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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
Ohio





**“THEY DON'T  
GET YOUR  
WIND”  
ATHLETES SAY**

LOU GEHRIG, baseball star, who prefers Camels for steady smoking

*So mild, athletes smoke  
as many as they please—and  
that's real mildness!*

Of course you want mildness in a cigarette. And athletes—to whom “wind,” healthy nerves, “condition” are *vital* important—insist on mildness.

Lou Gehrig, baseball’s “Iron Man,” says: “Camels are so mild they never get my ‘wind.’”

George Barker, former intercollegiate cross-country champion, says: “Camels are so mild, they don’t cut my ‘wind’ in any way.” Bobby Walthour, Jr., star of the six-day bike grinds, says: “I’ve got to have ‘wind’ in bike racing. For my cigarette I long ago chose Camels.”

Tommy Armour, speaking for golf, Bruce Barnes for tennis, and Betty Bailey for aquatic sports—all agree: “Camels don’t get your ‘wind.’”

*What this real mildness  
can mean to you!*

It means you can smoke as many Camels as you please. Athletes say Camel’s costlier tobaccos never disturb your nerves—never tire your taste—never get your “wind.”

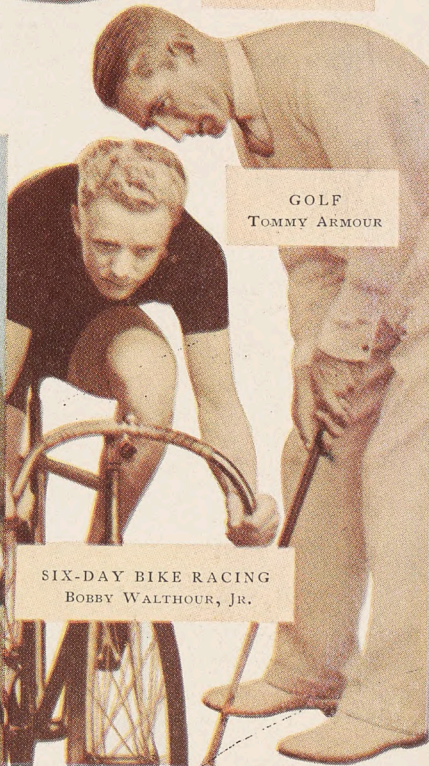


TRACK  
GEORGE BARKER

TENNIS  
BRUCE BARNES

DIVING  
BETTY BAILEY

BASEBALL  
LOU GEHRIG



GOLF  
TOMMY ARMOUR

SIX-DAY BIKE RACING  
BOBBY WALTHOUR, JR.

**MOST OF THE PLEASANT THINGS** in life are doubly pleasant when you’re “in condition.” Smoke Camels all you please! Athletes say Camels never get your “wind.”

**SO MILD  
YOU CAN SMOKE  
ALL YOU WANT!**



© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

**Camels** **COSTLIER TOBACCOS!**

• Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

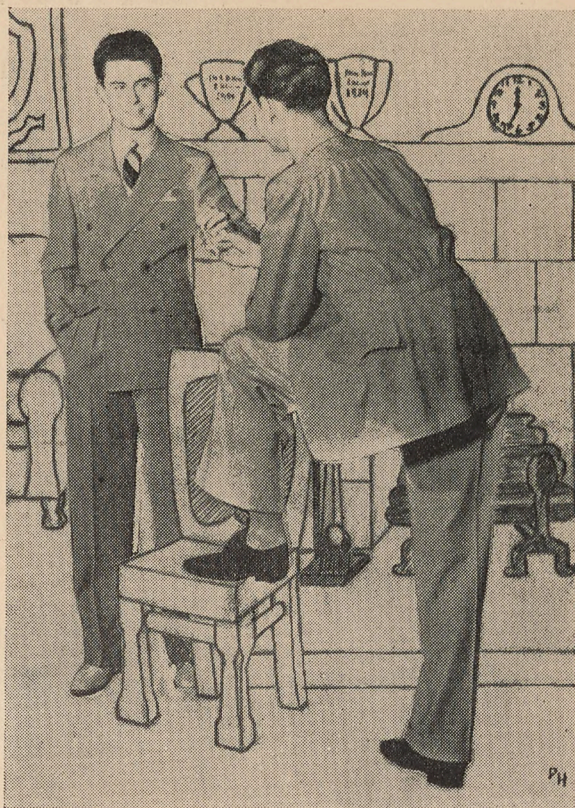
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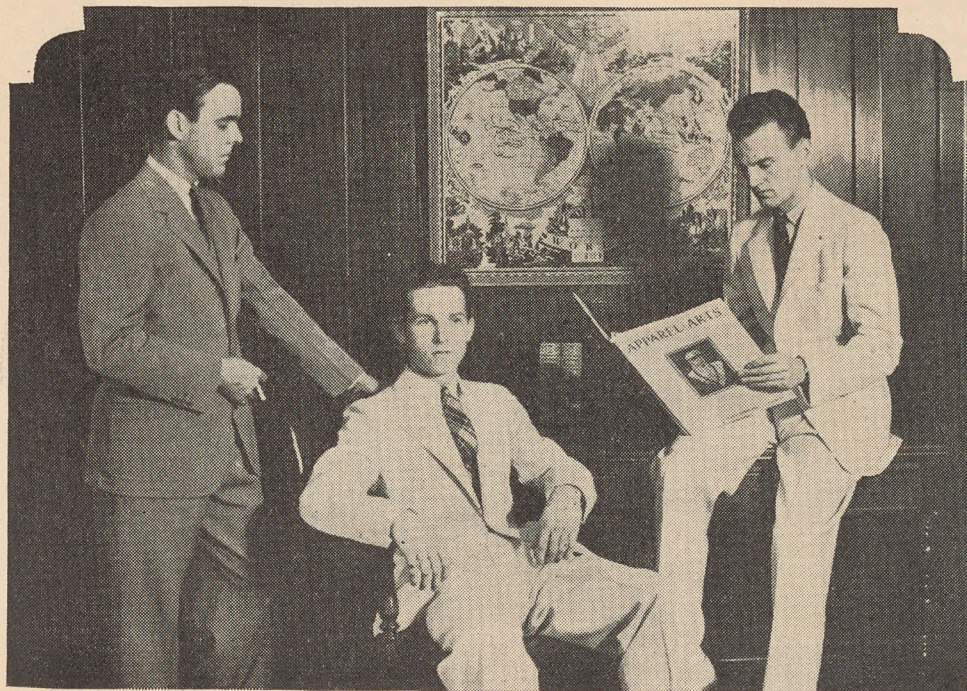
**COOL, SMART—CORRECT**

Lukie Keeler and Walter Lorch are wearing Greenfield's latest in summer evening wear. Lorch is wearing a double-breasted white tuxedo coat with shawl collar. Trousers are black. Both coat and trousers are of lightweight Palm Beach.



**SHIRRED BACKS ARE "EASY"**

Bill Bohn, on the left, is "modeling" a grey double-breasted poplaire suit from Greenfield's, with shirred back jacket. Ed Carson is wearing a sport outfit consisting of a tan herringbone coat with slightly darker checked slacks. Brown suede shoes complete the set-up.



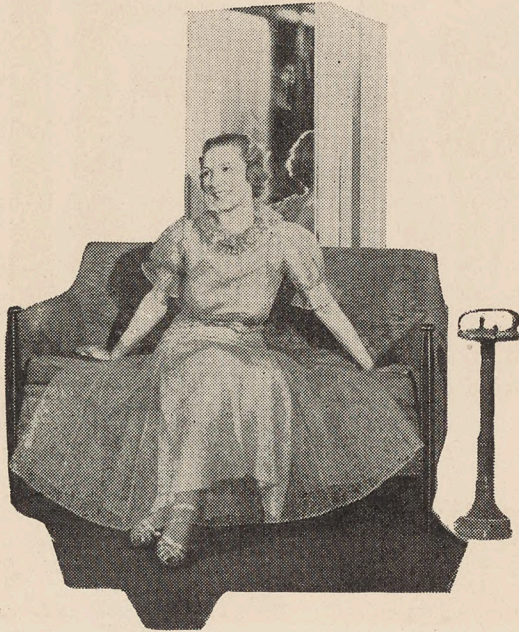
**THREE SPORTY DEVILS**

Campus celebrities, Skinner, Ford, and Hillman, standing, sitting, and half-sitting, respectively, showing several lightweight models from Greenfield's. Hillman and Ford are wearing single-breasted summer crash suits. Trousers are slightly tapered and have two pleats. Skinner is wearing a light grey garbardiné suit, single-breasted with shirred back, and patch pockets with flaps.



# Women's Styles

by BEE FERRING



A day and a half out of San Francisco! Carryl stretched lazily in her deck chair and began pondering over what to wear to dinner.

Carryl and several friends were cruising the Pacific; with school out and no worries ahead, the smart young things looked forward to a quick barge through the Panama Canal and probably stops at old Panama, then a fascinating visit at Havana with lots of shopping at native marts.

Carryl tossed her cigarette over the rail and strolled down to her spacious cabin. Soft sea breezes refreshed her tanned face as she crossed the room to select her dinner gown. She chose a piquant lace dress in Dubonet, a new shade of blue, that made her seem a bronzed goddess. She turned around slowly in front of her mirror; the high tucked flowers at her neck and the short puffed sleeves pleased her. The frill that started at her chin rippled down to a daring low décolletage at the back. The dress, with its slim waist and full skirt seemed to place Carryl fittingly on the luxurious liner gliding through summer waters.

## . GREENFIELDS .

"There's to be a glorious dance tonite, Carryl," said Betty bursting into the room. "Going?" Carryl knew that the dance would be thrilling, but decided to turn in early and rest up for deck tennis and swimming in the morning. Watching Betty dress, Carryl decided that Betty must wear her apricot lace gown to do complete justice to her dark beauty. And what a dress! . . . Peau D'auge lace with straps in a matching velvet. Carryl held the dress high over Betty's head and helped her slip her slim body into it. She stated with finality that

the gown gave Betty a simply gorgeous figure! The slight train and back peplum were new notes, the peplum following the new trend of feminine flounces. Betty completed her ensemble with matching sandals and velvet coat.

In this dress Betty revealed the quality of her taste. As she left the stateroom bound for the crowded salon full of the laughing and beflowered passengers, she made a charming and romantic figure on this brilliant tropic night.

## . GREENFIELDS .

Carryl's days were crowded. After six days away from farewells, old friends and old places we find her taking a brisk turn on the deck early in the morning. She ran into Betty and a few companions who were rounding up a crowd for shuffle-board and deck tennis. Carryl promised to come back and join them after a swim.

A half hour later as she lay on the edge of the outdoor swimming pool, Carryl felt that she couldn't get enough of the sun and invigorating air about her. She spent another half hour lazily trying to count the swooping gulls with her shipmates, then left the pool to join her friends.

On rejoining them, our vacationer found them poring over a large pamphlet describing Havana. Carryl noted



BEE FERRING, STELLA KING AND LOIS SIMCOKE



mentally how appropriately the girls were dressed for their first stop-over, Havana. She was reminded that she, too, must dress soon to go ashore.

Mary-Ann, the petite blond on the left, was wearing a tub silk in blue and white. The nautical effect was achieved in this two-piece dress by the double-breasted closing, finished off with four huge blue buttons. The frock's low neckline promised to keep Mary-Ann cool and comfortable while delving into the quaint and curious sights at Havana. Blue and white oxfords and a smart white sailor turned her out as a well finished product.

Dorothy, holding the booklet, was also a pleasing sight on this exciting morning. Her tailored two-piece dress was white washable crepe dotted with navy. Made in the best masculine tradition, this dress was bound in white silk braid. The mannish effect was completed by a soft white monogrammed kerchief at her neck. Dorothy's shoes were the standby white ghillies, so comfortable for walking, and she wore a hat of white straw banded in blue.

Jessie, standing behind the girls, wore well a travel suit of light weight homespun material. Its color was a green, almost the color of the mighty Pacific itself. The swagger length, she had decided, was the smartest thing to choose in a travel coat, aside from its utter practicability.

Carryl was soon discussing clothes and Havana with the girls and all but forgot to go down and change her own things for the exciting adventures ahead.



GENE PENNEY AND MARION HYMAN



LUCILLE KEELER

The ship was departing from Havana. As it pulled away the girls had pleasant remembrances of Cuba. They leaned on the rail and flung out their arms in smiling farewells to everyone on shore.

Carryl with two new friends who were boarding the boat at Havana, decided on a short rest and then luncheon in the cool dining room as a relief from the blazing tropic sun.

Later as she came on deck to meet her new friends, she found them absorbed in a seaplane overhead. The sisters, both dark complected, looked entrancing to everyone as they gazed interestedly at the skies above.

The taller of the two sisters wore a printed crepe suit with a short belted jacket. This jacket she removed at luncheon and disclosed a charming short sleeved dress that boasted a wide puritan collar of organdie. She explained to Carryl that two weeks in Havana had taught her to choose such a crisp collar that she was assured would stay completely appealing in warm weather. She had evidently chosen her huge blue cartwheel hat for the same obvious reason, the heat. This interesting hat went well with her smart navy, red and white dress.

The other sister, Joan, wore an afternoon dress of blue cotton eyelet. The collar was finished off with blue velvet bows that matched the belt. She wore a clever winged white hat to shade her eyes. Joan was thus agreeably gowned for the whole afternoon.

Carryl looked forward to three more delightful days on board, then New York and home again. What a delight the trip had been from sailing day on! Carryl felt that she had enough memories from these two weeks to brighten the rest of her entire summer.

GREENFIELDS



# Hitting the High Spots

Bringing William Swindler's Activities History  
Up-to-Date With a Fast Play-by-Play Account  
Of the More Dramatic of the Year's Events

- September 28.** Slosh, goes the tackle, as the annual McKendree water-polo game starts off the history-making football season. "Eighteen to nothing," mumbles the water-logged spectator as the white pig-skin slithers over the mud flats.
- October 6.** The World Series sky-writers circle overhead as Don Wimberly steps back and rockets a 40-yard pass to Ed Wagner. "Just a practice game," says Bob Zuppke, biting his fingernails, as the scoreboard rings up 7-6 on the Illini.
- October 26.** The Wimberly catapult loops another, and a fifteen-year-old jinx takes the count as Bob Hudgens rakes it in. The Drake Bulldogs climb in their buses and wonder if that 20-0 is real.
- November 10.** Thyrsus puts on the English 16 plays, and Jim Gillis comes to the front as a new leading man in Al Wilkinson's "Co'n Meal Cakes." "I swing up de shovel!" Jim shouts, as the firelight streams up on him, and the darkened house shivers.
- November 29.** The short Thanksgiving afternoon grows dim and the St. Louis U. thousands sit glum and silent on their side of Walsh stadium, watching a city championship die the death. Twenty-seven to seven, and they expected it.
- November 30.** Ends around and reverse spinners through the Field House as Lock and Chain whirls through the first Football Dance. The lights go out, the lights go on, and there they are, the co-captains of the 1935 football team. Pictures of Zibby, Chick, Jim, Gale, and ex-Cap Harry, and then on with the dance.
- December 6.** The girls grab at the tin chairs, flames lick up toward the rafters, and Lovick Draper sails through them to the water. Splash—and the second Water Carnival ends a two-night stand.
- December 8.** The cold north wind whips down and turns the fiery S. M. U. Mustangs to icicles. Captain Harry Brown, playing his last game, blows on his hands and worries about the 7-0 lead.
- December 15.** With its cleats thawing out, the football team rocks back on the heels of its basketball shoes and watches Westminster click through a fast opening game. When the fog clears it sees 35-24 and longs for the goal posts.
- February 8.** The T-squares take a night off and the rag-bag comes to the front, as the architects tussle through their annual brawl. "It's a Moonlight Waltz," somebody yells, the band gets crazier, the stags get into the spirit and the spirits, and the dance goes on.
- February 14.** Stage-manager Usher poisons the Rimplegars' cocktails with vile likkers and the wild-eyed cast of Thyrsus' gloriously insane "Three Cornered Moon" grows wilder-eyed still as the audience rolls around January Courtroom.
- March 2.** The guns ring through the Des Moines field house and Ed Waite sprints to a stardom in his first varsity meet, pulling the badly outnumbered Bears to a Valley second in the indoor championships.
- March 14.** "Hot Lips" and beautiful girls as another Junior Prom goes by the boards. Norwood Hills, jammed with tuxes, tails, and low-backed evening dresses, vibrates to the trumpet notes of Henry Busse, and the queens and maids walk sedately up the aisle to the strains of "Anything Goes."
- March 23.** Fred Varney climbs out dripping and shining from his third race, and wraps up his second Valley record, as the swimming team rings up its twelfth Conference championship in fourteen years.
- March 29.** "Take off that mask, I know you." The engineers give another Masque Ball, without the Goon and the Sea Hag, but not without the Marx Brothers. The coronation goes off smoothly, lawyers notwithstanding, and the queen just misses a hot seat from the electrical engineers.
- April 12.** Boiler works thunder rumbles on the Quad, and the curtain rises on a soldier-in-a-jelly-glass peace skit, as the Washington sector of the national peace demonstration opens fire. "Boooooo-oooo" howls the uniformed R. O. T. C. division, while the Student Leaguers scurry about showing people that capitalism means war.
- April 12.** The soldiers and the civilians get together for one big night at the Military Ball. The music stops, the officers stand still and let their medals swing, and here is the Female Colonel with a bang, bang, bang.
- April 13.** Click! "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear a debate—" and Washington and St. Louis U. debaters take their stands at the KMOX microphone to show the city that after three years, forensic relations between the Hilltop and Grand Avenue are resumed.
- April 24.** "We're quite dead," says Barney Ofner, and eight seniors strut their last stuff for Thyrsus in "Outward Bound," with Bob Baxter sailing for the

(Continued on page 24)





*I struck a  
Match in the Rain —*

*I struck a match amid the rain drops  
While there we waited you and I.  
A little flame revealed we both liked Chesterfield.  
You know — I know — They Satisfy.*

*You smiled and said, "They do taste better"  
And I replied, "They're milder, too."  
Those words just fit them to the letter.  
You know — I know — They're true.*

*And now we're furnishing a cottage  
Where we'll be happy by and by.  
Because the night we met, you held that cigarette.  
You know — I know — THEY SATISFY.*

*Chesterfield*



## We Have With Us—

THIS, to begin with. Now that our editorial page has developed into an anthology of short short stories, we snatched this skinny stick of print out of the Great White Spaces of the old staff page and expect to use it on our contributors, to pat them on and stab them in the backs after it's too late for them to do anything about it.

BILL VAUGHAN, who was drawing cartoons for *Dirge* when he was a junior in high school, making his first appearance as a cartoonist since the final *Dirge* last spring. Bill has already dragged the notorious Professors Schmaltz and Twiggle out of the ink pot, and is slicking down their whiskers for the fall showing.

SERRIL GERBER, the Student Leaguer. A really remarkable fellow—no bombs, no long hair, and no soap box—who happened to be passing through the campus when we asked for an article. About twenty-two years old, a junior at the University of California, he is employed by the national office of the League, and was a former representative of America at the International Youth Conference in Brussels. The debaters may remember him as a former first place winner in the national contests.

THE OLD GUARD—Marie Leibson, who has finally figured out a way to end her stories without killing all the characters; Al Wilkinson, the English 16 and Peace Day dramatist who blossoms out in a story for the first time; Mrs. Towne, who appeared last month, and who has been selling regularly to the popular magazines for several years; and Hugh Johnson, who heads for the mountain tops to climax a group of distinctly different stories.

THE ARTISTS, God bless them—Martyl, Craver, Engelke, Heitmeyer, et al. That cover, and those illustrations and designs plastered around weren't blithely dabbled out and zipped to the engraver, not by a hack saw they weren't. Hand tooled, every one. A grand bunch of chiselers.

RICKY, the dear girl, whose contract we have decided to extend, on good behaviour. If you don't take her with a pinch of salt, you'll have to take her with an aspirin.

# Washington University

# eliot

Vol. 2

JUNE, 1935

No. 8

## THE STAFF

Editor .....Ed Mead

Business Manager.....Paul Heineman

Managing Editor....To be announced

Art Editor .....Martyl Schweig

Feature Editor .....Dale Clover

Publicity Manager .....Bud Edele

Editorial Staff: Arleen Thyson, Hugh Johnson, Mildred Vaughan, Jack Losse, Bee Ferring, George Mueller, Jack Weaver, William Moore.

Art Staff: Owen Heitmeyer, George Engelke, Charles Craver.

MARIE LEIBSON

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Cover by Charles Craver

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## THE TOWERS—

One of the best of the many Wilson Hoag-Maellen Staub stories has all the earmarks of beginning in a library steps bat-the-fat session, but bears repeating. The morning of the day they were going to be married, so it goes, Maellen sent her mother a telegram telling her all about it; that is, that Maellen and Wilson were going to be married. That evening the newly-wedded couple received a telegram from Maellen's mother wishing them every happiness, with all the trimmings. It went on at some length in this vein, being rather a lovely thing, all in all, and ended with one of the most apropos questions of the year—

"Wilson who?"

### Occupational Therapy

You can tell them by the way they sit in the library and fidget, or by a dawdling shuffle of a walk, or abnormal scratching of the head. They're the men who were and aren't. Seniors—the active sort. The first batch comes after the football season, for the ones who don't do anything else, and the rest follow, straggling out through the year, when the last curtain goes down, and when April throws in new staffs of publicity men and fraternity officers. No more spring practices or rehearsals, no more pages to fill or meetings to call. Look under the eyes for the bleary look, and read what is written—"Ability, Twiddling Thumbs." Until the Colonel legalizes penny-pitching there isn't much hope. There's only boon-doggling

### Sing A Low Song

It wasn't the beer, turned a rich amber under the dim red lanterns, or the cigarettes, glowing a ghostly yellow, that made us think of Quad Club as we lifted our nose out of the South Sixth Street foam. One of the girls was singing in a low, husky voice. That was it.

Somehow it took us back to Georgea Flynn's generous rendition of "Shuffle the Deck," in the low-husky manner, and, strangely enough, to the Forgey Lady's pleasantly throaty "My First Mate," or to the Younger Buss' "You Are Mine." All very nice, but quite suddenly we started to wonder if there was a single girl left in school who

could sing high notes without squeaking. It's just a matter of variety, of course, but we were just thinking (with the permission of our cigarette advertisers) that the poets of the future will have to shift that sing-like-a-lark business to turkey gobblers.

### Ditty

Though we know there are those who've a fondness for prose (and demand it in stuff editorial), we see there's no reason (if tempted to season some things which might otherwise bore y'all) to abstain for a time, from the use of rhyme, to enliven the phrase reportorial. Or, in short, if we may, with an epic a day, boost your hearts (and your souls) to a peak, we'll lapse into verse, for better or worse, and turn out ten poems a week. And then, when we're all through we'll probably bat out one good, honest sentence, just to clear out the brambles.

### To The Colors

"Don't," said Lord Chesterfield to his son, "begin your stories with, 'I will tell you an excellent thing.'" This, however, is an excellent thing, since it tells how a President got a velvet glove in the face almost before the votes were counted. Professor Webster did it. Student President Richard Horner got it.

Dick, such a very new president then that everybody didn't even know it yet, walked into English 14 at sixteen minutes to nine, completely oblivious to the fact that in the preceding seven minutes Mark Twain had toured the country, edited three newspapers, and written a book of travelogs. As Dick was in the middle of the aisle, Professor Webster shut off Samuel Clemens, smiled agreeably, and put on the velvet gloves.

"Should we rise?" he said.



## —AND THE TOWN

### Just This

You can take this as another card on the table. These days that's nothing much. What with Student Life, two years ago, going under faculty control, Dirge getting the knife, the dinky ELIOT being blown up so big it rattled around, and now Hatchet, the great solid album, planning to erupt into four flimsy fragments—well, an editor can't raise a murmur now with a Times Supplement.

We are no longer (if we were before) a Literary (capital "L") magazine. Just what that is, nobody is quite sure, but we know that when it tries to be funny it is booed ("Another Dirge") and when it is dead serious it is completely ignored ("If you want to be highbrow, buy an ELIOT").

We have another idea. It's our theory that a magazine, taken as a whole, represents a type of art peculiar to itself. Just as a play or novel, it must have a definite spirit. "The Atlantic Monthly," "Ballyhoo," and "Esquire" have their moods. Here on the Hill there is also a definite mood. Just as on a little Iowa campus we sense a limited, self-sufficient quality, here we feel something big, expansive, metropolitan. It's a curious medley of the cloister and the boulevard—serious, studious, literary—and gay, rampant, and cosmopolitan all at once. When the two moods, of the campus and the magazine, correspond, there you have perfection, and, to exaggerate, turning out a quota of forty-fathom sonnets misses the mark just as widely as hashing up twenty-four pages of bedroom jokes.

We have changed everything in sight (as far as we can go from ELIOT, in the matter of names, is eliot, right now) but we are aware that we have not tapped the surface. Just one thing is certain; we are making no compromise. It's a fresh start.

Leave It at That





# Art Is Pain

by MARIE LEIBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ENGELKE

COLLEGE students are the next thing to geniuses, yet they don't understand art. There must be something wrong with the esthetic, not with the coed and her consort. Perhaps the trouble lies in the fact of practicality. Purple bananas hung from blue fishes on canvas in the Art Museum don't arouse meaning in Archie, not by the most strenuous attention. It isn't the color scheme, because Archie admires purple eyelids over blue eyes. It's the arrangement. He can remember bananas hanging from trees, the other way around of course, or banana splits of the squashy fruit sliced with cream, but never in his experience has he seen bananas perched on fishes. He lacks experience.

Archie must deepen his worldly knowledge. He knows that red, blue and yellow are the primary colors. He has heard that artists certainly learn to know people; his mother believes in beauty and Archie's soul and is also the family economist. Archie becomes a sculptor.

Something was lacking in the general atmosphere of the classroom. Surely dignity was disrupted by the coca-cola bottle perched on Venus de Milo's shoulder and the red kerchief tied around Apollo's neck. Too much light wandered in through the enormous, clean windows to give the place an artistic touch. Studios of course were dimly lit, cluttered with easels and atrocious attempts on canvas, but then, Archie remembered, there would hardly be easels in a sculptor's studio. Sculptors mounted plat-

forms and chiseled artistically at slabs of marble, marble which would give birth to momentous monuments to peace, to war, to liberty and the unknown soldier, all equally inspired and passionately executed. Artists always worked in a passionate outgrowth of some inspiration. That was a part of art, learning to receive inspiration from artistic sources. Shelly had a skylark; Burns' inspiration was a louse. That louse idea was a little difficult to swallow, but that was art, Archie decided. Clay was clay, no better than the mud on the filthiest river bank, until an inspiration suffused the molecules with glory. Archie had no inspiration, not until Annabelle visited the art school. Annabelle was not a student. She did not understand the esthetic. She made no pretense of comprehension. She merely wandered through life making cryptic comments.

Archie had been slapping vaguely at a lump of material, pushing it half-heartedly into a structure patterned after the Angelo model at the front of the room. The clay was damp, sticking to his fingers, leaving grey streaks on his blue overalls whenever he paused to run his hands across his ribs. Overalls are practical, but one would hardly call them graceful. They bag where they shouldn't and dip a trifle due to their fullness. His hair was stringy and cut short enough to flop over his low forehead. Of course he saw Annabelle. Maybe no one else saw her,



because there are so many normal pretty girls with nice figures and interesting personalities; but Archie saw someone who appealed, the most wonderful girl in that room, the art school, anywhere. An inspiration? This girl had it all over a skylark or a tree or a louse. She was something to put the spark of genius into molding fingers. Annabelle saw Archie.

"Ye gods," she said, "what's that?"

She stepped closer, still speaking to the short boy at her side.

"Why did you have to bring me? The last of my illusions shattered. Imagine an artist in overalls looking like that. Don't great works and smocks and long hair go together?"

"Shut up, Annabelle," the short boy whispered at her, "he can hear you. I know the guy."

Annabelle walked on, stopping to admire Venus' anatomy. Archie grabbed the short boy.

"Hey, Dick, where'd you get her? What's her name?"

"Oh, she's not so bad," Dick was suddenly defensive. "She doesn't mean what she says always. A darn swell girl, my cousin."

"Sure she's swell; that's why I want to know her name."

Dick looked at the artist.

"You wouldn't kid me? Listen, I've known her for eighteen years; she's not that swell."

"Oh, listen," Archie pleaded. "What's her name? Annabelle what?"

"Howdja know the Annabelle part?"

"What's her name, you idiot?"

"Watkins, she lives on Somerset."

Annabelle had gone on into the room beyond. Dick ran after her. Archie stood still. The sunlight blinked into his eyes. He felt the hot light and imagined he must look like Michael Angelo listening to the angels. The sunrays were probably forming a halo around his hair. Annabelle had objected to his hair and his overalls. She was right. If you wanted to be an artist you had to look like one.

It took two months, but Archie was beginning to look like an artist. There was a slight misunderstanding among his female friends. They voiced the opinion that he was beginning to resemble a tramp, a long-haired, long-nailed tramp. The long nails were a triumph, Archie felt. He had discovered the secret to the appearance of slender tapering fingers in a beauty culture magazine. Overalls had long given way to smocks. Subdued smocks emphasizing the melancholy grief of all artists, due to their inability to express themselves in a way perceivable to all the nonsmocked laymen. Archie's nature didn't take at first to melancholia but he soon remedied that. Volume after volume of Santayana's "Beauty" and Byron's "Estheticism" went home to be perused carefully for sad phrases such as, "Art is pain,

the birth of a creation is attended by the misery and sublimity of travail." Archie couldn't sympathize fully with the throes of travail, but he had a general idea of their nature. Though at first it was a trifle embarrassing to imagine himself giving birth to anything, even a masterpiece, his modesty soon disappeared in the artistic search for naked reality. There were long hours of meditation on what beauty encompassed. Beauty, one of the eternal ideals, the expression of the infinite. It wasn't all comprehensible, but Archie told it to Annabelle on their first date. She hadn't remembered him when he called, until he hesitantly reminded her of the overalls and then referred her to her cousin Dick to verify the soundness of his character.

He took her the first time to the Symphony. They came early. The orchestra hadn't begun to tune up yet. Annabelle glanced at the program—something about Beethoven's Fifth—but Archie was more interesting. His hair waved over the nape of his neck, the long fingers tapered delicately from white hands. Annabelle kept looking and reminding herself that it was only a sap who could see a person like this and forget him. She moved closer.

"Art," Archie was quoting, "is like pain." His face was grim, he was trying to remember the next line.

"Is it really so painful?" Annabelle asked.

"Painful?"

"Well, I've heard—"

"Yes—"

"Oh, it's probably not true."

"What isn't true?"

"That creating a work of art was like—that is, it's—it has all the pain—"

"Yes—"

"The pain of travail," Annabelle blushed.

Archie beamed. She had supplied the last line.

"The birth of a creation is attended with all the misery and sublimity of travail," he finished.

(Continued on page 24)





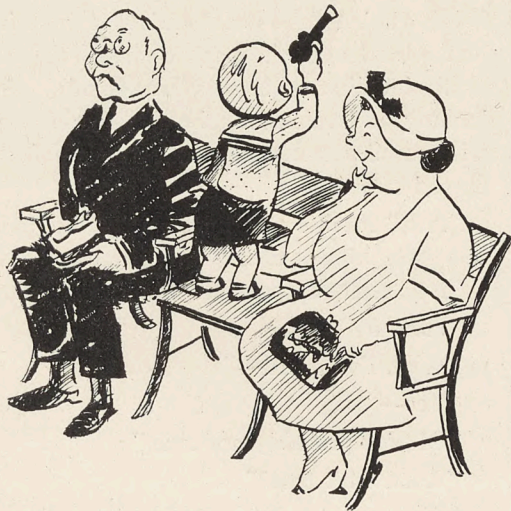
# • COMMENCEMENT

by BILL VAUGHAN

- Here we have a little family group. Mr. and Mrs. Twiggie have come to see son George graduate. They have brought along small son Fred. Fred, however, is more interested in shooting at people in the balcony with his Buck Rogers gun.

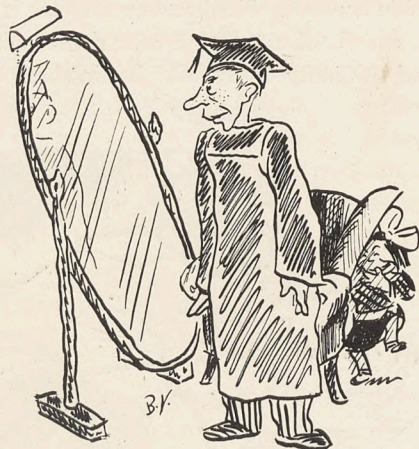
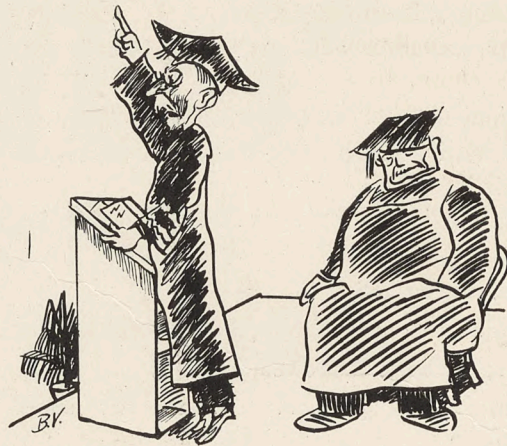
Mrs. Twiggie is thinking, Doesn't he look sweet, and Won't Cousin Ella be jealous that her Elmer never could get past his freshman year. It is a great day for Mrs. Twiggie.

Mr. Twiggie is figuring up what all this has cost him during the past four years.

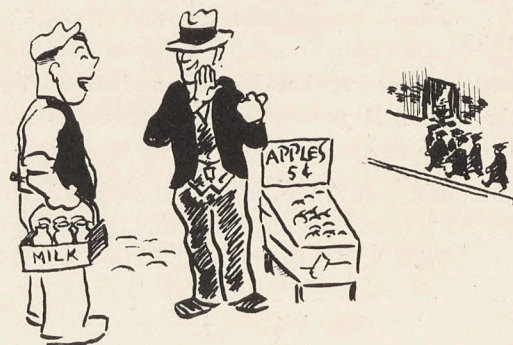


- Here are two prominent persons at the graduation exercises. The Hon. John J. Schuitz, who is delivering the baccalaureate address, has been lost in the middle of a balanced sentence for fifteen minutes now and people on the front row—the only ones who can hear him—are betting 7 to 1 that he'll never get out of it.

The other gentleman is the Hon. Elmer Sludge, who is being given an honorary LL.D. He is wondering if the university can take the degree back again when they find out that he hasn't left them anything in his will.



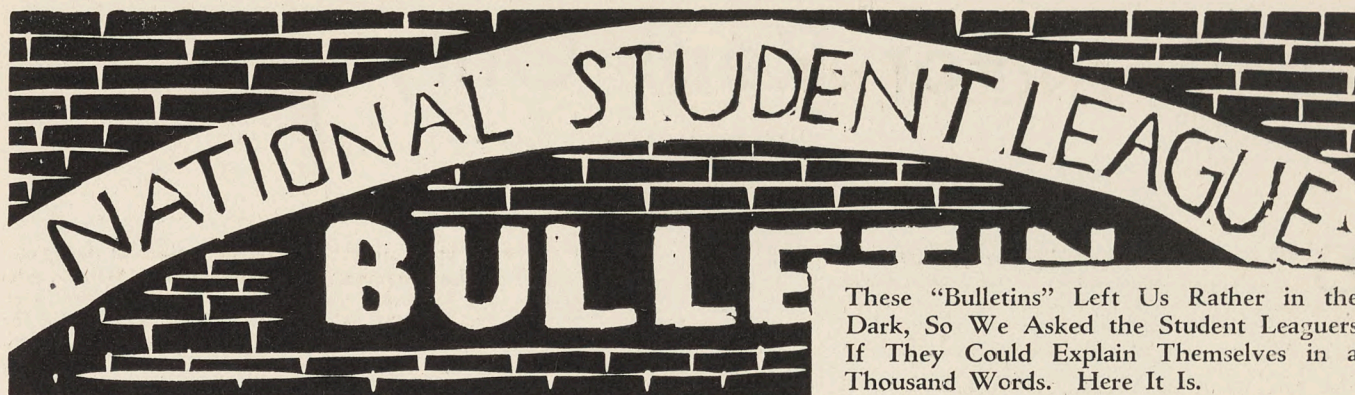
- Here is John Fitch, a candidate for bachelor's degree. He is trying on his cap and gown and is, on the whole, rather pleased with the result. His little sister, Gladys, has a remarkable sense of humor and the scene seems to appeal to her. We wish we could say the same.



- Here we have a couple of alumni. Fred Simpkins, '29, and Joe Upthegrove, '30, are talking things over as they watch the academic procession file by. Mr. Upthegrove, who is Connected With the Milk Industry, was recently chosen as the most successful man in the Class of 1930 . . . he has a job.

Mr. Simpkins and Mr. Upthegrove are passing remarks about graduations and colleges in general.





These "Bulletins" Left Us Rather in the Dark, So We Asked the Student Leaguers If They Could Explain Themselves in a Thousand Words. Here It Is.

by **SERRIL GERBER**

### THE BACKGROUND

"The present economic crisis brings the student body face to face with serious problems which require immediate attention. These are in the main, **present income and future employment**. At the same time the **danger of impending wars** adds to a sense of insecurity."

There can be no doubt that the vast majority of American college students are now confronted with the problems mentioned above, nor is it difficult to trace the source of these problems. Our present incomes are reduced because our parents, belonging chiefly to the middle class, are gradually but surely being squeezed out of their economic position by the big bourgeoisie; our future employment is extremely uncertain because there is a relative over-supply of trained men and women; the danger of war grows as Capitalism, finding it is impossible to solve its internal problems, must look towards Imperialistic Ventures as a way out.

What are we students to do in the face of a situation so inhospitable to our present and future interests? There can be only one answer: to organize. That we did, we are doing, and will do. The result is the National Student League. This organization is the organized expression of the requirements of the student body.

### OUR HISTORY

During the fall term of 1931 there was formed in New York City a federation of college clubs—the New York Student League. This was in response to a wave of violations of academic freedom in the Metropolitan Colleges. Ten students had been suspended from City College for anti-militarist activity. Such cases were becoming more frequent, and there was no existing group to give organized expression to student opposition. The New York Student League published the first number of the "Student Review." Concluding its first editorial, the Review stated: "Ours is not a solitary position. Students in all cities and towns in America, and in all parts of the world, face an identical fate under this outmoded economic order. It is only for us to unite with this common purpose before us."

In March 1932 the first National Conference of the National Student League took place. Donald Hender-

son, their instructor at Columbia U., became executive secretary of the organization. Since then N. S. L. chapters have sprung up in some 300 American colleges, and in many high-schools. The activities carried on by these chapters constitute an eloquent testimonial to the awakening of the American student. The recent nationwide anti-war strike called by the N. S. L. in cooperation with other organizations, involved 150,000 students.

### OUR PROGRAM

This is obviously not the place to discuss our program in detail. A few points need emphasizing here however. Imperialist war does not serve the interests of the students; we are therefore against it and against preparations for it. Fascism in Germany and Italy has destroyed every vestige of academic freedom, has reduced educational facilities to a minimum, has raised militarism to the status of a National Religion, has betrayed all the true interests of the students; we are therefore against it and are determined to combat any manifestations of Fascism here. Tuition fees are high, while students are increasingly less able to pay them—at the same time our government is spending billions for war preparations. We therefore ask that the war funds be diverted to education. But probably the most important feature of our program is that we believe in action, not merely "standing for" this or against that. We organize students into action against war and fascism, for lower tuition fees, for lower book prices, for academic freedom, etc., etc. And it is **action** that counts. That is what we mean when we say that we are a **militant** student organization.

### THE RED HERRING

Whenever a group of workers organize and attempt to improve their living conditions, by striking for higher wages, their boss almost invariably brands them as a "bunch of reds." So there is nothing surprising in the attempts of the reactionaries to label us as a communist organization. The purpose is obvious, i.e., to play upon the prejudices of students and to thus keep them from accepting our program which actually represents the interests of the vast majority of the student body. Only

(Continued on page 27)

<sup>1</sup>From the preamble of the program of the N. S. L.



# For Rent Only

by VERDA TOWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN HEITMEYER

**B**OB RICHARDS, life-guard for the summer at the town's only swimming pool, sprawled in a beach chair. He was plainly bored. It was two p. m. and there was no one in the pool. Suddenly he sat erect. The girl who was coming toward him from the bath house would have quickened the interest of a much more sophisticated man than Bob. The girl was a stranger. Bob knew every girl in town and he had never seen this one before.

"Rather deserted today," she dimpled as she walked up to Bob.

"Yes," Bob answered. "It always is in the afternoon. In fact, this town's deader than a doornail all the time."

"This isn't at all according to fiction," the girl continued, seating herself near Bob and crossing the shape-liest pair of legs it had ever been his fortune to gaze upon. "I believe the story should go something like this, 'Girl steps into deep water—handsome young life-guard saves her!' But I'm afraid I'm not very good at pretending. I really swim quite well."

Bob liked the way her blue eyes looked straight into his brown ones. He also liked her direct method of talking. All the girls he knew would have found some reason just about as silly as pretending to be drowning to start up a conversation. But this girl was frank and honest. Nothing superficial about her. She was different all right.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be very favorably impressed if I had to rescue anybody today—too lazy," Bob said.

"You're bored. I can see that."

"I was bored, you mean."

"I can't say that I blame you. What does one do in this town?"

"That's the catch to it. You don't do anything. What brings a looker like you to this dull place?"

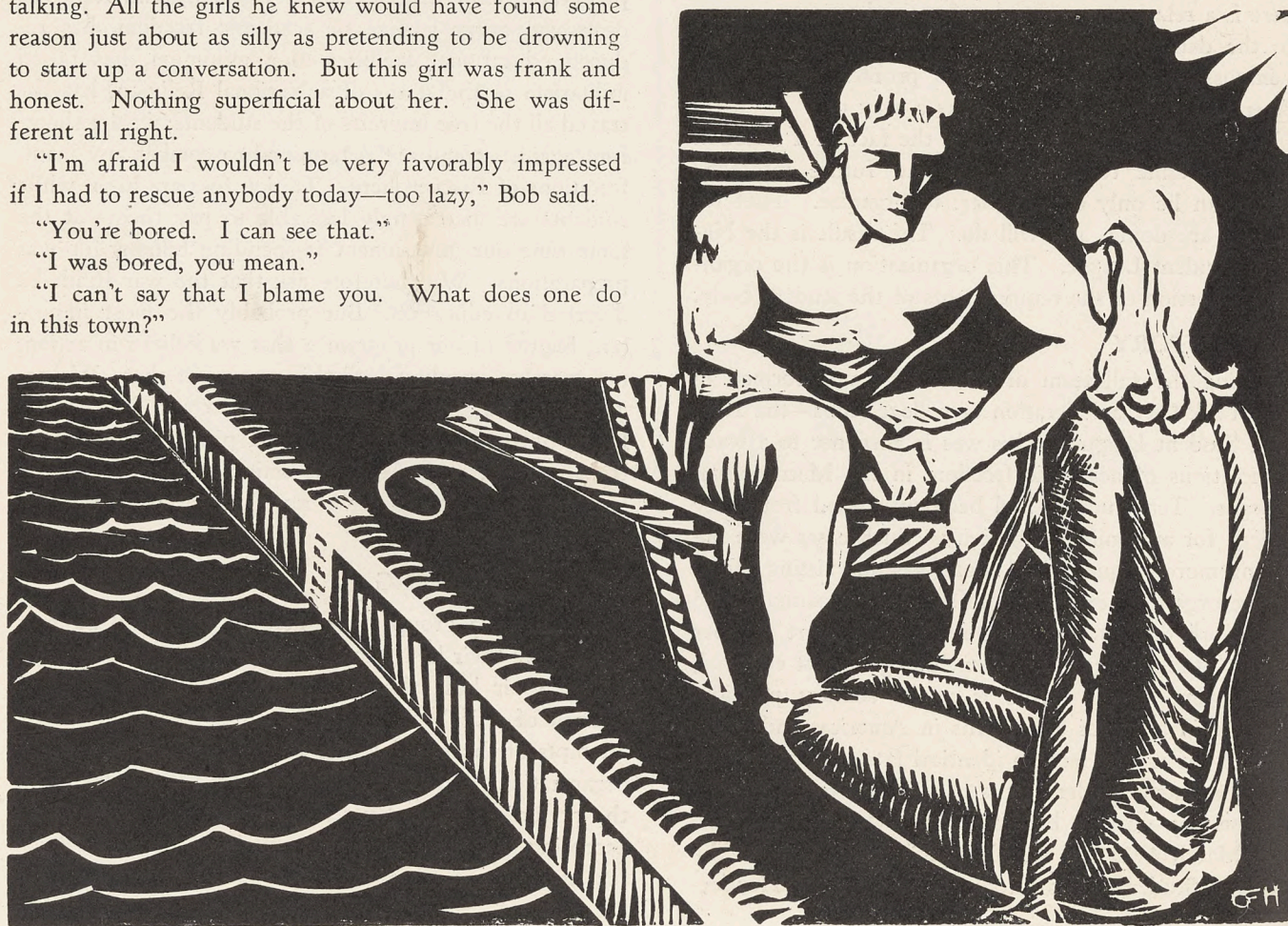
"I can return the compliment by asking the same question. My husband is here on business. Selling some kind of stock. We've been covering most of the states. I came along for a lark, but wish now I'd stayed in New York. And you?"

"Not much to know about me. Small town boy wants to become prominent surgeon. One more year and he'll be an interne. Works as life-guard during summer to increase family finances."

"How marvelous." Her eyes were dreamy, her voice wistful. Blonde curls fell slightly forward as she concentrated on well-pedicured feet. "I wish I might have had a chance for a career—a chance to do something useful. Let's not talk about that."

She jumped lightly to her feet, ran to the diving board, poised gracefully for a second and made a perfect swan dive into the pool. Bob speculated as he watched her with fascinated gaze. Boy! She really could swim. Something sad about her though. Must

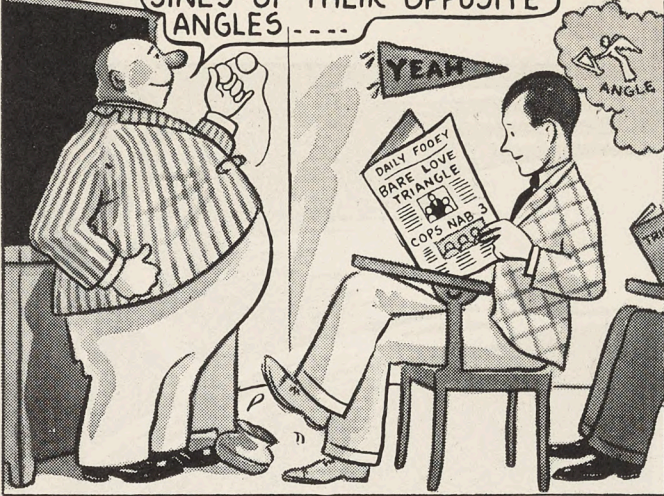
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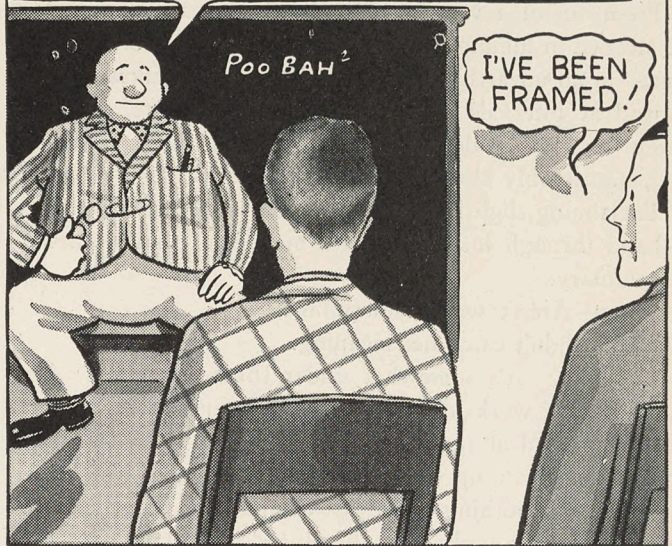


### TRIGONOMETRY

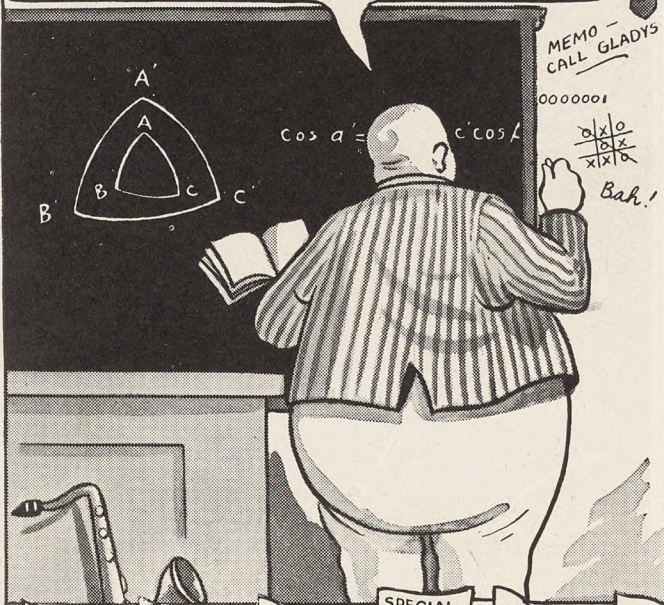
MY DEAR GENTLEMEN — OBLIQUE SPHERICAL TRIANGLES WILL BE THE OBJECT OF OUR CONSIDERATION TODAY — THE SINES OF THE SIDES ARE PROPORTIONAL TO THE SINES OF THEIR OPPOSITE ANGLES. ....



INCIDENTALLY, THE COSINE OF ANY SIDE OF A SPHERICAL TRIANGLE IS EQUAL TO THE PRODUCT OF THE COSINES OF THE OTHER TWO SIDES, PLUS SOMETHING OR OTHER, WHICH MAKES IT HARDER -----



LET ABC AND A'B'C' BE A PAIR OF POLAR TRIANGLES, AND NO CRACKS FROM YOU ABOUT ANYTHING, SEE?



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# PRINCE ALBERT



*the national joy smoke!*

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THAT sort of awe which borders upon sheer terror came to Miriam Colby when she looked up into the night and saw the mountain which in all lightness of mood she had engaged to climb.

From out of a vague gray pall which was cedar and fir steeped in luminous dark the mountain rose cold, sublime—in an unearthly sublimity. The summit, snow-clad, flawed at intervals with the blackness of bare, wind-swept crags, shouldered the high heavens, silent, brooding, unutterably aloof.

Exclaiming slightly, the girl turned to Gaunt, slipping a hand through his arm with a movement that seemed involuntary.

"Eric—Aren't we presumptuous?"

Gaunt didn't catch her meaning.

"Oh, no. It's somewhat under three miles up. A spell of rope work; not much. You'll enjoy it."

She glanced at him quickly.

"You've been up several times, you said."

"Yes. It's nothing. The last climbing I did, in Tibet, we used oxygen tanks—for the altitude, you know."

"Eric"—she came close to him, staring into his face—"you're different from other men. I've wondered about you so often—and that's it—different."

"I'm like other men in one respect, Miriam. In respect to you."

She was studying him, her lips half parted. "You should not care for any girl, you know. You walk too much alone in high and desolate places."

"Nonsense." He spoke sharply. "Nine months in the year I'm absolutely a normal person; nothing more exciting than the ticker, golf, country houses."

"But those three months—your real life, your real love." She forced a little laugh. "I—I couldn't go where you have oxygen tanks to keep your heart going."

He came close to her.

"That's where you will go." He raised his hand toward the ghostly peak in its luminous mystery. "That's where you and I belong—together, in those high, waste places where you say God is."

"I'm afraid, Eric—"

"Stuff! You were made for me . . . Miriam, forgive me, but I have to." He took her swiftly in his arms. She was relaxed, clinging to the lapels of his coat, looking up into his face as though wondering. "Miriam, you are mine."

"Am I?" Her lips quivered in the throes of doubt. He was so strong and knowing his strength now she was glorying in it; for he was clean and brave, so like the winds that sweep high hills. "Am I?"

And she had no answer. Yet, when the door of the inn opened, letting out a flood of red light from burning logs, there was no sense of relief. In the most thrilling moment her life had thus far known there was and had been a total absence of mood.

"I say, Miriam." It was Caulkins, slight, resilient. He stood in the doorway peering into the darkness. "Oh, there you are." He came toward the two with his

# Dead W

by HUGH JOH

ILLUSTRATED BY MART



"Don't cut—you never forg



# Dead Weight

HUGH JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTYL SCHWEIG



cut—you never forgive yourself."

easy, assured stride. "Look here, Gaunt. This damned old mountain trip is going to be only a threesome after all the brave talk. A threesome, that is, unless Miriam has backed out."

"I?" The girl laughed. "I haven't backed out, don't think it."

"Good for you. Bessie Thomas took one look at his majesty up there and said nothing doing. The rest say they'll do the trip with a field glass. Eric, old boy"—he turned to Gaunt as the man moved with an exclamation of impatience—"you can't bully them, you know. They thought it was just a Berkshire stunt when you proposed it last night. Now they're cursing and reviling you."

"We'll see. The quitters!" Gaunt strode away. The two watched him a moment, then turned to each other.

"Well, Miriam."

"Well, Bob." She declined a cigarette from his proffered case. "Do you suppose I'd smoke in the presence of sublimity?"

"You refer to the mountain, of course?"

"Oh, certainly not." She laughed. "But seriously, did you ever see anything so fearfully wonderful?"

"No. I never did. Miriam, what was Eric saying to you?"

"Nothing—much. . . . Why are you going up?"

"Let you go alone with Gaunt! What a chance!"

"Otherwise the climb has no attraction?"

"Not a single one. Miriam, I'm not stuck on the high places of the world. That's why I picked the artillery instead of the fashionable air service in the late fracas."

"You were in the war, Bob?"

"I don't wonder you forget it when Eric is about with his three palm decorations and record of ten planes shot down."

"I'm not forgetting it, Bob. It—it just struck me, that's all."

"Miriam!" His voice had a new note.

She raised her hand as he came to her.

"Bob, no! Please!" Abruptly turning, she hurried away . . .

And it was all that had been written, every impression, every word, as of something vividly remembered from a lost world that was flashing with chronological exactness across the filament of Miriam Colby's mind as she hung suspended over a fanged precipice, helplessly dangling from a single strand of the web of destiny.

The rope that held her ran over the edge of a shelf of black rock several feet above her head. She could just see part of the toe of Gaunt's hobnailed boots. Caulkins hung below her; his dead weight was causing the rope about her waist to cut cruelly.

It had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly. Their way barred by a slide displacement, they had followed a ledge around the corner. Below was sheer depth, but above, a few feet above their heads, ran a substantial shelf.

(Continued on next page)



# Dry Moon

by AL WILKINSON

*AT NIGHT, the pale-blue moonlight flooded the hills and mingled with the tang of the tall pine trees. The coyotes gathered round the carcass of old Bess, the mare, and tore ravenously at her entrails in the cold-blue moonlight. The bald-faced steers heard and rumbled back a challenge in the chalky stillness of the valley. The changing wind brought the quiet roar of the mighty Coldwater, ever fading, a mirage of sound from far away.*

*In the cabin, it was warm and the light from the kerosene lamp was yellow. There was a rosy glow on the round iron stove. Matt Evans knocked out his pipe and dropped the pulp magazine at the side of his rocker. In less than a year now, Elizabeth would be with him and there would be no more lonely nights. He crossed the room and opened the door to the moonlight. The quavering moan of the coyotes would be no more when Elizabeth came. Elizabeth was warm and comforting and these were cold creatures of the moon and the shadow-world. The fragrance of her would drive out the stinging smells of the pine and the sage-brush. Her nearness would warm the pale chill of the mountain nights and drive away the wildness. Matt closed the door from the moonlight.*

*One hundred bald-faced steers grazed in the brilliant sunlight. In three months they would be one hundred bald-faced steers on the Denver and Salt Lake railway, bound for the stockyards in Kansas City. People would pay money for them, and eat them and spit out their bones. People would pay twelve dollars for each of them. But now they were one hundred bald-faced steers grazing in the brilliant sunlight. They were all one man could handle. Next year, after all the things that Elizabeth would need had been paid for, he would hire a man to help him.*

*The next year, two men, and on and on. He'd raise more and more cattle and run them on the upper range in summer. Fine stock all of it. People would point at him in the streets of Cheyenne, at rodeo time.*

*"That's Matt Evans, the cattle-man. That's his wife with him. She ain't no more beautiful than some of them cows he raises."*

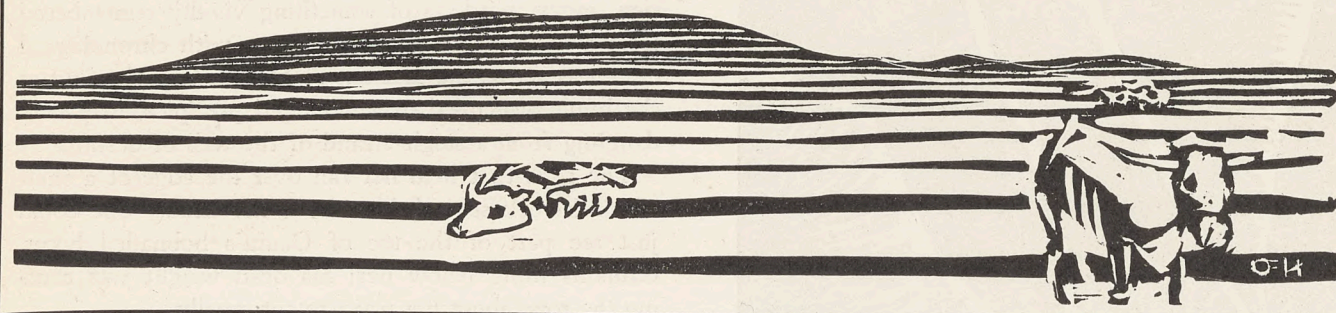
*In the summer, the sun dried up everything and melted all the snow from the peaks. There was no water. The grasses in the valley did not grow, and the bald-faced steers were thin and their ribs stuck out like great welts between deep furrows. They stood weakly with hooves far apart and bawled for water. There wasn't any water and even the buffalo grass dried to dust.*

*The cattle died, one by one, and the coyotes gnawed at their bones and ripped the leather off their ribs in the dry moonlight. Their little red eyes sparkled as they drank the warm blood.*

*The fire came, warming the night with a feverish glow. It swept down the hills, closer and closer. The cattle bawled and broke through the fences and a black bear paused to sniff at the cabin and then lumbered on. The fire marched with a dull roar. Stinging pine smoke was in the air and the tall trees flashed as they caught fire one by one in slow explosions.*

*The fire was all around the valley and the dry grass burned. The cattle were wild and bawled piteously as they dropped in the flames and the cabin burned.*

*The fire passed on, over the hills, leaving black stumps and the moonlight filtered through the gray smoke in the valley where life once was. The smoke was a dream slowly drifting; the essence of life being washed away by the wind.*



Gaunt had scaled this upper point of vantage. And Miriam, stepping into Caulkins' cupped hands while Gaunt pulled gently upon the rope, almost had her hands upon the shelf when the ledge of rock and ice had given way below. In a swift, clattering instant she and Caulkins were dangling in mid-air.

Curiously, Miriam was not frightened: was cool. Every thought was precise, logical. Acting upon impulse, she threw her head far back, so that she could see the peak challenging the clouds above the ledge, stark in its snow and naked rock, desolate in its brooding aloofness.

(Continued on page 20)



# Campus Shots



CAMPUS SHOTS

charles loreng  
grant russell

1. Even Jimmy reads that paper.
2. Head man. Dick Horner scowls as he reads the glad tidings.
3. Our inning. That's the Doc and Ollie under cover, with Gale and Jimmy alongside, and Iezzi, Bentzinger, Hunkins, and Pattee spread along from left to right.
4. Herbert, trying to beat that little white blur in. He didn't.
5. Camera study. Machen leans on it,

6. "Sign No. 76." Larry McDougall takes a turn as official, and Mill and Maxeiner see that everything is on the up-and-up. Council elections.
7. Student Lifes go begging after ODK ceremonies.
8. May Fete. Planting beans on the Field House floor.
9. Grant Russell shifts his notebook for a camera and Dr. Hughes during physics class.
10. Not enough little ones to go around.

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# TAKE IT FROM RICKY

Dear Ed:

You are going to let me do just as I please, I hear, and allow everything, or nearly everything I tell you to be printed in these pages—so with a snake-in-the-grass glint in my eye, I salute you, Mr. Mead!

Menges, the Tri Delt Mad Hatter, continues her escapades. Theoretically she has been wearing Taylor Smith's Beta pin for a month, but every kind of pin except a Beta one can be found in the hockshops, and so until the one he has ordered, or has he, comes, Peek-a-Boo Menges will have to do without. In reaching her goal, the pin, the delirious one has left unhappy creatures behind her. There's Limb. Joan (tries hard) Stealey liked him and had hopes. But those cracks she made at Menges' hat in Coed Vodvil aroused the Mad Hatter, so she set her cap for Joe and soon had him going over in East St. Louis to see her. Stealey was out. And since this was Menges' object she showed Limb the door. But liking the atmosphere around the Beta place, she stayed around and soon it was Bob Winkelmeyer, who was after awhile shifted to make room for the present—Taylor Smith.

Kay Lambert the other day flashed a diamond plus a diamond circle on the finger that is reserved for a Mrs. But she denies having taken the vows, saying that she was going on a week-end party and needed adequate protection. The Pi Phis deny that Winona Gunn was blacklisted by the Betas—but ask any that wear the diamond and three stars, or better still, you try the same stunt yourself and see what happens.

Dick Shultz, K. A., is associating with pink elephants now that his Springfield, Mo., girl has returned his pin. It's like this. Dick's heart overflowed with love for the girl. Hers did the same, only because of another young lad. The Young Lad married another Young Miss, and the Springfield girl, heartbroken, accepted Shultz's pin, but soon returned it, both knowing that it was accepted in a moment of weakness. Betty Fry is reported as saying this about Hafeli: "The first time that Dwight Hafeli said hello to me I knew that he was in love with me." But she shouldn't worry. What she thought was passion in Hafeli's voice was only a sore throat.

Fred Varney has what it takes. (Usually just a car and money are sufficient.) But anyway Mary Buss picked

him out when bestowing her Pi Phi drag bid—and after having dated him only once. . . . What a date it must have been. Another surprise was the gentleman that Helen Worrall dragged to the Kappa dance—John Russell, because according to number of dates with her he is way down on the list. I don't know if I am mixed up on this or not, but someone must be, for the next night at the Pan-Hel dance she was wearing George Hogeboom's Beta pin, and then for at least a day the pin-a-pin-a-poppy-show girl was wearing Jim Redman's. But all were taken just in the spirit of fun. Some fun! The Gunn gal, Winona, strange as it may read, took George Capps to the Pi Phi dance.

Bud Pegram now makes goo goo eyes at Mary Jane Wright, a Tri Delt, forgetting all about that very blonde Pi Phi, McIntyre. But Tracey Barnes seems to be taking care of her. For some reason the pins here on the campus have been flying around fast and thick—to get set for the summer, perhaps. There's Mary Jane Ker-

*(Continued on page 26)*



"No, sir! I ain't bringin' my team out until it speaks!"

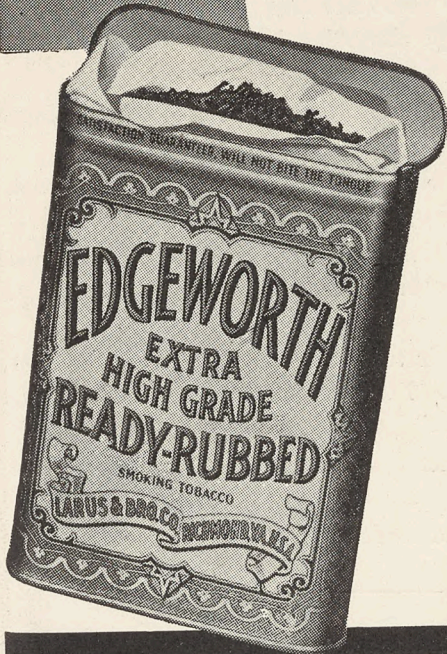
—Charles Graver and Chaparral.





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MILDNESS  
*and*  
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MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**



## DEAD WEIGHT

*(Continued from page 16)*

The foot above her disappeared. She heard the scraping of Gaunt's heels, heard his deep breathing, felt the additional strain upon the rope. But there was no upward movement.

As though loath to acknowledge or give point to the occurrence, there were no words: merely the periodic strain upon the rope. The scraping, the breathing. When at last Miriam broke the silence her voice was calm.

"Can you make it, Eric?"

"Can't pull the two of you. No real foothold." Gaunt made the admission harshly. "Can't one or the other of you dig in somewhere and ease the strain?"

"We can't touch our feet, Eric."

Silence fell while Gaunt again exerted his strength upon the rope. But there was no upward movement, not an inch.

"Wait. Try it again in a minute. Get my breath."

Five minutes. Ten minutes of alternating effort and relaxing.

Miriam looked down at Caulkins, speaking sharply: "What are you doing with that rope, Bob?"

"Nothing, hanging on." He smiled at her. She scrutinized him sharply, then looked upward, her head reeling with impressions of the dizzy spaces beneath.

Gaunt was straining at the rope again, straining in useless futility.

"Look here," His voice rose with a cold note of decisiveness. "I can't pull you both up. That's final. In a minute the three of us will be over."

"All right, Eric. You have a knife. Cut the rope. There's no sense—" Her words died out.

"I may be able to get you up, Miriam. Not two. I'm weakening. I'll lower the knife on a bit of string. Cut below your waist. . . . Sorry Caulkins."

"Quite all right, Gaunt. Fortune of war. But I want the knife. Drop it below Miriam to me on the string. Clump of trees below. Chance I may hit them."

"The string won't reach to you. Promise you'll cut, Miriam."

"I—I promise. Give me the knife."

"Good. Be ready in a second. Got to brace while I tie it." In the moment of delay that followed the girl seemed to be living in an eternity of torture.

"Hurry, Eric."

"Here it is." The knife fell almost upon her shoulder, stopping with a jerk at the end of the string.

She seized it, held it with rigid, motionless hands, her face set.

"Don't cut, Miriam." She started as Caulkins' voice came calmly from below.

Her eyes were filled with pain.

"Don't cut. You'll never forgive yourself; never be happy after. Wait—just a minute."

"Don't cut! Bob!" Her voice was filled with agony.

Then Gaunt, raucously: "Miriam, damn it! don't mind that coward. Cut. Hurry!"

"Eric"—she looked up, not seeing him, seeing none the less, that grim, inexorable face—"If I cut Bob loose and you can't pull me up, what then?"

The silence that followed was sharper than a sound. Knowing him, knowing his intolerance of defeat, by man or by nature, she knew well the motives that gave him pause. Then he spoke.

"Cut Caulkins loose; that's all now. Hurry! I'm slipping."

"Don't cut, Miriam. Just a second—wait."

Exclaiming sharply, Miriam bent downward, lashing fiercely with the knife. Then suddenly her hand was palsied. Her voice rose in a sharp exclamation. For beneath her Caulkins was rasping the rope by which he had been attached to her, against a jagged bit of rock, and already it was fraying.

"Bob!"

To her mind there had come suddenly—as though what Gaunt had said and what she had seen were an alembic in which doubts were resolved and all hidden things cleared—a sharply luminous vision.

Caulkins! He wanted her to live and to live without the memory of murder, even though justified. How he and she had stumbled upward together, his hand ever at her assistance, laughing. And how impatiently, how intolerant this man of iron above, this man of one mistress, had led the way.

Suddenly she lifted her face, smiling. She turned the blade to the rope above her head.

"Miriam!"

Now a whirling flash; then a merciful sense of benign darkness.

A few rocks slid and fell over the cliff, there was a sound of breaking boughs, then silence.

There was a feeling of arms about her. She opened her eyes. Then she closed them again. The sun was so bright.

"We hit the fir trees, Miriam. I don't think you're hurt; not badly. I'm not. Came through the boughs and hit the snow."

She opened her eyes again. From far away came a clear halloo.

She sighed and nestled into the sheltering arms.

---

A big game hunter went out one morning without a gun or camera. On the trail he met a lioness. She made a jump at his head and he ducked. She jumped again and missed. Three times she over-jumped. The last time she disappeared over a little knoll. He thought this rather queer, so he peeked over the knoll, and there was the lioness practicing shorter jumps.—*Columns.*





*"Go, and be happy,"*

SAID BEAU NASH, THE ENGLISH DANDY



Lucky at the gaming tables of Bath, Beau Nash often handed his winnings to some shy-of-shillings gentleman behind his chair.

"Go, and be happy," the dandy said, raking in a sum.

What that would mean *now!* For

**Schlitz**

**The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous**

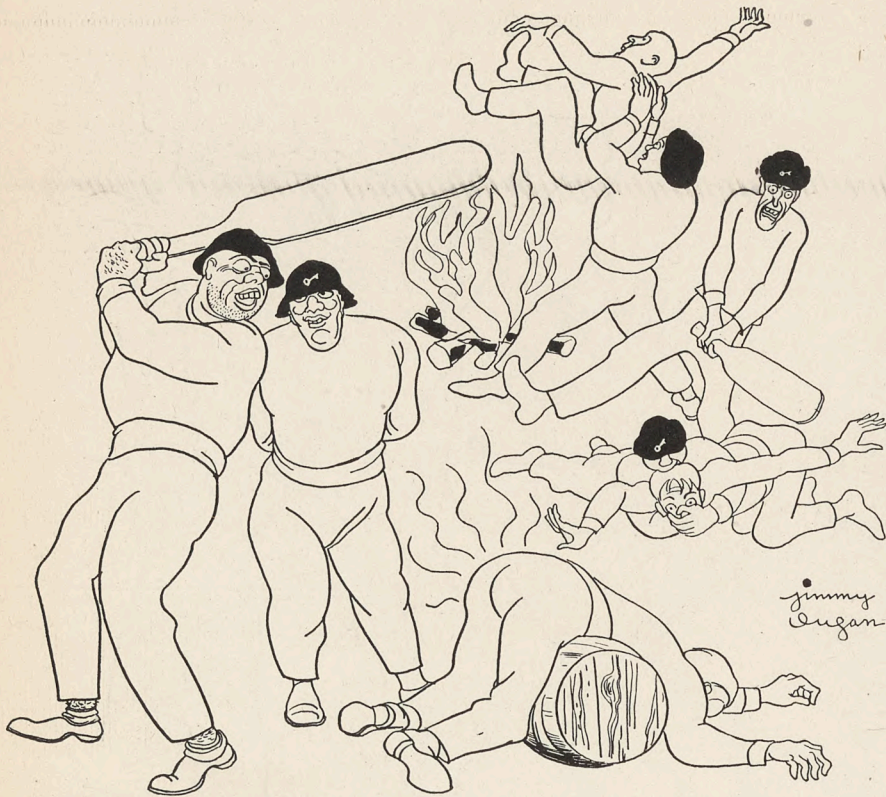
*now* the impecunious one could fly to the nearest Schlitz sign and in a moment curl his hand around a tall cool stein.

Schlitz — The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous! High white "collar" snowy as Beau's own! It's suave, too, and debonair, and lively! There's just the right stimulation, but no hint of bad after-effects. Schlitz has Vitamins, too — health-giving, nerve-building Vitamins. And its flavor is different from all other beers.

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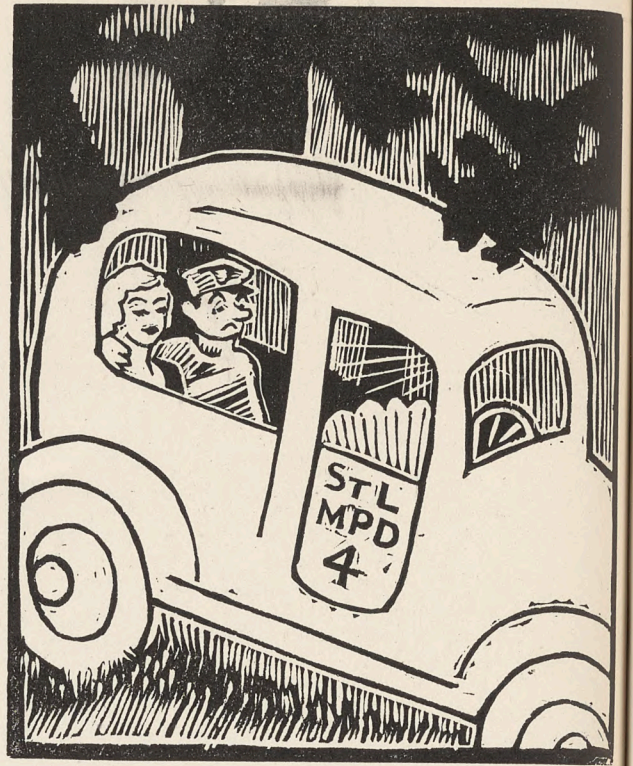
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN





*Jimmy Egan*

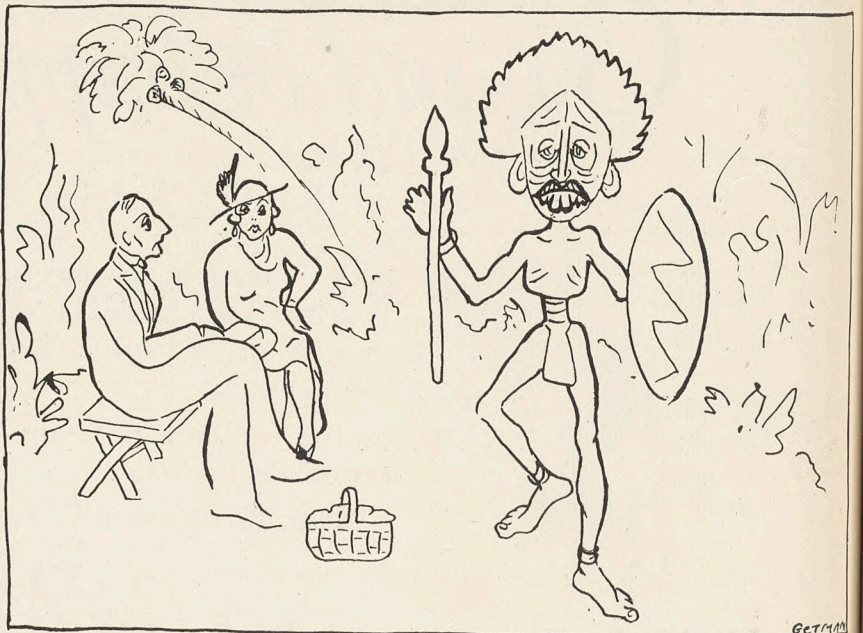
"Incidentally, Hoime, who is this guy?"—Froth.



"Attention, Number Four! That's the Captain's daughter!"—Charles Craver.



"I thought you said Surprise Party."....Owen Heitmeyer.



"Good Lord, I left my toothbrush in the bathroom at the Waldorf!"  
—Yale Record.



**FOR RENT ONLY***(Continued from page 12)*

have had a great disappointment or an unhappy life. Perhaps she didn't love her husband. Anyway, she didn't want to talk about it. Pretty decent of her. Unusual, too. Most women wanted to blab about themselves all the time.

In the three weeks that followed Bob learned a great deal about Marca, for that was her name, Marca Rhineland. She came every day to the pool at two, but left promptly at four-thirty.

"I must be at the hotel by five," she had explained. "My husband is furious if he gets in and I'm not there."

Little by little Bob learned the story of her life. She was reluctant to talk. It seemed to bring up unpleasant memories that she preferred to forget, although she did confess that it was wonderful to have someone who really understood to whom she could unburden her heart. She had few friends, partly because she travelled so much, but mainly because her husband was so insanely jealous.

"But why do you tolerate such treatment?" Bob asked. "And why did you marry the old coot in the first place?" Bob had learned that her husband was thirty-five years her senior.

Tears suddenly made Marca's blue eyes seem even bluer.

"He was a friend when I needed one most. I didn't love anyone else and I admired him greatly, so I thought the least I could do was to try and bring happiness into his lonely life. I didn't know his true disposition then."

"But you do now. Why don't you leave him?"

"There are two reasons mainly. The first is, I made a bad bargain and it's up to me to see it through. In the second place, I have no money and know of nothing I could do to earn a living. He makes certain I never have enough money for foolish ideas, as he terms them. And I have no family."

They had been so absorbed in their conversation neither had heard a large, black sedan drive up nor noticed a chauffeur helping an elderly man to alight.

"So this is where you spend your spare time," a thundering voice boomed out. "Mooning around a half-baked country yahoo who hasn't enough brains to do anything more than be a life-guard."

At these words Marca jumped as if she had been shot. Stark terror was evident on her face as she fled without a word towards the bath house.

Bob, looking in the direction of the voice, saw a grey-haired, heavy-set man leaning against the wire fence that surrounded the swimming pool. His face was livid with rage. It seemed as if he would choke himself in his fury. He stuttered and choked before he could control himself enough to continue.

"And as for you, young man, you'll mind your own business if you expect to keep your health."

As he finished these words Marca came out of the

bath-house and ran for the car, hair uncombed and face minus make-up. Her husband started toward her, shouting abuses as he went, and as both reached the car at the same time he pushed her inside so roughly that she fell to her knees. Climbing in himself, he bellowed at the chauffeur to make speed.

Bob's first reaction was to rush out and smash the old man's face, despite the latter's age. He thought of many things he wanted to say, but with an effort held his tongue. It would only make it harder for Marca, and the poor kid had it hard enough as it was. So Bob spent the rest of the day thoroughly hating the "old goat" and imagining with vicious pleasure the many things he would like to do to him.

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The next afternoon at two o'clock Bob anxiously watched the gate for Marca's appearance. But Marca did not appear. By the time Bob was relieved at six o'clock he was frantic with worry. Perhaps the old man had beaten Marca. Why, there was no telling what an insane old fool like that might do. Bob knew that he had to see Marca some way. He had to get her out of that mess. Yes, he might as well admit it—he loved her. She was so loyal and fine, so different from the women he knew. She was his ideal. Just the kind of woman he had always wanted to meet and never expected to. Living with that decrepit old fossil just because she considered it her duty. But that was like Marca. Well, even if she had ever owed him anything her debt was paid in full by now.

Bob couldn't bear the thought of Marca staying with her husband a day longer. Why, she could stay with his people until a divorce was obtained. They would understand. They'd have to. Of course, they'd be disappointed because he had only one more year of school. But he couldn't wait a year. Anything might happen to Marca in that time. They'd be married as soon as possible and he'd take that job in New York City in his uncle's brokerage office.

As soon as Bob was off duty he dressed and hurried to the hotel where Marca was staying. He knew the desk clerk, Hal Bossman, quite well. Surely he could find out something, manage some way to see Marca. He sauntered into the hotel casually. He mustn't appear too anxious—might spoil everything.

"Hello, Hal," he said. "How are things going?"

"Dull, as usual," Hal answered. "Where have you been keeping yourself lately?"

They talked for several minutes on subjects of mutual interest, Bob restraining with difficulty his eagerness to discuss Marca. Finally, with just the right amount of indifference he hoped, Bob asked, "That old man still at the hotel who's selling stock around here lately?"

"Naw," Hal replied. "Checked out last night. And good riddance if you ask me. That couple caused more trouble than anybody we've ever had here. Fought like cats and dogs. Whew! but that woman was one hell-cat."

Bob recovered from the shock of Marca's departure only to rally to her defense on hearing Hal's last words.

"Well, she ought to kill the old fool. Any man that's as mean to his wife as that old devil is ought to be locked up."

"Say, where'd you get the idea she was his wife? Why, they weren't married. In fact he picked her up in this very hotel."

### HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

(Continued from page 4)

Hereafter with a five-inch real-life splinter in his leg.  
**May 3.** Elsa Krull is crowned Queen of the May in a lovely ceremony at the swimming pool. The bonnie lassies trip gingerly through their dances, finding the

Field House floor a bit more slippery than the grass of McMillan Court.

**May 3.** 8:27. Overture. And the curtain rises on "Ship A-Hooey," the Quad Club annual. Barney Ofner shifts handily from the Scrubby of a week ago to "East St. Louis Blues," and the audience alternates clapping for the dances with groaning at the hand-picked puns that follow the seagoing nitwits from Belleville to Pogo Pogo.

**May 11.** The band begins to play and Greek meets Greek as Pan-Hel wipes up the fraternity social year with a new idea in dances. Glen Echo groans under the weight of the picked men from sixteen chapters.

### ART IS PAIN

(Continued from page 9)

"Oh," Annabelle sighed, lapsing into silence as the music began.

Studying art in books was more exciting and took less effort than attending classes. A book could be taken out to the park near the still lagoon while it was practically impossible to take the prof and six students and the model out to the park and keep the lagoon as still as always. Besides clay wasn't a beneficial hand lotion. Sun and idleness did much more to preserve artistic hands. The whole trouble started when Annabelle expressed the desire to see some of Archie's work.

"Archie, why don't you ever let me come to see some of your work?"

"It's nothing, not any good."

"But it is, dear. I'm coming up tomorrow."

Annabelle's head was on Archie's shoulder. Her perfume wafted to his nostrils. She was very sweet.

"Annabelle," he began. "I smashed my stuff up today."

She sat up.

"You what?"

"It's no good. Why should I be just another art student. Either genius—"

"But, Archie, you've got to work for genius."

"The pain, Annabelle—the anguish of attempting to express oneself to an unsympathetic world."

"I appreciate you."

He kissed her for that. After the kiss it was an effort to continue the depressed mood.

"No—What's the use? I haven't that spark in me. Beauty is the infinite. What am I?"

"You're a genius."

The silence lengthened.

"Archie, will you promise me to work—Archie, will you?"

"No. Don't say anything more about it. You realize how deeply I felt when it comes to the question of my art."

"Wouldn't you go on for me?"

"No. That is—"

"Wouldn't you?" she demanded.



"Well—"  
"We'll see."

That's what women do to you. You hold them in your arms and tell unpremeditated, preposterous lies. Smash his stuff, Archie remembered grimly. He didn't have any to smash. He was getting fed up on beauty, the infinite. It was all right when he had quoted verbatim, but to hear Annabelle spiel the art is pain stuff merely for the purpose of inspiring him, so she said, was too much. One night a week would have been tolerable, but she kept it up every single time he saw her.

He jerked at the door bell violently, cracking one of his nails in the process. Annabelle opened the door, lovely in a white something or other dress that was thin and stiff. The stiffness Archie knew was going to give trouble. He sat down on the lounge.

"Archie," she began, slipping an arm through his, "have you—"

"No."

"No work at all?"

"None."

She withdrew her arm and sniffed. Here was an artist who could be saved to the world only through her efforts. Integrity faltered beneath humanitarianism and then disappeared.

"You mean that after all I've said—" she wiped her eyes that were beginning to tear.

Archie put his arm around her. The stiff balloon sleeves crumpled under the pressure. Annabelle was weeping too copiously to notice.

"How will you ever amount to anything? If we ever want to get married, what will we do? I know you're an artist, but can't you be the least bit practical?"

"Practical?" Archie asked.

"Of course. It takes money to get married, and you only get it by selling your work. And then you don't care enough for me to even work."

"Practical," Archie muttered to himself, the weight of Estheticism caressing his brow in fond farewell. "Practical," he repeated aloud.

"I'll work, darling. I'll prove to you that I love you. We'll have money."

"It's not that I'm mercenary, Archie, but I know you're capable of being a successful artist."

"Beauty is pain," quoted Archie for the last time. He gazed at Annabelle.

"That's fishy," he said. "You're beauty and the Lord knows you're not painful on the eyes or to kiss. Say, those guys must have been nuts."

Away flew Estheticism, strumming its golden harp.

"What guys?" Annabelle asked.

"Let's quit talking," the un-smocked artist demanded and realized that those were the most sensible words he had uttered in months.

Melancholia was gone. The library shelves welcomed Santayana back with musty, appreciative arms. The smocks went to the community center to adorn some very wide, much be-parented mother. Artist's nails were shorn. The last vestige of artistry had fallen away with the long hair waves. Once again purple bananas on blue fishes were preposterous. All had disappeared but the inspiration. Archie saw her the day he started his career as an insurance salesman. He broke the news cheerfully, unsuspectingly.

"Annabelle, we can be married now."

Annabelle gasped. Her eyelids kept raising.

"You've sold something?"

"You bet I have. A ten thousand dollar policy. That's darn good for my first day, even if it was only my father."

"A what?"

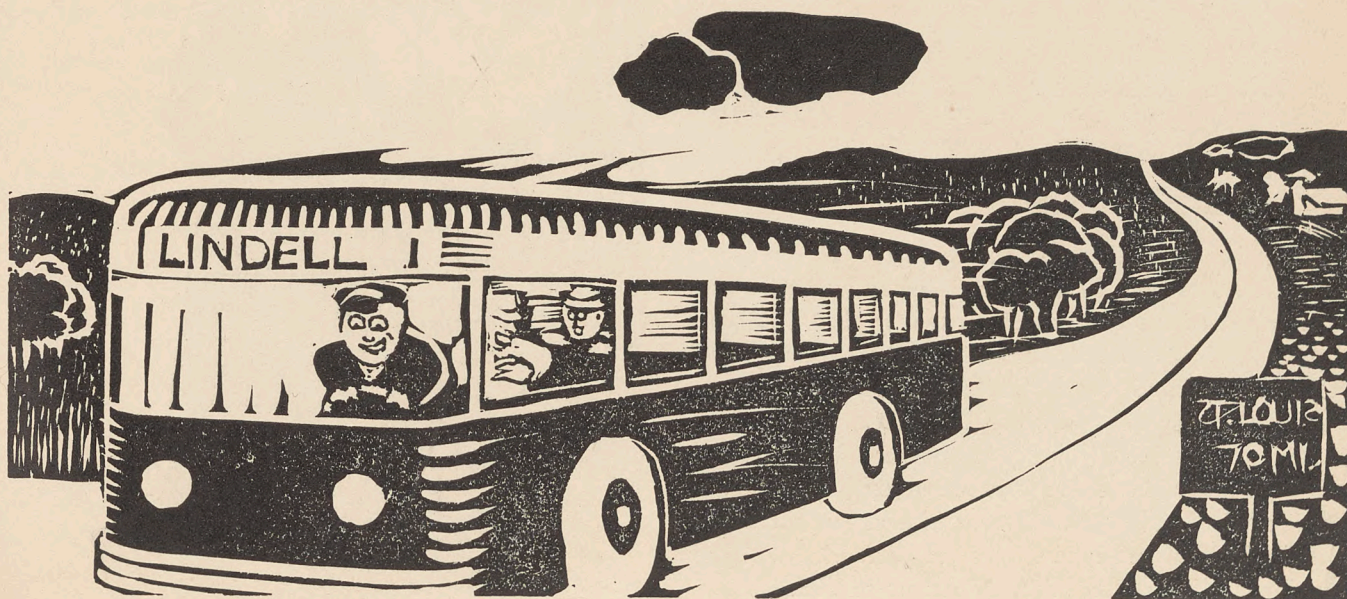
"A policy?"

"But—but your sculptoring?"

"Oh, that was all a flop."

Annabelle became pale and indignant.

(Continued on next page)



"Oh, he just doesn't give a damn."—Owen Heitmeyer.



"Do you mean to say you're nothing but an insurance salesman?"

"You wanted me to be practical."

She didn't notice his interruption.

"And the artist part was all a fake?"

"No, it wasn't a fake. I'm just not an artist."

"An insurance salesman," Annabelle repeated, and then raised her voice. "You idiot, don't you imagine I can have insurance salesmen, better looking, more interesting than you? Good-bye," she ended coldly. "Don't bother to come back."

Archie couldn't answer—she walked away too quickly. He slammed the door behind him. He walked down the steps talking to himself.

Beauty is pain. Pain is art. Women are a pain. Women are art. Nuts."

### RICKY

(Continued from page 18)

win, who has most graciously accepted Bob Ecoff's. Hank Luedde nosed out Bill Dee and asked Betsy Howell first if she would accept his pin, which she did. Bee Ferring finally settled down and took Don Freeman's pin. My guess is the Queen Bee simply wanted to match her sorority sister, Mickey Hyman. But Jack Carnahan claims a pin isn't going to bother him. Dave Richardson, Sig Alph, has pinned Jo Ireland, a lovely girl who has been very quiet this year. Art Hauser has his Pi K. A. pin off-campus, while brother Jack Fendya got his back from Lindenwood. On hearing this, Joe Marlow, just to keep the pin population in Lindenwood the same, lent his there. That pin Lois Stauffer is trying to hide belongs to Gene Nolan—Charles Jacoby borrowed it from him to put on her.

Those rubber bands on these new hats must be for girls with expanding heads—per Mary Wilson. The Wilson that lives at 40 S. Gray, Webster Groves, and whose telephone number is RE. 0580. The puffiness comes from seeing her name in print here occasionally, I have heard. So hello again, Mary. Despite the fact that Roy Martintoni's room-mate at the Teke House is the cousin of his back-home sweetie, Roy manages to date the local coeds on the sly. Irving Hicks and Pete Ossenfort, who both had their pins out at this writing, have a private wager as to who will get married first.

Remember Bert Kent, the girl that gave the physical examiner the wrong sheet the year before last and was so embarrassed she quit school for two weeks? She has become the bride of Bert Kelly, Pi K. A. I have never had faith in blind dates, but in the case of Eleanor Phipps, the one she had with Earl McCloud is really starting to blossom. Her irons at Missouri U. will probably be withdrawn. Little Buss is overjoyed that Lloyd Smith of K. C. is going to be around here this summer.

Edith Tidrow and Fred Pitts have parted. . . . Lucy Jane Ryburn has shifted from off-campus to Dick Chapman. . . . Jo Sunkel is the princess Walter Gog dreams

about, but it is Margaret Baer whom he dates. . . . Walter Pattee would walk miles just to look at Janet Vogt. . . . Sweetheart Herget drives around George Reichardt's new Chevrolet and his open-air Cadillac. . . . Loretta Novy, Norma Ossing's sorority daughter, calls Ritterskamp "papa." How sweet. . . . This should shock you all—C. Harry Bleich, Jr., came home from the Kappa dance without Dolores Smith. I gather she preferred coming home with someone else. . . . The Theta Xis, after their dance, went to Garavelli's and bought lots of food and then went with their dates to Art Hill to have a picnic. . . . With Harry Carter it was first Grace Weigel, then Lois Anderson, and now it is Weigel again.

Konvicka & Hicks and Coyne & Many are the smoothest campus love-matches. . . Marge Rohlfing and Russ Schomberg are inseparable. . . . Editor Vaughan still thinks Kitty Ann Davies is the best lead a newspaper man could have. . . . Virginia Ebrecht went merry-go-riding here the night of the K. A. house party with Ray Hobbs on green elephants. . . . Ruth Bender will admit she is almighty struck on Tom Conway. . . . Frank Ambrose Casserly didn't like to play checkers until Marion Guenther started playing the game with him in the A. S. A. B. office after office hours.

Be good this summer, Ed, and tell everyone else to, because there will still be—

Ricky.



"No, I've seen that one already."—George Engelke.





“Get to work; I hear the warden sneaking around.”  
 “Never mind, it’s only my flesh creeping.”  
 George Engelke.

**NATIONAL STUDENT LEAGUE**

*(Continued from page 11)*

the most obtuse can fail to see the difference between the Communist Party, which is a political organization pledged to overthrow Capitalism and to the establishment of the Dictatorship of the proletariat—and the N. S. L., a non-political student organization pledged to fight for the immediate interests of students.

Again quoting from our program:

“The N. S. L. is affiliated to no political party and is controlled by the membership itself. Our members are students of diverse affiliations and beliefs. On this basis of its program the N. S. L. invites all students to join. The student must take a stand.”

**SUMMER SYMPHONY**

I say, young man with the sunburned nose  
 In a swish of foam, like a snow-bound rose,  
 And the stream of bubbles left to trail  
 (A meandering comet with crystal tail)—  
 You, young man, who with lazy motion,  
 Go slithering over the bumping ocean—  
 Don’t you see that the sand-covered admiration  
 And land-locked cheers of a dry creation  
 Are saying that, after all, in daring,  
 Dampness, splash, and water-wearing,  
 You just can’t hold a finger to a herring?

**THE CURSE OF THE RUMPLETWITS**

One fine Spring afternoon in the early years of the 18th century, Baron Rumpelwit was spurring his roan mare down a shadowy path on his country estate. Suddenly a gypsy woman, old and picturesque, appeared from the underbrush and grasped his bridle. The baron casually tossed her a shilling.

“Only a shilling?” screamed the hag. “Only a shilling? Curse ye for your parsimony, Baron Rumpelwit! Curse ye and your son and your son’s son, and ever man-child born in your castle to the seventh generation! The gypsy’s curse be upon ye!”

The baron paid no attention and cantered cheerfully home. Little did he dream of the future that was in store for his descendants. From then on the castle was mantled with the dread shadow of the curse of the Rumpeltwits.

The baron lived on to a contented old age. His son and his son’s son also lived peacefully and happily till they died of old age. And so it went for six generations.

The seventh descendant of the old baron, Luther Rumpelwit, was a handsome lad, popular and well liked by all who knew him. He was brave as well, and had no fear of the dire curse of the Rumpeltwits. In fact, he hadn’t even heard of the dire curse of the Rumpeltwits.

Luther Rumpelwit, too, died of old age. The gypsy was sore as hell.—*Lampoon*



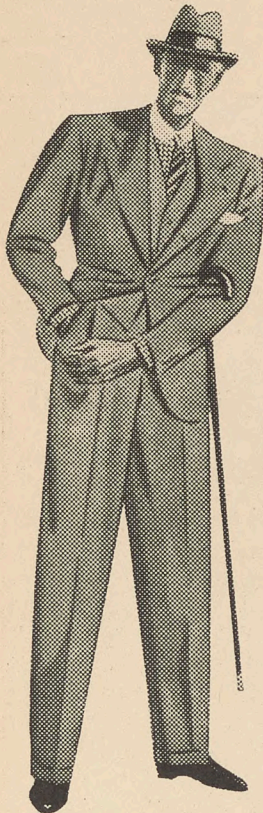
“You ladies come up out of there.”—Froth.



# The STYLE TREND



For summer evenings the double breasted shawl collar jacket worn with black trousers of turango will be most favored for formal wear. The collar is attached to the semi-stiff bosom shirt.



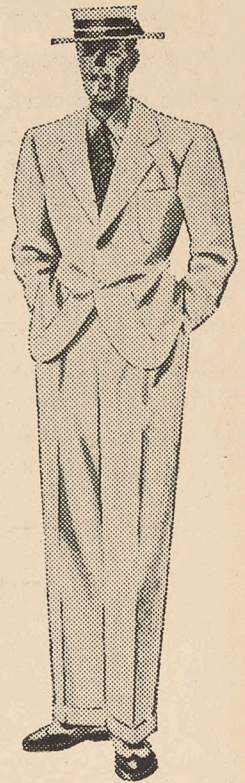
A single breasted two piece suit of palm beach. The sennit straw hat has a slightly wider brim.

Since the selection of clothes is a personal problem there can be no hard and fast rules laid down that apply to everyone and every occasion; but we have outlined here some suggestions that can be helpful to anyone, along with descriptions of apparel that have caught the approval of clothes conscious men in various parts of the world.

This summer a greater variety of light weight fabrics are being shown than ever before. Linens, seersuckers, light weight worsteds, turangos and gabardines are the most practical. Merely because fabrics can be produced in cheap grades with poor workmanship is no reason why fine fabrics carefully designed with excellent workmanship shouldn't be preferable at all times.

Stripes and checks both hold sway and it is definitely an odd coat year with nearly any combination of colors as long as there is a pleasing contrast between coats and trousers. When an odd coat is worn we suggest that both should not be stripe or check. Shirred backs, "pinch" backs and belted backs are equally as good as plain backs. Pockets may be patch, bellows or plain with or without flaps.

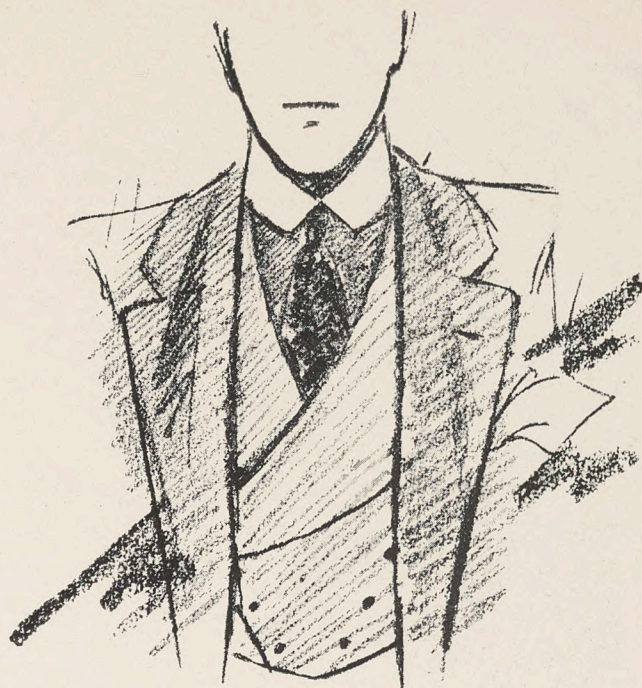
Color is very desirable but careful consideration should be given the ensemble. If you don't trust your judgment confer with your tailor or haberdasher. Harmonizing or like colors in hose and cravats. Bow cravats. Solid color cravats are desirable with checked coats or shirts. If there is a check in the coat the shirt should be solid color or with a stripe. The button down collar is always smart and practical in summer. Light weight flexible straw hats of the darker shades are new (brown, tan, blue and green).



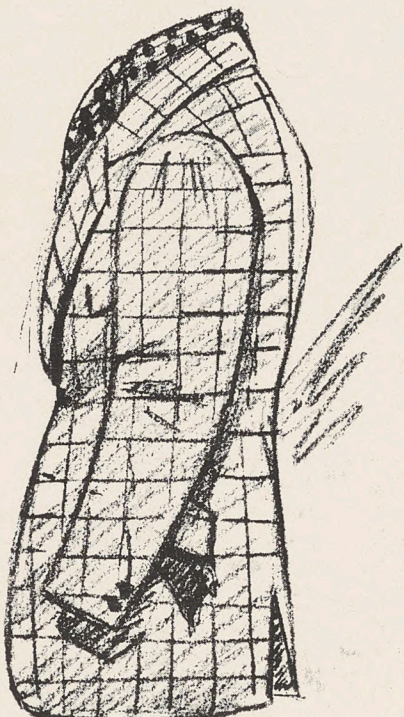
A three piece single breasted suit of turango cloth. This material is not only cool but tailors well. The homburg hat will substitute for the straw when the day or evening is not too warm.



Double breasted white palm beach jackets with shawl collar are the smartest for evening wear, worn with black turango cloth trousers. The light weight pork pie or creased felt hat will vie throughout the summer with the straw hat. The homburg type hat need make no concession to the snap brim. If the homburg is more becoming wear the homburg.



Your tailor will help you to individuality in an odd waistcoat of some contrasting material.



The odd jacket may be of district checks with plain or shirred back.

Sports wear is quite daring this year. The odd jacket can take a lot of color. Bright solid color blazers are very useful for tennis. Slacks have pushed knickers out of the picture for the time being. They must be cut high with an ample waist band. Waistcoats (vests to you) are having their day and night too. Corduroy, flannel and linen with the double breasted ones getting a strong play for both formal and sports wear.

Contrasting bright scarfs tucked in the odd jacket or shirt open at the neck are attractive and practical. Try a colored handkerchief knotted about the throat in lieu of a tie.

## CLOTHES FOR SUMMER Or Year 'Round Wear

to look the best and give the most satisfactory service should be custom tailored. For a number of years we have been known as fashion headquarters for men and young men; we take pride in not only designing fine clothes but smart clothes for the graduate and undergraduate.

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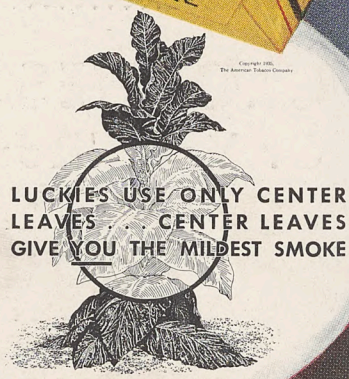




*I'm your best friend  
I am your Lucky Strike*

I am a better friend than others, for I am made only of mild, fragrant, expensive center leaves. Not a single sharp top leaf nor a single coarse

bottom leaf mars my good taste or my uniform mildness. I do not irritate your throat. I am, indeed, a soothing companion, the best of friends.



*They Taste Better*



etter



