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### Washington University Dirge

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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Jan 1928

THE WASHINGTON  
**Dirge**



LINCOLN.

JANUARY.

25 CENTS.



# They say P.A. is the world's largest seller

I DON'T doubt it, nor do I wonder why. Just open a tidy red tin and get that full fragrance of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. Then tuck a load in the business-end of your old jimmy-pipe.

Now you've got it—that taste—that Lead-me-to-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Cool as a condition. Sweet as making it up. Mellow and satisfying. Try this mild, long-burning tobacco, Fellows. I *know* you'll like it.

## PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



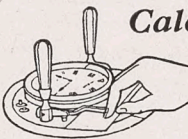
*You can pay more  
but you can't get  
more in satisfaction.*

# Telephone News

An Advertisement of the  Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.

## \$9,600,000 Telephone Program for Eastern Missouri and Arkansas

**The Calculagraph**  
—a time clock with which the Long Distance Operator times and records the length of your long distance conversations.



### 17 Years Faster

Long distance service in the state of Missouri was 17 years faster in 1927 than it was in 1926.

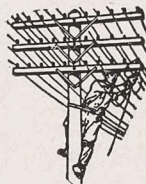
The average interval between placing your long distance call and getting your connection was reduced from 5 minutes in 1926 to less than 4 minutes in 1927, an average saving of more than one minute on each call. There were some 8,800,000 long distance calls placed in Missouri last year; 8,800,000 minutes is equal to 17 years —17 years saved for busy Missourians.

### Service—Always



Winter—with its storms, sleet, wind, snow—is hard on telephone lines. To protect your service requires constant vigilance, and it is due to the untiring efforts of wire chiefs, linemen, and repairmen, that telephone service is so reliable. Regardless of the weather, they “stand guard,” alert to protect your service by finding and restoring damage to telephone lines.

### Represents Expenditure of \$28 for Each Bell Telephone in Area



During 1928, the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company will spend more than \$9,600,000 in Eastern Missouri and Arkansas for additions and improvements to the telephone system in the area. This means an average expenditure of about \$28 for each of the 346,000 Bell telephones in this area.

Part of this expenditure will go to provide equipment for 18,500 new telephones which it is estimated will be added to the Bell System in E. Missouri and Arkansas during 1928. It also covers the cost of placing 2,600 miles of long distance lines, which it is planned to add to the existing network in the area.

The activities planned for 1928 are part of the continuous program to widen the scope and increase the usefulness of your telephone and they reflect faith in the future of your state.

### For 45 Cents



For 45 cents you can talk 75 miles by long distance, providing you use station-to-station service and place your call after 7 p. m. Just give the out-of-town telephone number to the local operator—it's quicker.



## W. U. STUDENTS DON'T MISS THIS

A REAL DRAWING OUTFIT, COMPLETE  
NOTHING MORE TO ADD, NOT A TOY

**\$12.00** SET FOR **\$7.50**

LOOSE LEAF COVERS, EVERY SIZE FILLER  
**COMPLETE LINE OF FOUNTAIN PENS**  
STATIONERY—OFFICE SUPPLIES—RUBBER STAMPS

**The Modern Press**  **and Stat'y Co., Inc.**  
PRINTERS STATIONERS

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Operated under Government Inspection

## Fischer Meat Company

415 MORGAN STREET  
DELUXE HAMS AND BACON

Central 3383-3384-3385-3386-3387

CABANY  
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CABANY  
6590

## NELSON'S ICE CREAM

of a Finer Quality

Bakery Goods Light Luncheon

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

ALWAYS FRESH

## Sugar Creek Butter

Served In the Dining Rooms  
of the Frat Houses

3301 Park

Tel. Grand 6280

## Origin of Species

Freshman—Where do jailbirds come from?

Soph—They are raised from larks, bats and swallows.  
—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

First Washout—Advertising has convinced me of one thing.

Second Fizzle—Whazzat?

Washout—That the greatest boon to mankind would be a device for smelling one's own breath.

—*Sour Owl*

— D D D —

Alice—I adore Keats!

Ikey—Oy, it's a relief to meet a lady vot still likes children!

—*Froth*

— D D D —

"Whence the black eye?"

"It's like this—I saw a big poster which read, 'Murderer Wanted'—"

"Yes—"

"So I went and applied for the job."

—*Texas Ranger*

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing (leaning out window)—Hey, ice man, do you have the time?

Ice Man—Sure! But who's going to hold the horses?

—*Burr*

— D D D —

"Gimme \$25 worth of scratch paper."

"What?"

"Hurry up, I got the seven-year itch."

—*Texas Ranger*

— D D D —

"What! Jones in the hospital again?"

"Yeh! His leg."

"I thought he had that amputated long ago."

"He did, and got a wooden one in place of it."

"Well?"

"Cornborers."

—*Lyre*

— D D D —

Joe College says—a man does not have to be a tattoo artist to have designs on a lady.

—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

"Hear about the Scotchman who just went insane?"

"No, what was the matter?"

"He bought a score card at the game and neither team scored."

—*Rammer-Jammer*

ESTABLISHED 1818

*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
 Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
 NEW YORK

Clothes for Every  
 Occasion

Our Representative will be at the

HOTEL JEFFERSON

on the following days

February 27, 28, 29, March 1

March 26, 27, 28, 29

May 7, 8, 9, 10

May 30, 31, June 1, 2

Send for BROOKS'S Miscellany

**BOSTON** LITTLE BUILDING TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON  
**PALM BEACH** PLAZA BUILDING COUNTY ROAD  
**NEWPORT** AUDRAIN BUILDING 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Discard

He was thoroughly disgusted with her. Who wouldn't be? Why, she wouldn't as much as respond to his advances and entreaties. He had always loved her and trusted in her, but somehow, tonight, he knew this would be the end. He would forsake her immediately. Who could blame him? Why, anybody with pride would do as he did!

He left her out in the cold night air to face the world alone. And there, far from human habitation, in three feet of snow, shamefacedly she stood, a disgrace to her creator—Henry Ford.

—Cannon Bazel

— D D D —

Tess: I just realized why they make paper out of dirty old rags.

Bess: Why?

Tess: So the tabloids can have the right foundation for their scandal sheets.

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

Co-ed (as they danced): "I believe in a girl having a mind of her own. I for one am not easily led."

He (between the dips): "So I perceive."

—Drexlerd

Time

"George," said the sweet young thing in a nervous whisper, as she pushed him away, "you'll have to wait; you must give me time."

"How much?" asked the love-sick college man, "A week, a month, a year, or even longer?"

"Don't get impatient, little boy," answered the S. Y. T., "only wait until the moon gets behind the cloud."

—Burr

— D D D —

"Why do you bring suit for divorce against this man?"

"Well, your honor, he made me wash his back every Saturday night."

"And do you consider that sufficient grounds for divorce?"

"No, judge, but last Saturday night his back was already clean."

—G. W. Ghost

— D D D —

Dr. Cessna: I never knew until I got a car that profanity was so prevalent among the students.

Pres. Hughes: Do you hear much of it on the campus?

Dr. Cessna: Why, nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully.

—Green Gander

PARKVIEW 1600  
1601  
1602  
1603

## Dorr & Zeller Catering Co.

WEDDINGS, RECEPTIONS AND TEAS  
SUPPLIED ON SHORT NOTICE

DeBaliviere and Waterman Aves.  
Saint Louis

## KINGSBURY GROCERY & MARKET

LOUIS JACKSON, Proprietor

*We have the Trade that Quality Made*

### FRESH EGGS, POULTRY AND FISH

HIGH GRADE GROCERIES  
FIRST QUALITY MEATS

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PROMPT DELIVERY SERVICE

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## MORRISON AUTO EXPRESS CO.

(Under New Management)

MOVING, PACKING & STORING

GENERAL HAULING

J. R. NEVILLE, PROP

6143 DELMAR BLVD.



## Meadow Gold Butter

Ask to be served this Nationally  
known brand and Spread it on Thick

Phone Jefferson 0880

Beatrice Creamery Co.

2622 Pine

## Before Ruins of Ancient Roman Bath

Guide—Here three people could bathe at once.  
Lady Tourist—And to think, they put Earl Car-  
roll in jail. —*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

Salome's dance wasn't original—just a take-off  
from start to finish. —*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

"You'd like to be a stenographer, young lady?  
What are your qualifications?"

"I have no brothers and my father is dead."

"Hired!"

—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

She 1—I know the secret of popularity.

She 2—So do I, but mother says I musn't.

—*Masquerader*

— D D D —

(Stage door Johnny knocks on dressing room  
door.)

Girl—Not unless there's a gentleman you wish to  
see inside.

Johnny—But there is.

Girl—Who is he?

Johnny—Myself.

—*Carolina Buccancer*

— D D D —

"My, what a charming baby! And how he does  
resemble your husband!"

"Gracious, I hope not! We adopted him."

—*Chaparral*

— D D D —

Frosh—I want to buy some gloves.

Clerk—Kid gloves?

Frosh—I should say not! I'm a college man  
now. —*Jack-o'-Lantern*

— D D D —

## Modern

"Darling, do you love me?"

"With my all, Rodney, dear.

"And I love you, dearest Cynthia."

"Do you think we love each other enough, Rod-  
ney?"

"I'm sure of it, Cynthia."

"Then, Rodney, dear, go ahead and marry Clem-  
entine, and I'll break up your home within three  
months." —*Ghost*

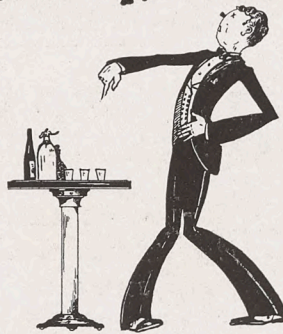
— D D D —

"Can you multiply?"

"Do I look like a rabbit?"

—*Medley*

THE  
WINTER  
NUMBER



THREE BELOW





## Good. That's what it is . . .

No USE trying to put a definition around Camel. It is as diverse and fugitive as the delicate tastes and fragrances that Nature puts in her choicest tobaccos, of which Camel is rolled. Science aids Nature to be sure by blending the tobaccos for subtle smoothness and mildness. One way to describe Camels is just to say, "They are good!"

Somehow, news of Camel has got around.

Each smoker telling the other, we suppose. At any rate, it's first—in popularity as well as quality. It has beaten every record ever made by a smoke. Modern smokers have lifted it to a new world leadership.

Camels request a place in your appreciation. Try them upon every test known. You'll find them always loyal to your highest standard.

"Have a Camel!"

© 1927

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

*The*  
**DIRGE**  
 "Jest in Peace"

January Issue

"Jones seems a rather promising young chap."  
 "Yeh, but he met a Follies girl and promised too much."

— D D D —

**Ask Me Another**

What, oh what is love?

Why, love is that feeling of affection that one person holds for another. It is the feeling a fond mother holds for her only child. It's the tingling impulse a heart-sick, home-sick wanderer experiences when he utters "Mammy". It may be the state of mind of a husband for his neighbor's wife, or a wife's yearning for the ice man. Love, oh love, it is truly a blessing, one of the best things in life that is free.

Not even close. Love is a new 5c milk chocolate bar, now on sale at all corner drug stores.

— D D D —

"It's things like this that get me so hot I can't see straight," meditated the lad who was being burned at the stake.

— D D D —

Ho: Wonder what she'll do on a gallon?  
 Bo: Say, are you talking about women or cars?

— D D D —

"What do you think of that Bim?"  
 "Not half bad."  
 "Not interested. I like 'em wild."

— D D D —

I never sausage eyes as thine,  
 And if you'll butcher hand in mine,  
 And liver round me every day,  
 We'll meat life's frown with life's cares  
 And cleaver road to happiness.

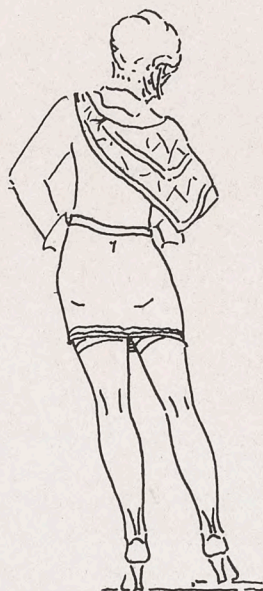
— D D D —

"The ain't no Justice!" remarked Dan McChew as he nonchalantly shot the Peace Officer.

— D D D —

No, Oscar, when the Law School is dismissed, it is **not** called a legal holiday.

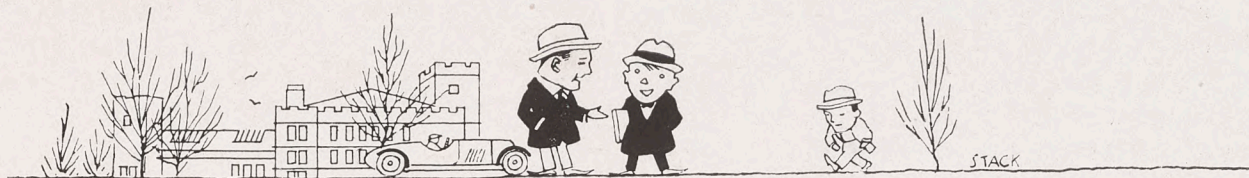
— D D D —

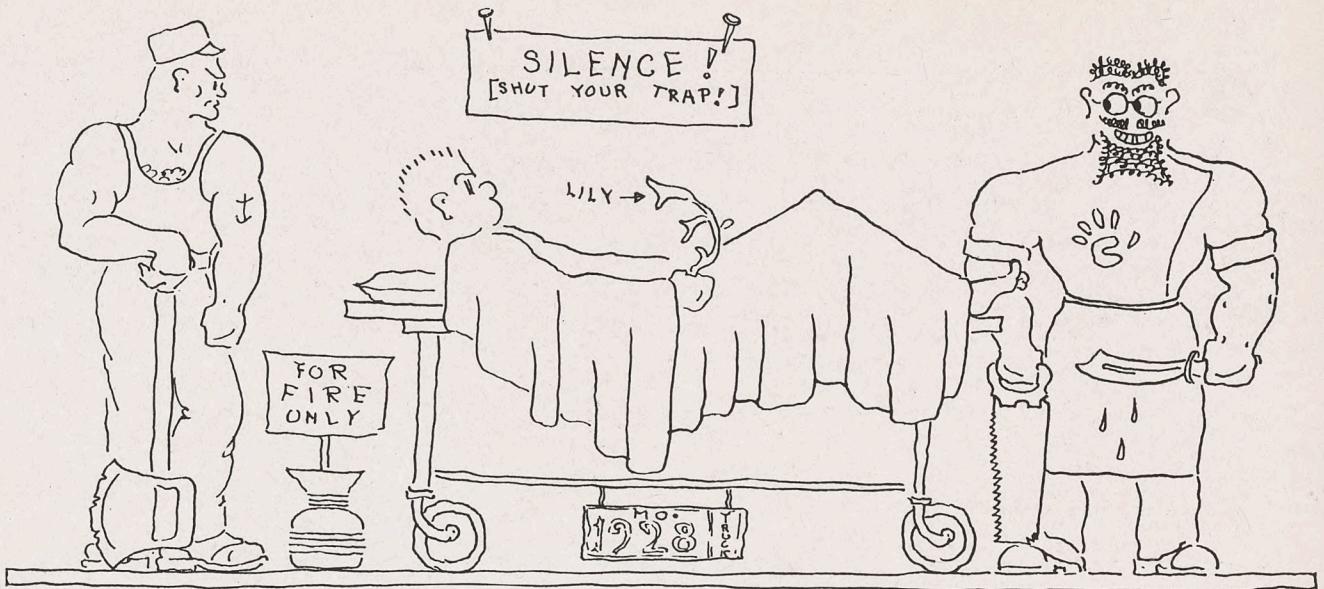


Coolidge stockings, they  
 "Do not choose to run"

— D D D —

He: Do you know why girls walk back?  
 She: No!  
 It: Right.





## Little Known Origins of Well-Known Expressions

### *A brainstorm in one act*

Now, kiddies, if you'll poke out your ears and scoop in a few Pearls of Wisdom, I'll spill the dirt on the family history of one of our primest expressions.

It seems that once there was an aged Medic, known throughout the realm for his skill at whit-ting on people's innards. It was said that he had never left anything larger than a five-ton truck inside of a patient, and that only happened once. Nobody cared much because the truck was pretty old and wouldn't run very well any way. He was awfully popular with the men-folks because they could get rid of at least a dozen old razor blades every time he threw an operation. But the hell of it was that the old coot was as absent-minded as all thunder, and many a patient had come to only to find himself up the well known creek without the proverbial paddle. For instance, one time the Carver remembered that he had forgotten to leave a souvenir inside the patient, so he started to sew up a Grandfather's Clock for internal reference. But imagine the patient's surprise, when he came to, to find that the forgetful Knife-Nicker had sewed him up in the clock instead of the clock in him. The Doc had gotten scared pea-green and was holding a pulmotor over the face of the clock wherein reposed our hero.

Well, one simply gorgeous day, in rolled a guy who looked like he'd been poured in and then shaken well before using. The whole hospital force left the crap game to ogle a few at the Wreck of the Fast Male. He showed unmistakable signs of hard wear and tear, and looked like something the cat had

dragged in and couldn't eat. After seeing this Wreck of a Well Spent Life, I don't blame the cat a bit. The lad was out, like a light, and was enough to send the proverbial Ducky Bumps, otherwise known as Gooseflesh, peddling up and down any well organized spine. It looked like a case of Heaven Help The Poor Sailors On A Night Like This. Just one of the boys.

The Doc jacked him up, put him in drydock, and took a big load off the pups. Not a trace of ingrowing toe-nails, catalepsy, air in the pipes, love at first sight, or any other violence. Naturally an operation was the solution. There is nothing like getting an inside view of things. So the latest Food For Thought was laid out on the meat block, and all the tools brought in for a trial workout. A wonderful set, too, everything from the good old fashioned Bung-Starter to the more modern, but equally effective Phonograph, with dishwashing attachment, no charge for children under three weeks old.

But fortunately, the Master Mind of Medical Manhandling took one last squint at the Prehensile Alusthidonic Narthex, more commonly known, in the lingo of the Indian, as the Tom-Tom. The great brow furred in thought, and, "Hmmm, you have a fake Basillicus."

Quick, like a mouse came back our hero with "Cut out the phoney stuff, Doc," thus endowing an unappreciative posterity with a remark appropriate for all semiformal occasions, with the exception of death by hanging or eating crackers in bed, a crumby to play on anyone, even an enemy. S'long!

**Jingle**

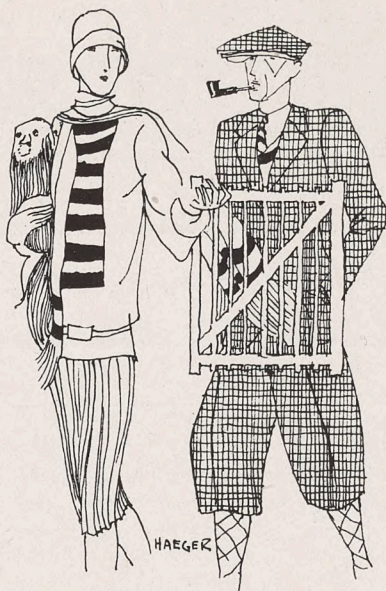
Absence makes the heart  
 Grow fonder.  
 O'er this wisdom oft  
 I ponder.  
 Wish there were some way  
 Of knowing  
 For whom yours is  
 Fonder growing!

— D D D —

“Have you heard about Lindbergh's Chinese cousin?”  
 “Hunh?”  
 “Yeah, name's One Long Hop.”

— D D D —

May I borrow your riding suit?  
 Yes, but don't make it a habit.



Yep, she gave him the gate.

**Jangle**

Absence makes the prof  
 Grow wilder,  
 Alibis will make  
 him milder.  
 Wish to hell I'd find  
 A way  
 To stay in bed for half  
 The day.

— D D D —

Under his arm reposed a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Not that he revered the savior of the Union, but he was answering an advertisement that read, “Just bring an honest face.”

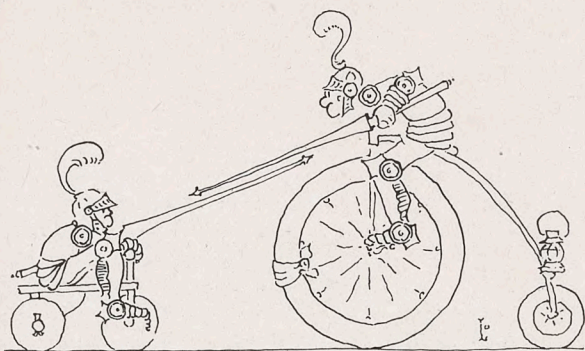
— D D D —

**We Moderns**

A recent edition of an ancient sob story, a classic of its time:

Oh, father, dear father, come home  
 With me now,  
 The clock in the steeple strikes  
 One,  
 You're as drunk as all hell, so you  
 Might just as well  
 Come home and sleep off that  
 Bun.

— D D D —



“Aint this a helluva pastime?”  
 “Oh, well, it has its good points.”

— D D D —

Athos: I call my car “The Parson's Daughter.”  
 Aramis: And why, pray tell?  
 Porthos: Egad, and its looks belie its speed.

— D D D —

Just because he's always tight is no sign that he's Scotch.

— D D D —

What makes you think he's married?  
 He stopped his annual donations to the Home for Wayward Women.

— D D D —

What would you say a ship saw, after it had gone to sea?



He went in for skating



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Vol. IX

JANUARY, 1928

No. 4

*Member of Midwest College Comics Association.*

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### Bearers of The Pall

WILLIAM LINCOLN, 1928.....	Editor-in-Chief	JULIAN SIMPSON, 1928 .....	Business Manager
CARL WEBER, 1930 .....	Managing Editor	KARL SEIBEL, 1928 .....	Treasurer
CHARLES EAMES, 1930.....	Art Editor	AUSTIN CHASEY, 1930.....	Circulation Manager
DOROTHY ZETLMEISL, 1929 .....	Exchange Editor		

### Art Mourners

Literary Mourners	Art Mourners	Business Mourners
Chick Miller .....1928	Alfred Parker .....1928	Herman Levine .....1930
Steuart Britt .....1929	Noel Grady .....1928	Mildred Saenger .....1930
Leon Neuman .....1930	Clara Beardsley .....1930	William Stannus .....1929
Donald Loeb .....1930	Arline Hilmer .....1930	
Morris Cohn .....1929	Virginia Brower .....1930	
Ernie Hill .....1931	Alice Bradford Magee.....1929	
	George Senseney .....1929	
	Leonard Haeger .....1928	
	Catherine Vogel .....1931	

### Circulation Mourners

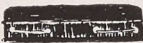
Norman Bierman .....1928	Percy Lunn .....1931
Clay Kirkpatrick .....1930	Louis Kessler .....1931
Bill Wallace .....1930	Frank Seitz .....1931
Fred Moore .....1931	Oscar Arbogast .....1931
	Frank Bosse .....1933

### Circulation Assistants

Alan E. Pollock.....	1930
Dorothy Mark .....	1930
Camille Stowe .....	1930
Ruth Christopher .....	1930
Marie Barrett .....	1931
Delphine Meyer .....	1931
Julius Herman.....	1931

*PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.*

**W**E wish to announce that the next event of any importance whatever on the campus will be the appearance, on or about the twentieth of next month, of the Travel Number of Dirge. This effort will undoubtedly go down through the ages as the greatest monstrosity of its kind ever produced. So we are letting you know far enough ahead for you to start saving your pennies.



HAVING more or less safely put behind us one more half year of toil and tribulation, we feel free to cast a knowing eye toward the always hopeful future.

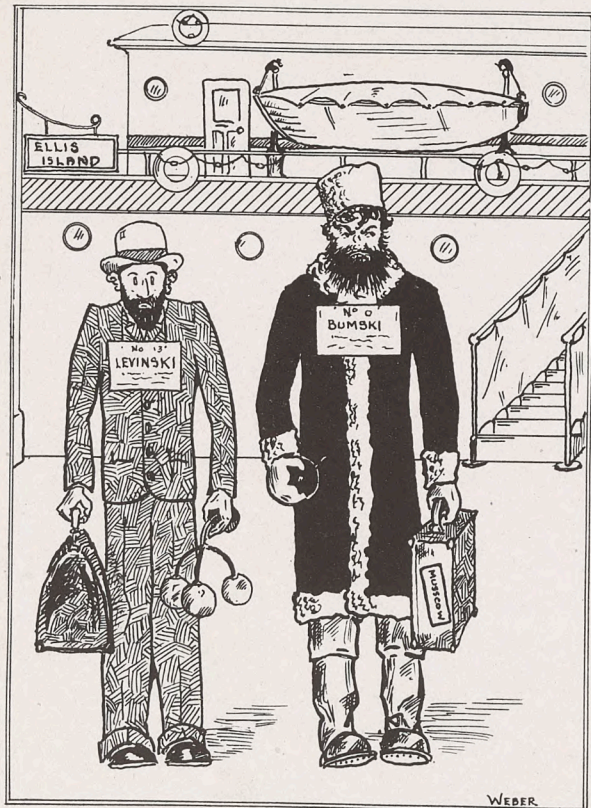
¶ While it is seldom safe to prophesy, we venture to hope for a few events that might help things along a bit. Will our Noble Colonel finally get around to permanently repairing the Tower Clock? Who will be the new Chancellor? Will the seemingly omnipresent Athletic Jinx still dog the footsteps of Washington teams? When will the slowly materializing Women's Building become a concrete realization of many a zealous coed's dream? How about the new stadium? When will some enterprising tornado step in and remove North Hall, old Biology Hall, and the inspiring frame edifice at the bottom of the Hill? When is the new, and some say, very tricky Bookstore to be erected? Yea, verily, how about these fanciful dreams of a distraught imagination?

¶ But be that as it may, here we are, likewise the faculty, buildings, and whatever goes to make up a University. Being here, we might just as well do our durndest to pull off a term that will not reflect discredit on our mortal souls. On the ball, and quit griping!





*Lady of my fairest dreams,  
Even yet, to me it seems  
You hold me with your spell.  
We loved a while, you went away,  
Perhaps we'll love another day,  
Yes, we will—like hell!*



Just a pair of imported skis

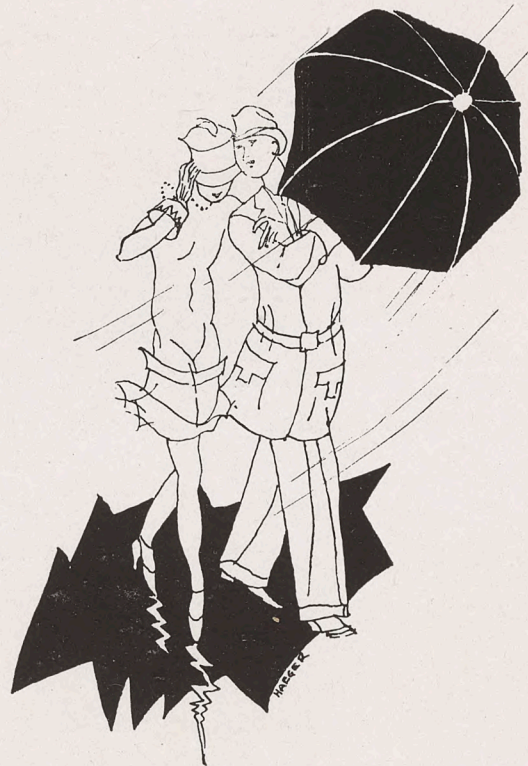
**Hot**

Our idea of real prosperity is to be able to smoke a Corona-Corona in a forest fire, and not give a darn.

— D D D —

One of our staff members read that the little Eskimo sleeps very warmly in his little white bearskin, but said staff member tried sleeping in her little white bareskin and caught a helluva cold.

— D D D —



“Why is a woman like a sailboat?”

“Because they both make a better showing in the wind.”

— D D D —

“When the Fast Mail Goes By” used to be a favorite song of our elders. More modern is the favorite lament, “When the Fast Male Goes Buy.”

— D D D —

Speaking of aviation, this night flying may be alright, but where in thunder is a guy going to park?

— D D D —

Sing: What're you in for, buddy?  
Sing: Speeding, and you?  
Sing: Life.

— D D D —

We will now render that old ballad entitled “Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes—And You'll Stay Sober To-night.”

## *The Open Road*

*Oh, the poets sing of the Open Road,  
And rant of the starry night,  
They sigh and moan for Freedom's joys,  
For the path of shining light.*

*The Open Road! The land beyond,  
Dim, untraveled, lures us on.  
A leaping car, at breathless speed,  
The Babe beside me in the dawn.*

*Hurtled away on the Wings of Night,  
The ground streaks by, a darkened blur.  
Who cares where morning's blighting glare  
Shall find us, as long as I have Her?*

*The Open Road! Romantic path  
Of silvered, glowing, dreamy light,  
It drew us on, beyond the stars,  
That gorgeous, fragrant, summer's night.*

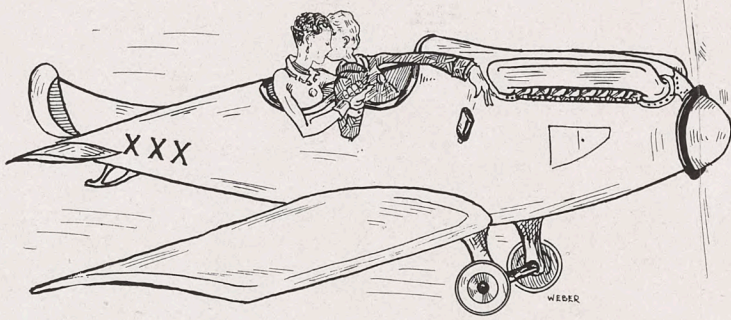
*The darkness fades, the East grows red,  
The dizzy race is run,  
The Open Road! Like hell, it's closed!  
A lurch, a crash, and then the fun.*

*The Car now wrapped around a tree,  
The end of a glorious toot,  
I on my back with a dented skull,  
And The Babe—A Breach of Promise Suit!*

### *L'Envoi*

*I've read, and dreamed, and all was well,  
But the Open Road, romantic, hell!*



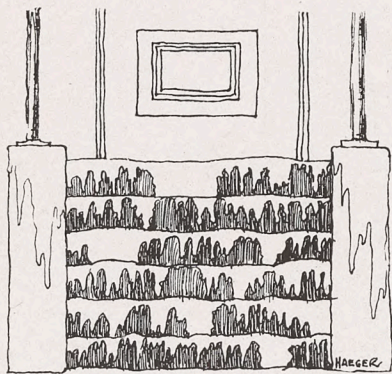


“Jones, our star pilot, took a drop yesterday.”  
 “Kill him?”  
 “No, but he got the D. T’s.”

— D D D —

The other night me and The Bim were bargaining along in the old chariot, she thinking about whatever women think about, and me trying to figure out the chances for a little “wrestlin’.” Cold enough to freeze the toes off a brass monkey, too. “Charlie, I’m cold!” Hence, oh care! Away, oh idle conjecture! I simply remembered the family scutcheon, and made her a swell Coat of Arms. Snappy? Like a rubber duck!

— D D D —



“Those icy stairs”

— D D D —

Luke: Why the limp, Alcibiades, corn?

Warm: No, gin.

A man may be Down, but he’s probably “Out”.

— D D D —

Lincoln is known as The Savior of the Union, but had it not been for George Washington, there would have been no Union to save. Likewise, had it not been for Lincoln, Washington would have been known to history as The Father of Twins.

— D D D —

The Hard School of Experience is a great thing, but we know of several lads who have flunked out of *that* one. Most of them were behind in their Experiments.

— D D D —

**Heard From the Rumble—**

Sit down for heaven’s sake, you’ll fall out. Must you park yourself all over me? What on earth are you trying to do? My goodness, never again will I consent to another ride like this. You might at least keep your feet off me. Horace! will you behave? I’ve never seen you so rosy! Oh your tongue, it is so warm, Are you sick, Horace? Say something. Are you sick? What?

“Bow-wow!”

**Light Verse**

*Oh, Lady,  
 Into whose  
 Eyes  
 I gazed, and  
 Saw, deep in  
 Shadowed pools  
 Of liquid,  
 Flaming  
 Darkness, a light.*

*I gazed  
 Again.  
 And loved you  
 More  
 Than at first,  
 If such can  
 Be.*

*Once more I  
 Saw  
 That glowing  
 Radiance.*

*But when I  
 Came to  
 I  
 Found out that  
 It wasn’t a  
 Love-light  
 At all, but a  
 Darned  
 Stop-light!*

— D D D —

“Where did you get the black eye?”

“Leap year.”

— D D D —



Sex, but darned little appeal

# AS OTHERS SEE US

SA-AY, HAVE WE MET?



PIP PIP!

TOODLE DOO!

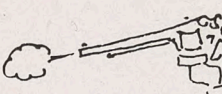
A WESTERN CONCEPTION

CARPET-BAGGAGE



BING!

DAM YANKEE!



MARSTAR!



RAIN

SUN

SNOW

STOCK YARDS

FOG

SMOKE

SLUSH

MUD

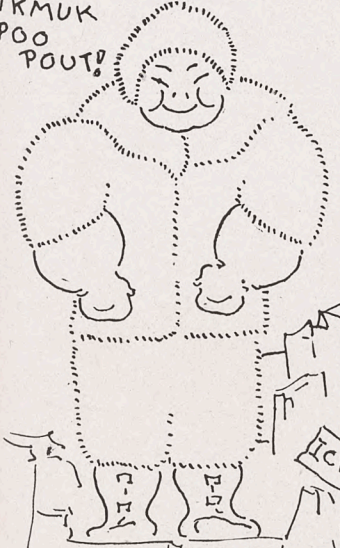
AS, AND WHEN, WE SEE OURSELVES

THE NORTHERN CONCEPTION

MIDNIGHT SUN

NORTH POLE

IKMUK POO POUT!



ICE BERG

THE POPULAR SOUTHERN IDEA OF US

(NORTHERN LIGHTS)



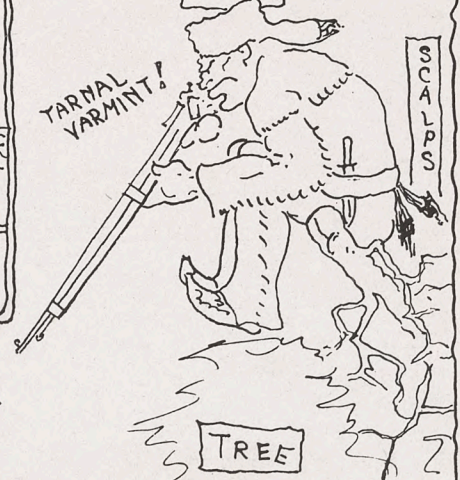
WA HOO!

TOMMIAUK

INJUN

COON DERBY

TARNAL VARMINT!

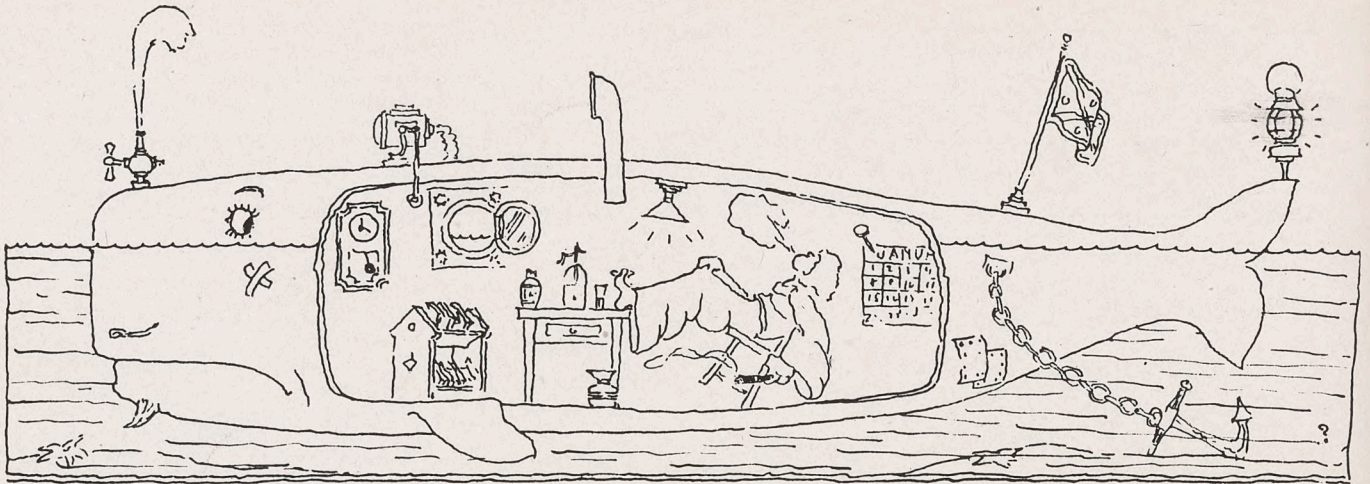


SCALPS

TREE

AS THE EAST SEES US — THAT IS, WHEN THEY BOTHER TO LOOK...

BRAINSTORM BY •L•



## Jonah Sails the Seven Seas

Brethern and Sistern: The text for today will be, "Jonah in the Belly of the Whale," taken from the 25th chapter of Moke and the 9th verse.

Amen! Amen!

An there arose a great, great famine in all the realm of Oceania and all the crops of sea-weed had failed, and scores on scores of starving mamals perished for a want of vitamines. And there came an Angel of Peace unto Jonah as he cruised his time away in the Dead Sea, and quoth, "Verily, verily I beseech thee to make stop of such foolish pastime and sacrifice thyself so that thy lesser brothers might live!"

Halleluljah and Halletosis!

And Jonah was sore touched and afflicted with religion and so he gave his life that the fish might live, casting himself over-board into the briny main.

Praise the lord, God bless the angel!

And there came about a greedy, greedy whale who had fasted for weeks on weeks and he swallowed up Jonah in one gulp, failing to divide the meal with his dying neighbors.

And Jonah waxed wrathful to thinking that his sacrifice had been thwarted thus, but lo! when the digestive secretions began to dissolve him he broke out in prayer and he prayed long and fervently for deliverance from the Belly of the Whale—Yea, oh yea and his prayers were heard and the dove of peace appeared with a box of baking soda but the devil came also bearing a bottle of Pluto Water, and the greedy whale swallowed both.

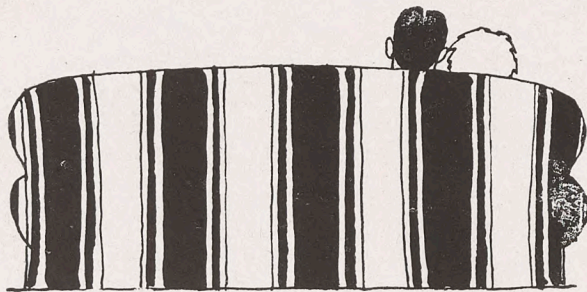
Praise God every day, and aid Jonah in his dilemma.

But Jonah, with great presence of mind, grabbed the bottle of Pluto Water just in time to save this little tale from what might have been an embarrassing ending. Selah, amen, and such.

"I hear some fella was canned for swearing in class."

"Roughly speaking, he was."

— D D D —



Black: Mind if I smoke?

Gold: Hell no, burn up if you want to.

Bo: What say, lad, been to class lately?

Zo: Oh my yes, that's the only way I ever get there.

— D D D —

This being Leap Year, Flying Flossie has decided to get her man "up in the air" before she "lands" him.

— D D D —

A certain dowager, well up in the Four Hundred, was once introduced to a certain chorus girl who was known as much for her great beauty as for slangy repartee. The old lady surveyed the blonde through her lorgnette and remarked, "Reahhly, my deah, you remind me of an intricate bit of Renaissance Intaglio." Whereupon the bim returned, "Well, hell, you don't look so damned healthy yourself."

## BOOK REVIEWS



### *Porgy*, by Du Bose Heyward (Geo. H. Doran & Co.)

"Porgy" is a short novel of negro life in the south. It has been dramatized, and is running in New York this season. The story is about Porgy, who is a crippled negro beggar, and his influence on Bess, the "bad" woman. It is done in a vivid, well-fashioned prose, the tone of which is skillfully varied with the mood of the story.

Bess' husband, Crown, is wanted for murder, and his abandoning Bess to escape arrest leaves her to Porgy. She goes willingly to the beggar, and is happy with him, for altho he is not a "good nigger", he exerts a quieting influence over her fiery and care-free temperament. But Crown returns, and the story moves rapidly to a bloody ending. The tragedy, however, lies not in the blood-shed, but in the inevitable waywardness of poor Bess.

The attractive feature of the book is not so much its story, altho that is interesting enough, as it is the quality of the prose. The author has given

enough realistic detail chosen with an eye skilled in seeking out significance, but he has also indulged in the play of sympathetic imagination which makes the reading even more interesting than the actuality presented in it might have been. And he has an eye for color in his descriptions. The parade of the negro lodge thru the streets of the sleepy southern city is distinct and clear-cut, and the reader is made to feel the barbaric strains of color clashing with some monochromism of civilization. That the author has a keen ear for prose rhythms is proven by his description of the hurricane. The words move along with an intensity which is sympathetic to the power of the wind; the reader is aware of the stacatto breaking of sharp consonants, the jarring of vowel sounds against the solidity of the harder sounds in the scene describing the ripping off of the roof by the wind, and the sound of the roaring sea.

### *Black April*, by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs Merrill Co.)

Perhaps a realistic negro novel cannot be written without including blood-shed. Of the few we have read, those making a sincere attempt at negro-portrayal have included more or less knifing and blood-shed. In "Black April" there is not a great deal of it, but it seems to us that one especially disgusting episode could very well have been left out even if it were an exact portrayal. It is a description of a fight between two negro men; the hero of the story, who is one of the participants, bites off a circular piece of flesh from his opponent's cheek and spits it out; the bit of bloody flesh is then snatched up by a dog, and swallowed with apparent gusto. We have sketched here only the outlines of that scene, but its full repulsiveness can easily be got by a reference to the chapter called "Church".

The plot meanders along lazily, and sometimes we were not at all sure that we knew where we were,—nor that we cared. The quality of the writing itself varies a great deal. In passages it is clear and

colorful; the author sometimes succeeds in delineating a field or a garden with some precision and clarity. There are, however, too many confused passages; there are some which have not yielded us their exact meaning after several readings, and we are still wondering just what the author intended to convey.

There is this interesting idea in the form of the plot. The episodes in which the narrative is unrolled are the various activities of the negro farm-hand on a southern plantation, and they are told as they are observed by Breeze, a boy of about twelve years. Each episode might be an ordinary event in the farm's routine, except of course the incident which helps further the plot. The episodes are not obviously manufactured because they are necessitated by the story, but the story occurs in them almost casually. This clever plan is rather skillfully handled, and it serves the purpose of presenting a picture of the life in the locality as well as of unrolling the story.

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## ON THE SCREEN

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### LOEW'S STATE

"Long Live Romance!" will be the cry at Loew's State during the week starting Saturday, Jan. 21, when "The Student Prince in Old Heidelberg" will be presented at that theater. With Ramon Novarro, handsome "Ben-Hur" star, as Karl Heinrich, the boy who had to be king; and with Norma Shearer, beautiful screen heroine, as the girl who could never be queen, this poignant love story has been directed by that German master Ernst Lubitsch, whose American successes include such immortal celluloid masterpieces as "Lady Windermere's Fan", "The Marriage Circle" and Mary Pickford's "Rosita".

"The Student Prince" follows the familiar lines of the stage play. With the picture will be synchronized Sigmund Romberg's beautiful melodies, including "Deep In My Heart", "Serenade", the "Stein Song" and "Golden Days". Coming direct from its six months in New York at advance prices, "The Student Prince" will be shown at Loew's usual admission charges.

"Rain"—*In Disguise*—Following "The Student Prince", "Sadie Thompson" will be Loew's attraction. Will Hays, the moral champion of the movies had forbidden his boy friends to film "Rain", as that Jeanne Eagels' "opera" was considered too warm for the Family Trade. Too, it poked an irreverent finger at the reverend clergy; and Mr. Hays, as befits an Elder in the Presbyterian church, sickened and paled at the thought. But though the Hays edict had forbidden the John Colton-Somerset Maugham play to be filmed, the movie sophists have screened Somerset Maugham's magazine story, "Sadie Thompson", instead—the story from which "Rain" was poured. As a sop to Elder Will, the character Alfred Davidson (who antedated Elmer Gantry) has become a reformer, instead of a member of the cloth. And "Rain" is on the screen anyway, with Gloria Swanson as the flinty jane, Sadie, who met all comers—with a welcoming smile.

Some More Sin—After that moral splurge, Loew's will show that virtue remains triumphant by bringing "The Dove" to the screen. As "The Dove" has its locale in Tia Juana (the town which the Reverend (more-or-less) Billy Sunday would destroy), a la Sodom and Gomorrah, were he God, virtue has a tough assignment in triumphing. Norma Talmadge is the flower of the dance halls, whose heart (and chastity) remain her own, despite the efforts of low-minded persons in the story to gallop over the gay and primrose path in her company.

"The Dove", in which Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson co-starred, brings Noah Beery as the screen bad man, striving to make Miss Talmadge's life less virtuous and more interesting. Gilbert Roland, the handsome youth for whom Miss Talmadge coughed in "Camille", will be her clean-minded American boy friend in "The Dove", which, like Old Gold cigarettes, is guaranteed to be without a cough in a carload.

Salutations, Theodore—Teddy Joyce, the elongated, collegiate wretch whose dancing at Loew's has "devastated" the campus frails, will continue as Loew's Master of Ceremonies, presenting the same type of stage shows as he has in the past. Joyce, who is from Western Reserve, Cleveland, owns a 'coon-skin coat, bought and paid for; a ukelele; and the "Lady-Killer" championship of the State of Ohio.

### MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

Among the outstanding pictures to be featured at the Ambassador and Missouri theaters during the coming month are such widely-heralded successes as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," starring Ruth Lee Taylor and Ford Sterling, Emil Jannings in "The Last Command" with Evelyn Brent, "The Irrisible Lover" with Lois Moran, "Old Ironsides" to be shown for the first time at popular prices, the world's most famous comedy team, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in "Wife Savers", Richard Dix in "Sporting Goods", and Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose." "The Lion and the Mouse" with Vitaphone accompaniment will be featured at the Grand Central some time in the near future.

In addition to these photoplays at the Missouri and Ambassador, Brooke Johns and Ed Lowry as master of ceremonies at the Missouri and Ambassador respectively, will offer an unusual line-up of stage presentations.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" starts at the Ambassador theater January 21, with Ed Lowry's gigantic stage presentation "Rainbows", featuring his Columbia record "Waiting for the Rainbow." Ruth Lee Taylor, the most beautiful blonde in Hollywood is Lorelei Lee, the blonde whom gentlemen prefer.

"Wife Savers" is the screen attraction at the Missouri starting January 21, with Brooke Johns' peppy stage show "As You Like It." Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are featured in this hilarious comedy which is said to eclipse all their previous successes.

"Old Ironsides", the stirring story featuring Esther Ralston, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft and Charles Farrell, will be featured at the Missouri theater in the near future. This is the romance built around the "Constitution", and the historic charm of the story is enlivened by a pleasing love plot.

Richard Barthelmess has adapted his most recent starring vehicle from the stage play "The Noose". "The Noose" is one of the strongest and most un-

usual of any story in which Barthelmess has been featured.

"The Lion and the Mouse" which comes to the Grand Central with Vitaphone accompaniment has as its principal feature a court room scene in which Vitaphone gives the sound of the voices for a period of forty-five minutes. Undoubtedly the farthest advance in motion pictures since the birth of the pictures themselves, the conversational sequence in "The Lion and the Mouse" will place it foremost, among the season's sensational photoplays.

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## ON THE STAGE

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### SHUBERT-RIALTO THEATRE

"The Road to Rome," is a clever and not illogical explanation of that fire eating Carthaginian warrior, Hannibal's failure to exterminate Rome. Robert Sherwood's mixture of pageantry, philosophy, farce, and romance, particularly the latter two, goes far toward humanizing history, with highlights of superb comedy. The fictitious Amytis, in our estimation is a very good reason for forgetting to obliterate any town, is expertly portrayed by Grace George, while McKay Morris is a very convincing Hannibal, tin suit and all. This offering, by reason of its unusual nature and well handled dialogue, has proven a success from its opening night.

"Broadway", which opens here on February 5, portrays the other side of "The Great White Way", and vividly introduces the night-club chorus, hijackers, and bootleggers who infest the glaring streets and back alleys during the wee, small hours when the rest of the world slumbers. The play successfully mirrors the world renowned street for which it is named, and does it in a manner thoroughly convincing and amusing. While not a true underworld "revelation", this work gives a remarkable insight into the workings of the night-hawk genus of the metropolitan district. Classed as an outstanding hit of the year.

### What a Wrench

"What's your son taking up at college?"

"I think he is studying to be a plumber."

"Why's that?"

"In his last letter home, he wrote that he knew more about pipes, nuts and joints than any student in the university."

—Sun Dial

### AMERICAN THEATRE

"The King of Kings", Cecil B. De Mille's stupendous spectacle, which attracted a great deal of attention when presented at the American Theater recently, returns to that playhouse for a single week beginning Sunday, January 22nd. "King of Kings" features an all-star cast of 18 players. More than 5000 persons were used in its production and the cost of the spectacle is announced as exceeding \$2,300,000.00.

The American's announcement for the week of January 30th is Mrs. Fiske and Otis Skinner in Shakespeare's comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Heading the brilliant supporting cast is Henrietta Crossman. The tour of the noted stars in the Shakespeare play has been in the nature of a triumphant procession, every city visited responding with capacity audiences. The opening night in St. Louis has been bought by the College Club for its annual benefit performance.

On February 5th, the American will be given over to the widely-heralded film spectacle "Wings". This super production is the rage of New York. The War Department, the Air Corps and the Paramount organization combined to make the picture which is said to have some of the best aerial photography ever taken. With aviation the topic of the hour, "Wings" has a glorious message for every American.

Two Mormon boys went to school for the first time out in Utah, and the teacher asked their names.

"John and William Smith," the boys replied.

"Ah, then you are brothers. How old are you?"

"Each ten years old, ma'am."

"Indeed! Then you are twins?"

"Please, ma'am," replied one of the boys, "only on our father's side."

—Voo Doo

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### Calling Out the Reserves

Small Boy—"Quick, policeman. A man's been beating my father for more than an hour."

Policeman—"Why didn't you call me sooner?"

Small Boy—"Father was getting the best of it until a few minutes ago."

—*Kansas City Star*

— D D D —

### Thoughts in a College Library

Damn hard book this. The criminal population of the United States is composed of heterogeneous, complex groups.—Nice girl, there, in the blue hat.—Police court statistics in regard to criminality.—Hm, some nifty legs. Wonder if she minds my looking at her?—Damn it, I'll never get through at this rate.—The problem of the unadjusted girl in the blue hat—hell, no—the problem of the unadjusted girl is a serious one—She's looking at me. Boy but she's pretty.—Sexual promiscuity is caused by nifty legs—no, by social maladjustment.—But hats give rise to insanity.—Damn it, if she doesn't get outa this library I'll go nuts.—It is impossible to estimate the loss caused annually by sky-blue eyes—damn those legs, why doesn't she keep them under the table—blue hat, blue hat—uses a lot of lipstick—what legs—I wonder if she—Aw, hell, I'll do this tomorrow.

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*

— D D D —

1st Voice on Phone: "This is Jack, do you love me, Peg?"

2nd Ditto: "Of course, dear."

1st V. O. P.: "You two-timer! This is not Jack, it's Paul."

2nd Ditto: "You double-crosser! This is not Peg, it's Frances."

—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

### How Could You?

The tramp approached a door marked Dr. Roberts, and knocked. A lady answered the summons and he inquired politely: "Has the Doc an old pair of pants, or two, that he could let me have, missus?"

"No," the lady answered sweetly, "they wouldn't fit you."

"Are you sure?" he questioned.

"Quite sure," was the reply. "You see, I'm the Doctor."

—*Goblin*

Tact

Certain young girl of a none-too-high family decided to become a lady, and she therefore purchased and studied many books of etiquette. She knew whether to invite him into the house, what to order instead of chicken salad, and knew that filet mignon wasn't a horse. Faithfully indeed did she adhere to the instructions in her etiquette books, and at last she became such a polished young lady that fellows began to invite her out.

One day she was passing through a crowd with a young man, when a burly stranger bumped into her and almost knocked her over. Her gallant escort immediately asked, "Who did that?"

Not for a second did the girl's training leave her. "It's impolite to point," she said. "A lady never points, you know. But it was that——(censored)——of a——over there."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

A professor coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest to him, he angrily inquired: "Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

A demure maiden from a family imbued with the seriousness of life and its glory, was sent to college. In her first letter home she wrote:

"I began to appreciate the beauty and greatness of life. At last I feel myself a part of a glorious race—went to work on my first lap last night."

—Jester

— D D D —

Improvisions on a Prominent Tune

Tightened up my belt a notch;  
Had to go and hock my watch;

Vo-do, dee-o, do-do-do.

I attended Junior Prom;

Got to write to Pop and Mom

For dough, dough, dee-ough, dough-dough--  
dough! —Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

Nuf—"I met a very nice girl in one of those  
Maine towns."

Sed—"Bangor?"

Nuf—"Nope."

—Pup

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**After Vacation**

I cannot say that Love was grand  
 As Love has been for others,  
 For Love, to me, stalks hand-in-hand  
 With what it blindly smothers.

I cannot say that Love was true,  
 For Truth cannot be blasted,  
 Yet O, my deah, but Love's sweet brew  
 Was potent while it lasted! . . .

*—Westminster*

— D D D —

**Venice**

Cool silver moonlight . . . .  
 Casting a sleek sheen . . . .  
 On smooth, slimy . . . .  
 Water . . . .  
 Deep, dusky quiet . . . .  
 Broken only  
 By the noise at intervals  
 Of Venetian housewives . . . .  
 Emptying the evening garbage  
 Into the canal . . . .

*—Gargoyle*

### To a Quaker Maid in Fashion

Blessings on thee, pretty miss  
 Quaker Maid, I long to kiss,  
 With thy merry, wanton quips  
 And thy quirking, lipstick lips—  
 All that sort of thing connotes  
 That thee knows thy Quaker Oats!  
 —Life

— D D D —

I. (beginning a story)—“They were both deadly white as they lay there together under the tree. For hours they——.”

Elle (interrupting)—“Is this a nice story?”  
 I.—“Sure, they were a couple of snow balls.”  
 —Siren

— D D D —

Our idea of the latest dirty dig is a negro shovel-pusher an hour late.

— D D D —

“Gosh, why the bandages, tornado?”  
 “No, I stuck my head in a Brentwood saloon and yelled fire.”  
 “Well?”  
 “They did.”

— D D D —

Teacher: Johnnie, use the word Shetland in a sentence.

St. L. Lad: Ven de vind blows de roofs away, dey shetland somevere.

— D D D —

“Don’t you think Tunney is wonderful?”  
 “My dear he’s simply stunning, stunning.”  
 “Stunning my eye, he’s a knockout.”

— D D D —

Herr Franz Wilhelm Otto Friedrich Johann Manfred Schnitzler von Altenheim says he got those scars at Heidleburg, *but* have you ever seen him eat?

— D D D —

Janitor: I’ve been all over the building and I can’t find my broom.

Helper: Have you looked on the top floor?  
 Janitor: Oh, that’s another story.

— D D D —

“What’s th’ grand idea?” asked the piano mover, as he heaved his favorite instrument out the window.



## Fair One!

May Edginton, in the February *College Humor*, begins a novel that is a rich and genuine study of a girl on her own, *Fair One*. It begins with simple people . . . an English village . . . streets with the sunset bloom in them . . . men and women who knew life was somewhere about, but didn’t much want to find it out. It quickens in pace; employs many glamorous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an arpeggio-like manner that is certain to delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will find *Sailor Love*, a story of shore leave by John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a feature photoplay. And Richard Connell, John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully, O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating article on the University of Chicago, by Samuel Putnam.

# College Humor

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— D D D —

"Johnny," cried Queen Guinevere, "run out and get the blowtorch, I have to mend Papa's pants!"

—*Jester*

— D D D —

### First Aid

First Aid Instructor: "What would you do if a man was pale, sweating profusely, unconscious, bleeding from the mouth, eyes and ears, and had a fractured skull and arm?"

Student: "I'd bury him." —*Lampoon*

— D D D —

Omar says, "Where there is method, there is badness."

—*Pup*

— D D D —

"Why do you squeeze your girl so tight?"

"Someone has said that the temperature increases with pressure." —*Whirlwind*

*ANOTHER*

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Forest 0766

"How can you shave over such a large Adam's apple?"

"Trickery, my dear. I gulp, and then do the job before it can slide back into place."

—*Stanford Chaparral*

— D D D —

Zoology Professor: What disease do we associate with biting dogs?"

"I-I come from Arkansas, sir," wailed the timid Freshman. "We n-never bite any down there."

—*Malteser*

— D D D —

### Get A Muzzle

Bashful: "Do you mind if I kiss you?"

(No answer).

Bashful: "Would you care if I kissed you?"

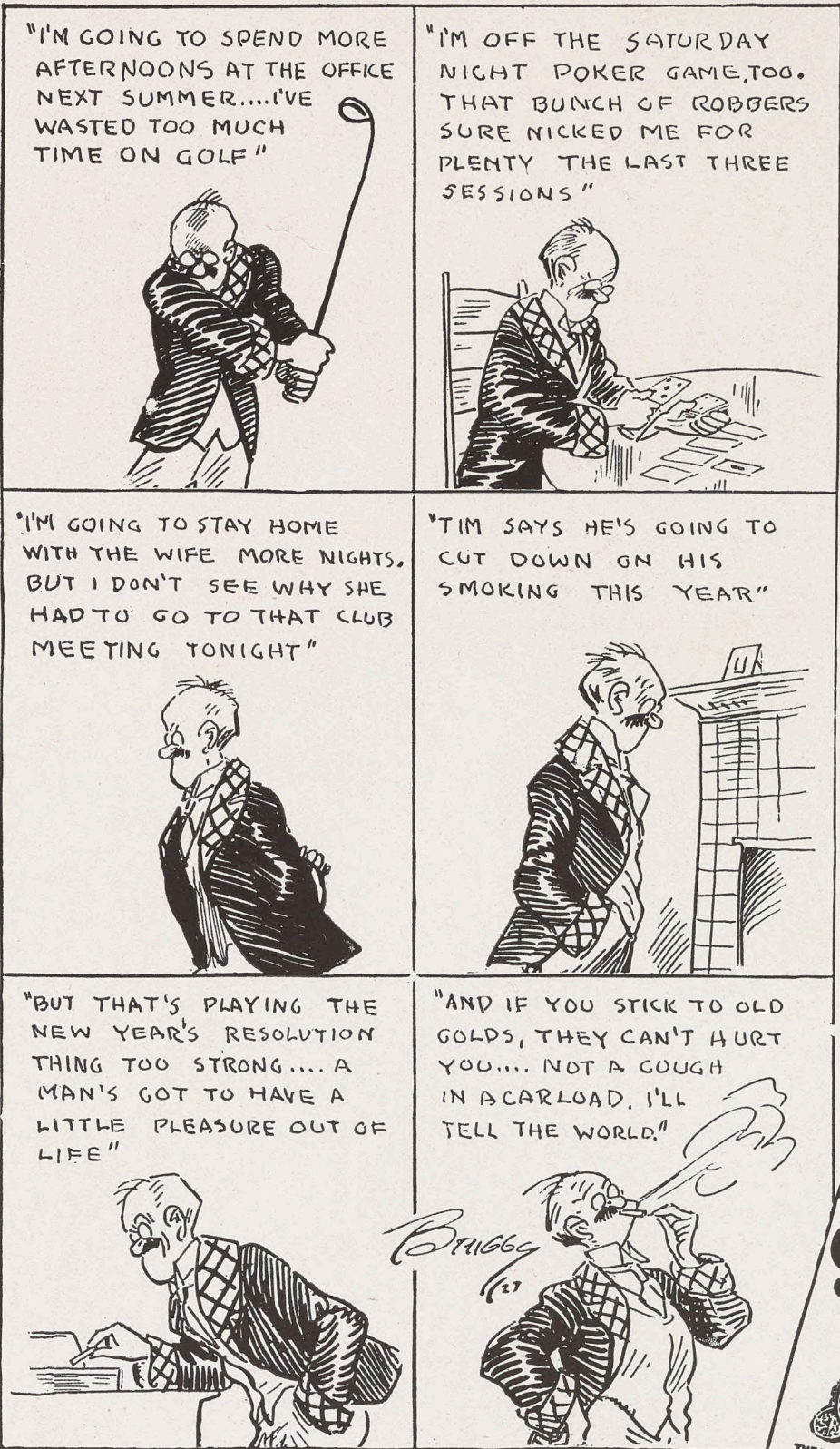
Wise Sister: "Say, do you want me to to promise not to bite?" —*Pelican*

— D D D —

First Traveling Salesman—Being on the road ain't what it used to be.

Second Ditto—Naw, I've been on the road for ten years now and never had to sleep at a farmer's house yet. —*Amherst Lord Jeff*

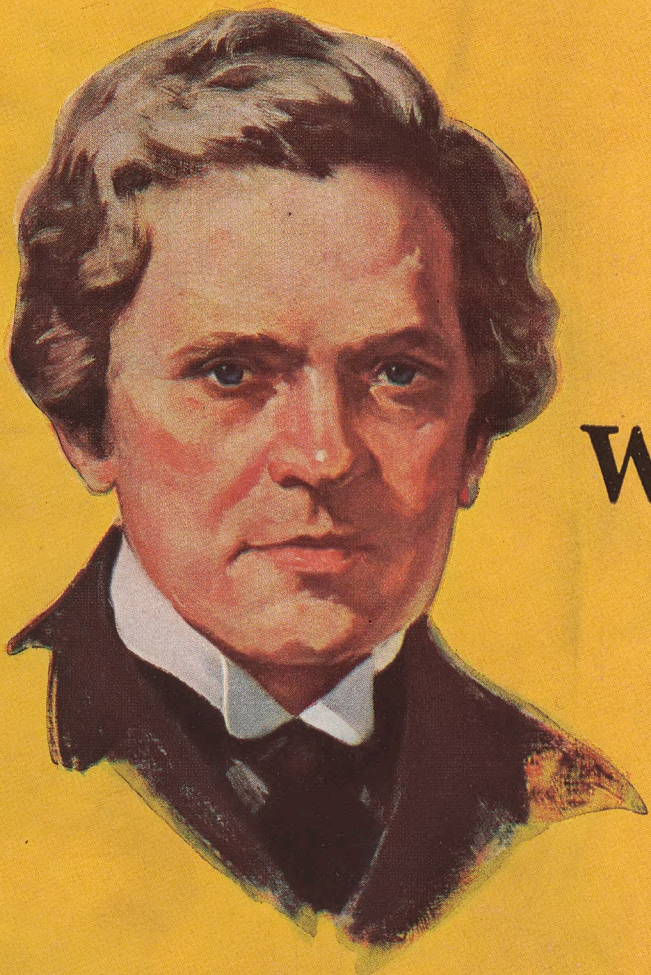
Movie of a Man Formulating His New Year's Resolutions : : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload





# DAVID WARFIELD

“Take care of  
your voice  
— *smoke*  
**LUCKIES**”

*David Warfield*



## “It's toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.