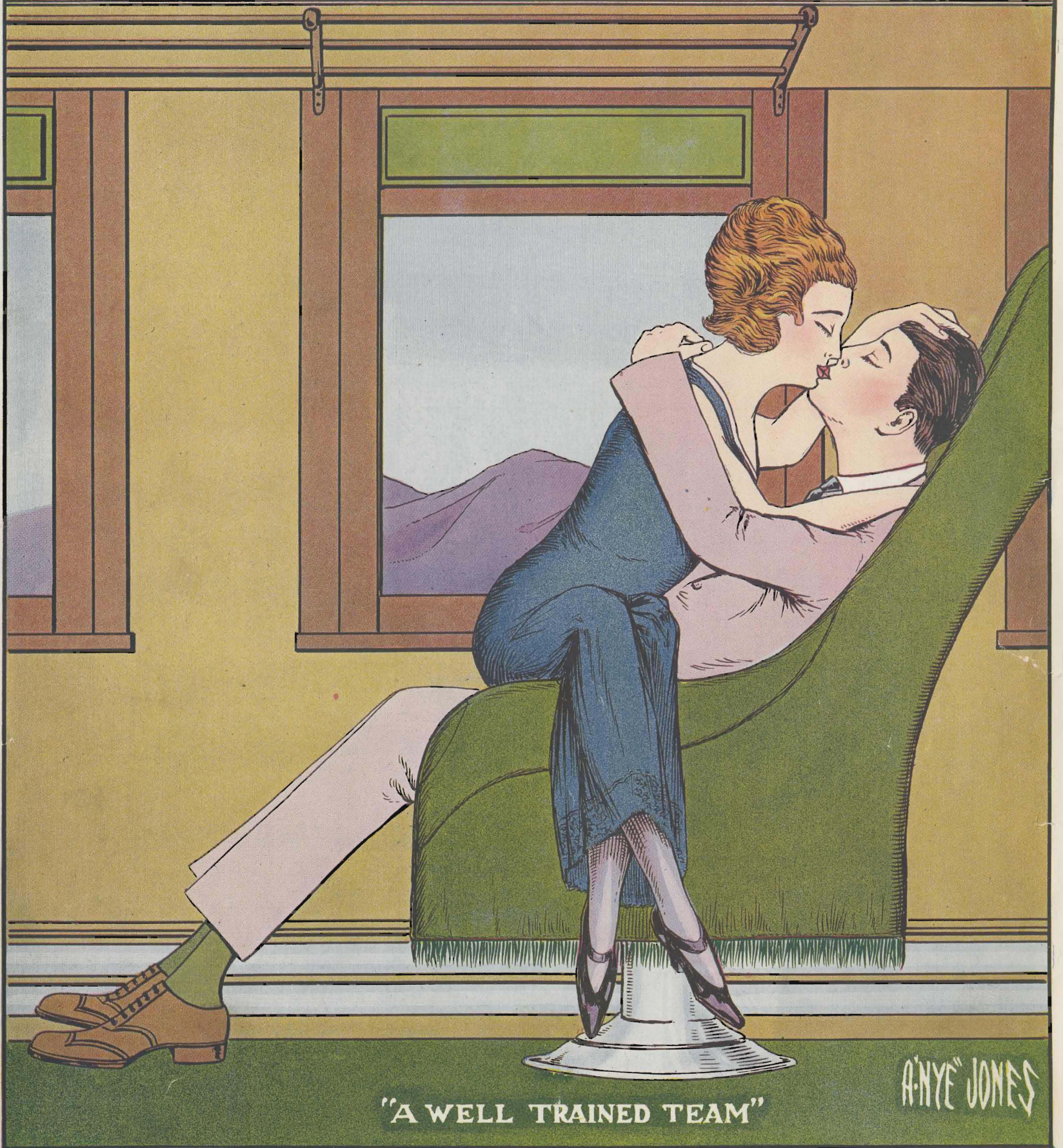
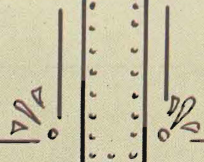


Dressler

LYRE

Insane Issue



"A WELL TRAINED TEAM"

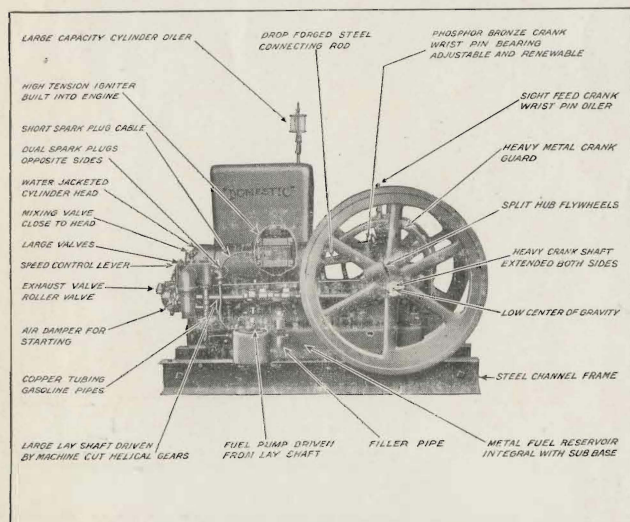
A. NYE JONES

The Lyre Advocates

FAIR PLAY

Play Fair with The Lyre's Advertisers
Patronize Those Who Patronize Lafayette

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Known Makes of Suits and Overcoats**

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All Here and Good.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MEET ME AT

ODY'S

DRUGS

ICE CREAM

SODA WATER

TOBACCO

A Broadway Show

I chanced into a Broadway show
And sat me in a third row seat,
I listened to the piccolo
And watched the drummer wildly beat
Upon his traps and kettle-drum.



The curtain rose
And then a hum
Of women's voices filled the place,
These maids were clad in scanty clothes,
They emulated butterflies
With gorgeous wings of many hues.
(Their lips were redder than the rose,
Their eyes were bluer than the skies,
But as my seat was up in front
I saw the paint; it put me wise.)

Next some comedian showed his face
And sang a bunch of jazz-time stuff,
But shortly he did yield his place
To some red-headed powder-puff.
They said she was the ingenue,
Her name appeared in blazing lights
Above the entrance to the show;
She was the star.
She played there for three hundred nights,
Three hundred nights in fluffs and tights.

And so this show did ramble on,
A scene of this, a scene of that,
A song of love, a picture hat,
Three lengthy acts of love and song,
And yet, it did not seem so long.

The play was o'er,
I walked away,
And thought, "What was it all about?"
I thought and thought the whole next day
And still I really could not say.
I tried in vain to trace the plot,
And did I do it? I did not.

Now every play must have a plot,
Must follow some connected theme,
Or it will fade and die and rot;
It will not live.
That is the very self-same line
The English class professors give.

Oh, who am I to doubt the words
Of learned men with high degrees?
They know quite well whereof they speak,
Just how the public best to please.



And yet, this disconnected show
Had lived for full three hundred nights
While other plays with well formed plots
Have never even seen the lights.

A CLOSE-UP

"How shall I sign this letter?"
 "Sign it B. V. D. That gets near to 'em."

**LIQUID SPORT**

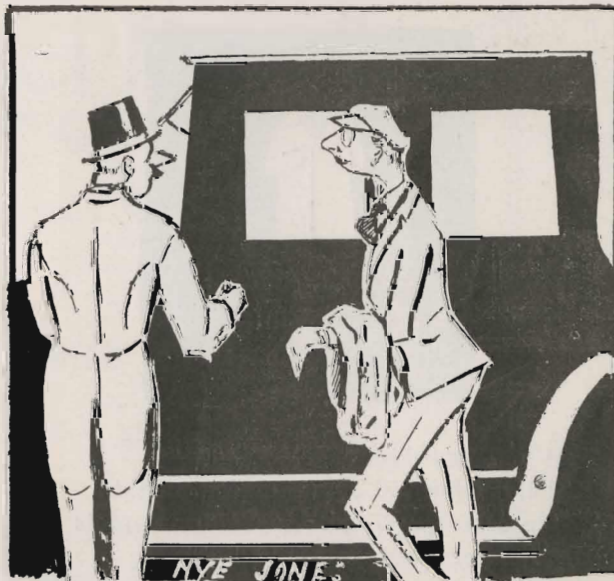
"Prohibition is a rank failure on Wall St."
 "Why?"
 "It's rumored that money is tight."

**UNDER WEIGHT**

Peter: "I've been to a funeral where the man they buried weighed 423 pounds."
 Repeater: "Yeh! Quite a heavy undertaking."



Somebody told young Charlie Centipede to put his best feet forward when he went for a job. As Charlie is of a doubtful temperament he is still sans position.



"Hello, old top. New car?"
 "No! Old car, new top."

Rest in Pieces

Johnny bought an aeroplane,
 To while away the hours;
 He looped and zoomed and tailspun till
 The papers said "No flowers."
 —Milpitas Statesman.

Van Goofem drank wood alcohol,
 A thing which no man oughter
 However great his thirst. He leaves
 A widow and a daughter.
 —Grass Valley Standard.

Arthur took a drink of cream,
 And drank till he was sated;
 X marks the spot where Arthur lies,
 For Arthur was creamated.
 —Goleta Trade-wind.

Little Edward fell from out
 A giant redwood tree.
 The body will be forwarded
 To Memphis, Tennessee.
 —Anaheim Staats-Zeitung.

Reggie's lungs were very small;
 He started out to swell 'em;
 Pump wouldn't stop; the grass grows
 green
 O'er Reggie's cerebellum.
 —La Honda Enterprise.

Willie bought a brand-new car,
 And started out to drive it;
 He wrapped it 'round a fire-plug—
 Interment strictly private.
 —California Pelican.

Archie loved another's wife,
 Oh! 'twas a fearful blunder;
 For daddy found him there one night,
 Now Archie's six feet under.



"She's Gazing Upon the Bird. Are You?"



Any College Faculty

Hard Times

Though eggs may be decreasing and butter getting low, expenses are increasing, right up the scale they go. The present year at college is worse than those before, the cost of modern knowledge makes me both ill and sore. The laundry bills are awful, they'll drive me in the streets, the prices are unlawful, I cannot change my sheets. My collar is a mass of dirt, my handkerchief unclean, I wear a touseled, wrinkled shirt, my wardrobe's skim and mean.

My trousers never show a crease, my coat's a shameful sack, my shoes are worn from lack of grease, I'm surely going back. And still expenses skyward go, they never seem to stop, my soul is getting weak and low, I pray that costs will drop.

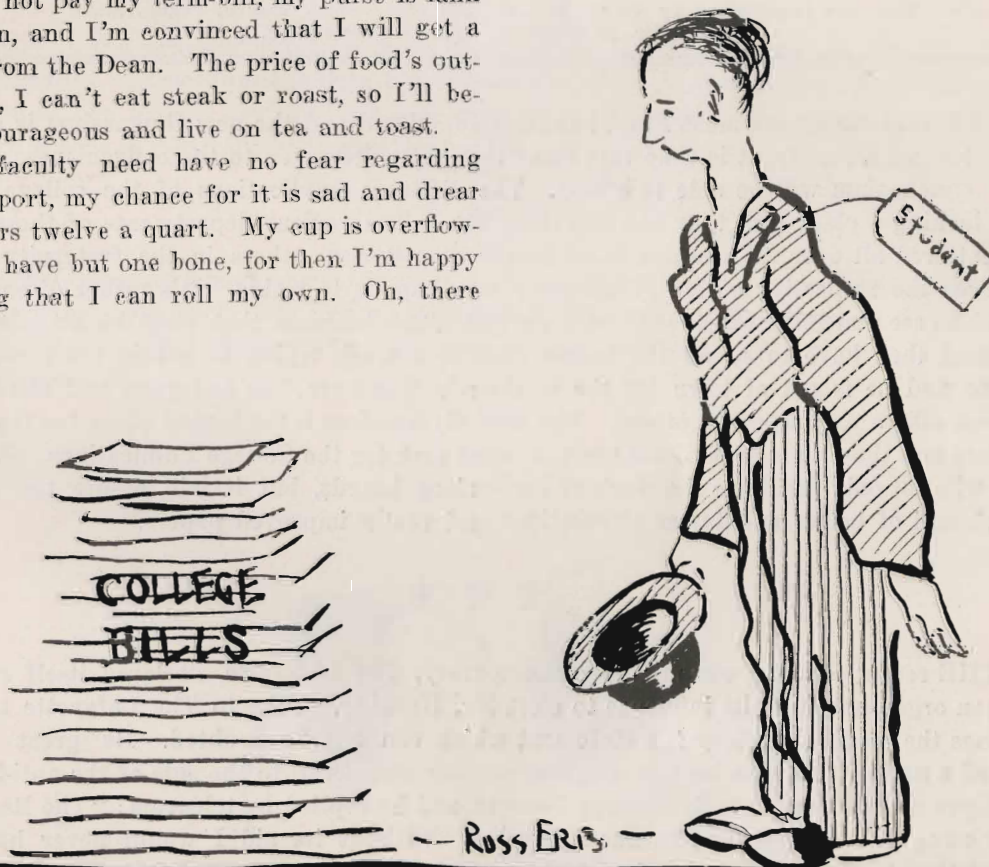
I can not pay my term-bill, my purse is lank and lean, and I'm convinced that I will get a letter from the Dean. The price of food's outrageous, I can't eat steak or roast, so I'll become courageous and live on tea and toast.

The faculty need have no fear regarding liquid sport, my chance for it is sad and drear at dollars twelve a quart. My cup is overflowing if I have but one bone, for then I'm happy knowing that I can roll my own. Oh, there

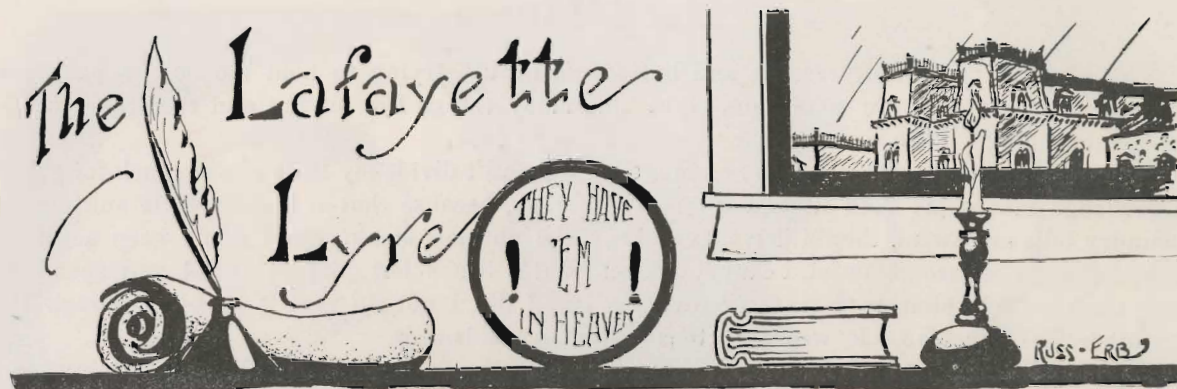
is no use trying to hold the dollars back for many things I'm buying and that takes beaucoup jack.

I can't divide my little pile so much for every week, because that is a sorry style and makes the outlook bleak. So I don't keep accountant's books but just go 'head and spend it, and did I not do that it looks as though I'd have to lend it.

Perhaps you think my plight is sad, my road is steep and rough; but I am never feeling bad despite this soft sob stuff. I'm always filled with joy and mirth, my glee you must admire; and all is bright upon the earth because I read The Lyre.



“My trousers never show a crease, my coat's a shameful sack.”



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NOW that the Endowment Fund has been completed and the new Gymnasium is about to become a reality, it is time that some thought were given to the conveniences that the Gymnasium will be able to afford. The different publications of the college are all sadly lacking a place that they can call their own. The various departments of these papers are scattered all over the campus, some in the dormitories, others in the fraternity houses, wherever the respective editor or manager may happen to reside. It's rather disconcerting to wish to see a member of the staff on some important business that must be attended to at once and then have to spend the better part of a week trying to get in touch with him, only to find he is out of town for the week-end. The Lyre, The Lafayette and The Melange all need offices and separate offices. The new Gymnasium is the logical place for their headquarters and those in charge of the erection must care for the College Publications. A central office will not only facilitate the work of the various boards, but it will assure the students and alumni of better and faster circulations and vastly improved papers.



IN THE recent election, our mighty contemporary, The Lafayette, declared itself a Republican organ and used its influence to elect Mr. Harding. That to The Lafayette alone belongs the credit of victory is a statement which can not be doubted. Its great prestige swayed a nation, that was bent on electing another Democrat, to the side of the anti-leaguers. The Lyre communicated with Senator Penrose and he replied by telegram: "The Republican party owes an enormous debt to The Lafayette. Without its aid I would never have been elected Senator from Pennsylvania. Neither could we have emerged victorious from the presidential election." The Lyre then asked Mr. Harding if he believed The Lafayette had been instrumental in gaining for him the position of chief executive. His reply was as fol-

lows: "The Lafayette turned the tide in our favor. It is obvious that the first time The Lafayette aligned itself with my party the solid South was broken." Could anything be more convincing than these two replies? The Lyre is proud and justly so of that famous sheet. But The Lafayette does not limit itself to politics. It is a great paper in every way. Why, it even runs "boiler-plate" which tells about some woman in Oregon or New Mexico finding a pocketbook after it had been lost for twenty years. Such news is so interesting to the students and alumni. In part payment for his debt, President-elect Harding has promised to send The Lafayette all the news, hot off the press, that the Marion Star collects. From now on, when we eagerly grasp The Lafayette to peruse its enlightening columns, we will read that Ezra Hicks has purchased a new thrashing machine or that Mrs. Mamie Parsons, of Ashtabula County, Ohio, has presented her husband with triplets. Of course, we don't know Mr. Hicks or Mrs. Parsons, or care anything about them, but that doesn't make any difference, if The Lafayette thinks it's all right it's absolutely all right. And, besides, such news is far more interesting than events occurring at the College.

Perhaps this dissertation sounds a bit like "professional jealousy." Well, maybe it is. Should The Lafayette continue on its present course it will become more of a comic publication than The Lyre.



EARLY in the semester The Lyre made a call for men to compete for the Board. A host responded, but nothing has been heard from the majority of them since that time. They assume the prairie dog attitude and duck in their holes at the slightest provocation. The Lyre wishes to make it clear to all contributors that its object is to help and not to criticize.



THE following men must share the guilt with the Board for the atrocities committed in this issue: Laubach, '21; Hayes, '23; McCall, '23; Duncan, '24; Gordon, '24; Albrecht, '21; Thomas, '23; Stanger, '24; Humphreys, '23; Goedecke, '24; Moran, '23; Atkins, '24; Steelman, '22.



YOU ARE LIKE A FLOWER

(A Very Literal Translation of Mr. Heine's
Sincere Pome)

You are like a flower,
So pretty and pure today;
But in the years to come, my dear,
Like a flower you'll fade away.

I'd like to put my hands
Upon your head, and yet,
I really fear to do it,
Lest I muss your coiffure net.



Once I took a certain chorus woman out for
supper, but naught would she eat save milk
toast. I wondered, but later she told me the
company had played Seranton the night before.

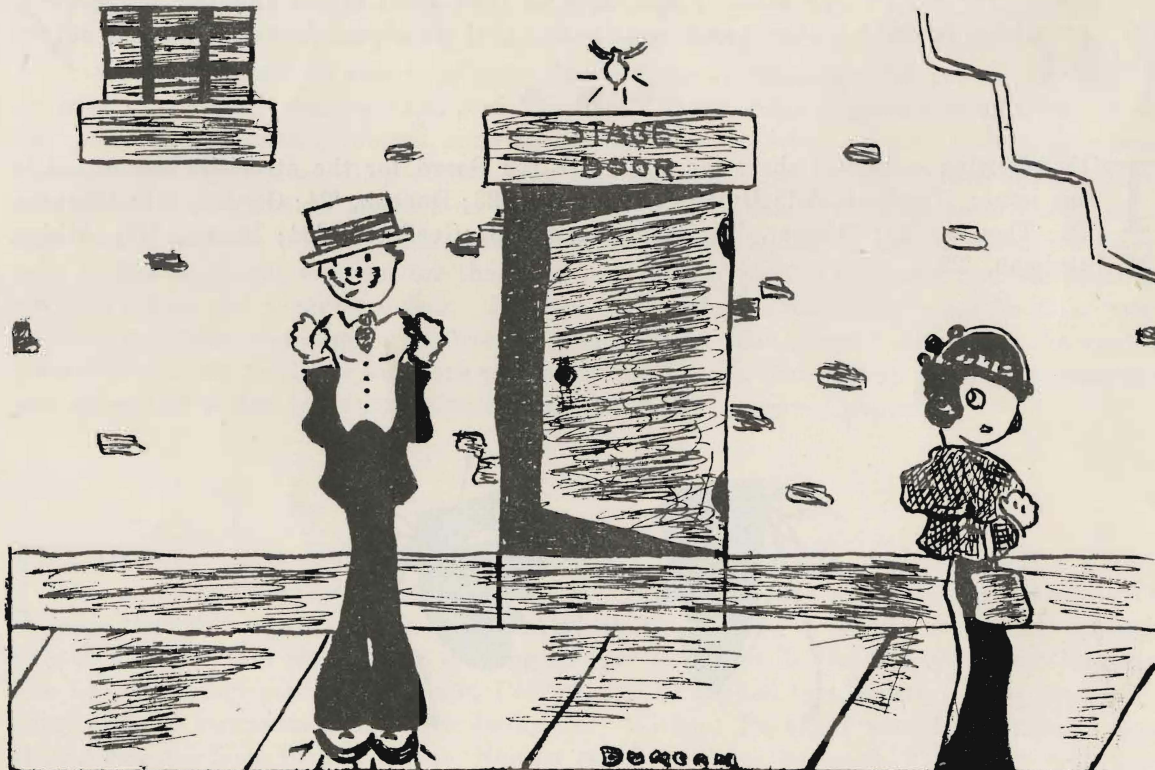
"A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS"

A certain professor who was also an ordained
minister was giving a series of talks on the
spread of Christianity in the Far East. It was
a group of high school students to whom he
was lecturing. He had covered Japan, China,
etc., and was now gradually approaching
Oceania. As he was about to begin his seventh
lecture a voice from the rear asked, "Professor,
are you going to cover the Fiji Islanders
tonight?"



"AMEN"

Some cigars seem most provokin',
To the guys that do no smokin';
"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie 'em,
To smell, as smokers smell 'em.



Following the Ponies

FIVE OR FIFTY

It was noon. I was passing a factory,
 Girls were streaming through the doors--
 Little girls, girls with dresses to their knees,
 Mere children, sweating their young lives away
 For a few paltry dollars.
 I knew the factory, knew the men who ran it,
 Knew their reputation; slave-drivers.
 Where are our child labor laws?
 Of what avail are they?
 What good if not enforced?
 My rage mounted, kept mounting.
 And as my rage mounted,
 So my sympathy increased.
 I hurried down the street,
 Bent on catching these children,
 Hoping to help them.
 I caught up with one of them,
 Touched her on the shoulder.
 She turned about, her face not a child's,
 But a grown woman's.
 I started, mouth open,
 My power of speech gone.
 "What youse want?" she asked.
 "Pardon, a thousand pardons!" I answered,
 And walked away.

* * *

I've lost all compassion for my fellowmen.
 The present day fashions are enough
 To put wood alcohol in the whiskey of sym-
 pathy.

 "CANNY"

A Scotchman and a Yankee were traveling together on a day coach on a Scotch railroad. They were discussing the merits of their respective countrymen along the line of engineering and stressing the rapidity with which their fellow countrymen carried out their work. The American was getting the better of the argument. At this moment the train was approaching the great bridge which spans the Firth of Forth which the Yankee well knew to be one of the greatest pieces of engineering ever accomplished. Wishing to kid Sandy a bit he pointed to the structure and said: "Sandy, what is all that junk I see over there?"

"I canna' say, ma friend," said Sandy, "I wasna' here yesterday."



?

A maiden entering a portal. An incense burner, wreathlets arising. Is she of ancient or modern time? If of ancient times, mayhap she is the Consort of a Roman Emperor; if she lives in days mediaeval, perhaps the lady of a Crusader; if she is a contemporary, no doubt she belongs to a stockbroker. But, oh romanticist, you are in error. The maid above is in the chorus of a spectacle production, stage name Fay De Vere, off stage known as Liz O'Malley.



A Good Day on the Curb

AN EASTON LEGEND

There stands a lovely maiden
On a street car going by.
She throws a look and watches
The Freshmen pass it by.

A smile from her red lips
Is sparkling on her face.
Upon her face she binds it,
A look of winning grace.

Up rises to her coiffure
A hand like ivory fair.
Alas! what gleams upon her fingers?
A golden ring is there.

Uprises from his seat
A young and gallant Frosh.
In verdant green he rises
Like one of velvet moss.

The maid is pale with powder.
"No, gallant Freshman, No!
It's not the seat I wanted.
All I want's a beau."

Ah, maiden, not to Freshmen
Will thy looks be vainly thrown.
And your "looks" shall never leave you,
For they're really not your own.

A RISQUE RAKE

'Twas on a sumer hay ride
As we rolled about the land
That I softly called her sweetheart
And held her little—raincoat.

As I held her little raincoat
We were going quite a pace,
I nestled close beside her
And moved closer to her—umbrella.

Closer to her umbrella
As she murmured little sighs,
The mellow moonlight bathed us
And I peeped into her—basket.

As I peeped into her basket
The merry little miss
Laughed in chaste confusion
As I boldy stole a—sandwich.



"Why are Milady's ears like dogs in a chase?"

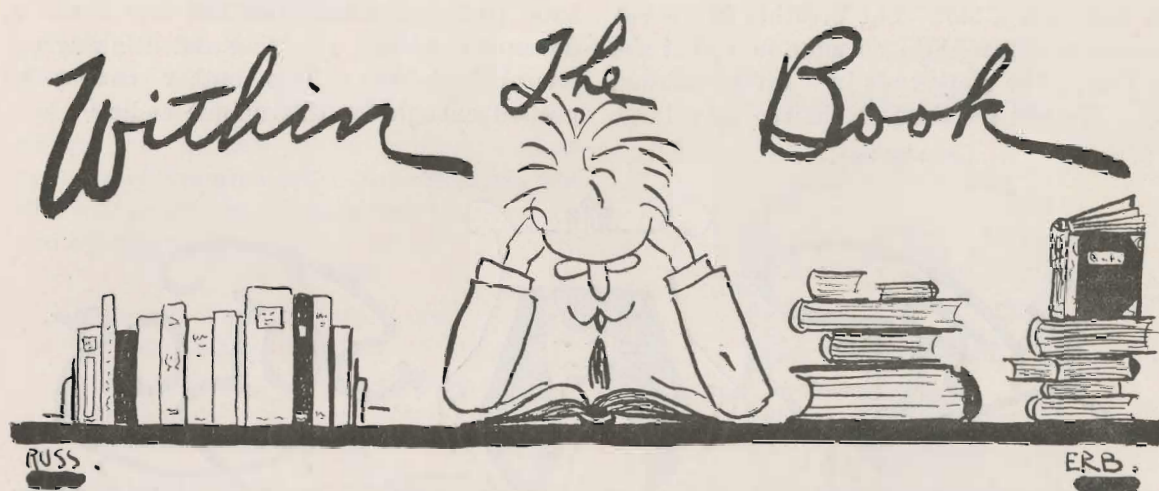
"Dunno."

"Because they are always behind the hairs."



"Hey, Sarg! What time is it?"

"What do you care? You're not going anywhere."



Pete the Plebeian

Knowing full well that the average student is far too engrossed in studious pursuits to delve within the pages of current literature and at the same time being convinced that a man can not lay claim to being educated and broad unless he has at least a passing knowledge of present day authors, *The Lyre* deems it advisable to review the best sellers of the day, thereby giving in condensed form an insight, superficial though it may be, into the novels of the time.

Pete the Plebeian (MacDuffield and Millan Co.), by Arthur Winters Bug, treats of a theme new to present day authors, love. Pete may be of plebeian birth, but when it comes to romantic whisperings under a June moon, even though the mellow moonlight is hidden by a canopy over a New York roof-garden, he's there with the purple toga.

Pete was born on the east side of New York and his cognomen in early life was Peteovitch or Peterosky (we're not up on present day etymology), but he soon became wise to his Bolshevik title, sharpened his razor, lathered the last syllables and shaved 'em off. Enough of Pete's youthful days. At twenty-two we find him practicing licensed theft in a Manhattan hotel; his the duty to escort luggage to the lift, up the lift, off the lift, to the suite and then have his palm crossed with silver.

One day a beautiful young thing arrives

from the West. She is alone and from the way she peers about in every direction we are convinced she is registering fear. All of the young pirates in brass-buttoned uniforms rush forward to take her bag. She gives them a keen glance, a glance sharpened by her having lived in the Arizona desert all her life and having been compelled to dig sand out of her eyes and cactus out of her lower anatomy. Her eye rests upon Pete, she is convinced of his honesty. Haughtily she whispers, "You take my bag."

The story is worth reading for this sentence alone. Any inexperienced young lady who can at a glance discover the most honest of a bunch of bell-boys must be gifted with keen insight into human nature. Pete, of course, takes her bag. Will surprises never cease in this story? He becomes so infatuated with her western beauty (we speak of the girl, not the gold) that he doesn't even think of a tip. He has scarcely left her room when he hears a scream. He rushes back and finds her tied to the door-knob. A man, with a wide-brimmed hat, and his Chinese cook are menacing her with revolvers and knives. A branding iron is being heated on the radiator. Pete, after a bloody battle, throws them both down the elevator shaft, a drop of eighteen stories. They both jump up and escape. Pete is about to follow, but the little millionairess (of course she owns all the gold in Arizona) throws her arms about

him and calls a halt. She breathes in his ear that she will fear them no more now that she has Pete. The story ends in a rather unusual way. We last see them on the roof of a large hotel trading romanticisms and love orations, devouring chicken a la king and drinking unlawful high-balls. This author cannot be praised enough for this unique ending.



Cards and marriage are both conceded to be a form of gamble, but the latter only allows one queen.

Free air and free verse are not the same thing, but they are both conducive to a greater tire.

When Sunday comes in the middle of the week and the moon is found to be made of green cheese, man will be walking on his hands and buying derbies for his feet instead of shoes.

The leaves are falling from some of our good old family trees and the Smythes have once more become the plain Smiths.

The automobile succeeded the horse, and the aeroplane will probably succeed the automobile, but the only things succeeding last year's style seem to be the bare facts.

Why not simplify matters for the next president and move the national capital to Ohio?

MaeSweeney is dead, but the bricks still fly in Ireland.

A certain Freshman was once entertained at supper by a fraternity. During the course of the meal he upset the gravy. It was speedily mopped up and the Freshman was given assurance that it amounted to nothing. Later that

Freshman was pledged to that fraternity, and during the course of a meal contrived to upset the gravy. He was severely beaten and told to leave the table.

The fellow who hocked his watch to buy his girl an engagement ring certainly made good use of his time!

Some women do not paint, but then there are Freshmen who pass English.

A Freshman and Sophomore were once debating as to which could tell the biggest lie. The Sophomore told his first and truly it was a monstrous fabrication. How that he had been on some trip into a far land where the fog was so thick it could be cut like butter and how that a monstrous fish he had caught had fallen into the water and been drowned and of strange peoples and marble slabs that floated and so on. Truly, it was a monstrous fabrication. The onlookers applauded and tried to dissuade the Freshman, but bravely he started, "Once upon a time there was an editor who had no worries and was always happy and care-free. He—" But here he was interrupted by applause. He was acclaimed winner. The Sophomore then called for a paddle, for he did not like to be surpassed by a Freshman—even in lying.

"SUNNY ADVICE"

Father Sun to Son Moon: "Son, your mooniness is reflecting me in a bad light. Your 'rep' has always been cloudy and now they tell me that you are out every night, and are even sometimes seen full. Raise yourself, son, or I will strike you off with two quarters, and you will see stars."



A man spoke of a purple cow,
He claimed that he could see one;
But then the stuff they're selling now,
Would have some such effect.



"So Grace married a naturalist, did she? What does he do, collect bugs?"

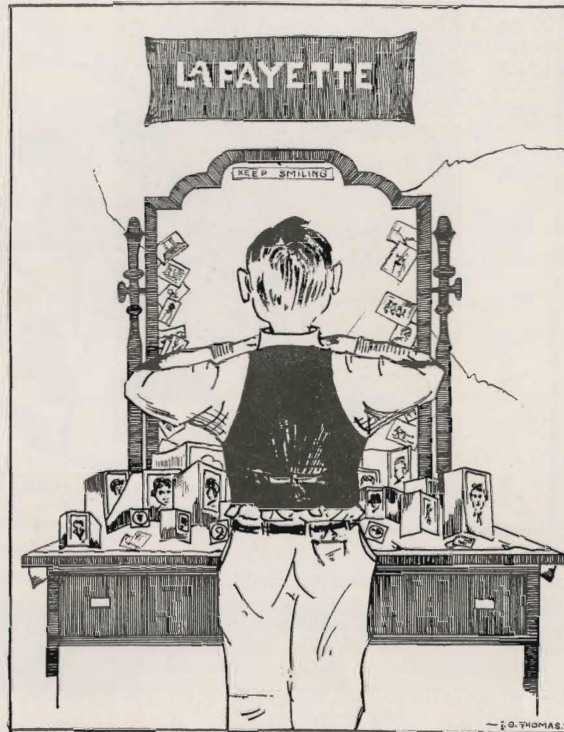
"No! He collects his elevens regularly."



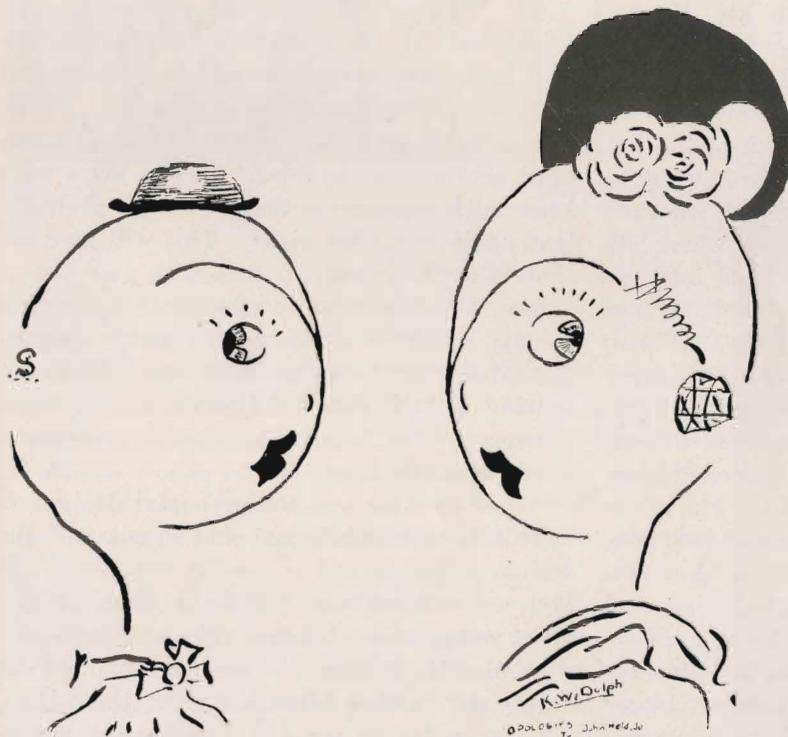
"Why is the Liberty Bell like wash hanging on the line?"

"Why?"

"Because it's all wrung out."



A Man of Affairs



"People say we are fast."

"Well, we are a bit a-head."

SOME MAN

I know a guy who doesn't smoke, drink, chew, go out nights with the women, go to the movies, or do anything else of that nature. He is a statue in our city park.



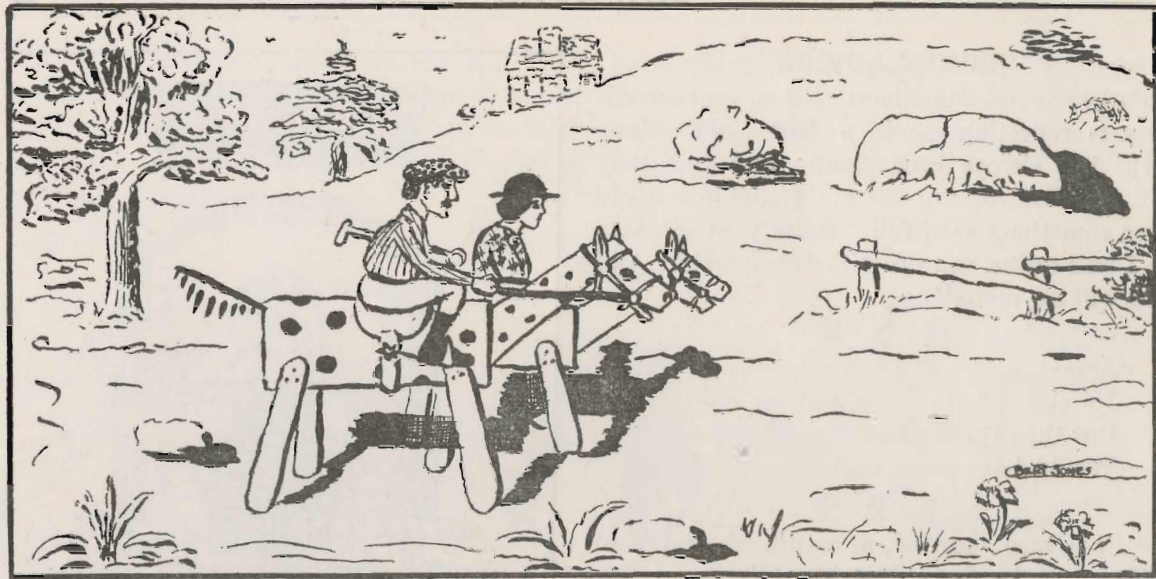
RULE BRITANIA!

A bloomin' blinkin' sparrow
Sat on a bleedin' spout.
Along came a blighty storm
And washed the beggar hout.



Young Lady (who had just been operated on for appendicitis): "Oh, doctor! Do you think the scar will show?"

Doctor: "It ought not to."



Lumbering Along

A READER SPEAKS

Dear Editor: I don't know as how you will know to whom you are indebted for this communication, so I will tell you right-away and save you from reading my signature first. My full name and title is John Merkle Hogan, known to fame as "Thirsty Hogan" on account of a disease acquired previously to July 1, 1919. Well, my purpose in writing this epistle is to inform you that the party which wrote the hot stuff about the proper way of proposing to women in the last issue is about as far from the truth as a lieutenant is from heaven, which lets you into the secret that I have been into the army and wasn't no lieutenant. Well be that as it may, the goof that wrote that was all blah, and I may be quoted as saying that it's more than likely that he ain't never really had a girl but possibly is writing from some book written by some other dude which hasa't had one either. Now, the facts are that there is a lot of birds claiming to have made numerous and neat proposals to various members of the weaker sex, but I consider myself the uncrowned king, and I know how it should be done. I was even accepted once or twice and had some little trouble getting loose. Here is some few pointers I have gathered.

(a) Wait till you get her in the dark. This will save all them athletic positions, and she can fill

them in mentally if she is of the romance type.

(b) After you have got the lights out or down pretty low, set her onto your knees which will make her think you are very muscular and well able to provide, protect, and so on.

(c) Whisper into her ear and ask if she loves you. If she don't, let her fall on the floor and leave the house with some such remark as "Who wants you anyway?" If she says, "Yes," make her repeat it several times until she believes it herself. Then leave with some such remark as that you will probably land again Thursday night. This will give her time to think it over.

(d) On Thursday night clothe yourself neatly, and with compunction, and step out. Repeat the previous performance. After inquiring as to if she still loves you, and being answered, "Yes, honey," hold her tight, breathe hard, and ask her:

"How be if me and you get married?"

This is rather informal and carries off the serious situation and is usually successful. If you are refused say, "Well, I didn't really want you anyway, but was only kidding you."

Well, Mr. Editor, if there is anyone who wants any further education along these lines, let him write to me and I will endeavor to aid him.

Yours,

THIRSTY.

*"Yes," pursued the young man with the eye-glass, "I am a seeker after the truth."

"Ever try opium?"

The young man thought his host a bit facetious. "In opio veritas, eh?"

"Try this."

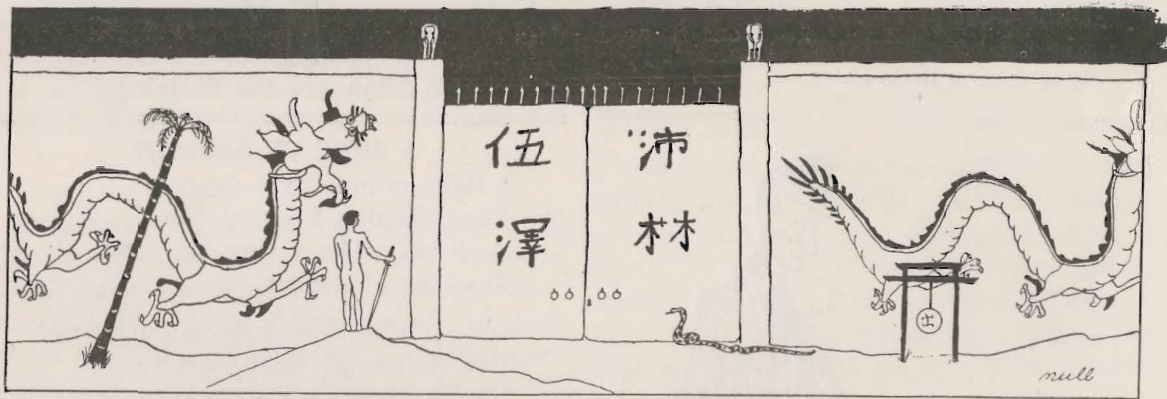
The young man picked up a sinister yellow pipe and puffed at it; brazenly, defiantly. Ere long his head dropped. His eyeglass tinkled against the arm chair. The host turned down the lights and tip-toed from the room, leaving all in silence except for the young man's labored breath.

He stood naked before the gates and a naked sword flashed in his hands. All was

He knew not the way nor had he any fear either for the dragons or the fluttering bats. He sped ahead through the gloom, betimes bending beneath branches, betimes sprinting through straight and narrow passes and betimes leaping over the age-worn rocks. Four sickly green moons rose and set and at last he had reached his goal. It was the temple. He paused a minute (nor did he pant as mortals pant), then he climbed the glistening jade steps and entered the council hall.

Here in dull grey tiers thousands were seated. Before the altar a priest read a scroll. His voice was low and yet all understood as though it was spoken to each man's ear.

As the naked man entered the priest was



peace and calm and the sun shone. Then he advanced and smote a gong with his shining sword. Slowly, quietly, the gates opened. Anon they closed, but he had rushed on through faster than Huke the rabbit flees from his enemies.

Within it was not peace and calm, nor did the sun shine; for it was night and the wind howled and great dragons crashed about in the thickets.

The path was dimly visible, now straight, now twisting. Here and there lay glow worms and phosphorescent snakes, but on rushed the naked man and it was the young man, but he wore no eyeglass.

*The author considers no title necessary.

silent. Behind him the altar glowed a vivid crimson. Then silently the naked man took his place, dropping his sword with a clang. The priest read anew. Then the caucus heard what he had read and began to laugh even as hyenas laugh when they see some poor hunter stricken by a lion. The reader commenced once more. Again the gathering howled. Finally he laid down his scroll and behold, it was "The Lafayette Lyre."

When the young man awoke he had a headache, but he replaced his eyeglass. Then he went out and bought a Lyre with the rather witty observation that though someone had found truth at the bottom of a well he had found it in a Lyre.

HORRID PROFS

I'd like to think of college
As a pleasant place to be,
E'en though pursuits of knowledge
Are obnoxious to me.

But out the gaseous nebulae
Of some professor's brain,
Come such exams that seem as if
The hope to pass were vain.

We're not as bright as college men
In other schools, perchance;
Yet, why should profs each thirty days
Expose our ignorance?



Billie would a hunting go,
His ma said no, but he defied her.
Billie went and grew quite hot
For the only bunny got
Was from a little cider.



No Allowance For Shrinkage



“Have you made any progress with that little Chinese girl, Bill!”

“Naw, she's yellow.”

A SONG OF ASPIRIN

I claim originality
Your plaudits I would win,
So listen while I sing my song,
The song of Aspirin.

Oh, oft I've burned the midnight oil,
I've drunk the knowledge in,
What soothed my troubled brain next morn?
'Twas thou, O Aspirin.

I've toiled beneath the burning sun,
My daily bread to win,
What eased my sizzling cranium then?
Your aid, dear Aspirin.

I've tottered from the cinema,
Mein Kopf, it ached liked sin.
What knocked that boring Kopfschmerz?
'Twas thy comfort, Aspirin.

I've sat around the festal board,
I've sipped of beer and gin,
The morning came, I sought thee then,
My good friend, Aspirin.

So, I carry thee about with me,
My friend through thick and thin,
Devout I worship at thy shrine
My goddess, Aspirin.

What's In a Name?

"Irene," "Mary" and I were only "Three Wise Fools" out of "The Five Million," but "Buddies" just the same. "My Lady Friends" were "The Gold Diggers," while I was "The Man Who Came Back." After getting off "The Night Boat" "At 9:45," we were told to "Turn to the Right" and go "Three Faces East." To be sure, we had to meet our "Friendly Enemies," "Potash and Perlmutter," who said they had been "Sleeping Partners" with "Abraham Lincoln," "One Night in Rome." "Very Good, Eddie," we exclaimed, continuing on our way. Our destination, "39 East," looked inviting, especially "The Sign on the Door" which read "Welcome, Stranger." We went in.

"Clarence," "The Servant in the House," who was only "Seventeen," informed us that "Civilian Clothes" were "Going Up," and that "East is West" if "First is Last," and also that "Jack o' Lantern" would beat "Wildfire" at the race, if "The Whip" was used. "Oh Boy," he surely did "Tickle Me."

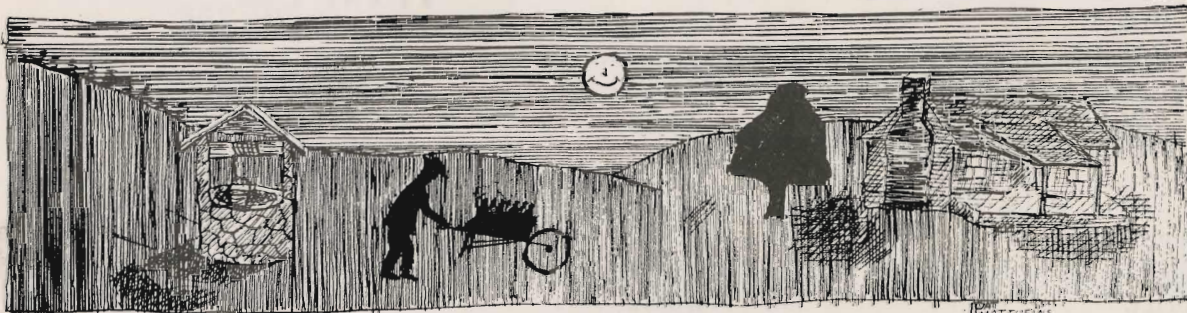
Well, we went "Up in Mabel's Room" and had "Tea For Three." Believe me, "She's a Good Fellow," and although she might be "The Ruined Lady" with "Experience" as her middle name, she certainly had "The Eyes of Youth." To see her once, "You're in Love" with her "Forever After." It was "Maytime," so I suggested to "Little Miss Charity" that we go for a walk. We did. She, with her "Roly Boly Eyes," and I, once "A Lonely Romeo" but not "The Great Lover" had quite a "Kissing Time" under the "Apple Blossoms," "Moonlight and Honeysuckles," while "The

Canary" was "Under Orders" to chirp "The Magic Melody" for us, but we could not make "Hitchy-Koo" at all. To go on with the story, "The Little Whopper" promised to tell me "Nothing But the Truth," but she gave me "Nothing But Lies." However, she taught me the difference between "Sacred and Profane Love." After several hours of uninterrupted silence, she suddenly cried out, "Oh, Look," "Dear Brutus" at the "Lightnin'." We soon got "Under Cover," and went in to get something to eat, but were told to "Come Out of the Kitchen." As soon as I had made several trips "Upstairs and Down," I began to feel "Tip-Top" and started for home.

Strolling along, I met "Cinderella on Broadway" with "Aphrodite" and "Floradora," who seemed to have all the "Scandals of 1920." But I soon left them after bidding them a "Nightie Nighty."

I was having "Breakfast in Bed" the next morning when the best of "Daddies" came in my room and said, "Get up for 'The Love o' Mike'." I replied, "'Good Morning, Judge,' how's 'Mom'?" Dad answered, "As You Were." I hurried down to meet "My Golden Girl" at "The Sweetheart Shop" for a luncheon engagement. She was late as usual. I was thinking of the "Good Times" I had seen, when in came my "Lassie" wearing "The Purple Mask" over her "Angel Face," "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and—

(The rest of my story was cut out by the Board of Censors.)



All's Well That End Well



SENTENCES FROM A DEAD LANGUAGE

"Whatcha goin' to have?"
 "Take one more before you go."
 "Make mine a short one this time."
 "Shake me up a friendly enemy."
 "Where'll I put the bottled beer?"
 "Was Hogan in here last night?"
 "Whatcha got on the lunch today?"
 "Naw. I'm off on the hard-stuff forever."
 "He's playin' cards in the back room."
 "This one is on me, boys. It's my turn."
 "We don't allow no minors in here."
 "For Mike's sake, mop up this bar."
 "Does your cash register run itself?"
 "I had two already. That's enough."
 —Tatler.



WHY NOT?

"You'd better lengthen those skirts, Marie."
 "Uh?"
 "Gentlemen are apt to mistake you for a
 little girl and try to take you on their laps."
 "Well?"
 —Judge.



Ebb: "Why don't you wear calico any
 more?"
 Flo: "Oh, I just hate to see myself in
 print."
 —Widow.

THE MODERN EVENING GOWN

A little tulle,
 A yard of silk;
 A little skin
 As white as milk.

A little strap—
 How dare she breathe!
 A little cough—
 "Good evening, Eve!"

—Punch Bowl.



"Why do young ladies wear one-piece bath-
 ing suits?"
 "Why do department stores have glass show
 cases?"
 —Jack o' Lantern.



I saw her dress
 And laughed at it,
 For brevity's
 The soul of wit. —Operator.



"Conditions in Mexico are still pretty
 muddy."
 "Yes, it's a country of frequent reigns."
 —Sun Dodger.

IT ISN'T DONE, YOU KNOW

The Mistress: "I find you've been wearing my best gown. That must never happen again."

The Maid: "Certainly. Members of my set would never think of being in the same evening gown twice."—Judge.

**THE GREAT HOLD-UP**

Felix: "Did you hear about the big hold-up?"

Syted: "No!"

Felix: "A woman held up two thousand dollars with a hose supporter." —Tar Baby.

**A SUPERFLUOUS EXTRA**

Clerk of the Shore Hotel: "Five dollars, sir, for room with bath."

Farmer Harrower (after consultation with his wife): "But we don't want no room with a bath. We're goin' to wash in the ocean every three or four days." —Judge.



"What height from the ground do you think a girl's skirt should be?"

"Oh, I wouldn't like to be too specific—anything above two feet looks all right to me." —Judge.

**THEME-WRITING IN THREE ACTS****Act I.**

Go over all your old themes and try to locate one on the assigned subject. If you can't find one, then—

Act II.

See all your fraternity brothers and friends in an effort to get one. If you do, then the show is over, but if not, then—

Act III.

Say "to hell with it," and cut the class.—Punch Bowl.

**SHE GOT IT**

Employer (to prospective stenographer): "And how much do you customarily get, Miss Jones?"

Miss Jones: "Twenty-five dollars a week."

Employer: "I'll give you that with pleasure."

Miss Jones: "Making thirty dollars in all."

—Voo Doo.

**COARSE WORK**

His Father (at luncheon in the hotel, to son who had just completed his college career): "And have you decided upon your next course, young man?"

Young Saphead: "Indeed, I have, pater. What do you say to a shrimp salad with a little caviar?"—Judge.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING

You would have me write sonnets and quatrains,

You would like me to shoot rhythmic praise;

You are prone to suggest that your charm I attest

In a series of lyrical lays.

You are strong for the versified matter;

You feel that if I am imbued

With thoughts of you rare, it is only but fair

That I spout of your pink pulchritude.

As a matter of fact you're a winner,

But, apparently, dear, you forget

That even a bard may seek his reward—

If I sing for you, What do I get? —Punch Bowl.

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THE FALSE WIFE—AND THE ALARM!

Doris was nervous. Ever since her wedding day—just eight months before—she had been bothered by something which had never bothered her before—a husband. Husbands were such nuisances, anyway, but all of the married women seemed to have one of them at least, so Doris concluded that it was necessary.

But now her husband was at work, and Joe was with her! Joe, whom she had passionately loved for the last eight days! They were alone in her tiny apartment. She stroked his hair tenderly and called him pet names. He kissed her hand. But Doris was nervous! Suppose her husband should return and find them together?

There was a sudden step in the hall, and then someone fumbled with the lock. Doris was transfixed with terror! She could not move—neither could Joe. He could but remain there by her side and await the consequences. The door opened and her husband entered, taking in the situation at a glance. He scowled at Joe angrily, and then dashed into the adjoining room. When he returned there was something metallic glistening in his hand.

"I'm tired of being bothered with this!" he shouted huskily. "This will fix you, you dog!"

"Harry, don't! I love him!" shrieked Doris.

"Oh, is that all?" he said and stopped suddenly. "Excuse me for interrupting you. I thought it was another bill collector." —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



THAT RELATIVITY THEORY

It happened after the club meeting. Two members met in the corridor.

"I was just thinking about poor Uriah Hampson," said one.

"What about him?"

"Well, you know what a lovely home his wife bought with his insurance money!"

"Yes, of course."

"You know the man who married his widow married again as soon as Mrs. Hampson passed away."

"What, again?"

"Yes. That's three times for him."

"No wonder you say poor Uriah!"

"Yes, indeed. Just think how he must feel up there above, looking down on a man he never saw living in his house as his wife's second husband, with his third wife."

—Punch Bowl.



LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

Daughter: "My rouge is gone, mother. Where can it be?"

Mother: "Just a moment, dear, and I'll be through with it." —Vso Doo.

Every student needs to see M. S. Seip, M.D., on the question of headaches caused by faulty vision. Dr. Seip is among Lafayette's sons, and makes special prices to "the boys on the hill" along spectacle and eyeglass lines.

M. S. SEIP, M.D.

U. P., '76

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Philadelphia, Penna.

A tenderfoot of Pizen Pete
Demanded, "Have you tried the feat
That's known as automatic writing?
I understand it's quite exciting."

"I never shot no automats,"
Said Pete, "but when it comes to gats,
The notches on my gun denote
The periods that I have wrote."—Judge



History Prof.: "What is the period between
two reigns called?"

Sleepy Frosh: "Drought." —Widow.

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CHARMING FRIENDS, AN OLD SONG WITH

Abel's Candy

—MAKES MOST ENJOYABLE EVENINGS—

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THE BUGAMIST

A June bug married an angleworm;
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy;
Now what could the poor thing do?
—Punch Bowl.



BLISS INNA STUTZ BEARCAT

He: "Mmmmmmmmmmm."
She: "Mmmmmmmmmmm."
Both: "Gosh, the speedometer's busted."
—Columbia Jester

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IF

If you hold her hand, she may think you foolish.
 If you don't she will wonder why.
 If you kiss her, she may think you a cad.
 If you don't, she may think you slow.
 If you offer her a cigarette, she may be offended.
 If you don't, she may think you consider her puritanical.
 If you tell her of the women you've met, she may think you a rounder.

If you don't, she may think you've had no experience.
 If you tell her she is the first you have loved, she may think you lie.

If you tell her she is the first you have kissed, she will know you lie.

Now, what in hell is a fellow to do? —Punch Bowl.



She was "crazy" about Harry because he danced divinely, sang like an angel, and played tennis like a young god.

She was just "wild" about George, who had curly lashes and money in the bank.

She "loved" to motor in Reggie's imported runabout, and gloried in his pretty speeches.

She listened to Archie's poetry with fast-beating heart and cheek pink-flushed.

She confessed herself "hypnotized" by Henri—he was so—suggestive.

And "Bob," dear old thing, had said she had small feet!

But she married Jack, who had none of these qualities, because she thought her dearest friends wanted him.—Judge



NOT SO FAR TO GO

Meldrum (being measured for a new suit): "Where is the man who used to measure me?"

The Tailor: "He had to quit. He got rheumatism and couldn't stoop low enough to measure to the bottoms of men's trousers."

Meldrum: "What is he doing now?"

The Tailor: "Measuring for a ladies' tailor."—Judge.



PERSISTENT

"That's the seventh time that young man has passed our house."

"Then why don't you come away from the window?"

"Not likely. I don't see why I should give in first."

—Blanco y Negro (Madrid).



IT'S A LONG STORY, MY BOY

Son: "How did you get so bald, father?"

Father: "I used to have long, wavy hair. But never mind, son, your tide will go out, too." —Voo Doo.

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"I hear you had a blow-out at your house
last night."

"No, that was just a report."

—Notre Dame Juggler.



AT DRILL

"Where ya goin'?"

"To the ball game."

"Who's playin'?"

"Tha Rolled Sox."

"Never heard of 'em."

"Ah, it's a sorority team." —Sun Dodger.

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ANTICIPATION

"What are you watching, little boy?"

"The clothes of some ladies who went in
swimming."

"Um. I'll help you." —Judge.



You can never tell how much experience a
woman has had by the way she rolls her eyes.

—Pelican.



"Are the French people really so immoral?"

"Oh, no. Not immoral—just easily excited!"

—Jack o' Lantern.

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