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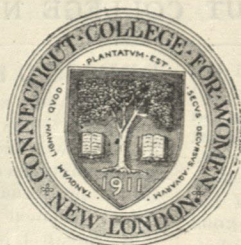
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Can You Solve The Mystery? Read *The Ring of Siva*.

LATIN MORALITY PLAY PRESENTED.

When the student body gathered for Vespers on Easter Sunday evening they found that a transformation had taken place in the gymnasium. The stage was a place of flowers and white candles against dark curtains. Instead of following the usual order, the service took the form of a Latin morality play, *Christus Triumphator*. Eileen Fitzgerald, as the Spirit of Religion, gave the Prologue. Then to portions of Scripture read in the first Scene by President Marshall, Spirit of the Gospels, the choir responded with Latin hymns. In the second Scene Angelus announced the glad news of the resurrection to Maria, while candles flickered and a vested choir waited to sing their *Alluias*.

C. C. GIVES DINNER FOR DR. BLACK.

On the evening of April 2, a group of C. C.-ites gave a farewell dinner at Hotel Brevoort, New York, in honor of Dr. Caroline Black. Among those who attended were Dr. Dederer, Miss Berg, Miss Edna Blue, Marion Hendrie, Jessie Menzies, Mary Hester and Caroline Francke. After dinner, all went to the church of the Ascension, where President Marshall addressed the Forum on "The College, as a Training School for Democracy". President Marshall answered questions after his address.

ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Thielen have announced the engagement of their daughter, Eleanor, to Lieutenant Edward W. Wunch, of Buffalo, New York, at present stationed at the Submarine Base. Lieutenant Wunch is a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy, Class of 1918. During the recent war he served on an American destroyer in the Mediterranean.

The engagement of Miss Marion Lyon '21, to Wesley T. Jones, of Norfolk, Va., was announced at a tea given at her home on April first. Mr. Jones is a graduate of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

The New York chapter of the Connecticut College Alumnae are presenting on the evening of May 12, *The Two Kisses*, and the second act of *Alice in Wonderland*, at the Parish House of the Church of the Messiah, whose pastor is the Rev. St. Clair Hester, father of Mary Hester, '20.

SENIOR SOPHOMORE TEA.

The Senior class has extended to the class of '24 an invitation to a tea-dance, to be given at the Mohican Hotel, Saturday, April 22, at three o'clock.

BRANFORD AT HOME.

Easter Sunday afternoon, Branford House was at home to both faculty and Students at a tea.

THE RING OF SIVA.

My story ended, I put the ring on the table. It was a massive ring of greenish gold, with a large square stone that appeared to be amber. There was this difference, however, that at times the amber seemed clouded, shadows crossed and recrossed the stone, giving it almost an appearance of a living substance.

The four men remained silent, staring at it with fascination.

"Well," I said, "believe it or not as you wish, that is the ring of Siva. No person has ever worn it for twenty-four hours at a time without being found dead."

One of the men, Rackar by name, pulled himself out of his reverie with something like shame.

"Sounds like a fairy-tale, Harry, but," he added laughing, "in these days of enlightenment we are well aware that Bluebeard used diamond dyes, and that Sleeping Beauty was nothing more than a commonplace tongue swallower. Do you expect me to believe that if I slipped on your ring, presto—by morning, I should have shuffled off this mortal coil? Nonsense! You will forgive me for saying so, my dear Harry, but travel and liquor have proved too much for your head. You have given up suspenders long ago as a symbol of ultra-conservatism, yet you cannot seem to get over reverting to the pre-Christian era which is, in my mind, far more unpardonable than the suspender era. You are incongruous, or you are drunk, and can expect nothing more than an honorable dismissal from this, most respectable of clubs."

The last vestige of my patience left me. If I had ever before doubted the ring, that doubt vanished forever. It was almost sacrilege to consider such slander.

"As you please," I remarked coldly, "if you do not believe me, why not convince yourself by wearing it a fortnight?"

"Quite right," Rackar agreed immediately, "it's a bargain, Sir Ridiculous,"—and picking up the ring, he started to slip it on.

"Rackar," I cried, quickly repenting my words, "for God's sake, put that ring down. Believe me, no good can come of it. Rackar, you have been drinking,—we all have,—you must put it down!"

My tone must have arrested him for a moment, for he appeared to hesitate. Then with a careless laugh he slipped it on his finger. For a moment he stood there in silence. Then he said, "You see I am as good as my word, and not in the least superstitious. Not Siva, nor Brahma, even, has the slightest influence over me. See, I will strike a bargain with you—if I survive the twenty-four hours, I shall keep the ring, if not, it remains yours with all my Italian wines for good measure."

"Yes," I said emptying my glass, "your Italian wines will come in handy."

It was true that we had been drinking, and were therefore unnecessarily irritable. The other two men who had

been watching the trend of the conversation, seemed absorbed in their own morbid speculations and when we stopped speaking, we found ourselves wrapped in a silence that seemed to cling to the very walls. I felt a hideous fascination in all this business. It would at least confirm my own doubts about the ring—in twenty-four hours I should know what I had pondered over for two years. A pall fell over the company and we sat there in the deserted clubroom and listened to the hour bell strike one. A dark attendant swept up some stale cigar ashes and butts. He stared at us, whistled a bit and went out with his dust pan, leaving the room as silent and as empty as ever. Rackar himself was a little depressed, and Wiekett, a tall amiable fellow, was visibly disturbed.

"I'm not superstitious," he finally blurted out, crashing into our thoughts, "but damme, if I like the looks of this. It's—spooky," he finished, looking around nervously, "and I am frank to admit I don't like it."

Rackar looked annoyed, but he laughed. Somebody mumbled something about his business, I grunted, and then there was another interminable silence, broken by the last trolley crashing up the street. To tell the truth we all wanted to go home, but none of us dared to leave first. "The devil! I didn't know it was so late," said Wiekett uneasily, "I've got to go. My wife will be after me with a rolling pin."

Everybody rose with a feeling of relief. Conversation was resumed and Rackar shook hands quite amiably.

"No hard feelings, old chap," he beamed, "you must forgive me my little habit of doubt." Besides, he continued, seriously, "you can't tell me, Harry, that one minute that you have less faith in God, than in some Pagan nonsense. As for the ring being anything more than a ring is too ridiculous, I'll see you tomorrow." A shadow must have crossed my face, for he stopped abruptly, I felt nauseated and weak but determined to go thru with it. "—oh, I dare say at the funeral or at least at the little cellar-ette you would have them drop me into," he ended disagreeably, and left.

Once home I undressed, and got into bed, but found myself in a state of tension, which made sleep impossible. Finally, not being able to stand it any longer, I arose and got my favorite novel. This I threw in the corner, and began to pace the floor. At last I fell to thinking, reviewing the incidents in my mind, the stories of the ring and my own experience with it.

Brahma was delightful for India, I decided, but not for England, and England is a long way from India. Had I allowed the subtle influence of those temples to follow me back to civilization? I got into bed again. Rackar was right, I was superstitious,—perhaps I had been a fool. He was a good fellow, I thought, I shouldn't have been angry.—I would make it up

Continued on page 3, column 2.

PROFESSOR J. H. MCGREGOR PRESENTS GIFT.

Dr. J. H. McGregor of Columbia University addressed the college at Convocation on April 11th. Dr. McGregor, with accompanying slides, gave an account of the history of "The Oldest Races of Men," beginning with the Pleistocene period, taking up the Prepaleolithic, the Upper and Lower Paleolithic Man in Europe. He mentioned the Heidelberg, Piltown, Neanderthal, Cro-Magnon and Grimaldi man as representing the different stages in man's development.

Dr. McGregor presented to the college a reproduction of the head of Neanderthal man, which he himself modelled on the cast of a skull found at la Chapelle aux Saints, France, in 1908.

ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT TRIP TO NEW YORK.

Although some of the creatures which the Zoology classes have studied only from books may have seemed rather mythical, those who were able to take advantage of the Departmental trip to New York during the first two days of the spring recess, no longer doubt the loveliness of the Radiolarian, the wonder of life found in a square half-inch of pond bottom, or the existence of mammoth prehistoric creatures such as the dinosaur and mastodon. An entire day was spent at the American Museum of Natural History and they were privileged to "go behind the scenes" and inspect the studio-laboratory where artists were at work preparing intricate models of wax and delicately blown glass to be placed with groups, then in progress of construction, for the Department of Invertebrates.

Those members of the group interested in physiology found the experimental work carried on at Dr. Sherman's laboratories at Columbia University, of great interest, especially as Ruth and Emma McCollum, 1921, are both engaged there in experimental work.

C. A. H. '22.

EASTER MORNING SERVICE

Soft spring breezes—distant bird calls—girls in attractive suits and hats—flowers. Silence. Hymns—joyful, triumphant. Reading of an old, old story—resurrection. Prayer—deep, reverent hush. A poem and another hymn. Thoughtful faces. Little groups of girls quietly setting out for church after the Easter morning service on campus.

DO-DO AMUSES YOUNGSTERS.

Through the Service League, the Child Health Organization has once more provided amusement and instruction for the children who assembled at the Vocational School on Saturday afternoon. Do-do, the Clown, was the latest attraction, and the sound advice about food, sleep, and the play which he offered so cleverly, was received with as much approbation as were his many pranks.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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"STAND BY."

The ink of this issue will barely be dry before we are in the midst of elections. Therefore all admonitions that naturally precede them, with warnings against impulsive ballot-casting, and the great need for careful thought and judgment in the selection of candidates, always keeping in mind the good of the college—all this will be quite applicable.

However, there is another side. After they have been elected, are we going to stand by and back of them? At times we rather doubt whether there is such a thing as "pulling together" on this campus. There are too many small groups working for their own ends and unwilling to subordinate themselves.

As sure as spring has come, this is the speediest short-cut method to weaken and undermine college spirit and strength.

After we have elected officers, it is our honorable duty to stand by them, even if our own particular vote was cast elsewhere!

CRICKET—WICKET!

In the English sporting novel, in the Memoirs of long dead Englishmen, in the informal essay, I have always read of cricket. All I know about the game after perusing pages of description is that it has something to do with a wicket. Cricket-wicket! It was the ear of the embryonic poet that made me able to grasp this one detail. Also, in the back of my mind is the suspicion that you "bowl" something—the ball I deduce!

Came a fine spring day and a gym period in conjunction. I attired me in the garb of a sports-woman and trotted to the soccer field secure in the knowledge that today I should learn what had carried athletics into the

realm of literature. I should find the key to Anglo-Saxon greatness. I should follow the tradition of English good breeding. I should know what a wicket was.

I was early, and to pass the time of day I explored the contents of the hope-chest that harbors the good American bats and balls and gloves, weapons of our national sports. But there, nestled in a separate corner, were the weapons of a foreign tribe. A bat I found, crushed in its youth into a three sided absurdity, and a neat, little glove that one might wear to the Divine Service of a Sunday morning without attracting comment. I puzzled, and then came a great flow of native intelligence, and I cried in glee, "Cricket!"

People began to appear. Soon the instructor arrived and I knew that the moment had come. Then fate intervened! "Choose your team for baseball", she called. How strong our spirit of nationalism is! We played baseball, gaily, lustily. But now, in the privacy of my chamber, I ponder. What, in the name of all that is holy, is a wicket? Shall I ever know?

'23

A DIAGNOSIS.

I am ill. A desultory search through the medicine closet yields no thermometer; my pulse I cannot take, for my watch is being repaired, and it would be ridiculous to take one's pulse aided by an alarm clock. Just now nothing else that one does at such a time occurs to my mind—probably because my mind is affected.

So I sit idly by the open window and watch the curtains lazily blow; I listen to the sound of many little rivers gurgling in the street, and with an inward exultation hear the continuous plop-plop of water dripping off a nearby bank. The evanescent snow seems the ghost of something long since gone, the prophecy of something about to come.

Now I wish I were in New York bumping down Riverside Drive on a Washington Square bus. Were I there, my greatest wish would be that I might be in the country where rivulets gurgle in the streets and stone walls ceaselessly drip. This reminds me that I want more than anything else to be out of doors. Once there I aimlessly kick bits of snow into a new-born brook,—and wish I were in the house.

No, what I want is to go shopping, if only I had thousands and thousands of dollars to spend on beautiful, useless clothes! How satisfying to stroll languidly across velvet-carpeted shops and look at evening gowns and evening wraps, and buy them all. But I think after all I would rather put on some riding breeches and stout shoes and go for a hike.

It is a pleasant time just now to think and talk about my past achievements. Until today they have seemed very ordinary experiences, but suddenly in my mind they are clothed in the heroic. And my future! Ah, my glorious future! Vaguely I have an idea that I shall work behind a notion counter in a busy store, or perhaps obtain employment as maid in some famous millionaire's household. I wonder, would that be as romantic as living on a farm and maybe raising bees? I am ill. A perfect diagnosis of my malady can be found on the "T" shelf of the library at home, page one hundred of volume two of "Virgin Soil". There Turgenev has perfectly described that languorous, restless disease, Spring Fever. You're a better man than I am, Turgenev.

Her: "I don't believe we saw the original dance of the seven veils at all."

Hern: "Of course not. But wasn't it a good take-off?"—Banter.

DRESS TO SUIT YOUR TYPE

"I like her, she's such a clean-looking girl". You've heard it too. Formerly I writhed when I heard anyone so characterized, because being one of those perpetually soiled-looking persons, greenest envy was inspired. I don't mean I belong to the Great Unwashed. No, last summer when it was 110 in the shade, I took five baths a day and liked them. I am just one of the innumerable unfortunates, who can't look immaculate. Even if I should pitch my tent in a bath tub and make my permanent habitation therein, disappointment and a dirty look would still be my lot.

I am not alone in my misfortune. Daily you see my type, and about us all there is an appearance of untidy hair, parting garments, careless disorder which merges into a vaguely soiled atmosphere. No one would ever call us dirty. It would be better if they did; it would be positive.

This affliction used to make me sad and discouraged, but I learned long ago to emulate Pollyanna. I decided that I was innocent, that I was probably atoning for the sins of great-great-grandfather Reuben, who no doubt, following the example of Shakespeare's father, refused to develop a civic and sanitary soul. At any rate, realizing the permanency of my affliction, I concluded that the really noble thing was to turn it into an asset.

So—I developed a philosophy, which is Wear the Right Thing at the Wrong Time. It's wonderful, and what I like about it, is—that, unlike most philosophies, it really works. To illustrate: After vacation all my little friends came back to College in new suits. I knew just how resplendent and Clean they would look on that first day. Now, I also have a very enticing new tweed suit, but alas, I knew too well that I wouldn't look clean if I wore it when comparison was possible. I, therefore, got out my knickers that I had worn on the breakfast party before vacation. I had cooked the bacon that morning and it had dripped on the knickers. Also, I had sat down in some coffee grounds. Withal the knickers were satisfactory; they were honestly dirty, not vaguely so. Accordingly, I donned a masculine-appearing blouse and said knickers and appeared on the scene with my friends who, in wisteria, periwinkle, and gray, looked resplendent, but self-conscious, ultra-feminine, and Clean. I looked dirty, but different, sportive, comfortable, and unconscious. The contrast was effective, and I believe not displeasing. In about three days I knew the exhibition would be over. I timed my friends carefully and watched the weather. On a cloudy day when everyone with average intelligence had on old skirts, soiled middies, and frayed raincoats, I wore my new suit to chapel. Ah! By contrast I looked Clean.

And so it goes. When clean middies are the vogue in gym I affect a genuinely dirty one, but when the clean ones are about three days gone, I come forth stiffly starched. If I learn that to a certain affair everyone is going to wear evening dress, I get out my oldest afternoon dress and no one expects me to look well. But if I learn that with a few exceptions all will be clad in afternoon attire, I carefully press my blue and gold evening dress and am unsuspected.

Of course, it's a strain to carry a secret sorrow, but it develops one. Let me urge you, if you have always felt vaguely soiled, to adopt my philosophy. Two years ago I was unhappy—and soiled. Now I even deduce myself successfully. They say that I am Individual, that I dress to suit my type. It's simple—Wear the Right Thing at the Wrong Time.

THE SUN DIAL.

A velvet shadow fenced it round,
The one bright spot out of the dusk;
A slender dial, it was.
Time's sentinel
Over the tumult of the passing years.

When first it graced her garden in the spring
Surrounded by the breath of daffodils,
My lady, coming down the shadowy path
Into the pale of moonlight,
Was Beauty in an older fashion's setting.
The moonlight falling on her white lace bertha
Framed sloping shoulders in a froth of silver;
Her dainty satin slippers
Peeped from beneath a stiff hoop-skirt of taffeta
Which made a gentle swishing sound
As she walked past in dignity
To meet her partner for the minuets.
L. '24.

COQUETTE—SWINNERTON

If you've read anything by Swinnerton, you know the style in which *Coquette* is written. If you've read his *Nocturne* you know the class of London society with which he deals in this book. All the sordid, all the unlovely in human nature is set before you frankly, crudely, violently, without the least attempt at subtlety. It displeases your sense of the moral, your sense of the beautiful, the artistic. You being an American do not know the type of person he depicts, but probably it is existent—then the book possesses realism—does it possess anything else?

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THE RING OF SIVA.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

to him on the next day, I decided, treat him to a bottle of my good Burgundy, and we should laugh merrily over the whole affair, so I dreamed off.

I seemed to be floating farther and farther away, when suddenly I was dropped from a great height.

I was wide awake. The darkness and the intense silence made me believe it was nearly dawn. I was rigid and in a cold perspiration when I awoke, altho I can't remember dreaming. I had an impression that I had been awakened by some definite thing, but what, I could not tell.

Hours, days, months, years passed—of aching, desolate silence.

Suddenly, the telephone rang, scattering the silence into bits like broken glass. I clutched my pillow. I panted for breath, and then laughed at myself for panting, a thousand times I tried to rise, and a thousand phantoms of darkness bore down upon me. In the intense silence, I could hear the clock like a beating heart in the blackness.

Finally, summoning all my courage, I arose and staggered to the telephone. It was Wickett.

"Great God, Harry," he cried, "Rackar is dead, and alone in the house with that ring. Throw on your clothes and come over right away. Don't ask me anything."

I dressed hurriedly and soon joined Wickett at his home. There was a third man with us—whom I discovered to be Frederick Rackar's valet.

"Yes, sir," he told us as we drove over, "Mr. Rackar came home, and acted very hilarious, said he had on a ring, and that he was going to die tomorrow so he'd drink up his Italian wine that night. The servants took offense, sir, and gave notice.—I would have gone too, sir, but Mr. Rackar got nervous and angry so I thought I'd stay, or at least wait until morning. He had me put a big bell by his bed and he told me that I was to sleep upstairs sir, and to come down if he rang the bell. He seemed feverish and not himself. About three, I woke up, and being nervous myself and not liking things, I got down a candle, lit it, and shading it with my hand, I tiptoed into his room. I stared at him, and I saw that he was dead. So I ran out and telephoned, sir."

We had arrived at the house by this time. There were no lights and the back door was wide open. We took our last breath of the cool outside night air and then stepped into the yawning darkness. The house was very still, and a large kitchen clock ticked with breathless regularity. We tiptoed our way thru the kitchen and up stairs and into a large bed room, guided by the light of Cruthers' candle. Upon the bed lay Rackar, about him his clothes arranged neatly, and on his finger, the ring. I went over to him and looked at his face. Yes, he was dead.

"Cruthers," I said, "Call in a doctor directly." Cruthers departed, leaving the candle on Rackar's bedside table. I went up to the dead man and drew from his stiff, cold finger, the ring. As

I bent over, Wickett, with a nervous start, overturned the table, the light was extinguished, the heavy bell fell to the floor with a clang, and I fled into the night—I know not where—with the burning ring of Siva in my hand.

(To be continued.)

HOME.

It is dusk. The sun has sunk into a soft, fleecy bed just behind the budding willows. The sky is patterned with gold, and rose, and purple. The weary craftsman trudges along the path toward home. The soft low of the oxen, the lullabies of the birds, the slow gurgle of the water in the canal ease his tired mind. As he nears the thatched cottage, a feeling of joy fills his soul. It is home. Tall, slender, white candles light the room with a tender glow. The fire on the hearth makes the andirons gleam and reflect the beauty of the blaze. The rough table seems to shine in the dim light, and the brass bowl filled with tulips adds a gay note of color. The flowers radiate peace, and gleam all golden, red and white in the flicker of the dancing flames. The table is set with "crockery colored like gardens of old Araby". The earthenware pitcher of cool milk, the fresh loaf of bread, the pewter candlesticks, the massive clock in the corner of the low-ceilinged room, are all beautiful in the warm subdued light of candles and fire. The soft blue of his wife's dress and eyes, the burnished copper tints brought out in her hair by glimmering candles, complete the scene of enchantment for the man. The candle-light has cast its magic spell. It is home. E. McC. '24.

THE MILK BOTTLE.

Were you ever conscious of a particular sound which was especially pleasant to your ear? I have heard of many who possessed a so-called pet sound, such as that of running water, crickets, katy-dids, sleigh bells, egg beaters, or even wood chopping. Of late years I have acquired an inexplicable passion for a certain noise which arouses no emotion in the average soul. This sound, without which no morning would be, for me, complete, is the rattling of the milk bottles, accompanied by the footsteps of the delivery man as he runs up the walk—a sound which terminates in a louder crash as the bottles are set upon the steps.

As I look back upon the earlier years of my life, I seem always to hear a familiar footstep and a familiar rattling in the dark, frosty mornings or the bright summer mornings—the rattle and the footstep never varying in relation to season or weather.

After the bottles have been deposited more crashes follow—the rattle and the footstep departing from the house. But I have never been able to go back to sleep until I have heard the last bottle placed in the delivery truck, which starts off with a groaning and scraping of gears and a last, now faint, rattle.

Think out new ways. Think out new methods. Don't always be thinking of getting back to where you were before the war. Get a real new world.
—David Lloyd George.



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TWO MOODS.

On the black window-pane the rain
streams like crossed spears of silver,
and outside, studding the darkness,
distant lights tremble in a more in-
tense whiteness. There is a sound of
scurrying rain drops on the metal roof,
and a low moaning of the wind rises
and falls like a feeble voice crying.
The earth is subdued, forlorn, drenched
with rain like some lost soul sodden
with tears. I huddle by the window,
staring into the night and give my
mind to roaming fancies. I wonder
what wild haunted eyes are lashed by
the wind, or how it would seem to hurl
oneself into the infinity of blackness,
or why man was made at all to produce
others like himself only to stare into
the night and question why?

A filmy light arises above the distant
hills, revealing a cold, still scene, where
creeps the first glimmer of day. From
out this breathing quiet resounds the
piercing cry of a loon, that shrill cry
which echoes beyond the distant invis-
ible shore and responds to the awaken-
ing of dawn. The mysterious shadows
of night vanish in the light of day, si-
lent and forgotten, while the crimson
and gold in the far eastern sky reflect
on earth their morning glow. The
white mist lifts from the valley, dis-
closing a mountain lake, cool and still
in all its opalescent beauty. Slowly
the orange sun peeps over the moun-
tain; birds burst into song, flowers
sparkle in their dewy fragrance and all
nature is awake to greet the day.

WHY?

THE FRESHMAN.

Effervescing enthusiasm, strenuous
energy, strong animal spirits upheld
by good health; respect for upper-
classmen and faculty; an active,
happy, wholesome outlook on life;
high ideals and ambitions, with a
faith both in God and in mankind,
giving little thought to the past—ex-
cept to clothe it in rosy colors, ideal-
izing the future and vitally interested
in the present. This is a picture of
the average college freshman, who
concerns herself with all college ac-
tivities, considering everything of the
utmost importance. Student Govern-
ment, Service League, class activities,
Dramatic Club plays, hockey, soccer
or basket-ball games, picnics, Mando-
lin Club concerts, dances—all claim
her and she throws herself whole-
heartedly into problems concerning
these. She is considered naive and
delightful. Does she remain so?

THE UPPERCLASSMAN.

Restlessness, indifference to college
activities, tiredness of mind and body,
a slight cynicism, discouragement
over life and life's problems, filled
with a sense of the uselessness of
existence, skeptical of humanity, with
no conscious religion, a victim of self-
analysis—this is the college upper-
classman. She is uninterested in most

campus problems—they seem petty
and futile to her—she feels almost out
of touch with the world, her future
seems uncertain and rather unat-
tractive. She longs to get out of col-
lege and to do things—find new in-
terests, yet she has no idea of what
she wants to undertake. There must
be some reason for her restless, un-
happy state. Perhaps it is her own
fault or that of her fellow students or
that of the faculty. Whose ever it is,
some action ought to be taken to pre-
vent other freshmen from going thru
the same change.

CAMPUS LIMERICKS.

Here's to our dear Dr. Well
Who of Shakespeare so glibly do tell,
"It don't work," sez he.
And he gives you a D,
So your average goes plumb down to—

There was a young lady called Tony
Who was most anything but phoney.
She wrote comedy roles,
Got rid of superfluous souls,
And absconded with all the baloney.

There was a fine viking named Jude
Who tho good was far from a prude.
She made quite a lover;
No role was above her,
From Headsman to Pierrot and Dude.

TAIL-LIGHTS.

POME.

Twinkle, twinkle little flirt,
You ain't got no petty-skirt,
All you got's a dainty face
Used to mask an empty space.
—Log.

If I were a tulip,
My tulips would be for you;
If I were a bleeding heart,
My heart would bleed for you;
If I were a marigold,
I'd surely marry you;
But oh! that I were a lilac,
So that I could lie like you.
—Log.

Dough: Why is a flapper like an
Easter egg?
Nut: I'll bite.
Dough: Painted on the outside and
hard-boiled on the inside—then, too,
you can't tell whether it's good or bad."
—Log.

ON WITH THE DANCE.

Robert: "The music is getting
pretty fast, don't you think?"
Roberta: "Yes, I blushed when they
sang that last song."—Darge.

When your line is pale and worn,
When she tilts her nose in scorn
And to her you're but a brother,
Take my advice—go get another.

He: "My, but that is a beautiful
arm you have."

She: "Yes. I got that playing bas-
ketball."

He: "Do you ever play football?"—
Voodoo.



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