2-1930

**Washington University Dirge: Burlesque Number**

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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Put the "grin" in Grind

~ with the Pause that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don’t take any more punishment! Let go everything! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself.

That’s just the time and place when an ice-cold bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most good. A regular cheerleader with its happy sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure, wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.
You are Commanded to Appear at the
Twenty-Third Annual Junior Promenade
To Witness the Presentation of the
1931 Hatchet Queen and Her Court
of Love and Beauty
You can't afford to miss the Crowning Event of the Social Season
St. Louis, Friday Evening, March Seventh
Nineteen Hundred and Thirty
The Gold Room of the Hotel Jefferson
Granddad: "What do you call those kittens, Johnny?"
Johnny: "I call 'em Tom and Harry."
Granddad: "Why don't you call them Cook and Peary after the great explorers?"
Johnny: "Cause they ain't pole-cats."

Chemistry Prof: "What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?"
Frosh: "Blonds."

Blind dates are like bee-hives: You may get honey, but you may get stung.

Hospital Nurse (to impatient magician): "Congratulations! It's a fine bowl of gold-fish."

1st Pelican: "Pretty good fish you've got there."
2nd Pelican: "Well, he fills the bill."

"All that West Texas needs to be the garden spot of the world is good people and weather."
"Yeh, and that's all hell needs."

"What is a dog pound?"
"Sixteen ounces of hamburger."

Pathetic Figures: The boy that lisps trying to tell a girl that he likes her size.

Fat: "The boys at college are learning how to drill."
Slim: "Oh, they intend to be officers?"
Fat: "No, dentists."

Drunk (over the phone): Is this the meat market? Owner: Yes. Drunk: Then meet my wife at four o'clock for me, will you?"
Brick: "Why does a woman shut her eyes when you kiss her?"

Brack: "She just hates to see you make a fool of yourself." — V. M. I. Sniper

Bob: "Will you give me a kiss? Just one?"

Bess: "Well, I should say not. Just a few minutes ago you asked for a match, and ended by filling your pockets with dad's best cigars.

She: "Oh, Henry, there's a bug down my back."

He: "Aw, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married." — Cynic

He: "Would you scream if I kissed you?"

She: "How could I if you did it properly?" — Aggievator

She had taken her fun as she found it — Exchange

And one was a lad of eighteen,
He-devotee of cosmetics,
Whose urge in such matters was keen
He powdered himself quite profusely,
He laid it on thick, did this Jim.
He was young for his age, but scent was a rage,
And she learned about Mermen's from him.

He—Do you neck?
She—That's my business.
He—How's business?

The moral's quite plain
You're sure to raise Cain
If you try to mix women with gin.
Do one or the other
Which ever you'd "ruther"
But the one that tries both is plumb dumb. — Pelican

"I had a terrible nightmare last night."
"Yes, I saw you with her at the show."

Mistress: "I saw the milkman kiss you this morning, Sophie. Hereafter I'll take in the milk myself."
Cook: "It won't do you no good, mum. He's promised not to love nobody but me."

— Chicago Phoenix.

College people are really the "idea men" of the world. Many times, their talents are hidden beneath a coating of too busy. Don't say that!

College Humor is offering $2,500 to undergraduates who write Varsity Shows. The first prize, fifteen hundred dollars, will go to the writer of the best book, musical score and lyrics. Shows produced any time in the past may be entered, too.

College Humor is also offering $2,000 in prizes to undergraduate cartoonists. This contest closes April 1, 1930.

Students with talents in these two fields will find complete information in the March issue of College Humor.

In addition, the versatile pages of this magazine contain fiction, sports, styles and the cream of the nation's wit. It is built for you!

College Humor
1050 N. LaSalle St., CHICAGO
The Magazine with a College Education

Patronize Dirge Advertisers
Spring Showing Now

VOGUE presents its creations of lovely Summery and colorful footwear. They are now more variable, gayer, more significant.

Three lasts to choose from
Naro-Toes—Medium-Toes—Short Vamps

“Do you come from Harvard?”
“Hell, no! I’m talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle.”
―Goblin

Old-Time Mosquito (to young mosquito): And to think when I was your age I could bite girls only on the face and hands.
―Sun Dial

Imported Farm Assistant: There was a mouse in that bucket of milk.
Woop: Did you take it out?
Assistant: No, sir; but I put the cat in.
―Goblin

He (in music store): “Have you a record of My Sin?”
He He: “No, but the police station probably has.”
―Frosh

She (playing piano): “That was ‘Siegfried’s Death’.”
He: “I’m not surprised.”
―Mugwump

Dear Son,
I just read in the paper that students who don’t smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.
Father.

Dear Father,
I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.
Son.

Dear Son,
I’ll break your neck if you flunk anything.
Father.
―Kansas Sour Owl

The Psychologist Looks at Love

Now you’re gone and the mention of your name still sets off peculiar reflexes throughout my system. My nostrils dilate; my respiration increases; my blood flow increases; metabolism is advanced; pulse is accelerated; lacrimal ducts secrete; continued thought is inhibited . . . I guess I sort of liked you.
―Caveman

Visitor, to general’s daughter: “Whose major around here?”
The gal: “No one yet, sir.”
―Jack-O-Lantern

Compliments of

Lee Hall Commons
Medical School Refectory
Art School Tea Room

Schultz Hardware Stores
HARDWARE - PAINTS - GLASS - OILS
HOUSEHOLD GOODS and
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
Carpenter Work -- Electrical Repairing
Refrigerators Repaired -- Door Checks Repaired
Locksmithing
Agents National Mazda Lamps
406 DeBalivere
CA bany 4612
4247 Olive St.
LI ndell 3947

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
THE CURTAIN
GOES UP
ON DIRGE'S
LITTLE ACT

-D-
TO BURLESQUE

THAT DELIGHTFUL MEANS OF GETTING PEOPLE TOLD WITHOUT BEING SUED FOR LIBEL.
This week's offerings at the local theatres are in a delightful, wholesome vein and will be certain to please intellectual college students and their sweethearts.

**THE GARRICK** is offering a whimsical phantasy entitled "PARISIAN NIGHTS." The plot centers around the adventures of an inebriated gentleman who enters by mistake the boudoir of an elderly spinster. Some of the complications which ensue are certainly droll. The dancing of Madame De Form is calculated to arouse enthusiasm in the most jaded palates. The chorus, made up of former pupils of the Mauler's School, did several take-off numbers in which they burlesqued the chorus of Earl White's Vanities. For an evening well-spent during the cold spell, we advise you to visit the Garrick.

"PITFALLS OF PASSION" is continuing its long run at the CAPITOL THEATRE in hopes that all may see this educational picture. Many college students will be delighted in seeing in this film a cross-section of the life they know so well. The theme song is "Sleepy Valley", now so popular as a dance tune.

"STREETS OF SORROW" featuring Greta Garbage is a tender, pastoral story telling of the romance of a Swiss yodeler and a Russian samovar, providing, as one may see, many opportunities for clever acting, subtle innuedos. The theme song of this cinema is "Ein, zwei, drei, O'Leary". Much of the action is laid in the famous Front Steppes of Russia in a Turkey hash-house. Best shot: when the hero is executed and the picture comes to an abrupt end. Bring the whole family.

"THE RED KIMONA", starring Mrs. Wallace Reid, now showing at the Artists' Guild is augmented by a cast of former members who assist Mrs. Reid. This being Surprise Week the Guild has requested the Press to omit any mention of the plot. The stage show features "Debonaire" Dillon as master-of-ceremonies. Jerry Stanford in several eccentric dances. Chorus men in the act are: Schuster Meek, Carroll Stribling, Charles Babington, Carl Schumacher, Dick Vieth, Phil Luedde, and Carl Gissler.

Amusement places in our sister city, East St. Louis, are featuring interpretative dances, showing the acme of the terpsichorean art. Shows are being held nightly.

**THE LIBERTY** lives up to its appropriate motto "Liberty, Maternity, and Fraternity," plagiarized from the French Revolution. The show goes into humor in the broad sense more than the other houses but that should not deter any amusement-seekers for their most delicate sensibilities won't be shocked.
SENIORS

Carbona Coreopsis  
Paris, Ill.  
College  
D.D.D.; President Little Theater, 2.

William Oleander McFireplug  
Kirkwood, Mo.  
Pre-Com.  
P.D.T.: Hatchet, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 17; Editor, 2-5, inclusive; May Queen, 3; Peze, 3, 4.

Peabody Gloop  
St. Louis  
Pre-Legal  

Daisy Dingleberry  
Pelican, Wisc.  
College  
P.M.; P.B.K.; Football Manager, 3; Liberty Chorus, 4; Editor Cub, 4.

Sarsiparilla Stevenson  
Nome, Alaska  
Pre-paid  
P.B.F.; Elected "Sweetheart of Z.N. E., 2; Miss E. St. Louis, 3; Made the basketball team.

Bicarbonate Bilgewater  
Medicine Hat, Colo.  
Pre-Med.  
S.X.; Chaperone Woman's Building, 1, 2, 3, 4; Calendar in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room".

Phillup McCann  
Delmar Ave.  
Pre-Posterous  
P.B.K.; President Intercollegiate Bootleggers' Ass'n; Manager Girls' Swimming Tea; Coach Ditto.

Fanny Pottz  
E. St. Louis  
Nursing
PI I

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF SCOTLAND, 1492

B. O. CHAPTER

ESTABLISHED 1913 (PRE-WAR)

OFFICERS

King Fish .................. Gruner
Vice President ............ Cook
Past Master ................. Richardson
By Mistake ................ J. Horner
Chewer of the Fat ......... Ohle
Door Stop .................. Senn

Holder of the Record ....... Grafe
Caretaker .................. Pritzman
Pledge ...................... Langenberg
Publicity Director ........ Breed
Ambassador to Mexico ... Torres
Keeper of the Fleas ....... Wager
Keeper of the Kork ....... Burton
Clean-up Man ............. Thoma
Social Secretary .......... Schumaker
Chief Greasy Vest ........ Burkhardt
Cuspidor Champion ... Candle
Bottle Washer ............ Poos

COLORS—
GREEN AROUND THE GILLS

YELL—BWERP!

MOTTO—
"WHAT GOES DOWN
MUST COME UP."
MAY DAY

These exclusive photographs of the May Day infestivities were obtained by Helen Damnation, official staff photographer of Hatchet, Inc. Since the Society for the Preservation of Wild Life in America forbids the taking of such photos, Miss Damnation had to be smuggled in to the affair disguised as a May Pole.

In the first illustration we see Hornsby and Coover, who were the bearers of the train, or trainers of the Bears, as you will. Really, you can’t imagine how sweet these boys looked with a daisy chain in their teeth. The chain, by the way, was manufactured especially for the occasion by the Mississippi Valley Daisy Chain Manufacturing Co., Inc.

Charles Galloway was elected May Queen, due to the political activities of several of his numerous girl friends. His picture may be seen in Fig. 2, and boy! that’s some Fig., 2! Since this honor was bestowed upon him, he has received several offers from the moving pictures and one from the Liberty Beef Trust Girls. Galloway was kind enough to pose for the accompanying illustration immediately after the coronation ceremony. (NOTE: This is not an advertisement for Herpicide.)

The third picture shows Emmet Senn, Runner-Up for the honor of May Queen, being presented second prize (one dozen cauliflow buds, direct from Grimm and Gorley) by Fairy Godfather Willis Wager. In the left background may be seen Howard Morgan and Bill Ohle. The ecstatic expression on Bill’s face reveals the fact that he is thinking about that last date with “Pinky”, while the blank expression on Morgan’s map shows that he hasn’t got anything much on his mind, either. When Godfather Wager asked these boys to participate in the May Pole dance, they came right back with that famous quotation, “Oh God(!) father, we can’t dance,” etc.

And lastly we present a snapshot of “Warpy” Christiansen rehearsing for his part in the Maypole dance. The costume for this occasion was donated by Barney’s Army Goods Store—pants, 59c per leg, seats free. (Adv.)
THE CLOGSTRANGLE CLUB
TO PRESENT
“SEE SEE SENORITA!”

A

The Hatchet goes to press the Clogstrangle Club is still in the throes of rehearsing for their annual expensive-ganza. Using their experience with Mexican girls gotten when making Rosita, they are going to do their best to make C. C. Senorita even more successfully. Evidently, after seeing “Rio Rita”, Hadley immediately decided to create his own version of a Mexican Musical Melodrama—which he did to a “T”, or rather to a “Si.”

It is difficult no end to gain admittance to the new Saturday services in the Old Chapel, but your humble servant (a wily Hatchet reporter) concealed himself in Hadley’s brief case and was smuggled in by the unconscious owner. Just as I got in I heard Miss Deibel circulating her daily petition to excuse her absences. Just at this point “Simon Legree” Aguado moved that the chorus follow her more closely, but since they couldn’t all see her on the floor she tabled her motion.

Feeling duly enlightened about the feminine part of the chorus I began to look around for someone to give me the lowdown on the men. Schumate appeared to be the logical person. It appears that Langenberg joined with the unselfish motive of giving the girls a treat, but Bernoudy admitted that in his case it was a move to better his social standing. Laughlin was in to keep in good condition during the basketball season. Just then I heard the five o’clock siren and knew the rehearsal was about over. I was mistaken, however, for it was only “Unca Walt” singing “Do You” to Miss Waldbauer. Galloway always sang with as much feeling as he could.

I knew the rehearsal would soon be over, however, because who should come in the door but Miss Fink, the one and only piano player? It’s a lucky thing Hadley can whistle! But before I left I was determined to see President Morgens about the rumor that Si Si Senorita was to be postponed for the Olympic Games in 1923. Morgens, however emphatically denied this idle rumor and declared definitely that the production would take place the middle of March, the last of April, or the first of May.
That Junior Prom

We think it very unfortunate that the JUNIOR PROM is to be held after this Burlesque Number is issued—it usually provides plenty to inspire the satirist. But since Dirge can’t cover this most discussed event of the year it advises anyone who can find two bucks and a presentable date to attend the affair in person and do his own scandal mongering. It is certain that no matter who walks down the aisle on that eventful evening there will be, as Sir Roger de Coverly so aptly put it, much to be said on both sides.

Incidentally, the next issue of Dirge will be the “PLAGIARISM NUMBER”. The original material (?) if any, will follow the style of various well known artists and writers, and an enlarged exchange department will present art work from the representative college magazines of the country. The “PLAGIARISM NUMBER” will be, as the Publix Theatres so eloquently affirm, an apropos, de la classe, deluxe vice versa, coup d’etat, extravaganzha!

THE EDITOR
OUR MONTHLY MEMORY TEST

Why does Santa Claus wear red pants?
To match his coat?  

Aesop (3000-4930 B.C.)

He—What would you think if I kissed your hand?
She—I'd think it out of place.

Who was that lady I seen you with last night?
That was no lady—that was my wife.

Do you know the underwear song?
Underwear my baby is tonight.

Can you make a sentence with “fellow” and “fanatic”?
Sure—I fellow fanatic roof!

What goes around a butting?
A goat!

So you had a date with a college guy?
No, I tore my dress on a nail!

If you drink a pint of gin before retiring you will sleep tight!
(Get it?)

Night Watchman: Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?
Young Man: No, sir.
Night Watchman: Here, then, hold my lantern.

She: I always think twice before I let anyone kiss me.
He: Well, make it snappy.

“Do modern girls make poor mothers?”
“Not necessarily. But they certainly make poor fathers.”

Shh!

We noticed at the last “Lock” that the skirts were bigger, and they were smoking more.

A Jew and an Irishman were on board a ship bound for Ireland. When the latter caught sight of his fatherland, he shouted: “Hurrah for Ireland.”

This riled the Jew, so he said, “Hurrah, hell.”

“That’s right,” the Irishman rejoined, “every man for his own country.”
New Officers Depose Old Fogeys on Stagnant Life

Brightman-Young Elected by Overwhelming Majority

CHANGE FOR BETTER!

New Stagnant Life editors are: Edward Holspecher Young, Editor-in-chief; Samuel Bloggersthalie Brightman, Ph.D., Business Manager; Marietta “Marchand” McIntyre, Woman’s Editor; William Rosewater Bryan V or VI, Director Royal of Disposal of Waste Paper and Used Typewriter Ribbons; Bruce Dogare Kenmore, Society Editor. Editor Young promises editorials will be written in English. Business Manager Brightman announces a new advertising contract from the Beech Nut Chewing Tobacco people. The election was due to the solid south which supported Young and Brightman. There were tears in Parman’s eyes as he said goodbye to his faithful followers. “Goodbye”, he said. There were tears in his eyes when he said this.

SOCIETY

An interesting engagement recently announced was that of Mr. Homemass Glutz to Miss Sally Stoltdrain. Both victims of Cuth’s arrow enjoyed an education at Delta Theta Pi. Miss Stoltdrain was once almost a member of Kappa Alpha Theta. After the wedding, they will be “at home” at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stoltdrain. It

IN TODAY’S MAIL

Dear Dorothy Dix,

Much has been said “pro and con” (which is Latin for “for and against”) the proposal of the “Board of Directors” to enclose the library steps with plate glass and make a steam heated lounge and smoking room for the benefit of the students. I am against this proposal. It is not the gigantic cost which drives me to put my humble opinion against this popular project but the unfairness and illogicalityness of the proposal. It is unfair to students of the engineering school who have no time to spend there. Furthermore, of what value is a smoking room to the co-eds? I will not think that the girls smoke. If they do I assume that they have enough self respect not to smoke in the presence of the “opposite sex”. Of course many say that the Spartan simplicity of the stone benches and steps are not harmonious with the luxury of the cozy leather arm chairs in our class rooms, or the suave elegance of our school restaurants. I am for the Spartan ideal. Now that an escalator has been installed to Francis gym that I believe we should have at least one spot on our luxurious campus which is reminiscent of the sturdy days years ago when Orville Stewart was a freshman (1890 to 1956). Other varieties are lime, lemon, gin fizz, and Saratoga. The score was tied at the end of the half but at the I say “quo vadis” ipsi dixit, “o tempora, o mores”, “pro bono publico”. Let us stop this back to the farms movement. Mason Jaurre, 1892.

Vigilance Tea

Two Present at Vigilance Tea; Vandover Host, Bush Guest

Dear Mrs. Stoltdrain,

Much has been said “pro and con” (which is Latin for “for and against”) the proposal of the “Board of Directors” to enclose the library steps with plate glass and make a steam heated lounge and smoking room for the benefit of the students. I am against this proposal. It is not the gigantic cost which drives me to put my humble opinion against this popular project but the unfairness and illogicalityness of the proposal.

Startling Expose of Campus Trust Involving Couple

COUPLA WHAT?

Wager-Kammerer Combine Ferreted Out by Wiley Reporter

Matter in Hands of Authorities For Action

A Stagnant Life reporter after months of diligent ferreting has discovered an Activity Trust involving Willis “Joe” Wager and Gladys Kammerer, well known campus figures (especially Gladys). The reporter’s suspicion was first aroused when he spotted Wager leaving the Huntington Arms where Wager had been having a business conference. Stagnant Life had Wager trailed by Inspector Goofeleberger of the Pink-Eye Detective Agency. Following is the report of a typical day as spent by the villain:—

Wager arose at 9 o’clock and went to 607 where he had breakfast. After this he attended class for an hour and went to 5674 where he had a between-class snack. He returned to classes until noon after which he lunched at 5873. During the afternoon he visited the “Elks Rest” at Sarah and burst the Hodiamont tracks, also 2343 South Broadway, 5456 Delmar, Joe’s Smoke House, the Delmonte Hotel Grill, and then he went to the Beer’s Hotel Grill, and then he went to the Delmonte Hotel where he went to sleep in a telephone booth. Later he returned to classes until noon after which he lunched at 5872. During the afternoon he visited the “Elks Rest” at Sarah and the Hodiament tracks, also 2343 South Broadway, 5456 Delmar, Joe’s Smoke House.

COUPLA WHAT?

For Action

The Beer’s Hotel Grill, and then he went to the Delmonte Hotel where he went to sleep in a telephone booth. Later he returned to classes until noon after which he lunched at 5872. During the afternoon he visited the “Elks Rest” at Sarah and the Hodiament tracks, also 2343 South Broadway, 5456 Delmar, Joe’s Smoke House. The Beer’s Hotel Grill, and then he went to the Delmonte Hotel where he went to sleep in a telephone booth. Later he returned to classes until noon after which he lunched at 5872. During the afternoon he visited the “Elks Rest” at Sarah and the Hodiament tracks, also 2343 South Broadway, 5456 Delmar, Joe’s Smoke House.

Wager, and followed him from here to home.” Robert Stachelin Parsons on hearing this report consulted Madame Konjola, Professor southern of 6257 Forton Ave.
explaining the Gangrene was the fourteenth apostle or, some say, a Fuller Brush sales¬
m-an. At any rate, he converted or per-
nated. Dr. Archibald Wiley Blunder¬
buss explained this joke. The Col¬
nel told some of his experiences in the Boer
Blunderbuss explained this jolp. The Col¬
' pelon explained the Gangrene was the fourteenth
r. Blunderbuss closed by reading several poems from
off in good shape and Morgens states
hearing their lines. The chorus is round-
should be a lesson, or something. Ike
bride and groom invite their many friends
to drop in on them as there are several gal-
lons of wedding presents left. A unique
feature is that the wedding was a military
one. The couple do not appear unduly tired
after their honeymoon.

The engagement of Miss Sally Mander,
Kappa Kappa Gamma of '94, to Mr. Reuben
Millberg will come as a surprise to Miss
Mander's many friends. She recently re-
ceived a bequest of $40,000 from her father,
the late Mr. Mander.

The show should
to be abandoned are without basis. Our
names of Hadley and Williams at least twice
contract makes it necessary to mention the
May, or June. Rumors that 'Si, Si Senorita'
were made for the coming May fete and a
lons of wedding presents left. A unique
embroidered hip pockets attached. Mr.
Bush wore a blue corduroy suit and deli-
tie socks. Too many fingers ups
set Bush's stomach and in leaning out the
window he fell and hurt his hand, which
should be a lesson, or something. Ike
wishes to announce that he knows who took
the piano and will take legal steps if it is
not returned; no questions asked. Plans
were made for the coming May fete and a
coastal ball is considered. A perfectly de-
lightful time was had by all.

The refreshments didn't arrive in time—
so tea was served. I think it was Maxwell
House.

Feb 22: Date of Lincoln's assassina-
tion.
Kappa Alpha (Southern) dance.
25: Dr. Archibald Wiley Blunder-
buss at Mary Institute on
“Gangrene among the Lap-
pons.” Illustrated
28: Icicles weiner roast.
Vigilance picture again post-
ioned.

Burlesque Dirge
A Farce, Says Reviewer
Finds Lack of Method
In Their Madness

Reviewer: J. Nastey Cathey
After carefully disentangling the recent
“Burlesque” number of Dirge and polishing
up my pince-nez (as I jokingly call my
trusty spectacles), I took my afternoon
hypodermic and set out to have done with
the gruesome business. Our only regret
connected with this task is that we are un-
able to inform our readers (bless them!)
beforehand. As the proverb goeth, “Fore-
warned is forewarned” or similar words.
Be we can't do that; such methods just
aren't cricket. Here is a condensed review
for dense readers:
Best advertisement: Pembrok Monum-
ent Company.
Best circulation assistants: Burg. Werber,
Wallace, and Bloomfield.
Best joke: the Staff in general.
Art work: Low as usual.
Moral: Fifty-four forty or fight.

New Pan-Hellenic Rush Rules

1. No man can be pledged until he fin-
ishes the eighth grade.
2. No gun or ammnonia can be offered
rushes.
3. No cellar gang can exceed twenty
men.
4. Rushes must be informed within
twenty dollars of the pledge dues and in-
itation fee.
5. Meals during rush week shall not ex-
ceed a net cost of five times the regular
meals.
6. No fraternity shall tell rushes they
stand in with the PI Phi's.
7. No fraternity can park more than two
borrowed Cadillacs by the house.
8. The PI Kappa Alphas must allow
rushes to meet someone besides Dick
Smith.

human iceberg found
in francis gym showers
Investigation Started by
Hoover Commission
Over Corpse

Last Tuesday a student was found dead in
the shower room at Francis Gymnasium.
When the ice was chipped off the body it
was found that the corpse was found to be
Rufus D. S. Putney, former Beta at Yale,
a university situated at New Haven. In-
vestigators found that the faucet of the
showers has not been properly
heated.

The investigator is Dirge, an insignificant publication,
The only activity not defiled by their partici-
pation is Dirge, an insignificant publication,
probably extinct.

On the basis of these facts, Officer Slutz
from the Narcotic Division arrested Wager
and on being interviewed by a Stag-
nant Life reporter said, “This is one of the big-
gest dopes that has ever come into my
hands.” Wager is incarcerated in the
Home for Delinquent, number 5 Fraternity
Row. Kammerer at present is loose, more
or less.

An interesting engagement recently an-
ounced was that of Mr. Homeless Glutz to
Miss Sally Stoldtain. Both victims of
Old West ills, the couple were not in the
same line of business but their marriage
was a success from the start.

The best advertisement of the past week
was that of Mr. Homeless Glutz to
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When the ice was chipped off the body it
was found that the corpse was found to be
Rufus D. S. Putney, former Beta at Yale,
a university situated at New Haven. In-
vestigators found that the faucet of the
showers has not been properly
heated.

The investigator is Dirge, an insignificant publication,
The only activity not defiled by their partici-
pation is Dirge, an insignificant publication,
probably extinct.

On the basis of these facts, Officer Slutz
from the Narcotic Division arrested Wager
and on being interviewed by a Stag-
nant Life reporter said, “This is one of the big-
gest dopes that has ever come into my
hands.” Wager is incarcerated in the
Home for Delinquent, number 5 Fraternity
Row. Kammerer at present is loose, more
or less.
Addendum

O Love! Ah Spring! O little birds!
List to me
And hear my words!
O Love! Revolk me not—
I pray
Or else, my broken life—
Away!

To A Morning Glory

Rich, ripe, red lips,
Blue, cold, lifeless lips,
Life is death, death is life—
Always File your fingernails.

Passion’s Regret

You loved me for a moment,
Who could not have me long,
You gave me wings of gladness
And lent my spirit song.

You loved me for a moment,
But only with your eyes,
Your lips I could not capture
By storm or by surprise.

Your mouth that I remember
With a sudden rush of pain,
As one remembers star light
Or roses after rain.

Out of a world of gladness
Suddenly I am sad,
Day and night it haunts me,
The kiss I never had.

Poem

O Love! The year is full of
Spring!
And little birds which hop
And sing!
Your hands are cold—
Why is this true?
Revolk me not
For loving
You!

Futuristic Pome

this damp dirty slimey little
worm wot
crawls thru the grass under
my feet hey hey i have a
slight suspicion he is
not
the same damp little worm i
squashed the
other day

Told

Lady, don’t you ever feel
A wayward impulse swiftly steel
Through you? Don’t you ever long
Just to act a little wrong?
In your icy little heart
Don’t you ever feel the dart
Of a quick, suppressed desire
Just to play a bit with fire?
You’re behaving like a deacon,
Don’t you ever wish to weaken?
Say you’re “aloof from such desire”?
Lady, you’re a cock-eyed liar!

Futuristic Pome

this damp dirty slimey little
worm wot
crawls thru the grass under
my feet hey hey i have a
slight suspicion he is
not
the same damp little worm i
squashed the
other day

W. C. T. U.
The Love Life of Soglow Ginsberg

Every morning Soglow Ginsberg would fare forth from his humble dwelling in a Biddle Street tenement. This tenement stank and it was hot in summer and cold in winter but it was home and Soglow loved it. Soglow lived a simple life quite free from speculation and idle dreams. From his tenement room Soglow would trudge out through the residential districts carrying a sack over his shoulder and singing out his glad cry, "Old poultices! I buy old poultices." For Soglow Ginsberg, just as his father before him and his grandfather, was a dealer in used and second-hand poultices. As soon as dusk began to fall Ginsberg would hurry back to his room high up in the foul tenement. Here he would sort out his day’s purchases of old poultices and lay plans for his morrow's trade. Then into this simple life of Soglow Ginsberg came love. Fiery love, persistent love, love that occupied his mind and his heart, love that drove all other thoughts out of his mind. Soglow was in love with Bessie Blitz, daughter of a rich poultice broker. Every Saturday night he would hurry to his room and don his blue serge suit, which glittered and shone in the light like a highly polished amethyst. He would escort her to the Show Boat Dance Palace, or to the parties of the Biddle Street Boys' Social and Dancing Club. Gradually Bessie came to return his love. Then, as so often happens, tragedy followed love. Mr. Blitz, the rich poultice broker, disapproved of the indigent poultice peddler. He announced that Bessie was betrothed to a rich sewer inspector. For fifteen days Soglow Ginsberg lay on his humble pallet, swept by the ravages of a fever, hovering between life and death. Then one day his fever broke and he was able to venture outside again. Slowly he remembered the painful events of the last few days and then he took to his first and faithful love, his old poultices.

A few days later I saw him trudging along Pershing Avenue but the cunning gleam had left his eyes. He looked old and bent, feeble, brittle like, an old man when his blood ceases to race through his arteries but creeps along like a lazy brook meandering through a green meadow. His eyes stare into space and he seems to be remembering the happy days he spent with Bessie Blitz before her betrothal to another man. I can hear him still crying his wares but when he once sang, now his voice breaks and his cry is indeed a pitiful one to hear, "Old poultices! I buy old poultices. Old poultices!" Fate has not been fair to Soglow Ginsberg. Fate has not been fair to kippered herrings. Soglow Ginsberg is like a kippered herring.
SAILBAD the SINNER

or

THE FLEET'S SIN

THYRSUS' semisesquicentennial production, given (with a prayer) in January Court Room

Although 500 free tickets to the performance were given out, only 54 persons attended. (There were 27 in the cast—this shows the value of having parents.)

The Cast of Characters was as follows:

Capt. Sailbad—Jay Gruner
Josephine—Mary Tuttle
Seasick Passenger—Bill Ohle
Odor of Roast Beef—Willis Wager
Moderately Warm Mother—Mary Jane Roach
Street Cleaner—Dave Black
Mob—Mel Maginn, assisted by others who had nothing better to do with their spare time.

SCENE I.

(The curtain rises, revealing the upper deck of Sailbad's ship, "The Galloping Corkscrew.")

Enter Captain Sailbad, picking his teeth with the mizen mast.

Behind him, on a leash, is Josephine, his pet whale.

SAILBAD (Pulling the mainsail out of his hip pocket and wiping off Josephine's mouth with it): I swan, Josephine, I reckon in spite of all Eve done for you, you won't ever learn to spit. Idee of slobberin' all over everything at your age.

(Enter the Seasick Passenger, looking as if he'd just swallowed his grandmother and the old lady was raising hell about it.)

Ss. P: (He exits hurriedly as curtain falls.)

SAILBAD (Spitting a plug of tobacco in Josephine's eyes): Your first v'yage, eh? How you getting along?

Ss. P: Oh, all right I guess—just so I don't get lockjaw!

SAILBAD (smelling the air with a patent mechanical sniffer): Boy! Smell that roast beef a-cookin'!

(Enter Wager, disguised as the aforesaid smell)

Ss. P: (He exits hurriedly as curtain falls.)

(Continued on next page)
OBSCENE II.

(Shanghai, China. In front of Frisco Bill's Place)

SAILBAD: Ah ha! The merchant marine herself, with all the sails set! (Enter Moderately Warm Mother.)

M. W. M.: Sir!

SAILBAD: Thank you. And now what say to a couple of—

(Before he can finish his sentence she takes his arm and drags him into Frisco Bill's Place to get a couple of ice cream cones. The Street Cleaner, observing this bit of work, begins to sing with a melancholy whiskey tenor: “Oh! for the Life of a Sailor—a Life on the Permanent Waves.” Then follows a short intermission in which tear gas is resorted to in a last effort to keep the audience awake. The “Mob” runs on and off the stage several times for no apparent reason—something had to be done to get all the paid-up members in the play.)

SAILBAD (emerging from the saloon, and taking a hitch in his trousers): Well, it just goes to show. My mother should have told me everything.

(He leans sadly against the side of Frisco Bill’s Place, which collapses on his head. Audience is awakened by the commotion, and, mistaking this for the big climax, claps loudly. Sailbad comes to the center of the stage to take a bow. The curtain falls on his head. Members of Thyr- sus, deciding to let it go at that, turn out the lights and declare a dividend. Audience sleeps peacefully until they are awakened at 10:30 next morning by the first pupils arriving for the 8:30 class.)

FINIS

“Say, buddy, don’t count your chickens before the hatch!”

He: I’ll go away if you don’t let me neck you.

She: Go as far as you like!

When a girl says “you’re so different” you know she’s been experimenting.

Ris: So you went to the burlesque show? How was it?

Kay: Fine! Everything went off great!
What's To Be Scene

LOEW'S STATE
RAMON NOVARRO'S "DEVIL MAY CARE"

Metro Goldwyn Mayer Picture Corporation, the company which has given the world most of the outstanding hits in the cinema field either in sound or silent form, have again come to the front in their latest effort, Ramon Novarro's all talking, singing special, "DEVIL MAY CARE". This picture is at present playing to capacity houses at the Astor Theatre on Broadway in New York City at Two Dollars a seat. Saint Louis will enjoy this special at the usual Loew prices.

Novarro, we are given to understand has even outdone his unheralded success in "the Pagan" and is singing five songs, chief among them you will recall is the popular piece you are enjoying nightly over the Radio called "THE SHEPHERD'S SERENADE". Novarro is more charming and handsome than we have ever seen him before, and our guess is that all the frigidaire mamma's will relish him to new heights when they see and hear him in this picture which open's a one week's engagement at Loew's State Theatre Saturday, February 22nd.

A Hal Roach all talking comedy and the popular Hearst Metronews will enhance this unusual picture at Loew's State Theatre Saturday, February 22nd.

Loew's State Theatre further wishes to announce a picture soon to be shown at this popular theatre, "THE ROGUE SONG", with Lawrence Tibbett, a new star, with a personality that shines out and beyond even the most outstanding of our present day stars. "The Rogue Song" is an operetta. Tibbett is the most popular star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and you will do wisely to watch for the opening date of this triumphal photoplay at Loew's State.

MISSOURI

"The Vagabond King," the thrilling operatic hit that shook the world with its stirring songs and action, has finally reached the talking screen as an even greater hit and will be shown at the Missouri Theatre as the outstanding picture of their Super Show Group beginning Friday, March 7th.

Dennis King, who played the title role in the original New York stage production, also is cast as the poet-vagabond, Francois Villon, in the screen version. He is supported by the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald and an excellent cast of featured players.

"The Vagabond King" is noted for its thrilling songs, including the famous and stirring "Song of the Vagabonds" and "Only a Rose." The score is by Rudolph Friml, one of the greatest of modern composers.

Familiar to many, the story of the "Vagabond King" concerns Francois Villon, a poet-vagabond of the time of the French Revolution. He saves the life of Louis the 14th during a tavern brawl and in turn is made "King" for a day. Villon has fallen in love with a beautiful court lady, in the meantime.

Dramatic and romantic throughout, "The Vagabond King," offers everything in entertainment. Colorful in its tremendous settings and thrilling in its musical score, it offers the best in the newer type of sound pictures.

A special premiere opening has been arranged at the Missouri Theatre for the run of "The Vagabond King." The event will be broadcast from the lobby of the theatre.

AMBASSADOR

The Ambassador Theatre is preparing for its annual Publix revue stage splurge in which more than 50 footlight headliners and 11 smashing acts are presented under the leadership of the popular Ed Lowry. This stage jamboree is offered at the same time that Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll are co-starred in the romantic "Dangerous Paradise," an all-talking hit produced by Paramount.

The Spring Style Show is another Ambassador offering for the near future. This brings out 25 models displaying the latest in gowns and wraps. In addition to the Style Show for this week the downtown house will also have a Publix stage unit, directed by Ed Lowry and the usual feature picture.

Nick Lucas, the famous crooning troubadour, will make a personal appearance at the Ambassador Theatre during the week starting Feb. 14.

NOTED on both stage and screen as one of the foremost entertainers before the American public, Lucas is expected to prove one of the most popular stars to ever appear on the Ambassador stage.

As the crooning headliner of the Warner Bros. comedy "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and the laff riot of "Show of Shows" Lucas has been accepted by cinema goers as possessing the best singing voice of popular music yet heard on the screen.

He created a sensation with three of the year's song hits. "Tip Toe Through the Tulips", "Painting the Clouds With Sunshine" and "Lady Luck" were all made popular by Lucas.

He will appear at the Ambassador as part of Ed Lowry's regular stage show. In addition to the stage show and Lucas, the Ambassador is offering Dorothy Mackaill in "Strictly Modern," a jazz comedy on the screen.


**'Twas Ever Thus**

He steals the first kiss,
Pleads for the second,
Asks for the third,
Takes the fourth,
Accepts the fifth,
And then has to endure all the rest.

I've heard a lot about you.
Yes, but you can't prove anything.

Every time I kiss you, it makes me a better man.
Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night.

She came home with her hat on one side and her clothes all crushed looking.
"Looks as though she's been knocked down by a motorist," said one neighbor sympathetically.
"Or picked up," said another thoughtfully.

**B. U.**

K. A.: I don't know what's the matter with my watch. It's always fast.
Jeweler: Well, from the looks of the picture in the back, no wonder the hands won't behave.

He—"When I talk to you I have to feel for my words."
She—"Yeah. Well you must think that I have 'em tattooed on me."

Imagine how any woman on this campus would feel when she met her prof after cutting a class—and she couldn't be proverbially nonchalant and light that Murad.

He calls his girl "Dandruff" because she's always falling on his neck.

**Stop Thief!**

1st old maid: I thought I heard a man in the room.
2nd old maid: You close the door while I shut the window.

There once was a man not unique
Who imagined himself quite a shique:
But the girls didn't fall
For the fellow at all.
He made only twenty a wique.

A1: You've certainly taught me to love you.
Alayne: I've had lots of lessons myself.

Mary: Did you break your engagement?
Merry: Yes, he wanted to get married.

**Patronize Dirge Advertisers**

---
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Be true to your teeth or they’ll be false to you.
—Mugmump

The Baron: “Tell the sliding trombone player to blow in this direction—my soup is too hot.”
—London Opinion

“Daughter, your hair is all mussed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?”
“He thinks he did, Mother.”
—Chicago Phoenix

Storekeeper: “Look here, young man, I will show you what we consider the real thing in men’s hose.”
Collegian: “That real thing doesn’t come in men’s hose.”
—Lampoon

Papa Washington U.—Who ruined my universitree?
George Washington Ohle—I did it, sir, with my little Hatchet.

James: You remember that fellow I hired to trace my family tree?
John: What’s the matter? Hasn’t he been successful?
James: Successful? Say, I’m having to pay him hush-money.

This is the consensus of opinion of all those “faithfuls” who date to a “Lock.” Since we note by the current periodicals that King Alfonso (of Spain) slew some sixteen stags on a recent hunting trip, we humbly suggest that His Majesty be given a standing invitation to all “Locks.”

Bride: I want a collar for my husband.
Clerk: What size?
Bride: I don’t know, but I can reach around his neck with both hands.

FOR Delicious Sandwiches
Joseph Garavelli’s
DeBaliviere and DeGiverville
“Hello, My Friend”
Sigma Chi (on 'phone)—How are you this evening?
Pi Phi—All right—but lonely.
S. C.—Good and lonely?
P. P.—No, just lonely.
S. C.—I’ll be right over.

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

Our family is sure politicious. Father is a republican, mother’s a democrat, the baby’s wet, the cow’s dry, and the dog is a socialist—all he does it sit around all day and howl.

—D D D—

Snappy Sam: How come Hi’s got a bull hitched to his plow?
Ready Rube: Dumno, dumno. Mabbe he’s tryin’ to show the dern thing this life ain’t all pleasure.

—Yale Record

Old Ben Johnson gives us a tasty morsel of Greene and Marlow’s wit at repartee. The two young bloods were spending the afternoon at Shakespeare’s Avon hunting lodge.

“Cob,” said Kit to his man servant, “fetch me my gun, I’m going gunning.”

“And Cob,” Added Green with a twinkle in his eye, “fetch me my rapier.”

—Lampoon

“Ah, go to Hell!”
“Thanks for the invitation, but I am already a Sigma Nu.”

—Mugmump

Sultan: Wouldst go to my boudoir?
Latest Acquisition: With what avail?
Sultan: Well, the usual procedure is with no veil, but I guess something light won’t matter.

—The Punch Bowl

The game between Yeshiva College and Hebrew Institute was cancelled last week. Nothing but a pigskin ball was available.

—Medley

“They call her Checkers. She jumps when you make a bad move.”

—Iowa Frivol

—they call him Luke because he’s not so hot.

—Cajoler

Welcome Freshman

Nothing beats getting off on the right foot—in all directions. It makes a great start and shows to advantage on the “Home Stretch.”

Now that you’ve made a great start by choosing Washington University, its only logical for you to choose Walgreen’s for some of the material things you’ll need.

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Stop—Look! Ahhh!!!

there’s the—

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**I Doubt It**

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance and leave them alone?
Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a shy little hand you're permitted to seize
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and harm?
Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

—Mugmump

**Wow!**

She had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.
"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul-smelling little beast."
"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really must insist on respect."

—Drexel

**Correct**

Professor (in Engineering class)—"What's a dry dock?"
Student—"A physician who won't give out prescriptions."

—Drexel

An Irishman coming out of ether in the ward after an operation exclaimed audibly:
"Thank God! That's over!"
"Don't be too sure," said the man in the next bed.
"They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again."
And the patient on the other side said, "Why, they had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments."

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in the door and yelled, "Has anybody seen my hat?"
Pat fainted.

—Drexel

A mamma skunk and her three baby skunklets were being pursued by a bad man. Exhausted the mamma skunk paused and whispered to her skunklets, "children, I can run no longer, so let's pray."
P. S.—We didn't get it either at first but read the last line a couple of times.
—Rammer-Jammer

**Love Pome**

It's sweet of you to tell me, dear,
That I'm your all in all;
That I'm the apple of your eye,
That I'm the rainbow in your sky,
The a la mode upon your pie—
That I'm the works, that I'm the guy
For whom you'd pass the others by—
That I'm the Who, the Whence, the Why—
For whom you'd swear, and live, and die;
It's sweet of you to tell me dear,
That I'm your all in all,
But—whose are those large overshoes
I see out in the hall???

—D D D

Hello! City Hospital?
Yes, this is the operating room.
Well, please send me up a pound of liver.

—D D D

She: "What your advice to women on this clothes situation?"
He: "Don't give up the slip."

—Exchange

Abe: "Do you play golf with knickers?"
Levi: "No, vit vite people only."

—Juggler

"Hell, yes," said the devil, picking up the phone receiver.

—Texas Ranger

Name the five senses.
Nickel.

—Drexel Drexard

I may not have a little fairy in my home, nor a little miss in my motor, but I have a little made in my cellar.

—Sniper

Sophomore: What's stranger that a one-armed man winding his wrist watch?
Freshman: I fess up. Dunno.
Sophomore: A glass eye at a key hole.

—Beaupot

Skeptical Lady: Can you wear this coat out in the rain without hurting it?
Fur Salesman: Madam, did you ever see a raccoon carrying an umbrella?

—The Log
HELLO JOE . . . have one of your Camels . . . we’ve covered women, politics, religion, marriage, ideals, philosophy, women . . . . Have you birds been at my carton of Camels? . . . Sure . . . you can’t keep a good bull session going on hot air alone . . . a little Camel now and then. . . . All right—I admire your taste . . . as well as your nerve . . . but speaking of women . . .

If all the Camels smoked at all the “bull sessions” were piled in a heap, you’d see an impressive monument to the pleasure of good talk and good tobacco.
FOR over half a century
men who make an
art of good dressing have
looked for this name in
selecting their shoes.

Walk-Over
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and
Grand at Washington

Nearsighted Old Man (eating a box of loose-leaf reinforcements): “Well, by heck, these Life Savers
don’t taste like they used to.”

—Banter

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A Freshman Anatomy Essay

The Body of man is made up of the Hed, the
Thorachs and the abandon. The Hed contains the
branes, if there is any. The thorachs contains the
hart, lungs and appendicks. The abandon contains
the Tonsuls and bowles, of which there are five—
a, e, i, o, u.

—Orange Peel

It’s Not Fair

One Pi Phi—“I’m mad at Jack. He knows so
many naughty songs.”

Another—“Does he sing them to you?”

Ditto Frat—“No, he just whistles the tunes.”

—Nebraska Agawan

Co-ed: “That’s funny—the new skirts are called
‘Directoire’—that’s French for directory.”

Ed: “Sure, main points of interest shown at a
glance.”

—Pelican

Joan: Why do you use green lipstick?
Jane: By boy friend is a railroad man.

—Bison

She was just a quarryman’s daughter—you could
take everything for granite.

—Stone Mill

“Well, boys,” said the prominent cigarette manu-
facturer as his mother-in-law gave up the ghost,
“another ancient prejudice has been removed.”

—M’dley

“I guess I’ve lost another pupil,” said the profes-
sor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

—Log

Three weeks ago I was a veritable outcast. Ill-
concealed sneers and curses were flung at my de-
fenseless head. I was avoided on the streets; peo-
ple would cross the street to avoid meeting me face
to face. At social gatherings I was a wall-flow-
er of the finest species. Groups broke up at my ap-
proach.

But all this is different now. Yes, sir, it’s en-
tirely different. I am a welcome addition to any
assemblage. People cross the street to be able to
walk at my side. Groups gather around me at so-
cial functions.

Yes, sir. Since I’ve been buying my own cigar-
ettes everything is changed.

—Puppet
Head of Firm: "How long do you want to be away on your honey moon?"
Employee (timidly): "Well, sir—er—how long would you say?"
Head of Firm: "How do I know—I haven't seen the bride."

—Georgia Cracker

Duty Officer: "Your hair needs cutting badly."
Plebe: "That can't be, sir. It's been cut badly every time I've had it cut here."

—Log

Dentist: "Will you take gas?"
Absent-minded Motorist: "Yeh, and you'd better look at the water, too."

—Malcaser

"Abie, have you done anything about that black-hand letter?"
"Oh, ain't I though. I turned it over to my insurance company. They got $20,000 tied up in me —let them worry."

—S'Tough

She: "Did I ever show you the place where I hurt my hip?"
He: "Why—er—no!"
She: "Well, we'll drive over there."

—Indian Summer

A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on top of the table, when his mammy entered the room and said: "Lord, yo' shore is a lazy boy! Why youse zactly lak yo' pappy. Thank God I didn't marry dat man!"

—Carolina Buccaneer

Father: "You take accounting at college, do you not?"
Son: "Sure. Why?"
Father: "Maybe you can account for the silk undies in your last laundry?"

—Burr
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“You’ll drive me out of my mind.”
“That’s not a drive, that’s a putt.” —Mugmump

You are too fast for me.
I can’t make you slow down.
I try to hold your hands.
You’re always way ahead of everyone else.
Your face is deceitful.
You lie to me, and lead me astray.
You’re always all wound up.
You force me on, when you know you shouldn’t.
You have caused me such anxiety.
You damn little watch!

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Prompt delivery to Fraternity Houses and Dormitories

University City Pharmacy
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Joe: Are you married or are you still tearing around with those chorus girls?
Moe: Yes.

Usher (at wedding): Are you a friend of the groom?
Lady: Indeed not. I’m the bride’s mother.

Waiter: Isn’t that chicken good?
Customer: Well, it may be morally but physically, it’s a wreck.

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