The Chocolat' Shop

JOHNS

SODAS  MARY LEE
CANDIES
SALTED NUTS
FINE
CONFECTIONS  CIGARETTES

35 W. High Street

Famous Surgeon: "I have been treating men for ten years and have never heard a complaint. What does that prove?"
Voice from rear: "Dead men tell no tales."

—Pick-up.

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rumbled by and a case of stuff fell over the endgate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant took one sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

—Ranger.

Carter's Drug Store

Eastman Films, etc.
Developing, Printing and Enlarging
Whitman's Chocolates
28 South Hanover Street

"Hell," said the devil when he answered the telephone.

—Mink.

Dorothy Steele
Book Store

Stationery
Luggage
Picture Framing

Strand Theatre Building
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Eat in
Clover
Catering to
Parties

141 WEST HIGH STREET, CARLISLE
“Daughter, tell that young man to take his arm away from you.”

“You better tell him, father—he’s a perfect stranger to me, and how many times haven’t you told me not to speak to strange men?”

—Jester.

“God save the king!” yelled the bridge player, as someone shoved a trump on his ace.

—Virginia Reel.

TOO MUCH!
The Spatts had been at it again.

“And furthermore,” said Mrs., concluding her long tirade, “you certainly aren’t much of a husband.”

“Well, my dear,” Mr. retorted, wearily “I can truthfully say that you are a lot of wife.”

—Purple Parrot.

“Will you join me in a bowl of soup?”

“Do you think there’d be room for both of us?”

—Purple Parrot.

The Man Who “Bags at the Knees” Neglects His True Personality

MOORHEAD’S

Cleaning Pressing Repairing

All Work Guaranteed

Formerly Forman’s

ADVICE TO GIRLS WALKING ON HIGHWAYS

If cars containing young men slow up so as to allow the occupants to begin conversation with you, always relieve the situation by asking them if they are heading north. When they admit that they are, ask them coyly to remember you to the Eskimos. Continue walking unless they take more than two shots at you.

—Columns.

Rusher—“So you’re from the Mississippi bottom. Tell me, what’s the best way to catch catfish?”

Rusher—“Well down home we use tobacco for bait. Then when the fish come up to spit, we knock ‘em on the head with an axe.”

—Purple Parrot.

GOOD REASON

“There’s an act at the show in which the actors wear furs worth thousands of dollars.”

“How in the world did that miracle happen?”

“Oh, you see it’s this way; it’s a trained seal act.”

—Purple Parrot.

Then there was the little umpire who was terrorized by the large colored gentleman at bat.

“Strike one!” said the umpire, timorously. The huge colored gent raised his bat, but finally compromised with a glare that meant he was giving his prospective victim one more chance. Another ball came whizzing “through the middle.” “Two!” yelled the umpire. “Two what!” roared the dusky giant, gathering himself for an assault. “Too high,” said the umpire. King Solomon himself never made a wiser decision.

Photographs tell the Story

Especially, those made by

HOOVER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

SELF-PRESERVATION

He—“We’re coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?”

She—“Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth.”

—Nebraska A’gwan.

H. M. TRAYER

Carlisle’s Leading Shoe Repairer

143 WEST SOUTH STREET
He: Shall we sit in the parlor?
She: No, I'm too tired—let's go out and play tennis.

—Belle Hop.

Every five weeks—all year, W. G. FLY will show you the BALFOUR line of FRATERNITY JEWELRY

Burgler: Where have you been?
His Partner: Robbing a fraternity house.
Burgler: Lose anything?

—Kitty Kat.

"But father," wrote the college son, "you don't know how money goes!"
"But son," answered the practical father, "you don't know how money comes!"

—Owl.

CARLISLE DINER
DINE WITH US
Open Day and Night
W. High Street
Carlisle, Pa.

She: "How comes that fellow didn’t return your ‘hello’?"
He: "Oh, he’s a fraternity brother of mine and wouldn’t return anything."

—Flamingo.

J. Fred Brown
Barber
SENTINEL BUILDING — — CARLISLE, PA.

Angry Customer—"These eggs aren’t fresh."
Indignant Grocer—"Not fresh! Why, the boy brought them from the country this morning."
Customer—"What country?"

—Wash. Cougar’s Paw.

"Say It With Flowers"
Robbins Brothers, Florists
Argonne Building — — Carlisle

She was only an artist’s daughter, but—boy!—what a crowd she could draw!

—Black & Blue Jay

WHY, TOMMY!

Father, mother and little Tommy were in the street car. Tommy and his mother had secured seats, but poor father had to stand.
Mother: "Tommy, doesn’t it pain you to see your father reaching for a strap?"
Tommy: "Only at home, mother."

Compliments of
L. B. HALBERT
"STEW" BLACK
AND
His Band
Dispensing Dance Music DeLuxe

J. STEWART BLACK, Manager
1119 N. 15th Street
Bell Phone 2-3019 Harrisburg, Pa.

He (enthusiastically)—"Would you like to go to the opera next week, and then to the Ritz for dinner?"
She (rapturously)—"I would be delighted!"
He—"Then go ahead."
—Georgia Cracker.

As a matter of form, "may I kiss you?" he asked
Of his "blind"—though she minced "I don't wanna."
He knew she meant "yes;"
But she was such a mess,
That he winced as HE sighed, "I don't wanna."
—Awgwan.

"Dinah," asked Mrs. Whistlebaum, "I looked all over for you today. Where on earth were you?"
"Ah was blackberrying, Mis' Whisbum."
"You were blackberrying?"
"Yessum it was mah cousin Joe's funeral."
—Pointer.

Wit (passing plumber's shop and reading sign "Cast Iron Sinks")—"Anybody knows that?"
—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

"HOT SOCKS"
"JOHNNY" DIEHL'S
Blue Ridge Stampers
Music for the Discriminating
"STOMPS"
"BLUES"
Featuring all versatile entertainers and latest Broadway songs and tunes.
Bell Phone 426 Pitt Street
789-J Carlisle, Pa.

I STILL FEEL FUNNY AT HOME
After four years of hand-shaking, dating, rally's, bull sessions, chaperones, cigarette lighters, and trench coats, I still feel out of place when I go home and find the Ladies Aid convening at our house.
—Selected.

Evelyn: Did you ever know a man who closed his eyes when he kissed?
Vivian: I never saw one do it yet.—Life.

Boiling Springs
SWIMMING POOL
Finest Outdoor Pool in Central Pennsylvania

PURE WATER and All Modern Equipment
Song

Maidens of Dickinson, Ah! how you charm us!
So simple, alluring, so naive and sweet;
Smiles that deceive us, and eyes that disarm us,
Ad infinitum—'t'ails not to repeat.
Witty and clever,
Shining forever,
Loves of our youth who to memory are dear!
Faithful in Duty,
Homage to Beauty!
June's are the roses that never grow sere!

Maidens of Dickinson, we will remember;
Who with the soul of a man could forget?
The rose and its fragrance are gone in December,
The faith and the beauty abide with us yet!
'Dear Alma Mater,
Here's to each daughter,
Born to inspire and lost to regret,
Life was the brighter,
Hearts were the lighter,
Because they were with us—we will not forget!

L. C. Olmsted, ’30
There have been many debates on the merits and demerits of a co-educational system. We feel that we are justified in dedicating this issue to the co-eds of all schools as well as the one in which we are students.

A co-educational school gives the young women and the young men of America a wonderful opportunity to become trained properly along social lines, governed by an ideal environment. There are limitations which society places upon the relationship between young men and young women. These limitations are so thoroughly recognized in a co-educational school that the college man and woman are at an advantage, at having had impressed upon them the importance of a sensible and dignified conduct.

Young women and young men at universities and colleges learn to associate with each other with perfect ease. They learn to read in each other the innate qualities which could not be recognized if hidden by self consciousness.

Although no investigation was made into records, we would be interested in ascertaining the number of divorces which have been granted to men and women who have attended co-educational institutions as compared to those having attended unisexual institutions and those who have never attended college. We feel certain that the latter two would far exceed the former.

Our whole attitude can best be expressed in the words of our poet; “Because they were with us, we will not forget.”
IF I WERE A WOMAN

(An Answer to "If I Were a Man" in October College Humor)

If I were a woman, I said to a flapper the other day, I'd be a great success because all the while that I have been acquiring this gray hair at my temples, I've been wondering why they do as they do when they should do as they don't.

"Well," said she, "don't be such a selfish old owl and give me some pointers." So I did.

If I were a woman I would never part my hair in the middle unless I was one of those sweet, demure, madonna types that you read about and never see. If I were a baby faced blonde, I should wear my hair all dishevelled and let it loose for a halo of light to crown it. But as a brunette I'd wear nice soft, not too regular waves. I would part it on the side and perhaps wear a little curl on my forehead if my eyes were the twinkling kind. Bobbed or not bobbed, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER would I get the back of my neck shaved for no man can get excited over kissing "cow bristles."

That boyish bob of 1927; how I would avoid it if I were little I would never try to be tall. If I were a girl I would not be found dead sun-bonnet to go bathing; even tho I had to give up bathing all together. If I must be athletic, I would do it very secretly. Never would I proudly exhibit my muscle. Muscles would only exist for me to admire in those big bronze heroes.

If I were a girl I would not be found dead sunburned, even tho the beauty specialists got richer on me; even tho I had to wear a sun-honnet to go bathing; even tho I had to give up bathing all together. If I must be athletic, I would do it very secretly. Never would I proudly exhibit my muscle. Muscles would only exist for me to admire in those big bronze heroes.

If I were little I would never try to be tall. If I were tall I would try to appear little. Have you ever noticed all the big "he men" who espouse a girl who just about reaches their top vest button. We simply love to feel big and strong so you girls should really cling a little and fool us along even tho you can twine us around that little finger.

Hands, neck, feet are important. Listen well to these words of wisdom. Hands that are tiny should flutter all the time, and should simply dance with glittering rings. Large hands should be quiet and as inconspicuous as possible. Long, thin necks should be adorned with chockers—nice, big beads. If I had such a neck, I'd never wear a V-shaped, unadorned neck-line. If my neck was short and plump, I would wear just that, and never would I be caught with beads on it. I'd wear foolish, un-sensible shoes tho my feet ached, and I would often place my feet conspicuously near the number 12's of the boy friend so that he could marvel at their thinness. Regardless of style, my knock-knees would never show. They would remain one of my dark, deep secrets. Galoshes would be worn by me only in the most dire need, and then (especially if my legs were thin or bowed) the most plain would adorn my tootsies. I should never wear them flopping for nothing so annoys us men.

Now that my feet were all beautifully taken care of, I would give attention to my hats. Never would I wear a mannish felt. If I were young and blond with that "I'm so helpless" look, I should wear large, floppy hats. Otherwise, I'd wear small, chic ones with a feather some place if it were at all becoming. Your "great passion" might curse the damn thing, but its tickle would tease and intrigue him just the same. After all, the skull cap of present popularity—it is to be avoided. It makes a big nose look bigger; a fat face, fatter; sharp features seem sharper; and old faces are far older. Only if I was just too beautiful and too young to be true would I dare to buy one.

In choosing my clothes I would always wear soft, clinging ones. Even in sport togs, I should cherish irregular pleated skirts. Unless my fingers was absolutely Ir, I should avoid form-fitting dresses and mannish suits. In color I should try to match my eyes, or else choose extreme contrasts to them. Even tho all fashion stars demanded brown and black in evening dress, I would refrain from wearing them except to "hen" parties lest some damsel might curse the damn thing, but its tickle would tease and intrigue him just the same. A word for the skull cap of present popularity—it is to be avoided. It makes a big nose look bigger; a fat face, fatter; sharp features seem sharper; and old faces are far older. Only if I was just too beautiful and too young to be true would I dare to buy one.

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A word for perfume. I should travel far and wide until I found some that fitted my personality; then no matter what the rage for some other was, I should stick to it. Using it is really a feminine art. Too much ruins the charm. The trick is to use just enough to entice the man by making him not quite sure whether it can really be perfume or just your own sweet self.

When I met men I would try to have my eyes seem veiled with just a little of that "your so big, and strong and wonderful" peeping out of them. I'd appear neither too eager nor too indifferent, but just interested. Never would I discuss clothes or other men with them. When I spoke of women it would be with admiration and interest. Not even one "dirty dig" would I give them for men who love to protect are roused
to the defense of the talked of woman. My own sweetness would be emphasized by my tolerance of them. Never would I make a "wise crack" or show any other signs of intelligence equal to the mans. Rather would I be willing to learn from them and drink in all the wisdom which they imparted. If they should be so bold as to tell me a risque joke, I should blushingly smile a little as I dropped my eyes, or refuse to understand it at all; all the while getting it straight in my mind to spring at the bridge club.

Altho I never would look too strong, I should not complain about my health. However, I should show great concern and interest in the health of the boy friend. His slightest ailment would worry me into suggesting cures and even to insisting upon rubbing Vicks on his throat and administering aspirin.

There would be two things about a man in whom I was interested which I would watch carefully. 1st, how he played cards; 2nd, what he tipped the waiter. At bridge I would never make brilliant plays, and would indulge in an intentional error at times to see how he took it. If he said nothing, later I would give him an opportunity to expound his superior knowledge. But if he bawled me out there, or made excuses for losing, or was over exuberant over winning; I would know that he was not the man for me. Likewise, if he tipped the waiter $.50 for serving two six course dinners, I should cross him off my eligible list for I should hate to hear my husband say "I gave you $1.00 yesterday, haven't you any left for the show today?"

When I took a little drink, I would make a face, thereby making the only one think "The little sport, she takes it to be agreeable but she does not really like it." I would never drink enough to get ill, for no man can hold the illusion of daintiness in regard to a woman that he has once seen disgustingly "lit." A man too "pickled" is bad enough, but a woman loses all her glamour. I should never smoke except with the girl friends unless I was strenuously urged; then without lying, I should try to give the impression that this was the first time.

If I were in love, I would want MY OWN to find an original term of endearment for me. I should love surprises. I would make the greatest fuss over the tiniest gift for then I would know that more would soon be coming. Never would I suggest that something else would have been nicer. No matter how ugly a trinket was, I would never exchange it; but would wear it bravely and like it. I should always insist that he choose the dinner when we were out (unless I found that he continuously ordered the cheapest things) for it would give him confidence in my trust of his good judgment.

If I were a woman, I would marry while the bloom of youth was still very dewey, always remembering that each year the picking would become less select for me, and that my own requirements would become more exacting. I should marry a man at least five years older than I so that at 45 I would not look like his older sister, I should pray that his will be stronger than mine for a man loses his self-respect when he feels that he can lean on a wife that is stronger than he is. He wants her to need him. He would not be too wealthy for I would fear that he would keep a harem. He would have enough for us to enjoy some luxuries so that love would not fly out of the window. He must not be staid—just a little flirtatious so that I would always be up on my toes to be interesting and attractive lest his eyes wander. Above all he dare not feel that the world is against him and live in the expectancy of a lucky break; instead, a sense of humor would be absolutely necessary.

Never would I forget that not withstanding modern conversation to the contrary, men love femininity, and I'd feed it to 'em at all times and in all ways.

Finally, If I were a woman, I'd shut myself in my innermost chamber, turn off the light, close my eyes, and try to remember if the fool man who wrote this article was justified according to any of my past experiences in writing any of this hocus.
C. O. E. D.

Co-ed, 'tis you who break my heart
By wasting all your perfect art
On a doll, while I, poor wight,
Sit up the age-long night
Engaged in verse. I try to sing
Of how you make my sad heart ring.

Dear heart, I do not think it fair
That a doll gets all your care.
You do not even deign to spare
On me—one little smile.
Poor Sally thought
That she would die.
She pulled an E
In social sci.

And next we meet
Our little Maizie
Who wonders just why
Her marks are so hazy.

This cute little flapper
Is called just Pat.
The men won’t date her
Because she’s high hat.

The sweetest little girl of all,
Our own sweet demure Molly.
She had to leave because she thought
That studying was a folly.
THE SCISSORS IS HANDIER THAN THE PEN

Getting out a paper is no joke. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly. If we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter they say we lack variety. If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write. If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news. If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department. If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation. If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk. Like as not some folks will say we swiped this from an exchange. So we did.

/ / /

Mug: "What's the difference between Coolidge and Santa Claus?"
Plug: "I don't know, Mistah Intraloctah."
Mug: "Why there's no difference, they both have white whiskers—except Coolidge."—Owl.

/ / /

THREE GATES

If you are tempted to reveal a tale someone to you has told About another, make it pass Before you speak, three gates of gold:

Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?" Then "Is it needful?" in your mind Give truthful answer, and the next Is last and narrowest: "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last It passes through these gateways three, Then you may tell, nor fear What the results of speech may be.

/ / /

The teacher was trying to impress on the children how important had been the discovery of the law of gravitation. "Sir Isaac Newton was sitting on the ground, looking at the tree. An apple fell on his head, and from that he discovered gravitation. Just think, children," she added, "isn't that wonderful?"

The inevitable small boy replied: "Yes, miss, an' if he had been sittin' in school, lookin' at his books, he wouldn't never have discovered nothin'."

/ / /

A MODERN SO-ED

Modern Maid of my delight
Of light and dark, of day and night
Dancing feet and dreaming eyes,
Ever twining pretty lies
Round your heart to hide from me
Need of love's sincerity.
—Margaret Ketring.

/ / /

Aggie saw a bear;
The bear saw Aggy;
The Bear was bulgy;
The bulge was Agly.
—Aggievator.
MISS ROSANA ECKMAN, '29
Pi Beta Phi

December, 1928
Thalia Presents

MISS CO-ED of 1928
MURDER—in Three Parts.

PART 1

Horace Tooten sat twirling his thumbs. He appeared to be more or less worried. In fact, he was under rather a nervous tension. In a few more minutes he would know whether he was acquitted or whether he was found guilty of murdering Esther Hall on the night of the thirtieth of October.

The courtroom was crowded to overflowing. Audible whispers and sighs were heard everywhere. For weeks Carlisle had been waiting for this day and now the time was at hand. What would be the outcome? Would Horace get the electric chair or not? Everyone was anxiously waiting for the verdict, the majority hopefully praying that Horace would be exonerated.

Our story begins just as Horace was called to the witness stand. He rose from his seat and walked nervously toward the stand. His eyes brushed the jury. All the faces were unfamiliar except two. Dr. Larew, a professor at the college had been drawn as juror. Little hope was held by Hector when he spied him. Ten thousand little tricks which he had deliberately played on him rushed before Hector. The time he put limberger cheese in his overcoat pocket! The time he sent him a telegram telling of his appointment as dog catcher. Oh, irony and fate that had drawn him for this particular case. With the same half fearful look Horace scrutinized each juror. The only other face he recognized was the calm, moon shaped cranium of Mr. Eben. This worthy gentleman had been selected foreman of the jury. "Pat" Eben, as he was familiarly called was one of the prominent men of Carlisle. He was president of the local Chapter of Interior Decorators and a much esteemed citizen of the village. Horace had often visited the Eben home, but would that cut any ice now?

The reason he had visited there was—oh, use your imagination! She will enter college next year.

After Horace had been duly sworn to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, (so help him God) he began to tell his own story.

"Your honor," Hector began to speak to the judge, who was just opening a sample pack of chicklets. He choked once very hard; that is Hector did, because the judge didn’t. "It was this way. My roommate, Harry N. Henry, and I went to the Strand Theatre, Tuesday night, October thirtieth."
the outcome would be. Just about the end of the show I heard Esther say to Daisy, 'M-mind-mind you. Sonny Boy never gets gets gets better. He he dies. Oh, Daisy, aint that awful? Think of poor Al!'"

“Once more let me interrupt your train of speech to demand if this was before the scene was enacted on the screen?” inquired Mr. Firell.

“Yes, sir, it was,” promptly Horace replied. “I had been counting so much on Al getting his child back again that it made me boil over to hear her spoil it all. Honest to God, sir, I don’t know what made me do it but something came over me and I couldn’t help it. I just jumped up and turned around and began choking Esther. I don’t know what made me do it sir, Honest to God I don’t!”

As Horace approached this dramatic climax to his plea many a sigh was heard and snifflies seemed to predominate the courtroom. Old Mrs. Kinter was openly weeping and wiping her eyes. (She couldn’t very well wipe them when they were closed.) A little to the back of her on the right sat his own mother and father, both quite shaken with sobs. Heavens, why did he have to bring such disgrace on them?

“Well,” began Horace as he sat down, “I didn’t mean to hurt her. Honestly, I didn’t. I didn’t know what I was doing until Harry and the man on the other side pulled me away and Esther fell off her seat—dead. That’s all I can tell. That’s how it happened but as God is my Witness I didn’t mean to kill her. I never had a thing against her.”

“Oh,” chuckled the fiendish lawyer, “How did you choke her if you didn’t have your hands against her?”

Lawyer Attics glowed red on account of Lawyer Firell’s greenness.

Horace’s story was told. His throat was dry.

PART 3

His throat was still dry. His brow was hot. Before Horace had fully regained his seat the jury box was emptying. The twelve jurors with bowed heads made so much noise they wakened the judge who stopped them and ordered them to give the proposition their immediate and due consideration. The jurors again started toward the door which led to the room where some decision must be reached.

“Halt,” cried Mr. Attics. “If a train should go by, just concentrate quietly.”

The line by this time had filed into the jury room. A hush now covered the whole scene. The seconds lengthened into minutes. The minutes into years; Long, long years. It seemed to Horace that he had been sitting in this chair for centuries since the lock had been latched on members of the jury. In reality it had been only seven minutes. Someone was seized with a coughing spell. It sounded to Hector as if someone were pulling huge electric switches. It was horrible! If that man had only smoked Old Golds.

Another click of the door warned the curious assemble that a verdict had been reached. Dr. Larew was the first to emerge from the room. He glanced at Horace just once but in that glance there seemed to be a thousand pent up emotions freed. His face was as radiant as the day Horace had been expelled from school. The last ray of hope slipped heavily but firmly from Horace’s heart. His doom was sealed!

Mr. Eben was the first to speak. “Your honor,” he said addressing the judge, “our verdict has been reached.”

“The verdict!” demanded the judge as he rose from his chair. Half of the people in the courtroom had risen and were stretched forward to hear the coming word or words.

“Not Guilty,” loudly spoke Mr. Eben. A mighty din rolled over the room. Cheer after cheer rent the walls of the courthouse. This was before rent had soared to such exhorbitant prices. Such excitement had not reigned within those walls since the Confederate army had fired on the building.

“And-and,” Mr. Eben attempted to continue. “Order,” cried the judge, accompanying his demand with a sharp blow of the gavel.

“And-and,” continued Mr. Eben with his face quite flushed with pleasure and excitement. “It gives me great pleasure at this time to announce that Horace Tooten is the winner of the Citizenship Cup for 1928, awarded annually to the citizen who performs the most outstanding service for the good of the community.”

Immanuel, the Brave Toreador—“Ah, Senorita, tonight I will steal beneath your balcony and sing you a sweet serenade.”

Consuello, the Beautiful Senorita—“Do. And I will drop you a flower.”

Immanuel—“Ah, in a moment of mad love?”

Consuello—“No, in a pot.”

—Lampoon.
To-night
When the sun
Kissed the brow of the hill
And the moon threw a smile on the stars—
To-night
When the eve
Chased the fireflies to work—
To-night
Made me dream, dear, of you.

To-night
When the winds
Whispered soft lullabies
To the trees on the mountain tops—
To-night
When a sigh
Crept over the hills—
To-night
Made me dream, dear, of you.

To-night
When the clouds, (Drab clouds they were all.)
Played hide and seek with the moon—
To-night
When the rain
Fell like bitter tear drops
To-night
Made me dream, dear, of you.

To-night
When a bird (Its name I know not)
Sang a song to the fast dying day—
And a song answered back
Through the shadowy path—
To-night
Made me dream, dear, of you.
HOW TIMES WILL CHANGE

When mother went to college
The drayman worked all day,
With trunks, and bags and boxes
To move her in they say.

With dresses long and rangy,
And petticoats galore,
With corsets by the dozen,
And slips that touched the floor.

Her shoes were laced high to her knee
Her stockings thick were wool,
Her hands had heavy mitten gloves,
With which to tug and pull.

But daughter goes to college,
'The old drayman is dead,
The new one now is on the 'rocks''
For lack of trade 'tis said.

The postman brings her baggage,
All neatly wrapped in white,
A change of clothes is all she needs,
Much to the maid’s delight.

A flimsy dress, a pair of hose,
A four ounce pair of pumps,
A natty stepin trimmed in lace,
What need has she of trunks.

Now mother so the sages tell,
A drayman hauled her things,
While daughter dressed so very chic,
Can draw hers through a ring. —Sud.

Invocation to the Muse . . .

TERPSICHORE
(To be sung or chanted under the breath while donning the tux.)

Lady make my partner’s fair,
Buxom, blithe and debonair;
Let no accident of fate
Tend to spoil a perfect date;
Make each passing shaft of wit
Palpably a nasty hit;
Save my more aesthetic leanings
From explaining double meanings;
Spare my flesh the sad vexation
Of excessive perspiration
May reports of every charmer
Be not fair, but fair and warmer:
You in these my help shall be,
For the dance belongs to thee . . .

But when we have gone outside,
Let my conscience be my guide!

—L. C. Olmsted '30.

THE THREE STAGES OF MAN

First Stage—A week-old boy.
Second Stage—A wee cold boy.
Third Stage—A weak old boy.

A LESSON IN LOGIC

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story
of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy, "but I wonder why he did not make it four, and get back to the side where his clothes were."
TO A MAIDEN FATED TO WEAR TORTOISE-RIMMED SPECTACLES

It is axiomatic and true,
That virtue resides in the few,
Who, defective in vision, are prey to derision
For keeping a glass o’er the view.

And this is the reason we know,
Such maidens are thought to be “slow,”
“Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses,”
Therefore, ipse facto, ergo . . .

If you are a protanope,
Your retina quite without hope,
Your cornea static in form astigmatic,
Your fovea shortened in scope . . .

Do not be disheartened and floored,
But feel yourself marked by the Lord,
The red-and-green blindness was ever a kindness,
And virtue will have its reward!
—L. C. Olmsted ’30.

IN 1948

“Too bad! The girls say they can’t go swimming today.”
“Somebody steal their suits?”
“No, their axle-grease.”

AFTER HOMECOMING

Scene: Fraternity House.
“Well, how did you sleep last night?”
“That’s what I’m still trying to figure out.”

JAZZSO

Does his wife always accompany him on the piano?
No. Sometimes he goes off on a toot all by himself.

Small Boy—“Pop, what’s those things on the cow’s head?”
Pop—“Those are the cow’s horns.”
Cow—“Moo-o-o.”
S. B.—“Pop, which horn did the cow blow?”
—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

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”
Judge: "Come now, have you any excuse?"
Motorists: "Well, your honor, my wife fell asleep in the back seat."
—Juggler.

It's: "Say nowadays girls get men's wages."
So: "They always did."
—Siren.

HERAY!
Modernistic in her speech
And her actions too;
Really has no prototype;
Yes, she's something new.
Clever!—Dancing she's entrancing,
On the party none so gay;
Nights of madness, days of sadness
Do not drive her vim away.
Oh, but as I write this verse,
Ninety like her I plot my purse.
—Augwan.

Cop (to man on sidewalk at 3 A.M.): "What are you doing here?"
Man on the Sidewalk (to cop): "I forgot my keys so I'm waiting here until my children get home to let me in the house!"
—Lion.

College students like girls who are old enough to know better—but don't.
—Chaparral.

Hubby: I'm a man of affairs!
Wifey: Yes, especially that blonde one!
—Siren.

MY GIRL
My girl has got me on the string,
My arms are 'round her neck;
My coat of arms are on my ring
My girl has got upon the string;
I follow at her beck;
My girl has got me on the string—
My arms are 'round her neck!
—Pelican.

Motor Cop: "Why didn't you stop at first, young lady? Didn't you see me wave at you?"
Alpha Phi: "Yes, I certainly did, but I'm not that kind of a girl."
—Ski-U-Mah.

"What are you going to do now that you have graduated?"
"I'm going to loaf for a while."
"Your father gave you a job, eh?"
—Juggler.

Training is Tough at Castor College

But then Castor is different from Illinois. Bob Zuppke, grand old man of Illinois, writes How Hard is Football? in the December College Humor. Knute Rockne also shares the spotlight with his Football Is Fun, with anecdotes from the Army-Notre Dame game.

“No college drunks are wanted.” says Fred Waring, director of Waring's Pennsylvanians, who writes the formula of success for his famous college band. Harvard, a searching analysis of America's grand old school, by Gilbert Seldes. One hundred million dollars can't be wrong! Then there is the Collegiate Hall of Fame and the new College Sports department. Your college may be represented.

Wow! What an issue! Stop at your nearest news dealer and invest 35c in the December issue of College Humor.

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WHAT'S WHAT IN THE MOVIES?

At last a picture which can be enthusiastically recommended! "The Singiu ' Fo" has it—it being Al Jolson at his best. Al is the first real Vitaphone blessing, for his voice is one of the few that are pleasant to the ear and easily heard. "Sonny Boy," the theme song, is exceptionally popular. Josephine Dunn and Betty Bronson fail to add anything to the picture. When three year old Davey Lee is considered, we borrow from Texas Guinan in saying, "Let's give that youngster a big hand." His acting and talking are equally good. He certainly has won the public—and how! Al Jolson, as a singing waiter, falls in love with the wrong woman, makes her famous, marries her, and is the proud daddy of "Sonny Boy." She elopes with the villain, taking their son with her. His lonesomeness starts him on the backward path but before he is out he is pushed up again by the right woman. The climax is dramatic and throat-tightening. The real enjoyment of the audience is not derived from this rather stereotyped plot but from the human scenes of the seldom sung love of a father and little son. Don't miss it for it is THE picture of 1928.

After getting your money's worth of tears seeing and listening to Jolson, you might enjoy the Fox-Movietone version of a selfish mother love, "Mother Knows Best." Louise Dresser is at her zenith in the difficult dramatic role of a mother whose consuming passion is a desire for a loveless life and a stage career for her daughter Madge Bellamy, the daughter, gives an admirable performance of a girl torn between desire to obey and please the mother she loves and all the natural instincts which are aroused by Barry Norton, her young song-writing lover. There is a most satisfactory conclusion with everybody happy.

Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time" is the most natural looking little war peasant seen in the many war pictures. Until this time, Miss Moore has enjoyed only as a comedian. In "Lilac Time," she has her first opportunity in an emotional role. She deserves credit for cleverly combining comedy and tragedy. Her sensitiveness to every situation is remarkably pictured through her facial expressions. Gary Cooper, again an aviator, shows individuality. He is so free of the usual matinee idol appearance that he arouses a human interest. The audience is, therefore, pleased to see Colleen fall in love with him.

The story, adapted from Jane Cowl's play, lacks anything new in plot. The hero falls in love and with a promise to return soars into the clouds for an air battle. The rest of the story concerns their difficulties while they seek each other, believing always that "love cannot die." Lilac time was their love time and with lilacs they hold faith. The air combats are most spectacular and the whizzing of the swooping planes during the air battles gain realism through the sound production. Those who did not see "Wings" will have thrills and chills; those who did will lose their first enthusiasm when they recognize the familiar scenes.

In "Beau Broadway," Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle are their old amusing selves. Unfortunately, the "fair lady" of the comedy team is becoming plump. Cody, a race track man and fight promoter has thrust upon him the little granddaughter of a former fighter. After preparing to welcome a child he is agreeably surprised to find a flapper. Sue Carol, the 1928 Wampus Baby Star is delightfully naive in the character of engenue.

The subtitles are the weakest part of the comedy. They lack the originality and cleverness that the action deserves. Without exception, they are common place; often they are crude, slang expressions, long dead. The denouncement is brought about through a boxing match. The fight scenes between Ernie Owens and Hugh Trevors are very realistic. In fact, they put to shame some of the genuine exhibitions which we have seen lately on the screen. The scenes after the fight are amusing and a most satisfactory conclusion in keeping with the humorous plot is brought about.

"Frazil," a romance of an eastern sheik and a western beauty who marry and find that East and West can only meet in death, is for the most part dull. Charles Farrell, as a sheik, makes a better underworld artist. After "Seventh Heaven" and
the "Street Angel," it is quite a let down. Although Greta Nissen shows some fine sparks of acting ability, somehow she does not seem to take the place of Janet Gaynor as Farrell's leading lady.

"Submarine," a Columbia picture featuring Jack Hoit, is gaining some applause as a drama of the sea. Intermingled with the thrills of submarine warfare is a tense love theme. The public, however, seems to be losing its taste for tense wartime dramas and turns its appreciation to more human themes of everyday life.

"The Red Dance," starring Dolores Del Rio and Charles Farrell is one of the poorest imitations of makes even a worse Russian than he did a shiek. Dolores Del Rio does her part to save the picture. There seems to be no end to this star's versatility for in every new picture she surprises by her a Russian revolution produced thus far. Farrell ability to act well in widely diverse roles. A poor peasant girl, she rises to fame as a dancer of the Reds while her titled lover loses everything and is only spared life through the subterfuge of the peasant general who also loves Tatsia. Ivon Levon, who plays the part of the peasant general, is a new comer and proves his worth. His huge build and coarse features are appropriate for the part and his utter lack of restraint in his role provides the audience with the only humor in the picture. Some of the mob scenes are fairly good. The lip movement of the principals speaking English in tense Russian scenes destroys any illusion of realism. There is nothing unusual in the synchronization and the song sung in English also fails to supply atmosphere.

///

THE PLAY'S THE THING

According to Shakespeare, "the play's the thing," but a modern writer would no doubt substitute musical comedy for play. At least, the musical comedy gets the big gate receipts, as it were, while the few good plays shown stagger along with half filled houses.

"Chee Chee," as tricky as its name, scintillates with the bright personality of Helen Ford, the star. George Hassell, as the comedian, is hugely amusing with his pompousness and wheezy talk. The plot is rather daringly satirical, dealing with the travels of an exiled Chinese prince and his wife. This very faithful wife sacrifices everything to save her husband suffering, but incidentally manages to collect some pretty bracelets as momentos of her sacrifices. It is really delightfully risque. The staging is most unusual in the bright colors and queer designs of the modern art. Gorgeous costumes complete the setting of the diverting comedy.

Polly Walker as "Billy" in George Cohan's new musical comedy by that name is most charming. Her personality and that of Joseph Wagstaff, the leading man, save this comedy from being medi­ocre. The plot is very flimsy, but then musical comedies do not rely upon plot for their success. The chorus work is good, the leading lady adorably refreshing, the special dances are well done and the show boasts several song hits. It is miserably staged. The scenery reminds one of that seen in a third rate vaudeville house, and the costuming is so impossible that in the opening and closing scenes the players look actually shabby.

The most that can be said for "Present Arms" is that it is fast moving. The dances based on army drill are snappy; however, there is nothing unusual. The staging is fair, the costuming is clever. It is a reminder of "Hit the Deck," but lacks any outstanding comedian like Stella May­hew who did much to put that show across.

"Mr. Moneypenny," Channing Pollock's new play, did not come up to the expectations aroused by its advertising. The theme was the shop worn one of the power of money. The fact that it is worshipped but brings no lasting happiness is dwelt upon in a morbid and far from diverting vein. The old and tiresome theme, together with a too dignified style, drags it to a weak conclusion.

"The Lady Lies," by John Meehans, starring William Boyd and Shirley Warde, holds promises of a good drama. It needs to be shortened, relieved of a few characters and of some of the drivel in the juvenile roles. Some of the dialogue, especially in the second act, is well constructed, natural and interesting; but there are too many slumps. The two leading characters are admirable in the portrayal of their parts.

"Interference," by Roland Pertwee, and Harold Dearden, is by far the best play offered this season. The plot, though rather morbid, is tense and gripping to the end. Arthur W ritter as Sir John Marlay is perfect in the role of a medical specialist. His calmness in accepting things as they are and again thru an unusual crisis; his portrayal of a sane, deep, unselfish love shows exceptional acting ability. A. E. Matthews, as Philip Voeze, the villain, is a suave man-about-town. In the end he has a soul and proves a love as deep as the hero's by outdoing him in saving the situation. Phoebe Foster, as Faith Marlay, the wife with a
past, is almost perfect in her role. Her greatest worry is that this past, which is known by her husband, will ruin him, and so she tries to bargain with Deborah Kane, another woman in Voaze’s life. Deborah, played by Hilda Moore, is an exceptional character. Her love for Voaze is all consuming and she is fired with the desire to hurt the woman who took him. She is at times pathetic and at others hateful. The role is an extremely difficult one and not too much credit can be given to Miss Moore for her exceptional performance.

CHILDREN OF THE MOON

The initial appearance of the Dickinson Players behind the footlights will be made for the current season on the evening of December 12 when the curtain rises on Martin Flavin’s “Children of the Moon.”

Diverging from the tendency of recent years toward farce comedies, the Thespians are this year opening their series of productions with one which is more potent than melodrama yet not as depress-
ATABOY!
Scandalized Judge (to enraged attorney)—Silence! I fine you five dollars for contempt of court.

Enraged Attorney (planking down $20 bill)—Five dollars doesn’t begin to express my contempt for this court!

—Sun Dodger.

Maisie was showing off her new evening frock. “Don’t you think it rather becoming?” she asked.

Her young brother eyed it with misgiving. “It may be coming, but some of it seems a bit late in arriving,” he said.

—Pearson’s Weekly.

(Polite young gentleman to nice old lady standing in street car.)
P. Y. G.—“Beg pardon, madam, do you wish a seat?”

N. O. L.—“Why, yes, thank you, son. I’m much obliged.”
P. Y. G.—“Well, there’s one up there, in back of the motorman, you can use while he’s standing.”

—Voo Doo.

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