The Lyre Advocates

FAIR PLAY

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

The creating of the "buying-action" depends more on what you show of your product than on what you say about it, simply because mental images are more lasting than spoken or written words.

Lower Prices is the Order of the Day
Our goods are marked very low, our profit won't be much, but yours will be unusually big.

Hart Schaffner & Marx and Other Well Known Makes of Suits and Overcoats
Mallory Hats, Manhattan Shirts, Holeproof Hosiery
All Here and Good.

JACOB MAYER
ON THE SQUARE EASTON, PA.
Win her with Whitman's

This quaint Sampler package is America's most famous box of candy—a gift that "registers" every time.

For Sale by

C. Lyeton Jones, Pharmacy
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United Cigar Store Co.
339 Northampton and 267 Sixth Ave.
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Complete Home Furnishers
...and Interior Decorators ...

George Pauly, Decorator J. B. McNally, '13, Manager

Hotel Karldon

Lafayette Community Center

Sol. Zaleb's Orchestra
H. Benjamin, Manager

MUSIC OF THE BETTER KIND

Office: 3121 Clifford Street
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Columbia 2383

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CATERING ESPECIALLY TO COLLEGE VISITORS AND FRATERNITY BANQUETS

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-drums.

The curtain rose
And then a hush
Of women's voices filled the place,
These maids were clad in scanty clothes,
They embroidered butterfly
With gorgeous wings of many hues.
(Their lips were redder than the rose,
Their eyes were bluer than the skies,
But 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 fluff and lights.

And so this show did rumble one,
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 to trim 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 whenof they speak,
Just how the public book to please.

And yet, this disconnected show
Had lived for full three hundred nights
While other plays with well formed plots
Have never ever seen the lights
A CLOSE-UP
"How shall I sign this letter?"
"Sign it R. V. D. That will help 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 425 pounds."
Repeator: "Yeh! Quite a heavy undertakin'."

 Somebody told young Charlie Centipede to put his best foot forward when he went for a job. As Charlie is of a doubting temperament, he isn't sure of himself.


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

Best in Pieces
Johnny bought an aeroplane.
To while away the hours.
He looped and zoomed and tailspun till
The papers said "No flowers."
—Hilpitas Stretesman.

Van Gogh 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 satiated.
X marks the spot where Arthur lies,
For Arthur was cremated.
—Golden Truewind.

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

Reggie’s lungs were very small;
He started out to swell ‘em;
Pump wouldn’t stop; the grass grew green
O’er Reggie’s cerelium.
—La Bomba Enterprise.

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

Archie loved another’s wife,
Oh! ‘twas a fearful blunder;
For chubly found him there one night,
Now Archie’s six feet under.
A CLOSE-UP

"How shall I sign this letter?"
"Sign it H. 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

Poem: "I've been to a funeral where the man they buried weighed 424 pounds."
Repeater: "Yeh! Quite a heavy undertaking."

Somebody told young Charlie Contipid to put his best foot forward when he went for a job. As Charlie is of a doubting temperament, he is still sans position.

Rest in Pieces

Johnny bought an aeroplane,
To while away the hours;
He looped and zoomed and tailspin till
The papers said "No flowers."
—Mme. Bates Stateman.

Van Goffen drank wood alcohol,
A thing which no man oughter;
However great his thirsts, he leaves
A widow and a daughter.
—Grass Valley Standard.

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

Little Edward fell from our
A giant redwood tree.
The body will be forwarded
To Memphis, Tennessee.
—Australian Sauer-zeitung.

Reggie’s lungs were very small,
He started out to smell ’em;
Pump wouldn’t stop; the grass grows green
’Cer Reggie’s expulsion.
—La Honda Enterprise.

Willie bought a brand-new ear,
And started out to drive it;
He wrapped it round a tri-plug—
Interment strictly private.
—Californian Pelican.

Archie loved another’s wife.
Ooh! ‘twas a fearful blunder;
For daddy found him there one night,
Now Archie’s six feet under.
Any College Faculty
Hard Times

Though eggs may be decreasing and butter setting 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'd 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 bunched, wrinkled shirt, my wardrobe's a shambles 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 skyrocket 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 leak and lean, and I'm assured 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 and downtown dollar twelve a quart. My cup is overflowing if I have but one line, for then I'm happy knowing that I can roll my own. Oh, there is no me trying to hold the dollars back for many things I'm buying and that takes housecoat jack.

I can't divide my little pile so much for every week, because that is a sorry style and makes the cutrate meal. So I don't keep account's books but just go ahead and spend it, and did I not do that it looks as though I'd have to find 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 gleam you must admire; and all is bright upon the earth because I read The Lyre.
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 convenience 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 see 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 saved a nation, that was bent on electing another Desmouet, to the side of the anti-leaguer. The Lyre communicated with Senator Voorhees 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-
THE LYRE

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构思 and pleasing to one of famous books? The Lafayette does not limit itself to politics. It is a great paper in every way. Why, to even read "healing-plant" 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-chef Harding has promised to send The Lafayette all the news, but off the press, that the Marion Star collects. From now on, when we deeply regret The Lafayette to pursue its enlightening column, we will read that Eta Hicks has purchased a new threshing machine or that Mrs. Mamie Pam- son, of Ashland County, Ohio, has presented her husband with triplets. Of course, we don't know Mr. Hicks or Mrs. Parmelee, 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 sounding publication than The Lyre.

E ARTY in the winter 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 praying dog attitude and sink in their heels 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 difficulties committed in this issue: Lamanch, 21; Hayes, 23; McCall, 23; Duncan, 23; Gordon, 24; Albrecht, 21; Tseks, 23; Stanger, 25; Humphreys, 22; Goodrich, 24; Mccon, 25; Atkins, 24; Southam, 22.

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 convenience that the Gymnasium will be able to afford. The different occupations of the college are all over the place that they can call their own. The various departments of these papers all around the campus, some in the dormitories, others in the faculty houses, wherever the respective editor or manager may happen to reside. It's rather disheartening 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 will 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 circulation and vastly improved papers.

I N THE recent election, our loyal 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 which can never be doubted. Its great prestige wavered a nation, that was bent on electing another Democrat, to the side of the anti-leaguers. The Lyre communiqué with Senator Doane and be replied by telegraph. "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-
YOU ARE LIKE A FLOWER
(A Very Literal Translation of Mr. Heine's Sincere Ponde)

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 Scranton 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 Fijian Islanders tonight?"

+++ +

"AMEN"

Some cigars seem so 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
YOU ARE LIKE A FLOWER
A Very Literal Translation of Mr. Heine's "Sirene"

You are like a flower, So pretty and pure today; But in the eyes of time, 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 hair fat.

Once I took a certain chorus woman out for oper, but naught would she eat save milk and si. I wondered, but later she told me the queen had played Sherman 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 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 cigs seem most provoking. To the guys that do no smoking: "Aye, mad some power the grizzle give 'em, To smell, as smokers smell 'em.

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, Men children, sweating their young lives away. For a few paltry dollars. I knew the factory, knew the man 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 you 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 sympathy.

"CANDY"

A Scotsman 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 comparing 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 want' here yesterday."

A maiden entering a postal. 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 medieval, perhaps the lady of a Crusader; if she is a contemporary, no doubt she belongs to a stockbroker. But, oh zonzinst, 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'Salley.
A RISQUE RAKE

Twas on a summer bay 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 needed close beside her
And moved closer to her—umbrella.
Closer to her umbrella
As she muttered little sighs,
The mellow moonlight sparked us
And I peeped into her—basket.
As I peeped into her basket
The merry little miss
Laughed in chase confusion
As I boldly stole a—sandwich.

‡‡‡

"Why are Millady's ears like dogs in a chase?"
"Damn it."
"Because they are always behind the hairs."

‡‡‡

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 blinks it
A look of winning grace.
Up rises to her composure
A hand like ivory fair.
Alas! what gleams upon her fingers?
A golden ring is there.
Up rises, from his seat
A young and gallant Freshman.
In verdamned green he rises
Like one of velvet moss.
The maid is pale with surprise,
"No, gallant Freshman, No!"
It's not the sort I wanted.
All I want's a bean."

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

‡‡‡

"Hey, Sarg! What time is it?"
"What do you care? You're not going anywhere."

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AN EASTON LEGEND
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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 stature
A hand like ivory fair.
Also! what gleams upon her fingers?
A golden ring is there.
Up stands from his seat
A young and gallant youth.
In verdant green he rises
Like one of velvet moss.
The mad is pale with powder.
"No, scalfit 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 ROMEO RAKE
Twas on a summer day
As we walked about the brook
That I met a lovely maid.
And held her little raincoat.
As I held her little raincoat
We were going quite a pace,
I needed 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 shame confusion.
As I boldly stole a—sandwich.

Why are Milady's ears like dogs in a chase?
"Because,"
"Because they are always behind the hair.

Hey, Sarg! What time is it?
"What do you care! You’re not going anywhere.

PETE THE PLEBEIAN

Novelling full well that the average student
Is far too engrossed in studying pursuits to deeply
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 en
Less he has at least a passing knowledge of
Present day authors. The Lyric seems it advis
able to review the best sellers of the day, there
by giving in condensed form, some insight, superfi
cial though it may be, into the novels of the

Pete the Plebeian (The Duffield and Malan
), by Arthur Winters Bug, treats of a theme
new to present day authors, love. Pete was to
plebeian birth, but when it comes to romance
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 togs.

Pete was born on the east side of New York
and his cognomen in early life was Poodlehead
or Petecky (we’re not up on present day etny
ology), but he soon became wise to his Bal
shakal title, sharpened his razor, littered the
last syllables and shaved them off. Enough of
Pete’s youthful days. At twenty-two we find
him practicing licensed theft in a Manhattan
hotel; his the day to remove luggage to the
lift, up the lift, off the lift, to the suite and
then have his palms 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 con
vinced she is registering fear. All of the young
pirates in brass-buttoned uniforms rush for
ward to take her bag. She gives them a keen
smile, a glance sharpened by her having lived
in the Arizona desert all her life and having
been compelled to dig sand out of her ears and
casts out of her lower anatomy. Her eye rests
upon Pete, she is convinced of his honesty.
Dauntlessly she whispers, “You take my bag.”

The story is worth reading for this sentence
alone. Any inexperienced boy who can
at a glance discover the most honest of a bunch
of lads—must must be gifted with keen insight
into human nature. Pete, of course, takes her
bag. Will surprises ever 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 massacring her with revolver
and knives. A brassing 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 millionnaire (of course she owns
all the gold in Arizona) throws her arms about
him and calls a halt. She brushes 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 highballs. 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 conduits to a greater tie.

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 dimes 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?

MacSweeney 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 there 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 earlookers applauded and tried to disunite 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 exalted winner. The Sophomore then called for a paddle, for he did not like to be surpassed by a Freshman—even in lying.
him and calls a halt. She breathes in his ear that she will fear them as more now that she is a wife. The story ends in a rather unusual way. We last see them on the roof of a large

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"Sunny Advice"

Father Son to Son Munic: "Sun, your moonis-

tions is reflecting me in a bad light. Your

'rap' 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 naturist, 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 wrong out."

A Man of Affairs

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 BRITANNIA!

A bloomin' blinkin' sparrow

Sat on a bleedin' spout.

Alone came a blighty storm

And washed the beggar hont.

Young Lady (who had just

been operated on for appendi-

cition): "Oh, doctor! Do you

think the scar will show?"

Doctor: "It ought not to."

"People say we are fast."

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

"LYRE"
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 in July, 1919. Well, my purpose in writing this spicle is to inform you that the party which wrote the best stuff about the proper way of proceeding 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 good that I did was all right, 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 hasn'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 uninvited 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 these 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 had again Thursday night. This will give her time to think it over.

(d) On Thursday night sit down yourself neatly, and with companion, and stop eat. 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 love.

"H ow 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.
Dear Editor: I don't know as how you will now to whom you are indebted for this communication, so I will tell you right away and let you know that the writer of this epistle is in no way indebted for this information. My name is John Merkle Hagon, who is a well-known author of comic novels, the most famous of which is "Thrashy Hogan," written under the pseudonym of 'John Hagon.' I have been informed that you are in need of a story for your newspaper, and I am at your disposal. My purpose in writing this story is to entertain you, dear reader, and to make you laugh. I have noticed that you are a great lover of humor, and I am confident that you will find my story amusing. My story is about a young man named Jack, who is a hero in the city of New York. Jack is a brave and courageous young man, and he is always ready to help those in need. He is a true friend to all who know him, and he is loved by all. In this story, Jack is faced with a difficult situation, and he must use his wits and courage to overcome the obstacles in his path. I hope that you will enjoy my story, and that you will be entertained by it. I am sure that you will find it amusing, and that you will laugh along with me. Thank you for your attention, and I wish you all the best in your endeavors. Yours truly, John Merkle Hagon.
HORRID PROFS
I'd like to think of college
As a pleasant place to be,
Even though pursuits of knowledge
Are obnoxious to me.

But out like gas from 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 proofs each thirty days
Expose our ignorance?

Billy would go hunting so,
His ma said no, but he defied her.
Billy went and grew quite hot
For the only buzzle yet
Was from a little chide.

A SONG OF ASPIRIN

I claim originality
Your plaudit 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 thee, O Aspirin.

I've toiled beneath the burning sun,
My only bread to win,
What smelt my aching cranium then?
Your aid, dear Aspirin.

I've tottered from the clinic,
Mein Kopf, it ached like sin.
What knocked that horrid 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,
Dewant I worship at thy shrine
My goddess, Aspirin.

"Have you made any progress with that little Chinese girl, Bill?"
"No, she's yellow."
HORRID PROFS
I’d like to think of college
As a pleasant place to be,
Even 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 was vain.
We’re not as bright as college men
In other schools, perchance;
Yet, why should profs such slippery days
Expose our ignorance?

Billie would a hunting go,
His ma said so, but he defy her.
Billie went and grew quite hot
For the only bunnic got
Was from a little cider.

No Allowance For Sh Location
A SONG OF ASPIRIN
I claim originality
Your plunders I would win,
No 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 sustained my troubled brain next morn?
’Twas thou, O Aspirin.
I’ve twisted beneath the burning sun,
My daily bread to win,
What eased my sizzling cranium then?
’Twas thy friend, Aspirin.
I’ve tossed from the cinema,
Mel in spice, it suited like sin.
What bashed that bony 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,
Dearly I worship at thy shrine
My good friend, Aspirin.

What’s In a Name?
"Joyce," "Mary" and I were only "Three Wise Fools" out of "The Prize Stallion," but "Huddlies" 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 9:46, 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, "32 East," looked inviting, especially "The Sign on the Door" which read "Welcome, Stranger." We went in."Chamber, The Servant in the House," who was only "Seventeen," informed us that "Cyril Clothes" were "Going Up," and that "East is West" if "First is Last," and also that "Jack o’Lanterns" would beat "Wildfire" at the race, if "The White" was used. "Oh, boy," he surely did "Tickle Me.

Well, we went "Up in Baldwin's Room" and had "The Cars Three." Believe me, "She's a Good Fellow," and although she might be "The Ruined Lady" with "Experience" in her middle frame, she certainly had "The Eyes of Youth." To see her case, "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 "Baby Bump," and I, with "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 Wopper" 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 Brutes" at the "Lightnin'". We must 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 "Phoebe," who seemed to have all the "Seashells of Eros." But I soon left them after bidding them a "Nigh-Heel Night." I was having "Breakfast in Bed" the next morning when the best of "Duddles" came to my room and said, "Get up for The Love o' Mike." I replied, "Good Morning, Judge, how's my 'Mum'?" He 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 "Inside" 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.)
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 manner."
"Where'll I put the beer in here?"
"Was Iogan in here last nite?"
"Whatcha got on the lunch today?"
"Now, 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."
—Talor.

WHY NOT?

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

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

THE MODERN EVENING GOWN

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

A little strap—
How does she breathe?
A little cough—
"Good evening, Eve!"
—Punch Bowl.

"Why do young ladies wear one-piece ballging 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.
THE MODERN EVENING GOWN
A little tulle,
A yard of silk;
A little satin.
As white as milk.
A little strap—
How dare she breach it?
A little cough—
"Good evening, Eve!"—Punch Bowl.

"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.

"Why do you ladies wear one-piece bathing suits?"
"Why do department stores have glass show cases?"—Jack o’Lantern.

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

THE GREAT HOLD-UP
Felix: "Did you hear about the big hold-up?"
Sybil: "No!"
Felix: "A woman held up two thousand dollars with a hose support."—The Baby.

THE SUPERFLUOUS RITA
Clerk of the Shore Hotel: "Five dollars, sir, for room with bath."
Farmer Harrower (after consultation with his wife): "But we don’t want any room with a bath. We’re going 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 soulful 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, they—
Act III:
Say "to hell with it," and cut the chase.—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."

COARSE WORK
His Father (at luncheon in the hotel, to son who had just completed his college course): "And have you decided upon your next course, young man?"
Young Sheephead: "Indeed, I have, pater. What do you say to a shipyard job with a little sailing?"—Judge.

YES! "Sixty Seconds From Center Square"
"FARR" SHOES
For College Men
Class and comfort are yours in a pair of these new Farr
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High or Low
All Leathers
CENTRE SQUARE
EASTON

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Third Street Theatre

THE PICK O' THE PLAYS
—with—
INCOMPARABLE MUSIC

"The Students' Playhouse"

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. Hus-
band was quite indolent, to say the least, but all of the married
women seemed to have one of them at least, so Doris con-
cluded 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 some-
one stumbled with the key. Doris was transfixed with ter-
ror! 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 sneered 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!"

"Sorry, 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 an-
other 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 Humphrey," 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. Humphrey 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 rogue is gone, mother. Where can
it be?"

Mother: "Just a moment, dear, and I'll be through
with it."—You Des.
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 his pet names. He kissed her hand. But Doris was nervous! Supposing 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 transixed 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 sardonically, and then dashed into the adjoining room. When he returned there was something metallic glittering in his hand.

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

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

"Oh, is that all?" he said and slapped discerningly. "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 Urdu Humpson," 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. Humpson passed away."

"What again?"

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

"No wonder you say poor Urdu!"

"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.

Fifteen years ago college men dressed as they do today college clothes are the clothes of good taste and conservatism. The right collar is always appropriate.

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A tenderfoot of Pizen Pete

Dentured. "Have you tried the test

That's known as automatic writing?

I understand it's quite exciting."

"I never shot a automaton,"

Said Pete, "but when it comes to guns,

The roosters on my gun denote

The periods that I have wrote."—Judge

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

Sleepy Prof.: "Drought."—Widow.

There's keen delight in every bite

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Sec'y-Treas.

THE PUBLICIST
A June bug married an angleworm;
An accident cut him in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy;
Now what could the poor thing do?
—PUNCH BOWL

MRS. INNA STUTZ BEECHER
Use: "Mummmmmmmmm!
She: "Mummmmmmmmm!
Dish: "Gosh, the speedometer's busted."
—COLUMBIA JESTER

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Easton, Pa.
THE BUGABIST
A true love married an anglerworm;  
An accident out her in two.  
They changed the bug with bigamy;  
Now what could the poor thing do?  
—Punch Bowl.

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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 Rollin’ Scow.”
‘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."

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

"Are the French people really so immoral?"
"Oh, no. Not immoral—just easily excited!"

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