



They wanted to interview New York city's ex-mayor, Jimmy Walker—did two Brown University freshmen. So they posed as reporters and stopped Walter and his wife, the former Betty Compson, as they were leaving the hotel:

"Are you Jimmy Walker?"

"Yes!"

"We're from the Brown Daily Herald," spouted the duo. "We'd like an interview."

"Okay," the ex-mayor answered. "Make a statement," the rookie reporters suggested, while the Walkers stood and wondered. Jimmy was willing, however.

"On what?" he asked.

"Make a statement about Brown," suggested the freshmen.

"Oh, you can say anything you want about Brown," smiled James J. and departed.

The "wrong number" telephone gag that fraternity boys sometimes pull didn't stop a Birmingham Southern College coed for long. She had to speak with her enamored one and that was all there was to it.

When the frat phone rang, the fellows gathered around. The answerer recognized the female voice and said:

"This is the shoe shop, madam."

"I'm sorry. Wrong number," she apologized and tried again. When the bell rang the second time, a cheery voice answered:

"Your pressing shop speaking. What can we do for you?"

"Wrong number," she muttered and dialed doggedly again.

"This is John's Funeral Home, who is.....?"

"Well then," snapped the coed, "let me speak to a corpse named R....t L....e!"

"Yes, ma'am," and the student behind the voice came to life.

TABLE MANNERS ARE A PART OF THE BASKETBALL CURRICULUM AT MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY. ON TRIPS AND IN PRIVATE DINING ROOMS, COACH BILL CHANDLER ALLOWS HIS HUSKIES TO TAKE TURNS IN DOING SOMETHING WRONG AT THE DINNER TABLE SO THAT THE OTHERS MAY TUNE UP THEIR ETIQUETTE.

A campus bank at Rutgers University makes small loans to students at about one-third the legal rate of interest. It is run by undergraduates in the money and banking course for practical experience.

In treating strawberries with carbon dioxide, three experimenters at the University of Minnesota farm have found a way to lengthen their saleable life.

Famous for "pulling strings" while a student body president at Ohio Wesleyan University, Charles Horine is at it again. He is now a member of a marionette company.

A recent exchange dinner at which 38 girls ate in the men's dorms and 38 men ate at the girl's has met with demands for an encore by St. Lawrence University students.

Phlegmatic, crunch, batulent, cacaphony, treachery, sap, jazz, plutocrat, gripe and plump are the ten most unpleasant words in the English language, says the National Association of Teachers in Speech.

Glee Club To Have Crowded Schedule

Following the successful Goodman Theater concert, a new series of engagements for the Armour Musical Clubs is being arranged by the director, Mr. O. Gordon Erickson.

April 4 marks the first definite engagement at which time the clubs will present a concert before the members of the Shawnee County Club, after which the Musical club members will enjoy the use of the club for the entire afternoon. A stage performance will be given at a theater in Kankakee, Illinois, April 9. On April 16, the shores have an engagement at the Shoreland Hotel.

As the Armour Musical clubs will give a concert for the benefit of the Rockford College for girls on April 25, it is expected that Rockford College will retaliate by sponsoring a concert here at Armour. The success of the Goodman Theater concert gave impetus to a three day trip to Detroit under the sponsorship of the Detroit Armour Alumni Association. This trip is expected to begin on April 29.

The Slipstick

Cleave to the slipstick; let the slapstick fly where it may.

Good morning, fellas! It's been quite some time since we've had the opportunity of passing off on to you some of our fine collection of rare, old jokes, and this chance makes us happy to the point of doing our own homework. You notice we don't ask you how you feel about it... That's because of our sensitive feelings and because we hurt very easily. WOO-WOO!

Thumbing through our mouldering files, we come upon a subscrib—the lone subscrib—which reflects an appropriate respect for the aged and dead, and hence is printed here with huzzahs, "yippee":

I like to read the A. T. N.
The stories all are fine.
The grammar's good, the spelling right.
I read it, every line.

The Shovel's keen, the Slipstick too.
But one thing leads the rest,
The thing there's most of every week.
The ads, I think, are best.

Don Q.
You're welcome, keed! Come again, we doubt.

The newly-weds were on their honey-moon. To avoid some of the unpleasanties attendant in such situations, the happy hubby bribed the colored porter with a dollar to keep it a secret from their fellow passengers. When the beaming bridal pair came into the diner for breakfast the next morning, they noticed the people there nudgingly smiling at each other and casting suggestively mischievous glances at them. Hubby immediately called the porter and sternly inquired if he had two-timed him a dollar's worth. "Oh, no suh! No suh! Ah done jus' tol' 'em you all was good fren's, das all!"

An article in a monthly mentions the fact that modern poets no longer look like poets. This completes the breach. And as for that infatuated, Valentine-vending Casanova — he can't even spell the word "poem."

He (hotly): "Believe me, darling, I love you so much that I could eat you!"

She (coldly): "Believe me, tall, dark, and useless, I hate people who eat with their hands!"

We let loose with the most atrocious pun we've heard to date. It has to do with a sentence containing both the word "effervescent" and "fiddlestick out." "Effervescent enough covers on the bed your fiddlestick out."

First Girl: "I'll bet you were surprised when you heard that your sister and her boyfriend were going to be married."

Second Girl: "Was I! I nearly broke my head on the door knob."

Zazu hasn't been home for a week now. His mother swears she'll kill him on sight. She sent him out to get some extract of beef and he came back with a bottle of milk.

Have Ye No Green Hat, Freshie? Saint Patrick Blushingly Inquires

Aye, he was pitiful, the cold wind sweeping out of the bleak, leaden sky, swirled the sooty remnants of winter's snow about his thin and shivering shanks. It had not always been thus. There were indications that his costume had once been complete. His brief case with stickers, his slide-rule with large yellow case—all, all these save for the one omission that placed the pathetic being in acute danger of chilblains.

There, where the breeze now moaned dolefully between clattering knees, had once hung a pair of trousers (pants in the vernacular), a lovely pair of trousers, flowing gracefully from a lap gently wrinkled and tastefully garnished with sundry reagents, to appealingly bagged knees and touchingly frayed cuffs. Ah, indeed, a pair of pants to give man pause. Now, as the woeful creature thoughtfully surveyed the gaping lack 'twixt shirt-tail and sock was the truth borne home. Trousers are Sacred. . . . Since the dawn of time, when man first left the maple leaf behind, he and trousers have faced

Speaking of the bull, Zazu's idea of perpetual motion is a cow drinking a pail of milk.

Chaperon: "Girls, I have a man outside whom I want you to meet."

Athletic girl: "Is he strong? What can he do?"

Literary girl: "What does he read?"

Chorus girl: "How much money does he make?"

Normalite: "Where is he?"

And so, 'till the next time, Philo and I say to you, "Cheerio."

Eejay.

the world dauntlessly, fearlessly, side by side (inside and outside). For this noble garment no sacrifice is too great, no indignity too large.

"Momma," he had said, (Mark you well, Freshmen) "Momma, this merry Saint Patrick's day is occasion for a jolly custom at school." He had babbled further, "On this day the 'sophomores' as we boys call them have requested that we wear green hats, but I shall not. I feel it would be an indignity, and besides," he added thoughtfully, "It will take at least twenty to pants me!" (See Prof. Hendricks for word derivation). Remembering this idle boast with bitter regret, his meager shoulders heaved as he gazed through tear dimmed eyes at the retreating backs of the swarm of sophomores who carried away his most tenderly cherished possession. "Farewell, beloved," he sobbed.

Thus will be the fate of many who trifle with matters of moment. In passing, it may be noted that the correct form is not, "Hey toots, toss me them jeans," but rather, "My dear Miss, please avert your eyes and hand me those trousers whose untimely removal is causing me simply loads of embarrassment."

However, kiddies, do not be intimidated. If, by some mischance or fool-hardy daring you are not wearing the green within the area of Thirty-fifth, Wentworth, Thirty-first, and Michigan, stand on your rights; gaze firmly and steadfastly at the confronting soph and say heavily but politely, "You shall not remove . . . I cannot permit . . . they are such a lovely mauve—I must retain my shorts." Remember, neither fluttering hands nor extended shirt tails will hide your nakedness from a cruelly amused world.

Sterling H. Harper Addresses F.P.E.S.

Relations between the architect and the fire protection engineer was the subject of the talk delivered by Mr. Stirling H. Harper, instructor in architectural construction at Armour, at the F.P.E.S. meeting held last Friday in the physics lecture room.

He attributed the lack of cooperation between these two branches of engineering to the inability of the fire protection engineer to appreciate the problems which confront the architect. The former considers but a sole phase of building design while the architect is. confronted with a multiplicity of factors.

Practical consideration necessitates several features of design which are vigorously objected to by the exponent of fire protection. Another factor causing strife between these classes is esthetic considerations not dealt with by the fire protection engineer.

Mr. Harper suggested that the Fire Protection Engineer employ more tact in contacting the architect before the actual design is completed. This consideration will tend to eliminate some of the now too prevalent evils. He further suggested the Fire Protection Engineer avail himself of every opportunity to realize the complex problems confronting the architect and thereby attain better results in the coordination of the work between engineer and architect.

Next Friday morning the society will hold a business meeting in the physics lecture room to discuss plans for a smoker, which will be held soon. At this smoker, an annual affair, sophomores will receive their "shingles," the evidence of their membership in F.P.E.S.

Neil and Steele Knocked off Keel By Altruistic Antics of Humorous Heel

Eejay and R. W.

"Can I have a Hilcher and Goldfarb?"

"Just a minute, I'll look it up. No, it's not listed."

Tick-tock (two minutes later.)

"Miss Neil, have you *The Sex Life of the Iroquois Indians* by Hilcher and Goldfarb?"

"No, we haven't!"

Tick-tick (two more minutes.)

"Say, have you got Hilcher and Goldfarb's *Studies in Humidification*?"

"No! I wish you'd quit pestering me about non-existent books!"

Tick-tick (one minute and twenty-two seconds later.) "Miss Neil, could I have a Hilch...."

"NO!"

(Three seconds later.) "Oh, Miss Neil, do you suppose...."

"NO! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS *!?! (. . .) ?!; * . . & * . . ."

Tick-tick (ten minutes, ditto). "... and another thing... Come back, I'm not through yet!" "F'r goodness sake, 'n I jus wanted to return a book. Musta been sumpin' she et."

Meanwhile, four floors above, Zazu, eternal altruist, kept up the good work.

"Yeah, sure Bert. Hilcher and Goldfarb's *Outline of Business Economics*. The whole problem is worked out on page 64. Listen, Griesbach, you know me better than that. I wouldn't kid you."

"Okay, thanks. I'll go down and get it before someone beats me to it. So long, Zazu!"

"Hnyeh, hnyeh! There's one born every minute...lessee now, that makes KREIMAN, THODOS, GROMBACHER, KRUMBEIN, . . . AND GRIESBACH. That's twenty-one, twenty-two, hm, twenty-nine. Not bad! Oh, say, MASIN, here's a swell reference for that humidification problem. It's a Hilch....!"

Meanwhile, four floors below, Bert, the bewildered recipient of a brutal

bum's rush, dodged the last book, which, by the way, was not Hilcher and Goldfarb. "Hmm... Hilcher and Goldfarb... helluva name... Zazu... oh-oh... wise guy... hmph... Goldfarb... hm... say, Hoyer! C'mere" "Bzz, bzz... Swell, there's one born every minute!"

Tick-tick (More time. Four floors above). "Pardon me, Professor Swineford. Does Zazu have a class here? I've a note for him from Miss Steele."

"Yes, Hoyer, that fat-head in the second row."

"Oh-oh—looks like they caught up with you this time, Zazu."

"It all comes back, don't it, Zazu?"

"Maybe she found a Hilcher and Goldfarb, Zazu. Better go and see!"

"We'll miss you, Shtoonk."

"Aw cut it out, guys. It ain't funny. Wonder how they found out... some stool-pigeon musta... I'll say it's a frame-up. Tha hell, I'll tell the truth. I'm not afraid... gosh, wonder what she'll say... might as well go now before they get me."

Tick-tick (Time marches on). "G-g-good afternoon, Miss Steele. I... er... uh..."

"Well, what do YOU want?"

"Why, didn't you want see... uh... me about that Hilcher... uh... then you didn't wanta see me! Heh, heh... excuse me. I gotta go now. G'bye!"

"No, I didn't send for y... say... wait a minute, you. Come back here! So you're the smart Alec. I want to talk with you..."

(Time stands still.) "Honest, Miss Steele... I had no idea... Yes, Ma'am... yes sir, I mean, yes ma'am. Cross my heart... I only... yes ma'am. Gosh! I didn't realize... I'll never..."

Much later, a slightly peaked and considerably paler Zazu delivered this philosophic gem from the very depths of his shaken soul, "Yeh, fellers, I guess that's right... there's one born every minute!"



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