Some Silhouettes

FRESHMAN TYPES

SENIORS

MERELY NOISE
Extracts from Prof. Goose

I.
Aces, deuces, jacks and queen,
How many whiskers make a Dean?
A peck or so and a fatherly smile
Will run a Deanery quite a while.

II.
Oh, Doctor Heller
Is a wise old feller;
Oh, a brilliant man is he;
But woe to the lass
Who yawns in a class
And ruffles his dignitee
By her foolish giggle, "tee-hee!"
For no wrath is there
Which can compare
With the horrible wrath of he!

III.
Oh, Doctor Throop is a nice young man;
He flunks his students now and then,
And if in Latin his schemes prove weak,
He can always manage to flunk them in Greek.

IV.
Roland is a History Prof.,
The great and only IT.
His pearly teeth and Harvard drawl
Have made him quite a hit.
But the boys of Tower and Liggett,
They lead him such a life,
That, to get into McMillian,
He has chose himself a wife.

V.
McMaster rules the Busch Hall lab;
His favorite task it is
To think of all undreamed-of things
And spring them in a quiz.
And when his traps drag down per cents
From B to X Y Z,
He heaves a sigh of deep content
And gloats in ghoulish glee.
VI.
Observe the fetching little man,
Whose pince-nez so becomes him;
Fastidious youths his dainty ways
Had better copy from him.
His hands and feet are always neat,
He never tells a story;
So “Mabel” is his sobriquet,
Although his name is Cory.

L’Envoi
In the spring the scribbler’s fancy
Lightly turns his thoughts to rhyme,
And in writing dope for Hatchet
Knocking is no more a crime.

And ’tis thus the campus comments,
Which may cause some ears to tingle,
By being sung so many times
Are turned perforce to jingle.
On Reading the Exam. Questions

ALAS, these questions fill with awe my heart!
I am so poor in Wisdom's hidden gold,
So lost in all her mazes manifold,
Unskilled, uncultured in her vaster art!
I would take up my javelin and start;
As might some Grecian in the days of old
And fight my way into her truths untold—
So gain the fairer place, the better part.

But, oh! "potential" is an awe-filled name,
And "g"s and "r"s with mystic terrors ring;
I know too little (mine be all the blame!)
And—little learning is a dangerous thing!
Some day, perchance, I yet may win the game,
Strive more to learn, and not so much to sing.

H. M. F.

L'Envoi

With Apologies to Kipling.

WHEN at last our exams, are over, and we know that our work is done,
When we've seen the seniors leave us, and we've planned our vacation fun,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
But the toll of the bell in autumn shall bid us to work anew!

And those that worked hard shall be happy; there'll be no re-exams, for them.
They can idly stroll on the campus; they can get to college at ten;
They will find all their lessons easy, and their lectures will not seem long;
For they'll know what they've had already, and their minds will be good and strong.

And the flunkers will work this session, and the workers will loaf, they say;
But again when exams are over, it'll turn out in the same old way.
For the loafers with all their talking, will still flunk as they did before.
And the workers with all their posing, will have "A" when exams are o'er.

T. P. L. 1912.
Obituaries that May be—Some Day

In Memoriam, Henry Clay Patterson

It becomes our unwelcome duty to record the late demise of Mr. Henry Clay Patterson, under circumstances which render his loss peculiarly painful. Mr. Patterson had long been noted for his abnormal appetite for the butter (so called) of Commons Hall, but in the month preceding his defunction this appetite became an insatiable craving. He has been known to devour ten, twelve and thirteen slabs of the oleo at a sitting, even going to such extremes as to pay an extra check or sign up an I. O. U. for a new supply. Mr. Patterson’s throat became, in consequence of the constant greasing, as slippery as the steps to the dink after the big freeze. Stray flies, alighting perchance on his lips, slid to their destruction as fast as a skiddoodle wagon trying to escape the motor cop. He lost his power of speech, for his words before having a chance to issue from his mouth, shot back like the ball from Fritz Frerichs’s arm. He became short-winded, for he couldn’t help swallowing his breath. Why describe his suffering further? He grew gradually weaker and passed away without pain, after taking a hypodermic injection of oleo oil, being too weak to devour it in tablet form. In the midst of life we are in death! In pace requiescat.

Edgar Partridge Withrow

Mr. Withrow, as being one of our greatest celebrities, will be mourned by the entire student body of the institution. But there is some consolation in knowing that he died a martyr to his convictions. He believed to save time was to lengthen life, and that both these objects might be attained by lengthening one’s stride. Indeed, he made of himself a laboratory for demonstrating his theory. By severe practice in his long, swinging gait, he increased his pace to five, six and six and a half feet. Unfortunately, he did not count on the force of habit. He found he could not stop striding. He had to walk around the lecture room when in class, and he invariably studied as he strode. Faster and faster, longer and longer, became his steps, and one day—accursed be it ever!—his stride ran away with him. He may be still demonstrating his system in the other world. Who knows? His tombstone in this, raised by popular subscription, bears the touching legend, “He lived the pace that kills.”
Echoes from the Art School

TWO POPULAR CONCEPTIONS
OF AN ARTIST.

LAST WINTER
IN THE
ANTIQUE ROOM.
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

An actor was young Patterson,
Who aspired to honors unwon.
But his methods dramatic
Were that quite erratic—
For how do you s'pose he begun?
With Jocko, on Wed., Fri. and Mon.,
He wandered the skies in Astron.—
Thus ascending so far
Became Annual Star—
Now ain't that a horrible pun?

Ode to the Dinky

Dinky, Dinky, in the dell,
How I love thy little bell,
As I hurry down the stairs,
Wafted on the pure spring airs;
With thy gleaming sides of yellow,
And thy gong's tonation mellow,
With thy—
I'll be jiggered
If that blooming car
Gone off
Hasn't
And
Left me!

Heard in the Lecture Room and Elsewhere

Prof. Cory: "As I was saying before, etc."
Prof. Lowes: "We have here again an example of old wine in new bottles."
"A word to the wise is sufficient."
Prof. Snow: "Licks his chops."
"Next time you may do the talking; bring your blue-books."
"Now let me carry you back a few centuries. Put yourself into these people's shoes—if you can get them on."
Dr. Usher: "Now, this is extraordinarily important."
"It started in Massachusetts."
"Well! What do you think of that? They don't even file the Boston papers."
Mr. Berger: "And so forth"——
Prof. James: "Now, rigorously speaking."
Mr. Hooper: "Now, let's think this over awhile."
Organizations
Too Late for Regular Insertion

The Editor offers a thousand apologies for neglecting to insert the following organizations in their proper place. The fault is due to an unpardonable oversight.—Ed.

The Three-Cornered Club

Mr. Abraham Benjamin Frey,
Mr. Louis Ernst Trieseler,
Mr. Morris Boorstin,

Time and place of meeting: Daily, at Mr. Boorstin's quarters on the campus.
Purpose: Undivulged. Anarchistic tendencies suspected. We strongly recommend investigation by the police.

The Hook-Worm Society

Motto: "Toil is bitter, rest is sweet."
Club Mascot: "The hook-worm."
Club Song: "Please go 'way and let me sleep."
L. Mark Grace, President and Grappling Hook.
T. Dawes Eliot, Clothes-Hook.
H. Whatley Herrington, Fish-Hooks.
Chas. Bryan,
H. Clay Patterson, DeLong Invisible Hook and Eye.

The Ups and Downs of the College Professor.

When Crossing the Quad, Use the Walks!!
HEROES OF THE NUMERAL BATTLE.

MR. HARRY KILLALL FROM WASH. UNIV., ST. LOUIS MO.
Recommendation in Regard to Students' Hygiene and Habits of Study

From the W. U. Chronicle, October, 1920.

The new standards just established raise us far above previous scholarship records. Since the system of all D grades, with B required for passing, unaccountable refractoriness has made necessary several rules for students' study-habits, codified below. A new Health Code has also been enacted, to correct unpardonable abuses exposed by the Probe Committee. Its principles are, of course, being tested by the biology department, with sample boys from Smith Academy and St. Louis University, who are in splendid health at present.

Students must endeavor to observe both codes consistently, thus raising the standard of the University, and, incidentally, making the right type of all-round student, not too healthy, but well enough to keep on studying.

The Study Code

1. The student need not study between 3:00 and 5:00 a.m. The average student may sleep (optional if behind in work or wishes to do advance work). Sleep freshens the mind, and the time will, therefore, not be quite wasted.

2. Arise bright and early (cf. Franklin, "Poor Richard"), and study before breakfast, while the mind is clear after the night's rest. Lights and alarm bells will be charged extra. Ten minutes is allowed for breakfast (optional) at 6:30.

3. 6:40 to 7:00 a.m. Time to shave, bathe, write a letter home, tidy the room, make the bed, take some exercise, make purchases, and other little things student may have to do. He need not study while bathing.

4. Lectures, minimum 25 units a term, from 7:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Stop for breath, 11:00 a.m. (optional). Lunch tablets distributed at Francis Gymnasium for those who desire them. Tickets must be got at the Art School, on vouchers from Mr. Pieksen, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds (office hours, 9:20 a.m.)

5. Those without laboratory work, study in the library from 2:00 to 6:00 p.m., under close surveillance by the Department of Germanic Languages and Literature, Ph.D.

6. At 6:15 p.m., the student is at home and through his supper. The afternoon having been put on one of the minor subjects, the evening is free for the best work on the other six or more. Not less
than two hours' work may be done for each lecture, since lectures in each course are now daily. Those who have afternoons in the laboratory, may make up these periods in spare moments here or hereafter.

The Health Code

1. The student needs at least eight hours' sleep a night. It is bad to study in one's sleep.
2. It is bad for the eyes to study before meals, since the stomach is empty.
3. Eat slowly, and study neither during nor after meals, since the stomach needs all the blood the body has to digest the food. (The last especially to dormitory students).
4. Abundance of exercise should be taken regularly. A sound body keeps the brain clear.
5. The brain should not be overtaxed at any time (it is bad for scholarship, and incidentally for the health.) Indulge, accordingly, in female society occasionally. It also improves the manners.
6. Amusement is a necessary relaxation, and may be permitted frequently without harm to the health, provided any sleep lost is made up the next morning.
7. Study in the evenings should not be overdone. The brain is apt to be fatigued, especially if any of the above six provisions has been violated for any reason. Artificial light and an empty stomach injure the eyes, and the fee for electricity is therefore raised accordingly.

A CERTAIN PARTY WHO GETS HIS HATCHET REGULARLY EVERY YEAR.
Concerning Those Rrrchitects

RD-RUD!" is positively the only word in the English language that can adequately be applied to the Architectural Department—and it wasn’t in the language until the Architects arrived. It’s been a continual blowout ever since we blew in. We may have been a trifle green when we first came under the archway, but, as the song says, we’ve “learned some things from Lippe’s and we’re members of the bar, and now King Edward greets us with a Howdy How-you-are!”

Go to the C. E.’s if you want to construct a cantilever over the Desperes, ask the E. E.’s how many volts it takes to make the wheels go round, but as long as the gargoyles continue to grin at our Alma Mater, stop by at Cupples 1, first-floor back, if you want to find the Home of Folly, Two Frolics Daily, Admission Free and No Exits.

Not that the Architects are loafers—far be it from that—COSMOPOLITAN is the word. We can tell you anything from how many columns are standing at Khorsibad to how many elevators Jimmy Smith can pass over the counter in two minutes; we could find our way around Brunelleschi’s dome blindfolded, but we could drive a taxi over to the Monkey Cage in our sleep; we can recite the list of the Architects of St. Peter’s backward, but we know all the waiters at Lippe’s by first name. We know all the Greek temples from Italy to Arabia, and all the halfway houses from the Chain of Rocks to Carondelet; we mix good washes, but perfect drinks; we are equally at home in the Reims Cathedral and the Cafe de Frazier, and we acknowledge allegiance to anything from the Venus de Milo to Madam Lou, Dowager Empress of Darkest Africa.

There are many occasions during the past year to which we look back with beating heart. There was the night when one of our members, mistaking the levee for the Baths of Caracalla, took a plunge in the Mississippi; then came the night of the scrap, when Juice and the Bam had troubles of their own in the snow, and the latter
disposed of the crockery that contained the joy water just as the fair
col-ed arrived on the scene; there was the pilgrimage to the Terra
Cotta works—reached only through a free use of elevators (all
photographs suppressed on account of faculty appearing in the
group)—but the bright particular star of the Architectural Heavens,
is the production of "Eneri, or 2652." There is the realization of the
tip top tingle of tantalizing Terpsichore. In a plot finding its basis
in the charitable principle that love should be free, a cataclystic
climax is reached in the Temptation Rag, where Eneri, clothed in her
Garden of Eden costume, brought direct from Asia Minor, and about
to sing the fig leaf serenade, meets a splendid death at the hands
of her lover, Armand, just as she is about to take a bite out of the
apple. The story takes place 2652 years ago, according to the Jewish
Calendar—hence the name.

But it's not to be assumed that the architect's path is one of prim-
roses. These particular flowers don't bloom between nine and five
o'clock—sacred hours given to the delineation of masses and outline.
The Star Vignola is still in the ascendent; and perhaps at times some
work, worthy of students of the Old Masters, is accomplished.

The year has come around to May again; soon we will padlock
our draughting desk drawers, pocket our compasses and armed with
a tee square, set out for other fields to conquer. If there is any regret
in our smile as we look over the record of our rather plaid past—
that architectural zig-zag from wow to wанг—it is not that we wrote
it, but that it is already written. It's been a good round, but
best of all, the semaphore is set for another next year. And tho' Hank
and Juice are to fare out into the wide, wide world this June, when
the bell rings next fall, there will be a gathering of the old clan;
we'll pass the old toasts, and the old walls again will ring to the
refrain:

"Oh, we're gentlemen of culture,
And of mighty intellects;
So come join the rollicking chorus,
Hurrah for the Architects!"
ECHOES FROM "QUADRANGLE TOWN"

SPECIAL EYES

I cannot tell a lie
Washington
+ spells Washington
Sea Washington Jr.

COME, FLY, WITH ME IN MY AEROPLANE!

EVERYTHING IS LEGAL ON THE QUAD!
“The Lobster is the Wise Man After All”
A College Tale With a Moral

Once there was a Llewellyn—but he couldn’t help it. His father was the same way. He lived out in the land of the round hair-cut, where they still wear the ready-made bow-tie. And green! Why he was the original chlorophyl, he was. He had such a verdant hue to his countenance that they used to chase him off of the station platform when the trains were due for fear the engineer would take him for a green safety light and pass the town up.

One day, though he left the land of the circular tonsorial effect and came into Washington University. This was in the fall of 19—. Now Lewlie, that’s what they called him, was unaccustomed to the ways of the college youth. He was innocent and hadn’t seen much of the world, but, like a new born pup, his eyes were opened in nine days. Then he began to see things in bunches and what he saw made the revelations of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young seem dim as a moving picture show with the lights turned on.

Lewlie’s father, God bless him, was a man of God; one who paid more attention to building his castle in the next world than he did to keeping the roof on his house in this world from leaking. Hence, Lewlie came out to Washington more or less broke and short of change. In fact, so short was he that his corns gave him a headache.

Now most green things are smooth—and Lewlie was smooth enough to slide on ashes.

His revelation came at the Freshman class elections, where he saw the cogs on the political machines go around. The only office that he cared about was one where he could handle some funds. You know he wasn’t exactly troubled with a working conscience. A bad cold when he was a boy had left the still small voice so hoarse that he couldn’t hear it with an ear trumpet. He said that he was no eavesdropper and wouldn’t listen to any still small voice.

The office of treasurer of the Freshman class had been traded off for the assistant basket ball managership months before by the fraternity cliques, so Lewlie saw a pompadoured chap with a red
tie and more class pins on than buttons on his vest elected unanimously.

Little did this bulky Freshman class dream that in their midst, among the embryo calclus sharks and latin hogs, there moved a youth, who, in time to come, would have Tammany, Croker and Jim Butler backed clean into the lake—that when this young manipulator got an opening he'd have Guggenheim, Ziegenhein, Boorstein and all of the great graft kings looking like a tomato that had been struck with a club.

"And did this opening come?" you ask. Just as sure did it come as the flunks in E. E. It was this way. There was a deadlock in the election of a chairman of the dance committee for the Freshman dance and some insipid pipe-sucked, who wanted to make a hit as a wit with the blonde coed up near the piano, nominated Lewlie for the job. Lewlie, mind you! He of the white vest and the round-hair-cut! It was so funny that he was elected—Lewlie’s laughing yet.

He started right in to collect money; and when he was collecting, the mazuma simply slid right out of your pocket. Why, when he was feeling in a talkative mood that man could canvass a tent.

Before the end of his Freshman year he was going good. If any money was to be collected for dogs for the bonfire, Lewlie got it. If a small contribution was solicited for flowers for Hooper, Lewlie was right on the job.

And so things went right on through his Sophomore year. He was agent for everything that was sold within a mile of the campus. He engineered and financed a pipe-line from the Delmar avenue saloon to the campus, with a tap in every fraternity room. This feat was a source of much pride and pecuniary emolument to Lewlie.
until suddenly the pressure weakened. Excitement and thirsts ran high, until an examination one night revealed the shocking fact that the sororities had tapped the pipe with a branch line into McMillan Hall.

Money was coming easy now, so Lewlie gave up his room under the roof in Liggett Hall, and took up a suite on the ground floor. He installed a wet-goods ice box which almost equaled in capacity the faculty bar in Section "F." A revolving poker table, player piano, and other prerogatives of the superlatively rich soon found their way into his room. The smoky air, scattered cards, and odor of stale beer always in his room brought back hazy recollections of Merrill Smith's room in the good old days.

In his Junior year, small graft like managing the Hatchet, the football team, and the treasurership of Thyrsus, kept him in gasoline money; but Lewlie had big ideas, and these he pulled off during his Senior year.

During his very first year at college, Lewlie had realized the horrors of Commons Hall, and was quick to see the possibilities of a real homelike lunch room—one where you could balance the peas on your
knife, you know, and pick the lemon pie up in your hands; and, what was more, come in your lab overalls, with dirty hands.

Lewlie was no slouch when it came to running lunch rooms, either. He was some wise on the subject, because at home he used to sneak out in the evening and go down to the Twin Star Restaurant to listen to the men eat soup.

By letting Morris find $100, which he had hidden under a rock in the Chapel, Lewlie got permission from the Chancellor to run his little hash joint in the basement of Cupples 2. "HOMELIKE" was his slogan. To make all the engineers perfectly at ease, he had menu cards so full of fly specks that they had to be operated on with a file before you could see the writing. And, then, so the boys wouldn't miss their beloved Tilly and her cheering conversation, he brought out a large female hoppopotamus to juggle his crockery that made even the most ardent admirer of Tilly check the bet.

Her name was Hope, which showed that her parents were humorists. She stood about six feet two inches in her stocking feet. She balanced a couple of hundredweight on any scale, and one look at her convinced you that she had never got any Sandow gold medals on account of her shape.

It looked sort of incongruous to see this 80-horse power waitress rush in with a microscopic slab of butter on a big butter dish, but the incongruity was removed when you got the butter—it was 80-horse-power, too.

Friday was "Special" day at the hashery, with pie. On account of the close proximity of the electrical laboratory, Lewlie had current pie; alternating current pie, he called it. It soon became famous, and gave rise to this touching little ditty:

Alternating current pie;
First a current, then a fly,
'Neath its crust in layers lie;
Take a bite and then you'll die,—
Alternating current pie.

It wasn't long before Lewlie had both feet in the trough and was fairly wallowing in the shekels. In keeping with his increasing wealth, Lewlie gave up his rooms in Liggett and engaged a palatial suite in the Park Hotel. Morris would now come down to the arch-
way in livery, and hold the door of his limousine when he came and departed from the University; and Miss Page was always glad to have him sit around the book store. Oh, Lewlie’s was the merry life! —and he a-working his way through college at that.

He kept six bookkeepers and eight stenographers busy, keeping tab on all his grafts. Then he got started in insurance. For a small sum per year he would insure any man’s frat pin, and guarantee its safe return from any girl at any time. Also, he would supply the girls to wear the frat pins of unsuccessful lovers.

A small check sent to Lewlie each semester would guarantee any girl’s being asked to all the dances. It was easy. By furnishing the dress suit, he could find lots of willing hands to ask the disappointed maiden. Of course, for some girls it required a taxicab and a little cash on the side, in addition. But then, those kind were poor risks, and Lewlie was pretty careful whom he insured.

For $5.00 each he’d guarantee a student to pass in any exam. He’d slip the Prof. $2.50 for each one passed, so that was easy money. Then he built himself a palace over south of Forsythe boulevard, and bought the Chancellor’s new house for a garage.

No, Lewlie wasn’t exactly Dean Woodward’s idea of a good student. He started in to be an engineer. “An outdoor life for mine,” he used to say; “no sitting on a high top stool and sucking my sustenance through a quill for me.” But that was before he got going. As soon as he began to finger the tainted goddesses, he changed to a Science and Literature course.

If getting “A” in everything constituted being a shark, Lewlie must have been a sardine. If only blue books had looked like check books, he might have made a hit. He changed again and became a shiftless college man, then a special, ’till finally his name appeared in the catalogue as an unclassified. His surely was the sad case!

So one day when the Dean in his kindest voice told him that for reasons too obvious to need further detailed mention, he could not give him his degree in June, was Lewlie cast-down or disheartened? No, not Lewlie. He went out in the archway and ran away with the college thermometer, and so took all the degrees.

**MORAL:** Work your way through college.
Society Notes

"Society turned out in force to see the Annual Play. Among those occupying boxes were Mr. Robt. S. Brookings, Mr. David F. Houston, Mr. Cyrus P. Walbridge, Mr. D. R. Francis, and Mr. Walcott Denison."

A Touching Ditty, With Local Allusions

When on the Borders of Clayton, show Hoerr the Moss, and the Fisher under the Birch tree. While she's still Debatin, Tucker in your Manley arms and whisper: "Your the Ferriss I ever Held. Come, Quick! Grant me my dearest wish. You can never say yes any Thuener.

A Conundrum

How many Nickles would a Cook lose Per ham-Frey, if two Ovens caught the Sparks from a Cole and blew up the Baker?