

A PAGE FOR THE HOME AND HOMELY

Gerlswillby Boyse, the famous essayist, author, plumber, and editorial writer, writes exclusively for "The Gab". Read his essay on "Women", and then pray (for the wimmen, of course, not for Dr. Boyse).

Volumes have been written about wimmen, to say nothing of all that has been written to them. And yet it is true that ten censure wrong for one who writes a miss. Not only that, but nowadays a girl doesn't have to wash dishes to get a rough chap on her hands. As Ovid (or was it Vesuvius?) so aptly put it: "A thing of beauty keeps you broke forever." Some



MISS
ETHYL BEAUTY
RATE

of the ladies' clothes these days reminds one of a barbed wire fence—they appear to protect the property without obstructing the view. I am not criticising their dress at all—heckno, but they might be more reasonable in the number of cosmetics they use. As far as I have been able to gather, and I have gathered quite a bit, their lipsticks and face powder might be worse; viz., for example, e. g., and towit—face powder is not explosive, even though it does go with a puff. A few months ago I met a woman in a revolving door (I found out afterwards her name was Ethyl Beauty Rate), and even though I wasn't introduced to her, I started going around with her. Be that as it may, if you must go around with a married woman, you must be able to go several rounds with her husband. But that is neither here nor there (fact is, it was in the Heyworth Building). That's the way wimmen are—they speak of "my" car and "our" garage bill. Most of them say "NO" at first, but like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negatives. Well, speaking again of Ethyl, she was a wanton woman—she was always wanting something. Her husband was an ocean lawyer, he took cases off a ship. A short time ago Ethyl and I dined at Brown and McKinnen's (adv.) on north Wabash. I never saw her again after that—for the playful thing tossed a bottle of fuming nitric acid in my eyes.

BARNUM-BAILEY

Columbus, Oh—Alonzo Z. Barnum was married to Trixie Bailey here today in a knot tying exhibition before the local Boy Scout troop. It was a three-ring ceremony.

What's Wrong in this Picture?



Ans.: People should not pick their teeth in public.

HOW TO BE AN AUTHOR
By Heck

Send \$10 for free Booklet and More Confusing Instructions.

First provide yourself with a typewriter. Then buy a fountain pen and several reams of fools cap, or use your own if you prefer. After this start the successful author usually writes in lead pencil.

If you are writing jokes, be sure to use rice paper, so that the editor can see through them.

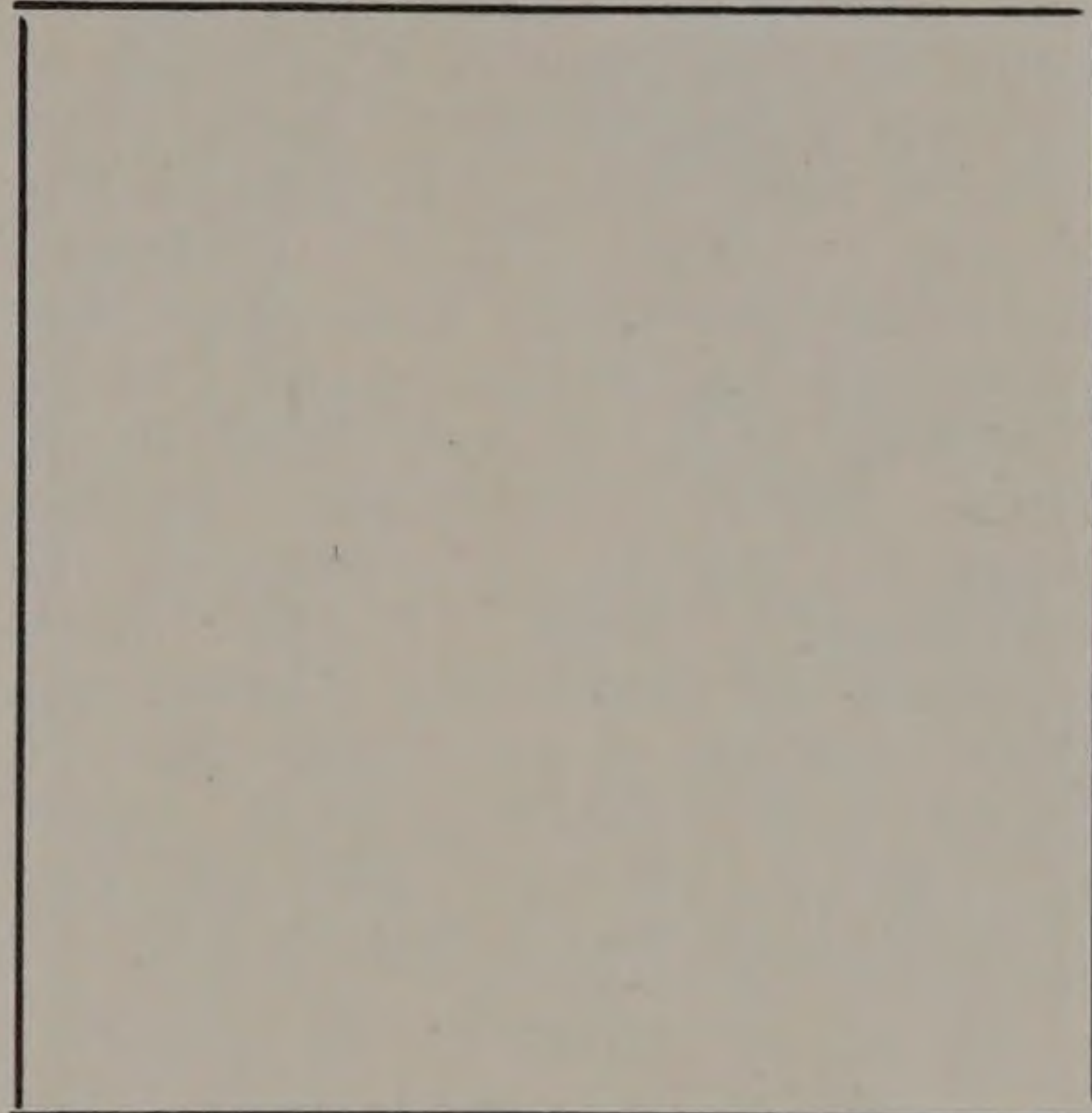
Here's a tip—no extra charge, it comes with the course—if you write the proper thing, no editor will refuse it. We suggest starting with a check for a year's subscription.

ANNOUNCEMENT

For a snappy Movie
Department, see page 8.

ETIQUETTE FOR KOL-
LEGIATE KUTUPS

What's wrong in this Picture?



Ans.: Log 1 (i. e., nothing).

THE PERSPIRING PRO-
FESSOR

He asks a question, and once in a while somebody answers it.

The question: If tea leaves, has coffee grounds for divorce? Where asked: At the corner of Federal and State streets.



A. X. McRearaxle

Does the question embarrass you any, Mr. McRearaxle? Mr. Asphalt X. McRearaxle: The question doesn't bother me in the least, it's the answer. In the first place, I'm not that kind of a girl. However, I agree with Dr. Fosdick, and even Ed. Bok has his good points. As for the World Court, however, I favor brass door-knobs as standard equipment on all Pullman's.

HOLY MOSES

Waco, Texas (Not special) — Elmer Holy and Ester Moses were married the other day at Tia Juana. The Right Rev. John O. Bryan, was the head linesman. Foster Parent, the ice-pick king, motored down from Halifax with Nita Naldi, in a Benz Special, and acted as best man. He was also the luckiest man present, as he is still unmarried.

Two Hundred Forty-seven