

SPARTAN SLANKER



FIRST TIME OUT

JUNE, 1926

TWO-BITS

Newspaper Number



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"The School of Distinction"

Hank (to roommate struggling into a dress suit)—
"Got a date?"

Jim—"Naw! I'm just trying to remember a keen cuss
word I invented the last time I put this—'&@;—thing
on."

"Well, Joe, wutch a say we go out and paint the town
to-night?"

"You got any jack?"

"Naw."

"Well, wotta hell we paint it with, water colors?"

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THE BITTER TRUTH

Man proposes, woman
exposes.

—Cornell Widow.

* * *

England expects every
Scotchman to do his
neighbor.

—Lampoon.

It was in history. The professor had been telling of the life of Chesterfield. He continued: "And when Lord Chesterfield saw that he was near death's door, he gathered all his friends about him. Just before he died he gave one last immortal message to them. What was it?"

Class shouts in delight: "They satisfy."

—Argon.

SPANKER

AN ODE TO A PEA

I

Little Pea, shining bright and gaudy green,
On my knife thou dost lie awfully keen;
I raise thee to my rose-colored lips,
And lo! Thou art gone. I holler, "No slips."

II

I stop, look, listen for thee everywhere,
Under rug, under table, and rocking-chair;
After wearying long hours of heart-aching quest,
I find thee reposing on top of my vest.

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CollegeHumor

On Sale Everywhere

July 1

Hubby—"Where have you been this afternoon?"

Wife—"I've been over to Mrs. Smythes' 'excavating'."

Hubby—"Excavating. What's that?"

Wife—"Digging out dirt."

Dore—"My, but Helen is intellectual."

Kitty—"Intellectual Hell. She hasn't brains enough to be a fool."

She's so hot her mother had to throw her in boiling water to cool her off.

The Hope of the Family—"Mama, do they feed cows tin?"

"No, Archibald."

"Well then, how do they get canned milk?"



That's what you miss when you haven't been trained.

IMPOSSIBLE PASTIMES

Playing button-button with a strait-jacket.

Playing drop-the-handkerchief with a piece of dynamite.

Playing posy-in-the-corner in a round-house.

Supporter to political candidate—"If you win, I'm going out and celebrate; if you lose, I'm going out and drown my sorrows."

"Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed have a little Ford."

"I see; not inzy, just shiftless."

—Stanford Chapparral.

SPANKER

I know of a guy who sold the Ferry Building to a farmer from Oshkosh who was looking for a new location, who manufactured commissions in the Swiss navy and sold them to adventurous college boys. He sold "Harrington's self-actuating dressmaker" to gullible brides in order to get money enough to carry him through college.

This wise bird's name is Wilfred, but he's not Willy at all. However, one night he invited a damsel to take in a show, and go for a ride. The co-ed gulped the night air and gasped ecstatically at the moon for fully twenty country miles. Wilfred grew worried about his hot engine, and parked. "Innocent Arabella" threatened to walk home, and—

Wilfred drove her home.

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SAN JOSE, CAL.

When the sun is setting in old Skidnaka then the boys gather round to listen to the stories that are told of old. The famous one is about the duck that got too many women on his line and couldn't shake a one. He played around for a while, listening to the tales of woe that were related. And imagine, boys, he had six or seven on the hook, for he was such a great personage, a politician of noble extract. (First time we've ever heard of politicians being noble.) He was a regular two-timer, the word

should be six-timer. And a'truth, brother, he had them all going. They all fell for his line, as the dames are supposed to fall for Andy Protheroe's. He was a sweet ginger cookie. He got rid of the janes finally, when they got to battling among themselves. There is nothing worse than internal dissension. But the boys finally got him. They shot him cold when they found he couldn't take more than six shots of Coca-Cola straight.

SPANKER

IT'S WITH US AGAIN

The absent-minded professor who shaved the cat and kicked himself in the face.

* * * *

Love—it brings heaven down to earth and ruins hell.

She—"Stop!"

He—"This ain't no Boulevard."

—Georgia Crucker.

"If the good die young, that woman will be as old as Methusalem."

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THE
FIRST
BLIND
DATE

THE GIRL
WE'D LIKE
TO DATE
AND CAN'T

COLLEGE STUDENT REPRIMANDED IN DARING EXPOSE

**Petting Party of Unusual Violence
Results in Social Shake-up. Par-
ticipants Threatened With Expul-
sion.**

The party that was uncovered while in progress on the local campus last Thursday evening was the most astounding and the most bizarre of any yet reported by the campus snapper. The subsequent probe that was instigated uncovered a wealth of evidence that is guaranteed to set the local social circles agog, and if the names of the participants ever become known it is feared that the result may be the injury of the college's reputation, the disbanding of two fraternities and one sorority, and the total oblivion of one of the most promising young men that ever competed in college athletics.

The scene that met his eyes was one that would have shocked the most lenient of moralists and the evidence that was evident was of the most shocking nature. The remains of a small fire smoldered near the rim of the lagoon and a litter of bottles that lay in a helter skelter array gave mute but ample evidence of the progress of the participants. Large

(Continued on page 30)

DEFIANCE STARTS CAMPUS CLEAN-UP

Drastic reform campaigns against campus queening was given added impetus last evening when the Dean started an investigation of the questionable action of two coeds and one man walking hand-in-hand on the campus.

"I see that I should spend more time here in the evening," screamed the Dean, as she kicked her heels and jumped on a chair when she smelt the mouse.



*Color and light and laughter,
And the sob of a saxophone,
A long sweet kiss in the dark,
This is the life we've known.*

*Now the lights and colors are
fading,
The music's beginning to pall,
We're just a little bit weary—
A little hoard with it all.*

*Come then, one last dance,
But a drink before we do,
For I fain would toast our youth,
As the "saxes" wail adieu.*

C. G. T.



"THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFLOAT" POLICE DECREE

Another big political scandal in connection with the last election broke last night when a violent investigation of the alleged buying of women's votes with cream puffs was started by the private detectives employed by the student body to see that there is no dirty work going on.

The detective force claimed that the chief evidence of the Cream Puff Slush Fund, as it will be known, was that several hundred boxes said by witnesses to have contained the dainty pastry were found hidden in the dark recesses of one of the campus offices. Further evidence was found, they claimed, in the fact that for two days before the election hundreds of women students were seen eating cream puffs such as no money of theirs could buy.

It is said that expert chemists will be called in to decide the issue of whether these cream puffs were the same as those which were in the boxes. This will also necessitate the summoning of fingerprint experts, as well as alienists and criminologists of the first rank.

The name of the candidate who is suspected of the graft has not been divulged, but he has been taken in custody on charges of arson, perjury, and misappropriation of public funds. When questioned last night in the presence of newspapermen he would

(Continued on page 18)

EDITORIAL

Going forward. Ever forward. Trampling over obstacles. Never minding the turns to the left or to the right. The school is going forward. No school can compare on the coast to this—the god-given institution—Smartan College.

Our Alma Mater! We salute you! You to whom all blessings are due. You are the one for whom we have slaved until the small hours of the night, wearily and unattractively, without hope of reward.

True service always begins at home. Even now we have one of the best colleges on the universe—ranking with the foremost, step by step, except in the matter of numbers. The students are the best, the teams are the best. Everything is according to Hayle. There is no need of reform here at Smartan—we alone can act as reformers to save the rest of the collegiate world from extinction.

Never in the history of the college has there been such overwhelming patriotism to the Alma Mater. Praises to the Cerise and Pink. Enthusiasm is high. Dances and shows are always a financial as well as artistic success. Support at the games and athletic meets has made it necessary to build an added section of bleachers and a new gymnasium.

The rules and traditions have been kept perfectly throughout the year. We, the editorial board, rise on her hind legs and shout for competition of that sort.

No university in the nation has such a beloved group of inspiring professors, who are steadfast and true to the aims of Smartan College, who are patient and trusting to all of the doings of the student body.

There has not been one, not a solitary, single incident wherein a student has voiced his disapproval of the manner in which the whole college is standing. Wherein, we ask again, can one find such a contented lot? Truly this is progress.

(N. B. We trust in your intelligence.)

"LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" WAY NOW OPEN

S. J. S. T. C., June 17, 1929—(Special to the Spartan Spanker, by Heck)—Defying tradition, overthrowing the old, making way for the new, and showing a famous campus gang who is who, there issued a proclamation to the effect that men students will be allowed to smoke on the campus of this institution as soon as they can prove singly and individually that they have read the edict.

Not since the mandate proclaiming participation in a pageant called "The Slightly Whale's Pose" in 1920 has there been made such a startling and seemingly foundationless splatter as this; however, it is said in reliable quarters that certain of the so-called liberal-minded element welcome the innovation with thanksgiving and praise. It is even hinted by certain other less reliable sources that a monument will be erected as an everlasting tribute to the great benevolent liberator.

Whatever happens later, the campus is at present all agog with excitement,

every one awaiting with bated breath the final moment when the last man shall have read the proclamation, and when the corridors and arcades of this now famous institution will be blue with the smoke of fragrant cigarettes of various makes, and with the smoke and smell of cheap and expensive pipes in the process of being "broken in." Even if the women seem to welcome the new idea, probably as presaging a new day when women too will be allowed the freedom of the eigs.

When interviewed on the subject, the proclaimer very sweetly made the following statement: "The men have been smoking on the campus for some time, although it is against tradition; as I thought I might as well be nice and be obeyed at the same time: hence the proclamation."

Another influential faculty member, when asked for a statement, said, "It's a damn good thing; in fact, it's a hell of a good thing."



Palmist—A woman who uses her hand instead of a slipper.

The Boy—"How would you like to go for a ride?"
The Girl—"How do you spell ride?"
—I-A-R-K—

The final evolution of a barn dance—a garage social.

JUST A RETORT

One Prof: These kids don't think.
Another: Did you ever give them a chance.

SPANKER



THROWN OUT ON HER EAR

'HONOR SOCIETY IS FOUNDATION OF EDUCATION'

"The honor society is the foundation of a college education," ecstatically cried Martin Chuzzlewit, Jr., president of Hava Bitta Pie, national home economics honor fraternity, in an interview graciously granted to a Spanker reporter yesterday.

"The man or woman who gets out of college without belonging to an honor society is lucky — I mean doomed to eternal mediocrity and obscurity. The man or woman who graduates from college without four or five gold pins to wear for the benefit of those who haven't had the advantages of going to a college has no right to consider himself or herself cultured. I myself belong to seven honor fraternities, and I am trying to get enough fellows together to start another, so that I may consider myself a really cultured man. This new honor society will be one to honor those who have succeeded in becoming members of five other honor societies."

Mr. Chuzzlewit is a fine example of the college man of today, and he speaks with the voice of authority on the question of honor societies. He is a handsome young man who wears horn-rimmed spectacles and parts his beautiful blond hair on the left side. He swears magnificently and often; however, he says he does this more for effect than from inner feeling. He wishes to be considered brilliant but risqué.

Asked what the chief purpose of the honor fraternity is, Mr. Chuzzlewit said: "The chief purpose of the honor fraternity, as most of us favored ones see it, is nobility itself. It is, first, to be able to wear a pretty gold pin; second, to have some nice formals during the year; and third, to let the rest of the college know how good we are and what we have done. I should advise every freshman who would like to get anywhere in the world to try to get into an honor fraternity. That is what I did, and look where I am today."

SPANKER

One—"You've got a single track mind."

Two—"Yeh! But we run fast trains."



First Golfer (to second)—I tell you it was a dead stymie.

Sheriff—Waal, then I'll have to arrest you for shooting them out of season.

"Grandma and the Smartan Brights"

Now, children, I promised to tell you today about the Smartan Brights and what they did and do for Smartan College. Sammy, stop sucking your thumb; and, Gloria, don't pinch my leg so hard. It's a secret; so you can tell it to all of your little friends.

A long time ago there was a funny man named Nightie, who thought that he was pretty darn clever and good and hot. There were several other men in Smartan College who thought the same thing about themselves; so they all got together and decided they would form an organization to tell the rest of the morons in the institution about it. You must remember that this was a long time before any of you began to carry hip flasks.

They decided that the purpose of the organization would be to let the rest of the campus know how good they were, and after the impression had sunk in, they would kid the poor kids into letting them boss the crowd.

Nightie and his minions had it all figured out that they would pull the old gag of preserving campus traditions (you know, the grand stuff about the greatness of the one-horse joint) and do as little as possible. Then after they had pulled the well-known wool over the optics, they would proceed with the gentle business of telling the rest what they could do.

Now, you little devils, here is the joker in this yarn: Nightie and the boys lumbered through the traditional abalone for about a semester, but they got a little too quick on the draw and fished out some wrong psychology. Before the campus morons got fully lickered on the high language line, the Smartans tried the Autocracy trick. Well, the morons got wise.

That is the end of the story, except that you wouldn't be hearing about them in this day and age, but for the fact that grandma is an old lady and hasn't much longer to live. Good night, dears.

SPANKER

SPANKER

Cat—"I'd like to be a street cleaner."

Tom—"How come?"

Cat—"You got all the latest dirt."

—Williams Purple Cow.



SORORITIES RUN WILD BATTLING FOR PUBLICITY

The girls of the Sigh-Sigh House were all worked up over the fact that the Dean of Women had announced their house to be 99 and 44 one hundredths pure. Now this was a hideous lie and all the girls of the house knew it. But the dear old dean was using the berry for once in her life. She knew that the college would never get any publicity if the sororities weren't known to be wild, so she took this method of arousing the Sigh-Sighs to a greater effort.

Betsy Boob, the president of the noble girls, was tearing around like the mad hatter on a windy day, trying to get the girls to get on the figurative horse and not simply terrible as everybody would talk about them. She asked every girl to do something real wild. This was the result.

Marian McTeeth, the swell sister from Milpitas, put on a nightgown and walked down town to give the natives a treat. No one so much as looked at her.

Genevieve Gosh, from Gilroy, decided that if she stripped the body off of her old Ford coupe that it would surely arouse the good citizens of the town where she attended the institution of higher learning. But they didn't even show their teeth.

Now another original idea was put forth by Caroline Codfish of Castroville, who decided that she could shock them all to death if she would leap into the town pump. This she did, but not a shocked look came her direction.

After this Pauline Pinfeathers of Pinnacles rode down the main drag on a cow dressed in extreme evening gown, but everybody seemed to be looking at a window full of live turkeys, slightly worn and on sale at \$1.98.

The big idea that really did make all the villagers leap into the air with amazement came from the fertile brain of one Winifred (Whiskey) Wampus of Watsonville, who actually came to town in an ankle length dress, long sleeves, sensible shoes, and ABSOLUTELY NO POWDER to beamish her pristine beauty.

"Yes, sir," said the devil to the new arrival, "this is a classy place down here. Why, we had one fellow here that was terribly stuck on the place. He said that the climate was like California, and that he wasn't pestered by real estate agents all the time. Why, when they finally came down and gave him a pass for above, he broke down and cried like a baby. Yes sir, he did like hell."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

Yimka Readers Run Mad in Annual Club Meeting at Hotel

Sensational Exposure Reveals Revels of Yimka

Court Summons Expected



Whistle—Jimmy has a trick car.

Blackie—Howzat?

Whistle—It plays dead in the most convenient places.

FRAGMENT.

*Like perfumes that linger yet
In an old and carved chest
I remember the room where first
we met,
But best of all,
You—*

*In a gown of shimmering, shin-
ing stuff
Slimly tall and fair
With a ghost of a smile on your
ivory face
And the candlelight reflected in
your hair.*

C. G. T.

Shivering Sheila: You never know a woman till you get her home.

SPANKER

HAZY KRACKS



Thyme
I had a wild
time last night.



The strident tones of the Papa, President of the Yimka Revelers, urging the rebellious Revelers to modify their shouts of praise to Bacchus, attracted the attention of the policeman on patrol and the subsequent riot call brought out the reserves.

The annual, weekly, Wednesday evening praise service of the Yimka Revelers that occurred last Friday morning was unusually noisy. A ruddy atmosphere seemed to over-shadow the group from the moment the cast iron bound celluloid rattle was spanked by the august sergeant-at-arms. The usual opening song, "Happy Children We," was roared in an outrageously rude manner and when the Papa President reprimanded the unruly children, they arose in grand acclaim, shouting:

"Down with the President! Down with Order! Down with all that is organized! We want absolute Freedom! We want to develop the individual personality of the individual person! Praise to Bacchus!"

The tables had been decorated in a beautiful pink combination of baby ribbon and baby roses, and the bottles of Whistle that graced the board added the final touch of color. But as soon as the fractious membership took the chairs the fun began. The smallest member of the club started the uproar by practicing his marksmanship by throwing potatoes at the members coming through the doors, and when the Papa President attempted to call the culprit to order, a veritable barrage landed in his vicinity and the gunner proved that he had computed the range accurately.

Throughout the entire banquet the hubbub continued and as the bottles became emptied the noise increased. Each Reveler seemed to take it upon himself to prove his skill with the bottle, and the tinkle of glass and the occasional groan of a victim gave proof of the accuracy of someone in

(Continued on page 81)



By DELERIGUS

The sum total of a semester—! That week-end party at Phil's. Marianne, with the exotic eyes. That delicious bottle of Roederer that one of the fellows brought from home.

The slim girl who smiled a bit wistfully—hauntingly, as she disappeared in the crowd.

The little notice that accompanied your grades from the registrar's office.

The man who thinks he is deceiving his wife is often only giving her an excuse to have a good time herself.

My girl is so dumb that she thinks that the Diet of Worms has something to do with reducing.

A shot on the hip is worth two in the heart.

Conscience is merely being afraid to do something.

Her pulse couldn't be shaken, but when she danced everything else was.

Kissing Nellie is just about as interesting as discussing the Einstein theory with a cow.

Mary parked her cookies on the kitchen table and then started to prepare dinner.

I know a girl who has exquisite taste. She always wears a loud sweater to match her voice.

Pulse is merely self-consciousness developed to the nth degree.

A new drink is called the "Undertaker's Delight." Mix gin, whiskey, white and red wine, beer and vermouth. This is also excellent for removing varnish or anybody that you don't like very well.

I think my girl must have drunk canned heat.

I wouldn't take her to a dog fight. The judges might give her a decision.

DESPOTISM IS FORESEEN IN COLLEGE PAPER MANAGEMENT

"Tyranny, tyranny," issued from the throats of the resigning members of the "Daily Blabber." "We quit under the impulse of democracy, taxation without representation. The bosses are crushing us under the yoke of oppression."

Two of the reporters of the university news-sheet severed the connections, which were very thin, yesterday afternoon. They promptly adjourned to the inner sanctum of the political rivals and planned dire results to the editorial chairs. Namely that said chairs would be discarded and sold for old timber.

On the other side of the question stands or rather sits that Czar of the Press, the editor of the college daily. It was he who caused hearts to quail, and cold chills to run up and down the spines of his slaves, the cubs. He

is the one responsible for this recent outbreak and cry of "Oppression, free soil, tariff, and the League of Nations," played to the tune of Sousa's masterpiece, "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Tearfully the resignees tell their tale of woe, bringing the sob of the listeners out gushingly. What wrong have they done to deserve such fate as to be culled on the carpet and undergo the wrath of the gods and the czar. Their minds are made up now, they will not return to the fold. They have been unjustly treated. They have been scorned. The children of their pen have been mistreated, their feelings have been hurt.

The office of the "Daily Blabber" offers only one trembling statement. "Sure we blue-pencil copy. We can't print a thousand words for a weekly tea party."



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF A MODERN COLLEGE

SPANKER

Advantage of the collegiate mustache is that the flavor of the lips you love to touch remains long after the moment has passed.

SPANKER

I'm off of these blind dates. One of the boys made one for me the other night. He told me she was a nice girl. She was.

"—She was a dork. But no soap, no soap."

"Well, what did you do about it?"

"I kicked her out of the machine."

"Kicked her out of the machine? But you told me it was her Sputter Box."

"Just as soon kick her out of her own machine as I would out of mine."

She was only a cigar-man's daughter and she sure knew the ropes.

"Don't sell the old homestead, mother!! Burn the god-damn shack."

"A book of verse beneath the bough"—and all that rot has absolutely nothing to do with "Desire Under the Elms," Gwendolyn.

Get away from that man's pockets; you're not his wife.

Wanted: Some talcum powder that doesn't smell.

Do you want some unscented powder?



STUDENT MEET OF WEEK RUN IN WEAK MANNER

The president of the Student Body brought the gavel down on the head of the president of the college, where it resounded with a dull thud. But the old boy didn't mind, for he had been hard hit before.

This action was calculated to bring the meeting to order but this was unnecessary because ye studees had filed in, taken their seats and promptly gone to sleep. In other words, they realized that a Student Body meeting was to come off and so they had acted accordingly.

The secretary read minutes for hours; read them in a droning voice like someone reciting a prayer. (The secretary wanted a prayer, too. In fact, it was an actual disgrace to have such a wreck on public display.) When this torture was over ye secretary snickered and sat down, being very careful to adjust her dress several inches. The president mumbled something about "minutes—approved—" One dumb bozo snored extra loudly and the presiding officer shouted out long and loudly, "The eyes have it." The question naturally comes to your mind, have what? Now, that I don't know, so we will submit it to a committee of ten, composed of nine faculty members and one other morose personage.

The meeting proceeded and the assembly snored on. Several times a sleeper made a motion. It was seconded, voted upon and passed. Then the president put up a question providing for the establishment of a "dope" counter in the co-op. This was passed, after which a motion was passed to lower the length of the co-eds' dresses. A committee of six prominent and handsome men was appointed to carry out the motion (a good example of downward motion, by the way).

Finally the one student who had remained awake felt himself passing into the arms of Morpheus (N. B.—Morpheus is not a woman), so he shook himself by the shoulder and said one word, "Adjourn." The president of the Student Body again socked the college president on the head, killing several files who were enjoying a fine meal. The meeting was thus ended and several men were appointed to go around and wake everybody up.



She—I almost lost my heart to you.

He—Don't apologize — second hand goods don't interest me.

SPANKER

She was sure and vowed revenge. She had suspected such. She had known it would come. She had expected it. She had feared it. That such should happen to her, above all others. Still there had been the fall; and such a fall! What anguish tormented her mind! Ah! NEVER! She swore, manfully, as she vowed, NEVER! NEVER! would she ride that mustang again.

SPANKER

Econ. Prof.: Before prohibition went into effect 67 per cent of all fine liquors were made in California. Stude: Still are.



STILL LIFE

Terpsichorean Art Receives Devotees Into Arms of Hop

The most elaborate dance of the season was enjoyed by the Smartans present last Saturday evening. The decorations, designed and directed by Miss Fifi Smart, were a distinct start to the dancers. They consisted of a number of paper effigies of prominent members of the faculty and student body, which being hung upon wires and agitated by electric fans gave the impression of a mob of Chinamen chasing an edible dog. A distinctly horticultural note was added in the masses of red and green paper hollyhocks which were festooned about the walls.

A crowd of fully twenty-five Smartans attended, and their vociferous clapping spurred the orchestra on to further effort even after they had done their best. The orchestra, long considered the best on the Coast, played for President Grant on his world tour. They were once given a dollar individually by John E. Sullivan, and a dime, collectively, by John D. Rockefeller.

There were only a few cases of cheek to cheek dancing, which were immediately cut upon by the lady members of the faculty of Smartan College, who were present forty strong. The high moral tone of the college must be maintained.

Smartans are looking with interest and anxiety toward the next campus dance.

SPANKER



IS YO' COLD, HONEY?



AN ENCHILADA SERENADING HIS HOT TAMALE

SPANKER

The only way to keep a harber quiet is to shoot him.

SPANKER

Union Suit Manufacturer's Son Martyr To Intelligence

When Mrs. F. W. Blumdoger, of the famous Blumdoger family, makers of the Blumdoger 2A union suit, was informed that her son, Maurice, the pride of the Blumdoger family, had an intelligence quotient of a high grade moron, she used the Blumdoger millions to investigate. The inquiry has thrown Pedantry College, for years the center of psychological research, into chaos. The head of the department of psychology has departed upon an extended tour, the president is camping in his office, and consternation is stark and staring upon the face of both the students and alumni of Pedantry.

Aloysius F. Bordenheim, corrector of intelligence tests for many years, has been discovered to be a moron. Students who were thought to be geniuses are now wondering about their intellectual status, while the erstwhile imbecile have taken hope anew.

But Mrs. Blumdoger is a martyr to the cause, nevertheless, for the test of Maurice was recorrected by a person of high-grade intelligence and found to be a nit wit of low grade.

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE CAUSE OF EXTERNAL COMPLEXES

"The symbol of modern degeneracy is the automobile," said Professor Gadfly of Greenhill Ladies' Seminary, stroking his angular brow with a lace handkerchief.

"The internal combustion engine spelled the downfall of culture and morality. It is the basis of our liquor problem, of our petting problems, of our divorce problem, and in Greenhill we find it to be the root and branch of our scholastic problem."

Professor Gadfly outlined with his dynamic diction, and rampant rhetoric, the downfall of the girls of Greenhill.

By means of a series of life size charts colored in red, yellow and green, the learned psychologist proved his point conclusively.

"The Red (the red diagram pictured a robust amazon with a straight face, a curved figure and shingled locks) represents the plutocratic contingent of Greenhill," said the professor. "She drives a six-cylinder car, drinks gin when she can get it, smokes, chews, pets, cuts, eats, sleeps and gossips. She is generally reprimanded in the second week of her freshman year, and bounced out on the fourth."

"The Yellow," continued the pro-chologist, holding up a chart of a sway-backed female with a boyish bob, a sylph-like figure, and a per-

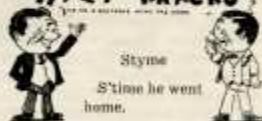
petual pout, "is the representative of the middle zone. She studies when she has nothing else to do, and as the popular girls of group number one are ejected after four weeks, she gets a fair start. She drives a light four-cylinder car, drinks anything she can get, chews navy plug, and 'Sylph,' but in other particulars she apes the popular girl."

"The Green"—pride was upflung in the tones of Professor Gadfly as he displayed the green facsimile of a starved looking creature, with a concave face, a figure of many angles and no curves, and one short leg. "The Green is the symbol of Greenhill's saving grace. This girl is not popular with the opposite sex, and she is not considered by either groups one or two. Her scholastic records compare favorably with those of the best of Bryn Mawr, Vassar and Mills. She drives no car, washes with Resinol, covers her nose with Dyer-Kiss, and gargles with Listerine. She is America's hope. And why? Because she has no car, and the pernicious influence of the modern, voluptuous American male touches her not."

At the conclusion of his lecture Professor Gadfly gravely clasped the hands of his audience, most of whom were shedding tears at the remembrance of his touching descriptions.

SPANKER

HAZY KRACKS



College Gals



HOMELIKE SCENE PRESENTED TO VIEW BY STAR

"Acting is just the life for me," tittered petite Wanda Wampus, as she broke a pair of eggs into skillet when interviewed at a back-stage dinner, during the all-night rehearsal of "Desire Under the Elms," which took place last night in Hootville Academy's new \$1000 auditorium.

Miss Wampus, star of many former productions, realizes one of her most poignant desires in the feminine part of O'Neill's success.

"You know," she added in her bird-like contralto, "I've always wanted to play the part of a downtrodden woman. In the part of her, I can really let myself out. It makes my heart rise in my bosom to sense that out in the breathless audience there are so many who feel as I do when I face the footlights in my nightgown in the second act."

Miss Wampus is the fruit of a large and histrionic family tree. Her grand aunt played the angel in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her grand uncle held the bouquets in the same play. Her grandfather played the father in "Little Women" until they grew up. Her mother played Madame X until Wanda came and had to have a name. Her father is at present directing charades for Y. W. C. A. summer conferences. Wanda adds to the accumulated talent of her forbears the spirit of modern art.

"To feel—to feel, Ah! that is to live!" said the young star as she closed the eyes of the eggs.

SPANKER

Yellow—"Kiss me, honey."

Fellowette—"Can't. I've a splinter in my lip from eating plank steak."

* * *

Able's Son—"Oyl Papa, look at the elephants."

Able—"Not elephants, Able. Elephants."

Able's Son—"They, haven't got plants, Fadder."

* * *

Jack—"I'm going to Europe next week."

Jill—"I thought you were on the wagon."



WANDA WAMPUS AT THE
BREAKFAST TABLE

Hot Star To Play in "Flame of Montmartre"

"The Flame of Montmartre," starring Prue Prindiville, of "Striving Souls" fame, comes to the Elite Amusement Emporium for one glorious night, starting Wednesday, June 17.

The famous Swedish directing genius, Sigurd Holmsowsky, said, after chasing Prue all over the "Striving Souls" set with a megaphone: "Of all the American actresses with which I have been compelled to work since my exile, I find Miss Prindiville the least to be deplored. She has no brains to get in the way of my genius. She cries like a dyspeptic baby when I frown, she registers fear perfectly when I pick up a chair. She has IT. I have been assured by no less authority than Mr. Mack Sennett, that she has a tremendous amount of IT."

"The Flame of Montmartre" brings again the actress and director who made "Striving Souls" such a treat for the censors. "The Flame" has already been cut thirteen times, and the association of Baptist, Methodist and Shaker ministers are contemplating a drastic cut of the bedroom scene. The chairman of the committee states: "There shall be no suggestion of a bedroom if we can help it." So there will probably be no bedroom scene in "The Flame."

The story deals with the struggle of a virtuous young Parisienne against the dastardly machinations of a gang of artists in Montmartre. How she triumphs over her dangers and captures a young American doughboy will bring tears to the eyes of anyone who has ever loved.

ERRING Y. P. S. C. E. MEMBERS SHOULD SEE ASTOUNDING DRAMA —SAYS GAWDHHELPUM

O'Neill's flaming triumph, "Desire Under the Elms," burst upon the startled but appreciative audience of seventy-five people which crowded Hootville Academy's magnificent auditorium.

Throughout the play the suspense hung like a cloud over the assemblage which included the mayor, chief of police, the minister, and the blacksmith, of Hootville, and their respective wives. The scene in the parlor brought forth loud gasps of wonder. Wanda Wampus was at her best, and carried the whole audience with her in her emotional appeal.

"Desire Under the Elms," aside from its tragically emotional appeal, has a deeper duty, according to the Martin Luther Gawdhelpum, minister of the Iresolite Lutheran Church of Hootville. Pastor Gawdhelpum states, "I hope that all the erring young people of Hootville saw Miss Wampus in that magnificent part of Abbie. The lesson was stark and staring, and it will go a long way toward stopping the parking on our country roads."

Miss Wampus also states that this ideal also actuates her in her striving for artistic and emotional success.

SPANKER

There's none so dumb as the guy who thought a steel pigeon was a duck decoy.

* * *

"Who the devil does that dame think she is, the Queen of Egypt?"

"No! Just my sister."



THE BEST FORM ON THE
CAMPUS

LADY CHESTERFIELD

A Playlet in
One Act

By

MEPHISTOPHELES

(Printed by special arrangement with
his manager, Goethe)

Dramatis Personae: They.

Time: About A. D. 2026 (or a few
hundred years later).

Place: What is left of the ruins
of what was the Sin Joie
Pedagogue's Institution for the
feeble-minded. It is a bright
spring day, and the campus is
teeming with life, for is it not
the day of the opening of the
Dane Damnick Memorial Smoking
Rooms for Girls? At the
left of the audience can be seen
the scene of the great festivities,
the room to be used by the lady
devotees of the filthy weed. It
is an old, almost forgotten room
formerly occupied by a now defunct
organization known as
The Latat Knights, an organization
of men. This organization
used the room for about a year
after they were organized some
hundred or so years before the
time of this play, but they soon

tired of doing anything except
boosing others; so the gang be-
came a non-entity, but what has
that to do with our present erup-
tion? Nothing; therefore we
will pass out to higher things.
Well, anyway, the girls are to
celebrate the opening of their
smoking rooms. Stage directions,
lighting, and anything else must
be worked out by the producing
director. I am writing this
play, and that ought to be
enough. So let's on with the
plot.

THEY: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
(Further shouting and mumbling
by the mob; it always goes over
big with the low-brows, they
think they are home).

He (softly): Let's go out and have
a smoke.

She (a la Lady Macbeth): Learn to
keep your place, silly. You go
off the campus to smoke, as is
decreed by almighty tradition.
I'll smoke in here, as is proper.
Never darken my door again.

(Is there need to write that foolish
word

CURTAIN)

Botany, the loomiest subject on
the curriculum.

SPANKER

Marge—"How can you tell a par-
lar snake?"

Maria—His coat lapels wear out be-
fore the seat of his pants."



THE DEAN'LL GET YOU IF
YOU DON'T WATCH OUT



SPANKER

The woman pays but she has
generally been extended a lot of
credit before she does.

Her father owns the service sta-
tion and she sure knows her oil.

A education is a fine thing.
That's why Lincoln never went to
college.

If this column isn't too hot, don't
blame me—the editor cut the best
parts.

Book Reviews

At last the Great American Novel!
I have just finished reading "Polly
Ann's Paramours," by George Barr
Nothing. This comes as a distinct
relief after the general sloppy trash,
flapdoodle and tammyrot that is
served up for the delectation of the
moronic literati. I have waded many
months through the muck and utter
rot that passes for reading matter.
Is it any wonder that I raise my
voice a bit above a whisper and po-
litle tip my chapman?

"Polly Ann's Paramours" is charm-
ing in its delicacy, wonderful in its
realism, poignant in its tragedy and
choice in its use of forbidden lan-
guage. The plot is a masterpiece, if
it really has a plot. It concerns a
simple country girl who goes to San
Jose, where she meets a college man
who rubs her of something precious;
a piece of her mother's wedding dress
from her fourth marriage. Broken
and lonely she enters a convent, but
the priests in that section of the
country go absolutely wild over the
cost of phonograph records, so she
is forced to leave. She marries a big
cheese and cracker man, who takes
her to Paris, where she falls in love
with an English horseman (not a cen-
taur). She leaves her husband, who
drives himself to drink in a horse and
buggy. When she last heard of him
he was consoling himself with a Rus-
sian concertina on the front Steppes.
Out in the Great Closed Places a
man by the name of George was rid-
ing an unwilling pony called Eccezza,
who was always itching to find some
hidden gold that nobody had placed
there. They found it alright, so Prin-
cess Neurasthenia of Halthosis mar-
ries the Virginian, Jerry Mander,
and the peasants all get drunk and
shoot the old paralytic King Pin. In
come three people wearing those
charming green hats that are thus
and so, being so very charming, or
would one call them charming, things
being as they are. She threw her-
self on a scarlet couch and mumbled
some words in American—that
strange, rich language that she ut-
tered so carelessly. "Paul—kiss
me, sock me one on the kisser—you
are so beautiful—so young." The
three mosquitos settled on the lady's
nose and broke up the passionate
scene that probably would have ended
in something terrible—like tea and

(Continued on page 16)

MARVELOUS PLAYING IS DISPLAYED BY SMARTAN COLLEGE GRID MACHINE

LOYAL SONS OF CERISE AND PINK BLUSH VIOLENT CRIMSON IN DEFENSE OF SMARTAN'S FAIR NAME

Smartan College has won. Has won against overwhelming odds of 56% to 4%. Smartan College has won and the score. The score was 86-11. Under cloudy skies with the sun shining piercingly through, the cerise and pink warriors galloped on the field at precisely 4:55, only two hours, twenty-five minutes and six seconds behind time. Time won by a nose.

The pigskin, grunting fiercely, soared into the skies and the Smartan halfback tucked it under his arm and started. The day opened auspiciously when that member of the cerise and pink carried the ball for amazing yardage—ten inches, five hectometers. From then on the battle waged. Charges were made by the teams—heroic charges—Charge the Five Hundred. Charge 'em what.

Sounds of "Hold 'em Smartan" echoed and re-echoed throughout the stands. In fact the yell yells Smartan bravely omitted were "Hold 'em." And the warriors nobly did their duty.—To penalties of fifteen yards at a crack. But the opponents were ever busy, the scoundrelly knaves. From time to time, the backfield of the Quentin College, smashed their way through the line. Previous gentlemen's agreement had forbade such conduct. And to further prove their villainy they took to the air, like the future invaders. After scoring a few times, they were held valiantly for a down at the time, on the fifty, then forty, then thirty, then twenty, then yard-line. Ah! The Cerise and Pink were playing ball.

When at even-time the whistle blew ending the struggle, the two teams were battling steadily and doggedly for possession of the ball. Toward of the Quintinities, growled with rage as the Cerise line held him in leash.

And the Smartan boys won, despite the fact that they were handicapped with two extra men on the field throughout the play. The coach had devised a plan of playing thirteen men against the Quentin eleven and the referee, and the umpire. Moreover, the victory was achieved regardless of ground conditions. On one end of the field the goal-posts were higher and the length of the field varied when the Cerise and Pink had the ball. What conditions the Smartan eleven went through can never be told.

As is generally the case, the Quentin outfit was made up of a mob of rowdies, who did nothing—but heel and slug, when the Smartan team began the fireworks. Needless to say the Smartan team is composed of men, who put Lord Chesterfield to shame.

The odds were tremendous—but the Smartan smartfully changed them as the game was called. And the main factor is that the Smartan grid machine won. And the score. Ah! The score was Quentin College 86, Smartan U. 11. The Smartans had won another Moral Victory.

EVOLUTION OF A PAIR OF PANTS



COACH N. FOUR TAKES TOPIC OF LATE ARRIVALS

At a special college meeting last Thursday the new football coach, Coach N. Four, spoke to the students on the subject, "Why Men Stay Out Late."

Coach N. Four said in part: "We coaches do not train teams to win games any more. We are not here to build winning teams at any cost. We are here to build men. We are here to help them get the best grades possible—in physical education. (This got a big laugh from the hol-polloi.)

"We don't care on which end of the score we come out any more. Inter-collegiate sports mean nothing for the mere winning of a championship. That isn't being done any more; it is passe. We aren't here for that. We are here to build character. (This got another big ruffaw from the low-brows in the front rows.) The psychology of football has changed from that of driving men with a club to having three hour talks on sportsmanship and brotherly love for opponents, and ten-minute practices on the field. What good is practice and knowledge of the game without the love of your opponents that should go with it? Why win games at the expense of your knowledge of etiquette." (Cries of "hologna" from those who haven't read Emily Post's book.)

The meeting then ended in a wild uproar of screams and general mob fights, which was only quelled by the interference of the Smartan Brights, half of whom were killed in the rush.

Coach N. Four comes to Smartan College highly recommended by Sam, Quentin, Polson, Napa home for the insane and feeble-minded, and the Pratt Home.

SPANKER

"Here's where this ear gets hit," said the cob, as it was gently ruled to the epicurean's teeth.

SPANKER

"Don't leave me, darling."
"I must. Progress pleads for it. Science asks it. The governor demands it."

McGOOGEL SIGNS UP AS NEW WATER BOY

Late last night as the clock struck 9, Montgomery P. McGoogel placed his mark on a contract for 50,000. The late halfback of the peerless Smartan outfit will participate as chief water-boy in fifteen and three-quarters contests to reap a reward of one dollar and six cents per minute of action.

McGoogel was chosen all-American by none other than Samuel P. Gompers, Calvin Coolidge and Eugene Debs, three of the foremost coaches of the country. His latest engagement was at the Earl Carroll bathing party.

McGoogel displayed some hot ball last season, making yardage at every opportunity for the other side. It was due mostly to his efforts and the other ten males that the Smartan College went through the season without a total loss.

McGoogel plans to spend his summer this season in an occupation that will strengthen his physique. The position as bond clerk for Sears, Roebuck awaits him.

McGoogel has a great future to store for him, as a movie actor with Gloria Pickford.

SPANKER

Agamemnon—"Yas. I've been following the horses all my life."

Achilles—"Bookie?"

Ag—"No! White Wing."

* * *

"Have you ever had track meet?"

"No. But I've seen a basketball practice."

* * *

"What kind of a date are we goin' on tonight?"

"An ostrich party."

SPANKER

"That's using the berries," she said, as she took another bite of blackberry pie.



THE FAST GIRL OF 1890

WOMEN CAGERS FAST ROUND INTO SHAPE NOW, STATES COACH

According to Coach Abigail Dinkenspiel, the form of the women's basketball team can be easily seen at this early period. Intramural games will be continued this season along with the championships to be played in the sports classes, the all-wood classes, the botany classes, the German classes and the social classes.

Coach Dinkenspiel states that the intramural system is the best to be found anywhere and that the girls at Smartan will adhere to this system always, at least until more resources can be turned over to women's athletics.

SPANKER



THE REASON WHY THERE'S A DEMAND FOR LONG AUTO RIDES IN THE MOONLIGHT

SPANKER

Amazing progress has been made in the archery classes up to date. After many weeks of tedious practicing the girls, with hard labor, have been able to find the bull's eye. But none have hit it as yet. Of great importance is the fact that Katie Kutie has come within fifteen inches of the red circle in the last hundred tries. Better luck is expected next time.

* * *

Habe Tonn, one of the debutantes of the season, made her initial trip in the Y. W. C. A. tank. Miss Tonn made a big splash.



TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.
IT'S EASY WHEN YOU
KNOW HOW

WHATSAT IS ASKED TO CONSIDER FAME

Adolphus Whatsat, freshman, is the latest man to make a bid for the Smartan Hall of Fame. Despite his inexperience at Smartan he is now in his tenth semester at the college—he has won every letter possible, including the sport of pigging. In fact, he has run the gamut of sportdom, missing not a sport from football to headball. He is a welcome addition to the Hall, not only from his athletic fame, but from his cheerful, handsome appearance on the campus. Everybody knows Adolphus. Besides being a member of the freshman class, he occupies the positions of head wrangler in the debate team, chief of the Loungers, Main Yinks of the Y. M. C. A., and plays third piccolo in the jazz orchestra. He has all the earmarks of a dirty dish.

"PROHIS" MAKE HAUL IN RECENT RAID—GET KING

The Rev. Peter Lowe was at last taken into custody as the result of a long search for the almost legendary "King of the Bootleggers." The Rev. Lowe was found by sixteen revenue officers trying to make liquor from gooseberry mash in an improvised still, constructed from a second-hand coffee pot, two lengths of stovepipe and a worn sardine can. The gentleman of the cloth admitted that he was preparing for a party to be given by the Ladies' Aid Society for the benefit of the starving Polynesians.

A touching scene occurred when the little son of the wayward minister burst into the room and ran for his daddy's arms. He burst into tears and sobbingly cried:

"Don't you naughty, bad men, take my daddy away. If you do we won't have any gin for supper."

The charming, petite wife of the accused man today told a harrowing tale of her married life with the bootlegging preacher. It seems that he tried to "beat religion into her."

It was announced in the courtroom today that the contraband stock composed of potato wine and tomato catsup cordial would be on sale next week at 735 West First street. Those who wish to buy are cautioned to knock three times, sing the first two stanzas of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and take a flying leap at the moon. These precautions must be taken or the prohibs will get wise. The proceeds of the sale will go for the benefit of knockkneed police judges who are unable to make an honest living in liquor traffic.

SPANKER

WHAT THE BOYS SAY ABOUT HER:

Have you seen her? Some Jane. She is oh—ah—pretty woman. And dress—say, she looks like a million. And clever—puts it over the rest of the female population.

WHAT THE GIRLS SAY:

Oh, yes, I've seen her. You do. So do I. Affected—my stars! And her hair is certainly a fright. Looks like a futuristic nightmare! He does? He never did have good taste. Why, my dear, she has so little brains that she'd never miss her head if she lost it, except she wouldn't know where to put her hair-pins.

WHAT THE GIRLS SAY ABOUT HIM:

Did you ever see such eyelashes in your life? And his complexion. Did you ever dance with him? He floats—just like Ivory soap, only much smoother. Oh, of course, he is conceited, but why not?



OH BOY! WHAT A GALL

SPANKER

FUNNY DUCKS

The bird who tries to explain to the Dean of Women why he brought Elizabeth home at 4 a. m.

The fellow who takes intelligence tests seriously.

The girl who snuggles up and wants to be "just a dear pal."

The assistant prof who tries hard to speak to every co-ed who speaks to him in the corridors but "just can't remember, you know."

The country goof who thinks that the Y. M. C. A. is a college honor society.

The poor-but-honest hono who is working his way through college by being a revenuer.

The mental invalid who writes those editorials about the progress of the American college toward the light.

SPANKER



Honor System Is Found As Success

The following voluntary communication has been received in regard to the honor system, from one who has had experience, and who ought to know:

Dear Mister Honoratin:

Since us guys in the safe-work game has put this honor system into effect, we have all felt more secure. Nobody goes hornin' in on somebody else's job. If one guy gets caught for a job he has been pullin' with some other guy, he keeps his face shut, and takes his medicine without givin' the other poor devil the dirty end of the deal. If a gang is pullin' a job, the leader can be trusted to hand over the stuff. If he don't go accordin' to the system, we puts a couple of holes in him. But anyway, the whole thing has worked pretty good for me. I haven't misaid a day's work and I ain't lost a buck.

Yours safely,

I. Wark High.

At last we have an unbiased and a gentleman's view of the situation. If the honor system will work among these gentlemen, it certainly should among college students. These men earn their living in the cold, dark hours of the night; why, therefore, shouldn't it work with us who do all of our cheating in broad daylight?

To illustrate, the fellow who cheats in an examination he is taking with several others. If the others want the necessary information, and he has got it, if he won't give it to them, they can do as the safe workers do: put some holes in him. If a fellow gets caught cheating in an examination, he should take the consequences and not give the others the nasty end of the deal.

There is an old saying to the effect that there is honor among thieves; though personally I think that is an ignoble name to give to the members of the safe workers. Anyway, if there is honor among thieves, why shouldn't there be honor among college students? Get broadminded, why not?

SPANKER

He—"What do you know about love?"

He—"Plenty. I drove a taxi for three years."

—Washington Columns.

~ The Great College ~

For a word of advice, this is a bull-rtin put out every once in a couple of decades by Smartan College, relating the deeds and incidents of the heroes and founders of the institution who braved hardships to give to the world one of the most sublime, irresponsible and blessed universities of the universe. This is published in the interests of Smartan College, established by John Q. Smartan in the year of A. D. 1876, by the grace of Calvin Coolidge and John D. Rockefeller.

FAMOUS PROFESSORS CAVORT ON FACULTY

Due to the efforts of Professor McGuffey, chancellor emeritus of Smartan College, the institution counts itself first in the standing of its faculty. The head of the economics department is Professor Flamingo, LL.D., Ph.D., M.D., Sc.D. The professor is aged but is well preserved. He took care of the coin of the Manchurian refugees during the Russo-Japanese war. Professor I. Gotta Paine, the woman writer of self help books for women, is also upon the faculty. Professor Paine has no letters after her name but she sure wields a suggestive pen. Her personal hygiene course is recommended for entering freshmen who have been reading Elinor Glyn.

Prof. Marcus Rex, teacher of English composition, is another bright spot in Smartan. Marcus is a howling good sport, and besides that he has read "Romeo and Juliet" and contributed a poem to "Cupid's Diary."

There are many more in Smartan's happy family which are well worth knowing. You have only to come and class their hands in the hallowed halls of Smartan to be intellectually happy.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR SMARTAN ATHLETE

The athletes of Smartan are symbols of physical perfection. In no college in America do men look more languorous in a sweater. And the capacious campus lawns at Smartan give full range for voluptuous leanings. Smartan builds men. It does not destroy them. If a fond parent sends his or her hopeful to Smartan with two legs, two arms, a full set of teeth, eyes, lips, a decent collection of hair, and a passable nose, he or she can feel sure that the child will be turned into an honest to goodness Smartan, with no loss of physique or physiognomy.

Smartan offers many opportunities for the athlete. Numerous alumni scholarships are open to the deserving young athlete if he shows his mettle by tearing an opposing line to pieces and putting it together again. After a semester of hard work the student may find himself free to go through college the rest of the years without a worry. Of course, there will be jobs open to him with large pay, such as a hasher or gardener of a rooming house. And if the alumni don't take care of him, the frats will.

CAMPUS WITHOUT EROTIC INFLUENCES

Smartan has all the advantages that any self-respecting college must have and many more. Smartan has trees, not a few, many, dotting here and there upon the green clad expanse of Smartan campus. Within easy walking distance is a park full of many secluded spots, delectable for tete-a-tetes, and much frequented in the twilight evenings, when the strumming of guitars, skeletons and other such instruments wax and wane periodically and spasmodically. Within a rifle shot of Smartan is a glorious lake, where all the fish have been killed by pollution, leaving the pellucid waters free for swimming and diving, at which the Smartan youths and maidens excel. Smartan is fifty miles from any place of importance and is therefore free from any erotic or pernicious influences. Smartan enjoys an endowment from an alumni of considerable note which pays the salary of the registrar, thus relieving the tuition fee of much pressure.

MANY WAYS OPENED TO COLLEGE STUDES

Student activities are many, in fact, too many. If you don't succeed in the first endeavor there are many places where your type of talent may prove satisfactory. In fact, there are numerous grades of endeavor which the student may participate in. We offer first without compunction the Y. M. C. A., where the boy may enjoy a fine, uplifting good time. Then right next to that, the student may enter politics of the campus and have such a jolly good time. But he wants to be careful that he doesn't get his neck cut in the shuffle. Amateur Theatians have a wide field, and ample opportunities. Students with no talent whatever may find themselves in the leads of the many plays produced by the Smartan artists. Debating claims a few of the huge student population of this happy family. Everyone agrees in this society, even the opposing sides.

THE BLOOMING PLANT

Consider the plant itself, warranted by Luther Burbank as being one of the most hybrid growths of the century. On the campus the visitor may see to the left the inspiring heights of the Yosemite Falls, to the right the Niagara Falls, and in back of him the Rocky Mountains, not to mention the Leaning Tower of Pisa in the background and the Taj Mahal. For the immediate surroundings there are the new zoological laboratory, fool-proof in the highest degree; an assembly hall wherein chapel and assemblies are held with 100 per cent attendance and no sleepers. Also to be viewed in passing on the campus can be seen examples of a species now rapidly be-

coming extinct—that of Studiano Learnasas, most of which recline gracefully upon the blooming lawn. The fifty-two-story building to the right center is the athletic manager's office, with divisions for separate water carriers and sub-managers. The gymnasium is the shack on the upper left hand corner. Great student events partake of the indulgence of the men and women of the institution, including basketball games and student hops. Student hops are not grown, but given. The professor's house is shown diagrammatically in the picture by the arrow pointing upward and to the left.

PETTING THE MOST IMPORTANT COLLEGE FUNCTION

By Elnora Glum

Petting is an art—Petting is a science—Petting is the most important extra curriculum activity that is practiced in the modern college. Petting, commonly called pecking, is beneficial to the senses in a way that no other activity can be, and furthermore, the effects are of lasting effect on the individual.

First, let us consider the sense of sight. Petting is extremely beneficial to the eyes because it is most expertly carried on in places where the eyes are not strained by glaring lights and the subjects that the eye has to behold are most restful.

Then, petting is most extraordinarily helpful to the sense of touch. The contact in the above statement refers to the soft and tender carresses of some trustfully clinging figure and not the contact of a sledge-hammer right directed by an ardent worshiper of Dempsey or Young Stribling. The constant and well directed contact with the graceful curves of the female form will develop the touch to the highest degree. And then, please tell me what is so responsive to the touch as human flesh.

Now let us consider the sense of hearing. Of course we are discussing intellectual petting. The intellectual recipient of intellectual petting dwells upon the tender words crooned by the petter and, according to experience croons in return a flow of sentimentality that is assured to awaken a new fire in the soul of the artist.

Petting not only aids the senses of touch, sight and hearing, but it takes in the other of the senses and then goes into more intellectual fields. The practiced petter

knows the difference between Djer Kiss, Black Narcissus and Cotys. He can also tell the difference between vinegar, brilliantine, and the various other compounds the students of Cleopatra employ to seduce their victims.

The sense of taste is not to be deprived of its proper recognition. One who has been at the art of petting for a reasonable length of time is sure to tell the difference between Pinkin Rouge, Permanent or Kissproof. Not only can he tell the brand of mouth adornment but the expert can discern the aroma of the varied scents of cigarettes and he can also tell if the co-operator is troubled with that ailment that has "that insidious thing about it."

However, the most important benefit of the practice of petting is that of the aid to the memory. Psychologists have long overlooked the factor of association in the training of the mind. In recent years the process of association has been given more recognition and petting definitely established the importance of this process.

Thus we see that petting is expressly beneficial to both sexes and that the ordinary humdrum existence of the young people that comprise the student bodies of our colleges. It is the sincere hope of the writer that a thorough and comprehensive course in the fundamental technique of petting be incorporated in the curriculum of every college and university in our land.

SPANKER

"Did you ever hear about the Scotchman that saw a penny in the street and didn't stoop for it?"

"No!"

"Neither did I!"

"All men are equal. We all sprang from monkeys."

"What did you do? Stop halfway?"

"The new dolls don't say 'mama' any more. They say 'Oh! boy.'"

He was only a doctor's son, but he knew his D. T's.

Bandits are getting so bad now that they'd steal the right eye out of a blind man.

SPANKER

(Continued from page 5)

answer no question except that of the chief of detectives, Mike Ough, as to whether he was guilty of the misdeemeanor. When Chief Ough asked him this question, he replied, "Hell, yes; what are you going to do about it?"

Asked for a statement, Chief Ough said: "This man is apparently a hardened grafter, with no sense of his duty to society, but, by God, I will run this thing down and jail him yet. It's going to be a hard fight and a long one, but justice will win out eventually."

SPANKER

The Collegiate Grab-Bag—BLIND DATES.



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

SPANKER

The stranger's face struck a note of fear in the heart of Paul. He strove to grasp with his will at the tightness in his throat that was strangling him. He felt Agnes' warm body pressing closer to his, for protection—protection—out here, twenty miles from nowhere in the particular. His eyes were drawn from the glint of the metal in the eyes of the man to his bloodshot staring eyes. Paul made a futile dive into his pocket but the stranger had been quicker than he.

"What?" gasped Paul, "You put in five gallons? I've only got four left."



PIPPA PASSES OUT

SPANKER

Father to Son—Key, take yourself out a life insurance policy for ten thousand dollars and I'll buy you a nice new motorcycle."

—Carolina Baccanese.

It's not what we do, but what we see; Nor what we see, but what we feel. For not without a sense for such— Can we love the skin we love to touch.

PICTURE OF A COLLEGE GIRL
WHO NEVER NECKED

He—"I was out late last night."

She—"So I've heard."

"Have you heard the butcher song?"

"Howzat?"

"Butcher arms around me, honey."

WORDS YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR AGAIN

From the masculine side of the question—"We'd better go home now. I have to be in."

From the feminine side of the question—"We'll just stay out a little longer."

It isn't the way they dress 'em any more.

It's what she wears and the way she wears 'em that counts.

Sheem: "What would you think of a fellow that calls up a girl for a date at 11 o'clock?"

Heem: "I'd say he was kinda hard up."

It's never how much gas you've got when you drive, it's how little you've got.

We've been hearing so much about "Horses" that we're even frothing at the mouth.

FASHION NOTES

The correctly dressed young collegian this year will wear:

Loud-patterned knickers, either a la mode or toodle oo, with either coat to match or coat not to match or with loud-patterned sweater with hose to match or hose not to match or any other way, just so he wears knickers.

Loud-patterned flannels with either sweater or coat.

Tan or blond shoes or two-tone shoes, a combination of both.

Loud socks, garters taboo.

Loud ties, either bow or four-in-hand, in varied patterns and hues of blue, black, red, orange, yellow, green and varied tones of brown and white.

Dirty corduroy trousers are considered proper for campus wear by some, but this is open to question. Some do and some don't.

For evening wear, except the most formal, when he will wear a dark suit, he will wear the same darn thing, but he will wash his face and shave, if he is a gentleman.

Why will the correctly-dressed collegian wear these particular combinations? Well, hell's bells, because everybody else is.



THE HEIGHT OF HARD LUCK IN GRAND-DAD'S DAYS

To get a hair-cut just before an Indian massacre.

—Lehigh Burr.

Poor Sandy McPherson died when he saw his wife give a smile to a friend.

She was only a carpenter's daughter, but she sure knew the vices.

Editor—"I can't print that joke. It's double-meaning."

Disgusted Contributor—"So's your old mind."



A HEAVY DATE

SPANKER

That grand old lady, Educa Shun, is dead! Formerly the privilege of the rich, the scourge of the poor, the admiration of the ignorant, and the working tool of the intelligent and clever, no more will her voice be heard ringing down through the ages, unless some great doctor can bring her to life again. The old family line has not died out, for she is survived by several relatives in the backward European countries, such as England, where two older sisters, Oxford and Cambridge, are still having their fling.

The dear old thing had been ailing for some time before her death, but no one ever expected her to become so downcast as to commit suicide. For some years before the sad event took place she had become slightly feeble-minded and just the least bit degenerate. She began to put a premium on the ability to memorize what some of her more stupid disciples had to hand out. She made a virtue of getting things in at the exact time specified, regardless of originality of thought or purpose. The person who displayed some newness of idea, or real excellence of work but who in the scuffle was liable to pop in late with his brain children was simply out of luck, and no mistake. She even got a little silly later and instituted a system known as grading which had the ostensible purpose of measuring one's ability, but which almost anyone would admit was far from being a true and just measure; in fact, in the hands of the average silly it was a very dangerous thing, for personal like or dislike was liable to play an important part in its use. So were pet ideas and opposition in point of view.

She was a grand and majestic old dame until she began to go off her nut, and her passing into the land of everlasting sleep will be mourned by everyone.



Here it is, studies! The first issue of the Spartan Spanker, dedicated to the art of tickling the funny ribs and concocting dishes tasty and appealing, now off the press, is ready for the perusal of those who planked down hard-earned silver. A humorous magazine is as necessary to college life as a new bob or a collegiate pair of knickers, and of course, to be dignified and serious, as necessary as a winning football team is to Harvard.

We place before those who are willing to listen and to read thoughts of the present, past and future. Read 'em and weep no more, my baby, for a college magazine. Give us this day or daily bread, but save the brickbats for the ones who come after us.

After the finals comes summer. Yes! Summer comes after these insults to the intelligence of the collegiate boys and girls. And with the summer comes sunburn. Ah! That delicious tickling of the bodily senses by the solar system. Some get it or acquire it by working in the sun, but others manage to be blessed after lazy moment spent on the sands in sightful occupations. Last summer the Head Paddler made an amazing discovery, among other things, great and small. The Head Paddler found that it wasn't economy that drove the college boy to abstain from metal. But it was the dire necessity brought upon by the desire of ease and comfort in the nether regions. Along with summer the country is infested with mosquitos, slushy butter and collegiate book agents. Dashing Lotharios of the Campus struggle with armfuls of Ladies' Home Journals.

Now just what shall be the plan for the summer after the last torture is over, after the last gamut is run? (Did you ever see a gamut run?) Shall it be a few weeks at the seashore or a couple of months in the mountains? More than likely it will be a decade spent in the confines of a cannery. That is where all good boys go,—in summer. And then after the rain comes the sunshine. It ain't gonna rain, so when is the sunshine going to arrive?

But to get back to summer. Blissful days of lemonade and knickers worn in the seclusion of odd moments. Remember the evenings? Those nights filled with joy and thrills as you swelter in the heat and sweat pestiferous wings. Those evenings, those summer evenings, those delightful summer evenings. When it is winter you wish for summer and when it is summer you wish for the coolness of winter. After the finals, comes the summer. Which shall it be—witch hazel shall it be! Hell or hades?

Well! Well! Well! They're back again. Back once more to the old college. We offer you welcome, Alumni! Sorry we can't offer you more. But welcome, Homecomers! Welcome back on Homecoming Day. For your approval and condescension we place this Spanker to view, just one of the things which we can show for progress.

Once more you can gambol on the greensward. Once more you may take a day or two off in full justice. Once more you have an able excuse for a perfectly good holiday, for what cruel boss can refuse such a plea as a collegiate Homecoming Day? Why that is even better than telling him that your grandmother has passed away. But nevertheless, the old school looks the same, despite the fact that there are a bunch of youngsters running around loose. And it isn't like it used to be, there's a new building running along Seventh street. Of course if you were here last year, you'd have seen it. But there is a new physical education building, alongside of the gym. And there's a lot, which you also have seen, whereupon there will be erected a modern and fireproof edifice for gym purposes in the near future. How near only the legislature knows. And if you wander far enough, you'll be able to see the new athletic field out in the distance.

And new institutions. The libe is keeping the children out late. It is now open until 10 P. M. Then there are the Spartan Knights—a worthy organization—like all good working girls, just trying to get along.

Gather 'round, Alumni. The Head Paddlers and all the little Paddlers wish you welcome.

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We wish to thank the managers of the Stanford Chapparral for aid given in the issuance of this initial Copy.
THE EDITORS.



STEADY VOTER WONDERS HOW AND WHY ELECTIONS ARE HELD

An election of officers is announced by assemblies, word of mouth, the Daily Blabber and hand bills. The few that really take interest in the government of the school gather around a pint of gin in some remote room on the outskirts of the campus and proceed to have a bull session. The most popular man on the campus is discussed and his assets and defects are considered from every angle. His character, the most important factor in choosing a leader for a student body, is analyzed to the most minute degree but not because of the reason that naturally comes to your mind. The factors that elect or reject him in the mind's eye of the controlling few are his pliability of mind, his ability to receive suggestion from the proper sources, his general standing with the great majority of a college student body that are absolutely incapable of thought production, and the amount of prominence he has gained through appearance in campus activities. The other factor that weighs so heavily on the scales of the bosses is the standing of the candidate with the elite. The reason for this is obvious. Many are the crimes committed in the name of a fraternity brother.

The candidate chosen, and a staff of subservient henchmen designated, the bosses prepare their campaign, and the result is determined. The man for the job has been elected, while the real man for the job had been defeated because he is not quite

as popular as the social celebrity and his "line" is "not so mean." As long as humans with the minds of sheep comprise a student body the government of such will remain a perfect example of autocracy.

Prove me to be incorrect I challenge you. Let the social favorite attempt to use his own brain and the powers that he will circulate a petition for his recall. There you see the true state of modern democracy. The persons approached with the petition sign without looking to see what the script contains. The reason is obvious. The vanity of the individual is flattered by the appeal that he is using his God-given right of self-expression and his democratic right of community government. The fact that he is affecting a shake-up in the matters of government is the sweet that tickles his palate. Let an amendment to the constitution be proposed and he will strut into the polls with a pigeon-like strut proclaiming to all the world that he is one of the members of a democratic system. Let the amendment pass and a petition be instituted this self-same voter will invariably affix his name to the sheet and when the next vote is thrown open he will vote the amendment off the books and will say to himself with a self-satisfied smirk, "I am a voter. I take an active part in the governing of my college."

Never were truer words spoken than these,

"And we like sheep are led astray."

SPANKER



Driver: "Gimme a coupla quarts."

Driven: "This ain't no bootlegger's."

The Snake's Hip

Published on the Weak End

Publisher.....MR. AKE

Editor.....IVAN AKE

Cir. Mgr.....IVAN AWFUL AKE



I just came from Broadway, where I was watching the antics of the tired business men. They was doing what they called dancing.

Down in Oklahoma we dance. If the natives of New York, Frisco, Palm Beach and Miami would smoke real tobacco maybe they could dance real dances. There's nothing like good tobacco to lubricate the spinal cord and the knee joints.

When I was a boy, I used to sit on the window sill, and watch my parents jump around to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw." In Oklahoma there is two tunes worth knowing. One is "Turkey in the Straw" and the other is "The Star Spangled Banner." When you hear either of them remember that the he-men of Oklahoma plaster their hair with Goose Grease when they doll up for a tangle at the school house.

IVAN A. AKE.

P. S. There'll be more "Goose Grease" in here later. Keep your eyes open.

All He-Men Use Goose Grease



STUDENTS ALLOWED TO THINK ALONE "AT LAST!!!"

According to a noted professor of economics, who wishes to have his name withheld from the curious public, college students are to be allowed to think for themselves, and to express a liberal opinion of their own once in a great while. This great concession is to be granted by those reigning monarchs known as faculties. The faculties will allow the students to use their mental faculties. The faculties will allow the students to use their faculties of expression in print. They will allow them to use their faculties in speech. They will allow them to use their faculties in song. They will allow them to use their physical faculties, such as faculties for gang fights, and the like.

As announced by the professor, who has the information on good authority, this unprecedented event cannot be expected to take place in the very near future. All students are warned that no thinking or expression of opinion can take place until the proclamation is cried out from the hilltops and the valleys below.

Never in the past, except in a very few and far-between instances, has such a far-reaching happening happened; neither, as the professor announces, can it be expected to happen in the near future, but such is life in the American college.

When interviewed by a Spanker reporter last night, the professor said, "This new ruling, which will go into effect some day, will enable those few students who have desired to do some thinking and self-expression to do it. As I see it, this is the most revolutionary event ever to take place in any American college. Of course, in English and other backward and undemocratic foreign colleges it has been the custom to allow this for a long time. In the past it has been customary in American colleges for all thoughts, feelings and statements of all college men and women to be censored. Newspapers have made circulation and money from the doings of censors. With the issuance of this order I look forward to a new day."

SPANKER

"The defendant was as pretty as a picture but she claimed someone had framed her."



MR. MANN INVESTIGATES THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACT



BEFORE READ WHAT MRS. WHOOSIS HAS TO SAY—

"The doctors gave me no hope! In fact, everyone said there was absolutely no hope for me.

"One day a lady stopped me on the street and said:

"My God; but you're ugly!"

"This pained me deeply. In fact, the pain nearly drove me crazy. I got it in the neck so bad that at night I lay awake and just simply screamed. I tell you, after this, I wasn't the woman I used to be.

"Then I heard of Lydia Pinklet's Vegetable Composition. A lady friend of mine tried it and as it didn't kill her I got a bottle. I began to acquire a taste for it and would take a

FAMOUS SAYINGS

"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."—Columbus.

"Keep the home fires burning."—Nero.

"The first hundred years are the hardest."—Methuselah.

"Treat 'em rough."—Henry VIII.

"Keep your shirt on."—Queen Elizabeth.

"Don't lose your head."—Queen Mary.

"The bigger they are the harder they fall."—David.

"It floats."—Nah.

"You can't keep a good man down."—Jonah.

"I'm strong for you, kid."—Samson.

—The Boston Evening Transcript.

AFTER

glassful now and then when I felt warm in the afternoon. After I had used a case of it I began to feel better and am now myself again; restored to the full bloom of my youth. The two pictures above show me before and after taking. Of course, the photographer touched them up a little but I assure you I'm a different woman now and I can say nothing but, "God bless Lydia Pinklet!"

"You may use this for advertising purposes if you wish, but I guess you will, seeing as you paid me ten bucks to write this.

Yrs s's't'r'l'y,

Mrs. Miene Whoosis,
271 Fifth Avenue,
New York City,
N. Y.

DOWN ON THE OLD "GINNY" SHORE

NO NOT SAX APPEAL; JUST
A CARTOON OF A JAZZ
ORCHESTRA

SPANKER

A fellow that wears a blazer
isn't always so hot.

* * *

Gaz: My sister's a stenographer.
Oline: So's your old man.
Gaz: No! I said she was a sten-
ographer.

* * *

They don't call 'em sheiks any
more—they call 'em Woman's Home
Companions.

* * *

"Aguinaldo, you're drunk again."
"There's bars in them that maoun-
tains."
—Yale Record.

* * *

Daniel—"Are you a basketball
player?"
Damon—"Yeh! And I sure knock
'em for a goal."

SPANKER

Chris—"I know where I can get all I want to drink
for nothing."
Toph—"I don't believe it, but say it again."

SPANKER

St—"The Charleston, the St. Louis—What's next?"
Vitus—"The Fullman Sleeper!"

SPANKER

She—"What do you think of a girl that allows herself
to be kissed the first time she is taken out?"
He—"I'd come around later."

SPANKER

This 81% wet poll, Judge is talking about. I wonder
where I can find it? I'm thirsty.

SPANKER

Those who live in glass houses shouldn't mind the
key holes.

Now there was a girl by the name
of Virginia, but everybody called her
"Gin" for short. She liked it so very
much, you see. I'm assuming, of
course, that you know just what IT
is. Anyway, her dear old grandma
had sent her to college because she
said that she said that "no grand-
daughter of hers should disgrace the
family name by getting tight and
sleeping in the gutter!"

It happened that the public press
had poisoned the dear old lady's mind,
for she had read numerous articles on
how college studies didn't hit the but-
tle like they used to in the "dear old
days," and she thought consequently
that her young relative would stay
sober in such an atmosphere, for at
home she was always swiping the old
lady's whiskey and not leaving
enough for her to get tight on when
she felt in the mood.

Now "Gin" winked the left lamp
and started out with a suitcase full of
grandma's Scotch and a lot of modern
ideas about what college life was
like. You see, she thought everyone
at college got canned up and stayed
that way all semester as per the mod-
ern novels she had been sopping up.
She had the big idea that the doc-
tering old profs stepped the fastest
women in school.

She was doomed to disappoint-
ment, for the dean of women didn't
mix her up a cocktail when she ar-
rived and she didn't see more than a
dozen drunks wandering around, wav-
ing bottles and so forth. "Gin" was
about to turn around and go home
when a very keen looking man
crashed up and says: "How to go on
a little party tonight? I know a fel-
low who has the real stuff." This
looked better, so "Gin" went and she
had the time of her life. She came
in at 10 o'clock the next day tighter
than a fool and began to play button,
button, as all good children do.

Pretty soon she began to think
that it was time to write to her dear
old grandma and tell her all about the
nice place college was. So she did.
But the old woman sort of got the I.
Q. that something of a deteriorating
nature (other than flesh) was to be
found in the land of the Dames, so she
set out to see if all was well. She
found, on arriving, that her grand-
daughter had been out, not out but
out, for three hours and fifty-five
minutes as the old lady couldn't get
to the registrar's office fast enough.
She was just too late for registration,
though, so she just naturally died of
disappointment and that's the end of
the story.

SPANKER

First Deville—"For heaven's sake,
that's the man I had my secret love
affair with."

Second—"What secret love affair?"

First—"Oh, the one that was writ-
ten up in all the Sunday supple-
ments."

—Stanford Chapparral.

"Am I the first girl you ever
kissed."

"As a matter of fact, yes."

* * *

One of a Thousand—"I need a new
dress."

Solomon—"You just had a new
string of pearls."

SPANKER



EVEN HIS WIFE WOULDN'T
TELL HIM

"—he sure has the rocks, Josie. And, Josie, he sure knows how to loosen the elastic off the bankroll. And dance? Why, dearie, he can dance the right leg off St. Vitus himself. And his line. Dearie, he's the cleverest thing—always telling how he won the Olympic games. And his folks are rollin' in the buffaloes. Uh-huh, Josie, he is the sow's purse when it comes to throwin' a mean party. Oh, he's a lallapaloosa. But I can't stand him. I just can't tolerate 'im, dearie. Not that I care about life or limb, Josie. But I just can't stand 'im. He persists in driving with only one arm.

SPANKER

GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

Yeh! She's running the mile. Been training evenings.

* * *

Can you imagine a man being so hump-backed he has to lie down to eat?

* * *

"Hey, you quit spittin' out of the window."

"What's the difference. It's goin' to ruin anyhow."

—Washington Dirge.

SPANKER



Betty—Dick broke a date with me, but I'll get it back at him.

Bettina—How are you going to do it?

Bessie (quickly)—I suggest she marry him.



"Keep to the Right and Keep Moving"

QUITE A FEAT GOING UPSTAIRS

SPANKER

SAFE

ECONOMICAL

DURABLE

DRIVEURSELF

If you can't get up in the morning—Driveurself
If you can't get to Econ.—Driveurself
If you can't study—Driveurself
If you can't drink—Driveurself
If you can't get a date nights—Driveurself
If you can't get a car—Driveurself

SAFE

ECONOMICAL

SENSIBLE

We guarantee safe delivery, economical transportation,
and sensible shipping

Night Rates for Two or More

No Cover Charge

Dancing at All Hours

No Prohibition Agents in This Place

IF YOU CAN'T DRIVEURSELF, PUSH IT HOME

Apply for position of inspector of the wheels at

Jasper McCootchie's Select Garage

BRIGHT CRACKER

There will be no more winners on juries, according to a learned judge, for he posts the following regulations for jury selection:

1. No busy wives of working-men.
2. No mothers of small children.
3. No admixture of men.
4. No immature women, who giggle, use rouge, and powder, who do not think.

(The last sentence holds the catch. What women's jury can stand up against that?)

Back to the cross-word craze: What's a six-letter word for a short acquaintance? S-H-R-I-M-P.

A physical exercise hint to old men who don't want to grow older: "Try dodging automobiles."

The cackle of a hen when she lays an egg, states a renowned scientist, is akin to laughter. And with some of the eggs we have seen we can easily guess what the hen was laughing at.

A BLOW TO THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

The modern woman's dress.

Politicians owe their most valuable discovery to Phineas T. Barnum.

Love is like wine and other percentage drinks; everybody talks about it, but few get it.

Sophistry—the other fellow's argument.

A professor states: "There are only about 1000 women in this country who are engaged in mining."

Appropriate Wine-crack: "What about the gold diggers?"

A man gives a woman a diamond engagement ring not because he wants it but because she wants him to.

That hen sure knows her eggs.

She: When did you first know you loved me?

He: When I began to get mad when people said you were harmless and unattractive.

FORDS, CANS, OR WHAT NOTS

Have you a little go-boggy in your home? If not, why not? If you have, what's its Christian name? There's everything from the lowly Ford to the high and mighty Cad that adorns the campus, but the Ford, to speak honestly, occupies the heart and soul of the student.

What student would trade his road-house for one of the high-powered models? What student would sink so low as to let loose of his homom friend? And they all thunder "E." The Henrietta straight-fours are always with us, they are like the seven-year itch. Can't get rid of 'em. And to make matters better, they must be named.

Everything is found on the perspiring tin, including Leaping Tuna to Lincoln's Poor Relation. But the hardest job is to pick up a new lingo and attach it to the pride of your heart. How would you compete with phrases that you see wandering around loose on the sides of the Twin-Twos, Little Go Creeps, and Mrs. Otton? Search as you may you can't better "Nobody hurt in this wreck." "Follow us for parts." "Please don't scratch my back," or "Whooping Whoozy." To be petite and unusual put on the side of the Helen Mariah such little epitaphs as

"Don't slam this can," "Honest springs, no weight," "School children, go slow," or "Four wheels, all tired." For description of the merits of the Ratlier, place "Beauty in every jar," "We don't need any top, this car is covered by mortgage," "Sick cylinders," "Tis for tired feet," and "Tacks collector." To introduce the subject fitting words to express the theme are: "How's your neck?" "Wreck of 99," "Howdy, how's your folks," "Pardon us, Ma did," "Whence come you," "Pass us slowly, I'm a nervous wreck," "Don't laugh, girls! How would you look without paint?"

If the Struggle-buggy becomes warlike, use such as "Don't push me, big boy," "Coward! Don't hit me in the back," "Don't crowd! This is no street car," "Please keep your eye on me," "If you hit this car you're gone too far. For simple honest purposes, "My rear end is no hamper," "To pass right, pass left," "Chase me, chickens, I'm young and full of corn." Then instead of hoisting the danger signal places on the left rear bumper, "Detour," and use "Look out, I may do something foolish," "True love never runs smoothly," or "A rear end tackle preferred."

And just think, "One more payment and the baby is ours."

SPANKER

Soar (after being turned down the 'teenth' time).—"Well, there's just as good a fish in the sea as has ever been caught."

Grapes—"Yes, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

(Continued from page 13)

little cakes. After this, a man by the name of Chames Olive Queerword came in searching for the Silent Valley of the Magapbones, but all they could tell him was where to get gin fixers at two bits per shot, so he took Some Day and they went out to the dive. The last seen of them was in the company of Walla Blather's lost woman, who was not lost after all, though God knows everyone had tried hard enough. They said they were looking for the seven keys to a bald man's pate, but after they found them there was nothing in it.

Then Ellen Bells drinks six glasses of garden water straight and goes out to meet her mother's old loves, who is quite the man about the village and not very elevating company for a girl who swears like hell and can hold more liquor than a stevedore. And so the story ends with everybody either out or going out or passed out.



"Here go bomb Moscow."
"Oh, that wouldn't be nice. Moscow just had a calf."

IN MEMORIAM

DEAD BUT NOT BURIED

The Knights:

They lived, but not well nor long.
They'll be dead a lot longer. God's
in his heaven; all's right with the
world.

"Red" Granger:

Poor boy! He had a good future
as an ice manufacturer, but he got
frozen out. May his ashes melt in
hell.

The Harvard football team:

This has already been written
to death.

The California football team:

A dual murder by George Wil-
son and Ernie Nevers, the latter
now defunct. The team came to
life after the first half of the
slaughter by Nevers, but he was
at that time too full of vim, vigor
and vitality for them to withstand
his murderous assault. The mir-
acle of regeneration is expected
this year, as the bunch gives signs
of coming to life again.

Jack Dempsey:

Dead from over-exertion. May
his hands rest in peace. (P. S.
They already are.)

Aimee Semple MacPherson:

One big drink too many. May
her spirits be happy.

William Wallace Campbell:

He was a good astronomer. His
place is with the stars.

Charles Dawes:

He was a fine man, but he was
elected Vice-President of the Uni-
ted States.

Cal Coolidge:

We thought he had been dead
for the last three years, but he
said "Yes" the other day.

Nicholas Murray Butler:

He climbed above his height,
and fell.

H. G. Wells:

He wrote his own epitaph.

Friend W. Richardson:

He burst a lung shouting for
"Economy" and Friend W. Rich-
ardson.

She was a watch-maker's daughter
and she was on the go all the time.

He—"I've heard that klases are the
language of love."

She—"Don't be dumb."

—Columbia Jester.



Ractus—"Has you a job for me?
Ah'm flat busted."

Ross—"Like to be a cemetery
watchman?"

Ractus—"Ah—Ah—said busted, not
cruxy."



Sheme: "I heard you saw Jack
last night."

Cheyme: "Yes. Home!"

SPANKER

FERDIE VISITS SMARTAN COLLEGE

Ferdie Frisham came to Smartan
when the apple trees were in bloom
and the flapper femmes were rolling
their nose on the lawns of the cam-
pus. Ferdie felt that he was at last
into the "Collitch" atmosphere. The
whispering trees and the squirting
sprinklers reminded him of the Long-
fellow, and he recited to himself the
opening lines of *Evangeline*, finish-
ing as he came to the front gate with
a verse from a poem of his own,
which rippled:

"My own true love lay sleeping
With a lily on her breast.
I cannot help my weeping
But I'll try to do my best."

Pausing at the proper pitch, our
hero tipped his Cornstalk Cornus
panama, and said politely:

"Hello, I suppose you're Alma
Mater."

"Big boy," said the slater kindly,
reaching automatically for her gun-
ter, "you're all wet."

Ferdie glanced apprehensively
downward, thinking of the water
sprinklers, but the most dashing
bristles in Cornstalk Cornus
were still long enough to cover his country
shins.

The eyes of "Flaming Fay" soft-
ened as her heart expanded at the
sight of this innocent.

They talked, they walked. He
learned that:

1. His pants must be longer.

2. His garters must go.

3. He must wipe off that Hamilton
expression.

4. He must—he must—he must—
At this juncture she stopped, be-
ing a woman of some experience, and
invited him to her ninth "coming out"
party.

Now Ferdie steamed up like the
valve of a boarding house radiator.
He ditched his Cornstalk Cornus
clothes.

He had a tailor made shave, hair-
cut and massage. He bought a box
of Camels, a bottle of high proof hair
tonic, and a pocket handkerchief.

He emerged a fine example of
what the raw material of a college
man looks like, but in his heart he
trembled. Life was at his door, and
he was unprepared.

There was a crowd in the room.
He felt at home, but—disappointed.
The hand of "Flaming Fay" was in
his, soft and warm. She led him to
a room where all was dark—dark—
and warm.

He felt as though he were led
into a delightful pasture of wild
outs. The beads of hopeful perspi-
ration stood out on his forehead, the
back of his neck was cold. The at-
mosphere of the room made him
drawy—languorous—soft arms—
clinging lips.

Ferdie went back to Cornstalk a
sadder and a wiser man—they had
played postoffice.



CLEVER COUNTESS COUNTS COSTLY CLOTHES, CON- VERSATION COMBINATION IN CAGING CAROUSERS

**DARING
COUNTESS IN
UNCONVEN-
TIONAL
ATTIRE**

The intrepid Countess De Trop is off again. She has been a little off as long as I have known her but this time she is off to Deauville where she will dazzle that wicked resort with a new and costly wardrobe. The Countess De Trop is known as the best dressed woman in the world. When she is, she is.

The Countess is likewise an able conversationalist and linguist, knowing how to say "Yeh" in eight languages, including Iberian, Icelandic (or Outlandish) and Japanese.

Beside she is a daring sportswoman having been seen often at the tables at wicked Monte Carlo. Beside being at the tables it is interesting to note that the Countess has likewise been on the shelf for some time.

Last year she spent the summer in Madagascar, bringing back with her several geranium plants, two strings of Woolworth beads and a pair of blistered feet as well as a native headhunter, who had a new recipe for making headaches.

FEERLESS FEMALE FIGHTER FIERCELY FLAYS

FLIES, FLEES FROM FRANCE TO FAR FIJIES

Madame la Comtesse was reclining all over a chaise longue feeding gum drops to her Pekingese. I was very much interested in meeting her on account of her fearlessness in hunting big game. But, I was much more interested in finding out just what her game was.

She rubbed her drooping eyelids by use of a pulley arrangement as I entered and muttered a soft curse by way of greeting. She waved me to a seat but the wave didn't carry me all the way so she had to ring a bell for the butler to assist me.

It was then that the Countess told me her thrilling story of how she shot her po in Africa and killed a lot of time in Madagascar.

The most exciting of her varied adventures occurred in Egypt when she killed a son of a sheik an "ugly old turtle." He got rather annoyed and would have knocked her for a row of

chickens if the United States Marines had not come up in a rowboat just about that time. It was on this expedition that she swiped Cleopatra's Needle after the Queen was through



REPORTER INTERVIEWING FAMOUS MADAME LE COMTESSE.

with it. This archaeological trophy she smuggled into London in the lin-

ing of her dressing case, but the customs officials found it, so she let them keep it, because one of the officers threatened to cry if she didn't.

The Countess has always been noted for her great heart that makes her related to Strongheart of movie fame. One day in Pago Pago she gave a little native boy four bits to buy candy with, but he didn't know what candy was on the missionary on the island took it away from him and gave him a string of 15-cent beads in exchange, thus realizing quite a profit due to his business acumen.

The Countess is a member of one of the oldest Parisian families. In fact, her family traces its ancestry right back to the amoeba. The Countess's husband, who is, by the way, called the Count (though he doesn't), is very fond of horses, which fact is easily appreciated when one takes a good long slant at the Countess.

HORSEY HORTENSIA HORSECOLLAR HORRIFIES

HIGHNESSES, HIGH HATTING H'ENGLISH HOLIES

Lady Horsecollar, of Crouchpatch, Hants, England, has again amused Europe with one of the unconventional actions for which she is famous.

The other night she socked an unknown man over the head with a champagne bottle, which made the head-walker sore, because champagne bottles are expensive due to the great demand for bottles from America.

The man she accosted had said in a loud voice that "that horsey looking female in the yellow dress was sure a awful wreck." The Countess didn't like this because she wasn't wearing a yellow dress.

Many times in the last sixty years she has shocked the general public.

The worst shock was to her mother when the nurse let her take a look at the precious infant. One time, when she was but three years old, she made a very indiscreet remark to one of her mother's guests and this started her reputation.

The Lady Horsecollar is very beautiful in spite of her seventy years. She has had her face lifted several times but they didn't lift it far enough to get it out of sight. She has six children. Medical science has thought this remarkable but psychologists have explained it as due to the fact that Lady Horsecollar sang the "Seattette from Lucia" at a charity bazaar when she was a sub-deb.



LADY HORSECOLLAR AS SHE WAS SIXTY YEARS AGO



THE OYSTER LOAF GRILL

home like cooking
~ tastily served ~

DANCING

WED., FRI., SAT., SUN.
EVENINGS

FRANK ARNERICH

31 EAST SANTA CLARA STREET

It was midnight on the ocean, not a street car was in sight, and the veranda was empty, not a sailor here in view, as she held her breath and listened it was all that she ever had, except a dozen children. She still believed in sailors and in the red, white and blue, but what the devil's to do with this story except to give another point to an unfortunate love story. For Ellnor Glyn had eloped with her second husband and hadn't a thing to do with the masterpiece. She is the Jane that really doesn't know a thing about romance, but wrote a book about "Three Weeks" and the "Philosophy of Love." No connection at all to "Ten Nights in a Barroom." But at that the ocean was empty except a pure Venetian moon with the sun shining down maliciously upon the silvery waters as Ellnor and her second husband still whispered sweet nothingness in one another's ears. It was midnight on the ocean, not a street car was in sight.

SPANKER

close your eyes, count 60 and just continue. Cal is re-seated, subdued and calm and ever drinking water. Mrs. is starting on a second dozen of raw eggs, just as large and innocuous. At regular intervals, Laddie, in measured strides, crosses before the open door on his front feet.

Mrs.—These eggs are so big, they must be duck eggs. Have one, Cal?

Mr.—Water! Water! Anywhere! Anyhow!

Mrs.—Stop, Cal. You drink too much water for a hang-over.

Mr.—Hang-over?

Mrs.—Hang-over!

Mr.—Did YOU ever see me hang-over?

Imagine another curtain till the row's over.

SCENE THREE

Same again, little later. Not such a row after all. Butter'n egg Man brought more eggs. White of an egg streams down past Cal's left eye, dripping from chin onto coat lapel. Silence. Laddie barks and shuffles past the door on his tail. Silence, and mixed mutters. Mrs. opens a bottle of milk with finger—cream spatters with dull plop on Cal's bowed (not bowed) head. More silence, with more mutters. From far off Laddie barks and stands on his ears in doorway, erect and intent with much listening. Cal rises with precision and looks everywhere for a word. Finds a nasty one loitering near the Mrs. and hurls it through the air, breaking the silence with a loud shudder. He turns round and stares straight at us, stage-struck. He chatters:

Mr.—This meal's a flop. I'm goin' to set in at Congress and see if I can raise any!

(Grabs a pack of Congress cards and stands still.)

Keep your seats—Curtain delayed till Cal gets out of the way.



Picture of a young college boy (first time away from home) about to forget one of the things his mother told him not to do.

SCENE ONE

Scene: The White House Kitchenette. Mrs. Cool is seen (or should be) cracking a large egg in a chic morning cap and gown. Mr., still in evening dress, looks languidly out open door where Laddie is running mad.

Mrs.—Cal, think, these big eggs—

Mr.—Lord, what a party!

Mrs.—For only thirty—

Mr.—Was three ahead of 'em all.

Mrs.—Two—

Mr. (rising with fire in one eye and an unsteady cup in the other hand)—No! I oughta know! Three!

Mrs.—Cents a dozen.

Mr. (staggering eagerly to door for fresh air, moaning, as he passes out, "D. Dan McGerru-ulp!")

Imagine a curtain falling right now.

SCENE TWO

Scene: Same, one minute later—

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(Continued from page 5)

blankets were spread upon the ground and reclining couples seemed to be enjoying the close proximity of the friendly groupings. In the center of the group there stood a young woman. Her face was suffused in a deep flush and her posture bespoke dismay. At the other side of the clearing a man sat upon a small log and the attention of the entire group was centered upon him. The snooper crashed his way into the midst of the attentive assemblage and, taking names of the men and women, summoned them all to appear before the committee on campus discipline.

Friday morning the august and dignified committee convened and the culprits were called upon to explain the rather peculiar incident of the previous night. The meeting had been a session of the student affairs committee discussing the abundance of petting parties on the campus and the resultant moral deficiency of the participants. The young woman who was surprised while standing in the center of the group had been told by the man on the log that the head of the disciplinary committee had objected to playing "Drop the Handkerchief" at the fraternity smokers.

A change of lipstick now and then
is relished by the best of men.

Boston Beanpot



Fila: "They tell me that new
freshman's a Quaker."

Delfia: "Sow's her wild oats?"

DO NOT READ

But if you do

THEN COME ON OVER and let's get
acquainted. We sell:

SCHOOL SUPPLIES CANDIES ICE CREAM

GROCERIES MILK BREAD BUTTER



Try our sandwiches—we know you'll like 'em



The Campus Store

"Just Across the Street"

L. E. MORRIS, Prop.

158 South Seventh

A fellow crossed his carrier pigeons with parrots so that when they got lost they could ask their way home.

Denison Flamingo



General—How goes the battle?
Buck—Hell, I don't know; this isn't my war.

SPANKER

That joke's no good. It hasn't any sex appeal.



"Never mind," said the hero who had just lost his left arm, "I still have the right to love you."

College Bantey.

SPANKER

(Continued from page 8)

the room. By the time the hardest of the survivors had finished the remains of the spread the tables looked as if the wreckage of a thousand parties had been strewn with complete abandon about the room.

"The question for discussion this evening is, 'Resolved that petting is a crime against the clean-minded, up-standing young men of today.'"

Then followed a long harangue upon the subject and testimonials from the members all signified that some of them had ever tasted the cosmetics upon a flapper's lips. Great cheers followed each testimonial and the shouts became so voluminous that the slumbering members awakened, and one who had been "out" a little longer than the others, stretched, yawned and said, "Gee, what a mean bunch of mamas we had out last night. Did you ever see a bunch that could get a strangle hold on fuel and keep it so long as they could? And how they could kiss. The one I had was so keen that when she plastered her mug on mine I thought I'd never get loose."

That started the fun. Each member told his experiences and the reporter who had been assigned to cover the meeting began to compare the stories that had been told and he found that the entire club had held a track ride the night before and the necking had lasted all night and that the members of the club had gathered at the club rooms for the annual banquet after having seen the ladies home. Cases of Whistle were brought in and the toasts to the fair ones of the night before became so noisy that the police were called out to disperse the revellers. Names were taken and a hearing will be called in the near future. Thus we see that things are not what they seem.

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THINK OF

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Auzerais Building

"Why do cigarettes have oriental names?"
"Because they have good shapes and thin wrappers."
—Pap.

"Goodness sakes, Janet—what's wrong with your car?"
"Nothing, just a broken fountain pen in Bill's vest pocket."
—Pamona Sagehen.

Girl: "Pa, why can't I smoke?"
Pa: "If you're as 'hot' as you try to be, what would you do if you were smoking."
—Pamona Sagehen.

Don't give your girl too much rope, she may string you along.
—The Satyr.

An artist's model is seldom wrapped up in her work.
—Bucknell Belle Hope.

Flappers open their eyes while being kissed and generally fail to keep their mouths shut afterwards.
—Carolina Buccaneer.

SPANKER

SCOTCH

Can you tell me where	Stude—Not studying?
I can get a good price on	Stewed—No!
spark plugs?	Stude—Smart, eh!
	Stewed—S'no use, flunking.

SPANKER

WHY THE GIRL WHO STAYED HOME DID

"Sapina, what line of hup are you going to sweat over ut college next year?" It was Eileen, the "senseless twin," who was spouting the bluh this time. Rather hard on Sapina, this adjective, since it showed that she didn't go in too hot for the gin fix and highball.

"O, my God, why ask me," very absinthely. "Just the old abalone, I suppose. Teaching is too much work for the money you get and the years it takes, and business is too much work for the number of saps you can get to drag you around. I'd like to be a mollate, but they say it takes years, and for the first few years all they let you do is pull bastings out of corsets, and since it is only the fattest that wear them nowadays, one wouldn't get much of a Kays out of that. I guess I'll write to Uncle Stupidus, who is sending us, and see what he says."

"Oh, you wouldn't have the intestinal fortitude," cried Eileen in a slightly thick voice.

Well, Sapina did, and Uncle Stupidus wrote back and said that he thought the girl ought to take a few years off to figure it out; he always had tried to save money every way he could, the old devil. He was so tight that he couldn't eat sugar, because it wouldn't pass down his gullet.

So Eileen went to collitch, and had a sloppy good time 'or the first year; until Sapina came up for the junior prom in a nasty creation of her own. All of the boys saw

this, even to young Dr. Porto, the newest and youngest prof, and they all picked her for a good party.

This was almost the last straw, but when Eileen came home and saw the mean shoppe Sapina had concocted for herself to fleece the other poor maple syzups in the home dump, she flopped on her pretty back and gave three wild squeals, after which she was deadlier than Cal Coolidge.

What Sapina did, you can do. You, too, can give the co-ed sister who thinks that you are the last word in irregularity of brain processes a pound. Just fill out and sign the little form below, and receive full information about how to do it in two or three installments.

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—Home petting. —Bathing suit construction.
—Professional petting. —Gin fix construction.

Name _____

(Please specify whether Miss, Mrs., Mr.)

Address _____

(Please specify whether you want your mail sent home or in the village language.)

Spartan Spanker

From now on this paddle-wielding little devil will slap you down three times during the school year. The next time the board will have holes in it in order to blister more easily. If it doesn't blister you or your friends, it will blister someone else.

It's the Truth That Hurts

So don't get mad and run home or try to get your money back, 'cause you're out of luck.

But, if you haven't minded your little drubbing, or if it hasn't knocked you out, make sure of your three copies next year by signing the little slip below, and don't forget the six bits.

Put Your
John Henry
on the
Dotted
Line!

Enclosed find six bits in lawful coin for which please send me the next three issues of THE SPARTAN SPANKER.

Name

Address

Announcing!!!



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