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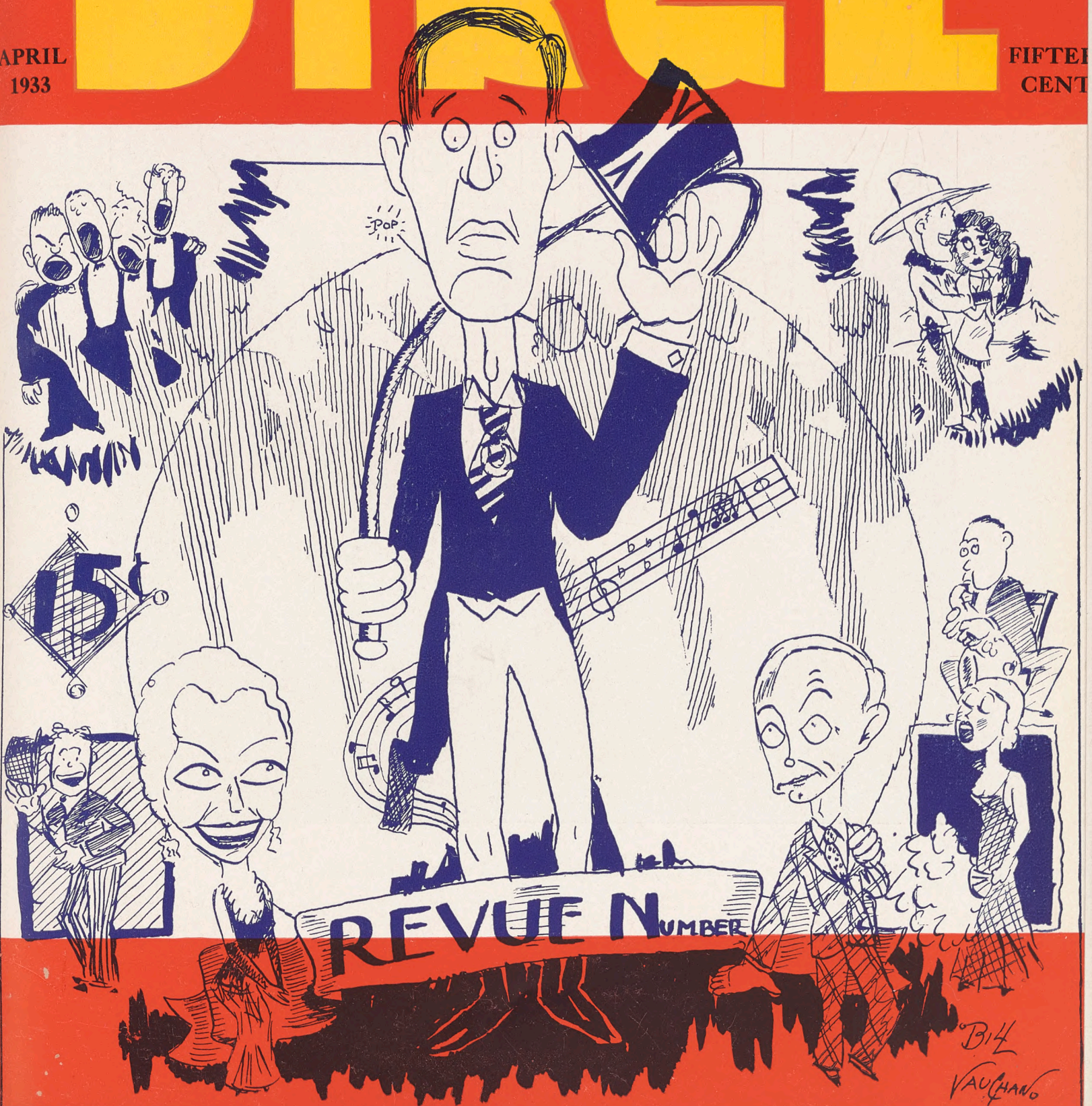
“One Small Cheer”

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

DIRGE

APRIL
1933

FIFTEEN
CENT





"Hawkins, tell Freddy what nine eights are."

—Yale Record

"Down with capitalism."
"And punctuation, too."

—Banter.

— D D D —

The small boy was interested in watching a bald-headed man scratch the fringe of hair around the side of his head. The man kept it up so long that the boy finally reached over and said in a loud whisper, "Say, mister, you'll never catch him that way. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

—The Log.

— D D D —

Dentist: "This set will cost you five dollars."
Patient: "Haven't you got any buck teeth?"

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Dime a Dance

Said she: "It's true, and that's no line
Mister, your dancing is divine.
With you I feel complete content,
But that's the end; the dance is spent.
Ticket please."

She squeezed my hand and closer drew,
And whispered things that I wished true.
The music faltered and went dead;
She quickly drew away and said:
"Ticket please."

I'd like the woman who could speel
This dancer's line, and make me feel
So opulent, so hale and fit,
And joy were mine if she'd omit:
"Ticket please."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

Co-ed (shopping): "Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?"

Floor Walker: "Next aisle and to your left for the lingerie department, Miss."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

First High Hat: "I think she must be spoiled."
Second Ditto: "No, it's just the perfume she's using."

—Blue Baboon.

— D D D —

A. D. Pi: "So you let him park his car?"
Tri Delt: "I did, like fun!"
A. D. Pi: "Yes, so do I."

—The Carolinian.

— D D D —

News Item—The bearded lady died the other day, leaving a wife and three children.

—Owl.


— D D D —

Doctor (to absent-minded professor): "The stork has just arrived."

Prof.: "Sh, don't bother my wife she's in the next room."

—Skipper.

Japroom



Budweiser Falstaff
Pabst Blatz
Schlitz
Pilsener Light
Muenchner Dark
Walsheim's Bayern
Burkf. Pale Ale

Candlelight House
Clayton, West of Hanley

DUN—DEER SANDALS

The Hit of the Season



Hand-Laced

Cool
Flexible
Comfortable

Modern as tomorrow, they're ideal for school, sports, hiking, lounging, in fact, wear them anywhere and everywhere.

Made in two types—
Oxfords and Sandals

Choice of White Elk, Smoked Elk or combination Brown and Camel Elk.

\$2.75

STIX, BAER & FULLER
2nd Floor, Shoe Salon

"And the next time anyone walks into this class late, I'll certainly make an example of him," the professor told the students.

Just then the door opened, and an innocent-looking student walked in and went to his seat.

"Young man," shouted the angry professor, "would you like to know what I just said here before you came in?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the meek reply: "It really isn't necessary, sir; I took this course last semester."

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

As Shakespeare once said, "Bowlegs may not be few, but they're far between."

—The Log

Yeh, that's the idea! Patronize DIRGE advertisers.

TO HER OF THE DREAM

One fleeting space was all you spent with me,
 One dreaming moment in a dreamless sleep;
 But I shall not forget you. Do you weep,
 Remembering me, wherever you may be—
 Remembering how we walked by tinkling streams
 That flowed through valleys purple in the night,
 Half lit, half hidden by the misty light
 Of that Dead Moon above the world of dreams.

I wonder if the dream will come again
 Wherein I shall behold you face to face,
 And love you burningly as I did then,
 And once more feel the thrill of your embrace,
 In that old valley, touched with fleeting beams
 Of the Dead Moon that lights the world of dreams.

Vernon Meyer.



AQUARIA

The peacock slides along white sand,
 he drifts between aquatic plants
 at ease, nor tries to understand
 the abstract (namely, Circumstance).

He goggles at a floating morsel
 of fishfood, borne athwart the deep,
 but finds he must employ the dorsal
 in reaching it—so falls asleep,

and gently flaps transparent fins
 while placid brethren propegate.
 —Upon awakening, he begins
 inspection of his damp estate,

he looks through artificial dawn
 into the waters whence he came,
 discovers with abysmal yawn
 that Gods and Fish are still the same

then he disturbs four silver bubbles
 (they break upon a glass-rimmed ocean),
 and sighs into his sea of troubles,
 regretting all the needless motion.

Clark Mills.



NUITS DE JUIN

While days in summer pass, the distant fields
 spill drunken perfume from their hidden flowers;
 half-listening to the sound their growing yields,
 —not sleeping, nor awake—we waste the hours.

The stars are clearer, and as dim gleams climb
 upward, the shadows move away from high;
 as the cold morning waits its silver time,
 all the night seems to wander down the sky.

Tr. by Clark Mills.



*B*y the way, you know friends sometimes offer me Chesterfields, and about the only thing they say is, "I believe you'll enjoy them!"

they Satisfy



*— the Cigarette that's Milder
the Cigarette that Tastes Better*

FASHION

Have you seen 'em? Some are nice conservative ones in black-and-white, some are violet one way and green another, and others look like the red-and-white tablecloths that they used to serve pretzels* and beer on. Yes sir! These checked blouses the girls are wearing are sure snitzy! Even the stalwart males have succumbed to checks. We saw one the other day in a gray pin-check shirt, with his tie in checks, too. We were quite overcome with speechless admiration, but lapsed into utter disgust when we discovered that his socks didn't match.

When plaid blouses were enjoying their winter's reign, many a pair of bored young intellectuals amused themselves during vapid lecture classes; they played tit-tat-to on the bars of a plaid blouse which conveniently sat in front of 'em. But checked blouses offer difficulties. How can one make the checker buttons stick?

And those funny little things the girls wear over the right eye, which are supposed to be hats! They're extremely dangerous, and just oughtn't to be permitted. Well, at least the girls ought to keep the inconsequential blobs on a string. Last week we rounded the corner of Ridgely in a high wind, and plop!—something landed right in our eye. (We don't know whether to say "our eye" or "my eye." "Our eye" sounds very important; but after all, I'm not twins.) Anyway, the nurse had to fish it out for me.

"Wait a minnit," she commanded. This looks peculiar; we'll put it under the microscope."

And when we looked—there was one of those darn hats! It had a little bow in back, and a small tipped brim of coarse straw, and it was navy blue, an' its size 21½, an' its,—well if anyone wants it back, she can get it by going over to the clinic and taking it out of the stamp box on the nurse's desk.

Spring brings out other things, too. The girls are salvaging those white oxfords with either brown or black saddles, and the fellows are showing the general weakening of the mind prevalent in spring-time, by wearing socks whose colors would shame an easter-egg. A red-headed chap in our German class wears sky-blue ones which drape beautifully around his ankles, allowing his stalwart hairy shins to peek from beneath his trouser cuffs. We heard a pair of "arsenicky" green golf socks coming into Wilson last Wednesday, and yesterday we saw a pair of very bright orange ones on Ridgeley steps. And we saw one poor flustered male who had a run! Oh, what balm to the feminine soul!

Dot Merkel.

* the original spelling.

— D D D —

"Darling, I love you!"
"Who, me?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

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



Say young fellow—

It's time to have a tailor

It's asking a lot of a machine, that never saw you, to turn out a suit that's supposed to fit you becomingly; especially when you consider that of the millions of men in the world no two have exactly the same measurements. Yet you've probably hesitated about a custom made (swank for tailor-made) suit. There is an age old tradition that custom made clothes lack snap, and there is some foundation for the belief, but we've built a grand business by disproving this to young men as well as their elders. Come in some time and make us prove that clothes of distinction are custom made by Losse.

The price range is the lowest we can remember

\$30 to \$60

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

CUSTOM MADE CLOTHES OF THE BETTER KIND

The newcomer placed his hand on the shoulder of the convict before him and began the rhythmic lock-step march back to the jail. He leaned forward a little and whispered to the tired convict, "Is that all there is to this rock-splitting job?"

"Hell!" muttered the convict, turning his head slightly. "Ain't fourteen hours a day of it enough?"

"Nothing to it," the new convict whispered happily.

"Seven days a week of it! Bad food, lousy beds—"

"It's Heaven," murmured the newcomer.

"Say!" growled the convict, "where the hell did you come from?"

The newcomer sighed. "I—I was a college professor."

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

Dad: "Fine son you are! You say you don't like your college work, but here you are back home with a wife!"

Son: "But dad, this course wasn't optional!"

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

Nice Guy

"I understand you've got your divorce, Mandy. Did you get alimony?"

"No, Mrs. Jones, but my husband done give me a first-class reference."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Bewildered Prof. (on looking into the hairbrush):
"Guess I need a shave."

—Ski-U-Mah.

Hallways Always?

Why can't I love one,
Be true to her always?
Why must I go on
Kissing in hallways?

The first one was Jessie
A maiden so rare,
With face uplifted,
The light on her hair,

Revealing the soul
of an angel to me
A goddess of love
In sweet simplicity.

And then I saw Ruth
She really hooked me,
A model of cunning,
and much sophistry.

I swore I would win her
I fought for her glances,
Till some one else nailed her,
Tail-spinning my chances.

But Janie was different
I hopefully thought;
A girl of her character
Couldn't be bought.

But I was mistaken.
Her stock fell to zero
When she ran away
With her millionaire hero.

And still I'm lamenting,
Will I go always
Hoping and yearning,
Yet kissing in Hallways?

—W. N.

"If that's catnip
I'm a caterpillar!"



THE Colonel tried to be kittenish
... but the result was catastrophe!
There is one tobacco that domestic
pets (from wives to kittens) run
towards, not *away from*!

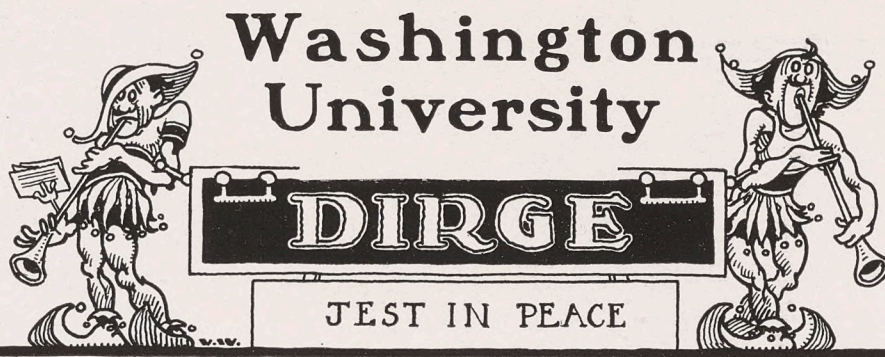
With Sir Walter Raleigh you are
almost guaranteed a perfect smoke.
Why the "almost"? Simply because
no tobacco can overcome the handicap
of a foul, unkept pipe. In a well-
preserved briar there is just nothing
like the satisfaction you get out of
Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, mild
mixture, kept fresh in gold foil.

Your nearest tobacconist has this
orange and black tin of rare Kentucky
Burleys. You'll agree with thousands
of particular smokers that it's the cat's!

Crown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-34



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



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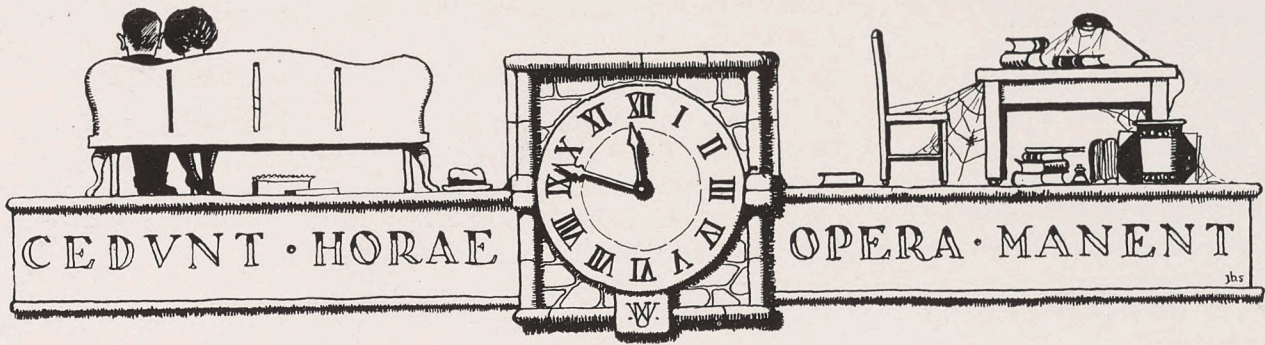
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APRIL, 1933

No. 7

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CAMPUS COMMENT

Prominent Men DARE to Give Opinion

DIRGE attempting an exhaustive search for the most perfect coed, has interviewed a dozen of the outstanding men on the campus, and gleaned most enlightening results. Judging on a basis of legs, body, hair, eyes, lips, complexion, personality, sophistication and mmm-m-m, that ephemeral quality which has taken the place of "It", Betty Trembley was chosen Most Perfect Coed, with an aggregation of thirty points. Following closely is Lucille Tralles with twenty-four points. Below we present the individual opinions from which the composite results were taken.

- | |
|-------------------|
| 1. Legs |
| 2. Body |
| 3. Hair |
| 4. Eyes |
| 5. Lips |
| 6. Complexion |
| 7. Personality |
| 8. Scphistication |
| 9. Mmm-m-m |

HARRY BLEICH

1. Lucille Tralles
2. Lucille Tralles
3. Rosemary Nelson
4. Eleanor Werber
5. Betty Trembley
6. Virginia Ebrecht
7. Jewel MacBryde
8. Pat Kelsey
9. Lucille Tralles

MILTON MILL

1. Jo Sunkel
2. Helen Ustick
3. Jane Scholz
4. Betty Mara
5. Ronnie Shinn
6. Jinny Waggoner
7. Virginia Grace
8. Mary Robertson
9. Georgia Flynn

BILL BRYAN

1. Virginia Ebrecht
2. Jo Sunkel
3. Virginia Waggoner
4. Eleanor Hopkins
5. Virginia Waggoner
6. Bee Conrad
7. Virginia Grace
8. Liz Ann Ustick
9. Lucille Tralles

CHARLES HAYDEN

1. Betty Trembley
2. Helen Ustick
3. Ruth Rosborough
4. Jo Sunkel
5. Deane Steger
6. Jo Sunkel
7. Marian McCane
8. Dorothy Nesbitt
9. Louise LaRue

DOUGLAS GALBREATH

1. Jimye Thorpe
2. Dudee Tralles
3. Virginia Koken
4. Louise LaRue
5. Virginia Koken
6. Virginia Waggoner
7. Louise LaRue
8. Emily Beckers
9. Virginia Ebrecht

PHIL BECKER

1. Betty Trembley
2. Jo Sunkel
3. Betty Mara
4. Betty Trembley
5. Jane Davis
6. Ronnie Shinn
7. Louise LaRue
8. Dorothy Nesbit
9. Betty Trembley

NELSON HOWER

1. Lucille Tralles
2. Lucille Tralles
3. Jane Davis
4. Ruth Bohle
5. Sara Ervin
6. Ronnie Shinn
7. Bee Conrad
8. Helen Ustick
9. Lucille Tralles

PRICE REED

1. Lucille Tralles
2. Eugenia Barklage
3. Virginia Capps
4. Betty Mara
5. Eugenia Barklage
6. Jane Davis
7. Virginia Koken
8. Mary Robertson
9. Eugenia Barklage

DELOS REYNOLDS

1. Jo Sunkel
2. Betty Trembley
3. Betty Mansfield
4. Mary Robertson
5. Betty Mara
6. Jane Forder
7. Betty Trembley
8. Mary Robertson
9. Pat Kelsey

BILL EATON

1. Virginia Ebrecht
2. Betty Trembley
3. Jo Sunkel
4. Dot Rhodius
5. Betty Mara
6. Mary Harford
7. Ronnie Shinn
8. Ronnie Shinn
9. Jim Miller

BILL CONNETT

1. Bee Conrad
2. Virginia Koken
3. Jo Sunkel
4. Sara Ervin
5. Betty Mara
6. Ronnie Shinn
7. Virginia Koken
8. Liz Ann Ustick
9. Jane Davis

HAROLD CLOVER

1. Betty Trembley
2. Betty Trembley
3. Patricia Kelsey
4. Deane Steger
5. Jane Davis
6. Virginia Waggoner
7. Edna Birge
8. Dorothy Nesbitt
9. Jewel MacBryde

Advertisement

In the first week of this month, Dirge's friendly enemy and rival in the field of publications passed from the hands of a few externally interested students into those of an impartial faculty department. Student Life is now completely journalistic, and no more will the student body derive pleasure and good clean amusement from reading typographical errors, misplaced headlines, wrong pictures, wrong dates, and erroneous names. We repeat, Student Life is now a staid old conservative sheet, and as such, deserves respect and admiration. It occupies

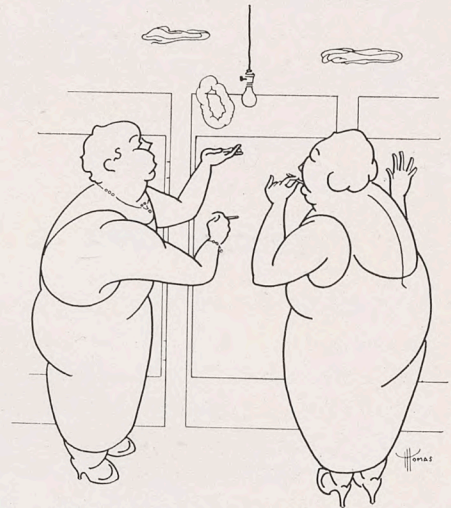
its little niche in the room of administration authority and we wish it well.

But Dirge (hence the title of this article) is still free. At least we think so. We may quite often print what we think and think what we print. Dirge is fresh—even raw—and has all the delightful faults that come from callow student supervision. We may become mildly ribald without too much frowning from stern administrators. We may even become funny without much disapproval. Bluntly put, Dirge is one of the few organizations left on the campus where you can work without

tripping over a faculty member. And that has its goods points.

Engineers' Masque

The Masque has been over for some time and maybe you wonder why we mention it now. We received a complimentary ticket—that's why.



“See if you can make a ringer, Dearie.”



“And I hear every one of those girls has to matriculate before she can go to college.”

But we did learn one fact about the Masque which is comparatively unknown. And that is that in the selection of the queen and her four maids, it is assumed that the maids are equal in import. In other words, there is no special maid-of-honor, and no first or second maids. Therefore, there was no significance to the order in which the four maids entered the ballroom. They really drew lots for the order of entrance.

We think, incidentally, that this isn't such a bad idea. Why not have all the maids in all the functions be of equal value as far as the audience is concerned? It must be embarrassing to a girl to know that she has, perhaps, been rated specifically behind three other girls as to beauty in front of several hundred people.

We hereby start a campaign for the Suppression of Special, First, Second, and Third Maids of Honor. Let's all be one big happy family.



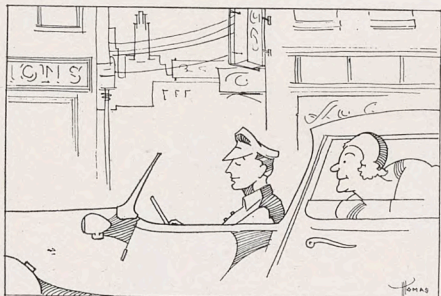
Radio Impressions: Wayne King and his Orchestra

—Notre Dame Juggler

The Three and Two-Tenths

Immediately after April 7, of course, all of us eagerly tried the newly legalized beverage beer. And we were disappointed. What's more, so were most of our college friends. Wheels spun, gears clashed. We tried to figure it out. Therefore, here is our opinion why the majority of college students and people of our own ages do not like the 3.2:

1) Our palates have become used to the sweet drinks of a prohibition era—cokes, phosphates, and the milk drinks of the soda



“Match ya for a drink, Egbert.”

fountains. The beer, which was proclaimed by the old-times as plenty good and the real stuff, tasted flat and bitter to us. OR—

2) Our palates have become



“Hey, clerk! There’s a woman in my room!”

—Yale Record.

used to the strong and hard stuff of the speakeasy era. Bathtub gin, straight alcohol, and Ozark Whiskey with Canadian labels—all with their (so we’ve heard) fiery throat-burnings and quick effects (so we’ve seen), have ruined or deadened the taste for what is

called by those who lived B. P. as “really good.”

A Remarkable Sunrise.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

Sunday, Jan. 22, we had a most remarkable view of the rising sun. When first noticed about 7:20, the sun was a plain silver disk. The surrounding sky had a grayish hue. In a short while an object shaped like a beaver, or a woolly-bear caterpillar, began to flit around it, from the right to the left. This was kept up constantly with short intervals between. Narrow rims of the clearest, most beautiful color would appear around the edge of the sun: yellow, blue, violet, red, green and lavender, while the sky a short distance around reflected these mingled together in soft tones. Occasionally small black dots would pass up over the sun. Once a transparent square appeared in the circle and remained for some time. Those beautiful colors were reflected in the electric globes and bulbs, while the hand, the paper and the table were covered with them when these notes were being jotted down. The sun was watched until 9 o'clock. By that time, all activities had ceased, the sun was still a simple silver disk, while the sky was a grayish hue. We should like very much to know the cause of this strange appearance of the sun.

ADA BIRKICHT.

—“Letters From the People,” St. L. P-D.

We’ve had mornings like that too.



“Hey, you mugs, this is a tabloid! Who wrote ‘Statutory Offense?’”

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

They Laughed When He Mailed The Coupon

by Gordon Sager

Is your complexion poor? Do your ears hum? Does your bust need development? Do you wake up in the morning with that tired feeling? Then you need my magic course as outlined below. It will make a new man of you in seven days (No one else has ever **dared** make an offer like this.) Will you gamble a three-cent stamp? You wouldn't, you piker, and we ain't going to send you nothing free.

Why, my course is the only one of its kind in the world—it is marvelous, stupendous, colossal, but it's cheap. Perhaps you are wondering what my course is. Perhaps you don't give a damn. Perhaps I don't either. Children, it is my famous magic course for song writers, endorsed by all the leading song writers and the company which prints it. It is free! gratis! complimentary! gratuitous! You merely buy (you thought so, eh?) my well-known *Komplete Kit for Komposers* at one dollar (\$1.00).

This kit contains all you need and also a Confidential Lesson for Men Only. For fifty cents more, I will throw in a Bartender's Guide and a Sure-Cure remedy for corns, sore throat, and headache.

* * * *

Did **you** ever hear of Wagner? Verdi? Mozart? Leoncavallo? They didn't take my course and look where they are today. Do you want to waste your talent like these men? No! a thousand times no! Take my course and be the toast of London, Paris, and Peoria.

Let us assume (just to avoid argument) that you are captivated by my cleverly-worded advertisement (Can **you** write advertisements? Send ten cents (10¢) in stamps or coin for my illustrated booklet "Advertising Made Very, Very Simple.") You send me a dollar (\$1.00) and I send you my *Komplete Kit*. If you are sober when you get the book, open it and start right in composing popular songs. It's simple—all you need is a couple (2) books of old songs, a pair (1) of scissors, and a tube (1) of paste. Look through the book and pick out the melodies you like, cut 'em out, write words to fit 'em, and you have a hit.

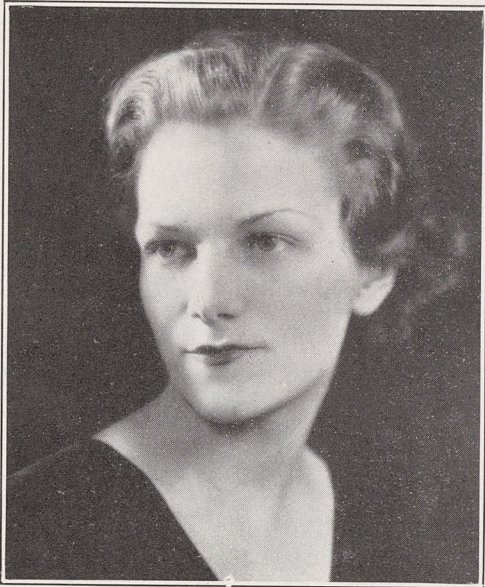
For instance, take your book of songs and find Tschaiakowsky's June Barcarolle, jazz it up, and you'll have a good popular song. Just because Sigmund Romberg beat you to it in *Lover, Come Back to Me* shouldn't deter you—you have just as much nerve as he has any time. What if Tierney did steal one of the hit songs of "Irene" from Chopin's *Minute Waltz*? Do the same thing. Chopin's dead, and Tierney is in the same boat you are. Or per-



"Oops! Sorry!"

haps you like something lighter. Use the overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and you'll get a hit similar to *Marcheta*, *What'll I Do*, and *Cuban Love Song*. It's all very simple; or maybe you don't want to copy anybody's song. In that case, you have a couple of tunes that belong to everybody. As my good friend, Sigmund Spaeth (send ten cents (10¢) in stamps or coin for his free booklet "How to be a Tune Detective") points out, the cuckoo song or the come-hither whistle of all the world is very popular, as the following hits built upon these two notes testify: *Japanese Sandman*, *Carolina in the Morning*, *Pack Up Your Sins*, *Should I?*, *Old Black Joe*, *Go Home and Tell Your Mother*, *Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries*, 'Swonderful, *Who's your Little Whosis?*, etc., etc. Then there's the tune—the poor little thing—that Bizet used in the *Toreador Song*, that Gruber used in *Silent Night*, that Harrison used in *In the Gloaming*, oh my Darling, that Foster used in *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground*. Go ahead and use it; nobody could sue you.

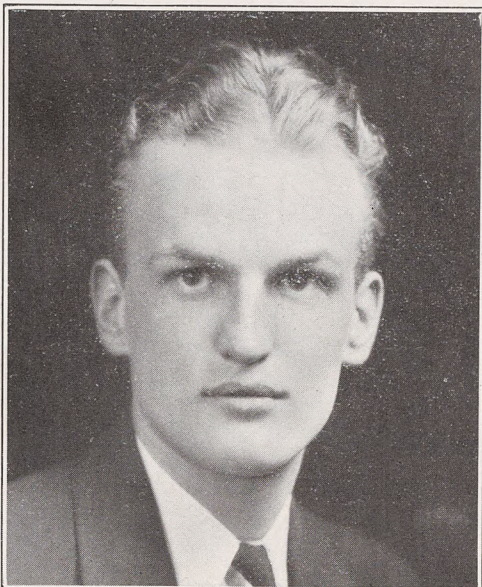
The words are just as simple (send ten cents (10¢) in stamps or coin for my *Complete Rhyming Dictionary*). Take "love" (you can't write a song without that). There's "sky above," "dreaming of," and "like a dove." With "you" rhyme "I am blue," "just us two," "secret rendezvous," and "love me too." "I am here," "will you stay near," "I'll bite your ear," and "have some beer," all rhyme with "dear." Take, if you wish, "night in June," "beautiful moon," "to you I croon," "on our honeymoon," and "you're a cartoon." Or "Love me," "hear my plea," "Two for tea," and "let's agree." See how easy it is—even a moron could do it. Even you could do it. And confess, dear reader, confess you saw it in *Dirge*.



JULES PIERLOW

JIMYE THORPE

models the female lead in "French Class," and is therefore seen on the stage approximately 9½ minutes. She was born a year too late, that's all, though we suppose it was all quite regular. Although she makes a clittery-clatter when she runs she is NOT a tap-dancer. She spends her summer vacations in radio stations, meadow brooks, and old Buicks. She is a freshman, and occasionally visits the triple D triangle rooms.



JULES PIERLOW

HAROLD GREEN

is a smooth lad who hangs his coat in the house. Is said to be an excellent dancer. Also sings. Rather a shy boy, at first appearance, but tends to improve with constant use. Has great time rehearsing opposite Miss Thorpe. Is an atypical Kappa Sig.

"ONE SMALL C



JULES PIERLOW

GEORGEA FLYNN

is a splendid example of a "cute little trick." When she oils up her low husky voice, waxes her brown eyes about, and bursts into "You've Got Me Crying Again," you feel like crashing the next Gamma Phi formal just to dance with her. Georgea is a sophomore, having two good years ahead of her as a torch-singer for collegiana.

*has E
pitche
ously
his ph
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Phi E*

CHEER"



JULES PIERLOW

BARNEY OFFNER

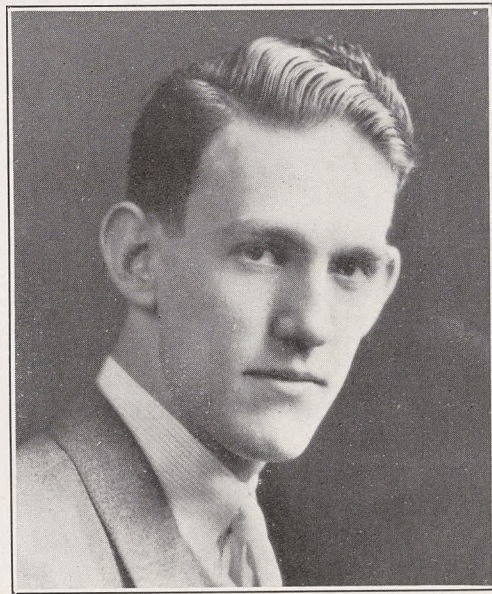
has been reading Dirge. The sigh he is sighing is pitched at F# below middle C, and sounds suspiciously like something else. Yes, Barney is a basso, but his philosophy prof. denies that he is profundo. Barney has never denied the rumor that he is a member of Phi Beta Delta.



JULES PIERLOW

LOUISE LA RUE

is one of our personal favorites. Louise is one of them thar grand old ladies of the campus this year and severs her connections with Delta Gamma and Washington in June. Has been in Quad Club shows since we were in high school. Has nice large eyes, sings, dances, and walks across the Quad. If she's in the show, it's good.



JULES PIERLOW

WILLIAM SCHUYLER

is ze desperate banditto and farceur. He is new to Quad Club, but has had legit stage experience with Thyrsus (formerly Thyrsus—Little Theatre, formerly Thyrsus). William can walk like an ape when he wants, but his enemies say "Whathahel! Any monkey can do that." He went to Harvard for a year but is unaffected by it except in his tie-tying. Is said to be a member of Sigma Chi.

The Eyes Have It

Another Twinkbury Story

By ED MEAD

T. Twiddlethrop Twinkbury was thinking. To this day I am sure of it. Whether his thoughts, by some quirk of fantastic foreboding, were veiled by apprehension of the eerie happenings that were to befall us on this day, I have no knowledge. Nor have I any desire to attempt to enter and lose myself in the fathomless abysses that are the man Twinkbury.

"Bertram," he said presently. That was all he said, just "Bertram," but the caressing tones in which he clothed the word were the very embodiment of the understanding and affection that had always passed between us. But my tender musings were interrupted by my first glimpse of the visitor who was bringing to us with hurried steps the story of the anguish that was now writing its tale of horror on his features. Twinkbury, too, saw him hurrying in our direction.

"That man, Bertram," he announced, "is coming to see me."

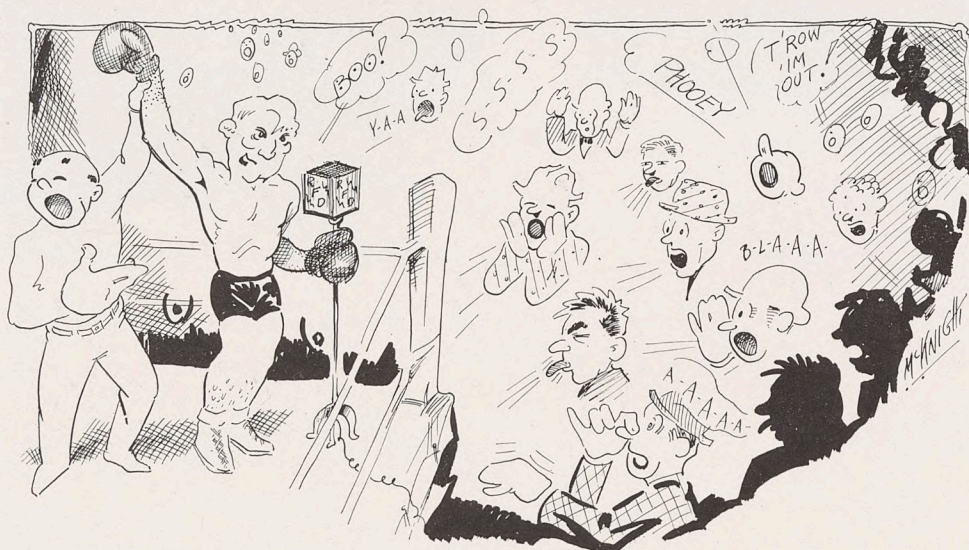
Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips than a man rushed into the room ahead of Droops, who had let him in. We saw now that he was a middle-aged fellow, rather tall of stature, with disshevelled black hair, a flowing black moustache, and monstrous spectacles.

"Mr. Twinkbury," he almost shouted in a breathless voice, "you must help me. Those eyes—I can see them now—and she is so pretty and innocent—and so helpless. You must save her—and me—"

"See here, my good man," commanded T. T., "calm yourself and begin at the beginning."

With visible effort the poor fellow pulled his wits together and sat down. After a moment of

silence he began: "About five miles from the city limits there is an old stone house that looks like a castle. It's up on top of a rock, and the sides of the rock drop off, straight down, from the bottom of the house. Every day an ice man used to walk up to that house with the ice. One day, when he was putting it in the box, a beautiful girl with sad eyes and not much eyebrows came and looked at him, and from that moment the ice man loved the girl and maybe the girl loved the ice man, and every day when he came with the ice she was there to look at him. And pretty soon he got so he came there at night without any ice at all. But one night, when they were sitting on top of the ice box holding each other's hands, a terrible man came in and his name was Professor Ludoni, and he was the girl's wicked uncle and he had big eyes with lots of white around the green in the middle. And right away the girl got all white in the face and got down off the ice box and stood stiff-like and walked away. And the man looked into the professor's eyes and he didn't know anything at all until he woke up in his own bed in the morning. And later the girl told the ice man that her uncle had hypnotism in his eyes and had control of her and she was unhappy and hated her uncle and she was just like his slave and nobody could ever marry her, not even the ice man. So the ice man, who was a big strong kind of a man, went to the girl's uncle and was going to beat him up, but he looked in the uncle's eyes first and he didn't know anything again until he woke up in the morning, and there on his own table, in his own writing, was a note that said, 'If you ever enter my house again you will not leave it alive'. And do you know how I know all about



"Hello, Mummy! The crowd's going mad over me!"

this ice man? Because I, Mr. Twinkbury," and here he heaved a sigh, "am that ice man."

"When," said Twinkbury, "had you planned to go to the house again?"

"I have promised Lucrezia—that's what Miss Ludoni's name is, Lucrezia—that I would come back tonight and take her away and marry her."

"Leave this to me, Mr.——"

"Zitz, Emil Zitz."

"You will be able to come tonight at midnight for your bride, Mr. Zitz, without danger of your life."

Zitz left a little before noon and I went off a few minutes after, at Twiddlethrop's request, but promising to return at ten o'clock that night. Just as the clock was striking ten I reentered Twinkbury's rooms. But imagine my surprise when I saw Emil Zitz pacing the sitting room, alone! My surprise was still greater when the voice of Twiddlethrop Twinkbury spoke from the body of Emil Zitz! It was then that I realized how greatly the two men resembled each other. A coarse black wig, a moustache, large spectacles, and some old clothes had changed Twinkbury, the detective and man-about-town, to Zitz the, love-lorn ice man.

It was a matter of seconds before we were in a taxicab and of minutes before we had parked by a lone house that looked, on its pedestal of stone, like a tower. Twinkbury mounted the steps and rang the bell. I lingered behind. Zitz had informed us that Lucrezia always answered the door, but if she did not, my presence would be difficult to explain to the professor. I saw her face at the door and Twinkbury's motion to me. I climbed the steps to hear Twinkbury explaining, "No, Miss Ludoni, I am not Emil, but T. Twiddlethrop Twinkbury." Seeing her comprehending glance, he added, "Lead me to your uncle at once."

We followed her up an old spiral staircase of stone and halted before a heavy oak door. T.T., much to my relief, whispered that he would enter alone and Miss Ludoni went with me into an adjoining room from which we could both listen.

We had no sooner clamped our ears to the wall than we heard Twinkbury's knock and the creaking of the door. A silence followed. Finally, in the deep, snarling tones of the professor came, "You have been warned to keep away from my niece, sir. You will take the consequences."

A long silence—then we gasped to hear, in the professor's voice, "You are now in my power—do as I command you—I am your master and I order you to open the window and step out!"

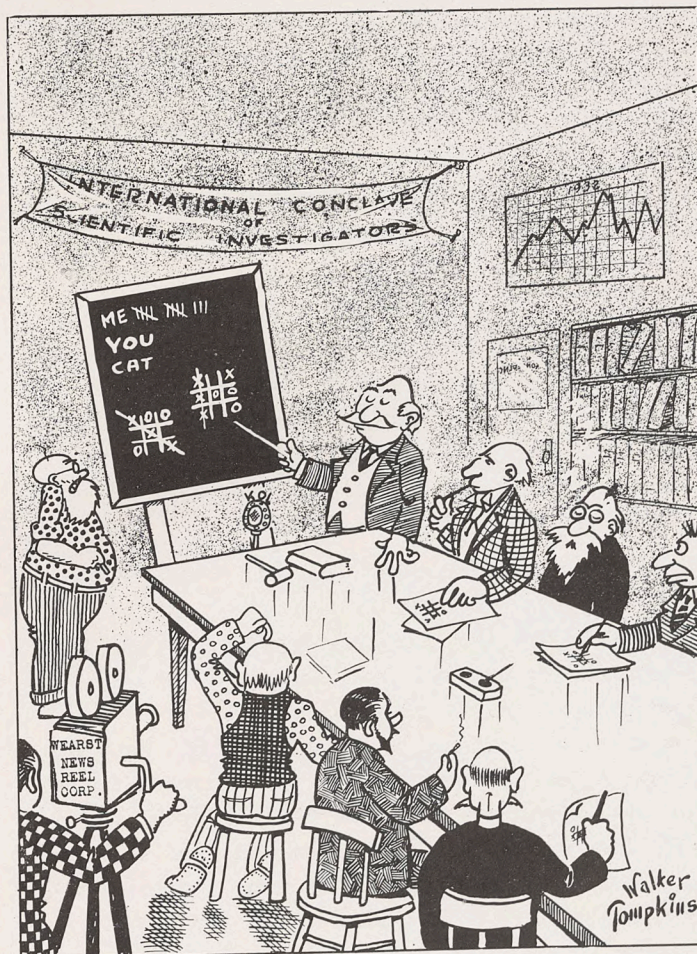
Forgetting all caution, Miss Ludoni and I rushed for the door of our room, entered the hall and

pounded and pulled at the great door. It was locked. We heard heavy, even footsteps retreating from it—heard the window open—then a dull thud from far off. Miss Ludoni screamed. The door opened.

There stood Twinkbury, his wig, moustache, and glasses in his hand. He led us to the window. There, many yards below, and almost touching the waiting taxicab, was a still, crumpled form—the professor!

The police pronounced it suicide. Hadn't the cabby seen Professor Ludoni, unaided, jump out of the window? But later that night, after seeing Emil and Lucrezia dash off to wake up a Justice of the Peace, I demanded an explanation.

"As much as I trust you, Bertram," Twinkbury said, "I cannot reveal to you a secret whose very possession might be dangerous." But then, just as he stooped over to recover a fallen handkerchief, the whole solution came crashing from his upper coat pocket to the floor. For there, partly broken, lay another exact replica of Zitz's spectacles; but instead of transparent lenses, two tiny pierced mirrors lay in the frames. The professor—had hypnotized himself!



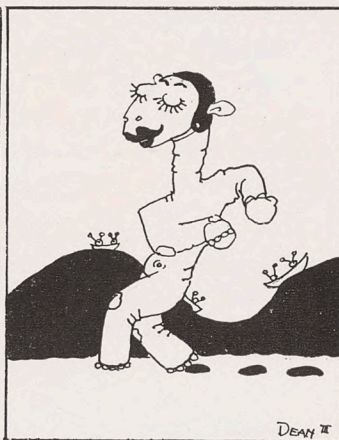
"Gentlemen, I have developed an unbeatable system!"

—Washington Columns.

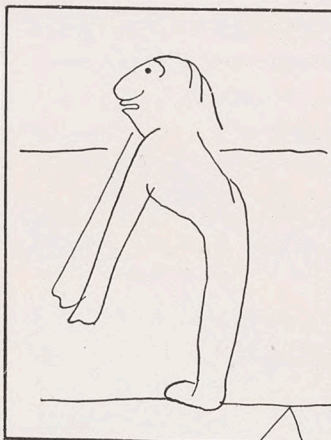
That Well-Known "September Morn" . . .



... As "Ballyhoo" would do it



... As Hollywood's Walt Disney would do it



... As the "New Yorker" would do it



... As we would HAVE to do it

—Washington Columns.

CONFESSIONS OF A PEEPING TOM

by Ed Mead

Oh the day was a day such as only can be in the glorious days of spring, and my heart, it was filled with a curious joy such as only such days can bring. I can say it with no hesitation (for the thing has been said before) that the thoughts of romance were not absent, nor were thoughts that a lad could ignore. But my mate—or perhaps it's my spirit—is of such an unfortunate sort, that I find that my joy from romancing comes from watching the others cavort.

There was the sun in the field I was crossing; there was shade in the lane at its side, and the choice of the shade or the sunshine was a thing that I couldn't decide. At the line of the dark and the lightness, I stopped walking and peered down the lane, and my curious heart was stirred by a sight that inspired the desire to remain.

She was standing alone 'neath a willow—there was longing, I thought, in her eyes; with a soft, silent step he was stealing—he would take her, I guessed, by surprise. Yet she turned ere his step ventured nearer. Understanding was writ in their glance. Not a sound was there uttered between them, yet the silence was filled with romance. Close together they crep 'neath the willows. Face to face did they stand in the lane. And in view of their intimate posture, I was feeling some shame to remain. Ah, their hearts beat as one heart together—and I'd go into all the details, had they not scampered off down the pathway with a barking and wagging of tails.

Frosh: "Gosh, why does this car rattle so much?"

Sosh: "I guess it's because there's too much nothing in between some of it and the rest of it."

— D D D —

Him: "Let's get married."

Her: "That's a bride idea."

— D D D —

"Hasn't she a pair of beautiful calves?"

"Who?"

"That cow over there."

— D D D —

She may be a street cleaner's daughter, but she'll never have white wings.

— D D D —

News Item: "Freshman gets cold in head from wearing beanie cap." Not that it matters, but we were just thinking how vice-versa it happened to the Frosh who didn't wear one.

— D D D —

"They say you were shaken up at the brawl over at your penthouse the other night."

"Not shaken up, baby, **shaking up!**"

— D D D —

She: "Do you play on the piano?"

Him: "No, but we might have a heck of a nice time playing **under** it."

BABY WHALE LASSEOD IN SAN PEDRO HARBOR

By Associated Press.

SAN PEDRO, CAL., February 4.—Carl Leonard, ship's carpenter, vouches for this story and he has the whale to support it.

While riding through the channel in a row-boat early today, Leonard said he saw a baby whale, about 12 feet long and weighing about 1000 pounds, blow as it fed upon a school of fish which it apparently had followed into the channel from the sea.

Fashioning a lasso out of a rope, Leonard said he let go in true cowboy style and succeeded in snaring the mammal by the tail.

Anyway, Leonard has the whale tied up to a dock here and is trying to figure out what to do with it.

Just 'sposin you had one thousand pounds of whale on your hands. Well, not actually resting on your palms, but tied to the dock, with the California authorities (if they treat the native sons as they do the tourists) charging you for parking space. What would you do? Carl Leonard doesn't know what to do either; the only difference is that he actually has the whale.

With a sincere desire to help, we would like to suggest a few ways out of this predicament. The first thing Mr. Leonard must do is to give his protégé a name. We think "Oscar" would be very good; we don't know why, but "Oscar" just seems to be an appropriate name for a whale.

After that, Mr. Leonard might decide to keep Oscar as a pet. Of course, the rope would have to be transferred from Oscar's tail to a more convenient gill or whisker. So that he won't get cold, he could wear a fascinating little sweater, a larger edition of the type that dogs wear; we think that a pink and white one would be fetching. Oscar and his owner might go for short strolls in the early evening or sit before the fire-place, with Oscar lying on the rug, his head between his whiskers.

Or Mr. Leonard might drag Oscar around the country on a flat-car, exhibiting him on prominent street corners for a price. There was an exhibition of this sort in St. Louis last year, but I neglected to look into the matter far enough to see if the whale was defunct or not. This plan is rather inconvenient either way. If the whale is alive, he has to have an unwieldy tank of water surrounding him; and if he's dead, the water had probably better be replaced by alcohol.

Another scheme which might prove lucrative would be to teach Oscar a few simple tricks for a "trained whale act". There are dozens of trained seals, why not a trained whale? The audience would certainly get more for its money, as far as size is concerned.

The three previous plans have dealt with Oscar as a whole; this one calls for his dissection. If his owner didn't want to keep him to-gether, Oscar might be cut up for steaks and chops and sold to various hotels and restaurants. Just image ordering a "nice tender whale steak, smothered in onions, please." The ribs might be unwieldy to serve with saurkraut, but they could always be used as posts to train roses on; or better still, as washpoles, if

the curve could be taken out of them. From Oscar's skin, a couple of very lovely doormats could be made, with usual "welcome" written in whisker bristles.

But if Mr. Leonard is anything at all of a fisherman, he will have Oscar stuffed and hung over the dining-room buffet. He may need to have a center section of Oscar removed to make him fit the space available, but it ought to be done. The mere fact that he had once caught a whale, would be sufficient proof for any of Mr. Leonard's subsequent fish-stories to his friends.

D. M.



REVOLT AGAINST MAMMON

Hear my sigh:
Why should I
Demean myself
In search of pelf?

— D D D —

OUTSIDE READING

If you've read it
You'll get credit.

— D D D —

THE FACT is that

Although the coed said she would not be
His lady love at all,
No weight upon his eager heart
At this sad news did fall.

THE REASON is that

"I'll be no lover, just a pal,"
Had been the words she penned.
He answered back with leering eye
"Then be my bosom friend."

— D D D —

CONSEQUENCE

Girl necks;
Car wrecks;
Grade NX.

— D D D —

LIDS

A bonnet—
Doggonit.

Freshmen and Footnotes¹

by
Gordon Sager

Along in the spring, when all nature is awakening, the freshmen are writing a research paper.² A very special kind of research paper, a research paper in which the freshmen delve and delve and delve; and then at the end of a four-week period of delving, they emerge with a sacful of note cards.³ From these note cards, there arises a theme, with the aid of a source or two not on the note cards (but that's neither here nor there). Now you might think that the most important part of his theme is the context,⁴ or the contents,⁵ but no—all the meat, all the wisdom, all the value lies in the footnotes.⁶ So let us see what the devil all this hullabaloo is about.

In the first place, you know a freshman.⁷ You know what he's like. If he is told to use a few footnotes, he thinks "the more the merrier"⁸ and so puts them wherever possible, and then goes through and adds a few more just to please the teacher. Now it is extremely aggravating to have to glance at the bottom of the page at every other word;⁹ not only that, but the maze of printing there is very tire for the eyes.¹⁰ If that were all,¹¹ it wouldn't be so bad. Worst of all, if you are deeply engaged in reading a rather complex sentence, that is, a sentence having one principal clause and one or more subordinate clauses, and if you are trying very hard to grasp the meaning of the sentence which is naturally very difficult to do in a freshman theme noted for its ambiguity and uncertainty, and then in the very middle of the extremely complex sentence, there is a footnote directing your eye to the bottom of the page,¹² you naturally drop your

eye to read the note, which in all probability will be as extremely long and complicated as the theme itself, and by the time you have read the note and returned to the sentence in the middle of which the note is, you have forgotten completely what the sentence is all about and have to read it all over¹³ (This means less on a second reading—Ed. note).

Not only that, but footnotes also give very irrelevant and inconsequent statistics,¹⁴ which are extremely boring.¹⁵

This brings us to our conclusion.¹⁶ We do firmly uphold that it is a very grave error to intimate to freshmen that there is such a thing as a footnote.¹⁷ It is bad enough in their hands, but in ours becomes an implement of torture, and punishable by fine or imprisonment or both.¹⁸

on the back. He was apprehended three days later still with the body on the back; he was taken to the County Jail and there arraigned for first-degree murder. Five months later, it was found that he was the wrong man, and that it was a man named Smith, who has since written a book, and made a lot of money.

13 As you will have to do with this sentence.

14 In 1928, there were 3,987, 354,205 footnotes in 54,768, 947 themes, an average of about 354-5/9 footnotes to a theme; this figure was later changed to read 86 foot-themes to a note. The ration of footnotes to population is as 1 is to 27, or as 546,876,366 is to \$576.87 (marked down from \$586.00)

15 "A hole made by boring"—Thin paper edition de luxe, *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, Fourth Edition of the Merriam Ser—aw hell, use your imagination.

16 "Did you ever think, as the hearse goes by That you may be the next to die?"

17 Schmitz, op. cit.

18 *Chisholm v. Georgia*, 3 Wh 413.

— D D D —

Fanny's First Faint

Fanny had always played according to the rules. She and Hector started the evening in the usual manner by going to a movie... "Why Change Your Sox" or something of the kind. Then Hector suggested a ride. Fanny agreed.

When they got out in the country they didn't get out. But he stopped the car.

She knew perfectly well why he had stopped, but she also knew the rules of the game. So she asked:

"Why are you stopping?"

He might have given any one of the usual reasons: to admire the moonlight; trouble with the engine; out of gas, a flat tire—anything. Instead of that he told the truth.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said.

Then Fanny fainted.

Not that Fanny was unused to being kissed, but such frankness was enough to ruin any girl's morale.

1 Or *nota pedis*, as Julius Caesar said.

2 R. Morel Schmitz, *Preparing the Research Paper*, Richard Smith, Inc., 1931, pp. 27-33.

3 So-called because of their resemblance to the wild note cards, or protozoa, of South Korea.

4 "The part or parts of a discourse that precede, follow, or are intimately associated with, any particular passage or word and determine its meaning"—Thin paper edition de luxe, *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, Fourth Edition of the Merriam Series, the largest Abridgement of *Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language*, 1700 illustrations, published by G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., 1931., page 221, line 14.

5 Don't be a dullard; admit you saw it in *Dirge*.

6 See Footnote 1 above.

7 You can't help it; they get in your hair.

8 William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act IV, Scene 3.

9 Like this.

10 You'll get tired pretty soon too.

11 But it isn't.

12 According to Charles Q.W.Z.X. Winterbottom, well-known historian and author of *Life in the Hellespont*, *Death in the Middle of the Afternoon*, *The Love Life of the Venezuelan Mosquito*, and *Hamlet*, footnotes have always been at the bottom of the page; but the *Almanac for 1898* mentions a man named Gastritis (or Hinkle, the *Almanac* isn't sure) who put all his footnotes at the top of the page, and put the body

Some people think Adolph Hitler is a very Nazi man. And high time, too.

— D D D —

"Darling, I lay my hand and my heart here at your feet."

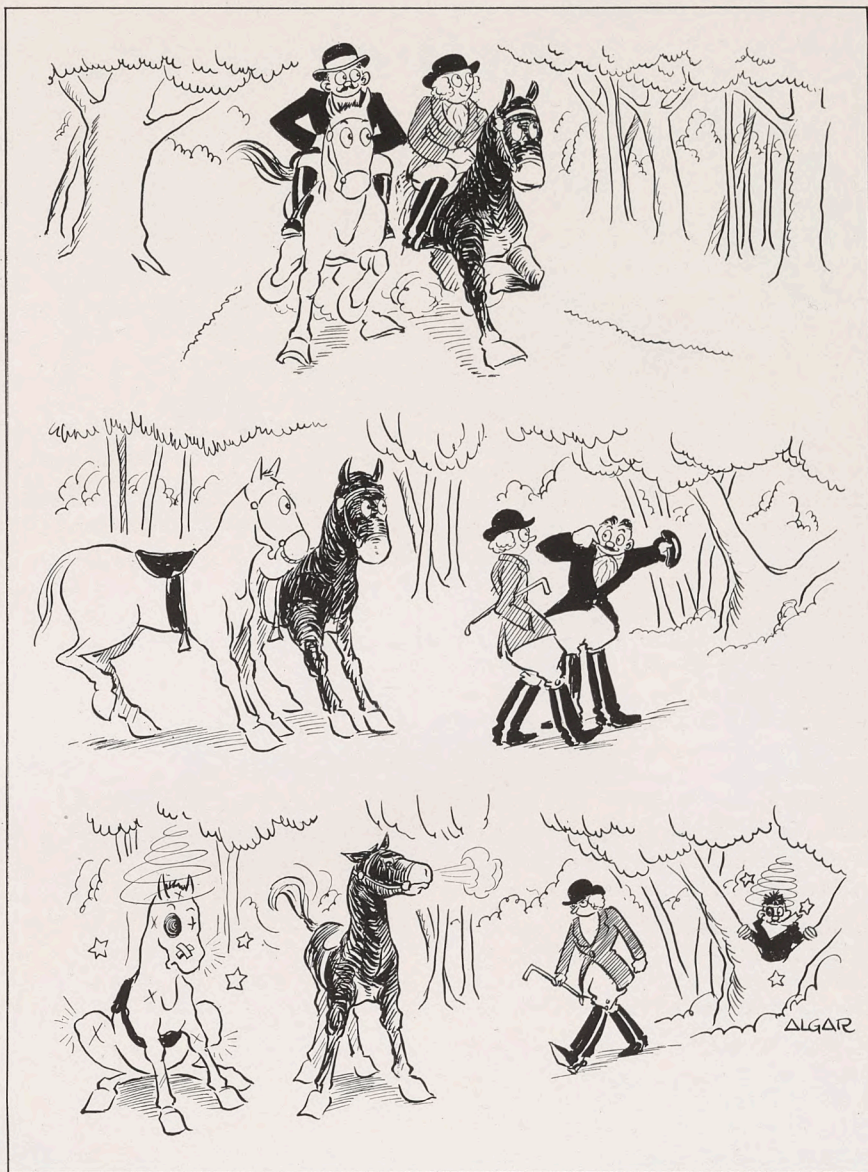
"Oh, Filbert, you're so anatomically wonderful!"

— D D D —

The captain of the French Foreign Legion battalion swept his powerful binoculars around the horizon. Sand and blue sky met in a shimmering line of heat. Suddenly the captain stopped, motionless. He focussed his glasses to a finer point.

"Come on, mes amis," he shouted, and the brave rescue squadron travelled on. On and on they went—to that distant spot where their comrades had met the fiendish Arabs in awful battle. They arrived after weary hours under the hot Sahara sun. They were too late. The bodies of their buddies lay huddled before them. But that was not all. The Arabs had mutilated them—horribly. The captain looked at them, torn and ripped.

"Mon dieu," he exclaimed at length. "Our boys proved they had guts."



—Stanford Chaparral.



"I said pink elephants, and I'm going to get pink elephants!"

—Stanford Chaparral.

"I'm a private detective who works only on sunny days."
"What do you do?"
"Shadow people."

— D D D —

A college gal's name was Verbena;
She was decent and nicer and clena.
But she just didn't rate
With the boys on a date—
They wanted 'em hot and much mena.

— D D D —

Teacher: "Johnny, give me a sentence with the word archaic in it."

Johnny: "We can't eat archaic and have it too."

Rythm of the Night

by HERB ROSS

The room was dimly lighted, oh so dimly lighted, by a single oil lamp. At the far end a fire was faintly, oh so faintly crackling in a small wood stove. And next to the stove in a roughly built cradle a babe was whimpering, whimpering. These were the only sounds from within.

Without, the glistening river placidly flowed past and from its bosom seemed to swell the rhythmic sounds of the night. A woman's figure approached the house from the river side and as the door opened, the light revealed the outline of a woman. She entered the room and after closing the door crossed to the stove. When she had placed some water to boil, the woman gave her attention to the crying babe, and, removing it from the cradle, she hummed to herself as she hugged the tiny thing close to her anxious bosom. Its whimpering gradually ceased and, once more able to devote herself to the preparation of supper, she gently replaced the babe in its crib.

As she slithered about the room the woman seemed to be listening for something and once she went to the door where she stood silently standing.

Finally, from the distance came the sounds of an automobile as it approached along the gullied river road. And as though this were the signal she had been waiting for the woman went to the crib and again removed the babe. She next took up the lamp and climbed the creaking stairs to the floor above. Once there, she approached a window facing to the river and swung the lamp back and forth several times. In answer a light flashed back from the opposite bank.

WHAT? NO SUPPER?

From the sounds, the woman knew that the automobile had stopped near the house and she descended the stairs hurriedly. Deep voices and heavy laughter disturbed the sounds of the night. The babe began to whimper. As the automobile departed, the woman put down the lamp and went to the door.

"By dam!" came a voice from without "Where's that woman? Where in hell's a light? Open up I say!"

Crossing herself and opening the door in one movement she stepped back to admit the passenger from the automobile.

As he entered he stood blinking in

the light of the lamp and then, with his huge bulk swaying a little as he walked, he made his way to the table and squatted.

"Why in hell ain't dinner ready?" he almost cursed as the woman, still carrying the whimpering babe, crossed to the stove.

"I've had a hard day to town and when I come home I can't even git food in m' own house. By dam, what kind of a way is this to treat a man?"

The woman timidly approached the table and diffidently set a clean plate before him.

"Put down that brat!" said the man thickly, "and serve up the dinner—I'm hungry, dam it!"

"God ha' mercy," muttered the woman as she turned to the stove, still clutching the whimpering babe to her heaving breast.

"An where's that lazy lout of a Sam—I suppose he's out a talkin' to 'is God."

The man leaned forward a little at the table and pointed a shaky finger at the woman. "He got that from you, he did. Always a goin' around makin' signs in the air and a mumblin' damn fool incantations."

"Joshua!" said the woman abashed, and 'most provoked to tears, you're drunk ag'in an you don't know what you're a sayin'. Next you'll be takin' the Lord's name in vain."



"Honest, Miss McGuffey, I don't feel a teeny weeny bit like the West Wind today."

—California Pelican.

"T' hell with your Lord," roared the man. "Get dinner! I'm hungry!"

HELL BREAKS LOOSE

The frightened woman approached the table with a steaming pail and set it by the plate, still clutching, etc.

"Will you put down that brat!" bellowed the man rising and jerking ye suckling babe from its mother. She reached for the child but he warded her off with a rough gesture and stood leering a nasty leer at her. Her eyes widened widely in horror as he held the whimpering babe by one foot and leaned on the table to steady himself.

"I'll take care of 'im," he said, fouling the air with whiskey fumes." "You put th' food on."

"Give me my babe," pleaded the now thoroughly frightened woman. "I'll put 'im in the crib."

The man laughed. "What's th' matter?" he asked thickly. "Can't a father hold 'is own flesh and blood?"

"Please," begged the woman, her voice rising. "Give me back my babe. You'll hurt 'im!"

"Hurt 'im, will I?" said the man and a cruel gleam came into his one open bloodshot eye.

Unsteadily he left the table and headed for the cradle with the woman close at his heels. Twice she reached for the swaying child and twice the man cuffed her. At the crib the man turned and glared at her. "Get dinner, you!" Then swinging the bawling babe in his arms he tossed it into the air and caught it again.

"For Gosh sake, Joshua, don't!" cried the woman who had dropped to the floor before the swaying man. She clutched him about the knees and continued pleading.

"Give me back my babe, I tell you! You'll kill 'im!"

Suddenly the infuriated man brought down his fist on the woman's head and knocked her to the floor where she lay still.

He continued swaying and tossing the child into the air until finally he backed into the stove near the crib.

THE FURY OF THE FIRE

"Damn!!" he bellowed, jumping aside as he came in contact with the hot metal.

With no one to catch him the yelling infant crashed to the floor, splint-

ering the thin pine boards, and after a few spasmodic quivers lay quiet. Only the crackling of the fire could be heard in the stillness that followed. Outside, the shimmering stream slowly slunk past and from its bosom swelled the rhythmic sounds of the night.

A boat ground gratingly on the gravelly beach with a soft scraping sound and in the moonlight a tall slim figure alighted. The clinking of a chain could be heard as he pulled the boat higher on the beach. The figure glanced up at the moon and then turned and headed for the house. When he had entered, the light revealed him to be a boy of about twenty. He stood staring at the sad scene before him.

His father, silent and somewhat sobered by the recent accident was sitting on the stool staring into space. His mother sat on the floor by the stove rocking back and forth. "My babe! My babe!" she was wailing. "Oh, my poor dead babe." You done bashed his pretty little skull. An him with the milk scarcely dry on his lips." Once, she broke into laughter that rose weirdly and then trailed off into choking sobs. No one noticed the elder son's entrance, not even the son.

"What happened?" he asked addressing his father. "What's the matter with Ma!"

The father turned and looked at his son. "Matter?" he repeated. "Th' damn brat's dead—I dropped 'im. That's th' matter."

The son crossed himself and began mumbling something.

"Hell!!" roared the brute as he rose and threw a half-empty plate of beans at his son. "It's bad enough without your damned prayin' all th' time! Cut it out!" His aim was poor and the plate splattered against the wall where it fell to the floor in soggy lumps.

"You got that jibber from your Ma, you did, an a lot of good it'll do you."

He sat down again and the woman continued to wail.

"Shut up!" yelled the man. "You'll drive me crazy with all that racket."

THE BRUTE IS CURSED

"A curse on you!" wailed the provoked and petulant woman between sobs and laughs. "You killed 'im! A curse on you in the name of the Lord!" She kept on swaying and pulling her grimy, matted hair, once silken tresses, into her face.

"I can't stand it any more," said the man rising. "We'll go out and bait



"Congratulate George, boys, he's just discovered a new sin."

—California Pelican.

th' clam lines. Come along. She'll be through her dam hollerin' when we git back. "Dam it."

Inside, the fire crackled and the crazed mother laughed. Outside, the gleaming river slowly flowed past and from its heart swelled the rhythm of the night.

The water lapped against the boat as the two rowed in silence. From the banks came the deep throated croaking of the bullfrogs and the higher pitched clicking of the younger ones, who had just left their mother's sides. From the shore came the chirping of the crickets and the sharp buzzing of the insects as lightning bugs flashed through the trees. Above it all the moon shone down through a silver edged cloud—and smiled sardonically.

A TRAGIC CLIMAX

When they reached the line, the father rowed to one end and sat on the oars while his son drew up the dripping cord. Sam pulled the line across the boat so that it crossed between he and his father and proceeded to bait the empty hooks. As he baited he murmured to himself.

"By dam!" cursed the father. "I'll have none o' your lip!"

"Your sins will be vested on you when you depart this world, Pappy."

"I tell ya, stop your dam blasted jibber," replied the man excitedly.

The brave lad continued undaunted. "Back there, you heard what she said."

As though this were the last straw the father rose unsteadily in the boat and gripped an oar. "D' ya hear me? When I tell ya to stop, I mean it!"

"Ya killed 'im, didn't ya?" asked Sam stubbornly, munching a munch on an apple.

This was much too much and the huge man swaying there in the moonlight swung the oar down on the head of his son. At the same time one of the hooks caught in his trouser leg and pulled into the flesh by the movement of the boat. Already unbalanced by the swing of the oar this pull was enough to upset the man and he toppled overboard into the water. Three times the rippled surface of the dark river was disturbed, and each time longer apart.

Water lapped against the side of the boat, and, inside, the heavy breathing of the senseless boy kept time to the rhythm of the night. The glistening river flowed on and from above came the eerie scream of a night hawk, keeping time with the rhythm of the night.

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"Izzy, vere iss my glasses?"
 "On yer nose, fadder."
 "Vy must you always be so indefinite, Izzy?"
 —Lehigh Burr.

— D D D —

The demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar, her slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her child-like eyes to the sedate face of the old minister. "That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

Then there's the one about Isaac Don Rabinowitz. He kept his nose to the grindstone for so long that when he was a senior he was elected to the presidency of the Y. M. C. A.

—Owl.

Psychology Applied

Virginia, you are the motive and my
 Response creates the condition
 That is known to science and right named
 Erotic inhibition.

The memories of you are the stimuli
 Leading my hormones astray,
 And they make me surge with an amorous urge
 That wipes my reason away.

I cannot think with a sober mien,
 Because your eidetic image
 Stands at my side and callously eggs
 My instincts into scrimmage.

Virginia, won't you ameliorate
 My ailing endocrines,
 And yield but a smile to appease the wrath
 Of anxious hordes of genes?

For only a word and a wisp of hope,
 Or permanent prohibition,
 Can purge this organism of
 Erotic inhibition!

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Alice had a little swing;
 A swing without a back,
 And every eve a different beau
 Would help supply the lack.

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

Tourist: "What's in here?"
 Guide (leading the way into a morgue): "Remains to be seen, sir."

—Skipper.



"No, we haven't got any nudes!"

Be a man—tell them to their face you saw their DIRGE ad.

How Paramount Would Write a Catalogue

* * * *

See Professor Smith, the Star of Cosmology
in

Aristotle's Supreme Romance—
METAPHYSICS

A Great Actor in His Greatest Role
See Professor Smith Make His Daring
Answer to The Mad Hordes
Of Idealists—See This Epic!

Producer's note: Due to the character of
this class only adults will be admitted.

* * * *

At Last The Perfect Class!
ECONOMICS!

Starring Professor Brown—
He Thrilled You In Distributive Justice—
You Wept With Him in Public
Finance—But You'll Adore
Him In Economics—

Driven To Despair The Hero Throws Aside
All Rules of Convention
In A Startling Exposition of Diminishing
Returns!

This Class Had A Nine Month Run at
Dartmouth
See It!

* * * *

Are You Red-Blooded?
Does Romance Make Your Blood Tingle?
Then Don't Miss Professor Jones

in
ANTHROPOLOGY

Learn About The Java Man And His Mate—
You'll Sit Back Aghast When You See
Pithecanthropus Erectus Hunted
To His Last Lair—

Don't Miss This—The Star of Ethnology
Rises To New Heights In
ANTHROPOLOGY

Coming To This University Sept.. 16th.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

In a Business Way

"Shay, y'know that wooden Indian down in front of
Jack's shigarstor?"

"Yeh, sure I do."

"Well, he dunno you."

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

Head Clerk: "I am very sorry to hear of your partner's
death. Would you like me to take his place?"

Manager: "Very much, if you can get the undertaker
to arrange it."

—Yellow Jacket.

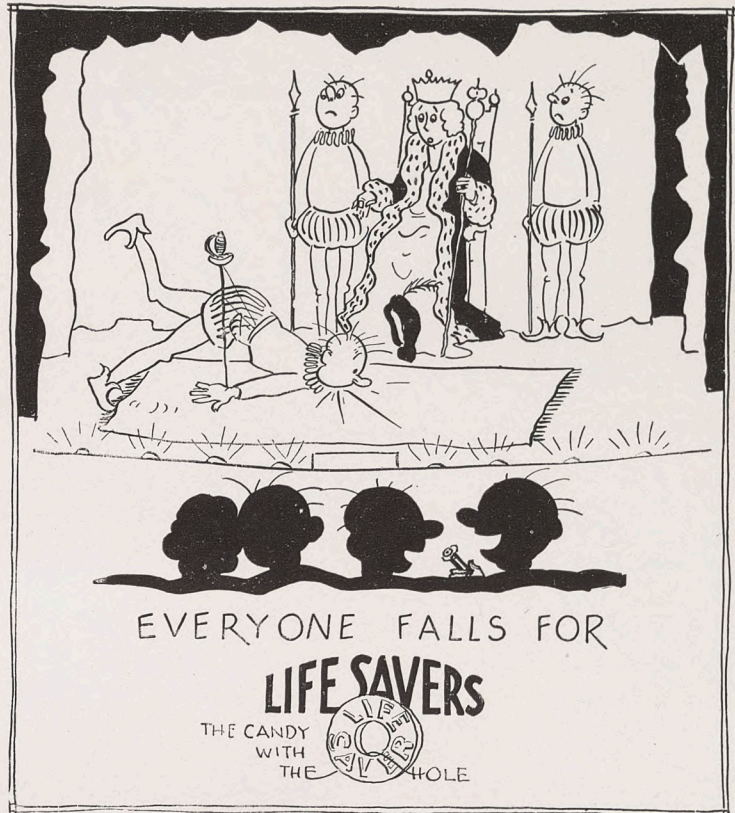
— D D D —

"You should see my new wallpaper—is it a wow!"

"Whatd'cha do; have a college artist paint it?"

"Better than that—I sprayed the walls with glue and
then blew on the torn up pieces of ten copies of 'Art
Studies' with an electric fan!"

—Pitt Panther.



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The Good Earth

I'd like to be a little ant
That crawls beneath the earth;
And when the girls come walking by,
Oh, wouldn't it be the nerth!

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

She: "Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?"

He: "Your face is clean; I don't know about your
imagination!"

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

Reveille Anne asks the public, "Just how can a bride
tell which is the best man at a wedding when only one
goes on the honeymoon?"

—Battalion.

Express your individuality—tell the advertiser you saw his DIRGE ad.

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A little Canadian boy had never seen a negro before, so when he saw one he asked his uncle, "why does that woman black her face?"

"She doesn't; that's her natural color," was the reply. "Is she black like that all over?" the boy pursued.

"Why, yes," said the uncle.

The boy looked up beaming. "Gee uncle," he exclaimed, "you know everything, don't you?"

—Wataugan.

— D D D —

A man touring Europe sent back a picture post card bearing this message:

Dear Son:

On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here.

"Your Dad."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Blind Man: "Young man, give me a paper."

Passerby: "But, my good man, if you are blind you cannot read the paper."

Blind Man: "I know, but I can look at the pictures, can't I?"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Billy: "Who was the last man to box John L. Sullivan?"

Silly: "The undertaker."

—Banter.

— D D D —

The approaching one: "Mister, what do you do with your old clothes when you take them off?"

The approached: "Put them on again the next morning."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

Why, Mary!

Two young men and a young lady were on the Pullman for California and decided they had better get acquainted.

One man said: "My name is Paul—but I'm not an apostle."

The other said: "My name is Peter—but I'm not a saint."

The girl: "My name is Mary—and I don't know what to say."

—Wet Hen.

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

"When I knocked last night she came to the door and gave me a kiss."

"Great! I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"I'm going to see her tonight and I'll ring the bell."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

K. A.: "I can read your every thought."

Co-ed: "Well, what are you waiting for?"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

T: "Did you marry your second wife for her father's millions?"

He: "No, I just needed a little change."

—Desert Wolf.

— D D D —

My Bonnie

My tYpust is on her vacation

My trpist's awau fpr a week/

My typudt us in her vsarion

Wgile thsee damb keys pisy hude and seej.

CHORIS

Breng bock, bting bzck

Oy, brung becj mub Onnie.ti my tp, mr;

B(&ng b4xj , be-ng bicz

Oj, bvong bosk m% belnio-l mx—

oh helk!

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

Joe Collitch: "Do you take off anything for cash?"

Saleslady: "Sir!"

—Stone Mill.

— D D D —

1st Squirrel: "Have you a fairy godmother?"

2nd Squirrel: "Why, of course not."

1st Squirrel: "How is it that you haven't got a fairy godmother? I have one and so has everyone except you."

2nd Squirrel: "I haven't a fairy godmother, but I have an uncle I'm not so sure of."

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

Not Clover!

Dot Nesbit: "Isn't it strange that the length of a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?"

Harold Clover: "Let's get a string and measure it."

—Yellow Jacket.

— D D D —

Miss Lemmon: "Now, before we drive much farther, I want you to understand that I don't neck, so don't try to hold my hand or kiss me. Is that clear?"

Mr. Frat: "Yes."

Miss Lemmon: "Now, since that is settled, where shall we go?"

Mr. Frat: "Home."

—West Point Pointer.

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[The Revue with its tongue in its cheek]



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(The madcap continental farce)

and



Rose of Arizona

(The rollicking New York satire)

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