

Muddy Blurdy Committed On College Court

In the north-west corner of the Alpha Hall tennis court were found, this morning the remains of an unidentified person whom no one seemed to recognize.

The body of the victim was in a horribly mangled condition, the head was severed and missing from the scene of the tragedy.

It has been rumored that Mr. Earl Merrill was seen in an extremely angry mood and hitting furiously at some apparently defenseless object a day or so ago.

The police force are off on a fish-trip but will be notified as soon as it is convenient upon their or rather it's return, as this is a matter that deserves the promptest action possible.

No arrests have been made as yet—the police force being gone—and having taken all the badges along for use as trout spinners.

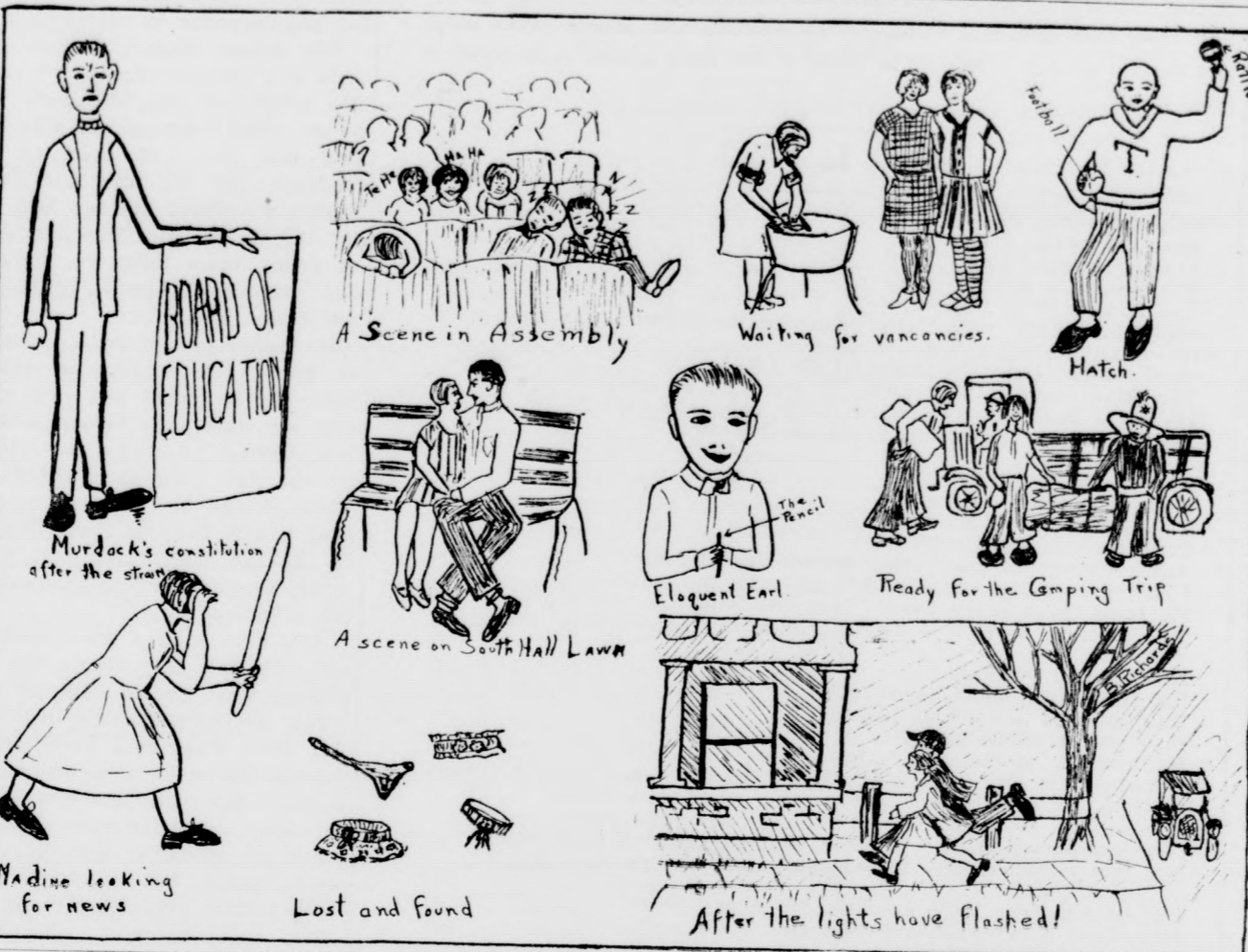
It has not been definitely established as to whether the faculty are in league in the attempt to free Mr. Merrill, or not.

The Junior Class are doing all in their power to apprehend the persons or person that committed this heinous crime.

This paper will keep the inquisitive pupils in touch with the latest details of this barbaric crime.

Hints on How To Train By Wilbur Sutter

- 1. Don't eat buns; they cut your wind off (I know because I tried to swallow half a one once and it like to choked me to death.)



GOOD ADVICE Before you read I'd this advice Poke down your neck And pack with ice. (I'm sure that all will thank me twice.)

Teachers' College Horsehide Artists Swamp U. of A.

The Tempe Teachers' famous horse hide artists met and completely annihilated the team of the University of Arizona in a great game played at Tucson last Friday.

Riggs pitched for the valley boys, and whiffed twenty-seven men during the nine innings. Freddie Miller worked for the Varsity but was greatly handicapped when the umpire declared his legs too long and would not let him step half way from the pitcher's box to the home plate before delivering the ball.

During the first inning the fans in the stands, which were crowded to capacity, were brought to their feet many times. The Wildcats were first to bat, and breathless silence reigned as our hero Riggs whiffed the first two men to bat.

There was a lull before the storm, then our timid hero Joe Brundage swaggered with becoming grace up to the plate. Breathless silence reigned, as the battle scared veteran stood cool as a cucumber for the delivery.

The other eight innings went very much like the first, and the Tempe Bulldogs came out with about 90 runs. The angry mob raved, the Wildcats swore, the umpire got scared, and feeling sorry for the poor heart broken Wildcats, gave them the game with a 5 to 0 score.

Last Minute Items In The Sporting World

APRIL 1—Wilbur Sutter and Chester Allen were given a ninety day sentence for playing marbles for keeps. Officer Farrell made the arrest.

MARCH 31.—Joe Smith yesterday lost the bull-fighting championship in the Hammer-Hatchery Arena at Tempe. He attributes his loss to the breaking of his shovel handle. No derick was available.

MARCH 30.—Terrible Terrapins win tiddley-winks championship of T. S. T. C.

MARCH 31.—George Kauzyovitch pitches the training school to a seventeen run defeat. Good work, old horse.

Here lies the remains Of old Marj. Entz She teased King Seigus Pontiac On tather side of the fence.

Dope Bucket Knocked Koo-Koo As Checko-Slovakia Wins Tournament

Hail the conquering hero comes! Once more the under-dog comes thru and romps home with the bacon. The little known and unheralded ringer-tossers from Checko-Slovakia won the international horse shoe tournament.

In the first round of the preliminaries, the teams from the United States and Texas rubbed noses. Woe be unto us, for by the wayside our heroes did fall. Terrible Turp Smith saw so many pegs he didn't know which to throw at.

In the next round Patagonia was bumped off by Japan, but it was a real battle. Time after time, the words of the Royal Order of the Horse Shoe in Patagonia, Chapter 3, 1416, staged thrilling rallies from which the Japanese only escaped by the split thinckness of a red hair.

Act three, center the spot light on four gentlemen from France and Checko-Slovakia. Our flaxen-haired Jack and his beaming partner. What injustice it is that such a handsome, winning pair of Apollos must bow to the cruel hand of Fate and be forced to bow to the weather-beaten swains from Slovakia? Yet, so be it. Such

is life in the far west, where nobody lives and the dogs bark at the strangers! And now for the semi finals. In the first setting, the almond eyed veterans from Japan put the skids under the Spanish athletes from Texas. Sutter couldn't throw hardly any and every toss brot a tear out of his blue (either one of them will do) to course its' way down his bronzed cheek.

But on with our story. In the final round of our fight for the hemp necktie which will grace the necks of our champs, Mr. Lowell Ballard and Joseph B. Y. Smith. Hail, all hail to the mightiest of the mighty. Before overflowing stands (there were nineteen admissions, all unpaid of course) the Checks strutted their onions.

The new champions were awarded a parole by the State Board of Pardons on condition that they maintain their good behavior records. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. For, lo and behold, Mr. Smith and Mr. Ballard now owe Uncle Sam \$00000.27 as income tax on their tremendous winnings.

JUNIOR CLASS PLAY WILL APPEAR SOON

THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING But What About? About Virgil Pyleeas, the dashing Chester Binney, and all of his love affairs in the little town of Sandusky.

One fair maiden, Ethel Simmons, none other than Idella Haynes wins the heart of this handsome young hero, who has actually spent two weeks in Los Angeles and we find no chance to blame him for falling in love with Ethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons also have a hand in this little story as most parents do when a prospective son-in-law is concerned. You may be surprised to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Simmons are Alton Riggs and Evelyn Kyellgren and oh, what proud parents they are.

of the movie queen, Miss Letty Lytle. Floyd Wardlaw is Roger Shields, the gentleman from Paris, and Leonard Clemans is Mr. Donald Swift, a movie director and also the fiance of Letty Lytle.

We usually consider that a taxi cab driver is rather unimportant, but we have to admit that Carl Teeter is out of the ordinary.

In this city as in other cities, we find two girls who are very curious and interested in man in general and in this story they are particularly interested in Chester Binney. They are Lila and Sally, or as we know them, Ann Leonard, and Ida Smith. No play is complete without a maid (Continued on Page 4.)

Turf To Be Held In Tempe Thursday Tournament Of The

An here we mourn over The Rev. Carl Jones Off the North Hall Porch he fell, And smash—There are his bones.

The Rt. Honorable J. Sullivan Rumps Home With Bacon



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Kathryn Stidham
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Myrtle Kinsman
BUSINESS MANAGER Arden Staples
LITERARY EDITOR Lucile Tantlinger
NEWS EDITOR Dell Rollins
ATHLETIC EDITOR Archie Thompson
FEATURE EDITORS Ethel Williams and Estelle Farnsworth
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Oh Gee, oh Gosh, oh Golly, but ain't we got fun. Yes I mean us, we Juniors who over powered that ere dignified, peace lovin, grammar writing Senior staff, and undertook to put out this here famous newspaper in the kinder English used ever day, ever whar anytime.

Yes by gum, we kin even use slang, and misspelled words. It was our only chance to let the public know what really happens in this institushum of learnin so we jues naturly tuk it. So read it an weep, or git mad. Don't ask us where we learned some of this ere newsie news cause we don't know jest whar some of it came frum ourselves.

GIVE US LIBERTY

Let me bring to the public's mind that ever present question, teachers. This question is one which has caused many heart aches and worries, therefore something must be done about it. Now just why are these so-called teachers here? They oppress the down trodden students, they offend our sense of humor, step upon our rights, and give out little things called E's which cause many students to leave the hovering wings of their preceptresses.

Sometimes these tyrants of the school room even go as far as to contradict us and tell us we are wrong. And besides all this, command us to keep our noses in books for at least 30 minutes a day.

Ah, fellow martyrs, this can be endured no longer. Let us rebel and assert our rights. Give us liberty or give us—a man.

UNTITLED

To shave or not to shave, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler to the stomach to eat in the kitchen, or to take arms against a horde of Krauses And by not shaving, offend them.

Signed—BILL SHAKESPEARE

CAMPUS DIFFICULTIES

The attention of the faculty has been called to the fact that there are a few individuals on the campus, whom it is charged by other students are obnoxious in the superlative degree to the entire remainder of the student body. It seems that one or all of those named have been seen in the act of picnik up their scraps of lunch and paper from the lawn during the noon hour.

This publication has always favored an open and democratic form of government. It has been the honor of the paper to have given to the public, (in many instances, free of charge because of the arrears in subscription) much of the news that has been received since the first publication. We do not claim to have the freshest line this side of Willow Avenue, but it is always staple.

If the above accusations prove true, then it is the desire of this publication that immediate action of a drastic nature be taken to preserve the best tradition of the institution, namely, that anyone eating on the lawn have the privilege of disposing of scraps in any manner that the individual may see fit. It is our opinion that the old green cans provided are undesirable. They are wasteful of both time and energy of the student. Anyway Charlie will do it, don't worry.

We believe, with other great minds, that concerted action on the matter will not only relieve us of the tedium or hunting a can at the close of each meal, but will also render our campus inhospitable to any upstart thinking to blaspheme our sacred precincts by attempting to enter here as a student. We are sufficient unto our selves.

THOU SHALT NOT STUDY

A command, not a request. It is our opinion that this habit of studying is, ah—what shall we say—low-brow, putrid in fact. It is an annoying, interfering, irritating, joy-killing, erape-hanging, nuisance. It shall go, along with the eighteenth amendment. Because you see, we are in favor of perpetuating the drouth. And talking of drouths, it sho did rain 'roud these parts last night. You know Turp Smith was seen out in the middle of the baseball field with a fishing pole and a hunk of raw liver. We asked him why all the paraphernalia and says he, 'I am fishing for that fly ball I dropped the other day.'

But, like Professor Murdock's lectures, we wander from the subject in hand. Study, obnoxious, distasteful word. Look about you. How many of our young men are as bright and alert as they were last September? Nary a one. Now how many look depressed, dispirited and down-at-the-heels? Make it unanimous. Some say women but we say study. Are we right? Yea Bo.

Look at our girls, poor things they study so hard. When a guy does get a date they're so study-weary that they're apt to go to sleep on him. Not because he's slow its the old study gridin I tell you. (I ought to know too, smarty.)

Our girls will all be drug addicts if something isn't done. Enormous quantities of coffee are drunk, all in order that they work some senseless arithmetic, or find difference between a spirogyra and a rod

baecillus, or learn whether Timbuctoo is in Patagonia or New Zealand. And a hop head is a fearful thing. Take care faculty, or let this mental depravity be upon your heads.

For coffee to stay awake by and candles to see by, the girls spend stupendous numbers of pesos. Draw your own conclusions, but we say that those making these dumb, idiotic, per fectly unsophisticated (I mean unassimilated, no not that, oh well, never mind what I mean—assignments must be in league with the coffee barons and the candle kings.

A fellow should be able to get a library date and have a date, but no, all you've got is a little conference with some hair-brained writer of physiology. As if we cared whether the pituitary gland was a part of the central nervous system or of the alimentary canal. Bunk.

Our idea of a real college is no assignments, dances every night, and parties all day. No, all in favor of our ideal college may stand on their heads.

What Is ????

Trip, trip, trip, trip, Here comes the Bride. Tramp, stumble, slip, The groom is by her side. The Ladies, all in waiting, Now saunter into view. Best men and flower-girls, Of each there are a few. Bridesmaids, courtiers follow single file, The Ring-bearer leading them, on his face no smile. He bears an empty tray, What of the ring, you say? He lost it in a crap game, he gambled it away.

The church is all a-goggle, Dressed in finery to the sill The Sexton, suave and swarthy, Oh the sugar coated pill. Advances now to meet them, before the Aler-pile Uncutious, smiling, rubbing palm on palm the while. He leads them to the Cross, then, and sanctifies the act, By Mooching two "five dollars" from the Bride-groom, all intact.

Now, behind the Pulpit, He slips with nonchalance, And puts the new found dollars, In a pocket of his pants. He looks in to the Bride's eyes, He views the groom, from the Pulpit, as a teacher views a culprit. "Now," says he " 'tis wot that we this ritual do perform." "Before the young Bride's (only forty summers gone) "Parents have a chance to break the charm, or do some harm." For that these rites be serious you soon enough will know."

"When you, dear Mair, and you, my man, Have been in wedlock long as I am. You'll know that all's not Roses, In this voyage on life's Sea. That happiness must have thorns, to be, Now and then you'll find a miller in the oil, or salt for sugar in the tea." Which little bit of big advice he gave them and then began to pray. And havin' now completely finished with the prayer, he began this way.

"Will you take this man to be your wedded wife?" Said the Bride "Uh-huh I do." "Do you swear to love to honor and obey— To mend his sox until the judgment day?" Again, but faintly, that sweet "I do." "Will you always help protect him, or forfeit be your life?" The Bride, she then consented and was made his legal wife.

The Bride was now forgotten, As he turned upon the Groom, (Who stood, half paralyzed and stiffer than a broom) "Do you take this girl, your husband, then to be?" "For better or for worse to love and honor she." The Groom's voice cracked "I do." "Will you supply the lip-stick, the rouge and also paint To compose a sweet complexion, the likes of which there ain't?" The Groom was less composed, his collar extra tight. Cold beads of perspiration made his face look 'not quite right.' But he answered with contrition, in a voice both low and sweet "I do."

They were joined in close communion, By the Parson, with a kiss. How little thought the hapless Groom, "Spooning e're could come to this." But from the tiny acorn grows the mighty Oak, The Groom realised he'd won his prize, and so must toe the line. I'll tell you folks, it ain't no joke, No WEDDING BELLS IN MINE.

A moral now I point you, As all good stories do, To both good men and women, The same advice holds true. "From spooning 'tis better to refrain, For it seems that ever since the world began "one and one make twain." Now that's all fine, but what a time, when two hearts bat as one, "Two good folks gone" Oh say it with a sob, the Parsons got another job.

New Phrases

A "sheik" denotes masculinity fine Of the "necker" "gasher" "Cavey" kind. And the necker or Gasher or Cavey denote A high versatility; profound ability to "tote" The poor girls on a line, not of string But of pludits and laudits, or any old thing That they tumble to.

A "Sheba", well now lets see; A woman, the "sheba" must be Her qualities, amiable, loving untrustworthy too Makes the sheiking professional "some business to do," And sheiks that succeed with her Have something about which to purr. They're what the rest of us A'int.

"To fall" for a man may not hurt at all, don't get me wrong It isn't the physical bruise that hurts, But the mental suspicion; It maybe a miss That he (some don't) don't know how to kiss Which case being it Its time to forget your ambition And spend the day washin.

The aforesaid expression with others That pass our lips every day are the bothers Which make fathers hair gray over nite With worry for children not going "right" By the standards of eighty odd years ago. When "buggies" and "spooning" was all "hoboko" And "furbelows" tangled the young ladies feet, Weren't them day's the berries?

To-day we are "collegiate" I don't mean perhaps ' We're not old men like some of our paps Who were grown before we were born And have blown all the music out of their horn. We want the same life in a modern way That they enjoyed years ago from to-day I say lets live.

Cents

Horse.....¢
¢ of Humor
Awful.....¢
Common.....¢
In.....¢
Add O Less.....¢
New.....¢
Ab.....¢
Lye.....¢

Edith Kirby: Bob wrote me that he was going to settle down and marry the sweetest girl in the world. Gladys Miles: How horrid of him when he is already engaged to you.

Dot G.: Oh, what a dark room! C. L.: Well how did the experiment come out?

Roseida Miller: (holding up Test Tube) I came out of this end.

Woman! Woman! Can't You Hear Me Calling You?

For shame, that our Chester should go unloved? That any girl should spurn his heart, which he so fervidly has coughed up and laid at her dainty Feet. Forsooth D—, no I won't mention names—but is this justice? Why should such love be stricken, why should such noble heart be trampled in the dust? Would to God that the trifter might read these sorrowing words, and hide her alluring physiognomy in shame!

Yes gentle reader, Chester is in love, love which returneth not to him. We know not the offender's name, or we would confront her with it and find out why this stunning indifference. For we love our Chester dearly, we would not see him suffer for the world. Gasoline and gallons of grimy tears have we picked off our velvety cheeks in bitter commiseration of his fate.

He writes poetry, sweet, sentimental stuff, you know. He bought a knife so he could cut pretty nothings on trees. He wears a dreamy look around. And—he eats pickles—by the ton. No man could digest them unless he were in love, and sunk pretty deep at that. According to all the data, taking it by and large, it's very obvious that our Chester is in love.

And with such a hard headed vixen! Ah, that pity of it. We see no reason why Chester should not be loved; he is such a cute little rascal! But alas, what man liveth who can explain the ways of a woman? Nary a one. We can just see Chester's tormentor, a tall, stern lassie who frowns on all levity and fun. Maybe we're wrong, but we doubt it.

Why must such hert rendings episodes come to pass. Chester ain't what he used to was—not anymore. That any girl should draw him down into the depths of despair and hopelessness. And it came to pass that he was soon a raving maniac.

I asked you—ain't it a mess? Oh, that the weaker sex should be able to make such drooping idiots of us many men. I weep for him. I fell for him, yet I cannot reach. There is but one (no, two, unless one is cut off) soft hands capable of pulling him from the brink and despair and oblivion. And still she stands and heeds him not. The vampire!

It isn't fair to the rest of us. We are awakened at night by Chester's eternal monologue. His girl and his undying love. Sad but true. All day long we must listen to the same old chant; what be-a-u-t-i-f-u-l hair, such soft cheeks, oh what heavenly eyes and that most perfect little rosebud of a mouth. Most expusite female in the world. The best girl ever, raised to the most superlative degree. Ah, the devil, it makes me shudder to think of it.

But Chester isn't rough enough. He ought to draw her out by the hair and beat her up. Maybe we can get Mr. Krause to feed Chester some raw meat and inject a little caveman stuff into him. That's what it takes out here where men are men.

Here's the idea, when a man throws himself at a woman's feet, is it a gentlemanly act for her to step in his face? No, nor womanly either. She ought at least to help him up before she kicks him, and even then she hadn't ought to—not these days. So stay right in there and fight Chet, old horse, we're all behind you.

Ummmm. Ain't love grand? But take some advice from one who knows, Chester. First, be sure you're serious, and avoid breach of promise suits. Second, marry your puppy-love and lead a dog's life. Third, remember it is not a satisfactorily proven fact that two can live as cheaply as one, and marriage doesn't make one of two, either.

Daily Duzn (As Modernized) For College Students

- 1. Banishment of books on campus.
2. Rising belle 10:30 (about).
3. Meals—all day.
4. Coco-colas. No H2O.
5. Free periods dominate.
6. Dancing Lessons—Eny preceptress.
7. Extenshun uv lites and ours—12:30 P. M.
8. Nu Coarse—Sigh Chologi of Lave makin'.
9. Janitors for laundrys and bath rooms.
10. Dates—eny color—8:30-11.30 evry P. M.
11. Peel no oranges-Cor no apples.
12. Never leev tha dinin hall emty handed.

Ambition of Heights

Dan Farrell—Bailae Dancer.
Lloyd Ledford—Mexican Desperado.
John Allen—Mamma's Boy.
Katherine Minnick—Lady Skinnae,
B. B. Circus.
Marj. Entz—Hall Preceptress.
Alice Barber—Hed. Weightress.
Edith Lamb—Tite Rope Walker.
Katie Brown—Chief cook and Wat-tle Basher.
Juanita Pasley—Eagle Brand Advertisement.
Joe Smith—Baseball Plaer.

Here's To The Beard

Gentlemen, a very grave and portentous question confronts us. Upon our heads rests its solution, and upon that solution hangs the fate of the men who will follow us in years to come. Yea, verily, I say unto you, thou shalt no shave—every morning anyway.

It is a royal edict, handed down by the Czarina of the Farina Domain that we must shave every morning. Every morning—Holy OLD BALD-HEADED FISH-FACED MIKE!! YE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES! Blankity Blank! ETHIOPIAN? CIGARETTE SMOKING CATFISH. I ask you aren't it the limit? And that ain't all; our alternative is to go hungry. For every one going unshorn to breakfast must be booted from the rear exit—paid off in leather if you know what I mean.

Gentlemen, as I said before, you interrupted me, it must not be. We must stand on our rights and let our whiskers stand on our faces.

So far we have said nothing. Women have got the vote; women have cut their hair off; women have robbed the cigarette of its manly bearing; women will soon be taking our Oxford bags; by our beards alone may we be recognized as the sterner sex. And now, because they can't grow them, they make us cut ours off.

I fail to see the justice of it. We must be firm in our stand gentlemen. Manhood and Beards! Now and forever, one and inseparable.

Smith: Are you a college man?
Brown: Yes, I was graduated from the University of Farenheit where I took ninety degrees in temperature.

We may be Juniors now, But when we're Seniors, Wow! Wow. Tired of studies? Then study this and pep up, jazz around, Cuss and Discuss, Spring is here! Let's go! Where to?

DAD'S Of Course!

He runs the best confectionery catering to the best students in the best College in the best State in the best Nation in the best World I've ever lived in, See you in the next.

Mason's

Ready-to-wear—Shoes
Millinery—Dry Goods

5th & Mill

TEMPE

This Ad Is Just to Introduce McCANN the Druggist



# The Broken Heart Repair Shop

Dear Heart-Mender,  
I am so grateful that I have you to come in a time of need like the present. There is no one else in whom I can confide and I feel that I must tell some one. Not for anything in the world would I have my secret made public and I trust in the fact that you will keep it in strictest confidence. It is simply this. I am 28 years old and am in love with the most remarkable gentleman. I know it is genuine love. I have had other feelings before but never one like this. When he is out of my sight I am miserable—miserable until I see him, and then—well I'm miserable then too. My heart throbs violently, my cheeks burn and oh, the most excited feelings I've ever experienced come over me. What can I do? I do not know whether he cares for me or not. I worry constantly. I can not eat and I lie awake all night thinking of him. Tell me, dear Heart-Mender what shall I do,  
Yours in misery,  
Miserable.

P. S.—I might add dear Editor that this wonderful man's name is Peoria Thompson.  
Answer—  
My Dear Miserable,

My heart aches for you. But in reading your letter over I can see hope springing eternal between the lines. Cheer up little girl. You have much to be thankful for. You should rejoice that you cannot sleep or eat. Fasting, loss of sleep and worry are the best reducing agents known to man and you will not need to bother with dieting and exercise while you are in this condition. You will soon either die off or get better so everything will turn out O. K. If I can ever be of assistance in anything else just let me know.  
H. M.

Dear Heart-Mender,  
I have a problem. I love a little girl very much. She is indifferent to me. Willingly would I die for a single loving glance from her dear eyes. I would give my soul for a sweet word of encouragement from her ruby lips. But oh, such bliss is not to be mine. I feel that I shall have to end it all. I can endure it no longer. Is there anything that I can do to cause her to return my love?  
Hopefully yours,  
Discouraged  
"Turp" Smith.

Answer  
To Discouraged Turp:  
There are two channels from which, as I see it, you may choose. First, get a lasso and rope her. Then either kill her, kill yourself, kill each other or get married. The latter course would be by far the most foolish because it merely prolongs the process. The ultimate goal is destruction in any case.  
Yours in knead,  
H. M. Editor.

Dear Heart-Mender:  
I am an attractive young lady 19

years old. Somehow I find great difficulty in conversing with young men. When ever I get around a young man, I blush, stutter and am painfully fussed. I like the opposite sex and I want them to like me. Please tell me what I can do to overcome this dreadful affliction.  
Self Conscious Dottie Graham.

Answer  
Dear Self Conscious:  
You are one girl in a thousand, you have ability that you can develop and which will cause you to have many love affairs. Men like a sweet, docile girl. It gives them a feeling of strength and mystery to find such a girl. I would suggest you develop a coy bewitching manner. Don't say too much, but let every look stand for something. Smile, look innocent, and drop your eyes occasionally. Say silly things and tell them how wonderfully strong and masterful they are. This is bound to work. It has never failed yet.

Dear Heart-Mender:  
I can't find anything exciting to do around here. My time hangs heavily on my hands. What shall I do to pass the time enjoyably? Don't advise reading, or athletics, I dislike them both.  
Restless John A.

Answer  
Dear Restless John:  
A very pleasant entertainment for a young man is to go in for a shiek-ing campaign. Make love to the young ladies for a while. Tell them they are beautiful, that you love them, anything. They will believe almost anything you tell them and will fall madly in love with you. When you think they are sufficiently enraptured, drop them and pick up a new one. You will find this a wonderful aid to rid you of your lack of activity and supply you with many enjoyable experiences.

Dear Heart-Mender:  
I can't seem to study any more. I can't get my mind on my work. I am flunking my courses and am absolutely worried to death. What shall I do?  
Helen.

Answers  
Dear Helen:  
You didn't tell me enough about your case. As far as I can see, you are either lovesick, have the spring fever or are dissatisfied with something. Perhaps you have an inferiority complex. If you are in love, quit school and get married. If you have the spring fever, take something for it. If you are dissatisfied go some place else.

## Dashes To Victory Carrying All The Bacon With Them

In the track and field meet held last Saturday at the Phoenix Indian School, the Bulldogs ran away with the bacon. From the last to the very first, it was easy pickings for the

local runners, jumpers, javelin, weight and bull throwers.  
The opposing teams, poor things, they didn't put up any opposition. There the highly touted J. C. Bares, the A. A. A.'s which is Latin for College Flunkouts, Tempe made the total of 150 points, the A. A. A.'s were second with 9½ points, while the Bares trailed the dust with 3½ points.

The hero of the day was Sutter who followed his own training rules, and won the Mesa to Tempe yd. run. Had it not been for these points, the meat would have gone to the Bares. As it was it made up for the points which Earl Anderson lost when he got scared of the gun and ran two miles instead of 880 yds. Bill Griffith also copped a large quantity of points when he hooked a hunk of the bacon on the end of his javelin and outran the rest of his opponents with it. Other point grabbers were Stewart who ran the 440 in 5 flat, Clemens whose time on the 100 yd. dash was 68½ minutes, Brimhall who ran the 220 in 50 feet, and Goodrich who jumped 10 feet and 16 inches. Hatch fought with Griffiths for high honors in the javelin run. It's too bad that the boys didn't take all of the points and be done with it.

## An Elopement Under Difficulties

The day dawned with all the flush and beauty expressionable for such an occasion as that which caused the enlarged heart of Miss Ima Bosh to miss every thirteenth beat.

As she crept from her stony covers her mind was filled with the disconsolate thoughts causing her crows feet to walk and her ear drums to beat. She was to become the ball and chain of Mr. I. Will Slaughter. Reaching for her glass eye and false teeth reposing in a nearby tumbler our heroine arose to meet the tasks of the day. She picked up her fallen arches and after adjusting her removable eye lashes she was completely outfitted.

Time crept on and soon the young dove would have to become Mrs. Slaughter while her leaky heart pined only for her Desert Romeo Mr. I. Catchem, who had received her plea of distress and was hastily wending his way to rescue her from the clutches of the bewhiskered, red nosed, freckle-faced, knock-kneed, cross-eyed villain who demanded her in marriage as a substitute for the non payment of a mortgage on the family but that was the only one and one-sixteenth story house in the metropolis of Bingville.

The time was drawn close. Soon she must don the habit in which she would be wedded. As her mother adjusted her colorful red organy dress fancifully decorated with orange flowers our heroine sighed till the wall paper was cracked and her lace curtain veil swept in folds about her.

Oh, why did the Gods bestow such a fate upon her? It was time for the wedding and she heard the piping voice of her husband-to-be as he came floundering in. The time had come when all her hopes of years were to be blasted and as she wended her way up to the altar in company with her father the nitro-glycerine tears fell fast and furious upon her Sears and Roebuck make up.

The minister proceeded in the ceremony and was in the act of pronouncing them Storm and Strife when a loud crash was heard outside and our Sage Brush Hero came on the scene brandishing a two-edged silver toothpick.

The cowardly villain made himself scarce and our love lorn pair flew into each others arms and soon they were wedded and bearded the luxurious kiddie car and rode off into eternal bliss.

## Shieks Mussed Up In Terrible Smashup

Crashing together while on their kiddie cars yesterday afternoon on the drive-way in front of the fish pond, Lloyd Wardlow popular sheik of the college, and his worthy opponent Logan DeRosier narrowly escaped a journey to their final resting grounds.  
When assistance arrived on the scene and the two young men were extricated it was found that the curl was knocked off Mr. Wardlow's hair, while Mr. De Rosier suffered a bruised toe nail, and concussion of the brain which was caused by bumping Mr. Wardlow's head.

The cause of the accident has not been determined, but witnesses, "Chicken" Elsworth, "Tiny" Mullen, and "Napoleon" Raley, have stated that Mr. Wardlow, going west at a terrific rate of speed perceived Mr. De Rosier winking at Benny Lou Reedy and out of pure jealousy, suddenly swerved his car into Mr. De Rosier. The latter seeing too late his danger threw up his hands and squealed.  
First aid was rendered to Mr. De Rosier who survived as soon as he heard the footsteps of Miss Betty Dashedel approaching, while Mr. Wardlow was spanked and sent to his one twenty class.

No arrests or criminal charges have been made as yet.

## College Students Happily Locked In Matrimonial Bonds

On Friday, the thirteenth, Miss Katherine Minnick and Mr. Allen Sorenson, the two most distinguished persons on the campus were united in the bonds of unlucky dedlock.

The wedding rites were deformed at the barracks of Miss Bittman with the Rev. Biles officiating. The family parlor was distastfully arrayed with Kress flowers and rubber plants with a predominating color scheme of red and purple. The altar was carelessly strewn with johnson grass and cactus. Mr. Bat allen was the ring bearer and carried it in on a cactus thorn.

The bride was arrayed in a bouffant dress of black and pea green completed by an imported Woolworth lace veil. The bridesmaids, Mairon Freeman, Mary Coury, Willie Driscoll and Jean Chamberlin wore pasted shades of red, orange, purple and royal blue.

The brides bouquet was composed of greasewood and bachelor buttons. The bridesmaids hauled bales of creasote and alfalfa. Mr. William "Two Gun" Griffiths made a gallant best man, while Baldy Simpkins and Carl Jones acted as ushers. They were very appropriately dressed in black and white striped suits.

While the hand organ squeaked forth "Oh, Boy What a Girl" and "Now you got him, can you hold him?" the clavacade trumped up to the altar and the ties were made.

Among the wedding presents were found twelve rolling pins, twenty-five luncheon sets and one case of well known brand.

Mr. and Mrs. Sorenson left immediately for an extended tour of Florence Junction and Acre City in the family push-mobile. They will receive visitors at their new tent in Horse Mesa.

## JUNIOR CLASS PLAY WILL APPEAR SOON

(Continued from Page 1)  
who knows all the family secrets, but you'd never guess that Billie Peterson could make such a curious little maid.

This play "The Whole Town's Talking" is presented by the Junior Class and is being coached by Dean Felton. We all know from past experience that all plays coached by Dean Felton are good, but this one will be the best yet. Don't forget the date, Thursday, April 15, in the College Auditorium. It will be full of laughs and thrills. And this ISN'T NONSENSE either.

The night—it was dark  
The mule—she was mean  
The kick—it hit the mark  
Me????—Grease spot number 17.

THE PRISTINE KATS  
Yours 'til the catpits the foxtail.  
stine.  
their information see Mildred Helth.  
at Varsity Inn last Friday. For fur-  
Mac has rented a cottage.  
But one for a school he said.  
signed  
It was not a contract for a wife he  
But this he does deny.  
Iy wed.  
Joe Brundage, we hear was recent-  
be popular hours with him.  
Puzzle: Why does Kazy make his  
dates late? 8:00 and 3:30 seem to  
cashier.  
to pay for damages done to a door.  
"Ginger" Amber's dormitory deposit  
A deduction has been made from  
between 10:30 and 11:00 P. M.  
who are asked to go to her office  
sleep producing qualities for those  
an unusual sort. It has strange  
Miss Britman's company must be  
—Miss Britman or Mrs. Wate.  
Or all the bobbed hair appearing  
lately, we wonder who is going to  
Mrs. Wate: "Where did you drive?  
Evelyn B. "Oh, it was called 'De-  
love?"  
Evelyn B. "Oh, I saw so many trees and  
flowers."  
Mrs. Wate: "Where did you drive?  
Evelyn B. "Oh, I saw so many trees and  
lives in North Hall.  
is a Philomathian this time and she  
either Philomathian or Chionians. If  
Merrell Hatch has a liking for  
Helen Nash was ditched recently.  
But no more secrets shall we disclose.  
rose,  
And in her cheeks there blooms a  
She powders her nose after perspiring  
She keeps her hair all nice in a curl.  
"Tody" Hennes is a vain little girl.  
scrap it out in the alley.  
fence just come around and well  
from the Fighting 600 take of-  
But here goes. If any of you Bull-  
cats.  
we're not; we are just plain kitty-  
may even think us yellow cats. But  
classified with the latter breed. You  
such commonion we may be unchari-  
cats. If the things written here cause  
Mithese cats, traddy cats, and chiv  
There are black cats, copy cats,  
do scratch and record here their  
a new breed of cats having flees  
sties, but here we are so take notice  
and write this column to suit our-  
juniors have the reins for one issue  
get that old Chappie Cat to let the  
Geet! It took a lot of coaxing to  
We've Surely SPLIT it this time.

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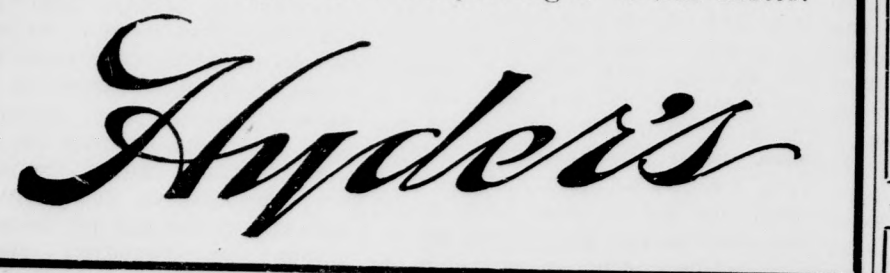
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# College Students

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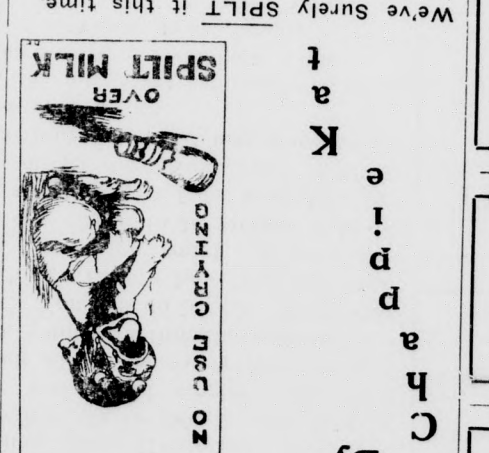
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