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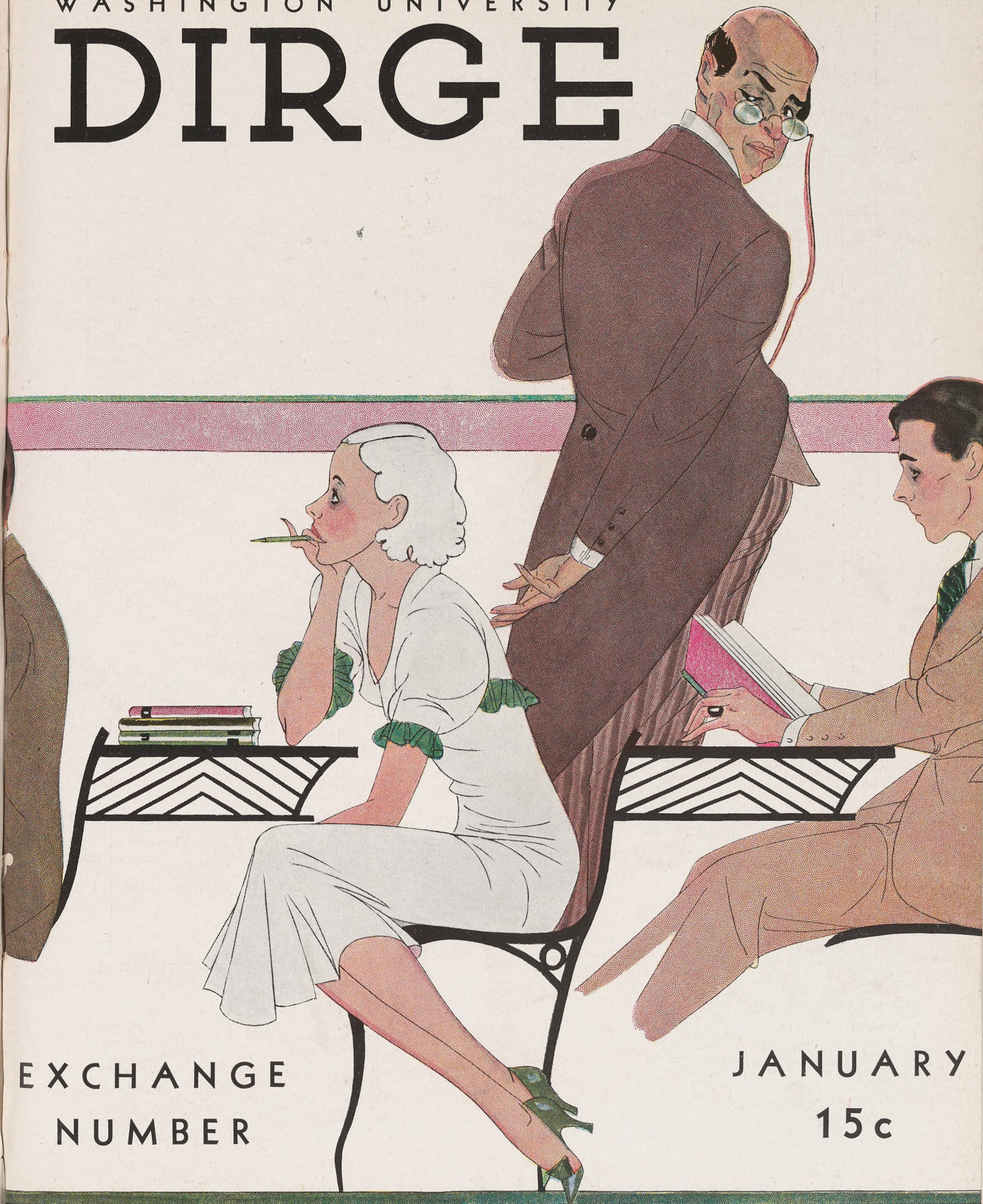
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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

DIRGE



EXCHANGE
NUMBER

JANUARY
15c

LOREN MOORE

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER



IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of

their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder... have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

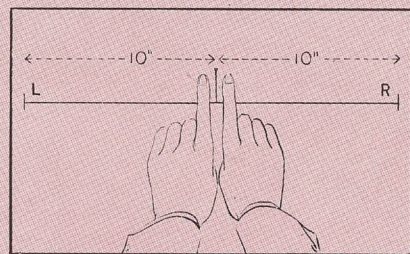


IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes... try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watch stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

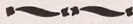


NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES

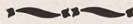
NEVER TIRE
YOUR TASTE

Dedicated
to those college comics

whose whole-hearted co-operation
made this issue possible.

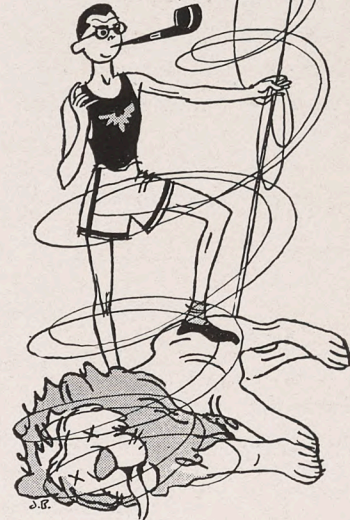


Cover plates by - - - **Wisconsin Octopus**



- California Pelican
- Pennsylvania Punch Bowl
- Columbia Jester
- Penn State Froth
- Arizona Kitty-Kat
- Carolina Buccaneer
- Northwestern Purple Parrot
- Yale Record
- Missouri Showme
- C. C. N. Y. Mercury
- M. I. T. Voo Doo
- Temple Owl

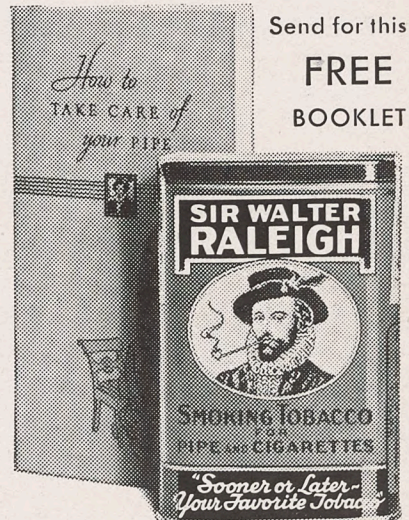
**HOW TO BECOME A LION
TAMER IN 3 SHORT PUFFS**



- LESSON 1. *Never clean your pipe.*
- LESSON 2. *Smoke a ropy tobacco.*
- LESSON 3. *Enter cage puffing.*
Phone for veterinarian.

A LESS dramatic—but equally cer-
tain—way of turning lions (and
lionesses) into playful lambs is to pack
Sir Walter Raleigh into a well-kept
pipe. Grouches turn to grins. Glares
become glad-hands. Sir Walter Raleigh
is an unusually soothing combination
of mild Kentucky Burleys that has be-
come a national favorite in no time at
all. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it!
You've been looking for it longer than
you realize.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-41



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

The Human Side of the News

"to err is human . . ."

"A group of persons of this community went opossum hunting Tuesday night, but didn't catch anything as it rained and the wind blew very hard. All who went had lots of fun."

—Rome (Ga.) News-Tribune.

Especially the opossums. They laughed like hell.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

DON'T ARGUE

The Question

Does the ownership of an automobile tend to keep a person away from church?

The Answer

Dr. William George Ivie, Grace Episcopal Church, Greenpoint—"I would say that it does. A family will enjoy going to the country on a bright Sunday morning if an automobile is handy. On the other hand, the automobile brings many to church. The automobile, however, is responsible for many absentees."

—The Daily News.

Let it go, let it go!

—California Pelican.

— D D D —

Mrs. Marshall Thompson ran a pin through her finger, which was removed by a physician.

—Oxford (Pa.) News.

John Row had his foot painfully injured when a log fell on it while working.

—Oxford (Pa.) News.

Wanted: proofreader. Apply at **News** office.

—Oxford (Pa.) News.

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

MAYOR TAKES 3 DOCTORS TO SEE GIRL SHOT WHILE REVIEWING PARADE

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

Nothing is too good for a friend of the Mayor.

—Jack-O'Lantern.

— D D D —

LOSES HIS TROUSERS

WHEN TREED BY BEAR

—Boston Traveler.

Climbs tree with bear behind.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

HIGH-TYPE, refined ladies over 20 years of age, for pleasant contact work with large firm; experience unnecessary, liberal commissions, but other arrangements can be made. Macfadden Publications.

—N. Y. Times.

Give us the True Story, Bernarr.

—Tiger.

— D D D —

BIG NEWS

Annie Rutz, daughter of the local candy store-keeper, is the Virgin Mary in this year's production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. She is the first blonde Virgin for a century.

—Town and Country.

— D D D —

He speaks with a voice that would be described as a baritone if he sang. However, he does not sing.

—Boston Globe.

However, he is not a baritone.

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

ANYTHING FOR EMPHASIS DEPARTMENT

"Bailey ordered them to stay on, then he changed his mind and told them to get off. 'No, get off,' he ordered."

—Evening Public Ledger.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

On the third day of the trial, Becky drew herself up to her full height, pointed her finger at Johnson, and screamed: "I don't like you in the least bit."

—Chicago Sentinel.

Oh, well, maybe he didn't like her either.

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

GRETA GARBO'S TRUNKS SEIZED

—Boston Herald.

Somebody's been pulling her leg.

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —


She: "I'm hungry."

He: "What?"

She: "I said I was hungry."

He: "Sure, I'll take you home. This car makes so much noise that I thought you said that you were hungry."

—Kitty-Kat.



*Chesterfield —
I enjoy them a lot*



*...to me they're Milder
...to me they TASTE BETTER*

They Satisfy

FOR THE MEN

The old-time gambler's idea of sartorial perfection is creeping in this winter.

A certain conservative flashiness shall mark the well-dressed man, such a thing probably being an outward sign that the times are on the upswing.

The striking feature of the newer model suits is the prevalence of double breasted models, although there will be a snappy single breasted, notched lapel, two button model. Mild checks and plaids, as well as chalk and pencil stripes will be preferred to the solid colors. Colors will run from browns to blues and grays.

Tweeds and smooth worsteds will still be seen, but their place in the limelight has been usurped by a cloth that is just slightly smoother than a tweed.

For those who prefer sport clothes, there is a decided trend to mixed ensembles. Pleated pants will enjoy a greater popularity than they have in a number of years.

Overcoats and topcoats are leaning toward the raglan models. A new and unusual type is a wrap-around, without buttons, and with an all-around belt; but there will be many single and double breasted models. Some topcoats will have a military collar, which when buttoned down will form the usual lapels.

Hats will have a small snap brim, with either a bound or welt edge. A snappy set-up for everyday wear will be a high crown pinched in front.

The newest and swankiest hat is a semi-Homburg—a hat with a decided turn at the sides.

Colors will be about the same as last year, the new shades being bluish-gray and blue-black, either of which is to be worn with dark oxford and blue clothes. Another new, and somewhat striking color, is a deep tobacco brown, which to be effective, should be worn with colors lighter than itself.

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the street car conductor a ten dollar bill.

"Don't worry, lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes!"

—The Log.

You Can Do Something About The Weather

Think about those balmy Spring days...

when you don't even have to wear a top coat, and your suit becomes more important than ever. Don't wait until they are here before you become new suit conscious. Now's the time to get a smart Losse tailored suit that is practical the year 'round. Our ability to put the snap and style into young men's clothes is responsible for the many Losse tailored suits on the campus. Come in and see the new checks and chalk stripes.

J. F. Losse
PROGRESSIVE TAILORING CO.
807-9 NORTH SIXTH STREET

FOG

(With apologies to Carl Sandburg)

The fog comes
on little cat feet —
about the time
of Examinations—
It sits looking—
over desk and chair—
on silent haunches;
Then moves on.—
And sometimes it stays.

—Purple Cow.

— D D D —

King Solomon once attended the opening night of a musical comedy and enjoyed himself immensely. The producer hurried up to him after the show and asked, "What did you think of the chorus, your majesty?"

"Great!" replied the potentate. "I'd like to date up the first three rows some evening."

—Jack-O'Lantern.

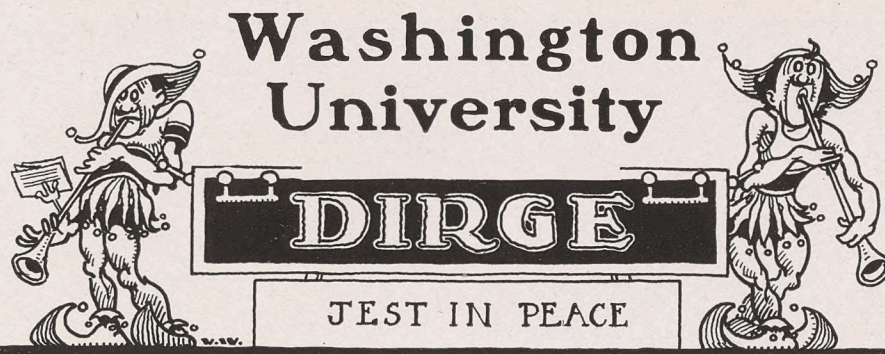
— D D D —

"I've never been kissed before," said she
As she shifted the car again with her knee.

—Yale Record.



"Think of it, Mac, his wife left him!!"



Bearers of The Pall

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Ruby Jane Smith		Bee Ferring
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		Elizabeth Hixon

BUSINESS MOURNERS

Walter Lorch Robert Hillman

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
O! Halter Hinchell.....	7	Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.....	15
Arizona Kitty-Kat	9	Northwestern Purple Parrot	16
California Pelican	10	M. I. T. VOO DOO	17
Carolina Buccaneer	13	Columbia Jester	20

Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. XV

JANUARY, 1934

No. 4

Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau

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O! Halter Hinchell

Dear Clover:

Back to work, again. Christmas week and the Miami Triad furnished plenty of stuff, but by far the most gruesome has to do with Jim Miller, who is again juggling the Sig Chi chapter. It seems that Weldon Lamb came up here at Christmas time with a number of well-founded suspicions in his head. He'd heard that Jim, although she might be pining for him was doing the pining with a good deal of company, which was mostly Kibby Henry. Weldon found his suspicions correct, snatched a pin from Little Jim (luckily he got his own out of the grab-bag), and left for Nawleans and those Southern belles.

Although "Greek" Mavrakos has planted the jewelry on Eleanor Hopkins, Hoppie doesn't seem to be out of circulation yet It should be but a matter of days before Bee Ferring sprouts a pin donated by Elliott Koenig though Bee still keeps things interesting with Bob Coke's aid and Bob Becker, Beta play-boy, is hitting on all cylinders with one Mary Day (or is it Martha Day?) an off-campus society gel comes the news that Helen Ustick is off her twitter about an Arkansas hay-seed—Phi Delt, of course and then again there's Lolabelle Taylor, who is also enmeshed with a society play-boy, Don Livingston

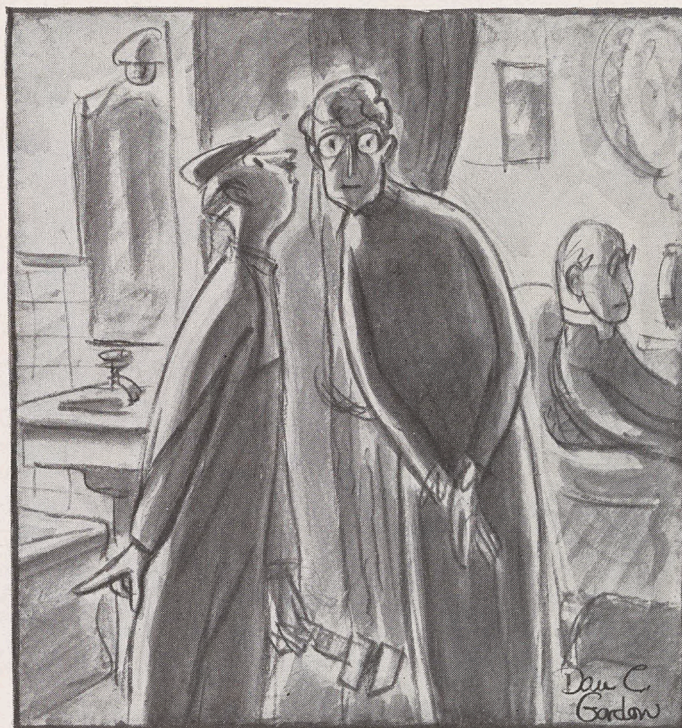
Well, enough of the gory details; let's have something in a lighter vein. Doctor Yulius Yensen, Washington's official pill-slinger, was seen in a prominent seat at the Garrick one night not so long ago. I suppose that Doctor Yulius calls that a class in Abnormal Anatomony

They say that Jo Kumbra's sole purpose in coming to Washington was to get What Price Reed back; she must have given up the chase, for Frank Marshall seems to be doing whatever is to be done. But look out for Bill Rosenbaum, Frank! Jim Vasey seems to be in line for title of Don Quixote. So far he's battled with two wind-mills: Ellen Fisher and Mary Lee Harney, both of whom bedizened themselves with other fraternity jewelry besides that, his brothers gave him two goldfish for Xmas Looks as tho' Bill Morgan is losing interest in Mary Noland—but I hear that Mary still has her heart set on Bill and her mind on an altar Mary

Lee doesn't seem to be satisfied with the ever-present Sewer-lard Johnson, for she had a blind date with Gordon Graber (the Beta Hurler) for the Triad nominations for the Hall of Oblivion at the Triad: Tom Chamberlain and Annie (Lover-Baby) Comfort

It seems that Ronnie Shinn is slipping, for her date list is narrowed down to two boys: that Stubborn Starkloff boy and Stan Morris more Triad stuff: "Wee Willie" Duetting was about to push something in Harry "Mayor" Bleich's face because Harry was cutting Opal ("Fitzsizzle") Fitzsimmons too much so what, Miss Keeler? Wonder how long it will be before Jane Stern and Charley Deibel let it come out in the papers

So let's just bracket a few of 'em off-hand: Ginny Waggoner plus Bob Reynolds; Betty Atkinson and Procter Dodson; Betty Cressler and Jerry Stanford; Dexter Stevens and D. Roth; Helen Van Maitre and Sam Waymer; Betty McIntyre and Tracy Barnes; Jane Fisher and Charley Knight; Joan Stealey and Pete Ossenfort; Betty Barker and Hunt-



"Your daughter, Mrs. Kessler?"

—Penn. State Froth.

er Look; Monk Myers and any Pi Phi you happen to have lying around.

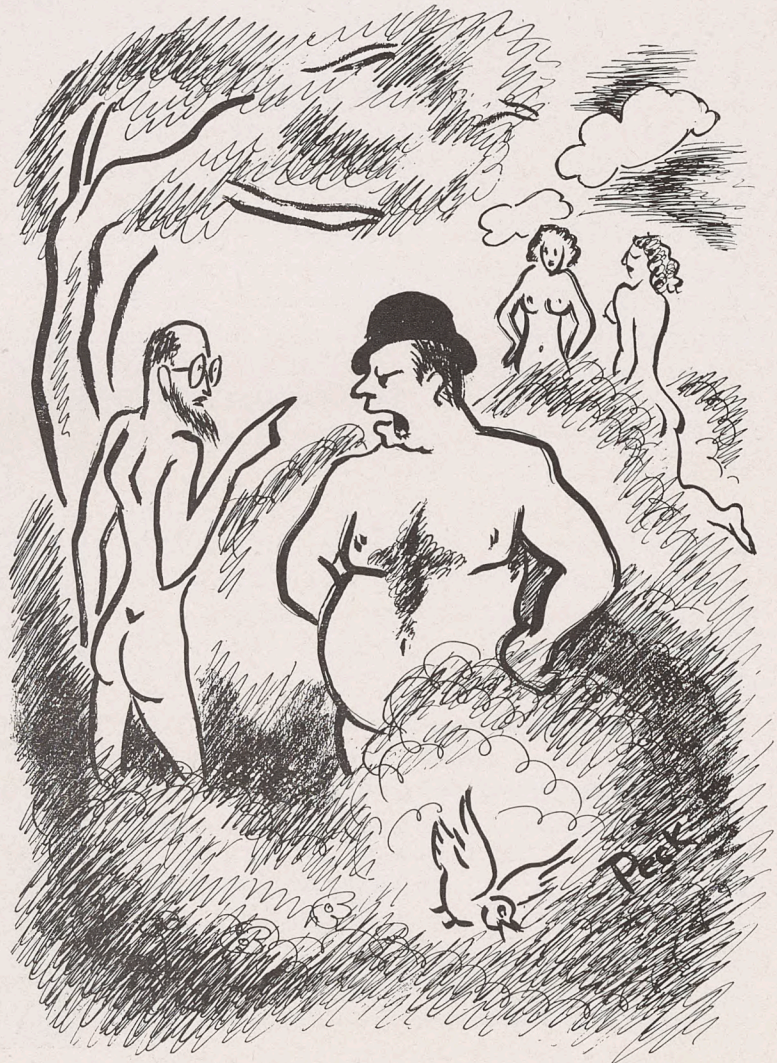
So Myra Kerwin seems to be eagling Dot Coombs out of the life of John Kane. Well, you never can tell what that Irishman will do It seems that Steve Hopkins feels that he needs a woman badly—mostly for diversion. Applicants can find his name in Ternion Who was it who said, seeing Chris Siegmund and Jack Hardaway together; "Well, stupidity is a great asset" I hear you got the laugh on Jack Hewitt, one of the louder cheerleaders, some time ago. You were out in front of Dotty Joslin's house one night when Hewitt drove up. Not recognizing you, he yodeled out to Dotty, "I'm gonna put this in Dirge," whereat the Goslin screamed back, "You can't do that, I'm with the editor!" what's this I hear about Ruth Koll, a cute post-grad, being able to hold her liquor as well as like it Jo Kathryn Rhein still journeys back to Belleville, Ill., preferring home talent to the local males Mary Jo Merrills had a date a couple of weeks ago with Shorty (Gamma Phi lover) Fisher without knowing about it, but Mary Jo is also alluring to Sidney (Social Butterfly) Murphy, a Teke in the Low School

ODE TO CELIBACY
or
THE SAGA OF
MARTIN BRONFENBRENNER

Now, all the boys in Stump
Went down to old Mizzou—
All the boys in Stump
And Bonfenbrenner, too.
And at the Stump Convention
Each Stumper got a date:
All except young Martin
Who's always celibate.
Alas! poor Bronfenbrenner
Was very foully tricked;
The Stumpers, 'way beforehand,
Had Martin's date all picked.
They picked a fast and loose one,
A Hotsie-Totsie miss,
With a plenty shapely profile,
A mouth just right to kiss.
She smirked at Bronfenbrenner,
And wriggled him a hip—
"C'mon," said Hotsie-Totsie,
"Let's you and me just skip.
"I've got a car outside,
"And my apartment's free—
"Let's sort of rally round"
And she waggled him a knee.
Poor unsuspecting Martin
Was led out to her car—
Our Bronfenbrenner hitched
His wagon to a star.

Up in her apartment
She offered Martin drink;
And all that he could do
Was drop his jaw and blink.
So then she patted cushions;
"Come here and sit," she said.
But Martin only goggled,
And shook his wise young head.
Well, then the Hotsie-Totsie
Got mad and stormed around,
And foamed and griped and cursed—
And then she stopped and frowned.
"C'mon, my lily-bud,"
She said in level tones.
"We'll take you to the graveyard
"And lay you 'mongst the bones!"
With little more ado,
She shoved him out the door,
And twenty minutes later
She put him safe ashore
In front of his hotel.

(Continued on page 22)



"Try and make me take it off!"

—Yale Record.

She (at concert): "What's that book the conductor keeps looking at?"

He: "That's the score of the overture."

She: "Oh, really, who's winning?"

— D D D —

Minister: "What does your mother let you do when you're good?"

Daughter: "I get to stay home from church, then."

— D D D —

Little Amos: "Look, Mom, at the baby kangaroo."

Mother: "Oh, my Gawd, call a doctor quick."

— D D D —

Patron: "Your hands are pretty dirty, aren't they?"

Barber: "Yeah, I haven't shampooed anyone today."

— D D D —

"Dear, this is heaven."

"Well, I'm not a harp."

— D D D —

ON EVERY CAMPUS

It takes all kinds to make up the campus.
The Eastern boy:

He is from anywhere east of the Mississippi.

He probably went to Andover, Hill, Lawrenceville, or the like.

He constantly laments he preped for Yale, Harvard, or Princeton.

He is slightly discouraged that he is not appreciated.

He chagrins his western companions by being able to do many things well.

He knows or knows about the best people in every large eastern city.

He wears distinctive clothes—high water, narrow-bottom trousers and off-color combinations.

He considers himself an authority on orchestras and illustrators.

He reads *Time*, *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, and *Vanity Fair*.

— D D D —

AROUND THE WORLD IN TEN DAYS

By Bicycle

First Day. Stayed in New York. Swell place and hate to leave. Especially on a bicycle. Worried

how I can cross the ocean on a bicycle. Should have thought of that before. Think I'll get drunk.

Second Day. Paris. I'll be damned if I know how I got here. Woke up in strange hotel with strange woman. Hangover familiar, however. I am ahead of schedule. Meant to spend three days in the Virgin Islands.

Third, Fourth and Fifth Days. Paris. Lost my bicycle one night, my blonde the next, and my mind tonight. Paris is killing me. P. S. Dear Diary: Just found the blonde and the bottle in my shower. Still can't find the bicycle.

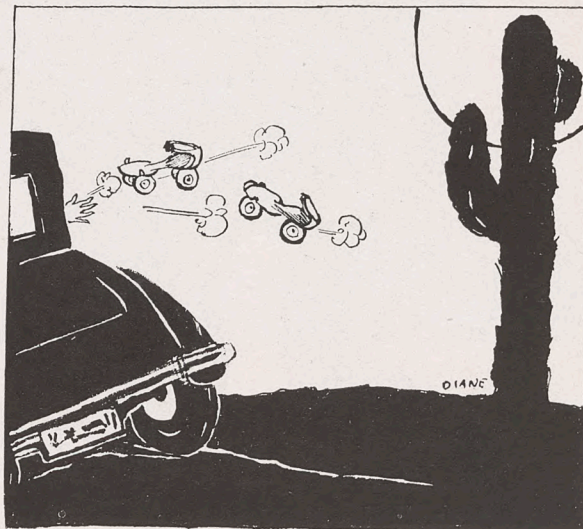
Sixth Day. Oliavanivostak, Russia. Found bicycle in check-room of a cafe. Must stay sober. Think I'm lost. There's no Oliavanivostak on my map. Should be in Vienna tonight. Had date with a swell sloe-eyed brunette for tonight in Vienna, and here I am in Oliavanivostak.

Seventh Day. Oliavanivostak. Lost the bicycle again last night. Found it under Russian girl's skirt. Russian women may smell like hell, but they know passion when they see it. Vodka is a wicked drink.

Eighth Day. Cairo, Egypt. Got lost again today. Mistook Mediterranean for the Artic Ocean. Had right idea anyway—I was looking for water. Got suspicious when I started to get warm. Must stop drinking. Cairo is filthy. Somebody stole the bicycle. Think I'll go back to Paris.

Ninth Day. Shanghai, China. Found bicycle parked under a pyramid last night in Egypt. Started for Paris, but must have turned right instead of left. Am bearing straight for Bering Strait. People must have been kidding me about these Chinese women.

Tenth Day. Paris. Must have gotten stiff in Alaska. Plastered in fact. Found myself in Paris this morning. Hotel familiar; blonde too damned familiar. Trip so far both a failure and sexcess. Lost bicycle in sewer.



CLASSIC SAYINGS

The depression can't last forever, but neither can I.

—President Roosevelt.

* * *

I have been bedridden for three years. The doctor told me three years ago I was not to get up until he came again, and he hasn't returned yet.

—Frank Sullivan.

* * *

The American people are always getting married, having children, or even both.

—Premier Mussolini.

* * *

Some days we don't make a dime.

—John Pierpont Morgan.

* * *

Shakespeare hasn't written any good plays lately.

—George M. Cohan.

Styles are changing and girls should buy larger brassieres. I'd buy some myself if I wasn't so flat busted.

—Mae West.

* * *

The depression is annoying. We have to give up so many necessities in order to afford the luxuries of life.

—O. O. McIntyre.

— D D D —

GALLING

"My daughter stays out late and will not tell me where she's been. She is going with a fellow who seems to have more control over her than her own family. When they stay at home in the evening he sits in her father's chair, puts his feet on the porch railing and spits on the flowers and acts like he owned the place. I asked him his intentions and he laughed at me. What can I do?"

—M. K. L.

Send me your name and address and I'll discuss the case with you privately. You might take your husband's chair off the front porch. That at least would give the young man a less comfortable place to sit.

—Question column in the Yonkers Statesman.

Tear the railing down and pull the flowers up, too. That'll fool the son-of-a-gun.

— D D D —

WINNER TAKES ALL

"Where's the cashier?"

"Gone to the races."

"Gone to the races in business hours?"

"Yes, sir—it's his last chance to make the books balance."

— D D D —

"Where's my fraternity pin, fair one?"

"I left it home, Oswald. The boys complain that it scratches their hands."

— D D D —

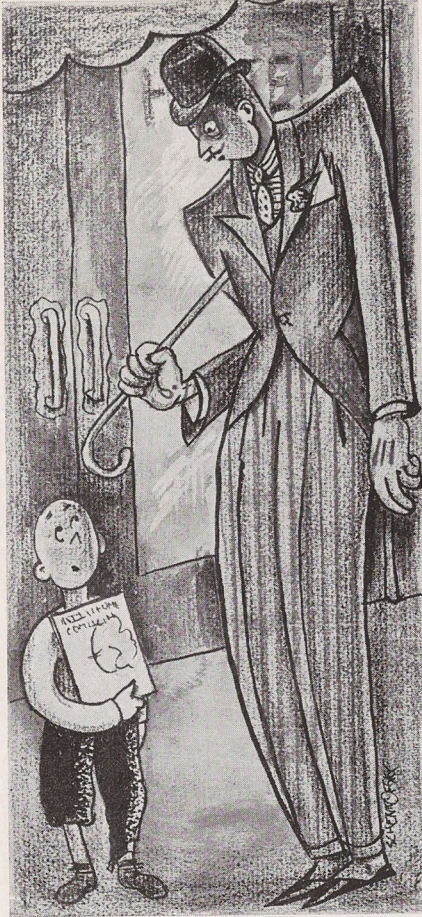
NOBODY THERE

1/c—I think she's very attractive physically; how is she mentally?

2/c—I don't know—never met her mentally.



"Oh, Mr. Bellini, I put the money in the bottom, in case I was out when you came."



"Woman's Home Companion, Mister?"

— D D D —

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

IT SEEMS that Mr. Sexsmith who writes books for boys, had his Rover Boys do everything humanly possible in every corner of the earth and then was a bit stumped as what to do with them after that and incidently how to finish the payments on the frigidaire.

It must have been a problem but he solved it quite nicely by just skipping a generation between books, and starting all over again with the "Rover Boys' Sons." You can see what possibilities there are there. Dick, the elder Rover, had one son, Sam, the younger Rover had one son, but Tom the middle Rover, had twins. In case you aren't familiar with the books, the middle Rover was known as "Tom the fun-loving Rover."

Some fun, eh kid!

FUTURES

The teacher was trying to get acquainted with her new pupils. She'd have them stand, give their name, and tell what they intended to do when they grew up.

First little boy:
My name is Dan.
When I grow up to be a man,
I'm going to Japan
If I can,
And I think I can.

Little girl:
My name is Sadie.
When I grow up to be a lady,
I'm going to have a baby,
If I can,
And I think I can.

Third pupil:
My name is Sam.
When I grow up to be a man,
I'm not going to Japan,
I'm going to stay
And help Sadie with her plan,
If I can.
And I think I can.

DISAPPOINTED

"I hear that Smith refuses to speak to Jones any more. What's the trouble?"

"Well, Jones' wife had girl twins and they both look like Smith."

"And Smith is sore!"

"Yeah. He wanted boys."

— D D D —

"Does she paint?"

"No."

"Powder?"

"No."

"Smoke or drink?"

"No."

"Give me her name. My brother is studying for the ministry."

— D D D —

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot mah wife."

"You all killed yo wife, and only in jail fo two weeks?"

"Dat's all—den I gits hung."



Now is an opportune time, Mr. Mellish, for settling that little rent bill.

SAVING THE BACON

Two men were to take part in a boxing match, and surreptitiously each backed himself heavily to lose the fight. During the progress of the bout one accidentally hit his opponent a light tap on the face, whereupon the recipient of the blow lay down and the referee proceeded to count him out. The other was in a quandry, but just with the call of "nine" a magnificent idea came to him. He rushed to the prostrate man and kicked him, and was instantly disqualified.

— D D D —

NO SLOUCH

A man walked reluctantly into a hat store. "I just lost a bet," he said, "and I want to get a soft hat." The salesman, selecting a hat from the shelf behind him, handed it to the prospective purchaser with the remark: "This is the softest hat we have." The customer gazed at it speculatively. "What I want," he said reluctantly, "is something a little more tender. I've got to eat it."

— D D D —



Do you want it wrapped up, Mrs. Van Dusenberry, or will you take it this way?

— D D D —

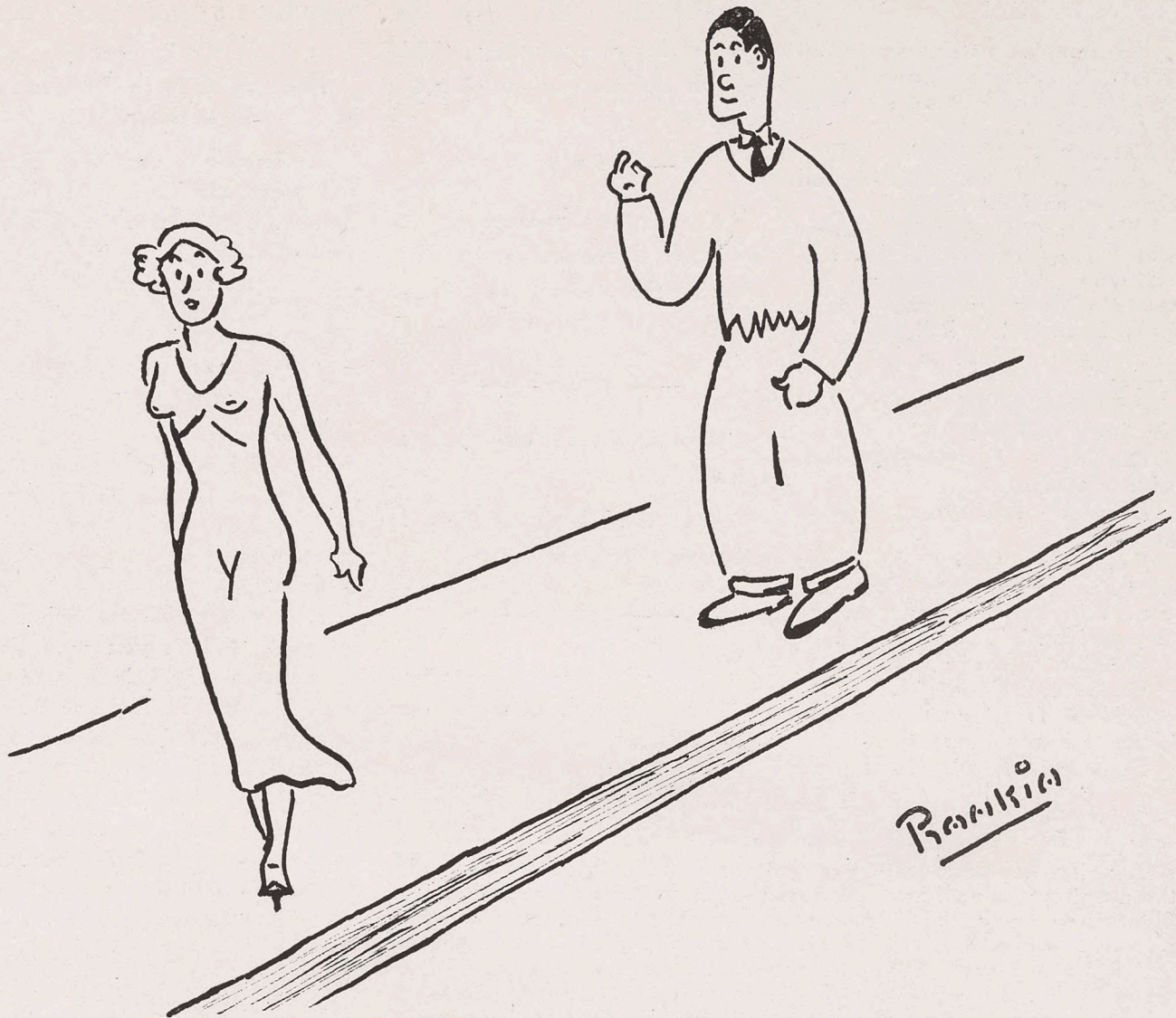
OH YES

Sitting around the Beta house they were swapping lies. "When I was up in Montana," said one of them, "I saw a mountain lion come right up to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but I, with great presence of mind, threw a bucket of water in its

face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion, and as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet."





"That reminds me; I need a pendulum for my clock."

'Twas a cold wintry evening. The next train wasn't due to pass through the little village until the following day. The usual traveling salesman knocked on the door of the farmer's house. A beautiful girl, aged eighteen, answered his knock.

"Could I get a room here for the night?" he asked timidly.

"Luckily you can," was the reply. Grandfather happens to be out of town for the night, and we can put you up in his room."

Sometime later, after the salesman had retired, a slight tap was heard at the door. "Come in," he said.

The young girl opened the door and enquired in a tremulous voice, "Do you want company?"

"Yes," said the visitor with passion trembling in his husky voice, "come right in."

"Oh, I wasn't coming in," smiled the maiden. "I just wanted to tell you that Grandfather was home."

— D D D —

Pocahontas—"Yeah, girls, and then he tried to pull a fast one—told me his name was John Smith."

NUMBER 1,936,722

"Hey, waiter, there's fly in my soup."

"You're lucky, sir. We only had fly specks on the menu."

— D D D —

**Of all the fishes in the seas,
My favorite is the bass,
He climbs up into sea-weed trees,
And slides down on his hands and knees**

— D D D —

He: Do you know what causes the most consistent wearing out of shoe leather?

She: No.

He: Correct!

— D D D —

"I just saw you kiss my sister."

"Here, keep still; put this half dollar in your pocket."

"Here's a quarter change—one price to all—that's the way I do business."

SANCTUARY MUCH

An imaginary telephone conversation between "Sunny" Eugene O'Neill and "Smiling" William Faulkner.

O'Neill: "Hello, Bill, hello."

Faulkner: "That's the second time you said that."

O'Neill: "Hey, Bill. Guess what? The funniest thing happened today. My daughter got between a Mack truck and a stone wall. Squashed to hell."

Faulkner: "Like to hear you say that."

O'Neill (ignoring him): "What-cha been doing, Bill?"

Faulkner: "Torturing my wife with corned beef."

O'Neill: "That's great. You've got guts."

Faulkner: "Like to hear you say that." (Dreamily) "Guts—ah guts. Any left after your daughter's accident?"

O'Neill: "Nary a drop."

Faulkner: "Good girl."

O'Neill (getting it himself): "Like to hear you say that."

Faulkner: "Right. Good girl."

— D D D —

GOING—GOING—GONE!

A noisy and hilariously gay party was shouting its way through the evening and well into the next morning. A negro orchestra was filling the air with the blaring notes of trumpets, the moan of saxophones, coupled with the clamor of a tinny piano. A telephone shrilled in the next room and the host left to answer it. A few minutes later he returned and, after calling for silence, made the announcement: "Gee, folks, I'm sorry, but next door there is a lady who is very ill. They just called up, and I think we ought to tone this party down." Immediately there was a lessening of the noise; people spoke in subdued tones; the orchestra was reduced to a mere whisper. This went on for fifteen minutes and then the 'phone rang again. The host left and quickly returned. "It's O. K. Make all the noise you want to. She's dead!"

— D D D —

AGE BEFORE BUGGY

"Abner," said the farmer to his son, "go out to the barn and hitch up the horse to the old buggy."

"Why not the new one?" asked Abner.

"'Cause I always believe in using up the old first," answered the father.

"In that case," replied Abner, "why don't you go out yourself and hitch up the buggy?"

— D D D —

Girls that dress with low V necks
Leave no doubt as to their secks.

— D D D —

Lady—"Why are you so excited, little boy? Can't you stand still?"

Little Boy—"Lady, is that any question to ask a gentleman?"

An optimist is a boss who marries his stenographer, thinking that he can continue dictating to her.

— D D D —

"Yes, it was a great party. The last thing I remember was Jim climbing the clothes tree to chop out the dead limbs."

— D D D —

"Waiter, there's sand in this spinach."

"Yes, sir. We put it there to keep the silverware shined."

— D D D —

"C'mon, let's go to a movie."

"Nah, I've seen all the Roosevelt's before."

ANNIE LAURIE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS

How to Vamp a Freshman in Eight Easy Steps

1. Remark in surprise—"Are you a Freshman? Why, you look just like an Upperclassman. You're so well groomed."

2. Compliment him on his dancing. Tell him he has an inborn sense of rhythm.

3. Comment on his mature conversation. Tell him you like to talk with men.

4. Ask him if he smokes a pipe. Say that he looks as if he does.

5. Tell him he has a remarkable personality. You were drawn to him at first sight.

6. Say you don't believe a word he says. Admit you were fooled once, but maybe he's different.

7. Tell him he looks as if success were just around his corner. Ask if he needs inspiration.

8. Admit that you don't believe in holding hands in public, but he ought to see you some time alone.

(N. B.—This method can also be applied to Upperclassmen.)

— D D D —

"Come on, Louise—let's play capitalist. You be the proletariat, and I'll exploit you."

— D D D —

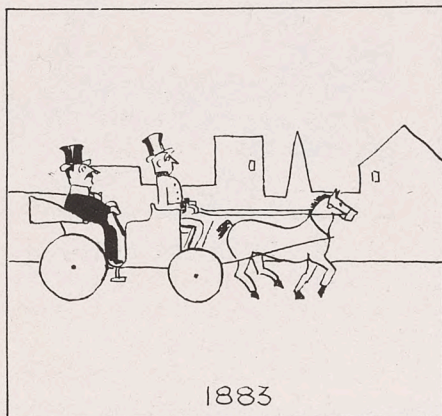
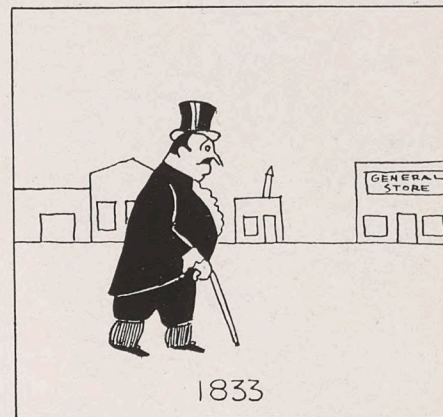
Except for the censor, we could preach what we practice.



"Harumph! That settles your shore leave, young man!"

I LOVE NATURE

Can't you see my cheeks are ruddy,
 And my finger-tips are bloody?
 It all comes from nature study—
 I'm a naturalist!
 An ant appears and soon I've caught her;
 Every bug and each bug's daughter
 I submit to savage slaughter—
 I'm a naturalist!
 One by one I sieze each creature,
 Note his every quirk and feature—
 Someday I'll dissect a teacher—
 I'm a naturalist!



THE FOG

(Apologies to Carl Sandburg)
 The tackle comes
 On big flat feet.
 He sits, looking over the situation
 On silent haunches,
 Then plops the halfback's face in the mud,
 Leaving him in a complete fog;
 And then moves on.

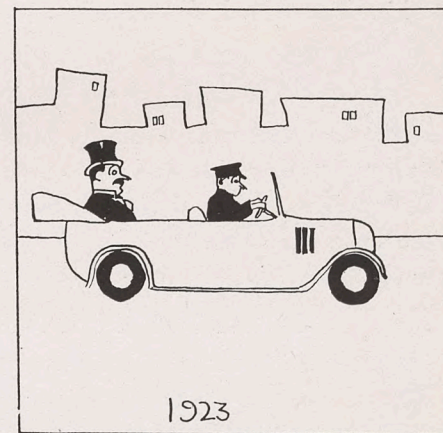
TO A CRITIC

Luther Peechalnick, 23, unemployed street cleaner

I hate
 You—
 You
 Big, bad
 Man !!

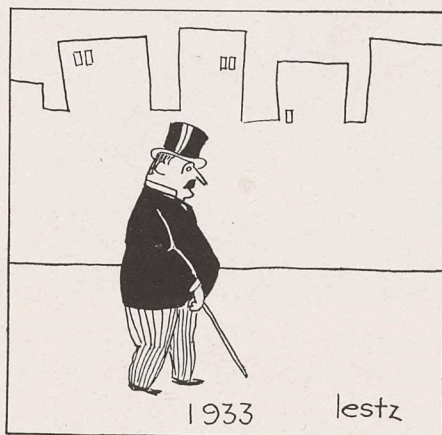
PROM

Music. Jeffery Cates, 21, cynic
 Dancers.
 Drunks.
 More dancers.
 More and more drunks.
 A little more music.
 "The only other dances I've ever been to were at Princeton, but I think this is very nice, too—honestly I do."



CIRCUS

Ernest St. Saight, 35, architect
 three rings
 of people performing
 being funny
 making tricks
 circus people
 a race apart
 have you ever met my brother?



AUTUMN

Lucinda Brane, 39, stenographer
 Last year, we were happy.
 You said—
 You know what you said.
 I believed—
 Sure I believed what you said.
 But I don't now—
 Mother has told me all.

THE ART OF KISSING

People will kiss, but not one person in a thousand knows how to extract the maximum of bliss from ruby lips, and yet the art is simple. Follow these directions for best results:

First know the one with whom you are clinching. Do not make a mistake, although it be a good one, and don't jump like a cat at a mouse and smack the dainty thing on the ear or the nose, she won't appreciate it and neither will you.

DO NOT BE IN A HURRY

The gentleman should be a little taller, although it is not absolutely necessary. He should have a clean face, kindly eyes and a youthful expression, although this, also, is not absolutely necessary. Don't be anxious

Take careful aim, the lips meet! the eyes close! the heart opens! And the soul rides through the tempest to divine heights never touched before.

DO NOT BE IN A HURRY

Earth flies from under your feet, Heaven opens about you; you are like a buzzing rocket across the evening sky. Don't be afraid—no noise, no fuss, no fluttering, no bother, no squirming should be your motto. You are twanging the golden chords of ecstasy—your dream of dreams has come true!

IT PAYS

DO NOT BE IN A HURRY

— D D D —

"Mama, is there a Santa Claus?"
"No, dear, it's really your father."
"Mama, is there a stork?"



Yoo Hoo, Sally!

to kiss in a crowd, there are plenty of dark corners.

DO NOT BE IN A HURRY

Take the left hand of the female in your right, throw your left arm over the lady's shoulder, slip it around to her side and below her arm. While her left hand is in your right, let there be a faint pressure on it—not like the grip of a vise, oh no, but a gentle touch, full of thought, respect and electricity.

DO NOT BE IN A HURRY

Her head is now resting lightly on your shoulder, you are heart to heart. A faint perfume emanates from her hair and distils a naromatic odor which seems to creep stealthily over you.

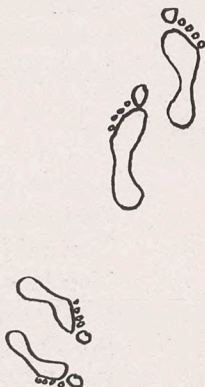
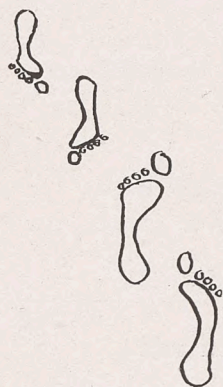
ABOVE ALL

DO NOT BE IN A HURRY

Look down into her half-closed eyes and firmly press her to your heart. Her lips are almost open.



To be or not to be.



His girl, Thursday!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, MARGARET!

To Secure Cozy Nights

It is well known that clothing close upon the body is much warmer than that which permits spaces or treacherous drafts of air, although that is seldom acted upon except under a physician's orders.

The principle of attaining warmth is even truer during the night. I therefore wear, first, a cotton chemise made fully long by a scant flounce added to the shortness of ready-made ones; then a high necked, long-sleeved drilling nightgown; then a very thick flannel wrapper.

This last is the most difficult as bushy flannel is not often on sale now. But doubtless an eider-down wrapper would answer. I also put my feet and the lower part of my body and all of these gowns, into a sort of large pillow-case open at both ends, of thick flannel. I wear a cap.

If, in spite of all this, you get cold in spots, warm those spots; that is, put on, say, golf stockings, or pull on similar warmers above the knees; or something on the uppon arms; or for the back have on hand (keeping it under cover, therefore warm) an old knit shawl which you can bunch tight over the coldness.

All this is a little intricate, but only at the beginning; and comfortable, safe nights mean health and happiness.

—Margaret Meredith in *The Delineator*, 1910

— D D D —

First Sparrow: "I hear Anheuser-Busch ordered six hundred brewery horses this morning."

Second ditto: "Say, do you expect me to swallow all that?"

Gloom and darkness o'ershadowed everything. The slightest noise echoed and reechoed eerily as in an immense cavern. Monstrous shapes loomed grimly in every direction, and half human forms dimly illuminated by the pale light from the distant windows seemed ready to spring into fearful life. Not a sound broke the deep, dark stillness.

Then came a low cry, like the squeaking of a frightened mouse. A small, cringing shape appeared seemingly from nowhere. The impulse to defend one's self was at once dispelled as a small voice spoke from above a striped tie, "I'm looking for my squad. We did a Squads Right, and now they're gone!"

— D D D —

"I've never done anything like this before," she sighed.

"There's always a first time," he responded brutally, as he took off his coat and reached for the tire-wrench.

— D D D —

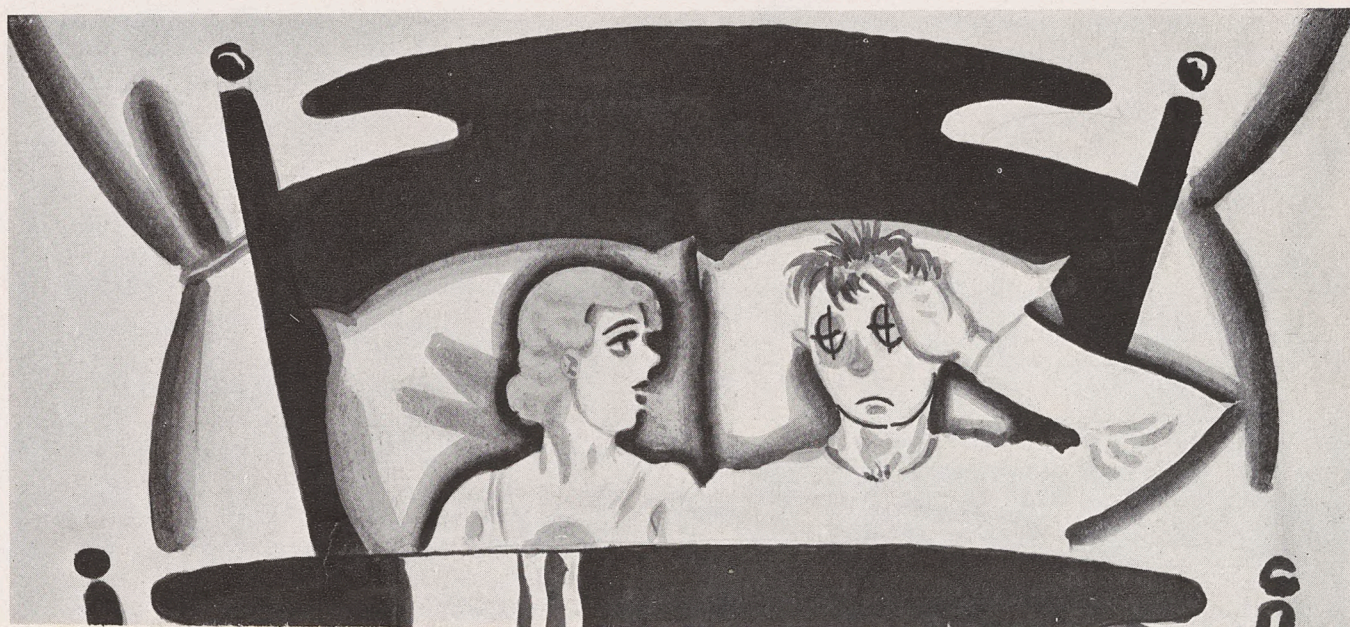
"What did Uncle William say when you gave him the brandied cherries we sent to cheer his convalescence?"

"He said he was afraid he was not strong enough to eat fruit, but he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."

— D D D —

He (in auto): "Good gosh! We've got a puncture. I hope I can find a patch somewhere."

She: "You'll do nothing of the kind! Any petting we do will be right here in the car."



He (asking a riddle): "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

She: "I give up."

—Alabama Rammer-Janmer.

Mildest pipe tobacco
THAT GROWS

TWELVE LIL BOTTLES

I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, so I preceeded to do as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle, except a glass, which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass when I drank some.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and then threw the rest down the bottle.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down the sink, all but one sink which I drank.

I pulled the cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all empty and steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, which were twenty-four, so counted them again and I had seventy-four and as the houses came around I counted them and finally I had all the houses and bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles, but I couldn't get the brush in the bottles, so I turned them inside out and washed and wiped them all, and went upstairs and told my other half about what I did, and oh boy! I've got the wifest lil' nice in the world.

—Stanford Chaparral.

— D D D —

"I was out fishing yesterday with my girl."
 "Catch anything?"
 "My goodness, I hope not!"

—Phoenix.

— D D D —

"No you can't take my daughter riding."
 "Why not?"
 "I don't allow college boys to go out with my daughter."
 "But I ain't a college boy, I work over to Kelly's



His girl, Thursday!

TOO DARN FAR

I'm going to divorce her. Sure. Four days are enough. I didn't think I was marrying a clown.

You saw what she did at the wedding when the preacher turned his back on us for a minute? Well, I didn't say anything about that. I figured, hell, everyone has a hobby, and maybe hers is doing things when preachers have their backs turned. And when she got into bed that night wearing a corset down to her knees, I just gave her credit for being subtle; though she needn't have giggled all night.

But the next morning she gave me trick rubber biscuits for breakfast—and rolled on the floor when I bit into one. And the next morning there was salt in my coffee. Yeh. Salt. That was when I started thinking things over. Yesterday she took my car and tried to see how close she could come to a hydrant without hitting it. She said it was heaps of fun—even if she did come too close.

The hell with it. I like my breakfast. And I can't be buying the city new fire plugs every day. So I'm going to divorce her. Sure I'd be afraid to have any children.

—Pelican.

— D D D —

A farmer recently sued a railroad for killing his cow. The jury's verdict, in favor of the farmer read: "If the train had ran as it should have run; if the bell had rung as it should have rang; if the whistle had blowed as it should have blew, both of which it did neither—the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

—Phoenix.

—Temple Owl.

— D D D —

She—"Now, before we start this ride, I want to tell you that I don't smoke, drink or flirt, I visit no wayside inns, and I expect to be back by 10 o'clock."

He—"You're mistaken."

She—"You mean that I do any of those things?"

He—"No, I mean about starting for this ride."

—Black and Blue Jay.

— D D D —

The biology prof. was speaking. "I have here some very fine specimens of dissected frogs, which I will show you."

HOW TO ACT LIKE A SENIOR

1. Use the word "proletariat" in a sentence at least three times a day.
2. Remain cynically disinterested in the face of all enthusiasm.
3. When disappointed, merely remark, "Oh, what the hell!"
4. Call all women of all ages by their first names, and refer to them with a suggestive smile.
5. Pretend to see an economic or sexual reason for everything including wars, movies, colleges, churches, and football games.
6. Have on hand a stock of stories of a more or less personal nature concerning the drunken antics of friends and acquaintances.
7. Never cease chiseling and never relax in your efforts to get as much glory, money, keys and good grades as you possibly can without doing any work.
8. Always refer to a college as "super high school."

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

OUTSMART HIM

Client: "I lent a chap five hundred pounds and he won't give me a receipt. What shall I do?"

Lawyer: "Write and ask for the return of the thousand pounds."

Client: "But it was only five hundred."

Lawyer: "He will soon write and tell you it was five hundred, and that shall be your receipt."

—Sketch.

— D D D —

Newspaper Boy—Morning Herald.
Dignified Gentleman—Morning, Son.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Joe College (during final exam): "Are you sure question six is in the text?"

Professor: "Certainly!"

Joe: "Well, I can't find it."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

Well, how was the burlesque dance?
Abdominal!

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

Woman (telephoning to desk clerk): "There's a rat in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

He (asking a riddle): "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

She: "I give up."

—Alabama Rammer-Janemer.

If mildness is all you want

try
ticker tape
in your pipe

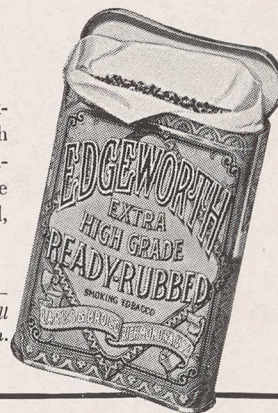


MILDNESS is important. But is mildness the *only* virtue in a pipe tobacco? Then try ticker tape sometime. You'll find it very mild, very cheap. But if you really enjoy a pipe, mildness alone is *not* enough. You want flavor—the rich, full-bodied flavor of the finest tobacco. Edgeworth is made from the tenderest leaves of the burley plant—the "mildest pipe tobacco that grows." In the blend and treatment of these leaves lies the secret of Edgeworth flavor. It is the result of more than half a century of experience.

**Write for FREE Booklet
on the Care of Your Pipe**

To get the real satisfaction of pipe smoking, send for a free copy of "The Truth About Pipes." It contains much practical and useful information for pipe smokers. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

Ask your dealer for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed—
or Edgeworth in Slice form. Sold everywhere. All
sizes, 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin.
Also sizes in vacuum-packed tins.



EDGEWORTH

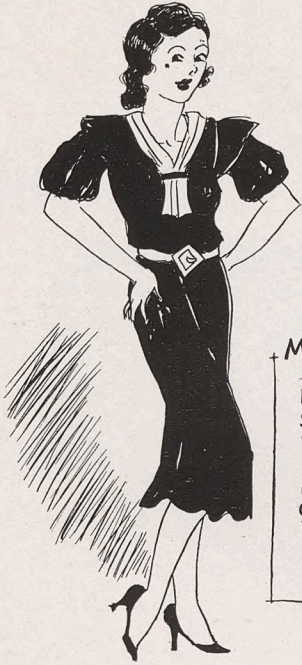
MADE FROM THE

Mildest pipe tobacco

THAT GROWS

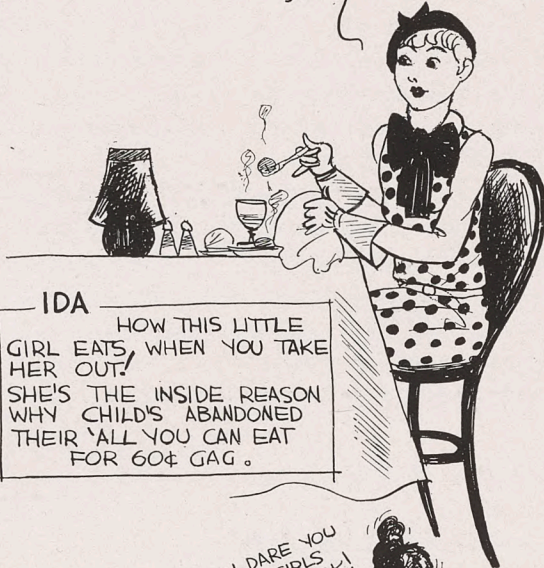
CAUTION-DYNAMITE!

A HELPFUL EXPOSE OF THE LOCAL DOLLS COLLEGE BOYS SHOULD TRY TO GET ALONG WITHOUT.



MARJORIE SHE'S THE HEAVIEST GUSHER THIS SIDE OF TEXAS — SHE HAS A STOCK OF PET PHRASES AND CALLS EVERYTHING FROM A GOWN TO A PSYCHOLOGY PROF 'SWEET-SLEAZY DESPERATE-SMOOTH-OR A-DORABLE!'

I'VE GOT THE NASTIEST COLD AND YOU KNOW THAT OLD SAYING 'FEED A COLD AND STARVE A FEVER'-TEE HEE!



IDA HOW THIS LITTLE GIRL EATS WHEN YOU TAKE HER OUT! SHE'S THE INSIDE REASON WHY CHILD'S ABANDONED THEIR 'ALL YOU CAN EAT' FOR 60¢ GAG.



HOW DARE YOU DO US GIRLS SUCH A TRICK! I FOR ONE WILL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M A LADY!

CERTAINLY YOU'RE A LADY — AND GIVE A LOOK AT ME — I'M NAPOLEON

JUNE NOW JUNE, THE DEAR, HAS A LITTLE RACKET — SHE TAKES THE PROFESSOR'S DOGS AIRING TO BOOST HER GRADES — THEN SHE WISHES THE DOG OFF ON THE FIRST BOY SHE SEES — WHILE SHE GOES AND GETS A FINGER WAVE.



JOE! JUST TH' BOY I WANT TO SEE!

IRENE HIPPADEHOP TO IRENE'S YOU GO PREPARED FOR A HEAVY DATE AND FIND SHE HAS HER SCHOOL BOOKS OUT — AS SOON AS YOU'VE HELPED HER AS MUCH AS YOU CAN WITH HER FRENCH SHE STARTS YAWNING TO GET RID OF YOU AND THEN PREPARES FOR HER ECONOMICS DATE.. WHATTA GIRL!

WHY, MR. ROBERTS? YOU WANT TO TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW? WHY, MR. ROBERTS, DO YOU WANT US TO STRAIN OUR EYES STUDYING?

ALICIA SHE'S A PERFECT DEAR FOR TUTORING YOU WITH YOUR FAILING SUBJECTS BUT — — — WHEN SHE SAYS TUTORING SHE MEANS! TUTORING!



IRA THOMPSON

JIMMY GETS HIS PRIVACY

New York—Jimmy Walker, retired mayor of the world's largest city, the ex-newsboy who began his career in the Bronx and fought his way up to the top, sailed for Europe today for a walking trip with Thornton Wilder. The former play-boy fled from reporters and asked to be left alone.

London—Jimmy Walker, retired mayor of New York, the world's largest city, arrived here today. He is the man who headed Tammany Hall. He is to take a walking trip on the Continent with Thompson Wilder, an author. Mr. Walker resented questions by the press and demanded privacy.

Paris—James Walker, an American politician, arrived here last evening. Mr. Walker, now a millionaire, was Mayor of New York three times. He would not see reporters. Mr. Walker was accompanied by Thornley Wolder, a young Yale man who is said to be prominent in a literary way.

Milan—J. James Walker, a wealthy American tourist, is here with Signor Thornton Wilder, the famous author. Mr. Wilder, a young Princeton graduate, is understood to have written a best seller. Mr. Walker, who refused to talk for publication, is said to be a business man who acquired considerable money in ventures in Philadelphia and Chicago.

Geneva—Thornton Wilder, author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and one of the most promising writers of this generation, passed through here today on a walking trip with G. G. Walker. Little could be learned regarding Mr. Wilder's companion outside of the fact that he was once American sculling champion.

Lucerne—Mr. Thornton Wilder, famous American author, Princeton graduate and professor at Lawrenceville Academy, whose brilliant novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," was one of the sensations of the past few years, trekked through this city today on a walking tour. Mr. Wilder is at work on several new novels. He is accompanied on his hike by Keorge G. Warka, the old Greenwich Village wrestler and horseshoe pitcher.

Interlaken—This city was honored today by a visit from no less a celebrity than Mr. Thornton Wilder, author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and many other works. Mr. Wilder, who is still in his thirties, is at work on a new novel. He is a native of New Haven, Connecticut, the son of Marshall Wilder, an editor in that city. Mr. Wilder has as his walking companion a man named Wauker.

Basle—Thornton Wilder, famous novelist, passed through here today on a walking trip. He is accompanied by an unknown stranger.

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club wag. "If we put all the men of the world on one island, and all the women on another, we'd have everybody busy in no time."
 "Well, what would they be doing?"
 "Why, boat-building."
 —Harvard Lampoon.

You know you saw it in DIRGE, you old reprobate, you—so why not say it straight out?

HUNDREDS Have ALREADY Won Big Cash Rewards
Would YOU, TOO, Like to
WIN
\$2,500
or Buick Sedan and \$1,000



I WON \$5,000.00
I WON \$4,740.00
I WON \$4,705.00
I WON \$3,700.00
I WON \$2,565.00

Can YOU Find 4 Dogs in Picture Above?

Tell me quick! Some are upside down. Hundreds have won big cash rewards in other campaigns conducted by men in this firm. Here are a few. Anna Jacobson, N. J.—\$5,000.00, Dennis Beemer, Mich.—\$4,740.00, Mrs. Kate Needham, Ore.—\$4,705.00, I. Nystrom, Ore.—\$3,700.00, Helen Shick, Pa.—\$2,565.00. Now comes your chance. You are GUARANTEED to win a cash reward if you take an active part. Not a lottery. No luck needed. Hurry—get started quick by finding 4 dogs. Not a cent of your money needed. In addition to giving Buick I will pay

\$1,000.00 EXTRA for Promptness
 to First Prize winner. Not only one person, but hundreds will be rewarded. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. All the money to pay prizes is in the Bankers Trust Co. at Des Moines. I invite you to look us up through any bank in Des Moines, any credit agency, business house, magazine, newspaper, railroad

WRITE QUICK
 Send no money. Mark dogs found, clip picture, mail quick—or write on penny post-card how many dogs you find. For replying I will tell you how you may also win big EXTRA cash rewards and \$2,500.00 too. Answer NOW! Tell me which you want to win—\$2,500.00 or Buick and \$1,000.00.
 Merrold Johnson, Mgr. Dept. 0000, Des Moines, Iowa

\$10,000.00 REWARD will be paid to any worthy charity if anyone can prove that we do not really give away all these thousands of dollars in cash prizes—or that all this prize money is not on deposit in the bank.

And mothers still wonder where their sixteen-year-old daughters learn the things that they knew at the same age.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Admiring Visitor: "How do you account for your success as a futuristic artist?"

Artist: "I use a model with the hic-coughs."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

— D D D —

Clara: "They say that one evening's dance is equivalent to walking ten miles."

Maud: "That was in the old style. Now it's equivalent to climbing one hundred trees."

—Exchange.

SHALLCROSS SERVICE SATISFIES

PRINTING STATIONERY

1822 Locust St. CEntral 3755

O! Halter Hinchell

(Continued from Page 8)

The Hotsie-Totsie churned
 Away to find a date
 With ideas for which she yearned.
 And Martin, much confused,
 Thought, "Well, it's time to balk,
 When gals like that don't want to
 Just sit around and talk."

Muriel Hicks, the three year Phi Mu pledge, is wearing the Teke skull and crossbones of Tony Konvicka . . . Maellen Staub, in charge of the dorm dance a few weeks ago, on a dare, called up Glynn Clark to take her to the brawl . . . good old Glynn not only accepted but had her wangle another gal for Ed Niehaus . . . the Pride of Phi Mu, Bobby Stoffregen, and her recent Hollywood debut, brings back fond memories of a formal dance years ago . . . Bobby sidled into the dance about eleven o'clock in a tight black silk formal which apparently had nothing under it . . . the entire stag-line let out a whoop, moved forward as one man, lined up in back of her, and started cutting—which is one way of being plenty popular . . . Mickey Hyman is still playing around with the pack, but Jimmy Parker is probably the Royal Flush in the deal . . . Bud Gaiennie, the Beta boy who has all their female leads in plays, can't be caught regularly with any one girl, but was seen during the holidays with Eleanor Schuler, Gamma Phee pledge as well as Eleanor Hopkins, Delta Gamma . . . Hope Bridges is engaged, etcetera, to Charley Baker, Sig Alph alum . . . the Phi Delta Theta boys think quite a bit of the Sternberg twins, Ione and Leone . . . Billy Bohn, the Sig Chi pledge and Webster's more-or-less gift to women, is still keeping the old high-school flame burning with the aid of Virginia Peters now going to Cape Teachers' School . . . Margaret Thacker, Three Deltas pledge, occasionally heaves a sigh over Dwight Hayfelly who, however, continues to dash around with a home town girl going to Lindenwood . . . John Eales, of Tau K. E., is getting around a bit with Susan Chaplin, of the

Kappa Chaplins . . . Virginia Johnson, Gam Phi, is right in there with Harry (Rhodes winner) Jones.

The Pi Phis are interested in making Miriam Hopkins an honorary member after her performance in "Design for Living" . . . Genie Sikorski and Bob Johnson, a Sig Alph from Illini hopped over to a party in Mt. Vernon, Ill., but Bob departed mumbling something about a "burlesque show" when she started doing snake-hips . . . it leaks around that Tim Christopher had a date from the East St. Louis, (Ill.) High School who fainted seven times in one evening. Whenever the young lady felt that she wasn't receiving enough attention, she just gave a low moan and collapsed . . . some say that Bob Mooney has farmed Art Schneithorst out of the Capps League entirely, but others . . .

And it's no secret that Valerie Benoist wants a Phi Delt pin—no matter whose. Well that's all this month — And so to bed—alone. H. H.

— D D D —

Sign in Bookshop

BARGAIN

One Book90
 Two Books \$1.80

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

Noise: Knock, knock, knock.

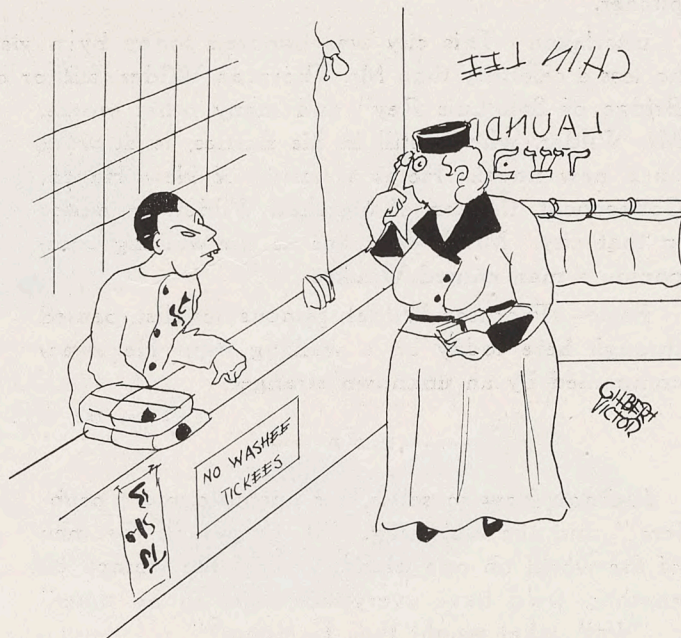
Pope: "Who is it?"

Pope's Chamberlain, a bit griped for having to wake his master every morning: "Eight o'clock, sir, and all is fair."

Pope: "The Lord and I know it; you may go."

P. C.: "You and the Lord are two wise guys—it is four o'clock and raining like hell."

—Carolina Buccaneer.



"Do you remember how your Mama prepared Chop Suey?"

—Punch Bowl

EASY MARK

(A Short Story in Case You Don't Recognize It)

Scene—A handsome young couple are seated in a garden under the soft, silvery moonlight. They are talking to each other, which is the devil of a thing to do in a setting like that.

Said the girl: "Mark, I'm fond of you and all that, but you have one awful fault—an awful one."

"Why, what's that, Doris?"

"You're too easy-going, Mark. When you graduated from college, you could have gone into the sort of work you liked, only it would have been hard. Instead, you went into your father's office. You took the easy way."

"I suppose that's so, Doris."

"Yes, and while you were in college, you paid others to write your papers and do your assignments instead of learning something yourself. You took the easy way, didn't you, Mark?"

"I admit that, Doris, but what has it to do with us? I'm in love with you. Won't you marry me?"

She looked at him for the split second of a moment. "You still try the easy way," she murmured.

—Virginia Reel.

— D D D —

Scotland's Burning: Each fellow spins his date around three times, ripping all the buttons off her clothes at the same time. The object is to see which girl can get upstairs fastest. They may not like this, but jeez, the fellows do.

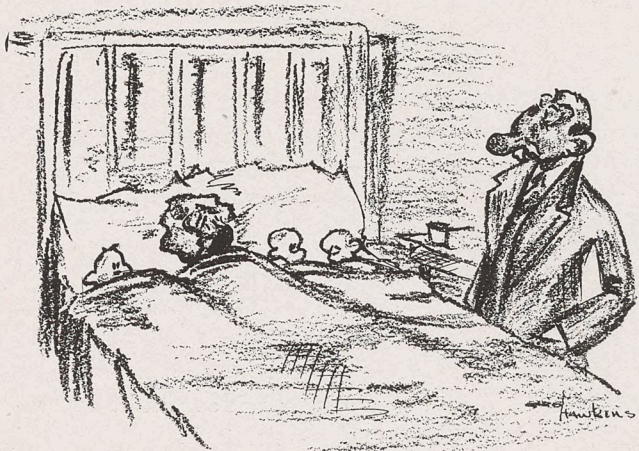
—Penn. State Froth.

— D D D —

AN EDITOR DESPAIRING

I think that I shall never see,
The answer to my lifelong plea:
A wit who walks and lives and breathes,
And never writes a parody on "Trees."

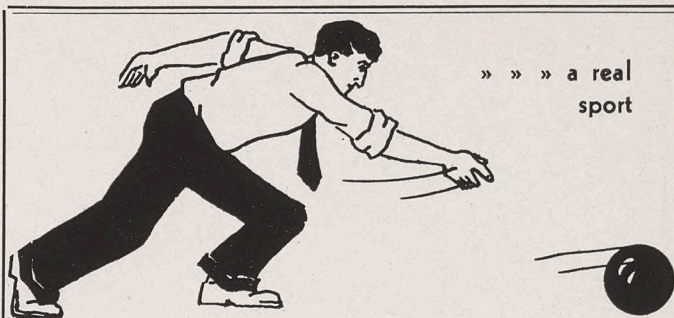
—Pitt Panther.



"My Gawd, woman, I thought you said appendicitis!"

—Missouri Showme.

Don't be proud—tell them where you saw it.



Keep Conditioned

» » » Join The Wash. U. Bowling Tournament

All you red-blooded he-men lay down your ping-pong paddles and tiddely-winks, and devote yourself to a real sport. Think of the fun, enjoyment, and exercise you will receive—and that's not all, for Vescovo's are offering a beautiful trophy to the winner of the tournament.

VESCOVO'S

6800 DELMAR BLVD.

Teacher: "Which is larger, a kitten or a cat?"
Willie: "A kitten. It takes two cats to make one kitten!"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"Mother is the necessity of invention," said the young maiden, as she crawled in the window at 3 A. M.

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

— D D D —

I went over to see a girl the other night. We turned on the radio and started to dance when her father came in. Without saying a word he grabbed me and threw me down the stairs. The next day I called the girl and asked her what the big idea was. "Oh," said she, "father is deaf and he couldn't hear the radio."

—Puppet.

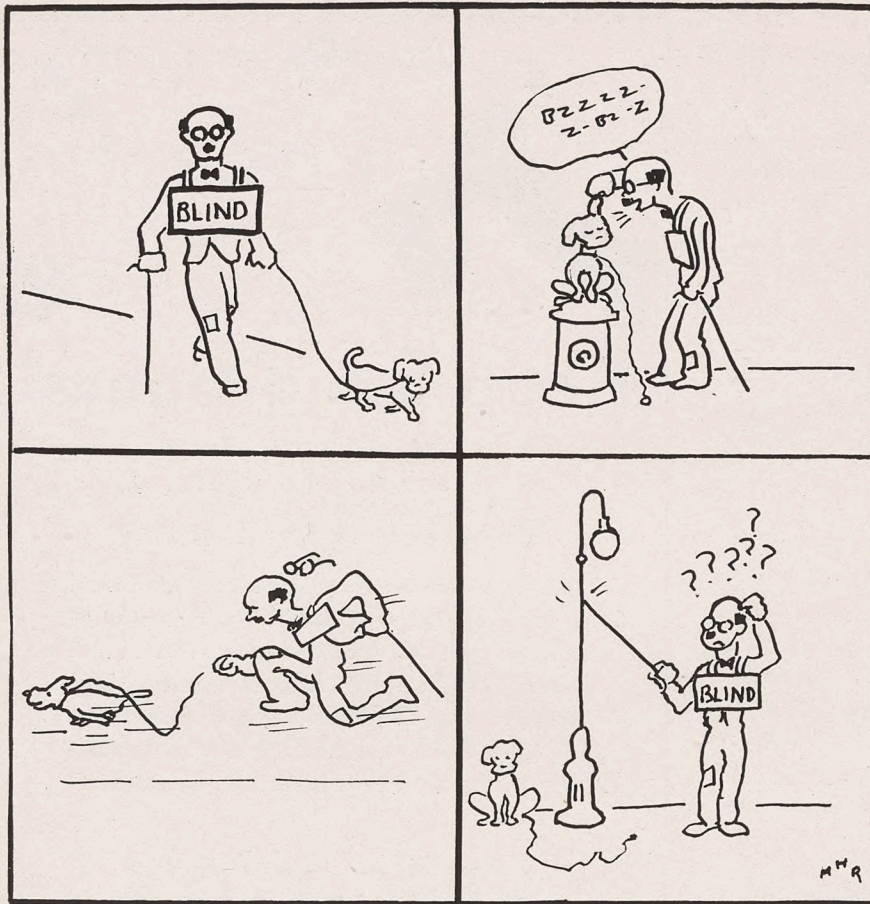
— D D D —

"George and I took a kodak to Niagara Falls with us on our honeymoon."

"Anything developed yet?"

"Mercy, not yet—we've only been back two days!"

—Exchange.



—Mercury.

Customer: "How does it happen that the potatoes on the top of that last sackful that I bought from you were so much larger than the ones on the bottom?"

Grocer: "Oh, that's simple. That kind of potatoes grow so fast that by the time they've dug a sackful, the last ones are twice as big as the first ones."
—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

He: "The doctor says I'll have to cut out smoking. One lung's nearly gone."

She: "Couldn't you have held out a little longer until we got enough coupons to get a new rug?"
—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Angry Guide: "Why didn't you shoot that tiger?"

The Timid Hunter: "He didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug."
—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

He: "I'm a twin."

She: "Yeah, you and who else?"
—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

EXPENSE ACCOUNT

A notebook was found the other day containing the following entries:

April 3	Advertisement for stenographer	\$.50
April 5	Violets for new stenographer	.85
April 8	Week's salary for stenographer	15.00
April 11	Roses for stenographer	3.00
April 15	Candy for wife	.25
April 19	Lunch with stenographer	100.00
April 25	Stenographer's salary	25.00
April 25	Dinner and theatre with stenog.	15.00
April 26	Fur coat for wife	385.00
April 26	Advertisement for stenographer	.50

—Pelican.

— D D D —

"What's the difference between a snake and a flea?"

"A snake crawls on its own stomach, but a flea's not so particular."
—Purple Parrot.

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

Daisy: "This dress is my bet that I've got a better figure than you."

Janey: "Likewise. We'll let Julius be the judge. What do you say, Julius?"

Julius: "I say, all bets off!"
—Punch Bowl.

—Punch Bowl.

The performance ended. The A. T. O. pledge left the theatre. On his way home he met an active who, planning to go to the show the following evening, asked him about it.

"Well, Bill, how was the show?"

The Pledge looked blank for a moment and then with no little indecision in his voice, replied:

"I don't know. I haven't heard anyone say."
—Punch Bowl.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

HEAVENLY

A widow visited a spiritualistic medium who satisfactorily produced the deceased husband for a little chinfest.

"Dear John," the widow questioned eagerly, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," the spook assured her.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" the widow continued.

"Yes," John asserted, "I am happier now."

"Oh do tell me, John," the widow cried rapturously, "what is it like in heaven?"

"Heaven!" the spook snapped. "I ain't in heaven."
—California Pelican.

—California Pelican.

RUSHING RESISTANCE

In Ten Easy Lessons

1. Open the door and give each rusher a resounding slap between the shoulder blades as he enters. After the introductions, say blandly, "Frat boys, eh?"
2. If they're anything but Sigma Nus, put "Bright Star of Sigma Nu" on the gramophone and play full volume during the entire visit. If they're Sigma Nus, play "Violets."
3. Tell them your dad was a brother, your uncle was a brother, your grandfather was a brother, and your brother was a brother, and there isn't a better club on the campus. That will leave them without an argument and they will grin weakly and leave.
4. Borrow five bucks from the best-dressed man.
5. Don't shave for a week before rushing, leave off washing a couple of days before, and wear your golf knickers hanging on your shoe tops.
6. Take a proffered cigarette and stuff the pack in your shirt pocket. Light the cigarette and blow out the match. Drop your match and ashes on the rug. Hang your cigarette on the piano, if any.
7. Ask them to play a little penny ante, take out your favorite deck, and send them home without their pants.
8. Tell them your dad is an auditor and he found their fraternity hadn't paid its interest for ten years and the holding company would foreclose in February.
9. Wear spats and mention that you have a motorcycle.
10. Put on your coat with the high school literary club pin in the lapel. Wear all your medals. High school athletic sweaters help.

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

THE ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE HYMN

Hmmmm da da daaa, do da da
 Alma Mater thee,
 Hmmmm doo do classics halls,
 Hmmmm la la doo doo ivied walls,
 Alma Mater three!

Hmmmmmm da da do la
 Hopes and fears,
 Hmmmmmmmm loo da loo loo
 da la years
 Alma Mater threeeeeee!

—Christian Science Monitor.

— D D D —

"Gawd!—well—go on—what did I do next?"

—Cargoyle.

THE BRIDGE CURDLER MYSTERY

Some one had dealt from the bottom of the deck. There was a thief among us. I had carefully cut the cards so that the two of clubs was on the bottom, and here it was in my hand. Who could have done it? It must have been other than the dealer, I reasoned. The dealer was Poicy, so my logical mind immediately concluded that Poicy had dealt from the bottom of the deck. I held my right hand in the crook of my elbow to show that there was a dishonest person among us. But my damn fool partner thought I meant spades and bid six of them.

There was a shot. Poicy slumped down in his chair, unconscious. Every one looked aghast and I quickly mixed up the cards. After all, we were vulnerable. Paul silently got up. He was my partner. "Gentlemen," he said, "it looks like Poicy is gone." I quickly added a couple of hundred points to our score. We probably would have made them anyway. We nodded silently, signifying that the bridge game was over.

"Well," I concluded, putting my aces under the carpet with my foot, "Poicy never could hold his liquor. That last shot of rye was too much. It knocked him out completely."

—Medley.

— D D D —

Parson: "Good-bye, and God bless you—and be careful, now, that the rowdies of this town don't play any tricks on you."

Newly-Wed: "Don't worry, Parson, they won't catch us napping."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

— D D D —

Co-ed—You simply have to hand it to Alfred.

Ditto: "Why?"

Co-ed.: "Oh, he's so shy and backward."

—Wampus.

— D D D —

Kappa: "They tell me that I have a pagan body, but a puritan mind."

Beta: "Are you ever absent-minded?"

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

**A rolling stone gathers no moss,
 But it gets damn smooth.**

—Princeton Tiger.

— D D D —

Maid: "There are two men standing outside watching you dress."

Madam: "That's nothing. You should have seen the crowds when I was younger!"

—Carolina Buccancer.



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THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

Reach for a Lucky, for always Luckies Please