



# The Southwestern



Volume 7

MEMPHIS, TENN. JANUARY 9, 1926

Number 12

## "Stout" Gordon Opens Week of Evangelistic Services in College

Alumnus to Lead Week of Meets. "Y" Cabinet Urging Large Turnout by Students.

Annual evangelistic services under auspices of the "Y" opened last Thursday night by the Rev. U. S. Gordon of Starkville. These services form a basic unit of the annual work of the "Y" cabinet.

Rev. Gordon, student pastor of A. and M. (Mississippi) is better known here as "Stout" Gordon. He is loved not only on his own campus, but as well on the campus of his alma mater—Southwestern.

Meetings will be conducted each morning at 8:30 o'clock except Sunday. Services will be held nightly at 7 o'clock except Sunday. Special vesper service will be led at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon. All meetings are to be held in the chapel.

## Charleston Proves Waterloo to Swain With Lead in Feet

"So here's to a river of whisky,  
So crystal and so clear,  
Not half so sweet as a woman's love  
But a darn sight more sincere."

Oh, Fate! why dost thy dally so with the fortunes of man and wield the golden wand of love so cynically. Two young Adonises sing songs of sadness. Their lives have been ruined by two maids of beauty. No one will divulge the names of this sorry pair, and betray their sublime feelings to the curiosity of the rabble. One of them lost his chance when he failed to learn the mighty Charleston; for his rival knocks a mean knee and twists a nasty canine.

The first of our noble heroes is no longer HER MAN; the second is bewailing the fact that he acted like a GOOF about a member of the fickle sex. But, ah! "La Femme Est Mobile." Such is life. So's yer ole man.

Herman Chrisman states that he doesn't approve of the Charleston.

"Goof" Trinner says that he doesn't think much of burrs, and particularly ger burrs.

There are two kinds of people, avers "Goof"—freshmen and plebians.

## Weather Forecast

Rain, snow or dry weather with a decided rise or fall in temperature throughout all sections of the main drive and environs, is the prediction of J. Henry, Southwestern's famed meteorologist, for the ensuing week, more or less. The particulars are as hereinafter stated: "There will be a rise in temperature, when the heat ascends to the second floor. If it does not rain it will probably be dry until it is wet. The barometer shows that there has been a decided decrease in the grades and consequently in the roll. Without any fear of contradiction in the matter, I feel certain that we will have weather. The stars show that neither "Goof" nor Herman will marry this week.

# Coach Toots Clarion Calling Cagers To Basketball Fold

## Thirty Aspiring Cats Hear Call and Troupe to the Colors—"Hap" Wilson, Captain-elect, Has Decamped—Another Leader to Be Chosen—Schedule Incomplete



CROSS the campus Coach Jess Neely's initial call for basketballers floated last Tuesday morning.

About 30 candidates met with the Coach to receive first instructions. Sam Hall and Joe Davis were the only last year varsity men on deck. Sid Davis, "Dade" Farnsworth, and "Chi" Waring, varsity football men were present. Waring is perhaps the outstanding candidate among the new men, at least more is known of his prowess. However, there will be a lively scramble between the 30 candidates for the five berths on the team.

The men have been working out in the "Y" gym downtown, but will be in their own gym shortly.

The schedule is not yet complete, but several good quintets are already carded to show here. If possible a game will be played Friday night with the "Y" Rangers, a fast, local team. The coach believes the best way to pick the good men is to observe them in action, therefore he is striving to get the lads in shape for a game Friday.

If you didn't answer the first call, report now to Neely.

## Pan-Hellenic Council Interprets Rule No. 3

### Semester Must Elapse After Pledge Is Broken Before Again a Pledge

Before the Christmas holidays the pan-Hellenic Council met to discuss and interpret Rule No. 3, of the Council rules.

It follows: "There shall be no breaking of pledges and accepting of other buttons. Any person violating this rule shall be ineligible for pledging or membership in any other fraternity until the following semester."

The above rule was interpreted to mean that a full semester must intervene between the breaking of the pledge and the pledging by another fraternity.

## "Boy, Page Solomon"

Bird of Paradise: The eagle on the American dollar.

Statistics show that a college professor's chance for long life are better than a blacksmith's. A college professor does not have to shoe mules. He only teaches them.

"Lead us not into temptation, but tell us where it is, and we'll find it."

## Weather Foils Cagers

On account of cold weather, co-ed basketballers will not resume practice until the new gym is ready for use about the latter part of the week. Every co-ed interested in basketball is urged to attend practice sessions.

As yet no games have been arranged, but Coach Neely will outline a schedule this week.

## Organization Complete On New Honor Council

### Simmons Re-elected to Preside. Classes Choose Delegates.

Election of class officers on last Friday before Christmas holidays has completed the organization program of the Honor Council.

After chapel students retired by classes, girls and boys voted separately. Ballots for one of the two students nominated for each position on the Council were cast. Those elected by classes follow:

Senior Class—Hazel Coke, Jack Redhead, Newton Caldwell, John P. Simmons.

Junior Class—Polly Mniar, A. M. Hicks, Sid Davis, Charles Stewart.

Sophomore Class—Elizabeth Carnes, Chester Frist, Richard Taylor.

Freshman Class—Dorothy Green, Crawford McGiveran.

Bob Flemister, as president of the Boosters' Club, presided at the election of officers. John P. Simmons was re-elected president of the Council, Newton Caldwell, vice-president, and Hazel Coke, secretary.

## I'm the Gink

I'm the gink who is always fooling with the combinations of the mail boxes in the college post office. I simply can't go near those boxes without attempting to open them. When I find a lock that does not yield readily to my touch I turn and twist it until it has to open. I know I am apt to hurt the working order of these locks, but I don't care. I am learning to be a burglar and this affords me much practice. Some day the school will be proud of me, due to my ability to open any kind of a combination lock. I am adamant. My passing would be a boon to society, but pshaw, I can't be surrounded.

## Frosh Take Scissors, Paper and Glue Pot For Freshman Issue

### Hudson and Robertson Head Temporary Journalists In "Southwestern" Freshman Appearance.

All hail, the conquering heroes come. A host of embryo Simmonses and Yorks will take upon their tender young shoulders the



burden of the publication of the next issue of "The Southwestern." This time has been designated for the appearance of that renowned organ, "The Freshman Issue." Paramount talent has been unearthed and the chosen ones will use their great ability to put

forth a mighty volume of literary gems.

Observe the masterpiece of art that embellishes our page. It was drawn by that mighty artist, Napoleon, with as much ease as one draws a pay check, to symbolize the advent of those supreme editors. The entire office will be turned over to them, (with the exception of the glue pot and scissors for fear they will waste their art on paperdolls). Confidence in their ability leads us to wait with abated breath (no, we don't use Listerine) for the nastypeice of the ages.

## Love Resigns Office For Stewardship Post

### To Discontinue Office of Registrar In College.

J. B. Love, registrar, has tendered his resignation which became effective Jan. 1. He is now associated with the General Assembly of Stewardship Committee with headquarters at Chattanooga.

The office of registrar is to be discontinued. Members of the present office corps task will divide duties attached.

## Troubles! Troubles!!

They had walked half-way through the park at a fast pace. Finally they sank down side by side on a bench in an out-of-the-way-corner. Apparently they were alone. Both of them were highly excited. She covered her face with her hands and shuddered. On, Jack, this is dreadful, terrible."

"Awful," he agreed, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"To think of the loss of ideals, hope, maybe even life itself," and she began to sob gently.

"Come, come, let's not think about it. Maybe things aren't as—"

At this point the park policeman, who had been attracted, butted in. "What's the trouble, little girl, can I help you?"

**THE SOU'WESTER**

Published weekly by the student body of Southwestern, Memphis, Tennessee.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., under the act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 7 JANUARY 9, 1926 No. 12

**EDITORIAL STAFF**

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Editor-in-Chief.....John P. Simmons  
Associate Editor.....Luther Southworth  
Athletic Editor.....Ed. E. Buder  
Joke Editor.....Wayne W. Gray  
Feature Editor.....Sam Rhem  
Co-ed Editor.....Irene Clardy  
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Staff Typist.....Jack Prichard

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Advertising Solicitor.....D. A. Patton  
Advertising Solicitor.....J. D. Tant  
Circulation Manager.....Newton Caldwell

All matter must be in by 2 p.m. Tuesday before date of issue.

Subscription Price Three Dollars the Scholastic Year in Advance

**Glad to Be Back**

It was an unusual delight to see so many students glad to get back as school opened Tuesday. Everyone appeared to be glad that the hic-hic-hilarity season was over, and they wanted to settle down to the grind once again. This is truly a good sign; for a frame of mind helps one accomplish many things which might be thought of as miracles. Let's all buckle down, grapple hold, and growl now and then. Exams are nigh!

**Timely Philosophy**

Far be it from us to be joy killers. But just now we take the liberty to warn you of the approaching examinations. We hope that a bit of admonition from those who know will stir you to expend a little extra time on the old books and, consequently, pass more easily those detestable things which usher to a close the semesters. Quizzes are necessary, sages claim,—but on which there is much cogitation by the students.

It is the custom of some to procrastinate, to dally along with the least effort and, as the dusk before exams envelopes about, hold a midnight vigil with columns of print and drab reading matter. Thus, while the brain is temporarily crammed with facts and figures, the mind has had no rest from the tribulations of the day, and is fagged. The danger of this is manifest when the brain functions in a sluggish way as examination hours roll around. Do not put off! Start reviewing now!

**To Friends Afar**

I like to miss people for then I know that there must have been a lot of love exchanged.

And there is something fine in being missed.

How inseparably we are meshed with other people, after all. One man wrote: "I received a letter from a boy today and he told me how he missed his dog during his vacation, and he didn't know how he was going to stand it. That shows that there is loyalty in that boy's blood and that human friends are going to trust him when he gets into the real world of thought and action."

When we are missed, proof remains in the mind of our friend that we have entrusted something of ourself to him.

For to be missed is to be loved—and wanted.

I often think of my grammar-school days—happy days were they. I recall the names of my school-mates and the wonderful times we used to have. We scattered, but I wonder where they are now. I miss them.

**I'm the Ginkette**

I'm the Clarksville hall ginkette that always forgets when it is my night to be proctor. If it were not for my thoughtful inmates the door would never be locked, but why should I worry? I always go to bed before the study hall begins, but if I know that someone has something to eat I never get sleepy. I park myself in the unwilling hostess' room until she brings out the victuals to get rid of me. When everything is gone I try to express my thanks by entertaining her with acrobatic stunts on the double decked beds. While she endeavors to study again, my fun is idle dalliance. But why study? I always get by!

Ere long we, who are now students, will "see active service" in the great battle of life. Then, when friends have been friends in need, thus proving themselves to be friends indeed. When friendships have mellowed with age, have become richer, more beautiful and binding, then shall we be able to judge more nearly of the intrinsic worth of friends. Anyone who has a few friends—true blue—is wealthy indeed.

Many times we do not come to realize the full value of those with whom we daily work and commune. But let separation come—and during the hours of missing, we come to appreciate them at their worth.

If you are missed you like to be told so. Tell others they are missed when they are.

In this way may companionship and good will be that much stronger cemented in Southwestern—and in the world.

Memfis, Tenn.  
Jan. after Shrimus.

My Dear Pa:

I jes got back and aint had time fer nuthin but to say hello to evybody. Them professors hev started us back to work. Pa lots of em are on that Probatun list, includin me. All yu can here is, wonder if I'll pass?

These here girls are still purty as ever. Oh yes, pa, that there Charlie Hudson is gonna be the big cheese in writin up our paper next week, but all the fellas say Polly Minor will be the brains behind it all. They still like each other. Nearly as much as me and Sally.

Pa if yu don't get a letta frum me next week don't worry cause them examinashuns is a comin.

I sho hated to cum back. Alway write,  
Your lovin son,  
BILL.

**LYCEUM**

Week of January 11

**GENE LEWIS AND COMPANY**  
IN THE COMEDY TRIUMPH OF THE CENTURY!  
THE

**"SHOW-OFF"**

By George Kelly

No Play Can Be Funnier

Matinees—2 P. M.  
Monday—Wednesday  
Friday—Saturday  
25c, 35c, 50c; Box 75c.  
Nights—8:15  
25c, 50c, 99c; Box \$1.25.

**QUIPS AND SKITS**

BY THE

**College Humorist**

He had just returned from a perilous sea voyage, and, comfortably seated in the club's best arm-char, was relating to a host of admiring friends some of the privations endured on the journey.



"Then," he said, "I went down to the cabin for a little lunch."

"But," protested a listener, "you have just said there was nothing left to eat on the whole ship. What did you have for lunch?"

"Oh, it was quite a trifling affair, you know. Beef, wine and an egg."

"Well, where did the beef come from?" queried a listener.

"From the bulwarks, of course," was the retort.

"Where did you get the wine?"

"From the porthole."

At this a laugh echoed through the room, but still someone asked:

"But what about the egg? Where did you rake that up?"

"Oh, that was simplest of all," smiled the boaster. "The captain ordered the ship to lay to and he gave me one!"

**Oi'll Wait, Begorry!**

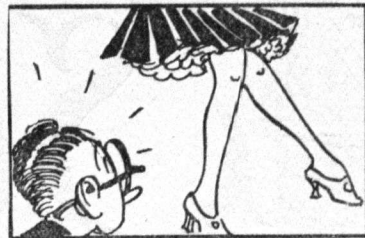
In pioneer days in one of the western states an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were found guilty of murder and sentenced to death, but were allowed to decide the manner of death for themselves. The Scotchman promptly chose to be hanged on an ash tree, the Englishman chose an oak, but Pat said: "If you please your honor, I'd rather be hung on a goose-berry bush."

"That's not big enough," said the judge.

"Begorry, thin," replied Pat, brightening up, "Oi'll wait till it grows."

Old lady in cab, as driver puts out his hand to signal traffic: "Young man, you keep your hands on the wheel, if it begins to rain, I'll tell you about it."

**Jobs We Like (?)**



**The Possibilities**

A rooster was not very satisfied with his hens, one day found an ostrich egg. Gathering together his wives, he showed it to them, saying: "I don't mean to belittle your attempts, but just look what other people are doing."

Aunt Prue says if the average flapper hasn't any more on her mind than she has on the rest of her she needn't worry any about brain fever.

Prichard: West rabbit hunting yesterday. Virginia: Harm any?

Pritchard: No, Didn't touch a single hair.

**The Inferior Masculine**

"There's no chance for us any more," complained a young fellow out of work. "Everywhere women are snapping up the best jobs. Now just look at that!" and he pointed to two pretty girls meeting nearby, rapturously kissing each other.

"Well, what of that?"

"Oh, just another woman doing a man's work," replied the youth bitterly.

Can I get off tomorrow, boss, for a wedding?"

"Do you have to go?"

"I'd like to—I'm bridegroom."

An elderly lady entered a store and asked to be shown some tablecloths. A salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her.

"Haven't you something new?" she asked.

The clerk then brought another pile and showed them to her.

"These are the newest patterns," he said. "You will notice that the edge runs right around the border."

"Isn't that lovely!" said the lady. "I will take half a dozen of those."

**Harold Lloyd**

in

**The Freshman**

PRODUCED BY HAROLD LLOYD-CORPORATION  
A PATHÉ PICTURE



The last word in screen entertainment is coming to this theatre next week, and it is with pride that we doff our advertising hat to Harold Lloyd, the artist whose achievement made it necessary for us to search the dictionary for words of description—then find them all inadequate!

"The Freshman" is his Finest Achievement! Merriment, Speed, Laughter, Thrills—Woven into a Wonderful Song of Youth and Played on the Heart-strings with an Obligato of Tears.

A Pathé Picture,  
Harold Lloyd Corp.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—JAN. 14, 15, 16

The Brightest Twinkle of the Screens Biggest Star.  
Matinees Except Saturday 10c-20. Nights 10c-30

**A New One**

"That isn't the same story you told me before."  
 "No, lady, you didn't believe the other one."

The Flapper says: "Live fast, die young, and make a good-looking corpse."

"I know my oats," brayed the jackass, after kicking the hired man behind the right ear for putting sawdust in the mash.

The Safety Committee has sent out a warning to all ladies visiting the country in short skirts to keep out of the cow pastures. The reason for said warning is that strange "calves" often excite a cow's anger, and there are sure some strange ones.

I saw a man the other day,  
 And a wealthy man was he;  
 His abdomen was in the way  
 And he had a bum kidney.

A thousand grip germs could march abreast through the eye of an ordinary needle. Stitch that one in your side.

Rake: "Si, what does a fat woman do when she goes into a theater on a hot summer night?"

Rustic: "What does she do?"  
 Rake: "Takes off her hat and pants."

Heard in the hall:  
 Heard they are going to make every ward patrolman wear rubber boots.  
 What for?

To keep from waking each other up.  
 Elopements are becoming the fad. The morning paper sets forth that a horse ran away with a young woman.

Maretta: Where did you get that hair on your coat?  
 Ed: From the head of the bed.

At a railway siding in Michigan, a man asked the foreman if there was a vacancy. "What can you do?" asked the foreman. "Anything," replied the man.

"All right," answered the foreman, "take this oil can and oil the points and crossings up the line."

After an absence of three days the foreman received a telegram which read: "Dear sir: Arrived at Detroit. Please forward more oil."

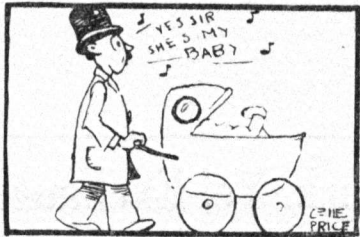
**Holiday Notes**

Old Kris Kringle has come and gone and another new year is here.

But the cheer of Christmas turned to gloom and despair amongst certain elements of the college. But all is not sad that has a mournful note. A careful and diligent survey has been made by ye editor to determine the status of certain notorious characters on returning to their campus haunts. Read and weep, perhaps laugh!

The renowned Ikey Taber opines that which follows:

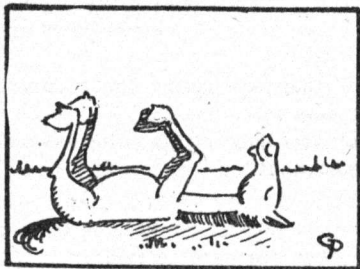
"I have forsaken my wild ways. I have requested my legion friends of the white-lights to forsake me in their carousals. I



am going to apply myself to my beloved books. I shall acquire a liking for the Freshmen. I shall co-operate with John Henry and his consorts in keeping the buildings in clean fettle."

Sam Rhem, suave and bewitching, has gazed into the mystic ball and resolves:

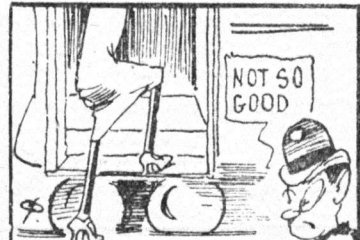
First, to cease my midnight debauches; second, to brush my teeth and hair at least daily; third, to refrain from usage of any



language stronger or more emphatic than howsoever, contrary to fact or by jove, old chipe, I'm flabbergasted. I swear by the reputations of my underworld henchmen that I will never speak disparagingly of tallies."

Ye business manager, Bob York, has issued the forthcoming bulletin:

"I have made my New Year's resolutions. I am going to back the Honor Council till my last upper set is broken. I shall never utter one lonely sarcastic remark during



the ensuing year. I shall awake from my lethargy and get some advertisements for "The Sou'wester." I shall pick up members of the faculty when I pass them in my Ford."

Thomas Watson, alias Jody Silas, alias Sophicles, alias Euripides, alias Aristophanes, alias Diggs Nolen, alias Allan McNamara, broadcasts the sensational, scintillating and abusive stentonations that:

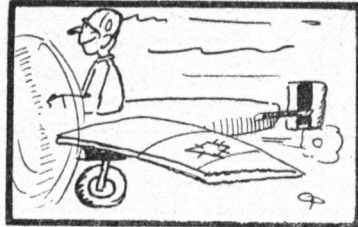
A Frenchman and an Englishman fought a duel in a dark room. The Frenchman was unwilling to take his antagonist's life, so when the word was given to fire, he fired up the chimney and—brought down the Englishman.

"First, I shall strive to uphold the constitution and pants with painstaking suspenders. I am belted by my duty to lower the price of eggs. I am surrounded by a multitude of yokes from which I shall not tarry. I shall not shoot until I see the whites of those yeggs. Upon saying

which he drifted into slothing slumber, into the mystic realms of unconsciousness where shapes and shades are borne upon the night air. And thus I derive all my incentives for living. I perspire."

Red Hog Waller, alias Leopold and Loeb, also of nicotine fame, promulgates the following:

"Let it not be said that my views are sound, nor that my conduct is possible. To

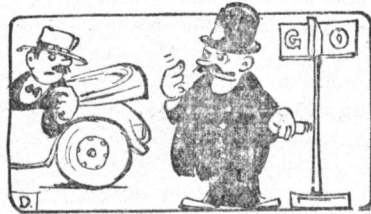


employ the vulgar but laconic phrase of the plebians, 'I seen my duty and I done it.' I have been engaged in an introspective review, the culmination of which was the startling conclusion that the dear public has gleaned the idea that my nature is somewhat imbued with that of the parasite, not to say that I have been heralded as a fawn for the lovely lady nicotine. So I stand before you today, a man devoid of any pretext, to the worth that my great reputation offers me and declare in all humility, that hereinafter, in view of the facts heretofore stated, to cease from all applications for samples of the filthy weed when my boon has been denied.

In a town in the West there is a church that has a bright young pastor, but the attendance is unfortunately small. Among the parishioners there is an agreeable young widow. One evening, as she was leaving the edifice, she was addressed by a deacon.

"How did you like the sermon?"  
 "I think it was perfectly lovely," was the enthusiastic reply. "But there were so few of us that every time the parson said 'dearly beloved' I positively blushed."

The experienced motorist was crawling through a well-known "speed trap" in England, when he saw the village constable making imperative signs to him to stop.



"Look here," said the annoyed motorist, "I wasn't exceeding the speed limit."  
 "I know that, sir," said the policeman with a diffident cough, "but, you see, I've got three chaps in the jail for reckless driving, and they sent me out to look for a fourth for a game of bridge."

**Strategy**

How doth the gentle laundress  
 Search out the weakest points,  
 And always scrape the buttons off  
 At the most strategic points?

**Sam Racherig**

NOTHING BUT FINE CLOTHES  
 FOR COLLEGE MEN  
 4 S. MAIN ST.

**Perhaps, Professor**

The absent-minded man arrived home late and entered his bedroom, where all was dark. Suddenly he stopped, stiffened.

"Who's below that bed?" he asked.

"Nobody," replied the burglar.

"Funny," muttered the man. "I could have sworn I heard a noise."

Sam: Did you hear the story about the peacock?

"Hog": Naw.

Sam: It's a beautiful tale.

1827 1925

**COLUMBIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY COLUMBIA, S. C.**

The Synod of Mississippi and Columbia Theological Seminary Joins Forces

**Resolution in Regard to the Columbia Theological Seminary, Adopted Nov. 13, 1924**

"The Synod of Mississippi has heard with pleasure the plan for the removal of Columbia Theological Seminary to the City of Atlanta, and  
 "I. Does hereby accept said offer of the Board of Directors of the said Seminary when the removal of the Seminary shall have become an assured and legal fact.  
 "II. And as this removal may be thus assured before another meeting of the Synod, it does hereby appoint as Directors in said Seminary:

"REV. C. W. GRAFTON, D.D.  
 "REV. J. B. HUTTON, D.D.  
 "MR. R. F. KIMMONS.

"respectively for one, two and three years."

**RICHARD T. GILLESPIE**  
 PRESIDENT

**PRIDE OF MEMPHIS PANTAGES CONTINUOUS 1 TO 11 WEEK OF JANUARY 11**

**JACK PICKFORD**

**"WAKING UP THE TOWN"**

By James Cruze and Frank Condon  
 Featuring

**NORMA SHERER**

and an all-star cast including Alec B. Francis, Herbert Pryor, Claire McDowell and Ann May.

Also  
**6—Vaudeville Acts—6**

Headed by  
**Fads and Fancies Revue**  
**"THE FOUR JOHNNIES"**

Mats., 15-30c; Nights, 20-50c  
 Saturday Mats., 15-50c

**STRAND**  
 Next Week

**BEBE DANIELS**

—In—

**"THE SPLENDID CRIME"**

A Paramount Picture

With

**NEAL HAMILTON**

You'll shiver and shake, quiver and quake, and laugh till you ache—at "The Splendid Crime."

**WALTERS HIERS**

IN

**"OFF HIS BEAT"**

**STRAND PATHE NEWS**

Matinee 10c-25c  
 Evening 10c-40c

**AMERICAN BARBER SHOP**  
 COLLEGIATE SERVICE FOR COLLEGE MEN

Six First-Class Barbers—Open Till Nine Every Evening

N. W. Corner Main and Madison Under Betty Brown Candy Shop  
 Drop In To See Us Fellows

**HEY, FELLERS!**

PLAID YELLOW BLUE  
 LUMBERJACKS SLICKERS NAVY PANTS

**MILITARY ARMY STORE**

119 North Main Street

Remember, We Cash Your Checks



The following men were initiated before the Christmas holidays:

**KAPPA ALPHA**  
Earl B. Whitfield

**KAPPA SIGMA**  
Edwin White

**SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON**  
Ralph Hamilton.

Miss Mary Culberson was the guest of Miss Deatrice Matthews of Rosedale, Miss. Freshette Eleanor Backham spent the holidays in Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Polly Minor enjoyed the social activities of the holiday season in Sailor's Rest, Tenn.

Miss Elizabeth Hart visited friends in Birmingham, Ala., during the vacation.

Mr. Newton Caldwell toured Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi, stopping over at Birmingham, Nashville, Hazelhurst and Talladega.

Mr. Tom Appleton had as his guests Messrs. Rife Saunders and Joe Rennie.

Messrs. Jim Finley and Nebraska Frey spent the holidays in Guthrie, Ky.

Among those returning to Clarksville for Christmas vacation were: Miss Georgie Hodgson, Louise Orrell, Irene Clardy, Hazel Cope, Lucy Coke, Virginia Smith; Messrs. B. G. Hattler, Wm. K. Fort, W. D. Meacham and Horace Lisenbee.

Prof. M. L. McQueen was a visitor in Clarksville.

Dr. and Mrs. Swan visited in Oxford, Miss.

Miss Mary Shewmaker of Agnes Scott spent the holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Shewmaker.

Prof. and Mrs. W. R. Atkinson were in Goodlettsville, Tenn for the holidays.

The wise man can always tell a good stenographer, but he never tells her too much.

## TOOFIE'S TART TRAVELOGUES

"Boo hoo, boo hoo," wailed the hefty specimen, as she deftly pushed her massive paws across her eyes, viciously slinging salty petroleum in all directions.

"Don't go; don't leave me! My heart is breaking; what shall I do? I have nothing else to live for, so help me, Ethel."



But the bold, bad Toofie Taber Tishimingo heard not these sobby, disgusting epithets. He continued to stuff his trousseau into his pockets. Slowly, as the moon evinced a terrible frown, Toofie's ribald mug took on the abashed color of a tomato. A sparkling flash emitted from his azure eyes. 'Twas a sinister omen from his keen and scintillating acumen.

"Aside, woman! Can't you see I'm determined. I am as constant as an empty purse; when once my mind is set, I am as stubborn as 'Noisy' Lemmon when he decides to beat a freshman. I am on the brink of a famous sojourn around the world. My literary background shall furnish the scenery for a weekly dissertation in each Sou'wester issue. Mark my travelogues; for by them you will know where your loving Toofie Taber Tishomingo is parking."

"But mine a-n-g-e-l—

"Avaunt! Use your tongue for chewing. I go."

And so Toofie, our hero, with a vengeance, breaks the wicked embrace of his darling Ethel, while he, with stockings dangling listlessly from all his pockets, and his P. J.'s pinned securely to his back, hies aboard the good ship

"Lynx Howl," bound for the mysterious and occult Hawaiian Isles.

"I'm petrified," moaned the buxom lady, as J. Simmons and E. Bee brushed unceremoniously against her, while tripping lightly up the gangplank.

But bold Toofie was unmoved by this tragic, but enjoyable seance. Into the crow's nest he scurried. He waved a grimey duke to fair Ethel, who stood on the bank like a dummy, weeping and cracking conundrums.

Toofie became light of heart, his head having been light from birth, and his downy hair a tousled maze of tangles. To the lair of the maidens of grass attire (not grass widows) he headed.

Of a sudden the winds began to wheeze, billows tossed high, thin icy sprays—

(Watch next installment for the fate of Toofie, way up in the crow's nest with the sailor).

If you are in doubt about kissing a girl what do you do?  
Give her the benefit of the doubt.

### Arrest This Man Stop Selling These Alvie's Hobby

A minister, like his father before him, had often officiated at marriage ceremonies, but this was his first experience at giving away the bride.

He was in a devout mood; his church was small, his salary meager and his family numerous. This daughter had been especially expensive.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" droned the preacher.

Gently the father placed the slender hand of the bride in that of the embarrassed groom.

"Take her, my boy," he exclaimed, his face aglow. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

## Hark, Ye! Exchanges

Dear Exchanges:

In this, our first issue of the year 1926, "The Sou'wester" wishes to broadcast its sincere and best wishes to you for your success in this new A. D. Your papers during the year 1925 have been sources both useful and enjoyable. We hope we may have the pleasure of continuing in the future this beneficial relationship.

Yours for better papers,

JAMES WASHINGTON,  
Exchange Editor.

"I see they are giving the tennis team gold rackets this year."

"What are they giving the swimming team, gold fish?"

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh  
New jokes are hard to find;  
A whole new editorial staff  
Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke  
Decked out in modern guise,  
Don't frown and call the thing a fake  
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

"Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?"  
"The woman!"

She: "A little bird told me you were going to propose to me today."

He: "That bird must have been a little cuckoo."

Senior: "How do you like my room, as a whole?"

Freshman: "As a hole it's fine; as a room, not so good."

A father, fearing an earthquake in the in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend until the peril should be over. A few weeks later the father received this letter from his friend:

"Please take your boys home, and send down the earthquake."

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