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To start with, Smith doesn’t cut a distinguished figure in his evening clothes. In a fashionable restaurant the other night, as he stood near the door waiting for his wife, a tall, pompous man came up and asked, “I say, my man, are you the headwaiter?”

As quick as a flash Smith answered, “No sir, but I heard him tell a young man this afternoon that he wasn’t taking on any more help.”

—Exchange.

News had reached the village of Forksville that a motor-bus plying between the neighboring towns of Bumpton and Gush Hollow and gone over the side of a cliff with all on board. It was also known in Forksville that the wife of the much henpecked Bud Blodgett was en route to Gush Hollow via the bus line. An interested villager immediately called on Bud.

“‘Ain’t ye worred ’bout yer wife, Bud?” he asked.

“‘Well,” replied Bud, “I was fer a while, but her cousin in Bumpton jest called up an’ said she saw Sal git on the bus with her own eyes.”

—American Legion Weekly.

Judge (to culprit)—“So we caught you with this bundle of silverware, eh? Whom did you rob?”

Inexperienced Burglar—“Two fraternity houses, sir.”

Judge (to orderly)—“Call up all of the downtown hotels and have them claim this stuff.”

—Tech Puppet.

Dorothy Steele Book Store

Stationery

Luggage

Picture Framing

Strand Theatre Building

Carlisle, Pennsylvania
A fraternity had sent their curtains to the cleaners. It was the second day that the house had stood unveiled. One morning the following note arrived from a sorority across the avenue:

"Dear Sirs:

May we suggest that you procure curtains for windows? We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left his shaving to read the note answered:

"Dear Girls:

The course is optional."

—Ski-U-Mah.

To meet, to know, to love, to part,
Is a sad, sad feeling to a school girl's heart.

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"

Heroine (frantically)—"Is there no succor?"
Voice from the Uncomfortable Seats—"Sure. I paid two bucks to see this show."

—Punch Bowl.

///

He—"The first time you contradict me, I'm going to kiss you."
She—"You are not."

—Life.

J. Harold Wert
MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Carlisle and Hanover, Pa.

"Er—Mr. Woodward, are you chewing gum in my class?"
"Naw, this ain't gum; it's terbaccer."
"Oh, I beg your pardon."
—Texas Ranger.

CARLISLE DINER
DINE WITH US
Open Day and Night

W. High Street
Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. Ladidah—"I'm going to enter Fido in the dog-show next week."
Friend—"Do you think he will win?"
Mrs. Ladidah—"No; but he'll meet some nice dogs."

—Tid-Bits.

J. Fred Brown
Barber
SENTINEL BUILDING
CARLISLE, PA.

Visitor (at fraternity)—"You boys must have a wonderful time here all together!"
Brother—"Yes, just like a big congenial poor farm."

—Carnegie Puppet.

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

Young Charity Worker—"I'm collecting for the Drunkards' Home. Can you give me anything?"
Mrs. Clancy—"Sure! Come around after six o'clock and I'll give you Clancy."

—Chanticleer.

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.

Policeman (to a celebrating drunk)—Hey, where did you get that red lantern.

Full One—Shay some silly feller left this good lamp down there by a big hole, and I’m taking it to me room.

(Dance Committee)

If it’s a peppy dance you want

“Eddie” Brubaker

and his

Radio Entertainers

“Know How and Can”

Phone, Wire or Write

“Eddie Brubaker”

1512 N. Fourth St.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Boiling Springs

SWIMMING POOL

Finest Outdoor Pool in

Central Pennsylvania

PURE WATER and All Modern Equipment

He—Girls in Bingville who wear skirts above their knees should be arrested.

She—Wouldn’t that be unconstitutional?

He—No, the Constitution only gives the right to bear arms.

A REAL FELLOW

“Got a sweetheart yet, Lily?”

“Yes, and he’s a regular gentleman.”

“You don’t say so!”

“Yes, he took me to a restaurant last night and poured his tea into a saucer to cool it; but he didn’t blow it like common people do—he fanned it with his hat!”

In Germany—Boss to Meyer, his pressman—“Meyer, you are a liar. You took a day off to bury your mother-in-law and to-day I met her in the park.”

Meyer—“Pardon, boss, I didn’t say she was dead; I merely said I would like to go to her funeral.”

“Half the City Council Are Crooks,” was the glaring headline.

A retraction in full was demanded of the editor under penalty of arrest.

Next afternoon the headlines read: “Half the City Council Aren’t Crooks.”

Judge—You admit you murdered your father with a pick axe and your mother with a sash weight, and still you plead for mercy?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor. I throw myself on the mercy of the court.

Judge—On what grounds do you expect mercy, may I ask?

Prisoner—Please, your honor, I’m an orphan.

Jerry—“I hear, Pat, they’ve gone bone dry in the village where your brother lives.”

Pat—“Dry, mon, they’re parched. I’ve just had a letter from Mike an’ the postage stamp was stuck on with a pin.”

The new “stenog” looked like a million dollars “Class” was written all over her. The office force in accord acclaimed her, “Some Dame.”

Then she opened her velvet lips and said to the office boy, “Say, Bozo, ain’t there no carbon paper around this dump?”
SONNET

COME, while the evening is young and is gay,
    Toss the dim phantom of time to the breeze,
Sing a heart song with the whispering trees,
Forget the spent fears and the toils of the day.
Dance, while the music is chasing away
Each sigh that forgets as it merrily flies
The yearnings, the strivings, the hopes, the pleas
Which constantly darken and sadden the day.
A haunting refrain prevails everywhere,
Urging to swiftness the fantastic toe.
A melody tells of her eyes and her hair—
A melody sings of the pale moon glow—
A melody whispers into the air—
    "On with the dance for the swift hours go."
Men like women in varying degrees. Some men marry them. Others like them still more—enough not to marry them.

The surgeon plied his knife and saw, 
His face lit with elation. 
"Here's where I get," he said with glee, 
"Some inside information."

A teddy bear sat on the ice, 
'Twas cold as cold could be; 
Then he got up and walked away, 
"My tale is told," said he.

The man who conceived the idea of stamping an image of the eagle on American dollars is to be remembered as the world’s most subtle humorist.

"Waiter, bring me some things I like."
"What are they, sir?"
"Hash."

Date—"Wouldn't you just love to have lived in the days of King Arthur?"
Omega—"No, thanks, a Tux shirt is impediment enough!"

Wife—How many fish was it you caught on Saturday, George?
Husband—Six, darling—all beauties.
Wife—I thought so. That fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight.

A nice little maid from Siam, 
Once said to her lover Kiam, 
"You may kiss me, of course, 
But you'll have to use force, 
Thank Heaven you're stronger than I am."

"Isn't there a fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion's skin?"
"Yes, but now the colleges do it with a sheep skin."

SHADOWS
Shadows fading in the westland,—
Seems they too forget to play,—
Are they very much like humans?
Do their souls forget to stay?
When our eyes are set on distance,
Does our vision fail the range?
OR does vision measure gladness?
It it just ourselves that change?

Are their spirits ever silent?
Are our lives with theirs to blend?
If we answer all these questions,
Shadow-play may never end.

—FLO Smg.

In all the awful majesty of his judicial regalia, the Edinborough magistrate glared down at the infant parricide.

"And is it true?" he demanded, "Have ye slain your father and mother?"
"Ay," responded the urchin, "I hae slain them."
"And what, in the name of Heaven, made ye commit so atrocious a crime?"
"Aweel, your honor, I kenna how else I maun gae to the Orphan's Picnic."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT
Two taxicabs collided yesterday morning on West High Street. Eighteen Scotchmen were killed and twenty-four injured.

Your best conversationalist can keep still in eight languages.

Some people know a chorus girl the minute they see her. Some people want to know a chorus girl the minute they see her.
First devil, "I have an idea. There ought to be a big demand for Life Savers down here."

Second devil, "You mean—as a relief from thirst?"

First devil, "Exactly. It ought to wow them in the Styx!"

I AM GRADUATED

To me this life is all. I know not what Shadows my footsteps. I know this life full well, Up to this year when I am graduated—And even now sore-tried, Because I am progressive, reaching for better things—Because I have an eye to more pursuits than fun—Because I am peculiar in that—degree Where others miserably fail, that realm of thought, On such as me the generation rests. And I’m not happy for I’m untried and weak; Cynical I am, and selfish, too, Where I should be arrayed in hope and love. God, indeed my guide, but I am here Where human counsel counts so much Without a leader and without a friend To help me in my flight to manhood; Seeing, ‘as in a glass’ darkly.  

FLO Smg.

/ / /

I was going to buy a two-bit handkerchief but decided that was too much to blow in.

The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast;
The boy stepped off the railroad track
And let the train go past.

/ / /

Those tempting lips,
Those roguish eyes,
That smile of hers,
I idolize.
And yet I do not step her out;
In fact it’s easy to resist her;
The reason why is obvious,
She is my sister.

/ / /

RONDEAU

A waltz with you? I’d love it, dear,
The lights are dim, the music low,
The gliding dancers to and fro
In graceful spirals pass and veer;

There is no other maiden here
with whom I’d sooner dance—and so—
A waltz with you.

Ladies are different, ’twould appear;
One flirts with some and is a beau,
And some one marries—others no;
And you? One will but dance, I fear,
A waltz with you.

/ / /

PASSION

Why do you call me? And why must I go?
Out of nowhere
You came.
Your crooked finger beckons me on.
"Come," you say, and I would go
Along that trail that spells the end,
But, I wait——.

—FLO Smg.

/ / /

Little cuts from classes,
Little work at gym,
Make your graduation seem,
Very, very dim.
I'D LOVE TO COME

Now that the Prom is coming into the dawn, we can cast a few remarks in the direction of some of the dates who will appear on the floor—standing up, you understand. Personally, we have yet to bring a date to the Prom who doesn't know more people on the campus than even President Filler—and who has more know about her than the Umpty Dumps. And we have yet to bring a Prom date who hasn't heard better orchestras, eaten in better places than any in town, (so have we but we don't tell them so), and who hasn't had better dates before. But the most unexplainable part about Prom dates is the way they keep on coming year after year, even though they do gripe all the while they are here. Wimmen beats us!

PUT UP OR SHUT UP!

How often have we heard the remarks concerning the lack of life in a college existence. The average person in the school likes to be entertained and thinks he is misused if other colleges seem to afford opportunities not afforded here. The big timer is simply bored to death. The mope doesn't know what it's all about but agrees with the big timer in hope that someday he too shall be a big timer. Everyone shouts, "We want action."

Do you want action or have you been bluffing? If you want action you will be satisfied, and if you were bluffing you are being called. Your college is having a Junior Prom. You are not misused to the extent of being deprived of a function famous all over the collegiate world. Support this, before you clamor for other luxuries; a neglect of one opportunity tends to make opportunities fewer. PUT UP OR SHUT UP.
Hazel Myers

Margaret Woodring

Carolyn E. Finkenbinder

Miss Kitty Porter, who, with Mr. Edward Hallock, leads the 1929 Junior Prom.

Irene Bates

Louise Frederick

Mabel Selover

Junior Prom-Ednas
Watch for

the Next Issue

of THALIA

APRIL 1st.

$2.50 Prize for the best ART contribution to the next issue.

$2.50 Prize for the best LITERARY contribution.

Mail all contributions to

BOX 122, CARLISLE,
before March 10.

Show an interest in the magazine being run for your amusement.
SOLVE THIS PUZZLE!

Mail your solution to box 122, Carlisle, or to the Thalia office at Conway Hall. Send with your answers a suggestion to improve Thalia. For the best suggestion Thalia presents a ticket to the big event of 1929, The Junior Prom. No suggestions considered unless sent with the correctly solved puzzle.

VERTICAL

1. February 23, 1929.
2. To move with rapidity.
3. A girl must be a good one to get tem.
4. The boys don't want 'em.
5. A nasty
7. One of the latest inventions.
9. What they are both waiting for.
10. Central Ireland.
11. Birds do do it, these may do it.
12. Street.
14. Too many --- spoil the marks.
15. A direction.
16. A direction.
17. Not stout.
18. Not so bright (abbr.)
19. To get going.
20. A direction.
22. A continent.
23. Favorite winter sport.
25. What some co-eds think about.
26. To mop again.
27. Separate particulars.
28. Boy, she's
29. What we should not be after the Prom.
30. The vowels.
31. Hit on Sunday on a --- spot.
32. What we do not want to hear.
33. A direction (abbr).
34. Let's ---- and make up.
35. Not out.
36. What some will take at intermission.
37. To stop living.
38. A clown.
39. Where some girls forget to put their clothes.
40. A direction (abbr).
41. A direction.
42. A direction.
43. A direction.
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58. A direction.
59. A direction.
60. A direction.
61. Thus.

HORIZONTAL

1. Carpet tacks.
2. He has a --- on her.
3. They are both waiting for.
4. A news account.
5. Necessary evils.
6. A girl must be a good one to get there.
7. Where are the latest inventions.
9. A course call.
10. A course call.
11. Central Ireland.
12. Central Ireland.
13. Central Ireland.
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61. Central Ireland.
Varsity Man No. 60—"Why don't I get into any of the games?"
Coach—"I'm saving you for the Junior Prom."
—Chaparral.

He—"Do you care... to dance?"
She—"I don't care... but I'll dance."
—Juggler.

Student (being arrested)—"But officer, I am a student."
Officer—"Ignorance is no excuse."
—Gargogle.

Broadmindedness is the ability to smile when you suddenly discover that your roommate and your girl are missing from the dance floor.
—Cannon Bowl.

The great ambition of every college comic editor is to put out just one issue after he gets his diploma.
—Grinnell Malteaser.

Shocked Old Lady—And on my way up here we passed about twenty-five young people in parked cars.

Young Hostess—Oh I'm sure you must be mistaken. It must have been an even number.
—Cornell Widow.

—A minister went to a library the other day and asked for "The Kentucky Cardinal." He demurred when the librarian began to look under "Religious."

"This cardinal was a bird," protested the minister.

"I'm not interested in his personal habits," said the librarian.
—Boston Globe.

There was a shy young man who wanted to propose to his lady love, but never dared. Finally he took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day?"
—Flamingo.

Mother, will college boys go to heaven?
Yes, but they won't like it.
—Lord Jeff.

Suiitor—"I seek your daughter's hand in marriage, sir. I love her devotedly and I would suffer deeply if I caused her a moment's sorrow."

Father—"You're dead right, young fellow. You sure would suffer. I know that girl."
—Life.

Ph.D.—"So you can't define mirror. Well, what do you look into after you wash your face to see if it is clear?"

Frater—"The towel."
—Lion.

"Look, here, Mr. Tiffany, my wedding ring has turned green."

"How long have you had it, madam?"

"Two years."

"Well, our wedding rings are only guaranteed to last a natural married life-time."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Newlywed—"This meat has such a queer taste."
Better Half—"That's queer. It should be good; I burned it a little but put vaseline on it right away."
—Brown Jug.

Agent—"No, lady, this train goes to Baltimore, Boston and points east."

Just Graduated—"Well, I want a train to Cleveland and I don't care which way it points."
—V. M. I. Sniper.

A garlic sandwich is two pieces of bread traveling in bad company.
—Dennison Flamingo.

Absent-minded Professor—"Yes, I did call for you, but I can't remember why."

Absent-minded Plumber—"That's all right; I forgot my tools anyway."
—Wisconsin Octopus.
The Smoother and Better Cigarette

OLD GOLD

... not a cough in a carload

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1769
SCHOOL DAYS
(1928 Autumn Model)

School days, school days,
Flippant, fresh and fool days!
Bending of elbows and similar tasks,
Whoopie and petting and pocket flasks.
You were the Queen of Coed’s Row,
I was your Highball Romeo
And you chalked on my Ford, “I choose to go”
When we were a couple,
A couple of supple
Young Kids—Hey! Hey!

They tell the story of a famous actor who was often accustomed to show a great interest in the lesser lights about him. One day he was good-naturedly conversing with one of his stage-hands.

“And what, my man, is your vocation?” queried the condescending matinee idol.

“I’m a Baptist,” was the reply.

“No, no, good fellow, that is your belief. I want to know your vocation. For example, I am an actor.”

Said the scene-shifter—Hell, man, that’s your belief.”

—Virginia Reel.

CLUB RATES

Preacher (to Mormon Groom)—Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?

Groom—I do.

Preacher—Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

Brides—We do.

Preacher—Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this.

—Judge.

Conductor—“I’ve got your fare.”

Honest—“I know it; this one is for the company.”

—Stanford Chaparral.

Rector—“Is that your cigarette stub?”

Small son—“Go ahead, Dad, you saw it first.”

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Boss—“Say, where in blazes are you two worthless niggers going? Why don’t you get to work?”

Mose—“We’re workin’, Boss. We’re carryin’ this heap of plank up to de mill.”

Boss—“Plank! I don’t see any plank.”

Mose—“Well, bei de Lawd’s sake, Sam. Ef we hain’t gone and clean forgot de plank!”

—Froth.

BRAKE SHOES, TOO!

It was dusk as she stopped at the roadside garage.

“I want a quart of red oil,” said she.

The man gasped and hesitated.

“Give me a quart of red oil,” she repeated.

“A quart of r-r-red oil?”

“Certainly,” she said. “My tail light has gone out!”

COULDN’T BE WRONG

Lawyer—“Tell the court exactly where you were on the twentieth day of said month at five-thirty in the afternoon.”

Defendant—“I was on the corner of Second and Main Streets asking a man a question.”

Lawyer—“Ah-ha! But how do you know it was exactly five-thirty?”

Defendant—“Ah-ha yourself! The question I was asking him was what time it was.”

Triplets had arrived at the Jones home. Little Willie gave his three newly arrived brothers the once over and then turned to his father.

“Which two are you going to drown, Dad?”
Support!
Dickinson Players

"Skinner's Dress Suit"

March 13th
Bosler Hall
WHAT AND WHAT NOT IN MOVIES

"Four Devils" is a fast moving story of the lives of circus people. The four devils are two girls and two boys, children of dead circus people, who have been fathered and trained by an old clown. The fascinating romances that develop among them is the chief interest of the picture. Janet Gaynor is her petite, adorable self, and Mary Duncan who plays a difficult vampire role shares honors with her. The men of the cost add little to the picture.

"Abie’s Irish Rose," the screen version of the play by Anne Nichols, is a diverting and refreshing comedy. Although it is advertised as a talkie, there is little actual talking and the sound effects are not all they might be. On the whole, the play is superior in every way to the picture.

"Interference," reviewed in the last issue as a play, is now being seen as heard as Paramount’s first all talking feature. Again, the stage version is superior. Evelyn Brent, as Deborah, is the only one who equals in her acting the stars of the legitimate drama. The picture is extremely slow moving and is added proof that all the little mechanics of the legitimate drama cannot be reproduced in a picture version without making the action drag.

"West of Zanzibar" is a typical Lon Chaney picture. It is fascinating in its terribleness. The star is well supported by Lionel Barrymore and Mary Nolan in this blood curdling story of mystery, revenge, and romance enacted in the Congo. The funeral rites of this strange race form one of the most horrible links in the story. There is no beauty nor humor in the picture and it can only be enjoyed by those who find pleasure in the tense, sordid, and spectacular picture.

Norma Talmadge, that rarely seen and genuine actress, stars with Gilbert Roland in "The Woman disputed." The plot is unusual, daring and interesting. Norma, as a poor creature of circumstances, is raised to respectability through two men whom she meets under tragic circumstances. Both fall in love with her and when the call to arms comes each wants her as his wife. An innocently unconventional meeting causes a break in the friendship of the two men and a cruel experience to the girl which saves an army and loses her the sweetheart she loves. A citation clears the misunderstanding and reunites them. Gilbert Roland, the favored lover, is the brother of John Gilbert. He equals his brother in his arduous love scenes and surpasses him in appeal because he lacks the appearance of dissipation. Norma Talmadge proves her superiority over newer and younger actresses by her alluring piquancy and finished acting.

"The Wolf of Wall Street" is a story of a rough and ready he-man, who has risen to be a feared power in Wall Street; a Russian immigrant, who is his wife, and just must flirt with the villain, who wants to make a fool out of her husband; and the sub-plot of the maid and an inviting "sucker." The maid proves to the Wolf that there are suckers in love as well as in finance. It ends with George Bancroft, the Wolf, standing alone—a loser in the game of love, as he always is in his pictures. The voices carry well, but the butler gets rather confused as to whether he is to have a French or Russian accent. Baclanova, the lady love, vamps too obviously to be interesting and her accent is over stressed. The Wall Street scenes are most interesting, although sometimes the part of the audience which is unfamiliar with stock manipulations is in the dark as to what it is all about.

"The Barker," made famous on the stage by Richard Bennett, has for its theme the muck, mirth, mystery and heartaches of the Big Tent. Milton Sills is an excellent Barker, Dorothy Mackai a good tough girl turned tame, Betty Compson a too old Hawaiian dancer, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. a sweet young innocent susceptible to the wiles of the tough girl. The spoken dialogue is often muffed and poorly timed.

THE PLAY’S THE THING

What a change from modern realism is found in the gossamer web of romanticism found in "The Jealous Moon." Jane Cowl, the star, is also co-author with Theodore Charles. Her vivid personality does much to arouse interest in the old, poetic theme of Pierrot-Harlequin Columbine. To enjoy
LEARN THE PIANO
IN TEN LESSONS

Tenor, Banjo or Mandolin
in Five Lessons

Without nerve-racking, heart-breaking scales and exercises. You are taught to play by note in regular professional chord style. In your very first lesson you will be able to play a popular number by note.

SEND FOR IT ON APPROVAL

The "Hallmark Self-Instructor," is the title of this method. Eight years were required to perfect this great work. The entire course with the necessary examination sheets is bound in one volume. The first lesson is unsealed which the student may examine and be his own "JUDGE and JURY." The later part of the "Hallmark Self-Instructor," is sealed. Upon the student returning any copy of the "Hallmark Self-Instructor" with the seal unbroken, we will refund in full all money paid. This amazing Self-Instructor will be sent anywhere. You do not need to send any money. When you receive this new method of teaching music, deposit with the Postman the sum of ten dollars. If you are not entirely satisfied, the money paid will be returned in full, upon written request. The Publishers are anxious to place this "Self-Instructor" in the hands of music lovers all over the country, and is in a position to make an attractive proposition to agents. Send for your copy today. Address The "Hallmark Self-Instructor" Station G, Post Office, Box 111, New York, N. Y.

it you must enter into the spirit of fairy tale telling and forget the hubbub of modernity, to live with Columbine through the love story of the moon and stars—even they, it seems, may suffer jealousy, which fact is brought out in the dream, which is the main body of the story.

"Jarnegan," on the other hand, is realism in the extreme and in accord with the book written by Jim Tully it is raucous and even vulgar. The language is the coarsest sort of vernacular. The story lacks any well developed plot, relying upon a series of incidents to hold the interest. It is a one man play starring Richard Bennett, who greatly amuses the audience with his profanity and dramatic glimpses into the movie industry.

"Rain or Shine," a tale of the Big Tent, is a fast moving, hilarious, musical comedy. Joe Cook keeps the audience holding their sides with his impossible and quickly told stories. Tom Howard, the solemn faced rube, who is "gypped" and robbed by Cook, shares almost equally in applause. Cook as a one man circus leads one to believe there is no end to his versatility. Ethel Norris brings down the house with her "Oh, Baby" number, but the little lady should do a little reducing. The dancing troupes are speedy, the costuming is most tricky, but we cannot say much for the singing which is the one weak point in a mighty good show. "Floretta" is so spectacular that it rivals any show produced by the famous "Florenz." The panorama of gorgeousness is worthy of superlatives. The settings and costumes are so startling that they entirely distract the mind from the entirely worthy story. It is by far the best of all Earl Carroll's productions. How could a show fail to please when there is an aggregation of such stars as Leon Errol, Fannie Brice and Lionel Atwill, who are supported by the beautiful and delightful Dorothy Knopp, George Houston, Theodore Karle and Jay Brennan? Then we must say a word for the figures of the dancing girls as well as their twinkling toes, the voices of the male chorus, and the music of the symphony orchestra. All are equal and above par. A long New York engagement may be predicted.

Gertrude Lawrence, in "Treasure Girl," is delightfully breezy. She manages to carry a rather mediocre show and cast to a satisfying close. The beginning drags outrageously but upon the tardy appearance of the star, the cast seems to be buoyed up by her enthusiasm. Miss Lawrence, unusually tall for a musical comedy star, seems to brim over

"Builders of Better Annuals"

Those decidedly attractive college annuals which have aroused your admiration are not chance attainments. Their effectiveness is the result of careful planning by men schooled in this highly specialized type of creative art—men thoroughly familiar with the possibilities and limitations of all reproduction processes—and of the editor's budget.

Here, the college editor and manager find an experienced Annual Service Department equipped to aid and advise them on all the varied subjects encountered in the production of the successful year book.

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Canton Engraving and Electrotype Co.

of Canton, Ohio
Distracted Wife (at bedside of sick husband)—
"Is there no hope, doctor?"
Doctor—"I don’t know. What were you hoping for?"
—The Lord Jeff.

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

Sweet Young Thing—"You said you would die for your fraternity, why won’t you bring up my brother’s name!"
Omega Alpha—"Sorry, but dying is my limit."
—M. C. T. Voo Doo.

"Funny how a fat woman always feels bigger than she looks."
"Who told you that?"
"Nobody. I danced with one last night."
—Texas Ranger.

BOSTONIANS
SHOES FOR MEN
NUFF SAID
DUTREY’S
53 WEST LOUTHER STREET

Stick—Hold up your hands.
Up—Why?
Stick—I always said if I saw a man homelier than I, I’d shoot him.
Up—Am I homelier than you?
Stick—Yes.
Up—Go ahead.
—House Dope.

PENN-HARRIS HOTEL
Harrisburg, Pa.
400 ROOMS $2.50 AND UP
DANCING
Every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Nights 9:30 P. M. till Midnight—50 cents per cover.
TWO COFFEE SHOPS—Appetizing food served at Moderate Prices
Harry J. Harkins, Manager
Look how the water has rotted away that post.
"Migosh, migosh, and the teetotalers put that stuff in their stomachs!"

—Judge.

Ronald—"I saw an aeroplane flyin'.
Father—"Don’t forget your g’s, my boy."
Ronald—"Gee! I saw an aeroplane flyin."

—Goblin.

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on St. Peter’s Gate)—"C’mon, open up here or I’ll throw the whole fraternity out."

—Lehigh Burr.

"Miss Dense, allow me to present Professor Smith!"
"Oh, Professor please do something absent-minded."

—Ala. Rammer-Jammer.

"The doctor will see you inside," said the nurse to the patient as she helped him on to the operating table.

—Bison.

ALL WORK, NO PLAY
Dibb—"Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?"
Higgs—"See one! I married one!"

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

Lipstick and fly paper, they’re much alike; they catch the careless creatures that pause to investigate.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

First Stude—"What’s the matter, old bean? Why the gloom?"
Second Stude—"The heavyweight champion of the college has lost his hat."
First Stude—"That’s tough, but why should you worry?"
Second Stude—"Because I was wearing it when he lost it."

—Washington Cougar’s Call.

Prisoner—"Everything I do, I do fast."
Judge—"Better do sixty days; see how fast you can do that."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

London Curio Dealer—"Yes, sir, this is the very handkerchief used by the father of William Penn."
Tourist—"He, the original pen wiper."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

A young man was lying on an operation table ready for an examination.
Doctor (to attendant)—"Bring in ethyl chloride."
Young man (jumping up)—"No, Doctor; please don’t bring a woman in here!"

—Dension Flamingo.

Engineer—"What engines shall we use?"
Skipper—"Oh, Diesel do."

—Annapolis Log.

Tough Guy—"For two cents I’d knock your block off."
Wise Guy—"Get away from me, you dirty professional."

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.

"How’s your new girl?"
"Not so good."
"You always were lucky."

—West Point Pointer.
Every few years it is discovered readers have changed radically the fashions in magazines and books. The successful magazine today is one that anticipates the modern reader.

College Humor, you will find, is often a little impudent, but its manners are perfect. It is a colorful, gay record of contemporary youth, always spiked with surprises and frequently touched with tenderness. You are invited to let it entertain you.

College
Publications
Catalogs
Annuals

SINCE 1831

Cameron and Kelker Streets
HARRISBURG - PENNSYLVANIA
WHOA!!

To those of our collegiate youth who have been hit foul by Cupid, the following may serve as a steadier:

Milady’s upkeep (for once this does not mean her legs)

Dresses and other things you knew about $350.00
Things you thought you knew about .... 200.00
Things you never dreamed about ......... 400.00
Things you will never know about ....... 500.00
Things you better know about ........... 1,000.00
Total—Heaven only knows about ...........

—Puppel.

///

THE LUCKY COLLEGE MAN

He can sleep late mornings.
(and flunk eight o’clock classes).

He has no worries.
(except finals and bills).

He can wear extreme styles.
(and be regarded as an idiot).

He can attend shows and go dancing.
(and be broke).

He can visit college chums from coast to coast.
(if his father owns a railroad).

He can write home whenever he’s broke.
(and be told he’s received his allowance).

—California Pelican.

///

WHY?

Stranger—Tell me, young man, is this town very wet?
Boy—Is it wet? Say, they call that part over there the “deep end,” and this part here the “shallow end.”

—Augwan.

///

DON’T MENTION IT

“What did the Old Gold Salesman do when he started to cough at the dinner last night?”

“Oh, he was nonchalant, he lit a Murad.”

—Ghost.

SPRINKLER

The fire in some girls’ eyes is quenched by the water on their brains.

—Log.

///

GOLD DIGGER’S LAMENT

He loved me when his funds were low
But now my heart is sore,
For now he’s flush, but he’s forgot
To love me any more.

—California Pelican.

///

IF ACCEPTANCES WERE TRUE

Mr. Harold Applebottom
regrets that the eight-hour working day
observed by
The Long Hang Whang Lang
Laundry Company
makes it impossible for him
to get his only shirt back in time
to accept
the kind invitation of
Kappa Chi Alpha
for dinner Thursday, June ninth.

—De Pauw Yellow Crab.

///

“So your father knows the exact moment he will die, does he, the exact year, month and day?”

“Yassuh, he had ought to. The jedge tol’ him?”

—Cornell Widow.

///

Euphelia—Would you marry for money?
Soronia—I don’t know—But I have a sacred wish that Cupid would shoot me with a Pierce­Arrow.

—Jester.
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