A college man is something that can see a pretty ankle three blocks away while driving a motor car in a crowded city street, but will fail to notice, in the wide, open countryside, the approach of a locomotive the size of a school house and accompanied by a flock of fifty box cars.

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

We've heard of the height of this and the height of that, but the height of politeness, we insist, is the following sign:

**KINDLY KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THIS WIRE**

It carries 20,000 Volts

Thank You!

—Reserve Red Cat

---

**Dorothy Steele Book Store**

- Stationery
- Luggage
- Picture Framing

Strand Theatre Building
Carlisle, Pennsylvania
He (disgustedly): “I think I’ve got a flat tire.”
She: “Oh! gimme a chance, we’re not a block from home yet.”

—Sniper

Two little urchins were watching a barber singe his customer’s hair. “Gee,” said one, “he’s hunting ‘em with a light.”

—Chaperon

Prof.: “Use the word ‘moron’ in a sentence.”
Fresh: “Papa said sister couldn’t go out until she put moron.”

—Flamingo

Prof.: “Did you remark that I was a learned jackass?”
Stude: “No, sir, I merely remarked that you were a burro of information.”

—Mink

ON SPRING
This is the time, when Nature’s keen,
The singing robins make us dream
Of Anna, May, and gay Coleen.
—But then, of course, the profs get mean;
And loudly bay our marks are lean,
And heup it on with greater spleen.
—Princeton Tiger

Two rash students in law class engaged in a heated argument.
Law student No. 1: “You’re the dumbest person I ever saw.”
Absent minded Prof. (hitting desk testily with his fist): “Gentlemen, you forget that I am in the room.”
Thereupon the students were subdued without a ripple.

—Exchange

Absent-minded victim as he places his neck on the guillotine: “Not too short, please, and don’t use the clippers behind the ears.”

—Gargoyle

Photographs tell the Story
Especially, those made by

HOOVER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Stude: “Are you Venus d’Millo girl?”
Coed: “What kind of a girl is that?”
Again: “Hands off.”

—Siren

Late to bed and early to rise
Keeps the dear Brothers
From wearing your ties.

—Whirlwind

EPITAPHS
Here lies an honest man and a good lawyer.
Visitor: “Why should it be necessary to bury two men in the same grave?”

H. M. TRAYER
Carlisle’s Leading Shoe Repairer
143 West South Street
It's No Joke For a Fellow to Pay So Many Pressing Bills

And He Must Keep Looking Neat

If you ever knew we pressed your clothes (if bought here) as often as you wanted—FREE—you'd join the crowd that buys at Kronenberg's at once.

**Good Clothes at Right Prices**

**KRONENBERG'S**

"The College Store"

Even though there is a knocker in front of a fraternity house you'll find plenty more inside.

—Reserve Red Cat.

---

**SCOTCH TRAFFIC CODE**

Red light—Turn-off the engine.
Yellow light—Get-out and crank.
Green light—Go fast and save gas.

—Reserve Red Cat.

---

**J. Harold Wert**

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Carlisle and Hanover, Pa.

---

"What does a hen say when she lays a square egg?"
"Dunno."
"Lookee!"

—Princeton Tiger

**CARLISLE DINER**

*DINE WITH US*

Open Day and Night

W. High Street

Carlisle, Pa.

Lady: "Are you sure these lobsters are fresh?"
Fishmonger: "Madam, they are positively insulting."

—Iowa Frivol

**J. Fred Brown**

Barber

SENTINEL BUILDING -:- CARLISLE, PA.

A Free White: "I understand they're going to hang that fellow who murdered his wife."
A Husband: "It's just as well—a man of that sort is likely to develop criminal tendencies."

—Chaporal

**Robbins Brothers, Florists**

Argonne Building - Carlisle

---

Reporter (to Mr. Edison): "And you, sir, invented the first talking machine?"
Mr. Edison: "No. The first was made a long time ago out of a rib."

---

Compliments of

L. B. HALBERT
The inspector was testing the general knowledge of the junior class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, he said sharply: "What's that?"

Instantly a voice from the back row: "Tails, sir."

—Texas Ranger

The pale moon sent its glimmering beams across the ripples of the placid lake. She, a beautiful maiden, lay prone in the prow of the drifting canoe, languidly exhaling the scented smoke of my imported monogrammed cigarette. Peace...contentment...perfection. Then in a nasal flat voice she said, "Ain't it nice?"

Silently I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and drowned her.

—Dr Pauw Yellow Crab

"Are you a college man?"
"No, I'm just wearing these clothes on a bet."

In an Indiana penitentiary a convicted murderer was told by his wife that he was doomed to die unless he could get a pardon from the Governor of the State. She asked: "How do you go about getting a pardon from the Governor?"

"That's easy," he replied, and raised his voice: "Hey, Governor, how about a pardon?"

"Sure," was the reply that came from the next cell.

—Princeton Tiger

Boiling Springs SWIMMING POOL

Finest Outdoor Pool in Central Pennsylvania

PURE WATER and All Modern Equipment
Gaiety

All hail to thee, gay world! I come,
A new born child of wit and laughter sprung,
To lighten heavy hours with some
New-fashioned jests untold and songs unsung.

Make merry and be gay, Oh youth!
Let not dull sadness and grim care bear down
Too strong upon thee, for, in sooth,
Age doth too rapidly upon thee frown.

Come! Let us of joy’s goblet quaff;
Forget our troubles in our mutual mirth;
Leave care behind and blithely laugh
And spread abroad good cheer through all the earth.

Harold W. Weigel
We thought we could do it; we did it. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the purpose of this magazine and its origin, this editorial is written.

The "Thalia" has no official connection with any educational institution in Carlisle. However, it is owned and edited by students. This fact has been carefully explained to all our advertisers and our contractors so that no mistake could have been made. This additional statement is made for the benefit of the readers.

In all college towns, or rather the great majority, humorous publications of this nature are flourishing. Some of these are officially connected with colleges and universities and others, like this, are unaffiliated. The staff of the "Thalia" has corresponded with some of these publications and the greatest encouragement has been given.

The staff is responsible for the material in the magazine as well as the contracts. We are running this magazine for profit and will give something which we think is worth while in exchange. We realize we cannot do this by lowering our standard from a high level of American humor to a low level of smuttyness. This will not be done.

In conferring with a member of the faculty of one of the Carlisle educational institutions, this man made this remark; "I don't care what the students do as individuals as long as it is decent." We promise our readers and advertisers that decency will be the foundation of these contents.

We thank all our advertisers, contributors, exchanges, and readers. We are glad you bought this copy and hope you will come again.
The staff of the “Thalia” has planned several features; some of these will be permanent and others will be novel with each issue. The permanent feature which will probably attract the most interest is the stage department. The work of this department will be to review fairly moving pictures and comedies of the day. The readers will be enabled by the use of this department to choose more satisfactorily the scenes of his pleasure hours.

Another feature of this issue is the Fame’s Humor Page. The staff corresponded with some of the executives of the states in an effort to run a page of real honest to goodness Gubernatorial jokes. We hope you will be pleased with our success. Some of the Governors pleaded “the great pressure of official business;” only one said “he did not choose to write;” two, however, were kind enough to lay aside great matters of state and turn their minds once again to college days and a good laugh. We have thanked both of them individually but this is just an additional attempt to show our gratitude.

Before: “Why is an elephant like noodle soup?”
After: “Dunno!”
Before: “Neither of them pitch quoits.”

He worked in a marble quarry but he took a lot for granite.

Traffic Cop (Angrily): “Say, you think you’re IT don’t you?”
Stude: “Sure. Didn’t you just tag me?”

Frosh: “What is this Spiritualism all about?”
Soph: “Remains to be seen.”

Stewed: “Shay! You know Sally Jones?”
Prune: “No! Wash her name?”
Stewed: “S’all right! I’ve forgotten myself.”

Mr. Robb started to cut down some trees last week. A storm came along and saved him the trouble. Later, lightning struck the brush pile and saved him the trouble of burning it. The rumor is that he is now waiting an earthquake to shake the potatoes from the ground.

Our Freshman Physicist’s idea of a figure of merit.
Pat was very religious and he was also very much in need of money. He wrote the following letter: "Dear Lord—Please send me fifty dollars. Signed, 'Pat.'" After having written the letter he placed it in his pocket and some time later lost it on the street, after which it was found by a Mason. This man was very much touched with Pat's faith and took the letter to be read in a Masonic meeting. The Masons were all very generous and a total of thirty dollars was sent to Pat along with a letter written on Masonic stationery. Pat wrote the following letter: "Dear Lord—Thanks for the money. The next time send it through the Knights of Columbus. Them Masons beat me out of twenty dollars."

---

"I wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh said to the Queen when he put his coat down for her?"
"Probably, 'step on it, kid.'"

---

Each time I try to dance with Mary, Something she wears gets quite contrary. I wondered what and why it was, But now I'm wise—course it does.

---

First stone mason: "Both my children got Analysis at college.
Second stone mason: "Did they die from it?"
First stone mason: "Pass me another brick."

DEFINITIONS A LA WIL RODJERS

Government is a race between taxes and graft. (So far, taxes are a little ahead.)

Love is like a sticky syrup. It's hard to get out of, but what a time you have playing in it.

A Fraternity is a Greek restaurant without anything to eat.

Co-education is in the last analysis no education at all.

Petting is just like the ancient "fire test." If you don't get burned, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

A powder puff is an implement used by most women because all is not gold that glitters.

The slough of despond and misery is a feeling akin to that experienced when the Better Half accidentally mentions that Mother is going to pay a visit.

A pedestrian is a chap who couldn't keep up the payments on his car.

A modern flapper is the same as the time honored conception of woman, differing only inasmuch as she has no hank of hair.

First Ditch-digger: "I say, old thing, hearken to this riddle. Which one of Shakespeare's plays is popularly known as the cruller play?"
Second Wop: "Mucha dough about nothing."
NONCHALANT COLLEGIATISM

Nonchalant collegiatism is the thing. There is no special advantage in buying an expensive education, unless you can show it by some ingenious and madcap idiosyncrasy in manner and attire.

In the first place, to attain the mark of distinction and be a big college man you must do several things of a moderately insane nature. Never appear in the streets of the town in a civilized hat. If fortune has reduced you to such a point, you may easily disguise it by ripping out the sweat-band, smearing the crown with ink or syrup, sitting on it, and finally using it for an ash receiver for a day or two.

A point of conversation well taken is worthy of consideration. In passing a man who you know, don't say "Hello," or "How do," but lean well forward and smile crookedly, yelping "Howarya" as unintelligibly as possible. In addition to this, you might fling your right hand from your forehead in a blithe and care-free gesture of mock respect. Anything else is Mid-Victorian, plebian, and non-collegiate.

Again, when you are thirsting for information, never approach a man saying, "Did you get through all right?" That is not the way. Rush up and slap him heartily on the back and poke him in the ribs. When he has turned around, bellow in his receptive organ, "Howjahitem?" The generally accepted reply to this is "OK-howdjem?" with incidental withering sarcasm. This frolicsome mannerism will endear you to the victim and leave the bystander no doubt as to where you are from.

When travelling, paste a large college poster or sticker on your grip. Always take up as much room as possible in the train. Sit with your feet carelessly bestowed upon the opposite seat and talk in a loud voice about women and house parties. This is usually entertaining to the other passengers. Always contrive to have all your change in your left-hand vest pocket so that you may exhibit your fraternity pin on all occasions.

Goloshes are indispensable attributes of college life, but you must always leave them unfastened. If you hook them up you may be mistaken for a ditch digger or an instructor. Practice earnestly the Golosh Shuffle so you may look well versed in slouching.

The best advertising medium for the college he-man is the slicker. Never leave a blank space on the slicker. Most prominently, in the middle of the back, have a picture of a beautiful maiden, captioned "Sweet Mama." Never fail to wear your nicknames and monograms all over. If you don't have at least two wisecracks, it shows that you don't know your slang. Last but not least, in prominent letters, print the name of your hoped for and expected to be Alma Mater.

The college haircut is a necessary evil. The simplest way to attain this is to crawl into a chair and fall asleep. The barber will do the rest and how! You will rise to view a startling transformation. Never mind the snickers of the mob, it's collegiate.

Steal or invent one or two clever phrases and work them to death. If they are especially inappropriate, you will be thought deep.

Wherever you go remember you are a college man. Clutch by the neck each opportunity for demonstrating the fact that you will have the time of your life if Hades' lid blows off.
A young man went into the doctor’s office and was promptly accosted by the female assistant. She informed him that the doctor was very busy and could not be seen without an appointment. He was very firm in his demands for an interview and insisted that the matter was of the utmost importance. The assistant believed the man as his pleading became very pathetic and she informed him that he should go in the side room and get undressed. The young man seemed to become very much embarrassed and tried to get out of such action but the young lady insisted that the doctor would not interview an appointee until he was undressed. The young man followed out the orders as given and the doctor walked into the side room after the young man had been given time to get undressed, and asked for details concerning the case. The young man very much embarrassed said, “Doctor, your wife’s subscription to the Woman’s Home Companion has expired.”

This is an entertaining story about one Adolphus Whoop. Adolphus, it seems, slang sodas in a little Wayside Inn in the heart of a Questionable District of the Big City. One day in the midst of a Banana Split, a Veiled Woman came into the Low dive where Adolphus worked. Adolphus, accustomed to the ways of the Bowery, reached beneath the Strawberry Sherbert bottle for his big revolver.

“Quick,” hissed the Woman in the Shawl, “Quick, tell me something to give me hope from home!”

“You need nothing,” murmured Adolphus reaching across the counter and placing the word “hope” neatly in the second rung of the lady’s Word-ladder Puzzle.

The old, old saw about the absent minded professor slamming his wife and kissing the door goodbye hath a successor. It concerns an absent minded professor who, on going to bed, dressed the bridge lamp in his pajamas and put himself out.

“You’ll have to hand it to him,” said the fan as Danny dropped the ball.

Rio: “Say, can a man with 2 wooden legs walk?”
Rita: “Oh, I suppose he can lumber along.”

A rich man lying on his deathbed called his chauffeur and said, “Sykes, I am going on a long journey; rugged and worse than you ever drove me.”

“Well, sir,” consoled the chauffeur, “There’s one consolation; It’s all down hill.”

Two Irishmen from a law school were discussing the Passover. “Whist,” said MacDougal, “When, I inquire, is a pistol a revolver?”
“Tush, tush!” replied Bergson, “When it fires a round.”

Both have been excommunicated for being loaded.

The one who thinks these jokes are poor, Would straightway change his views, Could he compare the jokes we print, With those we do not use.
ANNOUNCEMENT

The "Thalia" cannot exist without the cooperation of contributors with the staff. There is always room for acceptable material and the staff decided upon an incentive for effort in this line.

Points will be credited for various types of contributions which will be printed and the men with the largest number of points for the five issues of the next school year will be rewarded. The first prize will be fifteen dollars; second prize ten dollars; third prize five dollars.

The following point system will be adhered to: cover page 25; cartoon 20; Contributions exceeding five hundred words 20; letter word puzzle 15; contributions exceeding one hundred words and poems exceeding ten lines 10; contributions exceeding fifty words and poems exceeding six lines 5; short contributions 2.

Various other contests will be announced from time to time.

Getting the baby to sleep is hardest when she is about eighteen.

Daughter: "Father, I am going to appear on the stage with a pair of tights."
Father: "No daughter of mine will appear on the stage with tights."
Daughter: "But Father, Sandy and Angus MacMac are both nice fellows."

One of the boys from Kentucky tells a very interesting story concerning the fertility of the soil on the Blue Grass State. He never tasted a watermelon until he came to Pennsylvania. You see vines creep so fast in Kentucky that the little melons are worn out before they have a chance to develop.

"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fried and I'll have the chops lean."
"Yes, sir; which way?"
—Beanpot.

"What did Chico say on the way up to Seventh Heaven?"
"M I Dyan."

"Love is like an angel cake, Full of sugar; hard to break."

Fresh: "What was the crack Atlas' girlfriend made during his balancing act?"
Man: "'A whole lot depends on you.'"
"I suppose you've met Dora?"
"Yeah."
"What do you think of her?"
"Pretty darn artificial if you ask me."
"That's just what I think, and I heard Jane say yesterday that even her lungs were affected."

"Why does a hen cross the road?"
"That's simple—to get on the other side, ninny."
"Wrong. She's going over to tell the latest scandal on Mrs. Biddy, who recently hatched out twelve chickens and a duck."

—Ranger.

Voice on the phone, 3 a.m.—"Mr. Smith?"
Mr. Smith—"Yes."
Voice—"Is your house on the bus-line?"
M. S.—"Yes."
Voice—"Well you'd better move it, there's a bus coming."

—Dirge.

"Bill has a natural advantage over the other sophomores."
"How's that?"
"He has a club foot."

—Princeton Tiger.

It is a lot nicer to write jokes than to tell them, for when you write them you don't have to wait to see if anyone is going to laugh.

—Mink.

EXAMINATIONAL
(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

Crib of our fathers, known of old,
Hope of the dumb in that dread week,
Under whose lawless hand we hold
Dominion over Chem and Greek;
O written crib be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

"I feel sorry for the fellow over there."
"How so?"
"He ate his salad with his spoon, and now he has to eat his soup with his fork."

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

The latest one we know about the conventional absentminded professor is the one who passed his coat around the class and hung the exam paper on the back of the chair.

—Illinois Siren.

Prospective Buyer: Why, this is highway robbery.
Realtor: I give my word sir. There's not a highway for miles around.

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

"So your father knows the exact moment he will die, does he? Even the exact year, month and day?"
"Yassuh, he had ought to. The jedge tole him."

—Widow.

"Hi, gimme a handful of waste," I howled (I was under the car to grease it),
But Jim had an armful of waist in the car, And wasn't disposed to release it.
A certain butcher conceived the idea of making sausage out of rabbits. The sausage thus made became very popular. The demand exceeded the supply, as it was with difficulty the butcher obtained rabbits. In order to fill his orders, he began to mix mule meat with the rabbit meat. One customer finally detected the subterfuge and had him arrested for "misbranding goods." He was haled before the court. The judge asked him how much rabbit meat he used and how much mule meat. He replied, "Oh, fifty-fifty." He was asked what he meant by "fifty-fifty." He replied, "One rabbit, one mule." 

Contributed by Governor O. H. Simpson, Louisiana.

SO WOULD WE ALL

"Lil says she gets to bed at ten every night."
"Yeah, I have a picture of her doing it."
"Great, I'd like to see it."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

A business man had a boy working for him, and he sent him to deliver a message at an apartment house. The boy had not been gone long when the superintendent of the apartment house called up his employer and asked him if he had sent the boy with a message. Upon being informed that he had, the superintendent said:

"Well, he came here, all right, but he insisted upon entering the front door, and I directed him to go to the tradesmen's entrance, but he insisted on coming in the front way. We got into a heated argument, which waxed so hot that I finally had to take my gun to him."

"Great Scott," said the business man, "you didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No," replied the superintendent, "but I want my gun back."

—Governor A. Harry Moore, New Jersey

This page will be a permanent feature in THALIA. We hope to secure for the following issues many contributions from men as important as the two who this month have contributed.

In our effort to start this page we corresponded with several famous men and although the following did not see fit to contribute for one reason or another, we wish at this time to thank them for their good wishes as expressed by letters in response to requests for contributions of a humorous nature: Honorable Bibb Graves, Governor of Alabama; Honorable Len Small, Governor of Illinois; Honorable H. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts.

Auto-tourist: "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I am at fault.

Local Cop: "You certainly were."

Autoist: "Why?"

Local Cop: "Because his father is Mayor, his brother is Chief of Police and I keep company with his sister.
THE LEGS O' MEGONIGAL BRAHMS
(A Ballad)

They's wery few yegs with as comical legs
As Izzy Megonigal Brahms',
His calves is quite tall, but exceedingly small,
While 'is shins bears a semblance ter hams.

And startin' up top with a gradual drop
They gracefully curve toward his knees
Whence with a quick swerve they finish the curve
Ajoinin' beneath his putees.

He walks like a duck that's been stuck in the muck,
His feet make a detour each step,
One foot sets a pace with the other 'bout face,
Till the tangle endangers his neck.

Yet spite of the bend in his southermost end,
A fortunate future is his,
'Tis quite easy to see, since Isadore B.
Rides bareback like nobody's biz.

LAMENT OF THE COSMIC EVOLUTION
STUDENT

Oh, give me back those ancient times, restore the bygone days; replace these modern busy climes with prehistoric ways! Brink back the docile dinosaur, construct his mammoth den; bring back the happy days of yore when men were really men! Oh, give me back that gentle brute, the Ichthyosaurus rare; I'd love to stroke his noble snoot and hunt him from his lair. Oh,—you may have your trolley cars, and light your homes with lamps, but as for me, I'll take the stars and stick to daily tramps.

I'd love the wild secluded spots, I hate the haunts of men; I like the open places lots; I'd love my rocky den.

Oh, I may live amid this spree which men denote as great, but all the time the inner "me" protests my modern fate. So take me out and give me that for which I sadly yearn, and take away my coat and hat and let me live and learn. The chances are I may come back—I may prefer my doom to some neglected stone-age shack with all its ancient gloom!

Out of the night,
Through the pale twilight,
You came, unknown to me.
Sweet song of the night,
Through the bright starlight,
You have found a rest in me.
Pale night has gone,
The day is wan,
But song you still remain.
The night has fled,
The sun glows red,
But song, you still remain.
Out of the night,
Past the pale twilight,
You came and I hold you fast;
For the day and the light
Need the song of the night
To curb the toils of the day.

You've heard about the fellow who went to the bottom of the sea?
"No, why did he do that?"
Oh, for divers' reasons.

—West Point Pointer.
A SENIOR'S VIEW OF THE FUTURE

Each year hundreds of young men and women enroll at educational institutions. Each year some of the original number of the classes depart for parts unknown and the remainder continue on in their strivings for an education until they have achieved their aim, unless they too later are found among the missing.

The process which causes the classes to dwindle from many to a few is known by many names: Mathematics calls that process "chance"; Physics speaks of it as "law"; Histology marks it as "elimination"; Sociology cries out that it is "the urge to persist"; Psychology denotes it as "segregation"; Biology sets it down as "mutation." However, those who have weathered the storm and have grown pessimistic in their thinking, declare that the fates have been against some while the rest have been saved for a worse slaughter in the years to come. They have had their disappointments; the others are to find theirs.

The survivors have trod the same dusty paths together. They've gone through the same mold. In some cases the inoculation "took"; in others it didn't, depending on the quality of the ivory. Each June they are extolled for having run the race with care and having fought a grand fight. They are lauded to the celestial regions as another group to enter into the Society of Diploma Framers. But Commencement speakers do not settle the question of future existence. The big and final questions in their minds is "Where can we get jobs?"

They turn to medicine—six more years. Law demands three years and a complex system of bar exams. Jobs in the teaching field are few. Schoolboards want Masters or experienced pedagogues. Even the congregations sniff at the idea of having a man to fill the pulpit unless he has been well trained. What then is left? They have been spoiled by a life of ease and luxury. Pride will not allow them to return to their former positions. More study? Impossible! The Treasurer's report is already on the discharging side.

The co-ed grads have a choice of deli, a tea room, or marriage with the bashful flame of tender years, who now as a day laborer is amassing more lucre than college boy friend. The members of the human gens wearing plus fours and moustaches (?) have two choices, suicide or wedding a rich widow. One death is as bad as the other.

TRYING TO CONVINCE WITH COLOR

A hypocrite is a guy who smears lipstick all over his face to make people think the girls are wild about him.

First Trapeze-Widow: "How was your late husband?"
Second Trapeze-Widow: "Good to the last drop!"

—Judge.
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APPLESAUCE
(Apologies to Longfellow)
The college list was filling fast,
When through good luck her lessons passed,
A girl who could be very nice,
But slang was her one awful vice.
Applesauce!

Her hair was bobbed; her eyes beneath
Shone even brighter than her teeth,
And like a fog horn in a cloud,
She stood and to her girl friends howled,
“Applesauce!”

In rhetoric class she saw the light
Of intellect that gleamed so bright.
Outside, her slang, it fairly shone,
And from her lips escaped a groan,
“Applesauce!”

“You cannot pass,” professor said,
“Dark zeros hover overhead,
“Your slang will put you out of school.”
But in reply, she did not fool.
“Applesauce!”

“O come,” her boy friend said, “And try
To stop the use of slang or I
Will be obliged to break with you.”
But to his plea she answered, “Pooh!”
“Applesauce!”

There at the station, so cold and so gray,
With friend all deserted and friends all away,
She said with a frown, “Oh, well, my hunch
That college is easy was just a big bunch
Of Applesauce!”

“Have a camel” cried the sultan as he saw
one of his wives looking for a mount.
—Reserve Red Cat.

Judge—“Gentlemen of the jury, have you
come to a decision?”
Foreman—“We have, your honor. The jury
are all of the same mind—temporarily insane.”
—Reserve Red Cat.

There is a fortune awaiting the lad who can
invent a good substitute for the word “AHHH”
so desired by doctors.
—Reserve Red Cat.

Charge it to the dust, the rain will settle it.
—Reserve Red Cat.

Hint for college men: A good use for your
old clothes—wear them.
—Reserve Red Cat.

A strange morose bit of philosophy may be
extracted from the fact that it's always the
green traffic light that isn't working.
—Reserve Red Cat.
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CARLISLE, PA.

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"Hello, old top, new car?"

"No, old car, new top."

"Say, can I go in this door?"

"You ought to be able to. They just took a piano in."

"I think I have a cold or something in my head."

"Probably a cold."

Girls in some colleges operate their own laundries.

—News Item. "Wring out, wild belles."

"Don't you dare kiss me again!"

"All right, I wont."

"Don't you dare! Kiss me again."

In the parlor there were three,

Mae and the parlor lamp and me.

Three is a crowd, there is no doubt,

So the parlor lamp was put out.
Next Issue of

Thalia

FOOTBALL NUMBER

September 25th

$1.00 a year  25 cents a copy
BEE CAREFUL
You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep and wail,
But if it wish it can unfold,
A very painful tail.
—Goblin.

FATHER WANTED TO KNOW
Father: “Well, do you think you can make
my daughter really happy?”
Suitor: “Say, you should have seen her last
night.”
—Exchange.

THE ARGUMENT
The Lady: “Count yourself again, big boy,
you ain’t so many.”
The Gent: “Stick a thermometer in your
lips, baby, you ain’t so hot.”
—Texas Ranger.

DOCTORS DON’T TELL
Pompous physician (to man plastering de­
fective wall): “The trowel covers up a lot of
mistakes—what?”
Workman: “Yus, gov’nor—and so do the
spade.”
—Exchange.

ASK MOTHER, SHE KNOWS
Mother: “Helen, I want to know what you
and George were doing on the sofa until three
o’clock this morning?”
Daughter: “Oh, mamma, didn’t your mother
ever tell you.”
—Exchange.

WHERE PLUCK WINS
Bucket-Shop Proprietor (lecturing his corps
of salesmen): “All my success, all my financial
prestige, I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck,
pluck.”
Salesman: “But how are we to find the right
people to pluck?”
—Exchange.

BASEBALL FAN
Teacher: “Now, Rollo use the word ‘ruth­
less’ in a sentence.”
Rollo: “Every team in the American league
except the Yankees is Ruthless.”

UP TO DATE MARY
Mary has no little lamb,
Like she had long years ago,
But she has a pair of calves,
That she delights to show.

They go with her to school each day,
As faithful calves should do,
Where Mary draws a teacher’s pay,
For imparting knowledge true.

Ye pedagogues of other days
Would deem her calves too shocking,
But Mary says it always pays
To buy a high-priced stocking.

And Mary wears expensive gowns,
That are very light and airy,
Not so showy for their cost,
But they show a lot of Mary.
—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

WHO SAID THIS?
“The modern girl may have more pep and
vivacity, as claimed, but no one has been able
to figure out a way to harness any of it to a
cook stove or a wash tub.”

I am a great friend of analysis. “Why” and
“How” are such useful questions that they
cannot be uttered too often.
—Napoleon.

ROMANCE
The story is going the rounds about a busi­ness man who bought a new shirt. On a slip
pinned to the inside he found the name and ad­
dress of a girl, with the words, “Please write
and send photograph.”

“Ah,” said the man, “Here is Romance.”
He wrote the girl and sent her a picture of
himself. In due course an answer came, and
with his heart all a-flutter our hero opened it.
It was only a note and read as follows:
“I was just curious to see what kind of a
looking fellow would wear such a funny shirt.”

Miss DeLuxe: “Have you any invisible hair
nets?”
Saleslady: “Yes.”
Miss DeLuxe: “Let me see one, please.”
WHAT AND WHAT NOT IN MOVIES

If 1928 is to be a good "movie year," producers should hurry forth a few above the mediocre. Thus far it would be easier to advise what to avoid than what to see. On the whole, war pictures are being done to death; love themes lack anything new to supply interest; and the few comedies offered are "just comedies."

"The Street Angel," a Fox Production, embodies beauty of composition and the fine acting rarely found on the cinema productions. Like "Seventh Heaven," the theme deals with a real romance of the slums—this time the slums of Italy. The huge, "he-mannish" Charles Farrell and the adorably petite Janet Gaynor again prove themselves the most delightful lovers. The picture is synchronized with Movitone. The Italian love songs sung and whistled add greatly to the emotional appeal of the excellent dramatic episodes.

The only other love story of interest is "When a Man Loves" which takes you back to the old world days of powdered hair. We were led to expect this to be the Great Barrymore "movie masterpiece." Interest in the picture was added due to Barrymore and his leading lady, Dolores Costello, being off-stage sweethearts according to Hollywood gossip. However, let me whisper a word of advice—if you want to see the "incomparable lover" do any loving, see "When a Man Loves" outside of Pennsylvania. Cut love scenes and censor made sub-titles have not improved the picture.

"Wings," a Paramount thriller, which has just ended over three months of a run at the Aldene in Philadelphia, is a real masterpiece. The battles in the air, the crashing planes, are made more realistic by a whirring noise produced by the picture machine. It is instructive as well as intensely thrilling. The only unfavorable criticism is in Clara Bow as leading lady. She is too much the flapper to seem the type for battle field scenes. However, her role is not important enough to spoil the enjoyment of the picture as the main interest is in the great loyalty and understanding which war brings between two men.

"The Legion of the Condemned" is similar to "Wings" as far as the air tricks are concerned. The love element is greater in this picture but the unusual found in "Wings" is lacking.

"Speedy," starring Harold Lloyd, is the only snappy, swiftmoving comedy we have reviewed. As a love sick baseball fan, holding many jobs but none too long, he will give you a few hearty chuckles. Several pictures lately have had scenes from Coney Island but "Speedy" is the only one in which the spirit of the place is caught. You really enjoy following Harold and "the girl friend" until they come home in a second hand furniture truck. Wait until you see the Civil War Veterans decide to have a little excitement—but it isn’t fair to prepare you for the laughs—that’s where the fun comes in.

Pre-release reviews boosted high "The Circus." If you like Chaplin you’ll enjoy it for it is just a series of Charley’s slightly shop-worn bag of tricks. In fact, the picture drags along too slowly to be classed as good comedy.

The talking movies should give us a topic for discussion in the near future. "Tenderloin," the foremost of these productions is being highly praised. So was "Chicago" but when it reached us it was minus about two reels of spice. However, the Pennsylvania censors and the exchange have squabbled their way into a court fight, so it will undoubtedly be some time before we are permitted to see and hear it. Then, according to those who claim to know, there won’t be enough left of it to get excited about.

HONOR BRIGHT

The Dickinson Players will present the delightful comedy "Honor Bright" Friday evening, June 1st. The play, written by Meredith and Kenyon Nicholson, abounds in choice humor and clever repartee. The following re-
sume will enable those attending the performance to enjoy it more intelligently. Richard Barrington invites his fiancee home to meet his mother, aunt, and uncle. She is a chorus girl, whom he met while attending Harvard Law School the previous term. At the last minute, however, she wires that getting into a mixup with George Washington has delayed her unavoidably. Although he fails to understand the telegram, Richard sees the necessity of securing a suitable substitute so that the suspicions of the family are not aroused. Miss Honor Bright, an aspiring book agent, invades the Barrington home quite opportunely in pursuit of a sale and is persuaded after considerable importunity to assume the role of Miss Marvel, the fiancee, for the evening. The precarious situations arising and the complications which the sudden appearance of Miss Marvel adds, can be adequately delineated only from behind the footlights with the stage set. The following seniors will end their Dramatic work at Dickinson as the curtains close: Betsy Ann Cloud, who plays Honor Bright; Pamela McWilliams, Mrs. Barrington; Claude C. Bowman, Richard Barrington; Howard Stutzman, Bishop Carton. The remainder of the cast is composed of Harriet Heim, Tot Marvel; Arlene Reed, Mrs. Carton; Elsie Ferris, Maggie; Nancy Harris, Annie; Vincent Cartusciello, Watts; Lincoln Brown, Reverend Schooley; Blaine Capehart, Bill Drum; Horace Vought, Foster; Wallace White, Michael; Lewis Rohrbaugh and Robert Knupp, Sheriffs.

Did you hear about the scotchman who stood and snapped his fingers on the Fourth of July?
—Bucknell Bell Hop.

So we named the baby “Weather strip” because he kept father out of the draft during the war.
—Penn State Froth.

Absent minded Business Man (after kissing his wife)—“Now, dear, I will dictate a couple of letters.”
—Kitty Kat.

Mummy, isn’t that monkey like Grandpa?”
“Hush, darling! You mustn’t say things like that.”
“But the monkey can’t understand, can he, mummy?”
—Jabberwock.

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Convict—Aw, dat guy gits wise wit me.
Warden—What’s he done to you now?
Convict—Tore de leaf off’n de calendar, and it was my toin.

—Lehigh Burr.

"How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?"
"Any given number."

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Attorney—"You’re charged with drunkenness. Are you guilty?"
Defendant—"Nossuh, I ain’t guilty."
Attorney—"Have you ever been in jail before?"
Defendant—"Nossuh. This is the first time I was ever drunk."

—Whirlwind.

As the little chorus girl said to her sweetie, as she kissed him goodnight: "So long, I'll sue you later."

—Punch Bowl.

If a baby had halitosis and started crying, would you call it a foul ball?

—Bell Hop.

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GOLD BRICK METHODS

"Here, I'll let you have the Union Depot for ten," said the smooth city slicker to the hick from Podunk Center.

"Say, mister, I'm not as simple as I look, but I'll take that there Public square for five."

"Sorry, but that costs ten also. But, by the way, seeing as it's you, I'll let you have something good. Here's the zoo, and you can have it cheap."

"Sold, stranger."
And the hick from Podunk Center took the postal card from the rack and handed the clerk a penny.

——Reserve Red Cat.

"He done me wrong," wailed the algebra problem.

"Hooray! The professor said we would have a rest today, rain or shine!"

"Well."

"It's snowing!"

Any girl can be gay in a swell coupe
Or in a taxi be jolly,
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When you take her home in a trolley.

"When did Caesar reign?"

"I didn't know he rained."

"Didn't they hail him?"

"Children," said a teacher, "be diligent and steadfast and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes, ma'am," said a little boy, "he couldn't tell a lie."

A BOOKLOVER

The booklover went to the bad place. "I'm very fond of Burn's," he told Satan. He was cast into the fire. Satan remarked coolly, "You won't want to stay in there Longfellow. You're Browning now, and before long you'll be Milton."

"Did you hear the latest?"

"No, what is it?"

"We're allowed out till eleven o'clock."

"Is that the latest?"