GRINDS
OFF DUTY
The Corbel that's carved on the cornice up thar
And the Gargoyle that grows on the groin,
Set out for a spree on a moonless night.
They drank of a drink that was lots too light,
They were truly tanked and terribly tight,
And they sat on a sill by the Quad.

Out in the shade of the broad Arcade
They stewed up a wonderful plot,
Which wielded for woe to our womankind
From the coyest co-ed to the greasiest Grind.
'Twas the wickedest, wretchedest thing they ever could find,
As the ledge of the lintel they trod.

"Oho!" cried the Corbel, "It is not for naught
That my right ear is glued to the wall,
And the one that is left lies close to a cleft
In a tiny small nook, where young lovers bereft
Of a tryst in the library, hie them, and heft
All the puppy-love-loads from their hearts."

" 'Sdeath" shrieked the Gargoyle, "I live in the arch
And have rightly been dubbed the arch-fiend.
I know all that's new that the breezes blow through
(And sometimes I wedge in a wordlet or two)
I get your idea, and I know what we'll do.
We'll start a few things in these parts.

So the Corbel that's carved on the cornice up there
And his cousin that grows in the groin,
They visited every gray Gargoyle in sight
And made them all promise to learn what they might
Of the doings of students and profs; and each night
To the fiend in the arch to report.

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells.—Bob Duncan and V. Potts.
And so when the co-eds would pass on their way
Through the arch, at the end of each hour,
The arch-fiend just slipped them the gossip you see,
And that's how they know more about you and about me
Than we half-way suspected ourselves. For to be
Up on scandal they thought was great sport.

But once on a time the fiend made a mistake,
And told a choice bit to a man.
And (I am unhappy to state this to you)
The man like the woman, he scattered it too.
So what in the world is a person to do
But in this talk-traffic to join.

So now you can see how the Gab-fest began
One night in the dark of the moon,
When those two drunken demons came down from the air
And played a fell trick on us all unaware—
The Corbel that's carved on the cornice up there
And the Gargoyle that grows in the groin.

What's the Use?

If you don't have college spirit, "Student Life" knocks you.
If you have college spirit, everyone says you're trying to show off.
If you don't buy a season ticket, the Athletic Association will "go broke".
If you do buy a ticket, you have to starve for a week.
If you live at the "dorm", everybody knows too much about you.
If you live in town, you miss half of life.
If you fuss the girls, you are a "molly coddle".
If you leave them alone, you are a "rough neck".
If you turn down a fraternity bid, you make the mistake of your life.
If you accept it, you have to wash the dishes and clean up the rooms.
If you take college, you are looking for a cinch course.
If you don't take it, it's because your folks can't afford it.
If you pass your work, you "stood in" with your Prof.
If you flunk out, you are a "poor boob".

So What's The Use?

The only laughing animal is man.—"Gig" Kamp.
Extracts from the “Univee” Dictionary

ACTOR—A species existing in all stages of development at W. U.
ART EDITOR—A person who gives up a year of Architecture for the Hatchet.
BASEBALL—A game that, we are told, was formerly played at W. U.
BASKETBALL—A funny game at which we love to beat Missouri.
BUSCH HALL—The place where odors, fumes and Chem. E’s hail from.
CHAPEL HOUR—When the Sig Chis take the Pi Phis down to Stoermer’s.
CO-ED—The reason why many a man flunks.
COMMONS—An establishment where decoy meals are served at fifty cents a throw.
DESCRIPT—A two-year sentence that they give the Freshmen.
DORMITORY—Word originally derived from the word meaning sleep. The word has now completely lost original meaning.
EASY—Adjective descriptive of the College course.
ESQUISSE—One of those weird things that the Architects are always taking.
FACULTY—An organized combine that is almost human at times.
FROSH—Odd word coming from the Greek, espomdr; meaning verdant, fresh, in the bud, youthful, unwhiskered.
FUSSER—A note of color in the exterior appearance of college life.
GRASS—What we have to keep off of when we are on the quad.
GYM—A noble institution designed to be used as a place for exercise.
GYMMIE—Feminine of Gym.
HAIR-CUT—An indication of an approaching Lock & Chain or Junior Prom.
HELL—See “Engineering.”
HILL—A classy name for the Campus.
INDUSTRIOUS—An adjective applying to the Architects during “Charette” week.
JANITOR—The men who are always going somewhere carrying something.
JAKE—That gentleman who has an annual picture in the Hatchet.
JUNIOR—The Acme of desire and ambition.
LAW—A place of refuge for disinclined Engineers and College people.
MEDIC—A fellow who is eternally “cutting up”.
MEETINGS—Affairs where only one-third of the people get there.
NAP—A customary recreation in a “lantern-lecture” classes.
PIKEWAY SCHOOL—A favorite term with the press for our noble institution.
PI PHI—Any co-ed who wears earrings and a veil, and bums with a Sig Chi.
POST-GRADUATE COURSE—An excuse to stick around a little longer.
QUEEN—A term applied to one or two of the gentler sex out on the hill.
QUEENING—A pastime of the idle College man—not altogether unlike Fussing.
RICH-RARE-RACEY—Slangy adjectives applied to anything with some class to it.
Rusher—A poor individual who can never make up his mind.
SOPH—The only person on the Campus who knows more than a Freshman and admits it.
SUPERINTENDENT OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS—See “Janitor”.
SWIMMING POOL—Something that our grandchildren may enjoy if they have luck.
TALK—Sometimes known as “Bull”. A lab course that the lawyers get.
THYRSUS—Also known as “Patterson’s Gang”. An organization that produces two or three “efforts”, an Annual and a Melodrama each year.
WICKED—To fuss on the quad where Miss Smith can see you.

Say, kid, do you think that man will flunk me, kid?—Alice Hilpert.
Queer Creatures of the Quad

Queer are the creatures of Quadrangle Town,
Yet deserving of honor and fame—
And so that in history they may go down,
I've sketched here a few of the same.

I
This is the Co-ed of Quadrangle Town,
The coyest Co-ed in her fetchingest gown.
She is a coquette right up from her toes
To the tip of her truly delectable nose;
She takes just one course but she has seven beaux,
And millions of clothes, and clothes and clothes,
And clothes—and clothes—and clothes.

II
Here is the fusser who dwells on the Quad,
His manners and raiment remarkably odd,
However, no matter, more time he can pass
Than you may imagine. Right there on the grass
He'll fuss above coeducational lass,
And stand there and gas, and gas, and gas,
And gas—and gas.

III
In Quadrangle Town there lives also a Grind,
The greasy, the verily unctuous kind—
She makes her existence a dull monotone
(A state to avoid, as experience has shown)
Perusing her books she will sit up alone
Till midnight; and bone, and bone, and bone,
And bone—and bone.

I do but sing because I must.—"Pinkie!"
Student Who Saved 4 Girls in Cave Is Hero of Washington University

Washington Five IS Again Winner Over Tiger Team

Washington Men Will Have Busy Season on Track

THYRUS CLUB IS SPLIT IN Factions over ISSEN PLAY

OFFENSIVE WORK IS POOR

Both Teams Lose Several Points on Fouls—Meet Again This Afternoon.

Felix Cori and UCIey Mjford Shot at Washington U. as One Handles Pistol.

ADJOIN Phi Delta Ttto17

Patterson Declines ISSEN PLAY TRYOUT

PATTESON DECLINES ISSEN PLAY TRYOUT

MISSOURI TIGERS

Right Forward Berryhill and Center Brightield Play Well for Washington.

FRESHIES WIN GLASS RUSH AT WASHINGTON U.

Washington University Students Before Henry Clay Pattern Top Disturbance."

FACULTY BURNT IN EFFORT

All Faculty of Business Department of Business Department of Business Department

ALLUHNI TO TREAT WASHINGTON TEAM

In appreciation of the sincere interest the Alumni of Washington University have shown in the campus, a special Alumni treat for the football team is being arranged. This event, which is scheduled for later this week, will include a banquet and an awards ceremony to honor the team's achievements. The Alumni Association is actively involved in the preparations, and a committee has been appointed to ensure the success of the event.
Here is the mayor of Quadrangle Town,
Wide his authority, great his renown;
He runs almost everything under the sun,
He runs everything and he runs every one;
From the break o’the dawn till the day’s work is done.
Doth he constantly run, and run, and run,
And run—and run—and run.

Here with a ten-dollar tome in her hands
The autocrat of the book-store stands.
Patient, from nine until four or five bells,
Vends she her pencils and pens and pastels;
Books and bug-stickers, slide rules and scalpels,
She incessantly sells, and sells, and sells,
And sells—and sells—and sells.

Upon a stool at least part of the day,
Sits the small Imp whom I’ve tried to portray,
Squawking “Hello” in the voice you all know
When you try phoning to Prof. so-and-so;
I’m tempted to try, when that tyke is so slow,
Reversing the syllables of my “hello”—
O-hell, O-hell, O-hell, O-hell, Ohello-O!

Here comes the minion of library law,
The patientest person that you ever saw,
She looks quite reproachful when you settle down
To barter the gossip of Quadrangle Town
With some scandal-monger of shameful renown,
Then oh! how she’ll frown, and frown, and frown,
And frown—and frown—and frown.

His beard a foot before him and his hair a yard behind.—Richard Hatch.
WEDDINGS

UNIVERSITY COED GRADUATE AND LAW
SENIOR WHO WED SECRETLY AT DIXON.

MRS. HERBERT H. GREENE

Attendants at Secret Wedding
Last October Elope and Marry
Washington University Student
and Miss Violet G. Potter Listed
Sple of Chicago's Experience.

Lulu Howe and E. Olea, University
sisters, attend Washington's
secret wedding. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Greene
were married in the law school
library of the Washington University
Law School. The wedding was
attended by Misses Lulu Howe and
E. Olea. The couple left for their
honeymoon immediately after the
wedding. They plan to return to
Chicago and continue their
education at the university.

WASHINGTON SENIOR
MARIES SECRETLY
Law Student Announces
Vacation Was Spent on
Honeymoon.

ROOMMATE MOVES ON
Miss Selby J. Quick, Law
Graduate, Becomes Mrs.
B. B. Greene.

When Miss Selby J. Quick was
moving to the Washington University
Law School to attend, the
announced her marriage
secretly. The couple left for
their honeymoon immediately
after the wedding. They plan
to return to Chicago and
continue their education at the
university.

STUDENT'S WEDDING
LONG KEPT SECRET
Edward C. Jones, Washington
University Law Student,
PARDONED C. F. WARD,
MARRIES MISS M. B. LONG
AT BOWMAN FIELD.

BACHELOR GIRLS
CAPTAIN A BRIDE
SINCE SEPT. 23

The wedding of Edward C. Jones and
Miss M. B. Long was kept secret
for several weeks. The couple
was married on September 23rd
at the Bowman Field of the
Washington University Law
School. They plan to continue
their education at the university.

Diamonds on Credit
SPRINGTIME IS WEDDING
TIME

S. M. B. LONG AND
MISS C. A. GRAHAM
ARE TO MARRY

Wedding at a Washington
Estate in Paterson.
VIII
This is a lawyer with his book,
He hath a lean and hungry look;
He leans and hungers for a pert
Sly glance from yonder festive skirt.
These lawyers think it doesn’t hurt
To stand and flirt, and flirt, and flirt,
And flirt—and flirt—and flirt.

IX
The chemist; ever ready he
With a retort (not repartee)
He lives mid gases, glass and gloom;
Watch close and you will see him loom
Above the things around the room,
That only fume, and fume, and fume,
And fume—and fume—and fume.

X
The Medic in this sketch you see,
He looks around quite knowingly;
He says the folks upon the seats
Are full of little spirochetes;
He seldom sleeps and never eats,
But only treats, and treats, and treats,
And treats—and treats—and treats.

XI
The Architect—he draws, Oho!
With pen on paper? Goodness, not!
Upon the check-book of his pa,
Upon the fragrant Fati-ma,
Or from a keg with great eclaw,
He’ll draw, and draw, and draw, and draw, and draw,
And draw—and draw—and draw.

Studious of ease.—Karl Tiedemann.
SEEN AT THE ART SCHOOL
Smoke Rings

The dreamer lounged in his big leather arm-chair before a dozing grate fire. His legs were comfortably crossed in front of him, and every now and then great rings of tobacco smoke rolled forth. The dreamer dreamt as was his wont. A large ring hovered above him, and he gazed meditatively into it. There unfolded before his eyes Francis Gymnasium with a two-story building close by sheltering the University Natatorium. He beheld Soph-Frosh water fights, high-diving exhibitions, and a gymnasium crowded every evening—but the ring broke and disappeared.

The dreamer was fascinated and blew another ring. As he watched it grow, another vision formed. A great building, surmounted with a dome, stood before him. He recognized its position between Cupples I and Cupples II. It was the Auditorium, and he stepped inside. A broad stage beautifully furnished with new furniture and scenery greeted his eyes through the foyer. The hall was large and spacious and could seat thousands of people. A gust of air—and the ring vanished.

The dreamer became impatient. He puffed vigorously for a moment and then emitted another ring. This time he saw “Student Life” thriving under the “Single Tax”. It was a twenty page paper without a rival from ocean to ocean. The subscription list numbered in the thousands and business men competed for advertising space. The dreamer sighed and the ring became nothing.

Again he puffed and the charmer, still obedient, again permitted him to behold the years to come. He entered the “Students’ Club”. The place was brilliantly lighted and inviting. He saw men standing about, smoking and laughingly talking over Varsity affairs. He heard the Glee Club concert being discussed by a crowd of men from the Dental and Medical Schools, and at the other end of the room saw numbers of men enjoying themselves at the billiard tables. He felt at home—but the charmer withdrew the magic ring.

Another ring arose. The dreamer felt himself an old man walking about the campus with his youthful grandson. How majestic and serene were the beautiful vine-covered buildings and their green quadrangles with statues to honored professors here and there among the mighty trees. About the walks, in the many arcades, everywhere, were groups of happy students. There were 5000 students enrolled, the grandson was saying, as they walked slowly through the second Quad in front of Cupples II. They reached the corner of the building, and there beheld a causeway leading over the railroad tracks to a picturesque, towered car station. They paused. A few paces further on stood a dilapidated, little green shingled structure with a dome. The dreamer shuddered and hastened to puff and blow more rings—but alas, his pipe was out.

—E. B. H.