping for a picnic. Oh, well, she was so young.

On my way back to my retreat in a Swiss cheese, I bumped into Josephine carrying the family groceries to her old mother. She was rather thin and wore glasses. Besides that, she talked through her nose and taught school in her spare moments. I married her on the spot and we eloped with the groceries to a bowl of gravy. We are living happily now, thank you, and our son Oscar is my pride and delight. May he carry on the name of Protozoa as lustily as did his father. —Illinois Siren

The jewelry clerk looked at a customer, saw him nervously pace the floor, and, after some minutes, approach him.

“Could I show you something,” he asked, “or do you just want to look?”

“No,” said the man impatiently, “I wanta watch.” —Desert Wolf
VANITY FAIR

PATTERNS IN EVENING DRESS SHIRTS

In all of the things a man wears, very plain effects are in fashion, and, of course, this is always true of evening clothes and accessories. Dress shirts, however, are very good with a self pattern.

In the accompanying sketch, a dress shirt is shown and with it several of the patterns that are very smart for a shirt of this type. The shirt, by the way, has the newer, narrower, shorter bosom. The patterns should be very fine. A minute waffle-iron pattern, a herringbone and a rather irregular basket-weave are shown in the sketches. All of these serve to give a flat, lustreless appearance, which is desirable, for even a plain linen bosom should be laundered so that it has no sheen at all.

Carrying out the harmony of pattern, the white tie should be of the same material, as should the white waistcoat. The collar, of course, is always of plain linen, as are the cuffs.

If you are interested in any question of men’s dress or etiquette, write to the “Well Dressed Man,” care of the Dirge, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.—(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)

THE CORRECT WIDTH AND LENGTH FOR TROUSERS

We sometimes hear that the correct width for trouser bottoms is eighteen inches. This pronouncement is usually made with a great show of authority and with a finality that invites no further discussion. And yet, a second’s consideration shows us how obviously false and wrong such an arbitrary width can be.

For some men—perhaps for the average man, if there is such a person—eighteen inch trouser bottoms may be quite right, but we are not all made from the same pattern, and by the same token, our trousers can not be cut from the same pattern.

The width of the trousers at the cuff is determined by the size of a man’s foot and the shoe he wears. The trousers should barely cover the lace at the front of the shoe and hit a little above the heel at the rear. They should not cover the entire foot, nor should they be so short that several inches of ankle show at all times.

Trousers with cuffs should hit the top of the shoe without a break. Those without cuffs should break slightly over the instep. Both should be cut on the bias at the bottoms, and both should taper to their bottoms from a much greater width at the knee and even greater width at the thigh and hip.

(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)
If the Men Did It the Same Way

"Hello babe! How’s Cleopatra this bright sunny evening? Fine. I’m p’laced to hear it. Say, are you doing anything next Friday night? No? That’s great—we’ll go to the Sig Eret dance together. What’s that? You just remembered you have another date? Now if that isn’t lucky—I’ve got one too. In fact I have two of them. I tell you what I’ll do—if you’ll break your own date, I’ll try to break one of mine. That’ll put us even up, and then you and my other date can take turns at the wheel of the car—And—what the hell! She hung up!"

—Westcott

She: “Do you save many beautiful girls?”
Guard: “Yeh, that’s the only kind I do save.”

—Frith

Read the following words rapidly and get the thought that would like to be in most husbands’ heads:
My muttering law felon alliance cage—gladiator.

—The Siren

The burglar finding the lady in the bath, covered her with his revolver.

—Tiger

“Is this honestly pre-war stuff?”
“Sure; it’s always followed by a fight.”

—Columns

Suggested slogan for Austin manufacturers, “The car that fits your pocketbook.”

—Aggicvator

Mother Goose
(Collegiate Edition)

Sing a song of stewards, a pocket full of cash,
Four and twenty leftovers cooked into a hash—
And when the hash was opened, the boys began to go
And that’s the daily custom on fraternity row.

—Whirlwind

There may not be anything in the idea, but several new pledges have been going about their house duties singing, “The Night That You Told Me Those Little White Lies.”

—Oklahoma Whirlwind
DIRGE

oils up his scissors and presents his annual Exchange Number with the help of some well-known alums.

"Why it ain't hardly fare."
SORORITY LIFE AT IOWA

No. 1: Gamma Phi Beta

—Iowa Frivol
DANCES are all right in their way, but they could stand several improvements.

For instance, there is the matter of getting names correctly. At a recent blowout I overheard a young man being presented to a young lady with an introduction that sounded like “Miss Whummum, Mr. Chummum.” It was hostess for “Miss Watson, Mr. Clinton,” but the two strangers, of course, didn’t know this. Each probably thought the other was a Siamese immigrant.

I have a plan that would remedy this evil. In the first place, the girls would wear numbered signs on their backs. These numbers, I want to say right off, need not be three feet high like the ones on football players. A modest four-inch number—perhaps a portion of last year’s auto license—would do very nicely.

The hostess, knowing in advance what each girl’s number will be, gets up a program giving their names, addresses and telephone numbers together with a key number corresponding to the figure on the sign. The cost of these programs would be defrayed by selling them at the door for a moderate sum, say 25 cents.

Now, then, let us visualize a party where this system is in use: A young man who didn’t happen to have the 25 cents turns to a neighbor, plucks his sleeve and whispers: “Who’s that fluff in the orange dress who just made six yards around left tackle with that tall, skinny guy?”

The other fellow mutters “Number 14, wait till I find Number 14,” and rapidly thumbs through the pages of the program until he finds the right place. Then he looks up, smiles triumphantly and announces: “Shirley Wheeler, 4567 Riverview Heights, Waldorf 2434.”

A few minutes later the first young man cuts in on this girl’s partner. He takes her in his arms, gazes down into her beautiful blue eyes and murmurs: “Number 14, I’ve fell for you! Can I—could I—that is, may I call you Shirley?”

It is very difficult to get dances with these good-looking dames. You will approach one at the beginning of a party and inquire: “May I have the sixteenth paroxysm?” and she will consult her time-card and answer “Yes.” Later, when the time arrives for the scramble in question, you will just about get your arms around her waist when you will find yourself buffeted against a pillar and look up to see your erstwhile partner 20 feet away in the arms of some harpy wearing dinner clothes. What this girl should have answered is not “Yes” but “Ostensibly.”

The problem might be solved if the beautiful women and the young men interested got together beforehand and took a tip from some of our great railroad (Continued on page 28)
A SAD YOUNG MAN

by

SHIRLEY J. SEIFERT

The windows of our library are nearly six feet above ground level; but I glanced up one morning lately to find two brown eyes staring sadly and solemnly through one at the other. One eyebrow was up, the other down. Yet, the effect was very melancholy. We once had a dog who could look just that baffled and cynical.

I sighed. I had no time for Bill today; but I knew that wouldn't keep him out. Neither would the lack of an invitation to enter. Presently the door rattled and in he dragged the "Haven't had a date since August. Fact. Took a weight of himself and his sorrows.

Bill's scenery this winter is brown, rough, and, perhaps, English. There seems a waste of material in the width of his trousers and the looseness of his coat; but, again, an effect of nonchalance has been achieved and any suspicion of exquisiteness avoided. With this tweed drapery go a pair of those oddy fore-shortened square-toed oxfords and a hat—dear me, a hat!

I think Bill takes that hat to bed with him. It is a felt hat. The name of a famous maker is dimly visible inside the crown. It is a hat of great age; but age alone wouldn't give it the contours it has. The brim goes up, the crown sinks down—words fail me! Bill outgrew it long ago. Once lately, to prove to me that it was large enough he pulled it down to his ears; but elastically it sprang back to its regular perch on the crown of his head, where it rides, a comic-strip halo on a normally handsome young man.

Today the hat was missing. I didn't trust myself to mention it.

"Want something to read," I suggested. It is possible occasionally to plant Bill in a corner with a book and forget him. "Here's a new one by Zane Grey."

"I'm off of fiction," said Bill rudely. "Doing deep stuff now. Got a book at the public library by a man named Freud. Every hear of him?"

Meekly I said I knew there was such an author; but I gathered from Bill's indifference to continuing the discussion that books, even deep books, could not touch the trouble that seared him today. Lightly I can over his line of griefs and asked him daringly about his love.

"Of women," he growled.

"Haven't had a date since August. Fact. Took a girl out to Lincoln Beach then and that's the last." "What happened, Bill?"

"Nothing. She got sore." A faint reminiscent twinkle lightened his gloom. "She went across in the boat. I had on my bathing suit under my clothes. So I put my shirt and pants and Sneaks in the boat with her and was going to swim across, race the boat. I dived in and the wake of the boat caught my bathing suit and pulled it off of me. Fact. I darn near drowned trying to grab for it. Had to stay under water. Had to swim around a couple of hours before I got a guy to help me out. She got sore."

Gloom descended again. Neither were women the trouble today. I noticed, then, a market sack in Bill's hands.

"Yeah," he said in explanation. "I'm a business man now. Pop says if I don't work I don't eat. Had the family Packard out Sunday. Thought it was in reverse when it was in second and I stepped on it. Did I smash it—and the car ahead? That's when the old man gave out the ultimatum. Of course a man can't land a job easy right now. Sis staked me to a loan of these."

"These" were a new kind of metal dishcloth. Sympathizing deeply with Bill's straits, I bought one and said he ought to sell out quickly.

"Yeah, sold a dollar and ten cents worth yesterday," he admitted but sank again into darkness of the inner spirit.

"Bill," I said at last, being desperate, "where is your hat?"

Bill stood up. He fixed me with eyes that now were burning. His reply was so bitter in its denunciation that in comparison all classic outbursts became exercises in elocution books.

"Mother burned my hat!" he said. "Can you beat it? It was my hat, wasn't it? Who does she think she is, I wonder!"

---

AN OVERSIGHT

Judge: "You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?"

Driver: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "And what have you to say in your defense?"

Driver: "I didn't know it was loaded." —Brown Bull
The three greatest Presidents of the United States were Washington, Lincoln and Hoover. Washington because he freed the country; Lincoln because he freed the slaves; and Hoover because he freed the laborers. —Punch Bozul

The scene is a dress rehearsal of “Noah’s Ark.” Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: “What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?” And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, “The flood light, you sap.” —Northwestern Purple Parrot

There’s an invention on the market that will make a woman’s kiss taste like an orange, but millions are waiting for the man who makes an orange taste like a woman’s kiss. —Dodo

“Gotta drink?”
“Naw, I do it because I like it.” —Pointer

One of the freshmen, bless their little hearts, was bearing up rather nobly under a particular weary R. O. T. C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

“Say, Buddy,” said the captain with characteristic sweetness, “do you see the uniform I’m wearing?”

“Yeh,” said the rookie looking enviously at the captain’s almost immaculate uniform, “look at the damn thing they gave me!” —Bean Pot

Entomology Prof: “What’s a caterpillar?”
Fresh: “An upholstered worm.” —Orange Owl
SEND IN YOUR SCANDAL!
EXTRA! EXTRA!!
Member of Faculty Contributes Poem!

THE CHAPERONE'S LAMENT
With apologies to Vachel Lindsay, Alfred Tennyson and Walt Whitman

For the first time in its history, Dirge presents a contribution by a faculty member. The following poem, descriptive of a dance as seen thru the eyes of the down-trodden chaperone, needs no other introduction:

The fat boy pounds on the big bass drum,
BABY, WON'T YOU COME TO ME?
Bang, bang, bang, till your brain goes numb,
BABY, WON'T YOU COME TO ME?
Saxophones whimper, clarinets shriek,
Horns go ga-ga, violins squeak,
Driving you crazy in the smoke-filled room
With boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.

But you're a chaperone, isn't it grand?
You have to tell the boys it's a damn fine band.
All the night, all the night,
All the night onward,
Down at the Jefferson
Danced the five hundred.

"Can I cut in?" was said.
"Sure!" brightly bobbed a head.
Round in the whirl of jazz
Danced the five hundred.

"Who's sitting over there
Pensively on a chair?"
"That's just the chaperone,
Said the five hundred.
His not to reason why,
His not to criticize,
We HAD to ask the guy,"
Said the five hundred.

And I have heard the girl reply, "Let's eat after we drop the chaperones."

I sing of myself, I, the chaperone,
But I sing of a self that was.
I quit.

Knowing that our readers are interested (?) in the stars of the musical comedy, Dirge is presenting a series of more or less accurate biographies of these geniuses. The first three appear herewith.

Joseph "Georgia" Ledbetter
(Silly)

The quadrangle Club, believing that it could not do justice to Joe's life story, has prevailed upon the popular comedian to write his own biography. Here it is, as near to being in his own words as we dared to print it:

"Born, as I unfortunately was, in Little Rock, Arkansas, I had a great handicap to overcome for which I was in no way to blame. I have always tried to make light of this mean trick of fate and this largely accounts for my ability to make everything funny. Obviously if one can make fun of being a native of Arkansas one can make anything less tragic a veritable scream.

Shortly after railroads penetrated Arkansas in 1924 I came to the big city, St. Louis. I was lost in the Union Station for three weeks but I refused to take the easy way out and return to Arkansas. Finally a kind man offered to show me the way out for twenty-five ($25.00) dollars and thanks to his generosity I emerged on 18th street. There I took a sight-seeing trip around the big city. I was all set to buy the New Cathedral for five thousand—obviously a bargain—but another passenger from Arkansas offered six thousand and I let him have it. Shucks, I'm a shouting Methodist so I didn't want it much anyway.

I had had lots of experience in Sunday School dramatics so I applied for a job with the Woolworth players, who were then trying to popularize heavy drama..."
“Harry surprised me by telling me that we’re going to take our honeymoon in France.”

“How nice, and how did he spring it on you?”

“He said as soon as we were married, he would show me where he was wounded in the war.”

—Octopus

Father (to youngster just out of bed): “Now what are you crying about?”
Youngster: “I wanna drink!”
Father: “So do I; go to sleep.”

—Mugwump

Then there is the child who sat up to wait for Santa Claus and gathered evidence enough to chastise the maid, discharge the butler, ruin his mother, and send his father to Reno for a divorce.

—Octopus

Frosh: “What’s the matter with Bill?”
Soph: “Oh, he just got hold of some chicken liquor.”
Frosh: “Yea? But what’s chicken liquor?”
Soph: “One drink and there he lay.”

—Mugwump

“Drive around the park again, Cleon, and keep your eyes open.”

—Virginia Cavalier

“My God! They’ve paralyzed our team five yards!”

—California Pelican

“The man in the moon isn’t half as interesting as the lady in the sun.”

—Drexerd

Rastus: “Brothaw president, we needs a cuspidor.”
President of the Eight Ball Club: “I appoints Brothaw Brown as cuspidor.”

—Burr
To Our Contemporaries

THANX for the material and cuts! ... An' how's that for a nice short editorial?

The Newspaper Number!

ALT 'til you see it!

The big guns on the Dirge staff have been planning about it and dreaming about it and working on it for months. It's totally unlike anything Dirge has ever done before, and we think you'll agree with us when we say that it's the outstanding Dirge in Dirge history.

Lots of photographs in the old-fashioned tabloid manner; the local hot-shots written up in all their glory. We can't tell you any more about it—Wait 'til you see it!
Inebriate: “Swindle, I call it—Damn moon doesn’t look any closer than she did before.”

—Harvard Lampoon

Those Pilgrim maids were just as hot
As the ones we date today.
Woman alters not a jot
She behaves in the self-same way.
It’s true that lack of clothes will give
A wholly new sensation—
The Pilgrim maids were just as hot,
But had more insulation.

—Purple Parrot

“Do you drink Jewish beer?”
“Jewish beer?”
“Yeh, my father he brews its?”

—Bean Pot

“Thirsty?” asked Robinson Crusoe, as he rescued the poor savage from the fire.
“No, Friday,” shot back the black man and from then on they were firm friends.

—Lord Jeff

The “paws” that refresh the Freshman’s memory.

—Iowa Frivol
"Does he really swallow it every time?"
—Harvard Lampoon

Mr. Binks was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mr. Binks, cheerily, "my engine died here and I'm digging a grave for it."
—Log

Murad: "Whadda ya do when you wear your bathing suit out?"

Sang Froid: "I usually wear it back, if nothing happens."
—Tennessee Muguump

"What is your occupation, Blawney?"

"I'm a poet, Klingensmith. I scan meters for the gas company."
—Pitt Panther

If the boarding house in which you are staying has food that tastes like sawdust, be nonchalant—it's fine board you're getting.
—Buffalo Bison

The show had been pretty much of a flop the opening night and as the dejected leading lady sat in her dressing room trying to console herself, the manager entered.

"There is a lady outside who wants to see you," he announced.

"I'm not seeing anyone to-night," snapped the star, "Tell her—"

"But this lady insists," said the manager. "She says she is an old school chum of yours—"

"Wheel her in," sang a catty chorus girl on the other side of the partition.

—Drexerd

She: "I don't think that English course did you any good—you still end every sentence with a proposition."
—Northwestern Purple Parrot
Make room for the one about the Scotch murderer who, when entering the death chamber, complained to the warden that he was being overcharged.

—Penn State Froth

No matter how you slice it—it's still a golf ball.

—Pitt Panther

The nice thing about a tattoo is that it's a work of art that grows on you.

—Exchange

A Good Word For Him

The professor was hard at work on his Ph.D. opus: “... and while the perissodactyla primigenius resemble the phycocephalia stronglocentrotus in the cryptobranchus allegheniensis the cercopithecidae...”

“Say, how the devil do you spell 'occur'?”

—Mercury

“Caroline is false to the league,” a girl growled at a strawberry festival.

“False? How so?” said a visitor from the city.

“Here we are selling kisses for charity, and Caroline is bootlegging them outside in the moonlight.”

—Drexerd

He came home and, as they say in the movies, found his wife sewing a tiny garment.

“My dear, my dear,” he said.

“Don't be silly,” she cried. “This is my new evening gown.”

—Exchange
Two Hebrew gentlemen were shipwrecked and were living on a small raft.

Two days passed and they were nearly frantic. However, Ikey, who had been scanning the horizon, now gave a happy cry.

"I see a sail."

"Wot's der use," murmured Jakey, "ve ain't got no samples."

—Iowa Frivol

Wine

God made man
Frail as a bubble.
God made love
God made trouble
God made the vine
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?

—Frivol

Frosh: "I've decided to join your fraternity."
Senior: "I should say not."
Frosh: "Why, what's the matter with it?"

—Pitt Panther

"Who ever named you Quits?"
"Well when I was born, father came in the room and said, 'Let's call it quits, Ma.'"

—Stone Mill

"You're evading the issue," howled the despairing husband when his wife refused to carry the baby.

—Punch Bowl

Kissing a girl because she let's you is liking scratching a place that doesn't itch.

—Log

"I understand Mrs. Smear objects to that traffic light outside her windows."

"Yes; she says the red light casts such a terrible reflection on her apartment."

—Life
**Hank Sez**

The commander o' the local Legion Post wuz tellin' a girl all abaut the war an' what he did in it. After a while he stopped talkin' an' started tew day-dream and she sez, "And that scar captain—did you get it in an engagement?" He sez sort o' absent, "No, the fust week o' my honey-moon."

Sophrony, my wife, ast me this mornin' if all men wuz ez stoopid ez me. I sez no, lookit all the bachelors in taown. Guess I'll have tew stay all night in taown again. Ho hum.

Gals air funny critters. When Jed took his new gal home after their fust date she gets sore an' sez she alius tho't he was a gentleman an' now she's sure.

Ethelbert writes home tew say there's one less freshman at Amherst. Said freshman ast him wot he had in his hand t'other night, and Ethelbert sez, "Insect Powder." Frosh sez, "Goodness! you're not goin' tew commit suercide?"

Jesse, our barber is quite a funny feller. One o' his customers ast him haow tew avoid fallin' hair. Jesse sez to jump fum under. He announced later that business will go as usual durin' alterations.

Reporter come fum the city t'other day tew interview our oldest livin' inhabitant — Thoph Blodgett. Ast Thoph tew what he put the blame on fer livin' so long. Thoph sez tew the fact thet he never died. Thoph ain't the oldest livin' inhabitant enny more.

——Lord Jeff

"Tell me. How did the rackets die?"
"They took him for a slay ride."

—Lord Jeff

——DDD——

Man is made by woman, therefore it is only right that he should reciprocate.

—Gaboon

‘“My charge for drawing teeth is $5, but I’ll take care of you for $3.”

‘“Weel, could ye be aloosenin’ it a wee bit for a quarter?”

—Purple Parrot

——DDD——

Coming out on top isn’t always desirable. Think of all the bald men in the world!

—Sun Dial

"Say, squirt, you ain’t tryin’ to give me de bird, are you?"

—California Pelican
HOW TO BE A NEWSREEL STAR

Ever since my first appearance on the talking screen (I was featured by Fox Movietone News as a spectator of the 1929 Notre Dame-Army Game) I have been smothered with requests for advice on getting into the movies. All over the country movie mad college boys and girls are bent on running away from home to Hollywood, and they want me to get them into the pictures, or at least, advance them carfare to California.

Why, look at this morning’s mail, letters, postcards, telegrams, summonses everywhere I turn, cluttering up the coffee pot. One requests the secret of my success, another admires my latest picture, and still another wonders how I get away with that stuff. Let us select one at random from the top of the pile. Here it is:

Dear Sir:

I am a young girl, age eighteen, and I have just won a Beauty Contest held by friends of mine over in Jersey. A nice man gave me a loving cup and a banner saying I was Miss Passaic River, and could he drop in some time. I want so much to be a newsreel star and I hope you will help me.

I haven’t had much experience on Broadway, but, oh, kid, what hasn’t happened to me on Riverside Drive.

When I get to be a great big star I will give you a great big hug.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

Whenever I receive a letter like that I feel that it is not cricket of me to hold out on the public. After all, one has to retire sooner or later, and I like to help deserving talent come along.

Well, when I mentioned before that I was featured in my first picture by Fox Movietone News, I was smearing it on a bit thick. My enthusiasm was dashed away with me. I really wasn’t featured at all. Actually I had a very small part in the Army game picture (way back in row YYY). But at any rate, it wasn’t such a bad role for a beginner, and I must have played it well, because the very next spring Hearst Metrotone News took me away from Fox and awarded me a supporting role in the Union Square May Day riots. I supported one of the Communists who had been bludgeoned by the local constabulary.

Pathe, not to be outdone, featured me in the Forest Hills Tennis Tournament. Here I was given my first stellar role, right in the marquee of the stadium. How my little heart did thump. However, an extra (Johnny Doeg was the name, I believe) stole the picture right out from under my nose.

The International Polo Matches at Westbury found me playing a character role as “That Man in the Last Row Throwing Sugar to the Horses.” This was, I understand, held over at the Newsreel Theatre a second week, breaking all box office scores at that Cathedral of the M. P.

My meteoric rise to stardom has been called the most remarkable since Halley’s Comet. It wasn’t long before I was needed in practically every newsreel production and, as William Randolph Hearst so aptly put it, nothing could happen unless I was actually there to start it.

But the crowning triumph of my career was the last Army-Navy game during which I played a non-committal part, cheering for the Marines. Here again, I appeared in all the newsreels simultaneously and thus played to more theatres than Hell’s Angels.

If there are any of you who wish to follow in my footsteps, why, I have no objections. I am through with them. But remember that I wear a size six shoe and those footsteps of mine are likely to wrench your heels.

The budding young newsreel artist must not forget that the hours are long, the work is hard. No contract awaits his signature, nor bright lights his name. He shouldn’t leave these damn things lying around!“

—California Pelican
is a great actor for a minute, but then he is soon crowded out by a clip of the President of Peru delivering his inaugural assassination. Life in the newsreels is here today and gone next week.

Perhaps you prefer a more rosy path to fame and glory than that of chasing the newsreel camera around. Ah, I knew it. Then you will want a letter of introduction. Am I right?

Possibly you would like me to write a personal note to Mr. Lasky requesting him to attach you to a long term contract with Paramount Sound News. A letter of introduction such as that would get you right in on the ground floor. Mr. Lasky is one flight up.

I'll tell you what I will do. I will write a note to Mr. Lasky, Mr. Warner (the third from the left), Mr. L. A. or S. (choice of one only) and M. Goldwyn Mayer expressing my admiration for your histrionic talents. There will be a small fee of five dollars to cover expressing charges.

The reason I offer this service at such an amazingly ridiculous fee is that I have never met the above gentlemen (though I can place their faces) and it would be foolish for me to charge any more than five dollars because I could not get it. Don't worry. I will charge every cent that I can get.

I will do even more than that. I will offer to a select few of my clientele ear insurance at a premium. The purpose of ear insurance is to protect you against lost or injury to ear as you spin down the front steps from Mr. Lasky's office. I will provide ear muffs as well, and a large pillow which may be judiciously strapped on at your convenience.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The producers put these loud scratchy noises in the newsreels to enable the movie patron to distinguish between one clip and another. It is the only way. Some newsreels, you see, are louder than others.

No, I never drink coffee in the morning.—it keeps me awake all day.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.

I don't understand why fellows call all their girls their babies.

That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them.

The only perfect chaser for modern liquor is a stomach pump.
Bat ty Co ed

Bat ty Co ed has eyes of red from bourbon.
She also has an eye for ale.
Her face is flushed from good old gin ricks,
The circles ’neath her eyes are blue for Yale.
Oh, Bat ty Co ed will drink of corn for Cornell,
Her nose is colored Harvard red.
Bat ty Co ed will drink with all the college boys,
But none can last as long as Bat ty Co ed.

—Vanderbilt Masquerader

How to Buy a Well Used Car

Look behind, underneath, and all around the rear seat cushions. If you find a couple of lace handkerchiefs and a handful of burned matches, a lipstick, and half a package of cigarettes, or an assortment of various buttons and a vanity case, or a garter and an empty bottle, buy the car. Any one of the above items is sufficient proof that the car has been used well and run but little.

—Ski-u-Mah

Ode to Lillian

Brightly shining are her i i i
Manners sweet with gentle e e e
Soul so pure and wondrous y y y y
Busy as the bumble b b b b

I recognize these urging q q q q
Her in my arms once more to c c c c
And lips divine again to u u u u
And breathe in rapture: “Holy g g g g”

—Purple Parrott
“Let’s Go!”

GOING places . . . doing things . . . and smoking Camels. All three are in the modern tempo.

Camels, gloriously mild and mellow, retain all the delicate fragrance of choicest, sun-ripened tobaccos, through the scientific care with which they’re made. There’s life and joy in such a smoke . . . never flat nor over-treated.

You’re going somewhere when you go with

Camels
Hemorrhoids Cured Without the Knife
Fistula, Fissure cured by my Soothing, Gentle Method. My Guarantee—Cure or No Pay, No Chloroform, No Danger. No Detention from Business. Call or write today. It will pay you.
FREE BOOKS—Valuable to Sufferers
CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE
DR. C. M. COE
RECTAL SPECIALIST
501 Pine Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Office Hours
9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays, 10 to 1
THIRTY-THREE YEARS EXPERIENCE
SEND IN YOUR SCANDAL
(Continued from page 10)
by charging only five and ten cents for any seat. Skouras Brothers came along and put the band on the stage and raised the price to seventy-five cents. I refused to be a party to this crime and quit as a matter of principle.
"But here Dame Fortune flirted with me and I took her for a ride in my roadster. As a result, that is, one result, I was offered a scholarship at Wash¬ington if I would in return offer my talents to the Quadrangle Club. I accepted and here I am and I'm mighty glad to be here."

* * *
Thomas "Timothy" Rankin
This is the story of the youngest of the local troupe of Quadranglers. Born at an absurdly early age, Tommy soon proved, at least to the satisfaction of his parents, that he had a natural gift for the stage. The child proved this largely by generous use of a lusty tenor when left alone in the dark. Incidentally, merely incidentally, Tommy is still there in many ways.
Not the least of these is how he was selected for the juvenile part in the Quadrangle Club's forthcoming musical comedy production entitled "Prin¬cess Nita" which will have its world premiere in the not very distant future and for which tickets should be bought early. This is an adv.
When Tommy was no more than ten years old he took the part of the lion in "Androcles and the Lion". Yes sir, he took the part of the lion when the poor little lion could find no-one else to take his part. This ability seemed to have run in the family, for Tommy is still telling about hearing his father say he'd just been down to the drug-store and his mother replying, "Pa, you're a lion." However, it didn't do Tommy much good to take the part of the lion, since he had taken the tail and the owner of the show made him give it back.
Desiring to get on and up and around in the world of the theater as well as to have a private bootleg¬ger, Tommy took lessons in dramatics by mail. Then the Quadrangle Club's scouts found him and made it possible for him to realize his life's ambi¬tion. In fact, Tommy would have the mail lead except for the fact that two of his lessons were un¬fortunately sent to the wrong address, and hence he is the juvenile.

* * *
Harriet Ingalls
Harriet Ingalls, ingenue of "Princess Nita," has sent the following reply to our questionnaire, so you can see why we have written our own article:
Miss Ingalls is known to her friends as Harriet, simply because that's her name. (Yeah? You, too). When she was but a small child, her mother had visions of a stage career, and requested Harriet to study singing and dancing. To the first request, Harriet said "No." To the second, she said the same thing, so there's no use repeating it. The little girl consistently refused either to study or practice, so the years rolled on, and Harriet entered the Quad¬rangle Club to dance in "Si, Si, Senorita" and sing in "Princess Nita". Let this be a lesson to you.
Miss Ingalls is really a charming and simple little girl. This writer, in fact, found her to be exceed¬ingly simple. Her tastes are not those you would expect of a tempermental ingenue. She merely wants to marry and settle down in a little cottage, preferably on Long Island. As she told the writer, "the man I marry won't have to be a millionaire. If I love him, I don't care if he only has nine hun¬dred thousand." She seemed to mutter the name "Jack" rather wistfully, half to herself, but this turned out to be merely a sound produced by the crackling of hard taffy in her vise-like but pretty little jaws.
So, bye-bye, little kiddies until next issue when we will tell you the low down on some more Quad¬ranglers.

---
"My friend from Switzerland has the measles."
"Hmm—dotted Swiss!" —Octopus

---
The day after the dance:
Tener: "Nice girl you had at the dance, Cliff."
Grill: "Who said so?" —The Siren

---

Paul T. Heil
Flowers
Telegraphed
To
Fraternity Houses
6142-44 Delmar Blvd.
CABany 8800

---
PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

---
First Tourist: “Who’s that fellow in the purple pants dodging that bull?”
Second Tourist: “Oh, that’s a Mexican jumping peon.”

— *Blue Moon*

“I place my surfaces at your disposal,” said the Freshman as he assumed the position.

— *Siren*

Bob met a wonderful girl up in Vermont last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he’s going to get a job in Peru.

— *Stone Mill*

“Oh, my dear, please don’t touch me.”

— *Burr*

Chiropractor (having just heard patient’s sob-story): “O, my dear, I feel for you.”

— *Reserve Red Cat*

He: “I’m going to be an A.B. in June?”
Sweet Young Thing: “That’s nothing. I’m going to be a M.A.”
He: “Why, I didn’t even know you were married.”

— *Juggler*

“Last night I gave my girl a wrist watch and tonight I’m going to give her the works.”

— *Kitty-Kat*

Familiarity breeds attempt.

— *Red Cat*

Then there was the doctor who ordered the college fullback to wear pumps because he had water on the knee.

— *Log*

Then there’s the childless couple that ate lots of oatmeal because the advertisements said that cereals were good for growing children.

— *Purple Parrot*

The neck of her dress was so low no one could look her in the face.

— *Rice Owl*
He: “Hello, my flame.”
She: “Hello, hot papa.”
One hour later:
He: “Come here, Ashes of Love, and kiss your cinder.”

—Sniper

Pete: “I’m going to Willoughbrook Sanitarium to-morrow.”
Repeat: “Are you going for a week-end?”
Pete: “No; lung trouble.”

—Buccaneer

A young man working for a Hebrew merchant asked for a raise. The Hebrew got his pencil and paper and began to figure. “There are 365 days in a year. You work eight hours a day, that makes 122 days that you work. Dere are 52 Sundays vich leaves seventy days. Dere are 13 legal holidays and three Jewish holidays vich leaves 54 days. You get 1 hour for lunch vich makes 40 days, dat leaves 14 days. Den I give you two weeks vacation every year. So ven in the Hell do you work?”

—Black and Blue Jay

“Well, Ted, what are you doing around this part of the country?”
“Oh, just getting the lay of the land.”
“A sort of scout?”
“No, an egg collector.”

—Octopus

One evening a beautiful vision in blue walked into a Soph’s room.

“Get out of here,” said the Soph.
“Make me,” said the vision.
And he did.

—Williams Purple Cow

Guide: “There’s a mounted policeman over there.”
Taxidermist: “Look, he moves!”

—Kitty Kat

“What kind of a dog is that?”
“He is an air-tight dog.”
“What do you mean air-tight?”
“Half airedale and half Scotch terrier.”

—Dartmouth Jack O’Lantern
Built to *modern* standards of appearance and performance

Here is the finest performing car that Chevrolet has ever built—quick on the trigger, loaded with speed and power, easy to handle, downright dependable and designed to cover more miles at less expense than any car you can buy! And it is as smart an inexpensive automobile as you have ever seen—long, low, racy lines; graceful body contours; and the very latest type of fittings and appointments. Furthermore, the new Chevrolet is a thoroughly modern automobile. It delivers the smooth, swift performance of a big 50-horsepower six-cylinder motor. Its Fisher bodies have the smartness, style and comfort of fine, modern coachcraft. In no single feature that contributes to the satisfaction and pleasure of owning an automobile, is there any compromise with quality. A fast, smooth, fine-looking Six . . . up-to-the-minute in every way—as a modern car should be! You'll be doing yourself and your pocketbook a favor if you see and drive the new Chevrolet before you buy any low-priced automobile.

*Chevrolet prices range from $475 to $650, f. o. b. Flint, Mich., Special Equipment Extra*

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

**NEW CHEVROLET SIX**

*The Great American Value*

*PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS*
GIGANTIC!

COLOSSAL!!

STUPENDOUS!!!

DIRGE’S Big

NEWSPAPER NUMBER

(Out March 17)

Do you know—

THAT there are all sorts of things going on around this school about which you know nothing?

THAT Dirge wishes its readers to learn the truth, and has therefore spent a fortune securing the FACTS?

THAT half the co-eds at Washington will be RUINED WOMEN when our information is made public?

THAT you can secure a liberal education for 25c by buying a copy of the NEWSPAPER number of Dirge?

THAT William Randolph Hearst will probably shoot himself when he sees how Dirge beats him at his own game?

A HILARIOUS PARODY OF MODERN JOURNALISM

More than a million ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS!

More laughs per page than the famous “Phychology” Number.

Get the low-down on Washington’s Favorite Sons!
See yourself as the Tabloids see you!

Know the Facts!

Read the

NEWSPAPER Number of DIRGE

Out March 17
THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

Discovers “Pink Tooth Brush”

He (lustily, from the bathroom): “Help! Help! I’m poisoned!”
She: “What’s that, dear?”
He: “Come here quick. Bring a doctor.”
She: “Why? What’s the matter?”
He: “Ow-w-w-w! I’m in dire straits—help!”
She: “But darling, what is it?”
He (tragically): “There’s pink on my toothbrush!”
She: “PINK TOOTH BRUSH! No! Don’t tell me! Oh please don’t tell me! Oh, it’s too horrible. We’re ruined!”
He: “Don’t stand there jittering like an idiot. Call an ambulance. Be quick, for heaven’s sakes!”
She (working dial): “Oh! This happy home, torn asunder, disrupted, absolutely ruined by PINK TOOTH BRUSH, the scourge of humanity, the horror of modern times.”
He: “Well? Is he coming?”
She (shrieking): “The line is busy!”
He: “Such luck! Call another.”
She (dialing again): “What did we ever do to deserve this? What have I done wrong to warrant such an unholy punishment? Oh, the injustice of it all! Haven’t I always had your meals ready when you came home?”
He: “And haven’t I always paid my income tax?”
She (into phone): “Doctor? Come quick. It’s an advanced case of PINK TOOTH BRUSH. What’s that? You can’t come? Why not? Oh, Lord!” (she slumps in her chair and drops the receiver).
He: “What’s the matter?”
She: “The doctor can’t take the case.”
He: “Why not?”
She: “He’s color-blind!”
He: “Damn! Never mind another doctor. Get an undertaker!”

Westcott

There’s something sort of pathetic about a horsefly sitting on the radiator of a truck.

Maltcase

He: “Babe, you’re a double-dating, gin-drinking, gold-digging college widow.”
She: “Please don’t call me ‘Babe’. It sounds so unrefined.”

Mugwump

Her parents are in the iron and steel business. Her mother irons and her father steals.

Tiger

It’s a BLURB FEST

Just a couple of the girls—but they’re discussing a matter of rare importance. Small talk is out—the weather and the business depression have gone the way of all good bromides, and there is something new under the sun. It is BLURBS, the game everybody is talking about. It’s not only entertaining, but it pays—twenty-four cash prizes each month—and it’s good keen fun. It’s a new way to spend an evening and not spend anything else. Any number can play, and the possibilities are endless. So simple that even your cousin Gus from Germany, who can’t speak a word of English, can play it. All you need is a copy of the latest issue of College Humor Magazine, a pair of scissors and an open mind.

THE GAME YOU PLAY ON WORDS

Rules and key picture every month in

College Humor Magazine

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
systems. Tickets could be issued for equal lengths of floorage. For instance, there would be pasteb-boards reading “Doorway to Matron with Tiara,” “Matron with Tiara to Third Chandelier” and “Third Chandelier to Weary House Detective Smoking Black Cigar.”

After a gentleman has completed his section in any one dance, he could hand over his ticket to be punched and returned. If the girl happened to be specially interested in one of her partners, she would have the privilege of signalling “No Stop Special.” On the other hand, if she had somebody she considered excess baggage, somebody she wanted to derail, she could catch another gentleman’s eye and signal “Veranda Accommodation, Stops on Signal,” or “Stops at punch bowl, five minutes for lunch.”

Many parties need no regulations whatsoever for the simple reason that the guests promptly vanish, leaving in attendance only waiters, chaperones and musicians. Inasmuch as a lot of the guests go zipping around the countryside in fast autos, it would be consistent for the hostess to change the wording of her bids. Instead of having them read “Formal Dance at Oakhill Country Club,” for instance, she could make them read “Formal Dance in Greater St. Louis.”

As the guests will want to return in order to express their thanks, the hostess ought to give them compasses to help them find their way back. Com-
passes would make ideal favors. And it wouldn’t hurt a bit to install a beacon on the roof.

It is a good thing that gentle fox-trots are in vogue instead of those rough scrimmages of yesteryear. Formerly, when you inquired for a friend at a party, you stood a good chance of being told that “Miss Flitter is out, temporarily, with a pulled tendon, but is expected to be in condition for the Aschliffe Ball next Thursday” or that “Miss Skinke has been lost to us for the season through injuries sustained at the Gumleigh Dansante.”

Yes, sir, that style of grappling wrought a great deal of havoc—and it would work even more havoc these days, now that skirts have come back. If a debutante wearing one of those overtime gowns attempted the Chicago Shiver, the Cleveland Crawl or the Dayton Dribble, she would take about two steps and cap-size.

As I stated, however, mild dancing is in vogue. It is now the custom to negotiate the floor in a kind of meandering lop and keep the speed down to about four miles an hour except in case of fire, tornado or Tiger Rag.

“There’s a poor man at the door with wooden legs.”

“Tell him we don’t need any.”

The worst case of halitosis on record: The angel of death destroying the army of Sennacherib by breathing on them. —Medley

A lipstick is merely something that gives a new flavor to an old pastime. —Shetone

Vescovo’s University Inn
A Good Place to Eat at Any Time
Northwest Corner of Campus

Emil Vescovo’s Recreation Hall
Bowling and Billiards 6661 Delmar
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.

EVERY ISSUE OF VANITY FAIR CONTAINS:

Humor:
The most original witticisms of the younger humourists and satirists.

The Theatre:
Intimate glimpses of the really interesting personalities on the stage and screen.

Art:
Perfect reproductions of the creations of modern European and American artists.

World Affairs:
Entertaining political sketches dealing with the foibles and weaknesses of world leaders.

Fashions:
A department of women's sport clothes and the trend in fashions, with reports from the leading tailors of New York and London.

Motor Cars and Airplanes:
The newest developments in motor cars and airplanes.

Contract Bridge:
Searching and expert articles on Backgammon and Contract Bridge.

Books:
Views and reviews on the latest books.

Sports:
Golf, fighting, etc.

Music and Opera:
The latest musical trend.

In short, you will find the Last Word on subjects that differentiate the successful and cultivated person from the uninformed nobody.

SIGN, TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW FOR THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER OF

5 ISSUES OF VANITY FAIR $1
Ask for Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk
AND GET IT . . .
OR DON'T EXPECT
GUARANTEED PERMANENT FIT

CLAIMS about shrinkage that can't come true are not the clear promises made by Arrow for its famous new broadcloth—Trump. Shirts whose collars strangle after a few washings are not Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk Shirts. Shirts whose sleeves creep up must have been "shrunk" or "pre-shrunk" by some other process—for they are not Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk. That goes for shirts whose tails climb short each laundering, too. Confusing claims which fall a long way short of Arrow's plain spot-cash guarantee of permanent fit may throw dust in the eyes of a few men-in-a-hurry—but they have not prevented Trump, at $1.95 in white, and in smart, restrained, fast colors, from becoming in a short time the largest-selling broadcloth shirt in America—nor from being "sale value" 365 days a year. Arrow made fine broadcloth the perfect all-occasion shirting; Arrow broadcloth today is smarter and finer than ever.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

Now Trump's smart, fast colors are only $1.95—the same price as the white. The new colors are blue, tan, green (shown here) and smart new shades of Havana Brown, Silver Grey, Apricot, Peach and Corn—all Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk, of course.