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"One Small Cheer"

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

DIRGE

15¢

REVUE NUMBER

FIFTEEN CENT

APRIL 1933
"Hawkins, tell Freddy what nine eighths are."

—Yale Record
"Down with capitalism."
"And punctuation, too."

—Banter.

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.

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

—Punch Bowl.

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.

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.

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

—Blue Buboos.

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.

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

—Oot.

Doctor (to absent-minded professor): "The stork has just arrived."
Prof.: "Sh, don't bother my wife she's in the next room."

—Skipper.

"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 Feather.

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

—The Log
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 propagate.
—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.
By 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

© 1933, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
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 bretzels* and beer on. Yes sir! These checked blouses the girls are wearing are sure snazzy! 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 21 1/2, 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 springtime, 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.

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

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."

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!"

 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."

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!"

Bewildered Prof. (on looking into the hairbrush):

"Guess I need a shave."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

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

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-14

Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MINDER

Pish, reader—confess it was a DIRGE ad.
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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.

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1. Lucille Tralles
2. Lucille Tralles
3. Rosemary Nelson
4. Eleanor Werber
5. Betty Trembley
6. Virginia Ebreeht
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. Janie Waggoner
7. Virginia Grace
8. Mary Robertson
9. Georgia Flynn

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

BILL BRYAN
1. Virginia Ebreeht
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 Nesbit
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 Ebreeht

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 Forster
7. Betty Trembley
8. Mary Robertson
9. Pat Kelsey

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

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

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 Nesbit
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.

Dearie."

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 importance. 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.

"See if you can make a ringer, Dearie."

—California Pelican.  

(Continued on Page 10)
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 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 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.
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! gratuitious! 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 Tchaikowsky’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 perhaps 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.
JIMYE THORPE

yodels 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.

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.

GEORGEA FLYNN

is a splendid example of a “cute little trick.” When she oils up her low husky voice, waves 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.
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 profound. Barney has never denied the rumor that he is a member of Phi Beta Delta.

LOUISE LARUE

is one of our personal favorites. Louise is one of those grand old ladies of the campus this year and across 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.

WILLIAM SCHUYLER

is a desperate bandito and farceur. He is new to Quad Club, but has had legit stage experience with Thyrsus (formerly Thrysus—Little Theatre, formerly Thyrsus). William can walk like an ape when he wants, but his enemies say "What hubris! 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

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 dishevelled 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 siting 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 handerchief, 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" . . .

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 crept '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."

Him: "Let's get married."
Her: "That's a bride idea."

"Hasn't she a pair of beautiful calves?"
"Who?"
"That cow over there."

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

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.

"They say you were shaken up at the brawl over at your penthouse the other night."
"Not shaken up, baby, shaking up!"

She: "Do you play on the piano?"
Him: "No, but we might have a heck of a nice time playing under it."
BABY WHALE LASSOED 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 rowboat 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 protegé 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 imagine ordering a "nice tender whale steak, smothered in onions, please." The ribs might be unwieldy to serve with sauerkraut, 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?

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

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."

CONSEQUENCE
Girl necks;
Car wrecks;
Grade NX.

LIDS
A bonnet—
Doggonit.
Freshmen and Footnotes

by Gordon Sager

Along in the spring, when all nature is awakening, the freshmen are writing a research paper. 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 swaful of note cards. 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, or the contents, but no—all the meat, all the wisdom, all the value lies in the footnotes. So let us see what the devil all this hullaballoo is about.

In the first place, you know a freshman. You know what he's like. If he is told to use a few footnotes, he thinks "the more the merrier" 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; not only that, but the maze of printing there is very tire for the eyes. If that were all, 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, 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 over (This means less on a second reading—Ed. note).

Not only that, but footnotes also give very irrelevant and inconsequent statistics, which are extremely boring. This brings us to our conclusion. We do firmly uphold that it is a very grave error to intimate to freshmen that there is such a thing as a footnote. It is bad enough in their hands, but in ours becomes an implement of torture, and punishable by fine or imprisonment or both.

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.

As you will have to do with this sentence.

In 1928, there were 5,867, 354,205 footnotes in 54,768, 947 themes, an average of about 364-6/9 footnotes to a theme; this figure was later changed to read 86 footnotes to a theme. The ratio of footnotes to population is as 1 is to 27, or as 546,076,366 is to $576.85 (marked down from $586.00)


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

See Footnote 1 above.

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

William Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act IV, Scene 3.

Like this.

You'll get tired pretty soon too.

But it isn't.

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 Gostriz (or Hinkle, the Almanac isn't sure) who put all his footnotes at the top of the page, and put the body

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.
April, 1933

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

"Darling, I lay my hand and my heart here at your feet."
"Oh, Filbert, you're so anatomically wonderful!"

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."

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

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

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.

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, 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 crib and once more she heard the babe's whimpering. These were the only sounds from within.

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 hu’ 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 a sayin’. Next you’ll be takin’ the Lord’s name in vain.”

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 shrank 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.

"Hello!" 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 spattered 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 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 glistening 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 lightening 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 and gripped an oar. "D' ya hear me? When I tell ya to stop, I mean it!"

Water lapped against the side of the boat and the debris fell into the stream 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.
"Izzy, vere iss my glasses?"
"On yer nose, fadder."
"Vy must you always be so indefinite, Izzy?"
—Lehigh Burr.

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.
—Longhorn.

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.

"I'll raise you five!"

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.

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

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

--- 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."

--- 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."

--- D D D ---
"You should see my new wallpaper—is it a wow!"
"What'd'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!"

--- D D D ---
Express your individuality—tell the advertiser you saw his DIRGE ad.
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?"

---

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."

---

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?"

---

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

Silly: "The undertaker."

---

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."

---

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."

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Don't be proud—tell them where you saw it.
"ONE SMALL CHEER"
[The Revue with its tongue in its cheek]

French Class
(The madcap continental farce)
and
Rose of Arizona
(The rollicking New York satire)

with
Louise La Rue
Barney Osner
Louise Kanasireff
William Schuyler
Jimye Thorpe
Nelson Hower
Georgea Flynn
Harold Green
Jane Stern

and

Two Girls' Choruses

Reserved Seats 50 cents
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May 11, 12, 13
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ARROW REFORMS THE OXFORD SHIRT

Many men have liked the numerous virtues of the oxford shirt so well that they've been willing to gamble with its one vice—terrific shrinkage.

Now those men can indulge in more pleasant forms of gambling. Now Arrow offers an oxford shirt—the Gordon—that will not shrink!

Sanforizing takes care of that effectively and enduringly. No matter how often the Gordon is laundered, its collar will stay the correct size... its sleeves will expose the proper half-inch of cuff... it will remain the same size.

The Gordon is beautifully tailored. And it is finished with a collar that falls heir to all the secrets Arrow has learned in making over two billion collars.

If you like the coolness and the unaffected smartness of oxford, see a Gordon.

It comes with button-down collar (which is galloping back into favor) or with plain collar. All sizes. All sleeve lengths. And when you buy, look for the Arrow label. Arrow Shirts are sold under no other. In white and colors. $1.95.

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