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### O'Grady's Goat

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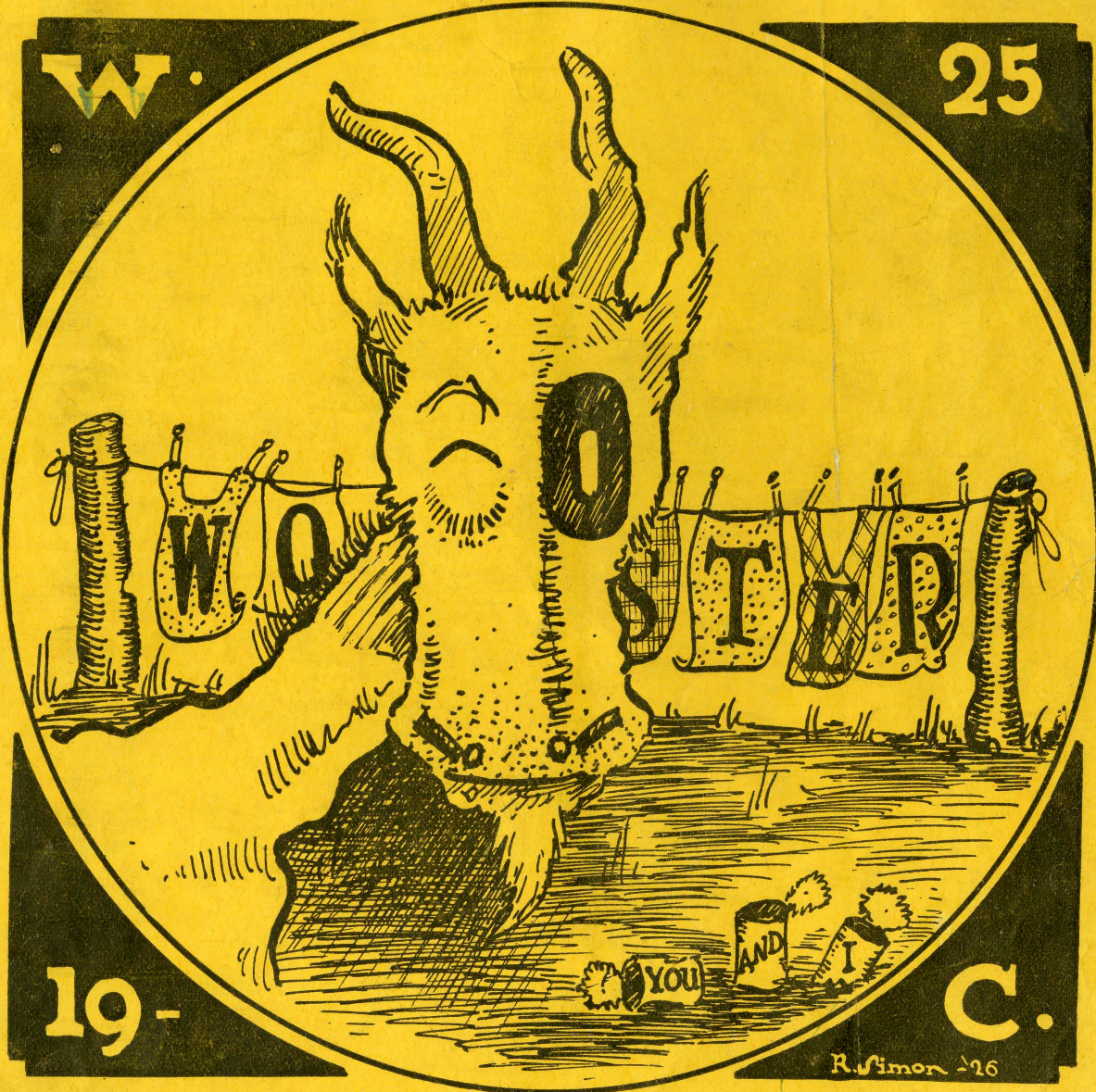
Helen LeBeau Freely  
Hoover 28

VOL. I

MAY 1925

NO. 1

# O'GRADY'S GOAT



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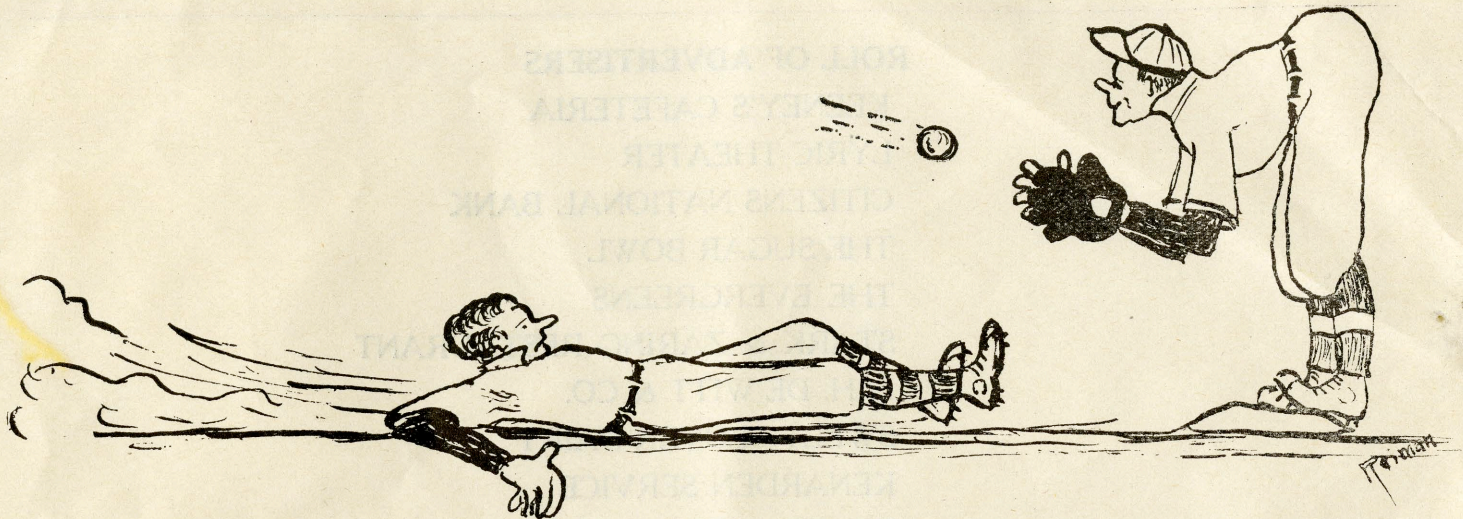
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Our idea of conceit is the girl who congratulates the young man immediately after accepting his proposal.

——— O G! ———

Tumbler in a vaudeville act: The success in this business depends on ones turnover.

## DAWSON

### The

# Photographer

Old man O'Grady ventures to suggest that the reason that ideas die quickly in some peoples heads is that they can't stand solitary confinement.

——— O G! ———

Canton, China, is surrounded by a wall of brick and sandstone, about 40 feet thick. That's so you can't Pekin.

——— O G! ———

### A MATTER OF DEATH

Teacher asked her class if they could compose a rhyme using the word "Nellie." Jahnnny Jones, being called upon, arose much embarrassed:

"There was a pretty little girl named Nellie,  
Who fell in the water and wet her little feet."

"Why, Johnnnny, that doesn't rhyme."

"I know it doesn't. The water wasn't deep enough."

The best board of education in the world is a shingle.

### GET RID OF THAT TIRED STUDIOUS EXPRESSION

Try one of our Rejuvenating Treatments

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144 E. Liberty St.



O'Grady's goat disappeared  
The town was wild with glee.  
They hoped and prayed that he was dead,  
Then rid of him they'd be.  
To make it sure they sent the word  
To each place far and near.  
And days went by and weeks and months  
Yet nothing did O'Grady hear.

The neighbors lived so peacefully,  
They feared no more at night,  
The bank was safe, the clothes line too,  
And so was dynamite.  
O'Halloran came hame just once  
His nose mashed in quite flat  
Yet no one dared to e'en suggest  
"O'Grady's goat doon that."

One day Pat Doolan's wife rushed in  
All faint and out of breath.  
"Phat's happened, wife?" Pat Doolan screamed,  
"Yer scairt most half to death."  
"My Hivens! Pat, the thing's alive  
As sure as cork'll float.  
I saw him on a magazine  
It's called O'Grady's Goat."

With due aoplogies to Will S. Hays



# O'GRADY'S GOAT

VOLUME I

NUMBER 1

## WHAT DO YOU THINK, GENTLE READER?

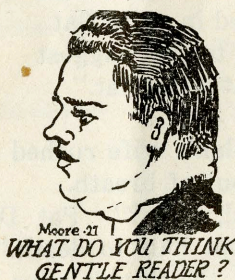
EVA BRINKER

If she had been called Anne, or Mary, or Jane, it might have been different. But she had been called Velora, and how could a Velora unhesitatingly accept a man whose name was Hen. Of course his name wasn't really Hen; he had been baptized Henry, which was a great deal better. But he had been called Hen for so long that now even his mother called him that and Hen was uncompromisingly Hen. Velora was *Velora*; her mother had seen to that. The first two children had been named John and Sadie, but the third, Mrs. Dale had insisted, must have an unusual name, and she had called her "Velora." Mrs. Dale had once seen the name on a carton of dried peaches, and it had stuck in her mind. If she had been asked what was in a name she would have promptly answered, "Lots," and perhaps she would have been right. What do you think, gentle reader? At any rate the child had been given the name Velora and now she was considering giving it up for that of Mrs. Hen Black.

She would have hesitated, no doubt, even if there had been no other objection to Hen than his name. And there were other objections; Velora was conscious of them now as she sat beside him on the top porch step of the Dale farmhouse. Hen was quiet, slow, plain—very plain. Velora, though she did not know it, liked a type or else a combination of types; Hen, unfortunately, was not a type or else he was the type that isn't a type. He was neither brute nor feminist; neither Gothic nor classic, anything," Velora thought as she glanced "In fact he didn't look like much of anything," Velora thought as she glanced sideways at him. His chin was a chin; but it was neither squarely aggressive nor pointedly cute. His nose likewise was a nose; but it was neither proudly hooked nor appealingly tilted. No doubt it served Hen just as well as a more attractive one would have done, but it didn't suit Velora. She would have hesitated about marrying the most perfect man with a nose of this sort. Some girls are that way. Perhaps all of them are. What do you think, gentle reader?

Besides being plain, Hen was slow,—even slower than he was plain. He talked slowly, walked slowly, ate slowly,

thought slowly. If you had asked him what twenty-seven divided by nine was, he would have fixed his eyes on some nearby object for a half minute and then, raising them, would have asked, "Divided by?" After another half minute of gazing at the object, he would have asked, "Nine?" in a way that implied that he had suspected it was nine all along; then he would have answered in a tone of firm conviction, "Three." Yes, Hen was slow,—even tortoise-like. Still the fable implies that tortoises sometimes come out better than hares; perhaps they always do. What do you think, gentle reader?



Hen's clothes, too, were distasteful to Velora. She could have loved a man who dressed in white flannels or wore large-checked tweeds; Hen wore a cheap serge wrinkled and baggy. Velora would have admired a large, flowing tie, or an ordinary four-in-hand with a large diamond scarf-pin; Hen wore neither tie nor scarf-pin,—poor Hen! And his shoes,—well, to put plainly, his shoes looked as if they had feet in them. An ideal, Velora knew, would never have worn shoes suggesting, even remotely, feet. Hen's shoes were really very expressive; one could see at a glance that the wearer was inclined to bowleggedness,—also to bunions. But Velora had never cared for expressive footwear. "Clothes," Velora thought, "make the man." Perhaps she was right, or again perhaps she wasn't. What do you think, gentle reader?

Then, too, Velora disliked the way Hen talked. To begin with, he talked through his nose. Velora's father did that too; but one can stand in one's mother's husband what can't be tolerated in one's potential husband. Besides

she hadn't chosen her father so she could with a clear conscience condemn Hen for talking through his nose. If it had been a Roman or an aquiline nose, it might have helped somewhat; it wasn't, so it didn't.

Hen pronounced all his r's distinctly; Velora would have preferred that he either drop them or roll them; if he had pronounced corn as if it were spelled c-o-n, or if he had said cor-run, suggesting the distant roll of thunder, Velora would have been satisfied. The summer before the Dales had had a boarder who dropped his r's. He had not only omitted his final r's, but he had "dwopped" them all, wegaardless of the result." Velora had thought him very much like her ideal; in fact she was beginning to think he was her ideal when he had a bad attack of hay fever. Then, somehow the fancy faded, but she still preferred men who misused their r's.

Among the other things that were wrong with Hen was his verbal expression. He was one of those persons that say the word "hog" as if they meant hog; Velora wanted the type of man who says the word hog as if it meant teacup or orchid.

Hen began to speak now. It had been twenty minutes since he had said, "Velora, we might get married." Since Hen was slow he never expected other people to answer quickly, but twenty minutes seemed long enough.

"Well, Velora?" he questioned.

"Just a minute, Hen," answered Velora and went on thinking.

After all it wasn't so much what Hen was, that she objected to, as what he did and what he didn't. He didn't wear sport clothes, he didn't drop his r's, he didn't carry a cane, or use slang, or smell of hair-groom. All in all, he was the sort of person that took the man out of romance, and such a person, Velora was sure, would never make a satisfactory husband. Perhaps she was right, gentle reader. What do you think?

Still, she went on thinking, Hen was all right,—at least he was better than many of the other young men she knew. Certainly she didn't dislike him; there were times when she was glad for his quietness, his steadiness. He was a great deal like the kitchen rocker, she thought, and the rocker, though it was



old and shabby, was a very good thing when one was tired. Besides she had always intended to marry someone, and Hen was the only man she really knew. Her sister Sadie had married Clint Stevens. Clint had never, even at his best, been considered a catch; he was homely and awkward and dull; but he was, to put it in Sadie's frank, simple way, "better than nothing." Hen was certainly better than Clint; therefore Hen was better than nothing too. Of course Velora Dale sounded much better than Mrs. Hen Black, but a Mrs. Hen Black life might be preferable to an indefinitely extended Velora Dale life. This, however, wasn't romance.

"Hen," she asked suddenly, "is it because you like me?"

If Hen had now declared his feeling to be deeper than the eternal oceans, Velora would have accepted him; if he had even averred, "I should say so," with the proper emphasis, it would have been all right. But Hen, not knowing, merely nodded.

Velora sighed deeply.

"No, Hen," she said a moment later, "I'm not going to get married."

After a long pause Hen rose and started down the steps.

"Well, good night, Velora."

"Good night," answered Velora.

At the bottom Hen stopped. "Mebbe you'll change your mind."

"No, I'm not going to marry you," and Hen went out through the gate. Velora rose and went into the house.

She had said she wouldn't marry him and she had meant it; but perhaps after all as time went on, as time sometimes does, and as no other suitors appeared, as suitors sometimes don't,—perhaps after all she did marry Hen. What do think, gentle reader? And if she did marry this wrong man, as girls sometimes do, perhaps after all she was just as happy as she would have been with her ideal. What do you think, gentle reader?

———— O G! ————

### SONNET

It does seem strange how many things I miss  
When I am called upon to take a test.  
Bar those things and I always know the rest.  
To know those things would certainly be bliss.  
I always see my paper from afar  
Just covered with the marks or red and blue  
Because I've told professor something new  
Or given some new theory a jar.  
I always think when it is far too late  
Of all the things I might have written there.  
And often I have been inclined to swear  
When I have suffered this unhappy fate.  
May tests and quizzes soon go out of style  
That I may rest in peace a little while.

———— O G! ————

### A SINISTER EXPRESSION

Jack—"So your father demurred at first because he didn't want to lose you."

Ethel—"Yes, but I won his consent. I told him that he need not lose me. We would live with him, and so he would not only have me, but a son-in-law to boot."

Jack—"H'm, I don't like that expression, to boot."

———— O G! ————

"That bull kicked me right in the pants," sobbed the absent minded professor rubbing his chest.

———— O G! ————

He who laughs last is usually an Englishman.

———— O G! ————

"Mamma," said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

### NOT AT WOOSTER

He—"Pardon me. May I have this dance?"

She—"No, I'm too danced out."

He—"No your not. You're just pleasingly plump."

### After the Honeymoon

"I wish to complain," said the bride haughtily, "about the flour you sold me. It was tough."

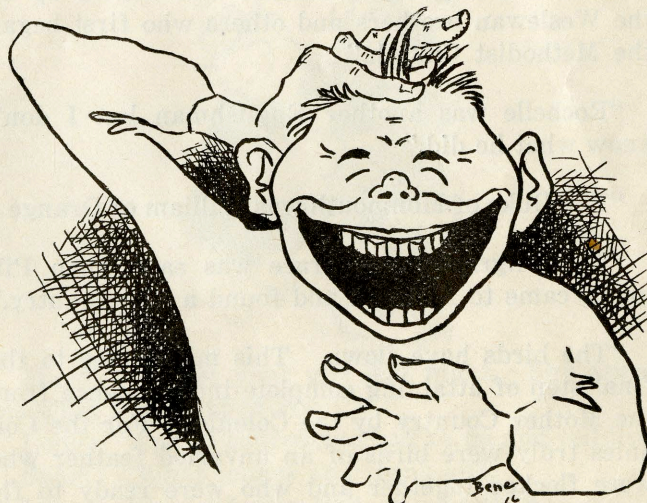
"Tough, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"Yes, tough. I made pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

———— O G! ————

Don't use that muff, little maiden,  
I'll hold your hands in mine,  
And though I'm not furry,  
You need never worry,  
My heating system is fine.

———— O G! ————



HOW SOME FOLKS MAKE THEIR "A'S"



Said the scientist to the protoplasm,  
 "Twixt you and me is a mighty chasm.  
 We represent extremes, my friend,  
 You the beginning and I the end."  
 The protoplasm made reply,  
 As he winked his embryonic eye,  
 "Well, when I look at you, old man,  
 I'm rather sorry I began."

————— O G! —————

#### HOW HISTORY IS MADE

The following are replies that were made to some of the questions asked by one of the professors on the hill in a recent examination.

"The Magna Carta is so-called because of its great length."

"The Magna Carte is non-comprehendable."

"The Magna Carte gave the people the right to decompose the king."

"All Europe was in the habit of making pilgrimages somewhere, so why not kill two birds with one stone and go up to Jerusalem."

"The Westminster Confession was the confession by Charles at Westminster of the wrongs he had done."

"Post nati—These are two latin words, post, meaning after, and nati, meaning dark. It may refer to the schemes of the Royal Council to blow up the king and Parliament under cover of darkness."

"The Instrument of Government might refer to the mace which kept order in Parliament."

"The Self-denying Ordinance was drawn up by the Weslewan brothers and others who first began the Methodist Church."

"Rochelle was another Englishman but I don't know what he did."

"The Duke of Monmouth was William of Orange."

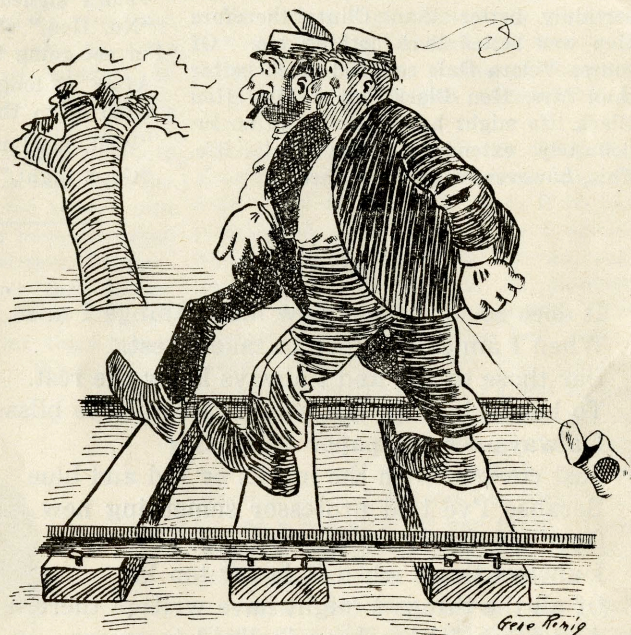
"The Pilgrimage of Grace was said when Pilgrims came to America and found a free country."

"The birds have flown. This must refer to the final step of attaining complete independence from the Mother Country by the Colonies. For the Colonies truly were birds of an unvaried feather who were flocked together and who were ready to fly together to new independence."

"The Cabal was put by means of a kite across the Niagara."

"The Irish Pale is the boggy section of Ireland."

————— O G! —————



Bless be those ties that bind.

————— O G! —————

O, how she loved him! And such a sight as he was! His nose was all out of proportion to his face. It was long and pointed with a curious little little downward hook at the end. And his complexion—what girl could love a yellow complexion? But she did. Perhaps it was his clothes. Yet no one ever saw him wear a new suit. It was always that pale yellow golf suit with the brown socks. Again, it may have been his voice. He did have a marvelous voice. I have often seen her sit and listen to his singing as if enchanted. Then she would arise and tap the cage with her finger and say, "Pretty Dicky bird, how sweetly you sing!"

————— O G! —————

#### 1ST SECTION MAN

"Oh, It ain't for knowledge  
 That we came to college  
 But to raise Hell while we're here!"



Mary bought O'Grady's Goat  
 She fed it less and less  
 One day it ate her socks for food—  
 It couldn't reach her dress.

————— O G! —————

"I'd rather be tarred and feathered" said the  
 pitched ball as it went wild.

————— O G! —————

Our idea  
 Of an  
 Uneducated senior  
 Is one  
 Who can't draw  
 A map of Wooster  
 And the immediate  
 Vicinity, locating  
 Heaven, Devil's slide,  
 Highland Park,  
 Spring Lake, The  
 Dam Site,  
 And The Country Club,  
 Indicating by  
 A cross  
 All of the  
 Secluded seats  
 And benches  
 Etc.

#### SAFETY FIRST

"Dear Mr. Milkman:—I find cow's milk too  
 strong for my baby. Please leave a pint of calves'  
 milk instead."

The choir was rehearsing a new setting of "On-  
 ward Christian Soldiers," for the Sunday School  
 anniversary. At verse three the choirmaster said:  
 "Now, remember, only the trebles sing down to  
 'the gates of hell,' and then you all come in."

————— O G! —————

We know a guy so bashful that he took his girl  
 for a walk in the cemetery and finally, after much  
 hesitency, stepped up to the family tomb and en-  
 quired—

"Lizzie, Darling, would you like to sleep here  
 some day?"

#### AN ELEGY TO THE SOPHOMORES

With due apologies to "Al" Tennyson

Jump, jump, jump,  
 O'er that small, grey rock, O Frosh!  
 O I wish my tongue could utter  
 Thoughts arising in me, By Gosh!

O well for the senior lads,  
 Who help the poor Frosh in their troubles!  
 O well for the Junior lads,  
 Who help the poor Frosh in their battles!

And the stately Sophs go up  
 To their studies up there in the Lodge  
 But oh, for the touch of a much used board,  
 And the chance of a Soph to massage!

Then jump, jump, jump,  
 O'er that self same rock, O Frosh!  
 For the tender hurts of a day that is dead  
 Have just come back, By Gosh!

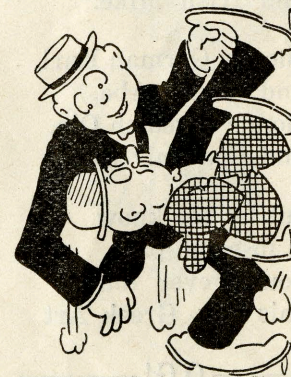
————— O G! —————

A Hungarian woman entered the office of a doc-  
 tor and said: "Doctor, my baby has four teeth  
 coming through on the bottom."

————— O G! —————

"Just a moment till I get my clothes on," cried  
 a frantic feminine voice.

Fifteen eager young men craned their necks to  
 see a stout colored woman boarding a street car  
 with a basket of clothes.



Short: I met your girl last night. She asked  
 me what I thought of you.

Long: And of course you had to go and tell her.

Short: What makes you think so?

Long: She isn't speaking to me any more.



## THE BEANS

Smell the stewing of the beans—  
Corn and beans.

What a world of happiness their mixture always  
means!

Through the kitchen smells at noon  
One scents corn and beans—a boon  
Fit for hungry greedy kings,

Or e'en for Jove.

How each grain of sweet corn clings,  
To the little bean that simmers with the things

Upon the stove.

Oh, from out that steaming stew  
What a feast of succotash the chef is sure to bro

How it flew,

How it flew.

Oh, the stomachs how they grew,  
And the pains that many knew  
From the eating and o'er eating

Of the beans, beans, beans,

Of the beans, beans, beans beans,

Beans, beans beans—

From the stewing and the rusing of the beans!

———— O G! ————

I wonder if the class which left us the drinking  
fountain realized what it was doing for the birds.

———— O G! ————

**The Deans have decided to stop necking.—First  
thing we know they'll want us to stop too.**

———— O G! ————

Now names is names,  
Though not alike.  
There's English George  
And Irish Mike.

There's German Karl,  
And Jewish Abe,  
Blonde Swedish Ole,  
And Heavenly Gabe.

But let me know  
If in some part,  
You've ever found  
This guy, Greek Art.

———— O G! ————

## NO FATALITIES

She (just kissed by him)—“How dare you? Papa  
said he would kill the first man who kissed me.”

He—“How interesting. And did he?”

When there are bats in your belfry that flut,  
And your comprenez-vous rope is cut,  
And there's nobody home  
In the top of your dome  
Then, your head's not a head  
It's a nut.

———— O G! ————

She was only a taxidermist's daughter, but she  
knew her stuff.

———— O G! ————

Lost—A pet airdale, by a young lady wearing  
nothing but a piece of baby ribbon.

———— O G! ————

A colored preacher called on a white minister.  
He found the white man busy writing.

“What you-all doin'?” he asked.

“I'm preparing notes for my sermon for next  
Sunday.”

The colored gentleman shook his head.

“I certainly would never do dat, sir,” he said.  
“De debbil am a-lookin' right over your shoulder  
and knows everything you gwine to say and he am  
prepared for you. Now, I don't make no notes and  
when I gets up to talk, neder me nor de debbil his-  
slef don't know what I'm goin' to say.”

———— O G! ————

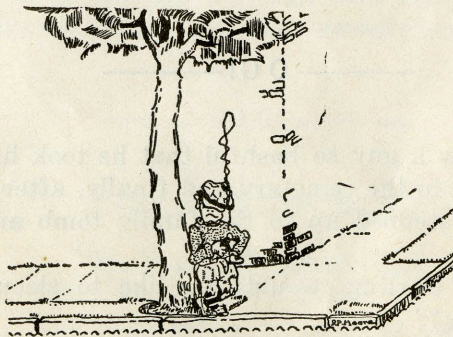
A cow stood on the rail-road track,  
The train was drawing nigh.  
The bug collector dropped his net  
To watch the butter-fly.

———— O G! ————

It's a wonder the present generation of college  
students doesn't produce more wrestling champs.  
Goodness knows they get enough practice.

Banker to applicant: “Have you had any bank-  
ing experience?”

Applicant: “Yes sir, my father owned a pool  
room.”





## THE FACULTY DISCUSSES DANCING

Somewhere behind heavy, bolted doors the Faculty were assembling. The deafening din of clashing opinions arose from within. Suddenly there was a great calm. A tall, slender voice in high stiff collar arose and called the meeting to order. From without came the regular Put, Put, Put, and a speedily approaching "fiery chariot." A door opened and closed. There was a faint rustle of whiskers and all was silent. The chairman called for the business of the day.

After a few motions had been acted upon in the usual manner all ears turned toward a tall, dark haired, feminine voice which has arisen.

"I tell you, Members of the Faculty, the social problem on this campus is growing more difficult from year to year. I am simply astounded! I have trusted the young people too much. They simply won't sit and stare at each other for a whole evening; they break the rules and maltreat chaperones. I propose that we lift the ban on dancing."

The battle was on. Above the sharp raps of the gavel on the desk one could hear excited voices uttering strange things. Finally one could distinguish, "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman." A tall male voice with a goatee had secured the floor.

"I insist, Ladies and Gentlemen, that all students be vaccinated before further action is taken."

There was a wild applause and much stamping of feet. Then stood up a bald headed voice with several lonely hairs shooting themselves into the air above the forest line.

"Have you any questions to ask before I ask you some? Gentlemen, I want to make a little speech. You don't know the difference between tweedle-dee tweedle-dum. I might have won a case once had I been a better lawyer. But that is the way of this wicked world. It happened up in Canada. Let me illustrate. Do you get my point, Mr. Chairman?"

Boisterous applause followed this impressive speech. And a voice filled with all of the righteous indignation that a Scot can muster arose.

"Gentlemen, I tell you it is neither power nor wealth that counts. It is what you have up here (Tap, tap, tap).

Then a short little feminine voice was heard to say.

"Indeed, Mr. Chairman. I think we'd better knott."

From some obscure corner came one of the most pleased of southern chuckles, clothed in male attire, a shock of black hair, and horn rimmed glasses.

"Mr. Chairman," this was a voice which sounded as one behind the bushes, "when I was in Woodrow Wilson's class in Princeton the same matter came

up. I move you therefore that we lay this dancing proposal on the table."

With much hubdub the motion passed.

————— O G! —————

Excited Mother: "Johnny run quick and get the tack-puller. Baby's swallowed a tack."

## WHO CARES!

Mrs.: "I must dress at once, dear. The Browns are coming this evening to make us a visit. Should I put on the percolator?"

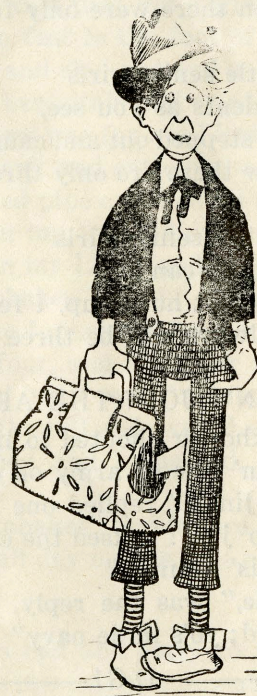
Mr.: "Don't bother, you're dressed good enough the way you are."

Ma O'Grady says that she don't know whether to call the parlor a court room or an ordinary mushroom.

Dumb: "Do you think you can ever love me?"

Dora: "Say, boy, where have you been the last two hours."

The student philosopher is Omanu Can't.



"I want to go home to my mamma  
I'm sure she is waiting for me,  
I can't get no peace in college life  
For the girls won't let me be."



## TEN LITTLE FRESHMAN GIRLS

Ten little freshman girls  
Looking mighty fine.  
One caught a great big senior man  
And then there were only nine.

Nine little freshman girls  
Looking for a mate.  
One grabbed an easy sophomore  
And then there were only eight.

Eight little sophomore girls  
Journeyed forth to Heaven,  
One fell out of an apple tree  
And then there were only seven.

Seven little sophomore girls  
All using red lip-sticks,  
One kissed a senior on the cheek  
And then there were only six.

Six little junior girls  
Acting much alive,  
One developed nerves, I guess,  
And then there were only five.

Five little junior girls  
Each something to adore,  
One became adored too much  
And then there were only four.

Four little senior girls  
Are students as you see,  
But one stepped out and caught a man  
And now there are only three.

Three little senior girls  
As lonely as can be,  
If they don't hurry up, I fear  
There always will be three.

## DON'T JOIN THE ARMY

A negro exhorter shouted to his audience,  
Come up an' jine de army ob de Lord!"  
"I'se done jined," replied one woman.  
"Whar'd yo' jine?" aksed the exhorter.  
"In a Babtis' Church."  
"Why, chile," was the reply, "yo' ain't in de  
army ob de Lord; yo's in de navy"

————— O G! —————

**An optimist is a person who doesn't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to him.**

**No Herbie, commencement exercises are not for physical development.**

## COLLECTED LETTERS OF MRS. A. O'GRADY

Sept. 20, 1924.

Marion Dear:

I attended the joint "Y" Reception last evening. You know, every year the "Y's" entertain. It was an extremely wild affair and never broke up until after ten. Six freshmen were confined to their beds with "semaphoritis" an ailment due to profuse hand-shaking. The gymnasium was dimly lighted and many of the boys had to take their dates to the Shack to see whom they had. I understand several of them fainted but I think it's cruel of them to say so. Be sure to answer dear,

Yours, Alice.

April 19, 1925.

Greetings Marian:

I told you I would give you all the news of our party, Marian. I am taking a personal light-cut but I have a rug against the door so all is well. We entertained the "male-factors" of our school on the "Alabastine eminence" last evening. The gentlemen and members of the Men's Glee Club that were present seemed to enjoy themselves but some of the creatures because hopelessly befuddled in making the rounds. I resurrected all photos masculine which I and my friends possessed—you know it's generally done, Marian dear. Several clever toasts were given. That cute Freddy Moore remarked that men did most of their thinking while shaving. If his confession be true some of our hirsute athletes must be replicas of "The Thinker." They say Freddy can make the most delightful tea—and he reads poetry divinely. You know that flower I have. Well after several years of cultivation the Budd finally bloomed.

Yours 'til they bar the stadium entrance,  
Alice.

April 23, 1925.

Dear Marian:

Here I recline on my chaise lounge living over again the recent reception. Oh, Marian, I've been so wicked. I attended the Freshman-Junior Reception and oo-la-la what a show. You know it barely passed the censors. Flo Ziegfield was in the audience and is said to have made several inspiring offers. The faculty inspecting committee was there, Root and branch. Our own Girls' Glee Club manager decorated the balcony during all rehearsals. The chorus was very limber. The usual number of stage-door Johnnies were on hand at the conclusion of the festivities. And Marian, Carl is writing a book on "Weihe fight over Duckies." Evidently he is a chicken fancier. You owe me a letter.

Alice.



April 26, 1925.

Hello, Marian:

Oh, you missed it! The social event of the season. Of course I refer to Kenarden's Annual Spring Party. All the 400 were there, the Cropps from Mingo, the Scotts of Adams Mill—in fact everybody. And the cutest favors—petite flasks (some of the girls thought they were eye-droppers). And the most novel service. Cream and sugar passed at one's right—so unique. These Kenarden boys are so clever. The cutest little girls danced—they were too dear for words! We then visited the Sections—horrid name, don't you think? The boys were so gentlemanly and took such good care of the chaperones! They were never permitted to roam about without an escort; and yet some say our boys are ill-mannered! I crave sleep, Marian.  
Alice.

———— O G! ————

"Man is never older than he feels," says the old bean. "Now I feel like a two year old."

"Horse or egg?"

#### GIVE HIM TIME

The kind old gentleman met his friend, little Willie, one hot day.

"Hello, Willie!" he exclaimed, "and how is your dear old grandpa standing the heat?"

"Ain't heard yet," said William. "He's only been dead a week."

Dunham: "Can I get a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware?"

Student: "No, but here's one of Napoleon gnawing the Bone-a-part."

We request that all of the men at Kenarden who buy O'Grady's Goat will keep them locked in their rooms. This precaution should be taken in order to protect the tin cans at the south end of the Lodge.

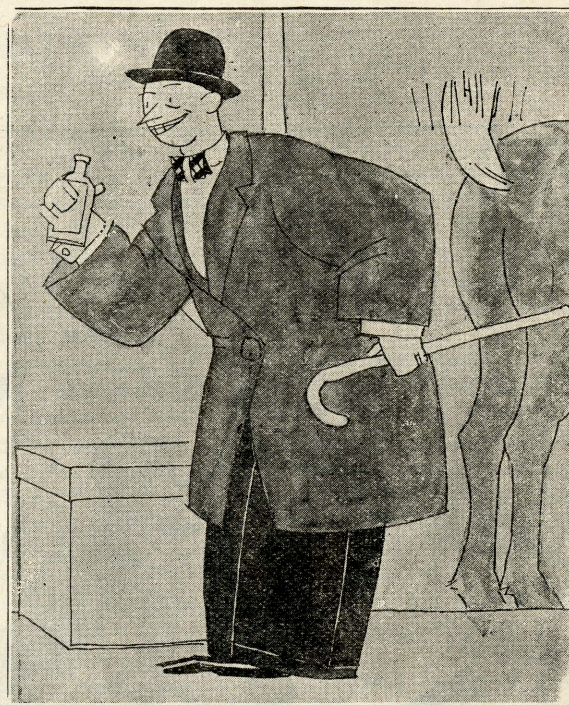
#### FIRST AID

Judge—"Did you, or did you not, strangle this man to death?"

Sippy the Sap—"Not guilty, your honor. In the scuffle he cut himself on the chin, and I wrapped a tourniquet around his throat to keep him from bleeding to death"

Prof: "Who were the three wise men?"

Soph.: "Stop, Look, and Listen."



THE WORST IT YET TO COME

———— O G! ————

#### A SONG TO THE FORD

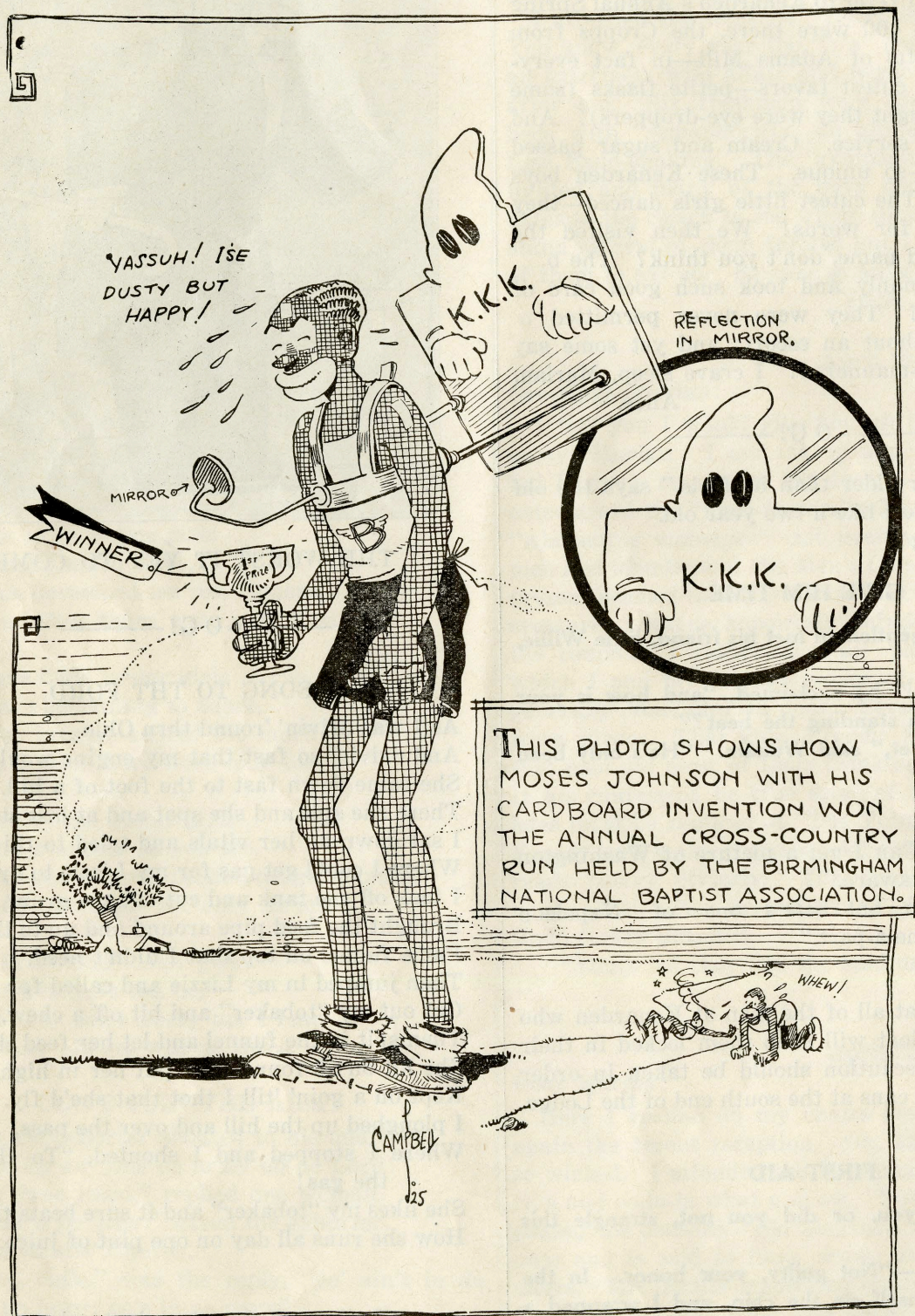
As I was drivin' 'round thru Ohio  
And drivin' so fast that my engine would boil,  
She came down fast to the foot of a hill.  
There she spit and she spat and at last stood still.  
I sat down on her vitals and tried to think  
Where I could get gas for my Lizzie to drink.  
I took off the tank and cut out the grunt,  
Brought the feed pipe around and up to the front,  
Put a funnel on top that I didn't need,  
Then jumped in my Lizzie and called for speed,  
Got out my "tobaker" and bit off a chew,  
Then spit in the funnel and let her feed through.  
She hit on all four, and I put her in high,  
Kept on a goin' 'till I thot that she'd fly.  
I ploughed up the hill and over the pass,  
Where I stopped and I shouted, "To Hell with  
the gas!"

She likes my "tobaker" and it sure beats the deuce  
How she runs all day on one pint of juice."

Early to bed and early to rise—  
And you meet no prominent men.

When we were kids we thought for a long time  
our father was 38 because he wore size 38 under-  
wear.







## "ON THE BATH"

JEAN BUTTERWORTH

Turn off the radio, don slippers, robe and a lazy mood, relax your overstuffed self into an under-stuffed chair and listen to *our* static for a season.

To begin with we were anxious, very anxious, as we perched on the fat, curled rim of the tub and extended a venture-some foot toward the steaming water below us. (By the way, did you ever try to cling to the rim of a bath tub with only your two hands and feet to keep you in place? It's a sure test for a waist-line.) We were anxious to see if our toe was going to be boiled or not. Suddenly our knee came up and hit us in the chin with such force as to send us sprawling backward onto the floor. As we picked ourselves up we gravely reflected that it wouldn't take a second sounding to convince us that the water was too hot to take a bath in.

After an interval in which the cold water splashed pleasantly, we decided we need not fear death from scalding in a second attempt to take our tub.

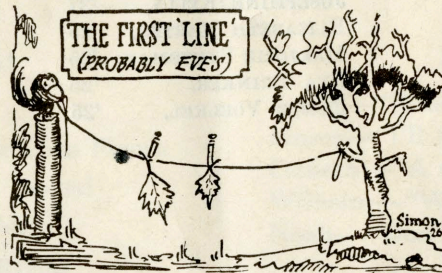
We like to soak; to let our thoughts wander dreamily as our back tingles with the heat, while the rest of us shivers above the water line. Our thoughts are stimulated by the little hot waves creeping up on to the cold dry surfaces and leaving areas with increased shivering abilities. While we are in this torpid state, indulge us as we think some thoughts.

Too few masters of the pen have dwelt fittingly on the bath—that most enjoyable feature of the civilized toilet. The famous "Wife of Bath" is a familiar sight on the printed page; likewise the merits of the resort of Bath are much lauded, but the bath stands by in ignominy—unwritten and unsung. Our appreciation and sense of justice makes us take our pen in hand.

We contend that no bath should be taken in haste. It should be a thing of ceremony, idea and thought producing. Some of the best thoughts and ideas we ever had came when we were either

bathing dishes or ourself. We've had some ideas not so good at these times too; for instance, we were on the outer side of our left elbow when we got the idea for this pen exerciser and we were doing the under side of a bread and butter plate when we'd finished it.

This subject of the bath should be a wonderful bond of mutual understanding between civilized countries. Even nations which enjoy only semiannual or annual abutions should be on more friendly terms because of a knowledge they could share in common. All this makes us wonder if statesmen aren't using the wrong methods in their attempts to make the League of Nations establish world peace. Why don't they try spreading the "gospel of the bath"? We hereby humbly submit our idea as one which is absolutely new and untried in the annals of international diplomacy.



Consider a moment what a blessing bath clubs would be to society. Groups of seriously minded individuals meeting together to discuss the benefits the bath has rendered society, how the custom originated, who the great soul who innovated the practice was, and then the great baths of history might be studied. Take Archimede's bath, for instance, and the bath of that much talked of person who rushed forth from his tub without stopping for his hat and slippers, and further startled his neighbors by shouting, "Eureka!" (Personally we're convinced some of the bewildered folk must have thought he had discovered a flea and that our modern picnics would swear it was a "jigger.")

Then think what a boon these bath clubs would be to the much overworked inventive genius of the modern male of the species. How he could check his wife's quizzes and suspicious glances, when he came home in the "wee sma' hours," by saying, "My dear, I've been to the Bath Club!"

We're sure Archimedes and the "Eureka person" upheld our ideas of leisurely bathing. They'd never have discovered—er—er—well, whatever they did discover if they'd been in a hurry to get home from the country club to convince their + 7/8 that they hadn't neglected business that afternoon to play golf.

There is one other thing it might be well to express ourself on at this point—showers! We will not attempt to give the exact rating of showers in our estimation, for the sole reason that we do not use that kind of language. It is enough to say that Paradise for us will be a showerless Utopia.

The water had assumed a tepid state by this time, and, urged on by our chilly toes which stuck red and bursting under the steady drip of the cold water faucet, we shook off our drowsy languor, grasped a washcloth, and set out to prove that our well-known brand of soap would do something besides float.

When we'd worked up a nice creamy lather we began on the crevasses of our chin and leisurely proceeded 'til we'd finished our toes.

The soap suds finally oc us, we attacked our defenseless surface with a rough towel and a vigor which would rival the persecutions of the "Terrible Turks" themselves.

Glowing and tingling externally and mentally we reached for our unwrinkled pyjamas and eased ourself into 'em with a sigh of content and satisfaction.

Some wise person once said that everything returns to that from whence it came. With this in mind let us paraphrase our dear Mr. Pepys and say, "and so to radio."

— O G! —

Householder—"This will never do. Did you lay this table, Mary?"

Mary—"Yes, sir, I did. All but the eggs, sir."

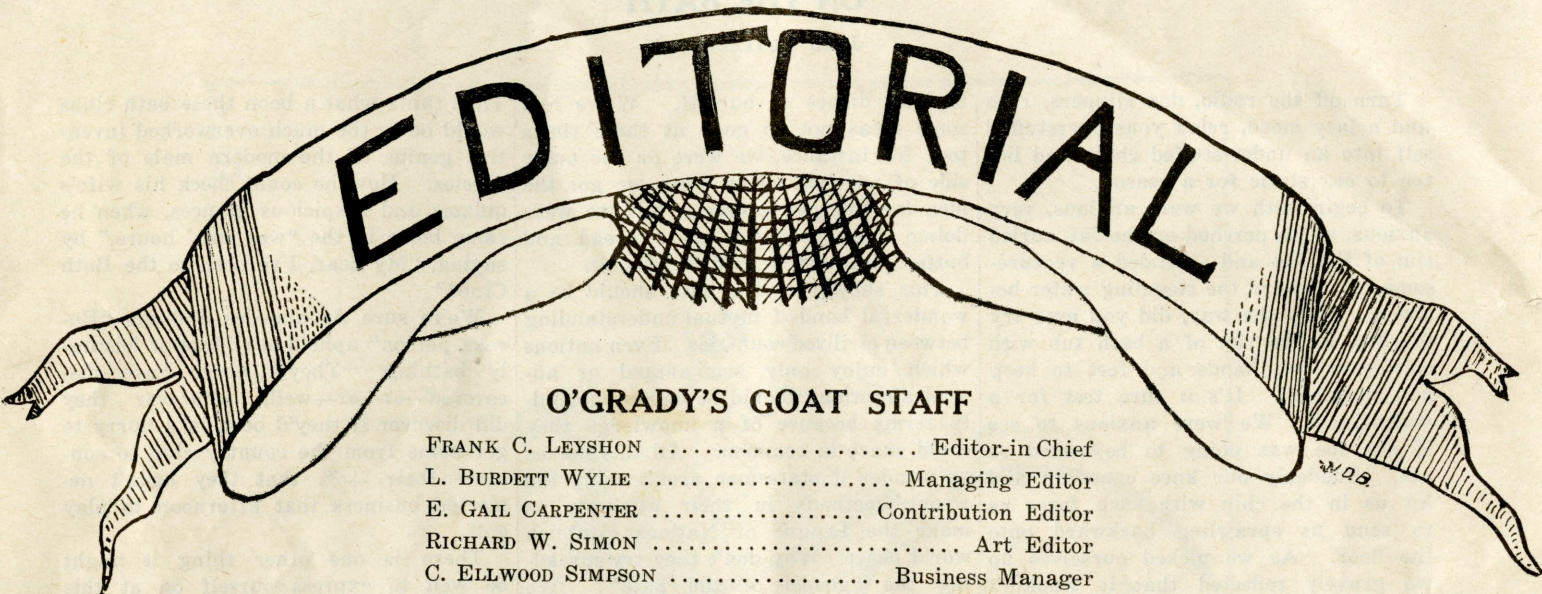
They have found the railway coach in which President Lincoln rode to Gettysburg, and it is said that the company is thinking of taking it out of service and using it as an exhibit.

"Why did you name your child Montgomery Ward?"

"Because he's of the mail order."

**A monkey, young in foreign lands  
Possessed a noble set of glands.  
His future it was very fair,  
He would assist some millionaire.**





# EDITORIAL

## O'GRADY'S GOAT STAFF

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 L. BURDETT WYLIE ..... Managing Editor  
 E. GAIL CARPENTER ..... Contribution Editor  
 RICHARD W. SIMON ..... Art Editor  
 C. ELLWOOD SIMPSON ..... Business Manager

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GEORGE STARR, '27  
 CLARA BODLE, '28  
 GENEVIEVE LAWLESS, '28  
 ROBERT MOORE, '25  
 JAMES CAMPBELL, '25

There is something fine about Wooster. She is different. Other schools have fine buildings, a fine campus, and a fine faculty. Wooster has all of these. But she has something else. That something is the Wooster Spirit. It expresses itself in numerous ways, in athletics, in forsenics and in scholarship. We have felt that there is one other channel through which this fine Spirit should be expressed. And that channel is a Comic Magazine. Wooster is different, her Spirit is different and it is our intention that her Comic Magazine shall be different. It has been said that a Comic Magazine cannot be sold unless it contains humor bordering upon indecency. We are sure that it can be done—at Wooster. Hence our aim is to give you the cleanest and biggest and best Goat that ever swallowed a shirt.

————— O G! —————

When we first mentioned O'Grady's Goat a lot of folks thought that we were kiddin.

————— O G! —————

Just because O'Grady's Goat is tame is no reason for leaving all the butt out of the copy.



A humorous magazine for our college. Why not? So far in the history of our school there has been no regularly appearing humorous magazine. A few attempts have been made and have been in a degree successful but they were never followed up and capitalized to their full extent. Just why we do not know. Perhaps it is custom and customs are not made to be broken about here. Publishing a humorous magazine in some schools is just like serving a raw steak at a restaurant—it just isn't done.

Now after many trials, and with perhaps many more trials coming, we are offering to you a new humorous magazine, a magazine which we hope will continue to be published here with ever-increasing success. We intend that a clean, wholesome type of humor shall be published. Whenever this standard is lost sight of we want this publication to cease.

With this standard before us we offer to you our first number. Whether it will succeed and be published hereafter will rest with you and the reception you give to it.

————— O G! —————

We are here to wager that no other kid on record has had such a time getting started. "Oh, that I might be a kid once more" is not one of the desires of O'Grady's Goat. They speak of the spring-time of youth and of the care-free kids who do nothing but play and eat and bawl—occasionally. But for O'Grady's Goat it's been some hot spring! And it hasn't been the kind you find at a health resort either. As for playing, you just try a little game with the Student Senate and the Business Men's Association. Your best cards will be a club and a spade. Human nature is a funny thing. It gets your Goat sometimes. But now that we understand each other, let's get behind this long hoped for Wooster magazine. We have a real comic magazine and "O'Grady's Goat doon dat!"

————— O G! —————

Girls! Girls! Girls!

BE A MODEL

We Pay the Price and You Set Your Own Figure

Co-Eds Barred—Zebras Also Barred

Call Some September Morn

PITTSBURGH NATATORIUM

Bernarr McFadden, Prop.

Wee Willie: "Daddy, is today tomorrow?"

"No, of course not,"

"But you said it was."

"When did I say today was tomorrow?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, it was. Today was tomorrow yesterday but today is today, just as yesterday was today yesterday, but it is yesterday today and tomorrow will be today tomorrow, see?"

Seven ages of women: Safety pins, whip pins, hair pins, fraternity pins, diamond pins, clothes pins, rolling pins.

She met him in the darkened hall.

He said, "I brought you roses."

Her answer seemed irrelevant.

'Twas this, "How cold your nose is."

A diamond that is mine is worth two not mined.

#### FAMOUS SAYINGS

Jonah—"When do we eat?"

Moses—"I'll tell the world."

Goliath—"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Wilhelm—"We ain't goin' to reign no mo'."

Noah—"Don't give up the ship."

We are living today in a garterless age

A strip of bare leg is all the rage.

Some think that the skin they expose so much

Is part of the skin that you love to touch

Why must we suffer such an outrage

E'en though we must live in a garterless age?

"Can anyone, Love, come between us?"

He asked in accents tender.

"Well," spoke young brother under the sofa,

"They'd have to be awfully slender."

#### A FOREST WOOING

She was all spruced up, wearing a suit of Douglas Fir. Her Board glance showed that she was Poplar.

He had a heart of Oak and Pined for her. But she was Stumped.

"You sawed off Sapling," she cried. "I'd as Leaf marry a Scantling!"

He Boughed his head, packed his trunk, and Evergreen with envy, took his Leave.



## THEY'RE RAISING THE STANDARDS AGAIN

"Let no one be passed," the faculty cries,  
 "Let all stabs at A's be in vain.  
 Let grade cards be filled with E's and with F's  
 We're raising the standards again."

When you chance to see two profs in a chat  
 Be it sunny or out in the rain  
 You can smile to yourself and say not a word  
 For they're raising the standards again.

When tuition is high and lab fees go up,  
 Incidentals begin to soar,  
 You make no mistake when you say with the rest  
 "They're raising the standards once more."

When you feel that you're lost at the end of a test  
 Or your grades are conducive to pain,  
 Cheer up, fellow student—it comes to us all  
 They're raising the standards again.

Most of us sigh, with relief when we say,  
 "The bloomin' semester is o'er."  
 When some of leave and do not return  
 They've been raising the standards once more.

Appeals, they come for stadium funds  
 And funds till we all get sore.  
 But down in our pockets we all must go,  
 For they're raising the standards once more.

"But it's all for your good, Dear Student," they say  
 "It's all for the good of your brain."  
 So let us be patient and they will soon say,  
 "We're raising the standards again."

—— O G! ——

A puncture in a baby's bloomers is worth two in  
 an auto tire.

One of our yearling professors who is the possessor of an athletic mind was seen using a pair of opera glasses at a basket-ball game. The next day a waiter at Holden heard the following remark:

"Gee! if Prof.—takes opera glasses to see a basket-ball game what would he take to see the Follies?"

"They won't make a bricklayer out of me," said the hen as she shoved the porcelain egg out of her nest.

## OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

Small Girl—"Why doesn't baby talk, father?"  
 Father—"He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do."

Small Girl—"Oh, yes, they do. Job did. Mother read to me out of the Bible, how Job cursed the day he was born."

## NOT VERY GOOD

"He: "Where did you do most of your skating when you learned?"

She: "I think you're horrid!"

## THE IDEAL WIFE

Many ideals are shattered by reality. It is not strange then, that a man's ideal of a wife is often shattered by the descending rolling pin. For a rolling pin is surely one of the more sordid realities of this mundane existence. But if a man has never been a victim of this rather ostentatious love making, if he has never felt the keen edge of feminine fangs, it is possible, nay, even probable that he has an ideal of a wife.

I am now about to state a fact which the most penetrating minds among you have already guessed, namely that I am not married. Hence, as I have shown, it is quite logical that I should enumerate the many attributes which comprise the character of the ideal wife.

First of all she must love me with a great and soul consuming love. She must love me until time lapses into eternity. But she must show no other signs of insanity.

She must have a rich sense of humor, a nature which can appreciate a good joke, not only while it is new but even after it has become old and (I say it with an increasing dread) bald.

She must be as patient as a donkey and as affectionate as a mosquito.

She must be a master of the culinary art. For in these skies Woman soars to her great heights. With the aid of such a mate I can outrage my digestion and so find an early release from this life of tribulation.

As you doubtless know she must be tolerant. She must face disappointment with a spirit of equanimity. She must be courageous in the face of adversity.

Now before I swallow the matrimonial hook which is cast into the shady pool of bachelorhood, I must be convinced that it holds a worthy bait, not something artificial but a real healthy worm, one that can look out of its eyes with the wistful longing which grips your heart and leaves you with a memory that time is powerless to efface, or some care-



free worm so nearly bursting with joy that it can lift me from the depths of despondency and time my heart to the symphony of happiness. Moreover this worm must have a tendency toward the ornate and the beautiful, a worm that stands out among worms. For such a worm as this I might run the hook of matrimony into the fleshy parts of my thorax.

I care not what her type. Tho I usually prefer blonds and brunettes. She must also be my direct antithesis, that is intellegent, good looking, and sensible. Last of all she must have the faith of a cootie to stick to a person thru thick and thin.

These, my friends, are the attributes of an ideal wife. All of my wives must have them. If you see someone who has these traits tell her to look me up. I will marry her at my earliest convenience.

— O G! —

The boy who once wished his dad had a candy store now has a son who wishes his dad had a filling station.

"She has been engaged seven times. Must be a gold digger."

"No, a diamond miner."

#### FASHION NOTE

"Women are wearing stockings sausage fashion now."

"What d'ye mean, sausage fashion?"

"Aw, below knees, below knees."

Teacher: Who was the most famous figure in Roman history?

Dumbell: Cleopatra.

#### THE EYES HAVE IT

Irate Dad—"What do you mean by dancing the Hulu Hulu at the party?"

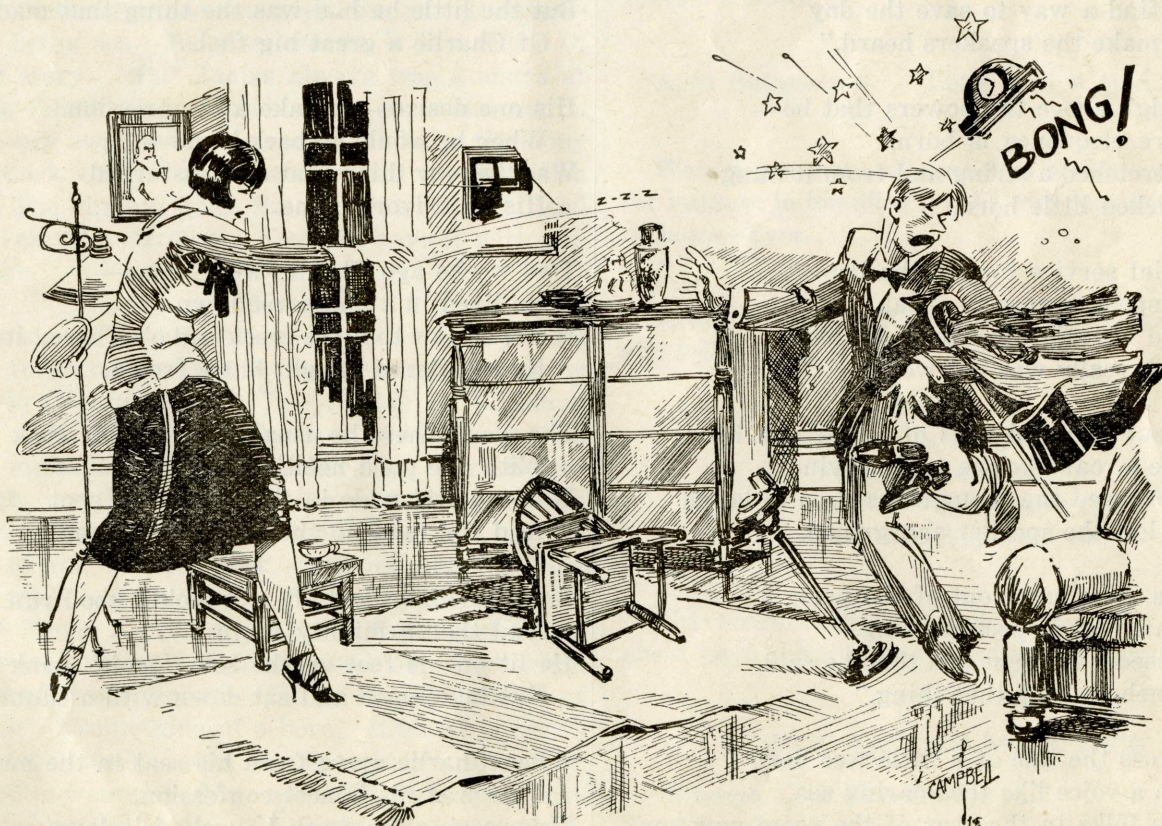
Flapper—"Why, daddy, I was just putting a little motion before the house."

"It's an extended corridor that has no termination," mused the absent minded Professor as he patiently plodded his way around the revolving door.

He—"I know you're no dumbbell."

She—"Why?"

He—"You're not small in the middle,"—White Mule.



THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE



## THE TALE OF THE LOUD SPEAKER

In days gone by the students came  
To chapel on the run,  
And sighs and tears were heard or seen  
Whene'er the speech was done.

The Freshies in the rear sat up  
And never cracked a smile.  
The soph'mores too were well behaved—  
They listened all the while.

The speaker then could make his voice  
Be heard by all quite well  
Without converting his whole speech  
Into one mighty yell.

But now the times have changed a bit  
And chapel—it's changed too.  
For now there's noise till one can't tell  
Just when the speaker's through.

At first they blamed it on acoustics  
And then they blamed the crowd.  
But now the speaker gets the rub  
Because he don't speak loud.

"A remedy there must be found."  
The physicists averred.  
"We'll find a way to save the day  
And make the speakers heard."

Then high above the powers that be—  
Where eloquence is born,  
They stretched a string and from it hung  
A wicked little horn.

A special service topped the list—  
The speaker rose to speak.  
He used his mightiest tone of voice  
Which really was not weak.

From out of the depths of that small horn  
Came a roar like the mighty wind  
Which caused the thoughtless ones to laugh  
And left the speaker chagrined.

Prexy's voice came out of the horn  
With a sort of peculiar ring.  
He paused a moment and then he said,  
"Somebody stop that thing."

Thus goes the tale of a little wee horn  
With a voice like the roaring sea.  
But the folks in the rear of the room now say  
"O bring back my horn to me."

## OUR OWN SAWDUST

Professor: "What is the quickest way to produce sawdust?"

Student: "Why—er—ah—"

Prof.: "Come, come—use your head, use your head."

## OBEYING FATHER

"Daughter, didn't I see you sitting on the young man's lap when I passed the parlor last evening?"

"Yes, and it was very embarrassing. I wish you had not told me to do so."

"Good heavens. I never told you to do anything of the kind."

"You did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental, I must sit on him."

## THE EATING QUESTION

It's a giddy whirl, this life. People eat animals, animals eat smaller animals, smaller animals eat vegetables, vegetables eat animalculae, animalculae eat bacilli, bacilli eat microbes, and microbes eat us. The cannibal takes the short cut.

## MAKING AN IMPRESSION

Charlie had had but little ambition  
Since he left home for school.  
But the little he had was the thing that made  
Of Charlie a great big fool.

His one desire—to make an impression  
When he would go back home—  
Was the only thing that ever disturbed  
His solid ivory dome.

Two weeks ago Charlie went home—  
He lived in a one-horse town.  
When he saw that the creek had o'erflowed its banks  
He registered naught but a frown.

The place where he usually forded the creek  
With one good healthy leap  
Was ten feet wide in the narrowest spot  
And the mud on the banks was deep.

But Charlie backed off and took a good run  
And then a mighty jump.  
He lit on his feet on the soft "gooie" bank  
But he slipped and sat down with a thump.

When Charlie arose from his seat in the mud  
This was his honest confession,  
"In crossing the creek I surely fell down  
But, at least, I've made an impression."



## BOOK REVIEW

## I

"Servus De Soup's Festival," a new one act play by Sy Kology, the popular play write, has just appeared. College life is delightfully portrayed. It has a social plot centering about a young man named Servus De Soup. Because of his lack of speed this charartar cannot be said to be collegiate. His room mate, Radi Ator, and his sweetheart, Mag Neta, a veritable human dynamo, are **interesting** and true to life charactars. The Dean, Winda Paine, creates many humerous and pathetic situations. This is sure of a long run at Wooster

## II

"Pair of dice lost" is the only epic that Wooster has thus far produced. Ana Lyhis, in this great work, has done herself justice. For musical qualities it is rivalled only by Ethe Opian's "Role Dem Bones." The meter and rythm is unsurpassed. If you are the proud possessor of an athletic mind read this marvelous work. Two chiefs of a pre-historic tribe had been captured. Their heads had been raised upon high poles. The author uses the fall of these two bone cubes as a starting point. Finish it your self.

## III

Perhaps the latest book on the market is "The Tale of a Sardine" by "Pa" Jamas. This is not a fresh water story, as you might expect. It smacks of the briny sea. In other words, it is a whale of a good story. "Pa" Jamas always was a shark at writing fish stories. This story is clean and entire. People are swallowing it whole. It lacks the bony framework that is so characteristic of most fish tales. The binding gives the story its shape. Read "The Tale of a Sardine. You will have it with you for days.

## IV

"The age of chivalry has passed but chivalry must not be forgotten." This is the key note stricken by Ana Flo Gistine in her "Ten Nights in Highland Park." No man could read her romantic revival of the spreading of the slicker by Sir Ralter Waleigh or the rituals of the new Order of the Garter, which shall be known henceforth as the Order of the Rolled Sock, without feeling the chivalrous blood arising in his veins. The description of Those Nights around the Table makes one hunger and thirst for those good old days when Nighthood was a flower. The episode of the gat of X caliber is something of a bore. Interest is revived again, however, with the introduction of Clear Guinevere dressed in blue over-alls, with her socks rolled below the knees. No doubt this great work will bring about a much needed social reform.

Dear Editor:—

I'm in love with a homely girl who is very poor, while a rich and beautiful girl for whom I do not care is in love with me. What shall I do?

Doubtful.

Doubtful:—

By all means take the one you love.—Would it be too much trouble to send me the other one's address?

Ye Ed.

Old Man O'Grady Says that a lot of fellers who ain't bothered when they get up to speak bother everybody else.

An optimist is one who takes Elementary International Law at Harvard.

One rat to another: "Sure, go ahead and swipe the cheese, it will be a snap."

Sign in clothing store: Nomers Ideal Underwear, Cool and Comfort. Sizes 36 to 44. You'll wear nothing else once you try them.

Old man O'Grady says: Where there's a still there's a sway.

Auto Suggestion: "Let's take a taxi."

**Women are more efficient than men in some things, for instance in handling a cold with four square inches of lace.—Lyre.**

After a fellow with a moustache kissed his girl she felt a little down at the mouth.

**Nine little doggies  
'Sizzling on a plate  
In came the boarders  
And then they were ate.**

The medium says if nobody believed in ghosts she'd have a hard time keeping her spirits up.

## WE'D LIKE TO MEET DICK

"Strange, Dick likes Gladys so."

"Why, she's not bad."

"That's what makes it so strange."



### SUGGESTED RECIPES FOR KENARDEN BOARD

#### Pork Au Gratin

Run a fresh ground hog through the victrola, and soak the remains in vitriol for three hours. Remove to oven and bake to a hot sweat. Rub down with Turkish towels, and garnish with toilet water. Serve in garbage cans.

#### New Baked Beans

Carefully scour each bean with a fresh can of Ox-Blood polish, rub in some carbolic salve, and set aside for oxidation. At the end of twenty-four hours pry beans out of pot, and shoot out of Daisy air rifles. Gather up the light, fluffy, nutritious flakes, and serve on rhubarb leaves.

#### Scorned Beef and Scabbage

Granulate one dozen frog legs, preferably bow-legged, and massage with Mennen's Talcum Powder until soft and pliable. Throw into bath tub and add two cupfuls of coal dust, stirring constantly. When all is well mixed, place in refrigerator to set. Serve with pick and shovel.

#### French Salad

Chop up two quarts of fresh toad-stools, and add a pint of choke cherries. Serve with live shrimp in a pale blue dish. Garnish with smelling salts for guests' convenience.

#### Corn on the Cob

Each ear must be prepared separately. Soak in cement for two hours, and then paint well with Le Page's glue. Lay aside in cupboard for three weeks, and serve with crow bars. Guests will derive much pleasure trying to dislodge the kernels. Cobs may afterward be sold to thugs for billies.

#### Siberian Souse

Mix well two quarts of lemon skins, a pint of sour milk, one dill pickle, two egg shells, and a pound of fresh chopped turnips. Smother with pressed spinach, and serve in rusty clam shells. Lay low for two weeks.

— O G! —

Double Sparking causes a lot of wrecks on the courting highway.

Any man who has ever been presented with triplets knows it's the little things that count.

### IT IS NOT

Abie—"Ikey, tell me what is a knot."

Ikey—"A knot is a string vats got cramps."

Did you ever  
Hear about  
The freshman  
Who asked if  
The cover  
On O'Grady's Goat  
Was a  
Sheep's skin.

Mr. Smith—"Your daughter seems a well-developed girl."

Mr. Jones—"Young Holt doesn't think so. He makes my parlor a dark room every time he calls."

The man who swallowed his false teeth,  
Now watches his bill of fare.  
He chews his food most carefully,  
He must choose his food with care.

He: "May I hold your Palm, Olive?"

She: "Not on your Life, Bouy."

### BLUE PENCIL, PLEASE

Teacher—"Johnny, can you use the word pencil in a sentence?"

Johnny—"Yes, madam. If I don't wear suspenders my pencil fall down."



"Does your girl know anything about automobiles?"

"I should say not. She asked me last night if I cooled the engine by stripping the gears."



## MUSINGS OF AN APE

A big fat ape sat out on a limb  
Of our ancestral tree  
And cracking a nut on his woolly dome  
He grinned and looked at me.

So helped by the grin on his hairy face  
I read that poor ape's mind.  
And if I judge from the things I read,  
I fear man's far behind.

For as he chewed on his cocoa-nut  
He thoughtfully shook his head.  
And I watched close from my place below  
And this is what I read.

"I s'pose one really must accept  
This thing called devolution,  
But for this creature's origin  
That seems a poor solution.

To think that he was once like me,  
A strong and healthy creature.  
And now he's weak and puny and small  
And changed in every feature.

Why my own mate could take her paw  
And break yon man in two.  
I'd rather be an old she-ape  
Than a weak he-man like you!

Just see what nice red hair I have,  
While yon poor man has none.  
And note what awful, awful things  
This evolution's done.

When I would walk I use all fours,  
And use them mighty keen  
But this poor man must walk on two  
And keep the others clean.

If I should dress in a full-dress suit  
And use a stick for support  
They'd mention me as the 'missing link'.  
In a devolution report.

What envy must this poor man feel  
When he looks up at me  
And sees how beauteous was his race  
When it lived in a tree.

O, what could cause this fall  
From our high monkey level?  
Some call it 'devil-ution'  
Others—simply devil."

"Ohhhh! Lemuel, vat you tink? I vas arrested for speedink today."

"Vat, you? Vy, you haf no car haf you?"

"No, not dat, speedink on the sidewalk."



Love may be blind but that doesn't destroy the good feeling.

"Liza—didja weah them flowahs ah sent ya?"

"Ah didn' weah nothin' else but—Black Boy."

"Lawd—Gal, wheah didja pin 'em?"—Lelisan..

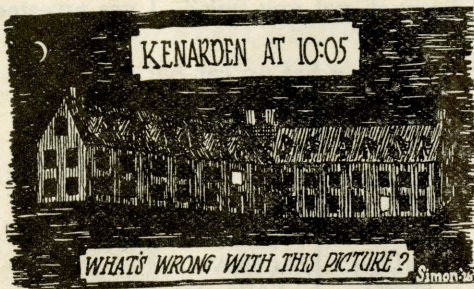
He stood by her,  
She stood by him,  
His arm was long,  
Her waist was slim.  
Of course you know  
What happened then.  
Girls will be girls,  
Men will be men.  
Since love is sweet  
And life is young  
What wonder they together clung?  
And yet we hate this tale to mar,  
They clung to straps  
In a crowded car.

"That's me all over, Mabel," said the poison ivy  
as the girl with the swollen face walked by.

A flapper's motto: "Life, Liberty, and the per-  
suit of Snappiness!"

Don't buy your thermometers now. They will be  
lower next winter.





Mary had a little lamb,  
She fed it sauerkraut.  
And now she leaves her lamb at home  
Because it's got the gout.

#### ENGAGED

There comes a time in every year  
When college folks run wild, I fear.  
The standing matters not a whit,  
Some pulling A's have failed to hit  
While others pulling E's and D's  
Have felt this something in the breeze.  
It matters not how old you are,  
For matrons prim are on a par  
With younger chicks in this great game  
And they are stricken just the same.  
Some men are sure that college life  
Is just the place to pick a wife.  
And women, too, since time began  
Have come to college for a man.  
Now what it is that's on the breeze,  
Or what one in the other sees  
Is more than anyone can say.  
Perhaps we all shall know some day.  
But let those pass as minor things  
For most important are the rings  
And pins and vows and ties  
That raise these couples to the skies.  
The men appear with chests stuck out  
As one who'd won a wrestling bout.  
The dames appear with cheeks all flushed  
As one who'd been severely rushed.  
How they do it no one knows,  
But that's the way the money goes.

Reck lessdrivers offer mindus  
We mightcap tureone perchance  
Ande parting leavebe hindus  
Boot printson hissun dypants.

Teacher: "Willie, take this sentence, 'The Ford was passed by a horse.' Now in what voice is it?"  
Willie: "Passive voice."

Women having portraits and O'Grady's Goats in the same room are forewarned that goats have been known to swallow a picture frame.

The old fashioned girl used to stay at home when she didn't have anything to wear.

WOODEN LEGS THAT WILL NOT SPLINTER  
In Case of Drowning Can Be Detached and Used for  
Life Savers

*Highly Polished Mahogany Finish*  
Shape guaranteed to hold, and in later years can  
be chopped up for kindling  
*What Wooden You Do to Have One?*  
Walnut Wood Leg Co. Coles Phillips, Prop.

#### FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Look here, I'll have you know that I'm boss here  
in this house and no woman will tell me what to do.

What makes that cow snort like that? Let's climb  
over the fence and get a closer look.

There is Jones and he hasn't bagged a thing yet.  
I'll make a niose like a rabbit behind this bush and  
fool him.

This stuff can't be as bad as the chemist said.  
Let's take a couple of swigs.

I don't believe this old shell will explode. Hand  
me the hammer.

Look at that nasty fly on that poor mule's hind  
leg. I'll run right over and swat it.

I smell gas down here. Have you got a match?

My girl went out a riding  
Upon a Canter's horse  
And now she's careful where she sits—  
To save her dress, of course.

Recurring to the matter which has aroused some  
discussion, our attitude is this: The knee is a joint,  
but a niftily clad ankle is scenery.



WHEN O'GRADY'S GOAT WAS A KID



## Keeney's Cafeteria

—AT THE—  
ARCHER HOUSE

HOME COOKED FOODS AT THE  
RIGHT PRICES

A young man stood on the corner smoking a cigar. A wild-eyed Reformer went up to him and said: "My son, how many cigars do you smoke a day?"

"Two," was the answer.

"How much do they cost?"

"Ten cents each."

"Young man, do you know if you saved that money, in twenty years you could be the owner of that big building there?"

"Do you own it?"

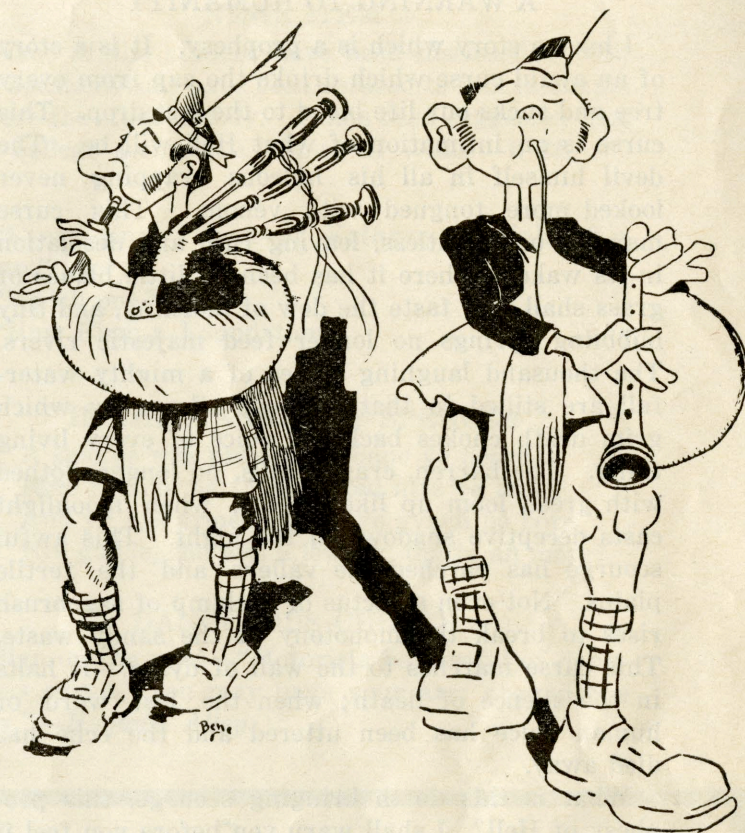
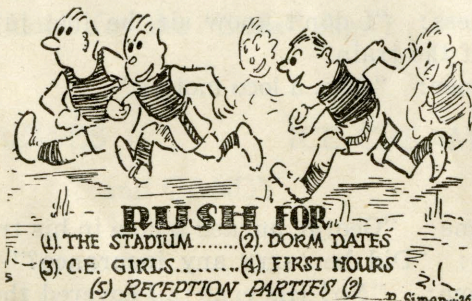
"No," replied the reformer, "I don't."

"Well," answered the young man, "I do."

I get the pump which i by from you, but why for the love of Michael Angelo you doan have no handle. I loose me customer. Wats the use of a pump when she doan have no handle. Shure thing u doan treat me rite. I wate 10 daze and my customer he holler like hell for the pump. You no he is hot summer now and the win he no blow the pump. She got no handle so wat i goan do with it. Doan send me the handle pretty quick i send her back and i goan a order some pump from other companie. Good by

Yours truly, Antonia Jalbino.

since i rite i find the handle in the box. Excuse to me.



"Rastus, am dem men or women over dar a squeezin' dem cats?"

"Dey look like men and dress like co-eds."

"Sure, Liza, and dey mus' be some ob dem middlesex persons we hear 'bout."

### OPPERTUNITY FOR RESEARCH

Just think of it—in over 1900 years no one has come out with a speckless fly.

Parent—"My daughter just got her hair shingled."

Likewise—"If she were my daughter that would not be all."—Widow.

### EARLY MAIL

In days old  
When knights were bold,  
And sheet-iron trousers wore,  
They lived in peace  
For then a crease  
Would last five years or more  
In those old days  
They had a craze  
For steel shirts, and they wore them:  
And there was bliss  
Enough in this—  
The laundry never tore them.



## A WARNING TO HUMANITY

I have a story which is a prophesy. It is a story of an awful curse which drinks the sap from every tree and sucks our life blood to the last drop. This curse is an intimation of what Hell will be. The devil himself in all his hideous trapping never looked more tongued with venom. This curse marches on relentless, leaving ruin and desolation in its wake. Where it has been no little blades of grass shall ever taste the dew of morning, and tiny bubbling springs no longer feed majestic rivers. The thousand laughing voices of a mighty waterfall are stilled in that ominous silence by which grim death chokes back the voice of every living thing. The barren, craggy hills, no longer clothed with green loom up like ghosts, when moonlight casts deceptive shadows in the night. This awful scourge has parched the valleys and the fertile plains. Not even a cactus or a clump of sagebrush rises to break the monotony of the sandy waste. This curse marches to the wail of dying. It halts in the silence of death; when the last word of human voice has been uttered and the echo has died away.

What is this death bringing scourge, this prophesy of Hell? I shall warn you before you feel it sear your flesh.

## IT IS THE RED NECK-TIE

————— O G! —————

Roomie—"I can't locate my socks."

Roomie—"What's the matter—got a cold in your head?"

That man who swallowed a pencil  
Will no more laugh or grin.  
The pencil will write no more,  
And the man won't be right again.

He kissed her in the garden  
The moon was shining bright,  
But she was a marble statue  
And he was drunk that night.

REDUCE! REDUCE! REDUCE!

The Deuce You Say! We Say Reduce!!  
You think you have a fat chance to get thin and your argument carries some weight; but end your troubles by reducing in the end.

Figure It Out For Yourself

BUXOM STOUT & CO.

23 Arbuckle Street

HOLLY WOOD, CAL.



## THE SECTION MAN

"Oh, it ain't for knowledge  
That we came to college  
But to raise Hell while we're here!"

In the "Lost" column of Shreve Morning Milk following which the make-up man was promoted to Sunday features department—

Lost—Full grown Airdale dog; children's pet; low wheels; very low hood; has top, tank, and tool box on the rear.

Coroner: "You say he killed himself. What was the motive?"

Witness: "I don't know sir, he just jumped in front of the train."

Coroner: "Aha, a loco motive."

Jerome: "George burned a hole in his trousers."

Billy: "Did he carry any insurance?"

Jerome: "No! His coat tail covered the loss"



## GOOD WORD FOR HITS

"I've just discovered a new disease."

Patient—"Call it 'Pfxlzia'."

"Why?"

"Because it just fits into a cross-word puzzle I'm composing."

## OFFICE VODVIL

Tim—"An awful accident up street!"

Frances—"What happened?"

Tim—"A car ran into a garage."

## GOOD PLACE FOR IT

"Of happiness we'd get a lot,"

Quoth one who knew his lines,

"If half the gilt on mining stock  
Were put on Valentines."

An Englishman returned to London and was telling of an America college prom. He concluded by saying:

"And don'tcher know, old thing, they weren't even married."—*Hogan's Alley*.

Jack Snuggler loved to drive his Liz  
With one hand on his lady's.  
His friends now wonder if he is  
In Heaven or in Hades.

—Witt.

## CHICKENS ON THE STAGE

"I tell you, sir, I have played in all the largest theatres in Europe."

"Yes, sir, why in America we have theatres so big that when a man in the back seat throws an egg, it hatches out before it reaches the stage."

## Margueritte's Shoppe

(Look for the "Soda" Sign)

MAGAZINES

ICE CREAM

and CANDY

## NEWS ITEM

Some of the student have been dissatisfied with the speakers that have been secured to talk in chapel before the student body. It has been suggested that the college secure the Prince of Wales—*Witt*.

"Every time I look at Kathryn I think of a hymn."

"Which one?"

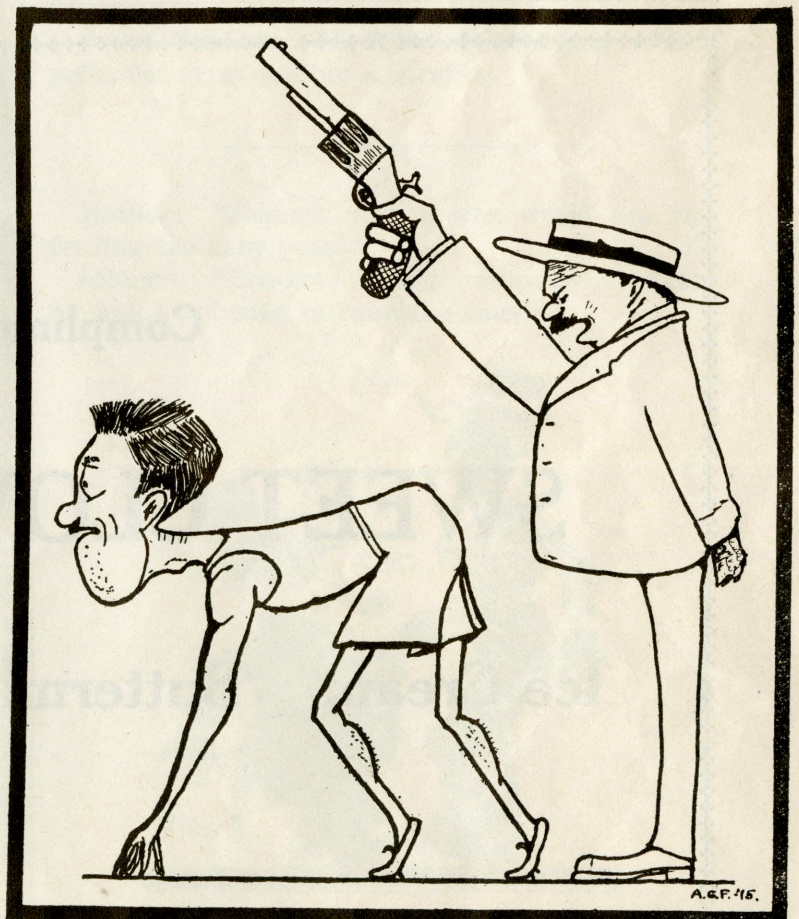
"How Firm a Foundation."

## IN THE MANNER OF SPENCER

A snakye was prancyng onne ye floore—  
Ryte smarte he foxy-trotted atte ye balle,  
And yn hys armes an nyfye gynch he bore  
Bye gadde, she was a lewlew, thatte an more!

## DANGEROUS CURVES

Sign on the road—"Motorists be careful of dangerous curves; you may have your arm around one now."—*Hogan's Alley*.



Onlooker (at the track meet)—"That man looks like a Greek god."

His sweetheart, to herself—"My God."



## BIG IMPROVEMENT

"I hear Freddie won a loving-cup the other night."

"Really? He must have made a big improvement since the last date we had."

———— O G! ————

## SOME TROUSERS

Small son: "You know what short legs a dachshund has."

Father: "Yes, I know."

Son: "Well, how is it, father, that their pants are as long as our big Airdale's?"

Father: "Run along, son; father is busy."

—Lehigh Burr.

———— O G! ————

## POSSIBLY

History Prof.: "Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?"

Wise Fresh.: "Because there were so many knights."

## F. H. DeWITT &amp; COMPANY

FLORISTS

Store on the South Side of Square

Student Trade Given Special Care

PHONE 305

## REASON TO COMPLAIN

Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature the prison angel gave him to read.

"Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled, "An' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

Compliments of

# SWEET CLOVER DAIRY

Ice Cream

Buttermilk

Cottage Cheese



He jumped into the pool one day—  
That steaming athlete's blessing  
They'd drained the thing the night before  
And now he's convalescing.

———— O G! ————

Spencer—"Say, do you know any insomnia cure?"  
Bangham—"Count to a thousand! Sure remedy."  
Spencer—"Baby's too young to count."

———— O G! ————

Budd, that's a classy diamond your girl's wearing. Real thing? Say, if it ain't, I've been stuck for a dollar.

———— O G! ————

WE'LL ADMIT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG

"Just had my watch fikshed an' it'sh shtill wrong."

"Why, wha'sh matter with it?"

"Blame thingsh point' to noon, an' it'sh mid-night."

# The Evergreens

Restaurant and Confectionery



Our chef with his long experience will  
satisfy the most discriminating persons

Try Our Delicious Fresh Made Candy

"Your Security of Purity"

## RED HOT MAMA

The Sultan of Zululand is a peculiar and particular chap. He has a dozen new wives every year. All the pretty girls are rounded up annually, bathed, perfumed and so forth. As they pass the Sultan, he wets a finger and presses each cheek. Those that sizzle he keeps.

———— O G! ————

"Dick was almost drowned last night."

Flap.: "No! How?"

"The pillow slipped, the bed spread and he fell into the spring."

———— O G! ————

A young woman of our acquaintance defines home as: One small room containing a wardrobe trunk.

———— O G! ————

Music Teacher: "What is your impression of harmony?"

Smart Student: "A freckled-faced girl with a polka-dot dress leading a giraffe."

———— O G! ————

Mother: "Johnny, why in the world are you feeding the baby yeast?"

Johnny: "Boo-hoo! She's swallowed my quarter and I'm trying to raise the dough."



Father: "Did you feed the chickens last night?"

Willie: "Exactly."

Father: "Corn?"

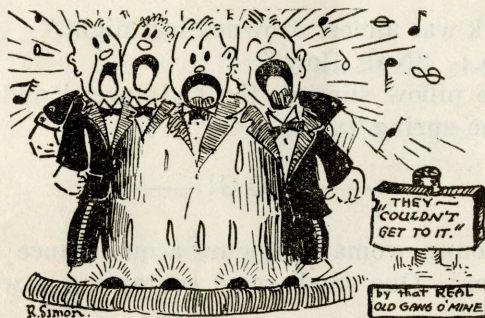
Willie: "No, Scotch."



The mint is the only place that we know of that makes money without advertising.—*Witt.*

— O G! —

You can't rob a man of pride. If he has nothing else to boast about, he will boast that he wears the same weight underwear all year.



He held her hand—and she held his—  
While the garage man tinkered  
with  
their  
old  
tin  
Liz.

— O G! —

He mixed his beans with honey,  
He'd done it all his life,  
Not because he liked it,  
But to keep them on his knife.

—*Froth*

## The Sugar Bowl

LIGHT LUNCH

CANDY

ICE CREAM

SOFT DRINKS

"ACROSS THE STREET FROM  
THE CAMPUS"

SOLID MAHOGANY

"Captain, I'll have to go to the doctor, I have a splinter in me finger."

"Ye ought to have more sense than to be scratching your head."

## KENARDEN SERVICE

A Student Association

To Serve the Students



A BANK ACCOUNT  
IN YOUR HAND IS  
THE JOKER THAT  
WILL SAVE MANY  
A BAD SITUATION



THE  
CITIZENS NATIONAL  
BANK

"Yes, this is Mr. 'Arrison. What you can't 'ear?  
This is Mr. 'Arrison—haitch, hay, two hars, a hi,  
a hes, a ho, an' an hen—'Arrison."

———— O G! ————

"Oh! What a cute little dolly! Does she say  
'Mamma' when you squeeze her?"

"No, this is a modern doll. She says 'Oh, Boy!'"

———— O G! ————

Old man O'Grady says he has heard of a lot of  
wild parties but nothing to beat the one referred to  
recently by a small town paper thus: "As midnight  
approached the party waxed Mary."

———— O G! ————

Dancing, like milk, strengthens the calf.—

### A PRESSING STORY

"Sir, I've never been kissed!"

"You tell a Grimm story, woman."

———— O G! ————

### NO QUESTION ABOUT IT

"Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Three aces."

"No, yuh don't. Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Two nines and a razor."

"You shoh do. How come yuh so lucky?"

———— O G! ————

Chapel speaker: "When they take our girls away  
from the co-educational colleges, what will follow?  
What will follow, I say?"

Henderson: "I will."

———— O G! ————

Many a gown is chaperoned by what is in it."

# EAT

AT A GOOD PLACE

## Stark & Zaring



THE LARGEST AND BEST  
RESTAURANT IN WOOSTER



Remember we have a banquet room  
upstairs for your parties.



# LYRIC

Devoted to the Best Motion Pictures  
SPECIAL "COLOR DAY" PROGRAM

Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Noah Berry in  
ZANE GREY'S BOOK

"THE THUNDERING HERD"

## A PLAYWRIGHT

Weary Willie—"Have you seen Slim lately?"

Dusty Trails—"Yes."

W. W.—"Wot's he doin'?"

D. T.—"Writin' plays."

W. W.—"My Gawd! That blinkin' idiot writin' plays?"

D. T.—"Yes, he's chalkin' up scores in a bowl-  
ing alley."

———— O G! ————

## NOT SO GOOD

"Pa."

"Yes, son."

"Why did they used to call tomatoes love-apples?"

"Because they soon got rotten."

———— O G! ————

Little Johnny on the floor  
Spilled some crude petroleum;  
Bridget skidded to the door—  
She's down with the linoleum.

NOT SHE. AH, NO!

Husband: "Did my wife speak at the meeting  
yesterday?"

Friend: "I don't know your wife, but there was  
a tall, thin lady who rose and said she had nothing  
to say."

Hub.: "That wasn't my wife."

———— O G! ————

Customer (in plumbing establishment): "Do you  
mind demonstrating this bathtub, please?"

Girl Attendant: "SIR!"

———— O G! ————

"Are you fond of large autos?"

"Am I? You should have seen the truck I ate for  
lunch?"

———— O G! ————

She: "What a beautiful mouth you have. It  
ought to be on a girl."

He: "It is, as much as possible."

———— O G! ————

The height of slow motion—two seniors racing to  
get to class on time.—*Witt.*

## Brunswick Billiard Room

————FOR————

LUNCH AND BASEBALL SCORES

SHARR AND OVERHOLTZER



INTELLIGENT CARE OF THE SKIN AND HAIR IS ESSENTIAL  
TO LASTING BEAUTY

WE AIM TO PLEASE

# MAUDE WEIMER

514 P. S. & L. BLDG.

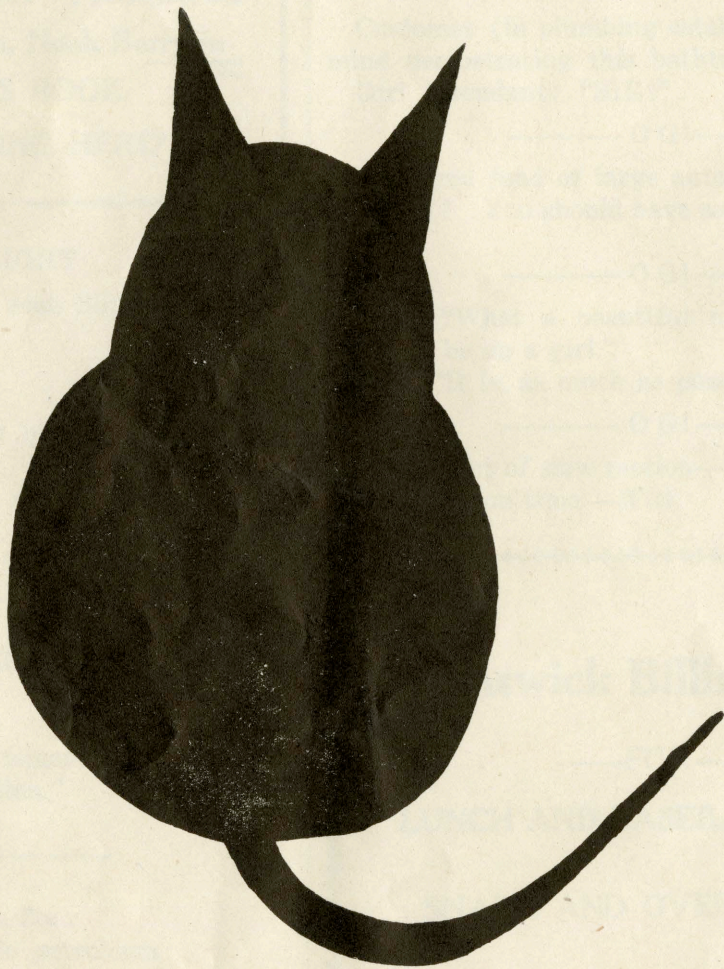
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THE END





THE END







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