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PLAGIADISM NUMBER

WASHINGTON U.

DIRGE

MARCH 1930

The CUB

25¢



BLACK

and

MCKNIGHT

...in bridge it's **BIDDING!**

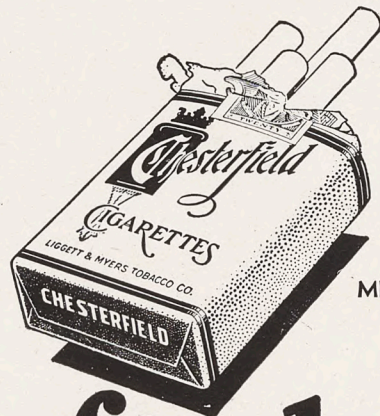


...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"OLD BIRDS are not caught with new nets."
What smokers want is not novelty, but *quality*;
not new taste, but *good* taste.

To millions of smokers, Chesterfield taste is
an old story—but it's one they never tire of!
For what they want most is exactly what
Chesterfield puts first:

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD...and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

Dentist: Do you use tooth paste?
 Fresh Man: No, sir; my teeth aren't loose.
 —Exchange

— D D D —

Shakespeare, MacCauley,
 Hawthorne and Poe,
 Swift, Tarkington, Steele,
 Hugo and Defoe—
 Ps-s-st—
 Silence—
 Library!

Measles, brain-fever,
 Gout and the grippe,
 Diphtheria, mumps,
 Anemia and pip—
 Ps-s-st—
 Quiet—
 Hospital!

Hennessey, Bourbon,
 Old Taylor and Sherry,
 Grandad, Log Cabin,
 And old Tom and Jerry—
 Ps-s-st—
 Easy—
 Carrie Nation!

Gasoline, coal oil,
 Synthetic lye,
 Fusel oil, creosote,
 Brandy and rye—
 Ps-s-st—
 Whew—
 Speakeasy!!!
 —Sour Owl

— D D D —

“Why do you call her Dutchie?”
 “It's always wouldnshu do this and wouldnshu
 do that?”
 —Malteaser

— D D D —

Sweet Thing, (disgusted): “My boy friend has
 cold feet.”

Maid: “Shame on you, young lady. In my day
 we didn't find out those things until after we were
 married.”
 —Frivol

— D D D —

He: “C'm on, give me a kiss.”
 She: “Nay, I've got scruples.”
 He: “That's all right, I've had 'em twice.”
 —Nebraska Aæwæwan

WALK-OVER

Early Spring Styles

Variety

The many and varied styles shown for early
 spring give ample opportunity to express in-
 dividuality in your choice of footwear. Never
 have women's shoes been more entrancingly
 attractive



Walk-Over



Main Spring Arch Shoes
 for Men and Women

612 Olive

Grand and Washington

Roses and Thorns

It was a warm spring night with a moon sending
 its soft silvery glow over a contented world. The
 music of the jazz band came to us, slow, plaintive.
 I looked at the girl sitting very close to me on the
 swing. God, she was a lovely creature! As I de-
 voured her with my gaze, she turned slowly and
 looked squarely at me. It seemed to me I saw sup-
 plication in those deep pools. Her voluptuous lips
 formed the words, scarcely a whisper, “John, will
 you?” I looked at her intently for a moment. I
 thought I saw something which made me ask, “Will
 I what dear?” “Will you stuff this compact into
 your pocket? I'm tired holding the damned thing.”

—Cornell Widow

— D D D —

The laziest man in the world is the one who held
 a cocktail shaker in his hand and waited for an
 earthquake.

—Parrot

— D D D —

Maid (who has just answered the phone for her
 mistress)—“It's your fiancee, madame, the one with
 the deep voice.”

—Buccancer

— — — — —

*If you've broken your favorite Pipe,
bring it to the most expert
Pipe Repairing Shop in the World.*

— — — — —

If you want to buy a new Pipe select a
CHARING CROSS PIPE.
Made of the finest Mountain Briars.

— — — — —

Moss & Lowenhaupt
Cigar Co.
723 Olive Street

Salesman—Crew neck, mister?

Athlete—No, not while we are in training.

—*Harvard Lampoon*

— D D D —

Heard at a Soda Fountain

“Why don't you use the other straw?”

“Oh, this one's not empty yet.”

—*Cornell Widow*

— D D D —

The shows have gone from bad to voice.

PAUL T. HEIL

*Flowers
Telegraphed
Anywhere*

*Flowers Delivered
to
Fraternity Houses*

6142-44-46 DELMAR BLVD.

CAbany 8800-1-2

Wedding Bells

Mr. Robert Chetway and Miss Alice Broadkin were married at noon Monday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Broadkin, the Rev. M. L. Gassoway officiating.

The groom is the popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money because his daddy is a soft-hearted old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been kissed and handled by every boy in town since she was twelve years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes in secret and drinks mean liquor when she is out joy riding in her dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook, sew or keep house.

The house was newly plastered for the wedding and the exterior newly painted, thus appropriately carrying out the decorative scheme, for the groom was newly plastered also, and the bride newly painted.

The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His number eight patent leather shoes matched his state of tightness and harmonized nicely with the axle-grease polish of his hair. In addition to his jag, he carried a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring and his usual look of imbecility.

The bride wore some kind of white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end and her boney upper end sticking out at the other.

The young people will make their home with the bride's parents, which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies and then she will take in washing.

Postscript: This may be the last issue of The Tribune, but my life ambition has been to write up one wedding and tell the unvarnished truth. Now it is done, death can have no sting.

—*Hamilton County Herald*

— D D D —

“How much does the doctor charge?” asked Abie.

“Five dollars for the first call,” replied his friend, “and three dollars for each call thereafter.”

Half an hour later Abie entered the doctor's office and gave this greeting: “Good morning, Doctor, I'm back again.”

—*Loughorn*

First Yiddish: "I heard Abie got arrested for speedink."

Second Yiddish: "I didn't know he had a machine."

First Yiddish: "Speedink on the sidewalk." —Satyr

— D D D —

A worm is a caterpillar who played strip poker and lost. —Frvol

— D D D —

"She was only a lawyer's daughter, but she wears them brief. —Burr

— D D D —

The R. O. T. C., the greatest pacifist move made yet. —Exchange

— D D D —

Wanted

Baby carriage in exchange for hammock. —Red Cat

— D D D —

Holdup Game

A stout woman wedged into a crowded street car was having difficulty in getting into her tightly buttoned jacket pocket to extract her fare.

"Madam," said a man next to her, during her fruitless struggles. "Let me pay your fare."

She protested rather indignantly.

"My only reason for wishing to do so," he said, is that you've unbuttoned my suspenders three times trying to get into your pocket." —Columbia Jester

— D D D —

The Mendelian Theory

There once was a man named Sharkey

Who fell in love with a danky

The results of his sins

Was quadruplets, not twins,

One white, one black and two khaki. —Octopus

— D D D —

"I smell a rat."

"Oh, don't get personal." —Columns

— D D D —

"What can John and Mary ever see in each other?"

"No telling—he's an X-ray photographer." —Carnegie Tech Puppet

and now . . .



College Humor Presents the

ALL-AMERICAN BASKETBALL and Hockey Selections for 1930

In the May Issue by Les Gage, former Big Ten Star



SPECIAL OFFER

for the balance of the school year 4 interesting issues of College Humor for \$1. Just tear out this coupon and mail with your remittance to

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

"The Magazine with a College Education"

Modern maids pick modern modes to enhance their personality. The motifs of our shoe designs are stylish clothes, and personalities—designs especially created for you.

Vogue
BOOT SHOP
615 Locust St.

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."

— D D D —
—Sniper

Germaine: "And you got the only 'A' given? How come?"

Francois: "'Cause I'm the only one in the class that talks in his sleep."

— D D D —
—a. d.

He: "Did you do much on your honeymoon?"

She: "Oh, nothing to write home about."

—Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

Cleopatra: What house party were you at?

Helen of Troy: None of them. I got these circles under my eyes from kidney trouble.

— D D D —
—Froth

Mother—What's making that awful racket?

Little Boy—Grandma ain't used to her new teeth yet, and she's bustin' up all the saucers drinkin' her tea.

—Flamingo

Vescovo's New Recreation Hall

BOWLING and POOL

6661 Delmar, also

Vescovo's University Inn

A Good Place to Eat at Any Time

N. W. Corner of Campus

He: Good little girls should be in bed by this time.

She: Well, why didn't you think of that before.
—Royal Gaboon

— D D D —

"—and a pound of mince-meat, and cut it from a fresh young mince, please."

— D D D —
—Beanpot

Height of Happiness

To be petted in a dark room by a blind man with palsy and St. Vitus Dance.

—Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

Pitiful case No. 39487—The absent-minder coded who walked back from her honeymoon.

— D D D —

First Prof.—"I'm getting some rare work from my students these days."

Second Prof.—"Rare?"

First Prof.—"Yes, not well done."

— D D D —
—Drexel

Why I'm Off the Women

Rose was a sweet girl, but she chewed Dentyne. Dotty was ideal, but she said "eyether." Marjorie was beautiful, but she saved theatre programs. Lil was brilliant, but she preferred Murads. Bea was a divine dancer, but she said "frat". Mary seems practically perfect, but I'm afraid she likes to read "Gasoline Alley."

—Siren

— D D D —

Despite the strict censorship in Boston, three thousand greater Boston boys were born last year without a stitch of clothing on.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

— D D D —

"You want your eyes open around here today."

"Why?"

"Because people will think you are a darn fool if you go round with them shut."

— D D D —
—Blue Baboon

Pi: Florence has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I have ever seen.

Phi: Yes, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses.

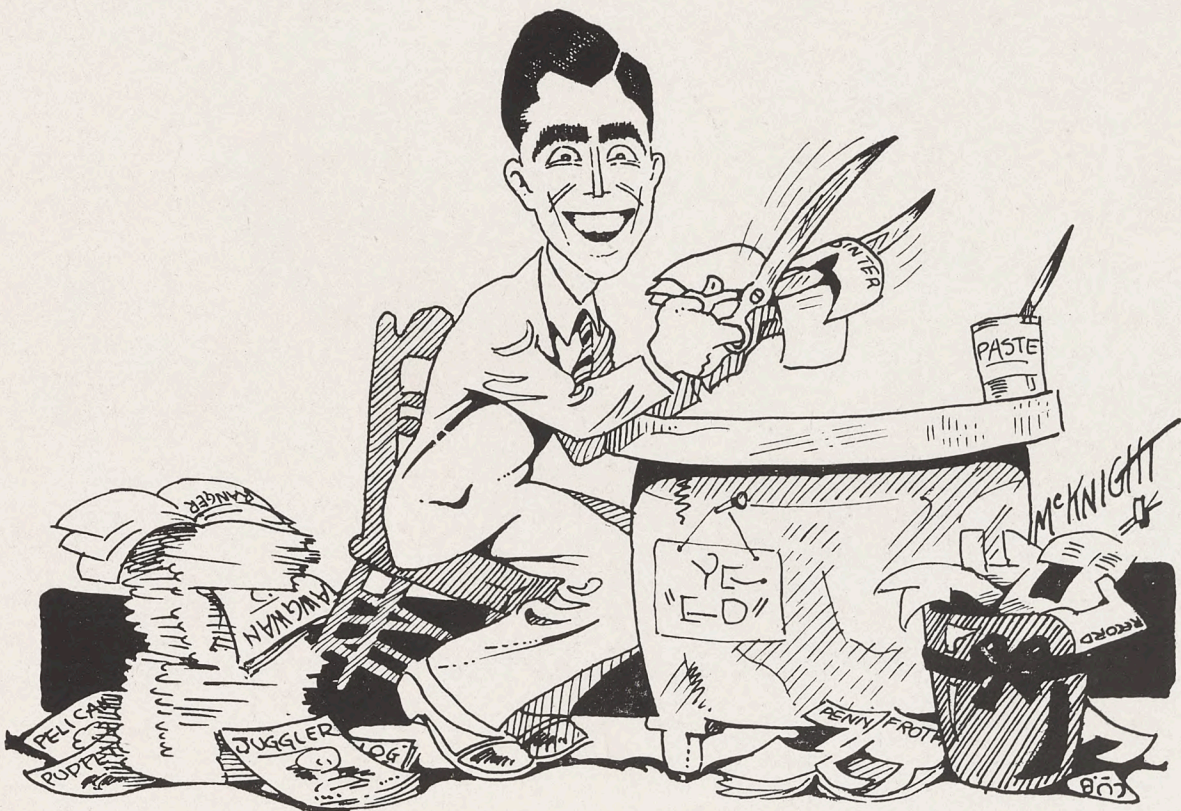
— D D D —
—Ghost

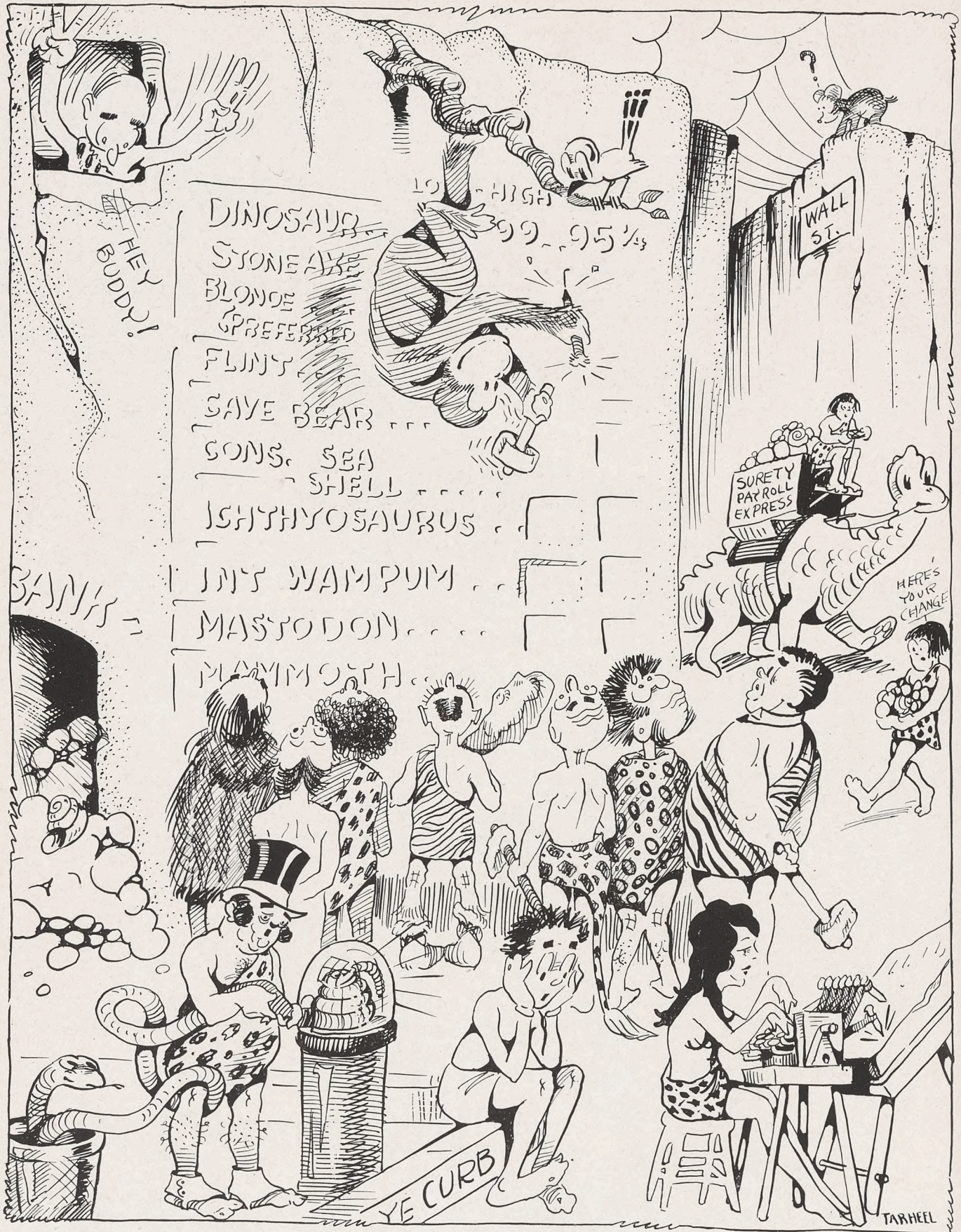
He (singing): "Give me the right to love you—"

She: "You can use both hands if you want to."

—Rammer Jammer

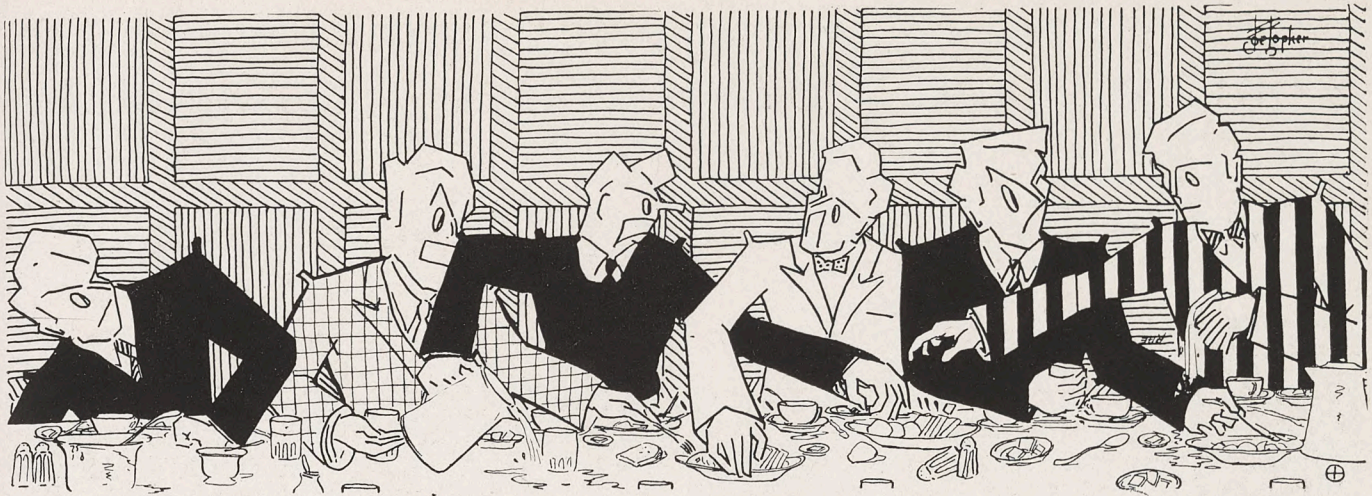
HERE'S ONE TIME
WE CREDIT ALL
"ORIGINAL"
MATERIAL





Ancient Sources of Modern Inventions
STOCK MARKET

Plead Guilty to Judge



Only the Brave Deserve the Fare

—Notre Dame Juggler

It seems there was a charity ball being held for the benefit of old and decrepit icemen with fallen armpits in one of the Bowery districts of an eastern metropolis one Tuesday evening.

The story opens as our hero saunters up to the Get Your Kiss booth with the intention of making a few osculations.

"How much are they?" inquires our hero boldly.

"Twenty-five cents, fifty cents and seventy-five cents," came back the reply from the pretty damsel behind the counter, shifting her gum to the left cheek.

"Huh!" cries our man, a bit taken back, but he stays on his feet and comes back with a "What's the idea of the three prices?"

"Well," replied the kiss lady, preparing for immediate action by parking her gum in her vanity, "Twenty-five cents, you do all the work; fifty cents, I help a little, and seventy-five cents, you just hang on—how many?"

Curtain.

—Jack o' Lantern

— D D D —

Ethel, the Campus Widow, says: "When someone else does it, it's a sin, but when you do it it's experience."

—Westminsterel

K. A.: "Where can I get hold of Miss Osgood?"

Kappa Sig: "I don't know, she's awfully ticklish."

—Mugwump

— D D D —

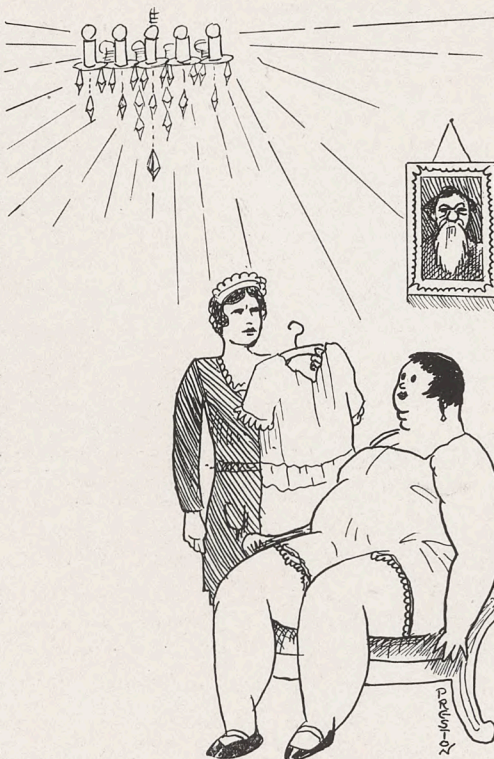
Diner—My bill, please.

Waiter—What did you have?

Diner—I don't know.

Waiter—Hash is thirty-five cents.

—Ranger



A young married couple started out with the baby to buy a baby carriage. They purchased one, put the baby in it and were wheeling it along the street, when they became conscious of the smiles of the passersby and wondered thereat until they got home, when they noticed that the clerk had omitted to remove the sign from the carriage. It read: "Our Own Make."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

Senior—"What's your name?"

Frosh—"Tom Swift."

Senior—"You can't fool me—where's your electric rifle?"

—Juggler

— D D D —

First Chorus Girl: "And what did he say when he found out you was a lady?"

Second Chorus Girl: "Him? Oh, he apologized all right. You see he thought I was one of them there co-eds."

—Desert Wolf

— D D D —

Sue: "So you went on a camping trip in the mountains with your boy friend. Did you have a guide?"

Sall: "Well, only my conscience."

—Orvil

No, Nora—something more delicate—fairy-like. A little baby-blue gown would almost match my mood to-night.

—Penn State Froth

Tom Swift and His Steam Heated Snowshoes

or

Writing Theme Songs Among The Boopoopadoops

TOM SWIFT was riding along slowly on his hot water bicycle with his butterfly net alertly in his hand. Having just thwarted Amos Quackenbus who has tried to steal Tom's Hydraulic Bath Tub as our readers will recall in "Tom Swift and his Hydraulic

Bath Tub," or, "Working Against a Dirty Ring." Tom Swift was on his way to Lake Konjola to have a fishing trip with his cousin Hymie Spilker. Tom was a pleasant-faced lad bronzed by the sun, and with light curly hair. He had a frank and rather open countenance. Suddenly he heard a cloud of dust behind him. Looking around he saw a loud noise approaching rapidly. An underslung Benzine Burner stopped with a screeching of brakes and our hero perceived it contained Amos Quackenbush, the wicked son of Squire Quackenbush, his father, (although the boys around the stable had different words to describe his parentage), and Joe Legume, a treacherous half-breed, whom readers will remember in "Tom Swift and his Automatic Oedogonium, or Lost in the Fox Theatre." "Is this the way to Lake Konjola," said Amos. "Yes," retorted Tom, quick as a flash, matching Amos look for look and the discomfited villain slunk off, muttering vile curses against our hero. Tom's alertness and bravery had won the day and he returned proudly home with the patent to his new Electric Corn-popper which Tom's alertness had prevented Joe Legume from stealing, for Tom had been alert all the while. On returning home his father presented to him (Tom), a fine, dignified, grey-haired man with a fine dignified, grey-haired mustache. "Tom, shake hands

with Colonel Babbitt. Colonel Babbitt shake hands with my son, Patrol Leader, Tom Sinclair Lewis Swift, III, an Eagle Scout."

"Pleased to meetcha," said Col. Babbitt, for indeed it was he. "Have a seegar," said Tom. "Thanks," retorted Babbitt with a nasty leer. The Colonel lit his cigar with an Automatic Grimace. An instant later it exploded, much to everyone's

heartly amusement. "That's an explosive cigar," chuckled Tom in explanation. "Oh, an explosive cigar," laughed the Colonel. "Ha ha ha ha, an explosive cigar. Well, well, well, boys will be boys."

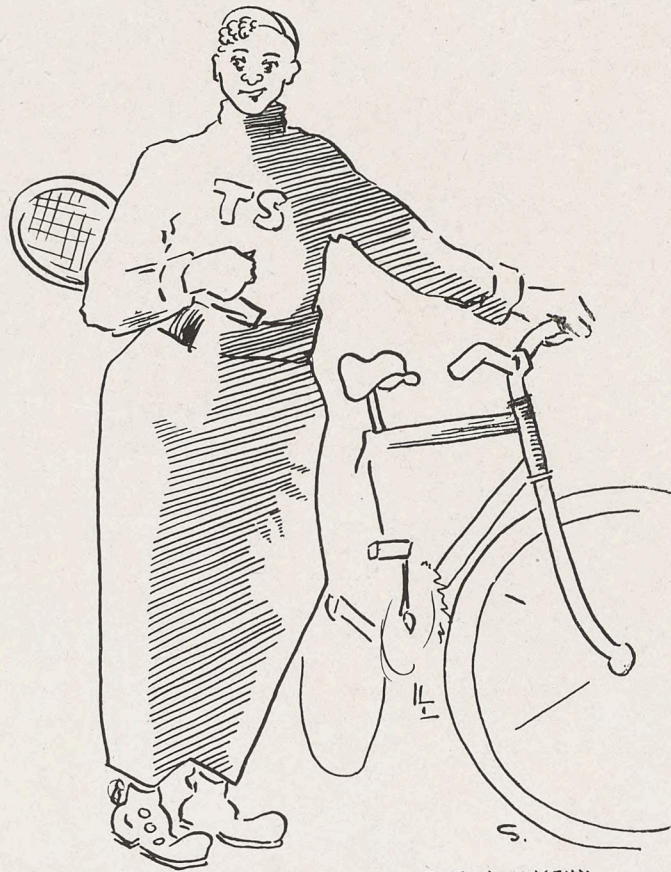
"I can play a saxophone," said Tom proudly, as readers will recall "Tom Swift as a Magazine Salesman, or Hell on Hog Haven." "I'm a government representative," barked Col. Babbitt. "You look like Amos and Andy," chuckled Tom. "Ha, ha," said the Col., "I will buy your corn-popper for \$25." "\$35," said Tom. "\$20," snapped the Col., walking off. "Come back, I was only joking. Sold for \$20."

The golden sun set over the distant horizon and in glorious splendour and Tom yawned, for he was

sleepy. "Well, tomorrow will likely be another day of high adventure," he philosophized, and sure enough these adventures are told in "Tom Swift and his Electric Incognito, or Trouble with the Root Beer Runners." Here, dear reader, is a glance into the next volume of the exciting adventure of our hero, Tom Swift.

Tom was riding down the road, as readers will remember in "Tom Swift and His Yankee Clipper, or A Close Shave at Barber College," when suddenly

(Continued on page 21)



BRITISH MUSEUM
EXHIBIT

ALL THE GIRLS LIKED TOM, OUR HERO,
BECAUSE HE WAS SWIFT.

Tarzan of the A. P. E.'s



TARZAN lived all his life in the heart of Africa. Well, not exactly; his home was a little farther south, nearer the liver. He was left there when a mere babe, as explained in Tarzan Book No. 9,472, "Tarzan of the Boll-Weevils."

He soon made the acquaintance of a tribe of friendly apes known as the Alpha Pi Epsilon fraternity. The A. P. E.'s pledged him and gave him a liberal education. They bought him a slate and taught him his Ape B. C.'s. It wasn't long before Tarzan could do everything they could, except hang by his tail from a limb of the fraternity house.

These apes were in the habit of using a powerful flea-soap, and the meals at the fraternity house were pretty poor.

Soon Tarzan was elected king of the ape tribe because of his physical powers; he was known far and wide as the holder of the world's record in the A. A. U.* banana-eating contest.

Tarzan was sleeping soundly in the fork of a large peanut tree, when suddenly he was awakened by the jangle of the door-bell. He hung by the third toe of his left foot and peered toward the ground, but he could see no one. Then he remembered that he had forgotten to open his eyes when he awoke, so he took a little eye-opener and tried again.

"It's Andy the Antelope," the visitor said. "Editor of the Congo Gazette, you know. I'd like to interview you on the recent crash in the real estate market."

"Okay," said Tarzan. "Come right up—third floor west. Elevator's out of order, so you'll have to climb."

When the editor arrived, he found that in place of the conventional fig-leaf Tarzan was clad in a brand-new poison ivy vine. The ape man had al-

ready breakfasted on his favorite breakfast food, ape nuts.

"Well," said Tarzan, "the real estate business is in a bad way. The monkeys aren't interested in moving into the cities, because the ape-apartment rents are too high."

The antelope produced a notebook from his breast pocket and inserted the comment, "Monkey business not so good."

Tarzan remained silent for a moment, playing thoughtfully with his toes. Tarzan liked his toes very much; in fact, he was quite attached to them. "Of course," he continued, "there are periodic depressions and inflations in the affairs of ape business men."

Andy wrote, "Business has its apes and downs."

Chapter 1948A2

Tarzan swung from limb to limb in pursuit of Bobo, the Bull Ape, who had stolen the white girl who had fallen out of the Graf Zeppelin while it was flying over Africa. In his teeth Tarzan carried a submachine gun; in his right hand, a home-maid lasso he had woven out of his finger nail parings; in his left hand, a potato masher and a couple of question marks to help him in hanging from tree-limbs.

Suddenly he caught sight of Bobo with the unconscious girl in his arms, in the topmost branches of a tall asparagus tree. Rushing upon him, Tarzan quickly scratched his eyes out with his long, sharp toe-nails. And then, in the top of this tall rhubarb tree, in the midst of the fierce jungle, Tarzan and Bobo fought to the death. In the end Tarzan won out, and tossed the Bull Ape into a convenient ashpit.

So he took Mamie, the white girl, back to his home in the peanut tree, and they were married by Parson Baboon, and spent the rest of their lives in the next volume of this series. Don't miss it!



IN TAKING UP THE APES' HABITS
TARZAN FOUND HE COULD
SPEAK-EASY

*Ape Athletic Union.

PALTRY'S GOLDEN TREASURY

Sublimity on Toast

Within her heart she was as slender as the
curtain rods
That held the curtains bulging as herself.
Corsets they wore—broad, pink tie-backs.
Waddle she must down murky alley-ways.
She took one step, stood still;
The earth said, "She quakes."
Have you the heart to laugh? She enjoyed
Hearing her girdle snap.
Her spoons suffered, for her supporters
gleamed
With the flash of a turkish sabre.

Her wedding came. Her bridesmaids
floated down the aisle,
Serene and slender.
She only sighed, "Would Marmola have
helped?"

Advertisement

— D D D —

The Back Stairs

Take, oh, take those lips away,
The curfew knells the toll of parting day,
I dreamed that as I wander'd by the way
Sweath-breathing zephyrs did softly play,
Hail to thee, blithe spirit.

Anonymous

— D D D —

Poems and Sprays
For Practically Nothing

I

The hippopotamus can't sing,
Which really doesn't prove a thing.

II

Oh dress the kangaroo in blue,
But still he is a kanragoo.

III

I sing a song of medodies,
Of wormy fruit in apple trees,
Of love, a noble art, I sing.
In fact I sing of anything,
The butterflies are blithe and gay.
Do you like cabbages?

Samuel Of the Stein

Absolutely Rain-proof

Galoshes, boots, rain-spotted stockings,
Slickers, some not so slick, torn umbrellas,
Rain soaked toes and rum soaked noses,
Lots of dirty rain-marked stockings,
Short fat girl in sloppy rubbers,
Lits of coeds with large flat feet,
All in dirty rain-pocked stockings,
Galoshes, boots and lost umbrellas.

Amiable Lowell

— D D D —

Easter Lilies

Large round doughnut holes—soap bubbles—purple green elephants—snakes—goldfishes—doughnut holes—space-time—what ho—national anthem—oh yeah—holes of doughnuts—some large—some not so large—Brooklyn Bridge—Lindbergh—snowflakes—oceans—green and purple goldfish—empty spaces—yawning voids—holes of doughnuts—what ho.

Gurgle Truestein

— D D D —

Sonny Boy

Out in our apple tree a little robin redbreast
lives,
A lot of joy and comfort to our family it
gives,
His cheery song wakes us at dawn and bids
us sweet goodnight.
And when I go to work each morn I see
his redbreast bright.
One day I saw him gathering worms for
ma and baby "Rob",
He pulled a big one from a hole, then up
and down he'd bob.
The robin tugged with glee to see a worm
so shiny new,
So nice and big, but then alas! The worm
broke right in two!
I said to mother this little bird has lots of
pull and push,
He teaches us "a stitch in time is worth
two in a bush."

Ready Gest \$

— D D D —

Hog

The hog comes on little pigs-knuckles,
He sits on his haunches overlooking the
wallow,
And suddenly moves in.

Carl Sandbag

— D D D —



Poems

The year's at the spring
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink—
That is all ye know on earth,
Blow, bugle, blow.

Contributed by Cub

— D D D —

Oh Yeah!

By the time you swear you're his
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying.
Lady, listen to one who knows,
You're a pair of damn fools.

J. Parker

WHAT HO?

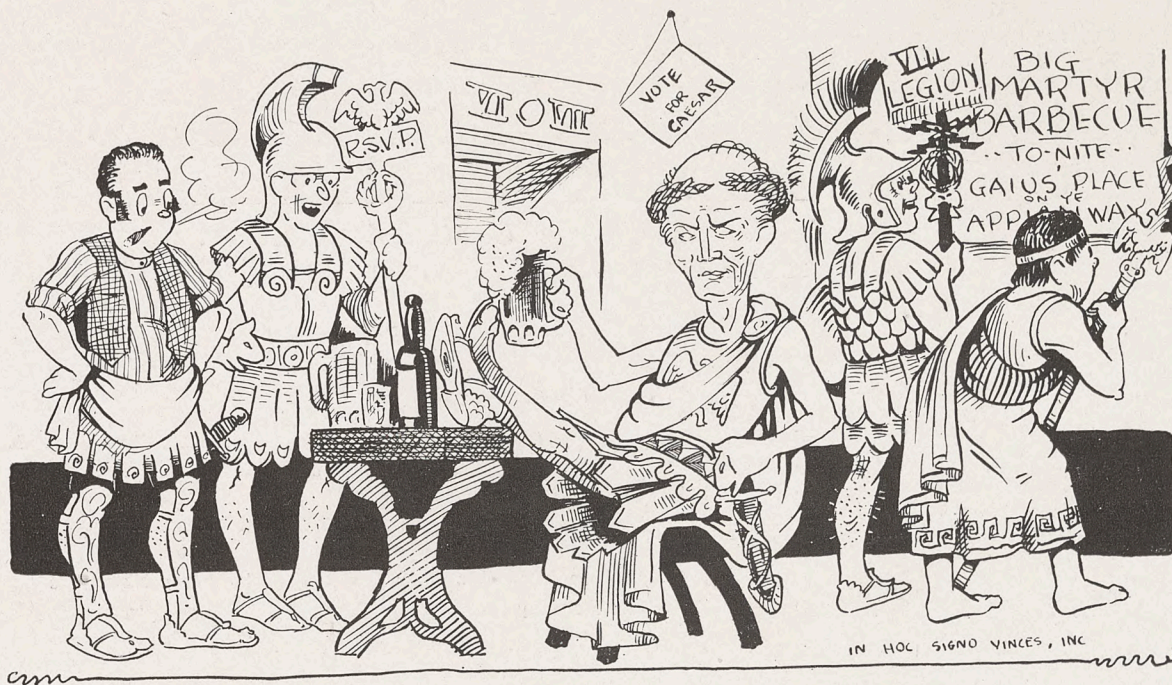
(Put Answers in English
Department Mail Box)

HIC, HAEC, HOC

or

WHAT THE HELVETIANS CAUGHT

by Julius K. Caesar



Horatio Algerius, Jr.—What relic did you bring from Uterior Gallia?
Caesar—Oh, just a few Gall Stones.

VENI, vidi, vici! Imagini embarrassmentov Caesar veni approchedi burgovthe Helvetii, andfoundat deyvas allventibus fishing. "Damnibus!" sed Caesar ad himselfque. Addat momentos hushould comarroundi corner but (sed) Josephus Garrivellious¹. Hullomi friendibus," sed homo honoribus, "hudahellis itu vantes?" Caesar asced Josephus ivhehad cene Marcus Antonius, et Josephus thotehad cene ingointo VI O VII², vichis givindaplacov sed Josephus alotov competitiones. Vishintoci Marcus Antonius circum situations intra Egypt³, Caesar hastentoo VI O VII cum legionibus Americanis. Antes crossinda dra-britch Caesar detecteda faintodor ov pretselles⁴, vich con vinstim thatda vun hi vaunted vas mittin. Caesar gaveda passwordibus et ventin pronto cum his legionibus. Marcus Antonius vasnot tubi cene,

howeverque, causi hadlef thrudi bac exit thinkinda plase vasray ded.

Caesar vas deepli disappointedibus, et set downtu drownis sorros antu lissentu thereportsuv generalibus. Horatio Algerius Jr.⁵ sedthe Helvetii wurseen byda scouts cumin frumdi fishintriporum cum meni fishis. Caesar vasde litedbi causi cud usem tufeedis legions during Lentibus. Barbasol Burmashavius⁶ asced Caesar's cummans, et feelin purti gud bydis time, Caesar gavum inan imperius tone: "Hic! Haec! Hoc Soc et tuum."⁷ Knoin theimportancuv their duti de generalibus setouta findi Helvetii. Onthe fifda they mettem. The Helvetii bravli resis ted, sed were finali over cum bydi superioribus legionibus uv Rome. Buttthe Roman foundno fish—the Helvetii hadgot plenti buthad thrownem bac becus theywer belo legalsizibus. Et tu, Brute!

1. Josephus Garovellius. Originator of Roman Delicatessen habit. Famous for his baked suger-cured martyrs. Graduate of Rubican Business College.
2. A famous hash house of Rome which was particularly renowned for its beautiful swinging doors, many copies of which adorn buildings all over our country today.
3. This probably refers to Cleopatra, the Snake of the Nile, who had vamped Mark Antony 45-40 B. C., and had

gotten Caesar in tow from 43 to 40 B. C.

4. It seems as though Mark Antony had on his fifth conquest of the Rhine discovered the secret for the great capacity of the natives.

5. Horatio Algerius, Jr., was a famous Roman author, better known today as Horace. His comedy "From Pauper to Plutocrat" caused Cicero to say, "O tempora, O mores" in deep tones to indicate indignation.

6. Barbasol Burmashavius was cut into 8 sections by a practical joker and posted along the Appian Way (the quieter, more sleep route from Pompey to Rome, adv.), thus originating our advertising system.

7. "Soc et tuum" was an old Roman street cry during the evil days of the Empire when vice ran rampant. It later began to be used as a cheer of exhortation like our American term "Pour it on 'em", but that was not its original meaning.
A MEN



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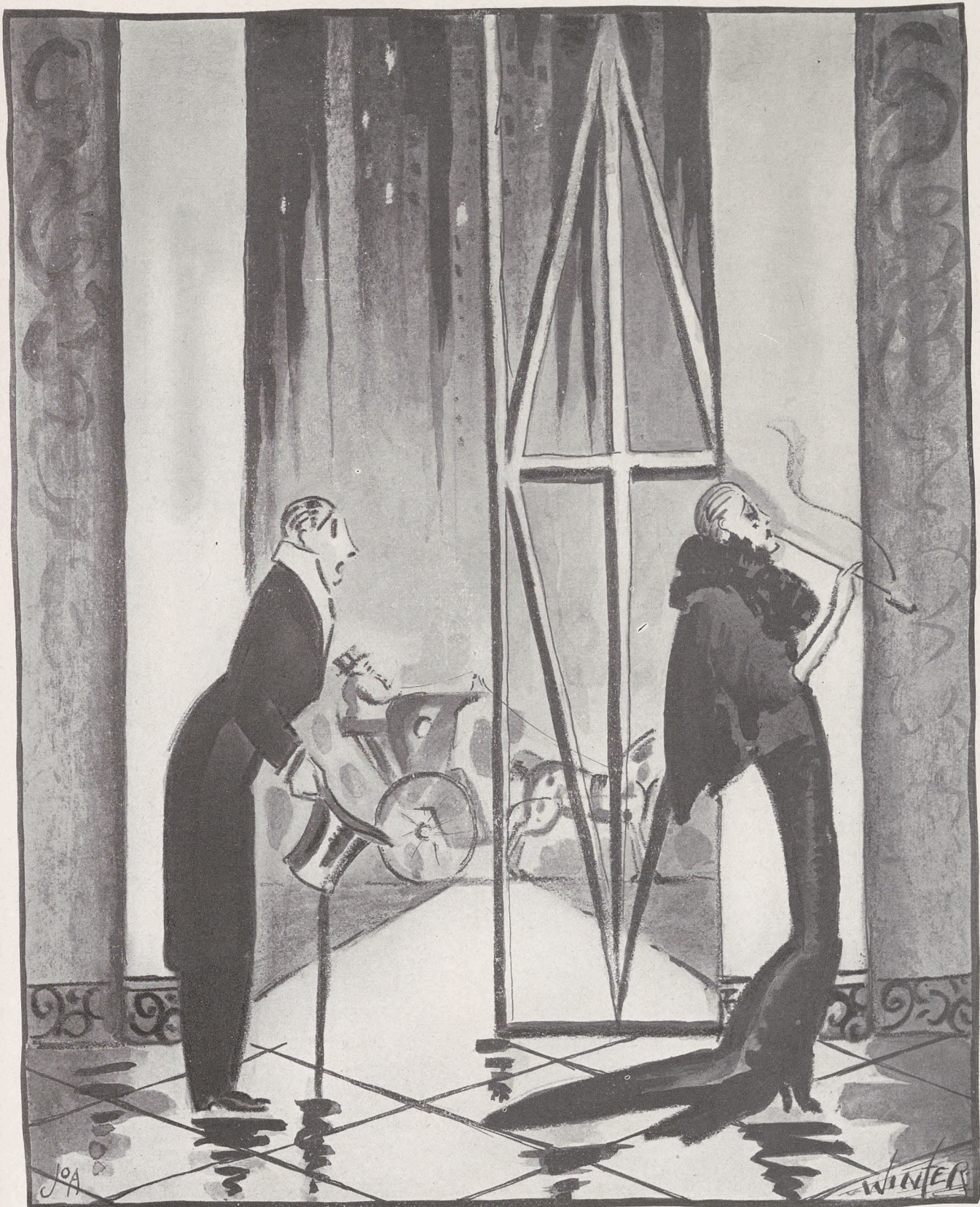
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Si Si Senorita!

THE theme of the April Number of Dirge will very appropriately be "Musical Comedy". Among the many old traditions and activities of the University, the annual musical comedy is fast gaining a place of preponderant popularity on the campus. Since Dirge agrees with the Quadrangle Club in that it thinks the latter's fifth production is to be by all odds her most beautiful and entertaining, Dirge's next number will print in word and picture the high spots of the production. A complete collection of the campus señoritas to nail over your desk?

A souvenir of something worth remembering?

Si, Si!



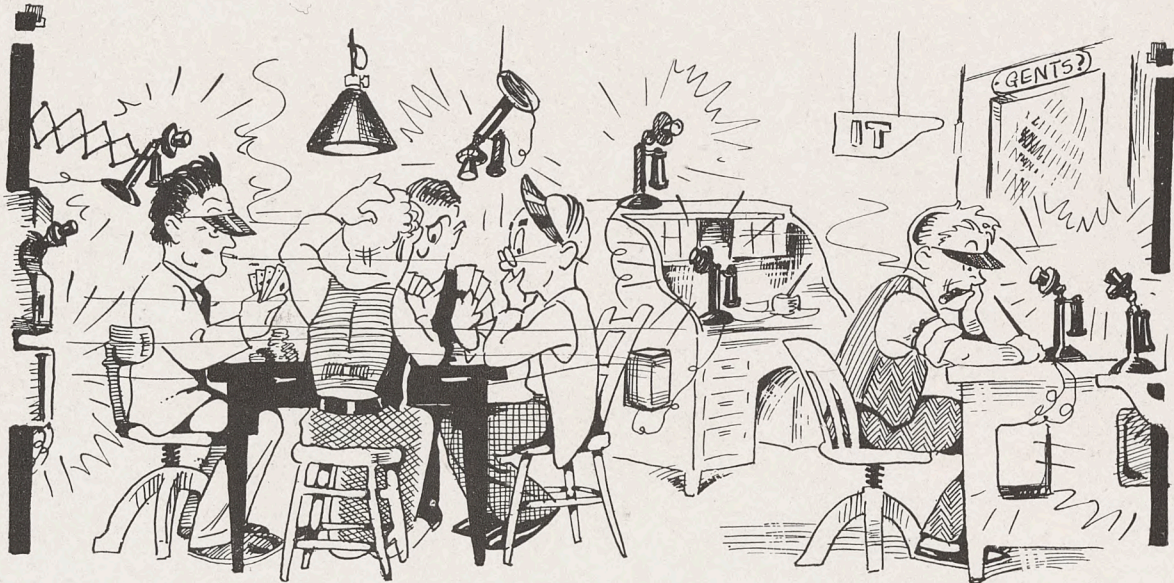
"But hurry, dear, we've missed the soup already!"

"Don't be Nineteenth Century, Cyril—the best people always arrive with the fish."

—Harvard Lampoon

THE BACK PAGE

by Bin Knecht



UNDERHAND PHOTO SERVICE

Cub reporter on phone—A revolution has broken out in Italy!
Bridge Editor, boosting the pot—A-ha! Duce's wild!

CAST-OFF CHARACTERS

Rob Barman—reporter
Moon Hankie—ditto
Oral Hygiene—goil friend
Theophilus O'Brien—sleuth
Charley—object of the man-hunt
Colonel Bee—three guesses—with his minions (both)
Jimmy Blookus—noise off-stage
Karl Schmicker—local color
Bull Bryan—omitted

Act I—The setting is the office of a big weekly newspaper, cigar butts and other reporters are strewn around promiscuously. The scene is one of general disorder. Two typewriters in various stages of decay are on a table.

The door opens and in comes THEOPHILUS O'BRIEN clad in woollens, for it was winter.

O'BRIEN (to reporters): Has anyone seen Charlie? E its in a cloud of Gold Dust).

(Enter Charley) CHARLEY: Has anyone seen Theophilus?

BARMAN: Quick, the hounds are after you. Your life is worthless if they find you, for they haven't eaten for thirty days, which makes one weak. (This is a joke.) Quick, into this roll-top desk. (Adv.)

CHARLEY: But, milord, I fear I am too corpulent. I have had no money for Marmola tablets.

BARMAN: Fear not my good friend. Roll up in this typewriter ribbon. The disguise will be perfect.

CHARLEY: (with an eye for business) You have a heart of gold. How much will you take for it? (Secretes self in ribbon.)

Enter O'Brien followed by the Col. and his haughty minions.

O'BRIEN (in deep voice, borrowed for the occasion): Coldest day I've seen in 35 years. Has anyone seen Charley?

COLONEL: (Remarks not understood by audience).

BARMAN: No, not for many a moon. (This is a cue.)

MOON: I've gotten in a new line of gent's ties. How about some?

BARMAN: Any ties like the Pi Phi's use?

COLONEL (in broken English): Hello!

O'BRIEN: Silence, Prithee, gadzooks, egad, man, we are searching for a criminal (for he had taken English Lit.) (Minions search premises and confiscate liquor and Barman's lunch.)

O'BRIEN: What's that over in the corner (pointing).

HANKIE: That's Karl Schmicker in a new suit.

(Barman opens his pocketbook and out falls ORAL HYGIENE, Charley's goil-friend.)

O'BRIEN: Ha! Ha! Here is where we get some information. Young lady, where is the scoundrel?

HYGIENE: Huh?

O'BRIEN: Put the screws on her, men.

(Curtain falls to spare audience this ugly scene)

Act II. (very short but also very tense)

Scenery the same. Time: a little later. ORAL is still resisting to divulge the hiding place of her paramour.

COLONEL: You will!!!

HYGIENE: I won't!!!

BARMAN: Excuse me, gents, I have to see a man about a dog.

(The COLONEL starts typing, absent-mindedly of course, in his native tongue and the ribbon unwinds disclosing CHARLEY. The colonel's minions rush for CHARLEY and in the excitement the curtain falls.)

Act III

The remainder of the play is written in rather technical Scandinavian and we insert a brief summary for the edification of any readers who have stuck to the finish.

The final outcome of the play, as we understand it, is something like this: It happens that Theophilus O'Brien was looking for a parking offender. Later it was proven that Charley has stolen Thurston's Vanishing Whippet and things looked rosy for an International trial. However, the gray-haired mother enters and takes her erring boy home, as the American flag is slowly unfurled and the sun fades in the Southeast.

CURTAIN (Thank God!)

The Cat and the Cannery

(A mystery melodrama in thirty-six acts)



A SNAPSHOT OF THE PALATIAL SMOKING ROOM OF THE S. S. VAN DYNE, TAKEN FROM THE POOP DECK

NOTE: This ever popular play broke all records by running for fourteen years and nine months in New York, and at the end of that time the first act was not yet completed. It has been estimated that if all the people who saw this drama during its New York run were laid end to end they would sleep a little better than they did while seeing the play.

Because of the nerve-racking excitement of the drama, the management keeps a fleet of trained nurses maneuvering in the aisles for the benefit of any patrons who are overcome with hysterics, hydrophobia, or the whooping cough. In case of a sudden attack, WALK, DO NOT RUN, to the nearest exit.

ACT 1 takes place in the bottom of a well in Saskatoon, Pa.

ACT 2 is laid in an old haunted house in Peoria, Ill. The place is full of spider webs, trap doors, cigarette stubs, and an atmosphere of mystery.

ACTS 3-36 inclusive are laid in the wastebasket at the request of the producer.

Cat donated by Pi Beta Phi.

Cannery by St. Louis Plumbing Co.

Refreshments in 5th balcony by U. S. Peanut Mines, Inc.

THE CAST:

Pierre Persimmon, the hero.

NOTE: On the opening night a back-drop fell on his head, and since then the drama has not had a hero.

Daffy Dill, an insane pickle manufacturer.

P.S.: Did you ever see an insane pickle?

Phillup McCann, a bar tender.

Molly Cule, the heroine.

Asphalt Alexander, a bootlegger, the villain!

The Cat.

The Cannery.

(Also firemen, waiters, Tex Guinan, Rin-tin-tin, off-stage noises, June bugs, Tri Delts, empty bottles, Student Life Staff, one-armed harpists and Lon Chaney)

ACT 1

NOTE: Because of the great amount of space given over to the above notes, acknowledgements, warning, etc., we have found it advisable to omit the entire first act. If you are interested in finding out what happened, we advise you to read the first act of any mystery play you are able to obtain.

ACT 2

(This act is known as the "Mann" Act, or "Tariff" Act, because of the great amount of detail involved.)

As the curtain rises, the Cat is seen sitting in an armchair, smoking a meerschaum pipe and reading the Police Gazette.

Enter Asphalt, disguised as a binomial equation, and walking on his hands to avoid leaving footprints.

Asphalt: Ha! I have you in my grip!!

(He pulls a grip out of his hip pocket, and takes out of it Molly, whom he casts into the audience.)

The Cat: Nice work. You ought to get a job with the National Broadcasting Co.

(NOTE: The cannery enters into the drama only as scenery.)

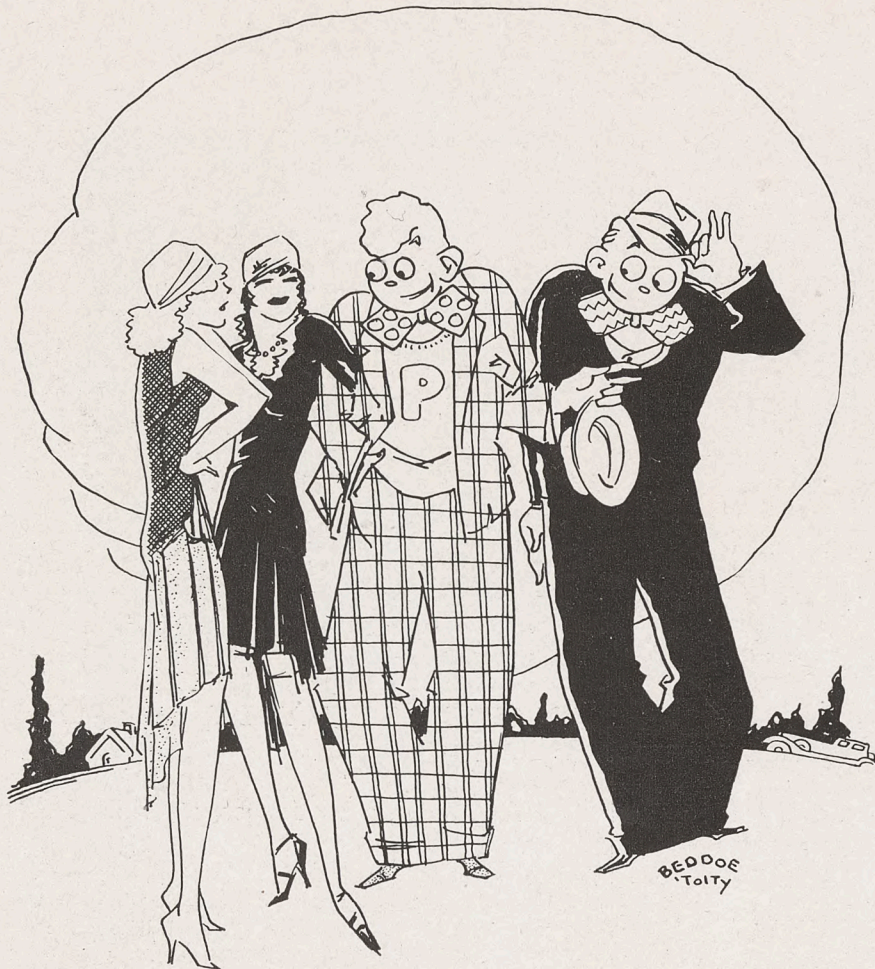
(At this point the villain sneaks across the stage and yanks off the cat's whiskers, revealing—El Brendel!)

Asphalt: Why Dan Baxter, what are you doing here?

Rudy Vallee (for that's who it really is): I just dropped in to furnish a little haunting music.

(The villain falls to the floor, pierced thru the heart.)

CURTAIN (Preferably asbestos)



Soph: Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up. I'll get you a date.

Frosh (cautiously): Yeh, and suppose you don't get the date?
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

R. S. Do you like my new dress?

V. P.—Wait till you sit down.
—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

Ali Baba stood before the door of the stone cavern and repeated the words that had been told to him.

"Open, Sesame!" he said loudly. Nothing happened.

"Open, Sesame!" he said more loudly. Less than nothing happened.

Finally he fairly bellowed: "Open, Sesame!" This time the great stone door rolled aside, and a weazened old man peeped from the opening.

"Come around tomorrow night," he said, "the place has just been raided."

—*Punch Bowl*

The Sightseeing Bus Was Touring New York City

Guide—On our right we have the palatial home of Mr. Gould.

Old Lady—John Jay Gould?

Guide—No, Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Old Lady—Cornelius Vanderbilt?

Guide—No, Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady): Now's your chance.

—*Log*

— D D D —

She—I've got the prettiest little niece.

He—Yeah, I couldn't help but notice them.

—*Punch Bowl*

Small Brother: "I just saw you kiss my sister."

Young Man: "Here. Keep still. Put this half-dollar in your pocket."

Small Brother: "Here's a quarter change. One price to all—that's the way I do business."

—*The Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

At a recent wedding one of the guests brought her young baby, it cried throughout the ceremony.

Eva Nelson—Wasn't it annoying the way that baby cried?

Heather Jean Douglas—It was simply dreadful. When I get married my invitations will have on them "no babies expected."

—*Wet Hen*

— D D D —

When a guy sleeps in a barn, he mustn't be surprised at whatever he finds in his hat in the morning.

—*Mugwump*

— D D D —

Professor: "Are you using crib notes on this examination, Mr. Pip?"

Pip: "No, sir. I'm copying out of the text."

Professor: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

—*Gargoyle*



Arabella: "I don't want you to wear my new hose to the party."

Barafella: "Oh, don't worry. They'll be in good hands."

—*Iowa Frivol*

Or That's What It's Called

In a packing case it's excelsior,
 In a mattress it's hair,
 In a garden it's weeds,
 In the butcher-shop it's sawdust,
 In a stable it's manure,
 In a field it's alfalfa—
 But in a cigarette it's tobacco.

— D D D —

We called her "Fire" cause she
 was easy to make but hard to put
 out. —*Buccaneer*

— D D D —

Traveling Man (to girl hotel
 clerk): I beg your pardon, but
 isn't there a washroom around
 here?

G. H. C.: No there isn't.

T.M.: How uncanny!

—*Snipper*

— D D D —

Statement—"I know my girl
 like a book."

Question—"Between the cover-
 ers, you mean?"

Answer—"Naw, from begin-
 ning to end."

—*Nevada Desert Wolf*



"So one of the government
 men higher up is a friend of
 yours! Can you get what you
 want out of him?"

"Hardly. He's a weather of-
 ficial."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*



"Why are all those birds following that man?"
 "He's wearing a horse-hair coat."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The Dirty Joke

When told by a girl, it's
 "risque"; at a smoker, it's
 "funny"; in a modern farce, it's
 "life"; in a novel, it's "clever"; at
 a church social, it's "shocking";
 and at a bridge tussle, it's "tame";
 but everywhere appreciated . . .
 and dirty.

—*The Chaparral*

— D D D —

He: "I guess I'm about the best
 sleeper in the world."

She: "Next to me?"

—*The Penn State Froth*

— D D D —

He called her Pacific Highway
 merely because she had soft
 shoulders. He knew nothing at
 all about her dangerous curves.

—*Columns*

Au Naturel

"Alice, do you think you will
 be warm enough going out in that
 dress?"

"Warm enough? Why mother,
 if I took off another stitch I'd be
 naked!"

—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Iceman: Is your mother at
 home?

Little Girl: Yes, but we don't
 want any ice. Daddy is here too.

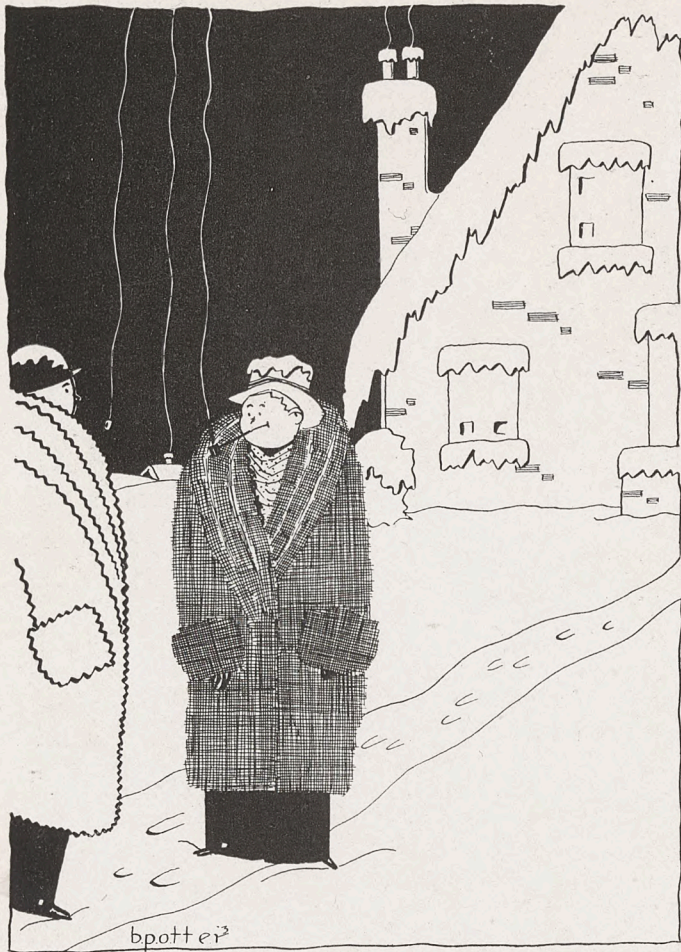
—*Puppet*

— D D D —

First Truck Driver—"Did you
 deliberately spit on me?"

Second Tobacco Chewer—"No,
 I just started to whistle and my
 mouth wash got in the way."

—*Pitt Panther*



First Brother: I could lend you \$5, but loaning money only breaks friendship.

Second Brother: Well, we were never very good friends.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

Jones went to the picture show the other night and saw "The Purple Garment." Came home and slept in purple pajamas.

The next night he saw the "Black Mantle." Came home and slept in his black night shirt.

A night later he saw "The Follies."

Now the durned fool is about to die with pneumonia.

—*Ranger*

— D D D —

He who laughs last is trying to think of a dirty meaning.

—*Mugwump*

— D D D —

"Are you looking at my knee?"

"No, dear; I'm above that!"

—*Frivol*

— D D D —

He (breaking)—"Don't you remember me? I met you last night at Slen's poker party."

She—"Oh, yes, you're the boy who wore the dirty B. V. D.'s."

—*Mink*

Cutting Reply

He: Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason.

She: I always leave things as I find them.

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

The famous Buckhead debating team will now discuss the question: Resolved, which is the butt end of a billygoat.

—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

After our last house party Elma says our chaperone is the type that would ride through a sewer in a glass bottom boat.

—*Argwan*

— D D D —

"Are you going to English Lit?"

"Say, whadda ya mean? I haven't touched a drop all week."

—*Cougar's Patz*

— D D D —

Mary: "Where were you during the dance last night?"

Sady: "Jack was showing me some new steps."

Mary: "Were they very hard?"

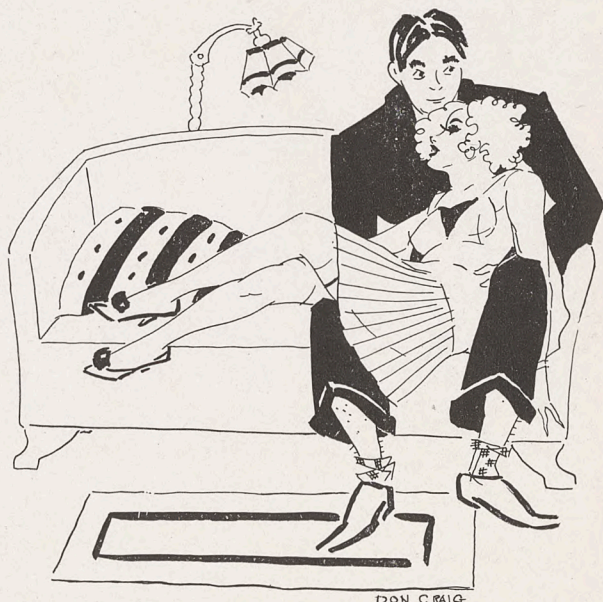
Sady: "Oh, no, we had some lovely new cushions."

—*Sniper*

— D D D —

We break down and weep at the terrible plight of the Frosh who just received his fraternity pin and had nothing but double-breasted suits.

—*Dodo*



Just another he-man with hair on his chest.

—*Iowa Frivol*

The R. O. T. C. was in camp.
 "Who goes there," called the rookie guard.
 "A Sigma Nu," came back the answer.
 Corporal of the guard—"Drunken man on post
 number two."
 —Kitty Kat

— D D D —

Here's to those who love us.
 And here's to those who don't
 A smile for those who are willing to
 And a tear for those who wont.
 —Log

— D D D —

B. U. '32: "Do you neck?"
 Smith '33: "That's MY business."
 '32: "Ah, a professional."
 —Boston Beanpot..

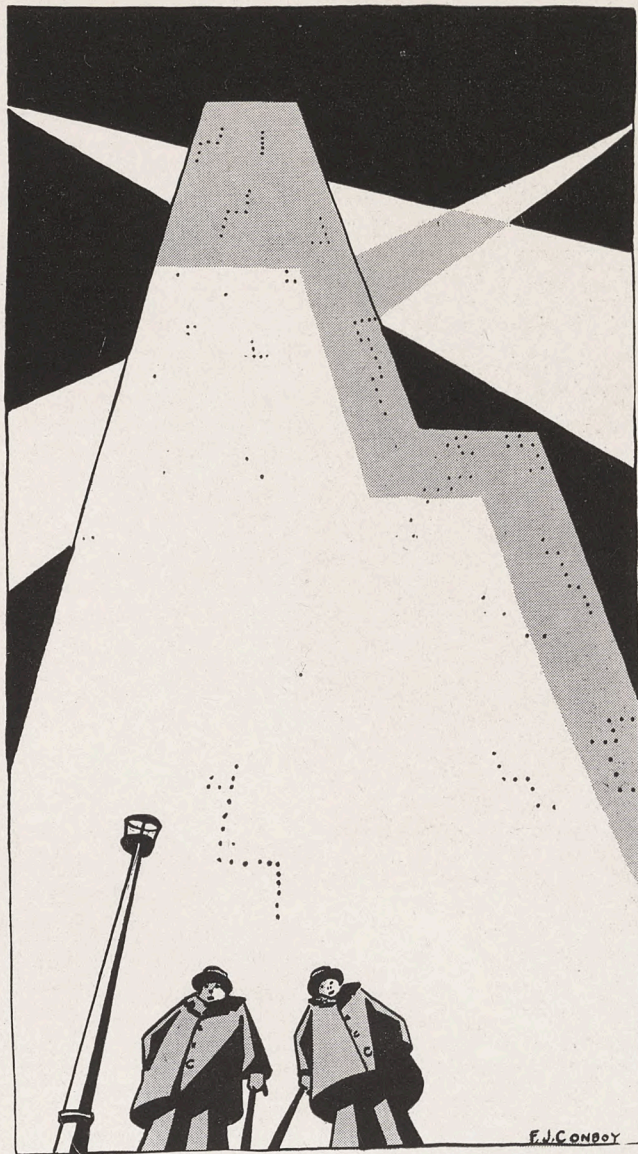
— D D D —

I. M. Nott: It's going to be one grand battle of
 wits.
 U. R. Sew: How brave of you to go unarmed.



The color-blind man is charmed by a beautiful
 blonde.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot



"What is Dr. Elliott noted for?"
 "I think it's for his five feet."

—Jugler

If the flapper of today used the hair-cloth sofa
 her mother did, she'd wear six petticoats, too.

—Whiz Bang

— D D D —

She: "You certainly look like your mother,
 little boy."

Young Plumber's Son: "Yeh, but I have me old
 man's fixtures."
 —Blue Bucket.

— D D D —

"She sure knows the secret of popularity, all
 right."

"Taint no secret, anybody can see that."

—Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

Milton: "I feel as if I had known you for years."

Betty: "I'll say you do."

—Rammer Jammer

What's To Be Scene

LOEW'S STATE

Metro Goldwyn Mayer's all Technicolor special in song, and talk, starring the one and only LAWRENCE TIBBETT, Metropolitan Opera Star, in "THE ROGUE SONG", the picture which has revolutionized the industry, a story by Franz Lehar with musical lyrics by the foremost artists in the composing of such. With comedy supplied by Hal Roach's inimitable comedy team, Laurel and Hardy, with beautiful Catherine Dale Owen giving the heart the thrill beats which all pictures should have, and last but by far not least, directed by the man who has given us more successes in his time with the talkies than all others placed together, LIONEL BARRYMORE. "THE ROGUE SONG", which is now playing at Loew's State Theatre is enjoying in Saint Louis the same deserved popularity that it has received elsewhere.

WILLIAM HAINES, that smart cracker of the films in years gone aback, is now taking the talkies by storm and getting away with even more hilarious fun in this new medium than he himself ever dreamed he could. He will soon be seen and heard in "THE GIRL SAID NO" at Loew's State with beautiful Leila Hyams, and supporting cast that will thrill every youthful reader of these pages.

"PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ", that glamorous tale of HARRY RICHMAN and starring RICHMAN himself is soon to be seen and heard at LOEW'S STATE THEATRE. This is the picture that has given the screen new life, and in this United Artists have what is conceded to be one of the finest Box Office attractions that has been received by Theatres since the movies went talkies. RICHMAN dwarfs everyone who has attempted to put across a song, all others fade before this dynamic show personality who sings with the gift of the veritable song birds in the gardens of Asia. RICHMAN, we hear, is the one man in pictures to-day who has what the girls call "IT", so when you read the definite date of HARRY RICHMAN'S "PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ" DON'T MISS IT.

MARION DAVIES, THAT LITTLE COMEDY IMP OF THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILMS, IS ALSO SOON TO BE HEARD AND SEEN IN THE COMEDY STRIP FEATURE, "NOT SO DUMB", AND WITH THE HELP OF A GALA SUPPORTING CAST WE BELIEVE THAT MARION WILL TEAR EVERYTHING LOOSE IN A NEW COMEDY THAT TO DATE HAS NOT REACHED THE TALKIES. MARION DAVIES IN "NOT SO DUMB" IS CONCEDED

TO REACH COMEDY HEIGHTS LITTLE DREAMED OF HERETOFORE.

JOAN CRAWFORD, that winsome daughter of Missouri, has the feminine lead in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's MONTANA MOON, with John Mack Brown and a stellar cast in support. There are excellent song numbers stretched throughout this production, most of the scenes in dialogue are taken in the open, and with this novelty you are assured the thrill of your very life. Joan and Johnny also put on some real hot lovin' and the fans, especially the femmes, are promised the seventh stage of thrilldom, so a word to the wise should be sufficient. BE ON HAND.

MISSOURI

Although actual dates have not yet been set, bookings for the next few months at Skouras Brothers' Missouri Theater include some of the finest and most colorful productions ever offered to St. Louis cinema goers.

Soon to be released is Frank Fay's first starring picture "Under a Texas Moon," with a great cast featuring Myrna Loy and Noah Beery. Fay, whose subtle wit attracted much attention when he was M. C. at Missouri, is said to be at his best in this all-color picture.

Soon to follow will be the mighty "Song of the West", a musical romance starring John Boles and a splendid cast of entertainers. Another picture with a somewhat similar title but of a vastly different scope is "The Song of the Flame", also booked for an early release.

"Paramount on Parade", a musical hit with all Paramount's glittering stars, revealing close-ups of the celluloid favorites in action behind the scenes, will soon follow as will "Hold Everything," featuring the wild momma of the screen, Winnie Lightner.

Topping the list of pictures booked for the Missouri as a part of the Super Show Group is "Mammy", starring the incomparable Al Jolson.

AMBASSADOR

Eddie Dowling, the New York musical comedy star of "Sally, Irene and Mary", and "Honeymoon Lane", is appearing in person on the Ambassador stage this week in conjunction with his latest all-talking hit, "Blaze O' Glory", in which Betty Compson plays the lead.

Dowling is best known in St. Louis as "The Rainbow Man" as it was in the picture of this name that

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© BROOKS BROTHERS

he first appeared on the silver screen. He is singing "Sleepy Valley", the "Rainbow Man" and other hits as a part of Ed Lowry's big stage show.

Next week the Ambassador flares out with the musical comedy "Honey", which features Nancy Carroll, Lillian Roth, Skeet Gallagher and Harry Green. At the same time the theatre is giving its annual spring style show. Ed Lowry likewise furnishes another one of his Publix entertainment units.

Following these attractions the Ambassador has booked "Young Eagles" with Buddy Rogers and Jean Arthur and "The Benson Murder Case", starring William Powell.

— D D D —

(Continued from page 8)

he heard a noise similar to one heard in Chapter 3 of "Tom Swift and his Robot, or Dates with the Thetas." What he saw gave him a cold chill, much like a chill in "Tom Swift and his Loud Speaker, or Running around with the Delta Gammas."

Don't fail to read the last volume of this, Number 1492X, "Tom Swift and his Tragic Death, or The Author Relents."

— D D D —

Right

Most of the cow belles are to be found in the sororities.

—Frivol

Nize Doggie

We had to sell our dog.
 What for?
 Why-er-he bit holes in the carpet.

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

Co-ed (eating off mantel): It's a sad tale—no, I haven't been riding, my sun tan dress was cut too low.

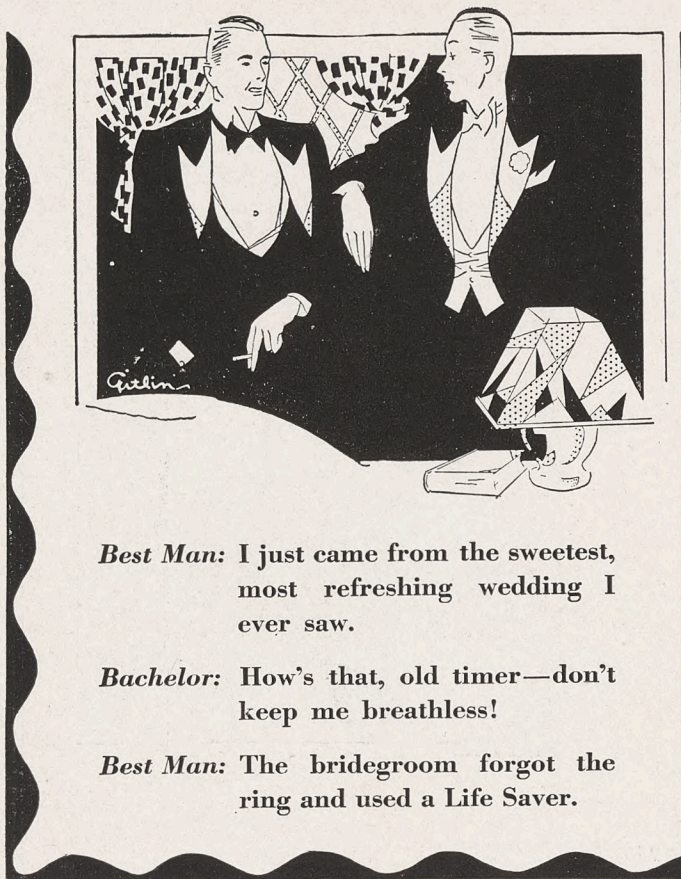
—Gargoyle.

— D D D —

*You think you're God's gift to women,
 Keep thinking, it's good for you; Gee!
 You may be a boon to your mother,
 But you're a big baboon to me.*

*You think you're a second John Gilbert,
 But really—you're just a flat tire.
 Your rightful place is the nursery,
 You'll never set the world on fire.*

*You're so small a snail could pass you,
 Really, my dear, you're all wet,
 Keep out of the way of the squirrels
 Or there'll be one get you yet.*



Best Man: I just came from the sweetest, most refreshing wedding I ever saw.

Bachelor: How's that, old timer—don't keep me breathless!

Best Man: The bridegroom forgot the ring and used a Life Saver.

Says B. U. Sue—"If evening gowns were cut much lower in the back—well, my dear—I simply couldn't bare it!"

—Beanpot

— D D D —

"Sire, Lady Godiva rides without."

Sire (after glancing without)—"Very tactfully put, my man."

—O. A. M. C. Aggievator

— D D D —

Capt. R.: "Where is the balance of the rifle?"
Frosh: "That's all they gave me."

—Rammer Jammer

SHALLCROSS SERVICE SATISFIES

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The porch swing gave forth a sporadic squeak which marked time to the scraping of the feet of the couple who sat entwined in its recesses.

"Squeak, squeak," went the swing.

Silence from the inmates.

"Squeak, squeak," went the swing.

More silence from the occupants.

The husky Adonis moved into a more comfortable position and fairly entwined his burly arm around the precious bit of femininity that lay so close to him. A faint and sweet grunt finally emitted from the object of the one with the burly arm's affections.

Finally, a honey-laden voice whispers confidentially into the brute's ear, "Bill, dear, you certainly have wonderfully developed arms. You must be on the wrestling team."

A husky answer, "Yea?—You must be on the track team."

"Squeak, squeak," went the swing.

—Ranger

— D D D —

"Aha, now I have you in my grip," cried the crafty villian as he placed his sweetheart's picture in his satchel.

—Wet Hen

— D D D —

He whispered
Sweet nothingness
into her ears
as they sat
all secluded
these two
and he murmured
i feel
like i'd known you
for years
and she answered
you
certainly do.

—Malteaser

— D D D —

"Here's a cigar. You two boys can flip for it."
"Give it to him; I'm no acrobat."

—Jug

— D D D —

Kissing abroad does not involve an ocean voyage.

—Wampus

— D D D —

It's a long jane that has no curves.

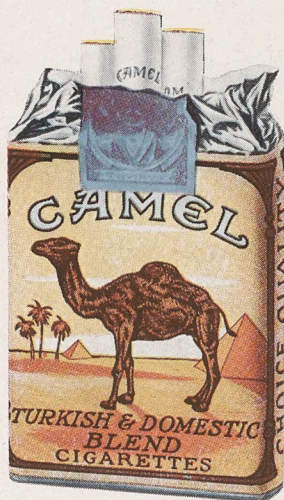
—Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

She—Why do you call this coo-coo coffee?
He—'Cause it's a little weak in the bean.

—Longhorn Ranger

CAMEL, Ike? . . . Yeh . . . and a match. . . . See 'em yet? . . . No. . . . Yes! . . . Here they come . . . around the bend . . . somebody 'way ahead . . . can't tell who yet. . . . Quit jumping up and down, Pete . . . you obstruct my view of the race . . . and that blonde over there. . . . Come on, big boys! . . . pull . . . pull! . . . Here, Tuffy—take a pull on a Camel . . . and keep cool. . . .



Some get off to a better start than others. But when the others learn the difference, they flock to Camels—just for the pleasure this better cigarette gives them.

BLUE VALLEY BUTTER



Is Good
Butter

Served on the Campus

Phi: How can I make a peach cordial?
Beta: Send her a box of candy.

—Bison

— D D D —

Captain: All hands on deck; the ship is leaking!
Voice from below: Aw put a pan under it and c'mon to bed.

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

“If the fullback hits the center, can the end run?”
“No, but the pigskin.”

— D D D —

Madly he clasped her in his arms. The tears trickled down her cheeks like rain drops on the petals of a beautiful rose. Longingly he gazed into her eyes.

“Darling,” he said, “let me kiss those tears away.”

And then he kissed her, and kissed her, and kissed her, and kissed her. But the tears still fell ceaselessly. He clasped her still more madly in his arms and drew her close to his manly breast.

Dearest,” he murmured, looking straight into her tear-stained eyes, “Can nothing stop those tears?”

“No,” she sighed, “It’s hay fever—but go right on with the treatment.”

—Dragon

SANDWICHES
and FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Prompt delivery to Fraternity Houses
and Dormitories

University City Pharmacy
Big Bend and University Car Tracks

The Old Maid: “Has the canary had its bath yet?”

The Maid: “Yes, he has, ma’am. You can come in now.”

—V. P. I. Skipper

— D D D —

“Harry has the nosebleed, sir, and wants to go home.”

“Go home nothin’, let him make the cherry pies today.”

—Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

Kiss me cute,
Kiss me cunning,
Kiss me quick,
Your daddy’s coming.

—Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

Famous Last Words: The chaperones will all be in bed by this time.

—Froth

— D D D —

“Say, ma; where is this virgin country the teacher tells us about?”

“Just wait until I see your teacher about this!”

— D D D —

“That makes a difference,” said Willie, as he snipped off the ear of one of the twins.

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

She pursed
her lovely
lips
all up
and sed
in accents sweet
the beauty expert
sez
i hav
a mouth
that can’t be beat
i smiled
and
demonstrating
with the proper
pantomime
i whispered
i’ll put mine
up
against it
any time.

—Malteaser

How to Tie a Bow Tie

Adjust the tie tentatively before your mirror. Close your eyes and visualize the process. Work up a sweat and finally get it fixed. Discover that one wing is much too long. Untie it and start all over again. When you are tired put the tie in the drawer and grow a long beard.

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

— D D D —

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and desert
And then she gave the wrong address,
The dirty little flirt. —*Judge*

— D D D —

Frosh (observing a bowlegged co-ed): "Santa Claus sure played a dirty trick on that girl."

Soph: "Why?"

Frosh: "Look what he put in her stocking." —*Wampus*

— D D D —

Phi: Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?
Bete: No, that's the perfume she uses.

—*Wasp*

— D D D —

The Hunter

"You have no heart," he exclaimed, as she turned away after the ten-minute kiss.

"Oh, yes I have," she answered. "You simply have not found it." —*Pelican*

— D D D —

For years and years, the two sexes raced for supremacy—now they've settled down to neck and neck! —*Bison*

— D D D —

Frat: Do you exercise with dumb-bells?
Sorority: Is that your way of asking me for the next dance? —*Bison*

— D D D —

Football Statistics

If all the seats in the Yale bowl were placed side by side, what a hell of a big time a Sophomore could have with a paddle! —*Sniper*

— D D D —

Dean: "Did you cut your metallography yesterday?"

32: "No, sir, I did that playing football."



Spring!

So much has been said about it—our attempts would narrow down to just plain burlesque. And why should we attempt that when you've done so fine a job of plain and fancy burlesque in your February Dirge.

Seriously then, when Spring, among other things, ruins your appetite, why not try a delicious, cold Doubl' Rich Malted Milk? You'll find it's just the thing for Spring days when you need "pep" and a real "pick-up."

Provided, of course, that it's made by the—

Walgreen Co.
DRUGS WITH A REPUTATION

My roomy says there are lots of things a girl shouldn't do before twenty. Well, personally I don't enjoy such a large audience either

—*Burr*

— D D D —

The laziest guy in the world handed in an exam paper in which he said the following: "Please see Pete's paper for my answers."

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

Newlyweds

He: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"
She: "O, John! How could you? This is lemon pie." —*Buffalo Bison*

— D D D —

"What're you writing?"
"A joke."
"Well, give her my regards."

—*Puppet*

— D D D —

"I've been window shopping."
"Whadda ya mean, window shopping?"
"Why, looking in windows."
"Hell, nobody's going to bed this time of night."

—*California Pelican*

Your Chef Has Selected—

Sold
Thru
Retail
Grocers

Use
It
At
Home

“Today’s Golden Treasure”

“Where are you going my pretty maid? Why do you pass me by?”

“I’m on my way to the ‘gymnathtic school,’” she lisped as she heaved a thigh.

—*Rammer Jammer*

— D D D —

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with about the same amount of feeling.

—*Dragon*

— D D D —

She—I could waltz to heaven with you.

He—Can you reverse? —*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

In the cold moonlight his lips were white,
While her’s were vivid carmine shade.

Our hero felt the calls to arms,
And joined the colors unafraid.

—*Rammer Jammer*

— D D D —

Tillie: Mithter, I want thome adhethive plathter.

Drug Clerk: What thickness?

Tillie: Don’t make fun of me!

—*Toronto Goblin*

— D D D —

“That’s a terrible looking bunch of legs over there, ain’t it?”

“You bet. Not a calf in a carload.”

—*America’s Humor*

— D D D —

Or the Chinese

The Icemen’s National Convention recently adopted as their national anthem that touching ballad, “Where is the Tong of Tongs for me?”

—*Juggler*

Missionary (horrified): “You say you ate your own father and mother? Why, that means you’re a cannibal!”

Black Boy—“No, an orphan.”

—*Lampon*

— D D D —

“John, stop at the next cloud, I want to see a man about an eagle.”

—*Brown Bull*

— D D D —

What is a stag? Just a deer with no doe.

—*Grimmell Malteaser*

— D D D —

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

—*Brown Bull*

— D D D —

“When did you first suspect that your husband was not all right mentally?”

“When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples.”

—*Ollapod*

— D D D —

No, No, No, Paradides, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house.

—*Witt*

— D D D —

Pilgrim Number

We are twins and look alike. When we were in school my brother threw an eraser and hit the teacher. She whipped me. She didn’t know the difference, but I did. Brother was in a fight and the judge fined me five hundred dollars. He didn’t know the diff, but I did. I was to be married, but my brother arrived at the church first and married my girl. She didn’t realize, but I did.

But I got even for all that. I died last week and they buried him.

—*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

First Sparrow: “See that nice new hat down there?”

Second Sparrow: “Well, what of it?”

First Sparrow: “Well, I wast just wondering.”

—*Nebraska AzoGwan*

— D D D —

Student: “That girl that just passed us lives next door and you didn’t even tip your hat.”

2nd Student: “Gee, I didn’t recognize her when she was dressed.”

—*Rammer-Jammer*

A Unanimous Verdict

A pretty little maid from Siam,
Once said to her lover, Kiam,
You may kiss me, of course,
And you'll have to use force,
But thank heavens
You're stronger than I am.

—*Rammer-Jammer*

— D D D —

Sheik: "Have you heard the English pants song?"

Sheba: "No, what is it?"

Sheik: "London breeches falling down."

—*Mugwump*

— D D D —

Aunt: Does your poor mother know that you drink, Bobby?

Bobby (aged 12): Naw, she doesn't even know that I've found where she hides it.

—*Longhorn*

— D D D —

Grocer—Here's your flypaper. Anything else?

Rastus—Yas, suh, Ah wants about six raisins.

Grocer—Do you mean six pounds?

Rastus—Naw, suh, about six, jes enuf fo' decoys.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

Mother—If you get a job in the chorus, I hope you won't wear tights.

Daughter—Oh, but they don't wear them any more.

Mother—Well, I'm very much relieved to hear that.

—*Exchange*

— D D D —

If You Choose

"Chaucer?"

"No thank you. I'd rather smoke."

—*Royal Gaboon*

— D D D —

Love

If she can't talk, you call her taciturn.

If she's a gossip, you call her a brilliant conversationalist.

If she's skinny, you call her fashionably slender.


If she's fat, you call her pleasantly plump.

If she's tall and seedy, you call her willowy and graceful.

If she's a sawed-off runt, you call her petite.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

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NOTE BOOKS**
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Greeting Cards for Every Occasion

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Orchestra Leader—"What key are you playing in?"

Boob—"Skeleton key."

O. L.—"Skeleton key?"

Boob—"Yeh, fits anything."

—*Pitt Panther*

— D D D —

The Phonetic Curse of an Aching Heart

Yew *may-duh* me *whah* tie *yam* tuh-day,

I *hoe* pure *sad-duss-fide*.

Yew *durrag-gud-duh* me *dah-oon* anda *dah-oon*
nun-teel

Thah *solah* we-*thinnah* me *die-yud*.

Yew *shad-terrede* chan *devery* dur-*reaman*,

Yew *fool-duh* me *furrumuh* thuh *staht*;

An *dall-though* yew-*rah* nah-*tah-tur rue*,

May *Garw* duh *buhleshoo*,

That's thuh *coy suv* uh *nay-keeng haht!*

—*Judge*

— D D D —

A northern store-keeper ran the following advertisement: "Apples, oranges, imported nuts, fruit cake. Come early and avoid the rush. The early bird gets the worm."

—*Mugwump*

CABANY 5016 CABANY 6590

**NELSON'S
ICE CREAM**
of a Finer Quality

Bakery Goods **Light Luncheon**

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE
10% off for Washington University order

CORSAGES

Elco Corsages, Cut Flowers, Plants,
etc. are reasonably priced and the
Best Quality You can pay more,
but you cannot get better Quality.
We Deliver Anywhere, Anytime.
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Elco Florists 6364 DELMAR

Have You Heard of the Scotchman Who—

- stood on the street corner with two slices of bread in his hand, waiting for the traffic jam?
- talked through his nose to keep from wearing out his false teeth?
- went cocoo trying to shoot off a cannon a little bit at a time?
- asked the floorwalker in a five-and-ten-cent store where the furniture department was?
- cured his seasickness by swallowing a quarter?
- gave his friend two homing pigeons as a birthday present?
- hoarded all his toys for his second childhood?
- went crazy because he bought a score card at a ball game and neither team scored?
- wrote a farewell note and went to a neighbor's house to turn on the gas?
- works his crossword puzzles up and down because he doesn't want to come across?

—*Sour Owl*

— D D D —

When a man tells you he "got his auto for a song," it means that he gave several notes for it

—*Mugwump*

— D D D —

The electrician was puzzled. "Hi," he called to his assistant, "put your hand on one of these wires." The assistant did as he was told. "Feel anything?"

"No."

"Good!" said the electrician. "I wasn't sure which wire was which. Don't touch the other one or you'll drop dead."

—*Mugwump*

— D D D —

Mother: And darling, this is your new father.

Daughter: But mummy, we hardly used the last one.

"Madam," said the pious visitor, I am giving advice and consolation to unhappy wives. Do you know where your husband is every night?"

"I certainly do."

"Alas, madam, you think you do."

"Think, nothing! If he gets out of where he is now he'll have to raise a granite slab that weighs at least a ton, and he couldn't even lift a scuttle of coal when he was alive."

— D D D —

Friend: Did you have your new car when you were stalled in the park?

Enemy: No, only a new girl.

— D D D —

"And now, my good people," said the temperance lecturer, "in order to prove to you the intelligence of animals, suppose we set a bucket of water and a bucket of beer before a mule, which would he choose? Why, the water, of course. And why?"

Voice from the balcony: "Because he's a jackass."

— D D D —

We call our baby "Weatherstrip" because he kept father out of the draft during the war.

—*Froth*

— D D D —

I wonder what made Mame shake that traveling salesman.

Why, she says he went too far.

— D D D —

Haffen: Do you know what she told me last night?

Haff: No.

Haffen: Howdya guess it?

— D D D —

Auto: "Love-making is the same as it always was."

Matic: "How can you tell?"

Auto: "I've just read of a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night."

—*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

Fond Mother—"When I was your age I never stayed out later than eleven."

Daughter—"Yes, mother, but the speakeasies don't close at ten like the saloons used to do."

—*The Widow*

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Strengthen your Defense Mechanism



9
MILLION
a day

The best defense is the attack. The best time to attack is when you're feeling good. You feel your best when refreshed. Q.E.D.; also, Eh, Voila! — Coca-Cola!

Refreshment—that's the true inward meaning of Coca-Cola. Ice-cold, sparkling, delicious — an all-day drink, pure as sunlight. For millions of people, every day, Coca-Cola is the first thought and the last word in wholesome refreshment.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

CM-2

**"FIRST A SHADOW
then a sorrow"**

| Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882 |

**"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"**
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

**AVOID THAT
FUTURE SHADOW**

by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion

We do not represent that
smoking **Lucky Strike** Ciga-
rettes will bring modern figures
or cause the reduction of flesh.
We do declare that when tempt-
ed to do yourself too well, if
you will "Reach for a **Lucky**"
instead, you will thus avoid
over-indulgence in things that
cause excess weight and, by
avoiding over-indulgence, main-
tain a modern, graceful form.



When Tempted
**Reach
for a
LUCKY**
instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.