



LUCILE COOK
JELICO ONCE MORE

Well, after finally accomplishing the feat of getting six days work done in three, due to the kindness of our dear profs who wanted us to enjoy the days before our holiday as much as possible, I and Akkie caught our respective dinkies to our respective homes (for fear you all have forgot-

ten, I wish to repeat Akkie lives in Kuttowa, and I in Jelico).

Well, as the train chugged into Jelico, I sees the band out, and all the folks diked up, and the mayor reading a scrap of paper which undoubtedly was his "welcome home" speech to me. I tell you about that time, I had the warmest feelin' around the region of my heart, and I blessed every one of those dear home folks who loved me so.

As I stood on the last step of the platform, preparatory to alighting once more on the soil of my childhood, I feared I wasn't being noticed as I should, considering all the bunting and the banners. 'Bout that time I sees my family, and they nodded careless like and motioned for me to join them. As I steps into the midst of the crowd, I caught sight of the read-in' matter on the banners, and it seems as if they wuz celebratin' the arrival of some big feller who was to speak on "the Seamy Side of Life Which Needs Sewing;" and it seems further that I was about as welcome as a ring from an alarm clock.

After that blow, I felt as stunned popularity. Well, the next morning, though I hadn't attended the lecture, Mrs. Purifky, who is the biggest gossip and busy-body in town (we wuz in the general store) asks me, "Ak-kie, we'uns have a great respect for as a siren with tonsillitis, so I determined to spoil some of that feller's your opinion beings you go to that there university what used to always get in trouble over revolution. What did you think of the speech last night?"

"Mrs. Purifky," I replies, "through diligent study, I have acquired quite a knowledge of the English language, of the delivery and acoustics of speeches, and also of intellects, and I would say that though his head is full of vacant nooks, his brain children are orphans. He really is in dire need of a mental crutch."

After that oration I sweeps by Mrs. Purifky only to encounter Hezzie Barnhouser who graduated in my class at high school. She says, "Ak-kie, I'm in love with that man who gave the address last night. He is all the world to me. What would you advise me to do?"

"See a little more of the world," I says in my most collegiate voice.

A good many people don't have to make faces, Nature saved them the effort.

A man wants to know—if a crook goes straight to the penitentiary; how may smokes in a smoke stack; why does a chocolate drop?

Prohibition is working out by elim-

Charleston Charley



"Think this over, Hank! In less time than it takes that boob out there to read this line, Henry Ford makes another \$10.00," said Charleston Charley this morning while a guest at the corner lunch wagon.

ination—"Hoochers" get poisoned, the "Bootleggers" shoot each other—and the undertaker gets the "remainders."

Te-he-he!
"I'm surprised at your tailor turning you out like that."
"It's not his fault. He can never get the right measurements—I'm so ticklish."
—Passing Show.

The Proof
She—"I showed father the verses you sent me. He was pleased with them."
He—"indeed. What did he say?"
She—"He said he was delighted to find that I wasn't going to marry a poet."
—Continent.

Theological Query
Headline in Kentucky newspaper:

"Do Rolled Stockings, 'Petting,' 'Make a Girl Immortal?'"

A Slight Precaution
Son—"Can you sign your name with your eyes shut, daddy?"
Father—"Certainly!"
Son—"Well, shut your eyes and sign my school report."
—People's Journal.

"Gawd help the rich. The poor can beg; Gawd help the dame, With the wooden leg— Cause she can't Dance The Charleston."

Ah, Baby
She was
The kind
Of a
Girl
That Men
Forget—
Even—
Their wives.
—J. Burns.

Maybe
When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point twixt the right and the wrong?
Maybe you do—but I doubt it.

"It was on a moonlight sleigh ride,
As we glided o'er the land,
That I safely called her 'darling,'
And stroked her little-raincoat,
I held her little raincoat, 'Oh,
How fast the evening flies.'
My soul filled with rapture
As I gazed into her—lunch-basket."

The human body cannot always distinguish heat from cold, and the latter, if it is cold enough, will burn the

Cornell University Summer Session in Law

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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.
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WILLS, Professor Vance of the Yale Law Faculty.
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THE CRAB SESSION
Edited by THE CRAB P. O. Box 2193

I am a Crab—a Human Crab. The only difference between you and me is that I come out and crab about the things that don't suit me. You don't. You sit around and fret and get all hot under the collar, and don't put it down in black and white. It gives me a great deal of satisfaction to get things off my chest. When things don't go to suit me, I just go ahead and crab to anyone who will listen. When I hear anyone crabbng, I take note of it on my cuff and write it here. Some few write out their complaints and send them to me. One promising young man who is well known in the social world, has written to me, crabbng because his name was not in the RED LETTER just before vacation. It seems that he thinks he deserves a little free advertising as to styles and action, which he didn't get.

You know, when these contributions come in, I gaze solemnly up at the stars with a fervent prayer of thanks, for it saves a deal of wear and tear on my own dome. I don't like to exercise it any more than I am obliged to. And there is another thing I want to crab about. Vacation time is supposed to be a time of rest and pleasure, and here one prof. has to go and spoil my whole vacation by telling us that we will have a quiz on Tuesday after vacation, and another has to rub it in by announcing another for Thursday. They sure are getting ready to beat down on us.

One contributor has sent in the following; I think I quite agree with him in his spirit:

"It was Friday, last week, in a 10 o'clock class, and a 1 o'clock class was my last. I was tired of the work, and I longed for the rest from the drudge of a week almost past. And I longed to be home, a-sleeping in bed, but I knew such a thing could not be, for I had work to be done that same afternoon, which would keep me some rushed. Golly, Gee! And a date, too, that night, and I knew very well that 'twould not be so good if I'd miss. So I'd rest not that day, nor till sometime that night, for the date was one I WOULD NOT miss. Gosh! Ain't it fierce?"

That isn't so bad for a starter, is it? I hope he will keep the good work going. He has promised to send in another in a few days.

Now here's the idea of this column. You all have some sort of crabbng you would like to do. And I am a regular crab myself. You write out your troubles, and send them to me. Just address them to The Crab, P.O. Box 2193, University Station. I'll get them, and as many as that bird who runs this paper will give me room for, I'll print in this column. Let us have some serious crabbng, and some humorous. I might even permit a little poetry to get in here, even if it isn't crabbng about something. If it isn't good, I'll do the crabbng myself. So jar loose. I need help. There are lots of things which aren't right in the world. Maybe your crabbng won't be about the university or campus life at all. It may be about the city, or legislature, or prohibition. (Page Mr. Eversole.) Evolution

should come in for its share, too. I can stand it if you can. So write it instead of thinking it, or of saying it where it won't do any good. This is for your edification. Get it off of your chest.

University Cafeteria

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Basement Administration Building

The Ox Woman

On an East Indian farm, where the crop is tea, a wooden plow turns up the rich black soil. A woman drives, another woman pulls—and a black ox pulls beside her.

Six hours under a tropical sun, a bowl of cold rice—and six hours more. Then the woman goes to her bed of rushes, and the beast to his mud stall. Tomorrow will be the same.

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