

Ad-Vance Wit

Frosh—I wonder who ever invented the old fashion of strapping the trousers down over the shoes.

Soph—Probably some fellow whose sister had just given him a pair of Xmas socks.

She said, "I'm undecided."

His answer was unkind—
"Although you can make up your face,
You can't make up your mind."

Helen—I kissed Bob last night.
Jimmie Fee—Is that right
H. G.—No, but it's so.

I would I were an artist;
'Twould fill my soul with cheer,
For when I got a thirst on
I'd draw a glass of beer.

Sigma Chi—So Turner Niel is engaged?
D. G.—Yes, he's Dunn for.

The very worst habit
To get in your head,
Is to send girls flowers
Before they are dead.

He was late again! He looked at the clock and kept staring at it for some time.
Blushing furiously she drew her feet under her chair.

Slowboy—You say her gown is prosiac. How so?
Stepup—It leaves nothing to the imagination.

In Strongheart.

Hugh Thompson—That left tackles' work is pretty raw.
Russel Fox—Yes, that's what the coach is roasting him for now.

Freshman—Not prepared toda.
Professor—(deftly making a zero)
Again, eh! You seem to be a sort of bye-and bi-ologist.

Kappa Sigma—Benefiel has changed his course since he went to the hospital.

Second Kappa Sigma—How's that?
First K. S.—He's talking medicine now.

At O. A. C.

Law—What is the subject of your thesis?

Mechanic—I'm makin' a gas engine.

Law—Do you file your thesis with the recorder?

Mechanic—Naw. With a rasp.

Co-ed—Why do people speak of 'the human race'?

Senior—Because men and women are always running after each other.

Cub Reporter—Here's a story about the last Indian of his tribe who drank himself to death and was cremated yesterday. How shall I head it?

Editor—You'd better say: "Race ends in dead heat."

Rebec always keeps his classes while the coming class-hour passes. No gong and no bell
Can break in through his spell.
He just talks on a glares through his glasses.

The Prof. who yells loud is J. Gilbert. You've oft' heard this word rhymed with filbert.

If you think you can boss him, You'll learn not to cross him.
Look out for this man, my dear Wilbert.

Prof. Howe wears an eye-shade that's green.
And the strangest chin-whiskers I've

Free Verse--By the Emancipated

IN CLASS.

I am looking at my professor.
I watch his mouth open and close,
Open and close.
I know that he is setting air waves in motion.
I know that these same air waves are noises of wisdom.
I know that last year,
And the year before,
And the year before that,
The same mouth opened and closed—
Opened and closed.
The same air vibrations caused the some noises of wisdom—
I am looking at my professor.
—ECHO JUNE ZAHL.

THE NOVEMBER MOON

Silence, and the slow moon rising.
Black, naked trees stand out.
Stars gleam in the sluggish river.
Higher the moon moves.
The shadows shift and creep wierdly.
Suddenly a rushing, warm, shrieking thing—
The night express!—

Then all is still and cold,
And the slow moon rising.
—GRACE BINGHAM.

THE PILL SHOP.

Over the counter huddles the holder of the lives of men:
A grim, hoary-bearded man,
With grimy hands,
He ponders the scratched pen marks,
Written in the feverish haste of ebbing hope,
Beside the bed of a dying man.
—This vial holds the precious fluid craved by millions.
Within this tiny glass sufficient strength to save a score of lives
Or drive a hundred men insane.
—The scales teeter-totter,—poise—poise.
The light is dim.
By merest chance
He may have read aright the message of the hand
That holds a life at stake.
—EARL W. MURPHY.

POE'S MUSIC.

Words are the strings on the harp of language. Poe's fingers touch them and the divine, soul-charming tones become rhapsodies that enchant the very air and make the hard winds of wisdom cease for a while their boastful blowing and yield to the lyric breezes that bear the rarest melodies that poets ever sang. —M. A. S.

seen.

He's strong for football,
And that's sufficient and all
To get by with the students, I ween.

Bert Prescott's afflicted with gawf.
Don't tee-up but rather tees-off.
He usually thinks
In the love of teh links.
The poor chap's absent-minded. Don't csoff.

"Have you heard why pests are so thick this fall"
He laughed in a voice cracked, weak and small,
"This cold weather that gripes
Has froze up all the pipes."
'Twas T. Cloran talking. That's all.

By Epping-Vance & Co.

LET'S GO!

Say, you wild-eyed Broncho Jim,
Don't you know you've blew your tin?
You're the darndest fool I know.
Can't you see the lady's through

Of late years there has come into being something that has been called a renaissance, not entirely different from the artistic and intellectual re-birth in the 16th century. It has affected all realms of art, sculpture, painting, and, more particularly and widely, literature—or, still better, poetry.

The product of this change, this influence of free-thinking and free-acting on our poetry, has been that form of composition known as free verse or "vers libre." It has received its stripes and scuffings, is still receiving them, but is coming into its own and is attracting the serious consideration and attention that it merits.

A professor of the University recently set two classes to writing this verse which finds its truest worth in allowing the writer to express his or her exact views in the plainest way and with the best symbolism and imagery with out being hindered by an ignorance of verse form and the difficulty of metrical construction. The result has been a turning here on the campus from the usual forms of college verse and we have a deluge of verse libre. A few drops thereof are sprinkled here.

BLOOD.

Across the water
Brood is flowing
In streams, in torrents.
Men are exhorted—
Kill! Kill! Kill!
Each machine gun
Or flying zeppelin
Deepens, widens, the flood.
All Europe is drunk
With the red wine
Of killing.
And as an incentive
They offer the iron cross.
And here?
For wasting one heartful
In a moment of passion,
We hang a man.

IRA MOOD.

Wheeler and Conklin are both quite thin.

They manage well now, but tell me, how in

The very dickens,
Could they eat chickens,
If Wheeler had Conklin's chin.

With your dainty eyes of blue?

Do you think she's made of gold
And will love you when you're old?
You might win the human race
But that tanned and wringled face
Doesn't harmonize with lace.

Can't you tell that all these lights
Are a part of sharpers fights?
And their dingy old White Way—
Why a year here ain't a day
To our foothills back that way.
Can't you hear the sing of ropes

And the mavericks shrill notes
Can't you feel the sloppy wet
Of your worn old lariat?
Smell that burning cigarette
Hell! let's get.

—PERCY BOATMAN.

SMELL OF THE SEA.

I am tired of streets and pavement,
Crowds and lights, and smoky inns
And the smileless stares of strangers,
For my heart is in the winds.

There's a sweetness in the sea breeze

HARD LINES THESE, FOR BACHELORS AND FOR MURPHY

New York, Oct. 31.—Macaroni took a jump today of 30 per cent. The war and scarcity of labor were given as causes.

The Bachelors' club has cause to grieve, and storm
Against the powers that hold the clutching hand
Of iron control upon the price of food.

For, hearings of the luck the boys have had
In keeping down the cost of living here,
The barons cast about to find the food
The price of which they had not thought to raise.

And when they found that for their every meal,
The boys selected macaroni strings
They shot the prices skyward and will keep
Them there until the Bachelors' club disbands.

—EARL W. MURPHY.

THE RETURN.

Down through the path of the sunset's gold
Arched by the waving trees—
Out to the meadow's green beyond,
Out through the whispering grain,
Out to God's own universe—
Out, Out to the world again!

—MILDRED STEINMETZ.

DEJECTION.

I hear the call of souls that writhe in pain.
I hear the cries of children cursed at birth.
The falling clouds, the darkness and the fog
Combine to plunge my heart in deepest gloom.
The misery of the world is also mine.
The pain of every victim of Verdun
Is felt by me as keenly as by Him.
Before my vision pass with halting steps
The victims of a prudish moral code,
Which gives no room to truth unless 'tis veiled.

—EARL W. MURPHY.

Yonder slim gent is named Young,
Why on him was such a name hung?
For he has been here
Full many a year,
And many astudenthasstung.

That is blowing in to me.
There's a Gypsy in my thinking
That has sent my thoughts to sea.

And those white gulls in the harbor
With their white wings drooping low
Are the heralds of the harbors
Where my heart has bid me go.
—PERCY BOATMAN.

A FAT, RED LITTLE BOY.

A fat, red little boy
On a hot street,
Going for a music lesson.
His stockings are lumpy and they bag;
And his hair is mush color.
Pale eyes,
Like large glass marbles.....
Does your mother dream
Your hair will turn
Dark and long and oily, little boy,
When you are twenty-five
And that your eyes will change
From green glass to fire,
Like Paderewski's?
Is that why you lug a violin case
On a sticky afternoon,
Mournfully?
—GRACE EDGINGTON.