

Back the Kernel Advertisers!



LUCILE COOK
AKKIE'S PIN

One of those nights which is lawful for us freshmen to enjoy, I had a shock which left me as helpless as a siren with tonsillitis. Akkie comes in on the dot promptly at eleven bells with a pin! Yes, sir, Akkie's gone and done it! She's pinned! He's a I Maka Fire, and he certainly added

fuel where Akkie was concerned. "Coo your comments," says Akkie on entering our two by four suite. "I suppose I should congratulate you on your match (that's the I Maka Fire's pin; it's done in Fourth of July colors, and the Greek letters mean "Keep out of reach of children," so I figures out) but I don't think much of that guy. He's too stingy to spend the week-end, and even his jokes have jaundice." (I heard that

Charleston Charley



Says Charleston Charley, "The installment man called at our house yesterday. We offered him a chair, but he took the piano."

comment about myself once).

Akkie gives me a mean look and says, "You're just the type to say that, aren't you, Ikkie? Whose un-called-for bundle are you?"

"Well, when I take out my license to neck," I replies nastily, "it won't be with one who runs his brain in low gear. Tickle your ear drum with that."

After a few more dirty digs, I heard Akkie snoring and decided I'd do the same, not snore, of course, but sleep. The next morning, about five minutes before I was to take a quiz, while studying out of Akkie's book, I found this note in it, "Will you walk through Iovers' Lane, sweetheart, in the primrose path of spring?" Now, what in the Sam Hill could Iovers' Lane be? Of course, last year it was the walk leading up to Pat hall, but that was before electric lights brightened the way. It seems the school authorities think more of electric light than they do of moonlight.

After the quiz was over (it lasted only three minutes by the clock for me) Akkie began raving again and she says, "Oh, he's got the darlinest name for me. He calls me 'Ducky'."

"That's probably because you quack so much," I says, but Akkie didn't hear me as she was still raving. "He's the best looking, the sweetest, the most wonderful, the most manly, etc. (Haven't room enough for all the adjectives)."

"Ah, cut it out," I says, "He's only a freckle on this planet."

We'd like to see the rush this Venus de Milo would get:

If she were as pretty as Charisey Smith.

As popular as Katherine Brown.

As "chic" as Mary Whitfield.

If she made a standing of three, like Bernice Edwards.

If she were as charming as Ann Williams.

As "peppy" as "K. B." Best.

If she wore Edna Lewis Wells' good looking clothes.

As active as Edith Minihan.

If she could dance like La Vergne Lester.

If she had Eleanor Chinn's Packard roadster.

Eating Wool

"I wish you wouldn't knit at meals. I can't tell where my spaghetti leaves off and your sweater begins."

—Washington Columns.

Active: "Congratulations, old man."

Newly pledged: "Same to you."

—Iowa Frivol

Joe: "Bob says he doesn't enjoy squeezing his girl."

College: "Probably she's a lemon."

—O. Wesleyan Mirror.

From the Moth Balls

He: "What would you say if I should kiss you?"

She: "At last."

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

My Dumb-Bell

A Dumb-bell dwelt in Dumba Dum, And she was dumb as Doras be. And yet, this Dora had her points— She fell for me.

—Allegheny Alligator.

"He's a fraternity man."

"How do you know?"

"He answered to four names in class this morning."

—Minn. Ski.

Heavens!

Pledges: "Our house mother is an angel."

Old Active: "How long has she been dead?"

—Oregon Owl.

Sixteen drinks on a co-ed's breath, yo-ho-ho, and the dean of women!

—W. Va. Moonshine.

Song of an Old-Fashioned Co-Ed

I am edging insertions on Irish crochet

Whilst thinking of my true love, Who flunked out of college and went far away.

I have nothing else to think of.

He kissed me good-bye in the hallway.

He wept, from sorrow and gin.

I swore to be true to him always.

Ah, Clarence! so far I have been.

I could have a young man with a Packard;

I could be the dame of the dances;

THE CRAB SESSION

Edited by THE CRAB P. O. Box 2193

Right now, fresh off of the bat, I want to do a little personal crabbing. I do wish that my roommate would learn to pick a little loose wool out of my comb and put it, the comb, not the wool, back in the drawer when he gets through using it. Won't someone tell me how to break him of the habit of leaving it out on the dresser, dirty, when he gets through arranging his curly locks?

The new contribution came in on time, as was promised in the last issue. Here it is, and timely indeed: "Saturday morning, seven o'clock. The alarm clock was ringing its best. It kept right on; it wouldn't stop. The darned thing is surely a pest. 'Tommie, crawl! It's time to get up. I heard someone call out to me. Time to get up? It certainly was not! 'Twas as dark as could be. But it was seven o'clock, and more work to be done, and so I had to get up. This life is a bore. It gets on my nerves. Won't it ever let up? Gosh! Ain't it fierce?"

"I come from the North. At least it would be considered the North by Kentuckians. My home is in north-west Missouri. Yes, I've heard that saying before. I came South for the winter. At least we consider it South. Down here, you say this is the South, and then you say, 'Well, it isn't really south, like Alabama.' But what I want to know is where your southern winter comes in? I came South for the winter, and ran into something like thirty-one snows. (Ask George Young.) Spring has come and we are having such nice drizzly, chilly weather. Like California, it has been an 'unusual' winter and spring. All right, but please quit misrepresenting conditions to us Northerners." (That ought to bring forth some hot replies. Watch for them next week.

A girl from a sorority house up on Maxwell street writes me and tells me that she wishes the Sigma Nus would quit hanging out of their second story windows and trying to flirt with every

I could have my finger-nails lacquered
And have lots of fun taking chances;

But I'm edging intersections on Irish crochet,
Though it's very tiresome to do so.

Shall I continue day after day?
H—I no. —Col. Pelican.

girl who passes. She says, "If the Sigma Nus want dates with us, why don't they get up some nerve and look up the telephone number of the 'If Papa Nu' sorority house, and call us up? We might consider giving them a chance to prove their worth as entertainers." And that's that. I don't think I need comment on it.

One fellow whispered in my cauliflower a day or so ago, that he was at present spending his time on a thesis on the evils found at the present time in the military department. I know three of them myself, and I don't speak to them any oftener than I have to. Another is considering the physics department and he says, "I told him that I didn't know anything about the drug business, but to go ahead, and I'd be glad to receive any enlightenment on it."

Let's go. The start is good. Suggestions are coming in, but some are so short, being mere sentence prayers for changed conditions. Please elucidate a little. Enlarge upon your subjects. Not so long, but enough to give a good idea of the evil in mind. I am surprised to find that the crabbing letters are all about the university and its life. Prohibition should have been more popular, or unpopular. But, we have a good start. Keep them coming. This section is for the expression of your opinions. I'll edit and censor it. Not that I know any more about what should be put in than you do, but someone had to edit it, and I'm the Crab, anyhow. Have you got my number? Look at the heading.

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PROPERTY, Mr. Willeox of the New York Bar.
SURETYSHIP, Professor Campbell of the Harvard Law Faculty.
MORTGAGES, Professor Campbell.
TRUSTS, Professor Fraser, Dean of the Minnesota Law Faculty.
MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS, Professor Burdick, Dean of the Cornell Law Faculty.
PRACTICE, Professor McCaskill of the Cornell Law Faculty.
Second Term, July 29 to Sept. 3
CONTRACT, continued.
AGENCY, Professor Thompson of the University of Pittsburgh Law Faculty.
WILLS, Professor Vance of the Yale Law Faculty.
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