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The Foot

MAY 13 1937

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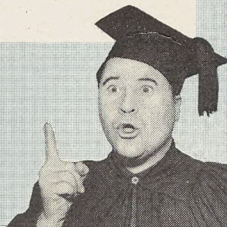
**What a power-line
"trouble-shooter"
is up against**

AL Tafft works in a maze of high-voltage wires. Around him—11,000 volts lurk. A tense job that will test digestion if anything will! Here's Al's comment: "Sure! Working among high-voltage cables isn't calculated to help one's digestion. But mine doesn't give me trouble. I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels set me right!"

Make Camels a part of your dining. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* fluids. Being mild, Camels are gentle to your throat—better for steady smoking.

**HEAR
JACK OAKIE'S
COLLEGE**

A gala show with "President" Jack Oakie in person. Fun and music by Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Tuesdays—8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., over WABC-Columbia Network.



WELCOMES A "LIFT."
"I have my hands full," remarks Mrs. Richard Hemingway, housewife. "When I feel tired, I smoke a Camel and get the grandest 'lift' in energy."



PRIZES HEALTHY NERVES. Fred Jacoby, Jr., National Outboard Champion, says: "I smoke Camels regularly. They're mild—and never get on my nerves."



**FOR
DIGESTION'S
SAKE...
SMOKE
CAMELS**

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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

Gathering the Gossip

by AUNT ANASTASIA

The inside story on "Between Belles"

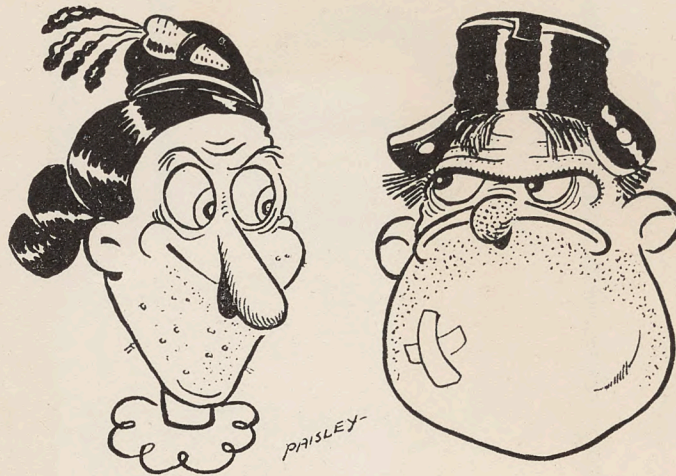
HERE comes a time in the life of every young blade when the desire to write a gossip column courses through his ventricles. His eyes feast for hours upon Winchell's haberdashery in the evening paper and then he leans back in his chair, places his finger tips together, and placidly reflects upon all the intimate little things he knows about the private lives of his fraternity brothers, profs and ex-sweeties.

With a sinister smirk on his silly pan, he remembers that little incident which he can hold over the head of the fellow who is clamoring for the fiver that he owes him. He envisions himself as he struts into the library and nonchalantly settles himself in a chair; before long, pretty girls trip up to him and whisper natty things in his ear, which things he calmly jots down in a big, bad notebook, acting all the while as if he were Santa Claus himself registering names of the good little kiddies in the Xmas book.

But we whose duty it is to satiate the appetite of the proletariat for knowledge of their fellow men, would like to disillusion those aspiring Winchells who would trod the Primrose Path to reportorial fame. Many have repeatedly beseeched Auntie to divulge her technique for gossip gathering. We of the old, therefore, tell those of the new.

Auntie writes and edits the column which hungry eyes devour each month, but she has a cast of helpers which performs behind the scenes. In the first place, there are those few who each month hold conference with the old lady and tell their all—these are campus leaders in the sense that they get around to all the shin-digs, kid parties, Junior wiggles, and all the other dissipation-gathering social highlights. Auntie is very careful—these people know how to keep their eyes open and their mouths closed.

Besides this select council, Auntie has a lieutenant with a corps of gossip gatherers under him—he collects the news from his under-Winchells and reports it all to Auntie. The purpose of this set-up is to limit the number of Washington denizens who come into the actual presence of the chief gossip weilder. The question surges round, therefore: Who is this Auntie woman? If every rumor were credited Auntie



Auntie and Egbert

would be twenty-five or thirty different persons. It seems that there are three things about which every Washingtonian holds a very definite opinion: (1) Which is the best fraternity on the campus; (2) Which Queen would be *the* babe to take to the next prom; (3) Who writes the gossip column. And the funny thing is, that many bang upon the table in their support of a particular candidate, which support is based on

the fact that a fellow in the history class has a fraternity brother who knows a fellow who took out the Art Editor or somebody who had the info straight from the copy reader, who in reality knows no more about it than the janitor in the astronomy building.

But here, briefly, is actually what occurs when the great wheels of Eliot are spun round and the presses prepare to grind out the pages of scintillating wit. Arleen Thyson, who corrals the literary gems each month, rings up Aunt Anastasia and tells her that it is again time for the masses to be enlightened as to the nefarious doing of the fellow students. Auntie chirps back her acknowledgement and forthwith rings up the lieutenant, tells him when the deadline is, and arranges to meet with him for the actual writing. The lieutenant then proceeds to notify his staff when he will come around to each one's house and collect the gossip which they write up in columnar style for him.

Auntie, herself, in the meantime, gets in touch with the select few and arranges meeting places with them. She talks over the doing of the month with each one, continually suggesting names to them and helping them recall incidents. The trouble with the untrained newshawk is that he usually passes up the good gossip without noticing it. Auntie sometimes devines this from the conversations. When all the gossip is gathered up neatly in a little heap, then Auntie is prepared to dash off the brilliant literary creation such as that which greets the weary eyes in this, the last issue of the old.

But the life of a gossip digger-upper is not as smooth as this. There are those who storm upon seeing their "private affairs" placed in such a con-

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eliot

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Leo Dusard... Business Manager
Jack Pickering, Managing Editor
Martyl Schweig..... Art Editor
Nancy Kealhofer... Story Editor
Dale Clover

Special Features Editor
Don Lorenz... Exchange Editor
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Alice Percy, Aaron Hotchner,
Florence Kay, Bee Ferring, Paul
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K. Schwartz

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Helene Callicotte, George En-
gelke

Circulation Managers:—

Sally Alexander, Gerald Conlin

April Best-Sellers — Sally
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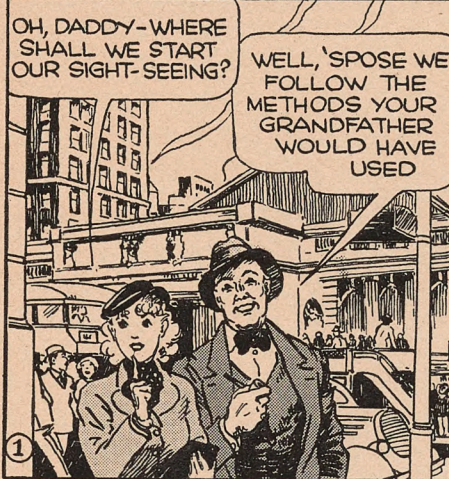
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FOL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP — HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK



OH, DADDY — WHERE SHALL WE START OUR SIGHT-SEEING?

WELL, 'SPOSE WE FOLLOW THE METHODS YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD HAVE USED

1



EXCUSE ME, SIR — BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SMOKE A PIPE IN THIS GALE

SURELY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT ANYWHERE. IT STAYS PUT

2



YOU SEEM TO HAVE REACHED A NEW HEIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR PRINCE ALBERT, DADDY

WELL, I SURE APPRECIATE BEING ABLE TO SMOKE AND ENJOY THIS VIEW AT THE SAME TIME

4



HOW DO YOU MEAN — LIKE GRANDFATHER?

HE WAS A FRONTIERSMAN. WHEN HE WAS IN STRANGE TERRITORY, HE WOULD CLIMB THE HIGHEST TREE AND RECONNOITER, SO WE'LL GO UP IN THE TALLEST BUILDING THE EMPIRE STATE, AND LOOK AROUND

3



I'LL BET GRANDFATHER NEVER IMAGINED A BUILDING LIKE THAT

NO — NOR A PIPE TOBACCO AS CHOICE AND MILD AS THIS MODERN SMOKE — P.A.

5

"THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



THE TOWERS

Congratulations!

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Jack Pickering, our new editor, and Martyl Schweig, our new associate editor, and give them our maternal blessing. Though we are sorry that our year is over, we are glad to hand over our responsibilities to capable persons like Jack and Martyl. We are proud of *Eliot's* growth since its pamphlet days and we are confident that the new editors will continue to improve and enlarge our magazine. We are grateful for the splendid cooperation we have received from the student body this year and we wish Jack and Martyl the same and more of it!

Life with Big "L"

In line with the current craze for pictorial "typical days in lives of"—(various unimportant people), we got the idea of again proving that our typewriter is mightier than the camera by knocking off a series of *word pictures* in the highly interesting, typical day of an *Eliot* editor. So with a few deft lunges at the keyboard we produced the following: 1. Gessup—lordnosehow. 2. Bruzhteethecetra. 3. Falzleepinklass. 4. WorksARDASELLonellyet! 5. Gozleepstudyin. 6. Fallzleepinbathtub. (This is the risqué picture we just had to get in.)

To the Artists

We should like to call to the attention of all art students the fact that Charles Craver and George Engelke, though no longer in school, consider their work on *Eliot* of enough value to them to continue to illustrate for us.

Craver, whose ambition is to be an illustrator, is now working in Eldon, Missouri. His smooth-looking halftone in the April *Eliot* was designed to catch an Art Editor's eye. Engelke, who did the cover last month and this month is at present working for an Engraving Co.

"I have always wondered why more art students don't take advantage of the practical application possible in the campus magazines," Charles Craver writes us. "During my *eight* years on the campus as both Art and College student I dabbled in every type of art work that campus activities presented. I always felt that such work was well justified because its benefits were twofold."

Our two absentee staff members are not without precedent. Fred McKnight, now employed by American Airways, worked on *Dirge* while he was in Art School and was Art Editor for several years after he left school.

The outstanding success story of a Washington U. artist is that of Al Parker, who is now at the top in the field of magazine illustration. He worked on *Dirge* while he was at school.

Glad Tidings

The 1937 Senior class can face the world with a greater assurance of quickly finding jobs than graduates have been able to do for many years. According to a recent survey made by Investors Syndicate of Minneapolis, in two hundred and eighteen leading colleges and universities, employment prospects of this year's college classes

are only a little less favorable than those of 1929 graduates.

One hundred eight-five schools stated that more than half of their graduates are expected to have jobs before the end of the summer. Twenty-eight universities answered that more than ninety per cent of this year's classes would be employed promptly and thirteen others that fully eighty-five per cent would soon be on pay rolls.

Employment exceeding that of 1936 was predicted by one hundred fourteen institutions, while nearly thirty per cent anticipated a volume of jobs exceeding the peak year of 1929. Engineering jobs were in the lead and were followed by business administration and teaching positions.

Stout Hearts

The simple faith of the six "Y" members who set out for the conference at Longview Farms, near Kansas City, in a '29 Ford with doubtful tires and a misbehaving clutch was touching to behold. They merely smiled when a garage man told them there was water in the oil and oil in the water and bounced gaily off, leaning far to one side because of the six suitcases on the running board. Came the rain and they were accommodated with running water inside the car.

The second "flat" occurred miles from a garage, so the boys put punctured tire No. 1 back on the wheel feeling that it had rested awhile and could again carry on. In spite of skeptics to the right and left, the six trusting souls

reached their destination and returned home, only slightly the worse for wear.

The secret of their success was that in moments of direst distress, all sang "Glory, Glory Hallelujah!"

21 Guns

MAY COURT OF HONOR

1. *The Golf Team. Student Life* and the downtown papers are pretty generous with golf team publicity. On the other hand, can the golfers ever look up into a grandstand at the beaming faces of sweethearts and parents? Are they ever carried off the links on the shoulders of cheering Hilltoppers? And they do make a pretty fine record. Only W.U. team to best Illini in recent years . . . several places in national championships . . .

2. *Thurtene*. No matter what you say about these guys—even the two on our staff—you must admit they work like the devil, for little fame and no money, to put on a Carnival which benefits such worthy organizations as the Band, and the Campus "Y"—which also gives fraternities and sororities a chance to help themselves.

3. *Mr. Clay Ballerw and the Men's Glee Club* for handling the thousand and one details of the great high school music festival held on our campus, as well as for increasing the prestige of Washington at many high schools in

and near St. Louis by giving concerts before them.

4. *Delta Phi Alpha*, German Honorary, for their fine presentation of two plays "Der Knopf" and "Die Ferne Prinzessin" at Liederkrantz Hall on April 31.

God's Country and the Woman

Add proof that the West is the center of liberal thinking: out East beyond the Mississippi River (U. of Illinois), Miss Hilda Mae Livengood, nationally ranking player, was not permitted to compete on the frosh golf team. Gosh, Illini, out here in the West, Miss Sara Guth played on the Bear *varsity* last year.

Note of Thanks

Tuesday has become a good day for us. And it's all because of that dandy Collegiate Digest supplement to *Student Life*. Those eight little rotogravure pages have become the only real ego-inflaters left in our lives. But they sure make us feel good. Why, every activity and course on the Hill seems full of "high seriousness" after we have looked at some of the items in the Digest.

Such things as, "Prof. Roscoe Bilgewater's class in Murder Mags: the humor therein, 28, wears gas masks as it studies rats in the sewers of Paris. 'All moid-

erers is rats,' says Prof. Bilgewater." or "Co-eds from Ogle-oke University hug and kiss munitions magnates in a four-day experiment designed to ascertain whether or not such men are emotionally mature." Such things arouse in us feelings akin to those inspired by grammar school studies of poor, benighted India—feelings we had thought lost to us forever.

The Gossip Must Go On!

So that the gossip column may be as timely as possible, Aunt Anastasia always writes it the night before *Eliot* goes to press. Came the big evening and Auntie was sitting by the fireside awaiting the arrival of her faithful lieutenant, who had gone out to gather the gossip from his henchmen. The clock struck seven, eight, nine, ten and eleven and still Auntie waited. At eleven-thirty she was so sleepy that she could hardly keep her little eyes open, so she started to bed. The phone jangled in the still night. Ah! the lieutenant. He had been in an accident and at that moment was in jail. Though in a sad condition, he knew the gossip had to get in, so he dictated the news to Aunt Anastasia from jail. The old lady was thoroughly awakened by the gossipy tidings and sat down at her typewriter to knock out the column. Oh, the faithfulness of the *Eliot* staff!



You Be The Judge

by ADOLPH K. SCHWARTZ

A little test of your legal knowledge

HAVE you ever thought that you had a "hunch for justice" and that you could put two and two together as well as a judge or a court? Have you ever wanted to serve on a jury? If you have, you will enjoy trying your wits on the following legal problems, taken from actual cases. Carefully examine the facts, apply what you consider the just rule, and then turn to page 17 and see how the case actually was decided.

Student Rights

I. Neidermeyer applied for admission to the University of Missouri law school. He received a catalogue which said that the tuition was \$50 for the first year's attendance, and \$40 for each successive year. The next year the catalogue was changed to read \$50 a year. After his first year Neidermeyer offered the University \$40, but they refused him and he had to pay the \$50. He then sued to recover his \$10. Was he successful?

The Juggled Firecracker

II. Shepherd threw a lighted firecracker into a market place. It landed in one man's stall and the latter picked it up and tossed it into the lap of another who was seated nearby. This man tossed it into another stall, and it kept going around thus until it finally exploded in Scott's face and injured him. Did Scott recover from all of those who threw it, or from Shepherd alone, or from none?

The Pie Case

III. Mix went into a restaurant and ordered chicken pie. His piece had concealed in it a sharp-pointed fragment of a chicken bone. Mix sued the restaurant, claiming the pie was "unfit for human consumption." The restaurant claimed that every one knows chicken pie has bones in it, and that therefore Mix assumed all risk injury from bones, when he ordered chicken pie. Who won this suit?

Kosher Bacon

IV. Armour & Co. ran an advertisement in a New York paper, listing the names of all the "pro-

gressive dealers" in town who sold Armour's Star Bacon. On the list was the name of Max Braun, the proprietor of a Jewish Butcher shop. Braun said this was a false statement, and that it injured his reputation and exposed him to the ridicule of his customers and competitors. Did he collect damages?

The Flying Body

V. Wood was standing on a railroad platform waiting for a train. A woman crossing the track was struck by the train and her dead body was hurled against Wood, seriously injuring him. Wood sued the railroad company for damages, claiming that the engineer had been careless and thus had caused his injury. Did Wood collect?

The Problem Child

VI. A minor child was riding in an automobile which his father was driving. They had an accident and both were injured. The child sued his father for damages. Ordinarily an injured passenger can recover from a driver. Did this child get damages from his own father?

"Nasal and Digit" Drama

VII. Garstenfeld, on several occasions greeted Shannon publicly by placing the end of his thumb against the tip of his nose, at the same time extending his fingers in a fan shape and wiggling them. Any act which is offensive, abusive and insulting, and which is likely to provoke a fight is a disturbance of the peace. If this act was a peace disturbance Shannon was entitled to damages. Did Shannon win this case?

Money Marriage

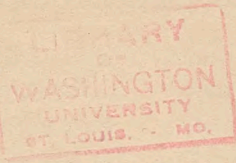
VIII. A wife sued her husband for divorce. He admitted he married her only on a promise that he would get \$10,000 and a paint business. She, too, had no love for him, only marrying him through "fear of the empty aching years of spinsterhood." Connubial bliss never entered into the consideration. Later he got no money, and she offered him only a half-interest in the business. He left her. Was a divorce granted to the wife?

FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

to
HERMAN WALDMAN

who says

"She's a 'gum on the shoe girl'—easy to pick up
but hard to get rid of."



MORAL:

Everybody's breath
offends sometimes...let
CRYST-O-MINT save yours after
eating, smoking and drinking



What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THE CHARGE OF THE PIPE-BRIGADE!



.. then they switched
to the brand of
grand aroma



SMOKY Joe and Cinder Pete took the hint! They invested in some pipe cleaners, and then bought a *mild* tobacco. And when we say *mild*, we mean Sir Walter Raleigh, the one smoking tobacco that really justifies that important adjective. Blended of selected Kentucky Burleys, Sir Walter spares you the misery of tongue bite. It has a sweet, full-flavored aroma that is a positive delight. Try a tin!



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN)
NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Genius

by DICK DEMING

Illustrated by CHARLES CRAVER

HE hailed me as soon as I got in the door at Mac's. At first I failed to recognize him as the small time rowdy that used to manage my protection racket . . . business on the east side. He was dressed in conservative tweed that smacked very much of Park avenue tailoring. The clear diamonds on his finger and tie must have been worth a young fortune, and to top it off he had that well-fed Wall Street look about him.

When I had finally placed him I went over and sat down.

"Bring us a drink," I said to the waiter. And then, "Got a new racket, Fingers?"

"I'm through with all that," he said, and added when he read the disbelief in my eyes, "I can afford to be. I'm in the blue chips for life." He flashed his ring with a kind of pride in his eyes.

"Blackmail?" I asked.

He looked hurt. "I'm an honest business man. Got offices in the Street."

"Spill it," I said.

"It's a Hell of a long story."

"Spill it." * * * *

O. K. But don't say I didn't warn you. Remember the Duke? No? Well anyway, he was one of the best con men in the game. Especially with women. Once he looked into their eyes they were willing to sign over the old homestead.

I meet him in here one day when he is all touted out in pin stripes and spats.

"Going to a wedding?" I ask. You know how I always used to kid.

"This is my morning wear," he smirks. "But I am going to a wedding before many weeks."

I act dumb and says, "Who's getting married?"

At this he swells up like a blasted peacock. "I, personally, am going to walk to the altar with Miss Roxie Epstein."

I blink. "Did I hear you say Roxie Epstein?"

"You did if you were listening."

"Old Man Epstein's daughter?"

"What do you mean?" he

says frigidly. "If you are casting aspersions . . ."

"I didn't mean that. I mean is her old man the guy with all the millions?"

He gives me that complacent smirk again and says, "The same. I would invite you to the wedding, but I don't know when it is to be."

Then I remember how optimistic he always was and says, "Have you asked her yet?"

"Of course. And I am practically accepted."

"Oh! You aren't accepted yet?"

"Roxie, dear girl, is willing, but we have not as yet broached the subject to my future father-in-law."

I snort my contempt. "Then you got about as much chance as Lady Godiva in a fraternity house. The old man is poison on fortune hunters. Do you think he is going to let a dead-beat like you marry his daughter?"

"That," he says proudly, "is the beauty of the plot. To the Epstein family I am an African diamond dealer of considerable wealth."

"Does he fall for that hooley?"

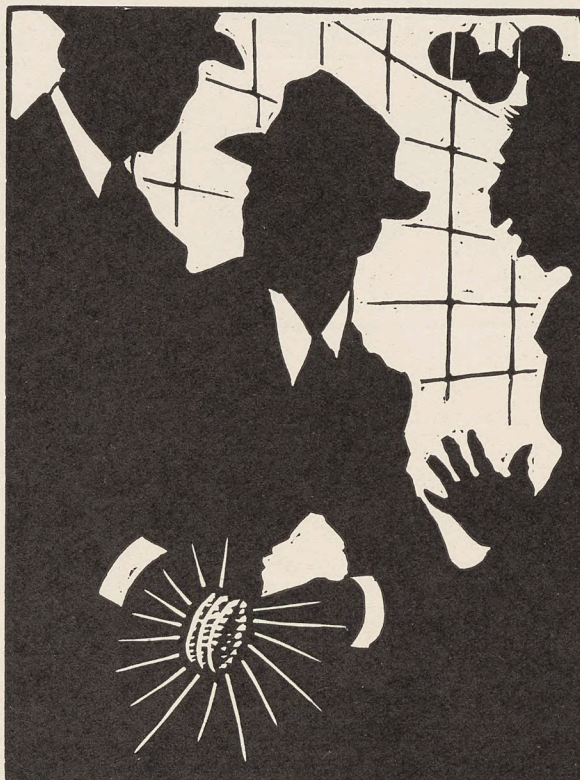
The Duke's face falls. "I do believe that he has some suspicions," he admits. "But I shall dispel those shortly. If you have the time, you may accompany me to Jake's fence, and I will unfold to you a plot that will go down in the annals of my profession as a stroke of genius."

The Duke and I have always been good friends, so I go along. I can see that he is dying to tell somebody about his brain child and besides I am curious to know how he expects to crack a hard egg like old man Epstein. But he does not open up before we get to Jake's. Even when we get inside he just says, "Wait and see."

Jake looks over his spectacles at us and says, "Fingers and my old friend, the Duke! What could I doing for you?"

The Duke looks around and then whispers, "Did you ever see the Epstein pearls?"

For the first time since I knows him Jake looks surprised. "Lotsa times. Have you got 'em? I give you ten grand."



"Did you get the beads?" I asked.

(Continued on page 17)

Plus Fore!

by AARON HOTCHNER

The true adventures of the Bear golfers

WE WERE sitting around the fire, thawing out from our long, chilly ride and watching the big logs crackle as the flames licked around them. It had been one of those afternoons that make you want to start a Back-to-Nature movement and everyone had been on his game; even I, a novice, could appreciate the fine display of driving and putting which the Bear golfers had executed. This had been an important match and I had followed the boys closely, in and out of sand traps, noting every stroke and movement; but now that my story was safely tickered away I could restfully stretch out my legs which were weary from so much unaccustomed activity.

"Your trips are pretty quiet, aren't they," I asked of the captain who was sitting across from me puffing on a short stemmed pipe. After a puff or so he replied, "Oh, this one is just an exception. Some of our trips are lively enough."

"Tell me about some of them," I proposed, "a bunch of fellows touring around the countryside ought to have some fairly interesting experiences."

"We do," he rejoined, and knocking the ash from his pipe, he began to chat about the adventures of the golf team.

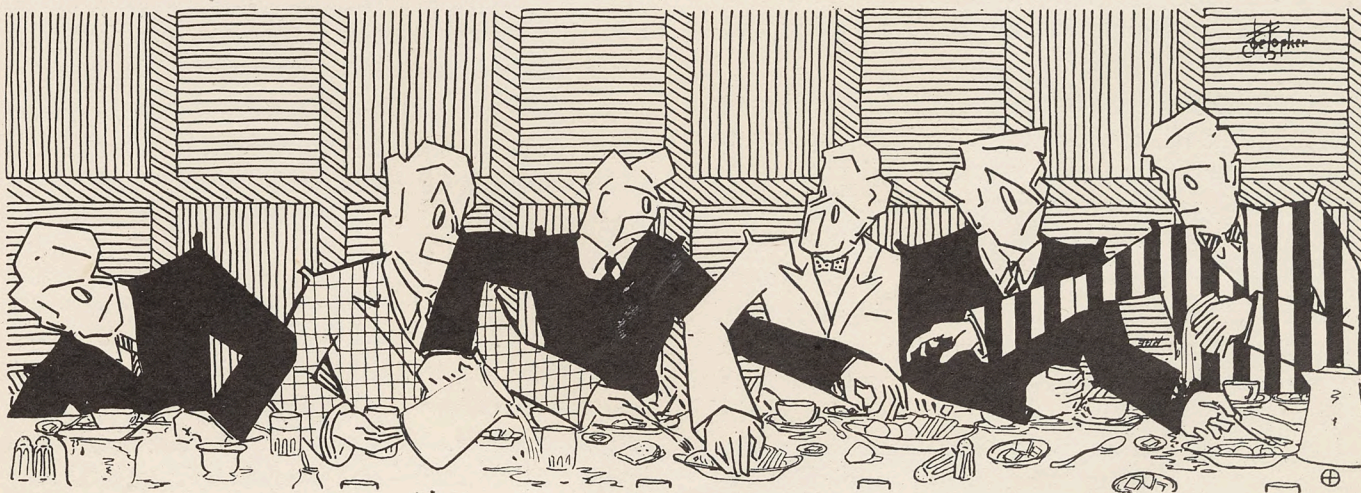
* * * *

The boys recently completed a trip to Kentucky and one of the members of the team was little Bill Mason, a linkster of no mean ability. Now often the boys haul along a bottle of Dr. Sloan's kink-remover or some other special medicinal concoction, but when they got to the hotel room and began to unpack, Bill startled all onlookers by withdrawing twelve bottles containing various preparations ranging from nose drops to mouth wash. At the time, Bill was suffering from a few physical ailments. He was

having trouble with his eyes; he was totally deaf in one ear and he could barely hear out of the other; he was suffering from sinus trouble, and had a very active case of hayfever besides. At meal time Bill would suddenly goggle wildly at his watch and then dash off, leaving his pork chops stranded in the middle of the table. Up to the room he would hustle, uncork one bottle which he would select from the array, and breathlessly down a liberal dose of its contents. The fellows, it appears, soon got accustomed to his mid-dinner dashes and polished off the pork chops during his absence, but when bed-time came they were faced with a problem which was less easy to get accustomed to. Each brushed his teeth, combed his hair, and climbed into bed prepared for peaceful slumber, but at five minute intervals Bill would emit wheezy noises which he insisted should be categorized as sneezes. The wheezy outbursts continued far into the night but the boys finally solved matters by placing their pillows over their faces, thereby drowning out the noise (and, incidentally, opening the way for a couple of cases of complete suffocation.)

Last July when several of the fellows toured up to Chicago to participate in the National Intercollegiate Tourney, they met golfers from all the big Eastern universities. Now it seems that these fellows definitely represent the big moneyed interests or something for they breezed into town with bankrolls which would stop up the Grand Canyon. At noon-time all the golfers had lunch together and the Princeton boys began describing the spaciousness of their quarters; Harvard followed by reciting the name of their swanky abode; the Dartmouth fellows were stopping at the Sherman; Yale's representa-

(Continued on page 23)



The boys at the Notre Dame cafeteria.

No More Husbands

by LOUISE LAMPERT

Statistics on the game of "catch"

IT has been said that men are like street cars—If you miss one, just wait and another is sure to come along. Although this statement is reassuring to sweet young things who have been jilted, and encouraging to withered old spinsters who have been trying for years to catch the bride's bouquet, it is not true. For husbands today are scarcer than virgins in Greenwich Village, and any woman who has visions of shaking cocktails for two had better fill up her gas tank and start chasing.

The shortage of good husbands obviously is not biological. No, this year's crop of males is just as large and healthy as ever before. But the crop is no longer cultivatable, and therein lies the cause of silent telephones and ringless fingers.

The growing list of unmarried men is caused by something far more complicated than a mere physical extinction. In the first place, modern men are tending more and more to marry women less intelligent than they. Records of colleges and universities show that from one-fourth to one-half of the coeds who graduate die old maids. Therefore the girl who goes away to college to learn how to be a better companion to her future husband had better pack up her scanties and come back home. She is only wasting her own time and her papa's money. For modern men are looking for spouses with allure, not intelligence, and the girl whose wit is dimmest is the one who lands the ring.

The college graduate who is planning on a career and then marriage is fighting against even greater odds. For in nearly any occupation she takes up, she will be utterly exiled from any desirable single men. Teaching, nursing, library work, and social service work, the most popular professions for women today, are all bone-dry of males who are seeking wedding bells.

A girl who enters a business career is also digging her matrimonial grave. For in business she has to take off her perfume and mascara and put on the pants she fought for for so many years. She has to assume a cold, business-like air which immediately withers any buds of romance.

She becomes so accustomed to wearing this aloof executive attitude that she cannot lay it aside after office hours. If her employer asks her out to dinner, she either talks shop or tries to impress him by ripping off several laws of business from her college Econ. course, between spoonfuls of soup. Her employer is immediately bored by her dull conversa-

tion, and begins to wish that he had asked the non-collegiate telephone operator in the outer office. She would have tickled his ego, at least, by telling him that she thought it was "perfectly wonderful the way he could add up those long, long columns of numbers—and so fast too." He certainly doesn't get flattery of that sort from the cold fish across the table. He sighs audibly and wishes that he had gone to the executive board meeting. There he could have heard the same "business" conversation free of charge, with his feet on the table. He sighs once more and tackles his steak unhappily, resolving never to date an intelligent woman again.

Not only is the intelligent husband-hunter too dumb to be naive; she is also too smart to marry "Just anything with pants on." And the more educated she is, the higher are her ideals, and the harder she is to please. She doesn't believe in the "I'll string along with you" philosophy of her less intelligent but more marriageable sisters. She is hunting for an "angel," and if she can't find him, a "half-angel" will not do. As her birthdays pass by, her specifications become higher, and her chances for finding the "right man" grow slimmer and slimmer and finally vanish completely, leaving her stroking cats and juggling tea-cups instead of kissing the combination Power-Weissmueller-Lindbergh-Rockefeller husband that she had dreamed of.

Another factor in the problem is the partiality of men for younger women. By the time a girl has graduated and worked for a few years, men of her own age, as a rule, will not marry her; they want an exciting, congenial young spouse, not a bad-tempered, weather-beaten office executive with corns and crowsfeet. As a last resort the graduate has to look into the bald-headed category of marriageables—the fussy old bachelors with gout and indigestion.

Statistics prove the seriousness of the age factor. A survey shows that the average girl of twenty has a two-to-one chance of marrying within ten years; whereas the "girl" of thirty has to fight—with the odds two to one against her.

In short, we are living in an age when men and old maids should be nervous. The power of the male has declined as far as it is going to, and now the pendulum is swinging back toward masculine ascendancy. Modern men are becoming more and more like taxis—you have to hail them or they will pass you by.

Everybody Falls In Love

by NANCY KEALHOFER

Illustrated by CHARLES CRAVER

"*As* it just a mood," Johnny asked as he slid into the booth beside me, "or do you always look like that at noon on Thursdays?"

Instead of answering him, I just sat there and watched him pull the end of his polo coat over his right knee. When you've spent a lot of months observing all the little things a man does, you can't stop doing it just like that, no matter what your parents tell you.

"It must be a mood," Johnny went on. "Anyway, I never noticed it on Thursdays before. Look, maybe you've forgotten. Thursday is our date night."

I glanced up at him. "You mean Thursday was our date night."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that it ain't no more."

Johnny clucked at me. "Darling, that was a distinct double negative. Particular reason?"

"For the double negative? Not especially. Muddled thinking, maybe."

"Of course not the double negative. I mean why I'm not seeing you tonight."

I shrugged. "Tonight or any other."

"Hmmm," said Johnny abstractedly. "Is this the pitch?"

"Sort of."

He waited a minute. "Look, Mary, I'll admit I'm thick. After all, I'm only a poor laboratory instructor trying to keep up with a college girl and do a little graduate work on the side. Maybe you'd better begin at the beginning."

That was a thought. Only how could you begin at the beginning when there wasn't any beginning?—when the whole business was just a lot of hoey any way you figured it? I stirred my Coke. I said, "I guess I'm just tired."

"Of what?"

"Oh—" I waved my hand vaguely. "Of playing,—of being in love, maybe."

Johnny brought my hand back to the table and held it there. "Darling, don't use gestures in public. You look so unromantic."

I stirred my Coke again and the straw bent in half. I threw it away.

Then he asked quietly, "Is it because I'm so hell-

ishly poverty-stricken?"

I really looked at him then. "Why, no, Johnny. Of course not." No point in telling him about Dad at breakfast that morning. Dad had said, "But Mary, he's so damned poor. What could he ever give you?" Did Dad know how much fun you could have playing war with an air rifle and a set of lead soldiers? Assorted lead soldiers. Some of them were brown and some were blue, and you could buy very good ones

at the dime store for a nickle apiece. Johnny wanted a new set for Christmas. "No, Johnny, of course it isn't money."

"Then you mean you're just bored? Is that it?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"I dunno," Johnny said. "You seem so vague about the whole thing. Are you sure you know what you're talking about?"

"Certainly I know what I'm talking about. I'm tired, and bored, and it's all too monotonous to bother with any more. See what I mean."

"Um-hmm. I suppose you know that you're smacking my ego right between the eyes."

I ignored the mixed metaphor and grinned at him,—in a way. "It'll bounce back, darling."

"The hell it will," Johnny gloomed. "I'll miss you. Intelligent women are hard to find."

"Sure," I said, "but think of all the fun you can have looking for them."

He didn't answer me. I laughed.

"Darling, you look so pompous and pigheaded."

"Do I? Didn't mean to."

This was awful. Wasn't he going to tear his hair or beat his chest or anything?

"I was just thinking," Johnny remarked, "about that day last summer when we were out in the canoe, and you lost your temper,—Amazon that you are,—and hit me over the head with a paddle. The point is, I wonder if that's why my head feels so funny right now."

"I dunno. You worry too much."

"Yeah,—I suppose you know you're going to be sorry for this when I'm a great man."

When he was a great man. "Well, maybe he is intelligent," Mother had said, "in a way. But he certainly doesn't impress me as a man who will ever



"Darling, you look so pompous and pigheaded."



Fashions by Florence Kay

Three cheers for the "good old summertime"—and a rousing welcome from Kline's Junior Shop with a gala collection of smart cottons. Kline's has a cotton for every day and every hour of the day—so on with summer.

On the opposite page is a combination that spells moonlit terraces, warm breezes, and lilting music. "Rapt in Cellophane" on the left is just what it's name suggests. A gay printed lawn dress and a mousseline de soie redingote

that wraps (as well as rapt) you as if it were cellophane. The dress is a blue and pink print with a decolleté neckline and tiny covered buttons down the front. A long inverted pleat at middle front provides the fullness. The coat of pink fastens with tiny blue velvet bows.

"Bengal Dancer," on the right, is a blocked linen made on princess lines. The bodice is set off with contrasting bands of turquoise and yellow linen. This color scheme is carried out in tiny splashes of turquoise and yellow throughout the print. The twelve gored skirt is full in contrast to the very fitted waistline.

For campus wear and informal June afternoons we offer three Louise Muligan originals. The naval influence is evident in the two on the left in the photo opposite — and very apropos are the titles. "Nautical but Nice" is an imported navy linen of double purpose. Now it's dressy — then presto off comes the jacket and it's a sunback. The tiny jacket has regular lapels and fastens with three frogs made of real sailor rope. The belt is also of natural colored rope.

The other sailor, "Jack Tar" to you, is a three piece navy linen that's really a knockout. It has a loose jacket piped in white linen and a shirt-tail back. The blouse is a red and blue lawn gilet. The swing skirt is of navy linen and really swings.

On the right is a two piece shell print of raspberry and turquoise called "Hearts and Flowers." The fitted jacket has short puffed sleeves and appliquéd bow knots of turquoise linen at neck and waistline. The skirt has six gores.

Photos by Taylor

Clothes by Kline's



Kedettes

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Designed for sandal addicts—the gabardine version of the Kedettes T strap pump. All white, only, in the model with cuban heel. All white, white with blue or red accents, and blue or brown with white accents in college-heeled and wedge-heeled models. They're washable.

Pictured on the trim ankles in the center of this page are Kedettes saddle oxfords. Wrap-around crepe soles match the color of the peachskin saddles. All white; white with blue, red, or green saddle and sole; and blue or brown with white. Wedge heels only.

A luscious fabric and a gay sole, colored crepe with striped edge, are featured in the Kedettes peachskin strap pump. Made with wedge heel only. All white, white with blue saddle and trimming, and blue or brown with white.

An old favorite, the Kedettes moccasin oxford, carries on colorfully in gabardine weave and peachskin. All white; white with blue, green, or red vamp and tongue; and blue or brown with white vamp and tongue. College or wedge heels. Washable.

Darlings of the resorts—flat-heeled ghillies of smooth gabardine weave. Daringly perpendicular stripes appear on the edges of the soles and wedge heels. All white; white with blue or red accents; blue or brown with white accents. Also available with plain sole and college heel. Washable.

CO-ED CORNER
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The University Yokel

by JULIUS J. NODEL

A candid look at ourselves

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY is a center of education. Within the confines of its campus are located fine and well equipped buildings, library shelves well filled with dust and books, a large faculty with individuals of renown, an aggregate of fraternity house and dormitory dwellers, great numbers of radicals and many conservatives, some fine flowers of the species "Charlatan" and about seven thousand of human variety scientifically referred to as the "student body." Within the university domain is a continual buzz of activity, and a code of conduct invented by student fad and charmingly enforced by student opinion. Throughout its various schools you may hear various accents, differentiated from regular English by sounds derived from New York, Vilna, Dixie and Dublin. It is the proud possessor of one semi-weekly newspaper, a monthly magazine, numerous fraternities and sororities and two or three amusement organizations of a theatrical sort which are amusing to everybody, including the amusers.

It is natural therefore that we as students of a university of such magnitude and such manifold achievements should be justly proud of ourselves and should be inclined to regard non-university-students as strange beings of an inferior quality, as ignoramuses, farmers, provincials, yokels. It seems natural also that the rest of America, while loudly denying its spiritual inferiority, should secretly look up to us and inwardly admit that scholars are the leaders and that it must humbly and contritely bow to our opinion. We are great boosters, we scholars. Not only do we believe that the 927,206 students in the United States are wiser than all the rest of the 119 million of Americans but we try to make the 119 million themselves believe it. If you doubt my statement, attend a fraternity meeting, or A.S.U. meeting or even speak to a graduate student. Newspapers and magazines are devoted to the doings of colleges, college styles, college sports. The yokels outside of our environment are fed with long accounts of the contacts to be found in school life, the gossip about football stars, the beauty of campus queens, the necessity of an A. B. degree for a good shipping-clerk job and so on and so on. The office cityites, the shop-worn angels and the cornfed farm lads read all these accounts and gaze with yearning eyes towards the towers of learning where wonderful things are going on and success for life is insured, and bemoan their sad fate.

As students ourselves, however, we should not let this garment of egotism we dress ourselves in dur-

ing our years at college fool us as to our superiority. One can discover quite a few yokels right here in one of the wisest, cleanest and friendliest (although not one of the largest) of the universities in our country. Not all yokels are freshmen; in fact some of the strangest specimens are found in the graduate schools and even among the faculty. The most offensive yokel on the campus is the narrow, scholastic type; the pedant who buries his nose so deeply in his book that his eyes can never see past the top of the pages. From this "rarified atmosphere of thought" the activities of the rest of the world are like legendary tales from a far-off land. The mental products of this self-centered type of fly in the ointment of wisdom are only "carved cherry seeds—they have no particular influence after they are fashioned."

The university yokel is far more hayseed than the country yokel. The university yokel never travels in imagination as does the farm-lad. He is imbued with that type of sophisticated intellectualism created by the scholastic fear of emotion. Political science teaches him that the people of this nation are drugged by the opiates of the newspapers, and he even pities them. Yet he himself continues to drink newspaper ink as problematical booze. He says Religion is superstition, yet I have seen him avoid walking under a ladder and heard him reciting and maneuvering fraternity and organization ritual. English studies have given him impeccable literary tastes and he knows just why Joyce wrote *Ulysses* and can tell the difference between Gertrude Stein's echolalia and printer's pi. Psychology makes him pride himself upon his ignorance of music and art; these are too emotional. "Marriage!" An assault on male dignity and freedom. So to assert his freedom and dignity, he ogles damsels on campus.

Despite degrees and doctorates, a poor fish can remain as much a yokel as ever. When he ventures outside, he sees human beings who are so unassuming that he actually regards them as stupid. Many students I have known since I first came to college, though "brilliant as fireworks" (for fireworks have no continuity), haven't traveled one bit in imagination and mentally have not grown a single inch.

Worse yet is the goody-goody type of student who in past days was known as Joe College. This type of university yokel fondly imagines himself to be so superior to the rest of Americans that he begins to regard himself as hardly American at all. Here he is so sadly mistaken that some day he may

(Continued on page 21)

Dear Arleen:

A girl has to be mighty careful these days... to look at Bob Newton one would never suspect him of being any more than just one of the timid species of campus male, and so Evelyn Bissell took a look and little suspected that below the child-like countenance there lurked a personality which would make Mr. Hyde look like the May Fete Queen... It was a couple of Mondays ago that Evelyn took her look when Bob approached her in the morning, just after a 9:30 was out, and asked her if she'd like to go for a short ride between classes... Evelyn condescended... and so they piled into the Newton bus and chugged away, merrily chatting of this and that... one hour passeth—still riding—conversation thinning out... two hours passeth—still riding—conversation thinned... Evelyn, now feeling that something was definitely amiss, suggested that unless she were taken home she was going to get out and walk it... "Go ahead," said Bob, the Mr. Hyde taking command, "just open the door and step out. But be careful, cause we're going fifty miles an hour."... At length the demon of the highway drew up before a cozy little joint in Jefferson City where a tasty lunch was all prepared... at 4:30 Evelyn barged into meeting murmuring things about being kidnapped, but the



Pi Phis, an unbelieving lot, gave Evelyn two aspirins and told her to vote on the next dance...

Dates have been made for a lot of different occasions but Johnny Rosebrought and Jo Wilson are in a class by themselves... they have a date to watch the sunrise and eat breakfast... Ethel Jane Ellie had a date for the Phi Delt dance with Bud Reichardt, and she broke the date in order to go to the K.A. dance with Junior Reichardt... well, just so she keeps it in the family... Will the Don Juan in the Law School who continually hands in anonymous gossip about himself please resign himself to the fact that I'm not interested in a biography of his romantic life... Betty Jane Reinart had a late date with Ken Meacham after the K.A. house party... Marion Ketter was accompanied by Clarence Garvey to the Gamma Phi affair... the next day Jack Weaver called her up at Mary Alt's house and discussed the matter quite warmly... Mary had a bit to say herself and finally, things waxed to a pretty pitch and Marion hung up on Jack and

Jack hung up on Marion... On Saturday night of the Delta Gamma week-end, Anna May Dickey's date had to come 40 miles in the driving rain from the Rolla School of Mines... and when he arrived,

(Continued on page 21)

ANSWERS

to
You Be the Judge

I. Yes. When Niedermeyer entered the University they made a contract with him, the terms being those in the catalogue. The University had no authority to back out of their agreement with him. If the University had put a paragraph in the first catalogue, reserving to themselves the right to change the tuition, then they could have raised it (*Niedermeyer v. Curator of University of Missouri*, 61 Mo. App. 654.)

II. Shepherd alone was held liable. The natural result of his act was the probable injury of somebody, and therefore he is liable to whoever is finally injured. The others were not liable because they acted in a reasonable manner to protect themselves (*Scott v. Shepherd*, 2 Wm. Bl. 892.)

III. Mix won the suit. The judge said he had "many times partaken of that succulent product of culinary perfection when no bones at all were encased within its crusts." Since the presence of bones in chicken pies is not required, the restaurant had no right to assume that Mix knew they were there. He collected damages. (*Mix v. Ingersoll Candy Co.*, 49 Pac(2d) 877.)

IV. Braun collected damages. The court said it made no difference whether Armour & Co. intended to injure Braun or not. In fact, they actually claimed to have flattered him by calling him a "progressive dealer." The law is that any publication which injures the reputation of another person, is libelous, and that the injured party may collect damages. (*Braun v. Armour & Co.*, N.Y. Sp. Ct.)

V. No. The only direct result of the engineer's carelessness was the woman's death. No one would think that the natural result of hitting a person on the tracks would be to injure a third person in this manner. For such an unusual coincidence the railroad company would not be held liable. (*Wood v. Penna. R.R. Co.*, 177 Pa. 306.)

VI. No. The judge said: "The peace of the fireside and the contentment of the home" are worth more than money. While the child is living in the household and being cared for by its parents, it should not be taught to "bite the hand that feeds it." (*Small v. Morrison*, 118 S.E. 12.)

VII. Shannon won. The court said that among boys this act serves as a harmless vent for injured feelings, but when boys become men, they should "put away such childish things." The circumstances attending the "nasal and digit drama" showed a design to engender strife, and a determination to annoy Shannon to the limit of patient endurance. However, some judges are more lenient. In a California case, a judge ruled that a motorist irritated by the honking of an auto to the rear, has a right

to make "improper signs with his hands"—in other words, obey the impulse to thumb his nose. (*Shannon v. Garstenfeld*, 156 N.Y.S. 991.)

VIII. Yes. The judge said the man's character did not appear to be of the best, and it would seem that the price which this man set upon himself was "too high on unbiased appraisal." He showed a lack of business acumen by refusing the half-interest; he did not deserve the sympathy of the courts. (Ed. note., he was worse off after the divorce, having no money, no wife, and having alimony and attorney's bills to pay.) (*Kessner v. Kessner*, N.Y. Sp. Ct.)

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The Better Things

May 11-14—There will be a special exhibition of flower paintings at the Art Museum.

May 15—Jacquelin Ambler will lecture on *The Lithographs of Daumier* at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

May 15—*Wall Paper* is the subject of Jessie B. Chamberlain's Gallery Talk at 3:30 P.M.

May 18-21—Mary Powell will discuss *Italian Bronzes* at 11:00 A.M., Tuesday and 10:30 A.M. Friday.

May 22—The Museum will have another special exhibition of flower paintings.

May 22—*Monet and the Impressionists* is the subject of Jacquelin Ambler's talk at 2:30 P.M.

May 25-28—Mary Powell will discuss *Miscellaneous Terms of Art* at 11 A.M. Tuesday and 10 A.M. Friday.

May 29—There will be a demonstration in portrait painting at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

May 29—*Chests and Cupboards* will be discussed by Jessie B. Chamberlain at 3:30 at the Museum.

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GENIUS

(Continued from page 8)

"Ten!" yelps the Duke. "They are worth fifty!"

"I must making my profit."

"Never mind. I haven't got them anyway. What I want to know is how well did you see them?"

"What you mean, 'How well'?"

"Could you make a paste copy?"

"A set of phonies! Say, I can turn out a string that would even fool the oysters. Fifty dollars to you."

"Sold," says the Duke. "How soon can I have them?"

"One week, tomorrow."

"O.K. I'll be in."

Outside I ask, "What's the set-up? Changing your racket?"

(Continued on next page)

GENIUS

(Continued from page 17)

"No. I merely find it necessary to digress from my usual procedure in order to consummate my desire."

"How you gonna work the switch?"

The Duke grinned. "Two weeks from today is Julia's birthday party. She's Roxie's sister, you know. The girls' birthdays are just a week apart.

"Roxie will be sure to wear her pearls to the party. I'll get her out in the garden and while I'm kissing her I'll unfasten the clasp. The pearls will fall, apparently by accident, and when I pick them up to reclip them about her neck I can make the substitution."

"You can't do it," I state. "She'll be looking right at you."

"That's the beauty of it. She has to turn around for me to work the clasp."

"All right," I admit. "That gives you fifty grand worth of pearls. But how is stealing his daughter's jewelry gonna convince the old man that you are rich?"

"That," says the Duke, "I shall tell you at the proper time. Can you meet me at Jake's two weeks from tomorrow?"

"I don't know. Mebbe."

"Be there and I'll demonstrate the difference between the ordinary con man and the genius."

I am not working at the time, having been told by you that I had my choice between taking a walk or a ride, so when the time rolls around I remember and keep the date. The Duke is talking to Jake when I get there. The old Jew has three short strands of pearls on the table in front of him and is fitting a clasp to them in order to make a three-strand bracelet.

"Did you get the beads?" I ask.

The Duke just points at what Jake is working on. I am blank for a minute, but then I get the idea. Jake is disguising the pearls so that no one would ever suspect they were once a necklace. At the same time they are just as valuable as before. I gotta hand it to the Duke and I tell him so.

"You haven't heard the best part yet," he tells me. "Guess what I intend to do with the bracelet."

"Why, sell it I suppose. You're not gonna wear it are you?"

He just smiles like a stuffed penguin and says, "I'm going to give it to Roxie for her birthday."

It takes a while for things to sink into my mind so I am puzzled for some time. Then finally the whole plot dawns on me. The Duke is giving Roxie her own pearls for a present, but in a form she won't recognize. The old man, being naturally suspicious of everything, will have a jeweler appraise the bracelet in order to prove that the Duke is a phoney. But when he finds that it is worth about fifty grand, he

will think that he had figured wrong and that he's a rich guy after all. Then the Duke gets the girl and falls heir to half of seventeen million dollars. The thing kinda floors me for a moment and then I see the flaw.

"What happens if Miss Epstein finds her beads is paste and puts two and two together?" I ask.

"She won't," says the Duke. "Only a jeweler could show them up and she has no reason to take them to a jeweler. They were given her by her father. He knows what they are worth and she certainly wouldn't suspect her old man of pawning off paste on her."

I see his point and that he's thrown himself a natural so I don't argue anymore. I spend some time congratulating him on the impending marriage before I decide to shove off. He asks me where to send a wedding invitation. Having no permanent address at the time, due to my desire to keep certain unpleasant characters from finding me, I tell him to send it to Mac's. Then I shake his hand and leave.

I don't hear anymore about it for some time on account of taking a short trip upstate for my health. But when I get back I find the invitation waiting for me at Mac's. I get back just in time too, cause the wedding is the following afternoon.

I rent me a soup and fish the next day and trot over to the church. The affair is some potatoes. There is enough flowers to decorate the graves of every soldier in France. The old man sure splurged himself cause I figure the thing must have cost him ten grand. The bride is nothing particular, just a plain looking girl with innocent eyes. I notice she's wearing both the bracelet and the necklace. But her sister Julia is really a doll. I can't figure why the Duke didn't pick on her unless she thought he had more chance with the plain one. Julia is small and dark. She has the prettiest big eyes and the slickest form you ever saw. I'm all for her right off, but of course I don't get ideas.

After the wedding we all go to the Epstein home for the reception. The Duke introduces me as an old college pal, which is no lie as we both put in a couple of years at the state institution. Anyway I pass muster and have a swell time lapping up the old man's eight-year-old scotch.

The Duke keeps offering the old man drinks, but I can see the two girls don't like it much.

"Have another," says the Duke. "You've hardly started." Which is a lie as I personally see the old guy down twelve highballs, and I'm not watching him all the time.

Roxie says, "Don't drink any more, Daddy. You know what the doctor said about your heart. It might act up any minute and if you get excited it might stop."

(Continued on page 20)

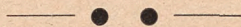
LETTER TO AN OLD LOVE

I sold you playthings, very little more
 Though greater things for less I might have given:
 You only took such small things from my store
 As a cup of wine or a penny's worth of ribbon!

I sold you silly trinkets to amuse
 You for an idle summer's hour or two:
 Upon my higher shelves were things to use
 More earnestly, but these escaped your view.

Or if you noticed them you gave no sign,
 And I somehow lacked courage to display
 Such precious things. You drank the cup of wine
 And tucked the bit of silken goods away
 And nonchalantly went on graceful feet
 To spend your gold across the shallow street.

Thomas Lanier Williams.



DIVER

Deep in distant waters,
 in a world of frost,
 I see your fluent image
 glittering and lost...

Your circles are too silver,
 too sudden and too fleet
 to follow with a shadow
 straggling at my feet...

Webbed with constellations
 through a crystal well
 I see you move to music
 fragile as a bell!

So I must wait in wonder,
 loveliest of girls,
 to see you caught in jewels,
 lost in many pearls!

Thomas Lanier Williams.



DESPONDENCY

Sounds in the distance muted by fog—
 The gray fingers, moisture-laden, oppress me;
 My temples beat as the damp cloak of darkness
 Enfolds and engulfs all that is me.

Nothing is left but a sentient consciousness
 There in that room as the clock ticks on,
 Marking minute installments of eternity.
 My eyes transfix the floor before me,
 And lo! the atoms of its substance
 Separate and I am gazing into nothing
 But a void whose very depth perhaps
 Is that oblivion for which I have been seeking.

—R. T. Queen.

Pipe Smokers!

Please Don't
 Believe

all Smoking Tobacco
 bites the Tongue



Edgeworth Guarantees that Process-Aging Prevents Tongue Bite

TONGUE BITE is the bane of pipe smokers. We guarantee that Edgeworth will not bite the tongue.

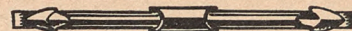
The use of the finest Burley tobaccos will not prevent tongue bite. It's the processing that does it. As every tobacco expert knows, pipe tobacco can be rushed through the plant and save big sums of money. It is pipe tobacco, but it is *not* Edgeworth.

Our method is Process-Aging—a process as vital as the aging of old wines. There are twelve required steps, each under laboratory control. It takes 4 to 7 times as long as might seem necessary. But in no other way can we guarantee that Edgeworth will not bite the tongue.

We ask you to try it under our money-back guarantee. If Edgeworth bites your tongue, return it and get your money back. You can't lose.

NOTE: There are three kinds of Edgeworth for you to choose from:

- 1—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed—a cool, long-burning tobacco preferred by seasoned smokers.
- 2—Edgeworth Plug Slice—for the smoker who likes to crumble the tobacco in his hands until it's just right for him.
- 3—Edgeworth Jr.—the same tobacco also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, more free-burning smoke.



Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 100, Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH AND
 EDGEWORTH JR.



GENIUS

(Continued from page 18)

"Steady as a rock," says the old duck and he wobbles a bit on his feet.

"Daddy," says Julia, "why don't you go lie down for a while. Too much excitement is bad for you."

"Don't wanna lie down."

Julia just takes him by the arm and leads him off upstairs. It's easy to see she's got more control over the old man than her sister has. Lot of spunk in the girl.

When she comes down again she says, "I'm worried about father. All the excitement of the wedding and then drinking so much on top of it. His heart is in no shape to stand it."

"He'll be all right," says the Duke. "I'll go up in a minute and see how he's doing."

We talk for a while and then the Duke remembers the old man.

"I'll just take a look and be right back," he says.

I get an idea from the way he's acting that he's up to something. I don't want to miss out so I excuse myself and follow along without letting him see me. He goes up the steps and when he gets in the upper hall begins to tiptoe. I see him stop at an open door which I figure is the old man's room. He looks inside and gets down on his hands and knees. I get to the door in time to see him crawl across the floor and tap the old guy's back, which is toward him, as the old man is lying on his side.

The poor guy begins to turn over when the Duke hollars, "BOO!"

He gives a jump like he's seen the ghost of his mother-in-law and falls back clutching his heart. He gasps and turns purple and then don't move any more. I don't wait to see anymore, but take it on the lam downstairs.

No sooner do I get settled with a highball than the Duke comes tearing down stairs and rushes over to Roxie.

"Darling," I hear him say, "we had better call a doctor. Something has happened to your father."

Roxie just gasps and heads for the stairs with Julia behind her. The Duke looks uncertain for a second and then he spies me.

"Call a doctor, will you Fingers," he says. Mr. Epstein is, I am afraid, dead." Then he heads for the stairs.

I finish my highball and phone for the doc. When he gets there he says the case is heart failure and that the old man is dead. We already know that so I can't see that he does much good. But I guess you gotta call a doc in such cases or you get in trouble with the bulls. Anyway they don't suspect the Duke, which is not strange as they don't know what I do.

The old man's cashing in like that sorta breaks up the party. I would like to stick around and drink a few more highballs, but I think it wouldn't be etiquette so I say goodbye and how sorry I am and breeze off.

I read about the funeral but I don't see the Duke anymore till one day I am down town to see my mouthpiece about a little matter of concealed armaments. Just as I hit the Street I see him and his wife entering an office building. When I hollar they stop.

"Hello," says the Duke. "What are you doing in this end of town?"

"Business," I cracks. "And you?"

"We are going to hear Daddy's will read," says Roxie.

"Like to come along?" asks the Duke.

As the executor turns out to be my mouthpiece I figure I might as well. Besides I am curious to see how much the Duke falls into.

The office is full of relatives and hangers on who figure they might get something. Julia is there so I sit next to her and tell her how sorry I am about the old man passing on. She is still quite broke up about it and looks grateful when I offer my consolations. We are getting on fine when the proceedings begin.

The mouthpiece uses a lot of high-sounding legal phrases, but I gather that the estate is worth about seventeen and a half million. Besides that there is about two million in insurance. The whole thing amounted to a pretty good sum.

The lawyer finally gets down to the bequests. The first several are to various charities and use up about two million. Then a lot of minor bequests amount to about three-hundred grand. At last he gets all the pikers out of the way and clears his throat for the big stuff.

Reading the testament aloud, he says, "Because the husband of my daughter, Roxie, possesses considerably more wealth than that included in my entire estate, I bequeath all that remains to my daughter, Julia. I do this, not with malice or with any thought of favoritism, but purely because I believe it fair..."

I don't hear the rest because I am watching the Duke's face. He is white to the hair and I see he's mumbling to himself. I lean over to catch what he's saying and finally I make it out.

"A new will... God why didn't I think of that! A new will..."

He says it over and over till I begin to get the creeps. So I turn away as far as I can and keep my eyes on Julia. He is still mumbling when the reading is over and people begin to file out.

* * * *

Fingers leaned back and polished his ring on a coat sleeve.

"Well?" I prompted.

"That's all," he said.

I began to get peeved. "What do you mean, 'That's all.' I still want to know how you got in the bucks."

"Oh, that," said Fingers. "I married Julia."

THE UNIVERSITY YOKEL

(Continued from page 15)

wake up to find that he is being hailed everywhere as the most American of Americans, the fellow who incorporates the American qualities of "pep," humbuggery, emotional shallowness, vulgarity and mental adolescence.

Let me present you, dear friends within our pale, with a portrait gallery of some of the university yokels I have met and whom you may recognize. Study their faces, try hard to discover a sparkle of curiosity in their eyes, penetrate into their emotional makeup and then ask yourself whether the non-university population really has as much to learn of human values from them as they have to learn from the outside.

Picture Number One:—A young law student to whom law and conduct are not synonymous and who aspires to become a judge eventually. Criminal law

does not interest him. He is out to make money. Philosophy and religion are useless, for civilization is not built on their ideas but rather upon law. Philosophy is only a "quibble over terminology" and God is a formula for the oath on the witness stand.



Yokel No. 1

Picture Number Two:—A journalist. Handsome-looking fellow; girls are all wild over him, but he is going to remain a bachelor and be a foreign correspondent. He hardly knows what foreign relations means, yet he is going to write passionately on the World Court and International Peace,

because he knows that a preposition must not come at the end of a line of a newshead and he also knows about make-up and lay-out. I have spoken with him many times and questioned him on his narrowness of viewpoint on affairs, due to the fact that he has never lived outside of his particular studies. He told me one day that he had at last decided to widen his viewpoint. He was going on a Cook's Tour to Europe.

Picture Number Three:—A pre-med student. Intelligent, interesting in conversation and an avid reader. When I asked him to subscribe to a foreign magazine he thought I had suddenly gone mad. "There are plenty good magazines here. Why should I be interested in the European viewpoint anyway?" He has become so fascinated by his study of science that he has lost sight of the value of any other sort of learning. A refined, decent sort of chap, my pre-med friend, but a university yokel at that.

Picture Number Four:—A professor shut up in

his learning as any book on his shelves. His ideas are factual and sterile. He is so immersed in interpreting the experience of others that he denies experience to himself. His scholarship devised ostensibly to imbue the youth of the country with material for continual growth is in reality a tribute to sterile age and anemia.

Picture Number Five:—A hot radical. His main interest in life, outside of being misunderstood by his professors, is centered on the fight against "capitalistic oppression." He will call you all sorts of names if you don't agree with him and thinks that the one who makes the most noise in an argument is on the winning side. He darts around furtively, grasps you by the sleeve and always has "first hand reports" of conditions in Russia. He cannot conceive how people can be so utterly unconcerned with a question that is so near to his heart. His is a lonely cry of a forlorn yokel who is fearful of entering the vast American scene unless subjectively, for he takes pride in martyrdom. He sees only his viewpoint though he shouts "Liberalism" unto the high heavens. He is bigoted and intolerant.

This gallery of university yokels is not in the least complete. The number and variety is much more extensive. We think we have it all over the "unfortunate" outside world when it comes to knowledge, sophistication and refinement, but we are stupid automatons as long as we remain in our wall, learning only for learning's sake, and Scholasticism is a national joke until we lend our learning to human values and humanitarian principles. Knowledge should have a wide application instead of being confined in a thesis only for other scholars to read. Only when the emphasis on changing facts has been replaced by appreciation of eternal values; only by timeless wisdom shall we see the passing of the university yokel.

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 16)

he found out he was the only fellow there . . . Fern Eilers purposely missed the train in from the house party so that she could be with a young blade she met over the week-end . . .

Dot Usher insisted on doing something for Ed Keller because he had done so much for her, so she got him a date with Frannie Chappell, one of the Tri Delt girls . . . Harry "Fuzzy" Gibbs has broken all the by-laws of the Man's Man Club, of which he is a charter member, for he is now attentively tripping about with Virginia Brown . . . Paul Locke, in defiance of frog-voiced Beare, has plastered a large photo of June Pentland on his dresser . . . Jack Stoddard and his steady, Ruth Sherrick, have devised something new in the way of college romance . . . they have declared a two weeks vacation from each other . . . Jack has been spending his leave with

(Continued on page 22)

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 21)

Frances Willert . . . Metcalf Bristow has expressed his disapproval of the liking which I. W. Kurtz and Martha Willert have taken to the Willert Rathskeller . . . Mary Jane Krueger fell off a cliff last week during a picnic outing . . . Mary Jane was not hurt and she explains things away with the usual line about the bull chasing her . . .

Olive Depelheuer took her eight year old sister to school with her a few Saturdays back and left her in charge of Ann Blackinton while she went to classes . . . Ann received congratulations on all sides . . . Tempestuous Maggie Simpson was stranded in the country during the rains with an unknown off-campus and had to break a date with one of the campus big noises . . . the big noise hasn't asked her for a date since . . . Honeychild Davis runs down to visit a lady friend of his at Vanderbilt whenever he gets a chance . . . he left in a hurry last week-end and when he returned, he no longer had his pin on his bosom . . . "Must have dropped off," he sheepishly explained . . .

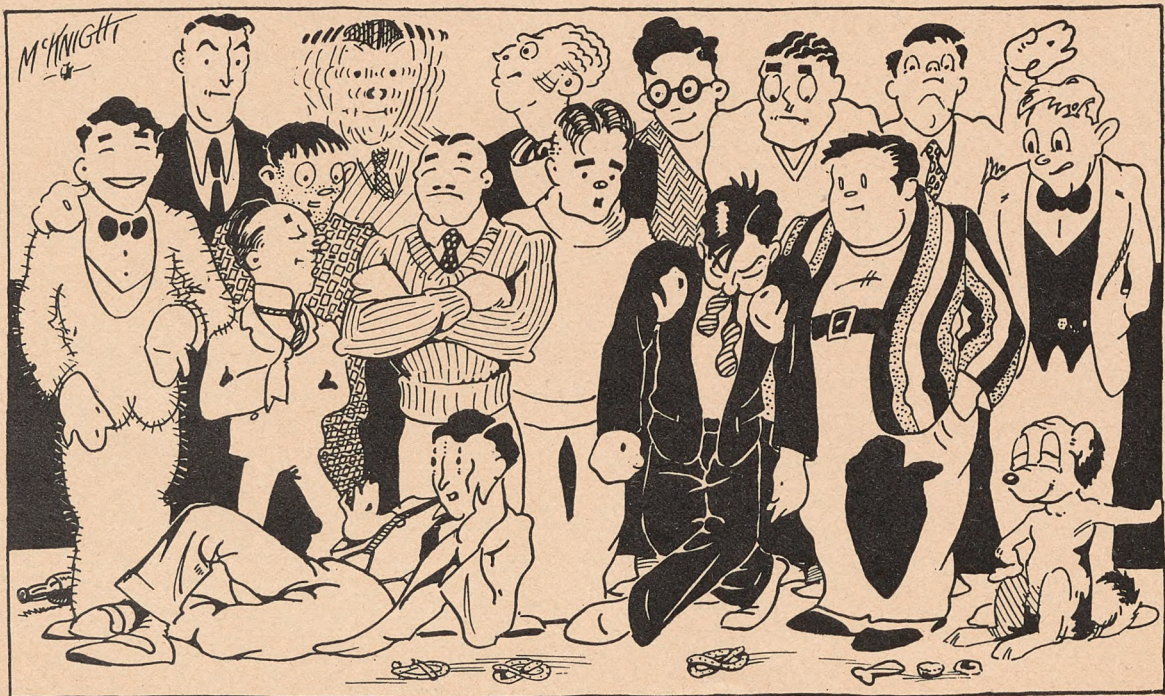
During the course of the year, there have been many Romeos whose names have flickered across these pages from time to time. And so, Auntie thought that it would be very nice to have all of the boys get together and pose for a group picture. We had quite a bit of difficulty rounding them up last Saturday night but persevering Auntie always gets her man (if he can't run too fast.) You will notice Bill Moore in his familiar pose.

Auntie has been particularly confused this month as to the exact relationships between many of the Washington people, and so she has devised this little questionnaire so that the common horde can have

a voice in the gossip sheet. Please underline the correct phrase in each statement and bring your completed page to the Eliot desk in the News Bureau.

1. Don McGill (has his pin on, got his face slapped by, eats dinner at the home of) Marg Christmann.
2. Dave Rosinsky (spent \$200 on the dinners of, got klonked over the head by the steady of, will be sued for breach-of-promise in five year by) Frances.
3. Walter Neun (plays spin the bottle with, tries to avoid, eats Chow Mein with) Mary Alt.
4. Milford English (bribes the brother of, gives cigars to the father of, exchanged the Christmas present of) Peggy Brerton.
5. Bob Byars (gave the roller skates to, had to be carried home by, got stuck at the Prom with) Gloria Ball.
6. Sue Hammel (gave the gate to, set her cap for, got stood up by) Dick Hoffmeister.
7. Gil Lutz (would give his life for, would like to meet the sorority sister of, is plenty stingy on a date with) Peggy Lou Baker.
8. Betty Neher (plays post office with, wouldn't make her worst enemy go on a date with, has late dates with) Bryant Rich.
10. Mary Wilson (takes carfare along when she goes on a date with, does Greek homework for, lost the pin of) Bill Hunker.
11. Bud Capps (tries to take out the maid of, got fresh with, stays away from Art Hill as long as he is with) Sally Alexander.
12. Ruth Finke (croons in the moonlight to, holds hands under the table with, helps write ponies for) Bill Kelsay.
13. Jo Wilson (goes dutch on dates with, wouldn't

(Continued on page 23)



"Between Belles" Romeos

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 22)

be seen at a dog fight with, would be seen at a dog fight with) Bob Diehl.

14. Bill Seegar (carries the books to school of, matches nickels so that he can have enough to go on dates with, beats up guys who look twice at) Marjorie Dempsey.

15. Florence Leutwiler (fights admiring females off of, waves the hair of, goes Leap Year to all dances with) Rollie Menown.

Now that you've discovered your I.Q., don't you feel like different beings?

That Gabby Old Gal,
AUNT ANASTASIA.

DEATH

*Dead! ? The dying woman cried,
"I shall never die,
For you are I,
And I am you.
You will die in me,
But I shall live in you."*

Chauncey K. Buell.

PLUS FORE!

(Continued from page 9)

tives were staying at the Edgewater Beach. Someone turned to Tom Draper, a Washingtonian gifted with discretion, and inquired as to the whereabouts of his quarters. "Oh, we're residing at No. 4 Waukeegan Arms," he replied. Now, when the boys go on a trip they don't have a great deal to spend and so, who can blame Tom and the boys for stopping at a decrepit tourist camp on the outskirts of the town? The camp was called the "Waukeegan," and the Washington golfers occupied cabin four.

There is one thing that the boys ever fail in—and that's their consumption habits. All are died-in-the-wool gourmands. And so it was that the manager of the Notre Dame golf team made the fatal mistake (which even today he broods over in his loftier wisdom) of telling the boys, "Go right in the cafeteria and order all you want; it's on the university." Reprinted on these pages is a penciled conception of the men in action at the Notre Dame cafeteria table. The vicinity suffered a foodstuffs shortage for a month later.

On the way back from the invasion of Notre Dame the boys were cruising along, quite confident that the tank was just overcrowded with gasoline, when suddenly the heart-sickening pftt-pftt of the motor stirred them up from their serenity. Up hill and down dale they pushed the fueless vehicle until at last a gas tank heaved into view on the horizon. They wheeled their auto up to the gas dispensary but not a soul was in sight. They knocked on the doors of neighboring farm houses but still no soul

stirred, and the only sign of life was a tin lizzie which stood before the door of the station. The boys were desperate, they bit their finger nails in unison, and then Jim Black's eyes came to rest upon the little old lizzie with its gas tank up in front, and it was upon the knob of the gas tank that his optics really rested. It was but a second's work to unscrew the cap, and soon Black was peering into the depths. When he arose his face was wreathed in a smile of triumph. The fellows cast about for a rubber hose but none was to be found. The nearest thing to it was an old lead pipe. To this Jim applied his brawn and soon it was a fitting tool for the delicate operation which was about to be performed. Black inserted one end of the pipe into the tank and inhaled upon the other, but he didn't duck soon enough. He was rewarded with a mouthful of gasoline and where the gas splashed on his face, it turned snow white. After some first-aid, they rolled the buggy back on the road where they shanhaid a farmer who pushed them into the nearest filling station. Crime doesn't pay—especially when it makes you smell like a Texas oil field.

There was the time the fellows stayed in a little jerkwater town which had one hotel, which hotel had but one vacant room. That night Draper or somebody slept in the bathtub. He probably toured the nine holes the next day with his neck in a sling. There was the time when it rained for two solid days during the Missouri Valley Tournament and Billy Mason's feet swelled up so that he couldn't wear his size eights but had to play in Draper's violin cases. But the top event of the past few seasons was the match which was played with the Fairway Demons of Mizzou.

The Bear golfers, so the story goes, journeyed down to Mizzou expecting to play the Tigers on the country club course, but upon arrival they were received with warmth and so they knew something was amiss. Something was, for the match was going to be held on the University course. Words are not at the command of the writer's pen to describe adequately the nature of the course. Perhaps a running commentary might help. The boys teed up for the first hole: it was necessary to shoot first over the parking lot which was directly in front of the teeing place, next a fence had to be cleared, thence the golfer must proceed to shoot over a large equipment house, and then the ball rolled onto the "green," which seemed to be a cross between the Verdun battlefield and Uncle Casper's farm just after plowing. Black took one look at the green and asked if it was all right to tee up there. It really looked like the prairie dogs had just had an outing.

Holes, two, three, four, and five were carbon copies of the first hole, prairie dogs and all, but the sixth hole took the prize. First one had to shoot over a dumping ground, then around a long row of trees,

PLUS FORE!

(Continued from page 23)

then clear the last ten yards of the football field, a fence, and a cinder road and then the little white pellet rolled smoothly to the green, where it dropped ten feet and got accidentally lodged between two boulders which had accidentally found their way on the green which had been accidentally placed there—very accidentally.

Jonas Weiss asked his opponent if it would be all right to drive the ball for 250 yards along one side and clear a few of these hazards. To this the Tiger man replied, "Wal, ef you kin hit an exter long un and git over thar by that thar ground under repair, then you take roundings out into the fair-way." This "roundings" idea is probably Mizzou's contribution to the game's scientific advance. On the seventh hole, play was temporarily interrupted while one of the bulls from the neighboring farm finished grazing, and on the eighth green there were a couple of hunting dogs to be chased off. When the Mizzou boys visit here next year for a return match, the Washington golfers are going to fix up a nice, compact nine-hole course out by Meramec Quarry and this time, no roundings.

GATHERING THE GOSSIP

(Continued from page 1)

spicuous place, but Auntie never lets them kid her—people never really object to what you say about them as long as you spell their names correctly. Mrs. Stevenoplotsky would never object to a story in "Between Belles" about her daughter's antics at a wild Crum Hop, but if one syllable of the proud name of Stevenoplotsky were misspelled, mama would storm into the Chancellor's office and deliver an impromptu oration upon the vices of dirt sheets. The golden rule is, therefore, spell the monicker right.

It seems, too, that those who are in Auntie's favor hand in stuff about everybody in their fraternity or sorority, as the case may be. Stories of a torrid nature are handed in concerning meek little fellows whom Auntie knows very well are not capable of leading such romantic lives. She must always be on the lookout for those of a capricious nature who hand in make-believe stories about their cronies. One girl, for example, handed in a perfectly terrific story about the nocturnal doings of one of the gentlemen on the Hill. Auntie's eyebrows elevated in astonishment. It was excellent material, but it pays to be wary, for on closer investigation among a few

of the council, Auntie discovered that the story had been a fictional composition on the part of the girl whose boy friend had now pinned another girl. This was a means of "getting even with him."

Auntie, therefore, advises that those young aspir-

ants to the laurels of gossip writing should pause a moment, quiet their tingling hormones, and soberly reflect upon the menial side of such work. Writing a column takes a great deal of native skill. As my nephew Egbert often says, "She was only a gardener's daughter but she really could dig up the dirt."

EVERYBODY FALLS IN LOVE

(Continued from page 11)

amount to anything." Had Mother ever noticed that when you pushed his hair down over his forehead, he looked exactly like Hitler?

"Darling," I said, "you need a haircut."

"Do I? Hadn't noticed. You know, Mary,—I really need you. If only to remind me about haircuts and things."

"Noble reason," I said. "So sentimental and everything."

"Don't be a horse, Mary. We've had our share of fun and you know it."

"Yeah, I guess so—"

"Darling, you said that before. Don't repeat yourself."

"Sorry."

He was fiddling with his Sigma Xi key. "Well, anyway, I'm glad we can sit down and talk the whole thing over without getting melo-dramatic about it. I mean we haven't been a bit sentimental, have we?"

"Nope. Maybe that's one of the benefits of higher education." Benefits. Mother had said, "Mary, you and Johnny are just a pair of sentimental college kids. Everybody falls in love in college. But we can't have you losing your head this way. If we don't put a stop to it you'll probably end up marrying him and ruin your entire life."

"I suppose," Johnny remarked, "that your family is very happy about it."

"About what?"

"About you and me, I beg your pardon,—I mean you without me."

"Don't be silly. Why should they be?" They probably were, though. They knew I'd go through with it. Dad could afford to say, "You're not to see him any more. Do you understand, Mary?" Dad knew I didn't have the nerve to see him anyway.

Johnny got up. "Well, I guess I'd better get back."

"Yeah, I guess so—"

He was holding my hand and looking down at me and he did look like Hitler in a way. "Darling," he said, "I've loved you so damn much."

I pulled my hand away. "You're being sentimental."

"Sorry. Well, I guess I'll see you around."

"Yeah, I guess so—"

It was sort of funny,—the way Johnny never could remember not to bang a door when he went out.